

# ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

FORMED MARCH 1879

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

## MONTHLY CIRCULAR.

Vol. XXIV.

No. 275.

### A HAPPY NEW YEAR TO ALL.

#### FIXTURES FOR JANUARY, 1929.

Tea at 6-0 p.m.

		Light up at
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.
„ 14	Committee Meeting, 7-0 p.m., Victoria Hotel, St. John's Lane, L'pool.	
„ 19	Pulford (Grosvenor Arms)...	4-58 p.m.
„ 26	Acton Bridge (Leigh Arms) ... ..	5-11 p.m.
Feb. 2	Halewood (Derby Arms) ... ..	5-25 p.m.

#### ALTERNATIVE FIXTURES FOR MANCHESTER MEMBERS:

Tea at 5-30 p.m.

Jan. 5	Goostrey (Red Lion) ... ..	4-37 p.m.
„ 19	Bollington (Swan with Two Nicks) ... ..	4-58 p.m.
Feb. 2	Knutsford (Lord Eldon) ... ..	5-25 p.m.

Full Moon ... 25th 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. Arnold Richards, 11 Prenton Park Road, Birkenhead, has been elected to Full Membership.

The Resignation of Mr. W. Band and Mr. H. Kinder have been accepted with regret.

Mr. F. Roskell has been transferred to Honorary Membership.

APPLICATIONS FOR MEMBERSHIP.—Mr. Alfred Bryant Waterhouse, 8 Sandown Road, Seaforth. Proposed by Mr. W. P. Cook; seconded by Mr. A. Wild.

Mr. Frank Wemyss Smith, The Birches, Ashton Lane, Ashton-on-Mersey. Proposed by Mr. W. P. Cook; seconded by Mr. H. Green.

I would particularly call the Members' attention to Item No. 7 in the Agenda for the Annual General Meeting. There is a recommendation from the Committee that a Dinner shall be held in Shrewsbury on Whit Saturday. Will members kindly consider the matter in the meantime, and come to the Meeting prepared with any suggestions.

The Committee regret the reference to Mr. H. G. Buckley in the October *Circular*—under the account of the Third "50"—as it appears he was in fact suffering from a cold.

H. W. POWELL,

*Hon. General Secretary.*

\* \* \* \* \*

#### TREASURY NOTES.

I wouldn't like to say that December is the "favourite" month for paying subs. True, more are paid now than in any other month, but this is more due to compulsion than desire I'm afraid. However, 27 subs. have come in up to date, but I don't intend to give these tardy members the benefit of our publicity column, they simply don't deserve it. But what of those Weary Willies, who in spite of all the delicate little hints they've been having lately, are still in arrears? Shall we publish a Black List? Or perhaps some reader will be able to suggest some other penalty to cause them excruciating agony. A bonus on the amount extracted will be paid for a really effective remedy.

\* \* \* \* \*

#### ITEMS.

At the Fellowship of Old 'Timers' Dinner, at Holborn Restaurant, on December the 5th, we were represented by Beardwood, Venables, Oscar Taylor and Cook, while Capener, of the Speedwell, sat with us, and a very jolly evening ensued. As a compliment to the Scottish President the entertainment had a strong Scottish flavour, even including the speeches, and our old friend, Tom Hughes, had quite an ovation when he appeared to accept the J. S. Whatton medal.

\* \* \* \* \*

At the Bath Road Dinner, on December 7th, we had hoped to be represented by Neason, but unfortunately he was only recovering from a rather severe chill and at the eleventh hour the Dr. forbade him going. Dudley Waymond, in proposing the toast of the Visitors, made a very sympathetic reference to Neason's indisposition and consequent absence.

\* \* \* \* \*

Old members of the Club will regret to learn of the death of W. Downes Mills, father of G. P. Mills, on December 9th, at the ripe old age of 88. Although he ceased his membership a good many years ago he kept up his cycling until failing eyesight compelled him to desist, and was often to be seen on the roads of Wirral. The Presider attended the funeral at Flaybrick Hill Cemetery.

\* \* \* \* \*

About 50 members of the Club to whom the uniqueness of G. B. Orrell's performance in the "100" made an irresistible appeal, joined forces and presented him with a Riverside Waltham gold watch, together with an illuminated book giving a list of the participants, the work of H. L. Elston's pen. The Presider handed over the gifts at Daresbury, and Orrell expressed his appreciation and pleasure most suitably.

A medical writer in the *Daily Despatch* recently give the following advice :—" If you desire to possess an active brain, get your hair cut and keep it short. Short hair permits the air to circulate all over the scalp and in this way the blood is refreshed and kept cool. It does not stagnate and therefore the brain is kept more active than is normally the case under a heavy head of air." Now we understand why the Presider keeps his hair so short! Evidently the medico subscribes to the theory that you can't have both hair and brains! But this is all "poppycock," as the Presider and Wayfarer (himself) would say.

\* \* \* \* \*

#### Speedwell B.C. Dinner, 3rd December, 1928.

This was a most enjoyable function, the Club being represented by Fowler and Lusty (also representing M.C. & A.C.). The latter had the honour of replying to the toast of the visitors, and the former that of receiving Long's Certificate for his ride in the Speedwell "100." Again the writer had Tom Peck for his left hand neighbour, whilst Billy Connoly—the famous M.C. & A.C. trainer, on his right. The chair was occupied by Mr. Arthur Cox, M.R.R.A.

\* \* \* \* \*

Those who attended "Kuklos" lecture on the "Irish Paradise," may be interested in the following facts on the subject of the print on the back of the programme, referred to partly by the lecturer :—

"The print is of Clonmacnoise, which is situated on the Shannon, south of Athlone, in King's Co., the name on Bartholomew is "Seven Churches," and actually seven churches, of various sizes in ruin, exist. The wall at the back of the tower, which looks like a huge gravestone, is part of one of the churches into which the tower had been built. The background is the Shannon. There is another tower situated some yards to the left, and the graveyard contains some excellent crosses. The Ruins are also 'in good preservation,' and it would appear that the person who took the photo might have obtained a more comprehensive and interesting one by getting farther back to the left. The other tower has a flat top. The tower in the picture is small but one of the most perfect in Ireland. Clonmacnoise was the greatest school of learning in Europe in the Middle Ages and was founded by St. Ciaran in 548 A.D. The settlement flourished for 1,000 years, surviving the ravages of Danes and Anglo-Normans. Here were compiled many of the most famous of the Irish manuscript annals and collections, and missionaries went out to all parts of the Continent. It existed until 1552, and was eventually plundered by the Galls (English) of Athlone, and the large bells were taken away. The Great Cross is 15 ft. high, is carved out of a single stone, and its elaborate ornament contains many Scriptural scenes."

\* \* \* \* \*

#### The Commodore of the Fiddler's Ferry Yachting Club Retires.

This heading in the *Daily Press* informs us that the gallant person who for generations has led the sister sport of yachting along the Mersey Banks has retired at the youthful age of eighty-odd.

So be it, but I can hear some one ask: "How does this concern the Anfield?" Listen ye scoffers. Those who have witnessed the early rise of the Cycling Sport know what it owed to the sister sport that instilled the spirit of venture into the early wheelmen.

The Yachters of yesteryear became the fathers of the riders of afteryears. And who is there that cannot see the close affinity between the graceful angle at which the Fiddler-Yachtsman set his sail when

tacking from Cheshire Bank to Lancashire Shore with the rake at which the early Anfielder on his Ordinary on Stanley Track took the last bend for the finish.

But there is yet a closer link : In the nineties, when Cronton was in its glory the Manchester Members had no runs to Cheadle Hulme where to find repose in long trousers when the wintry tempest roared and rampaged, but they seldom failed to attend a Cronton run with its delightful gatherings, where Harry Cook, Billy Toft, Alf Deakin and Dave Fell—not to mention, or better not to forget that bright young star Chem—gave us their finished performances.

To reach home they had to fall back on all sorts of railway stations to ask the friendly locomotive for a lift on the way. One late night, during a blizzard, when an only tandem had faced the hazard, it was Piddler's Ferry of Despair, and the effort to find or trace this remote, lampless, roadless, windswept sanctuary is still fresh in the minds of both members (though one lives retired in some mountain recess).

Next time you ride the Mersey Tide, on the Seacombe Ferry Saloon Boat just cast your eyes with due respect higher up the river, for there, somewhere, lies that sportive haunt Piddler's Ferry and the Cabin of the Commodore.

\* \* \* \* \*

#### Fashion Host at Anfield Service.

Now that Lady Eleanor Smith has become fashion hostess at some great Service Store, we realise how backward we Anfielders are in introducing these novel but very necessary improvements and reforms in our Club life.

Fashion has lagged behind badly since the Smart Set lapsed in our regular sphere of movement, and Cook blunders on in his unfashionable costumes, hiding himself behind the inventor of the

BLACK ANFIELDERS.

In Manchester we are little better off. Who would hold up Mr. Bikley as a fashion plate, and in the Peninsular we have only Harry Buck to indicate a pretty sock. But socks are not enough, they do not reach to destination.

Well, the annual elections are drawing close, and a fashion officer is due, long overdue. Perhaps—who? There is so much to be done.

REFORMER.

\* \* \* \* \*

#### The Rearlight Glove for 1929.

Protection for the Pedestrian at last. Tardy reply to W. P. Cook. Directions to be observed are : The Pedestrian puts the gloves on, one each hand. The back of the glove is inlaid with a rearlight—reflector. The pedestrian walks with both hands outspread—like an owl—with the palms open and facing the oncoming traffic. He will be safe from behind.—“MOTORIST.”

\* \* \* \* \*

Members will be glad to learn that the Doctor is now on the way to complete recovery after his illness, and celebrated his return to Club life by riding to Nantwich and back on Boxing Day. Bravo ! Doctor.

\* \* \* \* \*

Arthur Hancock is making a good recovery after his recent operation for appendicitis. A letter was circulated at the Knutsford run in which he states that he hopes to be with us in a few weeks. We all wish him a speedy return to Club life.



**Correspondence.**

*To the Editor A.B.C. Circular.*

Your remarks in last publication *re* members on tour failing to provide "copy" for the *Circular* appear to me to be altogether out of order. The Editor of this journal should surely, as far as possible, make himself acquainted with any members on tour, and obtain from them on their return the necessary notes. If details of tours are worth having, they are worth asking for.

Yours,

FRANK CHANDLER.

*Editorial Note.*

Surely Mr. Chandler is joking with us. The Editor does his job for "fun"; does it in his spare time; and no doubt when Mr. Chandler is putting in a few hours cycling or reading, the Editor is correcting proofs or copy. Is it out of order then that the members should do a little bit of *voluntary* work as well as the Editor? If a tour is enjoyed it is worth recording voluntarily, for others to enjoy; otherwise it isn't.

—Ed., *A.B.C. Circular.*

\* \* \* \* \*

**RUNS AND FIXTURES.****Halewood, 1st December, 1928.**

This being the first Saturday in one of the winter months, we did not need to refer to the *Circular* to look up the destination of the run—Halewood, of course, where we could be certain beforehand that the food would be excellent and equally certain that it would be served a little late. The day was quite a good one for the time of the year, and the going good and in due time we sat down to dinner, as usual in two rooms, totalling in all, I think, about 25. It is of course quite easy to attend a run at the "Derby Arms," and not see a goodly number of those present unless one drops into the "tank" before leaving. At any rate it is difficult for one scribe to record the topics of discussion and the happenings in the two rooms. To speak of the upstairs room, much interesting talk could be heard. Burgess brought news from far Vancouver, where he had been paying a visit to his married daughter, of the two brothers Routledge, sons of a well-known friend of many of the older members—the late Bob Routledge, that famous builder of light bicycles, of unsurpassed skill. We were glad to hear that both boys—now grown men—are doing well in the motor trade, and had sent warm remembrances to many of the members, mentioning particularly Knipe, Edwards, and Cody. It was interesting to hear that they still keep as a treasured memento in that distant land, their father's bicycle—the identical machine on which Cody rode a famous "24." Then Johnny Band disclosed a fund of interesting historical knowledge of the old Shotwick Church and district, the site of the castle, and incidents of the plague visitation of the seventeenth century, which will assuredly make the place more interesting to some of us as we drop down the well-known dip in the Welsh road. In due time we left as usual, mostly in twos and threes and found that patches of fog had developed in places, being quite thick in the Warrington neighbourhood. However, so far as is known, all arrived home safely.

**Marton, 1st December, 1928.**

Hearing at lunch-time, from a very reliable source, that Winter was again upon us I wheeled my bicycle into the dining-room, and placed

it before the fire to warm while I hurried upstairs to slip into one of my Thermogene vests. Coming downstairs again I found a cup of hot tea awaiting me, and remembering a dodge taught me by one of our racing men I added two or three drops of oil of wintergreen and then drank the precious mixture very slowly. When I felt thoroughly warmed I donned my overcoat and mounting my machine rode down the front steps into the street. I had hardly gone fifty yards when I caught sight of Wilf Orrell, in his usual attire, approaching rapidly; knowing how he would jeer at me if he saw me arrayed in this manner I swung round and nipped indoors, emerging a few seconds later without my coat. He passed me with a "Cheerio," and as he appeared to be hurrying to meet somebody, I continued in the opposite direction to meet the other members of the Sale section. I found them nearly ready, and while they fastened their lamps on, we decided that it would be advisable to keep on the move as much as possible, so we planned to increase our journey by doing a little lane pottering in the neighbourhood of Gawsforth.

Riding conditions proved so easy that we found time to call at a wayside cottage near North Rode for cups of tea and a fireside chat, before moving off down the lane to Marton.

We arrived at the Davenport Arms just on time, and a general move was made towards the dining-room, ten members and a friend sitting down to the usual excellent meal.

I left early together with two friends, the homeward journey proving uneventful till within a few miles of home, when lamp failures and fog added to the excitement, but after a little delay home was again reached.

#### Mold, 8th December, 1928.

As all good things come in due time, Saturday came; and so we proceeded in true Xmas weather and spirit to Mold. On the way we fell in with Bailey, complete with his trike, which he seemingly managed with remarkable skill considering the icebound roads. Arrived at the Dolphin we found a large crowd of hardy Anfielders upstairs trying to oust each other from the fire. J.B. with a stop-watch was patiently (?) waiting for Zero hour, whilst "Little Long" was busy proving that an atom can take up quite a lot of room. Then food and towards the end of it a Scotsman was seen quizzing into the teapot in a desperate attempt to get another cup of tea. He succeeded. And then home. But there is no truth in the rumour that "Nevitt tipped the ostler a new 'green-un' in mistake for an old ten shilling note."

#### 8th December, 1928. Musical Evening at Cheadle Hulme.

I have been asked to write up this run, not as a Club run, but as a Musical Evening, so will not mention more names than necessary.

Although weather conditions were far from ideal, 27 good men and true turned out for this, our first musical evening of the season, which was once again held at the Church Inn.

The preliminary was quite good, as was to be expected, when the landlord had been searching the markets for our special hotpot. That this was up to standard can be seen from the fact that I don't know of anyone who didn't have at least two helpings. Two members in fact left their sick beds to participate and went home again immediately after, although rumour has it that the Mullah went home to bath the boy's back or something.

After justice had been done to our meal, we waited a few minutes to allow for expansion, and then started on one of the most successful musical evenings we have had.

Mr. Shimwell started off at the piano, and then Grimmie got going. After Grimmie had been lured away to be beer-bound, Mr. Johnson was called upon and rendered yeoman service. Next our own inimitable Russ was brought on and gave one of his own unique renderings, but he must be losing his cunning as I could tell nearly every word he said. Wilf and Albert Davies next staged a comeback which was a very agreeable surprise, and then came Johnnie Tomlin, another irreplaceable, and after that, what with one thing and another, I lost the sequence of events, but when at about nine o'clock Mr. Foy and Mr. Beasley arrived, we had such a surplus of talent that Mr. Beasley and our chairman had to give way to the others, so we missed "John Peel" and Mr. Beasley's special item. About this time the room was nearly full of members and friends, one of whom, Mr. Howarth, gave us some really good Lancashire jokes. Noises off made our V.P. leave the room during an item, but after quelling the disturbance, he returned flushed with triumph in time to announce the next item.

Bert Green now went, but his big boy (what a back to get behind) stayed on, and soon Jim Reade had to go to see his house safe for the night.

Grimmie's party had to go, so after saying nice things about us, we were all invited to visit them in their own quarters. The evening proper, now broke up and glasses were moved away, while the remains of the "Kitty" went to the "Waifs and Strays," but when I left at nearly eleven, the last thing I heard was the blending of voices. All the artists were gathered together at the piano singing first against each other as at a competition, and then making a glee party with Mr. Foy's voice predominating in the harmony.

As I may have mentioned earlier, this was one of our best musical evenings, and if you have attended any of them you will know that that is indeed saying something.

#### **Daresbury, 15th December, 1928.**

The temperature was more suggestive of the Arctic regions than that expected in this country, and although we were well wrapped up we had on several occasions to dismount and bang our feet on the floor to promote circulation. The wind was about E.S.E., but not strong. At Frodsham, cups of tea at Bibby's helped to warm our throats. The meal at the Ring o' Bells was very satisfactory, the beef being tender and vegetables tasty, whilst the cream cheese crowned a repast well above the average. The party numbered 32, consisting of Bailey, Buckleys, Cook, Cody, Chandler, Davies, Edwards, Elston, Glover, Greens, Hancock, Heath, Jonas, Kettle, Knipe, Long, Lucas, Nevitt, Orrells, Powell, Roberts, Royden, Wild, O'Learys, Richards, also Ryalls, Smith and Waterhouse (two latter, prospectives). Cook and Powell had been off all day via Nantwich for lunch, and we hear Powell found it necessary to buy a new gas lamp owing to the one in use fracturing, caused by the container being filled with water, which froze, with the inevitable result. Teddy Edwards, after paying his usual visit Llandegla-wards had returned home and taken train to Warrington, completing the journey by bus. W. Orrell still wears shorts, even in the frosty weather—he'll catch rheumatism one of these days—A large number rode three-wheels, evidently in anticipation of ice on the roads, of which there was none. Powell had brought his attendance list with him, but minus the figures for the Manchester Section with which we understand the Manchester sub-capt. had let

him down; having failed to put in an appearance. We also saw the little memento which a "few" friends are presenting G.B. in recognition of his successful efforts in once again hanging the name of Anfield on one of the top pages of our historic "100." It appeared to us from the list of names, that the very modest appellation of "few," comprised most of the Club membership.

The meal over, Green and Elston had a game of billiards, the result of which appeared much in favour of the latter. The Presider's party, consisting of Elston and Dick Ryalls, then pushed off towards Macclesfield, piloted by Green and W. Orrell. We understand that the former broke his bottom bracket axle at Hatton and eventually had to be persuaded to one leg it to Warrington and get to the train. Kettle Royden, Long, Glover and Nevitt returned in two parties via Chester; Bailey, Lucas, Knipe, Powell and Chandler, via Runcorn; whilst the Manchester men who hadn't far to go, pushed off in good time. The two faces we missed more than any others were Johnnie and Ven. We are not aware as to the reason for the former's absence, but we find that Ven isn't telling. The Presider's party on the morrow are reported to have visited Maggoty Johnson's Grave, Gawsorth, Havannah, and the Red Bull, making Nantwich for lunch, where the new Manageress is reported to be quite up to standard.

#### **Hooton, 22nd December, 1928.**

After running the gamut of a whole series of weathers during the week, we were treated on Saturday to some real Christmassy weather—not the fabulous Xmas Card variety, but the real stuff—just steady rain. However, it cleared before 5 p.m., and at 5-30 fifteen hungry Anfielders sat round the fire wondering when tea was going to be served. We were told that we were waiting for the *others* to arrive. In vain de Wet dashed out at one door and came in at another in order to augment our numbers. A recount still told only 15. Then he endeavoured to enliven the proceedings with a solo on the bagpipes, which he had brought along at great trouble and expense, but this only made Kettle very cross. I'm afraid he has no soul for music. On the other hand, Knipe was visibly entranced, and was heard to mutter something about a "wee cottar hoose."

At 5-45 we decided to carry on, and were swiftly served with a splendid meal, soup, roast pork, plum pudding, cheese and tea, and all for half-a-crown.

At one minute to six, George Mercer popped in and declared he wasn't late, and still later Tommy Maudall made the seventeenth. A special feature of the evening was the return of three of our "Exiles." Hotine popped up again from London Town; Norman Turvey from the broad acres, and Harry Austin from Dublin's fair city where the girls are so pretty. The latter brought a lot of foreign money with him and news of Finn. We were delighted to have them with us once again. The ride home was made in splendid moonlight, which amply repaid for our wet journey out.

#### **Mottram St. Andrew, 22nd December, 1928.**

This run was duly carried out, ten members and one friend taking part. There was, however, nothing of moment to record, the event passing off in the manner expected of all well-conducted Club runs.

#### **Bettws-y-Coed, 22nd-26th December, 1928.**

It is most unfortunate that the young and energetic who sigh for pastures new and far afield have domestic and other ties at Xmas-

tide that prevent them taking full advantage of the holiday, so that it was left for the old and decrepit to enjoy the full flavour of five glorious days on the open road. And yet we seem to remember that not so many years ago these ties lay very lightly on some of the "little brothers" who now do not get away from the roads they prowl along every week-end. It may be argued that Bettws-y-Coed is neither a new pasture or far afield, but those who have not experienced North Wales in the depth of winter, know it not, and it is quite far enough afield for the time of year, when the hours of daylight are at the minimum, even though, as was the case this year, the nights were as light as day with an unusually effulgent moon. With the Monday only a half-holiday, it rather complicated things, but there were those who talked of getting down by train on the Monday night who did not materialise, although half a loaf is better than no bread. Still the total muster was rather larger than last year and the fixture fully justified. Chandler and Cook started off from Sunnyside on Saturday morning and on Storeton Road a strange but welcome sight met their gaze, in the form of a cyclist wearing a North Road badge, who proved to be our latest "exile" Hotine, who accompanied them to Ruabon for lunch and then returned for the Hooton run. A little rain at Chester caused capes to be donned, but it ceased at Pulford and a stop at Marford to pack up again made us decide that the Trevor Arms is no place of call for the young and susceptible. The tourists again ran into rain at Llangollen, and although it was not continuous, it never kept fine long enough to discard macs, except between Cerrigy-druidion (where a stop for tea was made) and Glasfryn, while for two miles, near Maerdy, it simply poured, and at Cernioge the wind got up somewhat. The Skinner-Roskell car passed the cyclists near Glyndyfrdwy, but the Edward's car had headed them off by taking the Llandegla route, and as Rowatt had arrived by rattle and George Lake and M. Cannon were in residence, we sat down 10 to dinner, as compared with six last year. In case you question the arithmetic, it should be explained that Hubert had a slim friend with him, named Buckley, although no relation to Edwin of that ilk!

On Sunday, the Skinner-Roskell-Buckley car had to return to England, but there were five for the trip to Beddgelert and the weather was ideal. The cyclists again sampled the Llanberis-Glyntwrog-Waenfawr route outwards and returned direct up the Gwynant, but the car reversed this and added the Carnarvon apex to the triangle, thus missing one of the finest views in North Wales at Ceunant. There was the usual excellent lunch and warm welcome at Plas Colwyn and we were all sorry to find that Mrs. Hewitt was only just recovering from a fall in which she most unfortunately fractured her leg. No cyclists were in residence, but we heard the rather staggering news that Chandler's dentist had had an all night *walk* and padded the hoof all the way from West Kirby and then after a night's rest had started to walk back to Capel Curig! And we understand he has a bicycle, although Chandler says it is a "push bike" which probably explains the apparent madness! On our return to the Glan Aber we were joined by Nevitt who had so arranged his Xmas plans that he sampled the alternative without putting in either of the runs it was alternative with and cleared off next morning!

Monday really was extraordinary for its wind and rain, but it did not interfere with our enjoyment and provided its own compensations. The ride to Ogwen was an alternating series of calm and gale according to the direction given to the wind by the mountains, but it was rather awe-inspiring to see the way Tryfen loomed out of the clouds and Llyn

Ogwen lashed to fury. The nine miles took  $1\frac{1}{2}$  hours steady battling, and then we got our own back! The only difficulty was in keeping capes from blowing over our heads, as we were hurried down the Nant Francon, and it was much the same along the coast road to Penmaen-mawr, where the five of us were excellently entertained at the Grand Hotel. The Edwards car then took Rowatt home to join his family for Xmas, while Chandler and Cook waffled along to Conway and then were agreeably surprised to find almost complete shelter along the Valley to Trefriw and a cessation of the rain. At the Glan Aber, were two young cyclists from the Big City—hefty youths of nearly 6 feet on saucy machines, but when we heard they had put in for lunch and “decided to stay because it was so wet” we did not invite them to join us and were not a bit surprised to learn later that they had come all the way from Pentre Voelas!

Xmas Day was a day of days, and we knew what we were doing when we reserved it for Llanfair T.H. The cyclists took the main road to the old T.G. halfway to Pentre Voelas, and then turned left along the Capel Garnon road which was itself left for the Nebo road and then again turning off the Gwytherin road the ridge road to the top of the hill out of Llanrwst was followed. Chandler went into ecstasies over the ever-changing views of Snowdonia from a vantage point that far excels any provided over the Sportsman’s practically unknown to cyclists. At Llanfair T.H. we found that Mr. and Mrs. Montag had arrived *on bicycles*, and Mr. Turner of Derby signed on for Bettws, so we were seven for the sumptuous meal provided by Mrs. Sackett, which again inspired Chandler and Mr. Turner to melody (*sic*)! and Teddie and the Presider got the threepenny bits in the pudding! On the return direct we saw quite a crowd of motorists near Llangerniew viewing the “accident” of a steam lorry that had gone clean through the railings into the river owing to the driver not governing his speed by the range of his vision at night, but we’ll bet none of them learnt the lesson it provided as a text book example, and someone is sure to advocate having the railings on the bend studded with reflectors! Eagles Hotel was again patronised for tea and this let us in for rather a wet four mile ride, but nothing could damp the joy we had experienced all day.

Boxing Day came all too soon. Mr. Turner returned to his family at Rhyl and the Edward’s car departed to pick up Rowatt again at Chester for Nantwich, while the two cyclists had a very easy ride over the Sportsman’s (which will in due course be a race track) to lunch at Denbigh and then to Willaston for tea, where hopes of being joined by some of the Nantwich club-runners were doomed to disappointment. However, Mr. and Mrs. Edwards rejoined them and reported the “doings” at the Lamb, and later on the Presider sent Chandler off home to bed and with Elston, who had been footballing, went on to Saughall Massie and there was joined by Hotine, Turvey, Ven and Brother-in-law, which made a delightful wind-up to five splendid days.

The only greeting received at Bettws-y-coed came from Carpenter, who, not finding Bettws far enough was in Paris!

Without George Newall and Winnie we had no music and no noise! The evenings were so quiet, restful and peaceful that Chandler aroused a passion for chess, which is the most social game we know. Nevitt was the first victim and in the first game he paid his subscription and resigned. Rumour has it that Nevitt afterwards won one game but the writer had gone to see a man about a dog at Pont-y-pair! Then Teddie Edwards after resisting the game for 30 years capitulated and actually held Chandler at bay for  $1\frac{1}{2}$  hours. He would then have



resigned, but the Presider ruled that this was impossible as he is a Life Member. No wonder the whole of Bettws was plunged into darkness by the failure of the electric light on Xmas night for two hours! It was quite like old times sitting in the Tank with candles! We fear Skinner's holiday was marred by an attack of iritis caused by driving with the wind screen open, and we were glad it yielded to treatment. Chandler summed up the holiday as "seven Christmas dinners—three turkeys, two geese and two pigs"—which shows that the gastronomic arrangements were up to standard.

And that's that, Mr. Editor. Good-night.

#### Nantwich, 26th December, 1928.

The Boxing Day run is usually a popular one and this year it was more so than ever. It will probably be remembered by those who were present by the large attendance (even for a Boxing Day) and by the galaxy of older members. Forty-eight sat down to lunch, which was not served quite as quickly as we are accustomed at the "Lamb," but nevertheless I think everyone enjoyed the repast. Amongst those who sat down were: "F.H.," "Chem," Hubert Roskell, T. and C. Conway, "Zam" and "Lizzie" Buck, Skinner, "Doc" Carlisle after his illness, and two exiles in Turvey and Hotine. It was a splendid company, and we only hope to see them more often during the coming Jubilee Year.

Vice-President "Ven" had two pleasant remembrances to make, a cablegram from R. A. Fulton (New York), and a P.C. from Del Strother (Paris). Their kind thoughts and wishes were keenly appreciated and heartily reciprocated. Vice-President "Bick" had a less pleasant duty to perform in making known to us that Arthur Hancock was in hospital with appendicitis, everyone present expressed his sympathy and the members signed a message of good cheer, and wishes for a speedy recovery. A similar message was also sent to Will Toft, who has not been in the best of health for some time, and we all hope they will soon be on the high road to health and Club runs.

I must put in a little paragraph here:—Turvey was asked for his "subs," he was indignant and said he had paid—but it turned out that the Treasurer was collecting next year's "subs." There was an immediate dispersement.

Many and varied were the directions in which the party dispersed and it was pleasing to note that most of the members had made a ride of it to get to Nantwich, and left with the intention of making a day of it. Indeed, Knipe, who had been up and doing since 8-50 in the morning, was said to have chosen the "Fifty" course for his route home, it looks as if the older members are going to shew the young ones how it should be done during the coming year. Let us hope not and for the sake of the Club let every young member put his best foot forward during the forthcoming racing season, so that the older hands may see the good work being carried on in the way that they wish.

#### Pulford, 29th December, 1928.

A somewhat uneventful ride took me, damp and dishevelled, to Pulford, where I arrived simultaneously with W.P.C.: Timpat O'Leary had preceded us and he was sitting on each side of the fire recovering from a strenuous five miles from Wrexham. The Fairy Godfather Wroberts had permitted the O'Leary to come by himself.

The next arrivals were all Regulars, with the exceptions of Charlie Conway and Dave Rowatt.



We were interested to hear that Elston proposed to attack the Stockport-Knutsford trike record that evening, learning to ride F. A. Smith's trike en route in the dark. The Infirmary to which Elston would probably be taken was, of course, not known, and the idea of sending a postcard to him signed by everyone present had to be abandoned.

About twenty sat down to a meal of the usual high Pulford standard, enjoyed by all, except Bob Knipe. The jaundiced eye with which he looks on life and his fellow men at this time of the year, caused him to be shunned, and he dined alone.

After tea, two young members played billiards amid the gibes of the rest. I thought the uncomplimentary remarks rather unfair, as it should have been obvious to everyone that they were playing with twisted cues, oval balls and on a table all askew.

The ride home was as quiet as the ride out, until the 8th milestone, where Long, Glover and I met Taylor; after that it was naturally bound to be more or less eventful.

### **Knutsford, 29th December, 1928.**

This was our second visit of late years to this old Anfield house, now restored to something of its former glory. The effect of a fine day and of the holiday season was shown by an attendance of seventeen members and two friends, and a very enjoyable meal was partaken. Tea over, several of the members returned to their homes, whilst others adjourned to the Tank, to be joined a little later by Elston, who after "selling his soul for a mess of petrol" in the afternoon, had taken over Smith's trike and after many incidents (which will readily be realised by anyone who has learned to ride a tricycle) had reached Knutsford. He had unfortunately booked his room at the Angel before joining us. Members generally will be glad to know that accommodation is now available at the Lord Eldon and a cheery welcome may be counted on by any Anfielder.

Late in the evening the party finally broke up after mutual good wishes for the coming year.

T. A. TELFORD,

*Editor.*

1000000

# ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

FORMED MARCH 1879

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

## MONTHLY CIRCULAR.

Vol. XXV.

No. 276.

### FIXTURES FOR FEBRUARY, 1929.

Tea at 6-0 p.m.

		Light up at
Feb. 2	Halewood (Derby Arms) ... ..	5-27 p.m.
„ 9	Tarporley (Swan) ... ..	5-40 p.m.
„ 11	Committee Meeting, 7 p.m. (Victoria Hotel, St. John's Lane, Liverpool).	
„ 16	Pulford (Grosvenor Arms)... ..	5-53 p.m.
„ 23	Northop (Red Lion) ... ..	6- 6 p.m.
Mar. 2	Halewood (Derby Arms) ... ..	6-20 p.m.

### ALTERNATIVE FIXTURES FOR MANCHESTER MEMBERS:

Tea at 5-30 p.m.

Feb. 2	Knutsford (Lord Eldon) ... ..	5-27 p.m.
„ 16	Arclid (Rose and Crown) ... ..	5-53 p.m.
„ 23	Mottram St. Andrew (Bulls Head) ... ..	6- 6 p.m.
Mar. 2	Marton (Davenport Arms) ... ..	6-20 p.m.

Full Moon ... 23rd 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.

APPLICATION FOR MEMBERSHIP.—Mr. Robert Poole, 79 Mytton Street, Hulme, Manchester; proposed by Mr. G. B. Orrell, seconded by Mr. A. Davies.

NEW MEMBERS.—Mr. Alfred Bryant Waterhouse and Mr. Frank Wemyss Smith have been elected to Full Membership.

Mr. C. C. Dews has rejoined the Club as an Honorary Member.

Mr. F. A. Smith has been transferred to Honorary Membership.

The resignation of Mr. G. F. Hawkes has been accepted with regret.

Messrs. J. E. F. Sheppard and E. Shone have been struck off the list of Membership for non-payment of subscriptions.

Mr. E. Nevitt has been appointed Editor of the *Circular*.

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

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

The following have been appointed a Course Committee: Messrs. A. E. Foy, G. A. Glover, E. Nevitt and C. Randall.

The date of the All-Night Ride has been fixed for 22/23 June. Destination—Hereford. Route yet to be decided.

JUBILEE DINNER.—The following members have been appointed to act in connection with the arrangement for the Dinner: Messrs. H. Roskell, G. A. Glover and H. W. Powell.

H. W. POWELL,

*Hon. General Secretary.*

## TREASURY NOTES.

*Bis dat qui cito dat.*

The Hon. Treasurer wishes to thank all those members who have commenced the New Year so well by paying their Subscriptions in January.

The following list shows the Subscriptions and/or Donations received for the current year.

C. Aldridge.	*H. Green.	E. Nevitt.
S. H. Bailey.	E. D. Green.	A. Newsholme.
*H. S. Barrett.	E. R. Green.	L. Oppenheimer.
F. E. Bill.	G. A. Glover.	F. E. Parton.
E. Bright.	J. S. Jonas.	F. Perkins.
*E. J. Cody.	Chester Jones.	H. W. Powell.
*W. P. Cook.	W. H. Kettle.	J. C. Robinson.
J. O. Cooper.	R. Leigh Knipe.	*T. Royden.
A. Davies.	J. P. O'Leary.	J. D. Siddeley.
C. C. Dews.	E. T. O'Leary.	A. T. Simpson.
*E. Edwards.	F. Lowcock.	F. W. Smith.
H. I. Elston.	J. Marchanton.	U. Taylor.
D. R. Fell, Jr.	G. Molyneux.	*W. T. Venables.
R. A. Fulton.	E. Montag.	

**RACING NOTES.****Racing Programme, 1929.**

The following dates have been fixed provisionally for the current season: 1st "50," 20th April, 2nd "50," 4th May, Invitation "100," 20th May, Invitation "24," 19th/20th July, Club "12," 17th August, 3rd "50," 14th September.

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

**ITEMS.**

Wayfarer's reference to W.P.C.'s assiduity for warming his tyres in front of the fire is very amusing reading to those who discovered the Presider on the roadside on a recent very cold Wednesday night struggling to get a frozen tubular on to the rim, and which eventually had to be hauled on by four pairs of hands to the accompaniment of phraseology suitable to the occasion. What he would have done without assistance we shudder to think, but we trust he now keeps his spares, when not in use, in a warm temperature and not in a refrigerator.

\* \* \* \* \*

Del Strother, in a letter to Chandler in which he conveys his kind regards to "all the boys," outlines a contemplated Summer tour in the South of France, starting near Le Puy, via Gorges du Tarn, Ardèche, Avignon, Marseilles, and Toulon, to the Riviera (Hyères, Cannes, Nice, etc.), returning via Grenoble to Lyon. The South is very interesting from different logical standpoints and the scenery is very beautiful. Anyone "biting" had better let Del Strother know in good time. It is unnecessary of course to lay stress on the tremendous advantage we find ourselves placed in when touring with Freddy, as his knowledge of the *lingus* and his ability to keep down expenses to a ridiculously small figure, at the same time enjoying all the fruits that a rich and fertile country affords, is well known to those of us who have accompanied him in the past, and we emphasise our advice to those who can—go when the opportunity presents itself!

\* \* \* \* \*

The Fashion Note which appeared in last month's *Circular* recalls to our mind the very vile suggestion that "Black Anfielders" was originally a name given to those members who were, and still are, notorious in their dislike for soap and water.

\* \* \* \* \*

**Editorial.**

The Editor's job is to edit;  
For which he gets dam' little credit;  
If he puts a word in,  
It's sure to be sin,  
But like Cook, he can say that he's read it.

\* \* \* \* \*

**Unofficial Racing Notes.**

Having spent most of our winter evenings at the local Cinema, we have acquired a very good idea of what modern sport is coming to. We confidently look forward to the following during the next racing season.

Cook is standing at the fourth milestone, an alarm clock in one hand, a toy pistol in the other. Across the road, racing men are lined up eagerly waiting for the bang of the firearm. But stay, something is amiss! Where is Bren? What can have happened to Orrell? He is not at the start! "Oh Bren, Bren, where are you?" cries Mary (or Bessie, as the case may be). And then, in the distance, Orrell can be seen rushing towards them. He has just time to change, and start with the others. Eventually he wins by ten miles.

It is subsequently discovered that McKail bribed Foy to kidnap Orrell so that McKail could do Fastest Time. But Orrell providentially eluded his captor in time to save the day.

Finally a close-up fade-out of Orrell kissing Mary (or Bessie as the case may be).

\* \* \* \* \*

### The Officers.

*President.* The Tyrant of the Trike. Like all very young users of the bassinet, he wears a pretty bonnet, ribbon at his neck, and a seraphic expression.

*Vice-Presidents.* Presidents addicted to.

*Secretary.* "He no look of shame bears  
As he, the ghastly Berèt, wears."

*Treasurer.* Pay  $\frac{\quad}{\quad}$  him.  
Avoid

*Captain.* A Master of Chess. He depends on his helpers as the King upon his pieces. His Motto is "Check!"

*Sub-Capts.* When to them you donate, your last two-and-eight, Temptation is strong, in Davies and Long.

*Editor.* At present he is dodging the Officers.

\* \* \* \* \*

### Twenty Years Ago

(Extract from account of A.G.M. in February "Circular," 1909).

" . . . Officers and Committee are now elected and President Mercer is prevailed upon to remain *In Loco Parentis*. Messrs. Toft and Worth are again made V.P.'s, and Harry is a much loved Captain. Ramsey Wells (a bulky person) ought not to meet with much opposition at tea time, and Norman Higham is the other Sub-Captain. Proposed from the chair and carried with acclamation that Arthur Penrose James be re-elected Hon. Sec.—A.P.J. looks angry and says he doesn't thank us, but *we* know him—Billy Owen says he has made his fortune, but obeys duty's call (thanks Billy)—Johnny Band makes two minor disturbances, but is successfully extinguished and made to serve on the Committee along with McCann, Edwards, Fulton, A. M. Higham, George Poole, Blackburn and Bentley—Some objections are made to the Chest Protector Variety of Standard Medal, the Die is recast accordingly and the values are altered. The question of Road Racing in 1909 is considered and the resolution moved. It seems we intend to race this year—The Captain lays his scheme before the meeting, and, after some discussion it is adopted—Turnor moves (by proxy) that the Club run a 12 Hours' Handicap—Majority of the meeting say 'No!! certainly not'—Bentley says, 'Why not?' and waxes warm thereon.

" Billy Cook says : ' If a man can't do 190 in 1st ' 12 ' of a ' 24 ' he should retire.' (Ironical jeers from poor worms now operating.) Club tours next arranged. . . . "

\* \* \* \* \*

### Polytechnic Jubilee Dinner, 15th December, 1928.

It all happened over a cup of coffee. Said the Presider, with suitable melancholy, " I have been invited to the Jubilee Dinner of the Polytechnic, and the Lord Mayor of London is to be there, and I cannot go." " What ! " said the writer with well-simulated consternation, " And the Anfield not be represented ? " " What date did you say ? " (not that he had said any). " Let me see," (consulting the letter) " Why, December 15th, and the middle of the month too." " Nothing easier," quoth (right word) the writer, " I shall be in Town on that day, attending the Committee of Obsolescent Cyclists, a dinner in the midst of the ' real thing ' in the evening will be to me a godsend." " Pray, with all speed, write to ask them to invite me." So, it came about by gentle cozenage and subtle suggestion, that the Anfield was represented after all, and at the top table, too.

The end of the middle week of December found the countryside spangled with glittering diamonds of hoar frost, and the great Metropolis breathing a subtle sense of the near approach of the season of goodwill. Happy crowds of shoppers gazed into the windows of brilliantly lighted stores and kept the streets alive with chatter and the rumble of feet. Tempting regimental arrays of white breasted fowl graced the rails of the poulterers, their once proud heads now hanging low in mute invitation. Motors rushed with raucous blast past the doors of the Holborn Restaurant, as the writer made a timorous way into its doors. Fair women and brave men abashed him by the glory of their raiment, as he ascended the marble staircase. In the Caledonian Room, comfortably enjoying the blaze on the hearth, the Lord Mayor, evening dress, blue riband and sparkling jewel. In the distance, Stancer, Hooydonk, Arnott, Cecil Cooke.

The tables set for some two hundred guests groaned with good things, and the hospitality on the chief table was beyond reproach. The speeches, as befitted such a notable occasion, were of some length, but an account of the achievements of the " Fifty Years," at the hands of the Hon. Secretary was essential, and deservedly was ordered to be printed. The Lord Mayor emphasised true sportsmanship, and another extolled the merits of the old members, to have his fine periods spoiled by the dirge : " We thank you for these few kind words." Just as Bidlake took a vacant seat beside the writer, and Stancer in the next seat can verify the statement, or not as the case may be, an extraordinary thing took place. The writer was just reaching out for the — cruet, when the lights failed, or seemed to do, and in the doorway appeared, or seemed to do, a real " Father Christmas," bearing aloft a flaming Christmas Pudding, and as he advanced with faltering steps, some hidden choir burst into song : " When the snow lay round about, deep, and crisp, and even." Whether this be truth, or fancy, the signatures of Kynaston Studd, Lord Mayor, A. E. Walters, A. S. Ingram, A. J. Watson, G. L. Morris, Tommy Hall, J. E. Holdsworth, Dr. E. B. Turner, W. J. Bailey, F. T. Bidlake and G. S. Stancer, engrossed neatly on the writer's menu, whilst not attesting completely to his veracity, may surely be urged as indisputable evidence that he did actually attend this remarkable dinner, and feebly perhaps, bear with pride for one brief hour (or was it two or three) the flaming motto : *Hic ubi que.*

## In Memoriam.

It is with feelings of the utmost regret and sadness that we are compelled to announce the passing of one of our members, ARTHUR HANCOCK, who died at the Wallthew Nursing Home, at Heaton Norris, near Stockport, on Sunday, the 6th of January.

Hancock had not been well for some time and shortly before Christmas underwent a serious internal operation. Early reports as to his progress were all to the good, and in a short letter, which was passed round at Knutsford, on December 29th, he himself wrote of good progress and hoped for an early return to our gatherings.

His end was painfully sudden, in fact, one of his friends had been with him only an hour or so before this tragic and sad occurrence took place.

Hancock, unfortunately, was a member of the Club for all too short a time. Some of us had known him for a considerable number of years. He first came to notice in connection with the racing events of the Manchester Grosvenor and Cheadle Hulme Clubs, having become a member of both Clubs. In their fixtures he rode with much success, deservedly earning the respect, friendship, and admiration of all with whom he came in contact.

The year 1926 first saw him seek fame as a record breaker when he made an attempt on the N.R.R.A. 24 Hours' Bicycle record. A vile day saw him achieve wonderful results. His indomitable pluck and courage were the astonishment and admiration of all who saw him ride; and the figures that he made that day are still on top on the Record Book to remind us of his prowess and determination not to be beaten. In this ride he was largely assisted by members of our Club, and very shortly afterwards he showed a keen desire to become one of us.

Last year, as one of us, he hardly seemed to show quite the form. Nevertheless it is still fresh in our memory of the splendid ride he made in winning for us our own 24 Hours, in July. As we know, he was even then, not well, and suffered from gastric trouble during the event.

An ill-fated attack on the 12 Hours' Bicycle record, on another bad day, late in October, was the last occasion we saw him take part in speed work. Even then again he was suffering and had been under medical treatment almost up to the very day. It is much to be regretted that he failed on this occasion. It would have been great had he held the 12 and 24 Hour records at the end.

The last time that he was able to be present at a Club run was at Daresbury, on December 15th, only a very few days before the operation took place.

Always cheerful, smiling, and genuine, Arthur was a good friend, and a pal to all; one who will be greatly missed by everyone who claimed his friendship. Those of us who saw him laid to rest came away in bitter silence, with a feeling of unutterable sadness and intense regret, knowing well that the Club, the sport, and the world, were the poorer by the loss of a comrade, a sportsman, and a gentleman.

Our deepest sympathy goes to his father and mother, and their family.

His memory we shall love and cherish for a long time.



## RUNS AND FIXTURES.

### Rufford, 5th January, 1929.

With head down, I plugged into fearful odds, in the shape of a thick head-wind, in a direction East by North. In the hope of falling in with some of our Racing men, and giving them a little helpful shelter against the blast, I debouched from my direct route and made for the main Liverpool-Preston road; but my forethought was in vain. Near Burscough, I saw a long line of large red lights, and thought that here at last were the Anfielders; but no; it was merely road repairs.

I finally rolled up to the Fermor Arms at 6-15. And here they were, "clients old and new," gathered together to an even score, and busily engaged demolishing the famous Rufford steak pie, around the famous Rufford furnace.

The gathering included President, Vice-President, Captain, Treasurer, Secretary, and a resurrection in the person of Jack Marchanton.

The conversation around me was intensely cyclistic. I learnt, for instance, that the best lamp in the world is the acetylene, and also that it is the worst. I learnt that the only lamp worth using is the dynamo electric; also that it is useless. On one point practically everyone was agreed—that paraffin is perfectly hopeless. This must be why the Fifax is coming back on the market next season (*Advert.—Ed.*) But perhaps not.

The usual motor and train parties were there, in addition to Real Cyclists, carrying on discussions which waxed fast and sometimes verged on furious. We all know now exactly why taper tubes are so good, bad, and indifferent. Or perhaps we don't.

I found myself on the road again in company with Him Who Must Be Obeyed, and another, still talking, we journeyed together to the parting of the ways near Ormskirk. The Fearful Odds had changed on the return to odds on, and the going was gorgeous when I headed for home in a direction West by South. It was a clear, still, crisp winter's night, a night of all nights for cycling. And I had it thenceforward all to myself all the way home. Such rides make life worth while. I hope all you, my brothers, enjoyed yours as much.

(EDITOR'S NOTE.—We understand that Frank Wood arrived to put in his run after everyone had left. Better too late than never!)

