

ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

FORMED MARCH 1879

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

MONTHLY CIRCULAR.

Vol. XXIII.

No. 268.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR TO ALL!

FIXTURES FOR JANUARY, 1928.

Tea at 6-0 p.m.

		Light up at
Jan. 7	Halewood (Derby Arms). Annual General Meeting (Tea 5-30 p.m.)	5-5 p.m.
" 9	Committee Meeting, 7 p.m. (Angel Hotel, Dale Street, Liverpool).	
" 14	Northop (Red Lion)	5-15 p.m.
" 21	Sankey (Chapel House)	5-26 p.m.
" 28	Pulford (Grosvenor Arms)... ..	5-38 p.m.
Feb. 4	Halewood (Derby Arms)	5-55 p.m.

ALTERNATIVE FIXTURES FOR MANCHESTER MEMBERS:

Tea at 5-30 p.m.

Jan. 14	Styal (Old Ship)	5-15 p.m.
" 28	Bosley (Queens Arms)	5-38 p.m.
Feb. 4	Goostrey (Red Lion)	5-55 p.m.

Full Moon ... 7th inst.

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.

4 THE LAUND,
WALLASEY, CHESHIRE.

COMMITTEE NOTES.

NEW MEMBER.—Mr. Harold Leslie Elston, 29 Holland Street, Fairfield, Liverpool, has been elected to Full Membership.

Mr. W. C. Tierney has rejoined the Club as an Honorary Member.

The resignations of Mr. L. D. Ridgway and Mr. F. E. Dolamore have been accepted with regret.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS.—Mr. J. S. Roberts, 18 Ael-y-Bryn, Garden Village, Wrexham; Mr. G. H. Winstanley, 107 Albion Street, New Brighton; Mr. Laurence Fletcher, 35/39 Grosvenor Mews, New Bond Street, London, W.1.

APPLICATION FOR MEMBERSHIP.—Mr. Albert Edward Foy, 55 Watts Street, Levenshulme, Manchester, proposed by Mr. G. B. Orrell, and seconded by Mr. H. Rothwell.

H. W. POWELL,

Hon. General Secretary.

ITEMS.

Wayfarer (himself) blames the "monkeying with the almanac" on the Editorial Department, but we think they will be able to prove an alibi over his monkeying with the map by transposing Whitchurch from Shropshire into Cheshire! Ye gods and little fishes!

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The mysterious disappearance of Hawker is now fully explained. During his absence from us he has been very busy getting married and adding to the population, so that now he has come up again to the surface he is to be doubly congratulated.

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We have been very well represented at Club dinners recently. Austin, Royden and Edwards supported the Presider in the chair at the Liverpool D.A. dinner, J. D. Siddeley was at the Pickwick dinner and responded for the visitors, Neason at the Bath Road dinner and both Robbie and Jack Fowler were at the Speedwell dinner indulging in post prandial oratory.

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Robbie has referred to the spirit displayed by those who marshal, check, feed and otherwise make road events and record attempts possible—in other words the speed man's labourer—as "rare and refreshing fruit." We do not quarrel with the definition, but if he really thinks so, one can but admire his powers of resistance in refusing to partake of it! If "Old Man Adam" had been so strong minded in resisting the blandishments of Eve, where should we poor mortals be now? or wouldn't we?

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We are pleased to be able to announce that Egar has come to life again. He has "signed on" at Ypento on October 29th (when the club was at Northop) and November 23rd, so is evidently fit enough, and now that he has "resumed the pigskin" we hope he will make a re-appearance at our fixtures from which he has been so long and regretfully a missing scholar.

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The Baronial One has been heard from at last! In addition to his Xmas Cable so much appreciated when announced at Hooton and Nantwich, he has written the Presider a letter which discloses the fact that he has broken out in a new spot and is now the owner of a large sea-going yacht, the "Delight," equipped with a Diesel Auxiliary Engine, in which he has already cruised as far South as Cape May and as far East as Nantucket. Incidentally the Baron writes: "I read the *Circular* regularly and find it very interesting I was very pleased indeed to have a visit recently from Chandler and I hope that any other Anfielders who happen to be passing through this city will not fail to look me up Please extend my best and heartiest wishes to the members."

A Member's Startling Change of Front (and Back).

That remarkable Anfielder, Harry Buck or Henry M. Buck, a resident of West Wallasey, is contemplating—or at least considering and weighing in his mind—whether to change his outward self and to appear or better to re-appear after a lapse (a very sad lapse to be sure) of some quarter-of-a-century, disclosing himself once more if not in Plus Fours at least in short trousers. This is easier said than done. The very thought of it takes some of us back to the happy days of our youth, while others it will leave speechless. Many gallons have washed under the bridges since then and the mill will never grind again with the fluid that is past. Buck of Wallasey is now a heavy limbed personality, who protrudes both in bow and poop. But the worst is yet to come : It will entail a complete change of Hose.

Buck's Hose has become a by-word. Conway Senior may have unparalleled stockings to make our eyes bulge with envy at Bettws, but Buck's socks are a thing apart and are with us all the time. Be it the Cotton Exchange Boards, The Warren Club Green or the Marine Hotel Mugs Alley at North Berwick, it makes no matter. *Les Voila*. Robey sang of them when still very young : " We knew him by the wrinkle, somewhat untidy crinkle, that sets our eyes a twinkle, that wrinkle in his hose."

Their secret need no longer be kept ; Buck's ankle hose is imported direct from the most northern market town on the Caledonian mainland where it is woven by home industry from yarns locally home-spun and steeped in a rare dye extracted from stranded fossils gathered by harmless though half-witted natives.

Speaking plainly and curtly : That Hose will no longer do ; it will not go far enough with shorts, whether plus or minus, if we wish to see him fully clad from tip to toe. He will need a calf covering hose. He is now on his way to Albright Hussey Church there to study the Hose of the now extinct Hussey or Huse or Hose family, which emblem is there depicted in a Coat of Arms commemorating the deeds of that noble and early Hose-Bearing House at the historic battle of Hussey Field.

The latest report reads : " The Pants Have Arrived ; but we are forewarned and thus forearmed."

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J. G. Shaw writes us as follows :—

Sheffield, 24/12/27.

" I am sorry to report that Turvey has had a serious accident in the football field, resulting in a kidney injury. This will mean a month in bed and no strenuous exercise for months. It will be a big blow to him not to get over to Wirral for Xmas."

Norman can be assured that he has our united best wishes for a speedy recovery, and that we all sincerely hope that good health will very soon be his again.

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F.O.T.C. Dinner, 7th December.

At this function, held at the Hotel Cecil, under the chairmanship of President J. S. Smith, we were represented by Neason, Beardwood, Edmunds, Cook and J. M. James, not to mention Ven's empty chair (which enabled Beardwood and Cook to have a few extra oysters) and Turnor's letter of regret. Not a bad muster for a provincial club and yet F.H. refused to go on the grounds that it would not provide any Anfield Reunion ! In our party also were Arthur Gastall, Woodhead (proprietor of Horrocks' *Palaise de Danse*, Southport), Kershaw, Knott, and Oscar E. Taylor, who will soon be " one of uz." And it was a rare

good evening, as you have doubtless read in *Cycling*. After an excellent repast the usual musical programme interspersed with the speech-making took the form of a pianist who played "Songs of our Salad Days," in the choruses of which every one was invited (and accepted) to join in lustily, and a ladies' orchestra which played "operatic airs we loved." This change made for greater sociability as one could float about fraternising without any disturbance. E. P. Moorhouse (N.R.C.C.) proposed the Toast of "The Old Timers" in an eloquent speech of some length, and Godbold replied, not only giving us the usual statistics, but pleading for a generous collection as the Benevolent Fund was about exhausted; with the result that £50 was collected and afterwards increased by another £10 as the result of the "auction" of an old B.N. cartoon by George Moore, of Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Smith on their Tandem Tricycle, which enabled the two Edges (S.F. and T.A.) to fight another battle. The Toast of the Chairman was adequately dealt with by E. M. Mayes and suitably responded to, while C. J. Fox, J. H. Adams, Pilkington and Percy Low told tales of the Old Times, and it was 10-45 when "Auld Lang Syne" rang out. And so to bed.

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Speedwell B.C. Dinner.

The Club was well represented at the 52nd Annual Dinner of the Speedwell B.C., held at Birmingham, early in December; Jack Fowler, Albert Lusty, and "Swearfaier" (himself) adding distinction to a distinguished gathering. The A.B.C. was honoured by the fact that the first and last named were down to respond to the toast of "Kindred Clubs, Visitors and Past Members." Robbie (himself) led the way, and, after a few suitable remarks, decided with his usual generosity [Adv't.] not to use up all the thunder. Fowler ably filled the gaps, and both speakers were cordially received.

We understand, by the way, that Robbie is wondering why he hasn't a Club badge with a frill like Fowler's. He is said to be writing to *John Bull* about it.

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Schoolmasters' Association.

"The Liverpool Association of Schoolmasters held its annual general meeting last night, when the retiring president, Mr. A. Davison, inducted Mr. R. L. Knipe, the new president. Mr. J. A. Brooke was elected vice-president for 1928. The election of committee followed and conference resolutions were adopted."—*The Press*.

The A.B.C. Treasurer has the A.B.C.'s hearty congratulations on the occasion of his election to a chair which he will so ably fill.

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Fable.

The King of Siam Returned from a Sojourn in Foreign Lands. The King of Siam Believed Not in Abominable Superstitions and Soon Ventured Forth on His Two Wheeled Chariot Without a Ju-Ju. Alas and Alack, He Was Bowled Over by a Juggernaut Which Did not See His August Person: But though He Was not Hurt His Chariot was Completely Biffed and He Had to Ride His Three Wheeled Chariot Thereafter. The King of Siam Now Believes in Ju-Ju and Always Carries a Red One which At Night Can Be Seen for Many Miles.

"Ah," said a certain Pagan, "Long Live The King."

This Month's Limerick.

" There lives a young man named Jim Long,
 Who feeds at the expense of the throng ;
 When he collects two-and-eight
 (An extortionate rate),
 Take care that your change is not wrong.

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City Note.

Hinde Dynamos were inactive during the day, but towards the close brightened considerably. Gas and Oils, however, remained dull.

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Certainly many of the best Anfielders are now fully equipped, having harkened unto the trade slogan : " Buy early and avoid the Crush." They look like constellations in the heavens, but wearing a rosy hue and travelling forward (slowly) along the roads. There are at least two or three of the first magnitude.

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A Sad Accident.

The Motor Cyclist Humphries, killed by a Motor Car during Christmas Week, near the Bulls Head Inn, Handforth, was a son of our old member W. C. Humphries, also known in war time as Sergeant Humphries, whose lack of speed one winter's night, led another member into committing the unconscious pun : " Come on Humphries, h'm FREEZING."

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RUNS AND FIXTURES.

Halewood, 3rd December, 1927.

The clock on the mantelpiece indicated that a few more minutes were yet to pass before the hour of three when I drew up the armchair to the fire, placed a cup of coffee by my side, lit a cigarette, and wriggled back into a comfortable position to enjoy an hour with an old school copy of Tennyson. Life seemed a very cosy affair and time passed all unnoticed. Out of doors, a gloomy December afternoon deepened into premature twilight : indoors, the smoke from a discarded cigarette curled lazily upwards from the hearth, the light dimmed and the fire glowed more redly, while the pages of the little cloth bound volume, held ever more limply in a relaxing hand, turned slowly over—" Morte D'Arthur," " Ulysses," " The Day Dream," " Sir Galahad,"—all gently waved from right to left, each for but a moment showing its title in the failing light, till at last nearly all the leaves lay on one side, while, gently swaying to and fro, pages of " Idylls of the King " alone reared up, and, thus swaying, wove wild and strange phantasies.

" Pardy ! " exclaimed the knight, " It is the hour
 Of five. How soundly we have slept, m'lords !
 It little profits that we idle Anfielders
 By this still hearth, around these dying embers,
 Should feed, and sleep, and go not to the Tryst.
 How dull 'twould be to pause, to make an end,
 To rust unburnished, not to shine in use !
 We cannot rest from travel : we will drink
 Life to the lees. The short day wanes :
 The slow moon climbs : the road calls out
 With beckoning voices. Come, my friends,
 'Tis not too late to 'tend the Halewood Meet."

It was in sooth a goodly company
 That gathered at the hamlet of Halewood
 Around the banner of Grand Master Cook ;
 Toft of Toft ; Sir Thomas Royden, who
 In days of yore humbled the proud House
 Of Grosvenor, when, aidless, alone, and smitten
 Thro' the bottom bracket, he yet withstood
 Their fiery chariots, and did claim and win from them
 A new and goodly steed, whereof token may be seen
 Still to this day ; Sir David Fell, the troubadour
 Knight, who oftimes at the Sacred Feasts
 Doth make the welkin ring with his
 Fearsome war-song, " Ra Zors " ; the Knight-Recorder
 Simpson, namesake of the Great Pendragon ;
 The good knights, Mercer Aranpee, Conway
 Of Cam Era, and many more too numerous
 To be chronicled ; also a cadet, one
 Harold Leslie, of the Brunswick Elstons.
 It was in sooth a goodly company.

The tables cleared, strange tales were told
 Of travel and journeyings 'cross counties and broad shires.
 Sir Thomas told how up Rock Savage he pursued
 Djinlong, and craftily waited to take him
 Unawares, dismounted, lighting up his lamp ;
 But Djinlong owned a devil's dotlight and did switch
 On his beam with ne'er a pause, nor 'lighted
 From his saddle ; and so Sir Thomas was sore
 Foiled, and did gnash his teeth right wrathfully.
 In a dark corner did Sir Edward with the Captain
 Discuss Aut Omo Biles, while lesser men
 Spoke of other modern conveniences
 For quick movement in state and comfort.
 Knight Recorder Simpson did most merry jest
 Make 'gainst Templar Chandler—he who, but
 Freshly home from fighting heathen in far lands,
 Was yet unhorsed in his first tilt
 'Gainst a very casual motorist—but the Templar
 Scorned with lofty mein Sir Arthur's taunts, and did
 Hie him hence with sundry of his fellows.
 And many others, too, departed, so that but
 Two or three remained, and these, with one last wassail
 Cup, tightened up their girths, saw to their trappings,
 And then they too fared out into the blackness
 Of the night, until, by Cinder Paths and routes perilous,
 They reached the lighted precincts of the great drab town,
 Where all was drear and misty, as tho' Heaven
 Would hide so vile a blot on Earth's fair face.

And so ends the tale of Halewood on the Third.

Alderley Edge, 3rd December, 1927.

Except for the fact that sunshine was lacking, it was an ideal day for a December cycle ride. Probably the people who were out in motors thought otherwise, but that is quite another story.

The attendance at the " De Trafford Arms " was somewhat disappointing, as only 19 members and 5 friends were present (Mandall being the only Liverpool representative). When tea had been disposed of, Vice-President Buckley seemed in no hurry to start the proceedings

owing to the scarcity of performers, so an adjournment to the billiard room was made. Time was getting along and at last our chief Manchester Officer decided that, talent or no talent, the concert should start, and the company were warned that everyone would be expected to do something to fill the programme.

Mr. Shimwell started the concert with a selection on the piano, and then Mr. Foy, who has frequently delighted the Manchester Anfielders in the past, sang and was, of course, encored.

Rus Rothwell then got up and talked, but, as he spoke in a foreign tongue, nobody understood a word he said except Taylor who said it was Lancashire dialect. Everyone was wondering what would happen next when two gentlemen who had been invited by Taylor "blew in" and were immediately "placed on the platform" by Buckley.

Messrs. Calderbank and Rostron, otherwise known as "The Two Half-crowns," proved quite an acquisition, and sang duets with either piano or banjulele accompaniment. They were distinctly good value. The Mullah was next called. He refused to recite and insisted upon singing, so the company had no option but to submit. At this stage in the proceedings, Mr. Mead, our host, introduced a friend of his, named Mr. Joyceclan, who mystified the company with magic and proved another valuable acquisition to the party. It will be readily understood that from now onward, Vice-President Buckley's job was a sinecure and he certainly kept one or other of the visitors "on the stage." Our new member Heath proved his worth by playing a selection on the piano and Buckley brought the evening to a fitting finish by singing "John Peel."

"The Two Half-crowns" played their own accompaniments, and Mr. Shimwell accompanied the other singers. After our visitors had been thanked, and the thanks acknowledged, this really excellent evening terminated with "Auld Lang Syne." It is a pleasure to note that "Yank" Edwards put in a belated appearance.

Acton Bridge, 10th December, 1927.

Saturday once more and the Anfield calling (L.4—); a dull sky, dry roads and a keen south-east wind; a hard ride on a tricycle over lumpy roads; Widnes!! A shivering twenty minutes wait for the Transporter; the unexpected appearance of Mandall on a bicycle; his eagerness to go the shortest way and my being left to plough a lonely furrow; strenuous riding against the wind along dark roads via Frodsham and Norley; the reproachful look of a big white dog lying in the middle of the road when I brushed him with a side wheel and blessed him for his white coat; the blackness of the night and moaning of the wind in the bare trees; the feeling of depression and loneliness and then the voice that hailed me out of the darkness.

It was a loud and penetrating voice; a voice resonant, cheery and gloom dispelling. I turned round and believe me or believe me not, see that wet, see that dry (as F.W.T. would say), I beheld Peter Pan astride a bicycle and riding like the devil. He sailed past with a cheery shout, but I managed to keep him in sight until we reached the famous rumbly bridge and Peter Pan in his frolicsome way must needs set it going like a peel of thunder. A final jolt over the cobbled court yard and then the warmth of the cosy inn where a merry band of wayfarers was already gathered. Soon the feast was announced and with an alacrity that bespoke keen appetites, we proceeded to the kitchen, a kitchen that would have gladdened the heart of Pickwick, with its immense fire, the gleaming range and fender piled with dishes of steaming what-nots, the ravishing odours and the buxom hostess and her band of captivating Phyllises.

Needless to say we fed sumptuously, if perhaps unwisely, but we were aided and abetted by the aforesaid buxom hostess whose life motto seemed to be "Feed the brute." The repast was one worthy of Dingley Dell, and we were naturally slow to move off, but eventually I found myself heading for Widnes in the company of six young "bloods," including Peter Pan and a redoubtable gentleman from China.

I remember drowsily watching the flickering light of my lamp and trying hard not to fall asleep; the pleasing responsiveness of the trike with the wind astern; one of the party giving out the cheerful news that we were passing a workhouse; the long drop into Runcorn, over a bumpy surface, and the stubborn crowds round the market; the Transporter; the river reflecting the many lights along the shore, and then, strange as it may sound, thinking of Venice and the sound of guitars across quiet moonlit waters; of gondolas and adorable signoras, and how the electric "Restu" sign jolted me back to a cold and prosaic earth; and then riding behind a burly individual on a tricycle and being gradually mesmerised by his rear light and two very long straps dancing merrily from his saddle; Peter Pan's departure to drink someone's health and eventually finding myself somewhat tired but content at my own gate.

Sankey, 17th December, 1927.

Accompanied by Jim Long (known to all members as the Club's "Official Receiver") I set out for a pleasant ride to Sankey. Pleasant it may not have been, but the entertainment provided by my companion was, to say the least for it, original. At Willaston, he said it was cold, at Welsh Corner it was — cold, at Chester it was — cold, and so it went on until reaching Frodsham, where it had reached its zenith, we espied a tricycle gaily bedecked with lights of many hues and a bicycle leaning all forlorn against the kerb. What a grand excuse for our "Official Receiver" to enter the inviting tea-shop and shelter from the cold blast. On entering, as we expected were two of "Ours," in the persons of Charles Randall, Esq., and the Rear Light King. Charles was greeted as a long lost brother whilst the King of Lights invited us to tea.

Stating that we would travel faster than he desired, he of the trike left us, saying that we would catch him ere long. It but remains for me to record that we caught our three-wheeled friend on the door-step of Chapel House.

Leaving Frodsham, Long's chant was again soon in evidence, Randall also commenced a song, and before Warrington was reached I became firmly convinced that it was a cold day.

Both before and after tea, to which thirty-three sat down, the runs register was eagerly perused and as a result of the many questions arising therefrom, our worthy Secretary will no doubt be wondering where all our members hide themselves when attending runs.

By two's and three's the party dwindled, "The Mullah," looking like a member of a Polar Expedition, wishing us "A Merry Christmas" also vanished into the night.

Conducted by W.E.T., our party set off for Liverpool, and after journeying many miles in S.-W. Lancashire, we ultimately arrived at the romantic City of Liverpool. Our leader left us on the outskirts of the City and will no doubt be pleased to learn that we arrived safely at the Pier Head and took our lives in our hands by crossing the petrol-laden waters of the Mersey.

Northwich, 24th December, 1927.

Again I have to submit to the bullying methods of our Editor (who resorts to most scientific subterfuge to attain his objective), and record the Christmas Eve run, of the Manchester members. I herewith dutifully endeavour to represent the circumstances, but I vehemently insist this cruel imposition must cease.

In view of unforeseen circumstances, an eleventh hour change was made in the run, and our rendezvous altered from Mottram St. Andrews to Northwich, this apparently met with the stern disapproval of many of our regular attenders, for the patronage was very poor, only seven sitting down to tea. The eventualities proved most unfortunate, and ungratifying to our Sub-Captain, who (although he had been badly let down with the original fixture) went to great trouble to overcome the difficulty that had so unexpectedly arisen.

The atmospheric conditions were hardly Christmassy when I reached our meeting place, and there found one solitary and disconsolate member of the party in occupation; after a dismal greeting, we decided to submerge and proceed to our destination. There we found the atmosphere of the Crown and Anchor, much more cheerful, and our spirits soon rose when, ensconced in the cosy smoke room, Bick regaled us with his ever interesting reminiscences.

A late start was made with tea, we having requested mine host to suspend operations for a while, hoping our numbers would be reinforced; we were, however, doomed to disappointment.

An excellent tea was served, and it is to be regretted that so much food had to be left uneaten.

The early evening was spent most comfortably, and by the time the party dispersed, the conditions outside proved to be much better, for the rain had ceased, and the "diving suits" were thankfully stowed away.

Three of our young bloods left for some destinations, one heard a rumour they were in search of food; was their search successful?

Bettws-y-Coed, 24th-27th December, 1927.

It is all very well for an Editor to command you to write up the Bettws Tour when he has not energy enough to reach Hooton and is seen prowling along the Top Road on Boxing Day! Those who do not get beyond the fringe of North Wales or content themselves with gazing at it across the Sands of Dee, cannot realise its delectability at Christmastide, and those who sought its sanctuary this year were amply rewarded with a full measure of joy pressed down and running over, while they escaped icy roads entirely. With George Lake and Mr. Cannon in residence at the Glan Aber and Winnie down there on the Friday night to form a nucleus, Chandler and Cook started off on the Saturday morning in the drizzle and had a very easy ride down with lunch at Ruabon, afternoon tea at Cerrig-y-druidion and Palestine quite early, while Mr. Turner, of Derby, a friend of the Presider's, arrived shortly afterwards in an Ash-tray on wheels, so there were six to sit down to dinner.

On Xmas Day, Llanfairtalhaiarn was decided upon for lunch, and Mr. Turner invited Winnie to accompany him without noticing the size of his boots. This raised a proposition that took some solving. Winnie promised not to put his feet through the floor, but even that would not do, and the matter was settled by his agreeing to put his legs through the wind screen. The route taken was one over Meolfre Uchaf, turning left at the L.B. at Pentre $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles beyond Llangerniew, and those who have not been over this road, with its panoramic view of the Elwy Valley and the Hiraethogs, have something to live for.

Over the top to Bettws-yu-rhos was virgin snow, which made delightful riding, but as there are five gates which Winnie had to get out and open, the interior of the car became choked with snow clods and the advice of the Sanitary Inspector had to be sought at Llanfair T.H. At the Black Lion we received a warm welcome, beer, and goose, to such an extent that both Mr. Turner and Chandler tried to relieve their feelings by resort to hymn tunes and chants! On the return journey we stopped at Llanrwst for tea and made quite a discovery! n Eagles Hotel, which can be strongly recommended as the very opposite to the chilly gloom of the Victoria.

On Boxing Day, Beddgelert was our destination, and the route selected via Llanberis, Ceunant and Bettws Garmon, but unfortunately, Winnie directed Mr. Turner wrongly and did not discover his mistake until he saw Llyn Ogwen! Never was the climb to Pen-y-gwryd such a sleigh ride, and there was only snow on the crest of the Pass. At Ceunant the view of the Rivals was magnificent, and approaching Beddgelert alongside Llyn Quellyn was glorious. Of course at Plas Colwyn the welcome was more than hearty, and the six of us had a delightful time with the Williams' family from whom we were loath to part. Climbing up the Gwynant was mostly in shelter, but the draught at Pen-y-gwryd was distinctly saucy, and the two cyclists had to "tread on it" down hill. With a foregathering at Tyn-y-coed to see Mr. Cobden we eventually docked again at the Glan Aber to find that Dickman, Jonas and Wild had called for tea en route for Beddgelert (must have passed while we were at Tyn-y-coed) and that Nevitt and Mr. and Mrs. Edwards had arrived to make our muster nine.

Tuesday morning saw the party break up. Mr. and Mrs. Edwards no doubt stayed on, but Chandler was going to visit a relative at Deganwy, Mr. Turner was joining his family at Rhyll, Winnie was patronising the rattler, Nevitt was exploring the Elwy Valley, and the Presider took the coast route back to England for a change, that is not a mistake at this time of the year when the roads are almost trafficless. Thus ended a joyous health-giving holiday for those who view the world "through the rose tinted glasses of optimism and philosophy," to quote a well-known cycling journalist who was no doubt himself "scorning the miles."

At Bettws-y-Coed, the party received greetings from H. G. Buckley, John Kinder ("My best wishes to the 'boys' at Bettws"), Li Cohen Price ("The best for Xmas and 1928"), and from W. J. Finn, a most original card displaying a photo of D. M. Kaye crossing the Berwyns, with the following jingle:—

" Good cheer, plenty beer,
Merry miles to whiet ye;
Xmas Happy, New Year bright,
With n'er a care to fret ye."

It is true the party was comparatively small, even if the Beddgelert boys are counted, but if all who "talked about" going had not let it stop at talking we should have been quite a good crowd. Better luck next time.

Nantwich, 26th December, 1927.

Real old fashioned Christmas weather—a biting North-Easter, snow and ice, with intervals of bright sunshine—and so little snow and ice on the roads, at any rate for most of us, as to make it possible to take full advantage of the strong following wind, and so to make a very easy passage out. It isn't often that conditions are substantially equal for the Liverpool and Manchester sections, but on this occasion they were. When our party arrived at the Lamb there were few

bicycles about, but quite a lot of cars, and there was some little speculation as to their occupants. A glance into the snug gave the answer—and oh! What a painful surprise! How the feet of clay of one of our idols became insistent! For, in addition to those whose usual transport is petrol-propelled there was (whisper it not in Ascalon, tell it not in Gath!) Tommy Royden, in an overcoat! In justice to him it must be said that he felt his position keenly, though he tried to brazen it out. The only excuse we can think of is that he must have had too good a Christmas. Never mind, Tommy, we'll forgive you this time, but don't let it occur again. Tom Conway was there, as lively as ever, and ready to perform once more some of his mad tricks, if sufficient inducement were provided, and brother Charlie, complete with THE stockings. Bob Knipe looked quite well again, and the Master was in fine form. But why was his Lagonda so free from excrescences? Not even a mascot disfigured it! Surely F.H. is not losing his love for gadgets? Bick was there, the picture of *bonhomie*, as usual, and filled the Vice-Presidential chair worthily. Before we fell to on the excellent Christmas fare provided, he conveyed to us the greetings of the Bettws party and also the disturbing news that our friend Turvey had had a serious accident at footer, this preventing his attendance. Great regret was expressed, and we all hope that he will soon be right again. During the meal, four of the Manchester men, who had been staying at Loppington, drifted in in sections, with tales of several inches of snow, and quite a lot of ice, on the roads from that delectable resort; these, and other things, they explained, accounted for their late arrival. Premonitions of the probability of much hard work on the homeward journey caused most of the cyclists to make an early start. The present deponent was one of the first to go and so can say nothing of later events at Nantwich. The trek back was some ride, but doubtless by careful nursing of their energy and their own brave little hearts, all the party duly reached their roof-trees.

Pulford, 31st December, 1927.

A thin mantle of snow on the countryside and a (sp)icy Sou-East breeze made the short spin to our rendezvous on the borders of the Denbighshire hills both charming and exhilarating. One, revelling in the climatic conditions, came across "Ost" on the top Chester Road, doddling along under the influence (presumably) of sleepy sickness. The latter was roused with difficulty from his lethargy and transported to the "Arms" in time to enter with the *Hon. Gen. Sec.* of a certain Cycling Club who had trained and bussed after crossing the Mersey on the same steamer as the aforementioned "One." Well, well!

Seventeen soon had both feet in the trough, and accounted in a very satisfactory manner for the good food *a la Grosvenor*. Good wishes for the New Year were cordially exchanged all round, and congratulations were showered on Rob of Wrex. He is not yet singing "I wish I was shingled again."

After the President had drank the health of all absent friends (*sic*) he lost no time in setting off, complete with a battered pair of city spats and young friend Rye for Wem, with the intention of abiding in "Ruddy Ven"* on the following evening; snowdrifts and other things permitting. Interrogated regarding routes and Ports of Call, the Great Chief was most indefinite, and refused to pledge himself as to exactly what he was going to do.

An interesting exhibition of the three ball game was given by George, who thought he knew all (!!!) about it. Several younger members were led astray and followed his good example. Nev and Glove were fairly trounced—after fluking in shoals and potting white repeatedly—but refused to pay up and got away with it.

The journey homewards was a glorious glide on a soft carpet of virgin whiteness (more or less) but brakes were applied by many at the "Nags," where a youthful squad disturbed two old gentlemen—om Roy and Cap'n Kettle—and all regaled with nuts and bitters.

It was a splendid run, and it might be wished that more had taken advantage of the perfect wintry conditions to spend in good company (?) the closing hours of 1927.

*(EDITORIAL NOTE.—Our contributor is not saying anything disparaging about our Ven; it is merely his inability to spell a simple Welsh name correctly. How would he spell in full Llanfair P.G.? Who could? We can't!!)

Allstock, 31st December, 1927.

We were but five. Many things contributed to the smallness of the gathering—the lassitude which seems to attack the membership after a holiday, the family gatherings which claim the attendance of the older ones, and end of the year rush in business—and the snow, which came down persistently, albeit not very thick, probably induced some of the faint-hearted to prefer the fireside to the open road. Anyhow, let us say that the party, though small, was select. We heard with regret that the Manchester V.P. had had the misfortune to finish up the Boxing Day run in the train, through breaking his collar bone, at Sandbach. Two children darting into the road caused the leader of the party to put his brakes on hard and Bick went into his back wheel, causing a fall, with the unfortunate consequences stated. The Mullah made the momentous announcement that when Easter comes the bells will be ringing for him and his gal; not only has he disregarded the advice of *Punch*, but, he yet being a Dicken's "fan," that of Tony Weller to Samivel. We congratulate him on his impending change of condition and anticipate for him many joys thereout. Over tea and afterwards round the fire we talked of many things; if not "of shoes—and ships—and sealing wax—of cabbages and rings," of things equally various. One advantage of a small turnout is that the party *is* a party, and not a number of parties, and the conversation is general. In due time, we resumed the pigskin with little snow falling and had an easy ride home, separating with seasonable greetings. Thus ended the cycling season of 1927.

The account of the Hooton Run on December 24th has unavoidably been held over, but will appear in our next.—Ed.

T. A. TELFORD,
Editor.

ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

FORMED MARCH 1879

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

MONTHLY CIRCULAR.

Vol. XXIII.

No. 264.

FIXTURES FOR FEBRUARY, 1928.

		Tea at 6-0 p.m.	Light up at
Feb.	4	Halewood (Derby Arms)	5-59 p.m.
„	11	Acton Bridge (Leigh Arms)	6-13 p.m.
„	13	Committee Meeting, 7 p.m. (Angel Hotel, Dale Street, Liverpool).	
„	18	Tarporley (Swan)	6-26 p.m.
„	25	Mold (Dolphin)	6-42 p.m.
Mar.	3	Halewood (Derby Arms) Musical Evening	6-52 p.m.

ALTERNATIVE FIXTURES FOR MANCHESTER MEMBERS:

		Tea at 5-30 p.m.	
Feb.	4	Goostrey (Red Lion)	5-59 p.m.
„	18	Cheadle Hulme (Church Inn) Musical Evening	6-26 p.m.
„	25	Allstock (Three Greyhounds)	6-42 p.m.
Mar.	3	Mottram St. Andrew (Bulls Head)	6-52 p.m.

Full Moon ... 5th 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.

4 THE LAUND,
WALLASEY, CHESHIRE.

COMMITTEE NOTES.

NEW MEMBER.—Mr. Albert Edward Foy, 55 Watts Street, Levenshulme, Manchester, has been elected to full Membership.

Mr. R. H. Carlisle has been re-transferred to full Membership.

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

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

The following have been appointed a Course Committee: Messrs. R. J. Austin, H. Austin, A. E. Morton and E. Nevitt.

The date of the All-Night Ride has been fixed for 30th June/1st July.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS.—

Mr. J. Egar, 13 Heathfield Road, Waterloo, Liverpool.

Mr. H. S. Barratt, Lower House Mill, West Bollington, Macclesfield.

APPLICATION FOR MEMBERSHIP.—Mr. Oscar E. Taylor, "Garth," Cecil Avenue, Ashton-on-Mersey; proposed by Mr. E. Buckley and seconded by Mr. W. P. Cook.

H. W. POWELL,

Hon. General Secretary.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Will those members, friends (and others) who have aided and abetted the Editorial One by forwarding contributions for the *Circular* to his City address, please have their "copy" in future sent to his home address, 55 Carlton Road, Birkenhead, as the Editor is no longer found in the Dale of the Stanleys—the haunts of the "Ven" and the "Jonah" having recently taken up a stall away from their field of operation.

ITEMS.

The death of John Urry removes an outstanding personality from the cycling world and is a very severe loss to the sport and pastime. He was the proud possession of cyclists in general and the M.C. and A.C. in particular, and his spirit can never die among those privileged to know him. We of the Anfield have lost a real friend in the truest sense of the word and to his bereaved family and the Club he loved so well we desire to extend our deepest sympathy. H. Pritchard represented us at the funeral.

If you are a member of the C.T.C. you will have received a circular calling your attention to Brazendale's lecture, "The World on Wheels," in the Central Hall, Renshaw Street, on Tuesday, February 14th, with F. T. Bidlake in the chair; but if you are not a member, the purport of this item is to advise you that the lecture will be of peculiar interest to Anfielders, as among the slides is one of the Club in camp at Harrogate, and tickets at a nimble bob can be obtained from the President.

A musical evening will be held in connection with the Manchester Section alternative run to Cheadle Hulme, on February 18th, and it is hoped that a good number will be present. Offers of assistance with the musical part of the programme will be gladly received and accepted by the Manchester sub-captain.

* * * * *

The Presider took Hotine, Elston and Rothwell along with him to the post-prandial proceedings of the C.T.C. Dinner, at Bolton, at which Brazendale had most efficiently deputised during the earlier portion of the evening. Haslam almost made the O.G. blush when he proposed his health in a veritable oration, but the real success of the evening was Elston, who in the jazziest of jazz pull-overs danced in superb fashion and charmed all the ladies. We understand he was representing the Advertising Department of Lewis's.

* * * * *

Apropos of Dickman's suggestion at the A.G.M., we quote the following from *The Bath Road News* :—

"Some of the Committee

"Thought it was a pity

"To publish a list of outstanding subs. These, however, were comparatively new members, as it has always been found in the past that the posting of a man's name in the black list has had a sound financial sequence."

At the same time it might help to solve the question: "Do you read the *Circular*?" After the most momentous and staggering announcement about Mr. Mullins in our last issue, the first six members we encountered all declared they had "read the *Circular*", but displayed entire ignorance "concerning the matters in question." Perhaps a better way would be to publish each month in heavy type a list of those who HAVE PAID! That would be read surely enough and might result in a rush for the early door!

* * * * *

Get the Limerick Habit—and Imbibe.

This must not be taken as a precedent, but we are awarding a prize—in liquid form—to the member who sends in the best last line for the following :—

"There was once a tricyclist named W. C. Pooks,
Who gave dud riders heart-rending looks,
Once going to Town, from his trike he fell down ;

We give the following weak solution as an example (believing that our best would win the competition).

"One assumes past successes a series of flukes !"

We are asking the President to adjudicate.

* * * * *

Fable.

There was once a benign old gentleman named Cook, who with a tear in his eye, addressed a gathering of his fellows. In his hand he held a Balance Sheet, for it was an Annual General Meeting. Quoth he, "Our profit is swallowed up in loss, our balance is all gain of debt, and we are out of pocket on the two coming years, last year having been my mistake."

MORAL :—Figures can be made to prove anything.

Anfielders in Wales.

(Over the initials T.R.B.—who e'er he may be—we read in the *Manchester Guardian*, of January 19th, a verse descriptive of a tour in Wales. It goes somewhat like this :)

Said Robinson and Cook to me : " Go forth Old Cambria to see."
" We've done our whack," said Robinson, from Basingwerk and Caerleon,
And that is why the Romans came ; the *Daily Mail* is NOT to blame.

Egged on by Cook and Robinson to go to Wales and carry on,
One night I reached, tired as a dog, Llanarmon Dyffryn Ceiriog ;
While in the Glyn I'd tried to ride up to the church of Llansantffraid.
It had been misty, almost foggy, upon the moors round Cernioge ;
And on the way by Eidda Wells found lots of water for our cells ;
To mix it with Arenig's whisky—the thought of it near drove us frisky—
We found an inn : Now Then Say When But N.B.G. 'twas
Rhyd-y-Fen.

No matter, like Cook, we can wangle, same as he does at Llanfihangel ;
Result : being without adviser, got badly bogged across Cwm Prysor.

By Craig Ysgwennant to Llansilin urged me my stomach to be filling,
With knocking knees and legs gone badder, I somehow passed
LlanCadwalADR

Then came a change, with heart grown gladder, I found dear Ruth at
LlanrhaiADR ;

With ARMS of WYNN she bade me STAY. Her cheeks are pink, she
had her way,

She sure must be an English dame, the way she speaks Macchynlleth'
name.

In Llandisiliogogoch they found us lodgings at Plas Coch,
Explaining that Llanfair P.G. fifty-three letters used to be—
Until the railway came along and put an end to that Bon-Tongue.
The Roman Steps and Bwlch Ardudwy we freewheeled up. Don't
say, " How could we."

Cwm Felin Boeth we left alone with Coed Poeth nearer home.
Abergynolwyn's over-rated, its reputation badly slated.
Through Bethel unto Ebenezer, all was not well, in fact a sneezer,
But Penrhyndeudraeth' new Port Merion proved much too good to
farther carry on,

We gave up plans for Bwlch-y-Groes and mean to stop until it snows.

If I've missed names of T.R.B. along the Mawddach Estuary
BY : ESGAIRGEILIOG Let It Pass, and make the most
of Ynyslas.

While Pontrhynfendigoid Must Wait,
UNTIL THIS TAAL 'S MORE UP-TO-DATE.

RUNS AND FIXTURES.

Hooton, 24th December, 1927.

(We regret this run was excluded from our January number.—ED.)

At the appointed hour of 5-30, only a handful of the expected
twenty were gathered round the fire, in the brightly appointed dining
room at Hooton, and Powell wore a worried look. However, by ones

and twos they dropped in, until fifteen strong were gathered round the table, five who had previously booked seats being still missing. Then two more arrived, followed by Tommy Mandall and "the Mascot," and finally Teddy Edwards, who came for 6 p.m.!

And an excellent meal it was. Five courses for 2/6—if you count the "smoke" afterwards—and everybody was very jolly and wished everybody else a Merry Xmas, and what with the Sec. prouising about the fellows who didn't turn up, and the Treas. grouising about unpaid subs., and Johnny grouising about the absence of the true Xmas Spirit, and Teddy grouising about the lack of proper flavouring in mince pies nowadays, we had a really jolly time.

Then we gathered round the fire again, and after some of our newer members had been introduced to Charlie's Stockings, they were shown how by pulling them well up, it was unnecessary to wear a muffler round your neck. Soon after this, the "Maggot," who is always worming into things, discovered that something was wrong with Teddy's legs, which appeared to be encased in a pair of solid leather portmanteaux with numerous straps and buckles. Teddy protested that everything was just as it should be, but in the end it turned out that these were leggings which he'd got on the wrong legs! "Corporal and two men, take him to the Guard Room!!" He swopped them round, which only took about twenty minutes, but even then I don't think they looked quite right. I fancy Teddy hasn't got the right style of leg for that style of legging.

Later on a move was made; the younger members to see about the children's stockings, the Skipper and party on a non-stop run to the Nags Head—quite half-a-mile away—and only eight were left to keep the fire warm. By and bye these too meandered off to their several homes and a Merry Xmas.

Halewood and Annual General Meeting, 7th January, 1928.

There is really nothing to record. Just a typical Halewood run held, as is the Anfield's wont, in the depth of winter. About thirty-five of us sat down to a tea of the usual Halewood pattern and standard, which was served at the usual Halewood time—*i.e.*, about twenty minutes late. Before anyone had finished, the Presider, after calling for order, announced in stentorian tone that the A.G.M. would be held in the adjoining hall in ten minutes time, but throwing tradition to the wind did not request members to carry their own pews with them, as he has done on former occasions, as the management had already provided the necessary chairs in the room set aside for the Anfield gathering.

THE ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING.

On looking round one could not help but notice the very few Manchester men present. Who were they? Bick was there it is true—with his arm in a sling. The Mullah was there, and by the way, had been knocked off his machine in the afternoon and as he was feeling a wee bit blue as a result had decided to go home by train. Oh! that reminds us, we were informed (in confidence, so don't tell everyone) the Mullah is tying the knot at Easter, with a lady in Brun, so we are wondering why he did not propose an alternate run at Easter to the Big City so that he could count it as an attendance at a fixture! R.J.A., Bert Green and others were also in attendance. So much for the Manchester contingent. Liverpool was well represented by her usual veterans, Arthur Simpson, Winnie and friend, Zam Buck, Molyneux, and, and—oh, well, lots of others!

Then proceedings began. *Mr. Cook* having declared the meeting duly constituted, became very polite and commenced to address everyone as *Mr. So-and-So*. A letter was read from *Mr. Urban Taylor* regretting his absence, but wishing the Club all the best for nineteen-twenty-eight.

Mr. Fell seconded by *Mr. Cody* then moved that the minutes of the last A.G.M., etc., etc., etc. (for full details see next issue of Handbook) be confirmed.

The Hon. Gen. Sec. then stood up to attention, braced himself together, drew in a long, deep breath and read in a very businesslike manner his report for the year nineteen-twenty-seven. And a very excellent one it was; not too long, very clear, concise and to the point. He's a clever chap *Powell*—sorry *Mr. Powell*—even worked out the attendance at club runs to three correct places of decimals; thirty-eight point something something something was the figure, which is a good drop from *Mr. Turvey's* forty-four, which does *not* boast decimal figures. The attendance at the "Hundred" at Whitsuntide was not worked out quite so accurately and *Mr. Powell* gave the figure at a modest ninety-three with no tail. Following the reading of the individual attendances at the fixtures (also correct to nearest whole figure, no member being credited with point five of a run) was the announcement that *Mr. T. Royden* and *Mr. H. Green* takes first and second attendance prizes respectively, which *en passant* is the inverse order of last year's prize winners. Good old Tommy! You larn 'em! *Mr. Powell* then went on to talk about the Club tours and the enjoyment afforded to the participants; of the splendid way which *Mr. Hotine* came to the rescue and took over the Editorial duties on the previous Editor's retirement, how *Mr. Hotine's* business movements became uncertain and *Mr. Telford* was appointed Official Scribe to the Club, and ended by saying nice things about everyone. *Mr. Chairman* then patted *Mr. Powell* on the back (figuratively) and said what a good report it was and what a good secretary we fortunately had. After formalities the Hon. Gen. Sec.'s report was adopted and no doubt will be printed in the new Handbook.

Mr. Presider then called upon *Mr. W. H. Kettle* to read his report for the past year. He spoke with praise on the performances of our racing members on the road. He told us how eight started in one "Fifty" and ten finished, but then one has to make allowance for the particularly good and wholesome fare provided by the Halewood hosts! Mention was made of *Molly's* great ride from Edinburgh to London, and was greeted with loud clapping and stamping of feet. *Molly!* You're a hero! And the first *Anfielder* to break a trike record for many years. He appropriately closed his speech by thanking all those who so willingly year after year render service to the Club by their assistance in marshalling and checking. The report was then adopted and the thanks of the meeting expressed for *Mr. Kettle's* services to the club.

