

ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

FORMED MARCH 1879

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

MONTHLY CIRCULAR.

Vol. XXXI.

No. 335

A HAPPY NEW YEAR TO ALL.

FIXTURES FOR JANUARY, 1934.

Tea at 6-0 p.m.

		Light up at
Jan. 6	Halewood (Derby Arms). Annual General Meeting. (Tea 5-30 p.m.)...	4-39 p.m.
" 8	Committee Meeting, 7 p.m. (Victoria Hotel, St. Johns Lane, L'pool)	
" 13	Heswall (Black Horse)	4-48 p.m.
" 20	Chester (Talbot)	5- 0 p.m.
" 27	Stamford Bridge (Bridge Inn)	5-13 p.m.
Feb. 3	Halewood (Derby Arms)	5-27 p.m.

ALTERNATIVE FIXTURES.

Tea 5-30 p.m.

Jan. 13	Holmes Chapel (Swan)	4-48 p.m.
" 20	Lymm (Spread Eagle)	5- 0 p.m.
Feb. 3	Goostrey (Red Lion)	5-27 p.m.

Full Moon ... 30th inst.

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

4 THE LAUND,

WALLASEY, CHESHIRE.

COMMITTEE NOTES.

The resignation of Mr. A. E. Morton has been accepted with regret.

APPLICATION FOR MEMBERSHIP.—Mr. K. B. Crewe, 34 Lingard Road, Northenden, Manchester. Proposed by Mr. J. R. Walton—seconded by Mr. R. J. Austin.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS—Mr. R. Barton, 9 Ilford Avenue, Crosby, Liverpool, 23. Mr. J. C. Robinson, Claremont, Pinetree Drive, Grange, West Kirby. Mr. C. F. Hawkes, 33 Devonshire Road, Upton, near Birkenhead. Mr. G. E. Pugh, Gornou, Meole Crescent, Meole Brace, Shrewsbury.

Tea at Halewood on 6th January will be at 5-30 p.m.

H. W. POWELL,

Hon. General Secretary.

TREASURY NOTES.

The amber light has changed to red, and the run of Subscriptions to be included in the 1933 accounts has stopped, with still some score of members caught on the wrong side of the crossing; and this in spite of all my frantic appeals in the *Circular*, backed up by personal letters urging them to jump on the pedals.

Some of course are passing through hard times, and to these our sympathy. But there are others. There's B. Hind, D. Lay, O. Bother, A. N. Other and S. O. Else who could have paid months ago just as easily as next month. To these our curses, both loud and deep, and also a word of advice. You can avoid the stigmata attached to the names of those who pay late, by forwarding both years' Subs. next month (Jan.), and thus join the glorious company of those who stand in the front rank.

To the seventeen members whose names appear below, my thanks for their Subscriptions and/or Donations (*).

S. H. Bailey.	M. Greenwood.	F. Jones.	E. J. Reade.
*J. C. Band.	F. Hotine.	T. E. Mandall.	C. Selkirk.
H. G. Buckley.	*N. M. Higham.	G. P. Mills.	J. R. Walton.
J. Craushaw.	C. H. Hutton.	J. E. Rawlinson.	C. H. Wood-
J. Fowler.			roffe.

R. LEIGH KNIFE,

Hon. Treasurer.

Bidlake Memorial Fund.

Further donations have been made by the following: H. Roskell, F. H. Koenen, Harold Moore, F. Dutton-Walker, J. Kinder, E. O. Morris, E. Montag, N. M. Higham, H. S. Barratt, C. H. Woodroffe and Willaston Tea Tasters. This still leaves many rather surprising omissions, doubtless caused by procrastination. *Bis dat qui cito dat.*

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of the "*Circular*."

The Anfield and the Salamander.

As a strong believer in the Monster of Loch Ness and a deep sufferer under the jeers from unbelieving Anfielders in Cheadle Hulme, I for one rank myself among the supporters of the Salamander.

These grow daily in number and already include Highlanders from Fort Augustus who have grown up with the Monster these last twenty years. Picnickers from Drumnadrochit have watched it foraging and carrying its prey along the roads, and now Big Game Hunters from Darkest Africa have been making merry with its slimy deposit and the remains of its footprints. These latter are after the Price on its Head, which would look better in the Anfield Prize Fund.

I suggest concerted action by a selected group of Anfield Tourist adventurers to be chartered at the A.G.M. as an emergency measure. Frank Chandler, who knows every inch of the shores of Loch Ness, to be nominated their Leader. This promises the best results. When last I met Chandler he kept me closeted and buttonholed for an hour or more retailing his Highland Exploits that ever seemed to start and finish at Invermoriston. Then I stood bewildered but now I see it all.

He knew it all ere we fools had yet dreamt our nightmares. Invermoriston of course: the Salamander's headquarters.

We have heard of the Monster being as swift afoot as afloat, as wary as a bag of monkeys and as resourceful as a cyclist.

The big game hunters are starting in earnest after the Christmas festivities are over and they have let the New Year in. They are "most enthusiastic." Well, so am I, and I trust so will the Anfield be.

I have the greatest confidence in Chandler, both as bicyclist and tricyclist, as tourist and trapper, provided he gets his Charter. Rapidly changing from two wheels to three he will confuse and *non plus* the fiend. It goes foraging for sheep and deer in those woods and swamps. So does Chandler. He knows every corridor around every kitchen. Chandler is known to be able to take in vast stores of alimentary supplies that help him to go long periods without further redress.

The big game hunters will waste their powder and shot on the monster's tough hide. Without Harry Buck, I myself may not be of strong support, but I put my trust in a strong team of Tricyclists—Jonas amongst them—to enmesh the fiend in wheels within wheels.

Finally, Cook with bodyguard, putting in the finishing touches, will put the crown on his career.

Deeds not words. These are not days for SPREADING SALT ON SALAMANDERS' TAILS.

"ENTHUSIAST."

ITEMS.

Again we regret we have to report that Frank Chandler has been involved in proceedings with the police. Readers will remember that he had been appointed to represent the Club at the Annual Dinner of the Bath Road Club, in London, and we understand that after this function was over Chandler was arrested in the early hours of the following morning and taken to Vine Street Police Station.

Unfortunately, the case came before the magistrates in camera, and we 'ad an 'ell of a job to find the camera man so that we could place the lurid details before the members of this Club, and show this pest of society in his true colours.

However, Chandler got seven days and costs, hence his appearance at Pulford the following Saturday with a gaol crop. The charge was a very serious one, and impossible to print in a journal of this standing. The prosecution said the prisoner had been before the Nantwich Bench only a short while before. He also rode a tricycle and in the summer wore short trousers like a Boy Scout, which were without visible means of support (we mean the trousers not the scout).

For the defence it was said that he belonged to a very famous cycling club, went walking over mountains, and ate black puddings.

An old and valued correspondent asks us how the Anfield fared in the Tunnel March?

How 40,000 Tunnel tramps
Saw the Anfield on parade,
From Tranmere to the Waterloo shore
Went the fearless foot brigade.

Well, one could hardly say it was the Anfield on parade, as we have heard of only five who made the pilgrimage to see the Mersey Road Tunnel when the public were allowed through on December 17th, 1933.

Our Special Correspondent was on the starting line, a quarter of an hour before zero, *i.e.*, 12 noon, and on the first stroke of the chime from Birkenhead Town Hall clock, the crowd of several hundred started the trek from the Futuristic City to the Second City of the Empire, via an £8,000,000 Tunnel. The steepest gradient is one in thirty, and on an ordinary road would be ridden by most cyclists.

But what if the ventilating plant draws the air down the hill in some places? And if the umpteen horse-power plant works very efficiently, we can see the poor miserable wretches of cyclists being drawn up into the ventilating shafts and ejected from the various towers which have risen on both sides of the river. However, it is not yet decided whether cyclists will be allowed in and we must wait and see. Meanwhile we are suitably impressed with the "world's largest," which looks exceedingly smart with the white semi-circle roof and the walls lined with a black glossy material divided by shining metal. The lighting is also very fine, with no glare, the lamps being let in the roof, and it will be a wonderful sight to see four lines of traffic careering under the Mersey.

George Mercer, Chandler, Howarth and Tommy Royden, we believe, also did the trip; the latter, of course, having walked through the Mersey Railway Tunnel a century or so ago.

A man in Birmingham (Birmingham, of all places!) stole a bicycle and rode to Worcester on it. There he "exchanged" the machine for one fitted with a three-speed gear "because that was easier to ride." Had Grandad been on the Bench, such rank heresy as that would have earned the thief penal servitude for life.

Another new cycling club has been discovered. In the Visitors' book at the Glan Aber, Bettws-y-coed appears the entry of two intrepid cyclists who called there last October and signed themselves as belonging to the "Warren and Anfield B.C." We confess we have never heard of this Club. It must be hiding its light under a bushel.

And yet another member has become a Benedict. No more will the chief of Powis lead his merry men over the Viewpoint or o'er the wilds of the North East Passage, for he was married in December and the Rhydtalog C.C. is no more. We refer, of course, to Wilf. Taylor, whose sudden disappearances on the moors, were a delight to all beholders, but, alas, those days are over and never again will de Wet and his men swoop down from their mountain fastness on the unsuspecting and massuming inhabitants of Pontybodkin, Pontblyddyn and Penyffordd. Congratulations, Wilfred.

Mr. Derrick Lang Ryalls is leaving his native heath for London, on January 8th. Members are strongly advised to keep well clear of the London-Bont road every week-end between 6 p.m. on Fridays and 9 a.m. on Mondays.

We wish to correct a couple of errors which appeared in the article last month entitled "Darkest Eighties Brought to Light."

Records have been searched and we now know that Harry Cook was President for three years, *i.e.*, 1886-7-8. While the letters W.L.B.C. stand for West Lancashire Bicycle Club, which was founded in 1874 and disbanded in 1886. This Club was the oldest and the Anfield killed it.

Bath Road Club Dinner, 1st December, 1933.

The Annual Dinner of the Bath Road Club at which we had the honour of representing the A.B.C., proved a very happy, entertaining and completely successful affair. The catering at the Monico Restaurant was itself of excellent quality, and the after dinner speeches extremely delightful and rendered in the best possible vein, whilst the toasts were appropriately delivered. S. H. Moxham, the new North Road President was in his element with a very fine speech in toasting "the Club," which was ably responded to by Secretary R. M. G. Rattue. The toast to the "Visitors and the Press" was proposed by H. Whinnett in a very witty speech and most entertainingly responded to by G. H. Stancer and H. H. England. Whilst C. E. Coles-Webb in very dramatic fashion proposed "the Chairman," indicating to those not too closely conversant with cycling affairs in the Metropolis the respect and veneration in which Burden Barnes is held. We had the privilege of receiving on behalf of Jack Salt his prize for 2nd place in the "100," whilst Southall carried off the Bath Road Cup.

Amongst others present were Beardwood (of ours), Inwood, Vanheems, Lodge, Holdsworth, J. E., and W. F., James (Bath Road), Pearce, Osborne, Hillhouse, Cole, Westaway, Draisey, Boyle, Cary, Harbour, Hartop, Daymond, Guiseppe, Jenner, etc.

An acceptable musical programme was arranged, Fred Morris giving a very comic entertainment, whilst Leslie McDowall proved an effective baritone and Nora Drake a useful accompanist and entertainer.

Annual Dinner of the Fellowship of Old Time Cyclists, 5th December, 1933.

It was my privilege and good fortune to be able again to attend the Annual Dinner which was held at the Holborn Restaurant, London, on December 5th, under the Chairmanship of our member and President, W. P. Cook and who, this year, is the President of the Fellowship.

This was the Twenty-fourth Old Timers' Dinner and the attendance was quite up to the average of previous gatherings, but very naturally as time goes on we are apt to miss many of the old familiar faces which we had become accustomed to seeing at the annual Dinners of the Fellowship.

As usual the members began to arrive well before the hour of the official reception, which was fixed for 6-30 p.m., and many kind and warm welcomes were exchanged by the early comers and many more in the Reception Room prior to the Dinner which started prompt at the appointed hour of seven, when nearly two hundred members stood in their places whilst the President gave the blessing. The dinner itself was quite up to the standard of those which have gone before and was worthy of the reputation of the Holborn Restaurant and of the Dinner Committee.

In a few well chosen words the President gave the toast "The King," to be followed by our old and esteemed friend S. F. Edge who gave "Ourselves," or in other words "The Old Timers"—this was patting ourselves on the back and with mutual congratulations to so many hale and hearty members who again were able to foregather for this occasion.

The new Hon. Secretary, T. G. Scarfe, replied to the toast by giving reasons and apologies for the non-attendance of certain members, amongst whom, our own Sir John Siddeley was mentioned and many were sorry to learn that our old and greatly esteemed friend, F. Percy Low, who has always been a regular attendant, was indisposed and unable to be with us again.

We were also informed that the membership was still growing, but it is sad to relate that the list of those, who during the year had "passed on and would be seen no more" was a long one and contained the names of many dear to us, and we stood in silent respect to those who, in the future, will be "just a memory" and honoured names in our membership list.

The speech of the evening followed when Mr. W. F. Ball gave "The President" in a long and very interesting account, chock full of figures and performances to show what a real live cyclist our own W. P. Cook has been, and still is. Many of these figures almost took our breath away and many who fancied that they had been fairly active in their day, gasped in astonishment but were not slow to acknowledge a giant amongst the active cyclists of to-day.

He also gave a list of honourable positions which our President held in the various Associations connected with cycling in all its branches, and we, his fellow members, have every reason to be proud of the reflected glory which falls upon our Club and ourselves through his untiring energy and devotion in the interests of all cyclists and our own members in particular. May we never forget what has been done for us.

The reply of the President to the toast was commendably short and to the point, and thanks to the use of the microphone, which was in use for the first time, every word was audible all over the Venetian Chamber. He tried to a certain extent to repudiate or belittle the laudations of the proposer of the Toast, with his usual modesty, and when he applied the anecdote of "The Wrong Funeral" to his own case he quite brought down the house.

During the evening two photographs of the assembled Old Timers were taken, as also was the usual collection for the Fellowship Charity, which dispenses help to the less fortunate members who through illness or other causes have fallen on hard times.

The collection this year was slightly below the usual amount, but Mr. James Blair, who announced the amount to the members, also said that thanks to the extreme generosity of the President the sum of £100 had been subscribed, an announcement which was received with cheers when it was understood that the donation of the President was a very substantial proportion of the whole, a fact that goes to show that in addition to being a true sportsman he has also a kindly and generous heart.

In accordance with the usual custom, the President during certain periods of the evening "took wine" with those Past Presidents who were present, also with the Vice-Presidents, and with those members who had made Records, either on Road or Path, whilst the oldest Old Timer, Mr. J. H. Raybould, was recognised in a similar manner, having to his credit no less than eighty-five summers and still going strong.

No doubt out of compliment to the President the members of the Lancashire contingent were allotted seats at the top table, and amongst those so honoured we noticed P. C. Beardwood and Oscar E. Taylor, whilst J. M. James, who is also one of us, was seated with the North Road contingent. W. T. Venables should have been sitting at the top table also, but was unable to attend and his place was vacant. During the evening the members were entertained by music provided by "The Violarios and The Accordios" Band which did not fail to play the old time tunes in which all the Old Timers joined with undying energy.

The proceedings were brought to a close with the singing of "Auld Lang Syne," and as the programme so aptly put it "We only part to meet again." Let us hope it may be so, and this was the sentiment which was expressed many time and oft amongst those who lingered in the down-stairs room before turning out into the bitter cold night, and so ended one of the most enjoyable gatherings which the Old Time Fellowship has yet held.

The Fourth Annual Dinner of the Willaston Tea Tasters, 20th Dec., 1933.

A cold shiver ran down my back as I wheeled my cycle along the path preparatory to attending this function. It was 5-30 p.m., the roads were wet and slimy, a heavy pall of wet pungent fog hung everywhere, causing the dimmed street lamps to show a ghostly halo. The weird moaning of the fog signals on the river intensified the wretchedness of the evening. Before I had ridden a couple of miles, water was trickling out of my hair and my nether garments began to feel distinctly uncomfortable. As I forged ahead, however, I became conscious of a distinct improvement in the conditions. Whether it was due to this improvement or to the fact that there was a sporting chance of wangling a cup of tea at Conville Hydro, my spirits rose, and I more or less joyfully stepped on "them."

The vision of tea having materialized, I felt in a fitter frame of mind to tackle the journey, so giving ourselves just sufficient time, William Henry and myself smashed through to the Nags Head, landing in time for a round with Kitty. Charles was there, looking well laundered and surrounded by many admiring hangers-on. Shortly after the arrivals of Blotto, Connor and Jonas, the President strolled in from an inner sanctuary. Dinner being due, sixteen of us adjourned to the Cafe. The meal proved to be excellent and tastefully served by the Holmes family, to whom nothing ever appears to be a trouble. Of course it would be too much to expect some Tea Tasters to travel all the way from the Nags Head to the café without an amorous adventure—this time I understand it was in, or at any rate by, a telephone box, where two Don Juans' lingered and so great was the attraction that someone had to go out and drag them in. Dinner over, music was called for and the ever obliging Captain opened the programme with a touching little classic, after which his supple fingers daintily tripped out numerous old world ballads, apparently well known by all present. Everything went well until someone shouted for a pianist!

The President (the real one) then entertained us with several excellent and moderately respectable jokes, one of which threw light on the origin of the music hall phrase: "Now you're talking."

Considering the lack of artistic talent the party was quite a success, and towards 11-30 the Presider made a move together with Howarth. The rest lingered until about midnight, when amidst sundry farewells we rode soberly away to our respective beds.

IN MEMORIAM.

T. B. CONWAY, died December 23rd, 1933.
Aged 69 years.

The Club has suffered a grievous loss in the passing of Tom Conway. He joined the Club as far back as 1884, coming to us from the Old Boys' Bicycle Club and immediately became a personality among us. He held many offices until his business removed him to Bristol, and he was a rare example of Club loyalty which should be an inspiration to the present generation to attempt to emulate. Few men in the Club have had as long a record of unbroken sequence of attendances at Boxing Day runs and Easter at Bettws-y-coed.

For 15 years he raced in our events with considerable success, more particularly in the "24," and while one or two others may have displayed similar characteristic grit and determination, no one has ever excelled T. B. Conway in pluck and the will to conquer all difficulties. He broke the N.R.R.A. 24 Hour Bicycle Record in June, 1894, with the then fine ride of 326 miles. He was never a packer and perhaps his finest ride was his Liverpool to Edinburgh record of 14 hrs. 35 mins. in 1897, which crowned his racing career.

He was a most lovable man, known affectionately among us as "Mawr," and undoubtedly "Anfield B.C." was written indelibly on his heart. Unfortunately in recent years his health has left much to be desired. He was in fact "given up" by the doctors two or three years ago, but they did not know their man, as he displayed those same qualities of "never say die" that had marked his whole life, and as recently as last August he was visiting in Liverpool, and those who saw him were surprised and delighted to find him so well after all he had gone through. However it was not to be, and we can only comfort ourselves with the thought that his end was peaceful and has left none but fragrant memories in the hearts of all of those who were privileged to know him.

To the widow bereaved and to his brothers and sister we extend our deepest sympathy accompanied by our regrets that his interment at Keynsham, near Bristol, made it impossible for the Club to be represented as it otherwise would have been.

EDITORIAL.

This is the last number of the *Circular* we will publish, as the next issue will be in the hands of Snowden.

It has been a most interesting and pleasant experience to have been responsible for fifty numbers of the Club's Magazine, and though we have been damned by all we have done our best to retaliate. We must apologise for all the acrimonious letters, split infinitives without number, spelling errors and foul libels we have permitted to be printed and can only say that the members should be more careful who they choose as Chief Scribe. Those members who can and will write have been a very great help, as without them there would be no *Circular*. Of course one or two of these need a little persuasion ("Orlright, blast yer. I'll write it.") But men like dear old Bert Green, Walton, Marriott, Elston, and many others bring tears of joy into our eyes as they take a great delight in executing our little commissions. They are, indeed, a very present help in time of trouble and we are extremely grateful.

We have, occasionally, had to resort to bribery to get our victims in the right state of mind, and would respectfully point out to the Hon. Treasurer (who is another willing worker) that we are one shilling and fourpence out of pocket. We have no receipt for the money spent, but can give the names of those who have had the drinks.

Finally, there are those who, when the Editor is getting publicly slated, say "Well, never mind, Syd, have a beer." Bless you, Hubert.

Halewood, 2nd December, 1933.

This Halewood run was very similar to many others I have been privileged to attend and the first noteworthy incident was at Childer Thornton corner, where Jack Salt arrived on a brand new nickel-plated white mudguarded, rolled gold, highly polished, jewelled in every movement, bicycle, complete with a rusty handlebar extension and a nasty brown stain on the rear mudguard. This machine has a neat transfer on the top tube, close to the head and informs all and sundry that this cycle is "BUILT FOR SPEED." Helpers in next season's races should remind Mr. Salt of this transfer if he is ever seen to drop below "evens."

Blotto had his tandem tricycle out with Arthur Williams as stoker, and the latter was very intrigued with the noble art of tricycling.

The ride "round the earth" was finished off with a blind from the Transporter to the Derby Arms, as a cold cast wind was behind us.

Sammy Barton was out again, likewise Hubert, Arthur Simpson, Chem, Kinder, Dave Fell, Johnny Band, Elias, Cook, Knipe and many others.

The meal was perfection itself and the way Hubert and Arthur handled their respective birds, showed that this was not the first time either. They are past masters at this game and exceedingly cunning.

Lower Withington, 2nd December, 1933.

This run was noteworthy for the return to the fold of several members who have been missing for a considerable time. Foremost amongst these was of course Frank Jones, on his first Club run for about four years; but others who make but fleeting appearances were the two Buckleys, Jim Craushaw and Alan Smithies. Add to this the usual

solid background, and a prospective member Ken Crewe, and you may imagine that tea was livelier than for some time, and after quite a number had remained at Lower Withington until a late hour, a most enjoyable Club run ended in a return by way of the Queens at Alderley and coffee in Buckley's kitchen, and finally the dispatch of Frank Jones to the bosom of his family at midnight. Since that time the poor fellow has not been heard of, and he is either languishing in the local jail, or has been murdered by his wife and the remains buried at dead of night in the garden. However a few more resurrections of this nature add greatly to the pleasure of the runs and there are many who might turn out occasionally, and be sure of a hearty welcome.

Pulford, 9th December, 1933.

It was a cold and wintry day when six valiant Tea-tasters assembled at Willaston for this run. Jonas and Howarth in double harness and, bringing up the rear, incidentally protecting them from the icy blast, were the stalwarts—Ryalls, A. Williams, Marriott and Rigby. These, proceeding in an orderly manner (as befits members of the Anfield) towards Chester, were startled out of their after-dinner somnolence by the flash of glittering silver steel, going in the opposite direction. "My hat," cried Ryalls (at least it sounded like "my hat") in an awestruck voice, "What it was it?" The writer and his colleagues were too full for words, but there was muttering at the back about "Hercules giving samples away."

We had tea at Chester, after which Rigby went home to dance until morning gilds the sky. O noble youth, why give up the wheels and road for wine and women, Gertcha. The remainder carried on, via Eaton Park to Pulford. Arriving at the Grosvenor Arms, we made for the lounge, where a welcome fire burned in the grate, totally obscured by half-a-dozen Anfielders: E. Edwards, T. Royden, Powell, Rowatt, Kettle and Band. They condescended to move round and make room for we lowly members. A painful silence ensued, a forbidding, almost sinister silence, broken by the sudden opening of the door. A true Edgar Wallace character lounged in, clasping a tankard of ale and giving vent to his feelings in a series of queer grunts. His head had been closely shaved and he looked round furtively, and then planted himself in front of the fire. "Who is the escaped convict?" asked the writer and someone answered in an awed voice, "Good heavens, it's Chandler!!!"

Having thus disposed of the mystery, things eased up a little, and customary good comradeship prevailed. Just before dinner, another Anfielder arrived—Walker from Over. At six o'clock a dash was made for the table, the ticket-of-leave man leading by half-a-wheel. And a good hearty meal we made, whilst two very intelligent waitresses were initiated into the mysteries of counting. After airing his views on "these footling (again, it sounded like footling) licensing restrictions," Walker left us. Having eaten ourselves almost to a point of suffocation, we started for home. Not all of us; one young member kept that lovely fire going for at least another half-hour.

A sharp, cold ride brought us to Willaston, where we dismounted and entered an hostelry, beloved of cyclists, where we were surprised to find that gaunt terror supping ale with Royden and Powell. "Tommy, I am surprised at you, what would your father say if he

knew." After drinking our lemonade (?) we restarted for home. At the Sych, a trike passed us, lumbering up the hill, its rider throwing us cat-calls, and being generally rude to we who were walking. We deigned no reply. And so home for all of us, save one who will—

" Sit in silence in a dull, dark dock;
In a pestilential prison with a life-long lock;
Awaiting the sensation of a short, short shock,
From a cheap and chippy chopper on a big black block."

Holmes Chapel, 9th December, 1933.

There was an attendance of eleven at the Swan on this bleak and wintry day. They were Edwin Buckley, R. J. Austin, Bert Green, Wilf. Orrell, Lockett, Cody, Walton, Wilson, Smithies, prospective member Crewe, and the Presider.

The latter went on to attend the Altrincham Ravens Dinner and present the prizes. Norman Higham, as President of the Ravens, was of course present at this function.

Tarporley, 16th December, 1933.

As I had not been to this old village since I passed through going south-east in August holiday week, I thought it might bear inspection again.

There was some difference in weather conditions—August almost too hot, December, well, a bit cool out of the sun, with fog in places.

Coming in sight of the Swan Hotel I found the reason for Cody's clean bicycle, he was walking beside it! No, that cannot be his method because I've tried riding with him and been badly dropped after a few miles. At the Hotel, our Editor and his crew complained of the mud their tandem distributed. Why not consult Cody? Our President, Royden and Snowden reported quite wintry effects round about Broxton. Jack Salt looked very fit as usual. I think he said something about having no appetite, but I'm not quite sure. There was a little discussion about the proper clothing for cyclists by some of the experts.

About 20 sat down to and enjoyed a good meal of Hot Pot and trimmings. W.P.C., bound for Shawbury, and several of us, left early. The Secretary was a notable absentee owing to illness in his family. Chandler should have a first class pilot's licence after the way he led us through the fog to Vicar's Cross. It was not too easy to find Backford after he departed for his "black jocks" at Chester. Dave Rowatt, I hear, got home on Sunday morning. What use is fog anyway?

Most of the regular attenders were out and one or two like the writer who are faithful but a little erratic.

Hooton, 23rd December, 1933.

Not having attended a run for at least two weeks and very carelessly mentioning, in the presence of the Editor, that I intended to make an appearance at Hooton, I am now suffering from my indiscretion.

The Christmas celebrations having already started for me, it was with protesting limbs that I dragged myself across the saddle and plotted a very erratic course in the general direction of the venue,

After seemingly hours of aimless wandering I found myself between Hadlow Road Station and Willaston Corner, where I think Bob Knipe passed me in the opposite direction, but by the time I had collected my shattered wits he had gone, so—staggered on along the top road to Two Mills, where with paper, pencil and watch I calculated, with terrific mental strain, that it was time to make a bee line for the "eats."

Along the Ledsham Road, I espied Elias and Powell ahead of me, and gathering a terrific sprint I just managed to pass them before collapsing into comatose heap, out of their sight, at Hooton Cross Roads. Recovering sufficiently to crawl as far as the dining room I found Mercer, Johnny Band, Jack Seed, Edwards, Tommy Royden, already there together with Kettle and Worzel on a flying visit from Wild Wales.

The meal having started, the party was increased by the arrival of Connor, Marriott, Rowatt, Morris, Chandler and the exile Turvey whom we were very pleased to see again. The food was very good, but was somewhat marred by the shortage of vegetables for those who were served last, and as one of these happened to be Chandler, the scene is best left to the imagination.

The meal over, most of the party soon departed to play "Kiss in the Ring," etc., with their various families, leaving three of the most famous Tea-Tasters to moan over the absence of their comrades. These three held the fort until the fire died out, and so into the night . . .

Lymm, 23rd December, 1933.

It was chance which took me in the vicinity of Lymm and so to the Spread Eagle, where I found a dozen or so Manchester Anfielders seated at empty tables looking to the bloke just entering who immediately opened and called a round for a Christmas greeting. Mr. Cody very politely declined, which saved me the price of half-a-pint, very useful later.

Soon to the food, whereat I did myself well in two helpings of soup. Round the table we saw Mr. Buckley, R. J. Austin, Hubert, Jack Walton, our esteemed late member Budge Chadwick, Bert Green, Ted Cody, young Haynes, Bob Poole and friend, Jeff Lockett, Wilf Orrell and Taylor of Shaw at the head. Mr. Buckley called a noble round and we all downed tools and drank to his health and happy days, and soon all were in a hum of conversation with full justice done to the excellent food.

Cody, as usual, having far to go moved off very early, which brings me to express myself of the general custom these days. I see no point in attending to sit down for food and then clearing off. Of course man can enjoy a bicycle ride without necessarily staying until he is thrown out, but a bicycle ride to me is incomplete without an hour spent in the tap or any old room where one or two convivial souls are happy in my company. A solo ride of twenty miles is my regular distance on any Club run, not for the attendance mark; I want something worth while at the end.

On this occasion, however, we had a very happy gathering staying for the cup that cheers. It is possible they may now be laughing at the elephant story by Taylor; it did not dawn upon them up to the hour of 9 o'clock when we broke away to turn out into the pleasant night, when Budge and I had a final pot in Altrincham.

Bettws-y-coed, 23rd-26th December, 1933.

Another Xmas at the Glan Aber has passed into history and was most thoroughly enjoyed by the eighteen members and friends who were able to participate therein. Salt and Cook met at Ruabon for lunch on the Saturday and after toying with some pheasant with the usual ecceteras, including bon bons, felt that the festive season really had started. A quiet ride under perfect conditions ensued, with a stop at Cerrig-y-Druiddion for tea, and Bettws-y-coed reached soon after 6 o'clock, to find Hubert Roskell and "Ponderous" Buckley already there and of course George Lake and Mr. Cannon. Then Dave Fell and Mrs. Fell arrived per rattler, followed shortly afterwards by George and Arthur Newall with Mrs. Arthur in a car, so that eleven sat down to dinner.

On Sunday, Beddgelert was decided upon for lunch, and the two cyclists shepherded by the Newall car went via Llanberis, Ceunant and Waen Fawr. Llyn Mymby was an extraordinary sight. At first it was thought to be a large edition of the Silent Pool near Shere and its utter placidity was commented on, but it proved to be all frozen over to such an extent that, on our return journey, we saw intrepid youths skating on it. In Llanberis Pass there were signs of the recent blocking of the road by snowdrifts, but the going was excellent and the views of the Menai Straits and the Rivals from Ceunant were magnificent. At Llyn Quellyn the Newall car was waiting for the cyclists and provided some "rare and refreshing fruit" out of a bottle. At Plas Colwyn we had an excellent lunch, only marred by the sad news that Mrs. Williams had passed away at the ripe old age of 83 and been buried the previous day. The ride up the Gwynant was very easy and after the usual stop for a cup of tea at Tyn-y-coed the Glan Aber was again reached to find that a quartette of Tea Tasters had arrived, *vis.*, Sir Charles Randall, Brewster, Rigby Band and Scarff, while later Salt's fiancée made our number up to 16.

Xmas Day was only marred by the poor meal the Presider had ordered at the Grand Hotel, Penmaenmawr and the dog fight that followed it. Hors d'oeuvres, soup, turkey, Xmas pudding, mince pies, cheese, merry Xmas and happy New Year figured on the menu and were not enough for such a day, so Dave Fell's dog got into an unequal fight with a brute of a Kerry Blue dog belonging to the house and the noise and excitement were intense. The sound of Salt's kick and the sight of Mrs. Arthur Newall dashing water, while the proprietor was holding on to the brute's tail were the main features; but fortunately, Fell's dog was rescued before any serious damage was done. The ride up to Llyn Ogwen was wonderful. We were riding in a murky atmosphere with all the mountains enshrouded, while ahead of us was brilliant sunshine to lure us on. Ogwen was also frozen over and a rare sight, while of course on the coast road all was beautiful sunshine. After lunch we all returned via Conway and Trefriew, where the six cyclists stopped for "teas only" and finished the ride in brilliant moonlight. At dinner we were joined by Mr. and Mrs. Kettle from Bont Uchel, so sat down 18. Unfortunately Master Dick had not finished his dish-washing so could not come. During the evening we "listened in" to the "Mikado" and the Presider declared it was absolutely the first time he had heard anything decent broadcasted.

Boxing Day came all too soon, so no wonder Mr. and Mrs. Fell decided to stay another day. Of course Hubert and Mr. Buckley went off to Salop for lunch, while the six cyclists and the Newalls decided on Corwen, where the Presider had a rendezvous with Snowden returning from Barmouth; but it must be recorded that the Tea Tasters ignominiously failed to follow Cook's route via Bala as arranged. At Corwen, Snowden duly turned up and Frank Marriott and Connor arrived, reporting "fog up to Hawarden," so after lunch there was a determination to "use the daylight" as much as possible. Randall, Brewster, Marriott and Connor were going to Mold for tea, but the rest hurried back to England, and sure enough we ran into the fog at Coed Talon. It was quite weird plunging suddenly from brilliant sunshine into thick fog, but after Penyffordd it was much thinner and provided no difficulty; indeed, around Queen's Ferry it was practically quite clear and even after darkness had fallen there were only odd patches where care was required. The only difference it really made was that the Presider cut out his usual stop at Willaston for tea and carried on with his "juvenile friend" Snowden, with Scarff and Rigby Band piloting. And so ended a real fine Xmas, long to remain in the memories of those lucky ones who enjoyed it.

At the Glan Aber greetings were received from R. A. Fulton (cable from New York), H. Austin (Dublin), H. M. Buck (Vancouver—To the old Club and the Mesdames Evans), Elias, Chandler and Miss Trixie Skinner (To all my Anfield friends); and they may rest assured that these greetings were greatly appreciated and their good wishes amply fulfilled.

Mouldsworth, 26th December, 1933.

Awaking at 12 noon on this day I remembered that the Boxing Day run was to Mouldsworth, so it did not take long for my poor, weary and overtaxed brain to grasp the fact that even I could not wash, shave, dress and breakfast and cycle to Mouldsworth by 1-30 p.m., so I turned over and had another five minutes. Very pleasant, too.

I met Chandler later in the week (in fact, I visited him in his office and he very kindly gave me a list of those who were out) and he told me all he knew about the run.

However, when I perused the list of fourteen names of those present, I found that five of them were "deadheads" (from an Editor's point of view, of course), two were exiles, who, I believe, wrote up the last run they had each attended, four others had just done a job of work for me, and the three Manchester men I thought were best left alone in order that the accounts of the alternative runs would be written.

So as Frank was most emphatic in his refusal to write again, it was left to the P.B.E.. Now as to the cycling part of the day, it should be reported that Norman Turvey rode out with Chandler and they were out of all fog a mile short of Chester. They eventually reached the Station Hotel, after having one or two on the road somewhere. I have only surmised this, but as I know the Yorkshire bloke, it may be taken as an actual fact.

According to my informant the meal was very so-so, and was the result of too frequent patronage by the Club. To add insult to injury (or is it *vice versa*?) tea was served afterwards, instead of coffee. Tea mixed with meat makes leather, I am told, and as a good tough inside is necessary for a racing man, this should produce some good results during next year's races.

Everyone was pleased to see Carpenter out again, and the others present were Royden, Mercer, Cody, Wilf Orrell, Lockett, Rowatt, E. Edwards, Bert Green, Seed, Knipe and Lucas.

Turvey and Chandler went home via Halewood, where they had tea and ran into fog again in Liverpool.

Mold, 30th December, 1933.

From the cross roads at Penymynydd I saw the Clwydian range of hills and with this panorama before me I rode down into the pleasant valley and through the hamlets of Padeswood and Llong and came to the town of Mold early enough to be tempted to extend my journey up the winding road to Denbigh and push the wind as far back as Nannerch and a bit beyond, before drifting back again to the Dolphin in time to meet Cook and Turvey in the act of dismounting at the inn door. From Tarporley they had come with stories of the Cheshire hounds in full cry and splashes of rain and good living; they had plans of Bont before the night was out, with Kettle to add to the good company there.

Edwards by car and Rowatt by train were there as usual, while others drifted in by ones and two's, some of them dry in the hope of getting wet, while others were wet and hoped to get dry.

Then, unanimously the whole company became interested in mutton and pork and carrots and peas and mince pies, biscuits and cheese and mild and bitter beers. And all too soon seven o'clock had come and by single spies and battalions they stepped out into the bright moonlight to make their way by rain-soaked roads, wind and showers to their resting places for the night.

A thoroughly satisfactory run, with an attendance of nineteen members, who, in no particular order included Knipe, Chandler, del Banco, Harold Rigby and Briau Band, Powell, Snowden, Elias, Marriott, Scarff, Jonas, Connor, and last but not least, Ryalls, to whom everyone said good-bye and wished him luck in his great adventure in the Metropolis.

Goostrey, 30th December, 1933.

Only a small muster sat down to tea at the Red Lion, Goostrey, on this day, namely: Bert Green, G. Lockett, Cody, W. Orrell, Buckley, E. Haynes, junior, Bob Poole, Rex Austin and Hubert Buckley. Maybe the bad weather kept the remainder away. However, those who were out spent a most enjoyable evening.

J. S. JONAS,

Hon. Editor.

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ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

FORMED MARCH 1879

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

MONTHLY CIRCULAR.

Vol. XXXI.

No. 336

FIXTURES FOR FEBRUARY, 1934.

Tea at 6-0 p.m.

		Light up at
Feb. 3	Halewood (Derby Arms)	5-27 p.m.
.. 10	Tarporley (Swan)	5-40 p.m.
.. 12	Committee Meeting, 7 p.m. (Victoria Hotel, St. John's Lane, L'pool)	
.. 17	Mold (Dolphin)	5-54 p.m.
.. 24	Acton Bridge (Leigh Arms)	6- 8 p.m.
	Alternative Week-end—Newcastle-on-Clun (Maes-y-Garn).	
Mar. 3	Halewood (Derby Arms)	6-22 p.m.

ALTERNATIVE FIXTURES.

Tea at 5-30 p.m.

Feb. 3	Goostrey (Red Lion)	5-27 p.m.
.. 17	Lymm (Spread Eagle)	5-54 p.m.
Mar. 3	Goostrey (Red Lion)	6-22 p.m.

Full Moon ... 1st March.

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

4 THE LAUND,

WALLASEY, CHESHIRE.

COMMITTEE NOTES.

NEW MEMBER.—Mr. K. B. Crewe, 34 Lingard Road, Northenden, Manchester, has been elected to Full Membership.

The resignations of the following have been accepted with regret: Messrs. L. G. Fletcher, M. Greenwood, F. Hotine, H. Ladds and A. E. Walters.

Messrs. W. Band, H. M. Horrocks and D. M. Kaye have been transferred to Honorary Membership.

Mr. E. Snowden has been unanimously appointed Editor of the *Circular*.

Messrs. T. H. Davies, D. Smith, F. A. Smith, and F. H. Swift, have been struck off the list of Membership for non-payment of subscription.

The following Club Delegates have been appointed: R.R.C., Mr. P. C. Beardwood; R.R.A., Mr. P. C. Beardwood and Mr. D. L. Ryalls; N.R.R.A., Messrs. G. Lockett, R. Poole and W. Orrell.

The following have been appointed a Handicapping Committee: Messrs. W. P. Cook, S. del Banco, E. Edwards, W. H. Kettle, F. Marriott and W. Orrell.

The following have been appointed a Course Committee: S. del Banco, J. S. Jonas, W. H. Kettle, F. Marriott, W. Orrell and C. Randall.

Mr. N. Higham has been appointed Timekeeper for the "Twelve" and "Twenty-four," and Mr. W. P. Cook has been appointed Timekeeper for the Invitation "100" and the 50 Miles Handicaps during 1934.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS.—Mr. S. J. Buck, c/o. C. Noel Legh & Co. Ltd., Millers Bridge, Bootle. Mr. G. B. Burgess, 26 Walsingham Road, Wallasey. Mr. D. L. Ryalls, c/o. R. R. Douglas Ltd., Dunster House, Mincing Lane, London. E.C.4.

H. W. POWELL,

Hon. General Secretary.

TREASURY NOTES.

We have made an excellent start with subscriptions, this year—forty-nine remittances, forty-one of which are for the current year.

There must be very few organizations—I know of none—where so many members press forward eagerly to pay their subscriptions at the earliest possible moment. True, there are always some laggards who limp in the ear, but I am inclined to believe that we are better off than most people, even in this respect, and we may lightly judge our fellow-members, for—

"One point must still be greatly dark—
The moving—why they do it.
And still less closely may we mark
How far, perchance, they rue it."

My thanks are hereby rendered to all who have forwarded their subscriptions and/or donations(*) for the current year and for last year.†

C. Aldridge.	*E. Edwards.	G. H. Lake.	J. C. Robinson.
H. R. Band.	D. R. Fell, Jur.	F. Lowcock.	D. C. Rowatt.
W. D. Band.	R. A. Fulton.	A. Lucas.	T. V. Schofield.
S. J. Buck.	E. D. Green.	F. D. McCann.	†J. G. Shaw.
F. Chandler.	E. R. Green.	E. Montag.	E. Snowden.
*E. J. Cody.	H. Green.	F. Marriott.	G. Stephenson.
W. P. Cook.	†M. Greenwood.	G. Molyneux.	Sir J. D. Siddeley.
W. G. Connor.	†J. A. Grimshaw.	L. Oppenheimer.	*W. T. Venables.
C. J. Conway.	†H. M. Horrocks.	W. Orrell.	F. Dutton.
K. B. Crewe.	J. S. Jonas.	F. E. Parton.	Walker.
C. C. Dews.	†L. King.	F. Perkins.	H. Wilson.
†A. H. Doleman.	R. Leigh Knipe.	H. W. Powell.	†F. H. Wood.
C. F. Elias.	†H. G. Ladds.		

R LEIGH KNIPE,

Hon. Treasurer.

EDITORIAL.

On taking over the mantle of a predecessor, the succeeding Editor might well be excused a feeling of trepidation at the task before him—looming with greater menace as the day of publication approaches. But does our editorial bosom quake at the prospect? Unblushingly, we admit we feel no qualms, nor do we anticipate we ever shall, so long as we have the support of those gifted contributors who have in the past so doughtily wielded their bloodless weapons of steel.

By perpetuating the activities of the Club as they happen month by month—whether the official record of a race, the racy record of a run, or the scintillating shaft of wit illuminating those individual idiosyncrasies which otherwise would pass into oblivion, “unhonoured and unsung”—the *Circular* plays a very material part in keeping alive the traditions of the Club in linking up the interests of several generations of members; and to be a participator in the building up of such a record ought to be considered both a privilege and a pleasurable duty. That this is so in a good many cases is obvious, but the number (judging from the experience of former editors) might easily be increased.

We therefore await the issue with imperturbability and a child-like trust in the tender hearts which beat beneath the Anfield button.

With this brief introduction, we quit the footlights and retire to the prompter's box. The stage is set for the next act and the players impatiently await their turn—to charm you with their style, to dazzle you with their wit, or—bore you to tears! Ring up the curtain!

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

Focussing the light that strayed (in the January *Circular*) on the person of J. H. Cook was no more than his due; for I find that it was writ large that “The Anfield, at the A.G.M. of 1887, re-elected their President, Secretary, Captain and Treasurer in Harry Cook, Lawrence Fletcher, Dave Bell and Dave Fell.” Besides, did not J. H. Cook preside over all those smokers at the “Club House?”

* * * * *

The Spring meeting of the Northern branch of the Tricycle Association is fixed for Sunday, March 4th. Lunch will be at the Leigh Arms, Acton Bridge, and it is hoped that our members of the Tricycle Association will not leave it to the Presider to be the only Anfield representative.

Middle Age.

That Dean Inge should ever figure in the pages of the *Circular* seems, at first sight, peculiar, to say the least of it, but one or two references to a lecture given by him a few weeks ago on “The Temptations of Middle Age” may not be entirely irrelevant. He speaks of “the fatty degeneration of the conscience” which sometimes occurs at this stage of life: of “the sudden temptation against which he has not protected himself” and he admonishes such elderly degenerates to “mix as much as possible among the young”; thus they will “reach old age without losing the heart of a child” and having so lived, they may “look forward to a happy end.”

Most timely warning! Have we not ample evidence of moral decay among certain of the elder brethren in those painful episodes already reported in these pages, when a notorious brace of tobacco-purloiners were recently brought to book? Or, witness the way in which they cling to creature comforts while they pretend to Spartan deeds! Luxurious hotels: lily-white knees muffled in voluminous folds of Harris tweed; delicate chests protected against the chilly North-Easter by Grenfell cloth! They but toy with toil and spin only yarns!

Let them but “mix among the young.” What a beautiful picture would unfold! Those reckless Beer-biters riding headlong on their “primrose way to the everlasting bonfire,” gently led into the sterner paths of virtue by cherubic Tea-tasters, their parched throats soothed by golden streams from tin teapots and the dark recesses of their brooding spirits lightened by the bright repartee of their youthful mentors!

"And they shall reach old age with the heart of a child." Second childhood, as it were, though we would not call this altogether an acquisition—on the contrary, a not uncommon occurrence. "And having so lived they may look forward to a happy end." Herein appears the snag. We do not believe that a single one of those devil-may-care Beer-biters *wishes* to come to an end—even a happy one. And if he did so, he would probably choose some more congenial method. So we are afraid some other scheme which promises a more tangible reward will have to be evolved if our merry old gentlemen are to be saved from themselves.

