



ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

FORMED

MARCH, 1879.

MONTHLY CIRCULAR

Vol. XXXII.

No. 371.

A Happy New Year to all.

FIXTURES FOR JANUARY, 1937.

Tea at 6-0 p.m.

				Light up at
Jan.	2	Heswall (Black Horse)	...	4-34 p.m.
"	9	Halewood (Derby Arms) — Annual General Meeting. Tea, 5-30 p.m.	...	4-42 p.m.
"	11	Committee Meeting, 7-0 p.m. (Victoria Hotel, St. John's Lane, Liverpool).	...	
"	16	Mold (Dolphin)	...	4-53 p.m.
"	23	Halton (Castle)	...	5-5 p.m.
"	30	Chester (The Bars)	...	5-18 p.m.
Feb.	6	Halewood (Derby Arms)	...	5-33 p.m.

ALTERNATIVE FIXTURES.

Tea at 5-30 p.m.

Jan.	2	Goostrey (Red Lion)	...	4-34 p.m.
"	16	Sutton Ryles Arms	...	4-53 p.m.
"	30	Acton Bridge (Leigh Arms), and All-Rounder Concert	...	5-18 p.m.
Feb.	6	Goostrey (Red Lion)	...	5-33 p.m.
		Full Moon	... 26th 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.

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COMMITTEE NOTES.

4 THE LAUND,

WALLASEY, CHESHIRE.

A RESOLUTION recording the deep regret of the Club and sympathy with the family of the late Mr. Joseph Andrews was passed in silence.

APPLICATION FOR MEMBERSHIP.—Mr. I. A. Thomas, 56 Frankwell, Shrewsbury. Proposed by Mr. G. E. Pugh; seconded by Mr. J. Pitchford.

Mr. R. Rothwell has been transferred to Hon. Membership.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS.—Mr. W. J. Finn, 30 Windmill Road, Crumlin, Dublin. Mr. A. E. Preston, Rosslyn, Irby Road, Heswall. Mr. D. L. Ryalls, 14 Cecil Road, Prenton, Birkenhead.

Tea at Halewood on 9th January will be at 5-30 p.m.

H. W. POWELL,

Hon. General Secretary.

TREASURY NOTES.

AS I am writing these notes early, I have not yet had time to receive replies from those recalcitrant members, to whom, oblivious to the showers of Red Slips, deaf to my adjuration, and callous to the oburgations of the Editor, I have written a last personal appeal.

I hope that the Spirit of Christmas, hallowed by its odour of mincepiety, may soften their Scroogian hearts and induce in them such good resolutions that they will promptly send, not only what they owe, but also next year's sub. into the bargain.

My thanks are due to the nine members from whom I have received this year's Sub., and to the seven who have paid in advance.

1936—

K. Barton.

G. B. Burgess.

T. E. Mandall.

R. Barton.

W. J. Finn.

E. Webb.

A. Bennett.

D. C. Kinghorn.

J. E. Walker.

1937—

K. W. Barker.

E. Haynes.

G. B. Orrell.

W. G. Connor.

E. Haynes, Junr.

A. Williams.

K. B. Crewe.

R. I. KNIPE, *Hon. Treasurer.*

RACING NOTES.

ALTHOUGH in these days of festivity, racing may be farthest from our minds, there are two matters of considerable importance needful of ventilation and discussion.

The first concerns the "24." Since 1913 our "twice round the clock" event has been an open. In recent years the entry has been of various extents, but always low. 1936 gave us a field of 20. In all these years the expense to the Club has been colossal. Feeding fees just account for the catering expenses. Out of Club funds we pay for prizes and medals, printing, postage, etc. These expenses this year came to somewhere around £18. Now to make the event clear its expenses it would be necessary to charge 35/- entry and feeding fee. This would about balance with an entry around the 20 mark, but the terrific increase, it is estimated, would bring the number well below 10. With an entry so low the event would not be worth the organization required. Expenses could be reduced by stiffening standards, but the great part of the entry recently has been attracted by the "easy" standards. Just one more point; however much we would like to think so, our "24" is not a classic. The 400 miles mark would have been beaten far more often if it were. At the A.G.M. I intend proposing the suspension of the event until circumstances warrant its revival. Please think it over yourself.

Now for the second matter. At the "100" of recent years you will have noticed the increasing crowds that gather to watch—and hinder, no doubt unwittingly—our event. Last year's alteration split the crowd between the finish and High Ercall, on which corner I had the very doubtful pleasure of marshalling. Bob Knipe will tell you that the Newport road turn was both difficult and exceedingly dangerous for the marshall and riders. An alteration of the course has been suggested, but the difficulty lies in the traffic on Bank Holiday and the great numbers of cyclists and others who congregate. One of our prominent members has suggested that we change the date of the event to a Sunday that may be convenient. Revolutionary, yes; but not so unthinkable as at first one may think. In my opinion it is a change that must come in the very near future, if traffic increases in such large proportions as it has done in past years. If the suggestion were carried through it would certainly mean fewer crowds and much less traffic.

The effect on the field would be slight, for I know of good riders who cannot race because they cannot have Whit Monday "off." There are others, of course, who would meet insuperable difficulties. The social occasion will suffer, but the "100" must come first and foremost every time.

In commending this, too, for your earnest consideration, I extend the age-old wish—The Very Best!

FRANK MARRIOTT,
Captain and Racing Secretary.

DINNERS.

THE FELLOWSHIP OF OLD TIME CYCLISTS,

TWENTY-SEVENTH DINNER, 2nd DECEMBER.

FOR the first time for many years the Club was unrepresented, except for the "exiles"—Jimmy James and Beardwood. 135 sat down under the presidency of Jimmy Blair, Catford C.C. and N.C.U. stalwart. Proceedings were more subdued and get so each year, which is to be expected as Anno Domini creeps along.

E. H. Godbold proposed the toast of "The Fellowship." Monty Holbein the toast of the "President" in an interesting speech recalling how they had met in Manchester, went to London sharing the same "digs," and joined the Catford C.C. at about the same time, remaining good friends ever since.

The following, known to many of us, were present: Ben Tillett, H. W. Bartleet, A. E. Walters, John Owen, Joe Harding, Arthur Ilsley, and Herbert Synyer. H. H. England was present as the representative of *Cycling*.

In the absence of our late President, W. P. Cook, these gatherings can never be quite the same; on this particular occasion his loss seemed brought home to us very strikingly.

The orchestra gave selections of songs and choruses of the golden days of cycling, and the meeting ended at a fairly early hour as some of the fellows are beginning to get a bit old, for instance, J. W. Raybould is just on ninety.

NORTH ROAD C.C. and BATH ROAD CLUB.

AT this time of the year our London Correspondent is kept very busy sharpening his talons for the Annual Dinners which are a feature of London Club life. Unlike the Anfield, even the most obscure Club has its Annual Dinner, usually the

best attended and most popular event of the year. It is surprising how many ghosts of the past these functions attract, and perhaps this justifies them. For instance at the Bath Road, held on the 16th December, one noticed Ralph Etherington (winner of an Anfield 100), Buck Webb, Cary, and Trevor.

The North Road was held at the "Horseshoe," Tottenham Court Road, presided over by Moxham, who was well supported by many old members known to Anfielders. The Club seem to have had a very successful year; amongst the Anfielders present we were pleased to see Jimmy James, looking very fit.

The Bath Road was held at the "Monico," Shaftesbury Avenue, and was the second Jubilee Dinner, the first one having been held last year. Our old friend, J. Burden Barnes (Barney), presided over about seventy members and friends, amongst the latter we noticed "Jimmy" Inwood (North Road), E. Pannell (M.C. & A.C.), W. F. Holdsworth (President Kentish Wheelers), Stancer, Draisey, Leonard Ellis, etc.

The Bath Road Club have always a penchant for the flamboyant, this revealed itself in Coley Webb's invitation to Sir Malcolm Campbell, who somehow was looked upon as the guest of the evening. To a 300 m.p.h. man the activities of even a Southall must seem insignificant, and our titled visitor looked very bored by the whole proceedings, especially the distribution of the prizes, so much so that after replying to the toast of his health, he made his get-away, somewhat to the chagrin of his host, and the motor-minded members of the Club.

AT RANDOM.

AN explanation is now forthcoming relative to Robinson's fall from grace in the matter of shorts, as referred to in our last issue. Responding to an urgent appeal issued to him jointly by the Country Beautifying Association and the Council for the Removal of Blots-on-the-Landscape and Eye-sores, Robbie has decided to mitigate the horrors of the situation by wearing plus fours (or threes) for the rest of his natural life.



Seeing a notice on a grocer's shop window the other day reading: "EGGS REDUCED," Tommy Royden—with his usual enterprise and curiosity—crossed the threshold and ejaculated: "What are the eggs reduced to—pulp, or chaos, or what?" The grocer's reply is not fit to be printed in a respectable journal like ours.

All this business about Mrs. Simpson has caused a lot of mental distress to our Arthur, but we are glad to say that he has now succeeded in establishing a perfect alibi. The League of Notions, to whom the matter was referred, are satisfied that, despite appearances to the contrary, A.T.S. has behaved with complete discretion on every occasion, and he has now been discharged from the Court without a stain on his character.



Freddie del Strother sends the season's greetings to all those present at Bettws or Acton Bridge in particular and to the Club generally. A message which we much appreciate and heartily reciprocate.



Whilst consuming a scratch lunch at the Railway Inn, Meols, on Xmas Day, the Editor was crashed on to by Dick Ryalls who was taking the morning air (by car) preparatory to setting about the turkey.

After the usual formalities as to the state of health, Dick explained that he was on very short leave, having only arrived the previous night and having stopped off at Chester where he fell in with a couple of roughs named Randall and Byron, and, after painting the town red, just managed to evade the clutches of Lockett and Lloyd and scramble home. As Dick was returning to Northampton on the Sunday he regretted his inability to attend the run at Acton Bridge and tendered his apologies in consequence and at the same time desired to be remembered to all and sundry, and send season's greetings. Dick looked exceedingly well and the Air Force evidently agrees with him. He has still got his broad smile and jovial countenance. On being questioned as to "our preparedness" he was uncommunicative and turn the conversation into lighter and more interesting channels.



In the report of the Northern Tricycle Association's gathering at Acton Bridge which appeared in the last issue a very important event was omitted, namely that Snowden has offered a cup to the Northern Section for competition in their "50." This will be a perpetual trophy, but a replica will go to the winner every year for his own possession.

The Club Poet has again come out into the open with the following :

THE HORSE-SHOE PASS AT MOONRISE.

To westwards fades the last dim light of day,
 A breaking 'twixt the purple clouds of night
 And the purpler mountains of the Berwyn Range.
 Above us at the summit of the Pass,
 Silhouetted 'gainst the southern sky,
 A sign-post and a cropping *cep* or two,
 The latter in their blind *pri* *al* minds
 Oblivious to the wonder of t' *ght*.
 Eastwards, though day is n *ng* gone,
 An irridescent glow illumes the sky,
 Tinting the fleecy clouds with palest gold ;
 A herald from the moon. Five minutes ;
 And we drop five times a hundred feet ;
 The Pass behinds us lies, ahead our inn,
 And flooding the valley with a light
 Like day, yet not like day,
 The moon rides high o'er Castell Dinas Bran.
 In Valle Crucis Abbey's ruin'd aisle
 One can but hear the monks at evensong,
 And through the silence hear the vesper prayer.

TWO COUNTRIES TOUR.

By FRANK MARRIOTT (*Continued*).

WE spent a pleasant hour in the White Swan Inn, near Karlsruhe, where we had stopped for lunch. The proprietor replied to our halting phrase in voluble sentences, but we heard three words : *brod, vurst, bier* (bread, sausage, beer), so we just looked as if we did not understand. Then he motioned us to sit down and along came what was obviously his lunch : soup, cutlets and vegetables, coffee and cake. For such a glorious repast he charged 1/- each. Delighted, we stepped outside into the only spot of trouble of the tour. A man in a blue uniform jacket sat on the steps awaiting our coming. His jacket, as I have said, was blue, a delightful blue, and there were badges on his sleeves and breast. But his trousers were not so good, and his boots were little better than an English navy's. With a smile and a beckoning finger he wished us to go in the opposite direction. "*Nein*," and we moved off the other way. We stopped and for a minute or so haggled and then decided to follow him. A dozen or so youngsters followed us at respectful distance ; a police-

man, obviously. At the local *Rathaus* we definitely refused to go inside, and he fetched his superior to us. "Passports," said he, and after a cursory examination we were free.

On the main road again, and still in the flat valley of the Rhine, we looked over to Alsace for the boundary was less than a mile away. Ahead, and in increasing splendour, loomed the rapturous slopes of the Black Forest and in an hour we had passed through Rastatt and were on the setted road that climbs slowly into Baden-Baden. It was our plan to climb into the hills and pass the night in some tiny village, but a heavy storm caused a delay in Baden-Baden and it was long afterwards when we made our exit from the resort. In Lichtental, a village two miles away, we lingered on the hillside and watched the sunset over Alsace revealed behind the wild colours that flashed across the sky as vestiges of the storm. It was dark when we knocked at the delightful little inn that George had spotted. Again, a sumptuous room, a genial old German host who could speak English, and a hot supper. Supper, room, breakfast, and incidentals came to 5/6 each.

The Black Forest at last, and it had taken us a week to get there; next time, we avowed then, it would be train journey all of the way. On the Black Forest high road (*Schwarzwaldhochstrasse*—if you like) we soared, twisting and climbing past green fields and colourful villages to the black heights above. A rain shower poured, and we sought shelter in a log cabin so thoughtfully provided for the purpose. Three thousand feet, and still we climbed. Occasionally, there were beautiful glimpses of the flatter lands beyond the Rhine. Mists descended—or we rose into them—and those views were no more. A high lake, strangely placid and burdened with the heavy curtain of fog, lay beneath our road. In less than a mile we were at Hornesgrinde, one of the high spots of the forest—4,000 feet, and there was a lovely warm resthouse to provide a steaming lunch.

At the lake again a faint gleam of pale sunshine had pierced the fog, and we were to plunge for lower levels. From high above a valley the sun cast streaks of light on the spires of old Strasbourg, and the Rhine was as a silver sheen through the vagaries of the mist. Another great descent, and we passed from the thickness of the forest to green fields again to see typical Black Forest houses cluster around the little gabled inns and children playing at the riverside or clambering over the quaint wooden bridges. At tea time we came to the southern-most point of our tour—Freudenstadt, a delightful old town of coloured houses with quaint and leaning gables

facing on to the lovely garden square. On our way to the Youth Hostel we were able to see the Alps.

Nine a.m., and we were northward bound. For two miles we retraced and then turned along the alternative road for Baden again. A left turn, and we climbed from the valley by a steep and twisting road. Coffee, while we sheltered from the cold and driving rain, was good, and a long descent for many miles brought us to Wildsbach, a resort wedged between steep hills. We climbed again through the masses of the trees to a mountain cross road where we came upon a typical bullock cart lumbering slowly homewards and an old man was trimming the bark from logs by the side of a smoking fire. A great and wild descent, and we slid into Herrenalb, a village in a valley. On the next ascent the gathering storm broke and although the thick woods sheltered for long the rain was too heavy, and the road and hillsides were of running, muddy water.

The squall passed, and from the road summit, across the other hills, we saw the hues of evening, strange and gay, chase the darkness of the storm across the sky. Wet roads reflected the lights from lovely cottages and we climbed from a river over another ridge to halt once more by the inn near Baden-Baden. Tuesday morning, and we retraced to Herrenalb and left the Black Forest by the road to Ettlingen.

Heidelberg! The name on the signposts, a name to be conjured with—and our destination for the night. We rode on what I call the International Road, for in our journey that afternoon we counted motor cars of ten different nationalities, and after Germany, Great Britain showed the largest number. We passed an old palace, and some villages were *en fete*, with a multitude of swastika flags hanging across the narrow streets. The Youth Hostel at the old city of the Neckar was perhaps the best of our tour, it is a converted castle, with buildings around the courtyard.

Our time in the fine old city was limited, but we were able to spend an evening and a greater part of the morning there. Wide streets, splendid shops, the bridges and the Schloss on the hillside. The Town Bridge dates from the 14th century. The Students' Tavern—The Red Ox—is also worthy of a visit, but we did not have the time. Through Darmstadt and Mainz, where we saw the Rhine again, we passed by Wiesbaden and came to Rudesheim which is at the southern extremity of the Rhine Gorge. And there, at the Hostel high on the hillside, we stayed the night. From the terrace two miles of winding Rhine were to be seen.

(To be concluded.)

WITH TENT AND BICYCLE IN NORMANDY.

By ARTHUR WILLIAMS.

ON July 11th, a small party of us boarded the boat at Newhaven for a Cycle-Camping Tour in Normandy.

The voyage had no bad effects on the party or the bicycles. After going through the necessary Customs formalities, we were in the saddle by 8 a.m. ready for our 60 mile ride to Gisors. Our first impressions of France were rather sore as we had to ride a mile or so over cobble stones (*pavé*). On our exit from Dieppe, as soon as the town was cleared, we experienced jolly old macadam surface roads. One soon gets used to riding on the right of the road, though it is apt to be confusing at cross-roads when traffic comes from the direction one least expects it.

The country between Dieppe and Gisors, via Forge-les-Eux, was mainly agricultural, gently undulating in long hills and valleys with occasional clumps of trees. Throughout its length the road was relieved by an avenue of trees, an idea which would improve our arterial roads. Reaching Forges-les-Eux about mid-day we decided to sample a French dinner. There were six courses to this meal, including one of snails, which most of us tentatively ordered; even our vegetarian companion could not resist this dish. His motto being "Try everything once." After a slow recovery from this meal, having sampled the wine well, we continued our ride to Gisors, arriving in the rain just in time to see most of the shops shut, but, thanks to the kindness of our host's keeper, who told a shop of our expected arrival, we did not starve.

Our first camp was in the spacious grounds of the Comte de Bueil's chateau. A visit was made to the ancient castle in Gisors, begun in 1097 by William Rufus and extended by later monarchs, which as the outpost of Normandy towards Ile-de-France, was, for a hundred years, an object of strife between the English and the French.

It was the eve of July the 14th, the National Fête Day of France, and flags and ribbon adorned all the public buildings and most of the houses of this village, numbering about 5,000 inhabitants. In the evening, there was a procession of men, women and children, carrying banners and highly-coloured lanterns, singing and marching to the gay tunes of the local band, the procession finishing in the main square, where

everybody was dancing to the music from several loud-speakers. It is forbidden to speak to your partner while dancing, which explained the reason why some of my partners were so unresponsive, leading me to think that my French was at fault.

The second camp was at Cergy, near Pontoise, a town about 20 miles north of Paris, where we were welcomed by some French campers, members of the Camping Club de France. Unfortunately, we pitched our tents on loose soil and when wind and rain started, the pegs pulled out and several woke up with a feeling of clamminess in our sleeping-bags. The following morning was spent in repitching on firmer ground and drying sleeping-bags in brilliant sunshine. Rainy weather, unfortunately, spoiled our plans for a visit to Paris on the night of July 14th, but the three following days were spent seeing the sights there. The boulevards and the national buildings are magnificent.

Bidding farewell to Pontoise and Paris, we headed for our third camp at Vernon, visiting Versailles en route; we rather regretted leaving here with only a passing glance at the beautiful palace. The prettiest country of the whole tour was in the valley of the Seine, between Nantes and Vernon, passing through La Roche Guyon, every turn bringing a new vista of the river, with strings of barges constantly plying up and down.

We had the opportunity, while in Vernon, of witnessing a cycle race on a Sunday afternoon. The brilliantly coloured jerseys of the riders were in extreme contrast to the black tights and jacket worn in England. Arriving too late for the start, through wrong information as to time we waited for the finish, which was really exciting; but how on earth they judged the first, second and third I don't know, because there wasn't a one-hundredth of a second between them.

By now we realised only too well how little a franc could buy and visits to cafés had to be reduced to a minimum, meals being of the plainest fare, but not without wine or beer, which are cheap.

The journey from Vernon was very pleasant, although the rain did its best to damp our spirits. Climbing out of the Valley of the Seine we swished down again on nearing Rouen, on a road banked like a race-course, only to find that we had to climb up the valley again to the little village of Conteleu, and Rouen lay spread at our feet. The Rouen Cathedral and the churches are too wonderful to describe, though unfortunately their surroundings do not seem to harmonise as well as one would like. After several days here, the party

left for Dieppe and home, with thoughts of a pleasant, interesting and enlightening tour. The kindness shown to us by all those with whom we came in contact is unforgettable, and those who helped us at the camp sites have our very grateful thanks.

RUNS.

Halewood, December 5th, 1936.

The Club run to Halewood at this season of the year is generally referred to as the "Christmas Feed," and this year's effort came up to what one now expects at the Derby Arms. Twenty-seven members turned out, some of whom, despite the wind and hail, came "round the corner," some through town and the remaining few by train, car or bus.

After the customary drinking of healths, the party adjourned to the dining room, where a glorious array of viands met the eye. Great inroads were made into the Christmas fare and very soon skeletons of turkey and goose testified to the Anfielders' famous capacity for absorbing food.

Slackening belts and gasping for breath, the members then took a much needed respite before tackling the return journey. And so another milestone is passed, and the Halewood Christmas Feed is as far off as ever. Here's to the next time.

Members present were Kettle, Powell, Venables, Roskell, Royden, Lucas, Cody, Threlfall, Conway, Chandler, Marriott, Scarff, Byron, Connor, Williams, Jones, Carpenter, Rock, S. Barton, K. Barton, Birkby, Stephenson, Hughes, Knipe, Elias and Burgess.

We were very glad to see "Sammy" Barton with us again and hope this will soon be repeated.

Farndon, 12th December, 1936.

On the way to the run a few members called on Jack Salt; we found him quite cheery and progressing favourably. He even has his plans laid for next season. (That's the stuff to give 'em, Jack!). The tandem tricycle (complete with an entirely new crew at least half of which held record-breaking honours) led the way to Chester. After that the pack, trying to show off, got completely dropped and arrived at the "Raven" several minutes in arrears. In fact, the Skipper was so bad that it took a whole glass of beer to revive him; taken internally of course.

Alas! Powell has been let down on the numbers again, but not by the Tea Tasters who formed three-quarters of the company. In Tommy Royden's words, "Where were all the old cocks?" If we were lacking in numbers we certainly did not lack humour; Tommy's topical talk keeping the company in continuous laughter, culminating in subtle compliments to our waitress. About 7-30 we broke up and commenced the trek home.

Lymm, 13th December, 1936.

Club runs are events to which I look forward, particularly so when near the Xmas holidays, and it was with keen anticipation of an enjoyable gathering with the Manchester men that I entered the welcome portals of the "Spread Eagle." The details of my journey I will leave out, suffice it to say that one cannot see much through the window of a speeding bus.

Apparently I was the last arrival (which is, of course, not unusual), and cheery greetings were exchanged between the assembled half-dozen. Our V.P. was resplendent in flannels, etc., having motored out; this mode of transport being used to permit him to keep some engagement or other in the early evening. Lockett was there *incognito* and Ted Cody had pushed himself all the way from Liverpool, making another welcome appearance on the alternative run. Wilf Orrell, complete with several jackets, was entertaining Bob Poole, whilst Ted Haynes and Thomas carried on their usual flow of conversation.

Shortly after the appointed time we sat down to a respectable meal, and the hum of conversation was quite audible above the noise. The topic mostly was in the recent national events (but I suppose everyone has heard them). Bert Green left immediately after the meal, followed by Thomas, who I understand wished to clean his tandem or repair some article of furniture, I am not sure which.

The remainder stayed a short time afterwards, making arrangements for the holidays, finally leaving about 7-30 p.m. After buying several buses and trains, I arrived at my abode for the night, thoroughly satisfied with the outing.

Hooton, 19th December, 1936.

Evidently the sunshine brought out the hibernating moths from their winter quarters; Powell's calculations as to probable numbers went a-gley and instead of twenty, no less than twenty-six members surged into the dining-room. It was

more than pleasant—especially so near to the eve of Christmas—to see such rare birds as Sir Charles Conway and Jimmy Williams (among others); but why, O why did they not notify our harassed secretary?

Harold Band struck a Christmas note by coming out to assure his comrades in crime that he was very much alive and looking forward to the summer, when he hopes to resume his regular pilgrimages. The same may be said of del Banco, who, in spite of impending responsibilities of a momentous nature, yet found time to trot out Rigby Band on the jolly old croc—odile. Randall *said* he had walked out from Chester, but, . . . well, we are inclined to think this statement a terminological inexactitude. Hubert Roskell's slight form was just discernable in the throng, and his beaming countenance, lit up with that engaging smile, radiated cheerfulness on all and sundry. Only once did that dynamic dial darken—when a rival pigmy dared to obtrude himself upon Hubert's notice!

Of course the President was there, to give the essential touch of grace and elegance to the main table, which included Cody, Royden, Rowatt, Chandler, Powell, Venables, Knipe (shorn, alas! of his retainer!), Byron, Seed, Elias (accompanied by an Eliette), Marriott and Connor. At other tables there were on view Arthur Williams, Threlfall, Snowden, Morris and Stephenson.

Assuredly, we of the Anfield B.C., are remarkable people. After being kippered in a tiny chamber, we yet contrived to do adequate justice to a good dinner and it says something for the exercise in which we indulge, when we are able still to have an appetite after such a preparation!

Holmes Chapel, 19th December, 1936.

The day was fine though a little dull, and I, bowling along merrily twiddling my "63," was enjoying my little self. It was surely an afternoon for riding and before I stabled my faithful steed I had twiddled close on forty-five miles into my lower extremities.

We were again to sample the goodly fare of mine host of "The Swan" and no doubt there would be a fine muster of stalwart Manchester men at the festive board. At five-ten, three had arrived and shortly afterwards a shock of snow-white hair, gracing a youthful countenance, appeared around the door; could this be Father Christmas come to wish us the season's greetings or had he mistaken this fine old hostelry for some local Chain Stores? No! this could not be so, for the head was shortly followed by its respective members, none

other than our star Manchester journalist, the prophet of Moss Side, Bob Poole. He came across the room towards Peter Rock who had put in an unexpected but very welcome appearance. For fully two or three minutes Bob pumped Peter's hand as though his very life depended on it, then he sat down in a very exhausted condition.

By the time Bob had recovered, Bren Orrell came in, radiating cherubic smiles over the entire company. In his wake came Wilf who had followed hot-foot from Twemlow. No sooner had Bert Green appeared than Ned Haynes, Jr., complimenting himself on having ordered for seven and seeing that the clock had struck the half-hour immediately preceding six, stood up and spake those words so well famed in Manchester circles: "We are seven. Let the battle commence!"

Here followed a very fine and remarkable display of gastronomics, and poor Peter, being seated next to the cherubic one from Twemlow, was hard put to, endeavouring to keep his end up and maintain the reputation of the Liverpool Gentlemen (shades of Salt and Marriott). Having done ample justice to the excellent fare, we sat back and conversed over coffee; Peter recounting plaintively but not without a touch of pride how he had burnt out a bulb while hastening through Winsford and Middlewich. Bert Green entertained by recounting his efforts at dissecting a fallen tree in his garden, blown down by recent gales. This was very interesting and, judging by his graphic account, must have closely resembled an all-in wrestling match.

The time flew by with remarkable rapidity and it was turned seven o'clock when Harry Thomas stood up with the love-light in his eyes. With electric lamps shining beadily and gas lamps casting their fitful rays into the dark and gusty night we bade goodnight to Bren and Wilf who sailed away with the wind at their backs. At the cross-roads we halted to the letter of the law and here we said our good-nights again, leaving Peter to plough a lonely furrow into the steadily increasing wind.

Bettws-y-Coed.

Christmas Day, 25th December, 1936.

Hubert Roskell and Friend "Oekie" were the first arrivals in the afternoon, followed by Rigby Band, the sole cyclist, about 5 p.m. As dinner was not till 7-30 p.m. we went along to pay our respects to our old friends at the "Pont-

y-Pair" and the "Gwydyr," where "Ockie" introduced Hubert and Rigby as his nephews Albert and George respectively, "Albert, of course, being two years older." At 7-30 the party assembled at the "Glan Aber" for dinner, completed by George Lake and Friend Cannon who have by now earned the title of "locals." The dinner was well up to "Glan Aber" standard and Hubert, with all his vast experience, declared it the best ever.

After a chat with George Lake we went for a post-prandial stroll in the course of which we lost "Ockie." When at 11-30 he had not turned up Hubert assumed he had gone to bed in the wrong hotel and dismissed the matter completely. And so to bed at a respectable hour, in keeping with the best Bettws-y-Coed traditions.

Boxing Day, 26th December, 1936.

At breakfast we received an explanation of "Ockie's" absence the previous night. It seemed he found a troupe of wandering minstrels or carol-singers in the village and joined up with the rank of basso profundo. Thus he toured the Conway Valley till the mid-night hour, returning to find the house asleep.

By 10 a.m. the party was on the road: Hubert and "Ockie" for Bangor and thence to the "Grand Hotel," Penmaenmawe, for lunch and Rigby for Llanfairfechan for lunch with his parents who were staying there. When we re-assembled at night we were joined by Dave Rowatt and F. H. Koenen, and after dinner Harold and Mrs. Kettle arrived and stayed for an hour or so. When everyone had retired, Hubert entertained Rigby with lurid tales of his Mecican experiences which make rough-stuffing over the Bwlch Maen Gwynedd look tame in comparison.

Sunday, 27th December, 1936.

Hubert and Ockie were first on the road, bound for Shrewsbury for lunch. F.H.'s destination was unknown, while Rigby Band was meeting Preston for lunch in Corwen. Dave Rowatt, gentleman of leisure, was staying till Monday. The Club thanks H. M. Buck and W. N. Lloyd for their kind greetings. All spent a very enjoyable, if quiet, week-end in the best Anfield spirit.

Acton Bridge, 26th December, 1936.

This used to be the one run in the year at which everybody turned out, but in latter days the older members seem to have discovered that too much energy is required to get to the venue if cars are not available, whilst the desire of touring, whether at the Club fixture at Bettws or at unofficial fixtures has rather drawn interest away from the Bank Holiday outing. In addition to this, no doubt, some members were at home suffering from distended stomachs and, consequently, only 14 good men and true were at the "Leigh Arms."

Six Manchester men in Green, the two Orrell's, Thomas, Haynes and Poole. Four Liverpool men in Knipe, and the faithful Lucas, Stephenson and Cody, and four Wirral men in the Captain, the Editor, Royden and Rock.

A very fine meal was put up by Barney, consisting of roast goose, beautifully cooked, with all the etceteras, such as stuffing and apple sauce, a plentiful supply of potatoes, carrots, and sprouts. This was followed by plum pudding and rum sauce, mince pies and cheese and biscuits, at a very modest charge of half-a-dollar, worth 3/6.

As far as could be observed, the Editor was the only person who called for a second helping, the effects of which, we understand, made themselves very manifest the whole way to Runcorn Bridge and most of the way home. It was generally agreed that neither Wilf nor G. B. Orrell were the men they used to be, as their appetites appeared to be very small. Even Frank Marriott, a hero of many sacrifices to Gargantua in the past, had to throw in the towel and cry "Enough." Still, the meet was a great success under the able guidance of Vice-President Green and will go down in Club history as one of the most enjoyable Bank Holiday runs ever.



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ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

FORMED MARCH, 1879.

MONTHLY CIRCULAR

Vol. XXXII.

No. 372.

FIXTURES FOR FEBRUARY, 1937.

Tea at 6-0 p.m.

				Light up at
Feb.	6	Halewood (Derby Arms)	...	5-33 p.m.
"	8	Committee Meeting, 7-30 p.m. (Victoria Hotel, St. John's Lane, Liverpool).	...	
"	13	Acton Bridge (Leigh Arms)	...	5-47 p.m.
"	20	Farndon (Raven)	...	6-0 p.m.
"	27	Mold (Dolphin)	...	6-14 p.m.
Mar.	6	Halewood (Derby Arms)	...	6-27 p.m.

ALTERNATIVE FIXTURES.

Tea at 5-30 p.m.

Feb.	6	Goostrey (Red Lion)	...	5-33 p.m.
"	20	Holmes Chapel (Swan)	...	6-0 p.m.
"	27	Lymm (Spread Eagle)	...	6-14 p.m.
Mar.	6	Goostrey (Red Lion)	...	6-27 p.m.

Full Moon ... 25th 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.

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COMMITTEE NOTES.

4 THE LAUND,

WALLASEY, CHESHIRE.

NEW MEMBER.—Mr. I. A. Thomas, 56 Frankwell, Shrewsbury, has been elected to Full Membership.

APPPLICATION FOR MEMBERSHIP.—Mr. S. T. Carver, 11 Grove Road, Rock Ferry. Proposed by Mr. F. Marriott; seconded by Mr. W. G. Connor.

The Resignations of the following have been accepted with regret: Messrs. C. H. Crompton, A. Dickman, and W. E. Taylor.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS.—Mr. F. D. McCann, Brendon, Burrell Road, Prenton. Mr. J. Fowler, 106 Alexander Road, Edgbaston, Birmingham. Mr. S. del Banco, 30 Easton Road, New Ferry. Mr. D. Smith, Wrekin, 190 London Road, Northampton. Mr. A. Newsholme, 2 Sandown Road, The Avenue, Sale, Manchester. Mr. A. Newall, Glankenwyde, The Paddock, Heswall Hills, Wirral. Mr. F. C. del Strother, 54 Elm Tree Avenue, Broad Lane, Coventry.

The following have been transferred to Honorary Membership: Messrs. A. Newall and E. Webb.

Mr. F. Chandler has been again 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.—Messrs. E. Haynes, Junr., W. Orrell and H. Thomas.

The following have been appointed a Handicapping Committee: Messrs. E. Byron, E. Haynes, Junr., W. H. Kettle, R. L. Knipe and F. Marriott.

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

H. W. POWELL.

Hon. General Secretary.

TREASURY NOTES.

WE have made a good start this year, and I don't know of any organization where such a large proportion of the members pay their subs. so early in the year. Keep it up, and make February a boom month.

I wish to thank the eleven members who paid in advance, the thirteen who paid after we went to Press last year, and the thirty-nine from whom I have received subscriptions and/or donations(*) for the current year.

1936

F. L. Edwards.	F. A. Jones.	*T. W. Slawson.
J. Egar,	J. E. Rawlinson.	F. B. D. Walker.
A. Howarth.	E. J. Reade.	W. C. Tierney.
J. Henderson.	J. G. Shaw.	F. H. Wood.
		C. H. Woodroffe.

1937

C. Aldridge.	F. R. Green.	L. Oppenheimer.
B. H. Band.	*E. Haynes, Junr.	F. Perkins.
E. Byron.	W. Henderson.	H. W. Powell.
F. Chandler.	J. Henderson.	*W. P. Rock.
*E. J. Cody.	*N. M. Higham.	*T. Royden.
C. J. Conway.	F. H. Koenen.	*J. J. Salt.
F. L. Edwards.	*R. L. Knipe.	W. H. Scarff.
J. Egar.	G. H. Lake.	D. Smith.
C. F. Elias.	A. Lucas.	J. Sunter.
H. L. Elston.	*A. Lusty.	U. Taylor.
R. A. Fulton.	G. Molyneux.	I. A. Thomas.
*H. Green.	E. Montag.	W. T. Threlfall.
E. D. Green.	F. Marriott.	*W. T. Venables.

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

EDITORIAL.

MEMBERS will read from other pages that we have been let in for the responsibility of carrying on with this Journal for the space of another twelve months (even in the face of an overwhelming number of applications for the job ! !)

The membership at the A.G.M. have expressed satisfaction with the way in which it has been conducted during the past year. As we replied at the meeting, the thanks are really due to the numerous writers who have so willingly sent contributions.

Without mentioning names, as this is hardly necessary now, we wish to thank all contributors and to ask them to continue to subscribe to the *Circular* with the same readiness as heretofore. If we may at this juncture make specific requests, we should like to have contributions intended for the next publication by the middle of the month, as a good deal of time is taken up in getting the script through ready for printing.

We would also like to have the records of the Club runs and races during the ensuing week and would remind contributors that the nearer the time gets to the last Saturday in the month, the sooner we require the record of the previous week's event in order that the *Circular* may be delivered by hand on Tuesday afternoon or by Wednesday morning's post.

SPEEDWELL DINNER.

(Our Somnolent Correspondent in that Sleepy Hollow, Birmingham, has only just wakened up to the fact that we look to him for a report of the above event.—ED.)