### Goostrey, 5th January, 1929.

A sharp wintry day with lowering skies threatened snow, but finally let us off with a little sleet. The Sale C.C. (minus Norman Heath, who has retired to winter in Wellington) set forth via Wilmslow and called at Siddington for a cup of tea. Picking up another member there, we continued to the Red Lion, and arrived early for once. Inside we found Bikle, musing happily over wild orgies of bagatelle and free mulled ale at Loppington the previous night. He capped these yarns with a weird tale of New Year's Eve at Loppington, when the Black Heath captained a mixed band of C.T.C.-ites and rode the New Year in round the Parish Pump. G. Rawlinson followed, now reduced to pushing a bicycle since the Bank transferred him from the gleaming piles of gold behind the counter to honest poverty in the Manager's Office. With him came Bert Morton, who proceeded to take off his fifth sweater, leaving the other four and a woolly waistcoat to shield him from the fire. The Mullah and Tommy Mandall arrived next, the Mullah, proudly waiving an acetylene lamp as a guarantee of respectability. The younger Buckley arrived on three wheels, and much

later Rex Austin, having started the New Year well by oiling his chain, continued the good work by oiling his inside.

Twelve sat down to a plentiful hot meal, after which Wilf Orrell dashed off to meet someone (sex unspecified) for whom he had to change his clothes. The rest adjourned to the Tank, where various people held forth on the A.G.M. Bert Morton showed signs of becoming a captain of industry by getting Rawlinson to repair his back tyre in the parlour, and sending Hubert Buckley to get a pump to blow it up. When we left he was looking for someone to put the wheel back for him.

The Sale C.C. soon departed, sped by the strains of a mouth-organ, and after a short delay caused by H. Green's pedals turning without moving the back wheel, paced Hubert's three wheeler home en route for Patricroft.

#### **Halewood, 12th January, 1929. Annual General Meeting.**

There was quite a good attendance at this run, with a fairly strong contingent of Manchester members. After the usual excellent gastronomical "doings," a prompt start was made with the real business of the evening, under the direction of the President. He unfortunately had to begin on a very sad note in touching upon the death of poor Arthur Hancock, to whose memory he paid the highest tribute, and to whose relatives he offered on behalf of us all the most sincere sympathy.

The minutes of the last meeting were then read and confirmed, and the secretary proceeded to give us his report for the past year. This, as usual, was a most interesting document, and revealed the gratifying fact that there had been a slight improvement in the average attendance and that the President and Sub-Capt. Long had performed, what to me is the miraculous feat of attending all the runs. It also revealed that Tommy Royden—our sturdy centenarian—had once more got away with the attendance prize. He would appear to be making a corner in this, and something drastic will have to be done about it.

It transpired that Johnny Band, by having completed his 1,000 runs, had made himself eligible to join the very exclusive little band (joke over) of life members. This announcement was greeted with great applause, to which Johnny suitably responded, after which it was observed that he adopted an attitude of cold aloofness to the ordinary members.

Capt. Kettle then gave us a resume of the racing activities of the Club, which on the whole was gratifying. The entries for the "50's" had been disappointing, but the performances in some cases had been excellent, with G. B. Orrell as the outstanding feature. We had also done quite well in the invitation events. Orrell had distinguished himself in the Anfield "100" by a most remarkable performance—probably the finest ride in this event ever accomplished by an Anfielder—he having run neck and neck a race with Southall for half the distance and finished well within evens. This gives us strong hope that this wonderful rider may in the near future at last bring to the club the honour of fastest time in this event. Several record attempts had been made by Molyneux, but he had invariably met with unfortunate conditions. On the other hand, Orrell had succeeded in lowering the 100 miles Northern record, which was very satisfactory. Capt. Kettle mentioned that a little more enthusiasm on the part of non-riders in events (more especially young 'uns) would be very welcome in giving assistance, and it is to be hoped that his words will bear fruit. It cannot

be too strongly emphasised that our racing secretary has an enormous amount of work to do, and that being so has every right to expect the most cordial co-operation.

Our perennial Napoleon of Finance then proceeded to distribute his annual tracts so that everybody could see that there had been no messing about with the financial machine. Knipe is in his element here and there is no doubt that if some of our banking or merchant princes could have the privilege of listening to his masterly exposition of complicated financial operations they would marvel at his eloquence, stand aghast at his lucidity and remain ahuried at his comprehensive grasp. He brings to the mundane commercial aspect, a bewildering variety of imagination, and has the power in one breath to send a warm glow in one's bosom as he expounds items which appear in the balance sheet as substantial assets, only, almost in the same breath, not alone ruthlessly to destroy these assets, but by a species of financial alchemy—his own treasured secret—to transform them into a debit. I am a child in these matters and sit in profound admiration, not unmixed with awe, as I listen in thrall to this intricate jugglery. Eventually the pleasing fact emerges that we are still far from being insolvent, which is something to be thankful for in these hard times.

The annual subscriptions will remain as before.

The election of officers was then proceeded with, the President effacing himself in favour of Venables. On Cook being proposed and seconded for re-election it became apparent that this could not, as many wished, be carried with acclamation. A discussion arose and in the end, Cook, who was desirous of taking a vote on the matter, persuaded Buckley, Senr., to allow himself to be nominated, really against the latter's will. On a poll being taken it was found that Cook had been re-elected with only five dissentient votes, which in the circumstances was very satisfactory. Speaking quite disinterestedly, I am sure that although those members who were not in favour, might feel they were justified (there is no object in going into the pros and cons here), there is no doubt that it would have been little short of a calamity if any other result had been achieved, more especially in this, our Jubilee year. The little matters of dissension were fairly fully thrashed out and I sincerely hope and believe that everything is now on an even keel again, and will remain in that beatific condition indefinitely. So Mote It Be.

The election of the usual Officers resulted as follows: President, W. P. Cook; Vice-Presidents, W. T. Venables and E. Buckley; Capt. and Hon. Racing Sec., W. H. Kettle; Sub-Capts., J. Long and A. Davies; Treasurer, R. L. Knipe; Secretary, W. H. Powell; Auditors, E. O. Morris and W. E. Cotter.

The Committee now consists of: S. J. Buck, E. Edwards, G. A. Glover, H. L. Elston, J. S. Jonas, A. Lucas, G. B. Mercer, E. Nevitt, C. Randall and A. Wilde.

After discussion, it was agreed that the Banquet in celebration of our Jubilee year should be held at the George Hotel, Shrewsbury, on the Saturday evening prior to Whit Monday, and there is sure to be a bumper attendance.

In connection with "other business," a discussion arose as to the desirability or otherwise of all contributions to the *Circular* bearing the signatures of the writers, in the course of which it was pointed out that the sole responsibility rested with the Editor. On a vote being taken on the matter, an overwhelming majority was in favour of this state of things—in my opinion the only one—being allowed to remain.

Knife made an impassioned appeal to members in general to pay their subscriptions at the earliest possible moment, and I think if they would give a moment's thought to the enormous trouble incurred by our one and only Chancellor, through this not being done, that in sheer pity for his greying locks (the decolorisation being largely due to the cares of office), they would cough up with slickness and despatch.

A vote of thanks to the Chairman brought to a close a very interesting meeting.

### Pulford, 12th January, 1929.

On this particular Saturday, I was aroused from sleep by someone knocking on my bedroom door. I rubbed my eyes; put my hand out of bed in order to switch the light on, and then discovered that it was 7-30 a.m.

I was lying in bed, under the shadow of the great Cathedral in the ancient city of Lincoln. I lay for a few minutes, then suddenly—like a flash—the word Pulford came to my mind, and my thoughts appeared to be automatically switched on to another ancient city—Chester; I pictured myself meandering round that city, en route for Pulford.

It was pre-arranged that I would be in readiness with the tandem by 3 o'clock, and that my partner would call at that hour. He did so, and we set off on tandem for Pulford. Powell was overtaken, and after exchanging a few words with him, we pushed off and reached Chester in time for a cup of tea. We visited a famous old cafe, and there, to our delight, found Ven., Cotter, and Nevitt; we joined them, and after a drink, cigarettes, and a chat, bade them *au revoir*—only to meet again at Pulford.

When it was my privilege to be elected a member of the A.B.C., I well recall my first "official" run, and the feeling of being enrolled as a "cyclist,"; when, alas! at the same run, however, I was quick to observe that *all* its members were by no means "cyclists," for, to my horror—and not little surprise, I assure you—I learned that some there had actually come in a motor car; others had come by train; while some had come on single, tandem, or tricycle. My apparent surprise was noticeable to two members present (cyclists), so I raised the point with one of them (Cook) and was rewarded by the quick retort of "Yes! You can come in a wheelbarrow if you like, but come!" (I have, of course, never yet attended a run in this manner). That aspect of the matter was vividly re-called to my mind at this run, when I observed that at least six of the 28 who attended, had come by motor car.

There would, of course, be no good purpose served by making mention of each individual who attended; suffice it to say that Cook, and his skull cap, together with Teddy and his cigar, were there, and McKail had ridden from Manchester.

Of the run itself, there is not a great deal to be said. It was certainly good to be out and about on such a day; everywhere appeared to be filled with the essence of winter. It was a typical cyclist's day, and made one realize—if so inclined—the wisdom of thought.

I am not aware that anyone—other than our President, who proceeded to Llanarmon D.C. for the night—was week-ending.

Shortly after 7 o'clock, my partner reminded me that I had a home; so we got the gas-lamp functioning; proceeded to the yard for the tandem, were joined by Jonas, Waterhouse, and Richards; then "made a dash for it."

We eventually arrived home quite early—before 9-30 p.m., and when—after the visit from the ancient city of Lincoln, through the ancient city of Chester, to the old little village of Pulford—sitting at ease, and surrounded by home comforts, I at once thought how glorious it is to be filled with “modest stillness and humility.”

Sleep; Lincoln, Pulford, Birkenhead, then alas! more sleep.

### **Bollington, 19th January, 1929.**

It was with much enthusiasm that I looked forward to again visiting the “Swan with Two Nicks,” for a long time had elapsed since the Club had held a run there. I conjured up visions of many of the happy times I had spent there in congenial company, and the prospect of many of the same friends again attending on this occasion rather enhanced the spirit of the revival of the run to “Jim Plant’s” (for such is the place affectionately termed).

The weather was much the same as on the historic occasion when the Anfield Bargees, chanting the song of “The Volga Boatmen,” turned up in full force at Bollington, breaking the silence of the waning winter’s day with their cry of “Yo Ho, Heave Ho.”

The place looked strangely deserted when my companion and I arrived, but the apparent gloom was hastily dispelled, when, having stabled our steeds, we were greeted by our jovial host and hostess, who conducted us to the Snug, where in the past I had heard so many interesting reminiscences exchanged. Soon the party began to swell, one of the early arrivals being our new Sub-Captain, Albert Davies, who quickly displayed his enthusiasm and interest by electing someone to write up the Run—I being that luckless individual.

“Zero hour” rapidly approached, and a move was made to the Dining Room, where we found our Hostess had lost none of her skill as a caterer, for the spread we saw displayed, certainly looked very appetising.

An excellent meal was soon disposed of, and with the chairs drawn round the fire, we proceeded to enjoy our usual after-tea interlude, which has become so famous on a Manchester Alternative Run. The time passed all too quickly, and the party commenced to break up; “The Mullah” (whose company has been conspicuous by its absence since he tied the matrimonial knot) being the first to respond to the call of the family at home.

It is reported that four of the Settlers retired again to the Snug to regale themselves and wish a safe and speedy journey to Tommy Mandall, who has now become recognised as one of the regular attenders on a Manchester run. I understand a movement is afoot to have him adopted as a Mancunian, but some difficulty has arisen over his Nationalisation Papers.

As a concluding remark I would like to congratulate Albert Davies on his debut as a Sub-Captain, his management was beyond reproach, an expression which I feel sure will be heartily endorsed by all who were present.

### **Acton Bridge, 26th January, 1929.**

Whilst seated near to the Presider, listening to cycling news culled from many quarters, a very gentlemanly fellow approached and informed me that he had, at a recent meeting, been appointed Editor. I, of course, congratulated this smart young fellow and stated that the Club also was to be congratulated that the job was in such good hands.

As my remarks were quite sincere, I thought that his nibs would leave me and, searching out one of our literary geniuses, ask him to write up the run. Just at the moment of writing I feel that the Club have made a bloomer in the Editorial appointment, because, I proved to be his victim. Well, here goes.

My journey out from near the City of Perpetual Sunshine was done in solitary state, and, to one so recently confined to bed by illness, seemed quite a goodly step, but, by dint of pushing the pedals down when they came up I eventually arrived at the Milton hostelry. I had quite a boisterous reception when going into the crowded room adjoining the bar. Members were so crushed together that they were almost on one another's knees, but, as Bob Knipe was expressing a desire to receive subscriptions for 1929, there was plenty of room in his vicinity. Upon taking the vacant seat next to Bob, so many suggestions were made that I should pay my sub. that I decided to "cross the floor of the house," in order to examine a new badge in the Presider's coat, which proved to be the emblem of the recently formed Tricycle Association.

The meal was a true Acton Bridge repast and was both good and plentiful. Though I have had many meals in many places, at no other place have I had cow and pig served up on one plate, but this seems to be a standing dish with the Milton's and appears to be quite popular.

Not one of the 32 members present went away feeling hungry, and after the meal, I personally felt more able to tackle the homeward journey, which proved to be comparatively uneventful.

I understand that Cook and Davies were week-ending at Arclid, but believe that the others returned to their respective homes.

E. NEVITT,

*Editor*

# ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

FORMED MARCH 1879

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

## MONTHLY CIRCULAR.

Vol. XXV.

No. 277.

### FIXTURES FOR MARCH, 1929.

Tea at 6-0 p.m.

		Light up at
Mar.	2 Halewood (Derby Arms) ... ..	6-20 p.m.
"	9 Mouldsworth (Station Hotel) ... ..	6-33 p.m.
"	11 Committee Meeting, 7 p.m. (Victoria Hotel, St. John's Lane, L'pool.	
"	16 Pulford (Grosvenor Arms) ... ..	6-45 p.m.
"	23 Daresbury (Ring O' Bells) ... ..	6-59 p.m.
"	29/April 1st Easter Tour.—Bettws-y-Coed (Glan Aber) ... ..	7-11 p.m.

Alternative Tour.—Welsh Border.

April	6 Rhyd Talog (Liver Inn) ... ..	7-24 p.m.
-------	---------------------------------	-----------

### ALTERNATIVE FIXTURES FOR MANCHESTER MEMBERS :

Tea at 5-30 p.m.

Mar.	2 Marton (Davenport Arms) ... ..	6-20 p.m.
"	16 Goostrey (Red Lion) ... ..	6-45 p.m.
April	6 Northwich (Crown and Anchor) ... ..	7-24 p.m.

Full Moon ... 25th inst.

The Hon. Treasurer's address is R. L. Knipe, 103 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.

APPLICATIONS FOR MEMBERSHIP.—Mr. J. Pitchford, Astley, near Shrewsbury; Mr. F. L. Street, Police Station, Bicton Heath, Shrewsbury; Mr. D. Davies, 9 Grey Friars Road, Shrewsbury. Proposed by Mr. A. E. Walters, seconded by Mr. W. H. Kettle.

NEW MEMBER.—Mr. Robert Poole, 79 Mytton Street, Hulme, Manchester, has been elected to Full Membership.

Mr. W. A. Lowcock has been transferred from Honorary to Full Membership.

Mr. W. Threlfall has been transferred to Honorary Membership.

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 can, to "double-up." It will be a convenience to me if Members who intend to join in the Tour will let me have their names as early as possible, and at the same time inform me the day they intend to arrive at Bettws.



Day runs have been arranged as follows :—

Friday ... Llanfairtalhaiarn (Black Lion).  
 Saturday ... Criccieth (George).  
 Sunday ... Rhyd-y-Fen.  
 Monday ... Denbigh (Bull).  
 Lunch, 1-30 p.m. each day.

H. W. POWELL,

*Hon. General Secretary.*

### RACING NOTES.

The dates for the Racing Programme as announced provisionally in the February *Circular* have now been decided upon by the Committee. Members are requested to book the dates for the purpose of competing or helping as the case may be.

The following are the dates of the principal "Opens" in which we are likely to be interested: Etna "50," 1st April; Manchester Wheelers' "50," 15th June; Manchester Grosvenor "100," 30th June; East Liverpool Wheelers "50," Bath Road "100," and Speedwell "100," 5th August; Palatine "50," 1st September; North Road "24," 20th/21st September.

The Committee consider that the time has now arrived for a stricter observance of the Road Racing Council recommendations, particularly relating to limitation of entries, and are of the opinion that Associations promoting events on the road should adopt the R.R.C. recommendations. Therefore they have decided that competitors for the Invitation "100," for 1929, will be required to give an undertaking not to compete in events in which the number of entries are in excess of the R.R.C. recommendation.

W. H. KETTLE,

*Capt. and Racing Secretary.*

### TREASURY NOTES.

After starting the year with such a brilliant burst of speed that 41 Subscribers' names appeared in the *Circular*, it was inevitable, I suppose, that there should be a little slowing down, but I hope this is merely that we are getting our "second wind." Now then, all you 130 late starters, it's time you showed up at the first cheque—I mean check. Get busy, and let March come in like a lion.

Subscriptions and/or Donations (\*) have been received from the following members during the current month :—

*J. C. Band.	C. H. McKail.	A. W. Skimmer.
*S. J. Buck.	*Geo. Newall.	J. G. Shaw.
*E. Bolton.	*W. M. Owen.	O. E. Taylor.
S. del Banco,	R. Pugh.	W. E. Taylor.
W. Henderson.	H. Roskell.	N. Turvey.
A. Lucas.	D. C. Rowatt.	A. B. Waterhouse.
*A. Lusty.		

### Alternative Easter Tour, 1929.

A very pleasant route has been arranged through some of the most charming scenery of the Border Counties of Salop, Hereford, Radnor and Brecon.

It is suggested that as far as possible the party will assemble at Wem, on the Thursday night, March 28th. Hot supper and beds will be arranged at the Castle Hotel for those sending in their names to E. Buckley, who has the tour arrangements in hand.

On Friday the route will be mostly through lanes and by-roads, via Bomere Heath, Montford Bridge, Halfway House, Westbury to Chirbury (Lunch, Herbert Arms, 1-30 p.m.), then on via Church Stoke and Bishop's Castle to Clun (White Horse Hotel, Dinner, 8-0 p.m.). (Dinner, Bed and Breakfast, 9/-).

On Saturday, via Lientwardine, Wigmore, Mortimer's Cross, Eardisland, Pembridge, to Weobley (Lunch, Red Lion Hotel, 1-30 p.m.), then on via Staunton-on-Wye, Breadwardine Bridge, over Arthur's Stone to Dorstone, and down the Golden Valley, via Peterchurch, Abbey Dore, Pontrilas to Abergavenny (Angel, Hotel Dinner, 8-0 p.m.). (Dinner, Bed and Breakfast, 11/6). Distance for the day 64 miles.

On Sunday, up the Usk Valley to Crickhowell and through the Black Mountains to Talgarth. Three Cocks, to Hay. It is hoped to fix up for Lunch either at the Three Cocks Inn or the Crown, Hay. Then via Whitney Bridge, Kington to Presteign (Tea, Radnorshire Arms), Lingen, Brampton Bryan, Bucknell, Chapel Lawn to Clun (White Horse Hotel, Dinner, 8-0 p.m.). (Terms as before). Distance for day, 65 miles.

On Monday, the return will be via Bishop's Castle, Gravels, The Hope Valley, Minsterley, to Shrewsbury (Lunch, George Hotel, 1-30 p.m.), after which the party can divide according to home destinations.

Buckley will be glad to have names and any individual requirements from all intending participants at the earliest possible moment. Those unable to join in at Wem on Thursday night could arrange to meet at Chirbury (lunch), or Clun (dinner) on Friday.

#### EDITORIAL.

The men we invited to write  
Short lines for the *Circular* bright,  
Who said they couldn't,  
Or that they wouldn't,  
Are the Anfield's permanent blight.

#### ITEMS.

We notice with great interest that among the "Coming Events" of the C.T.C., at Oldham, appears: "Wednesday, 13th March, 1929, Mr. Rothwell will give his 'Reminiscences of a Tour in Germany and Holland.'" We hope Russ won't give an un-expurgated edition. How is it we have never succeeded in getting him to address us on this lurid topic? Perhaps the Tank version is the more interesting!

\* \* \* \* \*

For many years the Master and the Presider have been waging a battle as to who could sport the most Badges. When the Master trotted out his Dutch Touring Club badge the Presider trumped it with the I.A.W. insignia. Honours were still even, when they both joined the Frothblowers' and the Mustard Club simultaneously, but we now fancy the Presider has won the rubber by becoming a Life Member of the New Tricycle Association and decorated himself with the saucy T.A. breastpin.

\* \* \* \* \*

During Li Price's visit to the old country, rumours were rife as to his contemplating joining the ranks of Benedicts, and colour was lent to these rumours by the mysterious way Li dashed off back to London just when we thought we had succeeded in arranging for his appearance at a Club run. However, knowing that rumour is ever a lying jade and regarding the "news" as unbelievable as it would be in the case of A.T.S., J.C.B. and other die-hards, we contradicted the rumour on all sides. And now we have an authoritative statement by Li himself,

who characteristically writes: "Just at the end of October that little rude, curly-headed slinger of arrows, caught me a hefty one, fitted with an outside in barbs. The result is I am engaged and my fiancée is due out here in May . . . I can hear you say, 'serves you right—that comes with giving up cycling.'" We are sure everyone will congratulate Li and wish him all health and happiness in his new state. But what a terrible warning! Evidently none of us are immune, and the stoutest heart may well quail!

There is no doubt about it. Our Bob Knipe is clever. Having decided, with his well-known youthful impetuosity, to "smash through" in front of a tramcar at the Gardeners Drive—Boaler Street crossing of Sheil Road, he so timed his effort that the motor car he collided with should be an *Ambulance*, armed to the teeth with appliances for sweeping him up and most cordial in invitations for a trip to the Hospital which he refused with contumely. We commoner members of the Club would have been foolish enough to crash into a rotten taxi, with no conveniences whatever.

The absence of Chandler from such notorious feeding places as the Leigh Arms, Acton Bridge, and Halewood, was freely commented on, but we are asked to deny the rumour that the chill he was suffering from was caused by over-heating of the lumbar regions from his rear lamp.

If any of our members desire to join the Tricycle Association, full particulars of membership can be obtained from the President.

The Treasurer has had a long and interesting letter from Eric Bolton, one of our exiles in Canada, in which he sends remembrances to all old friends, and wishes the Club a Happy and Prosperous Year.

He confesses a lapse from grace in having joined the "gasoline hounds," but pleads extenuating circumstances. We all remember Bolton, a former Manchester Sub-captain, as a most earnest and conscientious cyclist, a real enthusiast. If he has had to seek petrol assistance, we may be sure he has good cause. His interest in his old Club is as keen as ever, and he says, "if the racing programme was about four times as heavy, and the *Circular* a weekly publication, it would suit me fine."

That's the sort of Anfield spirit we could wish was a little more in evidence at home. Now, what about it this year?

### Our Barterers.

H. L. Elston is willing to consider offers for his tricycle, which, we understand, has a tendency to steer ditchwards. Intending customers are warned that it is unnecessary to pay more than one-quarter of any price asked by Elston. Promises, and back numbers of the *Circular*, will not be accepted in part payment.

G. A. Glover has a bicycle which has a sentimental, but no other value. It was built in 1870 by a blind, one-armed man with Liverpool Gas Co. tubing. The tyres are detachable and deflatable (very), and all parts are fitted with drop-out bearings. We have not been asked to mention the said alleged bicycle, but we do so in case he should try to sell it.

## IN MEMORIAM.

W. R. TOFT, Died February 16th, 1929, Aged 63 years.

Words are totally inadequate to express our feelings over the passing away of W. R. Toft. It is one of the most serious losses the Club has ever experienced in the fifty years of its existence. The last of the great Triumvirate—Worth, Hellier and Toft—is no more. Joining the Club in April, 1890, Toft quickly endeared himself to everyone and developed into a tricyclist of the first water. In 1892 he took on the onerous duties of the Secretariate and then followed with 10 years of Captaincy, in two periods, 1894—1900 and 1904—1906. He broke N.R.R.A. "50" Tricycle Record twice, the "100" three times, and the 12 Hours' twice, while his sensational beating of the R.R.A. London to Brighton and back record in 1894 will ever live in the annals of cycling, and it is not putting the matter too high to say that the Club has never had, and is never likely to have, a better Captain than Toft showed himself to be. He had very high ideals as to the duties devolving on himself, and he was no Captain in name only. Indeed, it was his fine conception of the duties of the Captaincy that brought about his retirement when his failing physical powers began to affect his cycling activities, although he still continued to render invaluable services to us by his work on the Committee until the end of 1919, when unfortunately his cycling activities may have been said to have perforce ended and he felt he could no longer do justice to any office, notwithstanding the fact that he was still attending fifty per cent. of the fixtures and was purely a cyclist at heart with the Anfield his first and only consideration. At the Annual General Meeting, in January, 1921, Toft was made a Life Member under the new rule then passed, although his 1,000th run attendance had been suitably celebrated at Bettws-y-Coed, Easter, 1911, and it was not until 1925 that his failing health first caused a marked falling off in his support of the Club fixtures after the long innings of 35 years. For the last four years his physical decline has been slow but all too sure, and yet right to the end he preserved his wonderful spirit of cheerfulness, optimism and clear right-minded thinking that so endeared himself to all of us. To no one could one better go for straight advice about Club affairs, for even when suffering intensely as he must have done, he kept himself *au courant* with all that was going on, and to the last his thoughts were with the dear old Club that meant so much to him. In nothing so much as his last illness over a period of eight months has the sweet loveableness of his character been so clearly displayed. With an uncomplaining fortitude he endured the last lap of life's race, until utterly weary and exhausted he sank into his long last sweet sleep as a happy release, leaving nothing behind him but a most fragrant memory in all our hearts. We shall not look upon his like again, but for all time will the memory of William Rigby Toft be a guide and inspiration most deeply inscribed in the annals of the Club. To those bereaved we offer our deepest sympathy. At the interment in the family vault at Garston Parish Church there were 27 of us present at the last sad rites, and we are consoled by the fact that such a real Anfielder is now beyond all suffering. R.I.P.

## Great C.T.C. Names In The Limelight Of Criticism.

Readers of the *C.T.C. Gazette* are deeply intrigued by the February correspondence between famous "Heads" among the C.T.C. ken.

Fortunately, they do not include our own W.P.C., for we wish to preserve him for our own columns, but such names as Robinson, Brazendale, Evans, Curly and Tourist are in the toils and they do not seem to be all of one mind and one goodwill. They say kind things

about each other, unkindly. Most of the Sixes and Sevens are quite beyond the grasp of the ordinary Anfielder, but there is just one issue we can follow closely and it revolves around the classic subject of the 10/- a day standard, doubly interesting to those of us who have tried hard to reach this low limit by such measures as the roadside luncheon—purchased in advance, either at Cooper's, Liverpool, or at Brumme's, Manchester—and yet have failed lamentably to beat even the extravagant 12/6, while we know of others who, owing to a partiality for one bottle of beer, one thimble of gin, one tot of rum and one stiff Doch and Doris, cannot even get inside the luxurious fifteen bob.

Our friend Robinson is the man, who has the first claim to the credit of ten bob a day, for did not he and Widelegs combine for a wager to pass jointly on a quid a day and emerge with flying colours?

We seem to remember even greater excesses in economy. Did we not read in the Anfield *Gazette* an article free from any shadow of doubt—being published under the full responsibility of a predecessor Editor of unblemished repute—about week-ends on little more than 5/-?

Yes, we think so.

Now it appears that this same Robinson has been going far afield and found himself somewhere in a remote part of Caledonia constrained to write to the C.T.C. Editor admitting—honest fellow as we know him—of having failed to subsist on the bare ten bob and warning other benighted globe trotters. He seems to have exceeded even the half guinea like some of us had to do to our cost. Perhaps like us he was faced with a Ferry.

Now he has been taken to task by one "Tourist," who informs Robinson in a patronising manner that by the timely purchase and close study of the C.T.C. Handbook and the cottage and farmyard list he, "Tourist", has actually toured in Scotland well within the standard set up by the zealots. Robinson, feeling the aspersion, thanks "Tourist" caustically and promises sarcastically to take to a closer course of Handbook study.

We are sorry for Robinson who had not deserved this snub. Has he then fared the way for all these years in vain to be thus slighted. A "Tourist" who maps out a tour solely guided by the Tariffs and by the Addresses of Mrs. Ferguson and of the widow Gunzy Neuk at the But and Ben (the Caledonian counterparts of Mother Hubbard and the Widow Twankey), who may be found North of the Tweed in a few restricted haunts, will never qualify as an Anfielder.

Robinson, who is a dauntless rider, may have found himself in Strathpeffer hearkening to the seductive strains of the Piper, and may even have reached Altnahara, Gairloch and Betty Hill at nightfall, where there are no widows of any kind, no cottages and even fewer "mothers," but where the one and only cosy house is the comfortable hostelry that tempts the intrepid rider to partake of a good meal and a warm bed for the nonce.

It is reassuring to find that Robinson has still something in common with some of us backsliders.—MACDOUGAL MACDONALD.

### **A Noble Landmark For The Welsh Border Tours— The Citadel Of Offa.**

Anfield and Offa are two names that have overlapped for 50 years. From early Anfield times Offa provided the landmarks on our way to Bettws, when we drew rein at Ruabon to rest on Offa's banks, now the town playground, whose rounded curves anticipated the later Quotas. The reason we always preferred to go round by Chirk Tollbar is that here Offa's Dyke crosses the Holyhed road to reach the

River Dee. Our frequent week-ends in the Glyn Valley are but so many excuses to take advantage of the old barrier, here crossing the Ceiriog, on its way to the Selattyn heights and the Oswestry race course. All these are necessary spots for Anfielders to lie down and reflect on the course of events. The temptation to sleep at Chirbury, is, that the landlord of the Herbert Arms takes us into the Ditch o' Nights as a counter-attraction to the Twins. We go to stay at Bishop's Castle to visit Bishop's Mote Hill, the hill of council where Offa harangued the Welsh Chieftains and bullied them into building the Dyke which hereabouts rises highest and widest. Some years ago an Anfielde tour put the final touches to this monumental part of the Dyke and made us draw a simile between Offa and Cook.

Recently another good piece received the Anfield seal, where the Dyke rises from the River Clun, between Clun and Newcastle. Here it carries a footway on the English side and Offa probably stood here in person.

Thus the Anfield bestrides the Dyke at every point of vantage.

The Dyke, being the western border of Mercia and the Mersey its northern, we are reminded of the regrettable fact that his kingdom excluded Anfield, but it takes in Wallasey, Birkenhead, Cheadle and Stockport, so that Buck, Cook, Green, Lowcock and Buckley, are so many Captains in the Wall.

So much then has Offa done for the Anfield—what is the Anfield (in this year of jubilant thanksgiving) going to do for Offa? Long has it desired to pay him greater homage, but how to find his lair, where history would have him live in great state and where he committed his deadly sin: the slaying of his guest, Aethelbeht the Angle.

Its whereabouts long remained a matter of uncertainty, the claims that came from Pembridge and Kingsland could not be substantiated. Traces of him we found, and we can bear witness to his private hill of council at Staunton-on-Arrow that boasts of this advanced feature: Two Auditoriums—one on each side the Speaker's Hill—for opposite political views, thus the forerunner of the arrangements in the House of Commons. Offa must have been a man of broad ideas and it is said that he often compared notes with his neighbour across the English Channel, Charlemagne, who resided at Bruges and at Nymegen.

At last by good luck Anfielders spotted the site at SUTTON WALLS, 4 miles north of Hereford, among the saintly surroundings of the villages of Sutton-St.-Mary's, St.-Nicholas and St.-Michael. It was the Mossoo who first led the Club to Hereford by the three Suttons to avoid Dinmore Hill, but sitting bent over his bars he somehow missed the Walls, and it was left to Harry Buck to first scale the embankment early in 1928, to be followed ere the year had sped by Chem, who declared the rampart Anfield-Trove. (Buck was really looking for the Virgin's Stone, a landmark set up by Offa on the banks of the River Lugg, where those ladies, that could qualify, were allowed to bathe in private. Elsewhere mixed bathing held sway.)

So far these have been isolated efforts. Now, no less than Two Anfield Tours are on the tapis for our Jubilee Year, aiming at Offa's encampment. Firstly, the Alternative Easter Tour in the hands of V.-P. Buckley may strike a blow at either Clun Town or Ludlow, thence to go South, touching Sutton Walls on the way to Abergavenny, and as if this were not enough, the August Tour, led by Cook himself, threatens to reach the Dyke at any point left untouched by Bkley, in the direction of Llanidloes. The next word is therefore with either of these high Officers.



The final directions are as follows : Between Marden Church and the Suttons lies the great flat topped hill named Sutton Walls, quite isolated and only approached by a road along its western side. The ground all around slopes up its sides to a shelf that makes the complete circuit and from this shelf the Banks or Walls rise some 30 feet sheer. They admit of 4 entrances : two are wide with intricate defences and the other two are narrow footways.

The top is broken by a deep hollow, wherein Ethelbert was thrown before they killed him. He came to woo and wed Offa's fair daughter, but had not reckoned on Mrs. Offa (Offelia), the love-sick dame (of course you can guess what's coming). She came, and saw (threw the optic), and either conquered or was conquered.

The Old, Old Story, old even in those far away days.

A sort of Ann of Austria, the good old deadly spell.

Old Offa threw a knife that threw Albertie in the dell.

The Anfield throws no stones—it just sums up : ALL WAS NOT WELL.

After his death, Ethelbert became a saint and as becomes a saint a Holy Well sprang from his grave in Marden Church, that is still running, and Anfielders have been and taken the waters.

History does not relate what Offa became, but we fear the worst. As to what became of Dame Offa, gallantly we hope for the best. Anfielders in the midst of it all should reflect and take the lesson to heart.

As a site, Sutton Walls is after the same type as that other royal demesne farther north : Caynham Camp, Ludlow ; a delightful retreat of Penda and Offa in peace, but it is far larger. These places although not remote have remained strangely aloof from the haunts of man. The isolation of Sutton Walls is majestic.

Not till darkness falls is the ghostly Queen seen against the skyline and is the wail of Ethelbert heard.

## RUNS.

Halewood, 2nd February, 1929.

In the nature of things a Halewood fixture partakes more of the character of a meet than a run. Halewood is a Winter venue and the ride thither more or less stereotyped ; he who makes the Chester circuit usually does so by his own pet route and has little time for whimsical variations ; while he who takes a more direct line through Liverpool, rarely inclines towards deviation and exploration, though Bob Knipe would observe that this is very wrong and a great shame. So it happens that at Halewood we meet with but little new to tell of our travels and a more than usually lengthy period before and after tea in which to do the telling ; consequently, and the more so because this is a rallying tryst of our too-seldom seen Diehards, we speak at unwonted length upon subjects the variety of which is sometimes startling. Thus it came to pass that February 2nd must be recorded for posterity as The Run of the Split Infinitive. Now this of course carries me out of my depth : I am plunged into an apparently fathomless sea of erudition, tossed and swirled hither and thither by each fanciful wave and current of debate, and may count myself a very fortunate fellow if I win through with but some few rags of prestige left to me. But needs must when the Editor drives, and so, according to my nature and the simple cunning the gods have given me, I have set down this in writing that men may read of the doughty debaters of Halewood.

Altogether, in upper and lower chambers, twenty-two stout fellows and Hubert Roskell sat down to meat—and poultry, and (many) other etcetras. But barely were we seated when Cook startled the company by asking, in a loud voice and with picturesque gesticulations, "Did you see the Split Infinitive ? Ho ! Ho ! I've found a Split Infinitive."



"Where," demanded Ven, grabbing, "Let me see it."

"That," said Cook huffily, "is not a Split Infinitive—that is the wishbone."

This rather damped conversation for a while, and only the murmur of Johnny's voice drifted down from the far end of the table: "Women . . . . . Uhg! . . . . . Smell: . . . . . Everybody's got it . . . . . All be dead soon." Also we learned that Bob Knipe had been splitting bicycles and Infinitives of Space and Time in most indecorous fashion; so that we are not surprised that the result was a rather incoherent jumble. But it takes mightier things than a trifling miscalculation of the ethical relativities of physical bodies and velocities to do more than temporarily arrest the progress of one of the stoutest of The Old Guard; and Bob came through the encounter scathless, though his steed suffered sorely.

Then Arthur's well-beloved face popped round the doorway.

"Oh, Arthur! Arthur!" cried Cook, "I've got—Haw! Haw! a Split Infinitive—Hoo! Hoo!"

Arthur jumped back hastily and slammed the door. "Don't come near me, then," came his muffled voice, "Drown it in Ven's beer and bath yourself more frequently in future."

About this time Jimmy started a collection in aid of decayed Sub-Captains, and in the natural confusion thus caused Cook slipped quietly out. He was observed disappearing through a doorway marked with his initials and it was charitably assumed that he had gone to dispose of his Split Infinitive.

But the mischief was done, and for long after the President's departure the Learned Ones sat in solemn conclave pondering this weighty matter. "What is a Split Infinitive?" plaintively enquired one. But as he was helpfully informed by three separate persons simultaneously that it was something which one (respectively) splits, doesn't split, and does split, but shouldn't, he decided thereafter that ignorant silence was preferable to an enquiring urge for learning which led to lunacy.

Said one of the company, "Anyway what is all the pother about?"

*"The Rag will do when you've a vacant minute.*

*But, Lord!, who cares what is, and isn't, in it?"*

"Yes," returned another, "and among critics, those usually shout loudest who know least. The Editor and contributor know that—

*"More must he fear, poor bullied, frightened man,*

*The jeers of those who cannot judge, than those who can."*

"Truly," spake a third—

*"And who'd excel when few can make the test*

*Betwixt indifferent writing and the best?"*

Now from a corner came the voice of the Poet Laureate, where with pencil and paper he had been busy. "Nay," quote he, "That is a shameful doctrine, for it should be the aspiration of every true chronicler to write perfectly of beautiful happenings. Yet, if you will abide it, I will read you a few modest lines which seem to me to set out the case fairly." At this the company cheered, pushed back their chairs and forward the blushing rhymster, who, after some guttural clearings of the throat and many hummings and hawings, declaimed:

*"Time was when editors arose*

*In wrath none could assuage,*

*And rended into pieces those*

*Vile objects of their rage—*

*Contributors who chanced to give*

*Birth to a Split Infinitive*

*(Such creatures THEN were thought unfit to live!)"*

" *But times have changed : in prose and rhyme  
 Infinitives are Split—  
 The miscreant commits no crime,  
 Nor is he told to 'git.'  
 No editor gets in a huff,  
 Vociferating : ' Stop ! Enough ! '—  
 He merely murmurs : ' This is dam' good stuff ! ' "*

Now I thought this very fine and a most worthy piece of verse, and was even about to invite the poet to " have one with me," but fortunately at this moment a general stampede below announced the departure of the cohorts; whereat our goodly company broke up abruptly.

And so Teddy Edwards and George Mercer set out for home via Warrington and Wirral; the President trundled to Acton Bridge; the Liverpool-Birkenhead contingent splashed and bumped homeward under a starlit sky; and indoors, by the light of a flickering lamp and dying fire, Sarah cleared away odd items of crockery, tidied the room, and swept up charred fragments of matches, cigarettes, and Split Infinitives from the hearth.

#### **Knutsford, 2nd February, 1929.**

Awakened from my after-lunch doze by the patter of rain on the window pane, I was relieved to find, on consulting the *Circular*, that the afternoon's destination was no further afield than Knutsford. As there seemed little chance of the downpour ceasing I delayed my start for as long as possible, and then reluctantly donned my oilskins and set off in a Knutsford direction.

The short ride provided nothing of an exciting nature, and it was still daylight when I arrived at the Lord Eldon in a rather " sticky " state, due to the combined effects of cape and head-wind. Passing through the yard into the garden, I found shelter for my cycle in an out-house, and then returned to the yard in time to lend a helping hand in moving Mandall's car, which was inconveniencing " F.H.'s " entry.

The fourteen members and friend who gathered round the tea-table showed themselves true Anfielders by the manner in which they disposed of the excellent fare provided, whilst keeping up the usual chatter which forms such a prominent feature of our club runs.

Tea over, plans for the alternative Easter Tour were discussed; a suggestion that we should make a char-a-banc trip by way of a change, didn't receive much support. I left at this stage and am thus unable to report what final arrangements were made by the members who remained.

#### **Tarporley, 9th February, 1929.**

It was stated in the newspapers the other day that the King's first smoke after his long illness was probably the most delicious moment in his life and this can no doubt be endorsed by most smokers. Your keen cyclist, however, has a similar moment of ecstasy when he hauls out the beloved bicycle after a mere six days' abstinence and journeys forth across the open spaces to his Club's rendezvous.

Our run to the charming Tarporley district was happily combined with pleasant sunny weather that gave a welcome foretaste of Spring. At the appointed time I trundled the trike gayly out of Liverpool, heading for the Transporter. The prospect of that dingy but inevitable district dismayed me not, for beyond lay the delectable forest land and wide vistas of Delamere, with eventually the jolly reunion at the " Swan." I espied Lucas twice before reaching Widnes, but on each

occasion he eluded me. I came upon him a third time pedalling briskly near Delamere Station, but this time with the aid of a cup of tea and a fragment of lovely sunset I managed to gain his company for the last five miles into Tarporley.

Some 35 members gathered at the "Swan," and we discussed an excellent meal in the large Hunt Room beneath the frigid scrutiny of the ponderous red-coated gentlemen who adorn the walls. It is impossible for me to mention all the people who were present or all the notables who were not present. I observed that Johnny Band, Chandler and Knipe were absent, although Turnor appeared after tackling a long and solitary ride.

At about seven o'clock we gradually began to disperse into the night. The conditions were good, although intensely cold. The breeze favoured the homeward trek, which was accomplished in good time and was not the least enjoyable part of a very attractive fixture.

#### **Pulford, 16th February, 1929.**

For it, again. These Editor persons seem to try me out early, possibly I have been talking too much, and the Blue pencil is going to administer a silent rebuke. Well, let it, what does not appear will not offend.

But to the run, the "Top Road" did not seem to be too popular with cyclists, or other traffic, and the few bykes seen by the writer, were being propelled by long pants and top-coat riders, of the "hurry home out of the cold" brigade. It was certainly cold, but the snow had disappeared from the roads, and only shewed up here and there in field and hedgerow.

Chester was not quite as busy as it usually is on a Saturday about 5 p.m., warm cafes no doubt claiming many of the usual shop gazing strollers. Also, we believe, one little party of hardy Anfielders, halted by the way for the cheering cup and ridiculous biscuit.

On to Pulford, where we found the Skipper in the Grosvenor yard, with two cyclists and/or pedestrians, also a couple of hardy motorists, well wrapped up.

A cheerful crowd of 20 sat down to the welcome meal, fifteen arriving per cycle, two part way pedestrians, and three, alas! conveyed in reclining positions, without leg movement. The Presider, Sub., and Hon. Treas. were missing, but the Captain kept us in order. Perkins saw that we paid up to the last twopence, and will no doubt do the right thing for his pal. As for Bob, a few of us might have been relieved to find that he was not regarding us with that questioning look; but we hope that he is not resting on his laurels after last month's good record.

The President, we understand, made "Arclid" his jumping off place for his week-end Tour to Town, to attend Road Record Cycling affairs of moment, on the following Monday.

Our cheerful Sub. is said to be under the weather, we hope not, but if so, we trust that he is now fit and well again. We are sure that "The Flue," skating at Thornton, or any other Manor, would not have kept him away.

We left early, during the interest taken in Taylor's weird preparations for Llanarmon and over the top on the morrow, the sociable company around the fire were amiably critical of his outfit.

Morris made one of his rare appearances, deputising for "The Mayor," who is suffering from cold; we hope he is better, and will be fit for the next Pulford run, and others.

Another 1,000 runs has been achieved; this time by Cody; they are coming thick and fast, and in alphabetical order. Now you young fellows, what about 2,000 in the distant future? Less than 40 years' steady cycling. And so to bed, I should say so.

**Northop, 23rd February, 1929.**

An overcast and misty afternoon which promised rain, but Jupiter Pluvius changed his mind and let us off.

I was strolling up the hill, past Queensferry—Yes! I admit it!—when a voice hailed me from behind, and turning I saw Waterhouse. As he was going through Mold, Rhydymwyn and then over Halkyn Mountain to Northop, I decided to accompany him.

Having missed our intended turning over the mountain, we discovered a track which appeared to lead in the right direction. We lifted ourselves and our bikes over stiles and even encroached upon the L.M. & S. Rly. preserves for a short distance, and after much exertion we found ourselves on the trackless wastes of the Mountain top, where there were some fine effects from the setting sun. Having remounted, we bumped and banged down the hill and almost fell into Halkyn. As it was now past 6 o'clock we made best speed to Northop.

As a punishment for having arrived late we were put in a corner by ourselves, and it was rather difficult to hear any of the chatter. From the faint whispers that reached us we heard Cook complaining about a burst tube, but whether he was referring to "tubulars" or water pipes, I don't know, although I hardly think that such a minor detail as burst water pipes would worry him. Dickman was creating a frightful disturbance about a glass of water and plate of cakes, and Bob Knipe did his best to pacify him by offering him dishes of vegetables, whereupon Dickman retired to his table highly indignant.

Altogether, 26 sat down to tea, including Weems Smith from Manchester and three prospectives from Shropshire.

Of week-enders I only knew of the Presider, who was going to Llanverleriarn. The conditions for the ride home were splendid, the full moon doing its best to oblige us.

**Mottram St. Andrews, 23rd February, 1929.**

A dull afternoon, threatening rain, but a welcome change from the icy cold of the week before. Our pathfinder was absent for once, but we managed to find our way to the Swan, where Wemyss Smith left us, settling to a steady eighteen m.p.h. en route for Northop to spend a week-end on the binge in Gay Birkenhead. We turned off via Knutsford and called at Siddington for a cup of tea, finding G. B. Orrell, who bid us welcome in a voice issuing apparently from the depths of his stomach.

We left in good time to reach the Bull's Head for tea, but the well-known speedman led us about four miles further on, necessitating a frenzied dash back over the mountains on an empty stomach. In the parlour we found sixteen stalwarts, including the Master, complete with saloon, the one and only Grimmy in great voice, and Wilf Orrell, who was thawing his knees by the fire. A speedy adjournment to the dining-room was well rewarded by a fine large meal, marred only by a short chat with Albert Davies. Another move was made to the Tank, and Grimmy continued his salvoes, though saddened by the fact that he could not see how old and haggard the Mullah had grown. The latter, incidentally, was rumoured to be co-operating with his better half in a gallant attempt to stop an ever widening leak in the water system. Grimmy soon left to help the loyal Conservatives to spend the week's wages on Saturday, and took the Doctor with him. Later the rest of the party left for Cheadle Hulme, and we accompanied them on our way to Sale.

E. NEVITT, *Editor.*

# ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

FORMED MARCH 1879

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

## MONTHLY CIRCULAR.

Vol. XXVI.

No. 278.

### FIXTURES FOR APRIL, 1929.

Tea at 6-0 p.m.

			Light up at
April 6	Rhydtalog (Liver Inn) ... ..		7-24 p.m.
" 8	Committee Meeting, 7 p.m., Victoria Hotel, St. John's Lane, L'pool		
" 13	Tarporley (Swan) ... ..		7-38 p.m.
" 20	First 50 Miles' Handicap ... ..		7-50 p.m.
" 27	Northwich (Crown and Anchor) ... ..		9-32 p.m.
May 4	Second 50 Miles' Handicap ... ..		9-45 p.m.

### ALTERNATIVE FIXTURES FOR MANCHESTER MEMBERS :

Tea at 5-30 p.m.

April 6	Bollington (Swan) ... ..	7-24 p.m.
---------	--------------------------	-----------

Full Moon ... 23rd inst.

Summer Time begins 21st inst.

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

4 THE LAUND,

WALLASEY, CHESHIRE.

