

ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB.

Formed March, 1879.

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

MONTHLY CIRCULAR.

FIXTURES FOR JANUARY 1910.

	LIGHT UP AT
Jan. 1st—Hunt's Cross (Hunt's Cross Hotel)	5-1 p.m.
.. 6th—Annual General Meeting (St. George's Restaurant 6-30 p.m.)	
.. 8th—Hinderton (Shrewsbury Arms)	5-10 p.m.
.. 10th—Committee Meeting (St. Georges Restaurant) 7 p.m.	
.. 15th—Warrington (Patten Arms)	5-21 p.m.
.. 22nd—Hunt's Cross (Hunt's Cross Hotel) Lantern Evening	5-33 p.m.
.. 29th—Chester (Talbot)	5-46 p.m.
Alternative Runs for Manchester Section.	
Jan. 1st—Whipping Stocks (Mainwaring Arms)	
.. 8th—Lower Peover (Pinewood Cottage.)	
.. 29th—Tabley (Windmill)	

Committee Notes.

74, COTTON EXCHANGE BUILDINGS,
LIVERPOOL.

The Annual General Meeting will be held on Thursday, 1st January, 1910, at 6-30 p.m. sharp. It is hoped that all members will make a special effort to be present early as there is a lot of business to be gone through.

Application for Membership.

The following Gentleman has applied for Membership, Mr. WALTER BALLINGER Green Lodge Hotel, Hoylake. Proposed by H. Roskell, Seconded by J. M. Buck.

New Address,

Mr. J. N. PEACOCK, 39 Horace Street, St. Helens.

A. P. JAMES,
Hon. Sec.

Mems.

January 22nd. next. Make a note of it! Lantern Evening at Hunts Cross. Mr. Williams is making arrangements and the Manchester men are visiting us and are staying in town for the Week end.

We regret to hear that Mr. Woodward has lost his mother. We tender our deepest sympathy to him and to his family.

We regret that there are no accounts of the Manchester runs in this issue. Apparently there is only one man in the Manchester District who thinks it worth while to send these along, and owing to great opposition from the rest of the members these have had to be cut out.

We take this opportunity of thanking the Master most heartily for his trouble.

Chester, 13th November.

The Club Run of Nov. 13th to the Talbot, Chester, was fairly well attended, but there was certainly room for improvement when weather conditions are considered. Beyond a "nip in the air" producing a moist probocis, the day was ideal for November cycling.

Approximately 22 members, mounted on trikes, singles and tandems, converged upon the Hostelry presided over by our old benefactor in long distance events, Mr. Bates; the early birds via Queensferry and Wrexham, whilst others sampled the by-lanes and grease encrusted thereon.

Three hardy Aufelders arrived disguised as pedestrians, though rumour hath it that a multicycle known as the L. & N. W. Rly. conveyed them. We have since heard that in the Skipper's case it was a case of "Hobsons Choice," for he was on his return from a Roads Record meeting held in Town.

After the usual debate held in the yard and bathroom (somehow or other the A.B.C. made a weakness for chin wagging near the refuse destructors) an adjournment was made to a room known as the Dining Room.

The appetites of all were keen but everyone was ably attended to both in quality and quantity by the good lady of the house.

The week-end party forming a quorum of two, called in the assistance of Chem and his engine to decide as to where they should go. After a lengthy debate, in which strong tobacco and water played a prominent part it was decided to "stay where they were."

Hunts Cross, Nov. 20th, 1909.

On Saturday morning several wild schemes presented themselves to me, all of which had but one objective—Hunt's Cross. Well, 10-30 a.m. saw me on the way to Chester, but I was so horribly whacked on arrival at Gayton that I decided on Bass and bread and cheese, and forthwith fell into the Glegg Arms. As I sat there and ate my B & C, I could not help laughing at the thought of my tackling the journey through Frodsham, over Rock Savage and the Race Track. Shame to me, I turned tail and crawled home, deciding en route that the C.L.C. was good enough. Of course there is a good deal of the personal pronoun about the first part of this yarn, but then what can one do with two editors, one collaring me in the street and the other howling through a telephone for copy. To get on with the account of the run however, it seems that James, spying a well known crook leaning up against a pub, dashed inside and found the owner of the aforesaid reclining crook tasting one of the chief export products of Jamaica. On resuming their journey the "Ancient one" came 'a L. of a purler' in a splendid patch of sloppy stuff. Twenty members and Mr. Karl Keizer turned in for tea, which was rather a quiet affair, owing to the small crowd and their seeming desire to get as near the ends of the long table as possible. Before "not all was over" Johnny Band made his appearance and reported Teddy Edwards in a dying condition in the bathroom, also Zambuck in a like state. It seems that coming through Ditton, Teddy, who was leading, missed the way in the dark and fled into the side walk and coming out brought the "Great Healer" with him. The Skin Speciality's bicycle was made a partial wreck and Teddy's face, Oh lor! well if Mrs. Teddy won't believe how you did it, Teddy, show her this or demonstrate afresh. Joking apart however, we should all feel glad that Teddy's disfigurement is not likely to prove permanent. For the very good reason that no one has been in training as an accompanist, the usual concert did not happen, but the Keizerettes gramophone discoursed sweet music and delighted us all, especially Emie Prichard, with George Formby's numbers. Otherwise the gathering was a true Gaelic one, silent and meditative.

The "Lizernie" combination are operating once more, which surely seems like old times: the tandem must have required some careful handling over the tram-lines in town. Will Cook's absence from the fixture simply means that he attended the Manchester members run in order to enable him to visit his nephew who is lying ill at Congleton, but I also have an idea that he does not approve of two Hunt's Cross runs per month. Perhaps he is right, perhaps not.

E.A.B.

Hoylake November 27th,

The number at the Stanley Arms was fairly satisfactory, considering that the afternoon was not what one would call ideal weather for cycling. The tea was not as good as usual and a considerable amount of grumbling was heard. When one gets into a grumbling mood it is not very hard to find something to grumble at, but there is one thing which seems to cause a lot of grumbling perhaps justly and that is—Why should non-tea-drinkers who prefer to have a glass of Beer with their meal instead of a cup of tea, have to pay extra? What's the two bob for? Eh, Charlie!

The greater portion soon vacated the Stanley for the "pub o'er the road." The remaining party rapidly dwindled down till Cook and Johnny were left in sole possession of the 'Hancestral' all' and they, becoming discontented with their own company eventually made tracks for home.

The party at the "pub o'er the road" waxed exceeding merry and were extremely sorry to have at last to brave the elements, some to the Railway Station and some to the King's highway, the latter sincerely praying that the road keep straight and wide. The train party certainly must have had a tempestuous passage, at least according to one of the passengers who states that it pitched and rolled and shipped large seas, and I believe large seas were unshipped! What ho, gov'nor! But what of the two that were left at the Station to weather the night at Hoylake? They certainly knew

their way back to the 'pub,' but being Bacchi plenus, their progressive motion wasn't exactly direct—'twas serpentine. They worked with sinuosities along like a cork-screw worming through a cork and at last reached the stately portal of the pub. They stood on the heaving doorstep and gazed at the Beery Moon, "Hic" said the one, "Hoc" said the other and they forthwith proceeded to interview the landlord re sleeping accommodation of the place. The genial landlord easily supplied their wants and worthy "Hic" and "Hoc" later on retired to their bedrooms, whilst a would be humorist whistled the tune of "I'm afraid to go home in the dark." R.A.F.

Hunts Cross, December 4th.

A muster of 34 was a decided advance on the last run to Hunts Cross, but it is so convenient for even those who prefer to patronise the Rattler that we ought to see 40 every time. The round the earth parties this time arrived without mishap. The individual attendance record for the year to date was on view also a very interesting collection of medals, etc. which included a handsome shield for recording noteworthy distance rides of club members, but these rides became so numerous that after the first few years it was obviously impracticable to attempt to keep a full record. However it was very interesting to the younger worms as was also the medal (?) of Lowe's, won in a 'free-wheeling' competition, as it was news to many of us that the A.B.C. had ever held such a contest.

We had with us two visitors, Mr. Proudman, who is quite an old friend, and Mr. McClelland, both of whom sang for us, and with the help of Chem, Parkes, Pritchard and Theakstone we proceeded to pass an enjoyable evening, although we were very hard pressed for a pianist. At eight o'clock Mr. Jaggard, whom we have heard with pleasure on a previous occasion, arrived with two friends, Mr. Felton (Tenor) and Mr. Brearey (Pianist), so we had quite a galaxy of talent, Mr. Brearey being especially appreciated. Mr. Jaggard and his friends walked out and back again and our best thanks are tendered to them and Mr. McClelland and Mr. Proudman for providing the lion's share of one the best evening's entertainments we have ever had at Hilditch's.

TEDDY WORTH'S 100.

Long ago when bikes were heavy,
And their tyres were solid rubber;
Many braves were made to suffer,
Take their acid, sweat their life blood,
For the glory of the Antribe,
And the wigwams of the Antribe,
Stretching far away to westward,
To the region of the west wind
And the north west wind Keewaydin,
Wigwams painted blue and black and
Smelling strong of Embrocation,
Strewn around with tomes re massage,
And the art of getting knackered,
Whacked and beaten to the Wide-O
In this village dwelt a warrior,
Also a great pedal pusher,
Edward Granville the great cyclist,
Greatest brave in all the Antribe,
He could ride his jigger faster
Than the hunter shoots his arrow;
Shoots his arrow in the morning,
E're he tasted fire-water.
Swifter he than Waywassimo,
Waywassimo the dread lightning
And the sound of Annemeekie,
Annemeekie the loud thunder.
Thus it was that Teddy Bentley
He the marvellous story teller,
Biggest liar in all the country
(With the exception of the Baron)

Sitting one night in his wigwam
Filled the calumet the peace pipe
Took a live coal from the embers,
Spake these words to Edward Granville
Spake and gave him goodly counsel,
Urged him on to deeds of valour,
"Take your Grid-iron Edward Granville
Clean it up and in the morning
Make a sure thing of the "100"
Snatch the sacred Belt of Wampum,
It's yours already for the asking."
On the morrow Edward Granville
Started in to get the "100"
Many moons had it belonged to
Bikey-mokwa of the "Pedlars."
For the "100" Bikey-mokwa
Had clocked two and twenty minutes
So the mighty Edward Granville
Had a silly job to go for.
Looking fierce in all his war-paint,
Buckled on his speed moccasins,
Wiped the floor with Bikey-mokwa
Did the job in fifteen minutes,
Won the sacred Belt of Wampum.
What a time they had that evening,
Every brave bid Edward Granville
Welcome home from his great victory,
Drank themselves to death with whiskey
For the glory of the Antribe.

R. A. FULTON & F. D. McCANN,

Joint Editors.

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FIXTURES FOR FEBRUARY 1910.

LIGHT UP AT

Feb. 5th—Hunt's Cross (Hunt's Cross Hotel)	6-0 p.m.
„ 12th—Hinderton (Shrewsbury Arms).....	6-14 p.m.
„ 14th—Committee Meeting (St. George's Restaurant 7-0 p.m).	
„ 19th—Warrington (Patten Arms).	6-28 p.m.
„ 26th—Chester (Talbot)	6-41 p.m.
Alternative Runs for Manchester Section.	
Feb. 5th—Whipping Stocks (Mainwaring Arms)	
„ 12th—Tabley (Windmill)	
„ 26th—Whipping Stocks (Mainwaring Arms.)	

Committee Notes.

74, COTTON EXCHANGE BUILDINGS,
LIVERPOOL.

At the last Committee Meeting our R.R.A. Delegates reported that Mr. A. J. Wilson wished to resign the Presidency of the R.R.A. but he would continue in office for another year, if it was the unanimous wish of the Clubs affiliated. Our Delegates were instructed to support Mr. A. J. Wilson, as President.

The following were appointed Delegates for 1910:

R.R.A. Mr. H. Poole & Mr. J. R. Wells. N.R.R.A. Mr. A. P. James & Mr. J. R. Wells.

The Resignations of the following were accepted with regret. -

F. Band, O. D. Black, D. C. Kinghorn, J. J. Rogers and M. Montgomery.

F. Wood's name was transferred to the Honorary List.

Rule No. 1 in "Rules for Competition" was altered to read as follows:

No Medals, Record Medals, or prizes of any description will be awarded, unless the claimants have ridden under the name of the Anfield B. C. *only*. No Record Medal will be awarded to any but *first-claim* Members, and no Member is eligible to receive any Medals or Prizes, unless he has attended at *least* twelve ordinary Club Runs during the current year.

A new standard was fixed for 24 hour rides to be called Standard I.

Bicycle (Single or Tandem) paced	420 miles.
Tricycle do. do.	395 "
Bicycle (Single) unpaced	370 "
do. (Tandem) do.	390 "
Tricycle (Single) do.	320 "
do. (Tandem) do.	335 "

New Address.

H. B. SAUNDERS, 29, Stoneby Drive, New Brighton.

A. P. JAMES,
Hon. Sec.

Financial Notes.

Subscriptions are now due and can be remitted direct to me at Bank House, 378, Netherfield Road, Liverpool, or paid in at any branch of the London City & Midland Bank for credit of the Club's Account at Kirkdale Branch.

Please note that the Prize Fund is being continued this year, and I shall be glad to add to the following list of members who have already either contributed or promised,

Messrs. L. Oppenheimer, W. P. Cook, G. B. Mercer, F. G. Worth, Hubert Roskell, H. Poole, A. Marshall Higham, N. M. Higham, E. Edwards, E. Buckley, W. T. Venables, W. H. C. Binns, J. H. Williams, George Poole, H. R. Band, D. R. Fell, C. Blackburn, S. J. Buck, G. Croft, H. W. Keizer, E. A. Bentley, J. R. Wells, A. P. James and F. D. McCann.

W. M. OWEN,

Hon. Treasurer.

Warrington, December 11th, 1909.

This run was attended by 22 members, a large section of the Liverpool men patronised the 'Rattler' which showed their sense as the roads were in a shocking condition. The back man of a Liverpool tandem is reported to have slumbered on his seat during an exciting ride home. Two members week ended at Northwich.

Hinderton, December 18th, 1909.

A muster of only 16 for such a short run and easily reached venue was distinctly disappointing.

The weather about midday was vile, but it cleared up in the afternoon and when the country was reached the roads were not bad, in fact when leaving after tea, everything was frozen hard.

I personally started late from town so rode direct overtaking two other men on the way. When close to the Shrewsbury Arms, one of them put in his top gear and said good-bye amid hopes for a good ride. I was for giving chase but the other man said "No! never mind, there are queer things in the gateway." Sure enough when we reached the gateway we found he had struck the stump which has recently been fixed in the centre and was just finding the extent of the damage, which fortunately was only very slight. This is the second Member who has found this obstruction.

Knutsford, Boxing Day, December 27th.

"They who must be obeyed," have given me orders to "write up the Boxing Day run," and seeing that it covered a period of about 48 hours it is a tall order to recount in tabloid form. There had been a good deal of talk about "starting off on the Sunday," but evidently the previous weeks snowstorm upset a good many arrangements, although on the Sunday morning I met and envied James at Gayton, on his way to meet Bunchy at Chester, and they toured to Sandbach for the night, and turned up at Knutsford in good time next day, while Bentley continued on from Hinderton on Sunday night and stayed at Chester, only to ingloriously finish his tour in Sunter's car which overtook him at Delamere and tempted him to send his bike home by train from Hartford! Shocking! But what could be expected when he had the bad example shown him of the Skipper lolling back in the tonneau? Personally I started off from Cash Registers, Ltd., at 8-50 after negotiating a hiring out agreement with Harold Kettle (I know him—he comes from Sheffield) but such virtue was not unrewarded for in the Borough Road Kettle suddenly forgot the number of his inner tube, and we had to indulge in a public demonstration with the result that we only caught the 9-30 boat, and had to scrap up town to Broadgreen, where we joined "the crowd" of five! Toft, Cody, Zauback, and McCann, and George Poole fulfilling Harry's contract to ride the Villiers!! It being a case of "We are seven" and the time 10-15 we barged off at a terrific rate, the roads being very greasy as far as Farback. Here a lot of hoodlums in a car came past, and we discovered it was Mercer's car conveying the halt, maimed and blind! and as they had paced Billy Owen up to us we now numbered 8. I was now feeling very tired and thirsty, and suggested a stop at Cronton, but Zauback was very fierce, and would have none of it—he was out to cure a cold and determined to do it—with the result that the party got split up beyond Cronton. However, at the Patten Arms we discovered Charlie Conwy with the Skull and Cross-bones, and suspiciously clean shoes, so we went in to "see the time" and eventually "got on with it" again. Warrington was not the death trap it usually is for we actually saw the streets being swept! and the cavalcade of 9 made excellent progress until Grappenhall again divided us into A and B divisions, and we just reached Knutsford before the rain set in, almost catching Prichard who had ridden a tandem single handed from Warrington owing to the failure of 'Chem' to materialise. (We have since heard that Chem started late on his own, got wet through owing to having no mac and turned back at Warrington!

Oh ye foolish Virgin! Old enough to know better, too!). Here the party rapidly increased until we finally numbered 38, and a right merry time we had around the festive board at the Lord Eldon, not to mention a session in the tank. Our Manchester members turned up in great force which only served to make more conspicuous the absence of the Master (Was it Llangollen again?) and Dakin. The Presidential car party arrived late with hair-raising stories of having to dig the car out of the snow on Now Cop, while Teddy Edwards was of course late and brought in reports that he had had to abandon Blackburn derelict with 'dollar tyres' by High Leigh—and Herbert Keizer came in late after an exciting wait on Manchester Station owing to disarranged train schedules. It did one good to see Tom Conway, looking so fit and well, among us again, and perhaps one of the pleasantest features of our Boxing Day runs is the opportunity it gives us of meeting the exiles "Home for X'mas." Timber-tiles was not with us this year, but we had Evanson and Harold Kettle. After dinner there was the usual departure of the early birds with evening engagements, and the steady drizzling rain caused a demand for macintoshes, and drove some of them to the train at Warrington, but I hear that several of those who went back by Warrington met again for tea in Liverpool, and spent a pleasant evening together. Notwithstanding the rain McCann, Baron Fulton, Kettle, and the Apostle decided to ride home with Carpenter via Chester, and as they ran out of the rain at Northwich and were favored with a brilliant moonlight night, and the wind abaft the binnacle they had a good time of it, having tea at the Talbot, Chester, and calling in at Hinderton, thus completing a most enjoyable day although the Liverpool "Post" reported cycling as "impossible owing to the presence of mud"!

Items:—

The Password was "Where did you get those leggings and trousers, not to mention the hat."

Everyone wondered what kept Knipe, Buck, Gee, Charlie Keizer, Lowe, Parry, Ridley, Hubert, Tierney, Venables, &c., away. Hubert we knew was getting nicely wet through at Hooton Park.

Hunts Cross, 1st January.

We have once more entered upon a New Year for the club, which, let us hope, will be even more successful than the one just closed. It was pleasing to see that rash resolutions were not made, by those members who occasionally came out in the past, to ride to every club run this year. At least one would form this opinion if they were to enquire into the sudden rise in the takings of a certain railway on this Saturday afternoon. But still resolutions or no resolutions, we were a merry party, and a right good time we had. We are greatly indebted to Mr. Evanson (pere), for his splendid contributions towards the evenings entertainment. "But the bike's alright!" this has come to stay. Hubert, Fell, Kekil, Chem, Charlie and others, came out of their shells and gave us items that were very much appreciated. Our thanks are due to Herbert Keizer for his kindness in providing a pianist. A rumour is afloat that he is to be engaged as pianist at these Hunts Cross runs. This is a capital idea, as it was sometimes hard to find an accompanist since Archie left us.

The A.G.M. 6th January.