After distributing (free) balance sheets, the Treasurer did his best to explain how the Cash Receipts and Payments for the year were made up. He opened his speech by saying that he had already discovered a grievous error in the typed balance sheet which gave one visions of vivid headlines for the Sunday newspapers, "Club Treasurer's Embezzlement," "Cat Burglary of Club's Funds," etc. Any fear of a little excitement was at once dispelled when it was pointed out that *Mr. R.L.K.'s* name was spelt KNIFE, which appeared to make *Mr. Bob* feel cut up. *Mr. Knipe* then explained that the Club was in

a satisfactory if not exactly flourishing financial state, and called for a little more promptness in the paying of our subs. The auditors, he explained, had not left one stone unturned; they procured a search warrant and invaded Mr. Cook's office to satisfy themselves that Mr. President had not lent the silver shield, leather bag and sundry rubber stamps to "Uncle." Mr. Dickman suggested that a very good way to reap in the subs. would be to publish the names of the dilatory payers in the *Circular*—a method adopted by another leading club. The Ayes and Noes for this idea seemed to be about equally divided, and after lengthy confab. it was decided to leave the matter in the hands of the Committee. As requested by Mr. Chairman, the amateur accountants got busy to find where the auditors had erred, but as they met with little success the Chairman himself became interested and endeavoured to point out that the Club was not quite as well off as Mr. Bob had made out. This annoyed the amateur accountants and pandemonium reigned as they clamoured to correct the offender's statement; at last, an armistice was made and Mr. Presider acknowledged his error as the opposition was almost overwhelming. The Accounts were then adopted and "the best thanks of the meeting given to Mr. R. Leigh 'Knife' and the Auditors."

The Treasurer then moved that "The subscriptions, etc., etc., etc. (for further details see front page of *Circular*), which was seconded by Mr. Buckley and duly "dissolved."

The Presider then vacated the chair and it was filled *pro tem* by Ven who proposed amid acclamation the re-election of Mr. W. P. Cook, as President. Carried unan.

Ven and Buckley (Mr.) were re-elected Vice-Presidents and Mr. Kettle, Captain and Hon. Racing Secretary.

Mr. R. J. Austin and Mr. Jimmy Long were re-elected Sub-Captains, the latter refusing (verbally) to thank the meeting for its kindness in giving him back his job.

Mr. Knipe and Mr. H. W. Powell were respectively re-elected Hon. Treasurer and Hon. Secretary.

The following gentlemen were proposed and elected members of the Committee: Messrs. S. J. Buck, Bailey, H. Austin, E. Edwards, A. E. Morton, S. Davies, G. Mercer, Lucas, Nevitt and Telford. No ballot vote was held as only ten names were put forward; this is the first occasion we understand that an Anfield Committee has been elected without a ballot.

After arranging the races, tours and the All-night-ride the Presider proposed a special vote of thanks to the Editor for the way he had edited the *Circular* during the past year, and said that he hoped to see him at the runs a little more frequently in the future than he had done the past year.

Mr. Chairman then declared that if any member had any other matters to bring before the club, the time was now ripe. Mr. Charles Randall now ceased to hibernate and came forward with the suggestion that "Boys' Races" should be held during the month or a few weeks prior to the first "fifty" in order to help the lads to get fit. These twenty-five mile sprints, he explained, were not to be looked upon as real races but only as training spins, held say on the Whitechurch road, against the watch held by one of the older members. As this appeared to be a sound proposition it was decided to give the suggestion a trial, and we can only hope that it will bring forth much fruit.

After very hearty votes of thanks to the Chairman, Hon. Treasurer, Auditors, Scrutineers, Hon. Gen. Secretary, and Hon. Racing Secretary, the Meeting closed, and everyone was (or should have been) home about an hour before they had expected, as the meeting was over in a very much shorter time than the present scribe can previously remember or had anticipated.

So much for the Annual General Meeting of the Anfield Bicycle Club held on the 7th January, 1928.

Northop, 14th January, 1928.

In sitting down to write up the account of this run, one seeks in vain for any outstanding feature—true it rained, but that is no novelty. The run was just one more added to the many uneventful, but none the less enjoyable, Saturday runs to which we look forward week by week, and which in the total make up so large a part of happy club life. The day was not one of the best, a strong southerly wind, with rain, being much in evidence. Indeed, the outlook at the time of starting was so unpromising that one felt a distinct temptation to "give it a miss" for once. Remembering similarly unpromising starts which were but the introduction to pleasant trips, such a temptation was easily set aside and in a heavy shower a start was made for the boat. Here unexpected but welcome company was picked up in the person of Elston, and after riding a mile or two across the peninsular, the rain ceased, capes were put away, and the sky became clear and even bright. Having plenty of time in hand, Elston was persuaded to walk Ewloe, in doing which we were overtaken by Glover, who after some derisive remarks about our walking the hill was induced to do the same. Nineteen sat down to a meal of the usual excellent quality provided at the Red Lion, and it was notable that *all* had arrived per bicycle. Later, when we had finished tea, Teddy Edwards arrived in his car, from the middle of Wales, and made up the twenty. Among the customary variety of topics touched on, one was of some interest, *viz.*, Videlex's suggestions in *Cycling*, for a really satisfactory oil lamp, that will be light in weight, give a good beam, stay alight in a gale, burn paraffin and hold enough to last all through a long night—altogether a lamp greatly to be desired. May some manufacturer be moved to give concrete form to our fellow member's suggestions! The "Course" Committee, newly appointed, shewed an early and keen interest in the job entrusted to them; they were left in deep discussion on routes and distances and variations thereof.

The ride home, through a dark, still, fine, night was not the least enjoyable part of just an ordinary run.

Styal, 14th January, 1928.

PROLOGUE.—Owing to internal derangement I decided quite early in the week that I would not attend this run, and advised the sub-captain of my decision. Came Friday night and I had a little business with another member who shall be nameless—as a matter of fact I returned his mud spats. Judge my surprise on arriving at his home to learn that "he no more there abode" (Shakespeare). Indeed, I was told that he was only seen at meal-times. Another young man gone wrong, although why in the winter I can't imagine! Things have greatly altered since my youth, as I always found, along with my friend the poet, that it was in the Springtime that a young man's fancy lightly turned to thoughts of love. Perhaps, however, this is "the one great passion of his life" (Ethel M. Dell, or was it E. M. Hull?). His worst crime against the Anfield I dare not even mention.

On the following day I was rung up per 'phone so that he could offer me his excuses, which, needless to say, I would not accept. However, to shew that I bore no ill feeling, I, an invalid, as it was a nice day, promised to attend the run. After a light lunch I sat in front of the fire to let my head throb in peace, and listened to the rain pouring down—cursing Bell or Edison or Franklin or whoever it was who invented that wonderful instrument the telephone. But I am a man of my word, so I sternly took myself in hand and doffed my working clothes, arraying myself in the garments which I hope a gentleman would consider fitting for his leisure, and arrived at our tryst 15 minutes late. One of the party which I am sometimes allowed to join had not turned up as he considered the weather too utterly foul and I yearned to be with him, but "an Englishman's word is his bond" (G. B. Shaw).

THE RIDE.—We went by divers routes—or should I say swimmers? After flogging away for hours I ventured to ask our leader where he was taking us, as I knew he was not going the nearest way, and was told, much to my chagrin, that he had promised the B.O.B. to extend the racing men as far as was in his power. When I had finished cursing him and the G.O.M. he was so frightened that he took us to the tea place in about ten minutes.

THE RUN.—It was our first visit to the "Ship" and after parking our machines in a yard belonging to someone else, we staggered in to the pub. thoroughly extended, to find an old gentleman, tastefully attired in blockapants, extended before the fire, who informed us that the pub was no good as it didn't open until 5-30, and he had had to drink Oxo (Advert.). Subsequent enquiries confirmed his advance report, and we decided to cross this place off our list. At 5-30 prompt we were asked to take our places, but found to our horror, that we were being summoned to tea, and sat down 11 strong. We had been forced to guarantee 12, but were expecting our sub to make up the full number. No sooner had we taken our seats, than a bunch of noisy, common fellows entered, loudly demanding tea, but as we had only ordered for twelve they had to wait until another cow could be killed. There were now sixteen of us, and as one of these new arrivals moaned that he had not had a feed all week our worthy doctor, with "tremendous self abnegation" (A. N. Rawlinson) sacrificed about a pound of his steak, which satisfied the hungry Grimmy for at least ten minutes.

Arrived now R. J. Austin, complete with swollen eye, and it was decided that he had made a bad passage, but whether it was at a football match or whether he had been having a few words with the Bounder who called to see him when he knew the man of the house was absent, could not be ascertained. The latter view was the one considered most likely as the Bounder seemed quite pleased with himself.

The only regular member now unaccounted for was "The Mullah," and much concern was expressed regarding him. Was he ill? Had he gone to The Big City? Had She put her foot down? The answer appeared in a most welcome manner. HE ARRIVED and was greeted with cries of relief and congratulation at his release.

After tea we repaired to a room marked "Private," and an accountant was pressed into collecting shillings so I decided it was time to go, but was very pleased to see Hubert pay his. Rumour had it that Hubert was walking as he had no back to get behind to-day, but how much truth there is in this we do not know.

Leaving early I clambered into my leg guards and with the wretch who had lured me out proceeded towards England, overtaking three others going in the same direction.

The only thing I want to know is why some of these people were not out at Northwich on a day which was quite as good as to-day? Surely it isn't the extra mile or two? The feed at Northwich is certainly worth going for, whereas the same does not apply to Styal, at least to the same extent.

Sankey, 21st January, 1928.

The clock in the room chimed the hour of three. The rain beat against the window pane, and the gloomy outside world was most uninviting. I had already relinquished the idea of making a detour embracing Warrington, and now I lingered, hesitating to do more than go direct; and a 4 o'clock start would be early enough for that short journey.

I lolled in a comfortable armchair before a glowing fire Hush! What is that. One, two, three, four, five, six came from the heart of the metropolis through the loud-speaker over in the corner. Alas, I had involuntarily slept away the hours I should have been on the road. Then followed a voice.

"Now we shall take you over to the Chapel House Hotel, Sankey, where the Anfield Bicycle Club are assembled for one of their Saturday club runs, at which President Cook occupies the chair."

. Hello, Knipe, what makes you so early, you would have missed the rain if you had come sooner—Four bitters, please, miss—coming back by Warrington and Chester, Jimmy?—No, I'm — — not—anyone want a return half to Liverpool—Hello, Warwick-Jones, this the resurrection—Ha! there's Johnny, Sankey must be on his contract—2/8 please

Subconsciously I pulled out my hard earned cash, and put it down the loud-speaker.

. Can I have that cup of tea, miss? we have to get away to Bolton—That's my used cup—Oh! sorry Green—Austin wants some Veno's Lightning Cough Cure—or a double Scotch—Anyone having a joke with the President's handlebar watch, it's been taken from his bicycle—which way Tommy—O! Hunt's Cross for a short stay for a couple of lemonades—Someone reports Turnor's watch also missing. Here comes the arm of the law to recover the lost timepieces, and enquiring for Cook who has gone off to the Bolton D.A. dinner

A brief silence was followed by the chimes of seven o'clock. From my cosy chair I visualised the evening wanderings of my fellow clubmen, some to their respective homes, others for week-end jaunts, riding over water-logged roads, and scantily protected from the weather by long since saturated capes, but I envied not a little their free and healthy exercise.

Pulford, 28th January, 1928.

Leaving Wallasey about 3-0 p.m. I rode slowly through Birkenhead in the hope of finding company. The Birkenhead policeman of whom I enquired for Glover was so definitely of opinion that he had not passed that I had the impression that the P.C. was looking for him. However, Glover eluded him and as he reached me we observed Dickman taking a cape off, though there had been no rain.

We joined Johnny Band and later Elusive and Pimpernel at Willaston. In this way we rode to Chester. Pimpernel wore out his brake blocks riding up the hill into Chester and went to have them renewed. Johnny Band wanted to burn the tea leaves which he wraps in paper and disguises as a cigarette. Dickman arrived and one glance at his moth-eaten jacket was sufficient explanation as to why he rode through Birkenhead in a cape. Dickman, Glover and I left the others and squeezed into the Park before the gates were shut. At Iron Bridge, Taylor, Long, Randall and two friends were walking. Randall said it was a stunt of Taylor's; who is now tame and has abandoned his old practice of going through with one wheel off the ground.

At Pulford we were in good time. Cook was fresh from consorting with the Knobs. From his Menu of the Banquet it appeared that he had toasted "Kindred Clubs and Associations." How we would have liked to have heard Cook handing the compliments of the season to the N.C.U. and Wigan Wheelers after a few bumpers of rich, red wine.

Twenty-six sat down to the usual excellent tea. At table, Randall entertained with his humorous and somewhat subtle prose.

Cook, Taylor, Wroberts and I left early; Wroberts for Wrexham, Taylor for World's End and Cook and I for Llanarmon. When we went, Elston was trying to rip the cloth off the Billiard table, and the others were wasting their time around a fire.

Bosley, 28th January, 1928.

The attendance on this run was once more on the low side, although the weather conditions were so vile that those brave souls who had cycled out deserve special mention here. They were Albert Davies, Bert Green, Jee, Lord Birkenhead, "Nomans" Heath, and last, but by no means least, "Our" Mr. Morton, who had once more torn himself away from the lady with the beautiful disposition in order to spend his Saturday with the Club. The other members present were the Doctor, by car, and Vice-President Buckley and son, along with the sub-captain, by a combination of rail and bus. These latter brought with them wondrous stories of post-war El Dorado, a land flowing with milk and honey and beautiful if somewhat mature ladies, of public houses open at hours when the thirsty wayfarer has great difficulty elsewhere to quench his thirst, and of many other things. The sub-captain filled our ears with a doleful story of three return bus tickets which were now unnecessary owing to the Doctor's offer of seats in his chariot, and later told us a mysterious tale of three lovely ladies in the self same bus who were disappointed by the non-appearance of the expected swine (beg pardon, swains). The Doctor not to be outdone told of an American lady who desired to purchase Cudex (or a Kodak, my memory is not too good), and Bert Green spoke in a most moving manner of certain past experiences of photography. Then mine host of the Queens Arms entered and distributed *largesse* in the form of "Gold Flake," and this unusual and unexpected generosity had the unfortunate sequel of a break-up of the party, who proceeded homeward by many and devious routes. One party reached El Dorado at length and embarked on an extended tour of that wondrous land, led by an able guide of undoubted experience and skill. The evening ended with W.P.C.'s august name being taken in vain, as a round off to an extremely enjoyable and successful club run.

T. A. TELFORD,
Editor.

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ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

FORMED MARCH 1879

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

MONTHLY CIRCULAR.

Vol. XXIII.

No. 265.

FIXTURES FOR MARCH, 1928.

		Tea at 6-0 p.m.	Light up at
March	3	Halewood (Derby Arms) Musical Evening	6-52 p.m.
"	10	Kelsall (Royal Oak)	7-5 p.m.
"	12	Committee Meeting, 7 p.m. (Angel Hotel, Dale Street, Liverpool).	
"	17	Mold (Dolphin)	7-17 p.m.
"	24	Daresbury (Ring 'O' Bells)	7-31 p.m.
"	31	Rhydtalog (Liver)	7-42 p.m.
April	5/9	Easter Tour—Betws-y-Coed (Glan Aber)	7-52 p.m.
		Alternative Tour—Yorkshire Dales.	

ALTERNATIVE FIXTURES FOR MANCHESTER MEMBERS:

		Tea at 5-30 p.m.	
March	3	Mottram St. Andrew (Bulls Head)	6-52 p.m.
"	17	Bosley (Queens Arms)	7-17 p.m.
"	31	Goostrey (Red Lion)	7-42 p.m.

Full Moon ... 6th inst.

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

COMMITTEE NOTES.

NEW MEMBER.—Mr. Oscar E. Taylor, "Garth," Cecil Avenue, Ashton-on-Mersey, has been elected to Full Membership.

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

The resignation of Mr. J. Gibson has been accepted with regret.

Mr. L. W. Walters has been struck off the list of Members for non-payment of subscription.

Mr. H. Poole has been appointed Timekeeper for the Club Races during 1928.

The date of the All Night Ride has been altered from 30th June/1st July to July 7th/8th.

EASTER TOUR.—Accommodation has again been reserved at the Glan Aber Hotel, Bettws-y-Coed, the charge will be 12/- per day (Dinner, Single bed, and Breakfast) and 10/6 per day for those who care to "double-up." Will members who intend to join in the Tour please let me have their names as soon as possible and at the same time let me know the day they intend to arrive at Bettws.

Day runs have been arranged as follows:—

Friday	Llanfairtalhaiarn (Black Lion).
Saturday	Carnarvon (Prince of Wales).
Sunday	Portmadoc (Sportsman).
Monday	Denbigh (Bull).

Lunch—1/30 p.m. each day.

The Musical Evening at Halewood, on March 3rd, is under the direction of Mr. George Newall.

A vote of condolence was passed with the Midland Cycling and Athletic Club over the death of Mr. John Urry.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS.—Mr. G. E. Pugh, "The Haven," Shepherds Lane, Bicton, Shrewsbury.

ALTERNATIVE EASTER TOUR.—YORKSHIRE.—Headquarters have been arranged for the alternative tour to Yorkshire, at the Bridge House Hotel, Catterick Bridge. The tariff here is 13/6 for dinner, bed and breakfast. This is a specially reduced charge to the Anfield B.C., the house being a first-class one in every way.

The party will meet at the Swan and Royal at Clitheroe, on Thursday night (supper 9-30 p.m.) Those who cannot come out on Thursday may join in at Bolton Bridge (Devonshire Arms) for lunch on Friday. The route then lies via Blubberhouses, Ripley, Ripon and Leeming Lane to Catterick Bridge. Saturday's ride is by way of Wensley, Aysgarth and Hawes, over the Buttertubs to Muker, Reeth, and Gunton, where tea has been arranged. The return to Catterick Bridge will be through Richmond. Sunday will be spent in the lanes with lunch at Ripon and a visit to Fountains Abbey. The return journey on Monday is by way of Middleham, along Coverdale to Kettlewell, Threshfield and Burnsall, to tea at Bolton Bridge. Then on to Skipton, Gisburn and Clitheroe for trains to home.

On Saturday and Monday it has been impossible to fix a definite place for lunch, but sandwiches will be carried and a substantial tea has been ordered for about 4 p.m. on each day. Names should be sent to R. J. Austin as soon as possible.

H. W. POWELL,
Hon. General Secretary.

RACING NOTES.

The dates for the Racing Programme as adopted at the A.G.M. are as follows : 1st "50," 28th April; 2nd "50," 12th May; Invitation "100," 28th May; Invitation 24-Hours Scratch Road Ride, 20th/21st July; Club 12 Hours Handicap, 18th August; 3rd "50," 1st September; 4th "50," 22nd September. It is hoped that all will book the dates for the purposes of racing or helping as the case may be.

The dates of the principal "Opens" are as follows : Etna "50," 9th April; Manchester Wheelers "50," 16th June; Grosvenor Wheelers "100," 30th June; North London "50," 1st July; North Road Memorial "50," 15th July; Bath Road "100," Speedwell "100," and East Liverpool Wheelers "50," 6th August; North Road "24," 31st August/1st September; Gayler 12 Hours, 15th September.

W. H. KETTLE,

Captain and Hon. Racing Sec.

ITEMS.

We regret to have to announce the deaths of two of our old ex-members, on February 1st, in the persons of H. B. Saunders and J. R. Wells. In the last decade of the last century, Harry Saunders was a prominent racing man and figured in six successful record attempts, commencing in 1890 with the Northern 50 Tandem Trike record (with Laurance Fletcher) and in 1894 securing the Liverpool-Edinburgh Bicycle record. In 1895 he got the Northern 100 Tandem Bicycle record with Neason and the Northern 12 Hours Bicycle record, while in 1897 along with W. M. Owen, he secured the Northern 12 Hours Tandem Bicycle record and in 1898 again broke the Northern 12 Hours Bicycle record. Saunders sudden death at the comparatively early age of 60 was a great surprise even to those who had seen him recently looking quite fit and well. Ramsey Wells was Captain of the Club in 1910, and in the previous year had secured third place in the "100" with the fine time of 5hrs. 28m. 36s., but after settling down in Essex, his health failed and his passing was not unexpected.

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The F.O.T.C. summer meet has been fixed for Hatfield, on July 1st, and this return northwards which makes a difference of 100 miles to us should result in a larger Anfield representation. The Annual Dinner has been fixed for December 5th, and with this long notice several of our O.T.'s who have not sampled either of these functions should have no difficulty in arranging to complete their education and edification. This reminds us that the latest recruit to the Fellowship is J. C. Robinson.

* * * * *

We regret the mistakes made by the gifted contributor of the report of the A.G.M. in the last *Circular* which escaped the editorial eye. Ven was unfortunately under the weather and unable to attend, so that it was Mr. Buckley who temporarily took the chair and proposed the re-election of the President, while "Molly's great ride" was from Edinburgh to *Liverpool*.

* * * * *

Notwithstanding the invaluable advice given by the Sanitary Inspector at Llanfairtalhaiarn on Xmas Day, the President's friend Mr. E. Turner, of Derby, has had to sell his "Ash Tray," and in a letter written more in sorrow than in anger he says, "Winnie deserves all he got. I have no sympathy for a fellow with abnormal feet who tries to make them appear still larger." And yet Winnie does not have to try!

— We are very puzzled as to why Swearfairer and Widelegs were conspicuous by their absence from the C.T.C. Jubilee Banquet. It is terrible to think of their not being present on such an historic occasion which can never happen again. Can it be that they did not regard Lord Birkenhead, Sir John Foster Fraser *et al* as "the right type" to associate with?

* * * * *

Those of you who were at Brazendale's Jubilee lecture, on February 14th would see the photograph of the stained glass window which completes Liverpool's Jubilee gifts to the C.T.C. The cost of this has resulted in the Clock Fund showing a debit balance of £7 1s. 5d., which a good natured Bank has allowed as an overdraft. The Master and Hotine paid a special visit to Headquarters and admitted that the Window had been essential to the completion of the scheme, and the purport of this paragraph is to suggest that those who have not already "done their bit" now have an opportunity of contributing to pay off the overdraft. Since the list of Anfield donors appeared in the *Circular*, W. D. Band has added his name to the scroll and the Presider would welcome some further accessions, so please look up the *Circular* for last June (Vol. XXII., No. 256) and see if your name is missing!

* * * * *

A Sad Accident.

We are pleased to learn that the information that appeared under the above caption in the January *Circular* is quite erroneous. Our old member Mr. W. Crompton Humphreys came back among us at Brazendale's C.T.C. Jubilee lecture, and when sympathised with over the Handforth "accident" said he could not understand how the mistake of thinking the victim was his son had arisen. Humphreys it appears, has been in business in Wallasey for five years and now that he has got in touch with us again is not likely to lose sight of us. He has already promised to sample a Pleasant Wednesday evening at Saughall Massie.

(Since the above was written our correspondent informs us that as a pleasant sequel W.C.H. is applying to resume full membership.—
E.D.)

* * * * *

Elsewhere in the *Circular* will be found the schedule for the alternative tour to Yorkshire at Easter. In view of the mistaken ideas which are held by some members, it is as well to point out that this is an official Club tour and that Liverpool members will be welcomed equally with the Manchester men. The route has been arranged to be equally convenient to both areas. The tour affords an opportunity to visit one of the finest cycling districts in Great Britain and one with which the bulk of our members are unacquainted. It is hoped therefore that all active cyclists who do not intend, for any reason, to visit Bettws, will do their best to join the Club in Yorkshire. The headquarters at Catterick is kept by Mark Higham, the old Yorkshire Road Club member, and a successful and pleasant week-end is already assured.

* * * * *

We are asked to deny the rumour that Frank Chandler has had his bassinette equipped with bumpers and a gramophone to protect himself from motorists who admit they are not looking where they are going.

Behind the change of address notified in the Committee Notes there is Romance with a capital R. Without saying "nuffing to nobody." Mr. Puff went into double harness on Boxing Day! The example of Roberts is evidently infectious and we wonder who will be the next "Victim." Congratulations to the Happy Pair.

* * * * *

The Presider appears to have had a very delightful week-end in attending the R.R.A. meeting. Going on from Tarporley to Newport (accompanied by Walters and Pugh as far as the Raven) he found the new atmosphere at the Barley Mow very changed and proper. On the Sunday he was met by Pritchard and Miss Lawrence on a tandem, just south of Brownhills, and piloted to Warwick, after lunch at Kenilworth at the Castle Hotel, now the residence of George and Eddie King of the N.R., who gave the party a hearty welcome. Between Banbury and Bicester, Spango of the B.R. and Percy Charles chipped in and eventually Iynghoe reached for the night. Here was experienced the good old-fashioned hostelry with excellent ideas of food and welcome at a price that did not include any mortgage, and it would appear to make an ideal rendezvous for the Old Timers' Rally week-end—much better and much cheaper than Bedford. On the Monday, an exploration of the Chilterns was made, London entered by the Main Bath Road and the R.R.A. meeting attended in the evening. This meeting was quite satisfactory as all the resolutions went the way WE desired and the motions which appeared to regard the individual subscribers as unclean were thrown out. Neason was unfortunately unable to attend, but Lusty was present representing the M.C. and A.C., and Harley was there, representing the Essex Road Club and proved a most efficient scrutineer, while, when the Presider got back to Euston Hotel he rather dramatically found cousin Jim Park in possession of the smoke room! Nevertheless the Irish Mail was caught to Crewe, and in riding home via Acton Bridge, with a lovely favouring breeze, he was met on the new "Road to Ireland" by Welfare. Thus ended what the Great Panjandrum used to call a "useful week-end" of 307 miles.

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Black-and-White Anfielders Jubilant (at the C.T.C. Banquet)

By a Member of the Dining Team.

Did I know my C.T.C.? I thought so, having owned a badge for 42 years. There was a time when I was permitted to see letters written in Shipton's own handwriting. More recently I have watched their handle-bars gradually droop. I also thought that I knew the Anfield C.T.C.-ite, but the older I grow the more rapid the changes that convulse me.

Cook escaped me at Euston, so I clung to Hotine, who met me strangely buttoned up around the neck. Doubts attacked me. I had felt fairly confident since my tailor assured me that I could face even Mr. Preston at the Hesketh, but now . . . ? Perhaps Hotine had a cold. I just started running after a passing bus when my friend, with the air of a man about town dragged me into a taxi. Arrived at the Connaught Rooms I failed to spot the hordes of cycles that should have lined the railings, so they must have been taken down the area steps.

Another taxi dashed up disgorging a gent bearing some likeness to our Presider, but it could hardly be, as he wore round his neck the sort of thing I associate with an opera hat. Surely I knew the extent of his wardrobe better than that. Inside the portals I missed the groups in knickerbockers, but saw several men from the Embassies, the wrong room no doubt. Then I heard a voice: "Is that you Van Pufflen?" There behind a white waistcoat loomed the familiar figure of the Arch-owl, and by his side his charming and elegant wife.

So it was true after all : These were the C.T.C. At this moment help arrived ; Ever-Bright in a garment like my own, fit for the council chamber or the chop house. But what could two prevail among so many ? Why was not Bikely in plus fours descending those Golden Stairs ? Because he was far away stealing a march on me on the Hesketh Billiard Table.

At this moment Hotine and Brazendale disclosed themselves in their true feathers, faultlessly representing fashion plates. They passed me safely into the Hall of Banquet, which I must describe : A long and narrow table, set like a dais, was reserved for Lords, Knights, Baronets, and those whose titles still hang in the balance. Crossways at off-shoot tables the less exalted persons with their ladies or *en garçon*—thus ourselves, so placed as to face W.P. at the upper table, he perfectly confectioned and holding his own with these men of louder rank. Only one contribution had he succeeded in making to his other self ; having with great deliberation tied his bow with careless abandon. This in no way debarred him from a most cordial *tele-a-tele* with Sir John Foster Frazer. They clutched hands and dug each other in the ribs, but this was after the wines had freely circulated, for while we made merry on Chateau du Roi, the upper table changed their beverage with each course. I shall be surprised if this does not lead somewhere. To Bettws perhaps. Already now Sir John writes about the rights of pedestrians. Next it may be the cyclist's rear. There is something behind all this.

In the *melee* I got separated from Hotine by a dainty and fascinating damsel in pink who by some lucky chance or finger of fate came to rest between us and for the rest of the evening I saw not red but *couleur de rose*. With us sat the Beardwoods, *Sieur et Dame et Fils*, the Van Heems *peve et fille* (a delightful *ingenue*) and old Morris of Referee fame.

A menacing feature in the room was a Bull's Eye and a Kitelike contraption such as Col. Cody flew in pre-war days. For a moment I suspected a Lantern Lecture with the familiar recital of how the C.T.C. renovated, Open Roads I elongated, A.B.C.'s affiliated, Audiences captivated.

All wrong, they were aids to a snapshot, and on the contrary the Rostrum had been abdicated.

Chairman Haigh, chief of the Council, proved a wonderful speaker, and after the Belgian Guest in the name of the International Group had made a passionate and most eloquent speech in French, Haigh, without any preparation, pause or falter, gave a translated resume of it.

Cook, late on, gave the toast of the Foreign and Allied Unions and came through with flying colours ; but it was a pity that Lord Birkenhead had left and missed Cook's allusion to him in days when Smith and Cook were fellow townsmen. W.P. had been oddly placed next two German delegates who knew no word of English. Where are the days when the only speakers of faultless English turned out to be disguised German Spies.

The fun became fast and furious when the men with handles to their names were slipped from leash. Our Irish friend, Sir James Percy, proved by his accent that he had been only a few hours in this country. He sang the glories of touring in Ireland, he lamented the loss of his late partner R.J., and assured us of the strength of the Irish Waters. Sir Harold Bowden broadcasted the bounding and boundless sales of his bouncing and rallying bicycles.

The star turns were firstly, Lord Birkenhead, who tightly wedged between his cravate and his cigar laboured heavily to make us believe his cycling exploits historic in antiquity, speed and distance, including a ride from Liverpool to Edinboro' on an Ordinary. He gave one the impression that these stories through frequent repetition in smoke rooms have taken root, apart from the question of their strict veracity. So too thought Foster Frazer, who compared them with contumely to his own world tours through Asia and India, the while Lord B. kept up a running comment to belittle the ride and silence the speaker. Commander Kenworthy tried to surpass both by his narrative of cycling in Spain, as a naval officer, and ending up in gaol. It was great fun, especially as all three look as if a week-end with Cook would sober them for ever. On the other hand Ramsey Macdonald looked fit enough to take Cook on any time and put it through him. In a voice that cut clean like a knife his boast was never to have ridden any cycle at all, but to have tramped and trespassed all his life and even dressed the part. It is more than likely that he is one of those to whom Harry Buck hands out sandwiches when on tour. Ramsey ended up by biting into his neighbour's ear: "You talk of your hardships, Birkenhead, but what I did was to try and make both ends meet on the salary the C.T.C. paid me when they once engaged me as junior clerk."

When we hear these statesmen at play we wonder why we take them so seriously at election times.

Lord Birkenhead's claims to cycling fame have been copied by all the Press, but they remain a little perplexing; his father gave him a cushion tyred safety, the first ever seen in Birkenhead, and on which the handicappers made him concede several miles start in ten to the Ordinaries. He lost by several other miles. At the age of ten he learned to ride a Boneshaker Velocepede, but at the age of nine he rode to the Pyramids on an Ordinary with his father—a great horseman—mounted on a white ass.

Dare we comment that a wooden cycle for a boy of ten was seldom seen, and steel juvenile Ordinaries stacked along the desert in 1881, awaiting the equestrian Smith and small son, at least unlikely. But F.E. always did look ten years younger than his age, so that his mount at the age of nine may have been of a certain type with three or four wheels.

But how delightful to find these terrible politicians such simple fellows, who if they do presume too much, do so as would be Cycling Pioneers, whose claim to the conquest of the Hazard of the Wheel is largely HAPHAZARD.

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M.C. & A.C. Dinner, 28th January.

After an absence of some years from this function, I could not help noticing the difference, from my point of view. Then, I knew but a few of the crowd. This time the difficulty was to get a word in edgewise with all the pals I could see.

Like other old clubs, the M.C. & A.C. has set up standards in the racing world which can be well copied. In the matter of their Dinner they have set up a standard which is unapproachable. Age (this was the 38th), comradeship which positively bubbles over, and unique talent in the matter of speech making and entertainment, combine to achieve this end.

With Syd Capener, of the "Speedwell," on my right, B. W. Bes, of *Cycling*, on my left, and Albert Lusty and Walter Holland opposite, my corner was a happy one. In the absence of G. H. Stancer, we were treated to one of F. T. Bidlake's amusing speeches in which he assured us that Stancer's absence was not due to illness, as had been announced, but because the C.T.C. Council were deeply engrossed considering whether the minutes of the last Council meeting should be printed on white paper or pink paper!! Wayfarer's opposition to the colour scheme also accounted for his absence, but nevertheless "himself" slipped in after the feeding was over, on arrival from London.

Another outstanding speech was that of Frank Urry when responding to a very warm and musical toast of the President. Whatever he had done for the M.C. & A.C., it had given him nearly half his relations and almost all his friendships. The talent of the Club's own concert party was highly appreciated, the kissing song being uproariously enored, with many offers to take the gentleman's place.

Lastly—there was the vacant chair. References to it were few and tactful, not sad, for who can think of John Urry and be sad?

* * * * *

Have I Paid My Sub?

(How am I to know?)

Year in, year out, the Treasurer complains of the late payments of these dues and we keep arguing about the greater or lesser wisdom of publishing the names of the long overdues, but that does not help those that are due but far-from-overdue, thus the great majority.

Publishing defaulters' names may be necessary but it remains crude and it only deals with defaulters. I am not interested in these. I am always asking the Treasurer what he is going to do for those, who like myself, do not wish to become defaulters, but whose payments are delayed pending the arrival of their Auditors to run through their cheque books or search their receipt files to determine whether the Sub. for the current year has been paid or not. Why put us to this expense and worry?

It has taken 22 volumes and 263 issues of this journal before a member has suggested in print the simple but brilliant idea—"TO PUBLISH EACH MONTH, IN HEAVY TYPE, A LIST OF THOSE WHO HAVE PAID" (of course he means since the previous issue).

The inventor probably treated it as a joke, for he thinks: "That it may lead to a rush for the early doors" and pride of place, but seriously I maintain that it is the least the Treasurer can do to help us.

All I have to do then—when I wish to let my mind dwell on this beloved official and asking myself the above questions—is to look through the issues of the *Circular* that lie in a neat little stack in my bureau. I have always blamed the Treasurer and do so to this day, but he has now his chance to free himself for ever of his share of blame.

* * * * *

We reprint the following article from a recent issue of *The Oshkosh Gazette and Squeedunk Blabber*.

The New Lighting Bill.

Mr. W. P. Cook, interviewed by our Special Correspondent.

Knowing how Mr. W. P. Cook, the Pooh Bah of the cycling world, has fought so long and strenuously against Rear Lights and Reflectors on cycles, I was rather surprised to find him smiling all over his face and half way down his back when I called at his palatial offices to ask him what he thought of the New Lighting Bill. Asked to explain his jubilation, Mr. Cook said: "My life's work is accomplished and I have

succeeded in fooling not only the motor organisations but the whole cycling world. Like my old friend, F. Percy High, I always secretly favoured reflex devices, but I realised that if I came out as an advocate of them my motives would be impugned and the probabilities of any compulsory legislation seriously prejudiced. The only thing to do was to buy more Bluemels shares and *oppose* legislation tooth and nail. And what has been the result? The New Lighting Bill went through Parliament with flying colours and as a result of the clause providing for compulsory reflectors on all cycles, Bluemels not only paid a dividend of 15 % but returned 33½ % of the capital to the shareholders, which caused the shares to advance to £3, and at the Annual Meeting the Chairman pointed the future prospects in glowing (red) colours, with seven million cyclists clamouring for the Raylite. I shall of course insist on all my fellow cyclists using Bluemels just as I have hitherto done, quite disinterestedly with mudguards, and I confidently anticipate future dividends of 100 % and the return of the balance of the capital in a few years. Hence these smiles. My only regret is that the Bill does not more appropriately come into force on April 1st, and that perambulators, all the 57 varieties of hand propelled vehicles and pedestrians have been overlooked. But Rome was not built in a day."

* * * * *

The Taming of the Shrew (A Limerick).

There's an Anfielder we call The Mullah
P'haps not quite so warm as Abdullah
Yet in spite of his past, he may get wed at last

? ? ?

(I can't think of a rhyme, so I must play for time)

A peculiar position arises.
The situation is full of surprises :
Will he Club runs attend
The year round without end
As a proper life member
From Jan. till December
Will the Club hold its sway
In the old fashioned way
From June until May?
Or will she urge her Beau
To take her to a show
On a club Saturday
When he should have his say
Or must he imbue fear
With the SHAKE of his SPEARE
And a crack of his whip
A command from his lip
While he utters a threat
To his Katrine and pet
On account of her vow
To his will she must bow

(Oh, I've just got it now)

OR AS WIFE HE MIGHT HAVE TO ANNUL, 'ER.

Petruchio

(a little after Lucio.)

RUNS AND FIXTURES.

Halewood, 4th February, 1928.

Alas! Another damp Saturday. Methinks that February is shaping to rival January's record for floods, but we may surely hope for a little more sunshine, and drying breezes, as the month grows older. Still, be the weather what it may, this run must be supported, even if we cannot bring ourselves to change attire, pump the tyres, and plug stolidly, inside our capes, the well-worn route via Frodsham (afternoon tea), salubrious Runcorn and Widnes Transporter, in order to traverse a "Road Horror," whose only attraction is, that it leads to "The Derby Arms," where warmth, shelter, and all bodily comforts await the intrepid treadlers. Here they can toast their shoes—cook their caps in the fender, and rest content, that sooner or later, a toothsome and satisfactory repast will appeal to their enormous appetites, the envy of the slackers and blocker-pants-brigade, who amble in from the 5-15, or roll up in covered petrol wagons, in order to be in time at the meet.

We understand that the Boss mile eater slipped away early into Mid-Cheshire, before the rain got really wet, shook his cape out, put it away, stole a march as it were, and found roads endeavouring to appear dry without being dusty, had a good day fooling Jupiter Pluvius, and if there were signs of moisture in Lancashire, after Warrington, it was hardly worth while to start cape shaking for the last few miles.

There was a muster of about 30, old and young, many of the Old Brigade keeping up their winter monthly attendance as usual, in the good old youthful manner. A most enjoyable time was spent yarning of past cycling pleasures, and of more joys anticipated in the days ahead, and at parting we were glad to find that the rain had ceased for our homeward flight.

Acton Bridge, 11th February, 1928.

Saturday started with the usual rain, but, by the time I was ready to start at 3 o'clock, it had stopped. With the wind W.N.-W., the going was good, and meeting the Cap'n on the Top Chester Road, we rode together as far as Tarvin, where I stopped to visit relations and wait for two late starters.

On the arrival of the tandem we set off again, and, after putting the capes on, taking them off again, overtaking the skipper, and Dick-man trying to lead us astray twice, we eventually arrived at the Leigh Arms.

While sitting in the tank, awaiting tea, W.P. arrived and monopolised the conversation; then Tommy Royden came in and tried to do the same, but he was howled down.

Poor old Tommy was highly indignant about being left on the road by two hard hearted young wretches after treating them to tea in Chester.

The attendance was poor, only twenty-six sitting down to the usual terrific spread, and all, I think, were cyclists, with the exception of Teddy Edwards (never mind Teddy, wait until William P. starts turning up in an Austin Seven, wearing the latest in double breasted waistcoats).

Several members expressed their appreciation of a delightful picture of a young lady which adorned the wall, and what with Phyllis, Ada, our sylph-like hostess, and various other wenches flitting round, there was a decided feminine atmosphere present.

Cook and Hotine were the only ones I heard of who were week-ending, and, tea over, the company grew smaller by degrees and beautifully less, until only an odd one or two were left.

The homeward ride was uneventful, save for a conversation with a member of the Cheshire Constabulary with reference to lights (or the lack, thereof) on bicycles, but the P.C., being in an amiable mood, dismissed the case with a caution and so we went home to bed.

Cheadle Hulme, 18th February, 1928—Musical Evening.

Owing to the difficulty of obtaining adequate accommodation for a musical evening elsewhere in the district, the Committee chose Cheadle Hulme (The Church Inn) for the last of the Manchester Section's musical evenings this winter. It may be said at once that the experiment was most successful, and should be repeated next winter. The meal was good, the price in reason, and the minerals of good quality; this latter finding great favour with the majority of the gathering.

On my arrival at the Church Inn it was obvious that something was afoot. The tank was full to overflowing, and as the hour approached it was quite evident that the sub's modest estimate of 23—25 was to be exceeded. A list of members present would be monotonous reading, but we were very pleased to welcome seven members and a friend from Liverpool, these being George Newall, Morris, and a friend Mr. Thomas, Hubert Roskill and Skinner, Mandall, A. P. James and Winnie, the latter as usual rending the air with plaintive cries for duck. In addition, we welcomed several Manchester men, who have been absentees for far too long; I mention especially Beckett, Crowcroft, Tomlin and Yank Edwards.

Tea over, we took a short respite in the tank whilst the room was prepared and then, after Jee had taken a collection, our pianist, Doug. Smith, opened the proceedings by playing a Polish Dance with a skill and delicacy of touch which was an eye-opener to us, since Doug. has kept very quiet as to his abilities. Grimmy followed and was succeeded by Mr. Thomas, who gave German's "English Rose" in finished style. Next came Mr. Johnson (a friend of Fairybelle) who surprised us all with his powerful baritone. George Newall was the next to earn the applause of the gathering, rendering "Take a Pair of Sparkling Eyes" in his best style. Then the Mullah recited "Dandaloo," and Russ Rothwell gave a dialect recital.

From this point on Vice-President Buckley rang the changes on his team of artistes with steady persistence; each must have possessed an enormous repertoire and each gave liberally of his best. Tomlin, who arrived late, gave two or three items in his very best style, whilst our old friend, Mr. Foy, who did not join us until 9-15 sang in all about nine or ten songs and was in great form. The Master was also prevailed upon to give a turn, and, as befits a "Mastercue," gave a homily on the topic "Billiards."

The proceedings closed with a hearty vote of thanks and in defiance of an outworn Anfield tradition was extended to *all* our artistes whether members of the Club or not. This tradition has never served a useful purpose and, as far as Manchester gatherings are concerned, all who help with our Manchester evenings will be included in the thanks of the gathering. Our thanks are specially due to Doug. Smith who performed the difficult job of accompanist with great skill, and it is very gratifying to know that after a lapse of years we have a Manchester member not only *competent* but *willing* to take on this thankless job.

In all, 31 members and three friends took part in a thoroughly enjoyable evening.

Tarporley, 18th February, 1928.

It would be a good idea if the Editor or his deputy, when selecting a writer for the run, would name his man earlier in order that the chosen one might collect the necessary evidence as to routes, etc., followed by the various members. In this particular case I learnt my fate when leaving the hotel, so that I will have to limit my remarks to the route followed by myself. The pack horse road was, I found, in none too dry a condition. The river was low but the path up to Stapleford decidedly mushy and wet. I turned to the left at the latter village to the Red Lion at Tarvin, and then followed the road by Burton to Blackpuddenton for tea. Puddings were at a premium, other members having mopped them up earlier. Whilst at the inn I was joined by Capt. Kettle and we triked in unison via Birch Heath to the Meet. There were quite a number of old stagers at the Swan, for in addition to myself we had Lord Hawkes, Cook, Tommy, Johnny, Teddy, Geo. Mercer and Cody, not to mention Hotine and a few others. The return home in the company of the indefatigable Tommy was much enjoyed, and the second house at the Nags Head with his Lordship and Tommy and the younger bloods was almost a club run in itself.

Allostock, 25th February, 1928.

Calling as usual for my riding companion I found that for once I had certainly struck oil; I discovered him lying on his back under a car and stood by while he patiently coaxed several pints of a treacly fluid into a cleverly concealed gear-box. After finishing off the job with the aid of an outsize in pocket wrenches my friend cast aside his pyjama suit and was ready for the road almost immediately.

Starting off under springlike conditions it was at once evident that our pace had benefited by the recent reopening of the dry roads, as within a few minutes we had sighted and rapidly overhauled the Mullah. We rode together for some miles along the strangely quiet main roads, until we came across a scantily dressed tricyclist, who decided to join us in a detour from the main road for a refreshing cup of tea.

