

ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB.

FORMED MARCH, 1879.

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

MONTHLY CIRCULAR.

FIXTURES FOR JANUARY, 1914.

	Light up at
Jan. 3.—Hunts Cross, (Hunts Cross Hotel)	5-7 p.m.
.. 8.—ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING, St. George's Restaurant, 6-30 p.m.	
.. 10.—Hinderton (Shrewsbury Arms)	5-16 p.m.
.. 12.—Committee Meeting, St. George's Restaurant, 7 p.m.	
.. 17.—Halewood (Derby Arms)	5-27 p.m.
.. 24.—Chester (Bull and Stirrup)	5-39 p.m.
.. 31.—Warrington (Patten Arms)	5-50 p.m.
Alternative Run for Manchester Memlrs.—	
.. 10.—Whipping Stocks (Mainwaring Arms)	5-16 p.m.

16, Croxteth Grove,
Liverpool.

Committee Notes.

The Annual General Meeting will be held on Thursday, 8th January, at the St. George's Restaurant, Redcross Street, Liverpool, at 6.30 p.m., prompt. Members having any subjects to bring forward must send me word of their intention *not later than 31st December* so that I may enter same on the Agenda. It is hoped to have a full attendance.

At the last Committee Meeting the resignation of Mr. H. B. Saunders was accepted with regret.

F. D. McCANN,
Hon. Secretary.

MEMS.

We are informed by our Scouts in Marine Underwriting circles that The Baron, whom we are all looking forward to seeing this coming year, has again appeared in a new role. This time he was the purchaser of the s.s. "Templemore," for when the salvaged wreck was put up for auction it was knocked down to "R. A. Fulton, Esq., of New York City—By Gum, Sir, and a Gentleman."

The latest news of The Baron is of a somewhat startling and surprising character, for he has "broken out in a new spot." After taking up the Secretaryship of the British Schools Club, which is a social organisation in New York for men who have been educated in the Public Schools of England, and which indulges in frequent reunion dinners, Fulton's engagement to Miss L'Hommedieu, of South Orange, was announced on Thanksgiving Day. Heartiest congratulations are hereby tendered to the Happy Pair.

RUNS.

Hunts Cross, 6th December.

"Please, may I write the article this week?" Can you imagine Zam's face when this was said to him! I really believe that if someone appeared before the Committee and asked to be allowed to serve as Secretary next year he could not cause more surprise! However, it is a pleasure for me to write these lines as I was an enthusiastic contributor years ago—in days when Henneck was in his prime, and the wily Mossos was the idol of us all. But away with anecdotage!

For myself, increasing girth, and other complaints compelled me to join the train party. (Though, if Cammell-Lairds can only launch my new "super-cycle" by 1916, I may complete a "50" yet!) Still I often think the short journeys to and from Hunts Cross are by no means the least enjoyable parts of the evening.

The run was attended by 41—35 members and 6 friends, of which last we were particularly pleased to welcome Captain Murray again. Of the cyclists, Turnor, Webb and H. Green came from Manchester, and Cook and Royden round the universe, but not seeing each other en route. Teddy Edwards arrived early, but perhaps his new shoes gave him a turn of speed.

As to the food, well, it was Hilditchian—than which no more can be said. Boiled turkeys, steak, etc., disappeared in noble style.

Dave Fell took the chair, and from Mr. Brewerton's opening we knew at once that we had something very special in the way of pianists. I hear, by the way, that he performed wonders at the second house. Mr. Kermod then entertained us with two finely rendered songs.

I think I may say that the "star" of the evening was Mr. Olsen, who gave us some splendid solos and is clearly a really fine violinist. Chem enunciated the titles to me next morning in some fruity foreign tongue, and took the opportunity to remind me that a real artist like Mr. Olsen must not be expected to play ragtime selections.

Our old friends Andrews and Newall need no further praise in these articles. Suffice it to say that they were as clever, as obliging, and as welcome as ever. George's "drinking song" in particular had an immediate effect in our corner, only he apparently did *not* "hear us calling him."

Chem gave us a splendidly delivered new recitation—"Smiting the Rock." Some of us thought it a little bit involved, but doubtless after we've heard it a few times more we shall understand. Then, after "Coming Home," we all enjoyed the Jew Stories. But we want the mandoline *as well*, Chem.

"Of all your good turns I have seen,
My joy always greatest has been
when you squirm with such feeling,
Roll your eyes at the ceiling,
And tinkle your old mandoline."

Sorry, Chem!

Theaky, considerably using the spare piano, gave us "Surgie." I don't know whether it is because it came out fresh again or whether George rendered it better than ever, but I don't think we ever laughed so much

over the adventures of the "Liverpool Buck." The same remark perhaps also applies to the "conjuring show," which went splendidly.

We were all delighted to hear that Bentley had been "given up" (as hopelessly convalescent) by the doctors, and was downstairs again. The sooner we see you the better, Ted!

Urgent business called me to town by the 9.5, but I understand the second house was a great success. However, my space is nearly full, and I approach my last paragraph with some diffidence, and considerable awe of the blue pencil.

We certainly owe a great debt of gratitude to our artistes, and to the Keizerette, who must have been to very great trouble, but I am sure he will pardon an old friend when I say that I am not alone in thinking that part of the programme was just a bit too classical for a Hunts Cross smoker. Certainly some of the items were wonderfully rendered, but how many of us are sufficiently musical to appreciate them as they undoubtedly deserve to be appreciated? I wonder! And isn't it all a little bit inclined to frighten off some of our own talent?

However, we all had a splendid evening, and I'm sure that's all the Keizerette and everyone else wanted.

Whilst not attempting to evade responsibility for publication, I must remind members that the opinions of contributors have not necessarily editorial endorsement, nor does the Editor undertake to vouch for the accuracy of any statements; for instance, what can I reasonably be expected to know of the state of Chem's tongue "the next morning!" And besides can I reasonably be expected to interfere with "copy" from a man who actually offers to write an account?

S.J.B.

Chester, 13th December.

Seventeen members put in an appearance at the "Bull and Stirrup" in time to help to remove the table decorations and food.

It is hard to understand the poor attendance when such a fine day came along in the middle of the last month in the year.

Our new member, Warburton, was out, and said he had had a nice ride down with Green.

From remarks at the top of the table I gathered that some of our enthusiasts had difficulty in getting through a horde of the Manchester section of the C.T.C., who were on the way to the Ancient City.

Around the fire after the removal, Cook and Mac informed the assemblage that they were off to Prestatyn to do some rock tapping or was it table rapping? They left early and were not long gone before there was another clearance and the "perfect" bicycle was discussed by Turnor and Band. I think Band won on points. Referee—Mr. B. S. Hay.

A post-card was handed in from Britten regretting his absence—he was busy at the pump-room, Harrogate—"Honi soit."

I trust the Manchester party had no more trouble; they were commenting on narrow section rims, etc., in the stable when we left.

J. SEED, Jr.

Warrington, 20th December.

Perhaps the condition of the main roads between Liverpool and Warrington on the occasion of the last run to the Patten Arms scared some members, but as a matter of fact, it was this time in much better condition. At any rate, when tea was announced we numbered only 15, but later arrivals swelled the number to 19, the last to arrive being (not Edwards) Hodges, who had been at business until five o'clock. Teddy could not be blamed for not being absolutely last, as he was very late. When he appeared at about 6.20 we were discussing his probable route.

Preston, Wigan, Llandegla and Cuddington all being mentioned, but he confounded the prophets by travelling out via *New Brighton* and Chester. Cook and Band were the only others who came out via Chester, and I believe they returned that way. At least they started and Jack Seed made up his mind to go with them to Chester, but he surprised us by reappearing at the Patten Arms within half an hour. It appears that when Johnny, who had left a few seconds in front of Cook and Seed, discovered the latter two on his back wheel at about Wilderspool he promptly lit a fire and as Jack "wanted to ride home not to fly," he decided to return via Liverpool at a more sedate pace. I presume he did, for when I left at about 8 o'clock he was one of the remaining half dozen keeping the fire warm. The crowd had quickly thinned after tea, as several men were in a hurry to reach home, and others descended to billiards.

S. J. BUCK,
Editor.

Stop Press.

It appears Seed was mistaken over "the fire." The cyclist was a blocker-pants merchant who refused to make way for the bald-headed old gentleman on the tricycle and lighted a fire which was put out at the Ship Canal bridge. The canal bridge was closed and Johnny Band found waiting there. After some delay waiting for Seed to come up, Band proceeded to Chester and the Paganone returned half way to Warrington "looking for Jack," the result being that he had to plow his own furrow without the advantages of either Band's back wheel or gas lamp, or Seed's company.

The "Liverpool Echo" of 20th inst. published the following news item:—

ANFIELD RECORD-HOLDER BOOKS TWO-SEATER.

Robert A. Fulton is a well-known name among the Anfield cyclists ("What ho! Baron?"), for besides holding the tricycle record between Liverpool and the Metropolis, he is a fellow of infinite story. They will, therefore, be pleased to read the following announcement from an American paper:—

Mr. and Mrs. Sylvester Y. L'Hommedieu, of Montrose Avenue, South Orange, N.J., have announced the engagement of their daughter, Miss Augusta D. L'Hommedieu, to R. Arthur Fulton, of Liverpool, England. No date has been set for the wedding.

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FIXTURES FOR FEBRUARY, 1914.

	Light up at
Feb. 7.—Hunts Cross (Hunts Cross Hotel)	5-55 p.m.
„ 9.—Committee Meeting, St. George's Restaurant, 7 p.m.	
„ 14.—Hinderton (Shrewsbury Arms)	6-7 p.m.
„ 21.—Warrington (Patten Arms)	6-16 p.m.
„ 28.—Chester (Bull and Stirrup), and Week-end, Hawkstone Park	6-30 p.m.
Alternate Run for Manchester Section.	
„ 28.—Mobberley (Roebuck)	

16, Croxteth Grove,
Liverpool.

Committee Notes.

The following was the principal business transacted at the last Meeting:—

DELEGATES TO THE R.R.A.—E. Bright and H. W. Keizer were appointed.

DELEGATES TO THE N.R.R.A.—F. D. McCann and G. Stephenson were appointed.

HANDICAPPING AND COURSE COMMITTEE.—W. P. Cook, E. Edwards, F. D. McCann, G. Stephenson and W. R. Toft were appointed.

EDITOR OF THE CIRCULAR.—Lionel Cohen was appointed.

REVISION OF THE LIST OF MEMBERS.—The name of W. R. Oppenheimer was transferred to the Honorary List. The name of W. Royle was struck off the List for Non-Payment of Subscriptions.

RESIGNATION.—The Resignation of G. L. Grimsdell was accepted.

REVISION OF THE RULES FOR COMPETITION.—The words at the end of Prize Rule No. 12 “subsequent to 1910” were altered to “subsequent to his election.”

INVITATION “24.”—It was decided that the Prizes for this Event should be of a value of Five, Three and Two Guineas.

ALBRIGHTON "100."—It was decided that this competition should be revived, and that a Prize of Three Guineas should be awarded to the member doing the best performance in 1914 over the special course.

NEW ADDRESSES.—L. G. Fletcher, 39, Newman Street, London, W.; W. L. George, 59, Willowbank Road, Devonshire Park, Birkenhead; C. H. Woodroffe, 5, Ascot Road, Belgrave, Leicester; David Rowatt, 4, Barton Heys Road, Formby.

F. D. McCANN,

Hon. Secretary.

MEMS.

One of "our scouts," to wit, Johnnie Sunter, reports, after a recent visit to Bettws that the "Glan Aber" has been fitted with electric light throughout!—there will now be no failure of the light on Sunday evenings. The writing room on the right of the entrance has been thrown open to the hall and made into a lounge and a door cut through from it into the drawing room. It is said, unofficially, that the only thing now wanting is—sh! don't let everybody hear—a supply of good b . . . r!

The "Albrighton '100'" is to be given a trial again this year. Briefly, for the benefit of new members the scheme is as follows: A course has been mapped out starting near Chester and going straight away through Whitchurch and Newport to Albrighton and back to near the start, thus requiring few or no checkers. The timing will be done gratuitously by certain members, and checking signatures must be obtained at the Raven (both ways), and at Albrighton. Standard Medals will be awarded in accordance with the lists in the Handbook and for the best performance during 1914 a Special Prize of the value of £3 3/- will be given. The competition was dropped in 1909 for want of support; it rests with the racing members to decide whether the Committee are justified in resurrecting it. 'Nuff-sed. Full particulars and checking cards may be had from Mac.

NOTA BENE.

The after tea portion of the next fixture at Hunts Cross—the last of the present winter—is to be a REAL OLD-FASHIONED MEMBERS' EVENING. With one or two exceptions, the whole of the Committee, at the January Meeting, threatened to do something (or somebody). So come in your thousands, but if you do, let the Secretary know in advance, or food may run short! Some real "stars" have promised to sheeine, and as one says in Wigan—"it ought to be 'some' night." Come with your singing voices and bring your instruments (hammers and crowbars barred!).

* As an irresponsible scribe I am sure to be overwhelmed with writs for libel. My solicitors, Messrs. Langford and Johnson, have promised to give personal attention and guaranteed satisfaction to all delinquents (?).

Exchequer's Notes.

The Hon. Treasurer is now sitting at the receipt of custom, and is open to accept subscriptions and donations to the Prize Fund—up to any amount and at the shortest notice (no doot!!.—Ed.) Donations to the Prize Fund have already been received from W. P. Cook and J. Park, while the following (who were present at the A.G.M.) have signified their intention of contributing: G. B. Mercer, S. J. Buck, E. Edwards, G. Poole and H. Poole. The Hon. Treasurer will be glad to hear from other gentlemen willing to do likewise.

The ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING, 8th January, 1914.

The Meeting opened at 6-40 p.m., President Fell in the Chair, supported by Knipe and McCann, 24 members in all being present. This number was eventually increased to 34. The first business was the appointment of two

scrutineers, Sunter and Cotter being delegated to act. The minutes of the last A.G.M. were taken as read and we then settled down to hear Mac read an excellent resume of the Club's activities during 1913. A small increase in the attendance compared with the last year or two was reported, but, like Oliver Twist, Mac "asked for more." Let us hope he will get it! He also reported an increase in the numbers taking part in the Club Races—a total of fifteen in 1913, as compared with nine in the preceding year—a very healthy sign this; let us try to enable him to report 25 next time. After the Report was adopted a discussion followed as to the practicability and desirability of printing and circulating the Honorary Secretary's Report before the A.G.M., a suggestion made by Britten and seconded by H. M. Buck. Opinion was fairly evenly divided, but the majority were not in favour of the idea. Then Knipe told us, with all the usual details, that we were exactly £2 better off than at this time last year, and, after the accounts were passed, Rowatt as auditor, commented on the absence of the value of the stock of Badges from the List of Assets and the inclusion of Subscriptions for 1914. Knipe professed to be a babe at book-keeping (excepting, perhaps, library books), but promised to look into these matters this year. Rowatt in reply stated the books were excellent and that these items had for many years been similarly treated. Britten then proposed that the Honorary Treasurer's Statement be printed and circulated before the meeting, and Knipe promised that next year, if still Treasurer, he would have a few copies on the tables at the meeting to enable us to follow the figures more easily—a good idea. The usual resolution re subscription was then moved by Knipe, seconded by Conway, and duly passed, when we proceeded to the first of the special items on the Agenda, Knipe's proposition re Proxy Voting. Before actually discussing this the proxies before the meeting were questioned; great controversy arose over several of the proxy forms, in two cases the stamps had not been cancelled, thus rendering the proxies invalid, and in another the wording was open to very serious exception, but, by 13 votes to 12, it was decided to allow them. Knipe having moved, and James seconded, the resolution appearing in the name of the former, a long discussion ensued, and when it was proposed as an amendment by Cook, seconded by Mercer, "That Proxy Voting be not allowed," several members considered that the Meeting would be exceeding its powers in passing such drastic amendment. However, it was held that, as the Rule was "in the melting pot," it was competent for us to amend in any way and eventually the amendment was carried. Without desiring to give offence to anyone, it is my opinion that the serious abuses of the principal of Proxy Voting practiced of late years has brought about this result, which, by the way, is rather hard on those who live at a distance. It was thought by some that it was better to retain a rule in this negative way instead of wiping it out altogether, as it would prevent the question of Proxy Voting being resurrected a few years hence. The next item was passed practically without discussion, and intending members must now send "five bob" with their application forms. We then heard the pros and cons of Turnor's motion re the "100," which was lost, one member saying he would vote against it but would have supported a motion to delete the Anti-Advertising Clause from the card for the "100," but the A.A. Clause was not before the meeting, whilst several undoubtedly voted against it, although in sympathy, as the Club has persued a definite new policy for the past two years, and with all the principal clubs promoting open events havng now come into line. One point was claimed by the supporters of the present method, viz., that it enabled the whole committee (and not merely the handicappers, as in the previous years) to have the opportunity of exercising their right to refuse any entry, but as Band pointed out the entries could be made to be returnable early enough in either case to enable them to come before the whole Committee. It was next decided to make the "24" in 1914 an Invitation Race, confined to clubs in the territory governed by the N.R.R.A., as proposed by Stephenson, any members in touch with likely entrants please note. The Officers and Committee were then elected and, with the usual reservation as to himself, deponent thinks

it a very good body, in whose hands, if the members generally loyally support the Executive, the Club should prosper in 1914. It would certainly be strengthened by the inclusion of such men as Worth, Poole, Cody, Buckley, etc., but although we aim at the ideal, we must be satisfied with the best possible under the circumstances. Fell is once again to rule us, both in Committee and at General Meetings, with Mercer and Turnor to uphold him as Vice-presidents. Stephenson, described by his proposer as "a real Anfielder of the right sort," takes over the duties of Captain, and is to be assisted by J. Seed and Collins. We may once again pay our Subs. to Knipe (or any branch of the North and South Wales Bank, by the way), while if you want to write any letters on Club business, Mac's the one to address them to. The Committee is formed of the following, with of course, the above Officers, *ex officio*:—J. C. Band, S. J. Buck, Lionel Cohen, Cook, Edwards H. W. Keizer and Toft. The retiring Auditors, C. J. Conway and D. C. Rowatt, were re-elected. I remember our new Skipper making a proposition as per item No. 10 on the Agenda, but not No. 11, and I suppose he must have covered the whole ground in one. However, the Racing Programme differs this year in two respects from 1913, in that we are to hold an extra "50," making probably two before Whitsuntide, and the "24" as already reported, is to be an Invitation Event. Then the charges for feeding expenses in the "12" and "24" were settled, and it was decided to increase the value of the Special Prize for Members annexing an outside held R.R.A. Record from three guineas to five. Next, although Theakstone threatened to break the sequence, Charlie Conway proposed, as for the last 100 years or so, that the Club Tour at Easter be to Bettws—carried. For the All-Night Ride Penrith was decided upon, although Carlisle had substantial support. The August Tour is to be in Ireland as last year, and we hope to figure as prominently in the Irish Road Club's "100" as in '13. Cook reported that Del Strother again offered his Special Prize, and it was decided to award it, as in the past, for the best performance by a First-Claim Anfielder in the "100." The thanks of the Meeting were accorded to Del Strother, and round about 10-30 p.m. we closed the meeting after the passing of votes of thanks to the Chairman, Officers, Auditors, Scrutineers, etc., etc. "Any other business being discussed and washed downstairs."

RUNS.

Knutsford, December 26th, 1913.

"I hear you calling me
To the Eldon, Lord Eldon, glorious Eldon."
(Vide Talento Hunts Crossorum).
With Le Plus grand apologies.

What again? Ay, verily and the same to you (only larger). Mr. Mawr Conway, who was an early arrival, on meeting that young lad Teddy Teds, would not be convinced that the latter respected personage had been to bed, for was he not again early—2 times since '41. If I had not heard someone say "Merry Christmas" I would have kept on thinking it was Easter, owing chiefly to the excellent wet rain with which we were favoured. More arrivals, and what ho! more ale. After careful adjustment of the eyebrows I sighted that Treasurer Fellah, Cody, Teddy Worth (in 2 pairs of knickers), Toft, Rowatt (in 2 waistcoats), H. Poole, Brother-in-law, Joimes of Williams fame, Buckley, Crow, Oh! and thousands of others all stamped on every link Genelman!—making a total of 31, which included 2 visitors. I heard a voice say Moss Jorris or something similar. Well, he was with Jarge Mercer and is to all appearances a nold Anfielder. The Kettle fra' Sheffield was with us, and of course Carpenter, who, fresh from his success at the N.S.C., had again been using his right and left from Brum, which he left in the early morn, roughly speakin! Why not make use of Crewe, Eh? Carpenter landed when everybody was partaking of nourishment. What a feed! Cohen has lost his appetite, Stevey was bulging at the eyes, and in fact you could not hear anything barring the crunching of molars. The sub-captains were on the scene collecting very

early, chiefly in anticipation of a last chance of a cheap week-end: result—nowt made but A Merry New Christmas, and what about my change? Mahon, I hear, has been round corners on his trichicycle and was relating his experiences thereof, and then there were wisperings of comin' home through Chester. No damnye No! 'Tis better to be knackered and whacked than to be wiped out habolutely, papa!! Still there were quite a lot of victims for this via Chester biz., and I have the very pleasant knowledge that each and everyone suffered somewhat from the refreshing moisture which dropped as a gentle dew, etc. Its a lie!! Sieving operations were in progress in the yard and the Chester scheme consisting of Band, Bunloaf Seed (sorry Jack), Cook, Mac, Royden, Edwards and Kettle, packed off (what they found en route can better be related from personal interviews). Oh! ho! Rain? Imposs. Billy Toft and the President chap were pushed off as pacers to Hy. Poole and Mercer; what they did with them I've not yet heard. Brother-in-law had gone to Warrington; he got wet, Cook got wet, Mac got wet, en fac they all got wet. Strooth. The Manchester section, after a discussion as to the best position to wear a C.T.C. badge, shunted, and all that was left was a real, nice, handsome and most select party, consisting of Mr. Buckley, Mr. Crow, Mr. Worth and the 2 sub-captains. Every subject, Bikes, Trikes, Foxes, Commercial, was "resuscitated" (got it Buck), vivisected and washed down. Stevey was nearly asleep 4 times; Crow felt sleepy and the game of thimble wimble still progressed. Stevey and Cohen were either going to Congleton or Sandbach. Eight o'clock and we all got a move on. Where to remains to be heard. Ets a fac that the only two hard riders, to wit, the sub-captains—after an extensive tour reached the "Whipping Stocks" for tea (?) and that good old Teddy had both pairs of knickers saturated.

Now my head is clear I recollect seeing "glad hose" on Charlie Conway, the combination of cigars Poolerowattos were very nice too, old Green didn't seem pleased he had to go home to tea, and it was darned hard work pushenemalong from the "Stocks" to Moreton against the elements, which were of a very narsty karacter.

"ELSIE."

Moreton, 27th December, 1915.

The last run of the year perhaps suffered in being held on the day after the—no! not the night before, but the Boxing Day Run. There were but nineteen members and one friend out, and the majority of these had come by very short and easy ways. Probably the unsettled state of the weather had something to do with it, but probably having been out all day the preceding day had more. I do not know the routes taken by many of the crowd but I do know, to my cost, that taken by three of us. In an unguarded moment on the way back from Knutsford I had suggested Wrexham for luncheon for those who were taking part of Saturday morning off, and on arriving at Cook's house I learned that Edwards had just phoned to say that he would meet us there, so the job had to be done. Edwards promised to be there not later than 2 p.m. We did not arrive at the "Wynnstay," with over an hour's start of Edwards, until a quarter before that hour, and after feeding and waiting we decided that Edwards had given it up and had fed somewhere on the way, and that we had better make a start for Moreton; it was then just on 3 p.m. It was not to be, as we met Edwards as we went out, and of course waited for him to "feed his face," with the result that it was 3-40 p.m. before we left, with the long journey to Moreton to be done before 6 p.m. In addition to doing the journey I was also "done;" nevertheless we reached the tea place but five minutes late, to find everybody hard at work. Between Arrow and Upton we encountered a terrific hailstorm, which, with the high wind, made seeing to steer nearly impossible, and right glad I was, for one, to reach the hospitable shelter of "Bill Hale's," and to wrap myself round plenty of his good wife's steak pie and other delicacies.

Marion, 27th December, 1913.

Days of festivity are *not* an ideal preparation for cycling, and when two of them immediately precede a Saturday, one is apt to find the temptation to "slack" rather strong, and to wonder whether it is really worth while to turn out in a storm of hail and sleet to attend a Club run. It must be admitted that the weather conditions were not quite perfect. Variety is the spice of life, but when the variety takes the form of hail and sleet with intervals of fine weather, a biting cold wind being the only constant factor, one might put up with less of it. To all these untoward circumstances must be ascribed the fact that the company at Marion numbered five only. The Mullah and Green Minor made a short detour, picking up Green Major en route; Mahon ran round the earth and Hodges plugged direct from town, having been on duty until nearly 5 o'clock. After tea and the usual chat, the party left together, four for home and Hodges for his country cottage up in the hills to lead the simple life for a day or two. The weather was more varied on the homeward journey—in addition to the other phenomena we had snow. But let us look on the bright side—there was a gratifying scarcity of clockwork buzz-waggons on the roads.

H.G.

Hunts Cross, January 3rd, 1914.