### COMMITTEE NOTES.

NEW MEMBERS.—Mr. David Davies, 9 Grey Friars Road, Shrewsbury; Mr. J. Pitchford, Astley, near Shrewsbury and Mr. Fred L. Street, Police Station, Bicton Heath, Shrewsbury, have been elected to Full Membership.

Mr. H. Poole has been appointed Timekeeper for the Club Races during 1929.

H. W. POWELL,

*Hon. General Secretary.*

**RACING NOTES.****Training.**

Arrangements will be made to run off a training "25" on April 6th and 13th. Accommodation will be provided where members can change into their racing clothes and have tea after the ride. The start and finish will be in the neighbourhood of Christleton. Those wishing to ride are requested to let me have their names as quickly as possible.

**First "50," 20th April, 1929.**

Entries for this event must reach me not later than 13th April.

**Second "50," 4th May, 1929.**

Entries for this event must reach me not later than 27th April.

Members wishing to compete in the above events and in fact in any events during the coming Racing season are strongly advised to post their entries in preference to giving them to me at a Club Run.

W. H. KETTLE.

*Hon. Racing Secretary.*

**TREASURY NOTES.**

Your Treasurer has on several occasions tried to elicit the reason why certain members preferred certain months for paying their Subscriptions, but in vain.

Speaking Treasurerily the BEST month is January, but recognising the number of (financially) weaker brethren, he once proved conclusively that February offered the best facilities for clearing off their liabilities; since with only 28 days to disburse the usual monthly emolument, one is bound to have a bit in hand. However, the Club was founded in March, so it's a jolly good month, and at last one has come forward to sing its praises.

"Dear Treasure Hunter,

Not for me the scuffle to be foremost 'mongst the forty-one of the first moon of the year. Such smacks of immodesty, it is too closely allied to that motto of the ill-fated Darnley to be safely written of any members' escutcheon, and was so recently declined as an Anfield Motto.

Even the February nineteen are not free from haste, envying the aforesaid forty-one.

"Now that sixty are settled, give us a place among the steady men of March, whose names will be held back until the bright spring days of April rule the land like so many Zephyrs.

"These March-men, beware of the dreaded Ides, they come to stay; their name will stand; so let their name be legion!"

Here they are then, these men of March, who have sent Subscriptions and/or (\*) Donations:—

F. Chandler.	A. E. Morton.	W. M. Robinson.
A. Dickman.	G. B. Orrell.	J. G. Shaw.
J. Egar.	W. Orrell.	D. Smith.
*J. H. Fawcett.	J. Pitchford.	F. A. Smith.
F. H. Koenen.	A. Pollard.	F. L. Street.
J. Long.	J. S. Roberts.	C. H. Turnor.
*G. B. Mercer.		

That's another good nineteen. Now then you April birds can you beat it? Let us have some April showers of cash.

## Editorial.

We're always waiting for news  
 And members' interesting views ;  
 Don't gloat,  
 But note—  
 Late copy gives us the blues.

## ITEMS.

At the A.G.M. of the R.R.C., H. W. Bartleet was elected Chairman to succeed P. C. Beardwood, and F. T. Bidlake is the new Vice-Chairman. The proposals of the Catford C.C. to permit "shorts" and to abolish the limitation of entries were defeated. It struck us as rather humorous that these proposals to alter recommendations should be followed by a proposal to make the recommendations into Rules "and strictly enforce them"; but this proposal was also lost as of course the *vraison d'être* of the R.R.C. is that of an advisory and not a governing body. What it really wants to do is to cancel Rule 4 of its Constitution, which contracts out Associations of ten or more Clubs from the recommendation relating to limitations of Entries.

\* \* \* \* \*

The Presider cycled up to London for the R.R.A. meeting, last month, but as the gifted contributor booked to write up the Arclid run quite forgot to do the job, no mention was made in our last issue. Although warned of the peril of riding so far in such arctic weather, Cook found the peril, like the report of Mark Twain's death, greatly exaggerated. Albert Davies accompanied him from Arclid to Rugeley, on the Saturday night, and on the Sunday Warwick was reached for lunch (after a stop to see George King at Kenilworth), Bicester for tea, and Ivinghoe for the night, where our old friend Freeman was waiting and piloted him into London next morning. The meeting was quite satisfactory, as the resolution to create a new series of "records" was defeated, and Cook's resolution to delete the rule which tied the hands of the Committee in dealing with emergencies, was carried by an overwhelming majority.

\* \* \* \* \*

The Crown, Llandegla, has changed hands and has been considerably improved by the present tenants.

\* \* \* \* \*

On a recent week-end the Presider had a bad tyre burst near Llandegla on the Corwen-Llandegla road. An obliging motorist took him to Caerwrlw with the bicycle tied on to the running board.

Cook in a motor  
 Imagine his *hauteur* !

\* \* \* \* \*

Noticing an advertisement of a book entitled "The Complete Motorist," an angry opponent of motoring writes to suggest that the companion volume "The Complete Pedestrian" had better be written at once before it becomes impossible to find an entire specimen.

\* \* \* \* \*

Dickman has a tandem for sale which was specially built by Jackson to a Cook-Robinson specification. We are told that it cost £24, is in perfect condition, and will carry two people with safety. It can be delivered in plain vans on the purely nominal payment of £10 cash or £1 down and 10/- a week for life.



## Twenty Years Ago.

Extract from April "Circular," 1909—Chester and Denbigh, March 6th.

"Snowed under" is a phrase that just fits our case as far as the Denbigh week-end is concerned, for I can hardly conceive it possible for worse conditions than obtained on that memorable occasion. We started out to Chester in a blizzard, and thought mournfully of the small muster that would result from such awful weather. Even Cook and Johnny Band found the direct journey to the 'Bull and Stirrup' far enough, so that any of those members who had intended to week-end at Denbigh, and were scared off, can at least congratulate themselves on the warmth and comfort of their homes. Fourteen members is a woefully small attendance for a run like Chester, as, even on such a day as this, the trains are always available; but of course there should be no necessity to use such methods on suitable days. 'Pa' Higham and the Master tandemed in from Manchester, and, having tea somewhat earlier than usual, promptly fled to the rattler, a very wise precaution in this case, as they would never have got the tandem past Mold. Cook and James were next to leave, and after a tough and plucky struggle, managed to reach Mold in something over two hours. They had been warned by a telegram which Worth (who had gone direct to Denbigh) had sent from Hendre, and which was read out at tea time. At Mold, James cried off and bought a ticket to Denbigh, and in due course he found Bentley cosily ensconced in a second carriage with a third class ticket. Cook decided to wear the martyr's crown and got on with it, being rewarded with practically clear roads just outside Nannerch. Finding the benefit of the changed conditions, he set himself to beat the train in to Denbigh, which task he easily accomplished, as the train was only about one hour late, but he nearly outed himself in the process. An excellent supper was quickly disposed of, and, having spent a very pleasant evening the party retired about 1-30 a.m. . . . ."

\* \* \* \* \*

## Correspondence.

THE EDITOR,  
ANFIELD "CIRCULAR."

DEAR SIR,

I read with considerable interest the article on Offa's Dyke which appeared in the *Circular* last month. There seems to be a general belief that Offa's Dyke was made for defensive purposes, and this I consider is a fallacy. If, as is quite possible, the Picts were continually invading Offa's country at that time, what use could the Dyke have been? Can not a wall be scaled or pulled down, a dyke filled in or bridged over? And further, had not Offa large numbers of men who were ready and willing to give battle with the Picts so that the country might be fit for heroes to live in? What use then, was the Dyke?

In the light of my own researches the Dyke was made for political reasons and not on account of the rampagous Picts. In Offa's time there were crowds of people who had nothing to do. They were in fact the Unemployed, and to find them work was an acute problem of the day. But Offa, confounding his critics and setting his Wise Men at naught, hit upon the brilliant scheme of building a Dyke to give the men work. Offa got a lot of votes, the Dyke was built, the men had work and peace reigned over the country thereafter.

Yours, etc.,

OMNI SCIENT.

TO THE EDITOR.

### The Anfield History. Why we need it

In common with the member who enquired at the A.G.M. about the progress of the historical researches of the Editorial Committee, there are many other members by whom this subject is frequently raised because there have been no reports yet concerning meetings of that special committee and therefore speculation is rife.

Whispers have passed around to the effect that a considerable amount of work has been expended by East Cheshire members under the guidance of One Member of the Editorial Committee, and these have concentrated on one particular period—a period which is generally admitted as being the most vital of the 50 years' existence. Certainly the MOST VIRILE.

The reason they have succeeded in making this contribution a fairly complete one is owing to special information—collected during some ten years—being placed at their disposal. The fruit of their labours is said to be already in the hands of the chief compiler, but at the same time reports are current that the whole proceeding is deliberately being held up in influential quarters on the plea that other members to whom the Committee had looked for contributions on the very first few years of the Club have not so far sent in any work.

In other words each editor is waiting for his neighbour, all except the One Member for East Cheshire.

Is it not time that the General Committee of Ways and Means found time to consider at their next monthly meeting whether any such Hold-Up is justified and who is the Spoke in the Wheel. Faith has to be kept with the members and if any member breaks faith there is a simple remedy.

After the period above referred to comes the last era ending with the present time, and although it has not been commenced it can be compiled at any moment as soon as the work is properly divided or allotted. To make my meaning clear it is generally admitted that the Anfield History falls in three periods of very uneven length and very uneven importance.

The first period is that which saw the formation and the coming into being of the name Anfield as denoting the newly-formed cycling club, together with the defining of its aim and programme. It lasted some six years, but we possess no continuous record of the Club doings, either in print or in writing. The writer does not know what became of the books and frankly confesses that he is not aware which of the present members possesses any matter bearing thereon.

The second period is that which saw the Anfield B.C. firmly established with a name frequently quoted in the Press of the Cycling World. The performances of its members commenced or continued making Cycling History in almost every event during years when these were often epoch making. The Introduction attached to the fragment of history already in the hands of the officials, explains why this period of some ten to twelve years is of such importance to the repute of the Club. It deals with members who are all Old Time Anfielders and included in it are the names of nearly all the Club Inceptors, so that justice is done to all the riders of note.

The third and last period of rather more than 30 years saw the Anfield proceeding along well-established lines and the whole trend can be garnered from the Year Books which were written and issued by the numerous eminent men we have had as secretaries. In addition to the Year Books we have had these last twenty odd years the monthly journal to add to our intimate knowledge of the minor details.

Probably the Committee have in mind a scheme whereby they can allot this long period to different workers in small groups of years. If not, then no one will know what is expected of him, or else the whole task falls on one man. Not being a member of the Committee, this is no affair of mine, and I do not presume to offer advice. What does concern me as it concerns every other member is that some member or members of the historical sub-committee have made it known that they are holding the movement up on some lame excuse of their own making.

That excuse is, that Part One is still in the air, and that the Author or Authors of Part One have not sent in their work to the Chief Compiler. This is a little surprising when we consider that a few of their number have seats on the Sub-Committee. Can it be that in virtue of their years they expect to receive a call—in person or by letter—from the Chief Editor? Have they been approached? Have they anything to tell us? Have they been told what we want to know?

What are we expecting to hear from them? Are we going to be startled out of our skins by some hidden secrets of the past? If you ask me: NOT A BIT OF IT. There is so little to tell.

One member, and one member only, performed MIRACLES AWHEEL, during those first half-dozen years, but thank heaven all those rides have been carefully preserved by other hands and an extract of these rides is already in the hands of the Chief Compiler. That rider was, as everyone knows, G. P. Mills. For a recital of his rides we need not await the pleasure or leisure of our Old Brigade.

Apart from that paragraph the history of the first few years should not be difficult to imagine or to describe. Most of us have heard that some time late in '79 (or was it "early"?) the enthusiastic Lawrence Fletcher (or was it his brother James Parr Fletcher) while out on his bicycle (or was it on his tricycle) with his chosen chums Bell, Cook or Robinson, conceived an idea that became pregnant with plan which gradually matured and took shape. Some months later a Doctor Mercer was called in by whose aid, in a humble suburb of Liverpool, the aforesaid rider was brought to couch and delivered of the idea "Club" and the young arrival was named after the district:

#### ANFIELD.

In a little while it was felt that it deserved a home of its own, and a suitable place was discovered very adjacent to another haunt of sport—The Quoit Club—somewhere near Walton Breck Road. Thus the far spun wheel and the far slung quoit pirouetted in close vicinity to each other until it was felt that young Anfield did better in going farther afield and in making a club home in every suitable hostelry enroute.

Recently we learned from one of the old members that the Club acquired a Device as appeared in the Club Gazette. So that is that.

The writer is of course not sure which hostelry was favourite: Was it the Rainhill Ship, the Cronton Unicorn, the Knotty Ash Hotel or Old Hinderton, but does that really matter?

What some of us who cycled in those far away days do remember is that the most important event from month to month and year to year was the appearance or the acquisition by one of the brotherhood of some new machine, or new invention, and the trying and inspecting of it, and above all the introduction of a new type, say a tricycle, or a safety or tandem tricycle, and the all important yearly improvements in the Ordinary Bicycle. These far reaching changes made more stir at the time than the fact that Fletcher could give Bell a few minutes in fifty miles, or that Harry Cook was Secretary while Norman Crooke was sub-captain.

The mention of the former's name suggests that he must have kept a close guard on his tongue and made a deep secret of his week-end pastime to prevent his younger brother from learning the details about his new club, for it is on the cards that young Cook was then as he is still to this day, as keen as mustard to get his nose in. How otherwise to explain W. P. Cook's ignorance about the long lost Period One.

There was another ride in those early days that deserves mention, but the Hero need have no fear that it has been forgotten. When in Period Two Dave Fell's Liverpool-London record was beaten, the chroniclers have done every justice to it.

Members may ask, "What is the use of this History?" So let us be clear why we need it. To my mind it is to put the great name Anfield on a still sounder foundation, and to collect in some concise form those Club events that helped to make cycling history and that prove the right of the Club to be bound up with the sport for all time. It may help it to weather storms ahead. The purpose must be to show in true perspective the calibre of the Old Time Anfielder, the Anfielder that matters most.

This has been aimed at in Part II., and almost every Old Anfielder has found mention therein.

Without a written history compiled with truth, the honours of the Pioneers will be usurped as usual by the Loud Speakers, those who shine at public functions.

Let us then have a sober Lexicon to remind us and our successors who were the men whose memory we celebrate in the Anfield Jubilee Year of 1929, when we have the privilege of seeing W. P. Cook in the Presidential Chair, paying homage where it is due and receiving homage as one of the best Secretaries and one of the best Presidents the Club has boasted. His duty at this moment lies in directing the Editorial Committee, in his dual capacity of President and member.

F. H. KOENEN.

## **RUNS AND FIXTURES.**

### **Halewood, 2nd March, 1929.**

It certainly was a very fine day, and it was surprising not to find a record number out at Halewood for the last run there of the winter.

I was late in starting, and crossed the river from Rock Ferry, after having a very enjoyable sail. I reached Woolton by the usual highways, and paid a visit to the Old English Rose Gardens, intending to see the Cuckoo Clock, but it had been covered up for the winter.

A select party had gathered in the tank by the time I had arrived, including Johnny Band complete with overcoat and walking stick, MINUS a bike. Jonas had taken possession of the chair usually occupied by Dave Fell, and there was a feeling that he would be forcibly expelled, the Presider advised him to commit suicide, or give Dave an extra wide berth.

One stalwart from the city of perpetual sunshine was amongst us, namely McKail, and had been riding ahead of Waterhouse all the way, who had been dining with an aunt in Manchester.

The pork and usual accessories very soon dropped out of sight, and the two parties united in the lower room.

Teddy Edwards, George Mercer, A. T. Simpson and Zam Buck left for an early train, but the crowded state of the room remained undiminished.

During the course of conversation, it was discovered that Elston had been making a dishonest penny or two. In return for his taking the Club to Mouldsworth at three shillings per head, the Mouldsworth people allow Elston to eat his fill once a week for the nominal charge of

ninence. The remarkable thing is that Jimmy Long didn't think of this idea long ago.

Tommy Royden was a fount of humour in the telling of funny stories. The company were deafened with laughter, even if Tommy was the only one who saw the point. Then there was an interesting talk between the Presider and Tommy about gas meters and water pipes. When the members had heard sufficient gas about gas the party broke up and dispersed homewards.

Jim Long valiantly strove to ride Elston's trike in the black darkness of the outside shed. Fortunately, sufficient of the tricycle remained for Elston to ride home on.

I left for the landing stage with five others and we very greatly enjoyed the effects of the evening. Particularly fine were they in Lord Street, where a beautiful glow pervaded everything. A red sky it was not, nor was it Aurora Borealis, neither was it the lights of shop windows, but it was, oh! it was—how loath we are to say it—Chandler's rear light.

### **Marton, 2nd March, 1929.**

It was ten minutes past four when I left home and Marton being 20 miles away, I got my head down, only once lifting it to gaze upon a huge pile of worn out bicycle tyres lying on the roadside at Siddington Crossroads. I wondered if Orrell knew anything about them. Arriving at the Davenport Arms on the dot of 5-30 p.m. I found about a dozen of the regulars seated round the fire in the dining room listening intently to Bert Green, who was telling them about a dash across Europe. Firstly, he told of carriage windows with ice on them half-an-inch thick; then of trains moving  $3\frac{1}{2}$  miles in 3 hours due to stoppages to thaw the engine out, although I think that this rate of progress would have been improved upon had "Grimmy" been on the train with his blow-lamp, and thirdly, of the wind, "Gee, it sure blew some." Not the gentle breezes that Wayfarer would rave about, but one that would make even W.P.C. think of going in for a high-powered "bus," if he had to ride against it. Anyway, where are we? Lets get back to Marton! Somebody asks, "Where is The Mullah, Bert Morton and Gee? Their bikes are in the yard." Somebody else answers, "Perhaps they have got down the cellar without the Landlord seeing them." Eventually they show their faces. Bert told us that Mullins had been showing them the blasted Oak which is just down the lane, whilst I murmured that I was the same as that oak, only hungry. In a few minutes an excellent meal was served, throughout which were heard the Doctor's incessant cries for tea. This was not forthcoming, so that he had to be satisfied with beer. Then a debate arose as to which is the best drink to have with beef. Bickley says beer, whilst Bert Morton recommends water—for others. (In the meantime) Tommy Mandall arrived, and he heartily seconded the Vice-Presider in the matter of drinks. Then the two Greens began to show us what they are made of when it comes to eating fruit tarts. There being no more fruit tarts left, the table was cleared, and the fireside chat began. I myself left early to keep an appointment in the hills a few miles away, and as I rode through the darkness I remembered that Albert Davis asked me to write this run up. Heavens, what can I write about? All I know is that there were 16 of us present, which did not include The Master or Rex.

### **Mouldsworth, 9th March, 1929.**

I hoped—but really didn't care—that nothing should go wrong with this function; and did it? No, a thousand times. No! The

wonderful springlike weather brought a good muster, and the venue, so carefully chosen and prepared by one of the most virile of our able Committee (that's me) was all that any Anfielder worth the name could hope for. Excellent grub, in perfect environment, served by charming young ladies, and yet, still, in spite of all this, that rotten little midget of a sub-captain found a snag in the saxepece extra!

After drinking deep of the pine-laden air of the topmost heights of Delamere and riding for an extra few minutes away from our rendezvous, Tommy Royden caught me up. Soon, along the road, came two lads of the village of Wallasey, Nevitt, who by general agreement has lamentably failed as Editor, and Glover, a future "100" winner. Tommy calls out "it's off" so they (the two lads) tack on to us to go back home. A mysterious route was taken for a mile or so and we all finished up in a field with further progress barred, so Tommy told the truth for once, and we retraced our passage.

Several were enjoying the air outside the hotel, while a similar number tasted the brew within. Someone said a quarter of a century had passed since the Club was here. The main dining room was soon full so an overflow meeting was arranged, and the meal—as aforementioned—was luscious. Even Chandler said it was all right. It was good to see Johnny Band again looking quite cheerful, but it was unfortunate that he couldn't feed out of the same trough as the herd, as his Doctor limits him to 2/-. Bren Orrell also has had medical attention for a dose of flu, but ate as if he was fit again. News was to hand that "them there motorists" are coming out again with the spring, as one gave Tommy Royden a love-tap, so Chandler got his number, and one went for me and missed! Much fun was available in the bagatelle room, where I (that's me) whacked Del Blotto for the Mouldsworth Open Championship, but none came to warm the ample seating accommodation.

We were not rushed out. Oh, no, but the Presider and Editor (what a mixture!) and Albert Davies carted themselves off for Wem. Unfortunately, I got amongst the toughs for the return journey, and after writing to Del Strother to assure him I never scrap, as we contemplate a tour together in Southern France, here it was; but hanging on tenaciously and singing to put the miscreants off the scent, I wore them down at last. Yes, I did, and one of the least of them was Charles Peace, I mean Randall. Del Blotto showed us his heels several times, and is worth a bob each way for the first "50." After the maelstrom, conversation was possible, and led to a discussion on the probability of large fields for 1929's Club events. Why not? Kettle has never been fully occupied. You who read and are young enough (though age does not disqualify) buckle to and let us show that the spirit of conquest is not dead yet, not 'arf. In this connection perhaps I may be excused a rather personal note (I'm rather partial to them). I should like to say I started my racing career twenty-one years ago, at a Sunday School treat, when I won a prize, and I've been winning ever since. It's true I don't get along much faster now than I did then, but what's the handicap for? Anyway, here is a record for continuity worthy of emulation.

The writer's run was terminated very pleasantly by a call on Charles Hawkes, who has vowed a vow to run a run soon, and let me see, is there anything else. Of course, there's tons, but who knows it all?

(The ability to write flattering untruths about himself, shewn by our contributor, is an art which cannot be acquired. One must be born or cursed with it. We, personally, have cursed and borne it.—ED.)



### Pulford, 16th March, 1929.

A large crowd assembled at the Pulford Grosvenor for this run, fresh tables having to be brought in. The crowd included Bren Orrell, McKail and Heath from Manchester, Turvey from Ackworth, the Lord Mayor and the usual stalwarts. Everyone looked well enough, except Charles, who was evidently fast fainting from hunger; as he was the last to be served with food we very nearly lost him, but he managed to keep himself breathing until his meat arrived by eating everybody else's bread and butter. Cook, Kettle, Chandler and Bailey were on trikes, and two of them flaunted the new T.A. Badge; some of these badge fiends will soon have to cut off the buttons on their jackets to make room for their badges; still we can stand the badges so long as they put in the riding. I think poor J.C.B. must have been really ill; the poor chap wanted to know which was the greater distance—Pontefract to Bradford or Bradford to Liverpool. The Mancunians were bound for Siddington for the night, whilst Cook, Turvey and de Wet pushed off for Llanarmon, D.C. It was later reported that Cook is at last avoiding hills where possible; on Sunday, when returning through Chester to the B. & S., he rode through the town instead of round by the Walls and up the hill. Well! well!

(We regret that the account of the Alternative run to Goostrey on March 16th has not been received up to the time of going to Press.)

### Daresbury, 23rd March, 1929.

My two companions and I started from Birkenhead about 2-30 and, our number being slightly augmented before reaching Chester, we rode in the direction of Delamere Forest. A short stop owing to chain trouble provided three of us at least with a welcome opportunity to lounge in the sunshine and enjoy the beauty of the forest. But as our route lay via Hatchmere, Acton Bridge and Lower Whitley, this stop necessitated faster riding than was comfortable in order to reach Daresbury in good time.

The Ring o' Bells yard seemed to be full of racing men. G. B. Orrell in a vivid tie was a vision of oriental splendour, and Glover in a new suit looked like 6 to 4 the field.

Most of the 41 members present were Regular Customers, W.P.C., Teddy Edwards, Dave Rowatt, Ven, Bickley, Knipe, and Johnny Band were there, and Charlie Conway for once was wearing stockings which did not hurt the eyes.

Everyone was pleased to see Carpenter once again. His flying visits from Aberdeen, Edinburgh and such places on nothing but a piece of cheese and a biscuit are worthy of the best traditions of the Club. He produced a double cog which enables the gear to be altered without reversing the wheel. The chain must run out of centre, but that of course is a minor detail.

Elston appeared to be having difficulty with a tubular tyre; he commenced mending a puncture at 5-30, it was still a puncture at 7-30.

The members were so very scattered that it is impossible to give an impression of the general conversation. In some quarters, however, dissatisfaction was expressed with the meal provided.

I left rather late with Long, Glover, and Richards, and rode without a dismount to Latiner's Corner, where De Wet was waiting. For the remainder of the journey homeward, De Wet demonstrated the extent to which a bright moon can affect him.



© Anfield Bicycle Club

© Anfield Bicycle Club

# ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

FORMED MARCH 1879

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

## MONTHLY CIRCULAR.

Vol. XXVI.

No. 279.

### FIXTURES FOR MAY, 1929.

Tea at 6-0 p.m.

		Light up at
May 4	Second 50 Miles Handicap ... ..	9-45 p.m.
" 11	Mouldsworth (Station Hotel) ... ..	9-58 p.m.
" 13	Committee Meeting, 7-0 p.m. (Victoria Hotel, St. John's Lane, Liverpool).	
" 18/20	Whitsuntide Invitation "100" ... ..	10-11 p.m.
	Week-end Shrewsbury.	
" 25	Farndon (Greyhound) ... ..	10-20 p.m.
June 1	Nantwich (Lamb) ... ..	10-29 p.m.

### ALTERNATIVE FIXTURES FOR MANCHESTER MEMBERS.

Tea at 5-30 p.m.

May 25	Areld (Rose and Crown) ... ..	10-20 p.m.
--------	-------------------------------	------------

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

4 THE LAUND,  
WALLASEY, CHESHIRE.

### COMMITTEE NOTES.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS.—Mr. F. Hotine, 12 Guessens Court, Welwyn Garden City, Herts; Mr. H. Ladds, 76 New Street, Wem, Salop.

H. W. POWELL,

*Hon. General Secretary.*

### RACING NOTES.

#### Invitation "100" 20th May, 1929.

A large number of helpers will be required for the purpose of checking, marshalling and feeding in this event. It will lessen my work considerably if those members who wish to help will come forward with their offers of assistance, instead of waiting to be asked.

#### Manchester Wheelers' Open "50," 15th June, 1929.

This Event is open to single machine, bicycles and tricycles. There is no entry fee. *Members who wish to compete must let me have their names not later than Friday, 9th May, after this date will be too late for me to submit any names.*

W. H. KETTLE,

*Capt. and Hon. Racing Secretary.*

**TREASURY NOTES.**

" There's luck in odd numbers, said ——" Time was when 13 was claimed as the Anfield lucky number, but a new star has arisen, and 19 shall henceforth be blazoned on our shield. In February, 19 stalwarts defied the bitter frost and paid in their subs., 19 men of March followed their worthy example. April, despite its lack of freshening showers, has brought 19 more to the front, and I have pleasure in chronicling the names of the nineteen who have sent along their subscriptions and/or donations (\*) :—

R. J. Austin.	R. H. Carlisle.	T. E. Mandall.
H. R. Band.	J. W. Chandler.	E. O. Morris.
W. D. Band.	J. Fowler.	A. Newall.
P. C. Beardwood.	E. Haynes.	T. Royden.
*P. Brazendale.	T. R. Hinde.	W. Threlfall.
E. Buckley.	W. Crompton	A. Wild.
	Humphreys.	J. H. Williams.

Now what about the next 19 for the Merrie Month of May, as the old song says, " Now is the month of Maying,

When merrie lads are paying.

So come along and you'll be as welcome as the flowers that bloom in the Spring tra-la.

**EDITORIAL.**

Each time we insert a verse  
These pages get worse and worse,  
There now, look !  
Hide it from Cook,  
Another mistake—O CURSE !

**ITEMS.**

Those who have enjoyed the hospitality of the Castle Hotel, Wem, in recent years, will learn with regret of the sad death of Mr. Lea, after a very short illness. He was interred with military honours on April 5th, and Buckley attended to represent us. Our deepest sympathy is extended to the bereaved family.

The Fellowship of Old Time Cyclists is holding its Rally this year at Ripley, on July 7th, and F. Percy Low is the President-elect. Ripley adds another 100 miles for us Northerners and probably means that we shall only be represented by our motoring contingent with the exception, of course, of P.C.B. who lives on the doorstep.

Judging by the state of Robbie's machine when he arrived at Rhydyfen on Easter Sunday, his force-feed oiler is not functioning very well and the frame would not take any harm if it had a dab of the tar brush !

Elston has bitten and is busy negotiating with del Strother for the tour in the South of France in June, and we hear that P.C.B. and " my son John " may sign on as well.

The special circular about the Jubilee Dinner sent out last month provides an excellent example of the way a great many folk handle, or rather mishandle, their mail matter ! Quite a lot have been totally ignored and many are alleged to have been " lost." Still we are going to have a bumper historical gathering and some of the eleventh hour merchants are going to be sorry for themselves.

McKail is to be congratulated on his success in the Leicester R.C. "25." His time of 1.10.20 was good enough to beat Orrell and gave him first Handicap Prize. Pitchford clocked 1.13.1, but Heath's time, being outside evens was disappointing.

\* \* \* \* \*

The 25 mile training spins held on April 6th and 13th received very little support. In the first the times were : Orrell, 1.7.20 ; McKail, 1.8.1 ; Nevitt, 1.16.10, and Long, 1.16.21. The O'Leary tandem started, but after five miles something went wrong with the rear hub and they were unable to continue.

\* \* \* \* \*

For the second event, Long and Nevitt were present, but did not ride owing to indisposition. The times were : Orrell, 1.8.40 ; McKail, 1.10.10 ; O'Leary's, 1.12.40 ; Glover, 1.15.40. Kettle timed both races and Randall checked at Noman's Heath.

\* \* \* \* \*

We understand that Jonas has a tent for sale ; he is not giving up camping, but wishes to obtain a smaller and lighter tent. Anyone interested in this form of alleged enjoyment should communicate with him at once.

\* \* \* \* \*

Tom Hughes, Palatine C.C., has given notice to attempt the Land's End to John O'Groats Tricycle Record in June. He schedules to be at Whitchurch (Salop) 11-30 a.m., and Warrington, 2-15 p.m., 22nd June. Any members willing to assist can obtain further particulars and a copy of the schedule from the President or Captain.

\* \* \* \* \*

On April 28th we were well represented in the Dukinfield Open "50." Orrell (2.20.39) was Third Fastest ; Pitchford (2.24.37) obtained Second Handicap and with McKail doing 2.25.4 they won the Second Team Prize, being two minutes slower than the winning Mersey Roads team.

It was a hard day and out of a large field only 57 finished. We can be justly proud of the fact that our other starters all finished. Their times were : Glover, 2.39.31 ; Heath, 2.40.6 (two punctures) ; and Long, 2.46.12.

#### **Tourists' Literature by the Banks of the Teme.**

While at rest at Knighton, in Radnor, awaiting the re-opening of the Not-Ever-Open-Door, there fell into our hands a Booklet of Records of All Sports published in December, 1928, by the PRUDENTIAL, with rare Sportive Prudence. At once these same hands searched for the pages of Cycling Records, and these found, we looked for the names of Anfielders.

The records published are not only those standing to-day, but in some cases they go back many years. It is not clear how the Prudential were guided in their selections, and although we found no records held by Anfielders to-day, we read the following references to glories of the past :—

Under the heading TANDEM BICYCLE (24 Hours ROAD) the list opened with—1913, C. H. Turnor and E. Webb, 381½ Miles, and closed with : 1924, G. W. Bridges and G. E. Sibthorpe, 417 Miles.

Under the heading TANDEM TRICYCLE (24 Hours ROAD) the list opened with : 1919, C. H. Turnor and A. Newsholme, 333 Miles, and closed with : 1927, A. E. Houghton and T. E. White, 375 Miles.

The only other Anfield name we found in the book was that of G. P. Mills. Well satisfied we closed the book. These Anfield names stood in good company. It had been a morning well spent.

Quoting the words of Sheridan : " For we had read in the Book  
 (" Mark ") Of Anfield records twain,  
 On a tandem bike and a tandem  
 trike,  
 So we shut up the Book again."

This then is the Turnor now residing in strictest retirement on his Cheadle Hulme Rycroft Estate. That is the Webb who from his point of vantage on Great Moor befriends all tourists around the Barony of Stockport, and there, in the far beyond, we find the Newsholme surveying the vast Canadian landscape.

Such is the Anfield.

### Correspondence.

The Editor, *Anfield Circular*.

SIR,

In the account of the Manchester Section run to Marton, of March 2nd, which appears in the April *Circular*, my dignified protest against the breach of a time-honoured custom is somewhat inappropriately described as "incessant cries for tea." Such a phrase might apply to an inarticulate babe squalling for nourishment, but hardly to a plain and reasonable request for a customary accessory to Club run meal.

However, I thank the writer of the article for giving me the opportunity of raising the question of "Tea with Tea."

I have the April *Monthly Circular* before me and, above the list of Fixtures, I read the words "Tea at 6 p.m." On referring to Cassell's New English Dictionary I find the following definition of the word Tea : "A light afternoon or more substantial evening meal at which tea is served." This view seems to be definitely decisive in favour of the provision of tea with the meal termed "Tea." Of course there are other considerations. Our esteemed member, Mr. Bert Green, considers that it is dietetically incorrect to drink tea whilst partaking of a meat meal, but I have done so for the greater part of my existence and my digestion still remains sound. Mr. Bert Morton's suggestion of water can be dismissed as mere persiflage. But when we come to Mr. Bickley's recommendation of beer, this is a matter that cannot be passed over so lightly.

I should very much like to have the ruling of the Committee on the question of whether a member is entitled to have tea with his tea, should he so desire.

R. H. CARLISLE.

### RUNS AND FIXTURES.

Goostrey, 16th March, 1929.

Perhaps it was the lassitude that attacks one in the spring-time or perhaps—horrible thought!—it was Anno Domini—but anyhow on this Saturday afternoon I felt a very strong disinclination to any violent exertion. It was therefore more by semi-automatic action, bred of long habit, than by any positive desire that I dragged out the good old velocipede and pointed its nose towards Goostrey. That's one of the advantages, from the health point of view, of belonging to a club and being one of those, who "attend the run wherever the destination may be fixed." (I do hope this phrase will not excite the fervid discussion it did when it was first used.) However rotten you feel you push 'em round somehow, and get better as you go on. Well, I went very slowly, pushing what was described as a "low" wind. Not being up in meteorological lore I don't quite know what a "low" wind is, except that it's one of those persistent winds that keep at you all the time and are very hard to get through. Eventually and very much in the fullness of time,

I arrived at a cottage well known to cyclists on the Holmes Chapel road, and found there a bare-kneed enthusiast with a tricycle. After a rest and liquid refreshment we set off together to complete the journey. The popular idea is that a tricycle is slower than a bicycle, but this one wasn't, and I was very glad when the Red Lion hove in sight. We found there a small party, the Snub counting heads very anxiously and wondering pessimistically whether he was going to get the number he had ordered for. However, one by one the men dropped in until Tommy Mandall, who had evidently come through the Sahara Desert on his way, and Rex Austin, in a waterproof, made up a round dozen and so brought a contented smile to the face of the harassed Snub. Having feasted on the flesh of the swine with trimmings and etceteras and things, and conversed of all things, especially arrangements for Easter, the party adjourned and then commenced to break up. I went early and got home safely. Since most of the others have appeared at subsequent functions and nothing about them has appeared in the papers, I take it that they, like myself, reached their roof-trees without incident of note.

#### Easter Tour, Bettws-y-Coed, 28th March/1st April, 1929.

After such a severe winter and a long spell of dry weather one would not have been surprised if such an early Easter had meant stormy conditions, instead of which we had real Jubilee weather. Bettws-y-Coed is not a fetish—it is a tradition that has written more of the Club History than any other fixture. The Glan Aber provides a rallying place for *all* the Club that so desires, with opportunities of fraternisation impossible at any other fixture. At Bettws-y-Coed you learn more of what is going on in the cycling world and learn more of the Club's History and Traditions than anywhere else, and the only pity is that the younger generation seem to be so shy at profiting by it. No doubt this year, several of our "exiles" were reserving themselves for the special function at Whitsuntide, and yet there were 26 members and 8 friends at Bettws and 6 members "put in their run" at Llanfair T.H. and Crickieth, or a total support of 40 or only 2 less than last year. With George Lake and Mr. Cannon already in residence, Rowatt was the first arrival and Frank Wood put in an appearance but unfortunately could not stay. The Presider almost dead-headed with the Sunter car (containing Messrs. Edge and Workman), which only passed him on the Waterloo Bridge—indeed the Chief took the banking into the yard better and actually docked first. Then Chandler arrived express by the St. Asaph route, and the Skinner-Roskell car was quickly followed by the Venables and Williams cars conveying Fell and Mr. Smith respectively, so we were quite a good nucleus for Oliver Cooper to come and pay his respects to!

GOOD FRIDAY.—Again Chandler transmogrified himself into a candidate for the Fell and Rock Club and took no part in the daily excursions. We can but admire his ability to subsist on iron-rations for his mid-day meals, even though it did leave the Presider to wander on his own and "discover" a new route to Llanfairtalhaiarn by diving off at Llanwrst to Llanddoget and over Pen-y-Graig Arthur up on to the ridge road and eventually crossing the main road at Llangerniew (where the Hotel proprietor told him "you managed champion" when the local tin-ribs seemed likely to interfere with well earned nourishment out of a cask and out of hours!) and proceeding to the Black Lion by the old road. With Skinner's party from the Gwydyr, and Edwards (in his new car) from Dolgam, and Randall, Long, Hinde and Richards out for the day, we sat down 19 for lunch, during which a telephone message



came through reporting Elston in his barge on the rocks by St. Asaph ! It appears that he failed to take a corner in approved fashion and his brake did not act quickly enough to prevent his capsizing and wrecking his front wheel. Ven volunteered to rescue him, and for the rest of the holiday Elston was sampling all the cars in turn, and incidentally made an excellent deputy sub-captain. Charlie Boyes, looking quite fat, joined us after lunch : but where was the Newall car containing most valuable freight ? That was a mystery that was only solved on our return (by various routes) to the Glan Aber, where the two Newalls, Charlie Conway and Mr. Andrews had arrived in a hired car owing to the Rover "klapsing" abaft the binnacle and being left derelict near Shotwick. Whether it was Charlie's stockings or Mr. Andrews's embonpoint and/or easel that caused the trouble we could not ascertain. With the arrival of Beardwood, Johnny Band, Royden and H. Green, we made quite a full muster for dinner and afterwards enjoyed an excellent informal musical evening, during which we learned to "Kow Tow Kow Tow to the Great Yen How and wish him the longest of lives."

SATURDAY.—George Mercer arrived early and "the broken down motorists" were distributed among the vacant seats and all set off for Criccieth with the exception of the Williams' car and Band. And a glorious ride it was. The Snowden range was never seen so clearly, nor did Llyn Gwynant ever provide a finer mirage. At Criccieth we found Cody had ridden over from Penmaenmawr, thus putting in a useful 85. There were 23 for lunch, and the cyclists returned by Maentwrog and the Gardinnan Pass, with its gorgeous panoramic view, and the beautiful Lledr Valley. On our arrival at the Glan Aber we found Brazendale, Arthur Simpson, Brother Walter and their friends (now *ours*) Messrs. Watson and Brew, so that an even less informal musical evening ensued.

SUNDAY.—It was in one sense all to the good that the Roskell-Skinner party had given notice that they were not coming to Rhydyfen, for with Wayfarer (himself) and Wild joining us there, we sat down 27 for lunch, without straining the resources of the establishment, although only 15 had been ordered for ! And although Wayfarer has called it a Pussyfoot Hotel we did not find it so. Green, Royden and Cook went via Penmachno and Pont-ar-afon-gam and reported the road over the moors so good, after being re-bushed, that Mercer's car tackled it for the return journey, and Robbie and Wild continued that way. But most of the cars preferred to return via Bala and the Druid, while the three cyclists turned at Frongoch and found the Cerrig road rather broken up and rough in places through not being tarred.

With our numbers now swelled to the zenith, we had a real first-class musical evening to conclude our stay. As usual Teddie Edwards *walked* down from Dolgam and joined us for the evening. You all know how brilliantly Mr. Workman performs at the piano and he also shared with Arthur Simpson the role of accompanist. Mr. Andrews was in excellent voice and besides the old favourites gave us songs from San Toy in which he so successfully appeared lately in the part of Yen How with the Birkenhead Operatic Society. One of his original verses about Charlie Conway "introducing it to China" was particularly clever. Mr. Watson charmed us with a voice of wonderful power and resonance, and we have never heard Walter Simpson to better advantage—he was simply in great form. Of our own members, George Newall sang both old and new songs with remarkable sweetness and purity, and Chandler gave us the kind of songs we love to open our lungs with in chorus, while Robbie gave us two very fine recitations delivered in a most polished fashion.

MONDAY.—All too soon came the beginning of the end. Even the

weather seemed upset about it, as it shed tears during breakfast time. But of course it was quite fine at 10 o'clock and turned out a brilliant day with a glorious wind to help us all home. And yet there were only 9 at Denbigh for lunch, as compared with 25 last year, Long being the only one to show his appreciation of the fixing of a lunch venue. Sunter's car was the only one to come to Denbigh and help save the situation. Why all this haste to smash through? Brazendale accompanied P.C.B. as far as Shrewsbury and as the Roskell-Skinner party also went there, there was quite a meeting with the alternative tourists at The George. Robbie careered along the Romantic Road from Ireland with over a century in front of him and Wild appeared to have a rendezvous at Overton with Jonas, while Band ploughed his lonely furrow and reached Gresford for lunch. Meanwhile, Chandler, Tommy, Green and Cook proceeded over the Sportsmans (which has recently changed hands and now provides *real* draught nourishment) and got so fond of each other that they did not part company till Queen's Ferry Corner, where Green broke away for Manchester and the other three split up into their component parts in Mount Road, after tea at Willaston—and thus another Easter has been added to the Long Roll.

EASTER EGGS.—On the Saturday we received the following telegram: "Having glorious time. Wishing you the same. Alternative Tour." To which the Presider replied: "Same here; reciprocate good wishes."

For the first time since he joined the Club, there was no sound from The Mullah. Alas and alack.

Freddie del Strother never forgets us or Bettws. His p.c. read: "Hope you are having the usual good time at Bettws—Kindest regards to all from yours cordially, F. del Strother." We are sorry to learn that he has had a three weeks' attack of 'flu and was only getting out for the first time at Easter. Here's wishing him a speedy complete recovery.

H. Green was the sole representative of our Manchester members. Chandler certainly went to both extremes. The difference in his "get up" night and morning was alarming. At dinner he appeared like an artist from the Latin quarter and we fear he stole the coat from Freddie when last in Paris. And he asks us to believe that it is only a house coat!

Beardwood writes: "I think Bettws can be writ down a great success, and we were a very happy party, the concert on Sunday being quite up to the usual high standard." And so say all of us.

#### Alternative Tour, Easter, 1929.

Apart from the pleasure with which we view the proud position of the Club in being the only one that seems able to run two tours at Easter—*Hic* (at Bettws) *et Ubique* (on Tour)—there is, as so often happens with holidays, the satisfaction of being able to toy with the pleasurable anticipation of going on both. In prospect, our minds travel off on one, and then on the other, until such time as we are brought to earth by the realization that if we don't decide right away, and send in our name, we shall be left out. Procrastination in so far as the "alternative" tour is concerned, certainly means being left out. It is so popular. By the way, why call it the "alternative"? Either the Bettws or the Welsh Border tour can be alternative. A re-christening is needed, one is a TOUR and the other the Bettws HOLIDAY. However, this is an account of the Peregrinations about the Principality, and not in it, so here let us begin.

Now it must be many years since I partook of the delights of an Anfield Tour, and agreeable if somewhat hazy recollections gave rise to pleasant anticipations. The route and hotel arrangements were in

the hands of a past Master of Touring, Mr. Bickley. It was to be purely a cycling event and Perspiration not Petrol was the motto. The only doubtful factor was the weather, and for days beforehand I eagerly scanned the weather reports. Anyhow, it was a pleasant afternoon on the Thursday, when the Doctor and Buckley left Cheadle Hulme for the first night's destination at Wem. Jogging along quietly towards Nantwich they called at Bradfield Green, just to enquire how the hunting season had finished up, and halted at the pleasant little cafe at Nantwich, opposite the Lamb. Here they were joined by Brother Bill Lowcock, who bounced in full of life and jollity as usual, and were soon on the road again. The next stop was at the Ancient Briton, where Albert Davies, Wilf Orrell, Hubert Buckley, and Urban Taylor were collected, and who brought news of Tommy Mandall, Bert Morton and Rex Austin, left partaking of some slight refreshment at Crewe.

Eventually the party arrived at the Castle at Wem, where the Skipper and Jonas the Tent Dweller soon joined them. The party was now complete with the exception of Hotine, who was to join at Clun, and of Gee Rawlinson, who was uncertain as to time and place. Of course the Crewe trio were the last to appear and added greatly to the gaiety of the party. Unfortunately we had bad news of our worthy host, who had been taken suddenly ill, so that proceedings had to be somewhat subdued, and early to bed was the order of the night.

FRIDAY, 29th March. The morning greeted us with glorious sunshine. The itinerary had been judiciously planned to be moderately easy so that the weaker brethren could get fit for the more strenuous days to follow. We meandered through pleasant Shropshire by-lanes, by a route carefully chosen to avoid motor traffic, with Chirbury as the objective for lunch. On the short stretches of main road which we had to take we encountered some "speed merchants" who were evidently unacquainted with the Recommendations, as they rode with bare arms and legs, costumed like the Lido bathing beauties, and hung on to each other. Before Chirbury was reached, a halt was made amid a sylvan scene (without the leaves) where the sight of daffodils, primroses, and violets, and the warmth of the sun, made us feel that Spring was really here. We waited for the stragglers and presently Brother Bill hove in sight, and had a tale of woe to tell. His luggage having become detached had caused a sudden dismount which resulted in the strain of a calf muscle. Exposing a snow-white and shapely leg to the vulgar gaze, a hasty consultation was held and amputation was suggested, but as penknives and spanners were the only instruments available, it was decided not to operate, much to the relief of the patient. The Sub. then produced a bottle containing a mysterious fluid of his own concoction and an application to the injured part gave instant relief.

After a refresher at the next village pub, Chirbury was reached where an excellent lunch awaited us. Afterwards Brother Bill had a siesta in the churchyard, amid the graves, whilst others explored the interior of the church, where the leaning pillars, *a la* Tower of Pisa, gave the impression of an impending collapse of the whole structure.

At the Skipper's suggestion, a slight change of route was made for the remainder of the journey, and instead of making direct for Clun over the hills to Church Stoke, we took the pleasant winding valley to Craven Arms, where we had a refreshing wash, and afternoon tea, the heat having been quite tropical. A ride of some nine miles, mostly on the up grade, now took us to Clun, our destination for the night, a quaint and secluded village, guarded from the attacks of the Wild Welshmen by its Castle Dolorous, or rather the remains of it. We were made welcome by the host and hostess at the White Horse, and thoroughly enjoyed the repast provided. Our number was now the Anfield lucky thirteen, Hotine having joined us.

During the evening the Doctor volunteered the information that it was his birthday—Cheers—but not until twelve midnight—Groans—and it was decided then to celebrate it on the morrow. He also hinted darkly at celebrating it with an amputation of a leg—not his own—at which Bill Lowcock who was his sleeping partner, looked glum, and wished he had changed his doctor.

We have omitted to mention (this account would be incomplete without it) that Bert Morton dressed for dinner. Where, and how on earth he carries his wardrobe, and in such perfect condition remained a mystery, in spite of envious enquiries, but here he was immaculate—not in evening dress of course, as the dinner was *neglige*—but in a delightful pair of grey flannels, correctly cut, and creased to within a millimetre of exactness. If we may venture a criticism, it is that it was a mistake to omit the jacket which graced the function last year and which was indeed *tres chic*, and—also to regret that Gee R. was unable to join us until the Sunday evening, else we should then have had indeed a dual and simultaneous example of what Manchester can do sartorially when on tour.

