

ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB.

FORMED MARCH, 1879.

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

MONTHLY CIRCULAR.

FIXTURES FOR JANUARY, 1915.

	Light up at
Jan. 2.—Hunts Cross (Hunts Cross Hotel)	5-6 p.m.
„ 7.—Annual General Meeting, St. George's Restaurant, 6-30 p.m. ..	
„ 9.—Moreton (Farmers' Arms)	5-15 p.m.
„ 11.—Committee Meeting, St. George's Restaurant, 7 p.m.	
„ 16.—Warrington (Patten Arms)	5-26 p.m.
„ 23.—Halewood (Derby Arms)	5-38 p.m.
„ 30.—Chester (Bull and Stirrup)	5-49 p.m.
Alternative Runs for Manchester Members:—	
„ 9.—Knutsford (Lord Eldon)	5-15 p.m.
„ 23.—Mobberley (Roebuck)	5-38 p.m.

Full Moon 31st instant.

Committee Notes.

16, Croxteth Grove,
Liverpool.

The ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING will be held on THURSDAY, 7th JANUARY, at the St. George's Restaurant, Redcross Street, LIVERPOOL, at 6-30 p.m., prompt. Members having any subjects to bring before the Meeting must send me particulars not later than the 29th December, so that I may enter same upon the Agenda. It is hoped that the attendance will be a large and representative one.

F. D. McOANN,
Hon. Secretary.

THE SEASON'S GREETINGS TO ALL ANFIELDERS AT HOME
AND ABROAD.

“Ah! when shall all men's good
Be each man's rule, and universal Peace
Lie like a shaft of light across the land,
And like a lane of beams athwart the sea,
Thro' all the circle of the golden year?”

—Tennyson.

Mems.

Cook has received a postcard from Sergeant R. T. Rudd, R.F.A., who is now located at Brasted, about five miles from Seven Oaks, and reports himself in good health, and sends Good Luck to us all.

Jim Park has now been given command of the "Carron" at Chatham, and will shortly be gazetted as Commander R.N.R., which is another step up.

Does anyone know the address of S. Irving? Apparently he has moved from 415, Parry Street, Victoria, B.C., as the Circular for November has been returned marked "Gone." We wish members would notify the Hon. Secretary of any change of address, or at least notify the Postal Authorities in order that their correspondence may be forwarded.

Dave Rowatt has now reached the great pinnacle of a Grandfather, owing to the arrival of a son and heir to "Young David." Hearty congratulations to all concerned. Good luck to Grandpa!

In an interesting account of a motor trip from Manchester to Southport, via Chester, in a car driven by Dr. Carlisle, which appears in "Town and Country" for November 7th, we extract the following:—"Soon at Liverpool and *after several wrong turns . . .* arrived at Ormskirk." Well, well! Just imagine the Doctor not able to find his way from Liverpool to Ormskirk after living in and cycling round Liverpool for so many years, and breaking the Liverpool-Edinburgh record in 1892!

From a long article in an American paper headed "Fulton-L'Homme-dieu," the following details have been culled:—

On Saturday, the 28th November, at the Church of the Holy Communion, South Orange, the marriage took place of Miss Augusta L'Homme-dieu, of South Orange, to Robert Arthur Fulton, of Liverpool, England. Details are given of beautiful dresses, beautiful presents, and mention the fact that Mrs. Fulton, mother of the bridegroom, travelled from England for the ceremony. The conclusion of the article states that:—"On their return from a wedding trip in the South, Mr. and Mrs. Fulton will live in New York, where they have taken an apartment."

The following is a further communication from Sapper Warburton:—

So many thanks for your letters of 18th and 27th November, also for "Chairman" and the Club Circulars. I believe I acknowledged receipts of same.

I have a fine stock of tobacco on hand, so am giving some away to needy cases, but you bet I hang on to the good old "Chairman." It is indeed a treat to be receiving the Anfield Circulars again. I did not expect to see my yarns published, but, of course, I do not mind and will gladly give you my few cycling experiences along with this letter, if time permits.

A "Pipe Lighter" would undoubtedly be useful to me, if you do not mind sending one along some time when you are writing. How we smoke on this job! Can imagine myself gasping next time I try to ride the bike, I shall be riding slower than ever after this little lot. More than once in the early stages of the campaign I found myself going into action with the old pipe going. That was in the daytime of course. At night, when in close proximity to the enemy, no pipes or cigarettes are allowed.

The King paid us a visit yesterday, and I thought it jolly decent of him to call and see us.

Well, the cycling that I have done out here is no credit to an Anfielder, as far as distance is concerned. Have "been aboard" on four

occasions, and shall never forget the first three trips. The first grid which I rode was a beauty. To give an accurate description of it is beyond me. Suffice to say that both tyres were flat and the wheels badly buckled. It was a French "racing machine" which I found on the roadside when we were two days out from St. Quentin on the retreat. I rode it more or less for about eight hours, and then had to abandon it and fall in with the rearguard to meet a body of Uhlans who were emerging from a wood. We had a warm 15 minutes or so, but were able to account for them all right with the aid of a company of our cavalry, which arrived just in time. Don't know what happened my "Model de Luxe," but I cannot say that I was sorry to lose it, and if it fell into the hands of a German he's probably still in Hospital.

Late the same night I caught a German horse, which was going spare, but after a few hours on it I realised that I was not on a Brook's B 18, and handed it over to a chum who was giving out at the knees.

My second experience was a trip over the Belgian Frontier on an Army bicycle. I had eight miles to do each way and the night could not have been worse. The fog was terrible, and as the main road to my destination was under shell fire, I had to look up a lane route (real Anfield style, eh?) Through attempting a ride past Batteries of Artillery, which were prepared for action in these narrow lanes, I came down into the mud repeatedly, but stuck to my task until I found myself in a pond. That settled it. I decided to walk the remainder of the outward journey, and struck across a few ploughed fields. The flashes from the enemy's big guns guiding me, I eventually arrived at my destination, having taken five hours for the eight miles! The return journey was not quite so bad. Nevertheless I had come to the conclusion that France—in time of war—is no place for cycling. On the third tour I had the cheery company of a chum. We had about seven miles to do each way, and a main road for the most part. The road was paved all the way—and badly paved, too—but good to ride on, to anyone who knew the terrible state of the lanes. Four miles out we had to pass through a fairly large frontier town, and were looking forward to seeing a bit of civilisation there as it was only 8 p.m. Just before we entered the town, however, the enemy opened an attack all round the line, and poured shells into the town from three sides. We made ourselves comfortable in a roadside Inn for an hour and the cannonade ceased. Immediately the people—who had sought refuge in their cellars during the bombardment—hastened out of the town in thousands, and we "resumed the pigskin." It was now a case of "go gently," for the night was dark and the "Jack Johnson" holes in the streets were easier to get into than to get out of (needless to say no lights are allowed on the bicycles). We had got into the centre of the town when the bombardment opened again, and we took the first shelter which we saw. This was a very high wall and apparently of a good thickness, but we had not been there long when we discovered by the smell that it was the gas works! The illuminations round about where the shells were bursting was a picture. Some houses were on fire and others were lying down in the street, but, standing by the gas works and expecting one to find it every minute, was too much of a good thing, so we decided to "get a move on," and finally, by section rushes—first falling into a hole, then coming into contact with a building which had fallen in the street, or rushing under shelter of a wall when the buzz of an approaching shell told us it had not much farther to go—we got clear of the town. The last mile or so of the journey was across open country, and the Germans were playing three searchlights up and down the road. We were out of reach of their rifle fire, and our trenches were in between, but even so we were not sorry to get the temporary shelter of the house which we were making for. Having arrived there, we found the General and all the Staff Officers ready equipped for a sudden dash

immediately a shell hit the house, but luckily they all went well over and most of them fell into a canal. One can never forget the report of these big shells when they strike a house or a paved street. Our return journey was uneventful, for only one battery kept up the fire, and, though the shells could plainly be heard buzzing overhead, they were going right over the town and not falling in our direction. The Germans repeated the performance the following night, but the shells were not so numerous. On this occasion we had to go through with our waggon, and, in company with three other waggons, one of which (the leading waggon) got into a shell hole and had to be abandoned until the following day. The horses of the second one and also the horse ridden by one of our escort, got entangled in a live wire and were electrocuted (I saw an account of this in an English paper). This was on the homeward journey, and as I thought we stood a better chance of saving our skins by going on—by a back street route—I got the permission of the officer in charge and got back safely, bringing with me the chap whose horse had been electrocuted under him. His nerves were terribly shaken, poor chap.

Could keep on writing for hours, but must sleep while I have the chance, so "Au revoir."

Remember me to all the boys, and accept my best wishes.

Here's to our next merry meeting!

ARCHIE.

Cook has received the following postcard from Marcel Paquin, who is an "automobiliste" on the staff of *État Major de Lamothe*: "Happy Xmas and Merry New Year. I am fighting amongst your English fellows. Hope you are in good health." Those of us who remember Paquin with his many lovable qualities, can just imagine him saying "Your English fellows." *Vive l'Entente Cordiale!* "It ees splondide on ze taudem."

RUNS.

The following run was reported last month, but this, the official account, has since come to hand, together with a document which gives the writer's telegraphic address as "2L8 Whitechapel":—

Halewood, 21st November, 1914.

"The Way was long, the Wind was cold,
The 'Has-Beens' were infirm and old."

—Great Scott.

If I had that smile of the Mullah's, my life would be happy and gay; I'd get all my work done by the others; if I had that smile of the Mullah's. But, alas, I have it not. "*Hinc illae lachrymae.*"

And now to work. The walking party, consisting of two of the above-mentioned "Has-Beens" and Frank Roskell, of the A.S.C., lately returned from abroad to recuperate, foregathered at Knotty Ash, where the "Tour proper" may be said to have commenced. The party made moderately good progress as far as Broad Green, where a stop was made to inspect the Abbey. Shortly after leaving the precincts of the Abbey we experienced considerable trouble with the M.B.O.F., who had forgotten his pipe, and was inclined to be nasty about it, but we presented him with a naval meerschaum, and peace reigned once more. Under weigh again, when Frank R. quite excelled himself as a raconteur. His exceedingly graphic description of the attitude which the goats take up with respect to the Indian Troopers is well worth repeating. It appears that the Indians (long passage deleted by the Censor) the goats. Pondering deeply on this extraordinary and paradoxical state of affairs, we automatically advanced our

spark, so much so that we were shortly overhauled by Bob Knipe and Cody, who were mounted on bicycles propelled entirely by muscular exertion. Later on, the writer saw yet another similar piece of machinery stored away under the staircase at the hotel. Strange, is it not, how these ancient customs survive in the more remote agricultural districts!

Thus re-inforced the party forged ahead, and had arrived almost within striking distance of the "Eagle and Child," when it was beset by a detachment of the Anfield Boy Scouts' Corps, who advanced upon it with hideous yells, and dragged it "Hands-up" into the luxurious salon of the "Eagle and Child." I noted with satisfaction that the pile of the new carpet is now composed of sawdust; this is a step in the right direction, and a great improvement on the sand of last year.

Nineteen of the blackest of Black Anfielders sat down to a repast, which may be described briefly as most excellent. The entree (*lièvre au pot-a-feu épice*) was a dream, whilst the "pièce de resistance" (*canard bien foutu, avec pommes de terre et légumes*) was irresistible.

Our highly esteemed President was in the chair: he is not only a great man, he is also a great carver. It was a weird and wondrous sight to observe the almost indecent haste with which the ducklings shed their limbs on the approach of his weapon. I have not seen anything to equal it—outside of a Picture Palace. It was at this juncture, and whilst I was cautiously manœuvring for another duckling, that the Mullah rose, and smiled at me, and "would I mind, etc., etc." Of course, at point-blank range like that, refusal was impossible, though little did I realise at the moment the task I had taken on.

Warrington—Macclesfield, 28th November, 1914.

The question often arises as to whether there is any call for a November week-end, and we think the fact that there were 13 week-enders this year is a sufficient answer. The real difficulty is that of finding a suitable venue. Years ago Congleton was in high favour, but for a reason that need not be mentioned here, it was suddenly boycotted, and no place has been found to take its place. This year we thought we had solved the problem by fixing Macclesfield, but, although there were 13 week-enders, we have to record with regret that only five supported the official fixture, while three remained at Warrington, and a party of five were at Hawkstone. Unfortunately, many of our members seem to pride themselves on never reading cycling literature, but we venture to think that if these individuals had read the fine article "The Mountain Road," by Burton Carver, in a recent number of "Cycling," we should have had quite a crowd to dispute "the popular idea of Cheshire" that "it is a wide and verdant plain with only a few small hills," and to realise that "the highlands of East Cheshire form a happy hunting ground." There was a muster of 19 at Warrington for the usual excellent "Patten Arms" fare, and quite a number and ridden via Chester. The official week-end party set off in good time and had a most delightful ride to Macclesfield under a brilliant moon, with a stop at Knutsford to attend in spirit the Baron's wedding, which was taking place 3,000 miles away at the same identical moment. We hope the Baron was conscious of our messages wafted through the air by the medium of Nutty Brown! Arrived at Macclesfield in good time, we proceeded to tour the town under the guidance of the Mullah, whose knowledge, like that of the heathen Chinese, is "extensive and peculiar." "Are you not Herbert Turnor? Well my name is — of —" (Heavily censored). A good hot supper of roast chickens, etc., and a pleasant pow-wow around the fire completed a very jolly evening. Sunday morning found us ready for the road by 10-0, and we first proceeded to Prestbury, where a halt was made to view some of the many buildings of antiquarian interest before

proceeding past Adlington Hall to Pott Shrigley. The "Master" on his Douglas was indefatigable in racing ahead and stopping at all the choice bits, so that we should miss nothing of interest. From Pott Shrigley we climbed and climbed until at Patch House we certainly felt "the uplifting breath of these lonely heights," but we got our own back with the fine drop to Rainow, and thence by a cross road to the main Macclesfield-Buxton high road, which we followed past the "Setter Dog" to the point where you get a fine panoramic view with the "Cat and Fiddle" on the sky line, and Shutlings Low away to the right. Leaving the main road here we proceeded to Forest Chapel, and then descended the glorious Pass of Wildboar Clough, which was certainly the gem of a remarkably fine ride. Proceeding round by the Reservoir, we were soon at Sutton Lane Ends, where we inspected the Mullah's former week-end cottage, and got back to the "Angel" prompt to lunch schedule. After lunch the party broke up, and Cook and Mr. Montag departed, leaving the "Master," Webb and Turnor guarding the "Angel," the two first named having rather a stiff ride against a brisk westerly wind as far as Chester, where they met McCann and had a much easier passage with considerable wind assistance to Hinderton for tea. Thus ended a most delightful week-end, which certainly scored on the point of charming variety, and makes one wonder why those who year by year repeat the Llangollen trip do not try East Cheshire for a change. Surely by a little co-operation we could come to an arrangement for accommodation that would be agreeable to all parties.

Hunts Cross, 5th December 1914.

Our special correspondent from France, who took notes of the proceedings and intended to write up this run, has failed to forward his "copy," and, as nobody else had any details of the proceedings, the account will have to be brief; our apologies are offered in advance for any omissions there may be.

There were about 40 present, of whom a large portion were visitors, and this crowd arrived by many and devious ways. One of the methods of getting to the destination is worth recording, viz., that of our Secretary, who has discovered an invention that makes cycling easy. On his outward journey through Chester and Runcorn, the scribe rode a Triumph bicycle to which was fitted a three-speed gear, which enabled him to do the round trip without the expenditure of any exertion. The motto was "Click and the world is flat," or else "a head wind becomes a favouring breeze." In fact, Mac has decided to have this device taken off the machine because he desires a certain amount of exercise and does not like the idea of being wafted along without exertion.

The feeding was quite equal to Hunts Cross at its best, which means that you could not get a better feed anywhere.

After the hunger of the party had been assuaged and the tables cleared, the entertainment which Cecil Blackburn had provided commenced.

Songs were rendered by Messrs. Tomlinson, Andrews, Proudman and Blackburn, and recitations by Knipe, Zambuck and Turnor. The "second house" was an unusual success, for Mr. Snewing—a friend of Johnny Band—proved extra value, and sang song after song splendidly and most willingly. Johnny also obliged, and he sang as sweetly as of yore, so it is to be hoped he will sing for us more frequently. Mr. Tomlinson and Cecil favoured us again, and President Fell obliged, while even the "Pagan One" inflicted "Macpherson" on us for the sake of the chorus in which Royden and Hawkes were very prominent. The "pièce de resistance" was undoubtedly Knipe's Highland Sword Dance.

To Cecil and his friends our best thanks are undoubtedly due for what proved to be an exceptionally pleasant and enjoyable evening.

Hinderton, 12th December, 1914.

After a week of late work, including one all night job (what a training the "24" is) it was very pleasant to have a run so near home. I started about 3 o'clock, and felt like a wandering Uhlan in the Wirral, but managed to fill in the time until 6 o'clock. When I arrived at the "Shrewsbury Arms" I found a sprinkling of motorists and pedestrians, who, together with the cyclists, brought the number to about 20. The catering was all that could be desired, and after everyone had had his fill the arguments got very strong, the subject being who has the prior right on the road. The Footers remarked that Cyclists were a nuisance on the road to the future protectors of our hearths and homes. When these soldier men were marching four abreast and heard a cyclist's bell they had immediately to form in echelon, which was very trying to young recruits.

I hear one of the Wednesday evening party recently had a very exciting time. On the occasion in question a very thick fog came on, and our friend—one of the hardest riders on the road—thought he was under the wheels of a motor car, but I am glad to say he only embraced one of the silent watchers of the night, in other words a lamp post.

We all got away before 9 o'clock, and had a charming ride home which brought another good Saturday to a conclusion. We are only two weeks away from pheasants, etc., at the Eldon. I hear the muster is going to be a good one considering the times we are living in, when we do not know where we will be the Christmas after—perhaps guarding Berlin?

This Club Run will be ever memorable in the annals of the A. B. C. It is the last time beer can be purchased at the price of 2d. per half pint.

Mobberley, 12th December, 1914.

It is some eight months since the Manchester members of the club had a separate destination allotted to them.

The party that fed at the "Roebuck," with the assistance of friends, reached the respectable total of eleven, so it is to be hoped a similar experiment will meet with, at least, equal success. The members who attend the run at whatever destination it is fixed were joined by a contingent from Cheadle Hulme in the persons of Buckley, Crowcroft, Fred Lowcock and "Professor" Green, whilst L. Oppenheimer also joined the party. Mr. Armitage, the Editor of the Wheeler's Journal, Mr. Barlow, who did such an excellent performance in our last "24," together with three other members of the Wheelers and a friend, favoured us with their presence, and Mr. Barlow showed us that besides being able to ride a "24" he is also a capable reciter. An item which he composed himself, entitled "The green blinds of the little yellow cab," fairly "brought down the house."

The writer, on his outward journey, was befriended by "The Master," who was on his way to Craven Arms. The run would certainly have been still further improved by the charming personality of our motoring friend, who certainly shows that he has not forgotten what it is like to climb hills through thick mud on a "proper bicycle." The mere sight of the writer engaged in this arduous pursuit brought forth his sympathy (to the extent of 2½d.), and, after the sympathy had been duly administered, the conditions seemed much brighter, the mud less tenacious, and the brotherhood of the wheel appeared to embrace all cyclists whether their machines be propelled by petrol or human energy.

O.H.T.

Warrington, 19th December, 1914.

“ We may live without poetry, music and art;
 We may live without conscience and live without heart,
 We may live without friends, we may live without books,
 But civilised man cannot live without cooks.
 He may live without books, what is knowledge but grieving?
 He may live without hope—what is hope but deceiving?
 He may live without love—what is passion but pining?
 But where is the man that can live without dining?”

—Owen Meredith.

There were but eleven members of the club to tackle the good things provided at the “Patten,” which is certainly a pity as the house was apparently “out on a record attempt.” Christmas fare had been provided for 20, which means that had there been a considerable number in excess of that figure they would not have gone empty away. Nobody was able to go through the whole programme, and so the members were in the same position as the small boy at the party, who, when asked by his host why he was crying, stated it was because he couldn't eat any more.

It is many moons since the “Pagan” Cook failed to make the return journey from Warrington through Chester, and perhaps the feeding may have had something to do with the fact that on this occasion he took the more direct route through Liverpool.

One of the topics of conversation was the forthcoming Boxing Day run, and though everyone was looking forward to a big gathering, it was felt that on this occasion “the call of country” would cause some vacancies, and that our ranks would be considerably thinned.

C.H.T.

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

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FORMED MARCH 1879.

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

MONTHLY CIRCULAR.

FIXTURES FOR FEBRUARY, 1915.

	Light up at
Feb. 6.—Hunts Cross (Hunts Cross Hotel)	5-57 p.m.
„ 8.—Committee Meeting, St. George's Restaurant, 7 p.m.	
„ 13.—Hinderton (Shrewsbury Arms)	6-10 p.m.
„ 20.—Warrington (Patten Arms)	6-23 p.m.
„ 27.—Chester (Bull and Stirrup) and Week-end to Hawkstone Park.	6-35 p.m.
Alternative Run for Manchester Members.	
„ 13.—Knutsford (Lord Eldon)	6-10 p.m.
Full Moon, 31st January and 1st March.	

Committee Notes.

16, Croxteth Grove,
Liverpool.

At the last Meeting:—

The following appointments were made.—Delegates to the R.R.A., E. Bright and H. W. Keizer; to the N.R.R.A., F. D. McCann and J. Seed.

Handicapping and Course Committee.—W. P. Cook, E. Edwards, F. D. McCann, J. Seed and W. R. Toft.

Editor of the Monthly Circular.—F. D. McCann.

REVISION OF THE LIST OF MEMBERS.—The name of J. R. Wells, Junr., was struck off the List of Members for non-payment of Subscriptions.

It was decided that the Donation of £10 10/- authorised by the General Meeting, should be paid to the Liverpool Merchants' Base Hospital, per R. Burton Chadwick, Esq., Hon. Treasurer.

NEW ADDRESS.—W. J. Neason, "Woodside," Sylvester Road, E. Finchley, London, N.

APPLICATION FOR MEMBERSHIP.—Mr. Arthur Newsholme, 60, Clarendon Road, Whalley Range, Manchester. Proposed by C. H. Turnor, and seconded by H. Green.

F. D. McCANN,

Hon. Secretary.

Mems.

Those of us who were at Hunts Cross at the December fixture, and who heard Mr. Barlow recite his parody of the "Green Eyes of the Little Yellow God" will, no doubt, be glad to have the words. We think it will be recognised as a very clever parody which redounds greatly to the credit of its author and reciter.

THE GREEN BLINDS OF THE LITTLE YELLOW CAB.

(With apologies to the author of "The Green Eye of the Yellow God.")

There's a lunatic asylum to the North of Kersal Bar,
Where they take most of the madmen from the town.
There's a yellow cab they use to bring them up from near and far;
And the green blinds of it are always down.

He was known as Dinky Doo, was the man that drove it through.
The beer he drank would quench the fires of Hell.
He was only four-foot-ten, but he was worshipped by the men;
And the keeper's sister winked at him as well.

She had loved him all along. He was so very strong
He used to help to tie the inmates up with cords,
She was nearly fifty-nine, and they'd arranged a right good time
At a little chip-potato shop called "Lord's."

He wrote a postcard asking what she'd like from Dinky Doo.
He posted it—and lit another tab.
And jestingly the answer came——That nothing else would do
But the Green Blinds of the Little Yellow Cab.

On the day before the night Dinky Doo got very tight,
And all his comrades thought he'd got the Blues.
He did nothing else but drink and would sit alone and think,
Then he went out across the road towards the Mews.

He took half an hour or more to reach that stable door,
He rolled about like corks upon the tide.
But he managed it at last, and with a fearful gasp
Undid the door and disappeared inside.

The sun was rising fast, as some keepers, walking past,
Heard weird noises creeping through the wall.
As they crossed the asylum square they could hear old Dinky swear
"It's the Green Blinds that I'll have or none at all."

They entered through the door, and saw Dinky on the floor,
And said at once "This man we'll have to nab."
Red and glowing was his nose, and wrapped round and round his clothes
Were the Green Blinds of the Little Yellow Cab.

They saw there was no hope, so they brought a length of rope,
And some india-rubber in his mouth to jab.
They sent for the straight jacket, saying "That's for Dinky Doo,"
They took him in that Little Yellow Cab.

There's a lunatic asylum to the North of Kersal Bar,
Where they take most of the madmen from the town.
There's a yellow cab they use to bring them up from near and far;
And the green blinds of it are always down,

The arrangements for the entertainment at Hunts Cross, on the 6th February, are in the hands of the President.

Ven, Brother-in-law, Charlie Keizer and the famous old tandem combination, Buck-Prichard, made the mistake of going to Moreton on Boxing Day instead of Knutsford, and when they found no sign of the run they "kiapsed" into a taxi!

At the A.G.M. of the Manchester and District Association of the C.T.C., H. Green, of ours, was elected President, whilst the Mullah was one of the five Vice-Presidents elected.

You will notice from the Fixture List, on the head of this Circular, that there is no full moon in February. There were, on the other hand, two full moons in January, and there will be two in March, on the 1st and 31st of each month. One wonders how often this state of things occurs.

The Mullah has heard from Percy Williamson since he went On Service. He is stationed at Biggleswade—learning the N.R. "24" course?

J. L. Mahon is the latest of "ours" to join the Forces—he left on the 19th instant to join the Army Service Corps at Aldershot.

There were many enquiries after Carpenter at the Boxing Day Run, and speculations as to what had become of him. The following extract from a letter received by McOann from Carpenter will throw light on the mystery:—"I am very sorry indeed that I failed to turn up at the run to-day (Boxing Day). I did make a start before it was light, and after getting five or six miles out I found that my front mudflap had disappeared, and this led to trouble. The mudguard was short and very soon the cascade of partly melted snow, mud and water saturated my feet and pretty well choked up the chain. To make matters worse, the thickly frozen snow, covered with rain water, made it impossible to ride up some of the higher hills. I, therefore, turned home to get another flap or guard, and re-dose the chain with oil, and should have re-started had not the delay made it almost impossible to reach Knutsford in time. I subsequently went out for a quiet saunter of 46 miles, and I can assure you that the going was awful, inches of wet and very rough frozen snow, pools of water and mud that picked up like tar. I hope you had better conditions in Cheshire and a good attendance."

In a further letter a week later, Carpenter writes—"There has been another heavy fall of snow since I wrote you last, but it has now practically gone. On Sunday it rained all day, but I turned out in the afternoon in my son's waterproof overall leggings, and arrived home after a run over some flooded roads in a respectable condition. The climate here during the winter is much less favourable than in Cheshire towards cycling. It is colder, with more snow and fog. I was disappointed over Boxing Day—the first I have missed the last seven years." We could do with more enthusiasts of Carpenter's class.

RUNS.

Knutsford, December 26th, 1914.—Boxing Day Run.

There was no doubt it had been a dirty night, but the excuse my belated partner-in-crime gave—that he had left his clothes lying under an open window all night, got them wet through, and had to wait until they were dry—was rather thin, I thought, or a bit thick, just as you like. Anyway we had words over it, and eventually made a bright and early start—about 12 o'clock. To our great surprise, Teddy Edwards was there before us. He's got a new train I think ('Shush). This, I believe, is the

third time Teddy has been early on Boxing Day since '41, but am not sure. I'll verify it when I see Cohen.

The Mullah was there in his Car (or somebody else's) and "Long Trousers." This, I believe is the second time in three years—I must see Cohen about this as well. Anyway, it's disgusting coming out in trousers, even if in a Car.

Teddy Worth did his best to disguise himself. Several waistcoats, coats, mackintoshes and mufflers made up his—er—complement; this year he only wore one pair of knickers. He was helping Hubert Roskell to fill his car. Was an old lady of the village heard to remark as they came in that they were a bonny pair of lads? She was not, then!

Carpenter was a notable absentee; I much regret it, apart from the pleasure of looking upon his youthful countenance, owing to the fact that he would probably have written this account instead of me, had he been there.

Mawr Conway was up from wherever he comes from and as rowdy as ever; he appeared pained and surprised at someone asking him if he was coming to Bettws at Easter.

After dinner, Dave Rowatt produced the usual Box of Cigars with great success, and everyone gathered round what fire they could see. I heard rumours that this was very nice, too, but don't think it was official, I could not find it.

Eventually people started going home by various means and routes. Some went via Chester for tea at Hinderton, and I hope they got done over by Teddy Edwards. Others got home for tea. The last I saw of the Lord Eldon was four benevolent old gentlemen talking to another most exceedingly old benevolent gentleman, about the years '61 and '62.

Hunts Cross, 2nd January, 1915.

The Train was long, the fare was cheap,
But 2 L 8 to his fire did keep.

—With apologies to Great Scott.

The preliminary details of the adventures of our party en route to Hunts Cross are without interest, excepting perhaps for the agonising facial expressions of an asthmatical gentleman who occupied a seat in our carriage. I do know that the Mullah and Webb, accompanied by the Green Frères, and Barlow of the Manchester Wheelers, arrived from the East on cycles, whilst several Liverpool and Wirral members on machines of a similar character, travelled from the West, the whole force concentrating at about 6 o'clock around an oblong table loaded with the usual good fare. Which proposition of Euclid embraces the problem "around an oblong" is left to the imagination of our readers.

An attendance chart (a most elaborate but weird arrangement compiled by Mac) showed that the writer failed to materialise last year. But it has been my loss. The meeting with, and greetings from old Club-mates took me back many years, when the happiest and healthiest days of my life were spent with the old Club. Records, races and tours of a thorough sporting character, and carried out with the best of spirit by all, were conjured up. "Once an Anfielder, always an Anfielder" was an axiom of old. With the advent of the New Year, let it remain so, and let all petty differences cease—but I am digressing. Tables were cleared for action, and with President Fell as M.C., the concert progressed slowly but pleasureably. Mr. Snewing opened with a song accompanied by an old Anfielder, Archie McCall, who officiated at the piano until the arrival of Mr. Smith. Mr. Andrews was at his best, and his rendering of the Prologue from Pagliacci was excellent. But one thing, Mr. Andrews, let me advise you, as a friend, to get some

stamp paper and have your music rebushed. The music ledge on the piano is not exactly a sideboard. Mr. Evans (tenor) was splendid, and Mr. Barlow very numerous with his recitations. A brace of Simpsons (which of them I don't know) performed on the piano and violin. The Mullah recited, and having obtained an encore again obliged, after first suffering from "Lapsus Memoriae." An awkward time table caused the party to break up at 9 o'clock, and an exodus took place to the C.L.C. A wag had scribbled the following on the partition of the coach, "The wages of sin is death, but the wages of the O.L.C. are worse." And now, Mr. Editor, just one message to "S.C."—"Les absents ont toujours tort."

Second House.

The fame of the second house is evidently spreading, and if we are not careful we shall be having the nine-seven "must go homes" (usually found on the 11-15 boat!) staying for the free and easy. There were 25 of us, and it should be recorded that all the Manchester contingent, Turnor, Webb, Brothers Green and Mr. Barlow, remained to the end, and they were *cycling* home. Of course Mr. Evans favoured us with several songs divinely sung, and Mr. Snewing gave us some rousing songs with choruses in which the full strength of the company joined and raised the roof, while "Young Simpson" not only played popular airs on his violin, but provided "obligatos" to nearly all the items. Then, too, Turnor recited "The Hunkey Kid" in inimitable manner, and Johnny Band again showed us that he is far too modest over his singing abilities, but the real Second House turns were provided by Feil with "The Vicar of Bray," H. Green and Cook "Ta Macpherson" with the chorus thoroughly "knackered" before the fortieth verse! It was really surprising that Mr. Evans was not afraid to sing after hearing such brilliant talent, and he assured us he had never heard such chorus singing before. We were afraid he would die of laughing! And with "Auld Lang Syne" we finished up a merry evening, which Knipe has every reason to be proud of. Our only regret was that Knipe's convalescence was not sufficiently advanced to enable him to give us some items.