I started out alone with every prospect of a peaceful ride, but standing outside the "Bull and Stirrup," Chester, I espied Johnny Band *on rays and timber*, so you can imagine the rest. The Warrington road was very heavy, but a burst tyre at Helsby gave me a respite, and we reached Halton to learn that H. Green had "gone 10 minutes" and that the Transporter *was* working. We had evidently passed Edwards refreshing himself in Frodsham, but I was "too busy" to see his machine outside Bibby's. However, we just managed to miss the 5-0 Transporter which Edwards was on board, and had to walk over the bridge, but Johnny kept getting them round to such good effect that he caught Edwards before Hunts Cross. As for myself I was content to stay with the Mullah and Webb, whom we overtook at the end of the race track, and by Halebank we three overtook Dr. Watson and Sherlock Holmes—I mean Stephenson—and at last the portals of Hunts Cross were reached. There were no motors in the yard, and comparatively few cycles in the stable, but when the dining room was reached I found the usual crowd ready for the fray, and the way the famous Hot-pots, not to mention steak and chickens with trimmings, disappeared was a sight for sore eyes. There were 40 competitors (31 members and 9 friends), and I understand Sunter was first and fastest, although closely pushed by many other valiant trenchermen. While decks were being cleared (this nautical expression has to be worked in for the benefit of Captains Murray and Park, we had time to examine what appeared to be a design for an Oppenheimer mosaic, but which turned out to be Mac's novel attendance register, from which we saw that H. Green with 50 and Band with 49 had fought a close fight for the attendance prizes, and we were glad to know that with a high of 52 and a low of 14 the average worked out at 25.529, or nearly 2 better than last year's. Then Dave Fell sat on the edge of a table and we began the programme so excellently arranged by Knipe. When I tell you that the star turns were our ever welcome old friends, Messrs. Workman, Sammy Mann, Thomas and Hignett, you will realise what a treat we had. Mr. Workman started the ball rolling with a pianoforte solo of a popular nature, somewhat hampered by the stiffness of the mechanism for changing gears. Mr. Mann followed with "Will o' the Wisp" and "For ever and For Ever" in his own inimitable style; Mr. Hignett gave us quite a bunch of popular ragtimes, and Mr. Thomas very sweetly rendered "Somewhere a Voice is Calling" and "Jean upon the Uplands." Indeed Messrs. Mann and Thomas were so delightfully willing that it will suffice if I give a list of their items. Mr. Mann sang: "The Bells of Ely," "Training a Sailor," "I Fear No Foe," "Gentle Maiden," "The Bells," "Cockles and Mussels," "Mandalay," "Ho, Ho, Hear the Wild Wind Blow," "The Old Black Mare," "The Devout Lover,"

"Jan's Courtship," and "Phil the Fluter's Ball," and Mr. Thomas further charmed us with "Sally in Our Alley," "Take a Pair of Sparkling Eyes," "Red Devon by the Sea," "I Hear You Calling Me," and "Tom Bowling," while as a tandem pair nicking perfectly they gave us "Love and War," "Tenor and Baritone," and "I Wish to Tune by Quivering Lyre." To show that "our own talent" was not frightened off, Dave Fell gave us "Razors in the Air" with great gusto, Knipe recited "MacBrae's Mission" in 14 different languages, Jim Park played three times (on dead reckoning), Zambuck recited "The Bargee," and Hubert Roskell made us all roar with laughter over his "Little Pet Dog Sarah" (found in a china shop) with its dangerous tongue twisting chorus—not to mention the Paganone who inflicted "The Massacre of Macpherson" (with apologies to Pa White) for the sake of the chorus, which knackered the participants before the end of the 149 verses. Finally, after "Auld Lang Syne," we wended our various ways home feeling greatly indebted to Knipe for arranging such a jolly evening, although I must say I think it was too bad of him to make Mann push him out and home on a tandem—Cody and Mr. Routledge ought to have taken turns with the job.

W. P. C.

Hinderton, January 10th, 1914.

I have many times heard about the "Price of Popularity," and the "Penalties of Fame," and the existence of this was impressively forced upon me at Hinderton, when I was commanded to write an account of the run. The reason given me, why I had been specially selected to perform this responsible duty, was because I am one of the very few members who have up to the present attended every run this year.

Well! to get on with the run. The day was ideal and we ought to have had a muster of at least thirty, instead of which only fourteen members turned up to have their names ticked off by the Hon. Sec. This is certainly *not* as it should be, there are about a dozen men who practically never miss a run, and out of the remaining ninety members of the Club we get an average attendance of about 5 per cent.; surely a little energy on the part of these latter can make a favourable alteration in this matter.

The business of the evening was attended to in a very satisfactory manner, and afterwards every one sat round the fire whilst various interesting subjects and other matters were discussed in a suitable atmosphere. The meeting broke up about 8-30, and as far as I am concerned my journey home was taken under ideal conditions.

Whipping Stocks, January 10th, 1914.

What's the matter with the Manchester Section, anyhow? Passable weather, a rendezvous that has proved popular enough in the past—and yet a turn-out of four only! True, the roads were heavy but the distance was short; true, the quality of the usual beverage is said by connoisseurs to leave something to be desired, but the feeding is always quite up to the mark. One is, therefore, at a loss to understand the small attendance. This is not written in any grumbling spirit, but in the sincere desire to see the Manchester runs the jolly, well-attended functions they ought to be.

And now to business. The rain of the preceding few days had left the roads in some parts rather difficult to negotiate, but fortunately no rain fell during the afternoon. The Mullah and Green Minor were the first to arrive having, for special reasons, made their way almost direct—quite a wrong thing to do, of course. Green Major then put in an appearance, shortly followed by Mahon, who had been for a ride round. The landlord having made preparations which were distinctly more than adequate for the company assembled, a petrol consumer and his companion were invited to join the board and they accepted with alacrity. After a substantial and appetising meal had been dispatched, the whole party adjourned and the said petrol consumer entertained them at the piano and otherwise for the best part of two hours. His repertoire, from grave to gay, was frequently of the most sudden. Lancashire stories, told with a Lancashire burr, and

with a Lancashire immobility of feature, have a humorous appeal quite their own, and this gentleman's goods were a good sample, even though one had a hazy idea that one had heard some of them before in the dim and distant past.

When the parting hour was reached, a brilliant moon rode in the sky, and the faithful four, split into two equal parties, made their several ways homeward under pleasant conditions.

H. G.

Halewood, January 17th, 1914.

Only two of the Manchester section helped at the Derby Arms to do the vanishing trick with the victuals which, by the way and quantity they were served, reminded one of a school boys tea instead of an Anfield guzzle. Nevertheless, some were content, but several were otherwise. A complete party of 22, including 4 walkists, sat around ye festif boards. Later, down in the Chapel, Young Green, altho' he won't admit it, was hopelessly bitten for two and sax by ye noble president, who had disposed to that Green chap a beautiful semi-quarter hunter watch. Needless to say, the profit was very soon gone, for what were the wild waves saying—"He's a jolly good," etc., etc.

The walking party, amongst whom we were all glad to see the Bentley fellah fit and well, left early in order to do an extension round Hunts Cross, and as the writer was also an early departer, for further details you must see small bills.

LIONEL COHEN, Editor.

ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB.

FORMED MARCH, 1879.

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

MONTHLY CIRCULAR.

FIXTURES FOR MARCH, 1914.

		Light up at
March	7.—Daresbury (Ring o' Bells)	6.37 p.m.
"	9.—Committee Meeting, St. George's Restaurant, 7 p.m.	
"	14.—Newburgh (Red Lion)	7.2 p.m.
"	21.—Higher Whitley (Millstone)	7.14 p.m.
"	28.—Chester (Bull and Stirrup)	7.25 p.m.
	Alternative Run for Manchester Members.	
"	14.—Sandbach (Wheatsheaf)	7.2 p.m.

Full Moon, 12th March.

Committee Notes.

16, Croxteth Grove,
Liverpool.

NEW ADDRESSES: J. L. Mahon, 15, Stockton Road, Chorlton-cum-Hardy;
E. A. Woodward, Calle Emilio Mitre, Martinez F.C.C.A., Buenos Ayres.

Members are particularly requested to make a note of the following dates of Club Tours and Races and to keep such dates open if possible:—

First "50"	25th April.
Second "50"	16th May.
Invitation "100"	1st June.
All Night Ride	19/20th June
Invitation "24" Hours	3/4th July.
August Tour	31st July/3rd August.
Final "50"	22nd August
And 12 Hours	5th September.

The First "50" is to be held over a Cheshire Course, and the other "50's" in Shropshire.

H. Collins has resigned his membership of the Manchester Wednesday Club in order to become a First-Claim member of the Anfield B.C.

F. D. McCANN,
Hon. Secretary.

MEMS.

McCann has received (through Billy Owen) a card conveying Christmas Greetings from Mr. J. H. Jones, a former Anfielder, who resigned many years ago. Mr. Jones writes: "Greetings from this far-off land across the seas to old and new members of the Anfield Bicycle Club. I recall to memory the glorious times spent with the dear old Club and would like to hear from some of the Members." His address is McPherson Street, Hamilton, Victoria, Australia.

The following clubs will probably be asked to send representatives to compete in the Invitation "24":—East Liverpool Wheelers, Liberty, North Liverpool Y.M.C.A., Liverpool Pembroke, Walton, Cheadle, Cheadle Hulme, Grosvenor Wheelers, Manchester Wheelers, Manchester Wednesday, Salford Wheelers, Cheshire R.C., Warrington, Kippax, Leeds Albion, Leeds Kirkgate, Leeds R.C., Yorkshire R.C., Sharrow, Sheffield R.C., Halifax R.C., Hull Thursday, Wem, and Birkenhead North End.

It is highly probable that the Race for the Tricycle Trophy will this year be run off in conjunction with the Invitation "100."

The Editor (or so-called) will be very pleased to receive "anything printable," which may be of interest to readers and "glancers" of this circular.

The Hon. Sec. will undoubtedly also be pleased to supply details regarding the "Kingsdale Fifty," which is to be held on June 13th.

RUNS.

Chester (Bull and Stirrup), January 24th.

It is a great pity that the Chester runs do not receive better support, especially considering the trouble we are bound to give during the "24." I cannot say exactly how many were out, but it appeared to me that the muster was small for such a short run.

Four Manchester men, Mahon (trike), Mullah, Young Green on tandem arrived together. Warburton, who had toured the British Isles since breakfast, mentioned such places as Sandbach, Whitchurch, Holmes Chapel, etc. Bentley, whom I was glad to see as fit as ever, gave us one or two of the best from his new repertoire, which had a good audience until somebody mentioned T. The usual rush found Cohen attempting to coax to blazing point, the supposed fire with pepper, salt and sugar (to be correct only sugar was used.—Ed.) The order of the evening, owing to the extreme heat (?) of the room was coats and collars off. Needless to say the order was ignored.

I hope Mr. Editor (eternal gratitude for the Mr.—Ed.) you will forgive the above piffle, but I have been compelled, aye forced, to write quite a lot about nothing. My only real grumble is that the wind was most disgustingly vigorous in the wrong direction on my homeward journey.

P.S.—Jimmy, who was some somewhat late, would insist on saying with truthful intentions, that he'd walked from Hooton (with the help of the motor bus I shouldn't wonder).

Warrington (Patten Arms), January 31st, 1914

Another should have done this. I am only a mother's help—no I mean Editor's. Consequently it will be very short.

There were twenty out. A small party came via Chester and Frodsham, at which place they were met by sundry of the Manchester Merchants, and in all probability a scrap ensued. This is only supposition. Of course I wasn't there.

Teddy Edwards went direct to Warrington and then went for a ride.

I heard rumours of his being only five minutes in front of me, but never caught him (very strange?)

There was a good muster of Manchester men, including our latest acquisition—Warburton, to be seen, when all sat around and partook of Patten diet.

A very early move was made by some of the Manchester contingent, while another party consisting of Cook, Band and Seed, were also early on the move for the Chester circuit. From news gathered since, they had all the wind they wanted thank you, but can now sit up again and take a little nourishment.

This, with the billiard party adjourning downstairs, left a very small party in possession of the Chapel. Consequently conversation was rather desultory, though it went back fairly late when Teddy Edwards told of showing a friend round Lichfield Cathedral whilst riding a "24."

About 8 o'clock the C.L.C. Party and the via Cronton Merchants went, leaving the billiard party in full possession. All I know.

Hunts Cross, February 7th.

The roads, in fact every lane, alley and by-road was positively black with Anfielders on their way to the above run, for was it not to be a real old-fashioned evening? I have omitted to mention the C.L.C. road, which brought a fair consignment and later on "Poor Old Chem." Once more he had missed his train!!

There was a total of 38, including a terrific crowd of three from Manchester and also Harold Band and T. Barton, who put in their first run for years. When all the turkey had been forwarded to its correct destination, rags were masticated all over the room, until President Fell appeared on the warpath for home-made talent and also with promises of future engagements at fabulous figures. Nevertheless the ball was kicked off by a friend of that Bentley chap, who gave us a pianoforte solo, to be followed by Blackburn, who warbled in fine style. What happened next I have not yet fathomed. Mullah for some reason went on his knees and started calling to some imaginary person about LOVE!! He fully deserved the howl of approval for his energetic effort and so did Theakstone, who favoured us with "The Polite Gallery Youth of the Old Adelphi." Bentley followed, and in fine style, with "My Little Grey Home in the West." Pipe filling intervals did come and go and so did our artists. Young Green sang about his "Jug of Nut Brown," Fell threw a few more "Razors in the Air," Chem did a bit of twiddlybits on his mandoline and Toft tore the house to bits with his patriotic effort. Drum accompaniments on doors, tables, chairs, etc., threatened bloodshed, but all was order. As Hubert Roskell's singing voice was somewhat off we were done out of "Sitting in a China Chop." Jimmy was partially willing to do it for him, but owing to Hubert having the sole rights, he was positively funkcd. There was absolutely no limit to our talent for Zambuk was wound up and started his soliloquy about "Minding His Hole in the Hearth." The lid was semi-applied when Cook with Caruso-like intentions sang (?) about the brewery—I mean "Bowery." Jimmy, who was inclined to be somewhat noisy, rendered in fine gusto "I didn't want to do it because I didn't." In a new role that inhuman person commonly called a treasurer recited about a small sized nigger. I think it was intended to be a negro version of Knipe's famous "Fifteen Thousand Moiles to a Kirk on the Sawbath." However, tempus was fugging and the 9.5 took a small shipment, but not before Sub-captain Seed had terrified several with his "Going to be a Soldier." Bentley, who was most "versatilly," gave us a few Irish numbers, which were O.K., and would have been O.K.er, if the chorous had only a slight idea of the "andante non troppo" or something similar. The evening closed with "Auld Lang Syne," with Teddy Worth as the conductor. We had some real grafters, and to them and the brave pianist our best thanks are due.

Hinderton, February 14th.

When I arrived at Sunnyside Hydropathic Establishment (Proprietors: The W. P. Cook Company) punctually (for me) at 2 p.m.—that is, at 2.15—I found Uncle anxiously studying “Bradshaw.” A cloud had been seen climbing above the horizon during the morning, and the wind was blowing great guns. Besides, Uncle was suffering from ALOPECIA, which, of late years, has become chronic. Owing to the weather, it really was a question whether cycling would be possible, this being the middle of that season “when cycling ceases to be enjoyable and attractive.” However, we decided to give the thing a trial and set off accordingly, Uncle busying himself with the steering and bellringing, whilst I got the engines into motion.

A few minutes later, just as I was going to ask whether we would stop at the Shrewsbury Arms on the outward or the homeward journey, I found we were persuading the tandem to pass the “Bull and Stirrup,” Chester. Immediately afterwards—almost—we reversed on meeting the Skipper and Teddy Edwards at the edge of Frodsham, and started in to show them the way to Hinderton. The secretarial person waylaid us between Chester and the rendezvous, and our arrival at Mrs. Morris’s made the total attendance 23 (afterwards increased to 24).

A savage and premeditated attack on steak and kidney pie and jugged hare ensued. The eatables were outclassed and outnumbered and heavily defeated, and then everybody was found to be agog with excitement at the possibility of Bright, first Earl of Finchley, arriving. His presence had been threatened by a variety of postcards addressed to Cook, each setting forth different and contradictory plans. Sure enough, Bright arrived at 8 p.m., per rattler, having taken a short cut (in good old Anfield style) by travelling—at enormous expense—from Liverpool to Rock Ferry via Birkenhead Park! He had come all the way from York, having been engaged there with the C.T.C. gas generating department. It is to be hoped that, as a result of the advice which was showered upon him during the evening at Hinderton, Bright will be able to re-organise the C.T.C. in general and the “Gazette” in particular during the next few months. Bright was left to find his way (if possible) to the nearest railway station, while the tandem, accompanied by Mac and the low-g geared Bentley (who by displaying his knees pretended he was an international footballer), was headed for home. It will be a long time before the present scribe forgets the fierce rush down hill along Lever’s new road. Phew!

Our vocalistic friend, Geo. Newall, had cycled out with Cotter, who had been doing his utmost to put it right through him of the melodious voice. Ven. H. M. Buck and Britten looked like walkers, but Zambuk, who had the appearance of a pedestrian, is really a flier). How’s this for a candidate for Olympic honours—Rock Ferry to Hinderton 1 hour 2 mins. 15/16 secs. As this time was not taken with Harry Poole’s “too truthful” watch, it is possible the fraction may be wrong.

Mobberley, February 14th, 1914.

Whether it is the procession of the equinoxes, the revolution of the line of Apsides, Lloyd George, or something like that, the seasons seem to be getting a trifle mixed, for this February seems to have been a compound of March and April, and the party who met at Mobberley had to face a howling gale going out and a drenching rain coming home. In spite of this, however, a pleasant company met at the Roebuck, and when Green Major exhibited his manly brow (now alas! denuded of hyacinthine locks) the wonder and admiration of the Apostle, there were already present the Mullah, H. Collins, Esquire, the loved and lost Warburton and a friend of his, the latter two, refusing to listen to the pathetic enquiry by the late Job

as to why a wise man should fill belly with the east wind. Shortly afterwards the sartorial average was restored and the moral tone elevated by the arrival of Crowcroft, who was shortly followed by Green Minor, obviously suffering from the "Flu," but declaring that there was nothing like riding as a cure thereof. After the usual good meal, Collins was instructed in the mystery of "Kitty" and the best method of making a week-end out of it by the Mullah, and the usual circle was formed round the fire, where experiences were related, some particularly fishy ones by the Sub., and the handicap probabilities debated.

The meeting of so many characters of a sort seems to have aroused the local police, who made a raid upon the premises, but retired after a close scrutiny under which more than one member of the circle winced. However, they left us in peace, and when the rain had moderated the party broke up in sections and moved homeward or otherwise.

Warrington, February 21st.

Notwithstanding the counter attractions of a Cheadle run at Knutsford and a most important football match at Birkenhead Park, there was the satisfactory muster of 24 at the Patten Arms. The run was chiefly notable for the attendance of several we do not have the pleasure of seeing so often, such as Theakstone, Park, Oppenheimer, France, Williams, Conway, and Sub-captain Collins, who was enjoying his first experience of collecting. The round-the-earth party was small, and just managed to miss McCann at Frodsham, but Bentley is certainly to be heartily congratulated for the way he tackled the job in his own inimitable way, all his checks being quite in order. After the Roast Pork and Steak Pie had gone the way of all flesh we had quite a jolly time with Park at the piano, Theakstone juggling with serviettes and Bentley doing the Screen Scene. And then in small parties we departed our various ways home. I understand a small party called at Cronton and obtained full particulars of an Old Man's walk shortly to come off (any of our old men desiring to enter can obtain all details from Mac), but personally I returned via Chester, followed under N.R.R.A. Rules by Band and Jack Seed. Being the only one of the trio with a gas lamp I was under the painful necessity of going in front, but what happened to the other two I have not yet discovered—certainly N.R.R.A. Rules were not infringed, and mine was a strictly unpaced and unaccompanied ride. Not having eyes in the back of my head and not being called out to, I was surprised to find at Darebury that I was on my own, and although I stood in Frodsham Street, Chester, for 25 minutes, and read the whole of the "Echo," there was no materialisation, and I perforce resumed my solitary way, and had a delightfully fast run home via Hinderton with a rising S.W. gale.

The first official week-end of the year at Hawkstone Park being due on the 28th, Mac was busy gathering names for this expedition. It's not too late yet to say "I'm with ye;" so decide not in the negative and be at Chester for tea.

LIONEL COHEN, Editor.

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ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

(Formed 1879)

16 CROXTETH GROVE,

LIVERPOOL,

25th March, 1914.

DEAR SIR,

Herewith I beg to hand you particulars of the arrangements made by the Committee for the EASTER TOUR IN NORTH WALES. As the accommodation at the "Glan Aber" is limited, I shall feel obliged if you will notify me by SATURDAY, APRIL 4th, whether you purpose joining in the gathering, in order that I may secure a room for you. Should you be unable to come on Thursday, April 9th, you will be most welcome on any of the three following days.

The following special tariff has been arranged:—

Thursday night to Monday morning ...	27	6
Friday " " " ...	21	0
Saturday " " " ...	15	0
Sunday " " " ...	6	6

Mid-day meals, Afternoon Teas and/or Suppers extra.

Yours faithfully,

F. D. McCANN,

Hon. Secretary.

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ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB.

FORMED MARCH, 1879.

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

MONTHLY CIRCULAR.

FIXTURES FOR APRIL, 1914.

	Light up at
April 4—Daresbury (Ring o' Bells)	7-44 p.m.
.. 9-13.—EASTER TOUR, Bettws-y-Coed (Glan Aber). See Special Circular	7-53 p.m.
.. 18.—Knutsford (Lord Eldon)	8-9 p.m.
.. 20.—Committee Meeting, St. George's Restaurant, 7 p.m.	
.. 25.—First 50 miles Handicap (on Cheshire Course)	8-18 p.m.
May 2.—Tattenhall (Sportsman)	8-28 p.m.

Full Moon, 10th instant.

Committee Notes.

16, Croxteth Grove,
Liverpool.

The following was the principal business transacted at the March meeting.

EASTER TOUR ARRANGEMENTS: Day Runs—Friday, 10th April: Ride down to Bettws-y-Coed—meet 9-30 a.m., New Ferry boat from Landing Stage—New Ferry Tram Terminus, 10 a.m. Suggested luncheon place, "Bull," Denbigh, at 1 p.m.

Saturday, 11th April: Llanfairfechan (Queen's Hotel). Luncheon at 1-30 p.m.

Sunday, 12th April: Criccieth (Railway Hotel). Luncheon at 1-30 p.m. Outward Route—Dolwydellan, Ffestiniog, Tan-y-Bwlch, Portmadoc and Criccieth. Return Route—Aberglaslyn, Beddgelert, Pen-y-Gwryd, Capel Curig to Bettws-y-Coed.

Monday, 13th April: Return by various routes. Luncheon will be arranged for at the Castle Hotel, Ruthin, for those returning by that way, and tea at the Bull and Stirrup, Chester.

RESIGNATION.—Mr. J. C. Band's resignation from the Committee was accepted.

Mr. W. T. Venables was elected to fill the vacancy on the Committee.

The Committee accepted the offer of the Tricycle Trophy Trustees to run the Race for the Trophy in connection with the Invitation "100."

The Course for the First "50," to be held on 25th April, will be as follows:—Start at 8th milestone from Knutsford on main Warrington-Knutsford Road, to Mere, the Smoker Inn, Plumbley, Lower Peover, Toft Corner, Holmes Chapel, Brick Houses, West Heath Lane, Holmes Chapel, Knutsford (back of the goal), Tabley Corner, Mere to the finish, just before the 8th milestone. Dinner is to be ready at the Patten Arms, Warrington, before the event, and tea after the ride.

Entries for the "50" must reach me not later than first post on Monday, 20th April, in time for the Handicapping Meeting that night.

If you are coming to Bettws-y-Coed, please let me have your name not later than the 3rd April, if possible, and the day you will be there.

F. D. McCANN, Hon. Secretary.

MEMS.

At the recent A.G.M. of the R.R.A., Bright, our official delegate, was elected to a seat upon the Committee.

Those who were at the last Hunts Cross Fixture and those who have subscribed to the Wedding Presentation Fund for Mr. George Hilditch will be interested to learn that Mac, in company with Cook, selected a pair of very handsome solid silver vases which were duly sent to Hunts Cross. Mr. Hilditch in acknowledging them, writes:—"On behalf of my wife and myself, I ask you to convey our sincere thanks to the Members of the Anfield B.C. for their kindness in sending such a beautiful present, which we both greatly admire, also for your letter containing Good Wishes for our future happiness. I can hardly express myself sufficiently for the occasion. Having known the Members of the Anfield B.C. so many years, I regard their kindness most highly and will look upon their present with the greatest of pleasure. Again thanking you."

The object of the Knutsford Run on the 18th April is to give the racing men an opportunity of learning the Course to be used for the First "50," to be held on the following Saturday. The details of the Course are given in the Committee Notes above.

At the last Committee Meeting suggestions were made by some of our photographic enthusiasts that photographs of Club interest should be copied for reproduction in the Circular. In this issue to use a "Turnorism," is the "begunement," and it is to be hoped that the idea will bear fruit in the shape of further reproductions.

It is with regret that I have to announce the death of Mr. King who was the respected President of the North Road Cycling Club for many years. He passed away after a very sudden illness.

EXCHEQUER NOTES.—The Hon. Treasurer reports that he has received the promise of a donation to the Prize Fund from Mr. W. Jones.

Will all those who are bursting to swell the Club's balance at the Everton Road Branch of the L.C. and M. Bank, kindly signify in the usual manner as subs. are coming in very slowly this year. *Verb. sap.*

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

RUNS.