Continuing to "The Three Greyhounds," we arrived at the same time as Bick, who had nobly refused the tempting offer of roast pheasant in order to be in our company once more. We were greeted in the yard by Cody, the only Liverpool representative, and hastening indoors we found five other familiar faces round a cheery-looking fire.

No time was wasted in getting to the table, and Green, in fine form after his recent training proceeded to demonstrate his skill by neatly removing the outer covers from the potatoes without the aid of tyre levers.

Cody, the Doctor, and Green left shortly after tea, and the others lingered round the fire before going out into a rather chilly, foggy night.

I travelled home in the company of four others who seemed to find their way quite easily even under these adverse conditions, and finally left them knowing that at least one person was well satisfied with the variety of events crammed into the too-short hours of an enjoyable run.

Mold, 25th February, 1928.

The day was fine but there was a distinct nip in the wind which blew from an easterly direction, but once one's blood was warmed up with a little rapid pedalling, the cutting wind was no longer felt. Meeting Cap'n Kettle and another on the way out we made our way to Queensferry, Hawarden and thence to Mold, where we found a merry

through gathered before the fire awaiting the stroke of six. The arrival of the Editor caused not a little disturbance and a ringing cheer greeted him. It is not often the Anfield is privileged with the Editor's company!

At a given signal we trooped to the dining room upstairs, where a truly magnificent meal awaited us—one of the best the Anfield has tasted for many a moon—so good, I believe, that Cook there and then decided to change the run fixed for Wrexham on March 17th, to a return visit to Mold. One can only hope they serve us so well again!

Having fed their faces, Cook and his partner Elston, departed on tandem to Llanfairtalhaiarn, where they were spending the night. Leslie is now a sorrier but a wiser man—at least we'll hope so!

The writer left Mold in the company of four or five others, but their pace was so furious that it was too much for him and his machine. I am sorry to report that he was an also-ran, and preferred a quiet solitary ride home to a burst of speed, probably a burst blood vessel or at least a "busted" wind.

That is my effort, Mr. Editor, will it do? If not, do it yourself!

Editorial Note. We regret being unable to publish the account of the Goostrey run on the 4th February, which at the time of going to press has not come to hand.

T. A. TELFORD,
Editor.

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ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

FORMED MARCH 1879

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

MONTHLY CIRCULAR.

Vol. XXIII.

No. 266.

FIXTURES FOR APRIL, 1928.

	Tea at 6-0 p.m.	Light up at
April 2	Committee Meeting, 7 p.m. (Angel Hotel, Dale Street, Liverpool).	
„ 5/9	EASTER TOUR—Bettws-y-Coed (Glan Aber).....	7-52 p.m.
	Alternative Tour—Yorkshire Dales.	
„ 14	Pulford (Grosvenor Arms)	8-9 p.m.
„ 21	Acton Bridge (Leigh Arms)	8-27 p.m.
„ 28	First 50 Miles Handicap	9-34 p.m.
May 5	Higher Whitley (Millstone)	9-48 p.m.

ALTERNATIVE FIXTURE FOR MANCHESTER MEMBERS.

	Tea at 5-30 p.m.	
April 14	Allstock (Three Greyhounds)	8-9 p.m.
	Full Moon ... 5th inst.	
	Summer Time begins 22nd 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.

4 THE LAUND,
WALLASEY, CHESHIRE.

APPLICATION FOR MEMBERSHIP.—Mr. Charles Hector McKail, 19 Matthew Street, Ardwick, Manchester; proposed by Mr. G. B. Orrell, seconded by Mr. J. A. Grimshaw,

Mr. W. Crompton Humphreys has rejoined the Club as a Full Member.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS:—Mr. C. H. Turnor, 11 Riversdale, Glebelands Road, Ashton-on-Mersey, Cheshire.

Mr. T. Hilton Hesketh, 32 Chelmsford Road, London, E.18.

H. W. POWELL,

Hon. General Secretary.

RACING NOTES.

Arrangements have been made to run 25 mile Training Trials on April 14th and April 21st. The Start and Finish will be near Chester, and late enough to enable members to ride out to the start. Those wishing to take part are requested to hand in their names to Sub-Captain Long at least a week before the events, in order that suitable arrangements may be made for dressing accommodation and tea after the rides. Run attendances will only be credited to the Timekeeper, Checker at the turn, and the riders taking part. Others are requested to support the Club run fixtures.

First "50," April 28th, 1928.

This is the first event of our Racing Programme and it is to be hoped it will receive the full support of our Racing men. Entries should reach me not later than April 21st, and must be sent in by post, as I shall be at the Training Trial instead of the Club run on that date.

W. H. KETTLE,

Captain and Hon. Racing Sec.

ITEMS.

This month's issue of the *Circular* has gone to Press a week in advance, as our usual publication date would tie with Easter Holidays, so that the accounts of the Rhydtalag and Goostrey runs will appear in our May number.

* * * * *

"Elsie" Price who expects to leave Nyasaland in June, writes as follows: "Good news reading about the Edinboro-Liverpool trike record. Is the Molyneux the same lad that I used to dodge on the Broadgreen Road? If he is, what sort of gland has he been having stabbed in? Nothing like pre-war stuff, is there?" We have assured "Ii" that the serum used was merely enthusiasm and loyalty to the club.

* * * * *

Our old friend, Higgins of the Poly., who in the "100" one year called out to the checker at Hodnet Corner, "I don't know me number but my name is Higgins," has generously given an R.R.A. shield for Lands End to London Tricycle Record, so that now there are only four single records without a shield. One wonders why certain old and prominent clubs with plenty of money do not figure in the list of Shield donors. The Lands End to John O'Groats trike record certainly ought to have a Shield.

* * * * *

Frank Wood is the latest to join the F.O.T.C. We must confess that he looks so young and spritely that we did not think he had the essential qualification of antiquity. Talking of Frank, reminds us that he has recently suffered by a fire, which made his car a total constructive loss and also badly damaged the roof of George Lake's saloon car which was standing alongside. And Frank is such a simple guileless youth that he failed to take lessons from Chem's friend Levinski *before* he had his fire, with the result that he will be badly out of pocket over it. Never mind. Every cloud has a silver lining and Frank can now revert to a bicycle again without injury to his health. So look out!

What a "great big shame" no account of the Goostrey Run on February 4th was forthcoming. We understand it was graced by the presence of Widelegs, who recently contributed an article in *Cycling* on the Ethics of Club Life, and should certainly have been "booked" to write up the run.

* * * * *

The Presider is highly delighted. The response to his suggestion in the last *Circular* has been absolutely *nil*!

* * * * *

P. C. Beardwood has been elected Chairman of the Road Racing Council. This is an honour also paid to us and while we don't envy him the job we congratulate and sympathise with him.

* * * * *

On Ellen Terry's 80th Birthday.

You will have read all about it. Mostly talk. Yes, but not all. There are Anfielders who joined the club when she was in her prime, and like to recall her as "Fair Rosamund." How they envied Will Terriss when he chased her round her Bower under the very nose of that interfering Priest Thomas a Irving. Thought they: what better compliment than to find that bower, and so they traced it to Clifford Castle, half way between Hay and the Toll-bridge, near Willersley. They found its few remaining walls overhanging the River Wye.

When that other Bill, the Conquering William, passed by he found the Castle standing there already grim and gaunt and made a present of it to his henchman Clifford. When later the Anfield passed by on the Coronation Tour, quarter of a century ago, the walls had grown older still and wiser and sadder, for meanwhile in 1140, Rosa Mundi—the world's Rose—had there been born, wooed and loved by the Royal Henry the Twelfth and been driven into taking poison by his sour Queen. The place has never been the same since.

On that Anfield Tour the members could ill tarry. Barely a bow shot from her bower eaves, Bikley rushed through the barley sheaves, like some electric hare believing himself pursued by police greyhounds. There followed that gaily bedecked tandem team Cook-Paquin, pacing John Melville James in training for his 100 miles record. Harry Cooke, hastening unduly as was his wont, and others, many others, whipped in by the lagging Lowee, mopping his fevered brow with his captive sponge.

But on this present occasion the Anfielders lingered on. The place looks old, of hoary age. The entrance to the small residential keep must originally have been by a movable ladder as was the pre-Norman custom, later replaced by the present steep footway.

Some chambers are still standing and become a maiden's bower. They overlook the river 150 feet below, and the description of the home of the Lady of Shalott was certainly borrowed from Clifford Castle.

But what is more to the point, the builder had contrived to insert certain intimate architectural features lending themselves to Rosamond's aid. It was by occupying one of these that the ever gallant Henry Buck (no royal Harry this time) was able to share with Rosa-Mundi the means to ease and comfort she needed in common with us all. All that divided them was a space of 750 years.

Perchance Ellen Terry did likewise when rehearsing the part. She too would be younger then, and with this sad reflection the members ambled on.

Fable.

A Young Man named Elston had Never Ridden a Tandem and Was Very Keen to Do So He therefore Arranged With Mr. W. P. Cook to Week-end on W. P. Cook's Tandem with W. P. Cook.

Moral :—Ignorance is Bliss.

* * * * *

On 24th February, the Wayfarers' Club of Liverpool arranged a Lecture on "Mountain Photography." Of Ours there were present E. M. Haslam, W. E. Taylor and E. Nevitt. At the conclusion of his opening remarks the Lecturer (Mr. Burton) said he would commence with some slides dealing with apparatus; he then gave the signal to the operator to show the first slide, but unfortunately for some minutes the lantern would'nt work!

* * * * *

From The Pulpit.

Love of Anfield is expressed by a VOW not an OATH. It is a FAITH not a CREED.—*The Curate.*

* * * * *

We have received the following communication from Messrs. Drinkwater, Drinkwater, Drinkwater, and Drinkwater, Solicitors and Notaries Public, of Buttermilk House, Filletted Plaice, Billingsgate, London :—

"Our client Swearfairer (himself) does not feel under any obligation to explain why he was "conspicuous by his absence" from the C.T.C. Jubilee Banquet, but as an act of grace we are permitted to say that, in the presence of such a galaxy of talent, our client decided that the only way to be conspicuous (and to obtain the proper measure of publicity which is his due was to stay away from the said function.

"We are also acting for Widelegs in this matter. On his behalf we are instructed to inform you that he absented himself from the Jubilee Banquet because of the utter impossibility of touring on ten bob a day, when you pay 12s. 6d. for one dinner."

* * * * *

The N.R.R.A. Annual General Meeting, held on March 14th, was somewhat sparsely attended compared to some recent years, but the Private Members had secured full control of the early doors to elect their Delegates and instruct them as regards the Agenda.

These private members are nothing if not to the point. This concluded, the full Council was admitted. The chief matter on the Agenda was the proposal to insert a new rule delegating the work of the Association throughout the year to a Committee of twelve (good men and true) to be nominated at each A.G.M.

These twelve to consist of the President, the Secretary, one delegate for the private members and nine others representing the clubs and other officers. Although the subject was controversial it met with universal approval. Hitherto every meeting for whatever purpose has been open to the full Council, and the change is expected to be beneficial by proving less unwieldy and more efficient.

Some discussion arose because the original wording of the resolution excluded the possible nomination of any Vice-President as delegate, and although this had been passed it proved to be against the feeling of the meeting. The original resolution was therefore rescinded and altered accordingly. This point directly concerned Mr. James Taylor, who has acted as Official Observer and had just been elected a Vice-President in the place of Mr. James Feay.

The ten delegates include Bert Green and R. J. Austin. Two clubs on the roll of membership were reported defunct: one Birkenhead club and the other the somewhat notorious Cheadle Hulme Cycling Club, which apart from racing never did any cycling of late years. It specialised in "pot" hunting.

The Officers elected are the same as last year, with the above-mentioned exception of Mr. Taylor and that of the Auditor: Mr. Smith, a very old Manchester Wheeler, who died this last year. His place has been filled by that well-known Manchester Wheeler, Mr. Brierley, a most diligent road rider, who being resident in Cheadle Hulme, can be seen riding to Manchester on every day of the year, with such systematic regularity that he even does so on the days that he takes part in races in the afternoon and his speed is so consistent that passing motor cars regulate their speedometers by his movements.

RUNS AND FIXTURES.

Halewood, 3rd March, 1928.

For most of us the mention of Halewood conjures up a vision of one of Frank Paterson's winter pictures in *Cycling*. You know the scene: the ruddy glow from window and open door, the driving rain, the mud-bespattered cyclists with streaming capes and sodden shoes, buffeted by rude Boreas. Instead we saw Halewood by daylight, in glorious sunshine and balmy air. March had come in like a lamb, and a very young and tender lamb at that. And very nice too.

It was a real Spring day, a gift of the gods, a day to invite one to potter along by highways and byways. In sheltered cottage gardens, yellow and blue crocuses showed bravely, and golden daffodils "which come before the swallow dares, and take the winds of March with beauty" were "nodding their heads in sprightly dance." By Knowsley Delph, a flash of vivid crimson and peacock-blue revealed a shy kind-fisher, while high overhead, soaring aloft in spiral circles into the blue empyrean, the first of the larks was pouring forth a flood of living melody.

Arrived at last at the Derby Arms I found quite a large gathering, including Lord Hawkes and numerous representatives from Manchester. And when we gathered round the festive board, what gustatory pleasures awaited us. How succulent the little pig, how tender the chicken, how noble the roast beef of Old England, and how faithfully we dealt with each succeeding dish "Oh, Hubert! Oh, Arthur! (de Paethorpe, not Shakespeare) how we missed you, and how much you missed."

And then, replete with every comfort, we adjourned to the concert room, where another feast awaited us—the feast of harmony and the flow of soul. George Newall had gathered together a goodly number of sweet singers and musicians to entertain us and beguile the time. Mr. Geo. Burke presided admirably at the piano, and after W.P.C. had, by ocular demonstration proved that the song was historically correct, our old friend Joe Andrews and Geo. Newall led off with "The Moon hath raised her lamp above," and later individually delighted us with many tuneful numbers. Mr. Albert Sulby sang us several rollicking songs about "Sergeant Majors," in a wonderful bass voice—at least I think it was bass, but unfortunately our connoisseur Hubert was not there to assure me on the point. At anyrate Bass or Worthington or whatever brew it was, the assembled Anfielders thoroughly appreciated Mr. Sulby's fine voice and artistic rendition. Mr. Winstanley, who has

so often delighted our Manchester members, was welcomed among us, and gave us a few songs which he was able to borrow for the occasion, and the ever youthful Frank Wood told us some of his evergreen chestnuts (by special request), in his own inimitable style.

John Kinder, whom we hear all too seldom, delighted us with several well-known classics on his English concertina, and the Treasurer, in spite of an effort to make a quick getaway, was compelled to tell us once more the pathetic (or is it humorous?) story of "The Wee Cotter Hoose."

A vote of thanks to the artistes, and the singing of "Auld Lang Syne," brought us to the close of a perfect day, and then by devious roads we took our homeward way.

Mottram St. Andrew, 3rd March, 1928.

It was good to have a fine Saturday for a change, and with a run in a fresh direction we decided to take the opportunity of a trip into the hills. We arrived at the "Bull's Head" to find a good muster. We were pleased to see Banks, complete with the "World's Best Bicycle," who is living at Buxton. Rex, who had been having a training spin round Whalley Bridge and Buxton, had found him on the "Cat." In all, thirteen members and a friend sat down to tea, and after tea we moved into the smoking room to listen to Mullah tell a story which Albert Davies had once heard a man tell very well. We were joined later by a friend of the V.P.'s, who told us funny stories until it was time for him to go to Alderley for a free supper at the Queen's. We left soon after this, and moved off *en masse* to Dean Row; here we left the others, and after a short stay at Woodford, arrived home in the cool of the evening. This was the first run to Mottram St. Andrew for a great many years, and if last Saturday's run is a good example I hope we shall have many more.

Kelsall, 10th March, 1928.

Here's to the "Royal Oak." May its shadow never grow larger. It would be a travesty of truth to say that its cuisine and service bids fair to rival that of the Bridget Hotel, Cat-trick Bridge. The writer is constrained to dwell on this subject, as he regards it of paramount importance, good victualling arrangements being one of the first necessities for the complete enjoyment of a bicycle ride.

The day of which these lines record a small happening, was decidedly "nippish." So much the so, that when the mob was gathered together from the various branches of the Oak, their appearance would have caused any ordinary host to elevate his cuffs for the fray. They (we) were ravenous. A lower room was jammed full, so a select party was escorted to an upper room on the first floor. It is good for our roll that none went a floor higher. The minutes ticked on and darkness descended. No light. The host appeared with a match but had forgotten the lamp. He came again and remedied vision, but what of nourishment? A maiden turned up. Someone said, "Er—." She was gone! Long started on the bread, having the foresight to see that the time for collection had nearly come. Really, the anxiety was dreadful, and all were visibly under great strain. It must be said that at 6-40 p.m. or thereabouts, hefty damsels carried in a plate at a time. Not in penny numbers mind you, but halfpenny ones. Still, in a remarkable way we did get a good dose eventually—if you count all up and miss the gaps—though Cody gave up a struggle with some resilient old lamb which gave back as much as it took, and left before others were half through. The expression of W.P.C. was wonderful, when he was asked if he wanted anything more after accounting for a moderate portion of meat and potatoes. He hastened away to honour Wem with a visit.

It is to be regretted that "Ann" Rawlinson is down with scarlet fever, and we hope he will make a good recovery. What are the lesser maladies which kept Nevitt, Chandler and Hotine away from us? The last named we know has a new "Evan-ly" machine, which perhaps carried him rather further from home. Yet Heath managed to be with us on a new grand "Granby." A friend held the light while he went over all the nuts and bolts, polished the saddle and dusted the pedals.

Does it speak well for the Club's young riders that most of them need a stimulant in the form of tea after doing the first jump to Chester? It does stand to the credit of Sir Band that he footed the bill for a parcel of them.

It may not be generally known, but a correspondent writes to say that he picked up Dickyman and Wild, on their tandem and found them very fast—for a few minutes!

Thirty and one patronised this memorable run, the One being Dave Rowatt. It was strange that they did not all rush away from Kelsall, but eventually did leave, and we trust, arrived home at respectable hours, but there remained unsolved the great mystery of the Mullah's whereabouts and occupation. Rumour hath it that he was diligently practising for the great day approaching.

Mold, 17th March, 1928.

Our first trial of the "Dolphin," three weeks ago, having proved satisfactory in every way, Mold was chosen as a substitute when it was learned that our projected visit to Wrexham for this date had to be abandoned, all the accommodation at the "Wynnstay Arms" being occupied by patriotic Irishmen celebrating St. Patrick's day in an alien country.

For March, the day was very fine, although there was an emphatic southerly wind which necessitated distinct collar work on the up-gradients to Ewloe or Hawarden. The temperature was mild and genial, in striking contrast to the cold air of the preceding Saturday, and there was a distinct suggestion of spring about the afternoon, though tangible signs—*i.e.*, opening buds—are not very evident as yet, even in the woods.

Though Mold itself is situated in the midst of interesting and picturesque country, it must be confessed that the way there, and particularly the Queensferry road is hackneyed and uninteresting; and the divergence up to Hawarden and along the Chester-Mold road which takes one through some wooded and undulating country is well worth while, if time allows as it did with the writer. Duly arriving at the Dolphin, shortly before six, without having fallen in with another member all the way from Birkenhead—surely something unusual—a considerable crowd was found chatting about the yard and in due time the party, which totalled 28, was duly seated at a meal which easily reached, if it did not surpass, the high standard attained on our previous visit.

Dusk had hardly fallen when the journey home was begun and a rattling non-stop run to the "city of the future" ended a very enjoyable trip.

Bosley, 17th March, 1928.

A leisurely journey, in order to take the hills gently, and the nearest way to the Queens Arms; these were the thoughts coursing through my mind. Suddenly raucous noises rent the salubrious air of Handforth. On looking round, I saw "Grimmy," Arthur Hancock,

and another of Ours, sitting on a form outside the Waggon and Horses ; in front of them lay the fragments of what was once a bicycle with wicked looking handle-bars. Amongst the pile of junk I noticed a fully-rubbered tube, and guessed at once that this was the cause of all the noise and muttered oaths. Telling them that I was going by way of Macclesfield, they told me to do nothing of the kind, but to proceed via Siddington and inform a certain person, who is to be found there sometimes, that they were not calling for him, and that he must come along with me ; seeing the threatening look on " Grimmy's " phiz, I meekly consented. Arriving at " Sam's " I found Bert Green and " Nomans " Heath just dropping in for their afternoon cup of tea. I joined up with them and delivered my message. The journey across to Bosley by way of North Road was an " acid " one. Inside the Queens we found several members displaying their skill, or " lack of it," round a ring-board. A few more arrived, making the total 16, or four more than Vice-Captain Austin had anticipated. An excellent tea was served up ; after which there was plenty of good humoured chaff which all seemed to be centred on a very big job which " Grimmy " had done.

The party broke up about 7-15—some for home, others for a well-known house of call at Addlington, while I coaxed my steed over the hill opposite.

Daresbury, 24th March, 1928.

The breeze was not boisterous, but it was very steady, and Manchester members, except, of course, the youngsters, who are always fit, found the outward journey heavy going. The present deponent and companion elected to make their way by lanes in the endeavour to mitigate the wind pressure. Rain was never far away and becoming heavier when we were in the proximity of the Leigh Arms, we took shelter and tea there. As we were about to leave, we were joined by Grandpa and two other Swifticks, also anxious for a revive. The meeting of Grandpa and the pub family was most touching and his greeting all-embracing. When they settled down, one of the younger men called for sweetstuff and was offered various kinds, but restricted himself to one. Possibly—who knows?—the presence of two elderly men had a restraining effect on him—it had none on the other party. The five of us made a move just as two more turned up and went far too fast for me, by the Millstone to the tea rendezvous. There have been many prophecies as to what will happen to the Presider one of these days if he doesn't decide to ride a bicycle more decorously, but I'm bound to say that he finished very fresh. How many there were for tea, I don't know—the party was divided—but certainly the capacity of the house was strained to the utmost. At tea " Happy " and Johnny Band enlivened one party with reminiscences of tours in Ireland, from which one gathered that an earlier generation of Anfielders did not hesitate on occasion offering to follow old Herriek's advice, " Gather ye rosebuds while ye may." A game of billiards after tea finished the proceedings there for a party of Manchester men who went home quietly by the lanes and, I hope, all docked safely. It should be mentioned that we were pleased to see Selkirk once more amongst us, after being in hiding all winter.

T. A. TELFORD, *Editor.*

ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

FORMED MARCH 1879

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

MONTHLY CIRCULAR.

Vol. XXIII.

No. 267.

FIXTURES FOR MAY, 1928.

	Tea at 6-0 p.m.	Light up at
May 5	Higher Whitley (Millstone)	9-48 p.m.
„ 12	Second 50 Miles Handicap	9-59 p.m.
„ 14	Committee Meeting, 7 p.m. (Angel Hotel, Dale Street, Liverpool).	
„ 19	Northwich (Crown and Anchor)	10-10 p.m.
„ 26/28	Whitsuntide Invitation "100"	10-22 p.m.
	Saturday, Prees Heath (The Raven)	10-22 p.m.
	Headquarters—Shrewsbury (Lion).	
June 2	Nantwich (Lamb)	10-30 p.m.

Full Moon ... 4th 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 Martins Bank Ltd., for credit of the Anfield Bicycle Club, Tue Brook Branch.

4 THE LAUND,

WALLASEY, CHESHIRE.

COMMITTEE NOTES.

NEW MEMBER.—Mr. Charles H. McKail, 19 Matthew Street, Ardwick, Manchester, has been elected to Full Membership.

APPLICATIONS FOR MEMBERSHIP.—Mr. Alfred Hamilton Doleman, 5 King's Avenue, Meols, Cheshire. Proposed by Mr. W. H. Kettle, seconded by Mr. W. P. Cook. Mr. A. E. Burge, 38 Watergate, Whitchurch. Proposed by Mr. W. P. Cook, seconded by Mr. W. H. Kettle ;

WHITSUNTIDE.—Those desiring to stay at the Headquarters, Lion Hotel, Shrewsbury, will please book their own accommodation direct.

The Committee regret the reference to the Cheadle Hulme Cycling Club in the April *Circular*, and entirely disassociates itself from the sentiments therein expressed, which they can only assume were not seriously meant. Our relationships with the Cheadle Hulme Cycling Club have always been of the closest and happiest.

H. W. POWELL,

Hon. General Secretary.

RACING NOTES.

2nd "50," 12th May.

This will be run over the usual course, and entries for same must reach me by first post on Saturday, 5th May.

Invitation "100," 28th May.

About 50 helpers will be required to carry out the duties of checking, marshalling, feeding, etc., I am now booking names and shall be glad if members will come forward at once with their offers of assistance. Those desiring to compete must let me have their names not later than first post, Monday, 7th May, when they will be selected under the same conditions as competitors from other Clubs.

Manchester Wheelers' Invitation "50."

We have received an invitation to nominate riders for this event, and those wishing to compete must let me have their names not later than first post, Thursday, 17th May.

I should again like to remind our racing men that the date given for the receipt of entries is made as late as possible. It is very discouraging to find after attending the Handicapping Meeting, and sending the matter to the printers, that some one should post his entry 48 hours after I should have received it. I have on previous occasions pointed out that the time I have available to devote to the Club's interest is limited, and trust I shall not have to refer to the matter again.

W. H. KETTLE,

Captain and Hon. Racing Sec.

ITEMS.

Fable.

An Anfielder rode in the Club 50 and finished outside three hours.

MORAL.—The Day was too hot or too cold, too wet or too dry, too windy or too calm, too bright or too dull. The course was too long, too rough or too soft, too in and out and too up and down, too exposed. The bicycle was too heavy, too dead, too long or short in reach, wheel-base, top tube or drive, tyres too slow or too light. The checkers were too cheerful or too sad, too smart or too thick, too sympathetic or not sympathetic enough, and the Time was too slow considering the exceptional amount of effort expended.

The sudden death of Constable James Hilditch, at Rocksavage, on April 3rd, revives "pleasant" memories of his activities at Thornton Hough during the reign of "Dora," when he seemed to spend all his time baiting cyclists. We are sure McCann and Tommy Royden will regret they were unable to attend the funeral.

Now that the *Daily Express* has started a cycling column, written by F. T. Bidlake each Saturday, the Presider finds there is another paper he has to beg, borrow or steal on that day. It was bad enough before, wangling the *Daily News* to see what KoKo had to say |

Memories of the good old days of the Shrewsbury Arms, Hinderton, are revived by the announcement of the death of Miss Petronella Morris, who lived with her brother Frank, at Upton. "Peter" as she was known as, passed away on April 9th, and was buried at Willaston.

Another member to join the Fellowship of Old Time Cyclists is John Sunter, whose qualifications are very complete. The proposed week-end at Ivinghoe, June 30th, for the Rally at Hatfield next day ought to be a great do. We hear that Dr. Carlisle is arranging to cycle down with the President, and it is a week-end far afield that even non-oldtimers can participate in. Beardwood promises us a Lucullian feast of Aylesbury Ducks with trimmings! Doesn't it make your mouth water? Well, book the date.

The R.R.A. Handbook is now out and contains some most interesting photographs, as well as an invaluable resumé of its history. All those interested in the sport should give Powell a shilling and obtain a copy, particularly those who help on Record Rides. There was a case last year of an old record holder displaying ignorance of the rules through having no Handbook, so no one can really afford to be without it.

We desire to extend our sympathies to the N.R.C.C. in the loss they have sustained by the sudden death of F. W. Nicholls. "Old Nick," as he was affectionately known, was an invariable attender at our "100," and beloved by all of us privileged to know him.

Overheard.

From the Dressing Tent: "The Fifty is not won by breaking Records—in your dreams—Wake up."

The Training Captain.

From the Fo'c'sle: "Mutterings among the Ratings show that the morale and discipline of the Anfield demands that the FIRST CYCLIST TO CROSS THE MERSEY TUNNEL shall be the Anfield President. Other Clubs to be invited to send delegates."

—The Quarter-Master.

From the Wardroom: "Why have Cycling Clubs got Captains? They are relics of the day of the Braided Tunic, the Boys' Brigade Cap, the Whistle and above all the Bugle. The Clowns have gone, Captains alone remain. Why not make them into Quarter-Masters? They control the Mess."—*The late Bugler.*

Extract from a recent number of *Cycling*:

"The ranks of the clubs are ever changing. There is a great counter-attraction that sooner or later takes its toll, and a heavy one, of a big percentage of keen young riders—the old, old story of the maid and the man.

"A TRANSFORMATION.—Our club mate sooner or later turns into a love-sick swain, a pretty face captivates him, cycling loses its charm, and from henceforward he is Cupid's plaything. The bicycle and the delights of cycling are forgotten; memories of pleasant tours fade away; he is obsessed and dominated by the age-old counter-attraction of Nature—woman—and his club mates, save in a few cases where the victim is less seriously smitten, see him no more. No one would wish to deny Romeo and Juliet their passionate ardour and their day-dreams, but why give up cycling? Why not continue the health-giving all-day Sunday run with the club and leave the other business till the dusk of the evening."

This gifted contributor does indeed enable us to see our old and young friends in a new light. And what's more, by the last few lines, he evidently knows all about the job.

* * * * *

An Item appeared in last October's *Circular* that Parry's bicycle was for sale. We understand that the machine is still in Dickman's possession, awaiting a buyer. Perfect in every detail, the price is £5 (five pounds). If anyone is looking for a good machine at giving away price, here is the opportunity. If you are interested, get into touch with Alex. Dickman.

* * * * *

Errata—N.R.R.A. Report.

Owing to a most lamentable mental lapse on the part of our Special Commissioner present at the N.R.R.A. A.G.M., the name of A. E. Morton, as a member of the elected Executive Committee, was omitted from page 43. With Morton in the saddle, every step will be a stride.

—*Amende Honorable.*

* * * * *

An Uncanny Tale From Cumberland.

Ten years ago A. P. James, No. 71/07, passed through Brampton with a companion and slept there at an inn, the White Lion, little known to tourists generally. Once upon a time in the dim past, horesmen baited their steeds there, grooms bustled about and fearless travellers rested from the strains of the saddle. Still earlier Roman soldiers strode the wall near by, thrusting Scots raiders from its ramparts into the Fosse, and long before them Cavemen lurked round the Nicks of Thirlwall, Cuddy Crag and Sewing Shields.

Just before the arrival of the Anfielders, a very old man had taken lodgings there, and he and James became staunch friends, discussing chiefly the piscatorial art and the science of antiquity. James being an adept at both, they baited the rod as well as the neolithic age.

Neolithic is however, too new-fangled a term to apply to this paleolithic stranger, who seemed to have stepped from one of the caves in the district.

The cronies promised to meet later, but member James has never ventured so far North again. His companion on the other hand, lately passed once more through Brampton and entered the self same inn. Out of curiosity he looked into the old musty room where they had sat late at night (when he and James were younger still), and there in that same corner, in the same chair before the same fire, sat the figure of a man of at least a hundred years of age, motionless, gazing into space, and asleep.

The landlady was consulted, and said, in a hoarse whisper, " Ah, do not disturb him, he is harmless, but there he has sat these last ten years or more, waiting for his friend, Mr. James. Each day he awakens and asks, ' Has Mr. James come yet ? ' ' No, not yet ' ; and he slumbers on once more. No, he will never die, not till Mr. James turns up."

RUNS AND FIXTURES.

Rhydalog, 31st March, 1928.

The sun was shining brightly and the birds were twittering merrily when I left the old Homestead, and I had visions of the " slight sunburn which suits hansom men," but it was not to be.

Before I had got as far as Willaston, Nevitt overtook me and arriving at Queen's Ferry we argued as to which way we should go to Rhydalog, in the end our ways parted ; Nevitt to see about laying new drains in the

"Sewer," and I via Ruthin and Llandegla. As Nevitt was the only one of "Ours" I met on the outward journey, I am in the dark as to how other members arrived.

Shortly after leaving Nevitt it began to rain rather heavily, and it lasted most of the way to Llandegla. Arriving at the Liver Inn just as the meal was being served, I sat down to listen to "Tommy" Royden enlarge at length upon the Grand National, I think we should buy a horse and let him ride it in next year's race. The conversation then seemed to drift to a discussion about a certain handle bar which "Leslie Henson" was "sporting," and I don't think the company quite approved of the pattern. I hear on very unreliable authority that Leslie intends to turn out in future with a pair of "up-stairs" bars.

After the meal Cook departed to week-end at Rhyd-y-fen, Jonas intended to camp out somewhere, but hadn't any idea where. Dickman and Wild went home via Chester (What is it about Chester that attracts these two "Tandemons"?) I started alone, but was soon caught up by a few others, and so completed the day in company.

The muster at this run was good and so was the food, so I am sure another fixture soon at Rhydtalog would be enjoyed by all.

Goostrey, 31st March, 1928.

A fine, if dull, afternoon was very welcome for the run out to Goostrey, and we arrived in good time to find amongst the earlier arrivals two of our Liverpool members—to wit—Tommy Mandall and "Jimmy" James. Upon our entering the house we were quite startled to see "Ann" Rawlinson, disguised as a gentleman, looking reasonably fit after his compulsory twenty-eight days' imprisonment. (For the benefit of the uninitiated we would like to make it clear that the sentence on this occasion had nothing to do with his habit of falling into the clutches of the police through riding without a light, but we have good reason to believe that he had been helping himself to certain germs to which he had no right.)

In due course we sat down to a first-class tea, which was despatched with the usual gusto. After the debris was cleared away we gathered round the fire for a smoke and a chat and to partake of the health-giving "waters of the wood," the properties of which were so appreciated by "Ann" that our hostess experienced no little difficulty in persuading him to return home by an early train. After a further course of treatment we decided to wend our respective ways homeward, thus dropping the curtain on another pleasant day.

EASTER TOURS.—5th-9th April, 1928.—Bettws-y-Coed.

There is no disguising the fact that the annual gathering at the Glan Aber had even fiercer competition to meet this year, for not only was there the official alternative to Catterick Bridge for the Yorkshire Dales, and The Master's Farthest North expedition, but innumerable smaller unofficial tours being carried out elsewhere, some of which were led by members of the Executive. But that despite iconoclasts Bettws stands on a firm foundation is shown by the fact that 29 members and six friends put in an appearance at the Glan Aber and seven more members joined in the tour at Llanfairtalhaiarn, Carnarvon, and/or Denbigh, while the numbers at lunch each day were larger than in recent years.

The Easter gathering in North Wales and at Bettws-y-Coed in particular is *not* a solemn pre-ordained destiny but an acceptance of the logic of facts. When the custom was broken early in the present Century, two years sufficed to prove that it was a failure and the Club

was only too glad to return to the Glan Aber, because when all is said and done the fact remains indisputable that Bettws-y-Coed is the only place where *all* who care to come can be accommodated and if *everyone* demanded "fresh ground and pastures new" it would be quite impossible and the Tour would have to be abandoned.

The Presider and Chandler cycled down on Thursday and found "Ann" Rawlinson, Williams, Sunter, Rowatt and Ven already in residence along with our good friends Messrs. A. and F. Peltor, Workman and Smith, who so often has obliged us as lanternist from time to time during the last umpteen years.

GOOD FRIDAY.—With Chandler disguising himself as a Walking Captain, the Presider was alone in his glory for the trip to and from Llanfairtalhaiarn, but he is willing to bet a large apple he was over roads that have never been cycled over by an Anfielder before. Out for a day's ride we were joined at the Black Lion by Long, Perkins, Elston, Hinde, Randall and two Liverpool Century boys, while the Newall car, en route for Bettws with Brother Arthur, Charlie Conway and Mr. Andrews as Saloon Passengers, and the Edwards party from DOLGAM and Skinner's party from Colwyn Bay, we sat down 28 for the excellent lunch provided. On returning to the Glan Aber we found that Dave Fell, Hubert Roskell, three Bands and Green had arrived while later in the evening Beardwood dashed in and brought our number up to 22.

SATURDAY.—With the Williams' car going to Beddgelert and Father and Uncle Band doing ditto, we looked like having a small muster at Carnarvon, but Mercer and Skinner arrived early and saved the situation, while the Presider was delighted to have the company of Beardwood, W. Band and Green, and with Cody riding over from Penmaenmawr there were 20 for lunch at the Prince of Wales. The cyclists took the Llanberis route outwards and returned (with Cody as far as Llandegai) via the Nant Francon which is still in process of being "improved" and somewhat rough. With the arrival of Billy Owen, Frank Wood and Mr. McNeil we sat down 27 to dinner and it seemed quite like old times.

SUNDAY.—Notwithstanding the fact that Jimmy Williams and Mr. Smith had to return home and the Senior Bands still followed their own devices, there was a party of 28 at Portmadoc, most of whom called at Plas Colwyn and/or The Goat and/or Pont Aberglastyn on the outward journey, and some also on the return, although the cyclists and the Mercer car party came over "Crimea," found the two Bands browsing at Roman Bridge and all had tea at Dolwyddelan. Incidentally the cyclists puzzled the motorists by taking the Tanygrisiau loop on which they were passed without being overtaken!

MONDAY.—Except that Skinner was taking Hubert and Rawlinson to their yacht at Llandudno and returning to Colwyn Bay himself, while Beardwood was making for Home Rails at Ruabon and preferred the road to (and from as the case may be) Ireland, and Owen was returning to Rhos Neigr for his family, the whole party made for Denbigh for lunch, so that with Diapason, Dickman, Long and Elston meeting us at The Bull, there was the large gathering of 25 for lunch. Chandler and Cook piloted Beardwood to the Voelas Arms for a stirrup cup and there found "Dr. Watson," Stevie's old friend whom we had also seen on the Llanberis Pass on Saturday. We fear Beardwood would find the S.E. wind rather snaggy, but it was very easy over the Sportsman's and the Aerial Flight is now in excellent condition. But don't ask the Bands and Green which way *they* went! No wonder young Will Band

deserted them and made tracks for home! After the usual gathering in the garden with its extensive panoramic view the party started to disintegrate. The motorists went straight home, Green got quickly off his mark for Manchester, Long and Elston departed for Rhydtagog and the remaining five cyclists took the Babell-Halkyn route to Queen's Ferry, reached Willaston early for tea and were equally early in docking after a really excellent Eastertide, one of the features of which was the surprising absence of motor traffic.

EASTER EGGS.—The absence of Mr. Chilcott and all the Simpsons, not to mention others with ability to entertain, threw a big strain on Mr. Workman, Mr. Andrews, George Newall and Frank Wood, but they rose nobly to the occasion and we had three most delightful musical evenings. Mr. Chilcott was represented by a letter informing us of his long illness and expressing the wish that we were all having a fine time. A postcard wishing him a speedy and complete recovery was signed by everyone present. On the Sunday evening we were joined by Edwards, Morris, Cooper, W. Orrell (staying at Capel Curig for climbing), and Welfare and his cousin who had been sampling the Roman Steps in the course of a tour.

We understand Deacon was camping in Bettws but he never put in an appearance. Why so shy?

The Cranshaws evidently called at the Glan Aber on the Saturday, but beyond signing the register left no message and we don't know where they dropped from!

"Wilson" Barrett and our old friend Tom Latter paid us a very welcome visit (*en famille*) on Good Friday, and promised to return on Saturday and stay with us, but they never materialised. Barrett looked very fit and well but we fancy some cycling would do him no harm!

Turnor sent the Presider a postcard wishing us all "a good time and GLORIOUS WEATHER," which was amply fulfilled, but if the whisper we heard about St. Patrick's Day is true . . . Well, Well. Perhaps not!

Freddie del Strother did not forget us, but unfortunately his p.p.c. did not arrive till Monday morning. He wrote, "Hope you are having the usual good time at Bettws and that the weather is on its best behaviour. I wish I could be with you again, but this is not to be . . . I will go on a short Easter Tour by myself. Shall have a drop or two of red wine by myself and drink the health of the good old Club."

"Mawr" Conway telegraphed "Extremely sorry cannot join you. Best times, Tanks and Chapels"; while Winstanley wired from Matlock, "Good wishes everyone—Winnie."

The Alternative Tourists at Catterick telegraphed "Greetings from Catterick Bridge and best wishes for happy Easter to all at Bettws. Delighted to find you left the means here to drink to your health and the winnings of your wager." A suitable reply was sent from Caernarvon, but as legal proceedings for petty larceny are likely to ensue we refrain from making any comments about the Bottle of Scotch which appeared to be as mythical as that of Jay Bee's.

Diapason made the momentous announcement at Denbigh that he had signed a contract for a car! With Hefty reported cycling to Ypento in a motor bus, my private secretary (unpaid) advertising his bicycle for sale, and now Diapason a renegade, surely the Heavens will fall!

P.C.B. had his machine fitted with the Portasella shock absorber which looks like a good thing, particularly for those who feel saddle vibration effects on long rides. We understand that Green and the Presider are trying it.

Alternative Easter Tour.—The Yorkshire Dales.

Five Anfielders foregathered at Victoria Station, Manchester, for the first stage of the tour to the Dales, and after a somewhat tedious journey reached Whalley, where we detrained, and after sampling the local brew rode through the night to Clitheroe. Here we found Hotine already in possession, and after some little discussion as to what constituted a single bed, the rooms were satisfactorily allotted. The Skipper and Royden now arrived, having smashed through from Liverpool, but owing to the sub-captain not expecting them until Friday, it was necessary to bed them out at Starkie's Arms. Dinner over, we wined in strict moderation, and were in bed at an early hour.

Next morning proved fine, and after repairs to Hubert's brake we rode towards Gisburn, passing Pendle Hill and walking Sawley Bank. Through Gisburn to Skipton and Bolton Bridge the road was motor infested, and it was a relief to walk awhile and to visit the peaceful grounds of Bolton Abbey. Lunch at the Devonshire Arms was a poor affair, although the price was not in keeping. Turvey joined us for lunch, but owing to domestic duties, had to leave us, promising to rejoin on Sunday.

After lunch our route lay over Blubberhouses Moor, to Four Lane Ends, near Harrogate, and in spite of a following wind this portion of the day's ride was completely spoiled by the swarms of motor vehicles, and it was with genuine pleasure that we turned towards Ripley and found peace and quietness again. Some time was spent in Ripley, and the photographic fiends were very busy. The distance to Ripon was quickly covered, and tea at a cafe in the Market Place was very welcome. The fine weather-worn obelisk in the Market Place was much admired, and a brief visit was also paid to the Cathedral, which dates from 1154. We then rode to Baldersby Gate, where we joined the Great North Road.

The atmosphere of the North Road had such an effect on Buckley that the last 15 miles to the Bridge House Hotel, Catterick Bridge, were reeled off under the hour, with Hubert doing his best to keep up with Father. Sub-Captain Austin soon had our rooms fixed up, while a search was made for the bar, but we were informed that in order that the locals should not mix with the hotel guests, the bar was placed in an annexe, the spot was located and the experts in the party reported favourably upon the beer. The next thing was dinner, which turned out to be excellent, it was perfectly cooked and served. Mr. Higham had placed a room at our disposal, and after a little negotiation he was prevailed upon to have refreshments sent in from the annexe. A very entertaining evening was spent in listening to the experiences of Mr. Higham and Buckley, during the early days of road racing.

An early start was made on Saturday, as we had a big day before us. A pleasant ride along quiet country lanes, through Hackforth and Patrick Brompton brought us to Leyburn, chiefly remarkable for its very wide main street, forming a Market Square in which it is said trace of a bull-ring is still visible. Here the party went into Committee and it was decided to take the road on the south of the dale. A rapid descent soon brought us to the picturesque village of Wensley, which is the only one amongst the Yorkshire dale villages which has the distinction of giving its name to a dale, the remainder taking their title from the river. Unfortunately, the day was rather misty and such points of interest as Scarth Nick and Penhill Beacon were obscured by the clouds, but by the time we reached Aysgarth, visibility had much improved and from there on to Hawes the views were very fine and extensive.

At Hawes we consumed the sandwiches provided by the Bridge

House Hotel, and after a smoke and a rest were ready for the trip over the Butter-Tubs Pass. Some attempt had been made at patching the road on the Hawes side and it was in rather better condition than when the Club was over it on the All-Night ride in 1926. At the summit an inspection was made of the curious limestone formations which give the name to the Pass. Along Swale Dale the views were very fine and this more or less compensated for the extremely dusty road, and we were all ready for tea at The Bridge Inn, Grinton; they did us very well and it is a house worth noting for a subsequent visit. The road to Richmond took us along what is called the most pretty road in England; it was certainly very fine, but it was considered that there are several other roads with an equal claim to this distinction. At Richmond, time only permitted a brief inspection of the town, one of its most unique features being the shop built into the Trinity Church. A quiet ride in the cool of the evening completed the day's outing, which was all too short to see the many points of interest which abound in the Wensley and Swale Dales.

On arrival we found an Anfield exile had arrived, in the person of Dakin, well known to many of our members as a leading light of the "Smart Set" of old. We were delighted to meet him and lost no time in introducing "our Mr. Morton," who is of course, the present day successor of the "Smart Set" of old.