Is again summoned for 6-30 sharp at St. Georges Restaurant, and a fairly representative crowd being assembled Mr. President Mercer calls for silence, and asks the Hon. Sec. to read the minutes of the last A.G.M. whereupon Mr. H. Keizer rises to propose, that as in former years, they be taken as read, and a seconder having been found, the proposition is put to the meeting and carried unanimously. The Hon. Sec. is then requested to read his report of the club's doings during 1909, and proceeds to do so in brief but interesting manner. He tells of various tours indulged in, which are eminently successful from all points of view. He also tells us that the average attendance is 33.1, which must stand as an enviable record. Next he touches upon the club races, and assures us that with a prize account of over £97 we have had a phenomenal racing year. A vote of thanks is accorded the Hon. Sec. by the proposer of the adoption of the report, who at the same time takes the opportunity of adding a mead of praise for our Hon. Sec's own deeds in the racing world during the past year, excessive modesty preventing James from mentioning himself along with others he so encouragingly speaks of. The proposition having been seconded, the Hon. Treasurer is next called upon to enlighten us with regard to our financial position, which he very ably does in a concise manner. The meeting is asked to adopt the report, and they do so and show their gratitude by passing to Mr. Owen a very sincere vote of thanks, at the same time remembering gratefully the work of Messrs D. R. Fell & J. Lowenthal as auditors. Mr. Owen then thinks the Subscription and Entrance Fee, should be

21/- & 5/- respectively, as formerly, and that we should support the prize fund. The motion is seconded and carried. The Chairman then announces that Mr. Louie Oppenheimer wishes to bring forward a motion that the circular shall be discontinued but after a lengthy discussion, (during which some bitter things are said, not to mention withering sarcasm which flies about the while), and a show of hands, the motion is defeated and the circular lives for another year. Next Mr. Beardwood's motion is read by James. It concerns members who live at a distance, and puts forward a scheme of life membership, but it is overthrown, and departed Anfielders must continue to pay one guinea. Officers, Committee and Auditors are next elected, and some lively scenes take place. George is again made President, Edwards Liverpool Vice President, and "Boss" Higham, Manchester, V.P. Harry having decided to retire from the Captancy, the post is up for election and two names are put forward. After the vote is taken we learn that Wells is selected to fill the position, McCann and Buckley are sub. Captains. James is again Hon. Sec. and Billy Owen once more guides our financial interests. The committee are Worth, S. Buck, Blackburn, H. Poole, G. Poole, H. R. Band, R. E. Pritchard and H. W. Keizer, and the Auditors are D. R. Fell and J. Lowenthal. We next consider the question of Scrapping in 1910 and Wells advises a programme similar to last year, it is adopted, but the tandem "50" is left to the Committee. In arranging the Club tour Charlie Conway presents his "Good old Annual" that we should repair to Bettws for Easter.

Certain members want a change and suggest Shropshire (Shrewsbury) or Newtown (Montgomery). Newtown would be a very pleasant change, but for the absolute impossibility of securing adequate sleeping accommodation under one roof. It would never do to split up at Easter, surely we have enough of that at Whit down at the '100,' and don't we see enough of Shropshire during the racing season?

Norman Higham prays for a further pilgrimage to Ireland in August. Cook has a few words to say, and is severely heckled by 100 mile aspirants on the 'Mine Barf Rowd.'

Mr. Cook reports that Mr. Del Strotter again offers a special prize to be used as formerly for which our best thanks are rendered. After votes of thanks to the Chairman and Scrutineers the meeting breaks up.

Hinderton, 8th January, 1910.

The morning promised well but about 2-30 the weather began to look rather dull and threatened rain but fortunately we had only slight showers in the afternoon.

A party of three made for Chester and met another member—making four who reached Chester. From Chester we went down the road opposite the "Bull and Stirrup," turned right at the first turning and on through Blacon (a quaint and historic part of Wirral), and Saughall finally joining the main Chester and Queensferry road. This Blacon road was quite new to me, and I think there are very few of our members who have been over it. It lies about midway between the Chester-Queensferry Road and the Top Road. We had a fine view over Wales and also looking back towards Chester—quite different to what we see from the top road.

The attendance was only very poor, eighteen members arriving by various ways and means, but mostly on Cycles, and all the Cycles managed to evade the death trap at the entrance to the yard of the Shrewsbury Arms. The Cook Williams tandem took no risks and dismounted in the road. Tea was of the usual Shrewsbury Arms quality and style and therefore relieved our worthy Captain of the arduous duties at the head of the table.

We heard that two or three of our members were walking out, but as they did not put in an appearance we concluded that they had turned it down owing to the unfavourable weather.

After tea the pipes were got going and the chief topic of the evening was the A.G.M. Great admiration was expressed for the manner in which L. Oppenheimer explained his views on the Circular, and I think that those who were in favour of continuing the circular will hold Mr. Oppenheimer in even greater esteem for the fair criticism so ably expressed in words that could not hurt the feelings of anyone.

The members made their departure at various times—some who went early I am afraid would be caught in the heavy shower. Others remained late and were fortunate in having a clear starlight sky although the roads were very wet.

F. D. McCANN,
Editor.

ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB.

Formed March, 1879.

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MONTHLY CIRCULAR.

FIXTURES FOR MARCH, 1910.

	LIGHT UP AT
Mar. 5th—Kelsall Royal Oak	6-57 p.m.
.. 12th—Warrington (Patten Arms)	7-10 p.m.
.. 14th—Committee Meeting St. George's Restaurant 7-0 p.m.	
.. 19th—Chester (Talbot)	7-22 p.m.
.. 25/8th—Bettws-y-Coed Glan Aber (Circular to follow).....	7-33—7-39 p.m.
Alternative Run for Manchester Section.	
Mar. 19th—Sandbach (Wheatsheaf).	

Committee Notes.

74, COTTON EXCHANGE BUILDINGS,
LIVERPOOL.

New Member.

Walter Ballinger, Green Lodge Hotel, Hoylake, has been elected an active member.

Resignations

The following have been accepted with regret:—R. Barton and R. H. Corlett.

The Handicapping and Course Committee for 1910 is E. Edwards, A. P. James, H. Poole, J. R. Wells, and E. G. Worth.

The Annual General Meeting of the Roads Records Association was held in London on February 18th, the Club being represented by Beardwood, Bentley, Bright, H. Poole, Wells and James. Mr. A. J. Wilson was re-elected President and Mr. F. Wright Hon. Sec. Mr. H. Poole, was also re-elected to serve on the Committee.

Please book the following dates for races, tours, &c.:—

- 30th Apl.—50 miles Unpaced Handicap.
- 16th May—100 miles Invitation Unpaced Handicap.
- 4th June—50 miles Unpaced Handicap.
- 24.5 .. —All-night ride to York.
- 15/6 July—24 Hours Road Ride.
- 30th July to 1st of August—Holiday Tour in Ireland.
- 13th Aug.—50 miles Unpaced Handicap.
- 3rd Sept.—50 miles Unpaced Handicap.

A. P. JAMES,
Hon. Sec.

Captain's Notes.

If I can obtain satisfactory support, I purpose engaging the Stanley Track for one evening per week during the coming Racing Season, say from early April until September. I should be glad if any members who can see their way to support me in this, either as a means of training themselves or to help the racing men to train, will let me know and perhaps offer some suggestions.

I personally had thought of Tuesday Evenings, but shall be glad to hear how this suits other members. Naturally the greater number we have supporting this proposed scheme the less will be the individual cost. J. R. WELLS.

Mems.

The Committee earnestly hope that wherever possible, members will have their music with them at Bettws, as a pianist is being arranged for.

Don't forget March 25th to 28th at Bettws one of the finest holidays it is possible to have. Grand scenery, good company, splendid feeding and short rides this year. See if we cannot beat last year's record.

Huuts Cross, 22nd January, 1910.

It is with a certain amount of pleasure and pride that I undertake to pen an account of this run, especially as it is my first effort since so much has been said re the "standing" of the circular, and this will undoubtedly raise it to the "proper height" and add greatly to favorable opinions in regard to its "quality." (Swank Ed.)

Here goes:— Arriving there by *train*—not *walking*, *cycling* or *motoring*—(Shaine, Ed.) found the room full of Manchester members, which filled my heart with glee (Pip-pip!). It was indeed a grand muster of the long-distance merchants, and it is very pleasant to see *Pere et Fils* surrounded by such a gallant band of "mud pluggers" and "road hogs." While chatting with the aforesaid gentlemen, who do you think came in? Why, Billy the Cook, full of,—or rather his clothing was full of—honest sweat, and no mistake. I am not quite sure whether he came via Lands End or Dover; anyway he had done *something*, if only reduction of weight. After the usual arrivals, (and by the way Teddy Edwards was *early*), we walked quietly upstairs and shoved our weary legs under a groaning board, and, as usual, "Boiled Turkey" was doled out and disappeared with great rapidity. Our host always does us well. Perhaps our President will be reminded of something at the mention of "Boiled Turkey"? After the interval and clearing the room, etc., good old Jimmy Williams of Welsh fame got his implements of torture out, and we must not forget Mr. Smith. Our thanks are due to Chas. Conway, Billy Cook and McCann, etc., etc., for the very interesting slides they brought up for production. It (I mean the Show) was entertaining to everybody, including "has beens," "presents" and "futures." Our old pal Dave Fell (the dog merchant, who should feed his animal at home, as we cannot afford to provide Anfield Veal for its special benefit) looked—to say the least of it—very queer in some of the photos. Some of the old and past members reminded me very much of the Stage Comedian: "It is in the way." "What?" "Your Hand." (Bish! Bang!). "Language, please; remember where you are and what you are doing." "Beg pardon—sorry—won't happen again." It was rather a pity to see the room thin down so much, for the early train, as, after all, we must not forget that our "Famous James," or the man with the gas lamp, and his pals were put to considerable trouble and expense, and nothing cheers the heart of a show-man more than a full house, and we might require their services again; "Nuf Sed." On getting down into the open, Mother Earth had on her winter night-clothing.—nice change after the snow—beautiful to look at, but rotten to plug through. Not having heard of any tumbles or snowball matches en route, I must presume all was well. The Manchester Boys! Three cheers for them! and extremely glad we were to see them swell the crowd.

I could go on for a week if I liked, but don't like; therefore

CHIN! CHIN!

On Sunday morning three members of the Manchester contingent, who had stayed overnight at the Stork, crossed to Wirral ("where there was no snow,") accompanied by the Vice-Captain and E.G., where they were met by the Apostle, and under his guidance were conducted to a beautiful little spot (Irly) supposed to be the highest part of the Wirral, from which on a clear day can be had extensive views of the surrounding country. Here a halt was called for refreshment. The climatic conditions were not exactly ideal either for sight seeing or cycling, and the party was not sorry when Hinderton was reached. Shoes were taken off, stockings and clothing dried and each one made himself comfortable and thoroughly enjoyed the substantial repast which it appears is always to be obtained at the Shrewsbury Arms. Coffee and pipes were then the order of the day, and a pleasant hour was spent round the fire. We were very loth to leave such comfortable quarters and again face the elements, but 'needs must when the devil drives.' Accordingly, accompanied by the Vice-Captain, who evidently believes in the saying "Welcome the coming, speed the parting guest," we began our journey Chesterwards and after 45 minutes struggle in which the huge distance of 2½ miles had been covered, the Boss (who had not been particularly happy in riding through the snow in the morning and as the riding was getting more difficult) decided to take train from Ledsham Station, the Vice-Captain and the Master accompanying to see him safely on the rattler, the former then returning to Hinderton 'teasing' with James and E.G. The Mullah, who is a cyclist of the true Anfield spirit, scorned to go by rattler and accordingly rode into Chester on his own and later on turned up at the Talbot apparently none the worse for his solitary ride. Thus ended one of the most enjoyable and although short, perchance one of the most arduous week end rides the Manchester contingent have had this winter.

Chester, 29th January.

It may truthfully be said that the Chester run was not carried out under the most ideal conditions, for the blizzard of the day before had left the roads in that semi-Arctic state in which only explorers like Cook and other full-blooded enthusiasts are likely to revel. This may possibly explain the exceptional patronage bestowed on the useful "puff-puff"—for how else could we account for the spick and span appearance of the gentlemen who denied having motored? However 'tis better to have come otherwise than never to have come at all, so of the fourteen who "ultimately" arrived at the Talbot the nine who did not pedal there were none the less enthusiastic over the geniality of the Company and the excellence of the fare (or is it 'fair'? Ed.) See what ye missed ye absent ones!

Earlier in the afternoon Cook and myself had met on the upper road and toured over some quite respectable surface via Queensferry, but we arrived in time to assist in welcoming some of the ironroaders, including our new Skipper, James (who was risking draughts after a successful encounter with a forceps merchant) and the Baron. The last named favored us with much eloquence—before, during and after tea—upon taxing the people's food (except our speed-mixtures, of course) and to illustrate his subject (or was it in fear of the train being snowed up) he had brought a really magnificent bun, which, having survived the journey was generously distributed.

Prior to the serious business of the evening—the meal—unanimous support was given in various hues of ink, to the "Railway Petition" which had been forwarded for our signature by Mr. Britten.

During our repast we were, by the exigencies of the room divided into two parties, one of which was cheerfully voiced by the Baron, in "the upper chamber", while the other listened to some interesting reminiscences of the Broads on the part of Blackburn and Williams. "Ultimately" the President effected a closure by moving the sliding door and we joined forces in general talk until the departure of the 'rattler' contingent at 8-15. Worth having decided to week-end, and Harry Poole joining the "ironroaders" left only Cook and McCann to brave the "North West Passage", (Not the London & North West.)

Accompanying them for the first few miles in the refreshing breeze I returned alone to Chester, so no doubt we all reached home "ultimately". (Yes, it was very much "ultimately," for McCann had about nine bursts of his back tyre and had to train it while Cook similarly indulged, shortly after parting company.)

January 29th, Tabley.

To the best of my knowledge and belief this run was duly carried out.

February 5th, Hunts Cross.

This run was the last of six runs which our committee have arranged for this popular venue during this winter season, and while some members may have doubts of the advisability of more than one run per month being arranged for any one place I venture to think that the Hunts Cross runs this season have been a success.

Some 29 members and several friends sat down to tea and methinks that the majority did full justice to the good things provided. Perhaps it is quite as well that the landlord is agreeable to the "general average clause" as to payment, otherwise perhaps some members might be called upon to stump up a little extra!

We were fortunate on this occasion to have a galaxy of musical talent, hence as soon as the tables were cleared, our President called upon our worthy accompanist, to open the musical part of the evening with a solo, and although the piano is not one of the most modern, he manipulated the keys so that pleasant strain emanated therefrom.

Our old friend Mr. Andrews next delighted us with a song, and throughout the evening took his share of the entertainment. We are hoping to see him with us at Bettws; Mr. Sutton, who was quite new to our gatherings, brought the house down with his song "Glorious Devon," and other numbers splendidly sung. We hope we may have the pleasure of hearing him at some future date. Mr. Tomlinson we have had with us before and were more than pleased to renew our acquaintance. His first song was "The Lily of Laguna," and later in the evening he joined forces with our only "Kekil" who very kindly for our benefit came forth from his retirement, and gave us several duets, which met with vociferous applause which needless to say was merited. Last, but not least, our old friend Cheminai's. One fears to think what our musical evenings would be, without his smile and wonderful numbers; We are grateful, Monsieur!

Amongst members present we were pleased to welcome Frank of the Roskell-ilk, but Frank, you are not in racing condition!

An revoir, Hunts Cross; until November once more comes round, soon now we shall see the heralds of spring, and the thoughts of our speedy brigade will turn towards "Rags and Timber" and longer runs.

February 5th, Whipping Stocks.

See January 29th.

Hinderton, February 12th.

Only a few members, one friend (brought out by Cook) and Prichard's Son attended this run. The friend, by the way was one of the "all nighters," of two years ago, who was so conspicuous by his dogged determination to get there, despite his unfitness. We were all very pleased indeed to see our old acquaintance again. Mother Morris had as usual taken care that we were well looked after. It was rather interesting to see how R.E.P. endeavoured to amuse his young son after tea by continually sending him for walks. The quicker the son returned from his walk the quicker he was despatched on another. Truly R.E. thou art a genius! Under a "ruddy knut" there beats a heart of gold.

For a diversion from the education of youth we were indebted to a certain gentleman for a demonstration of how to wear electric blue socks without shocks to the nervous system. But never mind old pal; better luck elsewhere, surely you know by this time that Hinderton is known as "Locus penitente." The proper place for you to wear those socks if you don't mind a little bit of friendly advice, is on the roof of Everton Grand Stand on a Saturday afternoon.

I have it on good authority, in fact from an eye witness, that no less than five Anfield's were seen *walking* home! Just imagine these aspiring and perspiring six miles an hour merchants, nimbly headed by the President, pounding along over the quiet roads of Cheshire, waking up the whole neighbourhood with their heavy tramping and heaving breathing. Zounds! these are stirring times! and the sooner we get back again to "the good old summer time," the better.

February 12th Tabley.

See February 5th, 12 members present.

Correspondence.

I desire to enter a mild protest against the sentence "A large section..... patronised the Rattler *which showed their sense* as the roads were in a shocking condition" in the account of the Warrington run, December 11th. The fact that "Two members week-ended at Northwich," and others reached Warrington, via Chester-Frodsham, and via Chester-Cuddington shows that the roads were NOT in a shocking condition. I am always glad to see members come to a run by train, rather than stay away. Circumstances are frequently such as to compel any of us to take train on occasions, but it is something new to have the Rattler section praised with the inference that those who cycled showed their lack of sense, and I fear that the belief is growing, that by taking train one is showing one's wisdom, judging by the percentage of attendances at runs made per Rattler; for it is an undoubted fact that the number of "mudflarkers" in the Club is now less than it was in the old days of the ordinary, and to my mind it is not a matter to be proud of or to boast about. In the old days when 'macs' and mudguards were 'non est' the Rattler was almost entirely taboo, and surely the present generation, so much better equipped, should not be so easily driven to the Rattler. One of the Club's main traditions is that it exists to foster hard road riding all the year round, and if this tradition is to be killed, the *raison d'être* of the Club would be removed. Let us rather praise those who cycle and excuse those who train out, than vice versa; for in this direction lies our virility. Go into the stable at Hunts Cross and count the number of machines that represent an attendance of 35 and it is appalling! We do not want to descend to the level of the Wobblers C.C. but it would be better to have no runs in the winter if CYCLING thereto is to be discouraged. [The Apostle]

[We trust the inclusion of the foregoing letter will not create a precedent—else the Circular will have to be considerably enlarged.]

We quite agree with the writer thereof, and hope it will bear good fruit.—Ed.]

F. D. McCANN,

Editor.

Mem.

We wish to make a very special appeal to the Manchester Members to send an account of their section runs, even if it only contains a few notes on the weather and the number of men out so that there will be some record of these runs. [Ed]

ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB.

Formed March, 1879.

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

MONTHLY CIRCULAR.

FIXTURES FOR APRIL, 1910.

	LIGHT UP AT
April 2nd—Helsby (Robin Hood Hotel)	7-48 p.m.
„ 9th—Knutsford (Lord Eldon Hotel).....	8-0 p.m.
„ 11th—Committee Meeting (St. George's Restaurant 7-0 p.m.)	
„ 16th—Kelsall (Royal Oak Hotel).....	8-11 p.m.
„ 23rd—Nantwich (Crown Hotel).....	8-23 p.m.
„ 30th—50 Miles Unpaced Handicap	8-37 p.m.

Full Moon on 24th.

—♦—
74, COTTON EXCHANGE BUILDINGS,
LIVERPOOL.

Entries for "50" must reach me *not later* than first post Saturday 23rd April.

Committee Notes.

Applications for Membership.

Active. Mr. W. A. Lowcock, 232, Stockport Road, Cheadle, Nr. Manchester. Proposed by F. H. Koenen and Seconded by A. Crowcroft.