Annual General Meeting, 7th January, 1915.

According to the "Polytechnic Gazette," the older members "have a special charge laid upon them to do their utmost to keep the Club in working order, and it is more than ever incumbent upon every member to make his attendance at the A. G. M. a point of honour," but, apparently, this point of view did not present itself to our members for there were only 23 at the Meeting all told, and at 6-30 it looked as though a quorum would not materialise, and that every one present would have to play Pooh Bah. Even if one did not care to show appreciation of the Secretary's and Treasurer's willing work on the Club's behalf, the appeal to one's patriotic sentiments in the propositions to vote a donation to the war funds and to remit the subscriptions of those serving in His Majesty's Forces ought to have been irresistible, while the attempt to couseve the Club's future by the new Junior Membership scheme should have been appealing. However, we got to business, and the Meeting was all over at 9-30—record time. McCann's report, showing an average attendance of 22.63, was considered very satisfactory, and needs no further comment here, as it will soon be in everyone's hands. Knipe began his financial Report by an apology for not supplying the members with preliminary copies, as half promised a year ago, but, as T. W. J. B. was not present, the apology was redundant. The Financial Statement, showing funds in hand of about £65, reflected the effect of the war, and the only discussion it aroused was on the subject of rubber stamps, packets of pins, and other flotsam and jetsam included in the list of unvaluable assets.

On the President's motion to donate £10 10/- to the Prince of Wales's Fund, R. E. Prichard gave us some most useful inside information, and entirely carried the Meeting with his sound logical arguments, with the result that the decision was to instruct the Committee to pay the money to one of the *Local War Funds*, and this has since been done to the Liverpool Merchants' Base Hospital.

Theakstone was rather fearful that the Committee might bankrupt the Club by being empowered to "make any further donations which the Club Funds permit," but it was pointed out that without some such resolution the Committee's hands would be tied until the next A. G. M., however urgent necessity might become, and that, as it was impossible to fix any sum, the Committee might be safely trusted to be wisely guided by circumstances. All Knipe's propositions were carried, and we hope the members generally will conspire to secure the much required new young blood at the reduced rates, so that the coming generation may be caught before they are ensnared by lazy forms of so-called sport and exercise. After Sunter and Theakstone had been engaged as Scrutineers at enormous expense, we proceeded "to elect Officers, Committee and Auditors for 1915," and made rapid progress with the prompt re-election of Fell as President, and Mercer and Turner Vice-Presidents, but with the Captaincy we struck a snag, and the pace dropped rapidly. The Meeting unanimously wanted Johnny Band or Jack Seed, and both had objections. Notwithstanding the political crisis, Johnny would not give way in his persistence to be "agin the Government," but Jack Seed rose to the occasion and waived his personal feelings. Venables and H. Green were unanimously elected sub-Captains, but the latter only accepted office on the clear understanding that he was not expected to attend Committee Meetings or live up to his ideal. Knipe and McCann were re-elected Treasurer and Secretary respectively with acclamation, and once more the pace accelerated, so that before we knew where we were we had re-elected Rowatt and Charlie Conway, Auditors, and were busy balloting for Committee, on which the old members were re-elected with Cotter and Royden to take the places of Cohen and Bentley. The question of road racing was quickly disposed of, being relegated to the Executive's discretion, and then we had Charlie Conway's famous Annual Speech about going to Easter for Bettws-y-coed" or something to that effect. Whitsuntide was decided to be spent touring, with Shrewsbury as Headquarters, so that members can hang around Hodnet, Shawbury, Shawbirch, Crudgington, etc., etc., and imagine that the "100" is still being run off, or shed tears over the break in the sequence since 1888! The All-night Ride, which will probably not be carried out until July, was fixed for Malvern, after Charlie Keizer's Nottingham suggestion had been disposed of, and the August Bank Holiday Tour was located in the West Riding of Yorkshire on the suggestion of Sunter. There being no other business, we passed the usual hearty vote of thanks to ourselves and adjourned downstairs, feeling grateful to those who had rallied to the Meeting and by accepting office willingly had enabled the good old Club to "carry on."

Moreton, 9th January, 1915.

The afternoon was fine and clear with a cold N.W. breeze and a perfect atmosphere; the main roads very wet and subsidiary roads almost impassable owing to the continued recent rains.

By an unhappy chance, I incautiously debouched on Moreton by the lee side and was assailed by an appalling smell from the sewer ventilators, which grace the village triangle; but, apprehending the odour might form part of the local defences against Zeppelins, a la Lord Dundonald, I did not linger longer (Cousin) Lucy.

7

The newly-elected Captain Seed took the Vice-Chair and presided over an immense heefsteak pie. Hoping, by reason of his youth and inexperience, to reap some advantage in the way of extra kidney or gravy, I sat on his right hand, hut in vain, for it was distributed with strict impartiality and savoir faire. Opposite, Dave Fell was in charge, while in the centre Keizer Major carved the "volaille." This proved difficult for him, owing to his desire to keep one eye on the birds and the other on Madge. Observing his dilemma, the eagle-eyed Captain very kindly took the dish from him and prevented the squint from becoming permanent.

McCann's appetite still keeps good. Round the fire, after tea, the conversation fell on old times. It appeared the following pillars of the Club present had also attended the corresponding run 10 years ago:—Mercer, Venables, Toft, Worth, Fell, H. Keizer, Edwards, Cook, Prichard and Buck. The missing were Poole, Barton, Patrick, Webb, Lowenthal, Holt, Rudd, Tierney, Owen, White, Foster, Theakstone, and poor Hubert Park. O. Keizer, Old Chem and Wright appear to have "found rain in Moor Street" as they are not in the list.

At this juncture a stealthy tread marked the departure of the tankers to the petit cabinet indoors, where later I found them listening to the tales of the local Nimrod, who has now joined the order of the wattlers.

The total attendance was 22—Sunter making a late appearance.

Knutsford, 9th January, 1915.

The conditions were not all that could be desired—the roads were heavy and treacherous—but, at any rate, it did not rain. Of course, there are members of the Club who say that there never is rain on an Anfield run, which makes one wonder why these happy people, for whom the sun is always shining, ever carry capes—when you come to think of it, it doesn't seem consistent somehow. (We fancy there is quite a good explanation—sometime it *might* rain and then they are prepared!—Ed.)

When the present scribe walked into the reception room (otherwise the Bar Parlour) of the Lord Eldon, an earnest and comprehensive catalogue of the shortcomings of Volunteer Corps' Instructors was being compiled, and the discussion wandered on the volunteer movement generally. In its course, the question whether a reputation for paying an unusual number of the extra half-pennies required for the war revenue was not a recruiting asset to a corps was raised, but not settled, and the debate also brought forth a pronouncement on the way the model married man should spend his evenings; he should, immediately after disposing of his evening corn, hetake himself from beneath the family roof. In normal times he may fix his own destination, hut at present it must be the drill shed. The announcement of tea caused a diversion, and the six members present did full justice to a meal well up to the standard of the house. The time passed quickly, with reminiscences of races and tours and chunks of wisdom for the benefit of the new sub-Captain. Some of the members being anxious to go home early, the party broke up several minutes before the witching hour of closing time, and found the roads much improved for their ride home.

Warrington, 16th January, 1915.

I wonder why Mac should ask me to write the run—perhaps as a little encouragement for having put in a 100 per cent. attendance up to date. "How did you do it?" someone asks. Not a word! Hunts Cross per Rattler, Moreton on foot, and the present run per benzol. My instructions were: "Meet Harry Poole 2.30 Birkenhead Luggage Stage," but, being a bit early and desirous of obtaining full value for money and making the entire trip, I joined the car on the Liverpool side, and what with the strong tide and heavy wind obtained full value while crossing the river.

The lower road to Chester was taken as far as Childer Thornton, where, owing to rumours of bad roads, a detour was made via the Welsh road. Shortly after leaving Chester, a cyclist came into view on our port bow, and upon overhauling turned out to be Cook—the first real hardy Anfielder met on the road. A little further on J. Band's rear light was observed. On reaching Frodsham someone suggested tea and cakes. No one was hungry by the way, but both the tea and cakes had disappeared before Band's arrival. Prior to leaving, Edwards made his appearance from somewhere, I didn't catch the name, but don't think it was Llandegla. Cook also arrived and complained of chain trouble. Advice was given by a member of the car party (who knows nothing about chains) and adjustments were made which evidently filled the bill, for W.P.O. was at the "Patten Arms" well within schedule, and I trust the chain stood O.K. for the homeward journey. All the same, my advice is, if the war has not seriously affected the price of chains, have it repaired with a new one.

18 members and a friend sat down to tea, which was well up to the "Patten Arms" standard. But what was the matter with John and his friend? Was it the concrete incident on the road out which spoiled their appetite? Shortly after tea, a start for home was made. The night was fine but somewhat dark. The dark, however, was turned into day by a car with 2,000 candle-power head lights which followed us all the way into Liverpool.

Halewood, 23rd January, 1915.

A glorious afternoon and a good muster of 24, including one friend. There was the usual "around the earth" party, a walking quartette and a car containing three, the other men cycling direct more or less. The tea was a fine one; pork cutlets being greatly appreciated. I saw one gay "dog" enjoying himself hugely with the carcass of a chicken. It reminded one of the amusing eating, or rather, gorging, contests between Freddy Watkiss and Charlie Keizer. Charlie would have been an easy winner on Saturday. We were all glad to see Cohen and his stripes. In the Chapel, after tea, "Jolly Good Fellows" were as brisk as usual, the back room where war talk and politics were in progress being also patronised. Ernie Prichard was a host in himself. Rattler party very select, ask the "Keizerette." The real cyclists had a fine moonlight night for the return journey, punctuated with a stop for repairs to Hawkes' wangled front tyre.

Mobberley, 23rd January, 1915.

Sickness kept a number of the Manchester members indoors, and the attendance at Mobberley was very small—only three were on the mark at 6 p.m. One of these was, in the words of our worthy hostess, "Mr. Cohen or something like that, a proper old Liverpool gentleman." It was F.H., and she lavished affection upon him as upon a long-lost son, meditating on the lapse of time since she had last seen him, and apparently musing inwardly on the good old days, which the sight of him brought back to her memory. The small party waited beyond the usual hour in the hope that others would turn up, but in vain. After all, three is a very nice number for a small tea-party, and this party was cheerful enough and enjoyed each other's company until something after 9 o'clock, when F.H. superimposed several layers of leather and things on the usual habiliments of his manly form, mounted in (I mean "on") Triumph, and coughed off, followed shortly by the remaining pair.

F. D. McCANN, Editor.

ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB.

FORMED MARCH 1879.

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

MONTHLY CIRCULAR.

FIXTURES FOR MARCH, 1915.

	Light up at
March 6.—Halewood (Derby Arms)	6-52 p.m.
„ 8.—Committee Meeting, St. George's Restaurant, 7 p.m.	
„ 13.—Newburgh (Red Lion)	7-4 p.m.
„ 20.—Daresbury (Ring O' Bells)	7-15 p.m.
„ 27.—Chester (Bull and Stirrup)	7-27 p.m.
April 2nd. to 5th.—Easter Tour—Bettws-y-Coed. Circular to follow	

Alternative Run for Manchester Section:—

March 13.—Allostock (Drovers' Arms)

	7-4 p.m.
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Full Moon, 1st and 31st March.

Committee Notes.

16, Croxteth Grove,

Liverpool.

Mr. Arthur Newsholme, 60, Clarendon Road, Whalley Range, Manchester, was, at the last Committee Meeting, elected to Active Membership.

Messrs. R. A. Fulton and J. V. Marchanton have been transferred to the Honorary List.

The resignations of four members referred to in my Annual Report have all been withdrawn.

NEW ADDRESSES.—Hubert Roskell, 105, Brazenose Road, Liverpool.
C. H. Woodroffe, Ashbourne, Humberstone Lane, Thurmaston, Leicester.

F. D. McCANN,

Hon. Secretary.

MEMS.

One of "ours" has received a letter from Archie Warburton, now a Corporal, and we have taken the liberty of making some extracts:—"Am keenly looking forward to the time when I shall be in a position to try another '24,' because I like them. I am afraid I shall make a poor show at my next attempt, having been so long off the old bike, but you may bet that I shall do my best. You will observe that I have changed my diggings, and am now second in command of a busy Railhead P.O., where we are responsible for the mails of an Army Corps. I need hardly say that the work is very intricate, as troops are coming and going every hour of the day. We have two travelling post office vans to work in, and with a bright and willing staff we get along merrily. It is a great change to be so far from the fighting line—we are six miles behind the trenches, and just out of reach of the big German guns. They drop a few shells now and again about a quarter of a mile short of this railway siding, but cannot quite reach us although they know we are here. Want of time forbids me writing you at any length, so I must ask you to take the will for the deed. All good wishes to yourself and also the good old Club."

Timbertiles, in sending his new address, says he hopes it will be the last of many changes, as it is now his "Ain roof tree." He has our sympathy in the recent death of his father.

As though in answer to the note in the last Circular remarking on the absence of a full moon in February, the Liverpool "Daily Post" recently had a "leader" headed "Luna-cy," from which we take the following:—" this year begins with two full moons in January, none in February and two in March, an extremely rare phenomenon. At first sight one would say that the absence of a full moon in February could only occur in years other than leap year. The tables, however—those inexorable confuters of hasty hypothesis—show that the last year which passed without a full moon in February was 1828, which was a leap year The next previous occurrence of the phenomenon was in 1790."

Two postcards were recently received from Corporal Bentley, from Aberystwyth, addressed "Anfielders, Smoke Room, Victoria Cafe, Castle Street, Liverpool," which duly reached us. In one he conveys greetings and in the other mentions that "I went a club run by myself past Llanbadarn Church and through Capel Bangor and Llanylas, over the Rheidol River and back by Pen Parchy, about 15 miles ('ot stuff) and the bike!!!"

Webb has volunteered and has been accepted for service abroad with the Royal Engineers' Postal Section.

Mrs. Evans and her daughters are returning to the "Glan Aber," Bettws-y-Coed, in March, having re-taken the Hotel. We shall, therefore, be all right for Easter.

Corporal Warburton recently obtained three days leave and arrived home late on Saturday night, 13th February. He attended the Run of the Cheshire Road Club on the Sunday, and very much regretted he was not able to put in an A.B.O. Run. So do we, Archie—Good Luck to you!

R.R.A. Meeting, Feb. 19th.—The smallest attendance for many years. Faed in the Chair. Anfield B.C. well represented by Bright, Cook, and the Keizerette. H. G. Cook received the 24 Hours Tricycle Shield. Election of Officers the only other business. Bright is again on the Committee for us. After the meeting, Bidlake, Ward, Bright, Hogan, Cook, Martin, Paget, Keizer, and Calder had supper together at the usual place. This latter portion of the business resulted in a very pleasant evening, which could be repeated many times during the year without becoming stale.

RUNS.

Chester, 30th January, 1915.

A fine dry Saturday. Ye Gods! this was without doubt something of a novelty and I was tempted to emerge from retirement, shake my iron, and get en route for Chester. When I and my companion, Captain John, arrived at the "Bull and Stirrup" we found Teddy Worth with a bad cold partaking of "Rum 'ot," and Johnny Band looking on in admiring silence. Mac arrived next, and then for a little while we were kept awe-stricken by the musical laughter of some gentlemen in the bar, who appeared to have been for some time occupied with the amber fluid. The arrivals after this became very frequent, and I have rather a hazy recollection of their general appearance. There was a walking party, headed by Prichard, which had walked (sic) from New Ferry, and was looking remarkably fit in consequence. They had also found time to do Chester more or less thoroughly, including the Market, part of the stock of which Prichard had concealed about his person. He gave us some very fine poses with the black puddings, over which I will draw a veil. Cook had been a tour round Cheshire, likewise Teddy Edwards. Billy Toft brought a very welcome adjunct in his sidecar, in Charlie Conway, and there was a number of other prominent members present whom space will not allow me to name. The conversation had become general when someone suggested tea, and we will pass on to that. It was excellent, and had an added charm in the presence of the lady from the Old Kent Road, in whom Prichard was rather interested, in fact even too interested to allow Johnny Band to draw him into a political argument. After tea the usual gathering congregated round the fire, with the exception of one or two who retired to the lower regions. Most of the topical subjects were thoroughly thrashed out, and eventually we found ourselves upon the old Anfield subject, which always seems to come up fresh, and then Billy Toft decided to go, and going, with Billy, is rather a long job these days of petrol, as the garments to be worn appear rather complicated to a mere outsider. Eventually the main body decided to start for home. I had been persuaded to wait by fair promises of a quiet ride. I ought to have known better—however, I eventually found the party at Hinderton, but only to lose them again very shortly, and this time for good. Some day I have hopes of seeing a quiet ride home from Chester, but I think most of the members will have to be in bath chairs.

Hunts Cross, 6th February, 1915.

I was determined to stretch my legs to-day, so, with the aid of a few "corpse revivers," I did clean my buttons, bow to the guard, and on to the slushy road did I go. No, I did not cycle, as I was afraid my hard worn uniform would not stand the strain of at least 14 miles on the saddle. "As you were!" It was a most—Oh, lovely afternoon, and my route was via Knotty Ash and cross country to Gateacre, and then straight on! The pace was fairly moderate, and there was no ill-feeling in the way of scraping and such other low forms of amusement. Of course, "once in the Army, halwhays a souldier," so me throat had to be lubricated at the necessary depôts, which seemed very far distant. After a very determined struggle with the enemy—I mean to say with the perspiration, which seemed to take a liking to my back, I reached the Hunts Cross-Ditton Road just in time to see a dirty, filthy band of cyclists go past. I attempted to stop them, but was simply "howled down." Then I knew I was near the Anfield Run. Oh, how the breed does show!!! Of course I, being a man of untold military experience, immediately stepped after the above band of robbers, only to find that they disappeared in an hostelry. Did I follow? Yes, I think so! And as for the turkey and steak that was flying about, I bet none went to a better home than my share did. At

first I thought turkey was a sort of disease, as such names do not appear in an army dictionary, but, nevertheless, I found it absolutely "the goods." "Your King and Country want you," but yer don't get no turkey! The feed had to finish and then President Fell started to get busy. Oh, ye Gods! What an array of talent we did have. All "A.1" and no messing. That there fellah wot spoke of Sticky-backs Mayor, tickled me fancy. —Then I remember F. H. and Theakstone giving us absolutely of their best. Chem, with "Evings dorg 'orspital" and his selections on a stringy affair, was in great form. Messrs. Andrews, Gandy, Snewing and Thomas all warbled in their usual grand style, and Fell sang a "new" number concerning razors. All this time I was quite comfy., and my thoughts even turned to a nice scrap home, and the usual "dropping" of Johnny Band and Mac when I happen to notice that I had not got my shoes on. What a pity! as I was confident nobody could have stuck the pace once on the old gridiron—not even Hawkes or Charlie Conway!

When the "round the earth" party were making their way from Ditton to Hunts Cross they met a motor car being driven round a corner on its wrong side, and had a narrow shave. Fortunately, Will Band had a Reflex lens on his machine, and the party escaped because "Anfielders never collide" (vide "Irish Cyclist"). Had they been overtaken by a similar type of road hog and been run down the "accident" would, doubtless, have been used as a rear light argument!

We noticed that "The Master" had his motor bicycle equipped with a red light fixed to the extremity of his handle bar, but before he was 100 yards away from the Hunts Cross Hotel the light was quite invisible, although his head light could still be seen, and he, himself, was plainly visible in the lights from Mr. Lake's car, which was following him. No doubt the device enables F.H. to consume more carbide, but he is "asking for" compulsory rear lights on motor bicycles the same as side-car outfits have to carry, and he will then find he has to carry his "lighthouse" on the back of his machine, and probably get fined when it goes out without his knowledge!

There were 47 present, made up of 36 members and 11 friends, including several members whom we very seldom see nowadays, such as J. C. Robinson, W. D. Band, and also an old member in the person of Mr. Pollard. The latter was a member some 20 years ago; he contributes an article on various subjects every Saturday to the "Echo," over the initial "P." I understand he gathered information for a proposed column to appear shortly. (Mr. Pollard's article appeared in the late editions of the "Echo" on Saturday, 13th February.—Ed.)

For the first time for many, many years there was no "second house"—nearly everybody (there were only, perhaps, three exceptions) stayed right up to "Auld Lang Syne" and "God Save the King." Mr. President Fell deserves our best thanks for the grand wind-up to the Hunts Cross fixtures; the fact of there being no "second house" shows the sort of evening we had—everybody wanted more!

Hinderton, 13th February, 1915.

A difficulty besets me in attempting to obey the Editorial request to "do" this Run—to know where to begin, for it seems to me to have about a dozen starts, with most of which I could only be hazily acquainted; so, if this becomes rather egotistical, pray pardon and bear with me.

My start—about 12.5 a.m., from a remote outskirt of "the little village"—was not cheering, for a dense mist obliterated most of the landmarks, and I made the station with some difficulty. At Kings Cross it was clear, and I shared the paper train with several khaki-clad warriors to

Manchester; a stroll whilst the streets were airing gave a keen appetite for breakfast, and thereafter the usual business of a C.T.O. meeting dragged tediously along, and it was a rush for the 2.30. Arriving punctually at Central, a dive into the Tunnel landed me at Birkenhead, whence a car speedily elevated me to the "Maison Cook," where I found a steed awaiting my gentle kicks.

Early sunshine had given place to stormy clouds, which, driven relentlessly by a fierce North-easter, occasionally shed some of their aqueous overburdens as they skurried across Wirral to the Welsh hills, where I had hoped to roam with the "Apostle." An unpropitious outlook indeed, bleak and dreary, still there were miles to be covered before a well-earned tea could be dealt with at the Shrewsbury Arms.

From the saddle things wore a cheerier aspect; the smoke cobwebs quickly dissipated, and by the time the top Chester Road was reached, with a favouring breeze, all was well.

A few pedestrians were the only wayfarers, save a brave maiden pushing her cycle up Evans' Hill, down which I had, but a moment before, rushed in a mad whirl of furious pedalling—the free-wheel scorned! This was living, and had been eagerly looked forward to for weeks.

A miniature blizzard decided me to crowd all sail for the haven just ahead, where I discovered Fell and Toft disencapting; fifteen members gradually arrived by varied and devious routes—Band and Buck, Cook via Hawarden, Eaton Park and Chester, Cotter, Edwards, reporting a bun famine in Frodsham, McCann, Prichard, Royden, Seed, Sunter, Venables, and Worth.

Tea disposed of, we circled the blazing hearth, but no one offering to demonstrate the well-authenticated story of chimney sweeping told by the local coal merchant, we fell to discussing the prospects of the new régime. The Morris's have been in possession for eight and twenty years, and whether frequent callers like many of you, or only on rare occasions as the Fates decree for the exiles, none will have aught but the happiest recollections of their many kindnesses.

A useful bowl of china coming under observation, W.P.C. decided to "punch" us, and the steaming contents being speedily concocted and passed round, we stood on our hind legs and barked out "For he's a jolly good fellow," etc.

Frank Morris bade us have another with him, making some appropriate remarks, and we were glad to hear he is staying a while to show the ropes. More "jollying"—resounding cheers—a few more whiffs before knocking out the ash, and then by twos and threes we quietly ambled into the outer darkness. The wind still blew, but with a softer touch, and how, under expert guidance, I wandered by my favourite haunt of Thurs-taston, mud-plugging over a new route to Moreton, via West Kirby and Meols, and became an aider and abettor of certain lawlessness therein, is another story.

Thanks to every one whose hearty A.B.C. greeting makes we wish these delightful reunions could be more frequent.

EXILE BOY.

Knutsford, 13th February, 1915.

I can withstand the solicitations of a brother: to the objurations of a Sub-Captain I am adamant, but when the two are combined, I give it up. So that is the reason why I am writing this account. There is another reason, but it would not be complimentary to myself to mention it. To write an account of a humdrum ride to Knutsford and back, with an interval for tea, is worse than making bricks without straw, a process

which we have always been led to believe to be of the utmost difficulty. So here is just the plain tale. All the Cheadle Hulme contingent (two) set out on a "twicer" with beauty at the helm, so to speak, and the old man at the back to shove her up, through the sleet and gale of wind, to the Lord Eldon, where a peep through the window showed the "Mullah," solus, toasting his shins at the fire and smoking disconsolately. An enquiry as to the whereabouts of Green minor elicited the information that both Mr. and Mrs. Elwood being ill, and the girls not very well, the Sub. had to go out into the wet to tour round Knutsford for tea. He had made arrangements at the "George," where we were to meet at 6. At a few minutes to that time three of us shifted our quarters and on the way met a wild-eyed youth, who, on close examination, proved to be the Sub. He had been round about making arrangements for the future, and in doing so had forgotten the present. He had not ordered tea. The disappointed Crowcroft immediately informed him that it would have been money in his pocket if he had never been born, as the latest hour for *his* tea was 6. So the Sub. had to do a sprint ahead and get things ready. However, all things come to those who wait, and in due time the disappointed one was introduced to his tea, and to a very fine specimen of the "Flora" of the district, the sight of whose cheerful charms and the delight of whose conversation restored the percentage and elevated the temperature several degrees. The atmosphere, which, up to the present, had been decidedly blue, now took on a more roseate tinge, and by the end of the meal the azure had blown off. So much so that, full of valour, nothing would satisfy the D.O. but a game of pills with the usual sides—youth and beauty versus speed and fashion. Here youth and beauty exhibited such marvels of billiards that the "Glass of Fashion" laid down, as an academic proposition, the desirability of being born fortunate, and accused his partner of damping the ligneous fragments intended for combustion on the domestic hearth. This put the tin hat on Y. and B., who lost by a short head. So there was nothing for it but to return. The Cheadle Hulmers shoved home through the gale; the official part of the meet, returning later, lost themselves in the wilds of Hale searching for Archie Warburton. After various manœuvres in comparatively unknown country, and after arousing the servants at a house adjacent to that of the Warburtons (they thought it was burglars and screamed muchly) Archie was found, cheerful and looking all the better for his campaigning. A pleasant couple of hours was spent extracting from him some of his experiences, and then home.

E.G.

Warrington, 20th February, 1915.

F.H. it was who once remarked, in the concluding line of a poetical effusion prefacing a report of a former Warrington run, "The ways of Warrentoun are low," but this may be paraphrased as follows:—"The musters at Warrentoun are low!" Only 17 on such a glorious spring-like day! I still have memories of the eleven who turned up at the last run but one to the "Patten." Having had far "too much cheek" for a day or two previous to this run, and the excess not having quite disappeared, I judged it best to ride direct to Warrentoun, but was sorely tempted by the afore-mentioned grand day to throw discretion to the winds—of which, by the way, there was none—and make the passage by Chester. I rode by myself by way of Broad Green and Cronton, and my advice to those who think of riding along this road this winter is "Punch's" advice to those etc., "Don't"! Far better to hunt up an alternative route if you don't know one already. This stretch is—No! I had better not write it, the printer mightn't like it, and what I should like to say about it would be bad for one's morals. Suffice it to say that it is much "motor improved"; added to which the Post Office is "busy" interring earthenware pipes for cables, and every hundred yards or so half the road is entirely blocked,

with the result that all the traffic has to pass over the same side of the road, with disastrous results to the surface. From Cronton onwards the road is quite good, except in one or two small places where the P.O. men are also at work—sometimes. On arrival at the “Patten” I found only one or two machines in the yard, but Turnor and Green minor came in hot on my heels. In the smoke-room the conversation was mainly on the “serious and entire absence of discipline” and other things in a certain Volunteer Training Corps—I won’t mention any names—varied with a few remarks upon the recent order which compels cyclists riding in the Manchester City area to carry live rear lights after 1st March. Shortly Cook appeared, fresh from the R.R.A. Meeting in the “little fishing village on the Thames,” where he had been able to study at first hand how the rear lighting order is enforced and how the motorists are evading the “no head-lights” order by fitting equally powerful *side-lights*. Tea was of the usual “Patten” order, minus, however, the “kate and sidney” pie, a joint of pork taking its place—and very nice, too! We were very pleased to see Louis Oppenheimer with us again. Prichard, H. M. Buck, and Venables were full of their experiences gained on the afternoon’s walk on the Cheshire outskirts of Warrington; they had a walk of some eight or nine miles. The Chester party, consisting of Cook and Band, were first away, after making an ineffectual attempt to persuade Royden to accompany them, holding over him the threat of total unfitness for Bettws. The direct-home-to-Liverpool merchants were the Captain, Edwards, Mac, Royden and Toft, and they turned off the main road at Cronton to Tarbock, Hale Wood and Hunts Cross, in order to miss the afore-mentioned bad stretch. The Chester party may thank their lucky stars they did not entice a certain member to go with them; had they been successful they *might* not have arrived home at the time of writing, for this member did as the hills do with a certain make of box of tricks which you can fix to your back wheel—if you are mug enough—and far more successfully he did it too! The last I saw of him, when I turned off for home, was the side light of his lamp making steady and sure progress at quite one m.p.h., and he was riding and not walking!

F. D. McCANN, Editor.

ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB.

FORMED MARCH 1879.

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

MONTHLY CIRCULAR.

FIXTURES FOR APRIL, 1915.

	Light up at
April 2nd. to 5th.—EASTER TOUR, Bettws-y-Coed (Glan Aber)	7-42 p.m.
See Special Circular	7-47 p.m.
.. 10—Warrington (Patten Arms)	7-56 p.m.
.. 12.—Committee Meeting, St. George's Restaurant, 7 p.m.	
.. 17.—Hinderton (Shrewsbury Arms)	8-7 p.m.
.. 24.—Halewood (Derby Arms)	8-19 p.m.
May 1.—Knutsford (Lord Eldon) and WEEK END TO BUXTON (Shakespeare Hotel)	8-35 p.m.
Alternative Run for Manchester Members:	
April 17.—Knutsford (Lord Eldon)	8-7 p.m.

Full Moon 29th instant.

Committee Notes.

16, Croxteth Grove,

Liverpool.

The following are the arrangements for the Easter Tour:—

Friday.—Weather permitting, it is proposed to make the ASCENT OF SNOWDON. Ride up to either Pen-y-Gwryd or to the Corpwysfa Hotel, where leave the cycles and make the ascent, coming down by another path or by the same one according to circumstances. Luncheon at the Summit.

Saturday.—BALA (White Lion) via Penmachno, Eidda Wells and Pont-ar-Afon-Gam. Luncheon at 1.30 p.m.

Sunday.—TAN-Y-BWLCH (Oakley Arms) via Beddgelert, Aberglaslyn and Penrhyndeudraeth. Luncheon at 1.30 p.m. Return by Ffestiniog and the Garddianan Pass.

Monday.—Luncheon at Denbigh (Bull) at 1.30 p.m. and tea at Chester (Bull and Stirrup) at 6 p.m. It is suggested that Denbigh be reached by Llanwist and then by Gofer, Dawn and Bettws-yn-Rhos.

If you are intending to take part in the EASTER TOUR please let me know not later than 27th March, saying which day you purpose arriving at Bettws, so that accommodation may be booked for you.

Attention is particularly drawn to the week-end on May 1st to Buxton. Special Terms of 7/6 per head for supper, bed and breakfast have been arranged at the Shakespeare Hotel.

NEW ADDRESSES.—W. E. S. Foster, 89, Disraeli Road, Putney, London, S.W. F. H. Koenen, "Amstel," Ladybridge Road, Cheadle Hulme.

F. D. McCANN,

Hon. Secretary.

MEMS.

At very great expense an experienced and well-known Welsh-Swiss Guide and Mountaineer has been secured to lead our party to the top of Snowdon on Good Friday. He is Monsieur E. Montag, Esq., F.G.S., K.R.T., X.Y.Z., F.A.B.C., R.A.T.S., etc., and what he doesn't know about Snowdon would comfortably go on a threepenny piece! He suggests hiring a trap and, of course, a horse also, to take himself up to the leaving-of-the-cycles place, so if you wish to make the climb in anything more substantial than cycling shoes he will be willing to carry them up for you (without a fee) while you ride there.