Chester, February 25th.—Week End Hawkstone.

In dealing first with the Club run, I will say that Mac was lucky to get the full number he ordered for at the "Bull and Stirrup," and at the same time showed great foresight in anticipating a few direct trippers. Of course three certain starters, for Chester at any rate, including the Motor World's Latest Acquisition, had motored to London on Club business and could not be expected to join us at tea, but according to a contract made previous to leaving for town, Harry was to deliver in good order and condition, F.O.B. C.I.F. (not C.I.C.F.A) Hawkstone, one new motorist, which he eventually did. Tea arrived and was found to be wholesome enough in places, but was nothing to write home about, some mutton I had looking and tasting as though it had suffered from severe frost-bite after death. Whilst the meal was in progress F. H. arrived and enquired in fatherly fashion as to the whereabouts of Billy Toft. Billy, however, had gone on to Hawkstone, where F. H. tracked him after his lightening tea. There were others at Chester who wanted to go to Hawkstone and went, some wanted to go but couldn't, and the rest didn't want to go, so they went home. Of those who wanted and went, there were some who took the usual stereotyped route through Whitechurch and Prees, calling at the "Swan" en route, but Ven and I had an idea of testing the quality of the lanes, especially that particular lane which crosses the railway at Prees Station; so we decided to cut our stop at the "Swan" in view of the demands shortly to be made upon our physical resources; in short, the lane proved to be in splendid condition, and I for one promptly resolved to go that way again. On arrival at the Hotel we found several Anfielders, including Toft and F. H. per Doughty Douglasses, Turnor and Webb on tandem from Manchester, and three Manchester Wheelers who joined us later in the evening. Of course Old Father Time was pursuing his way in his usual relentless manner and still the Motorists came not; Mac arrived, then Stephenson and that Cohen chap on trike, with Jack Seed, so we decided to toy with a little supper, and finding our appetites as we progressed, we gradually finished off a few very excellent birds. A round of beef nearly went the same way, and doubtless would have vanished entirely but for our tender thoughts of the Motor party, who were still on the road, but when they arrived at approximately 11 p.m., their chief enquiry seemed to be for hot coffee. I was astonished at my loss of appetite immediately after supper, especially as I had twice reminded Ven, on the way down, of certain pig tarts we had seen in the refreshment room on Chester Sta. . . . But my goodness, Ven, I very nearly gave the show away that time. After the Motor party, which consisted of Harry Poole, Sunter, Mr. Martin and W. P. COOK (see photograph), had refreshed themselves, we settled down to the serious business of the evening, discussing every conceivable topic under the Sun, except cycling. Despite a somewhat hefty sitting, the meeting retired

in good order at about 4.30 p.m. Most of us were out and about by 8 a.m. on as bright a Sunday morning as one could wish for, and the experts were soon busy on the putting green, the breakfast gong putting an end to some rather scrappy play. Breakfast was a very joyous affair, and though Mrs. Manley has not yet vouchsafed a reply as to whether the bacon and ham were off the same pig, I noticed that both commodities disappeared very rapidly, and there were repeated requests for more.



After breakfast, the usual places of interest were visited, the above group being "snapped" on the cliffs, but as the Captain, Seed, Cohen, Turnor, Webb and Ven wanted to be home early, we bade them good-bye and I hear the Skipper did himself a power of good, as he preferred to make the journey via Salop and Oswestry (whafor?). The Park party, consisting of Toft, F. H., Mr. Martin, Cook, Mac and the writer, set off in good time, and did the whole thing. Some excellent photos were secured, as the park was looking as fine as I have even seen it; you get quite a different idea of the beauty of the place while the trees lack foliage. The sun was brilliant at times and the Shropshire Plain looked very fine, bathed in sunshine filtering through a thin white mist. On our return to the Hotel we found luncheon ready, and we were in no need of the usual appetising draughts to coax the menu to the correct quarter. After our meal, a rest, coffee and a smoke and then for home, Mac and the writer being the sole remnant of the A.B.C. as a cycling organisation, since Cook took to motoring. It's a weary job when you're not fit and riding with a man who is; add to that rain and eventually adverse wind and "hungry knock" and you have my state to a nicety. However, everything comes to an end, and so I found that Harry had been able to land Cook home at 4.15, in time for him to change and get in a short ride before tea, at Hinderton. It was a very pleasant week-end and might have been better supported.



Koenen, Toft, Poole, and brother-in-law Mr. Martin, Snuter, and the "half-and-half" motorist W. P. Cook, are pictured above in full war paint, ready for leaving Hawkestone.

Daresbury (Ring o' Bells), March 7th.

As the original copy relating to the above run has not yet reached the editorial depôt, another victim has been found. Amongst the Manchester section I hear that Carlisle and F.H. were sighted, and with the addition of three or eight more, the muster numbered (according to rumours heard) twenty-three, who, no doubt, did justice to the feed. I don't know if the A.B.C. has had runs to the Ring o' Bells previously or whether this run was a new venture, but, from further rumours heard, satisfaction resulted. The present scribe cannot give exact details as to how Daresbury was reached, but no doubt Captain Stephenson (not of the 52th Huzzers) toured via Prescott, Cook via Tranmere, Seed somewhat similar, and Mullah and his fellow Mancunians via Altrincham. It is really very difficult to state facts when the information received to enable one to do so is at least third hand, so, should any of the above not be quite in order, I ask for pity, not for "subdued guffaws," for the simple reason that I WAS NOT AT THE RUN at all, at all. Here endeth the first lesson.

Newburgh, March 14th.

It was a splendid day for cycling out to Newburgh with dry roads and a tail wind to aid the out-of-form rider, yet at 5.15 p.m., only three hardy Anfielders had signified their arrival at the Red Lion, much to the consternation of the hostess, who, rumour said, had provided for twenty-eight. However, by 6 p.m., from sundry highways, byways and railways, our number was augmented till we mustered fourteen all told. Ven and Buck appeared in mufti, having walked all the way from somewhere; Toft and Geo. Poole had come fairly direct, while Cody and Cook had extended

their peregrinations to the precincts of Preston in the vain hope of meeting Grimshaw; and although they had not encountered any rain, yet I heard that some or both of them got back with wet shirts.

A few of the knowing ones adjourned early to the Guest Chamber to see "if there was a fire there," but it wasn't altogether a good move, for we found afterwards that it was a case of "the nearer the fire the farther from the meat."

However, we all got going at last, and for a brief space life was well worth living. Then we went home. The tour home in the cool of the evening was decidedly "parky" in places, even for the two of us who journeyed by the only authentic and really reliable direct road to Liverpool. As for the others who left us near the "Stanley Gate" to wander off into outer darkness under the pretext of going round by Rainford, well I haven't seen them since, I haven't even seen anyone who has seen them, and I dare say if they haven't yet reached home they will still be on the way.

Sandbach, March 14th.

The present scribe's knowledge of things meteorological is modest, but he ventures the opinion that thunder and lightning (why not lightning and thunder—the former always comes first?) and hailstones the size of eggs, more or less, are rather out of place in March. The gale that disported itself on the 14th one could accept as in the natural order of things, but the other phenomena show a lamentable lack of taste on the part of the Clerk of the Weather. But then it's the merry spring-time and anything may happen in the spring.

The Mullah reached the "Wheatsheaf" first, followed shortly by Green Major, then by Green Minor, and last of all by the Sub, who arrived in a state of collapse, imploring for stimulants, having performed prodigies in the endeavour to be on time. When he ought to have started, the aforementioned hailstorm was at its worst, and the peaceful solitary game of shut-eye in which he indulged to pass the time until the clouds should roll by had prolonged itself unduly, with the result that he had a fine training spin against the wind. Over tea the talk was mainly of "osses for courses," tyres, and after a pipe and a chat with mine host, the Sub headed for Whitechurch, and the remaining three for the Stocks, to see the end of the Cheadle smoker. An old non-alcoholic liquid better known to one or two as rain, helped us to get externally damp on the homeward journey.

Higher Whitley (Millstone), March 21st.

"Are you one of the Anfield Cycle Club?" Cycle indeed! "Never mind if it's Bicycle or Cycle, ye can get nowt t'eat here." And so quoth ye landlord of the above hostelry, which gave me the idea that it was NOT a case of "welcome on the mat." To cut a long story short, the landlord said something about receiving instructions too late for him to get together the necessary grub, and with the above-mentioned result. With true scout hinkstink Boss Higham and Oppenheimer decided on the spot that Warrington was the best place for those who were desirous of eatables, and to the Patten Arms did the Club, twenty of it, proceed. At very short notice Ye Patten Arms did our carcasses fill with chips and chops, chops and chips, and then something similar. Still, if Young Green said he'd had enough, all must have been O.K., but Warburton, who will insist on keeping up Teddy Edwards' reputation for being late, nearly had to starve. Moral, come early and get the chops.

The usual surveying expeditions had taken place, so as there were no remarks passed at tea, I take it that England is yet in order. Stephenson, with illusions of a prolonged round to reach the Millstone, had outed with his speed machine. The tour resulted in a straight line for the Transporter. Oh! ye hard riding Anfielders. Teddy Edwards had nearly worn out the Frodsham Road, and the real H.R.A.'s had, of course, done their usual Chester circuit. What happened to the Liverpool section going home I dinna ken, but I know for a positive fact that there must have been a conspiracy on the part of the Mullah and the Crow-Green tandem. Cohen, with the false idea of doing himself good and going to Manchester, had an assurance from Crow that all would be peaceful, but was it? Mullah stuck to the back of the tandem, the miserable Editor (or so-called) was alongside, and I'm sure it was with murderous intentions that the "might be" peaceful tandem banged out the pace it did. T'was s'awful. Of course, the excuse was to get to the Stamford Arms early, and even entreaties and promises of free ale from the most whacked of the mad party failed to subdue that "Greencrow" combination. For further details ask Cohen! Nevertheless, and all that sort of rot, it was a good spin to Manchester, and the party broke up at Altrincham, the tandem going towards Cheadle. Cohen can also tell you where it ought to go to. Honi soit whatelyouhave.

I nearly forgot! Mac, I believe, putting on a sort of Lewis Waller air, had gone during the week to see Cook to claim his Gwendoline's hand in marriage (I have heard of it.—Ed.) with the result that he got it. Good luck to ye Mac! May your only troubles be tubulars, and so say all of us. Now we know why you forgot to remind them at the "Millstone." Quite "suffish."

Mae's conscience has compelled him to send me the following:—

I feel that some apology for, and explanation of, the breakdown of the tea arrangements on Saturday, 21st instant, is due to those who turned out. Some proportion of the blame undoubtedly falls upon my shoulders, but I do not accept all of it. I had asked the proprietor of the "Millstone" to book the date, at the same time giving him an approximate number and mentioning that I would, a few days in advance, advise of the probable number. I received his acceptance of the date, but unfortunately I omitted to advise him—really to remind him; this I remembered on the Saturday morning, and I therefore wired him. He acknowledged receiving the wire at 1 p.m.; this would give him FIVE HOURS to prepare something, but apparently he did not think of getting ready even ham and eggs, which could, surely, be obtained in his immediate neighbourhood. I desire to thank those members present for the cheerful and good natured way in which they made the best of an unpleasant matter, and to tender my apologies for my oversight in not reminding the "Millstone;" if they will overlook the matter and not "halve my salary" I will try not to offend again! (Better men have become deceased for lesser offences, so beware.—Ed.)

LIONEL COHEN, Editor.

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ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB.

FORMED MARCH, 1879.

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

MONTHLY CIRCULAR.

FIXTURES FOR MAY, 1914.

May 2.—Tattenhall (Sportsman)	8-30 p.m.
.. 9.—Knutsford (Lord Eldon)	8-40 p.m.
.. 11.—Committee Meeting, St. George's Restaurant, 7 p.m.	
.. 16.—Second 50 Miles Handicap, Tea at Elephant and Castle, Shawbury, at 7-30 p.m., and Week-end Hawkstone Park	8-50 p.m.
.. 23.—Daresbury (Ring o' Bells)	9-0 p.m.
.. 30/June 1.—INVITATION "100." Tea on 30th at Whitchurch (Swan) Headquarters—Shrewsbury (George)	9-5 p.m.

Full Moon, 9th Instant.

16, Croxteth Grove,
Liverpool.

Committee Notes.

APPLICATIONS FOR MEMBERSHIP: H. S. Barratt, 40, Buxton Road, Stockport, proposed by C. H. Turnor and seconded by F. D. McCann; Percy Williamson, 95, Moston Lane, Blackley, Manchester, proposed by C. H. Turnor and seconded by J. L. Mahon.

NEW ADDRESSES: J. Park, 7, Bolton Road, Brikdale, Southport; W. E. S. Foster, 34, Applegarth Road, West Kensington, London, W.

COURSE FOR THE "100": After long discussion the Committee adopted an amended course as follows:—Start nearer Shrewsbury, to Rockhall, to Shawbury Village, to Battlefield Cr., to Raven, then on as before to Shawbury Corner (second time) then straight through the village to the finish at a point a short distance on the Shawbury side of the old finish. The feeding will be provided at Ercall, twice, and drinks at The Raven. G. B. Mercer has agreed to look after the feeding arrangements.

The following Clubs have been invited to submit the names of those of their members for whom they desire invitations:—North Road, 3; Bath Road, 3; M.C. and A.C., 3; Unity, 3; Vegetarian, 3; North London, 3;

Polytechnic, 3; Manchester Wheelers, 3; Manchester Wednesday, 3; Speedwell, 3; Oak, 3; Highgate, 3; East Liverpool, 3; Irish Road Club, 3; Sharrow, 3; Sheffield R. C., 3; Yorkshire R. C., 3; Kingsdale, 3; Century R. C., 3; Liverpool Pembroke, 3; Walton, 3; University, 3; Grosvenor Wheelers, 3; Liberty, 3; Etna, 3; Hull Thursday, 2; Leeds R. C., 2; Leicestershire R. C., 2; Salford Wheelers, 2; Wem, 1; N. Liverpool Y.M.C.A. C. C., 1; Cheadle Hulme, 1; Halifax R. C., 1; Leeds Albion, 1; Leeds Kirkgate, 1; West Benhar, 1; Vulcan, 1; Glasgow United, 1; and Birkenhead N. End, 1.

Clubs may, in addition to the above, nominate any number of tricycle riders to compete in the scratch race for the Tricycle Trophy and such riders will also be handicapped in the usual way.

The time of start will be 9 a.m.

A large number of Checkers, Marshals and helpers is required for the "100"—if you can get down to Shropshire you are particularly requested to send in your name to me as early as possible. If it is your intention to compete in the "100," advise me not later than Saturday, 23rd May.

Intending competitors in the Second "50," to be held on the 16th May, must send in their names to me not later than the first post on Monday, 11th May.

F. D. McCANN,

Hon. Secretary.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS: Please note that the receipt of custom has been removed from 109 to 108, Moscow Drive, the Hon. Treas. new address.

Hon. Treasurer's Notes.

The little par in last month's Circular has proved very useful, and the Hon. Treas. wishes to thank all those who read it and acted accordingly.

Thanks are due to Messrs. Carpenter and W. Jones for donations to the prize fund.

R. L. KNIPE.

James, I am pleased to report, has at last recovered sufficiently to enable him to take a long sea voyage. Jimmy has had a very bad dose of pneumonia, and I'm sure you will all join me in wishing him the quickest of returns to the best of health.

Reference was made at the April Committee Meeting to a scheme for introducing "young blood" into the A.B.C. Nothing was decided upon, excepting that mention of the above in the Circular might possibly cause some of us to argue the "pros and cons" which may be to better the interests of the Club.

Chester, March 28th.

There was a muster of about 24 at this run, and the Manchester contingent had a very creditable turnout. They had a very easy time on the way down with the wind behind, but would probably have to pay up on the return journey. Several of the fast pack had journeyed out via Warrington, Johnny Band and Jack Seed had, I believe, both come direct, and it was a "welcome on the mat" to see Tommy Royden out again. Cook had been touring round Caergwrlle way, and had got stranded with a flat tyre and a broken pump, but the timely arrival of one of ours saved him a walk. This will no doubt be a lesson to him to see that all his gear is in working order before commencing the season, for things are bound to

get out of condition when laid up for the winter. There were one or two complaints about the feeding, and there was certainly room for improvement in the serving, for Cody, having arrived with an extra large appetite, said he was still hungry when he left. The usual fire screen was placed in position after tea, but departures commenced with the Manchester contingent, to be shortly followed by Venables and H. M. Buck. Johnny later, presumably via Hinderton. I hear that Band and Jack Seed returned via Hoylake, and there is some rumour of a fierce bite on the Moreton Road, but reports are so conflicting, that it is hard to make out what really happened.

Daresbury (Ring o' Bells), April 4th.

When the Editor says you've got to write the account of this run and declines to accept a refusal, I suppose there is nothing for it but to write something and see what happens.

I was just in time to see Edwards and Cook arrive behind motor pace, both looking decidedly warm, whilst there was already a good crowd assembled in the yard. There were four tandem combinations—Band-Seed, Turnor and a prospective member, Barrett (later known as Wilson Barrett), Crowcroft-Green, and last, but not least, the bundle of tubes which bore the Skipper and Cohen.

The course for the first "50" came in for some criticism, and many were very pessimistic as to the safety of the Mere Corner—Plumbley Stretch.

After tea the chief topic of conversation was the Easter tour, and Mac was very busy recruiting for the occasion. I believe he had already enlisted about twenty-five, so, given fine weather, the tour is bound to be as great a success as in previous years. Boss Higham and Oppenheimer soon left us for the homeward journey, to be followed at very short intervals by the remnants of the gathering. On our way home the Crow-Green tandem was up against a bit of competition in the shape of Mullah and Barrett; the latter, as a novice in the stoke hold was getting them round in quite fine style, in spite of never having served an apprenticeship in such a capacity as stoker.

The usual Chester parties went home, and, as far as the writer is concerned, there is very little further to record.

Easter Tour—Bettws-y-coed, April 9th-13th.

Probably several records were broken this Easter, as the crowd at Bettws numbered 30 members and 9 friends, while on the return journey we were joined by 6 members and 4 friends, making a grand aggregate of 36 members and 13 friends participating in this time-honoured fixture. In attempting to record the events I can console myself by the knowledge that if I make any mistakes the Editor person won't be able to correct them, so here goes: Turnor and "Wilson" Barrett on a tandem really commenced the tour by starting from Manchester on the Wednesday, and putting up at Llangollen that night. Cook was the next starter on Thursday morning, and as he passed Bodfari he was delighted to meet Boss Higham, and have a chin wag (and milk) with him. At Denbigh these three met for lunch, and afterwards had a most delightful ride via Henllan, Llansannan, Gwytherin and Capel Garmon, arriving at Bettws at 7-30 to find Feil, Venables, Buck and Messrs. Andrews and Phillips having tea. Meanwhile Toft and Mac were en route via the Sportsmans, and Worth via the coast road, Llandulas, Gofer and Talycafn, and these three duly arrived in good time. By the last train Mac's brother and Mr. Molyneux joined us, so we made a party of 13. Edwards was known to be on the way for Dolgam,

but he passed through Bettws at 11-0 without checking, and we then sat up for the Rowatt-Theakstone-Mercer car and the H. Roskell-Bentley car, but the former stopped at Wrexham and the latter at Mold. However, our waiting was much relieved by a lecture on cycle camping by Mr. George Milne, K.O.K., who was camping near the Swallow Falls and had walked into Bettws for provender. Friday morning was stormy, but not much rain fell. Four of the party rode to Peny-pass and climbed Snowden (much to the detriment of Cook's shoes, stockings and feet) under the guidance of "Wilson" Barrett, who is in a class by himself at walking (ask the Mulla) and climbing, while the rest of the party visited Lake Elsi, &c. At tea we found the Rowatt and Roskell cars had arrived, as well as Beardwood, with Messrs. White and Chilcott in his car, while J. Band, J. Seed and H. Green had met in the neighbourhood of Denbigh and crossed the Sportsmans together, so we mustered 24. A very excellent social in the chapel followed with Mr. Chilcott proving a humorist of exceedingly high class, and Theakstone, Bentley, Messrs. Andrews and Phillips, in good form. Saturday saw 19 of us at Llanfairfechan, where Mawr Conway joined us to take his seat in Rowatt's car. Seven of us crossed the Bwlch-y-ddeufaen and a splendid trip it was. Mac, Green and Cook took the Llanbedr-y-cennin route, while Toft, Fell, Turnor and Barrett took the Roe Wen route, and the scene from the top simply beggars description. At the signboard the first three continued to Aber, while the other four made for Llanfairfechan direct, and met Mr. and Miss Milne, who had got somewhat out of their way in coming from Aber to camp at Roe Wen. After an excellent lunch the whole party returned via the Nant Francon, and the advance guard overtook Owen and Frank Wood, but Mac, Green, Turnor, Barrett and Cook went to see Llyn Idwal and the Devil's Kitchen. At dinner we found Cheminais, Charlie Conway, Morris, Cooper and Mr. Perris had arrived, and as W. R. Oppenheimer and Britten joined us in the evening, the Chapel was very crowded, and the sing-song went with great zest, for Cheminais and Mr. Perris were valuable additions to our list of artistes, and Chem was in magnificent form, both with mandoline and monologues. Sunday we mustered 24 at Criccieth, Edwards joining us for the day's ride. It was a bit grafty up the Gardinnan Pass against the draught, but we had a grand ride and got all of our own back on the return up the Gwynnant. Owen seemed greatly delighted to have a wheel to hang on to and was most reluctant to leave us at Penygwrdd for home. The tandem had their back tyre come off at Ffestiniog, but fortunately they were carrying a spare tube. Dropping down from Capel Curig, Cooper and Fell, who had been over Moel Siabod, were overtaken, and at Bettws we found Cohen and Stephenson had arrived from a tour of their own up the Tanat Valley, while Messrs. Arthur and "Plumber" Simpson completed the crowd at the Glan Aber. The final social was undoubtedly as good as, if not better than, any we have ever had, for all the talent excelled itself, and the addition of the Brothers Simpson made the Programme a very full one, so that we finally sang "Auld Lang Syne" with great regret, after fully echoing Fell's sentiments in thanking all those who had so ably entertained us. The "programme proper" came to an end at about 15 p.m., being wound up with full orchestral accompaniments by Bentley, Theakstone and Mr. Perris. Monday morning, after the usual photo on the steps, the party began to break up, but 13 made for Ruthin for lunch, and we were there joined by Royden, Leece and Warburton, so that 18 sat down to the usual excellent repast put on by the Owens, who always give us such a hearty welcome. At Ruthin the Rowatt car party left us for Gresford, while the rest made for Mold, and on the Bwlch-y-pare encountered Jackson with a red armlet evidently officiating at a motor cycle trial of some sort. At Mold we found Stephenson and Cohen, who had again been off on their own (as real tourists) and Kettle fra' Sheffield. Here Toft, Band, Royden, Cohen and Stephenson went home direct, and Morris stopped to rejoin his folks, but the rest making for Chester met Mahon and two friends, whilst

Keizerette turned up at the Bull and Stirrup, making 15 for tea. However, as like with all good things, there has to be an end, and with the departure of Green, Turnor, Barrett, Mahon, Warburton for Manchester, the tour may be said to have concluded. The five who made their way via Hinderton found Edwards at the Shrewsbury Arms, and in good time reached their virtuous and secluded couches at an early hour.



The 9.30 a.m. view of the Glan Aber on Easter Monday.

Items.

We were all sorry to learn that Mrs. Evans and family are about to retire into private life on their farm at Panmachno, but they promise to visit the Glan Aber and continue to look after us each Easter. We hope the greater freedom from cares will greatly benefit Mrs. Evans's health.

The Hall lounge was a great success, and so was the electric light—no failure of the illumination on Sunday night now—although the inner tank party rather objected to the modern innovation, and one night insisted on holding their session by candle light.

Dave Fell did not give us his famous card tricks this year, but "Razors" went with tremendous gusto.

Cook and Worth were concerned in a very strange coincident. The former rode to Ruthin via Gofer, Dawn and Llandulas, and when walking down the precipitous hill into Dawn discovered that he had lost his cap out of his pocket. Four hours later Worth followed over the same route, and unfortunately his machine got out of hand on the Dawn precipice, and he had to jump for it; picking himself and machine up he found Cook's cap on the road.

Frank Wood disclosed himself in a new role as a first-class raconteur in the outer tank, and his Scotch dialect was excellent.

Among the "exiles" who took advantage of Easter to join us were Beardwood, Tom Conway, Owen and Kettle, and right glad we were to see them.

Oliver Cooper was the last to get back from Bettws. He was not "sighted off the port" (Birkenhead) till 7-30 Wednesday evening, and appeared to be breaking the Penmachno-Birkenhead record with Mr. Bate-man following in a spare car and the Brothers Seed on bicycles.

The universal opinion was that it is many years since we have had as happy and jolly a gathering at the Glan Aber. The weather was cold and windy, except on the Saturday, which was a glorious day, but very little rain fell, and on the whole the roads were excellent. Bettws to Trefriw was rather bad, and so were two stretches in the Bodfari Valley, but the Denbigh-Pentre Voelas road was in marked contrast to its state of a year ago.

The entertainment talent was "extra," for all our own men were on the top of their form, and so were our old friends Messrs. Andrews and Phillips, while we are greatly indebted to Beardwood for bringing Mr. Chillcot, who was a host in himself with an enormous repertoire.

Knutsford, April 18th.