Honorary. Mr. John Leece, "Glenarch", Woodchurch Road, Prenton. Proposed by J. R. Wells and Seconded by G. R. Lichtenberg.

New Addresses.

C. F. G. Boyes, High Street, Wem, Salop. G. A. Evanson, Market Hill, St. Austell, Cornwall.

Please note—J. Lowenthal's address is 108, Penny Lane, and not 109, as given in the handbook.

The Annual General Meeting of the N.R.R.A. was held in Manchester on 16th March, the following Members attending, Binns, Buckley, Cook, Crowcroft, A. M. Higham, James, H. W. Keizer, Koener, L. Oppenheimer, H. Poole, Royle, Turnor, Wells, and Worth.

Mr. F. W. Hatton of the Wheelers was unanimously re-elected president and Buckley was also unanimously re-elected Hon. Secretary and Treasurer. The Time-keepers are the same as last year namely, F. J. Urry, A. M. Higham and H. Poole.

The private members delegates to the Committee are L. Oppenheimer, McCann and Turnor.

Twenty-three notices have been given to the Association though only six attempts were successful.

Invitations to compete in '100' on Whit-Monday have been sent to the following clubs:—Bath Road, North Road, M.C. & A.C., Vegetarian, North London, Manchester Wheelers, Manchester Wednesday, Polytechnic, Unity, Speedwell, Yorkshire Roads, East Liverpool Wheelers, Cheadle Hulme, Cheadle, North Liverpool Y.M.C.A., Oak, Irish Roads, Leeds Roads, Warrington, Cheetham, Electric, Manchester Clarion, Salford Wheelers, Highgate, Highgate Wheelers, Shaftesbury and Evesham.

A. P. JAMES,
Hon. Sec.

Mem.

Our best thanks are tendered to Mr. Bentley for his interesting account of a recent run "down south". We shall be glad if members will send along accounts of week-ends etc., which may be of interest.

Runs—

Warrington 19th February 1910.

Jupiter Pluvius and Jupiter Boreas were again in a bad humour with us and no doubt owing to that and partly to the R. R. A. Meeting which was held in London on the previous evening the attendance was smaller than usual at this fixture. Toft, I believe, had tyre troubles at Farnworth and when this was repeated shortly afterwards, he abandoned the attempt and trained home, catching a very severe cold.

Those members riding direct got the worst of the weather, while those who went "round the earth", missed the rain (moral—always go round the earth!)

Chester, 26th February 1910.

I cannot make out, Mr. Editor, why the Club runs to Chester are so badly supported, more especially when it is remembered that the weather, roads and catering were, on the above date, ideal. It is very gratifying to see the old faces week by week, but where are the younger members whom we wish to take under our wing and prepare for trials and rides to come? Dealing with the run, about 22 foregathered at the Talbot. The Manchester division was represented by the Mullah, who had bravely faced a snaggy "Westerly" and ridden to Chester (more to follow).

After waiting in an atmosphere of tobacco smoke for half an hour (market day contingencies having caused a delay in the commissariat department) the members were amply and efficiently provided for by our host, Mr. Bates.

A week end party of 6 in charge of McCann left Chester en route for Hawkstone, a rendezvous frequently used by us about 10 years ago.

A lovely moonlight night and an assisting wind found us (still including the Mullah on his trike) at Hawkstone at 10-15, where we discovered Ven and "Lizzie," the latter of course in the best arm-chair in the Hotel, who had made a circular tour from Lime Street, via Wem.

Next morning the party, now mustering 8, made a complete tour of the Park, exploring the Caves under the guidance of Bunchy, the mountain passes under the guidance of Lizzie, and chasing foxes with Ramsey as Master. By the way McCann took his camera down and when leaving the Hotel in the morning left his slides behind him, so we cannot print any photos.

A very stiff ride home followed (Ven and his partner continuing their tour to Lime Street via Wem) and Hinderton was reached with "Ugly" in a very weakened condition and 14 miles to go. So ended a very enjoyable week end and one that all all who were there hope will be repeated in the near future.

Kelsall, 5th March.

At last we have been favoured with an ideal Saturday for cycling. I don't think anybody could find a single fault with the weather conditions and it is to be hoped we have now finished with snow, rain, wind and mud for this winter, altho' it is still early in the year. The muster at the Royal Oak was fairly good—the Manchester section turning out in force, not to mention the motor section—the latter including Hubert and Frank Roskell, who show off their portly forms to much better advantage in a car than on motor bikes. The Baron came out in a new rôle—he is now pushing a single trike and with a little more experience ought to do some good performances. The three wheeler seems to be quite in fashion just now—four of them being out at this run, including the Keizerette. Almost as soon as tea was finished everybody was off with a rush—first stop Chester and the Talbot, where a new training mixture was found—coffee and cigarettes. As what wind there was, was at our backs, the ride home was quite up to the standard of the glorious weather of the afternoon, and we can only hope to see such weather on top again at the Bettws fixture.

Warrington, 12th March, 1910.

In a weak moment I promised our Editor to write an account of this run, but as I journeyed to and from Warrington alone I have little of interest to write about. However here goes:—

I went by way of Tabley to Great Budworth, thence by lane route to Higher Whitley. After a short stretch of the main Tarporley Warrington road I again took the lanes through Hatton to Daresbury, where I partook of liquid refreshment and the fragrant weed.

I had hoped to meet the "round the earth brigade" at this point but they failed to materialize until after my departure. I eventually arrived at the Patten Arms and together with 27 other hungry Anfielders took fuel on board for the return journey.

Our friend Ever Bright having come up north on C.T.C. business was persuaded by the Apostle to shove him "round the earth" on his tandem. This was an unexpected pleasure for us all, and I understand Ever Bright "pushed with relentless ferocity." [Vide article on the chainette in I.C.]

There was another pleasure, though not quite so unexpected, our old stalwart Billy Toft was with us again.

I must not forget to let you know that our Skipper and Secretary attempted to ride the tandem upon which R. E. Prichard and Venables had successfully accomplished the journey from Liverpool. The aforementioned officials however, failed miserably and returned to tell us that the craft in question had a strong list to starboard. R. E. P. was of opinion that its cargo must have shifted, but of course it did not worry him.

Upon entering the Patten yard prior to departing I became aware of a Star of the first magnitude and of such brilliance that it at once attracted my attention. It was the star of--no not Bethlehem-- but Harry Poole. I trust that it, like the star of old will always conduct him safely and will not leave him stranded.

C.H.T.

A pleasant week-end with the North-Roaders.

I happened to be at Basingstoke (45 miles from London) and thought this would be a great opportunity to run up to Barnet and see our friends the N.R. men. On arrival at Barnet, I found that the closing run was the fixture of the day, and after Ellis Dawson had provided me with cycling clothes and a bicycle, we ambled off into the "Tricky little lanes of Hertfordshire." It was a fine afternoon at Barnet, though I had left pouring rain and greasy streets behind me in London and really after leaving King's Cross I thought that half the pleasure was being taken from the excursion. However we toured the lanes and crossed the Holyhead Road 2 miles from Barnet, and skirting the Earl of Stafford's Park we came on to the North Road just north of the "Duke of York" Inn. The whole journey could not have been more than 8 miles at most, but lack of work and a machine far too short in the reach soon made a sorry mess of me. Anyhow we got back to Barnet and found a good crowd assembled at the "Old Sal" loudly arguing with Will Toone as to the proper time tea should have been served. At 6-30 we were summoned upstairs and soon were busy with the excellent fare provided and all the time a running fire of friendly banter and mild ragging was indulged in. After tea we crowded off to the "Tin Chapel" for the evening entertainment and a right merry evening it was, the N.R. providing most of the talent including C. H. Banyard, W. R. Lempriere, J. Cecil Paget and Messrs. Grinsdell, Peiser Junr., Sangway, Nutt and another whose name I forget gave splendid displays in the "Noble Art of Self Defence" and Wrestling. Lempriere gave several splendid violin selections and Banyard sang very well, as did Paget. The outside performers were, Mr. Norman Branson, a comedian of good quality and a brother of Julius the unity rider. The pictures were as far as they went, splendid, but we were not destined to see many, as unfortunately the oxygen petered out suddenly. Then after more wrestling and boxing, Auld Lang Syne was chanted with great gusto and as soon as F. T. Bidlake had been musically dubbed a "Jolly Good Fellow" for so ably filling Mr. King's place in the chair, the National Anthem brought a very jolly evening to a close. Of course there were the "few" who were staying all night and they were on this occasion, Joe Harding, Capt. Robert Wingrave, C. H. Banyard and

the Scribe. Next morning found us very busy preparing for the run to Hitchin; the weather was perfect, with hardly a cloud in the sky. The run was due to start at 11 a.m. and with Inwood and Robertson on one tandem and Ellis Dawson and Sangway on another a fire was promptly lighted and the result was that the crowd soon began tail off. Of course I got dropped less than a mile from the start and resolved to plough my lonely furrow and get to Hitchin at all costs; but the machine I was riding began to give me a very bad "toothache" and while raising the saddle a little, Frank Wingrave and Guy Webb overtook me, and these two good souls, anxious that I shouldn't miss lunch at Hitchin, tucked me in behind and passed me gently through Potter's Bar and Hatfield, and all went well till Digswell Hill was reached when I got thoroughly and absolutely knocked, so Frank decided I should have his machine, which had several inches more seat pillar than mine. The change was a great improvement and we got through Welwyn before I bust the back tyre very badly, so that I had to change back on to the R.W. and paddle slowly on while Frank and Guy Webb repaired the damage. Meanwhile Ellis and Sangway had been having a glorious time with a decidedly meaty front tyre, (they had it off five times altogether), and they caught me just 3 miles out of Hitchin and carted me in. Quite a large crowd turned up for lunch; no cars and no one per rattler, all on push bikes except Joe Harding who had a motor-cycle which he appeared to know nothing about. Lunch was a very excellent and lively affair and after a smoke and more tyre repairs it was time to get on with it, either to Little Berkhamstead for tea or back to Barnet direct. Quite a number made the direct passage and called in at the "One Bell" at Hatfield for afternoon tea, after which I crawled home with Lurette, whose conversation on cycling and things in general went a very long way to help me to forget my sufferings. But it was worth the work and I feel very grateful to the N.R. men for their kindness. I may say that "Jimmy's" reply to "Cycling's" query re International Road Championship, caused a good deal of amusement on account of its brevity.

F. D. McCANN, EDITOR.

ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB.

Formed March, 1879.

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

MONTHLY CIRCULAR.

FIXTURES FOR MAY, 1910.

	LIGHT UP AT
May 7th—Pulford (Grosvenor Arms).....	8-51 p.m.
„ 9th—Committee Meeting (St. George's Restaurant 7-0 p.m.).....	
„ 14th—Whitchurch (Swan Hotel) Week-end Shrewsbury (Lion Hotel).....	9-3 p.m.
„ 16th—"100" Miles Invitation Handicap	
„ 21st—Holywell (Victoria Hotel).....	9-13 p.m.
„ 28th—Whipping Stocks (Mainwaring Arms)	9-22 p.m.

Alternative run for Manchester Section.

May 21st—Acton Bridge (Railway Inn, near Station)

Full Moon on May 24th. Light Nights from 17th to 26th.

74, COTTON EXCHANGE BUILDINGS,

LIVERPOOL.

Secretary's Notes.

New Members.

The following have been elected.—

Active—W. A. Lowcock, 232, Stockport Road, Cheadle, Near Manchester.

Honorary—J. Leece, "Glenarch" Woodchurch Road, Prenton, Cheshire.

Application for Membership.

William Jones, 76, Cheetham Hill Road, Manchester, proposed by C. H. Turnor and seconded by E. Buckley; and Edwin Webb, 32, Westwood Road, Woodsmoor, Stockport, proposed by Wm. Royle and seconded by H. Dakin.

New Addresses.

J. D. Siddeley, Hill Orchard, Meriden, Nr. Coventry. F. Roskell, 12, Stanley Road, Waterloo, Liverpool. F. C. Lowcock, 15, Church Street, Manchester.

Further Invitations to compete in "100" have been sent to the following clubs, Sharrow, Walsall Polytechnic, Liverpool Pembroke, Halifax Road Club, Leicester Roads and Kippax C. C.

Checkers and Marshalls.

A large number will be required for the "100." I shall be glad to hear *at once* of any member willing to help. If you intend to stay in Shrewsbury for the Whitsun week-end, you must let me know at an early date, as otherwise it will be impossible for me to guarantee sleeping accommodation.

"100" and 4th June "50" Entries.

Entries for these events must reach me not later than Saturday, 7th May and Saturday, 28th May respectively.

The following is stolen from the Secretary's Log in the North Road Gazette. It seems to fit our case as forcibly. "With the issue of the first racing circulars, the season may be reckoned to be getting under way. We all hope that the coming months will add more lustre to the name of the old Club and it is up to every man to do his bit towards this end. There isn't one of us who cannot do something. It isn't given to all to race, but it is everybody's privilege to help and on behalf of the Committee, I should like to impress this upon all of you."

A. P. JAMES,

HON. SEC.

Captain's Note.

It has not been possible to engage Stanley Track for our sole use on one evening per week, but a room has been secured at the the Cattle Market Inn, adjacent to the track, in which clothes, bicycles, &c., can safely be left. Charles Embleton is in attendance each night and there is some one of our number at the track, practically every evening. Please note, it is Cattle Market 'Inn' and not 'Hotel.'

J. R. WELLS.

Mems.

It has been suggested that there might be some connection between the absence of certain Manchester Members from the Warrington runs, and the recent scene on the Manchester Exchange. The following will set that suspicion at rest:

When Anfield welcomes in strong force
(Composed of slim ones and of fat-uns)
The small Mancunian cohort
In cosy arms owned by the Patten's;
They do the thing in style—not half—
For Cook then slays the fatted calf.

They did not kill the fatted calf
Upon the old Manchester battens—
Where Cotton Kings have trod so long
Ere came the Sully's and the Patten's—
When Jimmy of the latter ilk
Was treated harsh on charge of bilk.

Yet that's not why you lack our swarms
At the justly famous Patten Arms.
'Twas Montrose taught us long ago;
The ways of Warrentoun are low.

Ye Gods! what are we coming to? Just imagine the Skipper turning it down at Knutsford, putting his crock in the "rattler" and lounging home in Fred Gee's new car, Perhaps he had had too much tea, perhaps the afternoons strenuous riding had been too—Oh! no! surely not!

Bettws—Some Reflections.

It would be difficult to recall a more successful Easter Tour—Magnificent weather, ideal scenery, scenery which never palls, though visited year after year, jolly company and splendid arrangements.

Lunch at the Voelas Arms was good, but the service was poor, very poor.

Unfortunately "Arjay's" tandem came unstuck, so he changed over to "Bentley's "Hay Motor," and had a most exciting time going down to Llanrwst.

Amongst our visitors was H. L. Okell, going through an Anfield tour for the first time.

Friday night saw a large gathering at the Glan Aber, and after the evening service in the drawing room, the tank party were very "merry and bright."

What of the "walk" to Llanfair, etc.? I don't think any of the cars went up on top speed. Roskell's 2 seater Darracq, had 45 stone or more up, Harry Poole had a big load too.

Llanfair is a charming spot, where Grobe from Liverpool has a "pub." I guess the mutton was either very fresh or a bit old in the tooth.

The Journey back through Abergele, Colwyn Bay, and Tal-y-cafn, was very enjoyable, though Oppenheimer completely wrecked a back tyre.

Charlie Keizer rode all the way from New Brighton to Llanfair. Well done Charles!

He took Frank's place in the car and Frank did a miling good ride as far as Tal-y-cafn, where Charles decided he was rested enough.

What a wonderful sartorial display. Every one who had a new suit, put it on and posed on the steps of the hotel in the evening. Stirring lines in new shoes also delighted the eye.

The tank meeting seems to be falling into disrepute. Chorus—"What a pity"! The Drawing room effort runs it very close for a livelihood.

But Joe Andrews, Tom Philips, 'Cess' Blackburn, Bert Okell, Oppenheimer and the Pianist, were all star turns.

And Herbert's gramophone is a very valuable asset. He goes to great trouble to get it down and I am sure he has our gratitude.

Tank warblers included Charlie Keizer, Joe Andrews, (later on, after the dean and chapter had retired to rest), R. E. Prichard and many others, whose names I forget.

Sunday was a topping day and the run to Beddgelert was splendid, 'spite of a slight draught ahead.

Sunday evening as usual but with Irish melody in addition, in honor of our guest and his son.

About 4 a.m. "Arjay" was serenaded, a large gathering singing the "Dear Little Shamrock," out-side his bed-room door.

Judging by the language from at least one other bed-room, the effort was not universally appreciated. But, no matter, it had to be done!

Runs—

Chester, 19th, March, 1910.

Favoured with an excellent afternoon and the welcome re-appearance of 'Kekil' in disguise, we should have had a larger muster converging on the Talbot than the nineteen who sat down to tea. Some men came out via Warrington, some via Wrexham and some on both the top and bottom roads, so we got news of every direction. It was reported that a very speedy tandem was abroad manned by Priteliard and Chem, who made James and his "squirrel cage" absolutely leave "terra firma" at one place and practice a little "aerotriking" which was however unfortunately not appreciated by two men hanging on to him, with their hearts in their mouths. However nothing serious happened as "Anfielders never collide," Oh! No!! Mr. Bates gave us a first class feed, as usual; and after a smoke and talk about various matters, including track affairs, the majority moved homewards, a solitary pair week-ending in the Cathedral City and seeing life in the "gay town"

Sandbach, March 19th.

This run was attended by twelve members and a friend, who arrived at the Wheatshaf by various ways, various times, and on various kinds of machines, for the day was perfect, also the roads tempting for "rags and timber."

On entering the yard of the Wheatshaf one was struck by the number of motor cars and motor bicycles. However we soon found out the reason, for a Motor Club was in possession of the hotel, the result being that we poor cyclists had to wait until 6-30 before being able to have our food. Still, I don't think that anybody felt put out, for our host certainly did the very best he could for us under the circumstances. Some of our members got away very sharp after tea, others remaining to have the usual rest and a pipe before resuming the "pigskin." Only four remained at eight o'clock, when they made a start for home, enjoying the grand night and dry roads.

Bettws-y-Coed, March 25-26th.

Easter, 1910, will long live in our memories as a record Easter, for it was indeed favoured by "glorious weather," and a jolly crowd of about forty members and friends gathered at the Glan Aber. It was delightful to have "Arjay" Mecedry spending Easter with us again, and that he enjoyed himself to the limit is shown by the account he gave of the outing in the "Irish Cyclist." Bentley and "Mawr" Conway were the only ones of our "Exiles" to profit by the opportunity of the holidays to be among us again, and we were all glad to see them looking so fit and well. Where were "Pa" White, Timbertiles, Everbright, Beardwood, &c.? Those who at the A. G. M. suggested we went "somewhere else" without advancing any thought-out scheme were conspicuous by their absence, and, rumour has it that they made their Easter headquarters at one of the noisiest and most Barrack-like Hotels in the whole country! One wonders what criticisms they would have made if the Executive had chosen such a place! Wells had his hands full in allotting the rooms and generally looking after everyone's comfort, and it was the unanimous opinion that as Skipper he shone brilliantly over this thankless task. In the evenings we had splendid musical programmes, being greatly indebted to our friends Messrs. Andrews, Phillips and Okell, not to mention the Keizerphone and Theakstone in his most amusing vein. Perhaps the greatest surprise was the appearance of Prichard in the new role of a sentimental singer! No more will we call for "Patsy Burke"! But we all regretted that Cheminai and Blackburn, not feeling very well, were unable to oblige us in their own inimitable manner. And now to deal with the cycling portion of the holiday which after all is the thing. I never remember so many down at Bettws on the Thursday night, nor do I remember the roads, taken all round, in such excellent condition. The journey down was very easy, some taking the stereotyped route and others via Denbigh and Llandegla respectively. Indeed so easy was the journey down that Venables and Prichard won a wager of untold wealth from Charlie Keizer. On Good Friday all the crowd except the Poole motor party carried out the day's tour via Penmachno and UP the old Ffestiniog road to Flynnon Eidda (Wells) which was new to all but the Apostle and The Skipper. Here some of us made the extension to the junction of the Bala-Ffestiniog road at Pont-ar-afon-gem to sample the cold ale before turning East to follow the course of the Conway through Ysptyt Ifan to Pentre Voelas, where lunch was most welcome. On the extension the Mecedry tandem back driving sprockets came adrift on the crank axle, so that after lunch Bentley took "Arjay's" seat, and piloted it direct to Bettws, while Arjay swanked in the chariot Bentley had hired, and followed those who took the Capel Garmon route back to Bettws, which was also a new route for us.

