

ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

FORMED MARCH, 1879.

MONTHLY CIRCULAR

Vol XXXI.

No. 359.

A Happy New Year To All.

FIXTURES FOR JANUARY, 1936.

Tea at 6-0 p.m.

Light up at

Jan.	4	Tarporley (Swan)	4-36 p.m.
"	11	Halewood (Derby Arms). Annual General Meeting.	Tea at 5-30 p.m.	4-45 p.m.
"	13	Committee Meeting, 7-0 p.m. (Victoria Hotel, St. John's Lane, Liverpool).	
"	18	Chester (Nags Head)	4-56 p.m.
"	25	Mold (Dolphin)	5-9 p.m.
Feb.	1	Halewood (Derby Arms)	5-24 p.m.

ALTERNATIVE FIXTURES.

Tea at 5-30 p.m.

Jan.	18	Northwich (Crown and Anchor)	4-56 p.m.
"	25	Lymm (Spread Eagle)	5-9 p.m.

Full Moon ... 8th inst.

NOTICE.

All communications should be addressed to The Editor, 22 Holly Bank Road, Birkenhead. They should be written legibly, on one side of the paper only, and should bear the name of the sender.

The Hon. Treasurer's address is R. L. Knipe, 138 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.

© Anfield Bicycle Club

COMMITTEE NOTES.

4 THE LAUND,
WALLASEY, CHESHIRE.

APPLICATION FOR MEMBERSHIP.—Mr. C. H. Crompton, 18 Primrose Avenue, Farnworth, Lancs. Proposed by Mr. Harold Moore; seconded by Mr. W. M. Robinson.

Tea at Halewood on 11th January will be at 5-30 p.m.

H. W. POWELL,
Hon. Racing Secretary.

TREASURY NOTES.

We regret that no communication has been received from the Treasurer up to the time of going to press.

THE ANFIELD ALMANAC FOR 1936.

CRYSTAL GAZERS during the past year have observed certain curious and peculiar phenomena which foretell extraordinary cases of absentmindedness, forgetfulness and contrariness during the ensuing year. Our Astrological Correspondent, not being lax nor backward, has assiduously studied coming events from the viewpoint of the Anfield Bicycle Club, with the following result. We ourselves take no responsibility for this forecast, but submit it for what it is worth.

January.—At the A.G.M., Charlie Conway will forget to propose the destination of the annual Easter Tour. But R. J. Austin, ably seconded by E. Buckley, both feeling excessively grieved at the omission, will rise with emotion and respectively (and respectfully) propose and second "the Club tour at Easter be to Bettws-y-Coed."

February.—On the 29th day of the month, one of our confirmed bachelors will startle Cycledom in general and the Club in particular, by announcing his intention of embracing the bonds of matrimony. Happiness and cheerfulness will thus take the place of age-long misery and woe.

March.—Those old war-horses: Chem, Arthur, and F.H. will decide that the period of rejuvenation is at hand, and will purchase the O'Tatur's triplet with the ultimate object of attacking the Buxton/Grange-over-Sands record via the Mersey Tunnel.

April.—On arrival at Bettws, Charlie Conway will discover that he has left his Bettws stockings behind him—they having required refooting for the umpteenth time. He, however, will get over the dilemma by borrowing Johnny Band's, who in turn will borrow Cook's black cashmeres, whilst the latter, not being at all particular, will officiate at the service in the chapel in bare legs. During the service the regular vocalists : Joe Andrews, George Newall, and Frank Chandler will go on strike, on the grounds that a continuous supply of ale should be supplied gratis to quench their thirsts. Strike-breakers, however, will be forthcoming in Jimmy Williams, John Sunter, Sammy Threlfall and Stevie, who will " la-de-da " and " do-de-dee " everything and conclude a highly exciting entertainment by barking out the " Chorus of Demons " from *Faust*. Later on in the evening it will be discovered that Dave Rowatt, who will be suffering temporarily from loss of memory, is missing, he having forgotten to bring his little Investment Book with him. His dear old and lifelong friend, Teddy Edwards, nearly bursting with tears, will go in search of him, but being unable to find him will rouse all the Simpsons (the latter having retired earlier than usual owing to the effects of a convivial evening the night before), who will appear in borrowed ladies' night-attire and join the hunt. The last mentioned knowing more about the nooks and crannies of the licensed portion of the house than Teddy, will discover Dave within the inner-tank, safe and sound, peacefully slumbering in the arms of Hubert.

May.—All the newly-weds over the last few years, who have been conspicuous by their absence, will signify their escape from matrimonial serfdom and chains by suddenly attending Club runs. The Commissariat Dept., however, will not be upset as all the prodigals will have notified the Secretary of their contemplated return to freedom by means of a post-card.

June.—An unexpected fraternising of those eminent shortists—Johnny Band and Wayfarer (himself)—will take place under very touching and awe-inspiring circumstances. They will join forces " on the road to Ireland," and will cross over and tour together, taking no thought for the morrow, and confining expenses to 10/- per day. On arrival at the Cliffs of Achil, the attainment of their objective will be celebrated with a carousal and Johnny will open (at long last) that " pre-war bottle of whisky," whilst Robbie will provide two gallons of buttermilk.

The tour will be finally brought to a close with a musical service on the Green at Meriden, which will be concluded by the singing of that old hymn "God be with you till we meet again," accompanied by the local Salvation Army Band.

July.—Ernest Snowden will not take his holiday at Bourton-on-the-Water this year, but will join the Manchester Man and the Liverpool Gentleman (mounted on bicycles) in a walking tour in the Eastern Counties—that is if the M.M. and the L.G. are able to maintain a speed of 4 miles per hour.

August.—The Presider will miss a Club run and for once in a way will not tell anybody where he is week-ending. It will be generally felt that the beautiful Lady Wozyer will have something to do with this sensational disappearance, but Tommy Royden will come forward with an explanation negating this, as he himself had succumbed to the divine lady's charms the whole of that particular week-end, whilst it will afterwards transpire that the Presider had made for an unknown destination in search of a split infinitive.

September.—P. C. Beardwood will go for his usual tour in a county within cheap-day-ticket distance of S.W.14, but will unexpectedly decide to stop at all the posh hotels. More better. More cheap!

October.—Bob Knipe, on discovering that everybody had paid his subscription for the current year, will run amok and fill at least three parts of the *Circular* with anything irrelevant to the Treasurer's office. The post of Treasurer will then devolve on Cody, or the faithful Lucas, as Knipe's energy, resource, and push will not be required to get in any subs. by the end of the year. The Auditors will resign *en bloc*, as they considered they were no longer wanted.

November.—Guy Fawkes' day will be celebrated by the Club in the usual manner, *i.e.*, by a large and magnificent display of fireworks—to be followed by the usual gorgeous banquet, this year to be provided free of cost to all by the munificence of Dave Rowatt and Johnny Band. It is confidently anticipated that each of these public benefactors will show the boys of the young brigade the right and proper use of quart pots.

December.—The annual Christmas Tree and Party will take place on Christmas Eve. A full programme of games will be published and the championship cups for Kiss-in-ring, Snap-dragon and Postman's-knock will be awarded

respectively to Rigby Band, Randall and Marriott. The President will open the revels by leading off the Tango. The medals usually distributed for the best gastronomic display will be awarded to the Swinton-Sword-Swallower and the Neston-Gourmet. The entire cost of the affair will be borne by John Sunter, Jimmy Williams, and Fred McCann. New Year resolutions will be announced, the most noteworthy being the vow of the " Sensitive Plants," who dislike having their legs pulled and have not hitherto made any contribution to the pages of the *Circular*, to reform their ways and in future to laugh only at jokes directed against themselves and to form a syndicate to write up runs in rotation, without objurgation on the part of the Editor.

THE PAGANONE.

(Exclusive to the *Circular*.)

(*Crown—and half-crown—copyright.*)

From Our Special Commissioner (*By Private Wire*).

ENTHUSIASTIC scenes were witnessed at the Glauber Hotel, Bettws-y-Coed, last evening, when a complimentary dinner was given and a presentation was made, to W. P. Cook, on the occasion of his entering upon a new life following his momentous decision to cycle daily all the way from home to office.

The Lord Mayor of Pulford presided and was supported by a large and distinguished company, the Beerage being represented by the Marquis of Llanarmon, O.L., the Duke of Cyffylliog, the Glauber of Glauber, the Keeper of the Castle (Wen), the Bicarbonate of Soda, the Lady Wozyer, the Lady Ursula, the Macintosh of Macintosh and his heir, the Master of Burberry, and Sir Cascara Sagrada. The proletariat was represented by H. L. Elston, while E. Edwards appeared as a delegate of the Most Worshipful Company of Beer-Biters. Hubert Roskell occupied three seats on the left of the Chairman.

After an excellent meal had been drunk, the Chairman gave the loyal toast, which was responded to by Percy Brazen-dale.

On the invitation of the Chairman, Percy Brazen-dale, in a few well-chosen words—and several others—explained the purpose of the gathering. After more years than it was convenient to count without the aid of a comptometer, he said, " William Pagan Cook (Cheers), formerly known as ' Uncle ' and ' The Apostle,' and afterwards as ' Grandad ' (Cheers),

had decided that it was necessary for him to relinquish his slothful habits which had been the main characteristic of his life for several decades, and, in his declining years (Cries of 'No!'), start seriously in this cycling business (Cheers). For many years, now, Cook had been doing about 11,000 miles per annum (subject to confirmation by the R.R.A.) but, after a great deal of consideration, he (Cook) had come to the conclusion that he had been wasting his opportunities, and he (Cook) had decided that he (Cook) must get more riding done. (Hear, hear.) With this laudable object in view, he (Cook) had given up his (Cook's) stall at Woodside Ferry and also his (Cook's) contract, and henceforth he (Cook) would cycle the whole distance, daily, between Sunnyside Hydro and Brunswick Street, Liverpool. (Loud and prolonged cheers.) Here, continued the speaker, was a tremendous decision—one might justifiably say, a world-shaking decision—which reflected the very greatest possible credit on Cook (Cheers). What did it mean? From the personal point of view, it meant that for the future Cook would voluntarily forego those drafts of warm engine-oil to which his hardy nature had become accustomed (sympathetic cheers). What that meant to Cook, only Cook—and perhaps Oliver Cooper, Frank Chandler, Jimmy Williams, F. D. McCann, W. E. Cotter, John Leece, and 50 or 60 other Anfielders—could tell. (Renewed cheers of the same type.) From the public point of view—and, after all, added the speaker, the public view was paramount, paregorical, fundamental, pre-eminent, pertinacious, and several other words possessing the same meaning—the Corporation of Birkenhead had to make other arrangements for the prompt sailing of their boats. That disruption of a condition of affairs which had existed for many years with the greatest possible satisfaction to everybody (Cheers) marked what might be called an epoch in the annals—the many annals, he might almost say—of Birkenhead (Cheers), and Anfielders were determined to celebrate the occasion in a suitable manner." (Loud and prolonged cheers.)

At the request of the Chairman, Percy Brazendale, with a further selection of well-chosen words, then made the presentation to Cook. The gift consisted of a Woolworth alarm clock engraved "Made in U.S.A."—an exquisitely graceful and delicate compliment to Cook's country of upbringing. As Percy Brazendale's speech will appear as a serial in the next 17 issues of the *Waterloo Fizz-Bang* (incorporating the *Llanberis Echo*), there is no need for us to report it here. The main point was that Cook would have no further cause for turning up late at the runs. "Gone now," exclaimed the

speaker, "was the futile excuse, when three-quarters of an hour late, that Cook had been held up by the automatic signals." (Loud applause.)

Cook then rose to respond in a perfect storm of applause, the members waving their tumblers vociferously. When silence had been restored by Percy Brazendale, Cook said: "Friends one and all—and Percy Brazendale: Thank you very much. Waiter! Take the orders please."

In response to continued cries of "Robinson (himself)," our eminent and prolific lecturer-*litterateur*, bashful as ever, was persuaded to rise. Speaking with a great deal of diffidence, and with a marked Borstal accent, "Wayfarer" asserted that this was one of the proudest moments (if not *the* proudest) of his life (Cheers). It had been a red-letter day in a long and distinguished career when, a few years ago, he had managed to persuade Cook, always so conservative, to make a radical change in the habits of a life-time and to give a more liberal interpretation to the pastime of cycling. (Renewed cheers.) It was his (Robinson's) privilege—and he esteemed it highly—to take Cook on his (Cook's) first expedition into his (Robinson's) beloved Wales, and he (Robinson) treasured many precious memories of the three week-ends spent with Cook at, respectively, Connahs Quay, Flint, and Bagillt. (Thunderous applause.) When he (Robinson) saw how well he (Cook) shaped, he felt no compunction about granting Cook full permission to revisit Wales whenever he (Cook) chose. (Renewed applause.) The result they all knew (Beer, beer). With that enterprise and intrepidity, and with that complete disregard for danger, which were foremost amongst Cook's not innumerable attributes—and, he ventured to say, "you fellows" might advantageously plan your lives on such lines—Cook had now made many similar journeys into Wales, at times thrusting as far afield as even Coedpoeth, Cilcain, and Ysceifiog. (Rapturous applause.) Turning to other matters, Robinson (himself) said that he desired to add—and he stated this in all sincerity, conscientiously believing the same to be true, and fully realizing his responsibility—that if at any time Cook wished to borrow any of his (Cook's) lantern slides from him (Robinson), he (Robinson) would be more than delighted to lend them to him (Cook).

At this point the speaker was overcome by emotion, and Percy Brazendale, rising to the occasion with his usual *eclair* (we think that our contributor means "aplomb."—ED.), completed his (Robinson's) speech. He (Brazendale) said that it was his main purpose in life to as far as possible and in every manner that seemed open to him, having regard to all the

circumstances of the case, and bearing in mind also his obligations to the C.T.C. and to the Liverpool District Association of that organization (of which District Association it was his privilege and honour to be President, after a long term of office as the courteous, enterprising, painstaking, and genial Hon. Secretary) see to it that Cook, in borrowing his (Cook's) slides from Robinson, did not overwork or overhear them. (This split infinitive has been duly entered for *Peg's Paper* Competition.—ED.).

Percy Brazendale then proposed a vote of thanks to the Chairman, which was carried with acclamation. After a few further speeches from Percy Brazendale, the proceedings terminated.

(NOTE.—It is understood that any members who were actually present at this momentous event may claim a run.—ED.)

WIRRAL BEER-BITING.

THE peaceful hamlet of Saughall Massie was stirred to its depths on the evening of December 11th, when twelve illustrious members of the ancient body (or if you prefer it, twelve ancient members of this illustrious body) of Beer-biters assembled at its one and only hotel.

It was all through Fawcett, and how it came about was this. Fawcett has for years been engaged in the intensive cultivation of the potato, and for years and years and years has promised his fellow Beer-biters that sooner or later he would entertain them to supper—a real potato supper, in order to decide whether his famous *Tuberosus Fawcettiensis* should take priority over the equally well-known variety *Spudaforkus Kilkenniensis*. Wearied at length by Fawcett's procrastination, the regular members of the beer-biting fraternity decided to dine together just to show Fawcett that the nation was not dependent upon his agricultural operations.

Thus it was that twelve tried and true Beer-biters—the brightest consolation in the firmament of Anfieldom, or for that matter of Cycledom, or for that matter even of Christendom—met in an upper chamber at the Saughall Massie Hotel, with the very best intentions of approving in the most emphatic manner the excellent cooking which was set before them.

At either end of the table there stood a noble steak-and-kidney pie, flanked by the necessary accompaniments, and if anyone came prepared to scoff, he surely remained to pray—that he might have the opportunity of re-encountering such entertainment. Everything went with a swing and it was

one of those rare occasions when there was not a suggestion of a flaw to be found, either with the food, the service, or the company; while even the clerk of the weather had arranged for about as fine an evening as one could choose for a ride. Punctually at nine o'clock eleven good men and true sat down, and just when it appeared that there would be an empty chair, like a *deus ex machina*, Kettle tripped lightly into the room.

At the head of the table was our venerated President, and facing him at the other end was Eddie Morris, both of whom dispensed the contents of the aforesaid pies with impartiality and precision, retaining the choice morsels only for themselves. On the President's right sat "Sir" Charles Conway, opposed by Cheminais, cheek by jowl with Chandler, the pair constituting a living portrait of Tweedledum and Tweedledee. Farther down on either side of the table were Fawcett, Royden, Powell, Snowden, Kettle, George Newall and Venables. Of these only Royden was not a Beer-biter *de facto*—that is to say, he is not a participator in the Wednesday evening meetings; but after this initiation it is hoped that he will pursue the matter further by turning up at least on some Wednesday evenings. The only speech came from the President and consisted of four words—"Gentlemen, you may smoke," which, however, was not received with vociferous applause, as most of the gentlemen had been smoking for ten minutes or so.

At ten o'clock, we dispersed in the usual manner—perhaps, however, not *quite* in the usual manner—considering the stately procession which wound its way towards Upton. Chandler did not stage one of his usual break-aways; perchance, he was meditating on the stories of bird life which he had just heard, or was it that those stately calves of his moved so slowly on account of the noble vessel above them being loaded well below the Plimsol line? Be that as it may, there appeared to be others even more sluggish; for Upton Hill broke the procession in two, nor was the tail ever articulated.

Little remains to be said, except that it is hoped that there may be a repetition of such a joyous gathering—in fact a monthly reunion would, in the writer's humble opinion, do much to keep alive the spirit of old-time friendship, than which there are few greater blessings.

PARKGATE PANTOMIMICS.

DEPARTING from time honoured precedent, the Parkgate Pedallers held their first Christmas dinner at their new abode, on Tuesday, the 17th. It would be about 9 p.m. when the hungry horde, which was graced by the presence of the Presider, sat down to a splendid meal which left everyone with distended waist lines and protruding eyes. Emulating their elder brethren, the liquid nourishment was not the usual innocuous tea, but real ale, one member only indulging in balloon juice. Lying about in various stages of prostration, they were then entertained by Bill Jones on the piano, the company joining, in several keys, in the usual rollicking choruses, and after "Auld Lang Syne" the party broke up and dispersed to their various homes, after what was voted to be the best Christmas "do" ever.

TOURS AND TOURING.

LOST CITIES ON THE HILL.

We have received the following characteristic (sic) letter from the Ancient Campstomer, which reads :

DEAR MR. EDITOR,

I have just discovered the Three Volumes of John Timbs, on "Abbeys, Castles and Earthworks," which contain the true version of "The White Horse Hill" commented on by me in my November outburst.

The great Mote Hill which I dared to call the noblest of its kind in England and the old military centre of the land now turns out to be nothing less than the lost Dragon Hill where George slew his Monster. The approach to it or footway is merely the trough through which the Monster's blood trickled down for centuries never more to be grass-grown.

Timbs goes on to say that the great camp of Uffington Castle was a Roman Camp little changed to this day, but that Alfred's battlefield lies westward at Ashdown above Ashbury by the side of the present racecourse.

For the convenience of members passing along the Ermine Street from Speen, I would direct them to turn off at Baydon near Lambourn, while those travelling by rail should hire bicycles at Swindon.

The curious hollows and curves around the Dragon Hill served as manger to the Great White Horse. No better place could well be chosen than these sheltered nooks for the Anfield to munch their sandwiches on their next BIFF INTO BERKS.

As regards the Cromlech, previously dragged in, here we tread on controversial ground. According to Timbs it was dedicated by Sir Walter Scott to Wayland the Blacksmith Farrier, instead of to his rival Ealand the Whitesmith of Charlemagne's sword.

After the conclusion of the Battle of Ashdown, it was turned into a Shakedown (or Shack, Mr. Simpson) for the slain Great Dane Boegseeg, who could no longer stand up to Alfred on the Ridge Way, "locally pronounced THE RIDGE." Now says Timbs: (or at least he suggests that) Boegseeg, who had not been baptized and so had no Christian name, was no match for the Christian Alfred—who having no surname called himself The Great—and from that date to this, England became a Christian country, as all the Pagans were slain and converted.

Yet I foresee that at this stage it is not unlikely that Pagan Cook on getting wind of all these rumours may butt in or cough up his seasoned familiar censure and challenge: "He's all wrong again, what a scream, really as a Historian he's the last word."

Even so, those who know the place will tell you that Boegseeg rode no Rudge in the early seventies (871) but got away on the Grey Mare which proved once again to be The Better Horse.

"U-NO-HOO."

RUNS.

Halewood, 7th December, 1935.

(Looking around the room at this annual Xmas function, amidst the turkeys, geese, plum puddings and mince pies, we could see heads just appearing over the piled up plates, and after a great deal of neck-stretching we discovered Kettle, Cody, Johnny Band, Edwards, Venables, Cook, Salt, Chandler, Burgess, Marriott, Royden, Powell, Birkby, Jones, Kinder, Stevenson, and Byron, amongst others, but failed to distinguish our quarry—the eminent gentleman who had been requested to write up the run. Knowing him to be small of stature we thought he might have slid underneath the table or be hiding somewhere, but on further investigation we found this was not so and decided, much to our disgust and annoyance, that he was again to fail us. We had just managed to find a substitute, when in at the doorway came his familiar dial, looking very pleasant and cheerful and beaming on us, as much as to say "I have come to write the run up, I'm a bit late, but full of beans for the job." We will now read what he has got to tell us.—ED.)

Editors come, and Editors go—and as long as they don't go after me, I am content. In the course of a long and embittered experience of their methods I have been hounded down from time to time by despairing youthful occupiers of this horrible position, sometimes being attacked in my own lair, where one has surely the right to regard oneself immune from aggression. When maturity raised its head again and the position once more reverted to men of presumably law-abiding instincts, one expected methods more in keeping with age. Do we find this the case? Not by a jugful! For months I have been relentlessly pursued by the Editorial savage who rules our literary destinies, and eventually run to earth. Ha, ha! but I have with astute cunning countered the attack by stipulating that another's hand will "do" the A.G.M., a job I had come to regard as my permanent yearly penance. This will allow me freedom to survey detachedly the uncanny tact of the Presider, to watch Knipe at his old game smothering his suffering fellow members with masses of statistics in such a way as to preclude the possibility of anybody discovering the imbroglio in which he has again succeeded in placing the Club's finances; to listen with awe to the erudite and expert criticisms tossed off by our chartered accountants (who seem to swarm at these functions), and to marvel at the express speed attained by the scrutineers of the voting papers.

(Don't you think it about time you said summat about the run, me lad?—ED.)

By Jove, I'd forgotten about that—sorry! . . . Much to my annoyance I found on telephoning Chem that he could not remember where he had mislaid his bicycle. This was a bitter blow, as I had been looking forward to a nice long run round the earth. However, after a few words, we adopted the more strenuous course of hiking it all the way from Woolton, braving once more the deadly perils of the snake-infested path, and eventually after a couple of refreshers arrived at the Adelphi Hotel—at least that's how it appeared to us.

With a pang we realised the march of time has resulted in the wiping out of another old landmark—in its place a modern edition. Gone was the dirty old tank with its roaring fire, accumulated odour of centuries and general air of bucolic comfort, to be replaced with an elaborate bar where four-arf was a thing of the past, and no intoxicating liquors could be had under fourpence a gulp. A sad transformation! Thank Heaven, the bulwark of the catering department remains and sees to it that no deterioration sets in.

There was a goodly muster of—and we were all delighted to see dear old Bob Knipe back in his old place after his operation, and trust he will go from strength to strength. We were also all delighted to welcome our old friend, Mr. J. T. Smith, brought out by Hubert, and looking as debonair and cheerful as ever.

The Anfield chorus seems to have lapsed into desuetude—has Tommy lost his resonance or summit?—and it is a thousand pities this fine body should have become unstuck.

Quite early the real riders trickled away into the night, leaving only a few to defend the realm for an hour in the traditional way. Alas! (and alack! So much so that we understand the Wallasey ferry boats, which were going to be taken off the service just before midnight in the winter months, owing to lack of support, will continue to run, at any rate on the first Saturday night in the month.—ED.)

Goostrey, 7th December, 1935.

Seven only attended this fixture—disappointing, since the rendezvous is one of the best we have. Some blight seems to have settled on the Manchester section; some of the members appear to have lost interest, or perhaps they're short of energy. But whatever the reason may be, it is to be hoped that one of their New Year resolutions will be "To attend the run wherever the destination may be fixed."

The day gave an example of real English weather. Cold, with a strong wind, in the afternoon, at 6 p.m. frost, at 6-30, snow, and at 7-0, a deluge of rain, with a very perceptible rise in temperature. My ride out was somewhat strenuous, but enjoyable. The meal disposed of, all but one decided to wait a bit in the hope that the rain would clear off. The lull came and we started—in a few minutes the rain recommenced and persisted. The back tyre of one of the party chose this moment to sit down, but fortunately cover was available near by, under which to mend the tube in comfort. Home was reached without further incident.

Chester, 14th December, 1935.

There was a decided touch of winter about the day's—or rather the evening's—proceedings, when just as dusk was falling, small flakes of snow began to whisper softly, rapidly growing bolder and within half-an-hour shouting blatantly that Winter had come, as though they were conscious that, as the wind was beginning to shift to the south, it was really only bluff and that they would soon have to give way to their eternal rival—Rain! Apparently, however, this self-same

bluff succeeded in scaring a number of Anfielders, who, under other circumstances, would never have dreamed of missing such a nice, easy run as that to Chester, with the result that but nine arrived at the " Bull and Stirrup," and of these only four under their own power, *viz.*, the Presider, the Secretary, Snowden and Threlfall; the remainder—Edwards, Kettle, John Roberts, Rowatt and Venables—adopted other means of travel.

Dinner was a first-rate affair: it was good, well-cooked and well served in an atmosphere of comfort and welcome, and, when winter runs are under consideration, the " Bull and Stirrup " might, with advantage, be kept more in mind than it has been, hitherto.

The landlord did not cavil at the small number of guests—nine instead of fifteen—as some would have done, but merely said he supposed the weather accounted for the number of absentees. The weather! O, Anfielders, take this remark to heart—you funked the weather! Even the sportsman who promised to write the account of the run did not turn up: did he, too . . . ?

The Presider had a hard ride in front of him and would no doubt make a good advertisement for somebody's lemon squash by the time he reached Wem. Threlfall had himself for company back to Liverpool, by way of the Mersey Tunnel, while Powell and Snowden zipped through the snow and slush along the Hoylake road, not forgetting to zip into Willaston for a zip before continuing their journey homewards.

Little Budworth, 14th December, 1935.

Why did we have so poor a turn-up? It certainly was not by reason of the weather, for in the early afternoon there was plenty of blue in the sky and the cold was no more than exhilarating. Perhaps for some it was the distance—on the other hand we have members for whom this place is more convenient than most others. For whatever reason we had but five to table—good old Cody, the Three Musketeers and the Vice.

Whilst conditions at the start were, in my opinion at any rate, quite propitious, soon after darkness fell the snow began to fall too and became so thick that visibility decreased to about a yard; so bad was it that in the lanes near Little Budworth, after narrowly escaping being ditched several times, I felt compelled to dismount and walk or trot the remainder of the way, arriving somewhat late to find the other four waiting to get their feet in the trough. Though the party was small it was merry enough.

Cody went early, as usual, and we hope had an easy ride home, as the wind was astern of him ; the rest of us waited some time in the hope that the snow would let up. Vain hope—we had to face it, but found it not too bad, though passing cars on the main road were rather too liberal with the wet snow they flung at us. However, we got home, very wet, but still smiling.

Hooton, 21st December, 1935.

Unfortunately, I am not able to attend many Club runs, but, all things considered, this was one I would gladly have missed !

After a week of fog and frost, it was with no little pleasure that I observed the disappearance of the former, but the thaw that set in at the same time was not sufficient to remove the ice from the roads ; in fact it made them even more treacherous, reducing them to the proverbial sheets of glass.

So I warily set out on my "long" journey to Hooton, observing with awe and admiration the manner in which the errand-boys and bowler-hatted roadster users careered along at "fifteens," whilst I, crawling along at a walking pace, thought, "Oh, these foolish fellows, what beautiful smashes they will have"—then Whoosh ! my bicycle slid away from me—and I went on.

Picking up bicycle, lamp and self, bruised and chastened, I walked a little way, resolving to become an errand-boy and a *real* cyclist. Stopping to let a little more air out of the tyres I was vouchsafed some crumbs of satisfaction at the sight of an errand-boy skidding—and getting off to walk. Thus fortified, I reached the main road and from there rode to the Hooton Hotel without further incident.

The following were present : Cook, Kettle, Powell and son-in-law, Chandler, Salt, Randall, Williams, Hughes, Byron, Preston, Venables, Rowatt, Edwards, Cody, Marriott, J. Band, Morris, and Scarff.

Charles and Arthur Williams looked very smart, having come by train, as enthusiastic members of the recently formed G.W.R. Wheelers.

The meal, I thought, was only mediocre, but perhaps the recent orgy at the ex-W.T.T.'s "Hot Pot" had spoilt me.

Marriott reported a spill on the "Sytech," and Jack Seed phoned to say he had crashed, also on the Sytech, suffering bruises, and a following car had run over his machine. (I have since heard that Powell also crashed, on the way home.)

Cook, I believe, was bound for Overton, where I hope he docked safely. Chandler further spoilt my day by demanding this write-up within two days, and I missed a wonderful chance of stinging him for an expensive drink. That's what "narks" me. If he expected a cheery article about the joys of cycling and the marvellous time we had, he picked the wrong man. I wonder if he crashed on the way home? But no! he was probably on a trike. (He was neither on a trike nor did he crash.—Ed.)

As for me, there was one bright spot—I came home by train.

Holmes Chapel, 21st December, 1935.

The weather for this run was anything but ideal, and presumably accounts for the very small attendance, as only six sat down to tea, namely: Bert Green, W. Orrell, Lockett, Haynes, Thomas and Poole.—(And evidently for the shortness of the account also.—Ed.)

Acton Bridge, 26th December, 1935.

With reluctance I tore myself away from the youngster's new train set and sallied forth into the rain. The roads were almost deserted and I only saw two other cyclists before the first stop at Warrington, caused by closed level crossing gates. Then a long grind up to Stretton earned me a drink at the "Cat and Lion," and Acton Bridge was very easily reached from there.

The Tank slowly filled up. Knipe and Lucas arrived by car owing to the bad morning. Knipe was looking quite fit again and had intended riding out. Tommy Royden was the first arrival from Wirral and was full of beans as usual after his long ride. He looked like being the only representative from the Peninsula until Marriott and Rigby Band blew in about 1-30. It was good to see Bren Orrell at a Club run again, looking as fit as ever.

Soon after 1-30 a move was made upstairs and Barney did us very well. Roast duck and vegetables was followed by plum pudding fit for teetotallers to eat (plenty of rum in the sauce), and mince pies, cheese and celery and coffee. It was a great improvement on Mouldsworth last year, and everyone sat around the fire with a look of contentment on his face until about three o'clock when a start was made for home.

Those present were Rigby Band, Cody, Green, Haynes, Knipe, Lucas, Marriott, G. B. Orrell, W. Orrell, Royden, Stephenson and Thomas.

I had a solo ride home again and as I cannot go into rhapsodies about the sunset over Gossages I will content myself with saying that I arrived safely at the early hour of 5 o'clock, to be greeted by cries of astonishment from the family.

Bettws-y-Coed, 24th-26th December, 1935.

With Xmas day coming mid-week it did not provide a really good excuse for "pinching" some extra days and making a *real* holiday at Bettws-y-Coed, but it says a great deal for the attractiveness of this fixture that notwithstanding the infliction of persistent fogs and icy roads, culminating on Xmas Eve in a veritable blizzard, the party at the Glan Aber numbered our lucky thirteen—ten members and three frineds. And be it noted that *eight* of the ten members and one friend (Mrs. Salt) were *cycling*! The Presider on his trike (safety first as explained by G.H.S. in *Cycling* most appropriately) was the first to start and the only one to get through by road on Xmas Eve. The only difference the snow made was a change of route from his usual Ruabon-Cerrig-y-druidion schedule made possible by Salt (who had arranged to meet him at Ruabon) telephoning and being given a new rendezvous at Nant Hall, Prestatyn, the O.G. having decided in consultation with the Editorial One, that the coast road was more likely to escape the worst of the blizzard. And this proved a very wise decision, because from Prestatyn to Llandudno Junction the roads were quite clear. Unfortunately, Salt, concerned about his better half being able to get through by bus, failed to materialise, so the O.G. ploughed his lonely furrow. Around Glan Conway there were stretches of icy roads which made the trike good value, but Llanwrst was made for afternoon tea and Bettws-y-Coed safely reached soon after six and a warm welcome received from dear old George Lake and our old friend Mr. Cannon.

Naturally the evening was a quiet one, with only the usual walk to "the Swallow Falls," but just as Morpheus was calling a shout from without announced the arrival of Smith! Smith had planned to ride from Gobowen, but the terrible conditions in that zone and newspaper reports of deep drifts in the Corwen district caused him wisely to stick to Home Rails.

Xmas Day saw the thaw that had set in almost complete, and the Presider and Smith had a most delightful trip to Beddgelert. There were some icy patches by the Swallow Falls

(which were thoroughly explored and found to be in full spate) and Capel Curig, but they had entirely disappeared on the home journey. Some rain was encountered on the open Capel-Peny-gwryd stretch but after that the weather was on its best behaviour and some magnificent views of Snowdonia obtained. At Plas Colwyn there was a hearty reception and an excellent lunch. Miss Lizzie was all excitement over a letter she had received from Wayfarer (himself), but she agreed that it would have been much happier if he had been with us and delivered his Xmas greetings personally—if only to show that he still rides a bicycle!

On the return journey the usual stop for afternoon tea was made at Tyn-y-coed, but Lake and Mr. Cannon did not make the usual call, so our style was not cramped in any way. Returned to the Glan Aber we were amazed to hear that Hubert Roskell and Mr. Buckley, for unknown reasons, had "cried off"! Can it be that Hubert is not the man he was? But Mr. and Mrs. Edwards had arrived safely and we were asked to swallow some yarn about being kept late at the office as the "reason" Teddy did not start the day before! Chandler also had arrived on trike by Cook's route, but his appetite must be failing, as he eschewed a decent lunch at Nant Hall, fed himself *standing up* on a Spanish onion at some low pub. at Meliden, *walked up* Llandulas hill and only stopped at Talycafn for tea, because he had not the courage to pass!

And then we discovered in the Tank Sir Charles Randall and his troupe consisting of Lockett, Byron and Brewster. Lockett had braved the icy roads from Manchester to Chester on Xmas Eve, while Brewster had indulged in an All-night (train) ride from Coventry to Crewe, and this quartette seemed to have been playing hide and seek with Chandler and only succeeded in avoiding him by most cowardly turning off the coast road at Abergele and making for Llanwrst direct! And finally, just as dinner was announced, Jack Salt and his better fifteen-sixteenth arrived on a tandem practically non-stop from Heswall via St. Asaph and the Bryn-y-pin Pass. We take our hats off to Mrs. Salt and merely suggest the formation of another R.R.A. to adjudicate on "mixed" records!! A very jolly evening ensued—but it is left to your imagination.

Boxing Day saw all the cyclists taking to the road for home, leaving Mr. and Mrs. Edwards to receive any late scholars and fill in their time at Bettws until Mold on Saturday! Cook, Chandler and Smith reached Llangollen for lunch and Lockett with a long way to go evidently had his lunch somewhere near as he passed the trikes near Cerrig and again near Trevor. But the Tea Tasters had a rendezvous with Marriott

and Connor at Corwen and we heard rumours of tea at Mold and/or Heswall—they were last seen by Smith in a café at Pentre! At Llangollen, Smith departed for Wellington and the two tricyclists "smashed through" to Willaston for tea and eventually parted at the portals of Sunnyside Hydro with assurances that the weather had been on its best behaviour and that they were certain everyone had had a Happy Xmas.

At the Glan Aber, Xmas card greetings were happily received from Harry Buck (Vancouver), John Kinder, G. E. Carpenter and Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Wood (Trixie Skinner that was), and when the Presider got home he was delighted to find a cable "Christmas Greetings" from "Baron" Fulton.

Mold, 28th December, 1935.

This run was not so well attended as is usually the case, some of the members evidently not yet having recovered from the wintry conditions of the previous week-end and the festivities which took place during the week. Cook and Snowden had been round by Wrexham and spent most of the evening in bewailing the fact that, although they had seen one, John Roberts, they had been unable to entice him to the run. Kettle (*cum* canine-protector) turned up in a pair of nailed boots, proudly displaying a compass (a Xmas present?), to prevent Harold from emulating the feat of the three simpletons who nearly lost themselves a week or two ago on the Pennines. It appeared he had come from Bontuchel by car and was returning there for a final day's exploration of the moors on the morrow. He was particularly anxious to find out the present magnetic correction for the longitude of Bont. The only person who appeared to know anything about this subject was the Editor, who gave Harold the necessary information. Dave Rowatt, full of apologies and excuses for not having been on the Club Tour during the Xmas holidays, had come by the method peculiar to him. Then there was Elias, and also Teddy fresh from Bettws. Whilst Howarth whom we have not seen for about 12 months had broken away from home ties to report that he still retained an interest in the A.B.C. Perkins was out, whilst the Tea-Tasters were represented by Randall, looking quite respectable in knickerbockers, Marriott, Connor, Preston, Jones, Williams, Hughes, Byron and Rigby Band looking just about the same as usual, which is not saying very much!!

© Anfield Bicycle Club

© Anfield Bicycle Club

ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

FORMED MARCH, 1879.

MONTHLY CIRCULAR

Vol XXXI.

No. 360.

FIXTURES FOR FEBRUARY, 1936.

Tea at 6-0 p.m.

			Light up at
Feb.	1	Halewood (Derby Arms)	5-24 p.m.
"	8	Farndon (Raven)	5-36 p.m.
"	10	Committee Meeting, 7-30 p.m. (Victoria Hotel, St. John's Lane, Liverpool)	
"	15	Mouldsworth (Station Hotel)	5-51 p.m.
"	22	Mold (Dolphin)	6- 5 p.m.
"	29	Chester (Bull and Stirrup)	6-14 p.m.
Mar.	7	Halewood (Derby Arms)	6-29 p.m.

ALTERNATIVE FIXTURES.

Tea at 5-30 p.m.

Feb.	1	Goostrey (Red Lion)	5-24 p.m.
"	8	Sutton (Ryles Arms)	5-36 p.m.
"	22	Acton Bridge (Leigh Arms)	6- 5 p.m.
"	29	Lymm (Spread Eagle)	6-14 p.m.
Mar.	7	Goostrey (Red Lion)	6-29 p.m.

Full Moon ... 7th inst.

NOTICE.

All communications should be addressed to The Editor, 22 Holly Bank Road, Birkenhead. They should be written legibly, on one side of the paper only, and should bear the name of the sender.

The Hon. Treasurer's address is R. L. Knipe, 138 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.

© Anfield Bicycle Club

COMMITTEE NOTES.

4 THE LAUND,

WALLASEY, CHESHIRE.

NEW MEMBER.—Mr. C. H. Crompton, 18 Primrose Avenue, Farnworth, Lancs., has been elected to Full Membership.

APPLICATION FOR MEMBERSHIP.—Mr. W. P. Rock, 75 Greendale Road, Port Sunlight, Cheshire. Proposed by Mr. J. J. Salt; seconded by Mr. F. Marriott.

RESIGNATION.—The resignation of Mr. G. A. Glover has been accepted with regret.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS.—Mr. J. Fowler, 245 Pershore Road, Edgbaston, Birmingham. Mr. W. E. L. Cooper, 123 Taggart Avenue, Liverpool, 16. Mr. J. R. Walton, 26 Dundonald Road, Cheadle, Cheshire.

Mr. F. Chandler has been re-appointed Editor of the *Circular*.

The following Club Delegates have been appointed:—

R.R.C.—Mr. P. C. Beardwood.

R.R.A.—Mr. P. C. Beardwood and Mr. J. C. Beauchamp.

N.R.R.A.—Mr. E. Haynes, Junr., Mr. G. Lockett and Mr. W. Orrell.

The following have been appointed a Handicapping Committee: Messrs. W. P. Cook, E. Edwards, W. H. Kettle, F. Marriott and E. Haynes, Junr.

The following have been appointed a Course Committee: Messrs. E. Haynes, Junr., J. S. Jonas, W. H. Kettle, F. Marriott and C. Randall.

The Triennial Dinner of the Road Records Association is to be held at the Hamilton Hall, Great Eastern Hotel, Liverpool Street Station, London, E.C.2., on Friday, 7th February. Tickets, 10/- each. Members who propose to attend the Dinner and who have not already obtained their ticket should communicate at once with Mr. S. M. Vanheems, 47/48 Berners Street, London, W.1.

H. W. POWELL,

Hon. General Secretary.

TREASURY NOTES.

OUR champion "arrearsists" have escaped a horrible fate. I spent a good Xmas Eve in beseeching them to pay, but they were blind and deaf to my pleadings, though I wrote them with tears in my pen.

So, filled with righteous indignation, I prepared a terrible curse—a curse more awful than that which fell on the famous Jackdaw of Rheims. But the Editor got off the mark with such incredible speed that my copy reached him too late for publication. Hence the reason that they still continue to cumber the earth. But let them beware! Let this narrow escape be a warning, and bring about a change of heart and a change of cash.

To quote from our famous hermit-poet of Cheadle-on-the-Mere:—

“ Let the Branch that stands so true
Gobble up subscriptions due.
To the Banks of Brooks of Tue
Matter not our looks so blue.”

My thanks are due to all those who have forwarded their Subscription and/or Donations(*), and I append the lists for December and January.

December—

*J. C. Band.	F. Jones.	F. E. Parton.
F. E. Bill.	W. R. Jones.	T. Slawson.
H. G. Buckley.	*A. Lusty.	J. A. Smithers.
*E. J. Cody.	*G. Lockett.	T. V. Schofield.
W. E. L. Cooper.	C. Randall.	C. Selkirk.
J. Fowler.	A. N. Rawlinson.	J. E. Walker.
T. Hinde.	J. E. Rawlinson.	J. R. Walton.
*N. M. Higham.	E. J. Reade.	C. H. Woodroffe.

January—

F. E. Bill.	E. D. Green.	F. E. Parton.
*P. Brazendale.	E. R. Green.	F. Perkins.
*E. J. Cody.	E. Haynes.	H. W. Powell.
*W. P. Cook.	E. Haynes, Junr.	J. C. Robinson.
*G. E. Connor.	N. S. Heath.	D. Smith.
C. J. Conway.	W. Henderson.	T. Slawson.
C. H. Crompton.	F. H. Koenen.	E. Snowden.
*E. Edwards.	*R. Leigh Knipe.	Sir J. D. Siddeley.
C. F. Elias.	G. Molyneux.	*W. T. Venables.
R. A. Fulton.	F. Marriott.	
*H. Green.	E. Montag.	

R. L. KNIPE,

Hon. Treasurer.

RACING NOTES.

THE following gentlemen have been appointed as Time-keepers : W. P. Cook, Esq., Invitation " 100 " and Club Fifty mile events. N. M. Higham, Esq., Invitation " 24." A. Lusty, Esq., Invitation " 12."

DATES OF RACES.

Invitation " 100 "	June 1st.
Invitation " 24 "	17th/18th July.
Invitation " 12 "	15th August.
Provisional dates for Club " 50 " events :—			

May 2nd ; May 23rd ; July 25th ; August 29th.