The fare provided at dinner was again perfect. Our genial host, Mark Higham, as a cyclist of some standing, knew just what we wanted after a strenuous day in the dales; and everyone did full justice to the repast.

During the meal a telegram was read from the Bettws party, conveying greetings and a request from our worthy President "not to drink it all."

Later a move was made to the snug, where some speculation was rife as to the time of arrival of J.E. and Tommy Davies, who were due to swell our numbers that evening. Our speculations were answered by the sound of their bells, and we were soon greeting them. After recounting their experiences en route, they docked their cycles, and prepared themselves for a feed which they asserted they needed badly.

After the excitement had subsided, we discovered that Buck was missing, and knowing from past experience that he would be near the milk and honey, we organised a search and located him embedded in the sawdust, watching a thrilling game of dominoes between the local Station Master and our exile from Tyneside.

The presence of a Dart Board inspired some of the bloods to test their skill and the eliminating rounds left the final to be decided between one who is proficient at numerous athletic pursuits, and a very puny opponent; but by some strange fluke, David defeated Goliath by a handsome margin. Meanwhile, it had been observed that one member was missing, and though many enquiries were made no clue was forthcoming, until his return, when it transpired he had been looking for a "nice bird"; not being a skilled naturalist, I cannot name any particular species that can be found flitting about at night. I understand his search was unsuccessful. As "Time" was rapidly approaching, the Tour Treasurer was observed to be placing an order with the bar tender, which evoked from that worthy much surprise, the origin of his amazement being the extent of the requirements.

With Hubert's assistance the transit of the goods was arranged, and we retired to the lounge for the second session. Here the new arrivals, J.E. and Tommy, were puzzled by constant reference to "Cook's Whiskey," and not having been made conversant with the origin of the

title, they concluded it was some new brand we had unearthed. It certainly looked inviting, in a be-ribboned decanter, surrounded by a number of glasses, and a card announcing the donor. A diversity of opinion was apparent as to the correct time to drink the donor's health, the majority were for the end of the session, and so it was decided.

To one who is comparatively new to the cycling pastime, the reminiscences that followed proved full of interest, for the presence of Mark Higham seemed to inspire Buckley, and he expounded on the "good old days" with wonderful vigour. What an enormous sale a book of Bick's memoirs would have, if he recounted in detail, experiences that have delighted many of his listeners. He has threatened some day to write a book—a limited issue—for selected readers, Temperance Institutions barred.

The approach of Sunday morning was a signal for the toast, and "Cook's Whisky" was quaffed with due ceremony. Here, the "early to bed" maxim was observed, and the company dispersed for bed.

I was awakened next morning by the chambermaid who brought me a very welcome pot of tea, and as breakfast for this morning was scheduled for half-an-hour later than usual I was glad to avail myself of the opportunity to linger over my toilet. The approach of 9 o'clock saw us engrossed in disposing of a very excellent breakfast, and it was here announced that Bick and Albert Davies were to accompany Dakin in his car on the day's run. It was probably a wise procedure, for it gave them the opportunity to prepare for the hefty programme of the following day. Buck was not feeling as fit as he wished, for the trouble he had with his shoulder, kept him off his cycle for a long period; whilst Albert was suffering from a severe attack of "NEEZANBAK," and though some of the party volunteered to massage him with beer, he considered it more wise to stick to his own mysterious concoction.

The Skipper and Tommy Royden, who had previously arranged to end the tour by a day in the Trough of Bowland, decided to make an early start, and immediately after breakfast we moved off, accompanied for a few miles by the departing members. It was at Hunton that we very regretfully bade them adieu, wishing them a good journey to Kirby Lonsdale, their night's destination. After a brief consultation of the Map, the remainder of the party made for Masham, by a circuitous route, via Well, where we had carefully planned to be at "opening time."

Imagine our chagrin when we found that the sole Village Inn was licensed to sell liquor on six days of the week only, and we had inadvertently chosen the seventh, and to add to our troubles another inn marked on the map wasn't there. Masham, our next objective, was reached in good time, and there, at "The White Bear," we found Turvey (who had accomplished a ride of 52 miles to be with us for lunch), and the motorists, who were already in possession of a "tank" they had discovered. After a brief but pleasant interlude we adjourned to the dining room. After lunch, Turvey took over the office of guide—Fountains Abbey being the point of interest, but much to our regret, we found on our arrival that our guide had been misinformed with regard to the times of viewing the Abbey, and we had chosen Sunday when it was not open to the public. Greatly disappointed we sought consolation in touring the Park, an effort to win over the fair keeper of the gates to the Abbey grounds being unsuccessful.

Our next stage to Ripon for tea was soon accomplished, and there we joined the motorists. Left with ample time to reach our Hotel before dinner, we chose a lane route which proved to be a very pretty one. This avoided the petrol soaked highway of Leeming Lane, until within

a few miles of our destination, and judging by the speed at which these miles were traversed by some of the party, I should say they were eager to see the last of it. Soon after 7 o'clock the whole of the party were back from the day's trip, and like the little dog, highly delighted with the day's outing.

Dinner on the Sunday night was again brightened by Morton's boiler-suit-cum-dinner-jacket, despite the forbidding atmosphere of the Major's wife in the corner. Afterwards, a temporary diversion was caused regarding the most profitable way of selling oranges; fortunately for the participants, this took place in the cooler portion of the evening. A little later, Higham joined us and finally Mark himself came along and was one of us; laughter and soda water had its usual result of good fellowship and the respectable ones retired about 1 a.m.

MONDAY found us saying good-bye to our host and to as fine a house as any of us have stayed in. We ambled slowly through the lanes to Middleham, where Albert Davis succeeded in replacing a broken saddle spring. Half way up Coverdale we stopped at a village for a sandwich lunch and then carried on up and over everything. Two motorists passed and were repassed several times and on some of the really steep and juicy bits of the track it was a sight for sore eyes to see the portly female of uncertain age getting out and pushing the car up the hill! Finally, ultimately and at last, the road, the surface, the gradient and the moors suggested something was wrong and they asked us if this was the Buttertubs? Help! They wanted Hawes and were just about to fall over the fells into Kettlewell. We warned them the descent was very steep, but as Rex said afterwards, it isn't the drop that matters, but the bump at the bottom. We collected the party on the summit at 3-15 and gingerly negotiated a descent with some eminently walkable stretches in it.

From Kettlewell we proceeded to Conistone for tea, here Turvey left us to blind home to Pontefract, for a dance. I understand the poor devil eventually reached Pontefract too late even for "God Save the King," and the sympathy of the whole of the married members of the Club is his. Hotine also left us here, going to Gisburn for train to Liverpool, whilst the Manchester members rode by way of Threshfield and Rylstone to Skipton. Here "Home Rails" were sampled, and after using three different trains, Manchester was reached, and another Anfield tour was over.

The visit to new country was a great success, and the fact that eight members (all cyclists) took part in the entire tour, whilst six others were present for at least two days, proves that a change from the traditional Bettws-y-Coed would be welcomed by a number of members. Before the next A.G.M. it would be well for members to consider carefully whether the time has not arrived for the Club tour to strike new ground, leaving Bettws, if a sufficient number wish it, as an alternative. There must be many members who know North Wales perfectly, but to whom many other parts of the country are a closed book. Easter, the longest general holiday of the year, provides a magnificent opportunity to visit a new district; North Wales is accessible on any weekend of the year, surely Easter could be more wisely used.

The references in the above account to "Cook's whisky" will no doubt puzzle many readers. The facts are as follows: at the last R.R.A. dinner the Presider made a bet of a bottle of whisky with Mark Higham with regard to Bidlake's age. Of course the Presider won; who ever knew him to bet save on a certainty; but the goods had never been delivered. Our visit to Catterick Bridge provided the

opportunity and the whisky, duly decanted and decorated, graced the table in our sitting room on Easter Saturday night. At a late (or early) hour, and with solemn ceremony, the contents of the decanter filled our glasses, and the health of the Anfield Bicycle Club was duly drunk, and coupled with that was the name of W.P.C. It was a matter of great regret to us all that he was not present to acknowledge the toast; however, V. P. Bickley responded in a few (very few) well chosen words, and all was well.

The picture, however, which lives in my mind is that of a highly respected member of the Club entering a private sitting room (fortunately only occupied by males) at 2 a.m., clad only in an extremely short shirt. He was, I need hardly say, at once returned to cold storage.

Turvey writes, "I was sorry that Kettle and Tommy Royden forsook the party before my arrival; I can only presume that the prospect of being done over on the Sunday night by a representative from Yorkshire was too much for them." The real reason for Royden's departure was however, the Presider's remark that he was going on a something train tour. To make the Presider eat his words, Tommy rode from Liverpool and to Liverpool per cycle. With regard to Kettle we have no information; surely it cannot be that Turvey's assumption is correct.

Dakin writes:—"Some six weeks before Easter I received a letter saying: 'The Anfield are week-ending here at Easter. Come down and join them.—Mark.'

"This was sufficient, I there and then made up my mind and ordered my bed at Catterick Bridge, with delightful anticipation of meeting some of the old friends and making new friends of members who have joined since my days of exile; and what a reunion it was.

"Arriving about 7 o'clock on Saturday night, I was greeted by Mark Higham with the remark, 'You are in for a merry night, but the 'Boys' are not yet back from their day's ride.' Presently, Kettle and Royden arrived, and here I am ashamed to admit having to be introduced, 15 years' absence changes one's appearance, but the charming personality I remember years ago is just the same. Shortly afterwards I found old friend Buckley along with newer friends, in the person of Austin, Taylor, A Davis, Buckley, Jr., and several others, and what a delight it was to meet them all, particularly in the spot where I found them, as someone immediately asked 'What will you have' in the true Anfield spirit, the 'Nut Brown' was in excellent condition. The remainder of the evening passed very pleasantly, seated round the cosy fire yarning On Sunday, I had a splendid day in company with Bick and Albert Davies, and a fine run back to the Bridge, where another enjoyable evening was spent. Now that new ground has been broken I hope this tour is the forerunner of more in the Northern districts, when I shall always endeavour to take the opportunity of joining the gentlemen and sportsmen I met at Catterick Bridge."

It is very pleasing to the younger generation to hear an old member such as Dakin, who has not seen the Club for many years express the opinion that the Anfield Bicycle Club as he saw it at Easter, 1928, is in every way up to the standard of twenty years ago. This is rather a good reply to the croakers who assert that the Club is going to the dogs.

Pulford, 14th April, 1928.

Just to remind us that summer hadn't actually arrived this Saturday was quite cold and it seemed hard work getting to Chester against the S.-E. wind. It therefore wasn't surprising to find that the Racers

declined to race. Quite a few had turned up for this, the first 25 mile Trial, but the conditions were against racing, and they only indulged in a combined scrap as far as Noman's Heath and back, although we did hear after of two members from Manchester who egged them on for six miles and then turned back for Pulford. It is hoped that better weather next Saturday will enable them to have a proper trial. These early 25 mile jaunts will no doubt be very beneficial to our racing members, and have been wanted for a long time, as it breaks them in for the longer exertion needed in 50's, and helps them to find their legs and incidentally will benefit those of "ours" riding in the "100," at Whit; when we have nearly always suffered in comparison to other Clubs whose members have had plenty of opportunities to get fit early in the season.

Of those at the trial, only Orrell, Hancock and Teddy Edwards came on to the Club run at Pulford; the others, not wishing to let the people down, where they had arranged to change and feed, went back there for tea. They were Long, Randall, Elston, Nevitt, Glover, Welfare and Perkins. Kettle was in a car, but went on to the Cotswolds I understand. I wish I knew where those people like Kettle and Teddy Edwards get the time from to engineer all these extra holidays, there is evidently more in it than meets the "eye."

Going back thro' the Park, past the Hall and along the Wrexham Road, we got to the Grosvenor Arms about five-thirty to find about a dozen already round the fire. I cannot remember all those present, but noticed among them the following: Band, Cook, Walters, Mercer, Royden, Mandall, Dickman (who, acting in the place of the absent Telford, gave me this awkward job to do), Wild, Powell, Bailey, Lucas, Chandler, McKail, Austin, Roberts, Cotter, and a friend, Mr. Doleman, I think.

Conversation over tea was varied, although it was mostly about the Easter Tours. Johnny Band was full of photography, and Tommy Royden, of Yorkshire and the bread and cheese and ale he had consumed there. Teddy Edwards was still on holiday at Bettws, and was going back that night. Cook, I think was the only week-ender going to some place in the Tanat Valley.

After an exhibition of "high-class" billiards by Mandall and Austin, we made for home, finding the air still cool but easy riding, with the wind behind from Chester. A call was made at the Nags Head, Willaston, and Tommy Royden, after slight refreshment got quite talkative and astounded us with tales of thousands of motor-cars passing him in a few minutes, of lost lamp wicks and rushing avalanches of cars and what-nots and then a huge traffic-jam, while he calmly picked up his belongings from the very vortex of vehicles, amid the glare of thousands of lights. Wonderful! Tommy, it's remarkable what you conjured up!

In company with Elston and Harry Austin, we eventually made for home and tho' the tandem got away from Austin on Evans Hill, Elston hung on like a leech and he ought to give a good account of himself on April 28th.

Allstock, 14th April, 1928.

The run to the "Three Greyhounds" coincided with a gale from the N.-E., which made cycling rather a tricky business at times, and almost turned it into the nature of an adventure. The wind howled and roared through the trees and telegraph wires, and scattered branches and budding leaves about the roads. It was essential to keep a grip of my handle-bar, for the wind would catch my front wheel and momentarily throw me off my balance. It was owing to the activities of rude bores that I abandoned the idea of coming out on the three-wheeler ("Pah!" says Cook).

When taking a small rise just previous to entering Prestbury, the wind brought me to a complete stop, then gentle but firmly pushed me over into the hedge. But I think the boisterous fellow must have regretted his little prank, for he put his shoulder to my wheel and assisted me out of that delectable old village.

The remainder of the journey to the meet was without notable incident, and I arrived to find ten more Anfielders well set in the "tank," amongst whom were, Ann, seemingly having effectually recovered from his pink illness, and Cody in from Liverpool. Eleven is a small number for a Manchester alternative run and the really obvious question is, who wasn't there, with Buckley and Son amongst the absentees.

Shortly after my arrival, the word was given that tea was ready. The dining room, we found was decidedly chilly, but a general distribution of our clothing helped to warm things up a little. The Mullah was unfortunate in failing to get his share, but he saved the situation for himself by donning the window-curtains.

The tea, accompanied by the usual jokes and yarns, in the approved Anfield style, disposed of, several of us returned to the "tank," where the Mullah stood a round of wedding drinks which were quaffed right heartily.

Some astonishment was being caused by the suspicious and tentative manner in which Bert Green was dallying with a gin and soda.

All things have an end, so, wishing to avail myself of the remaining daylight, I left the others to their glasses and set forth on the homeward trek, which proved to be a very strenuous one indeed.

Acton Bridge, 21st April, 1928.

I was thunderstruck. That is a fact. A fact has been defined as a lie-and-a-half, but this is no lie-and-a-half. I was thunderstruck; actually, *I was thunderstruck*. It happened whilst I was leaving home, on the 21st of April, 1928, to attend the Anfield fixture at Acton Bridge. The heavens were overcast with a dark mantle of murderous-looking inky clouds. Suddenly—a flash—everything went uncannily still. Then the very earth shook, it quaked, houses seemed to move, windows rattled—and I—ah! What did happen? Everything seemed to go blank in my mind. All I remember is that it seemed as though I was under Niagara, the very sky seemed to be falling on to me. Then I remember chasing my shadow when I drew near to A. Bridge; yes, I do remember that. A crowd of humans all talking and eating together at the Leigh. Then a few "Goo' nights," I think I said that too. Yes, I did. Then an awful blank. It was Sunday morning and the sun was shining through my bedroom window.

First 50 Miles Handicap—23th April, 1928.

The Anfield lucky number of 13 names were entered on the card for this, our first event for 1928, and our luck held in the matter of starters and finishers. The 13 entrants were despatched by Cook on an almost perfect afternoon and, of course, Orrell made a hot pace right from the start, clocking 28½ minutes for the hilly ten miles to Noman's Heath. Favoured by a gentle north-east breeze, McKail, Heath, and Hancock were all doing good times, but Welfare was obviously not moving like his old self. The first misfortune occurred at Ridley Green, where Glover tried to take the awkward corner much too fast, and found himself in the hedge, but was able to continue, although a puncture later put him well out of the running for the race. Next Elston ran on the grass at Acton Corner, and spent valuable time having his handlebar set straight. Orrell was apparently very fit and with every mile he increased his margin inside "evens," eventually

finishing in 2 hrs. 19 mins. 57 secs., the best unpaced time ever accomplished in a Club event. It was a wonderfully fine ride, over what is undoubtedly a rough and hilly course, and we may expect great things of G.B. in the "opens" this year. This somewhat overshadowed Hancock's ride of 2 hrs. 30 mins. 8 secs., and Heath's splendid first attempt at the distance, although we believe he has previously put up a good performance at 25 miles. McKail was only a little outside "evens," and showed us what we might expect when he gets to know the course. Long showed excellent form, and Nevitt won third prize with his best ride so far. Elston made a good first effort, but he was somewhat set back by his fall at Acton. Perkins and Banks both rode with their usual consistency.

The following is the result :—

	Name and Placing.	Actual	Handi-	Nett
		Time.	cap.	Time.
		h. m. s.	mins.	h. m. s.
1	G. B. Orrell (First Prize and Fastest)	2.19.57	Scr.	2.19.57
2	N. S. Heath (Second Prize and Standard C)	2.31.45	11	2.20.45
3	E. Nevitt (Third Prize and Standard B)	2.38.55	17	2.21.55
4	J. Long	2.35.30	13	2.22.30
5	H. L. Elston (Standard A)	2.45.25	20	2.25.25
6	A. G. Banks	2.53.30	28	2.25.30
7	A. Hancock	2.30.8	4	2.26.8
8	C. H. McKail (Standard C)	2.32.14	5	2.27.14
9	F. Perkins	2.39.22	10	2.29.22
10	H. Ladds	2.45.7	12	2.33.7
11	C. Moorby	2.57.53	20	2.37.53
12	G. A. Glover	2.59.9	15	2.44.9
13	G. H. Welfare	2.51.7	6	2.45.7

T. A. TELFORD,

Editor.

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ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

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MONTHLY CIRCULAR.

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No. 268.

FIXTURES FOR JUNE, 1928.

		Tea at 6-0 p.m.	Light up at
June	2	Nantwich (Lamb)	10-30 p.m.
"	9	Higher Whitley (Millstone), Photo Run	10-37 p.m.
"	11	Committee Meeting, 7 p.m. (Victoria Hotel, St. Johns Lane, Liverpool)	
"	16	Highwayside (Travellers Rest) Manchester Wheelers' "50."	10-43 p.m.
"	23	Rhydralog (Liver)	10-46 p.m.
"	30	Davenham (Bulls Head) Alternative week-end—F.O.T.C. Rally. Ivinghoe (Kings Arms)	10-46 p.m.
July	7/8	Northwich (Crown and Anchor) and All-Night Ride (see Committee Notes)	10-41 p.m.

ALTERNATIVE FIXTURE FOR MANCHESTER MEMBERS :

Tea at 5-30 p.m.

June	23	Bosley (Queens Arms)	10-46 p.m.
		Full Moon ... 3rd inst.	

The Hon. Treasurer's address is R. L. Knipe, 108 Moscow Drive, Stonecroft, 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 Martins Bank Ltd., for credit of the Anfield Bicycle Club, Tue Brook Branch.

4 THE LAUND,
WALLASEY, CHESHIRE.

COMMITTEE NOTES.

NEW MEMBERS.—Mr. A. H. Doleman, 5 Kings Avenue, Meols, Cheshire, and Mr. Arthur E. Burge, 38 Watergate, Whitechurch, Salop, have been elected to Full Membership.

Mr. C. J. Conway has again kindly offered to take the Club Photograph. Higher Whitley, 9th June, is the date fixed for the event; I hope there will be a good attendance of members on that day, to show our appreciation of his kindness.

Will members who intend to take any part in the All Night Ride please advise me not later than Saturday, June 30th, in order that satisfactory arrangements for Meals can be made. The Schedule is as follows :—

	Inter- mediate Mileage	Total Mileage	Time.
Liverpool.			
Northwich	30	30	6-0 p.m.
<i>Tea</i> (Crown and Anchor)		<i>Depart</i>	7-0 p.m.
Via Twemlow, Marton and Bosley to ...			
Leek	25	55	10-0 p.m.
<i>Supper</i> (Red Lion)		<i>Depart</i>	11-0 p.m.
Ashbourne	15	70	12-45 a.m.
Derby	13	83	2-15 a.m.
Loughborough	17	100	4-0 a.m.
Leicester	11	111	5-15 a.m.
Hinckley	13	124	6-45 a.m.
Harrow Inn on Watling Street	2	126	7-0 a.m.
Atherstone	6	132	7-30 a.m.
<i>Breakfast</i> (Red Lion)		<i>Depart</i>	9-0 a.m.
Muckley Corner	15	147	10-30 a.m.
Brownhills	2	149	10-45 a.m.
Guiley	9	158	11-30 a.m.
Pretesy Bank (Bradford Arms)	5	163	12-0 noon
Newport	8	171	12-50 p.m.
<i>Lunch</i> (Barley Mow)		<i>Depart</i>	2-0 p.m.
Whitchurch	21	192	4-0 p.m.
Chester	20	212	6-0 p.m.
<i>Tea</i> (Bull and Stirrup)		<i>Depart</i>	7-0 p.m.
Birkenhead	16	228	

Kindly retain the above particulars for reference. They will not be repeated.

Will members who intend to participate in the week-end at Ivinghoe kindly write not later than 23rd inst to Mr. P. C. Beardwood (and not to the Kings Arms).

H. W. POWELL,

Hon. General Secretary.

RACING NOTES.

Invitation 24 Hour Road Ride, 20th-21st July, 1928.

A large number of helpers will be required for checking, feeding, following, etc. I shall be obliged if those able to assist will hand in their names as early as possible as I shall be away the first fortnight in July.

Slight changes have been made in the course. It will follow last year's as far as Chetwynd, then to Shawbury Corner, Battlefield Corner, The Raven, Chetwynd, Shawbury Corner, extension to Shawburch via Hodnet Corner and back same way to Shawbury Corner, Battlefield, The Raven, then on to East Cheshire as last year's card. Feeding arrangements for Shropshire will be made at The Raven, Prees Heath and at Shawbury Corner.

W. H. KETTLE,

Captain and Hon. Racing. Sec.

TREASURER'S NOTES.

The Treasurer wishes to thank the following members who have forwarded their Subscriptions and/or Donations (*) for the current year. It is hoped to make this list a monthly feature in the *Circular*.

*W. P. Cook.	A. Hancock.	D. Smith.
*E. Edwards.	W. Henderson.	G. Stephenson.
*W. R. Toft.	T. R. Hinde.	O. E. Taylor.
R. J. Austin.	J. Hodges.	U. Taylor.
S. H. Bailey.	N. S. Heath.	*W. E. Taylor.
H. R. Band.	A. E. Joy.	W. Threlfall.
W. D. Band.	J. Long.	*C. H. Tarnor.
S. del Banco.	*J. Kinder.	N. Turvey.
*H. S. Barrett.	A. Lucas.	*W. T. Venables.
E. Buckley.	J. D. McCann.	A. E. Walters.
G. E. Carpenter.	G. Molyneux.	G. H. Welfare.
F. Chandler.	E. O. Morris.	A. Wild.
E. J. Cody.	C. H. McKail.	C. Aldridge.
C. J. Conway.	*A. Newall.	P. Brazendale.
*A. Davies.	*G. Newall.	J. Fowler.
L. Deacon.	E. Nevitt.	F. C. Lowcock.
A. Dickman.	W. Orrell.	E. Montag.
F. L. Edwards.	J. S. Jonas.	L. Oppenheimer.
L. Elston.	J. Park.	J. C. Robinson.
*J. H. Fawcett.	E. Perkins.	J. D. Siddeley.
D. R. Fell, Jnr.	C. E. Pugh.	W. C. Humphreys.
R. A. Fulton.	J. S. Roberts.	W. H. Kettle.
A. Glover.	W. M. Robinson.	*H. Poole.
H. Green.	H. Roskell.	H. W. Powell.
E. Green, Jnr.	A. T. Simpson.	R. Leigh Knipe.
E. Green, Jnr.	A. W. Skinner.	

N.B.—If any member, who has paid, does not find his name included above, please notify the Treasurer.

ITEMS.

Old members of the Club will be interested to learn that F. A. Klipsch, who was a member from 1899 to 1904 is now installed at "Caerfron," the unlicensed Hotel on the Bwlch-y-parc, and ready to welcome warmly any Anfielder. We rather imagine Klipsch will help to solve a little difficulty that frequently arises in North Wales on a Sunday.

* * * * *

Congratulations to Percy Brazendale in being awarded the Bird Memorial Medal for "the most signal service" rendered to the C.T.C. last year. The medal was presented at the Council meeting, on April 28th, and is certainly a fine work of art which anyone may be proud to win, although Brazendale's chief pride is that the honour has come to Liverpool.

* * * * *

Alas and alack! The Canal Tavern is no more! After drastic re-bushing and the addition of a verandah, the old barn-like structure is unrecognisable in the posh "Grindley Brook Hotel."

* * * * *

Arriving at Sunnyside Hydro, dog tired after six hours spent in handicapping the "100," Buckley and Cook were much refreshed to find an article in the *Sunday Chronical* entitled "More Froth on Beer."

The number of cyclists at Bettws-y-Coed may have been small and select, but at least they stuck to their bicycles and none sought sanctuary in cars.

* * * * *

The idea that anyone knows all about North Wales and that it can be reached any week end is grotesque. The more one goes to North Wales, the more one realises how much more there really is to learn, while a study of our fixtures will show that but few opportunities are provided for week-ending in the heart of Wales. This is particularly true for our Manchester members. Even with the Autumnal Tints week-end, only just across Offa's Dyke, there were only two Manchester members who did not find it too far! Of course if one is going to ignore the Club run, North Wales can be explored any week-end, and so can the Yorkshire Dales, the Lake District or the Cotswolds!

* * * * *

Death of an Old Time Tricycle Champion.

The Anfield has always had love for a Tricyclist, though less familiar with the sprinters. Track racing on three wheelers used to be most exciting, and the sprinters were all men of enormous strength.

The man who died last month in Amsterdam, was certainly one of the latter, Scheltema-Beduin, who nearly forty years ago was the guest of the Anfield on a chance occasion, when through the breaking of a fork blade he was thrown on the Club's mercy one Easter at Bettws, in those wondrous days when the present Glan Aber lounge was the then secretary's consulting room, a state of affairs to make Powell's mouth water. Soon after that he won the Mile Tricycle Championship, outshining S. F. Edge among others. He was equally first class on the safety, but on the ordinary he never performed. He followed closely in the wheelmarks of that earlier Dutch Tricyclist, Kiderlen, of Rotterdam—a greater—in fact, a superman on any cycle.

I recall a memorable race at the Harrogate Camp Sports—on grass—where Scheltema was supposed to have a walk-over in the scratch race, but when the visitors from Newcastle trooped in, each of them blinked the other eye, for Tyneside had just discovered the first and foremost of the "collier" champions, in Jack Green, the later professional. For a battle of brute strength this event was the goods; for Tyneside had brought all its spare cash and had invested it at long odds. Green combined a broken bruiser's nose with his coal getting physique, and his Elswick bicycle had been specially built for the event. When he challenged with his ugly nose it took Scheltema all he knew to uphold the name of the Invincible he rode.

There was nothing finicky about this Dutchman. His cranks stood at ten to six, but what of it? For toe-clips he had no use, slots in his shoes sufficing. His speed theory was of the simplest: the harder you push one pedal down the quicker the other comes up again. In his case the system seemed sound.

All Those Easter Tours, or "Chacun a son Tour."

The multiplicity, not to say rivalry, of these leads one to suggest that we differentiate them in rank and assure a precedence in status, to be strictly observed by their reporters.—

- (a) The Parent or Presidential Tour
(which out of respect we must refrain from calling the Cook's Tour.)

- (b) The Vice-Presidential or STEP-TOUR
(inclined to vaulting ambition.)
- (c) The BASTARD TOURS
(these include the Tour of All-The-Simpsons or Symptoms)
The Chemois-Bucks)
The Etceteras.)

Under the circumstances, the "a" in the French title can be spelt either with or without accent grave.

—A Zealous Reader.

Treasure—Perdu.

LOST between Wallasey-Chester-Cheadle Hulme and Manchester, one O.T. (Old Timers) Badge.

The lucky finder will be richly rewarded.

Telegrams: Amstel Manchester or Amstel Cheadle Hulme.

No wheel should be left unturned in the search.

P.S.—Through a fortunate train of circumstances the unhappy and disconsolate owner still possesses "a spare," so that his loss of dignity is only partial.

Hoisting The Button In Borderland.

To the familiar Anfield policy of painting a certain Welsh village black and blue with our Club crest, year in year out, has been added the aim of making a Yorkshire river run blue with its reflection cast by members leaning over its parapet. But there is yet another scheme less time honoured, that of carrying the Button into out of the way places of unique interest or sacred in antiquity or old time fame.

We are justified in pursuing both, according to our lights. Only a limited number can reach the far flung spots that cry aloud for Anfield favour. Thus these flying visits become the more noteworthy.

Suffice it to chronicle that the club emblem appeared this Passover in the precincts of Blanchland and of Bewcastle, two places unforgettable to the patient toiling traveller. It was conspicuous in crossing the Border by that wonderful Pass through New Castleton, known to not one per cent. of travellers into Scotland. And last, not least, the while visitors from all over the world hastened towards Liverpool's new cathedral to pay homage to Josephine Butler, ignorant of her last resting place, three Anfield Buttons bent over her tomb in a hamlet on the Border, counting but eighty souls. No unworthy pilgrimage.

Blanchland lies hidden in a dell among the Blanchland Moors, North of Muggleswick Common, ten miles south of Hexham, and is reached via Nenthead by the highest main road in England. The township consists of a quadrangle of monastic buildings, entered through a Gateway, where on a photograph obtainable for lantern lectures, Chem is seen entering the sacred Square. The Prior's dwelling is now the hotel, but was unable to harbour the Anfielders. Six hundred years ago it harboured Edward I., who came to pray for divine aid against the Scots. In return, the Scots raiders came to look for loot at Blanchland, but in the absence of any roads failed to find it, until some monk came forth and by tolling the bell betrayed its whereabouts.

Bewcastle lies in that portion of Borderland where maps show no coloured roads. The last houses met are the cottages of Lanercost and Banks, where all dwellings cease, except one—Askerton Castle, lifeless, forbidding. The track surmounts Beacon Hill, a little to the West of the Roman track, and looks down over an immense circular hollow in which

lie some dozen farmsteads, as far as the eye can reach. In the centre of the cup, raised on a mound by the side of the Kirk Beck, stands the stronghold—the Roman outpost—that was manned from the days of Hadrian until those of Cromwell. The river is crossed by a bridge, where stands the Inn, the only sign of life. The rest of Bewcastle lies within the Roman fortress and consists of four buildings: the Farm, the Vicarage, the Ruins of the Great Castle it is called after, and the Church, with its chief ornament—the Highest Cross in England. Many read of it but few reach it.

Bewcastle is chiefly in touch with the world by its westward road which divides into several ways to Longtown, Langholm and New Castleton. To the north there is just a single trail into the wild Fells and ends at KETTLE HALL. Here, in that pure atmosphere, life was first instilled into that worthy race whose noblest son now breathes life into Anfield lungs. Into that sphere we carried the Button as an act of respect:—The Cradle of the Kettles.

Of all the Passes into Scotland, there is none to compare—for grandeur—with that by New Castleton and Peel Fells to Hobkirk.

It looks like the work of General Wade, and it has remained unspoilt since its early days. After leaving Liddell Water and along the whole climb, not a house is to be seen, not a telegraph wire to remind us of things mundane. The road is narrow and runs by the side of a sheer drop. The traveller is overawed, which is a fresh experience to Anfielders. Would-be record breakers from Liverpool to Edinburgh would soon forget their hasty errand if they would but choose this route. The Symptom party, reckless penetrators of the unknown, through missing this Pass, have been unconsolable ever since. On a snow post we nailed the colours.

The Grave of Mistress Butler is at Kirknewton, under Yeavinger Bell, the sentinel of the Cheviots. The Yeaverer was once a fortress and its crest is surrounded by the remnant of what used to be a great stone wall, with gateways and guard houses, 1,200 feet above sea level. Near the church, there stood a residence of the Kings of Northumberland, when his subjects included the hut dwellers of Liverpool and Manchester. Here Josephine chose to rest, and a photograph will be thrown on the screen, showing gallant Chem being stoned to death on the mountain top, for it was he who took on his willing shoulders the ignorant wrath once hurled at Dame Butler.

The following roadside inns offered hospice to the Anfielders at special tariff, at sight of the Talisman.—

The Tower, Hawick; St. Mary's Loch Inn; The Schooner, Alnmouth; The Cottage, Wooler; The Phoenix, Stanhope.

EVEN A BASTARD TOUR MAY BE OF GREAT PURPOSE.

Overheard In The Library.

"Mark Higham Sewed the Wind,
'Mark'! Telford reaps the whirlwind."

A Reader.

Spring Idyl.

" 'No Winter Now'—the Captain cries;
The Anfield breaks to bud.
This glorious spring
The Welkin Ring,
While Members chew the cud.

RUNS AND FIXTURES.

Second Fifty, 12th May, 1928.

In view of the results of the first "50," the Handicapping Committee were faced with a very difficult task in arranging the marks for the Second Fifty. How well they performed this task is shown by the results; for only 51 secs. separated second from seventh, and if Buckley, Banks, and Long had not punctured, one minute might easily have covered second to eleventh.

Fifteen started and a light following breeze assisted them to Nomans Heath, where only two were outside evens. Orrell was $4\frac{1}{2}$ mins. inside evens here, and 8 mins inside at the turn. Many others were riding very well, and the finishing times were so good that it may perhaps be invidious to mention anyone particularly. But Glover and Elston are to be congratulated on their excellent performances, deservedly placing them in the Handicap. So is Burge, who is understood to have had previous experience. Orrell rode his fastest "50." Hancock, however, had bad luck as usual, and just failed to beat even time through puncturing and finishing on a flat tyre. Molyneux's time is an indication of fitness for his coming record attempt, and Heath's the promise of even faster times in the future.

The results of both Fifties have shown an all round improvement, and seem to augur well for the Club's representation in Opens. The details are as below:—

	Name.	Actual Time.	Handicap.	Net Time.
1	G. A. Glover (First and Standard B)	2.35.39	20	2.15.39
2	H. L. Elston (Second and Standard B)	2.39.57	21	2.18.57
3	G. B. Orrell (Third and Fastest)	2.19. 8	Scr.	2.19. 8
4	C. H. McKail (Standard D)	2.28.20	9	2.19.20
5	N. S. Heath (Standard D)	2.29.27	10	2.19.27
6	G. Molyneux (Standard C)	2.34.29	15	2.19.29
7	H. Ladds	2.35.48	16	2.19.48
8	A. Hancock	2.30.47	8	2.22.47
9	H. G. Buckley (Standard A)	2.45. 7	22	2.23. 7
10	A. G. Banks	2.53.52	30	2.23.52
11	J. Long	2.40.14	15	2.25.14
12	C. Moorby	2.51.30	24	2.27.30
13	F. Perkins	2.44.32	15	2.29.32
14	C. Randall	2.47. 8	14	2.33. 8
	A. E. Burge	2.28.56		

A. E. Foy and E. Nevitt did not start.

Northwich, 19th May, 1928.

Being late in starting, I decided to make a straight run to the "Crown and Anchor." The first event worth chronicling occurred at the Welsh Corner, where I had stopped to don a cape. A glorious saloon car, with all the latest improvements, passed, and amongst its occupants I recognised in the most elegant gentleman at the wheel, our erstwhile cyclist—Dickman—How are the mighty fallen!

Chester was seething with great excitement. It appeared to be a "rag day," and a guillotine erected outside the Town Hall was attracting huge crowds, through which, I, with difficulty, wended my way.

How glorious everything looked along the Watling Street. The few showers of the afternoon had freshened the already fresh flowers and trees to a fine degree of perfection.

Arriving at the "Crown and Anchor," with Davies, Knipe, Bailey and Lucas, we went up to the dining room, which we found to be empty; the landlady entering informed us that the other "gentlemen" were in the "snug." However, we took seats and deciding to wait were entertained by a pleasant (?) selection of the latest jazz music from the adjoining room.

Presently, there came rolling in hosts of Liverpool Gentlemen and Manchester men, all seeming very cheerful and hungry.

Over dinner, discourse was various, *very* various. It seemed to consist of the "100," Whit Monday and the "100." Kettle was busy booking many for posts on the course, and it was noticed that he had put Jimmy Long down for Chetwynd, Battlefield and Prees Heath. We all realise what a capable fellow Jimmy is, but think that this is demanding a little too much from him; however, he appeared to be quite unconcerned and will doubtless fulfil his task with the same aptitude and perspicacity as he collects two-and-eightpence's on Saturdays.

It was noticed that H. D. Band and Mandall were out, both on bicycles, and were presumably training for next week-end. Tommy Royden was very quiet, reserving his voice for encouraging the contestants, I suppose.

Cook was one of the first to depart, his destination, so I was told, being Wem, and others soon followed.

The few who remained continued to talk about the "100," the topic now being the best gear to push. Soon all problems appeared to be settled and the party went out together, but in the yard discussion broke out again, and so Austin and I left them at it.

We were soon passed by the "fast pack," but we disdained to scrap with them, and were rewarded by passing them as they were walking Evans' Hill, and our feat was all the more commendable as we had stopped for a coffee.

Prees Heath, 26th May, 1928.

Most of the best people had escaped the trammels of business for the day and so took to the road after breakfast, with a pleasant breeze containing much South. One small contingent, consisting of a retired Editor, a very active Secretary, and the author, were admiring the prospect of Lever's Causeway, when a gentleman was observed mounting the Mount on his truck, this being the signal for the commencement of operations. Crossing Queensferry, the quiet lanes around Kinnerton carried us to Hope, with the hope of refreshment fulfilled. Here at noon we received a gentle reminder that there still existed such a thing as condensed vapour.

Wrexham was skirted on the West, through roads much improved since the writer occupied a perambulator, and the main route to Ruabon was hardly recognizable without its tramlines. Here an excellent lunch fitted us to indulge in a strenuous game of bowls, and our famous President proved his versatility by taking the green and holding it against all comers, like a Master. Whilst in the act of delivering a jack-header,

a snap was attempted, but it cannot be wondered that the shutter of the camera failed to function. Travelling in an eastern direction we found rain in much better supply, but were afforded magnificent views of the Dee Valley. Turning South at Overton for Ellesmere it was decided to reach old friends at Loppington, through Lyneal Woods, but you are not advised to do the same thing. Afternoon tea was taken in the company of Austin (Rex) Junior, looking very like Father. Crossing to the Wem-Whit main road, an easy run north took us to the Tilstock turn. More or less damp we soon joined an interesting company in the new wing of the Raven, which had been opened earlier with due ceremony by a distinguished Anfielder—Johnny Band. It was plain to see that something was on, a constant buzz of conversation emanating from the various small parties taking food prior to departing their several ways, mainly to strategic points around the "100" Course.

Invitation "100," 28th May, 1928.

This event appears to grow in popularity each year. On this occasion, 188 names were submitted, representing over 45 clubs; the standard of merit was higher than usual and it was an unenviable job for the Committee to select the 100 riders.

The starters were the same number as last year, namely 94, although of the six non-starters, two had previous to the race notified us of their inability to ride, one owing to illness and the other to business reasons. The riders were despatched by President Cook, under perfect weather conditions, only a slight breeze blowing from the south-east.

Although fastest time was lower than that of last year, there was an all-round improvement in the times generally, 15 beating 5 hours 10 mins., as against seven last time and 24 beating 5 hrs. 15 mins., as against 15 in 1927. The feature of the race was the remarkably fine riding by Orrell, who at 50 miles was only 19 seconds slower than F. W. Southall, who clocked 2 hours 20 mins. 40 secs. C. Marshall, who was strongly favoured by many for fastest time honours this year, had the misfortune to puncture several times, which lost him many minutes, as is shown by his time of 2 hrs. 36 mins. 49 secs. for the first 50 miles, and he was the only rider to beat "evens" for the second half.

At 50 miles the leading times were as follows:—

	H.M.S.
F. W. Southall, Norwood Paragon C.C. ...	2.20.40
G. B. Orrell, Anfield B.C. ...	2.20.59
J. K. Middleton, North Road C.C. ...	2.22.17
A. R. M. Harbour, Bath Road Club ...	2.23. 8
V. S. Bowman, Bath Road Club ...	2.24.57
E. Bloodworth, Notts Castle B.C. ...	2.25.31
J. H. Frost, Sheffield Century R.C. ...	2.25.55
C. Stead, Yorkshire R.C. ...	2.26.19
E. H. Thompson, Vegetarian C. & A.C. ...	2.26.23
W. A. Ellis, North Road C.C. ...	2.26.33
S. L. Crawforth, Hull Thursday R.C. ...	2.26.52
L. Cave, Vegetarian C. & A.C. ...	2.27. 2

The two leaders retained their positions to the end, but Orrell lost close on 5 mins. on Southall, who finished in 4.53.26. We naturally are proud of Orrell's fine performance of 4.58.19, which easily eclipses anything he has previously accomplished at this distance. E. Bloodworth, riding very consistently, finished third fastest, after lying sixth at 50 miles. The Notts Castle B.C., whose representatives have always

been on short marks, are to be congratulated on the splendid time of this rider, who missed "evens" by 1 min. 35 seconds.

For some time after Orrell finished, it looked as though he would secure First Handicap prize, but he was eventually displaced by A. Beckinsale, of the Gomersal O.R.C., who with an allowance of 38 minutes put up an excellent performance of 5.14.18. H. Marsh, of the Bristol South C.C. (new-comers to our event), with an allowance of 32 minutes took third place with 5.11.19.

Of "Ours," only two others finished, A. Hancock (27 mins.) did 5 hrs. 31 mins. 53 secs., with two punctures, and N. S. Heath (38 mins.) did 5 hrs. 44 mins. 46 secs., C. A. Burge (38 mins.) punctured, used up all his spares and packed, while C. H. McKail was unable to get off from business to ride.

FASTEST TIMES.