On Saturday the ride was to Llanfair Talhaiarn and the view of the snow covered mountains from the top of the hill out of Llanrwst was magnificent, while the procession of four trikes seemed to greatly interest "Arjay." We were a crowd of about thirty for lunch, and great excitement prevailed when Charlie Keizer turned up after having ridden right through from New Brighton. The return journey was made by various routes, some exploring the mountain roads over to Tal-y-cafn, and finding them very snaggy, others choosing the better ironed roads via Abergele and Colwyn; on which stretch L. Oppenheimer did his best to corner the tyre market, and those with him learned quite a lot about previously unheard-of makes of tyres. At Llanrwst Johnny Price of the Centaur (and many other clubs) was met, and as he did the right thing a very pleasant interlude was provided.

On Sunday we had the biggest muster of all for the run to Beddgelert, which was most enjoyable. Who said McCann, James and the Apostle went motoring? Several of us "helped" Mr. Andrews paint a lovely picture of the Aberglaslyn Pass, and after lunch some returned direct, Frank Oppenheimer and The Mullah bit off the Carnarvon round, and Band, Boss Higham, and The Apostle escorted Mecredys via Penrhyn Duedraeth, Tanybwlic, Ffestiniog, and over the Gardinann Pass down the Lledr Valley back to Bettws, Mecredy afterwards referring to it as a red letter day in the speech he made at dinner. Being the "last night" the Tank session was well patronised, and Mecredy initiated into the club's sacred rites, while bed was not sought until after a serenading party had exhausted their repertoire of Irish songs outside Mecredy's door.

Monday alas came all too soon, and after seeing Mecredys off for Bangor we all regretfully left the Glan Aber (except Bentley and Blackburn who stayed to give Messrs. Andrews and Phillips "advice") and returned home "by various routes" as per circular. The Manchester contingent returned by the main road, and Worth, Toft, James, Cheminain, chose Ruthin, but the main body of sixteen crossed the sportsman road to Denbigh, although Prichard, Venables, and Charlie Kiezer, first emulated the Conway-Higham affair and turned AT l'entre Voelas for Llanrwst!! We shall certainly have to put a Marshall at this point!! At Denbigh, Harold Kettle was met, and a peaceful ride up the Bodfari Valley ensued but for the encounter with the Manchester Wheelers touring party at Rhydymwyn, when a fire was set alight and duly extinguished by Johnny Band. At Hinderton there was a final gathering of the clans for tea, and in twos and threes we departed, sorrowful that such a glorious Easter had come to an end, but happy in the memories it has stored up for us:—

"CYMRU AM BYTH."

Helsby, 2nd. April.

I should like to open this account with a serious complaint against our Sub-Captain-cum-Editor, as I must say I consider it a dirty trick to send, to an inoffensive member, a letter (dated 1st April) saying that he (the Editor) will not be able to get out to the run and would I mind asking somebody to write the account.

Of course he knows that nobody in their right mind would write for an outsider, and the only thing the unfortunate recipient of his letter can do, is to do the account himself. (Much obliged to you, but what's the poor Editor man to do if cannot get out to a run? It has happened before now, that he has written to a member asking him to write the run up and has had no word in reply, either that he would or wouldn't, and then on the eve of going to press has had to write it himself, tho' he wasn't there. Ed.)

However, to get on with it, we were favoured with one of the best Saturdays of the year (so far) and the Robin Hood was flooded with trikes, bikes and tandems, in fact so large was the turn-out that we had to have tea in two sections, the Select at the First House and the more select at the Second House, which included the Roskell brethren, Britten and Jones of the 'Wednesday' (a prospective member). Though some people may be in favour of a two house entertainment, it is evident that the Landlord of the "Green Outlaw" does not agree with such things as he is having a partition pulled down to make room for a larger muster. So if the Helsby fixture has not achieved anything else it has certainly been the means of finding work for some local workmen. After tea (or teas) the Manchester men made an early start for home but most of the Wirral crowd met again at the Talbot.

Worth and James were persuaded to week-end by the Roskell twain.

The week-enders spent Sunday touring Salopia, lunching at Wem, where they managed to dig out Boyes, who, they report has not grown any taller. The Scribe has not yet been able to find out whether Worth and James did the Sunday tour on bicycles, motors or trains.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Don't forget May 16th. Everybody who is not racing is wanted down in Shropshire to help marshal and check in the event of the year.

Send your name in to Mr. James **now** and so save him a lot of trouble.

F. D. McCANN, Editor.

ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB.

Formed March, 1879.

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

MONTHLY CIRCULAR.

FIXTURES FOR JUNE, 1910.

	LIGHT UP AT
June 4th -- "50" Miles Unpaced Handicap.....	9-30
.. 11th--Helsby (Robin Hood Hotel)	9-37
.. 13th--Committee Meeting (St. George's Restaurant 7-0 p.m.)	
.. 18th--Broxton (Royal Oak Hotel)	9-41
.. 24/5th--Night Ride to York. (Circular to follow)	9-43

—♦—
74, COTTON EXCHANGE BUILDINGS,
LIVERPOOL.

Secretary's Notes.

New Members.

W. Jones, 76, Cheetham Hill Road, Manchester and E. Webb, 32, Westwood Road, Woodsmoor, Stockport, have been elected.

Application for Membership.

C. F. Hawkes, 36, Cressington Avenue, Higher Tranmere, Birkenhead, proposed by W. P. Cook and seconded by A. P. James; and L. H. Nash, 21, Queens Road, Bootle, Liverpool, proposed by J. R. Wells and seconded by A. P. James.

New Addresses.

P. C. Beardwood, Portman House, East Sheen, Surrey. E. J. Cody, 45, Moscow Drive, Stoneycroft, Liverpool; W. M. Bailey, 40, Mortimer Street, London. W. W. H. C. Binns, Longsight House, Doveston Road, Ashton-on-Mersey, Manchester; J. M. James, 17, Cleveland Road, Lowestoft.

A. P. JAMES,
Hon. Sec.

Mems.

Who said 13 was the Anfield's lucky number? Rumour hath it that Band had trained seriously for quite 13 weeks for the great event and fact says he was No. 13 on the "Open 100" card. He fitted a brand new pair of tyres on Friday, the 13th of May. Caught a bad cold on his way down to Whitechurch on Saturday. Spent a perfectly miserable day on Sunday. Started in the race on Monday. Punctured his back tyre with a flint near Prees, almost exactly 13 miles from the start. Lost 13 minutes on his time sheet up to Chetwynd Church. Wanted to die peacefully several times but was told to "get on with it", although he was outed. Turned it down finally at Waters Upton, beaten to the world and then wrecked another sprint, with an iron heel tip, which some thoughtful navy had kindly deposited on the road near Hawkstone. Had the handicappers been just a little more generous and allowed him another minute he would have had 13 minutes start and it would have proved beyond a doubt that 13 is, was and ever shall be the Anfields' lucky number.

Band wishes to thank Bright for his great kindness in sacrificing his chances in the race by giving him his own machine. Bright must have lost a lot of time by his kindly act, for he had to change the back tyre of Band's machine and then push an 85½ gear over 17 miles. Bright is a thorough sport and would have certainly done a good ride had he not been so goodhearted.

Members will no doubt regret to hear of the tragic loss Mrs. Evans of the "Glan Aber" has recently sustained; one of her sons being electrocuted in the course of his employment.

Knutsford, 9th April, 1910.

"A Bright Morning,
A Dull Afternoon,
A Wet Evening,
A Good Tea."

The above dozen words is all that remains of a contribution, the remainder not being of such a nature as would allow of publication, so I'm afraid I shall have to concoct something myself.

Arrived at the "The Lord Eldon" after a pleasant ride partly among the lanes, we found a goodly crowd assembled including Britten who had "triked" out thro' Chester & Northwich on his own. There's a splendid example, all you slackers!

Fred Gee having joined the ranks of the "petrol burners" put in his first appearance by car, but found the driving into the yard rather too tricky for his experience, so relinquished the wheel in favour of his "chauffeur,"—Mercer.

The attendance was pretty fair, W. A. Lowcock (a prospective) and several members of the Cheadle Club being with us.

The weather having turned out rather bad, there were no "round the earth" parties on the homeward way, the Liverpool members performing the perilous passage of Warrington without any serious mishaps.

Kelsall 16th April, 1910.

After a lovely spring morning there was a change into a typical April afternoon brilliant sunshine alternating with smart showers, which however did not really wet the roads.

A small party gently toured towards Chester, via the low road, and turned off into the lanes (not the usual route to avoid Chester however). After many twistings and twinings we found ourselves on the Frodsham road and then dived into more lanes, which were quite new to the majority of the party, eventually turning out on the Tarvin road near that place, after an exciting time in one of the worst parts of the lane where a large dog caused rather an anxious moment by jumping up at each rider in turn.

Only twenty-five members sat down to tea, and one friend—Mr. Milne (of the C.T.C) who was camping at Molesworth. I really did not envy him that evening, for a very cold and heavy wind rose accompanied by much rain.

Mention of Mr. Milne and camping out reminds me that H. Pritchard came to life again at this run as also did Lowenthal.

At one time it looked as if the Manchester section would be represented by Jones only, but Buckley and Turnor put in a tardy appearance "Higham pere et fils" wired good wishes, as it was very late before they could make a start.

Of course the the "professional weekenders" weekendend—at Tarporley—accompanied by the "Mullah."

The skipper's bad example of the previous Saturday was emulated by Charlie Keizer and R. E. Pritchard, who put their machines in the train and returned home in Fred Gee's new car.

Nantwich 23rd April, 1910.

This, the first Nantwich run of the year attracted only the small gathering of twenty five, including two car parties. No doubt the threatening rain and snaggy wind were largely responsible, but the rain kept off fairly well, bar one or two showers, till we had practically finished tea, when it made up for it by a very heavy downpour.

After a tea which was chiefly notable for the toughness of the meat, the Handicapping Committee got to work handicapping for the first "50" due on the following Saturday.

A pleasant ride home on a fine evening, with the wind abaft the binnacle, and the moon just breaking thro' the heavy clouds, was much enjoyed.

Several members weekendend at Sandbach and one motor party at Newport, the former having their fill of mudlarking when returning home on Sunday, especially as one man was on a trike.

50 Miles Unpaced Ha-dicap, April 30th.

Although the card only showed the disappointing entry of 10 competitors, owing to the slackness of young bloods in starting training, a most interesting contest was foreshadowed. Could Band give Loweck a start? How would James fare in competition against Fulton and Turnor on trikes? These two problems added spice to the event, and attracted quite a fair muster of spectators, although I still think we should have more interest displayed by the non-racing members if a club tea were fixed, or better still a week-end rendezvous scheduled. We do not all possess motors, some men object to returning per rattler, and Shawbury is a long way off. Fortunately the morning showers had not affected the roads, but the weather was very cold and windy, being all against fast times, and I think we can congratulate ourselves on the performance accomplished, which compare more than favorably with the N. R. times of the week previously, and the Wheelers times of the same day. Boss Higham held the watch, and all the entrants toed the mark. It was soon apparent that Band was in magnificent form and "drawing it across" Loweck, while McCann was also only a shade slower and evidently feeling the benefit of his changed position. Fulton on a trike rode with great determination, and was putting "paid" to James's account before the latter desisted, while Turnor was riding well considering his short experience of trike riding. At 37½ miles Band had gained 4 minutes on Loweck, and McCann was also 2 minutes faster, so that although Loweck unfortunately punctured in the last 5 miles and pluckily finished on the run it made no real difference to the result. Fulton finished in 2-52-7, or within 3 minutes of record, and with his allowance of 21 minutes was comfortably first. McCann off 6 minutes was second, with 2-38-43, and Band third and fastest with 2-35-38. The other finishers were Carpenter 2-57-32, Turnor (trike) 3-7-10, Loweck 2-43-12, and Bentley 2-58-14. Wells and Sarson retired early, being short of training, but the example of Bentley, who was also unfit, in pluckily riding through was universally commended. After tea at Shawbury small parties week-ended at Market Drayton and/or Newport, while a large party of 13 visited Hawkstone and had a most enjoyable time. Sunday morning was spent exploring the Park with its many curiosities, not forgetting the Hermits Cave and the underground passages, while Hubert Roskell gave an exhibition of his famous exploit entitled "Larding the plain". The return journey was made in fragments. "Escorting Frank" was a new game played by James, Worth and Wells with the result that Bentley was stranded at Hodnet on his lonesome. Prichard ploughed a lonely furrow and was not seen after Prees Heath. George Poole and Zambuck paced the Apostle with Band and McCann hanging on, and after ripping out some spokes Chester was reached for tea. Here Bentley eventually arrived, and joined Band and McCann for the run home via Hinderton, while the Apostle was delivered into the hands of Poole and Zambuck who kept lighting fires on the bottom road, with the result that he was ripe for tyre repairing when New Ferry was reached.

Pulford, May 7th 1910.

A Sub-section of the Manchester contingent toured or rather plugged against a very snaggy zephyr down the main Manchester, Chester Road, which, thank goodness, was free from motors; through the plague spot, to wit, Northwich and on to Tarvin where they turned left, went through the lanes and crossed the Chester-Whitchurch Road and on through Saighton and then into the Park, at the entrance of which they were joined by a tandem manned by Buckley and the Mullah. The ride through Eaton Park was very fine, the vegetation being far in advance of that further north. When the small but very select party arrived at the Grosvenor, one Anfielder at least was quite ready for tea, but what had happened to the second vegetable? This omission however was nearly balanced by the "spotted dog".

There were two topics of absorbing interest discussed over tea. The first was the near at hand "100" and the other was the absence of W. P. C. "Where is Cook?" "Will he miss a club run?" being generally asked.

After a goodly muster had done their little best at table, a very exciting (to those who had their feet in the way) game of bowls or rather match-holders, was played in the billiard-room, in which Bentley "did it on" the Baron, nearly every time.

Shortly after leaving for home a solitary tricyclist was sighted in the far distance, which turned out to be Cook, who had been detained in town till just after six o'clock and had then scrappered out on his own. Enthusiasm, thy name is Cook!

Whitsuntide May 14th/16th.

The attendance at Whitechurch for tea on the Saturday was only about 15, for most of the "Knits" had made for Shropshire by other routes, and one wonders whether it is worth while to fix a tea place for Whit Saturday. This year our forces were very scattered, as the racing men and several others were at Hawkstone, the "smart set" favored Newport, the motorists sought Gound Lodge, and only left a small party to make headquarters at the Lion, Shrewsbury, with the result that there were some unoccupied beds to pay for, even though we were more than full on the Sunday night with the accession of arrivals during the day. Sunday morning was damp, and those who toured North round the course got a good drenching, but the small party that rode down to Ludlow, to meet the N.R. tourists, ran out of the rain zone in five miles, and had a glorious day, although the Cook-Bentley tandem developed a broken fork blade, which was only discovered on their arrival back again. Sunday evening was spent as usual in "doing the triangle" with checks at the George and Crown, and it was very pleasant fraternising with our good friends of the N.R. and B.R. Monday saw the 21st Invitation "100" most successfully carried out, and it was marked by two departures. For the first time the checkers were provided with red flags so that competitors would know when to call out their numbers, but it did not seem to make much difference as most of them had to be shouted at, and one competitor disdainfully replied "I am blanked if I know my blank number," and even at the finish many of them did not seem anxious to be timed! The other innovation however must be acknowledged as a brilliant success, viz. the new feeding arrangements at Waters Upton, Tern Hill and Rock Hall. The old feeding at Crudgington gave satisfaction, but the more complete organisation at Waters Upton was simply superb, probably owing to the untiring exertions of the enthusiastic band of workers under the direction of Wells, James, Toft and Worth. The weather was perfect although the roads were heavy in places after Sunday's rain, particularly round by Shawbirch, where for miles the going was tricky. There were 62 entries and 59 starters, but alas, from an Anfield point of view failure has again to be confessed, for we were most unlucky with Band puncturing before the Raven, losing a lot of time on a spare too low geared for him and finally having to chuck it, while McCann who was riding remarkably well, had to desist at 80 miles owing to an attack of sunstroke. However, Baron Fulton did something to save our reputation by an excellent trike performance of 6-11-13, or inside Northern Record Standard, and which secured for him the Del Strother prize. Bright finished in 6-11-23, but the time does not represent the real merits of the ride, for Bright was evidently out on an unselfish missionary enterprise, and lost a lot of time helping others. For instance when he came across Band punctured he gave up his machine and tackled the changing job after which he scrapped along on Johnny's machine, which was much too long in the reach for him. Sarson with 6-7-30, showed better form, and encourages us to think that with steady training he can show us much better performances. The event was won by Webb of the Bath Road off 22 minutes, who finished in the much improved time of 5-20-25. Beurlé of the Vegetarian was second, also off 22 minutes with 5-27-44, and Brown of the Liverpool Pembroke was third with 5-39-45. Moss of the M. C. & A. C. secured fastest time prize with 5-17-56, and we were all glad to see him score for the first time in this event, although Davy of the Vegetarian who did 5-22-37, would possibly have beaten Moss but for delay with a puncture. Other fast times were accomplished by Higgins, (Poly), 5-19-17, Palmer, (North London), 5-24-51 Farr, (Yorkshire Roads), 5-28-39 and Taylor, (Manchester Wheelers), 5-29-40.

The small party who made Hawkstone their headquarters spent a most enjoyable time, tho' the Park was closed on Sunday. The rain on Sunday morning was possibly a blessing in disguise for the racing men, as it compelled them to rest. Sunday morning was spent in lounging in the verandah of the Hotel.

We were glad to see the B.R. men for lunch but wished they had arrived half an hour earlier so that we could have lunched together, tho' it was our fault because we had lunch earlier than scheduled on account of the rain. The afternoon was spent in exciting sets of tennis and bowls. We were joined by Boss Higham for lunch and in the evening by two of the Band band, Frank Oppenheimer and nephew and Buckley and two friends, so we were a very big party, especially as we had not the whole of the Hotel.

F. D. McCANN

Editor.

ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB.

Formed March, 1879.

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

MONTHLY CIRCULAR.

FIXTURES FOR JULY, 1910.

LIGHT UP AT

July 2nd—Over Peover (Mainwaring Arms, Photo Run).....	9-42
.. 9th—Acton Bridge (Near Weaverham) Railway Inn (Near Station).....	9-39
.. 11th—Committee Meeting (St. George's Restaurant 7-0 p.m.).....	
.. 15th & 16th—"24" Hours Road Ride.....	9-34/9-33
.. 23rd—Pulford (Grosvenor Arms).....	9-24
.. 29th to Aug. 1st—Holiday Tour in Ireland. (Circular to follow).	9-13/9-9

Secretary's Notes.

74, COTTON EXCHANGE BUILDINGS,

LIVERPOOL.

Entries for "24" (with 10/6 for feeding expenses) must reach me not later than Monday 11th July.