THE 61st Annual Dinner of the Speedwell Bicycle Club was held in Birmingham early in December, under the genial chairmanship of the President—Jolly Old Cap.—who was supported by a goodly company of members and friends. When the Chairman announced that he would take wine with members of the Anfield B.C., Albert Lusty and Robinson (himself) rose to the occasion and commenced to drink themselves to death. The toast of "The Club" was entrusted to the capable hands of Lusty, who got over the sticks very well, acquitting himself admirably. Robbie was quite at home in responding for the "Ladies and Visitors," it being understood that he comes in the latter category. Altogether, our friends of the "Speedwell" gathered to themselves fresh laurels on the social side, and our two members say that they had a rare good time.

AT RANDOM.

CHARLIE CONWAY'S Club Photo record revives happy memories of an Anfield Tour in the "Naughty Nineties." I think it was in '97, and I can see him now. Teddy Worth, the Secretary, had been inspired by a famous literary effort of an Anfielder entitled "In Darkest Africa," and had organized an Anfield Tour, described as "Thro' Darkest Shropshire or INTO THE UNKNOWN."

Though not the "ur" beginning of Charlie's triumphs, it was his greatest effort, and proved once and for all that "he stood at nothing."

The tour aimed at covering the hilliest of Shropshire's highways, and touched the towns of Montgomery, Bishop's Castle, Clun, Knighton, and on to Ludlow for well-earned slumbers. The brakes were unable to check us on the drops,

and the two tandem teams were in dire straits. Charlie's cycle had been fitted up with clever contraptions to find room for his personal outfit and stockings and spares, with fixtures to perambulate the "packed" camera, plates by the dozen, and the mighty tripod, not to mention the disguises needed when he focusses us, with his : " All smiles this time."

And then the miracle happened : Charlie suddenly sprang into form. After partaking of tea and buns one afternoon in the hill town of Knighton, named in Welsh : " The City on the Dyke," Charlie leapt into the saddle and joined the leaders. What proportion of alcohol was impregnated in the currants and tea leaves was never disclosed, but had it not been for the tandem teams, Charlie would have outpaced them all. The camera seemed to force him forward, as far as Leintwardine. Then resting on his laurels, crossing the intervening high ground to Ludlow, he joined the hikers.

Some scoffers later pretended that by studying the flow of the river the mystery of that gallant ride was laid bare. No matter.

This then dates Charlie as our photographic historian. I doubt if that sturdy steed was ever superseded. Methinks it was a Humber.

SCHLOSS.



Carpenter, in a letter to Venables from Andover, writes :—
 " I regret that I shall be unable to be present at Halewood on January 9th, 1937. I toured down here from Freshfield via Macclesfield, Buxton, Chesterham, Burton-on-Trent, Birmingham, Clifton-on-Teme, Cheltenham, Swindon and Marlborough, in all sorts of weather. Fog, frost and icy roads, followed by gales and storms of rain. The longest run was from Clifton-on-Teme to Andover—98 miles.

" When riding to Clifton-on-Teme on the night of the 15th, I found Ham Bridge over the Teme flooded to a depth of about two-and-a-half feet. I was warned by three tall men who had just crossed in waders. On learning my destination, one volunteered to carry me on his back through the water, which was flowing very fast, whilst one of his companions shouldered my machine (which was well loaded with touring outfit). I gladly accepted their kind proposal, which saved me either a considerable wetting or a long detour, and was conveyed through safely. And then at the end of it they would not accept even the price of a pint or two ! Possibly they were constabulary in disguise !

" With best wishes for the New Year."

Touring Notes exclusively for Manchester members for Easter use.

TO CHESTER AND THE FERRY BY PRESTON ON THE HILL.

Since Manchester became a Cheshire city, the Cheshire Council—a body that does good by stealth—has taken the newcomer under its wing and tries to smooth its path. That path is the way to Wild Wales.

For years, Northwich has prattled of its coming By-Pass and merely deluded us. That By-Pass would mean bridging the Dane Valley, but the piers have been undermined by quibbles about cycle paths. What voice W.P.C. had in these arguments is uncertain, but Northwich remains incorrigible. Our salvation lies elsewhere.

Already the Hapsford By-Pass has shown us the direction to the Promised Land; Frodsham is the direction, but it hides behind the hills. Manchester explorers have for generations aimed at Frodsham by climbing Agden Brow, risking the waters of Lymm Dam, grappling with Grappenhall and squeezing through the slums of Stockton Heath, to reach Walton "Inferior." Long have they pleaded for a "Superior" mid-way course between these two torments.

They could not penetrate the Brine Pits of Winnington, nor the Plaisances of Arley, nor the seclusion of Marbury.

But what about the Uplands of Appleton and the Highlands of Hatton. Ask the C.C.C. The Council has been quietly at work of late to provide noble highways to replace the cobbled tracks, but not a word to the public and not a signpost out of time.

Whatever be the outcome of all the schemes planned for Broomeage and Lymm, that may be intended to link up with this Frodsham road, we must content ourselves by turning at Bucklow for High Legh. This is familiar ground, and we follow the home stretch of the old Anfield "50" course over Sourton Heath right up to the historic corner, where a short mile from the timekeeper we started that last lap down hill that landed Hubert Roskell a winner in 2.46 in the late nineties and where Chem left his effort too late when looking a winner all over, through failing to follow his feet. Ah, those days!

To-day this very corner—as yet unheralded by any signpost—starts the new Chester and Queen's Ferry road. The direction post is being painted yellow by the A.A., with the usual Loop-Way boast.

The new road, wide and well banked, seems to be the work of a sporting character, as with sweeps and swerves it is in full sense "a rolling road, a bowling road, that rambles o'er the shire."

Supported by the Inns of Appleton and Stretton, it knows few impediments as it leads on to Hatton Heath. Here a solitary post pulls us up to draw us away from the lures of Daresbury. Pointing south to a wood, the guiding message runs: To Preston o' the Hill. That wood hides the sight we strain our eyes to see. We have reached the Hatton Circus, a circular track around the wood, beyond which lies our speed-way.

We have the choice of taking the loop either left hand in or right hand in, but I prefer the latter. A couple of fast miles free from any habitations show us Preston on the sky line. Rushing up the rise we enter the old township. Bearing left for a few yards, to pull ourselves together for the right hand turn, we plunge down the steep bank to emerge—breathless all—at

Preston-in-the-Brook.

There lies Chester — Yonder stands Wales.

Probably the real riders have known it all for seasons, but have sat on it to keep the secret warm. Bikley knew it from birth, Green from merit, while I have only just found it after mild endeavour. But let the Gazoot give the sign before the haggard signpost "bruits it abroad."

THE BY-PASSER.

N.B.—To meet its increased traffic, the Robin Hood, at Helsby, stocks every conceivable liquor and supplies these in nips at a tanner a time to passby-ers.

Those Signposts.

The energy (not to mention erudition) of one of our members (referred to elsewhere in this issue) in "telling the world" all about how to pronounce the Welsh "ll" has been further displayed in connection with signposts. (It is evident that the Profession—or Conspiracy—of Insurance allows a great deal of leisure to those who earn (?) their living in that way.) Apropos a large-minded signpost "somewhere near Ludlow" which says: "To Central Wales," Robinson instances the well-known signpost on the northern exit of Lancaster, the wording on the arms being simply: "North," "South," and "Yorkshire." But what an opportunity he missed of pillorying the long-distance signposts (those of the Antibilious Association, for example) which insist on telling you the mileage to London, and also the advertising signposts that shout the mileage to Leamington Spa, or Landrindod Wells, or Colwyn Bay, or—Heaven help us!—Blackpool!

Hot Stuff.

Shades—lamp-shades and eye-shades—of George Borrow, David Lloyd George, Clough Williams-Ellis, Mr. Jones (Llan-gollen), Mr. Jones (Llanuwchllyn), Mr. Jones (Llwyngwril), and the Lord Mayor of Llanarmon Dyffryn Ceiriog! Robinson (himself) has been “telling the woild” (in *The Observer*) how to pronounce the Welsh double “l.” You do it this way, sezze. And then Wales rises in its might and sez no-you-don’t-whateffer. So Robbie ups and quotes three carefully selected authorities (*sic*)—all pure-bred English—in support of his point of view. And then the rest of Wales rises in its might and cries “Rubbish!”, “Rot!”, and “Throw ‘im out!”, and Robbie is figuratively taken by the scruff of the neck and cast into outer darkness. We particularly noted that in one of his letters our distinguished—we nearly wrote “extinguished”!—lecturer-litterateur complained that a critic had been dogmatic. Mark that: *Robbie complaining of somebody being dogmatic!* This double “l” business is hot stuff—but not quite as hot as that complaint!

TWO COUNTRIES TOUR.

By FRANK MARRIOTT (*Concluded*).

IN this last part of our tour there seems little to be said, for our cycling in Germany was all but over. Rudesheim, tiny Rhine resort, looked joyous, for its Wine Festival was ahead. Maybe it would resound with hilarity through the narrow and cobbled streets before the day was far spent. For they drink wine in Germany in the mornings. Nine a.m., we booked for Cologne and boarded a Rhine steamer—a little bit of England. There was more English spoken than German on “Rheingeld” that day.

At Bingen, just across the river, we turned into the Rhine Gorge, the chasm where Europe’s most famous river winds through the land of a thousand castles. All along and on almost every hilltop stands a grim old ruin or a renovated castle—all relics of the days when the present-day Germany was just a great number of tiny States—for ever fighting. At Coblenz, where the great Germania statue dominates the river front, we left the Gorge and its romance behind. Tea time, with a hundred miles of Rhine astern, we came to Cologne again.

A day later, and we wheeled into Holland. The banks were closed in Imperial Nijmegen, but we found an Exchange establishment where to exchange our money. Money was a problem in Holland (it is better now). You paid 10/- for 6/-, and everything was expensive then. We made up our minds that 10/- would be sufficient for us until Saturday night. Past Arnhem we had tea in that same inn where we ate eleven days before, an hostelry where the lady would think us rude if our ignorance of the Dutch language were not realised. The only words we had were : bread, butter, jam, tea. And that was all we could ask for.

In the darkness we came to Rhenen, and found the Youth Hostel by the side of a wood. Two Dutch laddies were there who had quite good English. One of these escorted us on the Saturday along the wooded road through Doorn to the fine city of Utrecht. From the slender grey tower of the Dom the melodious carillon cast its music, for Holland this day was rejoicing. Juliana had become betrothed, an engagement now realised in a Royal Wedding. At a busy corner in Utrecht city we bade our Dutch friend good-bye and continued through bedecked villages and towns to Rotterdam.

The delightful city was almost in an uproar and we had difficulty in reaching Parkhaven Quay, hungry and with less than one halfpenny in Dutch money between us. But the "Dewsbury" was a welcome bit of England, where we could talk and be understood, and where those half-crowns that had rattled—uselessly—in our pockets this last fortnight had some value. Half-an-hour later we were regaled in our cabin with some ham sandwiches and good English tea. . . . The last George Connor and I saw of Holland was a tumultuous parade of torch-lights at the Hook—a splendid tribute to the affection surrounding Holland's future Queen.

RUNS.

Heswall, 2nd January, 1937.

The first run in the New Year, missing New Year's Day by one, and just as well from our point of view, for the "Black Horse" had been holding Carnival on the previous day and so we were favoured with lanterns and coloured lights, adding to our gaiety.

In spite of the somewhat local rendezvous, a goodly company of 18 members "laid on" to a meal which appeared to satisfy all, the gathering consisted of : President Kettle,

Conway, Chandler, Connor, Elias, Fawcett, Hughes, Knipe, Marriott, Powell, Preston, Royden, Salt, Scarfe, Seed, Snowden, Stephenson, and Venables; Dave Rowatt and Hubert Roskell did not put in an appearance as expected.

We were all glad to see Jack Salt once more, after his operation and rigorous treatment in hospital; apparently little the worse, apart from loss of weight, which he is gradually regaining and assuming stalwart proportions once more, and should again reach fighting trim as the season advances.

Powell and Snowden strolled in thirty minutes' late with some tale about Mary's little Lamb at Nantwich, however they had been pushing wind out of the way on their return journey and fortunately found plenty to appease their healthy appetites, the reward of valour.

Certain of our young and rapid members appear to have joined the "slacks" brigade and "pad the hoof" instead of a "ride O," their retrograde steps do not form good examples to the elder brethren, endeavouring to keep their youth through Winter and Summer alike by the aid of the ever ready cycle.

Goostrey, 2nd January, 1937.

With the laudable intention of starting the New Year as I hoped to continue, I hurried through the domestic duties which seem to accumulate, ready to be performed on Saturday afternoon, and hastened to Cheadle Hulme, there to awaken Bick from his afternoon nap, and insist on him accompanying me to the Club run. We arrived just as feet were being placed in the trough, and, as always, were made very welcome by old friends in the persons of host and hostess, Mr. and Mrs. Knowles. The attendance was small, but of high quality, comprising Vice-President Green, Sub-Captain Haynes, record holder Peter Rock, ex-record holder Buckley, Time-keeper Austin and lesser mortals in Wilf. Orrell, Thomas and Poole. The food was enjoyable as usual, our ride having whetted our appetites, and after the usual formalities had been gone through, we adjourned for a round or two of ale. Unfortunately, the blight of racing had already descended on the company, most of whom were already in training, and consequently on the water waggon. However, Bick decided to wait another week or so before following their example, whilst Bert Green and R. J. felt that their racing days were over, so the house was supported to a certain extent. All too soon, the usual exodus took place, and only Bick and one

other were left to lament old times, to exchange gossip with Mrs. Knowles and, finally to depart, and arrive home at a disgustingly early hour.

Halewood, 9th January, 1937—A.G.M., Derby Arms.

This ancient hostelry, since having been taken over by a prominent Liverpool brewery, has undergone a complete metamorphosis. It has been entirely gutted and transformed into a "posh" hotel on elegant lines. In fact, it is a wonder they permit a "cicicling" club to enter its palatial portals. Luckily, the commissariat department remains under the old management, with the result that the luscious delights of the table are unimpaired while the price is unaltered.

A numerous assemblage (I should say about 48) participated in the sumptuous fare with that abandon which age does not wither nor custom stale, and we started on the important proceedings with the *bonhomie* which repletion gives. Prior to the meeting proper, President Kettle had a most enjoyable task to perform in making a presentation (subscribed to by nearly all the members) of an inscribed Entree Dish and Cheque to dear old Charlie Conway in commemoration of his self-sacrificing work during the past forty years in taking the official Club photo. On rising to respond, Charlie was informed in no uncertain fashion by the combined choir that "he was a jolly good fellow" and anybody who had had the temerity to deny this would have received short shrift. Charlie, who had for this historic occasion dug out once more his Bettws stockings which still retain their pristine beauty, replied reminiscently and with emotion, leaving no doubt in our minds that anything he had ever done or could do for the dear old Club was and would be a pure labour of love.

This pleasant interlude ended, the serious business began. The minutes of the last A.G.M. were confirmed, and the Hon. Secretary then read his report. It transpired that at 178 the membership had declined by three net. He alluded with sorrow to the terrible losses the Club had sustained through the deaths of four of our Life Members, who had for so many years been a tower of strength: W. P. Cook, George Mercer, David Fell, and Teddy Edwards. He also alluded to the death of Joseph Andrews, who, although only a recent member, always had the interests of the Club at heart and had on innumerable occasions been a source of delight in entertaining us.

Powell then gave us a resumé of the Club's activities, showing that the tours had been attended and enjoyed and that the average attendance had been 30. He announced with great pleasure that E. Buckley and Venables had been elected to well-earned Life Memberships, a statement received with unstinted enthusiasm. He told us that the attendance prizes had been won by Rock and Royden, and then proceeded to read the list of attendances. This is always a nightmare to Chem and myself, and as the voice of the recording angel became more and more pitiless as it reached the depths of the list, we both bowed our heads in shame—and unison—and promised to try and be better lads for the future. He closed (as usual) with the forlorn request that he should be deprived of his office, seeing he had held it for ten years. This fantastic idea was (also as usual!) howled down. This report was again a model of what a Secretary's report should be and was acclaimed.

Marriott then read his report, recapitulating the racing events of the Club and also the invitation events, but as these will appear in the Annual Report I will refrain from giving particulars here. It would appear that our racing members had given a good account of themselves, with Salt again prominent. He was in favour, owing to inadequate support and exorbitant cost, of discontinuing the "24," and for reasons which proved to be decisive he proposed that the "100" (from time immemorial held on Whit-Monday) should be run on a Sunday in June or July. He also suggested a change of course, as the present one was too dangerous. He was thanked for his able report.

A discussion followed. Hubert Roskell was quite in favour of the iconoclastic change in the date of the "100." The crowds were getting positively uncontrollable, and it was with the greatest difficulty accidents were avoided. He advocated a Sunday about the middle of June, starting at 4.0 a.m. which would enable the race to be finished before church time. Although several members did not like the idea, the general opinion was that there was no alternative. It was then proposed by Marriott and seconded by Connor that the "100" be run on a Sunday in June or July at Committee's discretion, and carried.

Knipe then rose and began on a mild note of depression. He deplored the fact that the membership had a dwindling tendency. He exhorted everybody, more especially the younger members, to strain every nerve in getting new recruits. He then, with that mastery which is at once a delight and

mystification (I am a child in these matters) to me, began to make our flesh creep and smoothed it down again the next moment in his summary of the Club's financial position. It would appear that we are still solvent, but that this happy state was due in some measure to the fact that advance subscriptions of £25 had been received—a non-recurring asset for years to come. He alluded with feeling to the gesture of Mrs. McCann in giving the Club £100 in commemoration of her late father's wishes. The report was adopted. Kripe then proposed the same annual subscriptions—carried.

Harold Kettle was re-elected President with acclamation and cordial thanks, as were also Ven and H. Green, Vice-Presidents. Powell is again our Hon. Secretary, while Marriott becomes Hon. Racing Captain reinforced by Byron as Hon. Racing Secretary. The sub-Captains are Haynes and Connor. The Committee consists of : Stephenson, Salt, Chandler, Rock, Lucas, Threlfall, A. Williams, Snowden, and J. R. Band. The Auditors were thanked for their service and re-appointed—Elias and Morris.

Marriott then proposed and it was resolved that "the racing programme consist of '100,' Invitation '12,' and three or four '50's' at discretion of Committee," and after discussion this was carried.

A bombshell was then hurled at the Club by Charlie Conway who refused point blank, after umpteen years, to propose the Glan Aber for the Easter Tour. Pandemonium set in, but Charlie was adamant, and Hubert Roskell, having regained consciousness, stepped into the breach, seconded by del Banco, so once more Bettws will be the venue. The other Tours were left in the hands of the Committee.

The Presider then eulogised the able way Chandler had conducted the *Circular* and he was accorded a hearty vote of thanks.

A vote of thanks to the Presider brought to an end an interesting and happy meeting.

Mold, 16th January, 1937.

How long must we tolerate this evil being, this pest of society, who swoops down on his unsuspecting victims like some hornless Mephistopheles and whispers evilly in their ears?

From thence forward the victim must open his eyes and gaze about in vain endeavour to peer through the haze from

ignoble briars to find Tommy Royden, youthful as ever, laughing and joking, Frank Marriott, emulating Oliver Twist and asking for more and Arthur Williams nestling an ancient camera like some new born babe.

There were seventeen who had taken advantage of the glorious spring-like weather to be present at the Dolphin. Many had come by circuitous routes, while the young bloods, yea, the Tea Tasters to whit, had ambled slowly along, stopping en route to indulge in an orgy of tea-drinking while waiting for one, Sam E., the High Priest of all the Tea Tasters. When Sam E. arrived he immediately displayed his prowess by dashing off seven cupfuls of this golden liquid, first testing each one carefully by standing the spoon upright in them.

Digression is not the better part of valour, indeed I have acted very unwisely in disclosing so many of the secret rituals of that august body. I have little doubt that the wrath of the High Priest will fall heavily upon me, yea, even from a very great height. However, to return to the Club run: Stevie had put in a surprise appearance, this being his first attendance at the "Dolphin." Rowatt had come, per rattler, Ven also had invested in mechanised transportation. Chandler, Snowden, and Rigby Band made a trio of tricyclists, Cody was also present, the alternative "Ryles Arms" obviously being a little too far for him. After a little friendly disputation it was decided that the Presider was sitting at the head of the table while the Skipper occupied the extreme seat. Others present included Powell, Seed, Elias, Perkins, Rock and Hughes.

Sutton, 16th January, 1937.

For a wonder, I was first at the "Winking Light" and spent an interesting ten minutes in observing the various ways in which motorists approached this somewhat dangerous crossroads junction, and the tense expression on most of their faces. The local tin-ribs bowled up on his bicycle, but instead of greeting me with cheery words he kept his distance, eyeing me with suspicion and was evidently relieved when the arrival of the others meant my departure, though what he thought I might be up to must remain a mystery. By the lanes we went to Macclesfield and after passing through that depressing place, made the long climb to the Ryles Arms. As we were much too early, two of us had a delightful walk to Clewlow Cross, enjoying the peace of this countryside, the absence of motor-cars, and the fine sunset. Then back to feed and after that down the hill again and home without incident. No fog,

no rain, pale blue in the sky, some bright sunshine, very little wind, perhaps a little cold, but altogether a very fine day for cycling, and yet there were only five of us out. What is wrong with the Manchester men?

Acton Bridge, 23rd January, 1937.

It was intended to hold the run on this day to Halton, but the fixture was cancelled at the last moment. I do not know who suggested Halton, perhaps the "Scarlet Pimpernel Tea Tasters," but from all accounts it would have been a wash-out. Only to read the local newspapers and see what transpired during the week: A native, after consuming eight pints and with four bottles bulging out of his pockets, was found helpless on the road, and the landlord was hauled up before the Court, but fortunately got off. No wonder he cancelled the run when he heard of the Anfield capacity.

I really think the host at Acton Bridge should be supported more, as he always gives us such a good spread-out, especially is he to be commended in this case when he served up an excellent feed at short notice.

I started from Wirral early, facing a bitter S.E. wind and sleet, and was glad to stop at Stamford Bridge for refreshment. We had 14 good, stalwart cyclists, but one little chap came in a car and then there were 13. Those present included Green, Orrell (W.), Kettle, Knipe, Stephenson, Chandler, Haynes, Powell, Royden, Rock, Perkins, Cody, Hughes and a prospective.

After dinner we had a chat around the fire and the talk turned to comic opera of the old days. What brought this up was that Chandler espied an oriel window over the doorway and suggested that it might be the means of a look-out for the ladies of the harem and scenes in "Dorothy" were brought to my mind, of which opera few seemed to have any knowledge. It was now time to make tracks for home and what a delightful ride it was, a nice following wind. Kettle, Chandler and myself arrived at Hooton in good time and, after sampling the brew, arrived home at 10-30 after enjoying it thoroughly. May there be many more days like this for a septuagenarian.

Chester, 30th January, 1937.

As several members were to be in London for the All-Rounder Concert and the Mancunians had an alternative, the ordinary run was fixed to the Bars. It is many years since the Club had a fixture here and as the place is run on restaur-

ant lines it was handy for a small party. So handy, in fact, that the commissariat department had not thought it at all necessary to advise the hotel people of our impending descent upon them, the result being that, after having paid the sum of threepence for the hotel garage, we were refused any food on the grounds that the dining room was already occupied in housing 150 people, the feeding of the same occupying the attention of the whole staff. A move was accordingly made for the "Nags Head" on the opposite side of Foregate Street, towards the city, and in due course a party of seven, including two friends, sat down to what proved a rather expensive meal for the quantity of food supplied; the writer, for instance, having to be satisfied, after a day's battling with the elements, with a couple of tiny veal cutlets, chipped potatoes, and a fragment of fruit-trifle, for which he paid 2/6. The others hardly fared better.

The weather during the morning and, in fact, the whole day, proved the climax to the hard, cold, bitter weather which had been experienced during the week, and a light fall of soft, powdery snow had fallen during the early morning and continued until well after breakfast-time. Into this, at about 10 a.m., the Editor (on trike) plunged, and beat against a S.E. wind. There was a good sprinkling of snow all the way out to Chester, but beyond Eaton Park little snow had fallen. A rather prolonged stop was made at Farndon, while Bovril was being served and some important matters investigated. After this the way was made to Shocklach and thence to Malpas where a scratch lunch was partaken of at the "Red Lion." Returning through a blizzard, a stop was made at Handley for tea and Chester reached without lighting up. It was then found that the only other cyclist was Powell, who of course was on two wheels. Jack Salt (cum-better-half and a friend) had walked via Shotwick and Great Saughall, while Rowatt and Venables had come by train.

All the party returned by train, except the Editor who pushed through the snow-storm to Willaston where a welcome respite was obtained at the "Nags Head" before tackling the remainder of the journey, which was found to be exceedingly heavy, owing to the ever-increasing depth of the snow. There were several nasty pieces between the "7th" and the "8th" owing to the ruts being frozen underneath the top-dressing of snow, also the portions of the road that are steeply cambered, before Clatterbridge, would have been exceedingly dangerous on single-track machines and would probably have caused falls. So Powell did the wisest thing in purchasing Home Rails. It was rather significant that the Editor did not

see a single bicycle being ridden the whole way home, and that so dense was the snowfall, he rode right past the turning off the top road for Willaston and had to retrace his steps, the familiar 8th milestone, which is useful as a landmark when visibility is bad, being completely obliterated.

Acton Bridge, 30th January, 1937.

Snow, quite all right on Christmas cards, is an infernal nuisance on the roads. So I was much relieved when the promise of the morning, with a white countryside and more coming, was not implemented; the main roads were free, and only a thin, harmless, film of white covered the lanes. Progress was thus easy and pleasant, though finger-ends suffered badly from the cold. But there are always compensations, and that same cold seemed to have kept quite a lot of cars at home, and one was able to enjoy the peace of the pretty piece of Cheshire leading to the Leigh arms. There were but five of us to the meal, including one Liverpool gentleman; with the counter attractions, and the weather, I suppose one must not grumble. Barney had provided for us well, and after doing justice to the viands we sat round the fire for a while to store up warmth for the return journey. Unfortunately when we had to tear ourselves away, the snow and sleet was coming down with right good will. In accordance with Anfield traditions, we argued that it wouldn't last long, that it was probably purely local, etc., and so didn't don capes at first. However, before we had proceeded very far we were really very damp and were forced to cover up. It was a cold and wet, but quite easy, ride home.

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ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

FORMED MARCH, 1879.

MONTHLY CIRCULAR

Vol. XXXII.

No. 373.

FIXTURES FOR MARCH, 1937.

Tea at 6-0 p.m.

		Light up at
Mar. 6	Halewood (Derby Arms)	6-27 p.m.
" 8	Committee Meeting, 7-30 p.m. (Victoria Hotel, St. John's Lane, Liverpool)	
" 13	Farndon (Raven)	6-40 p.m.
" 20	Mouldsworth (Station Hotel)	6-53 p.m.
" 26/29	Easter Tour.—Bettws-y-Coed (Glan Aber) ...	7-6 p.m.
April 3	Tattenhall (Bear and Ragged Staff)	7-19 p.m.

ALTERNATIVE FIXTURES.

Tea at 5-30 p.m.

Mar. 6	Goostrey (Red Lion)	6-27 p.m.
" 13	Acton Bridge (Leigh Arms)	6-40 p.m.
	Full Moon	26th 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.

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COMMITTEE NOTES.

4 THE LAUND,
WALLASEY, CHESHIRE.

NEW MEMBER.—Mr. S. T. Carver, 11 Grove Road, Rock Ferry, has been elected to Full Membership.

APPLICATION FOR MEMBERSHIP.—Mr. D. L. Birchall, 13 Grafton Street, Birkenhead. Proposed by Mr. Arthur Williams, seconded by Mr. J. Rigby Band.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS.—Mr. A. F. Hughes, 35 St. Nicholas Road, Wallasey. Mr. T. E. Mandall has been transferred to Honorary Membership. Mr. E. Nevitt has been struck off the list of Membership for non-payment of subscriptions.

EASTER TOUR.—Accommodation has been reserved at the Glan Aber Hotel, Bettws-y-Coed. The charge will be 12/- per day (dinner, single bed and breakfast), and 10/6 per day for those who "double-up." Members who intend to join in the Tour are requested to make their own arrangements regarding accommodation direct.

Day Runs have been arranged as follows: Friday (Bull) members to order their requirements on arrival at the Bull; Saturday, Bangor (British Hotel); Sunday, Festiniog (Pengwern Arms). Lunch, 1-30 p.m. each day.

H. W. POWELL,
Hon. General Secretary.

TREASURY NOTES.

FEBRUARY has quite lived up to its reputation of "fill-dyke," but it has failed to do much towards filling the Anfield coffers. Only ten have responded to my appeal to continue the good work of January, and I wish to thank them for their subscription and/or donations (*).

J. R. Band.	S. T. Carver.	*H. Roskell.
H. S. Barratt.	J. Long.	F. Roskell.
P. C. Beardwood.	A. E. Preston.	A. Smithies.
D. J. Bell.		

R. LEIGH KNIFE,
Hon. Treasurer.

RACING NOTES.

CAPTAIN'S NOTES.

LAST month you read that Byron has fallen into the Racing Secretary's position and that I have retained the Captaincy. This means a division of the work. Byron will (I hope) deal with our two open events and I will handle the "50's." It has also been agreed that the recruiting of marshals and checkers for all our events shall fall to me.

Following are the provisional dates of Club Races:—

Four Fifty Mile Handicaps	...	April 24th ;	May 29th ;
		July 10th ;	July 24th.
Invitation "100"	...	June 6th.	
Invitation "12"	...	August 14th.	

TRAINING SPINS.

It is intended to hold training spins of twenty-five miles on March 20th, and on those Saturdays in April between Easter and the first real race.

We are endeavouring to arrange an Inter-Club run with the Speedwell B.C. at Shawbury for some week-end in the near future. Definite particulars will be published in the next *Circular*.

FRANK MARRIOTT,
Captain.

M.C. AND A.C. DINNER.

THE writer was privileged to be one of the guests at the 47th Annual Dinner of the M.C. and A.C., held at the Queen's Hotel, Birmingham, on 6th February. Billy Henman presided with great skill over a very large company, and the whole of the proceedings were eloquent of the trouble which had been taken to secure a successful event—and to provide for the comfort and enjoyment of the visitors. Friendship and good fellowship prevailed throughout the evening, and there was no excuse for anybody failing to have a thoroughly good time.

Possibly because of the presence of the Editors of all the "leading cycling papers" (three in number), the aid of the police had to be invoked, the Chief Constable of Birmingham being present in person—but not in uniform. He, with Mr. H. H. England (Editor of *Cycling*), responded to the toast of

"Our Guests," which was proposed by Frank Urry—and only those who have heard Frank speak know what a joy it always is to listen to him. He put as "through the hoops" very pleasantly and very happily, and nobody was any the worse. If we have foibles and fads, it is all to the good that these are exposed to the public gaze now and again! Frank insisted on referring to the present deponent as "W. M. Robinson—Walter MacGregor of that ilk," whom he accused of having bags of time and money for his touring exploits. Other Anfielders present were Albert Lusty, who replied to the toast of the prize-winners, and Ashley Taylor. He of the aforesaid "ilk" rejoiced that he was not given an opportunity to annoy the populace by making a speech. In fact, he had nothing to do but enjoy himself, which he did most thoroughly.

One minor feature of interest lay in the fact that the prizes are now so numerous that a special evening has to be set aside for their distribution, and thus we were saved the rather tedious business of seeing a procession of gallant lads making their way to the President's table in order to receive the "swag." Much better to devote that time to eating and drinking—and drinking!

Altogether, a grand evening, magnificently organized! And it is worthy of note that the Club has had only three Hon. Secretaries in the last 40 years! Despite appearances to the contrary, we people who live in Brummagem *are* fond of work! [Gertcher!—Ed.]

AT RANDOM.

IT appears that the Editor was not the only Anfielder on Wirral roads after the Chester run in January. Kettle duly arrived at the Bars, per trike, but seeing no one there didn't bother to find out where the party had gone to, but had tea on his own, afterwards leaving early, before the snow got too thick. John Leece, who was figuring in the World's Badminton Championships at Willaston, left there about 11 p.m. on a bicycle and took 1½ hours to get to Prenton.



At the Walker Art Gallery there is being held, up to 11th March, an exhibition of the late Joe Andrew's paintings. The building is open on week-days from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m., and on Sundays from 2 p.m. to 5 p.m. Admission free.

IRISH JOURNEY.

The sun had set ;
 The June wind to a whisper fall'n,
 And the calm sea, grey
 Beneath a clouded sky.
 Two pairs of eyes on the horizon fixed,
 Discerning through the dusk a range of hills,
 The Wicklow Mountains of the Emerald Isle,
 And all the night we nearer drew
 To that fair coast.

A little chapel on a little isle,
 On the blue waters of a little lough,
 Called Gouganebarra in the Irish tongue,
 Wherein the spirit of St. Finbar lies
 Asleep, but living on among the hills
 And valleys of the Land of Saints.

Across the darkening valley loom the Reeks,
 Black walls of granite seared with scree,
 Their summits lost among the smoking clouds
 That ghostly writhe and curl among the crags.
 The Owenreagh, the river in the glen,
 A tarnished silver thread between the banks
 Of green, flows on to join the Gearhameen.
 And at the utmost end of vision's range,
 Killarney's Upper Lake. So Night
 O'er lake and fell her mantle draws.

Mist and rain.
 A screaming gull.
 Below, the green Atlantic
 Thundering on a golden strand,
 The farthest west of Irish soil,
 Sleah Head.
 The last stronghold of the ancient Irish tongue,
 Peopled by folk the most hospitable
 Of that hospitable though 'poverished race.

Sunset again
 And Dublin Bay.
 A soft rain falling
 On a placid sea,
 Blurring the distant hills as seen through tears,
 A mournful 'parture from a tragic isle

Where smiles and tears co-mingle
 Like the sun and clouds,
 So *au revoir* Killarney's Lakes and Fells,
 No more a name but a reality,
 The brightest gem of memory's treasured store.

Errata—BIBBING on the Bye-Pass.

Liquor or Liqueur.
 The simple Beer-Brew or the highly Fermented-Spirit.

The Helsby Landlord is claiming damages from the Anfield Publishers for telling the cycling world that his charge for nips of ale is 6d. a pony (which would be dear at half the price).

For the benefit of the Simpson—Chems he repeats that such after-dinner joys as Benedictine, Curacao, Cointreau, Chartreuse, Cherry Brandy, Drambuie, Grand Marnier, Kummel, Mareshkino and Sloe Gin can be had at a tanner a time or five bob the complete Set.

Is our Editor hiding behind the broadminded Composer's broad beam?

(Our broadminded Composer's beam is so broad and of such radiance that no one may pierce it, but leave its light to shine forth and indicate the straight and narrow path which lesser mortals should tread!—E.D.)

* * *

It is evident that we shall have to treat Robinson more respectfully in the future than we have seen fit to do in the past. The Council of the Cyclists' Touring Club have elected him Chairman of its Rights and Privileges Committee. He *must* have some qualifications after all!

* * *

On hearing the announcement, made at the annual general meeting of Woolworths, that it might be necessary for that firm to increase their prices, Tommy Royden—who, by the way, is just completing his monumental leaflet (in eight volumes) on "Ramps, Financial and Otherwise"—dashed round to the local branch and bought another bulb for his window-box.

* * *

Robinson, who has now given up cycling (for a few hours), has the following articles for disposal at cut-throat prices:—

- (1) About 3½ lb. dustless carbide (1932 vintage), complete with dust. Sample pieces sent post free on receipt of stamped addressed envelope.
- (2) One electric battery lamp in perfect order. Battery missing, bulb slightly bent, window cracked, and case absent.
- (3) Several pieces of Bart's No. 12 map (Cheshire). Each piece is heavily fringed and could be artistically bobbed or permed at small expense.
- (4) Benson's Railway Guide for June, 1936. In perfect condition, except that the cover is missing.

RUNS.

Halewood, 6th February, 1937.

I don't think I was a very good choice to write up this run (but then no one ever is!) because I can know nothing of the routes taken or adventures met by those who cycled. I left Yorkshire around mid-day and came over to Liverpool by car. I put in time in that most heretical way of going to watch a football match at Goodison Park. I won't insult such hard-bitten cyclists as Anfielders by giving the score—it would be of no interest even if they understood it.

There was just nice time for an appetizer before the meal—the usual pork with, as second choice, excellent steak and kidney pie, and all the vegetables and trimmings known to culinary art. Undoubtedly the fare is Halewood's greatest attraction, especially to those who cannot attend there often enough to become used to its sumptuousness. After an exile has taken full "wack" of what is provided he can then (but not till then) relax, look around him and greet his many friends, old and young. Those there, on this occasion, included Chandler, Hubert, Salt, Carver (a prospective), Powell, Stevie (who peeled off sweater, cardigan and waistcoat before commencing his meal), Turvey, Ken Barton, Venables, Knipe, Lucas, Byron, Rowatt, Burgess, Threlfall, Conway, Cody, Marriott, Morris, Jones, Rigby Band, Williams, Rock, Scarff, Perkins, Royden, Connor, Mr. Buckley and President Kettle.