Sapper Jack Hodges in the course of a letter to the Mullah says "I have been one of the unlucky ones at the Base P.O., Havre. I only had one bicycle ride whilst there and that was but a short spin of 18 Km. The one thing which happened to me which anywhere approaches an adventure was my journey home. For reasons of economy the small batch of R.E.s in which I was included was not allowed to travel home by the mail boat, but we were put aboard a troop ship at 7-30 p.m. on February 17th. There were ten of us and we, several Forwarding officers, attached men, a corporal of the Ordnance Corps and a load of ammunition were the only cargo. It was a large ship, but owing to the absence of ballast she only drew 11 feet of water. We embarked by means of some 30 feet of rope ladder. No food was given us for the journey and no provision was made for us to receive any aboard. All the berths were taken up so we had to make our beds on the Indian Troop deck—a small deck immediately above the chain locker. We were towed out of dock at about 11-30 p.m. When the pilot left us all lights were put out as a boat had been torpedoed just outside at 6-30 the same morning. During the night the weather was very bad and we were pitched from one side of the deck to the other. A few miles from the I.O.W. we were pulled up by a crowd of torpedo craft and examined. Whilst dropping the anchors one of the chains snapped and just missed braining a sailor. The roar of the chain as it rushed out made us all think that we had been torpedoed. When we had passed the examination they got up the remaining anchor and started off only to anchor again outside Cowes. However after waiting an hour or so a little Antwerp Tugboat took us off. We disembarked by the same old rope ladder. The sea was very high—the wind was very strong and it was sleeting like h. . . ! When the tug moved away from the ship's side she was almost submerged. I was swept right across the deck and only just managed to stop myself going overboard by the skin of my teeth. At Cowes we found the Southampton boat just starting and so we did another quick change and arrived in England at 3 p.m., having been 20 hours in doing the journey. I had had one meal in 26 hours so you can guess that the refreshment bar at Southampton 'got it in the neck.' I am afraid I shall never get fit again—whilst I was across I used often to long for a club run and an Anfield Tea."

Sapper Hodges' present address is "Home Depots Parcels," Mount Pleasant, London, W.C.

Sapper Percy Williamson is now at Evesham, having been transferred there from Biggleswade. He is well and happy and sends kind regards to the A.B.C.

RUNS.

Chester—Hawkstone, February 27th, 1915.

At the January Chester fixture a very prominent member sitting next me at tea propounded the question "How is it the Chester runs are not better supported?" and added "I cannot understand why fellows don't come to Chester." I was unable to answer the question, but seeing that the querist did not materialise on this occasion he can perhaps now answer himself, and his "reason" is doubtless the reason of other absentees. However, I did hear two reasons for this particular fixture being missed. One member two days previously "knew it was going to snow on Saturday," and another member did not turn out "because everyone would be going on to Hawkstone." Neither were good prophets. When six o'clock struck it was a case of "We are seven" but by the time tea was on the table we mustered our lucky number of 13, and everyone seemed to enjoy the excellent fare provided. There were seven for Hawkstone (Capt. Jack Seed, Mercer, Turnor, Venables, McCann, Cook and Dick Seed) so you would have had your choice of four (Hawkes, Band, Edwards, and Morris) for company home, Tommy. Great endeavours were made to get Worth into the car with Mercer, or to join Ven in the rattler to Whitchurch, and when the car passed us at Handley we thought Worth had capitulated, and we common cyclists cheered lustily. It was an exceedingly easy ride down, with only two short squalls of rain, and the Whitchurch road was found to be in much improved condition, especially beyond Handley. At Whitchurch we stopped to pick up Venables, but there was no sign of him, and we learned that the Master had been there for tea and "got on very nicely." It afterwards transpired that the Master had been bound for Chester but turned at the Abbey Arms "owing to the inclemency of the weather," although The Apostle was at the same identical time at Kelsall-on-the-Hill, and Turnor and Green at Little Budworth all on despised "push bikes," without the protection of four mud guard flaps and a storm apron (not to mention diving and sewer suits galore!) After all, real bicycles do score! From Whitchurch to the Raven the road is beyond description, and the level crossing with its gates quite altered the aspect of things, but Prees Heath with its military huts for 20,000 "Snoldiers" in course of construction seemed very weird in the moonlight. In due course Hawkstone was reached, and we found F.H., Mercer, and Venables awaiting us, as well as a good hot supper. Of course we made Ven give back the cheers he had received undeservedly, and a very pleasant evening was spent notwithstanding the noisy behaviour of some motorists who had been allowed to stop when it was known that our party was only eight. F. H.'s description of a tricycle with inimitable gestures was most amusing, and altogether the Master was in great form. Sunday morning was delightful, and after the Mullah had changed to a Cheshire Roader, and departed for that Club's fixture, the rest of us under the Master's guidance visited the pre-Roman camp (possibly dating back even to the Bronze or Iron age) known as Bury Walls and alleged to "have been very famous in King Arthur's days." It certainly was most interesting, and after walking round the Walls we returned by the Park with excellent appetites for dinner. The four remaining cyclists got away at 3 o'clock, and again were favoured by the wind, so that an easy journey ensued and the roads were quite dry (except

the Raven-Whitchurch morass) till near Chester, when a sudden squall rather damped them. At Chester we forefathered with Mercer and Venables who here took leave of us, and after another squall by the Gibbet Mill we reached Hinderton for tea, and were home in good time after one of the most enjoyable week-ends I have ever experienced with the Club.

The Mullah had a rear lamp on his bicycle to comply with Manchester regulations, but as cars in Cheshire are not yet being deprived of head lights the lamp was only lighted for exhibition purposes in the stable. It will be much better when the size of light is reduced by the insertion of a disc but the lamp got into a lovely mess over the mucky roads! A red flash light carried in the pocket for use when the police want amusing would be much cleaner!

It is sometimes advantageous to be bald and forced to wear a cap, as Mac discovered to his cost when Cook was able to make much better weather of the hail storms.

Halewood, March 6th, 1915.

It was a "boche" of an afternoon when we left town—it was raining and blowing hard from the N.W., but at Knotty Ash conditions had changed for the better. Bravely we plunged into the sea of mud and water yclept the Warrington Road, meeting large detachments of the British Army on our way towards Prescott. At the "Bluebell" we turned southwards for Huyton and Coney Green and the conversation settled down on the old subject, the plight of the Belgian and French peasants as the result of the overrunning of their country by the Huns. From Huyton we turned east along a muddy sea purporting to be the Cronton road as far as Coney Green, where a difference arose with the locals, who stoutly maintained we were in Tarbock. Leaving them in their ignorance we were glad to go southwards again on a good road for Halewood.

It is difficult to get a view of the entire party in the lilliputian rooms of the "Derby Arms" but the total was a goodly muster of twenty-five, and as this number could not all be accommodated in the dining room a small overflow party was fixed up in an adjoining room. The writer being one of the overflow party was consequently deprived of the opportunity of hearing what went on with the larger crowd, but by way of compensation had the company—along with others—of Mr. Grundy, a gentleman who was at one time a member of the Club and whom he had previously met in Lagos about twelve years ago—truly the world's a small place. Mr. Grundy revived the memories of some of the older members by reminding them of deeds of the remote past and he made these members put on their thinking caps to decide such questions as "who won the '24' fifteen years ago?"

Those present were:—J. C. Band, Zambuck, Buck, Cook, Cooper, Edwards, Keizer and Keizerette, Feli, Major and Minor Green, Grundy, Knipe, McCann, Mercer, Prichard, Royden, J. Seed, Stephenson, Toft, Turnor and friend, Venables, Williams and Worth.

I find eight of these were out at the corresponding run in 1905 at Sankey Chapel, namely, Buck, Cook, Edwards, C. Keizer, Knipe, Toft, Venables and Worth; and the addition of White, Poole, T. Conway, Buckley, Wright, Rudd, Corlett, C. Conway, Foster, Lowenthal, the Highams, Lichtenberg; the triplet crew, Roskell, Chemenais, and Simpson; Rushton, Cody, McCall, Koenen, Tierney, Kettle, Holt and Chester Jones made 32 in all.

I rarely miss a Halewood run, always hoping the never-to-be-forgotten rissoles may be some day repeated. Tea was half an hour late but very

good when it came. The appointed expert at our end of the table had some difficulty in partitioning his birds. Perhaps the tactful Mullah, whose fame as carver is now known from Kerry to Margate, may be induced to give him the benefit of his vast experience.

All good things must come to an end in this finite world. The groaning boards being cleared of all its delectable comestibles "Fall in" was ordered and the route march continued to the tank, where a halt was called for refreshments.

There was no political argument. Is it possible that Johnny Band is funking it, or is he holding back for Bettws?

It has become quite the custom for a meeting of the Liverpolitans and Mancunians to take place at Halton when the venue of the Run is Hunts Cross or Halewood and this occasion proved no exception to the rule, so the Manchester members had the benefit of being "personally conducted" through Runcorn by the "round the earth" party.

On the outward journey the Mancunians cursed Hesperus—if that is the name of the bounder who controls the West Wind—but when homeward bound they were pleased with the efforts he made to waft them along.

[The receipt of an account from a member from whom we had no expectations put us in rather a quandary—if we consigned it to the w.p.b. he might feel aggrieved and refuse to write an account when asked and on the other hand if we had similarly treated the report submitted by the official "run-writer" he would have had legitimate cause of complaint—therefore we have combined the two and we wonder if either contributor will recognise his "copy."—Ed.]

Newburgh, March 13th, 1915.

As usual (?) I, in this case we, set out in the opposite direction to our destination and after a riotous trip round Tarbock Green and other obscure parts we turned in our tracks and proceeded down the Rainford road, expecting every minute to be overtaken. We were eventually (in a pub). We joined forces with our reinforcements and in turn overtook another party (in another pub)—the Plough, this time. Here there was quite a large party, who were much amused by some of Johnny Band's tales, and after a pleasant half hour we completed the journey in batches.

One of the most remarkable features of the run was the astonishing punctuality of the new people at the Red Lion. At six o'clock prompt to the minute—and it would have been earlier if we'd wanted it—tea was announced and it proved to be an exceptionally good one. Mac had ordered for fifteen and when everyone had arrived we found we were nineteen. Everybody was pleased to see "Happy" Grimshaw, who came down from Preston with a friend. As usual he complained of being very unfit and of being done over by his companion, and of course no one believed him. The walking team was reduced to two—Venables and Lizzie Buck who had walked from Upholland along Ashurst's Beacon. They had acquired eggs of a large size en route. George Mercer, after working till 5-something had made a very hurried journey and arrived very little late.

After tea the usual circle round the fire was made and discussion on every topic under the sun until it got down to the old Anfield subject. At this I was so disgusted with the Clergy that I went down to join the Tank party, only to find an echo of the same stamp. Things got a bit mixed down below; we were in the tap room and the locals in the parlour and then both parties appeared together in the kitchen.

How everybody got home is wrapt in mystery for me. Astonishing adventures befel one party—that I do know—but that is another story.

Allstock, March 13th, 1915.

In breaking new ground and having tea at the Drover's Arms the Manchester section did well. The fare was excellent the cooking good and the service everything that could be desired. The Mullah, Oppenheimer and the Sub. were the first arrivals followed shortly by the Cheadle Hulme contingent, Crowcroft and Green Major (Buck had got the Flue). A well-known voice was heard on the stairs asking permission to enter and our friend, F.H., turned up, late but welcome. Tea finished, a pleasant chat and discussion wore on the evening, till the clock warned us to be gone. But soft, the remainder deserves to be told more in detail.

THE STARTING OF F.H.

When we'd had our pleasant tea, We sat still and chatted; Talked of the causes of the war; We were superfatted. How we missed our Johnny B!, Missed his cheerful stories, Marked with authenticitee, Full of England's glories (I don't think). Oppenheimer laid the law, Sound in Welt Politik: Settled Wilhelm's little hash, Bottled him in quickstick. Till the clock, in striking eight, Gave unwelcome warning It was time to get aboard And not talk till morning. Then F.H. began to dress, Preparing for his motor Weird and awful was his mein, Astonishing his hauteur. First he put his weskit on, Leathery brown and shiny, Then another overcoat, But of course more tiny. Then he put a leather belt Round his little tummy, So you see his tout ensemble Was distinctly rummy. Then he hid his curly hair, 'Neath his motor cap, Put the blighter wrong end on, The knob behind his back; But he fixed another knob, I should like to mention, This he put right round in front; 'Twas his own invention. Wrapped a muffler round his neck, We observed him mutely, He was absolutely IT—Absobloominglutely. Thus equipped he led us out, Down the Drover's staircase, Through the draughty corridor, Like a bally circus'. Dark as inside cow it was, With a beastly drizzle Warning poor old has-beens that It was time to mizzle. So we got into the shed Where we'd left the jiggers; We'd to put our ponchos on To hide our lovely figgers. There stood Koenen's motor bike, Wonderful contraption, Armed with various thingumbobs For numerous styles of action. Two tootlers on his handle bars, To belch forth hideous noises, To chivvy folk out of the road And frighten little boyses. And then there was another thing, A mirror round was there, For him to make his toilet at And comb his golden hair. Two lamps, an AA badge and tubes And pads to rest his knees on, A cake of soap, a puff box too And handkerchiefs to sneeze on. Behind the saddle he'd a box, The contents we must guess, Perhaps he'd got clean stockings in Perhaps his evening dress. He put some water in his lamp, And waited patientlee, We stood around expectantly To see what we should see. We waited long, He smelled around But nothing could he sniff He shook it up, he smelled again But not a bally whiff. He took the tubing off the tap, And smelléd at the spout But not a sniffer could he get The gas would not come out. He screwed the bottom off his lamp And peeped in the inside And there he found (I'm telling truth) A spoonful of carbide. He said a prayer backwards way And twiddled with the tap At last the water dribbled out He shut it with a snap. And then the gas came pouring out, It gave a lucious smell—Reminded us of Araby Or of another place called —Halifax. He lit 'em up, he started her. He jumped upon his seat, He did it unconcernedly As if it were no feat. Then off he went down Sandbach way: We took our civil hook, With Oppenheimer's red rear lamp; What joy for William Cook! We slipped and slithered to the Stocks And there our party split up—I think I'd better shut up now Or Mac will make me sit up.

Daresbury, March 20th, 1915.

It happened by the merest chance that I inadvertently dropped into a seat at the tea table next to the Editor—the result, I am writing the account of the run to the Ring 'o Bells.

The morning did not promise well but all who attended this Run are no doubt more than pleased that they have added to their attendance record and have had a most enjoyable spin as well. For the Liverpool contingent the wind on the way out was quite favourable and brilliant weather conditions and the country looking as well as only the English scenery can at this time of the year combined with dry and dustless roads made the ride all that was delightful. After passing through the lanes round Chester I had the pleasure of overtaking Tommy and so had good company all the way out and, incidentally, home again. Our host of the Bells furnished, as he always does, a very good tea and from the seventeen who sat down I think there were no complaints. With Sunter were Harry Poole and a friend and Mercer played a lone hand on his latest creation. A pleasant hour was spent around the fire after tea and then the party broke up into small numbers to pedal homewards once again. The wind which had been helpful on the outward way had dropped with the sun and the run home was just as enjoyable as the outward spin, the evening being nearly as brilliant as the afternoon owing to the combination of a cloudless sky with a moon. Tommy and I returned over our outward route and I hear that Toft and Edwards also retraced their steps over the Transporter while Cook, Mac, Jack Seed and Johnny Band went via Chester, where Johnny sang to the former pair "You tak' the high road and we'll tak' the low" and no doubt they were home first as Cook and Mac called at Hinderton where they made the acquaintance of the new landlord, putting in some missionary work schooling him in our ways in view of the run there on the 17th April.

F. D. McCANN, Editor

Stop Press.

On Sunday last, as ever was, who should turn up at Hinderton, and on his triecycle too! but the one and only Thomas Walter John. This should dispose of the rumours that he is no longer in the land of the living. He rode all the way there and all the way back again, and what's more he rode every inch of Evans' Hill! Who said he was a back number—it's not true. Rumour has it he is getting fit for hill climbing at Bettws, so look out all you who fancy yourselves. More power to you Britten.

The Easter Tour is now less than a fortnight off. **ARE YOU COMING**—if not, why not? If you are—which day are you arriving? **LET MAC KNOW**, he has the arrangements to make. There are several members who always come to Bettws in peaceful years who will be missing this year—*Someone has got to take their places* if the gathering is to be as successful as in former times. *Why not you?*

ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB.

FORMED MARCH 1879.

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

MONTHLY CIRCULAR.

FIXTURES FOR MAY, 1915.

	Light up at
May 1.—Knutsford (Lord Eldon), and Week-End to Buxton (Shakespeare)	8-35 p.m.
.. 8.—Newburgh (Red Lion)	8-47 p.m.
.. 10.—Committee Meeting, St. George's Restaurant, 7 p.m.	
.. 15.—Little Budworth (Red Lion)	8-58 p.m.
.. 22 to 24.—WHITSUN TOUR. ..Tea on Saturday at Whitchurch (Swan) and Sleep Shrewsbury (George)	9-8 p.m.
.. 29.—Daresbury (Ring o' Bells)	9-10 p.m.
	9-17 p.m.
Alternative Run for Manchester Members.	
May 8.—Mobberley (Roebuck)	8-47 p.m.
Full Moon, 28th instant.	

Committee Notes.

16, Croxteth Grove,
Liverpool.

Mr. A. T. Simpson, 123, Manor Road, Liscard, has resumed Active Membership.

Mr. John Leece, Glenarch, Woodchurch Road, Prenton, has transferred from the Honorary List to the Active List.

The following are the arrangements for the Whitsun Tour:—Tea on SATURDAY AT WHITCHURCH (Swan). Headquarters from Saturday night to Monday morning SHREWSBURY (George). Luncheon on Sunday at the Craven Arms Hotel, CRAVEN ARMS. It is proposed to ride via Cressage and by Corve Dale to Craven Arms, the return to Shrewsbury being by Bishops Castle and Minsterley. Dinner at SHREWSBURY at 7-30 p.m. On Monday it is suggested the return should be by way of Chirk—luncheon has been arranged for at the Hand Hotel at 1-30 p.m. It is hoped that a Special Tariff of 7/6 per head per day may be arranged at the George Hotel, Shrewsbury, for Supper on the Saturday night and Dinner on the Sunday night and beds and breakfasts. If it is your intention to take part in the tour please advise me immediately.

F. D. McCANN,
Hon. Secretary.

MEMS.

This Circular should be in your hands before the BUXTON WEEK-END—ARE YOU COMING? Is the answer in the affirmative? If it is, let Mac know immediately! It is proposed to have luncheon on the return ride on Sunday at Congleton (Lion and Swan)—the Liverpool members, or some of them, purpose having tea at Hinderton. Come and join us.

For the past two years Cook and Johnny Band have been telling Tommy Royden that he was riding with too long a reach but Tommy has taken no notice. Prichard, from the seat of Billy Owen's side-car, at Easter, noticed that Tommy was riding too high and advised him to lower his saddle. Tommy took the advice immediately and is delighted. See what you have missed these last two years, Tommy!

Word has been received from Percy Williamson that he was leaving for abroad on the 12th April. He writes "we do not know our destination but it is not France as we have been issued with helmets for some hot climate—Egypt or the Dardanelles I expect. Kind regards to all Anfielders."

"Cycling" refers to a passage in McCann's Annual Report for 1914 as follows, under the heading of "When peace returns—An opportunity for Cycling Clubs":—In the annual report of a prominent cycling club, which has recently been issued, mention is made of the possibility that at the end of the war the membership may be strengthened by the enrolment of some of the young men who, now on active service in the nation's interests, will be loth to relinquish the pleasures and advantages of the open-air life to which their military duties have accustomed them, and will thus be "game" to join a cycling club, so that they may participate under the very best conditions in a pastime which must of necessity be indulged in out of doors—a pastime, by the way, which involves no waste of time, no waiting. The point is one which the more important cycling clubs will do well to keep before them, and every effort must be made at the proper time, not only to prevent the soldier of to-day from relapsing into the laziness which before the war was a sort of "hobby" with the average young man, but to draw him into the ranks of cyclists. No pastime, we are convinced, offers so much to the man who desires to devote his leisure to a healthy and educative pastime, nor does any provide so complete a programme as cycling.

McCann's brother (whom those who were at Bettws last year will remember), writing from "somewhere in France," says "please give my Kind Regards and Best Wishes to all at Bettws whom I met last Easter. I hope you will have a good time again this year—I wish I could be with you again."

Private Harold Kettle's address at present is Hut C.S., 12th Batt. Yorks. and Lancs. Regt., Redmires, Sheffield.

The photo. reproduced with the account of the Easter Tour is by McCann. There are several missing faces as the party was rather spread at the time of taking and the proposed route homewards for the cyclists precluded a wait until all were assembled.

The Committee arranged a run to the Blue Cap, Sandiway, for the 15th May, but the proprietor is one of those "get rich quick merchants" who take advantage of the war to demand exorbitant prices—he demanded 2/9 for our usual club tea! And he won't get it.

RUNS.

Chester, 27th March, 1915.

Snow threatened and some fell about 1 p.m., but when the Maison Cook was reached shortly before the usual hour it was a brilliant afternoon and three of us were soon being assisted by a strong N.E. wind Chesterwards. Lord Strathallen was sighted and overhauled half way down Evans' Hill, but a bite just ahead funkied it and turned off towards Heswall amid groans. A halt at Queensferry enabled Tommy to pass us and we caught him just in time to see Hawarden Hill tackled in his best style. On the way to Wrexham Uncle announced a new way down to Bettws—and not by aeroplane! Wrexham reached, snow appeared and we dropped into the Wynnstay for afternoon tea, which arrived half warm after a long wait. From Wrexham we got on with it to Farndon and, Johnny Band doing the donkey work, Chester was reached shortly before six. Teddy Edwards was found in the yard of the B. & S. just arrived from Warrington. The smoke room contained several Anfielders, some of whom had arrived per bicycle and some by other modes of travel. The Mullah and Dick Seed occupied the only easy chairs—the former asking the usual question for the run before Easter—"Are you coming to Bettws?" The Master arrived shortly after and the various parts of his wonderful outfit were handed round and tried on by all and sundry. Cook looked so handsome in goggles that it is feared his defection to the motorists cannot be long delayed. Nineteen sat down to tea and Captain Jack Seed, who was reported to be en route, arrived before we got very far through the excellent spread—making twenty in all. The supply of "filleted apples" gave out before all were served, but then these Anfielders have such appetites. It was reported that Cohen had been seen in Liverpool but was not able to get out to Chester owing to a pressing engagement. After tea the circle round the fire was formed and an effort to entice F.H. down to Bettws was made—several promises to sit up for him were heard. Hearing a member say he was not in good condition and was leaving early I decided to depart with him, and an easy but not over swift passage along the lower road in brilliant moonlight brought to a close a most enjoyable run.

Easter Tour—Bettws-y-coed—April 1st to 5th, 1915.

Considering the crisis the country is now passing through the support of this fixture was most excellent, for at the Glan Aber we mustered 24 members and 8 friends, while on the return journey we were joined by 3 members and 5 friends, making an aggregate of 27 members and 13 friends participating. The Mullah and Cook were the first starters. The Mullah reached Chester on the Wednesday night, while Cook toured round Wirral to see whether he was fit enough to tackle the journey to Bettws by road or would have to join the rattler party. Evidently the trial spin was satisfactory for he was able to stick T. W. J. B. and only took one hour getting home from Moreton; so he joined the Mullah at Mold on the Thursday, and after lunch at Denbigh they proceeded by the unusual route of the mountain road direct to Cerrig-y-druidion. As far as Peniel the road was excellent, but the remaining 10 miles were very rough owing to recent "repairing" in the usual mountain method. The ascent of Foel Gasyth is very steep, and so is the descent to the Nantglyn-Cyffylliog cross road, but from thence to the summit Bwlch-du the gradient is easy. At Rhyd Sion Wynn there is a water splash, and to Pont-y-ddol the road was appalling, but there was nothing serious in gradient until the descent to Pont-yr-Alwen, where the Dam for the Birkenhead Waterworks was examined. By taking the road to the right at Bwlch-hafod-Einion the traction engine disembowelling was largely avoided and Cerrig reached in 3 hours. Of course it is not a route for anyone in a hurry, but the scenery is wildly grand and the views from the top of Foel Gasyth far exceed any obtained on either the Pentre Voelas-Denbigh or Cerrig-Ruthin roads. At Pentre Voelas Grundy on his new Douglas was encountered, and all three rode into

Bettws together, to find that Fell, Buck, and Mr. Andrews had just arrived. The next arrivals were Edwards (for Dolgam), McCann and Lawson Cook via the Sportsman, Worth via Corwen, Toft on his new A. J. S. outfit via the Sportsman, Prichard, and Messrs. Montag and Mansell. Then came Rowatt and Mercer in a car, and finally Hawkes via Abergelge, so that the party numbered 17, which about breaks record for the Thursday night, without counting Oliver Cooper and two friends who were at Pennmachno to join us for the Snowdon excursion. There was also a letter from Bentley showing clearly that he was with us all in spirit.

Good Friday morning was very threatening when the Victoria containing Prichard, Hawkes, Montague and Mansell started for Pen-y-gwryd, and it soon set in very wet with the result that all the motorists except Oliver Cooper jibbed at the weather. Mac and the two Cooks were the only ones to ride, although the Mullah followed later without any intention of tackling Snowdon. The ten for Snowdon practically agreed to call the trip off when they found that the track from Corphwysfa had been closed by a military order on March 31st, but they decided to walk to Penypass and "wait and see" with a result that can best be recorded in the following report received from the guide:—

Report of Ascent of Snowdon.

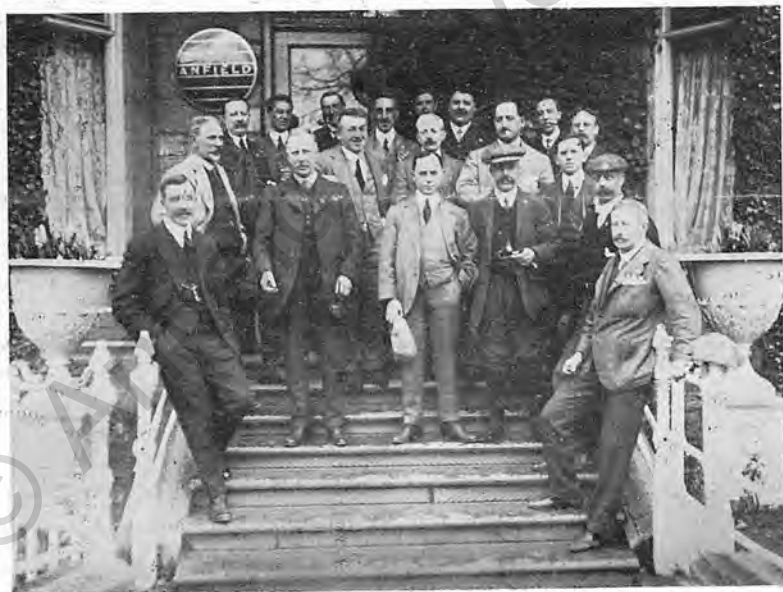
The weather was most disheartening. The features were the plucky ride up to Pen-y-gwryd of 3 cyclists and an "expensive" cab for 4 members of the party. Most of the time was spent looking out of the chilly Smoke Room window of the Corphwysfa Hotel for an improvement in the weather conditions. This took place towards 2.0 o'clock, and Messrs. Cooper, two Cooks, Walter Mansell and the guide, accompanied for a short distance by Messrs. Hawkes and McCann, decided to try their luck on the rocky ridge opposite to the Hotel, and were rewarded by some fine views in the direction of the Llyn Padarn and Llyn Peris. The Glyders also deigned to smile, something between laughter and tears. The French have a saying that the appetite comes when eating—we very soon found ourselves scaling the rocks, rounding spurs, and almost before we knew how it had happened we were on the Pyg track, high above Llyn Llydaw and Llyn Glaslyn, making for the snowy heights of Snowdon. The higher we got the more Alpine-like the scenery became—fine snow-fields lay in the couloirs and finally, probably as a result of water issuing from the main snowfield lying on the shoulder of Snowdon and Cribgoch and then freezing into ice falls on the bare rocks, the scenery seen through a veil of mist became fairy-like, but at the same time a little dangerous, especially as the clouds packed closer, and the visability became worse. We were possibly 3,100 feet above sea level, and the conditions being what they were the guide used his discretion and decided to return. My gentlemen had done very well, the path was obliterated and they had to climb often over bare rocks or toil up steep snowfields, giving at times but a slender foothold. I wanted to bring them back safe and sound. A few glissades over the snow—rather an unusual pleasure on Snowdon as the snow has to be tolerably hard to allow of such a descent—soon brought us back to lower levels. The return journey was made without any unusual incident.—The Guide.

On our return to the Glan Aber we found J. Band and E. Green (via the Sportsman) and Royden (via Llandegla) had arrived, and a very pleasant evening was spent in both Chapel and Tank with Prichard and his "penny a minute" vastly entertaining.

Saturday morning saw the departure of Montag and Mansell to walk to Denbigh, Hawkes per early rattler to business, and E. Green for England, Home and Beauty. There were 11 of us for the Bala trip, and the outward journey certainly was moist as we ran into rain as we climbed up from Cwm Pennmachno, and at Pont-ar-afon-gam found ourselves completely blanketed, so that we got no views of the Arenigs, and the road was very bad to Rhydyfeu. However at the White Lion we were thoroughly taken in

hand by William Owen, and were soon quite comfortably fixed up with dry shoes and stockings, and able to do full justice to the excellent lunch. The return journey via Cerrig-y-druiddion was a sleigh ride, for we soon ran out of the rain and had the wind behind. At Pentre we stopped for afternoon tea, and on reaching Bettws found that Mawr and Charlie Conway, Billy Owen, Venables and Morris had arrived, so that our number was reconstituted again, as Lawson Cook had left us at Bala.

There were 14 starters for the Beddgelert-Tan-y-bwlch round on the Sunday, but Band had tyre trouble and returned from Pen-y-gwryd, so we were our lucky 13 at the Oakley Arms. The weather was ideal, and Pont Aberglaslyn was never seen to better advantage. The cyclists of the party took the direct hill road through Llanfrothen and found the descent to Tan-y-bwlch very steep, but the scenery was grand and Llyn Mair looked very beautiful. On the return journey the cyclists took the road through Tan-y-grisiau and Rhiwbryfder, this missing both Ffestiniog and Blaenau Ffestiniog, and excellent value; while Toft and Fell cut out Ffestiniog by taking the direct road to Manod and Blaenau. Small boys earned untold wealth pushing Royden's and Morris's bicycles and Grundy's motor cycle to the top of the Gardinnan Pass. It was indeed a glorious ride down the Lledr Valley to Bettws after a stop for tea at Dolwyddelan. On our return we found H. Green, Hubert Roskell, Arthur Simpson and "Plumber" Simpson had arrived, so the sing-song went very well indeed that night with items from Mr. Andrews, Prichard, Turnor, Green, Fell and the Simpsons.



On the Monday we regretfully took our leave of Bettws, and 13 made for Denbigh, the cyclists via Llanwrst, Gofor, Bettws-yu-Rhos and St. Asaph, and the motorists via the Sportsman, but as John Leece joined us at the Bull we sat down 14, and with T. W. J. B. (on a walking tour) dropping in to see us we mustered 15. The party really broke up at Mold, for only Leece and Cook accompanied Green and Turnor to Chester where

Mahon was waiting, but as 3 Cheshire Road and 2 Manchester Wheelers turned up we sat down 10 to a real spread, and then in the cool of the evening we wended our various homeward ways, feeling well content with as good an Easter as the writer has ever spent for there were "no flies in the ointment" of enjoyment of any kind, and the whole party throughout was harmonious in the best sense that the word Club implies.

