

ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB.

FORMED MARCH 1879.

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

MONTHLY CIRCULAR.

FIXTURES FOR JANUARY, 1916.

	Light up at
Jan. 1.—Moreton (Farmers' Arms)	5.5 p.m.
„ 8.—Hunts Cross (Hunts Cross Hotel)	5.14 p.m.
„ 10.—Annual General Meeting, St. George's Restaurant, 6.30 p.m. ...	
„ 15.—Chester (Bull and Stirrup)	4.55 p.m.
„ 17.—Committee Meeting, St. George's Restaurant, 7 p.m.	
„ 22.—Halewood (Derby Arms)	5.7 p.m.
„ 29.—Warrington (Patten Arms)	5.16 p.m.
Alternative Run for Manchester Members.	
Jan. 22.—Knutsford (Lord Eldon)	5.7 p.m.

Committee Notes.

16, Croxteth Grove,
Liverpool.

The Annual General Meeting will be held on MONDAY, the 10th 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 1st day of January, 1916, so that I may enter same upon the Agenda. It is hoped that the attendance will be a large one.

The response to the Special Circular asking for Donations to a Fund to provide Tokens of Remembrance for those of the Members On Service was a good one—the sum of £7 15/6 was subscribed. The first parcels sent were three in number—to those serving with the Mediterranean Expeditionary Force (Williamson, Hodges and Mahon), and they consisted of articles of food and tobacco, etc. Owing to the time taken in transit the acknowledgments have not yet come to hand. The next parcels, four in number, and somewhat similar in nature, were sent to the four members (Cohen, Hubert Roskell, Rudd and Warburton) with the Forces in France, and up to the time of going to press one acknowledgment, from Rudd, has come to hand. Rudd writes:—"I received your parcel to-day. I thank you very much. I often think about the Good Old Club and old times. I

hope you all have a real good time this Christmastide." And, finally, eleven parcels containing Peterson Pipes in soft cases and some tobacco were sent to Bentley, Binns, Cotter, James, Kettle, Kinghorn, Park, Frank Roskell, D. Rowatt, R. Rowatt and R. P. Seed, and the following are extracts from some of the replies received to date:—Bentley says, "Words fail me when I try to express to President Fell and all the rest of you chaps my appreciation of the splendid little memento which I received this morning. It's fine to know that we are in your thoughts." Cotter writes, "Will you please convey to the Members of the A.B.C. my warmest thanks for the Christmas Gift which arrived this morning. The pipe especially will come in very useful as I was on the point of writing home for one of my spares, the two I brought with me being now in need of a rest." Kettle asks that his thanks may be conveyed to "the members of the A.B.C. for their Gift, which I appreciate very much"; and R. P. Seed, writing from Blackpool, says "I hope you will convey to the members of the A.B.C. my sincere thanks for the nice Christmas present, which I duly received. You cannot realise how delightful it is to be remembered by old friends when one seems to be so completely cut off from old associations"; while James writes, "Please thank the members of the A.B.C. for the very fine present they have sent me—the pipe, etc., arrived last night, and I already find them of the utmost use and comfort." Binns, writing from Shoreham, says "I thank you most sincerely for the Christmas Gift I have received. Right down here it is nice to think we are all remembered by the men who still have the opportunity of riding along those dear old Cheshire and Shropshire roads. The Club's Christmas Gift is most acceptable and valuable, and much as I value it and feel about the kindness and thought shown by the Club Members, I imagine those members who have received it and who are out across the water will feel more proud than ever to belong to the good old A.B.C." President Fell and Toft were in charge of the make-up of the parcels, and right well have they carried through the work.

APPLICATIONS FOR HONORARY MEMBERSHIP.—EMIL MONTAG, Corn Exchange Buildings, Liverpool, Proposed by W. P. Cook and Seconded by F. D. McCann; WALTER ROBINSON, 6, Millbrook, Salisbury, Proposed by W. P. Cook and Seconded by F. D. McCann; J. T. PREECE, 24, Drury Lane, Liverpool, Proposed by C. F. Hawkes and Seconded by Chester Jones.

NEW ADDRESSES.—Rifleman R. P. Seed, No. 4517, D Company 3/6th Batt. King's Liverpool Rifle Regiment, 53, Kent Road, BLACKPOOL; Bombdr. W. E. Cotter, No. 2598, 3/3rd West Lancs. Bde. R.F.A., 64, Reads Road, BLACKPOOL; Sergt. R. T. Rudd, No. 1005, 2nd Battery R.F.A., 1st West Lancs. Bde. R.F.A., B.E.F.; Sergt. A. Warburton, R.E. Postal Section, Army Post Office, R.4, B.M.E.F.; Private A. P. James, No. 10202, Army Cyclists Corps, Hut 11, Camp 25, Lark Hill, Salisbury Plain.

The direction of the entertainment at Hunts Cross on the 8th January is in the hands of R. Leigh Knipe.

F. D. McCANN,

Hon. Secretary.

Concerning Those On Service.

Lionel Cohen, in a letter dated 27th November, to Cook, sends Greetings to all, and remarks "the same as many a 'thou.' out here, I've had my near squeak. Whilst working in the communication trench the old Hun fellah, who must have known I was about, planted a nice 'iron ration' on the parapet, and yours truly, along with my confederate, a Liverpool boy, ducked and were subsequently buried over our necks,

My luck, of course, to get it right amidships, and I didn't half do the rabbit trick and scrape out. We both sorted ourselves out—complete in every part and just looked at one another with amazement. However, when the earth fell on us I shouted out 'Jim, I'm under,' and as I didn't get any answer on looking up I found the aforementioned Jim like myself feeling pale. Before we'd walked another 50 yards we were stood another 'piece de Fritz' (in spite of the no-treating order), which, fortunately, was a little wide. Nevertheless, here we are, still smiling and thirsty!"

Rudd, writing early in December, mentions that he and his battalion are on the march and have been having things a bit rough. He does not know where they are bound for but "we are making our way through France. I think we are supposed to be resting (?) If this is so, I would sooner be in the firing line. I expect I will be able to attend a club run early in the New Year. We are all very happy here and hope to get it over soon and settle down again in peace." In an earlier letter to Cook, Rudd writes "I was thinking about the A.B.C.—you will be at the Run. I hope you will excuse my absence—I am unable to come to-night. I am busy smashing Huns with High Explosive. We have had a warm week of it. We had another bombardment on Thursday last (25/11/15). It started at 7 a.m. to 3.30 p.m. All sizes of guns at it as hard as we could go. H.Q. ordered 11,000 rounds to be fired. Each battery had a certain number to fire. We were ordered to destroy the barbed wire and front line of trenches. There is only a pile of mud, sandbags and broken timber left now. The Germans left the trenches and retired. They thought our infantry was going to take them. In the morning they turned their guns on their trenches thinking our men had gone in. They are past repair and a new line will have to be made further back. It was lively while it lasted, and one could hardly hear another speaking. The H.E. shell makes an awful mess when one bursts near anything—there is nothing much left."

From Hodges, at the Dardanelles, comes a long letter and a welcome one, under date 20th November—"I see in the October Circular that someone has been writing to 'Cycling' from this part of the world re the 'ubiquitous Anfield B.C.' I met a chap of my own section, but attached to another Division. His name, I believe, was Pateman, and he had been a member of the 'Unity' or 'University,' I am not sure which—possibly it was he who wrote to 'Cycling.' He has been removed since to some other theatre of war. He is a great enthusiast, and when we met and found each other we passed a blissful hour during which we were oblivious to all outside things—even the flies! I must thank you for the Circulars, they are very welcome. I wish the old days would come again and that I might take part in the Fixtures, especially the eating parts! I was very interested in the account of the Autumn Tour. Out here there seems no change in the times—it is all drab desert, except that one finds just now a few crocuses to relieve the monotony of the parched looking ground. I don't believe they have such Christian things as Spring, Summer, Autumn and Winter in this benighted hole. It is getting rather colder and very windy—I suppose this is the beginning of the equivalent of winter in Gallipoli. The wind is a very virile and mischievous thing, and it is hand and glove with the rain. The former usually tears our roof off and then makes way for the latter—they seldom come alone. I was blown off my feet the other night and used as a projectile to demolish an incinerator. From our P.O. door can be plainly seen old Mount Olympus—beloved of the Gods—as often as not it is cloud capped. It makes a breath-taking picture as I have often seen it, silhouetted by some of the most glorious sunsets I have ever seen. The air is very clear and from some of the high parts one can see for many miles. The nights are wonderfully fine—in fact that is the best time. Best Wishes to all the A.B.C."

Cotter has been promoted full Bombardier, and is now in charge of the Brigade Office. He mentions that they look like staying at Blackpool for some time yet—there was a rumour that they would shortly move to Bettisfield, Salop. His hours in the office are very long—from 7 or 8 a.m. to 7 p.m., and sometimes 10 p.m. and after, but he is thankful that he has not to be out in the awful weather experienced there lately—the stables and the gun park are, in places, over the boot tops in mud.

James also complains of mud. In the three weeks he has been at Salisbury Plain, with the exception of two days frost, it has rained every day, and he says they are up to the knees in mud of a most treacly type, which makes cycling impossible as the mudguards are choked in a few yards.

Kettle has been under orders for abroad for a week or more but has not moved yet. It is said his battalion are for Egypt as sun helmets have been served out. His address for the future will be Private W. H. Kettle, No. 11 Platoon, 12th Yorks. and Lancs. Regt., 94th Brigade, 31st Division, Mediterranean Expeditionary Force, c/o. G.P.O., London.

Dick Seed reports "I am keeping fit, as it is almost impossible to be otherwise on this job, but I endeavour, with a certain amount of success, to keep fitter than the rest. You may all be pleased to hear that I have been one of the lucky five chosen to go to Aldershot for a course of physical training and bayonet fighting to become instructors of the new Group Army. I find my past athletic life has stood me in good stead as it has been the main means of me getting this job."

MEMS.

Recently the "Irish Cyclist" and "Cycling" have been indulging in a wordy warfare over the question of such abortions as "push-bicycle," "pedal propelled bicycle," etc., with "Cycling" undoubtedly top dog. Finally, Judge Kuklos, of the "Daily News," very cleverly summed up the case of "Cycling" v. "Irish Cyclist" and gave judgment in favour of "Cycling" on all counts. It is now amusing to note how the "Irish Cyclist" has totally ignored this independent judgment, and painfully persists in going out of its way to drag in the ridiculous and totally unnecessary terms. If we are to have any hyphenated bicycles or tricycles we would much prefer the expression used by a typical Lancashire Lad on the Transporter. On seeing one of our tricycles he affectionately referred to it as "Just my bleeding onion." Henceforth you can call a bicycle or a tricycle "a bleeding onion," but for goodness sake don't call them "push" or "pedal propelled," with or without hyphens!

At first sight it would appear as though a mistake had been made in the lighting-up times after the 8th January, but a new Order, to come into force on the 10th January, enacts that lamps shall be lit half-an-hour after Sunset—this under the Defence of the Realm Act.

Your particular attention is called to the unusual day—MONDAY—and the DATE—the 10th—of the ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING. It was found to be impossible to get everything ready for the more usual date. We have now eighteen members away with the Forces, and most of these eighteen would have attended the meeting in normal times. Won't you make it your business to take the place of one of these eighteen and attend the meeting as an earnest of your endeavours to keep things going pending their return? You will see from their letters given above how much the exiles appreciate the Club and how keen they are to resume their support, so it's up to you to see that things are as they should be, and that a strong, healthy and active Anfield Bicycle Club awaits their return to civil life.

TO YOU ALL—As Merry a Christmas as it is possible to have with so many Relatives and friends absent in the Country's Cause, and a Bright, Happy and Prosperous New Year: To those away from Home, and particularly to Those On Active Service a Speedy and Safe Return—These are Wishes we all, without exception, subscribe to.

We are sorry to hear that Robert Rowatt has been wounded at the Front. He has shrapnel wounds in the head and in the groin—two places. David crossed post haste to France and found him going on well. That he may make a speedy recovery is our united wish, both on his own account and for David's sake.

RUNS.

Warrington, 27th November, 1915.

Owing to the non-arrival of the copy asked for, I am reduced to the necessity of writing something myself—it's going to be short as I don't remember much of interest at this late date. The glorious frosty weather and fine ice-bound roads would, one would have thought, have enticed more than the baker's dozen to make the perilous journey over the tram-lines and rough setts of "Warrentoun." Toft brought Charlie Conway, fresh from his labours, despatch carrying in connection with the Derby Recruiting, in the side-car, and Mercer came solus in his car. The tricycles numbered five, and there was not a single one by train. Band and Cook returned, as they came, by Chester, and Johnny had lots to say on the subject of teetotalism when he struck the bottom half of a broken stout bottle outside the Wheatsheaf on the top road. His tyre was practically cut in half, and the low temperature underwent quite a rise as the result of lurid language, but Cook complains that Johnny was the only one to benefit, as he (Cook) was very cold even when standing as close as he could to Johnny. Tommy Royden, who wouldn't wait for the others returning via Cronton, mistook the lights on a road excavation for an oncoming cart, and struck the barrier round the hole, narrowly escaping falling down into the bowels of the earth. Tommy was not much hurt and his machine not at all, and he was finally overtaken at Broad Green.

Hunts Cross, 4th December, 1915.

I suppose Mac asked me to write the account of this run so as to obtain a contribution from someone who had *not* "made an effort to break a long spell of absence from Club Fixtures"—a sort of antithesis as it were. It was certainly an ideal day—ideal for testing the accuracy or otherwise (very much otherwise we fear) of the "Irish Cyclist" statement that "unlimited distances are placed at your disposal when you become the possessor of a motor bicycle." We don't think! Anyway, there was the usual meeting of East and West at Halton for the 5 o'clock Transporter, and our scouts report that F. H. Koenen (in full sewer suit) was running about Chester Station like a pet rabbit at 2 p.m., en route for the above "unlimited distances" and probably singing "The bike's (not) all right." When the crowd (which eventually totalled 29 members and friends) began to gather they were flabbergasted to find that the new proprietor had made no preparations, and was not expecting us till *next* Saturday! This caused supreme consternation among those who are very kind and considerate for Little Mary, and one of them incontinently swam back to the station without waiting to see if the dark cloud might not after all have a silver lining. And sure enough it had. Some people have very short memories or they would recall how well we fared under similar circumstances at Northop, when we got a champion feed at *less money* because of the proprietor's desire to atone for the mistake. Much the same thing happened at Hunts Cross. The whole staff turned to and soon had blazing

fires, and a good meal on the tables, while the delay enabled those who had cycled to dry themselves and help Knipe repair his tyre. Furthermore, we were able to have Beer with our meat. The proprietor did quite the right thing by only charging 1/6 and handed round cigars, so that altogether we did very well indeed, and while prophecy is dangerous I am almost prepared to express the utmost confidence that the next Hunts Cross run will be marked by a topping feed quite up to Hilditch form. One most important change has been made and that is the provision of a *Real Piano* in place of the antique box of dominoes that previously masqueraded as a musical instrument and should have been stuffed and sent to the Museum ages ago! True it was made in Coblenz by the makers to the Emperor of Germany, but we can put up with that. Theakstone was responsible for the musical programme, and it goes without saying that it was top hole in every respect. After the National Anthem, President Fell read a letter from Cheminai's apologising for his absence owing to another "predicament" which we were all sorry to hear of, and we then got to business. The first item was by Mr. Proudman, who delightfully rendered "Where my Caravan has rested," with apologies to George Milne, K.O.K., and then Mr. Watson convulsed us with a lot of patter about Mac (Not guilty!—Ed.) interjected into a song entitled "I will love you when your love is gone." Theakstone followed with some really new stories given in his inimitable manner, and with Arthur Simpson as a confederate he recited all about "Alonzo," and we knew where we were when he told us "so this is Palestine," because we thought we were near Crudginton or Hodnet Corner! Mr. Proudman again favoured us with "Anthea," and Turner read an excellent war poem from the "Manchester Guardian." And then one's mind was carried back almost into the dark ages when an old Anfield friend, Mr. "Dick" Brown, gave us "Spotty" and "The Scrapper and the Knut." To praise Mr. Brown would be superfluous, but I cannot help recording my impression that time has only served to ripen his style of mingled pathos and humor into perfection. Mr. Morris, who possesses a charming tenor voice, rendered "A Perfect Day" and "Somewhere a Voice is Calling" in a most delightful way, and then Mr. Darbyshire gave us a very clever turn at the piano à la the late George Grossmith. We then had a complete novelty as far as my memory serves me. Master Morris, a boy soprano with a wonderfully clear and flexible voice, sang "Life's Lullaby" and "Kil-larney" most delightfully and fairly brought down the house. Mr. Watson again obliged with some more songs and stories about "Mac" and proved himself indeed a *Lion Comique*. Mr. Proudman excelled himself in "Thou art passing hence," and was forced to comply with an insistent encore with "Absent." Mr. Brown's final turn gave us "Semmy the Dashing Dragon" and "The Old Soldier." Mr. Morris followed with "My Dream" and "I know of two bright eyes," and Mr. Darbyshire convulsed us with an account of the A.G.M. of the Rheumatic B.C., which certainly touched the spot. The last item was very fittingly supplied by Master Morris, who sang "By you Bonne Banks and Braes" divinely, and then we had the usual "For they are jolly good fellows" never more heartily sung, some speeches and "Auld Lang Syne" before we drifted out into the murky night to wend our several ways home, everybody undoubtedly feeling that we had had a champion evening. Many, many thanks, George! It will be noticed that there is no mention of the Second House. And for a very good reason. Like the snakes in Ireland "There are none!" Indeed this fixture broke all records in two respects. In the first place Teddy Edwards actually arrived FIRST at Hunts Cross! No wonder the proprietor would not believe him when he mentioned the fact that he was the advance guard of the A.B.C.! In the second place not a single person left before the 10.19! Just think of this if you can. It is fairly staggering. It is almost beyond belief! There were several there who have never done such a thing in their lives before. Occasionally the 7.35—sometimes

the 8.15, but miss the 9.7? Perish the thought! And yet no one turned a hair, and December 4th, 1915, will go down in History in Letters of Gold as the night on which *everyone* stayed till the end! Perhaps this astounding fact will impress you who were absent (unavoidably and otherwise) with the idea that you missed a Great Treat. Anyway Turnor and Green had so enjoyed themselves that they started back for the long ride to Cottonopolis in high glee.

A Confession.

To those who were at the Hunts Cross Run on 4th December—My Sincerest Apologies! I have since found out that the sole blame and all the blame for the failure of the Tea Arrangements must be laid on my shoulders! McCririe, the new landlord, has found my letter booking the date and I gave a wrong date—the 11th instead of the 4th. I do not know how I came to make such a stupid mistake. Under the circumstances we did not do so badly for tea, but it was not up to what we were led to expect. As a recompense, the landlord promises something extra special for our next run there. Once again I offer my apologies.

F. D. McCANN, Hon. Secretary.

Moreton, 11th December, 1915.

It is a fact much to be regretted that the Hale Family have their place of business so near town, else it would be an ideal house of call both on Club Runs and at other times. Were it further away we should certainly call there more frequently. It is one of those places all too rare, where we are always certain of a warm welcome, a good feed and every attention. The goodly number of seventeen assembled on this occasion, and considering that the Manchester members had their own run it was quite satisfactory, especially so considering the weather—it was blowing a full gale, luckily without any accompanying rain. Pedestrians were much in evidence—the President, Toft, Hawkes and Cooper, being in this category for the nonce—the latter two walked from home while the other couple took tram to Prenton and padded the hoof from there, the President losing his cape en route, and turning back to find it without success. Cook was the only one of the cycling party—but need I say it—to do a good round in the afternoon—he came via Chester and West Kirby, while Edwards started off for his favourite Warrington round, but gave it best and changed his route to via New Ferry and West Kirby—wise man, considering the draught he would have had to face from Warrington all the way to the run. The tea was even better than the Hale standard, than which there is nothing finer even at the most swagger hotel. Steak and kidney pie, a joint of roast beef, potatoes and three other vegetables—Kabbage, Karrots and Kauliflower as they would write it in the Hun Kountry—then an apple pie and Christmas pudding, and more Christmas pudding. Contrast this with what we would have had at Hinderton, the original fixture, and you may bet your last dollar that we were not the losers by the change. After tea the talk was all, or nearly all, Munitions, and the meeting arrived at the opinion that Fell, Toft and McCann, the trio of Munitioners of Lambeth Road, are working on shells for Bunneys! At least such was the contention of the rival munition workers, Buck and Pritchard, mainly because Lambeth Road Works does not fly a Union Jack over the building, and because its volunteers do not have to have insurance cards! On the return journey snow fell very heavily, but as the wind was behind it was unheeded.

Knutsford, 11th December, 1915

The members from Cheadle Hulme are fine judges of a good feed, and if ever Mrs. Elwood, of the Lord Eldon, should require a testimonial for

cooking, the gentlemen above referred to will be delighted to oblige. The Manchester Section's representative on the Committee asked for suggestions for the destinations of future runs, and the reply he received was "Knutsford with Knutsford as an alternative, and should a further change be needed then Knutsford might be fixed." The Cheadle Hulme contingent are drawn to Knutsford as by a magnet and their presence gives an added charm to an already delightful rendezvous, so "the members who turn out wherever the destination may be" are not likely to complain if the Lord Eldon frequently appears on the fixture list.

Upon the occasion under review the members who braved the elements and fought the gale in order to be present were Buckley, Crowcroft, E. Green, H. Green, and Turnor, and this party was still further augmented by three members of the Manchester Wheelers, viz., Messrs. Anderson, Barlow and Cole. It will be noticed that though these gentlemen are not members of the A.B.C. there is something alphabetical about them.

C.H.T.

Warrington, 18th December, 1915.

It is with feelings of some emotion that I set pen to paper to recount this ill-fated fixture, as my pleasure therein was sadly marred by more or less serious accidents to two of my dearest friends with whom I have had many thousands of miles of unalloyed joyful cycling, in one case dating back as far as the dark ages of 1888! Saturday morning brought me a letter from J. C. Band recounting an accident he had experienced by a fall against a motor lorry, which resulted in such serious injury to his thigh that he was confined to his bed. This letter, breathing in every line Johnny's devotion both to cycling and the Anfield, was read by Turnor at tea, and if expression of kindly thoughts and good-will ever effected a cure, Band is fit and well again now! Would that we had a few more such enthusiasts feeling so disgusted at "having to miss a run." As I ploughed my lonely furrow through Chester, I met Harry Poole driving his car in the wrong direction, with George of that ilk and others, but rising out of Helsby I was cheered by the sight of Teddy Edward's back and thereafter had company. The usual stop at Frodsham, and then as we were entering Warrington we actually managed to overtake H. Green! Arrived at The Patten we discovered Turnor's bicycle with one of his many lamps burning to "protect" it from the Taxis, and duly found him with L. Oppenheimer and Stephenson in the smoke room. Six o'clock approached, and only Toft and Charlie Conway (clutching a Benson) were added to our numbers, so the "crowd" of eight wended their way upstairs in rather a subdued mood. Mac was known to be on police duty, and Toft's appearance was a welcome surprise as he had been working all night on munitions, but where were the other slackers? Fortunately, Newsholme (with a gammy leg as a result of a side slip) and Keizerette turned up per rattler, so we mustered 10 after all, and had a right down good square meal quite up to the Patten standard. After trying vainly to persuade Edwards that via Chester was much the best way home I was the first to leave the party round the fire, and had a most enjoyable ride which included an amusing incident, arising from a "bite" I picked up by the Gibbett Mill. It was a brilliant moonlight night, but of course the local speed merchant had a gas lamp! Still if you are blinding all out even the moon and a gas lamps are not much use. Seeing an obstruction in the road I swung round and shouted "Look out," but my young friend charged right into what turned out to be a drunken man lying lengthwise in the road! After riding over his face and body he luckily rode off between the man's legs without falling off, and we left the sot inquiring for someone who was not there! This incident concluded the run as far as I knew, but a post-card just received from Stephenson brings the sad news that *their* journey home

was somewhat tragic. It appears that Teddy Edwards skidded in Warrington and put his shoulder out. Both a doctor and the Infirmary were visited, and Stevie eventually escorted Teddy home leaving the two bicycles "somewhere in Warrington." I am sure that *everyone* will hope Teddy's injuries will prove less than feared, and that he will have a speedy recovery. He was to have written the account of this run, and as such an old friend and admirer I felt that I could not do less than volunteer to deputise under the sad circumstances.

And Another Version.

It is not often that we are favoured with TWO accounts of one and the same Run! To the two gentlemen who have filled the breach our Best Thanks are tendered, and we give both accounts as they are one by a Liverpool member and the other from Manchester.—(Ed.)

We were half way home, and riding quite happily together, when No. 1 spoilt it. He said: "Oh, I didn't get anyone to write the run." Silence from Nos. 2 and 3, each keeping his defence in reserve until the attack disclosed its real objective. Transparent feint against No. 2, easily repulsed (trivial objection about having written one recently, "did it last year," or words to that effect). Heavy assault on No. 3, stubbornly resisted: "I did the last Warrington run; nothing new to say. Too much like Father Ambrose, who had to preach on the Feast of St. Sylvester. The monks gave him a hint to be brief; they were hungry. 'Brethren, last year, on this Feast-day, it was my lot to preach to you, and I told you then all that I knew of St. Sylvester. As I have not heard that anything has happened to him since then, I will not detain you any longer.'"

No. 2 (the traitor) joins the attack: "Good wheeze" (I do dislike these vulgar idioms), "good wheeze," he said, "start off with that."

So if you don't like this chestnut, you can try to identify Nos. 1 and 2, and take it out of them.

We were only ten at tea: Johnny Band ought to count a half-mark, for he sent a special letter to explain his absence. He has been hurt—rather badly, we were sorry to hear—in an accident with a motor-lorry at his works. We all hope for his quick recovery.

Newsholme, another invalid, came out by train; his is a case of side-slip. But you will see them both on Boxing Day, before (No! after.—Ed.) you see this, for they both promised to get to Knutsford somehow.

I hear that the Warrington Highways Committee intend to take action against certain Manchester traffic, which has taken to entering and leaving the town by an irregular and diverted route, thereby causing undue wear of the Riverside Drive. Any member who may be challenged by the guard on the bridge should remember that he is coming from (or going to, as the case may be) Frodsham, not Lymm. This morning there appears a real and general order for rear lights. For myself, I care not; but I wish the order had appeared on Saturday morning, so that we might have heard Cook to advantage on the subject. Still, there may still be some left on Boxing Day.

Late News.

After we had gone to press three further acknowledgments of the Christmas parcels have come to hand. Warburton asks that his "Best Thanks for the parcel to hand yesterday, and also for the Good Wishes, which are very much appreciated," may be conveyed to the members of the Club; while Cohen writes "Please give my very Best Thanks to my fellow members of the A.B.C. for their kindness in sending me such a splendid parcel, which I can assure you could not have contained more useful

things. It makes one feel very proud of being associated with a Club which takes such an interest in its members. With the Best of Wishes and again many thanks"; and lastly (but not least), Frank Roskell says "My hearty thanks to the members for the very kind present. The pipe is a beauty and just what I want, and I can only say that the kindly spirit of the gift is deeply appreciated. I long for a happy re-union when this wretched war is over. I have been under orders twice lately for the Balkans, but was stopped each time—"not to be spared"—so I look like being here for 'duration.' All work and no play, and I should just love a Club Run." And there is a service post-card from Hodges at the Dardanelles conveying Wishes for Christmas and the New Year to all.

F. D. McCANN,
Editor.

ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB.

FORMED MARCH 1879.

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

MONTHLY CIRCULAR.

FIXTURES FOR FEBRUARY, 1916.

	Light up at
Feb. 5.—Moreton (Farmers' Arms)	5.26 p.m.
.. 12.—Hunts Cross (Hunts Cross Hotel)	5.39 p.m.
.. 14.—Committee Meeting, St. George's Restaurant, 7 p.m.	
.. 19.—Warrington (Patten Arms)	5.52 p.m.
.. 26.—Chester (Bull and Stirrup)	6.4 p.m.
Alternative Run for Manchester Members—	
Feb. 5.—Knutsford (Lord Eldon)	5.26 p.m.
Full Moon, 19th instant.	

Secretary's Notes.

16, Croxteth Grove,
Liverpool.

At the ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING the following Officials were elected:—PRESIDENT, D. R. Fell; VICE-PRESIDENTS, G. B. Mercer and C. H. Turnor; CAPTAIN, J. Seed; Sub-Captains, W. T. Venables and H. Green; HON. TREASURER, R. Leigh Knipe; COMMITTEE, W. P. Cook, J. O. Cooper, E. Edwards, H. W. Keizer, A. Newsholme, A. T. Simpson, G. Stephenson and W. R. Toft; Hon. Auditors, C. J. Conway and D. C. Rowatt; HON. SECRETARY, F. D. McCann.

The Hon. Secretary's Report for 1915 was adopted.

The Hon. Treasurer's Report for 1915 was adopted.

The Subscriptions for 1916 were fixed as follows:—

For Active Members—One Guinea.

For Honorary Members—A minimum of Ten Shillings, and for Junior Active Members—Under 18 years of age, 5/-, and for those between 18 and 21, 10/6.

The Club's Racing Programme was left in the hands of the Committee.

Bettws-y-Coed was fixed for the Easter Tour.

The arrangements for the Whitsun Tour and the August Tour were left in the hands of the Committee with suggestions that they be to the Lake District and the Kerry Hills District respectively.

The Committee were given power to make any Donation, if and when in their opinion the Club Funds permit, to any local War Fund or Funds, or to any purpose which will directly benefit those Members of the Club serving in His Majesty's Forces, prior consideration being given to the members' needs.

Twenty-six members were present.

At the January Committee Meeting—

A. T. Simpson was elected Editor of the Monthly Circular.

The Delegates for 1915 to the R.R.A and the N.R.R.A. were re-elected for 1916. They are: R.R.A., E. Bright and H. W. Keizer, and N.R.R.A., J. Seed and the Hon. Secretary.

The following were elected to Honorary Membership:—

E. Montag, Corr. Exchange Buildings, Liverpool; W. M. Robinson, 6, Millbrook, Salisbury; J. T. Preece, 24, Drury Lane, Liverpool, and O. T. Williams, 4, India Buildings, Liverpool.

The following Active Members were transferred to the Honorary List:—W. Jones, R. H. Carlisle, W. M. Owen, and W. E. S. Foster.

D. R. Fell, Junr., was transferred from the Honorary List to the Junior Active Membership List—his address is Cully Grange Grammar School, West Kirby.

Acknowledgements of the Christmas Gifts are to hand from Commander Jim Park, Lieut. D. C. Kinghorn and Sapper Jack Hodges.

Jim Park writes: "Will you kindly convey my very Best Wishes to the President and members of the A.B.C., and thank them for the more than splendid Christmas Gift they've so thoughtfully sent me. It would not have been possible to have sent anything more suitable or anything which could have been more appreciated." Kinghorn says: "Will you kindly convey to the members of the A.B.C. my appreciation of their Gift"; and Hodges, writing from the Base Army P.O., under date 19th December, says: "I wish to thank you and all the members of the Club for the parcel which I received just as I was leaving the Peninsular. The tobacco and the 'fags' were very acceptable. The Staff of my P.O. devoured the peaches with great gusto. I have not yet disposed of the Christmas pudding, as, owing to my recent shift, my other Christmas fodder will be greatly delayed. Please remember me to all the boys."

NEW ADDRESSES.—A. Newsholme, 71, Ryebank Road, Chorlton-cum-Hardy; Sapper J. Hodges, No. 29177, R.E.P.S., Base Army P.O. Z., B.M.E.F.; Sapper P. Williamson, No. 72272, Northern Wireless Section, attached 2nd London Wireless Signal Coy. R.E. B.M.E.F. Warburton's address was incorrectly given in the January Circular as B.M.E.F.—this should have been B.E.F.

The arrangements for the Entertainment at Hunts Cross in February—this run will be on the SECOND Saturday in February you are asked to note—are in the hands of Mr. Theakstone, who promises an evening of a quite exceptional character—what it is you are asked to be present to learn.

F. D. McCANN,

Hon. Secretary.

[Note.—The bald announcement by the Secretary of the epoch-making change in the direction of this influential journal is typical of the true Anfield Spirit, but I feel that a word of explanation is due: Oliver Cooper and I having contrived to get ourselves nominated as scrutineers at the General Meeting, it was the work of a moment to concoct an ingenious re-arrangement of the votes ensuring our election on the Committee, and thus satisfying a vaulting ambition. At the first meeting of this August Body we had just disposed in solemn conclave of some momentous question, and my lightsome fancy, momentarily released from the cares of office, had wandered idly in dreamy reverie among matters not remotely connected with a snug hostelry in the vicinity, when I was brought back to earth with a bump on hearing my name proposed in muffled tones for this onerous post. With palsied limbs which almost refused their office, I

rose, and lifted a piping voice in nervous protest, only to be instantly snouted down by the Keizerette furiously assisted by his howling horde of brawny, bearded bullies . . . and that's how I became Editor. A keen discussion ensued on the question of salary, and it was eventually decided that I should be promised twice the amount that Mac had been in the habit of being promised. Notwithstanding the enormous additional expense thus entailed there will be no extra charge, the price of the organ remaining as heretofore. I have already a small but distinguished coterie of brilliant collaborators, but am hungrily prowling round for more. Contributors are earnestly requested to write indistinctly on both sides and the edges of the paper. Any manuscript returned will be paid for at full rates. Prepaid unaddressed envelopes should be enclosed with all copy, not necessarily for publication but as a guarantee that the Editor will get something out of the job. With a fervent but forlorn hope that a chronic and rooted antipathy to work will not unduly hasten the demise of the paper, I now leave you to its scintillating contents.—Ed.]