Please consider these and if any suggestions can be made , they will be appreciated.

PROVISIONAL DATES FOR RECOMMENDED OPEN EVENTS.

Charlotteville " 50 "	13th April.
Warwickshire Roads " 50 "	26th April.
Bath Road Scratch " 50 "	3rd May.
Dukinfield " 50 "	10th May.
East Liverpool " 50 "	14th June.
Manchester Wheelers' " 50 "	21st June.
Grosvenor " 100 "	28th June.
Warrington " 100 "	12th July.
Bath Road and Speedwell			
" 100's "	3rd August.
North Road " 24 "	4th/5th September.
Manchester Wheelers' " 12 "	13th September.

These dates must not be counted upon as definite until the printed list is available from the R.R.C. Copies of this list may be obtained in due course.

F. E. MARRIOTT,

Captain and Hon. Racing Sec.

EDITORIAL.

FROM the Committee Notes members will see that we have been appointed to wield the Editorial pen for the current year. This we have much pleasure in doing, and trust that we may continue to receive the assistance that has been given us by most of the members during the time we have been in office. We cannot allow this opportunity to pass without publicly thanking those who have subscribed so willingly to these columns. We would thank H. Green for not only giving his own time to writing, but for superintending the arrangements regarding the writing up of the Manchester alternatives; F. H. Koenen for giving us his archaeological "stuff" which is served up with that old time humour so attractive to readers several years ago; W. M. Robinson for sending us his very amusing pleasantries, which again were a feature of these columns some years ago; E. Snowden for stepping in on more than one occasion and writing up runs when the "scribe" booked had failed to appear; Frank Marriott for doing the same and for providing us with a prodigious quantity of "copy"; E. Byron for keeping us informed of the doings of the Tea Tasters and the young "bloods" generally; P. C. Beardwood for keeping us informed of matters appertaining to events in the Metropolis; N. Turvey and D. Smith for narratives of tours which can be turned to practical use, and all others who have contributed something, either by means of writing up runs or sending us contributions. We also wish to thank the Secretary for superintending the despatch of the *Circulars* and helping us to get them distributed to the members so promptly.

IN MEMORIAM.

The Club has suffered a grievous loss in the passing away of GEORGE BARKER MERCER, on Sunday, January 5th, at the ripe age of 77, who was interred at Anfield Cemetery on January 8th.

G. B. Mercer was one of the founder-members of the Club and no one has devoted more time to its welfare over so long a period as the nearly 56 years the Club has existed. To him we are undoubtedly indebted for our tradition as a Club of long distance riders and it was undoubtedly his example that led the late Lawrence Fletcher and G. P. Mills to direct their attention to "24's," which culminated in their fine End to End record rides. Similarly he was the direct means of inducing D. R. Fell to mark history with his two fine Liverpool-London rides at Easter and Whitsuntide of 1885.

Mercer was a most emotional man who could only keep his emotions under control by a somewhat severe expression of countenance that caused some people to misunderstand him. Those of us who were present when he was returning thanks for his Life Membership will never forget how in declaring that on his death "Anfield Bicycle Club" would be found engraved on his heart, George Mercer nearly broke down. What he said was undoubtedly true. He never gave merely lip-service, but to the last let actions speak louder than words.

In the very early days of the Club he raced successfully on both road and path, and in his last year of road racing (1885) he accomplished four "24's" the best of which was 228½ miles, over a course that would be considered grotesque in these days.

During all the 56 years of his membership he was practically continuously a member of the Executive, until increasing deafness forced his retirement a few years ago. He had filled the offices of Hon. Secretary and Honorary Treasurer in the 80's and in more recent years had been President (1907) and Vice-President for six successive years. But perhaps the most remarkable service he rendered to the Club was the way he put his car and himself at its disposal for every race without having to be asked; and probably no one has done more checking and transport work than he.

Right up to the last race of last year he worked for us in a manner that is an example and inspiration for all of us. And then, as though his work was done, he gradually began to fail in health until he passed peacefully away leaving nothing but a fragrant memory in all our hearts. We may well say "Well done, thou good and faithful servant," and extend our deepest sympathy to those bereaved.

At the interment were S. J. Buck, E. Buckley, G. B. Burgess, F. Chandler, C. J. Conway, W. P. Cook, E. Edwards, D. R. Fell, W. H. Kettle, R. L. Knipe, F. H. Koenen, D. C. Rowatt, T. Royden, J. H. Sunter, W. T. Venables and J. H. Williams.

IN MEMORIAM—*Continuation.*

It is with deep regret that I write these few lines announcing the passing away of my fellow-clubman and old friend of over 50 years—G. B. Mercer.

In his younger days George was one of our most prominent long distance riders and entered for most of the events in the 80's, when we had path races on the old Hall Lane track (now covered with houses and streets); he pulled off a good many prizes, and on the road I think he got two or three records, but it is so long ago I have forgotten the details.

Of late years, since motors came in, he has been of great assistance at our "50's," "100's," "12's," and "24's," in placing his car at the disposal of the Club and helping lame dogs, etc.

George never lost interest in the A.B.C., and I really think it was his last thought when he passed away.

In him we have lost one of our original members and I feel sure that everyone will remember him with deep feelings of kindness and respect.

We all offer our sympathies with Mrs. Mercer and his two daughters in their great trouble.

D.R.F.

From The Editorial Archives.

51 YEARS AGO.

Extracts from the Anfield Bicycle Club Report for the Year ending 31st December, 1885.

Headquarters : Club House, 36 Bedford Street North, Liverpool.

President : J. H. Cook. *Vice-President* : G. B. Mercer and J. P. Fletcher. *Captain* : D. J. Bell. *Treasurer* : D. R. Fell. *Secretary* : Hugh Fraser.

Committee : J. B. Beazley, Lawrence Fletcher, W. Downes-Mills, H. Pedder, J. C. Robinson, C. E. Stoker.

Sub-Captains : A. W. Gamble, F. W. Mayor.

In the Secretary's Report read out at the A.G.M. on 4th January, 1886, occurs : "I would again call attention to the fact that, though nominally a Bicycling Club, we are supported by all the best road-riding and racing tricyclists in the district. . . . Long Distance Road Riding has been the feature of the year, and the performances of a large number of the members have undoubtedly placed the Anfield in the proud position of being the best Road Riding Club in the Kingdom."

The longest distance covered that year was by G. P. Mills, Knotty Ash to Weedon and back to Bold Bridge, 260 miles. Whilst G. B. Mercer rode from Liverpool to Burton-on-Trent, etc., 228½ miles, and D. R. Fell from London to Liverpool, 205 miles and Liverpool to London, 201 miles. Lawrence Fletcher rode from Lands End to John O' Groats on a tricycle, 875 miles in 8-5-20, beating the record by 6½ hours. Commenting on G. B. Mercer's covering 208 miles on a bicycle in 24 hours on the Good Friday of that year, the Report goes on to say "On the same day D. R. Fell rode his bicycle from Liverpool to London, 201 miles in the 24 hours, a performance which has never been equalled, except by his own ride on Whit Monday when he accomplished the same distance in the reverse direction, also within 24 hours (*riding for seven hours through the rain*). To D. R. Fell belongs the honour of being the only rider who has ever accomplished this ride from point to point and *proved* his claim to have done so."

"The tour into North Wales at Easter was very enjoyable, 22 members joining in, and the beauties of Bettws-y-Coed, Snowdon, and the Swallow Falls were fully appreciated."

"The August tour to Harrogate was also a good one, 15 members taking part in it, and occupying three tents."

"At the commencement of the year the Club joined the N.C.U. Local Centre, and as a General Meeting was held a few days later, we claimed the right to attend, and did so; the Chairman ruled us out of order and would neither allow our members to speak nor to vote. We appealed to the Executive of the Union, and, they deciding in our favour, the Officers of the Centre instantly disbanded themselves. The Centre was however reconstructed on a much firmer basis and the Club joined in and supported it."

At a Special General Meeting, held at the Club House, 8 Lower Breck Road, Anfield, Liverpool, on Monday, 7th December, 1885, at which G. B. Mercer presided, supported by D. J. Bell, J. R. Conway, T. B. Conway, J. H. Cook, D. R. Fell, Hugh Fraser, G. P. Mills, J. C. Robinson, Lawrence Fletcher and others, one of the resolutions adopted to a motion by W. Downes-Mills, seconded by D. R. Fell, was "that the wearing of straw hats at Club runs during the summer *shall not be compulsory*."

The membership of 207 (Active and Honorary) included four ladies, relatives of members. G. P. Mills and N. Croke attended the largest number of fixtures, *viz.*, 46 out of a possible 47.

BEST ALL ROUNDER CONCERT.

January 18th, 1936.

A REPRESENTATIVE party consisting of Marriott, Connor, Preston, Scarff and del Banco (with their respective fiancées) and friend Rock met at Lime Street Station for the journey up to London. Dave Fell was discovered after the train had been on its way for some time.

A pleasant journey through the snow-covered countryside was capped by the train arriving dead on time—3-30 p.m. At Euston—Lockett and Ryalls joined the party which then divided to visit various places of interest, and met again for tea. Here Salt and his better seven-eights, who had gone up on Friday, increased our number.

As the proceedings at the Royal Albert Hall have been fully described in *Cycling* there is no need to detail these. A splendid programme was greatly enjoyed by all, and Britain's Best received their due rounds of applause.

At the interval, an attack on the fort, where Cook sat amongst the "elite," was made, but was repulsed by the guardians of the stairs leading to the boxes. The attack was pushed forward with renewed vigour and eventually three or four managed to reach the "forbidden city."

On leaving the venue, a fog was found to have descended, with the consequence that the train crawled along for some time and was about 1½ hours late in arriving at Lime Street.

Liverpool, early on a Sunday morning, is not exactly a city of joy, so all made a bee line for home as soon as possible, hoping that another twelve months will see us once again journeying to witness this pleasant occasion.

AT RANDOM.

WE understand that Robinson now regularly takes a hot-water bottle to bed with him. A sad—but sure—sign of senile decay!

We hear on good authority that Tommy Royden is now making regular visits to a Beauty Parlour. We shall look for results in a few years' time.

Chandler strolled into the lounge at the Glan Aber, on Christmas Day, and carelessly tossed his skull-cap and gloves in front of the fire. Just before dinner he came to us in a great state wanting to know what we'd done with them. Smith told him he wouldn't touch them with the proverbial

barge-pole and also what he'd like to do with them. Greatly touched by his anguished look we got to work and put forward the following theories.

1. That the maid, seeing the debris in the fireplace, assumed it was a sparrow's nest fallen down the chimney, and put it into the fire.
2. That they had been put in the stock pot to add flavour and colouring to the soup.
3. That they had been put in the mincing machine to make the innards for the famous Penmachno sausages.

However these were all wrong, for all that had happened was that a maid had picked them up with a pair of tongs and placed them in a cupboard impregnated with lavender !



News, gentle, and not too gentle, readers. Marriott has been in the hands of the law. He was passing through Mold about three weeks ago, with his mind far away from such mundane things as Belisha Beacons and traffic lights, probably thinking of the green fields and conifers of Norway, at any rate it must have been something green, because he charged across the amber light. Unfortunately for Frank, just behind him was a sports car, containing a speed cop, who immediately went after him. An exciting chase then ensued for about fifty yards, but Frank was relentlessly overhauled. When we got into earshot, we could hear a rather one-sided conversation, Frank occasionally saying " Yes, officer " and " Sorry, officer." Everything apparently was smoothed over, as when we passed them, Frank was making profuse salaams, and saying, " I'm sorry I don't smoke, but will you have one of my sandwiches," and regardless of bribery and corruption handed the policeman a rather battered ham sandwich which had been in his bag for about three weeks.



We are sorry to hear that Harold Band has been seriously ill, but are glad that he is improving. We sincerely trust that early reports as to the probable restriction of his career as far as cycling and athletics are concerned may prove unduly pessimistic and that he may be able to pursue his hobbies even although curtailed to some extent perhaps. We extend to Harold, Mrs. Band and the boys the sympathy of us all.



Poor old Teddy Edwards has been in the wars. In running to catch a bus last Friday week, Teddy dashed across some snow that had been piled up by the roadside and unfortunately alighted on ice. The result was that Teddy came

down on to his shoulder and found himself unable to rise. The bus conductor and a few pretty typists who were at hand pulled Teddy up again and got him safely home in a taxi, where an ex-Ray operation took place and revealed a dislocated shoulder and a fractured bone. These are now under treatment and we understand it will be a few weeks before he is amongst us again. We extend to Teddy and his devoted wife the sincere sympathy of us all and trust that he will soon be well again.

* * *

Teddy Edwards reckons that if he misses one or two Club runs this year, he will have enough cigars to last him until Xmas.

* * *

The passing of that celebrated North Roader—Joe van Hooydonk—at the comparatively early age of 69, brings back to mind the occasion, several years ago, when he entertained us with a lantern lecture at Halewood. Aably supported by the late F. T. Bidlake and Mentor Mott who sang, he showed us a series of most interesting pictures covering ancient machines and historic events and places of repute on the road.

* * *

We are sorry to state that Grandpop was too late for the King's Proclamation at Chester last Saturday, as he was seen toiling up the hill on tricycle towards the Northgate by one of our distinguished members who was on the way back after assisting in the proceedings and who desires to remain anonymous.

* * *

Oliver Cooper will sail on Friday week for a South American cruise. Thus forging another link in his ambition to visit all the countries of the globe.

* * *

Harold Band wishes to express his sincerest thanks to all members who have sent messages of sympathy and good wishes for an early recovery during his present illness. The doctor reports that his progress, though slow of course, is very satisfactory, and has hopes of his reaching convalescence in a very few weeks. (Latest news not so favourable.—Ed.)

* * *

Robinson is a one. When going away in purple and fine linen (a relative term, this!) to attend C.T.C. meetings and things, he invariably borrows his wife's attaché-case and his son's hat. We believe, however, that he takes his own tooth-brush, and that he finds the spread of "h. and c." in bedrooms has destroyed the old plan of public wash-places in hotels, where it was always possible to borrow a tooth-brush.

We understand that Teddy Edwards, who created the well-known slogan, "Beer is best," was paid the sum of £10,000 by the Brewers' Association for his eminent services to their cause. Teddy recognises the help he received from Cook in this matter, and has discharged his indebtedness to the Presider by "buying him one."

NEW BOOKS.

- "The Brothers of Famous Men : No. 1—'Lawson,'" by W. P. Cook.
- "Sacks, Saccharine, and Saxony," by John Band. Foreword by Sax Rohmer. Introduction by the Mayor of Baghdad.
- "My Cycling Career," by Percy Brazendale. In 52 fortnightly parts, each containing an autographed portrait of Percy Brazendale.
- "Pots and Pans," by W. H. Kettle, author of "The Tinman."
- "The Greatest Man that Ever Lived : An Autobiography," by Hubert Roskell. *The Chimes Literary Supplement* says : "Readers of Mr. Roskell's previous book, 'Girth Control,' will welcome this new volume.
- "Eatanswill," by Frank Chandler. Commended by the Provost of Eton. Smith Minor writes : "Golly ! What a twist !"
- The "Uncanny" Series. No. 17. "Broad Daylight in Manchester : a Unique Experience," by C. H. Turnor.
- The "Lives of the Saints" Series. No. 3. "Wayfarer : a Character Study of a Famous Lecturer," by W. Emmar. With a few remarks by the Chief Constables of Birkenhead, Birmingham, Northampton, Hull, and Salisbury. *Norr.*—This magnificent book has been banned in Higher Tranmere and Asia Minor.
- Previous volumes in the Series : No. 1. "The Paganone," No. 2. "Ananias."
- "London's Underworld : the Personal Experiences of an Adventurer," by D. L. Ryalls.
- "The Band Saga," in four volumes : (1) Hatbands ; (2) Husbands ; (3) Elastic Bands, and (4) Drum and Fife Bands, by Harold and Rigby Band.
- "The Seven-League Boots ; a Phantasy," by Sir Thomas Royden, author of "Ursula and Her Vegetable Garden." *The Devonshire Park Advertiser* says : "Nothing like this has ever been written before."

- "On Getting the Pip," by F. J. Cheminai. The author's "Spanish Onions" must still linger in many memories—and elsewhere. His "Breath of a Nation," the proceeds from which were generously given towards the establishment of a Dog's Home, is now out of print.
- "How to Tour in Ireland on Tuppence a Day," by H. L. Elston. Unsolicited Testimonials: W. P. Cook: "Overwhelming!"; F. Chandler: "Marvellous!"; W. M. Robinson: "What Extravagance!"
- "A Complete Guide to Burton-on-Trent," by E. Edwards, author of "Malt and Hops," and "The Spirit of Scotland."

CORRESPONDENCE.

TOO MUCH COOK?

Editor, *The Circular*.

DEAR SIR,

I am writing to protest against the undue glorification of one particular member of the Club, who shall be nameless. In the last issue of the *Circular* there were pages and pages devoted to him and his alleged doings, and the whole thing was doubtless subsidised out of the secret Club funds he holds. Even if he *is* the President, and even if he *was* once the Hon. Secretary, and even if he *has* lived in America, and even if he *is* in the Corn Trade, I don't see why the member in question (whom, as previously stated, I refuse to name), should have all this publicity, which is nauseating, or thereabouts.

I hope that something will be done about it.

For obvious reasons this letter must be anonymous. Otherwise my life might not be worth living.

Yours bitterly,

BIRMINGHAM.

W. M. ROBINSON (Himself).

TOURS AND TOURING.

BY-WAYS IN MONTGOMERYSHIRE and RADNORSHIRE,
By D. SMITH.

THE Jubilee week-end gave an opportunity to explore some of the lesser known by-ways in the counties of Montgomeryshire and Radnorshire. The route taken could be comfortably covered in a long week-end by members living in Cheshire, Shropshire or the Midlands.

The most convenient starting point is Welshpool. After a short run along the main Newtown road the turn for Berriew is taken and the pretty Rhiw Valley is followed to a point a little way beyond New Mills. Here we leave the valley and climb steeply to Llanwyddelan and Adfa. So far the road surface has been excellent, but the three miles from Adfa to Fron-goch via Llanllugan provide an amazing variety of surfaces—all bad. From Fron-goch we take the fine ridge road leading over the moors to Carno, a solitary road which gives magnificent views ranging from Cader Idris and the Arans to Corndon, the Severn Valley and the Breiddens. Mostly the road surface is passable and we reach the 1,400 foot mark by a quite well graded ascent. But the descent to Rhyd is extremely steep and the surface loose.

Rhyd lies in a charming little valley, the Cwm Llwyd, which ends at Carno. Thoughts of Llanidloes and supper lead to a speedy main road ride by way of Caersws and Llandinam. Anyone with time to spare would be well advised to turn off at Caersws for Trefeglwys, thence following the Afon Taranon through Lawr-y-glyn to the Stay-a-little road before descending to Llanidloes. This route is of course considerably more strenuous than the main road, but the scenery is correspondingly better. By the easier Caersws, Llandinam route the distance from Welshpool to Llanidloes is 39 miles.

On leaving Llanidloes our next objective is Abbey Cwmhir. The first three miles are almost all uphill, but once up to the 1,100 foot mark the road becomes reasonably level and well surfaced. The route is quite straightforward for the first five miles. On reaching a T road with a lonely school standing at the corner we take the right-hand turn. Two miles further and we come to a cross road. We go straight ahead and within a short distance are on an exceedingly rough track, which, shortly after crossing the stream forming the Montgomeryshire-Radnorshire boundary disappears altogether. However, by keeping straight on across the Waun Marteg, a very boggy area, we strike a metalled road which soon brings us to the village of Bwlch-y-Sarnau. We are now up to 1,284 feet our highest point, and the descent to Abbey Cwmhir is easy. We quickly pass from rugged open moorland to a delightful wooded valley. As a ruin Abbey Cwmhir does not appear particularly interesting, though the situation is good. We were much more interested in the village inn, "The Good Union," which supplied some very necessary fluid to help our sandwiches down. After partaking of refreshment we spent some time in speculating as to the meaning of the extraordinary sign which ornaments one gable of the Inn.

The road continues pleasantly down the Clywedog Valley to join the main Builth-Newtown road which we follow to Llanbister, where the Ithon Vale Temperance Hotel can be relied upon to provide good food. A little further up the Ithon Valley we come to Llananno Church, which possesses a finely carved screen, quite a surprising piece of work to find in a simple Welsh church.

From Llanbadarnfynydd several tracks cross the hills to the Teme Valley which is followed to Knighton, 76 miles from Llanidloes.

A pleasant alternative route from Abbey Cwmhir, for those who are not yet tired of rough stuff, is by way of the undulating road to Rhayader and on by way of St. Harmon and Pant-y-dwr back to Bwlch-y-Sarnau. Our route continues over Bailey Hill and descends to the Ithon Valley a short distance above Llanbadarnfynydd. We follow the main Newtown road as far as Dolfor and take the rough lane down to Kerry. From here a pleasant run through the Mule Valley brings us to Abermule and the main road back to Welshpool.

This route provides solitude and a splendid variety of scenery. We covered 15 miles from Llanidloes before meeting a motor vehicle of any kind.

RUNS.

Goostrey, 28th December, 1935.

Mild weather, some fog in low lying parts, but on the whole an enjoyable and easy afternoon for riding.

The Red Lion, or Mrs. Knowle's as it is more popularly known, is still as it always was—an excellent tea place, where good food and a hearty welcome may be expected at any time.

Traditional methods were employed to get this account into the *Circular* and I for one have come to the conclusion that this work is the usual penalty inflicted for long absence from Club runs.

There were eight members present, Wilf Orrell, Rex Austin, Bert Green, Haynes, Hubert Buckley, "Bick," Bob Poole and Thomas, who, I believe, is one of the coming youngsters.

Good fellowship is still the best of these runs, and leads one to make resolutions to attend more regularly.

It was not a late sitting, the last of the party leaving about 7-45 p.m., but uncertainty about the fog may have been the cause of this.

Tarporley, 4th January, 1936.

An exile's pleasure in anticipating attendance at infrequent Club runs is jeopardized by the knowledge that he runs a big risk of being nabbed by the Editor to do the write-up. I speak from experience! However, asking unwilling cyclists to do *their* share in keeping the Club rag going must be a thankless job, so I don't believe in refusing; unless ye sow, neither shall ye reap, or words to that effect. Still I do hope the Editor will remember to refer to exiles as "exiles," and not as "aliens"!

The day threatened rain but on the roads I covered very little actually fell. At ten to six the turn-up seemed very small, so much so that the hostess wondered whether we were going to be seriously short of the number ordered. However, by six o'clock we were up to present-day strength, though many, many short of the number one used to expect at Tarporley ten years ago. Those present included Cook, Edwards, Venables, Green, Kettle, Chandler, Marriott, Connor, Molyneux, Threlfall, Stevie (my old pal the D.B.), Smith, Elias, Snowden, Thomarse à Royden, Lockett, Haynes, Thomas and Turvey (over for a long week-end from Yorkshire).

The meal was very satisfactory, conversation at my table being largely usurped by Green and Threlfall's sartorial discussion on the merits of Grenfell cloth and the demerits of sweat. We heard with sadness that George Mercer was in hospital and seriously ill; Powell was reported as being bunged up with cold and tonsilitus. Cook and Smith were week-ending at Stone in order to investigate some bird life, which Chandler had recommended.

Seven of us set off at 7 p.m. under a pleasant moon and via the Pipers Ash bye-pass said goodbye to Sammy at the Half Way House. We had a goodish session at Hooton and left at 9-40 for a rush home in which Kettle's hope to do the Yorkshireman over on Evans's, came to nought. Thank God I can still ride faster than Harold when he (Harold) is on a trike. Before I went to Yorkshire I thought Evans's quite a sticky hill: it's nobbut a molehill.

ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING.

Halewood, 11th January, 1936.

An endeavour to work up a suitable appetite and so approach the gastronomic feats performed by some of our champions, led me as far as Whitchurch, which I left at 3 p.m.

A side wind was not very helpful, and by the time I stopped half way up the Rocksavage by-pass to light up, the old legs were weakening and the sight of Scarff and Birkby on a tandem gave promise of some pace. I was certainly paced, but about twice as fast as I wanted to go, and on the Lancashire side, I hung on until a mile from Halewood, when the tandem went ahead and I struggled on and arrived badly "bonked."

The meal was served in the annex where the A.G.M. has been held for many years, and I had to sit down and immediately carve for the hungry horde at one of the three tables.

The very excellent meal was soon disposed of and the meeting commenced.

At the outset the President had the sad task of referring to the death of G. B. Mercer, one of the founders of the Club a man who had always given of his best, both on the racing and executive sides, and until quite recently had been a regular attender at races and fixtures.

The Honorary Secretary was then called upon to read his report and told us we had six new members during the year, and lost five, *i.e.*, two resignations, one struck off and two deaths, G. B. Mercer and C. F. G. Boyes. The latter joined in 1908 and had kept his interest in the Club to the last.

The attendances at the 53 fixtures had been a slight fall on 1934, at 33,094, this being .245 less.

At the "100," 82 members were out, this being the highest of the year and the lowest was at Little Budworth on 19th October, when only ten were out.

During the year Tommy Royden completed his 1,000 runs, and the Secretary said that in consequence of a remark of the President's, he had calculated Bob Knipe's attendances and found that our Treasurer had completed 1,000 runs at the end of 1933! Of course, Knipe passed this off by saying that he should by now have completed 2,000 runs considering the years he had been a member. However, the Chairman proposed that both these stalwarts be elected Life Members and this was carried with acclamation.

Cook had attended all the runs during the year, while Lockett and Haynes, with 51 and 50 each respectively, took 1st and 2nd attendance prizes.

The twelve committee meetings had been well attended, and the Easter tour attracted 42 members and 13 friends.

The Silver Jubilee Tour to Radnorshire was very successful with 24 members and two friends; while at Whitsuntide we had an enthusiastic gathering at the "George," on the Sunday evening, when our President was presented with the Bird Memorial Trophy.

Three members carried out the August Tour in Ireland; 31 members attended the West Arms at Llanarmon, D.C., for the Autumnal Tints Tour, and ten were at Bettws-y-Coed for Christmas, together with three friends.

Snowden, Jonas and Chandler were thanked for producing the *Circular* during the year, the Presider and Committee for help, Lucas for deputising, and Burgess for addressing the envelopes for the *Circular*.

Powell's excellent report was carried with applause and thanks, and the Captain and Honorary Racing Secretary then read his report.

All the races on the programme had been carried out successfully, *viz.*, four "50's," the Invitation "100," the Invitation "24," and the Invitation "12," and Club Handicap with which the race for the Tricycle Trophy was incorporated.

Our racing men had supported many open races during the year, the riders being Salt, Byron, Pitchford, J. E. Carr, Lockett, Orrell, A. J. Carr, Connor, Haynes and Thomas. We had had many successes and maintained the Club's reputation, although there had been no record attempts.

Marriott thanked all the timekeepers, checkers, marshalls, feeding experts and motorists who had contributed to the success of the events.

The Honorary Treasurer was then called upon to explain his financial jugglery and how we continued to keep a balance in the bank in spite of enormous expenses and charges. The most important increase was that of prizes in Road Races, but this was more than counterbalanced by donations, which, as usual, included the 'Timekeepers' fees.

The accounts were passed and then Knipe proposed that the subscriptions be the same as last year and that the Prize Fund be continued.

Marriott proposed an amendment to this, *viz.*, that the subscription for members between the ages of 21 and 25 be 21/-, a reduction of 4/-. He pointed out that many likely members found 25/- excessive in comparison with their salaries and that a guinea sounded a lot less than 25/-. He said that at present we would lose £2 by this reduction, but hoped that

new members would come along and more than make up this loss. Bert Green and Howarth spoke in favour of trying the idea and the amendment was carried.

Cook then left the Presidential chair and Vice-President Kettle took his place. It was then proposed that Cook should again be elected and this being duly seconded the motion was carried unanimously.

All the other officers and committee were re-elected, with the exception of Rigby Band; E. Byron taking his place on the committee, whilst E. Haynes, junior, took the office of sub-captain for Manchester.

E. Morris and C. F. Elias were re-elected Auditors.

The Captain proposed that similar races be held in 1936 as were held in 1935, and this was carried.

Bettws-y-Coed was yet again proposed as the venue for the Easter Tour and Rex Austin seconded and the motion carried, and the other Tours were left for the committee to fix.

An omnibus vote of thanks by everyone to everyone else closed the proceedings which were over comparatively early and very peacefully.

Forty-four members attended, including our Mr. Bickley, Turvey from Yorkshire, Smith from Shropshire, and the new tandem pair, Harry Austin and Elston.

Chester, 18th January, 1936.

A severe snowfall and alternate freezing and thawing during the last few days had rendered the roads ice-bound and definitely highly dangerous for single-track machines. The conditions were the worst that had been experienced since the great frost of February, 1928. Fortunately, from the point of view of the commissariat department, no meal was actually booked beforehand owing to the fact that quite a large number were expected to be going to the B.A.R. concert and as the Manchester men had an alternative it was quite on the cards that the attendance would be somewhat sparse. Consequently a house was chosen which could supply a meal at a moment's notice and also had convenient garage accommodation. The Nags Head serving these purposes was accordingly fixed, and the eight who tasted of its sanctuary appear to have been satisfied, at any rate no complaints have been received at the time of going to Press.

Of those stalwart fellows who braved the bitter wintry blast, only *one* had cycled, namely Kettle who had wisely used the medium of the three-wheeler. He reports that he "found the going quite good and faster than solo motor bikes," which, of course, were more or less in the same category as bicycles. Of the rest, Venables, Cody, Byron, Jonas, A. Williams and Rowatt came by railroad, whilst that dapper lad—Charlie Conway—came in the motor-bus.

Kettle, of course, had to proceed home *solus* and after having the choice of all the inns en route, arrived home blessing the day when he first rode a tricycle, and feeling well satisfied that he had been able to accomplish what no one else that day had done.

Northwich, 18th January, 1936.

Total attendance—One. How often in the history of the Club has this happened? I remember one instance—before the war, at Mobberley, on the first Saturday in January, 1913, I think. Well, seeing that the younger Manchester men were in London, and the roads practically impossible for the elders, one cannot wonder that only one stalwart kept the flag flying. And his performance wasn't too meritorious. He rode out from home, finding the surface on the main road passable for a time, but beyond Bowdon it became altogether too exciting. Enquiry of friendly scouts elicited the information that conditions further on were worse. Regretfully he slithered or walked to Hale Station and bought a ticket for Northwich in the hope that some other might have found means to crawl to the *rendez-vous*. Vain hope! No one to greet him. After waiting for some time he fed in solitary grandeur, occupied a tip-up plush seat in the local picture-house until the return train was due, and then let it take him back to his bicycle. May it never happen again!

Mold, 25th January, 1936.

This run should go down in the annals of the Club as the "Heroes' Run." Despite the fact that disturbing news in respect of the state of the road between Queensferry and Mold was received, five cyclists decided to brave the perils via Queensferry and one tricyclist by way of Buckley.

Volumes might be written of that nightmare journey, but suffice it to say that all arrived safely, if wet, and fairly cheerful, if cold, at the "Dolphin," where a great thawing and drying-out process took place, considerably assisted by copious draughts of hot tea and cold beer. A curious combination, but effective withal. The two "sensible members" (they came by 'bus) were then seen approaching through clouds of steam, and the "Heroes" having obtained a sympathetic audience proceeded to narrate the adventures of the day, and great was the telling thereof. Into the midst of this mutual commiseration meeting stalked the tricyclist, wet of cap, but decidedly cheerful of countenance, and the steam having dispersed a little, it was observed that the following were present: Kettle, Powell, Venables, Perkins, Marriott, Williams, Connor and Jones.

At the appointed time an excellent dinner was served, and eaten with enjoyment. In view of the state of the roads an early start was made for home, where, as far as the writer is able to state, all arrived in good order.

The "Heroes," of course, fear nothing, but, being human, they devoutly hope there will not be snow like this for years and years and years, if ever.

© Anfield Bicycle Club

© Anfield Bicycle Club

ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

FORMED MARCH, 1879.

MONTHLY CIRCULAR

Vol XXXI.

No. 361.

FIXTURES FOR MARCH, 1936.

Tea at 6-0 p.m.

Mar. 7	Halewood (Derby Arms)	Light up at 6-29 p.m.
" 9	Committee Meeting, 7-30 p.m. (Victoria Hotel, St. John's Lane, Liverpool).	
" 14	Tarporley (Swan)	6-41 p.m.
	Week-end—Shawbury (Inter-Club, Speedwell).	
" 21	Mold (Dolphin)	6-56 p.m.
" 28	Acton Bridge (Leigh Arms)	7-7 p.m.
	Alternative Week-end—Meriden (Inter-Club, North Road).	
April 4	Tattenhall (Bear and Ragged Staff)	7-20 p.m.
" 6	Committee Meeting, 7-30 p.m. (Victoria Hotel, St. John's Lane, Liverpool).	
" 10/13	Easter Tour—Bettws-y-Coed (Glan Aber)	7-34 p.m.

ALTERNATIVE FIXTURES.

Tea at 5-30 p.m.

Mar. 7	Goostrey (Red Lion)	6-29 p.m.
" 21	Holmes Chapel (Swan)	6-56 p.m.
	Full Moon	8th inst.

NOTICE.

All communications should be addressed to The Editor, 22 Holly Bank Road, Birkenhead. They should be written legibly, on one side of the paper only, and should bear the name of the sender.

The Hon. Treasurer's address is R. L. Knipe, 138 Moscow Drive, Stoneycroft, Liverpool, 13, but Subscriptions (25/-; under 25, 21/-; 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.

© Anfield Bicycle Club

COMMITTEE NOTES.

4 THE LAUND,
WALLASEY, CHESHIRE.

NEW MEMBER.—Mr. W. P. Rock, 75 Greendale Road, Port Sunlight, has been elected to Full Membership.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS.—Mr. J. D. Cranshaw, 1 Lisburne Lane, Great Moor, Stockport. Mr. W. J. Finn, 11 Emorville Avenue, South Circular Road, Portobello, Dublin.

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 **must make their own arrangements direct** regarding accommodation.

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

H. W. POWELL,
Hon. General Secretary.

TREASURY NOTES.

FEBRUARY "fill dyke" has lived up to its evil reputation this year, and so heavy has been the snowfall that many members have been unable to visit the Bank in order to pay their subscriptions. They haven't even managed to reach the Post Office either.

The advent of finer weather will no doubt see them flocking in crowds to pay their subs., and their remittances will be as welcome as "the flowers that bloom in the Spring, tra-la."

My thanks are due to those who have forwarded subscriptions and/or donations (*).

C. Aldridge.	G. H. Lake.	J. J. Salt.
H. R. Band.	G. Lockett.	W. H. Scarff.
J. R. Band.	J. Long.	J. G. Shaw.
B. H. Band.	A. Lucas.	*T. Slawson.
A. E. C. Birkby.	G. Newall.	W. P. Rock.
F. Chandler.	L. Oppenheimer.	
J. A. Grimshaw.	J. S. Roberts.	

R. L. KNIPE,
Hon. Treasurer.

RACING NOTES.

TRAINING spins will be held on every Saturday afternoon in April. Venue is Mrs. Bell's as usual, and the start 5 p.m. R.R.C. Lists are available at 3d. each.

The fixtures for the month of March are marked by two Inter-Club runs. On March 14th, after Tarporley, we join with the Speedwell B.C. at the Elephant and Castle, Shawbury. The terms are 6/6 (cold supper, bed and breakfast) if we can make a party of 20. That means about ten each. Please try. The second, on March 28th, is a repeat of last year's run with the North Road C.C., and Meriden (Bull's Head) is the venue. Although I have not heard the price it will not be more than 8/6, possibly less. Names to me, please, by March 10th and 22nd respectively.

F. E. MARRIOTT,

Captain and Hon. Racing Secretary.

From The Editorial Archives.

27 YEARS AGO.

Buckley's Edinburgh—Liverpool Attempt, June 19th, 1909.

The run suffered somewhat by reason of Buckley's attempt on the Edinburgh-Liverpool Record, for you may be sure, most men who possibly could, wanted to be out helping.

Of Buckley's trip I do know something, as I was there and saw him doing it, doing it doggedly, and with that easy style so peculiar to Buckley. Well, he was timed away from the G.P.O. at Edinburgh by the skipper at 7 a.m. and quite a small crowd of enthusiasts were present to see him off. Cook and Poole, together with Carpenter and a local tandem did the first part of the following, but very soon the first two named were left to plough their lonely furrow about 100 yards behind the record breaker.

Right away from the start there had been a troublesome head wind and this made the already heavy country feel hilly in the extreme. Certain I am that Cotless never did his first 28 miles in 1 hour and 16 mins.; no, not even if he had a hurricane behind him. Buckley kept steadily on and at the Beef-tub (1,400 feet above sea level) was some minutes ahead of his schedule. Previous to this at Moffat, Rowatt was waiting to check him through and other good friends were at Beattock with spare tyres, etc.

At Carlisle the Cook-Poole tandem, who had done a very big share in the following, turned it up and went on per L. & N.W. to be ready at Preston to follow him in to Liverpool. At Penrith, Grimshaw, of Cheadle Hulme C.C., was in waiting with a spare machine and tyres, and with him was Turnor, also on spare. Shap was taken in splendid style, and, once on top, Buckley waved his handkerchief and shouted back "the job's done." Grimshaw followed Buckley right through from Penrith to the finish.

At the "Plough," before Kendal, Buckley was going very strongly and easily, but was just a trifle slow down hill; however, he is such a stickler for method on these jaunts that I suppose he knows best, and therefore it does not do to criticise. Worth and Pritchard at Garstang checked him in, while Pulton and Buck had joined in the following some time before. At Lancaster, a good deal inside his schedule, he had quite a large number of followers, and at Broek Bridge Toft handed up some strawberries. So he continued on to Preston, and then at Penwortham Bridge quite a small army of men were waiting to follow him in. Two R.R.A. scouts on a tandem also followed.

At Ormskirk, Prichard and Cheminai were waiting with a drink and, further on, Cecil had also provided some liquid refreshment. Scotland Road and the setts, tramlines, etc., were safely negotiated and Buckley arrived at the Post Office clock exactly 19 minutes ahead of record, and one minute ahead of his schedule. I think I may safely say we have every reason to be proud of Buckley, for the weather conditions were against him and, under the circumstances, many another man would have turned it up.

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of *The Circular*.

SIR,

SENSITIVE PLANTS.

In reading the January number of your valuable journal I came across a reference to Sensitive Plants and am in some doubt as to its meaning. Are these flora found in this country and what are the characteristics?

Yours, etc.,

UNOSUMSING.

(The Sensitive Plant—*Mimosa Sensitive*—originates in Ceylon and other tropical climates. Unfortunately some blighter imported them into this country and they are the cause of much trouble to gardeners. As their name implies their leaves shrink from the touch and the appearance of the plant then becomes decidedly ridiculous. Being of a weedy nature they grow wild and are known to interfere with the development of any delicate plants found at close range, so much so that they have to be isolated in corners of the garden where their influence is least likely to be harmful. The usual cure for their sensitivity is treatment at sundown—with a dose of castor-oil or cascara-sagrada, whilst a strong application of Epsom salts at sun-up is also supposed to be beneficial.—ED.)

A REMARKABLE RUN.

(Among some papers handed to us by our predecessor, we came across the following astonishing episode. Whether the author was merely completely intoxicated when he wrote the account or just a trifle mad, we leave to our readers to judge.—ED.)

Wattaday, June 31st, 193?.

It was a devastatingly hot day and the interior of the "Cow and Crumpet" was refreshingly cool after the sweltering heat outside; so that it cannot be wondered that one's head began to nod and eyelids to droop.

I was aroused by a cheerful voice at my elbow and the ringing laugh which accompanied it proclaimed the presence of Johnnie Crew in his usually hilarious mood. "A pint of foaming bitter, my dear, and I fancy my young friend here will also join me," said he, indicating myself. In quick succession a dozen other members arrived, each to be welcomed in the same manner. . . . But what is this stir at the door? Yes. Surely enough, it is the spare form of our revered President which vaults lightly from the saddle of his tricycle and almost before both feet had touched the ground our guide and comforter had pulled from his sleeve a silk handkerchief with which he flicked with loving care any dust which might have accumulated upon the glossy coat of his iron steed. At the same time, a dozen Tea-tasters, who for the past half-hour had been waiting in readiness for this moment, fell upon the machine with furniture polish and plate powder, while Captain Marraycold with tooth-pick and eau-de-Cologne busied himself with the delicate operation of cleansing the chain. Waiting only to give his much-valued views on the prospects of the various football clubs during the coming season, the Presider entered the vestibule of the hotel, leaning lightly on the arm of Mr. Doeley. Waving aside David Scullatt's persistent proffers of intoxicating drink, he made his way to the drawing-room whither he was soon followed by his diminutive friend Hugebert and, over a glass of milk apiece, debated at some length on the respective merits of frilled and stiff evening-dress shirts.

At length dinner was announced and Johnnie Crew and his band having been weaned from their cups, grace was said by Mr. Pius Tinker and soon the first of the twelve courses was

a thing of the past. In short, full justice was done to the meal by everyone, with the possible exception of the Compleat Tourist, who, according to his invariable custom, merely toyed with a morsel or two, eyeing with disfavour those with more robust appetites.

The most important business of the evening was yet to come. Coffee and liqueurs having been placed upon the table, the President rose unsteadily to his feet and, amid dignified applause, marred only by cat-calls from that somewhat turbulent member, Eli Asse, announced that he had something to say. First of all, he had received a request from Mr. Jerrywell whether a little work might be found for him to justify his office and the salary it entailed. Mr. Cock-Robinson said he thought this a most reasonable request, pointing at the same time to the amount of time and money he himself annually expended in the service of the Club. After discussion, it was decided not to accept Mr. Cock-Robinson's offer to take over from Mr. Jerrywell, as it might interfere with his attempt on the Attendance Prize. Mr. Starboard-Swipe (ably supported by the faithful Don Markas) next suggested that trifling matters such as the receipt of subscriptions should be omitted from the *Circular* and that a page or so should be reserved for the Treasurer for writing about anything which did not relate to matters financial. The Editor concurred with this suggestion, which he thought might be improved upon by merging the office of Editor with that of the Treasurer.

This debate reminded the President that he had a motion to bring forward relating to annual subscriptions, *viz.*, that Beer-biters should be exempted and that their subscriptions should be borne in future by the Tea-tasters. The idea was warmly taken up by all these noble young men and was only opposed by Mr. S. Unnter, who was with difficulty prevented from paying on the spot the whole of the subscriptions of both parties.

Leaving Club affairs for a moment, the President next touched upon matters affecting the destinies of the Empire and the world at large. First of all (and his voice shook with emotion) he was pained and grieved at the attitude of a certain section of cyclists to their motoring brethren, and he was at a loss to understand why such benevolent suggestions as rear lights, cycle paths and so on were not appreciated as the greatest boons which had ever been conceived for the encouragement of cycling. (At this point disorder broke out at the end

of the room. On investigation, it appeared to be the outcome of a dastardly attempt on the part of that arch-topper Eli Asse to swipe David Scullatt's ale.)