I listened with great respect to Knipe and Lucas and with a little less respect to Chandler, as they argued with helpful intention amongst themselves as to my best route back from Halewood on to the East Lancashire Road, but with still vivid memories of getting lost in the dark in the wilds of South Lancashire, between Wigan and Rufford, in 1924, I decided mentally to go the way I knew and therefore arrived home on time, shortly after ten.

Goostrey, 6th February, 1937.

Everything, even the weather, was good for this fixture, with one exception, the usual poor attendance. The afternoon was perfect, dry roads, sunshine and very little wind, also one is always sure of a warm welcome and excellent meal at the "Red Lion," and to my mind the first duty of members is to give their support to all Club runs, yet in spite of all this we only get six members out. Are there any Anfielders in Manchester? The party, though small, was jolly and everyone enjoyed themselves to the full. We learnt from Mrs. Knowles that a Liverpool Gentleman, in the person of one A. Williams (must be a gentleman, he can enjoy a full day on the road on Saturdays) had paid a flying visit in the afternoon, but, being scared of a dark ride home had dashed off to meet his fellow hardriders at Halewood from where they usually walk home so not to strain their bicycles too much.

The six members round the table were Green, Haynes, W. Orrell, Thomas, Bren Orrell and Poole. We did full justice to the good meal provided and, afterwards, while having a talk round the fire, were treated to a lecture by one of the party. This was most interesting and brought to light some remarkable feats of strength performed by the lecturer.

We departed our several ways about 7-30 p.m., the night being just as good as the afternoon had been. This was a most enjoyable run, so much so that one almost forgot our disappointment at the poor attendance.

(Will our contributor kindly read the second portion of the Editorial in the February number in which we asked for accounts of runs to be sent to us early in the month, as this was not received until the 27th, 21 days after it taking place. Will he also read the Notice on the cover in which it says that all contributions should bear the name of the sender.—E.D.)

Acton Bridge, 13th February, 1937.

As a punishment for proposing Acton Bridge I am compelled to labour for many weary hours endeavouring to produce some literary gem which will amuse you for a few fleeting seconds. Just as some people are born to be hanged, so others are sent on this earth for the one purpose of contributing to the *Circular*, and as you have no doubt already guessed I am not one of these gifted individuals.

The weather was good in parts and our part lasted until the Leigh Arms was almost in sight, when a slight rain began to fall, which fortunately did not necessitate the use of a cape.

Still keeping to the usual topics I must say that Chandler

was observed trying to make good the leeway he made on the occasion of the last Chester run. The mere mention of veal cutlets was sufficient to start a harrowing account of an half-starved cyclist struggling against fearful odds, and an invisible eighth milestone.

The ride home was in the nature of a personal triumph for the writer, as the "Neston Flyer" was week-ending with Stevie and it devolved on me to keep the N.F. talking, thereby losing his breath and at the same time keeping the pace within the powers of the "old brigade."

A refresher at Halewood rounded off a very enjoyable run at which the following attended: Green, Powell, Knipe, Cody, Haynes, Snowden, Rock, Stephenson, Carver, Threlfall, Salt, Moore, Royden, W. Orrell, Perkins, J. R. Band, Chandler and Marriott.

Farndon, 20th February, 1937.

With grave doubt as to the advisability of venturing on the road on such a boisterous day, I dug out the trusty old speed-iron, and making a few minor adjustments, pushed off on the road to Farndon.

The wind being more or less astern made the going delightful and easy, but lo! King Boreas was'nt to let me have it all my own way, as with a sudden squall down came the rain. However, it did not last long, the sun bursting through in all its glory. So onward at a goodly pace until I arrived at Chester to receive yet another shower, but I was one up this time, and dashed into a cafe for a welcome cup of tea.

On recommencing my journey the rain had passed over, the ride through the park being somewhat fast and furious for the condition of the road. At the exit to the park I picked up our worthy Editor ploughing a lonely furrow.

On arriving at the "Raven," I found a goodly company of about twenty gathered to partake of a well earned meal, the old school and the young gathered around their respective tables, engaged in good natured rivalry relating their experiences in the sport of sports. Above the bable of voices ould Tommy Royden could be heard relating the good times he had had with the Territorial Cycle Corps. While our young bloods were discussing the dates of the races for the coming season.

One noticeable addition to the gathering was Selkirk, who evidently broke away from the state of married bliss to spend a few hours with the Club.

Time sped swiftly and all too soon I was once again on the open road, this time into the teeth of the wind, but what matters

we must take the rough with the smooth, in work or play, so get 'em round and when we arrive at our destination, we can say, "It was a jolly hard ride but I enjoyed it."

Holmes Chapel, 20th February, 1937.

A general surprise was caused when I offered to do the write-up for this run, many moons have passed since I did my last brief one, so I am attempting a short epistle.

Leaving home at 3-20 p.m. I had an uneventful journey to the "Swan," where I found Ned Haynes, Harry Thomas and Bob Poole already in possession. We were shortly joined by Cody and Stevie from Merseyside and were very pleased to see them. Next to arrive was Bert Green, and last but not least, Wilf Orrell, and as soon as Ned saw him, the signal was given to commence the battle.

I think everyone was satisfied with the meal, I for one, did full justice to it.

After tea, conversation drifted on to cycle taxes, one saying 2/6 a year, another 5/-, and then someone put the tin hat on it by saying 7/6. Stevie was wondering which would be best, give up the car or bicycle.

Then the party began to break up, Haynes and Thomas leaving first as usual. Then Stevie and Cody next, and then Wilf Orrell, who, I suppose, was week-ending at Twemlow, and Bert Green and myself for home.

We started off in practically fine weather, but just through the village we had to climb into capes and sou-westers, and for about ten minutes we had a terrific hail storm, however, after a few miles we were once more riding in brilliant moonlight for the remainder of the journey home. Leaving Green at Sale and with a helping wind I finally arrived home at 9-40 p.m. just in time to dodge another heavy shower.

Mold, 27th February, 1937.

A party of nine stalwarts braved the elements on this day. There had been heavy rain with a S.W. gale in the forenoon, which afterwards changed to a blizzard with a veering of the wind to the North. The Editor, had started in the morning and, after battling with the rain and wind, had reached Denbigh for lunch at the "Bull." For the last 18 months this has been a Trust House, the company purchasing it from Miss Lloyd, who now lives in the village. The place has received a much-needed renovation, there being built a new large dining room, lounge, smokeroom and bar, and ample yard accommodation. Leaving in sufficient time to get round by Ruthin,

as he thought, the Editor speeded on through the blizzard but discovered deep snow on the Bwlch-y-parc, with the descent on the Llanferres side exceedingly treacherous for a bicycle, as every car that came along caused ruts that immediately froze; the result being that he had to walk almost the whole way down to the Loggerheads and then down the Gwern-y-mynydd hill, arriving at the "Dolphin" at 6-35, it taking $1\frac{3}{4}$ hours from the top of the Bwlch. However, he was not the last to arrive, as Peter Rock, who had been off all day via Corwen and Llandegla, appeared about 7 o'clock, he also finding the descent via Nerquis exceedingly treacherous in the blinding blizzard.

Seated round the table were seven others who all looked as if they had accomplished something that day. Kettle and Powell representing the veterans, whilst the hardriders were conspicuous in Marriott, J. R. Band, Hughes and Jones, whilst Ven had come in the bus. The road home was safe enough as far as Two Mills, but there seemed to be more snow afterwards, and after the elusive "8th," which was just distinguishable in the blizzard, there were several bad patches, especially round Clatterbridge and on and beyond Evans's hill. Kettle, Powell and the Editor accompanied one another to Willaston, where the two first-named carried on home, the latter stopping for a few minutes after which he rode on in the wheel tracks made in the snow by the former.

Lymm, 27th February, 1937.

It was raining a bit and snowing a bit when I left home, but as the wind was behind I was not much troubled by it and hoped that it would drop by the time I came home. On arriving at the "Spread Eagle," the company was found to consist of Green, Haynes, Thomas, Poole and Stephenson and, a few minutes later, Rex Austin arrived to make the party six. After potent liquid refreshment had been taken, we had a very pleasant meal followed by an exciting game of darts at which R. J. Austin seemed to be the master. It was still snowing, but on the assumption that the longer we waited the more likely it was to clear up we sat around the fire yarning till 8 o'clock, only to find that the weather was as thick as ever.

It had to be faced, however, in both senses, and I had a pretty hectic ride home. I was blinded by the snow and the last few miles were a bit of a nightmare as it was beginning to freeze and I skated all over the road. Eventually, however, I skidded through my own gate, to be greeted by jeers. After a hot bath and a drink everything was peaceful again and another run over.

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ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

FORMED MARCH, 1879.

MONTHLY CIRCULAR

Vol. XXXII.

No. 374.

FIXTURES FOR APRIL, 1937.

Tea at 6-0 p.m.

		Light up at
April 7	Tattenhall (Bear and Ragged Staff)	7-19 p.m.
" 10	Little Budworth (Red Lion)	7-31 p.m.
" 12	Committee Meeting, 7-30 p.m. (Victoria Hotel, St. John's Lane, Liverpool).	
" 17	Farndon (Raven)	7-45 p.m.
" 24	First "50" Miles Handicap	9-27 p.m.
May 1	Acton Bridge (Leigh Arms)	9-40 p.m.

Full Moon 25th inst. Summer Time begins 18th 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.

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COMMITTEE NOTES.

4 THE LAUND,

WALLASEY, CHESHIRE.

NEW MEMBER.—Mr. D. L. Birchall, 13 Grafton Street, Birkenhead, has been elected to Full Membership.

Mr. F. W. Smith has been transferred to Hon. Membership.

The Resignation of Mr. F. B. Dutton-Walker has been accepted with regret.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS.—Mr. G. E. Carpenter, "Kenwood," Cecelian Avenue, Worthing, Sussex.

WHITSUNTIDE TOUR.—A Tour of Shropshire during the Whitsuntide week-end has been arranged. Headquarters will be at the George Hotel, Shrewsbury. Members who intend to participate are requested to book their accommodation direct.

H. W. POWELL,

Hon. General Secretary,

TREASURY NOTES.

WE are seven, but of what a quality! From time to time the heart of the Treasurer has rejoiced when one of our stalwarts has set the pace by paying his Sub. years in advance. But there are trusty-and-tried, bred-in-the-bone, dyed-in-the-wool Anfielders. What shall we say when a *new* member joins this select band by paying for two years down on the nail?

Truly we are the people. Wha's like us?

So congratulations to Don Birchall and thanks to those who have sent their subscriptions and/or donations(*) during the past month.

D. L. Birchall *C. C. Dews. Ashley Taylor.

(1937-38) G. Newall. E. A. Thompson.

*S. J. Buck. *G. Stephenson.

R. L. KNIFE,

Hon. Treasurer.

CAPTAIN'S NOTES.

THE proposed week-end with the Speedwell B.C. has had to be postponed until the autumn, but our Midland friends have issued an invitation for us to join with them in their midsummer run, which will involve a trip over the Berwyns on June 20th.

Training Spins will be held on April 3rd ; 10th and 17th ; from the 2nd M.S. on the Witchurch Road, about 5 p.m. Headquarters at Mrs. Bell's, Rowton.

The first "50" will be held on the usual course on April 24th. Entries, which must be on forms, by the Monday morning prior to the event, to me, please.

F. E. MARRIOTT, *Captain.*

PRESTON WHEELERS' "25."

For the first time in some years we had a team riding in the Preston Wheelers' "25," on March 21st. Ross, East Liverpool, won with 1.3.43. Of "Ours," Rock finished with 1.11.35. A ride not so good as we expected, but Peter had a heavy cold and he also pulled his wheel over at the turn. George Connor finished with 1.12.32, he has had no opportunity for training and his gear was only 74. Carver, our other entrant, possibly would have been fastest of the three, but a faulty fabric caused a blow-out and he retired.

AT RANDOM.

FOR SALE.—Trike. Stenton Glider, 21 in. frame, 29 in. axle. Steels. Differential and all other parts in Perfect Condition. £7 0 0. or offers to E. HAYNES, Junr.

Those Early Days Again.

Some two years ago there appeared in the *Circular* a brief account of remarkable rides done before 1887. These early rides were not authenticated as records are now—there was no R.R.A. with stringent rules as to checks and timing, but it can be accepted that, whilst there may have been minor errors, the claims made were substantially correct, for there was great enthusiasm and keenness generally in the sport, and it is unlikely that any dishonest rider would be able to foist a really untrue claim on the cycling world.

Some of the rides quoted were so remarkable that the knowing ones of to-day refused to admit that they had been done, and as a recognised authority on the early history of

cycling was unable to trace any mention of them in his portfolios, the doubters appeared to be justified in their disbelief.

However, the member who had unearthed them determined that the evidence, which he felt quite sure existed, should be found, and recently his researches have proved successful.

The accepted authority in these matters is *The Badminton*, on Cycling. Now, *Badminton* ceased publication, when the need of some body to adjudicate on record claims being felt, the R.R.A. was founded, but its final number, issued in February, 1887, contained particulars of three rides by A. H. Fletcher, brother of the great Lawrence, done in 1886, which deserve to be remembered.

They were the 24 hours English Tricycle Record—250½ miles; the 50 miles Safety Record—3 hrs. 9 mins. 56 secs., and a Safety ride of 262½ miles in 24 hours, beaten only by the great G. P. Mills.

The Editors of *Badminton* were G. Laey Hillier and Viscount Bury, and it seems unlikely that they would permit publication of rides with the authenticity of which they were not satisfied. E. A. Thompson, a contemporary of the Fletchers, is still with us; perhaps he may be able to remember more of the performances than the mere figures.

Echoes of the Last Mold Fixture.

Too late for inclusion in the official account came the news that Rigby Band and Jones, after skidding in the snow on several occasions, were picked up by the friendly driver of a motor furniture van and deposited safe and sound on their own doorsteps. It also transpired that Snowden had started on trike in the morning for Corwen, but by the time he arrived at Llandegla it was near feeding time and a somewhat unsatisfactory meal (on such a day) as bread and cheese was partaken of. He then tried the Horse Shoe Pass for Llangollen and in dropping down to the turn he discovered the brakes refused to act owing to becoming blocked with snow and, as the machine gained momentum, he prepared for a forced landing, which was satisfactorily accomplished at the expense of a capsize; neither the rider nor his machine being damaged. A call at Ruabon for tea and then a hard push to Wrexham through the snow decided him to leave out the run at Mold, home being reached about 8-30.

The Opening Run of the Northern Section of the Tricycle Association will be at the Leigh Arms, Acton Bridge, on Sunday, 4th April. The meal being served at 1-15 p.m.

"When Kipling died, the last of the great Victorians passed away."—James Agate in the *Daily Express*.

This wicked, wanton, deplorable, vexatious, foolish, and slipshod distortion of history unaccountably ignores the continued existence of Charlie Conway (whom Heaven preserve!) Besides, there's Robinson, who, dating back to the Victorian era, has also lived in five reigns, and is great—or thereabouts . . . at times.

Press Intrusions into Private Grief.

We have examined our conscience (such as it is) in connection with the recent controversy over Press intrusions into private grief, and we are glad to say that the *Circular* comes through the ordeal—and it *was* an ordeal—with flying colours. We have never so intruded. When Sid Jonas dropped his artificial teeth into his soup during dinner at the "Adelphi" one night, we carefully refrained from sending one of our reporters to take photos of (a) Sid, (b) his teeth, and (c) the soup (both before and after). When Harold Kettle, pedalling strongly against the wind along Hoylake promenade, pushed the differential of his tricycle into the middle of Pluckington Bank, we refused to interview the Bank Manager with the intention of securing for publication all the sordid details of Harold's overdraft. When Tommy Royden split an infinitive, we categorically and firmly refused to follow the example of the *Daily Swill* in publishing the "story" of the event and of Tommy's *liaison* with the Lady Ursula, including pictures of our eminent member winning the world's championship for walking up Argyle Street South. And when Master Frank tripped up over the equator (not being aware of its exact location), on one of his many journeys round the world, we did not send a reporter to his home in order to enquire how often he shaved (if ever), whether he had paid the charwoman for the week before last, how many cigarettes he smoked in a year, and what, broadly speaking, was his reaction to food. We are convinced that our policy of plain living and high thinking—or it may be plain thinking and high living—is the best after all.

We cannot help feeling that life is rapidly becoming impossible and that the process will be speeded up through the invention of the "lie-detector" which is now being used in America. In the presence of this device, what use will it be for Tommy Royden to tell us that he cycled all the way from Birkenhead to Hoylake without a dismount? What

will it avail the Hon. Treasurer if he assures us that no part of the vast Knipe Estate, with its huge rent-roll, was bought out of Club funds? Who will believe Charlie Conway when he declares that the annual Club photos, spread over so many years, are "all-me-own-work"? When the Sub-Captain, collecting the money after tea at Acton Bridge, announces that he is tuppence out, who will accept the news? Who will credit Robinson when (in his modest way) he asserts that he has ridden 150 miles on a diet of one haricot bean and a gallon of buttermilk? When Jack Salt declares that he is still hungry, after disposing of five helpings of pork and nine of Christmas pudding, at Halewood, we are quite prepared to believe that the "lie-detector" would produce negative results, thus proving that, for once in a way, the Editor-person was telling the truth.

Still, the way of the transgressor is hard, and this device is going to make it harder still.

* * *

Jack Salt, who has been up into the Derbyshire highlands during the week, reports "I have been over to Matlock yesterday (23rd) and had a tough ride on the outward journey, had doubts whether I would get past Macclesfield, as snow was falling, but I persevered and all went well. Returned via Hartington and Leek to-day into a really cold and strong west wind. There are still vestiges of the last fall of snow, they must have had it very badly up in the hills above Winster!"

* * *

Exactly Fifty Years Ago : The Anfield's Greatest Year of Trials and

TRIBULATIONS 1887.

Extracted and garnered from the weekly diaries and contributions to "The Cyclist," of J. T. Ward (Ishmaelite), an Anfielder until 1887.

(Gathered by AN ONLOOKER.)

- (a) The Club commenced the year by a run to Halewood, 15 strong.
(N.B.—The strength of the Geese and Turkeys was never in question.)
- (b) Jack Robinson attends on the Club's behalf the Dinner of the St. Helens Cycling Club at the Fleece Hotel.
(N.B.—After half a century's digesting we know of no complaint by J. Robinson—1880-1937.)
- (c) G. B. Mercer is Vice-Pres. of the N.C.U. Local Centre.
(N.B.—The unfortunate issue is stated below.)

- (d) At the A.G.M., Harry Cook, Lawrence Fletcher, Bell and Fell are elected Pres., Sec., Captain and Treasurer of the Anfield.
(We wish Bell all that is well, tho' no longer Captain.)
- (e) Twenty-five members go paper chasing.
(To-day our members' aims are more lofty.)
- (f) The Club holds a Photographic Social. The Artist lost sight of.
(Charlie and his Camera . . . No, no, not yet, NOT YET.)
- (g) Important social Sing Song arranged by the Anfield. Harry Cook in the Chair, and already assuming the mantle of Corney Grain.
(N.B.—"I once composed a Polka.")
- (h) From the Clubhouse at 36 Bedford Street North, L. Fletcher hurls his Bombshell Manifesto to the N.C.U. Council in London.
- (i) To crown all: Lawrence Fletcher leaves for London to attend a 'Two Days' Council Meeting as Anfield Delegate to oppose by "singularly able and eloquent speeches." the Council's deliberations of suspending racing cyclists.
(N.B.—That sounds familiar.)
- (j) The Anfield resigns the Local Liverpool Centre.
- (k) Lawrence Fletcher lays down all his functions therewith.
- (l) That Body falls from its High Estate.
- (m) The once powerful Liverpool Centre is NO MORE.
- (n) The Dissolution of the Liverpool Local Centre early in March takes place in the exalted presence of the great Robert Todd himself.
(N.B.—No, I am talking of Todd—not of Wayfarer—in that trying distant hour. Wayfarer was not himself as yet.)
- (o) The Anfield EXPUNGES ITS AMATEUR CLAUSE FROM ITS BOOKS and replaces it by a new rule: That the Committee shall deem members eligible or otherwise.
(N.B.—Thus even then this August Body is laden with unbearable burdens.)
- (p) Prominent Riders: Our chief remaining path man is H. Pedder, the tricyclist, who wins races on all tracks in the district.
(N.B.—This Onlooker saw him "at it" with his own eyes.)
- (q) EXODUS. G. P. Mills leaves Liverpool for good. His Senior from now onward uses G.P.'s End to End Trike to attend Club runs.
(N.B.—Thus were Swords turned into Ploughshears.)

- (r) In Mill's wake follow many more : Jack Conway, Gamble, Crooke, and later, J. T. Ward for the good of Manchester and of Rudge's that were needed for the Jubilee Track. J. T. Ward takes his Ordinary to the Sale Moor Gardens Track and rides one mile in 3 mins. His ambition satisfied and quenched, he retires from the path.
- (s) G. P. Mills becomes Dan Alboue's partner and aims at the perfection of the Ivel Safety at Biggleswade.
- (t) Our list of long distance riders being reduced to L. Fletcher, Mercer, Bell, Fraser and Alfred Fletcher, the record holder, holds a Roll Call. The Club wears a shrunken look, and goes to Wales for Easter for the good of its health.

Anfield and Bootle now join at club runs and book up the hotel at Bettws jointly. "Poor Glan Aber" writes "Ishmaelite." Evidently either one or the other expects to be smothered.

(N.B.—No word as yet of Rowatt—the David—yet already his heart is leaning towards the Anfield, though his Boots are still stuck in Bootle.)

- (u) All eyes are now on G. P. Mills who, road-rider though he be, enters for four of the National Path Championships in the name of the Anfield. The races are held at Ashton Lower Grounds. From all four he emerges with distinction. Not being a sprinter he competes solely for the Time Medals, and the glory of making the pace. The Time Medals were introduced for making the races exciting and sporting. Even when lapped in the longer distances, riders continued making the pace. Mills earned his medals as below :—

1	mile	tricycle	2.57 ;	second	in his heat.	Winner : Kiderlen.
5	"	"	15.29 ;	fourth	in his heat.	Winner : Mecredy.
25	"	"	1 hr. 24 mins. ;	6th	in the race.	Winner : Osmond.
25	"	"	1 hr. 26 mins. ;	7th	in the race.	Winner : Illston.

In the latter, Mills got knocked off by the frantic mob but he remounts and qualifies. Safeties and Ordinaries competed on equal terms. Illston won in 1 hr. 19 mins. amidst wild scenes.

"ONLOOKER."

RUNS.

Halewood, 6th March, 1937.

The Editor of this *Circular* has a very winning, but at the same time a masterful way with him when he buttonholes some quite unsuspecting member and *invites* him to write up the run. He makes his request so nicely, as one who is sharing with a fellow-member a great privilege, and he himself puts so much excellent work into the *Circular* that one really cannot refuse, and promises to do what one can.

Well, first of all, the weather merits a word or two for, though cold, it was quite good—much better than it has been for the last few Saturdays and in striking contrast to the previous Saturday with its gale and snow. This was the last run for the winter season to Halewood, and the attendance was satisfactory, thirty-one members sitting down. It was very gratifying to have so many of the younger members present, all of them, I understand, having ridden the long way round by Chester and Frodsham and going back the same way, which would give them quite a useful ride.

We were delighted to see Jack Salt looking so well and so obviously getting back to form. We were also glad to have with us Mr. Pfeiffer, the captain of the North Road Club, who is making a short stay in Liverpool and who was brought along by Marriott. Notwithstanding the foreign flavour of his name he is a "really" English cyclist.

It need hardly be said the food was up to the extraordinary high standard, both as to quality and quantity, which is maintained at the Derby Arms.

I do not think any more can usefully be said, except that Halewood is a place, though we only go there in Winter, of which we have pleasant memories of good food and good company.

Goostrey, 6th March, 1937.

A dry Saturday at last. A north-east wind—strong enough to make a scamper before it exhilarating, but not so strong as to make pushing against it hard labour, and just cold enough to make exercise a necessity as well as a pleasure. Not perhaps a perfect day, but distinctly good enough for the time of the year, and one might have hoped to see quite a lot at the "Red Lion." But there were but six of us—four of faithful, Bren Orrell, and "F.H." on one of his far too infrequent personal appearances. The talk turned naturally on the

dear departed days and we were treated to reminiscences of racing on the track and road in England and elsewhere, and many were the anecdotes of prominent cycling personalities of the past with which our old member regaled us. What a memory! The performances, the men and the machines of the "80's" and "90's" all described as clearly as if they had been seen but yesterday. A quiet, steady ride home brought a delightful outing to an end.

Farndon, 13th March, 1937.

By pre-arranged agreement, I met Marriott and Rock at an earlier hour than usual, and we rolled along to the walled city at a merry pace. Considering the proximity of the ultimate destination, it seemed that the original project of doing a bit of a ride, would have to be carried out in the steady drizzle in order to fill in the time.

Rock, however, had business transactions in the city demanding his attention, to which we lent our support. Following this, Marriott found it necessary to investigate the interior of one of the county town's newer architectural gems; which was accordingly done.

Repairing then to a "house we wot of" for refreshment, we were quickly joined by other members. The door being swung open with swagger and gusto, we looked, and there beheld a vision of loveliness. 'Twas the H.R.C., clad in his robes of office—a picture of sartorial achievement, pulsating with prosperity, effervescing with elegance.

"Ne'er had Chester seen the day
Since Charles the ramparts walked."

The ensuing uproar subsiding, we took the road through the Duke's estate, being forced to "sheet up" at the Iron Bridge. We duly arrived at the "Raven," just on time.

With the meal well under way, the following members were noticed round the tables:—Powell, Snowden, Seed, Kettle, Rowatt, Venables, Rock, Marriott, Barker, Hughes, Byron, Carver, Band and Lockett.

It appeared that the sight of the H.R.C. clad in obvious opulence was having its effect on the entire company; the President himself making comment. Rock, however, topped them all by referring to the garments as "dog-robber apparel." This subject beginning to pall, Lockett's hirsute growth came into prominence, and eventually such an air of argument had entered the conversation, that it was deemed wise to depart.

Prospect of a pleasant ride home were rudely shattered, when at Chester an alleged breakage occurred to part of Rock's machine. This necessitated hurry to Rock Ferry in order to obtain replacement. My offer of company being accepted, we arrived at R.F. in time only to discover that oil was the only requirement.

Ah well—happy days.

Acton Bridge, 13th March, 1937.

I left home in a steady drizzle for this fixture, but after a few miles was able to take off my cape and continue on my way in practically fine weather.

On arrival at the Leigh Arms, I found Knipe, "F.H.," and Poole busy examining (so it seemed to me) bricks and mortar, and on going inside found Cody and W. Orrell keeping the fire warm.

Next to arrive was Ned Haynes and friend, Threlfall per tandem with better-half, whom he said had more or less pushed him there on time, and then Stevie and Bert Green.

Altogether ten sat down to tea, a very good meal with plenty of variety, and I think most of us had a try at everything.

Conversation afterwards drifted on to various topics, too many to mention here. However, after getting warmed up by the fire, an enjoyable party began to break up and start the homeward trek. Cody, Stevie, Knipe and Threlfall for Merseyside, F.H. by car for Knutsford, Bert Green, Ned Haynes and friend and myself for Manchester, and W. Orrell who came with us as far as Stretton for Twemlow.

Ned Haynes and Co. had gone on in front of Bert Green and I, who were riding sedately until Bert decided to put some wind into a slowly deflating tyre, after a few vigorous pumps we carried on to the "Swan" at Bucklow for a quick one and then continued on our way home.

We finally parted company at Newbridge, Bert going on to his official repairer at Hale, where he was leaving his steed to be overhauled for Easter, and myself for home having enjoyed the run.

Ned Haynes having remembered that I had threatened to write up this run, gave me the privilege, so once again I have made an attempt (and a very good one too, but please do not be so bashful as to omit your own name from those present.

—E.D.)

Mouldsworth, 20th March, 1937.

The Eve of Spring and once more out comes the tandem and the better half. Saturday was a real spring day and we took full advantage of the smiling sun to stretch out the trip to Delamere to the utmost.

Dawdling along the Wirral lanes was a delight, through Ledsham, Capenhurst and Mollington and so to Chester. From Chester we took the main road to Tarvin, noticing in passing Stamford Bridge the Presider's trike and secretarial bicycle. As we had about an hour to get to Mouldsworth we took to padding the hoof and shortly after leaving the main road Thomas of Salop overtook us and joined in the walk.

The meal was good and for once most were satisfied, though the lack of the usual cup of tea caused some grumbles. After tea we hied ourselves to the snug to collect our respective wives, to find them being entertained by Bert Green. Sammy Threlfall, Rigby Band, Haynes, Stevie and I joined in and spent a very pleasant quarter of an hour before departing.

A glorious night and one envied Thomas his ride back to Salop for once. Rigby accompanied us home and we gossiped the miles away very pleasantly. All three arriving at the Clegg, we for home and Rigby to stop for a quick one before calling it a day.

Easter at Bettws.

Hubert Roskell was the first to join George Lake at the "Glan Aber" on Thursday, having come through from Stone. Rowatt and Ven soon joined up in time for afternoon tea, having come per rattler. Weather conditions were fine and bright, with a keen wind blowing. A sharp walk to renew acquaintance with Bettws points of interest was enjoyed, and we were quite ready for the gong at 7-30, so, with Mr. Cannon, we only mustered five for dinner.

On Friday morning nobody seemed inclined for Denbigh, when sleet and snow came swirling along the main road from the direction of Capel Curig. Rowatt and Ven decided to walk to Conway Falls, and at 1 p.m. sought the shelter of the adjacent café. We gave the storm cloud an hour to empty itself, but as it still raged after 2 p.m. we faced the angry blast and thick hailstorm, arriving back at the "Glan Aber" well plastered by snow, now changed from hailstones to wet flakes. Lake and Cannon had made for Capel Curig and reported heavier snow in that direction. To our joy and satisfaction Acting President Green arrived to look after us. He was the first of the riders and had experienced a strenuous

ride, via Mold, Denbigh for lunch, and over the "Sportsman." He reported a muster of 12 at the Bull—eight members: Chandler, Carver, Green, Royden, Salt, Stephenson, Snowden and Threlfall, and four friends, of whom he alone was proceeding to Bettws, but Salt and Carver were to make a training spin over the Sportsman on their way home. On Friday evening no more than five of us and one friend sat down to dinner, a very poor show. There were however, five other members, Marriott, Connor, Rock, Hughes and H. Austin, in the village, and we succeeded in establishing communication with them to arrange for the Saturday fixture.

Saturday dawned bright and clear, justifying Hubert's confidence that with the passing of the full moon the weather would change for the better. We made our way to Bangor in various parties by various routes, the cyclists choosing the Sychmant Pass, and arrived at the "British" in time for lunch after very comfortable rides, to find Billy Owen, looking very fit, waiting for us. There were 11 at the excellent meal, and after despatching it, Marriott and his party went off to explore Anglesey, whilst Ven and Rowatt took a trip by bus round IJanberis, and the remaining cyclists toured comfortably over the Nant Francon. For the very first time in the memory of living man, there was no one at home at Ogwen Cottage to give us tea, so we had to go further on. At the Glan Aber we found further arrivals, Elias, who had made a ride of it by going round by Bala, del Banco, C. J. Conway, F. H. Koenen, Arthur Simpson, with brother Walter, and Cheminais. Unfortunately, the Koenen party had not been able to get rooms at the Glan Aber, but they naturally spent the evening with us, and the writer would dearly love to describe that billiards match, but considerations of space forbid. Dick Ryalls, en route to a family gathering elsewhere, had called in during the day to leave his kindest regards to all, and we were also favoured with a call from Smithies, who was staying somewhere near Bethesda.

Sunday again was a glorious day and the ride round to Ffestiniog, via Beddgelert and Maentwrog was a delight and not at all strenuous. The party numbered 14, which included the sweethearts or wives of three members. After feeding we inspected some of the glorious views and then home via the Lledr Valley with the usual rest for tea at Dolwyddelen. Still more had arrived at Bettws—Carver, Jonas, Salt, J. R. Band, Williams, Scarf and Birchall, and there were now five ladies in the party. Harry Wilson with Mrs. Wilson and a lady

friend were also with us to dinner, and the party now made quite a respectable showing. We had a very jolly evening and all retired to rest at such an early hour as would make some of the old staggers gasp.

Monday was so glorious a day as to make the breaking up of the party and the return to our homes a matter for very great regret. The boys and girls were making for Bontuchel for lunch. Elias and Green went through the Bryn-y-Pin pass to Trefnant and on to Chester. The car parties were going to Shrewsbury and the remainder by other routes.

During the whole of the week-end we were never troubled by traffic and I suppose we must thank the newspapers for keeping the cars away from North Wales by their tales of roads deep in snow. As a matter of fact, though there was certainly plenty of snow in parts, piled at the sides of the roads, there was none on them and in most places, after Friday, the surface was bone dry. The sun shone brightly and at times very warmly, and those who stayed at home because Easter was early and because they feared bad weather, have lost an opportunity of seeing North Wales at its best.

Mr. & Mrs. Townsend of the North Road C.C. also stayed at the "Glan Aber."

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ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

FORMED MARCH, 1879.

MONTHLY CIRCULAR

Vol. XXXII.

No. 375.

FIXTURES FOR MAY, 1937.

Tea at 6-0 p.m.

			Light up at
May	1	Acton Bridge (Leigh Arms)	9-40 p.m.
"	8	Highwayside (Travellers Rest)	9-52 p.m.
"	10	Committee Meeting, 7-30 p.m. (Victoria Hotel, St. John's Lane, Liverpool)	
"	15/17	Whitsuntide Tour. Shropshire	10-6 p.m.
		Headquarters: George Hotel, Shrewsbury.	
"	22	Northwich (Crown and Anchor)—See Committee Notes	10-16 p.m.
"	29	Second 50 Miles Handicap	10-25 p.m.
June	6	Invitation "100"	10-34 p.m.
		Headquarters: George Hotel, Shrewsbury.	
		Full Moon ... 25th 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.

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COMMITTEE NOTES.

4 THE LAUND,

WALLASEY, CHESHIRE.

APPLICATION FOR MEMBERSHIP.—Mr. J. E. Reeves, 29 The Ginnel, Port Sunlight; proposed by Mr. F. Marriott, seconded by Mr. E. Byron.

Mr. Arthur Williams has resigned his seat on the Committee owing to absence from home on business; Mr. W. J. Jones has been appointed to the vacancy.

Mr. W. H. Kettle was appointed Judge and Referee for the Invitation "100," but, owing to illness he will be unable to undertake the duties, Mr. H. Green has kindly consented to act in his place.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS.—Mr. A. Newsholme, 35 Fulford Street, Old Trafford, Manchester, 16.

Members attending Northwich on 22nd May are requested to order their requirements on arrival.

H. W. POWELL,

Hon. General Secretary.

TREASURY NOTES.

NINE is a very good number, but when it represents the total who paid their subs. in April, it isn't good enough. Nein!

So will those whose subscriptions are now a month overdue please get busy before the end of May.

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

A. E. Birkby.

W. R. Oppenheimer. E. Snowden.

J. E. Carr.

J. S. Roberts. H. Thomas.

*J. H. Fawcett.

F. Wemyss Smith. *H. Wilson.

R. L. KNIPE,

Hon. Treasurer.

CAPTAIN'S NOTES.

THE Whitchurch road has been appearing animated as well as bumpy and rough these Saturday afternoons, for our energetic ones have been indulging in the yearly spring-time scraps. Times recorded have been very good, and although Salty does not figure at the head of the lists, his progress since his hospital spell has been eminently satisfactory.

April 3rd

1. W. P. Rock	... 1. 8. 0
2. S. T. Carver	... 1.10.57
3. A. F. Hughes	... 1.12.20
4. J. J. Salt	... 1.12.22
5. J. R. Band	... 1.12.34
6. W. G. Connor	... 1.12.55
7. E. Haynes	... 1.15.28

April 10th

1. W. P. Rock	... 1. 6.44
2. S. T. Carver	... 1. 8.40
3. J. J. Salt	... 1. 8.58
4. A. F. Hughes	... 1. 9.29
5. W. G. Connor	... 1. 9.45
6. H. Thomas	... 1. 9.50
7. E. Haynes	... 1.12 5.
8. I. Thomas	... 1.12.44
9. J. R. Band	... 1.13. 7

The third spin was to be in the nature of a "50," but the afternoon was so wet, blustery, and cold that the majority not unwisely called it off. Peter Rock and Salty essayed $45\frac{1}{2}$ miles of the course and clocked 2.16.4 and 2.17.0 respectively.