The White Horse could not provide sufficient beds for all the party, the Cheshire Roads had crowded out the Buffalo, and so some slept out. How delightful to get from the hot and smoky room into the cool and freshness of the night, under a sky black as velvet, yet brilliant with its myriads of stars, so that one almost envied Jonas, who truly was "sleeping out" under that wonderful canopy.

SATURDAY, 30th March.—Mine host of the White Hart had his minions, to wit, the "butler," the butler's mate, and several girls, bustling about for our breakfast at 8 a.m., so with a rapid serving and a quick despatch the party were soon after exchanging remarks in the yard on the glorious morning, and the prophesy, that several would doff their "woolies" ere long, was soon fulfilled. This happened at the first little rise—but we anticipate. The party started sedately at 9-30 a.m., and at the Hundred House bade adieu to R.J.A.—Manchester apparently calling. Now this was a great loss to the party. Being Anfielders, we are selfish enough to say that we have on the previous tours looked to R.J. as the Treasurer, Kitty-whipper-in, and so forth, as in this department, he is, without doubt, an expert, and the hardest worker at it we have known, especially when it comes to collecting—still, where duty calls—and so he left us, but Albert Davies, although a 'prentice hand in this capacity of Financial Administrator, carried out the duties to our entire satisfaction. No one recalled not having got his "kittys-worth."

After the turn at the Hundred House, one or two slight "ups" occurred, which were sufficient, so soon after breakfast, to separate the party, and when the rise arrived—which by the way was after a sharp turn to the left, all were "'off' and doffing the clothing that old Sol had for some time past been insisting was superfluous. And then we missed "Bick." Well, "Bick" was the leader. Still he would probably catch us up at Leintwardine, where we could wait. We waited. No "Bick." Hubert went back but reported no sign. Well, carry on to Wigmore where we will wait again.

My! what a scorching day! The arrival at Wigmore was what the Presider would call a "well timed effort," for without much ado, back shot the bolts of the local inn, and we entered to partake of some liquid refreshment which was sorely needed. As the party trooped into the "parlour," Hotine enquired "who this was with," and, learning that it was "with Kitty" immediately ordered a pint, much to the indignation of the Skipper who protested vigorously and volubly at "these London tricks."

And then the Doctor decided to celebrate his birthday, and invited all to wish him many of them, and which—the heat having quickly evaporated the original libation—came as another very acceptable invitation. The Doctor, by the way, was somewhat affected by the heat sartorially, and had even doffed his collar. Of course such things are not done in respectable clubs. Bill Lowcock, more in sorrow than in anger, remonstrated with him in a firm and fatherly fashion, but to no purpose. No, not even when he extolled the days of touring under the F.H. regime. Certainly would he never have been allowed on those tours without a collar, when the stops were at the best hotels, and everything "just so," even to the ordering of wines specially to suit the occasion, or the county, or whatever it was. Truly has the Anfield fallen! On an Anfield Tour, and collarless! Alas!

But where was Buckley all this time? It was decided that if he had punctured, he would have got over it, and the consequent "cursing," and have caught up. He must have got in front. He had, and was waiting at Mortimers Cross. Leaving the party to go on while he leisurely walked, he found himself behind everyone else, and, musing over the foolishness of riding strenuously on so hot a morning, he over-shot the turn, and then realising it, of course naturally was obstinate enough to carry on through Brampton Bryan and get in front of the party patiently waiting for him at Leintwardine Bridge. For this he was disqualified for going off the course, and his beer stopped. He grinned, having just come out from the "house" adjoining. So we proceeded.

The village of Eardisland was so delightful, that all must needs get off their machines and loll over the bridge which crosses the stream, or to be precise, the River Arrow, and this procedure, the bridge being a "one way" and exceeding narrow, caused some annoyance to a motorist, who doubtless would have hated to have damaged the protruding rear anatomies of the bridge benders. A rustic was cleaning out the sludge from the river. He was working and we were "lazing," so in reply to queries as to how often he did that, he replied, "When it wants it." Truly one can learn by touring and enquiry.

Now Pembridge is indeed a quaint place, especially the centuries old Exchange, which naturally the party visited, making belief to transact some business, but whether it was the heat, or the onerous nature of the business transacted, it was not long before the hostelry opposite was pouring out its cider to slake their parched throats. Albert Davies was not thirsty at all, but nevertheless he took a double portion simply because mine host asserted that it was extremely good for rheumatism. And it was here that Lowcock gave up his doctor, deciding that he too would invoke the aid of cider.

It did not take long to get to Weobley for lunch, and arriving at the Red Lion, where we were warmly welcomed, the Anfield once more showed how it had fallen. This time it had nothing to do with the lack of elegance which graced the F.H.-Lowcock tours. No. It was the perfect disregard of an old Anfield fetish. Everyone—yes, without exception—peeled and WASHED.

An excellent lunch! Too good in fact, if judged by the disinclination to resume the "leather." Yet, although hot, it was quite an enjoyable ride to Staunton-on-Wye and Breadwardine Bridge, and then—well, what followed in the toil over Arthur's Stone, or by Arthur's Stone to be exact, can best be described by, Plod, PLOD, PLOD—Five minutes equals one hour—sweat, SWEAT, SWEAT—the top—THANK GOODNESS. You may now WALK down.

This climb over the ridge from the Wye Valley brings one to the Golden Valley. The designation of "Golden" to the uninitiated would

seem quite an appropriate name for it. It is indeed a delightful valley, with its rich red coloured earth, the river meandering through fruitful and golden fields, and there the slender spire of Peterchurch rising up in the distance and lending "enchantment to the view." Buckley, however, ruthlessly destroys the idea by saying that Golden is the invader's misunderstanding of the river's name of Dor. The invaders imagined Dor to mean something relating to Gold—they being of Norman origin—and so we got the Valley of the Dor, the Valley of Gold, the Golden Valley. Also Abbeydore, whereby we passed on our pleasant perambulation of this delectable vale. A journey to be remembered!

Some of the more energetic had formed a section, with Tommy Mandall as the instigator we think, and had pushed on ahead, including Jonas, who wished to choose his camp site well beforehand. The more sedate ambled through the cool of the evening by Pontrilas, the upper Monnow Valley, and over to Abergavenny. Here at the hotel where Buckley had secured most favourable terms, the Angel, the party entered in truly pompous fashion. Cycles were wheeled in through the main entrance—not round to the rear like common cyclists—but through the main entrance, mind you, and thence into the garage. Moreover, a room was set apart where we dined sumptuously, and later, several, headed of course by Tommy Mandall, found enough energy to play billiards until—well we went to bed, so the time remains unrecorded.

EASTER SUNDAY, 31st March.—The doctor announced at dinner last night, that he had received a communication from F.H. who had left the hotel before our arrival. In the calm and sober atmosphere of the morning meal we wanted to know once more the proposal of the Master, and so the message was re-read, wishing the Doctor many of 'em, etc., and pledging him (the Doctor assured the company that the well-wisher did *not* leave even a "wee tate"), and then went on to say that for a really delectable ride we should go by way of—not being Welsh our memory fails us—but the map showed a "saucy" route. We didn't go.

Boot and saddle sounded at nine-thirty, and the upward trek for Talgarth, via Crickhowel, was begun. And here, oh tell it not in Gath, the members of one of England's premier cycling clubs were pursued by a telegraph messenger on a bicycle and *overtaken*. That lad has a P.M.G.'s baton in his pouch, if there is such a thing. The message was a telegram from the Presider, which we were delighted to get, wishing us all we had wished the Bettws party in our wire from Peterchurch yesterday afternoon.

The morning was wonderfully bracing, and in the clear atmosphere the green of the mountain sides and in the valleys seemed to be more green and fresh than those further north, by which the route had lain on the Saturday. The Doctor had been extraordinarily energetic on this tour and pedalling alongside Hotine and Lowcock, who seemed to be in no hurry, he soon became disgusted with their snail's pace, and forging ahead, was soon out of their sight. These "old uns" seem to get better as the years go by. What on earth would they do if they were forty years (Great Scott!) younger and as speedy in proportion.

The cool and invigorating breeze blowing this morning was quite a pleasant change from the sultry conditions of yesterday, and though there was some north in the wind—which was the direction in which we were travelling—it was not sufficient to "hurt" on the toil up from Crickhowel to the Castle Inn—how one marks such places as stages—but even so, this road to Talgarth over the Western slopes of the Black Mountains is so well engineered and graded that one arrives at the top without the slightest occasion for dismounting. To a great extent it reminds one of the familiar Nant-y-Garth rise, set in a broader and



more massive landscape. From the top and on the descent into Talgarth, the splendid view of the broad expanse of the Wye Valley opens out. Talgarth did not hold us long, and then our route lay along the practically level few miles past the Three Cocks to Hay.

Lunch was ordered here at the Crown, and the landlord meeting us in the yard, took us first to see "his" view of the river and the boundary of three counties, Radnor, Hereford and Brecknock. This being in the river, was rather difficult to see, so we took his word for it. On the return to the hotel there was abundant evidence that Hay was *not* in England as some had thought, but the shortcoming of the town in this respect had no effect on this occasion.

Once more a lazy start was made, but by the time the toll bridge was reached, the lunch had settled down comfortably, and the road turning so as to bring the breeze almost astern, a smart pace ate up the next three miles in no time. "This is the goods," quoth one, but no sooner said than "left," and into the wind and up the hill, put an ignominious end to the little gallop. It is quite a pull up and over to Kington, so all walked and admired the wonderful panorama that kept opening out behind and giving a view of the Burton Hill, the Wye Valley and Breadwardine, the scene of yesterday's—or part of yesterday afternoon's—toiling. We said, all walked, that is all but U. Taylor, who in his own words "went mad" and rode it all. At Kington it was decided to leave out Prestaigne, and have tea at Lingen, at which village the party duly arrived in pleasurable anticipation.

Ah! here is the Red Lion, but methinks it looks as deserted as the village itself. The Doctor knocked at the door. It was opened by a small boy.

"Can you give us some tea?"

"No, mother and father have gone out, and I mustn't let anyone in."

"Oh, well is there any other place here where we can get some tea?"

There wasn't.

"Well we only want a cup of tea," coaxed the Doctor, and Albert Davies, who had joined in, added "I'll come and cut the bread and butter for you—you can boil a kettle can't you, sonny?—It will be all right."

"Sonny" was persuaded, and in the end, that is after the lapse of about ten minutes, bread and butter and jam, and tea in cups and pint pots was rapidly disappearing. When mother and father returned we hope they commended their offspring for his business ability and gave him a share of the profits.

The sun was now low in the West, and when Bucknell was reached, it had taken on an ominous watery yellow appearance, that boded ill for the morrow, but this phase soon passed. We were now making our way through a most charming valley, the yellowish glare faded, and the sun sank behind the mountains which shut in the winding road. The mountain tops were bathed in a roseate light that filtered into the valley and added to the quiet beauty of the evening. Chapel Lawn lies midway in this vale—it is really too narrow to be termed a vale—and is a straggling village "far from the madding crowd," one resolved to visit this peaceful spot on some future occasion, and enjoy to the full the beauty of the valley, which time did not now permit.

When the climb from New Invention was over, night had fallen, and so the loiterers—(of course the energetics had pushed on, as the tour has no restrictions)—lighted their lamps, and tumbled down into Clun, more than ready to do justice to the evening meal, and then to talk and muse in retrospect and pleasurable content over the happenings of a glorious and thoroughly enjoyable day of tour.



BANK HOLIDAY MONDAY, 1st April.—The augury of last night's sun is fulfilled. This morning is cold and windy, and the clouds go scudding across at a great pace, and there in the distance the rain is driving along. Probably we shall get some showers, but breakfast is the first item for consideration. Now the Skipper and Wilf Orrell had taken their seats at the main table at an early hour in order to be served first, and following upon the Presider's custom had said to the "butler," "We're all ready, bring in the porridge." Hotine and Lowcock casually entered and seated themselves at the small table near the door, and as the first plates arrived they coolly annexed them, ignoring completely the sarcastic remarks about manners that immediately emanated from the large table. Still there was little to complain about, as the service was good, and the dishes rapidly made their entry.

Before we had left the table a top-hat, made its appearance in the stairway, perched on the head of an individual who gave us a pressing invitation to "Keb, sir, to Shrewsbury?" but the boy-scout knickers gave away the disguise, and Orrell did not get a fare.

The road from Clun through the Hope Valley is well known to most Anfielders, but it was a new experience to travel along it in bright sunshine and then almost immediately after to be enveloped in a heavy driving shower. This soon split up the party, as some stopped for shelter, or to put on capes, but these were packed away again before Gravels was reached. Near Lydham, where a halt was made to gather our scattered party, a mild sensation was caused by another Buckley Mystery. This time it was Hubert, who, emulating the performance of Father on Friday, completely disappeared and was discovered later at Shrewsbury spinning some tale about being there an hour before anyone else!

The George, at Shrewsbury, was the venue, and there we had the pleasure of meeting Beardwood, Brazendale, Roskell and Skinner, fresh from Bettws, who gave a glowing account of their tour, and came here evidently to work up their rum attendances. At one-thirty all sat down to lunch, with the exception of the Doctor who had stopped at Hanwood to visit his sister. Of our tour little more remains to be told, as here in Shrewsbury it was supposed officially to end. Hotine caught the train for London. The Doctor of course lunched at Hanwood and made his way back home solus, but the rest of the party still got "on with it."

Quite a gale had sprung up so the Skipper and Jonas decided to make an early start with their battle against it. To dodge the motor traffic—during the tour by the way we encountered very few cars—they went via Harmer Hill and Ellesmere to Overton, where they parted company, as Jonas had arranged to meet Wild for tea, while the Skipper wended his way via lanes to Farndon for his "cup that cheers." The wind having lessened in force, did not give him much to do after that, and he safely "docked" at about 10 p.m.

The rest of the party went via Shawbury, Hodnet, Tern Hill, and Market Drayton to Audlem, having tea at the Lamb there. Keeping then to lanes as much as possible, homes were reached by all with a minimum of inconvenience from motor traffic.

It is not the custom of the Anfield to throw bouquets at each other, but it is meet to give thanks where thanks are due, and so to the V.P., E.B., we accord the best, and also to Albert Davies, for the time and trouble they expended, without which the tour could not have been what it was, that is, another addition to the list of most delightful and enjoyable wanderings that are, or should be, part of the ordinary programme of a club that looks upon itself as a live and virile organisation.

**Rhyd-talog, 6th April, 1929.**

Having this Saturday morning off I caught the 10-30 boat to Birkenhead. I soon passed through the Borough and was relieved to breathe the fresh air once again.

Having no set route beyond the fact that I was due at Rhyd-talog for Tea, I drifted along and eventually found myself in Mold. I then thought I would take the Denbigh Road and when almost at Nannerch decided to take the by-road over the tops to Llandyrnog. The road was very narrow and led me through several gateways and eventually on to a grass track far from the smell of petrol. Arriving at the summit I lingered to gaze upon the beautiful Vale of Clwyd, which lay at my feet bathed in glorious sunshine.

I then descended the fairly steep and rough track dropping into the little village of Llandyrnog, which possesses a Post Office and a Pub and found that I had just five minutes before it closed. (Before which closed? —ED.) Greatly refreshed I continued along the lanes to Ruthin and thence up the Nant-y-Garth to the Crown, which I passed for obvious reasons and climbed to the top of the Moor, halting there awhile, it being only about 5 o'clock.

Whilst smoking and basking in the sun I saw a fine new car pass containing Mr. and Mrs. Edwards, who, I afterwards learnt, had come over from Bettws, where they were still on Easter Vac. I made a quick descent to the Liver, where I found the Presider conversing with Teddy Edwards and Cody.

Shortly afterwards, Powell, Tommy Royden and Chandler rolled up, accompanied by a tandem piloted by Harold Band with son Rigby on the back. They were welcomed with cheers. We heard from Powell that he had met them and after using his persuasive powers managed to get them to come along and swell the crowd.

Six o'clock struck with only nine members present, but Jonas and Richards arrived in time to help with the roast beef and trifle. No doubt the happenings on the Whitchurch Road accounted for the smallness of the muster.

Cook and Jonas were the first to leave as they were week-ending. Cody, Band and son were the next and the remainder pushed off together.

We had not gone far when Richards discovered that he had left his camera, so I waited while he returned for it. We then had a splendid run to Queensferry, where we picked up the others and accompanied them as far as Willaston. There we parted, and Richards and I travelled to Birkenhead, and so to our respective homes, very well satisfied.

**Bollington, 6th April, 1929.**

One could not have desired a more delightful day for this fixture, and the prospect of revisiting the "Swan with Two Nicks," where we had had so many enjoyable runs in the past, created a longing to get astride my steed, and saunter around the picturesque lanes that surround this pleasant spot.

Although the cold spell had delayed the usual obvious signs of Spring, there was evidence everywhere that this Season was upon us, and visions of light evenings, summer runs, and long week-end trips, crowded into my mind.

I arrived at the venue, and found a game of bowls in progress, and judging from the expression on the faces of the contestants, I should say it was a real needle match.

U. D. C. Taylor displayed a skill with the woods, that revealed ability acquired in his dissipated youth.

It was a welcome sight to see the attendance of three of our Liver-

pool friends, Knipe, Lucas, and Mandall, at this fixture, and pleasant to hear their praise of the alternative run.

The announcement that tea was waiting, was a sign to adjourn to the dining room, where over tea the chief topic appeared to be the Welsh Border tour, and reminiscences were exchanged which recalled the very pleasant days many of us had just spent together.

A mysterious spell seemed to lurk in the room where we dined, for some sinister society with a strange password seemed to be there in force, at least so I should judge, from the audible mutterings of "Beef"! a word which seemed to pass from mouth to mouth.

Up to the time of writing, I have not been able to enlighten myself on this subject, I still regard it with much perplexity.

Following the meal I left the party wrapt in animated conversation, a select few had found sanctuary in the Snug below, and they seemed to be interested in comparisons, at least so it seemed to me, for, as I drifted by, I heard the remark "What's yours?"

### First "50," 20th April, 1929.

It cannot be said that the field was satisfactory in regard to number—13 is, of course, the Anfield lucky number, but it's not enough as the total of riders in a "50." If we must stick to our luck, let's have a multiple of 13, say 26, or 39. We have plenty of men of the right age, and the fields should be much bigger. What is it keeps some of them back? They needn't consider the helpers—they would be very pleased to check as many as would ride, and wouldn't have the slightest objection to waiting at their posts for slow men who were trying. Poor performances at first should not discourage any man—any trier would certainly improve and even if he could never be in the first flight, the trying would do him good and show his sportsmanship. Let's hope that, whatever the reason for the backwardness in entering may be, it will have disappeared very soon.

Of the 13 men whose names appeared on the card, two, H. Ladds and F. L. Street were non-starters. The Presider dispatched 10 the remaining 11 according to plan. The eleventh, McKail, had had a series of misfortunes on the way out and arrived at the start  $1\frac{1}{2}$  minutes late; he was sent straight on, but punctured in the first quarter mile and packed. It wasn't Charlie's day out. The day was somewhat cold, with a strongish north-easter, which, however, died down for the later stages, but not before it had made the journey from Noman's Heath to Cholmondeley somewhat hard. The cold endured and made many of the riders wish they had had more to eat before the start, for the hungry knock, or something approaching it, slowed them on the final stage. Good times were done by most up to the turning-point (25m. 6f. 186yds.), the figures at that point being as follows:—

H. G. Buckley ...	1h. 23m.	G. Molyneux ...	1h. 21 $\frac{1}{2}$ m.
H. L. Elston ...	1h. 21m.	E. Nevitt ...	1h. 18 $\frac{1}{2}$ m.
J. Pitchford ...	1h. 15m.	N. S. Heath ...	1h. 18 $\frac{1}{2}$ m.
G. A. Glover ...	1h. 18m.	J. Long ...	1h. 22m.
A. E. Foy ...	1h. 24m.	G. B. Orrell ...	1h. 16m.

Orrell had unfortunately punctured between Acton Lane Corner and the turn and lost 2 minutes or more thereby. On the homeward journey the cold air and, perhaps, the lack of training, soon told on most of the field, but the final result was on the whole encouraging, and it is something that all the 10 real starters finished. The result of the handicap was a win for Glover, who is to be congratulated on a ride 25 seconds faster than his previous best, and to be commiserated with on failing to get inside evens. It's hard lines to miss that distinction by 22 seconds, and we look to him to put the matter right in the second

"50," Orrell, despite his puncture, was fastest in 2hrs. 23m. 56secs.; we've had better from him before, and we shall have better again. Elston, it seems, wasn't quite satisfied with the route laid down on the card, and went lane exploring somewhere between Acton and Cholmondeley. Whilst lane exploring is a most commendable pastime, it is usually considered undesirable to indulge in it in the course of a "50," for the hard-hearted timekeeper simply refuses to take notice of any but the times of starting and of finishing according to his watch, and makes no allowances for any diversions from the route as per card. It is a pity Elston didn't conform to the route for he was going quite nicely until he abandoned it.

## HANDICAP RESULT.

					Actual Time.	Handi- cap.	Nett Time.
					h. m. s.	mins.	h. m. s.
1.	G. A. Glover	...	...	...	2.30.22	11	2.19.22
2.	G. Molyneux	...	...	...	2.37.5	15	2.22.5
3.	F. Nevitt	...	...	...	2.38.1	15	2.23.1
4.	J. Long	...	...	...	2.38.21	15	2.23.21
5.	G. B. Orrell (fastest)	...	...	...	2.23.56	Scr.	2.23.56
6.	J. Pitchford	...	...	...	2.31.36	7	2.24.36
7.	N. S. Heath	...	...	...	2.33.59	9	2.24.59
8.	H. G. Buckley	...	...	...	2.42.16	17	2.25.16
9.	H. L. Elston	...	...	...	2.45.42	20	2.25.42
10.	A. E. Foy	...	...	...	2.56.5	22	2.32.5

J. Pitchford qualifies for Standard C. P. and T. O'Leary had a trial spin on a tandem, doing 2.33.1, which gives them Standard A.

**Northwich, 27th April, 1929.**

As the writer was one of the last to arrive and one of the first to depart, he wishes to apologise for the lack of Club gossip which will be noticeable in this report.

Amongst the general conversation at tea time the outstanding remarks included the Skipper's anxious queries of "What can *you* do at Whit?" addressed to every victim he buttonholed. But as I had manfully volunteered weeks ago I was exempt from his kind attentions!

There was a muster of 32, which I thought rather poor, but what can one expect when stalwarts like Ven and Jay Bee are conspicuous by their absence.

Also where was the currant bread which we usually have at the Crown and Anchor?

It was quite a good day for a ride, with a following wind which changed slightly later on and did not hurt on the home journey. The few slight showers of rain were, strange to say, more than welcome, as showing the end of the long drought which has so worried the farmers, not to mention us amateur horticulturalists, who combine the hard work of cycling with the gentle art of gardening.

We regret to announce that the account of the run to Tarporley, on April 13th, has gone astray in the post.

# ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

FORMED MARCH 1879

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

## MONTHLY CIRCULAR.

Vol. XXVI.

No. 280.

### FIXTURES FOR JUNE, 1929.

Tea at 6-0 p.m.

			Light up at
June 1	Nantwich (Lamb) ... ..		10-29 p.m.
" 8	<del>Wooldsmith (Station Hotel)</del> Photo Run <i>Sarpurley</i> ... ..		10-36 p.m.
" 10	Committee Meeting, 7-0 p.m. (Victoria Hotel, St. John's Lane, L'pool.)		
" 15	Davenham (Bulls Head) ... ..		10-42 p.m.
	Manchester Wheelers' " 50 "		
" 22	Tattenhall (Bear and Ragged Staff) ... ..		10-46 p.m.
" 29	Rhydtalog (Liver) ... ..		10-46 p.m.
	Grosvenor " 100 "		
July 6	Highwayside (Travellers Rest) and All-Night Ride (see Committee Notes) ... ..		10-42 p.m.
" 7	Alternative Week-end F.O.T.C. Rally, Ripley ... ..		10-41 p.m.

### ALTERNATIVE FIXTURE FOR MANCHESTER MEMBERS :

Tea at 6-0 p.m.

June 29	Goostrey (Red Lion) ... ..		10-46 p.m.
	Full Moon ... ..	22nd inst.	

The Hon. Treasurer's address is R. L. Knipe, 108 Moscow Drive, Stoneycroft, Liverpool, but Subscriptions (25/-, under 21 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.

Mr. C. J. Conway has again kindly arranged to take the Club Photograph. ~~Wooldsmith~~, 8th June, is the date fixed. I hope there will be a good attendance of members on that day to show our appreciation of his kind offer.

All members who intend to take part in the All-Night Ride are requested to let me know not later than Saturday, 29th June, in order to make the necessary arrangements regarding catering. The Schedule is as follows :-

	Inter- mediate Mileage.	Total Mileage.	Time.
<b>BIRKENHEAD.</b>			
Chester ... ..	16	16	
Highwayside ... ..	13	29	6-0 p.m.
TEA (Travellers Rest) ...		<i>Depart</i>	7-0 p.m.
Nantwich ... ..	7	36	7-45 p.m.
Woore ... ..	8	44	8-30 p.m.
Eccleshall ... ..	12	56	9-30 p.m.
SUPPER (Royal Oak) ...		<i>Depart</i>	11-0 p.m.
Stafford ... ..	7	63	11-45 p.m.
Penkridge ... ..	6	69	12-15 a.m.
Wolverham'pton ... ..	10	79	1-15 a.m.
Kidderminster ... ..	16	95	2-45 a.m.
Stourport ... ..	4	99	3-15 a.m.
Bromyard ... ..	17	116	5-15 a.m.
Tenbury ... ..	11	127	6-45 a.m.
BREAKFAST (Swan) ...		<i>Depart</i>	8-30 a.m.
Woolferton ... ..	5	132	9-0 a.m.
Ludlow ... ..	5	137	9-30 a.m.
Craven Arms ... ..	8	145	10-20 a.m.
Shrewsbury ... ..	20	165	12-20 p.m.
LUNCH (George) ...		<i>Depart</i>	2-0 p.m.
Ellesmere ... ..	16	181	3-45 p.m.
Wrexham ... ..	12	193	5-0 p.m.
Pulford ... ..	6	199	5-30 p.m.
TEA (Grosvenor Arms) ...		<i>Depart</i>	6-30 p.m.
Chester ... ..	5	204	7-0 p.m.
BIRKENHEAD ... ..	16	220	8-30 p.m.

Please retain the above particulars for reference.

**CHANGES OF ADDRESS.—**

Mr. T. H. Davies, 476B Wilbraham Rd., Chorlton-cum-Hardy, Manchester.

Mr. G. E. Pugh, Rosewood Cottage, Washford Rd., Meole Brace, Shrewsbury.

Mr. F. L. Street, Police Station, Montford Bridge, Shrewsbury.

**APPLICATION FOR MEMBERSHIP.**—Mr. Egbert Langstaffe Thompson, Annisholme, Thorn Road, Bramhall, Cheshire; proposed by Mr. R. H. Carlisle, seconded by Mr. C. H. Turnor.

H. W. POWELL,

*Hon. General Secretary.*

**RACING NOTES.**

**Invitation 24 Hours.**

This event will be held on 19th and 20th July, and is open to single machines, bicycle and tricycle. Entries, accompanied by a fee of 10/- towards the cost of feeding, must reach me not later than 12th July.

A large number of helpers will be required for the purpose of checking and feeding, etc., members are requested to come forward with their offers of assistance and not wait to be asked.

W. H. KETLE,

*Hon. Racing Secretary.*

## ITEMS.

Wayfarer (himself) was seen at Whitsuntide riding a Bastide bicycle with 2 inch, low pressure balloon tyres and an indiarubber saddle. He forsook the "100" at an early hour and set off for Beddgelert quivering all over.

\* \* \* \* \*

In view of the smallness of the entries for the two Fifties run this year one begins to wonder why a few of the young members ever joined a racing club.

\* \* \* \* \*

The Sweep run in connection with the "100" proved as popular as the preceding ones, 135 participating. Mr. Stancer took the prize for 1st Handicap, Tom Conway 2nd Handicap and Fastest Time, W. P. Cook 3rd Handicap, and P. Brazendale 2nd Fastest Time.

\* \* \* \* \*

### When is a Tour not a TOUR? When it is a HOLIDAY!

Evidently if you spend more than *two* nights at the same place you are not on tour but are on holiday. Ergo last year's gathering at Catterick Bridge was a Holiday and not a Tour: which, as Euclid would say, is absurd. We are all agreed that long week-end trips and enjoyable wanderings should be part of the ordinary programme of a club that looks upon itself as a live and virile organisation. How then does it come about that Cook has to week-end alone so often; that the All Night ride ("a long week-end trip") is jibbed at; and so many fall into the lure of the hedge-backings of Shropshire at August Bank Holiday instead of supporting the Club Tour and/or Holiday as the case may be? Easter is surely not the *only* holiday when a live and virile organisation should be able to carry out a well supported Tour that is *not* "alternative" and requires no re-christening! Last year's Irish Tour may be explainable on the grounds of expense, but how many went on the Rhyader—Elan Valley Tour of 1927, and how many will come this year to Llanidloes to explore entirely new ground for the Club? Echo answers—!

\* \* \* \* \*

Doctor Carlisle points out that by taking a more westerly route the extra distance involved in cycling to Ripley instead of Hatfield for the O.T. Rally, on July 7th, is only 34 miles, but it still involves an extra strenuous Saturday, as Beaconsfield or at least Amersham would have to be "won" that night. However, this is nothing to the Doctor, and we can but admire his virility. We understand Buckley will be there on his way back from Essex, so we shall have a real cycling representation. The Presider has now joined the feeble ones and as the All Night Ride has been transferred to this week-end will most likely be found crawling through it.

\* \* \* \* \*

Those who supported the last two Autumnal Tints week-ends and other patrons of the West Arms, Llanarmon, are hardly likely to have forgotten the handmaiden Cissie, the woman of Samaria (this is a bit subtle but an explanation will be vouchsafed on application at the Editorial sanctum) and they will be interested to learn that she celebrated Whitsuntide by entering into the Bonds of Holy Matrimony. We understand that Llanarmon was *en fete* and we are sure she has our congratulations and best wishes.

\* \* \* \* \*

We regret exceedingly to have to announce the death of our erstwhile member, W. Jones, who was one of us from 1910 to 1923. Jones



was a long distance rider of no mean calibre, who, before joining us, thrice broke the Liverpool-Edinburgh Bicycle record, his last success being in the sensational time of 12 hours 20 minutes (1909), which stood for 17 years. After joining us he rode successfully in several 24's until domestic ties put a stop to his racing career and unfortunately caused him to abandon cycling, with the result that his health slowly but surely failed and ended in his removal to Canada, where he died on May 12th, under the tragic circumstances of a seizure while bathing. Jones was a thorough sportsman, well-beloved by all of us.

\* \* \* \* \*

### Twenty Years Ago.

*Extract from June "Circular," 1909.*

The first of our series of "scraps" run off in Shropshire under Arctic conditions, was marked by a number of splendid performances and a certain amount of bad luck in the form of punctures for men off the Scratch mark. Both Cody and Lowcock found trouble almost within 50 yards of each other and taking into consideration the starts they were giving away and the hot crowd on the middle mark (10 mins.), both gave up as the chance of either of them making fastest time was gone. Johnny Band, the remaining scratch man, at all times a cold-blooded mortal, found the atmosphere degrees too chilly and after Shawbury, second time round, he was evidently not enjoying the work. Fulton (10 mins.) did a remarkable ride for the time of the year, and at last decided to do his riding in earnest, and first and fastest is a very good reward for what has evidently been secret and consistent training. Ramsay's only fault was, that he treated the matter all too lightly, he never appeared to be stretching himself, but we must look for great deeds in the near future from our genial Sub-captain. Fred Band, also off 10 mins. was far from fit, and I think his machine was a trifle highly geared, for the time of the year; 93 inches, Freddy, is a very tall order for road work so early on. McCann (10 mins.) was a little disappointing, but I have reason to believe he was not in first class health, and we must not forget that this was his first appearance in the scrapping department. Of the tricycle exponents, James was of course the novice, and a very good performance he gave just snatching third prize from Wells by 13 seconds. The Skipper was hardly fit enough for the day, but I trust he will have better luck later on.

\* \* \* \* \*

### A "Short-cut" to the Oracle.

A remarkable and instructive series of letters appears in the May *C.T.C. Gazette* on the subject of Cerniog (near Pentre Voelas). A member named C. R. Rowson wanted information and member Baxter tells him the familiar story of Telford's coaching Inn. So far we are not stirred.

At this stage enters the wakeful Wakeham upon the scene who, supported to some extent by Didlock and Chambers, submits extracts from Geo. Borrow's "Wild Wales," in which two versions of local colour are set forth:

Ceiniog or Ceiniog Mawr, meaning Coin, because the place was once upon a time a Mint.

Cerniog or Cerniog Mawr, meaning Corniawg, a house with Turrets. By this time we are all agog.

Then last but not least, B.P. but in (does he represent the British Public?) who complains of all this waste of good printer's ink and advises Rowson of Liverpool to cut out the round about way of col-

lecting information through the *C.T.C. Gazette*, and refers him straight to the Adelphian W. P. Cook of Birkenhead with Only One River to Cross.

We must remember this for the future.

\* \* \* \* \*

### A QUICK SALE!

BIRKENHEAD,  
4/5/29.

Sir,

*The Tent which was advertised in your May issue was sold three weeks before you went to Press.*

Yours,

J. JONAS.

### RUNS AND FIXTURES.

#### Second Fifty, 4th May, 1929.

The card for the second fifty, like that of the first showed a disappointing entry. The numbers were further reduced by Elston and Street being non-starters and the O'Leary tandem (for standards) bursting a tyre at the start.

The day was fine, but a strong wind made the going to Noman's Heath very hard. Orrell and Pitchford, however, were inside evens here and Orrell maintained his lead throughout; his splendid time of 2.19.8 giving him First and Fastest. McKail, Pitchford and Glover all did their fastest rides for the course and appear to be very fit for the Hundred.

Glover for the second time was unlucky in failing to beat evens by a few seconds.

Long does not seem to be really fit and Heath also is not at the top of his form. Buckley should do better than 2.47. He would probably be wise to use a smaller gear. Molyneux and Nevitt packed.

A list of finishing times and intermediate checks appears below.

	10 miles	20 miles	Turn	31 miles	36½ miles	40 miles	Actual Time.	H'cap	H'cap Time.
3. G. Molyneux ... ..	32	1.2	1.18	1.37	1.59½	2.15	D.N.F.	15	
4. N. S. Heath ... ..	30	57½	1.14	1.33	1.52½	2.6	2.33.37	10	2.33.27
5. J. Long ... ..	33	1.2	1.19½	1.37½	1.57	2.10	2.39.13	15	2.24.13
6. G. B. Orrell, 1st and Fastest ... ..	29	54½	1.9½	1.26	1.43½	1.55	2.19. 8	Scr.	2.19. 8
7. H. G. Buckley ... ..	34½	1.4½	1.21½	1.40½	2.2½	2.16½	2.47. 9	17	2.30. 9
8. C. H. McKail, 2nd ... ..	30½	57½	1.30	1.30	1.47	1.58½	2.23.55	4	2.19.55
9. G. A. Glover, 3rd ... ..	31½	1.0	1.15½	1.33	1.51½	2.4	2.30.39	10	2.20.39
10. E. Nevitt ... ..	32½	1.1	1.17	1.35	—	—	D.N.F.	15	
11. J. Pitchford ... ..	29½	57½	1.13	1.29½	1.46½	1.59½	2.26.36	4	2.22.36

H. L. Elston and F. L. Street did not start.

#### Mouldsworth, 11th May, 1929.

Having read the contribution of our gifted contributor in a recent edition of this organ about mouldy something or other, Mouldsworth to

be correct, I thought that in addition to enjoying this further visit myself I should take a friend. I admit there was some hesitation about this, but then we should not be mixed up with the Anfield crowd too long! During luncheon my chronometer (Lewis's) commenced to lose five minutes in every ten and although Kew wouldn't mind as it sometimes gains in a similar way when held sideways, it made things awkward as a time was appointed for meeting *mon ami* (I'm practising prior to perambulating with Del Strother). After lunch I changed attire and still had plenty of time, then I read Raphael Sabatini for a bit, but still had half-an-hour, so I painted the out-buildings (washhouse) a little, and still had ten minutes, but then there is nothing like being too soon, so set off to the Mersey Ferry.

On the way all the clocks appeared to be wrong, including those of the G.P.O., Town Hall and Liver, but the expression on my friend's face settled the whole thing; I was three-quarters of an hour late; but that was of small account to a fast man and a game youngster. Incidentally the three-wheeler I rode was on a maiden voyage after being long on the stocks for re-building purposes after a severe crash, but it was as hard on the rises as ever.

We found Glover and the fast tandem pair from Wrexham at the Ashton turn on the Tarvin road. Glover wore a pained and pre-occupied expression—a kind of distant and vacant air—but should improve quickly after next week-end. What a hack this fellow trundles to runs on, while he reserves for mere races such a shimmering and elegant mount. Roberts soon joined us, so off we all dashed. Arrived at the Hotel we found those blighters who will persist in going straight where they are going, but your humble servant hiked off to explore the wonders of Rangersbank, Arkwood encampment, the Dark Arch and the Duck Pond, and then *again* rode up that stiff brew to find the air reeking with Anfielders. What a mob! everywhere. Forty strong, and why? Because they know when they are on a good thing. Charlie Peace (alias Randall) has another new suit with extra full plus-fours, which must have cost quite thirty seven and six, but the wily Charles has evidently foregone the suit case gift and got all the value in those flowing pantaloons.

Soon there was a surge towards the dining room, which quickly filled, but a select company of mere juveniles chose the small, comfortable parlour nearer the kitchen. There were still more famished lads, so they were prepared for nourishment in a bed-room!

The excellent victualling was served a trifle slowly, but it mattered little with such compensations, while a char-a-banc party sang with commendable harmony. Forms for entering something seemed to be everywhere, and in dishing peas out, a dollop was dropped on Orrell's. The Captain was heard to say to Heath, "You've got to. Fill it up," and this "100" business affects me as I've bargained to supply at Chetwynd, sponges soaked in a dilution of water and eau-de-cologne, fresh eggs, new unskimmed milk and Schweppes dry ginger beer in large mouthed bottles.

After the last course, the music from the bar became too pianissimo, so we started and memories of Halewood paled. Kettle came in about those forms and stayed charmed. Long came for dough and nearly forgot his job. Powell came for names and was likewise entranced, while the bedroom squad where drawn in like Ulysses and his sailors of old, by the charm of Circe's voice on the Aegean Isles. I did look in on all the ancient pillars of the Club in charge of the dining room, but not for long, and so there is nothing to chronicle about them. Certainly they had no complaints to make.

The merry company drifted away, and Mouldsowrth became tranquil again. The journey home via Alvanley was delightful. Just beyond Buckoak (get the map out) a glorious panorama called for a halt. Pinewoods rising on the hills behind, the Wirral plains at our feet, Ellesmere Port's chimneys further off, glimpses of the River Dee further again, and the Halkyn mountain and Moel Famau capping all. Splendid.

### The Jubilee Banquet, 18th May, 1929.

Our Jubilee! Fifty years of the life of the Club. What a vista of memories is conjured up in that phrase. What a panorama of scenes, happenings, and developments whirls through the mind and imagination as one indulges in an orgy of retrospection. And what a wealth of material unfolds itself, as in the mind's eye, one visualises the striking personalities of the past, the indomitable resolution of the pioneers, inflexible in their early efforts to nourish and bring to a glorious maturity the stripling born into a world where cycling was still in the embryonic stage, and the boneshaker held undisputed sway, where the seed of the idea of air inflation of tyres had not even been planted in what was fated to be the fecund soil of Mr. Dunlop's brain; where imagination would have boggled at the conception of such things as safety bicycles, wood rims, free wheels, multiple gears, and the thousand and one things which have gone to the making of the popularity of the sport and pastime.

And the hardy little band of intrepid pioneers, who, through thick and thin battled with the difficulties and vicissitudes inseparable from such an enterprise—what can one adequately say in their praise? Alas, not all of them are left amongst us to see their work brought to ripe fruition, but to those who are it must be a source of unmitigated pleasure and satisfaction to find that they have not toiled in vain.

I think that these or similar reflections must have passed through the minds of most people present, as the atmosphere prevailing, consisting, as it did, of a genial *bonhomie* delightful to witness, was everything to be desired. Here and there, to be sure, one could discern the ghastly mien and anaemic appetite of the after-dinner orator (not to speak of the wretched scribe who had the horrible responsibility of writing the thing up) intent more perhaps on the importance of his on-coming speech than on gastronomical delights, but the vast majority present, absolved from such worries, devoted themselves whole-heartedly to the matter in hand.

It is customary in accounts of this kind to explain how one has been inveigled into the job. In my case it happened that shortly before the event I had just finished the eventide kipper, and was in that condition of gorged repletion one could expect, when the door bell rang and with it my death knell. The EDITOR himself had tracked me to my lair. This is a revolutionary innovation in amateur journalism and may lead to far reaching effects. In future one will never be safe anywhere. He entered, a dull hue of apprehension veiling his features like a cloud. He had probably tried nearly every other member of the Club, and having been with remorseless unanimity turned down, as a last and desperate resort had come to me. Despair engulfed him in every fibre of his being. He scented what he had become to believe the inevitable response "Why don't you do the dam thing yourself?" Having been an Editor once myself I felt a wave of intense sympathy pass over me, and not realising what I was doing, I succumbed.

Alas and alack is me. I did not then visualise that I would have to recount and describe the scintillating orations (which had no doubt been vigorously lubricated with copious consumptions of midnight oil),

the classic periods, the pungent satire, the delicate oratorical embroidery, the *je ne sais quoi* which go to the making of the modern after-dinner speech, where each succeeding speaker vies with the other in the unimpeachability of form and gesture; the glittering impromptu epigram—probably achieved days before, after considerable expense of grey matter—the scaled cadences of tone, and the pointed yet subtle witticisms.

I had not realised that I was literally cheek by jowl with *litterateurs* of world fame. Aye more, that even on my right hand was seated a *regular contributor* to a famous cycling journal, while within a couple of feet, masticating his viands, and wallowing in what I presume would be buttermilk (I hear that is his favourite beverage) just like an ordinary human being was *one of the big five in cycling journalism*. And as if this were not enough, another of this brilliant quintette actually leaned on my shoulders when he made his speech. I was appalled, not to say overwhelmed, and my blood turned to water. However, courage! and to our muttuns:

The gathering consisted of 116 members and friends, amongst whom figured many of the leading lights of the past and present cycling world; and I would like to say at once that the arrangements constituted a little triumph of organisation and reflected the highest credit on the dinner committee consisting of Glover, Powell, and Hubert Roskell. The proceedings were opened by the Presider saying grace, and after letters and telegrams of apology and regret from Messrs. F. W. Shorland, J. Burden Barnes, Shillitoe, Freddie Del Strother, Carpenter, and A. P. James had been read, the Toast Master—Percy Brazendale—microscopical in stature, but gargantuan of voice, got in some pretty work, as he reeled off, in stentorian tones which made the rafters ring, toast after toast.

He first craved the attention of the gathering to the fact that the President would wine with any of the founders of the Club present that evening. On which Mr. D. J. Bell arose amid great enthusiasm. This was followed by toasts to record breakers, present holders of road record, those who had come on self-propelled vehicles, members and ex-members, members of the Roads Records Association and the Northern Roads Records Association, cycling journalists, visitors, members prior to 1890, 1900, 1910, and 1920 respectively. All these toasts were received with acclamation.

The official toasts were then begun, the President starting off with "The King." In a highly felicitous little speech he said he welcomed that opportunity of proposing His Majesty's health, more especially as it synchronised with his return to complete convalescence, much to the delight of his loyal subjects. The toast was acclaimed with musical honours.

The next toast was "The Club." This had been entrusted to Mr. Frank Urry and no better choice could have been made. This, however, was not the speaker's opinion, as he began with an abject apology bemoaning his inadequacy to deal with the immensity of such a subject, and immediately proceeded to prove how really inadequate he could be at length. In a highly cultured and witty speech, he alluded to the toast as one with a tang to it. In fifty years of existence the Club had built up a glorious tradition for the younger generation to maintain and continue. He referred to the splendour of the name of the Anfield Bicycle Club, whose slogan was "Play the game," and said the quality of good sportsmanship of the Club made the name almost a sainted one. At the same time, tales he would never tell have for ever blotted out

any hope of a halo. No greater compliment could have been paid to him than that the choice of the year of its birth should have coincided with his own, but it was a fatal error of judgment that its accouchement had not taken place in the Midlands. Its fame was not local; it was widespread. Between the President and the Treasurer there was no jealousy: they were simply two jolly old savoury gentlemen. The former had made inroads on the cycling press; the voluminous and constantly recurring Cook, with Knipe always behind him, the Anfield twins, warm-hearted and open-handed. Their outlook in life was "Summer, Summer, all the way" and there was none better. He had the greatest pleasure in proposing the Toast of the "Anfield Bicycle Club," coupled with Bob Knipe.

This was followed by a most appropriate musical interlude, Mr. Wollaston obliging us with a song entitled "The Jolly Cavalier." This gentleman is the lucky possessor of a fine baritone voice and did ample justice to the item, meeting with rounds of applause.

The Jolly Cavalier then rose to acquaint us with the fact that he was no orator, but a plain blunt man, a statement treated with derision. Speaking of Mr. Urry, he said that he had long been known by his writings, especially in the *C.T.C. Gazette*, and was a worthy son of an honoured sire. He admired him for his wonderful eloquence and not least for his courage. While he (Knipe) was trembling with nervous apprehension of that moment, and toying with his food, the last speaker could be seen eating his dinner with perfect nonchalance and equanimity, having apparently not a care in the world. However, reverting to the matter in hand, he would like to pay a tribute to the tenacity of the Club and its members. In this connection he recalled his first run. Introduced offhand as a new member he was promptly cold-shouldered, and debarred from the time-honoured place on the grid in the yard, which was of course reserved for old members only, and it was only after two or three years of determined and tenacious strategy that at last he succeeded in getting both feet firmly implanted on that hallowed spot.

Anfielders were uniformly afflicted with a terrible shyness. Although free publicity was offered to any member who paid his subscription, some were so coy that they refrained from taking advantage of this free advertisement until the last moment. The Club had a wonderful hold on its members, who, in most cases, if they have to leave the district for foreign lands, retain their membership. He received letters from practically all over the world, even from Birmingham.

The Club had been rich in its parentage on the male side, being fathered by eight men, one part-parent being here to-night in the person of Mr. D. J. Bell. The ways of Providence are inscrutable—there were no women. The Club was the first to organise long distance road races, and helped to form the North Road Club, participating in the first 24 hours race, which was won by G. P. Mills, who was now a most welcome guest. He also referred to the first 24 hours race on the track, which was won by Dr. Carlisle. Reference was also made to the Association of the Club with the Roads Records Association, the Northern Road Records Association formed in 1890, to the Racing Council formed in recent years, and to the fact that the Anfield was the first club to decline to invite those who would not agree to refuse to compete in any event with more than 100 competitors, a movement which he expected would be followed by others later. He heartily thanked Mr. Urry for the kind things he had said.

We were then favoured with a humorous song by Mr. Major, which made a pleasant little interlude.