Of course, the Tea-Tasters will forfeit their halos.

A Mysterious Affair.

For some time there have been persistent rumours of strange nocturnal happenings on certain roads in North Wirral—coveys of wild men, on two wheels and on three, are said to be seen careering madly through the night, causing wide-spread alarm among the inhabitants of the neighbourhood; householders, it is said, bolt and bar their doors after dark, dogs are securely chained up and none but the hardest venture forth after dusk has fallen.

In order to clear up the mystery, we despatched *Our Own Special Commissioner* to make an investigation and we give below his report, which he vouches as being true in every particular—more or less.

"Situated in the heart—or some such internal part—of Winsome Wirral is a beautiful old inn, to which repair, every Wednesday evening on the stroke of nine to half-past, five or six gentlemen—"

Editor: "Gentlemen?"

O.O.S.C.: "Yes. Gentlemen—why?"

Editor: "We were only wondering. But, go on."

"—mounted on bicycles or tricycles. In order to ingratiate myself with my quarry, I disguised myself as a real cyclist, wearing well-fitting riding-breeches, leather coat, crash-helmet—"

Editor: "That's sufficient."

O.O.S.C.: "So I discovered."

"—and I was mounted on the latest type of racing machine, equipped with built-in lighting set, cigar-lighter and sixteen speeds—as the advertisements have it, 'A breed for every creed'."

"I soon gathered that the object of the meeting was to decide one of the heats for the championship of the Saughall-Massie to Oxtou course—a long and gruelling affair. Immediately on arrival, preparations were put in hand—and despatched with incredible speed, and these preliminaries continued uninterruptedly until ten o'clock, when the starting-signal for the race was given—'Time, gentlemen, please.' A massed start was made for the door, the agility of the competitors varying with the amount of preparation taken on board. The President, knowing the value of an early lead, had got clear of the crush by the simple ruse of pretending to have gone out to order another round of preparation and leaping lightly to the deck of his trusty steed—"

Editor: "Aren't your metaphors becoming a little mixed?"

O.O.S.C.: "Possibly. So would yours in similar circumstances."

"—was well away, before his 'bitter' rivals had extricated themselves from the scrimmage in the doorway, where Mr. Fawcett was impeding the proceedings by imploring the Editor to allow him to write up the next run. The main bunch, however, in spite of these handicaps, were soon under sway and by the time Upton Village hove in sight (1hr. 5min.), the twinkling rear light of the leader could be made out. At Upton Station (1hr. 45min.) the gap had been perceptibly lessened and soon the precipitous slopes of Beryl Road were being attacked. Here the Com-

pleat Tourist rose to great heights—twelve to fifteen inches above his saddle—and took the lead. Exerting his herculean strength to the utmost, he billowed up the steep ascent in wide sweeps, his tricycle tacking rhythmically across the road in unison with the graceful motions of the rider and effectually stopping all traffic in either direction. At length, the Vice-President, stung to fury at being frustrated in every attempt to get through, with devilish cunning, forsook the road and took to the pavement, and no doubt the trick would have succeeded, had not the President—ever with an eye on the non-advertising clause—spotted the manoeuvre and charging at the axle of the C.T.'s trike, pushed him safely over the summit!

Editor: "Is there much more of this rubbish?"

O.O.S.C.: "Not much—except that for the rest of the course, the tricyclists rode on all five wheels—"

Editor: "Is this the result of your investigation?"

O.O.S.C.: "It's the — hic! — result of the preparation!"

Halewood, 6th January, 1934—Annual General Meeting.

My hiking partner, Chem., having been assailed by 'flu (now happily recovered) on his return from the home of the Bull-fighters, where he had daily miraculous escapes from the round of assassinations which have become the fashion in that turbulent country, I had perforce to plough a lonely furrow through the snake-infested path leading from Woolton. I arrived just in time to be hounded into my accustomed seat and set on to attack the usual half-hundredweight of pork. Gawd! How these lads can eat! After half-an-hour's desperate struggle to cope with their insatiable appetites, my right wrist cracked under the strain. Fortunately, I am ambidextrous—otherwise, several would have had to go without their third and fourth helpings.

It was not long before I saw that a dark and dirty plot had been laid for my undoing. A combined frontal attack by the retiring editor, and his not so retiring supplanter, together with the bribe of half-a-pint, reduced me to a jelly-fish state of non-resistance. Hence these tears! Snowden will, I think, go far in this direction. He has several weapons in his armoury—cajolery, cupidity, flattery, brow-beatism, and when all else fails—BEER. Unwilling scribes, take note; he is always good for anything up to a pint. (When he is sure of getting *a quid pro quo* —ED.)

In the absence of Hubert, who turned up later (having used his head), Knipe wrestled with the fowl at the other end and, eventually filled to repletion, we all adjourned to the real business of the evening.

THE GENERAL MEETING.—At the outset, the Presider made a touching allusion to the recent death of our dear old friend, Tom Conway, and we all stood in silence to mark our respect and sorrow.

The minutes of the last General Meeting were taken as read, and letters of apology from Burgess, R. J. Austin and Venables were read. The Secretary then made his annual report wherein it transpired that the total membership was now 187, showing a regrettable decrease of nine from the previous year. On the other hand, three new members had joined up. He alluded feelingly to the deaths of five members—Lawrence Fletcher, Albert Davies, Fred Gee, Dr. Carlisle and Tom Conway—through which the Club had suffered a poignant loss. He then stated that at the end of 1932, Bert Green had topped his thousand runs, but owing to that member's well-known incurable modesty and to the fact that it had been overlooked by the officials, no mention had been made of this outstanding feat in his last report. At the end of 1933, Green had accomplished 1,054 runs. At this announcement, the

meeting burst into cheers and Bert was with difficulty restrained from standing a round of drinks. The number of possible runs during the year had been 53, and by a strange—in fact, unique—coincidence, it was found that the Presider had managed to wangle exactly this number—no more, no less. This is evidently becoming a habit with Granddad, and I'm beginning to be afraid that he is incurable. No one else reached this dizzy eminence, although there were several who ran it very closely, the surprise-packet being a venerable old gentleman whom I at first took to be one of the apostles; at a second glance, a be-whiskered ghost of Lloyd George; but after a closer inspection, his identity revealed itself in the person of Dave Rowatt, who had by devious, circuitous routes, involving every known form of transport (except, of course, the bicycle—this being a cycling club) managed to amass the staggering total of 52 runs, and so gain the coveted Attendance prize.

There had been twelve meetings of the Committee and from the list of the attendances read out, it was evident that the members entrusted with the management of the Club had performed their duties with unremitting zeal.

The Club tours had been well attended, all having had the benefit of excellent weather, the largest muster, of course, being at Whit., when 75 members were strewn round the course. Bettws claimed 39 together with eight friends at Easter, while 21 took part in the August tour. The Autumnal tour was supported by 31 and eighteen members and friends spent Christmas at Bettws.

The Secretary then paid a tribute to the retiring Editor of the *Circular*—Jonas—and thanked Burgess for assisting him by addressing the envelopes.

The report was passed with acclamation and sincere thanks.

The Presider then had the greatest pleasure in refusing to spare Green's blushes, and Bert was appointed a Life Member, amid great applause. The recipient of the honour did not think he had really deserved it (pooh-pooh!) but it only just showed that everything comes to him who stands and waits—at corners (hilarious laughter, in which the President joined heartily).

del Banco then gave us a resumé of the racing activities of the Club, from which it appeared we had been very successful; the names of Salt, G. B. Orrell and Pitchford standing prominently out. It is unnecessary to detail the doings of our racing men, as these will appear in another place; suffice it to say that our high traditions were abundantly sustained. It is, however, worthy of mention that Salt won the Brookland's trial trip in connection with the selection of the International Road Racing team, carrying off at the same time the *Cycling* and *Dunlop* trophies. He was elected to represent England in the World's Amateur Road Championship, but owing to the conditions obtaining on the Continent (alien to ours) he only succeeded in getting twenty-first place. On the other hand, he did second fastest time in the Bath Road "100," being beaten by the redoubtable Southall by a mere couple of minutes. It is also worthy of mention that G. B. Orrell beat the record over our own "100" course on Whit Monday, doing the fastest (and remarkable) time of 4 hrs. 45 mins. 37 secs. It is regrettable that there had not been any record attempts. del Banco thanked all those who had been of assistance to him and in turn received the thanks of the Club. His report was passed unanimously.

It was now the turn of our Chancellor of the Exchequer, Knipe. It was a transformed treasurer who rose to address us. In place of the drawn, haggard features, eloquent of the cares and anxieties of the

mammoth task of making ends meet, hope and optimism ran a merry course over his furrowed cheeks and bright blue eyes, as he congratulated us on the sound finances of the Club. This nice state of affairs had been brought about primarily through an increase of £23 in the Prize Fund, and also through drastic economies in certain directions, although it was made perfectly clear that these economies had not been employed to the detriment of the well-being of the Club, in any way. He then dissected the accounts with his usual acumen. Alluding to the decrease in the membership, he relied mostly on the efforts of the younger members to remedy this, and it is to be hoped that this hint will be taken seriously to heart. An ugly incident was narrowly avoided when it was pointed out that the Treasurer had apparently got away with a quid of the Club funds, despite our lynx-eyed auditors; but, as usual, Knipe was equal to the occasion and proved to his own satisfaction, at least, that this sinister suggestion was unmerited. A generous gathering acquitted him without a stain on his escutcheon. It appears we are now rolling in filthy lucre, having something like £60 in the Bank. This is a huge temptation and it behoves our auditors to be doubly on the alert. The Treasurer ended up on rather a sad note, stating there were some twenty subscriptions still unpaid, but brightened up at the idea that good might easily come out of evil, if the delinquents immediately gave him two subscriptions instead of one! A consummation devoutly to be wished. The report was carried unanimously with thanks. Knipe's proposition that subscriptions for the present year be the same as before, was also carried unanimously.

The next business was the election of officers for 1934, the scrutineers being Howarth and Royden. The President in his hardy-annual way vacated the chair in favour of Vice-President Kettle, so that there would be no intimidation, having first assured us that if we preferred to make a change he was quite agreeable and would co-operate whole-heartedly with his successor. (*En passant*, I pitied the poor gink who would have the temerity to suggest it!) Cook was carried back to his Presidential chair with acclamation and thanked for his services; and there he will again rule over us with a rod of iron for the next twelve months. In his response, he told us that despite the manifold honours in the cycling world which had been thrust upon him, the Anfield always had and always would have the first claim on his affections. He reckoned our Club was easily the finest in the United Kingdom—at which we all tried to look as modest as possible, with varying success.

Kettle and Bert Green were then unanimously elected Vice-Presidents, del Banco finding himself unable to carry on as Racing Secretary, the Captain of the Club (Marriott) very sportingly agreed to combine this office with that of the Captaincy, for which he received our thanks. W. G. Connor and Wilf Orrell were elected Sub-Captains. Knipe (albeit confidence may have received a nasty jar over that wretched quid) has once more been entrusted with the funds, and Powell is again to direct our destinies as Honorary Secretary. Having proved their sterling capacity for keeping the funds inviolate, the auditors—Elias and Morris—were re-elected. . . . The racing programme will, as far as can be seen, be similar to that of last year, ultimate decisions being left to the Committee.

Charlie Conway, who took this opportunity of thanking us for our sympathy in his recent bereavement, then made his time-honoured suggestion that Bettws should be the venue for Easter. This was duly carried and the other tours were left to the discretion of the Committee.

The President then announced, to our great regret, that Jonas, who had edited the *Circular* with marked ability for the past four years,

had resigned the office. He received a cordial vote of thanks for his services. His successor would be elected at the next Committee meeting.

Next, Cook, speaking of the pleasure the virility of the prize-fund had given him, thanked all and sundry and in this connection, made affectionate allusion to "Baron" Fulton who, although he had now been stationed in New York for twenty-three years, retained his love for the Club unimpaired and showed this in practical form with his offers of special prizes and his readiness to answer the call at all times—surely a lesson to us all.

The scrutineers for the election of the Committee, having accomplished their arduous task, the result was unfolded as follows:—

Snowden.	del Banco.	Chandler,
Randall.	Jonas.	Edwards.
Venables.	Salt.	Stephenson.
	Lucas.	

An omnibus vote of thanks to all in power closed the proceedings, during which no jarring note was heard.

The Scrutineers.

Being the (not very) authentic account of a trifling incident which occurred at the recent A.G.M.

The votes were cast : the President
 Uprose, with outstretched hand
 And said, "It is expedient—
 In fact, 'tis our command
 Two scrutineers you choose, to check
 The billets just collected—
 Two censors without flaw or fleck,
 Unsullied, without spot or speck—
 To see who's been elected."

With one intent and with one voice,
 Without a pause (or commas),
 The throng replied, "Our double choice
 Is Howarth and Sir Thomas.
 To their fair hands we trust the fate
 Of the unborn committee :
 We think we need no more dilate
 Upon the virtues of the great—
 As good as they are pretty."

Then up they rose and out they strode,
 To sift the right from wrong ;
 And long they wrestled with their load—
 How long ! O lord ! how long !
 The watchers' eyes began to close,
 No more their vigil keeping ;
 And as they sank to sweet repose,
 Crescendo-like, strange sounds arose,
 Indicative of sleeping.

At length, the weary task is o'er
 And back the truants trek :
 The President cut short a snore
 And piped all hands on deck,
 Indignantly, he turned his gaze
 Upon the ranks of sleepers—
 "Wake up, you pink-eyed popinjays"—
 (But here I have to paraphrase)
 "Come, open them 'ere peepers!"

Anon, intelligence returns,
 Upon this exhortation :
 The soul of each within him burns
 To learn the computation.
 Then proudly spake the scrutineers—
 And O, their tones were crusty !
 "We've done the work of several years
 In three short hours (ironic cheers !)
 We think it not so dusty !"

Once more the President arose,
 His duty to fulfil.
 Said he, "The figures here disclose
 That Randall tops the bill."
 "But stay! What's this?" His bronzed cheek paled—
 "I'm in a reg'lar flummox!"
 The scrutineers before him quailed;
 A sickening vacuum assailed
 The regions of their stomachs.

"For here is Randall, thirty-nine,
 And Randall, thirty-six!
 Which shows quite plainly, I opine,
 You're playing of me tricks.
 It's no use saying 'you'll be hanged
 If that was your intention'—
 You're going to be severely banged,
 And daily on your sins harangued,
 With fourteen years' detention."

And when they heard the dreadful words,
 They sank upon their knees
 (First dusting carefully the boards),
 And cried, "O Master, please
 Revoke the awful things you've said—
 It's no use getting batey!
 We really think you might have made
 Your references to us a shade
 More friendly-like and matey."

Touched to the heart, the President
 Again stretched forth his hand,
 And said, "We will be lenient
 And forthwith countermand
 The orders that we lately gave
 For their immediate spanking;
 Since after such a narrow shave,
 They'll never surely misbehave,
 Or have recourse to pranking."

Heswall, 13th January, 1934.

Our visits to the "Black Horse," though rare, have always been accompanied by a good *cuisine* and this occasion was no exception to the rule. One wishes that the establishment were situated ten miles or so on the other side of Chester, in order that more frequent visits might be paid. As it is, the house is conveniently fixed for those old members to whom distance does not appeal, though these were conspicuous by their absence! The writer had been exploring the new Queen's Ferry-Helsby road beyond Stanney, which is completed as far as the Shropshire Union canal and which, it appears, will eventually come out at the 7th mile stone. After refreshment at Stoak, he found himself surrounded by the Wirral Hunt and, coming across by Mollington, was paced along the top road by two lads on bicycles, who tried, in vain, to drop him. On reaching Gayton, however, the pacers halted and he proceeded alone to the rendezvous, where he arrived amid clouds of steam.

Vice-President Kettle took the chair at the festive board at which were present Royden, Powell, Conway, Chandler, Venables, Seed, Knipe, Lucas, Mercer, Salt, Glendinning, del Banco, Randall, Connor, Rowatt, Edwards and H. R. Band, the two latter accompanied by their "Mems.," whilst Wood had come to pay his subscription and preferred to remain in the bar. Teddy had been to Rhydalog and Tlandegla; the remainder had pursued various devious routes in Wirral. After tea, the "Vice" and the writer went home via Hoylake with a call at Greasby's "Coach and Horses."

The President and the Editorial One had gone to the Manchester alternative run, en route for Stockport, to sample the "White Lion"—but, doubtless, this will be fully provided for by another pen.

Holmes Chapel, 13th January, 1934.

Without a doubt, it's foolish to let the Editor know it, but the fact is that whenever it has fallen to my lot to report a run, the Weather Clerk has cocked a favouring eye on the proceedings and this particular run was in keeping with its predecessors.

Tooling blithely through Over and the salubrious suburbs of Winsford, I had reached the main road to Middlewich, when I espied the saucy mount of the Presider parked in the grounds of a most respectable-looking house and, deciding that such a circumstance demanded immediate investigation, I boldly enquired whether one, Cook, was lurking in the precincts. To my astonishment, that worthy himself appeared from within, and despite my ragged ruggedness, I was given a warm welcome and sent on my way in company with the said Cook, refreshed in body and soul.

Arriving at the "Swan," the first sign of Anfield life was revealed in the person of Cody—in possession of the bar-parlour—but, alas! without the very necessary concomitants, nor could even the wiles of the President prevail upon Mine Host to produce anything stronger than ginger beer, until it was almost time to retire to the dining-room. Here, presently, gathered thirteen stalwart lads, of whom Cook, Marriott, Snowden and Williams had gate-crashed from the Wirral; Harry Wilson had arrived in a new car, fitted with I don't know how many cylinders, while the remainder included Bert Green, W. Orrell, G. Lockett, Bob Poole, Jack Walton and Ned Haynes.

After disposing of an excellent dinner, a short seance was held round the fire, during which we drank the health of the new Life Member *enim* Vice-President, who, to show he was unspoiled by the honours showered upon him, acted as his own steward and showed commendable

skill in the way in which he balanced a tray containing a dozen glasses of various concoctions on one hand, while executing a *pas seul* up the staircase.

Anon, we dispersed, Cook and Snowden going to earth at the "White Lion" at Stockport, under the aegis of Jack Walton, and accompanied for some distance by Poole and Haines.

And so ended a most pleasant day—a gorgeous afternoon, good company and a jolly ride in the dark. What more could one desire?

Chester, 20th January, 1934.

On this particularly fine Saturday, when hundreds of cyclists were making a dash to attend an important function in the South, I was prompted to proceed in the opposite direction, albeit at a more leisurely speed, in an endeavour to maintain the equilibrium of this globe of ours.

I must confess that it was not before 11 a.m. that, surrounded by a rapidly diminishing aroma of blankets, I tottered out on to the highway, ready to proceed on the first stage of my journey.

As the going was decidedly easy, due to the favourable direction of the wind, two hours sufficed for me to reach my first port of call, where I was welcomed and entertained right royally by an ever-generous relative.

An hour later, I was once more on the road feeling much refreshed, both physically and mentally, by my brief sojourn and I now found that a slight chilliness in the air urged me to continue at a slightly faster pace in order to keep myself warm and to reach my goal all the sooner.

My entrance into "The Talbot" was certainly rather unusual, and somewhat reminiscent of a trip "over the top," for, the yard-gate being locked, I was entreated to shoulder my machine and pass in through the main doorway to the parking quarters in the rear. The next occurrence was not so strange, for it was none other than a request "to have one" from Jonas, who was evidently feeling conscience-stricken at not having included me in his list of willing scribes. By way of retaliation, on adjourning to the dining-room, I sat apart with the newly-appointed Editor, who cleverly apportioned his efforts between keeping up a flow of conversation and doing full justice to the meal, which, by way of a change, we were allowed to select *ad lib.* from the menu. I believe a precedent was created when various members so far forgot themselves as to order ham and eggs. I followed my table-companion's lead and voted for "bloody" steak and potatoes of the chipped variety. There is no doubting the qualities of the latter fare, for I was so strengthened that I decided to accompany Kettle on his homeward way into the hills. He was soon conducting me along roads which were quite unfamiliar to me, and I was really sorry when we arrived, in due course, at Rhydtalog. Although W.H. had not yet completed his own trip, he was kind enough to see me comfortably fixed up before going on alone; and so, after supping, I was able to retire in a happy frame of mind, with visions of riding over the Horse-shoe Pass on the morrow.

In spite of the small number out, the meeting was very pleasant and certainly most circumspect, due to the presence and righteous influence of Mrs. Chandler, who had brought out that promising boy, Frank, to see the shops, and to Mrs. Band, who had nobly propelled Harold thither on the tandem. Besides those already mentioned, there were present, Venables and Dave Rowatt, looking as wicked as ever (but more restrained than usual), Kettle, Powell, Norman Heath and Snowden.

Lymm, 20th January, 1934.

A short run for me in every respect—detained until late, at home ; a dash out over the few miles to the rendezvous ; a dash back, as soon as the meal was over—it doesn't give me much chance for writing an interesting account of the fixture. Anyhow, we were seven only—J. S. Austin, Buckley, Cody, Green, F. Haynes, Jnr., Bob Poole and Stephenson—the counter-attraction at the Albert Hall accounting for the absence of some of the stalwarts ; and doubtless there were good reasons why some of the others who might have been expected didn't materialise. The hotel is always pleasant in every way ; the distance short enough to please the least energetic, the food excellent and nicely served, and the fixture ought to be better supported. However, we had old Bick with us, Olympian as usual, but we shan't see him again for some time, for he announced his intention of retiring to his country seat in the south for a space. I feel sure that the usual adjournment took place after the meal, and regret that I was unable to assist at the " feast of reason and flow of soul " (and other things) invariable on such occasions.

Stamford Bridge, 27th January, 1934.

After an inauspicious opening, the morning gradually brightened, until by mid-day, the warmth of the sun had become quite fierce ; so, with the breeze abaft the binnacle, there was every prospect of a pleasant and easy ride on the outward journey, at any rate ; but to make things even more comfortable, the wind died down towards evening, so that the return journey held no terrors for even such as I.

The only Anfielders I encountered (until Stamford Bridge was reached) were Jonas and Scarff on a tandem going great guns. They flashed past me at the Lydiate and long before Two Mills came into view, they had vanished in the haze. That put me on my metal and calling up all my reserves of strength and skill, I hurtled over the roads at break-neck speed, doing pretty well ten miles an hour, at times. Through Chester (where I exchanged compliments with a motorist who had little idea of motoring) I fled, and so to Wrexham and Farndon, stopping at Broxton to re-fuel ; then on by way of Highwayside and Tarpoley, finally pulling up my panting steed at the " Bridge " inn, at a few minutes to six o'clock.

So anxious was everyone—especially the famished motorists—to satisfy his curiosity as to this new " feeding-station " that, in spite of the early hour, the meal was half-finished. Twenty-eight had assembled, although no more than eighteen had been expected, and perhaps it was this circumstance which threw the service out of gear. That, however, is a matter which can be remedied. The only other criticism of the arrangements I have to make is the absence of a covered shelter for bicycles.

Among the gay throng gathered in the banqueting-hall I remarked Randall and Lloyd, who had ridden all the way from Chester ; Norman Heath, who had pottered up from Shropshire, the two Vice-Presidents, the Captain, the Treasurer, a brace of Bands—John and Harold—in fact, the very *crème de la crème* of the Club, excepting the President, who had gone to Warrington on a prize-giving expedition.

The party divided into minute sections soon after seven o'clock and being in a hurry to reach home, I attached myself to a fast trio, captained by Tommy Royden, who led us at a furious pace through the lanes to Backford. Half-way, we were halted for the purpose of hearing Powell's poetical disquisition on the wonders of the heavens, which was rudely interrupted by Sir Thomas observing that a lot of gas was being

wasted—whether human or acetylene we were left to guess. Some idea of the terrific pace maintained along the New Chester road may be gauged by the fact that that speedy tandem pair—Harold and the Missus—only passed us after a titanic struggle, lasting for more than a hundred yards!

After a short stop at Hooton, Powell and I forsook our reckless associates and travelled in dignified fashion to Clatterbridge, where we parted. And so ends another chapter.

“Cycling’s” B.A.R. Concert, Royal Albert Hall, London,
20th January, 1934.

Cycling’s “Best-All-Rounder” Concert provides an opportunity for enjoying a week-end without propelling the inevitable bicycle around, and, enables one to renew acquaintance with old friends resident in the Metropolis.

Dick Ryalls, our new delegate to the R.R.A., met Connor, del Banco, Lockett, Marriott, W. Orrell, Randall, Salt and Scarff at Euston Station, and after tea, saw us safely to the Royal Albert Hall, where other Anfielders, in the persons of Cook, Beardwood and Brazeudale, were already foregathered.

The entertainment was excellent and the idea of printing the Chairman’s speech in the programme was better still. The acoustics of the Royal Albert Hall, especially when the microphone and loud-speaker system are brought into operation, are not good, and endeavouring to catch a speech with a couple of echoes flying around is decidedly difficult. The Master of Ceremonies, a gentleman in red coat and very adept at letting people know who he was and of whom he was talking, had no difficulty in making himself heard without loud-speakers, although his professional accent with its drawn-out syllables became tiring to the ear after a time.

During the presentations, our very own Salty was handed a certificate for being 6th in the 1933 competition and he is to be congratulated on being in the first twelve for the four years during which the competition has been in existence. Southall and Marshall only have equalled this feat.

In the interval, we visited the Presider in his box and came away amply refreshed. The majority of our party did not have time to visit Beardwood and to him we extend our apologies.

After *Auld Lang Syne*, the great gathering dispersed, and a gentle walk to Euston Station for the 12-20 train, brought our visit to a successful termination.

E. SNOWDEN,

Editor.

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ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

FORMED MARCH 1879

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

MONTHLY CIRCULAR.

Vol. XXXI.

No. 337

FIXTURES FOR MARCH, 1934

Tea at 6-0 p.m.

						Light up at
Mar. 3	Halewood (Derby Arms)	6-22 p.m.
" 10	Tarporley (Swan)	6-34 p.m.
" 12	Committee Meeting, 7 p.m. (Victoria Hotel, St. John's Lane, L'pool)	
" 17	Mouldsworth (Station Hotel)	6-47 p.m.
" 24	Over (Wheatstall)	7-1 p.m.
" 30/Apl. 2	Easter Tour.—Bettws-y-Coed (Glan Aber)	7-12 p.m.
April 7	Farndon (Raven)	7-25 p.m.

ALTERNATIVE FIXTURES.

Tea at 5-30 p.m.

Mar. 3	Goestrey (Red Lion)	6-22 p.m.
	Full Moon	...	1st and 31st 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.

The resignations of the following have been accepted with regret : Messrs. H. Dakin and E. Nuttall.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS.—Mr. E. Parry, c/o Messrs. C. M. Gobhai & Co., P.O. Box 476, Bombay, India.

Heartiest congratulations were tendered to Mr. W. P. Cook on his appointment by the Ministry of Transport to a seat on the Road Transport Boards Advisory Committee, established under the Road and Rail Traffic Act 1933.

EASTER TOUR.—Accommodation has 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 "double-up."

Members who intend to join in the Tour are requested not to book their rooms direct, but to send their names to me as soon as possible, at the same time letting me know the day they intend to arrive at Bettws, and the daily runs they expect to attend, so that proper meals can be arranged.

Daily runs have been arranged as follows: Friday—Llanfair-talhaiarn (Black Lion); Saturday—Beaumaris (Bulkeley Arms); Sunday—Festiniog (Pengwern Arms). Lunch 1-30 p.m. each day.

The President reported that an anonymous Donor had promised to pay for the Prize won by the first successful attempt on either R.R.A. or N.R.R.A. record.

H. W. POWELL,

Hon. General Secretary.

RACING NOTES.

Our Racing Programme for 1934 is as follows :—
 Four "50's."—April 21st; May 5th; June 17th; September 8th.
 Invitation "100."—May 21st.

" "24 Hour."—July 13th/14th.

" "12 Hour."—August 18th.

This Programme will be preceded by a couple of Training "25's" to be held on 7th and 14th April.

F. E. MARRIOTT,

Captain and Hon. Racing Secretary.

TREASURY NOTES.

This year, February has not lived up to its attribute of "fill dyke," either climatically or financially. The absence of any pluvial deluge has been echoed by the paucity in the flow of subscriptions as compared with the spate in January. Possibly our members, in their zeal to conserve the scanty water supply, have been driven to slake their thirst in more expensive liquids, thus leaving an insufficiency of the wherewithal to pay their debts. But not all. Sixteen hardy men (who, no doubt are all strictly T.T.) are sufficiently affluent to support the Club in the approved manner, and my thanks are hereby given for their Subscriptions and/or Donation (*).

Possibly it may rain before March is out, and then, I hope our members will have the necessary liquid assets to make March atone for the shortcomings of February.

B. Band.	H. Dakin.	E. O. Morris.	A. T. Simpson.
J. E. Bill.	E. Haynes, Jr.	*G. Newall.	W. E. Taylor.
F. Brewster.	W. H. Kettle.	J. S. Roberts.	E. A. Thompson.
F. H. Koenen.	J. J. Salt.	N. Turvey.	

My apologies to Messrs. W. P. Cook, C. C. Dews and H. Green who were unfortunately not credited with their Stars of Merit * in last month's *Circular*.

R. LEIGH KNIFE,

Hon. Treasurer.

EDITORIAL.

That errors would appear in spite of the vigilance of our efficient staff was an eventuality for which we were prepared, but our editorial heart bleeds to behold the havoc wrought with the copy of the Honorary Treasurer, whose hitherto unblemished career has never been tarnished by a single slip; that is—er—well We sternly questioned our secretary, but seeing a glint of battle in the lady's eye at the mention of the copy in question, we thought it better to put the blame on the printers, who were at once taken out and hanged, drawn and quartered, without the option of a fine.

Having made the *amende honorable*, we would, however, firmly state that we do not intend to apologise for each and every mistake which will inevitably appear in the *Circular*. Life is far too short. As for the Treasurer's notes, these will in future appear in all their simple truthfulness and not shorn one whit of their rugged beauty! M'yes—perhaps!

Congratulations.

We proffer sincere congratulations to our President on the honour recently conferred on him by the Minister of Transport and, in doing so, we are sure that we are expressing the feelings of every member of the Club.

That he should have been invited to sit on the Advisory Council which is to enquire into ways and means of lessening the dangers which stalk so blatantly on our roads to-day comes as no surprise to cyclists in general; to members of the Anfield Bicycle Club, who are most familiar with his unique knowledge of road lore, the appointment is no more than was to be expected; but, that W.P.'s election should be acclaimed by numbers who not only have no interest in cycling—whose sympathies, on the contrary, might well be supposed to lie in the opposite direction—is a remarkable tribute both to his wisdom and sense of justice.

To Cook's bluff, forthright nature a superfluity of verbiage is unpalatable; so, in order that we may not call down upon us the Old Gentleman's wrath, we will cut short our panegyric with the final reservation that we feel confident that his lucid arguments will pave the way to happier and safer conditions for all who journey on the King's Highway.

* * * * *

DINNERS.

The Presider has been enjoying (*sic*) a perfect orgie of dinners and speech-making, until he must be tired of his own voice! But it has given us a respite from having him at the Club runs, so it has had its compensations.

On January 27th, he attended the Warrington Road Club dinner to present the prizes and had the pleasure of handing Salt and Pitchford their trophies won in the W.R.C. "100."

After week-ending at Acton Bridge with Pitchford and Mr. Thomas of the Mid-Shropshire Wheelers, he attended the dinner of the Chester section of the Liverpool D.A., and responded to the toast of "The Visitors." Seeing that the O.G., has been a member of the C.T.C. since 1886, it seems rather grotesque to regard him as a visitor; but, the Chester lads looked after him very well and provided an escort to see that he did not fall into the "Nag's Head," Willaston, on his way home.

On February 1st, the Mersey Roads Club invited him to propose the toast of "The Club," and also to present the prizes and at this function he was supported by Frank Marriott, Elston (who replied for the visitors in an excellent speech), Brewster, Williams and, of course, Elias, who proposed the toast of "The Prize-winners," and Brazendale, who presided and had only the toast of his health to respond to.

Finally, on February 3rd, the O.G. had a jolly week-end of 180 miles of cycling to Birmingham (during which he called on "Timbertiles," at Stafford, and was delighted to find him looking so well) to represent us at the M.C. and A.C. dinner, with the penalty of responding to the toast of "The Visitors," proposed in his inimitable style by Frank Urry. At this function neither Lusty nor Boyes was present, but "Wayfarer" (himself) turned up luckily just late enough to hear the Presider's speech.

And now, we think, he deserves a good long rest.

BIDLAKE MEMORIAL FUND.

This Fund is being closed shortly with a result that is rather disappointing. £1,000 was aimed at, but only approximately £750 seems likely. Since the report in the January *Circular* donations from only E. Snowden and W. E. Cotter have been received. We know of several promises that have not yet been implemented, and we hope this "last call" will not fall on deaf ears. It provides a splendid opportunity of showing in concrete form our full appreciation of the magnificent work, entailing great sacrifices of time and money which Bidlake did for the sport and pastime of cycling. Let us not appear ungrateful.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

A propos of the remark in the report of the A.G.M., in last month's issue, that Dave Rowatt's capture of the Attendance prize had been achieved without the aid of a bicycle, we are given to understand by Mr. Rowatt that he does possess a machine, but that the tyres won't hold air.

Our chronicler retorts that such an explanation, if intended as an apology for not riding, won't hold *water*.

* * * * *

The good name and reputation for righteousness, which are the President's, stood him in good stead, on the occasion of the Warrington Road Club's Annual Dinner, at the end of last month.

Our Merry Old Gentleman, as has already been briefly stated, bled him thither to present the prizes, and thoroughly well he performed his duties, handing out, among others, first and second fastest time awards to Pitchford and Salt, respectively, plus the first team medals to the Anfield B.C., as their share of the trophies in the "100." Seeing that he himself had timed the race, these successes were remarkable. But more was to come. The President, in spite of what had just taken place, was asked to draw the winning ticket in a raffle and—again he did the trick, extracting from the hat no other than number twenty-one—Salt's ticket!

* * * * *

Dashing fellows they have in the Manchester section! Regular live wires and no mistake! For, having paid a visit to the sunny South and witnessed the Bath Road "100," half-a-dozen of these gay dogs determined to cast off the chains which bound them to homely old Lancashire, join the Bath Road Club and see the world!

The latest bulletin concerning this adventurous band reports that it has received an addition to its ranks in the person of R. J. Austin and that alternative fixtures for the convenience of its members are being contemplated, but there is no confirmation of the rumour that it is to assume the title of "The Bath Chair Club."

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Scene—The Hoylake Road, not far from Willaston Corner.

Time.—About 7-50 on the last Wednesday evening in January.

A green tricycle is standing not more than six feet from the grass verge. A cyclist approaches. . . . Bang! Crash! Wallop! Then—"What the blazes are you doing, sir? Your behaviour is a damned scandal. By gad, sir, I'd call it something else, if I could only find appropriate words. You tear along the King's highway, cannon into my tricycle—and then have the doggasted impudence to lie on

top of it! You didn't see it, because you were looking at *me*? Confound you, sir, does the sight of *me* cause people to fall off their bicycles? I'll have you know, sir What? You're sorry? Oh, very well. I accept your apology, but the next time you want to inspect my features, *get off* and do so. It's safer—perhaps!"

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Salt has a camera. How he became possessed of it is another story, but we understand that the President had something to do with it. Anyway, he has a camera—a really nice, snappy camera and Sir Charles Conway is already becoming apprehensive of losing his highly-paid position of caricaturist-in-chief to the Club. As a matter of fact, there is no need to harbour such fears, as we hear that Salt intends to devote himself to subjects of a less common nature and we offer a few suggestions which may be helpful in this direction.

He might, for instance, take a snapshot of the President spending a quiet week-end at home; of Chandler refusing a spring onion; of Hubert thanking Powell for his offer of a pair of shorts, and so on.

We feel sure that such a series of pictures would prove intensely interesting both to the present and to future generations.

* * * * *

Our "trusty and well-beloved" Treasurer has from time to time stated that his onerous duties might, with advantage to the Club, be undertaken by a younger and more virile member, which is, of course, nonsense and we think the following incident should once and for all put an end to such an absurd idea.

This is the story.

A short time ago, Knipe was pedalling along to the scene of what he calls his labours, where he puts in a few hours' gentle relaxation in the intervals of keeping the Club's accounts, when he was, in company with other traffic, halted by a policeman at certain cross-roads. Signalled to proceed, our friend, who had dallied rather long over his breakfast, "trod on 'em" to some effect and eventually arrived at his destination in time to lecture laggard pupils on the evils of unpunctuality.

The following morning, on arriving at the self-same cross-roads, Robert was, without any apparent reason, again stopped by the self-same policeman. His first thought was that he was going to be asked for a fuller explanation concerning a certain "quid," and he had decided to swear that he had never heard of the Anfield B.C. However, the Bobby put quite a different question to him, merely asking whether he remembered being pulled up at that spot, on the previous day. On our Robert replying in the affirmative, the other replied, "You were quick off the mark that time, sir; and," he added with a grin, "I wasn't the only one to notice it. A gentleman in a motor-car behind you said, 'By Jove! the old gentleman's had his dose of Kruschen, this morning!'"

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Halewood, 3rd February, 1934.

It may—or it may not, according to taste—have been typical February weather the other Saturday when Halewood was the fixture. I prefer to think of a typical February day as a day dawning with the pale blue of a winter sky, merged from the nocturnal blackness of a

starry night—bright and with a nip in the air which imbues one with the spirit of Spring. Everything feels so very good and it is delightful to be alive. But patchy fog was the order this Saturday and, as I crossed the Mersey River, fog-horns and bells filled the air with a medley of weird and melodious sounds. Liverpool was miserable and I had skidded on setts and squelched through the dampness of the roads ere arriving at the Derby Arms.

John Kinder, Powell, Knipe, Birkby, Salt, Connor, "Red-head" Williams, Harold Band, Snowden and Glendinning were in the tank when I stalked in; there may have been others who must accept my apologies, as in my state the above were all I could recognize.

For a complete change I managed to wangle a seat in the lower room, where much more elbow-room is provided. Round the table there sat Powell, Snowden, Marriott, Harold Band, John Kinder, Hubert Roskell and friend, Sammy Barton, Eddie Morris, Chem. (of course), and the inevitable in the person of Arthur Simpson. Now dear old Arthur has for long been libelled regarding the way he carves the pork. "Messing about" has become synonymous with his name. But practice does make perfect sometimes and it is pleasing to relate that Arthur did his job really well. So expert was he in deftly handling the crackling and the delicate slices that even Snowden was impressed. For thirty-four years our Editor had evaded this tempting, succulent meat until on Saturday he succumbed to Arthur's cajoling and partook of pork. Shades of dead pigs, empty stys and affluent farmers! No longer can Snowden look swine straight in the face. He will slink by with shame and think of his record, gone for ever, all for a couple of slices of pig!

The upstairs table was graced illustriously. Chandler, in the absence of the Presider, who was representing the Club at the M.C. & A.C. Dinner, dealt with a couple of chickens in masterly style, as only a real trencherman can. Fortunate were the hungry ones near to him. The other lights were Salty, Sub-Captain Connor, "Red-head," Glendinning, Birkby (strange that these younger ones should be fraternising upstairs!), Knipe, Lucas, Cody, Kettle, Teddy Edwards, Burgess, Elias, Mercer, Tommy Royden, and Johnny Band.

Fog caused anxiety to start for home and this prevented the usual exchange of greetings, and soon only Chandler and the younger members were left. We discoursed on tracks, buttresses and mountains in general until we, too, thought it time to leave.

On the ferry-steamers once more, it took Chandler at least five minutes to express his thanks for the "real, steady pace" that had been provided for him. Bouquets were really flying and our heads almost swelled with the compliments that were passed. Once on his native heath, however, he disappeared into the underworld of Birkenhead. And I, alone again, was left in the retrospective enjoyment of yet another successful run.

Goostrey, 3rd February, 1934.

The suburbs of Manchester were enveloped in a thick fog, as I wound my dreary way through the damp and greasy streets. My route lay along the new arterial road which crosses the crystal-clear stream dividing Lancashire from Cheshire and links up the two cities famous for Anfield associations. Having reached the farther bank in safety, I fell to wondering whether the fog extended into the country, or whether it was purely a local affair, but any hopes that the latter was the case were soon dissipated as I crept through Alderley and took to the lanes in the vicinity of Goostrey.

It was, therefore, with some pleasure that I sighted the red glow from the windows of the "Lion," and after leaving my steed to find its own way to the stable, I took my fog-laden body into the house, washed away the outward and visible signs of travel and joined the small assembly. Only six were brave enough to make the journey—Wilf Orrell, Bob Poole, Geoff. Lockett, Ned Haynes, Budge Chadwick and Jack Walton. The meal provided was well up to the usual standard, though the diners, lacking the restraining influence of the senior members, revealed themselves in a new light.

Having suitably fortified themselves against the dampness of the night, the dauntless six left in a body, plunging by instinct, rather than sight, through the murk, until, by the time Alderley was reached, Chadwick and I, at least, had imbibed enough fog to justify a halt for the purpose of taking further preventive measures.

Tarporley, 10th February, 1934.

Trained to Stockport, arriving behind time as usual. Football crowd a nuisance on Edgeley Road, but through to Cheadle safely. Spill narrowly avoided outside Altrincham. Wind strong, but variable. Good going on main road to Lostock. Smell from chemical plant almost fatal. Tricky lane route on to Davenham, thence Winsford and Over. Cup of tea with Walker at Wheatshaf before tackling last lap by Little Budworth—bones of monster not visible—into Tarporley. Meal in progress at Swan, some thirty partaking. Fed with President and Editor, latter offering warm welcome, but expecting *quid pro quo*. Oh, that a man may smile and smile, yet be a villain! Speech later with Kettle and Chandler, *re* Beftws, then with Secretary and Treasurer (no cash passing). Rest of Club seen dimly through tobacco haze. Hear Manchester well represented. Must arrive earlier next time. Dragged off too soon by President and Editor, with Heath, to Shrewsbury.

Starry night, beautiful ride. President informative alongside; Snowden and Heath kind of Greek chorus behind. Discussed everything pertaining to cycling. First stop at Hadnall; allurement of Raven (with pyrotechnic display) resisted. Pause at Hadnall unprofitable. Saracen's Head closed! After an indignation meeting had been held, we hurried into Salop, the President leading cavalcade into yard of George at 10 p.m. Here met Frail Hubert and friends. Same been on premises several hours, but liquor still available. After supper "lounged" till small hours. Retired to bed first, in dudgeon, after being described as "little boy in the corner." Anfield badge evidently ignored.

Up next day before arrival of shoes, intending to get back home for tea, via Stockport and L.M.S. Fellow cyclists, with Hubert plus one Stout companion, reported prior to departure. Left 9-45 a.m. Glorious morning, sunny but cool. By Wen, Ash and Nantwich to Over for lunch. Later with Walker to Ollerton, thence alone to Wilmslow, and thus to station for 4-55 train; time in hand. Officials bound for Ruabon. Other plans not published, but presumed innocent. No member involved, apparently, in Police Court proceedings this week.

Splendid run. Roll on the next!

Mold, 17th February, 1934.

Being unable to meet at Willaston Corner at the usual time I decided that a solo run would be a welcome change. It was a glorious spring morning which showed every promise of a fine afternoon. I was not disappointed; it *was* a grand afternoon, when I set out from home. After a very quiet run out to the Corner I proceeded sedately to Two Mills and then along the Queensferry Road where I passed Johnny Band and Elias.

Arriving at Queensferry and having plenty of time on my hands I decided to go up towards Rhydtalag. Much to my surprise I overtook Gordon Glendinning who was actually walking through Coed Talon. He jumped on, but later, on another rise, refused point blank to ride, murmuring something about his gear being a little on the big side.

The remainder of the ride was uneventful and we arrived at the "Dolphin" in good time. Amongst those present were Powell, Tommy Royden, Arthur Williams, the Skipper, Rigby Band, Charlie Conway, Kettle and Teddy Edwards, and we were later joined by the President, the Editor and John Roberts. Just as we were about to go upstairs for tea, Charlie Randall and Jack Salt arrived and when asked where they had been, Wrexham, Nant-y-Garth, Ruthin and the Bwlch were mentioned.

After disposing of an excellent meal of steak and kidney pie, etc., the party broke up, Cook being the first to depart, making for Llanfairtalhaiarn and Arthur Williams and Rigby Band going to the Yo. Ho. palace at Cwnwyd. Five were left to keep the fire company, and at about eight o'clock they decided it was time to go. Then followed a very leisurely and pleasant ride home and so—another run over.

Lymm, 17th February, 1934.

The day of which I am writing was calm, dry and mild. Thanks to this delightful combination of weather conditions, the ride to the "Spread Eagle" was pleasant, easy and fast. I was the last to arrive, and was therefore relegated to the side table, there to dine in solitary state. Having given the rest of the crowd half a course start, it is with some pleasure that I place it on record that I was not the last to finish—which Crewe (who is rapidly acquiring a set of Anfield "manners") though a fit subject for jest; he said it was a good thing to occupy the scratch mark at *something*!

I am instructed to say that there was a large and distinguished party from Liverpool. Large it certainly was, because Stevie consisted of seven-eighths of it. But why distinguished? The remainder of the Seaside set were—Knipe and his gloves; Lucas and his lamp, and Cody who came by his usual circuitous route.

The meal duly disposed of, the company were entertained by the new Vice-President, who told us of the more respectable of his Continental debauches, and of some of the joys of motoring.