Name of Club.	H.M.S.
F. W. Southall, Norwood Paragon C.C. ...	4.53.26
G. B. Orrell, Anfield B.C.	4.58.19
E. Bloodworth, Notts Castle B.C.	5. 1.35
J. K. Middleton, North Road C.C.	5. 2.31
S. L. Crawforth, Hull Thursday R.C.	5. 3. 1
C. Marshall, Vegetarian C. & A.C.	5. 6.15
A. R. M. Harbour, Bath Road Club	5. 6.25
V. S. Bowman, Bath Road Club	5. 6.28
J. J. Salt, Liverpool Century R.C.	5. 6.40
G. T. Ransom, Hull Thursday R.C.	5. 6.45
J. W. Brooke, Gomersal O.R.C.	5. 7.35
W. A. Ellis, North Road C.C.	5. 8.22
H. Green, Wigan Wheelers	5. 8.36
F. T. Brown, Potteries C.C.	5. 9.23
C. Stead, Yorkshire R.C.	5. 9.50
E. H. Thompson, Vegetarian C. & A.C.	5.10.33
H. Marsh, Bristol South C.C.	5.11.19
W. Ward, Stretford Wheelers	5.11.24
W. G. Twiddle, Walton C. & A.C.	5.11.34
R. Naris, Vegetarian C. & A.C.	5.12.34
A. Beckinsale, Gomersal O.R.C.	5.14.18
L. Cave, Vegetarian C. & A.C.	5.14.24
E. Atherton, Yorkshire R.C.	5.14.48
G. H. Ball, Walsall R.C.	5.14.50

The following table gives the Handicap Result in full :—

No.	Name and Club.	Actual Time.	H'cap Mins.	H'cap Time.
1	A. Beckinsale, Gomersal O.R.C. ...	5.14.18	38	4.36.18
2	G. B. Orrell, Anfield B.C.	4.58.19	20	4.38.19
3	H. Marsh, Bristol South C.C.	5.11.19	32	4.39.19
4	H. Green, Wigan Wheelers ...	5. 8.36	29	4.39.36
5	F. T. Brown, Potteries C.C.	5. 9.23	29	4.40.23
6	J. J. Salt, Liverpool Century R.C.	5. 6.40	25	4.41.40
7	A. E. Edge, Speedwel B.C.	5.16.29	31	4.45.29
8	E. Bloodworth, Notts Castle B.C.	5. 1.35	16	4.45.35
	J. W. Brooke, Gomersal O.R.C.	5. 7.35	22	4.45.35

9	G. T. Ransom, Hull Thursday R.C.	5 6.45	21	4.45.45
*10	W. Cooper, Gomersal O.R.C.	5.46. 8	60	4.46. 8
11	S. L. Crawforth, Hull Thursday R.C.	5. 3. 1	16	4.47. 1
12	S. Livingstone, Dukinfield C.C.	5.17.52	30	4.47.52
13	J. E. Hawkins, L'pool Century R.C.	5.16.36	28	4.48.36
14	C. Stead, Yorkshire R.C.	5. 9.50	21	4.48.50
15	E. Atherton, Yorkshire R.C.	5.14.48	25	4.49.48
16	J. D. Peach, Potteries C.C.	5.28. 0	38	4.50. 0
17	W. A. Ellis, North Road C.C.	5. 8.22	18	4.50.22
18	V. S. Bowman, Bath Road Club	5. 6.28	14	4.52.28
19	J. K. Middleton, North Road C.C.	5. 2.31	10	4.52.31
20	F. W. Southall, Norwood Paragon C.C.	4.53.26	Scr.	4.53.26
21	L. Ingle, Rutland C.C.	5.24.21	30	4.54.21
22	W. Ward, Stretford Wheelers	5.11.24	17	4.54.24
23	R. Naris, Vegetarian C. & A.C.	5.12.34	18	4.54.34
24	F. Turner, Manchester Wed. C.C.	5.32.34	37	4.55.34
25	C. S. Middleton, North Road C.C.	5.21.12	25	4.56.12
26	S. Lowe, Liverpool Century R.C.	5.21. 9	23	4.58. 9
27	F. Taylor, Hull Thursday R.C.	5.20.12	22	4.58.12
28	A. R. M. Harbour, Bath Rd. Club	5. 6.25	8	4.58.25
29	H. L. Nash, Polytechnic C.C.	5.18.27	20	4.58.27
30	E. H. Thompson, Vegetarian C. & A.C.	5.10.33	12	4.58.33
31	G. J. Simpson, Manchester Wheelers	5.33.58	35	4.58.58
32	R. A. Armistead, Wood End R.C.	5.33.59	35	4.58.59
33	H. C. Palfrey, Speedwell B.C.	5.34.46	35	4.59.46
34	F. Dunne, Walton C. & A.C.	5.25. 6	25	5. 0. 6
35	W. T. Melia, Mersey R.C.	5.27.12	27	5. 0.12
36	R. Barnes, Leicester R.C.	5.26.19	26	5. 0.19
37	C. Marshall, Vegetarian C. & A.C.	5. 6.15	5	5. 1.15
38	G. E. Lamb, Walsall R.C.	5.34.34	33	5. 1.34
	W. G. Twiddle, Walton C. & A.C.	5.11.34	10	5. 1.34
39	S. Parker, Cheshire R.C.	5.27.35	26	5. 1.35
40	J. C. Longley, Bath Road Club	5.18.37	17	5. 1.37
41	G. Rooney, Mersey R.C.	5.27.39	26	5. 1.39
42	A. Longmire, Phoenix C.C.	5.35.13	33	5. 2.13
43	J. A. Pierce, Mersey R.C.	5.25.19	23	5. 2.19
44	L. Cave, Vegetarian C. & A.C.	5.14.24	12	5. 2.24
45	G. H. Ball, Walsall R.C.	5.14.50	12	5. 2.50
46	L. J. Ireland, Wood End R.C.	5.40. 2	37	5. 3. 2
47	H. E. Williams, East Liverpool W.	5.27.17	24	5. 3.17
48	S. R. Foley, Walton C. & A.C.	5.28.38	25	5. 3.38
49	W. Holland, M.C. & A.C.	5.19.36	15	5. 4.36
50	A. Hancock, Anfield B.C.	5.31.53	27	5. 4.53
51	W. Wood, Phoenix C.C.	5.31. 0	26	5. 5. 0
52	A. B. Smith, North Road C.C.	5.19.10	14	5. 5.10
53	W. D. Carr, Yorkshire R.C.	5.28.23	23	5. 5.23
54	N. S. Heath, Anfield B.C.	5.44.46	38	5. 6.46
55	J. R. Whitehead, East Liverpool W.	5.34. 4	27	5. 7. 4
*56	F. Hancock, M'chester Grosvenor W.	5.56.18	45	5.11.18
57	J. McKinley, Liverpool Century R.C.	5.44.24	30	5.14.24
*58	F. B. Dutton-Walker, Palatine C.C.	6.14.41	60	5.14.41
59	W. K. Bicknell, Bath Road Club	5.29.13	11	5.18.13
60	C. W. Pepper, Leicester R.C.	5.43.55	25	5.18.55
61	A. C. Laidlow, Southern Elite C.C.	5.48.22	25	5.23.22
62	G. Pooley, Huddersfield R.C.	5.58. 6	29	5.29. 6

* Tricycle.

The Team Race proved exceedingly close—2 mins. 8 secs, covering four clubs; the First Team medals going to the Vegetarian C. & A.C. (Marshall, Thompson, Naris), aggregate time 15 hrs. 29 mins. 22 secs. Second Team Medals, Hull Thursday R.C. (Crawforth, Ransom, Taylor), aggregate time, 15 hrs. 29 mins. 58 secs. The North Road and Bath Road Clubs finished teams with 15.30.3 and 15.31.30 respectively.

The "100" Sweep.

Mrs. Stancer once again kindly 'drew' the Sweep, with the assistance of the President. Mrs. Tuplin took 1st Handicap Prize, Tommy Royden 2nd and 2nd Fastest, and Frank Chandler 3rd Prize, the Fastest Time Prize being taken by Mr. Raffiel of the "Norwood Paragon." One hundred and forty-six participated in the event.

(We regret that the account of the run on 5th May does not appear in this issue, as at the time of going to press the copy has not been received.)

T. A. TELFORD,
Editor.

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ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

FORMED MARCH 1879

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

MONTHLY CIRCULAR.

Vol. XXIII.

No. 269.

FIXTURES FOR JULY, 1928.

Tea at 6-0 p.m.

	Light up at
July 7/8 Northwich (Crown and Anchor) and All Night Ride	10-41 p.m.
„ 9 Committee Meeting, 7-0 p.m. (Victoria Hotel, St. John's Lane, Liverpool)	
„ 14 Tattenhal' (Bear and Ragged Staff)	10-35 p.m.
„ 20/21 Invitation "24"	10-27 p.m.
„ 28 Acton Bridge (Leigh Arms)	10-18 p.m.
Aug. 4/6 August Tour—Antrim Coast and Giant's Causeway	10- 5 p.m.

ALTERNATIVE FIXTURES.

Aug. 4 Nantwich (Lamb)	10-5 p.m.
„ 6 Bath Road "100"; Speedwell "100"; East Liverpool Wheelers' "50"	
Full Moon	3rd 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 Martins Bank Ltd., for credit of the Anfield Bicycle Club, Tue Brook Branch.

4 THE LAUND,
WALLASEY, CHESHIRE.

COMMITTEE NOTES.

AUGUST TOUR.—The Committee have arranged the tour to the Antrim Coast and Giant's Causeway, and Mr. Frank Chandler has kindly drawn the itinerary as follows:—

FRIDAY, 3rd AUGUST.—Belfast boat (*Graphic*) from Liverpool, leaving the Landing Stage 10 p.m. Return fare, 30/-, available for 10 days, plus 2/6 berth fee. Bicycles, 4/5 each way.

SATURDAY.—Breakfast aboard, 7 a.m. Leave Belfast 8 a.m. via Larne, Carnlough to Cushendall (49), lunch Delargy's Hotel, thence via Ballycastle to Giants Causeway (79), stopping at Kane's Causeway Hotel.

SUNDAY.—Via Ballintoy, Ballycastle, then via Torr Head and Runabay Head to Cushendun and Cushendall (31), lunch Delargy's Hotel, thence Glenariff Glen to view Falls, Parkmore, Clogh, thence via Ballymoney direction to Giants Causeway (68).

MONDAY.—Via Bushmills, Portrush, Port Stewart, Coleraine, Maghera (38), lunch Walsh's Hotel, thence Toome, Randalstown, Antrim, Belfast (78), returning by steamer to Liverpool, leaving Donegal Quay at 9 p.m.

Members intending going on tour are requested to advise Mr. Frank Chandler immediately, in order that he may reserve accommodation on the Belfast steamer and in Ireland. The latest date for obtaining reservation through him will positively be Saturday, 21st July. Passage money can be paid on embarkation. Manchester men can book through at the Company's offices, 77 Mosley Street, and the 8-30 p.m. train from Central will arrive Liverpool 9-22 in time to catch the boat. Intending tourists are advised to be on board in good time, say 9-30 p.m.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS.—Mr. W. C. Tierney, 5 St. John Street, Chester.

H. W. POWELL,

Hon. General Secretary.

RACING NOTES.

Invitation "24," 20th/21st July, 1928.

Entries for this Event, accompanied by a fee of 10/- towards cost of feeding expenses, must reach me not later than Saturday, 13th July. The Headquarters, after the ride, will be the Angel Hotel, Knutsford, and members must make their own arrangements for accommodation.

East Liverpool Wheelers' "50," 6th August.

This Event is confined to those who have previously accomplished or beaten 2 hours 40 minutes for 50 miles. Members who wish to enter must hand in their names to Sub-Captain Long not later than 9th July.

Bath Road and Speedwell "100's," 6th August.

Members desirous of riding in either of these Events are requested to advise me of their intentions, if this is done, it should be possible to arrange week-ending parties to give them as much assistance as possible.

W. H. KETTLE,

Capt. and Hon. Racing Sec.

TREASURY NOTES.

Your Treasurer wishes to congratulate the Club on the wonderful tide of financial prosperity which has set in so suddenly among its members.

This is made manifest by the record number of Subscriptions and Donations received during the current month. I have looked through the records of the last ten years, and never, not even in the boom year of 1920, have so many subscriptions been paid in June.

© Anfield Bicycle Club



Top Row—A. LEEAS, D. C. ROWATT, A. DOLEMAN, F. CHANDLER, W. H. KETTLE, H. G. BUCKLEY, E. J. CODY, N. S. HEATH, A. DAVIES, A. WILD, J. S. JONES, G. NEVILL and A. E. MORTON.

2nd Row—W. E. L. COOPER, W. ORRELL, R. H. CARLISE, J. C. BAND, H. GREEN, G. B. MEROBE, F. PERRINS, G. A. GLOVER, H. LADDS, T. E. MANSFALL, F. COOKE (friend), and T. ROYDEN.

3rd Row—J. S. ROBERTS, D. R. FELL, E. EDWARDS, C. H. TYRNOG, W. T. YENABLES, K. L. KNIFE, W. P. COOK, F. HOTISE, H. R. BAND, H. AUSTIN and G. MOLYNEUX.

Bottom Row—D. M. KAVE, C. MORGAN, J. E. RAWLINSON, J. LONG, J. KINDER, D. RYALLS (friend), C. RANDALL, L. DEACON and T. TAYLOR.

This surely is clear proof that the Revival of Trade, so long anticipated and so often prophesied in the Press, has at length—What? Publicity in last month's *Circular*? Garn! Well, anyway we'll try it again this month, Mr. Editor.

Subscriptions and/or Donations(*) have been received during June from:—

J. C. Band.	F. H. Koenen.	L. C. Price*.
S. J. Buck*.	T. Mandall.	D. C. Rowatt.
W. P. Cook*.	G. B. Mercer.	J. Seed.
J. M. James.	D. M. Kaye.	T. Royden.

ITEMS.

We hear a good deal about the Call of the Road nowadays, and wonder what it can be. Judging by what we hear we should say it sounds like "Cheery Ho!"

Wayfarer constantly refers to the "Pussyfoot Hotel," at Rhydyfen, which only goes to show that he has not been there with "my club." We have known Anfielders week-end there without being reduced to buttermilk!

You simply must come on the All Night Ride if only to find out something about Pretsey Bank and Guiley! Don't let the distance frighten you because it is all on well-ironed roads. Widelegs "threatens" to come, and Robbie would have something to write home about if he topped the double century and a bit over for good measure.

What an opportunity the August Tour provides for testing the truth of the claim that Bettws-y-Coed does not provide sufficient scope for our young and energetic who desire to get further afield. Surely this desire does not evaporate with Easter! The Club has never been to Northern Ireland and no one in the Club knows the country better than Frank Chandler, so it would be impossible to go under better auspices. And the O'Tatur is joining us on the Sunday. *Verb sap.*

Among our visitors at Shrewsbury, on Whitsunday night, was "Little John," looking for Wayfarer (himself). Meanwhile, Wayfarer (himself) had "petered out at Pwllheli" (see *Cycling*, June 15th) and was under treatment at Beddgelert!

What an energetic youth Dave Fell is, to be sure. After acting as a policeman at the "100," he went to Hawkstone Park for a full round of golf and then drove home on his "puif and dart!" And yet he pretends he cannot *cycle* to Halewood!

Sometimes coincidences are very strange. Chandler drew Marsh in the sweep and pocketed the third prize—less the take-off extracted by the C.B.B.'s at Saughall Massie! While acting as Marshall at Crudington, a local brought him a tubular tyre which had been found on the road and which Frank brought home and advertised in *Cycling*. And the claimant for the lost tyre was Marsh! Incidentally, we might mention that Tommy Royden, who won *two* prizes in the sweep, came out specially one Wednesday evening "to do the right thing," but was entirely deaf to the Presider's hints about "Veuve Cliquot" and "Magnums." Still, perhaps with Teddy Edwards present, it was just as well!

Congratulations to W. J. Finn on winning the Old Timers' Trophy, in the 50 miles Championship of the Southern Centre of the Irish Road Club. By clocking 2.31.44 (a personal record) Finn won a gold standard medal and was fourth in the handicap run in connection with the event. Finn has also done a Trike 50 in 2.38.34, I.R.C. Club record and first in handicap, so he is evidently very fit.

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We regret the fact that we have three invalids in the Club, but are glad to say they are all making satisfactory progress. Toft has now gone to New Quay, in Cornwall, for a long holiday. Skinner and Fred Gee are still confined at home, but hope to get away shortly. The good wishes of everyone is extended to them for their complete restoration.

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The *Bath Road News*, in an excellent article on our "100," has some very flattering things to say about our President, but we dare not reproduce them for fear of turning the O.G.'s head.

* * * * *

We are all sorry to hear of the death of Mr. James Chilcott, who passed away on June 21st. Coming first among us as a friend of Beardwoods, he showed himself not only to be a comedian of high talent but a man of charming personality who so endeared himself that we quickly called him "Chilly." For years he has been a tower of strength in our musical evenings at Bettws-y-Coed, but it was an open secret that his absence this year was caused by an illness that would almost certainly be fatal, and although he rallied somewhat and was full of anticipations of "next Easter," it was not to be. To his widow we extend deepest sympathy.

It was about 1912 that "Jimmy" first came to Bettws, and I well remember his first song, he had hardly sung the first verse of "Familiarity" when his audience was electrified, here was something new, a polished style and delivery somewhat different. He had a wonderful repertoire of topical songs reminiscent of Corney Grain and George Crossmith.

Jimmy came of Surrey Yeoman stock and was born at Kingston-on-Thames, in 1861, he lived in a wonderful age, which has been remarkable for its changes. With his elder brother he inherited his father's County tailoring business. At this time he went in greatly for sport, was a member of the Junior Kingston Rowing Club. He rode an ordinary bicycle from Kingston to Exeter in two days, no mean feat those times. He was a leading light in the Middlesex Yeomanry attending Camp, where his genial personality made him a general favourite.

Jimmy was one of "the bloys," he was always to be seen at Sandown, Kempton, Hurst Park and the other London race-courses. Unfortunately, his love of sport was not compatible with his business and Jimmy decided to turn his undoubted talents to advantage and soon became a favourite comedian. He has sung at all the leading Cycling Club's Dinners, Masonic and other functions in his time. He was a member of the F.O.T.C.

The writer, Mr. Huxley and Mr. Thomlinson, followed his remains to their last resting place, where he sleeps peacefully, his grave overlooking a wide expanse of the Surrey he loved so well.

LOST—STOLEN—OR STRAYED—The Symptoms! When last seen at Shrewsbury, on Whit Tuesday morning they were scheduled to proceed to Bettws-y-Coed to join the B.R. tourists at the Glan Aber, but the *B.R. News* reports, "We pushed on to Bettws-to meet the 'Symptoms,' but *they failed to appear.*" The italics are ours, but we would like to know what became of them!

* * * * *

Whitsuntide Aftermaths.

The exigences caused by the necessity to get out the last *Circular* before all of us had got back from Shropshire, left some features of the holiday unrecorded, so that a few brief notes will not be amiss. According to Powell, there were 95 members of the Club "out and about," and we were particularly pleased to have among us our "exiles," Jack Fowler, Carpenter, Lusty, Pritchard (who made a most efficient clerk to the timekeeper), and one of our founder members, D. J. Bell, whom Brazendale was busy "tapping" for reminiscences of the Club's early history. What is the sinister motive? Judge and Referee Buckley's party staying at Loppington cycled to Llansaintffraid-yn-mecchain on the Sunday, while from Shrewsbury, seven accompanied the President to Clun, where a trail of Wayfarer (himself) was picked up and was followed to Chirbury, where it was lost and Mr. White quite upset that the visit had not been recorded in *Cycling*! The Withington party does not appear to have been very active (evidently not recovered from Easter strenuosity) although they *almost* had an all-night ride! But Long piloted the Shawbury party to Ludlow, which was not far enough for Randall, who extended to Hereford as a training spin for the "24," and most of the cyclists at Newport, led by Austin, had a really strenuous day over Wenlock Edge along Corvedale to Ludlow and over the Clee Hills to Bridgnorth, while there was the usual Cound Lodge party helping Kettle complete his arrangements on the course.

The race itself has been fully recorded, but we must add that there was a pleasing improvement in the behaviour of the crowds at the start and finish and if they would only refrain from shouting and applauding we should not have much to complain about. Only one competitor was baulked after crossing the line, and No. 24 at first got booked as No. 4, which was all Buckley could hear in the din! After the race, a smart party of Bath Roaders accompanied Buckley to Loppington for tea, and in due course the Banquet, organised by Hubert Roskell, was well and truly dealt with at the George, with Beardwood in the Chair. Music, recitations and speeches were indulged in—the Master undoubtedly making *the* speech of the evening—and we understand that none of the Owls fell off their perches! On Whit Tuesday, Buckley went with Beardwood on his semi-annual visit to Essex, Draisey of the Century and the Bath Roaders, Spango and Faraway, took the Romantic Road to Ireland (to rejoin the Symptoms at Bettws-y-Coed), followed afterwards at a respectful distance by Hotine and Cook making for England, while Grimmy and the Doctor "smashed through" to the City of Perpetual Sunshine.

* * * * *

The Anfield Reception at Shrewsbury.

This feature of the Whit-Hundred grows apace. It is fitting that the H.Q. of our epoch making event should be on so historic a site. The Sunday Dinner in the Lion Arena was the earliest form of assembly,

but from the days of that curious pair, The Cordell Freres, the Lion Keepers have never been able to tame the beast, with the result that with the rebushing of the George and the repowdering of the Puff, part of the scene has shifted and the unofficial meet within the Georgian Lounge has grown into a great Reception Ceremony, worthy of the Citadel of Earl Roger the Norman, of the Bury of Scrob the Saxon and the Peng-Wern of Cynddylan the Welshman. To-day it is the Bulwark of Cook the Anfielder and year in, year out, the Anfield goes "over the top."

—Cynddylan stood at bay at the Berth and fell. His bones lie at rest close by in Bassa Church. Cook does not as yet stand at bay, if fall he must, we point with due reverence to Battlefield Church-yard as an appropriate resting place.—

Being unofficial, the Reception is held by the club *en bloc* and not by its Officials. Presiders, Captains, Vices and Scriveners are but so many wallflowers. It is the *Rara-Avis*—the rarer the better—the half-forgotten face, the unfamiliar bird in strange feather, who is heralded with the greatest joy. Yonder one strolls in like an actor, the stride of an Irving, the hairsuite of a Lloyd George. It is Fowler, the Master Three-Wheeler of '96. Behold! there sits the man to whose eloquent pleading I owe my admission into the serried ranks of the club in '95: David Bell, my first President.

We had not met these thirty years, but time has dealt lightly with him. Long ago, new comers refused to believe that any such member existed and that Dave Bell was a misprint for Dave Fell (the ubiquitous). Bell now wears a silver crown and this meeting was largely a triumph for silver-headed youths that have displaced the grimmer bearded period. It was Bell's successor Alec White who ushered in those beards. Other beards grew up around him, such as the black Clan of Frasers. After retiring from speed work both Toft and Fell became bearded Presidents. Knipe, on dismounting from his great record, got wed and never shaved again. Rowatt gets himself mistaken for Bernard Shaw, and even Conway . . . Yes, those were dark days, but a brighter dawn has broken, we see daylight and silver is in the ascendant. Checker Lowcock's white crown has become a lighthouse in every classic event (my own is but a poor replica). Bikley may protest, looking badly over exposed, but his sun scorched face fails to put us in the shade. Silver Crowns illumine the Conclave, the Anfield stands at its Zenith, ripe for its coming Jubilee.

—The motor world prattles just now of its Bournemouth *CONCOURS d'ELEGANCE*. Our Elegance is *HORS CONCOURS*, it is *UNIVERSEL*, in fact *INCORPSED*.—

In the centre, long John Kinder stands up on end challenging all to measure themselves with him, a lone Elm. The Archowl sits solid, welcoming the Centurions and the Bath Roaders (from "main," "old" or other Bath Roads). Enters the Squire of Pontesbury with his Henchman the Sergeant Major. We recognise in these twain, the erstwhile guest and the former host of the Shawbury speed lounge.

Hubert Roskell holds out an olive branch by introducing some young friends of his: The Simpson Symptoms, and SO TO BED.

Next morning finds most of these at the dawn-lit start. Timer Cook and Judging Bik are there to press the button and solve every knotty point, if any. Vast crowds surge on to the riders and officials, but are held in check by ropes stretched out for a hundred yards to keep a clear passage. Within the hallowed space Lowcock performs a

sentry walk. Dave Fell strikes awe where Kinder fails to keep the wilder element in check. Hubert Roskell in charge of the ropes performs strange antics; he sits on his haunches, closes one eye and looks for bulges in the swaying barrier. It seems a needless sacrifice for so vast a figure. Toft is hardest worked of all, the more so as the gallant Kettle, close to him, draws scores of young women riders to cluster round his clean shaven and pinkish person. He ought to decoy them away from the start. At the last moment the Simpsons arrive and relieve Kettle of some of the spare girls.

Four hours later comes the Grand Finale. We are now on the open Heath. Cook is seated, watch in hand, in a motor car (not his own, thank goodness). Motor cars have become indispensable in every game. All bookmakers now lay odds from cars, which allows for a rapid retreat. By Cook's side sits his clerk with the list of runners; it is the mercurial Hotine, whose rise has been more rapid than that of any other member. Leaning against the mudguard is Judge Bikle, waiting to deliver judgment. Between the ropes Lowcock, Roskell, Kinder and Fell patrol harder than ever, while, outside them, hawkers traffic in oranges and bananas. Other traffic there is but little on these uplands. The sun is high in the heavens, when the Simpsons arrive in time for a comic interlude.

Then a cry is heard: First Man Up, and we all stir into action or crane our necks. Another classic Hundred has been run; THE RECEPTION IS OVER.

Anfield qualities continue to strike us
As remarkable in every degree—
Other clubs they can never be like us
Except as like us as they're able to be.
(So sang a great American moralist.)

* * * * *

Links Between Manchester and Liverpool.

Sir Arnold Rushton and Sir Edwin Stockton are the movers in a Society for greater harmony between Manchester Men and Liverpool Gentlemen.

Have they never heard of the Anfield which has been linking the Men and the Gents these last thirty to forty years, nor of that other Edwin who has forestalled Stockton by that length of time.

Knows he not the deep feeling that the Mersey current has been rushing under its bridges from Cheadle to Wallasey for over a generation.

Too late, Rushton, your rush has been anticipated.

* * * * *

The Control Of The Club Runs.

I am always learning something from the C.T.C. *Gazette*, and thus eagerly scan the Correspondence pages of each issue.

The interesting article in the June *Gazette* from the pen of "D. P. Stickells," a stickler for road etiquette, recommending a Code of Arm Signals for use on Cycling Club Runs, is a thing after my own heart.

As an Old Time Captain of a large club in a country where the language rivals in strength its renowned beverages—(and have not the poets taught us that even the gentle British soldier "swore horribly in Flanders")—Stickells and I are of one mind.

The signals that please (may tickle) me most, are:—

FASTER.—The arm with clenched fist to be thrust backward and forward vigorously, as if digging a male friend in the ribs (if too dull to see the point of the story).

SLOWER.—The same arm with outspread coaxing hand to make a caressing movement like stroking a female friend or a faithful hound (not necessarily in the ribs).

CHANGE TO SINGLE or DOUBLE FILE.—A somewhat complicated movement of the hand and arm resembling Military (or AA) Salute, but from the shoulder instead of from the ear. The movement must make it clear whether we intend singling or doubling. It needs practice.

HALTING.—An upward movement of the arm and hand stretched to the fullest extent, perhaps not unlike that of a person at the point of drowning.

PREPARE TO MOUNT and MOUNT PLEASE.—(To be shouted at the top of Captain's voice) As an Anfielder here I must join issue with D.P.S. How unlike this is to the Anfield method, which is both decorous and silent. The members sneak off one by one, without a word, in the hope of getting a few miles start of the others.

On a famous Tour in Ireland this led actually to the coining of the once popular phrase: **THE HIGHAMS ARE OFF.**

The two Highams mounted on one tandem were always first away, and slipped from sight, for they—solicitors both—knew better than most men that a furlong in hand is worth two in the pub, and is in fact nine points of the law, or seven furlongs to the mile. Stickells adds that those signals replacing the human voice are specially recommended in the case of a following wind. So did the Highams for they were off with the wind.

Let us emphasise that vocal signals are exceedingly unbecoming at this time of day, whether uttered on the village green or the city square, and that the Motto of the Anfield is and must remain: "Wave your arms, but MUM'S THE WORD."

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Anfield Golden Jubilee Trophy.

We read that the Championship Prize of the Manchester Motor Cycle Club is a Golden Helmet (Crash Helmet).

We cannot but admire this conception, although it is palpably borrowed from the Golden Toeclips of the Hero who lapped the long-lost Panuplet.

Next year, being the Anfield Jubilee Year, a sport loving member has already come forward with the scheme of adopting from 1928 onward, as Trophy for the highest annual mileage, a

GOLDEN SKULL CAP

to perambulate yearly from skull to skull.

Think of our Presider not merely with a Halo but with a Blazing Golden Sun over his brow.

* * * * *

RUNS AND FIXTURES.

Higher Whitley, 5th May, 1923.

Although not the guilty contributor who failed the Editor last month, I feel that history demands that some record of this fixture should appear, however belated, particularly as there were so many at the run that it ought not to have been difficult to obtain "copy," even if the failure was only discovered at the eleventh hour. Higher Whitley doubtless revived in the older members reminiscences of the late "Boss"

Higham, our President in 1911 and 1912. The desire for fresh places and pastures new is always recurring and The Millstone was discovered for us by Mr. Higham at the instigation of Jack Marchanton, and proved a distinct "find," until the war and a change of management put "finis" to it and we turned to Daresbury and Acton Bridge.

This Spring the Presider on one of his week-end prowls happened, by a well-timed effort, to bump into The Millstone at Zero, along with Tommy Astle, the old Warrington racing cyclist and discovered that the present management was anxious to cater for us—hence the run for this date. That the novelty to the present generation was attractive was proved by the large muster of about 45, including the member who declares "Acton Bridge is too far" and yet rode via Acton Bridge! And it was reported that several others failed to find the place! The large crowd certainly taxed the space in the big room in the house—so much better than the "Chapel" adjoining we used to be put in—but the quantity and quality of the food was excellent and the service very smart even though hampered by an unusual number of late scholars! There was no doubt as to our welcome and we heard rumours to the effect that if we extended our patronage in the winter time, a Hot Pot at a ridiculously small figure could be provided. At this late date we cannot recall any particular incidents except that G. B. Orrell was universally congratulated on his fine performance in the first 50 and that the Presider went off to Macclesfield to get up in the middle of the night for a timing job, while the weather was perfect and everyone undoubtedly enjoyed themselves.

Nantwich, 2nd June, 1928.

It was a glorious afternoon for a ride and I set forth with a light heart and, alas! a light pocket. My companion and I arrived in Chester without any fanfare of trumpets, but despite this lack of hospitality we decided to sample a pot of tea. The tea proved to be most stimulating for we bowled merrily along the Tarvin stretch at a little over "10's," and had the satisfaction of passing Randall and Long looking as if Nantwich was somewhere near John O' Groats. Here let it be said that we had no wish to pass two nice lads like Randall and Long, but when they expect you to go that slow that you nearly fall off it is too much. Arriving at Nantwich we were stopped by the Chief of Police while Bert Green, mark you, manouvered all over the road with a patrol wagon. At the "Lamb" I was very much surprised to see nearly half the members present getting washed; they were obviously inexperienced, but they must keep up hope, it is only practice that they require.

The tea that was put before us was all that could be desired, although there was a constant demand for more bread and butter, more tea, etc. Tea over, many members departed early, muttering something about having a long way to go, but on such a day and evening what did it matter if one didn't get home till morning. Captain Kettle was seen distributing Grosvenor "100" forms, and with an excellent number of entries for the Wheelers "50" the Club is being well represented in the "Opens." Tommy Royden and Roberts left together to go home, I understand, via Acton, I wonder if we will see their names on the next "Fifty" card. Arthur Hancock was the centre of attraction to a number of the racing men and I am certain he must have thought a gramophone record was what was wanted by the number of times he was asked to describe the Grosvenor course. Budge

was looking well, after his "100" ride, and seemed keen after more, and altogether there was a happy crowd present.

The ride home was pleasant. As far as Chester our interest was retained at concert pitch by Randall and Long "bill and cooing." Along the "top road" we put in a little fast riding, and arriving in Birkenhead at about 10-30 I could honestly say I had enjoyed the run.

Higher Whitley, 9th June, 1928.

It's quite unreasonable I know, but, whilst I have no particular objection to riding in the rain, I don't like starting from home in a cape. Hence, the showers being frequent and heavy, I gave my family the pleasure of my society far longer than usual this Saturday afternoon, incidentally, shame to me be it said, keeping another member off the road. At last, a piece of blue sky, about sufficient to make a pair of overalls, appearing, we dashed forth and got quite two hundred yards before the next shower arrived. Honour being satisfied, capes were donned and we went on through real rain—no half-and-half affair, but real wet rain, coming down heartily, with a most praiseworthy determination, as though old Jupiter Pluvius had been reading the old copy book maxim, "If a thing's worth doing, it's worth doing well," and then the new one, "Do it now." A fine interval and then another downpour made capes again necessary, pursuing a quiet lane route, we were passing a wayside inn when we saw a familiar bicycle reposing in front thereof. Investigation revealed quite a party of our young members in cheerful converse in the inn parlour. Strenuous efforts to make them come out failing, we stayed with them in order to see that they really did attend the run, and after a little time, the rain having ceased, we succeeded in getting them away. The Millstone was reached without incident. Grouped before the inn was a party listening with awe, more or less, to the lucubrations of Jay Cee Bee, who was prophesying woe and tribulation. I didn't catch the particular terror that was to come, but I know it was woe and tribulation.

Despite the unfavourable day, members continued to roll up, so that by 6 o'clock the resources of the house appeared about adequate but no more. But still they came, about the last to arrive being Dave Fell, looking like a picture of "The Fisherman's Return." A satisfactory tea, well and good-humouredly served, having been dispatched, the Presider called upon us to proceed immediately to the bowling green to allow dear old Charlie Conway to secure once more his annual picture of types of English beauty. There was rather less than the usual delay in arranging the group—we're getting trained now—and Charlie released the little bird several times, desisting when the next shower, much overdue, arrived. A fairly large party then escorted the Presider through the delightful lanes which intersect the Arley district, on his way to his Home-from-Home—Macclesfield. A halt by the way to discuss various things and then the party split. What became of the larger party I know not, but my party reached home safely and, wonderful to relate, without again donning capes.

Highwayside, 16th June, 1928.

The day was bright and sunny, the countryside was at the very climax of its leafy springtime freshness, and the destination a favourite one—at least to the writer—not only for itself but for the route thither. There was but one discordant condition, to wit, a strong north-west wind, which while it made the outward journey a delight, raised misgivings as to the return. It was some comfort to think, however,

that if the wind held in the same direction and with the same force on the following day, Molyneux's chance of success in his spirited attempt on the Liverpool—London record would be materially improved.

The outward ride fulfilled anticipations—dry roads, easy going, bright sunshine, and good company—and on reaching the "Travellers' Arms," we joined a long row of early arrivals sitting comfortably basking in the sun, watching in a contented way the efforts of three or four youths—Tommy Royden being one—to play bowls. From a bowler's point of view the game was not a success; the green may have been difficult and unfamiliar, and what, I believe, is known as the "bias" may have been on the wrong side of the woods, but really nothing could excuse some of the ends that were perpetrated. We spectators were relieved when six o'clock brought the signal for tea and we sat down to a really enjoyable meal, the total strength being 29. The Manchester Wheelers' annual "50" was held this afternoon and attendance thereat, either as rider or helper accounted for the absence of many of our men, including the Presider himself, who also aimed at getting down to Stone in readiness for Molyneux passing through on Sunday morning.

On the other hand we had present with us, though we did not expect them, G. B. Orrell and Hancock, both of whom, we understood, were to ride in the Wheelers' fixture; it appeared, however, that Orrell had been unable to get away in time to reach the start at the appointed hour.

Remembering the wind, an early start was made on the return ride, but like many other difficulties it did not prove to be so great when tackled, as anticipation had painted it, and a steady, even pace enabled our small group to reach home in good time after a thoroughly enjoyable run.

Rhyd-talog, 23rd June, 1928.

As it is a well-known fact that only Cook and the Editor read the *Circular*, I had hoped that the absence of copy for the Rhyd-talog run would not be noticed. But just as I am congratulating myself upon escaping, a summons comes from the Editor, couched in vicious terms, demanding copy at once. Donnerwetter.

Now the going was so hard up to Rhyd-talog, that, being completely plastered at the time, I have little recollection of what took place there. If runs cannot be fixed in more accessible, rideable, and less elevated places, then a chap cannot be expected to write an account of what, to him, is nothing but a painful memory. I dimly remember Tommy Royden sitting in George Newall's car as if it belonged to him. Randall used the footboard of the same car as a divan and appeared comfortable. But then, it was a hard ride up to the Liver.

Bob Knipe and Lucas arrived as tea was being served. The crowd of 25 soon broke up after a satisfactory meal. The Presider, Mr. and Mrs. Edwards and friend Ryalls left for Rhy-y-fen; the remainder for home.

Bosley, 23rd June, 1928.

It is with some trepidation that I attempt to record this run, for the details are now almost effaced by the passing of another run, and as it has just unfortunately occurred to me that "Arjay" delegated me to command someone to write the run up, I now recall I forgot, and so I must perforce fulfil this duty, and with much reluctance for I ought to be in bed at this unearthly hour, but when one remembers a couple

of days prior to publication of the *Circular*, well, there is no alternative.

However, I can remember that many of our regular attenders were conspicuous by their absence, and the sub's modest estimate of sixteen was five too many, for only ten members and one friend sat down to tea, and I assure you it took a deal of eloquence to explain to our hostess the possibilities of a variety of delays that may have accounted for the absent five.

Now surely we Manchester Anfielders must realise sixteen IS a reasonable number to expect on a run such as this, when there are no obvious counter attractions. Is it fair to our sub., who must feel he has apparently "made a mistake," and so must face the consequences.

Let us rally round and lend him our support, or he may be deprived of his "highly paid" berth, we ought to have a decent muster every week with out representation, don't let the interest in the Club decline.

During tea it was revealed that the "Doc's" fitness was attained by assiduous pedalling on a pianola during his leisure hours at home. It was suggested he was out to give "The Tyrant" beans on their journey to the Old Timers' Rally.

We departed very early after partaking of the excellent fare provided, and here ends my recollection of this run.

Davenham, 30th June, 1928.

The weather was in a surprisingly frolicsome mood for a day in June, and I found the journey out via Widnes, Frodsham, Norley and Cuddington, rather trying. But if the fierce squally winds and tropical showers caused cycling to lose a little of its glamour, the periods of warm brilliant sunshine, not to mention some beautifully clear rainbows, made some amends.

I found the Inn barricaded with charabancs and the cycle garage under lock and key. For a moment I had an unhappy feeling that I had made a mistake in the run, but after some investigation I discerned through a chink in one of the doors a glinting reflex and the outline of a trike and I knew then that all was well.

The attendance was very poor. Only 17 members sat down to the excellent meal provided. The President, however, was away attending the F.O.T.C. gathering, and our ranks were considerably thinned, owing to the "50," in which some of our men were competing.

The report of the F.O.T.C. Rally, at Ivinghoe, will appear in the August issue of the *Circular*.—ED.

T. A. TELFORD, *Editor*.

ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

FORMED MARCH 1879

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

MONTHLY CIRCULAR.

Vol. XXIII.

No. 270.

FIXTURES FOR AUGUST, 1928.

Tea at 6-0 p.m.

Aug. 4/6	August Tour.	Antrim Coast and Giants Causeway	Light up at 10-24 p.m.
„ 11	Daresbury (Ring o' Bells)	9-50 p.m.
„ 13	Committee Meeting, 7-0 p.m.	(Victoria Hotel, St. John's Lane, L'pool)	
„ 18	Twelve Hours' Handicap	9-37 p.m.
„ 25	Tarporley (Swan)	9-22 p.m.
Sept. 1	Third 50 Miles Handicap	9-4 p.m.

ALTERNATIVE FIXTURES :

Aug. 4	Nantwich (Lamb)	10-5 p.m.
„ 6	Bath Road "100," Speedwell "100," East Liverpool Wheelers "50"	10-2 p.m.
	Full Moon	1st and 31st.

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 Martins Bank Ltd., for credit of the Anfield Bicycle Club, Tue Brook Branch.

4 THE LAUND,
WALLASEY, CHESHIRE.

COMMITTEE NOTES.

Having regard to the fact that the Jubilee of the Club falls due next year, the Committee have decided that a History of the Club shall be prepared and they have appointed Mr. Percy Brazendale to compile same in conjunction with a small sub-committee of old members yet to be appointed.

The assistance of all members in the provision of material is requested. Any information which any member may have in his possession relative to the Club, particularly in regard to the first 10 years, will be gladly welcomed by Mr. Brazendale, as the Minute Book for that period is missing.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS.—Mr. F. Hotine, 47 Wentworth Road, Golders Green, London, N.W.11.

H. W. POWELL,
Hon. General Secretary.

RACING NOTES.**12 Hours' Unpaced Handicap, 18th August, 1928.**

This event is open to all types of machines. Entries for same, accompanied by a fee of 5/- towards cost of feeding expenses, must reach me not later than 11th August. A large number of helpers will be required for following the riders at the finish. It is to be hoped that members not competing or assisting in checking or feeding, will place themselves at the disposal of the Timekeeper, who will be stationed at Stamford Bridge.

3rd 50 Miles Unpaced Handicap, 1st Sept., 1928.

Entries for this Event must reach me not later than 25th August.

W. H. KETTLE,

Captain and Hon. Racing Sec.

TREASURY NOTES.

Thank you, Mr. Editor. The Publicity Department is justifying its existence. Though we have not beaten the record for July, yet the number of our clients is much above the average, so let the good work go on. During the current month the Treasurer has received contributions from:—

A. G. Banks.

J. D. Cranshaw.

J. E. Rawlinson.

C. F. G. Boyes.

H. I. Elston.*

W. R. Thompson.

R. H. Carlisle.

G. Lake.

G. H. Winstanley.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"Anxious Enquirer"—(1) Yes, it is true that the member's name appeared on two occasions, but you are not to infer from this that he is paying by instalments. You missed the (*).

* Donation.

(2) Yes, the Treasurer will accept monthly payments without any additional percentage, but the receipt will only be issued on receiving the last payment, and your name will *not* receive monthly publicity.

"Free Ad."—I think you are quite in order in your proposal to give a donation monthly, so that you may obtain the amount of publicity which your absence from Club runs denies you. I shall be pleased to receive your first contribution, and provided that it is of a substantial character, will print your name with suitable "star" in the next *Circular*. Your point of adding addition (*) for each month, is held over, pending enquiries at the printers as to the number they have available.

ITEMS.

We make no apologies for reproducing the following from *The Roll Call*, the organ of the M.C. and A.C., so brilliantly edited by our good friend Frank Urry:—

"We learn with much joy that C. H. Turnor (The Mullah of the Anfield) has recently joined the great army of Benedicts, and we wish him all the luck. And he'll want it, too, as we know from our own experience. It is also satisfactory to note that he had to poach on our Birmingham preserves for the charming lady, for although the men might be just passable in Lancashire—or is it Cheshire?—the girls . . . but this is a kindly hearted journal.

'The Mullah went and married, with his blue eyes open wide,

But had to come to Birmingham to find a bonnie bride;

For there they make the jewels that complete love's circle true—

It must be that that made the Mullah's eyes a turquoise blue.'

* We did not have any luck in the Manchester Wheelers' "50," on June 16th, although a good number of us went down to help; those who had most to do being Norman Higham, timekeeper, and "Arjay" Austin and Bill Lowcock, who were very busy taking the Shawbury check. It was most unfortunate that Orrell could not get down to ride as it was just his day, while Hancock and Nevitt were non-starters owing to indisposition. Consequently the only thing we had to be pleased about was the excellent ride of Long, who clocked 2.36.18. Heath was rather disappointing with 2.37.10 and so was Ladds with 2.44.20, while Burge packed for no apparent reason.

* * * * *

In the Grosvenor Wheelers' "100," June 30th, Orrell gave us another outstanding performance and secured Fastest and second Handicap, with a wonderful 4.57.15, which would have been several minutes faster, but for *meeting* a terrific rainstorm on one of the stretches. The quality of the ride is shown by his beating Brook, of the Gomersal, by $1\frac{1}{2}$ minutes. Long had distinctly hard lines in running off the course within a mile of the finish, when doing a 5.28 ride, while Glover was forced to pack when riding well, through his saddlepin breaking. However, with Hancock doing 5.29.52 and McKail 5.39.25, we secured the team medals and "did not have a bad day after all."

* * * * *

We are sorry our contributor failed to record that Turvey joined us at Nantwich, June 2nd, and carried off Albert Davies and the Presider to Uttoxeter for the night. It was a strenuous ride for Turvey, and we were all delighted to have him amongst us again.

* * * * *

The only sign of "Widelegs" on the All Night Ride was the Banks of mist rising from the fields at dawn, but at Hinckley, a large signboard directed us to "Robinson's Garage, 2nd turn on left."

* * * * *

Molyneux had no luck on his Liverpool/London record attempt, June 17th. With a stiff N.-W. wind blowing on the previous day, success seemed most likely and Molyneux was dead on time at Stone, where Chandler, Hotine, Albert Davies and Cook looked after him, but when the wind got up again it had backed to the West and was right across the road—indeed, after Rugely, it was distinctly grafty, and at Coleshill he was 20 minutes behind and wisely packed. Kettle, who was following in his car, brought him back again.

* * * * *

Congratulations to Orrell and McKail. Their successful attack on the admittedly thick Torry and Dawes Tandem "50" record has delighted us all. It was a good morning, but the roads were like sticky fly paper, and you could hear the tyres sucking the tar which had been boiling on the Saturday and with a hot night had never had a chance to harden again. They went through splendidly in 1 hour 56 mins. 10 secs., thus beating record by 1 min. 44 secs. Elston, Nevitt, and Glover were at the start. Dr. Carlisle at Chelford, Green buzzing about in his car and Hancock at the finish, while the Presider was the Timekeeper.

* * * * *

Our latest Benedict is "Happy" Grimshaw, who entered the Holy Bonds on July 10th. Congratulations.

* * * * *

We wonder how many recognised W. E. Jones, the Wallasey youth, who was sixth in the Polytechnic "24," at Herne Hill, with the excellent figures of 466 miles 700 yards. As an Anfielder who joined in 1923 and resigned for no apparent reason in 1925, and has since made

furtive appearances on the track behind motor pace, we certainly are surprised at his success, but congratulate him none the less heartily.