Reverting to Club business, the President said it had of late much pained him to note the large amount of time devoted by the young men to the low pastime of racing, instead of being content to expend their energies in scaling impossible Welsh mountain passes or making themselves proficient in anything but cycling—dancing, for instance, of which we had such finished exponents in the persons of the Editor, Mr. Roy Cage and (if he might say so) himself. But if racing there must be, for Heaven's sake, let it be carried out in a more sociable manner by all starting together, instead of the churlish method whereby each rider went off alone and tried to keep as far in front of the next as possible. Why all this secrecy about races? Only let them be well advertised, the competitors dressed in cheerful costumes and all dispatched like a flock of butterflies and road-racing would achieve its end! All of which reminded the speaker that his Kewrious watch had been out of order for the last five years and consequently the times he had published were not quite accurate, not that a minute or two in an hour made any appreciable difference. Here the Compleat Tourist asked leave to intervene. He complained that someone sitting not far from him had been eating onions and asked for the full penalty to be inflicted for an offence which was contrary, not only to the rules of the Club, but to the very laws of humanity. The President's brow darkened and he told the delinquent—one Plynlimmon—in no measured terms what he thought of his conduct and that were it not for his regular attendance at Committee meetings, he would be asked to resign. The reprobate, thereupon, humbly apologised and forthwith signed a solemn undertaking never to offend the Editorial proboscis again.

At this juncture, Mr. Starboard-Snipe proposed (and of course the faithful Don Markas seconded) that liquid refreshment should be placed upon the table. The lean form of Geordie "rocketed" to its full—very full—height and in scathing terms denounced the proposal as being nothing better than an incitement to drink. A debate followed and in spite of vigorous protests from the end of the room, Geordie's counter proposal received the unanimous support of all who agreed with him. Among the supporters of beer, Mr. Scullatt was prominent and his argument that it was solely due to its help that he had been able to ride so consistently during the past year and win the coveted Attendance prize almost persuaded the

house. The rival factions still continued to argue among themselves and the proceedings became more noisy each minute. "Milk" was the President's slogan; "Beer" that of the opposition: but so confused did the issue become that the President shouted "Beer" as often as "Milk."

"Nothing like a glass of beer when you're thirsty, Frank?"

"You're right there, Cook, and when you're hungry nothing better than *onions!*"

AT RANDOM.

OUR Owd Bob was so anxious to show readers of last month's *Circular* what he could do in the prose and poetry line that he completely forgot to alter the notice on the cover as to the new Subscription rates. This omission has now been rectified and we tender apologies on his behalf for any inconvenience that may have been caused.

A French insurance official has just been sentenced to a long term of imprisonment for his share in the Stavisky frauds. This ought to be a warning to certain of our members who shall be nameless.

Newspaper headline: "Theft of a thousand pints of beer." You ought to have seen Cook's ears deflate—we mean recede—when we showed him this.

And another: "Found dying in cinema." At first we thought it might be Robinson (himself), bored stiff with American inanities. But Robbie does not frequent cinemas.

And yet another: "Failed to take proper rest." This *must* be Hubert!

The bicentenary of the birth of James Watt, who (as every school-boy knows) invented boiling water, was fittingly celebrated by the Wirral Tea Tasters on Sunday, 19th January. In the course of a moving panegyric, Mr. W. P. Cook, a well-known Corn Merchant of Liverpool, said that Watt was indeed a cyclists' benefactor, for without his glorious discovery and

magnificent invention (which he had taken the precaution to patent in all countries, including America, and the Isle of Man), there would be no cups of tea for the wheeling community, who would probably be compelled to allow their vitality to be sapped by the consumption of a degrading brown coloured liquid.



We understand that Cook, at *Cycling's* great all-rounder concert in the Royal Albert Hall, on Saturday, 18th January, offered to fill a blank in the programme by riding a bicycle round the stage. The proposal was submitted to the Editor of our contemporary, who viewed it with amazement, stating that he had never heard of Cook, and doubted whether that gentlemen (and here followed a distinct query in the Editor's voice) had ever ridden a bicycle.

(We publish this paragraph with all reserve, the more so having regard to the fact that it reached us on the Monday *before* the said concert.—Ed.)



We are informed that del Banco made a nice mess of things in connection with the recent eclipse of the moon, which was visible at Greenwich and all stations to Brighton. He invited a party of friends to witness the affair from his celebrated roof-garden, but, owing to the fact that he had omitted to put his watch on (or back, as the case may be) at the close of the summer-time period last October, the visitors came on the wrong evening, and were just 24 hours late.



Two of our members were selected as speakers at the C.T.C. Dinner held in Bradford on the last day of 1935. We have received a report from each of them.

(1) Percy Brazendale writes : " With my innate modesty [Advt.] I cannot say much as to my own little effort, but there is no doubt that Robbie made the second-best speech of the evening. What puzzles me, however, is how in the world he managed to compress his remarks into the 15 minutes allotted to him."

(2) W. M. Robinson writes : " It would be invidious to speak of my own small part in the affair, but I would like to congratulate Brazendale on his speech, which was easily the second-best of the evening. Incidentally, I was amazed at Percy's success in keeping his speech within the quarter of an hour which he was allowed for the purpose."

In response to our enquiry regarding the report that the Glan Aber at Bettws had changed hands and that the long connection with the Evans family, extending back to the date of the inception of the Club, had come to an end, we have received the following letter which speaks for itself :—

Glan Aber Hotel,
Bettws-y-Coed,
North Wales.
Feb. 18th, 1936.

DEAR CHANDLER,

Mr. Lake has asked if I would reply to yours of 17th. It is correct that the Misses Evans have sold the Glan Aber to a Mr. Bartram, who was at the Bell Hotel, Ely. Both he and his wife and daughter are very nice people, and they are certainly out to do their utmost to make their guests comfortable.

The Misses Evans left here last Saturday, and have taken up their residence at " Craig Dinas," their house on the Pentre Voelas Road.

Mr. Bartram has got busy at once, and is having the smoke-room accommodation greatly improved, and will be finished, we are told, in the next month. Mr. Bartram, before going into the hotel business, held position of manager of Geo. Hy. Lee & Co., Liverpool, so, that not only is he a very sound business man, but he knows what is expected in a 1st class hotel, and whilst we all regret that our long association with the old family has come to an end, so far as the hotel is concerned, I feel quite sure that the comfort and welcome to the members of the Club will be all that could be desired.

Mr. Lake wishes me to convey his kind regards, he is far from well and the very cold weather, which happily appears to have passed, has made him feel more poorly than ever.

With my own good wishes,

Sincerely yours,

FRANK WOOD.

* * *

Once more our " Promising Novice " has demonstrated his versatility in no uncertain manner. He was leading a small body of " Tea Tasters " through the intricacies of Chester's " Rag Time " traffic when a middle-aged Jay (pedestrianised, befurred and not befeathered female of the species) alighted in his path. For fully ten seconds there ensued the most exciting duel of wits and acrobatics that I have ever been privileged to witness, but our hero, cool, calm and collected, or thereabouts, was instantly master of the situation, for whilst the old lady was pirouetting to and fro with all the charm and grace of a ballerina, he, with consummate ease was ably demonstrating the finer arts of cycling, coupled with a few steps of that old time favourite, the Charles-

ton. After having held their respective audiences spellbound for the aforementioned ten seconds, the old lady hastened to the refuge of the pavement and a burly policeman, who had gazed on with rapt admiration at this marvellous display, whilst the promising one departed, unruffled and unhurried, with his little band of followers, for the peace and quietude of the Forest and the sanctuary of the "Station" Mouldsworth.



We are informed that Teddy Edwards intends to celebrate his recovery from his recent accident by holding a Cocktail Party and Dance in honour of the Pretty Typists who so readily assisted him to rise and saw him safely home on that unfortunate (or was it fortunate?) occasion. Teddy in displaying his usual thought for others, has invited a sprinkling of Tea Tasters (discriminately), and the Presider has consented to be present if he can get George Newall to take him in his car. Tommy Royden and the Editor are expected to gate-crash the proceedings during the course of the evening.



It was with some trepidation that we approached Marriott ("F.M." to the inner few) to ask him about some of the phenomenal distances he had been putting up on his bicycle. His attitude, however, was not at all haughty, but a certain pride of achievement was noticeable. "It's nothing at all, really" he said, "Anyone could do it. Take last Saturday, for instance, I had the morning off, so I set out at 10 a.m., accompanied by Peter. We had a short rest at the "Two Mills," and 11-30 found us at Shotwick, 12-30 and we were still at Shotwick. Some steady riding and we had reached out as far as Connah's Quay for lunch at 1-30. A couple of hours for lunch, and then the problem was to get to Mold in time for the Club tea at 6. We managed to get there with time to spare, actually arriving there at 5-45. Tea finished, nothing remained but the ride home, which, being mostly downhill, was easily accomplished, and we finally docked about 10 o'clock. Fifty miles in twelve hours—truly is the bicycle likened to the mythical seven league boots."

Somewhat chastened by this tale of epic achievement we crept away from the great one's presence.

While on his way to London to preside at the A.G.M. of the R.R.A. on the 22nd of the month, the Presider met with a nasty accident that temporarily put him out of action and brought the journey to an abrupt conclusion. Accompanied by Smith, whom he had met at Newport, he journeyed on towards Brownhills, where deep snow was encountered. This was sufficient to make them an hour late at the "Parson and Clerk." Afterwards, conditions improved and they bowled along merrily until, in the dusk, Cook, without warning, struck a cake of hard snow lying on the road (which had probably dropped off the wheels of a lorry). Unfortunately, a car was slowly approaching, and the old gent collided with the radiator, wrecked the fore-part of his bicycle and cut his head and bruised himself. After some delay the police and an ambulance arrived and he was taken to hospital but not detained. Albert Lusty was communicated with and he at once made arrangements for Cook's removal to his house where the Doctor ordered him to bed and for a rest in case of shock. At the time of writing (26th Feb.) we hear that he is going on splendidly, feels like a fighting cock and wants to get in the saddle again. He, however, has been ordered to remain quite for a few days, and it may be the middle of next week before he is allowed to come home.

"YE OWLS."

The A.G.M. was fixed for the 22nd so as to enable certain of the brethren to meet W. P. Cook the following day, when he was making his usual pilgrimage to the Roads Records Association Meeting.

Torrential rain in the morning gave way to a drizzle at 2 p.m. when a start was made for Amersham. Upon arrival, the ruins of the "Crown," after the recent fire, were inspected, when it was found that only the fabric remains of the old building, and the place will have to be entirely rebuilt. It is interesting to note that no lives were lost, thanks to the sagacity of one of our feathered friends, to wit, a parrot, who gave the alarm. After tea, which was served in the Tudor room, the journey was continued, the rain having finished it was quite pleasant, the usual call at Aston Clinton, and the King's Head, Ivinghoe, soon welcomed us.

An excellent dinner being disposed of, the real business of the evening commenced, but, as this unique body has no rules, subs., etc. (that trouble less exalted ones), there was no agenda and no one had the temerity to protest when the Archowl re-elected himself in half-a-dozen terse words.

Members representing the North Road, Bath Road and Century were present and we were represented by Buckley, Senr., Rawlinson, J. E., and the Arch. We were pleased to have with us, Mazeppa and Spango, Jimmy Inwood (North Road), and amongst the associates, Draisey and Dougall.

Just as we were starting for Aynho, news came through of Cook's unfortunate accident; plans were revised and the members dispersed.

* * *

S. del Banco and J. Seed have joined the C.T.C.

TOURS AND TOURING.

CASTELL CARREG CENNEN.

THIS finely-placed ruined castle of the late 14th century is situated $4\frac{1}{2}$ miles to the east of Llandilo, in Carmarthenshire. It is probably the most picturesque fortress in South Wales, and the easiest route to it is via Derwydd Road Station.

The castle is placed in a very magnificent situation perched on a precipitous crag. At a distance, especially against an early morning sky-line, its outline appears astonishingly bold and defiant, and fortress and rock blend so well together that it is difficult to tell where the cliff ends and the rampart begins.

It overlooks the valley of the Cennen, which is crossed by a bridge at the hamlet of Trapp. The best place for a near photograph is on the little hill immediately opposite the north side, at which the spectator enters the fortress, and gazes down from one of the south walls into the depth below, realizing at once its stupendous altitude above the valley at its base. The rock there runs down sheer for 300 ft.

The castle belonged to the Welsh family of Rhys ap Tudor. It is keepless, square in plan, with some of the usual angle towers omitted. The hall, which in most castles is on the least exposed side, here abuts on the wall most open to attack. The chapel occupied the first floor of a square tower. The entrance can only be reached by a roadway narrowed by a flanking wall. The ruins are under the supervision of H.M. Office of Works, and a small charge is made for admission.

RUNS.

Lymm, 25th January, 1936.

Apparently many of us have made up our minds, after the last few weeks' experience, that there won't be any cycling weather just yet, for the best we could do at Lymm was to

muster six, which is far too small a gathering for a popular rendezvous. True, the weather wasn't quite all that could be desired; the rain came down heavily and conditions were distinctly moist, but little things like that shouldn't deter one from cycling, and the rain was doing the very good work of clearing the roads of the remainder of the snow.

Ted Cody was the first arrival, followed by Bob Poole, and after some waiting, by the V.P., and then Sammy Threlfall; another interval and Geoff Lockett and Ned Haynes, Junr., drifted or were washed in. But where were the other Liverpool gentlemen who usually honour us at Lymm? If Ted and Sammy could manage, why couldn't they? Though, if the truth must be told, Sammy said a mouthful about himself for doing it.

Well, we had an excellent meal, and what we lacked in numbers we made up for in cheerfulness. We tried to draw the boys about their experiences in London the previous week-end, but with little success, until at last we got the pitiful story of wrong station, etc. To others than the principal actors that story is rather funny. The rain still came down steadily when we started for home, but I hope all reached there safely. By-the-way, I almost forgot to mention that the Presider had passed that way during the afternoon and left his love for us.

Halewood, 1st February, 1936.

Making a lone journey through the city I reached the Derby Arms in good time. Of the early arrivals there were Royden, Burgess, Powell, Knipe and Kettle. On inspecting the new building I found the Editor quenching his thirst after a ride via Northwich and Warrington, where he had picked up Tommy.

At six, we sat down to the usual high-standard meal, the Editor dishing out the roast pork in large helpings. Preston took two lots of everything, saying "Salt's not out I will have an easy ride." Marriott, taking a second helping of pork, required "a little bit of stiffening," this being the result no doubt of his adventures with the arm of the law as already narrated.

Others present were Molyneux, Connor, Threlfall, Hughes, Byron, Roskell, Fell, Rowatt, Lucas and friend, Williams and friend, Venables, Morris, Stephenson and Rock. After the usual talk and smoke the party broke up, leaving for their various destinations.

The Presider attended the M.C. & A.C. dinner at Birmingham, rode down on the Friday and Saturday and back on the Sunday, facing the wind both ways.

Goostrey, 1st February, 1936.

Once again, after many moons, I have attended a Club run on a bicycle, only to find that the reward of virtue is to be pounced upon by the sub-captain and asked to write up the run; surely the man is well enough paid to do the job himself?

I had at first thought of attending the Halewood run, but when the February *Circular* arrived, giving the Goostrey alternative, my heart failed me at the prospect of the rural beauties of Widnes and Runcorn, so beloved by our Liverpool members. So to Goostrey I rode, on an afternoon pleasant enough in its early part, though turning to gentle rain later on, and a most enjoyable ride I had.

Once Nether Alderley was left behind I had the lanes to myself and began to recapture the half-forgotten pleasure of passing gently and silently along between Cheshire hedgerows, a pleasure "loved long since and lost awhile" in favour of hurry and bustle of mechanical transport. With about three miles to go a shower compelled a halt under a sheltering tree to cape up, but the rain never became heavy enough to interfere with the enjoyment of the ride.

Arrived at the Red Lion I found Buckley (senior), Cody, and Cranshaw (also making one of his too rare appearances) already in possession and within a few minutes Poole, Crewe, Lockett, Thomas, Haynes and Wilf Orrell completed the muster and the party proceeded to deal manfully and well with the usual good fare provided. Some remark was caused towards the end of the meal by the unusual sight of an Anfielder handing round the cake before helping himself, but his plea of long absence from runs was accepted and the strange lapse was excused.

Tea over, Cody left for his lone ride and the rest of the party adjourned to another room to discuss with Mr. Knowles the difficulty of picking "away winners" and kindred subjects. How long the sitting lasted I cannot say, Poole leaving with me at 7 o'clock for a quiet and uneventful ride home in capes.

Farndon, 8th February, 1936.

Into a biting south-east wind we set off from the "eighth," just behind the Editor, and in due course he was overhauled, which eventually resulted in the tucking in stage

for shelter—wise fellow. The energetic ones departed at the "Mills" to get an appetite for tea, we, however, continued towards the ancient city; after a short while, a plaintive voice from the rear cries: "I've punctured but carry on, I've plenty of spares"; was it an excuse to get away from the fast and furious speed of 10's? Well, in Chester, we kept up with the time-honoured custom and had tea with an enlarged Eccles cake. (Hope the Eccles cake enjoyed your company.—Ed.) Thus refortified against the cold, icy blast, we started for our destination, via Eccleston Eaton Park and Aldford arriving at the "Raven" just before lighting up time.

Twenty-two hungry members sat down to the well-served meal, the Carr brothers being very noticeable for their chic Continental sweaters, which I must confess, add a certain touch of gaiety to the cyclist.

(We are not quite clear whether our contributor stayed the night at Farndon or the sight of the Carrs' "chic Continental sweaters" rendered him speechless as to the subsequent proceedings, but in this his first attempt at writing up a run we must show forbearance and merely point out that in addition to the three mentioned, the remaining 19 were Venables, Cook, Rowatt, Cody, Royden, Powell, Smith, Elias, Threlfall, Seed, J. R. Band, del Banco, Perkins, Williams, Byron, Rock, Salt, Marriott and Preston. The Editor had punctured twice and used up all his spares, but nevertheless got home all right. Cook, fresh from London by the morning train, had visited his office and blazed out direct, and afterwards week-ended with Smith at Bont. del Banco and Perkins were on the tandem-trike, and Seed was out on his new bicycle.—Ed.)

Sutton, 8th February, 1936.

An invitation, extended way back in 1935 by Wilf Orrell (the newest member of our Veterans' Club), came to fulfilment on this date, when, having collected friend Bell, complete with new tie and Wilf with barrow, we set out for the Ryles Arms, to tea with the Anfield. Approaching the Butley Ash end of Dean Row, a party of four cyclists and a "barrow-ist" swept past us, Wilf's informative "That's them," indicating the "Club." After successfully fighting the bitter wind to "Mace," we passed our friends outside a popular place of call, but were again shown their heels on the Sutton road.

Bell heroically offered his services as carver for the noble lump of beef Mrs. Gibson served up, with the usual "trimmings." The meal "well under way," a disturbance announced the arrival of Bren, Hubert, and the man with the pipe, who dined off what we couldn't manage, plus a boiled ham. Bren stated they had travelled via the frozen canal from Bollington to Sutton, but am afraid Hubert's presence gave the lie to this statement. After a chat round the fire, Hubert and the man with the pipe, having several mills to buy, set off for Mace; Wilf and the other "Anfielders'" following, friend Bell and self hanging back for further "refreshment." In conclusion and purely guessing, one member who left quite early was probably going to "second-house" pictures.

(Seeing that the writer was not a member of the Club we think he has made a remarkably good attempt to write down his thoughts about the run, and we beg to thank him for his effort. The names of the eight at the run were H. G. Buckley, Cranshaw, Haynes, Lockett, Poole, Thomas and the two Orrells.—ED.)

Mouldsworth, 15th February, 1936.

There were wisps of mist across the highroad the other Saturday night, after Mouldsworth; eerie figures flitted through them; white milestones, when we saw them, flashed past. We were speeding, not scrapping, but just doing our utmost to hang on to the fleeting riders in front. Two Mills was veiled in a misty light and I glanced at my watch—evens! Faster, faster, and I cling manfully, if not actually, to the wheel of the man in front. Who is feeling so fit so soon? The Wirral Stone, and Salty has not caught us yet. Perhaps we will ease now, but no! More miles—a sickening feeling—the Sych. I fall off.

1 a.m., and I am still awake, for sleep is miles away. Where have I been to? Oh, yes! Mouldsworth. We met at the 8th milestone: Hughes, Abdul (not Damned, yet) Preston, Peter Rock, Byron, George Connor and Sammy the Captain. del Blotto met us by Two Mills crossroads. At Chester, when all of us wished for a quiet ride and a cup of tea at Stamford, Sammy jibbed and dragged Peter Rock with him round the tracks of Fox Hill and through Alvanley to the venue. We saw them arriving just before six. (Poor Peter, of course had to go for he couldn't possible say "No" to a Captain).

Lots more were there, some in chapel and some in tank, but all waiting for their tea. Snowden had a table to himself until Rex Austin (unfamiliar figure) seated himself there. He reported George Newall trudging up the hill, but it was Elias who stalked in later. Salty (what's up with the running, Jack?), Williams, Cook, Royden, Rowatt, Knipe, Kettle, Cody, Seed (per new bicycle), the other—the real—Sammy (Threlfall), Chandler and Lucas. That was all.

And what of the Manchester contingent? Bert Green and the three lads (Lockett, Haynes and Thomas) rolled in and reported trouble. So much trouble that they had to wash their hands, for Green's back tyre had burst and temporary repairs had to be effected.

Teddy Edwards proudly told us that he had bought a chauffeur and then the grand finale came in the form of Smith who arrived late and kept the Old Gentleman late too. Thus it was for the first time that we left the Club Run before W.P. I recollect telling you of the awful nightmare of that ride home.

Mold, 22nd February, 1936.

On arrival at the 8th milestone I found Byron, del Blotto, and Brian Band debating whether to put on capes or not. Whilst waiting for Connor, the Editor came along and in gentle, persuasive tones, heard down on Burton Marshes, murmured to me, "Please write the run up!"

Capes were required at Two Mills corner and then on to Queensferry for a cup of tea, where we were joined by Hughes. From our vantage point we watched Kettle pass on trike and a little later, Jack Seed.

We decided to go via Hawarden, Padeswood, and Llong, the only dissentient being Geo., who wished to see Buckley *en route*. By a series of flanking movements he was kept on the Mold road and Buckley knew him not.

In the tank were Royden, Threlfall, Chandler, Perkins, Roberts, also the Skipper and Rock, who had spent all day in reaching Halkyn, there to follow Tommy's footprints in the snow down to Mold, after a strenuous ride (30 miles in 7 hours), but minus the photographs the Skipper had set out to take specially.

At 6-10 a move was made for the lower dining room where we found Elias, Ven, Teddy Edwards and Rowatt already in possession.

An 1885 Road Book with title page inscribed D. Rowatt, Bootle Bicycle Club, was an interesting relic, and was later borrowed by Marriott, the result of whose research will probably bring in the vast sum of 2/6, paid by one of the many journals for which he writes.

The very late arrival of Preston was met with enquiries regarding Tranmere Rovers, and his reply that they had lost upset our football pools fans who had previously been discussing the F.A. ban.

Kettle was heard enquiring about the rear seat of Blotto's tandem trike, and tentative arrangements were dashed by Brian's admission of fright when descending the Sych on the back seat some time ago. He, I think, prefers "The Rolling, Rocking, Rhythm of the Sea."

It was snowing when we left, and those of us who were here a month ago, had visions of another nightmare slide down to Queensferry, but all was well, barring the sting of the snow in our eyes.

A compulsory stop in Queensferry was caused by a puncture in Hughes's rear wheel and the failure of two gas lamps, Brian's and Byron's. Brian's was remedied by the application of a pennyworth of chewing gum champed into a plastic state, but Ted's refused to function and he finished the ride carrying a small electric torch.

The remainder of the ride was uneventful, though wet, although we understand the Editor pushed off a right-hand crank when climbing Shotwick Dip and had to one-leg-it home, paced by Elias as far as the Wirral stone.

Acton Bridge, 22nd February, 1936.

We were seven at "Barney's" in spite of a rather damp ride. We missed Threlfall, who was spending the day in North Wales; Lucas, who was taking care of a cold, and Stevie, who, I hear, found the distance too great. But Cody, Green, Haynes, Knipe, Lockett, W. Orrell and Thomas did full justice to an ample and appetising meal.

After tea, round the fire, we were enlightened by Bert Green on some curious legal lore anent the non-wearing of certain articles of apparel. Shakespeare tells us that "the apparel oft proclaims the man," but it seems that the complete converse of this is accepted as evidence in a Court of Law.

The rain was heavier than ever when we took our homeward road, later turning to sleet and finally to snow; and my extremities assumed a gelid condition, so that it took a considerable time to restore the normal circulation.

Chester, 29th February, 1936.

There were 13 at the run, 12 actually sitting down to the meal, whilst Lloyd appeared in full accoutrements just to see that the house was being conducted in a right and proper manner. In the unfortunate absence of the President—due to the accident referred to elsewhere, from which, we were pleased to hear, he is almost completely recovered, and will probably be home again during the coming week—the company was under the chairmanship of V.P. Kettle, who made himself very agreeable and smiled benignly on all present.

The catering was excellent and consisted of Hot-pot and plenty of it—for those who had the courage to ask for more. Our champion gourmand, Jack Salt, seemed however to be right off form and the honours of the evening were easily won by Preston, whilst Marriott was a very poor second. "Wayfarer" (hisself) incomplete without shorts and ice-cream jacket graced the board and seemed disappointed not to find his fellow-shortist, Johnny Band, who had evidently gone to the pictures owing to the inclemency of the weather. Our own "Wayfarer" was delivering a lecture at the Grosvenor Museum, and had come by train attired in his best Sunday-go-to-meetings. He seemed very surprised and disillusioned to find how poor the Editor's appetite had become, but was much impressed by the gastronomical display furnished by the gentlemen already mentioned. He ("Wayfarer") simultaneously with Rowatt had completely lost his and both had *un morceau de poisson* each, which looked just about enough to feed a mawkish invalid. The Editor had started in the morning and had *walked out* via Hooton and Shotwick. Tommy Royden was in his usual hilarious mood and once or twice shocked the company with his Rabelasian wit. Teddy Edwards had purchased Home Rails, as had Williams also. Byron and Scarff completed the party, who all in due course dispersed in the rain.

Lymm, February 29th, 1936.

It really is too bad—this was, I think, the eleventh successive Saturday with unpleasant weather conditions. Of course it's winter, and one mustn't expect too much, but we don't often have so many rotten week-ends together. Rain's bad enough, but this chilling sleet is infinitely worse. However, eight of us, including Bob Knipe and Ted Cody, from Liverpool, foregathered at the Spread Eagle and had a jolly meal, enlivened by a short visit from Wemyss Smith, who is too busy just now to put in full time with us. After feeding, four of the party adjourned to the billiard room and returned later with weird stories about the special technique necessary to overcome the architectural handicaps from which the room suffers.

We were early away, Wilf Orrell, who was making eventually for Twemlow, accompanying us part of the way to Manchester, as he wanted to lengthen the ride a bit. When I tell you that the sleet and snow were coming down steadily, you'll agree with me, I think that Carpenter will have to look to his laurels—the last part of that famous sequence "and then there's Carpenter" will have to be altered.



© Anfield Bicycle Club

© Anfield Bicycle Club



ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

FORMED MARCH, 1879.

MONTHLY CIRCULAR

Vol XXXI.

No. 362.

FIXTURES FOR APRIL, 1936.

Tea at 6-0 p.m.

Light up at

April	4	Tattenhall (Bear and Ragged Staff)	7-20 p.m.
"	6	Committee Meeting, 7-30 p.m. (Victoria Hotel, St. John's Lane, Liverpool).	
"	10/13	Easter Tour—Bettws-y-Coed (Glan Aber) ..	7-34 p.m.
"	18	Farndon (Raven)	7-46 p.m.
"	25	Little Budworth (Red Lion)	9-29 p.m.
May	2	First 50 Miles Handicap	9-42 p.m.

Full Moon ... 6th inst.

Summer Time begins 19th inst.

NOTICE.

All communications should be addressed to The Editor, 22 Holly Bank Road, Birkenhead. They should be written legibly, on one side of the paper only, and should bear the name of the sender.

The Hon. Treasurer's address is R. L. Knipe, 138 Moscow Drive, Stoneycroft, Liverpool, 13, but Subscriptions (25 -; under 25, 21/-; 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.

© Anfield Bicycle Club

COMMITTEE NOTES.

4 THE LAUND,

WALLASEY, CHESHIRE.

A RESOLUTION was passed recording the deep regret of the Club and sympathy with the President (Mr. W. P. Cook) in connection with his recent unfortunate accident, together with hopes for his speedy recovery.

INVITATION "100."—Mr. W. H. Kettle has been appointed Judge and Referee. The George Hotel, Shrewsbury, will again be the Headquarters of the Club. Members are requested to book their own accommodation direct.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS.—Mr. A. Newsholme, 7 King's Road, Upper Chorlton Road, Manchester.

H. W. POWELL,

Hon. General Secretary.

TREASURY NOTES.

"Now the weather grows less wayward,

Now the months are moving May-ward,"

and I wonder how many members realise that their Subscriptions (by Rule 25) are now in arrears; and that they "shall receive written application from the Treasurer, and if payment be not made within one month" then they shall be bitten on the stomach by wild monkeys, or words to that effect.

Well, now I'm telling you, and I hope that you appreciate the seriousness of your position. So get busy and let April showers of cheques fall upon me daily.

My thanks are due to the 13 members from whom I have received subscriptions and/or donations (*) during the past month.

H. S. Barratt.

E. O. Morris.

S. T. Threlfall.

A. J. Carr.

*G. Stephenson.

C. Tierney ('35).

K. B. Crewe.

O. E. Taylor.

A. Williams.

*A. Lusty;

U. Taylor.

H. Wilson.

H. Thomas.

RACING NOTES.

THE Inter-Club Run with the North Road C.C., which was to have been held on March 28th, had to be postponed owing to difficulties with the accommodation. It is hoped to hold the event later in the year.

Training Spins.

Last month I was too lavish with these when I stated that one would be held every Saturday in April. This is wrong. On Easter Saturday I hope to be miles away. A training spin of 25 miles will definitely be held on the first Saturday in April; thereafter as occasion (or the racing men) demand.

Real Races.

Enclosed with this *Circular* will be found a Route Card covering the four 50 Mile Events of this year. The first will be held on May 2nd; entries close April 27th, but if you would like to oblige me—well, the earlier I receive your forms the better I shall like it.

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

THE PRESIDER.

The Presider, who returned from Lusty's house at the beginning of the month, has been confined to his own residence ever since and has now been removed to hospital for an operation. This is expected to take place shortly.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

WILL Contributors please note that the name of J. C. BAND is not to appear in the *Circular*, and that any further cases where his name appears will be vigorously blue-pencilled. Mr. Band is rather susceptible to any form of leg-pulling and we have consequently decided that the best way to avoid giving him any unnecessary pain is to leave his name out altogether. Should there be anyone else with similar feelings perhaps he would disclose his identity, in which case the same consideration will be extended.

We would like to point out, at this juncture, that we have never permitted any insulting reference to any one, and that all allusions to persons, including our own (of which there have been many), are merely intended to be jocular. In catering for all tastes it is at times difficult to know how to please the majority, it is of course impossible to please everybody, but we do expect that those people who complained to us when we took office that "the *Circular* read too much like a church magazine and that it needed to be more homely," and who moreover will write nothing for the *Circular* and

refuse to show us how the job *should* be done, should be the first to grouse when it is made "more homely" for them. There are men in the Club who have told us that it is an honour to be mentioned in the *Circular*, whilst the vast majority, thank Heaven, have a sense of humour and look upon any flippancies in the spirit in which they are intended.

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of *The Circular*.

SIR,—

I am very glad to learn from the report of the A.G.M. that the Club subscription for members between the ages of 21 and 25 is reduced from 25s. to 21s.—a difference (if my mathematics are correct) of 4s. This is a very wise move, and will result, so far as I, personally, am concerned, in my subscription being paid at a much earlier date than usual.

I presume, of course, that in a sporting organization such as ours it will not be necessary for proof of age to be submitted to the Committee. Surely it will be in keeping with the traditions of the Club if no questions are asked.

Yours hopefully,

W. M. ROBINSON.

SIR,

7th March, 1936.

My attention has been drawn to a scurrilous caricature of myself in what would, otherwise, have been a most successful essay in humour. I admit, Sir, I rocked with laughter and the tears rolled down my cheeks at the shafts of wit, until—could I believe my eyes? Yes, indeed, until I saw the—*for want of a better name*—I say, I saw the *oderiferous* insinuation that I was addicted to the gorging of that most evil-smelling bulb—the ONION! Link my name, if you will, with a Fawcett's Express potato or a Dorothy Perkin's rose—but union with an onion! Ugh!

I beg that, in future articles, reference to myself shall be omitted, or I shall be compelled to take serious notice of such ribaldry and without further explanation relinquish my fellowship of the Royal Horticultural Society! I enclose my card as, never having yet contributed to the *Circular*, I am naturally bashful of prominence in the Press and will therefore be content to sign myself,

Very, very truly yours,

" PLYNLIMMON."

The Editor,

The Anfield Circular.

Comments on
A REMARKABLE RUN.

SO great has been the interest displayed by our readers in this article, which appeared in our March number, that our Special Investigator has interviewed the persons concerned, with the following result :—

CAPTAIN MARRYCOLD : I certainly think that the Editor should be more careful as to how he describes the Captain's duties. It would be very *infra dig* for a Captain to be discovered cleaning a rotten old tricycle-chain with a toothpick and Eau-de-Cologne. A Captain should be looked up to. I think I'll write to the Committee.

Mr. DOELEY : It is not at all likely that I'm going to allow the Presider to lean on my arm, even so lightly. It would be more to the point if I leaned on his. I will probably write to the Committee.

HUGEBERT : I certainly don't like these references to glasses of milk and my diminutive figure. They should be stopped. I think I'll write to the Committee.

THE PRESIDER : I never rise unsteadily to my feet, and certainly do not think that the whole of the Beer-biters' subscriptions should be borne by the Tea-Tasters. Rather, I feel that all those who receive Red Slips should pay the Beer-biters' subscriptions for the succeeding year. I may bring this up before the Committee.

Mr. PIUS TINKER : I don't know whether the reference to me is intended to be sarcastic. Being an exceeding righteous man I regularly say grace. I therefore feel that the matter should be brought before the Committee.

THE COMPLETE TOURIST : Why should I have my leg pulled so constantly about my appetite and my longing for onions, when nothing is ever said about pre-war bottles of whisky and sacks? Cannot I be left alone? I will certainly write to the Committee.

Mr. ELI ASSE : It is desirable to have at least one turbulent member at meetings, even if it is only to see that the Presider hasn't it *all* his own way. I think I will protest to the Committee.

Mr. STARBOARD-SWIPE - I certainly feel that my gifts in the poetry line entitle me to some consideration in respect to my claim that I should have a page or two in the *Circular* reserved for me for this purpose. I will certainly write to the Committee.

THE DON MARKAS : As one of Mr. Swipe's ablest supporters, I would like to point out that his gifts as a poet and writer of prose are second to none and certainly ought not to be made the subject of irrelevant banter in that rotten old *Circular*. I will most assuredly write to the Committee.

THE LEAN FORM OF GEORDIE said : That drink was the root of all evil and that anything he said or did in an attempt to mitigate this evil should not be made the subject of balderdash in the *Circular*. He thought they all ought to sign the Pledge and he was quite ready to give a lead in this direction. As he felt himself grossly insulted, he would certainly write to the Committee.

The comments of Messrs. JERRYWELL, COCK-ROBINSON, S. UNNTER and one PLYNLIMMON were found to be unprintable, whilst Mr. ROY CAGE's remarks were so obviously Rabelaisian that it is quite impossible to quote them. They, however, are all determined to write to the Committee.

On the other hand :—

Mr. DAVID SCULLART said : That he had been advocating the consumption of intoxicating liquor for so long that he felt that now something would be done to foster it. It was no doubt the means of making manhood, removed irritability and helped one to see the funny side of things. He would certainly avoid saying anything *sub rosa*, neither would he write to the Committee.

Mr. JOHNNIE CREW said : Laugh? I should think I did laugh! I've read nothing funnier for a very long time. My dear fellow! You know how I can take a joke, don't you? So you can just imagine how entertained I was when I read the article. I should *never* think of writing to the Committee.

TESTS FOR SENSITIVE PLANTS.

ANFIELD Hunting Circles are asking : Will the election of Miss Betty Royden to the Seat of Master of the Hunt permit her sporting relative Rider-Royden to swell the Pack by stepping in (and out) as occupant of the office of Running-Tommy, a sinecure frequently occupied by experienced and veteran cyclists. Mr. Bikley will lend him one of his hunting crops.

We hear that Harry Austin may be expected to rejoin the Saughall Beer Biters any week. Ten years ago he was a regular attender but got tired of being landed with the job of cleaning out Cook's archaic gas lamp. As this lamp has at last met its Waterloo, Harry will now be able to enjoy the principal business of the Wednesday evening uninterrupted.



Some of our members who have noted that their brother-Anfielder "Wayfarer" (himself) was lecturing at the Museum, Chester, on the last Saturday in February, are wondering whether our distinguished *litterateur* will be (or has been) allowed out again. We do not suggest that he would make an acceptable "museum piece," but—well, we shall leave it at that.



We understand that Mr. X X XXXX has just invented a rather natty screen-wiper for the benefit of people whose eyesight compels them to wear glasses. This ought to be a particularly useful appliance, especially for those of us who cannot ride bicycles without such eye protection. We are glad to learn that the price has been fixed at the lowest possible figure consistent with good workmanship. A pair of the wipers will cost £3 3s., while a single wiper, for the benefit of those who adopt a monocle, is only £2 10s. We are sure that, at these eminently reasonable prices—which seem to us to leave very little profit for the inventor—our friend will be able to amass yet another fortune.



Dave Rowatt no doubt, when life ebbs out,
Will ride in a flaming chariot,
He'll sit in state on a red-hot plate,
Beside Satan and Judas Iscariot.
Ananias that day to Mephy. will say :
"The light of precedence fails,
Move up a bit higher,
Away from the fire,
And make room for this B— from Wales."



We make the preliminary announcement of the long-looked-for advent upon the roads of Britain of a certain member's tricycle. Considering he has been an enthusiastic supporter of the Tricycle Association for nearly two years, we think it about time he gave some material evidence of his interest in three wheels. We are afraid there has been some

shilly-shallying in coming to a decision, reminiscent of Mrs. 'Enery 'Awkins—"First he said he wouldn't; then he said he couldn't; then he whispered 'Well, I'll see.' " !

Also, considering the order was placed nearly three months ago, and the fact that the machine is not due for delivery for another week or two, we must be prepared for something really startling! W.P.C. thinks, however, that the most startled person will be its owner, the first time he tries to ride it! We hope to interview the member in question in due course and shall probably learn lots (if not about tricycles), certainly of the potentialities of the English language!

SOCIETY GOSSIP.

Mr. C. H. Turnor, who recently fell off a chair and broke his suspender, is going on as well as can be expected. No further bulletins will be issued.

Mr. Oliver Cooper has consented to become a Vice-President of the Society for the Protection of Ancient Cheeses.

Mr. F. J. Cheminais, having made further improvements in his recent invention for fitting zip fasteners to bananas, is shortly to give a demonstration of the idea before Mr. Elder and Mr. Fyffe, Co-Presidents of the Venerable Society of Greengrocers.

Mr. X. X. XXXX, who speaks Esperanto like a native, has just been awarded the Cosmopolitan Society's Gold Medal in the vocal examination in shorthand and gum arabic. He has few equals as a linguist, as will be realized from the circumstance that he was selected, out of hundreds of applicants, as translator on the forthcoming expedition to the Far North, where the mythical islands of Neurasthenia and Hysteria will be fully explored.

Mr. D. L. Ryalls, now resident in London, is taking a deep interest in Flora and Fauna. He is rarely seen without one or the other.

Mr. W. P. Cook, of "Sunnyside Hydro," recently revisited North Wales, after an absence of several days. He was cordially welcomed by the natives and lavishly entertained (at his own expense). This opportunity may be taken for announcing that from "Sunnyside Hydro," which remains a "free" house, is to be obtained the best view of the Corporation of Birkenhead's new refuse dump.

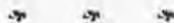
Mr. Harold Moore, who has now completed his removal from Huddersfield to Leigh-not-on-Solent—his other chair having just arrived—has in active preparation a lantern

lecture to be entitled "A Citizen of no Mean City." It will be illustrated with superb slides, one being a portrait of the Citizen and the other giving a view of the Public Abattoir at Leigh-not-on-Solent. Mr. Moore's memorable book, *Sharks, Sharps, and Accountants*, has recently gone into its 33rd edition, despite the fact that it was banned in Delamere Forest and the Goyt Valley. Mr. Moore's earlier works, *With Knife and Fork through Darkest Denbighshire*, and *With Knife, Fork, and Spoon through Unknown Pensby*, have had an even greater vogue than the author's original book—a monograph entitled *Now Barabbas was a Corn Merchant*.

Mr. E. Edwards' cousin-once-removed, Mr. A. V. A. Banana, whose new book *The Hungry Forties* (dedicated to Master Frank) will shortly be published, has had a romantic career. Born (when he was quite young) without a shirt to his back, he now possesses four, though he seldom wears more than one at a time. A pathetic feature about his early years is that both his parents died some months before he was born. Since he left Dartmoor, Mr. Banana has been engaged in intricate financial operations, and his face is a very familiar one (his manners are equally familiar) to the thousands of people who pass daily through the turnstiles at Seacombe Ferry. He is shortly vacating this post, with the complete good-will of the Wallasey Corporation, in order to devote himself exclusively to literature. This change is an extremely happy one, seeing that Mr. Banana will in future be more closely associated with his wife, who holds a remunerative newspaper pitch at the top of No. 4 bridge, Liverpool Landing Stage.



Under the auspices of the National Society for the Propagation of Cruelty to Children in Foreign Parts, a debate will shortly be held in St. George's Hall, Liverpool, the subject being: "Should Automatic Traffic Signals be left out in the Rain?" Mr. E. J. Cody will take the affirmative and Mr. J. S. Jonas the negative.



We observe that there is only one licensed house to every 628 of the population of Birmingham. There would thus seem to be complete justification for the bitter complaints made by certain of our local members—Jack Fowler and Robinson (himself), for example—as to the crowding and discomfort which are inseparable from indulgence in a quick one in the

metropolis of the Midlands. Carpenter and Lusty confirm this, the former adding that he always has the greatest difficulty in retrieving cigar and cigarette ends from the floors of the pubs in Birmingham, owing to the absence of space for bending down. And even then, comments Lusty, the ends have almost invariably been trodden on. We fully sympathise with our exiled members and realize that, at times, life can be extremely difficult.

* * *

Cook was greatly perturbed, the other day, on hearing somebody, who was reading a newspaper aloud, mention the proposed "higher duty on ales." He literally tore the paper from his neighbour's hands and breathlessly scanned it. Imagine his relief when he discovered that the news related to a "higher duty on nails." He expressed a savage wish that modern education would take more interest in correct pronunciation.

* * *

We heard the other day that Tommy Royden, on his recent visit to Edinburgh, gave up his seat in an omnibus to a kilted Scottish soldier, thinking it was a lady he was obliging. The gallant Tommy!