The party broke up at the early hour of 7-30, the Liverpool men making for their homes in the West, while Bert Green, Will Orrell, Bob Poole, Geoff Lockett, Ned Haynes, Ken Crewe and self rode together to Altrincham. And there the Club run ended, with Saturday still young. But I am only writing of the Club run!

Acton Bridge, 24th February, 1934.

Tempted by the nice fresh morning, I made an early start for Shropshire, lunched more or less frugally at Whittington, after which I turned my wheels in the direction of Whitchurch. I had spent most of my spare breath going south in cursing the wind, but as soon as I began to go east I recalled all I had said and the harder it blew, the louder my blessings. A rebuff awaited me on arriving at Oulton Hall. Could I have tea?—Just for one wretched cyclist?—Most assuredly not—the trouble would be out of all proportion to the profit! Waiting only to point out the deception of the notice anent the provision of hospitality, I returned to the main road, a wiser—if a sadder—traveller. Which is reminiscent of the two sailors who took a public house, but refused to supply intending customers, with the explanation that they had bought it for their own behoof.

Rain came on at Weaverham, so the Leigh Arms was doubly welcome. Here, ranged round the smoke-room were Kettle, Stephenson, Ned Haynes, Knipe, Bob Poole (with his wistful smile which would melt a heart of stone), and Royden, soon to be augmented by Bert Green (his own cheery self) Glendinning and Perkins. Powell would have joined us, but Tommy Royden's tobacco was too much for his delicate nostrils!

An excellent meal (and plenty of it) served quickly and piping hot did much to balance the miserable conditions outside, and so good was it that, at least two usually abstemious persons nearly made beasts of themselves! Just as we had finished, Cody blew in, and no doubt he enjoyed himself as much as the rest had done.

The party dispersed at seven o'clock to face a damp ride home, but the wind had dropped and the rain gradually lessened until it gave out entirely before nine o'clock.

Many familiar faces were missing at this run. The President was on his way to London to attend a meeting of the R.R.A. on the following Monday, while the Tea-Tasters were having a week-end all to themselves in the heart of Shropshire; but of that, anon.

May I add, by way of postscript, that in my poor estimation the Leigh Arms and Barney are worth more frequent visits.

Alternative Week-end—Newcastle-on-Clun, 24th-25th Feb., 1934.

Somewhere within the precincts of the county town of Salop, a church clock chimed its melody. It was 8-15 p.m. of the last Saturday in February. Street lamps cast their long reflections and myriads of lights scintillated in the pouring rain. A haughty lion glared disdainfully from its high lintel in Wyle Cop—but we passed by, unheeded. So over the English Bridge, through the gloomy suburbs of Shrewsbury and along the Hereford road towards the distant Stretton Hills.

The Captain and his Sub. left Frank Perkins at Willaston Corner just after 3-30 p.m. In Chester, half-an-hour later, they saw Kettle, who beamed pleasantly as he informed them of their lateness. Near the "Raven" the tandem trike was parked outside a teahouse, into which two doses of the "knock" (one each) had pushed Blotto and Redhead Williams. Thus a party of four met Wilf. Orrell and Lockett, per tandem, and Rigby Band at Battlefield.

The rain was still descending when we turned westward at the Craven Arms Hotel, along the valley of the Clun. We expected to be met by a stiff west wind; but no! the strong breeze which had prevailed earlier in the day had ceased and the zephyr remaining did not impede our progress. Our clothes were wet and our feet stone cold when we arrived at our destination, just before 11 p.m. Imagine our astonishment and delight when we saw, comfortably ensconced in an armchair in company with Norman Heath—F. H. Koenen. What a pleasure! what an agreeable surprise! Salty, who with Brewster had arrived per tandem from Gobowen via Welshpool and The Anchor, gave an admirable exhibition of how to go to bed without supper, as stated in training notes published recently. His appetite was, as usual, quite as good as that of anyone present and the way he put away the roast pork, etc., was shameful. And then he advises aspirants to speed to eliminate supper altogether!

The glorious sunshine, that Sabbath morn, made the Clun Valley a veritable wonderland. Everywhere was bright and smelt so clean and fresh. F.H. was off early and was round the Anchor and Church Stoke before he arrived at the "White Horse," Pulverbatch, for lunch. The greater number of our party took a narrow road over the Kerry Hills and through Mainstone to Bishops Castle. The tandem tricycle crew and Orrell and Lockett kept to the main road via Clun and Bishops Castle. A friend who had ridden from Birkenhead here brought our number up to thirteen. The tit-bit of the day was good—very good. Sub-captain Connor, who is rapidly developing an "ever-onward" complex, rode the hill from the watersplash to the village with gusto and without sitting on the saddle once. So intent was he in "getting on with it" that he had almost reached the fifth milestone from Shrewsbury before he realised that something was amiss and then a dreary return to the "White Horse," where jeers and a belated lunch awaited him.

We rode through the lanes to the Welshpool road, where F.H. and Norman Heath bade us good-bye, and then through Montford Bridge, Baschurch, Ellesmere and Overton to Farndon which gave us over forty miles between lunch and tea. Near Aldford, Orrell and Lockett left us to continue their way to Cottonopolis, whilst we meandered through Eaton Park for Chester and home.

ERNEST SNOWDEN,

Editor.

ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

FORMED MARCH, 1879.

MONTHLY CIRCULAR

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL

Vol. XXXI.

Edited by Ernest Snowden.

No. 338

FIXTURES FOR APRIL, 1934.

Tea at 6-0 p.m.

			Light up at
Mar. 30	Apl. 1	Easter Tour—Bettws-y-Coed (Glan Aber)	7-12 p.m.
April 7		Farndon (Raven)	7-25 p.m.
" 9		Committee Meeting, 7 p.m. (Victoria Hotel, St. John's Lane, Liverpool).	
" 14		Daresbury (Ring o' Bells)	7-39 p.m.
" 21		First 50 Miles Handicap	7-52 p.m.
" 28		Acton Bridge (Leigh Arms)	9-34 p.m.
May 5		Second 50 Miles Handicap	9-47 p.m.

Full Moon, 29th inst. Summer Time begins, 22nd inst.

The Hon. Treasurer's address is R. L. Knipe, 108 Moscow Drive, Stoneycroft, Liverpool, 13, but Subscriptions (25/-; under 21, 15/-; under 18, 5/-; Honorary, a minimum of 10/-) and Donations (unlimited) to the Prize Fund can be most conveniently made to any Branch of Martins Bank Ltd., for credit of the Anfield Bicycle Club, Tue Brook Branch.

COMMITTEE NOTES.

4 THE LAUND,

WALLASEY, CHESHIRE.

Mr. W. H. Kettle has been appointed Judge and Referee for the Invitation "100." Headquarters will be at The George Hotel, Shrewsbury.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS.—Mr. S. T. Threlfall, 37 Varley Road, Aigburth, Liverpool, 19.

H. W. POWELL,

Hon. General Secretary.

RACING NOTES.

The date of the Third "50" has been altered to July 28th, which kindly note.

Will those intending to ride in the "25's" (7th and 14th April) please let me have their names on or before the Tuesday prior to the event?

First "50."—April 21st. Closing date for entries, Friday, April 13th.

Second "50."—May 5th. Closing date for entries, Friday, April 27th.

Entries handed in later than these dates cannot be accepted.

Enclosed with the present *Circular* will be found a Race Card covering the four 50-mile Road Rides. Any member desiring further details of these events should let me have their names.

Invitation "100."—Will aspirants desirous of having a two-rounds contest with the Shropshire Triangle kindly advise me by April 26th? Selection will be based on merit.

An early opportunity is taken to entreat members to **APPLY** for Checking, Marshalling and Feeding positions in the "100." Work will be greatly facilitated by members coming forward and **ASKING** for jobs early. The use of two cars will also be required.

Open Event.—Dukinfield C.C. "50," Sunday, April 29th.

F. E. MARRIOTT,

Captain and Hon. Racing Secretary.

TREASURY NOTES.

It will soon be quite a difficult problem to find a different reason each month why members don't pay their subscriptions.

Only Ten during March! A terrible slump, but I think the reason is obvious. So many have been investing their savings, their capital, even their shirts on the winner of the "Grand National," that, of course, they haven't had a mite to spare for your Treasurer! However, now that the favourite has romped home for once, I'm sure we may confidently expect a large influx of subscriptions during April.

To the noble ten, who have so gallantly withstood the temptation to get rich quick and who, by the way, are all prominent members of the Anti-Gambling League, I offer my best thanks for their subscriptions and donation(*).

J. R. Band.

W. Henderson.

W. H. Scarff.

*H. S. Barratt.

J. Long.

O. E. Taylor.

G. A. Glover.

F. Nevitt.

J. H. Williams.

J. Pitchford.

R. LEIGH KNIFE,

Hon. Treasurer.

EDITORIAL.

We trust that the altered appearance of the *Circular* will find favour in the eyes of everyone whose lot it is to glance through its pages.

The reasons for the changes are two-fold. In the first place, the type which has been employed up to the present was very small and the lines of print were too close together to make for easy reading; added to which, the mass of print on one side of the paper had the effect of darkening the print on the other; and when a full page of print, with only one or two paragraph indentations had to be negotiated, a feeling of tedium or monotony was apparent.

As to the front page, we frankly admit that here considerations of utility did not enter into the matter; what we did feel was that a more cheerful note might be struck at the very beginning of each number and that no loss of dignity would be sustained by allowing our aesthetic sense a little licence in this direction!

Is it necessary for us to add that in announcing these changes, we are as far from decrying what has gone before as the poles are apart? Fundamentally, there is no change—no irreverent rooting up of old traditions—merely a touch here and there made with the honest intention of simply carrying a step further the work of former years; and not unmindful of what has been achieved in the past, to make a harmonious blending of the old with the new.

BIDLAKE MEMORIAL FUND.

Since the issue of the last *Circular*, donations have been made by H. Pritchard, N. Turvey, H. Green and W. H. Kettle. There may have been others that have escaped us, but there are still some surprising omissions.

The Presider attended a committee meeting in London on March 20th, when it was announced that the Fund amounted to £867 0s. 3d. gross, and £831 10s. 10d. net, and that agreement had been reached with the Bedfordshire County Council for the purchase of a site at the Poplars, Girtford Bridge, on which a unique memorial would be erected. The balance of the Fund will be vested in trustees and meanwhile a sub-committee composed of H. H. England, Stancer and Vanheems is engaged in drafting a scheme for the annual Memorial prize for submission to the next committee meeting. The Fund is to close definitely on April 17th, and it is very much to be hoped that the £1,000 originally aimed at may be reached.

R.R.A. MEETING.

The R.R.A. meeting on February 26th provided the Presider with an excellent week-end. Lunching on the Saturday at the Raven, Prees Heath, with Dave Rowatt and Mr. and Mrs. Edwards, on their way to the Newcastle-on-Clun week-end, Meriden was reached that night and on the Sunday he got to Aynho for lunch and there met Beardwood, Tiny Osborne and "Spango," who piloted him safely to Ivinghoe with the usual stop for "petrol" at Aston Clinton, where all Anfielders are assured of a warm welcome by Gladding of the N.R. At Ivinghoe were found Hillhouse of the N.R. and our old friend Mazzeppa, together with Buckley, who now appears to have joined the Pedestrian Association and was on his way back from Essex. Naturally a very pleasant evening ensued and on the Monday, P.C.B., Hillhouse and Osborne escorted the O.G. to London. At Harrow, Hillhouse was at home and Percy Charles carried on to East Sheen, but Osborne accompanied the Presider to Euston, where the usual formalities were observed.

At the meeting, the only contentious business was a notice of motion aimed at relaxing the rule referring to Time-keepers. The proposer told an excellent hard-luck story in an *ex parte* statement which magnified the alleged "troubles" Yorkshire is labouring under through their objection to employ a time-keeper from west of the Pennines, with the result that a good deal of sympathy was aroused and a majority vote secured. It was perhaps significant that all those who knew much about time-keeping spoke and voted against the motion which failed to secure the necessary majority. Leonard Ellis was elected to the newly-created office of Assistant Honorary Secretary and the delegates of the constituent clubs showed their approval of the action of the old Committee by unanimously electing Cook to the Presidency. Beardwood and Ryalls were our delegates and Master Dick appeared to enjoy the "other business" hugely, and is now fairly launched on the sea of Metropolitan cycling as a known personality.

* * * * *

MISCELLANEA.

Black disaster overtook our veteran centurion, Sir Thomas Royden, on his return from the Acton Bridge run on the last Saturday in February. In company with several other speedmen, he was manfully making his way through the deluge towards Liverpool, when, without warning, at a spot miles from anywhere and nearly five from Runcorn, his back tyre burst. The remainder of the party, to a man, set to work on the damaged tyre, but, neglecting to repair the hole in the

outer cover, they found their efforts barren of success and, despairing of being of further assistance, departed. Many a one, in a like predicament, would have felt like giving up; but not Tommy. His stout old heart refused to be daunted, and putting his best foot forward, he trudged, head into the storm, along the dark, deserted roads, intent only on reaching Runcorn to try his luck on the railway. Fortune favours the brave, and Tommy could well lay claim to a reward. Nor was it denied him, for he arrived at the station in the nick of time to catch a train to Liverpool which had been delayed a quarter-of-an-hour on the way and, instead of kicking his heels in Runcorn till midnight (as by the time-table he should have done) he was being wafted homewards at express speed, to greet his anxious relatives soon after eleven o'clock with one of his famous full-throated chuckles!

* * * * *

Dick Ryalls, we hear, made his debut as a delegate of the Club to the R.R.A., at the end of last month and, as was to be expected, acquitted himself with dignity and decorum.

We are glad to learn that Dick is settling down happily in the Metropolis and rapidly making friends, which, no doubt, accounts for the non-arrival of our promised "London Letter." What about it, Dick?

* * * * *

With the beginning of March come the first signs that the racing season is not a very long way off: training spins are being undertaken and alcohol and tobacco are taboo—or should be. It is only natural that, while the basic rules of training are pretty much the same all round, opinions in regard to details vary considerably. Pondering on this stupendous discovery, we resolved to send our Special Commissioner to probe more deeply into the matter by obtaining the views of a number of members representative of the Club as a whole, and these we give below in tabloid form:—

FRANK MARRIOTT said that, as Captain, he took a very serious view of training—where others were concerned: his duties in this respect left him little time to think of himself, the result being that he often had to deny himself the pleasure of abstaining from luxuries.

DAVE ROWATT firmly believed in training; in fact, he had trained to every Club-run for the last he-didn't-know-how-many years.

JONAS was of the opinion that after carrying del Blotto about on a tandem trike for a few weeks, he had had all the training he required in the way of muscular exertion.

FRANK CHANDLER thought his methods were too well known to need repetition and were, moreover, rather beyond

the capacity of the average individual ; he considered, however, that the following simple formulæ might be committed to memory :—

*An onion a day
Keeps the doctor at bay.*

*A peck or so of black puddings a week
Makes a man healthy, wealthy and sleek.*

DEL BANCO insisted that the easiest way of acquiring speed was to sit on the back seat of a tandem tricycle and watch Jonas at work.

THOMAS ROYDEN believed in an occasional walk, except on damp, dark nights with a burst tyre ; in such a case, training should be of the locomotive variety, undertaken at the earliest possible moment.

WILLIAMS' opinion coincided very much with that of Jonas, only more so, since a recent tour in Shropshire.

SALT'S reply was rather disconcerting ; he suggested that our representative should accompany him on a training spin and see things at first hand. Being desirous, however, of living a few more useful years, our valued Commissioner decided not to proceed further with this interview.

THE PRESIDENT said that as a time-keeper, he always kept a watch on fast times—a *second-hand* performance, as it were.

Our Commissioner thinks that a study of the various methods given above should result in increased speeds, this summer : for our own part, we are a little dubious.

* * * * *

Notwithstanding the paragraph in the February *Circular*, our only representative at the Tricycle Association meeting at Acton Bridge, on March 4th, was W. P. Cook, who presided over a jolly gathering of about 20, including W. O. Jackson and Jenkinson who had been competing in a low gear " 25 " that morning, North of Preston, and did not think it beneath them to support the good work Littlemore is doing for tricycling in these parts. The dates for the two races were fixed as follows : " 25," May 6th ; " 50," August 26th. And if these dates don't suit our members, it is their own fault for not attending the meeting.

* * * * *

The Summer Meet of the F.O.T.C. has been fixed for July 1st, at Hatfield, and this seems to lend itself to a week-end at Ivinghoe, arranged by Beardwood. Those qualified might book the date and make a special effort to witness the President vacating the Presidential office.

The Tale of a Goose.

Gather round, *mes enfants*, and listen to your Uncle Frank broadcasting from Dorset. But, as I have unfortunately put in only about three club-runs during the last five years, perhaps I had better proclaim myself to my unknown friends. I am Hubert's brother. Nothing to be ashamed of, but that is about my only claim to fame, now-a-days. I was even asked by one of our locals, a short time ago, "Can thee ride a bizycle, zur?" *Sic transit*

I suppose few can recall the time when all that was issued by the Club in the way of literature was a blue "run card," which came out once a month. If my memory is not at fault, I was the first to suggest a *Circular*; but, Harry Buck, who was then Secretary, thought it would mean more work than he could cope with. The appointment of Editor was not offered to me, I remember—probably on the (perfectly erroneous) assumption, that my literary style might prove too luxuriant!

As I have mentioned above, I now live in Dorset and if you will consult your maps, you will see that about a mile west of Bridport, there is a lane—a sunken lane—which leads to the village of Eype and the beach—and nowhere else. In this secluded spot I dwell—but, already, I see the Editor reaching for his scissors and before I finish, I would like to give you an example of the enterprise of the inhabitants of these parts.

Arthur is a handy man who will tackle anything from re-boring the cylinder of an engine to mending a grate. A short time ago, he successfully operated on a goose which had managed to get a spiral spring embedded in its tongue; but, his ingenuity in extracting the spring was nothing as compared with that in rendering his account, which read as follows:—

<i>Labour.</i> To catching goose, drawing tongue, cutting spring off same, re-setting tongue, re-assembling and releasing goose	1	6
<i>Material.</i> 1 glass of brandy...	1	0
4 Aspirins	0	2
					<hr/>	2 8

The two last items were puzzling, but were later made clear by Arthur's explanation that, being unaccustomed to veterinary work, his nerves had been so affected, that he had been laid up for the rest of the day with a sick headache!

Well, here I leave you, though there is just the possibility that I may have the pleasure of renewing old acquaintance at Salop at Whitsuntide. Who knows?

(NOTE.—For the benefit of those who were not contemporary with Frank Roskell as an active member of the Club, be it known that he joined the Anfield along with his brother Hubert, in 1898, held the post of Captain for several years and was, besides, an enthusiastic member of the Executive. He had a successful racing career and, with Hubert, once held the fifty-miles Northern Tandem record. In the light of these remarks, the irony of the countryman's question can be fully appreciated !

It was in 1905, when W. H. Buck was Secretary, that a "circular" was first mooted, and in January, 1906, during the secretaryship of H. W. Keizer, a resolution was passed authorising the publication of a "leaflet," for which the Secretary was responsible; in 1907 it was decided that the editorship should be a distinct office, S. J. Lancaster being appointed to undertake the necessary duties).

Halewood, 3rd March, 1934.

The last run of the season to Halewood was attended by a large gathering of Anfielders and two friends and proved to be a most enjoyable one for me, as I hope it was for the others who were present.

I joyfully steered the double tricycle "round the earth," and while the owner of this weird and wonderful contraption reposed peacefully on the back seat, I chatted gaily of this and that. The wind was astern and with the sun shining brightly, the day was more like one of Spring than of Winter. On the Warrington road, Teddy and Mrs. Edwards passed us (in their chariot) and at Bibby's we found the car parked outside, together with Chandler's tricycle and Kettle's and Harold Band's bicycles. We did not really want to stop, but thought we had better be sociable, so we were soon inside. Tea over, Chandler was quickly off, while the rest of the cyclists departed in time to cross the Mersey on the 5-20 Transporter. Here we again fell in with Chandler, who had been searching the countryside for castles. The tandem tricycle then led the way to the "Derby Arms," and Frank was so delighted with his pace-makers that we were soon drinking his health, while he mopped the perspiration from his noble brow.

The tyrannical President, the pernickety Editor, Stevie, Connor, Sammy the Skipper (*alias* Blossom), A. Williams, Birkby, Rigby Band and Powell were already in the Oak Room and next came the Treasurer, who ushered in a long-lost truant in the person of Sammy Threlfall, whom we had not seen for five or six years. Hubert followed with two little playmates and reported that our old friend, Mr. Buckley, was consumed with chagrin at being unable to accompany them.

Bert Lloyd joined us next and then Arthur Simpson and Salty came in and soon we were crowding into the dining-rooms and waiting patiently for a few pickings.

Although I sat next to John James, I managed to make a good meal, though with Tiny and Arthur in charge of the carving-knives, how could anyone go short?

Thirty-seven sat down to a most excellent collation, and in addition to those mentioned above, I noticed Chem., Lucas, Burgess, Conway, Ven., Jimmy Williams and Glendinning. The company was a jovial one and in the right mood to appreciate the epic delivered by Mr. Ockleston (which I understand he gives several times nightly) concerning the fate of a poor little lad from Wigan, who had the misfortune to be swallowed by a lion in Blackpool Zoo!

Soon after eight o'clock we dispersed. The first part of the ride home was, of stern necessity, taken very slowly, but, as usual, the pace warmed up for the Smithdown Road-Pier-head portion of the course.

Goostrey, 3rd March, 1934.

The weather provided for this, the last of the alternative fixtures, proved a pleasant contrast to that experienced on the occasion of our last visit to the "Red Lion," a month ago. It was a glorious Spring afternoon when I set out, although fairly breezy, and the bright sunshine soon induced me to leave the main roads and make my way through the by-roads via Rostherne to Knutsford. Having still plenty of time in hand, I proceeded by lane routes to Plumbley and thence, by way of Boots Green, to Goostrey, arriving just as the clock struck the hour for tea. I proved to be the last addition to the party, Jack Walton not being present on this occasion to deprive me of the honour.

The gathering, which numbered ten, included Cody, the Buckleys—*père et fils*—Wilf., Orrell, Bert Green, Geoff. Lockett and Crewe; Urban Taylor had apparently put in a very early appearance and, having employed his time to excellent advantage, was on the point of leaving, as I entered.

The "Red Lion" maintained its reputation for both quality and quantity, ready proof of which was the complete satisfaction evinced by so many famous trenchermen.

Tea over, an adjournment was made to the sitting-room, but the session was a brief one, the party breaking up at an unusually early hour. Geoff. Lockett, Wilf., Orrell, Bert Green and I left together to ride, under starry skies to Knutsford. A little later, I bade the others "good-night," and turned for Ashley and home.

A Tea-Time Tale.

The scene of this little story is laid within the "Greyhound," at Farndon; the day, one recent Sunday.

A goodly crowd of Anfielders, and some friends, too, are awaiting the tea and home-made cakes for which the hostelry is justly noted. Randall whiles away the time by engaging with Mine Host in a fierce football argument—fiercely as only football "fans" can argue. The rest of us talk and listen and perhaps chip in occasionally.

"Dammit, I AM hungry!" This from Gordon Glen-dinning, who arrives with a yellow-looking sweater, carelessly rolled, under his arm. He grabs at a couple of cakes, and whilst taking breath between the bites, grunts something sounding like Denbigh, Ruthin, Nant-y-Garth, Wrexham.

"I haven't had a bite to eat since I started at 10 o'clock."

"Fibber!" muttered Fred Brewster.

"But really, Gordon—"

"No, I have not had a bite to eat since I left home."

Silence prevailed.

What a real man! What stamina! We plied our hero with bread and butter, jam and cakes. He drank cups and cups of tea. Nearly seventy miles without a bite! We little dreamed that so massive a constitution reposed in that long, lean frame. Here was an endurance expert of whom our Anfield might well be proud. Imagine the stern, be-whiskered countenance as the 84 gear rolled steadily up the winding slopes of Nant-y-Garth. Stupendous! Incredible! Certainly the latter, for one inquisitor, more unbelieving than the rest said:—

"Gordon, didn't you feel hungry at all during your ride?"

"Oh, yes," and then, with justifiable nonchalance, "but I just rode it off."

"M, yes, but how?"

"Oh, I had some chocolate."

"How much?"

"Half-a-pound."

Silence prevailed.

Half-a-pound of chocolate, equal in sustaining power to two glasses of milk, two boiled eggs and four slices of bread and butter! Not a bite to eat!! Nothing to eat!!!

Tarporley, 10th March, 1934.

A wet morning was followed by a bright afternoon, but even so the roads had not dried sufficiently to permit of comfortable riding on three wheels. A fine run into the breeze varied by an occasional shower or two brought Huxley in sight, and here a stop was made for tea at the Farmers' Arms. Eventually the "Swan" was "made" at 5-30, and having dead-heated with Powell for the bar, we were soon joined by the President, fresh from his activities in Whitehall—closely followed by Snowden.

At the board, Shropshire was represented by Pitchford (who made one of his rare but welcome appearances) and R. J. Pugh from the Shrewsbury district and Norman Heath from the neighbourhood of Bridgnorth; Chester, by Lloyd and Randall; Liverpool by Cody and Stephenson; Manchester by Green, Wilf Orrell and Lockett; bare-kneed youth by Glendinning, del Banco, A. Williams, Marriott, Connor and Rigby Band; the sere and yellow by Harold Band, Kettle, Royden and Chandler, and the founders by the evergreen George Mercer.

The return journey was quite fast and not without incident. My own bunch overtook Tommy Royden's party of "aces" before reaching Tarvin, and by extraordinary efforts dropped them after half-an-hour's hard scrapping. At Backford petrol-palace, the leaders divided: one-third going by way of Hooton, the remainder by Mollington. In the lanes near Capenhurst, a collision with a hefty heifer was narrowly avoided, but thanks to its safety-first equipment of a large white patch on the rump, we managed to *steer* clear and escape by a *short horn*! At Hadlow Road railway crossing yet another adventure awaited us when we just missed being run over by a goods train which had made a stealthy approach. A few minutes later we were overtaken by a party of Tea-tasters, but declined their offer of a tow as we had a call to pay in another direction.

Mouldsworth, 17th March, 1934.

Considering the ruffled temper of the Clerk of the Weather, the muster of twenty-four at the Station Hotel was a good one; more than that, it was composed of some of the brightest, brainiest and breeziest of bicycling bric-a-brac.

Myself, I arrived with just sufficient time in hand to wash some of the mud from my larynx, before proceeding to the more serious business in the dining room. I had been on the road ever since nine o'clock (always excepting those brief moments spent in making necessary repairs to the bodily

tissues, which had shown signs of wear) and *frankly*, I was in Chandlerian form. Never was there a jollier party than this. The rain came steadily down outside with depressing insistence, but, within, all was warmth and gaiety and under the genial influence of the steaming dishes, tongues wagged merrily, creating altogether an atmosphere reminiscent of a Dickensian gathering. For a short while, the graver concerns of life were forgotten in the light-hearted discussion of topics far removed from "the trivial round and daily task," and this evening I felt more puzzled than ever as to the reasons which consistently kept so many from indulging in such a pleasant tonic, beneficial to mind and body alike. But, *revenons à nos moutons*, or I shall be accused of sighing for the moon!

Each table had a full complement of guests, but none could claim the palm for good spirits. In one corner of the room, the Presider discussed a variety of topics with Powell, Bob Poole and the Editor, while cheek by jowl, sat Tommy Royden, no doubt giving Jonas, his opposite number, a few hints on the handling of a tricycle, to the edification of Rigby Band and Williams. On the farther side of them were the Captain and one of his sub-Captains, in the person of Wilf Orrell, who with Geoff Lockett, constituted an ardent trio, while at the other end of the room, Dave Rowatt, Teddy Edwards, Cody and Seed added to the general mirth. Under the lee of the piano, Bert Green was being entertained by the effervescent Stevie, aided and abetted by Ned Haynes. The centre-piece, as it were, was supplied by a constellation composed of Kettle, Threlfall, Chandler and Harold Band, and contributed no less than the other groups to the success of the meeting. Almost at the end of the sitting, Glendinning blew in.

The prelude to departure was fraught with some excitement, consequent on the efforts to disentangle a score of machines which had been elaborately arranged in a Chinese puzzle, in order to make room for a stray motor-car, but the problem was finally solved with the aid of a few imprecations and calm reigned once more about the Station Hotel, broken only by the "good-nights" of the departing riders, as they went their several ways—most homewards and one or two to sojourn for a space in another county.

Over, 24th March, 1934.

Not a large muster attended this very jolly run; not even the generous hospitality of the "Wheatshaf" could tempt several of our hardiest and most consistent riders to make the journey, which, all thing considered, was one of the

most pleasant we have had, this Spring, in spite of the damp roads and grey skies. The outward ride assisted by the breeze was so exhilarating that it made those from the west forget the possible hard going on the return, while the men from Manchester were heartened to think of the fast times they would put up on the way home. Thus, everyone was satisfied—or ought to have been!

The Presider alone had the courage to sport three wheels, and his optimism seemed justified, for the roads rapidly dried and no doubt his return home on the Sunday was free from mud-splashing.

The majority of the party seemed to be in chastened mood and the arguments at the bottom of the table oscillated between Red Revolution and razor-blades, and it was left to young bucks like Lucas and Knipe to rescue the conversation and turn it into less blood-thirsty channels.

The Presider set the example of leaving and, soon afterwards, the remainder began to trickle out into the stable-yard and to sort out their machines (though the process did not call for so much skill as it did a week ago). Gradually the moon got the better of the clouds and a fine evening ensued. Three of us set out in company for the environs of Birkenhead, but the trio split up mysteriously and only two arrived back together.

Besides Norman Heath, from Shropshire, and the resurrected Threlfall, there were present a handful from Manchester, in the persons of Green, Bob Poole, Ned Haynes, Wilf Orrell and Geoff. Lockett; Knipe, Cody and Lucas from Liverpool and, from the Wirral (besides the President) came Kettle, Marriott, del Banco, Connor, Perkins, Glendinning and Snowden, supplemented by Edwards and Mercer *en voiture*.

N.B.—At the moment of going to Press, we learn that Salt is getting up in a race on the following morning (in which good luck to him), Chandler is on a bird's-nesting expedition in the Conway valley and that Powell, in anticipation of the part he is to play in the approaching Training 25's, is busy getting his muscles in trim.

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ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

FORMED

MARCH, 1879.

MONTHLY CIRCULAR

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL

Vol. XXXI.

Edited by Ernest Snowden.

No. 339

FIXTURES FOR MAY, 1934.

Tea at 6-0 p.m.

May 5	Second "50" Miles Handicap	Light up at	9-47 p.m.
" 12	Highwayside (Travellers Rest)		9-59 p.m.
" 14	Committee Meeting, 7 p.m. (Victoria Hotel, St. John's Lane, L'pool).				
" 19/21	Whitsuntide.—Invitation "100" Headquarters—George Hotel, Shrewsbury.		10-14 p.m.
" 26	Pulford (Grosvenor Arms)		10-21 p.m.
June 2	Mouldsworth (Station Hotel)—Photo Run		10-30 p.m.
	Full Moon	...	28th inst.		

The Hon. Treasurer's address is R. L. Knipe, 108 Moscow Drive, Stoneycroft, Liverpool, 13, but Subscriptions (25/-; under 21, 15/-; under 18, 5/-; Honorary, a minimum of 10/-) and Donations (unlimited) to the Prize Fund can be most conveniently made to any Branch of Martins Bank Ltd., for credit of the Anfield Bicycle Club, Tue Brook Branch.

COMMITTEE NOTES.

4 THE LAUND,

WALLASEY, CHESHIRE.

Mr. C. J. Conway has kindly arranged to take the Club Photograph; Mouldsworth, 2nd June, is the date. As this is Mr. Conway's fortieth photograph it is hoped there will be a specially large attendance, thereby showing our full appreciation.

WHITSUNTIDE.—Members going down into Shropshire on Saturday, 19th May, are likely to find company if they call at the Raven Hotel, Prees Heath, for a meal. Members desiring to stay at the Headquarters, George Hotel, Shrews-

bury, are requested to book their own accommodation direct.

Mr. S. T. Threlfall has resumed Full Membership.

APPLICATION FOR MEMBERSHIP.—Mr. James E. Carr, 33 Tarleton Road, Hanley, Stoke-on-Trent; proposed by Mr. W. P. Cook; seconded by Mr. H. W. Powell.

H. W. POWELL,

Hon. General Secretary.

TREASURY NOTES.

Why don't all Anfielders pay their subscriptions early? That is the problem I have been trying to solve. I have made various surmises. First it was the drought, then the Grand National followed by Easter week-end. But all these are past and gone, and more than half are still unpaid.

I'm beginning to think the real reason is that they don't want to, or perhaps it isn't, and they have merely put it off. Well, May is now with us, and the season of clout-casting will soon begin; but before you take on that arduous task, cast your money into the Treasury as a kind of training spin.

My thanks are due to the nine members who have responded so well to my last appeal, and have sent along their subscriptions and/or donations (*).

C. F. G. Boyes.

*J. H. Fawcett.

*G. B. Mercer.

A. Dickman.

*W. C. Humphreys.

W. R. Oppenheimer.

H. L. Elston.

*A. Lusty.

J. Seed.

R. LEIGH KNIFE,

Hon. Treasurer.

RACING NOTES.

The topic of this month's little effort is, of course, the "100."

Helpers. The response to last month's appeal was gratifying, but there are quite a number of marshalling and feeding positions still open. **Will all those, therefore, who held positions last year please write at once and say what they wish to do. A last minute rush must be avoided at all costs.**

And, gentle reader, if that little lot has not moved you, take notice that the Racing Secretary is still **trying** to race and must keep some time open for getting fit. **So write early, please!**

Open Events.

Cheshire R.C. Invitation Scratch "50." May 13th, 1934.

F. E. MARRIOTT,

Captain and Hon Racing Secretary.

EDITORIAL.

A contributor, this month, in the course of his narrative of a certain run, apologies for the inclusion of a quotation, on the ground that it may be hackneyed. As it happens, the particular words quoted could not be more apt, accentuating, as they do, in telling fashion, the writer's description of an early Spring day.

A quotation in the right place is rarely hackneyed ; used indiscriminately and without regard to circumstances, it may be irritating, but the drab, common-place language which we use during the greater part of our lives could, in many cases, be relieved and brightened by the judicious use of suitable phrases from mightier pens than ours.

* * *

A correspondent rejoices in the removal of the telegraph poles from the " Sych," considering that the appearance of the hill is much improved thereby and refuses to mingle his tears with those of G.H.S. (of *Cycling*) in lamenting their passing, even if their utilitarian (though unofficial) value be taken into account, but classes them with petrol-pumps, ribbon-building and other atrocities of this modern age.

While we entirely agree with our correspondent as to the beastliness of the latter, we have to confess to a sneaking regard for the jolly old telegraph-poles. Pictorially, they take their place along with other human creations ; and who, on a flat, featureless road, has not felt the companionship of these sturdy sentinels or been diverted by the music of their wires ? The gaunt pylons (so-called), stretching away into the distance, do not beckon in the same friendly manner and, to our mind, are definitely an eyesore ; yet, in time, we may get used even to them ; but as to petrol-pumps, never, *never*, will they hold a place in the affections of sane people.

* * *

We invite the earnest attention of all members not taking part in the " 100," on Whit-Monday, to the appeal of the Captain and Racing Secretary for helpers in this event. On him rests the onus of successful organization, which is no small thing ; but besides this, Marriott is himself a competitor, and if he is to do himself justice in the race, he must be relieved of his other anxieties.

In Marriott, we have a zealous Captain and an efficient and hard-working Racing Secretary. As such, he is worthy of unstinted support—we say nothing of the prestige of the Club

which is at stake—and we feel confident that, with this reminder, members will rally to his assistance and show that their interest in the Anfield "100" is a real, practical interest.

A London Letter.

This is the umpteenth time that I have sat down to write, but circumstances, both financial and atmospherical have pinned me to my chair to-night. The last time I tried, I made the discovery that there was no writing-paper available and, in the act of going to buy some, an old friend was encountered, with the result that I arrived back in the small hours of the following morning.

It was on Friday evening, April 13th, that I received a request from Salty to meet him at Euston the following day, so it came about that on the morrow I entertained John James to lunch at this palatial abode, and had the pleasure of watching the foodstock of the establishment rapidly disappear as the Neston dietiest alleviated the pangs of hunger.

How it came about I do not know, but I agreed to spend the week-end with him at Brooklands, and so fresh air was coaxed into my tyres which hadn't been touched since Christmas, and to celebrate the occasion a new battery was fixed in the lamp. We next turned our minds to finding our way out of this maze called London and after spending a hectic half-hour amongst taxis and 'buses, we found ourselves well on the road to Kingston. All this unusual exertion had provided me with a good dose of the "knock," and it was a great relief when Salty decided to walk up Richmond Hill. Eventually Kingston was reached and after selecting the most expensive hotel in the town, an excellent tea was quickly disposed of, with grunts of pleasure and thankfulness.

I now discovered that life was once more becoming interesting and, although the saddle was distinctly hard, as I gently lowered myself on to it again, I realised that cycling is a great game after all.

On a cool and calm evening we carried on down the Portsmouth road, talking of this and that, but mostly the other. It wouldn't be the thing to keep to the right road with Salty so, once we had stopped going round in circles, we cruised gently onwards towards Esher.

At Esher, we turned west and spent a very pleasant hour jogging along through lanes which reminded us strangely of familiar parts of East Cheshire. Soon afterwards we were in the midst of a number of mentally deficient motor-cyclists returning from a trial at the track and so we were glad to seek sanctuary in Weybridge shortly before dusk. Having found

a resting-place for the night we turned our attentions to the natural attractions of the village and discovered the local hostelry, where we made a substantial supper of bread and cheese, with the famous brown ale. We were in bed by nine and up early the following morning to find another fine day awaiting us. Breakfast over, we set off for the track and were amongst the first arrivals there for the first World's Championship trial, which was actually more in the nature of a training spin, as it included compulsory tyre-changing and tandems were introduced at intervals to keep the pace going.

As no doubt it will have been learnt by this time, Jack did not finish in the first bunch owing to a misunderstanding, but otherwise he acquitted himself as well as any on the track and was quite fresh at the end.

Salty was ready for the road again by noon and, under a boiling sun and on melting roads, we made for Staines with a gentle wind astern—a day when everybody just had to be out and enjoying life. Turning left by Staines we soon left the Great West Road, going north again by the river at Runnymede to reach the "Lord Nelson," near Little Windsor, both of us in advanced stages of heat and thirst, and there we thankfully sank into a back room with bread and cheese and "Shandy."

Not far past here we parted, Salty turning towards Uxbridge and making for Euston, and so, after we had stopped paying compliments to each other, we went our own ways and I believe my week-end companion duly arrived home safely, travelling by the 5-55; while hours later poor John, my room-mate, patrolled the platform to see Jack off by the 12-35!

I had discovered that Jack is quite a congenial bloke to week-end with, and after a few minutes' riding I missed the flow of conversation, so I did my best to "one-two" it through Eton and Slough, whence I headed for Burnham, en route giving a great display of strength moving a motor-cycle involved in a nasty smash. Having removed myself from the gore, I found peace in Burnham Beeches and was soon in High Wycombe. My objective was a poultry-farm at Speen, seven hundred feet above Wycombe, where a previous room-mate has his home, and so it was that in the late afternoon I presented myself with sticky collar and damp shirt. After a refreshing five minutes under the tap we had tea and I mixed myself up with a few hundred fowls, doing my best to feed them and getting a good idea of what people mean by a "hen party." Later in the evening, I was escorted to the local

hostelry, and introduced to Speen bitter, the pride of the village and it certainly was appreciated by a dry cyclist. I was not allowed to leave before having supper with my host, and so it was 9-30 when I set out to find my way down to Missenden and the main road. In spite of my brilliant light it was decidedly dark and forgetting for the moment that I was not descending the Mount, but a hill I knew nothing about, I gave Maggie her head and she promptly lost it!

Having picked myself and machine up and consigned the road to a far, far better place, I comforted myself by deciding that I couldn't have got round the corner in any case, and no one had been there to jeer at me. Having fixed up the back wheel, I received a good dose of iodine in Missenden and commenced the long crawl for home. Apart from removing chunks of grass verge with the pedal in preference to removing chunks of a fast car near Harrow, the ride back to Town was uneventful, even if somewhat painful. A great packet descended on me and a wild figure might have been observed entering a snack-bar in Wembley at 11-30 that night, making hungry grabs for pies and cheese and tea.

All nightmares come to an end, however, and at 12-15 I dragged Maggie and myself over the threshold and retired to bed to die until the following morning. It had been a wonderful week-end though—the first this year for me and had brought back all the fun and good times of previous week-ends spent with the lads, and so I have vowed that Whitsun will see me at Shrewsbury to see and help our men to put up the rides of their lives on the Monday and once more to meet those Anfielders who have been the best friends in my life, whom one can only appreciate when circumstances keep us apart.

In conclusion, may I congratulate the chaps on the rides they have put up in the training spins, which show that everyone is as keen and fit as ever. And so, until Whit, may your saddles be soft, your roads easy and your beer good.

MISCELLANEA.

Congratulations to Percy Beardwood on having been raised to the status of a Vice-President of the Bath Road Club. That noble form would grace any dignified assemblage, but a commensurate mental capacity makes Beardwood anything but a mere figure-head.

In ages past, men had a passion
 For seeming to be wondrous wise,
 And revelled in the savage fashion
 Of wearing whiskers to the eyes.

No more indulge we in that weird mood :
 A shaven chin we plainly see
 Makes e'en a nobler Percy Beardwood
 Than ever a beard would, *per se*.

* * *

We offer, too, our sincere felicitations to Percy Brazen-
 dale on having been elected to honorary Life-membership of
 the Cyclists' Touring Club, the greatest honour which that
 body can bestow and we think we are not wide of the mark
 when we say that no more suitable recipient for the award
 could have been found.

Brazendale for many years devoted practically the whole
 of his spare time to the welfare of cyclists and since his retire-
 ment from business, has given himself heart and soul to the
 advancement of cycling, never counting the cost of time and
 money and rejoicing mightily over "even one sinner that
 repenteth" of his waywardness and joins the C.T.C. *A propos*
 of which, we venture to remark that, should there be any
 member of the Anfield B.C. who is not also a member of the
 C.T.C., he should take an early opportunity of joining the
 organization which has done and is still doing so much for
 cyclists of every denomination—both tourists, racing men
 and casual riders—and by subscribing to its funds, to make
 some return for the inestimable benefits he receives.

* * *

Oh, dear! Oh, dear! More scandal! Our editorial
 dignity has been all but smirched by that foul jade, Rumour
 and the happening of it was thus.

We had been invited by the Compleat Tourist to spend the
 eve of Good Friday at the "Dolphin," at Mold, as we afterwards
 discovered, for the purpose of lending an air of staid respect-
 ability to the carousals of himself and his confederate in
 unrighteousness. For, not long after our arrival, Fawcett
 appeared and even to such a simple and unsuspecting nature
 as ours something sinister and foreboding seemed to permeate
 the atmosphere to the point of almost dissipating the noxious
 fumes which issued from this pipes. But nothing happened—
 then.

It was only on Saturday morning at the "Glan Aber"
 hotel that the first cloud appeared on our hitherto fair horizon.
 We noticed sundry furtive looks and meaning nods and a
 strange chilliness in the matutinal greetings of our fellow
 guests, but our innate calm did not desert us until a newspaper
 was thrust brusquely before our astonished gaze and in large
 type, which seared our eye-balls, we learnt of the dreadful deed

which had been perpetrated almost in our presence, the day before—someone had robbed the till at the "Dolphin"! Coincidence? Of course, but . . .

* * *

Chandler has a new bicycle—such a beooty! But, don't go too near, gentle reader, or you will be asked to pick it up, to feel its weight and to hold it at arm's length for minutes on end, while he expatiates upon its many qualities, the chief of which appear to be excessive lightness—35 pounds without, or 40 pounds with, toe-straps—its short wheel-base (which is so short, that at first sight the rider might be mistaken for Tod Sloan), and its dinky wheels of Italian ware. But, we do think our Compleat Tourist, if he does wish to carry a mascot, might exercise a little more consistency, for the jolly old horse-shoe which he carried in his saddle-bag over the mountainous roads from Gwytherin to Bettws could not have weighed an ounce less than four pounds! Still, *chacun à son goût*, as the old gentleman remarked to his ailing foot, and no doubt our weight-carrying friend could give reasons for his eccentric behaviour; perhaps, also, some of those who anxiously watched him unpack in the "Glan Aber" yard could do something to elucidate the mystery!

* * *

Members will be sorry to hear that John Leece was knocked down by a motor-lorry one morning, recently, while en route for Woodside Ferry, on his bicycle. He sustained a badly wrenched shoulder, which kept him away from business for nearly a month, while his machine was completely wrecked.

* * *

The collapse of the entire turn-out of Tea Tasters was narrowly averted one evening, lately, when they rode almost the whole length of the "Sych," and it was only at the last moment that it was found that His Majesty's Postmaster General had removed the telegraph poles and thus misled our young friends. Large doses of stimulant were needed to bring round several of the weaker ones, but it was found possible to dispense with the services of the ambulance to collect the human débris blocking the thoroughfare.

* * *

A hearty vote of thanks was passed by the riders in the second training "25," to Dave Rowatt, when, at the conclusion of the "scrap," he produced a bag of large and luscious oranges for their refreshment.

At the recent Annual General Meeting of the N.R.R.A., E. Buckley, who for a long period had acted as Honorary Secretary and Treasurer of the Association, was elected to the office of President, which had fallen vacant, owing to the death of Phillips of the Manchester Wheelers; while, R. J. Austin was chosen to undertake the duties which Buckley, on his elevation, had relinquished.