Our thanks are due to Powell for timing these events.

INVITATION "100," 6th June, 1937.

I shall be preparing the list of checkers, marshals and other helpers for our "100" in the course of a week, and would appreciate offers of assistance. It has been decided to revert to the course of two years ago, *i.e.*, start in Hadnall and finish short of Shawbury corner.

SECOND "50," 29th May, 1937.

Entries by the Monday before, please.

FRANK MARRIOTT, *Captain.*

TRICYCLE ASSOCIATION.

THE Northern Section of this flourishing concern held its Spring Meet at Acton Bridge, on the 4th April. A large and representative assembly of three-wheelers foregathered at the "Leigh Arms" for the usual "bean feast," which, as usual, turned out to be of very excellent quality and proved a suitable preparation for the business meeting which was to follow.

There were round about 50 present. Owing to the unavoidable absence of G. H. Stancer, President, at head-quarters, and the lamentable absence of the Anfield President, W. H. Kettle, the proceedings were conducted and the chair was efficiently filled with great aplomb, by Ernest Snowden, Esq., A.B.C., T.A., morally supported by Anfield lightweights in Rigby Band and Haynes, and heavyweights in Green and the Editor.

The Chairman, whose distinguished personality at once captivated the meeting, especially the ladies present, gave a racy, witty, and very telling speech, eulogising the merits of that "Charlie Chaplin" vehicle, called the Tricycle. Notwithstanding his apologies for a seemly early intrusion into the mysteries of the inner portals of the Association, he being a comparatively recent acquisition to the ranks, he showed by his remarks that he had at any rate learnt of the trundling art most of what there was to be learnt (thanks to advice and example given gratis by tricycling exponents of riper experience in the Anfield!), for he dwelt on the efficiency of this extraordinary vehicle in traffic, such as passing through the city of Chester on a Saturday night, in fog, and on ice-bound roads, "provided you didn't try any looping the loop descending the Horse Shoe Pass"; and he declared that he would never return to the beastly bicycle again, and that the impression of a trusty tricycle complete with light steel rims and high pressure tyres, would be found on his heart, at such time as it became possible for it to be viewed.

He has undoubtedly become the "big noise" in the Association, as not only did he commend this odd-looking vehicle to all and sundry, but he has made a very handsome presentation of a Silver Cup (quart, we believe), out of which will be drunk the health of the winner of a handicap "50," to be run by the Association on August Bank Holiday morn. (Owing to the apparent large numbers of tea-totalers in the ranks, it is confidently anticipated that special arrangements will be made for Hubert Roskell to be present when the Cup is presented on the first Sunday in November next, to show the uninitiated, how to empty the goblet at one gulp in a manner fitting to the occasion, after which ceremony the Cup will be presented to the winner, to be held for one year and a replica for "keeps.") This is really a most munificent gift, and it is expected that the event will be supported by many riders and certainly all those in the Anfield who have not lost the use of their legs.

Then came the fixing of the dates of the races and general business, during which the President *pro tem* showed great capacity for chairmanship, for he swept the meeting at record speed through the business, not allowing any awkward pauses to creep in, and garrotting at once any attempt at irrelevance or back-chat, but keeping the discussion strictly to the point. This was followed by the hard-working Secretary, Mr. Littlemore, who stood up and spoke in flattering terms of the enthusiasm of the Chairman and the way he had conducted the meeting, after which the benediction was pronounced, and the proceedings terminated.

AT RANDOM.

WE understand that one of our members, whom we refuse to name, is puffed up no end because Methuens are just publishing a book (by the late John Drinkwater) called "Robinson of England." Incidentally, the same member is cock-a-hoop owing to the fact that, during a recent tour in Gloucestershire, he discovered a cottage called "Buttermilk Cottage." Rumour states that he intends to buy the place and live in it. Frank Marriott suggests that the cottage should then be removed to the Poisoned Glen, County Donegal.

Master Frank found great interest in two items of news which appeared in the Press one day recently. One was a reference to somebody's statement that there is only a 17 days' supply of food in this country. It's not true, of course, but Frank had a very bad quarter of an hour when he read the news item. He wondered what in the world would happen to him at the end of a fortnight. The other item was the appeal which has been made to Mr. Baldwin from India to prevent the public ox-roasting ceremonies proposed in connection with the Coronation festivities. Frank, as a strict vegetarian, has considerable sympathy with the appellants, and hopes that "something will be done."

Readers of Frank Marriott's delightful article in *The Bicycle* recently, entitled "Welsh Journey," will be interested in what he has to say about the "mountain road" from Brecon to Llandovery not being a mountain road. He and Connor evidently had confused, or their informants had confused, this road with Bulth to Brecon direct. This latter is indeed

a mountain road, and they would have found all the collar-work they wanted. We, ourself, were over it after the Jubilee Tour, and had a very hot and thirsty afternoon walking the interminable hills. The "off the beaten track" route from Trecastle to Llandilo, taking in Castell Carreg Cennen looks very tempting, and has, we believe, been traversed either in whole or in part by that specialist of recent years—D. Smith, but our knowledge is confined to the Carreg Cennen end at the village called Trapp and the brew of the local hostelry.

The Ancient Campstormer exercises some sort of prior rights of copy over this part of the country, and is believed to be fully informed. Possibly on reading this he will wield his pen with his usual effect in order that readers may derive the necessary wisdom from any thoughts that he may choose to ventilate.

Pfeiffer with the Anfield (*From the "North Road Gazette"*).

"In the course of his commercial travels, our Hugo found himself in Liverpool at a week-end; he writes: I got myself invited by Frank Marriott to attend the Anfield run. It was a special affair for old members, the venue being Halewood . . . which some could reach by bus, others by train, and some even on foot.

"It was a jolly crowd that finally sat down to an Anfield 'tea,' and included a very strong contingent of old boys—one was over 80 and several others looked as though they had long exceeded the 'allotted span'—in fact, I was so impressed with the success of the venture that I thought we might try it . . . supposing we announced a tea run to say, Essendon, specially as an old blokes' event?"

"What I would like to mention in the *Gazette* is that the Anfielders absolutely refused to let me pay for either grub or beer. In fact, I was overwhelmed with invitations to 'have one,' and had to refuse several. Their attitude was that any N.R. man who happened to come out on their run was a welcome guest, and would be treated as such! I much appreciated such hospitality and we'll deem it an honour to return it if ever an Anfielder 'comes to town.'

"Among those present, I found Kettle, their President, Knipe (the Treasurer), Powell (the Gen. Sec.), a former editor Snowden (who remembers meeting E. B. Marsh at Shrewsbury in a Persil-washed jacket!), Marriott (*el Capitan*), Byron (the new Racing Sec.), J. J. Salt (himself), and others. Several of them send their regards to you, A.B., and Knipe wishes to

be remembered to W. H. (Gee) Nutt, with whom he apparently once had a fearful scrap in an Anfield '100' long ago. I thoroughly enjoyed the evening—and the tea. Have you ever been on an Anfield 'tea' run!

"I was rather puzzled by the fact that the lads all began their serious drinking as soon as they arrived—'they' (the other sort) open at 5-30 hereabouts! The thought of hot tea on top of cold beer made me feel like Leverstock Green after the Wessex run, so I respectfully declined. When I saw the tea, I 'saw all.' It was, in fact, nothing short of a slap-up dinner, with two huge fowls at one end of each table, and a whole leg of roast pork at the other, followed by a sweet and—yes, one cup of tea. Strange to say, every one beetled off as soon as the eating had ceased, but I found a convivial cove in the bar (name of Jones, young, married, picturesque lock of hair over right eye—know him?)"

(Needless to say it gave us very great pleasure to entertain Mr. Pfeiffer, and we much enjoyed our having him with us on that occasion.—ED.)

POTTED INTERVIEWS.

By our Special Commissioner.

(Our readers will recollect a few years ago a series of interviews the Staff of this Journal had with famous individuals, our Special Commissioner for the purpose being a very competent person who commanded a high retaining fee. In course of time our Special Commissioner decided to go abroad in order to broaden his mind and cultivate fresh ideas for the simple purpose of contributing the results of further research for the benefit of this world-renowned Journal. He has since returned and has now consolidated the mine of enlightenment gained with the following excellent result.

—ED.)

Mr. J. H. FAWCETT.

TO track down such an elusive bird as John Fawcett to his lair, lay him by the heels, so to speak, and round him up ready for the editorial plucking, was no simple accomplishment. But, after many anxious days and nights, we succeeded in cornering our quarry in the wilds of North Wales. We were righteously elated. "Good morning, good morning, good morning, jolly old delver of the sod," we chortled. "Bon-jour, dear old trundler of the sardine-tin! And how fares the fragrant fruitfulness of the fallow field? We mean, how many tons of titillating 'taters' to the gallon?"

The reply to this ebullition of cheerfulness was not couched in the same spirit of *joie-de-vivre*. Decidedly not.

"Ugh! What did you say?" was the shattering response. "Did I understand you to say you wanted a gallon? This isn't a pub. This is the White Cottage. That's the gate!"

It was only after half-an-hour's explanation and the production of the Anfield badge that we were finally allowed to remain within the Fawcettian domain, and we saw we would have to proceed with caution—to humour the beast as it were, in order to accomplish our mission successfully. Scattered all round were numerous mathematical instruments, including a T-square and a level, while to one side was disposed a large shallow box filled with spheroidal bodies wrapped in tissue paper.

"Hens laying well?" we enquired, nodding towards the box.

It was an unfortunate shot. Foaming at the mouth, Mr. Fawcett screamed:

"Young man, those are not eggs; they are tubers. Don't you know a tuber when you see it?"

"Rather, dear old sprout; we ought to. We've carried a bunch of them on the back of our trike for umpteen years."

"Not tubulars, you idiot. I am speaking of tubers—potatoes! . . . But I will be calm. Only keep silent while I finish my day's work, and then we can talk. I have laboured from dewy morn till opening-time and still have my tenth potato to place in its 'narrow cell.'"

So saying, Mr. Fawcett made abstruse calculations with pencil and compasses, T-square and rule, and having checked with sextant and theodolite the place it was to occupy, a potato was carefully unwrapped from its covering and laid reverently in the cavity which had been excavated for it.

"Quick work!" I remarked.

"I am considered rather fast, you know," replied Mr. Fawcett.

"You gay dog!" we chuckled, giving him a poke in the ribs. To our surprise, Mr. Fawcett looked decidedly annoyed.

"Not in that way, young man. I am speaking of speed of movement."

"Quite so, quite so, Mr. Fawcett; exactly. Now as a matter of fact that is the reason of our visit to you to-day. We would like to ask you a few questions, so that we can vouch to the world, some, at least, of the records you have set up in your time. Now tell us, dear sir, which of the mighty rides you have accomplished you consider to be the most dazzling of your career?"

Before replying, Mr. Fawcett unearthed from a nearby cauliflower bush a pint pot of porter with which he moistened his moustache. Seeing our anxious look he set our mind at rest with the remark, "Sorry, there is only one." And then, spreading himself comfortably on the only seat in view, he began.

"I think my most famous record is that from Oxton to Cilcain. I rode the 28 miles in a fraction over four hours, the fraction being accounted for by the fact that the Church clock had stopped two hours before my arrival. I owe much of my success to the skilful pacing of that crack tandem pair, Chandler and Royden."

"And what other deeds of derring-do can you record, Mr. Fawcett?"

"My dear sir, my innate modesty forbids that I should boast. I could thrill your readers with tales of those terrific 'fifties' in which I have been engaged—as a checker; or I might give statistics to the fourth decimal place of the Club runs I might have kept, had I not been otherwise engaged. My father used to say to me, 'Jacko' (I was named after a pet monkey of his which died in its infancy from scarletina), Jacko, my boy, be heard and not seen,' and the colossal number of Club runs to my credit each year is evidence of the soundness of my father's advice."

"Would that we had lived in those stirring times, Mr. Fawcett, but we are given to understand the fire of battle is not yet dead in your heart."

"Not by any means, young man, not by any means," replied Mr. Fawcett, and his eye—in fact both of them—glittered ferociously. "But I have other fields to conquer—fields—acres of *pommes de terre*! And why not? Why not? To quote Macaulay (a little freely perhaps):—

And how can man die better
Than forking fearful clods,
For growing tons of 'taters
And pecks of peas in pods."

* * * * *

At the conclusion of this swan-song, either from the mental strain entailed, or the heat of the sun, or the effect of the porter—or a combination of all three—Mr. Fawcett's head nodded. Next the ether was shaken by a nasal rumbling; the reverberations became more frequent, until they merged into a continual barrage of explosions unfit for publication.

* * * * *

Mr. Fawcett slept.

TOURS AND TOURING.

HILLS AND THE SEA.

By C. F. ELIAS.

LAST August I spent about three weeks on the Island of Skye. It was a family holiday of mixed enterprises, but cycling had to have its place, so we took three bicycles by train and boat to Portree. In all and in one way and another I covered 410 miles of the island roads without over much repetition and still left many miles unexplored.

This was my fourth visit to Skye; and I was not long in confirming my earlier experiences of gradient and surface and the power of the wind. Cycling on Skye is hard work, but it is worth it. Speed (relative) and distance must be rigorously adjusted downwards and comfort and smooth running should be excluded from one's hopes. With the exception of a few of the miles between Portree and Duntulm I found very few surfaces even reasonably good. Loose stones and ruts, pot holes and bumps, waves and dithery open jointed macadam best describe the surfaces of the major roads; but these discomforts should be and must be ignored and the hardy cyclist will then enjoy himself.

There are several crossings, the oldest, perhaps, at Kyle-*rhea*, *Armadale*, *Oronsay*, and the *Kyle of Lochalsh*, which is the chief crossing of to-day, the ferry to *Kyleakin* being ones' first introduction to the island. *Kyleakin* may be taken as a good starting point along the coast road. The coast road to *Broadford* is followed to *Sligachan* and *Portree*. Parts of this road are new and cut off considerable distances with improved gradients. At *Portree* the major road runs to *Borve*, a junction where the *Dunvegan Road* runs west and the *Uig road* right.

The *Dunvegan road* takes in *Skeabost* and *Edinbain* and *Fairy Bridge*, and finishes more or less at the famous castle—it gives a pleasant alternative route back to *Sligachan* by *Bracadale*. The right hand turn leads on north by *Romesdal* and *Kingsburgh* and *Uig*, and, still clinging to the coast, passes *Kilmuir* and *Duntulm* and *Kilmaluag*. Then it bumps on east towards *Flodigarry* on the north-east coast and follows down through *Staffin* and *Loch Fada* back to *Portree*. There is a cross road near *Staffin*, cutting through *Quirang* back to *Uig*. Beyond these major roads there are the diverting routes to *Elgol*, *Armadale* and *Kylerhea*, all out of *Broadford*, and the pass storming bye-way from *Portree* to *Bracadale* direct.

Along all these roads, especially the coastal roads, the views of the mainland and the inner and outer islands are wonderfully fine; the mountains of Skye centreing around Sligachan are seen perhaps to the greatest advantage on the road from Bracadale to Sligachan; for the Quirang country the short cross road from Uig to Staffin is the best.

The Outer Hebrides, with North and South Uist (the island of Flora Macdonald's birth), and Harris and Lewis, come into full view after climbing out of the beautiful little bay of Uig by the well-graded road and along Score Bay with Duntulm Castle in the distance, brings one to the most northerly point, Rudha Hunish.

There are few woodland groups and, indeed, few trees, but there are areas of almost exotic green around Dunvegan (which is especially favoured). Good accommodation is fairly plentiful. There are inns at Dunvegan, Edinbain, Uig, Flodigarry, Portree, Sligachan, Broadford, Kyleakin, Oronsay, with a further choice of Youth Hostels, boarding houses, and C.T.C. "bed and breakfast" signs.

The island is full of interest for those who are so minded. The people are reserved but courteous, friendly and refined; they are slow, but industrious and thrifty; they are a race apart and are devout in their religion and loyal to their traditions. The Government own great portions of the estates and have given considerable help and encouragement in better housing and improved methods of farming. Bonnie Prince Charlie, Flora Macdonald and Dr. Johnson provide much of the historical background.

Boswell's "Tour to the Hebrides," and Alexander Smith's classic "A Summer in Skye" are full of interest, and the faithful student will find many footprints if he has eyes to see. Flora Macdonald's burial place is at Kilmuir (nearby to Seton Gordon's attractive white house), and Flodigarry House, one time her home and Kingsburgh, where she met Dr. Johnson, are some of the pleasant places that may be seen; Prince Charlie's well and his cave are also names to seek out; Portree, Raasay and Dunvegan can be found in the "Tour," while the "Summer in Skye" takes in most of the island. The chapter on Uig and Duntulm Castle is very good reading.

No one should miss the opportunity, if it comes his way, of seeing the island, however short the visit. It remains to me always a memory of Hills and the Sea and a friendly and a quiet world of its own.

"And we in dreams behold the Hebrides."

RUNS.

Tattenhall, 3rd April, 1937.

A real Spring day at last, in spite of all the weather prophets! Dislike of Chester on a Saturday does not get any less, so the Upton by-pass road was made use of to go through to the Whitchurch section.

The boys, seven of them, were just about to set out for their training run of 25 miles, when I reached Miss Bell's. Going down towards Handley they all passed (with difficulty, perhaps!), and if anyone wants to talk about our poor physique I'm ready to argue in favour of our lads any time.

After turning below the railway bridge, Elias came along on his way back from a business trip to Shrewsbury. Striking about 38 we made for our rendezvous and came across Bert Green taking the air. Sammy and Mrs. Threlfall arrived very shortly afterwards, followed by Knipe, who had been through Tarporley and Broxton. Royden had also been round the Broxton district and I think he said something about climbing Peckforton Gap. Was Lady Ursula visiting the Cholmondleys at the Castle?

We settled down to our meal ten minutes' late, but Venables got away in time to catch his bus. Powell landed when we were getting ready for home—he had been timing the "25"—and joined our President, Royden and Knipe for the return journey. Chandler and Snowden were sporting their three-wheelers and in addition to those already mentioned were Jones plus friend, and Seed. The latter had a spot of bother with his gas lamp but promised to keep it cleaner in future.

Little Budworth, 10th April, 1937.

For Wirral members, the journey out was an easy one and the going was fast; the return home in the evening was another story, though the breeze died down after dusk, and, all things considered, the run can be described as one of the best this year.

Only ten sportsmen reached the *rendez-vous*—the President, Green (in a most becoming ensemble, composed of a chic cream-coloured coatee with dove-grey kirtling below, set off by hose of pastel grey), Stephenson, Knipe, Royden, the Editor, Snowden, Threlfall, Seed and Bob Poole—a rare bird of late.

The "Red Lion" ministered nobly to our appetites and we responded suitably to the efforts of the cook, with the result that everyone was eager to be up and doing and ready to face the elements whatever they might be. The first to cast off were Kettle with Tummus in tow, and were sighted near Kelsall, taking the rise to the village in slow and measured fashion. Tummus is rapidly acquiring a hunting seat, as with toes turned out and head well down—reminiscent of Tod Sloan—he plunges hither and thither, and if only someone would present Mr. Royden with a pair of spurs, the picture would be complete! Three tricycles were out—those of Kettle, Chandler and Snowden—gallant fellows!

There are no adventures to record of this trip, no stirring episode of any kind; it was just a gathering of the best in the Club and the demeanour of the individuals was in keeping. Everyone was *so* polite.

"I am sure I drank your ale, Mr. President."

"Tut! tut! Don't mention it, Mr. Chandler; it was entirely my fault; have another."

And so on.

There were certainly discussions—not hectic by any means—as to whether Cambridge was a suburb of Oxford; whether Mr. Royden was approaching his ninetieth birthday gracefully or otherwise; and whether or not Kettle would make port in safety with that cargo of apple-pudding aboard!

Yes, there have been worse runs—very—and many!

Farndon, 17th April, 1937.

I started off on this run in terrible weather—a regular N.W. deluge, but pleased to have the wind behind me; but what about coming back was troubling me. However I skirted the walls of Chester and took the Handbridge road. I omitted Lady Ursula's domains, familiarity breeds contempt and I am not one to trespass!

Arriving at Farndon I entered the dining-room and found myself the only occupant. I started to dry myself out and the maid informed me our worthy Editor had entered the Holy of Holies, *viz.*, the kitchen; and sitting upstairs I wondered what all the merriment was about? Ah! these jolly bachelors, what a time they have below-stairs. Little later in comes David and Jonathan, otherwise Ven., that made the noble band of four and six o'clock gone.

It was no use waiting ; we tucked into the good things and behold the door opened and in rolled Snowden, equipped for all the world to see—a lifeboat-man, sou' wester as well. Now of course our conversation dwelt on the small number and just as we were about to start for home, who should turn up but that old veteran Green, after a gruelling ride of 40 odd miles against head-wind.

In all my long experience of Saturday runs this is the smallest number I have ever sat with. Taking into account the Trial Run I wonder what has become of the spirit of the Anfield. Six old veterans may well crow.

RACING NOTES.

WILL, any of our racing men who are desirous of having the usual two slices of the Shropshire Triangle on June 6th please let me know as soon as possible.

E. BYRON,

Hon. Racing Secretary.

FIRST FIFTY MILES HANDICAP.

Saturday, 24th April, 1937.

Although we had only ten riders, this was one of the most successful first "50's" remembered. Salty's winter illness—we say it with no disrespect—has levelled things up a bit, and there was not the previous certainty as to whom would fall the honour of being fastest. Actually, Peter Rock rolled in first with 2.17.37, after losing a minute from Salty in the last 12 miles. The "invalid" was second with 2.18.14.

First handicap was gained by Sid Carver with a ride, particularly good for a stranger to the course, of 2.19.45. Arthur Hughes, with a four minute improvement, finished in 2.23.10 and gained second ; Rigby Band, with one of his far too infrequent flashes of form, merited third with 2.22.17. Eddie Haynes, although not in the prizes, rode his fastest "50." J. E. Reeves, a prospective member riding a private trial, clocked 2.19.45.

At Nomans Heath, Reeves was fastest in 32 mins.; Rock, Carr, and Carver, 33 ; Salty 33½ ; H. Thomas, Haynes and Hughes, 34 ; Band 35¼ ; Connor 35½, and "Shropshire" Thomas 37.

Bulkeley turn times (at $25\frac{3}{4}$ miles) were good. Rock, Carr, Carver and Reeves 1.9 each ; Salt 1.9 $\frac{1}{2}$; H. Thomas 1.11 $\frac{1}{2}$; Hughes 1.11 $\frac{3}{4}$; Haynes and Band 1.12 $\frac{1}{2}$; Connor 1.14 ; I. Thomas 1.16 $\frac{1}{2}$.

On the home straight, things were different, and Rock and Carr slowed somewhat. Carver was fastest with 32.10 ; Reeves 32.30 ; Salt 32.34 ; Band 32.52 ; Haynes 32.57 ; Rock 33.27 ; Connor 33.29 ; Carr 33.32 ; Hughes 34 ; I. A. Thomas 34.35 ; and Harry Thomas (who must have "died" horribly) 40.50.

FINISHING TABLE.

	Actual.	H'cap.	Nett.
1. S. T. Carver	2.19.45	8	2.11.45
2. A. F. Hughes	2.23.10	11	2.12.10
3. J. R. Band	2.22.17	10	2.12.17
4. E. Haynes, Junr.	2.21.57	8	2.13.57
5. W. P. Rock	2.17.37	2	2.14.37
6. J. E. Carr	2.18.32	3	2.15.32
7. W. G. Connor	2.25.29	9	2.16.29
8. J. J. Salt	2.18.14	Scr.	2.18.14
9. I. A. Thomas	2.30.35	12	2.18.35
10. H. Thomas	2.31.50	7	2.24.50
J. E. Reeves	2.19.45		2.19.45

Fastest Time Prize to W. P. Rock.

STOP PRESS.

It is anticipated that an attack on the Edinburgh/Liverpool Tandem Record will be made by J. J. Salt and W. P. Rock, on Sunday, 23rd May. The figures at present stand at 10 hrs. 11 mins. put up last year by Innes and Thompson. It is hoped that a large number of Anfielders will turn out to help.

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ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

FORMED MARCH, 1879.

MONTHLY CIRCULAR

Vol. XXXIII.

No. 376.

FIXTURES FOR JUNE, 1937.

Tea at 6-0 p.m.

Light up at

June 6	Invitation "100"	10-34 p.m.
	Headquarters—Shrewsbury (George)	
" 12	Little Budworth (Red Lion)	10-40 p.m.
" 14	Committee Meeting, 7-30 p.m. (Victoria Hotel, St. John's Lane, L'pool).	
" 19	Highwayside (Travellers Rest)	10-44 p.m.
" 26	Acton Bridge (Leigh Arms)	10-46 p.m.
July 3	Mouldsworth (Station Hotel)	10-43 p.m.
" 4	Alternative Week-end	10-43 p.m.
	F.O.T.C. Rally, Hatfield.	

Full Moon ... 23rd 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.

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COMMITTEE NOTES.

4 THE LAUND,

WALLASEY, CHESHIRE.

NEW MEMBER.—Mr. J. E. Reeves, 29 The Ginnel, Port Sunlight, has been elected to Full Membership.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS.—R. Barton, Barnegates, Devonshire Road, Norbreck, Blackpool. K. Barton, c/o. John S. Truskatt, & Co., 12 Renfield Street, Glasgow, C.2.

H. W. POWELL,

Hon. General Secretary.

TREASURY NOTES.

"HOPE springs eternal in the human breast," and though I am disappointed in the number of Subs. received in May, I still hope that June will prove a better month.

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

J. Hodges.	W. P. Rock.	A. T. Simpson.
*A. Lusty.	J. Seed.	J. H. Williams.
J. E. Reeves.	F. W. Smith (1938)	

RACING NOTES.

SECOND FIFTY MILES HANDICAP.
29th May, 1937.

With ten of the 12 entries occupying marks within 10 minutes from scratch, some good rides were looked for—and we were not disappointed. Eric Reeves, from the short mark of 4 mins., looked, even at five miles to go, to be in the running for fastest and handicap. But Salty finished ever strongly and Reeves lost the fastest prize by seven seconds. Some time was lost by a few in making the mistake that the sultry atmosphere was a headwind, whereas in reality it was relatively fast. The checking sheet at Noman's Heath shows Connor to be leading with 31 mins. Either George slammed his 84 gear

with great success thus far, or else the checker was wrong. With all respect, I am inclined to suspect the latter. Salty, Carver, Hughes, Carr and Rock reached the check in 32 mins., Reeves in 33, and the two Thomas's and Haynes in 34. Rigby Band 35, and Barker, riding his first race on a 71 gear and steels, 37. The half-way times you can study in the table below. Back at Noman's Heath, ready for the home straight, things were different. Reeves and Carr were fastest in 1.43; Salt 1.44; Rock 1.44½; Carver 1.45; H. Thomas 1.45½; Connor 1.46; Band and Haynes 1.47; I. Thomas 1.52, and Barker 2.3½. At the finish, things were different again. Salty finished strongly to clock 2.17.47, with Eric Reeves 8 seconds behind in 2.17.55. H. Thomas and E. Haynes were second and third with rides very little slower than their best.

Haynes dismounted twice with gear trouble, and Hughes appeared at the half-way check with a medley of loose spokes in each wheel.

Pos.	Name.	12¼	25¼	37¼	50	H'cap	Nett.
1.	J. E. Reeves	33	1.9	1.43	2.17.55	4	2.13.55
2.	H. Thomas	34	1.10½	1.45½	2.21.58	7	2.14.58
3.	E. Haynes ...	34	1.12	1.47	2.22.18	7	2.15.18
4.	S. T. Carver	32	1.10	1.45	2.20.40	5	2.15.40
5.	W. G. Connor	31	1.11½	1.46½	2.24.45	9	2.15.45
6.	J. E. Carr ...	32	1.9	1.43	2.19.45	3	2.16.45
7.	J. J. Salt ...	32	1.9½	1.44	2.17.47	Scr.	2.17.47
8.	J. R. Band	35	1.11¼	1.47	2.25. 8	7	2.18. 8
9.	I. A. Thomas	34	1.15½	1.52	2.31.48	12	2.19.48
10.	W. P. Roek	32	1.8½	1.44½	2.23.7	3	2.20. 7
11.	K. Barker ...	37	1.20½	2.3½	2.48.27	25	2.23.27

Dukinfield "50," 2nd May, 1937.

We had five members riding in this event, which was run off on a new course. The event, which was timed by R. J. Austin, was won by L. J. Ross of the East Liverpool Wheelers for the fifth year in succession, with a time of 2.10.40.

The East Liverpool Wheelers won the team race with the Walton C. & A.C. second.

Of "Ours," J. E. Carr was the fastest with a good ride of 2.14.39; Salt, who is rapidly finding his fitness again, did 2.19.20.

The leading times are as follows :—

1.	L. J. Ross	...	E.L.W.	2.10.40
2.	H. H. Pickersfill	...	Vegetarian C. & A.C.	2.11.45
3.	B. W. Bentley	...	Walton C. & A.C.	2.11.55
	J. E. Carr	...	Anfield B.C.	2.14.34
	J. J. Salt	...	"	"	2.19.20
	W. P. Rock	...	"	"	2.19.44
	S. T. Carver	...	"	"	2.21.39
	W. G. Connor	...	"	"	2.24.48

CAPTAIN'S NOTES.

THERE is little to record this month, except that the Speedwell B.C. have invited us to their Midsummer Run on June 19th/20th. This means supper at Whittington (or thereabouts) and then a glorious nocturne over the Berwyns and back to civilisation for breakfast. Names, please, as soon as you can.

FRANK MARRIOTT, *Captain*.

Edinburgh-Liverpool Tandem Record Attempt.

23rd May, 1937.

The Sunday morning scheduled for the attempt turned out to be very wet with a strong adverse wind. However, Salt and Rock started at 5 a.m. from the Edinburgh H.P.O. and were timed out by Watson of the Edinburgh Road Club, who is the holder of the National 50 mile tricycle record, and another official of the same club, whose name I cannot remember.

Ken Barton took Sammy Barton and George Connor out to Romanno Bridge, about 20 miles out, where the first drink was duly handed up. It was here that we discovered the real strength of the wind, which by now had reached almost gale force, and to make matters worse it started to rain heavily. Salty and Peter rode on steadily and at Crook Inn they were about 2 mins. down on their schedule. Then commenced the climb over the Devils Beef Tub, and instead of being able to free wheel down the other side the riders were forced to pedal hard to maintain "evens." Moffat was reached about 4 mins. down on schedule, and after a further 10 miles, they wisely packed up, it being an almost impossible task to complete the remaining 152 miles at 21 m.p.h., which was necessary to beat record.

Salty and Peter rode into Lockerbie about six miles away, and at the "Crown" bathed and changed, and along with the rest of the party had further breakfast.

There is little to say about the remainder of the journey except for the meeting at the Imperial Hotel, Liverpool, where 17 members and friends sat down to a really excellent meal of steak and chips, etc., organised by Hubert Roskell, who, in his usual thorough manner and foresight, had overlooked nothing.

Our very best thanks are again due to all the helpers who turned out up and down the course, and a special work of thanks is due to Bert Green, Ken Barton and Hubert Roskell for the transport facilities, for without their help record attempts of this nature are impossible.

TRICYCLE ASSOCIATION.

ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING.

THIS meeting was held at the N.C.U. offices in Doughty Street, London, on the evening of Wednesday, April 21st.

The propositions brought forward by Mr. Littlemore, the Honorary Secretary of the Northern Section of the T.A.—the outcome of wishes expressed at the A.G.M. at Acton Bridge, recently, were:—

- (a) That the 50-mile race for the Tricycle Trophy should be held on a Northern course—a breakaway from the hitherto traditional holding of a race at this distance on a Southern course.
- (b) That the Association affiliate to the Manchester Time Trials Association at a fee of 5/- per annum.
- (c) That the 100 mile road event be held alternately in the North and in the South.

Snowden, of ours, hied himself Londonwards to support Mr. Littlemore, and we are glad to be able to record that the two Northern representatives, by their honey-tongued orations persuaded the meeting to accede to all their requests.

We are given to understand that the two adventurers received quite an ovation from their Southern brethren, who made it clear in no uncertain manner how pleased they were to welcome them at their deliberations and to give an impartial hearing to their arguments.

Among those present were such well-known tricyclists as Mr. Bartleet (Chairman), Mr. B. H. Hogan, and Mr. M. Draisey.

Great satisfaction was expressed at the headway the T.A. had made in recent years in the North, and a special tribute to Mr. Littlemore was paid for the part he had played in this connection.

During the evening the thanks of the Association were accorded to Snowden for presenting a 50-mile handicap Trophy.

Anyone interested in trundling the broad-gauge machine should communicate with Mr. Littlemore, 53 Halton View Road, Widnes, who will be delighted to give full information regarding joining the Association.

CORRESPONDENCE.

May, 1937.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,

I am not sure whether the "reminiscent" disease is a sign of senile decay or approaching insanity, but it does seem to become virulent with me in my old age—a fact which Hubert will confirm. (Before I go any further, as I am, alas, unknown to so many of your readers nowadays, may I introduce myself as Hubert's brother!) However, I do feel that it is a pity that so many of our stalwarts have passed over to the Great Beyond without recording their very interesting experience of the old days of the Club and cycling generally. I am therefore tempted to start the ball rolling in the hope that I may be followed by more facile pens, such as The Master, Old Chem, Ven, A.T.S., etc.

I. *Joining the Club.*—Hubert and I joined in 1898, graduating from the long-defunct Carlton C.C. which had supplied many prominent members to the Anfield, e.g., Billy Neason, Teddy Worth, George Lichtenberg, Fred Bird (a fine but disappointing rider). I hope it is better nowadays, but in those days a new member had a very "thin" time. The old stagers were terribly "gold-tipped" and stand-offish, so soaked in the Anfield traditions that they looked askance at new blood and were—well—distinctly hard to get to know. But no doubt I was an irresponsible young ass 40 years ago; but weren't we proud of our Anfield badges?

One notable exception was Billy Toft. I always remember when I attended Bettws in that year, feeling like a pariah, the fixture was his first appearance after a long illness. He was very weak and we all paraded at Bettws station, took the horse from the shafts of a "growler" and pulled him to the Glan Aber. Before he went up the steps he remarked "I see several new members, please introduce me." Thus began a close friendship of many years.

However, my period of probation was not a very long one as, if I remember rightly, I was on the Committee the following year and Captain two years later. But a lot of my statements are open to correction as I have no records available.

One of the first fixtures I attend was the Anfield dinner. Oh yes! we *had* a dinner, but only one and I often wonder why, as it seemed to be a great success. It was quite a swell affair at the Exchange Hotel Banqueting Hall, with dear old Pa White in the chair, a galaxy of local celebrities and a strong Manchester contingent. Hubert was then living in the Midlands and unable to attend, but I remember his writing me *re* the dinner: "Mind you wear a dress suit and for God's sake don't get drunk." I fancy I disobeyed both commands!

My first run was to the Patten Arms, Warrington. I came back with a party of five or six, including Ned Cottle on a trike and Billy Owen (who, by the way, *was* always "matey" from the start). Having an exaggerated idea of Anfield speed, even in the winter, I got in front and went like hell through the mud, dropping several, and finally completely blotted my copybook by swerving in front of Ned Cottle and bringing him off his trike near Cronton.

I think we soon proved ourselves as prospective speedmen, for Hubert won the first "50" of that year with a fine ride of 2.45 (!), while I took the next one with 2.52 over a slower course, which included the Three Greyhounds, Lostock Gralam and Plumbley. Hubert fell at Lostock. Soon afterwards we blossomed forth on a tandem and established ourselves as real speedmen, as there were few who could live with us at that time on the road. I remember a fierce tussle with F.H. on the Mere-Plumbley stretch so impressed him that he was tempted out of retirement to go for the paced "50." I should perhaps explain that *unpaced* racing was only just beginning, starting I think with the "50's" of 1897.

We *were* a good pacing team but even then, when we timidly offered our services to several old stagers for that year's

paced "24," we were more or less snubbed. Finally, we were accepted by Harvey Glover and took him about 150 miles to finish second to Tom Conway.

Yours, etc.,

FRANK ROSKELL.

(Frank Roskell was elected Sub.-Capt. in 1900, Captain in 1901/2/3, and on the Committee in 1906. We are very pleased to hear from our correspondent and can promise him a cordial welcome at any time he can arrange to attend a Club run, we also thank him for his reminiscencies which are very interesting, especially to older members.—ED.)

AT RANDOM.

ANFIELDERS will have read with very much pleasure that one of our oldest members—Sir John Siddeley, C.B.E.—has been created a peer, and we take this, the first, opportunity of congratulating him on the distinction he has received, and trust he may be spared for many years to enjoy the honour which it has pleased His Majesty The King to bestow upon him.