* * *

We have received a radio message from Oliver Cooper to the effect that all the rumours about his reason for going abroad at the present juncture are wrong. His sole purpose in taking a cruise to South America was to get rid of his accumulation of safety razor blades, which he dumped on the Equator as he passed.

* * *

Newspaper headline: "The Importance of Lubrication." John Kinder must be told about this.

LITTLE KNOWN FACTS.

W. P. Cook and W. M. Robinson, between them, have never worn a muffler.

Frank Chandler washes his neck every Sunday morning without fail.

Norman Turvey has never been round the world.

Hubert Roskell is said to be one of the world's greatest non-wife-beaters.

* * *

According to a correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph*, the first essential for perfect reading aloud is a good set of natural

teeth. This explains why Jonas decided not to become a licensed lay-reader.

Now that Martins Bank has opened palatial offices in Birmingham—this has doubtless been rendered possible because of the enormous profit made on the Club account (despite the obscure financial operations of Bob Knipe)—it is hoped that a certain member, who desires to remain anonymous, will pay his subscriptions more promptly in future. The new Bank is right opposite Robbie's offices, too.

Who was the Anfielder who, on hearing somebody talking about the "Sixpenny Chain Stores," went to Woolworth's and tried to obtain new transmission for his bicycle in exchange for the nimble tanner? If the member in question does not stand us a drink at our next meeting, we propose to name him.

From Our Special Correspondent

(Copyright A.B.C., C.T.C. and R.R.A)

Such great interest has been evinced in 'Teddy Edwards' Cocktail Party and Dance to the Pretty Typists who accompanied him home from the scene of his recent accident, that we publish below an unbiassed account of this very interesting (and what the Tea Tasters wish will be an annual) function.

The Pretty Rescuers were all assembled when the Tea Tasters arrived and no sooner had George Connor put his neck through the door, closely followed by Clarence né Abdul, than there was a coo of admiration from the beauteous bevy, and while the handsome George saluted them one by one before making a beeline for the ale, Clarence Abdul sought solace in the milk jug. For, as even Randall says, there is nothing like milk.

Salty was the next arrival, and he was rather put out that he wasn't first, but soon proved amenable after being given charge of the tea.

F.M., Pillar of the local Band of Hope, contented himself with repeated applications of small ports (tumblers full) and our Arch, carrying his cult for lightness to his clothes, was wearing a celluloid collar (they're much lighter than linen ones, he says), and muttering "Brown and white" to himself. Peter Rock, limping down the steps, explained that he had twisted his ankle in Brimstage, though why go to Brimstage to twist an ankle, beats me, when you can do it at home.

Teddy then made a short speech, explaining the reason for the gathering, and while he was in the middle of the discourse, in bungled Byron with a soda syphon in one hand and a bottle of gripe water in the other, spluttering something about "that even if he was training he was not going to be done out of a binge." After he had quietened down, the toast "The Rescuers" was drunk with musical honours, Rigby and Brian making a dive to the Milk Bar which Teddy had so thoughtfully installed.

A sing-song was suggested, and Sammy uncoiled himself from the settee and clutching his small port, rendered his favourite song: "Ridin' on a Reindeer," which went down very well. George followed, singing "After the Ball is over" with great feeling, but in the middle of the dramatic portion a nasty *contretemps* occurred. Chandler, under the delusion that it was a fancy dress ball, barged in clad in a string of black puddings and crowned with pickled onions. He was quickly hustled out, but a little later came back decently attired in tails and plus fours, but still a little reminiscent of his discarded togs. Tommy Royden was with him and had come in the hope that the Lady Wozyer would be there to. These two whispering baritones closely harmonised in "Asleep in the Deep," successfully ruining any thought of sleep for those who might be in the shallows.

The floor was then cleared for dancing, but from outside there came sounds of a dramatic scuffle. Teddy and Frank ran out to find Lloyd and Randall trying to push past the burly doorkeeper. "I'm with the petrified countenance," said the B.D.K., "he isn't a cyclist. And 'im," pointing a finger to where Randall stood, "E's too fat and 'is legs is too short for push-biking." On hearing Bert Lloyd's voice, Arthur Hughes, pale from one of Teddy's "Floro del Sockos," went to the colour of chalk, for still being on probation he has to keep well in with the limb of the law (for what a limb!). But he was just in time and hurriedly dropped the burning brand in the piano.

The dance music was provided by Tommy with his mouth-organ, and Frank Chandler, who "la-la'ed" at everything, and very well it sounded. The easy nonchalance of George as he waltzed the prettiest of the typists round the room was a pleasure to behold and the unassuming grace of Clarence Abdul was astounding. Byron, still with his syphon and bottle of gripe water, made a wonderful M.C. And so revelry reigned till dawn broke over the Gandy Belt Works, a signal for the closing down of an exceptional night.

TOURS AND TOURING.

THE KINTYRE PENINSULAR

(By N. TURVEY.)

WE made Wemyss Bay our starting point and ferried the Firth of Clyde from there to Rothesay (a dreadful place) for 1/9 saloon return and cycle 9d. single. We rode north towards the Kyles of Bute, keeping to the coast road entering Port Bannatyne. The 8 miles to Rhodobach were exceedingly rough and occupied one hour. At the white farm here on the left, just short of the submarine telegraph post you phone over to Colintrave for the rowing ferry boat—3d. for the phone and 1/3 for boat. It is worth riding south to Strone Point and a mile or so up Loch Striven even if you do have to return the same way. Passing Colintrave again there is a bumpy up and down $7\frac{1}{2}$ miles to Lephinkill, with fairy-like views of lovely Loch Riddon.

The crossing over to Otter Ferry on Loch Fyne is a steep and rough one, but well worth it. Otter Ferry exists in name only. When we learnt this we thought we were lucky in being quickly taken aboard a steam lighter just casting off from the jetty for the other side. We hadn't time to ask which part of the other side, till about 300 yards off shore we learnt we were in for a four or five knot cruise of an hour and forty minutes up Loch Fyne to Furnace instead of to Lochgilphead! On arrival we found Inverary (out of the way) to be Hobson's choice for the night. Temperance Hotel, B. & B. 5/6, and 42 miles for the day.

Next day we rode to Lochgilphead (25 miles) along the reconstructed Glasgow/Campbelltown road, but found the town much overshadowed by its deeper watered neighbour, Ardrishaig ($1\frac{1}{2}$) at the eastern end of the Crinan Canal. From here to lovely Tarbert (12) is a glorious coast road with fine views of Arran and its peaks. Tarbert Bay is a jewel. A mere mile of land between Tarbert on Loch Fyne and beautiful West Loch Tarbert saves Kintyre from being an island and we rode on to Redhouse ($5\frac{1}{2}$) and there left the main road for a pleasant ride over to Claonaig ($4\frac{1}{2}$) for tea. On rising to breast the summit the tourist should look out for the wonderful view ahead over Kilbrennan Sound to Arran. We learnt that the inn at Sunadale was closed so we had a very hard ride of 15 miles to Carradale. It is desirable to give plenty of time to this stretch—in fact all the way from Claonaig to Campbelltown the road is very rough, the undulations are never-ending,

and distressingly steep. Carradale Hotel (Temp.) is $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles towards the sea from the Post Office. B. & B. 6/6. $63\frac{1}{2}$ miles.

On arrival at Saddell (village, not church) the old cemetery on the right is worth a visit, as also is Saddell Castle on the left—started in 1160 and completed in 1508. The local caretaker will show you over. We took $3\frac{1}{2}$ hours for the 16 miles to Campbelltown. Here we left our bags at the Royal and set off for the tit-bit of the tour—a trip out to the Mull of Kintyre Lighthouse. As far as Southend ($9\frac{1}{2}$) and Keil House ($1\frac{1}{2}$) the road is rather uninteresting but thereafter the $7\frac{1}{4}$ miles of rough mountain road provide plenty of interest and excitement. It finally throws you to the summit at The Gap whence you stare dizzily down to the lighthouse about $\frac{1}{4}$ -mile further on but 900 ft. below, with the open Atlantic a-shimmering in the sun. The 6 miles took us $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours. The road descends to the lighthouse by means of a series of dizzy hairpins and God knows what the gradient is. We left our cycles and jockeyed cross-country down to the lighthouse. We were courteously shown round and got good views of Ireland. Time was short though and the walk back (by the road this time) to our cycles at the Gap took 35 minutes. This trip is a harder road than Cape Wrath, but the latter's cliff scenery is far finer. To do the job properly it is better to start from Campbelltown in the morning and follow the coast road to Southend. The Royal did us royally—S., B. & B. 10/-. 51 miles.

We rode to Machrihanish and back (11) to see its famous Atlantic breakers, but there "weren't none" and without them there's "nowt" for cyclists to see there. The ride up the west coast of Kintyre is pleasant without being outstanding; the features are the gradual coming into sight of Islay and Jura and the beauties of West Loch Tarbert as Tarbert (38) is approached. Victoria Hotel, T., B. & B. 7/6. Poor. 49 miles.

On Wednesday we rode on an execrable surface along the north side of West Loch Tarbert to lovely Loch Stornoway. From the top of the rise, just west of it, we were suddenly faced with a magnificent panorama of the shapely Paps of Jura, separated from us by 15 miles of sun-glittered sea. After $2\frac{1}{2}$ hours we reached Kilberry Head ($14\frac{1}{2}$). On the rocky road north the tourist should have a peep at Baranlongart Burn and its pretty little defile beneath the bridge. The climb up to Loch Errol is easily walked! The run down the other side is deliriously hectic, and we landed at Ardrishaig (18) at 5-45 p.m. ! The Lorne Hotel, S., B. & B. 8/6 was good. Mileage $32\frac{1}{2}$ —stupendous.

On Thursday we followed the Crinan Canal to its western end at the posh Crinan Hotel (8½). From here you look north-west over the Sound of Jura to the famous Strait of Corrievreckan, one of the most dangerous waterways on all the coast of Britain. On the ebb tide the roar of the swirling sea can be heard 7 miles away at Crinan. From here we circled Loch Sween and its lovely branches. For sheer beauty it would be hard to beat Caol Scotwish for a loch, whilst the situation of the village of Tayvallich is just bewitching. After a good deal of enquiry we eventually crossed on to Dana Island and groped and bumped our way to Dana-na-Cloiche farm where the farmer's lad put us across to near Castle Swin, whence we returned to Crinan and Ardrishaig. The Loch Swin circuit was about 28½ miles and is exceedingly primitive and remote. (44 miles).

Next day we failed to get a ferry to Otter and so rode to Inverary (26½)—better views of Loch Fyne in this direction. The ferry for St. Catherine's leaves Inverary at 8 a.m., 10-30 a.m. and 2-25 p.m., fare 1/6 each. Once across we rode south again to Newton and then up and over and down lovely Glendarnel. Watch for Dunan's Castle and its handsome bridge on the left just before the road forks. For a good inn, stay at Glendarnel Hotel, S., B. & B. 11/6—a fisher's hoose and grand (44½ miles).

On our last day we rode down the west side of Loch Riddon to Ormidale (3½) and then negotiated and fought our way over a very rough and arduous footpath from there through the private grounds of Glen Caladh Castle (be bold as brass here) to Tighnabruaich. And when you've done it and have recovered your breath learn that a Scot, after winning a shooting competition returned this way (a) after "celebrating" his victory; (b) carrying a silver cup and his gun, and (c) lugging his bicycle! Only by coming this way can you see the best of the Kyles of Bute. From Tighnabruaich we steamed back to Rothesay and thence to retrieve the car at Wemyss Bay. B. & B. cost averaged 6/6.

*(We have the following informative letter from our revered
Archaeological Expert.)*

DEAR MR. EDITOR,

The description of Castell Carreg Cennen in your last issue charmed me greatly, altho' I have no clue to the perpetrator, but does he know that I, and I alone, am the chief scout to that spot.

I thought that I had described, or at all events had pointed to it, after my visit some four or five years ago with Winstanley (Winnie).

The best way to approach it from the east is from Tre-castle by the excellent old coach road by Talsarn and then to the castle direct by Capelgwynfe. One then descends to the Castle. But of course at Trapp or better, above Trapp, one obtains that amazing sight of the Castell up against the sky. When we were looking for it one of our party asked: "What is that funny thing in the sky?"

Your correspondent and Caer stowner unfortunately omitted to describe its greatest and most remarkable feature and I wonder if he missed it, which we nearly did ourselves, except for my habit of sniffing in corners. I refer to the subterranean passage and stairway down to the Well, which also served as sally port but the latter is now blocked up where it emerged.

This stairway is cut out from the outer edge of the cliff-side and then built up again leaving open windows overlooking the river and the valley. Thus it obtains air and a clear view. Thus the well is not in the open but in a cave.

Curious legends would connect Caer Cennen by mysterious passages (of course non-existent) with Castle Dryslwyn near Llangathen, miles farther westward. History tells of the destruction of Dryslwyn by catapult attacks, which machines were drawn by teams of 60 oxen.

Llandilo has a good hotel and many inns. I stayed there with George Lake, but before we knew of Cennen.

Yours,
SCHLOSS.

RUNS.

Halewood, 7th March, 1936.

A typical Saturday morning, pouring with rain which showed no signs of clearing off until I was starting from home and then, fortunately, it stopped and managed to keep off for the rest of the afternoon.

A trip round the world had been arranged and I found Frank Perkins, Peter Rock, Albert Preston and Brian Band waiting at Childer Thornton.

A strong head wind was blowing and the ride to Chester was anything but easy. Jack Salt overtook us at Frodsham and a hectic scrap ensued, Perkins and I watching from a

distance, but, however, we managed to catch the same transporter without unduly exerting ourselves.

In the bar Stevie, Arthur Williams and Bill Jones, the latter pair per rattler, and Ven were observed and I gratefully accepted someone's invitation to "have one."

Hubert Roskell arrived as the meal was about to be served and altogether 23 sat down to the usual excellent Halewood feed. I observed some very fine trencher work up and down the table, and I have come to the conclusion that perhaps after all, it is better to leave the table feeling as though you could eat a little more.

Those present and not already mentioned were Kettle, Knipe, Royden, Rowatt, Conway, Burgess, Pell, Edwards, Threlfall, Scarff, Marriott, Powell and Connor.

Cook was still an absentee and at the time of writing I understand he is making fair progress.

An early start was made for home, and of necessity, the pace was exceeding slow to the Ferry.

Perhaps by the next time we visit Halewood, in the Autumn, the rebuilding of the old hostelry will be completed.

Goostrey, 7th March, 1936.

The usual dirty weather put in an appearance, and I felt reluctant to leave my comfortable chair and face the elements, but I had an appointment to keep and always like to be on time! Meeting our Sub-captain he informed me that Thomas (Roy) would not be out, owing to after-effects of dental treatment.

Having to face the wind and rain made the going hard to Goostrey, and we were very pleased when we finally arrived. Bert Green and Wilf Orrell put in an appearance and the four of us sat down to tea. Hubert Buckley and Jim Cranshaw very shortly joined us. During the meal Orrell asked Haynes to pass the beetroot and the latter was so astonished at this strange request that he obliged by upsetting the lot on Wilf's knees. (This has, incidentally, set a new fashion in shorts.)

We eventually retired to the parlour and engaged in conversation with a local farmer. Time quickly passed, and the departing hour arrived too soon. When we did go outside it was a relief to find the rain had stopped, this alone making the return ride very enjoyable. With a tail wind good time was made and I finally docked at 10-30, very satisfied with the day's outing.

Tarporley and Inter-Club Week-end with the Speedwell B.C., at Shawbury, March 14th, 1936.

Having spent the major portion of the day spring-cleaning my (t)rusty steed I set out somewhat later than usual, and, in my endeavour to catch my tea-tasting associates, I overtook Chandler. He was lunging into the breeze like a close-hauled clipper.

Being in a sociable mood I adapted myself to our worthy Editor's pace and thus we continued, conversing from time to time on such things as weather reports, broken cranks and why they break.

Threading our way through the byways of Chester we stayed at Rowton for a short while to partake of "the cup that cheers but not inebriates." With great difficulty we bade good-day to Mrs. Bell, who was holding forth at great length on the evils of the Corporation Electricity Dept. We ambled on through Waverton, marvelling that for once in a while the weather clerk was looking with favour upon us. Riding alongside the canal we skirted the village of Hargrave and came upon the tiny hamlet of Huxley, sleeping under the shade of Beeston Castle's rugged pile. Reaching Tarporley we made our way up the High Street to the Swan, arriving almost simultaneously with Elias.

The Manchester contingent had already arrived, Green, W. Orrell, Loole, Lockett, Thomas, and Haynes, being present. Before we had time to go inside, the Tea-Tasters arrived, headed by Marriott and del Banco; Byron, Connor, Preston, Hughes, Williams, Selkirk, Rigby and Brian Band following. Being duly established, it was noticed that Kettle, Snowden, Venables, Rowatt, Seed, Cody, Stevie and Rock were also present, making a muster of twenty-seven.

When tea was over, Williams dragged off del Banco, saying, "I must get home in time to buy a loaf or we will have no bread for breakfast." There must be some subtle attraction about a Birkenhead loaf.

By seven o'clock all members had departed, save for Connor, Marriott, Byron, Lockett, Haynes, Jr., Thomas, Rock, Preston, Hughes, and Rigby Band who left shortly afterwards to week-end with the Speedwell B.C. at Shawbury.

The Skipper and Rigby took the lead, but soon Rigby fell back unable to withstand the terrific pace which Frank was making. Ted Haynes stepped in the breach and zipping through Beeston Brook we were soon speeding along the highway through the still, dark, night.

At Whitchurch, halting for a few moments, we had a welcome rest. Starting again we found that Haynes and Thomas were in the lead; a deadly combination. Soon we were speeding along faster than ever. Fleeting over the Heath we passed the "Raven" shedding a welcome glow to benighted travellers, but its comforts were not for us, for if we fell but two yards we were irretrievably lost. In a breath gained by slowing down at Weston to turn into the rock cutting, Ted said, "We will walk this hill," but having said this he dashed off after the leaders, now topping the rise. A sharp drop, three or perhaps four nightmare bends and Shawbury was but a mile or two distant. A few more minutes of almost monotonous twiddling and we slowed down to turn into the yard of the Elephant and Castle. The clock was striking nine as we arrived; less than two hours from Tarporley! In the dining-room of the hotel we were welcomed by J. Smith, the Speedwellian Captain.

On becoming better acquainted we found that other Speedwell members present were: J. Adams, L. F. Male, who rode in the World Sprint Championships at New Brighton, in 1922; J. G. Macdonald, F. Bloxham, the life of the party; A. Coulter, speedman; H. Binley, the clown (or perhaps it was the Wrekin ale); F. Clark, C. C. Cappella, R. Boardman, *their* promising novice; F. Evans, R. Bond, F. Corp, H. Wright and R. Gee.

When supper, of Halewood proportions, had been served and duly consumed, we settled down to a merry evening, and the ice being broken, acquaintances rapidly ripened into friendships. The hours passed swiftly by, midnight seeming to come in the space of a few short minutes.

Eight-thirty found us all at the breakfast table, with the exception of a few belated Speedwellians. When breakfast was almost over, Salt breezed in; he must have breezed in, for he said that he had come from Heswall in two hours and twelve minutes! Soon the air was full of bicycles and speed-gears; Jack being so eager to explain technicalities that he forgot to ask for a second helping.

Shortly after ten-thirty we started off for the Wrekin, Jack Smith proving himself to be at least as good as our own expert map-readers, landing in the middle of a field beset on all sides by barbed-wire entanglements.

The climb up the Wrekin was very strenuous but worthy of the effort, for from the summit of this, the oldest hill in England, we command a fine view of Shropshire stretching away to the north like a patchwork quilt in many hues of

green. To the south we overlook the Severn valley, with the river gleaming dully through the mists like a mighty serpent slowly twisting aimlessly through the fertile valley. Linger- ing only to view the "Needles Eye," made famous by many legends, greatest of which is the one that Cook once threaded Hubert through the narrow crevice, we hurried down to the plains again.

Salt had now taken the lead with Coulter and, each trying to put the other through his paces, spoilt what had been until then a very enjoyable run.

Having arrived back at the "Elephant and Castle" in various stages of collapse, we quickly recovered and did ample justice to a fine dinner. Shortly after dinner, Lockett, Haynes and Thomas, who had farthest to go, set off for home, whilst we stayed chatting for an hour or so, but even the best of things come to an end, so with general farewells we left for home via Farndon.

Mold, 21st March, 1936.

Not having recovered from the shock of having to write the run up, the reader (if any) may or may not know what to expect. The weather when we started was far from element, in fact it was actually raining, so amid capes and sou' westers, etc., we ambled forth towards Mold. The rain soon stopped, however, and we were able to "de-cape." On arrival at Queensferry we espied a quantity of obviously Anfield cycles all propped up against the cafe, so quickly coming to the obvious conclusion, my partner said, "I'm going for a ride," and with that he vanished, so I had no other alternative but to succumb to a cup of tea.

After a strenuous ride to Mold you can well imagine how hungry everyone was on arrival. Ted Byron was even heard to refuse a glass of beer!!

Twenty members sat down to tea, including Powell, whom everyone was very glad to see out again, Kettle, Chandler, Tommy Royden, Dave Rowatt, Ven., Bob Knipe, Jack Seed, Salt on the Neston express plus his better half, Perkins, Byron, Arthur Williams, Arthur Hughes, Preston, Sammy Threlfall, Rigby and Brian Band, Peter Rock, Snowden and Teddy Edwards.

I think we all did full justice to the meal and judging by the talk and laughter which came from the tables everyone was happy. At 7 o'clock my partner and I had to leave as we wished to be in Bala by bedtime, so bidding everyone farewell we walked into the night.

Acton Bridge, 28th March, 1936.

After so many Saturdays of bad weather, it was a very pleasant change to find the sun shining from an almost cloudless sky.

Having convinced myself that summer was with us once more and Easter knees a thing of the past, I decided that a "real ride" was indicated, and so I sallied forth via the Tunnel and Vicar's Cross to Stamford Bridge. Here a derelict trike was to be seen standing outside the cafe, with its owner, Kettle, inside, imbibing large quantities of tea. I was invited to join in the performance, which I did, being in need of a little refreshment owing to a rather sticky south-east wind. From here we proceeded via Delamere Forest and Norley, arriving just before six in the company of Urban Taylor, who had been getting the lie of the land preparatory to applying for a job as a canal horse.

Going inside, shock followed shock; first, Ann Rawlinson getting fit for the racing season, and then Snowden minus his real "leopard skin" zip and clothed in what at first sight appeared to be one of Cook's cast-off flannel jackets. His explanation for this deplorable conduct was, that he was going home with Kettle. The V.P., having a good look at the offending garment, clearly had very grave doubts as to the accuracy of this statement. Being a gentleman, he said nothing, but later was observed endeavouring to get away without being seen.

A poor attendance of nineteen enjoyed one of Barney's very good meals. Why is it that runs to Acton Bridge are so poorly supported these days? It cannot be as some members state, that it's too far. The distance is the same as ever, and the catering, in my opinion, ranks second only to Halewood.

After losing the company of some very fast Manchester members, Stevie and I dropped into our own pace until the Cherub mentioned that it was five past eight. Normally this would have meant nothing, but on this particular evening I had arranged to meet "the half that is greater than the whole," at a place over ten miles distant at 8-30. I will draw a blank over those ten miles, they are a very painful memory.

Other than those already mentioned, the following also were out: Lucas, Elias, Rock, Rigby Band, E. Haynes, Jnr., Connor, Bert Green, Thomas, W. Orrell, A. Williams, Knipe, Royden, Lockett and Threlfall.

© Anfield Bicycle Club

© Anfield Bicycle Club



ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

FORMED

MARCH, 1879.

MONTHLY CIRCULAR

Vol. XXXI.

No. 368.

FIXTURES FOR MAY, 1936.

Tea at 6-0 p.m.

		Light up at
May 2	First 50 Miles Handicap	9-42 p.m.
„ 9	Highwayside (Travellers Rest)	9-53 p.m.
„ 11	Committee Meeting, 7-30 p.m. (Victoria Hotel, St. John's Lane, Liverpool).	
„ 16	Mouldsworth (Station Hotel)	10-6 p.m.
„ 23	Second 50 Miles Handicap	10-18 p.m.
„ 30	Jne. 1 Whitsuntide—Invitation "100" Headquarters—Shrewsbury (George).	10-27 p.m.
June 6	Tattenhall (Bear and Ragged Staff)	10-34 p.m.
	Full Moon	6th inst.

NOTICE.

All communications should be addressed to The Editor, 22 Holly Bank Road, Birkenhead. They should be written legibly, on one side of the paper only, and should bear the name of the sender.

The Hon. Treasurer's address is R. L. Knipe, 138 Moscow Drive, Stoneycroft, Liverpool, 13, but Subscriptions (25-; under 25, 21-; 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.

© Anfield Bicycle Club

COMMITTEE NOTES.

4 THE LAUND,
WALLASEY, CHESHIRE.

A RESOLUTION recording the deep regret of the Club and sympathy with the widow and daughter of the late Mr. Oscar E. Taylor was passed in silence.

INVITATION "100."—Members going down into Shropshire, on Saturday, 30th May, are likely to find company if they call at "The Raven," Prees Heath, for a meal.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS.—Mr. E. J. Reade, 143 Eastbourne Road, Birkdale, Southport.

H. W. POWELL,
Hon. General Secretary.

TREASURY NOTES.

IN spite of my appeal in last month's issue, and in contravention of Rule 25, the arrearists still persist in arrearage. Apparently they find the job of sending their subscriptions too strenuous. Well to meet them more than half-way, I'm willing to make a call and collect it personally, charging only out-of-pocket expenses. Distance no object. Special terms for foreign countries. So get busy and drop me a card saying when convenient.

My thanks are due to the members from whom I have received subscriptions and/or donations(*) during the past month.

*C. C. Dews.	A. F. Hughes.	W. E. Taylor.
D. R. Fell (Junr.)	W. R. Oppenheimer.	N. Turvey.
		J. H. Williams.

R. L. KNIPE,
Hon. Treasurer.

IN MEMORIAM.

W. P. COOK.

IN the death of our beloved W.P.C., on 7th April, in his 67th year, the Club has suffered a terrible loss. So swift and sudden has been the passing that it is hardly possible to realise that he has been taken from us.

Right at the apex of a long and distinguished career which he dedicated first and foremost to the A.B.C., he has been called to follow the trail which leads to tranquillity and eternal peace. He always proved himself one of the most reliable of men, and a true sportsman and put his services at the Club's disposal on all occasions. The example he set to others is without parallel and there is not the slightest doubt that the success of the A.B.C. to a very great extent has been bound up with the enthusiasm, guidance and leadership of W. P. Cook. He was outspoken, candid, and constructively critical, and a splendid man to work with. At the same time he was an entertaining companion and a true and valued friend, able and willing to help any who might call upon him. Those who toured with him up to recent times know how refreshingly youthful was his outlook. His demise leaves a gap which it is impossible to fill and our loss is irreparable.

William Pagan Cook joined the Club in December, 1887, and at once qualified for the 100 miles star, then given, by riding 114 miles in about 15 hours on a tandem-tricycle. In the following year, mounted on a heavy safety, geared to 60, he covered 180 miles in 18 hours. In 1890, business took him to America and there he remained until 1899. Having returned to England he was elected to the Committee in 1900, and was Secretary from 1901 to 1904 (inclusive), afterwards remaining on the Committee in 1905 and 1906. In 1912 he was again on the Committee and remained so until 1921, when he was elected President, continuing as such until his death. Although the Club records are not complete, from 1899, to February 22nd, 1936, he attended 1,929 fixtures, if to this there be added his attendances between 1887 and 1890, it is extremely likely that he completed 2,000 fixtures of the Club. The last fixture he missed up to the time of his accident was in April, 1905, and from that date he attended about 1,630 consecutive fixtures.

In addition to his interest in the old Club, he was a Vice-President of the Cyclists' Touring Club, past-President of the Liverpool D.A., past-President of the Fellowship of Old-Time Cyclists, President of the R.R.A., Official Timekeeper to the R.R.A. and N.R.R.A., Conservator of the Cyclists' War Memorial at Meriden, Recipient of the Bird Memorial Prize for 1934, a Trustee of the Tricycle Trophy, cyclists' representative on the Traffic Advisory Council of the Ministry of Transport, and Conservator of the Bidlake Memorial at Girtford Bridge.

The Cremation, which took place at Landican, on the 14th, was attended by nearly 300 persons, including G. H. Stancer (Secretary C.T.C.), S. M. Vanheems (Bath Road), S. H. Moxham (North Road), "Kuklos," W. F. Nicholson (Northern Counties' Athletic Association), C. E. Pugh (N.C.U.), E. Anderson (N.C.U.), A. Cox (Liverpool Century), G. McDermott (E.L.W.), R. Macqueen (Palatine), C. Roberts (Warrington R.C.), T. Ashton (Masonic C.C.), E. B. Shaw (North Road), P. C. Redman, A. E. Workman, W. T. Threlfall, H. K. Fraser, W. W. Pollard, W. M. Simpson and J. Andrews. There were 55 members of the Club present, namely: Austin, H., Band, J. C., Brazendale, Beardwood, Buckley, E., Burgess, Byron, Chandler, Cheminai, Connor, Conway, Cooper, J. O., Cotter, del Banco, Dews, Edwards, E., Elias, Elston, Fawcett, Fell, Fell, Junr., Grimshaw, Hawkes, Howarth, Humphreys, Jonas, Kettle, Knipe, Koenen, Leece, Lucas, Lusty, A., Marriott, McCann, Molyneux, Montag, Morris, Newall, A., Park, Perkins, Powell, Preece, Pritchard, Rowatt, Royden, Salt, Seed, Simpson, Snowden, Stephenson, Sunter, Taylor, W. E., Turnor, C. H., Venables, and Williams, J. H.; whilst Band, J. R., Hughes, Preston, Rook, Roskell, H., Threlfall, S. T., Turvey, and Williams, A., were represented.

THE LATE W. P. COOK.

Dear old Billy! One can scarcely realise that this towering bulwark of the cycling world, and the A.B.C., has gone to his last resting place. He would have been the last to deny that he was devoid of faults (who among us is?), and as a matter of fact on occasion would insist on this phase of his character with considerable emphasis, but his sterling qualities, which all of us knew so well, over-shadowed them to an overwhelming degree. Who, more than he, has encouraged by precept and example, the younger (and older for that matter) members of the Club to attain and retain the affection for the sport and pastime that he loved so unaffectedly and wholeheartedly. His enthusiasm was contagious, and he was unquestionably the introducer of more new members than anyone else.

Even when, in the last few years, honours were so thickly showered upon him, he was the same old Billy, approachable to everybody as ever, and ready as always to share his invaluable advice, accumulated through the years, with all and sundry, to say nothing of giving assistance, material or otherwise, where it was wanted. His personality was a forceful one, yet on the rare occasions when real differences arose, he was always ready to bury the hatchet and let bygones be bygones. He believed in hitting out strongly when in his opinion the occasion warranted it, but never squealed if he should happen to get as good as he gave. In fact, nobody could take a story or joke against himself better than he could. He never seemed to understand anything about the vagaries of the weather, and this is proved by his record (unique I should imagine in club life) of attending every run for over thirty years, in addition to his other regular cycling activities. It requires no imagination to visualise the almost terrifying experiences he must have gone through in carrying out this strenuous and wonderful performance. Storms, snow, ice, rain, or fogs possessed no terrors for him—he simply took them all in his stride, and if the dreadful accident, which must have weakened his stamina, had not occurred, he would in all probability have been with us to-day, a marvellous embodiment of what cycling had done for him. A staunch friend, an irreplaceable character—may his soul rest in peace!

COOK IN THE EIGHTIES.

Cook's earliest cycling years are to us, of course, the most interesting because we know so little about them, since only two of our oldest members go back to those years, and the recollection of the young member's activities has since been blotted out by his familiar form of later years. The membership list tells us that he joined in 1887 as a young man of 17 years of age. By the time he was 20 he was in business in America, like his elder brother Harry, when we used to refer to them as the Governors of South Carolina and North Carolina, both of whom used to complain, as the saying went "that it was a long time between drinks." Harry Cook was back in 1895, but W.P. not until three or four years later, bringing with him a curious safety bicycle, chainless, and adorned with a bell showing the Stars and Stripes. Armed with this machine he at once took on his fellow members until he found that it required a British bicycle to make an impression on them, and "get on terms." From that moment he commenced that strenuous display of Club runs when he ever led the pack, and, however often passed momentarily, he would resume his lead when others eased to dally or to draw breath at leisure.

But what does intrigue us is the point in how far, in those first few years in the Club, the competitive side of the sport appealed to him. This has been a point that we treated always with some reserve, leaving it to him to enlighten us, but it has only been within recent months that a C.T.C. member in close touch with W.P. wrote and published a full page article in the C.T.C. *Gazette*, around his portrait, purporting to speak of his early successes. Exact records of these cannot possibly survive, but the evidence of at least one important event, that he took part in as a representative of the Anfield, survives among the Press Cuttings of Artie Bennett, mentioning him as one of the Anfielders that accepted the invitation of the Sefton and Dingle Bicycle Club to compete in their 50 miles Open Road Race held in October, 1888, sent out to all the prominent English Road Racing Clubs. The course ran from Knotty Ash, via Warrington, Knutsford, Holmes Chapel to Congleton and back. The day was atrocious and the event was not very popular with Anfield racing men, few of whom, if any, completed the distance. All the more credit to the young Anfielder who was among the starters. A feature of the published details was that the times were taken and published as they passed through Warrington on the outward journey, and this list proves that Billy Cook started full of enthusiasm and his time at Warrington was just a little in advance of his fellow member, R. H. Carlisle, and very creditable for a young member.

The well-known Anfield names of that period did not shine in that event and there was a feeling at the time, to which George Mercer gave utterance at the dinner following the race, that the Anfield was resting on its laurels. We have therefore an early proof in Cook's participation that he meant to put his shoulder to the wheel where bigger men in the A.B.C. hung back.

The event was regarded at the time as one of great importance, and the performance of the winner, Harry Robinson (brother of our J.C.) of outstanding merit. A London tandem was second and two Manchester riders, W. Smith and J. Reilly third and fourth.

As so many members appear to be desirous of reading an account of the cremation proceedings, the under-mentioned is the best account that can be obtained from the local newspapers:—

VETERAN CYCLIST.

Funeral of W. P. Cook.

Large Concourse of Mourners.

A large gathering of representatives of various cycling organisations from all over the country, including the Cyclists' Touring Club, the National Cyclists' Union, the Road Records Association, and the Northern Road Records Association, and numerous cycling clubs, were present at the funeral yesterday, at Landican Crematorium, of Mr. W. P. Cook, of Church Road, Birkenhead, the famous Anfield cyclist, whose death was reported in Saturday's "Birkenhead News."

Mr. Cook was three times president of the Liverpool District Association, and was also a vice-president of the Cyclists' Touring Club, and as president of the Roads Records Association, conservator of the Cyclists' War Memorial on Meriden Green. He was past-president of the Fellowship of Old Time Cyclists, and as timekeeper and observer in most of the road cycling records of the country, Mr. Cook rendered remarkable service on behalf of cycling.

The service was conducted by the Rev. H. Hill, the vicar of St. Catherine's Church, Tranmere.

The principal mourners were Mr. and Mrs. F. D. McCann (son-in-law and daughter), Messrs. A. D. and D. W. McCann (grandsons), Miss J. G. McCann (granddaughter), Mr. F. Lawson Cook (brother), Mrs. Dews and Mrs. Hassal (sisters), Messrs. M. Court, G. H. Court, Major A. C. McCann (brothers-in-law), Mr. and Mrs. W. Worrall (nephew and niece), Messrs. C. C. Dews, T. L. Cook and R. Court (nephews), Commander James Park (cousin), Miss D. McCann, Mrs. Lawson, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Lusty, Mr. J. H. Williams, Mrs. Blenkarn, Messrs. H. Pritchard, W. E. Taylor and Oliver Cooper.

The general mourners included Messrs. P. Brazendale (president, Liverpool District Association, C.T.C.), Chas. E. Pugh (representing the president and the National Cyclists' Union, Ltd., General Council, London), E. Anderson (N.C.U., Liverpool Centre), E. Buckley (president, Northern Road Records Association), G. McDermott (chairman, East Liverpool Wheelers), W. P. Nicholson (president, Northern Counties' Athletic Association), G. H. Stancer (secretary, Cyclists' Touring Club, and hon. secretary Road Records Association) and Mrs. Stancer, Mr. and Mrs. W. Fitzwater Wray ("Kuklos").

Representing the Anfield Bicycle Club were Messrs. W. H. Kettle (vice-president), H. W. Powell (secretary), R. L. Knipe (treasurer), P. C. Redman (one of the founders and first secretary of the Club), J. C. Band, E. O. Morris, J. Seed, C. H. Turner, G. Molyneux, E. Byron, J. J. Salt, G. Stephenson, H. Roskell, F. Chandler, H. K. Frazer, W. T. Threlfall, C. J. Conway, H. L. Elston, W. E. Cotter, F. Marriott and W. G. Connor.

Messrs. J. Dabell, G. Harvey, W. W. Pollard and W. Reid (Cyclists Touring Club), T. Ashton (Masonic C.C.), C. Roberts (Warrington Road Club), R. MacQueen (Palatine C.C. and Northern Road Records Association), W. C. Humphreys (Preston), G. H. Abram (Wesley Road Club), H. Griffiths (Mersey Road Club), F. B. Shaw and S. H. Moxham (North Road C.C.), S. Vanheems (Bath Road C.C., London), A. Cox (Liverpool Century Road Club).

Messrs. E. Montag (Swiss Consul), R. N. Cornelius (president, Liverpool Corn Trade Association), G. J. Garnett, C. W. Slater, O. D. Black, F. W. G. Urquhart, Councillor A. S. Gaskell, Messrs. J. H. Maddocks (Birkenhead Corporation Ferries), G. Ravenscroft (Ross T. Smyth & Co. Ltd.), B. K. Stratton, A. C. Proudman, J. W. Charlton, F. Taylor, H. D. Couche, A. E. Workman, W. C. Latham, J. T. Preece, G. Ridgway

O. E. TAYLOR.

OSCAR E. TAYLOR, who passed away on the 28th inst., had been ill for a long time. He joined the Club in 1928. It is some years since he rode a bicycle but he was a regular rider until forced to give it up. Up to that time he rode to business every morning, wet or fine, for several years, which, for a bank-secretary, was more than unusual. He was a member of the Southern C.C., a somewhat select body which week-ended at irregular intervals and held ordinary runs regularly and numbered among its members some of the most enthusiastic of cyclists. As far as his attendances at the Club fixtures were concerned however, he only put in about half-a-dozen altogether, so that little was seen of him.

AT RANDOM.

CECIL PAGETT, of Eaton Socon, wishes to express to the Club his "very sincere regrets" at the death of the President. He thinks the world of "that grand old club, the Black Anfielders" and had a deep regard for the late President.

* * *

Mr. Bartram, the proprietor of the Glan Aber Hotel, at Bettws, has agreed to reduce charges for dinner, bed and breakfast to 12/- to any Anfielders staying at odd periods (excepting during July and August). As the ordinary charge is 14/6, this represents a reduction of 2/6 or 17 2/3%. Members unknown to Mr. Bartram will of course be prepared to establish their identity, the Club button being sufficient for this purpose.

* * *

The Lighter Side of Bettws.

Poor old Chem became involved in a heated argument at Bettws as to the relative merits of cow's milk and the tinned variety. In the end he closed the discussion by declaring that he preferred the udder sort.

The A.T.S. Benevolent Institution (registered under the Friendly Societies Acts, B.C. 73 to A.D. 1936, inclusive) was founded at Beattws-y-Coed on Easter Sunday evening for the express purpose of ensuring a constant supply of liquid refreshment for Arthur Simpson. Unfortunately, the organization came to an untimely end just before midnight when it was discovered that the Governing Director, one del Banco, had decamped with the residue of the funds, amounting to $\frac{1}{2}$ d. (one halfpenny) sterling. In the early hours of the following morning an individual, having the appearance of del Banco, was observed embarking at Port Meirion on the Cunard-White Star liner *Paraphernalia* (Captain Spoo), which afterwards cleared for one of the South American Republics, and extradition proceedings have been commenced.

* * *

If constant repetition establishes the truth, then there can be no doubt that the worst editor the *Circular* ever had was Sid Jonas. Conversely, the best Editor was Arthur Simpson. These facts (?) were proclaimed quite a number of times by Arthur Simpson on Easter Sunday evening, and one or two members present began to believe—or disbelieve—them.

* * *

We are glad to report that Ted Cody, who has been absent from the runs during the past month, owing to an operation, is now home again and looking remarkably well. He has made a splendid recovery, and, although it will be some time before we can hope to see him ride out again, he will be sure of a hearty welcome when that day arrives.

His absence will give someone else the opportunity of winning the First Attendance Prize, and he will have time enough now to clean his bicycle.

RUNS.

Tattenhall, 4th April, 1936.

Why was the attendance at this run so poor? Even allowing for the fact of the fast boys being out on a training spin, one expected a better muster than eleven. Though the day was cold, the sun shone brilliantly. Views were exceptionally clear, and the countryside was more colourful than I have seen it look since last autumn. Those who stayed at home certainly missed an ideal day for a spin.

Though our numbers were so small we had an enjoyable time. The early part of the meal was enlivened by a discussion as to the relative merits of Witny, Cyclo, Simplex and Sturmev-Archer gears. No doubt certain members regard such a discussion as a sign of degeneracy amongst a section of the Club membership. All we should need for our riding is a fixed gear of about 72—and the guts to push it.

It was a pleasant experience to leave the "Bear and Ragged Staff" with sufficient daylight still left to cover a few of the homeward miles without lighting up. But having ridden 40 miles against the north-easterly breeze in the afternoon, I did not envy the Manchester contingent their ride home.

Those present were: Chandler, Green, Knipe, Lockett, Orrell, W., Perkins, Rowatt, Seed, Smith, Threlfall and Williams.

Bettws-y-Coed, 10th/13th April, 1936.

The news of the untimely death of the Presider threw a gloom over these proceedings, but as we all knew that it would have been his wish that the tour be carried out and that the cremation arrangements had been held over until after the holiday—a thoughtful gesture on the part of those responsible—no one cancelled his booking.

The only cyclists to arrive on the Thursday evening were Chandler and Snowden, the one about ten minutes after the other; whereas, however, the latter had started at 3-30, via Llandegla, the former had left at 1-30 via St. Asaph and Llanfair, and had been delayed by a tyre blowing itself off the rim two miles short of St. Asaph, necessitating a walk and further delay in obtaining a new tube and thereafter slow progress, expecting the same thing to occur again any minute. Other arrivals were Hubert Roskell and Charlie Conway via the Sportsman. Sunter, who had brought Messrs. Edge and Workman; Teddy Edwards (and Mrs.), who had brought Ven via Ruthin/Cerrig; Mr. Andrews per bus, and Rowatt, Geo. Lake and Mr. Cannon were in residence as usual.