* * *

In the Charlotteville "50," on Easter Sunday morning, Jack Salt was our only representative and finished ninth fastest with 2.14.49, as compared with fastest time by L. J. Ross of 2.11.40.

* * *

Our appeal in last month's *Circular* caught the eye of the distant Dick, and we have received an interesting account of his life in the Great City. We fail to find a trace of melancholy in a single line—on the contrary But, if you suppose, gentle reader, that you are going to be regaled with choice tit-bits from this diverting chronicle, you are going to be disappointed. We consider it sufficient merely to say that Dick's daylight hours are given to work, his evenings to his private affairs and his week-ends to strenuous exercise. If, however, he visits Shrewsbury at Whitsuntide, as he threatens to do, there will be an opportunity of hearing from his own lips the full lurid details of his life in Town, with perhaps the addition of a short disquisition on the care and management of recalcitrant motor-cars!

(Since writing the above, we have received from Dick an interesting account of a week-end tour. We are glad to announce that the manuscript was accompanied by a letter from our correspondent himself instead of a covering note from his executors).

Easter Tour, 1934.

Thursday night, the 29th March, saw thirteen at the "Glan Aber" hotel, consisting of George Lake, in residence, Cook, who had come via Denbigh and Cerrig, Rowatt, Edwards, Venables, J. H. Williams, Owen and Sunter, with friends in Messrs. Andrews, Workman, Cannon, Edge and Mrs. Edwards.

The run on Good Friday was to Llanfairtalhairn, those present being Cook—by way of Bylchau—Edwards, Venables, Owen (who afterwards left for Llanfair Caereinion) Marriott, Connor, Brewster, Glendinning (the last, direct from home), Snowden and Chandler from Mold, Heath from Corwen. Kettle

from Bont, Conway and Mr. Workman, whilst the out-door department was represented by Hubert Roskell, Rowatt, Mr. Andrews, Mrs. Edwards and Horrocks (who put in an appearance before lunch). The journey to Bettws for the intrepids was over hill and dale to Gwytherin for tea and over by Nebo (at which point Brewster turned for home) to Capel Garmon, thence sliding down to Bettws near the Waterloo bridge. Further arrivals were Stephenson, Threlfall and Green from Rhydtalog, the last-named having taken train as far as Chester, and Beardwood and son, who had trained as far as Ruabon.

On Saturday, with the wind continuing in the east, the ride to Beaumaris via the Nant Francon proved very easy. A satisfactory meal at the Bulkeley Arms was partaken of by Cook, Rowatt, Edwards, Green, Stephenson, the two Beardwoods, Threlfall, Kettle, Chandler, Conway, Heath, Cody (from Penmaenmawr), Urban Taylor, who blew in half-way through luncheon, and Mrs. Edwards. On the return journey, the cycling party split up, Cook and Chandler going via the Nant Francon (shedding Cody at Llandegai) and the remainder by way of Llanberis. At the bottom of the Pass, Green broke a pedal-spindle, but got a lift on a lorry over the last eight miles to Bettws. In the meantime, J. H. Williams, with Ven, as observer, had gone to the rescue, but of course, had a fruitless journey. Snowden had left in the morning for Barmouth, and Marriott and Connor had gone on foot to explore the Devil's Kitchen and Glyders. At Beaumaris, the Presider's friend, Captain Metcalfe was introduced. New arrivals at headquarters were Mercer (for breakfast), Morris, G. Newall, A. Newall, Simpson, Cheminais, Elias and W. M. Carwithen, while Sir John Siddeley had called in the afternoon and Smithies arrived at the concert in the evening.

Sunday's ride was to Festiniog and three different routes were followed; Kettle, Green, Threlfall, Heath and Stephenson going via Ysppyty Ifan; Cook, the Beardwoods, Taylor, Harold Moore and Mrs. Moore on tandem, through Penmachno; and Elias and Chandler by way of Aberglaslyn and the mountain road through Rhyd, Tan-y-bwlch and Maentwrog. A party of twenty-five sat down to lunch at the Pengwern Arms, including Glendinning (who had pushed an 84-gear all the way from Birkenhead, and was going to push it back again), Royden, who had trundled all the way from Bala and Koenen from Cheadle. In addition, there were present Edwards and Mrs. Edwards, Ven., Conway, Mercer, G. Newall, A. Newall, with Carwithen and Littlemore as friends, besides Sunter, Rowatt, Morris, and Messrs. Workman and Edge. The return for the majority was to Beddgelert for tea, but Elias and Chandler

continued eastwards to Ysppyty Ifau, and Stephenson and Green through the Garddinan Pass to Dolwyddelan. Further arrivals at Bettws were Orrell and Lockett from the Upper Wye, Rothwell, Brewster (for the second time), Robinson (at the concert), and Dick Ryalls. Besides these, the audience in the evening was swelled by the presence of Crompton and members of the Palatine, as well as a contingent of the Mersey Roads Club.

On Easter Monday morning, the homeward trail was blazed by three distinct parties. Cook and the Moore tandem riding through the Elwy valley to St. Asaph, with lunch at the "Plough"; Kettle, Green, Heath, Threlfall and Stephenson to Bont; Elias and Chandler to Cerrig (where Snowden from Barmouth was met), for Denbigh, with lunch at the "Crown," whilst the cars followed various routes. Rigby Band and A. Williams reported at the "Glan Aber" during the forenoon.

The concerts were an unqualified success. Owing to the absence of the tenor band parts, no concert was held on Friday night, but on the remaining occasions the Andrews-Newall-Chandler triangle was freely exploited. Mrs. Moore's splendid mezzo-soprano was heard to advantage in airs from "Faust" and other songs, some of which owing to a rather scanty repertoire, were repeated the following evening. Mr. Percy Evans, who last sang for the Club at Chester some fourteen years ago, gave two songs with resonance and effect, and in addition, a duet with Newall, whilst Smithies gave a recitation, and Chem. submitted some of his old-time monologues. At the Sunday concert, in addition to the first four already named, Robinson recited, Orrell sang and Chem. excelled all previous efforts and was at the top of his form in some of his old turns. Last, but not by any means least, at both concerts, Mr. Workman again gave a sample of his prowess in solo work, and as usual, played the difficult accompaniments at sight, with taste and conspicuous ability. The smooth running at the last concert was somewhat impaired by the failure of the electric light, which came on and went off rather disconcertingly at awkward moments.

As regards the Tank, the attendance was up to the average, the tankmaster, Hubert, for once, riding out the race. On the whole, there did not appear to be quite the amount of enthusiasm displayed as in previous years, the general desire being to retire to quieter surroundings, at ghosts' high noon. Percy Brazendale voted by proxy at the Saturday gathering by means of a silver token, which was sacrificed at the altar of Bacchus, to the accompaniment of vocal honours. At the

Sunday meeting, Rothwell responded to repeated calls and gave a recitation to the concert overflow, whilst Arthur Simpson and F. H. Koenen, who had been left out of the programme, gave an unrehearsed duologue over the flagons. Tommy Royden, when just beginning to feel really comfortable, was prematurely called to bed at midnight and the Tank emptied in the small hours.

Greetings to the Club were received from Del Strother at Mentone, Percy Brazendale at Liverpool, and C. H. Turnor, from Manchester; and while acknowledging their considerate gestures at such a time, it is to be regretted that they were unable to be present in person, but it is hoped they will find it possible on some future occasion.

Farndon, 7th April, 1934.

A coating of snow on the fields first thing in the morning—dull sky in the forenoon—the prospects did not seem bright. But by noon only scattered white clouds flecked a blue sky and the sun shone gloriously. True, there was a bite in the wind, but you can't have everything.

I was late in starting and as Farndon is quite a long way, I had to ask myself the question, "Shall I go the most direct way and weary myself past endurance in order to get to the 'Raven' by 6 p.m., or shall I take train part way (so saving half-an-hour), go by a very pleasant route I know, and arrive well in time, with something left in me?" On such a fine day it seemed a shame to keep my nose on the front tyre all the time, so I decided to invest in Home Rails, thus, besides saving my time, helping the deserving poor whose wealth is in railway stock. Out of the train, I pushed against the wind on the high road and was soon taking the side-road at the top of Kelsall. The rest of the journey was pure delight—no dust, no traffic, but budding hedges, and peaceful views on every side.

On such a day as this, the quotation always comes back to me—"The winter is past, the rain is over and gone, the flowers appear on the earth, the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land." It does describe Spring, doesn't it?

Arrived at the Raven, I found Ted Cody and Tommy Royden, and I took with them the usual walk down to the old bridge, meeting there Ven. and Dave Rowatt. Back at the inn we found more arrivals. The company was a small one—12 only—all the youngsters and some others being engaged at the "25" training spin, but it included Johnnie Band, whom we haven't seen for some time, and Jack Seed,

whose appearances are not so frequent as we would like. A substantial hot meal dispatched, we soon broke up—the Presider to wend his lonely way to Llanarmon, the rest of us to our own homes. The going for me was easy and I was beginning to feel that I was a rider, when I was easily overtaken by two of the younger members, who had been at the “25”; they very kindly drew me on and home was reached without any incident of note, the only stop being to see whether our watches were really right!

The Results of the Two Training “25’s,”

Held on the 7th and 14th April, 1934.

1st “25.”	Turn (12 $\frac{3}{4}$ mls.)	Finish.
J. J. Salt	34 mins	1. 4.45
G. B. Orrell	35 $\frac{1}{4}$..	1. 7.47
W. G. Connor	36 $\frac{1}{2}$..	1. 9.20
A. Williams	37 $\frac{1}{2}$..	1.11.40
F. E. Marriott	37 $\frac{1}{2}$..	1.11.59
J. R. Band	39 ..	1.13.23
J. S. Jonas (tricycle)	40 ..	1.18.33
 2nd “25.”		
G. B. Orrell	40 ..	1.11.35
W. G. Connor	42 $\frac{1}{2}$..	1.13.16
F. E. Marriott	43 ..	1.14.50
A. Williams	44 $\frac{1}{4}$..	1.16.55
E. Haynes, Jr.	45 ..	1.19. 5
W. H. Lloyd	46 ..	1.19.14
J. S. Jonas (tricycle)	46 $\frac{1}{2}$..	1.20.40
J. R. Band	47 $\frac{1}{4}$..	1.22.50

Timed by Kettle, assisted by Powell and Harold Band.
Turned by Edwards. To all of whom our thanks are due.

Daresbury, 14th April, 1934.

There was nothing outstanding about this run and it could very well be written up in a few short phrases; for example—pleasant Spring afternoon, not sunny, but with nothing of the winter dullness with which we are so familiar; south-west wind, fresh, but not troublesome; clear and warm atmosphere; a small, but sociable attendance, mostly of the "elder brethren"; and—a very satisfactory meal.

The Editor, however, though he is believed fully to appreciate brevity and conciseness, will not tolerate mere laziness and so we think it well to expand a little. (O most excellent scribe, thy diligence shall be rewarded with another invitation to "expand"!—ED.) The holding of another training-spin accounted for the absence of all the racing members, as well as of Kettle, Powell and Teddy Edwards, who had been deputed by the Committee to conduct these trials and the distance to Daresbury no doubt accounted for the absence of others. But, whatever be the reasons, only twelve members and one visitor sat down to enjoy the culinary excellence of the "Ring o' Bells." With the exception of Threlfall, whose return to active cycling we are glad to note, those present might be described as "most reverend, grave and potent seniors." The roll-call was as follows: The President, Bert Green, Hubert Roskell, Cody, Stephenson, Urban Taylor, Knipe, Poole, Snowden, Glendinning, Threlfall and Lucas, plus Mr. Carr, from the Potteries.

1st "50," 21st April, 1934.

In this, the first race in 1934 for the majority of the riders, we had thirteen entrants, again. There were two non-starters—George Connor, who had family troubles and spent the latter part of the week in Ireland, and Ed. Haynes, who had to stand down after a bout of sickness. Thus eleven started and eleven finished.

We were delighted to see Rigby Band return to form with a ride very little outside "evens." Lloyd, who was second, rode very steadily throughout the race, to finish in 2.33.55, and this success will provide great encouragement. Arthur Williams, in his second race, rode from a mark that could not be termed high and gained third handicap with a splendid ride of 2.28.38. Fred Brewster also improved his time for the course with a good ride of 2.26.8. Salt's ride was exceptionally good, his time of 2.14.21 being about only one minute outside course record.

The wind was in the west, it was sunny, and the afternoon was really delightful. List of finishers and intermediate times hereunder.

Position.	Name.	25 ml.	Actual Time.	H'cap	Nett Time.
1	J. R. Band ...	1.16.27	2.31.24	20	2.11.24
2	W. H. Lloyd ...	1.17.23	2.33.55	21	2.12.55 Std. A.
3	A. Williams ...	1.12.21	2.28.38	15	2.13.38 Std. B.
4	F. A. Brewster ...	1.12.26	2.26. 8	12	2.14. 8
5	J. J. Salt ...	1. 6.29	2.14.21	Scr.	2.14.21 Fastest
6	G. B. Orrell ...	1. 8.51	2.20.10	4	2.16.10
7	J. Pitchford ...	1. 9.18	2.18.29	2	2.16.29
8	R. J. Pugh ...	1.14.11	2.36.20	18	2.18.20
9	F. E. Marriott ...	1.12.51	2.27.14	7	2.20.14
10	J. S. Jonas (Tri.)	1.19. 6	2.38.56	18	2.20.56
11	G. Lockett ...	1.16.18	2.36.30	11	2.25.30

13 entered. 11 started and finished.

Acton Bridge, 28th April, 1934.

Jupiter Pluvius fought a losing battle with his ancient rival, old Sol, to-day and though the result was finally in favour of the latter, it could not be called a brilliant victory. However, it prevented the necessity of putting on waterproofs, which was the main thing.

The Leigh Arms welcomed and fed, in its usual substantial fashion, twenty-two members. The Dukinfield "50," to be ridden on the following morning, probably accounted for the absence of the majority of the Tea-tasters, though Marriott and Rigby Band managed to keep both engagements; so, too, did the Presider, who was to time the event. Lloyd was unable to make the rendezvous until seven o'clock and, having reported his presence, straightway returned to Chester and—duty. The Manchester section turned out in force: Green (of course), Jack Walton, Urban Taylor, and J. E. Rawlinson, accompanied by his brother, A. N. Rawlinson (looking charming in a chic ensemble of dainty checks, with dove-grey embellishments); the city of Liverpool was represented by Knipe and the faithful Lucas, Cody, Threlfall and Stephenson; for the rest, Edwards and Rowatt (who arrived *en fiacre*), Chandler, Glendinning, complete with sulphur sweater (and very little else), Thomas Royden, Powell, Hubert Roskell (a monument of good cheer), Snowden and a visitor, Mr. Carr.

The table conversation was of the usual high intellectual

order, ranging from abstruse mathematics, embodying the Chandlerian method of stating half-a-mile, to such domestic topics as filial piety and early morning tea, besides which, Green gave a masterly illustration of courtesy to his neighbour at table.

The Presider and some others going east, left early; the Liverpool battalion, naturally enough, took the Warrington road and (O, la! la!) so did several from the Cheshire bank of the Mersey. Tommy Royden, however, being a real cyclist (and perchance having recollections of his last excursion in this direction) went by way of Chester and, setting off in good time, was not overtaken by Lloyd and the author, until Kellsall had been left behind. Glendinning also travelled by the same route, but starting late, did not appear in the picture. Stevie, once again, skilfully avoided Cody and was seen looking longingly at Roskell's car, but receiving no encouragement from the steely look in Hubert's eye, the crafty fellow hurried off and tucked in behind Lucas.

This was the first run of the year to be made in "summer" time and the sythetic daylight enabled most, if not all, to reach their destinations without the necessity of lamp-lighting—no small boon.

Dukinfield C.C. "50," 29th April, 1934.

1	L. J. Ross	...	East Liverpool	2.10.38
2	J. J. Salt...	...	Anfield	2.11.26
3	S. Livingston	...	Dukinfield	2.11.53
4	E. Gilbert	...	East Liverpool	2.11.54
5	B. W. Bentley	...	Walton	2.12.40
	J. Pitchford	...	Anfield	2.16.33
	G. B. Orrell	...	"	2.16.35
	F. A. Brewster	...	"	2.23.24
	W. G. Connor	...	"	2.24.21
	E. Haynes, Jr.	...	"	2.27.33
	G. Lockett	...	"	2.28.36
	F. E. Marriott	...	"	2.28.59
	Team Race :	East Liverpool	6.42.27
		Anfield	6.44.31
	Timekeeper :	W. P. Cook.				

Last Sunday's Dukinfield "50" enabled Salty to get past the succession of 2.12's he has ridden for the past four years or so. He thus gains a large gold standard for his great ride.

Brewster also improved his time and is now entitled to a Standard C medal.

A great race on a great morning.

ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

FORMED MARCH, 1879.

MONTHLY CIRCULAR

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL

Vol. XXXI.

Edited by Ernest Snowden.

No. 340

FIXTURES FOR JUNE, 1934.

Tea at 6-0 p.m.

Light up at

June	2	Mouldsworth (Station Hotel) — Photo Run	...	10-30 p.m.
„	9	Nantwich (Lamb)	...	10-37 p.m.
„	11	Committee Meeting, 7 p.m. (Victoria Hotel, St. John's Lane, Liverpool)		
„	16	Farndon (Raven)	...	10-43 p.m.
„	23	Daresbury (Ring O' Bells)	...	10-46 p.m.
„	30	Over (Wheatsheaf)	...	10-46 p.m.
July	1	Alternative Week-end F.O.T.C. Meet, Hatfield	...	10-44 p.m.
„	7	Highwayside (Travellers Rest)	...	10-41 p.m.

Full Moon ... 27th inst.

The Hon. Treasurer's address is R. L. Knipe, 108 Moscow Drive, Stoneycroft, Liverpool, 13, 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. J. E. Carr, 33 Tarleton Road, Hanley, Stoke-on-Trent, has been elected to Full Membership.

APPLICATION FOR MEMBERSHIP.—Mr. Leonard Lusty, "Cirrus," 325 Hampstead Road, Handsworth Wood, Birmingham. Proposed by Mr. W. P. Cook; seconded by Mr. A. Lusty.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS.—Mr. W. J. Finn, 80 Kincora Road, Clontarf, Dublin, Ireland. Mr. A. Williams, 42 Easton Grove, Birkenhead.

In connection with the F.O.T.C. Meet, the Saturday night (June 30th) rendezvous is at King's Arms, Ivinghoe, and will those desiring to participate please communicate with Mr. P. C. Beardwood as soon as possible so that their accommodation can be arranged?

H. W. POWELL,
Hon. General Secretary.

RACING NOTES.

Now for the "24." Fifty Checkers are required for this event. This is exclusive of feeding help and finishing arrangements. Members available for helping on the Saturday morning are especially requested to offer their help early. If fellow Anfielders would only realise that Sammy positively hates cajoling, arguing or, for that matter, any talking whatsoever, they would rush, with their help, in their hundreds. So again, please, write early.

Open Events.

East Liverpool " 50 "	June 10th.
Manchester Wheelers " 50 " 17th
Grosvenor " 100 " 24th
Warrington " 100 "...	July 8th

F. E. MARRIOTT,
Capt. and Hon. Racing Secretary.

MISCELLANEA.

Saturday, May 5th, saw the beginning of summer and if other signs were wanting—notably a warmer, kinder breeze to match the sunshine—there were in evidence those butterfly knees which had not felt "the balmy breezes of Spring, the gentle winds of summer, the fragrant breath of Autumn, or the chilling blasts of Winter" for many a day, all of which makes us think and not without reason that "Summer is 'icumen in!"

Our Compleat Tourist has been exploring the Highlands of Scotland, this month, perhaps with a sly hope of making the acquaintance of the Loch Ness Monster. Of course, like most curious people, he has lost many a night's rest conjecturing as to what the mystery might be, but as a thick mist prevailed about the loch during the greater part of his visit, our hero has returned with his mind in the same devastating state of uncertainty in which it seethed prior to the excursion. However, there are other things in Scotland besides monsters and on another page will be found an interesting and graphic account of a Scottish holiday taken in defiance of wind and weather, and showing how such trifles can be—we will not say, ignored, but relegated to their proper place—in the background.

* * * *

We offer our congratulations to Harry Austin, who took unto himself a wife towards the end of April and we trust that every happiness will be theirs for many a day.

* * * *

Which news has prompted our cynical critic (a whale of a fellow) to burst into literary fire-works and under the influence of the Muse, Music or Muscatel, to submit a list of books which he considers should be the assiduous study of every bachelor member of the Club, who happens to have attained to that "dangerous period" of life which, after exhaustive calculation, he states to lie roughly between the ages of eighteen and eighty.

"*Wheels of Woe*," by S. da Quanko-Spanko. The romantic story of a search for the Lost Chord and how, torn between desire for the Blue Belle of Tushingam and the Headless Woman, our hero got into a bit of a tangle. After many adventures, including a puncture, Swanko tires of propelling himself on the 'ard, 'igh road, returns home, kills the fat-head hen which lays 4 to 2 in golden eggs, buys a tandem tricycle with upholstered back seat and lives happy ever after.

"*The Lure of Egypt*," by the Venerable Vulnerable Ven à Balz, details a hazardous voyage undertaken to investigate the morals of Pharaoh's daughter; but having reached Mentone, after many perils, the V.V.V. à B. thinks again—for the second time. Before the turmoil in his brain has subsided, he finds himself in a gambling hell, playing "Ludo" for fabulous sums. In the tense minutes which ensue several fortunes are lost and won until at length, fearing to tempt fickle Fortune too far, he emerges triumphantly with twenty francs securely strapped over a fifteen-course dinner "à la carte"—wines extra. He returns home, calls his friends

together and entertains them with sumptuous hospitality at Saughall Massie.

Other volumes recommended by our literary critic include :—

"*Hubert, or Little by Little*," the amazing record of an extraordinary personality, who used to tour the countryside, leaving in his wake a trail of ruined weighing-machines. Yet, withal, a man who could charm, on any and every occasion, malt and hops from Mine Host, be he never so obdurate.

"*Sheep that Bark in the Night, or Perils by Pot and Pole*," by Captain Frank Marryat, A.B., C (*sic*).

When the gale is at its height and the shrieking canvas threatens destruction at any moment, the young midshipmite calmly pursues his task of writing threatening letters to any who refuse a marshal's baton or a checker's chit. His speech thickens as, with powerful strokes, he pens his terrible ukase. Suddenly, he stops. Out of the night comes a plaintive "baa." "What is this bleating of sheep in my ears?" quoth he. "It is—yes—it must be—a *sheep*. What's the time? Oh, I think I'll go to bed." Touching, isn't it?

* * * *

Cheshire Roads Scratch "50."

The Club was much in evidence in this event, Jack Salt putting up the excellent time of 2.10.47—a splendid ride, which not only gained for him the fastest time award, but constitutes a record for the course, besides being a personal record for Salt for this distance. With Bren Orrell 15th and Jack Pitchford 18th, this was sufficient to carry off the second team prizes which were awarded on the "points" system, the Lancashire Road Club team winning by three points.

* * * *

Our Treasurer apparently is not only an adept at safeguarding the funds of the Club, but extends his activities to the safeguarding of life, and in recognition of the large part he has played in the training of swimmers in life-saving, Bob was recently elected a Life Governor of the Royal Life-Saving Society, the certificate and badge of which were handed to him by Lord Desborough.

We offer Knipe our sincere congratulations and trust his Life-Governorship will be a long one.

* * * *

Bidlake Memorial Fund.

This fund has now definitely closed with a total of £903, and among the last contributors were J. E. Walker, W. M. Robinson, K. B. Crewe and W. C. Humphreys. As already announced in *Cycling*, R. D. Cheveley, G. H. Stancer, S. Van-

heems and W. P. Cook have been appointed Trustees, but the Adjudicating Committee for the Annual Memorial Prize has not yet been selected. The Bedfordshire County Council have accepted E. A. Boyle's scheme and design for the memorial at Girtford Bridge and the land is in process of being transferred to the Trustees.

Bottled Interviews.

By our Special Commissioner.

No. 1. J. J. Salt.

I gladly accepted Mr. Salt's invitation to visit him in his rural retreat overlooking the Dee and the pretty little township of Neston nestling under the slag-heaps of the adjacent colliery and discovered him reclining easily on the verandah toying idly with an ingot of silver which he was deftly kneading with strong and supple fingers into what I, at first, took to be a super soup-plate, but which was, in fact, merely a Tea-taster's badge. I examined the delicate workmanship carefully. "That's a fine piece of work, Mr. Salt and proves you to be a craftsman of extraordinary ability."

"Of course it does," was the modest reply. I saw plainly that mere commonplace talk would be out of place with such a personality, so calling up my full conversational powers, I half suppressed a gentle hiccup and began: "A nice fresh morning, this morning—warm for the time of year—family all well? No colds? Ah! crops looking well—some rain about, I think—"

At this point, Mr. Salt, evidently charmed by my rhetoric, carelessly tossed the soup—I mean, the Tea-taster-badge into the waste-paper basket and asked me to be seated. As he himself occupied the only chair in sight, I made myself comfortable on the floor and from this vantage point opened the interview proper. "Now, tell me, Mr. Vault, at what age did you begin your life on wheels?"

Running his fingers through his auburn locks, he meditated gravely for five-and-twenty minutes and then replied: "Three days."

"At the comparatively early age of three days you made your first essay on wheels? Marvellous! No doubt you were destined for something great."

With downcast eyes, the great man murmured "I am"

"And if I may probe into this interesting period still further, may I ask the make of machine you employed in those distant days?"

"It was, as far as I remember, something after the Velo-car type—I know I always adopted the prone position. The

donkey-work fell on the rear portion of the crew."

"And now, as regard actual cycling, Mr. Malt, I feel almost certain our readers would be interested to hear anything you might have to say in this direction."

"I am confident they would."

"For instance, how did you begin to ride, and what was the first step you took to this end?"

"Answering the second part of your question first, the first step I took was through my front wheel, with dire results both to the bicycle and myself. But how I began to ride—this was no momentary affair, but an affair of moment. I went warily to work and after much deliberation decided that the best plan would be to get a bicycle, and I think you will agree that my procedure was not altogether shall be say, without reason."

"Quite, quite, Mr. Fault; er, come to think of it, I began in the same manner."

"Perhaps in a *similar* manner, but not in the *same* manner. You understand, of course—"

"Exactly, Mr. Halt, exactly. I quite understand. And now, I come to the last and most important question. Rest assured, any information you give will not be used against you as evidence. As you know, I represent a private and confidential journal published for the behoof of members of *The Club*, many of whom, besides scorning to divulge the contents of the said journal, or magazine or *Circular*, never even take the trouble to make themselves acquainted with them. Now, my dear Mr. Chalk, on this assurance, will you, can you, would you, could you tell the secret of your many successes by flood and field, by road and track, by moor and fen—just that?"

"Such a pregnant question demands mature consideration; you must give me time to ponder," and suiting the action to the word, this "hero of more than a hundred fights" inclined his head upon his neck for a full twenty-fifth of a second.

"Yes," he said at length, "I will tell you the secret—It IS SPEED."

* * * *

A Week's Tour in the Highlands.

It would seem that a few points on this subject might be submitted to assist anyone contemplating covering that portion of the country under review. In order to derive the full benefit from the time at disposal, the night train from Lime Street, 10-45 p.m., Friday, arriving Stirling 5-45 a.m. Saturday, is the best available. At Callander (16 miles), the gateway to

the Highlands—a 7 o'clock breakfast, without notice, can be obtained at the "Dreadnought." The road right through to Crianlarich via Glen Ogle and Lochearnhead is fairly good, tarred, but somewhat uneven, whilst the beauties of the scenery are unrivalled. At Crianlarich starts the new Glencoe highway which with the new road up the Great Glen to Inverness some 120 miles is probably one of the finest pieces of road engineering of modern times, and whilst the rugged wildness of Glencoe is unimpaired, the beauties of foilage and of the loch scenery in the Great Glen have been maintained. The road is not of the straight line variety, but every gradient is rideable. Those who knew the old Glencoe road with its interminable hills and execrable surface can the more readily appreciate the new one. What took a whole day under the old conditions now only takes half a day or even less.

Ballachulish on Loch Leven, famous for its sunsets or bad weather, is a good place to stay overnight, and offers all varieties of accommodation. The ferry charge across the loch is 6d. for a cyclist, whilst mechanical traffic goes round by Kinlochleven. There is an excellent hotel at Spean Bridge and Fort Augustus offers several places—the cheapest on the C.T.C. list (Munro's) being of good value.

At Drumnadrochit, 12 miles from Inverness, the trail left the Great Glen and turned up Glen Urquhart, and it is just beyond the fork, for a short distance, that the main highway is as yet unfinished. The traveller now reaches Strath Glass with Glen Affric beyond. There is not much accommodation and if the Glen Affric hotel is considered unsuitable, very good lodgings can be obtained at Miss MacLaren's nearby.

The road through Glen Affric is practically a *cul de sac* 15 miles each way, although a walking path can be followed through to Loch Duich. Loch Affric Lodge is beautifully situated in a deer forest amid snowcapped mountains and with the swollen river rushing through glades of birches and firs. On the other hand Glen Cannich is wilder and more rugged in contrast. Strath Farrar, further north, is magnificent and a drive of 16 miles was made right through the heart to Loch Monar, its loneliness being illustrated by there being two postal collections per week only. Very fine views of the mountains in the west, surrounding the loch in the form of an amphitheatre some five miles further, could probably be obtained from the south side of the loch, but suitable boots would probably be required. The Tarradale Arms at Muir of Ord is comfortable and reasonable in price. The road up Strath Conor, which is in Ross-shire, is tarred for 15 miles, and is in much better condition than those up the other glens, which

are in Inverness-shire. The latter county authorities are proposing to spend a considerable sum in road making, which is much overdue. At Porin village there is an inn with limited accommodation, and grog at 6d. per pint.

Returning southwards from Inverness, the road on the east side of Loch Ness is worth doing for its views of the famous Falls of Foyers, one of the largest falls in Britain. It runs alongside the loch for only half the distance, the remainder being taken up in a series of precipitous hills, which are too heavy to ride up and too steep to ride down, ultimately culminating in an awful drop down the side of a precipice at 1 in 5 into Fort Augustus. At Whitebridge is a comfortable hotel with comparatively reasonable charges.

As an alternative to the Glencoe road there is a way from Ballachulish via Appin which comes out on the Oban road five miles off. A good three-quarters of an hour can be saved by crossing Shian ferry in a rowing boat. The road from Oban to Tyndrum is being re-made and is in tolerably good order from two miles from Taynuilt to near the summit, where there is an unsurfaced piece, but which can be avoided by using the old road. At Crianlarich, good lodgings can be got at the Post Office.

The beauties of Loch Lomond can then be appreciated with a crossing to Inversnaid and Loch Katrine and the Trossachs, thence proceeding to Glasgow via Aberfoyle.

Through membership of the C.T.C. a voucher is issued entitling the holder to a railway ticket returning from a different station to the one at which disembarkation took place, at two-thirds single fare and two-thirds cost cycle ticket.

Second Fifty Miles Handicap Road Ride, 5th May, 1934.

The afternoon for the second "50" was bright and warm, but the westerly wind prevailing prevented any really fast times being made. There was an almost general slowness all round; consequently we were delighted to see Pugh and Connor put up their best rides for the distance. Pugh has at last beaten "even" time after constant and consistent trying. George Connor knocked a few more seconds off his previous best—this after a slight improvement in the Dukinfield event the previous week. Jack Pitchford, who was second in the handicap, had the lead at 25 miles with 23 seconds on Salt; the Neston Express, however, with a ride of 1.7.25 for the second twenty-five, finished fastest with 2.16.0. Pitchford took the second fastest place with 2.16.14.

Marriott, after his dying effort in the Dukinfield, took a rest and was the only non-starter. Finishing and intermediate times are as follow :—

	25 miles.	50 mls. actual.	H'cap	Nett.	
1 R. J. Pugh ...	1.15.23	2.29.55	18	2.11.55	Std. B.
2 J. Pitchford ...	1. 8.12	2.16.14	4	2.12.14	
3 W. G. Connor ...	1.12.28	2.24.10	11	2.13.10	
4 G. B. Orrell ...	1. 9.55	2.19.21	5	2.14.21	
5 J. S. Jonas ...	1.19. 9	2.35.40	20	2.15.40	
6 J. J. Salt ...	1. 8.35	2.16. 0	Scr.	2.16. 0	Fastest
7 E. Haynes, Jr. ...	1.16. 8	2.31.15	15	2.16.15	
8 G. Lockett ...	1.16.33	2.30.24	12	2.18.24	
9 A. Williams ...	1.14.10	2.34.13	14	2.20.13	
10 W. H. Lloyd ...	1.19.10	2.40.49	19	2.21.49	
11 J. R. Band ...	1.16.15	2.39.30	16	2.23.30	

12 entered ; 11 started and finished.

Highwayside, 12th May, 1934.

This was our first visit to "The Travellers' Rest" this year, and the total number which finally sat down to tea was in exact accordance with the Secretary's estimate. The temperature was at summer heat and was no doubt responsible for the early hatching out of several pairs of gently nurtured knees.

The going to the rendezvous was easy or hard, according to the direction taken, but then the roads were so good and the sun so cheering, that one scarcely noticed the breeze. The run from Liverpool, for instance, was delightfully easy: George Stephenson (of Huyton) was descried driving his "Rocket" at a prodigious pace, only stopping to re-fuel once on the journey, while David and Jonathan in the persons of Knipe and Lucas toured elegantly along, nor heeded the challenge of Threfall.

The President was supported by a select company of twenty, which included all the "regulars" except the Editor and Chandler, and when all was practically finished, Urban Taylor rolled up with Sandford and Merton Rawlinsons. The younger members were chiefly conspicuous by their absence, in spite of the specially priced tea; so also were the Manchester members, who were content to put in their run at the Cheshire Roads "50."

Frank Marriott was busy beating up volunteers for duty at the "100," leaving afterwards for East Cheshire to look after our boys who were riding, there, next morning. Williams left early with the intention of making Newcastle-on-Clun, but a little bird whispers that he got no farther than Pulverbatch! The Presider followed on his basinette en route for Shrewsbury and is understood to have annexed the tricycle record for the distance; at any rate he arrived at the "George" by nine o'clock, in time enough to co-operate with Roskell in arranging final details of the work to be done at the finish of the "100," before going to bed. Knipe was espied busy luring young lads like Royden into playing bowls—at the moment of writing neither stakes nor results are known!

One of our scouts reported meeting Sir Charles Randall four miles from Whitchurch, heading towards Highwayside, but where he was coming from and whether he ever got there is still a mystery.

* * * *

THE "100"

Whit Monday—April 21st, 1934.

All roads lead to Shrewsbury as Whitsuntide draws near and the great trek begins on the preceding Saturday, gathers in volume on the Sunday, and finally launches itself upon the surrounding roads to witness at least some portion of the race, or perhaps flitting from place to place, but congregating in large numbers at the start and gathering to a head at the finish.

The "George" was, as usual, the headquarters, and many friends from far and near gathered in the dining-room and lounge on the Saturday and Sunday evenings. It would need great space to name all who repaired to this comfortable hostelry during the week-end, but among the "visitors" one remarked, Mr. Coles-Webb of the Bath Road Club, Mr. Stancer, the indefatigable secretary of the C.T.C., Mr. C. Jay Cole of the North Road Club, and J. A. Grimshaw (popularly known as "Grimmy") of "Ours." Needless to say the Presider arrived in good time, in spite of having had the company of Salt from the "Raven" to Hodnet, which had such a slowing effect on the Old Gentleman's riding that he was constrained to go for a sharp walk up the Wrekin to get his muscles back to normal!

Sunday was spent happily in divers ways—Hubert Roskell and John Kinder in scouring Shropshire and the adjacent

counties in search of bananas, and the remainder in excursions in different directions. The Presider led a small party, including our Irish member Finn, to Clun for luncheon, going by way of Bishop's Castle and returning through Chirbury and arriving back at the "George" in time for dinner. The lounge, that evening, was packed and there was not a vacant chair in the room by nine o'clock. The visitors, however, began to depart soon after ten, and of the temporary residents at the hotel, any who were to be on duty early, wisely went to bed at a fairly early hour.

Monday dawned bleak and cold. After a very light breakfast, the van-guard set out for Hadnall in a drizzling rain (which, however, mercifully held off until after all the competitors had been sent on their way) and by half-past five the starting-point was alive with officials and spectators.

Punctually, at 6-0 o'clock, "No. 1" was called by the President, and Lloyd was despatched on his first 100 mile ride, but how he fared, as well as other happenings in the race itself, will be told later. It is sufficient, here, to say that the crowd, both at the start and finish, behaved in an exemplary manner and gave little or no trouble to those marshalling at these points.

An innovation in the shape of a board giving the actual finishing times, and set up at about 200 yards behind the tape, proved a marked success, thanks to the ingenuity and resource of Hubert Roskell in arranging the telephone communication between timekeeper and marker (to say nothing of the design of the board itself).

John Kinder, as usual, was a host in himself, and the success of the arrangements for the race owes much to the unobtrusive work performed by these "heavenly twins"!

Norman Higham took the half-way times in his usual accurate manner and also with Pritchard, assisted at the finish, while, round the course, checkers, marshals and feeders were "doing their bit" towards sustaining the Club's reputation for efficient organization.

The Race.

A strong westerly wind, combined with rain, which persisted for practically the whole of the race, made it evident that fitness was to be the deciding factor.

C. Holland (M.C. & A.C.) left no doubt that he was fit and confirmed his form this season by making the wonderful time of 4 hrs. 41 mins. 8 secs., so breaking Bren Orrell's course record of last year by 4 mins. 29 secs.

At 50 miles, Jack Salt, who had been fastest at the previous check, was doing 2 hrs. 18 mins. 49 secs., while Holland now led with 2 hrs. 18 mins. 38 secs. The next fastest were F. T. Brown (Potteries C.C.) with 2 hrs. 21 mins. 35 secs.; G. B. Orrell, 2 hrs. 21 mins. 40 secs.; J. Pitchford, 2 hrs. 23 mins. 15 secs., and S. Nash (Cheltenham & County) 2 hrs. 23 mins. 38 secs. L. J. Ross (East Liverpool Wheelers), who shared the scratch mark with Holland and Salt, did 2 hrs. 23 mins. 49 secs., to this point, but punctured shortly afterwards and finished outside 5 hrs.

From 50 miles to the finish, Holland gradually increased his lead over the field.

At 65½ miles the times were : Holland 2 hrs. 58 mins. 30 secs.; Salt 3 hrs.; Brown 3 hrs. 2 mins. 30 secs.; Pitchford, 3 hrs. 4 mins. 0 secs., as were Orrell and Nash.

At 82 miles, Holland had done 4 hrs. 21 mins.; Salt 4 hrs. 26 mins.; Brown 4 hrs. 27 mins.; Pitchford 4 hrs. 30 mins., and Orrell and Nash 4 hrs. 31 mins.

The splendid times of Salt, Pitchford and Orrell, 4 hrs. 46 mins. 23 secs., 4 hrs. 49 mins. 32 secs., and 4 hrs. 51 mins. 46 secs., respectively, gave us victory in the Team race, aggregating 14 hrs. 27 mins. 41 secs., which is team record for the event. The second team were the M.C. & A.C., Holland 4 hrs. 41 mins. 8 secs., C. S. Middleton 5 hrs. 3 mins. 28 secs., and C. B. Long 5 hrs. 5 mins. 11 secs., aggregating 14 hrs. 49 mins. 47 secs.

Holland's ride also gained 1st handicap award. N. Jackson (Wolverhampton Wheelers) 18 mins., with 4 hrs. 59 mins. 41 secs., was second, and R. C. Adams (Speedwell B.C.) 23 mins., with 5 hrs. 6 mins. 7 secs. was third.

Of our other men, our new member, J. E. Carr, did 5 hrs. 11 mins. 4 secs.; he evidently was not quite fit and will no doubt do better later on. Connor did 5 hrs. 15 mins. 1 sec., Brewster 5 hrs. 17 mins. 53 secs., Lockett 5 hrs. 19 mins. 59 secs., Haynes, Williams, and Lloyd all did good novice rides of 5 hrs. 33 mins. 1 sec., 5 hrs. 34 mins. 32 secs., 5 hrs. 34 mins. 41 secs. respectively.

The Racing Secretary struck an off day and wisely decided to leave the laurels to Holland. Perhaps his arduous duties were in some degree accountable, but he is to be congratulated on a very well organised race.

Of a very representative entry, 93 started and 72 finished.

The President timed and Vice-President Green was Judge and Referee. Norman Higham timed at 50 miles.

The following is the list of finishers in order of Handicap times :—

Name.	Club.	H. M. S.	H. M. S.	Mins.	H. M. S.
		Actual Time 50 Mls.	Actual Time. 100 Mls.	H'cap.	Handicap Time.
1 C. Holland	Midland C. & A.C.	2 18 38	4 41 8	Scr.	4 41 8
2 H. Jackson	Wolverhampton Wheelers	2 27 40	4 59 41	18	4 41 41
3 R. C. Adams	Speedwell B.C.	2 31 25	5 6 7	23	4 43 7
4 S. Nash	Cheltenham & County	2 23 38	4 52 41	9	4 43 41
5 F. T. Brown	Potteries C.C.	2 21 35	4 48 18	4	4 44 18
6 S. Jones	L'pool Century R.C.	2 28 40	5 1 50	17	4 44 50
7 P. Scarratt	Potteries C.C.	2 28 28	5 9 15	24	4 45 15
8 J. Pitchford	Anfield B.C.	2 23 15	4 49 32	4	4 45 32
9 J. J. Salt	Anfield B.C.	2 18 49	4 46 23	Scr.	4 46 23
10 E. Johnson	Broad Oak R.C.	2 31 15	5 12 4	25	4 47 4
11 S. Ledger	Brightside C.C.	2 23 57	5 0 45	13	4 47 45
12 G. B. Orrell	Anfield B.C.	2 21 40	4 51 46	4	4 47 46
13 F. A. Brewster	Anfield B.C.	2 33 35	5 17 53	30	4 47 53
14 W. G. Connor	Anfield B.C.	2 31 52	5 15 1	27	4 48 1
15 G. Benson	L'pool Century R.C.	2 28 55	5 0 23	12	4 48 23
16 T. A. Rae	West Bradford C.C.	2 30 45	5 3 30	15	4 48 30
17 S. Livingston	Dukinfield C.C.	2 27 53	5 1 37	13	4 48 37
18 E. G. Redding	Irish Road Club	2 26 7	5 10 47	22	4 48 47
19 P. Brady	Irish Road Club	2 23 19	5 9 48	20	4 49 48
20 F. B. Barton	Warrington R.C.	2 28 41	5 6 6	15	4 51 6
21 S. St. John	Dukinfield C.C.	2 20 42	5 1 16	10	4 51 16
22 W. P. Rock	Victoria C.C.	2 28 31	5 16 19	25	4 51 19
23 A. Rogerson	Spn Valley Wheelers	2 25 52	5 11 37	20	4 51 37
24 G. B. Spary	North Road C.C.	2 31 32	5 14 13	22	4 52 13
25 C. C. Lamb	Manchester Wheelers	2 30 23	5 4 22	12	4 52 22
26 G. Speechley	Clifton C.C.	2 27 46	5 12 40	20	4 52 40
27 T. Watson	Clifton C.C.	2 31 47	5 17 9	24	4 53 9
28 F. Hibbert	Warrington R.C.	2 33 0	5 18 27	25	4 53 27
29 C. E. Tate	Yorkshire Century R.C.	2 29 18	5 10 36	17	4 53 36
30 A. J. Power	Cheshire Roads Club	2 25 55	5 15 45	22	4 53 45
31 G. Lockett	Anfield B.C.	2 35 40	5 19 59	26	4 53 59
32 C. B. Long	Midland C. & A.C.	2 28 3	5 5 11	11	4 54 11
33 L. G. Pearce	Wolverhampton Wheelers	2 27 54	5 12 13	18	4 54 13
34 M. Coupe	Potteries C.C.	2 30 47	5 20 5	25	4 55 5
35 J. W. Hewitt	Yorkshire Roads C.	2 27 25	5 8 31	13	4 55 31
36 W. Littlewood	Rutland C.C.	2 30 9	5 10 44	15	4 55 44
37 L. M. Baker	Bath Road Club	2 31 40	5 18 5	22	4 56 5
38 P. T. Stallard	Wolverhampton Wheelers	2 24 27	5 1 5	5	4 56 5
39 C. S. Middleton	Midland C. & A.C.	2 23 0	5 3 28	7	4 56 28
40 R. E. Anderson	Warrington R.C.	2 28 27	5 18 29	22	4 56 29
41 H. L. Caris	Barras Road Club	2 24 48	5 0 39	4	4 56 39
42 S. Parker	Cheshire Roads Club	2 21 58	5 10 43	14	4 56 43
43 W. Gibbon	Cardiff 100 Roads C.	2 29 15	5 14 45	18	4 56 45
44 C. W. Alexander	Cardiff 100 Roads C.	2 30 31	5 10 54	14	4 56 54
45 G. E. Jones	Birkenhead N.E. C.C.	2 29 29	5 9 8	12	4 57 8
46 B. W. Bentley	Walton C. & A.C.	2 25 39	4 59 33	2	4 57 33
47 M. Clark	Barnsley Roads C.	2 26 28	5 5 6	7	4 58 6
48 E. Atherton	Yorkshire Roads C.	2 28 0	5 7 22	9	4 58 22
49 G. H. Dawson	Victoria C.C.	2 26 24	5 8 54	10	4 58 54
50 J. E. Carr	Anfield B.C.	2 29 5	5 11 4	12	4 59 4
51 R. F. da Costa	Mersey Roads Club	2 37 20	5 14 4	15	4 59 4
52 S. Ellison	Mersey Roads Club	2 35 25	5 15 15	16	4 59 15
53 P. Duce	Lancashire Roads C.	2 34 42	5 18 17	19	4 59 17
54 W. Tilling	Cheltenham & County	2 29 55	5 9 4	9	5 0 4
55 W. E. York	Broad Oak Road C.	2 34 16	5 22 50	22	5 0 50
56 A. J. Carr	Altrincham Ravets	2 35 38	5 13 52	12	5 1 52
57 H. V. Baker	Midland C. & A.C.	2 30 41	5 15 0	13	5 2 0
58 H. Sutton	Midland C. & A.C.	2 30 51	5 14 49	12	5 2 49
59 E. Haynes, Jr.	Anfield B.C.	2 38 2	5 33 1	30	5 3 1
60 H. Crye	Manchester Wheelers	2 30 11	5 20 10	16	5 4 10
61 C. Price	West Bradford C.C.	2 22 59	5 9 17	5	5 4 17
62 A. Williams	Anfield B.C.	2 33 18	5 34 32	30	5 4 32
63 W. H. Lloyd	Anfield B.C.	2 41 17	5 34 41	30	5 4 41
64 G. H. M. Pitt	North Road C.C.	2 36 10	5 23 3	18	5 5 3
65 E. Soens	L'pool Century R.C.	2 29 34	5 17 25	12	5 5 25
66 W. Crowther	Lancaster C.C.	2 36 41	5 23 50	17	5 6 50
67 R. Cotterill	Vegetarian C. & A.C.	2 35 18	5 24 8	17	5 7 8
68 A. E. Elsegood	Clifton C.C.	2 34 54	5 25 57	18	5 7 57
69 L. J. Ross	East L'pool Wheelers	2 23 49	5 8 20	Scr.	5 8 20
70 J. Berry	Manchester Wheelers	2 36 38	5 34 8	25	5 9 8
71 T. H. Atkinson	Lancaster C.C.	2 35 30	5 28 1	13	5 15 1
72 F. Heginbotham	Manchester Wednesday	2 35 37	5 41 14	18	5 23 14

* Certificate.