It was real good to see Billy Owen and Tom Conway once again, and Mahon was plucky to ride to Chester in full regimentals after so recently being invalidated.

"Kaiser Buick" presented an Iron Cross of the first order for the best performance on Snowdon, and this was unanimously awarded to Oliver Cooper. It was a walk over for Oliver as he really won it by facing the elements up to Penygwryd which made him "dormy five" before the party started climbing! Mac and Hawkes put themselves behind scratch by not having nailed boots.

Tom Conway came back with Hubert and was most useful for minding the car!

Royden was very speedy leaving Denbigh, but like Simpson he ran out of "essence" near Nannerch. Tommy was only doing 20 m.p.g., so that 2 pints were not enough to carry him at full throttle to Mold.

Warrington, 10th April, 1915

Although the day was perfect and the roads all that could be desired the run to the Patten Arms failed to draw anything like a decent muster; but fifteen turning out—there were only two from the Manchester district. At one time it seemed likely that we should have our "lucky thirteen" but two late arrivals, including Charlie Conway, who had had tyre troubles, brought the number up to that stated. It was pleasing to see one of our old members—Harold Kettle, clothed in the right apparel a young man should wear at the present time—he seemed to enjoy himself and we were right glad to see him. After the tables had been cleared everyone seemed to get an attack of the fidgets and men whispered to one another "Have you got a rear light?" Warrington being one of the places, of course which any air-raiders would attack first; consequently the street lamps are low and rear-lamps are compulsory. It seems strange that places such as Warrington, Widnes, Eccleston Park and St. Helens should enforce such an order, while small villages like Liverpool see no need for the passing of "panic legislation." As the outskirts of Widnes extended across the Cronton Road at Farnworth it seemed advisable to get clear of this part of the country before lighting-up time, consequently everyone was away early after tea. Cook, Mac, Jack Seed and Johnny Band were off soon after 7.30 for Chester, but were held up for twenty minutes at the level crossing by a goods train which stopped with the last waggon a quarter over the road. Toft, Edwards and myself returned direct via Cronton and Gateacre Brow, the latter a mere pimple after the Welsh Hills.

Thanks, Prichard, for mentioning my position on the machine; I took your advice and lowered the saddle TWO INCHES and "hills fade away now!"

Hinderton, 17th April, 1915.

In spite of—or perhaps because of—a glorious day there were only 13 members present outside the "Shrewsbury Arms" when Miss Morris was observed to be carrying large quantities of food across the yard to the Pavilion, the house being full of motorists and others of the vulgar herd (or "madding crowd" according to choice). The arrival of the Captain rather late, but looking as though he had been "doing himself some good," brought the number up to 14. A little later still—in fact after everyone had finished and the table had been cleared—Mercer rolled up

on a bicycle, and departed for the house announcing his intention of doing it on us by obtaining his tea at a reduction upon the Club tariff. Whether he succeeded or no I cannot say, but if he did he deserved to.

Tea having been disposed of, the party proceeded to discuss the burning questions of the day, including the War, the Easter tour, and last, but not least, Rear Lights. The discussion was proceeding more or less smoothly when John Sunter suddenly appeared. (I do not think I shall embarrass the military authorities by stating that he arrived from "Somewhere in Wirral" and was proceeding to "some place within the confines of the Borough of Wallasey"). On his entrance we were provided with a fresh subject for discussion, i.e., the Wallasey Libel Case, and on this subject we received some legal views free of charge. The writer and another member stole away early, so cannot give any information as to the times at, or directions in, which the various other members took their departure.

Knutsford, 17th April, 1915.

It was a delight to be on dry hard roads once more after the "incurable sloppiness" from which they have been suffering so much these last few months. Of course, there is no rose without a thorn and the dryness of the main roads involved the raising of a good deal of dust by the clockwork buzz-wagons which have now awakened from their winter sleep and come forth to enrich the air with their characteristic smell of burnt oil and petrol. So the present scribe and his companion promptly escaped from their proximity into the by-roads, there to lounge along (alas! there is no purpose in training this year) in an aimless sort of way, through parks and past pleasant pools, with the spring sunshine dancing on their ripples, and by quaint villages, now silent, but which will, when summer is nigh, be full of the butterfly devotees of the wheel. Assuredly the early spring is the time to see the country. We reached the Lord Eldon in good time and found Oppenheimer in solitary state. Six o'clock struck and it looked as though the party was to be very small indeed, but a few minutes later the Mullah and the Professor arrived per tandem with a front tyre which had revolted some half-mile from home. The five despatched the usual excellent meal and then the tyre was repaired and the new quick release back-fork ends discussed and admired. The general opinion was that the idea was absolutely IT and it will be at matter of surprise if more of the members' machines are not similarly improved shortly. The dash home was made under good conditions.

Halewood, 24th April, 1915

For the end of April Halewood is a very short run although for the three Manchester members present on this occasion it was possibly long enough. It was a novelty to arrive at the Derby Arms for a run in broad daylight, almost as strange as would be an August Club week-end to Bettws. It was almost six o'clock when I arrived and a move was very soon made upstairs. Tea was, as usual, a little late in making its appearance and there was plenty of time while waiting to enable those who had come with a moderate appetite to develop a good one. Speculation was rife as to the inclusion in the menu of the famous rissoles, but Charlie Keizer, one of the last to find a corner at the table, explained that he had been delayed through calling in at the kitchen to inquire about them and said that he had been informed there were no rissoles but something better. It was a good meal anyway, and we have yet to find cause for complaint in this respect at Halewood. We were just getting off our marks when there was a slight commotion which heralded another arrival, who proved to be T. W. J. Britten. He had ridden out—no not by the rattler—on his tricycle! A few minutes later Knipe was sighted (through the window) riding with one arm in a sling. This made the total 23, which included, in addition to those mentioned, Fell, Worth, Toft, Mercer,

Edwards, H. W. Keizer, Venables, J. Seed, Royden, H. M. Buck, J. C. Band, McCann, Stephenson (per trike), Zambuck (per bicycle), Cook, Cody, Cotter, H. Green, Newsholme and Turnor, the last two per tandem. I thought it a bit unkind of the Mullah to make a stoker of a member on his first run after election and then to boast about it before the crowd. After a lengthy discussion of the war and other topics a move was made downstairs when Green barged off alone for Manchester, and Knipe, who had only one hand available for steering, etc., also went as he wanted to reach home in daylight. Others, including several rattler merchants, also departed and as there was the usual division of the remaining forces there proved to be a rather small singing class, among whom was Newsholme, who was admitted to the Society of Good Fellows on payment of a modest entrance fee, though I do not doubt he considered he had paid too highly for the musical part of the proceedings. I will not invite any writs by laying the blame on the Piano, Pianist (!) or Vocalists (I can't truthfully call them singers).

When we entered the room we found a stranger in possession of the fire, but in about $31\frac{2}{3}$ seconds, more or less, he had been outmanœuvred to a seat on the table near the door, all the chairs being occupied by polite Anfielders in close formation round the fire. He soon disappeared through the door, but not before he had warned us that we were in Widnes Police area and that we should have to have red rear lamps on leaving. This gave us a start (a commencement—not a fright) and the conversation thereafter was mainly of a light order, lamps of all descriptions and ages being freely discussed. The tandem was the first to leave and the others followed fairly early to find that Policemen in Halewood were as conspicuous by their absence as Red Rear Lights, Rissoles and Charlie Conway.

F. D. McCANN, Editor

Just as we go to press we hear that the Keizerette is in negociation with a non-member of the Club for the sale of the tandem-trike. H.W.K. will not close with the offer for a day or two; if any member wishes to purchase the machine he must communicate *immediately* with H. W. Keizer.

ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB.

FORMED MARCH 1879.

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

MONTHLY CIRCULAR.

FIXTURES FOR JUNE, 1915.

	Light up at
June 5.—Wrexham (Wynnstay)	9-33 p.m.
„ 12.—Hoo Green (Kilton), Photo Run	9-39 p.m.
„ 14.—Committee Meeting, St. George's Restaurant, 7 p.m.	
„ 18/19.—All-Night Ride, Malvern (Beauchamp). See Special Circular (to follow)	9-42 p.m.
„ 26.—Broxton (Royal Oak)	9-44 p.m.
July 3.—Farndon (Raven)	9-44 p.m.

Full Moon, 27th instant.

Committee Notes.

16, Croxteth Grove,
Liverpool.

Mr. Conway has again most kindly offered to take the Club Photograph—the date will be 12th June and the venue The Kilton, Hoo Green. Our best way to repay Mr. Conway for his trouble is to turn up in good numbers.

If it is your intention to participate in the ALL-NIGHT RIDE on the 18th and 19th June to MALVERN, please let me know as soon as possible so that accommodation may be reserved for you; this is more than ever necessary this year as the manager of the "Beauchamp" will not reserve beds without a guarantee, so if you are coming and you advise me not later than the previous Saturday, June 12th, a bed will be kept for you.

The Schedule for the All-Night Ride will be in your hands shortly—it has been arranged on a very easy scale, so the fear of too high a pace need not deter you. The Supper place is Ruabon (Wynnstay), and Breakfast will be ready at Craven Arms. Luncheon will be taken at Ledbury and Malvern reached in the early afternoon in time for some sight-seeing.

The teas at Hoo Green on the 12th June, and at Farndon on the 3rd July will be plain ones, that is with two eggs—at Farndon there will also be strawberries. Any member desiring a meat tea must make his own arrangements with the hotels concerned.

F. D. McCANN,
Hon. Secretary.

Financial Notes.

The CLUB'S BANKERS are the London City and Midland Bank, and members are reminded that subscriptions may be paid in to *any* Branch to the credit of the Club's Account at the Everton Road Branch, or they may be sent direct to the Hon. Treasurer, R. Leigh Knipe, 108, Moscow Drive, Stoneycroft. Any of the officers will also be willing to receive your Sub. and to pass it on to the right quarter.

MEMS.

Sapper Warburton, in a letter to Turnor, sends Kind Regards and Best Wishes to all. He has recently had the making of a new Rail Head P.O. in hand.

Harold Kettle, in the Sheffield "Pals" has recently been moved from outside Sheffield to Penkridge Bank Camp, Stafford. His address is now Hut C.5, Penkridge Bank Camp, near Stafford.

Private J. L. Mahon writes, under date 13th May, that he is just leaving for a destination in the Mediterranean.

We understand that Bentley (4th Cheshires) is now at Northampton—we have not heard of him since Easter.

We shall always be glad to hear from our men On Service, even if it is only a line or two giving their present whereabouts.

Cook has had a long and cheery letter from Cohen at Grantham.

RUNS.**Knutsford, and Buxton Week-End, 1st/2nd May, 1915.**

Being May Day of course it rained! But some of the 14 present—13 members and one friend—had better luck than others in escaping the rain. Cook, for instance, whose route was Chester, Tarvin and then by Mouldsworth and Great Budworth, had practically none! But does he ever have any? My own route was one of which I am particularly fond, and it is looking at its best just now. I caught the 4-10 Transporter and then went to Halton and along the Northwich Road, turning off just after crossing the Warrington-Tarporley Road, and then on through, or, rather, near to Great Budworth to Lostock Gralam. I had one or two slight showers up to this point, none of which were sufficient for a "mac," and I had been on dry and dusty roads throughout, but once on the tarmac the water began to rise—and also to fall! After a couple of miles I found myself quite wet, so stopped to don a cape. On arrival at Knutsford, I found Tommy Royden and Toft in the stable, and Buckley, Louis Oppenheimer and Johnny Band inside the house. Toft reported having passed Teddy Edwards at Farnworth at half-past four. Cook was the next arrival, followed shortly by Turnor, and by the time tea was almost ready we only had a muster of eight. However, by the time tea was on the table we had our lucky thirteen and the aforementioned friend, brought by Mercer in his car. The Knutsford May Day Festival should have been held on this Saturday, in which case we should have had a cold feed, but it was cancelled and we enjoyed the usual hot meal. After tea Mercer handed round for inspection a model of the works of a service rifle, which he is making in quantity for the drill of the Rock Ferry "Sleuth Hounds." Toft was the first away after tea to pick up his sister, whom he had brought out in his side-car, and Mercer and friend soon followed. The Week-end-to-Buxton party consisted of Cook, Hawkes, F.H., and Mac, and we were away soon after 7, while Band and Royden persuaded Edwards to accompany them round by Chester. I learn they had heavy rain all the way and nearly bought "Home Rails" at Hartford—however, Tommy

resolutely refused to invest and they arrived at Chester a little before ten, staying there for half-an-hour or so. The week-enders had quite a good passage to Macclesfield, the streets of which town were thronged with pedestrians pedestrianating up and down, which goes to show there cannot have been much rain. Of course, the pedestrians expected "common cyclists" to get off and walk through, which, however, we did not do. Up the long hill out of the town we, that is Cook and myself, got away from Hawkes as the latter had to "put in his low," and at the fork with the Old Road he was a little way behind. We had arranged to wait at the "Setter Dog," at which place we arrived about 8-10 without lighting-up. We, however, lit our lamps as a guide to Hawkes when he arrived that we were there, but he did not turn up! After waiting until 9-10, at which time we were thrown out—closing time being 9 o'clock—there was still no sign of Hawkes, and we were wondering what had happened to him—whether he had gone straight through or had found trouble on the way up. We decided to get on with it and found that the rain had turned to fog, which boded ill for the remainder of the passage. We were warned by some locals in the "Setter Dog" that it "would be thick on top," and thick it was. Still, by riding one at one side of the road with the light just picking up the grass margin and the other on the other side we made fair progress. One advantage of the fog was that we could not see the hills. Suddenly one of us made the exclamation "a house, a house—the Cat!" And the Cat it was. The climb was over and we had scarcely felt it! We ran out of the thicker fog soon after and a moderate pace was kept up, which, however, was lower than it otherwise would have been, as there was still danger of running into further outlying fog-banks. The white cottage just after the Congleton Road fork was all-but missed, and then we "kept our eyes skinned" for the left hand bend. This safely negotiated we next rounded the right bend through the trees and then the lights of Buxton burst upon us, and I, for one (it being by first trip over the Cat and Fiddle), can quite understand the raptures of a certain member of a former party on seeing this view from the same place. The sudden brightness in the valley beneath us after being so long in the dark without seeing anything at all added to the impressiveness of the scene. There was still no sign of Hawkes, whom we had been hoping to overtake, but on arrival at the "Shakespeare" we were told that a member of our party had phoned saying he had turned back to Macclesfield where he would stay the night and would join us at Congleton on the morrow. F.H., I should have mentioned, had gone on ahead of us, and who had got through without lighting up, was waiting, and before we had had time to fill up the registration forms Timbertiles walked in, looking just as though he had just come out of the lifeboat with his oilskin coat and overalls. Timbertiles and I had the bulge on Cook and Koenen, in being of British Nationality, as we only had to fill in Name, Christian Names and place of Birth, while the other two had to give all sorts of particulars, including their age, and in addition had to "sign-off" again next morning. The rain had been so light on the ride down that no one of us had to change our clothing, not even stockings. Cook, of course, had to change a certain garment on account of his notorious perspiration. A good supper was waiting, and the evening, until about 12-45, was spent in the lounge with the "Three Graces" of the house. Breakfast at 9 o'clock next morning, and then we proceeded to dig out our machines, oil chains, etc., when suddenly a voice was heard "Have you the Anfielders staying here?" and looking out we found Professor Green, who had come to look us up. After the "taking" of a group in the street we parted with Timbertiles, and we left in company with Green, who was returning home by the Cat and Fiddle, while we proceeded over Axe Edge, the views from which were particularly grand in the bright and warm sunlight. On through Flash and past the weird Pinnacle Rocks, we rode down to within a mile or two of Leek, where we turned off westward to Meerbrook past the watersplash

and then right over the tops nearly 1,000 feet up. F.H., whose machine had not been running well through dirt in the carburetor, had a grafty time of it on the ascent and I had to lend a hand several times to push him off on the easier bits to enable him to rush part, at least, of the stiff ones. After the drop at the cross roads a committee meeting was held, and it was decided to go down to the main Leek-Macclesfield Road and then on up towards the latter place and skirt the Bosley Cloud Hills to Congleton. However, when we found ourselves on the main road at Rycroft Gate the road over the Cloud looked so enticing that the committee meeting, again held, unanimously decided to take that route. Over up and down country we passed and then through Bridestones and so down into Congleton, where on arrival at the Lion and Swan we found Hawkes tuning up his cycle. He had ridden practically up to the "Setter Dog" the previous night and had then turned back to the Angel at Macclesfield where he arrived before 9 o'clock—when we were still waiting for him! In the morning he had been up to the "Setter Dog" again and had met Green en route, and then back to Macclesfield and so direct to Congleton. Massey Harper and his wife gave us a warm welcome, and after luncheon we left at 2-30, arriving at Chester without incident. A stop at Chester was made and soon after six o'clock we were at Hinderton where we found Cotter and Britten awaiting our arrival. Speaking for myself the week-end was a thoroughly enjoyable one, and Sunday's sunshine quite recompensed for the drizzle on Saturday. The only fly in the ointment was that there were so few participating.

Newburgh, 8th May, 1915.

I feel I have got legitimate cause for a real growl—as Editor I asked a prominent office holder to write this account; it is the first time I have done so. He did not refuse point-blank, but it is only fair to say he did not want to do it, still I quite thought I had overcome his objections and that I would, in due course, get my "copy." A fortnight has elapsed and I am still without it and from hints let drop I see very little chance of getting it. I *do* think that every member when asked should do his best (even if he thinks his best is no good) to write something. There are very few indeed who will willingly agree to write up a run, and it is not fair that these "willing horses" should be asked every month—besides we want some "fresh blood" on the Circular and it is very hard to get it. If all those who at present refuse would only agree to write it would be only once in three or four months they would be asked—this is surely not too much to ask. It is more than ever desirable now, with so many away on Service, that the Circular should be kept up—it forms a strong link between those away and we stay-at-homes, not to mention those who, by residence, are prevented from getting out often. I get so many refusals to write that I feel strongly inclined to resign the Editorship—I have only taken it on as a stopgap—and to give somebody else a chance of seeing whether he has better luck.

However, having got that off my chest, how is it possible to write a report a fortnight afterwards without notes and without having known I should in the end have to do so? It's not exactly making bricks without straw—there was plenty to write about if it could be remembered. The President had arranged to ride out but he "funked it" and Toft took him out per side-car, and in consequence he reports that he did not notice the wind and that he rode to Newburgh more easily and quicker than he has ever done before. I picked up Edwards en route, or he picked me up, according to choice, and we were passed just before Newburgh by Toft and the President and then by a car containing Marchanton and two officer friends. Marchanton and his friends, however, were not able to stay for tea. By the time tea was served we numbered 16 and we were joined by Britten before we had finished. A move was then made to the yard where various questions were discussed, and machines examined and

criticised, those present slipping away by ones and twos. One of the remainder discovered that the chain for the magneto of Simpson's motor bicycle was shedding its bolt. Johnny Band "bit" and put it right, supplying out of his pocket-store the missing nut and a bolt—by so doing saving Simpson a very dirty pair of hands, which Johnny got instead. Then Simpson had to be initiated into the mysteries of an acetylene lamp and a practical demonstration given. Eventually a start was made, and shortly before Rainford was reached we encountered Edwards and Knipe wrestling with the former's tyre. Of course some of us stopped to lend a hand and the job was done, only to require re-doing a few hundred yards further on! Edwards, in changing his tyre, had put on a punctured one! This time we over-ruled Teddy and insisted upon repairing there and then. One hole was mended and the tyre pumped up, but it promptly went down again, amid sighs from its owner. Four holes were treated successfully, still to the accompaniment of sighs, and we actually were able to ride quite a quarter of a mile when "tyre flat again" was the cry. This time we mended another place and still it went somewhere else—right alongside the valve seating. In trying to raise the seating we split the tube and, to Teddy's joy, had to change the tyre in the end. Now all was right we were able to get on with it, and all reached home without further adventure.

Mobberley, 8th May, 1915.

The requirements of military training prevented me from taking the usual circuit to the Roebuck at Mobberley, so that going out direct I was the first at 5.30. Virtue was rewarded in the usual manner. After some time the Mullah turned up on the twicer with Newsholme as stoker, having skimmed the cream off the Cheshire landscape and touched several counties to perform a straight journey of 8 or 10 miles. Being at present under the loyal spell, the Mullah promptly blew himself out with a stone ginger, whilst Newsholme filled himself with the East wind per dry ginger, what time we understudied Master Alexander McStinger and cooled ourselves on a flat stone. The next arrival was the Manchester Sub-Captain, who had come out direct. We prepared for tea, when lo, up came the Cynsure of Eyes, the Glass of Fashion and the Mould of Form, together with the Evergreen Doctor, who had dug his more or less rusty steed out of the outhouse, chiselled off enough mud to enable it to run, stuck his tenpence ha'penny lamp on his eighteenpenny bracket and set off, sans oil, sans wick, sans anything. Their arrival was greeted with acclamation, the good old landlady addressing the Doctor as "dear" Mr. Carlisle, much to his embarrassment and the envy of Crow. Tea was served, but not quite up to the usual standard, the landlady apologising for its shortcomings. Crowcroft, with fine business instinct, promptly hinted that the apologies could be discounted for cash. It came off. After tea, the usual chat was shortened by the Doctor's remembrance of his defective lamp and so we had to holt, the Cheadle Hulmers returning one way and the others scattering.

Little Budworth, 15th May, 1915.

From the report of a former Little Budworth Run I cull the following:—"Mac was busy looking for victims for the '24'—at 10/6 a time (no reductions for quantities)—he seemed to secure a fair number . . ." On this occasion, had the times been normal ones, he would have been equally busy, if not more so, booking competitors and checkers for "THE 100," but unfortunately it was not to be; still, he did a little business booking those who expected to support the tour, which is to take the place of the race. We sat down our lucky 13 to tea, and the arrival of Simpson, per his brother's rusty Levis, soon after we were well away, brought our number up to 14. Manchester was well represented by

Turnor and Newsholme, per tandem—and very fierce, too!—two Greens and Crowcroft, while the Liverpool members present were Johnny Band, Jack Seed, Cook, Royden, Stephenson, Mac, Edwards, Cooper and the aforementioned Simpson. Before tea, those who had arrived early, via the old Pack Horse Road and Tarporley, paid a visit to the water-cress farm. For want of a suitable grid we assembled after tea in the MIDDLE of the road outside the Red Lion and were vastly entertained by one member's account of his experiences in London. Stephenson was the first away, on his trike—"He seems to have quite got the hang of it," was the remark passed as he left. Cook, Band, Mac, Seed, Edwards and Royden, after an easy ride, reached Chester in good time, where Band and Seed went straight on, while the rest waited for Simpson. The latter did not turn up before they left—I hear he ran out of petrol and arrived fifteen minutes afterwards. Both Cook and McCann punctured on the top road, the former having to change a side tyre, while the latter reached home with frequent pumpings.

Whitchurch-Shrewsbury, Whitsuntide Tour, 22nd-24th May, 1915.

I suppose it serves me right. I was let in for writing this account as follows: Not having done much cycling lately (?) I decided to start early on the Saturday and take both my time and an easy route to Whitchurch. I certainly thought I was quite safe making for Llandegla for lunch, and as I was pottering along quietly on my bassinette between Pen-y-ford and Pont Bleiddyn, someone called out "You won't bite?" and I discovered the Secretary cum Editor chap was hanging on. Mac explained that a letter from Ruabon made it necessary to call there to negotiate arrangements for the All-night Ride, hence his starting early, but why did he choose my easy road? Of course I promptly tugged in behind, and used Mac so much as a pacer that I simply could not refuse his request to "do the tour"—hence these tears! It was a gorgeous hot day, and indeed "glorious weather" prevailed throughout. After lunching at Llandegla, we made for Wrexham and Ruabon, where some interesting news was obtained, and satisfactory arrangements made. We then proceeded to Chirk, St. Martins, Ellesmere, and Whitchurch, where the tour proper commenced. Tea was both late and "high," but mint sauce has its uses. There were 16 of us, and the monotony of waiting for tea was relieved by the excitement caused by Jack Johnson passing through the town in his car, and being enthusiastically greeted by the soldiers who thronged the town. After tea Hawkes pere et fils, Jack Seed and H. Green had to return home, while the 12 tourists (Toft, Rowatt, Turnor, Newsholme, Band, Mac, F. H., Simpson, Morris, Venables, Stephenson, and Cook) made for Shrewsbury. Simpson and F. H. went via Newport to see the Opposition Party—Dr. Carlisle, Crowcroft and E. Green, but the rest went direct, and almost shed tears at the sight of a Picture Palace and Variety Theatre by the Raven! Ye gods! What is to become of the 100? At Shrewsbury, Keizerette was found in possession of the George, so we made our lucky 13, and a very pleasant evening was spent. On Sunday, Stephenson departed for Birmingham, and Ven went part way with him, while Keizerette was deputed to take charge of the Quarry, so there were 10 of us to carry out the day's delightful ride to Much Wenlock, and then along the Edge to East Hope, where we turned down to Brockton and entered "the quietudes of the Corve Valley beneath the shadow of the gaunt Brown Clee, into a land drowsy with the peace of long centuries, where the old customs and superstitions of the folk are long and undying." Certainly something of this spirit must have possessed Johnny B., as at Brockton he did us all down in a stone ginger drinking competition, and if anyone tells you that J. B. does not drink you can call him a L I A R ! We took the loop road at Shipton to view and photograph the fine old Manor House, while the Hundred House at Munslow was duly noted as we passed hanging on to Morris, who was very fierce. At Craven Arms

we thoroughly enjoyed the delicious example provided of what a real meal should be, and after an "Exhibition" of bowls by the Mullah and Simpson (£1,000 a side) and a visit to one of F. H.'s Bowers of Bliss, we resumed the tour up the Clun Valley as far as Little Brampton, where we turned North for Lydbury North, Bishops Castle, and Minsterley, where afternoon tea was partaken of at the Bath (Road) Arms, and in due course Shrewsbury was reached again after a splendid day's cycling. In the evening we explored the Quarry, and found Keizerette had taken a great care of it, but Shrewsbury was very different to what it usually is on a Whit Sunday night, and even a visit to the Lion made one sad. Monday saw the party (excluding F. H., going South) homeward bound, and as we proceeded along the Holyhead Road we came across Knipe, Cody, Mr. Routledge and a friend, while at Chirk we found Lord Strathallen, so there were 15 of us for lunch, and a delightfully lazy time was spent in the garden. Here the tour practically broke up into component parts, the Turnor-Newsholme tandem making for Beeston Castle for tea, while the rest made Chesterwards with the exception of Cook, who was bound for Prestatyn and was accompanied as far as the outskirts of Ruthin by Mac, who was in no hurry to get home. Thus ended an exceedingly jolly holiday, which I am sure all the participants enjoyed most thoroughly. If you were not there you missed a treat, but in case you don't care to take my word for it just ask Arthur Simpson or Newsholme—the latter says: "My first week-end with the A.B.C. was a most enjoyable one: I don't think I have ever spent a pleasanter short cycling holiday—the arrangements were very satisfactory and I hope I may soon have an opportunity of repeating the dose."

Stop Press News.

Since the "Mems" were written it is found to be just possible that better arrangements may be made with the "Belle Vue," Malvern—for the final arrangements for the All-Night Ride you are referred to the Special Circular which will be sent out shortly.

F. D. McCANN, Editor

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ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB.

FORMED MARCH 1879.

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

MONTHLY CIRCULAR.

FIXTURES FOR JULY, 1915.

	Light up at
July 3.—Farndon (Raven)	9.44 p.m.
„ 10.—Halewood (Derby Arms)	9.40 p.m.
„ 12.—Committee Meeting, St. George's Restaurant, 7 p.m.	
„ 17.—Eaton, near Tarporeley (Red Lion)	9.34 p.m.
„ 24.—Daresbury (Ring O' Bells)	9.26 p.m.
„ 31st/2nd Aug.—August Tour, Yorkshire Dales. (See Special Circular to follow)	9.15 p.m.

Full Moon, 26th instant.

Committee Notes.

16, Croxteth Grove,
Liverpool.

The details of the August Tour in Yorkshire have not yet been definitely settled, but the following are likely arrangements:—Tea, on Saturday, 31st July, at Whalley; sleep at Skipton; luncheon, on Sunday, 1st August, at Buckden; sleep at Sedburgh. The Special Circular, giving the full details, will probably be issued with the next Monthly Circular. Please let me know as soon as possible if you intend taking part.

At the June Committee Meeting, the following members were allowed to count Club Runs under special circumstances, according to the Rule on page 35 of the Handbook:—

Wrexham, 5th June—Messrs. Britten, Cook and McCann.

NEW ADDRESS.—E. Bright, Cliftonville, Woodhouse Road, N. Finchley, London, N.

F. D. McCANN,
Hon. Secretary.

MEMS.

D. R. Kinghorn has joined the Inns of Court O.T.C.

Apologies are due and are hereby tendered to Archie Warburton for inadvertently referring to him in the last Circular as Sapper, whereas he is Corporal Warburton.

Sapper Williamson, now in Turkey, sends Greetings to all Anfielders.

Webb volunteered soon after the outbreak of the war for Active Service abroad and was accepted, he has been expecting to be called up any day. He has now heard that his Department refuses permission.

Corporal Lionel Cohen's address is 17th Service Battn. King's Liverpool Regiment, Belton Camp, Grantham.

The following is taken from the "Public Notices" in the "Daily Post" of the 14th June:—

I, JULIAN LOWELL, heretofore called and known by the Name of JULIAN LOWENTHAL, of 1, Norwich-road, Wavertree, and Drury-buildings, 21, Water-street, both in the City of Liverpool, Merchant, a natural born British Subject, hereby Give Public Notice that I have assumed and taken, and henceforth intend upon all occasions and at all times to bear and sign and use and to be called and known by the Surname of LOWELL in lieu of and in substitution for my said former Surname of LOWENTHAL, and that such intended change or assumption of Surname is formally declared and evidenced by a Deed Poll under my hand and seal, dated the Thirty-first day of May, 1915, and duly enrolled in the Central Office of the Supreme Court on the First day of June, 1915.—Dated this Twelfth day of June, 1915.

(Signed) JULIAN LOWELL.

Lowie's son is a member of the Liverpool Scottish and has been on Service since the outbreak of the war.

D. R. Fell has lost (or has had stolen) his valuable rear reflex light. It was not one of the common sort like a "Lea Reflex"—Oh, no! It had innumerable "facets" (that the right term, David?) upon which it caught and reflected any light reaching it, and D. R. F. is in daily danger of being run down through its absence. He offers untold gold, so much per facet, for its safe restoration.

Rupert Kettle, who was a member of the A.B.C. from January, 1909, to September, 1913, joined the 5th King's Liverpool in August last. He was promoted Lance-Corporal. We deeply regret to have to record his death, at the age of 30, from wounds received in action. His Commanding Officer, in a letter to the family, wrote of him: "He was a most promising soldier, keen and brave, and we have lost in him a man hard to replace." Harold Kettle, in a letter to McCann, says: "He died on the 18th May, in the 5th London Field Ambulance. He was evidently mortally wounded and there was no hope from the first." We offer our deepest sympathy to his brother and to the family.

It is rumoured that:—

Robert Rowatt has obtained a commission, probably in the Lincolnshire Regiment.

Jim Rowatt, who is in the "Pals" at Knowsley and who is a corporal, will shortly have a commission, and that Teddy Rowatt, who also has his "stripe," is with the "Pals" at Grantham.

R. T. Rudd (we cannot give his rank as we do not know it) wishes to be remembered to all. He is now at Eastry, near Sandwich, with the 2nd West Lancs. Battery, R.F.A.

We hereby make a special appeal to all members serving in His Majesty's Forces, to now and again write us letting us know how they are going on—we are all interested in them.

A postcard has been received from James, dated Cape Town, 4th June. James doesn't say so, but it appears as though he was on his way home, and we hope to shortly have the pleasure of welcoming him.