Annual General Meeting.

The Annual General Meeting was held at St. George's Restaurant on Monday evening, January 10th. Twenty-six members were present, President D. R. Fell being in the chair.

Minutes of the previous meeting having been taken as read and confirmed, the Hon. Secretary proceeded to give us his Annual Report. I, personally, have listened to many Annual Reports but this certainly gave me most pleasure. The work of 1915 was very fully described and in printed form will provide most enjoyable reading. The Hon. Treasurer next gave us his version of Club funds, which also proved most satisfactory; this gentleman is one of our hardest working Executive; he couldn't be done without. With a small amount of opposition the Annual Subscription, Rule 25, was again adopted, those Members On Service being free of Subscription for the current year. Personally, I think the lowering of the subscription would be a great mistake, the chief difficulty being the raising of it again in normal times.

Scrutineers Oliver Cooper and Arthur Simpson having been appointed, D. R. Fell was re-elected President with acclamation. The Vice-Presidents, G. B. Mercer and C. H. Turnor; Captain, J. Seed; Sub-Captains, H. Green and W. T. Venables; Hon. Sec., F. D. McCann; Hon. Treas., R. L. L. Knipe, were also re-elected. There was a little shuffle for Committee, ten names going to the ballot. The scrutineers worked the game very well, both being returned as members of the new Committee, which body now comprises W. P. Cook, O. Cooper, E. Edwards, H. W. Keizer, A. Newsholme, A. T. Simpson, G. Stephenson and W. R. Toft. Prize Rule No. 6, second paragraph, was proposed, seconded and carried, Charlie Conway, in a touching little speech, proposed the Annual Easter pilgrimage to Bettws. for the 12th time; he mentioned he might not be there, but Bettws. at Easter without Charlie wouldn't be possible. The August Tour created quite a fair amount of debate. Herbert Keizer was strongly in favour of the All-Night Ride and the Whitsun Tour being combined, but Billy Cook, who was one of the few, very few, on the All-Night Ride in 1915 was strongly in favour of dropping this event, at least for the present. Eventually it was decided to tour in the Lake District at Whitsun and drop the All-Night Ride gently. The August Tour will be spent in the Kerry Hills. (This Kerry is not in Ireland!) Club funds were next discussed, and S. J. Buck proposed, C. H. Turnor seconded and it was carried "That the Committee be empowered to make any donation, if and when in their opinion the Club funds permit, to any local war fund or funds or to any purpose which will directly benefit those members of the Club serving in His Majesty's Forces, prior consideration being given to our own members' needs." After which the meeting closed with the usual hearty vote of thanks to all the Officers, Committee, Auditors, scrutineers, etc., etc.

Concerning Those on Service.

Jim Park in a letter to Cook says: "We've had quite a busy time down here just lately, and I've been 'very much on the move.' Have just completed over 25,000 miles in this old bus (You must be very fit, Jim! —Ed.) so you may guess we've not been standing still. Everything is quite O.K. with my little lot."

Douglas Kinghorn received orders to proceed to the Mediterranean in the last week of the old year—he hoped to be able to get out to Knutsford for Boxing Day, but was evidently unable to manage it.

Warburton, writing to The Mullah, says: It is on Club Run days that I often try to guess which lane you will be doing—a difficult proposition in your case. Ah! well; the next best thing to cycling is thinking about it. All the same I must confess it is a poor second. One meets very few real cyclists out here. One of my own men is a fairly keen cyclist, and I often have a chat with a Q.M.S. who is a C.T.C. member. It has not been my luck as yet, however, to come across a real Clubman. . . . The Circulars are as welcome as the flowers in May. The only unfortunate part of the business is that the more cycling news I receive the more I long to be back in England. Don't allow this bit of information to stop the news though—it's wonderfully easy to become used to longing when one has no choice."

We are pleased to learn that Percy Williamson is "quite well and as fit as ever again now." He had hopes of being out on an A.B.C. Run before Christmas. He says "I get 'Cycling' every week now, and so follow Cook's letters on touring, etc. There is not much to write about this place. Of the war you know, probably, more than I do myself. I'm working on a Wireless Station at present, and with a few good chums am living under almost as decent conditions as can be expected in a forsaken corner of the Globe, such as this seems to be. What few villages there are here are forbidden ground, so we have to rely on a Government canteen (which is generally sold out of everything) and what the Army provides for succour. The country round here is mostly low bare hills with goat tracks over them. The weather here is still quite mild and dry. We have occasional storms, which, when they come, make up for any scarcity. Wind, rain, thunder and lightning all come at once and, unless precautions have been taken before the wind rises, tents are blown over before one can look round. You ask, do we get a proper tobacco supply? The trouble is the quality, which consists of one kind, 'Special Army Quality'—as some of the cigarettes are marked. I suppose the annual meet at Knutsford will have come off before this—I hope you had as good a time as ever."

MEMS.

We are pleased to note that Chester Jones is taking a more active interest in the Club—he has been instrumental in obtaining two new members of late.

Wilson Barratt, who has been training for months past with the Manchester University O.T.C., has been granted a commission. He has sat for his examination and was placed quite well up in the "pass" list. He applied for a commission in a Cyclist Battalion, and had to give some information proving he was a cyclist!—and that from a member of the A.B.C.!! He gave some particulars of the Easter Tour of 1914, which greatly interested the Examining Officer and proved to him his capacity as a cyclist.

Heartiest congratulations to Billy Owen on the birth of a son and heir—a future candidate for Junior Membership? Billy Owen has been

training for some time past with the Carnarvonshire V.T.C., and has been learning all about the mysteries of forming fours and getting to know the difference between sections, squads and platoons.

Most members are aware of the adoration, to use a very mild term, with which Turnor regards his racing "grid." The machine in question had been placed in the hands of a cycle expert at Hale. The "Johnny Band" back wheel quick detachment had been added, the wheels re-varnished, and with tyres straight from the Leon Meredith Emporium the sight was enough to make the breast of the owner swell with pride. The job having been completed, the machine was removed from the workshop to a place of honour in the shop. A lady entered the establishment and enquired if the owner had any second-hand machines for sale. She stated that a bicycle had been offered to her elsewhere for 35/-, but it was quite a poor machine, and pointing to Turnor's machine she said "it wasn't even as good as that." The face of the proprietor must have spoken volumes because the lady then enquired, "Why, is that a good machine?"

RUNS.

Knutsford, 27th December, 1915—Boxing Day.

The Boxing Day Run of 1915 will, I think, prove a memorable one, not only on account of it being the second (and let us hope the last) during war-time, but by reason of the terrific storm of wind and wet which raged practically unabated throughout the day. Those who, like myself, encountered it on a bicycle—not "push-bicycle, please!—will have a lively recollection of its force. As I happened to have had the largest dose of "Run" the Editor considered that I was a fit and proper person to write an account of it, regardless, I fear, of others whose joint experiences might have proved more interesting. However, here's my own part. I left my Birmingham domicile punctually at 8 a.m., and quickly found that there was a generous deposit of moisture falling, accompanied by mighty blasts from the west. Fortunately this was helpful, and in spite of the heavy state of the roads I had, for me, a fast journey to Stafford, which I reached shortly before noon. Passing along the charming Trent Valley the sunshine burst forth, and until reaching the grimy purlieus of Newcastle-under-Lyme I enjoyed attractive conditions. The fringe of the Potteries is far from beautiful, but reaching the pleasant Cheshire roads the blot is soon forgotten and Holmes Chapel is reached and Knutsford seems quickly to follow (when the wind is behind!) The "Lord Eldon"—65 miles—was my first dismount at 12.50. Once again I met the warm greeting of old friends, many of whom I had not seen since the 24 of 1914. It was quite pleasant, too, to be out of the "no-treating" area and to hear "Good Health," "The same to you," with a liberal dispensation of good old English beer, both malt and ginger. The atmosphere of the "dispensary," however, was a bit thick for the poor non-smoker. The dinner in clearer regions above was most excellent, as all could vouch, and the gathering of twenty-seven including a few friends, was, considering the times, ample testimony of the Club's strength and bonhomie. Some of the "past masters" of the wheel, such as Mercer, Harry Poole, Toft and Tom Conway (up from Bristol) arrived with their friends per petrol, but among the steady adherents to the winter pastime of mud-plugging I noticed Johnny Band, Buckley, Charlie Conway, Cook, Oppenheimer, Tommy Royden, Stephenson, the two Greens and McCann—I trust every omitted zealot will forgive me—whilst Teddy Edwards, for whom sympathy was expressed, was a notable absentee. Of course we missed many of our real warriors, but if we may judge from the postcard from "Elsie," in the trenches, read by Turnor to an appreciative audience, they were with us in spirit. May they be with us in the flesh in 1916! After the disposal of the substantial fare, cigars and coffee were hospitably distributed by David Rowatt (one of whose

soldier sons honoured us with his presence) and Toft, amid animated discussion. War topics are practically unavoidable just now, and it was, therefore, quite appropriate that one should hear Buckley and McCann discussing the merits of their respective shell-factories. However, this by no means interfered with earlier facetious exchanges between "F.H." and Crowcroft, when the former produced a mysterious concoction from a small bottle, not to mention the witty radiance from another popular member, G.T. All round, in fact, flowed good humour and good fellowship, so that, as Cook remarked, the gathering WAS worth attending, even from Birmingham! Unfortunately, I had to move at 3.5 p.m., so that what occurred later to the company I must leave to others to describe. My return home was by no means hurried, although replete with the variety of an obstacle race. The wind over the first stretch to Newcastle-under-Lyme was something to lean against when I was not hurriedly dismounting to retain my equilibrium. In fact walking in some of the more exposed places near Newcastle was a dire necessity, and my gas lamp was frequently blown out. The first 23 miles occupied nearly three hours, and I had to avoid in one spot broken down telegraph wires and a tree trunk. From Newcastle to Stafford there was comparative shelter, but a sharp lookout was necessary owing to the numerous branches of trees and several trunks on the roadway. Over the edge of Cannock Chase my back tyre subsided, and I was forced at last to set about repairing three cuts due to a kinked inner tube. Having finished two, I found that all my remaining patches had blown away en bloc, and I had to search the locality with a lamp on the remote chance of finding them. Wonderful to relate I discovered them in a puddle some yards away. Then after making the last repair my lamp gave out, and while squandering matches endeavouring to light an "oil" a policeman loomed up with an electric torch and kindly lighted up the scene of operations while I replaced the tube and collected the tools. Such was the "hobby's" sympathy that he would not accept a drink (perhaps he was observing the no-treating order), but he had no objection to sharing my chocolate before I was "moved on." Descending to Cannock lightning flashes were visible. The road out of the town was unrideable owing to motor-bus ruts, but reaching the Brown-hills road the only further obstacle encountered, beyond the pot-holes and small branches, was a flooded portion of road about 20 yards in extent. This, after due reconnoitering, was taken safely at the charge with the water over my cranks—a final touse to my already wet feet. By this time the wind was veering into a helpful direction, and the last twelve miles was comparatively easy, although ridden with both lamps out. It was, however, 1.5 a.m. before I found home, and sought soap, water and bed.

G.E.C.

Mobberley, 1st January, 1916.

When there's a chance of cycling there's no bad weather—some days are better than others, but there are no really bad ones. So, on this first day of a new year, though the wind howled all the time and the rain came down at intervals with a hearty goodwill which might perhaps have been better directed, and the cheerful fire and the books made their appeal, I dug my more or less (trusty steed from the stable, ascertained superficially that the Boxing Day experiences had not undermined its constitution seriously, and sallied forth to the admiration (?) of my family circle. Choosing a comparatively peaceful moment, I managed to mount and thereupon became the sport of a frolicsome head and side wind. Every slight change of direction seemed to give this most enterprising of winds a fresh opportunity of displaying its versatility, for within a very short space of time it was opposing and helping, pressing from the right and from the left. Small branches of trees, broken off by the blast, strewed the lanes and added to the excitement of the game, which became really thrilling when darkness fell. And it WAS dark. After a rough but

enjoyable passage, I reached the Roebuck just before the witching hour of six, to find myself the first arrival. I waited a little while in the hope of being joined by some fellow-clubman, meanwhile enjoying the impromptu exhibition of a local conjuror who was quite an expert, and then, resigning myself to my own company, sat down in solitary grandeur to an excellent tea. That despatched, and a pipe smoked before the fire, I made my way homewards, finding the conditions, barring the branches on the roads, somewhat easier.

Thus was the Manchester Section run held, and the annals of the A.B.C. kept unsullied. H.F.

Hunts Cross, 8th January, 1916.

Imbued at first with the uncanny notion of walking all the way, as the time drew near for embarking on this perilous enterprise our resolve became sicklied over with the pale cast of uncertainty as to sticking it, and a ghastly compromise was effected by taking the car to Calderstones. We had trudged along for some time when Mac, evidently riding all out, managed to overtake us, minus his rear light, and we had just uttered the necessary few words of sharp reproof when Johnny Band came belting along, so we paced them both into Hunts Cross, thereby enabling them to get there bearing a faint resemblance to respectable beings. Buck and Venables had arrived before us and these intrepid pedestrians informed us (not without a touch of hauteur) that *they* had hoofed it all the way from Wavertree Clock. We looked the admiration words failed us to express, and—it came off. The spectacle of Buck paying for a round of teetotal drinks was a strangely beautiful one, and lingers fondly in the memory. On the appearance of our host (who had swollen visibly during the interval) Mac, from a strongly entrenched position, in an impassioned speech made a powerful appeal for clemency in connection with the previous contretemps, and it was a touching sight, the pale temperance fluids strewn about lending a dismal solemnity to the scene. A sigh of relief went out when it was seen that all was forgiven, and Mac ate gratefully out of the fat man's hand. We then adjourned for tea, and found all told a muster of 43, including 12 friends, a very good repast being provided. After everything had been cleared away, the concert which was in the capable hands of Knipe was commenced, Mr. Smith opening the proceedings with a well played selection on the piano. Mr. Thomas, the happy possessor of a singularly pleasing voice, then gave us "When you come home," and in response to a clamorous encore "In an old fashioned town." He was followed by Mr. Jack Simpson, who contributed a couple of charming violin solos. Mr. Challoner then sang with great effect "I fear no foe," responding to an encore with "Follow me 'ome." At this stage there was a pleasant interlude, the President in a neat speech taking the opportunity of presenting Will Cook on behalf of several members of the Club and other friends with a box in whose hidden depths, sheltered with loving care by innumerable paper coverings, reclined—a rear light. It appears a certain silent wistfulness has been apparent about Cook ever since the rear light question was mooted, and this had been greatly accentuated from the enforcement of the order. He had said very little about it, but a lack of appetite and an increasing consumption of strong liquids had given the key to the canker that was daily gnawing at his vitals. He had vainly tried to obtain one of these priceless possessions himself, and his voiceless agony had moved the generous donors to such a degree that they had clubbed together, sparing no expense and leaving no stone unturned until they had succeeded in procuring one. The box was tastefully inscribed (in blacklead) by all the contributors to the gift, and made a very handsome present. Cook was visibly affected by this kindly expression of goodwill, and it was in a voice choked with emotion that he thanked all concerned. His sad but manly declaration that owing to the hard times this expense would probably have been beyond his resources caused a wave of pity in the assembly, one big hearted fellow

impetuously flinging down a copper com which Cook grabbed with hungry gratitude. After the excitement had simmered down, George Theakstone (who was in rare fettle) gave a few stories in his own inimitable way, following on by urgent request with his dumb show conjuring and juggling act, assisted in masterly manner (bow-wow, Ed.) by the writer. Knipe then gave us one of his original North Country recitations with great acceptance. It is a pity he cannot be prevailed upon to let us have one of these at every run; even with the limited practice I have had I am getting able to follow him comparatively easily, having made great strides in this direction since the immortal "Wee Cotter Hoose"; how about a glossary for new members? Messrs. Thomas and Challoner then sang the duet "The Battle Eve" and "Watchman, what of the night?" with rare expression. Turnor was persuaded to unbosom himself in verse of a secret but devouring passion for "My Darling Self," Mr. Jack Simpson following on with a couple of artistically rendered violin solos. Theakstone was then literally forced to do "Suggy," whose infinite charm and variety age withers not. It was here that the President announced that he had got a volunteer, and amid great enthusiasm the "Keizerette" blushingly made his debut at these concerts, favouring us with a nicely executed pianoforte solo which elicited much applause, to which he responded with a further item. Mr. Thomas further obliged us with "Sweet as her rose," and Mr. Challoner with "The Floral Dance" and "Phil the fluter's Ball," after which Knipe gave us another humorous recitation, and "Auld Lang Syne" brought to a close a very successful evening.

Chester, 15th January, 1916.

This fixture appears to have started at 10 a.m., when Cook (having had next to no riding lately!) set off for Llandegla via Mold and Llanarmon. He reached the former place for luncheon, and with the wind astern descended through Chester to the "Fishpool," where he awaited the arrival of forces from Manchester, who, in the persons of Turnor and Webb, per tandem, and Newsholme, arrived at the trysting place rather late owing to the wind—a short detour through Utlington brought them to Chester just before the magic hour. The "tandemons" were pulled up (in Cook's imagination.—Ed.) in Chester for not having their rear lamps lighted. The others, who possessed no rear lamps, were not molested—the moral is clear. Personally I had a delightful run out to Farndon and back, the sunset over Wales looking particularly fine. I was sorry to observe that the gale of the 1st January had uprooted the fine old cedar tree which stood at the junction of the Aldford and Pulford Drives in Eaton Park.

Fifteen sat down to and appeared to enjoy a jolly good tea, though Turnor appeared to be troubled with a "leaky" glass. After tea a circle was formed round the fire by all except Green, who started for home right away. Ven. and Morris left soon after, per tandem, and are said to have reached Moreton in time. The stories told meanwhile were varied and interesting, and Tommy Royden's Eastham boating and bathing story is well worth hearing. Turnor's reminiscences of the Blacks are also very good. The Keizerette was by train and Teddy Edwards had walked out—his businesslike outfit seemed to indicate quite a good walk. They returned per Chinese Rolls-Royce with Cooper and Mercer, and the departure of the Manchester section left Cook, Band, Leece and the Secretary fellow to make their way home when and how they liked. The Top Road was taken, and in the brilliant moonlight the quartette pushed leisurely homewards. i.d.t.! Cook was in particularly good form, and if he could get a little more riding ought to make a very good rider when he gets older. Several bassinettes without lights were noticed, in fact this dangerous practice seems to be universal in Chester. Unlike friend "Non-Stop" I cannot say that we found "Motorists far and away above other road-users in observing the new regulations" as for the most part the headlamps carried were about as powerful as the searchlights of a battleship.

Halewood, 22nd January, 1916.

Sixteen, I think, was the number who gathered in the upper room of the Derby Arms, just sufficient to surround the dining table without an overflow, though as everyone was in such a genial mood, and spread himself accordingly, the company looked considerably larger to my eyes. But as I was a late comer, and only viewed the throng when they were full of chicken and sundry other comestibles, perhaps that also accounted for the deceptive size of the gathering, while the fact that some of the members partook of a particularly toothsome, if somewhat pungent conserve, may have had something to do with the amount of "ginger" imparted to the subsequent proceedings in another part of the house. Certainly seldom during these later years have we had such an hilarious impromptu gathering, and many and varied were the subjects under discussion. George Theakstone, with quips and cranks and wreathed smiles, was in particularly fine form, while Johnny Band exuded wit and wisdom at every pore, and the tenacious manner in which he returned to the "point," after five minutes of irrelevant discussion, evoked the admiration of the whole assembly. Then Charlie Conway, in full uniform, enlightened us on the "Great Cocoa Mystery," and Arthur Simpson told how one of their boats opened the dock-gates of the Great Float with very disastrous results.

Four of the party joined the order of "Jolly good fellows" (at varied rates), and we raised the usual anthem in great style, which reached its climax when W.P.C. was initiated. George Theakstone, as Toastmaster, called us to our feet in military fashion, but when he gave us our "doh" somehow he queered the pitch, and the resulting harmonies were weird and wonderful in their Strauss-like effect—especially "Which!" Two or three had to drag themselves away early to catch trains, but the bulk of us held together and had a jolly good time till 9.30 p.m., and then it was "boot and saddle," and keep your rear-lights burning as we wended our several ways homeward under a glorious moonlit and starlit sky.

Moreton, New Year's Day.

Hurrah! In the saddle again after five weeks enforced rest, but what a dandy of a day for making the experiment; the writer and The Mullah, when they had safely navigated the lugger into the open, very soon realised it was going to be "some" picnic of a journey before they anchored safely at Moreton. The wind, which was dead in front, made it almost impossible at times to get the pedals round, and as for the rain it seemed as though the very heavens had opened, then as if all the furies in —Hades were conspiring to impede our progress. Down came hailstones, more like bullets judging by the velocity and the accuracy with which they got home on our nappers—didn't we wish for once in our lives that we wore caps. However, there was nothing for it but to keep "trading 'em down," and finally we reached Chester without having been blown off the machine once. Pursuing our way up the Wirral we received the full force of the hundred-mile-per-hour-gale (vide press) broadside on, and not for many minutes together did we know which side of the road we should be on—how the skipper prevented the craft from capsizing or becoming a wreck in the ditch is a mystery. At Shotwick Corner our hearts were gladdened by finding Cook comfortably ensconced in an armchair and enjoying a cup of tea. We very soon were busy likewise, but what an experience had been Master Willie's; starting off with the full intention to ride to Llandegla and sign the Visitor's Book, as had been his custom for years and years, he found that at last he had met his Waterloo. Pedalling down the hill into Mold, a terrific gust blew him off, and before he could pick himself up, he discovered to his dismay that the wind was blowing his machine back again, and he had to sprint like the deuce to prevent it disappearing over the crest of the hill. However, nothing succeeds like success, and almost promptly to time we arrived safely at Moreton, there to receive a joyous welcome from the crowd of Anfielders who had weathered the storm.

Holy Moses! what is that gigantic dish they are bringing in? A steak and kidney pie! For heaven's sake don't drop it! Glory be to goodness! surely that's a prize turkey also coming in. Fell and Mercer were soon busy passing chunks along to the twenty-two diners. Right heartily we seconded their good intentions, and as there were numerous varieties of vegetables, sauces, gravies, etc., to help us on our way, we put in overtime to such an extent that very soon Fell was staring down into the abyssmal depths of the cauldron in front of him, to see if there was anything lurking about that had escaped his attention, and Mercer was gazing ruefully at the skeleton of the eighteen-pound turkey. Oh joy, Oh bliss! Plum puddings (half a dozen at least), sauce, brandy sauce, beloved by the self-constituted teetotallers; mountains of mince pies, fancy cakes, cheese cakes, blanc-mange, jellies, fruit salad, cheese, biscuits; in fact, everything one could imagine or mention, coffee—more coffee and then—Peace.

When we came to life again, it was ten o'clock, and we were soon being cheered on our homeward way by Good Wishes and Good Luck from our friendly host. The Mullah and the writer are now prepared to admit that if the Lord Eldon at Knutsford has a rival in the catering line it is "The Farmers' Arms," Moreton.

Mac had rather an exciting experience on his way out—he was challenged three times by a sentry, and lustily shouted his reply, but the howling gale prevented his voice reaching the sentry, and Mac received the surprise of his life when he suddenly discovered the POINT OF A BAYONET not more than six inches from his manly chest.

Knife also has got something to remember. He made a big effort to ride to the rendezvous, but after being buffeted about, blown off his machine, whizzed across the road and nearly spiked on the railings, he decided, as he felt inclined to live a bit longer, it was incumbent upon him to bow to the inevitable and return whilst he was safe (even if on foot) to the bosom of his family.

Knutsford, 22nd January, 1916.

You will doubtless consider me a perverter of the truth, and with good reason, but I give you my word that we sat out our tea and smoke without mentioning the war. Six of us turned up at the Lord Eldon, The Mullah, Crowcroft, Buckley, Newsholme, and the two Greens. Crowcroft is now on petrol almost completely; he is, as one might say, a gallant petrolero—he dresses for the part and looks it. Tea was served at 6 o'clock, and very nice too, and afterwards we had the usual pipe and damper. Buckley related some experiences at the School of Technology, where a lathe became electrified by a short circuit, and the munition workers performed an involuntary war dance when they picked up their tools. The Prof. gave further examples of curiosities in electricity. Newsholme described how he played Jonah to various steamships, and described life in winter in Canada. But we never mentioned the war.

A. T. SIMPSON, Editor.

ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB.

FORMED MARCH 1879.

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

MONTHLY CIRCULAR.

FIXTURES FOR MARCH, 1916.

		Light up at
March	4.—Newburgh (Red Lion)	6.18 p.m.
..	11.—Halewood (Derby Arms)	6.32 p.m.
..	13.—Committee Meeting, St. George's Restaurant, 7 p.m.	
..	18.—Daresbury (Ring o' Bells)	6.43 p.m.
..	25.—Chester (Bull and Stirrup)	6.55 p.m.
April	1.—Kelsall (Royal Oak)	7.7 p.m.

Alternate Run for Manchester Members:—

March	4.—Knutsford (Lord Eldon)	6.18 p.m.
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Full Moon, 19th instant.

Secretary's Notes.

16, Croxteth Grove,

APPLICATION FOR ACTIVE MEMBERSHIP.—Mr. JAMES MULLENEUX, 7, Uppingham Road, West Derby. Proposed by G. J. Theakstone, and seconded by W. P. Cook.

RESIGNATION.—The resignation of Mr. W. M. BAILEY has been accepted with regret.

TRANSFERS TO HONORARY LIST.—Messrs. C. KEIZER and F. C. LOWCOCK have been transferred from the Active to the Honorary Membership.

It has been decided to despatch at intervals of about a month, a parcel to each of our Members on Active Service abroad. The parcels will contain either tobacco or cigarettes, trench candles, chocolate, and matches.

NEW ADDRESSES.—E. BUCKLEY, 2, Woodfield Road, Cheadle Hulme, Stockport; Bombdr. W. E. COTTER, No. 2598, 3/3rd West Lancs. Bde., R.F.A., Headquarters, Bettisfield Park Camp, Near Whitechurch, Salop; Driver J. A. GRIMSHAW, D.M. 2/154254, 27 M.A.C., 640 Camp, Grove Park, London; Cyclist A. P. JAMES, No. 10202, D. Coy, 3rd Platoon, Army Cyclists Corps, B. Lines, Chiseldon Camp, Wilts.; Private W. H. KETTLE, C. Coy., 12th Yorks. and Lancs. Regt., 31st Division, Egypt; 2nd Lieut. D. C. KINGHORN, A.S.C., Frozen Meat Supplies, Port Said, Egypt; Commander J. PARK, R.D., R.N.R., Flag Captain's Office, H.M. Dockyard, Portsmouth.

F. D. McCANN,

Hon. Secretary.

Concerning Those On Service.

Cyclist James, in sending his new address at Chiseldon, says "The new camp is a great improvement over Lark Hill, in fact quite decent."

Kettle has been in Egypt for nearly two months, and he finds everything very nice so far. "The weather, on the whole," he says, "has been quite pleasant—more like an English summer than anything else. It is the winter season now, so that when the hot weather comes we ought to have got used to the heat—which is better than being dumped into a hot place right away. Up to now the work and conditions have been fairly easy, but we have been working harder these last few days, moving stores, etc. Water is not very plentiful; there is none for washing—when you wash you have to use the canal. Yesterday, when moving some light railway material, we came across some rain-water, which had collected in a tub—about fifty of us had a wash in it. Being the first wash for a few days it was quite refreshing. This morning we are having a rest, but go on a fatigue job in the afternoon. This gives me a chance to get off a letter or two. Kind regards to all."

Writing on the 12th January, Hodges acknowledged receipt of one of the parcels sent off in November last, and just received! Hodges says "It is very thoughtful of the chaps at home to remember us in this manner. The contents were fine, just the right things for out here. By the same mail I got the Circular for December—it is a treat to read it and think of the times to come. As I mentioned in my last letter, I have now removed to the Base."

Grimshaw is on a convoy of Sunbeam Ambulance Vans and expects to go out any time now. He writes: "They are beautiful cars and we have a nice lot of men on them, especially the N.C.O.s. I have three pals with me and we are all in the same company. We are sleeping in the vans and it is very cold. I had my first night of guard duty yesterday and it made me think what a pleasant job it must be checking a 24 standing waiting for the men coming round about 2 a.m. I got so fed up with it, I thought if this is what I do with men when I am riding I will chuck it! but when the relief came I changed my mind. I have had all sorts of jobs since I came, from scrubbing floors, till I had housemaid's knees, to being labourer in the cookhouse—that is the best job of all—it is nice when you can help yourself to ham and eggs."

MEMS.

The address of the Hon. Secretary of the N.R.R.A. is now E. Buckley, 2, Woodfield Road, Cheadle Hulme, Stockport.

Extract from letter received from Lionel Cohen by W. P. Cook, dated January 31st, 1916—

The Mullah's article in "Cycling" this week was quite in keeping with his conversational tone, and I presume the quick changing device is that one which our smiling J.C.B. has oftentimes repeated. Yes, no? However, I wish Johnny would set his brain to think out an idea for finishing this 'ere war so that I might have an opportunity of trying his device, if it is his that the Mullah refers to!! Just before we came away from the trenches, I met the Secretary of the Herts. and Middlesex Cycling Association, who by his conversation seemed to know quite a lot of the A.B.C. 100, so, as you can imagine, we had quite an interesting half hour. I had a ride (stolen) of about 200 yards on a French postman's Clement bike which was built for speed, and as I didn't fall off I see no reason why I shouldn't enter for the 100. My avoirdupois (ek, ek!!) is daily increasing, so when this B.W.I.O. I shall have to get Heath Robinson to plan a special training apparatus for me. You and old Sturmeay seem to be shewing the rag quite a lot lately. He must have had a "bad taste" when you quoted his statement made "umpteens" years ago! You're a Moore Modern Method and Datas all combined!!

Just give Johnny my love and the wish that he is still smiling and cheerful.

With the best to yourself and the boys.

Letter received from Lionel Cohen by W. P. Cook, dated Feb. 11th, 1916:—

My Dear Bill,

Your letter was, as usual, very welcome.

Re the Circular, the new Editor's first crime was a very good effort, and it did not take yours truly very long to decide that it was a "homme of beaucoup laugh" who was screened behind its pages. As old K.O.K. said, we must have more! Two days ago I clicked for one day as orderly which entailed a certain amount of riding a bicycle (PUSH), and, needless to say, my alleged speed legs did not seem to be with me. Upon a Superb Modèle (feminin cas—it's the French for Model) de Queen Elizabeth super dreadnought did I plough the lonely furrow, not exactly furrow, as I spent most of the time balancing on the "precipices" of the various ditches, chiefly through having to pass troops, and my average speed, according to Lamb's infinitesimal Calculus, works out at $.325\frac{7}{16}$ m.p.h., taking X as the equivalent of 20 m.p.h. Maybe, I might have done better on a mixed gear! I tried to buy over the local postman for the loan of his Clement, but as he said "Bon for you and no bon for me," I presumed he thought I was a bit of a Jack Sheppard.

As regards the A.B.C.'s (bless their sweet little faces) intention of sending comforts to their members O.A.S., I cannot suggest anything better than matches, candles, cigarettes and choes., as it is quite easy for one to jog along on the outfit we receive out here. In fact if you wore all the comforts served out in the shape of leather waistcoats, gloves, mufflers, etc., etc., I'm sure double pppneumoniar would set in immediately one of the sweet little comforts was discarded, and if a man cannot feel comfy, on what is served out here he ought to be in cotton wool in a glass case and quietly put out of the way. I've had a discussion re your suggestion with my chums, and the above articles were decided on as being the most useful; when you consider that Haig, Joffre, Von Trump and Von Draught Bass are my most intimate friends, you can realise that I know summatt or Summutt!! Just confidential like, I've been asked to conduct the campaign from the "Fish-pool," but I refused on account of the wild nature of the country in those parts. Well, O thou believer in mixed gears and long attenuated cranks, this must be as painful to your reading as it will to the dear old censor, and as I always try to be a harmless sort of creature I'd better conclude with the usual best wishes to all.

I'll remain, Yours frightfulness,

(Signed) Lr.

P.S.—I have started a new book on "Matrimony: What not to do and why," by "One who does," and Mac will receive my first few lines in due course.