A really fine day to open the Summer Season! The signs at the "Lord Eldon" were unmistakable. The yard was crowded with machines, for the coach house was much too small to hold the numerous cycles.

Knipe, covered with dust, and Cody had brought the tandem; McCann was repairing tyres, Warburton ditto, and an interested group examining Cook's new racing hub specially imported from France. Those of us who were not able to be at Bettws got all the news of last week-end from various sources. Of incidents on the road I cannot write anything, for there were none. If I had expected to write this account I should have taken the main road, and abuse of cars and dust would have been good for at least a dozen lines, but I was out for pleasure, and with my companion, kept very carefully to the lanes, so we only saw one car and enjoyed our ride in peace.

The "50" of next Saturday, which starts our racing season, again came in for much discussion, and very short odds were being laid as to the chances of being demolished, owing to the motor traffic, which is sure to abound the course.

As regards the fitness of the racing men, this remains to be seen, and Hodges made a welcome reappearance after not being out for some time. Buckley was out on his trike and France on his Rudge, Whitworth, which has about fifty thousand balls in the bottom bracket.

The Manchester section was very well represented, and, after tea, we had a digestive draught in the form of a Prize Band, in which Collins seemed very interested!

50 Miles Unpaced Handicap, April 25th.

To meet the demand for a third fifty the Committee decided to hold the first event of the season over a Cheshire course, so as to reduce the expenditure of time and money for everybody, and the experiment may be regarded as a great success. True, a few racing men objected to the course as dangerous, and several Jeremiahs prophesied trouble, but the prophets proved to be false; it was quite a novelty to have 43 members participating, for fully half of this number would certainly not have been down to see a race in Shropshire. Admittedly a Cheshire course convenient for both Manchester and Liverpool is not as fast as the Shropshire one, but that is not of much importance for the first race, and is the same for all. There was quite a big crowd at Warrington, both before and after the race, which

reminded one of old times. Eleven men figured on the card, and the only absentee was Carpenter. Grimshaw had only been on a bicycle once since the "24," and was manifestly only out for a training spin, whilst Webb was riding to cure a cold. At Toft Corner, 12 $\frac{7}{8}$ miles, it was seen that Warburton was fastest and looked like making a mess of the handicap, as he had already passed McCann, while Grimshaw, Collins, Cohen and McCann had all clocked about the same time with Stephenson 1 minute slower. At the turn, 25 miles, Warburton was 2 minutes inside evens, Collins 1 minute inside, and McCann exactly evens, with Cohen and Stephenson $\frac{1}{2}$ minute and 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ minutes outside respectively. Grimshaw, who got very slow, retired at Holmes Chapel on the return journey, whilst McCann again got tied up badly with cramp and also retired. Warburton tired perceptibly in the last 20 miles, but just managed to get first place by 8 seconds with 2-49-19 off the 14 minute mark, which is a most promising novice performance. Collins (8 minutes) riding well in his usual cheery manner was second and fastest with 2-43-27, and Setphenson (10 minutes) was third with 2-47-21. Cohen (10 minutes) through lack of training, fell back in the later stage and was fourth with 2-50-2. The other finishers were H. Green (17 minutes) 3-2-41, R. P. Seed (18 minutes) 3-4-52, France (35 minutes) 3-25-14, and Webb (9 minutes) 3-8-36, after puncturing and sampling a number of machines of all sizes but the right. It only remains to be recorded that the weather was excellent and the roads in fair condition, so the checkers had a very pleasant day out.

Stop Press!!

Have you seen him? Who? Why the one and only Baron, who arrived per R.M.S. "Laurentic," as large as life and twice as natural. The Baron is only over for three weeks, and will positively make his appearance at Tattenhall.

Members will be pleased to learn that at the Council Meeting of the Irish Cyclists' Association, in Dublin, on 25th inst., the following performances were passed as Irish Road Records:—J. A. Grimshaw, Anfield Bicycle Club, 100 miles unpaced, 5.30.24, August 4th, 1913; L. Cohen, Anfield Bicycle Club, 100 miles unpaced tricycle, 6.27.34, August 4th, 1913, and certificates therefor will be received in a few days.

LIONEL COHEN,
Editor

ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB.

FORMED MARCH, 1879.

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

MONTHLY CIRCULAR.

FIXTURES FOR JUNE, 1914.

		Light up at
June 1.—Shrewsbury (George). Invitation "100"		9.5 p.m.
„ 6.—Nantwich (Crown)		9.11 p.m.
„ 8.—Committee Meeting, St. George's Restaurant, 7 p.m.		
„ 13.—Chester (Bull and Stirrup)		9.16 p.m.
„ 19/20.—All-night Ride to Penrith (Crown)		9.19 p.m.
	(Special Circular to follow.)	
„ 27.—Hoo Green (Kilton). PHOTO RUN		9.17 p.m.

Full Moon, 8th instant.

Committee Notes.

16, Croxteth Grove,
Liverpool.

Messrs. H. S. Barratt and P. Williamson were elected to Active Membership at the last meeting. Their addresses are respectively 40, Buxton Road, Stockport, and 95, Moston Lane, Blackley, Manchester.

Mr. C. J. Conway has again most kindly offered to take the Club Photograph, and the date picked is 27th June, the place being Hoo Green. The best way to show Mr. Conway our appreciation of his trouble is to turn out in large numbers.

The amended course for the Invitation "100" was adopted and the time of start advanced half an hour, to 8-30 a.m., the men to be despatched at half-minute intervals. Mr. D. R. Fell was appointed Judge and Referee, while Mr. Poole will time the event.

Mr. J. E. Brown, late of the East Liverpool Wheelers, was given an Invitation to compete as an unattached rider. The number of invitations given to the Cheadle Hulme C.C. was increased to three, and that to the Glasgow United to two.

Invitations to compete in the "24" have been extended to the following Clubs:—East Liverpool Wheelers, 1; Liberty, 3; Liverpool Pembroke, 3; Walton C.C., 1; Cheadle Hulme, 3; Manchester Wheelers, 3; Manchester Wednesday, 3; Salford Wheelers, 2; Cheshire R.C., 3; Leeds R.C., 2; Leeds Albion, 2; Yorkshire R.C., 2; Sharrow, 2; Sheffield R.C., 2; Halifax R.C., 2; Hull Thursday, 2; Hull R.C., 2; and Wem C.C., 1.

If it is your intention to take part in the All-Night Ride to Penrith you will help matters considerably if you will advise me as soon as possible, so that arrangements may be completed. The start will be from Queen's Square at 12 midnight on Friday, 19th June, and supper will be ready at the Stork Hotel from 10-30 p.m. The special Circular will follow in the course of the next few days.

The following were allowed to count runs under special circumstances in accordance with the paragraph on page 36 of the Handbook:—

H. Green for Daresbury on 4th April; J. A. Grimshaw for Warrington on 21st February, and W. C. Tierney for Chester on 28th February.

NEW ADDRESSES: H. Dakin, 4, Falcon Terrace, Wylam-on-Tyne, Northumberland; J. V. Marchanton, "Errwood," 3, Rawlinson Road, Southport.

F. D. McCANN,

Hon. Secretary.

Mems.

The field for the "100" is again a very large one, and a full muster is expected for helping. If you have not already been allotted a post, and you can get down to the course, you will ease Mac's work considerably if you will let him know what time you will be available and that you are ready to go anywhere and to do anything. Only DO IT NOW!

The turning of the "24" into an Invitation Event appears to have been a popular move. Invitations have been issued to eighteen Clubs to nominate, in all, 39 riders, and out of this, with our own members, we should have a field of about 45. The date is 3rd and 4th July. It will be readily seen that an extra large number of helpers will be needed, so you are requested to make arrangements to be at liberty at that time.

If any member finds he is at liberty for the "100" at the last minute he is requested to make for the Raven, where drinks are to be handed up to the competitors, and after there to Ercall Corner, where all the help possible is wanted.

The Speedwell "100" is to be held in September, full particulars may be had from McCann.

The Kingsdale C.C. are holding a "Veterans' 25," on 18th July. Riders over 40 years of age are eligible. The course is a North Road one, and it will be a scratch race.

RUNS.

Tattenhall, May 2nd, 1914.

A brilliant day, but "oh the wind and dust." The run should have been in the opposite direction, say "The Bar Ship." We found it so grafty via Storeton and top road, that we gave up the idea of refresher at Chester, and decided to get it over in once, and take no risk of stiffening.

So running through the city, we again nosed into the wind on the Whitchurch Road. Johnny was discovered by the Canal Bridge, and promptly getting in behind us, enjoyed a quiet smoke, only broken by his growl of "Don't you know the way," when asked which left turn he preferred for Tattenhall. Of course we went his way, and eventually spotting Teddy Worth, we stopped pushing, "the first time for hours," lowered ourselves to the earth, and discovered "The Sportsman." Teddy might have said well done! or he might have said how did *you* get here? but he was kind, and agreed with us that the wind was rotten. I allowed Morris to house the tandem, whilst I carefully learnt to walk again. The cobblestones nearly got me down. We had brought with us a free wheel attachment, 3 speed gears, and 3 brakes, but only found use for one gear, which gave us all the speed variety we required, and "freeling" was voted dangerous. A fair muster sat down to tea, and I soon spotted the one and only Baron, who had walked out with Bentley. It made one feel three years younger to hear the Baron's cheery voice again. Sorry that his visit is so short, may he soon be back again. The fare was good, but not swift. Still, exercising our usual wonderful self control, we all did ourselves fairly well, and the painful, anxious look gradually left the face of Mrs. Sportsman, who evidently did not expect us all on the same day. Over tobacco, "a go-as-you-please" discussion on trikes sprang up. How to ride them and why? Where to push them and when? The discussion terminated suddenly; a warning hoot from Sunter's car decided "The Baron," who took charge with both hands, applied the closure and led the way to fresh air. We were soon away with our collection of speeds, etc., joining Cody, Roydon catching us up before Chester, and deciding not to leave us. Cody took the bottom road, and we, with Roydon, towards Hinderton, where we heard all about Alleppo for th' Cup, leaving for home at 9 p.m. Cook and Mac week-ended Hawkstone, in order to measure for new start and finishing point for "100" course. It was hard luck for them having still to beat to windward, when a fair wind favoured the homeward journey.

It was ever thus—"The willing gee gee gets all the collar work, and virtue is still its own reward."

Knutsford, May 9th, 1914.

We came to the Lord Eldon too soon again, or the "50" being held in the neighbourhood spoiled the attendance, for the yard was anything but full of machines on this occasion. Seventeen did the necessary with the vittles, which were as per L.C. standard.

There were no incidents on the Chester Route on the way out, but there was some hurrying from Holmes Chapel to K. between members from various parts of the world. Geo. Robey Collins appeared to be the most pleased of the party, and the Mullah is now eating solid food I understand.

Some strolling round the town was indulged in, and the aforementioned Geo. Robey Collins almost bought a pair of pants—the auctioneer was just saying "A gentleman over" when Geo. Rob. Col. saw a newspaper, and that his fancy for the 3 p.m. had not materialised—so Gerobcol denied himself the luxury.

The secretary man and Johnny Band had a fast journey towards Chester behind Billy Toff's Douglas, and just as the last were leaving the "Eldon," Webb brought the results of the Cheadle Hulme "50," in which Hodges had ridden. Serious plans were discussed with reference to an early morning spin to Whitechurch, but Sunday turning out wet, ruined the aforementioned and good intentioned plans.

50 Miles Handicap, May 16th, 1914. Shropshire Course.

A glorious May day! Warm sunshine, tempered by cooling breezes. An English spring landscape in all the beauty of its vernal vestment. The broad highway, fringed by the greenest of hedgerows, and above, in the distance,

towers the hill, which was already very old when the Himalayas were born—Old Wrekin. He must have seen some strange sights during his long life, but surely he never wonders so much as on our appointed days. He must have wept on Saturday to see eleven finely trained, and apparently normal minded men, so evilly misuse such a fine afternoon.

I was, myself, one of the unhappy ones. For many miles I ploughed the lonely furrow. The wind was antagonistic, my knees ached, lungs were bursting, and my dinner was for ever trying to escape. And then came the birth of hope—the renaissance of endeavour. Every mile brought me nearer the reward. The eager admiring plaudits of the multitude, and afterwards the victor's crown of laurel? Oh help!! Far away in the misty distance haloed and sharply focussed by intense yearning, I could see one foaming, gurgling, splashing, cooling, refreshing and wholly delightful pint of "Pig's Ear."

And oft repentance then I swore,
But was I normal when I swore,
And then came spring, and with the rising sap,
My threadbare penitence apieces tore.

But now to business: The roads were excellent, excepting for one or two loose stretches on the Crudg-Ercall lane, and it is pleasing to record that 33 members were down to see carried out the so-called enjoyable and elevating way our racing men have of spending a Saturday afternoon.

There were two non-starters, Grimshaw and France, and the remaining 11 competitors all completed the course, which is something of a record. Hodges, Band, McCann, Collins, Stephenson, H. Green, Warburton, were the bicyclists, whilst Webb, Carpenter, Mahon and Cohen were content to trundle trikes. Hodges, right at the start, showed us how fit he was, and barring trouble, was a cert for fastest time honours, as the figures below show.

Name and Time of Start.	7½ Shawbireh.	10½ Crudgington.	12½ Ercall.	16½ Shawbireh.	26½ Hodnet.	21½ Shawbury.	25½ Ercall.	37½ Crudgington.	44½ Hodnet.	Finish.	Result of Handicap.	
J. Hodges	4-3	23	9	5	12½	29½	15½	13½	6	21	15½	1
L. Cohen (Tri.)	4-8	26	10	6	14	34	17½	15½	8	25½	2 20 17	2
F. D. McCann	4-7	25	9	6	15	30½	16½	15	6	22	2 54 45	3
J. L. Mahon (Tri.)	4-11	26	10	6	14	32½	17	15½	8	29	2 38 35	4
H. Collins	4-9	24	9	6	13½	31	17	14½	6	24	2 59 33	5
J. C. Band	4-12	24½	9½	6	14	31	16	14	6	23½	2 48 9	6
E. Webb (Tri.)	4-4	30	10	6	14	34	18	17	8	26½	2 42 1	7
G. Stephenson	4-10	24½	9½	5	19	31	16½	14½	7	24	3 3 12	8
G. E. Carpenter (Tri.) ..	4-1	29	11	7	15½	36½	19	18	8	30	2 48 32	9
A. Warburton	4-5	24	9	6	14	31½	17	15½	7	25½	3 13 41	10
H. Green	4-2	25	9	6	14	32	17½	15½	7	34½	2 48 42	11
											3 0 45	

The trikes were moving steadily, and it was unfortunate that Webb should puncture early on, causing him to lose about 4 minutes, whilst from the checking figures it will be seen that Mahon was fiercely after Cohen's scalp. Hodges rode splendidly, and had he not had trouble with a loose

chain, would comfortably have beaten evens. Stephenson, who punctured and changed, though out of the handicap, was riding well, and soon again caught Webb and Cohen, reminding the Editor person that Mahon was in sight. The skipper's reminder sent Cohen raving mad, with the result that he finished in 2-54. to Mahon's 2-59, the latter losing time near Hodnet, owing to deflatations. Green had valve trouble, which accounts for his slowing down, whilst in the last 14 miles Collins, Band and Warburton faded away. McCann gave us a show of his old form by clocking 2-38-35, which gave him 3rd place in the Handicap, Cohen being 2nd, Hodges bringing off double honours. Both Mahon and Webb win Silver Standards, and Warburton secured a Bronze by improving 37 seconds.

Week End, Hawkstone Park, 16th and 17th May, 1914.

Owing to a mistake on the part of Mrs. Manley, who had booked the date as the following week end, there was a shortage of beds at Hawkstone. On arrival there we found the party numbered eleven, and Venables turned up shortly after, and only six beds in the hotel available for our party. There were, in addition, two beds which we could have at the Lodge—these were occupied by Johnny Band and Mac, while Stephenson, Jack Seed and Venables went on northwards. Those who slept in the house were H. Poole, Davit Rowatt, Jim Park and Williams, Cook, Turnor and Barratt. Band, Turnor and Barratt made a start soon after breakfast on Sunday, while the car party, with the exception of Park, attended to the car tyres. Cook and Mac escorted Jim Park and Mr. and Mrs. Britten round the park. A start being made for home soon after luncheon, Britten and his wife walking to Hodnet and there training home, the remainder trekking for Hinderton. Owing to the scarcity and uncertainty of getting a bed when you arrive at Hawkstone, Cohen, Collins, Kinder Bros. and Benard (Pembroke) decided that Shrewsbury would be quite as nice, and useful rides on the Sunday, a.m., were the result of going to the latter place.

Daresbury (Ring o' Bells), May 23rd, 1914.

Saturday morning, in Liverpool, was very wet, but the roads managed to dry up fairly quickly. The Manchester section, by the look of their machines, had come over very wet roads, which were not improved by the drizzle whilst we were having tea. The exact number, twenty, which Mac had ordered for, turned up, and the main topics discussed were the "100" and the last "50." Ven and Morris arrived on the tandem, with only one left out of their 3 mixed gears, so there is a possibility of them getting the other two in order for the all-night ride. Stephenson had been doing himself good with a tour round Tarporley, and complained about the un-called for behaviour of his knees. An early start was made both for Wirral and Manchester, what happened being beyond my imagination.

LIONEL COHEN,

Editor.

Anfield Bicycle Club.

FORMED MARCH 1879.

16 CROXTETH GROVE,

LIVERPOOL, *June 9th, 1914.*

DEAR SIR,

I have much pleasure in drawing your particular attention to the Club run on June 19th and 20th, as per adjoined Time Table.

The Ride is in no sense a "Speed Ride," and no member will be left behind, unless his machine collapses; the Committee therefore venture to express the hope that you will make a special effort to be present on this occasion.

Kindly forward me a post card per return, stating if it is your intention to support the Fixture, as it is very necessary I should know the number of members for whom feeding arrangements are to be made.

Yours truly,

F. D. McCANN,

Hon. Secretary.

ROUTE AND ARRANGEMENTS, &c.

TIME TABLE.

PLACE.	DISTANCE.		TIME.
Liverpool, Queen's Square ...	—	...	12-0 midnight
Ormskirk	12½	12½	1-10 a.m.
Preston	18½	31	2-55 „
Refreshments—Park Hotel		Dep.	4-0 „
Garstang	10¾	41¾	5-0 „
Lancaster	10¾	52½	6-0 „
Milnethorpe	13¾	66¼	7-15 „
Kendal	7¼	73½	8-15 „
Breakfast—Commercial Hotel		Dep.	10-0 „
Shap	16	89½	1-0 p.m.
Penrith	10½	100	2-0 „
Crown Hotel			

This Time Table will be adhered to as strictly as possible, and in no case will the places mentioned be left in advance of the stated times.

ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB.

FORMED MARCH, 1879.

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MONTHLY CIRCULAR.

FIXTURES FOR JULY, 1914.

	Light up at
July 3 & 4.—Invitation "24." Start at 9-30 p.m.....	9.39 p.m.
Headquarters: Chester, Bull and Stirrup Hotel.	
.. 11.—Eaton, near Tarporley (Red Lion)	9.34 p.m.
.. 13.—Committee Meeting, St. George's Restaurant, 7 p.m.	
.. 18.—Malpas (Wyvern)	9.27 p.m.
.. 25.—Acton Bridge (Railway)	9.17 p.m.

Full Moon, 7th instant.

Committee Notes.

16, Croxteth Grove,

Liverpool.

The Del Strother Prize has been awarded to J. L. Mahon for his ride in the Invitation "100."

It has been decided to allow G. B. Mercer and D. R. Fell to exchange the plain badge for Record Badges for their rides of 208 miles in 24 hours and Liverpool to London, respectively, both accomplished on 3rd April, 1885. Both these rides were made before a Record Association was formed, the Liverpool to London ride being the first "place to place" ride ever done, and being the "genesis" of the R.R.A. Place to Place Records.

Members are reminded that, as announced in the February Circular, the Albrighton "100" has been revived. Full particulars will be sent on application. The Committee will accept the Timing of any one of the following: E. Buckley, H. Poole, D. C. Rowatt, or any member of the Committee or any one of the Officers. A Special Prize for the best ride accomplished in 1914 will be awarded; the value being Three Guineas. Briefly, the Course to be used is from a start outside Chester, by the back way round Whitchurch, through Newport to Albrighton, where turn and by the same way back to a point near Chester, the only Check required being at Albrighton.

Nineteen names of members of other clubs submitted for the "24" were accepted and with our own riders there will be a large field. A great number of helpers will be required, both through the night at Chester, and on the Saturday afternoon, as well as on Sunday morning. If you are able to help in any way please let me know without delay. The Course will be substantially the same as last year except that the Bull and Stirrup will be used throughout the night at Chester, the Rock Cutting at Chester will be cut out—the riders coming up to the junction of the Top and Bottom Roads, the Marford Extension will be immediately before the Whalebone one and upon arriving at Shawbury Corner the First Time, the Competitors will go down to Shawburch and back to Shawbury Corner. Followers will be allowed from Hodnet Corner, Second Time. The Time of Start is to be 9.30 p.m. from Vicar's Cross, and the men will be despatched at intervals of two minutes.

Entries for the "24," accompanied by 10/6 to help to cover feeding expenses, must reach me not later than Saturday, 27th June.

APPLICATIONS FOR MEMBERSHIP: J. H. Kinder and Hans Kinder, 62, Woodcroft Road, Liverpool. Proposed by Lionel Cohen and seconded by G. Stephenson.

F. D. McCANN,

Hon. Secretary.

RUNS.

Whitchurch, Week-end Shrewsbury, May 30th-31st.

Again it may be emphasized that history proves that having an official tea place for the Saturday preceding Whit Monday is not a success. Nine, however, had a good tea provided by the new management at the Swan, and afterwards toured gently to Salop. At least that was the programme, and it was carried out by Band and Jack Seed via Wem, and Barratt, Zambuck, and Cook via Prees; Turnor and Mac booked express passages behind Toft, with Mac changing engines when George Poole was encountered South of Hawkstone. Altogether there were 19 of us at the George, and several friends. Elsewhere in Shrewsbury were 6 more, and scattered around the course at the Raven, Hawkstone, Newport, Uffington, &c., were 27 more members, making a total of 52. On the Sunday there were the usual touring parties, some going over parts of the course, others to Cound Lodge, and a party of 9 to Bishops Castle, 7 of whom took the Stiperstone route (see Circulars for November and December last) and on to Clun, whence they continued to Craven Arms, Church Stretton and Salop. Sunday evening was largely spent "getting up the sweep" excellently engineered by Bentley and Lowcock with Mercer, Gee and Toft as clerks of the draw. They did their work so well that Barratt got first prize and H. Green second.

100 Miles Invitation Handicap.

Again we had a large field, for although the Committee had cut down the invitations in view of the Tricycle Trophy contest, there was an entry of 95 with 84 starters, and seeing that the event was won by a raw novice, with an excellent performance, the difficulty the Committee have in discriminating can be well appreciated, for it is better to have a few too many entrants than to unconsciously bar out a good man. The alteration in the course and the starting the men at half minute intervals caused a lot of bunching early on, and added to the difficulties of feeding the men, but it evidently made the course faster, and somewhat simplified the Timekeeper's

work at the finish, although it did not prevent one finisher from being missed. The finisher in question was Stephenson. Still, however, much one must sympathise with Stephenson, the incident simply bears out the contention that the only onus on the Timekeeper is to time those who "call out their number distinctly at the finish," and even on the old course the same thing applied, so that in discussing the merits of the two courses, the real point is whether it is advisable to have the overlapping and bunching early on to secure a faster course? And now more particularly to the race itself. As the "Scottish Cyclist" remarks—"The mantle of Moss has apparently fallen on the capable shoulders of H. H. Gayler, that brilliant representative of the Polytechnic Club," and as "Cycling" comments—"The supremacy of the brilliant Polytechnician remained unshaken." We must be most warm in our admiration for Gayler's magnificent record of 4-59-8, but at the same time it ought to be recorded that the chief feature of the race was the surprising excellence of Holloway's ride of 5-6-2 and third fastest, for after the first few miles Holloway, who was an early starter, was out on his own leading the field, and never had any advantage from overtaking other competitors, whereas all the other fast men were favoured with "scraps" at frequent intervals. At 54 miles Holloway was fastest with 2-38, and but for the over-zeal of his friends delaying him feeding at Hodnet he would certainly have been very little outside 5 hours, and must henceforth be regarded as a scratchman. Another feature was the splendid riding of Cook for the Tricycle Trophy, and his time of 5-40-38 beats Briault's record for the course by 8 mins. 5 secs. and Fulton's N.R.R.A. record by 16 mins. 15 secs. Parker (Unity) was the first back marker to strike trouble near Rock Hall, and before the half distance, Markham, Bamford (Bath Road) and Kirk (Y.R.C.) had been delayed by punctures. Kirk retired on puncturing the second time, but Markham and Bamford continued, and so did McCloud (M.C. & A.C.), who punctured just after the half distance. With the hardest part of the course covered, it was plainly seen that a remarkable set of fast times were being set up in great contradistinction to last year, when only Gayler was making good. The number of men off long marks shaping to approximate 5-30 was significant, and Parton, of Wem, was easily picked out as the winner. All the short markers not previously mentioned, such as Henry (N.L.), Coe (M.C. & A.C.), J. Wilson (Hull Thursday), Burkill (M.C. & A.C.), E. B. Webb (Bath Road), Scott (Unity), and Eastaff (Leicestershire Road) were beating 5-15, with the result that the record number of 27 beat 5-30! J. Wilson unfortunately punctured on the last stretch, or he would undoubtedly have done about 5-10, as he was 2½ mins. faster than Webb at 84 miles; this left the following 6 men beating 5-15: Gayler 4-59-8, Henry 5-5-51, Holloway 5-6-2, Burkill 5-9-36, Webb 5-12-3 and Coe 5-14-59. As above predicted, the handicap was easily won by Parton, with a handicap time of 4-47-1, with Holloway second, and Stringer (Grosvenor Wheelers) 5-32-48 third. Of the tricyclists there were 10 entrants and 8 starters. Raby unaccountably went off the course at Tern Hill, and Green (Bath Road) retired. Cohen's stomach was in a rebellious mood and caused his retirement at about 65 miles. Prichard (Bath Road) was the only one to appear in the picture alongside Cook, with a good performance of 5-58-14, but Mahon, of "Ours," really did an excellent performance, for he was 4½ minutes late in starting, owing to delay caused by digging up some racing togs, and had considerable trouble with his front wheel bearing. His actual time was 6-13-51, but under the rule of the race it had to be returned as 6-18-21, which made him slightly slower than Rooney (Pembroke) with 6-14-18. E. Webb, of "Ours," clocked 6-21-20, without ever seeming to hurry himself, and we are confident that he is good for much better things. The team race was won by the M.C. & A.C., with an aggregate of 15-44-19, against 15-55-40 for the Polytechnic, and 6-1-22 for the Bath Road.