We will require a large number of Checkers and Helpers for the "24." I should be glad of a p.c. at once, saying, "put me anywhere you like."

Mr. C. J. Conway has again kindly offered to take the Club Photo. Our best way to thank him is for every member to turn out on 2nd July.

New Members—C. F. Hawkes, 36, Cressington Avenue, Birkenhead, and L. H. Nash, 21, Queens Road, Bootle, have been elected active members.

New Addresses—S. J. Buck, 149, High Park Street, Liverpool, and W. D. Band, 17, Kingsway, Liscard, Cheshire.

Mems.

A. P. JAMES,

Hon. Sec.

The Del Strother Prizes for 1909 and 1910 have arrived, and are real beauties. One is an enamelled salt cellar, and the other an enamelled goblet, with a view of the Red Square, Moscow, on it, showing the Kremlin, on the right, the Cathedral of Vassily Blashenny in the back-ground, and the Monument of Mimine and Posharsky in front. In accordance with Del Strother's views, McCann as the winner in 1909 had first choice, and chose the Goblet, and Fulton took the salt cellar.

When one sees these handsome prizes, one wonders why the genus "promising young novice" does not buck up, train hard and strive to win the entirely unique prize Del Strother so generously sends each year. In sending the prizes to Cook, Del Strother sends his "best wishes to all the Anfield boys," which are hereby heartily reciprocated.

There is something peculiarly appropriate about the "Baron" having the salt cellar. He will be able to hand it round when spinning some of his tall tales!

Fulton wishes to thank all members who were good enough to help him in his recent record attempts.

The intermediate times for the last "50" will be found on the last page.

Friday 20th May & Holywell 21st May.

I trust we six who started out to lunch at Broxton will not be dubbed disloyal or unpatriotic, but the day was so much of the right sort for a good hard scrap, that we could not resist its charms. The run was, of course, quite unofficial, and James, Wells, Cook, Fulton, Harold Band, and the scribe met at the "Red Lion" at Broxton, kept by one, Burgess, who put up a splendid lunch and was more than pleased to have us. The skipper, labouring under a strange idea that a print shirt, with a stiff front and cuffs was the essence of coolness, took the first turn ahead through the lanes, and gave the Baron and me quite a useful time trying to stay "in it." My usual luck palmed my share

of the job on to me just before the "Yacht" and of course I had to chew it horribly; anyhow, we seemed to reach Chester in a dreadful hurry and thinking all the milk shops might possibly be closed, pushed straight on to the "Old Trooper" where they absolutely declined to do business. However we six reached Broxton before 1 o'clock and quite unconsciously were "doing nothing" when the hour arrived for the remains of our Beloved King to be laid to rest. We had three trikes out and of the three Cook had been seeing life with his tyres; one was a job quite beyond our powers, and from personal observation I should think the said tyre had seen better days and was now quite a candidate for the scrap-heap. After lunch and tyre repairs the Skipper and the Baron, having business in Chester, hurried off, and tales of 11 miles in 30 minutes lead me to hope that the Skipper will not fail to remind the handicappers of that little lot when they sit to consider the merits of the starters for the future "50's." It seemed to be a case of the "Six little nigger boys" for Cook and Band were the next to go and left James and I wondering which direction to take, and we finally decided on Ruthin for the night, via Farnon, Wrexham, Llandegla (for tea) and down the beautiful Nant-y-Garth Pass into Ruthin, where we put up at Tegid Owen's "Castle." On Saturday we got on with it through Denbigh and Caerwys to Holywell, where the committee had fixed the Victoria as the destination for the club-run. Though we two wanderers had not struck rain till arrival at Holywell, the scrapsters and tourists from town had quite a wet journey, which no doubt explained the smallness of the crowd which sat down to tea at six o'clock. Of course the Manchester men having a run of their own also had a great deal to do with it. The chief topic of conversation was the Baron's threatened attempt on the "100" miles and Northern 12 hours trike records on the following Saturday. Fine weather and dry fast roads were the order of the evening and the tour home in the "cool" was most enjoyable. The Keizerette spent the week end at Holywell and James and Worth went on to Denbigh.

Acton Bridge, 21st May.

Encouraged by a promising morning, several members of the Manchester section were tempted to inspect the Shropshire Roads, others favoured the Forest Roads. Had they, however, been able to foresee the kind of weather they were to have in the afternoon, they might have preferred to have been somewhat nearer their destination when the storm burst, but these are minor details, Anfielders never do col—let the weather interfere with their pleasure, although rumour hath it that they do not despise the friendly shelter of a railway arch, to keep their skins dry. The storm did not seem to have spoiled the appetites of the 7 members and 4 friends who sat down to tea, for they did ample justice to the good things Host Dallow, of the Railway Hotel, had provided. The Manchester contingent were delighted to have Toft join them at tea. After tea the Bowling Green was visited, where the Mullah and Boss Higham (each of whom has the idea that the other is a worse bowler than himself) gave an exhibition of their bowling *skill*? Adjoining the Bowling Green is a very fine pear orchard, from which no less than 6 tons of pears were gathered last year. What a place to have a run to, when the fruit is ripe. Now then don't all speak at once, but who says pears?

22th May R. A. Fulton's "100" and 12 hours Tricycle Records.

At the hour fixed for the start (8.30 a.m.) the Baron certainly seemed in luck's way as regards weather, a light wind blowing from the S. W. and very little sun showing. Anyhow on his way down to Shawbury he gained two minutes on his time-sheet and at the Shrewsbury milestone was a minute inside. All the way round the triangles he rode with great determination and at 50 miles was nearly two minutes inside Northern Record, but as notice had not been given for this distance, the figures unfortunately don't count. Soon after his leaving Tern Hill a heavy shower of rain drenched both the Baron and the roads, so that on his arriving at Whitechurch corner he was some 8 minutes outside his schedule and at the Wem turn (93½ miles) was nearly ten minutes outside, but as he had given himself over half an hour for the last 6½ miles, their just seemed a chance for the R. R. A. The Checker at Wem, luckily had a carefully prepared "life saver" and with this inside him and the wind behind, the Baron so successfully "opped", that he took 29 seconds off the record, his century figures being 2-57-53, which incidentally beats the N.R.R.A. standard by over 17 minutes.

The Rider then adjourned to the "Swan" at Whitechurch, where he made a stop of nearly half an hour. Leaving Whitechurch at 2-56 in a down pour of rain the Baron rode with great vigour through Nantwich and Crewe (where the rain ceased) to Congleton, where the roads were nearly dry. After taking an extension from Holmes Chapel, he arrived at the Mainwaring Arms soon after the crowd had finished tea and after taking food departed on his last stretch. Knowing that the 12 hours record was in his pocket the Baron did not hurry himself for the last hour and a half. He arrived back at the Whipping Stocks with just 3 seconds to go, his total for the 12 hours being 176 miles, which beats Northern record by $8\frac{1}{4}$ miles. An excellent half day's work Mister Fulton.

Our excellent secretary had ordered grub for ten or twelve men at the Mainwaring Arms. Things began to look rather black when men continued to arrive after that number was completed and in the end we had a muster of 30. It was far and away the dearest tea I have ever had. Just imagine paying 2- for a few pieces of bread and butter and two cups of tea. The proprietor was not to blame and it was not James's fault, as with so many men down helping Fulton, ten or fifteen was as many as could be expected to turn up. Some reduction in price should have been made.

50 Miles Unpaced Handicap, 4th June.

It was most pleasing to see an increased entry of 16, and with Jones, Webb and Royle figuring on the card for the first time, and Kettle over from Sheffield, another interesting event was certain. Fulton and Sarson were the only non-starters. Unfortunately thunder showers set in just before the time of starting, and in places the roads were very wet, but otherwise it was a fairly fast day. Harold Band was a prominent tip, but like many another "good thing" it did not come off because H. B. never shaped to ride as he has done in training. Turnor was the only trike competitor and finding he was doing no good gracefully retired at 19 miles. Bentley punctured at $7\frac{1}{2}$ miles, and Zaun-buck suffering with a headache required no inducing to stop and help Bentley. Kettle also punctured at the half distance, and Jones and Rudd developed "that tired feeling," so that there were only 7 competitors to finish, and as George Poole punctured and changed a tyre his time of 2-49-26 does not represent what he was really doing. At 40 miles Lowcock, Buckley and Johnny Bard were all about even, with McCann only slightly slower, so that an exciting contest for fastest time was anticipated, and Buckley seemed a certain winner of the handicap. Such proved to be the case as regards Buckley and Lowcock, but evidently the heavy rain that then fell nuduly depressed Band who finished very badly. Buckley was first with 2-33-47, Lowcock second and fastest with 2-32-45, and McCann third with 2-36-43. The other finishers in order of handicap were Webb 2-39-2, Royle 2-48-37, J. C. Band 2-38-35, and George Poole as mentioned above. Buckley is certainly an evergreen wonder and a shining example of what consistent training will do, while Lowcock and McCann richly deserved their positions. Webb made an excellent first appearance, and impressed everyone by his splendid riding style—he has all the qualities of a real flyer, and with more experience and training should soon reach the scratch mark, while Royle did a good veterans ride seeing that he is not a giant and was sweeping round $7\frac{1}{2}$ cranks. After the race good sized parties week-ended at Hawkstone Park and Shrewsbury, but only the former lot were lucky in dodging Sundays scattered rain, and able to ride all the way home. If the Committee do not carry out the suggestion made in the last Circular it may be pointed out that at Shawbury there are always plenty of return railway tickets on free offer with a train from Shrewsbury at 7-40, cue Lime Street at 10-40, so that the distance to be ridden need not keep men away, and there is still plenty of room for a more general interest being displayed in the Fifties.

Helsby 11th June.

On arrival at Helsby we found the village generally, and the fields adjoining the Robin Hood particularly, en fête. Of course mine host was busy, yet I do not think we can complain of neglect, as I thought the catering quite as good as usual. Although we had a rather larger room than usual—upstairs—the later arrivals were unable to find room at the table, but by using the couch and a washstand in lieu of extra tables we managed tea with one sitting this time. Among the late comers was James who had so I was told been putting in some useful mileage during the afternoon. July 15 will soon be here. Of course Edwards was late—he can't help it, perhaps the tandem which was out for its first club-run, was not so speedy as anticipated, but was certainly moving when it passed a select touring party on the way home. What took the Mullah Chester way after tea? He was riding from Chester direction towards Helsby about seven o'clock and yet there are Manchester men who think Helsby too far.

ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB.

Formed March, 1879.

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

MONTHLY CIRCULAR.

FIXTURES FOR AUGUST, 1910.

LIGHT UP AT

Aug. 6th—Helsby (Robin Hood).....	9-2
.. 8th—Committee Meeting St. George's Restaurant 7-0 p.m.).....	
.. 13th—50 Miles unpaced Handicap (Starting 4 p.m.).....	8-48
.. 20th—Over Peover (Mainwaring Arms,).....	8-34
.. 27th—Broxton (Abbey Arms).....	8-19

Full Moon 20th, of use from 14th to 24th.

Mems.

On behalf of Members of the A.B.C. we wish to express deepest sympathy with W. P. Cook and his daughter, in their great bereavement.

At the last N.R.R.A. Committee meeting the Baron's "100" 12 hour and "50" records were passed.

At Shawbury after the last "50" somebody took away a sweater that did not belong to him, leaving in its place, one with a red band round the neck. Turner, to whom the missing sweater belongs, has the red-banded one, and will be pleased to hear of his, which has a blue band.

We are asked to publish the following and believe there are several members on the look out for good second-hand tricycles.

"Wanted, Tricycle in good condition, wood rims preferred, must be speedy, Apply to Editor."

Broxton 18th June.

A muster of 25 must be accounted very satisfactory considering that so many men were down in Shropshire. We had a very good tea which was served rather late however. The weather for once was good enabling two cars to put in an appearance, but they seemed rather baked—at any rate both cars swallowed quite a lot of water before they could be persuaded to start.

Before tea Bickley entertained us with some beautiful perfume with which he was trying to cure an attack of hay fever and after tea we were educated in the mysteries of tyre repairing—but next time, Cecil, please see the remuneration is not consumed by proxy.

We were pleased to see Charlie Keizer out, getting into condition for York we hope, also Hawkes and Nash, our newest members, and we hope the latter did not mind the free and friendly criticisms of his machine. After allowing the cars the necessary start, most of the Merseyside contingent made for the "Talbot" where a telegram from Shropshire was expected.

June 18th, Attempts on "50" Miles Bicycle and Tricycle Records.

Favoured with a glorious warm day Band and Fulton made attempts on the above named records over the Shropshire Course, the former starting at 4-25 and the latter on the famous tricycle at 4-30.

Unfortunately Band was unsuccessful, as at 31 miles he was complaining very much of the sun which had scorched the back of his neck very badly, and given him a nasty headache, so he retired at this point.

Fulton was riding very strongly, and throughout looked like cutting a fair slice off James's record, but he weakened down after 45 miles, and his last five miles were

comparatively slow for him. However, he managed the record alright, clocking 2 hours, 44 mins. 55 secs., and thereby adding another to his growing list of triumphs. A small select party weekendend at Salop, and had an enjoyable day on the Sunday.

York, 24/5 June 1910.

Upon arriving at the Stork, ten minutes before the appointed hour for starting, I found only three men had arrived, to wit, Charlie Keizer, "Zambuk" and Sunter with three friends in the Car. Cook arrived shortly after, as did Wells and James, Chem, Edwards, Frank Oppenheimer and Sarson, the latter minus guards and cape, though it had been pouring all day.

A start was made soon after eleven, Charlie and Chem remaining behind in the hope of the deluge ceasing. Sarson was lucky enough to find a shop open in Scotland Road where he bought mudguards. This naturally delayed several of our number, but we were all together again at Ormskirk, which was left twenty minutes behind schedule.

Cook provided the next stop, finding trouble with his back tyre (which, by the way, continued till York was reached). After a halt of about twenty minutes we resumed in two sections, Ramsey cutting out a pace which was considerably in advance of schedule rate, but lost time had to be made up.

Cook, who had been with the first section, was encountered at the top of Penwortham Hill, wrestling with his back tyre again. We turned up at the Park Hotel to find the Boss, Buckley, Binns and the 'Mullah' waiting for us. Shortly before finishing the meal (which could easily have been improved upon) Charlie Keizer arrived. He and Chem had started shortly after us and after turning it down and re-starting several times, had parted company at the Bridge. Charlie negotiated the tram-lines in safety, but Chem was not so lucky, coming a nasty cropper and getting severely bruised. Buckley (who was not going further with us) and Charlie were left behind looking after Chem and we resumed close on time, Edwards having proceeded earlier with two or three others. Shortly after passing the "Five Barred Gate" it was McCann's turn to puncture, Cook and Turner stopping to help. From here onwards we were very much separated and shortly after Sawley Bank, Edwards and party overtook us, having made a wrong turning and going thro' Rochdale.

F. H. and R. E. Prichard, who had come up the previous night, the latter with Frank Roskell in the "Puggie-ot," welcomed us at Skipton. Frank was still in bed. Many were the enquiries as to where James was, but nobody could answer this, he not having been seen since Preston.

The rain which had accompanied us till Preston, re-commenced at Otley and remained with us all the remaining distance.

At Long Marston we departed from the scheduled route and went via Wetherby, light refreshments being partaken of at a wayside inn, and after the "Mullah" had repaired a puncture, York was reached about 1-20, and so ended one of the wettest, but at the same time one of the most enjoyable outings I have had.

The mystery of the missing James was solved when he arrived having escorted Charlie Keizer.

Cheminais had turned back at Preston and had fallen in with Hubert Roskell, who brought him along in the "Silent Knight," sometimes known as the "Box of Nails."

Mercer, Fred Gee and Toft arrived per car during the evening as did Harry Poole. Herbert Keizer and I believe Bentley trained to Leeds and then rode over. Johnny Band and Harold Band (per tandem) also Worth, put in an appearance about eleven, so we numbered nearly thirty—very good considering the weather.

Sunday saw the party break up, Cook and the Band tandem going home direct, the Boss and Binns accompanied by Frank Oppenheimer and the Mullah via Doncaster and Penistone while Charlie Keizer rode thro' Harrogate to Preston and others made a short holiday of it.

Under the latter heading come the small party of six, viz. the Skipper, Secretary, the "Master, and Sub-Captain, under the able guidance of Frank Roskell with Prichard in the car, who made up north through Boroughbridge and Ripon, where an excellent line in lunches was sampled, and over Wensleydale to Layburn and so to Reeth, close to the farm which Frank used to have. We struck good quarters at the "Buck" in Reeth, and indeed wherever we went in Yorkshire the feeding seemed to be very much better—more variety and better stuff than we seem to manage at our usual places of call round Cheshire, &c.

From Reeth we fixed on Hawes for lunch on Monday and struck off up the dale to Mucker, the car going back to Layburn and along the easier road, while we ascended many thousand feet and visited the "Buttertubs," arriving at Hawes with the rain, quite ready to do full justice to the ample lunch waiting for us.

Here we parted company with the "bloated motorists" who had to be in town on Tuesday morning, and struck over the 'Knuts' towards Ingleton. This was the hardest part of the tourlet as the wind was against us and it poured all the time. However, after plenty of graft, Ingleton was reached about seven o'clock and a "one hoss show" it was, in the opinion of the quartette, so we pushed on to Clapham, some six miles further on, of course still accompanied by the rain. We were made very comfortable at the "New Inn" and after a good breakfast said 'goodbye' to the 'Master' (who had to be in Manchester by mid-day) and took the road over the hills to Slaidburn and Ribblesdale, again against the wind of course. Lunch was partaken of at Dale Head and tea at Longridge and so to Preston and home.

Photo Run, Over Peever, 2nd July.

I have been commanded by the Editor to write an account of the above run. I dread the task, for the Editor is a stern and severe individual who wields the blue pencil with ruthless impartiality. However the Edict must be obeyed, so I will endeavour to describe the event as seen through the murky atmosphere of Manchester. Four of us, starting from Cheadle Hulme, formed the nucleus of the contingent from the "ship canal seaport." The weather strange to say was rather threatening, but we hung on to a patch of blue sky that came along between the thunder showers and stuck gamely to it as far as Chelford. Here we fell in with the Master, two of the Clan Oppenheimer and no less a personage than the Editor himself. I should like to explain the circumstances under which he reached Chelford, but I don't think it policy to give him away. Whilst we rested, the blue patch began to get impatient and a few warning drops of rain made us push on to the Mainwaring Arms, which we reached just in time to escape the storm.

I need hardly say the tea was up to the usual high standard which we always expect from Host Street.

During the course of the meal, Baron de Fulton once more showed us that he is a born financial genius, one worthy to rank with Hooley, Whitaker Wright, or the Editor of "John Bull." In a short space of time he sold (through my instrumentality and without giving a halfpenny commission) about a dozen saddles and collected the money in advance without giving any receipts. Does anyone know where he spent the weekend, and is it true he has bought a flying machine? If any of the speculators in pigskin have not received their saddles they are advised to communicate with the Editor and mark their envelopes "Long firm."

And now to the principal event of the day, namely the snapshotting act, by the ever obliging Charlie Conway. We all assembled in the garden and grouped ourselves round "Theaky," who as a type of manly beauty, formed the centre of the picture. After taking us in various stages of facial contortion, Charlie allowed us to disperse, and we were soon wending our various ways homeward or otherwise.

Acton Bridge, 9th July, 1910.

A very poor number met at the Railway Inn to see what could be done with the very good grub which is to be obtained at this hostel. One table did themselves exceedingly proud. The game was played something like this: A waitress asked what one would like, she was told; before she could bring it another waitress came round to whom one gave another order; when about half-way through the first lot, the second girl came with a consignment which she was promptly requested to put down "I'll deal with it presently." Not at all a bad idea if one is in a hurry.