Extracted from letter from J. L. Mahon, Cairo, dated 20th Dec., 1915:—

I shall be sorry indeed to miss the gathering at the "Lord Eldon," Knutsford, on Boxing Day, but will be with you in spirit nevertheless. I am luckier perhaps than Archie Warburton in so far that I have last year's dinner to think about and live over once again. I wonder if Carpenter will try the journey from Birmingham this year?

I recently managed a 10 miles' ride one Sunday afternoon, and was horribly fagged when I got back. I felt worse than I did over the last 12. I am leading a beastly lazy life, and have put on something like 18 lbs. in weight, and do not feel at all inclined for violent exercise, although I am taking a quarter of an hour in the morning with a skipping rope to do what I can.

I have taken a great liking to this country now that I have got over the initial difficulty with the language, and have made a good

number of friends. If the matter of my discharge can be satisfactorily solved when this beastly war is over I shall not return to England.

I see Cook still keeps things moving in "Cycling." Has anything come of his controversy on light and heavy machines?

Best wishes of the season to all the "boys" of the A.B.C.

Cpl. Jack Hodges, in a letter to Turnor, says it gives him pleasure to think that he is not forgotten in the Club, and he thanks the members for their kind wishes.

Miss Hodges, at Jack's request, sent Turnor a photograph of Jack in uniform, and the letter which accompanied the photograph contained the following information:—

Jack made a change of clothes when on board ship (from Sulva Bay to Alexandria) into a suit that would fit a six foot man. At the time, however, he says he was more than pleased with them, for his own were so filthy.

My brother wrote us that he had received a splendid parcel from the Club, and that it was very nice to know that the members were thinking of those away. Will you kindly tender the thanks of us all to the Club for their kindness.

Members will be delighted to hear that Jim Park's abilities have won recognition and promotion. He is now Commander Park, R.D., R.N.R., and has been appointed assistant to the Flag Captain at Portsmouth. His address now is Flag Captain's Office, H.M. Dockyard, Portsmouth. We are sure everyone extends hearty congratulations.

The Mullah sends the following interesting cutting:—

BINNS—GOOLDEN.—On February 12th, at Broadheath Congregational Church, Sec.-Lieut. WILLIAM HUGH CROSSLAND, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. T. H. BINNS, Ashton-on-Mersey, to ADA JACKSON, third daughter of Mrs. and the late James GOOLDEN, Broadheath.

While seated in the Editorial Sanctum, deeply engrossed in grappling with the thousand and one problems indissolubly bound up with the running of this powerful periodical, our slumbers were rudely disturbed by the sudden entry of one of our snub-editors, bearing in his delicately manicured hand the following missive. Up to the time of going to press no clue has been found as to the identity of the mysterious perpetrator, but should later news come to hand it will be published in the Stop Press:—

To the All-Highest Editor,

Anfield B.C. Monthly Circular.

Dear Sir,—With reference to the performance reported by your Birmingham correspondent of his having ridden 23 miles in "nearly three hours," on Boxing Day, under strictly unpaced and unaccompanied regulations as laid down by R.R.A. and N.R.R.A., I understand that two other members claim to have ridden 25 miles (Knutsford to Chester) on the same day in 2 hours 44 minutes 59½ seconds, as timed on a QX certificated oil can. I would, however, point out that these riders were pacing and accompanying each other, in addition to which I am credibly informed that they were actually seen ignominiously taking pace and shelter from a horse propelled PIG CART between Tarvin and Vicars Cross, so that their "record" cannot be at all compared with that of G. E. C.

By the way, it may interest your readers to learn that the same informant tells me that on New Year's Day "Master Willie" not only met his Waterloo but also his Paddington, Euston, King's Cross and several other "Dee-pose" as he would call them.

ONE WHO KNOWS.

Editorial Notes.

Among the sheaves of letters we have nearly received relative to last month's Circular, we cut the following extracts:—Mr. Billy O'een writes paternally "The new boss simply howled at it." Mr. George Heakstone writes amazedly: "Why, it is almost as good as MY show." Mr. Frank C. emmais is courteously appreciative, "Nothing, I feel sure," he writes, "has so delighted the Club since my own incomparable performance on the guitar." Mr. Harry Pooe writes: "You are running the damp paper," he sends us some cheerful matter, "Anything," as he whimsically puts it, "to make the rag readable." The circulation leaped one per cent. who writes cautiously (apparently a Scotsman) "It is almost worth the money." Mr. Will Cok, standing for a moment his well known aversion to "lighting" controversy, emphatically states: "It is as funny as the r.l. order." Mr. Herbert Roskil writes from Nowhere on Earth: "Which of the blighters is it? I thought I squashed them all." Mr. Lionel Chen, from Somewhere on Enfer, also enquires "Who is this Simpson," continuing fluidly in perfect French "Il (he) est (is) très rekerké."

Our precocious contemporary, "The Daily Telegraph," in a lengthy leader, gives a glowing account of the journal, in the course of which it remarks "It is some paper," continuing with characteristic quaintness, "and the Editor some." Mr. H. Billoc, the eminent excerpt in the course of a closely reasoned thesis, aided by his own inimitable diagrams, conclusively proves that by April 1st there cannot be more than ten millions nor less than .03 Germans left, and therefore the paper must by natural attrition automatically cease on that day. Our leading Financial Contemporary, "The Statist," in a weighty and exhaustive analysis, winds up with the pertinent query: "The question is how long can it last at the price?"

Owing to the loss of time involved through the awe-stricken and bewildered dazzlement caused to the Compositors while setting up the type, the publishers have been forced to give notice to advance the cost by 10 per cent. Nevertheless, the price to subscribers still remains at the ludicrous pre-war figure.

RUNS.

Warrington, 29th January, 1916.

It seems to be my fate to write the Warrington Run. And, apparently, I am fated to put it off for a week or a fortnight; in fact, until I get tired of being reminded about it. Of course, I know it would be very much easier to do it at once, but you see by nature I am very tired; so, having fully explained the matter, I had better get on with the business. The new Editor seems a truculent fellow. He has already sent me a post-card, and threatens now much worse things unless I get busy. My plea for a higher rate of pay on account of increased cost of labour and materials, etc., also met with nothing but scorn. I don't know how we writing chaps (laughter) will live soon. Well, anyway, to proceed: The afternoon was quite fine, and I thought it a suitable opportunity to experiment with a rear light on the trike. Being by nature tired, I decided to go straight to Warrington, but I was thwarted by the local Methusaliers who were manœuvring in Penketh. I was repulsed without loss and sought shelter in a pub., where I pulled myself together with a bottle of stout, and then renewed the attack. This proved successful, for I was able to force the enemy's lines and arrived at the Patten to find nobody there to buy me a drink, which was unfortunate, as in all probability by the time we next go to this delightful spot it will not be allowed. My despair was short-lived, however, as several members came in together, Cook amongst them. Poor fellow, having at last to admit defeat on the rear-light question he is now travelling for a Liverpool firm who have patented and put on the market an ingenious arrangement for converting an ordinary lamp into a rear lamp. It sells at the sum of One Penny only; for further particulars

please see small bills and our Mr. Cook. After being bribed by a drink, I bought his sample and thought I had done well. You cannot consider a glass of ale and a rear light dear at a penny. Further arrivals had now arrived (not that they could do anything else) and we went upstairs to find the tea. Teddy Edwards had walked from Runcorn and looked very businesslike in heavy boots and leggings. In the Smoke Room downstairs Toft and his engineer (who doesn't seem to know much about his work by the way) were trying hard to repair a tyre. Of course they took the wrong side of the cover off first, and had to start all over again. Having found (or, as the book of words hath it, located) the puncture, they repaired it and adjourned to tea. This was up to the usual standard—Steak Pie and Boiled Mutton—and everybody grew cheerful. A few of the greedy ones undid their waistcoats as they grew too full (collapse of Editor). Lights were a fruitful topic of conversation, both over tea and after it, and everybody was apparently quite happy round the fire until we noticed the absence of two of our prominent members, Toft and Dave Fell. They were discovered seated at a card table apparently immersed in a deep game. Closer investigations, however, revealed the fact that they were merely engaged in the comparatively simple task of "Replacing the Outer Cover." Before we noticed them they had been engaged stealthily on the job for quite half-an-hour. There was a rush for seats; the stalls were quickly full, and advice was showered down on the luckless pair. The instructions were read to them, and it was emphasised that they had done all the hard work, and as the aforementioned instructions had it "All that now remained to be done was to replace the Outer Cover," but no, they would not, or could not, carry out the instructions. The question was eventually raised, after one by one members had departed despairing of seeing the job completed, of booking a room for the night, and starting on the business on Sunday morning, so as to have a full day on the job. Also offers of sprint tyres as spares were made only to be refused, and just when the last glimmers of hope were departing from our breasts, the Visitor—I don't know his name, but he was a friend of the Mullah—stepped forward, and—well, he just put it on. It took about a minute, and was apparently quite simple. After this the party speedily broke up, and I, at any rate, arrived home without adventure. The Motor-cycle Outfit did not overtake us. Probably they were so ashamed of themselves that they went another way home.

I ought to mention that my rear light went out in 1 $\frac{3}{4}$ miles.

Moreton, 5th February, 1916.

Did you ever see W. P. C. with a new-fledged Anfield Circular in his hand? Tell me truly, and, if you did, call to mind the countenance he had then. Or, did you ever see a dog with a marrowbone in his mouth, the best, of all others, the most philosophical? If you have seen him, you might have remarked with what devotion and circumspectness he wards and watches it; with what care he keeps it; how fervently he holds it; with what affection he breaks it; and with what diligence he sucks it. Just so with W. P. C. and his bone, or, I should say, Circular. I must try, by frequent meditation to make my humble story worthy of his sedulous care.

The preamble over, I note the 5th February, 1916, is memorable as the day of the new lighting order, or, it would be fitter to say, the darkening order. The night was black at Moreton—black, mournful, sad and melancholic. But inside the Farmer's Arms was light, and with it joy, gladness, mirth, pleasure and delight. The Bilalé smile, the Madge smile, the Annie smile, the serviettes, the steak and kidney, the leg of mutton, the fat chickens; the roast, the boiled and mashed potatoes, the sprouts, the cabbage, the carrots and turnips, the cauliflowers; the gravies, the white sauce, the onion sauce, the mint sauce; the apple pie, the custards, the raspberry tarts, the lemon cheese cakes, the Cheshire cheese, the crackers.

Didn't we laugh when Prichard found George Mercer alluded to in "Cycling" for 1800 or 1900 as an old stager. He is much younger now. Bless him! And George J. Theakstone as a well-known rider. Well, well. Bless him too, rabbitskin, leggings and all!

P.S.—

Dear Arthur Walter John,

I hope this account will please you. I have tried to keep a high moral tone, suitable for the forces at the front, the special constables and the munition workers.

L.

Knutsford, 5th February, 1916.

The writer, who had been commandeered to act as crew to Skipper Mullah, came to the conclusion that sealed orders were in force when he found that the lugger was dodging about Port, or, rather, Pott Shrigley, skirting Bollington, bumping into Walker Barns, rounding snow-clad cliffs, and finally arriving within hailing distance of The Cat and Fiddle.

Fortunately, the Skipper hereabouts came out of a profound reverie, and enquired in his most nonchalant manner—"Let's see, where's the run to to-day?" The crew meekly suggested that he thought it was Knutsford, adding also that hunger was gnawing at his vitals and that substantial nourishment was an immediate necessity, if he was to live to tell the tale. The Skipper—who is not really hard-hearted—relented somewhat, and by careful tacking succeeded in bringing the lugger round to starboard, or was it larboard? Soon we were bowling rapidly along, passing Rainow, and reaching Macclesfield in quick time, but with our gloveless hands about as warm as cold tripe. However, we soon sent the temperature up my making things lively through Monks Heath and Chelford, and arrived at "The Lord Eldon" very nearly on time. Here we found Professor Green sampling something in a glass, whilst Lord Crowcroft manfully struggled with a steaming bowl of Oxvill. Squire Buckley's arrival heralded tea, and the five of us sat down to as charming a little repast as the soul of man could desire—good food, plenty of it and well served, a cosy room and a real fire; in fact, everything that should serve to attract more of the members than, unfortunately, appears to be the case. Sub-Captain Green was a very late arrival, business calls preventing him putting in an appearance until about 7.15.

An hour's chat, a smoke and a sixpenny kitty, brought to a close a very pleasant and enjoyable fixture.

Hunts Cross, 12th February, 1916.

This was quite an old-fashioned evening. The gathering was large and representative, and all had cycled out, except some who had walked it, and a great number who had been delivered by rail. Many, doubtless, had been attracted by the widely-advertised announcement of something novel in the way of post-prandial entertainments, for had not that popular entrepreneur, George Theakstone, promised to surpass his previous effort in the same direction, and to provide us with a unique treat, precise information as to the character of which, however, was mysteriously withheld. It was a goodly company of members and friends who took their places, shortly after six o'clock, around the festive board. Everyone looked fit and happy, and prepared to do justice to the viands. The room appeared little changed under the new régime, but one could not help but conjure up visions of the dear old Hilditch days, when, under the weight of its appetising fare, the table fairly groaned again. Groans were still heard, it is true, but not emanating from the same quarter. Alas for the seductive boiled turkeys, the rounds of succulent beef-steak, the roasted chickens and the baked hams. Are they to remain a memory? Nevertheless, mine host presented an excellent repast which, in its line, left nothing to be desired, and the party "fell to" in true Anfield fashion.

My word, how they do eat! And what sticklers they are for table etiquette. The mutual exchange of courtesies at table was most pleasing to witness, but there—noblesse oblige; toujours la politesse. A few little grumbles, but without these the world would be indeed dull.

The meal over, and the room being cleared for action we were not kept long in suspense as to what was in store for us. In a few illuminating words, well chosen from the latest dictionary, George Theakstone took us into his confidence, and introduced us to his galaxy of entertainers—the cream of Liverpool's favourite humorists, whose valuable services he had enlisted for the evening. No maudlin sentimentalists to mar the evening's joy with their love-lorn dolorous wails, or other lachrymose numbers—unalloyed merriment was to be the order of the evening. An introductory solo on the pianoforte, and then that essence of smartness, Mr. Tom Smith, took the floor. He carried the audience away with him in his first effort. By way of preface, he told us a few stories, and then he sang and talked to us on the subject of Geography. His knowledge of this science is extensive and curious. He transported us, with lightning-like rapidity from one part of the globe to another, and told us not only what the different places were noted for, but also for what they were not. The study of this important science is notoriously neglected in this country, but a few professors like Mr. Smith would, I feel, create a revolution in teaching circles, and make the subject much more popular and interesting. Responding to an enthusiastic encore, Mr. Smith related a story of a man who wanted to go to—well he didn't want to go to the front. Still he was anxious to do his bit. The tribulations of this gentleman, recounted in masterly manner by our friend Mr. Smith, and illustrated with simulated musical fireworks, caused great amusement, some of the assembly almost choking in their efforts to keep back an indecent mirth which refused to be suppressed. It was a revelation in handling a delicate subject, most capably effected by this clever artist, and, thank heaven, there were no mephitic (!! Some scribe this.—Ed.) consequences. The next to favour us was Mr. Frame. Like Mr. Smith, he opened with a good story (this seems to be a custom of the modern humorist) and told it well. He then sang us a capital Anglo-French humorous song entitled "Voilà," which met with great success, and, deservedly recalled, the same gentleman "obliged again" with a well-rendered Monologue dealing with the vagaries of memory of an "ancient." George, the impresario of the evening, then felt it incumbent on himself to do a turn, and he gave us a few of his best funny stories. George is a prince among raconteurs, and the great age of some of his stories speaks volumes for their quality (one or two having been painfully traced back to 2000 B.C., yet he makes them go). No one can tell a story quite like him; he has a personality which carries you with him, and as a "turn" he stands out prominently in the front rank. Then Mr. Derbyshire amused us with song and story. His piper story is quite one of the best heard for many a long day. His song, "Cassidy V.C.," gave the boys the opportunity to join in the chorus, which they did with great gusto, one half of the room vieing with the other half in "letting it go." Turnor of ours then sweetly warbled a dainty little item, lyrics by himself, about a "Little Red Lamp at the Back." This was received with well merited acclamation, the typewritten copy being violently seized forthwith by our Editor:—

When I cycle at night down the road,
 And the gloom is as dense as can be,
 Though the road may be long, and route may be wrong,
 I'm not upset by such things you see.
 Far ahead some "subdued" lights appear,
 With such power they would show through a sack,
 But I care not at all, though I may charge a wall,
 I've a little red light at the back.

Cook will teach "you should not use such things,"

To all folk who are willing to learn.

They give trouble I trow, and I'd like to know how

You can make the infernal things burn.

I am safe from a bump from behind

By a car, though a light it should lack.

If my lamp's not gone out, and of that there's small doubt,

I've a little red light at the back.

When the nations at war lay down arms,

And sweet Peace comes among us once more,

When the Germans are tired, and the Kaiser is fired,

And our brave boys can join us on tour;

Then some details which trouble us now,

But pain Cook more than any man Jack,

Will all vanish away, and we'll all shout hooray,

'Cause we shan't need a lamp on the back.

Afterwards, Chem. gave us a couple of well-worn items (This winning modesty may present a clue to the gifted author.—Ed.), and following upon his turn, Mr. Watson, the well-known Scottish humorist, rose. A witty passage at words ensued at this point between George Theakstone and the latter artist, provoked by the former. This resulted in George being "asked out," and the pair were quickly followed from the room by a number of others doubtless desirous of seeing fair play. What happened exactly is known to only a few, but they all came back into the room wiping their mouths in a manner betokening inward satisfaction. Mr. Watson then entertained us with some excellent Scotch songs and stories, after the Harry Lauder style if you like, but Mr. Watson could knock Harry into a cocked-hat at his own business. At this juncture Mr. Peris, "our furrin friend," volunteered and sang us "Le Marseillaise" with fine patriotic spirit. A late arrival in the person of Mr. Richard Brown, the renowned drawing-room entertainer, was the last, but by no means least, to give us of his wares. His first item, "The Cruise of the Bollinger," by Kipling, most realistically rendered, brought a recall. Mr. Brown then recited a touching little poem of the trenches, which brought tears to many eyes. Later, Mr. Brown gave us a capital and highly-diverting character song, "Sammy," which brought to a close one of the best Smoking Concerts ever held at Hunts Cross. Where everything was so good it is impossible to single out one for special praise. Strange, too, that out of so many humorists, none clashed with one another; each one had a style distinctly his own. Our very best thanks are due to Theakstone for the pains he has gone to to secure these clever and much sought-after artists to come out and entertain us with their undoubted talents, and the Club is greatly indebted to them all for their kindness. We must also not overlook our able accompanist, Mr. Smith, who, with true modesty, not innate in all accompanists, obliterated himself that the artist for whom he played might shine. It is to be regretted that a few old faces were missing from the gathering.

Warrington, 19th February, 1916.

There is no doubt that this new Editor of ours is the limit. On the Friday morning two tired business men were trying to recuperate their shattered nerves in a café, when the Editor burst upon them. Common politeness and a determination to make him pay the checks, ensured for him a warm welcome which was ill required, as the following dialogue will show:—

Editor: "I won't be able to get to Warrington to-morrow."

First T.B.M.: "I suppose you want me to get someone to write up the run?"

Editor: "No. I *command* you to do it!"

Hence these tears! One can generally dodge the Editor at a Club run,

but when he starts digging you out in the middle of the week it is pretty hopeless; and, as forewarned is forearmed, it cannot be too well known that at no time is one safe nowadays. So if you are peacefully pursuing your business avocation and sight our genial Editor smiling broadly, take my advice and escape down a side street, even if it is only Monday! After a very stormy week and a dull depressing morning, the afternoon turned out gloriously fine, and the most remarkable thing was the surprising dryness of the roads. If you ask Keizerette how many were at the run he will probably tell you *twelve*, but you can take it from me that we were our lucky thirteen. You see, Herbert was on a record jaunt and had no time to waste dallying with tea, but took it on American Quick Lunch lines, so he had departed before Teddy Edwards had arrived. As a pedestrian, Teddy is quite living up to his reputation as a cyclist, for he had walked from St. Helens via Chowbent and Bullock Smithy, punctured on the way, and only arrived at the Patten just before "not all was over," to quote a former Hun member. However, we had an excellent tea, and one wonders why Warrington is not better supported. Turnor had to leave early (for him) to attend a tea party, concert and ball, and the rest of us (Cody, Newsholme, H. Green, Charlie Conway, Toft, Mac, Stephenson, Band, Montag and Cook) sat round the fire yarning. Jaycebee won the prize with some excellent stories about the modern Joseph, which quite capped the experiences of our S.C., and then the party broke up, and we understand that Newsholme, Montag and Cook week-ended at Congleton with a view to a geological expedition on Congleton Edge and Mowcop. They would certainly have ideal weather, and it is supposed they did carry out their plans, for our scouts report that Montag and Cook were sighted coming through Chester on Sunday afternoon with very muddy boots that bespoke an acquaintance with carboniferous limestone and boulder clay.

Chester, 26th February. 1916.

When the Secretary-man saw the white world on Friday morning he thought it prudent to order for only six or seven at the "Bull and Stirrup," and his foresight was quite justified for we sat down to tea numbering but six; by the time we had finished, however, we numbered seven. This was not accounted for by the increase in the girth of those who put out of sight the excellent tea as usual provided (six empty men when full being as big as seven!), but by the arrival of the Manchester Sub-Captain very late indeed. We thus consisted of three Liverpool members per bicycle, three Manchester members ditto, and Teddy Edwards per rattler—the Liverpool ones being Band, Cook and McCam, and the Manchester section H. Green, Newsholme and Turnor. When one considers that the Manchester trio managed the long ride from Cottonopolis under adverse conditions of thick snow and heavy roads, and with the prospect of a head wind all the way back in addition, it is somewhat of a reflection upon the keenness of the Liverpool ones who were not out, that with circumstances so vastly more favourable they would not face a ride less than half the mileage. The Manchester men had snow and slush covered roads for the greater part of their journey, while for the ride from Liverpool the main roads were in an excellent condition as regards dryness. Turnor and Newsholme came together, while Green started later and met tyre troubles at Egg Bridge. Cook went along to Kelsall on the chance of meeting some of them, but missed all by reason of the fact that while he was on the main road, one party was on roads to the north and the other to the south. A circle round the fire was formed until the Manchester members got away about eight o'clock—the remainder following soon after 8.30 p.m. One advantage of the smallness of the muster was that all were able to gather close round the fire. There was at least one other member in the neighbourhood, as Royden was twice reported on his homeward way from Mollington, he having promised to be home for tea. Counting? Eh, Tommy!

A. T. SIMPSON, Editor.

ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB.

FORMED MARCH 1879.

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

MONTHLY CIRCULAR.

FIXTURES FOR APRIL, 1916.

	Light up at
April 1—Kelsall (Royal Oak)	7.12 p.m.
.. 8—Newburgh (Red Lion)	7.23 p.m.
.. 10—Committee Meeting, St. George's Restarrant, 7 p.m.	
.. 15—Warrington (Patten Arms)	7.35 p.m.
.. 20-24—EASTER TOUR, Bettws-y-Coed (see Special Circular)	7.43-7.49 p.m.
.. 29—Halewood (Derby Arms)	7-57 p.m.
May 6—Chester (Bull and Stirrup)	8-16 p.m.

Full Moon, 18th inst.

Committee Notes.

16, Croxteth Grove,
Liverpool.

Arrangements for the EASTER TOUR, as fixed by the Committee, are as follows:—

Friday, 21st April, Luncheon at Llanfairfechan (Queen's).

Saturday, 22nd April, Luncheon at Ffestiniog (Abbey Hotel).

Sunday, 23rd April, Luncheon at Tal-y-sarn (Nantlle Vale Hotel).

Monday, 24th April, Luncheon at Ruthin (Castle).

The Special Circular accompanies this Monthly Circular, and your attention is drawn to the revised tariff necessary owing to the increased cost of food—this increase has been kept down to the lowest possible figure, and it is hoped that no member will thereby be prevented from taking part. If it is your intention to be present kindly drop me a post-card not later than Saturday, the 15th April, saying on which day you purpose arriving at Bettws. so that the necessary arrangements may be made for your comfort.

Mr. James Mulleneux, 7, Uppingham Road, West Derby, has been elected to Active Membership.

The Bankers of the Club are now the BANK OF LIVERPOOL, Tuebrook Branch. Subscriptions may be handed in at any branch of the Bank of Liverpool to the credit of the Club's account at the Tuebrook Branch.

In accordance with the Resolution of the A. G. M., Messrs. Fell and Tolt arranged for parcels to be sent to those of our Members On Active Service Abroad, and ten parcels, containing cigarettes, trench candles, chocolates, matches, and some honey, were sent off at the end of last month. Acknowledgments are to hand from three members at the time of going to press, and others are expected any day. Corporal Lionel Cohen writes: "I duly received the parcel ex the Club, and it is absolutely just the goods. Please give my very Best Thanks to the A.B.C. for their thoughtfulness in sending such ideal articles, which I am sure cannot be improved upon." Sergeant Warburton says "Will you please convey to all members of the Club my warmest thanks for the parcel to hand to-day. The contents are most welcome and, personally, I could not suggest any improvement," and Lieut. David Rowatt asks me to "Please convey to the Club my appreciation of their kindness—the parcel arrived safely. I think the selection is a very good one and cannot suggest any alteration."

A rather belated acknowledgment is to hand from Mahon for the parcels sent off for Christmas. Under date 17th February he writes: "I greatly regret I have not been able to write before and thank the Club for its most generous and unexpected Christmas parcel. I hope you will thank the members most warmly on my behalf."

NEW ADDRESSES.—Corporal Lionel Cohen, No. 113567, 58th Section, K Coy., 3rd Batt. Special Brigade, R.E., B.E.F.; Sergt. A. Warburton, R.E. Postal Section, Army P.O. R 37, B.E.F.

F. D. McCANN,
Hon. Secretary.

Concerning Those on Service.

We were very pleased to welcome Cyclist James home on a few days' leave recently. He attended the Kafe Konclave on the 16th March, and those who were at Daresbury on the following Saturday had the pleasure of seeing him there, looking exceedingly fit and well. This was his first leave, other than a week-end or two, since joining, and he expects to be away to foreign parts soon after getting back to camp.

David Rowatt, writing from "Somewhere in France," says "The town I am in at present boasts a canteen which, however, never seems to have any stock, and as the last shelling cleared out most of the civilians we are dependent upon home supplies for extras. We only use the back rooms of the house I am billeted in as the front ones are too draughty. It ought to be a safe billet if the theory is correct that the best place to hide in is the latest shell hole. (This does not apply to gas shells.)"

Warburton hoped to have been home on leave during March, but as all leave had been stopped for the time being, has it still to look forward to. He is in an interesting part of France but, unfortunately, he cannot, or rather must not, say where. He sends Happy Remembrances and Best Wishes to all.

Cohen, in sending his new address and acknowledging the parcel, mentions that things where he is are very quiet, and consequently he has not much to write about. He says "The Circular was even better than its predecessor, and as for the Press Opinions—well! they're the limit! With the Best, hoping you're A.L. and as fit as yours truly rural, Li."

Mahon says he is "having a very thick time at present. For many weeks now I have been putting in over 90 hours a week and in some cases have topped the 100. However, I'm not grumbling—I might be worse off. I thought of you all at the Boxing Day Dinner, and am anxiously awaiting to see an account of it. With Best Wishes for the prosperity of the Old Club during 1916."

Barratt, in a letter to Turnor, says:—

“At last I have got marching orders. I have to report at Pembroke College, Cambridge, on the 14th March, to join No. 5 Officers' Cadet Batt. for four months' training.”

“May I thank you heartily for the very happy times I have been privileged to spend with you and all Anfielders, and may I, when we have capped the lid on hell again, be permitted to train for another 24—and ride this time.”

MEMS.

It is a long while since we heard from R. A. Fulton, but at last the silence has been broken, and we have indeed received SOME news! The Baron is a Happy Father of a six months old son and heir! No doubt the young shaver is keeping father very busy. We look forward to his becoming a Junior Member in due course, and meanwhile heartily congratulate R. A. F.

Cook seems to have had a pleasant time in London at the R.R.A. Meeting. He met Pa White, and learned that he was now a full fledged motor cyclist with a side-car outfit. Now that Pa has graduated by knocking down a cottage and depositing the whole caboodle in a ditch he finds himself a competent driver, and we hope he will join us on some of our holiday fixtures. Beardwood and Bright were also at the Meeting, and “other business” was successfully tackled. Beardwood hopes to join us at Bettws-y-Coed at Easter and to bring Panjandrum Hellier with him.

The Mullah, having attested, bursts into full song, and tells us about it in the following touching lines:—

THE DERBY RECRUIT.

I have joined the blooming army, I'm a soldier of the King,
I've drawn my first day's pay of two and nine,
There is no news yet to tell you, no deeds of which to sing,
But this may all be altered in the line.
There are friends who've gone before me who have braved the shot and shell,
To make things safe for those who are not fit.
There's no complaint about my health, I'm likewise strong and well,
So it's up to me to go and “do my bit.”

I am not at all a fighting man, 'tis not my wish to kill,
But duty says I must and so I shall.
I never thought to use a gun, my work is with a quill,
But friends who're at the front require a pal.
I shall have no qualms of conscience when I shoot the evil Hun,
He ain't the sort of person I admire.
It is perfectly essential I should go and join the “fun,”
So just wish me all the luck when under fire.

C.H.T.

Johnny Band sends us the following note:—

I do not as a rule contribute to the Circular, but the following received to-day from my brother—2nd Lieut. L. Band (at one time an A.B.C. member), who is at present at Prees Heath Camp with some men of the 22nd Reserve Battn. K.L.R.—may be of interest to the members of the Club, or, at all events, I think the Manleys are deserving of a free puff in your Editorial Notes in view of their kind treatment:—

[copy.]

29/2/16.

“Walked to Hawkestone yesterday after Parade. Stayed night at Hotel and walked back early this a.m. for 9.30 Parade. Everything ripping in early morning snow. Manleys wish to be remembered

to John and other Anfielders. They put up myself and friend for dinner, bed and breakfast, *without charge!*"

Editorial Notes.

The thickest part of the month has been busily occupied in replying to the numerous enquiries as to the inner meaning of the subtler portions of our last Notes. As the expense for postage, etc., in dealing with the matters in this way is becoming a serious item in these hard times, and our repeated requests to the Hon. Treas. for reimbursements meet with a studied coldness bordering on insult, we are taking the opportunity of attending to the remaining unanswered ones in this column, thus killing two birds with one stone, i.e., consolidating our reputation for politeness, and filling the paper at the same time:—MUSICO (New B.) (1): We entirely disagree with you. There is no doubt whatever about his abilities on the guitar. The seeming anxious hiatus between promise and performance which you attribute to troubled technique, is not that at all; it is merely the artistic poise of the fingers preparatory to their swooping on their prey—in this case the strings—and is pregnant with consummate artistry. The pained expression on the features of the performer to which you draw our attention is not *prima-facie* evidence of suffering. (2) It is a lie; he does *not* play the one-stringed fiddle. MUSICO (Wallasey): See previous answer. He does really play it. No, it is not simply because we are a friend of his, and we resent the insinuation. MUSICO (Birkenhead): Yes, he really does. MUSICO (Fairfield): Yes, really. MUSICO (Manchester): YES! MUSICO (Bootle, Chowbent, Widnes, St. Helens, and the North and South): !!!—!!—!!! PUZZLED ONE (1): No, he has not really any antipathy to talking about the rear light question. He has even been known to write on this and one or two other cycling subjects; at rare intervals one can drag him into discussion regarding it. (2) Yes, he still rides occasionally. DISGUSTED: No, we do not think ourself very clever. Far from it. Au contraire we get no money for it. HARASSED: No, you could not truthfully call the "Daily Telegraph" a comic paper. We used the word "precocious" in a humorous sense; in fun; yes. FED UP: Perhaps you're right. See DISGUSTED. PERPLEXED: You have misread us. The one per cent. of Scotsman is merely a figment of our wanton imagination, meant jocularly; as a joke, ha! ha! See HARASSED. CHUCK IT: See FED UP. ABJECT ADMIRER: We are sorry you are unable to follow our notes, and that in particular the query, "Which of the blighters is it?" leaves you in utter darkness. The allusion harks back to the dim past when we ourself used to hungrily chase the elusive time medal (with nebulous results: we were a rotten rider) in the sweat of our brow and the nausea of our stomach. To make a certainty of winning a particular event, we had, with a wariness beyond our then years, strewn as many of our brothers as we could afford over the course, each heavily laden with lashings of spare machines and parts and tyres and patent infant foods in case we became anhungered, and cunningly contrived cocktails wherewith to slake our thirst, and buckets of water, and sponges, and several other things indispensable for a fifty mile race, for we took our racing seriously. We never saw them more until perhaps half an hour after we had punctured five miles from home, having done that distance in well under evens (if our somewhat treacherous memory serves us), when we spotted the majority of them all crowding round Hellier in what appeared to our probably prejudiced gaze a highly inebriated condition. Our appearance then gave birth, after some little labour, to the now historic pronouncement by the Panjandrum that he was "surrounded by Simpsons." Trusting that this will make the matter clear. We will try, if we have time, to go further into these things next month, should we be threatened with another brain storm,

and explain these explanations. . . . Gawd knows what will happen to us for copy when we have sucked this wheeze dry; it cannot last much longer. Suppose it means the sack.