Among the Manchester Officers reported recently as Killed in Action, the name of Major J. K. Staveacre, of Stockport, appears. He was known to many Anfielders as an erstwhile tandem partner on F.H.'s Dreadnought (front seat), and was a pace-maker on the occasion of Knipe's 24 Hours Record.

We wish we could have had Kuklos and The Scorcher with us on the Hoo Green Run, not to mention those motor journalists who, not having to pretend they are cyclists, do have some excuse for kidding themselves that motors have "improved" the roads. We would have liked to rub their noses in the "improvements" we came across—even the lanes at Piper's Ash having been "improved." There was one lovely stretch of nearly a mile on the top road to Chester, and it was amusing to see gorgeous yellow and dove coloured cars crawling in procession over the "improvement" at a snail's pace, with the occupants wearing sickly smiles. We carefully explained to all of them that we hoped they enjoyed the "improvement" we had them to thank for, and some of them got quite ratty. Cook, on his trike, became jewelled in every hole with tarred spicules (we believe this is the correct word, according to T.W.J.B.), and was so like the fretful porcupine that he had to disrobe in Chester and shake his coat, which really ought "to go straight to the cleaners," to quote the Keizerette.

In a recent issue of the "Irish Cyclist," The Scorcher was bemoaning the fact that the well known cry of the corn-crake was no longer to be heard in the land. This is probably true if one confines one's cycling to Bloomsbury and only reaches the country in motor cars, but if The Scorcher will dig out his Rusty Raleigh for a real ride he will find the corn-crake working overtime these nights in "this England of ours."

RUNS.

Daresbury, 29th May, 1915.

The day was not too promising, but those who went "around the earth" to the Ring o' Beils had much the best of the weather. The riders from Manchester and those via Warrington announced plenty of rain in those districts. Considerable interest was aroused over the Keizerette's new motor bicycle—quite a nice little mount. He paced one of the members nearly home, but was too late for the p---c at Eastham. Ask him about it. Tea was quite good, a muster of only twelve sitting down to it, in consequence of which the landlord felt compelled to raise the price threepence per head—which the Club will have to pay! The ride home was cold, very col^d (written by one of the motorists).

Wrexham, 5th June, 1915.

I went to a Wrexham nook
To search for the Pagan Cook,
But he'd finished his tea
And to disappoint me
The boulder had taken his hook.

I then looked out for Mac
This, too, was on the wrong tack;
He had hopped it with Cook
And his Club he forsook:
Our Scribe he deserveth the sack.

Alas and alack is me, verily what is to become of us? When it so happeneth that I, in company with a dear friend and comrade, gird up my loins and journey to a far country, where it is my earnest wish and desire to sojourn for a brief period, and where I, in company with the companion aforesaid, hope to greet and fraternise with certain well known and able riders. Ah, woe is me, woe is me! The tale I fain would tell maketh the tears of grief and despair flow, and I fear me much that what little of strength is left to me will depart hence before I can deliver me of the dreadful news. Even as I write, even as my quill screecheth over the parchment, the tear drops drip from my eyes, for verily my grief knoweth no bounds.

Together with my comrade in misery I battled against the winds, I scaled great summits, and dashed into ravines, even withstood asphyxiation in the petrol laden areas, I journeyed many, many miles and the sweat poured from my brow. In spite of hardships and obstructions, my comrade and I struggled on—one thought, one idea, like a beacon, beckoned us on; stood ahead of us like an oasis in the desert before the tired wayfarer. My comrade and I knew and felt that when we reached our goal the cheery and charming presence of the Scribe and the Pagan would banish our troubles like the early morning sun dispels the gloom, and we knew that the perils and vicissitudes of the journey would be forgotten.

Alas and alack and likewise woe is me! No Scribe and no Pagan graced the board; the ordinary men did their best to cheer us up but the supermen, the higher beings, had forsaken us and gone hence.

My comrade and I returned, but laden with grief. The sun shone, but to our eyes all was darkness. Rainbow tints gleamed in the heavens but to us they existed not. Tree tops lit by the western sun gleamed like burnished copper, but to us they were lead. Desolation and despair seemed to blot out all beauties. The recollection of cheery converse by the Scribe and Pagan, which would have helped us on our journey home, which would have levelled the mountains and made the rough places smooth, were absent, and all the world seemed full of tribulation, misfortune and unhappiness.

Alas, alack and likewise woe is me!

C. H. T.

The foregoing "Lamentations of Job" purport to be the account of the Club Run on the 5th June to the "Wynnstay," at Wrexham. The writer's despair seems to have so filled his aching heart that he has no room for anything else—not that the account of a Club Run comes from the heart! The truth of the matter is that the Pagan One and the entire Editorial and Secretarial Staff had arranged for another Berwyn Trip, and as they had to meet the Welsh-Swiss Guide, of Easter Tour fame, at Cunwyd before 8 o'clock, they had arrived early at Wrexham for tea, after which they made an early start, first getting "checks" from the few who had arrived. As the Editorial Staff was not at the Club Tea we cannot

give a full and detailed account of the proceedings, but can only report that the run proper was supported by ten members, and that, with the three who left early, thirteen supported the house. Johnny Band was an early arrival, followed shortly before 6 p.m. by the Keizerette on his Junior Triumph, and then F.H., with a trade number on the front of his machine and an ordinary one to the rear! Next, Tommy Royden, via Llandegla, rolled up, and then Teddy Edwards. Toft brought the President in his side car. Turnor and Green Minor and Britten—but very late—completed the muster. We understand that F.H. left with the intention of joining the Berwyn Trippers at "Llanarmon O.L.," but what became of him we cannot say—he did not arrive.—Ed.

Hoo Green, 12th June, 1915.

Charlie Conway was favoured with a perfect summer afternoon for his annual camera day, and I was not surprised to find myself one of about 20 members on arrival just before 6 o'clock. By the time tea was ready the number had increased to 30. Tea, by the way, was served for a change in quite a respectable room instead of the "pavilion," and the light tea was, I thought, particularly welcome on such a warm day. Immediately after tea a move was made to the Bowling Green, and we had just arranged ourselves to our own satisfaction in front of the summer house, as usual, when Charlie told us we were in the wrong place, and we had to move ourselves and the furniture, eventually grouping ourselves to Charlie's satisfaction and Theakstone's disgust—verbally expressed. If there is a solemn face in any of the photos it won't be Theakie's fault.

The great ordeal over, the majority made tracks for home, the via Warrington crowd being so anxious to get through that war-scarred town before lighting time that some of them reached home, and others Hunt's Cross, with daylight to spare. Lane routes were largely patronised on the return journey, as there was a lot of fresh tar on the main roads, they evidently having been treated on Friday and Saturday morning for the week-end. The Mullah piloted the via Chester contingent through Arley Park with its innumerable rhyming signposts, leaving them at Gt. Budworth.

All-Night Ride—Malvern—18/19th June, 1915.

When there are only the Editor and yourself in a position to play the role of recording angel there is no escape, and so if you object to this record you must blame yourself, gentle reader. The event will probably prove to be historic as the Omega of All-Night Rides, and it was remarkably epoch making in several respects. The weather was perfect throughout, and the two participants were greatly indebted to those six unselfish members who came as far as Ruabon and enabled them to have a proper feed during the night. At New Ferry, Blackburn, Band, and Mr. Snewing saw the party off, and at 9-30 prompt Knipe, Mac, Royden, Hawkes and Cook barged away. Wandering about, uncertain of the starting place, we nearly ran down Zambuck full of explanations regarding his mufti and lack of a bicycle. At Ledsham, Knipe punctured, and Royden and Hawkes went on to keep the schedule at Chester, where it was expected to meet others, but we all got together again before Pulford, and only Stevenson had materialised. Owing to extensive motor improvements on the Wrexham road we got a bit behind schedule, but Ruabon was reached only three minutes late, and as we were joined by Newsholme and H. Green there were eight of us for supper, and the Club will only have to pay for two! My word, the hot-pot was good! Regretfully parting with the six unselfish ones, Mac and Cook resumed the ride, and enjoyed a magnificent sunrise. Lamps were put out at Whittington, and the coldness of the early hours caused schedule to be ignored so that Shrewsbury was reached half

an hour ahead, and the time spent helping a policeman on his rounds. Craven Arms was also reached well ahead of schedule, but the Hotel was open, and we found F.H. awaiting us. Keizerette was also expected, but he was represented by a postcard, which we could only interpret as meaning that owing to the state of the road between Devil's Bridge and Llangurig he has to remain in Aberystwyth! Was there no other road to take?

However, the three of us tackled the excellent fare Craven Arms is famous for, and then with F.H. dressed as Madame Vine (vide "East Lynne") we continued the ride. Now F.H. had noticed that the schedule did not specify the route between Leominster and Ledbury, although undoubtedly the Teme Valley was intended, so he suggested via Bromyard, and a glorious ride it proved to be. "Madame Vine" went on ahead and stopped at all the tit-bits of scenery, and we are greatly indebted to him for leading us by a detour to the quaint old world village of Bosbury, where the church tower stands separate from the church, and where Edna Lyall is buried in the churchyard. Bosbury is supposed to be the scene of her last novel, "In spite of all," and at "Ye old Crown Hotel" is a very remarkable old oak room dated 1871. Prince Rupert stayed at the Crown Inn on his way to the battle of Worcester; to see this wonderful room you have to pay threepence or partake of refreshments. You can guess which alternative we chose! While we were examining the place who should come in but Carpenter! He was on his way to join us at Ledbury and saw the machines as he was flashing past! Thus we were four for lunch at Ledbury, and the Club will only have to pay for two! After lunch we decided to proceed via Eastnor Park and the Ridgeway, and as motors are prohibited, "Madame Vine" went direct, and waited for us at the British Camp. The ride up the Ridgeway was magnificent, and will never be forgotten. Thence we continued along the Malvern Hills to Malvern, and arrived at the Beauchamp only a few minutes behind schedule. The afternoon was spent upon the Worcestershire Beacon, and when we returned for dinner we found Webb and Turnor had arrived as well as Percy Charles Beardwood with a friend, Mr. Goodyear, and who do you think? Why, none other than the great Panjandrum HELLIER! It was indeed a surprise and a most dramatic meeting. You can imagine what a lively dinner party we made! Carpenter had to return to Birmingham, but just as we finished dinner Billy Neason arrived with Neason Junior of the North Road Club, and Mrs. Neason, so our party finally numbered eleven, and a very pleasant evening was spent. Sunday morning brought the fixture officially to a close after the inevitable photographs on the steps—there being *only 5* cameras to face! Webb and Turnor departed early to participate in the Cheshire Road Club All-Night Ride at Craven Arms, "Madame Vine" was uncertain as to his route, and the two car parties were returning to London, and the two All-Nighters proceeded South for the Cotswolds.

We learn that the tandem foundered near Shrewsbury, with a cracked head-lug, and that "home-rails" had to be bought. This mishap is probably an aftermath of the 1914 All-Night Ride when, owing to the failure of a brake, the tandem, with the same crew, charged a wall.

The two All-Nighters had a most glorious time on their extension. They rode to Gloucester, and for the benefit of Mac inspected the New Inn, and then on through Stroud to Minchinghampton Common where a fine line in lurches was put out of sight. Then after a short visit to a friend of the Apostle's they rode to Cirencester, and via Cheltenham to Evesham for tea. Kidderminster was the selected sleeping place, and this place was reached by way of Alcester and Bromsgrove. On Monday, with a gentle head wind, the route lay through Bridgenorth and Shifnal to Newport, where luncheon was taken at the Barley Mow; then by Press Heath through the immense camp to Whithurch and Chester for tea, and so home.

Broxton, 26th June, 1915.

On Friday I was "grizzling" to myself that owing to physical discomfort and unfitness I would not be able to be present at the "Royal Oak," when into the office walked Toft. After asking whether I intended to go, and listening to my wails and excuses, he "plunked" the question "Would I go in the side-car" at me. Would a duck swim? In less than two minutes the matter in all its details was settled, and with a lighter heart I tackled the rest of the day's work.

The weather on Saturday morning being somewhat damp, I took over to town my lifeboatman's outfit, and spent the very little leisure time I had in wondering whether it would be raining at 2-30, and also whether my benefactor would consider it worth while starting, seeing that motor cycles need such a lot of cleaning. However, at the appointed time, I strolled round to the meeting place, to find that the machine was ready and its owner nearly so. After a slight argument with the engine we got under weigh, and after being very nearly torpedoed by Charlie Keizer and Prichard (E.), sailed out merrily via Woolton, Halebank, Widnes, over the Transporter to Runcorn, through Halton, to Hartford. Turning left through Whitegate, we proceeded to Little Budworth, across to Eaton (near Tarporley) (all new country to me), thence by way of Beeston and Peckforton to Broxton, just managing to "put it through" the Mullah on some rising ground (ahem!) outside the latter village.

Arrived at the "Royal Oak," we discovered Johnny Band vigorously sunning himself, whilst in different portions of the yard Cook and Young Green were engaged in strenuous "catch-as-catch-can" struggles with tubular tyres (names of makers suppressed by Censor—owing to advertising clause).

Shortly afterwards a cry of "Eggs" (or was it "Tea"?) rent the air, and we all rushed more or less slowly upstairs to the Baronial Hall. Seated round the festive board were ten of the stalwarts of the Club and one of the "Crocks," whilst the last-mentioned—who, like a fool, was seated opposite to the Secretary, and ought to have known better—was endeavouring to imbibe a somewhat sloppy egg with the aid of a teaspoon, the Secretary fixed him with his eagle eye and said "You had better write the account of the run." Now this was unkind as I was handicapped by the said egg, and also had my mouth full of bread and butter. Seeing that he had me at a disadvantage, Mac clinched the matter—to his own obvious satisfaction—by saying "That's settled" (or something of the sort), and turned to start a discussion on another matter with someone else. Being a polite sort of chap (ask Ernie Prichard or Oliver Cooper) I did not interrupt, and by the time they had finished the fact that I had been commissioned to "write up" the run had quite slipped my mind.

After tea, we all adjourned to the yard and were entertained to a front-seat view of the local "Methusiliers" going through their drill in the road outside. I was vastly entertained by the remarks of the Col—, beg pardon Commandant, to a member of the force who could not remember whether he was an odd or an even number, when, just as the address was reaching its climax, the Commandant's words were drowned (so far as I was concerned) by a roar of laughter from the yard. It appears that Green had been standing on a barrel to get a better view, and the head of the barrel had fallen in, the contents thereof (water, mark you, not beer) liberally besprinkling his fellow Clubmen, much to their delight.

Shortly after this the party broke up; Turnor and Green going back to Manchester, and the rest of cyclists returning to their various destinations via the Cock o' Barton, Eaton Park, Eccleston, and Chester. Toft

and the writer travelled direct through Chester, reaching Woodside Ferry at 9 p.m.

In closing, and in order that there may be no question as to their claim to a Club Run, I may say that those present were Messrs. Band, Cook, Edwards, Green, Leece, McCann, Royden, Sunter, Toft, Turnor, and

W. E. C.

F. D. McCANN,
Editor.

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ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB.

FORMED MARCH 1879.

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

MONTHLY CIRCULAR.

FIXTURES FOR AUGUST, 1915.

	Light up at
July 31st/Aug. 2nd.—August Tour, Yorkshire. See Special Circular herewith	9-10 p.m.
Aug. 7th.—Knutsford (Lord Eldon)	8-56 p.m.
„ 9th.—Committee Meeting, St. George's Restaurant, 7 p.m.	
„ 14th.—Broxton (Royal Oak)	8-43 p.m.
„ 21st.—LOSTOCK CRALAM (Black Greyhound)	8-29 p.m.
„ 28th.—Chester (Bull and Stirrup)	8-16 p.m.

Full Moon, 24th Instant.

16, Croxteth Grove,
Liverpool.

Committee Notes.

The claim of F. D. McCann for a Club run on 10th July at Halewood was passed at the last Committee Meeting.

The arrangements for the AUGUST TOUR, forecasted in the last Circular, were adopted at the July Meeting. The Circular will be issued with this Monthly Circular, and it will be of great assistance to me if you will immediately let me know if you intend taking part.

F. D. McCANN,
Hon. Secretary.

Financial Notes.

Subscriptions, so far this year, have come in more slowly than usual, and Members are appealed to to pay up promptly as the Committee are considering the making of another Donation to some local Fund in accordance with the Resolution passed at the A.G.M. empowering them to do so. Subscriptions may be sent direct to the Hon. Treasurer, R. Leigh Knipe, 109, Moscow Drive, Stoneycroft, Liverpool, or they may be paid in to any branch of the London City and Midland Bank to the credit of the Club's Account at the Everton Road Branch, or they may be paid to any member of the Committee, who will pass them on to the proper official.

MEMS.

The rumour in the last Circular that Robert Rowatt had obtained a commission in the Lincolnshire Regiment is confirmed. He was home on leave recently—he left on the 15th July to join his regiment.

On Thursday, 15th July, Corporal Bentley walked into the Cafe, much to our surprise and delight. He is up home on a few days leave, and he looks very well indeed. We were all very pleased to see him.

We had Harold Kettle over in Liverpool for one day on the occasion of the hearing of his action against a motor-cycling "hog." After wasting the whole morning in the Birkenhead County Court while judgment summonses were disposed of, the Judge intimated that the case would commence at 2-20 p.m., if we could promise that it would be over before 5 p.m., as he wanted to catch a train then. It was after 4-30 before the witnesses for the plaintiff were disposed of and the defendant examined, so if the witnesses for the defence were to be heard the Judge could not catch his train; he, therefore, said he had heard enough, and gave judgment for the defendant, intimating that as Kettle had come out of a side road the accident was caused by his negligence—taking no account whatever of the fact that Kettle not only got on to his right side of the main road before the accident, but had also proceeded quite 25 yards along it before being hit! The Law's a Hass! And all through wanting to catch a train—such is Justice!

The following are some extracts from a long letter from Mahon—whose address is Pte. J. L. Mahon, S.S. 6543, A.S.C., Ad. of S. and T. Office, British Army Headquarters, Cairo, Egypt—dated 20th June:—

"I have at last reached my destination and have got nicely fixed up as regards jobs. I am very lucky, I suppose, to get on H.Q. Staff. We had a lovely voyage out, without any rough weather to speak of, although the Bay seemed rather choppy and made me beastly sick. We stayed some time at the Rock and Malta, but not long enough to permit anyone to go ashore. From Malta we were escorted to the advanced base against the Turks, so near, in fact, that at night it was possible to hear the sound of the guns. Here we disembarked several battalions of the regiment Archie belongs to and also a good number of Irishmen. On arrival at Egypt, I came right along here with several others and had no opportunity of seeing Alexandria." Mahon then writes a very interesting report of his doings and sight-seeing in Cairo, and continues "A few days ago I saw a native funeral—and heard it! The mourning relatives sit on the cart with the coffin and—er—sing! The only puzzling part about it is that exactly the same din is made for a wedding, so that one cannot tell which is occurring until the party is seen—and then the native band!" Mahon will be very pleased to hear from any A.B.C.ers, and he asks for his address to be published with this end in view. He says he is missing his riding very much, but may be able to purchase a machine for the winter. "The very best French and Italian machines can be purchased out here cheaper than at home. I am greatly struck by the 'Frera' made by Frera Bros., of Milan. This machine, a true racing model, weighs only 9½ kilos and is provided with Bastide Rims, Perelli tubulars, and two excellent bakes (which need not be disturbed when changing), slotted front forks and quick release back wheel with double cogs, one free and one fixed. The price is about £9 15/-. If I can see my way to do so I shall bring one home. I have ridden the model mentioned, and I must say it is a revelation. It makes me realise the amount of energy I have been wasting on my old bus at home."

Enthusiasm and Strenuousness—Carpenter!

"I had a very choice unpremeditated 'all-night ride' of quite an unusual character. At any rate, I have no great desire for a repetition

of a certain portion of it. I left Glasgow at 2 p.m., intending to reach Oban before closing time. The run up Loch Lomond was perfect, but I faced a strong westerly wind from Crianlarich, and this was mingled with heavy showers after passing Tyndrum and over the barren stretches—I was soon pretty wet in the lower limbs. However, that was only a trifling discomfort, but when I discovered my handlebar extension giving way I began to feel uneasy. I found that it was cracked nearly round, and anything like a pull would have severed the tube. Nevertheless I was bound to go on, and I reached Dalmally at 9.5 p.m. There are apparently only the Hotel, a few houses and a church there, and I was not interested in anything beyond finding the road to Oban—from that point all was fresh ground to me. At 9.40 my back (Liberty) tyre subsided, and I got behind a wall to put on my only spare—a Constrictor. Within ten minutes that was flattened out! It was now dark and the rain was descending in the best Highland style with a forceful blast of wind that swept through the Pass of Melfort as through a funnel. Repairing seemed out of the question, so I blew up. With the necessary slow riding in such country with quaky handlebars it lasted about a mile and a half. I won't weary you with repetition, but I can assure you that without wasting more time than was necessary in blowing up, walking one or two hard bits and locating the right road by the aid of a map and an oil lamp in the dark, I took six hours 20 minutes in covering the last 26 miles to Oban from Dalmally! The only soul I encountered was a sentry at about 2.30 a.m. under a railway bridge. There was not even a stray dog to be seen in Oban until about 7; and in the meantime I found the leak by means of sea water in a boat and made repairs. Then I made for the 'King's Arms' (O.T.C.), and by 9 a.m. was demolishing breakfast—the first meal since 1 o'clock the day before!—although, of course, chocolate, cheese and water had been consumed during the night. The next move was to get the handlebar replaced or repaired. You can imagine that on a Sunday in Scotland. However, a garage eventually undertook to braze in a new piece of tube if I would pay 3/- an hour—Sabbath rate! I watched the man didn't 'slack,' but the job took two hours and cost 6/9! Nevertheless it was cheaper than waiting for the 5 a.m. Monday train, and I felt quite joyful in departing at 1 p.m. with the wind and in bright sunshine. Showers followed, however, and having lost another cap in Oban, my head was alternately wet and baked. There is, of course, splendid scenery all along. I returned the same route, but how different it looked. Shortly after passing Taret (Loch Lomond) I overhauled a group of Glasgow speedmen, and had a lively ride with them to Balloch. Learning I was an Anfielder, they enquired whether I was Cook. Such is fame! But I had to disown the 'reputation.' Tea at the Balloch Hotel was the last stop, and I reached my destination about 11 p.m., feeling fit and well after about 190 miles."

Fell, Toft and McCann are now fully fledged Special Constables and are equipped with all the necessary (and unnecessary) paraphernalia of the craft—baton and its sling, whistle, armband, notebook and pencil, and a big, big, large badge for their bowler hats. The latter makes them look like broken-down horse cabbies or conductors of the old horse tramcars; luckily, the badge has only to be worn when they are operating en masse with other "Special Slops."

RUNS.

Farndon, 3rd July, 1915.

"B-r-r-r-r! Hello!" "Hello!" "Are you coming out on Saturday?" "No, fixed up for the week-end." "Well, if you should be thinking of coming out, the tandem is at your disposal."

Of course, that did it: for, sure enough, I found myself once more aboard the lugger, Skipper Mullah in charge, and under full sail for Farndon, Bertie Green chipping in on the way. At the rendezvous Master

Cook was found already in possession, Knipe arriving a minute later. Discovering F.H. on the bridge, Billy Cook bottonholed him without ceremony, and with his most ingratiating smile, persuaded him to spend the night in his company at a place called "Llanigareyouon O.L."—at least, it sounded like it. Returning to the Hotel to find that quite a goodly muster of stalwarts had materialised, a bee-line was made for tea, which proved to be quite a delightful little meal. Didn't the strawberries disappear? Surely, there must have been a scarcity of that delectable fruit after the visit of the A.B.C. Tea over, an adjournment was made to the verandah, i.e., the stone flags in front of the Hotel. Johnny Band having regaled the crowd with a *true* story, Teddy Edwards, in a burst of confidence, related how, having lost the cushion he was accustomed to sit on when out cycling, he was compelled to use a cycle-saddle for once, with the result that he was very, very sore. After whiling away a pleasant half-hour, Mac suddenly remembered he had business elsewhere, and judging by the speed with which he got off his mark, his mission must have been more attractive than the company of his male intimates. Master Cook was next away; it transpired that someone had jockeyed him into trying a new route to Llan----- O.L. After the departure of the "stars," the remainder of the members by their united efforts succeeded in dragging Edwards from the stone flags, where he had been cooling his frayed anatomy, and a general move for home was begun. Squire Toft and his passenger were first away; then the lugger, accompanied by the fast cruisers Band, Green and Stevie, got away together, kissing good-bye and a pleasant ride to the other boys. After riding about three miles, Band announced that he had a mission to perform and cleared off on his own. It seems that on his way out he had run over an inoffensive widowed hen. He had hidden the hen in a certain place, and if, on his return, he found the poor thing was not dead, he was going to kill it, and well, everybody knows that butcher's meat is scarce just now. A little further on Stevey blushingly communicated the fact that he also had a mission to perform. Some friendly gentleman, blessed with a beautiful daughter, had imparted to Stevey that he did not know any eligible young man he liked so much, and had there and then invited him to spend the evening with them, so with our united congratulations and best wishes for a successful termination of his visit he turned off at the first opportunity to pay his respects and bask in the smiles of the daughter. The remaining members continued their way to the top of Kelsall Hill, when some cheerful idiot suggested that, as we were now wet through, we might as well put our capes on, and as such a good suggestion could not be ignored, it was carried nem. con., the final stretch being completed by happy though wet cyclists.

Halewood, 10th July, 1915.

Toft very kindly called for me—on a bicycle—and on our way out we met Mac, who was returning to town after putting in an appearance (he also "put in" other things—to wit, a good tea.—Ed.) at the Derby Arms, as he had to go on duty at 7 p.m. as a "Special Slop." It was also a disappointment, and for the same cause, that we had not the company of our President.

Soon after our arrival the clock struck six, so we marched upstairs "but not in fours." I think the Committee must have had Charlie Keizer in their minds when they fixed this run. (Quite right, they had C.K., and others in view when fixing this short run.—Ed.) How could you stop away, Charlie? Was it a case of bowls? For you know what a splendid "high tea" the Derby Arms provides. This day was no exception—salmon and green peas, chicken, roast beef, salad, sweets, etc.—the floral decorations and the serving and attendance were O.K.! Before leaving the table a question was raised and settled how it was that a number of

distinguished individuals were exempt from military service—the answer being that they belong to the order of “B.O.B.” Tea over, Cook made a hasty departure for a non-stop run to Northop, and then Green and the Mullah tandem got away, but the event of the evening was the inspection of Teddy Edward’s new tricycle. From the remarks passed it was a great mystery how he managed to ride it at all, for the machine was all wrong—wrong frame, wrong wheels, wrong saddle and springs, wrong tyres, the lamp a disgrace, the cranks should have been $6\frac{1}{2}$ instead of sevens, even the bell was wrong—too small. Should any member think of ordering a tricycle they should first consult Toft, Band, Zambuck, Simpson, Herbert Keizer, and Tommy Royden. After pulling the trike to pieces (figuratively, of course) we made a start for home.

Not being a scribe, I did not volunteer to write this scrappy account (Good heavens! such a remark is quite unnecessary—we should have several fits did anyone volunteer!—Ed.), but having been asked that settled it.

Eaton, 17th July, 1915.

I had noticed during tea occasional furtive glances from the Editor’s piercing orbs in my direction, but, absorbed in the interesting disclosures of J.B. who was waxing eloquent on the foibles and peculiarities of the sack ladies attached to his establishment (delightful subject for one of the Old Masters), I was lulled into a state of false security, and he seizing the psychological moment pounced upon me, fixed me with his glittering eye, and stated with fierce emphasis “You will write this run!” Tears and entreaties were in vain, as almost ere the awful sentence had passed his lips his princely form had vanished. Hence this ’ere account:—Being in exceptionally good form, I arrived out well before schedule, and spent a few profitable moments with mine host, who, having been a coachman in the best “sukkle” regaled me with some of his experiences, which almost brought the blush of shame to my damask cheek. This being a family paper I am debarred from going into details. I told him one or two also, by which time some chaps had arrived on ghastly contraptions of two and three wheels propelled in some inexplicable manner by feet. These hardy fellows it transpired had in some cases come several miles by this mode of propulsion, boasting thereof without shame, “side” being rampant amongst them. Wonderful phenomenon! After a few moments the Cook murmured a suggestion; I thought my ears had deceived me. I gazed down into the limpid deeps of his beautiful eyes as if I would plumb the very depths of his soul to see if business was meant and not bounce. He wavered not, and, followed by the wondering and envious eyes of the crowd, I gently led him to the tank and it was good business. He and J.B. discoursed of ages long ago when they were the pride of the track, and the countless thousands that might have been theirs, but for their innate honesty and singleness of purpose. Twelve sat down to tea, and had just commenced on the succulent fare of a brace of eggs each (except J.B. and self, who with Napoleonic prescience had requisitioned ’am in addition), when the Master entered making 13. Towards the conclusion of the repast a somewhat delicate problem arose. It transpired that the gourmet Keizerette had treated his eggs with contumely, and the innocent things were still waiting there for someone to love them. Calculating eyes from time to time had been cast upon them, but the eyers lacked initiative, and it remained for the Presider with his consummate tact to bring the matter to a head, which he did by appropriating one and inviting a neighbouring colleague to the other; no money passed. Cook and Keizerette had arranged to week-end at Newport and I decided to join them. The Master also must have eventually decided to come along as I understand a weird person with bomb proof headgear, mounted on a mass of accessories (2 of everything) attached to an engine overtook the K.C. combination and

inquired if I had gone on. On receiving a reply in the affirmative he went ahead to catch me, but naturally that was impossible and some little time after a dejected figure was seen returning home. We were made very comfortable at the Barleymow, where the K. carried on a violent philandering with the fair Phyllis, the Cook confining his attentions to the maturer charms of the lady of the house, and making himself generally useful in the concoction of fiery liquid refreshment, and in other ways. After a time the K. was put to bed having been overpowered by the fumes of the tonic water. It appeared, however, before going, that, carried away by the blandishments of the f.P., he had offered her the loan of his bike for the morning, and I was also assailed by the charmer, and promised to accompany her, discovering too late that the time was 5 A.M.! The seemingly impossible feat of rising at this ghastly hour was somehow accomplished, and we dug out the machines in quest of adventure. Whether the strain of getting up had been too much for a mind perhaps too delicately attuned (ahem!) or the intricacies of the K.'s mount, are beyond the ordinary man's intellect, or in the alternative whether my index finger (bereft of the K.'s experience) as placed on the carburetter lacked the unerring cunning and patient kindness of the owner I know not; the fact remains, beyond occasional flurries, flattering only to deceive, the beast refused to budge, and after a sumptuous display of profanity (What about the other display.—Ed.) the attempt was abandoned. I gently lifted the fair one on to my steed, and pushed her off ALONE; the tragedy of it! Thus ended a situation pregnant with almost limitless possibilities. On telling the K. of my troubles I was met with a patient pitying smile, and on getting out he made a few mysterious passes, lovingly allowed his index finger to linger on the old, old spot, a smile of infinite tenderness playing over his classic features the while, and he paddled away serenely whereupon I kicked myself in three separate positions. The K.C. combination then went off in the direction of Nantwich and the writer homeward. Altogether a very nice interlude—the weather turning out well.

F. D. McCANN,

Editor.

Just as we go to press we have the pleasure of reporting that cheerful Corporal L. Cohen is home on four days leave. He tells us that according to rumour he and the Pals have been all over the world—they have been to Gib. no fewer than three times, Malta, Iceland and many other places; however he has hopes of getting away for some real work abroad very shortly. He looks well and stouter but maintains that he is in reality thinner and lighter.

ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB.

FORMED MARCH 1879.

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

MONTHLY CIRCULAR.

FIXTURES FOR SEPTEMBER, 1915.