Afterwards whilst the bowling enthusiasts were trying to take each other down and Blackburn was mending a puncture, the Baron seemed determined to find another puncture in Blackburn's stockings, but, after "laying low and saying nuffin" until Gough's saddles were being discussed, "Kekil" got his own back, so they both cried "enough."

Everyone seemed most interested in the "24"; James was busy rounding up checkers, and the others were discussing the riders' chances.

One member said he had ridden up the side of a mountain, it must have been that gradual rise up from the main road, and another got lost during the afternoon, and on making enquires of a postman as to his whereabouts, he received this answer (he must

have looked very whacked): "Oh! you're about 2½ miles away, you ought to get there in a quarter of an hour." The Editor will be more than pleased to give the name of this member to the Handicapping Committee.

Two of the "24" riders went down to Drayton to weekend, and another little party on the way home, after riding down a hill, went up a slight rise and round a very sharp corner at fully four an hour, and, of course, found four females right bang in the middle of the road, but nothing happened, for does it not say in the "Book of the Chronicles of the Anfield," that "Anfielders never collide." ?

24 Hours Ride—July 15/16th.

The entry of only 7 was very disappointing, and is only partly accounted for by Buckley and Fulton standing down for records, and James unable to get away from business, but at least a most interesting contest ensued. As a race it was a great success for the result was in doubt until the last hour which is much better than being a case of "Eclipse first, the rest nowhere." The night was very dark, and the day turned out windy, while the roads were puncturesome and tyre troubles were plentiful—ask Fred Lowcock [he spent all night repairing sprints and rendered yeoman service.] It did one good to see Harry Saunders helping at Chester. Early on, Jones, who was riding very fast secured a good lead, but before Chester was left for the last time (132 miles) Band, Turnor, McCann, and Frank Oppenheimer were all close up, and Buck riding very steadily for Standard medals, but Carpenter on wangled tyres was thereby forced to retire. What a pity he did not retyre instead! After leaving Chester, Jones had a bad time, with the result that Band, Turnor, and McCann forged ahead, until at 12 hours the figures were Band 183 miles, Turnor 182 miles, McCann 175 miles, Jones and Oppenheimer 172 miles, Buck 161 miles. Oppenheimer then retired, but Buck struggled on with a strained tendon to Hodnet (192½ miles) and McCann had to retire at about 220 miles with a wangled front wheel. After this Jones began to pick up again, and Band went to pieces after some tyre trouble, but it was anyone's race up to 290 miles, after which it became a duel between Jones and Turnor, and it was not until the last hour that Jones secured the lead which enabled him to run out a plucky winner with 345½ miles as against Turnor's 342 miles, while Band after some persuasion rode out time and was third with 334 miles.

Irish Tour.

Since the special circular was issued some particulars of the tour Mr. McCreedy proposes to escort us through have come to hand. On the Saturday the route tentatively proposed is by the famous Sallygap to Lough Tay, the gem of County Wicklow scenery, who no doubt an alfresco lunch will be enjoyed before continuing on to Roundwood, Laragh, and Drumgoff, but as the steam tram will convey the party to an elevation of 800 feet and there are only 28½ miles of riding to be done the day's work will be easy. On the Sunday the circular ride sketched out is only 47 miles without any mountain roads to be crossed as last year and lunch is to be partaken of at the Bungalow in the Vale of Ovoca where we were so well catered for last year. On the Monday the party will return direct via Laragh, Lough Dan, Enniskerry and Bray, being a continuation of last year's Saturday and Monday rides with lunch probably at Roundwood.

ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB.

FORMED MARCH, 1879.

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

MONTHLY CIRCULAR.

FIXTURES FOR SEPTEMBER, 1910.

	LIGHT UP AT
Sept. 3rd—50 Miles Unpaced Handicap, open to Tandems	8-0 p.m.
„ 10th—Knutsford (Lord Eldon)	7-44 p.m.
„ 12th—Committee (St. George's Restaurant), 7-0 p.m.	
„ 17th—Over Peover (Mainwaring Arms).....	7-26 p.m.
„ 24th—Chester (Talbot)	7-8 p.m.

Full Moon, Sept. 19th. Of use from 13th to 23rd.

Secretary's Notes.

74, COTTON EXCHANGE BUILDINGS,

LIVERPOOL.

Entries for the last "50," which is open to tandems, must reach me by first post on Monday, 29th August.

The course for the next "50," the last this year, is the Old Shropshire one, starting at Upper Astley, at 4 p.m.

New Address: Mr. C. H. Woodroffe, Vine Lodge, Montem Road, New Malden, Surrey.

A. P. JAMES,

HON. SEC.

Mems.

Members are requested to note that the Hotel at Broxton is the ROYAL OAK and not the ABBEY ARMS as given in the last circular.

A member recently called in at an hotel at Flint for some refreshment, shortly before closing time, and was much puzzled by the amount of attention he attracted. Presently the landlord came up to him and said: "Excuse me, sir, but are you the King of Spain!"—Collapse of member.

Fulton wishes to thank all those members who rendered such valuable help on his recent Liverpool—London Record.

The "Birkenhead Advertiser," while noting that a cycling journal had a photo of Cook *walking* up a hill, wants to know "what he took a bicycle to Ireland for"? Answer: Because he didn't take a trike!

The "Daily Mirror's" "Thought for To-day," of 13th August, the date of the "50"—"No road is too long for him who advances slowly and **does** not hurry . . ."

The following extracts from letters recently received by W. P. Cook from "Mawr" Conway, and Del Strother, will no doubt greatly interest many members:—

"Mawr" writes as follows: "I trust you and all the others who went to Ireland had a real good time—except you would. I should have very much liked to have joined the party, but cannot always be holidaying. Mrs. C. and self had a very pleasant week-end on the 'Twicer.' On Saturday ran over to Gloucester, a very pretty ride, and the road a perfect one: stayed Saturday night at Gloucester, and on Sunday rode back on the north side of Severn for about 12 miles close to the river, and then turned inland over the 'Alps' to Speech House Hotel, in the middle of Forest of Dean (a beautiful spot), and then right on through the forest to Lydney, and on to Severn Tunnel Junction, here taking train to other side of the river. The round was exceedingly pretty and well worth a 'repeat.' I was sorry to see there were so few starters in the '24,' and yet the finish appears to be more of a race than usual, and brought out fresh blood."

Del Strother writes: "I am glad to hear that my prizes have given satisfaction, and that they act as a sort of stimulus, which is just the object intended. I felt quite flattered when reading the note concerning them in the Monthly Circular." (This shows that the Circular is read and appreciated by our Exiles.—Ed.)

Pulford, July 23rd.

There is not very much to relate about this run, as only few members turned up for tea, which was of the usual Pulford quality and quantity.

The weather was quite good, except for a strong wind which blew from the N.W. all afternoon and fortunately dropped at night.

The small muster was accountable for by Buckley's attempt on his own N.R.R.A. 12 hours' record, which, owing to the strength of the gale, he unfortunately failed to break. The wind blew with such force that crossing Prees Heath even the motorists had a pretty bad time.

Buckley started on his journey in the pink of condition, as shown by the time for the first "50" (2 hrs. 29 mins.), and was 12 minutes inside his schedule at 70 miles, but crossing Prees Heath he met the full force of the gale and at 100 miles he was 5 minutes outside schedule, clocking 5.39.

At this point Buckley had serious thoughts of giving up the attempt, but was persuaded not to do so on the off chance that the wind would drop.

Continuing his plucky struggle, Buckley was on schedule again before reaching the "Waggon and Horses" and it seemed a cert that he would beat the "200" after all. However, the wind did not drop, but got up stronger than ever, so being 12 minutes on the wrong side at the Whipping Stocks (168 miles), Buckley "chucked" it, after putting up a fight which deserved a better fate and which failed simply and solely because of the weather conditions. Better luck next time, Buckley!

Irish Tour, July 29th-August 1st.

Returning from Dublin last year the band of 19 tourists all enthusiastically declared they had had the time of their life, and that the experience must be repeated, while one and all emphatically stated that *nothing* would keep them away whenever another Irish tour was scheduled. Such enthusiasm is to be highly commended, and it proved so infectious that at the A. G. M., the proposition to go to Ireland again was carried with fever heat, while at Easter so many in saying good-bye to "Arjay" promised to meet him again on the Irish tour that one fully expected a muster of 30 at least, and that the walls of the Glenmalur Hotel would bulge under the pressure of finding accommodation. But, alas, for the frailty of Anfielders! Only 6 of last year's enthusiasts kept their word and neither the proposer nor secondor of the fever heat resolution put in an appearance, so that after booking the whole Hotel in the vain belief that members meant what they said, we were glad to get rooms taken off our hands by some of the campers' friends and a party of motorists, for, whisper it gently, we only numbered 15, and the Executive of the Club was only represented by 5! Of course, it is known that some, like Blackburn and McCann, found they could not get away at the last minute—Blackburn had sent his bag and bought his ticket—but there had been no reports casting reflections on the sanitary arrangements, and the absence of other prominent

members could not be accounted for. However, those who went had a real grand time, and as they did not get into the state when rash promises are made they probably *will* go again when the opportunity occurs. The outlook on the Friday night was ominous—"Moderate gale at Holyhead"—and Zotos was in great demand! Owen, Fulton, McCann, Band and Blackburn saw us off, and Blackburn succeeded in unloading his ticket on to Bentley, who got up from the South just in time to join us. The rest of the party consisted of Binns, Buck, Cheminais, Cook, James, Charlie Keizer, George Poole, Prichard, Toft, Turnor, Wells and Williams, and to everyone's surprise the voyage was most pleasant, and no one was sick—indeed, a merry evening was spent in the tank and we landed in Dublin in fine style, being met by Venables and "Arjay" on the quay, and riding direct to Terenure, where Buckley (off the Holyhead boat) and Murphy of the "I. C." joined us—so there were 17 of us on the steam tram which carried us and our machines 10 miles up-hill. Here the box of sandwiches was broached, and each man took his rations, and "the tour proper now commenced." The climb to Sally Gap was not so steep as anticipated, and the road was in excellent condition for a mountain road—indeed, quite a lot of it was rideable—and at a sheltered spot by a ravine overlooking Lough Tay we found a trap containing ample supplies of beer awaiting us, and we had a most enjoyable lunch under ideal conditions and amid magnificent scenery. After lunch we proceeded down a rocky precipitous path into the grounds of a shooting box, and rode along the banks of Lough Tay, which certainly is the gem of County Wicklow, and after a stiff climb out of the demesne regained the road, and proceeded mostly down-hill through Roundwood, Annamoe and Laragh to Glendalough, where a substantial afternoon tea was partaken of, and the Round Tower, etc., visited. So beautiful is the spot that half the party were loth to leave, but as Glendalough was scheduled to be really visited on the Monday most of us pushed on towards our destination in good time. At Laragh, The Mullah took the alternative route up the Vale of Clara via Rathdrum, determined "to do all the tour and extensions," but as he went to Kingstown on Monday for the Holyhead boat, we find he has missed out the final Dublin check! The military road was also in good condition and did not necessitate much walking, but those who loitered at Glendalough unfortunately got caught in heavy rain that set in just after the advance guard reached Glenmalur Hotel. However, all were in time for an excellent dinner, and we did not envy the cycle campers who kept arriving, and had to erect their tents in the garden behind the hotel under somewhat depressing conditions. The evening was spent in the Barn, where the first part of the proceedings consisted of an excellent lantern show given by one of the Campers in a most racy and witty style. The musical programme was somewhat hampered by the lack of a pianist, and we missed Blackburn and Theakstone, but Cheminais and The Mullah were hosts in themselves, and we did very well indeed. Sunday was a glorious day, but quite a number of our party were out for the loafing stakes and took the direct route to the lunching venue at The Bungalow in the Vale of Ovoca. The tourists proper were escorted by "Arjay" and Murphy over as fine a route as could be imagined and had a grand time of it. By special permission we rode through Major Kemmiss Demesne, and at Rathdrum proceeded to the lovely Kilmacree Glen and on to Redcross, where the beer-tanks were re-filled. The views out to sea over Arklow were beyond description, and at Ovoca we met the loafers on the bridge and all proceeded to The Bungalow for lunch, which was partaken of out in the garden with Tracey and Norah much in evidence waiting on us. After lunch we proceeded to Arklow, and down another beautiful vale to Woodenbridge, where the whole party again foregathered for afternoon tea, and then the tourists continued on to Aughrim, Ballinaclesh and Greenan, finally riding again through Major Kemmiss Demesne, and reaching Drumgoff in such good time that some of them rode up the valley to where the road drops into the river. With the arrival of a pianist and some talent among the campers the evening's entertainment in the barn went with a good swing, and Hoy's "Murphy Shall Not Sing To-night," vied with Chem's "Evinges Dog Hospital" as the star turn. But what gave the show a final touch was the excellent singing and reciting of two lady visitors from Rathdrum, and after midnight the proceedings were concluded with a dance, at which Ramsey took first prize for long distance work. Monday morning saw us getting under weigh for the homeward journey over the military road, and at Glendalough we had plenty of time to visit the various show places before lunch, at which we were joined by The Tramp. Drizzling rain then set in, but this did not deter Murphy from escorting Williams, The Mullah and

Cook through Glendalough Demesne to Lough Dan, which made a splendid detour. At Roundwood we all made for Powerscourt Demesne, and a more beautiful estate could not be imagined—Eaton Park quite takes a back seat—and the waterfall was a magnificent sight. Emerging at the Enniskerry gate we were soon at Vallombrosa, where Mrs. Mecredy and family gave us a hearty welcome, and we spent a most delightful time partaking of their hospitality. By this time the rain had set in in earnest, and, when departure was essential, Wells and Bentley disappeared for the rattler at Bray. George Poole also went to Bray to spend a few days' holiday, and Buckley and The Mullah left us to make for Kingstown, so that it was not a large party Murphy escorted to the North Wall, and, as Wells and Venables were staying over in Dublin, we were only 10 on the steamer, but after dinner we made a tank of one of the staterooms and spent a very merry evening. With the sea as smooth as glass the crossing was delightful, and we all landed early next morning unanimous in the opinion that we had had a real good time, but without making any rash vows. If you want to know what the tour was really like—ask Chem.

Helsby, August 6th.

The run for this date had originally been booked for Barton, but owing to some trouble with the management there the Secretarial one was unable to fix matters up, and accordingly made arrangements at Helsby; nineteen found their way to the "Robin Hood," not a large muster for the day, which was perfect. No doubt holidays accounted for a few absentees. Our ever-enterprising host gave us a very fair meal, during which news came to hand from Bentley of the Baron's success on his Liverpool-London trip.

Much conversation was heard telling of the delightful time spent in Ireland by those who took the job on, and photographs were much in evidence.

Only about half the tourists were on view, the others had, perhaps, not sufficiently recovered from their exertions scaling Sally Gap and such-like "precipiti." It was also noticed that Venables had given his partner Buck the "order of the bag" and had chartered another, Parry by name, who seemed to be enjoying himself in the "stokehole."

Nearly everybody made an early start for home, a few making for Sandbach for the night, but the majority went Chesterwards, amongst whom was the "Doc.," who was staying at Hoylake with his family on holiday.

It seems rather a pity that the time appears to have come when the A.B.C. runs have lost a lot of charm for the members residing in the North-end of Liverpool; the average attendance for that district is about one, consequently that person returning home through Warrington (his best way) is obliged to make his journey "Solus." There is often the option of returning via Birkenhead in company, but the ferry has no great attractions, and afterwards the setts which have to be negotiated are not too good, one or two patches being particularly bad at present. The unfortunate part of the situation is that when the one member does put in an appearance he has no one to return with, consequently he thinks twice before coming out again. Our average attendance this year is, without doubt, suffering from this cause.

R. A. Fulton's Liverpool-London Record, Aug. 6th.

On the Friday evening it seemed as if Fulton was going to have a very snaggy ride, as the wind was from the south, but his usual luck held good, and at an early hour (too early for those enthusiasts who turned out to help him), a small band assembled at the G.P.O. Promptly at 4.30 a.m. the Keizerette gave the word to go, and the Baron started off with a very strong wind behind him, which assisted to such good purpose that at Cronton he had picked up seven minutes on his schedule. James, and Band and McCann (on tandem) followed him, but at Farnworth the tandem had the misfortune (or was it good fortune) to run over a piece of glass, which ruined the back cover. Warrington was reached in fifty-five minutes—fifteen minutes ahead of the time-sheet. James gave up the following at Latchford, having to be back at business. Very fast travelling was made to Knutsford (6.1 a.m.), where it was found that the checker had not arrived. A halt was made here till 6.5, and the Baron, despairing of getting his proper checker, persuaded two warders from the County Gaol to sign the check-sheet. This occupied some five minutes explaining what was required, in spite of which the first "50" went up in 2hrs. 45mins.

Stone was reached at 7.58, where a stop was made of ten minutes. Sarson joined in here, and Reginald Shirley at Rugeley. Lichfield was made half-an-hour ahead of time. From Lichfield to Coleshill the wind was not helpful and the surface execrable, so some time was lost. Meriden, where another stop was made, was reached at 10.50, and Powell picked the rider up and followed to Daventry. Another stop of twenty minutes was made at Towcester (1.25 p.m.), again the checker being missing; indeed, in several places, checkers arrived a few minutes before schedule time—in one case waited an hour-and-a-half, only to learn that he had passed through much in front of time. More time was gained all the way to the G.P.O., where Bentley, Bailey and Carpenter welcomed him in at 5.43—1 hour 35 minutes inside record.

Sarson and his friends were very useful and rendered extremely valuable help. Shirley was very good value, and followed from Rugeley to Holloway.

The Midlanders gave splendid help. The assistance of the sportive N.R. men was very much appreciated.

Bidlake joined in the following at Dunstable.

The "100" was done in about 6 hours, and 184 miles in 12 hours.

Tyres gave no trouble throughout and, indeed, the Baron was most lucky, both with the weather, machine and tyres.

The time for the full distance was 13 hours 13 minutes—A.B.C. lucky number twice over!

50 Miles Unpaced Handicap, Aug. 13th.

This event was probably the "toniest" contest we have ever had, as the skipper graced the proceedings in long trousers and canary-coloured gloves, which added great éclat! Again we have to lament the shocking lack of interest taken by the members in general, but, seeing the Executive do nothing for the social side of the events, it is perhaps not to be marvelled at. No wonder the Committee get through the business in 40 minutes when so many items of "Other business" are ignored. Just fancy—no Marshall at Walton Corner, and only single checkers at Ercall, Shawbirch and Crudgington! There is work for at least three men at Crudgington, and those who are not racing might display sufficient interest to help those who are by scattering about the course, but when prominent Committeemen are conspicuous by their absence what can be expected? Outside of the eleven competitors, four checkers and time-keeper, there were only a few others at the finish, and after the lecture recently given by Cody and Fulton on the ethics of "turning out to help others," it was rather amusing to find how they practised (not) what they preached! However, the race itself was most interesting, and early on it was seen that Lowcock was suffering from too much tandem work, and that Johnny Band was nearly on the top of his form again. A drizzling rain fell throughout, but not enough to affect the roads, except round Shawbirch, where great caution was necessary. Royle, who had evidently taken notice of the friendly criticism of his riding long cranks in the previous "50," and had "sawn an inch off," showed much improved form by finishing strongly in 2-40-32, which, with 15 minutes start, placed him first. Johnny Band was second and fastest off scratch, with 2-27-48, and McCann (4 minutes) again third with 2-34-48, an improvement of 1½ minutes on his previous best. Jones, who does not find "50's" far enough, was fourth with 2-36-5. Harold Band did 2-42-18, Binns 2-48-28, and Webb 2-41-30. Harold Band, who was safe for a place up to 40 miles, went to pieces rather badly on the home stretch. Binns made a very creditable first appearance in these events, but Webb did not finish as strongly as he did before. Of the other competitors, Lowcock and Rudd "retired hurt," and George Poole and Turnor punctured. After the race, eight members week-ended at Hawkstone Park, and had a most enjoyable time of it. On Sunday morning an excursion was made to see "Neptune's Whim," while McCann was photographing it, Worth and James disappeared never to be seen again—probably lost in an impenetrable forest! The other six divided into two parties, three making for Whitechurch and three for Chirk, whence, after lunch, they proceeded to Llangollen and over the Horseshoe to Llanegla, Queen's Ferry and Hinderton.