RUNS.

Newburgh, 4th March, 1916.

Owing to the prevailing price of petrol, the motor section (and Oliver Cooper who has a Ford or something), thought it would be cheaper to hoof it so we went by train. The tour proper commenced with a serious altercation between George Mercer and the booking clerk. George tried on his celebrated coin palming dodge, but the clerk was too clever, and refused to give him the other penny. On being found out, George made a feeble effort to laugh it off, but the clerk had little humour (you cannot get a really first class humourist at thirty bob a week), and was left muttering darkly in his beard something about "bashing in-in heads in." Gently stimulated by this promising beginning, we made our way to the train, carefully avoiding all the empty carriages until we came to one that was packed, and reeking with smoke and other appetising odours. We crushed our way in to be joined a moment later by Teddy Edwards, gaily caparisoned in walking array, and trussed from the knees downwards, culminating in dainty patent leathers. Teddy is becoming sadly lacking in the true Anfield spirit. He had actually seated himself in an empty compartment, and but for seeing us go past might have ridden to his destination in comfort! On arrival at Ormskirk, Cooper suggested a new route through the park, and as an exhaustive study of several maps (in which the party was inordinately rich) revealed the fact that this would only put on a few miles, we adopted it. The park, which is at present the training quarters for countless horses, was armed to the teeth in the shape of one anæmic policeman. Him George accosted in his bellicose manner demanding right of entry. The constable fixed him with a wan and weary eye and declined to be intimidated. We accordingly had to make further deviations, fortunately only involving an extra mile or two. After a time we were overhauled by Mac on his trike; we managed to stay with him for a bit, but he is riding very well and gradually drew away. Toft on his bike was the next to reach us. The superhuman effort required left him in a state of collapse, and he fell dead at our feet. He had made a gallant struggle, and the cascades of icicles festooned on the jutting parts of his stricken features made a moving picture and furnished eloquent testimony to the fury with which he had torn along. On regaining consciousness, he told us he had treadled his bicycle to Aintree Station breaking the journey there to train to Ormskirk where he again resumed the treadle. This seems a novel and ingenious plan, and we sincerely hope it falls under the eyes of Cook (who, I understand, now and again skims through the Circular) as it might induce him to attend the Club runs a little more regularly. Poor fellow! we gently carried him and his bike for the remaining few miles, and eventually arrived, having walked the 17½ miles from Ormskirk in rather less than 2 hours and a bit. The weather was brilliantly fine, though piercingly cold, and a muster of I think 13 sat down to tea. Afterwards the usual evening service was attended by all, Tommy Royden delivering a striking address on "L'Amour, kesskersaykersar?" illustrated by vivid flashes into a past apparently teeming with quiet fun. This sort of thing may be suitable, and no doubt is, for the cycling section, who cannot of course be expected to have attained a very high standard, but the backbone of the Club, the walkers, and George Mercer, shewed their disapproval by leaving the room after he had finished; they could not do it before out of politeness. Poor George thought he could walk back to Ormskirk, but of course this was

impossible; by careful nursing we managed to get him to Burscough, and arrived in Liverpool just in time, after which the tour proper may be said to have ended.

Knutsford, 4th March, 1916.

The Manchester Section have just been through a trying time. They almost lost their country headquarters. The fire which burned down the cottages in Tatton Street, Knutsford, put the Lord Eldon in considerable danger, and only a change in the direction of the high wind saved it. Luckily, the only damage is due to water and the culinary department is untouched. Crowcroft has recovered from the shock, and is now sitting up and taking nourishment again. Among the many results produced by the restrictions of the Liquor Control Board one of the most striking is the revelation of our friend Crow as a philosopher. He now discourseth on the subject of beer like a U. K. A. man. The real truth of the matter is, however, that since he took to the motor bike he gets so much of the smell that no common beverage has much of a bite. It seems to be a cheap way of having a razzle. The usual seven sat down to tea, this time reinforced by a friend. The meal was as good as usual. After tea the all-pervading subject was discussed and satisfactorily settled. Buckley calculated the probabilities of some rather tall stories of shell output. The Prof. has been learning the mysteries of semaphore signalling, and after a fortnight's steady application has frozen on to the first two letters of the alphabet. According to him, and we repeat the statement with every reserve, the first letter is signalled by stretching out the right arm as if in the act of picking your neighbour's pocket, and saying "Heek," or something like that. The second is more interesting. You hold out your arm at right angles to the body, and say firmly, loudly, and juicily, "Beer." The next motion depends upon whether the glass contains anything or not. With such pleasant and instructive discourse did we while away the time, till the clock warned us of the approach of that solemn hour when the statutes in that case made and provided, demand that you musn't drink beer in a pub. So we parted, moving off in different directions. I don't know whether you have noticed, but in our Cheshire districts the restriction of lighting has produced curious results. As soon as the night is sufficiently dark the inhabitants issue forth to look for Zepps. Each gentleman seems to provide himself with a dog; if he hasn't one of his own he borrows one—there are always enough to go round and some left over. They then patrol the roads, keeping towards the centre, with the dogs in front and rear and at the sides as outposts and flanking parties. They must have learned this military formation from the guards at Handforth Camp, who on Saturday evenings proceed to Wilmslow, fill up with more or less ale, and then wend their way homeward, their khaki coats exactly matching the colour of the road. Their instinct for discipline is such that one word from a cyclist will make them do as they like. Thus riding home from Knutsford in the dark is rather an exciting experience, and gives one the impression that Cheshire contains about twenty million inhabitants. Add to this a rear lamp that goes out every hundred yards and multiply by the motor holes in the road, and it is easily understood that when you get home you feel you have worked your passage. However, all's well that ends well, and by crawling along and frequent dismounts the journey can be negotiated.

Halewood, 11th March, 1916.

"Would you mind passing my beer? Thanks! You shall write the rum." And that's how the Editor showed his gratitude. Ah, well! I suppose it would be too much during War-time to expect half the profits on the issue.

I walked, or rather limped, from Stanley, and for the first time saw Halewood by daylight. Cody and Band had just arrived and were trying their best to keep the fire warm, while I was making a tour of inspection round the kitchen. This practice is necessary at the "Derby Arms," as on one or two occasions I have had to wait while special vegetarian diet in the way of a chop or steak was being cooked, but this time I found I was not forgotten, the steak—"my steak"—was there.

By tea time 15 members had arrived, including Charlie Conway, who had been engaged on important Military duties at the front—well, somewhere in front of Halewood Station, the capture of which, I understand, he successfully effected, though I did not see him swanking with any of the Loot, neither cash nor tickets, both useful souvenirs; perhaps it was modesty or else fears of having them pinched by the pedestrians. Mercer, Edwards and I could have done with a ticket each, to say nothing of two men that Mercer walked the legs off on the way out—George, you are quite "some" walker.

When the birds made their appearance, the Carvers (the President and Green) seemed somewhat mystified; in fact, Green struck and handed over his gun to Turnor, who manfully tackled the job. What were the birds? Well, having inspected the kitchen, of course I knew, but like Tom Foy I never let on. Fancy having Guinea Fowl served at a 2/- tea, it seems like a loss of 19/- per head, still I suppose it's on the quantity they make a profit, or else on my Steak.

After tea a small select party remained upstairs, discussing the merits of Motor traction, and invaluable information was given relating to the weights of Beer barrels (empty) by one who knows.

Judging from the sounds which occasionally reached us, the subjects under consideration in the lower room were not of such high order, and partook more of a humorous nature. Chem. is reported to have been in very good form.

To all epicures, epicyclists and others—take my tip; turn up at the next Halewood run. I had it straight from the Cook, that we are to have Peacocks, or was it Guinea Pigs? I forget, I forget, so turn up and see.

[We yield to none in our admiration of Charlie's daring exploit. At the same time, by a curious inadvertence, our valued correspondent has omitted to chronicle the equally dazzling feat accomplished by General Knipe in capturing the armed camp at Rainhill and collecting this and several other stations. This was carried out, we are glad to say, without the loss of a single man, the result being achieved through the General's masterly strategy in causing the official maps with which he had been furnished to fall into the hands of the enemy, thereby ensuring the latter's non-appearance at the battle. . . . With regard to the statement that George Mercer "walked two men off their legs," as one of the two referred to we hurl the allegation in the teeth of the alligator. We are no betting man, but we will cheerfully back ourself (and Chem. the other corn-cruised bunion-bound old athlete joins us in the challenge) to hobble George for any distance he likes up to fifteen yards. Men and cigarette cards ready. Business meant, not bounce. We pause for a reply.—Ed.]

Daresbury. 18th March, 1916.

"THE MYSTERY OF EDWIN (DROOD) EDWARDS," by Charles Dickens. We certainly have the Thomas Walter John of Editors. We have been warned of his pertinacity and told that we are not safe at any time, and the fact that I was booked for this job on the *Thursday* shows that we may as well hold up our hands and cry "*Peccavi*." The question is, is not such conduct *ultra vires*? But what can be done with a man who

so charmingly combines *suaviter in modo* with *fortiter in re*? You will perceive by now that I have a fluent command of French, and I may say that I also suck Spanish; but what has this got to do with the run? I must plunge *in medias res*. We have been having some shocking fine weather lately with a persistent east wind, but Saturday, March 18th, was a jewel in a bad setting, for there was a practical absence of wind, the roads were perfect, and both the sun and moon were actually visible. It was just the day for members to read Kuklos' Parable on the History of Hoyle, and to follow Moral No. 2—"Go thou and do likewise." What a pity some of our Hoyles and Armleteers don't dig out their bicycles and do something to prepare themselves for physical fitness! The fact that three tricycles were out shows that there was nothing the matter with the day, and made one wonder why the "Motor Cycle" should publish an article inquiring "What is a Tricycle?" in which it is asked whether Morgau Runabouts and A. C. Sociables are tricycles in district 437XY under Schedule XIX of the Restricted Lighting Order of the Local Government Board, Extensions 23 to 27 inclusive, pursuant to the provisions of the Defence of the Realm Act, which provides that "Bicycles, Tricycles and Handcarts" need only carry one head lamp obscured with two thicknesses of linoleum, etc., etc.! Turnor, Webb, Newsholme and Cook met at Acton Bridge and toured gently to Daresbury, where H. Green, Mac, Cody, Simpson and "Kemminais" were found entertaining a Cyclist Soldier, who on closer inspection proved to be A. P. James, whom we were all delighted to have out on a Club Run again, especially as he expects very shortly to be "somewhere in France." Elaborate arrangements for James' attendance had been made by that perfect organiser R. E. P., who greatly regretted that he could not accompany him, but in the hands of Simpson and Chem. there is no doubt James had a most entertaining experience. Just as we sat down to tea Stephenson and, finally, Band blew in, and we made a very merry party of 12 to thoroughly enjoy the excellent fare provided, but an air of mystery gradually pervaded the atmosphere. "Where was Teddy Edwards?" was on everyone's lips! At first we smiled and declared "It was much too early for Teddy," and the clock ticked on till the Paganone was able to Defend the Realm (6-30 under Schedule XXX, clauses 49 to 64 inclusive of the Act previously quoted), but still Edwards did not materialise. At long length 7-0 o'clock struck, and the mystery was still unsolved. Cody was despatched to search Warrington, Simpson, Cheminais and James departed to scour the lanes while Turnor, Webb and Newsholme went in the Knutsford direction. The rest of the party sat gloomily round the fire discussing Varicose Veins, Beer, and other cheerful topics until 8-15, when in despair they slowly dissolved into the outer darkness and went their several ways home. Even at Chester there was no news of Teddy, although all the evening papers were bought and eagerly scanned, and the trio who finally said "Good Night" in the purlieus of Birkenhead concluded the run without being able to solve "The Mystery of Edwin (Drood) Edwards."

[A spirit of emulation of our energetic Treasurer is really the root cause of the violent linguistic eruption on the part of our learned contributor, who nevertheless has no excuse for fathering these time worn tags on the French language. The disquieting fact leaked out that our Bank was only paying some paltry 2 or 3 per cent. on the vast accumulated funds of the Club. This shameful state of affairs had to be stopped, and there was only one man to do it. Knipe accordingly had an interview with the Manager and took the impregnable position that failing immediate redress he would *withdraw the Funds en bloc*. The Manager quailed beneath his habitual sangfroid, and tremblingly beseeched him to ponder deeply 'ere taking this awful step. But our faithful custodian was adamant. His

Northern blood was up. "No, No!" he cried in stentorian tones, "I will not be put off my fell purpose," then with a lightning transition to a bantering mood, "Ho, Ho," he continued, smiling broadly, "Methinks I have you on the hip." With these cruel and cutting words ringing in his ears the Manager swooned away, and Knipe, shaking the dust of the accursed room off his feet, fled precipitately to the Committee Meeting, where his necessarily complicated report of these intricate proceedings involved frequent incursions into the dead languages with startling effect. It is gratifying to record that owing to this prompt action the Bank will no longer batten on their ill-gotten gains, the Funds having been safely removed to another Bank with highly gratifying results. This gives a slight idea of the ramifications of the Committee.—Ed.]

"Ring o' Bells," Daresbury, 18th March, 1916.

We met him in the early afternoon forlorn and disconsolate, and bemoaning his luck. For many moons the Club gatherings had known him not, and now here he was home on his first and last leave before being ordered to the front. "Jimmy"—for it was he—was burning with desire to attend the run, and see his old Clubmates once again after his long absence; he had dedicated the day to that end. But how to get there? He confided to us how he had thought the difficulty solved, for XX had promised him—with an impressive sincerity which would have deceived a less trusting nature than Jimmy's—to make the necessary arrangements to have him conveyed out in luxurious comfort. Alas for the frailty of promisers! At the last moment "Jimmy" was taken aback to learn that XX had forgotten all about the promise, and had left him stranded and alone. Being of a self-sacrificing nature, and moved by the apparent distress in which the Army was placed, we proffered our services. It then occurred to us that the Editor, being a man of ideas, could help us in the circumstances, so we sought his counsel. He suggested taking a taxi to the bally place wherever it was. Strange that so simple an expedient had not occurred to us. After some little discussion the Editor and the present victim decided to immolate ourselves on the altar of friendship, and volunteered to accompany "Jimmy" to the run. Train to Warrington. Rushing past the familiar objects on the route, fancy carried us back to the days when we had flown past them in like manner (only faster) on our iron steeds—when the telegraph poles seemed to come so close together that we mistook them for fencing. Alas for those happy days! when we found our greatest pleasure in giving ourselves the greatest pain. But tempora mutantur (which being translated into the vernacular signifies "Every dog must have his day"). Arrived at Warrington, we taxied to the "Ring o' Bells," passing en route over the waters of the Manchester Ship Canal, no longer malodorous to the shareholders, but sweet as perfume now, for lo, the great waterway has commenced to pay a dividend! Reaching our destination, we found we were the first arrivals, but we had not long to wait before the doughty wheelmen came rolling up from East and West, their spick-and-span appearance demonstrating the splendid weather and road conditions. "Jimmy" got a fine reception from the boys. A few exchanges of reminiscences in the Smokeroom—under conditions which were exceedingly dry and not conducive to the flights of imagination usually present on such occasions—and then to table. We were 12 in number—a small party, but select. Teddy Edwards's absence was commented upon, but it was said he had been sighted on the way and might be expected any day. He had, however, not arrived up to the time of our departure, but he has probably arrived since, and is perhaps now on his way to the next run. After tea, the stayers settled down, around the fire, and the conversation drifting into gossip, we rose to quit. We were loth to leave so merry a party, but we had perforce to tear ourselves away, for it

looked like "booting it" to Warrington, where we had our train to catch. In spite of our Marathonion efforts we missed the train, and over our subsequent adventures we draw a veil. We may mention, however, that in the dark, the "Army" was, time after time, mistaken for an officer, receiving salute after salute from the "Tommys" we met, much to Jimmy's discomfiture. In conclusion, let us say how delighted we all were to see Jimmy again, looking so well and fit. We wish him the best of luck, and a safe and speedy return.

[We would certainly appear to have made singularly elaborate arrangements for recording this run. The last person we have any distinct recollection of asking to do it was ourself at about 1-0 a.m. on the 19th, when we earnestly tried to cajole us into it by (1) assuring us that we were not a bad chap; (2) that we did not often ask us, and (3) that we must be a little gentleman and oblige us this once. . . . We have lived in hourly terror since, dreading an avalanche of reports which we might have requested unbeknown to us. We tender our profuse apologies to our two gifted contributors, simply pausing to point out in mitigation that in any case our mistake has been the means of enriching the Journal with two brilliant reports in place of one. (It is this almost uncanny tact which has made us what we were). . . . By the way we appear to be throwing our weight about somewhat heavily in this number; we are always like this in the Springtime. There is no danger—it will not happen again.—Ed.]

Chester, 25th March, 1916.

(Friend): "Was it a bad day?"

(Anfielder): "Oh no, by comparison with January the oneth it was quite good."

(F.): "Did'nt you find the wind very strong?"

(A.): "The wind was comparatively calm. I think it was only doing about 98 miles per hour and on the Moreton run it did over 100."

(F.): "But it rained didn't it?"

(A.): "Yes, a bit, but you could ride for quite five minutes before being absolutely wet through. I call it a wet day if you get wet through in one minute."

(F.): "I suppose you and your friend were the only two out."

(A.): "You shouldn't suppose anything like that. There were 13 Anfielders at Chester for tea."

(F.): "They would all have to dash off home as soon as tea was over to get their wet things off?"

(A.): "Not much, they stayed to get dry so as to have the pleasure of being wet through again."

(F.): "I don't think there's any cop in going out in weather when you have to go straight out and straight back. Do you?"

(A.): "There is no weather like that. It hasn't been made yet. Why! three of the chaps went on to Llanarmon after tea."

(F.): "Those chaps must be fools. Fancy going down to a miserable hole like Llanarmon and having no dry things there to put on. I bet they have all got fine colds, now haven't they?"

(A.): "One of the chaps had a frightful cold for some days before, but the outing cured it. A cold can't exist for long if you feed it with real fresh air. You have a lot to learn yet. There is no illness invented that cycling won't cure. Next time you feel seedy come with me for a ride with the A.B.C., and you won't need any doctor."

(F.): "Good bye, old chap. I don't know how you chaps stand it. I must go now I have an appointment with my doctor."

(A.): "Good bye; I'm going for a ride."

C.H.T.

A. T. SIMPSON, Editor.

ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB.

FORMED MARCH 1879.

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

MONTHLY CIRCULAR.

FIXTURES FOR MAY, 1916.

	Light up at
May 6.—Chcster (Bull and Stirrup)	8.15 p.m.
.. 8.—Committee Meeting, St. George's Restaurant. 7 p.m.	
.. 13.—Daresbury (Ring O' Bells)	8.25 p.m.
.. 20.—Eaton, near Tarporley (Red Lion)	8.35 p.m.
.. 27.—Hatfield (Derby Arms)	8.45 p.m.
June 3.—Farndon (Raven)	8.53 p.m.

Full Moon, 17th instant.

16, Croxteth Grove,
Liverpool.

Committee Notes.

R. Leigh Knipe was allowed to count a Club Run for Newburgh on 8th April.

NEW ADDRESSES.—Private J. A. GRIMSHAW, D.M. 2/154254, 22 M.A.C., 640 Comp., B.E.F.; Sapper PERCY WILLIAMSON, No. 72272, Base Wireless Section, Army Headquarter's Signal Coy., R.E., Salonica Forces; Private W. H. KETTLE, C. Coy., 12th Yorks. and Lancs. Regt., 31st Division, B.E.F.

The President reported the despatch of a further batch of parcels to those of our Members on Active Service Abroad.

F. D. McCANN,
Hon. Secretary.

Concerning Those on Service.

From Hodges there is a Field Service Post Card, dated 22nd March, saying that he is quite well and that he had received advice of one of the parcels sent, and that he would write at the first opportunity.

Kettle acknowledges receipt of a parcel and asks that his thanks should be conveyed to the Members "for the splendid parcel which reached me safely. The various items were most acceptable." He is now in France.

Kinghorn writes: "I duly received the parcel—please tender to the Committee and the Members of the A.B.C. my appreciation of their kindness. As you will understand, Port Said is not exactly like being in the trenches or in a desert station and if I might be allowed to make a suggestion, if the A.B.C. are so kind as to continue the good work I would

appreciate chocolate and matches, both of which are particularly difficult to obtain here. It is scorching hot here, and the mosquitoes, sand-bugs and other speed beasts are eating up yours truly. Work is also very plentiful in my department. I have been putting in on an average about 16 hours daily, Sundays included, and recreation is conspicuous by its absence."

Warburton, writing on the 10th April, says "Once again my thanks to the A.B.C. for parcel which came to hand in good condition yesterday. The Circular seems more interesting each month, and mention of the Easter Tour causes me to wonder how many more I shall, perforce, have to miss. The notes from Members On Service make welcome reading. I had begun to wonder what had become of Percy Williamson—not having heard from him for some considerable time—but yesterday a post card came to hand from which I learn that he is still going strong, but unable to give his address as he is being moved about 'some.'"

Hodges' thoughts of Williamson were shared by us at home so that the following letter from Williamson, dated 31st March, was all the more welcome. He writes: "Thanks very much for the Circulars of January and February which I received within a few days of each other about a week ago. I neglected replying as we were just on the move. Since the close of the Dardanelles campaign early in January, the small party I am attached to has been continually on the move and it has not been easy to write. The Circulars are very welcome, being the next best thing to being on the Run itself. I was sorry to read of the accidents to Edwards and Johnny Band—I hope by now they are both recovered. I have just had a journey of about 50 miles by road through Greece, with waggons and horses along a road which reminded me of the bit of the Holyhead Road just through Corwen, as far as surface was concerned, so you can guess it's no place for cycling. Most Saturday afternoons my thoughts are with the Club, wondering what routes you are taking and what weather you are having. The weather here is already hot, still I am hoping it will not be so bad as last summer on Gallipoli with millions of flies and no water to drink. I am keeping quite fit and well. My very Best Regards to all Anfielders."

Grimshaw is now Somewhere in France—he has been there just on a month. He says "I have just received my Circular and leaflet for the Easter Tour—well, I shall not be able to attend the Tour as the war will not be over by then. I should like to drop across Cohen while I am here. Our work is clearing different hospitals and we have a very decent job. The Mullah's poem is very good—I wonder if he will be as polite to the Huns when he gets out as he is when some fair lady's dog bowls him off the bike—anyhow he should be good at getting up the communication trenches, if he is like he is at home in the lanes. Remember me to all the boys. I look forward to the Circular and "Cycling"—I get "Cycling" every week. I have found a pal in my Company—a Canadian. He used to ride in a London Club and he knows quite a lot of the boys; his name is Whitmore and we have many a nice half hour's talk."

Under date 31st March, Hodges writes as follows:—"I have received a parcel via Messrs. Cooper and Co., and wish to thank the Club for it. All the things are very well selected. My present billet is provided with electric light, but I have no doubt the candle will prove useful sooner or later. I hear that you are having some wicked weather at home. Last Wednesday it was 93 degrees in the shade at Alexandria! It was even hotter at Ghizeh where I was. I got three days' leave and paid a short visit to Cairo and the Pyramids. Again thanking yourself and all the Club for their kindness."

The Mullah sends extracts from a letter received by him from Barratt:—

At last I find time to have the pleasure of writing to you. When we reported at Pembroke they referred us to Trinity—the largest College here. There I found I was posted to No. 2 Platoon "A" Company. Why I don't know as I found myself amongst some very hot stuff:—Englishmen, Scotchmen, Irishmen, Welsh, Canadians, Australians, from every regiment, and worthy Coy. Sergt. Majors, Corporals, etc. Knowing my position as regards military matters—well! I thought I should have to get in the rope on the tandem and pull like the very Dickens to stick on my feet. The other two chaps from Manchester who knew a jolly sight more than I were placed in No. 3 Platoon "B" Coy. Anyway I am trying to stick it.

We are housed in the Students' rooms. We have a suite of three for three of us overlooking the new Court at the front and the River Cam at the back, and we all furnish as we like and get a fire in the evenings.

We have a pretty strenuous day—rise at 6-30, straighten things up, shave, etc., parade for breakfast at 7-0. Parade at 7-45 and then Platoon Drill first hour, extended order and then musketry. Dinner at 12-45, Lecture 2 to 3. Physical Drill of no mean order from 3 to 4, tea 4-30, Lecture from 5-30 till 6-30, and then go to your room and swat, so the day is full up. On Friday night each week you get an examination paper to be in on Monday morning—so that means all day Sunday. After Church Parade I am at it. Yet it is all very interesting and enjoyable. They tell us we have a stiff examination at the end, which keeps you up to the scratch.

I am in the choir and we have service in the College Chapel and also dine in the College Dining Hall—a fine building.

We have expert instructors for everything and they know how to quicken you up. One officer is a Gordon Highlander and the Captain a Royal Scot. All have been out and belong to the old Regulars, so you get the "Military Spirit" with the help of *Regular* Coldstreams and Rifle Brigade Sergeants.

I was also selected to play for the Coy. Rigger team, so it looks as if the old creak was getting fit.

My bicycle is down here and if I am not Mess Orderly, Coy. Orderly Sergt., Coy. Orderly Corpl., Battn. Orderly Corpl., or on Picquet Duty or Canteen Duty, I get Saturday afternoons. So far I have had two very nice rambles on my grid with another chap (who so far refuses to be converted to being a "rabbit" and fixed wheels, etc., etc., as prescribed by the Anfield Field Service Book, and thinks I am slightly daft) to Huntingdon and on to Saffron Waldon, etc. It is just right for getting your head down round here—good roads, level and perfectly straight.

I am coming home on "Special Leave" in Easter week, the University having made application for me to complete some work; the rotten part is that I shall not manage a Saturday afternoon as I leave here on Monday and have to be in on Saturday midnight, but I hope to manage it when I finish here.

Well, all good wishes and with kind remembrances to the chaps who have been so good to me.

P.S.—It caused quite a longing to receive the Easter Tour Circular. Visions are all over the place.

Warburton writes The Mullah as follows:—

I have received a card from Percy Williamson yesterday. It came as a great relief because, like you, I was becoming anxious about him.

I had been looking forward to doing a Club Run on the "Twicer" during February or March, but the leave seems to be as far off as ever. That will be the time when we come home on the long leave, eh?

The Easter Tour should be a fine holiday. I only wish I was in a position to swell the number. Have still to experience the pleasure of an Anfield Easter Tour.

Have got a bicycle now-a-days with all the latest improvements on, i.e., Free Wheel, Rear Light, etc. I can only use it for short distances, however, but even so, it is a welcome addition to the "office fittings" thank you.

Every good wish to yourself and all the boys.

Kinghorn writes the Keizerette:—

Thanks for your letter which arrived by last mail. I would dearly love to be either on one of our famous Fishing Expeditions or cycling with you, but am afraid I have still a good deal more hard graft to do for the Old Firm. It is getting sweltering hot out here, which heat (accompanied by myriads of mosquitoes and what are considerably worse, sand bugs) is playing the devil with yours truly. It seems incredible to me to think of you all at home amongst snow and winter conditions. I would dearly like to be amongst it for a change. Ramsey Wells is probably now at Tel-el-Kebir where the bulk of the Australian Contingent are encamped, but I think they will all be shortly moving to Marseilles and on to the Western Front as there is now very little likelihood of the Turks making any attempt on the Canal; they have got about as much as they can conveniently chew dealing with the Russians in the Caucasus region. Owing to the non-arrival of two steamers from the River Plate I managed to get 48 hours' leave and went up to Cairo and visited the Pyramids, Mosques, etc., etc.

Poet's Niche consecrated to The Mullah.

(An attempt to portray the feelings of a soldier at the front. The idea is derived from correspondence received from Anfielders abroad.)

A SOLDIER'S REVERIE.

Oh! I long for the steed of steel,
For the hills where the wind sweeps
free.

The vale that's set with rivulet,
Or the mountains that face the sea.

Oh! I long for the pasture lands,
For the woods where the blue-bells
grow.

The cosy dell I know so well,
(That's the first place the kingcups
show.)

Oh! I long for an Anfield run,
For a jaunt at my topmost speed,
A ride to show I still can "go"
If I wish and should feel the need,

Oh! I live in the land of dreams,
In the memories of the past,
I often pray for the glad day
When of war I shall see the last.

But I don't want to come back yet,
There is work for me still out here,
My work's not done. To beat the Hun
I must stay, if it means a year.

Yes a year, or a year or two,
I will stay till the job's quite done,
Then on my steed away I'll speed,
I shall then have deserved my fun.

C.H.T.

Editorial Notes.

Ruat Celum sapere unde spes tutissima colis
 Principiis theologicum probandi primum!
 Magni umbra stat sua cuiquis
 Conscia recti pueri discunt corrigendum?

Never were truer nor more tender lines written. Confucius the Greek philosopher, literary giant of the Elizabethan period (that glorious epoch of the eighteenth century) must have been moved to his depths. No wonder even after this lapse of time they are household words. And how fittingly they describe our own (and in fact anybody's) unhappy case! There would seem to be an impression abroad that these Monthly Notes are haphazard jottings, carelessly dotted down in moments of delirium. Nothing is further from the truth. No frenzied impromptus these, dashed off at lightning speed to cope with the cascades of ideas as they leap hurtling through the maddened brain. No whilom feathered phrases, lightly letting—elfin but thrice welcome visitants from Lord knows where—with dainty dexterity on the tip of our gem-encrusted gold fountain pen. No tossing them off at will with masterly casualness, indifferently on train or tramcar, as does The Mullah with his imperishable poesy. Would to heaven it were so! No! Hatched are they one by one in fevered sleepless nights only after intense and agonising travail, carefully raised by hand, nurtured with loving care, tended, fashioned, pruned, and at last brought to mellow maturity with infinite pains until they reach the Journal in all their simple and rayonnant perfection. Yet have we been accused officially in Committee before our compeers, of obscurity! And this in face of the non-payment of our now hopelessly overdue account for salary and postal expenses. Instead of grovelling apology we are met with bitter reproach. And they call this gratitude! It is too much. Our heart is full, but our diamond studded gold fountain pen is almost empty. We can no more. The wraiths of our former sentences penned with such meticulous care sit up and mock our efforts. Perchance time will heal the gaping wound, but it is not yet. While yet a drip remain in our bejewelled gold fountain pen let us suggest that those of our readers who are still unenlightened respecting our previous references should carefully study back numbers. If by some horrible calamity these priceless gems of literature should have been lost, we will replace them at the purely nominal charge of a guinea each. They will find the effort to grasp their infinite intricacies a brightly exhilarating pastime in the home circle eminently suitable for these dark evenings, combining as it will the purest literary delights with gently stimulating mental exercise.

RUNS.

Kelsall, April 1st.

[We had long waited an opportunity to attach to the editorial staff one of our most versatile members, and thought when we saw him turn up with complete side-car and driving equipment that our time had come to effect this brilliant coup. At the psychological moment we made a combined flanking and frontal attack, and thought we had carried the position, but discovered some weeks later that we had deluded ourself, and had really suffered a crushing repulse with heavy loss. We intend, however, to offer to promise him a moiety of the entire emoluments promised us, as an inducement, and still hope to rope him in at a later date. We are accordingly forced upon our own scanty resources, and writing on the 26th we will proceed to throw back what we fondly imagine to be our mind even at the serious risk of mopping up our limited grey matter in the process.—Ed.]

Apparently stung to the quick by my grossly insulting reference to his Ford in the last issue, Oliver Cooper telephoned me on the Saturday morning to ask if I was going out. We all have things sent to try us in this life, and my cross is to be perpetually misunderstood, so that on replying quite innocently that I did not feel up to walking it (this having been our mode of progression when last he and I had attended a run together), I was met with the stinging rejoinder that Ford as it might be there was not an absolute certainty we would have to walk *all* the way. Paralysed for the moment by this deadly blow it was some time before I was able to stammer out explanations which were eventually gracefully accepted, and I joined the Motor Car as per schedule, and, incredible as it may appear, arrived at Kelsall in good time without mishap. Oliver repressing by a violent effort his astonishment at this achievement, acted as if nothing unusual had occurred, and in reply to the query suggested by my mute amazement remarked in a voice from which all trace of emotion had been assiduously manicured, that he had known it happen before. After a walk we returned to the Royal Oak to find several members had arrived, and a little later Crowcroft, Turnor and F.H. turned up, the latter having as passenger in his side-car Pa Higham, whom we were all delighted to see again looking so well. About 13 sat down to tea, which was not a very elaborate affair, and as smoking is not allowed in the room it was not long before a move was made to more congenial surroundings. I was just beginning to think that life was not, after all, so very bad, and would probably have become even a little more optimistic later when the chauffeur rushed in to inform us that his Motor Car was again tuned up and ready for the road. The first few miles were crowded with impressions, but this being a family paper I must omit details, merely remarking that I owe Jimmie Williams, who was with us, for his nimble wit in grasping a situation at a time when my own faculties were clogged, a debt of gratitude which it will take many Horlick's malted milks to wipe out. We had a fine run back in the Motor Car without incident until we arrived within 2/3 miles from home, when we were stopped by the police for having too brilliant lights. By an ingenious arrangement, however, the lights were lowered, and thanks to this, and Oliver's tact, we were eventually allowed to proceed, arriving at Tranmere quite early after an excellent ride.