Orrell and McKail recently rode in the Altrincham Ravens' Open "25," and clocked 1.7.6 and 1.9.52 respectively; Orrell being second fastest and McKail second in handicap, while as members of the Dukinfield C.C. Team they shared in the Team Prize.

"Elsie" Price, who is now en route home from Nyassaland and will soon be amongst us, wrote to the Presider on the eve of his sailing as follows:—

"Just received my mail and positively delighted to read of Orrell's fine 100. Give him, please, my heartiest congratulations when you see him. Read about it in the *Liverpool Daily Post*. Why the — didn't he beat Southall? Wish I had been the time-keeper!!"

Will contributors please note that the Editor is T. A. Telford, 55 Carlton Road, Birkenhead, and that "copy" addressed to "The Editor," at 15 Brunswick Street, Liverpool, or 4 The Laund, Wallasey, is no nearer the editorial sanctum than when posted.

Wild is off touring in Switzerland, and having swallowed all the Runney gospel has had his machine equipped with 4 gears, the lowest of which is about 40. There are 7 sprockets and the floating chain runs round four of them all the time and is not always in line, while there are rods and other gadgets likely to give trouble to one who is not an engineer. We hope it keeps fine for him, but rather wonder he did not consult his fellow member Montag, who is also in Switzerland and of course knows it like a book.

A contributor to the *Bath Road News*, commenting on the F.O.T.C., suggests the formation of a league formed of old, real cyclists, who have been cycling for a minimum of 20 years and *still cycle*, under the title of the League of Incurable Cycling Enthusiasts. While there is a good deal to be said for the idea, as proving a great power for good in the cycling movement, but we fear another title will have to be chosen as that suggested spells L.I.C.E., which would never do!

Congratulations to W. J. Finn, who is evidently on the top of his form this season. His latest performance has been to clock the fastest 100 ever accomplished on Irish roads in 5.20.5, which speaks for itself.

The Presider has received a most interesting letter from Burgess, who is out in Vancouver, on a visit. Burgess went to see a road race over the peculiar distance of 55 8-10 miles, for the R. P. Clark Cup, and there came across one of the Chinn's, the old M.C. and A.C. veterans and "Bob" Routledge, who wished to be remembered to Cody, Knipe, Mandall, Edwards and the Kinders, etc., one can well imagine how this trio would yarn. R. P. Clark is of course the old North Roader, and apparently he was the instigator and starter of the race over a course that included a Horseshoe "worse than the one near Llangollen," so no wonder fastest time was 3.2.40. Burgess concludes his letter with "kindly remember me to all the boys."

On Sunday, August 12th, G. B. Orrell is making an attempt on the N.R.R.A. 100 mile single record of 5 hrs. 7 mins. 13 secs., held by F. Hancock (Manchester Grosvenor Wheelers). Any offers of help for checking and marshalling will be welcomed by A. E. Foy.

Dickman writes to tell us that his tandem is up for sale. It was built by Jackson and is as far perfect as it is possible for a tandem to be. Costing £24 (to the last penny) he is prepared to let it go for exactly half-price. If you are interested you are advised to get into touch with Dickman *toute-de-suite*.

Open Letter to Charles Conway, Honorary Photographer to the Anfield B.C. The 1928 Club Photo.

Thanks to my lamentable and unavoidable absence from your photo group this year, I believe myself a fit and proper person to express an unbiassed opinion on its merits and dwell on its outstanding headlines and salient features. These lines and features and above all the grouping of the participators, I might almost say competitors, confirm once more that you are undoubtedly the true artist that some of us have long suspected you of harbouring behind your simple mien.

Glance at it, scan it, look again, search every detail, and every moment the picture becomes more lifelike. I will give my own impressions in their true following order.

Roberts and Royden match each other to a button from opposite corners like the familiar Corner Men in a Minahaha or other Minstrel troupe, and further point is given to this setting though in a lesser sense by Lucky Lucas on the left in juxta-position to Newall (aided by Morton) on the right. Then to remove any suspicion of stodginess the heads of Doleman and Chandler stand out in haut-relief. In a minstrel group these would all be players of loud instruments, in the A.B.C. their voices are heard above the general din. But in all good minstrel combinations it is the centre that forms its solid backbone, because it is the seat of the interlocutors.

Here we find a delightful form of rivalry. Dave Fell, pen-point artist that he is, seemingly so retiring in his side pew, once more arouses Cook's jealousy to boiling heat by emphasizing the analogy of Beauty and the . . . other fellow, as Cook himself puts it, but with calm assurance Dave scores again. Mercer always sits well to the camera, although on this occasion he is erect. Bert Green is generally taken to be a modest man, but he has his prouder moments and this is evidently one of them. Adjoining these, Doc Carlisle and John Band seem a fraternal pair in the higher regions, but closer scrutiny reveals the vast difference in their worldly outlook.

Again reverting to the central line, we have in Teddy Edwards, the Mullah and the Ven, an incomparable trio that suggests another *Concours d'Elegance*. The smiling faces of the two former are proof positive of their marital successes, the lack of which is plainly writ on Ven's face. Knipe is in a bad plight, and has to crouch sideways to allow for the whole of Mercer's frontage—watchchain and all—being exposed. Mercer's strong right arm (no, not left) seems to have dug Knipe ruthlessly in the back. Then we have Cook making the best of a bad job, as explained above, and still relying on Hotine's support, who is sticking to him to the last.

Lower down the ladder is John Kinder, who seems to have taken my words to heart and now tries to curtail himself as much as possible. Lastly a word of appreciation is due to the added dignity derived by the Club from the dear Deacon. He provides that touch of reverence which was lacking, and although Chandler does lay claim to a similar facade, his voyages to the Far East combined to make him look too much like an oriental Deity and robbed him of local colour.

By the absence of both Mr. Bikley and Mr. Roskell no one is unduly prominent and all sail on an even keel. Well done, Mr. Conway.

RUNS AND FIXTURES.

Ivinghoe/Hatfield, June 30th July 1st, 1928.

There is only one member of the Club competent to write up this week-end for the F.O.T.C. Rally, but claiming to lack inspiration, he has positively refused and you have therefore to endure this bald narrative by one who lacks all the Master's grace of diction and originality. If the Aylesbury ducklings failed to inspire F.H., he must be in a bad way indeed! and how can the writer dare to step in where angels (and F.H.) fear to tread?

Beardwood had all the arrangements in hand and had guaranteed at least a dozen of us, but of the 14 who attended the Rally, only nine put in an appearance at the King's Arms, Ivinghoe, the other five sleeping at Aylesbury and elsewhere in the neighbourhood, so that Percy Charles beat up Neason and Pa White to meet us and we were also joined by Spango, Carwithen, Frost, Kimball, and Mazzeppa of the Bath Road, and made a very jolly, not to say lively, party. But we anticipate. Buckley was really the first starter, as he had been on the road (open and otherwise) since Whitsuntide and had a snaggy West wind to push out of the way from Essex. Dr. Carlisle and Cook met at Stone on the Friday night, and had a very fine ride of about 120 miles, with a stop for lunch at George King's place, the Castle Hotel, at Kenilworth, where a warm welcome awaits all Anfielders and sometimes brother Eddie is to be seen—both brothers envying those of us who still cycle. Here we learnt that Koenen's car party, consisting of Himself, Lizzie Buck, Crow and Bill Lowcock had called the previous evening on their way to Wellisbourne, Hastings, for the night. A thunder shower during lunch and another short one at Warwick were the only interruptions of the glorious weather, and Bicester, where the Kings Arms has been taken over by another of the Ansdell family and is being rebushed, was reached quite easily for an early tea, which put such life into the Dr. that the 17 miles to Aylesbury were reeled off in an hour. Tommy Mandell, in a car *en famille*, had passed near Banbury, and enquired what time the O.T. rally was on the Sunday and was told, but he had been misled by the editorial note in the last *Circular*, and went to *Ivinghoe*, instead of Hatfield, and so missed the party altogether! It was awfully decent of Beardwood to arrange for a beflagged civic welcome at Aylesbury, but the cyclists decided to go through *in cog*. (Don't be silly—it was CIVIC WEEK.—Ed.) and after a stirrup cup at Gladding's place, Aston Clinton, where Beardwood and party were only missed by five minutes, the two old gentlemen dashed up to Ivinghoe dead on schedule to be warmly welcomed by Jimmy James, Beardwood, Buckley and the Bath roaders (all cycling, except Carwithen and of course Mazzeppa), Neason, White and the Koenen Kontingent. There were thus 16 to sit down to the festive board and festive it was indeed, with more than a flow of soul! Unfortunately Pa White had to go home, but the remaining 15 constituted a merry Tank party, which did not finally dissolve until the early hours. Next morning, after a photo by Cook, Neason departed homewards, Carwithen went off to Manchester and Mazzeppa padded the hoop, while the Bath Roaders piloted the rest of us over the Beacon to Gaddesden, Hemel Hampstead, Leverstock, Green and St. Albans to Hatfield for the Rally. For an account of this you can refer to *Cycling* and previous *Circulars*. One Rally is much like another, and they are all charming in the opportunity they provide for meeting old friends and personalities in the cycling world. In the unavoidable absence of J. S. Smith, the lunch was presided over by Dr. E. B. Turner, and the usual comic "annual meeting," at which F. Percy Low made

a very witty speech and "Boots" Green called the roll in his sonorous manner, was held. The only serious "business" was the election of Oliver, of the Edinburgh Amateurs to the Presidential chair—another real cyclist like W. F. Ball, who was one of the few old timers who had ridden his century the previous day to be present. Our party numbered 14—a splendid muster for such a distant Club—for in addition to those mentioned as being at Ivinghoe, we were joined by Oscar Taylor (who had *cycled* down), Sunter, Edwards and Mercer, and we would have been 16 if Ven had not been prevented, at the eleventh hour, and Edmunds had not been suddenly stricken down with illness and confined to bed in the Royal Infirmary, where we are pleased to learn he is making a satisfactory recovery. After the Rally, the Edwards and Sunter cars "smashed through" to Wallasey, the former very kindly stopping at Weedon to book beds for Carlisle and the Presider. The Koenen Kar departed for a "new find" of the Master's at Amberley Ridge, near Stroud, while Jimmy James praffled back to Letchworth, and Buckley, who was on his way to brother-in-law's, at Nottingham, ambled up the Great North Road. Carlisle and Cook reached Weedon quite early, after stops at Hockcliffe for tea and at Towcester to pay homage to the immortal memory of Mr. Pickwick, and on the Monday continued along the record route with a stop at Meriden to pay an unostentatious visit to the Cyclists' War Memorial. At Castle Bromwich they were refused lunch at the Bradford Arms but got an excellent feed at the Tyburn Inn, after which they detoured into Erdington to call on a small friend (certainly not much over 20 stone!) of Carlisle's student days, Dr. Clarke, who entertained them so delightfully that the "ten minutes" grew into 1½ hours before you could say "Jack (or Walter) Robinson"! However, "Pretsey" Bank was reached for tea and the delay proved most fortunate, for almost immediately after "resuming the pigskin" (copyright reserved) the blaring of a motor horn announced the overtaking of The Master and Lizzie with a basket of delicious strawberries purloined in Evesham! They had jettisoned Bill Lowcock at Cheltenham and Crow at Leamington and the fortuitous meeting was most happy, because a committee meeting was held and it was decided to foregather again at Wem for the night, and a very pleasant evening ensued, you may be sure. But like all good things there has to be an end even to the Presider's summer holidays! Tuesday morning finally dissolved the party. Koenen, after depositing Buck at Warrington, dashed on to chase commerce in Manchester. Dr. Carlisle and Cook parted at Whitechurch and reached Goostrey and Chester respectively for lunch, and so "finis" came to be written over what the late Panjandrum used to call "a useful week-end." And now, if anyone again spells Ivinghoe as "Ivanhoe," they run the risk of being brained!

Northwich and All Night Ride, 7th/8th July, 1928.

Undoubtedly this was Summer at last. Glorious sunshine, hot as it should be; just the weather for basking. But basking was not for us; Northwich and the All Night Ride was the programme. So, heeding the cry of the non-smokers, we "got on with it," and duly brought up at the "Crown and Anchor" with ample time in hand to view the glorious scenery at the rear of the hostelry. But even the finest expanse of muddy water soon palls, and 'twas not long ere we adjourned indoors to await the arrival of tea. Thirty-one were present to enjoy a tea which was quite up to standard, but of the thirty-one, only eight were all-nighters, and these are the names of the heroes: Cook, Bailey, Hubert Buckley, Elston, Hinde, Austin, Long and Perkins. 7 p.m. was zero, and as the hour approached, Randall (having been

unable to get to Northwich for tea) arrived to swell the number of the night-riders to nine, whereupon Cook called upon the Sub. to form up the party and lead them forth. But the Sub. as usual, wasn't having any: Pleading that he hadn't got a whistle, and in any case, didn't know the way, he wangled his usual rear-guard position, and the party set off with Cook and Hubert Buckley leading. They both knew the way through the lanes, and argued about it (or perhaps they were simply telling each other?), until we got on to main roads once more. Bert Green and "Dr." Carlisle escorted us to a point somewhere beyond Twemlow and then departed. Leek was reached well inside schedule and here we found Captain Kettle awaiting us, looking very fit after (or should it be despite?) his week's motoring in the Lake District. We were thus ten strong when we left Leek, and, the wind still following, a fast passage was made to Ashbourne. After a confab. with the local police force—or part thereof, whilst an inner tube was being changed, we left Ashbourne on time and made another fast run to Derby. Gloves were donned here by some members of the party, for the night had grown somewhat chilly. Our correct exit from the City having been discovered, we once more got under way. The usual thing on an A.N.R., when the party stops in a town, is for a policeman to appear, apparently from nowhere, and very curious regarding our nocturnal habits. Strangely enough this did not happen in Derby, but when we were half way out of the City, a rather rotund member of the force called out something about strawberries. Whether he thought we were strawberry pickers (perhaps he thought we looked like that), or whether he was referring in jocular vein to our reflectors, nobody but he knows. But I am sure he must have been terribly hurt by the stony silence with which his remark was received. After leaving Derby we were treated to a display—not very brilliant though—of the Aurora Borealis, and then, about five miles out of Derby, two members silently detached themselves from the party and sped swiftly onwards towards Loughborough. Meanwhile, the main body carried on at a nice easy pace, giving "Good morning," en route, to a small body of night riders travelling in the opposite direction, and arrived at Loughborough with ample time to partake of the early morning snack which all wise night riders carry.

The snack disposed of, and the local bobby well talked to, the hour for leaving (4 a.m.) drew near, but no sign of the two who had gone on ahead. Then appeared a cyclist, riding towards Derby, his machine hung with bags galore; a cycle camper was he, starting his tour with an A.N.R. Says he, "There's two cyclists waiting for you down the road." "Oh," says we, "that'll be Charles and Jimmy." On he went, but as yet we made no move. A few minutes passed and along comes the Sub. "Don't you fellows want any tea? Didn't you get our message? You'd better get a move on before it goes cold." We got a move on all right, and the tea didn't get cold. Down the road we dashed and there was Charles with two jugs of tea and several cups. Nice hot tea at four o'clock on a rather chilly morning! Good old Charles! Here's "Good Health," and our very best thanks to your friends (Bless 'em!) and to you for having such friends.

About this time the wind moved round towards the South, but was never strong enough to cause any inconvenience to the riders. And as the fiery red ball of the sun rose on our left we rode on through the glorious morning to Leicester, turning here for Hinckley and then onward to the Watling Street and Atherstone for breakfast. At the "Red Lion" we found Russ Rothwell, who had spent the night there, and Nevitt, who had ridden down through the night by himself, direct from Wallasey. What he gains by doing this I don't know. Personally,

I prefer to have company on my all night jaunts. Incidentally, there is the matter of the railway time table, but since there is no direct evidence that it belonged to Nevitt, and he states that he rode down, I think he should have the benefit of the doubt. The "Red Lion" did us exceedingly well in the matter of breakfast, which we thoroughly enjoyed. Thereafter we journeyed easily along the Watling Street, via Muckley Corner, Brownhills and Gailey to Ivetsey Bank, where a halt was called in order that a visit might be paid to a building of interest, situate in that locality, to wit, the "Bradford Arms." Some there were who stopped a little earlier and drank tea. These having arrived at Ivetsey Bank, the party again moved off, and an exciting scrap ensued, lasting all the way to the "Barley Mow," Newport. As we had turned off the Watling Street at Ivetsey Bank, the wind was right abaft the beam and some very fast times were put up. Two of the riders were travelling so fast that they almost reached Chetwynd before they could pull up. Just as we arrived at the "Barley Mow," Arthur Hancock rolled up, and so, on yet another A.N.R. thirteen sat down to lunch. An excellent lunch, too. We left Newport on time, and a few miles along the road the Manchester contingent—Russ, Hancock and Hubert Buckley—branched off. At Ternhill, Kettle left us to seek sanctuary in the region of Shrewsbury, he still having some holidays to use up. Bailey and Elston went home, via Runcorn, having tea at the Fishpool. The remainder, after a halt at No Man's Heath for afternoon tea, carried on to the "Bull and Stirrup," where Wilf. Taylor joined them for tea. After leaving Chester, we ran into rain on the top road, and capes were donned for the last stage of the journey, but after passing through Willaston we found the rain had ceased.

So ended a very easy A.N.R. and one on which we should have had at least 20 members, instead of merely 10. It is worthy of note that all the ten had been on a Club A.N.R. before. This seems to indicate that it is high time that quite a number of our younger members began to take an active part in the Club fixtures. That is what one joins a club for, is it not?

Tattenhall, 14th July, 1928.

A glorious day, though Manchester folk found the distance quite far enough against a slight head wind. The Doctor put in an early appearance, having toured round by Middlewich and through somebody's private park, while others rolled in by two's and three's, but we missed Bill Lowcock's silver halo. This used to be his chief run of the year, I recollect. Johnny Band was in quite good form, and his professed ignorance of anything connected with speed work was quite judicial in its profundity, and would have turned Justice Darling green with envy.

We were accommodated in a large upper room, and the length of the table made it difficult to see everybody, but I believe 29 of us sat down more or less together. The President made an early getaway for Macclesfield, as he was due to time Orrell and McKail in the early hours of next morning in their successful record attempt. Tommy Royden inveighed a small party to a corner of the lawn, where in the sun's declining rays they sat and listened to the gentle grunting of the pigs—and remained long enough to give a "check" to Bert Green, the last comer. Then, the last pipe smoked, we drifted off to various points of the compass at the end of a perfect day.

24 Hours' Invitation Ride, 20th/21st July, 1928.

The growing popularity of this event was shown by an entry of 27 from nine clubs, but although we had eight representatives, which is one more than last year, there are still plenty of our younger members

who have yet to hall mark themselves as hard riding Anfielders. Last year Nevitt set them an example and this year Elston did the same—but when the All Night Ride is jibbed at, perhaps it is not surprising. However, we can congratulate ourselves on filling two of the three places and in the same two men accomplishing more in the first 12 hours than has ever been done in this event previously. The course had been again altered by cutting out Newport and the Cock Inn, with its extension to the Old Bell (so much objected to notwithstanding the fact that it is the Romantic Road to Ireland!), and using more or less the "100" course with an extension to Hodnet and Shawbirch the first time; and although it was harder on the Checkers (Edwards had to be at Chetwynd Church umpteen hours) it was evidently an improvement for the riders, which after all is the real thing aimed at. Unfortunately Poole was unable to time and Norman Higham stepped into the breach most efficiently and there were no non-starters, and the weather was as near ideal as could be expected. Again Hancock took the lead right from the start, but this year it was Long who provided the scrapping by refusing to be dropped when caught. Butterworth (Oldham Century) did not appear to be anything like as fit as usual and the closest to the leaders were Smith (Lancashire R.C.), Edge (Speedwell) and Nevitt. On the Gayton stretch, Molyneux had the misfortune to crash through mistaking the new white painted railings at Hinderton for a "White Lion," alleged to be so useful in showing motorists which is the left hand side of the road! Beyond a "jumped" thumb, Molyneux was not hurt, but his machine was only just rideable back into Chester and "klapsed" as he was getting home. Others to retire on the Chester extensions were Aked (Manchester Wheelers) and North (C.R.C.), but at the Raven (153) miles, Perkins, who had never seemed happy and developed a bad knee, and Roberts, gave it best, and as Butterworth, Whittaker (Mersey R.C.), and Heeley (Manchester Wheelers) also retired there were only 19 really riding in Shropshire and this was soon reduced to 18 by Clegg (Liverpool Century) ceasing to ride seriously, although he did not actually pack up until after he had ridden 212½ miles.

After 12 hours had expired there were five more retirements, the most important from our point of view being Nevitt, who appeared to have run himself out in his anxiety to top "190 in 12," and actually did 192. E. G. Pullan (Mersey R.C.), 186 in 12; T. A. Prescott (Liverpool Century), 182 in 12; Mair (Manchester Wheelers), 181½ in 12, and H. F. Pullan (Walton C. & A.C.), 183¼ in 12, were the others who did not face the triangle the second time, but the Anfield lucky number of 13 were still left, all riding so well that they were certain, like Mr. Brittling, to see it through. The race then as a race, really developed, and Hancock, after a slight semblance of a bad time began to assert his ascendancy. He got away from Long after Battlefield Corner (217¾ miles), and Long then puncturing, fell further behind, but was still second in the race when Shropshire was left for East Cheshire at 283 miles. At this point Smith and Edge were together, apparently scrapping for third place, with Smith holding an advantage of four minutes; and not far behind were McQueen and Power, both of the C.R.C., riding with excellent judgment. But, as so often has been the case, the long trek to Congleton settled the issue. Hancock steadily increased his lead, displaying unnecessary anxiety as to whether he could beat 380! While Smith set about it, got clean away from Edge, passed Long, who got a fit of the slows, and firmly established himself in second place. It was as fine a bit of riding and generalship as we have ever seen, and while, naturally, we should have liked Long to be second, we cannot refrain from congratulating Smith as heartily as Long himself did. Hancock,

with no one to push him in the concluding stages, ran out time with the fine total of 384 miles, and showed that the magic 400 on Northern roads is not altogether an impossibility, as a 205, first 12, indicates.

But the subjoined table shows the whole story of the finish :—

Name and Club.	12 Hrs.	24 Hrs.	
	miles	miles	
1. A. Hancock, Anfield B.C.	205½	384	First Prize.
2. J. Smith, Lancashire R.C.	196	368½	Second „
3. J. Long, Anfield B.C.	204	362¾	Third „
4. A. E. Edge, Speedwell B.C.	194½	360½	Silver Medal
5. R. McQueen, Cheshire R.C.	186½	354¾	„
6. A. Power, Cheshire R.C.	187½	349½	„
7. C. Bailey, Gomersal O.R.C.	180½	339½	„
8. J. B. Atherton, Cheshire R.C.	179	335¾	„
9. E. Hannell, Manchester Wheelers	182	335½	„
10. S. Green, Oldham Century	182	331	„
11. G. Hodgkinson, Mersey R.C.	184	330	„
12. C. Moorby, Anfield B.C.	171½	320½	„
13. H. L. Elston, Anfield B.C.	170	319½	„

Hancock qualifies for 12 Hours' Standard E and 24 Hours' Standard F.
 Long qualifies for 12 Hours' Standard D and 24 Hours' Standard D.
 Moorby qualifies for 24 Hours' Standard B.
 Elston qualifies for 12 Hours' Standard C and 24 Hours' Standard B.

Notes.

The Cheshire R.C. is to be heartily congratulated on finishing three of their four men with such excellent rides.

Neither the Walton C. and A.C. or Liverpool Century figured as prominently as in former years, but it is all in the game.

W. Crompton Humphreys took the Gayton check, and his assistant, "Young" Royden, also came out to Toft Corner, in striking contrast to many much younger men.

Chandler was Chief at Chester, aided and abetted by Mrs. Cotter and Miss Beeston, who rendered invaluable and much appreciated services. There was the usual evaporation of help in Chester. Many of those working have to go on into Shropshire in the early hours, but more of those who are finishing their work with the night might see it completed. The great thing is to use your eyes and do *more* than you have booked for.

There was the usual shortage of followers at Toft Corner and some of those given jobs mysteriously disappeared before their time came. The Presider had to go down to Rudheath to locate and "run out" Elston and Cooper ran out Bailey, although we believe they had been doing something in Shropshire all morning.

Arthur "Sympton" was again Baggage Master from Chester to Knutsford, and we are greatly indebted to him for his continued service so willingly given, but it seemed rather strange that we had to get Green to transport what would have put Arthur's car below the Plimsoil line. There were not so many picnic parties on the Raven and we fear H. Austin could have done with more help. Doleman stayed and lent a hand after working like a Beaver at Hodnet. Austin's was a 13 hour job, and the Trades Union are after him! He ought to have been "knocked off" in the afternoon.

It was good to see the way Mr. Capener dodged about in his car, the whole 24 hours, looking after Edge between the feeding stations, and he had to get back to the Big City through the night to look after the Speedwell Boys in the M.C. & A.C. "100." Our old friend and erst-while regular competitor in the "100," T. P. Beeston, of the Leicester R.C., was also very busy all over the course rendering assistance and very kindly transported Nevitt from the Raven to Knutsford.

Randall must have put in a thick mileage looking after Long in a most expert fashion.

Moorby showed that he could easily do 350 if he took himself seriously, and Elston rode through exactly as he had planned, without turning a hair and was only a few yards short of the 320 he had scheduled. He gained valuable experience and should be much higher up in the table next year.

Johnny Band was celebrating his 1,000th (or is it like the Arabian Nights, 1,001? We understand Price, Waterhouse & Co. are auditing the books) Club Fixture, on Prees Heath, with a camera. What a pity he could not photograph himself. Congratulations Johnny.

When Elston got home he found on his calendar the following most appropriate motto for the day. "Tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep."—*Edward Young*. And yet he so enjoyed himself that he suggested we should have a "24" every month! Great Scott! It would change Kettle's address from Hoylake to Rainhill!

It appears that Edge lost his way going through Nantwich and got out on the Chester road by mistake, apparently adding at least two miles to his distance. But for this he would almost have dead-heated with Long for third place. Both he and Capener on behalf of the Speedwell have written Kettle most appreciative letters, commending the organisation of the race and the way they were helped by everyone.

Finally, we wonder if many members realise the work Kettle does for the Club. We get off with a few hours, but he has to put in many days over the "24" alone, and does not always receive that co-operation he is entitled to expect. There were plenty about the course who had not *volunteered* and did next to nothing.

Acton Bridge, 28th July, 1928.

I'm no good at writing runs, as you'll see when you've read this, but having received a "Royal Command" from the sub-captain it must be done! Accounts of runs to Acton Bridge have appeared in the *Circular* on many past occasions, and I don't see why they should appear again. Cook was there, and I was there, so why worry? I talked of "24's" and August Tours and so did Cook—at least I think he did! So why mention it again in the *Circular*? I truly believe everyone else talked on the same subject—and I'm writing about it, the Editor will read it, the printers print it, and then I'll read it again in black and white, and realise what a hash I've made of the "write up," and so will R.J., and so will the Editor, and so will W.P.C., and so will the members, and everyone look at me and say, "What a mess he made of the Acton Bridge account in the August *Circular*," and I think they will be right. But to talk of the Run again; it took me 2 hrs. 48 mins. to ride out and exactly 3 hrs. 15 mins. to return, including one voluntary stop—not so bad for a broken-winded racing man, is it? No! Well, Mr. Editor, my fountain pen has run dry, so I can't write any mo

T. A. TELFORD, *Editor*.

ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

FORMED MARCH 1879

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

MONTHLY CIRCULAR.

Vol. XXIII.

No. 271.

FIXTURES FOR SEPTEMBER, 1928.

		Tea at 6-0 p.m.					Light up at
Sept.	1	Thlrd "50 Miles" Handicap	9-4 p.m.
"	8	Pullford (Grosvenor Arms)	8-48 p.m.
"	10	Committee Meeting, 7 p.m. (Victoria Hotel, St. John's Lane, Liverpool).					
"	15	Acton Bridge, (Leigh Arms)	8-31 p.m.
"	22	Fourth "50 Miles" Handicap	8-13 p.m.
"	29	Northwich (Crown and Anchor)	7-57 p.m.
Oct.	6	Halewood (Derby Arms)	7-40 p.m.

ALTERNATIVE FIXTURES FOR MANCHESTER MEMBERS:

		Tea at 5-30 p.m.					
Sept.	8	Goostrey (Red Lion)	8-48 p.m.
Oct.	6	Marton (Davenport Arms)	7-40 p.m.
		Full Moon	...	29th			

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 Martins Bank Ltd., for credit of the Anfield Bicycle Club, Tue Brook Branch.

4 THE LAUND,
WALLASEY, CHESHIRE.

COMMITTEE NOTES.

AUTUMNAL TINTS TOUR.—Llanarmon has again been chosen for this fixture as it proved so attractive last year. October 13/14 is the date. The West Arms has been reserved and there are 26 beds available. Will members who intend to participate in the Tour please let me have their names AT ONCE.

Accommodation will be allotted in the order in which names are received. The charge for dinner, bed and breakfast will be 8/-.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS.—Mr. J. A. Grimshaw, Conservative Club, Gladstone Street, Great Moor, Stockport.

H. W. POWELL,

Hon. General Secretary.

RACING NOTES.**Palatine "50," 9th September, 1928.**

We shall be well represented in this Event, and members able to be out on the course to assist our men can obtain full particulars from C. H. McKail or myself.

Fourth "50," 15th September, 1928.

This is the last event of our Racing Programme for 1928, entries for same must reach me not later than Saturday, 8th September. These must be posted as I shall not be at the Club run on that date.

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

TREASURY NOTES.

August, the holiday month, hardly seems the time to expect subscriptions, yet yearly we find about a dozen stalwarts achieving the unexpected. Probably there are good reasons for this. Possibly they have more time to sign cheques, or perhaps their doctor has ordered them a complete change.

There may be good, or even better, reasons for paying in September, and a Special Prize is offered—open to all members who have not yet "stumped up"—for the best reason for paying in September. All entries for this event must be accompanied by overdue subscriptions, and the Treasurer's decision will be final.

Remittances were received during August from :—

H. M. Buck.	J. Leece.	W. N. Owen.
J. W. Chandler.	W. A. Lowcock.	E. J. Reade.
J. Egar.	G. B. Orrell.	S. T. Threlfall.
F. Hotine*		

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS :—

"Face-Cream."—Boiling oil applied outwardly in liberal quantities will remove that schoolboy cheek.

Many will agree with your remarks that those who pay so late should have heavy block caps, a Maltese Cross and mourning border, but really I must keep something in store for those who delay still further.

ITEMS.

Hearty congratulations are hereby extended to Mr. F. Hancock, of the Manchester Grosvenor Wheelers (brother of our Arthur), on his almost staggering 24 hours' Tricycle record, on July 28/29th, when he wiped the slate clean of all previous 24 hours trike records by piling up a total which will work out at at least 366 miles. The R.R.A. and N.R.R.A. records to disappear are those of H. G. Cook, H. T. G. Page, the late H. Hellier and C. H. Turnor. Timed by Cook, who is now an R.R.A. timekeeper, he actually broke his own Northern 12 hours record for 12 hours with about 192 miles, but had unfortunately not given notice or arranged to be timed; and never faltering, he ran out time with an exhibition of faultless tricycle riding in *excelsis*. It was surprising enough for us who knew something of Hancock's powers, but down South it has created a sensation. And we understand Hancock had secretly hoped to beat his brothers *bicycle* record of 374½ miles, which would indeed have been paralysing.

The engagement to time Hancock's record accounted for the absence of the President at Acton Bridge, and makes quite mysterious the contribution of our reporter in the last *Circular*. What should have been recorded of this run was the very welcome presence of Hotine, who is now an exile in London and was only home for the week-end, and the regret we felt that Tommy Royden was unable to persuade "Wayfarer" and Harold Moore, whom he overtook on the top road on their way back from Ireland, to join us at the Leigh Arms, instead of going to West Felton direct. However, Harold Moore did see something of "my Club," because in addition to being *overtaken* by Tommy (impossible—they must have been dismounted—E.D.), they had encountered Winnie in Brunswick Street and were "discovered" next day at Loppington by Buckley. Still we think Harold Moore would have preferred to have seen something of Hancock's history-making ride in which many of "ours" assisted on the way home (and next day) from Acton Bridge.

* * * * *

Beardwood and Del Strother have been touring together in France to Pointe du Raz (Land's End), and had a great time, judging by the picture postcards several of us have received from them. Beardwood reports "having the tour of my life—dinner, 2 bottles cidre and 2 bottles red wine, bed, breakfast, and tips, 4/9," which seems to make the Widelegs-cum-Wayfarer 10/- per day "quite feasible," as Baron Fulton would say.

* * * * *

"Elsie" Price has arrived from Nyassaland, and came up to Liverpool, from London, by motor bus, on August Bank Holiday, but was disgusted to find neither food or checkers at Newport or the Raven! "Li" looks remarkably fit and well, and when he has completed his business in London, hopes to attend a few fixtures to see how we are behaving ourselves. He did try to go to the Bath Road "100," but drew a blank with A.T.S., who was otherwise engaged elsewhere.

* * * * *

We have found someone who reads the *Circular*! Hubert Roskell, who has been mostly away since Whitsuntide and incidentally had a very fine holiday in France, got back in time to read the paragraph in last month's *Circular* about Orrell's proposed attack on Northern "100" Record, and promptly reported himself for duty. Hubert joined Chandler and Cook at Macclesfield, August 11th, and at 5-0 a.m. next morning took the latter in his car to Broken Cross to start Orrell off at 5-35. Afterwards he became the "competent observer" to the finishing place in case the timekeeper struck any trouble, and was one of the first to congratulate Orrell most heartily after he had flashed past in the new record time of 4 hours 56 minutes 20 seconds. It was a fine ride and we are all proud of you, "G.B." Among others on the job were both Buckleys, R. J. Austin, Rothwell, Dr. Carlisle, J. Kinder, Foy, Hancock, H. Green, and Grimmy, smiling as broadly as ever. Another short account of Orrell's fine ride appears elsewhere in this issue.

* * * * *

On their way down to Shropshire for the "12," Cooper and Cook met A. B. Smith of the North Road on the "top" road, on his way to visit friends in Birkenhead, preparatory to a tour in North Wales. On his arrival in Birkenhead, he found he had some broken spokes and a broken brake wire so he called at "Sunnyside," to be directed to a competent repairer. Here he encountered Elston and Long about to depart for Chester and learning about the "12," immediately volunteered his services and next day reported himself at Stamford Bridge, where he was most heartily welcomed.

The Anfield Strides the Giant's Causeway

(Some few impressions left behind).

I was in doubt where to put the "apostrophe" for I was never told whether there was more than one Giant, but judging from the footprints I am inclined to think they were plural. Chandler having discovered this Causeway somewhere in Ireland had booked passage for the Anfield and promised each of us a berth, provided we sailed from Liverpool on the 3rd. Not knowing the Western City well I was guided to the Docks by a trusty friend along the Water Street and by the Water Gate, where stands a strange old edifice, to wit the Piazza, famous for having been the slave market. Rings were shown me to fasten chain-gangs and tales were told me of existing prison cellars. But those days are gone and could not be helped, as all that happened before Manchester had started sending goods to Liverpool for shipment, and even Liverpool had to make a living somehow in those unhappy far off days of sorrows long ago. This day all was merry and bright, and on being led to the Stage I observed many people coming to see us off on the steamer *Graphic*, chosen by Mr. Chandler for its splendid appointments, cabins, chambers and easements. Approaching the gangway we saw four stalwart men with cycles held high in air scrambling on board, soon to be seen strolling on *Graphic* Decks bar't Hat. Von is Chandler, an international tricyclist, von Cook, the national cycling hero, von Elston, a rider of whom more will be heard when the truth comes to be known, and lastly, Davies of Ardwick, a tried tourist in all weathers. These comprised the Real Riders. A small band you may say, but for a tour like the present only the most seasoned and dependable or else the most promising could hope to be chosen. These were not the whole party, for there was also the second team of "Riders All" or ex-cyclists—very ripe men like the Two Davids (Fell and Rowatt), The Vice., Ven, there was Chem the man of many tongues, who has been completely reconstructed, and lastly myself in their care. Great as was the throng, yet each of us had a private bunk—Chandler's work. The plan was, that once over in Ireland, these non-cyclists were by way of a test to be abandoned in mid-air, *sans* cycles or motors, ignorant of trains, and with no charabanes to wot of. Each stood up in his own luggage and chattels, carrying his own bags, coats, spare hats and sticks. In short like emigrants. Having passed the test I hope never again to be faced with a foreign shore in such helpless fashion. Great crowds surged on to the steamer making weird signs at us at first sight. At closer quarters we found they were all deaf mutes going to a great Irish Congress, and they saw in us other silent speakers. This false impression was short-lived, when Cook and Fell started upholding opposite views. The Congress looked disgusted. I have already stated that Cook went bareheaded, but Fell at the other extreme, as usual, wore a glorious headgear; such as is seldom if ever seen in Anfield circles: A window show Model Guinea Lincoln Bennett Bond Street Prize Cap, which was a red rag to Cook. Here was I carrying three hats and not one fit to wear, and there was that other David. Frankly I do not like Rowatt's hats; would that he copied his name-sake closer in these matters.

The recital of these minor details may seem over explicit, but this was the Parent August Tour and no Backwater Bastard Excursion. The Anfield stood on her metal.

Amidst this hubbub the steamer kept filling for two hours with late arrivals, until by midnight, they closed the hatches to keep the ship from sinking with thirteen hundred souls on board. But all the while One Man and one man alone stood immobile on the stage, vast

and unremoved, supervising every man, woman and child, and every bag and baggage. A great silent Supercargo. Was he head of the Deaf Mutes? No, it was Wallacey-Buck, the great Anfield touring scout, reviewing the work of Chandler. No bed for him that night, no Warren to burrow in. He saw it through till early morn, while we slid along the torch-lit river, with its myriad of lights; but looking back we could still see that lone figure keeping guard—the embodiment of the great Liver dropped from its perch. Would he thus await our return, time alone could tell.

Arrived at Belfast, it would have gone ill with the dismounted riders—exposed to every uncertainty and speaking a strange accent—but for the presence on board of a Girl Guide of Irish birth, who took us in hand and by the hand. Her good looks were not entirely lost on Fell, the ever gallant. We were husbanded on to a tram, then to a railway platform to find ourselves in Larne. Here a ramshackle motor coach took us in.

From the Girl Guide we fell into the keeping of an extremely lanky though friendly and youthful Yankee Globe Trotter, who travelled Europe single handed with a rucksack. Standing or sitting near Fell during the perilous ride along the northern coast of Ireland, it turned out to be a female tourist, who with great tact extricated us from trouble in an altercation between the fiery Rowatt and our bus driver who insisted on transferring us to another bus.

This interference with the liberty of the subject was then explained by the fact that every charabanc and every traveller by them is controlled by a single monster juggernaut in Larne, and Dave was no match for such might. This last protector left us at Bally Castle, a charming sea town, and after this set back we knew nothing more until we were deposited at the Causeway Hotel, our destination, that Chandler had put at our disposal. The place is of great excellence. Eager for the fray we would not wait for the real riders, but flung ourselves on to this great Highway into the sea. To describe what it is like, what made it, how it came to be, or what in fact caused the Causeway, we never found out. Not for us to explain the mysteries of nature. Enough that the Anfield keeps Professors in its ranks for this purpose. The show is now kept behind iron railings by the shore, but our fore-runners seemed to have carried off a good few of the stones, which are met with in many old buildings, such as Dunluce Castle, which lies a few miles to the south. This was our next objective. It was here that the Red Hand of Ulster bled or cut itself or was in some mischief. In exploring this ruin, Chem and the Davids risked their all, including wet feet, by traversing the great cave by the sea, where enemies landed and smugglers made fortunes. But our most risky exploit was early on Sunday, at Portrush, where on a sunswept beach our modesty was strained to the utmost by scores of fascinating mermaids meandering around us till we felt how unsuited were our own West Riding woollen garments in such company. Hastening back to our Hotel we found there, Murphy who had rushed across the Island to meet us after some more serious labours. Our reports gave him great satisfaction.

One little act of courtesy deeply touched Murphy and deserves mention. At least two of the Anfield party wore, nay bore, the Murphy-Atkin Dublin Poplin Tie, that made history on the last tour. It shows the Anfield in its true colours—a little faded perhaps but still true blue.

Meanwhile, the Cycling Pioneers were doing most wonderful feats of which I will mention only one, the most startling, that should suffice: They reached a place where the road ceased or broached on to some chasm, more than a hundred feet wide, with sheer and death-dealing sides, and

somehow the Anfield had either to cross it or make some attempt at crossing or do something. Across the awful Gap or Clough or Kloof or Cleft or Claws spanned slack ropes. Some ropes carried tender planks, but some didn't. Who would risk himself for the Club's sake, save its repute or honour, and try and cross it? Who I ask? Who but Cook, and eye witnesses swear to the truth. With his hands Cook grips or grasps the plankless ropes and with his feet at the same time he treads the planks on the other ropes. Everything sways: Ropes, Planks and Cook as well. He holds on, he reaches the swaying centre of the chasm, he surveys the scene, then at the begging of his friends he returns unscathed. Photographs have been brought home depicting it all.

To add more would tend to weaken the impression I have attempted to create. We want no anti-climax here. When we awoke on Tuesday morning by the side of the lifeless Liverpool Landing Stage under a drizzling sky it all seemed a dream. No harbour lights to greet us and gone was the Buck figure; some power had absconded with the Colossus. The Bird was back on its perch. It was a dream, but one not likely to be forgotten by those who lived through it all.

100 Miles N.R.R.A. Bicycle Record, August 12th, 1928.

Again we have to report the acquisition of Record Honours—G. B. Orrell having given notice to attempt this record. The start was made at Broken Cross, near Macclesfield, at 5.35 a.m. The rain which had threatened during the night, fortunately held off for the start, but two or three very heavy showers were experienced during the ride and the roads were waterlogged from end to end of the course. It was fortunate that the morning was calm and warm.

Orrell started very fast, keeping inside a hot schedule at all points up to fifty miles, the first half taking exactly 2 hrs. 18 mins., after this the conditions began to tell upon him for he slowed down considerably, but still kept well inside record.

On passing Mere Corner it was evident that, barring accidents, record was going to be smashed. And smashed it was, to the extent of 10 mins. 53 secs., the new record now being 4 hrs. 56 mins. 20 secs. A magnificent ride, but not beyond what most of us expected from him.

There was quite a large gathering of Anfielders at the finish, 13 in all, among whom was E. Buckley and Son, H. Roskell, The Doctor, Grimmy, Bert Green, Russ Rothwell, R. J. Austin, J. Kinder, and last but not least a gentleman boasting the name of Cook, who held the watch. Orrell got very little help from members, for instance, out of 19 checks, 16 were taken by members of one Manchester Club, to which we must express our sincere thanks.

Of Inns

Is the headline of an article on famous Roadside Hostelries that appeared on Friday, August 24th, in the familiar "first column of the last page" in the *Manchester Guardian*, over the initials C.S.B.

There is little doubt that these letters represent the name of a writer who was once an Anfielder, who often wrote about the Anfield, but who has not had the best of luck of recent years. His appearance in the *Manchester Guardian* gives his old friends great pleasure.

He was a coiner of phrases, often happy phrases. It was he, who, on witnessing his first motor race, cried out aloud, "We are living in a weird age; Strange Things Happen." It was he, who made the Anfielders' "black," by his constant reference to the Black Anfielders,

which in later years has had such a lasting influence over the wardrobe of our President. Admitted that Black and Blue have been the official club colours from time immemorial, we would ask : Who ever saw the Presider arrayed in Blue? None. We must maintain that the Black-Cook is the Black-Anfielder of C.S.B.'s conception.

While on this subject it is not inappropriate to ask : "What made the Anfield Black and Blue?" The answer is : "The Knocks and Bumps received during 50 years on the unyielding Highway of experience and in the Anfield Riding School.

It is one of those matters to remember during our coming years of Jubilee.

RUNS AND FIXTURES.

Nantwich, 4th August, 1928.