Sir John has been much in the news of late, for it was not long ago that he purchased and presented to the Nation the remains of Kenilworth Castle, together with a sum of money for its restoration.

Another instance of Sir John's generosity is his recent gift of £100,000 towards the Fairbridge Farm Schools.

The Club is indeed proud to number him among its members.



A WARNING.

The following intriguing piece of news appeared in the issue of *The Times* for April 29th :—

TRAPPED IN CHAIN OF A BICYCLE.

HOLSTED (DENMARK).—On a lonely stretch of road near here an elderly man has had an alarming experience : his long beard became entangled in the chain of his bicycle and he could not extricate it.

He had dismounted to adjust the chain, which had come off the crank. He put this right, but when he tried to stand up, a sharp tug at his beard brought

him to his knees again. His beard was enmeshed in the chain and round the crank.

He was found some time later by another cyclist crawling backwards along the road, dragging his bicycle behind him. The other cyclist lifted the machine so that the captive was able to stand upright, and between them they managed to stagger along for some distance until they met a countryman with a sharp knife. The beard was cut off. The elderly Dane is now clean-shaven.—*Reuter*.

We have the feeling that either the journalist responsible for the above was intoxicated or that the bearded gentleman in question was riding a freak bicycle. He had apparently discarded his chain wheel and wrapped the chain round one of the cranks. Of course, if people ride such machines they must expect accidents, even such a strange accident as is here reported. Our hero, then, having got his whiskers mixed up in the mechanical muddle aforesaid, is next seen crawling backwards dragging the bicycle *behind* him. To our way of thinking, this does not point to strict sobriety!

The good Samaritan who took pity on this burden of misery appears also to have mislaid his wits.

BEARDS AND BICYCLE CHAINS.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE TIMES."

SIR,—It is curious that there should be a (Reuter) news paragraph in your issue of April 29 about a man at Holsted who caught his beard in a bicycle chain while adjusting the mechanism, for when I was there in the spring of '92 there was a very popular rhyme which went something like this :—

At Holsted an elderly Dane,
Caught his beard in a bicycle chain,
It's hoped if it grows
Till it reaches his toes,
He'll be able to cycle again.
Yours, &c.,

The above appeared in the issue of *The Times* of May 5th. Our Welsh correspondent—evidently a bard of distinction—in his comments on the letter, remarks :—

"Indeed to goodness, this is very good indeed; but, look you, I think I have made some better improvements."

The following are his "better improvements" :—

At Bettws an elderly knave
 Had, I'm told, a very close *shave* !
 His whiskers were snipped
 By the chain which had slipped—
 Now his beard has a permanent wave.



THE WALKING PEDALLER.

A highly dangerous but not necessarily serious Rival to the Bicycle is the Walking Machine that saw daylight in the Press at the end of March this year.

It would be very out of place if Anfielders remain in ignorance of its details, though for all I know a few Anfielders are already practising in stealth.

The secret of the machine consists of two artificial Nether-Legs that not only walk but are smartly booted. Those Boots play an important part, and the bigger the boot the better for the Walker.

Half way between boot and knee the two legs are connected or linked by a mechanism that will be described below and makes the two feet step in turn in front of each other. This reminds us of the advice given by the wise mother to the adventurous daughter : " Girls, Keep on Walking."

To make the invention crystal clear to our readers, let me state that the invention consists of an UPRIGHT BAR about 5 feet tall, which remains in mid air and rests on the Art-feet.

The Bar has three main features :—

1. At the bottom there is attached the Lower Mechanism.
2. At the Top there is affixed a Cycling Saddle for the Walking Rider.
3. Midway (and possibly adjustable) there is the Higher Mechanism.

The two mechanisms are somewhat alike and both penetrate the Main Bar. The higher consists of a horizontal axle, chain-wheel (with chain) and two cranks turning the gear-wheel. The lower mechanism consists of a horizontal axle, a chain-wheel and two cranks whose pedals are ingeniously fitted into the Artificial Legs. (Ah ! ah ! I see that you are now

smelling a Rodent.) The aforementioned chain connects the two gearwheels. Those of you already deeply interested cry out at this stage: "I see it all, the higher the gear the faster the beggar is running and vice versa." (Quite so, but don't surpass yourself.)

Let us start gently: The intrepid Walking Rider gets seated and places his feet in the higher pedals. Let us suppose that for simplicity the gearwheels are of equal size so that the rider keeps pace with his feet. His chain now starts working the lower pedals which in turn work the smartly booted Feet, "et voilà."

In plain English, so far so well. When I recall how long it took me from birth onwards to become a good walker, and later also a skater, I suggest some little aid to balancing, say two large walking sticks with pointed steel ends, a small matter I grant you, but every little helps.

Then there comes the question of falling and the difficulty of getting back into the saddle. Here I suggest a portable stand that can be raised when ripe for "Off Again."

This recalls to my mind a cycling friend in the early "Eighties," who, having broken the backbone of his Rudge and Rudge being unwilling to open a credit, my friend taught himself (with the aid of three of us and the Park Gates) to ride on the front wheel (minus back-wheel) but yet seated in the saddle attached to what was left of the backbone. He succeeded after seventeen hundred and fifty-three falls. He was later rewarded by the applause of fifty-three thousand people and an invitation to perform at the Crystal Palace. And what is more: Ridges offered him a machine built to his Order. Thus a sequence of Endeavour, Perseverance, Sufferings, Gallant Risks and Fame.

"THE OBSERVER."

N.B.—This is no attempt to oust Dave and Ven from their pedestrian positions or to belittle their triumphs.



We see that, according to official returns, the beer output for the first three months of the present year shows an increase of 7% on the figures for the corresponding period of 1936. Presumably, of course, the beer *intake* figures will reveal a like increase, but we must ask Jimmy Williams about this.



We are bound to refer again this month to that matter of ox-roasting, on which we made some comment in our last issue. A correspondent has written to a newspaper called *The Times* (published daily in London except on Sunday, Good Friday, and Christmas Day) to the effect that, desiring to know how best to roast an ox whole, he made enquiries at Smithfield Market, where he drew a very complete blank. Nobody could tell him where he might obtain an ox whole, let alone how to spit, roast, and carve it, and, to make matters worse—far worse—he ascertained that the roast beef of old England usually comes from Scotland. This strikes us as being an extraordinary and sensational state of affairs, and we are not surprised to hear that Master Frank (This must be Frank Marriott.—ED.) is taking immediate action with the object of setting matters right, it being obvious that, unless something is done, the British Commonwealth will rapidly disintegrate. (It is well known that history repeats itself, and readers who are interested are referred to Tommy Royden's monumental work, "The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire." See page 1073 of Volume XVIII.) The Cheshire Beer-Biters and Tea-Tasters have also been stamped into action, and Master Frank will shortly preside at a Spring Onion Tea, to be held at the Hotel Superfluous, Moreton, when a resolution condemning the practice of roasting oxen, whole or otherwise, will be passed.

One of our exiled members, writing from a place called Birmingham (we are not quite sure of the spelling), complains of the recent editorial request for early "copy." Our correspondent writes: "What is not recognised by the exalted person occupying the *sanctum sanctorum* is that, owing to Vitamin B, or something, the middle of the month comes much more quickly here in the Tropics than it does at Liverpool and other places in the arctic circle. The consequence is that it is next door to impossible to keep to the arbitrary time-table which has been laid down, and I therefore hope that due allowance will be made in my case should I ever wish to inflict my views on the *Circular*."

WHITSUNTIDE TOUR, 1937.

A STRANGE thought, Whitsuntide without its Anfield "100" Festival; and yet a thought not without its pleasure, for those who would otherwise be in the toils of the

racing game were able to tour and leave the racing to a common or garden week-end. Other clubs thought this way about it, too. It was a real holiday, for bicycles need not be clean for touring (it's an unwritten rule that racing machines must be spotless). Rigby Band, Connor and Marriott made a delightful day of the Saturday. Chester for lunch and the Raven for tea in the hope that a host of other Anfielders would join them, but only Hughes turned up and the tea was the worst ever there.

Byron and Randall awaited us outside, but the latter scowled horribly at the Skipper and Shawbury came before he smiled in pleasant mood. That night, with Peter Rock and Eric Reeves, and the mighty Hubert and the rest, we held revelry in the George, to be followed by an even later celebration in a scruffy chip shop in a quaint, half-timbered street. Great days!

Lunch was arranged at Stokesay Castle Hotel, Craven Arms, and some energetic soul suggested that the athletes should acquire their appetite via Chirbury and Church Stoke. And to his everlasting sorrow, for he moaned the whole day, Sammy the Skipper agreed. A late start from Salop, for campers never can start early, a warm morning, and a windless day. Hills, there were scores of them (or so it seemed), and with Eric and Peter scrapping, we tore relentlessly westwards. Rigby showed sense, he allowed himself to be dropped, complete with the only puncture outfit of the party. Chirbury within the hour, only to find a "six days" there and at Church Stoke—dry days! Through Lydham we skirted Bishops Castle to follow the disused railway to Craven Arms.

Nineteen were around the luncheon tables. Mr. and Mrs. Sammy Threlfall; Hubert; "24" Dougal and friend of the Century; Marriott, Hughes, Ven, Rowatt, Beardwood, Reeves, Rock, Connor, Haynes, Junr., Green, Randall, Byron, Powell and Snowden.

After a goodly lunch, the "youngsters" held peace that afternoon, and while Green, Powell and Snowden tea'd at Chirbury on the sweated trail, the others were content with tea at Little Stretton and then to ride along the old Watling Street to Salop. What a fine old road, as it springs to modernity in the suburbs of Church Stretton, only to plunge into insignificance immediately beyond amid the thick high hedges of an English lane.

Seven o'clock, and we were in Salop again. 7-30 and we were ready for dinner. It must be some years since such a

party (19) of Anfielders sat to dinner at the George. In the lounge, Draisey of the Century was seen, and Macdonald of the Speedwell came in later. Of the Anfielders, Wemyss Smith was a *rara avis*, and Salty, Jonas and Blotto were all present. Carver and Eddie Morris rolled in, too, and we heard that Bren Orrell was somewhere in Shropshire.

Sunday, and in a white mist we marshalled for the Manchester Wheelers, but afterwards a rare day followed and all was delight. Home was reached, not so tired, perhaps, as usual, but there seemed something missing. It will take time to have a real Whitsun with the Anfield "100" yet to be run.

RUNS.

Acton Bridge, 1st May, 1937.

Mine was a solitary ride to-day, and by way of Ashton, Mouldsworth, and Hatchmere I reached the rendezvous, where as early as 5-20 five had already arrived.

Stevie was trying out Haynes' trike with a view to purchase, and had completed a few trial trips up the road, when the Editor, Powell and Snowden, with Guy Pullen of the Mersey Roads arrived.

A move was made to the bar, where miscellaneous topics were discussed and then this scribe fell to the wily attack of the Editor, who leaned across seemingly to say anything but the usual "Will you—."

Powell was a little anxious regarding the food (having only ordered for ten), but was assured by Barney of plenty, and this was borne out by the sight of Reeves and the Skipper, late arrivals, surrounded by lashings of grub as late as 7 p.m.

They were going across to the Dukinfield "50," and the remainder of the racing men and helpers were rising at the witching hour of 2 a.m. to ride across.

Tommy Royden escorted me to the fork at Crowton, he returning by my outward route and I, through Kingsley, Helsby and then via the by-pass, thus completing a splendid afternoon. Those out, not already mentioned, were: Cody, Green, Lucas, K. Barton, Hubert and friend, Poole, Perkins, Thomas and Threlfall.

Highwayside, 8th May, 1937.

"Will you write up the run?" A sweet tenor voice bellowed (We have never heard of tenors *bellowing*.—E.D.) down my ear. Recovering from the shock with dithering knees, I realised I was to pay the price for my infrequent appearances on club runs; so here goes.

Lying in wait at Two Mills a cavalcade consisting of the Skipper, Rigby Band, Hughes, Carver, Reeves, and Barker eventually hove in sight. Expecting a "tear up" to develop I occupied my favourite position for these occasions—behind. However, the said "tear up" did not materialise, so the pace was more in keeping with my old age.

Proceeding through the back alleys of Chester, Stamford Bridge was reached where the suggestion that a cup of tea should be assimilated was not out-voted. On the road again Tarporley was set behind us, and with a mass sprint over the last furlong the venue was reached on time; then straight to the sustenance department.

At the table silence reigned except for the champing of jaws and clatter of cutlery.

Glancing around, I espied—other than those aforementioned—Snowden, Thomas, I. A., Carr, J. E., Haynes, Jnr., Chandler, "The Fair Hubert," Sir Thomas Royden, Powell, Knipe, del Banco, Bert Green, Stevie, Jack Salt, Rock, Threlfall and Lucas (Mrs. Threlfall and Mrs. Lucas were also out). Ven and Dave Rowatt had arrived early and were leaving as I arrived.

Shock number two consisted of seeing Jack actually unable to finish his meat, although he made up for it with other things!

After the meal the sole topic at my end of the table was the forthcoming record attempt by Jack and Peter, and all the necessary arrangements attached thereto.

Leaving Highwayside the "Salt Rock" tandem considerably stayed behind the peloton (ahem!) but not for long; the first down grade saw them away followed by the "fast pack" and that's the last I saw of them. The "rabbits"—relatively speaking, of course—had a scrap among themselves which was soon over as far as the writer was concerned.

A certain shop in Chester saw the gathering of the remnants, and a *fairly* gentle ride home followed.

In spite of a dull and rather cold day, and "bellows to mend," I had a very enjoyable (?) "doing over."

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ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

FORMED MARCH, 1879.

MONTHLY CIRCULAR

Vol. XXXIII.

No. 377.

FIXTURES FOR JULY, 1937.

Tea at 6-0 p.m.

			Light up at
July	3	Mouldsworth (Station Hotel)	10.43 p.m.
..	4	Alternative Week-end F.O.T.C. Hatfield	10-41 ..
..	10	Kingsley (Horseshoe)	10-39 ..
..	12	Committee Meeting 7-0 p.m. (Victoria Hotel, St. John's Lane, Liverpool)	
..	17	Little Budworth (Red Lion)	10-33 ..
..	24	Third Fifty Miles Handicap	10-24 ..
..	31/Aug. 2	August Tour	10-10 ..
..	"	Bath Road "100," Speedwell "100," and Tricycle Trophy	
..	31	Chester (Talbot) See Committee Notes	10-13 ..
Aug.	7	Highwayside (Travellers Rest)	10-0 ..

Full Moon 23rd 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.

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COMMITTEE NOTES.

4 THE LAUND,

WALLASEY, CHESHIRE.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS.—Mr. E. J. Cody, St. Philomenas, The Avenue, Pantasaph, Holywell, North Wales.

Members attending Chester on Saturday, 31st July, are requested to order their requirements on arrival.

H. W. POWELL,

Hon. General Secretary.

TREASURY NOTES.

We have heard of the three Graces, the three dread Sisters and other mythological persons, but now we have the three proud Anfielders, for only three of the great horde of non-payers have earned the distinction of getting their names in the Treasury Notes this month.

Will the others please note that the Treasurer will be from home after 17th July, and so send in their subscriptions early, thus helping to make his holiday free from financial cares. My thanks are due to

W. E. Cotter. W. C. Humphreys. E. O. Morris.

RACING NOTES.

East Liverpool Wheelers "50."

Fastest time in this event was done by B. W. Bentley, Walton C. and A.C. The leading times were :

B. W. Bentley	Walton	2. 9.27
J. J. Salt	Anfield	2.13.56
J. E. Reeves	"	2.15.10
W. P. Rock	"	2.15.33
J. E. Carr	"	2.18.38
S. T. Carver	"	2.22.40
W. G. Connor	"	2.22.46

Grosvenor Wheelers "100."

This event was won by L. J. Ross. The following are the times :—

L. J. Ross East Liverpool	4.40.59
J. E. Reeves (5th Fastest))	4.48.50
W. P. Rock (8th Fastest)	4.50.14
S. T. Carver	4.51. 5
J. J. Salt	4.51.58
J. E. Carr	4.52.34
E. Haynes	4.53.13
H. Thomas	5. 0.48
W. G. Connor	5. 1.27
A. F. Hughes	5.12.16

We missed the Team Race by 12 secs. If J. E. Carr had not punctured we should have won.

TRICYCLE ASSOCIATION NEWS.

ON May 23rd both the Southern and the Northern 25-miles road handicaps were decided, and it is pleasing to record that J. J. Davies (Potteries) on a breezy morning, registered the time of 1-hr. 10-mins. 22-secs.—a full minute faster than his time in the corresponding event last year. It is interesting to compare with this the fastest time in the southern event which was 1-hr. 14-mins. 33-secs. Davies, therefore, has already secured a good lead in the championship, and his prospects of repeating his last year's success are extremely rosy.

AT RANDOM.

THE announcement that the troops lining the Coronation route were supplied with lumps of sugar in order to sustain them in their long wait impels Frank Marriott to suggest that the Club must no longer frequent hotels which place granulated sugar on the tables. Free supplies of lump sugar will remove the terrors of those strenuous rides home from Willaston and Parkgate by setting aside the danger of the hungry knock, but members are requested to be moderate in their raids on hotel sugar-basins. It is suggested that nobody should appropriate more than, say, half-a-dozen lumps.

We understand that Bob Knipe has written a very indignant letter to the Mersey Docks and Harbour Board complaining of the fact that the bridges connecting the Liverpool landing stage and the river wall are occasionally too steep to walk either up or down, especially in the case of cyclists accompanied by their all-gilt "Hercules" bicycles. We ourselves have noticed this phenomena (which, of course is the feminine of phenomenon—we mention this for the benefit of an ill-educated chap like Robinson), and we feel sure that something ought to be done about it. The wide variations in the gradient of the bridges is simply disgusting, and not far short of a National Scandal.

We are now able to reveal how Frank Marriott nearly missed the Invitation "100." He took with him to Shrewsbury two carefully synchronized alarm clocks, which duly went off at the appointed hour—3 a.m., or thereabouts—and the Skipper continued to snore, taking no notice of the cacophony. It is thought that the clatter of one clock drowned the din set up by the other, or vice versa, with the result that Marriott heard neither. Which just shows you! Fortunately, a search party was able to discover and uproot the laggard before it was too late, and so all was well.

(This paragraph, which reached the Editorial sanctum on the day *before* the "100," is a piece of more or less intelligent anticipation. It reveals something of what we Editors have to put up with at the hands of unscrupulous and unprincipled contributors, over-anxious to earn the few paltry guineas we are able to pay.—Ed.)

Marriott was so annoyed at the Buchan cold spell which came along last month that he has made up his mind not to read any more of that gentleman's novels. He expresses the opinion (rather forcibly, too) that an individual who occupies the exalted post of Governor-General of Canada should give up mucking about with the weather.

(We ought, perhaps to mention that the inventor of the cold spells and Lord Tweedsmuir are two entirely different persons.—Ed.)

We understand that the co-operative movement paid Jonas no less a sum than £10,000 for his noble, superb and stirring Coronation poem which begins (and, mercifully enough, ends) thus :

“ Shop
At the Co-op.”

So far as we can make out, the lines don't scan (or whatever it is that lines do, or ought to do), but that does not seem to matter. Sid “ got way with it,” and the poem is now being painted on Co-operative vans all over Stanley Street and in Rock Ferry.

REMINISCENCES & MEMORIES

AT BETTWS IN THE NINETIES.

FRANK Roskell's Anfield Reminiscences of the latter end of the nineteenth century prove that those years are still dear to him and while most of his contemporaries are now Beyond it will not surprise him to find that his recollections have aroused at least one typical fellow member of those days.

Well do I recall the first visit of “ the Brothers ” to Bettws when for the first time and last time I scaled with them the Rocks overlooking the Miners' Bridge.

Although my membership dated a few years further back while I was of course an older man, the curious atmosphere he describes affected many of us and really divided the assembly into Juniors and Seniors. Those were the years when Lawrence Fletcher paid return visits to his old haunts after many years in London, and he did so in company of a small group of well-known old riders, among whom Tinsley Waterhouse was perhaps the most prominent example. Thus Flether was the centre of an exclusive group.

Absence from Liverpool had endeared the old secretary to his clubmates to a curious extent. He seemed to have become a mythical personage now returned in the flesh, but the great man had no wish to enlarge the circle of his friends and newcomers were not introduced to him. Taking the hint we refrained from approaching uninvited.

I personally had been forewarned and thus forearmed as far back as '89 on an early visit to the club when I had been fobbed off with a cock and bull message from a mutual friend in Manchester to approach the "Glan Aber" and run the Great L.F. to earth in his lair. That Lair was George Lake's present Boudoir which then possessed a door from the hall. To that door I was directed, I knocked and was bidden to enter. The outer window must have stood open because through it an icy blast from the north west blew up the Conway and blew me back again.

When six years later I joined the Anfield after many years in the outer darkness of Manchester path racing clubs I did not seek to climb any crazy pinnacle when perceiving that the members were separated between those who had the entree and those who had not.

The former prized their favourite position in no small degree and missed few opportunities to approach "L.F." as he was always spoken of, with little fraternal snappy remarks in which L.F. was always addressed as "Lorry."

Woe to the intruder who tried his luck to break into that select group, as it happened on one occasion when one buccaneer quickly found his way back from the Lorries among the Sorries.

Among my own contemporaries was a Southerner of remarkable audacity with many qualifications, the chief of which was his skill with the carving knife. With forty men at dinner and appetites on edge this soon earned for him the carving seat near the entrance door, while from a distance the Chorus of Lorries surrounded the head of the table near the sunlit windows. In addition, our carver was a man with a rich fund of wit and great flux de bouche—as Arthur would say.

The joint at our end was no mean piece of beef, it was succulent, and our carver, Tooth by name, declared it to be Toothsome in every sense. Carried away by the plaudits of us lesser mortals, and emboldened by the miracles of his flashing blade, Edgar Allen decided that now was the time to tempt Providence. Raising his voice and discarding all trace of timidity, he called out loudly :

"Try a Slice of my Beef—LORRY."

We gasped . . . Several stalwarts at the Upper Table blanched; old and new we waited breathlessly. I heard several pins drop (probably out of female garments). The icy silence became suffocating, but "L.F." turned neither hair nor head.

As for me, seated facing Tooth, beads fattened on my forehead. My eyes penetrated Tooth's brow but not a muscle stirred. I saw his horoscope revealed as the man on the flying TRAPEZE. Nay, more, I saw him fall out of the Balloon dashing down to earth. But his eyes caught the trailing rope, and as he flung round on it the door opened and in walked the youngest daughter, whose name as we have since learned, is—FLORRIE.

Through that open door Tooth saw the clouds break and the twilight shine. The aeronaut snatched salvation. With a stentorian voice that Gladstone alone might have challenged, he bellowed forth: "F-LORRY, F-LORRY, F-LLLORRY, you're wanted. Hand this sirloin to Mr. Lawrence Fletcher at the top table." The Anfield was saved and the loosening of the pent-up breaths shook the can-delabra on high.

In vain did I listen out for the now overdue order of: "Waiter, hand the decanter to Mr. Tooth." There was no saving grace, but only happy babble.

F.H.K.

SHARING THE VICE-CAPTAINCIES WITH THE ROSKELLS.

The close association between the Roskells and myself shows itself in the Vice-Captaincies of those years.

After my two years, 1897/8, Hubert became the Vice in 1899, while I tried to be a Councillor. In 1900 I went back to my former job which I shared with Frank Roskell. In 1901 Frank became Captain and I remained a Vice in company with Chem for two years. It was this combination with Chem that prepared us for our later joint work as Camp Stormers, which proved more solid ground than some of the morasses of our earlier days.

To this day we see Chem sniffing heather when we reach Llanarmon. (Oh 'Ell.)

F.H.K.

RUNS.

INVITATION "100," 6th JUNE, 1937

THE 44th Anfield "100," held for the first time on a Sunday, owing to the congested state of the main roads and the crowds which are attracted on a Whit Monday, was timed this year by R. J. Austin, with Bert Green as judge and referee, and we reverted to the course used in 1935, starting in Hadnall and finishing near Shawbury.

Though other events undoubtedly kept many "top-notchers" away, there was a fairly good class entry, but with Pickersgill (Veg. C. & A.C.), Ross (E.L.W.) and Salt, of "ours" on the scratch mark, we were promised a good race, with J. E. Carr, Hammand (M.V.A.A.T.S.C.C.) (wot ever the 'ell that means), Scarratt (Potteries), and several others on short marks to keep the scratch men from hanging back.

The morning was practically perfect for the work in hand, with little or no wind until 8 or 9 a.m. and right from the start Pickersgill went ahead and at Prees Heath, 11½ miles, was a minute faster than Scarratt, Reeves, Salt, Rock, G. E. Jones (Birkenhead N.E.) and ½ minute faster than Jim Carr. At Chetwynd, Pickersgill had at least three minutes on the rest, at Shawbirch 3½ to 4 minutes; at 50 miles 6½ to 7 minutes on Scarratt, Reeves, Carr, Salt, G. E. Jones and Dawson (Birkenhead N.E.)

At Prees Heath, 65¼ miles, the gap was increased to eight minutes, and at Chetwynd Church, 82 miles, "Pick" had a clear 10 minutes in hand and went on to break course record in 4.32.13 and over twelve minutes faster than the next man. It was a magnificent ride and makes one think that the hills on our course are not what they were.

Scarratt had been fighting with Carr and Reeves for second place and was behind the others in the early stages, but after 50 miles he drew ahead and finished with 4.44.30, a good two minutes in front of Eric Reeves, our newest, but by no means raw, recruit, who did an exceedingly fine ride of 4.46.36 off 17 minutes start, being third fastest and first in handicap.

Orrell and Salt are the only Anfielders to have done faster times in our "100," and we are very proud of our new member. C. H. Johnson (Mid-Shropshire Wheelers) also did a very fine ride to clock 4.46.58, 4th fastest and 4th in handicap, while Jim Carr's 4.47.23 is his fastest on the course. Salt, 4.49.45, was not his old self of 1934 and lost most of his time on the Prees-Chetwynd Road.

Ross (E.L.W.), the famous "50" man, was 9th fastest with 4.51.8, and of the other Anfielders riding, Carver was fastest with a fine 4.58.7, and Haynes was unfortunate in being 4 seconds outside five hours. Connor put up his fastest on the course with 5.10.40, and I. Thomas, 5.20.0, so that we have some good men coming on.

Peter Rock had evidently gone "stale," with too much strenuous riding and packed up before Chetwynd the second time, while Rigby Band went as far as Crudgington, 80½ miles, and then made a beeline for his "digs."

Twelve men beat "evens," and Reeves, Carr and Salt took the fastest team medals, with 14.23.44 and G. E. Jones, G. H. Dawson and A. N. Pierce (Birkenhead N.E.) second fastest team, 14.36.28.

Our thanks are due to the Mersey Roaders, who took charge of the feeding at Chetwynd and also to the 50 or so Anfielders who helped.

LITTLE BUDWORTH, 12th JUNE, 1937.

THE torrents which fell during the morning gave little indication of the fine afternoon which was to follow, and it was a pleasant surprise to be able to start out without the protection of a cape.

Reaching Kelsall via Chester and Tarvin, the writer turned into the lanes for Willington and Utkinton and later into Tarporley and Eaton and so to the "Red Lion," just on the appointed hour.

Dave Rowatt had re-fueled and departed leaving Vice-President Green to preside over a small party, consisting of Tommy Royden, Stevie, Snowden, The Editor and Barker.

After the very excellent fare provided had been lowered into the holds the party adjourned to the stables to collect bicycles, the lamp of the Editor's, asserted Sir Thomas, was of even earlier vintage than he (Tummas) was, to which the Editorial One rightly replied that *metal* lamps were not manufactured during the Stone Age.

A glorious evening and good company made the ride homewards a fitting end to yet another enjoyable run.

HIGHWAYSIDE, 19th JUNE, 1937.

AT noon on Saturday most scribes put down their pens with a resolution not to handle such a weapon again until Monday. This week-end I was looking forward to following my usual practice, but it was not to be, for the Captain says: "You can write up the Club run, my lad."

Sid Carver and I rode to the 8th milestone only to find that the others had left. On the long straight before the Wheatsheaf we sighted three kindred spirits, eventually catching them at Chester. No visit to this city seems complete without a visit to the bicycle shop, and there we stayed for half-an-hour. A stop at Rowton for a pot of tea further delayed us, and it was 5-30 when we were astride again, leaving Carver to finish his tea in peace. He had to return home.

With the Captain, Connor, Hughes and Reeves, we proceeded through Waverton and the lanes to Highwayside, only to find that everyone had settled down to steady eating. On the other side of the table was Randall, who had evidently made a special effort to attend. The reason I believe was to discuss the arrangements for his forthcoming N.R.R.A. Tandem "24" record attempt. The combination in the shape of Charles' Experience, and Youth (our able Racing Secretary), should go far ere the clock has completed its second cycle. We were very pleased to see Arthur Williams, who had come up from Southampton for the week-end, complete with a selection of photographs of his new touring grounds.

Others present were: Hubert, Salt, Rock, Knipe, Lucas, Elias, Royden, Snowden, Green, Seed, J. E. Carr, Poole, Threlfall, J. Band and Rowatt.

ACTION BRIDGE, JUNE 26th, 1937.

I had a solitary ride out and arrived early at the Leigh Arms to find the improvements had progressed considerably since our last visit. Barney expects the place to be finished in a fortnight's time. Tommy Royden's bicycle was reposing in the garage, but of Tummus there was no sign. He had gone for a walk.

It was a glorious day but there were only twelve out—partly accounted for by our large entry in the Grosvenor "100" on Sunday morning.

Powell came out via Delamere and reported calling at Kingsley to make arrangements for our visit on July 10th.

While waiting for tea we were regaled by some of Knipe's reminiscences of early rides on the Tandem with Irving.

Barney put on his usual good feed and everybody seemed quite happy.

Those present were Roskell, Hughes, Connor, Perkins, Rigby Band, Stephenson, Snowden, Powell, Marriott, Royden, Knipe and Threlfall. Mrs. Threlfall was also out.

An early start was made for home, Hubert and the Threlfall tandem via Warrington, Powell, Knipe and Stevie via Runcorn and the remainder either through Helsby to the Wirral or to East Cheshire in readiness for the race on Sunday.

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ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

FORMED MARCH, 1879.

MONTHLY CIRCULAR

Vol. XXXIII.

No. 378.

FIXTURES FOR AUGUST, 1937.

		Tea at 6-0 p.m.	Light up at
Aug. 7	Highwayside (Travellers Rest)	10-0 p.m.
.. 9	Committee Meeting 7-30 p.m. (Victoria Hotel, St. John's Lane, Liverpool)		
.. 14	Invitation "12" Hours Handicap	— —	9-45 ..
.. 21	Thornton-le-Moors (Letters Inn)	9-30 ..
.. 28	Kingsley (Horseshoe)	9-15 ..
Sept. 4	Highwayside (Travellers Rest)	8-57 ..

Full Moon 22nd inst.

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TREASURY NOTES.

Only six of the great unpaid replied to my S.O.S. for subscriptions before I left home for my Cymric fastness.

To the others I once more appeal. My thanks are due to those who have forwarded their subscriptions during July.

G. E. Carpenter. W. J. Finn. J. S. Jonas.
F. J. Cheminai. A. F. Hughes. S. T. Threlfall.

R. L. KNIFE,
Treasurer.

RACING NOTES.

Gomersal "100," July 4th, 1937.

Leading times were :—

C. Heppleston 4.29.27	Fastest Time.
N. Read	4.34.38	2nd Fastest Time.
N. Hey	4.35. 7	3rd Fastest Time.
J. E. Reeves (Ours)	4.44.21	9th Fastest Time.

Two of ours, Reeves and Rock, entered for this event. Reeves rode well, clocking 2.20.15 at the half-way check, but at half-a-mile to go he was unfortunate enough to fall from his machine, thereby losing a little more than a minute. Rock started well, clocking 2.21.20 at half-way, including over a minute off the course. Shortly after 50 miles, however, he was troubled with sickness and after "dying" for many miles, he eventually gave up at 83 miles. His staying powers do not seem to be what they were. Green and Marriott were also out and busily employed themselves at various points around the course. Our V.P. undertook the transport of the little party from Manchester and return, a gesture which was very much appreciated.

Sharrow "50," July 11th, 1937.

It is a long time, if ever, since we journeyed over to Norman Turvey's new home and rode in the Sharrow "50." Three of our racing men went over to Retford and it is pleasant to record that two rode their personal "bests."

Reeves finished with 2.14.31 and Carver 2.17.54. Rock, with a puncture, clocked 2.19.27. The latter, evidently, not having enough in the race, threw away the return half of his railway ticket which would take him from Sheffield to Manchester, and rode the way home with another party from Birkenhead. Norman Turvey was at the turn.

Captain's Notes.

On account of the spot of trouble into which I have been suddenly plunged, I am relinquishing what little club work I do for the time being. The Open "12" is almost with us, and George Connor has agreed to arrange the checking and marshalling for the course. Officials will be required for Shropshire on Saturday morning, August 14th, and of course in West Cheshire in the afternoon. Will all those, therefore, who can help either in checking, marshalling, feeding, or following, please communicate with him at 27, Parkside, Wallasey, Cheshire, as soon as possible.

The fourth "50" has been arranged for September 11th.

F. MARRIOTT,

Captain.

EDITORIAL.

Will members please note that we have now gone into voluntary liquidation and are being wound up as from the 31st ult. Owing to advancing years and the calls of the road we have taken this step and have now only one address, namely, that on the cover. All communications for the *Circular* (including the *Treasury Notes*), should therefore reach us by the Thursday morning before the last Saturday in the month, otherwise they will not be included. Owing to a change over in the printing department it is not possible to get the *Circular* out with that despatch that has been our custom without having to leave all late copy to be checked over by the Printer. Will contributors, therefore, be careful to write legibly in order that no inadvertencies can possibly creep in. Typing is of course preferable.

THE ANFIELD PARTY AT THE OLD TIMERS' FUNCTION

sat themselves down as usual under the guiding gesture of Percy Beardwood and his fellow-rider, Coles-Webb, of the Bath Road, both of whom had shared bedrooms with Royden, now grown into the Wirral wonder, who can still stoop for two days on end to bars that he outgrew forty years back.

Other Anfield tourists numbered Rowatt, Venables and F.H., the latter after years of absence. The night had been spent at Ivinghoe, where the number of rooms allotted barely rivalled the number of allotted ducks. The latter had it every time, in number and in space.

When taking our Old Time Seats we noticed another guest in our midst to whom we had not been introduced. Clean shaven of chin, youthful in bearing, there was that about his features—that peculiar kink—that in happier days of old meant the top of the Bill of the Music Hall world and brought to my mind the erstwhile joys of Rainhill and of Cronton.

An Old Timer indeed. Can this? No, yes, Oh, Yes, Alf. Deakin, our old Scratchman. But why so strangely unchanged? Because he had not been on a cycle these forty years and for him the world has stood still. No Anfield Wear and Tear.

The new President, Sammy Bartleet, of the Shirley Glade, famous collector of Cycling Curios, was introduced to us by Lacy Hillier, that grand survivor of Championships at all distances in 1881, and was handed his Insignia of Office. The new President then informed us that he was little better than place-taker or second best to the firstly chosen member, "Jack Siddeley, of the Anfield," who had had to decline the honour for reasons of absence from home. Perhaps J.D. has had a surfeit of honours and feels he can rest content.

Some of us had been asking themselves how to approach and address this 1890 Anfielder since his change of name and station.

Looking round the group of ancients in the yard, my attention was soon drawn to a very small man with a small pointed beard, who told me that he had come from Manchester by a route of 233 miles, accompanied by his wife of

69 years, both on singles, while he himself was not quite 82 years of age. I enquired from several other ancients who this might be. In due course during the official business this rider turned out to bear a name that I had been familiar with for fifty years without ever meeting the bearer. Whenever I had heard his name I had pictured him a great and burly brute amusing himself with some long hoarded old ordinary. But no, this famous H. R. Goodwin, who was making road records in 1884, and is mentioned in the highly controversial "supplement" of 1887, can never have reached more than a 46-in., the smallest stock size of the period.

I ventured to introduce myself, but it was not to be expected that he could have heard of such a stripling. Fortunately, he was not the oldest rider there; Hillier runs him close and some speciality greybeards are trying to qualify for the nineties.

Among the men I go to see, the pathmen of 1887, there was of course Freddy (W.F.) Ball, of the Speedwell, the only champion who never won a national championship. This was out of sheer modesty and to see his young blushing face, tall physique and straight bearing my summing up is the only possible one. But where are his fellow scratchmen of 1887, W. A. Illston, the unbeaten champion on the Ordinary of 1887 and J. H. Adams, the greatest Ordinary Champion of all time? They are the last ones to fall where there is no getting up again.