Newburgh, April 8th.

Sarcastic remarks by several coffee drinking members that never again would the writer attend a club run and that he never *could* owing to an enfeebled constitution and general decrepitude, led him to wish to give them the lie direct—hence this expedition to Newburgh; but had he anticipated that his deed of daring would lead the Editor to fix on him the duty of writing up the run, it is gravely open to doubt if he would have been so venturesome.

However, to jump to the personal:—Having donned my war paint I sallied off to look for trouble, the first staggerer I got being a meeting with Cody riding *the wrong way*, i.e., towards town! The unexpected meeting must have given our friend such particular pleasure that he decided to turn round, and so finally caught me up again in Rainford, where I was discovered imbibing tea with our Turneresque friend and tandem partner Newsholme who had meanwhile arrived on the scene. This little tea matter being satisfactorily disposed of, the ride proceeded as rides usually do, but the promptitude with which the unfortunate writer got "outed" and ignominiously dropped was amazing and deplorable! However, Green shortly hove in sight and in deep disgust in finding me "walking up a pimple." His remark as to whether I thought I was taking the cycle a walk or was myself taking the cycle a ride met with the contempt it deserved and no reply was vouchsafed. Arrived at New-

burgh, the Simpsons were seen to be out in force, for the wielder of the blue pencil was discovered wrestling with a large motor bike which he desired to slip at Parbold hill. Another Simpson was discovered partaking of fresh eggs, fresh bread, fresh tea and anything he could lay his hands (and mouth) on—but evidently our friend must have had a plumbing job on in the vicinity (good word this—it will bear repetition) as he left early. Among others arrivals were Chem., Mercer, Cooper, etc.; Chem. looking particularly spic and span in a swank waist-coat, etc. (please do not omit the etc., Mr. Printer), but without his gloves, when consternation overcame the assembled multitude by the arrival of Teddy Edwards, who untrue to tradition had NOT come via Llan (but hush—not a word) and was actually fully 15 minutes ahead of time! A select number of older members later held an informal meeting as to what was to be done to the offender, but finally dispersed, no definite punishment having been decided on. Seeing that Edwards is known to have been a member for several years and to have turned up at club runs occasionally and given no other cause for serious complaint, it was perhaps thought better to overlook the offence this once.

Cooper having carefully satisfied himself that chickens (dead 'uns) were not to be on the table, a move was made by the assembled multitude of 12 members and one friend for tea—the usual fine Newburgh spread being done ample justice to, particularly by motor bike Simpson who had arrived late from his wrestling match and who had to make up for lost time. Simpson went strong on the pie, pudding and tart lay, and the artful way he said “Pass the pie please” (he was still at the meat course), ditto the pudding, ditto the tarts, and this oft repeated, and then proceeded to stow all away on a table to the rear almost beggars description and was truly an heroic effort. But I myself was sitting close to that table, and wild horses would not drag from me the heroic deeds I was also able to accomplish, but over which it were best to draw an impenetrable veil. A move being finally made for the yard to discuss rear lights and kindred subjects, a certain member known for his antipathy towards certain lights was found to be in a particularly sarcastic and critical humour, particularly towards the writer, and matters looked very ominous indeed when more peacefully inclined members managed to pour oil on the troubled water, and a serious scrap was fortunately avoided.

Of the ride home I am, unfortunately, unable to say much, for McToft (who had not materialised) not being there to guide me, I, needless to say, ran off the course early on, but eventually found myself on familiar ground, almost running down the Kniperian one scorching (on the wrong side of the road) for Newburgh fully an hour late. Later on, however, he, Cody and Edwards overtook me, and the roads being dusty and heavy going with a snaggy wind blowing from all quarters of the compass, I had had quite enough of it by the time I arrived in the vicinity of home (there, vicinity again!—I feared it would happen, but it will arouse the envy of the other members and lead them to despair), so that the remarks about an enfeebled constitution were perhaps, after all, somewhat justified. However, wait and see my friends! The year is yet young.

Warrington, April 15th. 1916.

Just before sitting down to the usual good tea that you can always look forward to at the Patten Arms, boiled leg of mutton and caper sauce, beef steak pie, followed with apple tart and rice pudding, I received the order from our worthy Editor to write the account of this run. Seeing I receive orders from our Commandant from time to time, I take it he assumed the same position. Well, if by making this report I am taking the place of a better scribe who is away on service it is something to the good. It may be a scrappy one, still I am only too pleased at any time to

do my bit for the dear old Club. After sitting down I was asked to carve. Now this is more like active service, and much more in my line than pen pushing. The party was a small one—to be correct we numbered eleven all told. We were glad to see Teddy Edwards on the road again, but very sorry the other Teddy is still missing. Mac was also an absentee through illness; I trust he will soon recover.

In many country places it was the custom to have the clock half an hour fast. I noticed Will Cook whisper to the waitress, but nothing happened until 6-30. After tea we had the usual confab round the fire—Johnny Band told us a few stories, but Tommy was very quiet, and gave us no facts. Knipe told us one of a recruit who on coming out of the doctor's room in a very excited state of mind was asked the reason, the reply being "Oh! it is all right, I may drop down dead any minute." I rather think the wind played a dirty trick on the Manchester boys on their return trip. After Cook telling us that in one part of Chester you can have your gas lamp full blaze, and in another part you must have it shaded, a start was made for home with the consolation that although the muster was a small one the reason is well known, many of our members being on active service to crush, I hope, a most tyrannical and brutal nation, that we and our Allies may continue to enjoy that freedom which has so long been ours. When the war is over it will be recorded that the younger members of the A.B.C. did their share in the fighting line, while the older ones took up munition work and special and guard duties; also that out of the Club Funds money, that in time of peace was given for prizes, was sent from time to time to Hospitals to aid the sick and wounded.

Easter Tour—Betws-y-Coed, 20th to 24th April, 1916.

"The Tour Proper" may be said to have commenced when Cook and his nephew per tandem met Turnor at Llandegla on Thursday afternoon. It had turned out "a nice soft day" but "a bit damp under the trees." The route taken after tea was via Corwen and Cerrig-y-Druidion, and the riders were pleased to find that the road between these two places was much better than they had anticipated it would be from their previous experience of it. Upon arrival at the Glan Aber it was discovered that D. R. Fell, Senior and Junior, H. M. Buck, Venables, Williams, and Mr. Phillips had already arrived, and as Toft and McCann also came, and were shortly followed by Mercer and Rowatt, the numbers present in the house for the first night came to the respectable total of 13. This number can be increased by two, as Oliver Cooper had called at the hotel prior to going on to Penmachno, and Teddy Edwards called on his way up to Dolgam. Teddy had come out by the same route as the tandem, but being on the broader gauge machine and having had to negotiate the Corwen-Cerrig Road in the dark his views on the same differed somewhat from those of the earlier arrivals.

Good Friday turned out to be a glorious day, so the eight members of the party who undertook the trip to Llanfairfechan had nothing to complain of on the score of weather. The route taken was via Capel Curig, Llyn Ogwen, the Nant Francon Pass, Bethesda and Aber. The cyclists of the party arrived at Aber in such good time that they visited the Aber Falls. This necessitated a walk of about four miles, but after the recent rains the Falls were "in form" and were really on their best behaviour. Lunch at the Queens Hotel was quite a success, and the Anfielders greatly appreciated the way they were looked after by the charming daughters of our host the landlord. Owing to the scarcity of labour caused by the war, these ladies have constituted themselves waitresses and gardeners, and they seem to enjoy their new work immensely. The sun was so powerful and the company so enjoyable that it required some will power to make a start, but eventually the party got under weigh and continued via Penmaenmawr and the Sychnant Pass to Conway.

Some three miles south of Conway on the Trefriw Road the ways divide, and it was decided to keep right, skirt Roe Wen, and regain the main road near Caerhun. This short detour proved to be good value as it saved some climbing, and the surface was little worse than the main road. Afternoon tea was partaken of at a wayside inn, and then the journey through Trefriw to Bettws. continued. For the last four miles the road was, as usual, very bad, and the difficulties were not improved by numerous motor charrs-a-banc that were met. These monstrosities take up such a lot of room that when met on a tricky bit of road they are enough to make the stoutest heart quail. Upon arrival at the Glan Aber it was discovered that Johnny Band, Bert Green and Herbert Keizer had arrived, and the numbers were later increased by the arrival of Koenen and Crowcroft, Lient. Rowatt and a brother officer, and last, but by no means least, Percy Beardwood who had driven Hellier over from London in his car to join the club.

The Committee, in their wisdom, had chosen Ffestiniog for Saturday's destination in order that the walkers of the party, by utilising the train, might join the cyclists. It is a somewhat difficult matter to strike new ground that the A.B.C. have not visited in the vicinity of Bettws., but as this round proved, it is by no means impossible. The road party went through the beautiful Lledr Valley and Dolwyddelan to Roman Bridge, and as only a little rain fell during a portion of this journey it did not mar the enjoyment of the party. Capes were doffed for the climb up the Garddinnan Pass and the ensuing descent to Blaenau Ffestiniog was safely negotiated. After a stop at Blaenau to "fill tanks," the few remaining miles to Ffestiniog were quickly covered and the five walking members were discovered to be already in possession of the "city." Lunch having been disposed of, the 18 members of the party led by the landlord of the Abbey Hotel made their way on foot to the Cynfael Falls and Bishop Lloyd's Pulpit; the whole party being charmed by the magnificent rocky gorge through which the river forced its way. The five members of the train party had not particularly enjoyed their peregrinations through the outskirts of Blaenau, but when they viewed the Falls, Pulpit and Gorge, they were satisfied that it was more than worth the trouble. After thanking their guide the cyclists took the Bala Road over the mountains to Pont-ar-afon-gam—where some fine views of the Arenigs were obtained—and thence to Eidda Wells, at which point the scheduled route was left and the return to Bettws. was made via Ysppyty-Ifan. Dinner having been disposed of, the party which had now been increased by the arrival of Cheminais, Charlie Conway, Morris, Billy Owen, Frank Wood and Mr. Peris, adjourned to "the chapel" for the evening. Mr. Phillips kindly officiated at the piano, and Cheminais, Koenen, Frank Wood and Mr. Peris provided the entertainment.

There were 17 starters for Sunday's ride to Tal-y-sarn. This route not having been scheduled since 1908, the Committee thought it was time for another visit. The route taken by the majority was via Capel Curig, Pen-y-Gwryd and Beddgelert to Pont Aberglaslyn, where the first stop was made to admire the view. After remounting, the route continued through Tremadoc and on to Dolbenmaen—the direct road being chosen for the latter stretch in preference to the main road. After a refresher had been indulged in, the outward part of the journey was completed by going on to Tal-y-sarn, the Carnarvon Road being abandoned at Pen-y-groes. The lunch left something to be desired, but Anfielders can put up with a good deal of inconvenience in the way of food and drink—or lack of it—when they are compensated by such a ride, and though the quarries—the deepest in Wales—at Tal-y-sarn did not appeal to the men without geological knowledge, the charm of the climb from Nantlle up Gelli-fry-dau to Rhyd-ddu after lunch was enjoyed by all. Pen-y-Gwryd having been fixed as the venue for afternoon tea, the party made their way there by way of

Beddgelert and the Nant Gwynnant Pass and then by the aid of wind and hill were transported to Bettws.

At dinner the party was augmented by the arrival of Arthur and Walter Simpson, Jack Marchanton and two friends. An excellent concert took place afterwards, there being a wealth of talent. Chem., who just previous to dinner was in a state of limpness with only an overpowering longing for bed consequent on his having been again walked off his legs, this time by his athletic furrin friend, and an insufficiency of liquid refreshment, was gradually brought round by medicinal doses of the famous Glan Aber brew, and proved to be in exceptionally fine form. He ranged from grave to gay with his accustomed sureness of touch, and his tabloid play—a faithful replica of high-class melodrama as performed at the Old Star Theatre, Liverpool—was particularly funny and new to most members. He also favoured us with several choice mandolin solos, and altogether worked like a Trojan in his efforts towards making the evening the brilliant success it was; but where, oh where was his guitar? F.H. was in his most original and delightful vein, charming everybody with his versatility. "The Plumber," too, was in very good form with Dan Leno songs and patter, for which he had ransacked the Metropolitan publishers at enormous expense. One of his other items enabled the members for the first time in the annals of the Club to listen, rapturously spellbound, to the silvery tones of our Editor (who also officiated at the piano) as they issued pure and thrush-like from his full white throat. The Keizerette was also good enough to favour us with one of his piano solos, and Mr. Peris sang us various songs in strange tongues, also contributing to the evening's enjoyment with his ocarina selections. A spirited concerted rendering of "Auld Lang Syne" brought the evening to a close, and afterwards an adjournment to the tank was made to liquidate a 5-franc note which Hubert Roskell had kindly sent from France for that purpose, enclosed in a letter regretting his inability to plank it down in person.

On Monday the journey home was made via Cerrig-y-Druuidion and Llanfihangel to Ruthin. Carpenter and Leese here joined the party, making 12 for lunch, with members who followed the scheduled route. Capes were donned when leaving Bettws., though the weight of rain hardly necessitated their use during the first three miles; they were doffed after two miles, and when the real necessity arose for their use some of the riders decided that they would prefer to be wet by the rain rather than "stew in their own juice." After lunch the ride was continued up the Bwlch-y-Parc and on to Mold and Chester on hard dry roads. Cook and his nephew, together with Carpenter and Leese, kindly went round by Chester in order to have tea with the Manchester Boys, and at this point "the tour proper" may be said to finish. The outing can be written down as an unqualified success, and considering the number of members in H.M. Forces the muster was very gratifying. The weather from Friday to Monday, with slight exception, was good, and even the wind was kinder than it has been on many previous occasions. There were 27 members and 8 friends at Bettws., and with the two members who put in an appearance at Ruthin this brought the total attendance at this fixture up to the respectable figure of 37.

C.H.T.

The Walking Party now being officially recognised by the Committee, a few observations in connection with their portion of the Easter Tour are annexed.

On Friday the party crossed the Llugwy by Pont-y-pair and took the path through the wood to the south end of Llyn-y-Parc; afterwards turning eastwards to the highest part of the All-Goch wood, where tree-felling was in progress on all sides. Lunch at a woodcutter's hut. In the afternoon a three hours' tramp, through forest and moor, with Siabod ahead, the Glyders on the right, brought the party to the Summer House and home via Rhaiadr-y-Wennol and the Llugwy.

On Saturday the Committee thoughtfully provided a seven-mile walk on tarmac, with innumerable public houses at hand in case of faintness.

On Sunday we took the Jubilee Path to Pen-ir-Allt. Many hawks were noted on the moors. The woodcutter again provided the lunch, and afterwards the party followed the forest chutes, reaching Gwydir Castle, Llanwrst and so home beside the Conway. A very happy day.

Easter Tour Mems.

It was pleasant to know that Hubert Roskell was with us in spirit—his health was drunk with musical honours.

Members were pleased to welcome Billy Owen, Beardwood, Frank Wood and Helier. The charm of the club still has some power over these men who are enforced absentees on the ordinary runs.

The President and Vice-President both made suitable reference after the concert to the members serving their country.

Though the Chapel Party were not favoured by a song from the President, the Tank Party had that pleasure. "Razors" went with a swing. Is this the first occasion on which an Anfielder President has sung in the Tank?

Koenen expressed a desire to cash Hubert's Five Franc Note, and upon obtaining the necessary permission declared his intention of having same framed.

Some of our alien friends were put to a lot of inconvenience owing to the Defence of the Realm Regulations regarding their movements in Restricted Areas.

We all greatly missed George Theakstone's cheery presence, and were sorry he could not be with us. Teddy Worth (formerly an institution at these tours) was also an absentee, much to our regret.

Tom Conway was sadly missed—in 30 years this was only the *second* Easter Tour "Mawr" has not supported, although to do so in recent years has involved a journey from Bristol. We, however, know he was with us in spirit, for he had written Cook expressing his sorrow that the depletion of his office staff made the trip impossible, and his ears ought to have burned, for his name was frequently on our lips, and thoughts of him in our hearts.

Keizerette is not half throwing his chest out at "Doing it on *all* the Simpsons!" In the knowledge born of experience Herbert braved the elements on Monday morning with the certainty of "glorious weather" in the Vale of Clywd and had his due reward, while "all the Simpsons" remained in Bettws. "waiting for it to clear up" (which it never did), and eventually had to leave their machines behind and invest in Home Rails!

The way Clifford Dews "stuck it," pushing his uncle about on a tandem, was wonderful. We wonder how many men have ridden the Gwynnant Pass and Bwlech-y-Parc at the first time of asking? And on a tandem with 12 stone of dead meat in front, too! "Stick it uncle and I will push it up" was his motto, and he told us "in strict confidence, and without prejudice and so as not to create a precedent," that it was "only by gentle nursing and his brave little 'art' that he got through. He would undoubtedly make a good Anfielder. What about Junior Membership?

Venables started a new fashion in drinks. There was quite a craze for Horlick's Malted Milk served Hot in the Tank, and we must say that it did not in anyway detract from the merriment of the midnight Konklaves—rather to the contrary.

ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

© Anfield Bicycle Club

ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB.

FORMED MARCH 1879.

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

MONTHLY CIRCULAR.

FIXTURES FOR JUNE, 1916.

	Light up at
June 3.—Farndon (Raven)	9-58 p.m.
.. 5.—Committee Meeting, St. George's Restaurant, 7 p.m.	
.. 10/12.—Whitsun Tour—Lake District. (For details, see Committee Notes.)	10-4 p.m.
.. 17.—Broxton (Royal Oak)	10-8 p.m.
.. 24.—Hoo Green (Kilton) Photo Run	10-10 p.m.
July 1.—Acton Bridge (Railway Inn)	10-10 p.m.

Full Moon, 15th instant.

16, Croxteth Grove,
Liverpool.

Committee Notes.

In the interests of economy, both paper and otherwise, no Special Circular for the Whitsuntide Tour will be issued, but the following are the arrangements as passed by the Committee:—

Saturday, 10th June.—

Meet at Ambleside (White Lion), making your own way there. It is suggested that those who cannot leave early might use the train as far as, say, Preston or Lancaster. It is also suggested that members should get into touch with other likely starters and fix up either a meeting place in town mutually convenient, or a rendezvous en route. Sleep at the White Lion, Ambleside.

Sunday, 11th June.—

Ride over Dunmaie Raise to Keswick, and then via Borrowdale and Honister Pass to Buttermere. Luncheon at the Buttermere Hotel at 1.30. After luncheon, return by Newlands to Portinscale and Keswick and back to Ambleside.

Monday, 12th June.—

Return home by various routes. Luncheon at the County Hotel, Lancaster.

A Special Inclusive Tariff of 17/6, covering Supper and Bed on the Saturday, Breakfast, Dinner and Bed on the Sunday, and Breakfast on Monday, will it is hoped, be arranged at the White Lion Hotel. If it is your intention to support the fixture, please let me know as early as possible so that accommodation may be booked for you.

Charlie J. Conway has again very kindly offered to take the Club Photograph, and the Committee fixed this for Hoo Green on the 24th June. A bumper muster is our best way of showing him our appreciation of his kindness and trouble.

There are now twenty-two members On Service, G. Jackson having joined the Cheshires some months back. He is stationed at Prees Heath, Whitchurch.

A Resolution of sympathy with the Editors of the "Irish Cyclist"—"Arjay," J. C. Percy and "The O'Tatur," in the loss of their premises, files and records during the recent disturbances in Dublin, was passed and has been duly expressed to them.

The President and Mr. Toft are carrying on the excellent work of sending the monthly parcels to those of our members on Active Service Abroad; the latest parcels sent containing a tin of matches, some cigarettes, plain chocolate, a tin of pilchard sardines and some honey.

APPLICATION FOR ACTIVE MEMBERSHIP.—Junior C. CLIFFORD DEWS, 18, Devonshire Place, Birkenhead. Proposed by C. H. Turner and seconded by F. D. McCann.

NEW ADDRESSES.—Corporal J. HODGES, R.E.P.S., A.P.O.S.Z. 13, Egypt. Second-Lieut. W. H. C. BINNS, 11th Batt. East Surrey Regt., 5th (R) Infantry Brigade, Moore Park, Kilworth, Co. Cork, Ireland. Private J. L. MAHON, D.D.S. and T. Office, Headquarters, Lines of Communication, Egyptian Ex. Force, Cairo, Egypt. Cyclist A. P. JAMES, No. 10202, 4th Platoon Z Coy., Army Cyclist Coy., L. Lines, Chiseldon Camp, Wilts.

F. D. McCANN,
Hon. Secretary.

Concerning Those On Service.

Jackson joined the Cheshires some months ago and apparently has been too shy to let us know the fact. He is stationed at Prees Heath and on a recent Saturday overtook McCann on the Lower Chester Road, having been in Liverpool On Leave.

[All members who have joined the forces should at once advise the Secretary, as we are all exceedingly interested in their movements.]

Kettle writing on Easter Sunday says, "Many thanks for the parcel which reached me safely some days ago. It would have been acknowledged before, but opportunities for writing have been rather scarce. Please convey to the members of the A. B. C. my Best Thanks for their generous gift. At present I am having a fairly easy time of it in a rest camp behind the firing line after a spell of 10 days in the trenches, but I expect we shall go back again shortly. The resting part has consisted of marching four or five miles to dig trenches. At first we did this in the daytime, but have latterly done it at night. For over a week it has done nothing else but rain, so we have not had ideal conditions for the job. The weather at last appears to be clearing up a bit—to-day has been quite decent. Kindly remember me to all."

Percy Williamson, in acknowledging one of the parcels, writes:—"Thank you very much, I could wish for nothing better than the parcel contained, the honey especially is fine. It is very nice to know that even the most junior members are not forgotten by the Club. I am very sorry the parcel mentioned in the January Circular never arrived. I have had so many parcels lost through changes of address that I have felt like asking people to send no more, but they are very welcome when they turn up. I am sorry to say I am in hospital, having got several small

boils on my back, but I am quite fit in myself and hope to be out before many days are past. Thanks very much for the April Circular—they are always very welcome. My Best Wishes and King Regards to all Anfielders."

From Warburton:—"Once again my hearty thanks to the Club for the parcel to hand to-day. How quick the months pass! It scarcely seems more than a week since I received the previous parcel. I was glad to hear from The Mullah that Li. has been on leave and that he is as lively as ever. Am afraid that my chances of leave are now somewhat remote as all leave is likely to cease very soon. However, I shall not be really disappointed if such is the case because the journey and the performances one has to go through en route are an awful bore, and then after a few happy days in England it is no easy matter to settle down again to the life out here. By the way, the Easter Tour appears to have been a great success in spite of the fact that so many members are serving. Best wishes to all."

Hodges asks:—"Will you please convey my thanks to the Club members for the parcel which I received to-day. The selection of articles of food is splendid and I made a great inroad into the cake this afternoon. It comes at a very opportune time just before pay-day, when suppers in town are perforce taboo and rations in camp rather meagre. The cigarettes, too, are very welcome as they are so different from the "coffin-nails," masquerading under the somewhat misleading name of "Life-Ray" which constitute our issue. I hope all the chaps are keeping fit; I am looking forward to again attaining that state in the remote future. The handicaps will need some little revision in my favour after the war—I should suggest about 45 minutes in a "50." Again hoping that you will convey my sincerest thanks to the Club and also that the Easter Tour was blessed with good weather."

Rudd, writing on the 22nd April, says:—"I am rather late in returning thanks for the two parcels I received from the Club, and I hope you will convey my very many thanks to the members for their kindness and thought. The place I am in action at is "Somewhere on the map," but what a hole! It is fifty miles from anywhere and they forgot to finish it. It is worse than checking at Queens Ferry Corner in the "24." We get plenty of rain and wind and rats in dozens. The village close to is overrun with them—the infantry use what is left of the houses as billets, but I do not know how they manage to sleep. We are in "dugouts," twenty feet deep in the ground, but the rats have found their way in to us, so we have company. I am not allowed to say much, but we are letting the Huns have it warm. Give my Best Wishes to all."

From Li. Cohen, cheerful as usual, there is the following humorous epistle: "Many thanks for your letter which was waiting my arrival in this benighted country. Unfortunately, I had very little time to breathe when on leave, otherwise you can bet I should have seen more of the old A.B.C. than I did. Please thank the Committee and everyone concerned for the splendid parcel which turned up yesterday. The matches were an absolute goldmine, as at present they are more valuable than Bass in the Sahara! My trip seems to have been a dream on account of the meteoric dashing about I had to do. In fact I was more tired than after an attempt to put it through my noble enemy J.C.B. I am sorry I had not the chance of seeing him and several other active juveniles. Talk about veterans—why, I felt something like 300 y.o.a. by the time I caught that 11.15 back to London. At present I have criminal designs on a 'most-small' boy's bike, which is fitted a la Meredith, so if you hear of the Paris-Bordeaux record frizzling out you need not mention any names as to who did the

deed. Well, Mac., the war is still on and in spite of suggesting to George Robey my intentions of conducting same from Liverpool, I had to return to the scene of action, and here I am sat over a fried egg trying to work

out by the old Boyles Law if it will last 75 years or only $74 \frac{99}{2000} + x$; x being

the solvent of a five franc note! In conclusion, please give my kindest to all the youths and again encore (French, that word) thanks. I'll remain, yours to the naked scalp, Li."

"Jimmy" James sends us the following:—"Some address." Since my visit home I have been seeing life, as a week after I got back from home I struck a dose of measles and had to go into Hospital, and don the blue with red tie, etc. When they let me escape, I was put on light duty and have been on ever since.

"Our Company seems to have been forgotten by the War Office, as since we had our orders to be ready to proceed overseas at a moment's notice, nothing more has been said; so we have been wasting all this time and have all got fed up to the neck."

Mac. has a letter from Binns, who it appears is now in Ireland. He says: "For the past fortnight we have been *touring* the Southern Counties of Ireland hunting for rebels, arms and ammunition, and at first we had fairly good hauls, but I must confess this tour is somewhat different compared with one I did in Co. Wicklow years ago with the A.B.C. Do you remember you came on to the Landing Stage to see us off and your method of locomotion was 'Cycle, 2 wheels, complete hot and cold water, lifts to every floor, Sunbeam, heavy, one?' One never knows what may now happen, but I should like to see some of the old familiar faces again."—And so say we! And later, 22nd May, a post-card saying: "I am on my way to France, but to what unit I do not know yet."

Writing on the 7th May, Hodges notifies a change of address—given in the Secretary's Notes—and says he has taken charge of the office, his predecessor having gone home on furlough. He continues: "It is not a bad little billet, being 'far from the madding crowd' and entirely on our own. We can go about almost naked! Undressing for a daily swim in the Canal is a very short operation. Please remember me to all the boys."

Evidently the posts to Egypt are rather irregular, for Mahon, on the 7th May, says: "Many thanks for your two parcels, which came to hand last week within a few days of one another. I am indeed grateful to the Club for sending me these parcels, which were very much appreciated, but at the same time, in the event of your deciding to send any more, perhaps you could arrange to send tobacco only, say Chairman, Three Nuns or Army and Navy Service Mixture (compressed). I can get any amount of eatables, but a really good line in tobacco is too expensive here to buy as a regular thing. I suppose the Spring will be with you once again and the A.B.C. will perhaps be thinking of *commencing* to cycle! I am anxiously awaiting a report of the Easter Tour. I have a pal here from Rhyl, and he got very excited when I described to him the proposed tour at Easter. I think he got quite homesick. We have now commenced the hot weather, and have had some frightfully warm days. Yesterday I managed to get off about 10 o'clock in the morning and took a trip to the Pyramids, but did not enjoy it over much, as I arrived in the middle of the day and the heat was enough to scorch all the skin off one's face. However, I got some exercise, which was the main thing. I really have no news at all. I am fairly fit but assuming Aldermanic proportions. With Best Wishes to all."

Extract of letter from Percy Williamson to The Mullah:—"Your letter of the 16th March to hand. I am sorry I should have kept you all so dark as to my whereabouts from X'mas until just recently, but believe me after the evacuation of Gallipoli it was a toss up every day where our next move would be, and when we did move it was a case of keep everything ready to move at a minutes notice. Under these circumstances, there seemed little use in writing as we could give no definite address.

"The parcel you mention having been sent by the A.B.C. for X'mas, I am sorry to say did not arrive. Neither did several from home and other people. I have had all the Anfield Circulars since January, and very welcome they are too; also a parcel from Cooper's which I have, of course, acknowledged to McCann."

Kinghorn writes the Keizerette:—"I was thinking of you at Easter down at Bettws. On Easter Monday I completed 15 consecutive nights' work, 15 hour stretches. All the sleep I got during that time was about 2/3 hours in the middle of the day, and I was feeling a bit cheap at the finish. It gets hotter every day, and it is such a damp heat that you get like so much chewed string. I have about 200/300 filthy Arabs to drive, who are about the most awful cut-throat crowd you ever clapped eyes on, and I have to be continually washing in carbolic to get rid of the fearsome bugs they so kindly dispense to anyone who is so unlucky as to be near them. I had to lay out two of these gentry the other day; one I thought I had finished. I hit him with every ounce of my 13 stone right on the point of the jaw, and dropped him over a winch which helped to complete the job, then played a deck hose on him to bring him round!"

Extract from letter received by The Mullah from Hodges:—"Thanks for your letter. It is rather rough on your being called up. I suppose a year or two more would have put you past it. I saw your poetical effort in the A.B.C. Gazette, and was deeply moved by it.

"I hope they don't call you up before Easter, as that would be rather a case of 'love's labour lost,' wouldn't it? It is a splendid programme. Wish to heaven I were going. This cursed country is as flat as—well, as flat as it possibly can be. It is eleven months since I was on a bicycle, and I'm as fat and fleshy as it is poss. for me to be. For God's sake finish it off quickly and let me get back to Cheshire.

"Was there ever such a club as the A.B.C.? I don't think so. Also there will never be another just as good. I thank you for that invitation you gave me in the days of long ago. That run to Moberly is one of the gems of memory to me."

MEMS.

The lighting-up times given in the fixture list are the new "Summer Times"—fancy not having to light up until well after 10 p.m.!—and if it was not for the absurd Defence of the Realm Regulations it would not be until near 11 p.m. Why do not the powers-that-be adopt some scheme on similar lines to the Daylight Saving Scheme for leaving the lighting-up times in the summer months—say, from May to September as with the "Summer Time Bill"—at the old time of one hour after sunset, as it is a well known fact that during, say, June, July and August there is a considerable period of daylight even after the old statutory time of one hour after sunset. Whereas now under their ridiculous regulations lamps will have to be carried lighted for at least three-quarters of an hour before anything approaching darkness arrives, which simply means that in many quarters the law will be more honoured in the breach than the observance.

At the A.G.M. of the Manchester and District Association of the C.T.C.; C. H. Turnor was elected President in succession to H. Green.

Those members who participated in the first series of August Bank Holiday Tours to Ireland, in which "Arjay" was our guide, philosopher and friend, will be sorry to hear that Miss Mabel Richards, who was one of the house party at "Vallombrosa" when "the tour proper" came to an end, recently passed away. Her loss to cycling literature and to the staff of the "Irish Cyclist" is profound, and we sympathise with those near and dear to her most sincerely.

The following letter has been received from the "Arjay," in reply to the Resolution of sympathy passed by the Committee:—"Mr. Percy and I are greatly touched with the Resolution of sympathy passed by the Committee of the Anfield Bicycle Club. It is a great pleasure to me to know that we have so many good friends in the Club, and believe me we both thoroughly appreciate the compliment paid us, and also the sympathetic letters received from individual members. I should be glad if you will convey to your Committee our gratitude. It has been a great consolation to us in our trouble so many people have expressed sincere sympathy with us."

On Easter Monday morning Charlie Conway was very busy disposing of tickets for a raffle in aid of the National Fund for Comforts for the Welsh Troops at sixpence a time. The fourth prize was a "Nanny Goat," presented by Mrs. Evans. McCann has a p.c. from the Hon. Secretary of the fund notifying him that he had won the Goat!

Poet's Corner.

L'ENVOI.

Oh my Editor wants verses,
So in order to save curses,
I must send them on their way.
(But he may refuse this drivel,
And if so I shall not snivel)
I will send them off to-day.

There's a member of the Cheadle,
Whom the Editor should wheedle,
If he wants a little lay.
I am not prepared for dying,
For my blood some men are crying,
And they really mean to slay.

I must shun the realms of poesy,
For my prospects are not rosy,
If on earth I want to stay.
Yes I'll get on with my ped'ling,
It is better far than meddling,
That's a game that does not pay.

C.H.T.

A Prophecy.