The following is a list of the 57 finishers:—

F. E. Parton	Wem	5 32 1	45min.	4 47 1
W. Holloway	Walton C. & A. C.	5 6 2	12 ..	4 54 2
G. Stringer	Grosvenor Wheelers	5 32 48	38 ..	4 54 48
R. R. Seberechts	Oak	5 24 50	29 ..	4 55 50
E. L. Eastaff	Leicestershire R. C.	5 17 13	20 ..	4 57 13
E. B. Webb	Bath Road	5 12 3	14 ..	4 58 3
W. T. Burkill	M. C. & A. C.	5 9 36	11 ..	4 58 36
H. H. Gayler	Polytechnic	4 59 8	Scratch	4 59 8
T. P. Beeston	Century R. C.	5 27 14	28min.	4 59 14
E. Briggs	Cheadle Hulme	5 21 32	22 ..	4 59 32
D. McDonald	Liberty	5 40 27	40 ..	5 0 27
B. P. Horne	East Liverpool	5 21 10	20 ..	5 1 10
J. G. Shaw	Sharrow	5 26 28	25 ..	5 1 28
W. H. Sedley	Liberty	5 30 21	28 ..	5 2 21
E. J. Fawkes	Grosvenor Wheelers	5 34 47	32 ..	5 2 47
H. W. Henry	North London	5 5 51	3 ..	5 2 51
H. Norman	North Road	5 22 58	20 ..	5 2 58
C. Hawley	Leicestershire R. C.	5 43 29	40 ..	5 3 29
R. S. Wilson	East Liverpool	5 22 43	18 ..	5 4 43
H. Williamson	Salford Wheelers	5 35 9	30 ..	5 5 9
H. G. Cook (Tricycle)	Polytechnic	5 40 38	35 ..	5 5 38
A. H. Paul	Vegetarian	5 27 56	22 ..	5 5 56
W. Quinn	Walton C. & A. C.	5 37 52	31 ..	5 6 52
A. Coe	M. C. & A. C.	5 14 59	8 ..	5 6 59
R. G. Newton	Kingsdale	5 33 12	26 ..	5 7 12
A. J. Lee	Oak	5 28 26	21 ..	5 7 26
H. COLLINS	Anfield B. C.	5 39 31	32 ..	5 7 31
G. A. Scott	Unity	5 19 55	12 ..	5 7 55
J. E. Brown	Liverpool	5 25 4	17 ..	5 8 4
C. Smith	Hull Thursday	5 45 29	37 ..	5 8 29
J. HODGES	Anfield B. C.	5 25 53	17 ..	5 8 53
J. Wear	Sharrow	5 36 56	28 ..	5 8 56
J. Wilson	Hull Thursday	5 19 26	8 ..	5 11 26
A. G. McCloud	M. C. & A. C.	5 19 44	7 ..	5 12 44
H. Prichard (Tricycle)	Bath Road	5 58 14	45 ..	5 13 14
F. Harrison	Cheadle Hulme	5 41 53	28 ..	5 13 53
F. Greaves	Sheffield R. C.	5 43 58	30 ..	5 13 58
J. J. Rooney (Tricycle)	Liverpool Pembroke	6 14 18	60 ..	5 14 18
E. W. Hill	Unity	5 24 27	10 ..	5 14 27
F. J. Parker	Unity	5 20 46	6 ..	5 14 46
H. E. Simpson	North London	5 39 46	25 ..	5 14 46
A. Markham, Junr.	Bath Road	5 20 51	5 ..	5 15 51
H. W. Hyatt	Polytechnic	5 24 13	8 ..	5 16 13
J. A. GRIMSHAW	Anfield B. C.	5 27 32	11 ..	5 16 32
F. T. Swift	Kingsdale	5 41 4	23 ..	5 18 4
J. L. MAHON (Tricycle)	Anfield B. C.	6 18 21	60 ..	5 18 21
R. Bamford	Bath Road	5 28 28	8 ..	5 20 28
C. A. Stock	Polytechnic	5 32 19	11 ..	5 21 19
E. WEBB (Tricycle)	Anfield B. C.	6 21 20	60 ..	5 21 20
W. E. Hughes	East Liverpool	5 43 33	20 ..	5 23 33
H. GREEN	Anfield B. C.	6 8 45	45 ..	5 23 45
A. J. Griffiths	Glasgow United	5 59 41	34 ..	5 25 41
D. Smith	Sharrow	5 56 10	30 ..	5 26 10
W. Rushton	Walton C. & A. C.	5 53 53	26 ..	5 27 53
J. W. Neale	Leeds R. C.	5 55 8	27 ..	5 28 8
W. H. Gill	Yorkshire R. C.	5 47 56	16 ..	5 31 56
S. Everett	Cheadle Hulme	6 12 4	32 ..	5 40 4

TEAM RACE.

1 M. C. & A. C. (McCloud, Coe, Burkill)	15 41 19
2 Polytechnic (Gayler, Hyatt, Stock)	15 55 40
3 Bath Road (Markham, Bamford, Webb)	16 1 22
4 Unity (Parker, Hill, Scott)	16 5 8

TRICYCLE TROPHY.

H. G. Cook	Polytechnic	5 40 38
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Every alteration was a tremendous success, notably the re-arrangement of the course, and those who sought to be wise before the event, and predicted wholesale slaughter at Rockhall, not to mention the necessity of being present at Bob Knipe's inquest, were much wiser afterwards, and now whole-heartedly agree that the new arrangement has provided us with a faster and better course. Take the start for instance; no place could

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Pages 1-2, 3 & 4 bound
out of correct order
& follow page 9

5

July circular

have been better than the cross lanes for marshalling the riders and keeping the crowd in check, also the fact of having a fairly flat stretch of road to begin with, appealed very strongly to many of the men who have ridden in the "100" before. I remember there was quite some discussion as to the advisability of getting the competitors away at half minute intervals, but the resolution proved sound, as it prevented overcrowding on the small triangle and dangerous overlapping at Battlefield and Rockhall. The feeding this year was undertaken by Mercer and Rowatt, and carried out by them in perfect order. They chose a point between Crudgington and Ercall for their first time operations, and Ercall Hill was used second time round, and proved an ideal place for the job. It should be interesting to the general body of members to know that many expressions of appreciation and admiration have been received by the Committee from visiting Clubs, and numbers of men new to our territory said that, owing to the manner in which the course, although a difficult one, was checked and marshalled, it was impossible to go wrong. Just a little more in conclusion about the tricycles. H. G. Cook's performance is a remarkable one, as it not only beats G. H. Briault's record of 5-48-43, but secures for him the Trophy. Though Cook has no style, it is evident that commodity has little to recommend it when the job can be done in 5-40-38. Prichard never seemed to hustle himself, and did quite a good ride, whilst Rooney, who is a novice at the trike game, and none too sure on corners, finished like a sprinter. Mahon had worse than a dog's luck, for he started on the previous Thursday by finding a fork blade cracked, got his machine back from the repairers at 10-30 on Saturday night, left his racing clothes on Stockport Station on Sunday morning, started 4½ minutes late on Monday morning in someone else's clothes, found he had got his front wheel in wrong way about, had to take it out and finished up by clocking 6-18-21. The Committee have since awarded him the Del Strother Prize, and I think Del Strother and every one else will agree he deserves it. Teddy Webb is also new to the trike game, and his 6-21-20 gives promise of better scraps to come. Li. Cohen was never comfortable, and unfortunately turned it up at Hodnet, whilst Raby disappeared at Tern Hill, and Green smashing his fork crown somewhere near Hodnet, put paid to his own account. Thus yet another 100 is added to the long list, undoubtedly the most successful ever carried out by the A.B.C., and by comparison, it is interesting to note that Gayler topped the Beaumont 100 fastest man by no less than 15 minutes.

Items.

The first placed Anfielder was Collins, with the excellent handicap time of 5-7-31, but only good enough for 27th place. Hodges rode well with 5-25-53, and Grimshaw showed a pleasing sign of return towards form by determinedly sticking to the job and clocking 5-27-32.

The most important non-starters were Davey (Vegetarian), George (Etna), Tarsey (Oak), Merrilees (Vulcan), and the tricyclists Hulbert (Bath Road) and Kirton (Poly.)

We notice that George was also entered and competed in the Beaumont "100."

Toft and Worth rendered yeoman service in looking after the special feeding of our own men, whilst President Fell again officiated as Judge and Referee most excellently.

Crowcroft, who was in charge of the Chetwynd Church end of the course, solved the flag wagging difficulty by wearing a knitted red "sports" cap, in which he looked very saucy.

Percy Cooper again most willingly helped at the finish in calculating up the times.

We sadly missed Boss Higham, Dakin and Neason, but it was good to see Timbertiles, W. L. George and Harold Kettle again, whilst the ever-youthful and energetic Carpenter was sighted at Shawbirch.

After the race, the majority returned by road, which the earlier finish greatly facilitated, and we are pleased to hear that Cohen and Stephenson put in an excellent training spin for the "24," by riding home (in touring position). Mac went off with Cook into Wild Wales, and we hope it will have the same effect on him as his extension from Aberystwyth did last year.

The failure of Stephenson to be timed does not affect the result in any way, as there is clear evidence that his time was about 6-10, which qualifies him for Standard A. Green also wins Standard A, Collins wins Standard B, Hodges and Grimshaw win Standard C, and secure certificate for beating 5-30. Mahon wins Standard B, which Webb just misses by 1 min 20 secs., and has to be content with Standard A.

Nantwich, June 6th.

It was dull and threatening at starting time, with a useful draught astern as compensation, but Nantwich seemed a long way from home even at this early stage of the proceedings. The overtaking of Teddy Edwards in a "hungry-knocked" state, owing to starting on a muffin or something similar, cheered me up immensely, and we proceeded very sedately to Eaton, where a halt was called for light refreshment. This proved rather an elastic term—almost as elastic as the cake in fact. Cohen appeared early in the refreshing operations, and of course was of great assistance to us. He was on two wheels again, the trike having been sold for "a stoup of nut brown" after Whitsuntide.

On resuming the ride proper we found Billy Toft cleaning the oil pump of his Douglas by the roadside. I know it was his oil pump, because I was careful to ask him, and after rude remarks on both sides we left him to catch us up only to be stopped again by a deflation (or words to that effect) of Teddy's back tyre. He was evidently making a determined effort to be late for tea, but was thwarted, owing to the excellent assistance rendered by his companions (??)

There was a motley crew at the Crown, which numbered about 20. The Mancunians, who never dream or think of work during Whitsuntide, had generally speaking worn out the roads of Shropshire and the adjoining counties. Mac was trying to sign on the "All-nighters." Fancy wanting Stevey to miss a night's sleep!!! Sridiculous! Why, he's not forgotten that he missed a night on the Aberyswith journey, and is convinced that these nocturnal wanderings should be done between 3 and 4 p.m. only.

On the homeward journey I was deluded into trying a quiet ride home via Crewe and Sandbach. Crewe had dissolved in the rain and Sandbach was just about to follow suit, when the small, more or less humorous, party arrived and dried up the rain. Not one of us was "too proud to walk" at Cranage, and the party parted at Kuntsford, when the "seeun" again favoured us with its brilliant rays. The risk of allowing the ever-wakeful Stevey to journey in solitude to the wilds of Warrington was really pathetic, owing to the superlative state of drowsiness to which he had reduced himself. Oh Stevey thou wer't ever wakeful! "Je ne pense pas."

Chester, June 13th.

With the "24" only three weeks off, the crowd of 20 at the "Bull and Stirrup" was not encouraging, even if we have got a promise from the manager to keep the hotel open all night on the 3rd prox. No one can possibly complain of lack of climatic variety during the last few weeks, for we have been treated successively to rain, hail, thunder and lightning, gales and oppressive heat. On Saturday we had the heat turned on, and

one of the coolest occupations in the world, tending a refrigerator excepted, must have been that of riding a bicycle, though to keep cool one had to keep pedalling or freeling as the case may be, for the moment one stopped, the perspiration started and discomfort set in. Yea verily it was a day for cool drinks, long ones with lumps of ice floating in the tumbler, it was a day when, but for conventionality, clothes might have easily been dispensed with. On my way to Chester, across Eaton Park, I lazily dreamed of a certain tiled apartment I had seen in Portugal, where in hot weather, opulent Dagos were wont to recline, while thousands of tiny jets sprayed delightfully cool water over their naked bodies. But why write further about these idle dreams, when on Saturday, once across the threshold of the "Bull and Stirrup," the odour of roast meats should have been sufficient to dispel them for ever. H. Green arrived late and somewhat distraught, though when I learned the cause of his way-worn appearance, I thought he deserved to be a lot more whacked than he looked. During the course of the day he had taken in Middlewich, Nantwich, Whitchurch, Newport, Wellington, Shawbirch, Shawbury, Wem, Whitchurch and Chester. All this with the bit home added on makes a good training spin for the "24." By 8-30 p.m. most of the crowd had drifted off home, one party vanished into Wild Wales and the ancient City was left to the baser sort.

Penrith All-night Ride, June 20th, 1914.

"What happened in the night?" Sounds like a Cinema stunt, or something worse, but it was only the Editor's way of asking for an account of the all-night ride. Well it just happened as per schedule, excepting that we swanked into Penrith 20 minutes before our time (2 p.m.), dodging the press, snap-shotters, and usual brass band. Only four arrived at the "Stork" for supper—Bentley, Cook, Jack Seed, and Ven—but before midnight we were joined by Mr. Fawcett, who had already supped and was eager for the road.

We expected more on such a nice warm night, but the claims of commerce prevented nine starting before noon Saturday, and others, I presume, did not want to come, which is as good a reason as any other, if you really don't want. Anyhow, they missed a most enjoyable ride—no punctures, the pump only being used twice on a very slowly leaking tyre.

We slipped away from Queen's Square at midnight, 12 sharp (no demonstration or glad hand), and set about getting over the setts and tram lines of Liverpool north. It was easier going beyond Aintree, with occasional rough setts and wavy surface, but after breasting the rise at Aughton, we soon ran into Ormskirk, to find—Green waiting to join and accompany us to Preston.

Under way again, we commenced to pick up market carts and meet traction engines, the surface still being wavy. A slice of red moon got up, which reminded Ven of New Brighton Tower, and then we struck several banks of heavy mist, in the low-lying Rufford district, we were soon thro', however, and glad to see the last of it. A faint suggestion of "not quite so dark" induced one of us to remark "It is the Dawn," and a rooster on the instant proclaimed the morn, then settled down for another snooze, I expect.

Our lamps were put out long before Preston, and we ran into the town 15 minutes in hand, but it was all wanted as we had half-a-mile of station platform and cattle runs to negotiate before entering the Hotel. The hot soup proved very welcome, but we had to persuade the porter to leave the carving to us, and get himself busy brewing tea—and more tea. We were sorry to part with Bentley and Green on leaving for Garstang, but business claimed them. It was very sporting of them to come along so far, only to have to return. Now only four strong, a lovely morning and easy road, we made Lancaster, halted on the bridge and congratulated the mill lassies

hurrying to their toil, 6 a.m. They smilingly chaffed us back, one remarking "Eh, you chaps have the times!" The road developed bumps toward Milnethorpe, and the party partook of soda and milk as an appetiser for breakfast. Two of the party were filled with rapture, having seen the Belle of Milnethorpe drift down the street. He who paid the score, missed the rapture, and suggested getting on to Kendal and a square meal, so a few more bumps were tackled, and we rolled into Kendal well on time, to find Sunter, Jimmy Williams, Mr. Bateman and Mr. — all looking nice, clean, and sleepy, but glad to see us.

After breakfast, the morning papers and a smoke, we were once more in the saddle, getting upstairs toward Shap summit. A halt was called at the "Plough Inn," where stone ginger was imbibed in order to subdue the Kendal ham. Meanwhile, the car party again joined us, and Mr. Bateman earned our undying gratitude, by producing a large basket of most excellent strawberries, planked them down in our midst, and said "fall in." They were much appreciated. After being "photoed," we again got on with it, and with every help from the "Haymaker," we larded the lean earth to the summit, rested awhile on the northern descent, and attended to Carpenter's tyres.

I should have mentioned that Carpenter rolled up from Newcastle-on-Tyne, in time for breakfast, having enjoyed a night ride on his own, in order to join us in the concluding 27 miles. A further halt was made at the "Greyhound," where we parted with car party, after enjoying nectar from deep glasses. The remaining stretch to Penrith was soon reeled off, and a capital lunch at the "Crown," followed a rub down and change. Carpenter had to leave for Birmingham about 5 p.m., so we escorted him to the station. The remaining four boarded a motor char-a-banc for Ullswater, arriving back to find F.H. ready to join us at dinner. Still energetic, a walk to the Beacon was accomplished, and on returning to the "Crown," Toft and Mac smiled up at us from the lounge, the latter having come through from his own doorstep to the "Crown" in very few hours, and quite a lot of minutes and seconds. Turner and Webb were the next arrivals, *well* before eleven, and Band, Cohen and Stephenson rolled up shortly after, having had tyre troubles on Shap. Teddy Edwards was sighted at Ullswater, and on our return to the "Crown" we were in time to say good-bye, he having had refreshment and wishing to get back home, was making for his train.

And now for my little bit—

With such a good partner I felt confident enough to eat 90 or 100 h.p. motors, and accordingly we started from town in a very energetic style, and were soon in a most uncomfortable state of perspiration. Stephenson was our first catch (nearly asleep on the parapet) at Rufford and also Mac, who was breathing fire. We didn't see much of Mac, for Toft soon drew him away at 20-30-40-50-90-96 m.p.h., but lo! his watch had stopped, so we were left nicely on our own. Tea was partaken of in Lancaster, and just beyond Milnethorpe, whilst smoking and resting *and* listening to Johnny's fireside stories, the Turnor-Webb tandem went by. However, we caught them at the Plough on Shap (they'd stopped) and of course it gave us great delight to exchange greetings, etc., etc., etc. The ascent of Shap was managed easily (walking), and as soon as the descent commenced the Mullah-Webb apparatus were well away, leaving us to change Stevey's tyre. A nice, good-looking flint did the needful to the tandem, and the tyre was well repaired amidst loud hiccoughs of three well-oiled quarrymen. More greetings, and we found the Crown at Penrith at the early (?) hour of 11-30. Much to the consternation of Mac, who had only taken $7\frac{1}{4}$ hours or thereabouts out of us since Lancaster.

The early morn found the A.B.C. in complete possession of Penrith, and after a slow and somewhat mild breakfast, in ones and twos we recalled

that we had a slight journey of 100 to 110 miles, so steeds were accordingly saddled and we wended our way for Patterdale and Ullswater but not before the usual snapshots. Cook and Fawcett were off for an extra day, and I heard mention of Ribblesdale as being their quest. It was glorious round Pooley Bridge and likewise up Kirkstone Pass, which Mac scorned to ride. With the Turnor-Webb tandem leading the way for Mac and the Band-Cohen combination in the rear, with Stevey coughing hard, quite a speed ride was accomplished to the top of Kirkstone. Average pace 2 m.p.h. (but not including crossing Lancaster, Mac). A party of Birkenhead motorists who remembered having it put through them near Ormskirk by the Band and Co. tandem (they were repairing tyres at the time) handed out quite a good supply of strawberries to the aforementioned party, with the result that the tour was postponed for quite 30½ minutes. The energetic and ever alert Captain then gave the tandem to understand he was not a motor-car when asked to accelerate to 2.875 m.p.h. The top of Kirkstone was reached where we found Mac, Turnor and Webb looking at empty pint pots, and moisture was also applied medicinally to our lips. It was far harder descending the Pass to Windermere than ascending, owing to the steep gradient and nasty X. U. S. and W. bends, which were the cause of the cable breaking on the Turnor-Webb machine, resulting in their making for an opening in a wall in preference to keeping on the road. This made them late for lunch at Bowness, where we were very glad to see them complete. After lunch Koenan and Toft were soon throttling out to Kendal, but Mac's 90 in 3 minutes was not quite fast enough to enable him to sprint them, so he had to be content with only the Band tandem and Stephenson as his victims. A steady and respectable pace was maintained all the way via Kendal, Milnethorpe, Lancaster, and just as things were nice and comfortable, past flashes Sunter, Williams and party, amidst loud groans and gramaphonic noises. Garstang was reached at 6 p.m., and we all pushed on three miles down the road to the Roebuck, where an order was placed for a poultry farm. Sunter's friend was great as waiter and V.G.V. Cohen was very sorry to hear that Johnny intended getting home early, and we again put in the clutch at 7.10 (how about my exactitude Mac?) leaving the singles to themselves. Amidst loud cheers, dry throats, aching legs and bulging eyes, we clocked 8 o'clock at Rufford, from whence we did our best to keep them going round in a vain endeavour to reach a respectable hostelry, which we did near Aintree. The journey over the tram lines to the Pier Head was most peaceful, excepting for a few personal remarks to "road crossers" out of the stokehold.

Recollections on voyage.

Jack Seed had returned via Shap with our smiling Venables, who left the Sub-Captain at Lancaster to try one of Cook's routes to Liverpool. We, that is Stephenson, Mac, Bank and Co., F.H., Toft, Sunter and Williams, found Jack at Garstang, up to where he said he'd toured. Unfortunately he found himself alongside our "fast Mac," and his tour accordingly ended.

LIONEL COHEN,

Editor.

ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB.

FORMED MARCH, 1879.

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

MONTHLY CIRCULAR.

FIXTURES FOR AUGUST, 1914.

		Light up at
July 31st/1st Aug.—Ireland.	Irish Road Club's Invitation "50". Spa Hotel, Lucan	9-8 p.m.
Aug 8th.—Wrexham (Wynnstay)		8-50 p.m.
.. 10th.—Committee Meeting, St. George's Restaurant, 7 p.m.		
.. 15th.—Lostock Craflam (Black Greyhound)		8-37 p.m.
.. 22nd.—50 Miles Handicap, Shropshire Course. Tea at Shawbury (Elephant and Castle) and Week-end at Newport (Barley Mow)		8-23 p.m.
.. 29th.—Knutsford (Lord Eldon)		8-3 p.m.
Sept. 5th.—12 Hours Ride		7-49 p.m.

Full Moon, 6th instant.

Committee Notes.

16, Croxteth Grove,
Liverpool.

At the last Committee Meeting, Messrs. J. and H. Kinder, 62, Woodcroft Road, Liverpool, were elected to Active Membership.

NEW ADDRESSES: J. Park, Bank House, Birkdale, Southport; E. Edwards, 22, Beresford Road, Wallasey.

An invitation to ride in the Irish Road Club's "50" on August Bank Holiday has been received, and the following names have been sent in for entry forms—it is hoped that most of these members will be able to cross: Lionel Cohen, J. C. Band, A. Warburton, H. Collins, J. Kinder, H. Kinder, J. A. Grimshaw, E. Webb and J. L. Mahon. It is hoped that special terms will be arranged at the Spa Hotel, Lucan. If it is your intention to make the crossing, either for the day tours which will be arranged or for the race, please advise me at once (saying if you will be crossing on Friday night or Saturday night), so that I may reserve accommodation on that boat, which leaves the Princes Stage each night at 8 p.m. On arrival at Dublin breakfast will be ready at Wynn's Hotel.

Any member going over to Dublin who would like the free use of a $3\frac{1}{2}$ h.p. Rudge motor bicycle, and sidecar combination can be accommodated and put into communication with the generous loaner by communicating with me.

As I shall probably be away on holiday during August, E. A. Bentley has kindly consented, at the request of the Committee, to carry on the Secretarial duties.

Entries for the Third "50" on August 22nd must reach Mr. Bentley, Norwood, Waterpark Road, Prenton, Birkenhead, not later than by the *first post* on Saturday, 15th August. Handicapping meeting at Lostock Gralam, on 15th August.

In connection with this event a week-end will be held at Newport (Barley Mow). A special tariff of 6/- for supper, bed and breakfast has been arranged. The start of the "50" will be at 4 p.m., and tea will be ready after the event at 7.30.

An invitation to be represented in the Anerley 12 Hours' Ride has been received—the Captain has forms and full particulars.