	Light up at
Sept. 4.—Warrington (Patter. Arms)	7.55 p.m.
.. 11.—Newburgh (Red Lion)	7.38 p.m.
.. 13.—Committee Meeting, St. George's Restaurant, 7 p.m.	
.. 18.—Farndon (Raven)	7.21 p.m.
.. 25.—Acton Bridge (Railway Hotel, near Station)	7.4 p.m.
October 2.—Kelsall (Royal Oak)	6.47 p.m.

Full Moon 23rd instant.

Committee Notes.

16, Croxteth Grove,
Liverpool.

NEW ADDRESSES.—Private W. H. Kettle, Hut 22, C. Coy., 12th Yorks. and Lancs. Regiment, South Camp, RIPON; G. Stephenson, 1, Stanley Crescent, Prescott.

The teas at Farndon, 18th September, Acton Bridge, 25th September, and Kelsall, 2nd October, will be Plain Teas. Members desiring meat teas will please make their own arrangements.

F. D. McCANN,
Hon. Secretary.

MEMS.

Jim Park is now in command of H.M. Yacht "Amalthea."

Binns has joined the O.T.C.—he joined last May—and has now passed all his examinations and expects to be called up shortly. He hopes to attend a Club Run before being drafted away to his regiment.

Timbertiles is a happy father—Congratulaton, Timber!. That is what prevented Timbertiles from supporting the All-Night Ride, as the event occurred on that afternoon! “A future Anfielder,” he says.

“The . . . County Council have invented a new game and gave an exhibition for my especial delectation. They acquire a two-wheeled cart and a horse, one of those with four legs and a tail, and two bipeds furnished with shovels. The cart is then filled with spiculae—not spicules—covered with a dark substance of an oleaginous appearance, resembling tar. The men then, partially, very partially, fill the shovels, separately, with suitable intervals for refreshment, shut their eyes, turn round three times and catch who you may—in other words, cast the aforesaid spiculae, not spicules, to the four winds of heaven. Then, after due deliberation, the whole ‘caboodle’ is moved on a few yards and the operation is repeated until the next pub. is reached.” All this is T.W.J.B.’s description of road tarring operations near St. Asaph, witnessed and suffered by him when there for a few days holiday.

The Cheshire Road Club’s runs continue to be well supported—there were 13 out on the 22rd August—*our* lucky number—including Ted Webb who, by the way, expects to be in Khaki very soon. We are sure the A.B.C. joins with the C.R.C. in wishing him the best of luck and a safe and speedy return.

We are indebted to Turnor for the following extracts from letters received by him from Percy Williamson and J. L. Mahon. Williamson’s address is, Sapper P. Williamson, No. 72272, Northern Wireless Section, Attached M.H.Q. Signal Coy., R.E., 1st Echelon, British Mediterranean Expeditionary Force; Mahon’s address was given in the August Circular. Williamson writes:—“I received your letter of the 16th June about a week ago. It came as something of a novelty for it was my first letter from anyone since leaving England. Have since had one or two from home, and one from Archie. We are having a fairly decent time here under the circumstances. It is, of course, pretty hot and you will understand what the fly pest is in these climates. Every one that you drive out of your dugout goes and brings about a hundred pals to worry us. This part of the peninsular is a barren place with no villages or roads, and the dust and sand blows in great clouds until it is almost impossible to see, so not a favourable place for doing much cycling. This letter has been somewhat interrupted by shell fire. I am sat just outside the dugout and have had to keep diving in when a ‘coalbox’ has come whizzing along and exploded with a plonk anything from thirty to a hundred yards away. It keeps things from becoming monotonous, but it’s just a trifle too exciting. Anyhow we keep smiling through it. Please give my regards to all Anfielders.”

Mahon appears to be in a good position for getting in some riding occasionally, as witness the following:—“I have received your letter of the 27th ulto. a few days ago, and I must say I was very pleased to hear from you. Regarding the ‘Dago’ bicycle, I have now no need to buy one for since writing Cook I have met a French youth who is very keen, and has a very nice little stable. He has several De Dions and lends me one whenever I care to ride it. Just at present it is too hot for anything, almost too hot to eat. I shall, however, bring home a set of brakes, one front for the trike and one rear for the bicycle. They are on the same principle as the Meredith brake, but only cost about half the price. They grip on the edge of the rim, so there is not the slightest need to even touch it when changing. The only fault is that they are so devilish keen in action. A line from England is always very welcome out here, and if you have any time to write me I should like to know how the boys are getting along.”

RUNS.

Daresbury, 24th July, 1915.

The writer, accompanied by Colonel Kovah, journeyed out to this fixture by way of Arley, Cogshall, Little Leigh and Acton. Teddy Edwards and Stephenson were already in possession of the Railway Hotel, Acton, consequently a halt was called. Whilst tea was being brewed a further examination was made of Teddy's Trike to see if there was anything right with it, but no definite conclusion was arrived at. Cups of tea having been disposed of, the two bicyclists tried to persuade the two tricyclists (Stephenson was also on three wheels) to join them on a joy ride to Daresbury, via the banks of the Weaver with field paths and farm yards thrown in. In spite of eulogistic accounts of this route, the tricyclists were adamant and stated that they had a marked preference for "well ironed" roads. The quartet arrived at Daresbury, the trikes by one route and the bikes by another route, and there met the Club. Cook and Professor Green had finished tea prior to the Club tea proper, but including these gentlemen the total reached the respectable figure of sixteen members and one friend. Captain Seed was in evidence looking after the comfort of his flock, and Hubert Roskell charmed the members by his cheery presence, whilst "Aladin" Cooper accompanied by a friend graced the board, but constabulary duties claimed Toft. After tea Cody took off his outer cover to see if anyone had removed the airtube whilst the meal was in progress, and then Johnny Band gave a masterly exposition of how to repair a Constrictor, his tyre having gracefully subsided to enable him to instruct the uninitiated. Harold Kettle, during his absence on military duties, has handed over his trike to McCann, and our Scribe is riding it with the skill of an old hand. It appears to the writer that the Committee will have to take steps to make Club Runs more entertaining or Billy Cook will become a more frequent absentee. It stands to reason that when a man has been cycling for a great number of years the game lacks novelty. It is even so with Billy, and he has now come to the stage when the cycle is only a means to an end. W.P.C. certainly cycled via Daresbury to Bettws-y-Coed, but this was only as a means of transit, because his new sport is really Mountain Climbing and Rock Tapping. There would have been some excuse if Daresbury to Bettws, after tea, had been a big journey, but with a little jaunt of only 70 miles in store it is absurd to have tea an hour before the Club. c.h.t.

August Bank Holiday Tour, 31st July—2nd August, 1915.

If you stayed at home or toured elsewhere and got drowned out you have only yourself to blame, for if you had supported the fixture you would not only have had a gloriously happy holiday but been most lucky in missing the thunderstorms that marked the holiday period. It was quite like old times to have the large number of 17 members and 3 friends participating in the August Bank Holiday Tour, and it speaks volumes for the vitality of the good old Club that with so many away at the war and no Cheadle co-operation we should equal the crowd of ante bellum days. The Mullah and Webb were the first to start the tour on a tandem by riding to Chester on the Friday night, and calling for the Pagan-one on Saturday morning. Johnny Band also chipped in at No. 15, and in glorious weather the party banged off up town to pick up Mac (like Cook, on a trike) at Knowsley. With a stop at the Plough (Lathom), Newburgh was reached in good time, and full justice done to an excellent lunch before continuing on to Preston and Whalley. Here the party for the tour gradually began to roll up. Toft, with Theakstone in the side-car, Keizerette pacing Grimshaw, Royden, Newsholme, George Mercer with Mr. Biggin, of Glasgow, in his car, and last, but certainly not least, Hubert Roskell, with whom do you think? Why, none other than Jimmy James

just returned from foreign parts to do his whack for the Empire! Needless to say, James got a very hearty cheer and the warmest of welcomes, and we hope he was as delighted to be with the Club again as the Club was delighted to have him back. While waiting for tea with its geological specimens called *boiled eggs*, most of the party visited the Abbey, and got enmeshed in the toils of Alexandra Rose Day! After tea, Grimshaw regretfully returned to Preston, and the 14 tourists continued North, and most of them reached Gisburn by a lane route that can be strongly recommended both for its entrancing scenic beauty and its entire avoidance of both Clitheroe and Sawley Bank. Just beyond Barrow the road to the right was taken to Worston, and then keeping right (instead of turning left for Chatburn) the lanes were followed to Downham, where turning left over the bridge and up the hill, a road to the right for Rimmington was followed to its junction with the Colne-Gisburn road just outside Gisburn. At Gisburn, Band went on with the Keizerette, and the others toured more quietly, as Newsholme had broken a pedal and Webb was wrangling the machine along with only the spindle for one foot, which is not a pleasant job. However, Skipton was duly reached about 9, and after some scheming over the beds we were soon busy with an excellent supper, during which a friend of Theakstone's, Mr. Molyneaux, arrived on a Sunbeam, having just missed us at Whalley, and then we settled down to a quiet, old-fashioned evening with Mr. Biggin and Theakstone in excellent form as raconteurs notwithstanding the *stout* interruptions of Tommy! Just as we were ready for bed Timbertiles rolled in, and by arriving so late saved the 3d. fee for stabling his bicycle! You know the old wheeze—the stables are let off and have nothing to do with the Hotel! Thus we numbered 16 at Skipton, but on Sunday morning Mercer and Mr. Biggin had to return home, although Stevenson, who had reached Gisburn the night before, joined us, and we were again 15. The morning was a bit showery, but nothing for even trikes to worry about. At Threshfield, Jim Park was represented by his sister who had walked over from Grassington to see the Club pass, and at Kilnsey the party all foregathered to discuss the difference between Cyder and Cider! We were lucky to reach Buckden just as it began to really rain, but it soon cleared off, and we were not long kept indoors. Lunch was a bit late but very excellent. Then the "tour proper now commenced," and grand indeed was the ascent of Cray Gill, although Royden was much too fast for the rest of us. As we neared the top we ran into very heavy rain, but it was soon over, and as we dropped down into Bishopdale we found there had been little or no rain, while Wensleydale lay before us smiling in sunshine. In Bishopdale we met Sunter and his son, and they piloted us to West Burton and the Palmer Flatt Hotel. Here some kept on the South side of the river to Hawes, while others crossed to see Aysgarth Force, and proceeded on the North side by Carperby and Askrigg. At Hawes the Hotels were both full, and it was perhaps not inadvisable that some had tea at the White Hart, while the rest did themselves very well, under Sunter's aegis, at the Crown, which is much the better house. Keizerette brought us word that Hubert's car had struck trouble in Aysgarth—"big end seized" or something that put them hors de combat, and much to our regret we saw Hubert and James no more, and were now a party of 13. After tea we proceeded to the Moorcock, and were soon reeling off the miles down glorious Garsdale to Sedbergh, where at the White Hart we certainly struck the gem of the tour—everything so excellent that Keizerette is probably still there! Theakstone was in extra good form, and it was a good job there was a Coroner on the premises. Monday morning was glorious, and, leaving Keizerette behind, the dozen continued the tour to Kirkby Lonsdale, where, at the Devil's Bridge, we were greatly interested in the camp of the Lancashire Hussars, and witnessed the watering of the horses in the river after the morning march. With a stop at Hornby to view the Castle, we reached Lancaster for lunch, and the change to the County Hotel was voted a big success.

Here Timbertiles left us to train to Leicester, and now reduced to 11 we got on with it as far as Preston, where Turnor and Webb split off for Manchester direct, as Webb had to go on duty at midnight. Think of that, ye lazy ones! The remaining nine continued to Newburgh for tea, and here the tour practically ended, with Toft, Theakstone and Mr. Molyneaux pushing on after tea. The six cyclists followed at more leisure, and had two thunderstorms to negotiate near Lathom and Rainford respectively, but it was quite fine when Stephenson and Newsholme branched off near Knowsley, and Tommy Royden did the thing properly at the Farmers' Arms, Page Moss, where we parted with Mac, and with Band making for the tunnel, Tommy and the Pagan-one were last seen toiling up the sea-beach of Borough Road, Birkenhead, quite satisfied that they had been most fortunate in escaping the floods that had so left their mark. It should be recorded that in the absence of the Captain and both sub-Captains the party unanimously elected Royden to undertake the work, and so well did he do it that he got up before breakfast at Sedburgh, visited the church and entered all our names in the visitors' book!

" . . . as others see us."

The following are extracts from the account of the Tour which appeared, together with three of Mac's photographs, in the "Scottish Cyclist" of the week ending 21st August, and contributed by Mr. Biggin, the President of the Scottish Road Records Association, who accompanied Mercer as far as Skipton.

"The Anfield Bicycle Club, now in its 36th year, has always made a feature of an August Tour, and this was carried out as usual this year, the start being on the last of July from Liverpool. Although most of the racing-men and younger members are doing their bit at the Front, and of the over age Anfielders many are Special Constables or doing clerical work to help to keep our end up, it was a merry party of seventeen who partook of supper on Saturday night in Skipton, after the seventy mile ride from Liverpool.

"The Anfield Club, founded in 1879, is still strong and healthy, rich in road-racing men, and is unique in its large number of old members, young in spirit, stick together and find one of the greatest pleasures of their lives in roaming through our beautiful homeland. The tourists started from Liverpool in several batches, the weather being of the Curate's egg variety, but they were not downhearted, and neither the war nor the weather could stop the flow of wit nor detract from the pleasure of being on the open road."

Knutsford, 7th August, 1915

To the fact that this was the first Saturday after the August Bank Holiday—somehow the attendance is always small after a Bank Holiday fixture—and that the weather was fairly bad must be put down the small muster; only eight turned out—four from Liverpool and four from Manchester. The small muster must have been rather a disappointment to Sergeant Warburton, home on leave from the Front, who came out, on the rear seat of the Mullah's tandem, to renew old acquaintance. All the same, those who were out were very well pleased, indeed, to see him, and to see him looking so fit and well. On the outward journey it was a case of capes all the time, and from Liverpool a nasty easterly wind had to be faced; I nearly turned it down before passing through Warrington, but persevered and finally reached the Lord Eldon about a quarter after six, to find the "crowd" at tea. The last mile into Knutsford was atrocious, tarring operations had evidently been in progress that morning, and the combination of wet tar and wet rain was not pleasant—it stuck to the wheels

and then after a bit went whirling off in great cobs from the tyres like sparks from a catherine wheel; for at least a mile and a half from the end of the treated stretch, on the homeward journey towards Warrington, the road was littered with lumps of it. I should like to take the road surveyor responsible for the beastly mess and make him ride a mudguardless machine up and down the stretch for a few hours at a good pace and then roll him in it! He is not fit for his job. What the state of the road would have been had it been a fine, bright and warm day passes comprehension—the mess, rendered less sticky by the rain, was bad enough in all conscience.

Cook and Band returned by Chester and report having run out of the rain for most of the way home, while Stephenson and McCann, the former on a trike (!) went by Warrington, where the latter had to change a tyre. I don't know how the Manchester members, who were Louis Oppenheimer and H. Green, in addition to the two already named, returned as the Liverpool members were first away.

Broxton, 14th August, 1915.

At six o'clock there was every appearance of a very small muster, and the landlord began to get a bit alarmed. When I arrived a few minutes before the tea hour, I found Band, Cook, James, Turnor and Royden, sitting on a heap of hard stones—road metal, in fact. I joined them after making my way to the stable through scores of trippers—evidently the A.B.C. is not the only body to hold an "Annual Picnic" to Broxton—this particular crowd was from Crewe by waggonette. Leese shortly after arrived, and I should have said that H. Green was inside, so our number was not so small as it at one time looked like being. Then a crowded car arrived, and it was found to contain David Rowatt and Mercer, and thousands of the Clan Rowatt. As the latter were despatched for a ramble in the lanes we now numbered nine, and an attack was made on the tea. We had got nicely started when F.H. arrived and reported Crowcroft, on a motor bicycle, as also being "one of us." Then Stephenson and Edwards turned up, the latter being very disreputable with mud from the trike off the wet and flooded roads round Frodsham. They had had much rain and Teddy, of course, scorns a "butcher's jacket." After tea a few minutes were wasted watching the "Sports" of the aforementioned 'Scursionists, but this exciting form of amusement soon palled. The Liverpool and Wirral members returned through Eaton Park and Chester to Hinderton, meeting with a slight shower near Farndon.

Broxton, 14th August, 1915.

It was simply pouring when I left home at 2.30, so I put my cape on. In two miles I was on dry roads, and feeling that a cape did not look quite the thing to wear I took it off—and promptly ran into another terrific storm. This went on happening for some time. One was either getting wet or looking a fool in a cape in the sunshine. It resulted in me just missing the 3.10 transporter by inches, so there was nothing to do but sit down and curse. I did both successfully until 3.30, when, just before the car left again, a muddy object on three wheels rolled up, which, on closer investigation proved to be Teddy Edwards. We proceeded on together towards Frodsham, but before we got there we were driven to take shelter in a shed from a very large size in rainstorms, and when it stopped Teddy's side wheels were again throwing mud on him.

At Hatchmere a halt was called for afternoon tea, and we seriously discussed having the Club Run there, as it was getting so late. However we decided to struggle on, and eventually arrived at Broxton about 6.15,

the Master and Crowcroft, the latter on a Douglas, passing us three times between Tarporley and there. We had tea (raw eggs, which were not very successful, I thought) and then adjourned to the yard to view Crow's mount; it appears that it is now necessary, when going really fast, to wear one's lamp as well as one's cap back to front. Billy Cook and F.H. found it more entertaining to assist a dame! to blow up her tyre and tell her the tale. James was the first to go, and others soon followed him, including the Mullah, Green Junior, and myself. The Mullah was desirous of going thro' the Peckforton Gap and cajoled us into accompanying him. You couldn't call the surface fast—some people would have called it other things—but we struggled to the top, almost carrying our machines, to be rewarded with some fine views, which would have been finer still except for the mist. Shortly after leaving the top, the Mullah—yes, we'll blame the Mullah—took a wrong turning and led us into the Peckforton Estate; we were reduced to walking first, and later to wading, jumping, hopping, and every other form of propulsion except riding. After two miles of this we came out on the road running between Beeston and Peckforton, turned to the right and reached our original road again; it is unnecessary to mention that it was raining most of this time.

After some well earned beer at the Four Lane Ends we made for Cudington and Weaverham, lighted on our way by cheerful fireworks in the heavens.

Nothing more eventful happened until we got to Weaverham, where the Mullah left me by agreement. It was not until we had reached this sweet smelling country village that we missed Green who had apparently got "mis-laid." The Mullah retraced his wheelmarks to look for him, cursing horrible oaths, while I rode onward. Whether he has yet been found I do not know.

[Not having received the "official" copy for the Broxton Run at the time of going to press we were reduced to the necessity of writing it ourselves, and the surest way of getting promised copy by return is to write another report—hence the two accounts of this fixture.]

Lostock Cralam, 21st August, 1915

There are many extraordinary calls on one's time now-a-days and attendances on the old scale can scarcely be expected, especially when one takes into account the number of active members who have joined the Colours. But, with all allowed for, it is difficult to find an explanation for a muster of six only, and that was the number who sat down to tea. It can't have been the weather—that was better than it has been on any Saturday for some time—it can't have been the distance, for more distant runs have been better patronised—it can't have been the anticipation of an unsatisfactory meal, for we are always well served at the Black Greyhound. I give it up, but since a somewhat similar state of affairs has obtained on several occasions recently, it may perhaps be suggested that the Committee should seriously consider whether or not they can continue to ask innkeepers to provide the usual meal. Of course, we are all anxious for "Business as usual," but innkeepers are not in business for their health. (Note.—Fell and McCann were both on duty as Special Constables.—Ed.)

Apart from a strongish wind, the weather was quite good and a pleasant change from what we have been having of late, so that the worn-out crotch who writes this was able to do a nice little round without undue fatigue. Newsholme had his first experience on "rags and timber," and blighted the hopes of quite a number of would-be scorchers. Teddy Edwards and Johnny Band represented Liverpool, the Mullah came out

sedately, and Professor Green sped rapidly to the rendezvous on the exhilaration of an excellent score in his "class firing." He confided to us that he could now claim to be a Marksman, in fact he could plug the entire bull out of a target without letting the remainder of the card know that anything was going on—pretty fair for a "B.O.B."

The meal was an excellent one, and was seasoned with many strictly unofficial but guaranteed-all-wool-and-a-yard-wide reports of the doings of the Forces on land and sea. After tea, we adjourned to the stables where various improvements were made to Newsholme's new machine, and the discussion became "pre-war." Where *do* all the yarns come from? Soon Teddy and Johnny decided that it was no place for them, and after an altercation with the gate got away followed immediately by the remaining four, who, after a halt on the way for the discussion of military and other things, reached home safely at a very proper hour.

The writer of the above is evidently unaware that Cook and the Keizerette both attended this Run, but two hours earlier! So the total attendance was eight instead of six. Cook and Keizerette had a trip to Bettws. in view, for an ascent of the Glyders, and to arrive at Bettws. at anything like a reasonable hour an early tea and start was imperative—the alternative was to miss a Run; this was, of course, unthinkable! We learn that Bettws. was reached in good time, and the ascent of one of the Glyders made, but thick fog on top somewhat spoiled the view and caused the extension to the other Glyder to be abandoned. The Welsh-Swiss Guide was one of the party.—(Ed.)

F. D. McCANN,

Editor.

ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB.

FORMED MARCH 1879.

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

MONTHLY CIRCULAR.

FIXTURES FOR OCTOBER, 1915.

	Light up at
October 2.—Kelsall (Royal Oak)	6-47 p.m.
„ 9.—Warrington (Patten Arms)	6-29 p.m.
„ 11.—Committee Meeting, St. George's Restaurant, 7 p.m.	
„ 16.—Halewood (Derby Arms)	6-13 p.m.
„ 23.—Marford (Trevor Arms) and Week-end Llangoilen (Royal) ...	5-58 p.m.
„ 30.—Newburgh (Red Lion)	5-53 p.m.
Alternative Run for Manchester Members.	
„ 30.—Knutsford (Lord Eldon)	5-53 p.m.

Full Moon, 23rd instant.

Committee Notes.

16, Croxteth Grove,

Liverpool.

The Autumnal Tints Tour is to take place on the 23rd October, the venue being Llangoilen as usual. A Special Tariff has been arranged at the Royal of 7/- for supper, bed and breakfast, and 5/- for bed and breakfast, Luncheon on the Sunday is scheduled at Ruthin (Castle), and tea at Chester (Bull and Stirrup). Please let me know as soon as possible if it is your intention to participate.

The Committee fixed the Hunts Cross dates as the first Saturdays in November, December and January as usual, but it appears doubtful whether we can use the Hunts Cross Hotel then as the Hilditchs are leaving the house at the end of October, and up to the present they do not know who is taking it over from them. The end of the Hunts Cross fixtures would be a great pity—it is hoped to make the usual arrangements with the new people and members will be advised as soon as possible.

NEW ADDRESS.—E. Bright, 6, Vernon Terrace, New Southgate, London, N.

F. D. McCANN,

Hon. Secretary.

MEMS.

Grimshaw's Irish 100 Mile Record of 5hrs. 30mins. 24secs., established in the I.R.C.'s "100" on August Bank Holiday, 1914, was, on Saturday, 11th September, beaten by M. Walker of the I.R.C. in that club's "100," the new figures being 5hrs. 26mins. 29secs.

The following are extracts from a letter from Jim Park received by Cook:—"Just a few lines to let you know I am still very much in the land of the living, though I'm afraid I have very little news I can give you. Everything is fairly quiet down my way, but all the same we have a fairly strenuous time and it's a case of having one's clothes on all the time for eight or nine days on end, except when one takes a bath. As far as the keeping awake part is concerned I'd be splendidly fit for an End to End Ride. Occasionally we get a bit of a run for our money, but the U boats are awfully gun-shy and won't come within ten miles of anything armed if they can help it. Trying to bag an unarmed merchantman is their game and apparently it's the only job they've got guts for—the swine! Chin chin to the A.B.C."

Turnor has received a letter from Jack Hodges, now with the Mediterranean Expeditionary Force—his address is No. 29177, Sapper J. Hodges, R.E.P.S., F.P.O. D.11, B.M.E.F.

"Here I am, a long way from anywhere, in a climate which creates an ideal thirst, and a lack of civilisation which does not supply a means of slaking it. I hope I will not be giving you too much trouble in what I am about to ask you. I have a few shillings left over from last year's prizes with the Club. Could you draw it for me, and, if the amount is equal to the strain, send me a tin bottle of some distillation which would be comforting to a stomach weakened by diarrhoea? Your West Coast experience will doubtless put you 'au fait' with the correct spirit (verb sap). If there is anything left you might fill up with 'Horlick's Malted Milk.' If the amount in hand is, in your opinion, too inconsiderable, please let the matter slide.

"I hope you are fit and enjoying the Club Runs. When I think of them, as I often do now, my parched lips (no 'cod' this) gently form themselves into the correct shape for getting the best out of 'the same again, Miss, please.'

"It seems a deuce of a time since we left England, altho' it's only a month. It took us 24 days to come here. Of course we made a great many detours, for safety's sake, as the boat was a slow tub and could not risk meeting trouble.

"The days are very hot. The nights are warm, and infested with nuisances. Huge locusts fly under the tent curtain (which we keep rolled night and day for coolness). They let on one with a terrible thud. Ants and all sorts of creeping things are our bedmates, and seem to rely on us for fresh meat. The flies which move in millions waken at 5 a.m., and after that there is no sleep. All night long there is the music of crickets, frogs and artillery.

"Taking all in all, there is no doubt that I am having a change of scene, and yet I don't seem to be extracting a proper amount of enjoyment from it. Please remember me to all the chaps."

Corporal Li. Cohen has been up in Liverpool on final leave before proceeding to the Front—whether France or the Mediterranean he cannot say. He has transferred to the Royal Engineers and has been at Woolwich for a little time. He is looking extremely well and fit, and he called in at the Cafe to say "Au revoir."

At the same time that Cohen was in Liverpool, Billy Owen was in Liverpool for a few days holiday—he also called on us at the Cafe.

Harold Kettle is probably now down at Salisbury, as in a letter of the 23rd August he remarks that he expected to move there shortly. He writes: "We have very decent quarters up here (Ripon) and I am having a fairly good time. The latest rumour is that we move to Salisbury soon. There may be some truth in it as I believe we are only up here to fire our 'course.' I get a fair amount of cycling in. While pottering about on Saturday I came across the Yorkshire Road Club holding a '100.' I afterwards went from Borobridge to Wetherby to see the finish, but we got there rather late. Yesterday I went to Borobridge, up to Thirsk and then along the York Road as far as Easingwold, then striking off through some lanes to Borobridge. While in the lanes some of the Y.R.C. picked me up and I went to Borobridge with them for tea. After tea I went with them nearly to Wetherby, turning off through Knaresboro to Camp. It is like coming back to civilisation to get a bit of cycling in, but it is damned hard work in regimentals. Remember me to all."

"Sherlock Holmes" has been on the track of the Pagan-one! Speaking in a "*J.O.C.*ular way," of course, as we have received the following report of the investigations of J. O. Cooper:—

Careful readers of the Circular cannot have failed to view with alarm the recent doings of the Apostle. I refer to those mountaineering expeditions, "*Crossing the Berwyns*," "*Ascending the Glyders*," etc. Don't be surprised if some fine day he should attend a run with full mountaineering costume and kit, boots, pick axe and rope, strapped on to the trike. Personally, I had some doubts as to whether these trips were actually done, or whether they were conjured up after a quiet afternoon's reading of George Borrow, so, in order to test their accuracy, during tea I put a few questions regarding a projected trip to come off the next week-end, and decided to follow him up. Consequently, on the Sunday morning concerned I started in pursuit, arriving 11 a.m. at Llanarmon Dyffryn Ceiriog. I enquired at the Hand Hotel and found he had left some time previous. I then followed the road further up the Valley to a point where the Ceiriog is joined by another stream, then, taking the right hand fork of the river, followed it for about a mile until the Falls of the Ceiriog were reached. As there were no signs of the Apostle, or in fact any other human being about, I began to have my doubts. Presently, after searching for evidence, I came across a piece of paper upon which was plainly visible "*Glan Aber Hotel*." Circumstantial evidence, no doubt, but still, perhaps, of some value. Not being able to take even a Ford over the Berwyns, I retraced my steps and made for home, but, later on, meeting The Apostle at Hinderton, I referred to the documentary evidence which I had found, but from the emphatic manner in which he denied all knowledge in regard to the aforesaid evidence, I might have been accusing him of murder. Two days later, however, a special messenger of The Apostle arrived at my house asking my pardon, stating that, after full enquiries had been made, it was found the aforesaid paper had been carelessly dropped by a member of the party, so we are now the best of friends again, and when I see future accounts of climbing the Devil's Kitchen, Pinnacle Rock or Great Gable, I will not view them with such sceptical eyes.

A Few Notes from a Second Line War Base.

Receipt of the September Circular reminds me that I promised Mac some copy. I had not forgotten it, I simply have had no opportunity to tackle it. Perhaps a good many of you are wondering why the Cheshire Brigade are still trekking about in this country, and, following the Army

in Western Europe and the decimated state of the Line Battalions in those parts of Europe and Flanders, it may seem rather strange that the gaps have not been filled up from the Territorial Brigade of the Cheshire Regiment. Affairs have developed in the Dardanelles, and, unfortunately, our poor fellows of the 1st 4th have been very badly hit; but I suppose most of you know all about that by now. We have lost a number of priceless officers and N.C.O.'s, and it does seem hard lines for the Battalion to be put through it to such an awful extent after 12 months hard graft. The men were fit beyond belief, there was no shadow of a doubt about their keen devotion to as fine a staff of officers ever possible for a man to serve under; and they belonged to the glorious old 22nd Regiment, the "Two-two's," alias the "Lightning Conductors." Everybody knows what the Regiment has done in this war, and I would remind all Anfielders who live on the Cheshire side that they can stimulate recruiting for the Battalion by forcing it home on people, who point to the heavy casualty lists from the Dardanelles as a sound excuse for not joining the colours, that nearly every Expeditionary Force which undertakes a difficult landing against an unknown force is bound to suffer to a great extent, as they have no time to "dig in," even if that were their object which it is not. It must be remembered that they were absolutely pioneers, and when I tell you that a 12-mile front has been established with a depth of coastline varying from 2 to 6 miles behind it you can readily understand that, unless the improbable happens and the Allies are driven into the sea, a safe base has been secured on that coastline, and drafts can be landed without any fear of a repetition of the last few weeks. Pioneers nearly always suffer inasmuch as they always have to face unknown conditions; although in the Service nothing is left to chance or experiment. So, I pray you, let that be your answer to the timid hearted and remind them that a battalion is only a very small unit of an Army Corps, and we feel it because it has come home so suddenly to our own district. I have just been reckoning up, and I find that I have had exactly one day's furlough for every month since we left the depôt, and that is nine months past on the 9th of this month. During that time we have done some travelling at the expense of the War Office, and we are sincerely hoping that our next move will be "out yonder." We live in empty houses here in Bedford and the beds were horribly hard at first, but then wood is usually inclined that way, and "two blankets under and one over" don't help any; in fact, they only seem to emphasise the hardness of the boards. But we are supremely happy and we get good rations, so there is nothing to grouse about except inaction. I nearly forgot to mention that I am a cyclist again, and I am at present riding for the Premier Cycle Co. My "Iron" is a very splendid beast indeed, painted khaki colour, is adorned with a pair each of rifle carriers and luggage racks, one "forrard" and one "aft." It is fitted with a free wheel, and Oh! what joy for the Paganhook, hills do not fade away, because of the absence of the Trinity. I should say the total weight, including one pair of solid iron mudguards and sundry bits of wire and string which I have added to keep the brute together, is about 48 lbs. She, the lovely creature, is shod with Dunlop tyres (extra heavy), and if I were to tell you the enormous figure the Dunlop Co. are paying me for my patronage you would all shout LIAR! I'll tell you how I came by my new grid. I happened to be loitering about in the vicinity of the Quartermaster's stores, when I suddenly espied the remains of about 30 Premier (High Grade) cycles lying in a corner, so I just hopped in and asked for an interview with the scrap heap. The Quartermaster-Sergeant smiled upon me pityingly, inquired after my mental capacity (you know these Army men), but finally gave his consent and I set to work. Rolled shirt sleeves was the order of the day, and after about three hours hard work I succeeded in manufacturing a whole bicycle. King of the Road lamp, Challis bell and all, but, as I said before, I could not find the Trinity, and this must ever remain a grief to me and a joy to the Paganone. I

may tell you that I have an awful time of it trying to preserve it for my own use, and really the number of times a day the saddle is interfered with would, I have no doubt, embarrass and annoy W.P.C. not a little for I know how utterly he deprecates any alteration in his reach. I get a good deal of pleasure out of it only it is a bit of a bore being out of bounds two miles away from Headquarters. The people round here are more reserved than the Northampton folks but they are very decent, and we have, for a nimble bob, the use of a magnificent Club and lovely Bowling Green and the free use of the finest open-air swimming bath I have ever seen. I did enjoy reading about the August tour, and I am glad I was able to follow the Club's movements on that occasion as I was on one Skipton tour. If you get as much pleasure out of reading this stuff as I have obtained in writing it something will have been accomplished, and I wish you all the best of luck.