A learned Professor, whose identity we are not at liberty to disclose, whilst searching a sarcophagus in Egypt came across some papyrus which contained a prophecy, of which the following is a translation:—

And it shall come to pass that the King of the Huns shall gather all his hosts about him, much people, even as the sand which is on the sea-shore in multitude and he and his hosts shall make war upon humanity.

And the King of the Huns shall cause to be made vast ships to sail in the heavens above, which shall be filled with weapons of destruction to drop upon his enemies.

When the nations of the earth shall see these ships of the air sojourn above them and descry the destruction which is wrought on their women and babes they shall cry out in their affliction.

And it shall come to pass that those in authority shall command the people that they shall darken their dwellings; they that go forth in their chariots like a whirlwind, whose speed is swifter than the eagle, shall eschew a bright light, and they that go forth on their silent steeds during the hours of darkness shall disclose their presence by lamps—yea, even two lamps—one at the front to show forth a light which is white and one at the back to show forth a light which is red.

And behold it shall come to pass that the hosts raised by the King of the Huns shall be put to the sword and great shall be the slaughter, and peace shall reign once more between the nations of the earth.

Then it shall come to pass that those in authority shall decree that dwellings shall no longer be darkened, that they that go forth in chariots which are swifter than the eagle shall no longer eschew a bright light, and that they that use the silent steed shall not show forth from the back the light which is red.

Then shall the owners of the chariots which are swifter than the eagle lift up their voices and shall cry out aloud and say it is not good that the silent steed shall go forth in the darkness and not show at the back the light which is red.

Items.

At last Del Strother has been heard from, and the following post-card to Cook will be read with great interest:—

“17th May, 1916. Just got on board of the underlined steamer (S.S. ‘Kristianiafjord’) and am off in 3 hours to New York on business. Have not heard anything from you for ages. The post is awfully irregular at present, and if you did write at all I did not receive your letters. Hope everything goes well with you. Shall probably write fuller en route. Best wishes and kind regards to all.”

We all hope Del Strother will be successful in his business trip and that we shall soon receive his address. Of course, the reason he has not heard anything for ages is because his Circulars were returned by the G.P.O. marked “Gone away.”

There has been a lot of piffle recently appearing in the daily press about the Government suppression of Sunday motoring, and as motorists seem very sensitive and easily alarmed, our motoring members have been having a fright. Since the war broke out some of them have appeared to think there was a ban on *Saturday* motoring, but we can assure them that such is not the case, and that one and all would be heartily welcomed at the Club Runs.

One of the advantages of the Daylight Saving Bill, or to call it by its proper name the Summertime Bill, is that those who “care not” about carrying rear lights because they do so little night riding, can now attend the Club Runs without any risk of learning how “joyous” it is to comply with the rear lighting order. Now then, L. O. and Lo. L!

We understand that Lowell has a new pair of cycling togs that outvie even Solomon in all his glory, and we are very anxious to see them. Now that Harry and George are seldom seen at Club Runs we are getting rather low spirited and lacking in tone and colour. We should be awfully bucked up if the Rainbow knickers graced the festive board some Saturday, and now there is no competition is just the psychological moment.

Members will be glad to hear that Johnny Band is making an excellent recovery from the accident that everyone will regret befell him on the occasion of the Eaton run. This accident provides an example of one of the many "benefits" of rear lamps, and our regrets are all the more emphasised by the cruelty of such an accident happening to one who is so strenuously opposed to rear lights for cyclists. Had such an experience befallen a cyclist who is supine on the subject, or to one of those alleged cycling journalists who "favour" rear lights because they do not themselves cycle at night, it would have tempered our sympathy with a feeling of poetic justice. Perhaps if some of these jellyfish individuals were fined £100 for having their rear lamp unlighted, or came a purier through their lamp fouling the back wheel, they would change their tune. Nothing could exceed the great kindness of Mr. Winterbottom (Bull and Stirrup) in helping Band to secure medical attention, but, as in Edwards' case, the local saw-bones was not much use, and Johnny did not get properly fixed up until he got home to his own doctor.

There is now being formed "The Fellowship of Old Time Cyclists," open to all who have been riders of a high bicycle or a tricycle previous to 1890. Its objects are to bind together in a permanent Association all who enjoy that qualification. A Registration Fee of 2/6 has to be paid for enrolment, and a Certificate and Badge are issued. Several of our members are joining, and if there are any other "eligibles" who would like to do so, they should communicate with Cook.

Old Time Cyclists' Rally on the Ripley Road, May, 21st, 1916.

Beardwood sends us the following interesting account:—

Feeling it both a duty and pleasure to represent the Old Club at this fixture, the writer dug out a veteran in the shape of the Great Hellier, so as to make sure of at least one being there; of course, the foot propelled bicycle was impossible for two middle aged gents, who have been unacquainted with one for years, so at 10.30 a.m. (new time) we wended our way gently to the Bear, Esher; the weather was ideal, in fact it could not have been better, except it was a trifle too hot.

Arriving at Esher in good time, we watched the arrivals. Owing to the meeting being well advertised in the "Daily Mail," there were crowds of "Cyclists" out who had nothing whatever to do with the fixture, and, as far as Esher was concerned, they entirely spoiled the meet—it sounds somewhat of a paradox that an old-time Cyclists' Rally should be spoiled by "Cyclists," but the fact remained that it was.

The crowd at Esher became so great that we decided to get on to Ripley, where lunch was to be served at the Talbot. At Ripley the conditions were more pleasant, the "mug" cyclist evidently finding it a bit too far. We awaited the arrivals; all the giants of the cycling world seemed to be present, G. Lacy Hillier, Bidlake, Gen. L. Morris (of Referee fame), "Faed" Wilson, Jenny Walters, R. L. Eds (the pocket Hercules), Sammy Bartleet, Monty Holbein, Jack Urry, Col. Saville, Pem. Coleman, etc., etc., were only a few of the ones the writer personally shook hands with—there were hundreds of others on show. The lunch would have caused some grumbling amongst Anfielders, being a cold one (who said Charlie Keizer) and served on the principle of first come first served, no vegetables, simply cold meats, salad, bread, sweets and cheese.

After lunch, G. Lacy Hillier gave the toast of "The King," and then a short speech; then we were photographed, for which please refer to "Cycling," then a rest in the garden to get away from the terrific heat.

On the return journey to the "Angel," Ditton, for tea, the "herds" of cyclists encountered, would have gladdened the heart of the Pagan one;

one club (entirely unconnected with the Rally) must have mustered at least three hundred, as they were over a mile long, riding two, three, and even four abreast. They literally drove the motors off the road in the same fashion that a swarm of locusts has been known to stop a locomotive, and we had to take to the side roads in order to get to Ditton at all. Hellier remarked that he "thought" cycling was "dead," but never in his life had he seen such "Club runs" before.

After a watercress tea at the "Angel" we had a smoke, took farewell of the "Old Timers," and again had to seek refuge in the side roads, getting back via Bushey Park, and seeing the chestnuts in the famous avenue (it being also Chestnut Sunday).

Three humorous incidents tickled the "Panjandrum"—the first was when a "taxicab" drew up at Esher, an old gentleman got out followed by an old iron tyred, wooden spoked, pedal propelled velocipede—truly a case of the ancient and modern.

The second incident was at Ripley. We were having a cyder when a face passed the window, the Pan remarked how like it was to Allen Tooth. I said I was just going to say the same, and it WAS Allen Tooth. The whirligig of the war seems to have thrown him to the top, as he informed us he was Managing Director of the Spencer Aviation Company. However he has not lost the art of carving, in spite of aviation, and he sliced up two hams in record time; he was pleased to meet us, and it was really a dramatic meeting.

The third incident was when Geo. Lacy Hillier, reading out a lot of telegrams of good wishes, regrets of absence, etc., came to one from Corporal Harry A. Dunne! One could just imagine Teddy Worth's face! Supposing Lawrence Fletcher had happened in the chair! However, Harry Dunne's fame had not got as far as the Ripley Road.

If you want a really good account of the run, I would refer you to the "Daily Mail," of May 22nd, or the following week's "Cycling." P.C.B.

Editorial Notes.

We have been inundated with requests from our valued subscribers to expound the beautiful lines which headed our last notes. Our erudite readers (whose name is legion) of course found little difficulty in grasping the interpretation, but even so, we think perhaps a fuller analysis will be welcomed, and the Author constituting as he does, our chief literary viand, the task is one after our own heart—a veritable labour of love. We had intended at the outset to give a condensed account of the life of Confucius (who must on no account be confused with the other gentleman of the same name, who swankily spelt it with a 'k') but we regret owing to the pressure on our space this matter is unavoidably crowded out, and we content ourself with an exposition of the lines themselves. Our gifted Author whose birth and parentage (if any) are wrapt in mystery, flourished some few centuries B.S.T. and led a wandering existence, in the course of which he gathered that experience of human nature which has been a marvel throughout the ages, and enunciated the words of wisdom and beauty which have been handed down to us. "Ruat Celum sapere aude spes tutissima ccelis"; what memories this classic phrase recalls; how stirringly it moves the sluggish blood. What a flash of intuition have we here, the voice in the wilderness crying aloud. The wisdom of a volume condensed in a single sentence. It sings to us in clarion tones a message not for a day but for all time. Was ever simple faith so dowered with erudition? Signal us the man who can read that sentence unmoved, untouched by its sublimity, glacial under its scorching eloquence, torpid 'spite its tempestuous energy, insensible to its ineffable charm, unappalled by its rugged grandeur, and you indicate to us a man lost to all sense of decency, destitute of feeling, and infirm of intellect; a very Ishmael among men, an

outcast, a pariah, a dirty dog . . . Proceeding to explain the second line, "Principiis theologicum probandi primum!" how trippingly the liquid line tumbles from the tongue; what zephyr lightness in the eddying wavelets of poetic harmony; what fanciful images are conjured up by this magical stroke of the pen. Yet with what imperious command does our incomparable Author point the moral with that stern note of exclamation at the end full of wordless eloquence! Ah, what! We are full loath to leave this peerless sentence and would fain mentally bask still longer in its alluring fascinations, but time presses; precocious imps of the mighty engine of the Press swarm round us hungry for copy, and we must hurry on . . . It is in the following line, however, that we glimpse our Author at his wisest and most profound. "Magni umbra stat sua cuiquis." Here is no light dalliance with Truth, no glossing over the blighting blots on our soi-disant civilisation. No namby-pamby shuffling with the verities here. No, but a Titan blast against convention's thrice accursed ritual, sweeping away, torrent-like with resistless force, the myriad germs battenning on its odoriferous hide. Volumes would not suffice to do justice to this single line, but alas, space is precious and we must tear ourself away and proceed to the next, "Conscia recti pueri discunt corrigendum?" Our talented Writer asks the question which clamours for solution. Who among us can adequately provide the answer? We confess with a feeling of shame it is beyond us. We can only gasp, ahuried, at the plumbless depths of erudition displayed. Read it any way, up or down, backwards or forwards, inside or outside, yet will you fail to grasp the whole of the multitudinous meanings lying hidden there like precious pearls nestling caressingly in the oyster's snug embrace. Beethoven has tried recently to develop it musically in his latest rag success (Opus 69, Francis and Day) now being performed with such gusto by the talented Bros. Biffit, in which he utilises all his contrapuntal forces and timpani effects, almost reaching symphonic proportions at the shuffle-off, yet even he, giant as he is, failed to convey everything. Marie Corelli has also dealt finely, but still unsatisfyingly with the subject in one of her immortal works. Bernard Shaw has publicly stated it might have been written by himself—adulation could no further go. It leaves us speechless and we leave it mute—a monument for all time to our Author's undying genius . . . We trust, short and scrappy as our explanatory treatise has necessarily been, that we have at least been instrumental in shedding some light on this deathless epic, and perhaps (who knows?) created an appetite among some of our learned readers which will only be appeased by a voracious consumption of our favourite Author's literary edibles, and if this be so, our labours have not been in vain.

RUNS.

Halewood, April 29th, 1916.

It was certainly "glorious weather," such as made one wish Easter had been a week later this year and envy "all the Simpsons" who had had the excuse of going down to the "Grand Abbey" Bettws. again for their machines "on the five fifteen." Band and Cook were toiling out of Chester when Keizerette passed them, but thanks to the pacing services of a boy scout, who got a half Nelson on his bicycle in an endeavour to drop the trike, Herbert was caught, and paced the pair to Halton. At Helsby, Lord Strathallon was passed, and at Halton, Turnor was found in charge of the pub., and as Edwards arrived via Warrington there was quite a jolly afternoon tea party. On the 5-0 Transporter, Tommy was again encountered, and an old-fashioned club run to Halewood would have ensued but for Royden slipping off along the race track, and Turnor and Band getting stung near the Ball, at Ditton. At Halewood we found Mac. on his trike just off for police duty and very enthusiastic about the Virtues

of Veal Pie! Then the crowd began to gather slowly but surely. Venables, Cheminai, Stevenson, and Dr. Watson on foot, Mercer per motor, and H. Green, Fell and Lowell on bicycles. Just as tea was announced (late as usual but rather conveniently so) great excitement was aroused by the report that the military were arriving, and it was greatly feared that Paganalien was about to be arrested for entering a Prohibited Area without being vaccinated or some other awful offence, but it was only a false alarm, for the military proved to be Colonel R. L. L. Knipe accompanied by his orderly cyclist, Charles J. Conway, who made the number 16 at the festive board. The meal was excellent, the veal pie being quite up to Mac's report, and supported by very tender boiled chickens. The fruit salad was a bit shy but everyone did themselves proud. After tea, Keizerette and Lowell departed early, but the rest of the party thoroughly enjoyed the time-honoured "For he's a jolly good fellow" evening (which Chem. says is done so tactfully and discreetly) accompanied by "a feast of reason and a flow of soul." Charlie told us some cheering stories. Chem. explained how you made cursory remarks in Russian. Edwards assured us you could swear in Welsh. Fell tried to sell a watch. Green advocated Daylight Saving, which enabled Cook to enlarge upon "Synchronisation," to the admiration of Chem. who declared it was "ne plus ultra nihil fit," and so on or so fourth or fifth, until before we knew where we were it was 9-28, and we vamoosed into the outer darkness.

Riding home was a delightful experience—red lights everywhere but not a single motor! So it is presumed everyone got home safely. It is rumoured that Royden dashed valiantly through Liverpool with no rear lamp alight, being carefully sandwiched between two other members, but Rumour is often a lying jade, and Tommy is, like Lowell and L. O., so fond of rear lamps that we are certain he would do no such thing.

Chester, May 6th, 1916.

If anybody asks the writer to "do" the Chester, run again within the next two years there will be trouble. He has done it the last three times he has been to a Chester run, so if the reader is fed up with reading a dull report he can comfort himself with the fact that the writer is equally fed up with his job.

I attended this run in the true Anfield way, covering 70 miles in getting from Birkenhead to Chester and back, but as I had company for only 17 miles I crave forgiveness if the Ego (more Latin for the Editor chap) looms rather large. A pleasant run to the Headless Woman at Duddon discovered Cook, Turnor and Newsholme imbibing tea. An extra cup was brought and I joined them, and thus braced we felt enabled to tackle the ride to Chester, which we accomplished through the lanes without a single stop. Chester reached, Cooper, Band, Mac., Ven., and Teddy Edwards were found in possession, and after the meal had started Keizerette arrived. When it was nearly finished Green put in an appearance. The mantle of Teddy Edwards appears to have fallen on Green's shoulders, and as Teddy is always early now that he rides a trike the remedy seems obvious. (If anybody succeeds in selling a trike through this suggestion I shall claim 10% commission.) After tea, Cook and Newsholme, who were week-ending at Newport, started right away, and as I accompanied them to Broxton I do not know how the others got home. I called at Chester but they had left. A very heavy rainstorm was working its way up the Dee estuary, and by dint of slow riding, and finally by a dismount, I succeeded in letting the storm get in front of me, thus escaping a very heavy down-pour which was the fortune of the others. History reports that one of the Saxon kings was rowed on the Dee in state by seven princes. From information gathered at this run, I am led to believe that a prominent member of the A.B.C. hopes to spend the Sabbath Day at an early date in similar fashion, princes excepted.

Daresbury, May 13th, 1916.

As this account was paid for in advance, there is no hurry for it—that is, from my point of view. The Editor's point of view does not matter. Still, viewing the point from my own and selfish end it does not matter that the account will be a poor one, as it is paid for. For all that, I am sorry it should be so, without being able to alter the fact, but as I left home very little before five o'clock went straight out, and everybody disappeared early after tea, there is not what you would call an abundance of "copy."

I suppose anyone would term the outward journey very easy. The wind was behind and blew me along so fast that my legs grew quite fed up with going round so often. They told me so unmistakably, and I thought I detected a hint about liquid refreshment. I apologised profusely, and explained that we were defending the realm and couldn't do those sorts of things now; and so we pushed on to Daresbury, and Billy Cook, who can convince publicans (and their daughters) that it is 6.30 when it is really only 6.25, better than anyone I know. The wheeze worked, and at 6.30 my legs and I were good friends again. I had nearly said *firm* friends, but decided it was not the right word to use in regard to my pedal pushers now. They is not what they was, so to speak.

I was rather taken aback, on nearing Daresbury, to meet Newsholme careering along in the opposite direction. At first I thought I had become so wrapped up in my argument with my legs that I had overshot the pub., this fear was of course quite unfounded. He was only going back to Manchester or Stockton Heath or somewhere to buy a pair of toe-clips preparatory to doing Cook over, with whom he was going to Congleton for the week-end.

We had a very nice tea, but it was regrettable that the muster was so small. The beef was described by no less an authority than the Keizerette as being very fine—so you can draw your own conclusions as to what you missed. And Johnny Band's remarkable revelations regarding Raggy Bags were alone worth the money. At about 6.45 Newsholme arrived from his toe-clip expedition, and the way the two girls waited on him aroused the envy of everyone to such an extent that we unanimously decided to be late for the next Daresbury run.

As I said before, everybody moved off early, and just before the last batch went the Editor arrived. Why he cannot get out to the Runs in decent time, I cannot imagine. He trotted out some feeble excuse about having lost his watch-key, or whatever he winds his oil tank up with, but that's no excuse. You can always walk.

He joined the Congleton week-end party and I hear they all had a good time.

Our numbers at the run were somewhat more depleted than they would otherwise have been owing to all the Specials being on duty in the parade in connection with Roll of Honour Week.

Eaton, May 20th, 1916.

There can be no doubt that Uncle is one of the Hoipepneumenoi (You will readily perceive that our gifted contributor is a graduate of a Public School.—Ed.) I was not only lured into attending this run but although only a Prospective Junior Member I was lured into writing an account of it, which is surely contrary to all the laws of the Medes and Persians. You know Charlie White's father? Yes!—Well, when I told him on Friday night that I was going for a decent ride with the Anfield next day he did his best to dissuade me. Said he, "Oh, they are fearful hard riders." Do

you know they don't use free wheels or even Shirty Archer 3 Speed Gears, and although they ride light bicycles without any modern refinements they get along at a fearful speed." What was I to do? There was my Rapid Rigid Reliable Rustless Restless—(This will not do, advertising rates can be obtained at the Office, second door on the left. Furthermore, you will have to sign the anti-advertising clause.—Ed.) with its salmon tinned gear case, hot and cold water, steam heat and sanitary plumbing throughout, which I felt would be rather unsuitable for the job. Should I volunteer to push Uncle on a tandem after my Easter experience? Desperate diseases require desperate remedies, but surely it was not as bad as all that! Still turning the matter over in what, for want of a better word I call my mind, I rolled up at Cash Registers, Ltd., at the appointed hour on my Rapid Rigid—(Here, that will do!—Ed.), and after fortifying myself at the Hydro we entered the Holy of Holies, and there I found Salvation! Right before my eyes was one of these Dinkey Light Bicycles Charlie White's father had told me about, and as Uncle was going out on his Basinettes I had no difficulty in diplomatically commandeering the Featherweight with its Cane Rims and thin tyres (Rags and Timber.—Ed.) My word it was an eye opener, after riding Puddingbags and Iron! I simply flew along and soon had Uncle gasping. Just before reaching Hinderton we overtook Mr. Band, and the milestones were passed so quickly that it was like riding in a cemetery! Unfortunately, two miles short of Chester Mr. Band suddenly collapsed in the road, and I just turned round in time to see Uncle spilled out of his cage as he rode over the prostrate form. Picking themselves up the cause of the accident was plain to see. The spring of Mr. Band's rear lamp had broken and caused the lamp to swing in and jamb the back wheel. Mr. Band was undoubtedly in great pain and felt certain he had broken his collar bone, which, I am sorry to say, proved to be only too true. Uncle was a bit bruised but very little damage was done to the machines, and having fixed things up, and being assured by Mr. Band that he would be all right, we resumed our ride. As we approached the large city of Pipers Ash we overtook Mr. Royden, and had a most delightful round in the lanes by Waverton, Huxley and Birch Heath, before reaching Eaton, where we found Mr. Herbert Keizer and Mr. Molyneux. Shortly afterwards Cousin Don, Mr. Turnor and Mr. Newsholme arrived, and I was surprised to find that Uncle was a hot supporter of the Daylight Saving William! He assured us that he had progressed much further than the late lamented Mr. Willet, and had applied the principle to the thermometer and calendar, with the result that it was then 100 in the shade and Christmas Day! I know that he had already put on his watch, so that at 5.30 old time he was able, with Mr. Turnor and Mr. Molyneux, to Defend the Realm, for which purpose they disappeared into a small edition of the "Grand Abbey" Hotel Tank! There being only eight of us for tea we had it in a very cosy room downstairs, and very good it was, too. I am sure I made Mr. Keizer envious of my capacity. After we had all finished Mr. Green arrived, and I understand he is making a fetish of arriving late just at present. It must be terrible to be so inquisitive about the number of your inner tube! After a pause for digestive purposes the party began to break up into its component (Not B.S.A. or Chater-Lea.—Ed.) parts. Mr. Royden got away first, followed shortly afterwards by Mr. Edwards "hanging on" to the Baby Triumph. Mr. McCann was returning via Runcorn, so we left him with the Manchester men and made our way via Kelsall. We overtook Mr. Royden near Chester, and after a call at the Bull and Stirrup to inquire about Mr. Band, we continued along the top road, where we met Mr. Leece and Mr. Fawcett, near the Welsh road, after which Mr. Molyneux passed us, and we all foregathered again at Hinderton, except Mr. Keizer who had stopped in Chester for "essence," and went straight through. Finally, a scrap up Evans' Hill completed a very jolly outing in glorious weather

only marred by the accident to Mr. Band. By not getting dropped I think I showed who was pushing that tandem at Easter, and I hope the Committee will see their way to electing me to Junior Active Membership, and take no notice of any attempt on the part of Uncle to blackball me. I have learnt something of the virtues of light machines as compared with Dreadnaughts, and hope to continue imbibing such knowledge and experience for many years to come.

Halewood, May 27th, 1916.

The weather appearing to be perfectly settled with no hint of rain, I risked unwrapping my trusty steed from the voluminous folds of cotton wool with which it is invariably encased (to prevent its losing its characteristic spotlessness and degenerating into the begrimed condition one associates with the Keizorette's) and ventured on the rim. With dare-devil recklessness I decided to emulate the Paganone and go via Chester. I also made provisional arrangements with Chem., providing he could procure sufficient string to piece his machine together in time, to meet him at Sankey. A long suffering acquaintance with Chem.'s "appointments" made me perfectly easy regarding this one, and of course I never expected to see him there. I was, therefore, not disappointed when I arrived an hour or two after the time arranged to find he was nowhere to be seen. Exhaustive enquiries elicited no information, so I proceeded. He arrived at Halewood just after me with some cock and bull story of having called at Sankey, but no proofs, and declared he had been whirling giddily round the district for hours in a circle trying to locate the venue, missing the Derby Arms time after time apparently by inches. However, the debris of what Turnor had left on his plate, out of the flock of wildfowl which had evidently been his portion, was served out to us, and this washed down by some home-brewed which mysteriously made its appearance after some discreetly cabalistic signs by Cook, formed an acceptable repast. There was a very satisfactory gathering, about 18 I imagine, including Johnny Band who had come out by train, and whom we were all delighted to see was making rapid recovery after his spectacular stunt of the previous week. Lowell, in order to get the full benefit of S.T., left early, and eventually a move was made to the lower regions where intense popularity can be purchased at knock-out prices, especially if one uses one's head, and does not butt in too soon; my round, I think, came to about fivepence. It speaks volumes for the brilliantly conceived plan of the Cook, and the superb organisation with which it is executed by everybody concerned that up to the present not the slightest suspicion has crossed the mind of the fair one who attends to this department. A keen discussion raged round the new S.T. Bill. The Mullah unanimously voted himself into the chair, and ruled the proceedings with an iron hand. As a passionate devotee and admirer of all our British institutions, Cook was asked to give his views. Strangely enough, this new innovation did not meet with his approval, and he told us so in a few well chosen words, in the course of which there was a touching interlude, when in response to Green, who had not had any punctures, and insufficient liquid nourishment, and was consequently in a very pugnacious mood, Cook with a pathetic little break in his voice in which the foaming sack struggling with his emotion made a brook-like gurgle, appealed to Cody for support. An hour later, when he had finished his address and Cody had tackled the question from a cotton magnate's standpoint, Chem. was put up to reply, but to our consternation he turned out to be a snake in the grass, defiantly calling our attention to the beautiful gold wristlet watch adorning his arm (which he assured us was jewelled in every hole with pigiron) and which proclaimed that we were all liable to be locked up for drinking in prohibited hours. Colonel Knipe, however (ably backed up by his doughty aide-de-camp Charlie Conway, who had arrived late

owing to extensive military operations), exalted with the effects of two glasses of nut-brown gulped down in rapid succession at half hour intervals, valiantly came to the rescue, and on going to the vote the Bill was carried by a large majority. By a strange coincidence, everybody went at 9.30, in order to save as much daylight as possible. Having assisted Chem. on his machine, which had been strongly reinforced with fresh string, we made a start and by dint of keeping all my low gears in and walking now and again, I managed to stick to him for the first stage of the journey, which ended at Gateacre. We had made fairly good time to this point, arriving about 10.30, and defended the Realm with what purported to be hop bitters. On emerging a strange perversity attacked the lamps, which defied all our efforts to light them, and this, combined with the fact that some of the string holding Chem.'s bicycle together was shewing visible signs of wear and tear, and other portions had got mislaid, made it an impossibility to proceed. By the aid of an admiring crowd of the oldest inhabitants which had gathered round and who were lavish with advice, the machines were packed away in the yard, and we commenced to walk home, thus taking full advantage of the new Act. The walking tour was a memorable one, the only blot being Chem.'s anger because I wakened him at Woolton or somewhere out of a refreshing sleep at 1.50 a.m., when he turned on me with bitter reproach. Eventually we reached Chem.'s house (a veritable haven) in the early hours of the morning and stole noiselessly (at least that was our impression) to bed: we learned the following morning, however, that we had nearly frightened the other inhabitants out of their wits, so evidently our tread was not so cat-like as we had fondly imagined. Altogether a most successful run-walk.

A. T. SIMPSON, Editor.

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ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB.

FORMED MARCH 1879.

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

MONTHLY CIRCULAR.

FIXTURES FOR JULY, 1916.

		Light up at
July	1—Acton Bridge (Railway Inn)	10-11 p.m.
..	8.—Daresbury (Ring o' Bells)	10-8 p.m.
..	10.—Committee Meeting, St. George's Restaurant, 7 p.m.	
..	15.—Farndon (Raven)	10-2 p.m.
..	22—Eaton (Red Lion)	9-53 p.m.
..	29.—Halewood (Derby Arms)	9-44 p.m.

Full Moon, 15th instant.

Committee Notes.

16, Croxteth Grove,
Liverpool.

NEW MEMBER.—C. C. DEWS, 18, Devonshire Place, Birkenhead, has been elected to Active Junior Membership.

APPLICATIONS FOR MEMBERSHIP.—EDMUND ROWATT, 23, Esplanade, Waterloo (On Service), proposed by D. C. Rowatt, seconded by D. R. Fell, and JAMES ROWATT, 23, Esplanade, Waterloo (On Service), proposed by D. C. Rowatt and seconded by D. R. Fell.

The Committee cancelled the arrangements previously made for the Whitsuntide Tour to the Lake District owing to the postponement of the holidays, but as several members had arranged to take part therein and to be away for several days, it was decided such members carrying out their arrangements should count a Club Run. An ordinary run to Chester was substituted. A vote of condolence with Mrs. Goodwin and her two daughters and with the M.C. and A.C. on the recent death of Mr. Walter B. Goodwin, the President of the M.C. and A.C. for many years, and Editor of the "Roll Call" for the past 21 years, was unanimously passed.

J. C. Band and F. J. Cheminai were credited with Club Runs for Eaton on the 27th May, and Farndon on the 3rd June, respectively.

The last batch of parcels for our Members On Active Service Abroad contained cigarettes, cherry cake, a tin of herrings in tomatoes, and marmalade—parcels containing these articles were sent to eleven members while 3 lbs. tobacco was despatched to the other member abroad, making twelve in all.

NEW ADDRESS.—F. D. McCANN, Stourton Lodge, Arno Road, Oxtou (from 1st July).

F. D. McCANN,
Hon. Secretary.

After the usual business had been disposed of at the last Committee Meeting, there was a very pleasant little function, consisting in the presentation by our President of a canteen of cutlery to our Secretary to celebrate his forthcoming nuptials. The President in a few remarks voiced the unanimous esteem in which we all hold Mac, and the debt under which we all lay for his untiring and unselfish services in connection with the Club. He also read extracts from several letters he had received from members (and which appear elsewhere) which showed unmistakably how these services were appreciated. Mercer warmly echoed these sentiments, and Mac., who was visibly moved, suitably replied. The occasion was all the more interesting in that the young bride is the charming daughter of one of our most enthusiastic members, W. P. Cook. We all felicitate the happy couple, and wish them everything they could possibly wish themselves.

In connection with the above we have received the following communication from Mac., now enjoying (lucky chap!) what we should imagine must be halcyon days of ideal honeymoon:—

Mr. President—My Fellow Members,

Will you please accept my very Best Thanks for the most magnificent wedding present you so kindly have presented my wife and me with. It is a very handsome gift, and moreover it will be a very useful one. We both will value it very highly not only for its intrinsic worth, but more, far more, for the sentiment behind it—some expression of which you, Mr. President, were good enough to make by reading extracts from a few of the letters received. Whatever work I have been able to do for the old A.B.C. in the past I have only been too pleased to do, and the support all members have accorded me in my office has been ample reward.

Once again please accept our sincere thanks.

F. D. McCann.

Below are some extracts of letters received by the President in connection with Mac.'s wedding:—

S. J. Buck writes:—"I have great pleasure in sending subscription to enable the Club to shew their real appreciation of Mac.'s services. Apart altogether from the amount of work done, which has been enormous, the spirit in which it has been done makes it a real pleasure to subscribe."

Billy Owen says:—"I sincerely trust you will raise as large a sum as can be expected these times; his services to the Club well deserve recognition."

Joe Butler:—"I have great pleasure in enclosing contribution towards the wedding present to our very esteemed 'Club Chum.' I am glad you have given me the chance to do so, and I wish them both every happiness."

Ludwig Oppenheimer:—"The duties of Secretary in a Club like ours are many and arduous but they are not thankless, and when an occasion like the present gives the silent a chance to speak it is good to acknowledge our obligations to our officers. I hope he and Miss Cook will enjoy all happiness and prosperity."

H. Dakin:—"Please convey my best wishes, and I hope he will retain his health and strength to enjoy many years of happy married life."

Arthur Newsholme:—"I am delighted in being privileged to contribute towards the fund as it gives one an opportunity of recognising, even if only in a small way, the willing services so efficiently rendered by friend McCann. Am sure there will be very few presents that will please our Hon. Secretary and his wife-to-be more than the one from his fellow members of the A.B.C."

Jimmie Park:—"I hope the enclosed will not be too late, and send heartiest congratulations."

P. Williamson:—"Thanking you for giving me an opportunity to subscribe to the present for our Hon. Secretary, for whom I have the greatest regard."

Frank Cheninai:—"I am happy to have the opportunity of subscribing my mite towards the present the Club proposes to make as a token of their appreciation of his services. He well deserves the recognition and I join with the others in wishing him every happiness."

G. E. Carpenter:—"I have much pleasure in enclosing contribution to wedding present to McCann, whose services I am sure all members will appreciate."

MEMS.

The Club Tea at Acton Bridge on the 1st July and Eaton on the 22nd July will be light teas—that at Farndon on the 15th July will also be a light one with strawberries, and those at Daresbury on the 8th July and Halewood on the 29th July will be of the ordinary variety.

The following members have joined The Fellowship of Old Time Cyclists:—Edwards, Fell, Koenen, Mercer, Toft, Turnor, Newsholme, Lowell, Carpenter and Cook. In expressing his desire to join, Carpenter wrote a most interesting letter referring to his cycling from 1884 on the Ordinary and every type of tricycle, both single, tandem and Sociable with solid tyres. He also reports that ex-member "Black Bailey" is an officer in the Somerset Light Infantry at present stationed in India.