On the Friday morning, Snowden departed for Barmouth, whilst Chandler was the only cyclist for Beaumaris. Edwards (and Mrs.) and Venables followed on direct and there were thus four at the Bulkeley Arms. On the return journey Teddy picked up Billy Owen at Menai Bridge and brought him on to Bettws. On arrival, Vice-President Green, who ably officiated in the unavoidable absence of Harold Kettle, was reported, and had ridden from Chester. Stephenson had used his car

to Mold and then ridden. Percy Beardwood had been blown along from Ruabon, whilst Harry Austin, del Banco and Scarff, with their entourage, were reported.

Saturday saw twelve for Criccieth, including Teddy Edwards (and Mrs.), Venables and Owen in one car, Roskell and Andrews in another, whilst the cyclists were Green, Beardwood, Scarff and entourage, and del Banco and entourage, whilst Chaulder, who was doctoring his rims with varnish, showed Stevie some new and very pleasant walking country round Park Lake and Geirionydd, well away from all the traffic. On arrival back the party was augmented by Cheminais, Koenen, Simpson and brother Walter, Threlfall, Elias (and son), Kinder and friend Gordon, whilst H. Wilson blew in for a minute or two.

On Sunday, a delayed start was made for Ffestiniog, the cyclists waiting for the rain to clear, some of whom made discreet enquiries about the train service to Blaenau but discovered much to their chagrin that there were no morning trains. Eventually, a party of 28 assembled at the Pengwern Arms, including Green, Beardwood, Threlfall, H. Austin (and Mrs.), Stevenson and Elias who had ridden. Koenen, Venables, Conway, Edwards (and Mrs.), Roskell, Cheminais, the Simpsons, Rowatt, Kinder, Gordon, Andrews, and Chandler (who had blown off another tyre), all in cars; whilst Kaye and three friends, Brian Band, and Robinson made up the party. The weather was decidedly wintry and icy conditions prevailed on the Garddianan Pass. On arrival at Bettws, Salt (and Mrs.), Jonas (and Mrs.), Haynes, Thomas, Morris, Moore, Crompton, R. J. Austin, Williams, A., Byron, Lockett, Rock and Hughes completed the party on tour, making a grand total of 52 (39 members and 13 friends), against 54 in 1935 and 51 in 1934, the attendance thus being well up to the average.

Monday morning was wet, as usual, Roskell lifted Beardwood as far as Chester, the former making for Shrewsbury and the south, the latter for West Kirby. Kinder and Gordon brought Chandler with broken-down machine by car, and all the foregoing had lunch together at Ruabon. The cyclists found the N.-E. wind (which had prevailed over the holiday) very trying, but eventually arrived home safely in good time. Stevenson and Elias purchased Home Rails and Edwards and Venables stayed on at Bettws.

Owing to various reasons, for the first time for very many years, no service was held in the chapel.

The new host and hostess—Mr. and Mrs. Bartram—made everybody very comfortable and each person was allotted accommodation in the order booked. They gave us the same consideration that we have always received from the Evans' family in the 56 years the Club has been patronising the house. The food was good, and there was always plenty more for those who wanted it. The smokers room is now twice the size and is much improved, while the inner tank is still the same old snug as of yore.

The following letter was received from Mrs. McCann, which we have obtained her permission to reprint:—

STOURTON LODGE,
ARNO ROAD,
OXTON, CHESHIRE.

DEAR ANFIELDERS,

9th April, 1936.

I feel sure it would have been my father's wish that the Easter Tour should be carried out without alteration in any way. He told one member, that he would be with you in spirit, and I feel that still he will be.

I, myself, feel that he has died as he would have wished, and not lived without hope of cycling again.

With all good wishes for fine weather and good going,

From yours sincerely,

GWENDOLEN McCANN."

To which a reply was sent as follows:—

GLAN ABER HOTEL,
BETTWS-Y-COED.

" DEAR MRS. McCANN,

April 12th, 1936.

Your letter was handed to me and has been seen by all members attending this fixture.

We are all deeply touched by your kind thought for us at this very trying time, when you could be excused for remembering only your own great sorrow. But to think of us now is, after all, what one would expect of your father's daughter, and we thank you.

So far as possible we are carrying on as usual, but Bettws at Easter, without the old Presider, is very much what Hamlet would be without the Prince of Denmark. No, we can't be just as usual—everything here and on the roads speaks of the Grand Old Man of Cycling, whose like we shall never see again. He didn't fill a place in the world of cycling—he made one for himself, and he can have no adequate follower.

Believe me, we all feel for you and share your sorrow. May you be given strength to bear the loss of one who loved you so much.

Yours faithfully,

(Signed) H. GREEN, V.-P."

The following was received from Freddie del Strother:—

MENTON,

" DEAR ANFIELDERS,

9/4/36.

Once more you are fore-gathered at Bettws doing your best to enjoy the holiday. I hope you will succeed in this and that the weather will not play you any silly pranks. I wish I could make one of the happy crowd, but I fear the good old days are gone for ever. My holidays will be as dreary as all other days. I hope the Presider has sufficiently recovered from his accident to join you by some means or other. Easter at Bettws without Cook is unthinkable.

Kindest regards and best wishes to all."

From H. M. Buck, Vancouver, B.C. :—

"With best wishes for a successful and enjoyable Easter-tide."

A wire conveying greetings was also received from Percy Brazendale.

Farndon, 18th April, 1936.

Peaceably boring my way through the "Farmers' Ordinary" which goes by way of an Anfield tea at the "Raven," my equanimity was rudely shattered by a rough order from the Compleat Tourist, who slammed a list of names at me, with "write up the run." Excuses fell on deaf ears, and so as "orders is orders," here goes, but don't blame me.

Being on ticket-of-leave for the afternoon, I escaped about 3-30, and with a fair wind and spinnaker to starboard cleared Birkenhead and soon made the wilds of Wirral, where the ever-increasing shacks, and sheaves of petrol pumps shone blatantly in the spring sunshine. Through Willaston to the slum now growing at Hadlow Road end where cars honked in amazement at the suicidal maniac who halted as directed by the latest Belisha joke. (Beware of the bobbie who lurks in the hedge.) Thereon I expected to have company, but not a soul hove in sight. Chester, always wonderful, was at its best, and glimpses of the river ruffled and sparkling made one pause more than once, but amongst the beauty of it all a horrid feeling of doubt began to creep in. Not an Anfielder all this time. Had I, like the girl who read Marie Stopes, picked up the wrong edition? Was the Farndon run a month old? At Aldford the doubts increased, at Farndon became certainties.

Oh, what a laugh. Should I sneak off or brazen it out. A toss of the nimble nickle and tails won. I'd send a nice, pretty picture card to His Longness el Capitan and claim a run. Then, the handsomest face I had seen all day peeped out from the "Raven" yard, and "beaten you!" said Tommy Royden.

We walked over the old Bridge, remarking on the many picturesque houses, wishing the Old Man were enjoying the freshness of it all, and later met Snowden and Elias similarly engaged. Back to the "Raven" where the party was soon completed with Arthur Williams and Perkins (with friend Birchall, whom we were glad to welcome), Rowatt, Seed, Howarth, Venables, Threlfall, Green, Knipe, Preston, Thomas, Haynes (who later had a devil of a time balancing the budget), Lockett, and of course Teddy Edwards. The speed merchants and their fans were missing, settling an argument with reference to the shortest time between zero and twenty-five miles. Tea was a more sedate meal than of yore, everyone missing the man whom we have been accustomed to see at the head of the table.

Later we drifted off as usual, some to see how the "25" had resulted, and the rest by devious ways. We sent the rabbits scuttling through the Park and at Chester old stone bridge Royden and I found ourselves separated from the rest, and stopped fascinated by the fairyland of the river, with its rainbow fountains and myriad lights. By Mollington, winter showed us it hadn't finished by more than a jug-full, and we were in capes and squelching along through a howling blizzard of wind and rain, and dazzling headlights, and glad we were to turn the corner on to the quieter Hadlow Road. Here the speed merchants passed us with still plenty of steam in hand. Soon the stars were out again and only streaming roads and soggy knees to tell of the storm which we reckoned would now be emptying anything left on Green and company, homeward bound for Manchester. We walked the "Sytych" to warm our feet. And so home to dry pyjamas and a little spot of something to keep out the cold.

Little Budworth, 25th April, 1936.

After a bright and cheerful morning the afternoon turned out dull and threatening, consequently I was in no hurry to start, and stayed listening to the wireless much longer than I should have done, which necessitated some fast moving through that delectable country around Widnes. Fortunately, a rather strong sou'-west wind favourable for me until striking the Warrington-Tarporley road, by which time I was ahead of schedule and able to take my time over the rest of the journey.

Arriving at Little Budworth, a motorist took an instant dislike to me and, standing on the accelerator, charged full tilt. A bit of fancy riding and the cries of Teddy and Mrs. Edwards, succeeded in distracting his attention sufficiently to enable me to evade his dangerous tackle and I was able to ride unscathed into the garage.

A part of eleven, composed of F.H., Snowden, Green, Stevie, Jack Seed, Lucas, Knipe, Teddy Edwards, Tommy Royden, Ven and Threlfall, was regaled during the meal with the pithy adventures of a certain Liverpool Fruit Merchant; the fruitiest of which was the great occasion when Knipe on one of his Liverpool/Edinburgh record attempts, punctured before reaching Aintree. The "L.F.M.'s" bicycle was requisitioned by Knipe and instructions given "to mend the puncture and catch me up"! I believe the "F.L.M.'s" time over the distance, including the puncture, was one second slower than Knipe's, although the latter will not admit this fact.

The return journey was started in rain, but later we enjoyed a glorious sunset which, if popular supposition is correct, promised a good day for the morrow.

© Anfield Bicycle Club

© Anfield Bicycle Club



ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

FORMED MARCH, 1879.

MONTHLY CIRCULAR

Vol. XXXI.

No. 364.

FIXTURES FOR JUNE, 1936.

Tea at 6-0 p.m.

			Light up at
May 30	June 1	Whitsuntide—Invitation "100" ... Headquarters—Shrewsbury (George).	10-27 p.m.
June 6		Tattenhall (Bear and Ragged Staff) ...	10-34 p.m.
" 8		Committee Meeting, 7-30 p.m. (Victoria Hotel, St. John's Lane, Liverpool).	
" 13		Highwayside (Travellers Rest) ...	10-40 p.m.
" 20		Mouldsworth (Station Hotel)—Photo Run ...	10-44 p.m.
" 27		Farndon (Raven) ...	10-46 p.m.
July 4		Acton Bridge (Leigh Arms) ...	10-43 p.m.
		Full Moon ... 5th inst.	

NOTICE.

All communications should be addressed to The Editor, 22 Holly Bank Road, Birkenhead. They should be written legibly, on one side of the paper only, and should bear the name of the sender.

The Hon. Treasurer's address is R. L. Knipe, 138 Moscow Drive, Stoneycroft, Liverpool, 13, but Subscriptions (25/-; under 25, 21/-; 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 Brock Branch.

© Anfield Bicycle Club

COMMITTEE NOTES.

4 THE LAUND,

WALLASEY, CHESHIRE.

A RESOLUTION recording the deep regret of the Club, their grateful appreciation of long and valued service, and their deep sympathy with the daughter and family of our late President, Mr. W. P. Cook, was passed in silence.

APPLICATION FOR HON. MEMBERSHIP.—Mr. Joseph Andrews, 31 Curzon Road, Prenton, Birkenhead. Proposed by Mr. F. Chandler; seconded by Mr. E. Edwards.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS.—Mr. H. Austin, 47 Townfield Lane, Bebington. Mr. R. A. Fulton, 99 John Street, New York, Mr. N. S. Heath, Lyndhurst, Rednal Hill Lane, Rednal, Birmingham. Mr. J. S. Jonas, 61 Egerton Park, Rock Ferry. Mr. A. Howarth, 69 Mount Road, Hr. Tranmere, Birkenhead.

The following appointments were made: President, Mr. W. H. Kettle; Vice-President, Mr. W. T. Venables.

AUGUST TOUR.—The August Tour this year will be to the Bath Road "100," or Speedwell "100." Members going down can arrange their own parties.

Mr. C. J. Conway has again kindly arranged to take the Club Photograph. It is hoped that as many Members as possible will attend at Mouldsworth on the 20th June and show their appreciation of his kind offer.

H. W. POWELL,

Hon. General Secretary.

TREASURY NOTES.

WOULD any of those who have not yet paid their Subs. like to follow the example of Fred Lowcock? Having made friends with the Treasurer by paying five years' subscription in advance, he invited him to the Exchange Hotel, and a very happy evening was spent reminiscing.

Please apply early to book dates.

My thanks are due to the nine members from whom I have received subscriptions and/or donations(*) during the past month.

R. J. Austin.

J. S. Jonas.

G. P. Mills.

D. J. Bell.

W. H. Kettle.

*A. T. Simpson.

J. E. Carr.

F. C. Lowcock

D. Turnor.

(1936-40)

R. L. KNIPE,

Hon. Treasurer.

RACING NOTES.

LAST month's notes were inadvertently not published, so if you have not heard from me regarding jobs for the "100," will you please take it that I wish last year's jobs to be repeated.

Enclosed with this *Circular* you should find the "100" card and, on perusal, you will notice the alterations in the time and places of start and finish.

It is absolutely essential that no cars be on the stretch of Course between High Ercall and the finish. As Anfielders, will you please set the example and adhere to the rule.

The finish is most easily reached from Shawbury by way of Edgebolton and Muckleton.

Invitation "24," 17th/18th July, 1936.

Entries for this event close on July 8th. Feeding fee of 10/- please. The checking and marshalling list will be open immediately after the "100."

Open Events.

East Liverpool "50"	June	14th.
Manchester Wheelers' "50"	"	21st.
Manchester Grosvenor "100"	"	28th.
Warrington "100"	July	12th.

Help in these will be gratefully appreciated.

TRAINING SPINS.

The results of the three 25-mile Training Spins are as follows:—

(1.) 1. E. Byron ... 1.12. 9	(2.) 1. W. P. Rock... 1. 7.45
2. J. R. Band 1.13. 9	2. A. Hughes ... 1. 9. 7
3. W.G.Connor 1.13.35	3. E. Byron ... 1. 9.25
4. A. Hughes 1.14.17	4. J. R. Band ... 1.11.59
5. E. Haynes ... 1.15.28	5. B. H. Band ... 1.13.32
6. H. Thomas 1.16.47	
7. B. H. Band 1.17.45	
(3.) 1. E. Byron ... 1.11.52	
2. W. G. Connor ... 1.13.27	
3. A. Hughes ... 1.13.47	
4. B. H. Band ... 1.15.13	
5. J. R. Band ... 1.15.39	

The absence of Peter Rock in the first of these events was due to an accident; George Connor, in the second, to business reasons; Salty in all three and Rock in the last to 50-mile training spins.

Timed by Kettle, assisted by Powell; turned by Edwards and Venables, to whom our thanks are hereby accorded.

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

From The Editorial Archives.

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO.

Knutsford—and Turnor's "24" Record, Sept. 8th-9th, 1911.

The Club tea at the Lord Eldon was naturally not a very large affair, as most of our active members were busy helping Turnor, and a great many had been out all night on the job, but it was pleasing to see men like Rudd, whose work had finished in Shropshire, take the trouble to ride over to Knutsford to support the Club fixture. After enjoying the usual good feed, we all went to the Seven Sisters, which was the record point, to await Turnor's arrival, and, sure enough, he turned up at 7-18, with 12 minutes to go, and my reward for being one of the first to congratulate him on his plucky ride was the commission to write this account for the *Circular*! I had forgotten, in my excitement, that Turnor was the Editor chap, or I would have kept away; but how could I refuse him under such circumstances?

Personally, I saw nothing of the first 12 hours, as I had to be on deck early in the morning at Shawbury, but riding down Friday evening with Neason, a call at the Talbot, Chester, showed that the clans were beginning to gather, for we found The O'Tatur had come specially over from Dublin, and was having tea with Worth. I understand that there were plenty of followers and helpers at Chester, and that Grimshaw did quite a lot of work owing to Nash's failure to materialise. At Whitechurch we picked up Dr. Carlisle, and duly arrived at Shawbury after a very delightful ride in the brilliant moonlight, enlivened by the many old-time reminiscences of the Doctor and Neason, which made us ignore the fact that both their lamps were out!

Meanwhile the Mullah was steadily "getting them round" under ideal conditions, and sticking closely to his schedule—indeed, some of us think he might with advantage have hustled a bit more on such a phenomenal night, and got a bit of credit balance in the kitty, but doubtless the Mullah knows what suits him best. All went smoothly till after he left Chester for the last time, when his only puncture occurred on the Whitechurch stretch, and then really began the great struggle with Father Time, and the snaggy sou'-easter that sprang up with the dawn, and frequently blew with perishing force, and only helped on the Hodnet-Shawbury stretch.

The Mullah deserves every credit for the persistency with which he stuck gamely at his task, reeling off the miles at a very steady bat, and cutting stops very short. It was for hours a touch-and-go affair, and we all know how harassing that is. Gradually schedule was getting the mastery, until, "8 minutes behind" got to "14 minutes behind," and

there was still the Pons Asinorum to be faced—I mean the Whitechurch-Congleton stretch, dead into the wind's eye, which has put paid to many other attempts. (Ask Jones !) But Turnor evidently realised that he must be master, and after seeing the way he got from Whitechurch corner to the Brine Baths in 45 minutes, I felt confident that he would be Wellington, and not Napoleon. After Congleton, the sun came out, the wind dropped, and for the last 3½ hours Turnor's "glorious weather" prevailed again, so that he lost no more on schedule, and if anything, began to gain, and reached record point with 12 minutes to go, finally finishing at "evens" with a distance that will probably be passed at somewhere between 350 and 351 miles, and I am sure every member of the Club will in spirit congratulate him on a most meritorious performance.

CORRESPONDENCE.

April 30th, 1936.

To the Editor,

SIR,

In this month's *Monthly Circular* there is a small mistake in the result of the 1888 Sefton and Dingle Open 50 miles race. I was second in the race, J. Bibby third, J. Reilly (Manchester) 4th and W. Smith (Manchester) 5th, T. Price (S. & D.) 6th.

		Handicap.	mins.
1.	H. Robinson, Wou	...	3h. 51m. ... 6
2.	J. A. Bennett	...	4h. 11m. ... 20
3.	J. Bibby	... S. & D.C.C....	4h 11m. ... 19
4.	J. Reilly	... Manchester...	4h 4m. ... 10
5.	W. Smith	... Manchester...	4h. 5m. ... 5
6.	T. Price	... S. & D. ...	4h. 21½m. 20

It was my first race and I was on an Ordinary (High Bicycle).

Yours truly,

J. A. BENNETT.

P.S.—I have the results up to 1895.

AT RANDOM.

MRS. McCANN and F. D. McCANN wish to thank members for the expressions of sympathy in the passing of W. P. Cook and for the wonderful way in which the Club—and others—paid a last tribute at Landican.



It is with very great regret we have to report the death of Mr. A. E. Workman, which took place suddenly at his

residence at Meols, on 2nd May. Mr. Workman was a musician by profession and taught the organ, pianoforte, and singing. From 1925 onwards he had been with us at Bettws at Easter-time, and was a tower of strength as a pianoforte soloist and as an accompanist: he could, of course, play anything at sight and had a wonderful memory. His loss to us is irreparable and it will be extremely difficult to fill his place. He was the most genial of men and endeared himself to everyone.

The Club were represented at the interment by Chandler, Conway, Edwards, Rowatt, Royden and Sunter. A wreath was sent from all friends in the A.B.C.

* * *

The North Road *Gazette* for April writes: "Meriden's 'Bull' proved unwilling to accommodate us for the inter-week-end with the Anfield, at short notice, so the run was cancelled. We hope to meet our Northern friends in the Autumn. Though why we couldn't have gone to Coleshill again is not clear."

* * *

There is no truth in the rumour that Cotter, Morris, Newall, and Robinson are planning to establish a new Insurance Company to take over the "Royal," "Globe," and "Split Pea and General."

* * *

Riders "Under Tuition."

The proposal to demand TESTS FOR CYCLISTS is already having its repercussion in Cheadle Hulme Anfield circles, where a certain member of over 40 years' "sitting" is in daily practice to pass the test—come what may? His dread that he may be compelled to carry

an L

on his machine (back and front) is pardonable. Hence he is making a search to recover some Gold Medals earned in the Eighties as Trick Cyclist, but after FIFTY years these seem to have got lost in the Gold Rush of the Thirties. Besides: Would Belisha believe them?

In addition, this once real rider who has to pass his 70's milestone during the coming month is in training to perform in celebration thereof Seven Circuits of the Cheadle Hulme Circular Centre. Herein he is considerably hampered by finding himself for the first time in 55 years short of Cycling Trousers, in other words *Sans Culottes*. This must lead to the atrocity of riding in Long-Breeks tied up with string below

the knees, after the style of the Fifth Duke of Portland (he of the Tunnels), but Dukes can smile where mere Old Timers must weep and wail.

N.B.—This performance will be in no sense a challenge to Tommy Royden.

* * *

A good "off the beaten track" route for Whit Sunday would be a "cyclohike" along the Long Mountain from Westbury to Kingswood, thence Chirbury, returning if time permits via Church Stoke and along the tracks past Corndon Hill, Stapeley Hill and the Stone Circles to Minsterley, etc.

* * *

It is hoped that all who can will put in an appearance at the "George" on Whit Sunday evening.

* * *

Dave Fell is at the Southern Hospital (Liverpool), Albert Ward. He is quite cheerful and looks remarkably well for an invalid. The doctor says his bed chart reads like that of a young man, so we hope to see him out and about again in good time.

* * *

Harry Buck in a letter to Ven writes: "I do hope W.P.C.'s accident will have no effect on riding and week-ending. He is really a marvel and I hope he goes on another 20 years and becomes the G.O.M. of cycling. He is a President to be proud of. We are all fairly well, I have an enlarged big toe which hampers walking, otherwise am all right, and have a good appetite."

* * *

The late Presider's place as President of the R.R.A. has been taken by Mr. G. H. Stancer, whilst Mr. F. J. Urry becomes Cyclists' Representative on the Traffic Advisory Council of the Ministry of Transport.

* * *

Back to the Last Century.

It is nearly forty years since the Anfield held its last Annual Dinner at the Exchange Hotel, Liverpool.

The most active member there was Billy Lowcock who, after enlisting the services of every waiter present to attend to his many needs, appeared on the platform "in character."

Apart from the excellence of the viands, two features were outstanding, the members doing a turn had the satisfaction—some for the first and last time in their careers—of putting

their stuff across from the vantage place of a fully fledged concert platform. This proved a wonderful help in bridging the "gap." The other feature consisted of a Menu Card, long kept by most of us as a memento, from the master hand of a distinguished guest and friend whose brothers' names still swell our list.

The artist in question is at this moment bringing joy to Manchester Anfielders at the exhibition of paintings at the Art Gallery where his latest work ranks among the chief attractions. It is entitled "Engineering in Concrete." We do not doubt that it will even outlast his earlier work. Many believe that it represents the Dam at Mardale, in which case its interest in Manchester will be long sustained.

TOURS AND TOURING.

AN EASTER TRIP TO MID-WALES.

THERE were four of us, Williams, Rock, Hughes and Byron, who set off on Good Friday to enjoy a four-day tour. With a good, helpful wind, we soon reached Whitchurch, where we had a rendezvous with Lockett, who had come from Manchester accompanied by Haynes and Thomas. On the way to Prees we met Salty, who had come up from Clun to lunch with us,

Lunch over, Haynes and Thomas set back homewards, whilst we five proceeded on in glorious weather to Shrewsbury and along that delectable road through the Strettons to Craven Arms, when we said good-bye to Salty who branched off to Clun, where he was staying. We made Ludlow for tea, and from there our way was through Leominster, where we turned off right through Willersley and Whitney to Hay, when we put up at the Wye Temperance Hotel. We had stayed at this place two years ago and Lockett, who was in the lead up the climb to Hay, took us straight there, or so he said—I have distinct recollections of retracing my steps at least five times.

Saturday broke dullish and we pushed a rather chill wind out of the way through Glasbury and Builth Wells. Here, instead of following the Wye, we turned off right and went on to Llandrindod Wells. We were not impressed with this latter, it looks like a poorish seaside resort without the attraction of the sea. We had a mediocre lunch here and

got out as quickly as possible along the Newtown road. We climbed and climbed, the road being so engineered that it isn't hard enough to justify walking, but just hard enough to be annoying. At last we got to Dolfor, where we turned off right over a grassy track and through scurrying snow-flakes finally dropping into Kerry for tea. We stayed at the Herbert Arms—every visit there seems better than the previous one.

We woke on Sunday to see snow-covered hills and, after settling our very modest bill, we proceeded by way of Abermule along the Welshpool road to Berriew, where there is a very fine old black and white vicarage, and to Castle Caereinion. We struck several heavy snow showers and we arrived at Llanfyllin in a very wet, cold state. We thawed out at the Eagle Hotel, where we also had an excellent lunch. And so, through intermittent showers, to the Miltir Cerrig. Arch rode this in his perfect continental style, passing the rest of us who had got off to admire the view—or was it so as not to strain our chains?—and when he was about a quarter of a mile ahead, we jumped on and set off to catch him—and was it hot!—we were strung out, gradually pulling him back, the sweat (or should I say perspiration in this high-class publication) pouring off us. No sooner had we reached the top than we were blinded by a terrific snowstorm, in a minute we were plastered white from head to toes—five minutes later the sun was shining—this England! A fast bit of twiddling followed down to Bala when we had an early tea. More collar work for us as we slogged up the Festiniog road, which is in a very bad state for some miles, but with a following wind, we reached the top fairly comfortably. We then turned off right to Eidda Wells and it was here that Byron's tyre went off with a report that could be heard above the screech of Lockett's brake. A few fugitive flakes of snow fell whilst we were repairing the damage, but to hear the others talk, it might have been a blinding blizzard. A fast drop to Penmachno and so to Bettws-y-Coed and the Glan Aber.

The five of us were reinforced by Haynes and Thomas and Salty and wife, as we set off on Monday in pouring rain to Llanrwst, and up the Abergele road. The hill climbing complex was still with us, it was still with us up the Bryn-y-Pyn, and that, combined with the rain, made us very bedraggled as we got to St. Asaph for lunch. In the afternoon a more sober pace was adhered to, through to Mold and Queensferry where the Manchester contingent left us for their long trek to Industrialism, whilst the rest of us made our way home for tea.

THE LANCASHIRE—FLINT BY PASS.

We have the following letter from the Antient Camp-stormer which we regret was just too late to be included in our last publication.—ED.

27/4/36.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,

When it comes to a question of By Pass your valued journal and news-medium must remain an infallible and unerring guide without which we tourists would be stranded. We have not forgotten how you focussed our minds on the East Lancashire Road years before its details leaked out, not to mention the early discovery of Burton Bass on the Salop Pass.

The latest By-Pass which is within a fortnight of completion (only half a mile being short of its top layer) starts and finishes in Cheshire, but its aim and purpose is nevertheless to place the East Lancashire man into North Wales by the simplest methods, or a short link between the County Palatine and the Principality. So far it is left to your publication to put the world wise. The daily Press remains in blissful ignorance, until some day in June an Anfielder sideslips from Frodsham into Flint without Chester being any the wiser.

He will enter the Pass through little-known Ince, straddle the marshes and steal over by Shotwick to the Bridge, known as Queen's Ferry. (Who by the way was this nautical Regina?)

The actual place of take off is the corner of the Helsby Cable Works, within easy reach of the lanes through Delamere. This corner has been banked and widened and a brand new road by the side of the old lanes irresistibly draws the riders into the unknown, but believed to be the once insular Isle of Ince, which has remained the only romantic spot on the Ship Canal.

The new road, although not completed, is not barred, there are no warnings and no threats.

A few points need elucidating and Helsby is promised a place in the sun as a centre of social amenities, for the ten miles that separate Helsby from the Bridge into Wales are void of hostels where they offer the travel-stained explorer beakers of fermented and distilled liquors. Practically there are no houses.

The new road soon passes Hapsford Hall Farm but leaves Elton and Ince Township undisturbed well to the north,

But the real centre of activity in this district is Thornton le Moors, where the Beagles meet on Saturdays, believing themselves unobserved.

Thornton stands up on high, haughtily surveying the landscape with its church, its vicarage, its farm and its pub., the latter the Beagles' Headquarters, but Thornton does not even see the By-Pass although within thirty yards of it. The inn pretends to ignore it and stands with its back to it, scorning the new time traffic.

This was too much for Belisha, who has constructed a loop road embracing all Thornton Manor. Time alone can tell whether the inn will turn, like the worm, and welcome its new guests by some fine gesture.

Hereabouts the Pass crosses the Gowey, that turbulent ditch that during floods gives the Shrewsbury Arms on the Chester road a Venetian appearance. But here its force is spent, and the By-Pass does not accord it a bridge. On the other hand the mighty Shropshire Union Canal, the waterway that keeps Ellesmere Port and the Ship Canal in full cry, is passed by an enormous new bridge, by which we arrive at Stanney in the Parish of Stoak with its famous old church-tower. From this point the new road is hampered by roundabouts crossing the following important roads, *viz.*, Backford Hall to Whitby, Ellesmere Port and Poole Hall. Smoke stacks and chimneys are attractions nearly to be overcome, and next Backford Cross (scene in our 12) where we can smell the Breweries of Bromborough and the Soap Suds of Bebington. This convinces the traveller that his insular wanderings have come to an end and he must choose between these industrial joys and the frownings hills of Mold.

The Welsh road through Dunkirk is already familiar to Windmill Gibbet, the scene of many sad partings and soon we reach the tumult of Shotwick corner, the Airport, and the fair-ground at the Bridge.

The actual saving in mileage is from two to three miles, but the saving in worry and harass cannot be expressed in Feet, Ells or Furlongs.

Yours,
SCHLOSS.

THE SUNDAY MID-DAY MEET.

WITH Whit-Sunday at the door and finding ourselves on that morning without any cut and dried plan, which usually results in luncheon at Leoninster, the claims of the

Teme may well be considered as these can be paid at the Swan Hotel at Tenbury Wells, where they restore numerous ailments of the inner man. There are many means whereby this valley can be reached, but the best ways are those over the hills and none better calculated to improve muscle and mind than that by Cleobury Mortimer (the same Mortimer by the way who remains known as being Cross, and again the same as he whose bad temper influenced Thomas Walter John at a club run to Wigmore, where stand the ruins of his castle.) This town, whose name should be pronounced Clibbery (never mind the Mortimer) contains a jolly old hotel named The Talbot, where travellers for Tenbury rest and whet their whistle before the eight miles descent to the Teme.

An Anfield Agent lately visited Tenbury and found but little changed since that far off day when Hellier and Beardwood—then looked up to as the Great Panjandrum and his illustrious Impresario—awaited our arrival sate in state in the Oriental raised gardens, immovably fixed as Chinese gods. They basked in the shade of the sheltering yews that have stood there ever since the Bowmen of the Teme cut their bows from its branches.

The Teme Bowmen have gone but the Teme Bowlers remain, and the Gardens contain a famous green supported by Politicians as well as by Poachers. Here Stanley Baldwin vies with the landlord as to who shall be President and who Vice-.

RACES.

Dukinfield "50," 10th May, 1936.

The Dukinfield "50" attracted a good entry, all riders having beaten 2.22.0 for a 50.

Ross (East Liverpool Wheelers) returned the fastest time of the morning, with 2.9.22, beating the course record set up by himself two years ago. Bentley (Walton C. & A.C.) was second fastest with a fine ride of 2.9.40.

The team race was won by the Walton C. & A.C., 6.36.13, and the East Liverpool Wheelers were second, 6.42.59.

Salt was fastest of "Ours" with 2.13.40.

The leading times were as follows:—

1.	L. J. Ross	East L'pool W.	...	2. 9.22
2.	B. W. Bentley	Walton C. & A.C.	...	2. 9.40
3.	A. N. Hammond	Metro Vicks	...	2.11.51

4.	C. Gwilliam	Walton C. & A.C.	...	2.11.56
5.	F. Butterworth	Manc. R.C.	...	2.13. 5
6.	J. J. Salt	Anfield B.C.	...	2.13.40
	W. P. Rock	" "	...	2.18.19
	E. Byron	" "	...	2.19. 5
	W. G. Connor	" "	...	2.20.
	J. R. Band	" "	...	2.26.

Our very best thanks are again due to all the helpers for their assistance.

R. J. Austin timed the event.

RUNS.

First Fifty Mile Road Ride—May 2nd, 1936.

On a fine day, but against a sticky wind—a south-easter that leant on everything—times were not too good to the first check. At the halfway mark the order was almost the same. In some loose stuff at Spurstow turn, A. J. Carr came off and had to discontinue; Rock also had a spill but his was not so serious and he lost little time. Thomas's fine ride—his fastest—gives him first handicap and also shows us that he has recovered from his knee trouble. Arthur Hughes, with a "docked" allowance made easily certain of second, while sub-Captain Connor rode a consistent race to claim third handicap from Rigby Band.

Pos.	Name.	H'cap	12 $\frac{3}{4}$ miles	25 miles	38 miles	Actual.
1.	H. Thomas	10	38	1.13.10	1.50	2.23.17
2.	A. F. Hughes	13	39	1.15.5	1.54	2.27.19
3.	W. G. Connor	9	39	1.15.35	1.53	2.25.11
4.	J. R. Band	10	40	1.16.26	1.54	2.26.42
5.	B. Haynes	9	39 $\frac{1}{2}$	1.15.40	1.54 $\frac{1}{2}$	2.25.50
6.	J. J. Salt	Scr.	35	1.10. 5	1.47	2.17.32
7.	B. H. Band	20	40	1.18.50	2.03	2.39. 9
8.	W. P. Rock	4	36	1.11.34	1.51	2.21.29
9.	E. Byron	5	38 $\frac{1}{2}$	1.15.10	1.56	2.27.17
10.	J. E. Carr	3	39	1.17. 5	1.59	2.28.25
—	A. J. Carr	—	38 $\frac{1}{2}$	1.15. 2	—	—

Eleven started and ten finished. Timed by Norman Higham.

Highwayside, 9th May, 1936.

Our worthy Editor spotted on me to write this run up. I have not written one for years so don't blame me if you don't like it. I started off about 2-30 from home on a glorious day and nice following wind, when, on the Storeton road Byron overtook me (riding to Dukinfield for the "50" the next day); shortly afterwards Frank Chandler on trike came alongside and we went through Eaton Park, which was looking at its best—nearly all the trees in full leaf. After passing Bruera, Frank's chain snapped. He persuaded me to carry on and said he would foot it to Chester, so on my lonesome I carried on through Beeston and Bunbury and found good company present. It was our first cold lunch and a more appetising meal I never tasted; our host did us well.

Looking around the table I noticed Ven, Teddy Edwards, Green, and our dear old friend Carpenter, Powell, Wilf Orrell, Kettle, Seed, Elias, Lucas, Stephenson, Rowatt, Urban Taylor, Rawlinson, Royden, Haynes, and some of the younger bloods. I was very sorry to hear Dave Fell was laid up. After the usual chat we started for home and Carpenter, who was docking at Liverpool, accompanied us and my word the Old Veteran set a pace and was I not thankful when he left us at Sutton and the remainder carried on to Hooton to sample the brew.

Mouldsworth, 16th May, 1936.

Each time the Editor asks me to write up a Club run I experience something approaching panic. What on earth am I going to write? I sit down and think of the Skipper and his typewriter and wonder what he would charge to write up the run, but his fees are notoriously high and my pocket is definitely shallow.

Arriving at the Station Hotel we find the alterations finished, and Stevie and Bert Green patronising the new billiard table, while the rest of the Club, seated round, gaze in wonder at Stevie's pretty shots (shorts).

The tea was held in the hut outside, where Tommy Royden's stentorian tones failed to drown the noise occasioned by Salty eating scones to an accompaniment of rain dropping on the roof. The weather, the East Cheshire weather, had settled down into its accustomed stride, and the rain "O the gentle rain" was falling as we sheeted up for our homeward ride.

At Tarvin corner the prospective campers held a debate. Three were all in favour of home, but the fourth stuck his handsome (neck) jaw out and spoke like Captain Scott: "I go, if I go alone." We were afraid the rats might get at him if he camped alone, so, perforce, we accompanied him, and camped the night in that tropical downpour at Peckforton.

The following members attended the run: Ven., W. Orrell, Rowatt, McCann, Knipe, Stevie, Green, Carpenter, Chandler, Powell, Seed, Royden, Threlfall, Kettle, B. Band, Hughes, Perkins, Connor, Marriott, Thomas, Preston, Haynes, Jonas, W. R. Jones, Williams, Rock, Salt and Poole.

Second "50," 23rd May, 1936.

Pos'n.	Name.	H'cap	12 $\frac{3}{4}$ miles	25 $\frac{3}{4}$ miles	38 miles	Actual
1.	B. H. Band ...	20	36	1.16	1.53	2.33.35
2.	J. J. Salt ...	Scr.	33	1.10	1.41	2.14. 3
3.	E. Byron ...	6	34 $\frac{1}{2}$	1.12 $\frac{1}{2}$	1.46 $\frac{1}{2}$	2.21.28
4.	E. Haynes ...	9	36	1.14 $\frac{3}{4}$	1.52	2.25. 8
5.	J. R. Band ...	10	36 $\frac{1}{2}$	1.15 $\frac{1}{2}$	1.50	2.26.57
6.	J. Pitchford ...	3	35 $\frac{1}{2}$	1.13 $\frac{1}{2}$	1.46 $\frac{1}{2}$	2.20.15
7.	H. Thomas ...	8	34 $\frac{1}{2}$	1.13 $\frac{1}{4}$	1.48 $\frac{1}{2}$	2.26.35
8.	W. G. Connor ...	8	36 $\frac{1}{2}$	1.16 $\frac{1}{4}$	1.51	2.26.38
9.	W. P. Rock ...	5	35 $\frac{1}{2}$	1.13 $\frac{1}{2}$	1.47 $\frac{1}{2}$	2.24.53
10.	J. E. Carr ...	3	33 $\frac{1}{2}$	1.13 $\frac{1}{2}$	1.48 $\frac{1}{2}$	2.23.50
11.	A. F. Hughes ...	11	36	1.17	1.55	2.33. 3
12.	A. J. Carr ...	7	36	1.17	1.54	2.31. 6
13.	A. Williams ...	14	36 $\frac{1}{2}$	1.19	1.58	2.40. 0
—	G. B. Orrell ...	5	38	1.18	—	—
—	W. H. Lloyd ...	17	38 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	—	—

Orrell punctured and Lloyd, braking to avoid cows, unscrewed his sprocket and came off.

For this second event a cold easterly wind was in evidence and, although such a breeze does not effect the long stretches of the course particularly, it was a fit man's day. Conditions on the outward and homeward "straights" were approximately the same in each direction for the times, on balance, were the same. Haynes returned from the last check as fast as Salty, whose exceptional performance won for him fastest and second handicaps. The first prize is Brian Band's first and we are delighted with his improvement. Third handicap goes to Byron who has very evidently trained out of his last trouble—cruising—and is now nearer to his real and proper form.

© Anfield Bicycle Club

© Anfield Bicycle Club

ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

FORMED MARCH, 1879.

MONTHLY CIRCULAR

Vol. XXXI.

No. 365.

FIXTURES FOR JULY, 1936.

Tea at 6-0 p.m.

			Light up at
July	4	Acton Bridge (Leigh Arms)	10-43 p.m.
"	11	Little Budworth (Red Lion)	10-38 p.m.
"	13	Committee Meeting, 7-30 p.m. (Victoria Hotel, St. John's Lane, Liverpool).	
"	17/18	Invitation "24"	10-33 p.m.
"	25	Third 50 Miles Handicap	10-22 p.m.
Aug.	1/3	August Tour: Bath Road "100": Speedwell "100"	10-9 p.m.
"	8	Marford (Trevor Arms)	9-58 p.m.

Full Moon ... 4th inst.

NOTICE.

All communications should be addressed to The Editor, 22 Holly Bank Road, Birkenhead. They should be written legibly, on one side of the paper only, and should bear the name of the sender.

The Hon. Treasurer's address is R. L. Knipe, 138 Moscow Drive, Stonecroft, Liverpool, 13, but Subscriptions (25/-; under 25, 21/-; 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.

© Anfield Bicycle Club

COMMITTEE NOTES.

4 THE LAUND,

WALLASEY, CHESHIRE.

Mr. J. Andrews, 31 Curzon Road, Prenton, Birkenhead, has been elected to Honorary Membership. Mr. W. T. Threlfall, Suncroft, Acre Lane, Heswall Hills, Wirral, has resumed Honorary Membership.

Mr. W. R. Jones has been appointed to fill the vacancy on the Committee.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS.—Mr. Harold Moore, 100 New Brook Road, Over Hulton, near Bolton, Lancs.

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

TREASURY NOTES.

IN spite of suffering the slings and arrows of outrageous motors, I am still able to sit up and receive subscriptions. As I shall be away part of July please send early. My thanks are due to the eleven members from whom I have received subscriptions and/or donations during the past month.

J. Andrews.

W. Orrell.

Ashley Taylor.

P. C. Beardwood.

*D. C. Rowatt.

W. T. Threlfall.

*S. J. Buck.

J. Seed.

F. H. Wood.

E. Buckley.

J. H. Sumter.

R. L. KNIFE, *Hon. Treasurer.*

RACING NOTES.

MY helpers' list for the "24" (July 17th/18th) is now in full swing, but it is far from being full. If you have not yet been approached, please write or ring (Birkenhead 384) so soon as you can.

Cars for Finishing. Signs this year are that the entry will be fairly good and thus we will require as many cars as possible for following out. It is a gesture on our part to convey a rider in comfort from his finishing spot to headquarters. If you have a car, and will help, please report at The Three Greyhounds on Saturday evening, July 18th.

Third "50."

Entries, please, by the 20th July.

Open Events.

Help will be appreciated in the following:—

Warrington "100," July 12th.

Bath Road and Speedwell "100's" August Bank

Holiday.

F. E. MARRIOTT,

Captain and Hon. Racing Sec.

IN MEMORIAM.

D. R. FELL.

YET another pillar of the Club has been called to his last resting place. DAVID RENNIE FELL, age 77, passed away on 10th June, after a comparatively short illness. He was our oldest active member and brought fame to himself and to the Club in being the first man to ride from Liverpool to London in 24 hours; a feat which was accomplished on an "ordinary" in 1885. Later in the year he succeeded in repeating the performance in the reverse direction.

He joined the Club in September 1881, became President in 1884, and held this office again from 1913 to 1920 (inclusive). He held the post of Treasurer from 1885 to 1889 (inclusive), and was Captain in 1891.

In April, 1882, he obtained first place in a 24 hours competition for a challenge medal with 139 miles, and on 25th April, 1896, then a veteran of 37 years, he made fastest time in a "50," with 2.33.20, this being 20 minutes faster than his previous best time.

Present at the interment were Burgess, Chandler, Edwards, Fell, Kettle, Koenen, Marriott, McCann, Powell and Venables.

The Liverpool to London Record.

Fragments of History.

(Cycling, 6th Feb., 1913.)