Fastest Time	C. Holland	Midland C. & A.C.	... 4hrs. 4mins. 8secs.
Second Fastest Time	J. J. Salt	Anfield B.C.	... 4hrs. 46mins. 23secs.
Third Fastest Time ...	F. T. Brown	Potteries C.C.	... 4hrs. 48mins. 18secs.

		TEAM RACE.									
First—Anfield B.C.						Second—Midland C. & A.C.					
			H.	M.	S.		H.	M.	S.		
J. J. Salt	4	46	23	C. Holland	4	41	8
J. Pitchford	4	49	32	C. S. Middleton	5	3	28
G. B. Orrcll	4	51	46	C. B. Long	5	5	11
			14	27	41				14	49	47

Timekeeper—W. P. Cook, Esq., R.R.A.
 Judge and Referee—H. Green, Esq.

F. E. Marriott,
 Hon. Racing Secretary.

The "Sweep."

In this event no less than 184 participated, which is a record.

First handicap and fastest time prizes were taken by Mr. E. A. Tipping, Lancashire R.C.; Second handicap and second fastest by Mr. Gillespie and Mr. Mason respectively (both friends of the operator of the swindle!); Third handicap by Mrs. Beardwood and third fastest by Mr. Westaway, Bath Road Club.

The allotment of prize money was as follows:—

1st handicap	£3 0 0	Fastest time	£1 10 0
2nd	" 2 0 0	2nd fastest	1 0 0
3rd	" 1 0 0	3rd	" 0 14 0
Total ...		£9 4 0	

Our best thanks to Mrs. Stancer for once again drawing the sweep assisted by Powell.

Pulford, 26th May, 1934.

Topsy-turvydom was let loose in all its impishness on this fine afternoon. To begin with, nourishment for only eighteen had been ordered and no less than twenty-three (including three visitors) squeezed themselves into the somewhat limited accommodation put at our disposal. Then, people turned up who were not expected, while others who were expected failed to materialise. Yet another unusual feature was the almost entire absence of speed-men, Ned Haynes and Norman Heath being the only ones to put in an appearance. So, the company was (shall we say?) of the solid variety, underleavened by the sparkle of humour usually associated with the bright and breezy Tea-tasters.

Salt, it appears, had gone South, in order to ride in the Birchfield "50"; Rigby Band was on his way to Scotland for a week's camping tour (of which we hope to hear

more, anon), while our diminutive captain was taking a rest cure by riding to Devil's Bridge and returning on the following day. The movements of the remainder are, more or less, "wropt in mystery."

To balance the defection of these and in order to upset our long-suffering Secretary's most careful calculations, several unlooked-for faces made welcome appearance—for example, Johnny Band, the before-mentioned truant Heath (with his school-girl complexion—done to a turn), Hubert and friend, and John Roberts. Besides these, a small party from the Manchester district included Green, Haynes, A. N. Rawlinson and Smithies; Liverpool sent Cody, Threlfall and Stevie (who flashed up under petrol power), and the Wirral was responsible for the remainder, *viz.*, Chandler (who rolled up on the famous green tricycle, after a flying visit over the Welsh border), Harold Band, Royden, the President (with two friends—Messrs. Sutcliffe and Greer of the Mersey Roads Club), Teddy Edwards, Dave Rowatt, Venables (complete with walking-stick and wicked smile), Glendinning (in fancy dress—more fancy than dress), and the Editor, who came by various routes and means to the gathering.

The President, with an escort composed of his guests and Norman Heath, immediately the meal was over, left for the "Bradford Arms" at Knockin, and not long after, the "Grosvenor Arms" was denuded of bicycles. Only one incident marred the serenity of the afternoon's proceedings—the shameful desertion of Frankie by the cute custrel, Thomas.

A Tabloid Tour.

My little week-end jaunt was a real thrill. My first stop was at Chirk, where I indulged in tea and cake, preparatory to lunching near Newtown. The delightful "Blue Bell," at Llangurig, on the Upper Wye, gave me a refresher in the shape of a grape-fruit drink, cool and delightful. Then followed a drift with the wind and the Wye—nine miles—to Rhayader, free-wheeling gently almost all the way. Rhayader is just a hundred miles from home so I thought it time for tea and I also purchased some provisions, for I was camping.

Just before seven, I was pedalling alongside those lovely lakes that grace the Elan Valley and provide the populace of Birmingham with their water supply. There are three of them, for the most part with pine trees to the water's edge, while islands closely packed with fir-trees complete the scene. For seven miles the road keeps near to the lakes, sometimes above, sometimes level with them.

At Pont ar Elan, ten miles from Rhayader by the lake road, and perhaps five by the shorter route, I joined the old Coach Road from Rhayader to Aberystwith. This follows the River Elan almost to its source and then, after climbing a tiny shoulder, joins the River Ystwith in its infancy. I camped on that wild road, about 1,200 feet above sea level.

Eight-thirty the next morning found me plunging down that mountain road and before ten *ack emma* was deprecating (to myself) the commercial element in Devil's Bridge. The glorious west wind, for it was glorious, and warm too, wafted me, with little effort, up the Plynlimmon road and down the nine pleasant miles to Llangurig and tea. For nearly an hour I chatted with mine host upon sheep, sheep-tracks, and forgotten railway enterprises whereby someone lost a pile of money in that delightful region. I sighed thankfully. In Llanidloes I met Brewster, who turned back and gave me the pleasure of his company, and in the fulness of time I reached home, but not without misadventure, for I picked up a nasty nail a mile from home and walked the last two hundred yards. But what a week-end! Two hundred and thirty memorable miles!

ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

FORMED MARCH, 1879.

MONTHLY CIRCULAR

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL

Vol. XXXI.

Edited by Ernest Snowden.

No. 341

FIXTURES FOR JULY, 1934.

Tea at 6-0 p.m.

Light up at

July	7	Highwayside (Travellers Rest)	10-41 p.m.
,,	9	Committee Meeting, 7 p.m. (Victoria Hotel, St. John's Lane, Liverpool).	
,,	13/14	Invitation "24"	10-37 p.m.
,,	21	Acton Bridge (Leigh Arms)	10-27 p.m.
,,	28	Third "50" Miles Handicap	10-17 p.m.
Aug.	4	Tarporley (Swan)—See Committee Notes ...	10-5 p.m.
,,	4/6	Bath Road "100"; Speedwell "100" ...	10-2 p.m.
,,	11	Aldford (Grosvenor Arms)	9-50 p.m.

Full Moon ... 26th inst.

The Hon. Treasurer's address is R. L. Knipe, 108 Moscow Drive, Stoneycroft, Liverpool, 13, but Subscriptions (25/-; under 21, 15/-; under 18, 5/-; Honorary, a minimum of 10/-) and Donations (unlimited) to the Prize Fund can be most conveniently made to any Branch of Martins Bank Ltd., for credit of the Anfield Bicycle Club, Tue Brook Branch.

COMMITTEE NOTES.

A Resolution recording the deep regret of the Committee and their sympathy with the brother and relatives of the late Mr. W. E. S. Foster was passed in silence.

A Vote of Thanks was passed to Mr. Hubert Roskell and Mr. John Kinder for exceptional services rendered during the Invitation "100."

NEW MEMBER.—Mr. Leonard Lusty, 325 Hampstead Road, Handsworth Wood, Birmingham, has been elected to Full Membership.

As members will be attending the Bath Road and Speedwell "100's" it is anticipated there will be only a small attendance at Tarporley, on August 4th. Members will order what they require for Tea on arrival.

Mr. A. Williams's address is 42 Euston Grove, Birkenhead, and not as stated in last month's *Circular*.

H. W. POWELL,

Hon. General Secretary.

RACING NOTES.**Invitation "24," 13th/14th July, 1934.**

I regret the omission of the date in last month's issue.

A new finishing course has been adopted for the "24." The Timekeeper and Headquarters for the race will be at the "Three Greyhounds," Allstock Cross Roads, 5 miles from Knutsford, on the Middlewich Road. Will all members not checking or feeding elsewhere, please report to the person in charge there—at 4 p.m. Saturday—for any marshalling or checking work that may be still open?

Members who can beg, borrow, steal or, who are fortunate enough to have a car of their own, are particularly requested to motor out to the "Three Greyhounds" and use the car for following purposes. The ideal to be aimed at is—"A car for every finisher." Please try.

3rd "50," 28th July, 1934.

Entries for the above to reach me not later than Friday, July 20th.

Invitation "12," 18th August, 1934.

As I hope to be on holiday from August 4th until August 18th, will those members who are intending to ride, please let me have their forms by July 28th? This is for the purpose of handicapping only, and the liability for the 5/- feeding fee will not accrue until the cards go to Press. Thus members, who, having entered, find later that they cannot ride, will not incur the payment of 5/- if del Banco is advised to this effect before **Friday, August 10th**. His address is: S. del Banco, Mount Villa, The Dell, Rock Ferry, Cheshire.

Open Events.

Bath Road "100." Eligible for those who have beaten 5 hours for the distance.

Speedwell "100."

Both these events will be held on August Bank Holiday.

F. E. MARRIOTT,

Captain and Hon. Racing Secretary.

TREASURY NOTES.

Those who saw with horror the staring head-lines stretching right across the newspapers last month:—

STRANGE DISAPPEARANCE OF TREASURY NOTES.

ANFIELD TREASURER IMPLICATED.

have, I hope, by now had their eyesight properly vetted by Harold Kettle, and their mental condition psycho-analysed.

Nevertheless, the Treasury Notes did disappear from the June *Circular*, and my humble apologies are due to those ten members, who, having manfully paid their Subs. in May, were so bitterly disappointed at finding their financial contributions not acknowledged with the publicity they deserved, and their efforts on behalf of the Club apparently ignored.

Mea culpa! also, *Hinc illae lachrymae!*

Tempus fugit-ed so successfully that I found myself writing up the Notes about the time the *Circular* was going to Press. So, if you see a bit of sackcloth covered with ashes creeping about the roads, you will know who it is.

My thanks are due to the seventeen members who have paid their Subscriptions and/or Donations (*) during the past two months.

R. J. Austin.	A. Howarth.	T. Royden.
A. E. Birkby.	F. Jones.	J. H. Sunter.
D. G. Burgess.	D. C. Kinghorn.	J. A. Smithies.
J. E. Carr.	G. Lockett.	U. Taylor.
W. E. Cotter.	I. Lusty.	A. Williams.
W. G. Glendinning.	*I. C. Price.	

P.S.—As the Treasurer hopes to go on holiday on 20th July he will naturally be most thankful to those who send their Subscriptions along before that date.

EDITORIAL.

By the time this number of the *Circular* is in print, the headquarters of our Editorial staff will, we hope, have been transferred to the pure, sweet air of the Cotswold Hills, our "*pied à terre*" being at the New Inn, Bourton-on-the-Water, where any Anfielder, known or unknown to us, happening to pass that way, will be welcome to refreshment at the expense of the Editorial chest. Should we unfortunately be out, the production of the Anfield button will be sufficient token; if we are at home, so much the better—in any case, the wanderer can go his way in the knowledge that, for once, no *quid pro quo* is expected!

Indications are not wanting that the holiday season has begun. Already, we have published accounts of two tours, and we hope that any member who feels that he has something of touring interest to relate, will not keep it to himself, but will send along a narrative for insertion in the *Circular*. Basing our calculations on the results of invitations to write up the weekly runs, we do not expect that the response will be overwhelming, but we are sanguine enough to hope for a few more interesting articles.

Speaking of runs and the narration thereof, at the end of six months of editorship, we find that contributors may, like ancient Gaul, be divided into three parts—those who fulfil their promises with promptitude, those who procrastinate until the last moment and those who forget about the matter altogether. Members in the first category are, to us, worth their weight in gold and they have our sincere thanks for their ready help. To the remainder we would say—well, just what each one of them would say, if he were in our place!

After all, it entails no great sacrifice to spend an hour (or less) once or twice a year in the by no means irksome task of narrating an afternoon's pleasure. If, however, literary work *is* unpalatable, treat it as a dose of medicine and get it over quickly. This method has the merit of being likely to ensure spontaneity, and the inclusion of incident which otherwise is in danger of being forgotten in the haze of time, while it also possesses the almost negligible quality of helping to lighten our own labours.

IN MEMORIAM.

We greatly regret to have to announce the sudden death of an old member in W. E. S. FOSTER. No particulars are available, but we do know that Foster was as faithful to cycling as he was to the Club, as he was actually riding the day before his death. Foster was not a young man—he must have been about 40 when he joined the Club in 1904. But he supplies a fine example of Club keenness and loyalty. In those days the Standard Medals for the 50's were 3h. 10m. for Bronze, 3h. for Silver and 2h. 45m. for Gold, and after a "novice" ride of 3.22.58 Foster secured the Bronze Standard in 1904 with 3.8.32. This simply fired his ambition to acquire a Silver and in 1905 he was unlucky to miss it by only 2 seconds! However his pluck and perseverance were rewarded in 1906 when he accomplished 2.58.44 and in 1907 he repeated the performance with 2.58.14. In addition he also gained Standard B with 162 miles in 12 hours in 1905. Undoubtedly these were fine rides for a veteran who only started riding at an age when all too many "give up cycling." Until his removal, first to London, in 1911, Foster was a good run attender and what the Club meant to him is clearly shown by the fact that although an "exile" for 23 years he never even dreamed of resigning or asking to be transferred to the Honorary List. He was indeed a most loveable man who endeared himself to all his fellow-members. A real Anfielder in every sense. The "Elder Brethren" mourn his loss and the younger generation can regard him as an example to emulate. To those bereaved we offer our deepest sympathy.

MISCELLANEA.

A correspondent sends us a cutting from an Andover newspaper which describes as "Beer drinking extraordinary" the feat of putting away a mere half-gallon of ale in the time of 1 min. 22 secs., and suggests that a picked body of the W.B.B.'s should march south and challenge the nimble beer-drinkers of Hurstbourne Tarrant (for that is the scene of the swiping) to pit their pints against the pewter pots of Cheshire. In solemn conclave, the W.B.B.'s declined to do anything of the sort. Short sprints of this nature are beneath their notice; they might send a few Tea-tasters to give a salutary lesson to the proud south country men; for themselves, they scorn such frivolous flights. Let the Hurstbourne Tarranters pluck up courage to enter on a man's contest—anything from three to twenty-four hours in duration—which would prove indisputably their capacity to have and to hold—then something might be arranged. No peevish policy is responsible for this decision, which was adopted solely in the interests of decorous drinking which permits not of a parade of puerile prowess but provides for the preservation of practical proficiency.

The correspondent aforesaid, who happens to be one, Mr. Norman, once a prominent North-roader, and who, in pre-war days had ridden in several Anfield "100's," has been advised accordingly, and as soon as health permits, which we trust will be soon, will rock Hurstbourne Tarrant, Berkshire and the adjoining counties to their foundations with the noise of our challenge!

* * * *

As Others See Us.

By kind permission of the Editor of the *Roll Call* we have extracted the following from the June issue of that journal, which in its appreciation of the feats of others, accurately reflects the sporting spirit of the M.C. & A.C.

"Throned in state in a great fat car the Anfield Boss (Billy Cook) clicked a watch and looked far too robust for so delicate a job.

Fat ale beneath a shady bough,
A pipe to make a 'gugly' row,
A trike to wait his pushful joy—
For him 'tis Paradise enow.

"Nor must we fail to admire and congratulate the Anfield boys—J. J. Salt, J. Pitchford, and G. B. Orrell—who are probably the finest club century team in the country at the moment. Fancy trying to beat three rides of 4.46.23, 4.49.32 and 4.51.46, which were the times of the Anfield boys in the order recorded above. We predict it will be many a day before they are beaten over the Anfield course. We note that prior to the Anfield a London journal, through the mouth of its specialist, suggested that the Anfield "100" had become a mere local event. If that is a fact, then all we can say is that the 'local' people can challenge the rest of the country and give them a real good licking.

"We are very happy indeed to think that the Anfield, as a Club, always gives us so generous a consideration and so hearty a welcome.

"Albert Lusty was helping us 'drink' the boys near Grimshill and was torn between his dual allegiance of Midland and Anfield. At the end of the story he must have been tremendously pleased with both his clubs taking the bright particular honours."

Most of the younger men were absent, some intent on winning laurels in the Grosvenor "100," and others intent on helping or watching their efforts, while their elders were keeping up their end by attending the run. Fifteen members and a friend sat down to tea and the small gathering had about it quite an intimate atmosphere, altogether different from that of a large congregation of hungry Anfielders, but none the less cheery. If the company was lacking in quantity, it was by no means deficient in quality, composed as it was of the President, Powell, the Rawlinson brothers, Green, Lucas, Threlfall, Urban Taylor, Cody, Hubert Roskell (accompanied by Mr. Buckley), Royden, Stephenson, the Editor, Teddy Edwards and Dave Rowatt.

The President left early on his journey to the scene of the following morning's race and the rest departed shortly afterwards, leaving, however, Urban Taylor and the Rawlinsons hotly engaged in what they described as a billiard match. At a late hour, they, too, left and towards midnight reached the abode of Vice-President Green, not a bit down-hearted by their ineffectual attempts to control the wayward billiard balls.

We are sorry to hear that Bob Poole while riding tandem with Miss Haynes, had the misfortune to be involved in an accident with a motor car at Twemlow. Both were cut and bruised, but otherwise not seriously hurt. They wish to express their gratitude for the kindness and attention which they received at the hands of members of the Anfield B.C., who came to their assistance.

* * * *

Members who met Mr. W. M. Carwithen at Bettws and Shrewsbury will regret to hear of his death which took place suddenly on the 20th June. Mr. Carwithen was a keen cyclist and, until his removal to Manchester a few years ago, was a member of the Bath Road Club.

* * * *

Private and Confidential.

Fred Brewster, as a training spin for the Grosvenor "100," went for a four-day tour recently. He originally intended a five-day holiday, but reasons, which need not be published in the *Circular*, caused his appearance in Chester on the fourth day.

The first stretch of MacGlusky's trip saw him 'midst the grandeur of the Lower Wye—Symind's Yat, the Wyndcliff and so forth; then Abergavenny for the Sugar Loaf and the Usk through Crickhowell and Talgarth to Builth. Rhayader was his on the morning of the third day. It was too early for lunch and as "Mac" had heard of the glory of the Elan Valley and the wildness of the Old Coach Road, well, what about it? Fred is not a "rough stuff fiend": many times he has consigned George Connor and Frank Marriott to the depths of Eternity when they have had him on the tracks of the Clwydians, but he plunged into that wilderness without a qualm. Noontide saw him taking photographs of the Elan Lakes.

The humpbacked bridge and the hairpin bend next engaged his interest and as he rode over the macadam from the last cam to Pont ar Elan he realised that it was lunch-time and that he was hungry. Along that wild valley, with its deep fords and footbridges, a gale was blowing, a real appetiser,

and round a bend in the road the spectre of the "knock" overtook him, and it did not pass. The beauty of the infant Ystwyth he did not see—only a ribbon of rough road and a hand clutching a nearby brake-lever met his glazed eye. His mind was fixed on Devil's Bridge. Past the refreshment-houses in Cwm Ystwyth he rode, but he did not see them: all he wanted was Devil's Bridge. Through the woods and up the long hill to the Arch he walked, and even the pedalling down to the Bridge of the Devil hurt. He had his lunch at 3-30! He says he'll have no more "rough stuff." Wait until September—we'll see!

* * * *

An Absent-minded Beggar.

Thomas Royden is one of those up-to-date young men who always like to be "in the swim," so immediately after tea at Farndon, this month, the gay dog mounted his rusty—pardon—trusty iron and hied him merrily Prestatyn-wards, in readiness for the morrow's bathing parade. Arrayed in one of the latest backless costumes, Sir Thomas, (after at first being mistaken for the Loch Ness monster), had a great time bobbing and splashing with all the most entrancing diving belles in the vicinity, to the delight (and doubtless, profit) of the sea-side photographers. But Nemesis was waiting for our hero. So engrossed was he with the memories of the past rapturous half-hour, that his attention strayed while he dressed and his movements were not characterised by that methodical snap which is usually his. However, at last, the tiresome business was finished and it only remained to retrieve towel and costume and lay them in the sun to dry. But where the devil *was* that costume? Frantically he searched the foreshore, going hot and cold in the process—finally . . . cold . . . yes, *cold* . . . Strange! He had dried himself thoroughly—he was always particular in this respect—he remembered how hard he had rubbed his head and how he had then paused to watch the antics of those who remained in the sea and . . . and then . . . With a howl of dismay, Thomas dashed to the sanctuary of his tent.

A few moments later, Prestatyn was shaken by a peal of Roydenian laughter and not long afterwards, Tommy himself

emerged with the missing costume over his arm. "No wonder I felt chilly," he murmured, "no wonder!"

BOTTLED INTERVIEWS.

BY OUR SPECIAL COMMISSIONER.

No. 2. H. W. Powell.

Hon. General Secretary of the Anfield B.C.

I came upon my victim on the bank of a river in the wilds of North Wales—in fact, to be accurate, at a spot exactly midway between Ruabon and another place, the name of which I have forgotten. It is to this fastness that our indefatigable Secretary retires after each Committee Meeting, in order to put into Parliamentary language the remarks he has jotted down *verbatim* and at the same time to invent awkward items for the agenda for the next meeting, the latter being in the nature of a solatium for the shocks, jolts and jars which are his portion in the performance of his duties.

At the moment of discovery, Mr. Powell, with the aid of a powerful microscope and a beam scale, was engaged in the delicate operation of weighing a finny monster which he had lured from the depths of the stream. The number of spots, its height, weight and age having been duly recorded in the minute-book of the Club, the Honorary General Secretary turned a benevolent eye upon me and asked me how I did. As an exponent of brighter fishing I replied that it was my custom to use a drag-net, though my innate sense of sportsmanship sometimes led me to resort to the time-honoured method of tickling. (I thought I detected a sniff at this declaration, but it may have been only the sign of an incipient cold.)

I had chosen the moment for opening the interview, with care; for it is an axiom that an angler will usually enlarge upon a catch; so, without further ado, I took the offensive.

"I presume, Mr. Powell, that such a highly-paid position as yours entails great responsibilities?"

"Very great, I assure you, although, as is only natural to suppose, I delegate the details to subordinates, such as the Treasurer, the Vice-Presidents and so on."

"Now, Mr. Prowl, I am going to ask you a most important question—what is the secret of the high position which the Club holds in the world of wheels?"

"Really, my dear Sir, you must excuse my reticence on this point. I hate to speak of any poor actions of mine which may have, by good fortune, focussed the lime-light of fame upon . . . you understand? . . . my natural modesty forbids . . . what?"

"Certainly, Mr. Howl, most certainly. But, concerning the Club's success in the field of competition, no doubt you will be able to enlighten my readers as to the methods . . ."

"Here again, I must interpose the same objection. Mind, I think the men who race, do have *some* idea of speed, but, well . . . you understand, I am sure . . .?"

"Quate, Mr. Cowl, quate. But, I think you will hardly fail to agree with me when I say, I believe—nay, do not blush—I say, I believe it is no other than yourself who gives the first impetus to racing enthusiasm—in the training 25's?"

"My dear Sir, I will not deny the soft impeachment. And further, I will add, without fear of contradiction, that every winner I have pushed off in a scratch event has done fastest time!"

"Marvellous, indeed, Mr. Secretary. I have only one other question to put to you and I have finished. I am given to understand that you have very decided views as to the correct dress for cyclists on any and every occasion. In this erratic climate of ours, your valued opinion would be . . . er . . . shall we say . . . valued."

"My dear Sir, do you know, I think it would—or ought to be. Well, I will give you my formula, which is sane, simple and safe in the hands of children. In a nutshell it is:—

"When the stormy winds do blow,
Clothe yourself from head to toe;

"When the sunshine warms the breeze,
Cast your clouts and bare your knees;

„And when it's really, truly hot,
Don't hesitate to scrap the lot."

A long silence ensued, broken only by the humming of the May-fly. Mr. Powell's eyes turned wistfully to the river; then taking a safety-pin from the lapel of his tarpaulin jacket, he adroitly threaded thereon four or five inches of worm, attached the cunning bait to his line and flung it, like an Excalibur, into the rushing waters. Exhausted by the effort, he lay down, pulled his hat over his eyes and incontinently fell asleep.

The interview was over. Mr. Powell had returned to his fishing.

A HIGHLAND FLING.

Being the impressions of a Tea-faster recently
on tour in Scotland.

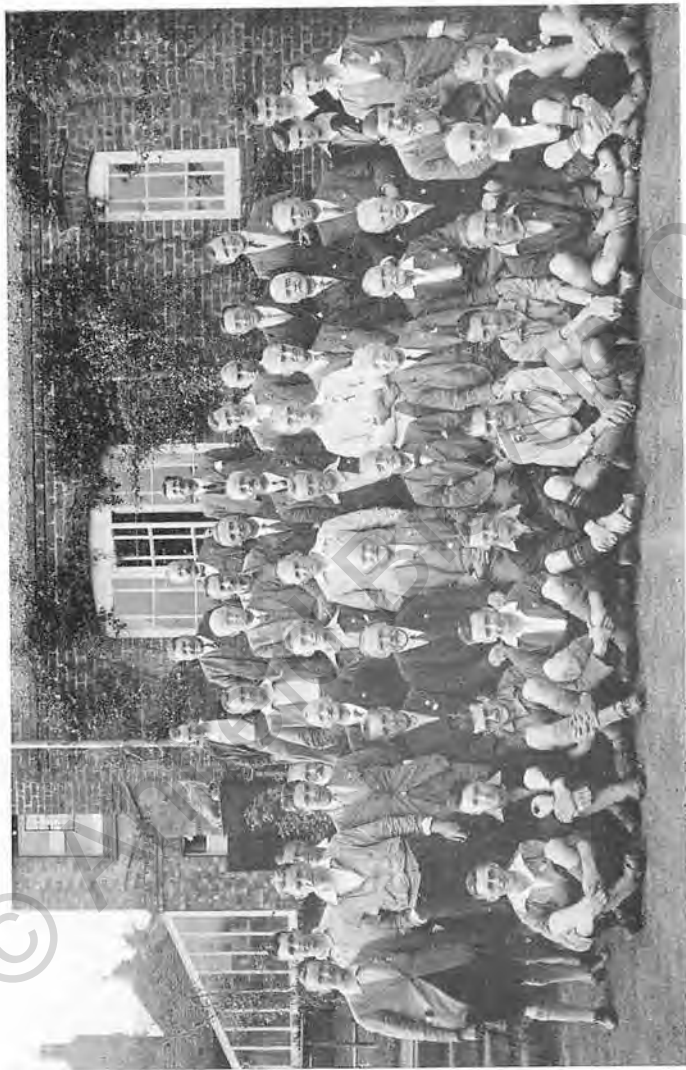
From Glasgow the Highlands may be entered from Aberfoyle, on the edge of the Trossachs; the latter are apt to be disappointing, though certainly very fine. An easy road runs east to Callender, where the real Highlands begin, and from here to Inverness good roads are the rule. Tyndrum is the starting point across the Moor of Rannoch to Glen Coe. Mountains and desolate moorland dominate the scenery, mile after mile, culminating in the towering mass of Buachaille Etive Mor at the head of Glen Coe; follows a glorious descent through the Glen—surely the finest in Britain.

From Ballachulish, the road follows the Caledonian Canal to Inverness. A good day's expedition from Loch Ness is to Glen Affric. The road goes as far as Affric Lodge, some twelve miles from Glen Affric Hotel, but I do not advise taking a bicycle through to Loch Duich on the west coast as I did: it is "rough-stuff" with a vengeance.

The scenery in western Argyllshire is good, though less wild than in the east, but the roads are much inferior. The route which I took was round the coast from Ballachulish to Connel Ferry, then inland through the Pass of Brander to Loch Awe and down Glen Aray to Inveraray, the seat of the Duke of Argyll. The Rest and Be Thankful Hill is truly Alpine: it is on the road to Arrochar on Loch Long, and the quarter-mile at the top has a gradient of 2 in 3!

The last lap is down Loch Lomond, whose bonny banks were carpeted with blue-bells when I was there. Then followed fifteen miles through industrial Clyde-side to Glasgow.

© Anfield Bicycle Club



2nd Row.—G. STEPHENSON, W. T. VENABLE, W. G. GLENDENING, E. J. CODY, J. S. RODRIGES, S. T. TUREFALL, H. R. BARD,
3rd Row.—H. W. POWELL, J. J. SALT, E. SKOWDEN, E. A. BYRON, A. N. RAWLINSON, D. C. ROWATT, F. PRAZENDALE, J. SEED,
 F. CHANDLER, A. HOWARTH, H. GREEN, J. C. BAST, A. LUCAS, C. F. ELLIS, W. G. CONNOR, F. MARRIOTT, H. L. HIGSON,
4th Row.—T. ROYDEN, R. L. KNIFE, W. R. FELL, W. F. COOK, E. EDWARDS, G. B. BURGESS, G. H. MERCER, J. E. RAWLINSON,
5th Row.—A. WILLIAMS, G. LOCKETT, J. R. WALTON, P. PERKINS, S. DEL BANCIO, J. S. JONES, W. H. SCURT, A. E. C. BIRKBY,
 R. POOLE, E. HAYNES, JR.

Camping is permissible nearly everywhere in the Highlands, but there are now forty Youth Hostels scattered over Scotland, and an excellent tour could be successfully carried out, without recourse to other means of accommodation. Catering is better than in most parts in which I have toured, and (shame to relate) I never cleared the decks once. Hotels should be avoided, as they are no better than the other C.T.C. appointments, and charge two or three times as much. In conclusion, it is safe to say that anyone going north for the first time will not be disappointed; speaking for myself, it exceeded my greatest expectations.

Mouldsworth, June 9th, 1934.

This is one of the outstanding runs of the year and this is an outstanding year of the run, for it marks the 40th anniversary of Charles Conway's famous ceremonial of "putting the Club together" in front of the camera. He invariably produces a very excellent result which is flattering to the humble and chastening to the haughty.

Saturday, June 9th, was gloriously fine. June—the English summer at its best, and Cheshire as a noble champion of the national reputation.

As I rode those fifty-odd miles out and home it seemed to me that much of Cheshire 40 years ago looked as it looked to-day, and for many a long day before that.

Skies of Italian blue with clouds softening the heat down to a misty haze—the grey road with its fresh green verges—the hedges of spangled white and red—the fields spread like a magic carpet with its endless variety of pattern and colour—white and yellow—greens of every shade and here and there the spread of buttercups—the field of the Cloth of Gold.

By six o'clock the stable-yard was well filled with bicycles—singles and tandems and tricycles and strange to tell—a horse—a long, lanky horse; which Anfielder had broken precedent and arrived on horseback? The names of Rowatt or Brazendale came naturally to one's mind, but the size of the horse made this unlikely—its legs were more in keeping with Marriott or Glendinning; but let us crowd into tea and be ready for Charles Conway.

The camera is now ready and the members stand, walk, suggest, advise, disagree in friendly fashion and finally pull

themselves together round the President and wait more or less patiently while Charles "treads delicately" around his fragile instrument and with genial care implores, commands and transfixes the group with passive obedience. Four times in all, and we have visions of a picture—a portrait which will record better than the pen of any secretary the names of the loyal band and true who faced the camera on that famous day in June.

Merely as an afterthought, there were some who trembled for Charles as he trod his stately measure round the tripod, for we might have seen as we waited, not a portrait but a landscape, reminiscent of the Easter tour, entitled the "Conway falls."

But seriously we are all most grateful to the kindly Mayor of Upton, and wish him many more fine days in June to take the Annual Photograph.

A BALLAD OF MOULDSWORTH.

In serried ranks, with steadfast gaze,
Dauntless they stood (or sat)
Bareheaded 'neath the sun's fierce rays—
(Not to be wondered at
Since photographic fashion says
One must not wear a hat !)

Near half a hundred valiant souls
(Precisely forty-eight)
Survey Sir Charles's caracoles,
(And here I beg to state
To those whose hobby's picking holes,
His charger's but a plate !)

At length, all's ready for the fray,
With linstock in his hand,
The gunner cries "Belay ! Belay !
Stand fast, ye shifting sand ;
And when I start to blaze away,
Don't dance a saraband."

Thrice they maintained their ranks *en bloc* ;
Thrice, too, their god-like pose ;
But at the fourth and final shock,
With one accord they rose,
With flashing hoof and sparkling hock—
(As meaning shoes and hose).

ENVOI.

Sir Charles let forth a stifled cheer ;
 Then fell to packing up his gear
 That cumbered far and near the sward,
 Soliloquising, " On my word
 I say, without the slightest fear
 Of contradiction, I have here
 My biggest bag for many a year."

Nantwich, 9th June, 1934.

Fourteen only entered the hospitable doors of the " Lamb "—fourteen, for the most part, perspiring members, for it was close and inclined to thunder, but none the less, this relatively small number provided several mildly exciting features. The first was a terrific din which emanated from the garage and which had the effect of attracting the juvenile population in full force in anticipation of a fight ! They were disappointed : it was merely the Editor discussing matters editorial with one, Chandler. The second incident was a more depressing sight—no less than the President sitting in the bar parlour, disconsolately gazing upon an anaemic patterned afternoon tea-set, since alcoholic amenities were not forthcoming until 6-30. The same conditions also provided Sister Ann with the opportunity of displaying lavish munificence and the flood of crocodile tears on learning that Nantwich did not permit her citizens to indulge in inebriating liquors until a much later hour was a moving sight ! As though the company had not suffered sufficiently, the foundations of their mental equilibrium were shaken a second time by the appearance of a pseudo ice-cream merchant, complete with bronzed countenance in the best Italian style and hokey-pokey jacket—but which turned out to be nothing more than Norman Heath in summer attire !

The meal was of the usual substantial variety—too substantial, in fact for one or two, who would have preferred something more in keeping with the summer weather.

But to return to our muttuns. The company was composed of the following Manchester men, to wit : Vice-President Green (in tip-top form), F. Jones, the Rawlinson couplet, Bob Poole and Ned Haynes. John Roberts had come from Wrexham (O, John we were pleased to see thee, but not thy nether garments) ; Norman Heath from Salop and the remainder comprised Glendinning, Cody (the sole Liverpool representative), Dave Rowatt, the Editor, Chandler, and the

President. The two last were to spend the night at Uttoxeter and were mounted and away betimes. Rowatt was seen anxiously studying a railway time-table and hoping to be home before the milk. Green was heard issuing instructions as to the pace to be maintained by his caravan, which, at the proposed schedule might have landed them all safely home in time for mid-day dinner on Sunday. Rumour, however, has it that once upon the road, the convoy entirely forgot their orders and inside two hours had covered thirty-two burning miles and laid their revered Vice-President on his own door-mat, not a whit the worse for the exercise.

The Tea-tasters having an engagement with the East Liverpool Wheelers on the following morning, were not in evidence—or perhaps the ordeal at the hands of Sir Charles Conway on the previous Saturday had been too much for them! In any case, good hunting to stout fellers!

Farndon, 16th June, 1934.

Setting out at 10 a.m. with a fairish ride ahead of me I discovered to my embarrassment, after little more than an hour's pedalling, that I had precious little in my rear other than the ground already covered! Speedily realising that this catastrophe, in conjunction with the gayness of my recently acquired "Ascot" jacket, would provoke considerable mirth among the fashionable city gentlemen I was anticipating meeting, I made a hurried dive into the first available store, and offered up a prayer of relief on observing the all-male staff. Briefly explaining my unenviable position to him, I thankfully emerged some minutes later feeling (and looking) at least ten years younger!

A light lunch, consumed a mile or two further along the road, enabled me to push on through Malpas, but, a short distance beyond, I was reduced to such a weakened state by the sultriness of the afternoon, that I was prompted to pack pedalling for the time being, and proceeded to paddle for the next half-hour in a nearby stream. Threatening clouds eventually dragged me from this refreshing spot, and an easy ride over the remaining miles brought me to the "Raven" at a few minutes to six.

I was ushered indoors by Roberts, and directed to the dining-room by Harold Band; this epidemic of good manners appeared to be quite general. For the next half-hour twenty-two members, and friend (Byron) endeavoured to devour all

the food placed within their reach ; a happy state of affairs if it had not been marred by a certain amount of foot-faulting by one or two of the participants.

The gathering was composed, for the most part, of the usual "regulars," so that my task will be considerably lightened if I mention some of the more notable absentees : first of all, Vice-President Kettle, not yet fully recovered from his recent illness, but whom we hope to see in the near future ; the touring Chandler, who was conducting Turvey on a tour in Ireland ; Salt, who was competing in the World's Championship Trial at Brooklands, while Orrell, Pitchford, Carr, Brewster, and Connor were absent on account of their entry in the Manchester Wheelers' "50," which was to take place on the other side of the county, the following morning.

Table talk was brought to a sudden conclusion by the Presider's announcement that the room was to be used for an emergency meeting of the Committee. The rank and file thus found themselves on the road again after a minimum of delay, and, following Cody's example, were soon speeding like race-horses along their respective routes, whilst the select few carried on with the equally important "donkey-work" indoors.

Daresbury, 23rd June, 1934.

One records with pleasure this visit to the "Ring o' Bells," a house which is centrally situated for members from Manchester, Liverpool and the Wirral, is governed by a landlord who has a genuine liking for the Club and provides a thoroughly good meal, enhanced by excellent service.

Over, 30th June, 1934.

Brilliant sunshine, a following breeze, and plenty of time meant cycling *de luxe*, as Lucas and I snailed quietly along the by-ways, pausing awhile at a village cricket match to see three stalwart young men smite the air vigorously and—take the long trail back to the pavilion. Then the umpire cried "Over," and we obeyed.

Powell had ordered for only fifteen, as the Presider and others were away Old Time Rallying, the Editor was in the Cotswolds, Chandler in bed, while some of the racing men were preparing for the morrow. By 6 p.m. only eight had arrived :

Cody, Heath, Knipe, Lucas, Powell, Seed, Stephenson and Threlfall. Lockett and W. Orrell then blew in and we started tea. Then Byron and Marriott arrived, and at 6-30 Bert Green limped in, and over his tea told us the tale of the Good Samaritan (modern version).

He had got as far as Mere Corner in the face of wind and sun, when this Good Samaritan, as he journeyed, came where he was, and had compassion on him and helped him on his way by giving him a "boost" behind. Unfortunately, Bert wasn't ready for this, so his bicycle went on, but he, after a brief flight, fell among motorists.

The Good Samaritan, who curiously enough was a Jew, then rescued him and offered him a glass of water! This second shock nearly outed Bert. So he put him on his own beast, a Talbot, and took him to his home, incidentally during the journey giving a wonderful exhibition of how not to drive a car! Green then had himself "vetted" by his own doctor, and finding no bones broken, came out in his car to the Club run.

It is not many who would have acted thus in such circumstances, and what a fine example to those strenuous young members seen lolling by the wayside, who failed to reach Over.

At 7 p.m. Haynes and Poole arrived, and, by making the total fifteen, saved Powell's reputation for foresight and veracity.

East Liverpool Wheelers' "50," 10th June, 1934.

The event was run off on a perfect morning for fast times, there being 47 out of 86 finishers beating 2.20.0. The event was won by B. W. Bentley of the Walton C. & A.C. The leading times are as follows:—

1st	B. W. Bentley	Walton C. & A.C.	...	2. 7.55
2nd	L. J. Ross	East L'pool W.	...	2. 8.15
3rd	C. Holland	Midland C. & A.C.	...	2. 8.43
4th	F. T. Brown	Potteries C.C.	...	2.10. 5
5th	S. Livingston	Dukinfield C.C.	...	2.10. 8
	J. J. Salt	Anfield B.C.	...	2.11.45
	J. Pitchford	" "	...	2.14.27
	G. B. Orrell	" "	...	2.16.49
	J. E. Carr	" "	...	2.16.54
	W. G. Connor	" "	...	2.20.31
	G. Lockett	" "	...	2.21.51
	F. A. Brewster	" "	...	2.25.38

Team Race :—

East Liverpool W.	6.34.15	1st.
Walton C. & A.C.	6.41.17	2nd.

Manchester Wheelers' "50," 17th June, 1934.

In this event, which was purely a team race, there were five of our men on the card, Fred Brewster being a non-starter. We won the team race from the Warrington R.C.; J. E. Carr being our fastest, with a fine ride of 2.14.33. The prize for the fastest time was won by S. Livingston, of the Dunkinfield C.C., in 2.10.3.

1st Team ...	Anfield B.C.—			
	J. E. Carr	2.14.33
	J. Pitchford	2.14.55
	G. B. Orrell	2.17.17
				<hr/>
				6.46.45
	Also finished, W. G. Connor,			<hr/>
	2.23.40.			<hr/>

2nd Team	Warrington R.C.—			
	E. B. Barton	2.13.44
	F. Hibbert	2.16. 0
	D. Sykes	2.18.37
				<hr/>
				6.48.21
				<hr/>

Manchester Grosvenor "100," 24th June, 1934.

We made our usual "grand slam" in the Grosvenor "100," last week. Our "bag" was first and third fastest—Salt and Orrell; Carr and Pitchford being 7th and 8th respectively. The team race was ours by a margin of almost half-an-hour.

1.	J. J. Salt	...	Anfield B.C.	...	4.47.1	
2.	F. T. Brown	...	Potteries	...	4.49.25	
3.	G. B. Orrell	...	Anfield B.C.	...	4.50.18	
4.	B. W. Bentley	...	Walton	...	4.51.41	
	J. E. Carr	...	Anfield B.C.	...	4.54.12	Std. E.
	J. Pitchford	...	"	"	4.55.7	
	F. A. Brewster	...	"	"	5.13.25	Std. C.
	W. G. Connor	...	"	"	5.14.42	
	R. T. Pugh	...	"	"	5.34.0	
	J. R. Band	...	"	"	5.47.41	

Teams : Anfield 14.31.31. East Liverpool 15.0.0.

The morning was vicious. Heavy rain and wind for almost the whole of the race tested the riders to the utmost and all who finished merit heartiest congratulations.

Haynes and Lockett started, but owing to cold and cramp had to retire.

Rigby Band rode his first "100" consistently and enjoyed it thoroughly. Reg. Pugh punctured, but finished with a good ride of 5.34. George Connor, in conditions entirely against his style of riding, survived the cold and finished very little slower than his best. Fred Brewster rode his fastest "100" and gains a Silver Standard.

The weather was definitely against Pitchford, too, and he did well, although just out of the team. Heartiest congratulations too, to Salt, for his fine win; Bren Orrell for his exceptional consistency in "100's"; and Carr, who completed the team by his fine ride which gained him a Standard E.

A dozen Anfielders were out with drinks and were able to help our men in six places. Mr. W. P. Cook timed the race.

ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

FORMED MARCH, 1879.

MONTHLY CIRCULAR

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL

Vol. XXXI.

Edited by Ernest Snowden.

No. 342

FIXTURES FOR AUGUST, 1934.

Tea at 6-0 p.m.

Light up at

Aug. 4	Tarporley (Swan)	10-5 p.m.
„ 4/6	Bath Road "100"; Speedwell "100" ...	10-4 p.m.
„ 11	Aldford (Grosvenor Arms)	9-50 p.m.
„ 13	Committee Meeting, 7 p.m. (Victoria Hotel, St. John's Lane, Liverpool).	
„ 18	Invitation "12" Hours	9-37 p.m.
„ 25	Farndon (Raven)	9-22 p.m.
„ 25/26	Alternative Week-end—Chirbury (Herbert Arms)	9-19 p.m.
Sept. 1	Daresbury (Ring o' Bells)	9-4 p.m.
„ 8	Fourth "50" Miles Handicap	8-48 p.m.
	Full Moon ... 24th inst.	