Whipping Stocks, August 20th.

There is very little that can be written about this run. The attendance was rather poor, partly due to Buckley's record attempt, which was drowned out, though most of the Shropshire helpers turned up. Where were all the Liverpool men? Only five of them had sufficient enthusiasm to turn up! The ride out through Warrington, which place was not, as usual, a deathtrap, being too wet to be slippery, was very easy and favoured by good weather, although the roads were somewhat damp.

The usual good feed was partaken of by *thirteen* Anfielders, and we were joined by Lowcock and Taylor, accompanied by three other Wheelers, fresh from an attempt on their own "100" figures.

During tea, an animated discussion took place re variable gears—what a pity Cook was not present!

Three members week-ended—again at Sandbach—and the remaining two Liverpool men rode home—one through Warrington and the other through Chester.

Buckley's 24 Hours Record Attempt, Aug. 19th-20th.

Cruel luck seems to have dogged Buckley the last two years, but we all hope he will not "take it lying down," but show himself to be the big man he is. It is a long lane that has no turning, and surely a "good day" awaits him. Buckley is wonderfully fit this year, and anything worse in the way of weather he has struck would be impossible. After battling with half a gale in his 12 hours' attempt, we all hoped he would be rewarded by a decent day for his 24, but such was not to be. On the Friday it blew hard, and we all expected there would be an abandonment, but with the evening the wind dropped somewhat, and a start was made under fairly favourable conditions, and steady progress was made during the night, schedule being closely approximated up to 140 miles. However, with sunrise, the wind got up again, and at 170 miles Buckley was 20 minutes behind. Then came the deluge! For six solid hours Buckley plugged manfully through torrents of rain with the roads running rivers, and surely that was sufficient to explain the result. Very few men would have shown such courage and determination against such fearful odds, and the surprising part was that Buckley rode so strongly that at 253½ miles he was only 40 minutes behind his schedule made out for 365 miles, and had 6½ hours in which to ride 95 miles and add a little to the existing record. But on the Wem extension the storm was worse than ever, and Buckley turned it down. Of course by the time we had attended to him at Whitchurch the weather cleared up, and a lovely afternoon followed, and we all felt mad the change had not taken place an hour earlier. Such is fate—Buckley had no tyre or machine troubles and was well looked after by a willing lot of checkers and followers, the arrangements at Chester being in the hands of Worth, James, and McCann, while Pa Higham and Turnor superintended things in Shropshire.

Intermediate Times in Third "50."

		Shawbrook	Ercall	Shawblich	Hodnet	Shawbury	Credington	Hodnet	FINISH	H.	M.	S.	H cap	H.	M.	S.
1	W. Royle	24	16	14	30	16	19	24	17	2	40	32	15	2	25	32
2	J. C. Band ...	23	14	13	28	15	17	23	14	2	27	48	scr.	2	27	48
3	F. D. McCann	22	16	14	29	17	18	24	14	2	34	48	4	2	30	48
4	W. Jones	25	15	14	30	17	17	23	15	2	36	5	4	2	32	5
5	H. R. Band ...	24	15	14	29	17	20	26	17	2	42	18	10	2	32	18
6	W. H. C. Binns	24	18	15	32	17	21	25	16	2	48	28	15	2	33	28
7	E. Webb	24	15	13	30	17	20	25	17	2	41	30	6	2	35	30

Also started: F. C. Lowcock, G. Poole, C. H. Turnor and R. T. Rudd.

F. D. McCANN, Editor.

ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB.

FORMED MARCH, 1879.

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

MONTHLY CIRCULAR.

FIXTURES FOR OCTOBER, 1910.

	LIGHT UP AT
Oct. 1st—Chester (Talbot)	6-51 p.m.
„ 8th—Lymm (Church Inn)	6-33 p.m.
„ 10th—Committee (St. George's Restaurant), 7-0 p.m.	
„ 15th—Helsby (Robin Hood)	6-18 p.m.
„ 22nd—Mold (Black Lion) and week-end to Ruthin (Castle)	6-3 p.m.
„ 29th—Warrington (Patten Arms)	5-48 p.m.

Full Moon, Oct. 18th. Of use from 13th to 22nd.

Secretary's Notes.

74, COTTON EXCHANGE BUILDINGS,

LIVERPOOL.

It is hoped that the "Autumnal Tunts" week-end on October 22nd will attract a large crowd. We are offering special lines in fine weather, good feeding and good sleeping accommodation at the Castle, and touring par excellence.

New Address: Mr. A. G. White, Koh-i-noor House, Kingsway, London, W.C.

A. P. JAMES,
HON. SEC.

Mems.

How observant some people are. The "Cheshire Observer"—observer mind you, what a wide awake paper it is!—observes as follows in its issue of 3rd September:—

"**BROXTON. PICNIC.**—On Saturday a considerable number of wheelers attached to the Anfield Cycling Club made the Royal Oak the rendezvous for their Annual outing."!!

The attention of all those men who have so unselfishly turned out to help to check in club races and record attempts, is called to the following:—

"All the finest work of the world is done for nothing and it is one of the chief glories of mankind to pursue an aim without hope of material benefit."

All members who can possibly get out are particularly asked to support the run to the "Talbot" on the First. Our best way of showing our appreciation of Mr. Bates's kindness in remaining up recently all night, is by turning up in great strength. Mr. and Mrs. Bates have remained up all night on three occasions within eight days!

Resolution proposed and unanimously passed at a very "extraordinary meeting"—"That three (or is it four?) nights up all night, in nine days is the limit; and that September is much too late in the year for 'twenty-fours.'"

"The Mullah" and James both desire to tender best thanks for help received on their recent record attempts.

On September 13th, W. Jones made an attack on Buckley's figures for the Safety "24." He rode exceedingly well, until facing a strong breeze in the early afternoon, which made him cry "enough."

C. Moss (M.C. and A.C.) started from Liverpool G.P.O. Thursday morning, September 8th, to try to reduce Goss Green's time for the London "jaunt." As he was losing time he desisted at about 60 miles to go. If anyone wants to know what pace he rode at, at the start, ask the Baron or McCann. Up William Brown Street hill, aeroplanes were not in it!

RUNS.

Broxton, August 27th.

"He who must be obeyed" has commanded me to write an account of the Broxton run. I fear there is exceedingly little that can be said, as nothing of an extraordinary nature occurred.

There were present twenty members, by bike, trike and car. By the latter we were pleased to welcome "strangers" in the persons of Rowatt and Sunter.

It was gratifying to have a fair muster, as at previous runs to the "Royal Oak" we have always made a poor show, owing to record attempts taking place on the same days, in fact this occasion was the first upon which our worthy Secretary had attended!

Having done full justice to the usual good fare, we returned home (or otherwise) by "various routes," a small party making for Nantwich, the "trikists" having quite a lively time through the lanes to Beeston.

50 Miles Unpaced Handicap, Sept. 3rd.

The racing programme as decided at the A. G. M. was concluded in brilliant fashion by this event. The interest taken was enormous, and it did one good to ride round the course and find all the "pillars of the Club" scattered about, marshalling bad corners and looking after the competitors generally. (The writer has evidently been dreaming. Wake up!—Ed.) The day was brilliantly fine, but the wind was blowing half a gale from the N.W.

and made fast time quite impossible. There were only eight men to be started by Timekeeper Poole. James and The Mullah stood down in view of projected record attempts, and Sarson, we regretted to hear, was unwell. The old course starting at Upper Astley was used, Toft, James and Jim Park marshalled the way through Shawbury and round the corner, while Cook marshalled Walton, Jones was at Ercall, Blackburn at Shawbirch, Knipe at Cradlington, Turnor at Waters Upton, and Zambuck at Hodnet. Johnny Band having given notice for record, started first, but it was no day for such an attempt, and everyone knew it was hopeless. Johnny rode very fast, being well inside evens up to 35 miles, but the draught up to Hodnet the second time told its tale, and he went all to pieces, and finished very badly in 2-39-52. Buckley and Harold Band punctured when going very well, and it was particularly hard lines in Band's case as he had ridden 40 miles and was looking all over a winner. However, George Poole and Webb were also going remarkably well, while Rudd was holding his own better than he had ever done before, and in the end Poole secured first and fastest with 2-36-32, Webb second with 2-38-42 and Rudd third with 2-54-54, both Webb and Rudd showing an improvement of about a minute on their previous bests. The only other finisher was Royle in 2-46-6 (a very good ride for the day) as McCann had changed his saddle, and was never comfortable and so chucked it. Afterwards a small party week-ended at Hawkstone, and spent Sunday morning exploring the Park with its never ending delights, and after lunch had a somewhat grafty ride home, although the wind had dropped considerably.

G. H. Turnor's "24" Tricycle Record, Sept. 9th & 10th.

As an instance of consistent riding (consistent that is with regard to time sheet), Turnor's ride will be hard to beat. His greatest variation from schedule was eleven minutes—at nearly all checking points he was merely a minute or so out, one way or the other. He was favoured by "glorious weather" and had neither tyre nor machine troubles. His ride is all the more meritorious in that he had a groggy ankle, the result of a side-slip and fall the previous Sunday, with a man lying on his ankle and pressing in on the pedal.

He was started on his long journey by The Boss, with every prospect of a continuance of good weather, and was scarcely bothered by mist throughout the night. A gentle wind helped him from the start to Chester, by which time it had died away. Arriving and turning at Marford, he was nine minutes ahead of schedule. The Gayton stretch was covered without incident except that he turned down towards Clatterbridge, at Highfield House, but was quickly put right by the followers. As the road on the Queen's Ferry triangle had just been remade before Queen's Ferry corner, it was thought that if he punctured anywhere it would be there, but he passed over this piece in safety. The Mullah arrived in Chester right on schedule (4.45), in fact as he applied the brake outside the Talbot the clock struck. All the extensions in Shropshire were duly covered and the rider eventually arrived at the Stocks a few minutes behind time, but quite fit, being followed by quite a horde of cyclists. From this point to the finish there was quite a crowd following, which was continually being augmented as the remaining checking stations were passed.

It is a pity something cannot be done to limit the number of followers, towards the end of these rides, for, with such a "mob" as occurred on this occasion, if a leading man happened to come over, a fearful mix up would ensue, and besides it is asking for police interference. There were several Anfielders, a few Wheelers and some local cyclists, the latter being a great nuisance, cutting in and generally getting very much in the way.

The Mullah rode out time with the fine score of 320½ miles, which is only some five miles short of Wesley's record, thereby adding about six miles to the previous record.

The run to the "Lord Eldon" undoubtedly suffered, only seven members and one friend attending.

We were pleased to see Owen turn up again. Had he run short of money, and come out to see if he could collar some members for their "Subs.?" if so, I am afraid he had not much luck.

A. P. James' "24" Tricycle Record Attempt, Sept. 16 & 17.

A somewhat great variation from usual "twenty-four" courses had been selected by James, who started outside Warrington, being sent off by Poole at 7-30 p.m. Some slight fog was encountered before reaching Chester, which made the use of a gas-lamp dangerous, on account of the back-glare. However, this was merely a foretaste of what was in store in the Wirral, where the mist at times was so thick as to make riding at any pace above ten an hour very risky. To make matters worse the fog very quickly condensed on the clothes of rider and followers, making everyone cold and uncomfortable, the cold in particular affecting James.

James rode exceedingly well up to seventy-five miles. He left Chester one minute ahead of time, having lost the fourteen minutes gained earlier in the night. From the time he left the walls of the "ancient city," he gradually lost on his schedule until he desisted early in the afternoon. The first thing to cause him trouble on his way to Whitchurch was a nasty attack of sleepiness—this was soon put right by some strange "wakening mixture." On his arrival at the Bungalow he indulged in a change of garments, being quite wet through by fog. Complaining of vibration and saddlesoreness he pushed on for the Shropshire triangles, where he managed to lose no more time. It was plainly evident as the morning wore on that his sufferings increased and on his arrival back at the Bungalow he wished to cease, but the persistent persuasive powers of his helpers made him do another eighteen miles. At the "Raven," 241 miles, he finished.

James must have felt very sore (mentally as well as physically) at being unable to go on and do well over 320 miles—the distance put up by Turnor, under the more ideal conditions of the previous Saturday.

James trained very hard (latterly) for this attempt—in fact he overdid it; he wore himself extremely thin and lost too much weight. Still he failed splendidly—he suffered agony for hours. It is the wish of all—better luck next time!

Whipping Stocks, Sept. 17th.

The writer, with two other Liverpool members, rode straight out, arriving early to be on the spot if any checkers or followers were wanted for James, but we were disappointed to find a wire at the Mainwaring Arms saying the ride had been abandoned. However, it is still an ABC record and that is some consolation. There were twenty-one for tea including two visitors and eight Manchester members—where were the others from Cottonopolis on such a pleasant day?

We could not arrange a run nearer to Manchester and it cannot be because of the catering—what then is the reason for the poor attendance of the Manchester Division at this and other recent runs.

The Merseyside contingent returned via Warrington, the ride being enlivened by the firelighting of one of the oldest and one of the youngest members. However, as Johnny Band showed his practical disapproval, we had, on the whole, a quiet ride, calling at the Black Horse, Farnworth, where the possibility of fixing a run there this winter was discussed: if they could accommodate us, I think we should otherwise be alright there.

ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB.

FORMED MARCH, 1879.

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

MONTHLY CIRCULAR.

FIXTURES FOR NOVEMBER, 1910.

	LIGHT UP AT
Nov. 5th—Hunts Cross (Hunts Cross Hotel)	5-34 p.m.
.. 12th—Chester (Talbot)	5-22 p.m.
.. 14th—Committee (St. George's Restaurant), 7-0 p.m.	
.. 19th—Warrington (Patten Arms)	5-11 p.m.
.. 26th—Hinderton (Shrewsbury Arms)	4-58 p.m.

Alternative Runs for Manchester Section:—

- Nov. 5th—Whipping Stocks (Mainwaring Arms).
- .. 12th—Tatley (Windmill).
- .. 26th—Goostrey (Red Lion).

Full Moon, Nov. 17th. Of use from 12th to 21st.

Secretary's Notes.

74, COTTON EXCHANGE BUILDINGS,

LIVERPOOL.

New Address: N. M. Higham, "Melsby," Oakfield Road, Altrincham.

Messrs. Blackburn, Cheminais and H. Keizer are arranging the musical programmes at Hunts Cross this winter. This will mean an Empire-cum-Philharmonic entertainment every time.

A. P. JAMES,

HON. SEC.

Mems.

At the last Committee meeting an Entertainments Sub-committee was formed, consisting of Messrs. C. Blackburn, Cheminais and Herbert Keizer.

The first evening at Hunts Cross will be solely confined to our own talent. The Entertainments Committee earnestly trust that all members who are able to amuse us will come prepared to take a part in making the evening go with a swing.

The total of the Prize List is £81 16/6, not quite so high as last year. The Baron, as might be expected, heads the list, with J. C. Band a good second.

It has been suggested that a party be made up to week-end from Warrington on the 19th inst, with the object of furthering our acquaintance with East Cheshire, or as an alternative, the Peckforton District, according to the desire expressed by those wishing to go. The sleeping place in the former case would be Congleton (Lion and Swan) or in the latter Tarporley (Swan). Will members wishing to participate send in their names to the Editor, as soon as possible, mentioning which district they would prefer to visit.

THE MYSTERIOUS MR. JACKSON.—To be in the fashion, we have started a Raffles hunt. Our man is named Jackson, and any member of the Club finding him and bringing him to a Club Run will earn the handsome reward of our undying gratitude. As a hint to budding Sherlock Holmes, we may say that Mr. Jackson will probably be found with a copy of "Motor Cycling," a book of the words, and busy with the innards of a bit of plumbing on wheels, sometimes called a Motor Cycle.

Referring to Shirley's attempt on the Edinburgh-London record recently, the "Scottish Cyclist" says: "The Anfielder, M. O. Sarson, who is TRAINING FOR TANDEM RECORDS with a new companion, was scheduled to follow for a COUPLE OF HUNDRED MILES." Tut, Tut! Look out, ye tandem record holders! We would like to suggest that Sarson did some of his training to Club Runs! They would not involve the strenuousness of following a Shirley 200 miles!

We record with deep regret the death of John B. Beazley, killed in a railway accident in Chili, where he had been in business for many years. One of the pioneer members, Sub-Captain in 1882. Secretary in 1884 and following years, he worked hard in building up the Club. When here for a holiday eight years back he came out several times to our runs, and up till the last has remained a member, looking forward, we believe, to retiring from business in a few years, and living at home amongst us again. Affectionately known as "Johnny B.," his work for us was marked by constant cheerfulness and untiring devotion to every detail of the Club's routine. All who knew him will mourn the loss of one whose constancy and strong, quiet work was an inspiration for good.

G. B. M.

RUNS.

Chester, 24th September.

The Editor must be very hard up for "copy" as he has asked me to write the account of this run.

I called at the domicile of "the Boss," where I also met Oppenheimer. Upon receiving permission from these gentlemen to pilot them a new way to Chester, we set off by going out towards Northwich, branching off, however, down King Street (the old Roman Road) instead of passing through the much hated town aforementioned. About two miles down this road, we turned right and after safely negotiating Shipbrook hill arrived at Davenham. Proceeding in the direction of Middlewich for about a mile, we turned right and made for Moulton Lock, along what is more of a field path than a road. When we had passed the Salt Works and crossed the River Weaver we considered we had been well repaid for coming off the beaten track. What the road lacked in surface was quite compensated for by the scenery, and consequently the pace was not fast on to Whitegate. We here turned left and by dint of some

"graft" reached the four-lane-ends, where the Delamere-Winsford road crossed out track. At this point we nearly lost Oppenheimer, owing to a motor car which was being driven at a rapid rate from the direction of Delamere towards Winsford. The driver of the car by going on to the grass managed to miss Oppenheimer, and so we were able to proceed safely to Little Budworth. After a brief halt, spent in refreshing the inner man, we resumed the pigskin and proceeded past Oulton Park gates and the Mill Pond and then branched right for Cote Brook. After crossing the Warrington-Tarporley road we had some climbing to Utkinton, and then a gradual descent through Dutton across the Chester-Tarporley road to Egg Bridge. Before crossing the bridge we turned right and made for Christleton and then to Chester.

At tea there were but 19 members, which seems a rather poor way of showing Mr. and Mrs. Bates our appreciation for the kindness and trouble they have taken on recent 24 hour rides.

McCann and myself stayed the night at Nantwich, the weather preventing a longer journey. Two of the regular week-enders, viz., Worth and James, were touring in the north, hence the small party.

C. H. TURNOR.

Chester, 1st October.

Once again I have to record a poor attendance at a comparatively short run, only 22 members attending. Of all the New Brighton crowd, Edwards was the only one to arrive. Fulton walked out, all the way from Woodside. We were pleased to see Theakstone and Lowenthal out again and to welcome Binns after his illness. Oliver Cooper motored out, bringing Jimmy Williams and of all people the Sub-Captain! Certain persons nearly had a fit upon seeing the latter in "mufti," and many were the enquiries as to how he had arrived, by car being the last means to be thought of. There was some slight excuse for him, as he had a full camera equipment with him, in view of a week-end at Hawkstone.