Entries for the 12 Hours Handicap must reach Mr. Bentley by first post on Saturday, 29th August.

The Committee decided, after reviewing all the facts of the case, to exercise their right to waive the "24" rule which disqualified a competitor who does not follow strictly the course as per card. They held that J. E. Brown did not deliberately deviate from the official course, being mis-directed by the crowd at the Three Greyhounds Corner, among whom there were some who ought to have known better, as they had cards, having retired from the race. The Committee decided to credit Brown with the actual mileage covered both on and off the course. This latter decision also applies to the case of G. B. Goodall.

F. D. McCANN,
Hon. Secretary.

Mems.

Heartiest congratulations and good wishes to Jim Park, who was married recently at Ormskirk.

It is hoped that Everbright will be riding in the Bath Road "100" this year—we may also be represented in the Anerley "12."

A mistake was made in the paragraph in last month's circular when it was stated that D. R. Fell's ride was the genesis of the R.R.A. Place to Place Records—this should have read "being the genesis of *this* R.R.A. Place to Place Record," i.e., the Liverpool to London series.

In the "North Road Gazette" for July we notice the following comment on our "100," "It is a great pity that in such events as this the handicaps are so difficult to make; there seems to be no remedy *so long as novices are allowed to compete*. On this occasion, although Gayler beat the course record, he was no higher than eighth in the handicap." The italics are ours. We thought that the handicap was particularly good this year, notwithstanding the admission of novices, and it must be further remembered that ours is a race that has to be largely handicapped on the form of the *previous* year. The handicap was framed from Gayler and 5 hours, and Gayler beat this by 52 seconds. That out of 95 men handicapped, 84 starters and 57 finishers there were *only 7 whose handicap times also beat 5 hours*, shows in our opinion that the difficulty italicised above was most successfully met. However, let us turn for consolation to the result of the North Road "100," in which the handicappers eliminated this **alleged difficulty by barring novices entirely** and also had Anfield "100" form to guide them. What do we find? A rider whose form was clearly shown in the I.R.C. "100" last August "made hay of the handicap" according to the "Irish Cyclist," and "made a tremendous hole in the

handicap" to quote "Cycling." And where was Gayler? Gayler also beat the course record with the magnificent time of 4-58-25, and yet although there were only 35 starters and 14 finishers Gayler was *only fifth*. We venture to think that his eighth place in our "100" out of 57 finishers calls for less criticism than his fifth place in the N.R. "100" out of only 14 finishers. We do not work on either the puff and dart or card index systems. But after all, criticism of handicaps is rather ungenerous, for even men whose form is well known are likely to spring a surprise, and as for barring novices, we recall the performance of a complete novice in Osborne, who in 1901 electrified everyone by running the North Road crack R. Seymour Cobley very close for fastest time, being only beaten by 2 mins. 35 secs., so that for the good of the sport there seems to be no cause to bar novices.

It has occurred to the Editor that there may be amongst some of "ours," photographs suitable for publication in the Circular. Owing to the great difficulty the above mentioned and little respected person finds in filling up the Circular, a photograph would considerably lighten his terrific and arduous duties. If you wish to know how the photographs were published during the early part of the year "Elsie" will be pleased to supply full details. Now! who's first? Stupendous bonuses!!! Reproductions of Collins' knickers cannot be accepted.

Hoo Green (The Kilton), June 27th (Photo Run).

After many weary, hard and strenuous miles around Nantwich and Holmes Chapel, all on my lonesome, I arrived at the above hostelry in a state of semi-consciousness, due entirely to weak attempts to ride fast and also an empty stomach, dry throat, aching body and a pair of legs which positively would not answer to the call I made on them. In true A.B.C. style I found the cobbles covered with the energetic carcasses of hard riders. Fred Gee clocked another attendance, whilst within a few seconds interval Mercer and Fell arrived, both having had a strenuous ride. Ven, the speedy, fresh and chirpy and full of beans after his "all-night" tour, was again with us, and there were thousands of others who helped to make a total of a few over thirty. Arguments regarding the distance of "all-night" rides were thrashed out, and the advisability of doing these all-night excursions on Saturday afternoon was treated similarly. Result: Total dissatisfaction and otherwise. Yes or no. Just as you like and I don't mind if I do.

After tea chamois cloths, papier pandre, leaves and manicure sets were soon in evidence in preparation for Charlie Conway's annual photograph of the Club. It put on its fiercest smile, and to the surprise of the present scribe the camera survived the effort. A semi T.T. combination came in for much criticism from our experts, and then a move was started for home. I heard Band, J. Seed, Cook and Mac talking about some lanes on their route which they knew they knew they didn't. Mercer, Fell, Ven, Cody, Knipe, Bentley, Keizer, Stevey, oh, and hundreds of others made for Warrington. The remaining seven hundred, consisting of Old Green, Crow, Mahon, Turnor, Cohen and Worth, trekked to Knutsford, and here my record of the various happenings must cease, as I was again very soon in a most tired "don't-give-a-fig-what-happens" state of collapse, due entirely to the meteoric and lightening activity of the "Crow-Green" tandem.

24 Hours' Ride, July 3rd and 4th.

The O'Tatur authoritatively states that "there is but one way by which one can satisfactorily report on a twenty-four hours trial on the road—that is to ride in it," so that you must not expect this account to be satisfactory, for although I was "out and about" during the whole period—at Chester during the night, in Shropshire all day, and in East Cheshire for the finish—I did *not* "ride in it." It can be stated at once that the re-opening of the event to competitors from other invited clubs was a complete success, and reminded one of the races in the eighties when the

stimulus of outside rivalry did us all the good in the world. There can be no doubt that the re-opening of the event caused us to have nine of our own men entering, added great interest for the helpers in their long and frequently wearisome jobs, and enabled Grimshaw to accomplish the ride of his life. For obvious reasons a large entry was not desired, so that the actual list of 21 representing our lucky number of 13 clubs was entirely satisfactory. The weather on the preceding days caused some forebodings, but in fact the thunderstorms served to clear the heavy atmosphere, and vastly improve the roads, except on the Whitchurch-Newport stretch, where several washouts had been experienced. Under ideal conditions therefore 19 men in turn faced Poole, the timekeeper, and the only two non-starters were unfortunately Stephenson and Barrett, who, at the last moment, found that they could not get away from business. This was particularly hard lines, for both had trained very hard and would undoubtedly have done good rides. Right from the start Brown, Kirk, Wilson, Molyneux and Grimshaw scrapped hard, and were all doing fast times, with Nicholls, Goodall, Parton and Shaw not much slower, the rest riding steadily to schedules. McCann retired very early, as he could not get going, but our disappointment must be tempered by the knowledge that Mac is having a very trying time at business just now, and had put in a tremendous amount of work in making *perfect* arrangements for the race, which anxieties are not conducive to fitness. Perhaps very few of us can appreciate what work was involved in getting out the route card with apparently simple alterations in the course, and in "educating" the Bull and Stirrup into the feeding requirements, but it was sufficient to unfit any man from competing himself. Cassidy, of the Liberty, was next to retire at about 60 miles, and with the leaders clocking about 5-35 for the 100, it was wondered whether any of them would crack up. To everyone's surprise Kirk retired at 130 miles, and Wilson practically did so at 132, although he did ride a few more miles before actually chucking. Cohen and Seed packed up at Chester the last time, for Cohen had lost considerable time with punctures, and Seed had ridden too fast for a man only going for Standards. The retirement of Kirk and Wilson left Brown with a useful lead from Grimshaw, with Molyneux third, Shaw fourth, Nicholls fifth, and Goodall sixth, when the venue moved into Shropshire. Walters at Tern Hill was the next retirement, and at Newport (174 miles) Carpenter's knees were so bad that he could not go on, so from this point there were only 11 competitors left, and as Taylor and Molyneux retired in the neighbourhood of Shawbury, the field was reduced to 9 before the third century was entered upon. The duel between Brown and Grimshaw was magnificent, for the second time round the traingle Grimshaw pulled up some leeway, only to lose it again, and it was not until the last few hours that he really began to win the race, his former experience of the famous duel with Buckley in 1911 no doubt standing him in good stead. Meanwhile Nicholls, by some remarkably fine steady riding had passed Shaw, and was comfortably in third place with the other competitors getting on with silver medal rides quite nicely. Unfortunately Brown was sent off the course by an unofficial checker, who turned him at the Three Greyhounds to Holmes Chapel direct instead of via Middlewich Corner, Grimshaw having a narrow escape from the same fate, but under the circumstances the 3 miles "off the course" will most likely be credited to Brown. Assuming that this is so, Brown ran out time near Chelford P.O. with a mileage (deducting 3 miles 1 fur. 77 yds. for the shorter distance he took by missing the Middlewich Co. check) of 378½ miles. Grimshaw riding very strongly the last 80 miles steadily gained on Brown, and finally ran out time with the splendid total of 379¾ miles, so that both nicely beat Buckley's record for the event of 375 miles and both deserved to win. Naturally we are delighted at Grimshaw's success and his so handsomely upholding the reputation of the Club, but we are equally full of admiration for Brown's wonderful performance, all the more so because it was his first attempt at such a distance. Nicholls, who rode a wonderfully consistent race, being only 11 miles less in the second 12 than the first, was an excellent third

with the splendid total of 360 $\frac{3}{4}$ miles, which is much the best 24 this hardy veteran has even done. Shaw was fourth with a ride of 336 $\frac{3}{4}$ miles, which practically duplicates his performance in the N.R. 24 last year, and Goodall was a close fifth with a total of 332 miles, after making a deduction of 1 $\frac{1}{4}$ miles for his missing the course at Hadley and reaching Shawbirch direct instead of via the Cock Inn. Green and Warburton riding comfortably ahead of Mullah schedules did good rides of 321 miles and 318 $\frac{1}{2}$ miles respectively, but Warburton had a peck of trouble between the Cock and Hodnet the second time, and finally rode 10 miles on the rim through inability to obtain a spanner that would shift the nut to get his back wheel out after his chain had come off and chewed up his tyre. As fresh as paint throughout, and now he knows he *can* ride a 24, he will undoubtedly be more ambitious next year. Parton had a very bad time on the second round of the triangle, and actually retired at Wem well content with qualifying for a certificate, but the persuasiveness of E. Green and Mahon induced him to resume after a long rest, for he bucked up so wonderfully that he qualified for the silver medal with 318 $\frac{3}{4}$ miles. The other finisher was Barlow, who throughout rode most pluckily and steadily to a 315 schedule. He never seemed to turn a hair and finished equal with Warburton 318 $\frac{1}{2}$ miles.

RESULT.

		12 Hours.	24 Hours.
J. A. Grimshaw	Anfield B. C.	197	379 $\frac{3}{4}$
J. E. Brown	Walton C. C.	201	378 $\frac{1}{2}$
T. P. Nicholls	Leeds Road Club	186	360 $\frac{3}{4}$
J. G. Shaw	Sharrow C. C.	187	336 $\frac{3}{4}$
G. B. Goodall	Manchester Wednesday	180	332
H. Green	Anfield B. C.	176	321
F. E. Parton	Wem C. C.	173	318 $\frac{3}{4}$
A. Warburton	Anfield B. C.	176	318 $\frac{1}{2}$
T. M. Barlow	Manchester Wheelers		318 $\frac{1}{2}$
G. Molyneux	Liverpool Pembroke	188	

Warburton and Green now bring the total to 44 Anfielders who have done over 300 miles in a "24."

Items.

All our visitors were loud in their praises of the organisation, and all the checkers and helpers did their work well. Fred Lowcock was invaluable at Chester, and the Haswells thoroughly entered into the game—the only pity being that they are leaving and we shall have others to educate next year.

As a wind up "our best" are due to all the willing workers around the course at the various checks and feeding stations. To name all who were out is beyond my ability, but one or two I distinctly remember. Carlisle, Oppenheimer, Jones, the other Lowcock, Cooper, Theakstone, H. Roskell, Hawkes, Royden, Worth, Cook, Bentley, Cotter, Keizer, Knipe, Stephenson, Collins, Turnor, Webb, Mahon, H. Green, H. and J. Kinder, Toft, G. Poole, Buckley and several others were out and about, so if your name is not mentioned in this account and you want to register your attendance, Mac is the man for you.

It was rather unfortunate that several of our Liverpool men did not know much about the "finishing roads" for it made it rather awkward for Harry to find the necessary "timekeepers followers." However, all went well, and, as already mentioned, the race, including all arrangements, was a great success.

Eaton (Lion), near Tarporley. July 11th.

To be a success as an Editor it has just dawned on the writer that one must make it a habit of never taking a refusal when asking for the account of the run. It is a habit of mine, and the result is no account ever reaches me. Ah! Woe is me! However, my first experience en route was with a bite who would not be dropped, but with a little strategy (1/1 $\frac{1}{2}$ per bottle), I managed to lure my unwelcome friend to the fore, which made my journey somewhat easier.

A little drachm of "ink-like" fluid was necessary to restore my lost energies when I reached Stamford Bridge. Young Green dashes past to Chester. What a glutton for work!! Bentley soon checks, to be followed by our noble and most respectable Johnny Band. Then the ride commenced and the party were enlightened on the various materials used in the manufacture of certain tyres and all other details relating to anything "bicyclish." Having in a rash moment fixed an appointment with the Skipper, I enticed my companions to hie with me to Cotebrook. It was really too far for the terrific speed which was maintained through Tarvin caused us to lose considerable time on a slight rise at the top of which we all changed Johnny's front tyre. Tempus was now "fugiting" and we reached Eaton at about 5-45, after having taken about 2 hours from Stamford Bridge (and crossing Tarvin!!). Harry Poole was out on the Douglas and no doubt he had a rare scrap with Toft going home. Warburton was Cohen's escort to Manchester, and I hear that the Longer Kinder put in appearance.

LIONEL COHEN,

Editor.

ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB.

FORMED MARCH, 1879.

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

MONTHLY CIRCULAR.

FIXTURES FOR SEPTEMBER, 1914.

	Light up at
Sept. 5.—"12" Hours Unpaced Handicap, Headquarters, "Bull and Stirrup"	7.46 p.m.
„ 12.—Knutsford, "Lord Eldon" Hotel	7.33 p.m.
„ 14.—Committee Meeting, St. George's Restaurant, 7 p.m.	
„ 19.—Little Budworth, "Red Lion"	6.59 p.m.
„ 26.—Tattenhall, "The Sportsman"	6.44 p.m.
Oct. 3.—Alford "Grosvenor Arms"	6.39 p.m.

Full Moon 4th inst.

Committee Notes.—12 Hours Handicap.

"Norwood," Prenton, Cheshire.

Though McCann expects to be back before we get to grips with this event, I would like to have everything definitely arranged so as to enable him to compete without all the worry of rushing about making final arrangements. Intending competitors will please note, I must have their names and entrance fees (5/-), which goes to help cover feeding expenses, by 29th August; the Club run on that day is Knutsford, and I shall be able to take entries, etc., up till tea time, after which no men, who have not definitely decided to ride, will be handicapped. There will be a large number of checkers and marshals wanted, and it is impossible for us to have too many men at R. L. Knipe's disposal at Vicars Cross. He will act as Chief of the Staff there, and intending followers should report themselves to him in good time to be put on. A Tariff of 6/—Supper, Bed and Breakfast, has been arranged at the "Bull and Stirrup," and the usual Club tea will be provided at about 9 p.m. on Saturday.

The Abandoned "50."

While the Committee and, I dare say most of the other members of the A.B.C., dislike having to abandon any fixture, you may be quite sure the situation was very carefully considered and, after a lengthy argument as to whether we should be any better off in Cheshire, from a railway point of view, the majority of the members present decided that it would be very unwise to have a fixture entirely ruined by reason of our failure to obtain railway accommodation.

The September 19th fixture should have been Pulford, but owing to the Misses Davies having discontinued catering it was decided to alter the run to Little Budworth, as above mentioned.

AN APPEAL.

There is no use disguising the fact that since the "24" our Club fixtures have been suffering severely with attendances only averaging a baker's dozen. Holidays have had something to do with this, and now we have struck another snag in this terrible war. Several of our most active members have either joined the colours or undertaken civic duties, while others are in businesses working at high pressure. There are, however, quiet a lot of members who are not so affected, and to them this appeal is made. We are all enjoined to lead our normal lives without undue excitement, and what better health-giving tonic could we take than a bicycle ride? The Committee, therefore, trust that all those not otherwise engaged will make special and strenuous efforts to support the Club fixtures, so that our statistics will not show too much of a shrinkage at the end of the year.

The Anerly "12."

The Anerley Bicycle Club announce that they have been obliged to abandon their open "12" hours ride.

E. A. BENTLEY,

For the Hon. Secretary.

RUNS.

Malpas, July 18th.

Glorious weather but only 16 out, counting Bentley, who had an unsatisfactory encounter with a brewer's dray by the Gibbet Mill, and had perforce to crawl back home. Most of the 15 were very late, and we looked like having to apologise for our meagre muster, but with the arrival of Webb and Green from Manchester, and Sunter and Williams *via Wigan* it panned out O.K. and we certainly had an excellent tea, which should ensure another Malpas fixture and a bigger crowd. Of course quite a number of members were seduced by the Grosvenor Wheelers '50 in which Grimshaw covered himself with glory by accomplishing 2-24-14, and 5 of our members were in or en route for Ireland, but 16 was disappointing for such a perfect day. After tea we sat on the bowling green until the midges drove us away, and then we made for our several destinations. The Chester-Hinderton party stopped rather suddenly at Shotwick Corner to light up and enable Royden to have "a few words" with two of his friends. "How dare you say he had his hand on my shoulder!"

Acton Bridge, July 25th.

From a weather point of view, this particular afternoon was in a class by itself, for less than three miles from home Jack Seed and I had to take hurried refuge under a large tree whilst the heavens opened. After about a quarter of an hour we were able to proceed, and in a very few minutes found absolutely dry roads again. This sort of thing lasted all afternoon, in some places waders would not have been amiss, in other goggles would have been good value to keep the dust out of one's eyes. Before we reached the Bridge Inn we got thoroughly lost and had to climb up a very steep hill, which we found out afterwards was quite unnecessary. Only a very small crowd, including Will Toft and Geo. Theakstone on a side car combination, sat down to a tea that would have made a workhouse inmate growl for the rest of his natural life, and had it not been for our one and only Harry, not to mention his knickers and carpet shoes, I know not what

we should have done. A very pretty ride through the Forest, on the way home and a very late arrival at New Ferry, after a stop at Little Sutton to take in stores brought a rather extraordinary run to a close.

Irish Tour, August 1-3, 1914.

Just to see that the country was quite in order and that all was peaceful, Turnor and Cohen left Liverpool on July 18 by the good ship "Glengariff," bound for Cork, and after a tour round Co. Kerry, cut across country to Dublin as soon as they reached Limerick. Cohen went into strict training at Howth for just about 15 minutes, whilst his touring companion was ever content to rest at ease. To use a "Cookism," the tour proper, that is the Club's tour, commenced by Collins, Fell, G. Poole, Theakstone, Band, Cook, Captain Thompson and a friend of Collins, leaving Liverpool on the Friday night. They reached Dublin early on Saturday, when they were joined by the real tourists and Murphy. Our quarters should have been at the Spa Hotel, Lucan, but owing to the intellectual and businesslike way they have there, Bentley never heard that they were short of accommodation until about August 1st. Cook willingly rode out to Lucan to make sure, and the result was that we had again to favour the Granville with our respected company. With Murphy as guide (including our visitor Skipper Thompson, who was carefully placed in the sidecar) the Saturday was spent by Fell, Cook, Turnor and Band in touring around Enniskerry and Bray and walking along Bray Head. George unfortunately missed the "pack" in the city and consequently did a 60 miles' tour on his own, whilst Collins, Cohen, Theakstone and H. C.'s confederate went on a surveying expedition in Phoenix Park, much to the disgust of the police in the barracks. Sub.-Captain Collins then led the party to the Polo Grounds, where things in general and otherwise were commented upon in true Anfield style. No lives were lost, and the company returned to the Granville to partake of nourishment. Saturday evening found everybody with different visions as to their destinations to pass the time away, but nevertheless "Boots" admitted the last Anfielder at quite an "earrrly hour." Exclusive reports have it that a visit was paid to see that Bransby Williams did his job all right.

Sunday morning and we were joined by Grimshaw and Webb, whilst at Wynns were reported Hans and John Kinder, who were staying with the Liverpool Pembroke. Goodall and Guest of the Manchester Wednesday, and Briggs of the Cheadle Hulme, joined the Granville party, some of whom spent the morning at Howth, whilst the non-racing men toured off to Blessington. Poulaphouch Waterfall, Naas, Cellbridge and on to Lucan, where they were joined at tea by the Howth merchants. Captain Thompson showed great skill at absorbing "Eau de Spa Lucan," much to the amusement of Harry Tate (sorry, I mean Collins), who, along with Theakstone, managed to create a riotous disturbance throughout the entire county.

Theakstone absolutely had the tram guard mystified with his coin manipulations. Talk about laugh! Oh help! Ask Grimshaw!! Yet in spite of the various happenings and mild flirtations by the scratchman, and the fixing of appointments for Monday, we arrived at Sackville Street to schedule. In view of the early start of the race, we all got to bed early. Monday morning was fine, but with a stiff wind across the course. Turnor taking Dunshauglin and Cook taking Tara (with the help of 3 policemen) had the great advantage of Poole's excellent pacing, for George took Kilmearne Bridge. Band and Theakstone took Clonee, and Fell officiated at the start, so all our men were well looked after. Grimshaw was the fastest throughout and did an excellent performance for the day of 2-28-23. H. Kinder was second fastest with 2-30-33. Cohen looked a certainty for 1st place, and with 2-40-16, his handicap time was 2-14-16, but Rainford, of the I.R.C., who was also generously dealt with, had his handicap time at 2-10-7, causing "Elsie" to be second. Collins rode well with 2-37-13,

and Webb clocked 2-40-13, so we have every reason to be delighted with the A.B.C. performances.

The handicap resulted as follows:—

	Times.	
	Actual.	H'cap.
	h. m. s.	h. m. s.
1.—G. H. Rainsford, I.R.C. (24½ mins.)	2 34 37	2 10 7
2.—L. Cohen, Anfield B.C. (26 mins.)	2 40 16	2 14 16
3.—F. Lewis, I.R.C. (24 mins.)	2 38 41	2 14 41
4.—H. Moore, I.R.C. (24½ mins.)	2 40 11	2 15 41
5.—C. O'Shea, I.R.C. (24 mins.)	2 44 15	2 20 15
6.—H. Collins, Anfield B.C. (13 mins.)	2 37 13	2 24 13
7.—H. Kinder, Anfield B.C. (5 mins.)	2 30 33	2 25 33
8.—S. O'Hara, I.R.C. (14 mins.)	2 40 11	2 26 11
9.—E. Webb, Anfield B.C. (14 mins.)	2 40 13	2 26 13
10.—C. Barnard, Liverpool Pembroke (8½ mins.)	2 34 59	2 26 29
11.—J. Goodall, Manchester (13 mins.)	2 40 11	2 27 11
12.—E. Briggs, Cheadle Hulme (4 mins.)	2 32 15	2 28 15
13.—J. A. Grimshaw, Anfield B.C. (scr.)	2 28 23	2 28 23
14.—C. Guest, Manchester Wed. (13½ mins.)	2 51 27	2 32 57
15.—J. Hindley, Liverpool Pembroke (14 mins.)	2 49 48	2 35 48

The approximate times at 25½ miles being:—

Grimshaw	1 15	Guest	1 22
Briggs	1 19	Crawford	1 20
Kinder	1 18	McDunphy	1 18
Barnard	1 19	O'Shea	1 22
Goodall	1 21	Lewis	1 19
Collins	1 19½	Rainsford	1 18
O'Hara	1 22	Moore	1 21
Hindley	1 24½	Cohen	1 24
Webb	1 20	Egan	1 25

After the race practically the whole of the party went to Howth and strolled around the Head. Tea was taken at the St. Lawrence, and the return was made to Dublin in excellent time to catch the "Kilkenny," on which 12 of us sailed. Collins was absolutely the "grand comique," and, of course, in company with Theakstone, caused sore ribs to the majority of the passengers in their locality. We landed in good time at the Princes Stage, and all voted that it had been "some stunt" of a week-end.

Wrexham (Wynnstay Arms), August 8, 1914.

Once again it was a case of "steel wheels and tripe tyres," owing to the rain, and after a little tour at a most sedate pace round Queensferry, Chester, Aldford and Farndon, I reached the Wynnstay to find only one machine in the stable. I soon recognised it as the Cook tandem, his partner being Montag, and it was their intention to do a tour on the Berwyn Mountains. It was now 5-45, and the total attendance at this time was 5. However, we had to be quartered upstairs, owing to the Army Service Corps being in command of nearly the whole of the hotel and the complete muster consisted of Bentley, Band, Seed, Cohen, Worth, Cook, Montag, Edwards, Rowatt, Turnor, Webb, H. Green and Royden. Once again our lucky 13!! The war was undoubtedly the cause of such a small crowd, and I hear that both Hodges and Warburton have received their military marching orders. Leaving Worth and Bentley to week-end, the remainder proceeded at a steady pace to Chester, where Turnor, Webb and Green turned for Manchester. The party here broke up, and the last I know of the run was of a reckless attempt by Band and Cohen to hang on to the renowned Heswall schoolmaster speedman. Cohen turned off for Ledsham (explanation unnecessary), leaving Johnny to finish the scrap, which caused great discomfort to the writer.