It fell to the lot of F. H. Koenen to propose "The Visitors," and The Master proved to be in his most irresistible vein. Beginning in a slightly halting way, he quickly got into his stride, and ran through the achievements of the visitors with characteristic vim and devastating speed. Owing to the strategical position he took up it was impossible for me to catch everything, but he had something of interest to say about each. He alluded to G. P. Mills in awed tones, as a name that was sacred in cycling history, citing his wonderful end to end records. I grasped in his allusion to Mr. Ball that this gentleman, although he had never attained to national championship honours had been a provincial champion of the first order in 1885/6/7, that he had been devoted to the tandem wheel and that he gave up the racing game too soon—40 years ago. He pithily put it that our Presider rides faster now, but 40 years ago Mr. Ball rode faster. He attributed Mr. Ball's success in racing purely to boldness, and more in sorrow than in anger accused him of lacking guile. He made a strong appeal to the C.T.C. to replenish the Kensington Collection with further specimens of ancient bicycles as apparently they could always dig them out from somewhere. After several amusing reminiscences he gave a cordial welcome to all the guests and this was acclaimed with musical honours.

George Newall was then called upon to give us one of his delightful songs, which he did with all his usual artistry.

Mr. Ball, responding to the toast, said that after hearing all the nice things said about them he had come to the conclusion that they must be a very fine lot of fellows. Mr. Ball, beneath whose bland exterior evidently lurks murky deeps of Machiavellian cunning, strongly resented the Master's imputation of his lack of guile. He was full of guile. He regarded the statement as a vile calumny, and proceeded to prove by bell, book and candle that far from being the cycling hayseed he had been made out to be, the wiles of the serpent paled their insignificant fires in comparison with his. Having completely vindicated his character, and disposed of the insult, he relented and the Master ate out of his hand.

Mr. Godbold followed. As secretary of the Old Timers' Fellowship, he rather felt his position, regarding himself as a sort of ghost of the past. However, he had been associated with the Anfield for nearly 40 years and he warmly appreciated the hearty support given by them to the Old Timers, whether the meet was held north or south of the Thames. It was his first appearance at one of their functions, but he sincerely trusted it would not be the last.

Mr. Walter Simpson then created a roar by standing on the seat of a chair to give his now famous "Scientific Man." He prefaced this by saying "I am now going to give you the cleverest song ever written. When I finished it several years ago, I—" The rest was drowned. The song went with a bang, in fact several bangs.

Billy Lowcock was then entrusted with the toast of the "Sport and Pastime of Cycling," and if ever a man was a living embodiment of what cycling had done for him, he was; a picture of virile, healthy, sturdy manhood. He also bewailed his inability to do anything like adequate justice to the theme and immediately became passionately lyrical. Cycling had been the sport of his youth, the pastime of his middle age, and was now the solace of his declining years. He alluded to the wonderful spirit of sportsmanship on the road, where the game was the thing, and not the prizes. This was truly exemplified in the participants in the coming classic event, where a hundred riders from



all over the country, had trained and sweated to get themselves fit, and then gone to considerable expense to get there—not for the value of the prizes (which was practically insignificant, and purposely so) but in the interests of the purest sport in the world.

Speaking of the Pastime of cycling, it enabled young and old, rich and poor, to enjoy and explore the beauties of nature at a minimum of expense, and, after tours and runs, to return refreshed and invigorated. Age was no deterrent. Young lads of 70 and 80 regularly attended the Old Timers' Meet on bicycles. And then the recollections! What delight on a cold winter's night to sit by the fireside in a comfortable armchair, with a glass of something in near proximity, surrounded with maps and diaries. He lashed himself into a state of rhetorical rhapsody as he dwelt on these pleasures and finally sank on his seat, a perspiring mass, vocally exhausted but with spiritual exaltation oozing from every pore.

Mr. Wollaston then regaled us with another item, to our great content.

Mr. W. Fitzwater Wray ("Kuklos") responding to the last toast (in the greatly regretted absence of Mr. Burden Barnes through illness) was very sorry for the cause of Mr. Barnes' absence, but trusted that if he could not be a Barnes he would not be a Burden. After the turmoil had died down he continued by saying he had devoted nearly the whole of his life to the sport and pastime of cycling. He recalled his first visit to the Show in London, when being in an even more impecunious condition than he was at present, he went to a tea and bun shop, one of the A.B.C. houses, and wondered whether there was any connection between the two, as the initials could easily stand for "Associated Beer Consumers." Some time later he gradually got to know the Anfield so well that they began to say rude things to each other, and as a matter of fact, friendship is never complete until that state of things is arrived at. He began to receive letters from an address in Brunswick Street, Liverpool, telling him off, and in 1905, he recalled (with unctious), that he had described the tenant at that address as the most "controversial, contumelious, contumacious, truculent, and polemical cyclist under the sun." He was besought by post to "give up pottering on your own or in feeble company and tour with riders who have learned to ankle." Another Anfielder, writing in the *Birkenhead Advertiser* made a gentle allusion to him as "The laughing stock of the world of wheels." He thought that must have been his dear friend "Wayfarer." As if that were not enough, Jack Urry (that grand old man) referred to him in endearing strain as the "chartered libertine of the daily press." Although he did not know it at the time these were evidently tokens of friendship. He recalled seeing an entry in the visitors' book at John O' Groats hotel, on the occasion of Lawrence Fletcher's great cycle ride in 1885, when he did the end to end in 8 days 5 hrs. 20 mins. It quoted Macaulay: "How can man die better than facing fearful odds for the ashes of his fathers and the temples of his gods." An improvement underneath ran: "How can man die better than scorch from pub to pub on the roadways of his country for the honour of his club." He also told of an episode in the early days when a certain competitor, chasing Carlisle in a race, was held up by a policeman, but got away with it by shouting, "Don't stop me, Officer, I'm going for the doctor." He thanked the Anfield for fifty years support of the immortal sport and pastime. These go on from strength to strength and they will never die. They are of those simple elemental things to which humanity

in the mass will certainly return when weary of its present engrossment in all those complicated and infernal things which men call progress and civilisation. If a man got knighted for travelling at over 200 miles an hour on a mechanical box of tricks then all the competitors in Monday's race deserved to be duked.

To enable the spellbound audience to regain their breath, Mr. Major was again commandeered and made an impassioned appeal to us to "Stick to Water," which advice it could easily be seen was slavishly followed for the rest of the evening.

Mr. Stancer then proposed the toast of "The President." Making an allusion to the coming "100," he said that since the days of the Spanish Inquisition no institution had been so instrumental in inflicting such harrowing torture on poor inoffensive cyclists as the Anfield Club, and he had to regard the President as the Torturer-in-Chief. The fair country for miles round would be strewn with corpses on Monday—men, once strong and vigorous to whom life had become a hateful thing. And who was the ringleader responsible for this holocaust? Cook. (In parenthesis this recalled to me poignant memories. The one and only time I was misled—as a comparative youth mentally inert—into entering for this event I suffered for full 92 miles the agonies of the damned, when a benign Providence directed with unerring accuracy an up-ended nail to my front tyre; but for that I would not now be telling this tale). Mr. Stancer then proceeded to give an example of the President's disposition. Harry Poole—whom he regretted was not present—took to motoring. Cook expostulated with him. Poole retorted that he wished to take his friends out and give them some pleasure. The President's rejoinder was, "You could previously take them on with your tricycle and give them agony and bloody sweat." Cook had always held correct opinions and views on every cycling matter. He could say that with the utmost conviction because they had always coincided with his own. Twenty years ago, Frank Urry descended on London with a horde of Birmingham roughs and with these hirelings proposed to establish a place to place record, London/Birmingham and back (why back?) to give the impression that Birmingham was as important in the cycling world as Liverpool. Vain effort—Birmingham had no Cook. He (the speaker) had indulged in a long correspondence with the President—or rather the President had indulged in a long correspondence with him—over many years, and at least two chests of drawers groaned with the weight of these letters; letters full of wisdom which he was not ashamed to say, seeing that they harmonised with his own views, had permeated his own journal to its profit and to the profit of the cycling world generally. (Hereabouts it began to dimly dawn upon me that there must be something in this and that Willie does occasionally write a letter or two.) He had been vice-president of the C.T.C. during the past few years, and taken an active participation in this movement. He was largely responsible for the Cyclists' War Memorial—that magnificent gesture—and what he liked about him was his dislike of the limelight. He worked behind the scenes, keeping himself in the background. Mr. Stancer then proposed the toast which was received with the greatest acclamation.

Our dear old friend Mr. Joe Andrews, although replete with banquet (he *Bwlch-y-Groes*—hush, joke over) was sound in voice, and charmed us with one of our favourite songs as only he can.

The President then rose and was greeted with intense enthusiasm. It was easy to see that Willie was moved to the depths at his reception. He said he stood there with mixed feelings, pride and embarrassment

battling with each other. He was proud to be the President of such a club, a club with initiative, courage and vision; he was embarrassed at the warm welcome given to the toast. He had always been a keen cyclist, and recalled his early days when the highest pinnacle of his ambition was centred in trying to "rub out" Dave Bell. He could honestly say that he had never sought any honours—those he had had always been forced on him. Dear as cycling was to him the Anfield Club was even dearer. He appealed to members of what he called the dangerous age, the early forties, to hold on to their freedom, cling to their bicycles and retain their health. He referred to those who had succumbed to the lure of petrol as the lost legions, and the reason *Cherchez la femme*. If the womenfolk wanted a car, by all means buy them one, but don't learn to drive and thus become a mere chauffeur to them. Ruminating well on the overflowing joys of cycling and its health-giving properties, and don't sell this priceless heritage for a mess of benzol. Speaking with emotion he concluded that at times he might be blunt and perhaps a little too outspoken, but it was his nature to say what he meant in a way that could not be misunderstood, and after all his bark was very much worse than his bite.

The proceedings were then brought to a conclusion by the singing *en masse* of "Auld Lang Syne."

Thus ended a historical event, unique in the annals of the Club, pregnant with associations and concluding on a highly pitched note of optimism for the future.

GENTLEMEN, ONCE MORE A TOAST TO THE ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB; LONG MAY IT WAIVE.

\* \* \* \* \*

#### Invitation "100," 20th May, 1929.

The entry list disclosed the names of 100 riders, representing 38 clubs. The surprising feature of the card was the absence of names of riders of Liverpool clubs; no doubt this was due to the decision of the Committee not to accept names from racing men who compete in events which are not restricted to 100 entries, as recommended by the Road Racing Council. Their absence was regrettable, and perhaps it would have been better had we given longer notice of the rule which had a barring effect on them.

Monday dawned gloriously fine, and even the easterly wind of the previous day had abated, so that of the 100 entries there were only two non-starters, which number included B. H. Satchwell to whom had been allowed 10 minutes. C. Marshall of the Vegetarian C. & A.C. was on scratch, while 11 other riders were in receipt of less than 10 minutes; and the card included the names of 6 tricyclists. Cook dispatched the 98 riders and E. Buckley acted as Judge and Referee. Very fast times were recorded over the hilly stretch to the Raven Inn, where H. Dawes (Mansfield Victoria) was found to be leading, the 12 miles having occupied him only 30½ minutes. A. West (Bath R.C.), Marshall and Orrell ("Ours") were all level in 32 minutes. At Chetwynd Church, 97 riders were checked in, and Dawes was still at the head of affairs with the remarkable time of 1.17½. Orrell was doing 1.20½, Marshall 1.21 and West 1.21½. At about 40 miles, West punctured and changed a tyre so that at 50 miles he only occupied 9th position. The following were the leading times:—

	h. m. s.
R. F. Rodgers, Sheffield R.C. ... ..	2.21.37
G. B. Orrell, Anfield B.C. ... ..	2.21.39
E. Bloodworth, Broad Oak ... ..	2.22.54
W. D. Smith, Speedwell ... ..	2.23.31
H. Dawes, Mansfield Victoria ... ..	2.23.35
J. W. Brooke, Gomersal ... ..	2.24.17
C. Marshall, Vegetarian ... ..	2.24.18
W. Ward, Stretford W. ... ..	2.24.33
A. West, Bath R.C. ... ..	2.25.13
R. Naris, Vegetarian ... ..	2.25.29
S. L. Crawforth, Hull Thursday ... ..	2.25.35
A. Newland, Bath Road ... ..	2.26.24

Dawes had fallen away considerably and ultimately retired overcome by the intense heat. At Prees Heath, 66 miles, West was now up with the leaders, being a bare half-a-minute behind Orrell, who clocked 3.10½; Marshall also showed 3.11. From here until the finish, West continued to ride strongly, and he ran out an easy winner of the fastest time prize. Marshall and Orrell secured the second and third fastest prizes (a special prize for the third fastest rider was an innovation.)

The following were the leading times:—

	h. m. s.
A. West, Bath Road Club ... ..	4.51.18
C. Marshall, Vegetarian ... ..	4.55.14
G. B. Orrell, Anfield... ..	4.58.15
W. G. Smith, Speedwell ... ..	5. 0.53
R. F. Rodgers, Sheffield R.C. ... ..	5. 2.35
E. Bloodworth, Broad Oak ... ..	5. 3.29
J. W. Brooke, Gomersal ... ..	5. 3.36
A. Newland, Bath Road Club ... ..	5. 4.56
A. Kingdon, Ashton ... ..	5. 5.23
J. Pitchford, Anfield ... ..	5. 5.27
H. Evans, Warwickshire R.C. ... ..	5. 6.25
W. Ward, Stretford W. ... ..	5. 7.14
A. B. Smith, North Road ... ..	5. 7.42
R. E. Layton, Warwickshire R.C. ... ..	5. 7.58
R. S. Harris, Ashton ... ..	5. 8.11
R. Naris, Vegetarian ... ..	5. 8.51
D. Rickerby, Sharrow ... ..	5. 9.37
W. R. Kidd, Irish R.C. ... ..	5.12.29
G. F. Skinner, Warwickshire R.C. ... ..	5.13.23
S. L. Crawforth, Hull Thursday ... ..	5.13.59
A. T. Tether, Hull Thursday ... ..	5.14.42
J. K. Middleton, North Road ... ..	5.14.56

The Vegetarian C. & A.C. won the first team medals with an aggregate time of 15 hrs. 19 mins. 16 secs., the individual times and riders being C. Marshall 4.55.14, R. Naris 5.8.51, and W. J. Mills 5.15.11; while we secured the second team medals with 15.27.13 (Orrell 4.58.15, Pitchford 5.5.27 and Heath 5.23.31).

It is needless to remark that we had all hoped that Orrell would have won the premier honour; we can only wish him more power and good luck next time. It was, however, a great satisfaction to find that Pitchford of "Ours" had won the first prize. Comparatively new to the game and riding his first "100," he rode with splendid judgment and clocked 5.5.27, which with an allowance of 25 minutes gave him first place, beating West, who had a handicap allowance of

10 minutes, by 51 seconds. Third prize went to Ireland; the only Irish R.C. representative returned an excellent time of 5.12.29. Of the two remaining riders of "Ours," Heath was the sole finisher and his time of 5.23.31 enabled us to win the second team medals. Glover unfortunately, retired somewhere near Ternhill the second time round.

It must be many years since the Club was represented in Time, Handicap and Team prizes and it is appropriate that in this, the Jubilee year, our men should have been so successful. Congratulations to Orrell, Pitchford and Heath.

There was a high percentage of finishers, doubtless owing to the splendid condition of the roads and the fine weather. The event was in every way a "Jubilee" one, and was a happy augury for another 50 years of cycling.

The arrangements for the race were perfect. There were 73 finishers, and the following is the result in detail:—

Name and Club.	Actual Time	H'cap	Handi- cap Time
	100 miles		
	h. m. s.	mins.	h. m. s.
1. J. Pitchford, Anfield B.C. ....	5. 5.27	25	4.40.27
2. A. West, Bath Road Club ....	4.51.18	10	4.41.18
3. W. R. Kidd, Irish Road Club...	5.12.29	30	4.42.29
4. *D. Rickerby, Sharrow C.C. ....	5. 9.37	25	4.44.37
5. *A. Kingdon, Ashton R.C. ....	5. 5.23	19	4.46.23
6. *R. E. Layton, Warwickshire R.C. ...	5. 7.58	21	4.46.58
7. W. E. Reader, Gomersal O.R.C. ...	5.15.56	28	4.47.56
8. F. L. Nunn, Sharrow C.C. ....	5.18.33	29	4.49.33
9. *A. B. Smith, North Road C.C. ...	5. 7.42	17	4.50.42
10. J. R. Clark, Broad Oak ...	5.21.55	30	4.51.55
11. *A. Newland, Bath Road Club ...	5. 4.56	13	4.51.56
12. N. Wilkinson, Sheffield Phoenix C.C.	5.15.16	23	4.52.16
13. *R. F. Rodgers, Sheffield R.C. ....	5. 2.35	10	4.52.35
14. *W. Cooper (Tricycle), Gomersal O.R.C.	5.44.51	52	4.52.51
15. *W. G. Smith, Speedwell B.C. ....	5. 0.53	8	4.52.53
16. N. S. Heath, Anfield B.C. ....	5.23.31	30	4.53.31
17. R. Barnes, Leicestershire R.C. ....	5.18.48	25	4.53.48
18. *R. Naris, Vegetarian C. & A.C. ...	5. 8.51	15	4.53.51
19. G. B. Orrell, Anfield ...	4.58.15	4	4.54.15
20. C. B. Long, M.C. & A.C. ....	5.15.10	20	4.55.10
21. C. Marshall, Vegetarian C. & A.C. ...	4.55.14	Scr.	4.55.14
		mins.	
22. *E. Bloodworth, Broad Oak C.C. ....	5. 3.29	8	4.55.29
23. *A. T. Tether, Hull Thursday R.C. ...	5.14.42	19	4.55.42
24. T. Wilson, Dukinfield C.C. ....	5.25.21	29	4.56.21
25. *H. Evans, Warwickshire R.C. ....	5. 6.25	10	4.56.25
26. F. J. Wright, Century R.C. ....	5.18.35	22	4.56.35
27. *J. W. Brooke, Gomersal O.R.C. ...	5. 3.36	7	4.56.36
28. E. Tweddell (Tricycle), Palatine C.C.	5.51.45	55	4.56.45
29. *W. Ward, Stretford W. ....	5. 7.14	10	4.57.14
30. W. Lawson, Rotherham W. ....	5.24.52	27	4.57.52
31. T. F. Maddex, North Road C.C. ...	5.19. 6	20	4.59. 6
32. K. M. Tomlinson, Sharrow C.C. ....	5.19.22	20	4.59.22

Name and Club.	Actual	H'cap	Handi-
	Time		cap
	100 miles		
	h. m. s.	mins.	h. m. s.
33. E. A. Tipping, Leicester R.C. ...	5.29.37	30	4.59.37
34. T. Pickering, Stretford W. ...	5.23.50	24	4.59.50
35. A. J. Power, Cheshire R.C. ...	5.22. 0	22	5. 0. 0
36. *R. S. Harris, Ashton R.C. ...	5. 8.11	8	5. 0.11
37. *G. F. Skinner, Warwickshire R.C. ...	5.13.23	13	5. 0.23
38. M. Draisey (Tricycle), Century R.C....	5.50.29	50	5. 0.29
39. J. J. Smith, Speedwell B.C. ...	5.28.40	28	5. 0.40
40. T. Hughes (Tricycle), Palatine C.C. ...	6. 1.15	60	5. 1.15
41. T. D. Chapman, M.C. & A.C. ...	5.26.30	25	5. 1.30
42. R. Middleton, North Road C.C. ...	5.16.43	15	5. 1.43
43. W. A. Ellis, North Road C.C....	5.15. 1	13	5. 2. 1
44. F. Hancock, Grosvenor W. ...	5.17. 2	15	5. 2. 2
45. A. Beckinsale, Gomersal O.R.C. ...	5.25.28	23	5. 2.28
46. W. Ball, Rotherham W. ...	5.20.58	18	5. 2.58
47. A. E. Hooper, Warwickshire R.C. ...	5.20.13	17	5. 3.13
48. E. Howarth, Ashton R.C. ...	5.16.53	13	5. 3.53
49. F. Allen, Speedwell B.C. ...	5.19.59	16	5. 3.59
50. T. Thompson, Sheffield Phoenix C.C. ...	5.24.20	20	5. 4.20
51. A. Livingston, Dukinfield C.C. ...	5.26.33	22	5. 4.33
52. L. Ingle, Rutland C.C. ...	5.16.35	12	5. 4.35
53. L. W. Bloxham, Speedwell B.C. ...	5.35. 0	30	5. 5. 0
54. G. E. Lamb, Walsall R.C. ...	5.36.53	30	5. 6.53
55. *S. L. Crawforth, Hull Thursday R.C. ...	5.13.59	6	5. 7.59
56. P. Brown, Barras R.C. ...	5.25.21	17	5. 8.21
57. G. Harris, Stretford W. ...	5.25. 4	16	5. 9. 4
58. R. Spavin, Clifton C.C. ...	5.30.16	21	5. 9.16
59. D. T. Stallard, Wolverhampton W. ...	5.39.56	30	5. 9.56
60. W. J. Mills, Vegetarian C. & A.C. ...	5.15.11	5	5.10.11
61. E. D. Robinson (Tricycle), Palatine C.C.	6.10.14	60	5.10.14
62. G. Watchorn, Century R.C. ...	5.30.37	20	5.10.37
63. *J. K. Middleton, North Road C.C. ...	5.14.56	4	5.10.56
64. C. S. Middleton, North Road C.C. ...	5.22. 3	11	5.11. 3
65. G. T. Ransom, Hull Thursday R.C. ...	5.23.15	12	5.11.15
66. H. G. Jennings, Warwickshire R.C. ...	5.27.21	16	5.11.21
67. P. Smith, Yorkshire R.C. ...	5.29.43	18	5.11.43
68. C. E. Warden, Bath Road Club ...	5.42. 0	30	5.12. 0
69. A. J. Brumell, Vegetarian C. & A.C....	5.31.22	19	5.12.22
70. W. R. Moulds, Grosvenor W. ...	5.25.36	13	5.12.36
71. T. Taylor, Hull Thursday ...	5.26. 1	12	5.14. 1
72. A. O. Jones, Stockton W. ...	5.25. 3	11	5.14. 3
73. G. W. Adkins, Hull Thursday R.C. ...	5.42.40	22	5.20.40

\* Certificated.

## Farndon, 25th May, 1929.

The first visit to the Greyhound in latter years was favoured with beautiful weather. The Coates family had only been in since the beginning of the year and had completely rebushed the house and made several improvements. Owing to a larger number (33) turning up than anticipated, the accommodation was found wanting, and a second

table had to be formed. Those attending the meet were Cook, Kettle, Cody, Royden, Band (J), Knipe, Rowatt, Venables, Chandler, Lucas, Roberts, O'Leary's, Bailey, Glover, Band (H), Powell, Nevitt, Elston, Perkins, Long, McKail, Orrell, Randall, Heath, Green's, Edwards, Pitchford, Street, Welfare, Jonas and a friend. Orrell and McKail had ridden from Manchester on a tandem, and Green showed some of our young bloods from Manchester what an elderly gentleman can do. Tommy Royden declared himself a grandfather, and Cook week-ended to Llanarmon *solus*, the following day seeing a return via Ellesmere and Prees Heath, where he met Ven. We were very pleased to compliment Orrell and Pitchford on their splendid rides in the "100."

---

We regret that the account of the alternative run to Arelid, on May 25th, has not been received up to time of going to press.

E. NEVITT,

*Editor.*

© Anfield Bicycle Club



© Anfield Bicycle Club

# ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

FORMED MARCH 1879

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

## MONTHLY CIRCULAR.

Vol. XXVI.

No. 281.

### FIXTURES FOR JULY, 1929.

Tea at 6-0 p.m.

		Light up at
July 6	Highwayside (Travellers Rest) and All Night Ride ... ..	10-42 p.m.
„ 8	Committee Meeting, 7 p.m. (Victoria Hotel, St. John's Lane, L'pool).	
„ 13	Daresbury (Ring o' Beils) ... ..	10-36 p.m.
„ 19/20	Invitation "24" ... ..	10-30 p.m.
„ 27	Pulford (Grosvenor Arms)... ..	10-19 p.m.
Aug. 3/5	August Tour—Llanidloes and Welsh Border. See Committee Notes	10-7 p.m.

### ALTERNATIVE FIXTURES FOR MANCHESTER MEMBERS :

Tea at p.m.

Aug. 5	Bath Road "100." Speedwell "50." ... ..	10-4 p.m.
	East Liverpool Wheelers' "50"	
	Full Moon ... ..	21st inst.

The Hon. Treasurer's address is R. L. Knipe, 108 Moseow 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 MEMBER.—Mr. Egbert Langstaffe Thompson, Annisholme, Thorn Road, Bramhall, Cheshire, has been elected to Full Membership.

Messrs. D. J. Bell, J. A. Bennett, and Col. G. P. Mills, D.S.O., have rejoined the Club as Honorary Members.

AUGUST TOUR.—It is proposed to spend both nights at the Trewythen Arms Hotel, Llanidloes, for the main purpose of exploring a bit of country which has never figured in any Anfield Tour, and is possibly quite unknown to any of us. Llanidloes is 86 miles from Liverpool. It is suggested that Manchester Members should either start on the

Friday evening, or take train to Crewe, and the party meet at Welshpool (Royal Oak) for tea on the Saturday. On the Sunday it is proposed to take the old road via Stay-a-little to Machynlleth (20 $\frac{3}{4}$  miles) for lunch at the Lion Hotel, returning via Cemmaes Road, Llanbrynmair and Carno to Caersws (22 $\frac{1}{2}$  miles), tea at Buck Hotel, where again an old road off the beaten track will be taken through Trefeglwys to Llanidloes (32 miles).

It is hoped that the entire novelty of this Tour will result in its being well supported.

A Tariff of £1 1s. 0d. for the two nights has been arranged at the Trewythen Arms Hotel, Llanidloes. Those proposing to go are requested to let me have their names as soon as possible and in any case not later than July 20th.

H. W. POWELL,  
*Hon. General Secretary.*

### RACING NOTES.

#### Invitation 24 Hours, 19th/20th July, 1929.

Members intending to compete are reminded I must have their entries, accompanied by a fee of 10/- towards cost of feeding expenses, not later than 12th July.

#### East Liverpool Wheelers' "50," 5th August, 1929.

Members intending to ride in this Event must let me have their names along with their Fastest "fifty" time, not later than 12th July.

#### Bath Road and Speedwell "100's."

Up to the time of going to Press I have no entry forms for these two events. Members who wish to compete are requested to let me have their names, so that I can forward the forms when they arrive.

W. H. KETTLE,  
*Capt. and Hon. Racing Secretary.*

### TREASURY NOTES.

An apology is due to those sixteen members who so gallantly tried to keep up the record of "19" by sending Subscriptions and/or Donations, but whose names were unfortunately excluded from the June Circular.

This has possibly led to the shrinkage in the number of remittances received during the current month, only six active members paying their Subs.

MAY. C. F. G. Boyes.	A. E. Foy.	H. Pritchard.
*P. Brazendale.	N. S. Heath.	T. Royden.
*S. J. Buck.	J. Hodges.	J. Seed.
G. E. Carpenter.	F. Jones.	J. Sunter.
*H. L. Elston.	F. D. McCann.	J. E. Tomlin.
		G. H. Welfare.
JUNE D. J. Bell.	*W. P. Cook.	*J. Kinder.
J. A. Bennett.	J. D. Cranshaw.	G. P. Mills.
F. J. Cheminai.	J. M. James.	E. L. Thompson.
	*L. C. Price	A. E. Walters.

I am sure we all unite in welcoming the three veterans, Messrs. Bell, Bennett and Mills who have resumed membership.

## EDITORIAL.

We have received a letter from Mr. H. L. Elston complaining of an inaccuracy in the June *Circular*. It was erroneously stated in the account of the Second Fifty that Mr. Elston was a non-starter. He did in fact start, but retired after a few miles owing to the loss of a pedal.

We are sorry for the mistake but cannot see how Mr. Elston is prejudiced by it. A man who started but did not finish is of less account than a man who did not start at all: for the latter is a retrospectively potential winner, the former is not. In other words the non-starter might have won—the starter couldn't because he didn't.

Further we think that the loss of a pedal is insufficient excuse for retiring. We have frequently lost both pedals when descending hills and have recovered them without difficulty upon diminution of momentum.

We hope Mr. Elston is answered.

## ITEMS.

It would look as (hidden joke!) though there were some fatality appertaining to the Tarporley run of April 13th. Had it anything to do with the date? In the first place the "copy" of our brilliant contributor was lost in the post for many days and then when it did turn up too late for the May *Circular* it was apparently pinched by the Printer's Devil and consequently did not appear in the June *Circular*. It should be recorded that it was an excellent run with a big crowd at the Swan and that everyone was delighted to welcome Turvey, who never loses any opportunity of escaping from his exile. On this occasion he week-ended with the Presider at Newport after they had carefully planted Jonas and his pocket handkerchief and pea sticks in the woods of Chetwynd Heath, and on the Sunday "smashed through" to Aekworth, while Cook was ambling with Jonas through the lanes on the Staffordshire border.

\* \* \* \* \*

The following telegram was despatched from Juan-les-Pins, France, on May 18th: "Mr. Le President, Anfield Bicycle Club, The Hotel, Shrewsbury, Angleterre. Désolé je n'suis pas avec vous. Vive le Club à vous aussi.—Jim." Unfortunately it was apparently delivered to the Raven and held on to by Lady Honeypot who could not be expected to admit that the George is really "The Hotel"! Consequently Captain Park's evidence that he was with us at the Dinner in spirit miscarried and we also are "désolé."

\* \* \* \* \*

The alteration in the date of the All-night Ride is most unfortunate, as it quite prevents "Widelegs" from participating, because he is engaged to address a C.T.C. Rally at Hardcastle Craggs, on July 7th.

\* \* \* \* \*

If you have not bothered to read "Committee Notes," just turn back and you will find it recorded that D. J. Bell, Lt.-Col. G. P. Mills, D.S.O., and J. A. Bennett have resumed their membership of the Club. These men are Dave Bell, George Mills and Artie Bennett, who made sheaves of history for us in the good old days; indeed it is not putting it too high to say that each in his own way helped to place the Club on that pinnacle of fame which we of the present generation are certainly doing our best to maintain. They were the makers of our traditions and "Anfield spirit" which establishes the Club as first and foremost. It is a great thing for us to have on our roll again a Founder of the Club and two men who made such golden history in the Cycling World. It makes this year a real Jubilee and our cup of happiness is running over.

*Hard Labour is a punishment of crime ;  
 But crime had compensation for this pain  
 In retrospect, in former guilty gain.  
 Who but the slave of racing does time  
 Unsentence, save by sentence of free will,  
 And welcomes for the honour of his club  
 Labour more harsh than any that is due  
 For payment, or is known to Pentonville ?*

In a characteristic letter the Presider has just received from L. C. Price he announces that he was to be married on or about June 19th. So the "good deed" is now done and Li a sober married man whom we desire to congratulate most heartily with all good wishes for his future health, happiness and prosperity. Li's way of announcing the great event is as follows : "I am going off the deep end about the 19th, when I take unto Myself a twelfth of a dozen wives. Serves me right no doubt. After signing on the dotted line we are just buzzing off. I wish you were here with us to join in. Last Saturday my neighbours gave a binge to celebrate my funeral. Absolute torrents of every imaginable type of alcohol. Mountains of food of a solid variety and then more oceans of liquor. What a night ! What a morning ! What a head ! There were ten present but only about minus one alive after breakfast. Bodies all over the countryside. Thank goodness it is my last bachelor party." From which we are satisfied that the foundation stone of a truly happy married life has been well and truly laid.

*"Let baron and squire, and knight of the shire,  
 And others of high degree,  
 Take horse if they like, I stick to my bike,  
 The "wheel" is the steed for me !  
 Let wealth and pride in Auto's ride,  
 The poor man on Shanks' mare—  
 None travels so light as the fortunate wight  
 Whose steed is shod with air,  
 Rubber and steel, rubber and steel,  
 None rides so light as the Knight of the Wheel."*

### Twenty Years Ago

*Extract from July "Circular", 1909.*

KNUTSFORD AND BUCKLEY'S EDINBURGH-LIVERPOOL ATTEMPT, June 19th  
 The run to the Lord Eldon suffered somewhat by reason of Buckley's attempt on the Edinburgh-Liverpool Record. Of course the All-Night ride to Dumfries simply died a natural death, and rather a good job too, as we could not run both performances at once, for you may be sure, most men who possibly could, wanted to be out helping Buckley. A small party of seven sat down to tea at the Lord Eldon and that's all I know about that. Of Buckley's trip I do know something, as I was there and saw him doing it, doing it doggedly, and with that easy style so peculiar to Buckley. Well, he was timed away from the G.P.O., at Edinburgh, by the skipper at 7 a.m., and quite a small crowd of enthusiasts were present to see him off. Cook and Poole, together with Carpenter and a local tandem did the first part of the following, but very soon the first two named were left to plough their lonely furrow about 100 yards behind the record breaker. Right away from the start there had been a troublesome head wind and this made the already heavy country feel hilly in the extreme. Certain I am that Corless never did his first 28 miles in 1 hour 16 mins. ; no, not even if he had a hurricane

behind him. Buckley kept steadily on and at the Beef-Tubs (1,400 feet above sea level) was some minutes ahead of his schedule. Previous to this at Moffat, Rowatt was waiting to check him through, and other good friends were at Brattock with spare tyres, etc. At Carlisle, the Cook-Poole tandem, who had done a very big share in the following, turned it up and went on per L. and N.-W. to be ready at Preston to follow him into Liverpool. At Penrith, Grimshaw, of Cheadle Hulme C.C. was in waiting with a spare machine and tyres, and with him was Turnor, also on spare. Shap was taken in splendid style, and, once on top, Buckley waved his handkerchief and shouted back "the job's done." Grimshaw followed Buckley right through from Penrith to the finish. At the "Plough," before Kendal, Buckley was going very strongly and easily but was just a trifle slow down hill; however, he is such a stickler for method on these jaunts that I suppose he knows best, and therefore it does not do to criticise. Worth and Pritchard, at Garstang, checked him in, while Fulton and Buck had joined in the following some time before. At Lancaster, a good deal inside his schedule, he had quite a large number of followers, and at Brock Bridge, Toft handed up some strawberries. So he continued on to Preston, and then at Penworthen Bridge quite a small army of men were waiting to follow him in. Two R.R.A. scouts on a tandem also followed. At Ormskirk, Pritchard and Cheminai were waiting with a drink and, further on, Cecil had also provided some liquid refreshment. Scotland Road and the setts, tramlines, etc., were safely negotiated, and Buckley arrived at the Post Office clock exactly 19 minutes ahead of record, and one minute ahead of his schedule. I think I may safely say we have every reason to be proud of Buckley, for the weather conditions were against him and, under the circumstances, many another man would have turned it up.

#### Homage to Omni-Scient by Searchlight.

All this delay in welcoming Omni's fund of information is a scandal. Unfortunately his identity remains a mystery, tho' he is suspected to have been among the Border Tourists that paid such scant respect to Offa, his Dyke, his Fort, his Council Camp.

On that shameful Easter Tour, even a Lowcock rushed by Rosa Mundi's easement bower unheeding. See with what haste the scurrying Anfield strode. Not fifty paces separated their wheeltracks from Rosie's crumbling nook of privacy, washed by the cleansing Wye. That same Lowcock once travelled five hundred miles to stand by her Royal Lover's tomb, at Fontevault, but Bill was ever one for kingly pageant, while some of us prefer to linger in the lap of romance.

But Omni is the man we want: Of course he is right, only a fool would declare the Dyke to have been a defensive structure. Did not Basil Barham tell us that even the Roman Vallum was only for Debate? Walls are built to separate the Bulls from the Bears and Offa wanted to separate the Brits from the Mercs. Of course it could be climbed, especially from the English side. Cute fellow, Offa.

Omni, tell us more. What about the hundreds of other Dykes, all built on the same regulation pattern. Basil will have it that the Wansdyke saw some fighting. And the grim Grim's Dyke. The Devil's Ditch on Newmarket Heath may have been an early grand stand but what price the biggest of all: The Danes' Dyke at Flamborough? Some say that the Danes and Saxons jointly built it to wave each other welcome and embrace.

Let us go to China with Omni and study the Wall that Gus Elen sang about. It is too high for defence, in places four thousand feet high.

At any rate, Offa appears to be out of date. Frontiers are no longer made of Dykes but of wire netting as between Italy and Switzerland.

Three generations hence Omni's great grandson will startle Anfielders by the discovery that the netting could not have been for defence because Sardine Tin Openers were known as early as 1929.

(P.S.—The Rosamond Affair only open for decorous treatment, to protect the morals of the Wye Anglers.—ED.)

(The tale of Offa is now closed—ED.)

### **Jubilee-Dinner Afterthoughts.**

When we saw the eloquent Orator Fitzwater Wray, on being called to the Rostrum, leap on to the shoulders of the sturdy Literateur Arthur Simpson, some of us realised for the first time the full weight and bearing of "Piling Pelion on Ossa." Through it all Arthur preserved his smile.

### *Lowcock's Speed-Iron.*

When W. A. Lowcock told us in those beautiful phrases that the Sport and Pastime of Cycling had meant to him: The Ambition of his Youth and the Gratification of his Manhood (I may not be quoting the exact words), adding that they would also mean in the years to come: The Solace of his Declining Years, we, who had heard about his new machine—out that day for the first time—felt some misgiving lest some of its features would foreshadow the beginning of the dreaded decline. Perhaps the Handlebar, always a tell tale emblem, might have taken an upward turn. With trepidation we begged a private view of the machine, specially fashioned, so we learnt, by Dr. Carlisle, on strictly hygienic lines.

Imagine our surprise on beholding a cycle of much speedier build than the rider's recent mounts, perhaps than any we remember since that Ultra-Plus-Ultra Rudge of sacred but best forgotten memory. And as regards the handlebar, the 'scutcheon of the speedman, it is clear that, if at any time some slight decline in pulling powers should manifest itself, this limb for power and guidance will be found most effective in providing all the solace needed.

### *A Leader of Veterans.*

Our Dinner Guest, W. F. Ball has presented to the Club Archives—for use in the historical researches—two pages from the *Cyclist and Wheel World* Year Books of 1884 and 1885, with those portions of the Directory of Clubs that include Liverpool. He has mutilated these books that form part of his collection of cycling mementoes to assist and befriend the Anfield.

Ball of Brum, who already went by that name when the A.B.C. first saw daylight, rode out to the Dinner on the Saturday, rode home on the Sunday, out again to Newport on the Monday to see the race there and back home again, totalling up that week-end some 200 miles. The following week he once more compiled a similar distance that included 100 Miles against a stiff wind, occupying just 12 hours' hard graft. He now laments the fact that Cook could probably have done it in less time.

We onlookers may not admire Ball's Bicycle, but we noted that it compels the rider to do these distances "Sitting Up" to his work. His age would nearly permit him to be Cook's Uncle, and yet he preserves a seaside complexion side by side with other proofs of immense virility.



All this goes to show that though he refrained from capturing the national championships in the eighties he has since put it through every one of his more fortunate rivals. Who then dare deny that it was that "Tangent Wheel" (not Tandem Wheel, Mr. Compositor) that stood in his way. Which of them could take him on to-day? And if Cook does ride faster to-day than Ball, a little training would soon make it: Evens on the Field, while on the track on one of the remaining Ordinaries some surviving Brummagum Bookmaker would offer: Any Price the Field—BAR ONE.

*The Voice of the Toastmaster.*

Homage has already been paid to the work of P.B. and to his fresh sphere of influence in our midst, but we cannot emphasize too greatly his immense value at our Jubilee Dinner. Those of us who attend Old Timers' Dinners have to lament that this office, once filled by the professional toastmasters provided by the establishments, has of recent years been occupied by over ambitious Past-Presidents, who cling to it without the Authority bestowed by nature. Toastmastership is a gift from the gods and with a voice lacking in strength, volume, diction or unction, the sound becomes a blur.

We who dined with P.B. at the C.T.C. Jubilee Dinner never once suspected the near presence of the Voice. It was not hushed by the clamour of the figure heads nor yet by the able though over-officious professional toastmaster in command. It was kept in check, strictly under guard, and almost out of sight, but we shudder to think what would have come to pass had Percy loosed it from leash.

The Lordlings and the Commoners, the magnates and the globe trotters, the Birkenheads and Foster Frasers, nay, The Right Honourable Ramsay etc. himself, would for once in their lives have shaken in their shoes, and all the glass-ware might have been shattered, if, from behind the alabaster shoulder of the pink Lady in our party THE HURRICANE VOICE OF BRAZENDALE had swept down on us.

**RUNS AND FIXTURES.**

**Arolid, 25th May, 1929.**

I took my way to the Rose and Crown by devious lanes, and arrived to find a goodly number awaiting the time for getting their feet under the trough, tea having been ordered for 6 o'clock as is usual during the summer months, but by an oversight the alteration was not noted in the last *Circular*.

Eight members and three friends sat down to tea, two at the invitation of Dr. Carlisle, the other one by Buckley. The tea was enjoyed by all present, as it was quite up to the standard of this Hostel.

**Nantwich, 1st June, 1929.**

The outstanding feature of the personnel was the appearance of Sir Arthur Newsholme, who was home on a short visit from Toronto. We were glad to observe his extremely prosperous appearance and that he seemed to be enjoying good health. We had thought the latter caused by a strenuous ride with the Mullah, on the famous tandem trike, but were shocked to observe the Mullah in boots—can you imagine the Mullah in boots—and discovered that the gentleman from Toronto had himself guided the former in a bath tub. The party for tea was made up as follows: Glover, Long, Nevitt, Heath, Randall, Buck (S. J.), Royden, Green, Poole (Junn.), Jonas, Rawlinson, Morton, Carlisle and friend, Cook, Mandall, Kettle, Band (H. R.), Knipe, Lucas, Turnor, Newsholme, Moorby, Chandler, Cody, Edwards, Davies and Bailey. Harold Band was found resting his limbs by the Wirral Stone, whilst

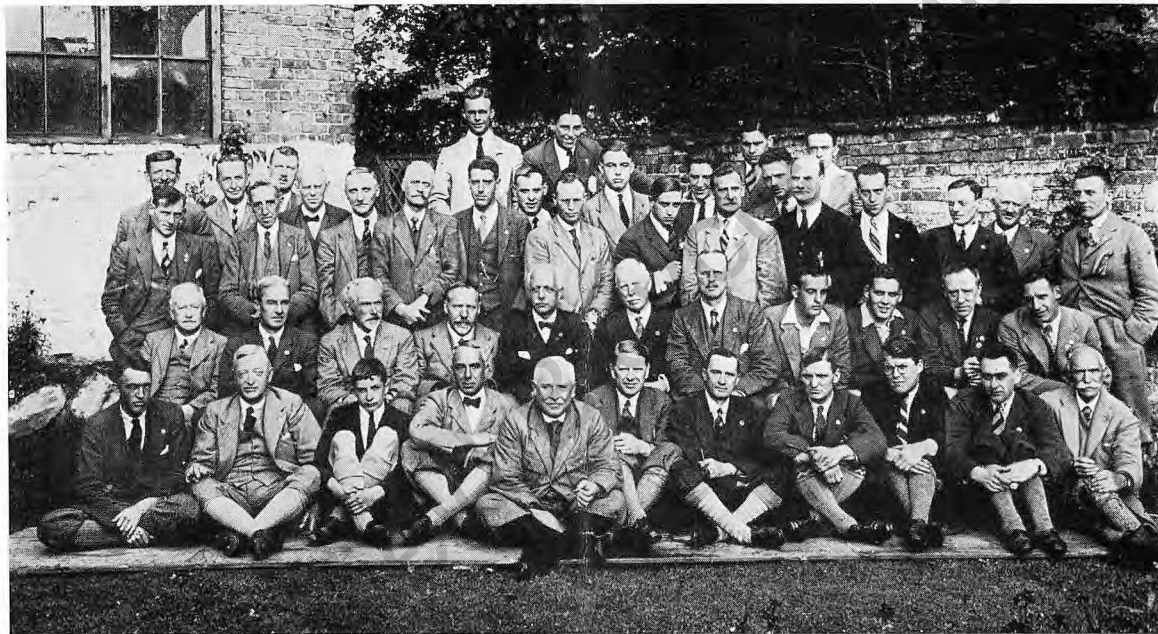
our latest addition to the ranks of the Glorious Grandfatherhood plus Buffalo Bill-Cody were enjoying a rest near the 18th mile. El Capitano was next sighted and Tommy Mandall in a car. After the meal the two week-enders accompanied by Jonas (camping out) made tracks for Newcastle and Uttoxeter. The route through Trentham and skirting Longton was found to be very well graded and the Potteries only seen from afar. The evening at the White "Heart" was extremely pleasant, the dancing especially, whilst the *dancers*—well! you'd better go and see them for yourselves. The following morning was used for viewing Checkley Church, which has Trans-Norm work and is also celebrated for its Chancel of the Dec. period. It has also a Saxon Font and two Saxon Cross shafts in the churchyard. The return was continued via Blythebridge, Barlaston, and Stableford, amid delightful scenery.

#### Andy Wilson Memorial "50," 2nd June, 1929.

In this event we were well represented by G. B. Orrell, J. Pitchford and C. H. McKail. Orrell, although handicapped through being a stranger to the course and a 35 seconds late start, put up the excellent performance of 2hrs. 15mins. 25secs., securing Third Fastest Time. McKail, also a late starter to the extent of two minutes, returned the excellent time of 2hrs. 21mins. 12secs., while Pitchford well maintained the Club's reputation with an equally fine ride of 2hrs. 21mins. 38secs. All three improved upon their previous bests and it was distinctly unlucky that we should lose the First Team Prizes to the Yorkshire Road Club by only two seconds; our aggregate being 6hrs. 58mins. 15secs.

#### Tarporley, 8th June, 1929. Photo Run.

There is no doubt our new Editor is a man full of resource. His latest dodge is to 'phone you just exactly at the time he knows you always dash out of the office, knowing very well that the only quick and snappy reply you can give to avoid an argument and resulting delay, is "yes"; whereas with more time to soften the rude refusal the reply would have been "NO." So now you know whom to blame. Notwithstanding the thunderstorms which passed over Wirral during the afternoon, but which our Manchester boys escaped, we had a satisfactory muster of 46 members and 3 friends to face Charlie and his camera, after being fortified (nearly fiftyfied—Ed.) by an excellent and surprisingly promptly served tea. When we found a party of nearly 60 having tea in the Hunt Room we rather got the wind up, but the management was so excellent that our comfort was not interfered with in the slightest and *Dr. Carlisle got his tea with the meal!* And who was there? Just look at the photo herewith and you find out by a system of exclusion as to who were the missing scholars. But we must just mention that Bill Lowcock and Dave Fell showed in most practical form how much a bicycle is a real solace of declining years, while The Master looked lonely and envious in a Posh Buzz Waggon because he refuses to believe that Age is no deterrent! And we would have had just exactly (and most appropriately for Jubilee Year) 50 members' present if Glover, "E. Kevitt, C.T.C.," and Moorby had not chosen to ride in a second-rate "30," which R. J. Austin was timing. However, but for the absence of V.-P. Buckley it was a fairly representative gathering that made a very handsome group with Young Bill Lowcock as the frontispiece (Bill is not the youth in shorts—that is one of Harold Band's progeny and Bill is next to him.—Ed.). And Charlie sprung a new wheeze on us, for after making several "exposures" on orthodox lines, he produced a sort of time fuse attachment which enabled him to sprint (my word, Charlie is some runner!) from the camera and take a place in the group



*Top Row*—J. KINDER, R. H. CARLISLE, FRIEND, H. L. ELSTON, A. N. RAWLINSON, C. RANDALL, J. LONG.  
*2nd Row*—T. E. MANDALL, T. ROYDEN, F. CHANDLER, E. J. CODY, A. LUCAS, S. H. BAILEY, C. H. MCKAIL, W. H. KETTLE,  
 E. R. GREEN, J. E. RAWLINSON, G. B. ORRELL, A. DAVIES, H. G. BUCKLEY, E. L. THOMPSON, H. LADDS, S. J.  
 BUCK, F. H. KOENEN, A. E. MORTON.  
*3rd Row*—W. T. VENABLES, J. C. BAND, W. R. FELL, R. L. KNIPE, W. P. COOK, G. B. MERCER, H. GREEN, A. RICHARDS,  
 J. S. JONAS, C. H. TURNOR, A. B. WATERHOUSE.  
*Bottom Row*—A. E. WALTERS, E. EDWARDS, BAND, JUN., H. R. BAND, W. A. LOWCOCK, E. O. MORRIS, H. W. POWELL, U. TAYLOR,  
 F. W. SMITH, N. S. HEATH, G. B. BURGESS.