We hear that an old member of the Club, whose name is represented by two consecutive letters of the alphabet, has put away his car and taken strenuously to Golf! What's the matter with your bicycle, F. G.? You would find it much more effective in keeping down adipose tissue and renewing youthful vigor!

Mr. Frank Urry has written the Secretary as follows:—

"Will you be good enough to convey to your Committee my warm personal thanks for the sympathetic and kindly vote of condolence they passed to the M.C. and A.C. in the loss of our late President, Walter Goodwin. This is a very welcome token of good comradeship, and our folks will be glad to know that you appreciated their President so highly. We have felt his loss very keenly, and we are not likely to lose the joyous memory of him for many a year to come. I will gladly bring your letter before our next Committee Meeting, and a further reply will be sent. Meantime, will you please accept my own thanks for your letter and the gracious remembrances of the Anfield B.C."

Do not forget that Whit Monday comes on August 8th this year. Twiggy-vous? Mais Oui. This means that for the first time in history our August Bank Holiday Tour comprises *Four Days!* The Master and The Apostle are now busy spending sleepless nights, burning the midnight oil (Prices') duly screened and subdued as per clause 9, Section 14, Schedule

B, of the new lighting orders under the D.O.T.R. Act, with wet towels and ice on their heads devising a tour for our enjoyment and edification. We are sure that the result of their labours will be a Tour that will quite eclipse the hitherto Historic Coronation Tour of Glorious Memory, because both these youngsters have learnt something about the "Unknown" and "Off the Beaten Track." Wait and see. It therefore only remains for us to Book the Fixture and make our own plans for having a real jolly Holiday which will quite make up for our Whitsuntide loss.

Concerning Those On Service.

Hodges, in acknowledging parcel, writes:—"It was doubly welcome as I am now right out in the desert, and unable to get any deviation from Army rations. Also as my office has been burnt down, and incidentally all my goods and chattels destroyed, (including smoking material) the fags and matches were very acceptable."

Hubert Roskell writes:—"The contents of parcel were much appreciated. I got a letter yesterday from Albert Grimshaw who is in hospital. We are back at work now for which I am glad. The weather is lovely, but the roads with so much traffic are naturally very dusty."

In a second letter he acknowledges receipt of a further parcel, and says: "Contents were most welcome; we are in for a good tea to-night! We are back at work near the old spot and keeping pretty busy. The weather has been splendid lately, which with the longer days makes the work more pleasant. We are now living under canvas and have a separate camp of our own. The open air life agrees with us all. I am sure all our chaps who are away appreciate the Circulars more than they ever did before. With many thanks and best wishes to all the boys."

Williamson sends a photograph of himself with the accompanying letter:—"It is good to read of your Easter Tour. As you know I have yet to experience my first Easter in Wales with the Club, but the description of your tour recalls many memories of solo tours among those mountain passes and wide valleys of mid-Wales. This is a fair country; a land of sunshine, flowers and fruit, but no place for cycling. The roads are one long series of potholes, generally filled with loose stones. I am quite fit and eagerly looking forward to the time when the Club runs shall be something to be attended, not read about, and time trials shall be again in full swing."

Hodges has sent Mac. an official postcard which states he is quite well. It is dated June 3rd.

Hubert Roskell writes:—"Very many thanks for the last most welcome parcel, which arrived yesterday. The contents are most suitable and more than acceptable. I also got the "Annual" and Circular, which were most entertaining. I am now back at the old spot and assisting at this long drawn out battle. However we have rumours of a move elsewhere, which I hope will come off soon. We are getting a bit tired of this district. though the weather now is lovely and we are living under canvas in a fine camp of our own. The country round here would be lovely were it not for the horrors of war. The roads are in a shocking bad state and the dust is something awful. I have never known anything in the way of dust like this in England. Please give my love to all the boys."

Cohen writes Mac. as follows:—"Give once again my very best thanks to the A.B.C. for their parcel, which turned up just at the correct time. I moved off the very next day, consequently having a pleasant change in

rations to give me the necessary estaminet, I mean stamina, to carry my toothbrush, etc. We are up the line again, and just to keep our hands well in did a bit of fatigue work in some of the wettest and dampest ram I have experienced. As usual, Fritz is throwing his iron about, and I suppose by the time the last bicycle spoke has been consumed la guerre will think of switching off his playful habits. Personally, always having been used to a quiet life, the bedlam which seems to be let loose every few minutes tends to make one wish that old Caesar would take things over and decide to go into winter quarters."

Editorial Notes.

We regret, owing to the heat wave, and a consequent disinclination (amounting to loathing) for work, these are unavoidably held over. It is possible they may reappear, and the Journal once again resume its coruscating and dazzling brilliance, when the Editorial rest cure has got in its deadly work. We trust in the meantime the circulation will not unduly suffer.

Poets' Corner.

The careful reader will notice that the apostrophe has had to be bodily lifted from its accustomed place and moved on a space. This drastic upheaval has been caused owing to a violent eruption on the part of a rival poet who, we suspect, hails from the same sunny climes as the regular gentleman, and who has evidently been moved to his depths. We received the mysterious Communiqué (which appears immediately below "The Two Flags") via our lucky Secretary now basking in beatific bliss by the limpid lakes. The versatile versifier with charming modesty (or is it a cowardly fear of reprisals?) has refrained from attaching his name to the scurrilous screed, but an elaborate investigation by the sleuth-hounds of our defective force has at last revealed a clue to his identity—and we warn him. From the allusions to ourself he is evidently a person of great antiquity, and we will accordingly refrain from meting out that punishment he so richly deserves. The Mullah has graciously consented to allow the poem to appear in the holy ground hitherto consecrated to his own chaste verse.

THE TWO FLAGS.

We have Anfield "boys" who fight,
Who heed no bullet's ping;
They will work with all their might.
Will these "boys" of whom I sing,
They'll keep the "Jack" a'flying,
They're not the kind for sighing,
They ain't afraid of dying
For country and for King.

There's a flag that's blue and black
In charge of us they say;
Though no use without the "Jack,"
It must float on high to-day.
For should our "boys" come spying,
See, down our flag was lying,
They might begin a'rying,
"What of your duty?—Eh!"

C.H.T.

Learned Editor,—A persistent perusal of your perfectly polished paragraph leads me to think that you are an aspirant for fame as a literary feller, and you desire to rise to Parnassus. As I am going that way myself, you may hang on my coat-tails. I have built you a poem. It may not be very well brazed at the joints and the chain may not run smooth on the teeth, but you know what to do. W.P.C., who has just been teaching Hans Renold's what to do with chains, prefers thick oil. Edwin Buckley recommends castor oil, and a very good tip, too. You try it, Mr. Editor, if you want easy running. This poem has been built on the approved classical lines (vide Aristol. de Tragoed.; Simpsonio, de Confuc.; J.C.B.; Ars leggos pullandi, etc., etc.) Its metre is good, the sentiments will not bring the blush of modesty to the cheek of shame; in fact, it is a

blood alley. But what you will like most about it, is its vigour of expression. When you come home about 2 g.m., summer time, rest this poem against the keyhole, press your fevered brow upon it, and in 11 $\frac{2}{3}$ secs. it will blow the lock off. But *ravenous to our muttons*, as the French say. Here you are:—

THE SOBBING SYMPHONY OF A SOUL SICK SOLDIER.

A teetotally Turnoresque taradiddle—(See Hoffmann's Advt.)

The blatant bugle's blaring blast
Blows by the burnt out byre;
The raucous rifle roars and rips,
Just like a busting tyre.

The Busy Berthas bang and bump,
With thunderous thumping thud;
The shrilly shrapnel shrieks and
shouts,
And chucks the scode and mud.

I hear the hiss of loud H.E.'s,
The booming of the guns,
And well I know the four point sevens
Are tickling up the Huns.

The lingering lightning licks around
The ruined old church spire,
While down I drop in doleful dumps
In mucky murky mire.

When I think of my yappy yome,
I scarce repress a tear,
I shudder at these Belgian swipes,
I long for bitter beer.

O nectar rare, beyond compare,
With froth like driven snow,
O maiden fair behind the bar
O hang it all! you know.

(Forgive, fair youth, this mad outburst,
The thought fair makes me wild.
Whene'er I think of bitter beer
I cannot draw it mild.)

I came out here to do my bit
With patriotic thought,
And now the Mullah pulls my leg;
He really didn't ought.

I do not mind my little whack,
I might have done much worse,
But shivers cold run down by back
At Turnor's martial verse.

So in my little snug dug-out
That measures two by three
A scheme of vengeance I worked out,
Now just you hark to me.

When I come back from this sad land
(It almost makes me shout)
I'd cop the Mullah unawares
And knock his stuffing out.

I'd jump upon my steed of steel
And hie me to the meet,
And probably I'd find him there,
And do him in a treat.

I'd chop him into little bits,
I'd make a thorough job,
I'd run him through the mince
machine,
I would, so help me Bob.

But some fause loon has blown the gaff
And put him on his guard,
And now he'll keep his optic skinned;
Alas! my fate is hard.

But 'arf a mo'—a lovely thought
Has made my bosom swell,
These bally poets are bound to die,
And then they'll go to Stockport.

Beelzebub will poke the fire
With merry jest and fun,
May I be there to hear the joke
And see the crackling done.

Illustrious Simpson! now farewell!
Farewell, eradite youth!
(I'm blowed if I can pick you out,
I can't and that's the truth,

So many of your familiee
Have been members of the Club.
(Never knew it.—Ed.)
I think you are the fiddle chap;
P'raps not—that's just the rub.

I knew a chap named Simpson once,
He owed me quite a lot;
And from the family 'scutcheon you'll
Perhaps wipe out the blot.)

(Notice to the printer.—Put some stars
here to give Simpson time to clean
the family escutcheon with a sub-
stantial cheque.)

But never mind, my learned friend,
When I come o'er the sea,
Don't be a little bit surprised,
If I drop in to tea.

And when I've cooked the Mullah's
goose,
We'll sit and have a pot,
Perhaps we'll manage two or three
And drown this tommy rot.

CHEERO'.

[The beery blighter's blooming bounce fair makes us gasp, it does! Belay there, Bacchanian bard, bucolic blade, beware of us! (This 'ere sort of thing is really dead easy.) For should we, stifling sentiment, proclaim your true indentitee, the Mullah might in wrathful flight soon strafe you with his snickersnee. And while your lights were snuffing out who then would knock *his* stuffing out?—Ed.]

RUNS.

Farndon, June 3rd, 1916.

You've certainly a very nice way with you, Mr. Editor—not only do you induce people to write accounts of runs for you without demur, but you make them think that they can do it quite well. Thus when you gently insinuated that my turn had arrived, I felt no qualms; the writing of a worthy account, even with the high standard you have set, seemed the easiest thing in the world. The outlines of a really fine essay formed, nebulously, it is true, in my mind at once, and I felt that I really could do you a good turn, and perhaps (who knows?) so captivate the Committee that they might promise to double your salary once more. But alas! when I come to put pen to paper, those witty sentences, that humour that should infallibly tickle even the blasé palates of the Anfielders, satiated with the racy efforts of a generation of amateur Jeromes, refuse to answer the call of the time-keeper and are craven non-starters, skulking somewhere in the background, like Achilles in his tent. (Did that classical Johnnie “skulk” or “sulk”? “I forget, I forget.”)

Now, I think it would be a capital idea if you told us how *you* do it. Of course you are exceptionally equipped for the purpose; that store of classical and Eastern lore, so abundantly displayed in your writings (are not the works of the Greeks, the Latins, and of Confucius a well travelled road to you?) that flow of language, perhaps acquired by frequently apostrophising the component parts of that wonderful mechanical contrivance on which you perambulate, when complications set in at untoward moments—these are great helps, but they don't explain it altogether. Again, do the words slip trippingly from your pen, or do you sit with a wet cloth round your head, and a harassed look in your eye, which seeing, the domestic feline, knowing the traditional outlet for mental uneasiness, hurriedly decamps and returns not until that winning smile once more irradiates the household? Do those quips, those scintillating witticisms, those lucid explanations of recondite quotations, rise up in your mind as the bubbles in champagne, or do you have to dig 'em out with much labour and suffering like the miner in search of gold? In a word, does it come naturally, or does it hurt?

But I suppose you won't wait to hear about Farndon until I've learnt how to tell you properly, and so you must be satisfied with my halting effort. It was a very pleasant day and most of the party arrived early, spending the time before tea in basking by the river-side. To them enter young Green, he of the arrive-late fetish, at the unearthly hour of 5.30, giving rise to much comment. His explanation that he hadn't had his puncture was not accepted, the general opinion being that he had been doing a little extra summer-timing on his own. Johnny Band was out and gave a good account of his shoulder. We also had the company of Dave Rowatt's son, Bob, not quite recovered from his wounds. The tea was, as usual, good, but the unexpectedly large number made the preparations inadequate for the time being and expert assistance in waiting had to be given by several members. Crowcroft glided in about half-time with a demand for something solid, but the well-meant offer of the only animal food available was refused—not with scorn, mind you, but with that non-chalance and ready courtesy which one associates with our Smart Set. Some of the party went early, whilst others again sought the grassy river-side, or defended the Realm for a brief space. I hear that the tandemons spent an enjoyable hour somewhere near Whitegate mending a chain with Stone Age implements.

Chester, June 10th, 1916.

The writer along with the Mullah, after enjoying a delightful detour through Delamere per tandem, stopped at Kelsall to revive their flagging energies with the usual afternoon beverage, and were almost immediately afterwards joined by "The man from Cooks" who, profiting by his Easter experience, showed his wisdom by again bringing the Junior along in order to secure that assistance which his enfeebled condition now requires. The Keizerette, on his power-plus mighty atom, also joined the teaparty; as no other member put in an appearance, the journey was resumed to Chester where Rowatt, Moynaux, Toft, Simpson, Band and Green were eagerly awaiting six o'clock. Johnny Band was as proud as the proverbial "Dog with two tails to wag" because he could once more handle a knife. He even prophesied that he would soon be riding again. We all hope such will soon be the case—his cheery uphill grunts have been missed long enough.

Soon as the meal was over the week-enders, Cook, Clifford Dews, Turnor, Newsholme, Herbert Keizer and Simpson, said good-bye and cleared off about seven o'clock en route to Llanharmon, which place was reached in good time, although Simpson had some very caustic remarks to make about the length of time it took some people to ride from Chester; but wait a bit! he'll get a dose of his own physic when he has to depend on his own apologies for legs to push himself along. It is even whispered that the poor chap is on the lookout for some misguided individual with a tandem, whom he could cajole into carrying him about.

Just before supper the famous Welsh Swiss guide, Monty, was announced, his services having been secured by "The man from Cooks" to conduct the party, by a secret route known only to himself, over the Berwyns; his fee for this special service did not transpire, but it was gathered that it would be impossible for him to count it—such is the reward of fame.

Breakfast—or rather the remains that were left after Master Willie had had a half-hour's start—was soon disposed of, and the touring party started on their self-imposed task. Cook, with his usual acumen commandeered the guide and got away first, the other tandem followed some minutes later, having to do a sprint to try and catch up, but the road became so fearfully steep that the effort nearly put us out; in fact, the Mullah almost coughed up his breakfast, whilst the crew felt as if he had had none. Fortunately the advance guard considerably waited, and the real climb was begun together, rain falling gently at first, afterwards developing into a downpour. The first two miles from Llanharmon we followed the Llanhraiadr Road, then turned right, and for the next three hours we had nothing but a mere semblance of track to follow, sometimes having to splash through streams, with the water up to our ankles. As we approached the steepest portion, the Mullah mysteriously produced a rope—one end was fastened to the front of the tandem, the other end was thrown to the crew with the command to "go in front and pull." Cook was also similarly equipped, and as the rain had now ceased we began to really enjoy ourselves; by dint of much pushing, tugging and scrambling, we reached the highest point of our climb, 2,500 feet, midway between Craig Berwyn and Cader Fronwen, right on the very lid of the earth—or so it seemed to us from our elevated perch. The atmosphere being perfectly clear, we were rewarded for our exertions by having some of the grandest views (both in front and behind) it is possible to imagine.

Time pressing, we continued our journey via Ffordd Gam Helen, passing a well-preserved Druid Circle, eventually emerging on to the Llandrillo Road and reaching Corwen just before two o'clock. Here we found Simpson very perturbed because there was no beer to be had; however,

we made up for this deficiency by tackling an excellent and much needed lunch, with appetites sharpened by our long tramp over the mountains.

The homeward journey was begun shortly after three o'clock, Monty going on to Prestatyn, Cook, Simpson and the Junior to Hinderton, where they were later joined by the Keizerette, Mullah and the crew riding on to Manchester, the opinion of all being that notwithstanding the week-end had been a strenuous one, it had none the less been most enjoyable.

Broxton, June 17th, 1916.

Really ideal weather favoured us for this fixture. Turnor and Newsholme took full advantage of the glorious day and charged down on the writer as he was peacefully ambling along by the Gibbet Mill. They were just about to get a choice selection of "language" when they were recognised and "orl was pease." We three then proceeded through Chester and Eaton Park to Shocklach, where the lanes across Chorlton Heath to Malpas provided a welcome variety for the Mancunians. Arriving at the Royal Oak we found Tommy Royden, Keizerette, Toft, and Johnny Band sunning themselves, and while waiting for tea Mercer and Rowatt arrived. The latter had been emulating Chem. on the last Halewood run, for he had got lost in the maze of lanes around Tattenhall and been riding all round his hat, although this is hardly strictly accurate for he was not even wearing a cap. While we were having tea Green and Mr. Boardman arrived, followed shortly afterwards by Leece, and President Fell, who was week-ending at the Cock o' Barton, dropped in to see us, so we numbered our lucky thirteen. It may at once be said that the change of proprietorship has had a most beneficial effect on the cleanliness and amenities of the house, and the Royal Oak is now strongly to be recommended for patronage. Mr. Bell comes from the Ring o' Bells, West Kirby, has known the Club all his life and is most anxious to cater for us. Indeed he is also something of a cyclist, and absolutely flabbergasted Turnor by recounting the fact that he had once ridden 80 miles in the day, which makes Turnor's 24's smaller beer than was being consumed to wash down the yarns; but, personally, we believe the exploit because recently Mr. Bell provided his own timing and checks and, having missed the train at Broxton, cycled to Chester in 50 minutes. After tea there was the usual gathering in the yard, and Band, who was Toft's passenger, gave a most graphic account of sending a handcart for six in Myrtle Street! But the main interest centred in the machine Fell had "borrowed" at Barton. It was once a "Hair-oil Special Sixquidsworth," but now more potentially dangerous than a maxim gun. There were the *fittings* of two brakes and *one* brake block, but as the solitary brake block came nowhere near the rim there was "nothing doing" when the levers were pulled! David must have had a blood-curdling time of it, and we would not have insured his life for a good deal. Mercer, Toft and Band returned via Tarporley and Runcorn, while Leece and Cook found most gratifying shelter behind the Baby Triumph, but what happened to Tommy is a great mystery for he was not overtaken and not found at Hinderton as arranged. This cutting the course at Dammit Lane must be put a stop to.

Hoo Green, June 24th, 1916.

(One of our members holding high military rank promised to write the account of this run, but presumably his mind is full of more important matters, and up to this (Friday) morning we have no word of any kind from him, so will have to do it myself. This gives a slight idea of the trials of an editor.—Ed.) The weather for this important run was everything one could desire, and the temptation to have oneself tuk proved irresistible, nearly thirty turning out; as far as I could see all were nicely and respectably garbed, and wearing clean collars. There was a strong

run on the washing apparatus in the yard; combs and brushes made their appearance as if by magic. Some who in ordinary times would disdain the use of these aids to beauty could be observed by the lynx-eyed in quiet and secluded places giving finishing touches to their appearance in front of dainty mirrors, surreptitiously sneaked out of mysterious recesses in their habiliments; while others, greatly daring, openly utilised these weapons with an assumed nonchalance, which, however, deceived nobody. Charlie Conway, as befitted his exalted position, was charmingly arrayed in all the effulgence of a brand new suit with stockings to match, and lent considerable tone to the proceedings. Johnny Band, one was glad to see, had so far recovered as to be able to ride out again. A very nice tea was served up, towards the conclusion of which great excitement prevailed: Chem. had arrived, and per bicycle, wearing for this special occasion tastefully decorated hose which was universally admired, and caused considerable heartburnings. As, of course, no photo. could be complete without him, the proceedings had to be put back a little. Eventually we were all placed in position by the operator who would stand no nonsense, callously disregarding Chem.'s touching entreaties to be allowed a position which would ensure his nether limbs being seen. Just as all was calm again a rumour gained currency that Carpenter had arrived from Birmingham. This proved to be correct, and we were all delighted to see him looking, after his ride of something over 80 miles, as fit as a fiddle. Charlie had provided himself with a goodly quantity of heavily armoured plates, and it was well he had done so, for, strong as they were, the first couple could not stand the strain (which was not surprising) and crumpled up badly. He had then to fall back upon some which had been specially concreted, and amid tense excitement these held. We then persuaded him to come into the picture, and Sunter Junior, who had come out with father per car, performed the necessary operation of squeezing the bulb . . . I hope for the best. Soon afterwards the party began to break up, the various units going their different ways, and in one case at least meeting with great adventures. This case concerns a man for whom, hitherto, I have had the greatest respect, but when one hears of him trapesing home in the early (or rather late) hours of Sunday morning on foot in the wilds of the country, having apparently mislaid the bicycle he started out with, and who when challenged on the matter can only give a confused account, with vague and unconfirmed references to the waywardness of trains, and the bewildering vagaries of stray taxis—well, out of regard for his past I will say no more. I will even refrain from naming the person, so that his people may never know. Nevertheless I am glad he did at last grope his way into Gresford, and trust this will be a lesson to him . . . The run was a most successful one from every point of view, and I am sure we all owe Charlie a debt of gratitude for the trouble he takes over these pleasant annual functions.

A. T. SIMPSON, Editor.

ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB.

FORMED MARCH 1879.

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

MONTHLY CIRCULAR.

FIXTURES FOR AUGUST, 1916.

	Light up at
Aug. 5.—Ruabon (Wynnstay)	8-28 p.m.
5th to 8th.—AUGUST TOUR, see Memos.	
" 12.—Little Budworth (Red Lion)	8-16 p.m.
" 14.—Committee Meeting, St. George's Restaurant, 7 p.m.	
" 19.—Broxton (Royal Oak)	8.2 p.m.
" 26.—Knutsford (Lord Eldon)	7-47 p.m.
Sept. 2.—Halewood (Derby Arms)	7-27 p.m.

Full Moon, 28th Instant.

Committee Notes.

Stourton Lodge, Arno Road, Oxton.

NEW MEMBERS.—EDMUND ROWATT and JAMES ROWATT, c/o. D. C. Rowatt, 23, Esplanade, Waterloo, have been elected to Active Membership.

APPLICATION FOR MEMBERSHIP.—Mr. HERBERT LONGSON BOARDMAN, 3, Leicester Street, Ashton-under-Lyne, proposed by H. Green and seconded by A. Newsholme.

NEW ADDRESSES.—Pte. J. A. GRIMSHAW, D/M. 2/154254, 22 M.A.C., A.S.C., M.T., 640 Comp. B.E.F.; Gunner W. R. OPPENHEIMER, No. 180 Siege Battery, Room C.1., Clarence Barracks, Portsmouth; Coy. Sergt.-Major A. WARBURTON, R.E. Postal Section, Army Post Office, T 37, B.E.F.

At the July Committee Meeting a Vote of Condolence with Mrs. David Rowatt and with D. C. Rowatt and family was passed. Lieut. David Rowatt was instantly killed in action on the 1st July in the early part of the "Great Push," and the deepest sympathy of every member of the Club is, we feel sure, extended to his relatives.

The latest consignment of parcels to those of "ours" On Active Service Abroad contained cigarettes, matches, cherry cake, pears and cream, but in two instances special parcels were sent to members serving in Egypt, containing in one case chocolate, etc., and in the other tobacco.

F. D. McCANN,

Hon. Secretary.

It was indeed with the sincerest sorrow that we heard of the death of one of our members On Active Service, David Rowatt. It appears that his battery had just taken up its new advanced position when a shell landed right on the top of it, killing him and two other officers instantaneously, as well as mortally wounding a fourth. This must be a sad blow to his father, our dear old friend and member David C. Rowatt, and our heart-felt sympathies go out to him and the other members of his family in their great trial.

Concerning Those On Service.

Grimshaw has been heard from at last after a long period of silence due to his having been in hospital for 12 weeks for an operation for hernia. He writes: "I am feeling much better and hope to be as fit as ever. My company is attached to the Australians and they are a fine lot of chaps. We are just behind the line and the first night I landed here we had a gas attack. I met one of the Irish Road Club down at our base last week; his name is —, I cannot think of his name but he comes from Belfast and he rode in the 50 when we were there. I am looking forward to getting back to have a ride once again—it seems quite a long time since I had one." And later, in reply to an enquiry whether he was receiving the Circular and parcels, he says: "I have never received a parcel since I left and I have not had a Circular for May or June—July I have just received. I cannot understand their going astray, but I have had at least twelve parcels sent which I have not received. I am sorry I did not get Fell's letter, as a line is very welcome out here—it brings back memories of happy times. I have added A.S.C. to my address, but the other should find me as the other men have no trouble in getting their letters, etc. I will enquire of our post corporal about my parcels and see if they have landed here and been sent on to me when I was in hospital. Kindly remember me to all the boys."

Archie Warburton has been promoted and is now Coy. Sergt.-Major—Congratulations! Under date 18th July he writes: "My sincere thanks to the Club for parcel to hand to-day. It is even more welcome than the previous ones, as now 'things are happening' the extras are frequently conspicuous by their absence—most of our private sources of supply being cut off for the present. Best wishes to all."

We are very sorry to report that Harold Kettle has been wounded; we have no details—the news was conveyed on a p.c. acknowledging a parcel and was sent by someone else. The address given on the card is Convalescent Camp, Sec. 17, B.E.F. May he soon be out and about again, and may we shortly have an opportunity of seeing him!

On the 26th June Hodges, in acknowledging a parcel, writes: "Just a few lines to acknowledge your p.c., also the parcel posted on 2nd June. The contents were very welcome—will you please convey my thanks to all the Club Members. You must excuse my letter being a poor attempt, but the heat is so great that writing is quite an effort. The temperature was 116 degrees in the shade the other day! My address is still Cpl. Hodges, R.E.P.S., A.P.O., S.Z. 13, E.E.F. (this is Censor's Rule)."

Cohen acknowledges safe receipt of the June parcel and adds "Merci! Merci!! three bags full!"

And Rudd—"With many thanks, will write you later."

Coy. Sergt.-Major A. Warburton in a recent letter to the Mullah states that things are progressing very satisfactorily in his part of the front. He says he has done the best part of a week without sleep, and has not been so sleepy since August, 1914 (the 24), but he is about to take 12 hours' rest. "Bags of excitement again—two of the staff gone down

country suffering from shellitis." Warburton sends kind regards to the "boys."

Cadet H. Barratt in a letter to Turnor says that he has passed his last exam., being placed 18th in the Company. Members will hope he will be as successful in his last exam. on the 24th July. Barratt seems to be imbuing some of his colleagues with the idea of becoming speed cyclists. They have gone over all the records in the Anfield Book and have decided which to attack when this business is over. Barratt hopes to attend an Anfield run shortly, and in the meantime he sends his very kind regards to all.

MEMS.

Good news is again in hand from the Baron. He is evidently flourishing like a Green Bay Tree, for a card issued by Messrs. Talbot Bird and Co. Inc., 63-65, Beaver Street, New York City, announces the fact that "Mr. R. A. Fulton, well known to the Underwriting world is now associated with the Corporation as Vice President," and an article in the "Journal of Commerce" (N. Y.) makes the same announcement under the caption "Talbot Bird and Co. Incorporate—R. A. Fulton joins concern." Hearty congratulations Baronial One.

There was a very pathetic sight presented by Knipe at the last Committee Meeting. With a sob in his throat and tears coursing down his cheeks he reported that his receipt book was not getting any exercise. Those of you who have not "coughed up" your subscriptions can very easily and pleasantly assuage this grief. The premises of the Bank of Liverpool (any branch will do) are well worth a visit, and it is a simple matter to make the necessary deposit. You can imagine how a sensitive soul like Knipe's feels when he is perpetually depleting the Treasury with cheques to pay for the monthly parcels being sent to the Boys at the Front (not to mention the Editorial stipend) and you Boys at the Back are not doing your bit. Oh dry those tears!

A Meeting of Old Time Cyclists convened by the Liverpool Centre of the N.C.U. and the Liverpool D. A. of the O.T.C. having decided to form a Committee to organise a Northern Old Time Cyclists Rally, and having sought the co-operation of the Anfield, our Committee requested W. P. Cook to represent the Club. The organisation is now in full swing, and a Rally of Old Timers has been arranged for Sunday, AUGUST 27th, for tea at 4-0 p.m., at the RING O'BELLS, DARESBUURY, when it is hoped there will be a large gathering of S. W. Lancashire and Cheshire cyclists. It is particularly desired that the Anfield should be strongly represented, and as the definition of an Old Timer for the purposes of this Rally covers cyclists who have ridden prior to 1896 instead of the more usual 1890 definition, there is practically none of us ineligible. Full particulars are appearing in the Cycling and general Press, and Cook will be pleased to answer any enquiries. The price of the tickets and ribbon badge is 2/7 post free from the Hon. Secretary, A. E. Sandbach, 30, Monastery Road, Anfield, but you can save a penny by securing yours from Cook, and even if you find you cannot attend you will have the satisfaction of knowing that your purchase means a donation of sixpence to the N.C.U. Prisoners of War Fund, which is doing excellent work for cyclists suffering the horrors of internment in Germany. As the Rally cannot help but be of great assistance also to the pastime of cycling, it should have our whole-hearted support. You can come per bicycle, tricycle, rattler or motor. As the Manchester District is expected to give active support it should furnish an unique opportunity of meeting a lot of old friends we have not seen for years. Get in touch with others and organise parties to support this Fixture, and above all PURCHASE YOUR TICKETS EARLY.

The Special Circular for the AUGUST TOUR has already been sent out, and although the holidays have been cancelled by the Government there is every chance of some members carrying out the Tour. Should you be able to take a few days holiday from the 5th to the 8th of August or any part of this period, please let the Secretary know if you will support this fixture. Messrs. Cook and Koenen have gone to endless trouble in the drawing up of a schedule which was adopted by the Committee, and those who take part in the trip are assured of a very fine round in beautiful but little known country.

Oliver Cooper has now joined that highly exclusive and select organisation yecept The Fellowship of Old Time Cyclists. These ripe and fruity antiquarians promise great things at the Daresbury Meet this month, and it is rumoured that Chem. the Editor and one or two other young striplings may lend their distinguished support, and be on hand in case the fatigues of the day may prove too much for the poor old chaps, some of whom, with sublime courage, having announced their intention of *cycling* out!

RUNS.

Acton Bridge, July 1st, 1916.

The Heathen Chinees is not in it with our Editor for ways that are subtle. I was a bit suspicious on this Saturday when I received an advance copy of the Circular "with the Editor's compliments," and wondered what ulterior motives he could have. Was it intended to pave the way for a loan to clear the family escutcheon of all the Simpsons? Perish the thought! However, the cloven foot was not disclosed till the Monday. On this day Norman Higham came to Liverpool to cash a Dock Bond, and sought the assistance of our President, Montag and the writer as men well up in High Finance. The matter was being nicely attended to when our Editor, who can smell money further off than most people, must needs butt in to help in the liquidation! When the Meeting was on the point of adjournment the Little Man with the Big Brain pretended to confess ignorance of the exact location of Acton Bridge, and the writer fell innocently into the trap by drawing diagrams and giving full particulars, only to be told "Well you are just the man to write the account of the run, and I shall rely on you as faithfully as I did not the gentleman 'holding high military rank' referred to in the last Circular." So here goes. I am afraid quite a number of our members share the ignorance of our Editor and seem unable to locate Acton Bridge, judging by the disgracefully small muster. Personally, I nearly missed the run, for at 2-0 o'clock it was raining Heavens Hard, and I found to my dismay that I had no Sou'wester, as so strongly recommended by the "Irish Cyclist" and the "O.T.C. Gazette." It would be terrible to get my head wet. Fortunately the storm passed away and a brilliant afternoon and evening ensued, so I never even required a cape, and was on bone dry roads in a few miles. A glorious ride through Chester, Christleton, Clotton, and Utinton to Little Budworth for afternoon tea, and then through Whitegate, Sandiway and Weaverham brought me to Acton Bridge in excellent time to find Edwards and Royden in sole possession, and doing their best to prevent *all* the furniture being removed before we had tea, as the Dallow family were busy moving out of the Railway Hotel, which will know them no more. Johnny Band next arrived, and we four sat sunning ourselves on the bowling green until another Green (H. of that ilk) arrived, when the crowd of FIVE adjourned to help get our own tea ready. We were just getting over the second hurdle when the Mullah was sighted tearing down the road, but he was not long in catching us up and sprinting us to the tape. The total muster of SIX was rather a

contrast to the TWENTYSIX the previous week! After tea some of us defended the Realm, and we had quite an animated discussion on the merits and demerits of Adding and Calculating machines by the two Experts, Green and Turnor. What a pity our President was not present to add his quota as to the effect of adipose tissue. We understand that his experience teaches him that overdeveloped operators of these machines frequently get incorrect results, and have to undergo severe training and diet regime to reduce their chest measurements. Finally, we departed without any fuss, and the wind having dropped the ride across Delamere Forest was most delightful. Band, Royden and Cook were making a non-stop run of it until Tommy insisted on pulling up at Hinderton, but the latter had to spurn the temptation owing to having no lamps and not desiring another interview with the angelic Tin Ribs at Thornton Hough. Thus ended a very enjoyable run under perfect conditions on a day most people had decided was "too bad for cycling."