Seeing me in this despondent mood, J.M. (Jimmy) James—also known as Jim-Jams—our second Claimant, took me to the Bar, to drown my distress with It, if not with Gin. He also hails from "KENILWORTH," but laid in Middlesex.

AT RANDOM.

A human skeleton was recently unearthed in the Midlands. Albert Lusty solemnly assures us that it isn't his.

Master Frank (this must be Marriott—Ed.) was recently observed stamping savagely on a weekly periodical. When he was persuaded to desist, it was revealed that the object of his wrath was a new paper called *Woman*.

Tommy Royden was one of the chief speakers at a mass meeting held in the Picton Hall last month, in order to pass a resolution calling on the authorities to agree, as a principle, to allow traffic to proceed in all directions along one-way streets. Tommy concluded his speech (and brought down the house) with this extremely clever aphorism, which nobody appears ever to have thought of before: "Every egg in the world was once a new-laid one." Our famous foot-slogging member has since been approached by the Editors of *Punch*, *Eve and Britannia*, *Home Chat*, and *Peg's Paper*, as well as the *Farmer and Stock-Breeder*, with lucrative offers of employment.

Robinson seems to be writing a great deal about the Five Sisters of Kintail. We don't quite understand the position, but the Committee are enquiring into it. We cannot in this country do with any more constitutional crises and matrimonial bangles, and, if Robbie's resignation is ultimately called for, he has only himself to blame.

We understand that Mister Pritchard, although living within a stone's throw of the Royal Show at Wolverhampton, refused to support that event with his presence owing to the fact that cattle were exhibited. We applaud this firm stand on his principles, writing (as we do) as vegetarians—between meals.

We hear that Master Frank (this isn't Marriott—Ed.) has now retired from further active participation in the affairs of the Blue Chimney Line of tug-boats, and, having disposed of his interest in the equator, he proposes to make a whole-time job of the Editorship of this periodical, with occasional breaks for cycling and walking. We gather that his hiking boots have been soled, heeled, and re-bushed, and that the

Young Lad is now ready for anything. (This is of course the kind of stuff you get from that fellow Robinson, even after having given him a rise in wages to encourage him to improve his script.—Ed.)

Brazendale is very indignant on finding that, whenever he cycles through the Mersey Tunnel, he is classed as "Slow" traffic. In future, in the face of this insult, he proposes to use the ferry-boats.

The plague of caterpillars, which has been rampant in Scotland and elsewhere, is stated by a learned professor to be a visitation which "comes in cycles." Cody has made a careful examination of his machine, but cannot find anything more serious than a couple of dead moths.

The recent earthquake in Birmingham caused Bob Knipe a lot of anxiety, and he was immensely relieved to hear that the small group of Anfielders in that salubrious city and watering-place were all safe and sound. He now directs the special attention of at least one of them to the notice which always appears on the front cover of this periodical . . . , lest the earthquake is repeated with less favourable results!

When Tommy Royden heard the news about the 48 members (*including 33 females*) of the American Youth Hostel Association landing at Southampton recently in order to carry out a 2,000 mile cycling tour of Britain, he at once dashed off to the southern port with his bicycle, in the hope of being in time to make contact with the explorers, especially the fair ones. No news has since been heard of him, despite frequent S.O.S. announcements by the B.B.C., but it is believed that the police have a clue.

May we tender our sincere sympathy to Frank Marriott on the sudden death of his father. Frank was returning from a tour in Norway at the time and one can well imagine the shock he would receive on learning the news.

Knife, who is at Pwllheli studying Welsh, complains about the weather and writes to say that he rode the whole 100 miles in 11 hours on his bicycle via Bala, Ffestiniog, "without too much strain."

Poor Charlie Randall is in a rather bad way and is reported to be suffering from a complaint which the doctors have diagnosed as *Non decrant qui cum admirarentur*, which evidently necessitates the use of motor transport to attend Club fixtures. Although Charles appears to be looking out for a mixed tandem with a sidecar attachment on behalf of *somebody else* we believe he for the time being may adopt a more ready means of getting to Club runs and join the Ven.-Rowatt bus syndicate.

FOR SALE. Gent's Tandem, Rover-Chater, 22-in. 26 x 1½, Gear 78 fixed, 6½" cranks, two brakes, Brooks B 18, Shirley 20-in., in good condition. Price to be arranged.

Apply—F. Chandler, 22 Holly Bank Road, Birkenhead.

REMINISCENCES & MEMORIES

(I REMEMBER—I REMEMBER).

On the Road : My Tandem Partners in the Anfield.

To the Brothers Roskell and their good humour and ever ready help and friendship many of us owed fully fifty per cent. of the happiness of our early membership.

Frank from his desk at the Royal and I from mine in Minshull Street carried on a weekly correspondence about combined tandem excursions at week-ends, mostly in connection with pacing. After the change of century pacing had had its day.

From this correspondence, had circumstances willed it, there might have been built up some Great Standard Work on Tandem Riding under such sub-titles as : Why I missed the Record, and Why we ride the Back Seats—with a Foreword by Hubert and an Afterword by myself. This Tome would also have contained stern criticism of Triplets and their Ways. When called into action these were always causes of merriment, mostly very hard work and seldom great help.

One was owned in Altrincham by some unattached riders in search of notoriety who would lend it out "on conditions."

On my "50," referred to by Frank, the condition was that Jos. Finley should steer it but above all that Baron de Knyff should sit at the back to represent the Owners. The man in the stokehole was Jimmy Craig, a willing horse. The Baron looked on his chief duty as that of Brakes-man. He was dressed for a Horse Show with stays to match. Hence he could not reach the handles while they were meant for the fast Peplow stretches. I shouted for him to bend double and push, but he conveyed the message forward as "I think he wants to go a little faster," without unbending in the slightest.

Between their two turns Jos. Finley "dressed him down," and, I fancy, took his stays off. As it was a broiling hot day with two inches of dust on the road, this was just as well.

We had two good teams of tandems out fortunately: Hubert steered by Monty (for a double dose) and the faithful Hatton-Shanks from Manchester. After the finish we went to the "Elephant," at Shawbury, where "a new landlord, Tommy Latter, had just been installed." (Hubert: we're getting old).

According to rumour and calumny, I wore out several partners, but in truth, mentally they wore me out. Without proper brakes and in hilly districts it was nerve racking work. What arguments I can recall with Billy Lowcock in France when he swore that the tandem dragged us down hill while I was still shoving behind to get to the top. It was then I became convinced that the Backman knows best.

Dan Simpson, who had been a pathracer in Scotland—an enormous fellow—was my first steersman and set out his bars like a cocktail bar. The front man should have complete control was his early motto. I let him, up to a point. Of course I knew that the backman should shove himself blind, but demonstrated that perfect balance also lies with the backrider, as I had some proof of what wobbling partners could do with side slip. Simpson got a little jealous at times round corners when he found that the machine was round already. (You can't afford to let these heavy front men show off round the corners, you lose five yards a time.)

For pacing in club fifties Fred Lowcock was my best partner as we rode the same reach and by changing at the turn we got a fresh outlook on the return and so could pace out and home.

For touring week-ends Mat Montgomery (Monty) was a good companion, when we could manage to meet at Warrington. We never differed on any subject, not even on tandem riding.

Truth to tell the backseat was my favourite for many reasons. I was never a real road slogger and could not face the wind. But after eight seasons on the track I felt very strong and liked working behind the scenes and make my presence felt. The sheltered rear seat was snug and restful for one retired from cycling strife.

I regret always that I could never partner either of the Roskells. Others like Bill Cook would not have me at any price (he, not knowing any better) but that was in a later century.

In 1899, took place that "Series" of first Unpaced Records in which two tandems took part. Being unattached at the time my eye fell on J. V. Marchanton, who had just won a 5 Mile Wager between Knutsford and High Legh. Thus he qualified, but we had never ridden together and he caught a bad cold after winning the wager. The front bars of the now ageing Ice Wagon that had to suit all and sundry did not suit him at all, and "on the day" along the fast Peplow stretches, he encountered (and was not used to) "Wild Galloping Horses." In vain I urged him from my safe retreat to "push and pass the B - - - rutes." He sat up until the horses retired.

No, we were no match for the well-oiled pistons of the Roskell engine. Hubert would soon soothe those mustangs.

I replaced Marchanton by Jos. Finley, a stalwart fellow worker who left me to make boots in Stafford.

And then, last but not least, came Willie Oppenheimer, another Big-un, but fortunately short legged, so that it was only his Back-bone and not his Rear-side I had to suffer. In his honour I bought the new Dreadnought. He fitted it like a mascot.

We succeeded in a Tandem Fifty for Willie was full of beans after a fortnight's absence at the sea-side, while I spent my afternoons or evenings phoning, wiring or writing to Frank Roskell trying to get some really fast pacing.

Seated in the " Bear " yard at Hodnet the train brought a sad crowd to the station. The guard at Lime Street had signalled the train out before the team were assembled. Looking at the dejected faces and empty saddles, Willie remarked: " Master, can't you REDRAFT the Pacing while we go and have a cup of tea? "

Hubert decided to send Frank with the empty Triplet to the station to await later trains and collect any odd or stray member that might turn up " to see the finish." Then he sent us off to Ercall with one team to start on spec. and take pot luck.

Later Harry Buck's high-steppers turned up with the Raleigh and all was well, but I never knew who swore and sweated on that Triplet behind Frank. For two hours I stared myself blind on that Blank Wall of Oppenheimer's back. Ultimately we had it photographed.

F.H.K.

MORE REMINISCENCES.

Forty Years Ago : The Anfield on the Path for the last time.

My one really noteworthy success was winning the 1897 ANFIELD FIFTY MILES NEW BRIGHTON SCRATCH RACE (with concealed handicap) after a great struggle with my only fellow Scratchman, H. B. Saunders.

The event was created and organized by the Secretary, E. G. Worth, who earned many feathers in his cap during his secretaryship. The race proved the most conspicuous in Anfield life during the lively nineties. At that period the A.B.C. did not boast any members of the Cook family.

Imagine a dozen starters and nine finishers, each man with his tandem pacers who changed over every few laps. The starts ran out to 15 minutes and the 1st and 3rd handicap prizes were won by limit men (the 2nd became mine).

No accidents occurred but the scene was one of Bustle and Tumult.

Harry Saunders differed from other scratchmen in the Club in so far that he was only rarely ON TAP, but when he was, then he took the Bung out of the Barrel. On this occasion he meant to do in the Anfield what C. W. Schafer did in the Man. Wheelers.

Not unlike the latter, H.B. had made a corner in Volunteer Pacing and while I had been assured of many volunteer teams those that promised help on the boat changed their favour in sight of dry land.

The Club pacing was naturally reserved for the rank and file, and I was reduced to my own devices under Billy Lowcock, my marshall. These consisted of $1\frac{1}{2}$ teams of stout fellows and one team of volunteer learners. Billy was now fairly nettled and swore to do or die if only he could fill the half team. He did and did not die.

I had visions of hanging on to Saunders but soon found the pace ruthless, for my opponent took no half measures and the gaps he set up each time the Learners took me along were disconcerting, but Lowcock's men always brought me back again in little over a mile. This continued for 30 miles, when it began to tell on my opponent, whose army of pacers began to look foolish.

Then Bill thought the time had come : he ordered the learners off and gave his orders to Hatton-Shanks. He called out : " Pull yourself together for five fast miles," and then put his head down. For the next dozen laps those two tandems worked like slaves, and I hung on by my eyelashes, but they held on till we had lapped the opposition. Then the learners were recalled and told to hold their own.

It was quite as much Lowcock's triumph as my own.

Billy was in charge of a borrowed tandem that he could not reach, so he pointed the peak down and empaled his person on it. Any port in a storm, said Bill. His partner had not arrived when we got mounted, when a man ran on the track shouting : " Wait, which is K ? I am the ' man from Hyde.' " I shouted back : " Strip and find Lowcock." He was a total stranger. (For a moment I feared that " it was Hawkshaw, the Detective.")

The race was won by a clear 4-mins. 4-secs. in 2 hours, 4-mins. 4-secs.

We have another survivor of this event in Billy Owen.

Worth focussed the attention that year on its novices as future scratchmen, and one of these was Jimmy Green. He spoke true.

F.H.K.

CORRESPONDENCE.

In a letter to the Editor, the "Master" writes:—

"Chem and I have just completed a visit to Frank Roskell at Eype, where we found him in very fair health, benefitted by the local sea air of Dorset. He is happily installed there and much appreciated being recalled to old and jolly Anfield days. The gradients around his abode compelled him to abandon wheels propelled by pedals."

RUNS.

MOULDSWORTH, 3rd JULY, 1937.

There were two events competing with this run—the Old Timers' Rally and a race of one of the Manchester Clubs. Consequently, the attendance, as was anticipated, was small; those present were Seed, Knipe, Barker, Elias, Lucas, J. C. Band and Threlfall. But the smallness of the attendance made for a very pleasant social meal, which was served in a room just nicely big enough for us all. The fare would not justify any great enthusiasm in respect either of its quality or variety, but the talk was varied and bright, Band's contributions being particularly interesting. The weather was fine, though rather sticky, and altogether the run was a success.

KINGSLEY, 10th JULY, 1937.

The first run to the "Horse-Shoe" was a distinct success, the catering being quite satisfactory, the host and hostess obliging, whilst the house has ample accommodation. Those present were entirely composed of the "old guard," the younger members being either racing or on holiday.

The weather was fine with a strong N.W. wind that made the journey home for the Wirral and Liverpool members somewhat arduous. Those present were Vice-Presidents Green and Venables, Tommy Royden, Seed, Lucas (per car), Knipe, Threlfall, Stephenson, Johnny Band, Rowatt, Powell and the Editor.

"LITTLE BUDWORTH," JULY 17th, 1937.

For the first time I have been asked to do the write up for a joint run, which was a very pleasant affair, amid pleasant surroundings.

After an uneventful ride to within a short distance of my destination, I came upon Stevie and Threlfall, with whom I joined and carried on to the Red Lion.

Here we found Ven already in possession, and he immediately recommended the cider and so at his expense we were invited to try it, and I'll say it was good.

Next to arrive was Tommy Royden and he also enjoyed a cider, and when Frank Chandler and Jack Seed arrived we were given the signal "Tea is served."

The meal had just been commenced when we had further arrivals, none other than Ken Barker and Selkirk, whom I had not seen for some time, and lastly, but not least, Rex Austin and our Manchester V.P., H. Green.

Altogether eleven sat down to a very good tea, which every one enjoyed, especially the fruit and cake, of which there was little or nothing left at the end.

Conversation afterwards drifted on to various topics, including the Old Timers Meet, the Mersey Roads "24," and Ferris' end to end record attempt, and various others too many to mention here.

By now Ven had already departed by bus, but the rest of us wandered in the garden before leaving: however, by 8 o'clock, there was only Stevie, Bert Green and myself left in the tank, so we decided to start for home, Stevie for Liverpool and Bert Green and I for Manchester.

En route we called at the "Swan" for a quick one, and then leaving Green at Sale, I finally arrived home at 10-45 p.m., and so ends another very enjoyable Club-run.

The company at tea was small but select, namely :— Venables, Chandler, Royden, Seed, Barker, Selkirk, Bert Green, Poole, Threlfall, Stevie and R. J. Austin.

3rd Fifty Miles Handicap, 24th July, 1937.

Out of an entry of 11, there were 9 starters, including Rigby, who had decided to push his "barrow" round, in training for next week's T.A. "50." He packed at half-way, having decided that the wind, with great maliciousness, was against him whichever way he was going. The feature of the ride was a "smasher" by Haynes, who improved 5 minutes over his previous best and "walked" the handicap. I. Thomas was second with an improved ride over our course, and third was won by Carver, with a consistent ride of 2.19.37. Salty, back to his old "50" form, was fastest, leading all the way round. I'm afraid Jim Carr doesn't like our course and he collected his usual parcel and packed between Bunbury and Bickley.

No.	NAME	12 $\frac{3}{4}$	25 $\frac{3}{4}$	37 $\frac{3}{4}$	50	Heap	Nett
1	E. Haynes	34 $\frac{1}{2}$	1.9.58	1.45 $\frac{1}{2}$	2.10.53	6	2.10.53
2	I. A. Thomas	37	1.15.0	1.54	2.28.27	14	2.14.27
3	S. T. Carver	34 $\frac{1}{2}$	1.11.5	1.47	2.19.37	5	2.14.37
4	W. P. Rock	34	1.10.15	1.46	2.17.53	3	2.14.53
5	J. J. Salt	33 $\frac{1}{2}$	1.8.25	1.44 $\frac{1}{2}$	2.15.32	scr.	2.15.32 (Fastest)
6	J. E. Reeves	33 $\frac{1}{2}$	1.12.10	1.48	2.21.6	3	2.18.6
7	W. G. Connor	37	1.15.0	1.54	2.26.53	7	2.19.53

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ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

FORMED MARCH, 1879.

MONTHLY CIRCULAR

Vol. XXXIII.

No. 379.

FIXTURES FOR SEPTEMBER, 1937.

Tea at 6-0 p.m.

		Light up at
Sept. 4	Highwayside (Travellers Rest)	8-57 p.m.
.. 11	Fourth "50" Miles Handicap	8-49 ..
.. 13	Committee Meeting 7-30 p.m. (Victoria Hotel, St. John's Lane, Liverpool)	
.. 18	Acton Bridge (Leigh Arms)	8-24 ..
.. 25	Little Budworth (Red Lion)	8-6 ..
Oct. 2	Halewood (Derby Arms)	7-49 ..

Alternative Fixtures

Oct. 2	Goostrey (Red Lion)	7-49 ..
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Full Moon ... 20th inst.

Summer Time ends 3rd 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 21, 15/-; under 18, 5/-; Honorary, a minimum of 10/-) and Donations (unlimited) to the Prize Fund can be most conveniently made to any Branch of Martins Bank Ltd., for credit of the Anfield Bicycle Club, Tue Brook Branch.

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COMMITTEE NOTES.

4 THE LAUND,
WALLASEY, CHESHIRE.

AUTUMNAL TINTS TOUR. Llanarmon D.C. has again been chosen for the Tour; 23/24 October 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.

Although only four members have forwarded remittances during August, yet there is one redeeming feature. The habit of paying in advance still flourishes, and A. J. Carr has continued the good work in succession to W. J. Finn, whom I omitted to credit with a double portion last month.

My thanks are due to

A. J. Carr, 1937-38; H. Moore; W. M. Owen; R. Poole; W. J. Finn, 1937-38.

R. L. KNIPE,
(Treasurer).

RACING NOTES.

Warrington "100," August 22nd, 1937.

It was not a good day for the Warrington Roads "100," the other week. It was hard all of the way round, and the majority of our riders seemed to have struck an "off" day, but even so, they were good enough to win second team medals. W. O. Jackson, of the Lancashire Roads, won the event with 4.40.49. Of Ours, Carver was best with 4.51.35, which placed him seventh. Reeves ninth with 4.55.11; and Salty tenth, with 4.55.44. Owing to a misunderstanding, Salty lost 2½ minutes in underestimating the distance from the village to the start. Jim Carr started, but his legs sagged at 35 miles, and he desisted. Peter Rock, owing to a spot of stomach trouble the previous week, did not start.

ON TOUR : ANFIELDERS AT THE TREND OF THE TRENT.

For the first time in Anfield history a delegation visited the

Tragic Towers of Tutbury

the last residence of Scots' Mary before her doom at Fotheringhay, fifty miles away south east. She arrived here from Chartley to the north west, where she was almost rescued. Her Constable was the Earl of Shrewsbury.

Situate 5 miles from Burton, where Trent and Dove join, Tutbury Castle stands on a high hill in Needwood Forest. The Lords of Mercia lorded it here anciently. With the Normans came the Ferrars, later the Plantagenets, who builded the Castle Walls, long after came Cromwell, who destroyed the place, and in the days of Queen Anne the red brick residence was built that stands among the ruins and dispenses teas to visitors.

Doomsday tells of the Abbey Church which still stands within the outer fortifications and has a perfect Norman front.

At the foot of the hill, but on high ground, lies the town of Tutbury, with one dainty hotel, all in miniature.

There was a time that Tutbury was far from tragic. The ruins include wine cellars with barrel vaults for the best of drinks (says Timbs), while the Well is still in use, so that they could temper their wines with waters as became Nobles.

The strangest feudal Tenures known to Heraldry obtained at Tutbury. These included Jocular Tenures among which was Kissing the Porter after a good feast on special occasions. We must assume that the Porter's wife and daughters were likewise favoured by the Gallants on more frequent occasions. Chasing the Wild Swine, as well as the Geese and last, not least, Running the Bull, with baiting and ill-treatment was a task for the Musicians and the King of the Minstrels. This ended in a free fight. Then Sir Philip had to give up his Horse and Barcelets or Hounds.

All this went on during numerous reigns until the Duke of Devon became the owner and spoilt the fun.

Thus it is a place after the Anfielders' own heart. Lastly, it is the place where Leicestershire, Derbyshire and Staffordshire all meet, and what a meeting place.

Many of us remember an Anfield Tour to Uttoxeter, but alack, we knew not then of Tutbury on Dove.

TRICYCLE TROPHY.

Through the kind offices of the Mersey Roads Club, it was possible for the Northern T.A. 50 miles event to be combined with the Mersey Roads Club Handicap on Monday, August 2nd, in Salop.

The event included the race for the Tricycle Trophy for 1937, and the initial race for the Snowden Trophy. The idea of combining the events was first mooted by the energetic Northern Secretary of the Tricycle Association, Mr. A. L. Littlemore.

As was to be expected, the arrangements were excellent, while the difficult task of handicapping the tricyclists was carried out by R. J. Austin, in most cases with uncanny foresight. The event attracted no less than twenty-one tricycle entries out of a total of fifty-two. All but one tricyclist mounted, the one absentee being the only Anfielder entered. Ichabod! Ichabod! The glory has departed

The Tricycle Trophy was won by J. J. Davies (Potteries C.C.) who was in receipt of half-a-minute start from W. O. Jackson (Lancashire Roads Club) on scratch. At the (approximate) half-way, Jackson was leading him by half-a-minute, but he had over-estimated his strength, and Davies completed the course in the excellent time of 2-hrs. 25-mins. 35-secs., 1-min. 58-secs. faster than his next opponent. Not only brawn, but brains were utilised by our Potteries friend, and a splendid ride was given its final touch of brilliance by his whirlwind sprint to the finishing line. It was spectacular, but—it was effective. The evergreen Freddie Turner (Cheshire Roads Club), with a handicap of four minutes, finished in 2-hrs. 29-mins. 47-secs., having ridden in his usual consistent manner, and we believe we are right in saying that, in the last four races he has ridden, his times have not varied by more than a minute. The only other rider who was likely to endanger

Davies was E. R. Wilkinson (Luton Wheelers C.C.) who, with one minute start, finished in 2-hrs. 27-mins. 39-secs.

The Snowden Trophy was won by A. M. Milnes (Cheshire Roads' Club) with a handicap of twenty minutes. Milnes rode a thoroughly good race from start to finish, and the win is all the more creditable by the fact that he had previously raced only in 2 tricycle "25's." This, of course, is the type of rider which this particular trophy is intended to encourage.

After the race, a composite photograph was taken of all the tricycles (and riders) present, which made a very imposing show, there being about twenty-five machines on view.

Interest in the race was confined almost exclusively to the tricycles, and no wonder, for the racing was very keen. Below is the list of times :—

Result of Northern "50" Handicap Ride—August 2nd, 1937.
(Shropshire Course).

Position.	Name.	Club.	Actual Time.	Handicap.	Nett Time.
1.	J. J. Davies	Potteries C.C.	2-25-35	$\frac{1}{2}$ -min.	2-25-5
2.	W. O. Jackson	Lancashire R.C.	2-27-33	Scr.	2-27-33
3.	E. R. Wilkinson	Luton Wheelers	2-27-39	1-min.	2-26-39
4.	F. Turner	Cheshire Roads	2-29-47	4-mins.	2-25-47
5.	L. H. Couzens	North Road C.C.	2-30-22	$4\frac{1}{2}$ "	2-25-52
6.	A. B. Marsh	North Road C.C.	2-33-1	5 "	2-28-1
7.	D. Scott	Warrington R.C.	2-35-21	3 "	2-32-21
8.	T. W. Heginbotham	Mersey Roads	2-36-41	8 "	2-28-41
9.	A. M. Milnes	Cheshire Roads	2-36-45	20 "	2-16-45
10.	R. Bryan	Warrington R.C.	2-38-36	11 "	2-27-36
11.	G. H. Abram	Westerley Road	2-38-38	10 "	2-28-38
12.	L. J. Corder	Ilford Road C.	2-40-34	8 "	2-32-34
13.	A. W. Layzell	Westerley Road	2-42-34	13 "	2-29-34
14.	G. Garside	Palatine C.C.	2-43-22	18 "	2-25-22
15.	H. Whitbread	Withington W.	2-43-42	(Not in Handicap)	
16.	H. Parkes	Mersey Roads	2-44-29	24 "	2-20-29
17.	R. Geall	Sutton H.C.C.	2-47-29	13 "	2-34-59
18.	W. Mosley	Private Member	2-51-8	20 "	2-31-8
19.	L. Morris	Rhos-on-Sea C.C.	2-52-26	21 "	2-31-26
20.	C. E. Green	Yorkshire C.R.C.	2-56-24	25 "	2-31-24
	J. R. Band	Anfield B.C.	(Did not start)		

AT RANDOM.

Ven. is very indignant about the doctor who, at the recent medical conference in Belfast, condemned the practice of drinking coffee in the middle of the morning. Our veteran member says frankly that the leech does not know what he is talking about.

Jonas is puzzling over an injunction he noticed in a shop-window a few days ago. It said: Holidays! Take your toothbrush." He is wondering what it all means.

The O'Tatur was in Liverpool recently in connexion with a cruise to the Western Isles as far as Harris, which he much enjoyed. While passing through he was waited upon by the Editor and Jimmy Williams, whilst he also saw Powell, Eddie Morris, Johnny Band, Billy Band and Oliver Cooper.

P. C. Beardwood, also ex a cruise from Antwerp and Hamburg, landed at Liverpool and spent a day or two with relatives in West Kirby. Owing to the shortness of time Percy Charles was unable to come out to any Club run, but the Editor rode out to West Kirby Hotel on the Monday morning and they had an interesting 1½ hours' chat, reinforced with the necessary liquid refreshment. Percy Charles reports very fit and sends his love to everybody.

Whilst on a visit to the Shrewsbury Flower Show the Editor stayed the night at Minsterley and after a feed, a wash, and a brush up, went to call on the "big pot" of the neighbourhood, viz., H. S. Barratt, of Minsterley Hall, where he spent a very enjoyable couple of hours with the local squire and his charming wife. Barratt, whose munificence some years ago in inviting the Club to afternoon tea at the Hall, brings back pleasant memories, is very well indeed and takes a great interest in the old Club and its members. Especially did he ask about the older ones and particularly the "Mullah" and Buckley. After the Show the Editor, who is now finding time to refresh his memory over almost forgotten tracks, proceeded along the Llanfyllin road, and after admiring the ancient glass and fine oak roofs in Alberbury Church, took the road from Arddleen to Guilsfield and

Heniarth Gate which is very pretty by Maesmawr Lake, thence Llanfair Caereinion, over the Bwlch-y-Fedwen to Mallwyd, Dinas Mawddwy, Dolgelley, Trawsfynydd to Ffestiniog, where a halt was made for the night and returned on the following day via Bala, Corwen, Llandegla and Cefnybedd to fit in with the Club run at Thornton-le-Moors.

The latest member to wear sensible hose is Bert Green, who has invested in two pairs of the mercerised silky cotton stockings for so many years worn by the Editor. The great advantage of these is their coolness in hot weather, their speedy drying quality and their total absence of that thick rough wool that in the dry weather harbours all kinds of crawling creatures, and in the wet the filth and dirt thrown up by the wheels.

The best thing on the market in cycle caps is undoubtedly the "continental road ace" pattern which is offered by Tabucchi. There are two kinds, either in white drill with transparent green peak and eye shade or black silk with same. The Editor has one of each and finds them at least 2 m.p.h. faster, while his personal appearance on the road has become greatly enhanced! Those fellows who persistently wear cloth caps in the winter, sodden with rain, would find the black silk cap a godsend. The nett price to Anfielders is 1/10 each. For those who are troubled with flies and midges Tabucchi's sell goggles, which we understand are very serviceable and present a smart appearance.

We understand that Robinson recently made a tour of East Anglia with the intention of investigating the caterpillar plague which is rampant there. He did not see a single caterpillar—nor a married one.

Tommy Royden won the first prize of £1,500 in the *Daily Mail* Beauty Competition. Not being satisfied with the method of handicapping, however, he refused the prize, requesting that it be handed to the runner-up.

Ven asserts that he likes those roadside mirrors which are sometimes put up at awkward junctions for the benefit of approaching traffic. He states that he always glances into

the mirror as he rides past, just to make sure that he is on his bicycle.

Del Banco has just been spending a holiday at the old coast-guard station at Hebden Bridge, devoting his spare time to fishin' and shootin'. The fishin' was not very good, the water in the canal having been depleted owing to the hot weather, while the shootin' lasted only three days, Lord George Sanger having to fulfil a long-standing engagement at Keighley. To while away the time, del Banco paid several visits to "the pictures," using his bicycle for the journeys to and fro. He informs us that nobody knows what real cycling is like until one has ridden through Bradford, Leeds, Burnley and Oswaldtwistle.

We quote from the July *Roll Call* :—"As a Club we should like to congratulate the Anfield people on the success of their famous open "100" There is no doubt that the changed date had the effect of greatly reducing the crowd and as far as we were concerned it was a very pleasant event indeed, although we had no victories to record"

Wedding Bells.

BAND—BUCKLEY.—August 20, at Highfield Congregational Church, Rock Ferry, by the Rev. W. Hamilton Rogers, JOHN CHARLES, second son of the late Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Band, of Rock Ferry, to OLIVE, youngest daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Buckley, of Ashton-under-Lyne.

Bob Poole and Miss Haynes (Ned Haynes' sister) have also been wedded.

May we offer the parties concerned in each case our sincerest wishes for a happy and prosperous married life.

Elias writes from Hunibach, which is situated on Lake Thun, to say that he is having "very fine weather, plenty of bathing and boating, hill walks, but no real climbing, cycling in very limited doses."

A TOUCHING TOPIC.

The recent 24 hours' tandem record attempt, which was successful in pushing the Northern figures to within four miles of the National record, has touched our trainees, although not greatly deterred them. They are still confident that on the right day they can hurl this remarkable mileage much higher, even in the face of discouragement—bitter discouragement—for no one will loan them a tandem. This, of course, is awkward. Their intentions were only announced, confident that there would be a glut of two-seaters on offer, and, well, if one did get knocked about, there were always others—and it was a good cause. But there is nothing doing. Our one time holder of the Northern "24" single bicycle record and our Racing Secretary must devise other means. Necessity, as we all know, is the mother of invention, and our pair, so brilliant in many respects, have discovered that you only have to ride your partner's bicycle in order to gain practice in "nicking." This, of course, is advantageous, as Chester and Higher Bebington are poles apart. But it is funny, too laughable for words, to see Charles on the high road manfully struggling with Ted's bicycle, a reach far too great even with the huge wooden blocks that have been specially fitted for the purpose. And Ted, with a tiny bicycle so much too small for him, puts his legs over the handlebars and then bends them back so as to obtain the proper reach. Wooden blocks underneath the pedals are what he wants, but these, I fancy, would not work.

TOURING NOTES.

ANFIELD AUGUST TOURS.

As a stimulant to Touring the August Bank Holiday Speed Events are more than serving to replace our All Night Rides and All Day Tours of the distant Past.

Those fixtures succumbed for various reasons. In their present form the outings permit enterprising groups to scatter around the North Downs and split up over sundry hostelries to meet on the Saturday, Sunday and Monday at odd moments, times and places.

Hubert Roskell usually occupies a central position near some well chosen house of refreshment, chamber of leisure or resthole. Standing foursquare at some point of vantage he hands out faith, hope and charity made up of stimulating ingredients.

Around the corner F.H.'s Wirral Teams may be found at play, restful and thankful, less thirsty than the others but more drowsy or leisured in their movements. The Sunday morning usually allows these latter to awaken refreshed and bent on ceaseless exploration among the scattered bones of those who fell in strife far away from home and formal cemeteries but whose coffins of stone remain everlasting mementoes to their valour. It is these they go to revere.

As luck will have it the Bath Road runs adjacent to many battlefields, and the graves beckon. It was on those Downs that King Alfred took his revenge for earlier humiliations. No cake burning here for the Angel at Chippenham to this day contains the hearth of Alfred's kitchen in the days of his glory.

Two years ago these two groups of Anfielders ran parallel around the White Horse Hill on the track of the Blowing Stone, Alfred's Horn of succour in the hour of his need. Timbs says that Alfred was only the King's brother, but a brother in need is a brother in deed.

On this last occasion the common Anfield aim was the placid stream at Bibury, where the tendency to Eating and Bibing is greatly encouraged for the new Innkeeper hails from Liverpool.

The Wirralites drove up swollen with pride and bloated with conceit, for had they not just steeped themselves in glory by running to earth the Unearthed Cromlech Grave on the Ridgeway or Rudge.

This success was due to the combined efforts of

CHEM AND VEN.

(Ven, the life-long Wallasey companion of Harry Buck, the Captain of all Anfield Archaeologists, the parent inspiration of all who dabble in the hoary past, and Chem . . . well, ask Arthur !)

Long had this grave been regarded as merely legendary, its sightseers hardly trustworthy, not Anfielders, at any rate. They might even have been spectral.

From now on these remains become historic: Who can doubt Ven, and who dares to call Chem spectral—a mere Wraith.

For all that, the quest as to whose bones once fitted that grave remains open to argument. On the one hand the weight of the stones suggests that only a Giant Chieftain could call forth the necessary gravediggers to handle those Burial Stones, while on the other only Spooks could resurrect their inmate and throw the stones hither and thither, helter and skelter.

And there for the present the matter rests. But not for long; another year and Wirral will be on the scene once more.

RUNS.

Chester, 31st July, 1937.

This impromptu fixture was made to the "Talbot," Those who suggested the arrangement were not there, whilst others didn't come because they "thought there wouldn't be anybody there." Only three turned up, namely: Elias, Snowden and the Editor. The latter two had been off all day and had lunch at Northwich, afterwards returning to Chester by the lanes through Whitegate, Withington and Christleton. All three returned home together after an enjoyable ride.

Bath Road "100," 2nd August, 1937.

It is difficult to know where to start the story of this lovely little holiday. I could tell you of Stevie and his efforts of the previous week, when he was up until 1-0 a.m. several times sweating (and, no doubt, swearing) at his car (which wouldn't go); and I could relate of Hubert, furtively leaving his office before time on that sunny Friday so as to meet brother Frank in Salop.

But perhaps I had better start with the moment just before 8-0 a.m. on the Saturday morning, when, almost

breakfastless, I flung myself and the bicycle down the stairs to the platform at Rock Ferry station. Peter and Eric were there, and we sped in solitary state to Salop, to step the hill beneath the castle walls soon after 9-30 a.m. It was rather a parting, for one who revels in railway travel, to leave a train that would be along the Thames Valley by noontide; but it was great again to feel the soft movement of rubber tyres, and no train ever has felt the delight of the swoop from Harley Bank through Wenlock's quaint and pleasant town and on to the Bridgnorth road beyond—and, I think, no rattler ever will.

From Bridgnorth the road to "Kid." is ever hard, but there was rare pleasure in Shatterford's dips and curves, a feeling only equalled by the sight of food and drink with the Kings Head at Ombersley. 3-0 p.m., and we were within the crowded confines of the Faithful City, and a half-hour later we were eating plums beneath a roadside tree. On Fish Hill, Peter walked the high road whilst Eric and I elected to traverse the track that clammers with the telegraph poles. There was peace that way, but it was hard, and hot, and there were flies and fields and fences and furrows, and everyone seemed to go uphill.

The summit did not give a distant view, but at hand was a delightful sight—Mr. and Mrs. Stevie inside the Humber Snipe. Our worthy—after tinkering with the spanners again—had followed our route, and now was ready to order tea at Moreton in the Marsh and await our coming. On the ridge road he passed from sight, but in my mind a lingering doubt assailed—would that car carry three bicycles? And that horrible feeling, for there was still sixty miles to do, was not finally vanquished until at last my lanky saddle pin was pushed into the frame and the outfit strung precariously astride the rear.