The Hon. Treasurer's address is R. L. Knipe, 108 Moscow Drive, Stoneycroft, Liverpool, 13, 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.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS.—Mr. F. Perkins, 9 Kingsley Street, Birkenhead.

Mr. H. Austin, 15 Tilstock Avenue, New Ferry, Birkenhead.

Members attending Tarporley on August 4th will order what they require for tea on arrival.

Members who intend to participate in the alternative week-end at Chirbury, 25th/26th August, are requested to book accommodation direct.

H. W. POWELL,

*Hon. General Secretary.***RACING NOTES.**

The first thing this month is to thank all those who turned out to help in the "24." Their help was a deciding factor in the success achieved and there was not a hitch anywhere.

I was let down in one instance only—by a man too, who prides himself on his Anfield spirit. To return a checking card regretting inability to perform the duty is pardonable, so long as I am informed of the position beforehand, but to desert one's post without a word of warning or explanation (thereby jeopardising the race) is unforgiveable.

Invitation "12."

Will all please note that I shall be away on holiday from August 4th until August 18th. All enquiries and communications to S. del Banco, Mount Villa, The Dell, Rock Ferry, Cheshire.

Finishing Arrangements.

There was a gratifying response to my appeal in last month's *Circular* for cars to assist in finishing. Could I ask those Anfielders to turn out once again for the "12"? The venue will be somewhere in Wirral (to be announced on the card for the event), at 4 p.m., on Saturday, August 18th. To those who did not heed my last request, will they please note that the need in the "12" is infinitely greater, as almost

every rider will do "evens" in the last hour or so. To ask cyclists to do this is impossible. So will **everyone** with a car, please help. We cannot have too many. Those honorary members who assisted at the "24" will be supplied with a card for the "12."

Open Events.

Palatine "50."	September 2nd.
Manchester Wheelers' "12."	September 16th.
North Road "24."	September 21st/22nd.

Entries for the last Club "50" (September 8th) close 31st August.

F. E. MARRIOTT,
Captain and Hon. Racing Secretary.

TREASURY NOTES.

In spite of my announcement that I wished to go on holiday on 20th July, only four have obliged with remittances, and three of these paid by crossed cheque! Can you beat it? Still, the smallest contributions are thankfully received at such a time, and my thanks are hereby tendered to the following members for their Subscriptions and/or Donations(*) :—

G. E. Carpenter.	*H. Roskell.
F. Roskell.	J. E. Walker.
	R. LEIGH KNIPE,
	<i>Hon. Treasurer.</i>

EDITORIAL.

As though to shame us for our lack of faith, we have received two touring articles, which, we trust, members will agree in rating as first-class in their respective spheres. But we are never satisfied. We still, like the immortal Oliver, crave more and, be it understood, from the younger element as well as from those of mature years. True, we have had accounts from two of the former—but there are others who travel far and wide and their observations would be welcome and—what is perhaps more to the point—of practical use to others.

* * * *

While we are on this subject, we think we ought to mention that the author of the Irish tour was handicapped by a most

uncomfortable accident, yet managed to accomplish what he had set out to perform in the way of riding and rounded off the achievement by giving us a clear and instructive narrative which cannot but be worthy of being filed for future reference, should the part of Ireland in question ever be the objective of a tour.

* * * *

Members were, doubtless, a little puzzled at the confusion of certain matters in last month's *Circular*, due to a lapse on the part of the printers. However, on their attention being drawn to the error, they immediately set about reprinting the whole of the issue and the revised copies are being sent out with this month's number, it having been found impracticable to post them separately.

MISCELLANEA.

One thrill (unrecorded in the account of the Acton Bridge run on Saturday, July 21st) which only a few members were privileged to enjoy, was Chandler's feat of being the first to ride a tricycle through the Mersey Tunnel. We are unable to reproduce *The Times* report of this pioneer achievement, as none has hitherto appeared!

* * * *

"Our trusty and well-beloved" Treasurer has departed for a well-earned holiday. May he derive great benefit from it. But, please, Mr. Knipe, don't neglect to take your water-wings and—another "don't"—don't lose your bathing costume!

* * * *

(When the account of our Treasurer's sprint from the traffic stop appeared in the March issue of the "Circular," there were unbelievers who voted the incident an exaggeration or simply the hallucination of a befogged motorist! We therefore think it our solemn and bounden duty (even without Robert's permission) to quote from an interesting letter we have just received accompanying his "Treasury Notes.")

"I have remembered just in time and as our motto has it, "Be just (in time) and fear not," so out in the wilds, near Waen Fawr, I'm inditing this epistle, having purchased the wherewithal at the W.F. Post Office.

"When you've spent a week in camp, times and seasons disappear. Time has not exactly stood still, but

leaps from one feeding-time to the next, and the days of the week get hopelessly entangled. So when I left Rhyl yesterday afternoon with a day and a half to reach Pwllheli, I had no thought of Editor or Treasury notes—even the sight of a 'green-back' failed to recall my thoughts to their Anfield duties. At Bangor, I tossed up whether to go to Holyhead, where the sun shone, or to the mountains—and the latter won. So after devious wanderings, I docked at Llanberis, still in blissful ignorance. This morning I tossed again and started *up* the Pass, and as I admired the lofty peaks of Snowdon, I suddenly thought of *Snowden*! Then I wondered if it was a week late or a week early, and after abstruse calculations which lasted a long time, I found I was just right. I also found that I had ridden a considerable way up the Pass without knowing it; so I kept on and on until I reached the bottom of the last steep bit, which looks like Jacob's ladder, but as it was now drizzling and only a quarter of a mile or so to go, I stamped on the pedals and managed to wriggle up to the top—breeze-assisted, of course. This is not merely the first time I have ever ridden 'all up,' but it's the first time I've ever tried!

"You see I've always had some *sane* person with me, and we've got off just as soon as we saw the beastly thing . . . I've had a very good holiday so far and hope the weather will be kind for the next fortnight."

(And we hope it will. But we tremble to think of the throes of anguish which are to be the lot of "Jonathan" Lucas when the hero returns with muscles of iron and lungs of leather!)

ENGLISH JOURNEY.

1st-12th July, 1934.

I have just returned from a tour of 580 English miles in eight full days of riding, with the remaining time filled with such minor distractions as visiting friends and relations at Evesham, Berkhamstead, Southwold, Felixstowe and Cambridge; swimming in the North Sea; making a "Cathedral Pilgrimage" by way of Chester, Worcester, Oxford and St. Albans and enjoying the wonderful Shropshire Pageant, and Milton's "Comus" at Ludlow—the original idea out of which the remainder of the journey grew.

"To make the new familiar and the familiar new" is a good working rule for touring and, as a loyal follower of Dr.

Samuel Johnson, I had set my course with this before me, remembering also his other precept that "we should keep our friendships in repair."

To make the new familiar I explored the "wolds" of Suffolk, through Hadleigh—with its memories of the Oxford Movement of 1833; Kersey—one of Constables' favourite studies; Lavenham and Long Melford, with their beautiful churches and priceless old buildings—almost forgotten with the passing of time since the days of their prosperity as centres of the wool stapler's art and craft. Woodbridge and Aldeburgh and the two charming ferries of Walberswick and Bawdsey added further to my Suffolk acquaintances.

And to make the familiar new, among other places were there not the Cotswolds, with Broadway, Stow-on-the-Wold and Burford-on-the-Windrush? But these are familiars which are always new.

The weather was perfect, the roads excellent, the breeze often cool and refreshing and not infrequently friendly; and even the harmless and necessary train from Leicester to Wirral ran to time, even as the tour had done!

As incidental footnotes, I by-passed the Royal Show at Ipswich and only missed hearing Sir Oswald Moseley by five minutes; while at Ludlow I discovered an old and faded notice-board which decreed that "Cyclists riding in the borough must not exceed a speed of 8 miles per hour."

THE FELLOWSHIP OF OLD TIME CYCLISTS.

Hatfield, July 1st, 1934.

The reversion to Hatfield was undoubtedly more convenient for us and enabled a week-end at Ivinghoe to be incorporated. This week-end was organised by the one and only Percy Charles. No more need be said. The Aylesbury ducklings and green peas were delicious and quite up to standard. Tommy Royden, our veteran of 71, set a fine example by cycling to the meet. He was off his mark in good time on the Friday by the Nantwich-Lichfield route to Meriden for the night—a mere trifle of 102 miles. Our President, accompanied by the Editor, followed later by the Whitchurch-Castle Bromwich route and was only 10 minutes ahead of Royden at Stonebridge. They were implementing a promise to spend the night at Crackley with Sir John Siddeley

and, needless to say, there was nothing lacking in the warmth of welcome they received and the hospitality, that knew no bounds, was greatly enjoyed.

On the Saturday, Royden took the Coventry-Southam route to Banbury and Aynho, while Cook and Snowden spent some time at Guy's Cliff and Warwick; and at the foot of Warmington Hill a bumble bee resented the Editor "larding the plain" and showed him one of the disadvantages of shorts! At Aynho, the trio had an excellent lunch and Snowden departed for his spiritual home in the Cotswolds. But the two young lads were not allowed to proceed unchaperoned as, at the foot of the hill, W. F. Ball and Capener of the Speedwell, were met and a delightful ride ensued to Aston Clinton for tea at Gladding's place, where Oscar Taylor and Dave Fell were discovered just finishing that cheery meal.

In due course, Beardwood, Spango and Adams of the Bath Road rolled in and the seven cyclists breasted the hills to Ivinghoe, where Buckley and R. J. Austin were already found in residence. We did not see their machines, but no doubt such intrepid cyclists would scorn any other means of transport, and we were delighted to find these looking so fit and well after their strenuous alternative tours at Easter and Whitsuntide. Taylor and Fell soon rejoined us, and in addition we were favoured by the presence of Mazzepa (B.R.) and Hilhouse (N.R.), so that a very enjoyable evening was spent, after the sumptuous supper had been well and truly dealt with.

Sunday morning saw those qualified as Old Timers making their way to Hatfield, piloted by P.C.B. and, after a delightfully easy ride, the Red Lion was reached at 12-40, to find a big gathering already assembled and being added to constantly. The Presider received something of an ovation as he rolled in on his trike, and, until lunch was served, we were all busy exchanging greetings with our old friends—men like S. F. Edge, Percy Low, Godbold, A. J. Hsley, E. P. Moorhouse, Joe Harding, Lacy Hillier, H. R. Reynolds, "Faed" Wilson and others far too numerous to mention. The Anfield party was added to by J.D.S., Edwards, Rowatt, and Sunter, but there was unfortunately no sign of Venables, and it transpired at the lunch that Koenen, who had involved himself (and others) in considerable correspondence seeking a *compagnon de voyage*, had not managed to get a ticket.

The lunch was excellent and the proceedings followed along conservative lines, as one would expect in such a gathering. The President was commendably brief in his speech,

declaring the meeting duly constituted and only made particular reference to the presence of dear old "Boss" Wharlow, aged 91 next month, and Raybould, of the Pickwick, who commenced his cycling career in 1868—"one year before I was born" as the Presider commented. Then "Boots" Green called the roll in stentorian tones with many flashes of wit ("There's a lot of you these days," he boomed out when Buckley stood up!), and finally George Lacy Hillier proposed J. C. Tacagni as the new President, whose first duty on accepting office was to present our Presider with the souvenir gold badge of the Fellowship. R. M. Wright, of Lincoln, proposed the re-election of the old committee, and F. Percy Low in a characteristically witty speech, again proposed that the consideration of the constitution of the Fellowship should be postponed for another year. And then we all trooped out into the brilliant sunshine and slowly but surely the happy gathering melted into thin air. Tommy and Cook were riding back, but as the latter had to be home by the Monday night, he pushed along and "smashed through," while "Lord Strathallon," whose time was his own, had another day to play with and doubtless was more sedate in his transport.

NOCTURNE.

We were seven—Randall, Brewster, Jonas, Williams, Lloyd, Salt and Sammy. The westerly wind had eased considerably when we slid out of Chester along the darkened Whitchurch road. Somewhere a clock was chiming midnight as we passed through Handley; not a light shone—everyone was abed.

We walked the hill on the back road to Broxton village—"we" meaning the majority; Randall, the Unconscious One, did not notice it and kept on riding. And so under a dark sky, faintly illumined by a new moon, we crested Gallantry Bank, passed the "Red Lion" and proceeded along the "50" course to Ridley Green. Two dark figures at this point proved to be of the East Liverpool Wheelers, and we left Salt to relieve them and marshal the corner for "Oppy's" coming. We hurried northwards and at Tarporley cross-roads met the Presider and Stevie, resplendent in trousers. We left Jonas here and turned into the lane. Williams was at the first turn and it fell to Lloyd to hand the drink he had brought. Brewster and Randall took the corners in Eaton village and Sammy the fork by the farmyard. Here we received news of Oppermann's approach—12-20 at Whitchurch—good going that. We waited impatiently until a car stops to tell us that

"Oppy" will be up in twelve minutes—two hours ahead of schedule. At length car-lights silhouette the trees. A hurrying figure is outlined against the glare. He thanks us cheerily and passes on.

As day was breaking, seven sleepy souls wended their way homewards "and one by one crept silently to rest" to the accompaniment of the opening notes of the feathered choir.

A TRIP TO THE KINGDOM OF KERRY.

As most of this country was dealt with in the issue for January, 1932, only a general survey is necessary now. Considered opinion of those who know would probably place Ireland as a touring ground in a superior position to other parts of the British Isles—a minimum amount of traffic, cheap hotels, absence of annoying licensing restrictions, the improved condition of the roads, (now on the whole satisfactory) and the forestry and woods, which have been undisturbed, the roads in many places winding through glades through which the sun shines with beautiful pastoral effects. For those who prefer camping there is ample opportunity for pitching tents, as the country for the most part is sparsely populated and where permission would have to be sought, it is quite on the cards that the well-known hospitality of the Irish farmer would allow camping free of charge.

The early arrival of the boat at Dublin makes it possible to set off at any time after 7 a.m. Maryborough (51) for lunch can thus easily be made (Aird's Hotel), and Nenagh (95) for the night (O'Meara's, R. and B. 5/9). The road to Limerick via O'Briensbridge and Ardnacrusha can best be taken as it passes the Great Dam and Power House of the Shannon Power Scheme. Thence to Adaire (Dunraven Arms) with the ruins of Desmond Castle, and Abbeyfeale and Castleisland, with fine views of the mountains of Kerry, to Tralee (Benner's, 7/6). The road right through is tarred, excepting the loop-way via the Shannon. After Tralee, the real touring begins and it is a wild ride to Dingle via the Connor Pass (1,600 ft.) with views of Brandon mountain and its straggling loughs. At Dingle (Benner's, R. and B. 5/9) a fine trip can be made to Brandon Creek and Smerwick Harbour with visits to Gallerus Oratory and Kilmachedor Church, the former dating back to 5th-6th century, and the latter to the 12th century.

On no account should a visit to Slea Head be omitted, the most westerly promontory on the mainland of Ireland, with the Basket Islands standing off—the whole a picture of wildness and utter solitude.

From Dingle to Inch the road has been remade and is good as far as Anascaul, from which a loose, sandy lane leads to the Strands Hotel. This is a pleasant, though lonely spot, overlooking Dingle Bay, with the Waterville peninsular in the distance. The hotel is clean and the food good without much selection (R. and B. 5/6). Onwards to Killarney via Milltown the road is bad, except for the last three miles, but the best way is through the narrow defile of the Gap of Dunloe, with its wild scenery; thence a circuitous route to Windy Gap, with fine views of the Macguillicuddys Reeks.

The descent to Killarney by the Upper Lakes is very beautiful indeed, and at Muckcross the private road should be taken through the demesne, seeing the Colleen Bawn Rock, Bricken Bridge, and the Old Weir Bridge and Meeting of the Waters—a most delightful trip. A deviation to Ross Castle, through the Kenmare demesne should also be done. At Killarney the Imperial Hotel charged 8/6 for lunch, dinner, bed and breakfast, bath, early morning tea, and hot and cold water in the bedroom!

The road to Mallow (41) is one of the best in Ireland and the scenery interesting. At the last-named the Hibernian Hotel is clean and comfortable. Fermoy (Grand, 7/6) is prettily situated on the Blackwater. From here the mountain road over the shoulder of the Knockmealdown mountains offered fine views of Galtymore (3,054 ft.) on the opposite side of the valley, with good sandy surface to Ballyporeen; thence tarred to Clonmel, prettily situated on the Suir. The ascent of the mountain road past Ninemile house is well graded amidst lovely scenery. At Kilkenny, with its old historical associations—Castle, Cathedral, etc.—the best hotel is the Club House (7/6). The road on to Carlow (Royal) is bumpy, and the prettiest route on to Dublin is via Baltinglass, from which a fine view can be obtained of the waterfall at Poulaphuca.

Highwayside, 7th July, 1934.

This was one of the year's hottest days, with a shade temperature at 2 p.m. of 79 degrees—in the sun 106 degrees. The fashion parade at the Travellers Rest can best be left unrecorded; sufficient to say one of the greatest advocates of one-piece clothing would have felt neither isolated nor ashamed in his nakedness.

The writer had a pleasant run via Mickle Trafford, Hollowmoor Heath, Oscroft, Willington and Utinton, arriving simultaneously with H. R. Band and his engineer on tandem, and then discovering Stephenson partaking of refreshment in the bar. The latter had started early, taken it easy, and docked at 5 o'clock. Next followed Cook (on trike) via Bickerton, with favourable reports of the new licensee of the Red Lion; Roskell (with friend Smith), U. Taylor, and the Rawlinsons in their immaculate attire.

In the tea room were found Knipe, Lucas, Rowatt, Haynes, Perkins, Chandler, and J. R. Band, whilst brother Brian, grown completely out of recognition, and Powell, strode in a few minutes later. As the sumptuous repast was drawing to a close, Green and W. Orrell arrived.

Cook, who was to time the morrow's "100," later left for Fearnhead, supported by Green and Stephenson. The tandem made for Ellesmere; Powell and Perkins paced Chandler (on trike) via Backford and Hooton, whilst Knipe returned to Liverpool alone, Lucas going on petrol.

The absentees amongst the regulars were presumably intending to put in their run helping in the race on the following morning, whilst the Editorial one was concocting new ideas for the *Circular* from the many beauties in the county of Gloucester in general and Bourton in particular.

Tommy Royden was seen making for Prestatyn by car, doubtless with the intention of repeating his gambols in the surf—highly dangerous adventure in these days of sea monsters and mermaids, to say nothing of the risk of chills through mislaid bathing costumes!

Invitation "24," 13th/14th July, 1934.

- 8-45 p.m. A crowd gathers at the second milestone.
- 9-0 p.m. Parkes, of the Mersey Roads, starts on his tricycle.
- 9-14 p.m. We wish Norman Heath "Good luck!"
- 10-0 p.m. Vicars Cross.
- 11-0 p.m. Adjournment.
- Midnight. Power, Pitt, Hepworth and Heginbotham arrive at Chester together. The others roll in as the minutes go by.
- 1-0 a.m. Heginbotham leading. Hepworth and Pitt close up. Williams desists, feeds and sleeps.

- 2-0 a.m. Raining with cold wind.
Wood and Butcher lost somewhere in Wirral.
- 3-0 a.m. The leaders still in the same position; weather worse.
- 5-0 a.m. All the riders on the Marford stretch. With the daylight, the rain ceases. Wood and Butcher turn up.
- 7-0 a.m. Hepworth leading. Heginbotham and Pitt behind. Power and Parkes "pack."
- 9-0 a.m. Approximate 12 hour distances: Hepworth 208; Heginbotham 203; Pitt 202; Hudson 196; Fischer 196; Gilbert 196; Heath 189; Saunders 176; Band 174; Wood 164; Butcher 162.
- 11-0 a.m. Somewhere in Shropshire. Heath and Gilbert retire. Remainder riding well. Hepworth has lead of $29\frac{1}{2}$ minutes over Heginbotham and 34 minutes over Pitt.
- 2-0 p.m. Hepworth leading now by 32 minutes; Pitt improves to 31 minutes.
- 3-0 p.m. Butcher borrows a pair of trousers and retires.
- 4-0 p.m. Hepworth 312 miles; Pitt 307 miles; Heginbotham 301 miles.
Hepworth still keen. Stays at Arclid one minute only. Other halts vary from five minutes to fifteen minutes. Saunders complains of swollen knee and retires.
- 6-0 p.m. Hepworth 346; Heginbotham 338; Pitt 336.
- 8-0 p.m. Two further hours have elapsed. Pitt delayed by punctures and stomach trouble. Hepworth 377; Heginbotham $367\frac{1}{2}$; Pitt 366.
Hepworth had now 1 hour 13 minutes left and did 20 miles; Heginbotham 1.12 and did $16\frac{1}{2}$ miles; Pitt 1.7 and did $16\frac{1}{2}$ miles.

COMPLETE FINISHING LIST:—

R. Hepworth Huddersfield R.C.	... 397	First
T. W. Heginbotham Manchester Wed.	... 384	Second
G. H. M. Pitt	... North Road C.C.	... $382\frac{1}{2}$	Third
W. Hudson West Pennine R.C.	... 367	Silver M.
F. E. Fischer Altrincham Ravens	... $354\frac{1}{2}$	Silver M.
J. R. Band Anfield B.C.	... 321	Bronze M.
R. Wood Warrington Road C...	318	Bronze M.

To Rigby Band, the only one of "Ours" to finish, and probably the youngest competitor in the race, we offer our sincere congratulations, on this, we hope, the first of a series of steadily improving long-distance rides.

Mr. Norman Higham timed the race.

Acton Bridge, 21st July, 1934.

What with the east wind and the thunderous state of the atmosphere, riding conditions were, more or less, unsuited to fast travelling, unless one were prepared to get very warm and to be assailed by a Sahara-like thirst, which concomitants, no doubt, accounted for the number of early arrivals at the "Leigh Arms," where, as naturally as oil and water separate, they drifted to their respective quarters to find refreshment in either the tea-pot or the ale-measure.

Thirteen eventually sat down to a cold collation eminently suited to the weather conditions and under the eye of the genial "Barney," things went with a swing. The President had arrived on three wheels—so had Chandler; the remainder were content with two, and comprised Elias, Urban Taylor, A. N. and J. E. Rawlinson, Powell (who—brave lad! had ridden through the Mersey tunnel), the Editor, Harold Moore, Wilfred Orrell, Lockett, Royden and Threlfall. As breaking up was in progress, Haynes, Poole and that effervescent arm of the law—Lloyd—put in an appearance.

The Presider was making for Macclesfield for his night quarters and was off betimes; the majority of the Wirral contingent returned by way of Runcorn, Widnes and Liverpool—that jasmine-scented road to Paradise—in order to emulate Powell's feat and ride beneath the Mersey. (Some uncharitable people dubbed the venture as nothing more than a subterfuge for escaping the longer, but more pleasant, ride by Chester.) Threlfall, the only genuine Liverpolitan, preferred a little exercise and took the longer route, accompanied at the outset by Orrell, Lockett, Lloyd and the Editor. At Cuddington corner, Orrell and Lockett went straight ahead, bound for an unknown destination in Shropshire; Lloyd was shed at Vicar's Cross, and the Editor at Bebington, leaving Threlfall to finish his ride alone.

What thrills there were, were provided at the rendezvous itself—the new swing-bridge open to admit the passage of a steamer, so holding up a score or so of motor-cars in the process; a motor omnibus disgorging its "innards" upon the bridge itself (and finally its passengers as well); a wrestling match between Poole and his tandem, all eclipsed, however,

by the oratory of Elias, who, in order to stress the various points of his discourse, adopted the quite unusual method of dashing upon the floor any crockery within reach, needless to say, with telling effect and never failing to draw attention!

Third 50 Miles Handicap, 28th July, 1934.

This race attracted an entry of fourteen and of these only nine started, the five non-starters being Smithies, Haynes, Jonas, Pitchford and Bren Orrell. A very strong north-west wind was blowing at the start, and apparently the men were going to have an exceedingly tough ride over the last twelve-and-a-half miles on their way back up the Whitchurch road. However, the wind veered slightly more west, and the only very stiff bits were the couple of miles from Ridley to Bickerton and from Bickley to No Man's Heath. Rigby Band had to dismount in the first few miles, owing to trouble with his front wheel, and near No Man's Heath he stopped again and borrowed a "steel."

At 25 miles, Salt was leading with 1.5, Connor and Lusty were level with 1.8 and Pugh and Birkby next with 1.9. Lockett and Marriott were only doing 1.11 to this point, but as they finished third and fourth fastest, they were evidently using their heads and saving themselves.

Birkby was an easy winner of the handicap, and improved on his previous best by nearly six minutes. This should be an object lesson to some of the younger men. If the members of the Club only knew the number of chains and cranks Birkby has smashed while training on the Southport road in his efforts to get fit, they would be astounded! Connor was second handicap winner and Lockett third. Salt was fastest with 2.17.39.

We were pleased to see our new member, L. Lusty, turn up from Birmingham, with his father, for the race.

	25 miles.	50 miles.	Handi- cap.	H'cap Time.	Awards.
A.E.C. Birkby	1. 9	2.30.57	20 mins.	2.10.57	1st H'cap.
W. G. Connor	1. 8	2.23.47	10 "	2.13.47	2nd "
G. Lockett ...	1.11	2.27.31	12 "	2.15.31	3rd "
L. Lusty ...	1. 8	2.29.21	13 "	2.16.21	Stand. " B."
W. H. Lloyd	1.13	2.36.44	20 "	2.16.44	
J. J. Salt ...	1. 5	2.17.39	Scratch	2.17.39	Fastest.
F. E. Marriott	1.11	2.28.31	10 mins.	2.18.31	
J. R. Band	1.18	2.35.43	16 "	2.19.43	
R. J. Pugh ...	1. 9	2.29.30	14 "	2.25.30	

Warrington R.C. "100," 8th July, 1934.

We had seven riders in this race and obtained second fastest prize and first team prize. The day was very windy and the course finished along the East Lancashire road into the gale. This road is one of the "open" roads we sing about, but it is not at all nice for racing, with no friendly hedge to give shelter "when the stormy winds do blow."

L. J. Ross	...	East L'pool W.	...	Fastest	...	4.43.40
J. J. Salt	...	Anfield B.C.	...	2nd	..	4.44.37
F. T. Brown	...	Potteries C.C.	...	3rd	..	4.46.20
B. W. Bentley	...	Walton C. & A.C.	...	4th	..	4.46.42
J. Pitchford	...	Anfield B.C.	...	5th	..	4.50.18
J. E. Carr	...	" "	4.55.50
W. G. Connor	...	" "	5.16.40
F. Brewster	...	" "	5.19.46
G. Lockett	...	" "	...	(punctured)	...	5.21.18
F. E. Marriott	...	" "	5.26.48

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ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

FORMED MARCH, 1879.

MONTHLY CIRCULAR

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL

Vol. XXXI.

Edited by Ernest Snowden.

No. 343

FIXTURES FOR SEPTEMBER, 1934.

Tea at 6-0 p.m.

		Light up at
Sept. 1	Daresbury (Ring o' Bells)	9-4 p.m.
" 8	Fourth 50 Miles Handicap	8-48 p.m.
" 10	Committee Meeting, 7 p.m. (Victoria Hotel, St. John's Lane, Liverpool).	
" 15	Highwayside (Travellers Rest)	8-31 p.m.
" 22	Aldford (Grosvenor Arms)	8-13 p.m.
"	Alternative Week-end—North Road "24" and Girtford Dedication of Bidlake Memorial.	
" 29	Mouldsworth (Station Hotel)	7-57 p.m.
Oct. 6	Halewood (Derby Arms)	7-40 p.m.

ALTERNATIVE FIXTURE.

Tea at 5-30 p.m.

Oct. 6	Goostrey (Red Lion)	7-4) p.m.
	Full Moon	23rd inst.

The Hon. Treasurer's address is R. L. Knipe, 108 Moscow Drive, Stonecroft, Liverpool, 13, 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. Edward Byron, 60 Bickerton Avenue, Higher Bebington, Cheshire. Proposed by Mr. F. Marriott; seconded by Mr. J. J. Salt.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS.—Lieut.-Col. G. P. Mills, D.S.O., "Arcadia," Brackendale Road, Bournemouth.

AUTUMNAL TINTS TOUR.—Llanarmon D.C. has been chosen for the Tour, October 20th/21st. I shall be glad if members who intend to participate will let me have their names as soon as possible.

There are 28 Beds available and 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.**

Fourth and last "50." September 8th. Forms, please, by August 31st. Tandems are eligible for this event.

Open Events.

Palatine "50," September 2nd; Manchester Wheelers' "12," September 16th; North Road "24," September 21st and 22nd.

We will have riders participating in the above Opens; any help given will be gratefully appreciated.

In these, the last notes of the season, may I offer my grateful thanks to those who have helped in our races this past summer. In all weathers and at all times there was never a "No; try someone else." It is all very helpful. Thank you.

F. E. MARRIOTT,

*Captain and Hon. Racing Secretary.***TREASURY NOTES.**

A year ago I noted with pleasure that the wave of depression was on the ebb, as no less than eleven subscriptions had

come to hand in August—notoriously the worst month of the year.

This year, however, it seems things are not quite so good, as I can only record six payments. Possibly this slackness is only due to the preoccupation of the holiday season, and now that the 'great unpaid' are reminded by this little memory jogger, they will without doubt respond in the right and proper manner. The following six members are hereby thanked for their subscriptions :—

E. Buckley.	J. H. Kinder.	R. J. Pugh.
J. Hodges.	I. King.	G. H. Winstanley.

R. LEIGH KNIPE,

Hon. Treasurer.

EDITORIAL.

That the irony of our stirring appeal to correspondents (which appeared in the *July Circular*) has entered into certain souls, is evident from a communication received from a contributor who chides us for our stern reminder and by way of expiation encloses some blank verse. Blank verse! Ye gods! How the cauldron of our wrath bubbled—yea, frothed and boiled over!

Our answer was a Number Nine—one of our stock replies—a really nasty one devised specially for putting critics, poets and other nuisances in their proper places—to the effect that our correspondent's letter had been received—likewise his unbusiness-like literary perambulation concerning riders of bicycles; that owing to pressure of space, the former was *not yet* in the waste-paper basket, but soon would be: for the same reason the latter could not be inserted in the *Circular* and *never would be*.

With a feeling of elation such as usually follows a smart piece of work of this description, we locked our desk and leaving letters to be signed with a rubber stamp, we sallied forth to escape the crash of typewriters and roar of machinery, and to seek the peace and quietness of the Mersey Railway. Imagine our amazement on the following morning, when reading over the copies of the preceding day's letters, to find in place of our trite epistle to the poetaster fellow quite a different sort of communication. Taxed with the commission of the crime, our secretary confessed that so intoxicated had she been by the beauty of the miscreant's sentiments, that

willy-nilly, her fingers had typed the following :—

DEAR JOHN,

Say not at our fair hands you have received
 A castigation for faults of omission—
 Rather the milk of human kindness flows
 In copious stream from out our fountain pen.
 With honeyed words the petulance of youth
 Is fashioned to a mellow gentleness.
 By sweet persuasion doth the busy bee
 Yield, on the instant, of his precious store.
 So thou, John, like a second Chrysostom,
 Doth gild the dullness of the printed page,
 Lighting the umbrageous depths of prose
 With beams of scintillating poesy ;
 Or, with a magic touch that's half divine,
 Changing, as 'twere, the water into wine !

MISCELLANEA.

We learn from our contemporary *Sport and Play* that Albert Lusty did 1.15.58 in the last M.C. & A.C. " 25," which is practically " even " time. Such a ride speaks for itself. Only a man who took care of himself, led a careful and even life, combined with judicious exercise, could accomplish what Lusty did last week, and here and now we offer him our sincere congratulations.

We had the pleasure of seeing Lusty when timing the Anfield " 12 " a short time ago, and one could not but be impressed by his cheerful youthfulness (doubtless the result of his activities on the road which have kept Father Time at bay) which would be a credit to many a man far, far his junior.

BOTTLED INTERVIEWS.

BY OUR SPECIAL COMMISSIONER.

No. 3. Thomas Royden.

A year ago I stood before a picture of Thomas Royden. It was a speaking likeness of this *doyen* of British cyclists effectively displayed in the pages of one of Birkenhead's artistic weekly journals. I had never before realised how much character there was in the pose of a cyclist. I noted the regal poise of the head set upon the princely shoulders ; the well-modelled features standing out in bold relief against a background of lace curtains and the keen eyes fixed steadfastly upon the graceful curves of an aspidistra.

When I visited Sir Thomas, I was shown into a vast library, beautifully furnished; on the walls hung paintings and rare engravings—no, no—that's wrong! Actually, I discovered him busily engaged in demolishing a Cheshire cheese, to the accompaniment of Gargantuan gurgles from a quart pot, in an inn not far from the Shropshire border. I had not thought of stopping at this spot; but just as I was opposite the hostelry in question, a mighty uproar issued from within, setting the inn-sign swinging and the windows rattling. I recognised at once the source of this seeming seismic disturbance and, as I expected, found Sir Thomas as I have described.

"Well, well, well! Fancy seeing you here!" quoth he.

"A very remarkable, and if I may say so, a most fortuitous meeting," I replied. "I have long wanted, in the interests of cycling generally and of the Anfield Bicycle Club, in particular, to hear from your own lips the lurid—I mean alluring details of your career. So, if you will consent to appease the thirst which my readers have—"

"Appease the thirst of the Anfield? Not me, young feller. I'm off!"

"Stop! Stop, Mr. Royden. I speak but of their thirst after knowledge—"

Thomas looked at me suspiciously.

"That's a new development, isn't it?" he queried.

"I hope it won't go to their heads."

A terrific roar, equal in volume to the broadside of a first-class battleship, succeeded this burst of humour. Waiting till all was quiet again, I replied, "Men of their wisdom can never assimilate too much knowledge. But, to the point. Will you inform me how you came to be a member of the Club?"

"Well," was the rejoinder, "it's a long, long story of determination in the face of enormous odds. My parents were God-fearing people."

I let this last remark sink well in. "And having at length realised your ambition, your progress has been rapid, has it not?"

"Well. It was a bit more rapid than it is at present. Chandler on his tricycle is about my mark, now. Good lad, Frank!"

Of his great exploits Tommy would say little, but, of course, all the world knows how in face of the stiffest opposition, by assiduous training and obstinate pertinacity, he carried off, one memorable year, the coveted Attendance prize, a feat never even yet attempted by some of the fastest men in the

Club. And the proof of his great attainment hangs upon his watch-hawser, for all to see. In other realms of sport, Royden is also proficient, as for example, in walking, swimming, hide-and-seek, tyre-bursting and so forth.

"I presume that your life's ambitions have now been fulfilled and that you will henceforth rest on the laurels you have won?" I hazarded.

"All but one. I want to get the 'hundred' record."

"But, my dear sir, isn't that rather a task for a younger man?"

"Younger man? No, certainly not. How could it be?
A hundred miles on my hundredth birthday!"

THE SEVEN AGES.

At first the toddler,
 Darting and turning on his fairy steed,
 And then the wheeling schoolboy, with his satchel,
 And monstrous outsize iron, swaying like drunk,
 Uncertainly to school. And then the clubman,
 Riding like fury, with a modern lightweight,
 Made to his design. Then the speedman,
 Full of strange foods, funereal in garb,
 Jealous of seconds, stylish and swift in action,
 Seeking the bauble "Gold Medallion"
 Even on the Sabbath morn. Again the clubman,
 With treasured mount of his fleeter days,
 With bars upturned and saddle rather wide,
 Full of advice and wide experience;
 So he lends his aid. The sixth age shifts
 Into the grizzled, sunburnt President,
 With spectacles on nose and watch in hand;
 His old machine well schoolèd, knows full well
 Its countryside; and his big manly voice
 Controls a hundred black-garbed men and booms
 Its fierce commands. The last of all
 That ends this tale of wheelèd history
 Is new-found easiness, still a-roving—
 Sound lungs, sound heart, sound knees—sound
 everything.

COTSWOLD HOSPITALITY.

I had set out with the intention of painting at Lower Guiting, but the village was a veritable sun-trap and with the absence of the least vestige of a breeze to offset the heat, work there was out of the question; so, I pushed on over the

rise and ran down to Charlton Abbotts. Finding nothing of interest in this rather depressingly ugly hamlet, I climbed to the Andoversford road and so came to Brockhampton. It was now after mid-day and the heat was intense; I was very thirsty and also very hungry. Would I be fortunate enough to find an inn there? Indeed, I was. But it took a little finding, tucked away as it was behind the main street. Little more than a good-sized cottage, long and low, with a clean, cool kitchen, having the inevitable bacon-rack suspended from the ceiling—such was the "Craven Arms." And there I met the Bee Man. He was somewhat of an enigma. He was tall and rather heavily built, and in spite of his rough clothes he looked a gentleman, even as he spoke like one. Ostensibly, he had come to buy potatoes, but he thought he might as well have a pint of ale at the same time. Over a second pint, he began to expand and conversation did not flag until nigh on two o'clock, when I prepared to continue my wanderings. The Bee Man rose also and we went out into the sunshine, together. He informed me that he was going home to prepare dinner for his wife, who had gone to Cheltenham and was due back half-an-hour ago! So, when he invited me into his cottage for a stirrup-cup, visions of an irate termagant caused me hastily to decline; but the cottage looked so cool and the road so hot and as, moreover, there was yet no sign of the lady, I yielded to persuasion. As we went up the garden path, I was struck by the number of bee-hives: they met one's gaze in every direction—to right, to left, to front and I thought, for a moment, that the sun had been too much for me! We sat and drank and talked for a time, when, like the crack of doom, the click of a latch sounded in my ears.

"She's come," said the Bee Man and, before I had time to dive under the settle or take a header through the window, she was in the room. She looked at me in a rather puzzled manner, while I, in my turn, could not help feeling a little surprised, for instead of the stern, masterful female I had expected to meet, I was confronted with a sweet-faced woman, not unfashionable dressed, with a cultured voice tinged with the musical burr of the Cotswolds.

"A friend of mine," said the truant husband.

I told her my name and apologised for my presence. I also plucked up sufficient courage to take upon myself responsibility for the unpreparedness of dinner. She smiled quaintly and said significantly, "I know Edward!"

I mentioned the bee-hives.

"I like the honey," she said, "but the bees—well, I suppose we can't have honey without them!"

"I don't like honey," said the man, "but I love bees."

"Except when you're stung!" I retorted.

"I am never stung, as you understand it," he replied.

"Sometimes, a swarm will get excited, but they do no harm."

I couldn't help saying it was almost uncanny.

"Well, I don't know; perhaps it is." With a twinkle in his eye, he added, "Perhaps the explanation is they know I never eat their honey!"

However, on hearing that I had a partiality for it, the Bee Man brought a comb, together with plates and spoons and down to the Olympian feast two people sat.

"I'll go and apologise to the bees!" he said.

I watched him go up to a hive and lift off the top and the bees swarmed round him in a cloud. He stood for a minute or so, looking unconcernedly within, then unhurriedly replaced the roof—or whatever it's called. Another and another hive he visited in the same deliberate manner. When he returned, he had not a mark upon him.

I bade my hosts farewell and as I took the Andoversford road, my thoughts reverted to the Bee Man and his way with bees. It seemed so extraordinary. And yet . . . and yet . . . it began to dawn upon me that this was not the most singular happening at the cottage I had just left. Had I not sat in that same Cotswold cottage, eating honey and talking without reserve, as with old friends, understanding and understood? I had been welcomed and entertained, though I had been instrumental in upsetting the domestic economy of the household to the extent of depriving its inmates of their mid-day meal (for it was close on three o'clock before I departed) and the only recompense I was asked to make was—to come again!

THE BATH ROAD "100."

Saturday, August 4th, 1934.

Having been instructed by the Racing Secretary to take care of Pitchford, I was sorry to learn, on reaching Birkenhead, that he was unable to compete. However, I took on board Marriott and Connor, together with bicycles, camping kit and other impedimenta and after a pleasant run reached Oxford at about 4 o'clock, where it was decided, as we were ahead of schedule, to go round by Abingdon, Wantage and Hungerford. Here we had tea, after which we went to look for Li. Price at the village of Chilton Foliat. We found him

living in a beautiful house some 600 years old. At the time of our visit he and his wife were busy attending to the needs of some thousands of fowls and as one would expect of a man working in the open air every day in the week, we found him really fit and well. On the mantelpiece in his sitting-room rests the del Strother prize which he won 25 years ago. We left eventually with a stock of fresh eggs for the speed-food, having arranged to meet on the Monday. Dawdling eastwards, Theale was reached at about 8-30 and here we were alarmed to see Salt with a bad limp and his leg in bandages. Among others installed at that elastic residence "Penrose," was Dick Ryalls; Marriott and Connor stayed with me at the "Bull."

Sunday, August 5th, 1934.

Leaving my passengers of yesterday to go for a ride I took Ryalls and his friend Mr. Fowler (who were without machines) for a run to the "Swan," at Bibury, and received a hearty welcome in practical fashion. After a stroll round the village we proceeded by Lechlade to Swindon; thence to Avebury for tea and so by easy stages back to Theale. Here we were further represented by Beardwood, Long, Byron (a prospective member), Brewster and Molyneux and a pleasant evening was spent fraternising with members of the Bath Road Club and others.

Monday, August 6th, 1934.

Reveille at 3-45. Pouring rain till about 6 o'clock.

We saw our boys off and, after Marriott (77) had gone, loaded up the car with Ryalls and friend, Connor and Byron, two bicycles, etc., and myself. Leaving the boys at Hungerford, I breakfasted at 7-15 with Mr. and Mrs. Price, after which the former came to assist with drinks, etc., and to put in his first Club run for two years. Bren Orrell also joined us here and A. N. Rawlinson was at the turn. Returning to Midgham to relieve Ryalls at the "Coach and Horses" we were glad to exchange hospitality with Pitt and other North Roaders.

The race was long over when we got back to the finishing point to be greeted by P.C.B., Mazeppa, Trevor and others of the Bath Road, and it was not until 1-30 that Molyneux and I managed to tear ourselves away and, taking advantage of the luncheon-hour pause in the traffic, travelled by way of Oxford, making our first stop at Halford cross roads. Our next halt was at the "Bradford Arms," at Ivetsy Bank, and

at Shrewsbury, where we arrived at 7-30, I dropped my passenger—Molyneux, who finished the last 56 miles of the journey a-wheel.

So ended another most enjoyable August Bank Holiday pilgrimage to the Bath Road. The weather generally was fine, the only rain, as far as I remember, being a shower on the Sunday afternoon, heavy rain early on Monday morning followed by a few more showers in the afternoon.

The Race

was in a measure spoilt by a series of punctures, as a result of which several of the likely winners were put out of the running, thus robbing the race of its usual excitement and interest.

Jack Salt unfortunately strained a calf muscle some days before the race, but in spite of this and a puncture, did a splendid ride of 4.40.56, being placed sixth. J. E. Carr, our new member, was fourth, with a fine ride of 4.40.8. Marriott, our only other rider, did 5.14.56, including a puncture, and it is apparent that he has not yet found his fitness of two years ago. Jack Pitchford was a non-starter.

The leading times were as follows:—

1	E. J. Cappel	...	Allondon R.C.	4.32.1
2	F. A. Lipscombe	...	Century R.C.	4.34.20
3	H. J. Wheatley	...	Kent R.C.	4.39.5
4	J. E. Carr	...	Anfield B.C.	4.40.8
5	S. M. Butler	...	Norwood Paragon	4.40.38
6	J. J. Salt	...	Anfield B.C.	4.40.56
	F. E. Marriott	...	Anfield B.C.	5.14.56

TEAM RACE.

1st	...	Norwood Paragon	...	48½ points.
2nd	...	Catford C.C.	...	49 "
3rd	...	Eagle R.C.	...	53 "

For those who escaped punctures the conditions were almost ideal.

Our very best thanks are again due to Hubert Roskell for the way in which he assisted both racing men and helpers.

Anfielders assisting, included Bren Orrell, Hubert Roskell, L. C. Price, Connor, Dick Ryalls, Molyneux, Jimmy Long, Brewster, Beardwood, and prospective member E. Byron.

Members not mentioned in this list, who were on the course, must claim their run from the Secretary in the usual way.

THE SPEEDWELL "100."

August 4th to 6th, 1934.

This run might more properly have been labelled "Tewkesbury," for the race was but an excuse for the tour and, as fifty per cent. of the participants saw only a fraction of the race (and that, by accident), naturally these notes will have a touring, rather than a racing flavour.

On the Friday evening, the Presider and the Editor met at Wem and on the following morning proceeded by easy stages through Shrewsbury and Church Stretton to Craven Arms, where luncheon was taken. After this important function had been performed, the road was followed to Tenbury and Upton-on-Severn, arriving at the "Swan," at Tewkesbury in good time for dinner. Here Edwards and Rowatt were already installed, the former having come by road and the latter by train. Green and Stephenson, who had trained to Birmingham, had not put in an appearance by the time dinner was finished, so a patrol was sent along the Birmingham road to search for the missing couple—a fruitless errand, since the laggards slipped into Tewkesbury by the Evesham road!

On Sunday, a jolly run was undertaken to the Speech House, in the Forest of Dean. Save for one short shower in the morning, the weather, in spite of its threatening aspect, remained fine. This one damp period, however, had the effect of splitting up the quartet of riders, the Presider and Stevie, being so "parched i' the throttle" that they were compelled to put on capes and fare forth in search of the wherewithal to quench their raging thirsts; whereas Green and the Editor, with admirable self-control, waited until the shower had spent itself and followed at ease, on the way investigating the possibilities of the coal-mining industry, with the only result, however, that they thanked their stars that their lot had been cast in less depressing surroundings!