As things turned out, the Committee's decision to fix a tea-place for the Saturday before August Bank Holiday was amply justified. The number of fixtures for the week-end—the Irish Tour, East Liverpool Wheelers' "50," Speedwell "100," and Bath Road "100"—made a small attendance seem a certainty, but actually, Powell's conservative estimate of 12 was exceeded by 5. The venue being the "Lamb," Nantwich, this increase of nearly 50 per cent. in our numbers, occasioned us no inconvenience, even though the Manchester Wheelers—en route for Shropshire and the E.L.W. "50"—were also there for tea. The day was gloriously hot, but I don't think the heat was solely responsible for the state of profuse perspiration in which Orrell and Hancock arrived. (The result was a dead heat.) McKail was there, on his way down to ride in the Wheelers' "50." Most of the others were "out-and-homers" I think, but I mustn't forget to mention the er-distinguished motoring party which arrived in Captain Kettle's Kar, with a load of three bicycles neatly stacked on the luggage grid. Therein lies their claim to distinction. They had achieved the only sensible method of cycling! The three were Nevitt, Glover and Long, and they were gladly taking advantage of our indefatigable Captain's generous offer to convey them to Tewkesbury, so that they might ride in the Speedwell "100."

The talk over tea was mainly "shop"—to wit, racing; and regrets that Orrell was not riding on the Monday were freely expressed. None lingered long after tea. At 7 o'clock, under the envious gaze of the "humble push bikists," the Tewkesbury car party left for Shrewsbury, where they were spending the night. The push bikists themselves, bound for various destinations, were not long in following their example, and so we leave the stage set for the week-end activities.

August Tour—Antrim and Giant's Causeway,

4th/6th August, 1928.

With five fixtures over the Bank Holiday it is hardly surprising that the Tour only attracted the support of nine members, but what is surprising is that what "A Zealous Reader," in the June *Circular*, called "The Bastard Tours" were still necessary to cover our activities and that of those who were bursting at Easter for longer rides in new country, only Albert Davies took advantage of the unique opportunity for sampling absolutely "fresh ground and pastures new" as far as the Club is concerned, which none of the Easter alternatives have been. And, too, it was rather amusing to be asked by some of those *not* going "Why are there so few?" When obviously they themselves supplied the answer! Surely with the long notice given, anyone really wanting to go could have had little or no difficulty in doing so. Frank Chandler

went to any amount of trouble and proved a perfect Tour-master, to whom we are greatly indebted. His arrangements worked with perfect precision and there were no "snags" of any kind. Just think what it means to be crossing in a steamer packed to the gunwales, with two-thirds of the passengers having to lie about anywhere, and for us to have the number of our berths both ways the moment we gave in our names! But we must get on with our job of recording the finest tour the Club has ever carried out.

The departure of our nine voyageurs—a quartette of cyclists (Chandler, Cook, Elston and A. Davies), and a quintette of bus and train clients (Fell, Rowatt, Ven, Koenen and Chem) for the land of Saints and Sinners was not without incident, for amongst the mass of people and luggage was Lizzie Buck. Not without purpose did he stand there, leaning on his stick, for in his pocket reposed a small blue handkerchief, which was to be waved as a token of his fraternal affection for those leaving their native shore. He had taken up his post about one hour before zero and when the time for departure had come, passengers and goods were still turning up. Lizzie was unruffled. Another hour passed with no abatement in the stream of traffic for embarkation, but L.B. was still there. It may be that the gesticulations of a large party of deaf and dumb folk relieved the tedium, but by his determined frown from fore to aft of the vessel, it could be seen that he had set himself a task. A further thirty minutes passed by, and just when he must have thought he would be going home with the milk, we cast off. Out came the handkerchief, and it was waved till sight was lost of those he held in such regard. The task was consummated and they were gone.

The shades of night witnessed revels in environment unusual to Anfielders. The passage was perfect, and the sound sleep of Presider Cook and Guide Chandler was taken advantage of by two nocturnal marauders, who were caught in the act.

Morning found us gliding along Belfast Lough and after an early breakfast the cyclists got away leaving the five elderly gents to their fate. A good road led through Carrickfergus and past Island Magee—really a peninsular—to Larne, where the wonderful coast road for which County Antrim is justly famed, opened up. Hills on the left and the North Channel within a few yards on the right, combined with the exhilarating ozone, bright sun, calm air, and the gently undulating and twining road, supplied ideal conditions. A halt was called at the Dark Arch—Black Cave tunnel—and cameras utilised. Next call of interest was the Spy or Madman's window, a most curious rock formation. A detour was made by a tortuous road to the Garron Towers Hotel, which is a fine old castle (formerly the home of the Marquess of Londonderry) retaining much beauty and situated in very fine grounds, where we found a galaxy of feminine loveliness hailing from Lisburn. Rounding Red Bay, Cushendall gave us such a meal that we looked forward to our call on the morrow's circular tour and fixed our engines up for the overland route across Ballycastle mountains. Soon we received our introduction to extensive peat bogs, and at Ballycastle decided to detour by the coast road to Ballintoy, just short of which a stop was made to visit Carrick-a-Rede, where a swinging rope bridge crosses a chasm sixty feet wide and eighty deep, between a huge rock and the mainland. Chandler had essayed the feat often before and took it in his stride. Davies and Elston hadn't, but managed it, but Cook was left! Visibly scared and under great persuasion he started and wished he hadn't!! Safely across, he begged to be escorted back—one in front and one behind—but when he heard that three at once was too great a strain, he braced himself up and got over. Later he

saw a photograph with three men standing in the middle simultaneously. This exhibition of Cook's compares unfavourably with that of Davies' who almost ran across.

The view of Rathlin Island and the magnificent coast scenery was very fine, and after " lashings of tea " at Ballintoy a visit was made to Dunseverick Castle, which was duly photographed. And there a short ride brought us to the Causeway Hotel, which was perfect in both its situation and amenities and where we found the non-cyclists and a superb dinner awaiting us. The non-cyclists, under the captaincy of Ven, had trained to Larne and then followed most of our route per motor bus, but unfortunately their stop for lunch at Cushendall had been an hour earlier than that of the " riders all."

After dinner, the Giant's Causeway—that miracle in stone—called for attention. Column after column of massive octagonal, hexagonal and pentagonal stones flung fantastically together by nature. It is a tremendous, awe-inspiring and soul-stirring scene.

There is the giant's well, the wishing chair where some considerable time was spent, and the giant's loom, organ and amphitheatre. The curious chimney pots were beautifully outlined against the sky, and one could well imagine that the Spanish Armada mistook them for Dunluce Castle. Stories, song, etc., rounded off the evening.

On Sunday, while the mechanical transport squad were pursuing their studies of the beautiful bathing belles at the Blue Pool, Port Rush (Koenen was heard saying he had never seen such perfect figures and Ven was in entire agreement—but of course they had not been with the cyclists at Garron Towers !) the cyclists in perfect weather proceeded by the direct road to Ballycastle and then at Ballyvoy detoured into the stiff coast road over Torr Head and Runabay Head—thus completing the Antrim Coast in a way practically impossible on a straight-away tour. The gradients were very severe, several hills having to be walked down owing to the hairpin bends being precipitous and stoney, but our labours were compensated by most wonderful, not to say awe-inspiring views of sea and cliffs. The two weaklings, Davies and Elston, were driven to both buttermilk and water, but the stalwarts, Chandler and Cook, held out until Cushendun, where good and easy roads were once more our lot, and at Knocknacarry, Chandler hurled invectives in something like Esperanto, at one house which refused to open its portals in spite of many urgent calls—the Emerald Isle placing an embargo on public business on Sundays ! However, half-a-mile further on more congenial folk were encountered, though it is not often one quenches one's thirst with hens pecking one's corns ! And slightly behind schedule Cushendall was reached for the second time and a real square meal devoured.

As it was reported that the Glenariff Falls contained no water worth looking at, the party decided unanimously to vary the return route and sample another of Antrim's Glens, so the road up Glenaan was taken and proved most glorious. It was a perfectly graded climb, with a drop to Orra Lodge Bridge, where the Glendun road joined in and then another long easy climb over moors that quite put the Sportsman's in the shade, followed by a long drop to the plain and a fast easy run to Armory where the Round Tower was photographed and much tea consumed. Thence on well-ironed roads we rejoined our outward route at Ballinlea and skirting Bushmills by a slip road arrived back at the Causeway Hotel in nice time for dinner ; being greeted by The O'Tatur who had come over from professional duties at Belfast specially to join us. After dinner, some of the party intrigued by the fine view of Portballintrae, as seen from the Hotel, decided to go and " discover "

it and we understand Chem performed a wonderful feat of pedestrianism, quite dropping the others; while the cyclists and Murphy were content with prowlings around the Causeway. Another session in the lounge, the "monotony" of which was relieved by the antics of some loving couples, "and so to bed."

Monday came all too soon, and the cyclists departed first, after Murphy had photographed them riding through the gateway with every prospect of a graffy ride, as the weather had quite changed. A stiff wind from the S.E. threatened rain, but it did not eventuate until after Dunluce Castle had been photographed and Port Rush gained, while it did not get heavy enough for capes until between Port Stewart and Coleraine most superbly situated on the River Bann; and even then it was not what Cook calls a wet rain, as none of us got our pedal extremities even damp, and the wind proved much less trying than had been feared. With a stop at Garvagh for petrol, Maghera was reached in excellent time for lunch, where a *real* meal was awaiting us and Davies provided a sensation by cornering the shirt market! Then in fine weather we proceeded to try and find Toome, after getting on the wrong road, although always assured by the natives that we were "roight," and finding that the ratio between English and Irish miles appeared to work on a sliding scale, according to locality or the geniality of the person asked! However, we only added about two real miles to our distance and at Toome on Lough Neagh where the Bann commences its northward course to the sea, we got back into the region of sign posts and milestones and soon reached Randalstown (which Charles ought to be proud of) and Antrim for tea.

Meanwhile, the intrepid non-cyclists had proceeded to Portrush by the very first electric tramway ever constructed in the British Isles, and the broken weather caused the party to split up into two sections. Ven and Rowatt decided to accompany Murphy on the Rattler and were vastly entertained and instructed by a witty interchange of ideas between Murphy and a well-informed Northerner, arriving in Belfast in time to explore the city; while The Master, Chem and Fell stuck to the open road and patronised one of the superb busses that does the 76 miles in three hours, the bus passing through Antrim while the cyclists were having tea. From Antrim the cyclists had a fast run into Belfast (the last five miles all down hill) on a road that is mostly concrete, enlivened by a scrap between Elston and a youth on a corkscrew bicycle, which although alleged to be "a new frame," was not more than five inches out of track! And at 6-50 precisely we dead-headed with Ven and Rowatt at Donegal Quay and soon the whole party sat down to a very welcome feed in the saloon of the *Patriotic*.

The passage home was somewhat rough and wet, but cabins and bunks were snug and cosy, so our party slept the sleep of the just and weary (the latter in the case of the cyclists). "Home, sweet home" was the morning motto, toilet and nourishment being deferred till arrival there, except in the case of Davies and Koenen, who still had to make the voyage to Manchester. The tour was remarkable in many ways and we cannot find words (why not get a good dictionary—Ed.) to describe the invigorating air, scenic grandeur, excellent catering and accommodation, and freedom from troublesome delays. Frank Chandler was a worthy leader. William Cook as merciless as ever, but getting us there, while Albert Davies acquitted himself wonderfully, taking life easily by keeping Elston company in the rear. And the five non-cyclists had an equally good time, although doubtless envying those who had the freedom provided by the possession of a bicycle and the youth and vigour to propel it.

NOTES.—We understand the Presider presented himself with two gold medals for his performance on Carrick-a-rede Bridge, and has sworn never to do it again.

The absence of Finn was fully explained by the fact that he was busy piling up 201 miles in 12 hours—the greatest distance ever done unpaced on Irish Roads. Finn must be wonderfully fit just now, and we congratulate him on the fine way he is taking advantage of it.

Undoubtedly the Antrim Coast road is a *real* coast road and the only one in the British Isles. It exceeded all expectations.

We were delighted to find that Irish motorists have brains. They don't require "White Lions" to tell them which is their side of the road, and there would be less "accidents" in this country if atrophy of the brain were not encouraged and ninety per cent. of the signs obliterated!

The O'Tatur writes: "It was a great pleasure to me to be able to join you at the Causeway and I very thoroughly enjoyed every minute of the time."

Speedwell "100," 6th August, 1928.

It is a few years since we were represented in this Event, probably largely due to the difficulty of getting home the same day after the race. This year the Skipper offered motor transport for riders and machines, for anyone wishing to ride, this was quickly snapped up by Glover, Long and Nevitt.

On the Saturday, the party attended the Club run at Nantwich and stayed the night at Shrewsbury, an early start was made on the Sunday to reach Tewkesbury for lunch and to take the riders over the course in the afternoon. On our return to Tewkesbury we found Randall waiting for us, he had ridden through on the Saturday and the next day toured the Cotswolds.

Our old friend M. Draisey (60 mins.) on a trike with the fine ride of 5hrs. 39mins. 10secs. dead heated for first place with P. M. Stocker (38mins.), Wessex R.C., with 5hrs. 14mins. 10secs.; A. Power (30mins.), Cheshire R.C., was second in 5hrs. 12mins. 36secs.; and J. S. Allbutt (30mins.), Warwicks R.C., was third in 5hrs. 12mins. 31secs. J. Lambert (11mins.), Wyndham C.C., was fastest in 4hrs. 58mins. 38secs., the only rider to beat "evens." The Team Race went to the Hull Thursday, with the aggregate time of 15hrs. 7mins. 51secs. Of "Ours" we are naturally pleased with the performances of Long and Glover, who clocked 5hrs. 22mins. 58secs. and 5hrs. 29mins. 26secs. respectively, which qualifies them for Standard "C," while Nevitt's ride of 5hrs. 40 mins. 2secs., qualifies him for Standard "B."

East Liverpool Wheelers' "50," 6th August, 1928.

The East Liverpool Wheelers' "50" has always been a popular fixture with our men, but unfortunately for us, Bank Holiday week-end has been robbed of much of its interest by the inability of G. B. Orrell to get away from work to ride in any of the important fixtures of the holiday, but I think if he had ridden anywhere there would have been a considerable difference in the results judging by his present riding.

However, we were represented by McKail, Heath, Burge, and Ladds. McKail's 2.27.12 showed once again his consistent form, while Heath and Burge both improved again during the past month with 2.30.57 and 2.30.43 respectively.

Daresbury, 11th August, 1928.

It was a very close and oppressive sort of day, with occasional Heavy showers, and by way of a change from the detested Widnes route

I journeyed out via Warrington. When near Hough Green I encountered Mandall on a bicycle, but he soon left me for the Transporter. The warm day seemed to evaporate all my energy. I found triking for once, a trifle toilsome, and the tiny "smother" flies amused themselves by trying to tickle me to death when my hands were busy on the up-grades. Small wonder then that on beholding the sunshine on a cornfield, near Stretton, I exchanged the saddle for a green nook by the roadside, and for a brief space lost all interest in cycling. After some little time, Moorby appeared on the scene heading feverishly for Daresbury, but I managed to bring him out of the saddle by assuring him that there were only about three miles to go. A select little Manchester party then appeared, headed by the "Mullah," all riding steadily to schedule. In a few minutes we followed and when near the "Ring O'Bells" we discovered Tommy Royden and Johnny Band strolling contentedly in the vicinity of the Church. In the yard of the hotel we found that W.E.T. had once more restored himself to us and appeared so delighted to be with us again that he invited all and sundry to drink his health in lemon dashes, much to the delight of the thirsty souls.

The attendance appeared a good one and we sat down in merry mood to an excellent meal. The forthcoming "12" seemed to be the main topic of conversation, and I heard of some strange speed drinks.

I returned via Warrington in the company of Taylor, who as usual, introduced me to some attractive albeit roughish lanes in the Prescott and Huyton district, but we made an interesting and enjoyable ride, despite some very heavy showers.

12 Hours' Handicap, 18th August, 1928.

A rather disappointing event for several reasons. First of all, an entry of 11 is altogether too small with our large membership; seeing how many youngsters we have among us there ought to have been double the number at least. One can understand the over-timorous hesitating at a "24," but a "12"!—why, it's a pleasant tour, with nice drinks, food, and encouragement all round the course, and one would expect that every man would wish to try his luck at it. And not only were there only 11 names on the card, but only 10 starters, Ladds not feeling fit enough to face the Skipper at Christleton—he helped at Hodnet instead. Of course, there is the difficulty of getting the morning off and this was undoubtedly an insuperable one for some who would have liked to ride. Perhaps the remedy is to make the race open, so that it will be worth the while of the checkers and feeders, etc., to put in a day in the country. Now for the ride itself.

The ten were duly dispatched by the Skipper, who then raced ahead to give them drinks at Teruhill. Orrell ran through the field and was the first to arrive at Shawbury (10-45) followed by Hancock (10-57), Heath (10-58), Elston (10-59), Randall (11-3), Taylor (11-4), Glover (11-9), Moorby (11-17), and Foy (11-24). Orrell was in fine form and looked like beating his splendid ride of last year and the others, with the exception of Foy, seemed very fit. Foy, however, was distinctly unwell, and debated whether to go on or not. He finally decided to carry on to Hodnet in the hope that he would get more comfortable. At Hodnet, however, he was forced to abandon the course proper, turning there for Battlefield Corner and Preses. All the helpers at Hodnet were anxiously awaiting the return of Orrell from Shawburch and as the minutes passed it became increasingly evident that something untoward had happened. Then Hancock arrived (12-22½), followed by Heath

(12-25), both bringing the disconcerting intelligence that Orrell's chain had broken somewhere on the Hodnet side of Crudgington. This caused him to walk for a considerable distance and quite apart from the time lost, the walking did not do him any good, and the hopes we had been indulging of another special ride were doomed to disappointment. Eventually he was fixed up with a spare link that one of the helpers had been carrying round for 15 years (note the mascot effect of carrying spares) and reached Hodnet at 12-34. The first to arrive at the Raven, apart from Foy, was Hancock (1-50), looking not too comfortable; Heath followed him (1-55), with Orrell two minutes later. Randall, full of beans, came along at 2-0, Taylor at 2-8, Elston at 2-10, Glover at 2-19, Buckley at 2-28 and Moorby at 2-46. Heath was going well and seemed likely to upset the handicap and Elston seemed filled with a grim determination to do or die. Taylor had an appreciative audience from his home town to watch him feed and his anxiety that the ladies of the party should not enlighten his better-half with regard to his appearance was touching. Moorby did not seem to be enjoying the outing much and decided to pack. All the others went on. Orrell overhauled Hancock just before reaching Shawbury (3-48), the latter following one minute later. Heath came along at 4-4, Randall at 4-7, Taylor at 4-22, Elston at 4-26, Buckley at 4-39, and Glover at 4-46. The last-named decided to shorten the course by taking Rock Cutting instead of Battlefield Corner. At the Raven (2nd time) Orrell (4-54) was well in advance of the others; Heath following him at 5-13, Randall at 5-19, Taylor at 5-36, Elston at 5-44, and Buckley at 5-49. Hancock toured up; he had packed owing to knee trouble. By the kindness of Turvey, who, with his wife and a friend had been slipping about the course all day, he was transported to Chester, the Skipper doing the same service for Moorby. By the way, Turvey ought to have been mentioned before; he was on tour and appeared at Shawbury early, looking very fit. Appearances were, however, deceptive; he still loves his bicycle and carries it about on the car with him, but he has to moderate his riding since he has not yet quite recovered from his illness. We were all very pleased to see him again. Orrell arrived at Vicar's Cross at 6-7½, and Heath at 6-32, Randall at 6-40, Taylor at 6-58, and Elston and Buckley together at 7-12. Orrell reached Acton (7-8); the only other rider to gladden the eyes of the checker at that point was Foy (7-25). Eight of the ten starters ran out time, Orrell with a total of 206 miles, Heath 193 miles, Randall 192½, Taylor 188½, Buckley 182½, Elston 182, and the two, Glover and Foy who did not go the course 177½ and 176½ respectively. Heath with his handicap of 25 won first prize and Standard "C," Elston came second and Taylor third; Glover and Foy get Standard "B." Heath's is a novice ride and he is to be congratulated on it; Taylor's distance (188½) is 1½ miles less than last year (perhaps if he had had the use of his free wheel from the commencement he might have done better; Elston is progressing very nicely and should do better. Buckley was down 2 miles on his last year's figure; he wasn't at all well, but pluckily stuck it out to the end. We were all very glad to see Randall in tights again; he rode with judgment and if he will but stick to the wheel consistently we may see some very good rides by him next season. Orrell's unfortunate accident with his chain put him off completely; he is so fit now that 220 miles seemed a very reasonable distance to expect from him.

There was the usual trouble in getting followers and in getting the finishing cards to the Skipper. It's pure thoughtlessness, of course, but if followers would only take the trouble to see that their men's cards reach the Skipper the same night it would save a deal of worry.

For convenience of reference, tables showing times at intermediate distances and the final results are appended:—

INTERMEDIATE TIMES OF FINISHERS.

Name and Actual Placing.	37 miles.	50½ miles.	75½ miles.	134 miles.	148½ miles.	170 miles.	Total mileage 12 hrs.
G. B. Orrell ...	1.52	2.34	4.23	7.52	8.43	9.56½	206
N. S. Heath ...	2.6	2.56	4.23	8.19	9.11	10.30	193
C. Randall ...	2.12	3.0	4.27	8.22	9.16	10.37	192¾
U. Taylor ...	2.5	2.54	4.22	8.30	9.26	10.48	188½
H. G. Buckley	2.10	3.5	4.40	8.50	9.44	11.7	182½
H. L. Elston	2.7	2.58	4.32	8.44	9.43	11.11	182

FINAL RESULT—PRIZE LIST.

Name and Handicap Placing.	Actual Distance Ridden.	Handicap.	Handicap Distances.
G. B. Orrell, Greatest Distance	206	Scratch	206
N. S. Heath, 1st Prize and Standard "C"	193	25	218
H. L. Elston, 2nd Prize and Standard "B"	182	35	217
U. Taylor, 3rd Prize	188½	28	216½

Tarpорley, 25th August, 1928.

Extracts from The Cyclist's Diary (C.T.C.), 25th August, 1928.

2-30 p.m.—Called for sparring partner—not ready—set out alone—met friend, 2-45. S.W. wind very arduous—3-15, sighted Kettle—4-15, caught Kettle. 4-30, dying for cup of Tea—Kettle heartless—wouldn't stop. Through Eaton Park, very beautiful—Iron Bridge—still no cup of tea. 4-45, met the Maggot, Long and Randall—last mentioned pair very affectionate. Long—the milk of human kindness gone sour. Randall—a bad egg—place together and get a cuss'd 'ard pair. (Pun.) Arrived Tarpорley, 5-40. The Swan—interesting hunting place—Pictures of huntsmen in red—Crowds of cyclists—Manchester in force—many resurrections—Lowcock. Sammy Threlfall not dead—nor dell Blotto. 6-0, excellent tea—36 eaters. Jim Long paid—very decent of him—collects three and two's first to keep things square. 6-20, Austin returns from Tour—makes complete confession to Chandler. 6-30, nothing more to eat—therefore talk. 7-0, nothing more to talk about—therefore home.

T. A. TELFORD,
Editor.

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ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

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MONTHLY CIRCULAR.

Vol. XXIII.

No. 272.

FIXTURES FOR OCTOBER, 1928.

Tea at 6-0 p.m.

		Light up at
Oct. 6	Halewood (Derby Arms)	7-40 p.m.
" 8	Committee Meeting, 7-0 p.m. (Victoria Hotel, St. John's Lane, L'pool).	
" 13	Northwich (Crown and Anchor)	5-52 p.m.
" 13/14	Autumnal Tints Tour—Llanarmon (West Arms)	5-52 p.m.
" 20	Daresbury (Ring o'Bells)	5-37 p.m.
" 27	Pulford (Grosvenor Arms)... ..	5-22 p.m.
Nov. 3	Halewood (Derby Arms)—Musical Evening	5-7 p.m.

ALTERNATIVE FIXTURES FOR MANCHESTER MEMBERS :

Tea at 5-30 p.m.

Oct. 6	Marton (Davenport Arms)	7-40 p.m.
" 27	Allostock (Three Greyhounds)	5-52 p.m.
Nov. 3	Goostrey (Red Lion)	5-7 p.m.

Full Moon ... 28th inst.

Summer Time ends 7th 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 Martins Bank Ltd., for credit of the Anfield Bicycle Club, Tue Brook Branch.

4 THE LAUND,
WALLASEY.

COMMITTEE NOTES.

AUTUMNAL TINTS TOUR.—There are five Beds still vacant, will members who intend to participate in the Tour please let me know quickly. Beds not booked by October 6th will be given up.

A Musical Evening, under the direction of Mr. G. Newall, has been arranged for November 3rd, at Halewood.

The Sub-Committee to act with Mr. P. Brazendale in the preparation of the "History of the Club," have been appointed as follows:—Messrs. W. P. Cook, G. B. Mercer, D. R. Fell, R. H. Carlisle, and A. T. Simpson.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS.—Mr. F. L. Edwards, 151 Withington Road, Whalley Range, Manchester.

H. W. POWELL,
Hon. General Secretary.

TREASURY NOTES.

There are no good reasons why Subs. should be paid in September! That is the conclusion I have come to, since, in spite of the magnificent offer of a Special Prize for the best Reason, none have been sent in.

Besides, only *ten* delayers have paid, while a whole crowd of others are afflicted with this difficulty of coughing up.

I have received remittances from the following members:—

P. C. Beardwood.	E. Green, Senr.	H. Rothwell.
*E. J. Cody.	A. E. Morton.	F. A. Smith.
W. J. Finn.	F. Roskell.	J. H. Suiter.
W. E. S. Foster.		

ITEMS.

The first name given in for the Llanarmon week-end was that of W. Crompton Humphreys, who will then attend his first *real* Club run since resuming his membership, and provide an excellent opportunity for his old friends to meet him once again. There are still plenty of beds left, so drop Powell a line.

* * * * *

Although we had no one riding in the Bath Road "100," it was a Club fixture for the August Bank Holiday, and it ought to be recorded that Hotine, Mandall, J. E. Rawlinson and Morton attended and fraternised with the B.R. and N.R. boys. We understand they all had a very good time and that Hotine helped in the marshalling of Wallingford. Beardwood, away on tour with Del Strother in France, was very much missed.

* * * * *

"No one who doesn't drink beer can ever understand English rural life."—*Stacy Almonier*. And yet Robbie claims to do so on buttermilk!

* * * * *

Wayfarer writes of *riding* from Ballintoy to Carrick-a-Rede, but we are prepared to risk a bet at long odds that he *walked* a goodish bit.

* * * * *

Molyneux' Attempt on Liverpool-London Record, 16th September, 1928.

With J. K. Middleton making this admittedly thick record even thicker by clocking 10½ hours, one can only admire the pluck and confidence Molyneux has in himself in deciding to have another shot at it before Lauterwasser or some other super-speedman puts it definitely on the shelf for many years as Green did in 1900. But, as on the previous occasion, the wind which was blowing usefully from the N.-W. on the Saturday, went right round during the night to S.S.E., and made the attempt hopeless from the start. It was not therefore surprising that Cook and Chandler found the bottle of milk they had with them South of Stone was not called for, as Molyneux had given it best at Talke, some 10 mins. behind schedule. And doubtless others, including Hotine prowling around Daventry, were equally disappointed. Knipe got up in the middle of the night to time him off and we hear there was quite a crowd around Dunstable, including two N.R. men and Rossiter.

The North Road "24," 31st August/1st September, 1928.

For this event, we had only one representative—Little Long. To give him help, Hotine was up from Golders Green, Randall had ridden over on the Thursday, and Turvey brought his car down and picked up Randall and gallons of egg and milk at March. Jimmy started No. 45, and after a ride into the easterly wind was looked after at March by Hotine; the car had gone on and lay in wait for him at the fork, seven miles past Wisbech, where he arrived a few minutes slower than expected; the egg and milk sampled off he went whilst Turvey and Randall cut across, and at Long Sutton filled up the thermos and asked Speedwell Capener to look after Long when he arrived. The car then went on to Market Deeping, where Jimmy arrived earlier than expected and going well. Jimmy arrived at Spalding with a bit of the varnish off, but fortunately very cheerful; he took the egg and milk and pushed on whilst the car cut across through Crowland to Thorney, 196 miles, where a wait of 2½ hours in the wee sma' hours had to be beguiled; even Charles finally got tired of talking and fell asleep, leaving the chauffeur on guard. Long got to March again (219 miles) sooner than expected, and was packed off for Cambridge quite hopefully. Fresh supplies of egg and milk having been taken aboard, the car made for St. Ives and Cambridge, outside of which place Little Jimmy was waited for long (joke!) and anxiously; trikes which had left March after him came through, but no Jimmy. Schuler as he passed said there were two lumps of dead meat up the road and hearts were felt to fall. Jimmy finally crawled in—packed on account of muscular trouble in the back—251 miles and 7¾ hours to go. Obstinacy thy name is Long; one of the helpers at any rate longed for the touch of a John Kinder at Arclid; after half-an-hour's fierce verbal quarrel the little devil won and was carted to bath and bed at St. Neots.

* * * * *

You must not on any account miss the Musical Evening at Halewood, on November 3rd; so write the engagement down and paste it in your hat. George Newall is the *entrepreneur* and a perfect galaxy of talent is assured with our old and ever welcome friend Mr. Albert Workman on scratch.

* * * * *

In connection with the C.T.C. Jubilee, a Veterans' 100 mile ride was carried out on September 23rd, and was a huge success. Both the N.R. and B.R. were well represented by their "too old at fifty," and we were represented by P. C. Beardwood, who took along with him, "My boy John" to collect the bits! Fortunately, this was not necessary, as the combination of Tabucchi and Portasella enabled Percy Charles to report the ride of 112 miles all told as "quite easy." There's an example for you laggards who "seek my knees" in saloon cars!

* * * * *

The O'Tatur is evidently having a great time on his trip to Canada and the United States. Already he has been entertained by Newsholme in Toronto, who drove him 90 miles in and around the city. Murphy writes: "I cannot go to bed at Niagara Falls without telling you the great time Newsholme gave me in Toronto to-day. I knew that an introduction from an Anfielder to an Anfielder would ensure a hearty welcome, but Newsholme's kindness exceeded all anticipations. . . . I should be out of doors seeing the Falls under electric light, but such kindness deserves to be acknowledged. I have also had a letter from

Fulton asking me to keep him a few evenings when I get to New York." Doubtless the Baronial one will paint the town red and make Murphy dizzy on the Great White Way otherwise known as Broadway "the Gay Rialto of New York."

* * * * *

Palatine "50," September 9th, 1928.

With Orrell, McKail, Long and Glover competing in this event, which Cook timed, we were unusually interested in it, and on Saturday, Kettle, Glover and Cook met at the Fernor Arms, Rufford, for tea, and afterwards proceeded to Much Hoole, where Orrell, McKail and Long were found busy rebuilding their machines with the "assistance" of Randall and Moorby. Later the party were joined by Rothwell, fresh from Donegal and Antrim and full of the glories of the Coast Road. The racing men and Randall and Moorby squeezed themselves in at the Rose and Crown, while the Presider had a bed at the Black Lion Headquarters, but Kettle and Russ had to go on to the rebuilt Anchor at Hutton Bank. It had rained all day and was still doing so when the first man started at 6-31—indeed the first thirty men started in a heavy drizzle, and the roads were not properly dry "until not all was over." Those who started late missed the rain and had more of the drier roads, but they also got more of the steadily rising wind, and it is therefore difficult to say who had the best of it. The course is very flat and undoubtedly fast. It twice went to the outskirts of Southport, apparently searching unsuccessfully for Jim Park and "Widelegs," but there was no detour to Formby for Horrocks' benefit! Orrell rode magnificently, and clocked 2.16.32, but was only fourth fastest; Harris, of the Ashton R.C., doing 2.13.24, S. Livingston, Dukinfield, 2.14.32, and Allen, Nelson Wheelers, 2.14.59, after throwing away 45 seconds by a late start! Orrell is undoubtedly better suited by an undulating rather than a flat course. McKail, who had been penalised two minutes for his win in our third "50," showed a continuance of his improving form by going through in 2.21.20 and although this made his handicap time 2.10.20, it only placed him fifteenth. Indeed, out of the 82 finishers (94 starters) the *slowest* handicap time was 2.21.8 and it took 2.5.16 to win; so it is not surprising that Long, although showing an improvement on his previous best time with 2.32.11, was only 31st, and Glover with 2.37.3 was only 63rd. H. Rothwell, again riding as V.R.C., did 2.23.3 and it is rather galling to think that if he had ridden for his first claim club we should have only missed the second team medals by 7 seconds instead of being eighth. The first team medals were won by the Ashton R.C. with the wonderful aggregate of 6.54.33 and the Preston Wheelers were second with 7.0.48.

Quite a feature of the event were the 9 tricycles competing, and of these J. Shepherd of the promoting club was fastest with 2.31.58 and F. Hancock second with 2.34.24.

The race was splendidly organised in every way and the Palatine in general and F. Dutton-Walker in particular are to be most heartily congratulated. During its progress Hubert Buckley and J. D. Cranshaw arrived after a ride through the night, while Molyneux and H. Austin, after seeing J. K. Middleton off on his record ride from Liverpool to London came up North to help our boys.

Afterwards Kettle, Cook, Long, Glover and Randall went to Southport for lunch (but successfully avoided the Bathing Belles!) and Halewood for tea—thus making a very agreeable week-end.

RUNS AND FIXTURES.

Third Fifty, 1st September, 1928.

It is generally the unexpected that happens. Looking at the card, with only 10 entries, was a great disappointment and seemed to indicate a flat, stale and unprofitable event. Of course there were some reasons for the paucity of entries—Long was riding for the Club in the N.R. "24," with Randall as his "manager," Hancock had a shocking cold, Perkins was troubled with a "wonky" knee, Elston was away on business and Banks is lost to sight nowadays—and doubtless others like Foy and Moorby can prove an alibi! Then we heard that Ladds' entry had been overlooked, so that there were really 11 on the card; and while the question seemed to be "How much will Orrell be fastest by?" it was rather intriguing to speculate as to the extent of Selkirk's "come back." But at the start the gaiety of nations was added to by the report that Hubert Buckley was standing down to avenge an alleged grievance, although what good this display of "biting off one's nose to be revenged on one's face" is rather obscure. Even supposing the grievance is well-founded, this unsportsmanlike conduct is more likely to alienate sympathy than anything else. The other non-starter was Glover, reported as under the weather, so after all there were only 9 competitors to be despatched by the Presider, in perfect weather conditions.

And then came the unexpected, for Orrell, either having an off-day or holding the opposition too lightly and saving himself—only he can tell us and all he vouchsafed was the smiling "I must be getting old," which no one believes—was never in the lead, because McKail was riding the race of his life and at one time had an advantage of about a minute, as near as one can figure from the checks. It certainly made one of the most exciting races we have had for a long time, and it is all to the good from a sporting point of view that we now have another man to press Orrell and give him a run for his money. Apparently when Orrell realised that he was slower he set about himself on the last 10 miles and wiped out all the deficit but *one second*, and that was just enough to make McKail a Fastest Timer. And of course he made rather a mess of the handicap as is only to be expected when a man shows an improvement of nearly $7\frac{1}{2}$ minutes and 5 minutes better than he has ever done on any course. But even the wretched handicappers were delighted with McKail's win. Second place was taken by U. Taylor, who practically repeated his previous best (only 9 secs. slower), and Ladds was third with a performance 2 minutes slower than he has done before.

Nevitt was probably feeling the slowing effect of his tour, but did quite a good ride which should put him on edge for the last "50," while Selkirk was evidently not as fit as we had hoped and showed that more prolonged continuous training is required to give him that speed we know he has in him and which we trust he will again develop to strengthen our position on the road. Of the other starters, Heath was manifestly off colour and must have only got up to show the proper sporting spirit, so that his retiral was not surprising. With Heath's "style" we confidently look for him developing into a 2.20 man. Molyneux punctured twice and having no more spares had to be brought in from Bickley P.O. by Edwards in his car; and Burge had the misfortune of experiencing a broken pedal. And that's that!

The following is the result in tabular form:—

		Actual Time.	Handi- cap.	Net Time.
1.	C. H. McKail (First and Fastest, and Standard E)	2.24.51	9	2.15.51
2.	U. Taylor (Second)	2.45.29	23	2.22.29
3.	H. Ladds (Third)	2.39.39	16	2.23.39
4.	G. B. Orrell	2.24.52	Scr.	2.24.52
5.	E. Nevitt	2.42.39	17	2.25.39
6.	C. Selkirk	2.50.26	7	2.43.26

H. G. Buckley and G. A. Glover did not start.

N. S. Heath, G. Molyneux and A. F. Burge did not finish.

Pulford, 8th September, 1928.

A very poor day—dull and wet. With cape on I proceeded to Pulford, but on reaching the Park, Jupiter Pluvius had temporarily relaxed his efforts, and I was able to discard it. In fact on reaching Pulford it was fine enough for a group of Anfielders to congregate in the yard of the "Grosvenor Arms," to discuss various matters of importance. On the arrival of Wild, however, the meeting broke up in hilarity; his "new fangled" gear being the butt of many gems of wit and sarcasm.

When the "roast beef" and Pulford season starts again, one realises that winter is almost upon us, and to-day it had not made a very healthy start. Only 15 sat down to an excellent meal, and one felt immediately that there was a certain lack of atmosphere. It was not necessary to search far before one found the cause—Cook was not there, neither Captain Kettle or Sub-captain Long. It was stated that they were proceeding to various duties in connection with the Palatine "50."

We were glad to see Turvey with us again. It appears that he has adopted the original plan of motoring to a certain spot, then unhooking his bicycle from its davits on the car, and appearing at the run in true Anfield manner. We trust that we shall see more of him by the pursuance of this scheme.

Long's absence raised hopes of a free tea, but unfortunately a Scotchman by the name of Nevitt in search of ill-gotten gains, took upon himself to collect our loose cash.

Everybody seemed to leave early. Cody as usual starting the procession and by 7-15 nearly everyone had left. Taylor and Nevitt made for the Iron Bridge intending to take a boat out. I made my way home, conditions being wet, but a favouring breeze made riding far from unpleasant.

Goostrey, 8th September, 1928.

May I apologise in advance for the shortcomings of this account. The sub-captain's command had unaccountably escaped my memory until I received an urgent S.O.S. and the incidents of the run were fast fading from my mind.

The weather was not too kind, and holidays and the Palestine "50" on the next day, all kept members away, so we sat down—nine in number—to an extremely enjoyable meal. Members present were two Buck-

leys, the sub-captain, the Doctor, Foy, "Jee" Rawlinson, Albert Davies, W. Orrell and Jim Reade. W. Orrell's attire was even more unconventional than usual, whilst Jim Reade's return to the fold was very popular.

Tea over, a late sitting was held in the smokeroom, enlivened by the valiant efforts of the Doctor to persuade the V.P. and the Sub to return to their waiting families. All his efforts proved in vain and the advent of Fred Harrison and Roy Bomford further prolonged the gathering. At length the call of "Time" caused a move to be made, and with the exception of Jim Reade, "Jee" and Albert, who week-ended at Arclid, the faithful returned to their own homes.

Acton Bridge, 15th September, 1928.

A fine sunny autumn day—not too warm and not too windy—which raised pleasant anticipations of an enjoyable ride when once the morning spell of duty should be got through. How this troublesome necessity of working does interfere with one's real business—cycling! Free at length, by roundabout ways through pleasant Cheshire lanes, past cornfields almost cleared of their golden crops and orchards still bearing their heavy loads of tempting fruit, we took our leisurely journey, being mindful of enjoying the perfect afternoon to the uttermost. Still having time in hand at Acton Bridge Station we extended our ride a little to the neighbourhood of Acton Cliff to see the extensive pear orchards. Dropping down at last to the "Leigh Arms," we found a large party of "ours," but, alas, also two charabanc loads of hilarious women trippers who filled up the tea room, the yard, and the gardens, and caused some delay in the service of our meal. However, we got it at length, ample and varied as usual here, but eaten, or at anyrate commenced, to the strains of dance music and the vibration resulting from many of the aforesaid trippers—mostly plump ones—dancing. Not the least of the many valuable services rendered to the Club by the Honorary Secretary was his prompt action in getting the dance music stopped and peace restored so that we could eat, smoke, and talk in peace. There were 35 of us, including a strong representation of the Manchester members, and we found as usual a lot of topics to chat about, including the "50" next Saturday, and Molyneux' spirited attempt, to be made the next day, to take a few more minutes off the Liverpool-London record, which had been lowered by no less than 30 minutes on the previous Sunday by J. K. Middleton.

We separated early, the Presider going off to Stone, and Orrell and McKail to Cranage, to help Molyneux on his way, and the rest of us to our respective sleeping places.

Fourth 50 Miles Handicap, 22nd September, 1928.

We have been unable to obtain the final times of the last "Fifty" from Mr. Kettle, owing to a bereavement at his home. The report and times will, therefore, appear in our next issue.

[Our deepest sympathies are extended to Mr. Kettle and to those who have lost a dear one.—ED.]

Northwich, 29th September, 1928.

First let me give a word of warning to those about to attend a fixture and have not been out for some time, steer clear of the Editor or if he isn't out, his hired assassin, because you are the kind of victim that he dreams about.

The day was as near perfect for the time of the year as it is possible to get, the only "fly in the ointment" being the rendezvous. Don't think for one moment that I did not appreciate the view of Brunner

Mond's works, with their smoke, dust and filth, crowned by that wonderful statue of "Ludwig," but I do think that Widnes just gets the winning mark.

When I arrived, a fierce argument was in progress between Knipe, Lucas and Elston, as to the probable use of a large metal ring on the front wheel of the Evans's tandem, the opinions ranging from a brake drum to a nutmeg grater. Most of the "old offenders" were out with the exception of Kettle, but his absence seemed to be somewhat mitigated by the reappearance of the "jovial Johnny," fresh from his triumphs in the South. For myself, I was exceedingly interested to learn that during the summer I had been running a girl, engaged, and lastly married. Not bad for a youngster, with a big nose. (If you don't know what this means, ask the waitress, but mind you pick the right one). Should you want currant bread, the idea is to wait for someone else to ask for it, then, when the waitress comes in, look as though you had done the asking and "lo and behold" you get it, at least that's what Chandler, Perkins, Roberts and Co. did.

Were there any week-end parties? Quite possibly, but the only one I know of was that in which three others and myself participated, the others being so slow that it was early Sunday morning before I arrived home.

T. A. TELFORD,
Editor.

ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

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PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

MONTHLY CIRCULAR.

Vol. XXIII.

No. 273.

FIXTURES FOR NOVEMBER, 1928.

Tea at 6-0 p.m.

			Light up at
Nov.	3	Halewood (Derby Arms) Musical Evening (Tea, 5-30 p.m.)	5-7 p.m.
"	10	Northop (Red Lion)	4-56 p.m.
"	12	Committee Meeting, 7 p.m., (Victoria Hotel, St. John's Lane, Liverpool)	
"	17	Tarporley (Swan)	4-44 p.m.
"	24	Pulford (Grosvenor Arms)	4-35 p.m.
Dec.	1	Halewood (Derby Arms)	4-28 p.m.

ALTERNATIVE FIXTURES FOR MANCHESTER MEMBERS :

Tea at 5-30 p.m.

Nov.	3	Goostrey (Red Lion)	5-7 p.m.
"	10	Knutsford (Lord Eldon)	4-56 p.m.
"	24	Arcold (Rose and Crown)	4-35 p.m.
Dec.	1	Matton (Davenport Arms)	4-28 p.m.

Full Moon ... 27th inst.

The Hon. Treasurer's address is R. L. Knipe, 108 Moscow Drive, Stonecroft, 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 Martins Bank Ltd., for credit of the Anfield Bicycle Club, Tue Brook Branch.

4 THE LAUND,
WALLASEY.

COMMITTEE NOTES.

APPLICATIONS FOR MEMBERSHIP.—Mr. Ivan Patrick O'Leary and Mr. Eric Terence O'Leary, of 31 Pfordd Estyn, Garden Village, Wrexham. Proposed by Mr. W. T. Venables, seconded by Mr. J. Long.

The resignation of Mr. H. Rothwell has been accepted with regret.
CHANGE OF ADDRESS.—Mr. C. H. Turner, 11 Wyngate Road, Ryecroft Estate, Cheadle Hulme, Cheshire.

Will members please note that Tea at Halewood, on Saturday, November 3rd, will be at 5-30 p.m.

H. W. POWELL,
Hon. General Secretary.

TREASURY NOTES.

The Hon. Treas. thanks the following members for their Donations and/or Subscriptions for October :—

H. Austin.	A. Crowcroft.	*W. H. Kettle.
F. Beckett.	E. W. Harley.	H. Pritchard.
*W. P. Cook.	E. Haynes.	C. Randall.
W. E. Cotter.	*N. M. Higham.	J. H. Williams.

Red Slips are issued this month. Have you got one? If so, please do the right thing, and pay what you owe.

ITEMS.