Lostock Cralam, "The Black Greyhound," August 15th.

With a large number of our members in Shropshire helping Grimshaw, it was only to be expected that the run to "The Black Greyhound" would be somewhat thin in attendance. Royden and I started off with full determination to take things easy, and we kept honestly to schedule. On the lower Chester Road we were overtaken by Johnny Band, who dashed past at about evens. We were not biting, however, and he was discovered some time later resting on a bridge this side of Tarvin, and from there onwards the pace was sedate and in keeping with the weather. We were kept aware of the fact that Old England was at war by the continuous procession of military then on the way to Chester, which were met every few miles. The Cheshire Yeomanry in full war kit gave a martial aspect to the countryside. Some of the squadrons being splendidly mounted.

On arrival at Lostock we discovered our worthy Editor and Worth. The total muster was five, and just before sitting down to tea we were joined by Williamson, from Manchester. The tea was especially good, and the small number was conducive to prompt service and quick despatch. The one and only topic of conversation, of course, was the war, which was taken from all points of view, even from the Kaiser's. Not only was the war settled but the German Empire was parcelled out to the satisfaction of all. Cohen and Williamson made for Manchester and Worth into the unknown, whilst the three travellers wended their way back to Chester and home. A few miles out of Northwich, Jack Seeds loomed into view, having been held back by a fire at his abode of work and, finally, all made a call at "The Bull and Stirrup."

N.R.R.A. 50 Miles, Record Attempt, August 15th.

After clocking 2-24-35 in the Grosvenor Wheelers' Invitation "50" on the slower Cheshire course, and confirming his fitness with 2-28-23 in the I.R.C. "50," Grimshaw was keen to secure Northern Record, and gave notice for this date. Everyone knows that the present record of 2-20-45 is very thick, and will require the combination of an excellent man and an excellent day to beat it, but we also know that Grimshaw is that excellent man, and we only wanted the conditions to be equally excellent. There were 14 of us down in Shropshire—Grimshaw, Poole and Williams at the start, Edwards at Shawbury, Bentley and Collins at Walton and Ercall, both Greens and Dr. Carlisle at Shawburch, Koenen and Crowcroft at Crudgington, Turnor, Webb and Cook at Hodnet. The day was gloriously fine and the roads good but, unfortunately, a stiff S.E. breeze was blowing, which instead of dropping rather tended to back round N., and Grimshaw had no luck at all. Poole started him at 6-0 o'clock, but before Hodnet was reached the first time in 62 minutes, it was pretty clear that the density of the East wind was likely to conquer, and the second time up from Shawburch, the North in the wind made this a certainty. However, Grimshaw rode wonderfully well under the conditions, and his time of 2-27-30 was a most honorable defeat, and none of us were downhearted. Afterwards the party broke up into sections owing to the difficulty of accommodation. Edwards returned by "rattler" from Shrewsbury, Grimshaw, Collins, Bentley and Carlisle stayed at Shawbury, Greens went to Roden, and the others made for Hawkstone, but only Poole and Williams succeeded in finding beds there. The rest had to turn back for Shrewsbury, where accommodation was secured at the "Unicorn." Sunday was another brilliant day and the Shawbury party were very early on the road, Grimshaw having to get to Grimsby. As no trains were running, Carlisle had very kindly wired for a car to meet them at Cheadle, and drove Grimshaw over with Collins (and his trousers) as ballast in the tonneau! The Roden party made for Malpas for lunch, while the Shrewsbury party

went to Hawkstone only to find that Poole and Williams had already departed via Ellesmere and Wrexham. Turnor and Webb continued to the Cheshire Road Club fixture at Tattenhall and, after lunch, Crow and Cook left the Master basking at Hawkstone. Parting with Crow at Whitchurch, Cook took a lane route to Chester, and eventually came across Bentley and E. Green at Hinderton, while the Poole-Williams' tandem took the lower road home.

LIONEL COHEN,

Editor.

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ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB.

FORMED MARCH, 1879.

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

MONTHLY CIRCULAR.

FIXTURES FOR OCTOBER, 1914.

	Light up at
October 3.—Aldford (Crosvenor Arms)	6-40 p.m.
„ 10.—Warrington (Patten Arms)	6-23 p.m.
„ 12.—Committee Meeting, St. George's Restaurant, 7-0 p.m.	
„ 17-18.—Marford (Trevor Arms), and Week-end to Llangollen (Royal),—Luncheon on Sunday at Ruthin (Castle)	6-7 p.m.
„ 24.—Daresbury (Ring o' Bells)	5-52 p.m.
„ 31.—Chester (Bull and Stirrup)	5-37 p.m.

Full Moon, 4th instant.

16, Croxteth Grove,
Liverpool.

Committee Notes.

Your attention is particularly drawn to the ALTERATION of the FIXTURE for the 26th September. It has been found necessary to cancel the TATTENHALL run and to substitute CHESTER (Bull and Stirrup).

For the Annual Autumn Tints Tour, to take place on the 17th and 18th October, a Special Tariff of 6/6 for supper, bed and breakfast at the ROYAL Hotel, Llangollen, has been arranged. Supper will be ready at 9-30 p.m. and, in order not to have two substantial meals close together, tea at MARFORD will be a plain egg tea. For those so inclined Luncheon on Sunday will be ready at the Castle Hotel, RUTHIN, at 1-30 p.m. It is hoped to have a good muster—please send in your name if it is your intention to support the fixture.

The first Saturdays in November, December and January have been fixed for Hunts Cross, when the usual Socials will take place.

NEW ADDRESSES:—F. C. Lowcock, 45, High Street, Manchester; C. H. Woodroffe, 245, Melton Road, Leicester.

In the August Circular in the Report of the "24," H. Green's and A. Warburton's 12 hour distances were given as 176 miles each. These should have been 166 and 169 miles respectively.

F. D. McCANN,
Hon. Secretary.

MEMS.

C. H. Woodroffe, whose new address appears in this number, has just been married—perhaps now there will be fewer notifications of alterations in his address. All the same, Timbertiles, here's health and happiness to you both.

J. Leece, one of our Honorary Members, has recently become a "happy father"—Congratulations.

Financial Notes.

The Hon. Treas. notes with sorrow that subs. have not come in with the same promptitude as last year. Can this be the result of the "to-morrowtorium?" Let those interested clearly understand that there is no "mortuarium" for Anfield subs., nor have these been "riz" in price on account of the war. Business as usual with the old firm at the old price of "one and one." Do it now!

One bright beam illumines the gloom. Mr. Edwards has sent a donation to the Prize Fund, and Mr. S. J. Buck has come forward with a *second* contribution to the same. Thank you gentlemen.

Items.

Turnor and Webb wish to thank all members and friends who assisted in their abortive attempt on the 12 Hours' Tandem Record.

On September 12th M. Walker, Irish Road Club, started in an attempt to beat Grimshaw's 100 Miles Irish Record of 5-30-24, but owing to unfavourable weather, was not able to clock better than 5-39. It was Walker's intention to continue on for 12 hours to improve his own record of 189½ miles, but with the weather getting even worse this was abandoned.

We are glad to record that, so far as is at present known, the following members have loyally responded to their country's call: Frank Roskell is on his way to the front with an Army Service Corps, Warburton is already somewhere in France, Bentley has joined the 4th Cheshires, Rudd is a Bombardier in the Lancashire Artillery, and Cohen has joined the "Pals" and is with the Battalion at Prescott. We should be glad to hear of any others who have joined the forces.

In addition to the above, Toft, Charlie Conway and Fell are drilling hard with the Civic Service League, and R. E. Prichard and McCann have been helping the enlistment officials.

In connection with Cohen's departure, it should be mentioned that he has placed all his 13 tubular tyres in the hands of Cook for sale, accompanied by a most amusing letter offering "a tricycle lamp wick" and "a cloth for cleaning spectacles" to the first buyer, while Cook is to have as commission "a pair of open-work tights with safety pins and aroma complete," provided that the sale is "conducted in a true gentlemanly fashion (not Anfield)." All the tyres are labled with such names as "Quinphos Express," "Horribly Fast," "Elsie's Special," "Uncatchable," &c., and already 8 have been sold, so those who could do with the remaining 5 should communicate promptly with the Apostle.

We have often wondered why certain of our members were such frequent visitors of Hawkstone Park, but we think the mystery is now solved. In an advertisement now appearing we are told that the Hotel "is more like the seat of a Nobleman than an Hotel," and that it is "a rare restorative for jaded energies and overwrought nerves." We therefore conclude that certain of our members are longing for "the seat of a Nobleman" or are suffering from "jaded energies and overwrought nerves." You pay your money and takes your choice!

RUNS.

Broxton, August 22nd—Week-end Newport.

When the Editor goes to the front without telling someone to write an account of the run and you are asked to do it a fortnight later, impressions are rather second hand, that is if you are cycling every week as an Anfielder should be. But I do remember one thing, there was a strong wind blowing. I know there was a wind because everybody except Harry Collins (who had come along some lane route) said they had been facing it. In spite of this, a good number were assembled in the yard. The Manchester section, along with Teddy Edwards, arriving behind the Turnor-Webb tandem. The tea seemed to be a continuous explosion of shells (egg shells of course), but everyone came through uninjured. After tea the party divided into two sections—those who were going home, and those who were carrying out the week-end programme to Newport. The latter consisted of Cook, Bentley, Band, Collins, and Williamson. The ride down was accomplished in fine style, only three stops being necessary; the first to change Collins's back tyre, the second to light up, and the third to don our capes for the last six miles. We were joined at the Barley Mow by Crowcroft, and I believe after supper there were conjuring tricks until about 3 g.m.

The morning was fine and bright, Johnny Band being first up, as he was anxious to get a paper to see if the Kaiser was dead. Unfortunately it was not so, but it did not stop Johnny from eating his breakfast. We all left about 10 o'clock. Cook, Bentley, Band and Collins going to Ellesmere and Crowcroft and Williamson to Nantwich.

Knutsford, August 29th.

Shortly before six o'clock a motley crowd of dirty, perspiring cyclists gathered in the yard of the Lord Eldon—famous for many years as the

Boxing Day meeting place of Ye Anfield Bicycle Club. Then, as now, the yard is full of cyclists—and they are still dirty and more or less perspiring. To return to the present. They gathered, and kept on gathering, until there were eighteen, mostly on ordinary common or garden bicycles, though one pair arrived surreptitiously and unseen on a famous tandem—in fact *the* tandem.

Tea being over, an informal meeting of those members of the Committee present was held to discuss the advisability of holding the "12." As we had the large number of two certain entries and one uncertain, it was unanimously decided not to hold it. The lack of entries was due to several causes, though all bearing on the war, viz:—Two or three men serving in one way or another, inability to get away from business, and lack of interest in racing during such a crisis. The Committee had no choice but to abandon the event.

This being settled, an adjournment was made downstairs, and the affairs of all the nations were discussed and settled (as usual). Everybody seemed desirous of getting home early, and the party broke up rather soon, *the* tandem making a very exhilarating start in the yard, much to the amusement of the lookers on. However, I have it on very good authority that when they really set about it they absolutely put it right through Billy Toft on his Douglas, and added insult to injury by waiting at Sankey to jeer at him as he passed. (N.B.—The Press Bureau have absolutely no confirmation of the above).

The usual party went home via Chester, Cook going into Wales for the week-end, as his should-have-been confederate, Collins, did not materialise. The Manchester men no doubt reached home safely, though I saw one who ought to have known much better, doing about 46.9 m.p.h. behind a motor-bicycle.

Chester, September 5th.

Alas! Alack! and likewise woe is me! (and any other expressions you can think of to denote deep dejection) that it should have been necessary to abandon our fixture for this date, for the weather was almost all that could be desired for a joy ride once round the clock. Just warm enough to be comfortable and with just sufficient wind about to give one pleasant anticipations of the stretches on which it would help, when the time lost in changing that tyre would be picked up—and a bit more—on such a day the racing man could have pedalled along with a light heart, knowing that he would do a good ride and that there was an excellent chance that one of the giants at the game would do something really fine, for the honour of the A.B.C.. The monotony of the solitary journey broken by passing fellow-competitors (or by being passed by them, which isn't *quite* so nice) and the encouraging words of the cheery helpers—not to speak of the grateful and comforting solids and fluids they hand up—all this we have had to miss. But anyhow, IT has only put the clock forward a month or so, for Autumn approaches, when rags cease from troubling and timber is at rest. And our racing season, though short, has been a memorable one—the "100" and the "24" were milestones, and the year 1914 will not be forgotten in a hurry.

I'm sorely afraid, Mr. Editor, that I've got very badly off the course, so I'll get back to Chester at once. A goodly muster found changes at the "Bull and Stirrup"—in the service and in the menu—and I thought for the better. The usual company of the faithful were there, with some exceptions who were engaged on more serious business, and Kinghorn appeared once more after a long absence; to judge by his time out, he has not lost all his form. Over the meal most of us talked of absent friends and IT, and afterwards of IT almost exclusively. IT is naturally the all-absorbing subject of conversation at present, and it came as quite a pleasant shock to hear one group discussing gears. It seemed quite like old times. Let's hope that when Spring comes once more and the young man's fancy should, in the natural order of things, lightly turn to thoughts of training, his mind will be free to give earnest attention to the small but important points in the game—whether the gear is just right, the method of training the best possible, or whether the moving of the saddle a quarter-inch back

or forward, or the use of other tyres, or the purchase of another make of grid—in short, whether *anything* can be altered, in equipment or otherwise, to have the ardently desired effect of giving just that little extra turn of speed which would mean the winning of the next race.

Knutsford, September 12th.

The weather was certainly unpleasant, but not sufficiently so to account for the small muster of 12 at the "Lord Eldon." However, we had an excellent feed, and the party was a very jolly one, for what we lacked in numbers we made up in merriment. It seemed quite strange not having Toft and Edwards with us, but the latter was en route for a holiday at Abersoch, and we did not envy him his journey. The Captain and Secretary returned through Warrington, and nearly lost themselves in the gloom of that city owing to the authorities ordering "lights out" to prevent a Teutonic attack. Band, Seed and the Apostle made a non-stop through Chester, but this virtue was caused by all the places within the meaning of the Act being closed at 9-0. The other seven supporters of the run were Worth, Turnor, Webb, both Greens, Hodges and Mr. Newsholme, and how they got home I know not. Earlier in the day Turnor and Webb started on an attempt to break the 12 Hours Tandem Record with a very ambitious schedule of 226 miles, which needless to say would require perfect conditions. They started in a downpour over flooded roads in the hopes that conditions would improve sufficiently to at least enable them to beat Northern Record of 215½ miles, but their luck was quite out, for in the first 5 miles they lost 10 minutes with a puncture, and then the wind blew a gale and by the time they reached Shropshire and dry roads they were 18 minutes behind schedule and very wisely desisted. Buckley and Mahon were out in the East Cheshire district, while down in Shropshire were E. Green, Dr. Carlisle, Crowcroft, W. Jones, Collins and Cook. Poole and Williams came down to Hodnet after the start, and when the ride was abandoned Jones, Collins, Carlisle and Crowcroft went off on their own, while the rest toured back to Nantwich for lunch. Here Poole and Williams evidently not appreciating the heavy rain that then set in, departed direct home, but Green and Cook followed the tandemons to the Club run at Knutsford as recorded above, so the total attendance was 20.

Little Budworth, September 19th.

The muster was only ten!—but then the day was rotten. Still its "rotteness" only became apparent when those who intended being at the run should have been nearing the destination, for, barring a short shower about 4 p.m., there was no rain until 5-30 p.m., and then it did not do things by halves, but came down in lumps. Over tea, which, by the way, might also be described as "rotten," more rain descended—well, no one expects it to ascend. The faithful ten were Toft and Theakstone per A.J.S. and sidecar—the Anti-Advertising Clause does not apply here—Teddy Worth, Cook, J. Seed, Koenen (per Triumph), Tommy Royden, McCann, H. Green and Turnor, the latter couple coming in late, having been watching the Cheadle Hulme Championship "50." The latter event doubtless was responsible for several absentees, and again holidays are causing others to miss runs. Johnny Band and Stephenson are both on vacation, the latter for the *second time* this year, and the former for "the first time for 13 years." After much discussion on War topics a start for home was made, the Liverpool and Birkenhead contingent being the first away. More rain descended and in no half-hearted manner; at times it became really difficult to see, notably just after leaving and again soon after leaving Tarvin, the final shower being run through between Chester and Birkenhead, via the bottom road. To sum up, the day was rotten, the feeding was rotten, the muster was rotten, and to call all this supposed account can also be called rotten.

G. STEPHENSON,

Acting Editor.

ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB.

FORMED MARCH, 1879.

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

MONTHLY CIRCULAR.

FIXTURES FOR NOVEMBER, 1914.

Nov. 7.—Hunts Cross (Hunts Cross Hotel)	Light up a 5-27 p.m.
„ 9.—Committee Meeting, St. George's Restaurant, 7 p.m.	
„ 14.—Chester (Bull and Stirrup)	5-16 p.m.
„ 21.—Halewood (Derby Arms)	5-6 p.m.
„ 28.—Warrington (Patten Arms), and Weed-end to Macclesfield (Angel)	4-58 p.m.

Full Moon 2nd instant.

Committee Notes.

16, Croxteth Grove,
Liverpool.

NEW ADDRESS.—J. H. Parry, 9, Sycamore Road. Waterloo, Liverpool.
Mr. D. C. Kinghorn, Ardoch, Prospect Road, PRENTON, has resumed Active Membership.

The Prize List for 1914 was passed at the last Meeting. It amounts to £56 8/8. A proposal was put forward that the amount of the prizes which would have been offered for the abandoned "50" and "12" should be handed over to a War Relief Fund—that is, of course, a matter for the Annual General Meeting, and it is intended to bring it up at that meeting.

For the November Week-end Run to Macclesfield, a Special Tariff of 6/6 for supper, bed and breakfast has been arranged. Please let me have your name if it is your intention to support the run. It is proposed, on the Sunday morning, to make for Prestbury, then through Adlington to Pott Shrigley, joining the Macclesfield-Whaley Bridge Road at the Patch, and on through Rainow across to Walker Barns then Forest Chapel, Wild Boar Clough and Langley back to Macclesfield for lunch. It is to be hoped that the Liverpool members will take the opportunity of being conducted through some of the east Cheshire beauty spots with which they are unfamiliar.

The first Social at Hunts Cross (7th November) is to be under the direction of Mr. Cotter; it is hoped that Mr. Blackburn will look after the second one in December and Mr. Knipe has promised to take the January one.

F. D. McCANN,
Hon. Secretary.

Treasury Notes.

The Hon. Treasurer will esteem it a personal favour, as it will save him a great amount of clerical work, if all those who have not yet responded to previous appeals, will hasten to pay their subscriptions at the earliest possible moment.

Will friends kindly accept this, by no means the only intimation, and act accordingly. Subscriptions can be paid into *any* branch of the London City and Midland Bank to the credit of the Club's account at the Everton Road Branch, or sent direct to—R. L. L. KNIPE, Hon. Treas.

MEMS.

The following paragraph from the "Daily Dispatch," of October 12th, will greatly interest those members who did not see it:—

"Another Lancashire man has achieved distinctive honour in the war against his country's enemies. Lieutenant Commander Park, R.D., Royal Navy, who is in command of H.M. cruiser 'Talbot,' has been decorated by the King in appreciation of the valuable services he has rendered in capturing a number of German vessels. Lieutenant Commander Park is a native of Birkdale, where he is well known."

The photograph which accompanied the above paragraph is that of Jim Park, and we are all proud of the way he is distinguishing himself. Those of us who saw him win the "24" of 1903, when he rode 326 miles on a day that provided a phenomenal 5 hours thunderstorm which will never be forgotten, know something of Jim's abilities, and heartily congratulate him on the position he has attained to. At the same time the paragraph is slightly misleading, for while Jim is Lieutenant Commander and has received the Royal Decoration, he is not in supreme command of the "Talbot" although he took his part in the capture of the German vessels and brought several of them into port.

In addition to those mentioned previously as taking their part in the present crisis, we have pleasure in adding the following list:—

Robert Rowatt	Liverpool Scottish.
J. Hodges	Royal Engineers
W. H. Kettle	Sheffield "Pals"
J. H. Williams	Birkenhead Special Constable.
G. Poole	Bootle Special Constable.
H. Green	Athletes' Volunteer Force.
"Wilson" Barratt		Officers' Training Corps.
Lord Hawkes	Corn Trade Drilling Brigade.
H. Poole	Formby Drilling Brigade.
W. E. Cotter	Liverpool Miniature Rifle Club.
C. H. Turnor	National Reserve.
E. Green	Cheadle Hulme Volunteer Defence Corps.
A. Crowcroft	Cheadle Hulme Volunteer Defence Corps.
E. Buckley	Cheadle Hulme Volunteer Defence Corps.

Doubtless the list is not even yet complete, and we should be glad to receive notifications of any other names. Please don't be bashful.

Owing to the influence of the war on the hours of places within the meaning of the Act, the Wednesday night rendezvous at Moreton has been changed to the Carnarvon Castle, Oxton, where any Member will always be welcomed. To take the Castle no flank movement is required, for by deploying to the right at the top of Gerald Road the Portcullis will be easily gained.

(Just as we go to press we hear that the Farmers' Arms, Moreton, will shortly be available again.—Ed.)

If any member has a Gough Saddle for sale, McCann will be pleased to hear from him with a view to purchase.

It is good to find that even in far away Brazil the spirit of the A.B.C. made itself felt, and A. P. James not only "sallied forth upon a steed of steel (?)" but has very kindly given us the benefit of his experiences. The Club greets thee, Jimmy!

James in his covering letter wishes to thank the two members who called at Rufford Road during his illness.

Guaraja, 21 de Junho, 1914.

"It is a veritable report and attested of so many that there be of wyse and learned none to gaynsaye it, that ye serpente hys eye hath a magnetick propertie that whose falleth into its suasion is drawn forwards in despyte of hys wille and perisheth miserabyll by ye creature hys byte."—"Morrysters" Marvels of Science.

As my circular had not arrived I, of course, did not know the destination of the official run on the above date, so decided to have a fixture of my own.

The first and most important thing to be done was to get hold of a machine, so I started a tour of the shops in Santos to see what could be done. I enquired at half-a-dozen Motor and Phonograph Depots, but could not make the idiots in them understand what I wanted until to my joy outside one dirty looking cavern I espied a small yellow sign with the magic letters B.S.A. thereon, so boldly walking in I asked the Dago in charge if I could hire a bicycleta for dia. The gentleman talked to me for a long time in Portugese, what he said I know not, but, every time he paused I said "hire bicycleta dia," and pointed to the sign till quite a fair crowd gathered outside. This sort of thing went on until I suppose my Anglo-Saxon insistence awoke some kind of intelligence inside my Dago pal; anyhow, a dirty but ferocious looking jigger was led out from some remote cell. The creature had fierce dropped bars, free-wheel and one massive plunger brake—it also carried tyres, large smooth and flabby and of doubtful antecedents, and, O joy! a natty little number plate on the back stays with the mystic symbol 79 (only ten out, Ugly). I examined this wonderful contraption of iron and rubber, and decided that it was ridable, so, pointing to the valve, I made an imitation of pumping up the tyre, but this caused my Dago friend so much concern that I came to the conclusion that they do not pump up tryes in the Brazils.

Next came the question of price. The owner said 20 milreis, I said I did not want to buy the d— thing, and offered 10 milreis (about 13/4) which he at once jumped at, which made me feel exceedingly sorry that I had not offered less.

After adjusting the saddle, I mounted my bargain and curved gracefully down the street and took the road for the beach four miles away. I very soon had it impressed upon me that the rule of the road was "keep to the right," for in the first few minutes I just missed charging a mule caravan how on. The minute one gets clear of the town of Santos he leaves any resemblance of a surface on the road behind. The road is of dried mud and the holes are large enough to bury a horse and cart, in fact you do not jolt into them but ride down one side and up the other. On arrival at the beach I found that the going was splendid, and enjoyed about five miles of good hard sand to the end of the bay and then back again and on to Santos for lunch.

In the afternoon I took the ferry over the harbour to Itaperna, a small town with "nothing doing," and after making many enquiries took the road to Guaraja. This proved to be a mule track through the forest and over a big hill, nice and shady, with a surface of loose sand plentifully besprinkled with roots of trees and large rocks or boulders and the air dense with flies,

in fact you could lean against them at an angle of 45 degrees and not fall; every one of these insects bite any human being on sight. The only incident worth noting was an encounter with a large snake, which I valiantly vanquished in the following manner:—I was walking when I met him wriggling along showing his glistening dark brown body about three feet long. I started to prod him with my front wheel, taking care to hold my weapon by the saddle and stand as far back as possible. This had very little effect on the reptile as he only sat up and picked at the tyre, so I sat down and smoked a pipe and waited to see if he would shift. He only curled himself up and went to sleep, so after a while I thought I'd try and slip past him, but he wasn't having any, so I had another prod at him with my wheel. This seemed to vex him and he started to make for me, which frightened me so much that I dropped the machine which fell on top of him as I jumped backwards. That did it, he was gone like a beautiful dream and vanished into the underbrush. I suppose that it was the first time that he had had a bicycle thrown at him and he did not like the sensation. Feeling like St. George after he had slain the dragon, I picked up my machine in a mighty hurry and rushed past the place and eventually arrived safely in Guaraja very hot and thirsty, so made a bee line for the nearest pub. and ordered the largest cool drink in stock, which I consumed with much relish, keeping a watchful eye on my trusty steed meanwhile, for any ordinary Brazilian would steal the paint from a church door if he had half a chance.