© Anfield Bicycle Club

before the dicky-bird came out. We hope one of these photos is the chosen one, because we would dearly like to have Charlie's plizog in the *Circular*, but in one of the "exposures" he had forgotten to draw the slide and we had composed our features in vain! And finally, Johnny Band had a shot at us as he simply could not resist such a handsome lot of young fellows. And there in various groups and in various manners we wended our ways homeward; Dave Fell giving everyone else a long start and a beating. The Presider and Chandler on Trikes accompanied Walters to the Raven and then sought the lavender scented sheets at Newport prior to doing a R.R.A. job on Sunday around Stone looking out for Twiddle of the Liverpool Century, who was tackling the 29 year old Liverpool-London Bicycle record, but failed to materialise, as he started from London and the wind was quite freshly N.-W. and no earthly use to him. John Kinder was also patrolling and petrolling around Stone, but owing to a lack of staff work he went to a larger house with bigger windows and cleverly avoided the Trikists! What is this we hear whispered about John reverting to cycling? It appears too good to be true. How the O.G. would rejoice to welcome the lamb back to the fold. He could hardly contain himself with joy when Ann Rawlinson rolled up at Tarpoley on a bicycle.

#### Davenham, 15th June, 1929.

This being the day of the Manchester Wheelers' "50," a large attendance was not expected since a number of "Ours" were either riding or helping at this fixture, but the Secretary's estimate of 23 was optimistic. Actually only sixteen turned up, and one of these was a non-member who came with Zambuck. Manchester was represented by the Mullah, Albert Davies, Poole, and Hubert Buckley, and the other regular attenders, besides, of course, the Presider, included Ven, Cody, Tommy Royden, and Chandler. The morning forecast indicated some rain and a fresh south-westerly wind, and so far as the wind was concerned it was remarkably accurate. Nevertheless, though not an ideal day for racing, it was a good day to be out, and the ride through the well-wooded valley of the Weaver, taken easily, was delightful. The meal was entirely satisfactory, and the service good, but as we were strung out at long tables, general conversation was not very easy, and talk was mostly confined to one's near neighbours. Something stirred reminiscences of service in H.M. forces, and Cody told a thrilling tale of how on one occasion a nervous private dropped, instead of throwing, a live bomb after drawing the pin—which nearly resulted in the Club having one less on the roll of those who have achieved a thousand runs.

We broke up early, the Presider and Chandler going off week-ending to a destination which escaped me, and the rest of us separated on our several ways, Jonas going off somewhere in Cheshire to a lonely camp. Those who went via Liverpool had an easy and pleasant ride home, not envying those whose route took them into the wind. Altogether this was just one of those quiet and colourless, but still pleasant runs about which there is nothing outstanding to record or be witty about, but which go to make up the total of the year's runs.

#### Manchester Wheelers' "50," 15th June, 1929.

Although we had six riding in this Event, the results, with the exception of G. B. Orrell's ride, were disappointing. Both C. H. McKail and J. Pitchford returned figures below their current form and may be possibly a trifle stale and would be all the better for taking things easy until the Bath Road "100." Orrell (1 min.) did 2hrs. 17mins. 53secs.,

securing Third Fastest Time, and was 9th in Handicap. Both G. A. Glover (12½ mins.) and J. Long (16 mins.) showed an improvement, with rides of 2hrs. 28mins. 54secs. and 2hrs. 33mins. 53secs. respectively, which placed them 8th and 18th in Handicap. Others to finish were Pitchford (8 mins.) with 2hrs. 28mins. 54secs. and McKail with 2hrs. 27mins. 58secs.; Heath punctured and retired. There were a large number of "Ours" about the course and N. M. Higham, N.R.R.A. timed.

#### **Tattenhall, 22nd June, 1929.**

This run was duly carried out by about 20 members.

(We hope that this unsatisfactory method of writing an account of a run will not become general. A member who does not intend to write a bona fide account should decline to do it at all, and render the Editor's existence even more miserable than it is at present.—ED.)

#### **Apollo Wheelers' Open "50," 23rd June, 1929.**

Seven of ours rode in this event, which was timed by N. M. Higham, N.R.R.A. G. B. Orrell was Second Fastest (2.20.54) and with Pitchford and McKail doing 2.27.20 and 2.27.40 respectively, they won the First Team Prize. Other finishers and times were Glover, 2.31; Long, 2.45; Poole, 2.46; Randall, 2.47. The Anfield was the only Club with a full complement of finishers.

#### **Rhydtalag, 29th June, 1929.**

It was "Der Tag," and all the Dress Reform Merchants were to turn out in their thousands, so I started out from home laying bets with myself as to how many of "ours" were caught in the toils.

The first and only two of "ours" I saw the whole afternoon were Tommy Royden and Harold Band, who were not converted and the market in "Dress Reforms" immediately dropped heavily. On inquiry I was told that they were going for a walking tour round Caergwle and Nant-y-frith, so I thought better of it and went through Mold and Llanarmon.

Arriving at the Liver Inn I found Teddy Edwards and Dave Rowatt already in residence and after a short time the rest started to pour in.

Looking round the assembly at tea time there were no "Reformers" except Jonas & Co. who are old hands, Cook did display a pink and white knee for a minute or two, but he was just swanking because they were clean. There was a fairly good muster, considering the Grosvenor "100" had claimed the racing men and others for helping. I must mention that among the company were John Kinder and Stephenson.

We had just left for home when we met Nevitt coming up the road, I expect he had forgotten to put his watch on an hour, I hope there was a glass of water and a tooth pick for him at the Inn.

Cook and Jonas (camping) went to Rhydyfen week-ending, and there were rumours that "Wayfarer" (himself) would be there. Not only was he there but (shush! whisper it not in Gath) he arrived in a stink wagon!!!

#### **Grosvenor Wheelers' "100," 30th June, 1929.**

In this event, Orrell rode his fastest hundred and his time of 4.45.22 is the best ever done by an Anfielder. In addition to Fastest Time he also secured 2nd Handicap. C. Stead (Yorks' R.C.), who was giving Orrell 4 mins, in handicap was second fastest with 4.52. Orrell, Pitchford (5.5), and Glover (5.22) constituted the winning team. The

excellence of the rides done by the remainder of our men may be judged from the fact that the slowest was 5.33.

Their times were : McKail, 5.22 ; Long, 5.30 ; Heath, 5.32 ; Randall, 5.33.

**Editor's Note.**

We regret that the account of the alternative run to Goostrey on June 29th has not been received up to the time of going to Press.

E. NEVITT,

*Editor.*

© Anfield Bicycle Club



© Anfield Bicycle Club

# ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

FORMED MARCH 1879

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

## MONTHLY CIRCULAR.

Vol. XXVI.

No. 282.

### FIXTURES FOR AUGUST, 1929.

Tea at 6-0 p.m.

		Light up at
Aug. 3/5	August Tour—Llanidloes and Welsh Border ... ..	10-5 p.m.
„ 5	Bath Road " 100 " ; Speedwell " 100 " ; East L'pool Wheelers' " 50 "	10-4 p.m.
„ 10	Mouldsworth (Station Hotel) ... ..	9-54 p.m.
„ 12	Committee Meeting, 7 p.m. (Victoria Hotel, St. John's Lane, Liverpool)	
„ 17	Twelve Hours' Handicap ... ..	9-39 p.m.
„ 24	Highwayside (Travellers Rest) ... ..	9-24 p.m.
„ 31	Rufford (Fermor Arms) ... ..	9- 9 p.m.
Sept. 7	Pulford (Grosvenor Arms) ... ..	8-51 p.m.

### ALTERNATIVE FIXTURES FOR MANCHESTER MEMBERS :

Tea at 6 p.m.

Aug. 31	Goostrey (Red Lion) ... ..	9- 9 p.m.
	Full Moon ... ..	20th inst.

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

4 THE LAUND,

WALLASEY, CHESHIRE.

### COMMITTEE NOTES.

APPLICATION FOR MEMBERSHIP.—Mr. John Ridgway Walton, 3 Mile End Lane, Stockport. Proposed by Mr. R. H. Carlisle; seconded by Mr. J. A. Grimshaw.

H. W. POWELL,

*Hon. General Secretary.*

**RACING NOTES.****Club 12 Hours' Handicap, 17th August.**

This event is open to all types of machines. Members intending to compete must let me have their entries, accompanied by a fee of 5/- towards feeding expenses, not later than Saturday, 10th August. I shall be glad to receive offers of assistance for checking, feeding, following, etc.

**Palatine Open "50," 1st September, 1929.****Manchester Wheelers' Open 12 Hours' ,7th September, 1929.**

Members likely to be interested in either or both of these events are requested to book the dates. The Wheelers' "12" will be run off over a Cheshire course, starting from Toft Corner at 6-1 a.m. There will be an entrance fee of 7/6 for feeding expenses.

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

**TREASURY NOTES.**

The month of June has seen a remarkable shrinkage in the flow of Subscriptions. I think we may justly blame the long spell of fine weather, for the drought has not only diminished the water supply, but has greatly increased the Anfielder's power of absorption. The necessity of restoring the percentage of moisture in the human frame has led to the expenditure of vast sums at wayside hostleries. Hence, possibly, the reason that only three members (no doubt all staunch teetotalers) have been able to find the wherewithal to pay their subs. *Verbum sap.*

C. J. Conway.                      J. Leece.                      G. E. Pugh.  
"The fewer men, the greater share of honour." (*Shakespeare.*)

**ITEMS.**

Members intending to ride in the 12 Hours' Handicap, who would like to stay at the Bull and Stirrup on the Friday night, should communicate with Mr. C. Randall. A tariff of 6/- Bed and breakfast has been arranged. There is ample accommodation and it is hoped that members will support this house in return for its hospitality during the "24."

\* \* \* \* \*

The main feature of the Liverpool Cyclists' Annual, 1929, is an appreciation of W. P. Cook, by Percy Brazendale. Much of his history and many pleasing facts about the Presider are contained in the article. We think members should be encouraged to write these sort of things about each other. But not in the *Circular*! No—Life would be dull indeed if Randall were to begin saying nice things about Jim Long or *vice-versa*!

\* \* \* \* \*

The suggestion contained in this month's Treasury Notes that members have been unable to pay their subscriptions owing to excessive consumption of strong drink, is quite new. We are thinking of having a poster drawn up for Mr. Knipe's benefit, depicting an Anfielder being impelled into a pub by an unseen force, whilst Mr. Knipe looks on with tears in his eyes and blank receipt forms in his hands, the poster to be headed LIQUID-ATION. It should touch members' hearts even if it leaves their pockets intact.

\* \* \* \* \*

The reference to W. F. Ball being nearly old enough to be Cook's uncle is not very clear. There are many cases of nephews being older

than uncles by a good deal! Presumably "Father" is meant—in which case Freddie must have married at about the early age of 5! But if you chuck cycling at about 40 you are apt to get all mixed up with ages.

\* \* \* \* \*

If you will re-read the first and last paragraphs of the "Alternative Tour" in the May *Circular* you will find a striking commentary and reply in the All-night Ride. Of the 14 who allowed medals to be pinned on them for their Easter strenuosity, there was only one who regarded the All-night Ride as "part of the ordinary programme of a Club that looks upon itself as a live and virile organisation," and the party had to be led by one of the oldest members of the Club, without whom the fixture would almost certainly have "klapsed."

\* \* \* \* \*

A piece of wedding cake officially announces the wedding of E. M. Haslam, and we desire to congratulate him most heartily. We hope he will obtain a copy of the President's book "How to be a cyclist though married." Obtainable at all bookstalls.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Lord Birkenhead" (F. A. Smith) is the latest to join our exiles, having received a business appointment in Columbia, South America, which, we understand, will involve a lot of travelling. We hope his health will benefit by the change and wish him every success and happiness in his new sphere. Doubtless he will now find the *Circular* more than usually interesting in keeping him posted about our activities.

\* \* \* \* \*

Congratulations to G. B. Orrell in being chosen as one of the World's Championship Road Team. Although we are doubtful whether these International events serve any useful purpose, it is undoubtedly an honour to be chosen and it is the first time an Anfielder has been good enough to be selected. Doubtless Orrell will enjoy the holiday in Switzerland, even if he does not actually ride and Swiss Consul Montag ought to go and look after him.

\* \* \* \* \*

Orrell also had the privilege of riding in the North Road Memorial "50," on July 14th, being the first Anfielder to have that honour. Unfortunately a brake spring broke at about 15 miles and he rode the remainder of the distance with one side of his brake working hard on the rim. Although his time of 2.19.30 was the slowest of the field, in view of the peculiar circumstances it was an excellent performance. Hotine, R. J. Austin, McKail and Turvey were out helping, the latter making an all-night ride of it from Ackworth.

\* \* \* \* \*

It is anticipated that Orrell and Pitchford will be riding the B.R. "100," and Glover, Long, Heath and Randall in the Speedwell "100," on August 6th. Members are requested to turn up in their thousands to help and should remember that active as well as moral support is required for these urgent acid takers.

#### Twenty Years Ago.—Whipping Stocks, 17th July.

Considering the number of members aiding and abetting John Band's attempt on the admittedly thick "50" record the muster at the Mainwaring Arms of about 20 was excellent. Both the weather and the roads were splendid, and several parties toured round by Chester, while others spent the afternoon watching the Wheelers run off a "50" round Holmes Chapel. "What tyres are you riding and do you pay for them," was discussed after tea, but the authorities were missing and

no definite result arrived at before it was time for the Liverpool contingent (only six of us) to depart. Coming back, Lowenthal did a good ride, passing it clean through Cody, Harold Band and the Apostle near High Legh, and after pacing George Poole and Teddy Edwards he "dropped" them at Farnworth, so ye members who have been missing Club runs lately had better look out.

Johnny had a very bad day for his attempt on the "50," for though the rain kept off, the wind, almost a gale, was very troublesome and kept veering between West and South-West-West, this is a very bad direction for the course, but Johnny was quite good enough for the record had the day been anything like. His time of 2.24.40 was a splendid ride, and it is interesting to note that it is the fastest Anfield unpaced performance at the distance.

#### **Anfielders in Southern France.**

Three of our members, F. del Strother, P. C. Beardwood and H. L. Elston, in company with E. J. Adams of the Bath Road Club, have recently made a tour and/or holiday of about 800 kilometres in the South of France. They started at Brioude, a mountainous volcanic region of very interesting and grand scenery, and were off the beaten track for the first week traversing Haute Loire, Cantal, Lozere, Ardeche, and Gard, before reaching the Rhone Valley. Special mention must be made of Les Gorges du Tarn, where the River Tarn flows for about thirty miles through rocks towering high on either side. It was certainly hot, but with a minimum of dress, bathing, going slow, and discriminate use of wine-shops, progress was possible. A fortnight in France, living in really good style, totalled £6, but travelling expenses required a further £10. The mountain roads are well engineered, though having loose and rutted surfaces, while in the Rhone Valley and Riviera they are good. Forests of fir, pine and acacia scent the air deliciously. Fields are without hedges or walls; they are open to the road and one is free to roam; here and there, solidly blue with cornflowers or red with poppies. Insect life buzzes musically all the time and snakes abound. It is a fact that mosquitoes and flies give a little trouble. Walnuts, cherries and strawberries flourish in wild profusion, and almost everywhere one finds vineyards and frequently olive groves (but no butter-milk). Cattle—mostly bullocks—are yoked together carting or working in the fields. The French folk were most amicable and in no instance was daylight robbery attempted, in the shape of overcharging our helpless tourists, but in this connection we are privileged in the Club, having Strother to shepherd any who will wander with him. The tour was concluded on La Cote D'Azur or Riviera, from St. Raphael through Cannes, Nice, Antibes, Monaco, Monte Carlo and Menton. This spell on the shores of the Mediterranean was most enjoyable and a pleasant contrast to the village life inland. Although the tables at Monte Carlo were not visited, our quartette cycled around the terrace in front of the Casino in their shirt sleeves with the band keeping time. It is interesting to know that seven or eight members of the Forest C.C. made the Channel crossing both ways with ours, they having an ambitious Pyrenees tour. Should any member wish for more information and places visited, with hotel details, etc., the Editor is able to offer for perusal a complete diary which should be of assistance to intending tourists.

#### **Land's End to John o' Groats Once More.**

The breaking of such record without an Anfielder as an interested spectator is unusual, but that is what happened during the latter half of June. Two Anfielders were actually at Land's End a few days

before the attempt, but they—like the child in "A Man's Shadow," heard nothing and saw nothing.

Not since 1908 had any attempt been made, when H. Green had placed the Bicycle Record Unpaced at 67 hours 50 mins.

For over a generation the roads in the north of Scotland, especially those through the Grampians, had been atrocious, even pre-war and the reconstruction of the portion mentioned was only finished at the end of last year.

On June 21st, T. Hughes of the Palatine C.C., son of Old Timer Hughes of Wigan, set up the first tricycle record by the new all overland route fixed some years ago by the R.R.A. and for which fresh standard times had been fixed. These compare as under with the Old Records which were all made by using the three Ferries: Granton Ferry across the Firth of Forth, Kessock Ferry across Inverness Firth, and Meikle Ferry across Dornoch Firth. Those Ferries used to play a tremendous part in the old records as catching or missing them made all the difference. They caused a lot of heart-burning. The new course dispenses with the Moffat Beef-Tub and cuts out Edinburgh, as it runs by Crawford and Lanark to Stirling. Farther north the route lies from Inverness by Beauly to Dingwall and farther still, missing Tain, it runs from Alness over the hills to Ardgay for Bonar Bridge.

Old Bicycle Record, 1908	H. Green (unpaced),	67hrs. 50mins.
		Standard 70 hours.
„ Tandem „	1895 Mills and T. A. Edge (paced),	76hrs. 46mins.
		Standard 96 hours.
„ Tricycle „	1893 Mills (paced),	88hrs. 47mins.
		Standard 120 hours.
No. Tan. Tric. „	—	Standard 120 hours.

The third of these standards, Hughes has now broken in 3 days 21 hours 55 mins. thus 93 hrs. 55 mins.

He reached Inverness, 723 miles in 2 days 22½ hours, and we read in *Cycling* that Hughes at this point "Now saw the possibility of bettering the old paced figures of G. P. Mills."

After Inverness he met with much delay and the remaining 156 miles took nearly 24 hours, and he remained 5 hours 8 mins. outside Mill's figures. This record of Mill's was the celebrated ride in which he beat Lawrence Fletcher's previous year's Bicycle Record by 8 hours (both of these Anfield Records together with that of Dr. Carlisle in 1894 have been carefully written up for the Anfield History). The worst stretch Hughes had to contend with is from Bonar Bridge to Goldspie, near Dornoch, which for the last several years has been abominable. This is soon followed by the hills of Helmsdale, Ord of Caithness and Berriedale, with the result that he got bad attacks of sleep approaching Wick. Similar attacks have so often put records in jeopardy along this part of the journey, witness the notorious sleep of Mills near Wick, lasting several hours, while tormentors tried to put him through the third degree. The Doctor overcame these in his case by very strong tea; taken with the Hampshire Motto of "Drink Strong."

Hughes' followers carried a tent in which he slept 90 mins. at Blair Atholl.

## From Dovey to Severn by means of a Welsh "Montagne Russe."

By a curious coincidence the Anfield August Tour Tit-Bit is described in the C.T.C. July *Gazette* under the title: "A Coarse Highway of Wales." It deals with "the 20 miles journey, class 3, from Machynlleth to Llanidloes, an impractical road consisting of a series of precipitous hills utterly unrideable up and highly dangerous down." Mind you, this is the Official Guide Book's description, once half endorsed by the author in far off days, but not the considered opinion of the Real Rider he has since become.

Still the description serves to show that it promises to be *just what we want*, the very thing to make the mouths of our Cooks and Roydens water.

Again quoting officially: "The villainous old road starts about sea level, *springs 1,300 feet* (between the 5th and 8th miles), *thence 1,600 feet to the summit.*" (These two leaps can hardly be consecutive or else we would by now be overlooking Cader Idris. We are now on top and 'après ça le déluge,' of better) *the plunge with a bold dive of 300 feet*, and a *recovery of 200 feet* (re-assuring), succeeded by a mere *descent of 600 feet*, in the next two miles, finishing with an eight miles switchback that runs you right into Llanidloes Market Place," among the pillars of the Old Market Hall, where all the inhabitants congregate. It is clear that this is the opposite direction from the way the Anfield goes, so you must study it back to front.

En route 8 miles from Llanidloes one passes Stay a Little, 1,200 feet up and a picture is given of the attractions of the Inn. Fears are entertained as to its opening hours.

The author then apologises for his early impressions of pre-war days and goes on to say that *more recently one sweet May morn*, heartened by the roadmender's assurance that *the road is now the delight of the road racers that are at it all the time*, he went again and came home with a series of snapshots full of the glories of the Dulas Valley, of the Twymyn seem through a chasm, of the hamlet Aberhosan, of Dulife, of Foel Fodian 1,850 feet up, of Esgair Grafwyn 1,444 feet up, of Glaslyn and of Bugeilyn.

*Luckless indeed are those of us that cannot go.*

A question that leaps to one's mind: How many chasms will Royden see on his way?

## RUNS AND FIXTURES

Goostrey, 29th June, 1929.

This venue has always been a very popular one for the Manchester section, and incidentally we have always had two very faithful supporters from Liverpool, in Tommy Mandall and Ted Cody, and we looked forward to the prospect of a larger contingent from this City by the River, in view of the Grosvenor Wheelers' "100," which was due to be contested the following morning. Our anticipations were not fully realised, but a very merry party of 16 sat down to a most enjoyable meal.

Mrs. Holmes has always been a very generous distributor of a large variety of wholesome victuals, which she knows will be fully appreciated by her cycling friends.



To the writer, the spread presented a violent contrast to our previous run, when the conditions left much to be desired. However, all good things come to an end, and presently the party broke up; the Racing men to the Siddington Hydro, where they intended to make an early departure to bed, in view of the 4 a.m. start in the Event the next morning.

As a very pleasing contrast to our experiences of late, we were delighted with the unusual attitude of "The Muller," who for once revealed to us that he still retained some of his social interests, for which he was notorious, prior to his entry into the matrimonial circle, some time ago.

The small party who stayed behind with him, were delighted with his presence, and were sorry when the time for departure arrived.

The Doctor chaperoned the larger party, who made for Cheadle Hulme, with the intention of taking advantage of the short time at their disposal for sleep, for they had arranged to be around the "100" course to look after our Club friends who were competing.

#### Highwayside and All-night Ride, 6th July, 1929.

A fair muster reached the first stage in our annual All-night festival—about thirty odd—but for the reason that few intended to travel beyond Highwayside, it is likely that this occasion will be the last of our nocturnal wanderings as a Club. The well-laden table was done full justice, and although far from the head of the banquet, the writer enjoyed the company of a couple of Bucks—Lizzie and Zam—who had broken the speed limit all the way in coming by car; but words must be saved for "the" ride. When the question went round "Who is for the all-night?" the response was meagre and mainly in the treble pitch. They were our young old friend Ryalls, Smith of Manchester, Jonas, Elston and Cook, but it must be said at once that the company appeared to have "tone" and so it proved.

A breeze of a northern mixture assisted us to Broughton Hall, the one time residence of Rhoda Broughton, the Victorian novelist, and thence to supper at Eccleshall where Walters joined in making us half-a-dozen. After which we travelled on wet roads without seeing rain to meet Pritchard at Wolverhampton, who escorted us through the town all night but took the main party off the track shortly afterwards, and so it happened that Ryalls and Elston who thought they were following on, reached Stourport first, and arranged seating accommodation around a watchman's fire where food and drink were disposed of.

Although without the moon, the night had not been too dark, and certainly very mild. Leaving Stourport is harder than it sounds. Guide Pritchard, President Cook and temporary Sub-Captain Jonas let us down, for they could not find a way out. First it was the gas-works back door, then the canal bank, and next a *cul-de-sac*, but we did finally leave. Up to this point schedule had been kept and often licked, but our excellent itinerary did not appear to make adequate allowance for *petit déjeuner*, and finding the road to Bromyard toughish, we arrived there about half an hour late, but this was regained to breakfast at Tenbury, on an easier road, with some rough spots to begin with. Almost through a very fine "brekka," we were overjoyed at the entrance of

Turvey and friend Ratcliffe of Sharrow. They had a hard and somewhat wet all-night ride of their own, with some tyre trouble, specially to be with us, but only two would let consideration outweigh a rigid adherence to schedule, and wait a bit for them, but Cook was not one. If the truth must be told, the chronicler found a haven in the railway station of Craven Arms and Stokesay, being forced to give up the ghost after contending with a recurrence of a minor malady contracted on a recent Continental tour. Shortly afterwards, Randall and Long were encountered "smashing through" south on a "24" training spin, and reaching Shrewsbury, we found Miss Pugh had a "golopsious" lunch for us which included salmon and duck. Just as at breakfast, someone dashed in as we were nearly through. It was young Buckley, who admitted at once he did not know what schedule time was. Turvey and Ratcliffe set off for tea at Uttoxeter and Worksop, where the latter lives, while Turvey intended to pick up his car for Ackworth. Walters went with them some way. Buckley and Smith were with us as far as Harmer Hill, then left to go through Wem, Whitchurch, etc. The three remaining kept schedule very easily and enjoyed a very refreshing cup of tea at Overton. Thereafter adjustments to Ryall's bottom bracket made us ten minute's late at Pulford to find Kettle sitting by the hedge to cheer us in. After a good tea, his pacing bucked the pace up to fifteens, and Willaston was reached at 7-45. Kettle and Jonas carried on and pulverised schedule, but Cook and Ryalls had a stirrup cup at the Gee-gee's napper and arrived in Birkenhead exactly at 8-30, after a few words with a motorist who wanted more of the road than could possibly be given. The conclusion must be to record our sincere appreciation of Vice-President Buckley's carefully compiled route and timetable.

#### Old Timers' Meet, 7th July, 1929.

To get to the Old Timers' Meet necessitates taking a long weekend for those living in the North, if they travel per bicycle. For those who can afford the time, it makes a nice little holiday, the pleasures of which are greatly added to by renewing one's acquaintanceship with old friends who were pioneers of the Sport and pastime in days gone by. I left Cheadle Hulme on Friday morning and reached Wellesbourne in the evening, where I was met by Edwin Buckley, who, like a real pal, had ridden all the way from Essex to meet me and accompany me for the remainder of my journey. F. H. Crowcroft and Bill Lowcock turned up later per motor, and we had a very jolly evening. Next evening we got to Staines, which only left us 13 miles to ride to Ripley on the Sunday morning. We arrived there in good time before lunch to shake hands and have a chat with many old friends whose names are too numerous to mention. The hall at the Talbot seemed to be full to capacity when we sat down to feed, and the Anfield B.C. contributed a round dozen, including three cyclists and nine motorists. The latter were A. Crowcroft, Teddy Edwards, Dave Fell, F. H. Koenen, W. Lowcock, George Mercer, Dave Rowatt, J. Suiter, and Oscar Taylor, and the cyclists comprised Percy Beardwood, E. Buckley and the writer.

The speeches and toasts were very sensibly curtailed and the proceedings never seemed to get tedious. Everyone seemed jolly and there was none of the restiveness engendered by too long drawn-out ceremonial.

After lunch and saying good-bye, the cyclists were conducted by Percy Beardwood through bye-lanes to Colnbrook, where we fore-

gathered with some Bathroaders and had tea. After that we rode to Chalfont St. Giles in the main Uxbridge-Aylesbury Road, where Percy left us after a parting glass, homeward bound. We pushed on northwards for Ivinghoe and were glad to reach this sequestered village and Mrs. Pickering's hospitable roof, after the turmoil of the main road, infested by the Sunday motoring crowd. Next morning, Edwin, whilst in the bath (or adjacent to it) had a brain wave, like Archimedes of old, and mapped out an entirely new and untried route to Warwick. It turned out a huge success. Most of the way we travelled along secluded leafy lanes, undisturbed by the rattle and fumes of the motor, with a fair surface and easy gradients. We only struck short stretches of main roads near Winslow, Buckingham and Southam. Lunch was the greatest problem, and we solved it by having bread and cheese, biscuits and butter, 6d. a head at Syresham, a small hamlet lying about 200 yards off our road. The distance to Warwick was just about the same as by the main road, but the surroundings infinitely pleasanter. From Warwick we went on to the Queen and Castle at Kenilworth, where we had a feed and a chat with George King. We put up at the Coach and Horses, Coleshill, for the night, a well-known Anfield house of call where we were, as usual, most hospitably received and made very comfortable.

Next day we made a detour via Erdington to call on an old friend and reached Rugeley for lunch, and home in the rain afterwards over familiar roads. In the four days I covered 405 miles, a comfortable and not too strenuous itinerary for middle age and of course my young fellow traveller rode a considerably longer distance.

R. H. Carlisle.

#### Daresbury, 13th July, 1929.

For various reasons a large muster was not to be expected and the turn-out of 24 was not so bad as it sounds. No doubt a lot of people were away on holiday, quite a crowd were at the Manchester Wheelers' Meet at Fallowfield, while Cook and Chandler went down to Lichfield to be in readiness for the Liverpool to London Record breakers early next morning.

It was a beautiful day for a ride and I, personally, enjoyed myself very much, but as I went out alone and came back alone I can't say much about anyone else.

The meal was quite satisfactory, a nice, cold collation suitable for a warm day and everybody was quite happy, the attendance to our wants being very well looked after by four damsels.

The conversation centred largely around the "24," the following week, and people were busy making arrangements for meeting and sleeping at Shawbury and other places on the Friday night. Long and Randall, our two entrants, who were at the run, both looked fit and well, and were heard ordering various concoctions to be served up to them. Everybody seemed in a hurry to get home and by 7 o'clock there were very few, if any, left at the "Ring o' Bells." One party left via the Transporter, including Morris, who appeared on a bicycle for the first time this year. He said there were lots of pubs that way and I hope he found them all. The Secretary was with him, so he was in good company! (What a reputation to have!—ED.)

Cody's immaculate bicycle had been picked out by a discerning hen for special attention and alas, its lustre was dimmed for awhile. This caused ribald merriment among the ruffians round the grid, but the damage was soon repaired and Cody departed via Warrington.

Shortly after this the remainder vanished, and another run was brought to a happy conclusion.

#### 24 Hours' Invitation Ride, 19th/20th July, 1929.

We regret to have to record that this event was extremely disappointing in many respects, although it provided a most exciting finish which reminded us of the J. E. Browne-Grimshaw duel of 1914. The only "24" in the North, ought certainly to attract more than 17 entries, and we can only think that the road racing man is now being over-catered for with short distance scraps practically every week-end. With so many dishes set before him he is killed with choice and takes the line of least resistance by selecting the ones most easily digested! And then, too, there was the clashing with the M.C. and A.C. "12," with the Lancashire R.C. and Manchester Wheelers' "12's" still to come, which probably explains something. But how came it that there were only three of "ours" ambitious and willing to strive to uphold the honour, tradition and reputation of the Club which certainly led the way in long distance riding in its first decade? Actions speak louder than words. *Verb sap!* However, there were 10 clubs besides our own represented, although the absence of any competitors from the East Liverpool Wheelers and Liverpool Century seemed rather surprising, and we hope is only a temporary abstention.

The only non-starters were H. Rothwell (Y.R.C.) and H. Eastwood (Oldham Century) and Poole despatched the 15 riders on a perfect night. F. Hancock (Manchester Grosvenor) went off at a great pace and at once assumed the lead with A. Power (C.R.C.), Randall and Heath of "ours" next in prominence and J. L. Bevan (Mersey Roads), Long (ours) and E. D. Robinson (Palatine) were riding steadily, well in the picture, while the other eight competitors tailed off somewhat, although W. Cooper (Gomersal) was doing a very good trike ride. Unfortunately the checkers at Gayton appeared to leave their job a bit early and W. H. Laithwaite (Manchester Wheelers) lost some time looking for them in Heswall; while those who accepted the responsibility of marshalling the rather intricate Sealand road approach to Chester mysteriously disappeared and caused both Hancock and Power to loose themselves trying to find the Bull and Stirrup, after the first round of the triangle. R. McQueen (C.R.C.) was the only one to retire during the night, so there were 14 left Chester the last time for Shropshire, with Hancock well in the lead both on the road and in fact. At the end of 12 hours, Hancock had piled up 207½ miles—record for this event—and was riding so strongly that visions of over 390 danced before our eyes. Power was an excellent second with 201 miles, closely followed by Randall 198 miles, Heath 196 miles, Bevan 195 miles, Long 192 miles, and Robinson 190 miles—all full of possibilities for a place and a most interesting state of affairs, as it made seven competitors with over 190 on the slate, as compared with only four last year.

W. E. Jackson (Mersey Roads) accomplished 184 miles, Pullan (Walton C. and A.C.) 183—practically the same as he did last year—Cooper (trike), C. Gamer (Huddersfield R.C.), and J. Newton (Manchester Wheelers) approximated 175 miles, while V. J. Heeley and W. H.

Laithwaite (Manchester Wheelers) had practically abandoned the race, although Healey kept on touring on the course all day.

Then came the terrific heat which put "paid" to so many accounts and turned Battlefield to the Raven into a graveyard! Cooper, Newton and Garner all retired on this stretch the first time, and Jackson was stranded on it with a broken chain, while Long packed up at the Raven with knee trouble. Shawbury the last time (266 miles) saw the collapse of Hancock, who simply could not stand the heat and undoubtedly got a touch of the sun when riding magnificently with a long lead. This gave the lead to Heath, who by some steady riding had got ahead of Power and Randall who complained of saddle soreness and did not take the second 12 hours seriously. Bevan and Robinson were also holding their own nicely and at Whitechurch (283 miles) the intriguing situation was developed of the scraps between Heath and Power for First and between Bevan and Robinson for Third, with possibilities of a kaleidoscopic change if any of the four cracked up. And as usual, the long beat to East Cheshire in the heat of the afternoon, pretty well settled the problems. Evidently Power profited by the experience he gained last year, while Heath was a novice at the game; for although Heath held a lead of 12 minutes on the road (10 in fact), Power caught him up and forged ahead by cutting out the Byley feed at 328 miles. Heath certainly rode magnificently during the last 3 hours and actually had Power in sight when he finished, but the latter displayed great generalship with the motto "What I have I hold," and with 2 minutes still to go ran out to a well deserved victory, with a total of 371½ miles to Heath's 371 miles. Meanwhile Bevan had been forced to acknowledge defeat by the heat, after a remarkable exhibition of plucky riding by a complete novice at road work of any kind, and he simply kept going to qualify for the silver Standard Medal, which he comfortably did with 320 miles and plenty of time to spare—while Robinson with no one to push him still kept riding strongly and was an excellent Third, with the fine total of 364¾ miles. Randall eventually retired at 323 miles and Pullan qualified for a certificate with 286 miles before desisting. Thus there were only six actual finishers, as compared with 13 last year, but the proportion was nearly as good and the placed men did rides that bear any comparison, while Heath very nearly won the race for us and we are very proud of him.

The following table gives the record of the finish:—

Name and Club.		12 hrs. miles	24 hrs. miles	
1.	A. Power, Cheshire R.C. ... ..	201	371½	First Prize.
2.	N. S. Heath, Anfield B.C. ... ..	196	371	Second "
3.	E. W. Robinson, Palatine C.C. ... ..	190	364¾	Third "
4.	C. Randall, Anfield B.C. ... ..	198	323	Silver Medal.
5.	J. L. Bevan, Mersey R.C. ... ..	195	320	" "
6.	H. F. Pullan, Walton C. and A.C. ... ..	183	286	Certificate.

Heath qualifies for 24 Hours' Standard "E."

NOTES.—

Heartly congratulations to the C.R.C. in winning with such a well-judged ride as that of Powers.

Mr. Tuplin, of the Gomersal, aided and abetted by Brookes and several others, was very busy *Hic et ubique*, even after the retirement of Cooper had robbed them of their own particular job.

Chandler was again Chef at Chester, with Dick Ryalls as his right-hand man, but Miss Beeston transferred her excellent and much appreciated services to the Raven feeding station.

Johnny Band was so vigorous with the Pump that he burst his thumb and had to receive first aid, but has some consolation in the fact that he is drawing cash for partial disablement.

Zambuck and Green were the Baggage Masters from Chester to Knutsford, and the former was very clever in selecting the clean stuff so as not to soil the new car!

Skinner looked very business like at the Raven, but had no wrecks to salvage, as most of the flotsam and jetsam were able to crawl over to Knutsford under their own power and the Thompson-Carlisle-Buckley car collected Pullan and Bevan.

It is pleasing to be able to record that there were plenty of followers available at Toft Corner had they been required and one of them was Turvey, who had blinded over from Ackworth and evidently enjoyed his week-end at Knutsford to the full.

Powell worked hard at Chester all night and then was equally busy at the Raven all day, so we don't blame him for investing in Home Rails on Saturday night.

Elston's sponges and Eau de Cologne were most useful at the feeding stations. We wonder how many he has got back!

Kettle's organisation was as perfect as usual. And That's That.

#### Pulford, 27th July, 1929.

For a joint run on a perfect day an attendance of 24 was disappointing, but it was very representative and there were several reasons for the small total. The President was timing the E.L.W. and Manchester Wheelers' "50," McKail, Orrell and Pitchford were riding in the Birchfield "50." Holidays doubtless accounted for the absence of others besides Teddy Edwards, and I heard that there was an unofficial alternative run nearer Cottonopolis.

The four Manchester men out were Wilf Orrell, Poole, Green and Heath—the latter looking remarkably fit and claiming that it was due to his "holiday" last week-end. Others present included Harold Band and Son, Elston and Brother, Charlie Conway (whom we do not see often enough), Mercer, Rowatt, Chandler and of course Tommy Rowden. Long and Randall were trying to book Road Transport for the N.R. "24," for themselves and bicycles and appeared to want a combination of caravan, steam waggon and limousine. I don't think they quite fixed it and would, I am sure, be pleased to hear of anything suitable—they are willing to pay simple hire—in fact, the simplest possible—free gratis and for nothing!

The tea was up to the usual Grosvenor standard, although the Mayor did not turn up to look after us, and among other comments about the food I heard one suggestion that we should have a run to Pulford once a month at least.

E. NEVITT,

*Editor.*

# ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

FORMED MARCH 1879

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

## MONTHLY CIRCULAR.

Vol. XXVI.

No. 283.

### FIXTURES FOR SEPTEMBER, 1929.

		Tea at 6-0 p.m.	Light up at
Sept.	7	Pulford (Grosvenor Arms) ... ..	8-51 p.m.
"	9	Committee Meeting, 7 p.m. (Victoria Hotel, St. John's Lane, L'pool.)	
"	14	Third "50 Miles" Handicap ... ..	8-33 p.m.
"	21	Highwayside (Travellers Rest) ... ..	8-16 p.m.
"	28	Mouldsworth (Station Hotel) ... ..	7-59 p.m.
Oct.	5	Acton Bridge (Leigh Arms) ... ..	7-42 p.m.
		Full Moon ... 19th inst.	

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

4 THE LAUND,

WALLASEY, CHESHIRE.

#### COMMITTEE NOTES.

**NEW MEMBERS.**—Mr. John Ridgway Walton, 3 Mile End Lane, Stockport, has been elected to Full Membership.

**CHANGE OF ADDRESS.**—Mr. A. G. Banks, L.M. & S. District Engineer's Office, 18 Peel Place, Bradford.

**AUTUMNAL TINTS TOUR.**—Llanarmon D.C. has again been chosen for the Tour. October 19/20 is the date. There are 26 beds available. Members who intend to participate in the Tour are requested to 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/-.

H. W. POWELL,

*Hon. General Secretary.*



**RACING NOTES.**

Third "50," 14th September, 1929.

This Event will be open to tandems and concludes our Racing Programme for 1929, those wishing to compete must let me have their entries not later than Saturday, September 7th.

All those who have qualified for Standard Medals at 50 and 100 miles in Events other than in our Club races, must let me have their claims not later than October 7th.

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

**TREASURY NOTES.**

As the drought of summer evaporated the liquid balances which might otherwise have found their way into the Club funds, so the drain of the August holiday has been too great on the cash available for the liquidation of outstanding subscriptions. Four courageous members, however, have put business integrity before pleasure, and have sacrificed their fortnight at Deauville in order that they might stand clear of debt to the Club.

Geo. H. Lake.  
W. A. Lowcock.

C. Randall.  
J. R. Walton.

**ITEMS.**

How is it that the Master and his satellites appear to have so sadly neglected Cann Office? A search of the Visitors' Book at the Hotel as far back as 1902 reveals no record of their names, although George Lake appears to have been a visitor several times, and in 1913 a very smart party, including "Elsie" Price, Ven, Stevie and Jack Seed, duly signed on. In the grounds of the Hotel are some very interesting earth works which have been registered by the Authorities and in the Hotel is a most interesting manuscript book in which the author gives his derivation of the extraordinary name as a corruption of "Caen y flos," which means a ditched enclosure. F. H. must certainly dispute this!

\* \* \* \* \*

We have often wondered what had become of E. W. Harley as far as cycling circles are concerned, and fully expected he would make a dramatic appearance at the Jubilee Dinner. The mystery is now solved because he blew in recently at the Cafe Konklave and announced the fact that his dramatic appearances are nightly with one or two matinées as he has become a Thespian with Terpsichorean tendencies and is travelling the country with a Concert Party called The Playmakers! He was "on" that week at Olympian Gardens, Rock Ferry, and the following week was to be at Rusholme, where the Green family promised to look him up. Harley looked bonny and well—just the same smiling face, even if perhaps a shade plumper—and is evidently enjoying the life to the full, although he admitted he missed his cycling.

\* \* \* \* \*

On page 13 of the R.R.A. Handbook appears an Honours List of those who have presented Record Shields, and of the 27 Shields only 10 have been given by Clubs, as follows: Stanley C.C., Polytechnic, North Road (two), Yorkshire Roads, Bath Road, Catford and Anfield

(three) ; which shows a surprising neglect of opportunity on the part of certain well-known prominent Clubs. The other 17 shields have been donated by 13 individuals as follows : G. A. Olley (two), A. J. Wilson (two), G. H. Stancer, W. P. Cook, T. G. King, S. Lee, F. T. Bidlake (two), S. F. Edge (two), J. W. Siddeley, J. Van Hooydonk, S. E. George, E. P. Moorhouse and F. C. Higgins. This only left 2 Shields not yet presented, but when Tom Hughes accomplished his End to End Tricycle record, both the Palatine C.C. and the Presider *simultaneously* made an offer of a Shield. For obvious reasons the Presider immediately agreed that the Palatine C.C. Shield should be allocated to the End to End Tricycle record, and that his Shield, given to celebrate the Jubilee of the Club and his own Diamond Jubilee, should be allocated to the York to Edinburgh Tricycle record. Thus the List of R.R.A. Shields is now complete and we are very glad that such a young and virile club as the Palatine C.C. should figure in it.

\* \* \* \* \*

Whilst on a Caravan holiday in Pembrokeshire, Kaye ran across an old time member in Harry Robinson, late of Liverpool, but for many years domiciled in Haverfordwest. An interesting hour was spent in chatting about the old days and in going through a box of treasured cuttings of scenes and events of long ago. Robinson wished to be remembered to those of the Elder Brethren who knew him, particular mention being made of the " Doctor " and Dave Bell. Incidentally Kaye wangled a bicycle on which to explore the neighbourhood, and also to facilitate his passage from the camping place on St. Bride's Bay to the nearest pub, 3 miles away !

\* \* \* \* \*

Another Exile ! Bert Morton will leave shortly to take up a new position in London with his present firm. He leaves Manchester with the best wishes of all Anfielders, by whom he will be missed both for his personal charm and sartorial excellence.

\* \* \* \* \*

Orrell, McKail and Pitchford were on the card for the Birchfield " 50," on July 28th. Orrell was unable to find the whereabouts of his digs and so returned home. McKail and Pitchford rode and both clocked 2.20 without winning any prizes.

\* \* \* \* \*

We regret to have to announce the death of A. S. Neason, at Coventry. Neason was a member of the Club from 1892 to 1900, and although not a racing man he was a real Anfielder who endeared himself to everyone by his quiet unassuming ways. Our sympathies are hereby extended to his brother W. J. Neason and all those bereaved.

\* \* \* \* \*

Everyone will remember the plucky fight put up by J. L. Bevan, of the Mersey R.C., in the " 24," which was characterised as " a remarkable exhibition of plucky riding by a complete novice at roadwork of any kind," and his sudden death comes as a great shock to all of us. He was riding with a C.T.C. section through Eastham on August 24th when he struck a bad pot hole and fell so heavily that he fractured his skull and died in hospital next day. We desire to express our sympathy with his parents in the terrible loss of an only son and with the Mersey R.C. in the loss of a charming and most promising Club member.

\* \* \* \* \*

Bill Lowcock was on holiday last month and when riding towards Fleetwood a motorist driving in the opposite direction, suddenly turned across the road towards a side street and caught Bill broadside on.

His excuse was that he could not see anything in the way owing to rain on his windscreen! Although his machine was smashed, the victim fortunately escaped with cuts and bruises.

\* \* \* \* \*

Randall, Long and possibly Heath, will be riding in N.R. "24," on September 20/21. Retired, Unoccupied and Loose-ended members please note.

\* \* \* \* \*

Elston, that hardy soul, took camping kit with him to Rufford on the Saturday before the Palatine "50," but when he came to pitch camp the tent pegs were missing, so he spent the night under the stars without covering. Morning dawned and he cooked breakfast. But alas, knife, fork and spoon were absent too, so Elston, the disgusting wretch, ate brekka with his bare fingers. When this disciple of "Back to Nature" arrived home, he found in a pocket of his rucksack, tent pegs, knife, fork and spoon.

\* \* \* \* \*

### Correspondence.

The Editor of the *Circular*.

Land's End to John o' Groats Once More.

DEAR SIR,

May I call your attention to the fact that the contributor of the above article perpetrates two egregious errors in his first two paragraphs, which in the interests of historical accuracy and in justice to those who are still playing the game call for correction. How does Rip Van Winkle justify his statements? It certainly would be "unusual" for such a record to be broken "without an Anfielder as an interested spectator," and not only acting as spectators but doing some more or less useful work. The truth is that Hotine was at Hayle, H. Pritchard was out all night between Kidderminster and Bridgnorth, Cook was Feeder-in-Chief at the Raven, Prees Heath, and Chandler was looking after Hughes' interests at Carr Bridge, having varied a tour to make this possible—and probably there were others who had read the paragraph in the May *Circular* (page 49) asking "any member willing to assist can obtain further particulars and a copy of the schedule from the President or Captain." Evidently the Two Anfielders who were playing the part of the child in "A Man's Shadow," either do not read the *Circular* or take no interest in current cycling activities!

The second amazing error is the statement that "Not since 1908 had any attempt been made." Even if you bar out the Davey attempts because no actual start was ever made, although Poole was down at Penzance for 2 or 3 weeks and about a dozen of us on the *qui vive* for Light's daily wires, there was still the history making tandem attempt of the Porter Brothers who got bunkered at Meikle Ferry and brought about the new all-road route for record breakers, in which Lusty looked after them at Kidderminster, Cook fed at Whitchurch, and followed to Warrington (where Horrocks gave them a drink) and "Widelegs" was out round Preston. And finally two years ago Meyers, on a tri-cycle, got as far as Bristol and both Lusty and Cook were again on the job.