The opportunity afforded by the election of Mr. D. R. Fell to the presidency of the Anfield B.C. may fitly be seized to point out that all the place-to-place records of the Road Records Association have a distinct and emphatic *raison d'être*, and are over routes made "classic" by their history. The mention of Fell's name arouses memories of the genesis of the London to Liverpool record in 1885. At Easter of that year Fell, in company with Lawrence Fletcher, G. B. Mercer, and several other members of the Anfield B.C., set out from Liverpool to ride to Bettws-y-coed on solid-tyred "ordinaries" by a circuitous route in order to qualify for standard medals for 24-hour rides. Between Warrington and Knutsford Mercer suddenly expressed his intention of riding to London in the day, which would qualify him for the gold star medal offered by the Club for 200 miles in 24 hours. Fell immediately volunteered to ride with him, and at Mere Corner the party split up, Mercer and Fell keeping straight on for London and the others turning off for Northwich.

There was no thought of "record" or "making history." The idea of the two pioneers was to keep company throughout, but, having to battle against a stiff wind, Mercer found himself riding much more strongly than his companion. At Coventry, Fell decided that he could not hope to accomplish 200 miles against such a wind, and it was mutually agreed that he should turn back towards Liverpool to obtain the benefit of the breeze, while Mercer pressed on in the hope of reaching London. Continuing towards the Metropolis "on his own," and the wind not dropping or diminishing, Mercer finally decided to turn back at Towcester to make sure of the 200 miles standard.

Meanwhile, after a rest at Coventry, Fell, with that indomitable pluck which has always characterized his riding, decided that he would rather fail in his attempt to reach London in the day than accomplish 200 miles by turning back. So he resumed riding towards London, and the mutual surprise of the two friends when they met at Weedon may be better imagined than described. It is certainly remarkable that each should have reversed his previous decision. Of course, Mercer could not again turn back, as even in those early days the Anfield had the rule that under no pretext whatever could the same piece of road be covered more than twice, and Mercer finished his 24 hours at Birmingham, continuing next day to join the Club at Bettws-y-coed. Fell, however, stuck gamely to his task, and finally succeeded in reaching Highgate, London, before midnight.

At Whitsuntide in the same year, Fell decided to accomplish the feat in the reverse direction, and started from the Marble Arch in company with Alf. Fletcher on a tricycle. Syd. Chalk, who afterwards became the first secretary of R.R.A., despatched the riders. Fletcher retired soon after St. Albans, while Fell, benefiting by his previous experience, had no difficulty in riding to Liverpool in the day, although he encountered much rain between Daventry and Stone, his resultant filthy condition attracting an excess of unwelcome attention from the yokels at Newcastle-under-Lyme Whitsuntide fair.

This dual performance by Fell caused widespread interest and provoked much emulation. Consequently, it is not surprising that, when the Road Records Association was founded in 1888, London to Liverpool figured among the place-to-place records. The first record passed by the R.R.A. was J. J. Currie's 20 hrs. 22 mins. 8 secs. in 1890, but in the same year J. A. Bennett restored the honour to the Anfield B.C. by riding between the two cities in 16 hrs. 55 mins. After T. A. Edge and C. Lucas had further reduced these figures in 1892, and E. J. Steel in 1895, W. J. Neason in 1898, with partial motor pacing (which was not then barred), brought the time down to 11 hrs. 43 mins. These latter figures were beaten in 1900 by H. Green, who, under unpaced rules and using a Bricknell-gearred machine, placed the record at 11 hrs., where it now stands.

It only remains to be added that Mr. Fell, as befits the occupier of the presidential chair of a cycling club, is still a keen, active and enthusiastic cyclist.

It is with profound regret that we have to announce the sudden passing of Teddy Edwards on the 25th June.

AT RANDOM.

MEMBERS and Bath Roaders will be sorry to hear that the Lee family who for so many years kept the Bath Arms at Minsterley have sold the house to the Wrekin Brewery who are installing a licensee from Kidderminster. Owing to their mother's death some 18 months ago the two daughters have decided to take this course, but are remaining in the village, at a house called "The Poplars," where they intend to cater for visitors. Arrangements are being made to place them on the C.T.C. list, and any Anfielders and friends will be made welcome if they call.

Bill and John.

The death of Sir John Foster Fraser so soon after that of our William Pagan Cook recalls to those who attended the Jubilee Dinner of the C.T.C. some half-dozen years ago, the cordial exchange of greetings of these two. We Anfielders were not then aware of their acquaintance and were somewhat intrigued by this sign of friendship between these two characters.

There are those of us who recall Foster Fraser's first fame as a cyclist in 1896 when, with two friends, he set out to encircle the world. Their original scheme was advertised that they would carry no money but attempt to make their way "on the nod," but whether this succeeded is uncertain.

Indirectly, the trip was intended to lead to lectures, lustre, luxury and lucre, and in Foster Fraser's case it certainly did.

It will never be said that W.P.C. did anything "on the nod."

One of the daily papers would have it that this world's tour was ridden on tricycles, but this is an hallucination. Those were the days of Huge Hellier—the Mighty Mossoo—who brooked no rivalry from notoriety hunters. Tricyclists in the mid nineties were a class apart. The Anfield poet of the period wrote a Eulogy of H.H. ending with: "And the records that were soft, those he left for Billy Toft, and that was just as well."

Personal.

It has only just transpired that Robinson was seriously ill for two days following the Lord Mayor of London's banquet last November. We gather that Robbie, rather greedily, ate too freely of the ham sandwiches and the bloater paste, with the result that his digestion (if any) went wonky. Fortunately, he was able to reach his home in the Big City, and his fleet of medical attendants soon had him on his feet again and author-

ised (much to the invalid's annoyance) his return to work. The Great Western Railway at once cancelled the arrangements they had put in hand for running excursions to Birmingham so that the populace might visit Robinson.

We are glad to say that Bob Knipe is making progress, though he is still unable to bend or turn his body owing to torn rib muscles. Leg now almost healed.

Frank Perkins has been laid up for some weeks. He was careless enough to let drop a drawer on to his toe and the bone is fractured. He is able to walk, but cycling is out of the question.

D. Smith has been moved from Wellington to Northampton. He will be glad to meet any members on tour or passing through the district. In the meantime, his address is, provisionally, c/o. National Provincial Bank Ltd., The Drapery, Northampton. No doubt we shall see him on joint runs, and at Shrewsbury.

RACES.

East Liverpool Wheelers' "50."

The East Liverpool "50" attracted a good entry, and with the names of Ross, Bentley, Hollands, C., and A. N., Salt and James and a host of short markers, very fast times were anticipated. However, the fast times were not forthcoming, as the winning time of 2.9.49 by H. James, of the Vegetarian C. & A.C., was the slowest for some years.

Of the 100 men accepted, all started and 92 finished. Six of our men were on the card, all of whom started and finished.

The leading times were as follows:—

1.	H. James	...	Veg. C. & A.C.	2. 9.49
2.	B. W. Bentley	...	Walton C. & A.C.	2.10.13
3.	A. N. Holland	...	Midland C. & A.C.	2.11. 2
4.	J. J. Salt	...	Anfield B.C.	2.11.11
5.	C. Gwilliam	...	Walton C. & A.C.	2.11.30
	W. P. Rock	...	Anfield B.C.	2.16. 1
	J. E. Carr	...	" "	2.16.33
	E. Byron	...	" "	2.18.55
	A. J. Carr	...	" "	2.19.28
	W. G. Connor	...	" "	2,20.30

The team race was won by the Walton C. & A.C. with 6.34.29, and the Midland C. & A.C. 2nd, 6.36.18, which team consisted of the three brothers Holland.

Our very best thanks are due to the helpers who once again turned out to give our men drinks, which included Randall, Marriott, A. Williams, Hughes, Kettle, Lockett, Lloyd, Rigby Band, McCann, Bren Orrell and Pitchford.

Manchester Wheelers' "50," 21st June, 1936.

We had four riders in this event, which was again run as a team race. Thomas and Haynes rode their best races at the distance to clock 2.22.25 and 2.22.46 respectively. J. E. Carr, who started very well, slowed off somewhat to finish with 2.20.23. A. J. Carr started but did not finish. N.M. Higham timed

Manchester Grosvenor "100," 28th June, 1936

Of our eight riders last Sunday, seven finished. Byron, who was doing the ride of his life and was 12 minutes inside evens at 70 miles, came off by the "Waggon and Horses," Congleton, and could not finish. The following times were recorded by R. J. Austin:—

1.	L. J. Ross	East Liverpool	...	4.39.15
	J. E. Carr	Anfield B.C.	...	4.44.49
	J. J. Salt	"	...	4.47.52
	W. P. Rock	"	...	4.55.27
	E. Haynes	"	...	4.57.16
	H. Thomas	"	...	4.57.26
	A. J. Carr	"	...	5. 0.19
	W. G. Connor	"	...	5. 9. 2

Salty started nearly $2\frac{1}{2}$ minutes late; Rock, Haynes and Thomas rode their best races at the distance, and, although not surprised, we are delighted. J. E. Carr showed consistency, whilst A. J. and Connor did not strike good days. Almost a dozen of ours were round the course with drinks and sponges.

RUNS.

INVITATION "100," 1st June, 1936.

Of the 100 competitors for this event, 96 were despatched by Timekeeper N. M. Higham. The morning was very chilly, but it warmed up later. There were 78 finishers and the non-starters were J. W. James and T. West (Cwmicarn Paragon), S. G. Nash (Cheltenham & County), and L. Harris (M.C. & A.C.).

A keen race for the fastest times awards was anticipated, C. Holland (M.C. & A.C.) was the sole occupant of the scratch mark; K. H. Mosedale (Calleva C.C.) had 1 min., L. J. Ross (E.L.W.) and J. J. Salt ("Ours") 3 mins., N. Hey (Bronte W.) 4 mins., while on the 5 min. mark where A. Cox (Nottingham W.), W. Ward (Stretford W.), and M. Clarke (Barnsley R.C.).

At the 50 mile point, C. Holland was leading with 2.16.3, closely followed by N. Hey in 2.17.43, other close up were

Salt 2.18.35, Clarke 2.19.3, P. Scarratt (Potteries C.C.) 2.20.25, Cox 2.20.27 and Russell (E.L.W.) 2.20.50. C. Holland eventually finished in the record time of 4.33.29, which is about 8 minutes' better than his own personal record of two years ago. Second fastest honour went to A. N. Holland (M.C. & A.C.) with 4.44.31, after losing a lot of time with a puncture and gear trouble. There was a sensation when N. Hey finished and was clocked to do 4.31.45, which was a surprise to Hey himself, as he admitted he had been slow over the latter stages of the race. It was found on investigation of the checking sheets that he had inadvertently omitted a portion of the course, although he negotiated it correctly the first time. It was unfortunate, as he might have displaced W. Ward who was third fastest with 4.47.14.

The Team Medals appeared to be almost a "cert" for the M.C. & A.C., with the two Holland's sterling rides, but news came through that C. S. Middleton had crashed and with Harris a non-starter they were without a third finisher, eventually the First Team Medals went to "Ours," consisting of J. J. Salt, J. Pitchford, and J. E. Carr, with an aggregate of 14.35.58, and the Warwickshire R.C. Team consisting of A. Burman, E. R. Craddock and J. W. Smith were second with an aggregate of 14.44.59.

Our very best thanks are tendered to the Mersey Roads Club for their assistance with the marshalling and feeding.

The following is the result of the leaders in order of handicap and their times at 50 miles.

Name.	Club.	Actual Time 50 Miles.			Actual Time 100 Miles.			H'cap	Handicap Time.		
		H.	M.	S.	H.	M.	S.		MINS.	H.	S.
1 A. N. HOLLAND	Midland C. & A.C.	2	23	31	4	44	31	15	4	29	31
2 C. HOLLAND	Midland C. & A.C.	2	16	3	4	33	29	Ser.	4	33	29
3 H. WILLIAMS	Mersey Roads Club	2	23	25	4	50	37	16	4	34	37
4 B. CUNNINGHAM	Mersey Roads Club	2	26	4	4	59	49	24	4	35	49
5 A. BURMAN	Warwickshire	2	23	20	4	51	8	15	4	36	8
6 H. JACKSON	Veg. C. & A.C.	2	22	27	4	51	47	15	4	36	47
7 A. J. CARR	Anfield B.C.	2	23	4	4	55	12	18	4	37	12
8 W. ROBERTS	Dukinfield C.C.	2	23	38	4	55	19	18	4	37	19
9 W. TROW	Wolverhampton W.	2	25	3	4	58	29	21	4	37	29
10 W. P. ROCK	Anfield B.C.	2	28	12	5	1	3	23	4	38	3
11 A. C. COULTER	Speedwell B.C.	2	26	25	5	0	55	22	4	38	55
12 G. MOUNTAIN	Bridford W.	2	19	30	4	53	59	15	4	38	59
13 H. BINNER	Bramley W.	2	26	32	4	56	17	17	4	39	17
14 H. THOMAS	Anfield B.C.	2	29	25	5	9	32	30	4	39	32
15 E. R. CRADDOCK	Warwickshire R.C.	2	22	51	4	51	56	12	4	39	56
16 L. V. RUSSELL	East L'pool W.	2	20	50	4	49	58	10	4	39	58
17 W. BINNER	Bramley W.	2	22	5	4	52	40	12	4	40	40
18 P. T. STALLARD	Wolverhampton W.	2	23	25	4	49	6	8	4	41	6
19 F. TURNER	Cheshire R.C.	2	22	48	4	51	17	10	4	41	17
20 G. E. JONES	B'head N.E.	2	25	42	4	56	20	15	4	41	20

The rest of "Ours" to finish were E. Haynes (25m) 5.8.59, J. E. Carr (9m) 4.54.7, J. Pitchford (6m) 4.51.8, E. Byron (18m)

5.4.26, W. G. Connor (20m) 5.7.35, J. J. Salt (3m) 4.50.43 and J. R. Band (30,m) 5.36.33.

Tattenhall, 6th June, 1936.

The attendance (fifteen) was poor. Holidays and Work accounted for several absentees, and two Arthurs—Williams and Hughes—had gone to Prees Heath to check Shubert, of the Cheltenham, who was attempting the Midland R.R.A. 24 hour record.

The select company present were: The President, who graciously greeted the prodigal (myself) with a handshake and a few kind words in his most charming manner, Edwards, Green, Haynes, Knipe, Long, Rowatt, Royden, Seed, Thomas Ven., Chandler, Lockett, Preston.

Highwayside, 13th June, 1936.

The usual good fare was provided and the party of 14 consisted of J. R. Band (fresh from a tour in Kerry), Threlfall (on a posh new tandem), Haynes, Thomas, Powell, Williams, A., Royden, Rowatt, Long, Green, Stephenson, Venables, Chandler and Glendinning.

Mouldsworth, 20th June, 1936. Photo Run.

Present: Kettle, Koenen, Venables, Snowden, W. Orrell, Scarff, Green, Royden, Marriott, Threlfall, S. T., Lucas, Knipe, Powell, Harold Band, Long, Roberts, Rowatt, Cody, Seed, Johnnie Band, Burgess, Conway, Byron, Connor, Williams, Rock, Randall, Preston, Hughes, Rigby Band, Brian Band, Jonas, del Banco, Sunter. Total 34.

Charlie Conway, very kindly, took the Club photograph as usual. Kettle brought out Conway, Cody and Harold Band in the car. Sunter was there but, as usual, had no tea. Knipe was in a car with Lucas. The former had been involved in a motor accident, being run into from behind in the daylight. Bicycle completely wrecked, he has since seen the Doctor, probably 2 ribs cracked and very much bruised. Threlfall managed to ride the hill with wife on tandem, we expect *she* did all the pushing.

Farndon, 27th June, 1936.

As the Tea-Tasters had departed for the Cyclists' Paradise—East Cheshire—in connection with the Grosvenor "100," a small but distinguished company partook of the meal at the "Raven," which was much enjoyed, strawberries making a welcome appearance.

The members who attended the run were Kettle, Stephenson, Roberts, Royden, Powell, Venables, Conway, Green, Glendinning, W. R. Jones, Rowatt, H. Wilson, Long, Seed, Threlfall, and, after tea, Sunter.

© Anfield Bicycle Club

© Anfield Bicycle Club



ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

FORMED MARCH, 1879.

MONTHLY CIRCULAR

Vol. XXXI.

No. 366.

FIXTURES FOR AUGUST, 1936.

Tea at 6-0 p.m.

Light up at

Aug. 1/3	August Tour,	10-9 p.m.
	Bath Road "100": Speedwell "100"	
" 8	Marford (Trevor Arms)	9-58 p.m.
" 10	Committee Meeting, 7-30 p.m. (Victoria Hotel, St. John's Lane, Liverpool).	
" 15	Invitation 12 Hours	9-43 p.m.
" 22	Highwayside (Travellers Rest)	9-28 p.m.
" 29	Fourth 50 Miles Handicap	9-13 p.m.
Sept. 5	Mouldsworth (Station Hotel)	8-55 p.m.

Full Moon ... 3rd inst.

NOTICE.

All communications should be addressed to The Editor, 22 Holly Bank Road, Birkenhead. They should be written legibly, on one side of the paper only, and should bear the name of the sender.

The Hon. Treasurer's address is R. L. Knipe, 138 Moscow Drive, Stoneycroft, Liverpool, 13, but Subscriptions (25/-; under 25, 21/-; 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.

© Anfield Bicycle Club



Back Row—A. F. HUGHES, J. R. BARD, J. SEED, S. T. THRELFALL, H. W. POWELL, E. SNOODEN
Third Row—W. H. SCARFF, F. MARRIOTT, J. S. ROBERTS, E. BYRON, H. GREEN, J. C. BARD, E. J. CODY, W. ORRELL, A. LUCAS,
 D. C. KOWATT, J. H. SUNTER, F. H. KOENES
Second Row—J. LONG, H. R. BARD, R. L. KNISE, W. H. KETTLE, W. T. VENABLES, T. ROYDEN, G. B. BURGESS
Front Row—C. RANDALL, J. S. JONAS, S. del BANCO, A. WILLIAMS, A. E. PRESTON, B. H. BARD, W. P. ROCK, W. G. COXSON

© Anfield Bicycle Club

COMMITTEE NOTES.

4 THE LAUND,
WALLASEY, CHESHIRE.

A RESOLUTION according the deep regret of the Club, their grateful appreciation of long and valued service and their sympathy with Mrs. Fell and her son, also Mrs. Edwards, was passed in silence.

Mr. F. Chandler has been appointed to the vacancy on the Handicapping Committee.

H. W. POWELL,
Hon. General Secretary.

TREASURY NOTES.

WITH the passing of our alleged summer, autumn will soon be with us, bringing its usual scattering of red-fainted slips. But before these appear the Committee will sit in judgment on those members who have not yet paid. *Verbum sap*—"Get there first."

I regret that only four remittances have come to hand during July, but "the fewer men the greater share of honour," and my thanks are due to:—

G. E. Carpenter.

H. M. Horrocks.

W. M. Owen.

*D. L. Ryalls.

R. L. KNIFE, *Hon. Treasurer.*

* * *

RACING NOTES.

Invitation "12," 15th August, 1936.

A great amount of help is required in Shropshire on Saturday morning. Will all those who can help in that direction please notify me at once. Entries, please, by Wednesday, August 5th. Feeding fee, 5/-.

Fourth Fifty Miles Handicap, 29th August, 1936.

Although this event is down as a fixture, there "ain't gonner be no race" unless some kind person offers to do the needful. On that day I hope to be miles and miles away. Please don't all come at once.

We take this opportunity of acknowledging the valuable help accorded to us by outside clubs in the "24." Johnny Williams led the Mersey Roads team and for their assistance

we are extremely grateful. The Warrington Roads marshalled and checked at Nantwich as usual, and the Middlewich Ramblers were at Sandbach. The Dukinfield C.C. and the Manchester Wheelers took several checks in East Cheshire. Many thanks!

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

IN MEMORIAM.

E. EDWARDS.

IN the passing of EDWARD EDWARDS on the 25th June, the Club has lost one of its most steadfast and conscientious adherents and one whose unremitting kindness and generosity made him the most respected and beloved of members. Teddy, who has created a record in length of service, was for 48 consecutive years on the Executive. He joined the Club in February, 1887. No records are available for 1888, but in 1889 we find him on the Committee and again in 1890. From 1891-1900 he was a Vice-President. From 1901-1909 he again figures on the Committee. He was again Vice-President from 1910-1913 and finally he ran right through as a Committee member from 1914-1936. His total attendances at Committee meetings from 1889-1936 inclusive reached the colossal total of 550. His attendances at Club fixtures from 1889-1936 (inclusive) amounted to 2,106, to which must be added those not recorded for 1887 and 1888, a considerable number, no doubt, in all probability placing his total up to 2,150.

From what records we find, his racing career appears to have been of little interest, although there is some doubt as to whether or not he won the Silver and Gold Stars offered by the Club for 24 hour rides in his early days. We do know, however, that in October, 1887, "E. Edwards finished 5th (in a '24'), having been embraced by a guardian of the law for riding without a light," and on 21st May, 1892, "a very exciting race was won by a foot by W. R. Hood, after a tremendous finish with E. Edwards." Apart from this, Teddy's tastes appear to have been more for touring, and he had been over considerable portions of the British Isles and had toured extensively on tandem with his wife.

Some years after the war he began to take his exercises more leisurely and attended the fixtures by motor. Under this means of transport he was always ready to give a helping hand at races and could always be relied upon in any emergency. Teddy's word was his bond. His passing leaves a gap in our ranks which can never be filled and we mourn his loss deeply. The Club were represented at the interment by Venables, Sunter, A. T. Simpson, W. Simpson, Royden, Rowatt, Powell, Marriott, Conway and Burgess.

CORRESPONDENCE.

"NORTHCOTE,"

COALWAY ROAD, MERRY HILL,

WOLVERHAMPTON.

4th July, 1936.

The Editor, *The Anfield Circular*.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,

Whatever is the matter with the July *Circular*? It looks as if the Editor had lost all the matter, and all the reports, half-an-hour before the printer wanted to set it up, and had therefore written it up himself in ten minutes from memory.

Particularly disappointing is the incomplete list of finishers in the "100," and the very crude report of the event. Living as I do nearly 100 miles away from the centre of Anfield activity, it is always one of my pleasures, and a reminder that I am an Anfielder, to go through the list of finishers, checking same with my own figures, comparing the "50" miles times, etc., etc. Alas, this year that pleasure is denied me. Please, Mr. Editor, do not forget those members who, by force of circumstances, live a long way off, but whose enthusiasm is nevertheless quite genuine!

Yours sincerely,

H. PRITCHARD.

[The cutting down of the Run reports and the abridged account of the "100" is due to the desire of the Committee to reduce expenses in printing. Owing to losses in personnel it is felt that there is a need for economy. If, at the end of the year, the financial position is such that warrants increased costs then the *Circular* can be made larger. In the meantime we regret our correspondent, and possibly others, finds that the standard of previous numbers is not being maintained, but we are afraid that the only way to relieve the position is by increased revenue. —ED.]

Fellowship of Old Time Cyclists Summer Meet.

Ripley, 5th July, 1936.

TOMMY ROYDEN was punctual at Amersham and awaiting the writer with some slight misgiving as to how he was going to find his way around the great Metropolis without a pilot. After tea, a pleasant ride to the "Owls Nest," Colnbrook where the night was spent.

There was quite a good number of cyclists at the meeting place, the "Bear," Esher. Shortly after 11-30 they set off led by that grand old man, George Lacy Hillier, who must now be over 80. A solid tyred "Ordinary" caused some excitement trundling along the traffic ridden Portsmouth Road, and we followed it to Ripley. Here we found a large number of "Old Timers" who had come out by other means and "leg tubes" predominated, amongst these we noticed "Sammy" Bartleet, "Jenny" Walters, Joe Harding, John Owen, etc., etc. Just before lunch we ran into a stripling dressed in a

natty dark suit and black bowler, we had to look twice before we recognised Dave Rowatt, he certainly seems to have found the secret of perpetual youth and his wonderful "school-girl" complexion was remarkable.

After the usual lunch, "Boots" Green called the roll, we few Anfielders felt a pang when "E. Edwards" was called, Teddy had got his ticket and the Secretary had not received the news that he had answered the "Last Call." Amongst many we noticed "Faed" Wilson, Teddy Hale, E. P. Moorhouse, Percy Low, "Trossie" James and others. The new President, Jimmy Blair, of the Catford, was installed and after a few good-byes we left.

That grand old sportsman, Lewis Stroud, who assisted G. P. Mills in the first Bordeaux-Paris race, asked Tommy and the writer to come to his house for tea, although over 70 Stroud is a holy terror and on his light tricycle insisted upon riding all the hills, one or two of which we considered impossible and walked. We inspected some wonderful trophies won by Stroud, with historic names engraved thereon, such as R. J. Mecedry, Arthur de Dros, etc., and now gracing Stroud's mansion at Chalfont Heights, having been won out-right by this marvellous rider.

In the cool of a wonderful summer evening we put Tommy on the main road, he turning right and the writer left at the end of Lewis Stroud's drive. So ended another Summer Meet, but we sadly missed those who attended last year—their last one.

P.C.B.

AT RANDOM.

THROUGH an inadvertence Whitsuntide greetings, by wire, to the Club from Grimmy, were not acknowledged in the previous number.

* * *

The *North Road Gazette*, in commenting on the "Hundred," says "The most amazing thing about the new finish, is the great harem which Frank Marriott apparently possesses. One beauty being placed at each bend in the lane." We were not aware that our Frank was so skilled in the judging of the fine arts, but at any rate there is safety in numbers.

* * *

Anfield Influence in Berkshire.

Last year's researches after the Bath Road Hundred when Hubert tried to make himself heard on the Blowing Stone and which resulted in the investigations, explorations, explanations if not excavations of White Horse Hill, with its bolting quad-

ruped, its castle in the clouds, its Dragon's Deathbed, and reputed grave of Boegseeg—The Rudge Rider—has borne fruit, for stirred by our own words and deeds, a Concordat has just been signed by the Berkshire C.C. with Lady Craven, who probably claims to be the lineal descendant of both Alfred and Boegseeg and therefore wants to have Her Say in all proclamations from the Ramparts of Uffington Earthwork. She has decided that the White Horse Hill and all its delights aforementioned shall neither lose their Ancient Character nor their Amenities. This is perhaps meant as a warning to motorists who lack the modesty that characterises cycle riders.

This lady takes her name of course from the Land of Craven, the scene of the Anfield August Tour of five years ago in Yorkshire, near Settle. What we discovered there was known as The Craven Fault. Whether she has any faults left exposed around the White Horse remains to be seen. What did we not discover on our Autumnal Tours about another Noble Lady. Girls will be Girls.

* * *

We are indebted to the O'Tatur for the following:—

43-YEARS-OLD RECORD BROKEN.

The oldest cycling road record on the books was beaten yesterday when J. J. O'Connor, of the Cork Road Club, displaced the 43-years-old performance of Lawrence Fletcher, of the Anfield B.C., Liverpool, and the Irish Road Club, for a ride from Cork to Dublin. In August, 1893, Fletcher covered the 160½ miles between the two cities in 13 hrs. 45 mins. Until yesterday no one had attempted to improve on that performance. O'Connor did 9 hrs. 50 mins., taking 3 hrs. 50 mins. off the Englishman's time.

Leaving the G.P.O. at Cork at 8-22 a.m., O'Connor arrived at the G.P.O. in Dublin at 6-12 p.m. He was accompanied throughout by a motor car, which carried the timekeepers and a spare machine. The latter precaution proved a wise one, as the rider punctured during the day, and the presence of the car obviated the necessity of changing a tyre.

The conditions were favourable to a record performance, as the little wind that blew was in the rider's line of travel. Heavy rain was encountered near Urlingford, and although this slowed the rider for a time, he succeeded in averaging a speed of slightly over 16 miles an hour.

It is not without interest to recall that Fletcher's record was made in the course of an attack on the then existing 24-hours' cycling record. He covered 264 miles in the day, adding 20 miles to the previous all-day best. He started from Cork, and, turning at Dublin, reached Clonmel before the expiration of the 24 hours.

Fletcher was living in Cork at the time of his performance. He was one of the renowned long-distance riders of the time, and in the previous year had beaten the record between Land's End and John-o'-Groats.—*Irish Independent*, 8/7/36.

* * *

We regret to report that Norman Turvey has had to undergo another operation—the third in twelve months—

and expects to be discharged from hospital by the time this Edition is out. We sincerely trust that this may be the end of his troubles and that his health and strength may be speedily restored.

For Sale.

Mrs. Edwards wishes to dispose of Teddy's machines, which we understand have been kept in decent order. They can be inspected by arrangement at 22 Beresford Road, Wallasey, either by applying direct, or phoning Wallasey 2903 between 6-30 and 7 p.m. any day excepting Saturdays or Sundays. The machines for disposal are :—

- One " Shield " (Routledge) Bicycle,
- One " Rover " Bicycle.

The Hon. Treasurer writes : " I have lately received from the widow of our late member, Mr. Oscar E. Taylor, a number of Road Maps, which I propose to place at the disposal of our members so that they may be of some use and at the same time perpetuate the memory of our good friend.

" In addition to several Ordnance Maps of English Counties, I have four Bartholomew's of Ireland, a large number of France, and some of Switzerland, Corsica and Spain. (I anticipate an immediate rush for these !) There are also notes of tours in Corsica and Spain. Anyone wishing for further particulars, please drop me a line."

[We hope to publish more concise details in next *Circular*—the Irish maps will of course be $\frac{1}{4}$ inch.—Ed.]

RACES.

Warrington "100," 12th July, 1936.

Only two of our men entered for this event, which attracted quite a good field including C. Holland, scratch, Ross, Salt, J. E. Carr and Gwilliam.

J. E. Carr was involved in a spill at the turn and was unable to finish.

The team race proved an easy victory for the East Liverpool Wheelers.

Leading times were as follows :—

1.	L. V. Russell	...	E.L.W.	4.42.21
2.	C. Holland	...	M.C. & A.C.	4.43.14
3.	L. J. Ross	...	E.L.W.	4.46.20
4.	C. Gwilliam	...	Walton C. & A.C.	4.50. 0
5.	F. Butterworth	...	Manchester R.	4.54.29
6.	J. J. Salt	...	Anfield B.C.	4.55.16

The helpers included Preston, Byron, Rock, Stevie, Molyneux, Haynes, Thomas and Connor. R. J. Austin timed.

RUNS.

Acton Bridge, 4th July, 1936.

There were eleven at this fixture, and a satisfactory meal was enjoyed in the new dining hall of the Leigh Arms, present were Stephenson, Green, Long, Thomas, Haynes, Byron, Glendinning, Powell, Cody (who had ridden for the first time since his indisposition), Kettle and Chandler.

Little Budworth, 11th July, 1936.

The fixture to the Red Lion was carried out by 17 men who enjoyed the good fare provided. Those present were Kettle, Royden, Lockett, Glendinning, Long, Thomas, Rigby Band, Preston, Marriott, Stephenson, Hughes, Haynes, Seed, Threlfall, W. Orrell, Chandler and Green.

Invitation "24," 17th/18th July, 1936.

The entry for this race was good—twenty names were on the card, which is the best for some years. All started save one, P. Johnson of the Warrington, who has since expressed his regret owing to a damaged ankle which necessitated rest.

Conditions at the start were not good and the competitors were in the thick of a heavy thunder shower. Later the wind dropped and the night was pleasant. Halifax forged ahead for a good lead and at 120 miles the times were as follows: Halifax 6.24; Heginbotham and Carr level in 6.36; Sutton 6.45; and MacCracken 7.17. At twelve hours Heginbotham was almost level with Halifax. Half-way distances: Halifax 209; Heginbotham 208½; Carr 202; Sutton 199. A heavy south-east wind swept Shropshire but once off the southern portion of the course things were easier—and warmer. Somewhere short of the Raven (274 miles) Halifax packed up, leaving Heginbotham to lead. Yet at 296¼ miles there was only a minute between Carr and Heginbotham, the latter turning at Clive Green in 17.22. Sutton, the Warrington speedman, who was only having a "try out" taking 18.2. At 350 miles Carr was a minute faster than Heginbotham, who reached the check in 20.48.

But Carr had ridden himself out and at 372 miles he had to desist with 1.49 mins. to go. Hard luck A.J. and hard lines to Jim Carr, too, who dashed about the course the whole period helping only as a brother can. This left Heginbotham an easy winner and he rode strongly to complete course record in 402¼ miles. List of finishers:—

- | | | | |
|----|-----------------------|---------------------|-----------|
| 1. | T. W. Heginbotham ... | Manchester Wed. ... | 402¼ mls. |
| 2. | J. R. Sutton ... | Warrington ... | 386½ ,, |

3.	C. R. McCracken	...	Midland Veg.	...	379	..
4.	N. A. Haselock	...	"	...	377 $\frac{3}{4}$..
5.	A. J. Carr	...	Anfield B.C.	...	372	..
6.	L. Owen	...	Warrington	...	369	..
7.	F. S. Booth	...	Manchester Whlrs.	...	363 $\frac{1}{4}$..
8.	A. Bradley	...	"	...	362	..
9.	H. Parkes	...	Mersey	...	355	..
10.	H. E. Whitbread	...	Withington Whlrs.	...	352	..
		L. Jackson	...	Palatine	...	352
12.	W. Booth	...	Mersey Roads	...	343 $\frac{1}{4}$..
13.	F. W. Moehle (Tri.)	...	Withington...	...	326	..

As there was a certain amount of "companionable" riding during a considerable distance, which involves a contravention of Rule I, it is a matter for the Committee's decision whether the third prize and certain medals will be withheld.

Third Fifty Miles Handicap, 25th July, 1936.

We do not seem to get really decent days for our races this year. Although on Saturday several personal "bests" were made for the course, the west wind was too strong for anything really "super." Peter Rock had a day out. With a ride that is easily his best for the course, he won fastest and first handicap prizes with a fine ride of 2.17.45. His lead was gained almost wholly in the first 25 miles, for in the second half of the race there was scarcely a minute between the winner and Harry Thomas, who rode his best "50" ever, to win second handicap with a nett time very little slower than Rock. Haynes also rode his personal best—an improvement of one second. That seems to us very much like consistency. We were glad to see Rigby Band do a decent ride and Len. Lusty also rode his best for the year. Hughes improved some seconds and Sub-Captain Connor struck an off day. Salty punctured.

Name.	25 $\frac{3}{4}$ miles.	50 miles.
1. W. P. Rock	1.8 $\frac{1}{2}$	2.17.45
2. H. Thomas	1.11	2.21.18
3. E. Haynes	1.12	2.22.45
4. J. R. Band	1.13	2.25.54
5. L. Lusty	1.15 $\frac{1}{2}$	2.30.58
6. A. F. Hughes	1.13 $\frac{1}{2}$	2.29.32
7. W. G. Connor	1.14 $\frac{1}{4}$	2.27.16
8. J. J. Salt	1.11	2.22.21

Jim Carr arrived without his tights, and having borrowed Lloyd's, started on a private trial and clocked about even time for the distance.

STOP PRESS.

Mrs. Fell writes to convey her grateful thanks to members for their kind sympathy and floral tributes on the occasion of her great loss.

Turvey has just undergone a third operation and the specialists' diagnosis of the cause of this repeated trouble is now sufficiently serious to leave him with no option but to give up cycling entirely for at any rate some years. This being so, W. P. Cook's "Merlin" tricycle, which he recently purchased, is now no use to him and is for sale. Before advertising it in *Cycling*, Turvey would like to give any interested Anfielder the opportunity of acquiring it. Members interested should get in touch with him as soon as possible.

© Anfield Bicycle Club



ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

FORMED MARCH, 1879.

MONTHLY CIRCULAR

Vol. XXXI.

No. 367.

FIXURES FOR SEPTEMBER, 1936.

Tea at 6-0 p.m.

Sept. 5	Mouldsworth (Station Hotel)	Light up at 8-55 p.m.
„ 12	Acton Bridge (Leigh Arms)	8-47 p.m.
„ 14	Committee Meeting, 7-30 p.m. (Victoria Hotel, St. John's Lane, Liverpool)			
„ 19	Fourth 50 Miles Handicap	8-22 p.m.
„ 26	Highwayside (Travellers Rest)	8-4 p.m.
Oct. 3	Halewood (Derby Arms)	7-46 p.m.

ALTERNATIVE FIXTURES.

Tea at 5-30 p.m.

Oct. 3	Goostrey (Red Lion)	7-46 p.m.
	Full Moon	...	1st and 30th inst.	
	Summer Time ends		4th October.	

NOTICE.

All communications should be addressed to The Editor, 22 Holly Bank Road, Birkenhead. They should be written legibly, on one side of the paper only, and should bear the name of the sender.

The Hon. Treasurer's address is R. L. Knipe, 138 Moscow Drive, Stonecroft, Liverpool, 13, but Subscriptions (25/-; under 25, 21/-; 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.

© Anfield Bicycle Club

COMMITTEE NOTES.

4 THE LAUND,
WALLASEY, CHESHIRE.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS.—Mr. C. C. Dews, Marlowe, Vyner Road South, Birkenhead; Mr. H. M. Horrocks, North Riding C.C., Spring Hall, Malton, Yorkshire.; Mr. G. Lockett, 72 Tarvin Road, Chester.

AUTUMNAL TINTS TOUR.—Llanarmon D.C. has been chosen for the Tour, 31st October/1st November is the date. The charge for dinner, bed and breakfast will be 8/-. There are 28 beds available, and they will be allotted in the order in which names are received.

H. W. POWELL,
Hon. General Secretary.

TREASURY NOTES.

AUGUST has made up for the shortcomings of July, not only as regards weather, but also in subscriptions. I believe it is the second best on record for what is usually a very slack month, and I beg to thank the eleven members for their subscriptions and/or donations (*).

A last word to those others who still owe: "Stocktaking" will be held on September 14th at the Committee Meeting, and I would urge them to pay in before that date.

H. Austin.	*L. Lusty.	H. Pritchard.
F. J. Cheminais.	A. Newell.	*H. Roskell.
*W. C. Humphreys.	G. B. Orrell.	F. Roskell.
J. H. Kinder.	R. Poole.	

R. LEIGH KNIPE,
Hon. Treasurer.

P.S.—As Tricycles seem to be booming just now, it may interest some of our budding aspirants for fame that our old friend "Everbright" is willing to dispose of his record-hunting trike. It knows its way blindfold between London and Liverpool. Communicate with E. Bright, Westland Cot, Little Hadham, Herts.

RACING NOTES.

THE Fifty, as I hope you've noticed, has been changed to September 19th, and entries, please, by the Monday morning before. And you'll have to write, for George Connor

and I will be miles away this coming fortnight. Post-cards (or forms) by Monday morning.

Palatine "50." We will have riders in this event.

Manchester Wheelers "12."

We will have riders in this event, too, and any help you give will be appreciated. Drinks will be particularly acceptable during the early part of the race.

FRANK MARRIOTT,
Captain and Hon. Racing Secretary.

CORRESPONDENCE.

14/8/36.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,

I have been reading about recent inventions in Saddles, but more important, about Gearwheels. Those of us that are old enough to remember all the inventions of the early or ancient nineties ought to recall the ELYPTIC GEARWHEEL, that always struck one as having something "in it" but like all other excesses it was defeated by its own enthusiasm. Imagine my surprise last year to see it revived in the Dutch Organ of the Union as a New Invention and described as the

EGG OF CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS,

or as I have learned to describe him the great COLUMBUM-BUS. Here was our old freak of 40 years ago, back fresh as paint, but this time the work of the brain of the Belgian Colonel VAN DEUREN (a good sound Netherlands name). The Gallant Officer knew nought about 1895 and said that he had dreamt it, and I for one would not undecieve him.

In fact I kept my mouth shut, thinking that van Deuren would soon go to sleep again and dream some more. Van Deuren had called attention to the fact that there must be some SLACK IN THE CHAIN at every half circuit but that this would be taken up by a small jockey pulley.

Since then, I have gone to sleep also, so imagine my amazement when buying this week's *Cycling* with all the latest Champions, there is the THETIC Wheel (the Colonel's Own Title) as the means of success. It says nothing about the Jockey Pulley but it is quite possible that by moderating the "elypyticity" the slack is unimportant on the track where one is supposed to have a taut chain all the time, and NO SLACKING YOU LADS.

So far so good, but what is the Anfield doing about it, and the Anfield Fast Pack, and the Tricycle Section?

Yours, etc.,

"SCHLOSS."

AT RANDOM.

Personal.

Tommy Royden and Frank Chandler will have to be looking to their laurels, for we understand that Robinson, who has conquered several successive worlds (ranging from the lecture platform to the Bankruptcy Court), is now commencing to excel as a pedestrian. Recently, on his way home from the C.T.C. Council Meeting at Chester, he descended from the train at Baschurch, and, girding up his loins (both of 'em), he set forth to walk to Felton Butler, carrying a suit-case—first in one hand, and then in the other. This prodigious walk, measuring at least $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles, was achieved in the magnificent time of $1\frac{1}{4}$ hours, and Robinson was so little exhausted by his effort that he was able to eat a couple of boiled eggs with his tea, a fact which speaks volumes (at 2d. a week from any of the new libraries) for his virility, visibility, intractability, compatibility, illegibility, culpability, and debility, etc. We have reason to believe that the time occupied by Robinson constitutes a world's record for a competitor carrying a suit-case, though the time without a suit-case would naturally be less.

The publicity arrangements for the walk were in the very capable hands of "Wayfarer" and were, of course, carried through without a hitch. At all the cinemas lining the route the performances were suspended while the intrepid pedestrian passed, and the vast audiences occupied the entrance steps, the external galleries, and, indeed, every coign of vantage to which suffering and perspiring humanity (and huwomany) could attach itself, hero-worshippers of every possible age and sex cheering until they were black in the face. It was a great day for Robinson, and, indeed, for Shropshire.

The walk was timed by W. H. Kettle, and Robinson desires to thank all his brother-Anfielders who assisted by pacing him on his arduous performance. We understand that, after a night's rest, followed by the consumption of several gallons of buttermilk, Robinson was able to proceed to his home in Birmingham, but, wisely deciding to leave nothing to chance after the physical strain of the previous day, he travelled to Shrewsbury railway station by motor-bus.

RACES.

Vegetarian "50."

After a week of touring in the south, Salty, Peter Rock and Jim Carr won second team medals in a fast Southern fifty miles event. Preston was also out helping. J. E. Carr, 2.13.36; W. P. Rock, 2.14.58; J. J. Salt 2.15.5. It's a long time (if ever) since we had such a fast fifty-team.

RUNS.

Bath Road "100," 1st/3rd August, 1936.

Despite the not-too-good weather, there was a very happy party of us down at Theale. Hubert Roskell, Salty, Jim Carr, Rock, Hughes, Preston, Ryalls, Long, Glendinning and Marriott. For the first time in years we only had two men on the card. We make no complaints regarding Peter Rock's rejection with a '55, but we should have liked the Bath Road Club to return his entry a little earlier than they did. It seemed to us that the rejections were posted at the same time as the route cards.

On Sunday, Hubert, Dick and the Skipper were to meet the Speedwell contingent within the Swan at Bibury. We reached the venue at noon (exactly) and whiled the time away within the portals of the tank. Came 1-30 and no sign; 1-45, and we sidled into the dining room to find Dave Rowatt, Bert Green and Eddie Haynes half-way through the lunch. Didn't they know where to find us, or did they think to find Hubert looking over the bridge for trout? Hubert is wondering yet.