2364 Corpl. E. A BENTLEY,
2/4 Battalion Cheshire Regiment, Bedford.

RUNS.

Chester, 28th August, 1915.

There is no doubt Chester is justly entitled to be described as—pardon! I was about to give a detailed guide book account of the Old City, but I think all the members have, at some period of their lives, visited Chester, so I will describe nothing, not even the argument with the ostler in regard to the position my Rolls-Royce (Chinese) should occupy in the yard. It will suffice to say that after shifting one or two bits of scrap from Manchester, a position was finally obtained which "Mr. Ostler" considered satisfactory. Thirteen sat down to tea, and just as we had fairly got through Cheminais made a tardy but very welcome appearance. Good old Chem! he had pushed out alone and had made a non-stop run of it—he got a well deserved reception, the boys crowding round and remaining to see him through his tea. The members present were Vice-Presidents Mercer and Turnor, Captain Seed, Sub-Captain Green, Secretary Mac, Cook, Newsholme, Band, Cheminais, Cooper, H. W. Keizer, Royden, Edwards and Hawkes. Turnor and Newsholme were per tandem, and on the return journey through the darkened streets of Manchester they croppered heavily in a tram-line, both suffering rather badly.

There were other members present in Chester, but they did not condescend to honour us with their company at tea; one was an erstwhile Ender to Ender, and the other was one whose name is represented by the seventh letter of the alphabet.

Warrington, 4th September, 1915.

The day was perfect and the roads in excellent condition, and I think everyone who participated in the run could not help but enjoy themselves. The writer journeyed out via Chester, and finding he had plenty of time on his hands he took a friendly gate for a quiet smoke. Communing with Nature, suddenly all thoughts were scattered to the four winds of Heaven as approaching in the blue vault above at no great distance an object resembling an aeroplane appeared. I immediately thought of taking cover, but No! I would not flinch, not even for an evil smelling German, but, alas! it turned out to be only an immense wild goose, measuring, I should think, twelve feet from wing to wing—which is a fact! Anyway it was soon lost to view in the marshes beyond. "Lover of Nature" in this week's Notes remarks upon the number of large wild fowl visiting the Cheshire Meres.

On arrival at the "Patten" I found quite a decent muster, 16 all told, to which, however, must be added two, Neason and a Friend, who had accompanied Harry Poole in the latter's car. Neason was in Liverpool on Munitions' business and he had to return to London by the 6-20 train,

so had had his meal earlier. Neason looked in at the Kafe Konclave the previous Friday. Even our old friend, Lowie, was out and with Chem out the previous week at Chester it is knocking the go out of us "young" riders. After a good, hearty meal Cook and Band got away early, the latter accompanying "The Apostle" as far as Chester, Cook being off for another week-end trip in Welsh Wales, this time for the crossing of the Berwyns from Llanarmon.

Edwards went off next by himself round Cuddington and Chester, and then Cody, Stephenson, Knipe, Morris, Mac and the writer left direct for Liverpool, swearing before starting by all the Eternal Gods that they would not exceed eight m.p.h. However, shortly before Cronton the usual scrap developed, the fire being lit by Morris.

The Mullah was an object of great interest, or rather his machine was—it was geared to about 40 and had $4\frac{1}{2}$ inch cranks!—this is no fairy tale but solemn fact. Turnor's object was to avoid bending his knees as much as possible after the injuries sustained the previous week through coming off in a tram-line-crossing in Manchester in the darkness caused by the Defence of the Realm Act.

Newburgh, 11th September, 1915.

Just as I had carefully sneaked outside the hostelry, and was congratulating myself on escaping the lynx-eyed Scribe, a clammy premonition of disaster overtook me, and I suddenly felt the dread Presence at my elbow, and heard with sickening distinctness the fell request, this time in a voice in which a cloying sweetness struggled gamely with a bad cold. The combination was irresistible, and I succumbed—so again to our nuttens:—Recently snatched from the jaws of death I had been forbidden violent exercise, so that Will Toft's invitation through the 'phone to spread my fragrance round the interior of his car was particularly welcome. Having ransacked my wardrobe and that of several friends, I duly arrived at the trysting place suitably attired for the adventure, and a start was made right up to time. At about the half distance we came across Cody and Lowell propped up by the wayside both apparently in a very limp condition and a state of abject uncertainty as to the possibility of completing the course in the time—it was then fully 4.0 o'clock. A little further on we picked up Stevenson grimly treading his trike. Him we tucked in behind with the sinister intention of providing him with unlimited acid, but youth will be served, and there was nothing doing. We had not proceeded very far when we espied a very worried expression emerging from a figure standing by the hedge enmeshed in the folds of a huge map. On hearing our approach the face to which the expression adhered disclosed itself entirely to our wondering gaze as that belonging to Green, who had, it appears, practically abandoned the quest for the "Red Lion" as hopeless. You can, therefore, imagine his indescribable joy at our rencontre. We piloted him carefully until we arrived at Inn No. 263495 (I think) on the map, where, owing to his respectable and ecclesiastical appearance the writer was deputed to storm the citadel—it then being prohibited hours—in search of loot in the shape of afternoon tea (gawdstrafetheact). After much and heated parley on the part of the beautiful but unwashed maiden who had at last answered my gentle summons, her reluctance to allow us right of way was gradually broken down and eventually vanquished by my winning ways and engaging personality (tut-tut!). A passage through the narrows having been negotiated, tea—or rather some poisonous compound masquerading as that delectable (ugh!) beverage was provided by the fair one herself (the first layer of dirt having been hurriedly scraped off her otherwise fascinating features), being served up in the dainty fashion of the middle ages—in pint mugs—and partaken of in the luxurious lounge, the numerous spittoons adorning the chamber coming in very useful. The

concoction could hardly be said to have begun to get in its dirty work ere the Presider arrived in the care of his son. He also was in a state of great mental disturbance; an exhaustive study of *his* map, combined with the willing but conflicting advice of numerous battalions of boy scouts whose succour he had implored during his perilous voyage from Ormskirk having reduced him to a condition where anything might have happened. By slow degrees he was brought round, and we examined him closely as to the exact route followed. We came unanimously to the conclusion that it was a mercy he should be sitting there at all. In the somewhat heated argument which followed, a lifelong friendship between him and Toft came near tottering to its ruins, the latter insisting on the view (a trifle strongly I thought) that it was imperative he should return to Ormskirk and do it all over again so as to arrive by a real route. Just as a patched-up peace for the duration of the run was established Knipe entered the gilded chamber, making a party of seven, and it was then plainly evident that if the maps held out a big muster was assured.

On making a move we found McCann outside, he having apparently nosed his way thus far (despite his cold) with unerring instinct, as no trace of a map could be seen about his humid person. We arrived at the Lion in good time to find already a goodly crowd outside, consisting of the Mullah (a somewhat battered Mullah, I am sorry to say—the result of an ill-advised discussion with a Hun-like tramine while riding tandem), Venables (who swore he had cycled the whole way), Theakstone, Harry Poole, Williams, Cooper (who had come out in Poole's car), Cook, Royden, Lowell and Cody. On the point of adjoining for tea, a tense wave of excitement surged through the crowd at the apparition of Chem! Chem, riding a bicycle! Himself!! IN GLOVES!!! The erstwhile racing fiend and ruthless slayer of mileage now transformed in the glass of fashion, the mould of form; In gloves! A moment of petrified stupefaction and then a rousing cheer greeted this startling phenomenon, and it was seen that he was accompanied by Teddy Edwards on his still wholly inaccurate trike. Chem, it appears, had had a very trying experience, and, reading between the lines (he is not the man to talk much), it was evident that it was only owing to his indomitable pluck and bulldog spirit that he had pulled through. Starting in the early hours of the morning, with weary pertinacity he had toiled along mile after mile, stifling the almost overmastering desire to dismount and walk the mountainous passes which abound, till but a few miles separated him from hard won repose, when, a searching and fearful glance having assured him that none was about to witness his degradation he had succumbed to temptation and got off to walk an exceptionally stiff bit, only to be discovered by Teddy a few moments later in all his shame. Nevertheless through it all he never shed a glove, and it is this spirit which has made him what we are. It will thus be seen that a very satisfactory number sat down to tea, completely justifying the promoters of the New Act who had evidently taken into consideration the probable effect on our attendances in framing the clauses relating to the hours available for liquid nourishment. The resources of the hostelry were taxed to the utmost to provide sustenance for the hungry horde, and, in the circumstances, a satisfactory result attained. We had just finished when the Mullah's tandem confederate and unfortunate participant in his argument with the tram-line (Newsholme) limped in, malheurusement not yet quite recovered from the shock. After tea we all adjourned to the yard, where the usual discussions and criticisms took place, Harry Poole taking a gloomy pleasure in proving that I knew nothing about gears or cars, and lugubriously bemoaning my abysmal ignorance—which I had exposed in all my childlike simplicity—of horse power in its relation to hill climbing, and in fact of owt driven by petrol, after which he moodily passed on to cheer up someone else. A start for home was eventually made, the various units going their several ways—with and without maps and/or

gloves. Altogether a most enjoyable run, the weather being simply delightful, and the attendance of 21 showing that the Old Club is young yet.

Farndon, 16th September, 1915.

I don't know that there is much to record on this Run. There were 13 members present and the day was a hot through dull one. The trikes numbered three, viz., Teddy Edwards, McCann and Turnor, the latter having taken over from Mahon, for the Duration of the War, the trike which was formerly the Baron's. Cook brought his daughter out on the matrimonial tandem and they left early, shortly before 7 p.m., for a weekend at Llangollen. Toft brought Dave Rowatt out in the side-car, and the Keizerette was on his Baby Triumph—these statements are not a breach of the Anti-Advertising Clause, I think. Band, Edwards, Hawkes, Mac and Royden left together and in Aldford village Hawkes fell away somewhat, and the rest took the main road for Chester. Missing Hawkes they waited an appreciable time but as there was no sign of him they proceeded to the Bull and Stirrup, Chester, to find him waiting there, he having gone through the Park. A short stop was made at Chester, where Hawkes did well in the liquid refreshment line, and then Hinderton was the next stop and so home. H. Green and The Mullah left together to help in the finishing hours of the "C.T.C. Manchester District 100 Miles Run"—that's a mouthful. What happened to Venables is wropt in mystery, as we did not see him again after tea. The other member present was Oliver Cooper, solo per Chinese Rolls-Royce.

F. D. McCANN,

Editor.

ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB.

FORMED MARCH 1879.

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

MONTHLY CIRCULAR.

FIXTURES FOR NOVEMBER, 1915.

	Light up at
Nov. 6.—Hunts Cross (Hunts Cross Hotel)	5-30 p.m.
.. 8.—Committee Meeting, St. George's Restaurant, 7 p.m.	
.. 13.—Chester (Bull and Stirrup)	5-18 p.m.
.. 20.—Halewood (Derby Arms)	5-7 p.m.
.. 27.—Warrington (Patten Arms)	4-59 p.m.
Alternative Run for Manchester Members—	
.. 20.—Mobberley (Roebuck)	5-7 p.m.

Full Moon, 21st Instant.

Committee Notes.

16, Croxteth Grove,
Liverpool.

The Hilditchs will still be at Hunts Cross for the November Run, so everything will be as before. As this is the last run under the old regime—which has lasted, under the same family, for more than 30 years—it is up to every member to make the occasion a memorable one by giving us a bumper attendance—REMEMBER THE DATE, 6th NOVEMBER.

The arrangements for the Entertainment after tea are in the hands of Mr. A. T. Simpson, so we are assured of an evening equal to any we have previously had. Should you be able to take part communicate with Mr. Simpson—he will be only too pleased to put your name down on the programme.

The Committee, in fixing the Hunts Cross Run for the first Saturday in January, 1916, overlooked the fact that this would be on New Year's Day. At it is considered that a Hunts Cross Fixture on that day would not be very well attended it has been decided not to hold one then but later in the month. The question of holding a Run at all on New Year's Day was held over to a later Meeting.

The Committee passed the claim of Mr. H. W. Keizer for a Club Run for 9th October at Warrington.

In accordance with the Resolution of the Annual General Meeting, the Committee have given Donations of Ten Guineas each to the Liverpool Branch of the Red Cross Fund and to the Lord Mayor's Dependents of Officers Fund—see the Hon. Treasurer's Notes.

F. D. McCANN,
Hon. Secretary.

Hon. Treasurer's Notes.

Psychologists tell us that it is impossible to repress for ever any inherent faculty we possess, and this is well illustrated in the annals of the A.B.C. Time was when the austere and hardy Anfielder, yclept "the Black," clad in sombre livery of blue and black, "scorned delights and lived laborious days" with his nose down to the front tyre, and his eyes glued to the macadam or the fleeting backwheel of some speed-merchant. Not for him the beauties of the wayside, the ripple of the rivulet, the splendour of the landscape or the glory of the sunset. To him the joy of *miles in evens*, and plenty of them, alone appealed.

But "tempora mutantur," and the erstwhile ascetic Anfielder has become a Sybarite. Gone the desire for the propinquity of the tandem back-wheel; gone the joys of "scraps" among the dust; the black jersey has been banished into limbo, and now whoever sees an Anfielder without his collar? Instead he lolls on the richly upholstered cushions of his friend's second-best car, and is whirled swiftly and smoothly down the lovely Vale of Llangollen, for the express purpose of feasting his eyes on the gorgeous pageant of autumn, that grand riot of colour ere "to the winds are strewn the magnificent ashes of autumn." Yes, and even some of those less favoured among us to whom are denied those voluptuous delights, even they desire the bright glowing vivid colours which autumn brings. Do they not look eagerly forward to Mac's monthly budget, to find nestling beside its sober-hued print, a little bright red reminder of how quickly the year draws to its close, and that their subscription is still unpaid. I'm sure quite a number of members delay their payments in order to add monthly to their collection of these bright little souvenirs. But I'm a bit of a collector myself, and I'm quite as eager to see the colour of their money, be it the good red gold, the art shades of cheques, the lovely blues and crimsons of P.O.'s, or even the homely Treasury notes—all are welcome.

That there may be other causes for delay in forwarding subs., I am, perforce, aware, as witness the following plaint of a guileless young veteran, a comparatively new member, as I don't think his membership dates back more than 30 or 40 years:—

"One of the great drawbacks of Anfield Membership is the difficulty of ascertaining how much one owes for Subscription. The "Gazette" makes no mention, the Button is silent, the ornamental cover of the Year book does not blazon it forth, and after studying in vain the first twenty-four Rules one has to read and re-read Rule 25, which cries aloud about 10/- and 5/- but tries to hide the fact that Active Members pay One Guinea. I feel sure that those Members late in paying are awaiting the arrival of their accountants to trace the amount of this debt through a laborious search among receipts of past years.—'One Who Deserves Pity.'"

Well, he has my pity, and I have his guinea, and so we are quits. But to others whom it may concern, let me say, please don't wait for your accountants, or even for the Official Receiver—do it now, the amount is £1 1/-. My address is 108, Moscow Drive; or you may save at least 2d. these hard times by paying into any Branch of the L. O. and Midland Bank to the credit of the A.B.C. at the Everton Branch. Lest there be some who imagine that your Hon. Treas. is piling up a huge balance for next year, I will here append two letters which speak for themselves, and show that by paying early you are not only lightening my labours, but at the same time you are rendering valuable and timely aid where it is so greatly needed—You are "doing your bit."

The Town Hall, Liverpool.

"I am grateful to you for the cheque for ten guineas (£10 10/-) enclosed in your favour of yesterday on behalf of the Anfield Bicycle Club

towards the Fund for relieving the Families of Officers and am glad to see your appreciation of what has been done.

"Will you be so good as to convey my thanks to the friends who have so kindly contributed to the Fund?"

"Believe me, Yours faithfully,

"J. E. RAYNER, Lord Mayor,"

British Red Cross Society, Liverpool Branch.

"I enclose a receipt for the donation of £10 10/- from the Anfield Bicycle Club which you have kindly forwarded to me. Allow me to say that I am much gratified at the expression of appreciation of your Committee.

"Yours faithfully,

"W. H. S. OULTON, Hon. Treas."

MEMS.

The following two items of information should have appeared in last month's Circular, and we hope that the two members concerned will not think it was through lack of interest that no mention was made then.

Hubert Roskell has volunteered for Service as Driver of a Motor Ambulance, and is, we believe, "Somewhere in France." Good Luck, Hubert!

Percy Williamson has been wounded in the left arm and left leg.

Under date of 4th October, Williamson writes to Turnor:—"On 1st August the Turks dropped a shell in our Telegraph Office, hitting about a dozen fellows including myself. I was lucky enough to come out with two slight flesh wounds, one in the left arm and one in the leg. I was transferred to Alexandria by Hospital Ship, and from there was sent to Mansurah where I was in hospital about a month. I had a pretty decent time there, plenty of Europeans doing their best to make the patients happy. I am now quite fit again and I rejoined my unit here about a week ago. I have had a letter from Archie in which he tells me of being home and out with the A.B.C. and the C.R.C. I can just imagine the great time he and all of you would have. I had a letter from Mahon a short time ago—he seems to be keeping fit by rounding off the corners of the streets of Cairo on some ancient trike. I should feel very stiff if I had to do a decent ride at present, though I should take my chance if it came my way. The Best of Wishes to yourself and the 'H.R.A.'"

From the announcements in the "Daily Post" of the 16th September:—**SILVER WEDDING.—CHEMINAIS—MARTIN.** September 16th, 1890, at St. Philips, Liverpool, Francis J. Cheminai to Jessie West Martin, Osborne Road, Tuebrook. Congratulations, Chem!

WANTED, the present address of Frank Roskell—any member knowing it is requested to immediately communicate it to the Editor.

Our Deepest Sympathy is extended to Harry Poole on the death of his Wife—13th October. Also to Jimmy Williams on the death of his Mother—23rd October.

We have two letters from Carpenter, relating some more of his experiences with "tyres"—so-called—which must, unfortunately, be held over to next month.

Knipe seems to have been suffering from an attack of liver or something else when he wrote his Notes—"Black Anfielders" in the old days may have had their "noses glued to the front tyre," but I am sure

this did not prevent them from also appreciating the beauties of Nature. The wearing of a collar does not, necessarily, make him any the less a rider, and the remarks about lolling in others' cars only applies to a small proportion—better they should come in a car—even other peoples'—than not at all.

Cohen, as announced last month, has transferred to the Royal Engineers and is now "Somewhere in France." Mac has received a letter from him which runs as follows:—"Just as a little help to the next Circular I scribe you the following—After the usual boat and a splendid 13 hours railway journey here is yours truly 'Somewhere in France,'—I won't say 'La Belle France,' because the beer is so rotten! However, we had a glorious run ex (here the Censor has been busy, Ed.) but as we were having a cheap trip, 'packed like sardines a la tomate' was the means of accommodation. Feeling somewhat like an old sailor after my numerous trips to Woodside (per Mersey Railway), the sea passage perturbed me not, much to the disgust of my motor. We arrived at Rouen, after which place everything will be named —, and then in luxurious Rolls-Royces—I mean in carriages about 3,000 times worse than those on the Wirral Railway—we made the above journey to where we are at present. Billeted in a miniature Adelphi, that is in a barn, with a beautiful hillock (in French, dung-heap) two yards from the door, we pass the time away. Of course, we have selections on the guns, which are really a nuisance as they tend to keep one awake at night; but apart from that we are all perfectly content to stay where we are 'for the period of the war.' Having had no exciting experiences I'm afraid I can't relate anything of interest, but I'll do my best to stick out the distance of one more page. The surroundings here are very similar to Ireland, excepting that there are no 'locals' to lean over the 'estaminet' or pub. counters. The ale is two sous per glass, and it is only fit for use where vinegar is scarce. It reminds me of apricot juice which has had a row with a bottle of lager! Therefore we drink 'vin-blanc,' owing to the poor quality 'hof the haqua purha.' I had an appointment with Joffre and one or two other thads, but as they didn't turn up I can't tell you how long the war will last. In the feeding line with a little 'savoir faire' we manage to keep our paunches well filled, and when not STRENUOUSLY at work manage a few hours sleep; so, on the whole, as the man said when he fell down the sewer, 'things is not so dusty.' The village is occupied chiefly with a few old women of about 200 years age each apiece, to whom are attached about three or four thousand children also each apiece; consequently the chief excitement is when the dear old ladies start dictating to the 'petit fils'—whatever that may mean. When in difficulties with the comprehending business a speech similar to one used at about Whitchurch Corner is generally sufficient to help me along, so, as you can imagine, I'm getting a perfect typist—I mean linguist. This must end this billet doux, and I trust you'll send the usual P.O. per return. With many apologies for the above tripe and the best of love to all the A.B.C., I'll remain, till the bursting war is over, Yours cheerfully hin the Army, Li."

In a later letter to the Paganone, Li writes: "France seems to agree with me perfectly, excepting that my taste in liquor is becoming too delicate owing to the poor quality of the H₂O. out here. That, however, is a mere detail, but it is nevertheless the only topic out here which is discussed daily. I have been out now for three weeks and expect to be sent into the line any day as I am in the next draft. The sooner the better. My confederates on this contract are all decent chaps, and after working hours we manage to have a bit of fun or football 'tout ensemble' (some French, eh?) Have already played in two matches and am now paying the penalty for such behaviour. Alas, woe is me! me joints are tros stiff (more French). I should be very pleased to hear from you, and any letter addressed to No. 113567, Depot Special Company, G.H.Q.,

B.E.F., France, would be forwarded to me no matter where I go. Oh! for a decent bottle of Bass! We found an estaminet (pub.) just near our Country Seat where they sold English Stout—We drank them out! only twelve bottles in the town. It was a splendid change, I can assure you. I'm very sorry I can't make this note more interesting, but as Hackenschmidt said "There's nowt to write!" Give my Best to the A.B.C. boys and other vegetation, With the Best of Chin Chins, Yours Hogsperdishionary Li. P.S.—Any papers, 'Cycling' or 'Irish Cyclist' would be acceptable, Old Dear, Any Chauruse? Yes! No!"

A last Rudd has been heard from—he writes: "We have at last got to the Front; we are having a busy time popping at the Germans. I am keeping well—sleeping in a hole in the ground. I should not like to ride a "24" on these roads—they are lovely." Rudd's address is No. 1005, Sergt. R. T. Rudd, 1st West Lancs. Battery, R.F.A., 2nd Battery, 2nd Canadian Division, B.E.F., France.

Members will be sorry that Volunteer and similar duties have prevented Professor Green attending Club Runs more frequently, but will, no doubt, be pleased to hear that he keeps up his cycling. Many a man, younger in years than "The Professor," might be proud of the feat of cycling to Hawkstone for breakfast and returning home for lunch! That is what "The Professor" did recently.

Warburton and Mahon both wish to be remembered to all.

A letter which appears in the issue of "Cycling" dated 28th October commences of follows:—"It may interest you to know that you have enthusiastic readers serving in the Mediterranean Expeditionary Force. *Of course, the ubiquitous Anfield B.C. is represented here.*" The italics are, of course ours; it appears as though Williamson, Hodges or Mahon had found a kindred spirit out there.

RUNS.

Acton Bridge, 25th September, 1915.

The writer rode out to the above run per trike in the hopes that it would prove a safer mount than the fiery and untamed tandem which recently threw him. Not having had much experience of this type of locomotion for some years, it was annoying to find that during the last fortnight the road maker had apparently been fixing up camber on every road in order to make things as awkward as possible. Owing to Mahon's absence his steed has evidently been running wild and at present needs curbing a good deal. It is to be hoped that with careful driving and a tight rein it will at last become amenable to reason. Thinking it likely that some member of the Club might call at the "Fishpool" for afternoon tea, the writer called there and partook of the cup that cheers, but it was partaken of in solitary state. When "dashing" past the "Abbey Arms," after leaving the precincts of the "Fishpool," Cook and Band were sighted in the porch, and this necessitated a halt for further refreshment. The cavalcade having now been augmented it progressed through Norley towards Acton, and shortly after leaving the former place Teddy Edwards was sighted on a very spic and span bicycle. When the members of the cavalcade saw this outfit they had doubts about the rider being Teddy, because it is not usual for this gentleman to ride on a clean bicycle with really round wheels. On examination, this machine appeared, unlike the tricycle owned by the same man, to have nothing wrong with it.

The most noteworthy facts about the run were the absence of Sub-captain Green and the appearance of Toft on a proper bicycle: it is to be hoped that Cook will not object to the above designation. [Perhaps Cook

won't object, but we do—therefore—and the appearance of Toft on a bicycle.—Ed.]

Prior to the Club meal, an interesting bowling match was witnessed by the members, Royden, who was playing himself for teas, both won and lost, and consequently when he was appointed acting sub-captain he had to collect from himself. The following members took part in the run:—Band, Cook, Edwards, Leece, Lowell, Mercer, Newsholme, Royden, Stephenson, Toft and Turnor.

O.H.T.

Kelsall, 2nd October, 1915.

If the weather served up for our run to Kelsall is to be regarded as an indication that the summer has said "Good-bye," and that winter is in front of us, let it serve as a warning to all ye who hesitate to sally forth when it raineth, or when perhaps a sprinkling of snow is on the ground, and straightaway dig out your extra long extensions, side-wings, mud-flaps and other paraphernalia which is considered necessary to keep your little tootsies warm and comfortable. Then there can be no valid excuse for not availing yourself of every opportunity to join the happy little crowd on the Saturday run—and thank heaven for the healthy appetite which you will acquire by virtue of your own exertions.

The writer, on arriving at the Royal Oak, found Johnny Band passing the time o' day with a local celebrity. On entering the hostelry The Mullah's form was disclosed to view sitting in the bar—I mean parlour, Teddy Edwards and Bert Green shortly afterwards blowing in, followed quickly by Stevie. As six o'clock approached it was discovered that the one and only had not put in an appearance. Many hazardous guesses were made and possible reasons given for such an unheard-of happening, but though more or less true in substance and fact, were nevertheless somewhat wide of the mark, for at the psychological moment in walked W.P.C. looking somewhat scared and evidently suffering from a shock. His explanation was to the effect that just as he arrived at the Hotel, there was a terrible explosion. Master Willie, jumping to the conclusion that a Zeppelin raid was in progress, was considerably alarmed thereat until he heard the apologetic voice of Tommy Royden explaining that his back tyre had blown itself to blazes. Sure enough we soon had evidence that such was the case, for Tommy himself, lovingly clasping to his breast his beloved speed-iron, hobbled into the aforesaid bar-parlour. He seemed very much surprised at being told in language more forcible than polite to take his ironmongery elsewhere. Tea being announced, we made our way very slowly—I don't think—to the festive board, and soon got busy on the good things awaiting our approval, being well looked after by the hostess.

Tea over, pipes were brought out and duly charged, and one member (who evidently belongs to the monied class) produced his usual cigar, when in an awestruck voice some lynx-eyed individual announced that on the wall was a notice setting forth that smoking was not allowed. Silence fell upon the hitherto joyous party, pipes were twiddled, the cigar end was bitten off, and all stared at one another in a vacant kind of manner, humming and hawing until, as if actuated by a single thought, the devotees of My Lady Nicotine hied them to a place within the meaning of the Act, there to smoke and smoke until one feared they would carbonise their "innards" sooner or later.

After a pleasant half-hour spent in the usual social way, Tommy's tyre having meanwhile been persuaded to retain sufficient air to hold out prospects that it would carry him home, the three Manchester representatives cleared off into the night, The Mullah leading in order to give the others the benefit of his 40 h.p. Astinkylene searchlight.

From information received, we learn that the Liverpool section made a simultaneous start, and were soon under full pressure. Tommy Royden, thirsting for more speed, betook himself to the station, and having chartered one of George Stephenson's fliers, reached home a very easy first.

Warrington, 9th October, 1915.

I have got into the habit, on my too rare Club Runs, of expecting a lonely outward journey; but on this occasion Fate was kind. I found Haines, of the Wheelers, on a tricycle, soon after starting, and I left him at Altrincham, where he was to wait for his fellow-clubman Briggs. They both overtook me at New Bridge Hollow, let by The Mullah, also on three wheels. Parting with them almost at once [What a lot is left unsaid here—Ed.] The Mullah and I began to get to Warrington in the correct Anfield manner, that is through High Legh, Appleton and Stretton to Lower Witley, where we stopped for a cup of tea. We were just about to leave when Newsholme joined us, so we had another cup. Then to Daresbury, where we found Edwards and Stephenson; the tricycles were beginning to get monotonous. Cook and Band passed, inviting me to follow—but I had sense enough to refuse. They told me later that they were doing eight an hour! We reached the Patten Arms just in time to cool down before tea, and found a company sadly too few; but I was glad to see some whom I have not met for a long time. It is more my fault than theirs. Bentley was home on leave, and was looking very fit; Toft and Charlie Conway turned up as tea came in, and I sat down thereto.

Turnor, the brothers Green, and I, made the journey home without incident, and I think I managed to appear fairly fresh as long as Bert Green was beside me. After that, I was content just to get home. To-day I can feel that I have legs and a back; each bit of them has a separate ache, so I suppose the ride has done me good.

Halewood, 16th October, 1915.

Members present:—D. R. Fell, C. H. Turnor, W. T. Venables, H. Green, A. Newsholme, W. P. Cook, T. Royden, E. Edwards, J. C. Band, W. E. Cotter, G. Stephenson, H. M. Buck, J. Lowell, C. F. Hawkes, E. J. Cody, C. Keizer, H. W. Keizer, J. O. Cooper, R. E. Prichard, F. D. McCann, and a friend of Venables and Knipe, who turned up when we were nearly through tea—making twenty-two all told. I asked all the likely ones to write the account, giving the "regular contributors" a rest, but I met with refusals, some polite, some more forcible than polite, every time; therefore, if those who were asked can decline why cannot I also decline, and why should not everyone decline?—in which event the Circular would cease; it's up to each member to keep it going, if it should be kept going, and there can scarcely be two opinions on the desirability of keeping it up.

Marford—Llangollen, 23rd and 24th October, 1915.

There was some doubt expressed in Committee as to the advisability of holding the usual "Autumnal Tints Tour," but the advocates of holding the fixture eventually prevailed. The policy of holding this important fixture appears to have been well founded, because though not attended by the usual numbers it proved to be fairly well patronised and furnished a most enjoyable outing.

At Marford, 13 (the Anfield lucky number) sat down to tea, and of that number Band, Cotter, Green, Leece, McCann and a friend of Cotter did not proceed with the tour, whilst Cook, Fell, Mercer, Newsholme, Rowatt, Toft and Turnor made up the touring party. Before reaching Llangollen a call was made at Ruabon by the cyclists, and the "Royal" was reached quite safely and without trouble. The numbers were now increased to nine, Crowcroft and Venables having already arrived. Supper having been disposed of, by those so minded, the party gathered round the fire and spent the remainder of the evening until bedtime discussing many and varied topics.