It is to be hoped that when Rip Van Winkle heard over the wireless that L. J. Meyer had broken Hughes' record by a minute less than 2 hours (3 days 19 hours 56 minutes) or perhaps read of it in *Cycling*, he did not again jump to the conclusion that there was no Anfielder "an interested spectator," because the Presider was "foolish

enough" to enjoy thoroughly a gaudy time following Meyers from Prees Heath to Warrington against a stiff wind. And lastly when Rossiter put up his staggering record of 2 days 13 hours 22 minutes in smashing Green's record to smithereens there were at least three Anfielders out for him—Elston, Cook and Molyneux—the palm going to Molyneux, who followed from Acton Bridge to Standish and would have continued on to Lancaster but for an accident to his lamp which delayed him. Molyneux did chase along as far as Euxton but found it hopeless to catch up as Rossiter was riding so fast. A little knowledge is a dangerous thing and some information can be gleaned by attending Club Fixtures. *Verb. sap.*

#### NUMBER ONE.

#### Anfield Mementoes at Land's End.

It behoves every Anfielder to go at least once in a way on Pilgrimage to both Land's End and John o' Groats, and let his mind dwell on those great club members that went there in hot haste to build up Cycling History.

Somewhere there is preserved an old time sheet of Fletcher's that reads: "From *The Land's End to John o' Groats' House.*" Is it perhaps at the latter place? To-day we say: From Land's End Hotel to John o' Groats Hotel. The former Hotel is continually changing and being enlarged. The old record breakers may hardly recognize it. The northern terminus has only added a petrol pump. Its connection with the Dutch Pirate after whom it is called was described in these columns some years ago and the hotel is a feeble imitation of his house, with its many doors and windows. The northern pilgrim should on no account miss the Pirate's noble gravestone with the true spelling of his name in the nearest Churchyard. Pilgrim Chem who reached it in a storm fell on it full length and damaged himself.

By the side of the fine Hotel at Land's End there stands a small temperance hotel presided over by two brothers that bear a strong resemblance to the Simpsons. These try to inveigle visitors into their own precincts, but nevertheless the record breaker has always started from the door of the big hotel. The smaller brother is the very spit of dear Mr. Walter and a great actor to boot. He is also the chief Sabbatarian of Cornwall, but for forty years or more the record has been ridden inside the six working days, so there need be no friction on that score.

(Of course for 30 years Sunday was barred for record purposes, but since the ban was removed it has only been ill-luck that has prevented a record ridden partly on a Sunday appearing on the books, as it was on a Sunday that the Porter Bros. were held up at Meikle Ferry with the Tandem Record well in hand.—Ed.)

It is, however, with his neighbour, the big Hotel, that we are concerned, and in its smokeroom there hang upon the wall joined in a single frame the photographs of Lawrence Fletcher and George P. Mills.

The present landlord knew not their names but regarded the frame and its contents as a curious memento. They were placed there in connection with the two records of these Worthies in 1892 and 1893, made as under:—

1892	Bicycle	Fletcher	...	3 days 23 hours 55 mins.
1893	Tricycle	Mills	...	3 days 16 hours 47 mins.

The picture of Fletcher is the one well known to Old Timers, where he is seen standing by his Raleigh Bicycle (although Fletcher is shown standing by a Raleigh, the 1892 record was made on a New Howe!—Ed), wearing that little black cap with the present club badge. Mills on the other hand is seen astride his Humber Tricycle. Readers of old Cycling Periodicals know that photos of Mills taken awheel are scarce. We used to see him depicted in sketches from the pen of Geo. Moore (who once conferred upon the writer the honour of a caricature), but we are familiar with only two other photos of Mills mounted: One taken in 1895 on the Raleigh Tandem (front seat) with Tommy Edge (rear), on which they made their joint Swan Songs on the road, and the other, also in 1895, with H. H. Sansom (in the front "passenger" seat) and Mills on the back bone, of the old Humber Pattern Tandem Tricycle, the last of its kind ever built by Humber. They only used it for training and no record emerged from it. Humber's gave up the type just when after ten years racing it had been perfected.

Studying the machines on the photographs and examining them critically in view of the rides performed on them we feel entitled to express to-day our opinion in the light of the two generations that have passed over them. What then do we think now of these machines that once we rode?

The Safety Bicycles of the early nineties, after ousting the Ordinary from its high estate, were of an undecided model that changed from year to year, but that were all equally unsatisfactory in the light of later years. Not till 1894 was a lasting model evolved and it was in 1894 that Mills made the last and greatest of the paced bicycle records over the end to end course, of 3 days 5 hours 49 mins. It took 14 years to be beaten unpaced by Olley.

On the other hand the Humber Tricycle on which Mills is seen here, and happens to be the same type that Toft and Hellier first rode, is a finer machine than any three wheeler built to-day. Humber's never improved on it. The rider was seated differently on it, being right on top of his axle. The excellence of the type emerges from the new records just established, for after 36 years' interval and on the perfect roads of to-day, Mill's speed on that Tricycle has not yet been equalled.

The history of Tricycles is the best chapter in the Book of Cycles that may never see print. In the eighties the three wheeler threatened the Ordinary. In the early nineties it outshone the Safety. Four great types emerged successively from the Beeston Works:—

The Humber Pattern double front steering, front driving ...	1882
The Humber Crippler, front steering, rear driven ...	1884
The straight frame Humber, ditto (large front wheel) ...	1887

(it created a furore on the track but was too rigid for the road), hence it was replaced by:—

The Diamond Frame with curved bottom bracket tube ...	1893
---	------

To-day none survive and we can only cherish their pictures. Museums know not any. The Beeston Works were closed years ago and their records lost. The men that rode the machines are dying off fast. The whole story is a Tragedy.

#### Land's End—John O' Groats Again.

J. W. Rossiter, of the Century R.C., in riding from End to End in the sensational time of 2 days 13 hours 22 minutes, has fulfilled his

ambition and put the record on the shelf for some time. According to the report in *Cycling*, of August 30th, Rossiter rode throughout with extraordinary ease and even rode Berriedale, which has never been done before on an End-to-End record. He gained on schedule from the commencement, and by cutting stops to a minimum, continued to do so until the end.

Molyneux followed from Acton Bridge to near Preston, Elston was to help in Warrington and the President was mid-weeking at Acton Bridge. Neither the Presider nor Elston knew that Rossiter was a couple of hours ahead of schedule, so it is not surprising that when he went through, Elston was miles from Warrington and the Presider was sleeping soundly inside the Leigh Arms!

## RUNS AND FIXTURES.

### August Tour.—Llanidloes, 3/5th August, 1929.

Bank Holiday racing no doubt affected the numbers of August Tourists, and possibly a few were startled and scared by the descriptions of the proposed Sunday's ride which appeared in these pages and elsewhere beforehand. However, it is very unsatisfactory to have only eight names for such an attractive fixture.

I set out from Birkenhead on the Saturday morning into strong wind and heavy rain for Llanidloes, travelling via Wrexham, Ruabon, Chirk, Oswestry and Llanymynech and overtook Tommy Royden a few miles short of Welshpool. The Presider had dropped him in pursuit of a cup of tea. Upon arrival at Welshpool we found Cook fermenting at our slow progress; it was equally slow to Newtown where we had tea proper at the "Bear." Although the remaining 14 miles to Llanidloes were less strenuous, Tommy and I were only half alive, whilst Cook was a picture of triumphant Schedule-keptism.

Dave Rowatt was in possession of the Tewythen Arms when we arrived, he having been dropped there by Teddy Edwards who was staying at Llandrindod Wells. Soon after us, Chandler docked at the end of a nifty ride of 86 miles into wind and rain between 1-30 and 9-0 with a stop for tea. A wire was received cancelling the Skinner-Roskell arrangements and with the arrival of Albert Davies our party was completed. Six of us sat down to an excellent dinner.

The Tewythen Arms Hotel is a remarkable place, a map being almost necessary to find one's way about; and the Boots never takes his hat off. He even walked into Cook's bedroom with hot water without removing it. No one saw his naked head during the whole time we were there. When the sleeping arrangements were made, Cook was segregated from the main camp so that the party should not be disturbed by his nocturnal rumblings.

Sunday morning, like Saturday, was wet and windy, the only change being a moustache grown on Nevitt overnight to be in keeping with his mildewed and bewhiskered brethren.

At 9-30 the five cyclists—Cook, Tommy Royden, Albert Davies, Chandler and Nevitt started. The first few miles via Van were ridden and walked in intermittent rain, but the views from the successive Bwlchs were well worth the trouble. From Van the ride became really arduous, it became a walk, the roads stood on end. Over the tops of hills with no habitation of any kind in sight the road led us through Remoteness. The moors seemed to be endless, the views illimitable, and but for the occasional bleat of sheep there was Silence. It should be mentioned that the Anfield party became strung out and developed



into an unpaced time trial. Chandler strode ahead, Cook followed about 100 yards behind, Albert Davies 100 yards behind Cook, Nevitt behind Davies and Tommy Royden 200 yards in the rear. The cause of this stringing out was a bottle. The bottle was in Cook's bag. Chandler knew it was there and so kept in front of it. Cook tried to get Chandler a long way behind it. They ended up by whacking it out before the other three could arrive.

We passed on to New Inn and Stay-a-Little (without finding either pub) and took the left fork through Dylife. Shortly after turning, the road runs under high hills to a point where a magnificent view of the Pennant Cliffs is obtained. Dylife disappointed. The spewings of its lead mines presented a horror left with great pleasure.

After Dylife the interminable grind to the summit commences and the Tourists kept their Time Trial formation. At 1,671 feet, the highest point, nothing could be seen but barren moors and an atrocious road a thousand miles from civilisation. Then, after half a mile of gradual descent we came clear of obstructing hills and saw all Wales below and beyond. Cader Idris was dimly discernible in the distance, the peculiar billowy formation of the hills north of the Dovey Valley was clear, but no words could adequately describe the beauty of the scene. It was more than compensation for the pain and sweat of getting there.

Each out of sight of the other (Time Trial formation), we gingerly descended the precipitous slopes until within five miles of Machynlleth, where the track joins a first class road. After that it was a doddle.

Chandler was the first arrival for lunch and managed to quaff three glasses before any one else turned up. Cook and Davies were next, and Tommy Royden and Nevitt came in simultaneously with Teddy Edwards and Mrs. Edwards, who had brought Dave Rowatt over in the car. The lunch was excellent.

In the afternoon Cook started with a cape on, although it was not raining! It did rain however, nearly all the way to Caersws via Llanbrynmair and Carno. Cook and Chandler outstripped the others and arrived at the Temperance Hotel at Caersws soon after the Edwards Car and Cargo. As soon as we had finished tea, the Fresh Air Ffend Jonas brought a friend in. Cook and Chandler left almost at once, as did the car party, but the others waited a short time for Jonas and friend before riding back to Llanidloes through the very pleasant byelanes via Trefeglwys.

Jonas and friend were left on a hill-top pitching camp, where they no doubt supped on roots and shrubs, while the others carried on to another excellent dinner at the Hotel.

After dinner the Town Band played in honour of the Anfield, and when the Tourists could stand it no longer they went to view some sort of Woollen Mill with the exception of Nevitt who seemed to make friends in the town very quickly. Later, the congregation was in the Tank and conversation turned upon old times. A pleasant evening was spent until bed time.

Monday morning saw a change for the better in the weather. Dave Rowatt was returning by train and the cyclists started early. At Newtown, Nevitt branched off on tour and to meet Glover at Beddgelert on Tuesday night. The others reached Oswestry for lunch without incident. After lunch Albert Davies left for Whitechurch and



Nantwich, while the remainder rode via Chirk, St. Martins, Overton, Worthenbury, etc. During the ride homeward, Chandler, as becomes a good Consul, was deeply interested in the ladies of the C.T.C.

Thus ended another successful and enjoyable August Tour, which, believe me, was no Holiday!

#### Bath Road "100," 5th August, 1929.

Being gentlemen of leisure under certain conditions we foregathered at Knutsford, the Mandall car to pick up the frame of Orrell's machine and any friend desiring to use his car; the Morton car to run down to Loppington and fish out Buckley, and the Austin car to take himself and brother.

A pleasant run to Coleshill followed, where Mr. and Mrs. James gave us hearty welcome and of their best in hospitality.

At 10-0 a.m. we were away by pleasant roads, the dove-cote leading with Austin and brother, the remaining cars making the party Buckley, Carlisle, Mandall, Morton, the two Rawlinsons and Taylor of Sha. Our first call was at Kenilworth to have one with Charles King, who spoke reminiscably of the Anfield Bath Road 100's. Lunch was enjoyed at the house of the lady of Shipston, after which we travelled familiar though ever pleasing roads, to Wallingford for tea at the Lamb, then on to Theale, a peace name which caused the Doc, much Bickering. Here Mandall delivered the frame. Amongst the many speedmen of the past and present gathered here, we met McKail, who had cycled down from Manchester. After an hour or so we carried on to Newbury, where we berthed at the Queen's. We retired for a few minutes and were soon up and on the course with the necessary drinks for our men, Orrell and Pitchford. We must give thanks to Montford for his sporty action in chasing after Orrell to give him a drink which he had missed owing to being single-handed.

The following details of the check are of interest and show that if McKail could have made up a team and beaten Newland, the team prize would have gone to the Anfield.

	12 mls.	22 mls.	32 mls.	50 mls.	72 mls.	100 mls.
1. Southall ...	32.37	1.1.30	1.27. 8	2.14. 4	3.24. 3	4.34.26
2. Marshall ...	33.20	1.2.30	1.29.35	2.18.27	3.28.45	4.38. 2
3. West ...	33. 0	1.2. 0	1.29. 5	2.17.33	3.29. 0	4.40.36
4. Jenkins ...	33.40	1.4.30	1.31. 4	2.19.47	3.29.30	4.44. 7
5. Orrell ...	32.46	1.3. 0	1.29. 0	2.16.57	3.31. 0	4.44.12
14. Pitchford ...	34.22	1.5.30	1.32.50	2.24.12	3.40.30	4.55.20
27. Newland ...	33.30	1.3. 0	1.30.15	2.21.20	3.43.30	5. 1.25

Both Orrell and Pitchford are to be congratulated; Orrell upon his fastest 100, and Pitchford upon beating evens in a 100 for the first time.

After lunch at Aldermaston with Beardwood, Spango, Mazeppa and others we returned home.

#### Speedwell "100," 5th August, 1929.

In this event we were represented by Glover, Heath, Long and Randall. All did well but not good enough to get amongst the prizes. First Handicap went to W. C. Hunt, Stourbridge, who did 4.58.51 and off 34 mins. was an easy winner. Second and Third placings went to F. Soar (38 mins.), Nottingham, W. and R. T. Roberts (43 mins.),

Cardiff 100, with 5.13.2 and 5.18.6 respectively. J. K. Middleton (Scr.), North Road, was Fastest in 4.44.22, and the North Road took the Team Prizes. Of "Ours," Glover with 5.14.10 qualifies for Standard D, and Randall with 5.26.33 qualifies for Standard C. Long with 5.20.14 was unfortunate to miss a Standard and Heath, who had perhaps hardly recovered from the effects of the "24," did 5.29.30.

#### East Liverpool Wheelers' Fifty, 5th August, 1929.

There is unfortunately very little to record about this alternative fixture. We had hoped to publish a most exciting account of it as Zambuck and Johnny Band had made intricate arrangements to attend in a car, but for some reason or other they came unstuck at the eleventh hour. Most of our racing men were competing in the B.R. and Speedwell 100's, and these events naturally attracted those who were not going on the Tour. Only Ladds was entered for the E.L.W. 50, and he was a non-starter, so that Molyneux, who went down to help, had nothing to do! Norman Higham timed and it is quite likely that Walters, Pugh and Street were about the course somewhere.

#### Mouldsworth, 10th August, 1929.

33 members and two Scout friends attended this run, which was favoured by good weather.

Being a man of few words I would be content to leave it at that but the Editor decidedly would not and so I must therefore try to fill in a few details, even if they are of a personal and unexciting nature.

The weather was quiet and warm, and I soon realised that it was a trifle sticky for much exertion. But the sun was shining and there was no wind and the country was exceedingly attractive with its early signs of Autumn.

Some little time had elapsed since I was last at a run and the trike seemed disinclined to take the hills seriously. It was extremely warm only more so on the up-grades, many of which I had to walk and what with the ribaldry of the Widnes and Runcorn natives, the tickling antics of myriads of very tiny flies, to say nothing of a thirst, I began to feel that the gift was coming off the gingerbread and that cycling had its limitations. Eventually after much tribulation and perspiration I halted within earshot of Mouldsworth and a few minutes later I had a fine view of Stevie heading thirstily (or so I imagined) for the Station Hotel, muttering something about beer not being one of his vices.

There is always something very enchanting about this Delamere district, particularly the bit of tumbled country near the Liverpool Sanatorium. This afternoon the sun shone on ripe corn (some indeed already in sheaves) and the contrast of golden fields, dark green foliage and blue sky was very alluring and I was repaid in full measure for my exertions.

Close upon the hour I rolled down the hill to the Hotel, but I was rather taken aback on arrival to find a fleet of motorcars standing in front of the hotel and I had a queer feeling that I had been absent many, many years instead of weeks, and that cycling had died out. I was reassured however when I found a few down-trodden bicycles in a dusty corner of the yard.

The meal which was a good one was discussed in the usual jovial way. Everyone seemed to be talking at once (with the exception of

Tommy Royden who was shouting). What they all found to talk about it was difficult to say, but I heard scraps here and there such as Teddie Edward's tour in Scotland, Tommy Royden's exploits during the August week-end, the coming "12" (whoever they are), and at the end of my table, between Cook, Kettle and Chandler, an animated discourse (introduced by Brother Chandler) as to what a Glenshee Spittal was and how it was spelt.

After tea a few of us sought the much needed air and watched the select few depart in their cars. These included Mercer, Teddie Edwards, Zambuck and Johnny Band (the latter looking very fit), George Newall and two Scouts, and Mandall. The cyclists slid off in two's and three's still talking and looking very fit and happy, and when all the captains and the kings had departed, I trundled off and made a fast and enjoyable run home via Hatchmere, Norley, Acton Bridge and the Transporter.

### Twelve Hours' Handicap, 17th August, 1929.

The early morning was suspiciously clear and with a tinge of the approach of Autumn. Rain fell intermittently and the not too unwieldy list of starters were pushed off by each other when Timekeeper Higham said they should be. Things looked interesting as they usually do. A. E. Walters and U. Taylor may be expected to celebrate their jubilee with a "12," while G. A. Glover seemed to have thrown dust in the eyes of the handicappers—or treated them in another way. F. L. Street made up his mind to help his older "pard" along, and R. Poole would not be left out. It almost looked as if C. H. McKail had been in league with Glover in his malpractices, and Editor Nevitt, who will never be completely crushed, was also of the bunch. The O'Leary's were ready for anything with their tandem and J. S. Jonas was making his debut, nearly—but not quite—stripped of all his usual impedimenta. J. Long, N. S. Heath and C. Randall could be expected to face this ordeal with equilibrium after their "24" efforts, and lastly J. Pitchford—a doer of great deeds—but yet to gather laurels in concentrated tours of this nature.

A fresh breeze of the south-westerly order was stiffish and did not abate as the day advanced, proving very trying—and described by certain riders in another way—between Chetwynd and Battlefield. Glover started to triumph early for at 50½ miles he led with 2.48 followed by Pitchford 2.52, Heath 2.55, Long 2.59, Randall 3.2, Taylor 3.3, McKail 3.6, Poole 3.7, Nevitt 3.10, and Jonas 3.17, the tandem crews Walters-Street doing 2.43 and O'Leary-O'Leary 2.57, but tandems must be reckoned in a class of their own. McKail had punctured, Nevitt had lost his way around Edgmond, while our gallant novice Jonas was not doing what we think he can, because of the strange unfriendly machine to which he had just been introduced. At 99½ miles Pitchford with 5.41 was challenging Glover who still led with 5.39, Heath and Long third and fourth with 5.55 and 5.57 respectively, while McKail 5.58 displaced Randall 6.9 for fifth place with Nevitt gamely carrying on at 6.16. Taylor had unaccountably strayed out of the picture and Jonas after tyre, seat and knee trouble, gave it best. Poole had lost time with a puncture and started to sample the course here and there so could no longer be reckoned in. The tandems were widely separated, Walters-Street being 5.31 and O'Leary-O'Leary 6.24, the latter having sustained two punctures and apparently not rushing repairs! On the second trip round the eternal triangle, Pitchford took the premier position from Glover, Heath still a dogged third, with

McKail now fourth and Long fifth. At Christleton—168½ miles—Pitchford was leading 11 minutes, but he failed to know the turn for Tarporley at Tarvin and headed for Kelsall. It is not "his country," and being on this course for the first time we must sincerely commiserate with him in his bad luck. Long had called it off at Vicar's Cross—first time—170 miles. So Glover, with a fine ride, annexed the handicap and distance awards.

Time was called with the following results:—

	Distance.	H'cap.	Total
1. G. A. Glover ... ..	205½	14	219½
2. A. E. Walters and F. L. Street (Tandem) ... ..	211	5	216
3. C. H. McKail ... ..	196¾	12	208¾
4. N. S. Heath ... ..	198	10	208
5. E. Nevitt ... ..	186½	20	206½
6. J. Pitchford ... ..	201	Scr.	201
7. C. Randall ... ..	187½	12	199½
8. E. T. O'Leary and I. T. O'Leary (Tandem) ... ..	186½	10	196½

G. A. Glover, Standard E; A. E. Walters and F. L. Street, Standard C; C. H. McKail, Standard C; J. Pitchford, Standard E; E. T. and I. T. O'Leary, Standard A.

Pitchford's total to be credited for Standard Medal is 206 miles.

Walters and Street combined on their tandem with good effect, McKail strove mightily against his early misfortune, Heath just missed a place, Nevitt did his total with a buckled rear wheel plus a large lump in the tyre, Randall's ride was much less than his best owing to slight indisposition, and the O'Leary's have yet to reach their zenith. It was rather funny at the finish, as a car was put on to keep pace with their tandem and when the driver could not communicate the fact that their account was closed they tore down the inclines from Tarvin after they were finished with grim determination oozing from both faces—but all in vain. They saw the job through well, considering punctures and a spill.

Those on duty around the course did their various bits, and it is appreciated, while finishers were not lacking. Thank you, one and all, and three cheers for Captain Kettle.

#### Highwayside, 24th August, 1929.

Present: Cook, Royden, Edwards, Mercer, Bailey, Lucas, W. E. Taylor, Randall, Mandall, Chandler, Walters, Elston, Powell, Glover, Orrell's, McKail, Long, Davies, Knipe, Cody, Kettle, Green, Rawlinson, Walton, Jonas and friend—a good muster.

G. B. Orrell looked very fit after his holiday in France, and seemed to have had a very good time. The writer was overtaken by Jonas on his ice-waggon which has discarded its Southport handlebars. A visit to Milton Green, Huxley and Bunbury completed the first portion of the day's ride. Cook and Chandler then made off for Stone, with a stop at Blackbrook for liquid fuel. At Stone bad news awaited the twain, which seriously affected the evening's gastronomical exercises and rendered the night sleepless, so much so that until Albert Davies had been discovered at Nantwich, having his breakfast, or was it lunch, amid a complete change of scenery and female society, did the twain recover

their equanimity and feel at all recovered. This unhappy state of affairs would no doubt account for the route taken in the morning, which was away from their homes and over the mountain tops to Whitgreave and Izaak Walton's birthplace at Shallowford.

### Rufford, 31st August, 1929.

It is possible to find very pleasant routes to Rufford, and though travelling is mostly on an even keel, which may not add to the interest of the journey, some will esteem it a real advantage. Tommy Royden and Stevie severally and separately wended their ways to the bathing establishment at Southport, so a discussion of the feminine forms on view there versus those of Parkgate had to be thrashed out at tea.

Going through Kirkby, Latham and Hoscarr, passing east of Ormskirk, the roads were patchy, but a fresh breeze was acceptable for two reasons. It assisted one's passage and tempered the moist warmth, the latter counting especially with a member carrying temporary housing accommodation, bed, food, stove, and many other etceteras, all balanced on a trike; in appearance rather resembling a loaded wheelbarrow.

Seed-time and harvest was very evident, and orchards particularly heavily laden. Blackberries were to be had for the picking and at least one took advantage of them.

A protracted chat in the "sink" was about concluding when in trotted Skinner, Hubert Roskell and friend Buckley (no relation of E. of that ilk), making our party a respectable one in number—about fifteen or sixteen. It can be understood that the chatting was resumed with renewed vigour. Strange they should wish to boast of living in Spain for 6/6 a day, when Strother's squad did it in France for about 5/- and both reported great style!

Quite a "tony"—or at least quiet—charabanc party had charge of our usual dining quarters, so our fair and square repast was disposed of in an upper chamber, served by a rather peremptory young lady.

Albert Davies got off his mark quickly en route to Morecambe—presumably to view the new illuminations—while Long and Glover crawled away to Much Hoole with "Palatine 50" intentions, accompanied by Cook and Randall.

Others did other things, and so the curtain was lowered on quite an enjoyable fixture but of little historical interest.

### Palatine Open "50," 1st September, 1929.

Five of Ours rode in this event, which Mr. W. P. Cook timed. J. Webster (Warrington R.C.) secured Fastest Time prize with 2.14.11, beating Orrell into second place by four seconds, and C. E. Snowden, the scratch man, was third fastest with 2.14.28. But for a fall on one of the corners, there is no doubt that Orrell would have been fastest, but as it is, his time of 2.14.15 is the best he has ever done and a remarkably fine performance. McKail and Pitchford also improved on their previous bests with 2.18.58 and 2.19.29 respectively. The team's aggregate of 6.52.36 was good enough to win the 1st Team Medals and Vice-President's Shield to be held for one year. The Mersey Roads Club team was Second (6.54.6). Glover's ride of 2.26.16 was excellent, but he will do better when he learns to take every ounce out of himself.

Jim Long did 2.35.18. Pitchford missed the Third Handicap prize by 25 seconds, whilst Orrell was 10th and McKail 11th. McKail and Pitchford receive Certificates.

There were 94 starters and 75 finished. All the riders were valiant and not the least of them was Randall who fed our men on his patent brew of bad eggs and vinegar. Molyneux and Ilston also assisted.

(EDITOR'S NOTE.—We regret that the account of the Alternative Run to Goostrey, on August 31st, has not been received up to the time of going to Press.)

E. NEVITT,  
*Editor.*

© Anfield Bicycle Club

© Anfield Bicycle Club



© Anfield Bicycle Club

# ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

FORMED MARCH 1879

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

## MONTHLY CIRCULAR.

Vol. XXVI.

No. 284.

### FIXTURES FOR OCTOBER, 1929.

	Tea at 6-0 p.m.	Light up at
Oct. 5	Acton Bridge (Leigh Arms) ... ..	7-42 p.m.
" 12	Mold (Dolphin) ... ..	5-54 p.m.
" 14	Committee Meeting, 7-0 p.m. (Victoria Hotel, St. John's Lane, L'pool)	
" 19	Northwich (Crown and Anchor) ... ..	5-39 p.m.
" 19/20	Autumnal Tints Tour—Llanarmon (West Arms) ... ..	5-39 p.m.
" 26	Mouldsworth (Station Hotel) ... ..	5-24 p.m.
Nov. 2	Halewood (Derby Arms) Musical Evening, Tea 5-30 p.m. ... ..	5- 9 p.m.

#### ALTERNATIVE FIXTURES FOR MANCHESTER MEMBERS :

	Tea at 5-30 p.m.	
Oct. 12	Marton (Davenport Arms) ... ..	5-54 p.m.
Nov. 2	Goostrey (Red Lion) ... ..	5- 9 p.m.

Full Moon ... 18th inst.  
Summer Time ends 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 Martins Bank Ltd., for credit of the Anfield Bicycle Club, Tue Brook Branch.

4 THE LAUND,  
WALLASEY, CHESHIRE.

#### COMMITTEE NOTES....

A Musical Evening, under the direction of Mr. G. Newall, has been arranged for November 2nd, at Halewood. Tea on that day will be at 5-30 p.m. It is hoped that all members who possibly can will support the Musical Evening. The alternative run to Goostrey is only intended for those who find it impossible to attend.

AUTUMNAL TINTS TOUR.—There are 2 beds still available. Members intending to go are requested to let me have their names at once.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS.—Mr. Frank Roskell, Seaview Cottage, Eype, near Bridport, Dorset.

H. W. POWELL,  
Hon. General Secretary.

## TREASURY NOTES.

September has proved such a balmy month that there are few Autumn tints yet showing to remind us that the "Tints Tour" will soon be here.

However the advent of October brings with it to many members the little Red Slip, to remind them that the close of the (financial) year is not far off, and that their subscriptions are still unpaid. Eight members have not waited for this, and the Hon. Treasurer wishes to thank the following for saving the cost of red slips:—

R. Edmunds.	W. Neason.	E. J. Reade.
D. M. Kaye.	W. R. Oppenheimer.	G. Stephenson.
	J. Preece.	O. T. Williams.

## ITEMS.

A striking commentary on the much maligned practise of dwelling in tents on the open heath under the canopy of heaven is afforded us in the results of our last, fastest and most furious "50" of the year. Here it was that two intrepid campers, in the persons of Jonas and Elston, proved beyond all doubt that the physical benefits which accrue from this pursuit are without parallel. They—the two Campers—led the field from start to finish. At every check it became more apparent that the others could not live with them, and while we must agree that donkeys beat racehorses if the handicap is right, we must consider that those we speak of are merely warming up to the racing game, and will yet, we hope, do greater things. Leave the confines of your brick walls, save your money, breathe fresh air, eat uncooked food, and win races! (This reminds us of Mr. G. M. Ilne's famous saying: "see what cycle camping has done for me"; which he declaimed with a vigorous tapping of his chest.—EDITOR.)

\* \* \* \* \*

We desire to congratulate F. Brigham (Y.R.C.) and F. Hancock (Grosvenor Wheelers) on their success in knocking off exactly 8 minutes from R. A. Fulton and A. P. James' 21 year old 50 miles Tandem Tri-cycle Record. Timed by W. P. Cook they clocked 2hrs. 24mins. 36secs. on an East Cheshire Course, on September 28th, and rumour has it that they have designs on the "100" (5.45.0 standard) and 12 Hours (182½ —Bentley and I. C. Price, 1912) which are of course at their mercy.

\* \* \* \* \*

The annual Dinner of the F.O.T.C. has been fixed for Tuesday, December 3rd, at the Holborn Restaurant, and the Triennial Dinner of the R.R.A. has been fixed for Friday, February 14th, at the Connaught Rooms, and we hope that with this long notice we shall be well represented at both functions. For those who cannot manage trips to London there is the C.T.C. Dinner of the Liverpool D.A., at the end of October.

\* \* \* \* \*

Tommy Royden and Perkins have both been touring in Ireland and the former promised to write us an article on "The Lure of Ireland," but cancelled it when he heard that that was the title of Wayfarer's new Lecture, which is to be given for the first time at Liverpool, on November 26th, at the Y.M.C.A. Hall.

It is a poor cyclist who complains of his tools, yet even the best of them may be justly annoyed when his spanner goes completely off its nut.

\* \* \* \* \*

The A.B.C. is in the proud position of holding all the N.R.R.A. unpaced Tandem bicycle records, all of which are better than the old paced figures.

\* \* \* \* \*

Messrs. Orrell, Glover and Nevitt desire to thank all those members, too numerous for individual thanks, who assisted them in their respective record rides.

\* \* \* \* \*

Randall and Long seem to have had more than their fair share of disappointment this season. After assiduously training for our "24" they came "unstuck," but perseveringly continued training with four eyes on the N.R. "24." In this event the day beat Jim Long and saddle-soreness beat Randall. Hard luck, chaps, but if at first you don't succeed . . .

\* \* \* \* \*

Glover has at last learnt how to take every ounce out of himself—Nevitt saw to that.

\* \* \* \* \*

## Twenty Years Ago.

### Over Peover and James's Tricycle "24" Record Attempt.

Jimmy . . . started from the second milestone, on one of the most beautiful nights ever, and very fit and chirpy he was as he bade us "good night" and rode away into the darkness, followed by the "Baron." . . . The whole of the detours from Chester were done in good style, but a muggy sort of atmosphere brought on a very bad attack of sleepiness and this caused Jimmy to lose nearly half-an-hour to Whitchurch, where I checked him at 7-22 a.m. Feeding had been arranged at the Bungalow and after he had taken his much needed nourishment he seemed to liven up a great deal and gave me quite a lot to do in the way of riding as far as Hodnet Corner, when I saw him depart in the direction of Shawbury, followed by Ramsay. At Hodnet, I saw Pritchard working away at the tail-end of a purely vegetarian breakfast consisting of a conglomeration of crushed nuts. I was so hungry that I almost decided to join the ranks (*pro tem*). Anyhow I overcame the wailings of the inner man and cut off to Shaw-birch, where, at 9-32 (40 mins. late) I waived him round the corner and barged off into Wellington to try to get him some fruit for the next time round. It was a long, weary wait of nearly two hours, and I can honestly say my thanks are due to two wasps for keeping me awake. Well, at 11-31 he hove in sight once more, and this time was coming along very fast, and was most certainly picking up time all the way. Wesley's distance was, of course, out of the question and so was the "12," and Jimmy said quite complacently while feeding at the "Bungalow" for the second time, "I am not worrying, I shall go on for the '24.'" I like to hear a man talk like that, it shows grit. Charlie Boyes took up the following from here to Wem, accompanied by Ramsay and Jack who had been working like Trojans all night; the skipper too had put in some hard graft on three wheels. Will Toft, who had gone down to Wem over night, checked and turned him for Whitchurch and at this point our little fagged-out party saw the last of him

as he departed for Nantwich; where the Keizerette, who had also been out all night working hard, was waiting for him. Johnny Band took up the following at Whitechurch and followed him to Whipping Stocks. The "Baron" and McCann followed from there to where he ran out time with 314½ miles behind him. Truly a glorious third "24" this year.

\* \* \* \* \*

#### Rhyme for Record Makers.

*Rattle-it, rattle-it, "Biking" man;  
Make us a "record" as fast as you can;  
Score it, and print it as large as life,  
And someone will "cut" it ere you can say knife!*

\* \* \* \* \*

#### Motor Car-acteristics.

*Jerking and jolting,  
Bursting and bolting,  
Smelling and steaming,  
Shrieking and screaming,  
Snorting and shaking,  
Quivering, quaking,  
Skidding and slipping,  
Twisting and tripping,  
Bumping and bounding,  
Puffing and pounding,  
Rolling and rambling,  
Thumping and tumbling—  
Such 's a notion,  
Motor-car motion.*

#### RUNS AND FIXTURES.

##### Pullford, 7th September, 1929.

It was a warm, sunny day and my companion and I set out *au tandem* with every intention of creating a draught. A puncture brought us welcome relief and rest in the shade, but the repair was badly botched owing to the total absence of solution. Passing through Chester we reached Handley, where for a time we broiled at the roadside. Later we turned our sweat-reduced bodies and rusted tandem to follow the usual route through Eaton Park, meeting Powell, Lucas, and Knipe on the Iron Bridge. Here, an idyllic scene lay below; the beauties of river and bank, the leisured stroke of oars, the reclining figures in white ashore and afloat, made a perfect picture of summer laziness. Everything was *au fait* and only we were out of place who chose to spend the time in agonising sweat. My companion and I left hurriedly lest we should be seduced from the "Blind from pub to pub—honour of Club, etc." principles which alone sustain us in the hateful pastime.

We arrived at the Grosvenor Arms in an exhausted condition to find the yard crowded. The sight of Eddie Morris on a bicycle once more revived us somewhat, but W. E. Taylor's jacket brought about a relapse. This jacket is an aged, green relic of the days when ladies rode in blouse and bloomers, and looks like a combination of both. It is evident that a Maggot cannot see itself or this one would have stayed in the meat.

The President was away on a N.R.R.A. timing job; George Mercer and Tommy Royden were in Ireland, and Teddy Edwards was also away on one of his not infrequent holidays. Kettle and Chandler were on trikes, and O'Leary's, Walters-Street, Del Blotto-friend Hutton and Glover-Nevitt formed a glut of tandems. There was a sprinkling of Manchester members present, including Orrells, Smith Poole and Davies, but this run is not so popular with Manchester men as it deserves to be.

Thirty members sat down to fare of the usual high Pulford quality and those not already mentioned were Ven, Charlie Conway, Harold Band, Elston, Jonas, Long, Randall, Richards, and Wroberts.

The party dispersed very soon after tea, Del Blotto, Taylor and friend Hutton bound for Llanarmon, Orrell and Poole for Siddington, and Albert Davies was also week-ending. Long, Randall, Glover and I were the last to leave. A very pleasant ride ensued to Chester where we dropped Charles (by consent). After leaving Chester we had a number of punctures which, although in my half, I skilfully evaded mending.

#### Last "50," 14th September, 1929.

The conclusion of our Racing Programme provided a most interesting race which gives much food for thought and should be provocative of much good in the future. Pitchford and McKail performed disappointingly after their brilliant riding in the Palatine "50," but Orrell covered himself with glory by beating record for the course by nearly 2 minutes with 2.17.12, notwithstanding the fact that he punctured at 48 miles and finished on the rim! Then there were the surprising novice performances of Walton (2.35.43) and Jonas (2.38.45) full of promise, and the excellent debut of the new tandems Glover and Nevitt (2.11.48) which we hope will have a sequel in regaining for us the 12 Hours N.R.R.A. record. But we are letting our pen run away with us and must begin at the beginning. (This is usually the correct thing to do.—ED.) It was quite a good day with very little wind, and that from the right quarter for a fast finish; threatening rain which did not fall "until not all was over." Poole was unfortunately unable to time and we had to put up with the Presider in this capacity, who dispatched the whole field of 11 singles and 3 Tandems, there being no non-starters. And the times at Highwayside (25m. 6f. 186yds.) show what an interesting scrap was developing and tell their own story as follows:

	h. m.		h. m.
Glover and Nevitt ...	1 8	Elston ...	1 19
Street and Walton ...	1 11	Ladds ...	1 19
Orrell ...	1 11	Walton ...	1 20
McKail ...	1 13	Poole ...	1 20
Pitchford ...	1 14	Foy ...	1 21
O'Leary's ...	1 14½	Randall ...	1 22
Long ...	1 18	Jonas ...	1 22½

Unfortunately on the return journey a rather poor disposition of the available troops round Acton caused Foy to run off the course at the end of Cuckoo Lane and find himself at Ridley instead of Cholmondeley, thus spoiling what had all the makings of a winning handicap ride and a certain Standard B. However, no one else went wrong and all the other competitors finished in good shape, Jonas pulling off the handicap with an excellent novice performance and Elston securing second place by desisting from lane exploration and improving on his previous best by nearly 3½ minutes. What these P.Y.N.'s would do if they left cycle camping alone during the racing season and trained seriously does

not take much imagination to figure out. R. Poole who can hardly be said to be in the first flush of youth is to be heartily congratulated on being placed third and of course Orrell thoroughly deserved his Pastest. Glover and Nevitt were easily the fastest of the tandems and were fourth in the handicap with 2.11.48, Street and Walters on the deraillem probably getting mixed up with their gears and only clocking 2.23.26, while the O'Leary's were 24 seconds faster than on their standard ride in April, and struck us as being undergeared for racing. Of the others, Walton gave exceedingly fine promise with his 2.35.43 for a complete novice and probably only missed Standard C through unfamiliarity with the course and the absence of Marshalls at Bickley P.O. Lane. Long was 45 seconds faster than in the Palatine "50," and 18 seconds faster than his previous best, while curiously enough Randall exactly repeated the time he did in the September "50," of 1924! and pulled up quite a lot between Nomans Heath and the finish. Ladds has evidently a good deal to learn about racing, because he caught Poole in the first 10 miles and then contented himself with keeping Poole company. This sort of thing is much to be deprecated and is quite unnecessary. A 16 min. man ought to go straight past a 25 min. man and not ride alongside for over 40 miles! The halfway times show that Ladds should have done a 2.35 ride.

We hope that the success of Jonas and the splendid ride of Walton will fire the ambition of a lot of others, who must be nameless, next season. No doubt Jonas and Walton will say, "Come on in, the water's fine." There seemed to be rather more members than usual helping about the course—Royden came back specially from Ireland to do his bit—but we would like to suggest to those with no specific job that they would be rendering better service if they patrolled the course and saw whether any checker or marshall was missing.

The following is the result in tabular form:—

No.	Name.		Actual Time.	H'cap	Nett Time.
1.	J. S. Jonas	...	2.38.45	25	2.13.45 Standard B
2.	H. L. Elston	...	2.36.31	21	2.15.31
3.	R. Poole	...	2.41. 9	25	2.16. 9 Standard A
4.	G. A. Glover	} Tandem	2.11.48	Owe 5	2.16.48 Standard D
	E. Nevitt				
5.	G. B. Orrell	...	2.17.12	Scr.	2.17.12 Fastest.
6.	J. R. Walton	...	2.35.43	18	2.17.43 Standard B
7.	J. Long	...	2.34.33	16	2.18.33
8.	C. Randall	...	2.37.49	18	2.19.49
9.	F. L. Street	} Tandem	2.23.26	Scr.	2.23.26 Standard B
	A. E. Walters				
10.	H. Ladds	...	2.40. 9	16	2.24. 9
11.	C. H. McKail	...	2.31. 8	5	2.26. 8
12.	J. Pitchford	...	2.32.20	6	2.26.20
13.	E. T. O'Leary	} Tandem	2.32.37	5	2.27.37
	I. T. O'Leary				

It only remains to record that Teddy Edwards made History with a capital "H" by deliberately, with malice aforethought, to create a precedent, and for the first time in his life, absenting himself from a Club Race! *Ichabod!*



### Highwayside, 21st September, 1929.

A strong blustering gale kept liners stuck in the Mersey and cyclists at home, but all praise is due to the hardy Mancunians who stood steadfastly and strongly on the pedals and smashed through. Liverpudlians were wafted through on the breeze, with neither energy nor virtue of their own.

For ourselves, we started ten minutes ahead of F. W. Smith, who chased us as far as Northwich and then gave it up, reaching Highwayside about half-an-hour earlier. (N.B.—I've always suspected ours is not the shortest way).

The Sale C.C. started two strong and caught up Albert Davies and Bob Poole soon after Tabley, stopped for a tectotal drink and then converged on Lucas, after which the going was easier.

At the venue we found the aforesaid F. W. Smith (camping for the night in Jonas's pocket-handkerchief, at Mouldsworth—a place I can never find)—W.E.T. (and he is) in a cheap imitation of a golf-jacket in dyed cotton on a re-varnished bicycle, Wilf Orrell, Cody, Teddy Edwards, George Mercer (weeping because Tommy Royden cut him twice in Ireland) (though why anyone should be sorry for that!), Glover, Jonas, etc., etc. Chandler was taking a brass-rubbing tour in Oxfordshire. He explained that he always waited till October because he had to wait till it was dark to unscrew the knockers off the church-doors without getting pinched for it.

Nearly last and absolutely least came Nevitt, washed without needing a towel, and then began a long and fearsome argument with Glover about the feeding on their record attempt—Glover pointing out that you have to spend some time pedalling to get anywhere.

On the way home, we took the O.G. to the Angel at Knutsford, where we found the Tank monopolised, to the disgust of the waitress, by Mandall, Ann Rawlinson and Urban Taylor, all drinking and all damned. We nobly did our part till the clock struck ten and cut short a brilliant discussion on "what I don't like about the other blokes." Bert Green donned a Helen Will's eyeshade to the amazement of the yokels, and we sallied forth, steering quite straight after the first half-mile.

### 12 Hours Single Bicycle N.R.R.A. Record. 22nd Sept., 1929.

After having to abandon his intention of attacking the above record on September 8th, G. B. Orrell made a successful attempt on September 22nd. After the gale of the previous day, the morning broke fine, but it was still very windy and by the look of the sky, rain was not very far away. The President started Orrell from Toft Corner near Knutsford, at 6-30 a.m. Anfielders present at the start in addition to W.P.C. were C. H. McKail, T. Mandall, Ann Rawlinson, U. Taylor and R. Poole. Soon after Orrell passed the first check (Allostock) he went off the course, but was not long in finding out his mistake, and getting back again. At Grappenall, 20 miles, he arrived riding very strongly with a look of determination on his face which augured a "do or die" ride. At Lostock Galem, 31 miles, he was rapidly regaining those precious minutes lost on his deflection from the course. This point was reached in 1 hr. 32 mins. At Holmes Chapel, 40 miles, he was back on schedule time (1hr. 56mins.) and up to Congleton, with the breeze on his back, he gained a little; but from here he turned right into the wind though it seemed to have little effect upon him. At Nantwich, 63 miles, he had taken exactly 3 hours, and still continuing into the breeze, Vicars Cross, 81½ miles, was reached half-a-minute inside 4 hours. On rounding one of the bends in Christleton village he

skidded and crashed, hurting his leg, but soon remounted and rode more determinedly than ever, with the result that he reached the furthest turn, No Mans Heath, 94½ miles, in 4 hours 40 mins. The hundred miles was covered in 4hrs. 58mins., including a 3 minute stop for food. At six hours, 121½ miles lay to his credit and he was riding as strong as ever. He reached his second "feed" at Somerford, 145 miles, inside evens. At 164 miles he was still on evens, but from this point he began to ride a little slower, or should we say not quite so fast. At 180 miles his time was 9hrs. 7mins., and at this point there was a lot of guessing and calculating as to how many miles he would do over and above the 230 which he had scheduled for. 10hrs. 13mins. was the time taken for 200 miles. When he stopped for his last feed at Astle Park, 204 miles, he looked very tired, but still determined. At 220 miles he had 37 mins. to go, and eventually ran out time with the wonderful total of 231½ miles. Congratulations!

Mr. J. P. Taylor, Manchester Wheelers, in his capacity of Official Observer to the N.R.R.A., followed "Bren" all the way from about 50 miles right to the end of the ride, and then took him back to Siddington when he had finished. Altogether "Jimmy" must have been at the wheel of his car about 12 hours with coming out from home, following and getting back again.

There were many Anfielders out and about. In addition to those mentioned at the start, one noticed Bob Knipe, Albert Davis, The Skipper, The Doctor, Roberts, the Pugs, Heaths, Pitchford, The O'Leary's, Thomson, Bert Green, Edwin Green, Frank Edwards, Ned Haynes, Elston, Jonas, Wemys Smith, Rex Austin, and Hubert Buckley. Glover and Nevitt, at one period were following on a tandem, but they crashed and damaged the tandem so badly that they were unable to continue.

McKail and Foy were here, there, and everywhere, on a motor-cycle and sidecar, looking after feeding arrangements.

### Mouldsworth, 28th September, 1929.

Though dull, the day was fresh and warm, and parties toured the leafy forest roads in all directions, and were rewarded by glorious golden tints on the chestnuts which are so prolific here.

Manchester and Liverpool were both well represented at tea, and we also had men from Shropshire and Shá. The Presider was away timing some Schneider Cup event, or was it only a Tandem Trike? "All sunburnt men are slightly handsome," and there was Johnny B. fresh from a three weeks' motor tour in glorious sunshine, to prove how correct this is. The Treasurer, who had lost his voice probably through asking so often for subscriptions, failed to raise even his tea money. But the *pièce de resistance* of the gathering was THE ROMANCE OF ELSTON. Somewhere in the depths of the forest a mysterious stranger had accosted him, stating that he had to catch a train at Mouldsworth, but feared he would fail as the distance was so great and the time so short. Like the good scout that he is, Elston seized the opportunity of doing the day's good deed, and begged him to take his bicycle. "Thy need is greater than mine," he cried: "I am young and lusty and can walk."