For the race itself, we were well pleased. After a slow start, Salty finished third with a fine ride of 4.32.58. Great! Jim Carr, after the extremely fast finish gave him a dose of cramp, rolled in with 4.44.47. And at 73 he was outside evens! Lipscombe (Century) won the event with 4.27.16, and James (Vegetarian), second. Ross, of the East Liverpool, was eighth.

Speedwell "100," 3rd August, 1936.

A few of us—far too few—had a pleasant week-end in the Cotswolds in connection with this event—a good run down on the Saturday, a trip in picturesque country on the Sunday, taking lunch at Bibury with Hubert Roskell's party from the Bath Road crowd, and then the real business on Monday morning. Unfortunately Thomas was unable to ride, some

unenlightened person having decreed that he would work, and so we had only two men up—Connor and Haynes.

The morning was fair, but with a bad wind—too strong to make speed against, and almost too fast the other way. In the circumstances our men's times—Haynes 5.9.8, Connor 5.11.13 were good, but on their marks, 17 and 14 minutes respectively, not good enough to put them among the handicap prizes.

Fastest time was returned by S. Nash, Cheltenham and County, a scratch man whose 4.40.19 was a wonderful time for the day and course. 2nd fastest was A. Burman, Warwick Roads, with 4.48.29, and W. J. W. Mordan, South Western R.C. was 3rd with 4.54.8, which with 22 minutes gave him 2nd handicap prize. O. Musgrave, Salford R.C. took 1st handicap prize with 5.2.28 and 38 minutes, and J. Cox, Leicester Forest, 4.55.28 and 24 minutes the 3rd.

The team prizes were won by Warwick Roads and Cheltenham and County, Fortunately there was no rain during the race, but we had heavy showers on the way home.

Marford, 8th August, 1936.

An attendance of 25 members and one friend enjoyed a good meal at the Trevor Arms. We were particularly glad to see Dick Ryalls again, who was looking extremely fit. There were several on trikes, including our latest exponent of this eccentric form of transport—Rigby Band. Snowden and Chandler on three-wheelers, efficiently paced by Powell on two, departed for home via Chester. At the 2nd milestone Snowden took over the pacing but very quickly got pumped out and at the 4th Chandler had to go in front, where he maintained a steady pace until Willaston was reached.

Green rode back to Birkenhead with Kettle to take part in opening the newly appointed Thornton Grove Hydro. It is understood that the new Hydro may be used as a sanctuary by any belated Manchester members who at any time find it too far to ride home to Cottonopolis. Others present at the run were Roberts, Glendinning (trying to keep cool), Pugh, Seed, Venables, Rowatt, Perkins, Threlfall (whose wife had pushed him out), Stephenson (looking very circumspect in view of the presence of Mrs.), Scarff, Lockett, Haynes, Roskell, Marriott, Byron, Connor, Hughes and Koenen.

Invitation "12," 15th August, 1936.

Eight of "ours" were included in the 33 entries. There were two non-starters: Haynes (under doctor's orders) and

Goodall, of the Stafford E.E. Between the Raven and Tern Hill, Jim Carr skidded to shake himself up a bit and ruin the bicycle. Not too good this, for a heavy plank had fallen on Jim's head the day before and he was dazed. A.J. was following and he lent his bicycle and Jim continued to finish third with 228 $\frac{1}{4}$. Salt was ahead the early part of the race, being four minutes in the lead round the "Panhandle," but at 150 miles Salt and Hollender (the potential winner) were level. Arthur Hughes (35 miles) won the handicap and Jim Carr came second with an allowance of 3, and Salt third. Connor was the only other Anfielder to finish with a ride very little below his best.

Highwayside, 22nd August, 1936.

A fast run out to the 8th milestone, 40 mins.' laze in the sun waiting for the Skipper, who did not turn up! Left the campers, Hughes, Rock, Randall and Preston (joined later by the Skipper) arguing, and on with Scarfi to Stamford Bridge for a cup of tea. Saw Glendinning go by, quietly followed and arrived with ten minutes to laze away before tea. Discussion on the touring merits of north Devon and Somerset during tea, then back to bowling green to laze again. Listen to Tommy Royden telling Bert Green he will not be doing 6's at 70 years if he allows the youngsters to burn him off at 18's instead of ambling at 12's. See the final of a Bury bowling club's championship, with the players witty asides keeping us chuckling. An easy ride back to Chester, where a cycling idiot caused some strong language to flow from Gordon. A call at the Nags Head at Willaston, and so home after a great afternoon.

© Anfield Bicycle Club

© Anfield Bicycle Club

ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

FORMED MARCH, 1879.

MONTHLY CIRCULAR

Vol. XXXI.

No. 363.

FIXTURES FOR OCTOBER, 1936.

Tea at 6-0 p.m.

		Light up at
Oct. 3	Halewood (Derby Arms)	7-46 p.m.
" 10	Acton Bridge (Leigh Arms)	5-59 p.m.
" 12	Committee Meeting, 7-30 p.m. (Victoria Hotel, St. John's Lane, Liverpool)	
" 17	Mold (Dolphin)	5-44 p.m.
" 24	Mouldsworth (Station Hotel)	5-28 p.m.
" 31	Autumnal Tints Tour - Llanarmon, D.C., (West Arms)	5-14 p.m.
Nov. 7	Halewood (Derby Arms)	5-0 p.m.

ALTERNATIVE FIXTURES.

Tea at 5-30 p.m.

Oct. 3	Goostrey (Red Lion)	7-46 p.m.
" 17	Lymm (Spread Eagle)	5-44 p.m.
" 31	Northwich (Crown and Anchor)	5-14 p.m.
Nov. 7	Goostrey (Red Lion)	5-0 p.m.

Full Moon ... 30th inst.

Summer Time ends 4th inst.

NOTICE.

All communications should be addressed to The Editor, 22 Holly Bank Road, Birkenhead. They should be written legibly, on one side of the paper only, and should bear the name of the sender.

The Hon. Treasurer's address is R. L. Knipe, 138 Moscow Drive, Stoneycroft, Liverpool, 13, but Subscriptions (25/-; under 25, 21/-; 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.

© Anfield Bicycle Club

COMMITTEE NOTES.

4 THE LAUND,

WALLASEY, CHESHIRE.

Autumnal Tints Tour.

THERE are still a few vacant beds, early application is requested in order to complete final arrangements.

Members attending Northwich on 31st October are requested to order their requirements on arrival.

Change of Address.

Mr. G. Lockett, 12 Westward Road, Chester.

H. W. POWELL,

Hon. Gen. Sec.

TREASURY NOTES.

HOW we love them ; how we long for their coming ! What freshness in their pink-and-white beauty, like wild roses in June ! And then—the message that they bring as regularly as the seasons—so poignant in its appeal, so “touching” in its brevity, reawakening memories too long forgotten. Yes, the Red Slips are with us once again, and those whose albums are not yet full will be able to turn another page, while the individual who is papering his bedroom walls with them will goat over another space well filled.

My thanks are due to the Anfield lucky number of thirteen from whom I have received subscriptions and/or donations(*) during the past month. Make it twice thirteen this month and we shall be doubly lucky.

*E. Bright.

H. M. Buck.

*J. D. Cranshaw.

W. E. L. Cooper.

W. E. Cotter.

A. Dickman.

C. F. Hawkes.

J. Lecce.

J. T. Preece.

A. E. Preston.

W. M. Robinson.

*T. Royden.

O. T. Williams.

R. LEIGH KNIPE,

Hon. Treasurer.

RACING NOTES.

It will be remembered that it was found necessary for Committee action to be taken regarding certain performances in the "24". Below are the final results, and a statement circulated to all competitors and the cycling press.

Result of 24 hours Unpaced Road Race, July 17-18th, 1936.

1.	T. W. Heginbotham	Manchr. Wed. C.C.	402 $\frac{1}{2}$	miles.
2.	J. R. Sutton ...	Warrington Roads	386 $\frac{1}{2}$	"
3.	A. J. Carr ...	Anfield B. C. ...	372	"
4.	L. Owen ...	Warrington Roads	369	"
5.	H. Parkes ...	Mersey Roads ...	355	"
6.	{ H. E. Whitbread ...	Withington... ..	352	"
	{ L. Jackson ...	Sharrow C. C. ...	352	"
7.	W. Booth ...	Mersey Roads ...	343 $\frac{1}{4}$	"
8.	*F. W. Moehle ...	Withington... ..	326	"

*Tricycle.

Silver medals have been awarded to all of the above competitors with the exception of the prizewinners.

An examination of the checking sheets has shown that Messrs. MacCracken and Haselock of the Midland Veg. A. C. and Messrs. Booth and Bradley of the Manchester Wheelers rode together for considerable distances, and thus infringed the unpaced rule. Whilst the Anfield Committee are convinced that no unsportsmanlike motive was involved, they regret that prizes and medals cannot be awarded to the competitors thus named. Further, as in the circumstances the third prize would be awarded to a member of the Anfield Bicycle Club, it has been decided to withhold this entirely.

Result of Invitation Twelve Hours Road Ride, Saturday, August 15th, 1936.

			miles	furs.
1.	A. Hollender	Monckton	233	7
2.	J. J. Salt	Anfield	229	6
3.	J. E. Carr	Anfield	228	2
4.	A. E. Byrnes	Mersey	222	0
5.	B. E. Baker... ..	Wolverhampton ...	218	2
6.	F. Thornton	Yorks. Cent.	216	1
7.	H. Taylor	Birkenhead N. E. ...	215	0
8.	G. E. Connolly ...	Yorks. Century ...	214	5
9.	W. G. Connor ...	Anfield	213	4

10.	W. J. Allan	...	Stafford E. E.	...	213	0
11.	H. Binns	...	Yorks. Vegetarian		210	2
12.	W. Hitchen	...	Yorks. Century	...	209	2
13.	W. T. Cobb	...	Mid-Shropshire	...	209	0
14.	A. F. Hughes	...	Anfield	...	208	0
15.	O. G. Rowlands	...	Birkenhead N. E.	...	207	0
16.	L. Kershaw	...	Leeds Westfield	...	207	0
17.	F. Wheeler	...	Withington...	...	205	1
18.	C. Quinn	...	Warrington	...	203	6
19.	T. W. Heginbotham		Manchester Wed.		203	4
20.	W. Pinder	...	Monckton	...	203	0
21.	D. Stapleton	...	Mersey	...	201	4
22.	C. K. Morgan	...	Mersey	...	201	4
23.	W. Booth	...	Mersey	...	197	4

Silver Medals to : A. E. Byrnes and T. W. Heginbotham (Tric.)

A. LUSTY,

F. E. MARRIOTT,

R.R.A. Timekeeper.

Hon. Racing Secretary.

EDITORIAL.

ONCE again the Committee have had read out to them the list of members who have not yet paid their subscription for the current year and once again the list is a heavy one. Also once again for all practical purposes the same names were read out that were read out twelve months ago, in fact the same names (or most of them) are read out year after year. This year the list contains no fewer than 58 members, as against 66 last year, a slight improvement. As the total membership amounts to 181 only, the proportion of unpaid subscriptions thus amounts to 32 per cent. To suggest that the omission is caused more by forgetfulness than through wilful lack of interest seems to be otiose, as it would at once be a reflection on the mentality of such members. It would rather appear that the persistent holding back of subscriptions was due to gross indifference to the convenience of the Honorary Treasurer and the total disregard of the work that he voluntarily does for the Club. Some members, for instance, will be missing from Club Runs for the best part of the year, and give the Treasurer and Executive a great deal of trouble in collecting their belated monies, and then turn up at the next A.G.M. and make a speech on a subject that their absence from Club Runs, with resultant lack of information of its affairs, should preclude them from so doing.

AT RANDOM.

The following is an extract from a diary which came into our possession a short time ago. The fly-leaf with the owner's name was missing, but judging from the nature of many of the entries there is no doubt but that the author was a cyclist and (reading between the lines) an Anfielder. The only clue to the identity of the diarist is gleaned from a piece of blotting-paper at the end of the book. With the aid of a mirror, we made out the following mutilated sentence, "Y...rs to .he l. st d...p," then follows a signature which is undecipherable but appears to contain 13 letters, but of course, such a thread of evidence is far too slender on which to hazard a guess with any degree of certainty :—

April 1st.

I had twelve bottles of whiskey in my cellar, and my wife told me to empty the contents of each and every bottle down the sink—"or else." So I said I would, and proceeded with the unpleasant task. I withdrew the cork from the first bottle and poured the contents down the sink, with the exception of one glass which I drank. I extracted the cork from the second bottle and did likewise, with the exception of one glass which I drank. I then withdrew the cork from the third bottle, and emptied the good old booze down the sink with the exception of one glass which I drank. I pulled the cork from the fourth sink and poured the bottle down the glass which I drank. I pulled the bottle from the cork of the next and drank one sink out of it and poured the rest down the glass. I pulled the sink out of the next glass and poured the cork down the bottle. I pulled the next cork out of my throat and poured the sink down the bottle and drank the glass. Then I corked the sink with glass, bottled the drink and drank the pour. When I had everything emptied, I steadied the house with one hand and counted the bottles and corks and glasses with the other which were twenty-nine. To be sure, I counted again when they came by and I had seventy-four, and as the house came by I counted them again and, finally, I had all the houses and bottles and corks and glasses counted, except one house and one bottle which I drank.

* * *

Congratulations to W. P. Rock for winning the prize for the best descriptive week-end tourlet of Salopia.

Simpson Faces the Giant of Cerne Abbas.

Once more Arthur Simpson found ample reason in the lure of the Bath Road Bank Holiday to visit the West. Having exhausted the White Horses on previous occasions he set his face at other problems.

Arthur feels more and more the Kinship with his Kingly Namesake King Arthur and knowing full well the details of the latter's great victory at Mount Badon and the uncertainty of its present whereabouts he hit on the enormous Roman Camp at Little Sodbury as the most suitable site for the daring deed. Although so closely situate mid way between Ducal Badminton and the attractive Chipping Sodbury (Bristol's matrimonial week-end lair) the Roman Camp has remained virgin soil during all these ages.

During the years that Arthur was our Editor he had to set his face resolutely against all these Roman Red Herrings that threatened to overcrowd his pages, but now, with himself as Explorer, things are different. Proudly he bestrode the double banks, the mighty ditches, the Roman entrances and exits, but owing to an unusually wet season and the delay in harvesting the vast grass crop, the moisture played havoc with Arthur's immaculate trouser crease, and for the time being he ceased to be the living advertisement for "Simpsons"—with an agent in every town.

Unquenched, he had still larger fish to fry, this time the Gruesome Giant of Cerne Abbas, on the South Downs. Frank Roskell, a neighbour of the latter, had reported that the legendary repute of the Big Man (no relation with Hubert) had been assailed by a party of religious fanatics who had shorn the Giant of his most virile landmarks.

Arthur decided to investigate.

We were able to take a copy of the outlines in the Chalk and it is reassuring to chronicle that after all these centuries of weathering the storms the Big Man stands once more Four-Square, and remains an object of :

Admiration, Envy, Encouragement and Hope.

Now that the Mantle of CHEM as Camp Stornor seems to have slipped on to Arthur's Shoulders ; shoulders that, though of lesser bulk, present that double breasted appearance we meet with twice weekly in the *Daily Mail*, it is soothing to find between Chem and Arthur not a trace of *jealousie de metier*.

FOR SALE.

O yez ! O yez ! O yez ! The following are for disposal at any price you like to pay and **no offer is refused.**

2 pairs of black celluloid mud-guards.

A pair of butterfly pedals.

A pair of Shockstop rubber grips.

A rear reflector.

2 pairs of toe-clips.

A Tecalet oil gun.

2 small tool-bags.

And a few pairs of straps for toe-clips.

Apply to Bridge Cottage, Bebington, but telephone (Rock Ferry 193) or send a postcard beforehand.



A postcard, addressed to the Secretary, Anfield Bicycle Club, Liverpool, (The Black Anfielders) England, has just come into the hands of the Skipper via Salty and someone in Anfield. It is dated 15-9-36, and comes from one Herman Vos, Bahnhofstrasse 21.11.r, Baden-Baden, Germany. He writes as follows :

Dear Sir,

I have been a member of your Club from 1900 to 1902. If anybody passes the Black Forest, kindly let him call on me, or write, so that I can be of service. I am now 65 years of age, and am riding my bike daily still. I should be very much obliged for a copy of *Cycling* and of the *Weekly Manchester Guardian* this week's edition—can't get it here.

Good luck to all of you.

Sincerely yours,

HERMAN VOS.

We have obliged with the *Manchester Guardian*, but if it ever reaches our old friend we will be very much surprised, for its anti-Nazi content is the greatest we have seen. But the most strange feature of it all is that Marriott and Connor were in Baden-Baden only a fortnight ago, and would have been pleased to visit an old Anfielder there. But more of that tour anon, for the Editor has requested a page or so on its interest, and we must endeavour to oblige.

RACES.

Palatine "50," 6th September, 1936.

The weather conditions for this event were considered the "worst ever."

Bentley proved the winner with 2.14.59, which was undoubtedly a remarkable ride for such vile conditions. Warburton, of Lancs. Road Club, was second in 2.15.25, whilst Salt, outside evens at the turn (114 yards short of 25 miles) returned in 59 minutes to take third fastest and third handicap in 2.15.39. Rock clocked 2.22.0, whilst Jim Carr, who had been working late, was unable to travel up for the event. Molyneux braved the elements and was noticed along the Blackpool road lashed to a Belisha Beacon, handing up drinks.

Manchester Wheelers' "12," 13th September, 1936.

We had three riders in this event, namely, Salt, Rock and Band. Jack had some very bad luck, having three punctures, and finally rode himself out with about 20 minutes to go, having covered 222½ miles. Peter rode steadily throughout and finally finished with a mileage of 220½ which beats his previous best. These two gained standard medals from the promoting club. Rigby was evidently not feeling up to scratch and packed at 95 miles. We heard subsequently that he has since been laid up with the "flu," though whether this was the cause or effect we don't know. C. Holland of the M.C. & A.C. was the winner, smashing competition record with a splendid mileage of 246.

As usual there was a fine muster of members, scattered over the course, giving assistance either in a moral or substantial form.

Highwayside, 26th September, 1936.

Twenty-three members and one friend—Mr. Kenneth Barker—assembled at "The Travellers Rest" in anticipation of a plain but wholesome meal. Two unfortunates, to wit the Venerable Venables and Dafydd ap Rowatt, having been compelled by circumstances to retire before the show began, went empty away. The remainder, however, denuded the countryside of food and departed satisfied. Three tricyclists rolled up, adding, needless to say, an air of respectability to the common herd. We were pleased to see Rigby Band once

more astride his barrow which, after its one-sided argument with a motor-car at Chester Cross a few weeks ago, seemed none the worse for the adventure. The President gave a valuable object lesson in the right and proper way in which a tricycle should be ridden, and, incidentally, opened the eyes of a certain novice as regards taking corners at speed.

Captain Marriott turned up with a few staunch adherents and enlivened the proceedings with graphic accounts of adventures in Germany. His fellow tourist not being present we of course had to believe everything we were told. Hubert has apparently been bitten of late with a severe attack of matters cyclical, for besides having attended no less than ten consecutive runs, made a journey to London for the express purpose of studying six-day racing. His chief criticism was the size of the track, declaring that if he ever took part in such a contest he would do so only on condition that he had one such track for himself alone!

Powell made a welcome re-appearance, and next to the tricyclists was the most perfect little gentleman on view. Sir Thomas Royden arrived after the school bell had rung, the cause of his tardy arrival being tyre trouble. Of course if he will ride on such disreputable tyres attached to such a disreputable machine, acquired from such a disreputable member of the Club, what could he expect? But as Thomas remarked in his best French *dum spiro spero*. We have noticed with concern the gradual decline, the falling away, the *laissez faire*-attitude of Arthur Williams to the vigorous propulsion of a bicycle, but when he allows his self-respect to deteriorate to the extent of procuring the assistance of one Jones to push him out and home on a tandem, then verily is Arthur fast becoming a lost soul!

Others we noted or perceived or spotted at the *rendezvous* were Green, Lucas in attendance on Knipe, Wilfred Orrell, Ned Haynes (soon to become one of the elect, *i.e.*, a member of the T.A.), Rigby Band, also about to wear the halo, Brian of that ilk, Rock, Snowden, Seed and Cody.

Apart from a few tell-tale groans, the ride, in whatever direction it was taken, must have been enjoyable on such a perfect evening as that which followed the gorge. May all our runs have such a happy ending.

RUNS.

Mouldsworth, 5th September, 1936.

It was not a very promising day and I had to start the ride in a cape—a thing I detest. Fortunately, the weather improved somewhat and it was very pleasant on the higher roads between Overton and the Liverpool Sanatorium and I got some magnificent views of the Mersey. Then the rain came down again and after sheltering under a tree for awhile I put on the cape again and rode into Mouldsworth.

There were about 20 present. The tea was poor—I heard someone say something about having a Shilling Tea and they were about right—but the company was good and the run home was very enjoyable as I had no further rain. The going was hard against the wind but that did not worry me unduly as time was my own. Hubert Roskell put in his seventh *successive* run and F.H. turned up but did not join us for tea, as he had already had some elsewhere.



Acton Bridge, 12th September, 1936.

Once again the Club's loyalty towards an ex-member was evidenced by the enormous muster of seven, later augmented by the arrival of Carpenter who had dined elsewhere, to be precise—Acton Bridge village.

One member, Tommy Royden, represented that section of the Club which is popularly supposed to be the most virile. Ye gods and little fishes!—pity help the rest if this is a fact. Helping at a race the next day can hardly be trotted out as an excuse, as the "Wheelers 12" with three Anfielders riding does not necessitate a large number of helpers nor yet a long journey to the course—let's hope the reason was holidays.

Those present were W. Orrell, E. Haynes, Jnr., Pitchford, Cody, Threlfall, Royden, Stephenson and Carpenter.

Fourth "50" September 19th, 1936.

THERE were only nine on the card for the last event of the year, and of these only seven started. Rigby Band was under doctor's orders. Harry Thomas, whose name did not appear, is working away at present. But if the field was only small, performances were good and we are pleased to record that Salty put up his best ride for the course—2.12.5—and thus won handicap as well as fastest. Haynes was second with—2.23.2—a really good ride from a steadily improving rider. And Hughes slid into third place with a ride just inside evens. At half-way it looked as though Rock would be in the prizes again—but he "died", horribly, we believe. Len Lusty was not so slow as he appears, for he lost his way near Bickley on the return, and Jim Carr was put out of the running when his multi-speed gear twisted and ripped a goodly number of spokes from his back wheel. George Connor complained of his knees.

		25 $\frac{3}{4}$	50 miles actual	H'cap
1.	J. J. Salt	4.7	2.12.5	scr.
2.	E. Haynes, Jr.	1.11 $\frac{1}{2}$	2.23.2	8
3.	A. F. Hughes	1.15	2.29.57	12
4.	W. P. Rock	1.9 $\frac{1}{4}$	2.22.1	3
5.	W. G. Connor	1.13 $\frac{1}{2}$	2.33.11	9
6.	L. Lusty	1.15 $\frac{1}{2}$	2.47.53	15

© Anfield Bicycle Club

© Anfield Bicycle Club



ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

FORMED MARCH, 1879.

MONTHLY CIRCULAR

Vol. XXXI.

No. 369.

FIXTURES FOR NOVEMBER, 1936.

Tea at 6-0 p.m.

			Light up at
Oct. 31	Llanarmon D.C. (West Arms)	5-14 p.m.
Nov. 7	Halewood (Derby Arms)	5-0 p.m.
" 9	Committee Meeting, 7-30 p.m. (Victoria Hotel, St. John's Lane, L'pool).		
" 14	Farndon (Raven)	4-48 p.m.
" 21	Mouldsworth (Station Hotel)	4-38 p.m.
" 28	Mold (Dolphin)	4-31 p.m.
Dec. 5	Halewood (Derby Arms)	4-26 p.m.

ALTERNATIVE FIXTURES.

Tea at 5-30 p.m.

Nov. 7	Goostrey (Red Lion)	5-0 p.m.
" 14	Holmes Chapel (Swan)	4-48 p.m.
" 28	Sutton (Ryles Arms)	4-31 p.m.
Dec. 5	Goostrey (Red Lion)	4-26 p.m.

Full Moon ... 28th inst.

NOTICE.

All communications should be addressed to *The Editor, 22 Holly Bank Road, Birkenhead.* They should be written legibly, on one side of the paper only, and should bear the name of the sender.

The Hon. Treasurer's address is *R. L. Knipe, 138 Moscow Drive, Stoneycroft, Liverpool, 13,* but Subscriptions (25/-; under 25, 21/-; 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.*

© Anfield Bicycle Club

COMMITTEE NOTES.

4 THE LAUND,
WALLASEY, CHESHIRE.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS.—Mr. S. del Banco, 52 Brimstage Road, Lower Bebington, Cheshire.

H. W. POWELL,
Hon. General Secretary.

TREASURY NOTES.

I AM sorry to say that the response to the red slip S.O.S. has not been very encouraging. Still, what we lack in quantity is relieved by the quality of Jimmy James's quick reply with **four** years' subscription.

That's the proper Anfield spirit; saves work, saves trouble, and gives him the feeling of a deed well done.

My thanks are due to the eight members from whom I have received subscriptions during the month.

S. del Banco.	J. M. James, 1936-39.	L. C. Price.
J. Fowler.	D. M. Kaye.	R. J. Pugh.
E. M. Haslam.	H. Moore.	A. G. White.

R. L. KNIFE,
Hon. Treasurer.

A Munificent Gift.

THE Hon. Treasurer has received from Mrs. McCann the munificent donation of £100 to help the Club. The gift cannot better be described than in her own words:—

"Dear Friends,—In accordance with my father's wish, expressed a few days before his death, I wish to give the Club £100 to be used at the Committee's discretion.

"He said he wished his work to stand as his memorial, so that I think it would be best used to assist Club Funds.

"The Anfield was very dear to his heart, and that it should go from strength to strength would be his dearest wish."

Words cannot express our gratitude to Mrs. McCann, and it is true to say that "W.P., though dead, still speaketh."

RACING NOTES.

IT is not often that these writings appear so late, but there are two matters of importance. Firstly, in other pages you will read of a record attempt that was brought to fruition. An Anfield record is a rare—far too rare—thing these days and in extending our heartiest congratulations to Salty and Peter we must also thank those who helped. Stevie must have been tired of the sight of his car before the day was out; Hubert and Ken Barton ensured the transport of Randall, Hughes, Byron and Marriott; and Bert Green had with him Haynes, Poole and Thomas. Outside clubs gave their help willingly, and we must thank the Sharrow (per Turvey), Richmond C.C., Clifton C.C., Rotherham Wheelers, and all others who marshalled so well.

And now I would tell you that I have definitely decided to relinquish the offices of Captain and Hon. Racing Secretary as from the end of the present year. Four years for the first and three years for the second is sufficient for anyone, and it is to the good of the Club that such jobs go round. So if any of you fancy your chance at a spot of organization, now's your opportunity. Mention your ambitions to Kettle or Powell, or even I could put your name to the right quarter.

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

EDITORIAL.

ONE of our contributors in an account of a Club run mentions that eighteen were ordered for and twenty-six turned up and suggests that this is a satisfactory state of affairs. The question of how many to order for has been a difficulty for many years, but recently has become acute, chiefly owing to the fact that a large number of the younger members, within three days of the run, decide *en bloc* not to attend it, but to have their meal at a greater distance from home, thus enabling them to get farther afield for the weekend.

While not discussing the merits or demerits of this policy, we very strongly feel that it is well within the scope of such members to decide **ten days** in advance what their movements will be and so inform the Secretary in order that he may get a better idea of how many to order for. Eight additional members turning up at a Club run over and above eighteen

ordered for, simply means that members go short of food, whilst paying the full price, which in no sense can be regarded in a satisfactory light. On the other hand a shortage of members below the estimated number means loss for the innkeeper, and a possible charge on Club funds to make up a deficiency, and probably, sooner or later, the innkeeper, will get fed up with our unreliability and refuse to cater for us.

Members should also remember that the Secretary is entitled to some sort of consideration, especially where it can be so easily given without any personal inconvenience.

The N.R.R.A. Record Attempt.

Richmond, 17th/18th October, 1936.

AFTER a great lapse of time the Club once again went record hunting this week-end. Jack Salt and Peter Rock had given notice to tackle the N.R.R.A. 50 and 100 mile tandem records.

The record aspirants left early, Stevie taking them from Huyton in his car. Hubert, ever willing, and Ken Barton following in his footsteps, took the rest of the helpers; Frank going with Hubert, and Arthur Hughes, Charles and I with Ken. Our first stop was at Rufford just before three—the reason obvious. After that we blinded over that wretched country, through Preston to Lancaster, where we turned off towards Kirby Lonsdale and Ingleton. Between Ingleton and Hawes Charles and I tried to push our heads through the roof of the car and the rest of the journey we spent in a prostrate position. We reached Richmond about 6-30 and here we split up, the transporters staying at the "King's Head" and the transportees at the "Bishop Blaize." We heard that the former was not too good, but the grub we got at the "Bishop Blaize" was super. After feeding we all got together, the party now including Mr. and Mrs. Stevie and Mr. and Mrs. Rex Austin—Rex being timekeeper for the record—and a very enjoyable evening was spent, Peter was very quiet, giving a perfect imitation of the lamb being led to the slaughter.

The record was scheduled for a 10 a.m. start, quite a reasonable hour from a helper's point of view, and at 9-30 we dispersed to our various duties. The start was at Scotch Corner about four miles from Richmond A1. The Richmond C.C. had kindly offered to give a drink at 20 miles so Ken dropped Charles and I at 35 and stayed at 45 with Frank and

Arthur, the second half being looked after by Bert Green. The wind was very strong from the West, with a touch of north in it and was by no means an ideal one, it was definitely helpful for about 26 miles, the time of 40 minutes 20 seconds for the first 20 miles proving this, but for the remainder it was far too much on the right shoulder. Still, with the reserve required for the further fifty, Jack and Peter clipped 1 min. 14 secs. off the 50 record, doing a ride of 1 hr. 50 mins. 20 secs. They had an enforced stop about 55 miles to pull a spoke out of the front wheel, with Jack complaining of sickness and saying uncomplimentary things about the wind. Carrying on, with the road running almost due south across very open country, they were losing steadily on schedule, which was to beat record by 9 minutes, but it was touch and go whether they would just get inside record. But the longer distance eluded them and they passed the 100 mile point just 1 min. 50 secs. outside the record of 3 hrs. 58 mins. 56 secs.—a splendid ride considering the conditions. Stevie followed throughout and was heard muttering about being glad to get on a bicycle again.

Lunch at Bawtry and so home. Hubert left us at Chesterfield and Frank joined us in Ken's car. And so through Buxton, Macclesfield, etc., to Liverpool. Too many thanks cannot be extended to Stevie, Hubert and Ken for their invaluable services and to Rex Austin for timing. Other members out on the Sunday were Norman Turvey, with his wife, Bert Green, Bob Poole, Ted Haynes and Harry Thomas. The course was excellently marshalled by local clubs to whom many thanks. And here's to the next record!

The Cheshire B.B.'s Annual Banquet.

ON Wednesday, October 14th, this world-famous body held its second annual banquet at the Saughall Massie hotel. The number of those who sat down to dine was composed of: Kettle, Chandler, Venables, Conway, Snowden, Morris, Powell, Cheminais and Fawcett—all dyed-in-the-wool members of this august society. In addition, there were present in the role of (paying) guests: Cotter, Elias, Royden, George Newall, Stephenson, and A. Simpson.

As on the last occasion, the viands were of excellent quality, even though sundry diners did not take their customary interest in the foaming flagons.

The stout-hearted fellows who came awheel were Kettle, Elias, Royden, Stephenson, Snowden, Powell and Fawcett.

"Not Chandler?" do you ask? Gentle Reader, the Compleat Tourist had recourse to an **omnibus** to assist him on his way! Heavens, drop your tears! Winds, sigh your coronach! O, Beer-biters hide your blushes! Ichabod! Ichabod!

(We are not certain as to whether our learned contributor has been struck by a sudden impulse for cycling or merely a mild form of inebriation, but as we ourself did actually walk some six or seven miles, we strongly suspect that we used our legs quite as much if not more than most of the "stout-hearted fellows that came a-wheel."—Ed.).

There was only one drawback to the complete gaiety of the evening, and that was the short time allowed in which to hold carnival, though it must be admitted that the most was made of the occasion. Tummus's gentle chuckle grew in volume as the evening wore on and by ten o'clock had swelled to a roaring typhoon, while Powell's beatific smile was a thing to marvel at, because he could sit down and enjoy a meal without, for once, being responsible for anything but himself! Fawcett got through a good day's work by travelling from London and arriving home with but half-an-hour to spare tore off his top hat, frock coat and so forth, plunged straightway into those well-known sporting garments of his and was at Saughall Massie just in time to prevent Chandler from devouring the last Brussels sprout!

And so we come to the end of the second chapter. Kettle and Royden escorted Stephenson to Birkenhead, leaving him to go by tunnel or by ferry or swim—as he liked; Elias and Morris departed on the long journey to West Kirby; Powell made for Wallasey, while Snowden on his way to Bebington dropped Fawcett hot and palpitating at his own front door.

One item of news must not be omitted. The stately Elias and the lively Fawcett, during the evening, discovered that each was riding the same type of machine and, before the party broke up, challenge and counter challenge had been issued to traverse four continents and the Seven Seas within twenty-four years, the winner to receive a biscuit. We bet the pace will be a cracker!

AT RANDOM.

WE are indebted to the Catford C.C. *Gazette* for bringing to notice the wonderful feat recently performed by Montague Holbein at the age of 75 years. On 5th August

last he swam from Richmond Lock to London Bridge, a distance of about $16\frac{1}{2}$ miles in 5 hrs. 14 mins. As he did not start until 6-26 p.m., a great deal of the distance thus had to be done in the dark, and many difficulties were encountered in consequence. It is a most magnificent piece of work at so great an age and speaks volumes for the physical condition he must be in to withstand immersion for so long, and we hope he will be none the worse for it.

Touring Notes.—The Latest, the Very Latest !

The wonderful news in the Daily Press under the Heading : **Easier Pedalling** has stirred slumbering cords in the bosoms of many old time riders—not least those of the three Anfield World's-Worst-Wheelers—and set their mouths watering. This trio is still fully alive but their kicks have lost their old thrust and vigour. New Inventions are needed like another Egg of Columbus.

This Bicycle—we fancy that a tricycle would be even more suitable for adaptation—comes from Pendlebury, near Salford and was seen to halt at the Manchester Royal Exchange. No reason was given for the stoppage, but the halt was only momentary and the wonderwheel was soon off again, busy demonstrating its features. These are easily spotted if not so easily weighed.

Firstly a **second chain** is added to the usual chain that links the usual feet to the usual back hub, but this second chain runs unusually from the back hub to a flat, circular **BOX** containing a very unusual **Fly Wheel**. Why this Fly Wheel should be hidden away in a **Box** is curious, unless it is to prevent it catching our long trousers. (The W.W.W. have no longer a pair of Plus Fours between the lot of them.)

This Fly Wheel Box is **SLUNG FROM THE CROSS MEMBER** (such members are usual in the A.B.C.) and is held to the **V Frame** in three places. Members with up-to-date machines possibly ride V frames, but the writer's last machine was a diamond frame of Parallelopipedum shape).

Quoth the Inventor : " The first thrusts on the Pedals set the Flywheel in motion, and once set in motion continues at high speed." (Can there be a " fly " in this argument ?) Onward quoth he " Thus the Flywheel divides the **Locomotive work between the two chains**," and the result is simple : " The Loco cycle is considerably easier to propel than the Normal Machine."

" **Here now will I hold !** " as Plato used to remark, but I must not allow my enthusiasm to run away with the lot of us.

The roaring, tearing propaganda of the Flywheel (although muffled in its box) is bound to have its way and tell its tale to the back hub once it gets going, and the thruster will find his reward in the work of the silent partner in the Box. The merest pedal pressure will thereafter suffice to keep the Flywheel fluttering and the Twin chains chattering and all goes merrily until

Until the enchanted rider needs refreshment. Then let him beware, for the Flywheel is now fully roused. Let him choose his pub at the top of the hill, and dismount in time, for, if ever he be so short-sighted as to be lured into one at the bottom of a decline, several perplexities will arise. Fierce braking will be needed for the devil in the box will not be denied. It is sure to take the Bit (or chain) in its Teeth. And when, after slaking his thirst, he once more leaps into the saddle he will find a third agency against him—the gradient—before the Flyer has been wound up. Three against one is never a fair chance.

On this point I have set some sound thinking and, as a result, some way may yet be found out of this impasse that will also be a help in dealing with the traffic at the Royal Exchange. Let the machine be fitted with some small rear stand on the lines of that under the front wheel of my trusty Butcher's Boy's bike, that will turn the machine into a temporary home trainer until we, with the Flywheel properly primed, can cast off slickly and get at once into our stride. I myself have done this very thing with a motor cycle up Buttermere Hause.

Thus it would appear that I know what I am talking about and it is indeed high time that the W.W.W. thought of re-arranging their wardrobe. THE EXPLORER.

* * *

It may not be generally realized that during the month of September there were two full moons. Rather unusual, this! If any of our members saw more, they are advised to adopt the usual advice and "take more water with it,"

* * *

Master Frank has been delighted to read Cadbury's latest advertisement which enjoins people to "eat more often." He considers that the firm of Cadbury is one of the most enlightened in the whole world, and he has quite made up his mind to adopt such admirable advice.

* * *

Tommy Royden—who is admitted to be one of the World's Greatest Sleepers—considers that the grandest night of the

year is the one on which, according to instruction, we have to put our clocks and watches back one hour. He thinks that "daylight saving" is well worth while, simply because of the extra hour's sleep he then obtains.

* * *

This stupendous piece of news should not be overlooked: At Acton Bridge last month our arch-buttermilk-drinker, Robinson, bought beer for the Frail Hubert!

* * *

At the conclusion of a very interesting tour in the limestone country in Yorkshire W.R. a few weeks ago, we met Crompton Humphreys at the Black Bull, near his domicile, and found him very fit and flourishing. Although not exactly dressed for cycling, W.C.H. expects to be back to sensible togs by the end of the month and will be at Llanarmon D.C.

* * *

It may not be generally known that we have a couple of budding archaeologists amongst us. On the Highwayside run, contrary to our usual custom, we were riding behind the Skipper and Peter Rock. Whilst passing some little cottages whose brick fronts had been white-washed and black streaks of tar painted criss-cross over them, Frank in his best "journalise" exclaimed "Look at that there black and white cottage." "Pardon me" said Peter with some hauteur, "That is an example of magpie architecture." Ha! thought we, when journalists fall out——! but later on we discovered the reason for this slight diversion. It appears that during the time they were at Pangbourne for the Bath Road "100," Frank and Peter were leisurely strolling along the bank of the Thames, drinking in its beauty and taking mental notes for future articles. All at once, Peter, whose attention had been rivetted to the numerous species of bird life, exclaimed "Just look at that swan with its family of goslings." This was too much for Frank, who amongst his many gifts numbers a keen knowledge of Natural History (see his treatise entitled "Reindeers and How to Ride Them"), and he crushed Peter with a very sarcastic "Cygnet, I suppose you mean," much to Peter's discomfiture and with the result just recounted.

* * *

The strenuous efforts of the C.T.C. on behalf of Bob Knipe have at last proved successful in obtaining compensation for his run-down smash in June.

Owing to the lack of witnesses it proved a difficult case, but the C.T.C. showed their persuasive power in securing sufficient to cover all out of pocket expenses.

If you are not already a member and consequently insured with the C.T.C., become one new.

Freddie del Strother is returning to England in the course of a few days. It is hoped that his unrivalled knowledge of languages, German, English, Russian and French, will enable him to obtain a suitable berth. Any members who can put him in touch with same will be doing a service to one who in years gone by has done a great deal for the Club and who merits any assistance the members can give him. Any communication can be addressed c/o. The Editor, pending change of address appearing in the *Circular*.

Those visiting the Bicycle Show at Olympia on November 2nd/7th will find at Ground Floor Stand No. 174 the indomitable Percy Charles, exhibiting Tabucchi specialities, who will be most pleased to have a chat with any members.

The "Owls."

The ancient order of "Owls" held the usual Michaelmas Goose banquet at Ivinghoe, on the 10th October. Amongst the Clubs represented were the Anfield, Bath Road, Century, Charlotteville and Speedwell.

The goslings seemed better than ever, and the white, tender roast pork brought back long ago memories of Hunts Cross and Cronton. Mrs. Seabrook can certainly produce the goods at the "King's Head."

Vic. Jenner (Charlotteville), Macdonald (Speedwell) and Hubert Buckley (A.B.C.) were duly initiated into the brotherhood as "Associates." Tiny Osborne was elected "Junior Owl" in place of Bob Maden, who has now attained the full rank.

Amongst those present (not already mentioned) were J. E. Rawlinson, Urban Taylor, E. Buckley, Mazeppa, Spango, Boffin, Kemball, Frost, Draisey and Dougall. The Archowl was, of course, in the Chair.

A most enjoyable evening was spent; long may these pleasant functions last. Hoot! Toot! The Owls.

TWO COUNTRIES TOUR.

By FRANK MARRIOTT.

WHY I get landed to write these accounts of foreign tours I don't know. George and I are not the only ones in the Club who sometimes tour in strange lands. What

about Williams and Lloyd, who were to be seen disporting themselves in France last July? Someone kept very quiet about that. Anyway, here goes.

Some holidays, however enjoyable, have their unpleasant incidents, and our first happened within two hours of leaving Liverpool. Some fool of a fellow had let his engine off the lines and on a breathless day we simmered in a railway carriage. Nearly an hour we were there, muttering all sorts of nasty things. There were other incidents too, but in the afterglow of memory they become humorous. Very few travel to Germany via Holland, yet we thought it an admirable opportunity to visit a small country that is hardly large enough for even a week's tour. And even a week would be too long for us again unless we toured with a definite quest. It was noon on Sunday, after waiting a long time for our free licences, that we set forth on to the settled streets of Rotterdam. We did think of "chancing" the licence business, but we are glad now that we did not, for two young fellows we heard of were landed for 9/- each when they couldn't produce one on demand.

Amsterdam, you read in books, is a city of canals, but if it beats Rotterdam it must be all cut up with these sometimes smelly waterways. (Actually we saw more canals in Rotterdam than Amsterdam.) But we liked Rotterdam and we wandered around its streets for an hour or more before leaving the port for The Hague. There's another point about wandering about foreign cities too, we find it immensely interesting to compare shop prices with those in England—camera shops particularly. Denmark, they say, is a country of cyclists. So is Holland. Cyclists are everywhere, on great machines with canvas chain guards and up-turned handle-bars. Dropped bars number perhaps one per cent. They pay approximately 5/- tax, and, as George remarked: "They get their money's worth." If two friends are riding two abreast, nothing in this world will make them separate. Arm in Arm, or holding hands, handle-bars almost entangled, but they never come off, whereas we were scared stiff when we passed them.

The Hague we will remember for the most expensive meal of the tour. Four shillings each, with tea at 7d. *per cup*. And the place was not really pretentious, either. In the evening we made our way to Haarlem, past glorious flower gardens and clean, pleasant Dutch villages—ancient villages that seem ever new. But oh! Those cobbles. We stayed at the Youth Hostel, near to where a small home-made windmill pumped water merrily from the long dyke at its side.