Sunday morning brought with it a deluge of rain, but not the sort which leaves one in any doubt; it was, at any rate, consistent. The clerk of the weather had evidently set Jupiter Pluvius out on a twelve hours time trial, and old Pluvius made a job of it and did not even stop to feed. Sub-Captain Venables was left at Llangollen to make his way to the ratter at Ruabon, whilst Cook on a bicycle, Turnor and Newsholme on a tandem, and the rest by motor made for Ruthin.

The cycle section being out for tints, chose Telford's road to Corwen, and though the colours would certainly have been improved by brilliant sunshine some marvellous "effects" were perceived. The climb up the hill from Berwyn appeared easy whilst travelling beneath a canopy of varied browns and greens, and when a higher level had been reached the mist which overhung Llantysilio Mountains assumed curious and grotesque shapes and gave the impression of a range of volcanoes. Corwen having been left behind, the route was continued towards Ruthin, but this road hardly fulfilled the expectations of the writer whose hopes were high from recollections of the 1910 visit. Avoiding the "City" of Ruthin the party then took the Denbigh road as far as Rhewl, where "Professor" Montag took command of the party, he having ridden out from Prestatyn for the purpose. The "Professor" had kindly foresworn his rock-tapping for the nonce and he assumed the position of guide to one of the fairy glades of Wales, the scenic charms of which it is impossible to explain in cold print. Our path, known as Lady Bagot's Drive, lay alongside a charming stream (the river Clywedog) most beautifully wooded and carpeted in parts with fallen leaves of the richest brown and red. The "Drive" from end to end was full of interest, from the limestone formations at the start to the culminating point of beauty, Pont Uchel, at the finish. The party gazed at the scene from the bridge in admiration and prayed for more time that they might explore the valley further up towards Cyffylliog. It was, however, necessary to make for Ruthin, and turning left the Llanfangel-Ruthin road was reached, thence on to Ruthin for lunch where the motor section, with the addition of Koenen, had already arrived—bringing the number up to ten.

Tegid Owen was absent, but Mrs. Owen and Miss Jones looked after the creature comforts of the tourists in his absence and did it very well too. Newsholme was unanimously elected Sub-captain, and though he failed to make his week-end expenses out of the job, he must have done pretty well, because he bought cups of coffee for the crowd out of the proceeds!

After lunch the motorists made for home, whilst the cyclists journeyed to Chester. Neither the tandem crew nor Cook tried riding the whole of the Bwlch-y-Parc owing to the necessity of wearing capes but the greater portion was done on the saddle. The lack of colour on the Corwen-Ruthin road was more than compensated for at the Loggerheads, where the trees were simply gorgeous in their autumn dress.

After tea at Chester capes were packed away, and the party divided to ride to their respective domiciles after spending what must be written down as a most successful "Autumnal Tints Tourlet."

C.H.T.

F. D. McCANN,

Editor.

ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB.

FORMED MARCH 1879.

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

MONTHLY CIRCULAR.

FIXTURES FOR DECEMBER, 1915.

	Light up at
Dec. 4.—Hunts Cross (Hunts Cross Hotel)	4.53 p.m.
.. 11.—Moreton (Farmers' Arms)	4.51 p.m.
.. 13.—Committee Meeting, St. George's Restaurant, 7 p.m.	
.. 18.—Warrington (Patten Arms)	4.51 p.m.
.. 27.—Knutsford (Lord Eldon). Dinner at 1.30 p.m.	4.54 p.m.
1916.	
Jan. 1.—Moreton (Farmers' Arms)	5.5 p.m.

Alternative Runs for Manchester Members.

Dec. 11.—Knutsford (Lord Eldon)	4.51 p.m.
1916.	
Jan. 1.—Mobberley (Roebuck)	5.5 p.m.

Full Moon, 21st instant.

Committee Notes.

16, Croxteth Grove,

Liverpool.

The BOXING DAY DINNER will be held as usual at Knutsford, and there will be, as last year, two Meeting Places, viz., for the Liverpool Members at BROAD GREEN (Abbey Arms), and for the Wirral Members at Clatterbridge, leaving each place at 10 a.m.

Members are reminded that the Annual General Meeting will be held early in January, and that if they have any subjects to bring before the Meeting it is necessary that I should have particulars before the end of the current year.

NEW ADDRESSES.—Private A. P. JAMES, No. 10202, A Company, Army Cyclists Corps, Hounslow; Corporal LIONEL COHEN, No. 113567, 25th Section, 188th Company Royal Engineers, B.E.F. France; Gunner W. E. COTTER, No. 2598, c./o. Mrs. Hoyle, 89, Hornby Road, Blackpool; Sergt. FRANK ROSKELL, A.S.C., Records Office, Woolwich; Driver HUBERT ROSKELL, French Convoy, c./o. British Red Cross Society, Boulogne; Lieutenant W. H. C. BINNS, 11th Batt., East Surrey Regiment, Shoreham, Sussex.

The entertainment at Hunts Cross on the first Saturday in December is in the hands of Mr. G. J. Theakstone who will be glad of offers of assistance

F. D. McCANN,
Hon. Secretary.

MEMS.

We now have three further members in His Majesty's Forces—A. P. James is in the Army Cyclists Corps, otherwise known as the Gaspipe Cavalry, at present stationed at Hounslow Heath; W. E. Cotter is a Gunner in the 3rd West Lancashire R.F.A. and has joined his Corps at Blackpool, and R. P. Seed has joined the 6th Batt. King's Liverpool Regiment.

Lieut. Binns, after a period of training with the O.T.C., has been gazetted to the 11th Batt. East Surrey Regt., now at Shoreham, and we hear that D. C. Kinghorn is at Old Trafford but manages to get home every week-end.

We now have 18 members On Service.

There were many enquiries for Billy Owen on the Autumnal Tints Tour and his absence is explained by the following extracts from a letter: "I was quite unable to get away on the Saturday, but on Sunday morning I breakfasted at 6.30 a.m. and started at 7 on my bike for Ruthin; the weather was bad when I started but between Ogwen and Capel Curig it got much worse, and I found, under the circumstances, that the climb to Pentre Voelas and over the Sportsman, which I had looked forward to, was too much for me in view of a return ride also without company. I 'chucked it' at Capel Curig, sorry I had not come on the motor-bike, but I was anxious to show I still cycled."

Since the change in the management of the Shrewsbury Arms, Hinderton, the house does not seem to be quite the same. At first the new proprietors seemed inclined to keep things going as before, but a month or so ago they raised the prices for tea on Sundays by threepence per head, making that for two boiled eggs the quite ridiculous one of 1/9 and of a plain tea 1/3. The Committee scheduled a run there for the 11th December, but the Barlows refuse to cater for us at less than 2/6 per head. Considering that at none of the other places at which we call have the prices for the Club Tea been raised and that at all we seem to be getting better catering since the war started, it appears as though advantage was being taken of a slight rise in the cost of foodstuffs to make greatly enhanced profits, and the time has now come to consider whether we should use the Shrewsbury Arms either officially for Club Runs or unofficially on Sundays or as a place of call on the return from Club Runs. It is only by a boycott that grasping people can be brought to their senses. The run fixed for the 11th has, therefore, been altered to Moreton.

Undoubtedly the most vital question the A.G.M. will have to deal with and decide is that of the Club Subscription. The matter is already being discussed, and a small agitation has been started with a view to its reduction. One suggestion that has been made is a reduction to 5/- with, presumably, honorary members 2/6, but only a superficial investigation is sufficient to show that this extreme would simply mean insolvency. Another suggestion is to cut the subscription in half, and this could possibly be managed by the exercise of the strictest economy and cutting down the Circular to a bare sheet much to the regret of those serving their King and Country, as cumulative evidence in their letters clearly shows. But, after all, are we not already running on reduced subscriptions? Most of those now remaining as paying members are oldsters who have in normal years also generously contributed to the Prize Fund now suspended. And it must not be forgotten that it is easier to make a cut in subscription rates than to raise them again, while those of us at home are really paying for those away. Already 18 members are free of subscription, and there will be still more free in 1916. Is it not therefore better to retain the full rates, continue a full Circular so much appreciated by

those in His Majesty's Forces, and contribute out of any surplus to Local War Funds? Now, unfortunately, A.G.M.'s are not largely attended and results arrived at do not always reflect the matured judgment of the members in toto. Proxy voting has been wisely abolished, but in view of the momentousness of this question it would be a good thing if *all* members not able to come to the A.G.M. would write a letter expressing their views either in favour of a reduction or the maintenance of the status quo, so that at least those voting at the Meeting might be guided as to the extent of any feeling existing. If this as asking too much, would those who favour a reduction take the trouble to write, it being understood that those who did not express their views did not feel strongly either way, and therefore did not seriously object to the present state of affairs under which the already much reduced income of the Club is spent economically and good use made of any surplus.

Feast or Famine.

Since the war broke out the decline in attendance at Club Runs has been marked, but natural. We do not expect the attendances of ante-bellum times with 18 of our most active members away on their country's business and those "too old at forty" giving service in other directions towards the same end. But the magnificent support given to the Hunts Cross Fixture of November 6th, when 34 members attended, provides some food for thought. One naturally compares the figures with the poor musters of 8 we have several times been down to at ordinary fixtures. Why should there be these extremes of Feast and Famine? If 34 can get out to Hunts Cross surely more than 9 can get to Chester! We would appeal for more evenly distributed support. We are delighted with the 34 but desire that some of them should make equal efforts to support some of the other runs. What is really wanted is more co-operation among the B.O.B.'s. They could easily make up slow riding or walking parties to other fixtures. Now that petrol is so dear there are quite a number who would greatly benefit in health if they dug out their old bicycles and gently praffled to the Saturday runs. Toft and Lowell have given excellent examples of what can be done in this direction by oldsters. Do not arrange to ride with Johnny Band and "chuck cycling because it is hard work," but fix up with others as feeble, or, shall we say, not as strong and fast as yourself, and you will be surprised what fun you will get out of being on the open road again "paddling your own canoe," while you will be adding greatly to the enjoyment of others and swelling the Club musters in a way absolutely essential if we are to keep the old A.B.C. flag flying until "the boys come marching home."

Attention is called to the fact that the first Saturday in January, being New Year's Day, the Club Run has been fixed for Moreton (alternative Mobblerley) instead of Hunts Cross. The January Hunts Cross fixture will probably be arranged for January 5th. The reason for this is a desire not to prejudice the success of a Hunts Cross Musical Evening. Many members have engagements peculiar to New Year's Day, and it was thought that with a short non-musical evening fixture like Moreton these members could attend the run without having to cancel other engagements. An appeal is, therefore, made that members in Liverpool district should try and fix in this Moreton run on which they can be assured of a real New Year's Day feed. Any strenuous ones who are "off all day" and desire to begin the year well with a decent ride can be accommodated by reporting themselves at Sunnyside Hydro at 10.0 a.m.

Turnor has received a letter from Jack Hodges at the Dardanelles, but considerations of space prevent us giving more than a very brief extract from it. Hodges remarks that the hot climate would be alright were

other conditions normal, but other conditions include a veritable plague of flies. His home is a small "dug-out" perched up in the air overlooking the Gulf of —, and cleanliness is absolutely impossible as owing to the high cliffs it is a fearful business getting down to the sea. Fresh water is almost as precious as gold, and there is an armed guard over all drinkable water. Hodges had a leave in May and got out on his bicycle as far as Kelsall.

A letter from Hubert Roskell was handed to the President at Hunts Cross and there read—for the benefit of those who were not there we give a few points therefrom:—

This job is splendid and I like the work immensely. I have been most lucky. On arrival at Boulogne at the beginning of September, I volunteered for convoy and was sent away after being there only three days. The Buick Car I took from London was taken off me at Boulogne and I was given a 16 Darracq for the three days while there. I was sent to this No. 2 Convoy at the Front and at once got sent on to this advanced section which I am in now, just behind the lines. I have a very fine 16/20 Vauxhall which is a really good car and suitable for the work. We are attached to a Field Hospital. Our work, when there is fighting on, is taking wounded from the dressing stations to hospitals, some ten to fifteen miles back where they are cared for and sent on by train to the base or elsewhere as soon as possible. This work goes on day and night. We each have a mate on the Car, that is to say two drivers, so we can get a few hours off for sleep and grub. The roads are awful when it is wet and we use bye-roads as much as possible so as to leave main roads to the Military. So far I have had no hitch except tyre troubles. It is sometimes very hard to keep on these greasy roads at all. We are very well equipped with spare wheels, etc., and get all petrol, tyres, etc., for the asking. Just now we are very slack just here, and to-day has been typical of such slack times. Rise about 6.30, roll up blankets and ground sheet, sponge down and wash in the open, shave, etc.; 7.30 breakfast in our tents—each man fetches his allowance in his "dickey" from the cook-shed—two slices of excellent bacon, one of bread and a pint of tea; 8.0 work on cars which in these slack times must be kept well washed and polished and in tip-top order, not forgetting clean transmission, axles, etc. 11.0, ordered to a field hospital for two stretcher cases and three sitting cases (wounded in trenches during the night). Very greasy roads, and lorries which have skidded off the pavé have great difficulty in getting back. I take my load to a hospital in a town about twelve miles away. Stretcher cases are supposed to be taken at 6 m.p.h. As these chaps were not very bad and there were no fractures this was somewhat exceeded. Back to camp at 1.0 in time for some excellent stew, two potatoes and bread. Nothing doing this afternoon, so washed the car and then kicked a football for half an hour till tea at 5.0. Tea, bread and butter and jam—plenty of everything; wash and clean up; at 6.0 to the local pub., smoke, yarn and sundry cheap beers till 8.0. Walk home, watch the Star Shells and Gun Flashes and close up the tent about 9.0. Such is a typical day in times like this.

The guns roar here night and day, especially night, but do not even keep me awake now. I am quite used to sleeping on the ground but it is very cold in the early mornings. We expect before long to have billets as the land will be flooded with very heavy rain. We see a great deal of aeroplane work by both sides. They are continually shelled. I have seen five German machines brought down—three by our machines and two by shells. One British machine came down close to us yesterday after being hit. The pilot was alright but the observer had many small

shrapnel wounds and a shattered right arm. Our advanced section consists of 15 cars, each with two drivers, and in the recent rush we are proud to say we did really well and were congratulated on our good work.

I am fit as a fiddle, two stone lighter, and never felt better nor happier in my life. The chaps here are very nice and all pals. This is the best job I ever had in life.

Remember me to the boys at Hunts Cross on first Saturday in November.

RUNS.

Newburgh, 30th October, 1915.

A plaintive wail by The Secretarial One in last month's Circular (to hand the very morning of this run) bitterly upbraiding members for their lack of assistance in his multitudinous duties "touched the writer in the tender spot," and led him to make the *voluntary* offer to write up this run; so that, although the deed is his, the cause for such provocation towards his unfortunate fellow members is really due to Mac alone, and this will, he hopes, be taken into careful consideration by the A.G.M. on the discussion of the secretarial emoluments. However, "to our muttons," and as it is customary to make a start at the beginning I will make no exception to this general rule, so will remark that after having dug out my jigger from the accumulated dust, I "hied me hence" by customary routes, and all was well! At Knowsley, however, an ear-splitting yell and awful whoop from the overtaking Pagan-one and Band (Johnny of that ilk) almost caused my machine to rear in fright, and the little spirit left almost evaporated entirely when I ran into a fierce battle (I mean to say battue) by a number of sportsmen busy with the guns among the hares and pheasants. Not being able to annex any of these owing to the ride taking me *away* from home, I rode quietly on and in fullness of time arrived at Newburgh. Here the Cook trike and Band bike were discovered quietly grazing in the stables, doing nothing in particular, whereas the owners were amissing, evidently having strolled off to admire the slyvan and delectable beauties of the neighbouring piggeries and hen-roosts. The next arrival was Edwards, and Teddy had evidently been "going through it" seeing life and buying experience of all kinds. It would seem that, taking his customary short cut via Lland—I mean Preston this time—his trike, his trusty, trusty trike, had played him a scurvy trick by collapsing and ignominiously letting him down four miles outside Preston—fortunately, however, without any injury to himself. Collecting the debris, Teddy chartered a passing motor wagon and had himself (and his debris) conveyed to Preston whence he took train for Burscough. However, what with stations like Burscough, Burscough Junction and Burscough Bridge, Teddy got fairly mixed, and only pure luck finally landed him at his destination, very tired, hungry and grimy. The next arrivals were Ven., a friend and a dog, and other members following in shoals a move was made for tea. The room looked very cheerful and bright, the table neat, orderly and appetising, but why the people of the house should set the table as far away from the fire and light as was possible "no fella" can understand. Ten sat down to tea (to say nothing of the dog hovering around) and hardly had a fair start been made when the room was invaded by a couple of sweet young damsels (?) selling favours on behalf of our wounded heroes. All of us having been adorned (?) with favours business was proceeded with as before when a new arrival caused a moments sensation, but great and glorious delight. It was CHEM. Himself! And WITHOUT his gloves!!! Chem., it had better be remarked, had already been adorned by the aforementioned young damsels, he having waylaid them (or they him) on the dark stairs. (Lucky Chem.) Just as we

proceeded to crowd round the fire Hawkes arrived, making the muster up to 12 (not forgetting the dog), and the usual desultory talk resulted, Chem. being in fine form, informing us how he had toured to The Loggerheads on his own, how he was taken in (in a double sense), how he was obliged to go to bed at 9 p.m., rise at 5 a.m., and take a walk in the wet, wet rain to pass the time, etc., etc., until the dog (which had also crowded round, and which had from the very beginning shown deep hostility and aversion to Chem., evidently considering him to be a partner of a 'orspital for dorgs) began to show such ominous signs of hostility to our friend, that Chem. thought it advisable to suddenly remember an appointment in town; he, therefore, broke up the happy party, and advising all and sundry that he must "hoots awa" and that he was going straight through via Ormskirk, he "hooted" accordingly and was seen no more. (Wait a moment though—wait and see!)

McToft and the writer soon afterwards also made a move for home, going via Rainford; when about five miles out a cyclist issued from a side road heading straight towards WIGAN. The cyclist shouted out "Can you gentlemen inform me if I am on the straight road for Ormskirk?" and the voice was the voice of CHEM. (Himself once more, and as far as could be seen in the dark still without his gloves!!) But Chem.'s disgust when he found he had addressed two of his fellow members as "gentlemen" was profound, almost too touching for words. However, having put our friend on his correct road, the ride proceeded as usual, and if any member is desirous of having full particulars and will send cheque or postal orders for £2 10/-, together with a stamped addressed envelope to 1, Norwich Road, Wavertree, he will be given full details and all historical facts.

Of the other riders—the speed worms—it is not possible to say anything; careful scrutiny of the agony columns in the local morning and evening papers have, however, so far not shewn any appeals for information as to lost, missing or strayed Anfielders, so that it is to be inferred that all made a safe passage home.

The Mancunians, having an alternative run, were naturally conspicuous by their absence, so that the hope can only be expressed that they alternated in great force, and that we shall in due time have full particulars.

Knutsford, 30th, October, 1915.

When all's said and done, a good dinner is not to be despised. I have heard people affect to do so, but they were not cyclists who had done their little bit. One of the few pleasures left to the man who has turned 40 is his love for his dinner, and as the years creep on this affection is strengthened. Our friend Crow is no exception to the rule, and with him, as with the rest of the Anfielders, the words Knutsford, the Lord Eldon and a good dinner are synonymous. Hence the dilemma. After looking forward to the Knutsford run, he gets word that a friend is coming over on the Saturday to week-end with him. He is divided between his friendship and his dinner. Why not combine the two? The telegraph is put into action, two tandems and various singles are ready, and our friend, F.H., appears with a new attachment to his motor bicycle, in the shape of a side-car. They patrol Cheadle Hulme and haunt the station waiting for the arrival of each train. When at last the visitor arrives, he is seized, fastened up in F.H.'s perambulatory coffin, and before he has recovered his breath, whirled off to Knutsford. Thus does Crow dominate the situation. When I arrived at the Lord Eldon, Buckley and Oppenheimer were pensively smoking, in cogitative cogitabundity, so to speak. Buck is now definitely enrolled in the ranks of the munition workers and stands his job

very well indeed. Considering he has been used to outdoor life, it must be very trying to stand over a lathe for a 10 hours shift. He is now armed with an insurance card and can draw ninepence for fourpence. But he does not swank, he bears his honours meekly. We others, who cannot make shells, can at least pay for them. We have to, at any rate. (I have just got my assessment, so speak feelingly.) In rapid succession, the Mullah, Crowcroft with a friend on the back of the tandem, and F.H. with the captured visitor, make their appearance. Then the loved and lost Barrett, who has been living at Blackpool and spending most of his life in a rattler. At last, Bert Green arrives, taking life as it comes—like the motor driver. This completes the party, and now to dinner, as good as usual at the Lord Eldon. (But hold hard, Mac, back me up and I will blast out a few chunks of poetry. When I have finished, you will probably do something similar.)

A WINTER'S RUN TO THE LORD ELDON.

(In quires and places where they sing, here followeth the anthem.)

There is a calm, a holy feeling
Vulgar minds can never know,
O'er the bosom softly stealing,
Chastened grief, delicious woe.

When the Anfielder's returning
From his little cycle grind,
Sick and weary of mud plugging,
Tired of fighting baffling wind.

When the evening shades are falling
And the stars begin to show;
When the moon looks o'er the tree tops,
Stares at people here below.

Then he feels an empty feeling
And a kind of what's its name
In that region of his carcase
In the middle of his frame.

This reminds him that he oughter
Get some inside lining soon,
Even bread and cheese and pickles
He'd consider as a boon.

Best of all there comes that feeling
I've described in verse the first,
Together with, oh thought delicious,
What you n'raps might call a thirst.

So he ups and treads 'em round well,
Shoves 'em round from front to rear,
While the aforesaid holy feeling
Makes a noise like pots of beer.

At last he lands at the Lord Eldon,
Where he's treated to the best,
Welcome like this gets he seldom,
Puts his waist hand to the test.

Then, when he has filled his tummy,
He reclines with graceful ease,
Whilst his fragrant pipe he's puffing,
And the Sub-Cap. pays for teas!

Now he talks of all things cycling,
Things he's heard of, things he saw,
But sure as fate, soon or late,
He'll come round to talk of —

There, I knew I should do it. I thought I should manage this little lot without mentioning it. But it can't be helped. We discussed the WAR, and a drink or two, and then like good citizens departed our several ways to our respective domiciles.

Hunts Cross, 6th November, 1915.

In response to the appeal in the Circular, I made an effort to break a long spell of absence from Club Fixtures and was apparently not the only one, as Venables collected tea money from 48 members and friends, all of whom I can safely say had excellent value as the meal was quite up to the Hilditch standard. I wonder if we shall fare as well under the new régime!

It is the first time we have had to remain thirsty at Hunts Cross until 6.30, and those who were dry after the ride out became suddenly curious about their watches as that time approached. Tea, I thought, was over earlier than usual, and we commenced the concert in good time. The proceedings opened with a short speech from our President in which he referred to those who were "On Service," and informed us that to date 18 members have enlisted, the two latest recruits, Cotter and R. P. Seed, being present. In addition, C. J. Conway and Knipe were in uniform and had, I believe, broken the ranks to be with us.

We opened the musical programme by all singing the National Anthem, and then Mr. Smith played a selection on the piano. Then the Editor spoke a few words (to me) and asked me to write this report, as penance I suppose for recent non-attendance. I did not refuse as I knew that Simpson would provide a good programme and that it would be a tour. Mr. Davie then sang "My Old Shako," for which he was deservedly honored. Then Mr. Stewart Riley told us about McBrae's Mission, the official title being, I think, "A wee drop o' Scotch," and as a reward for our applause obliged again with some perverted Nursery Rhymes à la Kipling, etc. Hereabouts the new Defence of the Realm regulations obtruded themselves, and for the first time I bought a drink at Hunts Cross.

The next item was a Violin Solo by Mr. J. Simpson, after which Mr. Cooke sang "There's a Land," and in response to our request for another, "Friend of Mine." Then I heard for the first time Simpson No. 3, whom I only know as The Plumber, sing *his* song "I'm the Plumber." I forget how long ago he asserted it is since he last sang it for the A.B.C., but very few can possibly be alive who last heard it, unless of course he made a mistake of *some* years. He also sang another song to show how obliging he is, entitled "I'm not such a bad sort—am I?" Our old friend, Mr. Joe Andrews, then sang "Somewhere a Voice is Calling" and "Land of Hope and Glory," the latter by special request to enable the audience to make themselves heard by assisting in the chorus. The next was a surprise turn by Chem., who produced a guitar—though we really ought not to be surprised at anything in the entertainment line from Chem. Other contributions from him were "Coming Home" and Eving's Dorg 'Orspital." After this, Mr. Davie sang "Sands of the Desert," which brought the first house to a close, and it is rather curious to record that local members who were returning by train found it necessary to depart before the men who had to return by road to Manchester.

Just to show the latter had not deserted us, Newsholme sang for us "Your dear old Dad was Irish," and then the President unearthed a letter from Hubert Roskell, which he read—a very interesting epistle giving details of the daily routine. He is quite well but is losing flesh.

I only stayed after this long enough to hear a capital Violin Solo by Mr. J. Simpson, and was sorry to have to go before the conclusion of the splendid programme. I heard it suggested that Simpson should be appointed Entertainment Secretary, but of course it would be unreasonable to expect one member to do so much.

What happened after the writer of the foregoing had left can be told in a few words. The President announced that we could stay on if all drinks were removed—which they were; it being then 9.30 p.m., the hour at which we have, willy nilly, to start Defending the Realm. Mr. Andrews then again delighted us with "The Toreador," and as an encore "The Prologue from Paganini. Chem. then told us that when he lays down his tools he does not take them up again in a hurry, and afterwards entertained us with some Semitic Stories. Mr. Cooke invited us to sing to him, but one at once! So we didn't oblige and he gave us an encore "The Lotus Flower"—at least that seemed to be the subject of his song and story—I'm afraid I'm a bit mixed with the titles of some of the songs. In response to calls for the Mollah, that "H.R.A." informed us that he had nothing new to give us and he would not give us anything old, so asked permission to read something taken from "Punch," with a thought for Jim Park "doing his bit" in the Navy—it was about an out-of-date old cruiser, built some time prior to 1901, and how, although it was obsolete, it was bearing its part, and bearing it well, in keeping Britain's end up. The approach of the time for the top-something train broke up the evening, and after "Auld Lang Syne" we dispersed. Special praise is due to the Manchester Contingent, consisting of Turnor, both Greens, Wilson Barratt

and Newsholme—they all remained to the last and rode home, arriving back somewhere round about one a.m.

Chester, 13th November, 1915.

It appeared as though business would entirely prevent me getting to Chester, and it did so far as riding there was concerned. However, I was just able to make a rush for the 5 p.m. rattler, and I caught it by the skin of my teeth. The Keizerette joined me at Rock Ferry, and we arrived at the Bull and Stirrup shortly after 6 p.m., to find only a very few assembled there. There were reports of Mercer and Venables having been seen leaving the Bull and Stirrup presumably for a walk round the Ancient City, but these reports were found to be without foundation in fact. We only numbered nine all told. Manchester was represented by the Mullah, H. Green and Barratt, while the Keizerette, Cook, Edwards, Sumter, Band and myself made up the muster. Why there should have been only nine out is wropt in mystery, for the morning and the afternoon were bright and glorious. On our return journey, also per rattler, we noticed the railway track was covered by a white mantle, but none of those who rode to the fixture experienced any snow.

Halewood, 20th November, 1915.

I was let in for this by Dave Fell, who asked for a volunteer to write the account of the run, on behalf of Mac, who had left early to work on munitions, on which work Toft (who had not been able to put in an appearance) was also engaged. I fell into the trap, so here goes. We of the "walking party," conducted by H. M. Buck, got out chiefly by means of tram and motor bus, only having to "frog it" for the last two miles. Old Buck is still something of an organiser but, as Charlie K. put it, "is not the man he used to be." A most welcome visitor was young Austin Cheminais—the very fine second son of "poor old Chem."—who was back on seven days leave after 11 months in the trenches in Flanders, and proud we were to meet such a fine son of our old pal. At Halewood we met Cook and his fellow stalwarts, who still push pedals, and a very merry and hungry party of 17 sat down to some excellent chickens, which were soon put out of sight. After the repast, a large "tank" party was formed, and we were joined later by Bob Knipe in a magnificent braided khaki uniform, in spite of which he looked as large and fit as ever. The conversation turned on the new drink regulations, and Cook, assisted by Arthur Simpson, shewed us a very clever little trick in this connection, which resulted to the satisfaction of everyone concerned. Ch. K. and Buck, attracted by the successful issue of the experiment, and desirous of emulating the aforesaid pair, essayed the trick, but hardly with the same general success, Charlie apparently being too guileless to compete even with the childlike simplicity of Buck. After a heated discussion as to who first rode a pneumatic-tired bicycle in Liverpool, we of the "walking party" left by the 8.30 train, and so a most pleasant gathering came to an end. The attendance, including Bob Knipe and Mac, numbered 18 members and one visitor (young Austin Chem.) I thank you for all your kind wishes.

Well, there's the account, Mac, for you to lick into shape. You know I'm not good at this sort of thing. I take this opportunity of telling you all that I am enjoying ten days leave after three months in Flanders, and am going down to Champagne now with the French Army. Shall be delighted to hear from anyone. Address—Driver H. Roskell, French Convoy, c./o. British Red Cross Society, Boulogne.

HUBERT ROSKELL.

Although aware that the report on the present run is being written by a better and mightier hand, the present scribe, afraid of the possibility of a most important omission from the description, feels himself constrained to advise all and sundry of the unexpected but most welcome presence of Hubert Roskell, home from the Front on short leave. Hubert himself—in the very best of health and spirits in spite of a great decrease in the girth of his mighty chest (ahem!) expansion. Good on you Hubert; may your shadow never grow (much) less!

Among the other members present was our dear old friend Chem. this time accompanied by his son, also home from the Front on short leave. Chem.'s son—as fine a chip of the old block as may be seen in a day's march—had been in the thick of the fighting at Hooge and elsewhere, luckily coming through all the dangers without a hurt. Long may his immunity continue, and in wishing him, Hubert and all our other soldier fellow members a safe and happy return, I feel sure that I am only voicing the silent but none the less sincere hope and desire of every Anfielder without a single exception. Good luck to you boys! We are proud of you!! And so say all of us!!!

Another word of thanks and praise is due to those of our members sacrificing their time and leisure and risking their health on police, munition duties, etc., etc., all most valuable and important these dreadful times. Boys—to you our thanks are also due, and if it is any gratification to you to know that you have it, rest assured that it is so, and in no stinted measure. So good luck and our thanks to you as well! Would that all of us were so self-sacrificing!!

Mobberley, 20th November, 1915.

It was a perfect day for a winter ride—crisp surface, a nice nip in the air, and a gloriously clear atmosphere. The frost had whitened the hedges, the fields and the thatched roofs of the cottages, and the pleasant Cheshire landscape reminded one of the old-fashioned Christmas-card. The healthy-looking turkeys and geese, strutting and waddling respectively about the farmyards, helped the Christmassy feeling, which the numbness of one's finger-ends could not take away.

The run on the "Roebuck's" resources was much greater than usual, and Mrs. Leigh was somewhat anxious as to what the size of the party was likely to be. However, the seven who sat down to table at 6 sharp had nothing to complain of. After tea, Buckley, the horny-handed son of toil, told us something about his munitions work, and Oppenheimer and the Professor had an interesting argument as to the best way to induce a rifle barrel to burst. Generally the talk was war and munitions. Having settled everything, we got away in good time to ride home under a brilliant moon.

F. D. McCANN,

Editor.