Of course, Mr. Bates provided a good repast, during which rain commenced to fall and which continued till 7.30, when a start was made by the week-enders, consisting of Cook (trike) and Turnor and the Car party. Jones, who was going down to Shrewsbury, accompanied the "pedal pushers." Dry roads were found soon after leaving Chester, and but for a slight drizzle at times, the night was ideal. Foster joined in at The Raven, and Hawkstone was eventually reached.

On the Sunday morning a tour of the Park with fairly full extensions was made for the benefit of those men who had not visited the place before. With the help of one of the car lamps and a cycle lamp and numerous pieces of candle, the Grotto was thoroughly explored and several plates exposed, the results of which it is hoped will appear on the Screen at Hunts Cross later on. A visit was also paid to the Hermit and the old gentleman's photo taken. We parted with the Manchester men after lunch and made for home, Cook unfortunately having to ride solus, but with the wind abaft the binnacle, a good passage was made and tea was partaken of at Hinderton.

Lymm and Buckley's 12 Hours Bicycle Record, 8th Oct.

In the September Circular reference was made to the cruel luck that has dogged Buckley the last two years, and the hope was expressed that he would not "take it lying down," but show himself to be the big man he is in every way. And sure enough Buckley has done so in a magnificent manner, and closed the racing season in brilliant fashion. On the Friday night in various parties, Poole, Buckley (in the former's car) Bentley, Webb, Jones, Pa Higham, Royle, Fulton and James (tandem) Band, and Cook made their way down to Shropshire in perfect weather, but the air was so still that for miles round Whitchurch heavy Autumnal fogs prevailed, and there were many misgivings for the morrow. The great question was had Buckley's

luck really changed or was all his perfect fitness going to be baulked by fog? It can, therefore, be imagined what joy there was in the camp at Market Drayton, when we turned out for the start at 6.0 a.m. and found a clear morning, somewhat chilly but windless. Buckley was in fine fettle, and perfectly confident that only a change in the weather or machine trouble could prevent his success, and as neither of these occurred, he did the ride of his life. Starting off at a big pace, with Webb and Band following, he gained 6 minutes on his schedule in 28½ miles, and completed his first 50 miles in 2-33-0. He made his first stop for feeding at Hill Column (67 miles) after negotiating the Watling St. hills at a pace that made Cook, who was following solus, chew acid in bucketfuls. Continuing to ride like a fiend, notwithstanding the fact that a nagging breeze had sprung up, he completed the 100 in 5-24-0, the fastest unpaced 100 ever ridden by a member of the club as an Amfielder. At Whitechurch for the last time Buckley was 12 minutes ahead of schedule, and probably made an error of judgment by changing on to his lower geared spare machine, instead of at all events waiting until Nantwich. However, good progress was made up to Waggon and Horses and round the triangle, and at Holmes Chapel the last time (182 miles) Buckley was still 11 minutes to the good. He here changed back on to his higher geared machine, with the result that at Toft Corner (192½ miles) he was 15 minutes ahead, much to the embarrassment of McCann, who was supposed to be the checker, and only approached the Corner as Buckley was flying round it. From this point to the finish all was plain sailing, and Buckley finished, as he began, in fine style, running out time with a total of about 208½ miles, which is a handsome beating of a record that was not soft before. We all feel that Buckley has put the record where it will stay for a bit, as men will think twice before tackling it. In addition to those whose names have been mentioned above, yeoman services were rendered by Toft, Turnor, all the Oppenheimers, Binns, Norman Higham, Cody, and George Poole in Cheshire, while in Shropshire we were indebted to Messrs. Norton, Windsor, Chadwick, Mitchell, Hooley, etc.

In a state of utter exhaustion after following Buckley, Band, Bentley, Jones and Cook crawled from Toft Corner to Lymm, and arrived just in time for the Apostle to change his puncture repairing device before tea. Of course the muster was small (only eleven) because so many were out for Buckley, and James and Fulton did not arrive until "not all was over," but the Jugged Hare was excellent, and the password was "Where's the Cap." If Lowenthal did not find Lymm too far, surely some of the Pillars of the Club adorning the Committee could have got there: and why were the "Smart Set" so conspicuous by their absence? Perhaps they were busy washing and ironing their chains in Crow's patent dollytub! The ride home was most enjoyable in easy stages, because we got Teddy Edwards boxed in, and made stops at Warrington (where Toft was seen dashing through) and Farnworth, while Johnny Band obligingly punctured in Edge Lane, but even so, the new tandem combination of Fulton and Blackburn did not catch us up, and we understand they are "under suspect" for lifting Cody's bicycle which mysteriously disappeared from outside "a place within the meaning of the Act" at Knotty Ash! We hope they will be able to prove an alibi! and at the same time we all greatly sympathise with Cody in his misfortune, and hope his machine will be recovered.

Helsby, 15th October.

Well, Mr. Editor, I once made a vow that I would never write reports of runs for the Club Circular, and yet in a rash moment I promised you some comments upon the above fixture, so I suppose it is necessary for me to keep my word to you and yet, while doing so, to prove myself a perverter of the truth. My own idea is that I get far too personal when discussing Club doings, so I don't expect there will be very much of my report after your blue pencil has done its work.

I was very disappointed with our muster of 17 at Helsby, because with exception of a fresh breeze, it was an ideal day for cycling, and that the

roads were in good order was proved by the fact that two of the Manchester men came on trikes. Why even an old "has been," or rather a "never was" like myself experienced little difficulty in getting all the way there and back by road, and yet I found a lot of men who I expected to see, were conspicuous by their absence. I think there were only four Manchester stalwarts present, and amongst these we were all pleased to see Buckley looking none the worse for his record ride of the previous Saturday—Binns, Jones and Turnor completed the quartette. But where were all the others who comprise the 25 per cent. of our membership? Surely they haven't put their irons away until next summer, covered with sackcloth and vaseline? I hope they will turn up in force soon and prove themselves still to be hard riding cyclists. And what has become of our New Brighton section? Have they all, with exception of Teddy Edwards, retired into their winter quarters to sleep. Shades of the Anfield! Am I dreaming? Did we have snow or was it the glorious Autumnal day I imagined it to be?

Our host at the "Robin Hood" seems determined to please us. He has had two rooms knocked into one big one, and when the decorations are finished nobody should be able to grumble about the accommodation. The repast we were provided with was even better than anything we have had there previously. It was certainly above the average and I for one was perfectly satisfied. Bentley gave us an exhibition of what he can do in the carving line, and his remarks caused quite a lot of amusement. After tea we had some selections on the gramophone, together with a few forcible speeches about the way the Club ought to be managed and on what was going to happen at the next A. G. M.; so I thought it was then time that I should slink quietly into the outer darkness and crawl home before I so far forgot myself as to have endorsed quite a lot of the remarks which were made.

I always think it is much easier to criticise another man's work than to do his job better yourself.

Mold-Ruthin, 22nd-23rd October.

The Annual Autumnal Tints Tour was altered from Pulford-Llangollen this year because of criticism made by certain members, and as is usually the case when the Committee try to meet the critics' views, the majority of them were conspicuous by their absence. It is quite certain that the few who came to Ruthin who would not have gone to Llangollen, were more than offset by those who did not favour the change and stayed away. Those who agitated for the change should certainly have backed up their criticisms in the only logical way. At Llangollen we have always had from twenty-five to thirty, even in bad weather—at Ruthin we only mustered eighteen in perfect weather. Comment is needless. At Mold a crowd of about twenty-five sat down to an excellent repast, and afterwards Sunter and Poole set off in the former's car to Bettws-y-Coed, owing to the limited accommodation at Ruthin. Wells and Mr. Okell, who were walking, had gone on to Ruthin before tea, and the cycling party to tackle the Bwlch in the dark consisted of Mercer (who seemed to greatly revel at the opportunity of being on a cycle again), Toft, Koenen, C. Keizer, Owen, James, Worth, Blackburn and Buck-Venables tandem. Another party consisting of Buckley-Turnor tandem, Zambuck, McCann, Bentley and Cook (trike) preferred the longer but easier route via Denbigh. At Ruthin we were all safely housed by 9.45, and with only sixteen beds we just managed to avoid any sleeping out. A very pleasant evening ensued, and the older members were very pleased to see Mr. J. R. Davies, who was one of us until 1902, and now lives at Ruthin. Owing to Mr. Davies luring Owen and Blackburn to the Conservative Club for a time, we were just able to fill the small smoke room of the Castle Hotel without sitting on each other. Mr. and Mrs. Tegid Owen were away at Cerrig, but Miss Jones looked after us splendidly, although it must be confessed that neither the accommodation nor the food compared favourably with the super-excellence of The Hand.

Sunday morning once again illustrated the mistake made in having no programme arranged, with the result that the party split up. The only suggestion made was Nant Hall for lunch, and Mercer, Toft, McCann, Owen,

Blackburn, Bentley, Zambuck and Cook agreed to this. Of course Wells and Mr. Okell being pedestrians (they enjoyed a fine walk to Wrexham) and Koenen staying out another night provided exceptions, but would it not have been possible to have fixed some place where all the rest of the party could have met for lunch, and so added to the Club-like sociability of the outing? In "glorious weather," the small party of eight at once took to the lanes headed by Mercer with a large scale ordnance map, and perhaps one of the finest rides we have ever had ensued. The Vale of Clwyd seems quite different when viewed from the lanes along the foot of the hills through Llandyrnog, Bodfari, and Tremeirchion to Dyserth. At Tremeirchion, Toft, Owen, McCann and Cook climbed over the tops to gain further extensive views, and rejoined the direct route at Dyserth, but all foregathered at Nant Hall for lunch and then proceeded along the coast road, which is in excellent condition now, to Queen's Ferry. Here Toft and Mercer, desiring to push on home, left us, and McCann and Cook had some tyre demonstrations to make, but the remaining six again met at Hinderton for tea, along with the Sunter-Poole Car, and thus ended a most enjoyable week-end, favoured by perfect weather, good roads and good company. It should be mentioned that at Ruthin a telegram was received signed "Never Ready," presumably from a Pillar of the Club, but what it meant is a mystery.

Prize Winners and Amounts, 1910.

		£	s.	d.			£	s.	d.
R. A. Fulton	13	2	0	S. J. Buck	0	15	0
J. C. Band	11	17	0	W. H. C. Binns	0	5	0
W. Jones	8	17	0	E. Bright	0	5	0
C. H. Turnor	7	12	0	M. O. Sarson	0	5	0
E. Buckley	5	5	0	E. B. Webb (Bath Road)	5	5	0
G. Poole	4	13	0	H. E. D. Bearle (Vegetarian)	3	3	0
F. D. McCann	4	4	0	J. E. Brown (Liverpool Pembroke)	2	2	0
F. C. Lowcock	3	12	0	C. Moss (M.C. and A.C.)	1	18	6
W. Royle	3	8	0	Two Attendance Prizes	0	15	0
E. Webb	2	12	0					
R. T. Rudd	1	1	0					
F. Oppenheimer	1	0	0					
							£81	16	6

F. D. McCANN, Editor.

ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB.

FORMED MARCH, 1879.

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

MONTHLY CIRCULAR.

FIXTURES FOR DECEMBER, 1910.

	LIGHT UP AT
Dec. 3rd—Hunts Cross (Hunts' Cross Hotel).....	4-55 p.m.
.. 10th—Hoylake (Green Lodge)	4-53 p.m.
.. 12th—Committee Meeting (St. George's Restaurant, 7 p.m.)	
.. 17th—Hunts Cross (Hunts Cross Hotel).....	4-52 p.m.
.. 24th—Warrington (Patten Arms)	4-56 p.m.
.. 26th—Knutsford (Lord Eldon, Dinner at 1-30 p.m.).....	4-57 p.m.
.. 31st—Chester (Talbot).....	5-0 p.m.

Alternative Runs for Manchester Section:-

Dec. 3rd—Whipping Stocks (Mainwaring Arms)	
.. 10th—Knutsford (Lord Eldon)	
.. 17th—Mobberley (Roabuck)	
.. 31st—Goostrey (Red Lion)	
Full Moon, 16th inst. Of use from 11th to 19th.	

Secretary's Notes.

74, COTTON EXCHANGE BUILDINGS,

LIVERPOOL.

The Annual General Meeting will take place early in January. Any member having any subject to bring forward, must send particulars to me and I will have same entered on the Agenda.

Mr. Geo. Theakstone has been elected a member of the Entertainment Committee.

The meeting place for Boxing Day run will be the Abbey Hotel, Broad Green. The party will start at 10.30 a.m. sharp.

Applications for membership. Mr. G. A. Pruddah, Rowson Mount, New Brighton; proposed by R. E. Prichard, and seconded by H. M. Buck, and Mr. T. Royden, Willow Bank, Willow Bank Road, Devonshire Park, Birkenhead; proposed by W. P. Cook, and seconded by C. Blackburn.

A. P. JAMES, Hon. Sec.

Mems.

Have you been to Olympia? If not, you have missed seeing excellent photos of the Baron, labelled "The Surprise of the 1910 Season," and "The most prolific record breaker of the year." Well! well! "Aquatic pursuits" must take a back seat now and the remarkable pedestrian feats now being accomplished must mean "training à la Holbein," and result in even greater success on the road in 1911. More power to you, Baronial one.

"New Brighton Triplets, Limited" doesn't seem to materialise very quickly. There has been plenty of talk about coming out for many weeks past. Perhaps they are practising in secret and will astonish us all (and incidentally all who see them) when they do.

Extract from the "C.T.C. Gazette."—Dec. 9, Lantern Lecture, Mr. W. A. Lowcock, on "Impressions of French Life, Manners and Customs." We wonder if Billy Lowcock could be induced to give us an *expurgated* edition of this Lecture at one of our Winter fixtures? No doubt we could do without the Lantern, if The Master would employ his wonderful histrionic powers and illustrate the manners and customs in Costume! But we cannot stand such strong diet as C.T.C.-ites can and hope they will not "call everything by its proper name"!

Once again we would appeal to the Manchester Members to forward an account (no matter how short) of their section runs.

We have recently enjoyed the pleasure of having Neason among us again, when he was over spending a week's holiday in Liverpool en famille. Neason joined the Kafe Konklave, and seemed particularly pleased at the opportunity it gave him of meeting the newer men like the Baron and McCann as well as the old Timers. One suggestion that Neason made strikes us as a good one. It is that our exiles in London should meet once a year and fraternise at the festive board. We have members scattered in the London district, and although so near they are yet so far from each other that they practically never meet. Neason suggests a yearly gathering, for a quiet simple dinner, so that they can keep in touch with each other, and cement their bonds to the good old Club. It only wants someone to take the matter up, and organise such a gathering, and we are sure it would grow into a successful Annual Gathering, at which occasionally some of us from Liverpool or Manchester might join in. What say you Pa White? Why not organise the first, with our only Life Member in the Chair?

Fulton still holds the "100" R.R.A. tricycle record, H. G. Cook's claim having been rejected, the distance covered not being full distance.

Warrington, 29th October.

" . . . For Montrase taught us long ago
The ways of Warrentown are Ion."—*The Master.*"

I pen these lines as I sit in my little cabin on board the good ship "Masterful," bound on a perilous voyage to Southampton. Without the wind howls and the sea is running high and our good ship is "torn by the waves

and tost." Within is a horrible notice which faces me as I write, threatening me with dire penalties should I have the temerity to smoke or use a naked light; the day is dark, the port-window small and dirty, and the lights are low; my pen has a tendency to wander on the paper. But I think I hear you say, as you read, what has this all to do with Warrington? Well, I'll tell you. I was there, and promised "Tonal" I would write him something and although so long ago I find it a balm to my guilty conscience on a somewhat dreary Sunday. Warrington is a "run" of great possibilities, for there are so many ways of getting there. As one of the "Out of work for the moment brigade," I found myself starting at 12 o'clock and enjoying a very pleasant run through Northwich and Knutsford; but I think something must have gone wrong with the usual "round the earth" party as Johnny Band had, apparently, not done it, whilst Harold Band, who had, looked like an animated plaster-cast. He blames the "pagankook," who was doing the job on a trike. Tommy Royden, a prospective member, but an old friend, was also out on the long trip. The Smart Set were somewhere else, but Jack Marchanton and the "Doctor" turned in with some friends, which makes us wish they would do it a little oftener. The pièce de resistance, however, was the unannounced arrival of the Emperor of Germany, clean-shaven. Chacun à son gout, el Capitan, but fawn spats would have given more tone to the tout ensemble. I needn't expatiate on the merits of Boiled Leg of Mutton or Steak and Kidney Pie, suffice it to say, 28 men did 'em in, in very short order. The scrap home at night was all that could be desired. Worth, Turnor, and James week-ended at Sandbach and there met F. H., who, I believe, was not quite sure where the run was to.

Hunts Cross, 5th November.

Arriving at the Hotel, tired and weary after a hard plug in the teeth of a regular full gale (S.W. by N. & E.), was extremely glad to find a soft-cushioned seat. I am beginning to think that bicycle saddles are stuffed with nails and scrap-iron. Anyhow, it is rather wonderful how soon one forgets one's little troubles. I was simply astounded to find so many of the "hard riding" Anfielders taking a mean advantage of the Central Station at 8d. return: Shame!! with dusty roads and perfect going. How is it so? 'Nuff sed! The evening started with the usual Hunt's Cross groaning board, and the way the victuals disappeared—at least from my observations—the Anfielder's appetites have not suffered. The new carver—who, by the way, had the cheek to take the President's seat—had a good time looking after the hungry wolves around him. After clearing the boards, Fireworks seemed to be the order of the day. If those persons had wasted their money on popguns it would have been much more pleasant for those who were about to entertain vocally. Anyhow, "boys will be boys"—bless 'em. The Club has a class of songster to be proud of. For instance; Prichard has developed into a first-class sentimental singer; his voice is of good quality, and with a little bit of training, would put some of the "star turns" in the shade. Now then, Ernest, don't get a swelled head; for mind, it's only paper twaddle this, and it is very easy to

knock a chap off his high horse. George Poole is a budding artiste. Bentley was very fierce with his sentimental items, and he had a grand audience in "Lowie"; I thought he (Lowie) was going to "crack up" altogether; if only a humorist could amuse so well, his success in life would be assured. Toft came out all "O.K." again, after a long rest.

Old Mr. Kuser is a perfect marvel; look to yourselves, Irvings, Trees, etc., etc. I hear the old Liver Building is to be turned into a theatre: how would a stock Company, headed by Old Chas., pay? Last, but by no means least, the inimitable Theaky excelled himself.

In the unavoidable absence of our esteemed President, the Captain filled the Chair very well, but I think he, or rather the Entertainment Committee, should have called upon one or two more of the crowd present, such as Knipe, Dave Fell, etc. One thing, we must not forget to give due praise to the gentleman who presided at the piano. It was one of the best evenings, I think, ever spent at Hunt's Cross, thanks to the Firework Merchants.

Chester, 12th November.

We might quite well take this run as marking the commencement of winter, the state of the weather and roads being the reverse of summery. A strong breeze from the South-east was blowing, accompanied by drizzling rain, which made the roads very heavy. Nevertheless, some members maintained that it was not raining, "Oh no! it never rains."

Of course, the weather conditions reacted on the attendance, which was thirteen, A.B.C. number again!

Mercer, en route home from the Motor Show, "up in town," broke his journey to put in a run and Edwards, who had found riding conditions up Llandegla way rather heavy, had a relapse, arriving somewhat late. On recent runs he has been early and we all thought he had reformed. Cook toured round via Hope and Wrexham finding the going from the latter place very fast and easy. After the customary sumptuous repast, enlivened by the "wit" of a certain member, and during which a gentleman walked into the room, whom we were welcoming as Chem, when we found it was his double, the meeting broke up, some making for the rattler, James and Bunchy for Little Budworth, there to meet some Manchester men and the remainder home via Hinderton.

E. D. McCANN, Editor.