Into Chipping Norton we tilted, and there was the glorious run through the City of Spires to the road beyond. The darkness crept silently and slowly across the Thames Valley, and already there were lights on the houseboats of Shillingford Bridge. Pangbourne came and passed, and there were only three miles along the darkened road to Theale.

Sunday, and there was that fixture that is now an annual event—a club run in the Cotswolds. A club run to which we ride in cars, and linger on the stone bridge and

gaze into the clearest waters of that lovely river, and try to spot the speckled trout that dart between the ripples. There were lots of us at Bibury. Mr. and Mrs. Stevie, and with them Salty, Rocky, and Eric; F.H.; Chem.; and Ven. had found their way from Wantage, where we had called to find that the birds had flown; Bert Green, George Connor, Teds Byron and Haynes, Hubert and Frank Roskell and Marriott. What a lunch, and what a glorious spin across the Berkshire Downs and along the streaky length of the Bath Road.

With the morning, there was mist, not of the west wind, with only the hollows and the valley white, but a clammy thing that covered the countryside from the east and did not shift until the middle man had pedalled ninety miles. A slow day, too, with the finish hard. Eric and Peter performed their personal bests, rides that would have been better had the usual westerly wind been in form. Below is a table giving some intermediates and final times.

Pos.	Name	Club	22.7	50	72.7	100
1.	N. Hey	— Bronte	1.2.15	2.14.9	3.16.20	4.30.18
2.	H. Fenn	— Port Talbot	1.0.45	2.12.55	3.15.30	4.31.10
3.	E. A. Start	... Robin	1.2.0	2.14.18	3.17.0	4.31.26
11.	J. J. Salt	... Anfield	1.4.30	2.18.41	3.22.0	4.39.2
16.	J. E. Reeves	..	1.2.45	2.17.9	3.23.0	4.41.43
39.	J. E. Carr	..	1.2.45	2.18.16	3.26.0	4.47.46
42.	W. P. Rock	..	1.4.0	2.19.1	3.26.15	4.48.52

Our team was placed third in the team race.

And now for getting home. Completing their week-end of service, Mr. and Mrs. Stevie piled bicycles on again, and with Hubert, took the troops to Oxford. From the spired city again there was a rattler at 3.30, and with many adventures we rolled across the Wirral Peninsula soon after nine. Jim Carr was for a holiday, and we left him in Theale, and Bren Orrell, after drinks in the northern part of the course, turned his wheels for Twemlow that night.

Speedwell "100," 2nd August, 1937.

A party of us spent a very pleasant week-end at Tewkesbury for this event. Byron, Connor, Green and Haynes had a very comfortable journey down by road on the Saturday afternoon, and Rowatt and Carver, with his lady, got there by train. Rowatt didn't seem to have done so badly,

but Carver had too long in which to admire the scenery. A tour of the fair, and shots at all the gambling games brought bedtime. Sunday morning broke gloriously and we set off for our usual tour of the Cotswolds, with Bibury for lunch. Here we met a large party, down for the Bath Road '100,' and were very pleased to see Frank Roskell again after so long an absence, looking really fit. 'F.H.' had brought Chem and Ven, Stephenson had a party, and altogether we were 15 at table. On the way to Bibury we met Brewster and a friend just commencing a tour and looking very workmanlike. On Monday morning early there was a mist, which persisted more or less until about 8-30, but it was not thick enough to interfere with speed. When it had vanished the sun was very hot and the riders must have found the breathing a bit heavy. However, our men had little to complain of, except Carver, whose back wheel commenced to shed spokes about the middle of the proceedings, making it necessary for him to exercise caution in pushing. The official feeding and drinking appointments were quite good, but we supplemented them by two more drinks and all three of our men finished. Fastest time was done by C. H. Johnson (Mid-Shropshire Wheelers) in 4.40.55—a good ride for the course and day, and a popular win, for Johnson is a real enthusiast. Second Fastest was J. F. Field (Middleton R.C.) in 4.44.58, and third, D. D. Pratt (Vegetarian C. & A.C.) in 4.46.41. The Handicap winners were (1) C. E. Ryman (Archer R.C.) 4.48.2 less 29½—4.18.32, (2) F. Acreman (West Bromwich W.) 4.55.49 less 26—4.29.49, and (3) N. W. J. Carter (Mid-Shropshire W.) 4.59.39 less 28¼—4.31.24. The result of the Team Race was a novelty, for the M.C. and A.C. had two teams, aggregating 14.32.2 and 14.39.40 respectively, who were better than any other and so took both prizes. Of our men Carver did the best ride, clocking 4.53.16. Haynes did 4.56.49 and Connor 5.5.33. We were away in good time and after shedding some of the party at Worcester railway station, where they again had plenty of time to think things over, and picking some more up, we went home quietly and arrived there without incident.

Highwayside, August 7th, 1937.

As I pedalled my way over those Shropshire roads, so well-known to Anfielders, I had little thought of what fate had in store for me.

On reaching the "Travellers Rest," I found Stevie and Chandler in charge of the smoke room, to be hailed with "Will you write the run up for me"?

While sampling the local brew, we were joined by Green, Threfall, Byron and Perkins, all of whom admired our worthy Editor's hat, a real genuine Paris model.

Trooping in to the "eats" department, we encountered Venables and Rowatt, who had invested in mechanical transport.

Others present included R. J. Austin, Powell, Haynes, Snowden and Poole.

A pleasant half-hour spent chatting and watching the locals on the green brought another enjoyable run to a close.

Invitation 12 Hour, 14th August, 1937.

In spite of a wretched morning, 49 out of a record entry of fifty-three started. At 63½ miles Reeves (Ours) and Battye (Nun-Brook) were leading in 2-hr. 58-mins., followed by Carr, Salt and Devine in that order. By 103 miles Bentley had retired after four punctures and Carr and Battye were in the lead, clocking 4-hr. 59-mins. each. Smith, Salt and Lightfoot were third, fourth and fifth respectively.

First past the time-keeper at 184 miles was Lightfoot, actually fourth on time, while Carr was still in the lead, followed by Battye and Smith. From here places changed considerably. Carr maintained his lead to win by over two miles. Lightfoot put in a very strong finish and ran into second place. Smith was third and Battye stopped four minutes before time to beat Salt by half-a-mile for fourth place.

'Ours' won the team honours easily from the Golden Arrow Club of Rugeley. Jim Carr won a well-earned first handicap prize from Carver, who was second, and Salt third off scratch.

RESULT OF CLUB HANDICAP.

	Actual	H'cap.	Total
1. J. E. Carr	228-4	2	230-4
2. S. T. Carver	216-2	10	226-2
3. J. J. Salt	224-3	scr.	224-3
4. E. Haynes	210-1	10	220-1
5. K. Barker	177-0	40	217-0
6. J. E. Reeves	211-6	5	216-6

RESULT OF 12 HOUR SCRATCH ROAD RIDE.

14th AUGUST, 1937.

	NAME.	CLUB.	DISTANCE.	
			M.	F.
1.	J. E. Carr	Anfield B.C.	228	4
2.	C. Lightfoot	Birkenhead Victoria	226	—
3.	A. Smith	Veg. C. & A.C.	225	5
4.	H. Battye *	Nun Brook Wh.	224	6
5.	J. J. Salt *	Anfield B.C.	224	3
6.	C. N. Booth *	Golden Arrow R.C.	222	7
7.	W. Hitchen *	Yorks Century	220	7
8.	W. J. Austin	Golden Arrow	218	4
9.	B. E. Baker	Wolverhampton Wh.	217	2
10.	H. Millington	Warrington R.C.	216	3
11.	S. T. Carver	Anfield B.C.	216	2
12.	A. M. Latham	Mersey Roads	213	2
13.	J. E. Reeves	Anfield B.C.	211	6
—	A. J. Keen	Golden Arrow	211	6
15.	J. E. Connolly	Yorkshire Century	210	4
16.	E. Haynes	Anfield B.C.	210	1
17.	T. G. Nolan	Cheshire Roads	209	6
18.	W. J. Allan	Wolverhampton Wh.	208	1
19.	F. Thornton	Yorkshire Century	207	5
—	N. Hunt	Walton C. & A.C.	207	5
21.	J. R. Leitch	Liverpool Century	207	—
22.	H. H. Harper	Chester R.C.	204	7
23.	D. Stapleton	Mersey Roads	202	2
24.	J. O. McCole	Mersey Roads	201	1
25.	J. R. Clucas	Mersey Roads	199	4
—	E. Molyneux	Chester R.C.	199	4
27.	A. S. Baybut	Walton Paragon	198	6
28.	E. Mars	Chester R.C.	198	4
29.	O. Dover	Liverpool Century	196	2
30.	H. Parkes	Mersey Roads	196	—
31.	T. W. Heginbotham †	Mersey Roads	194	6
32.	J. L. Thomas	Mersey Roads	192	2
33.	W. Booth	Mersey Roads	189	3
34.	H. Deacon	Liverpool Century	178	5
35.	K. Barker	Anfield B.C.	177	—
36.	L. J. Farrell	Chester R.C.	170	6

* Silver Medal. † Tricycle.

TEAM PRIZES.

1. Anfield B.C.		2. Golden Arrow R.C.			
	M.	F.	M.	F.	
J. E. Carr	228	4	C. N. Booth	222	7
J. J. Salt	224	3	W. J. Austin	218	4
S. T. Carver	216	2	A. J. Keen	211	6
	669	4		653	1

Time Keeper:—A. LUSRY, Esq., R.R.A.

E. BYRON,
Hon. Racing Secretary.

Thornton-le-Moors, 21st August, 1937, or The Trials of a Secretary.

These "tea-tasters" have gone and done it again! Our well-informed Captain only reckoned on three of them, but so little did they heed to his words that no less than a dozen of 'em turned up, while so great was the attraction of a run to le-Moors that several others turned up unexpectedly, including one unlikely one who had even seen the poor old Secretary during the week but who didn't say a word. Anyhow, 25 turned up against 14 ordered for and although one is exceedingly glad to welcome the lads in such full force, bless 'em, still they must see that it is desirable to appoint someone among them to inform the Secretary as to the number. An increase of 78% is rather heavy on the commissariat dept. and means that everyone has to go short. For once Ven and Rowatt had got separated the latter being very early and the former just pushing in at the last minute. We were very pleased to see the Master out again and trust his attendances will increase as time goes on. We were glad to see that Charles Randall had sufficiently recovered from his recent indisposition to ride the short distance from Chester on his bicycle. Amongst the crowd the appearance of Lockett was very acceptable though happily his services were not required. Then there was Knipe, attended by the faithful Lucas, Tummas, back from his surf-bathing experiences with the bathing belles at New Quay or thereabouts. The sight of Tummas's ruddy, rugged countenance and the same colour all over manipulating the surf boards with a mermaid on each shoulder must have been a sight for the gods! In addition there was Green, in his new hose, Stevie looking as fresh as ever, the returned prodigal, Arthur Williams, Byron, Hughes, Barker, Rigby Band, Haynes, Poole, Threlfall, Carver, with Reeves and Perkins in high spirits, a much concerned Powell, Burgess, Snowden (on trike), who talked while the others ate, and the Editor, fresh from Ffestiniog. It was the first occasion on which the Club has patronised the Letters Inn and they did us very well under the circumstances; there was plenty of food for most of us and those who went short (if any) must blame the bad management amongst the members as a whole in not giving notice of their intention to turn up in advance.

Acton Bridge, 28th August, 1937.

On arrival I found F.H. and Ven in possession, inspecting the bowling green. Wilf Orrell was also an early arrival—his first appearance at a club run for a long time, and his first ride on a trike since Easter. Bob Poole arrived next shortly followed by Rock, Salty, Connor, Byron, Carver and Stephenson.

As soon as 5-30 came—or even shortly before—we adjourned to the bar to be joined later on by Hubert and friend Smith, Powell and the Editor, Bert Green, minus his new stockings—probably stolen from him by some lady friend; Tummas—still sighing for *his* lady friends left behind in New Quay—and Sammy Threlfall, Snowden, Knipe and Lucas.

At 6-0 o'clock prompt we sat down to and enjoyed a good meal provided by Barney at short notice owing to the run to Kingsley being postponed on account of sickness.

We were glad to hear that John Kinder is making steady progress towards recovery. He is now in Hospital at Fazackerley.

After tea an early exodus was made, after a discussion amongst the tricyclists as to the correct axle width.

Snowden pinned his faith to 30 inches, whilst Wilf Orrell said 28 was plenty wide enough. Stevie—apparently governed by his own circumference—plumps for a happy medium of 29 inches. The argument was still unsettled and some of the suggestions were getting rather rude when the meeting broke up, and so ended another run.

STOP PRESS.

It is proposed to hold a joint week-end run with the Speedwell B.C. on September 25/26. Will anyone interested apply to George Connor for particulars of venue, etc.

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ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

FORMED MARCH, 1879.

MONTHLY CIRCULAR

Vol. XXXIII.

No. 380.

FIXTURES FOR OCTOBER, 1937.

Tea at 6-0 p.m.

			Light up at
Oct.	2	Halewood (Derby Arms)	7-49 p.m.
"	9	Acton Bridge (Leigh Arms)	6-3 "
"	11	Committee Meeting 7-30 p.m. (Victoria Hotel, St. John's Lane, Liverpool)	
"	16	Mold (Dolphin)	5-46 "
"	23/24	Autumnal Tints Tour—Llanarmon, D.C. (West Arms)	5-30 "
"	30	Farndon (Raven)	5-16 "
Nov.	6	Halewood (Derby Arms)	5-2 "

Alternative Fixtures

Oct.	2	Goostrey (Red Lion)	7-49 "
"	16	Sutton (Ryles Arms)	5-46 "
"	23	Northwich (Crown & Anchor)	5-30 "
"	30	Acton Bridge (Leigh Arms)	5-16 "
Nov.	6	Goostrey (Red Lion)	5-2 "

Full Moon 19th inst.

Summer Time ends 3rd 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 21, 15/-; under 18, 5/-; Honorary, a minimum of 10/-) and Donations (unlimited) to the Prize Fund can be most conveniently made to any Branch of Martins Bank Ltd., for credit of the Anfield Bicycle Club, Tue Brook Branch.

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COMMITTEE NOTES.

4 THE LAUND,
WALLASEY, CHESHIRE.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS. Mr. J. C. Band, 49 Green Lawn, Rock Ferry; Mr. Harold Moore, 209 New Brook Road, Atherton, Lancs.; Mr. J. J. Salt, Crowton, Beacons Lane, Heswall, Wirral.

Members attending Northwich on October 23rd, are requested to order what they require for tea on arrival.

H. W. POWELL,
Hon. General Secretary.

TREASURY NOTES.

On October 11th the Committee will hold an inquest on those members who have not paid their subs., and all kinds of dire penalties will no doubt be inflicted. Those who are not "blind horses" will take this hint and get busy.

We have increased the number of subscribers last month by 100%, and the quality is well maintained, for in addition to two donations another two-year sub. has been received.

My thanks are due to the eight members from whom I have received subscriptions and/or donations.*

*F. D. McCann. D. M. Kaye. W. Orrell.
*J. D. Cranshaw. A. Newall ('37-'38). R. Rothwell.
H. M. Buck. T. E. Mandall.

RACING NOTES.

Manchester Wheelers "12."

There was a time, after everyone had run out in the Manchester Wheelers "12," that it was thought that we were team winners, then we subsided into second place in favour of the Warrington R.C., and now, as I write, there seems little hope of a team win at all. This race will be remembered by quite a number for many things. Salty finished 6th with his best "12" of 235, 5 furlongs, and also there was a bonfire. Not that there is much in that, but it was Bert Green's car that was burnt to a cinder, which puts quite a different aspect on the matter. Few details are yet to hand, but there was no personal injury.

The day seemed on the thick side, and there were the usual number of packets flying about—Peter Rock and Sid Carver caught them, so they say. Anyway, their rides were 224 $\frac{1}{4}$ and 222 $\frac{3}{8}$ respectively, which you cannot call slow, and we are very pleased with the whole team. Stevie, who transported Rock and Carver home, and those who helped otherwise, are hereby thanked.

		miles.	furlongs.
1.	L. V. Russell	East Liverpool	239 2
2.	J. S. Taylor	Clarion	238 6
3.	H. H. Pickersgill	Vegetarian	238 3
4.	W. Ward	Stretford	238 2
5.	J. Fletcher	Man. Wheelers	235 6
6.	J. J. Salt	Anfield	235 5

The air around the city (is it?) of the three spires seems to be suiting Brewster, for since our "Mac" left Chester for Coventry he's been getting quite fit. In July, in the Wyndham and Rover events, he clocked 2.22.0 and 2.22.8 respectively, and the other week he went round the Godiva course in 2.21.49. In the Speedwell "12" recently, he covered greatest distance of 214 $\frac{1}{2}$ miles: "not much in these days of 251's," he writes, "but the course is in the Cotswolds." But what is harder than the course is the fact that the pot must stay where it is, for Mac is only second claim Speedwell, and the only consolation he received was his name in the papers. He sends his good wishes to everyone.

AT RANDOM.

It is strongly rumoured—and we sincerely hope that on this occasion the Lying Jade is not going to do the dirty on us—that Charlie Conway contemplates inviting every member of the Club to witness Mr. J. B. Priestley's new play, "Time and the Conways," now running at the Duchess Theatre, London. Certainly many of us would like to know a bit more about the Conways—and whether they have had any connection with Time, beyond doing it!

There will be an eclipse of the sun in the year 1940. We understand that Tommy Royden, who missed the last one, is beginning to get ready for this great event.

Newspaper headline:—"Police rescue motorist from mob." Frank Marriott's caustic comment is: "Interfering blighters!"

Robinson, who recently attended a wedding in the capacity of father of the bridegroom, feels very aggrieved because the newspaper reports of such affairs concentrate on the clothing worn by the women, not a word being said in regard to the men's attire. He therefore considers that "something ought to be done about it," and suggests publicity on the following lines:—The bridegroom looked stupendous in a fifty-shilling creation of black vicuna cloth, with tram-line trousers, fairly white collar and shirt, and rhododendron-coloured tie. The best man's ensemble, provided by Moss Bros., was similar, though the where-withals were lavender-coloured and creased down the side. The father of the bridegroom looked very *chic* in, *inter alia*, cashmere socks containing carefully synchronised clocks, together with patent leather shoes to which were affixed Dripped soles. After the Deception the happy couple left for the Equator, where the honeymoon will be spent. The bridegroom was resplendent in a pepper-and-salt plus-four suit, the gift of Montague Burton, Ltd.

We are glad to hear that our Wigan member, D. M. Kaye, who had a severe attack of pneumonia earlier in the year, is now well enough to resume his duties.

News of the death of our old member, Sam Irving, has recently come to hand. At one time, in partnership with Knipe, he held the four tandem records:—Liverpool—Edinburgh; Edinburgh—York; York—London; and London—Liverpool. For distinguished service to the Club he was made an Honorary Member, and resided in Canada for the last 30 years.

Unavoidably held over, an epic tale by a contributor not new, by any means, to our columns :

UNDER FORCED DRAUGHT

or

How many miles in an egg and sherry? by Swearfairess
(himself).

in which our narrator records how he left Birkenhead at 11-0 a.m. one morning and had lunch at Handley; of how after braving the Broxton heights he swept towards Watling Street wondering whether to take train from Stafford or Wellington. Fortified with egg and sherry, our hero disdains to stop for tea and eventually reaches home at Birmingham shortly before midnight! Eighty-seven miles in (say) 12 hours!! Seven m.p.h.!!! Under Forced Draught???

RUNS.

Highwayside, September 4th, 1937.

On Wednesday eve, our Secretary remarked. "Will you be at Highwayside on Saturday?" "I expect so," replied the writer. Then said he, "get me the names of the attenders," and—chipped in the Editor fellow—"ask someone to write up the run." They were both, it seems, taking some more holidays.

So on arrival at "The Travellers' Rest" I passed on the job to the first member who greeted me, as I had to leave early, before our muster was complete, and when the members were still rolling up. The delightful weather conditions, and charming countryside was certainly enough to tempt all comers, and probably accounts for the part revival of the once reliable "Rough and Readys." Tommy

has kept the flag flying for years, and it must have brought joy to his heart when Morris once more joined us on his trusty Iron (trusty, I said). George Newall had not arrived when my coach left, but allowance must be made for possible punctures, or lassitude. However, we hope that the triumvirate, if not complete to-day, will reach their full strength at subsequent fixtures, leading up to Halewood, October 2nd; by then they should be nicely run in.

The Run.

I started off about 11 a.m. : a most delightful morning. An Autumnal feeling about it which made you wish to remain in the saddle all day. The journey through the Park and Shocklach and on to Malpas by the old road which they have re-surfaced, made it a very pleasant ride. The old Cottages looked very picturesque. Carrying on over the Whitchurch Road and Ridley Green brought me to my destination. On arriving I was given prompt orders to take the names and write the run up. I was surprised to find eighteen had turned up, including one named Eddie Morris, who quite enjoyed the run except feeling very sore in the hind quarters. Amongst those present I noticed the great F.H. and Wilf. Orrell, David and Jonathan (alias Ven.), Randall, Royden, Williams, Poole, Haynes, Snowden, Byron, Barker, Perkins, Knipe, Threlfall, Seed and Elias, fresh from his feats of climbing the Alps. It was a very merry party around the festive board and the talk mostly of holidays spent off the beaten track. I think Seed, who spent three weeks in the Isle of Wight, carried off most of the yacht races, giving Society there a shock.

Well, we had to remember there was a long ride home, which, in the cool of the evening, was delightful and except Elias puncturing, everything was as it should be and after sampling the brew at Willaston, Evans hill faded away and I did not notice it.

4th Club Fifty, 11th September, 1937.

There were nine starters out of an entry of eleven.

There was a strongish north-east breeze blowing and times were not too fast. Salty was again fastest with a good ride for the day of 2.16. Handicaps were won by Reeves, Rock and Rigby Band. Byron had two punc-

tures and Hughes lost a lot of time in turning round and giving his spare to Byron. Below is the tabulated result.

		12 $\frac{3}{4}$ m.	29 $\frac{1}{2}$ m.	38 m.	50 m.	H'cap.	Nett
					Actual		
1.	J. C. Reeves	31 $\frac{3}{4}$	1.21	1.42 $\frac{1}{2}$	2.18.31	3	2.15.31
2.	W. P. Rock	32	1.20	1.42	2.19.21	3	2.16.21
3.	J. R. Band	34	1.25	1.47	2.23.39	7	2.16.39
4.	S. T. Carver	32	1.22	1.43 $\frac{1}{2}$	2.20.43	4	2.16.43
5.	J. J. Salt	32	1.20	1.41	2.16.59	scr.	2.16.59
6.	W. G. Connor	34	1.25	1.48	2.28.36	7	2.21.36
7.	E. Haynes	32 $\frac{1}{2}$	1.22	1.45	2.29.14	3	2.26.14
8.	E. Byron	33 $\frac{1}{2}$	1.35	1.59	2.36.57	6	2.30.57
9.	A. F. Hughes	35 $\frac{1}{2}$	1.34	2.0 $\frac{3}{4}$	2.42.52	7	2.35.52

Acton Bridge, 18th September, 1937.

If the conversation continues in the same vein as at this run the name of the Club will have to be changed to the Anfield Tricycle Club. It seems that Bert Green is getting one of these three-wheeled monstrosities and is in some doubt as to whether he should have a motor attached. Chandler being a very much older man than Bert was all in favour, whilst the youthful N.T.A. President poured scorn on these "old men." Honours in the argument were fairly even until Green and Chandler proved to their own satisfaction, if not to Snowden's, that he was carrying around with him in his own back axle an unused (?) motor. This explains away a lot of his enthusiasm for this peculiar hobby.

As will be obvious from the foregoing the attendance at Barney's was somewhat elderly, the youngsters, with the exception of Tommy Royden being either riders or helpers in the Manchester Wheelers "12" on the next day.

The other members of the F.O.T.C. who enjoyed a very good feed were Stevie, Knipe, Poole, Haynes, Threlfall, Ven and Dave Rowatt.

After admiring the grace and ease with which Stevie managed his 'box of tricks,' and advising Haynes on what not to have on his tandem I mounted my own two-seater and steered a very fine course for home, the engine at the rear working to perfection if inclined to grunt towards the finish.

Little Budworth, 25th September, 1937.

After a wet and muggy Friday, Saturday proved a glorious day for cycling—sunshine, a nip in the air, and practically no wind, so I made an early start and was through Warrington by 4 p.m., an hour behind Tommy Royden, who had come out via Liverpool to renew acquaintance with the scenes of his youthful prowess. (He is still more than 70 years young).

The going was good, so I left the main road and divagated via Lostock Gralam, Lach Denis and Davenham. Then I explored a short cut to Whitegate along a cinder track and through some tunnels to Moulton Lock and Whitegate, but owing to some inaccurate directions I put on some extra miles, and arrived at my destination very late for tea.

I found a very good turn out, with the real cyclists carefully segregated in one room, and those who had not cycled "spreading" themselves in another, and all very busy at the trough. I believe there were 18 members and one friend out, all the usual stalwarts. I forbear to give a list as I might overlook someone, but we were glad to see Selkirk make one of his infrequent, but always welcome, reappearances. The ladies' section was represented by Mrs. Bob Poole.

The meal was substantial and the damson pie especially good. Various weighty matters were discussed, and then by twos and threes we wended our several ways home, myself fortunate in the company of Stevie and Threlfall.

Inter Club Run with Speedwell B.C., September 25/26.

There were five of us—Williams, Hughes, Rock, Connor and Marriott—who ventured out this Saturday afternoon on the run to meet the Speedwell boys at Kerry. Rigby Band was already out, dodging around the lanes by Llanfair Caereinion after a lunch at Four Crosses: he arrived at Kerry at eight, and we found him strutting around in a pair of flannel trousers. Our ride was really pleasant, and it was almost impossible to tell from which direction the wind was blowing. It was an easy passage to Gobowen, where we had tea, and we lit up just short of Welshpool. Then a glorious run through the sable night, but the knock descended on the little valley road from Abermerle and there

were five beautiful appetites for the hefty supper that was provided at the Herbert Arms. The Speedwell outnumbered us by one, for seven of them had ridden the ninety odd miles from the City of Three Spires.

Macdonald, also an Owl, entertained us with supernatural stories of that august body, and we wondered how Anfielders ever entered within its portals at all.

With the morning the roads were wet, although it was glorious when we made a move soon after ten. The wind was easy and we rounded by Montgomery and Marton on a secondary road before reaching the main highway about thirteen miles from Salop. Lunch was ordered at an old house beneath the shadow of the old Abbey, where Salty joined us.

Three p.m., and sorry that Brewster had not joined us, we said good-bye and made our way homeward before an easy south-west wind.

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ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

FORMED MARCH, 1879.

MONTHLY CIRCULAR

Vol. XXXIII.

No. 381.

FIXTURES FOR NOVEMBER, 1937.

Tea at 6-0 p.m.

		Light up at
Nov. 6	Halewood (Derby Arms)	5-2 p.m.
.. 8	Committee Meeting 7-30 p.m. (Victoria Hotel, St. John's Lane, Liverpool)	
.. 13	Highwayside (Travellers Rest)	4-50 ..
.. 20	Mold (Dolphin)	4-40 ..
.. 27	Mouldsworth (Station Hotel)	4-32 ..
Dec. 4	Halewood (Derby Arms)	4-26 ..

ALTERNATIVE FIXTURES

Tea at 5-30 p.m.

Nov. 6	Goostrey (Red Lion)	5-2 ..
.. 20	Holmes Chapel (Swan)	4-40 ..
Dec. 4	Goostrey (Red Lion)	4-26 ..

Full Moon 18th 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.

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COMMITTEE NOTES.

4 THE LAUND,

WALLASEY, CHESHIRE.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS :—Mr. W. E. L. Cooper, 44 Towers Road, Liverpool 16 ; Lieut.-Col. G. P. Mills, D.S.O., 40 Wickham Avenue, Shirley, Surrey ; Mr. W. H. Scarff, 10 Linkside, Bebington, Cheshire.

H. W. POWELL,

Hon. General Secretary.

TREASURY NOTES.

I am glad to record an increase of 250 per cent. on last month's figures, and that without the Red Slip. A similar increase next month on the October figures will almost wipe out all arrears. Will all those who receive the Red Slip respond accordingly? What a sigh of relief would go up from the Treasury department !

We are still keeping up the monthly tradition of payment in advance, S. T. Carver being the latest recruit.

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

H. Austin.	W. E. L. Cooper.	J. Leece.
H. R. Band.	W. G. Glendinning,	Lt.-Col. G. P. Mills.
W. D. Band.	J. A. Grimshaw.	J. T. Preece.
R. Barton.	C. F. Hawkes.	W. M. Robinson.
*E. Buckley.	N. S. Heath.	*T. Royden.
H. G. Buckley.	W. R. Jones.	O. T. Williams.
S. T. Carver (1938)	J. Kinder.	

R. L. KNIPE,

Hon. Treasurer.

*IN MEMORIAM.***J. H. KINDER.**

The death of John Harry Kinder occurred on the 17th October in Fazackerley Hospital after some weeks' illness. He joined the Club in 1914, and although little seen of late years, he was a regular attender between 1919 and 1925, being on the Committee during that time and being present at most of the meetings, during which time he gave himself heart and soul to the work and expressed valuable opinion. At the musical evenings at Bettws his turns on the concertina were always very popular and were well played. In those days he used to ride tandem regularly with his brother as stoker, and the famous "Kinder" tandem was always found a useful pacemaker on the road. In the loss of John Kinder the Club is all the worse off, as he was always cheerful, good natured, and ever ready to give a helping hand.

For years he ran the "100" sweep at Whitsuntide and was a tower of strength at the finish of the "100," keeping back the crowd and generally making himself useful. Powell and Chandler represented the Club at the funeral on Wednesday, October 20th.

S. IRVING.

An old Anfielder in the person of Sam Irving has just passed to the beyond. Although his name had dropped out of the "Club list" since 1927 owing to there being no trace of his whereabouts, he was a very prominent member in his day. Joining the Club in 1899, he held four unpaced Tandem records with R. L. Knipe before emigrating to Oakland (Cal.) in 1907. The Tandem records were as follows:—

London/Liverpool in 1904, 11 hrs. 2 mins., held until 1909; Liverpool/Edinburgh in 1904, 14 hrs. 44 mins., held until 1908, when beaten by Knipe and Cody; Edinburgh/York in 1905, 11 hrs. 35 mins., held for 17 years until 1922; London/York in 1905, 10 hrs. 52 mins., held until 1907.

In connection with these records Bob Knipe writes:—
"One remarkable thing about the series of four records

of the rectangle is that only one was trouble free—the “Edinburgh—York,” and this was merely collected on an attempted “Edinburgh—London” record. We struck very bad tyre trouble just short of Doncaster and had to abandon the full journey when it was well within our grasp.

The Liverpool—Edinburgh ride was also meant to be part of a “24” on a there and back ride. We started midnight from Liverpool—a very wet, black night, but a bad skid on the tram lines in Preston so crooked up my ankle that it took me all I knew to last out to Edinburgh, and the return was impossible.

We made splendid time in the York—London ride until Girtford Bridge, where the front wheel nearly collapsed with broken spokes. An attempt was made to rebuild the wheel, but we ran short of spokes. We borrowed a tandem, and in spite of it being unsuited to us, made good again to Barnet, where a horse kicked us off and damaged Sam’s head. Then descending to London we had a bad skid in the mud and bent a crank under the bracket. Woodroffe, who was following here, took us to a shop where we had it straightened. In Holloway Road one of my pedals dropped off, so we had to finish with three legs and a swinger.

I think we must have lost $\frac{3}{4}$ -hour altogether.

On the London—Liverpool ride we struck early morning fog, and had to stop at Fenny Stratford to have spokes put in front wheel. Then we missed our way and went to Stafford (we had not been over the road beforehand) and lost time getting back to Stone.

I think I must have been the Jonah on these rides, as I frequently struck a packet, when on my own.

Sam was not fast, but a fine stayer, and in spite of long hard rides always contrived to look spic and span and keep a nice parting in his hair. Southport to Edinburgh was quite a favourite run of his.

For training I used to ride the tandem to Ormskirk, meet him there and then ride to Preston and back. Not a very ideal way of training. I wonder what our modern speedmen would say to it.

In conclusion, Sam was a Scot, a Presbyterian Sessions Clerk, very strict in his views and straight in his character. He absolutely refused to do any riding on Sundays—not even to come home.”

AT RANDOM.

We gather that the following Young Lads out of our Club have patriotically offered themselves for enrolment as Air Raid Wardens :—Cheminais, Royden, Turnor, Buckley, Rowatt, Grimshaw, Lake, and Roskell. This news gives us a sense of security, which has hitherto been lacking, and it now appears to us that Lancashire and Cheshire will certainly enjoy immunity from air raids in the "next" war. Enemy aviators would be extremely unlikely—not to mention foolish—to venture into the neighbourhoods named, having regard to the pugnacious talent which is available.

It is rumoured that, as a direct result of the exposure which was published in our last issue, (exclusive to the *Circular*, and obtained at enormous cost), "Swearfairer" (Himself) has resigned his membership of the Hard Riders Section of the Aston Subedge Wheelers and his Presidency of the Edgbaston Bicycle Club. We understand that the Eminent One is forming a new organisation to be called the Bearwood and Smethwick Wobblers.

We learn that Tommy Royden has definitely decided not to attack the hour record next year.

It is authoritatively stated that there are 2,000 offences which a motorist may commit. Jonas asserts that he has a friend who, so far, has scored only 1999. Evidently a case of sheer laziness!

We understand that Robinson, who was recently on tour in the southern part of East Anglia, has quite a good opinion of Essex Board—and Lodging.

Our daily newspaper tells us that at the present time the day is becoming longer by 0.0037 second a century. Ven had already noticed this, and is glad to have his suspicions confirmed officially.

It is not often, these days, that an Anfielder from the home area has the opportunity or pleasure of attending

an Opening Run of the Speedwell Bicycle Club). Rock and Marriott, Brewster's guests at Coventry for a glorious autumn week-end at Coventry last month, gatecrashed in on the Speedwell's 122nd such event at Berkswell, near Meriden. After a glorious feed of tripe and onions, or mashed potatoes and sausage "du chien," all the hilarity and jollity that Speedwell could bring forth kept us in merry mood until 10-30. Brewster, resplendent in a striped suit, rode straight from business for the last hour of fun and to escort us by the devious ways to his home. We came away wishing that our Anfield could arrange something like this.

TRICYCLE ASSOCIATION.

Annual Supper and Prize Distribution.

This extremely pleasant function was staged at "The Ship," Ivy Lane, Newgate, E.C., on Wednesday, October 6th.

Mr. Bartleet, the President of the association, presided over a jolly company of fifty or more tricyclists, among whom were seen such well-known figures as Maurice Draisey, J. K. Letts (Hon. Secretary of the T.A.), O. F. Harris (Captain), H. Clarke, A. H. Glass, L. H. Couzens (of 3-speed gear fame), R. A. Howard, J. Dudley Daymond, and many other well-known people. The North was represented by Mr. A. L. Littlemore (Northern Racing Secretary) and Snowden, of "Ours," while to give the proceedings their final touch of brilliance, who should have been invited to distribute the prizes but that doyen of cycling, Lt.-Col. G. P. Mills, D.S.O.

The President was in scintillating form (perhaps because he had an Anfielder on either side of him!) The dinner was good, the prizes were many and the speeches, taken altogether, bright and interesting. As to Col. Mills' reminiscences of his unapproachable prowess of other days, we can only say that everyone present considered himself fortunate to hear from the lips of the man who had performed such prodigies, the intimate details of what he had attempted and so often done.

The toast of the Tricycle Association, proposed by Col. Mills, was responded to by Mr. Letts who, in the course

of his remarks, stressed the merits of the tricycle, recorded that the triple-wheeled mount was rapidly increasing in numbers, and wound up by warmly complimenting Mr. A. L. Littlemore on the zeal he had displayed in furthering the cause of tricycling in the North.

Mr. Clarke proposed the toast of the Tricycle-trophy winner, Mr. J. J. Davies, of the Potteries, and gave a short outline of his meteoric rise to fame. For one who has been riding a tricycle for only three years, his successes are remarkable. In Mr. Davies' absence, Mr. Littlemore replied at some length, commenting on the healthy state of the sport in the North (and most unjustly attributing much of this to others). Snowden also made some remarks on the same theme, and in answer to the President's charge of being "a denizen of the wild and savage North," denied such an accusation, explaining that he was North only by adoption. Then, carried away by his own eloquence (ahem!) he launched into horrible doggerel at Mr. Littlemore's expense, finally flopping to his seat in a state of exhaustion.