From the October issue of the *North Road Gazette* the following paragraph in the Secretary's notes is reproduced because it gives us all so much pleasure: "F. Hotine, of the Anfield, who has recently moved to London, is a very welcome visitor to our runs. At the races especially, he proves himself to be a real hard worker—a veritable 'fourpenny 'un'—and a splendid testimonial to his Anfield apprenticeship." Many thanks C.P.G., we appreciate the compliment and doubtless Hotine does, if he is not too modest.

* * * * *

Our old ex-member, Cameron, has been in the wars. While walking one night recently, at Broadgreen, he was run down from behind by a motorist, and while no bones were broken he was laid up for a fortnight, and a claim for £200 is pending! Of course we have told Cameron it was his own fault for not equipping himself with a red rear light or certified reflector. Even a phosphorescent herring or Hubert Roskell's idea of a white handkerchief would have done. This reminds us that Frank Chandler has distinguished (*sic*) himself with a red rear light, as a sequel to being run down by a motorist who said, "Sorry, old chap, I was not looking where I was going," and if this kind of logic (*sic*) is to prevail we don't understand why W. E. L. Cooper and Cook have not fitted a gramophone with a "loud squeaker" grinding out, "Look out. Don't run me down," seeing they were run down in broad daylight on a straight road—indeed, it would be more logical, because, after all, a man who is not looking where he is going, won't see anything, but his ears don't depend on the angle of his head!

* * * * *

Answers to Correspondents.

W. EMAR.—When crossing the Irish Sea there is no need to put your head out of the port hole. Each cabin is provided with a cardboard *cuspidore* for the purpose. When landing in Liverpool it is always possible to get an excellent breakfast on board, but if the saloon cannot be faced "the morning after the night before," Liverpool is not a desert of Sahara, and breakfast can be obtained at all the Hotels, whilst we have heard the Sunnyside Hydro excellently spoken of and the prices most reasonable. You will find it in the C.T.C. Handbook, and it is as good as a bilious attack for keeping touring expenses down to 10/- a day. We would advise you to give up buttermilk as it is rather sour for the stomach and has been known to keep cyclists in bed for 36 hours.

The O'Tatur has arrived safely back from his North American Tour and appropriately enough finished it with the Baronial One in New York City. He is full of praises of the Baron's hospitality, and was evidently given a specially good evening at the New York Yacht Club, which is an unique institution. We are delighted to hear that R.A.F. is so fit and well.

* * * * *

For the love of Mike, don't ask Chandler for the loan of a Punch and Hammer! You will probably only get the former! We would have loved to have heard his back-chat and exchange of repartee with the Garage proprietor in Willaston. Honours appear to have been pretty even, although Frank had the last Word. And now the Presider has to sneak through Willaston when on a trike for fear of being mistaken for the bellicose one! The following is a *resume* of what took place:—

"HAMMER AND PUNCH"

(A One Act Play).

SCENE: Garage in Willaston. (*Enter Frank Chandler; approaches mechanic in Garage.*)

Frank C.: "Can you lend me a hammer and punch?"

Mechanic: "With pleasure." (*Exit mechanic; enter Boss of Garage.*)

Boss: "Hullo! What do you want?"

Frank C.: "Eh?"

Boss (*louder*): "What do you want?"

Frank C.: "I want a hammer and punch."

Boss: "What do you want them for?"

Frank C.: "Eh?"

Boss (*very loud*): "What do you want them for?"

Frank C.: "What has that got to do with you?"

Boss (*loud*): "If you won't tell me, I won't lend them to you."

Frank C.: "Well, you can etc., etc., etc."

Boss (*crescendo*): "You can go to H—."

Frank C. (*bawling*): "And so can you and I hope you have a pleasant journey."

(*Exeunt omnes.*)

CURTAIN.

* * * * *

Record Attempts—21st October, 1928.

This was a very busy day for many of our members, particularly the Presider, who was timing three record attempts and checking a fourth. The day proved most inauspicious, with a strong wind from S.S.W., which frequently reached gale force, accompanied by heavy rain, so that it is not a bit surprising that all four attempts were failures, two of which were brilliant. Molyneux was the first to start at 5-30 from Liverpool H.P.O., on a tricycle, bound for London, to try and regain for us the record so long held by Fulton, and he kept well to his schedule to Holmes Chapel and was still ahead of record when blown to a standstill on Talke by the steadily increasing gale. A. Hancock started at 6-0 outside Macclesfield to try and put a few miles on to Buckley's 12 Hours' Record, so as to give H. Rothwell something more to do when he tackles it as rumoured, and rode magnificently for 120 miles in seven hours. He fought the gale to Whitchurch (54 miles) and was not much out at Christleton (72 miles), but the long battle to Tern Hill (99½ miles) really put paid to the account as, up the Broxton rises, he was reduced to walking! It was not until Nantwich that he gave it best, although perfectly fit and strong. It was purely a question of

arithmetic. He was not getting back on the Roundabouts what he was losing on the Swings! "Widelegs" will explain to you in decimals or by the differential calculus that you must be gaining on the Roundabouts for a longer period than you are losing on the Swings to break even, and the course did not permit of this. After Hancock had packed, the weather did improve and the wind moderated somewhat, so that he *might* have barely scraped through, but his decision cannot be cavilled at, and it was a thousand pities that when he was undoubtedly fitter than we have ever seen him, he should have been balked of success by such a stormy day. A brilliant failure. Meanwhile, Harris, of the Ashton Road Club, who made fastest time in the Palatine "50," had attacked the "50" record, but any chance he had of success was frustrated by a puncture, and he toured to the finish in 2.27.24. To beat 2.12.57 requires all the luck in the world, while the claim of Brooks to have done 2.9.30, if accepted, will require a straightaway wind assisted course. The other brilliant failure was that of K. Miller, Grosvenor Wheelers, who, riding F. Hancock's Trike, put up the magnificent performance of 2.30.11, notwithstanding the wind and a spill when taking the Broomedge Corner, $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles from the finish. To thus get within 1 min. 12 seconds of record on such a day shows that Miller has the record at his mercy under decent conditions.

* * * * *

Commencement of Aesop's Fable.

When touring on ten shillings per day, a Wayfarer met an ass, a dog, a cow, an elephant, and a louse. And the ass said, etc., etc. To which the Wayfarer replied, "Oh be damned to this for a game: I'm going to find some decent digs for once."

* * * * *

"Avant Anfield. Jamais d'Arriere."

While reading that a Sub-Committee is hard at work on the Jubilee preparations, it makes one wonder if we others may sit down and contemplate the possibilities of this great event, and even voice suggestions that may, or may not, be adopted to further enhance the Anfield glory.

What is there that the Club yet may need when taking Jubilee rank? What added lustre can we conceive?

I have in my mind's eye the Club Button, glorious Emblem, as it dangles from our coat lapels and from the portals of our Touring Headquarters at the Glan Aber. Is there room to add a signal to this Sign?

Metinks there is, for at foot two small hooks could be fitted to engage two small eyes, attached to a nameplate, bearing:

A CLUB DEVICE IN HERALDIC FASHION.

Some of us have spent an idle summer in deciphering the scutcheons on the Shields of noble fighters slain in battle. Many a motto bold has been traced but none more worthy of the A.B.C. than that of the ambitious prince who inherited from his Sire the Motto "AVANT," and from his Dam the appropriate supplement, "JAMAIS ARRIERE." He rolled them into one with: "AVANT . . . JAMAIS D'ARRIERE." It is on record that he was slain and that his house is defunct. The motto is therefore "A PRENDRE," for the Anfield is very much alive and no words could ring truer of its aims.

N.B.—It is not befitting to abandon the Heraldic French in such a quest as did a certain Cheshire Club once closely allied to the A.B.C. The device it chose was: "Ever in the Van and Never in the Cart." It was playing with fire and the club died a noble death during the war. It fell "slain in battle."

D. Smith, of 21 St. Mathews Road, Stockport, writes us as below, and his letter need we add, speaks for itself. *Verb sap.*

"It is my intention to dispose of my tricycle, but before advertising it in the Cycling papers, I thought perhaps you would kindly insert a note to that effect in the *Circular*. The frame is practically new (Grubb), also the axle, and altogether is in good condition, and I shall let it go at a reasonable price to any club member who is thinking of indulging in three wheels."

* * * * *

Universal regret will be felt in cycling circles generally at the sudden and tragic death of Sir James Percy, on October 26th. For many years associated with the late "Arjay" McCredy in the control of the *Irish Cyclist*, and in more recent years with our good friend T. W. Murphy, he had endeared himself to all who were privileged to meet him. We shall never forget how he was the life and soul of the first Irish Tour we carried out, with headquarters at Drungoff, in Glenmaure. Both at the Camp Fire on the Saturday night and the "orgie" at which "Arjay" was "arrested," on the Sunday night, he was in every sense one of us, while the stories he told in inimitable way in the tank, each night, kept us all convulsed.

"Jimmy" as he liked us to call him was a brilliantly witty after dinner speaker, who reached great heights of oratory, and we shall never forget his excellent speech at the C.T.C. Jubilee Banquet. To his colleague, The O'Tatur, and to his family so suddenly bereaved, we desire to express in these few inadequate words our profoundest sympathy.

RUNS AND FIXTURES.

Fourth "50," 22nd September, 1928.

The entry for the last "fifty" of the year was poor. Of the 15 entrants, Burge, Randall, Molyneux and Elston failed to start, but there is some consolation in that all who started also finished.

The weather conditions were excellent and at Noman's Heath, first time, all clocked evens except Long and Buckley. McKail was as fast as Orrell at Ridley Green Corner, but at Acton, Orrell had gained half-a-minute. They were the only riders inside evens at this point. Glover, Ladds and Nevitt came through together, Orrell's lead over McKail had increased to 2 mins. at the turn, where Hancock was inside evens again. Long's riding was very consistent and Buckley's slightly faster. At Acton, second time, Moorby seemed very slow (*sic*) and from this check onwards, Taylor must have gone to pieces. Heath unfortunately had tyre trouble before reaching Noman's Heath. Long and Buckley were still very steady and indeed it appears that both increased their speeds as the race progressed. McKail had fallen away somewhat at Noman's Heath, and Ladds, who had been with Glover for over 15 miles was left by him somewhere about Cholmondeley Schools. Buckley, by keeping Glover in sight, rode the last ten miles faster than he had ridden the first ten. His much improved performance deservedly placed him First. Glover who has done exceptionally well in his first season, nearly beat evens and was Second. Long and Nevitt improved slightly—the latter being Third. Orrell was again Fastest, but McKail did not find his previous form. Hancock's ride was excellent, especially as he had a heavy cold.

As five riders beat their previous best for the course, the result can be considered fairly satisfactory; but let it be stated once again—there should be more entries.

Name	H' cap	10 mls	15½ mls	20 mls	25¾ mls	31½ mls	40 mls	50 miles	H'cap Time
1. H. G. Buckley	22	31	49½	1.5	1.22½	1.40	2.6	2.37.19	2.15.19
2. G. A. Glover...	15	29	46½	1.1	1.17½	1.34½	2.0	2.30.47	2.15.47
3. E. Nevitt ...	19	29½	47	1.2	1.19	1.36	2.3	2.35.10	2.16.10
4. A. Hancock ...	10	29	46	1.1	1.17	1.34	1.59	2.28.58	2.18.58
5. J. Long ...	15	31	48	1.3	1.20	1.37	2.4	2.34.51	2.19.51
6. H. Ladds ...	16	30	48	1.3	1.19½	1.36½	2.3	2.35.52	2.19.52
7. G. B. Orrell ...	Scr	27	44	58	1.13	1.29½	1.54	2.22.14	2.22.14
8. U. Taylor ...	24	30	48½	1.3	1.20	1.38½	2.10½	2.47.10	2.23.10
9. C. H. McKail ...	5	28	44	58½	1.15	1.31	1.58	2.28.51	2.23.51
10. C. Moorby ...	26	30	49½	1.5½	1.24	1.43	2.12½	2.50.27	2.24.27
11. N. S. Heath	10	30	46½	1.2	1.19	1.42	2.11	2.43.21	2.33.21

H. G. Buckley, Standard B. G. A. Glover, Standard C.

J. Long, Standard C. Fastest, G. B. Orrell.

Halewood, 6th October, 1928.

A lovely day and I make hopeful overtures to Chem to bear me company on a walking tour to this delectable spot. This Napoleon of the Onion market, however, is so engrossed in the despatching of this succulent fruit to the four ends of the earth, repeat orders have been in strong demand, that he has reluctantly to decline. Nothing daunted I approach that erstwhile long distance pedestrian on coach infested routes, Lizzie Buck, but alas the one-time energy which had gone to the making of his historical (I almost said apocryphal) walking records has evidently departed, as not even the recital of the luscious meats awaiting demolition would move him, gourmet though he be. I have perforce to hoe a lonely furrow to the 5-23, which I manage to catch with considerable danger to life and limb and about ¼ of a second to spare, meeting on board a few other die-hards who should by rights have been treading on their bicycles. Johnny Band is missing; I understand he has no contract now.

A fairly large assembly arrives, mostly on push bikes, and among them are two Manchester members, Rawlinson and Morton. I am struck with admiration at this exploit, until I learn in a roundabout way that the deed had been accomplished with a guile unbefitting their tender years. It appears that by a secret arrangement Mandall met them at Warrington (to which place they swore they had actually cycled) where they left their bicycles and climbed into Tommy's car. The Presider on hearing of this subtle strategy could not restrain his enthusiasm, and will have to be carefully watched in future.

The usual delicacies having met their habitual fate, we, who had, so to speak, been let in on the ground floor, were joined by the denizens of the gods. I did not notice Teddy Edwards and it appears that he started on one of his week-ends three or four weeks ago, and could be expected any Saturday now. I was sorry to learn that Will Toft was confined to the house, and we all sincerely trust he will have a speedy recovery.

Dave Fell, one of the instigators of the History of the Club next year, ransacked his memory for exciting and humorous happenings in the

early fifties, and these should provide entertaining matter. **Knipe**, not to be outdone, although a mere stripling in comparison, also remi-niscenced in connection with the late eighties, and this couple combined with our other centenarians, if they can be induced to indulge in their anecdotage, ought to result in good value being given for the paltry fiver which all members will be clamouring to part with in exchange for the historic monument.

It is remarkable the way the earlier lessons one learns in the course of cycling (the art of using one's head, etc.) cling to us in after life. **Knipe**, it appears—in common with the other members of his profession, all evidently dog-tired after their eight weeks' vacation—was taking a well earned "Teachers' rest week" and wishing to go to the Lake District, he had painted the beauties of those parts with cunning and consummate artistry to a young hefty cycling friend also on holiday bent. Is it necessary to point to the sequel? The following morning they were starting out on a **TANDEM**.

Apparently the once famous choral society has been dismantled or now requires more liquid encouragement, as up to the time I left the Realm had been defended but inadequately, the only sound being the one made with the gusto of ingurgitation. In view of the presence of **Tommy Royden**, this lack of musical honours was unseemly.

Marton, 6th October, 1928.

An ideal afternoon for pleasurable cycling, with little wind, and sufficient sunshine to make the autumn colourings of the countryside strikingly beautiful. Setting out in good time I was quite content to leave the choice of route to my companion, knowing full well that after a short while enjoyably spent in meandering through the fascinating maze of lanes, we should eventually, as on previous occasions, find ourselves among friends.

Arriving at the "Davenport Arms," a few minutes before 5-30, it was immediately evident, on passing inside, that the attendance was going to be somewhat affected by the counter-attraction at Halewood, as up to that time we only numbered seven. The sub-captain turned up a few moments later and even his very moderate estimate of ten proved to be over-optimistic, the only other of "Ours" to arrive being the Mullah, whose efforts (aided by considerable beckonings and window-rappings from within) to persuade a certain Mr. Hodges, of Oldham, to join us, proved in vain, that gentleman preferring to continue on his way to North Rode, where he had arranged to meet a pal from Birmingham.

This was, I believe, our first official visit to the "Davenport Arms" for some time, and it is pleasing to be able to say that after an adjournment to the dining-room it was unanimously agreed that a return visit should be made in the near future.

With Green announcing his intention of leaving early in order to make a call at Siddington, "to see a man about a dog," the party broke up and set off on their homeward ways, making as much use as possible of the rapidly fading daylight.

Northwich, 13th October, 1928.

This was the alternative run to the Autumn Tints Tour, and was arranged so that those who could not manage to accompany the Glynn Valley trip should nevertheless have the opportunity of attending a run. The afternoon was a typical Autumn one—fine, sunny and cool, and the outward ride so pleasant that the small party of which the writer formed one was tempted to diverge from the usual main road

route and follow byways, which luckily led by some fine woods and gave us at least a glimpse of the Autumn tints in the height of their attractiveness. Arrived at the "Crown and Anchor" we found a total of thirteen and sat down in small social groups at two or three tables. The meal was thoroughly satisfactory and the accustomed chat unusually bright and interesting, at anyrate at the table which included amongst others the Mullah and the Treasurer, who were both in good form. I cannot remember precisely all who were present, but there was a good muster from the Cotton City and the run dwells in one's memory as a very pleasant fixture, not the least enjoyable part being the ride home through the first really dark night of the season.

Autumnal Tints Tour, 13th/14th October, 1928.

Those of us who, for one reason or another, find it impossible to week-end apart from the recognised club outings, always look forward eagerly to this occasion. I don't say we don't look forward eagerly to the others, but there is a difference—Easter we regard as a prelude to a series of jolly times in the long days; Whit-week is for many an exciting affair; at August Bank Holiday we are very much split up, but the Autumnal Tints Tour is the last official week-end of the year, and it is a long and dark time from it until Bettws looms in the immediate future. Another point—during the winter months, Liverpool and Manchester meet far too seldom, and those of us who find a great refreshment in the society of the citizens of the sister city welcome the opportunity of spending many hours together, before our "winter of discontent" arrives. Thus, it is not only the tints on the trees which are autumnal; the thoughts of many, especially of the elder brethren, are attuned to the season of falling leaves. Not that there is any appearance of sadness—far from it. One of the greatest charms of the A.B.C. is the jolly fellowship between old and young, and sadness is impossible in such company. The lively irresponsibility of the youngsters rejuvenates those whose tale of years would in many societies relegate them to the chimney corner, and one would have difficulty in singling out the old from the young if demeanour were the only tests. Look at Tommy Royden! How old he is, only his birth certificate could tell—to judge by his reminiscences he is at youngest early Victorian—and yet who among us all is younger at heart, and indeed how many of us can be as sure to arrive at the destination fixed?

I'm afraid my pen has rather run away with me—my job is to give an account of the Llanarmon fixture, instead of which I have been moralising most abominably. However, the Editor's blue pencil is always available to redress the balance.

The afternoon of Saturday was fine and clear, and the various parties made their way by divers ways to the "West Arms"—some by shorter, some by longer, routes, but the majority by Overton, where they had tea. My party were early enough to be able to see the valley in the fading evening light and to enjoy the views of the magnificent trees in their autumn glory, touched by the setting sun, and the tumbling waters of the river running by the road-side. Arrived at the "West Arms," we received a warm welcome from the landlord and the earlier arrivals. Tea in the homely inglenook over, we essayed a walk, but found the outside darkness so dense as to make the cosy light of the inn preferable and soon returned. As time went on the small parties trickled in, until at 9 o'clock we were complete and sat down to a substantial meal. This dispatched, we gathered in the hall, lounge, or kitchen—call it what you will, it is a delight, with its old world atmosphere—to talk and chaff. The landlord entered bearing a healthy

looking leg of lamb, which he presented to the company to be drawn for. The Presider got busy with bits of paper, and with all due ceremony the lot was cast, and it fell upon Glover. Needless to say he was immediately acclaimed, with full musical honours, "a jolly good fellow." The ball having been set going, Miss Kitty was introduced, and under the able direction of Tommy Mandall functioned quite smoothly and for quite a long time. Quip and jest were exchanged and then we succeeded in persuading Russ Rothwell to give some of his Lancashire dialect recitations. A French friend of one of the members was observed to be listening very intently; he confessed that, although he had a good knowledge of English, he had been unable to understand a word but any feeling of inferiority that he may have had on that score was removed when he found that the majority of the company were in the same case. Then followed a song in Welsh, by "Arty," the general factotum. It was sung with fine feeling and in good style, and it was apparently in praise of his native land, but no one but the singer could understand it. Thus our French guest and we were absolutely on the same handicap. Midnight struck incredibly quickly. Most of the party retired, but it is said that some others having found a good thing, thought it better to keep pushing it along while the going was good.

The morning dawned bright and chill, in fact, a perfect autumn day, and after breakfast all set off in high spirits for the homeward journey. One car party made a tour of most of Wales and succeeded in getting into heavy rain shortly after 1 p.m., and keeping in it for many hours; another, judging it desirable to take plenty of time to look at things on the road, got no further than Ruabon for lunch and Daresbury for tea—their introduction to the rain was at 5 p.m. But the real cyclists followed the Presider over the Pass, and, after viewing the waterfall, dropped on to the Bala-Corwen road and docked at the "Crown" for the mid-day meal. Their afternoon jaunt was by way of Llandegla, and they were fortunate enough to escape the rain until 3-30 and then were soon out of it. All reached home safely and with pleasant memories of the trip. We certainly have found an ideal spot in the "West Arms" for this particular function.

Being Llanarmon Random Notes, by "Scribo."

The indefatigable Secretary, Mr. Robinson Crusoe, and his man Friday, on the morning of the 13th October, started off from the preposterous (unprosperous—Ed.) district of Wallasey, under the smiling sun and pushed (really shoved) their machines to the rendezvous. Crusoe very soon showed some wonderful acrobatic turns by jumping through the frame of his cycle, over it and under it, in a manner *a la sang froid*, without the music. After leaving Chester, we cut through the famous Eaton Park, without calling and paying our respects to His Grace, into Aldford, through Shocklach, Worthenbury, and Bangor-on-Dee, lunching at Overton. The foliage was at its best all along the route. A visit was paid to the Druid Circle (history thereof is somewhat vague, but the Presider and the "Flying Dutchman" have the matter in hand), suffice it to say we found neither arrows, gold, nor naked Druidesses with their bodies stained black, as was their wont in those "happy days of long ago." The Arch-Druid of Tara was a great juggler, and methinks the Secretary can claim him as an ancestor, judging by the aforementioned tricks.

The Caves also we visited, with the result that Kettle and Tommy Royden dropped in on the Sunday; we have not seen them since!

At last Llanarmon!! We thought we were first to arrive, but found the Chauffeur (Venables) with Charlie Conway and Rowatt

laughing at us. Teddy Edwards and Mercer arrived *a la mode*, and left early, after having a cup of tea and stone-pop.

After the troops had all mustered, we sat down to a hearty meal and on completion of duty assembled for the concert party, this was a first-class performance in which the "Pocket-Hercules-Short-Long Perkins" amongst others showed highest appreciation when the "Lad fra' Wigan" gave his pathetic verse in the genuine Lancashire dialect, but more so when some person inflicted a song WITHOUT music in some foreign language; he WAS well applauded. The Presider was presented by "mine host" with a real leg of mutton, which very fairly he thought should be drawn for, this was won outright by Glover, who we understand has put it in his bottom drawer for the eventful day—providing the chauffeur (Venables) has delivered it to the right address. In our room, Royden slept or tried to, after making three unsuccessful attempts to find THE ROOM, up the winding staircase, he eventually found us, being the last to bed we suggested he should put out the oil lamp on the staircase, which he did, but again had difficulty in finding his way back. The next morning found us all ready to carry out our programme for the day, but before our departure, the Presider showing a pair of legs, the envy of youth and maiden, took our photo, and insisted that ladies should be included as a relief; the power of persuasion was duly exemplified.

Robinson Crusoe and Friday reluctantly left the party for home, nothing of interest except (and be it noted) the renowned "Cook's Hole in the Wall" at Chester is now bricked up!

And so ended for me one of the most enjoyable cycle runs since joining the A.B.C.

Daresbury, 20th October, 1928.

I was so late in starting that I chose quite a favourite lane route of mine, and one which generally means anything up to a quarter-of-an-hour's saving of time, in addition to avoiding Chester, if one is going in the Frodsham direction from Birkenhead. Instead of taking the usual road through Willaston, I decided on the lower road through Spital, turning off at Eastham for Whitby and Mickle Trafford. Up to Whitby the road is excellent tarmac, but afterwards it becomes narrow and bumpy. As the road comes out near the 4th milestone on the Chester-Frodsham road it means a useful saving of time and mileage.

There was a goodly crowd at the "Ring o' Bells." Talk largely hinged on record attempts on the morrow. Molyneux was bound for London in quest of Dutton-Walker's tricycle record, while Hancock was attacking Buckley's pre-war "12." There were to be two other attempts in Cheshire; on the Northern 50 miles bicycle and tricycle records by members of other clubs, with Cook keeping time. The weather did not augur too well; and so it turned out, and Hancock and Molyneux were forced to abandon their attempts. Elston recounted some of his Lakeland climbs with Taylor during a week's holiday in Wastdale, giving us vivid accounts of their "hanging on by their teeth." Before the holiday Elston heard that only the steepest climbs required a 100 feet rope, while 60 feet was considered sufficient for the easier descents. He found Taylor to have one a hundred feet long. Nuff sed!

After tea we opened the billiards season, and the futile attempts to "pot the red" caused much hilarity among the locals. Scoring was slow, and it was 8-30 p.m. before we started the long ride home.

Pulford, 27th October, 1928.

A most peculiar afternoon, looked like rain but didn't, looked awfully cold, but wasn't. Under these conditions, I set forth for Pulford. I had not gone very far before I fell in with two frightfully select members, one of whom had a most "brainy" idea for breaking the "50" record, but being of a shy and retiring nature, he does not like to deprive the present holder of the honour.

Arriving at Chester, we bounced up against a few more of "Ours," and made for the Wrexham road by way of the Walls. They must be preparing for the next war in Chester, because the road inside the Walls has been substituted for what appears to be a jolly good trench system.

All of us—except two "really" cyclists, who made a ride of it by going through the Park—went straight along the main road, sitting up to it like lords with the wind in our necks.

The Grosvenor Arms provided us with the usual good feed, after which a few soon embarked on the homeward trek, while others either took part in or watched a couple of billiard matches, in which the main object was, or appeared to be, to miss the balls altogether and to play fifty up in the longest possible time.

On the road for home, we settled down into a steady grind into a rather strong headwind, with occasional spurts by one of the "racers" in training for the first "50," next year. Although by the time I arrived home my legs had nearly reached the "chewed string" stage, I enjoyed the run immensely.

Allstock, 27th October, 1928.

It is regrettable that the attendance on this run was extremely poor, only seven members from Manchester being present. The number was made up to nine by the President and Mandall from Liverpool. Notable absentees were V. P. Buckley, who is still in Essex, and the Mullah, who for some unknown reason decided to remove from Sale to Cheadle Hulme on a Saturday. There were however, many absentees for whom explanations were not so easily found, and it was a noteworthy fact that of the Manchester members who have competed in the Club races during this summer, the only one present at this run was Heath.

It is decidedly unfair that men who race during the summer should ignore the Club during the winter months. If it were not for the non-racing members of the Club there would be neither races nor prizes for these gentlemen and I feel very strongly that our racing men owe a great debt to the Club. One of the means by which they can repay that debt is by regular attendance of Club runs. Let the racing men bestir themselves, and by support of the Club runs to make some small return for the support which they themselves receive during the summer.

Members will be sorry to hear that the Doctor has to undergo hospital treatment for an affection of the throat, and will not be amongst us for a few weeks. The good wishes of the Club go with him.

T. A. TELFORD,
Editor.

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ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

FORMED MARCH 1879

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

MONTHLY CIRCULAR.

Vol. XXIII.

No. 274.

FIXTURES FOR DECEMBER, 1928.

Tea at 6-0 p.m.

		Light up at
Dec. 1	Halewood (Derby Arms)	4-28 p.m.
.. 8	Mold (Dolphin)	4-25 p.m.
.. 10	Committee Meeting, 7 p.m. (Victoria Hotel, St. John's Lane, L'pool).	
.. 15	Daresbury (Ring o' Bells)	4-22 p.m.
.. 22	Hooton (Hooton Hotel)	4-25 p.m.
.. 26	Nantwich (Lamb Hotel), Lunch, 1-30 p.m.	4-27 p.m.
.. 22/26	Alternative Tour—Bettws-y-Coed (Glan Aber)	
.. 29	Pulford (Grosvenor Arms)	4-29 p.m.
1929		
Jan. 5	Rufford (Fermor Arms)	4-37 p.m.
.. 12	Halewood (Derby Arms). Annual General Meeting. Tea, 5-30 p.m.	4-46 p.m.

ALTERNATIVE FIXTURES FOR MANCHESTER MEMBERS.

Tea at 5-30 p.m.

Dec. 1	Marton (Davenport Arms)	4-28 p.m.
.. 8	Cheadle Hulme (Church Inn). Musical Evening	4-25 p.m.
.. 22	Mottram St. Andrew (Bulls Head)	4-25 p.m.
.. 29	Knutsford (Lord Eldon)	4-29 p.m.
Jan. 5, 1929	Goostrey (Red Lion)	4-37 p.m.

Full Moon ... 26th 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 Martins Bank Ltd., for credit of the Anfield Bicycle Club, Tue Brook Branch.

COMMITTEE NOTES.

APPLICATION FOR MEMBERSHIP. Mr. Arnold Richards, 11 Prenton Park Road, Birkenhead. Proposed by Mr. Harold R. Band; seconded by Mr. A. Wild.

NEW MEMBERS. Mr. Ivan Patrick O'Leary and Mr. Eric Terence O'Leary, 31 Ffordd Estyn, Garden Village, Wrexham, have been elected to Full Membership.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS. Mr. H. Austin, Castle Forbes Works Ltd., Upper Sheriff Street, Dublin. Mr. T. H. Davies, 14 Sefton Road, Chorlton-cum-Hardy, Manchester.

Tea at Hooton, on Saturday, 22nd December, and Halewood, 12th January, will be at 5-30 p.m.

The Annual General Meeting will be held after Tea, at Halewood, on 12th January. Any member having any matter which he wishes to be included on the Agenda should let me have particulars not later than 22nd December.

Members taking part in the alternative Christmas Tour are requested to make their own arrangements regarding accommodation.

Members arriving at Bettws on December 22nd and staying until December 26th will count two runs.

H. W. POWELL,

Hon. General Secretary.

TREASURY NOTES.

The Hon. Treasurer thanks the following members for their Donations and/or Subscriptions received during November.

W. Band.	A. P. James.	R. Rothwell.
H. G. Buckley.	C. Moorby.	R. T. Rudd.
G. B. Burgess.	I. P. O'Leary.	C. Selkirk.
T. H. Davies.	E. T. O'Leary.	T. A. Telford.
R. Edmunds.	E. Parry.	A. G. White.
R. Hawker.	*H. W. Powell.	O. T. Williams.
D. C. Kinghorn.	T. Preece.	

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS :—

"Everlate"—The publication of the names of members who have paid, was certainly not in its intention a "Black List." However, I can quite see your point of view that at the end of the year it *does* become one. Well, the obvious remedy is to pay up earlier, and so be on the "White List."

However, if you will send your Sub. along promptly, with a request that your name be *not* published, I shall be happy to accede. No names, no pack drill.

ITEMS.

The suggestion that the Club should celebrate the Jubilee Year by adopting "a Club Device in Heraldic Fashion," is very "intreeping," as Anita Loos would say, but surely this could hardly be done without wiping out past History. In the eighties the Club adopted the Red Dragon of Wales as its Heraldic Device and the motto "Hic et Ubique,"

and although these are not used nowadays (we wonder what became of the famous flag that so proudly floated at Hall Lane when we ran race meetings) we would not care for them to be superseded.

* * * * *

Why are our members so bashful and shy in putting pen to paper? The *Circular* is largely what the individual members make it themselves. We have heard criticisms that no record of tours appear for the enlightenment and edification of others, but this is entirely the fault of those lucky enough to go on tour. Perkins had a great time in S.-W. Ireland, in September, while Royden and Chandler most thoroughly explored Gloucestershire in October, but except for the sight of some very interesting photographs and scraps of information about certain "incidents," they have kept us in the dark. Even a mere schedule of the itinerary, without any descriptive writing would be most useful and helpful to others.

* * * * *

The change of H. Austin's address will be noticed with mixed feelings. We congratulate Austin on his commercial promotion, but it means a great loss to us to have him in exile. Austin was a splendid Hon. Sec. whom we were sorry to lose in that capacity when the claims of business proved paramount, and he was a most useful member of the Committee, who will be sadly missed; while his record of run attendances since he joined in 1921 show what a real cyclist and real Anfielder he is. No doubt he will visit us from time to time, and he may be assured of a hearty welcome whenever he follows "The Road from Ireland" and joins in a fixture.

* * * * *

The Manchester alternative run on December 8th to Cheadle Hulme is to be a Musical Evening, and all members, from either Liverpool or Manchester, are cordially invited. Any offers of help with the musical side of the evening will be welcomed. R. J. Austin has the arrangements in hand.

* * * * *

The Mersey Peril.

The recent risks run by Wirral Anfielders in their daily crossings to and from the mainland has caused the Lancashire members the gravest anxiety. Their watch on the river banks for the safe trajectory of the Ferry Steamers has resembled that of Hero for Leander.

On every lip one heard the tremulous query: "Can Cook be saved from *mal de mer*?"

To some extent these fears were stilled by the knowledge that the Old Salt, Harry Buck, would superintend those crossings with his time honoured compass and confer with Captains and Pilots. Harry can box the compass as well as he can square the circle and a word from him at the Mersey Bar should act like oil on the turbulent waters. Therefore there is little cause for alarm.

The Simpsons, always our first concern, can command petrol and go round by Warrington. The Cheadle Merseyside Anfielders, high and dry beyond the danger zone, go so far as to urge them to take no risks, but to emulate Prince Charlie and fall back on the bridges of Cheadle and Stockport. There safety lies. A CHEADLE MEMBER.

Louis as "The Fram."

Although Louis Oppenheimer has long ceased to be an attender at Club Runs, the movements of this old enthusiastic member remain to many of us of great interest. For many years his chief activities have centred round the dramatic world of which he is so fine an exponent and in the eyes of his admirers he appears the soundest of that particular band of actors.

In their latest production, an Anglicised version of the Spanish Legend of Don Juan, Louis plays the Prime Minister—Lord Framlingham, known to his intimates as THE FRAM, whose warlike tendencies are arrested by his murder at the hands of The Don, a man of forceful methods, both in love and politics. For sheer dignity, Mr. Baldwin might do worse than compare notes with this Brother Premier. No "Farmer Stanley" here.

Like unto the legend, the dead man's statue comes to life and Louis plays the Statue. Considering the simplicity of the Society's methods and the limited space, the illusion is remarkable. For a whole scene he stands motionless, without blinking an eyelid, utterly inanimate; his face, dress and expression a perfect imitation of stone—even the characters themselves remark on the crease of his trousers and the solidity of his boots—until at the end of the scene we see the slight nod of acquiescence, when in mockery the live Don invites the dead Fram to sup with him.

In the last scene the Fram takes the Don at his word and then beckons him into the beyond.

Members with a hazy notion of statues coming to life and lightly recalling the amusing farce of "Niobe," should pause and reflect, for that was "NIOBE ALL SMILES," and here we have "THE FRAM ALL FROWN."

N.B.—It seems strange that Louis in his cycling days never gave us an inkling of his undoubted histrionic talents. His performances give us, who are privileged to witness them, the greatest pleasure.

RUNS AND FIXTURES.

Halewood, 3rd November, 1928.

There were so many Anfielders at Halewood for tea that I doubt if they all managed to see each other. We were upstairs and downstairs and in my lady's chamber, and I don't know where the late-comers got to.

In spite of the number, which included some from Manchester and Owlham, the usual Halewood catering proved more than equal to all demands, for, having toyed with the leg of an outsize in very tender chicken, one found an ample supply of extremely succulent roast pork with trimmings to fill up any crevices not yet filled. Following this many members got in a flying start on the Xmas season with some very hopeful mince pies, while others bade a regretful good-bye to Autumn with the last helping of damson tart.

Then we adjourned to the concert room where George Newall had gathered together a wonderful galaxy of talented artistes, so many and so varied that one's sole regret was that time prevented us hearing them more extensively.

With Mr. Albert Workman at the piano, the success of the instrumental part of the programme was more than assured, and his excerpts

from "Maritana" carried many of us back more years than we care to count. Messrs. Frank Workman, Smith, and Joe Andrews were three baritones of such a variety of style and dramatic power, and whose songs were so admirably chosen as to fit them like the paper on the walls, that in no way did their efforts afford invidious comparison. On the contrary each captivated his audience, and had to yield to a demand for encores, while Mr. Ferris, the humourist, was in a class by himself, and also encored.

The same may be said of the two tenors, Mr. Lloyd Jones, a young friend of the Treasurer, whose beautiful voice was used with wonderful modulation and feeling, and our own George Newall—well, we had George at his best and that's saying a lot. Frank Wood showed his versatility and provided variety with recitations in Oirish and Cockney, while possibly the star performance of the evening was a wonderful sleight of hand entertainment by Mr. Dyer, who kept us entranced for over half-an-hour. Some of his tricks were so obvious that we were sure we saw through them—until we found we had been spoofed and were further off the solution than ever. Others again had us fairly beaten, and we were left wondering if there is such a thing as magic after all.

Goostrey, 3rd November, 1928.

As the day was fine, I made a start for Goostrey on the trike, and going via Hale, met Green and Norman Heath, the latter also on a three-wheeler and judging by his tactics, only just learning to ride it. Continuing by way of Mobberley, we were given a demonstration by Norman to show that it is possible and quite easy to fall off a trike. And so we arrived at the "Red Lion"; there we were met by the V.P. on his way home, as full as is possible of stories of the night life of Loppington.

As is usual at Goostrey, a good muster sat down to tea; the party afterwards dwindling as members left either for home or Siddington. The writer and other stalwarts departed at about half-past eight, calling enroute at Wilmslow to pass a speedy half-hour.

Northop, 10th November, 1928.

It had ceased raining when I set out and I made rapid progress through Birkenhead and Willaston to the Top Road. The last leaves of summer were falling gently from the trees and the countryside was beginning to take upon itself a wintery aspect, although the afternoon was quite mild and a good one for a ride. Johnny Band and Cody were the first of "Ours" to be sighted. Johnny looked his usual robust self and Cody's machine was the acme of cleanliness. Wild and Jonas's machines were seen at the gate through which you have to go to see Eyloe Castle. At the Red Lion, Charlie Conway and Ven aired their knowledge of Eyloe Castle and I rather think myself that this apparent pilgrimage was really an attempt to find hidden treasure rather than one of historical or other interest. Perkins and Long arrived and looked as if they had been trying to do one another over. When Chandler came in he looked warm and mopped up a glass of beer like a sponge. Roberts and the "Tandem Twins" arrived a little belatedly, but were fortunate in getting something to eat.

After tea some discussion took place over the venue for the Boxing-Day run. Some said Northwich, others Nantwich, but more practical suggestions were Halifax, Chester, Parkgate and Moreton, and with due submission I place my choice to the list—Birkenhead.

By ones and twos they left until only the elect party were left, and under the Chairmanship of Teddy Edwards we decided the Club runs for some time to come. The members of Committee present at this meeting will no doubt carry all before them when they place the suggestions before the full Committee.

The ride home was easy and pleasant. It seemed to me that we had hardly left the Red Lion when we were approaching Birkenhead. Pleasant company and discussion on a ride make the miles slip by like telegraph poles.

Knutsford, 10th November, 1928.

We must apologise for not publishing the account of the above run as at the time of going to Press we have been unable to get the "copy."

—ED.

Tarporley, 17th November, 1928.

Saturday round again and with the prospect of a good run before the wind, down Cheshire, I left home with a pleasant feeling of anticipation, prepared to enjoy the ride to the utmost.

Meeting my companion at the appointed place and hour (very nearly) I found him surveying his one and only bulb, now alas lost and gone forever, and after deciding that he would not test any more by the bouncing process, we got on with the good work.

We had a splendid ride to Chester, passing Tommy Royden on the way, and on arrival in the ancient city visited nearly every cycle shop therein, until we found one which stocked the necessary bulb, which bulb we forgot to have tested, being in a great hurry to get away from towns, etc., and when we came to light up discovered that it was a dud, so it was resolved to visit the cycle merchant on our way home, and extract full satisfaction.

After riding through the park to the Whitchurch Road, we turned up the lanes for Beeston, but missed Tattenhall, and arrived at the White Swan a shade before time.

Entering, we found W.P., Tommy R., Veu, and Albert Davies, sitting amongst the barrels, bottles, hogsheds, dead men, etc., and exchanging salutations, passed on to where the noise came from and found the rest of those present jammed like sardines in a little room on the right of the hall, so we claimed our seats in the dining room, and watched the mob rush in at the hour of six.

There was an attendance of about twenty-five, including one or two stray Manchester men, and the conversation I heard, ranged from cold days, to telling Johnny Band he ought to cultivate a cheerful aspect on life.

A chat after the usual liberal supply of food and drink soon brought seven o'clock round, by which time several early birds had departed, and my party of three set off into the wind for home.

Owing to my two companions trying to cram $3/2$ teas into $2/8$ stomachs (and they were not Scots), I was forced to wait for several minutes while they groaned and placed their hands in the waistbelt region, and before Tarvin was reached, we halted again for the same reason.

In Chester, the bulb merchant, seeing our honest and determined faces (handsome), gave us another bulb without question, and after all these interruptions we completed the rest of the way without a stop.

In Willaston, I fancied I heard Tommy's gentle chuckle coming from the "Nags Head" direction, but at the "Hammer and Punch," all was quiet.

Things seen while riding :—

Very good cloud effects with gold and silver lining.

Saloon car, complete with two horns, and Dickman at the wheel (steering, not the front).

A very natty looking gent's lounge suit, with Charles Randall inside, strolling along Boughton, in Chester.

Pulford, 24th November, 1928.

It certainly was a very stormy day and it says a good deal for the virility of the Club that 24 reached the Grosvenor Arms on such a day, notwithstanding the fact that Cody and Taylor were the only Liverpool members with courage enough to face the vasty deep and cross the turbulent Mersey. And yet we believe they will take bicycles through the Tunnel! It was something of a novelty to have the Presider at Pulford for on the two previous occasions he has been engaged elsewhere, and Mrs. Dike thought he must have either given up cycling or met the horrible death Jay Bee has so cheerfully prophesied! We know it took him all day to get there and that he had Powell nursing him, but we don't believe the talk about "Rubou for lunch" and "the superb Minnehaha Waterfall," because Teddy Edwards saw them crawling through Eaton Park from the direction of the Iron-Bridge! The Grosvenor Arms is now resplendent with electric light, which adds greatly to its cheerfulness, especially on such a day and as Lord Mayor Cotter was present we fancy he must have been presiding at the "switching on" ceremony. The meal was excellent as usual, and among those present not otherwise referred to were Royden (fresh from his triumph as Wine Steward at the C.T.C. Dinner), Ven, Rowatt, Glover, Perkins, Band and Kettle. Dickman brought his father, who expressed his pleasure at being made so welcome among us, and Jonas, with "prospective" Richards, had actually fought the Boreal elements, via Rhydtalog, which aroused our admiration intensely. Of course Lord Roberts was there along with Pat and Ted, who are the worry of Jim Long! You see Pat carries the money bag, and as they are "the dead spit image" of each other, Long has to guess which is which, and who is who! He thought he had got the situation well in hand, because Pat wears a peculiar tie, but they fooled him at Pulford, as it was "Ted" who had the tie on!! The only solution we can see is to pick them up and rattle them. If you hear money chinking, it is Pat!

The night was gloriously moonlit, and the wind had dropped a good deal, so we all got home without serious complaint, and feeling all the better for having the cobwebs blown off us. The Presider took along with him Taylor, Nevitt, del Banco, and Long, to week-end at Llanarmon D.C., to meet a party of Walsall C.T.C., under the aegis of Oakley, the R. C. for Cheshire, Staffordshire and Shropshire, and we understand that although the C.T.C.'ites had to fight the gale along the magic "Road to Ireland," they mustered 23, and that a right royal evening ensued. How the week-enders got home next day, with the second edition of the gale is another story!

Areid, 24th November, 1928.

As wind and rain were the order of the day, an early start and a straight run to the rendezvous was necessary. My party arrived at Holmes Chapel about four-thirty, and sighting the Sale section taking tea, I promptly decided that my lamp would need water, and we joined them. After some little time we left and arrived at the R. and C. to find only Wilfred waiting, but shortly the others came: there were G. B. Orrell, A. Hancock, Albert Davies, J. E. Rawlinson, and last but not least we had the greatest of pleasure in welcoming Edwin Green back to the fold. And then we all sat down to an enjoyable tea.

Another run was over, and so our party broke up and left for our various destinations, finding the weather conditions somewhat better

T. A. TELFORD,

Editor.

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