Next day, with a real good wind astern, we rode swiftly into Amsterdam. We lingered and wandered for an hour or more in this great city, but it was holiday time and the traffic was great—and after being told off twice for doing the wrong thing we cleared out. We glimpsed the Zuyder Zee (now the Ysel Meer) from our road and came to Amersfoort, which is en route for Arnhem. Arnhem is on a branch of the Rhine and from the new bridge there is a lovely view of this pleasant town. At Nijmegen we watched the firework display to celebrate the Queen's birthday. Next day, at 2 p.m., our train from the frontier drew into Cologne.

All afternoon and evening we explored the city; the "Dom" (Cathedral) and the beer gardens that are aside the mighty Rhine. At one of these we tasted the long fingers of bread that seemed to be of carraway seeds (del Blotto, please note) and salt. Ideal for making you thirsty, if you haven't got a taste! From Cologne to Bonn there is an "autobahn" or State motor road. Later we learned (from bitter experience) that when one such way exists on your route you must do anything but cycle. The old roads are left untouched. Rough setts that make even Lancashire's worst seem super smooth are there in their ancient glory. No wonder there are 2 in. tyres and saddles of a thousand springs—you need them every one. From Bonn we saw the Rhine from a steamer and when you can travel 50 miles for about 3/6 what earthly use is there in cycling? None, whatever! We stepped ashore at Coblenz and completed that day by riding gently alongside of the placid waters of the Moselle. We had not "docked" when the sun had set to leave the moon to gild the cloudless sky, to set the terraced hillsides and ruined ramparts of those hillside castles in purple silhouette, to leave us outside of the light and merriment that exuded from the roadside inns. *(To be continued.)*

RUNS.

Halewood, 3rd October, 1936.

(Owing to an inadvertence we booked two people to write up this Run, but as their reports are quite different we make no apology for publishing both.)

Hearing from our energetic captain that the Rocksalt (sorry, Rock-Salt) tandem pair were desirous of attaching records on roads in the broad acres of Yorkshire, I decided to desert the Manchester men at Goostrey, and pay a visit to the

Liverpool gentlemen at Halewood. Time being short, I came by car, and being doubtful of my ability to find the way unaided, I enlisted the services of Bickley to act as guide.

We arrived at our destination in good time, and at first were a little dubious of entering the palatial interior of the Derby Arms; but the sight of the evergreen Hubert safely inside, and apparently obtaining drink without any difficulty, nerved us to enter, and we were served without delay. Soon the Club began to arrive, and before long the bar was filled with hungry walkers, railway ticket holders, motorists, tricyclists (including the President, Editor, ex-Editor and ex-ex-Editor), and I believe one or two cyclists, to a total of 25. Jack Salt and Peter Rock were reported to be riding in the Rugby "50," whilst enquiries for Cody elicited the information that he had gone to Goostrey in search of a decent meal!

However, on making a move to the dining room, we were served with a meal which almost reached the admittedly high standard of Goostrey, and amidst the usual cheery chatter of a Club tea, the Skipper and I managed our business; the pleasure being marred only by the arrival of Connor, who asked for money. It is, I know, an old grievance, but nevertheless a very live grievance, that the happy atmosphere of a Club run is always shattered by this ghastly and mercenary business; and the sooner the Committee take some action, the better for everyone concerned.

Tea over, my companion and I adjourned to the lower parts of the house; but only Stevie could be induced to linger awhile. This is a great difference between the Club-runs of a few years past and those of the present day. Some of my happiest memories of my early years in the Club are of the hour of conversation and good fellowship before the departure of the party for home, and I, for one, feel that something of the glory has departed from our weekly gatherings through the present-day method of a mad rush for home when tea is over. However, times change, and I suppose I must be getting something of an old fogey, looking with unnecessary affection on the days that are gone. In any event, what our party lacked in quantity, it possessed in quality, and it was not until a most enjoyable hour had passed that we departed on our different ways.

Halewood on the fixture card is the first sign of winter. It marks the end of summer time and begins this year our Indian Summer.

Incidentally it may remind us that the catering at the Derby Arms is probably the best catering of the whole year, and this or something else attracted 25 members to the run.

In spite of the new buildings which are now completed, there is still an air of homeliness about the welcome and the fare and the service. With our own Club carvers, one at each end of the table, it almost takes us back to Charles Dickens and his day, and he would probably have said something in this fashion.

"Yes, sir—a pair of roast fowls and two fine, fat joints of roast pork and stuffing, some apple sauce and not forgetting the bread sauce and a gravy to match each roast, dishes of mealy potatoes, well cooked carrots, fresh French beans, mustard, salt and pepper to taste, and crisp rolls of bread, and what about a good slice of apple pie with custard and cream as well and, better than all our noble President, Harold Kettle shall preside over the leg of pork and show his skill as a carver, while our genial, grey-haired and elderly friend, Charlie Conway, shall show that in subtler dissection of one of the aforesaid and above-mentioned fowls he has a masterly hand and the master carver's happy knack of giving each guest (for we all are our own guests at this friendly board) the very portion of the bird he most desires.

At the other table, Frank Chandler does his fatherly duty to the more youthful members who surround him. While Hubert Roskell presides over a Select Committee of the House, consisting of three members, including the Chairman.

So much for Dickens.

Our approach to the village was by way of Ormskirk, Scarisbrick, Rufford, Mawdsley, Wrightington Park, Upholland, Rainford, and Knowsley, on our homeward journey in the company of three tricycles (one ridden with commendable circumspection), and with Sir Thomas and a few others we explored most of the boulevards and circumferential and arterial roads of Liverpool, the Cathedral precincts, the docks, the Landing Stage, where we separated and divided the ferry boats between us.

Goostrey, 3rd October, 1936.

Having fixed up with Mrs. Knowles for an early tea, I arrived at the Red Lion, with my friend, about 4-30. We went inside and were informed that Bert Green had been and gone. (He had to be in attendance at a Party). We sat round the fire to await the arrival of the other early bird,

Geoff Lockett. He came to time and we started tea right away. The next man up was Ted Cody, followed by R. Poole and W. Orrell. Later Sammy Threlfall (and Mrs.) came in, making nine, including Green.

Lockett and Haynes and friend left as soon as the others began tea, and had a pleasant ride to Chester, arriving in good time for Geoff to go on duty.

Acton Bridge, 10th October, 1936.

Powell was telling everyone on this particular Saturday that he's finished. He orders eighteen and twenty-six turn up. Isn't that enough to gladden a Secretary's heart? You would have thought so, but Powell is getting a bit fed up with this ordering business. Anyway, such a muster deserves early mention, so here goes: Lucas, Kettle, Royden, Stevie, Green, Cody, Powell, Threlfall, Knipe, Thomas, Williams, Rock, Poole, Salty, W. Orrell, Roskell, Snowden, Moore, Crompton, Robinson, Marriott, Jones, Brian and Rigby Band, Haynes and Preston. Still, enough is sufficient at all times and we heard that some went short of food, which just shows that the postcard idea is quite good when you do think of rolling out on the Club run.

It wasn't a bad sort of day, easterly and light, the wind; visibility, bad; but we've seen all the countryside of this particular run times before, so what matter? A respectable party met near to the Wirral Stone and drifted down the blatant new road to an older highway where once the surface was cobbled. A cup of real tea at Stoak—glorious liquid in which you could almost stand the spoon—was worth the halt, and then there was a scramble. 5 p.m., and we were not out of Wirral. We edged, but only just, over Manley Brow and by-passed Mouldsworth to drop into the Forest. Through Crowton we came to Acton Bridge Station and the short, sharp drop into the Weaver Valley. We were a little late, but Robbie (his very self) was much later. The Williams-Jones tandem passed him at four miles away and a half-hour to go to 6 p.m. He drifted in at 6-30. What a packet! What a hiding! Four miles in just one hour. We noted too, that the ice-cream jacket he has been chirping about all summer was not in evidence. And why not shorts, instead of those swathing plus fours?

Outside, it was the darkest night. On that same steep hill we passed Robbie, Moore and Crompton, who were walking. The lights of the station came, and then we were into the night

again. Albert Preston and the Skipper were in front, the rest straggled on in the rear, they did not know the way. There were lights in Kingsley, and a long hill to climb. The road was darker as we descended to turn left for Overton. Narrow road, a steep drop and then the Whalebone. Salty knew where he was then and he and Peter hurried forward with the carmine tandem streaking beneath them. The new road, desolate in the daylight, is a joy at night, for you cannot see how long are those straight stretches in the velvet blackness of an October night. Whitby, Little Sutton, and then the narrow road to Hooton Station and more lanes until we rested our machines against the whitewashed walls of one of Wirral's oldest inns, the dear old "Wheatsheaf" at Raby, three centuries old and still going strong. 10 p.m. and we were on the dark road again, to crawl slowly past the Wishing Gate on the road for home—and bed.

Lymm, 17th October, 1936.

Leaving the office late, as usual, I had just time enough to ride through a drizzle—and over the Ship Canal—to the "Spread Eagle," where nine members gathered for the usual good meal. In the yard I encountered Knipe, who had lingered in Warrington to watch muddy rigger, and who never took off his waterproof leggings. Perhaps he sleeps in them? The meal was held up pending the arrival of Bert Green, who confessed that he had indulged in an afternoon nap. Crompton was even later, and on his heels came a friend, W. Jenkinson (Lancashire R.C.) and his father, recently introduced to a tandem. Amongst others present were W. Orrell, Cody and Haynes.

After discussion of various sports, including football as played by Green, Junr., we took off again, favoured with fine weather for the return trip. My ride homeward, in the company of Crompton and the Jenkinsons, was before the wind, so that the outing was very pleasantly terminated.

Mold, 17th October, 1936.

3-25 p.m.—Start. Weather of the "not so good" variety. 3-40—Willaston Corner. Not a sign of anyone. Plough lonely furrow. 4-20—Queensferry, nicely wet, so cape up. Resume journey. Hawarden Woods looking splendid with autumn tints. 5-0—Pont Blyddyn. Signs of weather clearing. Amble gently to "The Dolphin." 5-25—Arrive, find Powell and Ven, supporting brewery shares. Am

asked to assist. No heart to refuse. 5-50—Kettle and Royden arrive. Brewery shares jump. 6-0—Chandler and Snowden appear, just in time. Brewery shares soar. 6-10—Only seven of us at a Mold run! Admitted several away with Salty and Rock on their record attempt. But stay! Six more arrive and tea is served. 6-15—Everyone tucking in to an enjoyable meal. Chandler wins "Applepie Stakes." 7-0—Kettle and Snowden drift away for the week-end. 7-10—Connor and Williams do likewise. 7-25—Make for home, a beautiful night, clear skies, wind abaft. Others attending the run not previously mentioned were: Elias, Jones, Perkins, Rowatt, and del Banco.

Mouldsworth, 24th October, 1936.

The catering department had reckoned on an attendance of 25, and their expectations were fulfilled with an addition of three. The Tea Tasters were well represented, being lead by Frank Marriott, whilst the record-breakers, Rock and Salt, received congratulations from all and sundry. In addition there were the two Band boys, Byron, Preston, Lockett, Hughes, Haynes, Williams and Jones on tandems, and Thomas, whilst Charles Randall made a welcome reappearance. The old fry were represented by Venables and Rowatt by train, Green, Snowden, Kettle, Chandler, Royden, Stephenson, Knipe, Threlfall, Powell, Elias, Seed and Cody.

The afternoon was fine with a west wind which later backed to the south, being very accommodating for those who, like the writer, went to see the tints in Eaton Park and then turned N.E. for the venue. The evening threatened rain but it held off until after tea. The return route of the senior Wirral contingent was by Manley and Mickle Trafford, where Kettle and Snowden on trikes, accompanied by Royden tucked in behind, elected to take the smoother road, via the by-pass, whilst Chandler, Powell and Elias turned off through Whitby. For some unaccountable reason the two last-named failed to take the turning at Overpool and went straight on towards Eastham. Kettle and Snowden, who are riding rather well just now, managed to get to Hooton before Chandler, but they appeared to have thoroughly exhausted themselves in the attempt, as the goblets were emptied at one gulp and their terrible thirsts were not assuaged for some considerable time. The new manager, Mr. Lawton, was interviewed and created an excellent impression and has been duly apprised as to our requirements when we visit his hostelry in December.

© Anfield Bicycle Club

© Anfield Bicycle Club

ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

FORMED

MARCH, 1879.

MONTHLY CIRCULAR

Vol. XXXI.

No. 370.

FIXTURES FOR DECEMBER, 1936.

Tea at 6-0 p.m.

			Light up at
Dec.	5	Halewood (Derby Arms)	4-26 p.m.
"	12	Farndon (Raven)	4-22 p.m.
"	14	Committee Meeting, 7-30 p.m. (Victoria Hotel, St. John's Lane, Liverpool).	
"	19	Hooton (Hooton Hotel)	4-23 p.m.
"	26	Acton Bridge (Leigh Arms) : Lunch 1-30 p.m. ...	4-27 p.m.
"	24 27	Alternative Tour.—Bettws-y-Coed (Glan Aber) ...	
1937.			
Jan.	2	Heswall (Black Horse)	4-34 p.m.
"	9	Halewood (Derby Arms)—Annual General Meet- ing : Tea 5-30 p.m.	4-41 p.m.

ALTERNATIVE FIXTURES.

Tea at 5-30 p.m.

Dec.	5	Goostrey (Red Lion)	4-26 p.m.
"	12	Lymm (Spread Eagle)	4-22 p.m.
"	19	Holmes Chapel (Swan)	4-23 p.m.
1937.			
Jan.	2	Goostrey (Red Lion)	4-34 p.m.
		Full Moon	28th inst.

NOTICE.

All communications should be addressed to The Editor, 22 Holly Bank Road, Birkenhead. They should be written legibly, on one side of the paper only, and should bear the name of the sender.

The Hon. Treasurer's address is R. L. Knipe, 138 Moscow Drive, Stoneycroft, Liverpool, 13, but Subscriptions (25/-; under 25, 21/-; 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.

© Anfield Bicycle Club

COMMITTEE NOTES.

4 THE LAUND,

WALLASEY, CHESHIRE.

NEW MEMBER.—Mr. K. W. Barker, "Sherwood," Higher Bebington Road, Lower Bebington, has been elected to Full Membership.

Mr. L. C. Price has been transferred to Hon. Membership.

The Annual General Meeting will be held after tea at Halewood, on 9th January (tea on that date 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 20th 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 are asked to make their own arrangements regarding accommodation direct.

H. W. POWELL,

Hon. General Secretary.

TREASURY NOTES.

I HAVE pleasure in recording an increase in the number of remittances received this month. A record has also been created by Jim Park with a ten years' subscription! But there is still a large number who haven't yet shown any inclination to respond to the numerous promptings in the *Circular*. I hope they will get busy and let me have their Subs. during the next fortnight, for the Auditors wish to make a start with their preliminary work. Delayed subscriptions gives them and me double work, which ought not to be necessary.

I wish to thank the sixteen members from whom I have received subscriptions or donation (*) during the month:—

S. H. Bailey.	A. Crowcroft.	J. Pitchford.
W. D. Band.	W. G. Glendinning.	C. Randall.
F. Beckett.	W. H. Lloyd.	A. N. Rawlinson.
F. Brewster.	F. D. McCann.	R. Rothwell.
*E. J. Cody.	Capt. J. Park.	J. R. Walton.
J. O. Cooper.		

1936-45

R. I. KNIPE, *Hon. Treasurer.*

JOSEPH ANDREWS.

We deeply regret to report the loss of Joe Andrews who passed away on 27th November. Although not becoming a member of the Club until this year, he had been a member in spirit for many years and a true Anfielder at that. His first appearance with us dates as far back as Easter, 1908, and we believe he attended all the subsequent Easter functions at Bettws. During this time he sustained the baritone parts at the concerts and delighted all with his magnificent singing. Although in later years he was obviously getting short of wind, yet his rendering of such songs as "She is far from the land" and "Devonshire cream and cider," exquisitely accompanied by the late A. E. Workman, will linger long in memory. Besides being a musician and taking a prominent part in local amateur operatic circles, he was a talented artist and had exhibited paintings at the Autumn Exhibition and the Royal Academy. His death leaves another great gap at Bettws at Easter time and his genial presence and good humour will be sadly missed.

(continued in Stop Press.)

CORRESPONDENCE.

Editor, *Anfield Circular*.

SIR,

I cannot allow to pass unnoticed the grave reflection on my cycling capabilities contained in the account of the Acton Bridge run—"four miles in just one hour," says the writer. "Wot a packet!" sezze. "Wotter hiding!" cryze. Your contributor, in the effulgence (help!) of youth, overlooks the possibility of my having made one or two calls after he sighted me. They were open, weren't they? Very well, then. And, surely the fact that I bought beer for the Fraill Hubert and Ernest Snowden, proves quite clearly that I was *non compos mentis*, or words to that effect.

However, I have referred the matter to my solicitors, Messrs. Muffit & Muggins, Ltd., Birmingham (Branches at Manchester and Sheffield), from whom you will doubtless be hearing within the next two or three years.

Yours quite faithfully,

W. M. ROBINSON.

AT RANDOM.

MEMBERS will observe from the fixture list that the customary Xmas Tour to Bettws-y-Coed has again been made an official week-end, attendance there counting a

run in the usual way. As announced in the May number the charges to Anfielders for dinner, bed and breakfast at any time of the year, except during July and August, are now 12/-, and members who attend the week-end will be given a hearty welcome. There will be three clear days which will make it a very nice holiday. Members will of course write to Mr. Bartram direct and make their own arrangements, the sooner, the better.



The Red Lion, Malpas, is now under new management, and has been internally re-constructed and brought up-to-date with h & c water in the bedrooms. The tariff is 7/6 for bed and breakfast and visitors can obtain meals and the landlord is anxious to obtain week-enders. As Malpas would make quite a nice week-end during the winter from, say, Mouldsworth, this notice is inserted in order that any opportunity offering can be embraced.



The Backslider. A perfectly true fairy tale.

Once upon a time there lived not far from Birmingham a man who called himself "Wayfarer." And he said to everyone "The only wear for cycling is shorts." And he not only said it, but he wrote it in all the comic papers and he preached it from the housetops and he bawled it from platforms indoors and out-of doors to men, women and children and he displayed his knobbly knees to the populace with pride and vain glory.

But one day, Wayfarer went to a place named Llanarmon, D.C., and it was very cold and, children, what do you think? Why, his knobbly knees were not exposed to the rude November blast, but were swathed in yards and yards and yards of knickerbocker!

And now, dear children, when Wayfarer told people how brave he was about his precious knees, do you think he was speaking the naked truth?



Wayfarer was unable to obtain his usual hog-wash at the West Arms on the evening of October 31st. But was he down-hearted? No! With rare abandon and with that adaptability acquired during years of touring in Ireland, he dived head-long into the bar, seized the first half-dozen bottles within reach and soon was quaffing with undisguised gusto, gallons and gallons of STOUT! When taxed with this deviation from

the path of rectitude, he retorted that the nearest substitute to buttermilk was *milk stout*.



"Drink More Milk" is Arthur Simpson's latest slogan, and we understand that he is shortly to hold a series of meetings in the Picton Hall in order to boom cow-juice. We are informed that he will discuss tinned milk as well as the udder sort. The title of one of his lectures will be: "Milk for Breakfast: by One who has Tried It," whilst another subject will be: "How to Buy Five Bottles of Beer for a Bob." Our readers are advised to book early, because there is sure to be a huge demand for accommodation.



The Club Poet submits the following:—

"MOONLIGHT OVER SWCH CAE RHIW."

We were seven on that day,
As we wended on our way—
Lured by moonlight over Swch Cae Rhiw.

At Llandegla two had gone,
Leaving five to carry on—
Through the moonlight over Swch Cae Rhiw.

We'd left Corwen well behind
And were on the upward grind—
When the moon rose over Swch Cae Rhiw.

As we floundered in the mud,
And our foreheads sweated blood—
By moonlight over Swch Cae Rhiw.

At last we reached the top
And commenced the rugged drop—
In the moonlight down to Swch Cae Rhiw.

Down the Nant Rhyd Wylim's side,
'Twas a wild and reckless ride—
While the moon shone over Swch Cae Rhiw.

Down that Berwyn Pass we sped,
For the "West Arms" lies ahead—
But it's moonlight still on Swch Cae Rhiw.

Centenary Sorrows.

The Centenary of the death of John Loudon McAdam that is being bewailed this month of November by the roadsters of to-day has brought forth the question : At what period or in what age were " Ways " first termed " Roads " ? According to the Stratford Students, Bacon told Shakespeare to mention the London Road in some play or other.

The roads of McAdam were made of macadam it seems. Curious !

* * *

Special Notice to Manchester Members.

The Manchester sub-captain has asked us to announce the following :—Anyone calling at the " Romping Kitling " (Red Lion), Ringway, on Wednesday evenings during the winter months between 8 p.m. and 10 p.m. will always find Anfield company.

* * *

Racing Notes.

The Shropshire County Council is doing all in its power to speed up the road conditions, both east and west of Shawbury. The Bridge has been doubled in width and also the road approaching it from Shawbury Corner. Westwards towards Shrewsbury there is likewise road widening for the first mile and the twisty corners are undergoing straightening and by-passing.

* * *

Seen by Our Roving Reporter at Llanarmon, D.C.

One, Abdul, grinding his teeth at the Bandmaster ; who had reproved him for hiccougging while in the middle of a solo.

The same Bandmaster, at 3-30 a.m., unburdening his soul to a wholly unappreciative audience.

One, named Bill, who sat very gently on his Scarf, saying that he did not want to crush it. Why sit on it ?

* * *

Dame Rumour has it that we have a promising artist in our midst. Whilst we cannot quite fathom the nature of the object of art, we have been given to understand that it is a type of landscape. It is well balanced in its present state, but lacks a little in tone. This, our artist tells us, will be rectified during the next spell of suitable weather. When

interviewed, our artist was very modest, saying, "Of course I am only a novice yet." He denied that he had received any offers but agreed that a Chester salesman had called upon him recently.



We are all glad to hear that A. G. White, the G.O.M. of the Club, is still going strong. "Pa" sends greetings to all members, especially to all old friends. Our younger members, who never had the privilege of hearing "Pa" in "the Gaelic chorus" at Hunts Cross, have missed one of the things which made the Anfield what it is.

Northern Tricycle Association.

Presentation of Prizes at Acton Bridge, November 8th, 1936.

THERE was a record attendance at the luncheon and prize distribution which followed, no less than forty-six members and (a few) friends having come from all parts of the country to hear Mr. Littlemore's report on the season's doings and to see Mr. J. J. Davies from the Potteries receive the Tricycle Association Championship Cup.

Among those present were Mr. Stancer, Secretary of the Cyclists' Touring Club, Mrs. Parkes, sometimes known as "Petronella," Mr. Kettle, President of the Anfield Bicycle Club, along with other Anfielders in the persons of Snowden, Wilfred Orrell, J. R. Band, R. J. Austin, Ned Haynes and Preston.

Mr. Stancer presided and his opening remarks were very much to the point. He intrigued his audience with his tricycling experiences of "years ago," comparing the lot of the present-day tricyclist with that of his predecessor, whose way was anything but rosy, what with steeply cambered roads and poor road surfaces, which necessitated the tricycle having perforce to be laid up during the winter months.

Mrs. Parkes presented the prizes, the principal recipient being J. J. Davies, who besides taking the Championship Cup, walked off with half-a-dozen medals besides. Next, having declared that she would rather not speak at all, the lady in question talked for fifteen minutes without a pause, giving way at last, for want of breath, to Snowden, who took the opportunity to do a little propaganda work in the interests of the movement against the Best All-rounder competition and,

judging from the murmur of assent from the audience, it was evident that his rather scathing comments were approved by his listeners.

After a final word from the Chairman, the company dispersed; and so ended a most happy and successful function, and we are sure that the hard-working Secretary of the Tricycle Association must have felt a glow of satisfaction at the result of his labours.

TWO COUNTRIES TOUR, *Continued*

By FRANK MARRIOTT.

LAST month we left you when we were pedalling along the smooth road in the Moselle Valley, on a glorious moonlight evening. The Youth Hostel at Brodenach was our destination—our second try, for at Winingen, across the river and lower down, we had found ourselves in a medieval village. Old houses reeled precariously and almost touched; there were great, rounded cobbles in the narrow street, and down the centre ran an open drain. These things we could not tolerate, so we crossed the river again.

The mists were lifting from the river when we took to the road next morning, and we could see the hill tops and the terraced vineyards glistening in the early sun. We came to Cochem—"the Pearl of the Moselle"—and in the riverside gardens there we lingered long, eating luscious peaches and pears. Farther on, we sat on the balcony of an inn consuming a lunch of bread, sausage and beer, watching canoers casting long ripples. What a meal, and, for my part, never again! There was as much bread as sausage, a red, highly spiced mixture. For two hours afterwards I felt like nothing on earth.

At Zell, tired of flat roads, for we had not seen a hill even like the "Sych" since Rotterdam, and even the most charming valley palls, we left the Moselle to climb into the hills. For miles we climbed by a road that writhed upwards through the vast woods to the very summit of the forest. Farm folk were working at the roadside, whilst occasionally we saw their quaint homesteads hidden in the folds of the hills.

An iced drink in a little inn at the summit and soon afterwards we found ourselves on a road unmarked by our map. Several times we thought it would end in a farmyard, but we

slithered over the slimy cobbles and round some corner it would be its tarmac self again. The villages we passed through were just close clusters of farms and a *gasthaus* sandwiched between. Cobbles had been untouched for a hundred years and the smells seemed that old too! The country was rolling farmland and thick forest, we were in the great Hunsruck.

We came to a little inn on a lonely crossroads in the forest, and we had coffee, bread, butter and honey. Darkness gathered—Why go on? We didn't. Two spotless beds, in a room overlooking the crossroads and the swinging inn sign, were ours. We sat outside and watched the moon rise above the black belt of trees, and spread the sky with an eerie light to make the shadows even blacker. For our stroll we walked into the fastnesses of the forest, and the only sound was the lilting German music from the radio of the inn, carried far in the still night air.

A dampness overhung the air and the trees and, higher, where the road climbed, the white mist blotted out the woods. We paid our bill (2/2 each), bade good-bye and the frau and her fraulein waved until we were out of sight. There was so much friendliness in that tiny hotel that we would dearly like to visit those people again.

We came to a fine road that extends from the Saarbrücken eastwards and pedalled along so far as Bad Kreuznach, a resort not far from Bingen, on the Rhine Gorge. Our lunch was taken in a village inn where the friendly folk sent across for a girl who could speak English so that all our wants could be attended to. Hers was not book English either, for when we thanked her, "Don't mention it" was the brief reply! And that wonderful hot meal cost us 1/2 each.

Through Kaiserlautern we turned eastwards again to descend through a glorious twisting valley to the dull plain of the Rhine. When the road was not passing through "picture book" villages it was good, and on either side the clean green fields and stately woods would lean steeply to where the little river hurried noisily at the roadside. Neustadt we passed through, and we halted at the door of a long inn in a straggling village some miles away. We could have a room, we were told in a mixture of English, German and French—mostly German! and we were shown to a sumptuous apartment that for a ceiling had a paper of blue and golden stars and palatial furnishings to match. What price this, as we visualised a 10/- bill? Downstairs again, and our friend had German-French and German-English school books and by numerous cross references he told us that we could have ham and eggs—

if we showed them how to cook it ! After supper we had the lads of the village airing their English to us and he who could count up to 25 was the acclaimed winner. But he wasn't playing fair, as for some months he had languished in a Yankee gaol and had counted the days or the months (I forget which) with such thoroughness that he had never forgotten.

The genial proprietor showed us round his garden next morning and let us sample his grapes as they hung from the outdoor walls. We also inspected the winepresses and sampled the wine. The bill for supper, bed and breakfast was 4/3 each. With a glorious wind only at our sides, we hurried through Landau and over the fertile Rhineland towards Karlsruhe. Maize grew at the roadside with the great corn cobs ripening, and many bundles of tobacco leaves hung from the eaves of the old cottages. We were delayed in crossing the Rhine at Karlsruhe, as there was considerable river traffic, and in the "White Swan" of a tiny village beyond we stopped for lunch.

(to be continued)

RUNS.

Autumnal Tints Tour, Oct. 31st Nov. 1st, 1936.

So many surprising things happened, so many incidents occurred—jolly and otherwise,—so many uncommon happenings took place, that the task facing the historian of this memorable tour is not "What can I say?" but "What can I omit?"

To begin with, a dreary Saturday morning turned into a smiling autumn day with the requisite amount of coolness to mark the season; yet to balance, as it were, this pleasant surprise, the following morning which was heralded in by bright sunshine, was only the precursor of a sodden afternoon and evening. But away with melancholy ponderings! Scan the profit and loss account of fortune with an unbiased mind and in spite of a debit here and there, see if the balance of happiness is not one to make those who came not to the gathering green with envy!

Twenty-eight good men and true sat down with sharpened appetites in the dining-room of the West Arms punctually at half-past eight. But, no; we are wrong there—one was missing (which, however, did not appear to damp anyone's spirits), when, just as the third course appeared, lo! William

the Waverer suddenly swam into view. And so the tale was complete. At the conclusion of the banquet, there was a happy incident when the President rising (perfectly steadily) to his feet, announced that it was his pleasant duty to present to Rock the coveted record-breaker's button. The investiture completed, the blushing Rock avowed it his intention to do still greater things in carving chunks out of existing fifty and hundred-mile records, which we believe (with a grain of Salt, of course) the lad will do.

The inner man being satisfied, tongues which had been busy in one direction, now got busy in another, and not till ten o'clock was a move made to the lounge, into which a protesting, rheumatically piano had been pushed, dragged, heaved and flung by a dozen stalwart young men under the expert leadership of Brian, the infant brother of Rigby Band. Nor did this sea-dog's labours cease here. It was he who saw to it that the bowl was kept flowing and he it was who at the point of the marlinspike levied toll with which to provide refreshment for both audience and performers. Jones was the hero of the evening and for his untiring labours at the piano we all owe him many, many thanks. It is no exaggeration to say that without his assistance the evening would have been a dull one. For practically four hours, he slogged away at that ancient piano, nor did he desist until the President took pity on him and ordered Williams to put him to bed. The recitations by members of the Old Guard were much appreciated and the applause which greeted the orations of Humphreys, Cheminais and Koenen was as sincere as it was boisterous. Not for many a day had they tickled the tympanum with their humorous renderings and we only hope that they will not remain in obscurity for so long again. The choruses were rendered in that lusty, rusty, gusty manner so dear to the heart of the Anfielder and if the enunciation of the performers was not so distinct as it might have been, perhaps under the circumstances, it was quite as well!

Sunday morning broke fair and sunny and long before nine o'clock, all but a few laggards were buzzing round the hotel or settling in swarms on the bridge waiting for the gong to sound for breakfast. This important item of occupation, mastication or recreation (as you may regard it) having been accomplished, there remained but to settle one's account and to inscribe in the visitors' book the roll of the faithful, which read as follows: The President, H. W. Powell, P. Rock, Brian and Rigby Band, Birkby, Royden, Venables, Green, Koenen,

Arthur Simpson, Cheminais, Scarff, Humphreys, Snowden, Walton, Crewe, Ned Haynes, Thomas, Marriott, Connor, Williams, Jones, Preston, Hughes, Salt, Robinson and a friend in the person of Mr. Birchall.

The first hitch occurred just as the mountaineers were about to move off—Preston's back tyre refused to hold air, but not long after ten o'clock everyone was under weigh, the more cautious taking the road to Corwen via Llangollen, while a few made a more or less direct line for home. There was a great reunion at the "Crown" at Corwen, no less than fifteen hearty fellows fortifying themselves with the ample lunch provided, to say nothing of the three Graces (disgraces if you like), to wit, Koenen, Simpson and Cheminais who arrived in the green family coach and took light refreshments downstairs.

It was at this juncture that the troubles began. First of all it began to rain and then to rain hard. Then Powell's knee went on strike and he had a painful time of it getting home, where he arrived however without accident. The President was the next to meet with a spot of bother—in two places. Just outside Llandegla, his off tyre gave a nasty hiss and subsided and almost at the same moment, the nipple of his brake flew off. The punctured tyre was soon replaced, but it required some skill to pilot a tricycle at speed down the long gradients to Queen's Ferry, brakeless.

But in spite of the rain which increased as the evening wore on, in spite of discomfort and annoyances, the Anfield spirit prevailed, and as all's well that ends well, the tour can only be written down as a complete success. We cannot expect to have things entirely as we would like and a little adversity makes us appreciate all the more the good fortune that comes our way.

Northwich, 31st October, 1936.

The usual penalty comes of infrequent attendance—to "write up the run." The Editor's presence, and a casual remark as to which way had I come, and I was quickly inveigled to do the necessary and send it along soon.

I sought out ways for seeing the best of the Autumn tints in the few available hours of daylight, down through Dibbinsdale, followed the lanes through Whitby, and on to the new bye-pass road to Helsby (for the first time), climbed up through Alvanley to Kingsley and into Northwich just on lighting-up time, to find Cody and Knipe ordering tea. Harry Austin was the next arrival.

One would have expected a goodly representation from Manchester, but, no, only Chandler and Threlfall arrived to complete the select party of five which enjoyed a splendid meal. Then perhaps our Manchester members were at Llanarmon!

Chandler announced that he had committed himself to return via Warrington and Liverpool at Threlfall's invitation, to sample the mild at the "Eagle and Child," Halewood. So the party kept together and moved off about 6-45 p.m., Cody and Knipe setting about each other and making a hot pace. For the major part of the way home a heated argument went on between Threlfall and Cody over a point or two in the direction of the wind; but suffice it to say that it proved another delightful run, and the company homeward was worth every ha'penny of fivepence for two half-pints of mild for the two China Company representatives. But the Tints were not up to expectations, and lay bestrewn on the roads by the winds of the previous week-ends.

Halewood, 7th November, 1936.

The run following a week-end fixture generally suffers a decrease in attendance, instead of the increase which we might and should expect.

One would think that those who had enjoyed our most successful Autumnal Tour would be anxious to tell the absentees of last week their week-end impressions, and experiences, and that those same absentees would be glad to come out to-day to hear the interesting details. However only 20 members turned up, a small number for Halewood, where we should easily muster about 40 or more, and shew our appreciation of the welcome awaiting us.

What a spread the defaulters missed—stubble fed' geese, ducks, "Kate and Sidney," etc., etc.

Why was this fixture not supported in greater numbers? We cannot blame the weather, as the interior of the "Derby Arms" was the ideal place to make for on this typical November day; Peace, Warmth and Plenty reigned within. We understand that a complaint has been voiced saying that the run is not far enough, but that can easily be remedied by dashing out via the Transporter or Warrington to meet the Wirral around-the-earth contingent, who always come either way (or do they?), in any case there would be the ride back to enjoy, probably wind assistance one way, if any.

Arriving in time to join the following: Byron, K. Barton, Burgess, Conway, Cody, Elias, Hughes, Kettle, Knipe,

Marriott, Morris, Powell, Preston, Roskell, Rock, Royden, Stephenson, Sunter, Connor and Venables, who did full justice to the fare provided.

We were sorry to hear that Salt was under the weather, but trust that he will soon be out and about again.

Barton Junior expects that his father will join us at the December Halewood fixture, and we are looking forward to seeing him again after many moons.

Goostrey, 7th November, 1936.

Not an ideal day for cycling—rain squalls occasionally, gusty winds, so strong at times that one had to stand on the pedals to keep upright at all. But there are always compensations—the rough weather kept a lot of other traffic off the roads, and as darkness drew near, the naked trees, twisted by the wind, made memorable pictures against the stormy sky.

No more than seven of us supported the fixture: Cranshaw, Green, Haynes, Bren and Wilf Orrell, Poole and Thomas. We were all very pleased to see Bren out again; the venue in this case provides a nice little training spin for him, not too strenuous, but just enough to give an appetite.

The usual excellent meal dispatched, we sat round the fire for a space to chin-wag, largely conjecturing the reasons for the absence of quite a number whom one would have expected to be there. Then an easy ride home in the black darkness brought a very enjoyable fixture to a close.

Farndon, 14th November, 1936.

Having met at the "Eighth" we drifted on slowly towards Chester, but had barely reached Two Mills when we were caught in a sudden downpour. By the time that we had managed to scramble into our capes the rain had ceased and so we carried on towards Chester. Here a small party of Tea Tasters detached themselves from the main body to perform their afternoon ritual at the Temple of Dunning's. The others circled the walls of the city before stopping to pay tribute to and to receive credit from the local cycle dealer.

All formalities being duly dispensed, we cycled on through the park. Here the tints still lingered, mellowing with age. Stopping for a while on the Iron Bridge we viewed the river in spate, flowing swiftly but placidly by. The shadows were lengthening now as we passed through Aldford and shortly before Farndon the night had spread its mantle of darkness around.

At the Raven we were the first arrivals and, taking full advantage of the occasion, we arranged ourselves around the glowing fire. Dinner being served it was noticed that those present were Kettle, Powell, Seed, Rowatt, Ven and Tommy Royden, the younger members being Connor, Byron, Williams, Perkins, Constable Lockett (*incog.*), Marriott with friend Reeves, del Banco, Rock, and Rigby Band, also Sammy Threlfall. A great deal of the conversation seemed to centre around Jack Salt, now in hospital. Whilst he is doing well it also seems that he is on a starvation diet and is constantly sending out S.O.S.'s for more food.

Shortly before seven o'clock, George Connor, Arthur Williams and Rigby Band left for the Yo-Ho at Bala. This move seemed to shatter our peace of mind, so in small parties we detached ourselves from our cosy seats and headed for home.

Holmes Chapel, 14th November, 1936.

The writer and Ned Haynes, together with W. Orrell, collected en route, arrived at the "Swan" thinking we should take the first places, but it was not so, already installed were Buckley (Senior) and R. Poole; the next arrival was Jim Carr, just in time to take his place at the table. We had several guesses as to where H. Green could be, but the only point we could agree on was that he would turn up—some time. Half way through the first course, in walked Scorcher Green and, during the meal, which was excellent, "Scorcher" told us why he had arrived late. Holmes Chapel being too near home he had had a training ride out to Stockton Heath and the story of how he had caught, passed and dropped a mixed club, made every one of us vow to go into strict training again.

Thomas and Haynes were the first to make a move for home, the others—fast riders—sat talking round the fire. The only improvement on this run would have been a better attendance—the railway station is quite close by for lazy members! We hope a lot of members will attend Manchester runs in the future to prove this statement untrue and that they are still Anfielders.

Mouldsworth, 21st November, 1936.

A remarkable outing, the Mouldsworth run last week. Beneath the dark shed on the cobbled stable yard those who ventured near enough saw a grey tandem tricycle, a monster rarely seen in this England. And except Parkgate way,

occasional Wednesdays, this particular relic rusts beneath a shed for most of its days. Jonas and Blotto came to mind immediately, but the swarthy one was not to be seen within the precincts of the tank, nor even in the tea room. Who else, then, adorns this weird contraption this winter day? Slowly and quietly the word was passed around—Kettle! What is the Anfield coming to? The President allowing a mere subordinate to push him round on a tandem tricycle. But the sub-captain tells me that TWO 2/8's passed from the Presider's hand that afternoon. A free tea was del Blotto's only reward.

Arthur Hughes and friend Reeves were the only two at Willaston at 3-30, and after calling in Chester they made straight way to Mouldsworth. Williams rode a lone journey, and it was reported that the Skipper and Rock had been out early, exploring the old traces of the Watling Street and the old fortress at Eddisbury. Sammy Threlfall tells me that he nearly dropped the Captain on the steep hill from the forest. Who else was there? Ven., Royden, Knipe, Green, Haynes, Rowatt, Cody, Powell, Rigby Band, Snowden, Chandler, Seed, Pitchford and friend Thomas. Some absentees we knew to be otherwise engaged; Byron, wielding a paint brush on the front gate; Salty, still in 'ospital; Lockett, his head buried beneath an outsize helmet in Chester; Connor, working; Thomas, well, we don't know for sure, but we've a good idea, what about *cherchez la femme* as a spot of good French?

We left Pitchford and Thomas at Tarvin for their long journey to Shrewsbury, and our way was uneventful to the Sych. The ascent of that incline took well nigh half-an-hour, for we were practising on Rigby's barrow, each taking turns in keeping that wretched front wheel on a straight course. And we all—even unto the lengthy Sammy—succeeded.

Mold, 28th November, 1936.

The last run of the year to the "Dolphin" attracted 45 members, most of them being regulars. Chief among the irregulars was J. H. FAWCETT, who had just succeeded in smashing his own figures for the Oxtou/Mold record, in the wonderfully fast time of 70 minutes precisely. After this perspiring ordeal, Mr. Fawcett, as is his custom where the Club's interest is concerned, had commenced planting new potatoes at his summer house at Cilcain, ready for next year's W.B.B.'s Blow-out at Saughall Massie. By the time this was finished, this energetic man's anatomical machinery

started to shriek out for food, wherewithal the faithful steed was again mounted and tumbling down from his mountain fastness the "Dolphin" was made in good time. The other irregular was John Roberts, who seemed to have been spending all afternoon looking for Snowden, for whom tea had been prepared at John's, for the latter's reception.

Of the others, Marriott and Williams seemed to get very chesty when they found they were the only week-enders—Llansannan Yo-Ho being their destination, and we fancied they would have most of the place to themselves, and would have to wash up and scrub the floors next morning! The others present were Hughes, Byron, Perkins, Rock, Threlfall, Venables and Rowatt, whilst Royden, Kettle, Powell and Chandler accompanied the record-breaking Pawcett back home, via the "Wheatsheaf," at Raby, which house serves up the most execrable mild beer imaginable, brewed at Threlfall's.

Sutton, 28th November, 1936.

Quite an old-fashioned Club run—five of us met at the Winking-Light at Gatley in thin fog. That thin fog was a bitter disappointment, for each of us had left home in bright sunshine. However, we pushed up the hill to Moss Nook and Styal and thence to Handforth, visibility varying from place to place. In the last stretch, before Handforth, the Manchester Sub. had as close a call as he is ever likely to get without at least going to hospital. On a narrow bridge, at the bottom of a dip, a car appeared suddenly out of the thick fog, making straight for him. Fortunately, each did the right thing instinctively, but I really thought for a moment that I should certainly be covered with bits of Sub. and tricycle. After this there was no incident until we approached Macclesfield, outside which city the fog was really of the thickest and progress over the bridge under repair a real adventure. Then up and up and up to the Ryles Arms, where we received a warm welcome. But I wish the room had been as warm as the welcome. Just before 5-30, J. E. Carr drifted in to tell us how he had encircled some alleged war memorial. He was followed by Bren Orrell, cheerful as ever, so that the party numbered seven. The meal dispatched, we started for home in brilliant moonlight and a clear atmosphere. But alas! it was not long before we were in the fog again and, with few and short intervals we had to make our homeward way by groping along the edge of the path, the moon meanwhile shining clear above.

STOP PRESS.

The Late JOSEPH ANDREWS.

The interment took place at West Kirby Parish Church, on the 30th November. The Club was represented by Kettle, Venables, Royden, Chandler, Cotter, Conway and Rowatt. The deceased was 63 years of age.

© Anfield Bicycle Club