Of course, we all know the sequel to this in the good old days. The Stranger turns out to be a merchant prince in disguise, who meets Elston once more, presents him with his Rolls Royce, takes him into partnership, and marries him to his daughter.

Somehow things haven't worked out according to plan so far. None of these things has yet materialised, not even the borrowed

bicycle which the stranger promised to leave at the station!

Hope springs eternal in the human breast, and when we pushed off at 7 p.m., Elston was still searching the district for his missing steed. And yet there are people who will tell you that the age of Chivalry is past.

**N.R.R.A. 12 Hours Unpaced Tandem Record,  
by G. A. Glover and E. Nevitt, 29th September, 1929.**

The chances of this attempt materialising a week previous were distinctly poor. Glover and Nevitt, while following Orrell, had the misfortune to crash at Christleton and put their tandem out of action. On the Monday, the Presider and Skipper were busy sending out an S.O.S. for another machine when much to their relief they heard Glover and Nevitt were fixed up. It appeared that some friends of theirs, the brothers Lloyd, of Wallasey, on hearing of their predicament, spontaneously offered their own tandem for the attempt, needless to say their sporting action was snapped up at once.

Now for the attempt itself. The riders were started by W. P. Cook at 6-30 a.m., under conditions enough to dishearten the most hardened record breaker. Glover found it no easy task to pick his way during the first half hour, in the semi-darkness, accompanied by torrential rain lasting an hour and a half. Notwithstanding these adverse conditions, they steadily gained on their schedule, at 50 miles clocking 2hrs. 24mins. Intermittent showers were encountered on the Wirral triangles, but on leaving Chester for the Nantwich extension, the weather looked liked clearing and the pair were getting nicely dried out. Approaching Vicars Cross, however, they ran into another deluge and reached Christleton, 99 miles, in 4hrs. 51 mins., very wet but full of beans. Here they fed while the tandem chains were well oiled and were soon on their way for Salop. Those who followed later were pleased to see dry roads, and it was considered in view of the manner they had stuck to it for the first five hours, barring accidents, the record was theirs.

They continued to ride steadily, keeping nicely inside schedule. On the return from the Nantwich extension, the Skipper and Mandall fed them about one mile outside the town, they passed the checker, H. Green, at The Fountain, 136½ miles, in 6hrs. 57mins. Shortly after passing G. E. Pugh, who was checking at Battlefield, the front tyre came off, bursting the inner tube and stretching the cover beyond repair. They carried no spares and had virtually abandoned the attempt, when Pugh's father came up. He at once offered his tyre and tube, which was naturally accepted. This delay must have cost them about 20 minutes, but the schedule for the second six hours was fairly easy and they rode so strongly that they were only one minute outside at Hodnet. Here, Jonas was in charge of the feeding, assisted by the Skipper, Long, Randall and Caig, Sharrow C.C. They continued to make good progress round the triangle second time reaching Shawbury Corner, 204½ miles, in 10hrs. 41mins., here they had their last feed, Pitchford looking after their wants, assisted by Street, Poole and Walters. The Fountain, Whitchurch, was reached half a minute inside schedule, from here they were followed by Timekeeper Cook in G. Newall's car, with the Skipper's car following as a spare. Over ten miles were crowded into the last 30 minutes, and they ran out time with the excellent total of 230 miles, beating F. H. Harrison and J. J. Barker's record by 6½ miles.

We are highly pleased at their success. They appear to be an ideal tandem pair, suiting each other perfectly. Their effort should encourage them to seek further laurels and bring honour to the Club.

E. NEVITT,  
*Editor.*

© Anfield Bicycle Club

# ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

FORMED MARCH 1879

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

## MONTHLY CIRCULAR.

Vol. XXVI.

No. 285.

### FIXTURES FOR NOVEMBER, 1929.

Tea at 6-0 p.m.

			Light up at
Nov.	2	Halewood (Derby Arms)—Musical Evening (Tea, 5-30 p.m.)	5. 9 p.m.
"	9	Tarporley (Swan)	4-57 p.m.
"	11	Committee Meeting, 7 p.m. (Victoria Hotel, St. John's Lane, L'pool).	
"	16	Pulford (Grosvenor Arms)	4-45 p.m.
"	23	Helsby (Railway Hotel)	4-36 p.m.
"	30	Mold (Dolphin)	4-30 p.m.
Dec.	7	Halewood (Derby Arms)	4-25 p.m.

### ALTERNATIVE FIXTURES FOR MANCHESTER MEMBERS :

Tea at 5-30 p.m.

Nov.	2	Goostrey (Red Lion)	5- 9 p.m.
"	16	Prestbury (Admiral Rodney)	4-45 p.m.
"	30	Areld (Rose and Crown)	4-30 p.m.
Dec.	7	Goostrey (Red Lion)	4-25 p.m.

Full Moon ... 17th 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.

APPLICATION FOR MEMBERSHIP.—Mr. Hubert Chadwick, West House, Spring Mount, Stockport. Proposed by Mr. R. H. Carlisle, seconded by Mr. C. H. Turnor.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS.—Mr. E. Parry, c/o. Messrs. Neuffer & Wagner, Vinohradska 9, Prague X, Czecho-Slovakia.  
Mr. E. M. Haslam, Ty-Gwyn, Sharples Avenue, Astley Bridge, Bolton.  
Mr. C. Aldridge, 207 Finney Lane, Heald Green, near Cheadle, Cheshire.

I again remind members that Tea at Halewood, on Saturday, November 2nd, will be at 5-30 p.m.

H. W. POWELL,

*Hon. General Secretary.*

### TREASURY NOTES.

The little dose of "Red Slip" administered to many of our members last month has proved very beneficial, and has been effective in many cases, in easing that tightness of the "circulatory medium" so prevalent at this time of the year.

The reaction to stimulus was 250 per cent. better than in September. A second dose is being administered in obstinate cases, and if the November returns show a similar percentage of increase over those of October, the Club funds will be in a very healthy condition. The Treasurer wishes to thank the following members for their Subscriptions and/or Donations(\*) :—

A. G. Banks.	W. J. Finn.	F. Roskell.
F. Beckett.	W. E. S. Foster.	R. Rothwell.
H. G. Buckley.	E. Green (Sen.)	S. J. Threlfall.
W. E. L. Cooper.	*J. Park.	J. E. Walker.
W. E. Cotter.	E. Parry.	E. Webb.
A. Crowcroft.	A. N. Rawlinson.	A. G. White.
F. I. Edwards.	J. E. Rawlinson.	G. H. Winstanley.

### Correspondence.

The Editor, The *Circular*,

DEAR SIR,

The member who wrote up the report of the last "50," would appear to have taken exception to my racing tactics, and it would be as well in future for him to make certain of his facts, to avoid leaving the impression of having a good deal to learn about the *reporting of racing*.

I grant him that I caught Poole in the first ten miles, but would point out that I got clear away from him on three or more occasions and in one instance (across the Wilderness) was at least half a mile in front. I tried my utmost to drop him for my own sake for it is not likely that I should contentedly remain with a competitor who was holding an advantage of eight minutes over me. Credit is due to Poole for doggedly refusing to be dropped, and but for my making a fast start, I doubt whether I should have caught him at all. My slow second half I attribute to lack of training and under-gearing.

When in possession of these facts, your Contributor must agree that it is his report that is "much to be depreciated and quite unnecessary."

Yours,

HARRY G. C. LADDS,

## ITEMS.

Many old friends will learn with sincere regret that Freddie del Strother has for some time been in a nursing home in Paris, suffering from very severe rheumatism. This complaint originated soon after his tour in Southern France with Beardwood, Elston and Adams (B.R.C.), in July last. Unfortunately, his heart being affected, business anxieties must cease, and after recuperating at Arcachon we may hear of him settled on the Mediterranean shore. Naturally Freddie is off the bicycle for a time, but we hope that with a swift recovery he will soon be fit and active as ever.

\* \* \* \* \*

The Dinner of the Liverpool D.A. of the C.T.C. is fixed for Thursday, November 14th, and the guest of honour is to be Jack Rossiter. Tickets, price 4/6, may be obtained from P. Brazendale or the Presider.

\* \* \* \* \*

The Automobile Association have recently published a Road Book and in the very first paragraph the gross mis-statement is made that "as motoring waxed, cycling waned," while reference is quite unnecessarily made to the "now despised push bicycle." After this excellent start one is not surprised to find that Roby on the road to Warrington is spelt with an "e" and is apparently thought to be called after George of that ilk. We wonder whether any of our members who belong to the A.A. have ticked Mr. Stenson Cooke off in the interests of historical accuracy.

\* \* \* \* \*

If you are a motorist who believes in the virtues of Red lights and "White lions" you had better keep off the road between Moreton and Meols just now. If you are travelling towards Birkenhead and go to the right of the red lights, as you should, you will find yourself in the soup, while in the reverse direction you will find it impossible to observe the "white lions." You will, however, be quite safe on Meols Drive between West Kirby and Hoylake, as we have had one side of the three letter-boxes on the footpath carefully whitewashed to make them visible.

\* \* \* \* \*

We are all delighted to hear that Cody went through his operation for Hernia with flying colours, as we were sure one so young and fit (despite Anno Domini) would. Knipe, Fell and the Presider have called on him and the last named was most fortunate in finding that his first visit happened to be on Cody's birthday! So he was able to wish him Many Happy Returns in different environment. Cody is simply chafing at his detention in the Nursing Home and will soon be among us again, although it will be a month or two before he is able to come to a fixture on his bicycle. Meanwhile, we hope he will break his record of having never attended a run since he joined in 1903 by any other means of transport; and as you all know he has well topped his 1,000. Cody in a car would still be Cody and just as welcome as ever.

\* \* \* \* \*

We again desire to congratulate Hancock and Brigham on a splendid N.R.R.A. Tandem Trike Record. Using an East Cheshire Course, on October 27th, they were timed by Mr. W. P. Cook and clocked 5.14.58 for the 100, the N.R.R.A. Standard being 5.45.0. The morning was exceedingly cold and for the great part of the time the riders rode in dense fog.



## FRANK W. SHORLAND.

In common with the whole community of cyclists we lament the sad death of Frank W. Shorland at the comparatively early age of 58. His passing is a great loss to all of us and to our good friends of the North Road Club in particular. Many of us were privileged to know him intimately and there was no escape from the infectious joyousness of his personality, which so characterised the whole of his racing career and played its part in his outstanding success as a giant among long-distance riders. When the writer first visited the Great North Road and was spending some time at Biggleswade with G. P. Mills and Alf. Gamble, in what proved, owing to the weather, an abortive attempt to ride 250 miles in the day—no mean feat in 1888—he was told of a long, lanky youth who was to be encountered prowling along that famous highway looking for "bites," and warned to leave him severely alone. That youth was Frank Shorland on an un-gearred Facile and he soon afterwards showed that he could more than hold his own in the best company, even if mounted on a well greased wheelbarrow. It is not my purpose to indulge in reminiscences which are legion. Suffice it to say that Frank Shorland in those early days often visited us and that the Anfield was always very dear to his heart, even as he was dear to ours. This is well illustrated by the following letter he wrote on 10th May last, which explains itself:—

"My Dear Mr. Powell.—When I had the pleasure of receiving and accepting your committee's kind invitation to your Jubilee Dinner on the 18th, I was so pleased to have the opportunity of being present on such an occasion that I had entirely overlooked the fact that it was 'Whit week' and that I had invited friends from the Friday 17th till the Tuesday 21st, and therefore directly I found my mistake I at once telegraphed to you. I feel ever so sorry as I was so looking forward to seeing some of my very old friends who were members when I used to come down to your Invitation '100' in the very early '90's, and some of your younger members who are now carrying on the old traditions of your Great Club.

"I wish you all every success and regret extremely not being able to be present myself to see you all on such a great occasion.

Yours very sincerely,

FRANK W. SHORLAND."

With the passing of Shorland this letter becomes of historic interest and shows clearly what a dear friend and admirer we have lost. May his soul rest in peace.

W. P. COOK.

## TWENTY YEARS AGO.

Attempt on Tandem "24" Record, or a Narrative of Tyre Destroyers. September 24th and 25th, 1909.

Buckley and Turnor having decided to have a pop at the 24 hour Tandem Records, posted Cook and myself in Chester, to check, to marshal back streets, to carry nauseous speed foods to distant corners, and to square inquisitive Bobbies.

The Tandem's first arrival in the Ancient City was at 10-5 p.m., a few minutes late on their time sheet, owing to the intervention of Mr. Mud. After re-charging the crew and lamps, one with Semper Eadem rice pudding, and the other with scented carbide, they were bundled off in the direction of Childer Thornton, and the helpers, fatigued with their labours, swarmed into the Talbot to see the time.

On the Tandem's next arrival it was found that they had picked up a minute or two, but notwithstanding a heavy shower the pair arrived quite chirpy and full of beans, and after stuffing rice pudding down their necks took themselves off to revisit Childer Thornton, the helpers exhausted with their toils rushed into the Talbot to see "Kelly."

The Speedists next arrival was some twenty minutes late owing to the coming together of a piece of glass and their back tyre. Still happy and again full of rice pudding, the pair were despatched towards the Whalebone, and the helpers, now nearly tired out, crawled into the Talbot to read the evening papers.

We found that the Record Attempters had not made up much of their leeway on their return, but, as it was then raining beautifully, that was not to be wondered at. However, the pair were still hungry for rice pudding, and after chucking pounds of the loathsome stuff inside them, barged off towards Marford, followed by Walls and Buntley, the latter pair however soon returned, having found their back tyre rather unwell, and reported that the roads outside the town were under water. I forgot to mention that after the departure of the Tandems the helpers (with the exception of Cook and F. Band, who were bound for Whitechurch) fell into the Talbot to get out of the wet. Bickley and the Mullah did not reappear until 3.35 a.m., nearly 50 mins. behind schedule, their back tyre having signalled their arrival at Marford by bursting itself. However, as the pair still desired rice pudding, we obliged them with about half a ton each, and then pushed them off to Nantwich and the speed plains beyond, after which the helpers, now practically dead, tottered into the Talbot to see Mr. Bates. At 3-45 a.m. my *Particeps Criminis* and I mounted the Trike Twicer and sailed away for the Bungalow to prepare food, etc., for the Tyre Fiends. I might here remark that there is now no mud on the Chester-Whitechurch road, as I carefully carried every ounce of it on my back to Prees Heath, which was eventually reached after saluting Cook and partner at Whitechurch Fountain, and chasing off behind him the "Roll Call" terms the "Wolverhampton Wreck" from the "Pirates' Lair" to Tern Hill. We had then a long wait in the wet, which was ended by Cook and his engine's arrival, they having stopped in Whitechurch for over two hours, but had had no sign from the Tandem pair. After a delicious breakfast of salt leather we were visited by the Boots of the Swan, Whitechurch, who stated that there were a pair of cyclists and a broken down Tandem at his famous hostelry and that they required our immediate assistance. On our arrival at Whitechurch we found a Tandem with only one decent minded tyre and Sir Bickley and the Mullah, who had had to walk from the Ancient Briton, after having two bursts in about as many minutes, and having no more spares were forced to give up. So ended a most unfortunate, though extremely

plucky record attempt, which has again proved that, though you may ride perfectly new sprint tyres, they will not, on any consideration, consent to be ridden in the wet. As may be expected, the afternoon turned out ideal for speed work, and the large party of helpers from Shropshire, etc., had a most enjoyable tour to Knutsford (the Club fixture), and these found a record (though of a different class) had been broken. Fred Gee having put in two consecutive runs.

### **RUNS AND FIXTURES.**

#### **Acton Bridge, 5th October, 1929.**

Upon leaving the precincts of the City of Perpetual Sunshine, the weather was propitious, but, by riding further away from the area beloved by the Sun god, conditions became worse. Quite a large area surrounding the Club's destination must apparently receive it's weather conditions from the City of Ships, because, not only did it rain, but it was real WET rain and not the sort we get at home.

The feeding at Acton Bridge has always been good during Mrs. Milton's regime and we were all disappointed to hear that upon our next visit Mrs. Milton will be no longer there to minister to our wants. It is to be hoped that our hostess will secure another house so that the friendly relations which she and the Club have had for one another for so long may be maintained.

Our new record holders provided topic for conversation and all the members were delighted to congratulate Glover and Nevitt upon bringing the Tandem 12 Record back to the Club.

Upon the arrival of Lucas he informed us that Bob Knipe had ridden out as far as Frodsham, but, owing to the lack of a cape he considered it advisable to return home when the rain commenced, in order that a cold from which he was suffering should not get worse. With tears in his eyes Lucas requested that Bob should be allowed to count a run. Information was at once given to the enquirer that the general rule of the Club upon similar occasions has been to always grant the President a run if he should claim one. Some doubt appeared to exist as to the precise method to adopt if the request for a run was for, or on behalf of, the Treasurer. It is to be hoped that the Committee, in their wisdom, will see their way to grant this concession.

Upon leaving the hotel the Presider had only gone a very few yards when, in order to show off his tremendous pushing power, he sheered one of the cotters off his trike. The writer is quite unable to state if his ribs was able to get this defect remedied in order to continue his journey to Syrup City.

Of the 28 members present, the writer can only vouch for the actual return home of one. What happened to the other 27 is unknown.

#### **Mold, 12th October, 1929.**

Leaving home at three, I dashed swiftly along the Wirral roads with the wind astern, feeling full of the joy of spring, etc., etc.

The country was still looking very fresh, even though October was well advanced, and there was scarcely a trace of any Autumnal Tints in the trees.

It was a nice fresh day, and as most of the super sports, straight eights, and crooked nines seem to have been put away until the open road season should once again come round, I was able to ride without being honked at every few minutes, so that cycling was, indeed, a real pleasure.

In Willaston, I was passed by one of the legion of the lost, who has exchanged his heritage for a mess of petrol.

After passing through Northop, I rode through the lanes to Rhyd-y-

mwyn, then sharp left, and followed the Alyn up to the Leete, where I left the stream, and, after struggling up some enormous hills, arrived at Cilcain. Another few miles and I was at the "Dolphin," where there was a good muster in the tank, but as no one asked what mine was I had to go thirsty.

At a few minutes after six, the company arose as one man in that mysterious Anfield way, trooped upstairs, and were soon packing away the dead bull, boiled murphies, and lashings of carrots and gravy. It was a really enjoyable meal. The contrast with the run the previous week being most marked, and I think the Dolphin deserves more frequent visits.

The twenty-two present were Messrs. Band, Band and Band, Burgess, who had done a good ride from Wallasey, Cook, Chandler, Cody, Elston, Teddy Edwards, Jonas, Kettle, Long Mercer, Never and Glovitt, the tandemons who train on bottled mouse, Perkins Powell, a talkative little fellow of the name of Randall, Roberts, Tommy Royden, the famous professional and conqueror of Stay-a-Little, Waterhouse and Wild.

I heard that one of the Wrexham Irish brigade had stopped someone's fist in an attempt to wipe the floor with the youth of the Garden City, so he was applying the dead bull externally, and stayed at home.

Burgess started the homeward trek, and the rest followed in the usual twos and threes, while Cook went off to Llanfair T.H.

I arrived home at about nine, feeling that I had spent a perfect day, as the wind had dropped on the homeward run, and the bike glided along without requiring any effort on my part.

(We'd like a bicycle like that.—E.D.)

#### Autumn Tints Tour, 19th/20th October, 1929.

In this glorious isle, set in the silver sea, one must always take the luck of the weather, and the autumn is most chancy of all times. This week-end it was very mixed and the experiences of the members who took part were very various; of two men who had both taken precisely the same route, travelling over it within half-an-hour of each other, one had had no rain, and the other had never been able to take his cape off. However, on the whole, the weather on the Saturday was not bad, and the whole 28 who stayed the night were at the West Arms, Llanarmon, in good time for the plentiful supper provided. As for the present writer and his companion, we had plenty of rain, and were very glad to get a little warmth and sustenance at Overton, where we met the Presider and a number of others for tea. A ride over the hills brought us into the Glyn Valley through which we rode in the moonlight, arriving without accident or incident of note. Others were not so fortunate; one party coming from Liverpool had an encounter with a carelessly driven motor-bus in Wrexham, which induced Tommy Royden to do part of the journey in the gutter on his ear. Once having tasted the joy of performing acrobatic tricks in public, Tommy thought he would try again and in Glyn took a toss over the tramlines. For his age, Tommy is really marvellous, and, if he perseveres, will probably break his neck quite satisfactorily in the fullness of time. Percy Beardwood had come up from the Little Village to see us and Billy Owen drove from the place with a name I can't remember, but it's very Welsh. Supper dispatched, the fellows gathered round the fire and chatted, to the accompaniment of a gramophone playing mainly jazz. After a time, the operator of the machine was induced to remove it to the dining room and to get a little dance going, for the benefit of the ladies of the house. Thereafter comparative peace reigned in the hall, though there were some head-shakings and doleful remarks as to what the

Anfield was coming to when members could be induced to leave the talking party for the society of the other sex. However, *chacun à son goût*; each one to his own idea of enjoyment. The landlord, rotund as ever, presented a pair of rabbits to the company; these were drawn for, in accordance with custom, and the winners were acclaimed, also as usual. The party got to roost in due time to prepare for the more or less arduous journeys of the morrow, and rose in the morning to find their numbers increased by two: the Bootle Unaccountable and Del Banco had arrived for breakfast. They looked quite fresh, but presumably had ridden through in the unearthly hours of the morning. After breakfast, the party broke up into small groups to wend their several ways homeward—one party over the Berwyns to Cwnwyd, another via Glyn to World's End, yet another to Ruthin, and others by more conventional routes. On the Sunday again, the weather was kinder to some than to others, for several parties had very little rain, whilst others reached home very wet indeed. However, all had spent a very enjoyable week-end, and had had an opportunity of viewing, even though through the rain, the beautiful autumn tints on the trees all along the way. And in connection with this week-ending business, an argument has arisen on the question: "Should a family man tell his family that he is not coming home on the Saturday night, or should he leave them to find it out for themselves?" Apparently there are different opinions on this point, and correspondence is invited, especially from Tommy Royden.

**Northwich, 19th October, 1929.**

#### **An Autumnal Symphony.**

The piece opens with the creak of knees which is immediately followed by a fanfare of horns interspersed with notes from the triangle. The horns maintain the air for some time but gradually diminish, and the theme is taken over by the tyres shortly followed by the woodwind. The music now takes on an alluring sound and the tone poem created by the rustle of the leaves and the breeze in the trees is one which gladdens the heart of the regular cyclist and reawakens memories in the breast of him who has not heard it for some time. The creak in the introduction is now only heard occasionally and very quickly disappears. The music now takes on a more regular rhythm which it maintains until the outskirts of Northwich are reached, when the mudguards are heard and the rumble of heavy traffic finally takes over the air as the woodwind dies down.

After wobbling into the pub yard there is a short rest and then the music starts again with sundry groans and an unsteady movement of the feet. On the door being opened the theme immediately brightens and after the sound of running water the movement quickens rapidly up to the main Bar and there slows again. In the distance is heard the sound of voices which have a friendly tone. These burst into a roar and then quieten down as the instrumentalists resume their knife and fork work.

The music here is very simple and one has time to study it more carefully. There appear to be seven main players—all well known—but one, who seems to be a stranger in the company, although he soon makes himself at one with them and keeps in time and tune with the assembled members. A list of those playing will not be amiss so here they are, reading from the left: The Mullah, Lucas, Walton, Buckley (Young), The Doctor, Thompson and, hiding behind the aspidistra (wonder of wonders!) Moorby. The last-named seems out of place and nearly out of mind as the only words he can say are: "Where's Rex?" This begins to get monotonous, but in time he concentrates

on his tea and forgets Rex. The beef supplied is a poem in itself, and any attempt to describe it is foredoomed to failure. After the serious work of refueling the theme lightens and becomes almost flippant, finally culminating in the entrance of a newsboy and The Doctor's attempt to translate the football news. This part, being too technical for him, had to be taken over by Hubert.

Once again the theme changed and we had a return of the heavy traffic with an occasional note from the horns and mudguards. After leaving Northwich, the *tempo* quickened and soon the pipes could be heard wheezing. Hubert now took over the main aria and gave a solo, rendering Tosti's "Goodbye," to which Moorby responded with "A Soldier's Farewell." The *tempo* decreased until the woodwinds once again took over and finally the symphony was brought to a close by another fanfare from the horns, notes from the triangles and the creak of weary knees as, like Grey's ploughman, I homeward plodded my weary way.

*Item.*—It is rumoured that after the run, Moorby was suffering from an attack of Easter Knees in mid-October.

#### Mouldsworth, 26th October, 1929.

Meeting Charles at the 7th milestone we listened respectfully until we got to Mouldsworth. At least, I did, but Frank must have been training, because he said a few words now and again. Arrived at the Station Hotel, we found that some earlier arrivals had pinched—I mean collared—all the available seating accommodation in the small room. We were just in time to hear Bert Green announce that his big son was playing Rucker for Cheshire that afternoon. But we all behaved like little gentlemen and the incident passed off quite well. There were only 25 out, which is rather poor for a joint run. Just as we sat down to feed, Bren Orrell blew in, and was greeted with a cheer, this being the first time most of us had seen him since his magnificent "12," as he had not been able to get out to the runs. Very fit he looked, too. Quite a lot of the conversation around me was about racing, and bicycles, and tandems, and tandem trikes. This latter because Messrs. Brigham and Hancock were going for the tandem trike "100" on the following morning with Cook timing. Tommy Royden made a momentous contribution to the "fixed v. free" controversy. After his exploits on the Tints tour he has plumped firmly for the fixed wheel, adopting as his slogan, "It keeps one upright." I noticed that Elston was not present. Can it be that he again lent his bicycle to someone, but this time so far from Mouldsworth that he couldn't walk there in time? May, indeed, be walking yet? How horrible. *Walking.* Ye gods! Then there is the mystery of de Wet. Disappeared into thin air. Well, anyway, he was seen on the top road but didn't turn up at Mouldsworth. Information should be sent to the nearest Police Station, or to the Editor. But not to me. Furthermore, there is no reward for either of 'em. I can't, of course, tell you all that was said and done, but judging from the amount of noise, laughter and talk, everyone enjoyed himself. I know I did, and Charles said that he did. What rain there was, we dodged. The wind blew us out, and going home I let Charles do the talking, so the pace was not too bad to Chester. After that, by getting Perkins and Nevitt at the back, and talking Glover's head off, I managed to keep the pace within quite reasonable limits. One learns to use one's head you know, when one rides with really good riders like Charles.

#### Editor's Note.

We regret that the account of the run to Marton, on 12th October, has not been received up to time of going to Press.

E. NEVITT,

*Editor.*

© Anfield Bicycle Club



# ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

FORMED MARCH 1879

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

## MONTHLY CIRCULAR.

Vol. XXVI.

No. 286.

### FIXTURES FOR DECEMBER, 1929.

Tea at 6-0 p.m.

		Light up at
Dec. 7	Halewood (Derby Arms) ... ..	4-25 p.m.
.. 9	Committee Meeting, 7 p.m. (Victoria Hotel, St. John's Lane, L'pool).	
.. 14	Daresbury (Ring O' Bells) ... ..	4-22 p.m.
.. 21	Pulford (Grosvenor Arms)... ..	4-24 p.m.
.. 26	Northwich (Crown and Anchor). Lunch, 1-30 p.m. ... ..	4-27 p.m.
.. 25/29	Alternative Tour—Betts-y-Coed (Glan Aber) ... ..	
.. 28	Hooton (Hooton Hotel). Tea, 5-30 p.m. ... ..	4-29 p.m.
1930.		
Jan. 4	Helsby (Railway Inn) ... ..	4-36 p.m.
.. 11	Halewood (Derby Arms). Annual General Meeting. Tea, 5-30 p.m.	4-45 p.m.

### ALTERNATIVE FIXTURES FOR MANCHESTER MEMBERS :

Tea at 5-30 p.m.

Dec. 7	Goostrey (Red Lion) ... ..	4-25 p.m.
.. 21	Mottram St. Andrew (Bulls Head) ... ..	4-24 p.m.
.. 28	Bollington (Swan with Two Nicks) ... ..	4-29 p.m.
	Full Moon ... .. 16th 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 MEMBER.—Mr. Hubert Chadwick, West House, Spring Mount, Stockport, Cheshire, has been elected to Full Membership.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS.—Mr. A. P. James, 32 City Buildings, Old Hall Street, Liverpool. Mr. J. A. Grimshaw, Rising Sun Inn, King Street West, Stockport, Cheshire. Mr. A. E. Morton, 48 Mandeville Road, Canterbury.

Tea at Hooton on Saturday, 28th December, and Halewood, 11th January, will be at 5-30 p.m.

The Annual General Meeting will be held after tea at Halewood, on 11th 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 will make their own arrangements regarding accommodation as usual. Members

at Bettws on December 26th and/or December 28th will count one or two runs respectively.

Owing to change of residence, Mr. E. Nevitt will be unable to continue the Editorship of the *Circular*. Mr. J. S. Jonas, 9 Caerwys Grove, Higher Trannere, Birkenhead, has been appointed as his successor.

Will members who received Red Slips in error last month please accept my apologies; unfortunately through a misunderstanding I used the wrong list.

H. W. POWELL,  
*Hon. General Secretary.*

### TREASURY NOTES.

Owing to an unfortunate slip the "Great Unpaid" did not receive a second notice last month, with the sad result that only nine members named below were good enough to forward their subscriptions without further prompting.

This leaves a round three dozen (they are certainly not square yet) who are unable to say in the words of that famous financier, Mr. Bottomley, "I have paid, but—"

I hope that the further reminder which accompanies this issue will induce them to become "all square" before reaching the last hole. By doing so they will lighten the work, not only of your Treasurer, but also of your Auditors, who are anxious to get through most of the task before the heavy business calls which come at Xmas time.

H. M. Buck.	L. G. Fletcher.	C. Moorby.
T. H. Davies.	A. Richards.	R. T. Rudd.
E. W. Harley.	C. Selkirk.	W. R. Thompson.

### ITEMS.

The Presider does not mind having his leg pulled, but he writes us more in sorrow than in anger at having the split infinitive "to always grant" applied to him by the writer up of the last run to Acton Bridge. By the way it was not merely a cotter pin he broke but his crank axle in the centre, and we understand he had a gaudy time "sprinting" for Acton Bridge Station and finally found himself bolted out of his own house! The only thing that kept him good tempered was his good fortune in getting *fourpence* back when he pressed Button B after vainly trying to telephone.

An excellent character sketch of G. B. Orrell appeared in *Cycling*, November 8th, but the artist was not altogether successful in his cartoon.

There is to be another change in the personnel at the Barley Mow, Newport next month. The Steele family are moving to Brampton Regis (King's Brampton), in Somerset, about five miles from Dulverton, and hope touring Anfielders will not forget them. What the new regime will be like remains to be seen.

The Mad Mullah is now a Happy Pather. The son and heir (Alan Turnor) announced his arrival, on Armistice Day, to the Presider in quite original fashion. Congratulations to all concerned.

It was bound to come sooner or later. Our associated organisation, the Cheshire B.B.'s, formed 30 years ago by Lizzie Buck to carry out fixtures on Wednesday nights at Moreton, later transferred to Saughall Massie, of which W. P. Cook is the self-elected President, has met with

a rival in the organisation of the Wirral Tea Tasters which meets on the same evening of the week at a cafe in Willaston. So modest are the members of the Wirral T.T. that we have found great difficulty in obtaining much authentic information, but we understand that Sir Charles Randall has appointed himself President and that among the most prominent members are Jim Long, Tom Hinde and Jonas. That they may have as long and vigorous a life as the C.B.B. is our earnest wish, but as Chem used to say " You can't get up a political argument on cocoa ! "

\* \* \* \* \*

The lecture describing " The Glamour of Ireland," by " Wayfarer " (himself) proved to be most interesting and instructive, and the crowd which filled the large hall in the Liverpool V.M.C.A. was most enthusiastic about it. The slides showed us glimpses of practically every portion of the Emerald Isle, though we think the lecture will have to be somewhat curtailed for the future, as three hours spent sitting on wooden forms is very trying to even the most attentive of audiences.

\* \* \* \* \*

#### Annual Dinner of the Liverpool D.A. of the C.T.C. 14th November, 1929.

I was surprised to find so few Anfielders at this most enjoyable function, especially in view of the fact that J. W. Rossiter was the guest of the evening and also that the beer was free (and quite good).

There was no trouble in finding Rossiter at the reception, as he was surrounded by a group of admirers the whole time, and there was another group around his bicycle.

The dining room was filled to capacity and of " ours " there were present; Percy Brazendale, the Toastmaster; Cook, the Chairman, Chandler, Teddy Edwards with plenty of cigars; Dave Fell, who had his health drunk by the company as this is his jubilee year of membership of the C.T.C.; Jonas, George Mercer and Tommy Royden, a most capable wine steward.

The guest of the evening was proposed by C. F. Elias, a Vice-President, in a witty speech and when Rossiter replied he told us how at first he had thought of the End to End ride as a freak performance, and after reading accounts in old copies of *Cycling*, of attempts twenty years ago he changed his mind and decided it was a man's job and attempted it with the happy result we all know.

A clock was presented to C. R. Rowson, on the occasion of his marriage, and the chairman presented the Tourist Trial Awards and Jubilee Relay Medals.

We had speeches from T. A. Morice, G. H. Sutcliffe, J. F. Taylor, Stanley Salvidge (son of the late Sir Archibald), and the Presider, and some nice things were said about the Anfield and W.P. (but, of course, these outsiders do not know the old man like we do).

We finished up with " Auld Lang Syne," W.P. taking Rossiter to Sunnyside for the night and next morning showing him the sights and curiosities of Liverpool, including the Corn Exchange and W. E. Taylor.

\* \* \* \* \*

We notice in the account of the Prestbury run that the company indulged in cigars. Does this account for the small attendance of Manchester members at Helsby the following week.

\* \* \* \* \*

Cody is now out and about again, looking as well as ever, and has broken his record by coming to Helsby in the train and Mold in Zam Buck's car.

We regret to have to announce the death of Arthur Pollard, who passed away on November 6th, in his 68th year. Pollard joined the Club in 1887, and for many years was a keen cyclist and supporter of the Club fixtures. At one time he was a regular contributor to the *Liverpool Echo* of some charming discursive articles under the nom de plume of "P" and a few years ago one of these articles dealt with cycling in general and the Anfield in particular, based on Pollard's re-appearance at a Club run (Hunts Cross). That his interest in the Club never abated was made clear by his long membership and the pleasure he always displayed when meeting the older members whom he knew.

## RUNS AND FIXTURES.

### Halewood, 2nd November, 1929. Musical Evening.

The meal was fixed for 5-30 p.m., but the old heads know from sapient observation and experience, to say nothing of the Anfield Spirit, that it is a far, far better thing that one does than one has done afore, to arrive after the hungry hordes have had their fill, and have emerged gorged to repletion. It is then that the reserve resources of the house have full play, and luscious viands of all descriptions mysteriously make their appearance from the murky deeps of the establishment, piping hot. In consequence of this foresight we were able to sit down in comfort and discuss with gastronomical abandon the delicacies of boiled fowl, pork, etc., after which we adjourned to the smaller tent where a goodly throng was massed to listen to the good things provided by George Newall and his friends.

George's party was small but it was select. The entrepreneur himself worked like a Trojan and gave us during the evening a variety of songs, both new and old favourites, from his extensive repertoire, as only he knows how, and he was received with enthusiasm. The pianist, Mr. Burke, in addition to playing for us popular selections on the piano, proved to be a dainty accompanist and accompanied George very nicely. Our other visitor, Mr. Arthur Erskine, who describes himself in his prospectus as a "Magical Entertainer," proved that this was no empty boast, as during an entertainment which must have lasted all told something like three-quarters of an hour—without ever in the slightest degree becoming boring—he had us all hot and bothered and akin to bits of putty in his mystical hands. The cards which he manipulated appeared to be bewitched, and when he cooed to them they would appear or disappear like obedient little children. One or two ardent poker players, I understand, after the show, made him fabulous offers to teach them how this was done, but Mr. Erskine, an upright man, refused with contumely, and properly so, to degrade his honourable profession by assisting anybody at such a nefarious game. Our Editor, an intelligent youth, was greatly intrigued with the artist's egg and bag trick, and was successful to a point in locating the destination of the flight of the egg from the bag, only just missing the correct solution by the short space of a foot or two. He asserted that the egg was reposing under Mr. Erskine's left armpit, but that gentleman was of a different opinion and gently removed it from the back of his neck. Altogether it was a most delightful entertainment and everybody enjoyed it immensely.

Dave Fell sang his song, being strongly applauded and Frank Wood was called upon several times, and proved to be right in his

element, giving us old and new chestnuts, dialectical and otherwise, in his own inimitable manner, and of course we had to have the real opinion of Dr. Johnson, entertained by his friend Boswell in the latter's inebriated moments.

The meeting closed with a hearty vote of thanks to our visitor artists, and the singing of "Auld Lang Syne."

#### Goostrey, 2nd November, 1929.

It being Saturday, I did hie myself to the bicycle shed, there to dig out my "trusty steed," and speed forth to Goostrey, then to find the Mullah and Wilf Orrell already in possession.

Hubert's attempts to get the company drunk were pitiable; nobody seemed thirsty (the first time on record).

The next arrivals were Bren and Charlie, straight back from a bear shooting expedition, to judge from their coats.

However, an excellent tea was provided by Mrs. Knowles, which was consumed with great gusto by everybody and afterwards the party broke up slowly, the first away were the "Siddington Wheelers," followed by Rex and Wilfred, and the rest settled down to a real snappy evening, breaking up about 8-45 and adjourning to Wilmslow through the rain.

#### Tarporley, 9th November, 1929.

Starting out rather earlier than usual I crawled through Birkenhead and was overtaken by Perkins and Long in Willaston—thereafter I had to travel a little faster. Randall met us at the seventh milestone and we hurried on to Chester for a cup of tea and some mince pie.

It was starting to rain as we left Chester and we had to cape up at Vicars Cross. In pouring rain we proceeded to Tarporley.

Twenty-nine sat down to a well-served meal and in addition to the well-known regulars were Pitchford and Street. The lady of the house made a raid on our pockets by selling us poppies and thereby obtained a good start for Monday.

At my table, after tea, the talk veered round to records that were ready for a tightening up, and I learnt that Brooke and Cooper had beaten Orrell and McKail's tandem "50" record by odd seconds.

It had ceased raining when the "Swan" was left behind and the ride home was devoid of any incident of note.

#### Pulford, 16th November, 1929.

Being commanded by His Highness the New Editor to write this run, I could not do otherwise than obey his wishes.

En route, I met our worthy Presider and Hon. Secretary, who had been over the miniature Welsh Alps, via Loggerheads, Ruthin and Wrexham, encountering much snow, and a few engine drivers, who did not want to leave the tracks, which had been made for them.

Consequently, our friends thought discretion the better part of valour, so had to dismount.

They were doing evens after leaving Wrexham, so I hailed them and asked them if they would lower their speed so that I could accompany them. We arrived at the Grosvenor at 5-40 p.m., finding budding Lindrums, McConachy's, etc., wielding their cues very effectively. Our hostess informed us that the feast was ready. Sixteen sat down to the good things, but one member was missing and everybody asked "Where! Oh! Where! is Tommy Royden." At 6-20 p.m. there were sounds in the offing, following which in came our missing hero, *Amundsen Royden* (who had been through snowdrifts, rivers, etc., etc.) looking as cheerful as ever.

When his platter arrived, he spent the quietest ten minutes he had had during the whole day.

Enquiries were made re Friend Cody, we were all pleased to hear that he is about again, and hope to see him amongst us very soon. Verbally, the Twins were in great demand, we hope they will answer the roll call at an early meeting.

The good time came to an end all too soon. I left with the President, who was making for *Ceivog's Valley* and was rather *nervous* lest he should encounter more snow. I presume he eventually arrived at L.D.C. in time for a cup of tea, etc., etc. I having heard nothing to the contrary. So much for the Pulford run, by an inexperienced writer.

#### Prestbury, 16th November, 1929.

A trike with dud tyres cannot be trusted too much so an early start allowed for mishaps, and with a light easterly breeze and fine weather prevailing, Liverpool to Warrington was hurried over. On the Knutsford Road the country was more attractive, but a lowering horizon in the east seemed to presage a cloudburst or something worse, but nothing happened, except drizzle. Arrived at the Dixon Arms, Chelford, eight-pennyworth of tea, cakes and fire were enjoyed, and then leaving the Macclesfield Road to "go over the top" via Birtles, the beauty of mellow russet-hued old oaks was rather striking, while evidences of the recent floods were not lacking. The undulating country adjacent to Prestbury is a fit setting for a typically snug old Cheshire village, in which signs like "Ye olde shoppe" and old timbered buildings lend an air of past days. There is one old black and white beamed erection, something like a pup of "The Feathers," at Ludlow, and "Moreton Old Hall," of which the antique shop called "The Green Bay" sells a photograph taken in the days when it was the Priest's House and not housing a bank staff as it does now. Our "Admiral Rodney" looked, perhaps, a bit insignificant, but is it? Apparently the front door is at the back, but prolonged loud knocking at the back door in the front eventually secured entry. The Mullah made a fuss as there was no covered accommodation for his means of locomotion, but he subsequently garaged out and returned to receive the balance of congratulations on the arrival of his first-born. Sympathy was generally felt for our absent friend, Rex Austin on the death of his father.

The grub eventually came, but we forgot how late it was as it was so good. We had eight elders at one table and eight juniors at t'other. Reading from north to south there were Poole, Moorby, Wilf and Bren Orrell, Buckley senior and junior, Elston and guest, F. W. Nelstrop, Walton and his pater, Foy, Pa Green, the Mullah, Sub-cap. Davy, the Doctor and Thompson—sixteen all told, presided over by the V.P. in his very best form. Does our President ever come round asking if everything is all right, and whether we are quite comfortable? No! never, he's too busy, but on the Manchester runs it's different!

Moorby kept asking different people for his small silver medal which he won (?) in the "24" of 18 something, and in desperation Bren Orrell treated Moorby's head as he—B.O.—treats racing men's nether portions when overtaking in races. Bert Green was a bit perplexed as he contemplates the purchase of a caravan trailer for his car, but is deterred because they cannot be backed, so it was suggested that a real gypsy caravan—complete with funnel—should be built on his present chassis. Foy kept yarning about youths of forty/fifty whenever Moorby stopped crying about his medal business and none yawned as all mouths were pretty full. Having reached the coffee stage, the V.P. asked all to join the house in cigars—a fitting culmination to an excellent repast.



On the homeward trek again; a beautiful, crisp moonlit night made travelling a pleasure, Wilf Orrell kindly guiding the Liverpool refugee to Mere Corner. When the latter docked on Merseyside, he was rather more than less panned out, but managed without tugs of any kind. An auspicious occasion, truly.

#### **Helsby, 23rd November, 1929.**

Not having attended a run for some time, it was with pleasant anticipations I prepared my steed for the open road.

With the noise of rain coming down, my cogitations as to the precise route to be taken were somewhat disturbed. No good cyclist jibs at riding in the rain, so, leaving my companion toasting his toes at the fire, I donned my cape and set forth to brave the elements.

However, things were not so bad, the clouds rolled by, and the rain ceased, but, alas, before my journey was completed, the down-pour began again.

Arriving at the Railway Hotel, amid cheers and congratulations, I found the President busy trying to sell programmes for the coming lecture of Wayfarer's, but, a sudden shuffling of feet attracted my attention, and, dinner being more in my line than lectures, I made a bee line for the dining room, so I cannot say whether he sold many or not.

It was a merry party of about thirty that partook of the good things provided, and the unfavourable conditions outside were quickly forgotten.

Tea over, the usual talk and chatter commenced, the week-end party leaving for somewhere in Lancashire, and in due course we broke up into our component parts and started in the rain to our various destinations, after as jolly a gathering as one could wish.

#### **Mold, 30th November, 1929.**

It occurs to me that there is a distinct outstanding characteristic in the Anfield Bicycle Club, and that is, the regularity of certain of its members; while at the same time, one cannot overlook (with of course an element of regret) the irregularity of others. This, of course, occurs with all clubs, but it is the first of these two common attributes that accounted for the success of this run. Had it not been for the "Regulars," I am inclined to think that our President (together with Tommy Royden, of course!) would have had their tea by themselves.

There were however, 19 others to sit down with these two, and it is really good to see such men as dear old George Mercer, "Teddy," Dave Rowatt, "Ven," Bob Knipe, Lucas—in addition to the President and "Tommy" of course!—and several others, sitting down together, week after week, month after month, year after year, thus keeping together the old firm "Formed in March, 1879."

I well recollect joining the Club in the year 1921, and on attending my first "official" run, I was somewhat amazed to notice, that a few had actually come by car, others on Tricycle, Tandem, or Single. After making mention of my surprise to Cook, at seeing MOTORISTS attending a BICYCLE Club run, I was quickly met with the retort, "Oh! yes, you can come in a wheelbarrow if you like, but come!"

Well, I have never yet arrived in this fashion; I have, however, frequently attended on tandem, or single (though not recently I fear—shame, eh?) but on this occasion I motored out, so in view of this I cannot very well describe what the "ride" was like.

However, it was certainly good to be out and about on such a day, and what struck me again from the seat of my car, was the gloriousness



of the countryside, wrapt up in the rapidly failing daylight; truly, it all reminded one of the proverbial door-nail. It was, however—if dead—goodly to look upon.

Then again, when waiting for the gates at Hadlow Road to open, two of our old stagers in the person of Bob Knipe and Lucas, came up on their bicycles; after we had exchanged a few words of welcome together, they forged ahead, only to be overtaken later, and then to meet again at the rendezvous.

Of the run itself, there is not a great deal to be said. The meal, as usual, was of the best. In addition to those already mentioned, there were Long, Randall, Jonas, Dickman (who had brought his father), Johnny Band, Morris, Zam Buck, Kettle, Roberts, Powell, Glover, and Cody.

There was, I think, only one of our number week-ending; I refer of course to our worthy President, who, shortly after 7 o'clock ploughed his lonely furrow to Llanfair Talhaiarn for the night. As for the rest, well, in ones, twos, and threes, it was a case of "England, Home and Beauty." On this particular Saturday it was not easy to answer the time honoured question of "Who killed Cock Robin?"; but the answer to "Where are the boys of the Old Brigade" was undoubtedly, "The Dolphin Hotel, Mold."

#### **Arelid, 30th November, 1929.**

It certainly was not a promising day, or to be more correct, it promised all sorts of unplesant things—and delivered the goods. But, nevertheless, eleven to tea, and two of those, visitors, is by no manner means a proper turnout for the Manchester Section. There were, we were told, other attractions, but our men should turn their eyes resolutely away from all temptations to neglect their weekly run. The present deponent, detained at home by domestic complications until late in the afternoon, exerted himself to his utmost to arrive in something like decent time, and after pulling his "soul case" out, reached the Rose and Crown at 5-50, almost expecting to find the meal nearly finished, Judge of his surprise then to find the party peacefully sitting in the bar with no apparent uneasiness about tea. The explanation came shortly—our worthy Sub-Captain in a moment of aberration, had ordered tea for 6-30 instead of 5-30. The good lady of the house did her best to hurry things up, but it was very nearly 6-30 before we got our feet into the trough. But never mind, it was worth waiting for. The conversation at our table developed into a discussion of the price of beer and the publican's profits—a most interesting subject when treated with the wealth of knowledge and illustration of which some of our members are capable. The party broke up in very good time, going out into a fine night; the ride home was made very easy by a following wind, and all, I hope, reached home as safely as I did.

J. S. JONAS,  
*Editor.*