After luncheon at the Speech House, the party, augmented by Mr. and Mrs. Edwards, Rowatt and Lockett, was entertained to a history of the building and its contents by a "guide"—yes, "entertained" is the word, for the fantastic jumble of nonsense to which the audience was subjected, would have made Baron Munchausen himself blush!

And so back to Tewkesbury, by way of Blakeney, Newnham, Westbury-on-Severn and Gloucester, just escaping the downpour which incidentally washed up Norman Heath to the portals of the "Swan."

THE THREE MUSKETEERS.

By a quarter-past-six on Monday morning, three stalwart lads—Stevie, Green and Snowden—were at the starting-point of the Speedwell "100," where they found already on the ground Norman Higham, who had come over with Mine Host Morris from the New Inn at Bourton-on-the-Water. At seven o'clock, the trinity considered it time to be on their way home, and as the first leg of the course lay to within a short distance of Worcester, they had the pleasure of seeing most of the competitors, including Lockett, both going to the turn and coming back.

Our only representative put up a good ride of 5.14.25 and finished hale and hearty. He appeared to be moving easily and in leisurely fashion at the start, but perked up very perceptibly in the later stages of the race and altogether did a fine ride.

The burning question now was breakfast and a right good one was obtained at the "Lion," at Kidderminster, after which an enjoyable ride—marred only by a scurvy display of unsportsmanlike tactics, in the final sprint to the "Fox and Hounds," on the part of the spherical Athos at the expense of the high-minded Aramis—brought a well-deserved lunch at Shawbury. Re-fuelled to full capacity, good going was made to Prees Heath, where a parting cup was taken. At Whitchurch, Aramis took the Chester road; at Beeston cross-roads, Athos the path which leads to Liverpool, leaving Porthos to pursue his calm and unruffled passage to Ashton-on-Mersey.

Of the remainder of the party, the President was returning on the Tuesday; Rowatt by train on the Monday; while Edwards was going for a few days' tour, before seeking his home.

Tarporley, 4th August, 1934.

This run was fixed in the interests of any members who might be remaining at home during the week-end and who might wish to foregather on the Saturday afternoon. Only two turned out, however—Cody and George Mercer. No details of the proceedings have been published, but we have no doubt but that they were of the usual Anfield weight, solemnised in the approved Anfield manner.

Alford, 11th August, 1934.

The following were present: E. O. Morris, Edwards, Venables, Knipe, Rowatt, Hawkes, John Roberts, the President, Haynes, Junr., Cody, J. Band, Green, Stephenson, Threlfall, J. R. Band, Williams, Nevitt, Chandler, Powell, A. N. Rawlinson, Hubert Roskell, Mercer and Lockett.

Invitation "12," 18th August, 1934.

This year, we received only twenty entries. Taking into account the numerous requests for forms, this is, in a way, disappointing. Yet we had no "rabbits," and every rider was a tried 12-hour man. A field of twenty means, too, that individual attention can be given to all, the last competitors being as well looked after as the leaders.

The first to desist was Marriott, who is not riding up to his usual form at present.

At the Raven (56), of those who finished, Salt was fastest with 2.45; J. E. Carr, 2.46; A. J. Carr, 2.51; Brewster, 2.57.45; H. Jackson, 2.59 and Connor 3 hours.

The 79-mile check showed Salt with 4 hrs.; J. E. Carr, 4.3; A. J. Carr, 4.6; Connor, 4.11; H. Jackson, 4.16; Brewster, 4.17. W. O. Jackson, on a tricycle, was doing 4.30 to this point.

Round the "Panhandle," Salt had a very bad time. At Hodnet he and Carr were level, at Shawbury (95) Salt was two minutes down.

At 103, Carr was 5.15, A. J. Carr, 5.23, Salt had slipped to 5.27; H. Jackson, 5.30; Connor, 5.34 and Brewster, 5.39. W. O. Jackson was 6.4 and Haynes and Band were 5.56 and 6.2 respectively. Lloyd was doing 6.5.

The order had altered slightly at 149 miles. J. E. Carr, 7.39; A. J. Carr, 7.47; Salt, 7.51; Connor, 8.1; H. Jackson, 8.4; Brewster, 8.13; Haynes, 8.43 and Band, 8.46.

The check at 177 $\frac{3}{4}$ miles evinced further interest. J. E. Carr still held the lead with 9.23; Salt, 3 minutes' slower, had made a splendid recovery. A. J. Carr was 8 minutes down on his brother. Others were H. Jackson, 9.45; Connor, 9.48 and Brewster, 10 hours.

Those who reached 200 miles were Carr, 10.33.30; Salt, 10.37.40; A. J. Carr, 10.46.10; H. Jackson, 10.59; Connor, 11.9; Brewster, 11-20.

At 223 miles, Salt and Carr were level, but at a milestone with a minute to go, Salt stopped.

To Carr we extend our congratulations for his fastest and first handicap. The second handicap was won by J. R. Band, who, on handicap, was a furlong slower than Carr. As an example of consistent improvement, George Connor is to be commended. He has been in the handicap every year he has been in the Club. This year he was third.

The handicap is as under :—

			H'cap.	
1.	J. E. Carr 227.2 furs.	4	... 231.2
2.	J. R. Band 196.1 „	35	... 231.1
3.	W. G. Connor 215 „	15	... 230
4.	F. A. Brewster 212.5 „	15	... 227.5
5.	E. Haynes, Jr. 197.1 „	30	... 227.1
6.	J. J. Salt 226.6 „	Scr.	... 226.6

Brewster was very unwell during the night before the race, but he started and rode a distance very little slower than his best. Haynes improved on his previous best by over 2 miles.

Lloyd had to retire in Shropshire owing to the sun catching his neck.

This account would not be complete without a word of thanks to Mr. Barlow of the Wheelers, and to all those Anfielders who turned out to assist in making the race the success it was.

Result of Twelve Hours Unpaced Scratch Time Trial.

18th August, 1934.

1	J. E. Carr	... Anfield B.C.	... 227 mls. 2 furs.
2	J. J. Salt	... Anfield B.C.	... 226 „ 6 „
3	A. J. Carr	... Altrincham Ravens	223 „ 1 „
*4	H. Jackson	... Wolverhampton W.	220 „ 2 „
*5	W. G. Connor	... Anfield B.C.	... 215 „ 0 „
6	F. A. Brewster	... Anfield B.C.	... 212 „ 5 „
7	F. Heginbotham	... Manchester Wed.	... 211 „ 0 „
8	E. A. Atherton	... Yorkshire Road C.	210 „ 0 „
9	F. Shubert	... Chelt'ham & C'nty...	207 „ 0 „
10	E. Haynes, Jr.	... Anfield B.C.	... 197 „ 1 „
*11	W. O. Jackson		
	(tricycle)	... Lancs. Road C.	... 196 „ 2 „
12	J. R. Band	... Anfield B.C.	... 196 „ 1 „
13	A. L. Littlemore	... Vegetarian C.&A.C.	172 „ 4 „
13	K. Yardley	... Mersey Roads Club	172 „ 4 „

* Silver Medal.

Mr. A. LUSTY,
R.R.A. Timekeeper.

F. E. MARRIOTT,
Capt. and Hon. Racing Sec.

Farndon, 25th August, 1934.

After the rather dull past few weeks, Saturday came indeed as "a little ray of sunshine" which was reflected in the attendance at the "Raven" and in the cheery atmosphere prevailing over all. The morning ushered in by a rather heavy mist, gradually assumed an August warmth and by noon, the temperature had risen to that point which can only be effectually countered by a long draught of—whatever suits the individual taste!

In this connection the question arises whether one might speak of being *cursed* with a thirst or of being *blest* with a thirst. Our own outlook being of a broad nature, we agree with both expressions. We have been cursed with a thirst when the palate has felt like a piece of sandpaper; when the sun beats mercilessly down upon our devoted head, nor mitigated by a particle of shade; long miles ahead before we reach the welcome of an inn and when we arrive—to find that all the ale has gone sour!

On the other hand, we have been *blest* with a thirst, when things have been worked out by a kindly fate, which has ordained a fitting period to our longing and at the crucial moment has opened to us a cool, flagged kitchen and placed within our reach

But at this rate we shall be long in reaching Farndon, so "whip 'em, up, coachman," and put away all such tempting thoughts, until we meet at the "Raven." Warm work, sirs, but worth the effort! We pull into the great yard behind the inn and our eyes dim with gladness on seeing Chandler, striding with great steps withinwards. We follow and find in solemn conclave, the President and Hubert Roskell accompanied by the placid Mr. Buckley. In quick succession Powell and Ned Haynes are added to the meeting. Anon, a move is made to the dining-room, where the full pageant unfolds itself, and here we see among others, Cody, Knipe, Perkins, Lucas, Green, Threlfall, H. Band, Royden, J. Band, Rowatt, Edwards, Jonas and Seed, in full play. The food was good, the service was good and the throng departed their several ways feeling better men.

Cook and Snowden were for Allstock, where the former was to time the Tricycle Association "50" on the following morning, and Green gave them his company to the very door

of the "Three Greyhounds," which was reached in good time, thanks to the pace set by him, romping up Broxton Hill like a race-horse, and leading his young friends the devil of a dance! None the less, we bade farewell to our guide with reluctance and we trust he survived the perils of the road and reached home safely.

© Anfield Bicycle Club

ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

FORMED

MARCH, 1879.

MONTHLY CIRCULAR

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL

Vol. XXXI.

Edited by Ernest Snowden.

No. 344

FIXTURES FOR OCTOBER, 1934.

Tea at 6-0 p.m.

				Light up at
Oct. 6	Halewood (Derby Arms)	7-40 p.m.
" 8	Committee Meeting, 7 p.m. (Victoria Hotel, St. John's Lane, Liverpool)			
" 13	Tattenhall (Bear and Ragged Staff)	5-52 p.m.
" 20/21	Autumnal Tints Tour	5-36 p.m.
	Llanarmon D.C. (West Arms).			
" 27	Mold (Dolphin)	5-22 p.m.
Nov. 3	Halewood (Derby Arms)	5-7 p.m.

ALTERNATIVE FIXTURES.

Tea at 5-30 p.m.

Oct. 6	Goostrey (Red Lion)	7-40 p.m.
" 20	Acton Bridge (Leigh Arms)	5-36 p.m.
" 27	Lymm (Spread Eagle)	5-22 p.m.
Nov. 3	Goostrey (Red Lion)	5-7 p.m.

Full Moon ... 22nd inst.

Summer Time ends 7th inst.

The Hon. Treasurer's address is R. L. Knipe, 108 Moscow Drive, Stonecroft, Liverpool, 13, 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. Edward Byron, 60 Bickerton Avenue, Higher Bebington, has been elected to Full Membership.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS.—Mr. R. Rothwell, 5 Ronis Mount, Oldham Road, Bardsley, Ashton-under-Lyne.

Members attending Acton Bridge on October 20th are requested to order what they require for Tea on arrival.

H. W. POWELL,

Hon. General Secretary.

TREASURY NOTES.

I think we must have a special Anfield Harvest Thanksgiving! I am sorry I cannot say: "All is safely gathered in," but I'm grateful to the score or so of members who have forwarded remittances this month, and I hope that the others, who will receive their red slip reminder, may be prompted to go and do likewise.

My thanks are hereby rendered to those who have sent along their Subscription and/or Donations (*).

*P. Brazendale.	H. M. Horrocks.	R. Poole.
*F. J. Cheminaiis.	D. M. Kaye.	P. C. Beardwood.
*W. P. Cook.	W. H. Lloyd.	H. Pritchard.
J. O. Cooper.	S. Threlfall.	J. T. Preece.
W. E. L. Cooper.	H. Moore.	C. Randall.
H. M. Buck.	A. Newall.	A. N. Rawlinson.
F. L. Edwards.	*J. Park.	D. Turnor.
C. F. Hawkes.	J. Park (1935).	O. T. Williams.

R. LEIGH KNIPE,

Hon. Treasurer.

EDITORIAL.

Commenting upon relations with other clubs, *The Record*—the Mersey Road Club's monthly journal—gives the palm for courteous treatment to the A.B.C., and at the same time asserts that our Racing Secretary has on more than one occasion with knightly grace helped them at need. The paragraph in question concludes, "We can readily look up to such a club . . ."

And we might add that almost everyone looks up to Mr. Marriott. You've got to—unless you measure half-a-dozen or so cubits in height! But, jesting aside, we appreciate very much the sentiments which have prompted such an acknowledgment, emphasising—as it does—the mutual confidence which exists between the two clubs.

MISCELLANEA.

No one, seeing Mr. Lloyd out for a training-spin, would ever connect him with the guardianship of the laws of the land—which may be an advantage or a disadvantage: it depends upon the point of view. For instance, one evening towards the end of August, Herbert was standing, just before dusk, at the side of the road which leads from Whitchurch to Chester, his mind full of benevolent thoughts, even towards Randall, who was fumbling with a recalcitrant oil lamp, when he was literally brought to earth by a staggering blow on the arm, having been struck by the handle-bar of an unlighted motor-cycle. The rider, just out of curiosity, of course, pulled up to enquire what he had hit. Biff on the arm? Ah! Very sorry and all that, but . . . but when he found that that arm was the long, strong arm of the Law, he was very, *very* sorry. Of course, Lloyd should do his training in full uniform with a large white patch at his back and a red lamp to boot, and so avoid causing shocks to playful motor-cyclists engaged in the innocent past-time of hide-and-seek in the dark! Let this be a lesson to you, Mr. Lloyd!

* * * *

Into the Hills—An Alternative Week-end. Chirbury, 25th-26th August, 1934.

The shadows of an August evening were merging into darkness ere the rising of the full moon, when five Anfielders and a friend walked down the meadow with "Sir" Charles White and their camping paraphernalia to find a suitable site. The tents were speedily erected and two light-coated figures emerged from the darkness and Wilf Orrell and Geoff. Lockett were in our midst. The campers were George Connor, Jimmy Long, Rigby Band, Jack Salt and Frank Marriott.

The afternoon had been really pleasant. We disposed of tea at Chirk, and after getting rid of Oswestry and Llyncllys, we saw our first hills—those lovely, lumpy old Breiddens.

The next morning James was first about the camp and soon after six-thirty Salt was revelling over bacon and eggs and cornflakes. We kindled a fire, for the morning was really chilly, and had our breakfasts round that. Soon after ten we were away and at 10-45 we were held up by the traffic lights in Welshpool.

The road from Welshpool to Llanfair Caereinion—indeed all the way to Llangadfan—is a real pleasure, and the long hill out of the border town was tackled, to the accompaniment

of glorious views of the wooded valley : we saw our first mountain of the day at close quarters from near Llangadfan, or Cann Office, whichever is the easier to say. We walked the first hill out of the village on the Llanfyllin road.

Where the road crosses the Vyrnwy River, near the woods and the tiny church, there is a mountain road which saves nearly five miles, and we slower ones, Wilf, Jimmy, Rigby and I, by availing ourselves of the short cut, arrived at Vyrnwy first—well almost first, for Jack Salt was, as usual, the "premier arrivé." Byron met us here for lunch.

It was just three as we re-crossed the dam. The road over the "Little Hirnant" was ours, and I must confess, as I passed that old road which runs parallel to the one we were taking, that another opportunity was allowed to slip by. The road along the Tanat Valley was delightful that sunny afternoon. Wilf and I were lagging, it is true—but what did it matter? With the rest in front the way was our own, and we could ask for nothing better. Oswestry saw us at 4.45 p.m.

With the wind almost astern the dips near St. Martins were a little easier, but they still hurt. On the hill near Overton we saw the vanguard once more ; on the straight from Bangor they were nowhere to be seen, and it is rumoured that a terrific scrap took them to Farndon just a little faster than we were travelling—but boys will be boys!

The day ended with a gentle run through Eaton Park and the inevitable lingering on the "Sych," but for Orrell and Lockett the way was long, and it was after 10.30 when they brought forth their respective latch-keys.

BOTTLED INTERVIEWS.

BY OUR SPECIAL COMMISSIONER.

No. 4. Robert Leigh Knipe

(Honorary Treasurer of the Anfield B.C.)

When I received the Editor's mandate to obtain this interview, I have to admit a certain sinking feeling, in case, there might be any obligation on my part which I had failed to perform. It was, therefore, with especial care that I looked up my receipt for the year-before-last's subscription and, having manufactured one or two ingenious excuses for the non-discharge of that of last year, I sallied forth to the combat in a spirit of righteous confidence.

Now, unless you particularly wish to avoid Mr. Knipe—say, for financial reasons—it is no easy task to light upon him (except at Club runs, where he is always to be found).

To-day he may be in Blackpool conferring upon weighty matters appertaining to sport (I do not refer to consultations with bookmakers)—the next, he will be in London having something weighty conferred on him.

Last week in Babylon,
 Last night in Rome,
 Morning, and in the crush
 Under Paul's dome ;
 Under Paul's dial
 You tighten your rein—
 Only a moment,
 And off once again.

I considered myself singularly fortunate, therefore, when one afternoon recently I espied Robert's Vandykesque noddle moving majestically above the rabble of a Liverpool street. I gave chase. As I came abreast of him his grim features relaxed into a smile and he queried, "Subscription or donation to the prize fund?"

"Neither," I replied. "I merely wish to have a few words with you anent the great fabric whose financial destinies you control; your views retrospective, introspective and prospective concerning the Club—and any other fabrication you can conjure up in a few minutes of your valuable time."

"My dear Sir, to do this would take volumes of time and tomes of literary thought. Rather make the matter brief, as Counsel would say."

"Very well, m'lud—I mean, Mr. Knipe. To begin with am I right in suggesting that the quotations in the *Financial Times* accurately represent the fortunes of the Club?"

"Yes, I should say they do, more or less, except that the state of the Treasury at the present time is inclined to the *bare* rather than to the *bullion*! Ha! ha!"

"But, no doubt your fertile brain has devised ways and means of rectifying such trifling irregularities?"

"Quite so, my dear Sir. For instance, the Tea-tasters will pay double subscriptions during the coming year (at their own request); the *Circular* will charge the Racing Secretary five shillings a line for his 'agony' column; the President's annual fee will be reduced by a thousand or two; the Secretary will fine each non-attender of runs half-a-crown a time; the Editor of the *Circular* will be given notice if he exceeds four pages—"

"And the Treasurer?"

"My dear Sir, would you dam the flow of the very life-blood of the Club for such base considerations?"

"Certainly not, Mr. Tr—."

"Knipe," said a still small voice. And turning I found myself looking into the blue eyes and intellectual countenance of—"Mr. Lucas," said Mr. Knipe—"A friend—indeed, I may say, a faithful friend."

"Mr. Knipe is fortunate in his friends," I remarked.

"And conversely, one might say his friends are fortunate in him," replied Mr. Lucas.

The great man smiled benignantly upon his disciple.

Here was a lucky chance. Instead of putting Mr. Knipe to the torture of cross-examination, I would pop my questions at Mr. Lucas.

"Besides Mr. Knipe's well-known performances on wheels, I presume the Treasurer has, in odd moments, indulged in other forms of sport?"

"In that supposition you are correct," replied the *fidus Achates*. "In fact, his—er—*aquatania*, so to speak, have received national recognition—no small feat—"

"Steady on, Lucas, steady on! We are as we are made," interposed Mr. Knipe.

"I myself also propose making some small contribution to mark these achievements, and I think—I say I *think* it will probably take the form of a calendar."

Mr. Knipe glared suspiciously at the speaker, but seeing nought of sarcasm in the placid depths reflecting the ingenuous soul within, he merely murmured, "Thanks."

But I could see that the Treasurer was becoming restive; even now he might be due to address some anxious conference. I therefore cut short the interview, pausing only to remark on the apparent good health which was his.

"I take it that bicycle-riding has had no deleterious effects on your constitution, Sir?"

"Oh! no. On the contrary, I have, I might say, a sturdy balance at the bank of Health."

"And as regards your aquatic activities?"

"Those" chuckled Mr. Knipe, "are my liquid assets!"

W.B.B. Notes.

20th Sept., 1934.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,

It is a long time since any record of the exploits of these hard-bitten gentry has appeared in the pages of the *Circular*, and lest their doings be obliterated in the dust of forgetfulness, I beg leave to inscribe the following memoranda among the annals of the Club.

We are a small but select coterie, whose deliberations, each Wednesday evening are conducted with the acme of dignity, though the rigid discipline enforced within-doors is sometimes relaxed on the open road and the high spirits of Fawcett and Chandler are allowed full play upon the smooth gradient of Beryl Road or the rise to Upton village.

The President makes the "trivial round" every week at the same time, halts at the same gate near Willaston corner to admire the heights of Burton and again at Hoylake to watch the tide come in: even the cold, dark evenings of winter cause no alteration to his time-table. Chandler, usually on the famous green tricycle, is generally his partner in these pursuits and (if no sign of dampness be apparent) sometimes the Editor. From divers points of the compass, come spurring in at white heat to the rendezvous at Saughall Massie, Powell, Fawcett, and Morris, while Venables and perhaps Cheminais may arrive upon their legs. Sir Charles Conway occasionally—very occasionally—patronises the proceedings, enhancing the respectability of the company by his air of prosperity. Each contributes his quota to the evening's entertainment and the following resumé will give some idea of what is being attempted and what is done by these hardy veterans.

FAWCETT has been on holiday in North Wales, his time being equally divided between cycling and the intensive cultivation of the potato. When he is a-wheel, he longs to be potato-ing; when he is potato-ing, he longs to be a-wheel. He appears to have benefited greatly by this dual form of exercise, as was recently shown when he scampered up Beryl Road, leaving the rest no-where! It is understood that his potato crop has been such a huge success that he intends inviting the regular members of the beer-biting fraternity to a hot-pot or potato pie supper in the near future. Our Compleat Tourist has already gone into strict training for the event.

CHANDLER, in company with Percy Beardwood, is going for a week's tour in Essex, starting on or about the 22nd of the month. He has prepared a neat riding schedule and an itinerary which ought to ensure a tour productive of interest and pleasure alike, and if he can be induced to transfer to paper an account of his peregrinations the touring bureau of the A.B.C. will be all the richer.

THE PRESIDER is off to the south on the same magic date,—but to Girtford, to perform the unveiling of the Bidlake

Memorial on Sunday, the 23rd, and incidentally to see how Lloyd (who will carry with him the best wishes of the Club) shapes in the North Road "24."

I have only one trifling note to add. Chandler has raised the gear of his trike to huge proportions and now fears not a single errand-boy from Heswall's ice-cream fountain to Hoylake's shifting sand.

Your Lynx-eyed Correspondent.

A TANGLED SKEIN.

CHAPTER I.

Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears.

All mortal men have their weaknesses. Even the greatest have to confess to foibles of one kind or another, nor is the Editor an exception to the rule. Now, his gentle madness takes the form of umbrella-carrying: whether the day be cloudless or threatening with rain, whether the night be frosty or damp—in summer and in winter, in spring and in autumn, he carries—or one might say, he wears his umbrella in the same subconscious manner as you and I, dear reader, wear our hats and dickeys.

Thus to this month's Committee meeting the faithful "brolly" accompanied him, was parked carefully in a place apart from the common heap of head-gear and hand-gear and finally covered with its owner's hat as a further precaution against contamination. But, when the meeting was over, the precious bauble had disappeared! Snowden was flabbergasted! His editorial anger mounted high and the passionate oration which he pronounced on the desperado who had absconded with his ewe lamb was something to marvel at, though hardly suitable for the chaste pages of the *Circular*.

CHAPTER II.

I would not have you to think that my desire of having is the sin of covetousness.

Reviewing the situation in the cold light of morning, the Editor decided upon the following plan in order to come into his own again. He drew up a list of his colleagues of the evening before, selected the five most blood-thirsty of the gang and sent each a post-card, demanding, under threat of personal

violence, the return of his two-and-ninepenny gamp. The result of the canvass exceeded expectations, for the next afternoon, he received a reply from Mr. Venables, expressing deep sorrow for his lapse from the path of rectitude, but pleading, as an excuse, that the umbrella he was now returning was *very* similar to his own, even to its possession of two holes in the cover. A glance at the handle, however, showed Snowden that the accompanying piece of goods was not *his* property. Here was a riddle and no mistake. A little later he came upon a second letter relating to his blessed umbrella—this time from Lucas, and beginning, "I am the culprit" and going on to apologise for his lack of care, ending with the assurance that the Editorial gingham would be returned without delay.

Two miscreants, then, had been at work and the umbrella in the Editor's possession, must, by inference, belong to Lucas. However, Venables would be at Saughall Massie the same evening and the situation would be cleared up.

CHAPTER III.

*What relish is in this? How runs the stream?
Or I am mad, or else this is a dream.*

By nine o'clock on the same evening, four members of the W.B.B.'s were assembled in an upper room of the Saughall Massie hotel—a room, by the way, dedicated to the orgies of the Antediluvian Order of Buffaloes. Grand Primo Cook daintily sipped his "juniper" while the herd sat in respectful silence in adjacent stalls—until the door opened and into their midst strode Mr. Venables, holding gingerly, at arm's length, what had no doubt once been a nice umbrella, but whose pristine beauty had since departed.

Briefly the situation was explained to Ven., who, in response to the question as to where he had unearthed his aged weapon, told how he had retrieved it that very morning from the scene of the purloining, but finding, to his surprise, that it was not his, had brought it out to the gathering with a view to its identification. Lord! what a tangle! The Editor already had an umbrella sent to him which was not his: he was now offered another which likewise was not his. Then who the devil were the respective owners? Venables stoutly denied that the ornament he now held had ever adorned *his* ancestral hall; therefore, it must belong to Lucas. But whose was the umbrella which had been sent to Snowden? Gradually the awful truth began to dawn upon dear old Ven.

He had, honest man, taken away from the Committee room nothing that was not his, but in an extravagant fit of panic, had sent to the Editor *his own umbrella!*

Not many hours later, the last piece of the puzzle was in place, Snowden's very own gamp arriving *chez lui* safe and sound and, within a few minutes, that of Venables was being carried at express speed by His Majesty's messengers back to its rightful, if absent-minded, owner.

And that's the end of the story, which true in every particular, is yet sufficiently strange to merit disbelief.

Daresbury, 1st September, 1934.

Twenty members sat down to tea in two rooms—the sheep and the goats as 'twere—and included Kettle, Harold Band, Chandler, Dick Ryalls, Urban Taylor, J. E. Rawlinson, Knipe, Lucas, Cody, the President, Green, Powell, Snowden, Dave Rowatt, Ned Haynes (on tricycle), Marriott, Royden and Elias, in addition to late arrivals in the persons of W. Orrell, Randall and Lloyd.

We were very glad to see Dick Ryalls out again. He arrived with a friend—Mr. Fowler—in an imitation Rolls-Royce—at least, the fact of the head-lamps being quite presentable and that it "went" made it equal to any other car! Anyhow, he overtook and left behind several well-known Anfielders who were cycling home. I hear Dick has joined the Royal Air Force and I am sure all will join in wishing him the best of luck.

The day was none too promising, after a very heavy rain-storm at about 1 p.m., but the weather cleared up fairly well afterwards, until we happened to glance backwards after passing Frodsham and saw the lurid thunder-clouds coming after us. We managed to reach the "Ring o' Bells" before the storm broke and were most thankful for the shelter. Just as we commenced our meal there was a terrific flash of lightning followed at once by a crash of thunder and out went all the electric lights. Later, we learnt that the main supply had been wrecked at a place just without the village, so we had to carry on in the gloom until the storm passed and the daylight became normal.

It was quite a nice evening for the ride home, if rather cold and some of us were glad to don pull-overs and were sorry we had not brought gloves. However, we got home without

having had a drop of rain and feeling, as usual, all the better for the exercise and the pleasure of meeting our fellow-members.

I ought not to end this account without making mention of the fact that Dave Rowatt to-day accomplished his thousandth attendance at Club runs and no doubt the railway, and omnibus companies hope he will make a brave effort to put in another thousand.

Fourth Club "50," 8th September, 1934.

Twelve competitors ; nine starters ; seven finishers. Not so very good, that, for a Club like ours.

Carr, riding his first "50" with us, was fastest to No Mans Heath ($12\frac{3}{4}$ miles) in $36\frac{1}{2}$ minutes ; Salt was a half-minute slower. Rigby Band was third with $40\frac{1}{2}$; Lloyd, Pugh and Birkby were level with $40\frac{3}{4}$ each. Jonas, on tricycle, $42\frac{3}{4}$.

It is to be regretted that Carr ran over Bickley Cross roads and lost a considerable amount of time—probably seven minutes. This missed for him an almost certain place in the handicap.

The westerly wind did not make for a fast first half and times at 25 miles were slow : Salt, 1.11 ; Carr, 1.15 ; Pugh, 1.16 ; Band, 1.17 ; Birkby and Lloyd, 1.18 ; Jonas, 1.22.

Pugh punctured near Ridley, but afterwards carried on. The check at No Mans Heath ($38\frac{1}{2}$ miles) showed Salt to be fastest with 1.48 ; Carr and Band, 1.55 ; Lloyd, 1.58 ; Pugh, 1.59 $\frac{1}{2}$; Birkby, 2.4 and Jonas, 2.11.

In the last $12\frac{1}{2}$ miles the superiority of the ultimate handicap winner was apparent. Lloyd rode $12\frac{1}{2}$ miles in just over 32 minutes. Herbert found his form with a vengeance and we are delighted. He was almost as fast as Salt and Carr over this stretch. Salt, with third position, won his first handicap award with the Club and also fastest time. Rigby Band gained second handicap with a ride of 2.31.47.

Connor and Lockett started, but retired. The former had the misfortune to lose the spring-link of his chain, and the latter punctured. Len Lusty apologised for his non-attendance owing to illness.

Finishing times :—

Name.	Actual Time.	H'cap	H'cap Time.	
W. H. Lloyd	... 2.30.59	20	2.10.59	First.
J. R. Band	... 2.31.47	17	2.14.47	Second.
J. J. Salt 2.19.50	Scr.	2.19.50	Third & Fastest

J. E. Carr	...	2.27.11	4	2.23.11
R. J. Pugh	...	2.38.31	14	2.24.31
A. E. C. Birkby	...	2.44.15	14	2.30.15
J. S. Jonas (Tri.)	...	2.50.31	20	2.30.31

Highwayside, 15th September, 1934.

No less than twenty-six thoroughly warmed-up, done-to-a-turn gentlemen of all sorts of ages turned up to do justice to the cuisine at the "Travellers Rest," or to trundle the erratic wooden spheroids across the still more erratic bowling-green. Robert Leigh Knipe, as usual was the artless performer—up to a point. His opponent wins easily at first and you know the rest. However, just as the wily Robert was about to propose a game of five pounds a side, the tocsin sounded . . .

The Boy Scouts were well represented, headed by Chandler (the idol of Savile Row), together with Green, Harold Band, the Editor, the Captain, Rigby Band, Williams, Jonas, del Banco, Byron, Birkby, Haynes, Stephenson, and a friend of the Captain. Hubert Roskell was there also, his own sparkling self, pulling the President's leg and radiating good cheer all round. Urban Taylor and the Rawlinson brothers came along just as feeding began and helped to make things lively, and from the same quarter came also R. J. Austin whom we were glad to see after a rather lengthy absence. Dave Rowatt brought a tang of the sea with him from the Welsh coast. Liverpool and district sent its usual contingent in Knipe, Lucas, Stephenson (already mentioned) and Cody, and of others not yet named were Kettle (who made the journey on a bicycle, but wisely took things easily) and Royden.

I must utter a word of protest against the sartorial elegance of certain members. There were two glaring examples of utter disregard for the feelings of their more unassuming brethren. O, Mr. del Banco! O, Mr. Williams! how could you! If you *were* cub-hunting or on your way to the Blackpool illuminations, why rub it in like this? Doubtless you went on your heartless way and never gave a thought to the havoc you left in your wake—the Captain two-and-tuppence *in* pocket after making up his nourishment account; the Editor so overcome that he forgot to ask anyone to write a narrative of the run; Stevie prostrated to the extent of gulping down a cup of tea under the impression that it was ale; while Harold Band was only in the nick of time prevented from sailing off on the tandem without his "crew."

But away with melancholy. Listen to the merry buzzing of the busy bees preparing to wing their way to their several hives. Here is the Presider already mounted, with pipe in full blast, *en route* for Eccleshall; there goes Kettle, with Royden at his wheel, and not long after, Chandler is urging his three wheels in the same direction. On the following morning the Manchester Wheelers' "12" will be a magnet to many—some to ride, some to help and some to behold, so it looks as though a good sprinkling of members will sleep on foreign soil.

Not the least enjoyable part of the run was the immunity from rain and storm which seem to have swept most of the country around. Did Mr. Powell order this along with the tea?

Aldford, 22nd September, 1934.

"To the Senior Member present, Anfield Bicycle Club"—thus read the envelope which was handed to Kettle at the recent run to Aldford. With forgivable pride he tore the envelope open, but passed it back like a hot cinder to Sammy Threlfall, who dropped it quickly and pushed it across to Cody, and so it travelled round, eventually finishing up in Lucas's reluctant possession. I guessed the contents and foolishly looked sympathetically at him—it was my undoing—so here's the account of the run!

A select little group of us met on the Iron Bridge at 5-30, where Threlfall and I arrived after a pleasant run via Little Sutton. Lucas stood meditating on the romantic beauty which marks this section of the Dee. Tommy Royden's dulcet voice thundred out an account of his wanderings, whilst Kettle looked benignly on.

The muster was very small, only eight members sitting down to an excellent tea—the already illustrious tone of the company was however considerably improved by the presence of Mrs. Band, whose consort entertained the party with amusing stories of his adventures with his next-door neighbour.

Tea over, Dave Rowatt, Cody and Lucas took their departure, whilst Mr. and Mrs. Band, Kettle, Royden, Sammy and myself wandered round the flower gardens, admiring the wonderful display of dahlias. Our horticultural appetites appeased, we prepared to depart, but found one of our number missing. Soon we were privileged to behold a touching sight. Out of the cobbled yard rode a cyclist with a huge bunch of brilliantly coloured flowers attached to his saddle-bag—it was Kettle—the stern, unflinching ex-Hon. Racing Secretary. So affected were we by this noble sight

that Tommy Royden wanted to dismount and gather some blue bells for his bathing belles. However, all our remarks were met with a disdainful smile and we left him to continue his journey with the "youngster."

The ride home was enjoyably uneventful with the exception of an exciting moment in Chester when the Band tandem endeavoured to push a Corporation bus back up the hill.

Soon Birkenhead loomed murky and dismal and, after a last cheery "good-night," the Tunnel swallowed up the remaining cyclist.

Mouldsworth, 29th September, 1934.

Tin rims, gentle reader, tin rims. If you happen upon Williams, avoid him! He arrived at the Wirral Stone at 3-32: the odd two minutes he explained away through his having to carry his precious burden over the rails of Hadlow Road level crossing. The rest of the Tea Tasters (those who have not given up club runs entirely) gradually turned up and it was perhaps 3-50 when at last we left the 8th milestone.

In Chester we saw del Banco. And so to Stamford Bridge, where we took tea to while away the time. Our humour was not for cycling this day.

Now I would ask the Anfield Antiquarian (whoever he may be) a question. From the tea-house we saw a strip of land, hedged and perhaps forty feet wide, trailing away to the east. Is this what remains of Watling Street?

The road through Ashton brought us to Mouldsworth and herein "Tin Rims" swanked again. Up the hill there was a sprint (why sprint up hills?) and Connor pipped him at the last. Beaten by a pair of common or garden steels—shame! Byron and Birkby were close up, too, but Rigby Band "died" and Marriott nearly, but not quite.

For the last cold meal of the year we were served quite well, but as it's rude (so I believe) to relate what you've had to eat, the subject had better be dropped.

Manchester was very conspicuous. Bert Green and Lockett were there, and we were delighted to see Rex Austin out. He was beginning to be almost a name, as too many Anfielders are already.

Altogether there were 23 at the run. Cook, Kettle and Powell; Stevie and Green, fresh from the East Anglian plains; Knipe and Lucas; Elias, who almost every Saturday ploughs a lonely furrow from West Kirby; Venables and

Teddy Edwards; Carr (with his brother from the Altrincham Ravens) was there too. Harold and Mrs. Band and Sammy Threlfall completed the party.

Geoff. Lockett was a bit late, having gone to Twemlow for Connor's mudguards en route.

We had almost slid down the long hill out of Chester on the Parkgate road, when a lamp appeared at the rear, and a familiar voice assailed us. Jonas, still smelling of oil from his Tri-Velox (he called it other names) sought our company. If anyone wants to purchase a Tri-Velox gear, guaranteed to wear out cogs and chains in six months, Jonas will be delighted to oblige!

And not to be out-done, "Tin Rims" walked over Willaston crossing again. "Where's that glass case!?"

UNVEILING OF THE BIDLAKE MEMORIAL, Girtford Bridge, Sunday, 23rd September, 1934.

As quite a full account of the proceedings has appeared in *Cycling*, it does not seem necessary to recapitulate what has already been written there, and I will confine myself to those portions of the proceedings which most nearly affect the Club.

Of the vast concourse (which numbered round about 4,000) one out of every three appeared to be a personality in the world of wheels, and this is borne out to a large extent by the names mentioned in the newspaper accounts of the proceedings, demonstrating the affection in which Bidlake was held by the cycling world at large and its appreciation of all that "Biddy" had done for cycling.

After a few introductory remarks by Mr. G. H. Stancer, our President performed the ceremony of unveiling the memorial tablet in his usual business-like yet dignified manner and the way in which he referred to his old friend and colleague left nothing to be desired. There could be no truer appreciation of a man's virtues, he suggested, than the memorial which lies enshrined in the hearts of men. "Look around you," he said, intimating that the presence of that vast concourse was a memorial in itself greater than any work in wood or stone.

Many cycling clubs—from far and near—were represented at the ceremony and one noticed a good sprinkling of Anfielders among the crowd. While it was impossible to single out everyone the presence of Chandler, Turvey, Edwards, Lloyd, Albert Luscly and Beardwood was perceived, and if

any other members of the Club were there whom I have not mentioned, they must accept my apologies and excuse the omission under the exceptional circumstances.

Palatine "50," 2nd September, 1934.

Carr was our only rider in this event and he finished with 2.19.8, a time certainly not anywhere near his form. Decidedly an "off" morning. Mr. W. P. Cook timed the event.

Westerley "100," 2nd September, 1934.

Salt rode in this event, which is held on the Bath Road course, in an endeavour to improve his "100" time, which he did, to the extent of two minutes. He was second with 4.38.59, as against the winner's time of 4.34 made by James, a Vegetarian. Beardwood and L. C. Price assisted.

Manchester Wheelers' "12," 15th September, 1934.

Salt, Orrell, Pitchford, Connor and Lockett were our riders. The day was good, as is evidenced by the leading final figures, but those who were not fit suffered and retirements were many.

Pitchford retired after 150 miles—he was not riding to his form—but the other Anfielders finished with good rides to their credit. Salt, with his best "12," finished fifth with 232½; Orrell, tenth with 220¾; Connor, after a bout of early stomach trouble, finished with 209½ miles. Lockett was very close with 208½ miles.

Butler won the event with a great ride of 236¾; the second—a real surprise—was Lamb of the promoting club.

1.	Butler	...	(Norwood Paragon)	...	236¾
2.	Lamb	...	(Manchester Wheelers)	...	235½
3.	Nash	...	(Cheltenham)	...	234¼
4.	C. Holland	...	(Midland)	...	233¾
5.	Salt	...	(Anfield)	...	232½

Parton made one of his rare appearances to convey Pitchford home to Shrewsbury. Kettle arranged for the transport of Salt and Connor. Our thanks to both.

Anfielders on the course were too numerous to mention, but their help was greatly appreciated. Twelve lots of drinks and food in 170 miles is real service.

ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

FORMED MARCH, 1879.

MONTHLY CIRCULAR

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL

Vol. XXXI.

Edited by Ernest Snowden.

No. 345

FIXTURES FOR NOVEMBER, 1934.

Tea at 6-0 p.m.

				Light up at
Nov.	3	Halewood (Derby Arms)		5-7 p.m.
"	10	Acton Bridge (Leigh Arms)		4-56 p.m.
"	12	Committee Meeting, 7-0 p.m. (Victoria Hotel, St. John's Lane, Liverpool).		
"	17	Farndon (Raven)		4-42 p.m.
"	24	Tarporley (Swan)		4-35 p.m.
Dec.	1	Halewood (Derby Arms)		4-28 p.m.

ALTERNATIVE FIXTURES.

Tea at 5-30 p.m.

Nov.	3	Goostrey (Red Lion)		5-7 p.m.
"	17	Holmes Chapel (Swan)		4-41 p.m.
		Full Moon	21st inst.	

The Hon. Treasurer's address is R. L. Knipe, 108 Moscow Drive, Stoneycroft, Liverpool, 13, 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. Ashley Francis Taylor, 15 The Circuit, Moor Lane, Wilmslow, Cheshire. Proposed by Mr. W. P. Cook ; seconded by Mr. H. W. Powell.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS.—Mr. H. L. Elston, Deighton, Oak-hill Park, Liverpool, 13. Mr. H. Moore, c/o. Trustee Savings Bank, The Avenue, Leigh, Lancs. (Temporary).

The President announced that at the request of the Trustees he had agreed that the Tricycle Trophy should be competed for in our "12" next year.

H. W. POWELL,

*Hon. General Secretary.***TREASURY NOTES.**

The wonderful spate of subscriptions in September was unfortunately not continued in October, but dropped by fifty per cent. I hope this is only temporary, and that November will bring floods of remittances. One bright spot is the manner in which some of our members make up for lost time. Very convenient for them and for me too.

My thanks are due to the following members for their subscriptions :

E. Byron.	J. M. James, 1934.	W. M. Owen.
S. del Banco.	J. M. James, 1935.	H. Poole.
E. M. Haslam.	A. Newsholme, '34.	A. G. White.
E. Haynes.	A. Newsholme, '35.	
T. R. Hinde.	A. Newsholme, '36.	

R. LEIGH KNIPE,

*Hon. Treasurer.***EDITORIAL.**

The notorious inaccuracy of the non-cycling Press could not be better exemplified than by the hysterical rubbish shrieked from "The Clubhouse Chair" of a certain daily paper. Incline your ears to this :—

"Oppy" came to England and with a food and equipment car trailing him, smashed the Land's End-London record.

" Then he sailed for home, and Southall, with the help of a few sandwiches and a flask of soup, promptly lowered " Oppy's " time by as much as 1 hr. 27 mins.

The mess speaks for itself, but it is symptomatic of the mis-statements concerning cyclists which are constantly appearing in the Press.

MISCELLANEA.

Most of the cycling population of the British Isles are aware of our President's *penchant* for joining clubs other than his own and of becoming a member of this or that organization—all, however, having to do with cycling, in some form or another. But, it is not so generally known that his taste in clubs is of a far more catholic nature. Of course, it is no business of ours, but we cannot refrain from mentioning two of his latest captures—honorary membership of the Tushingham A.F.C., and of the Lower Withington Celery Club! Besides all this, the Presider is in the running for the freedom of Macclesfield and who knows but what he may yet attain to civic honours in the borough of Acton Bridge or Coole Pilate!

* * * *

Sir Thomas White's recent dictum on the excellent behaviour of cyclists passing through the Mersey Tunnel has had a most demoralising effect upon those hitherto modest young men who have made the passage. Their demeanour is almost Pharisæical and our complex becomes of less importance every day in the presence of " such paragons of educated grace." And now (of course owing to these elegant young gentlemen) we have visions of a tunnel furnished for the use of cyclists alone, and in case the rise at either end might cause discomfort, it is suggested that lifts should be installed. Mr. Stephenson tells us he heartily approves of this latter convenience, and would like the idea to be extended to every hill in the country having a gradient of more than 250 in 1.

* * * *

The President has received the following letter from Messrs. Spary and Loten, the North Road tandem pair who recently succeeded in lowering the London-Liverpool record by the substantial margin of one hour and ten minutes, having accomplished the journey in the smart time of 8 hrs. 38 mins.

We take this opportunity of congratulating the record-breakers on their success and assure them that the pleasure of rendering our small quota of assistance is equalled only by the knowledge of the happy result of the ride.

13 *The Spinney,*
Stanmore,
Mdx.

Dear Mr. Cook,

We should both like to thank you very much for the valuable advice you gave Arthur Smith regarding the choice of a route from Liverpool, on the first stage of our journey to London. That it was an ideal route is plain from the fact that we did the first hundred miles in 3-57.

Our sincere thanks are due to all the Anfield boys who turned out and made the first miles pleasantly short. May we do the same for any of yours!

Yours sincerely,
Geoffrey B. Spary,
Jack M. Loten.

* * * *

The closing run and prize distribution of the Northern section of the Tricycle Association will take place on Sunday, November, the 4th, at the Leigh Arms, Acton Bridge. Luncheon will be served at one o'clock and anyone desirous of being present should communicate with Mr. A. L. Littlemore, 53 Halton View Road, Widnes.

Last year, the Anfield B.C., sent one representative—the Presider. Surely, with the number of tricyclists in our ranks—to say nothing of the prominent part played by the Club in tricycledom during recent years—we ought to make a better show than this and we trust that the heart of W. P. Cook will be gladdened by the sight of a good backing of Anfielders at the *rendez-vous*.

A TOUR IN ESSEX.

This is a most interesting county for a tour and, if the programme be carefully and intelligently planned according to available time, the best can be chosen and a very enjoyable and profitable holiday will ensue. In our case, five clear days over the touring ground were all we had at our disposal, and it is on this basis that the following notes appear.