After the toast of "The Chairman" had been given by Mr. Dudley Daymond and suitably acknowledged, the happy party broke up, with firm resolves to come again next year and to introduce others to the charmed circle.

Only once was the hilarity of the company interrupted and that by the President's mention of the passing away of B. H. Hogan, one of the best of sportsmen and who, in the intervals of a busy life, yet found time to act as honorary handicapper to the Association. That he will be missed—is missed—goes without saying, and it will be a long time before the gap made by his untimely end can be adequately filled.

On Sunday, November 7th, the Northern members of the Tricycle Association will meet for the annual prize distribution and luncheon at the Leigh Arms, Acton Bridge. It is hoped that as many tricyclists as possible will be present, but any who wish to partake of luncheon must send in their names to Mr. Littlemore, 53 Halton View Road, Widnes, at once. Mr. G. H. Stancer, Secretary of the C.T.C., will be in the Chair and most of the prominent racing tricyclists have signified their intention of supporting him.

TOURS AND TOURING.

NORWAY—AGAIN !

Ever since "Venus," then the fastest motor vessel in the world, cleaved a widening gap in the heaving sea between us and Bergen on that clear September day in 1935, had George and I harboured a desire to return to Norway. The first foreign soil whereon we trod, this lovely land of lakes and fjords and mountains and—let it be said now—good hotels, is ever in our mind as most wonderful of all. Other lands we have visited have been compared, and always do they fall far short. Opportunity this year gave us two weeks in July: is it not unnatural that we should have turned again to the land of eternal daylight?

Our first sight of Norway this year was a rocky island, hardly grassy, that stood against the white breakers, perhaps an hour's steaming from Stavanger, pleasant and ancient port that clusters around the coloured wooden houses on the quayside. There was that slight smell of fresh fish (and some not so fresh) too, that same odour that clings to the coast from North Cape to the Naze. Passports were stamped in the cabin, and then in the hour that followed we clumped across the cobbles in the evening light, bought fruit and stamps, and wandered reverently in the dark Cathedral, simple and austere.

There was another night aboard, and we retired with "Jupiter" swerving its way through the island channels. Haugesund to us then was only a silence from the constant thud of the engines, the rattle of winches, and the clatter of chains on the deck. We were still asleep when we berthed at Bergen, and by 7-30 on that grey morning we had breakfasted and were aside the famous Fish Quay, watching men who already had achieved a half-day's work. Eight a.m., and we had sailed again. This time we were huddled on the foredeck of a fjord steamer, a vessel about the size of a Mersey ferry boat. On this miniature liner, with two passenger classes, separate dining saloons, accommodation and cargo space in two large holds, drums of oil and motor cars cluttered the foredeck, and people wedged themselves between.

"Nordfjord" turned northwards, and wound its tortuous way through channels narrower than some Liverpool streets I could name. In the afternoon we turned into Sognfjord, Norway's mightiest, and then shortly before

three p.m. our little ship steered into a narrower inlet at the end of which was Vadheim. Two days, six hours, after leaving home we were to start the cycling part of our tour! Northwards we pedalled, climbing by a narrow valley where there was only room for river and road. The mountains rose sheer to heights that seemed immediately above our heads, and often the river would leap in wild tumult down a thundering fall. The road flattened by a placid lake, a perfect mirror of the mountains, and marred only by the widening rings that some fish sent rippling across the water. We climbed again, into some pinewoods, and then there was a pleasant fling to where a wide river flowed swiftly, and the road crossed the river by a timbermill (I nearly wrote wood) that stood at the waterside. Womenfolk were doing their weekly washing at the river's edge in an oval shaped pan that rested on large stones with a wood fire roaring beneath.

We had tea and cake in a pleasant hotel at Forde, and then in the evening there was another valley road, past wooden houses with grass-grown roofs until we climbed to yet another lake. For the night we halted at Vassenden, at the wooden hotel that stood high above the village. The way out, in the event of fire, was by a rope that hung on a hook in the bedroom. Ten minutes were spent in studying the instructions so that in the event of a blaze we would at least know what to do. I went to bed hoping sincerely that this hotel would be alright for at least another night. Luckily it was.

To be continued.

RUNS.

Halewood, October 2nd, 1937.

Oh! how I wish that I could write like these literary blokes and bring the glories of that early autumn day like some indelible picture into the minds of all my readers.

However, being neither a Marriott, a Swearfairer or even a "Yorkshire Laddie," I shall have to struggle on as best I can.

Having made due arrangements with our dark-eyed wheel-pusher, we met at least one hour late and proceeded in no great haste towards the ancient city. Here our sloe-eyed friend hastened to divest himself of much money.

One o'clock found us drifting quietly through the peaceful Park, stopping frequently to watch the ever-busy squirrels hurriedly gathering their winter supplies. A stop for lunch at the old cottage at Handley, a quiet smoke, then on through Tattenhall and steadily, but oh, so slowly to that village of the ridge, Burwardsley.

If our journey had so far been peaceful, we ceased to appreciate it, for that last quarter where the lane steeply mounts the gap we rode as hard as any mountain "Prime." At last, under the old redstone arch on the summit of Peckforton's lonely gap we halted. Here we rested awhile, time no longer mattered, we were just two individuals basking in nature's kindness.

Even when we came down to earth Halewood seemed a great way off and indeed it was. A glance at a watch, a hurried calculation and peace and quietness were gone, leaving two huddled figures battling against time. Tarpoley, Cotebrook, Cuddington, Weaverham, Acton Bridge, all went by in undignified flight. Another hasty calculation, five miles to the Transporter and only twelve minutes to go. And now the black-eyed one and the fuzzy one got together, bit and bit, half-mile and half-mile they hurtled along at breakneck speed. Came Runcorn, and thirteen minutes gone; need I tell more. We retraced and clambered up the steps of the ever so convenient viaduct and so to Halewood.

Entering the Derby Arms we were greeted by Knipe, who had beaten us by a short head. In the lounge we found Stevie, Williams, Jones, Marriott, Hughes and Connor. Reeves arrived with Rock, who startled all present by calling for a shandy.

In the banquetting hall, for such it seemed with such a pleasing array, we also noticed Powell, our worthy Secretary; Chandler sitting at the head of affairs and beaming ruddily at all and sundry; Tommy Royden, who had put off a date with his girl friend especially to be present; Hubert Roskell in company with Barton and son; Elias, Burgess and Preston, the only member of the younger squad to arrive per rattler. Birchall, looking very bronzed and fit, put in one of his rare appearances, while Perkins put in all he could lay his hands on. Last, but not least, was Rigby Band; seated next to Perkins he fought valiantly and it is only fair to say that he was not overshadowed.

Goostrey, 2nd October, 1937.

A very warm afternoon for the time of the year, the countryside looking exceptionally grand in its autumnal colourings and a great deal of motor traffic on the main roads, is my impression of the earlier part of the afternoon.

Towards five o'clock I arrived at the Red Lion to find Haynes very much at home in the kitchen, chatting with our worthy host, who is just recovering from a bad dose of gall stones, in fact the stones were Public Exhibition No. 1.

By the time tea was served, Cranshaw, Wilf and Bren Orrell, Bob Poole and Bert Green had arrived, making a very talented if not numerous company, to clear away the good fare so nicely served up for us. The conversation round the fire after tea varied from lengthy discussions of Artesian Wells to the best type of tyre to be used on the side wheels of tricycles during the winter months and whether mud guards could be successfully fitted to the side wheels of such a vehicle.

About eight o'clock we all made a start for home and another glorious Saturday had passed.

Acton Bridge, 9th October, 1937.

The run for this day had really been fixed for Kingsley, but the proprietor found it impossible to cater, and the Leigh Arms, which has acted on so many occasions as a stop gap, was again called into requisition. Snowden (on trike) and the Editor, had both been out all day, the former had partaken of what appeared to be a somewhat unsatisfactory cold lunch at Nantwich, whilst the latter had had farmer's fare at Malpas. Both met by accident at Minshull Vernon and celebrated the event at the local pub over a cup of tea. On arrival at Acton Bridge the bar was found well filled and after the necessary liquid refreshment time was called and the whole party repaired to the banquetting hall. There an excellent hot meal was partaken of and it was found that Powell had considerably improved after his mishaps of the previous week and had arrived at the stage when his limbs were encased in sticking plaster. Green, in a new suiting of flannel shorts, occupied a seat near the fire, supported by Mancunians in Wilf Orrell, Haynes and Poole, whilst a poor representation of "tea tasters" appeared in Marriott, Rock and Arthur Williams. This leaves auld

Bob Knipe to be accounted for, who had risked the journey without the protection of his faithful henchman. The bullet-headed Stevie from Liverpool on a bassinette, and Threlfall on tandem with better-half, the last occupying the better half of the other side of the house, then made up the complement of Anfielders, the 14th being Mr. Pfeiffer, the North Road Captain, who again honoured us with his presence and seems to have the knack of choosing for his welcome visits Anfield runs famous for their feeding arrangements. Afterwards a move was made to gas-lamps and machines, and a very select party shepherded by the Threlfall tandem and Snowden made a hasty and violent bee-line for the parting of the ways at Sutton Weaver, auld Bob Knipe hanging on to the tandem by his eyebrows, Powell and the Editor riding behind in much amusement, and poor old Stevie, whose fat legs couldn't get the cranks round fast enough, being horribly dropped on the rises so much so that neither his bullet-head nor his headlight were visible by the time Snowden and the Editor turned off the Runcorn stretch for Frodsham and the by-pass, they again parting company at Stanney.

Mold, 16th October, 1937.

The most outstanding feature of this otherwise commonplace run was, in my mind, the number of tricyclists present.

A number of the younger fellahs met at Queensferry for a cup of tea and were later joined by the Secretary, and still later by Stevie, on his tricycle, accompanied by his henchman, Threlfall.

Del Banco and Perkins were on the tandem tricycle and the ascent to Mold was done at speed into a nor'-wester and the undue haste made some of their hangers-on breathe in short pants.

Thomas, of Shrewsbury, was waiting for us outside Mold, after a strenuous ride from Salop, and we arrived at the Dolphin to find the crowd around the fire.

Altogether there were twenty present, those not yet mentioned being Cody, who we were all pleased to see, looking so fit and well, Chandler, looking his usual pale and famished self, Snowden, on tricycle, Jonas, on tricycle, Elias, who had been to Denbigh for lunch, Connor, Jack Seed, Salt, fresh from breaking the Northern "50" and

"100" records, Carver, Williams, Reeves, Hughes, Tommy Royden, who had been over Llandegla to Ruthin, and last, but not least, Bob Knipe.

The pleasant meal was soon pushed away and after more talk the company dispersed to their respective homes.

Ryles Arms, Sutton, 16th October, 1937.

Poole set off on his own for this fixture, which is not far distant from the "Cottonopolis," and after an easy and uneventful journey and meeting no one en route, he arrived in good time to find Wilf Orrell and Jim Cranshaw taking the air outside, so placing his steed at the rear he then joined the others to await any further arrivals.

They had not long to wait, for in the distance was observed Bert Green and Ned Haynes, just topping the rise, having ridden up the hill from the village, or at least they were given to understand so.

Only five sat down to tea, a very poor muster, there was not a large variety of eats on the table, but what there was, everyone did full justice to and enjoyed it.

Conversation was scattered over various subjects, until about 7-30 p.m., when a move was made for home.

Ned Haynes, being in a hurry as usual, got away first, Bert Green and Poole missed Orrell and Cranshaw in Macclesfield, owing to the traffic lights. However, after a quick one near Handforth, they carried on via Cheadle, Gatley and Northenden, where Bert Green and he parted for their respective domiciles, and so ended another enjoyable run.

Llanarmon, D.C., October 23/24, 1937.

This tour, as far as I was concerned, may be said to have begun in the dead of night, when, just as I was dropping off to sleep in the neighbourhood of Eightish a.m. on the Saturday, the telephone rang. The voice (that of F.H., the man of ruthless and relentless energy) rasped out: "Chem and I will be with you in a few seconds—be ready." Which I done. Promptly to the minute at about noonish they arrived. The pubs having been open for half-an-hour or more they were in high good humour, and entirely bereft of apology. A start was made in teeming rain, which, however, did not last long, and after a gruelling 500 yards a favourite local hostelry hove in sight, at which a good time was had by all.

The journey was then resumed and the next stop was at the Albion, Chester. There a voracious attack was made by Chem and the Master (how these lads can eat!!) on the countless viands exposed. (En parenthesis, this a place to be recommended for excellent value). After they had denuded—with slight aid from the historian—to the utter bewilderment of the serving maids, the complete contents of the establishment at a total cost of about 1/6 each (Palethorpes' sausages for instance—shades of poor old Arthur Skinner—at 2d. each!) we departed, and eventually arrived at West Arms, to be met by Powell and Tommy Royden. Tommy, I was delighted to see, was perfectly sober. I refrain from Powell, whose eyes were strangely bright. A visit to the taproom to renew acquaintance with our host, who, by the way, would appear to have secured the elixir of life, followed, and in due course we adjourned for supper. It is a perennial delight to me at these functions to listen to the lads enjoying their food. They eat in an infinite variety of keys, taking in their stride the succulent basso, and climbing by intermediate stages to the soaring tenor, the whole with gusto. Unfortunately, the pleasure this gives me is tinged with envy. I have no appetite and am seriously thinking of taking up cycling.

I had almost forgotten to mention the most important episode. Owing to an ill-veiled reluctance on the part of everybody—times are hard—to stand a round, it was indeed a welcome sight when Bert Green took the chair. With no exception, eyes were turned hopefully in his direction, and his intuition (one of his many delightful characteristics) did not fail. The company became normal.

After supper, the piano was wheeled in, and the young pianist, having been primed, the evening began. Previous to this, some of our bright lads had a considerable brain storm, and taking advantage of the slightly moribund condition of our host, had purchased their liquor wholesale. This coup was evidently responsible for the buoyant atmosphere which prevailed when they gathered around the piano. They regaled us with a series of choruses (or should it be chori?) each in turn vieing with the next in pure volume of sound and cadence, to say nothing of the beautiful and poetical sentiments expressed with almost passionate intensity.

An adjournment to the tank then brought forth a wealth of anecdote mostly from the young members, who betrayed a superb knowledge of the English language. Chem, with his usual keen eye on business—he never neglects an opportunity!—rhapsodised on 'Onions,' extolling this succulent fruit to the skies, and almost brought tears to our eyes.

One by one the company dispersed, and at 2-0 a.m. the bar being no more, the few remaining diehards tottered to their respective couches in a condition of strict ebriety—the beer at this hostelry being absolutely innocuous—delightful to witness. The weather on Sunday morning was simply beautiful, and Powell furnished a charming spectacle in his brand new doe-skin gloves.

We had a glorious run home—I never saw the tints to such advantage—and after a call at the "Graig" at Pontfadog (a nice pub and a lovely spot) a bit of lunch at Oswestry, we proceeded and arrived back in good time and order.

Ghosts at the Tints Tour.

Week-enders at Llanarmon, O.L., were amazed at the way the dressing table mirrors, cycle capes, wash basins and other receptacles found their way into beds, as if seeking sanctuary from the savage elements outside.

Pyjamas worked themselves into a frenzy as the howling gale battered the old inn, and would-be-wearers of these garments found the legs tied together. Cakes of soap lay scattered on the floors and pillows hung precariously on top of doors. Altogether a most disturbing night.

(We have a pretty shrewd idea who was the "howling gale."—Ed.)

The quality of the beer and solid food at Llanarmon, O.L., grows steadily worse each year, no wonder the bedrooms are haunted. Landlords long dead have turned in their graves at the idea of offering such food and drink.

The Blotto and the Jonah, after a peaceful night under canvas, made for home via the Bwlch-Maen-Gwenydd, which, being interpreted, is another story altogether. At the

top of the pass the Joni climbed the hill to the west and was rewarded with a view which embraced the Cader Idris Range, and the mountains to the Snowdon group, which, by the way, were snowcapped in places, the Irish Sea beyond Rhyl, Newmarket Gap and Clwydian Range, including our old friend Moel Fammau, the Wrekin, Caer Caradoc, the Brieddens, Long Mynd and Long Mountain and hills innumerable in Central Wales, all bathed in sunshine. There was no time to walk to the summit of the range, where no doubt, a yet more splendid sight would meet the eye.

Although we do not like the widening of corners as a rule, the work which has been done down the bottom part of the hill into Mold, from Ruthin, is a source of great delight to one of our tricyclists, and we are sure there can be no more delightful blind in Wales to equal the run from the top of the Bwlch-y-parc, via the Loggerheads to Mold.

If the wind is strong and in the west the unskilful trikist will be tempted to call not "stop me and buy one," but "stop me and take the lot."

Farndon, 30th October, 1937.

Our readers will forgive us if we commence the account of this run from the previous day. In order to view as far as possible the changes of tint taking place in various parts of the country within our reach, we sallied forth from the Editorial sanctum on a damp, misty morning via Eaton Park, where the colouring was strikingly beautiful. Shocklach, St. Martins, Oswestry, Welshpool, Abermule, and found ourself patronising the occasional rendezvous of that select body commonly called the "Tea Tasters" at the Herbert Arms, Kerry. We congratulate the fraternity in having found such an excellent house. Having phoned our approach, we sat down to an excellent dinner and spent the rest of the evening before the fire, in due course retiring to a comfortable bed, and in the morning an excellent breakfast. For this the charge was the modest one of 6/6 and we couldn't have wished for anything better. Our route on the morrow lay via Sarn, Church Stoke, Chirbury, Yockleton, Montford Bridge, Baschurch, Loppington, Bettisfield, Hammer and Malpas and over the whole route the colour scheme

beggared description. The turn-out at the "Raven" numbered 13 and was notable for us having Dick Ryalls with us again, who brought a friend. Since the days when Dick used to push us round on the tandem he is almost unrecognisable and has developed enormously. We were all right glad to see Dick and we trust it will not be long before he repeats the dose. Charles Randall, who seems to have given up cycling, had come in a bus and was immaculately dressed in long trousers. Then there was Marriott, with Peter Rock under his wing. Jack Salt hung on as usual. Perkins, Arthur Williams, Byron, Seed, Tommy Royden and Powell, who sat down in the Presidential chair. The journey home in the dark was uneventful, although the glaring headlights on the wet road were a source of much annoyance. Powell, Tommy and the Editor went home together, the two latter stopping at Willaston.

Acton Bridge, 30th October, 1937.

Raining this morning—but then it rained last Saturday morning and turned out beautifully fine in the afternoon. Perhaps it will do the same to-day—but it didn't. Quite contrarywise—sharp showers and in between not enough rain to make a cape really useful but sufficient to make one necessary, and a nasty steady wind in the wrong direction for Manchester men. I found it hard going and thought I must be very unfit, but was relieved on arrival at the Leigh Arms to find that my experience had been common to all of us. There were but 7 of us—4 from Manchester, 3 from Liverpool, but we were a happy party, and dealt faithfully with the meal prepared for us. Then a chat by the fire and an easy ride home—at any rate for the Manchester men.

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ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

FORMED MARCH, 1879.

MONTHLY CIRCULAR

Vol. XXXIII.

No. 382.

FIXTURES FOR DECEMBER, 1937.

Tea at 6-0 p.m.

		Light up at
Dec. 4	Halewood (Derby Arms)	4-26 p.m.
.. 11	Farndon (Raven)	4-22 ..
.. 13	Committee Meeting 7-30 p.m. (Victoria Hotel, St. John's Lane, Liverpool)	
.. 18	Hooton (Hooton Hotel)	4-23 ..
.. 27	Acton Bridge (Leigh Arms) Lunch, 1-30 p.m.	4-28 ..
1938		
Jan. 1	Chester (Talbot)	4-33 ..
.. 8	Halewood (Derby Arms): Annual General Meeting Tea, 5-30 p.m.	4-41 ..

ALTERNATIVE FIXTURES

Tea at 5-30 p.m.

Dec. 4	Acton Bridge (Leigh Arms)	4-26 ..
.. 11	Lymm (Spread Eagle)	4-22 ..
.. 18	Holmes Chapel (Swan)	4-23 ..
1938		
Jan. 1	Goostrey (Red Lion)	4-33 ..

Full Moon 17th 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.

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COMMITTEE NOTES.

4 THE LAUND,

WALLASEY, CHESHIRE.

The Annual General Meeting will be held after Tea at Halewood, on 8th January. Any Member having any matter which he wishes to be included on the Agenda, should let me have particulars not later than 21st December.

Tea at Halewood on Saturday, 8th January, will be at 5-30 p.m.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS :—Mr. H. Pritchard, Five Ways, Merry Hill, Wolverhampton.

H. W. POWELL,

Hon. General Secretary.

TREASURY NOTES.

I am sorry to record this month, not the hoped for increase, but a drop of 25 per cent. in the number of remittances received. "Hope deferred maketh the heart sick," so will all those who received herewith the *last* issue of Red Slips jump to it at once, and let me have their subs. during the first week in December as the Auditors wish to have the books early.

One bright spot relieves the gloom. The custom of payment in advance still continues, for "Elsie" has put himself right for next year, while Lord Kenilworth has paid up to 1940.

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

S. H. Bailey.

K. Barton.

J. A. Bennett.

S. del Banco.

J. Fowler.

W. H. Kettle

Lord Kenilworth. H. Pritchard.

1937, '38, '39, '40 E. J. Reade.

*L. Lusty. C. Randall.

J. Pitchford. D. Turnor.

L. C. Price. N. Turvey.

AT RANDOM.

We hear that on Sunday, November 21st, certain racing members attended a Liverpool recital of songs by Paul Rock—we mean Peter Robeson—the curly headed—anyway, they all enjoyed it.

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We regret to report that Miss Pugh, Manageress of the George Hotel, Shrewsbury, for 37 years, has passed away at the age of 67. She was always a friend of the "Anfield," and had always taken an interest in the Club's doings ever since we first started to go there at Whitsuntide several years ago. She was always obliging and ready to assist and even if you turned up the night before the Flower Show and found the place full, as the writer well remembers doing some 28 years ago, she would never turn you away if she could help it but would find you a comfortable bed outside. She was a most capable manageress and possessed of extreme tact and wisdom. Her death is our loss.

.

During a week-end in Bowland Forest, and a trip through the "Trough," returning from Marshaw to Scorton direct, which road is now quite good, although it is crossed by two watersplashes (bridged), we fell in with Crompton Humphreys at Broughton and partook of hospitality on his demesne. "C.H." looked very fit and well and desired to be remembered to all the boys. He revealed that he can still rattle off a considerable mileage in a day, for he recently without any assistance from the wind, rode from Barmouth to Broughton, a distance of about 115 miles.

.

Those who visit Kerry (Mont.) and have not seen the Church should go inside. It contains a number of the roughest hewn Norman pillars we have ever seen, none are completely round, they all look as if they had been chiselled with primitive instruments, as possibly they have.

.

Kettle's comment on Mr. Justice Wrottesley's dictum that "every cyclist is entitled to his wobble" is as follows:—
"Yes, but not every cyclist cares to exercise his right."

On hearing of the recent rise in the price of bread, Tommy Royden made up his mind to eat more toast.

There is now no tolerating one of our exiled members, who shall be nameless, owing to the publication of a book under the title of "Relativity and Robinson." The book is described as "a treatise for very simple people." Oh, yeah!

TRICYCLE ASSOCIATION.

The Annual Prize Distribution of the Northern Section of this flourishing and virile order brought a large number of devotees of the three-wheeler to the Leigh Arms, Acton Bridge. No doubt the excellent attendance was partly due to the visit of Mr. G. H. Stancer, the Secretary of the Cyclists Touring Club and for many years noted exponent of the tricycle, who honoured the Association by taking the chair. Before the meeting an excellent lunch of true "Leigh Arms" quality was partaken of after which the main proceedings took place. On the "platform" supporting the Chairman were several important persons in the tricycling world, namely, Mrs. Parkes (Petronella), Mrs. Whitbread, of Alsager, Mr. Littlemore, the indefatigable and amusing Northern Secretary and Ernest Snowden, of "Ours" and donor of the Cup of his name. Other Anfielders supporting were Green, Stephenson, R. J. Austin and Chandler.

The business commenced with a short speech by the Chairman, congratulating the Northern members on the interest displayed and commended Mr. Davies on winning the Tricycle Trophy. Mr. Littlemore then spoke on Secretarial matters, followed by Mrs. Whitbread, who distributed the prizes. Snowden then appealed for more members, thanked Mrs. Whitbread and referred suitably to Mr. Stancer's life work for the cause of cycling and thanked him for taking the chair, after which Mr. Stancer thanked everyone for the hearty welcome he had received.

TOURS AND TOURING.

A Trip to Aberdeenshire.

We have been asked to make a few remarks on a tour undertaken last September. This took 13 days and totalled 919 miles, all riding. For the purposes of narrative it is sufficient to commence the account from a point in central Scotland, easily accessible as a jumping off place from the railway. This point would be undoubtedly Stirling, where the night train from London and places on the way can be left before 5 a.m., the lift provided being a valuable help and enabling the tour to be accomplished in a week. For our part we cycled the whole distance and on this particular occasion by-passed Stirling by turning off the main road at Dennyloanhead and crossing the Forth by the new Kinzardine bridge, which was opened as recently as August last. This enabled us to get to Dollar, beautifully situated under the steeply contoured Ochill Hills where there is a good inn, the Castle Campbell Hotel. We paid 8/6 for D.R. and B. The way then led via Pool of Muckart over the hills to Dunning and thence by Forteviot to Perth. The road from here to Blairgowrie and on to the Bridge of Cally is very picturesque and contains many maples, their leaves, the first to change, turning into a blood red and gold contrast. The ascent up to and beyond the Spital of Glenshee and Diarmid's tomb seemed to me to be easier than on the previous occasion, as the road had been "ironed out" in several places, the only part that has to be walked is the Devil's Elbow itself and from the top there is a fine run down to Braemar. Here there are several C.T.C. boarding houses which supply good food and (for Braemar) are reasonably priced. The descent down Deeside was a joy, as the colouring, so totally different from that in England and Wales, was magnificent and lit up by warm sunlight. At Crathie we took the road on the R. bank of the river and although at first rather uneven, beyond Dinnet it is quite smooth and the views of the river and the forestry superb. If one does not wish to go as far as Aberdeen the road can be left at Culter and tracks made northward for Alford on Donside. There is a very fine inn here, the Haughton Arms, and the price is reasonable. There are two roads to Huntly, the lesser and hillier via Kirktown of Clat was the one I took affording good views from the summit, though a poor surface.

The country round Huntly is charming. It is a fine ride over to Dufftown and at Craigellachie you reach the Spey, the most rapid river in Scotland. The route to Grantown is picturesque although the views of the Spey are only intermittent. At the latter is a good inn, the "Strathspey," which is reasonably priced and very comfortable. The route then lay to Carrbridge, the road beyond on to Inverness having been "ironed out" since we were along it some years ago. From here we took the road on the East side of Loch Ness and stayed the night at Dores, prettily situated on the Loch side. From here you can carry right along the Loch as far as Foyers and view the once famous falls now shorn of their merit owing to the call for electrical power, or immediately ascend the hillside from Dores up to Loch Mhor and thence Whitebridge. The road as far as the summit has been re-surfaced but the drop to Fort Augustus, about 1 in 5, is as bad as ever and highly dangerous. At Spean Bridge the road to Loch Laggan and beyond to Drumgoff is under "heavy reconstruction for 8 miles," and unless one is prepared to do a lot of walking it is best to make for Fort William, cross Ballachulish Ferry, and ride up Glencoe, a very fast road if the wind is following, the maximum gradient is 1 in 20 in the Pass itself and further on in the reverse direction on Black Mount between Kingshouse and Bridge of Orchy and again above Tyndrum. Those people who bewail the loss of the old road and the "romance" attached can refresh their memories as to the actual discomfort by riding along the by-pass to the Kingshouse Inn. *Now* you can look about you and admire the mountain grandeur, *then*, you had to keep your eye on the road and avoid striking your front wheel on protruding stones that unless you were very careful would throw you off. From Crainlarich there is a fine ride up Glen Dochart and over Glen Ogle to Loch Earn, Loch Lubnaig and Callander from whence Stirling can be easily reached, or as in our case Edinburgh via Dumfermline and Queensferry. From Edinburgh you have the choice of roads, but that via Stow and Galashiels is little known by the English cyclist, as record breakers do not use it. This brings you on to Selkirk, from which you must take the hilly road to Hawick. From here we did not take the main road via Langholm but renewed acquaintance with the route via Stobs Castle and Limekiln Edge to Newcastleton, and at the "Grapes" found good accommodation and food at a reasonable price.

Near here is situated Hermitage Castle, famous in history for a visit paid to it by Mary, Queen of Scots, who rode from Jedburgh, 40 miles in all, to see her paramour Bothwell, a feat that cost her 10 days of fever.

CORRESPONDENCE.

PORTMAN HOUSE,
EAST SHEEN, S.W. 14.
10th November, 1937.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,

I notice in your "At Random" in the November *Circular* that our worthy member "Swearfairer" is forming a new organisation, to be called the "Bearwood and Smethwick Wobblers." If the first name of the proposed title is a printer's error for Beardwood, then I wish you would make it clear that I am not associated, neither do I wish to be associated in any manner whatsoever with any organisation bearing such a title. In my time I have been responsible for noble organisations, such as the "Owls," but must draw a line somewhere and wish it to be known to all and sundry that I have no connection with the aforesaid "B. & S. Wobblers."

Thanking you in anticipation,

Yours faithfully,

P. C. BEARDWOOD,
Archowl.

RUNS.

Halewood, November 6th, 1937.

Four o'clock, Saturday, November 6th, wet, foggy and, taking it all round, a perfect afternoon for sitting with one's feet half-way up the chimney and, for companionship, a good book. But Anfielders have a duty to perform on a Saturday afternoon, and four o'clock found me on the boat. I had

tea at the Pier Head (never mind where) and after guiding my erring cycle over the dangerous Duke Street setts and along the usual route, I eventually arrived in the tank at the Derby Arms, listening with profound gratitude to Hubert's cheery voice singing out "What'll you have?" Comic relief was supplied by Byron, who anxiously removed his teeth after every sup of ale, presumably to ensure that the beautiful vulcanite palettes were not corroding.

The food spread out inside the dining room was a sight for the gods. Williams moved in and deftly carved that glowing piece of pig so that even the most discriminating craftsman in the room had little to moan about.

Salty and Marriott were playing hide and seek with each other, the piled up plates acting as trenches. It is a well-known fact that Sammy's dizzy fingers are banging away at a typewriter all week, so he has little time for feeding. Well, people pay to go to the Zoo, admission to Halewood, 2/6, refreshments included.

Our gaze, wandering about the room, observes N. Turvey chatting with Chandler and S. Barton at the table of the elite. Halewood brings out the strangers. Reeves had dragged himself from his deathbed specially to be present, Chandler was heard swanking how he had been to Slaidburn for the Friday night, and found a new way of avoiding Preston—see Julius Caesar's Maps—first edition.

After this happy gathering had feasted well and truly, Ken Barton had to rise to his feet and take the part of an auctioneer, the object for sale being a brand new Claud Butler bicycle, travelled 1,000 miles (on the back of a car). First and only offer, 10/-, bidder, Marriott. Result, no sale.

Those present on the run were Chandler, Turvey, Byron, Scarfe, Salt, Hughes, Carver, Williams, Connor, Reeves, Marriott, Burgess, Powell, S. Barton, K. Barton, Knipe, Royden, Stephenson, Hubert Roskell, Morris and two friends.

After a speedy ride to the Pier Head we caught the 8-50 p.m. boat, and so ends another run.

Goostrey, November 6th, 1937.

Leaving home at 3-30 p.m., I wandered slowly through the lanes towards my destination.

Near Chelford I was overtaken by our old friend Freddie Hancock, and after a few words about clubruns and hot-pot suppers, we bid each other adieu and continued on our respective ways.

On arrival at the Red Lion I found Buckley and Green already in possession and then quickly followed Poole, Ned Haynes and Wilf. Orrell, three other members were expected but did not turn up, so only five sat down to tea.

The attendance on this run (one of our best) seems to be dropping instead of increasing, as it should do. After tea we carried on the usual conversation, during which Ken Crewe joined us and apologised for not being present at tea, owing to indisposition, and as he had the car and his better half with him, he did not stay very long.

Soon after 7 o'clock the party broke up, leaving Buckley, as he was returning home by rattle or car, I did not know which. Ned Haynes had gone early as usual, Wilf. Orrell went to Twemlow and Bert Green and I started for home. After our usual call at the "Swan" we rode on and parted company at Sale.

Highwayside, November 13th, 1937.

Winter sunshine, the traditional "nip in the air," and a bicycle—nay, several bicycles, for a select band of Tea-Tasters (horrible name!) are wheeling Chester-wards. The Cathedral City is attained, and I hurry on to the cycle shop to accomplish swift purchase, leaving my companions to order coffee for me at our chosen halt.

On my return, I perceive a somewhat significant atmosphere, a slight austerity of mien, an air as if "summatt's up." I notice that our numbers have increased by the H.R.S. and "The Man who rode all through the Night."—Ah! 'tis 'im.

Once again these old walls witness the fashioning of history; from the once pristine beauty of the H.R.S.'s dog-robber apparel—we revel, e'en glory to behold this greatness falling so gracefully, draped so becomingly upon the shoulders of Benito.

It is with difficulty that he persuades us, but 'tis true. Personal locomotion is to be his mode of conveyance to the venue: the supreme triumph of sartorial art heads the cavalcade that struggles through the Cheshire wilderness. Time Marches On!

Highwayside, and before the repast is served, we flip an idle dart or two, and sip a noggin of ale. Rowatt, sans cronies, has finished before we start, and to the tune of champing jaws, and, Byron's dentures, I note the following toying with the viands:—Elias, Seed, Green, Powell, Royden, Stephenson, Salt, Threlfall, Marriott, Connor, Rock, Randall, Carver, Byron, Williams, Hughes and Ira Thomas. During the meal, four teetotallers decide to week-end at this delectable spot, and consequently arrangements are made to house Benito, Deutsch, Gimna and the writer.

The Rock-Salt combine then apply for temporary membership of the Guild, and an intense darts tournament is only terminated by the belated departure of aforementioned temporary members. Needless to remark that all others have long since gone their ways—but the night is young, the wine is old (sorry, I said teetotallers)—still, the lime juice gurgles in the inner man—still Benito's tenor fills our throbbing ears—still the golden—Aw—Hell, go to sleep.

Mold, 20th November, 1937.

Saturday was another bright, sunny day, albeit a trifle wintry. The troops assembled at the "8th" and the cohort led by the Secretary and Arthur, the Regular, moved off Wales-ward. At Queensferry a decided disinclination to proceed evinced itself, and a beeline was made for the café, where cups of tea were disposed of. Out once more for the six miles to Mold, which included, softly, please, a walk up Ewloe, and so to the Dolphin. Already ensconced in the bar, we could discern, through the fog issuing from Chandler's pipe, Bob Knipe, Eddie Morris and the hard-working Editor himself. Jack Pitchford made a welcome appearance, accompanied by Ira Thomas. After sampling the ale we adjourned to the dining room for the eats, a quite good meal, but entirely marred for Sammy due to the fact

that there was no tea, a libation with which he sates himself at every opportunity. Snowden arrived a quarter of an hour late, having taken all day to ride from Bebington, and this is the man, mark you, who has been openly boasting about passing four tired week-enders on the previous Sunday. We missed Tommy Royden's dulcet whisper, having to be satisfied with Salty's piping tremulo. Others there were in Dave Rowatt, looking very fit, Arthur Hughes, Sid Carver, Peter Rock and Ted Byron.

Mouldsworth, November 27th, 1937.

About 3-45 I roused myself from a deep slumber, coughed vigorously and decided to go to bed. Then the other half—the better one—said "I should go to the run if I were you, it might do you good." So it happened that I coughed my way to and through Widnes, over the old bridge to keep myself warm, up the hills and down, through Frodsham, Alvanley and eventually to the Railway Hotel at Mouldsworth, where I found somebody to buy me one, and Jack Salt and Peter Rock playing Billiards at the dizzy speed of 58 per half-hour. They had been out all day and achieved Handley for lunch and Mouldsworth more or less direct, for tea. In the dining room, apart from these two speed merchants were Bert Green, Powell, Chandler, Connor, Knipe, Royden, J. C. Band, J. Seed, Williams, Reeves, Stephenson, I. Thomas, Carver, Byron, Haynes and Randall. I will describe the meal as being very mediocre, but I did hear it called far worse names. Very soon afterwards a move was made for home and I found a partner in distress in Bob Knipe, and we coughed and wheezed our way back the way I had come, finding it rather misty down by Frodsham and Runcorn, but much clearer on the Lancashire side. I arrived home about nine and after a hot bath and a wee drop of the doings I decided that at any rate I was no worse for the outing.

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