I had made up my mind to return by riding alongside the railway track so as to miss the hills and also to ensure a better surface to ride on, so after a short stop to see the cathedrals, etc., I made for the railway station, I think using the line for bicycles must have been forbidden by those in high places as the station people seemed very much upset and yelled a lot of gibberish at me as I started out, but not understanding what was said I proceeded upon my way in blissful ignorance and all went well till darkness fell, such darkness as you could feel. Not having a lamp I would now and then charge the underbrush on one side or bump up against the railway line on the other. This sort of thing went on till I hit a siding or some branch line so hard that it buckled my wheel and threw me off with a thump. After having gone through the necessary performance of kneeling on my front wheel, I carefully walked the rest of the way to Itaperna and there took the ferry again for Santos.

The owner of the bicycle seemed so pleased to see me and so surprised when I gave him his machine back that I am still wondering if I really did buy the brute with my 10 milreis. It would certainly be an ornament in the South Kensington.

SEMAJPA.

RUNS.

Chester, 26th September, 1914.

The weather, which on the previous two Saturdays had left much to be desired, was fine, for although heavy clouds gave the sky an ominous appearance in the early afternoon, their promise was not fulfilled and we were even favoured with a glimpse of the sky. En revanche (tho Entente Cordiale demands the use of these expressions occasionally) the wind was somewhat troublesome, especially to the Manchester men.

It is to be feared that our musters will not be so large as usual for some time to come, and the average age of those attending has gone up many points. In the circumstances a party of 19 may well be considered satisfactory. One party had toured through Wroxham and had been treated by Tommy Royden to one of his exhibitions of chain-dropping—it's getting a habit with Tommy, and he'll have either to attend to his engine-room or take out more insurance. Johnny Band seemed much the better for his holiday, and was looking very brown and fit generally. He explained that he had spent his time off at Archangel hobnobbing with those who *didn't* pass in the night, which statement proves that Johnny could give that old back-number George Washington a long start. The Skipper brought news of Elsie

—busy plying his trade with his corps at Prescott. But the centre of interest at the table was the Keizerette. He turned up late, and the whole staff of the dining room were at liberty to attend to him. They displayed great solicitude for his comfort, and took pains to get his food and drink exactly to his liking, but all their efforts to get him to take a little more nourishment were in vain. He seemed to enjoy himself immensely. The party broke up early, and wended their several ways homeward under a brilliant moon.

Aldford, 3rd October, 1914.

The 1st Cycle Section of the Manchester Detachment left their base at —, and were shortly joined by reinforcements upon which the combined force proceeded in skirmishing order and made good progress as they were "travelling light." Upon reaching the hills of — a dismount was made upon the signal being given by the advance guard, and in order to obtain a tactical advantage in case of attack the force took shelter. After remaining under cover for about half-an-hour, the advance was resumed and nothing interrupted the progress of the force, which in accordance with instructions from the Chief of Staff met the Liverpool contingent at a place that had been pre-arranged. The advance having been made without any commissariat wagons, it was necessary to obtain rations in the country where the operations were being conducted. An attempt was made to make the position impregnable, and the whole force proceeded to "dig themselves in," using knives and forks for the purpose. Though the spirit of the men was unimpaired, the position eventually became untenable and it became necessary to beat a retreat. The lines of communication had been so well kept that the movement was made in excellent order, and the morale of the troops was in no way affected. Before the Manchester Section reached their base at —, it became necessary to take shelter in order to avoid a motor convoy, but the march was soon resumed and the base eventually regained without a single casualty. O.H.T.

(This message has been submitted to the Pxxxx Bxxxxu, which does not object to its publication but takes no responsibility for its accuracy.)

The foregoing was written owing to the late appearance of the Official Account, which is as follows:—

Aldford, 3rd October, 1914.

During tea I was approached by the Editor (Pro Tem), who requested me to write up the run. The request was so nicely put that I could not find words to express a suitable refusal. I did not come across a single member on the way out, and almost thought I had mistaken the venue until I saw Sunter's Car in the Yard, and so my knowledge of the run is but small.

The only bit of excitement I had was "passing it through" a gipsy's caravan somewhere in the lanes between Lavister and Holt. Talking of the lanes, Toft, I believe, saw quite a lot of them, lost himself at Frodsham, and finally found his bearings on arriving at Tattenhall.

Cook and Company were on outpost duty scouting for the latest war news and brought word (said to be official) that "Prince Louis of Bannockburn" had been arrested and was locked up in the Tower of London.

Royden seems to have a very hazy idea of where Aldford is, for judging from his conversation re German prisoners, he appeared to have visited Queens Ferry en route. Whether there were any more who were touring round the earth and got lost I do not know, but only 14 members and a friend sat down for tea. A Military permit is required at the Grosvenor Arms before smoking is allowed in the Dining Room, and such permit not being forthcoming, there was a speedy exit for more congenial quarters in tank No. 2.

Two or three were quickly away and I was one of them, but turning back in the hope that someone would say "Have one with me?" I found

there was a further collection being made and the usual two and one pence being raised on this occasion to two and four pence.

The grub, however, was good, and the rise in price was said to be due to the War and scarcity of blackberries.

Warrington, 10th October, 1914.

If we could always have such weather as greeted us on this occasion, Mr. Editor, I am sure we should have no reason to complain of the lack of attendance on Club runs.

A start was made from Manchester with the sun shining brilliantly and every appearance of its continuance. We toured leisurely via Tabley, Aston and Halton, where a halt was made in expectation of meeting H. Green for afternoon tea. Green did not materialise, so we resumed our journey, hoping to pick up some of the Liverpool boys on the main Chester road. After doing evens (4 M.P.H.) we were passed by Billy Toft with something in a sidecar—George Theakstone I think—later we were overhauled by Jack Seed and he paced us to Walton Heath. Here we had to wait whilst some German (?) vessels from Liverpool passed by and on entering the City (?) we sighted those two young thoroughbreds Crowcroft and E. Green on a tandem making a furious dash in the direction of the Patten Arms. There seemed to be prospects of a good muster and when the word was given up marched 25 hungry Anfielders to partake of the usual Patten feast, to which full justice was done. Later, Zam-Buk arrived, he having had an opportunity of showing his pedestrian powers through faulty tyres. The number now reached 26 and this figure included a friend brought by Grimshaw and 9 Manchester members. The conversation after tea was on the various events which had occurred during the week at the front, but the most recent news, viz. the fall of Antwerp, seemed to cast a gloom over the party. Most of the boys made an early start on their respective routes, the night being ideal for a quiet ride home. The Manchester contingent journeyed together, making the usual call where war stories were told and also an exhibition of Swedish Drill was given by the "Mullah" with instructions by the "Doctor." The run eventually concluded, and the party dwindled away one by one until I was left alone to conclude the final stage of the journey in solitude. E.W.

Marford—Llangollen, 17th October, 1914.

I have just returned from a tricycle ride of 144 miles with the Black Anfielders, and I thought the following facts might be of some interest to your readers. My machine is a $\frac{1}{2}$ horse power double driven .000 c.c. of a well-known make, 1913 model. Everything on the machine is that which was supplied by the firm at the beginning of last season, i.e., chain, tyres, valve nuts and handle bar; weight of machine 30 lbs., luggage 6 lbs., rider 180 lbs., total 216 lbs. Alcohol consumed was 12 pints, which gives an average of 12 m.p.p. The cost of the alcohol was 4/6, slightly high, as during the return journey the price of alcohol varied from 2d. to 3d. per glass, otherwise it was 1½d. throughout the trip. Cost of lubricating oil ½d. Total cost of alcohol and lubricating oil 4/6½. I had only two small punctures, and these constituted the only trouble I had on the whole trip besides tightening the chain near ———. Let me see, what am I writing about? Oh, yes, the Editor chap asked me to write up the week-end run and by mistake I have described a motor cycle tour—vide the "C. T. C. Gazette" for October! We were favoured by excellent weather, and a crowd of over 20 sat down to an egg tea at the Trevor Arms, although the wily Mullah, by the exercise of his charming diplomacy, secured his egg in a more advanced stage of development *at the same price!* It is to be regretted that most of the cyclists returned home from Marford, so that there were only 4 of us to cycle to Llangollen, although we knew Worth had gone on through direct, and our friend Montag was cycling direct from Prestatyn. However, the four H. R. Anfielders, Turnor, Stephenson, Mac and Cook, had a most enjoyable ride, with the usual interlude at Ruabon, where

Koenen supported our forces and seemed particularly interested in the Deputy Quotas. At Llangollen the party mustered 20, as follows:—Fell, Toft, Buck, Venables, Sunter, Cooper, Mercer, Williams, Koenen, six friends, and the five cyclists previously mentioned, which was an excellent muster under the circumstances. We found that Crowcroft, Hubert Roskell and Dr. Carlisle had called and left their kind regards, but that is all we know about them. A very jolly evening was spent, and in due course we all sought repose. On Sunday morning Stephenson departed direct for home, Worth stayed to walk with Buck and Ven, Mercer and Mr. Sheard went off on a tour, and the rest of the motor party reached Ruthin via Cerrigy-druidion, and reported the Corwen-Cerrig road as much improved, and the Cerrig-Ruthin road as excellent. Meanwhile "the dirty cyclists" visited that delightful spot Worlds End, and across to Pentre dwf, whence Llandegla was reached via the old road. Down the Nant-y-Garth was as delightful as ever, and they were fully ready for lunch when they reached the "Oastle," where 14 sat down. After lunch the party split up as there was no official tea place. The Mullah was bound for Mobberley for tea, and we did not envy him such a long ride. Cook and Mac accompanied Mr. Montag to Prestatyn, and no doubt all arrived home sooner or later. At any rate, everyone undoubtedly enjoyed themselves, and the Autumnal Tunts were a great success.

Daresbury, 24th October, 1914.

The "Ring o' Bells" seems to be one of our best houses of call—they always do us well, and the serving and attention leaves nothing to be desired. Having regard to these facts, it is all the more inexplicable that the musters should not be larger—the mileage is only short from both Liverpool and Manchester, and it is easy to make it as long as one likes. There were only thirteen members and one friend out on the above date and, as only fifteen had been ordered for, we were put into a comfortable room in the house this time, instead of in the large outside room. The greater part of those present had joined forces at Acton Bridge in the afternoon—quite an impromptu Club Run taking place from there. The afternoon was a dull and muggy one, giving promise of a misty night, which promise was borne out. The War was, of course, the all-prevailing topic of conversation after tea, discussions on the parabola of shells being interspersed with several reminiscences in quite the best "Tommy-Roydenesque" style—"It's fact, you know." The Manchester trio were the first to make a move for home shortly before 8 p.m., and their getting under way was the signal for the end of the evening. Cook, Royden, Band and Seed went home via Chester, of course, while Toft, on a bicycle, Edwards and Mac left via Widnes, leaving Stephenson and Worth with Dr. Watson in sole possession. Members present: Cody, Band, Worth, H. and E. Green, Turnor, Cook, J. Seed, Royden, Edwards, Toft, Stephenson, McCann and Dr. Watson.

C. H. TURNOR, Editor (pro tempore).

ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB.

FORMED MARCH, 1879.

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

MONTHLY CIRCULAR.

FIXTURES FOR DECEMBER, 1914.

	Light up at
Dec. 5.—Hunts Cross (Hunts Cross Hotel)	4-54 p.m.
„ 12.—Hinderton (Shrewsbury Arms)	4-52 p.m.
„ 14.—Committee Meeting, St. George's Restaurant, 7 p.m.	
„ 19.—Warrington (Patten Arms)	4-53 p.m.
„ 26.—Knutsford (Lord Eldon). Dinner at 1-30 p.m.	4-55 p.m.
Alternative Run for Manchester Members:	
Dec. 12.—Mobberley (Roebuck)	4-52 p.m.

Full Moon 2nd instant.

Committee Notes.

16, Croxteth Grove,
Liverpool.

RESIGNATIONS.—The resignations of W. Crompton Humphreys, A. Marshall Higham and Norman M. Higham were, at the last Committee Meeting, accepted with regret.

H. Dakin has transferred from Active Membership to Honorary.

The usual Boxing Day Dinner will be held, as usual, at Knutsford. As last year, two MEETING PLACES have been arranged, viz., for the Liverpool District Members at the Abbey Arms, Broad Green, and for the Wirral Members at Clatterbridge, leaving both places at 10 a.m.

F. D. McCANN,
Hon. Secretary.

Mems.

Our President, D. R. Fell, is now a full fledged Special Constable in Liverpool, and found the handsome bronze badge most useful in securing him a front position by the Town Hall to see the 1st Battalion of the Pals (including Corporal Quin Phos Cohen) march past on Parade.

It is rumoured that the Oheadle Hulme Volunteer Defence Corps is locally known as the Sleuth Hounds.

Old members will remember Bland and his many interesting idiosyncrasies. He recently reported himself in Liverpool after a two years' sojourn in Argentina, and was on his way to the front to drive a 180 (?) h.p. Rolls Royce Armoured Motor Car, so Mad Bill will have to look out.

Many years ago Cook was occasionally accompanied to the Club Runs by his friend, Joe Shepherd, a purser in the White Star Line, and those who became thereby acquainted with him will be sorry to hear that he has been experiencing some exciting adventures. On the outbreak of the war, he went as the Assistant Paymaster on the Armed Merchant Cruiser "Oceanic," which was wrecked off the North Coast of Scotland. Then he was appointed to the "Rinaldo" engaged in bombarding the coast near Ostend, and during his engagement Shepherd was wounded in the left arm sufficient to require five stitches. He now hopes for better luck, and we trust Fortune will favour him.

At Chester, Jack Seed's story, "Anything doing at the front to-night," went with great gusto.

The following names should be added to the list of members who are doing something for their country:—

- P. Williamson, Royal Engineers (Postal Section).
- W. Lowcock, National Reserve and Cheadle Hulme V. D. C.
- F. Lowcock, Cheadle Hulme V. D. C.
- L. Oppenheimer, Manchester Rifle Club and The Athletes Defence Corps.
- O. Cooper, P.O. Drilling Corps.

Mac has recently received a letter from "The Master," from which the following has been culled:—

The letter starts with the reference to the Cheadle Hulme Volunteers and the "rapid and lengthy strides" that Fred Lowcock is making in that Force, and then continues as follows:

"Anfield members may be surprised at the strength of the Cheadle Hulme Volunteer Corps. They who only know the romantic glades of Cheadle-on-the-Mere, that tell of vanished pleasures, can have little idea of the spirit that pervades the grim hills of Holmes Cheadle—the Cheadle perched upon the Hulme—the Cheadle Citadel, in short."

"Seen from the low-lying fields around 'the Mere' the great Viaduct appears to be the Citadel's mighty Drawbridge; and the brook which it spans—carrying the turbulent overflow of the Disley Reservoir—the Moat. Snugly ensconced in a nook of the Stronghold on the Eastern side lies the Ancient Hall of Bramhall, which will be held against all comers. At the end of the Viaduct towers the Gatehouse: the Junction Hotel, and further back lurks the Kirk Tavern (the Volunteer H.Q.), the Citadel's Keep and last Redoubt. Beyond lies the impregnable heights of Bramhall and Woodford."

"Such is the HULME OF CHEADLE."

"When in the noon of night our mailtrain rumbles o'er the ghostly arches we know that we are safe, for leaning out beyond the parapet we observe the silent watchers far below, and know that some of ours are there."

"Why not an Anfield week-end around the Hulme?"

MASTER.

The following are a few extracts from correspondence sent from France by Sapper Warburton:—

“ Our division has fairly been amongst the scrapping ever since we came out. First of all we were in the 10 days’ retreat—treking along with goodness knows how many German Army Corps on our heels. It was a terrible passage—shifting along day and night and showing fight all the way. Then we took a prominent part in the Battle of the Rivers at Soissons for three weeks, and now we are right in the thick of the great frontier battle. Have been in Belgium several times and are now holding a frontier town against a horde of the enemy. We’re all merry and bright, and confident of victory, but I’m inclined to think it will last much longer than some folks imagine. One hears talk here of it being over early in 1915, and even before Xmas, but I cannot see that.”

“ All I say is ‘Roll on the time’ and much as I miss Club life and all that’s nice in old England, I don’t wish to return until the Germans are crushed for centuries to come. It’s a real rough job we have and no mistake, but one can get used to anything and I’m quite happy and content, so far. (Having been asked how he likes the girls of La France, our hero replies—Ed.) Sometimes we do not see any for days on end, but when we do come across an inhabited town or village they are simply mad with enthusiasm—especially if we have just pitched the enemy out of it—and they hang round our necks as we march through the town. Don’t you wish you were here? If we stay in the vicinity of one of these towns they give us heaps of food, drink, etc. (if the enemy have been rushed through before they could loot it), and beg us to sleep in their houses, but that cannot be. Have not slept in a bed since I left England. I hear that Mother and Father are keeping up wonderfully well, and I’m jolly pleased to know it. As long as they’re alright I don’t care a rap.”

RUNS.

Chester, 31st October, 1914.

The account of this run is somewhat scrappy, as I did not expect to be called upon to write it, and I trust, therefore, that members will overlook its shortcomings. On arrival at the “Bull and Stirrup,” I found the smoke-room occupied by about six of the Club’s Cycling members and two of the military—Sergeant Bentley and Corporal Cohen. The number gradually grew until 17 members and one friend had arrived, this number being still further augmented, after the majority had found their places at the table, by H. W. Keizer. As I had to leave early, I cannot speak with authority as to the routes traversed, or the arguments thrashed out after tea. I know that before the meal we were regaled with a lot of military information, all instructive and some amusing.

Since writing the above, news has reached me of a further British Naval disaster. It appears that on the return voyage from Chester, the Super-Dreadnought “Black Bess,” one of the New Brighton Squadron, foundered with all hands, but whether she was torpedoed by a submarine or struck a mine, deponent knoweth not. Suffice it to say that only two men were saved—Commodore Venables, suffering from shock and bruises, and Engine-Room-Artificer Morris, who was somewhat seriously wounded, being in the sick-bay four days for repair. I understand the wrecked ship has now been raised, and is in dry-dock awaiting replacements.

I am sure that members of the A. B. C. will agree with me that the rescued members of the Club were lucky to escape so lightly, and will wish them both a speedy and complete recovery.

Hunts Cross, 7th November, 1914.

As usual there was a good muster, we sat down to the groaning board and the goods were—as per Hunts Cross—good goods. After the remains were removed (somewhat delayed by the “Army” and a friend arriving late), we settled down to a good evening’s entertainment. Opened the ball with “God save the King.” Solo by Mr. Chaloner, followed by French and Russian National Anthems—rendered on the piano by Mr. Frank Smith, to whom, by the way, our sincere thanks are due for so ably presiding at the dominoes. Owing to the absence of the music we were unable to do honour to our other gallant Allies.

Mr. Thomas gave us the “Sailors’ Grave” in grand style, and got a well-deserved encore. Mr. Chaloner sang the “Admiral’s Broom”—he fairly swept the floor with us, and was accorded an encore. Corporal Jones sang “Mary,” his remark with regard to his voice did not prove correct—he is still a tenor—from “one who knows.” Messrs. Thomas and Chaloner gave a duet “The Battle Eve,” Mr. Chaloner leading, when they got together, but after various spurts, first by one and then the other, they ended up in a dead heat. Our “Special Bobbies,” Fell, Toft, Conway, Poole and Williams, were announced to give us an exhibition of Swedish Drill, which was not forthcoming, then it was understood by the audience they were to sing “A policeman’s lot is not a happy one.” Cecil Blackburn took these fearless heroes places and did it well—if the bobbies are as quick in arresting burglars, etc., as they were in getting into line, then “please help our happy homes.” Solo good, chorus rotten—drill worse. Mr. Chaloner then sang “Will o’ the Wisp,” which was good in the extreme, and as an encore sang “The Flower Dance.” Theakstone gave two items—a vast success, clean and neatly performed (I don’t think). Mr. Thomas then concluded with “Maire my Girl,” which was the end of the first half.

Lemons, etc.

It is wonderful how “Hunts Cross” gets hold of a lot of chaps who neglect the “Summer” runs, anyhow they are always welcome, and we are glad to see their smiling faces. It does our eyes good to see our “pals” in uniform—good luck to them—all the hard work, etc., does not seem to do them any harm. They ought to be very fit for the next racing season, so look out you record holders.

Not having come out by the ordinary mapped road, cannot say anything about dust or mud.

Our thanks are due to Cotter for the excellent musical programme—being an early bird, cannot say much about the second half, but from all accounts it went better than the first; this proves that “early birds” do not always get the worm but sometimes the needle.

The following are the items given in second half:—

Song.—“Jean upon the Uplands.”.....Mr. Thomas.

Recit.—“How we saved the Barge.”.....S. J. Buck.

Duet.—“Watchman! What of the night?”..Messrs. Thomas
and Chaloner.

Song.—“The Old Plaid Shawl.”.....C. Blackburn.

Song.—“Ailsa Mine.”.....Mr. Thomas.

Song.—“In an old fashioned Town.”.....Mr. Thomas.

Song.—“Shells of the Ocean.”.....Mr. Chaloner.

Song.—“I fear no Foe.”.....Mr. Chaloner.

Recit.—“The Caretaker.”.....S. J. Buck.

Song.—“I hear you calling me.”.....Mr. Thomas.

Song.—“Tom Bowling” (by request).....Mr. Thomas.

Duet.—“Love and War.”..Messrs. Thomas and Chaloner.

Duet.—“Flow Gently Deva.”.....Messrs. Thomas and
Chaloner.

AULD LANG SYNE—by the Company.

FINIS.

Chester, 14th November, 1914.

The wily Mullah again pounced and demanded an account of this run, which was not an over-crowded function. An entire absence of our Army, National Reserve and Special Constable members (the foregoing statement is not quite correct.—Ed.) not to mention other stalwarts unable to make the journey, resulting in a meagre muster of 13 members. Mr. Batemen and friend, who we were glad to see, making 15 all told, and the room held us easily. I think that 15 is the smallest number yet experienced by the present "Bull and Stirrup" proprietor and his cheerful attentive staff. Quite a lot of our members have not yet sampled the present management's efforts, and those who have hear no grumbling. This fact is in itself a tremendous appreciation. Then again, Ven and Morris can testify that their tandem refused to bear the load from Chester, on the occasion of the October run, and actually turned it down a few hundred yards out, on Parkgate Road, the front wheel and forks leaving the head without warning, and letting the riders down badly. However, I am glad to hear that bandages are now off, and wounds healed, or nearly so. Any tandem buyers in the market? Forks to order.

To return to the run, I heard of a Wirral contingent, via Queen's Ferry and Wrexham indulging in afternoon tea at Marford, while another preferred the cup that cheers, etc., at Frodsham. How these young fellows do get about. They've got the time, they've got the push, and get the mileage too. The Manchester contingent of two seemed to have had a nice quiet ride out, and would have a longish jaunt home, but when men are fit its easy.

Why does the Hunts Cross fixture exhaust men for the following run?

Now is the time for the good old has beens to bestir themselves and fill the gaps left by our younger members who have answered their country's call. Don't wait for the Hunts Cross and Halewood runs only, but get out to the garrison towns of Chester, Warrington, etc., and hear and see what's going on outside your own parish—"Keep things moving."

Halewood, 21st November, 1914.

On the occasion of this fixture it might almost be considered excusable for a member—at any rate a Manchester member—coming to the decision that it was unfit to cycle. As far as the condition of the roads went there was but little to be desired, but the overhead conditions were, to say the least, objectionable. The writer, not being of the butterfly variety, it was not necessary to take his machine out of a box of cotton wool, where some machines are kept during the winter. It was just wheeled out of the shed and he started off. It is said that one should have a broad outlook on things, but that was impossible for the fog prevented the outlook on anything further off than 20 or 30 yards. Omar Khayyam has a line which says—

"'Neath that inverted bowl they call the sky."

If Omar had been cycling to Halewood he would have reconstructed his simile very considerably.

At the outset a very enjoyable ride seemed, if not impossible, certainly improbable, and yet it would have been sacrilege to have stayed indoors. When the open country was reached one discovered that a transformation scene had been enacted and the customary appearance of the well-known heights of Budworth had been considerably altered. The area of vision was but small, but that area looked as if some giant flour canister from an aeroplane had been hard at work dusting flour on the trees and hedgerows. Each branch, each twig, and each blade of grass, however small, had its tiny

coating of white, and it made one feel that however unpropitious the conditions appear at the commencement of a ride it would be foolish to abstain because of the gems of beauty one might miss.

The stretch of country from Halton through Runcorn and Widnes to Ditton Junction is of the unlovely variety, but the artistic instincts of the party (the writer had now met four comrades) were not offended as all the district was blotted out. A veil had been drawn over the scene which was so thick that one wondered if it was impregnable. One had visions of a night's sojourn on the "Race Track" at Widnes. The journey was, however, managed safely, and this small section of the Club were soon joined by about a score of others. Frank Roskell was of the party and looked but little the worse for his stay in France; certainly one finger was bandaged up and he had lost some weight, but it was the same good tempered, cheerful, humorous Frank as of old. (When Frank left France it was feared he might have to lose his hand, or at any rate a finger, but, happily, this fear has proved to be groundless). Charlie Keizer was another "distinguished stranger." Charlie's banter at the Presidential end of the table was worth the money itself.

Like all good things the proceedings at Halewood eventually came to an end, and the various members of the party returned to their domiciles by many and devious ways.

C. H. T.

C. H. TURNOR, Editor (pro tempore).