The only part of the county dead flat is round the coast; the rest is agreeably undulating. Compared with Norfolk, for example, it is decidedly second-rate as a purely touring ground, since it suffers from being too near London, while the southern portions are rapidly deteriorating from the depredations of the modern jerry-builder.

At the inns, charges are higher and accommodation poorer, whilst sanitary amenities in places are decidedly primitive. The antique domestic architecture is unique: red brick being largely used; likewise most of the churches, except where timber has been used. The ecclesiology is exceedingly interesting, many of the edifices being of Saxon origin and quite a number have something to show as proof of this. Owing to the complete absence of stone, most of the towers are of timber and brick, or of timber or brick alone.

Perhaps a general outline of the route we took might be interesting. Entering the county near Saffron Walden, the first place of interest is the mansion of Audley End, built in the early years of the 17th century by the then Lord Treasurer, the Earl of Suffolk, at the cost of what was in those days the colossal sum of £190,000, five hundred pounds having been paid for the design alone. The house was regarded as the largest and most stately that had been built in England up to that time. James I, who visited it, said it was much too good for a King, but might very well do for a Lord Treasurer! In the village, the "Rose and Crown" inn, with courtyard and rear exit, dates from the 16th century.

We stayed the night at Thaxted (Fox and Hounds, R. and B., 6/6), it probably being the best of a poor lot. Here we have the old timber Guildhall in the Market Place (*circa* James I). Castle Hedingham possesses a Norman keep, the sole remaining part of the castle, built in 1100, of Northants oolite, with walls 12 ft. thick at the base. It has had a rather chequered history and is famous as the death scene of Queen Matild, in 1151. In the village are interesting old houses, including the "Wheatsheaf" and "Falcon" inns. There is at Gosfield a fine 15th century hall of Tudor brick-work. Colchester is so full of old relics that space prohibits a detailed description; suffice it to say that it has a Norman castle, an old priory of Norman date, a fine example of a Saxon pointed arched doorway in Holy Trinity church and two old inns. That night we stayed at Walton-on-the-Naze (Queens Head, 5/-; fair).

Thence via Frinton, St. Osyth, Brightlingsea (yachting centre) to Wivenhoe, where on the outside walls of a house near the quay is displayed the finest and largest example of ancient Essex barge-work. Here there is considerable yachting and fishing activity and the Colne is crossed to Mersea Island for West Mersea—another yachting centre. We were too early to open the local oyster season, but foreigners were sampled and found appetising! The Church tower is Saxon

and the Trans-Norman font has for a base a circular shaft which is a drum of an oolite Roman pillar.

We then proceeded through the beautiful scenery of Birch Hall with its lily-ponds to Layer Marney Towers, a very imposing mansion built of brick with terra-cotta decoration of the early 16th century. The night was passed at the "White Hart," Witham (8/6). This 400-year old inn displays a much treasured sign of a hart wrought in copper and suitably decorated and painted. At Cressing there are several large mediaeval barns, indicating the agricultural importance of the district in bygone days. At Faulkourn and Boreham there are fine 15th century halls, whilst the church at Great Baddow, with Roman tiles, and those at Sandon and Danbury are interesting. At Woodham Walter is the very picturesque "Bell" inn (built in 1563), with its very hospitable landlord. Here we partook of luncheon and also had the distinction of occupying the seat dedicated to the famous Anfielder who makes periodical visits to this delectable spot. We were however disappointed to find that, on visiting the church, the sacristan was unaware of the place assigned to him in the stalls!

A few miles further is Langford, whose church is a pre-Norman structure, unique through possessing the only survival, in England, of a western apse. At Maldon is the "Blue Boar" inn (*circa* Henry VII). We then made for Bradwell-on-Sea, to visit the 7th century chapel of St. Peter-on-the-Wall, with Roman brickwork and mortar. We stayed at the "King's Head" (R. and B., 5/-), where one may experience all the old-fashioned amenities. At Hadleigh is a Norman church and ruins of a Norman castle. At Margaretting is a church with timber porches and a fine timber tower. At Blackmore ("Bull," 4/6; primitive, but well kept) is a fine Priory church with timber tower. Nearby is Jericho House, once a retreat of Henry VIII. At such times it was usually said by the Court that the King had "gone to Jericho," from which the common phrase is supposed to have sprung.

At Mountnessing and Broxted are said to be the only two remaining old post-windmills in England. At Brentwood is the "White Hart" inn (*circa* 1480) with its galleried courtyard; and here also is a ruined chapel (*circa* 1221). At Greensted is one of the most interesting churches in England, within whose walls the body of Edmund the Martyr reposed on its last journey to St. Edmundsbury. The interior is both Saxon and Norman and it has a gabled clerestory; but by far the most interesting

feature is the log-hut kind of nave walls, the exterior being of split trunks of oak trees with the convex portion on the outside. At White Roding is an interesting Wall of timber and herringbone brickwork (*circa* 1580). At Great Hallingbury, the church has a fine Saxon chancel arch of Roman tiles and brick.

The total distance traversed within the county was about 275 miles, which comfortably fitted in with the time allotted.

Halewood, 6th October, 1934.

Leaving home in pouring rain, I made my way to Childer Thornton corner, by what is, to me, a new route, *viz.*, King's Road, Gorsey Hey, Heath Road, Spital Cross Roads, Dibbinsdale, Bromborough station, Plymyard Avenue, and Eastham bye-pass. My idea was to try and dodge the southerly hurricane which howled around me.

Finding no one at Childer Thornton, I rode along to the "bottom" road island and turned left to Little Stanney, along the deserted new road.

Once on the Warrington road, I found the conditions distinctly easier and I was soon having a cup of tea with the Editor and Frank Chandler. We were about to leave when Bill Scarff came in and I stayed while William had a cup of tea and the other two left for the Transporter.

Scarff's machine was very resplendent with new wheels and a new medium ratio Sturmey three-speed, which, to my great delight, seized up at the bottom of the Rocksavage bye-pass. He had been showing me how fast the machine was up all the hills from Frodsham.

However, it was soon taken to pieces, repaired, cleaned, polished, oiled and rebuilt, all in five minutes, and we reached the Transporter several minutes after it had left.

To our amazement the Editor and Chandler arrived after us, Chandler explaining that he had had a puncture, which is quite a good yarn, but very old!

On the flight across the canal and river, Snowden wilted visibly, and murmured that this was the first time that he had seen this part of the world in daylight. He was almost overcome by the beauty of the scene, and muttered repeatedly, "Extraordinary, most extraordinary." We led him gently on to *terra firma*, and placing him on the saddle, rode swiftly along the wide and spacious boulevards and speeded along that pleasantly pastoral and shady road from Widnes towards Halewood.

The gathering at the Derby Arms was composed of the "quality" of the Club and included Frank Roskell, together with Hubert, Dave Fell, Eddie Morris, Charlie Conway, George Mercer who, with the usual crowd of regulars, made the total up to thirty-one, and ate enough food for one hundred and thirty-one!

It should be recorded that we have now found an expert carver of pork for the Lower House—one who dallies not with the carving thereof, but wields the knife at lightning speed, in fact, as fast and as often as he wields the pencil of blue!

The ride home on soaking roads was most sedate and the Tunnel party proceeded down Mount Pleasant, where Arthur Williams had to avoid a pedestrian and skidded on to the tram lines.

Tattenhall, 13th October, 1934.

I am becoming more convinced, each month, that someone besides the Committee has a hand in arranging the runs of the Club. Who? Why, the Devil, of course! Now, when our painstaking and indefatigable secretary was writing to mine host of the "Bear and Ragged Staff," he was not aware that His Satanic Majesty was peeping over his shoulder. "Ha! ha!" he chuckled, "Same old twenty! I suppose I had better arrange for six or eight to turn up. No, I won't though. I'll take 'em by surprise and I'll round up nearer thirty. It'll be a bit of a job, as I have already ordered a wet day for them, and arranged for three or four regular attenders to be elsewhere—but here goes!" And off he went and netted no less than twenty-seven all told, and as a crowning jest, packed the landlord off to hospital!

But in spite of all his wiles, the run was a success, though he made things as uncomfortable as possible for the return home. For those whose objective lay south-west, the wind was an advantage, and the Presider and his escort of Carr and his brother (*plus* Lockett, as far as Prees Heath) had a quick and jolly run to Newport, to be in readiness the next morning to give a helping hand to the North Road tandem pair—Spary and Loten—who were in a hurry to get from Liverpool to London. The President was due for a smile from Fortune, for he had been cruelly deceived earlier in the day, having designed to meet a friend at Llanferres for lunch. Seeing the said comper or confederate at the foot of the neighbouring hill, he dived into the soup (guest not arrived); he slew the partridge and hacked him limb from limb (still no sign of the visitor); he waded through the rest of the menu and had

finished and was off on his way with never another sight of the roustabout!

It is a long time since the Club visited Tattenhall as a club and its inclusion in the fixture list adds variety and a diversity of route. Change usually means progress. If the change is for the better—well, so much the better; if for the worse, it need not be repeated; experience is gained and by the process of elimination, the best will be found.

AUTUMNAL TINTS TOUR.

October 20th and 21st.

At the opening, be it stated, that the tour was a success from every point of view—the going thither was good; the hospitality and good cheer were good and the leaving—or to put it more happily—the return journey was all that could be desired, for what more could one want than a fine day and a following gale. And before going any further with this narrative—in case it should be overlooked in the exciting moments to follow—it is no more than bare justice to compliment Powell on his thoughtful care for each and every member staying at the "West Arms" on Saturday night. It all *looked* very simple, but it was a case of art concealing art and only a glimpse behind the scenes would reveal the staff-work which had to be done to ensure general satisfaction.

The number of those who "kept the feast" this year was less than usual, yet sufficient to make for a jolly evening. The quality of the gathering could hardly be improved upon and the happy blending of youth and age—so that the company resembled a family, rather than two dozen separate units—was one more testimony to the wisdom which has directed the fortunes of the Club throughout its existence.

From many points of the compass, the tourists converged on Chirk, to sweep up the glorious valley of the Ceiriog in the fitful moonlight to the music of the chattering stream by the roadside and perhaps to halt for a few minutes on the bridge at Dolywern and watch the play of light on the fussy, hurrying waters. The "Star" was, as usual, a meeting-place for many and the quietness of its hospitable interior was several times broken by the abrupt entrance and boisterous greetings of pilgrims bound for the Mecca of all good Anfielders, that night. The Presider, of course, was to be found there, with a bodyguard, comprised of two friends—Messrs. Oakley and

Smith—Royden and Humphreys; and before leaving, had added Green and Snowden to his train. Marriott, Connor and Lockett had badly mistimed their ride and only arrived as the others were leaving. The usual homage was paid to Huw Morris's memorial (how thoughtful of Huw to have built his dwelling-place at the steepest part of the hill, for one *must*, of course, dismount in order to pay one's respects to such a genius!) and in due time, Llanarmon was reached. The famished travellers were not long kept in suspense, nor were they disappointed in the sequel; and a more contented, well-nourished body of trenchermen it would be hard to find. At the head of the long table sat the President, supported by his two friends mentioned above, Royden, Green, Cheminais, Simpson, Koenen, Powell, Snowden, Lockett, B. Band, Connor and Humphreys. At the other tables were Salt, R. J. Austin, Rigby Band, Marriott and friend, Norman Heath, Williams, Byron and Crewe, besides A. J. Power of the Cheshire Roads club and a friend, who were camping in the vicinity. Two notable people, however, were missing—Hawkes and Elston, and it was not until the Welsh glee-party was in full voice that they put in an appearance. Hawkes, apparently, was not in strict training and Elston—like the good fellow he is—had stayed with him, "nursed" him on his arduous way and brought him safe and hungry to his journey's end.

And this seems a fitting opportunity to wish Elston and the lady he has taken to wife a long and happy partnership, with the minimum of trouble on life's rough road, always facing to the sunshine and having the shadows at their backs.

It was long past midnight before the Llanarmon "night-ingales" had hushed their song and the revellers had groped their way through the screen of tobacco smoke to climb the winding stairways which led to their respective nests, there to sleep the sleep of tired heroes.

On Sunday morning, the clouds lay low over the adjacent hills and the air was dank, with a suspicion of mist. However, a breeze sprang up and dissipated any thickness which threatened, with the result that the views from the higher ground stood out with stereoscopic effect, while the colours in the mountains themselves, in the foliage and above all in the vast stretches of bracken, were an unforgettable sight.

Marriott, Salt, Williams, the brothers Band and others attacked a formidable route which carried them to somewhere in the region of 2,000 feet above sea level, returning

to earth at Corwen. The Presider with seven other stout souls, to wit, his two guests, Heath, Humphreys, Snowden, Powell and Royden, elected to go straight over the mountains to Corwen— $8\frac{1}{2}$ miles of rough track. Up and up they went and rougher grew the way—stones, water and bog for the most part, with stretches of turf to relieve the monotony; but it was impossible to feel fatigue, in such wonderful surroundings and in such vitalizing air. At Corwen, the party met Koenen, Cheminai and Simpson and having refreshed themselves with a well-earned luncheon, departed—Heath with the two guests towards Wellington and the remainder to their destinations in the Wirral.

It had been suggested that the tour was being undertaken too early, if autumnal tints were the objective: nothing could have been wider of the mark. Why, the chestnuts were almost denuded of foliage, though most of the other trees retained their Benjamin's coats to make a riot of colour sufficient to satisfy the most fastidious artist.

Mold, 27th October, 1934.

The wind was out for a frolic to-day—really a frolic, for there was nothing stern and cold about him. True, he was boisterous, at times, but never malicious. He was, in his more sober moments, even thoughtful, as was evidenced by the way in which he restrained his horse-play when a hill had to be surmounted; and to see his mad, merry play with the ripened foliage was jolliest of all. You could not be angry with him: you simply had to fall in with his mood and, having once thrown yourself into the game, you laughed at all his bluff and blustering! And what if he did playfully sprinkle you with a shower, now and then! It was soon over and he smiled on you more broadly than before.

In contra-distinction to this was the warm hospitality of the "Dolphin," and be a man never so cold, he will soon revive before the generous fire which a thoughtful landlord provides and do full justice to what awaits him in the dining-room. Add to these a number of good fellows and the ingredients of a pleasant meeting are complete. Among the gathering one noticed the Presider, of course, who had overtaken Snowden at Wrexham; John Roberts (who though he had dutifully brought Mrs. Roberts out by car, displayed his nether limbs in the appropriate setting); Johnny Band

(complete with glistening wings—wise man) ; Harold Band, mounted *à deux* and wanting only a whip to complete the Epsomian effect ; Edwards, Rowatt, Venables, Tommy Royden (as mischievous as ever), Kettle, Powell, Salt, Connor, Birkby, Byron, Arthur Williams (dapper as to person and machine) and Elias, who was off with Cook for a week-end into the wilds of Wales. Harold Moore arrived from Huddersfield, *en route* for Over for the night and thence to Leigh, where he will reside in future ; and as if the quota of surprises were not sufficient, who should add the final touch of lustre to the party but the elusive Fawcett, complete with "dreadnought" armed at all points and capable of withstanding anything up to shell-fire !

The journey for those returning to the Wirral was a happy ending to the day's run, for the wind was in their favour and the going was absurdly easy—another example of the benevolent justice of playful old Thrascias, who like the worthy foeman he is, usually recognises the brave !

Lymm, 27th October, 1934.

Sullen skies, driving rain and the cold prospect of crossing the greasy pavement of the city did not deter one slinging the "Italian Monarch" into the chariot and away for the winding Cheshire lanes. Emerging from the Stretford by-pass, I see A. N. Rawlinson fully clad in stormproof, riding with a disconsolate lurch about his shoulders ; his machine splashed with foam, his wet raven locks streaming over his brow and bloodshot eyes.

We gathered in the grounds of our Vice-President and amongst the amber leaves lying thickly about, I parked "Dolores." Then the garrulous twins, the Vice-President and myself trundled off at about 4 p.m. with the sun now shining between fleecy clouds which flecked the blue sky. We soon turned off the main road into the twisting lanes where we enjoyed a quiet run to the narrow tortuous streets of Lymm.

In the warm glow of the fire and with a stoup of ale, together with the merry wit of "Gee" and "Ann" Rawlinson, we were all in a happy frame of mind when we sat down to tea.

Our visitors were Cody, Threlfall, Stevie and Knipe.

OUR INFORMATION BUREAU.

- T.R., F.C., H.W.P., and other brave spirits.*—No. Frilled buttons will not be awarded for riding through the Tunnel, but each successful competitor is permitted to supply not more than one pint of ale to each member of the Committee—Tea-tasters excepted—in commemoration of the deed.
- Delb & Co.*—Economy aside, our considered opinion is that it is as well to have a separate front wheel for each machine—single and tandem.
- J.J.S.*—Evidently you require a tonic. We noticed the poor show you made at Halewood, recently. Try a little pork.
- Leslie E.*—Yes. The white tail is very natty. But, the superscription! We *were* shocked!
- W.G.G.*—Yea. We consider your *ensemble très chic*. But, of course, the present fashion is not to be too lavish in the display of one's personal charms. Might we suggest a little lace trimming to tone down the rather - er - *négligé* effect?
- Hubert.*—Yes. Water is a nice clean, healthy beverage (so we hear), but don't overdo it. Cocoa? W—e—l—l, m'yes; you *might* try it, but we believe it requires a strong stomach and no conscience.
- W. T. Venables.*—No, thanks. We don't want any more umbrellas—not even a parasol!
- H.R.B.*—We don't think your question at all a proper one. Why should *you* want to steer a tandem from a side-car? In any case, we would advise you to experiment with a single, first!
- J.S.J.*—Our advice to you is—Try "V" locks to secure broken chains: in desperate cases, ask your partner to hold the tandem, while you make a bolt for the bar!
- "*Ananias.*"—You are entirely wrong. Onions do not contain opium and to be an onion-eater is not to be addicted to drugs. The derivation of the word proves this, viz—“O” is the Chinese for the Sanskrit “Watta” and “nion” the Manchu for the Esquimaux “stingek,” plainly demonstrating that the onion-eater devours onions not for their narcotic properties, but on account of their exquisite perfume.

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Christmas Number.

ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

FORMED

MARCH, 1879.

MONTHLY CIRCULAR

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL

Vol. XXXI.

Edited by Ernest Snowden.

No. 346

FIXTURES FOR DECEMBER, 1934.

Tea at 6-0 p.m.

				Light up at
Dec.	1	Halewood (Derby Arms)		4-28 p.m.
"	8	Pulford (Grosvenor Arms)... ..		4-25 p.m.
"	10	Committee Meeting, 7 p.m. (Victoria Hotel, St. John's Lane, L'pool).		
"	15	Chester (Bull and Stirrup)		4-22 p.m.
"	22	Hooton (Hooton Hotel), Tea at 5-30 p.m. ...		4-25 p.m.
"	26	Mouldsworth (Station Hotel). Lunch 1-30 p.m.		4-27 p.m.
"	22/26	Alternative Tour—Bettws-y-Coed (Glan Aber) ...		4-26 p.m.
"	29	Mold (Dolphin)		4-29 p.m.
1935.				
Jan.	5	Heswall (Heswall Hotel)		4-37 p.m.
"	12	Halewood (Derby Arms), Annual General Meet- ing. Tea at 5-30 p.m.		4-46 p.m.

ALTERNATIVE FIXTURES.

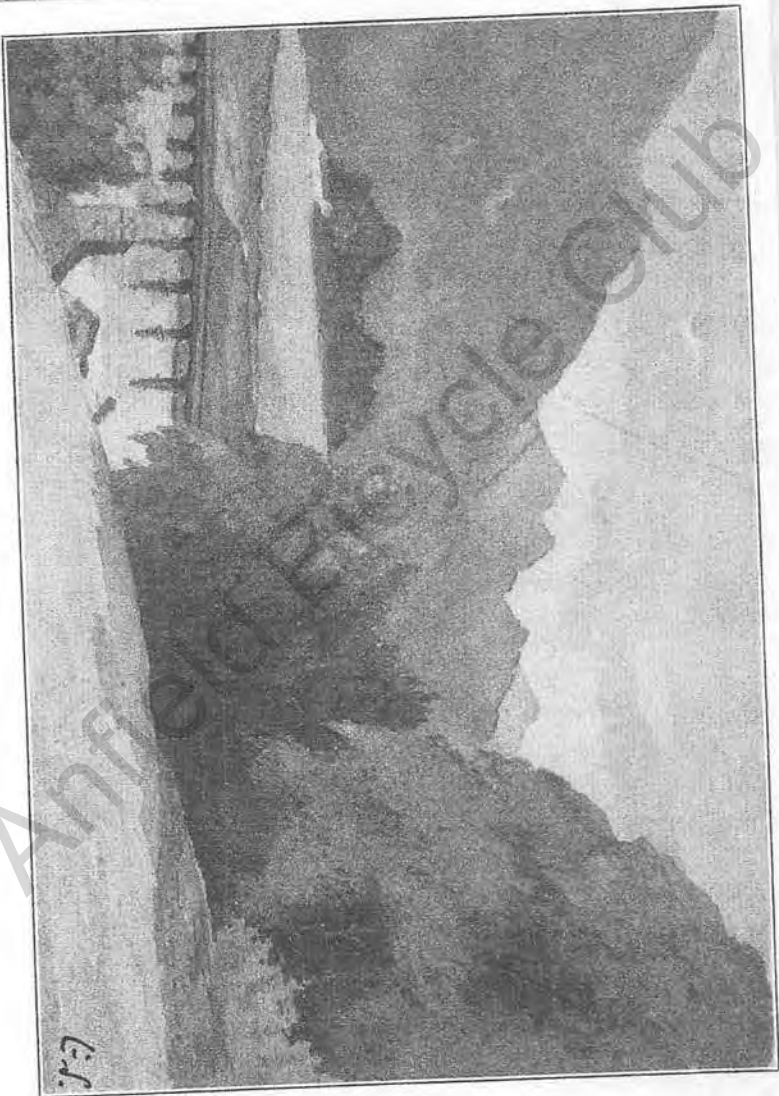
Tea at 5-30 p.m.

Dec.	8	Arclid (Rose and Crown)		4-25 p.m.
"	15	Holmes Chapel (Swan)		4-22 p.m.
"	22	Goostrey (Red Lion)		4-25 p.m.
"	29	Lymm (Spread Eagle)		4-29 p.m.
1935.				
Jan.	5	Goostrey (Red Lion)		4-37 p.m.
		Full Moon	20th inst.	

The Hon. Treasurer's address is R. L. Knipe, 108 Moscow Drive, Stonecroft, Liverpool, 13, 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.

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E.N.

Panama-Post - N. Wales

EDITORIAL.

To the majority of members a Christmas greeting from us will arrive full early and may to some appear even to be out of season ; but, we think that, on reflection, we may be excused the prematureness of our message, since the next issue of the *Circular* will not appear until the New Year.

With this apology, then, we no longer hesitate to wish every member of the Club the old, old wish—which, to our unsophisticated mind, never grows dull—**A Happy Christmas**, and by this we mean a really happy Christmas—not the kind which begets a feeling of weariness and headache, but one to which we may look back with pleasure in succeeding years. By this we do not by any means advocate a dull season—on the contrary : but the good cheer and the flowing bowl will be all the better appreciated for a leaven of outdoor exercise—which, after all, is the Anfield way.

From the number of references to the tricycle in this issue, we might almost call it a "Tricycle" number. Nothing of the kind was intended in the first place, but Destiny seems to have shaped it towards this end. And by way of a final wish, may the weather at Christmas be tricycling weather.

4 THE LAUND,
WALLASEY, CHESHIRE.

COMMITTEE NOTES.

APPLICATION FOR MEMBERSHIP.—Mr. Donald Smith, Muxton Lodge, Wellington, Shropshire ; proposed by Mr. W. P. Cook ; seconded by Mr. F. Chandler.

NEW MEMBER.—Mr. Ashley Taylor, 15 The Circuit, Moor-Lane, Wilmslow, Cheshire, has been elected to Full Membership.

The Annual General Meeting will be held after tea at Halewood, on 12th January (tea on that day will be at 5-30 p.m.). Any member having any matter which he wishes to be included on the agenda, should let me have particulars not later than 28th December.

Special terms have been arranged at the Glan Aber, Bettws-y-Coed, for the Christmas Tour. The charge will be 12/- per day (dinner, single-bed and breakfast) and 10/- per day for

those who "double-up." Members at Bettws-y-Coed on 22nd December and/or 26th December will count one or two runs respectively, and are asked to make their own arrangements regarding accommodation direct.

Tea at Hooton on 22nd December will be at 5-30 p.m.

H. W. POWELL,

Hon. General Secretary.

TREASURY NOTES.

I am sorry my appeals to the laggards have not met with a better response this month. There are still many subscriptions unpaid, and I am sure in many cases it is simply because the members will not take the trouble to send them along. There are a few who no doubt have difficulty in finding the wherewithal, and they have our sympathy.

But I would beg all who have not yet paid to let me have their subscriptions as early as possible, so that the auditors may have an opportunity of commencing their work for the Club before their own busy time begins near Xmas.

My thanks are due to the eight members who have sent in their subscriptions and/or donations(*) during November.

*E. J. Cody,	A. Crowcroft.	J. E. Rawlinson.
S. H. Bailey.	T. E. Mandall.	A. F. Taylor.
F. Beckett.	G. B. Orrell.	

R. LEIGH KNIPE,

Hon. Treasurer.

MISCELLANEA.

The Annual Dinner of the C.T.C. Liverpool D.A. is to take place at the Mecca Café, India Buildings, on Thursday, 6th December. The chief speaker is to be "Wayfarer." We hope the Club will be well represented, if only to show our appreciation of the work the C.T.C. does for the pastime we love so much.

Tickets (price 4/-) may be obtained from Frank Marriott.

The Presider, in the course of his wanderings on his faithful tricycle, has heard, without emotion, many strange epithets bestowed upon himself and his mount, but when in East Cheshire recently, he was hailed by three small children as "three-leg'd 'un," he nearly fell off his perch!

Those people who clamour for brighter cycling have obviously never gazed upon a bunch, cluster, flock, covey, or whatever one calls an assemblage of tricyclists. It was our lot to do so this month and the rainbow effect will remain indelibly fixed in our memory. One of the brightest of these birds of paradise was that belonging to an Anfielder, whom we will call Wilfred; its colour, however, reminds one of a flamingo. And there is a loud whisper that another member of the Club is shortly going to startle the countryside by launching on the highway a machine of metallic blue, reminiscent of a kingfisher. The Presider, when asked to subscribe to the colour scheme, readily assented, saying he would have his machine enamelled in the Club colours—only leaving out the blue!

* * * *

The gentler side of our President's character (already mentioned on another page of this issue) showed itself even more strikingly when, a week or two ago, he was accosted by a flock of little boys asking of his charity for a match with which to ignite a squib. To our astonishment, the request was complied with *instantly* and, with eyes a-goggle, we watched the unwonted spectacle of the Presider touching off one firework after another, his face wreathed in smiles which increased in lateral dimension with each succeeding bang!

* * * *

Members will be sorry to hear of the loss recently sustained by G. E. Carpenter in the death of his wife and, on behalf of the Club, we extend to him sincere sympathy.

* * * *

We have recently heard from "Mazeppa," of the Bath Road Club, who wishes to be remembered to all old friends. We return the compliment and trust he may be with us at Bettws in the near future. Perhaps P.C.B. will see to this!

* * * *

We have also heard from Arthur Newsholme, who says he has not altogether given up the idea of popping up some day at one of the Club runs.

* * * *

Mr. G. H. Stancer, the Secretary of the C.T.C. recently unearthed a number of copies of collections of verse by the late F. T. Bidlake. Should any member of the Club wish to acquire one of these booklets, he should communicate with the Presider, who will be glad to procure it for him. The price is 6d. a copy and application should be made as early as possible, as the supply is limited.

We offer to H. Pritchard congratulations on the occasion of his marriage to Miss Lawrence and trust that many years of happiness are in store for them.

* * * *

The meeting of the Northern branch of the Tricycle Association duly took place on Sunday, the 4th of November, at the "Leigh Arms," Acton Bridge, and proved as successful as it was pleasant. No less than twenty-seven sat down to luncheon, which, we understand, is a record as far as numbers are concerned. The honorary secretary of the branch—Mr. A. L. Littlemore—is to be congratulated on the arrangements made, both for the conduct of the meeting and for the comfort of members and guests. The Anfield B.C. rose to the occasion, the attendance of their representatives showing an increase of one hundred per cent (*plus* one guest). Our President occupied the "Chair" and those hard-bitten racing men, who had hitherto known him only as a stern and unrelenting time-keeper, were so moved by his benevolent demeanour on this occasion, that they almost wept.

Much could be written of this very pleasant reunion, but space will allow of no more. If any Anfield tricyclists should be interested in the proceedings of the T.A., they might do worse than come and see for themselves!

TOURING NOTE.—Earl's Barton. - Northants.

Anyone in the Northampton-Wellingborough vicinity should visit the old church in the village. The tower is wholly Saxon and is probably the finest example of this work extant in this country, and is usually to be found as the illustrated example of the work of this period in books on architecture. The tower is high—unusually so for the period and has fine carving and decoration. The interior archway is probably Saxon. The nave pillars on the south side are Transitional Norman: those on the north side, Early English, whilst the arches on both sides date from the 13th century. The chancel is Norman and has *sediliae* at the back of the choir stalls and east of these to the altar—all with rich Norman moulding; there is also a fine rood screen of the 15th century, with decorated influence, and a Jacobean pulpit (the top of an old double-decker). All the old oak in the tower has become rotten through the depredations of the death-watch beetle and is now being taken away and replaced with seasoned oak specially treated.

BOTTLED INTERVIEWS.

BY OUR SPECIAL COMMISSIONER.

No. 5. Frank Chandler.

"That" said a voice at my elbow, "is a black-headed, red-shanked shrike."

Startled by the sudden flow of language, savouring strongly of an imprecation, I turned quickly and perceived a gentleman pointing a telescope about the size of a Gold Flake cigarette, down the road, along which a familiar figure, complete with skull-cap and tricycle, was rapidly approaching.

"You mistake, Sir," I expostulated heatedly; "that is the President of the Anfield Bicycle Club!" The telescope was lowered and a pair of twinkling grey eyes, beamed upon me from behind a pair of spectacles. With old-fashioned courtesy, their owner gently rebuked my hasty remonstrance.

"It is you, Sir, who are under a misapprehension, if you will allow me to say so. My remark applied to one of the feathered tribe seated—or, as we ornithologists have it—perched upon yonder bough."

"So that is a what-you-say-it-is?" I replied. I was completely out of my depth, but I had to say something.

"Now, I was under the impression that it was a - a - er - um - a cuckoo."

"My dear Sir, it is impossible. A black-headed, red-shanked shrike has a call very much resembling a - um - a - a - well - a sort of shriek - hence its name. Now, a cuckoo makes a noise like a - a - um - a - . . ."

". . . . Like a clock," I exclaimed triumphantly.

From the frigid reception accorded to my brilliant effort, it dawned upon me that I must have made a *faux pas* somewhere, so I hurriedly began to search for some other topic of conversation. But, how to begin? Who *was* this student of bird-life? Could it be—? No. Yes. Well, here goes to settle it."

"Tell me, Sir," I hazarded "have you, in the course of your researches ever made the acquaintance of a notable bird-fancier—I mean, ornithologist—no less famous for his mountaineering feats, epicurean tastes and sartorial elegance than for his philosophy of fowl? I allude, of course, to one—Chandler, commonly known as "The Compleat Tourist."

"My dear Sir, I am he. I must be. My name is Chandler and the rest naturally follows. In what way can I oblige you?"

"Simply by telling me the story of your life."

"The story of my life? I have told a good many, but—"

"Yes, yes. I know," I interposed quickly, "but, that is not exactly the object of my quest. I would like to know, for instance, how you became famous as a tourist."

"That's easily answered—by touring, touring and still more touring."

"It would be interesting to hear how you plan your remarkable tours, Mr. Chandler."

"Easy again. Take a carving-fork and the map of England; shut your eyes and stab it (the map) in a vital part; mark the spot carefully, take the necessary compass bearings and the tour is complete. The advantage of using a two-pronged fork is that it gives you a choice of grounds. The method is equally efficacious in the case of Scotland or Wales. If a tour in Ireland be contemplated, use two forks."

"The study of ecclesiastical architecture absorbs much of your time, I believe? In what way do churches especially appeal?"

"Chiefly from the fact that in nine cases out of ten, they are situated close to an inn and it is possible to 'do' a church and have a meal simultaneously—so saving much time, which may be devoted to the acquisition of knowledge in other directions."

"It would be interesting—not to say instructive—to hear from you your choice of literature as pertaining to each branch of study in which you are engrossed—whether current literature or accepted authorities."

"Certainly. But, you will realise that just as my pursuits are many-sided, so my taste in reading will be of a catholic nature. For information relating to cycling I take *The Plumbers' Gazette* (with which is incorporated *The Gas-pipe News*); for sartorial enlightenment, *Home Chat*; for photographic hints, *Tit-Bits*; for theatrical news, *The Passing Show*; for Church history *The Adventures of Sexton Blake*, while *Mrs. Beeton* has been my constant companion from my youth up."

The mention of this lady, famous for her skill in gastronomy, brought a wistful smile to the placid features of Mr. Chandler. A far-away look came into his kindly eyes and, half-unconsciously, he moved towards a green tricycle, which was parked near-by. He gave me a courteous salute; there was a swish of tyres on the road and he was gone . . .

I smiled to think of the enthusiasm he had for his various hobbies, but I realised at the same time that, without enthusiasts, the world would be a dull sort of place; and when you come to think of it, seldom is enthusiasm—real enthusiasm—unaccompanied by reliability.

THE TRICYCLE.

There is no gainsaying the fact that the tricycle is the aristocrat of cycledom. It bears such a look of respectability beside the rakish single-track machine: even a tandem or a dreadnought possessing all the hall-marks of sedate travel, looks depraved in the presence of its three-wheeled relative. But this is not its only attribute. It has the faculty of imparting something of its own gentle nature to its rider. Think of all the tricyclists you know and try to label a single one as ill-mannered or lacking in the graces. You cannot. This odour of sanctity, moreover, is apparent, not only to cyclists, but to all who use the roads. The motorist, for instance, will cut in close to a bicyclist and, at times, almost push him off the road, even though no other vehicle be in sight—merely to avoid the trouble of altering his course a yard or two. Will he behave in this way to a tricyclist? O, dear no! He treats him with the deference which he would display in the presence of a steam-roller or the Lord Mayor's coach. Pedestrians, too, regard a tricycle with awe and will stand to watch its progress with much the same absorption as they would view a royal procession.

But it is in races that the full chivalry of the tricycle comes into play. There is no frenzied haste to annoy the handicapper by upsetting the calculations he has so carefully made and the burning question at the end of a race is not as to who has done fastest time, but rather, who has done most to maintain the good name and sound judgment of that official.

The tricycle, too, has done its part in the cause of "brighter cycling" and though an attempt has been made to clothe the bicycle in similar gay garb, no one can say that success has been achieved; the effect rather is bizarre and resembles a raven decked out in peacock's feathers.

Of its material advantages one could speak *ad nauseam*, but no doubt they are apparent to the most casual observer, so we will not pursue the subject further. Besides, I am not a tricyclist and, am therefore, incapable of extolling its virtues in a manner worthy of the subject. Some day, perhaps, I shall be admitted to the ranks of the blessed and learn the

full joys of the road; some day, perhaps, I shall flit about the country, resplendent as a dragon-fly, nor be under the necessity of wearing a hideous yellow coat to make amends for the sable hue of my machine; some day, perhaps, my soul will be uplifted by the commendation of the President, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant!"

PILGRIMS AND THRILLS.

There were three of us—Brian Band, Byron and Marriott. Rain was falling as we tried in Bala's main street to find the spring link in Byron's decidedly filthy chain. After fifteen minutes, we broke the chain instead—it was easier!

By the time lunch was over, the wind of the morning increased almost to a gale. The rain blew as a cloud from Drws-y-Nant; Tegid's waters were lashed to fury, but the high hedges on the road to Bwlch-y-Groes resplendent in varying shades of green and yellow, gave shelter. And then Brian's tyre went "ping!"

At the first gale, we left the thinly tarred surface and the real mountain road was before us, shelving to the Pass. In the valley, by the river, tall trees sheltered a grey farmhouse; plank bridges crossed the stream at intervals; a path made its way to the far-flung field at the valley end. The road left the shelter of the trees that clothed the mountain side and under the great rocky cliffs climbed to the ridge. The clouds swirled and capes blew round our necks. A sharp descent, a turn to the east and we were on the rough road to Cwm Euanant. Great slabs of bed-rock, ridged and channelled, wet and slippery, formed the greater part of the surface, interspersed by watercourses through which we charged.

In the gathering gloom we narrowly avoided running down two pedestrians. Who would expect to meet with any human beings in such a wild place and on such a wild night? Through the woods which made the way seem darker still, the rough road of the lake-side tunnelled and we heard the stream as it leaped towards Vyrnwy's waters. "Bryn Vyrnwy" gave us tea.

The light of a cloud-veiled moon showed to us the dam again and though the mist still blew, our capes stayed rolled. Gradually the gradients faded and now the gale was astern. An eerie light illumined the horizon and the clouds vanished one by one. The moon, almost at the full, was brilliant in a clear sky and from the black masses of the pines great shadows were flung across the road. Cwm Hirnant was a fairyland

where the green fields were turned to silver and the hill-sides were spangled with twinkling lights from the cottage lamps. From Llanrhaiadr-yn-Mochnant the road went, now uphill and now down to where the river, rushing over pebbles, scintillated in the moonlight. We walked to where a sign-post, like a gallows, appeared on the sky-line; then two miles downhill and we stepped across the low threshold of the "West Arms," to join the Anfield throng, in autumn revelry.

Morning came all too soon and more Anfielders filed through the gate near that high sign-post. Salt, Williams, Byron, Connor and Marriott had bicycles; Crewe walked. We rode up Cwm Maen Gwynedd to where we discerned the great towering mass of Craig Berwyn. The track grew fainter, though traces of it could be seen winding under the crags and we made straight for the two stones on the ridge which we knew to be the Pass. On the wet grass and on the slimy rocks we edged across the valley head to Bwlch Maen Gwynedd, 2,288 feet above sea level and the highest crossing of the Berwyns. For four miles we descended. The cyclists kept to the Sarn Helen and reached the main road near the Hendre Mill, but Crewe made Clochnant and Llandrillo.

Much sand had passed through the glass of Time since we last saw Tegid; we would see it again turbulent with its waves crested with white horses. Much water had fallen to where Dovey's river flows placidly; we would see it again from Bwlch-y-Groes and the blue mist blowing up the valley; and we would stride across the mighty slopes of Maen Gwynedd, where many Anfielders have stridden before. We were pilgrims! And thrills? The sting of the rain on the face and the wind of the west astern; clouds eddying round and never a light to guide; and the joy of the mountain road leading to where Anfield company awaits . . . the greatest thrill of all!

Halewood, 3rd November, 1934.

This is the story of a lovely day spoilt. The fly was in the ointment, with a vengeance!

Saturday found me bound for Halewood, with conditions most unusual—weather fine, wind abaft and—alone. All to the good; and so I was able to make the journey as I willed. Dunham Hill was easy for once; Rocksavage, too. The hills of Helsby and Frodsham capped with snow made one ruminate over the roaring fires and fare to come.

Although the going was good, I nevertheless missed my connection at Runcorn and so I foot-slogged it over the old

bridge, later catching up with the Editor and Chandler. The former hailed me; I replied and passed on, little knowing the reason for the yell. If only I had known what was to come, I would have kept on going till I hit the Tunnel!

Parking my cycle in the shed, I sank to rest in the arms of a beautiful—no, you're wrong!—chair. Suddenly I woke from my reverie; hands had been placed on either shoulder, two eyes gazed into mine, and a cajoling voice asked of me a favour—Would I write up the run? Hence my reason for saying it was a lovely day spoilt. Still, after a little liquid refreshment, a chat with "Papa," Hubert and Co., and more solid sustenance, things began to brighten. The clouds lifted from my horizon: I think they must have lifted from Tiny's, too, for he was becoming most hilarious. Arthur Simpson was looking exceedingly put out: he doesn't think the Editor can "mess up" the pork, although the low fellow who collared the pig's tail doesn't agree with him!

One noticed the absence of many familiar faces. A large proportion of the hard-riding younger members must have found riding too hard on this day. So, we broke up early—some for home, and others for Acton Bridge for the Tricycle meet, on the following day.

Goostrey, 3rd November, 1934.

There was a small muster at this popular fixture, only seven sitting down to tea, which was, as usual, of the best.

I think that some of our Manchester members could do with a gentle reminder as regards supporting these alternative runs.

Those present were Green, W. Orrell, G. Lockett, E. Haynes, Jur., J. E. Carr and brother and Bob Poole.

Acton Bridge, 10th November, 1934.

"If you have tears, prepare to shed them now."

Dear fellow-members, you are a low lot! You are indeed a very low lot. I would be thoroughly ashamed of you—only I also am a low fellow. It was while *en route* to Acton Bridge that I made the discovery and I hasten to pass on the glad tidings to you. And this was the manner of it. Drifting through Oulton Park, gay in its Autumn sheen, it came upon me that I was in need of a dish of tea and without further ado, I entered the baronial demesne of Sir Philip Egerton and sought the building immediately within the gates where Lady Egerton (as advertised on many a notice-board), dispenses refreshment to travellers. But, "what a fall was there, my

countrymen!" When I made known my request to the serving-wench who deputises for the gentle hostess I was informed—evidently with regret, but none the less firmly—that cyclists were not permitted to gorge themselves on such a hallowed spot. I might, indeed, be allowed to pollute the air of the park on payment of a fee, but to sit cheek by jowl with lordly motorists could, under no circumstances, be tolerated. Up to the moment of my enlightenment, I had, foolish fellow, imagined that my table manners and conversation were at least on an equality with those of my grocer (green or otherwise), my butcher, or my plumber, but now I realise that, socially, I cannot hope to aspire to such giddy heights. In fact, as I have mentioned—I am a low fellow. I am consoled, however, to think that you, dear fellow-members, are in the same boat and that, moreover, there is quite a number of people besides ourselves, to wit, the Duke of Argyll, Lord Nuffield, and lots of others of like standing who have sold their birthright for a bicycle! But I see a silver lining to the cloud of my despondency—I have an idea! I will one day cajole my butcher, or my grocer, or my plumber by the promise of enhanced patronage to take me to Oulton Hall in his motor-car and I will announce myself to Lady Egerton and I will say, "See! I have regained my gentility, for I have come in the guise of a gentleman, in the manner of a gentleman and—in the company of gentlemen!" And she will serve me with refreshment—and will no doubt find great pleasure in the exalted conversation of my charioteers!

My spirits thus revived, I will try to give an account of the rest of the run. There is not much to relate, for the small number present at the "Leigh Arms" offers little or no opportunity for writing an interesting narrative. Fourteen only entered its doors and of these, one arrived after the meal was over. It was very disappointing to find so many of our younger members away at the same time, and also to note the absence of several for whose benefit, in particular, the run had been arranged. Credit is given to Bob Poole, Geoffrey Lockett, Ned Haynes, Wilfred Orrell, Green, Kettle, Stephenson, Knipe, Threlfall, Rowatt, Cody, Powell, and the Editor for nobly supporting the President, who though he may have furtively wiped a tear from one eye, when he sat down to dine, yet rose from the table with his usual *verve* and cheerfulness, afterwards to accomplish a good ride to Prees Heath.

Farndon, 17th November, 1934.

Saturday turned out as one expects it nowadays—dull, moist, and with a suspicion of mist; otherwise it was perfect.

Finding no one at Willaston, I carried on to Two Mills, where after a few minutes' wait, I picked up Powell. We meandered on quietly to Chester, and, having some time in hand, we had the inevitable cup of tea. By this time, the main gates at Eaton Park were closed, and we were obliged to go through Eccleston. How different this road is in the summer, with the view of the Dee coiling in and out. Now everything was a monotonous grey, for we were running into patches of fog.

The road through the Park is in a shocking state, as loose stuff has been indiscriminately strewn all over it, without having been rolled, and care is advised in order to avoid skidding.

We had to go very carefully on account of the mist, which by now was quite thick in places—in fact, I nearly took the left fork to Worthenbury, instead of going straight on to Farndon.

The meal over, the party dispersed, some week-ending; the other less lucky ones returning home through a night, which by now had cleared up and was brilliantly moonlit.

Tarporley, 24th November, 1934.

The run was remarkable chiefly for two things—the large number of members who turned out and the almost perfect cycling conditions. It was not too cold, nor was it "muggy"; the roads had a certain amount of dampness on them, which made the going easy and there was an entire absence of wind, so that in whatever direction one turned, no appreciable difference was noticeable.

The bright autumnal tints had altogether disappeared, but the later colours—chiefly browns of varying shades—were quite as beautiful, if more subdued. Even the deadly Chester-Whitchurch road was interesting in places—especially at one place named Tuslingham, where stands the "Blue Bell," a hostelry in the true sense of the word, for there one may procure a warm welcome, a cheery fire, a snug room and an excellent tea, all for the price of one shilling.

The "Swan" at Tarporley looked inviting enough by a quarter-to-six and the evening air which had at the fall of dusk, taken on a colder temper, had put an edge to one's appetite. Thirty-one sat down to an indifferent "hot-pot," followed by a cold sweet to the accompaniment of huge cups of tea. (Some day, perhaps, an enterprising host will provide coffee and so save many a qualm to overwrought digestive organs.)

The ride home was very enjoyable and more than one extended the journey by excursions into lanes and by-ways, where motors did not trouble and respectable, law-abiding wheel-folk could pursue their ways in peace and comfort.