Ring O' Bells, Daresbury, July 8th, 1916.

Ah, woe is me! The Editor is on my track thirsting for my berlood. I promised to do this run, and now, at the 12th hour, he threatens me with the most horrible consequences unless the account is forthcoming forthwith. The fact of the matter is, I have been waiting for an inspiration, or lucid interval, or something of that sort—but no luck. I seat myself to write with mind a blank. Think of a big word teeming with significance which might soften the Editor's hard heart, but hesitate to use it. Last experience with same unfortunate. Offered it to partner of my sorrows, in explanation once on arriving home some time after sunset; had uttered about three-fourths of it, when the ponderosity of what had gone before outweighing what was still to come, I lost my balance and fell on the mat. This led to an estrangement lasting fully 3 minutes—the time occupied in extricating myself from the coils of the terminological effort in which I had become entangled. But I am getting away from the point, as fleeing Fritz said to Tommy's business-like wayonet.

The day with which we are concerned opened gloomily, but gave birth to an afternoon of glorious sunshine—one of those afternoons you feel glad to be alive. The country lanes seemed to call me, so I went to the cabinet in the drawing room, and taking out my trusty speed-iron (the one our Editor so much admires, and the praises of which he has sung so eulogistically in these pages), I mount, and away to the meat—I mean meet. Landscape charming; feel very fit; running easy. Plenty of time to spare, so take circuitous route. After about half an hour, don't feel so fit; country also loses its charm. Way all uphill, but persevere. Toiling up one mountain, about to dismount to see whether wheels are revolving, when observant urchin volunteers information that my back wheel is going round. This news removes my doubt and cheers me somewhat; it spurs me on to further effort and I triumph. Ultimately arrive at destination. Just in time—service about to begin. Good muster—table's seating capacity put to severe test. Food good, but what about something to drink? Demand for amber-coloured liquid, the name of which I have heard before, but forget—I think it commences with a B. Supplications, cajolings, all in vain—Phoebe firm in refusal to supply demand until expiry of half an hour. Great activity in the watch department. How time flies! Half an hour in 5 minutes. Phoebe convinced and ministers to our wants. Liquid unanimously pronounced excellent, and very cheap owing to great discretion exercised by Uncle Willie. More discretion displayed and dose repeated. The repast concluded, trip for following week-end discussed and the making up of the party. Uncle Willie promises great things and says he would like to have Editor. Latter says he is not to

be "had." Great merriment over this smart repartee. Further display of discretion with great success. Part of company leave Chester-wards. Others remain to chat and exchange true stories relating to their awful past. Final break-up, some going Manchester way, and others in direction of Liverpool. The latter consisted of motor-cycle, tandem, and self. Called at Warrington to see whether the no-treating regulations were being duly observed. Must defend the Realm. Investigation very successful. Motor-bicycle leaves to reach Liverpool before lighting-up time. I depart with tandem. My rear-lamp drops off; go back for it and find it has shed its life's blood on the road. Start off again. Tandem frisky; gives exhibition of Turkey trot over tram-lines. Inhabitants highly delighted and ask for encore. Light up. Leave tandem and proceed homewards. Three miles from home, police inform me rear-light is not burning; this occasions me much surprise, seeing I had never lit it! Reach home without anything further of note happening, having concluded a most enjoyable run, under ideal weather conditions.

Farndon, July 15th, 1916.

The President should really have written the account of this run, but, in accordance with the printed list of Officers' Duties, the Vice-President has to undertake the duty "if deputed by the President to so act in his place upon any occasion." If the writer ever reaches the Presidential Chair he will know what to do if he gets a job he doesn't like.

The thirteen members who partook of a very excellent tea were all grieved to hear that Cook's cycling abilities are now at a low ebb. For the benefit of absentees, it is necessary to state that Cook found he had to get to Farndon in good time and have an early tea in order that he should succeed in riding to some village with an unpronounceable name near Bala (Bala is less than 40 miles from Farndon). It would not be so bad if Cook played these games when he was alone, but he inveigled one of our newest members to push him out on his tandem and then took him off as well. It is pleasing to note that some of the members are made of sterner stuff. Newsholme rode out from Manchester, HAD TEA WITH THE CLUB, and then rode back to Brereton to START an all-night run with the C.T.C. Boardman rode from Ashton-under-Lyne, HAD TEA WITH THE CLUB, and then rode on to Rhyd. T. W. J. Britten rode out from home, HAD TEA WITH THE CLUB, and then rode on to Whitchurch. Green and the writer rode out from Sale, HAD TEA WITH THE CLUB, and then rode home. These examples can be still further continued if necessary (That's quite enough.—Ed.)

At tea, episodes of the outward journey were comparatively few until the arrival of Chem. Thomas Walter John—whom the members were delighted to see once more—spoke of his strenuous journey done in spite of the Defence of the Realm enactment, but even T. W. J.'s trials appeared to fade into insignificance when Chem. told his story. How Chem. manages to withstand all the trials and tribulations that he does is a marvel. Chem. can ride too. The way that he led the fast pack when tea had been disposed of and the Realm defended was an eye-opener.

Eaton, July 22nd, 1916.

It's really too bad of that there Editor Chap—he rang me up several days after the Eaton Run, and sweetly enquired "Were you at Eaton last Saturday?" and I, all unsuspecting his sinister purpose, replied "Yes." "Then write the account," was his rejoinder, "and let me have it by to-night"! I should like to know what we pay him such a stupendous salary for but to attend the runs and there and then persuade someone to tackle the job—afterwards, as in this case, what can one do but scribble

piffle? Instead of being there himself he was away in London "enjoying" (?) himself on, or rather with, his motor-cycle. But we have our revenge, for had he not to return to Liverpool with it by train, because he could not beg, borrow or steal any juice, neither for love nor money, threats nor entreaties? Far better for him had he attended to his duties and been at Eaton—"home rails" from there cost rather less than from London! Eleven was the total muster—not bad these times—to enjoy the excellent catering associated with the Red Lion. Teddy Edwards has turned over a new leaf, or perhaps has given up his bad habit of being always late in despair of ever doing it so well or so regularly as Green does, and even the latter was early. I understand that McCann came across the Apostle "drinking himself to death" in a wayside "pub." at four-thirty in the afternoon! but it was only tea that he was downing—five cups—phew! Tommy Royden was out, as was also Hawkes—on holiday—and Band and Cooper, while Manchester was represented by The Mullah, Green and Newsholme; and Knipe turned up just before tea was served. Cook and the three Mancunians left at seven en route for Stone, there to attend the Inter-District Association meet of the C.T.C., and the remaining six cyclists—Cooper having gone off to Bunbury to pick up his passengers—proceeded Chester-wards, Band puncturing within the first mile. Passing through Chester, F.H. dashed out of a side street, narrowly escaping wiping out the leader of the party, and then, Knipe having gone through the lanes and by the low road, and Johnny Band making a call upon relatives in Chester, there were but four for the top road and a call at the Shrewsbury Arms. Several fires were lit by Royden and Hawkes, and were promptly extinguished. From Hinderton onwards Hawkes and Tommy were put in front, and they amused themselves with "setting about each other," first one and then the other getting a little in front. At the foot of Evan's Hill Tommy "funked it," and turned off leaving the others to complete the journey in peace.

Halewood, July 29th, 1916.

Owing to the impossibility of obtaining the necessary nourishment in sufficient doses to feed my voracious scrap iron, and the physical incapacity (which becomes accentuated with advancing years) to push myself about, I arranged with Chem., now, poor fellow, afflicted with athlete's heart, to walk to the trysting place. There is always a pleasing and baffling uncertainty about making arrangements with Chem. Invariably owing to a variety of untoward hazards (adventures abound with him at every step) he never turns up, or if he does it is hours late, or by accident. Accordingly it occasioned me no surprise when I found it necessary to organise the usual search party, and I eventually ran him to earth seeking cover behind a huge cigar. On emerging therefrom he blew a cloud of apologies—a verbal cocktail daintily served up with the embalmed and aromatic odours emanating from hastily interned hefty liquids—in my classic features. Wafting this away with a graceful gesture, I saw he was accompanied by a friend. This gentleman is the unfortunate possessor of an animated dust-bin, now supposed to be spending a cloistered existence in the evening of its days after the strife and turmoil of Brooklands. It is composed of engine (I should say about 9/10ths engine) and a wooden slit for the driver, wherein a pigmy might with comparatively little torture squeeze himself. This abortion, which as far as I can ascertain, spends most of its time (thank God!) in the repairing yards making good the ravages of its dissolute life, was then recuperating after a particularly lurid experience, in the garage, whence in a feeble moment we were inveigled, innocent and unsuspecting, to inspect it. No thought of treachery crossed our minds until the owner, the light of triumph (and other ingredients) in his eyes had magically produced from nowhere in particular a couple of tins of petrol, gummed those parts of the body together which

had become unstuck, tied the bonnet on with cord or something, maimed the mechanic for life, and after about half an hour, a wanton whirling wasteful cataract of piquantly picturesque language, and an apoplectic fit, managed to start the horrible carcass. The next thing I knew I was lifted bodily into a little coal hole on the top—at least one quarter of me was in, the residue dangling in the breeze. Chem. was much more fortunate. He managed to crowd a foot and part of a leg in the six inches allotted to him, and was altogether fairly comfortable, as his other leg rested with languid nonchalance on the footboard; the door having no fastening lent an added sense of security. The thing then bolted out of the garage but had not gone far when it stopped. The owner on returning after a walk through the engine calmed our growing uneasiness by an elaborate explanation of the arrangement of the driving apparatus. It appeared, in order I should say to give a spice of adventure, that the brake was placed (evidently by someone with a delightful sense of the ludicrous) in such juxtaposition to the accelerator that it was to all intents and purposes practically impossible to use one without the other. This cheering intelligence naturally allayed any feeling of anxiety we might have otherwise had, and it was accordingly with a light heart (!) we made a fresh start. During the next few seconds (in which I don't suppose we covered more than four or five miles) I lived. My awful past in one vivid panorama raced hurtling through my fevered brain. Little things I had done which at the time appeared insignificant now assumed gigantic and terrifying proportions; opportunities I had missed; excellent chances in the days that were earlier of passing it clean through the Cook before he had to resort to the perambulator; acts of thoughtlessness when I had impetuously refused to have a drink—all those bitter and mortifying memories that one gathers with the toll of years flashed across my heated imagination, and I promised if ever I got out alive I would henceforth be a better lad. In a white voice I offered up a pathetic supplication for deliverance, which must have been heard, as the next instant we providentially burst a tyre, and descended with indecent haste to safety. Eventually a new tube was fitted and we were again forced into the cart, but only after the driver had taken a solemn oath not to exceed five miles an hour. Having done the succeeding 7 or 8 miles in ten minutes, we arrived at Halewood amid a scene of unparalleled enthusiasm more dead than alive. A goodly crowd was already there, and was later augmented by Cook on his mail cart (who had rehabilitated his reputation by going round the earth), Turnor, Webb (who expected this to be his last run before joining up), Newsholme and Charlie Conway; altogether I should say there were about 17. The usual excellent tea one expects at Halewood, including fresh salmon and salads, was provided. Owing to the summer season now being on the room usually dedicated to the exercise of tact was not vacant, and consequently no danger was on this occasion run. A select few certainly did defend the Realm, but without abandon. Knipe left soon after tea, and little by little the party dissolved, Johnny Band remaining to keep the late goers in order, and with the sinister intention of putting it through the Old Timer, Cook (who is not the man he was) on the way back. Eventually the passengers (!) of the dust bin were persuaded in at the point of the bayonet, and spent an enjoyable couple of minutes getting to Child-wall. The scenery on the way was superb, and Chem. was indefatigable in pointing out objects of interest. Having nailed down a few planks in the cart which had been frisking about, viewed the old church for which this delightful spot is famous, and bandaged up with plaster of Paris the limbs which had been fractured en route, another start was made and our various domiciles reached at different hours.

A. T. SIMPSON, Editor.

ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB.

FORMED MARCH 1879.

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

MONTHLY CIRCULAR.

FIXTURES FOR SEPTEMBER, 1916.

	Light up at
Sept. 2.—Halewood (Derby Arms)	8-27 p.m.
.. 9.—Eaton (Red Lion)	8-11 p.m.
.. 11.—Committee Meeting, St. George's Restaurant, 7 p.m.	
.. 16.—Acton Bridge (Railway Inn)	7-55 p.m.
.. 23.—Daresbury (Ring o' Bells)	7-39 p.m.
.. 30.—Chester (Bull and Stirrup)	7-23 p.m.
Oct. 7.—Halewood (Derby Arms)	6.7 p.m.

Full Moon, 11th Instant.

Committee Notes.

Stourton Lodge, Arno Road, Oxton.

Mr. H. L. BOARDMAN, 3, Leicester Street, Ashton-under-Lyne, has been elected to Active Membership.

APPLICATION FOR MEMBERSHIP.—Mr. Frank Chandler, 22, Holly Bank Road, Birkenhead—proposed by W. P. Cook and seconded by F. D. McCann.

Mr. A. Newsholme's application for a Performance Certificate for his 24 hours' ride on a tandem with Mr. C. H. Turnor, on the 4th and 5th August, was passed at 240 miles.

A Resolution of Sympathy with Mr. D. C. Rowatt and family on the death in action of his fourth son, Edmund, was passed.

The President and Mr. Toft have despatched a further number of parcels to those of "Ours" On Active Service Abroad, and these contained cigarettes, tobacco, matches, pineapple, and salmon.

Messrs. Cook, Dews and Simpson were credited with Club Runs for Farndon on the 15th July, and Mr. F. H. Koenen for Eaton on the 22nd July.

NEW ADDRESSES.—Coy. Sergt.-Major A. WARBURTON, R. E. Postal Section, Army Post Office R 2, B.E.F.; Rifleman R. P. SEED, No. 4517, D Coy., 6th T.F. Reserves Rifle Batt., K.L.R., Hut 44, No. 1 North, Parkbill Camp, Whittington, Salop; Cpl. J. HODGES, 29177, R.E.P.S. F.P.O. P.B. 1, E.E.F.

F. D. McCANN,

Hon. Secretary.

Concerning Those On Service.

Our Roll of Honour now includes twenty-five names, and of these two have made the great sacrifice, and three have been wounded.

Following hard on the sorrowful news of David Rowatt's death on the 1st July, comes the intimation that Edmund, recently elected to membership, the fourth son of D. C. Rowatt, was killed in action on the 30th July. We are sure that the deepest sympathy of every member of the Club is with the Rowatt family in their double bereavement.

Kettle is evidently out and about again, as a field-service post-card has been received from him. It reads: "I am quite well—I have received your letter and parcel—letter follows at first opportunity." It is good to know that his wounds cannot have been very serious.

There are also field-service cards, acknowledging parcels, from Cohen, Grimshaw, Warburton, Williamson and Rudd, and also one unsigned which has nothing crossed out!—So whether the sender is "quite well," or admitted to hospital, sick or wounded, going on well, or being sent down to the base, whether he has received letters, etc., or has received none either lately or for a long time, we cannot say. From the caligraphy of the address we surmise it is from Percy Williamson.

Hubert Roskell writes: "Very many thanks for parcel—contents most suitable and much appreciated."

From Cohen there is a photograph of a group of officers, non-coms. and privates. Cohen looks as though he had not had a wash for months!

Percy Williamson, under date 22nd July, writes: "Since last writing you I have had two parcels and circulars for June and July, for which please convey my best thanks to Committee and Members. What a Club it is to think of us members away on Service so regularly each month. The Circulars are absolutely 'the Goods,' provide the very best reading for the month and help to remove that feeling of fed-uppishness more than anything else. (Do give over!—Ed.)

"There is little to write of from this place—such efforts as 'The Sickly Simper of the Sandbagged Soldier' are impossible in this climate. I am keeping quite fit and well, and just longing to be dropped in some Cheshire lane with a good machine underneath me. Please give my kind regards to all Anfielders."

On the 9th August Grimshaw writes: "Just a line to let you know I have received the parcel for July yesterday, which I thank you all for—it is very acceptable though we are getting good food, but these things come as a welcome change. We are having lovely weather here—just the sort to get fit in. Did you have a good time in the August Tour?—I should have liked to have been with you. Well, we are having a good time here at present; we are not busy, so we have started a sports' club of which I am a Committee man. We run a cricket team and a baseball team is just starting. We have not been beaten at cricket yet. We have been invited to run a team in a mile relay race and a tug-of-war team on the 11th August. I am in training, and after a trial am running the half-mile in the race. I am very fit considering, and feel I could do a good 50. I still have hopes of doing a few more good rides yet. Kindly remember me to the boys. You might give Rowatt my kind regards, and tell him how sorry I was to hear of his great loss."

ONCE AGAIN we would ask all members **On Service** to let us know of any change in their addresses. We take a great interest in them and hope that they still take enough interest in the Club to keep us posted as to their whereabouts. We have in mind the case of one member who left Blackpool months ago, and it is only recently that we got from other sources, and then after much trouble, his new address.

Bentley has been home on final leave. He called at the Café—he was due to leave for France on the 22nd August. Good luck, Bentley!

Rudd, in acknowledging the July parcel, adds "Having a warm time."

On the 11th August, Hodges says: "I received the June parcel last night—it has been somewhat delayed, owing to my moving about. The selection of goods is fine, and I thank all of you for your continued kindness. I see that the A.B.C. is helping to organise a Northern 'Old-Timers' Rally—I hope it is a great success. The weekly arrival of 'Cycling' and the monthly arrival of the Circular are the only bright spots nowadays."

As we go to Press a letter has arrived from Hubert Roskell—he writes on the 21st August: "Very many thanks for the parcel which arrived this morning. The contents are most suitable and indeed welcome. I am very much obliged. I am not able to tell you any news of our doings, I am afraid, as our Censor is very strict. We are still in the same district where we have been for the last six months, but, of course, are not so busy as at first. Our work is more regular, and with fine weather and dry roads we are having a pretty good time. I am in hopes of getting across the Channel in another six weeks or two months, when I will be sure to attend a Club run. The Circulars are splendid and never more appreciated than now. I *do* wish I could have done the proposed August Tour—I saw some of that country with the Cheadle some years ago. With love to all the boys."

MEMS.

The Badge of Membership for The Fellowship of Old Time Cyclists is a very pretty enamelled monogram "O. T." for wearing on the watch chain. The latest of our members to join are H. E. Keizer and W. T. Venables. Those who are qualified will certainly want to join when they see the neat badge.

Re. the August Tour, Carpenter writes: "The outing on the Sunday with you was a real delight, and will rank amongst my pleasant memories for all time. I don't get much time with the Club, but what I do is enjoyed to the full." This shows that the tourist had a very good time, and Carpenter's sentiments are most welcome and are heartily reciprocated.

What a pity so many of our members hide their light under a bushel! Notwithstanding repeated requests there must be many of those we have not seen for some time who are engaged in special work in connection with the war, whose names have not been recorded. We want to have a *complete* record of all such services. The inspiration for this paragraph comes from the discovery that our old member, A. H. Maddoek, who is full of enthusiasm for the Club, has for a long time been Commandant of the "Alsager" V.T.C., and is devoting a great deal of time to his duties.

No doubt some of us will remember Mr. Gerald Grimsdell of the N.R.C.C., who, being stationed at Manchester in 1912, joined us in that year. We did not see very much of him, and he resigned in 1914. We are delighted to see his name figuring in the list of "Honours for Heroes" in the "Daily Post" of the 26th August. He has been awarded the Military Cross. The announcement reads as follows:—Temp. Capt. Gerald Lucien Grimsdell, Sth. Lancs. Regt.—For conspicuous gallantry during operations. He organised and led a bombing attack against a strong enemy position, took it, and held it against two counter-attacks while the position was being consolidated! Congratulations to Captain Grimsdell and to the N.R.C.C.

RUNS.

August Bank Holiday Tour—August 5th—8th.

There can be no doubt that this Tour under all the circumstances proved to be well worth ranking with the Coronation Tour of glorious memory, and those who partook of its joys are greatly indebted to Captain Slesh. We had Coronation weather *without* the thunderstorm that marked the last day, and although the Holiday had been cancelled quite a satisfactory number were able to work most of the Tour in as part of their holidays. At Ruabon, where the party met, we had a real old-time tea at the old-time price, although doubtless those who read the Tour Circular and were there to sit down at 5 o'clock fared best. These were Koenen, Royden, Keizer, Band, Chandler and Cook. An hour later Edwards, Cooper, Poole, Williams, and "Plumber" Simpson appeared on the scene, and I understand the Editor had been oil spraying the roads and did not arrive till 8 P.M. Band, Edwards, Cooper and Keizerette were not going the Tour, but the rest were bound for Montgomery, and set off in detachments according to speed and method of propulsion, but over the Editor's trials it is perhaps best to draw a veil. Suffice it to say that the awful predicaments stranded "all the Simpsons" at Oswestry, and "the Tour proper" saw them not! Meanwhile the tourists had been getting on with it, and at Oswestry were delighted to pick out Dick Seed among the several million soldiers parading the town and have a few words with him. F.H. could not make out why he was so constantly being saluted until we pointed out that his snuff-coloured suit gave him the appearance of a motor cycling officer! At Llanymynech the party foregathered to cool the engines, and at Pool Quay we met and checked Turnor and Newsholme who had been to Gloucester on a 24 Hours Tandem Ride that pained out about 240 miles. At Welshpool we bought the Tandemons some fluid served in tankards, and by 9-30 we were all eight happily ensconced at the Dragon, Montgomery. On Sunday morning the cyclists visited the Church and Robbers Grave, and then started ahead for Abermule, and got on so well that we all arrived at the Anchor Inn practically simultaneously. The ride up the dingle to Kerry and on to the Anchor proved to be a wonderfully pretty and remarkably well graded climb which provided some magnificent long distance views. Thence to Bettws-y-Crwyn the road was mostly grass grown, but with easy gradients it provided really good going, and would be quite feasible for a tricycle. The descent to Beguildy was quite safe, and then ensued a fine spin down the Teme Valley to Knighton, where we found Carpenter waiting for us. After lunch, Royden decided to make for Tenbury by one of the shorter routes, and the Tandemons deserted us at Beggars Bush to enjoy a sleep, but the rest of the party followed the longer scheduled route via Knighton, and had afternoon tea at Eardisland. Whitton Cwm, Evenjob, and Eardisland were the gems of the afternoon ride, and provided scenery quite beyond description. After tea

the motorists, Poole, Williams and F. H., took the direct sporting route through Leominster and over Laysters Fore, while the cyclists, Carpenter, Chandler and Cook kept to the course through Kingsland, Yarpole and Woofferton which was most delightful. At Tenbury we found Beardwood and Hellier waiting to greet us, and the party, now numbering eleven, had a most enjoyable evening after a really top hole dinner. Unfortunately, Carpenter had to tear himself away as he was camping en famille near Great Witley. Monday morning saw most of the party depart various ways—Poole and Williams for Symonds Yat, Royden, Turnor and Newsholme, Beardwood and Hellier for Home and Business, but Koenen, Chandler and Cook, who were completing the Tour, did not finally say good-bye to P. C. and the Panjandrum till the Hundred House at Great Witley was reached. Meanwhile we had made a detour to Stanford Bridge, which is a most delightful spot, and called on Carpenter at his camp. The three survivors then proceeded to Holt Fleet, Ombersley and Droitwich for lunch, after which they continued through Bromsgrove and Stourbridge to Stewponcy for tea. Stourbridge was rather a blot and we were glad to escape from it, as the sight of thousands standing in queue waiting for cars and motor buses to take them, packed like sardines, to Clent Hills and Kinver was rather saddening. However, at Stewponcy some "youth and beauty of the female persuasion" ministered to our wants and gladdened our hearts again, while the enchanting beauty of the road from Stourton to Bridgenorth quite expunged the blot of Stourbridge. At Bridgenorth we had to dine with the nobs in evening dress (Sir Frank Hollins and party—Grimshaw please note), but we carried the thing through with sangfroid and were not charged any extra. Tuesday morning saw us on the road for Much Wenlock, where the Abbey was visited and thoroughly explained by a guide, and thence to Buildwas where we took the Abbey as read. From Wrockwardine we proceeded to Crudgington and Hodnet so as to show Chandler some of the beauties of Hawkstone Park, and here "the tour proper" was completed. The Hotel is being pretty well pulled to pieces and rebuilt with additions and modern improvements, but although in a terrible upset Mrs. Morgan gave us an excellent lunch, which fortified us for the parting of the ways. After seeing the Master depart, Chandler and Cook proceeded via Ellesmere, Farndon and Chester, feeling that they had had as grand a tour as they could have wished, and feeling very sorry for those whom the cancelling of the Holiday had deprived from participation.

In response to our request, Percy Beardwood has also sent the following interesting account of this memorable tour:—

August 6th-7th.—"From the London Side."

Upon receipt of circular giving particulars of the August Tour, I began speculating as to how Tenbury could be reached; speculation soon turned to longing, whereupon the great Hellier was consulted as to the possibility of getting there and remaining patriotic. Early on Sunday morning was decided upon as the best time to leave without being observed. Shortly after 8 o'clock the Pan. arrived, it being arranged he would call for the writer so as not to embarrass the Government by using the car unnecessarily. The morning was ideal, giving promise of one of those rare hot days, unfortunately, so seldom met with in our alleged summers. There were very few people about, a sprinkling of early cyclists going Westward; the ponderous Uxbridge tramcars still slumbered, or at least the drivers did, and upon striking the Oxford Road proper, just outside Uxbridge, a

great feeling of exhilaration took place and joy-riding qualms vanished. One seemed back again 15 or 20 years going to one of the good old Club runs.

The first stoppage was caused by the writer dropping his pocket-book on the floor, when Hellier promptly drew attention to the "shower of Treasury Notes;" after retrieving these we quickly speeded along. Missing Oxford by a right turn five miles from the "Seat of Learning," we were soon at Chipping Norton, then via Broadway, Evesham and Pershore to Worcester, whilst listening to the Pan.'s flashes of caustic wit the miles seemed to fly. Outside Worcester a halt was called, when I was distressed to learn the "poor old man" had hardly had time for any breakfast. This was rectified by my producing some smoked salmon sandwiches and hard boiled eggs, and I don't think anyone ever saw him put food away quicker, even in his palmy days. After a couple of excellent Bass the open road was again taken in hand, the ride from Worcester being wonderful, we having got on the Martley Road; the country can best be described as the Worcestershire Highlands.

Tenbury hove in sight all too soon, whereupon it being decided to have a look around the town, Hellier was attracted by a notice which read "To the Spa;" after wandering about for a long time, and there being no sign of any Spa, Hellier indignantly demanded to know "Who called it a Spa?" It was decided to return to the Hotel and make use of the deck chairs on the lawn. After a little "snooze" afternoon tea was indulged in. Exercising great patience and imagining all sorts of calamities which might have overtaken the "home" division, we were rewarded by a sight of the ancient visage of F.H.; soon after the magnificent chariot of Harry Poole rolled up, accompanied by Jimmy Williams and innumerable petrol tins; Cook and his friend then gladdened our gaze, also Carpenter and others. Royden and the never-to-be-forgotten Mullah arrived late for one of the nicest little dinners one could wish for. A rest in the garden, followed by an adjournment to a cosy smoke-room, too dignified to be turned into a "tank," completed a most pleasant evening.

Monday again proved a lovely day, so taking leave of "good old friends" at Gt. Witley, we decided upon trying a new route back, which proved successful, and going through Ombersley and Droitwich, a very fine road to Alcester was struck; Hellier declared it a Watling Street, and probably he was right seeing this is his third time on earth, one of which was no doubt spent during the Roman epoch. Stratford-on-Avon was reached soon after noon. Up Sunrising Hill the car seemed to hesitate at the top, the front tyre was gracefully deflating, so the wheel was changed; this was the only incident in a run of 380 miles, otherwise not even the bonnet was opened, which reminds one that we do *not* live in the times of 10 or 15 years ago.

A fine run via Banbury, Bicester, Aylesbury and Wendover, brought us to Amersham, where we drew a blank at the "Gryffin Hotel;" ham and eggs were the only things to be procured—the ham proved to be very salt *baron*, and for the rest of the day the Pan. was undecided which was the saltier—the charge or the bacon, and eventually had to give it up and even to the present has come to no decision. Pilgrims, Ware Gryffin, Amersham.

A splendid tour ended up by our entering London via Twickenham and Richmond; although only away two days it seemed a lot longer, this impression being caused by making early starts and seeing so much beautiful country. The Swan at Ledbury merits the support of the Club, and if there is a fixture there again I should be sorry to miss it, especially as

it is only 130 odd miles from London, thus giving London members an opportunity to meet old friends. If one dare have one's little "grouse," it was a bit disappointing not to see more familiar faces, but one must not expect too much these times.

It will be remembered on a previous occasion when F.H. failed to materialise with copy, that we warned him we would rake him in eventually. A tempestuous brain wave has evidently surged all over him, and he has in response to our invitation sent the characteristic and inimitable jottings (only F.H. could have done them!) appearing below. We, therefore, remove the curse we had placed upon him, and all is peace:—

Tour Afterthoughts.

The August Tour seemed like a series of scenic snapshots. Ruabon to Welshpool though familiar is always refreshing. The unfamiliar views commenced on climbing the spur of the Long Mountain at Forden with the distant Castle Cliffs of Montgomery. The Castle was once the home of Sir Hugh de Montgomery, none other than the lineal forebear of my tandem partner on the previous tour: Sir Matt. to wit (Oh! Jason, forbear).

At the Dragon the weakness of the "real riders" made itself felt in the question of beds. While we of the liquid fuel are content with doubling up, the "riders proper" want to stretch their legs in the night, and this led to a discourse by the host and his daughter about their beds being unlike other beds. Though the demure daughter coaxed, Cook remained adamant, and so the surplus slept out in the house of the late mayor, who was also our landlord, which was confusing. To show her good will the lady gave up her room (all of it) to me, and yet I could not sleep. One man's meat is another man's poison.

What we missed in the Kerry Dingle (it being Sunday) was its famous train de luxe: The Flying Welshman.

The glorious and thirst-provoking scenery approaching the Anchor, with every milestone and fingerpost heralding the vicinity of that important hostelry, hardly prepares the traveller for that small half hidden hut, out of sight of the Anchor milestone. Once an exhausted cyclist (from Cheadle) belaboured in vain the door of the only house in sight. He knocked but it was not opened. It was the Chapel door.

Arrived in Knighton in advance of the main pack, I found the town aslumber, with the exception of one cyclist greatly alive careering up and down the perpendicular streets. My surprise vanished when he explained that he was Carpenter, trying to shake off a state of coma resulting from his midday roadside snack. He and I resemble each other in both carrying a flask. The contents differ.

Evenjob was very soothing after Beggars Bush. Had not the tandem changed its course the twain would have gone to sleep there.

Cook was to my mind the hero among the "real riders." His dash up Montgomery Square and into the Dragon yard was irresistible; of the Anchor Pass he rode all but a bare 100 yards; the slopes of the Black Mountain and the hill out of Knighton levelled out under his wheels as if three-speed geared, and lastly he trampled under foot the terrors of Beggars Bush. Surely his illustrious name is ripe for the sacred scroll of Welsh Climbers.

With it all he retained his noble fanaticism, and was inconsolable on learning that the tandem team was fast asleep near the foot of the Bush and was going direct to destination as "permitted by programme." The longest way round is always by Cook's.

Being badly in arrears with sleep (having spent the previous 24 hours in training for this tour), the Mullah at any rate proved to be not so mad as he is painted. Perhaps his partner has the credit of these sparks of sanity. No wooded babes ever slept sounder. Mullah's dream was all about Newsholme's gear.

Chantecler rode excellently, and with Southport bars at that. We look to Cook to have these reversed. Of course he was triple geared. Here, too, work awaits the prophet.

Royden no longer follows the Pagan trail. He wandered off alone from Knighton to Wigmore, and then imprudently took a Cheadle short-cut and got lost in the woods on Orleton Common. Hours later he was found and directed by Forest Dwellers.

Without the Poole Char-a-bancs the tour would have collapsed; at least my share in it. His Char. was void of ladies but full of petrol, and on him I unburdened my quarter-dozen tins. Amongst the petrol was Williams, and it was he who stacked the tins. A spark would have set Jimmy ablaze. Guy Fawkes with his barrels was a child to Williams and his tins. I watched these two men at Llanymynech change their offside leader. Smart work indeed.

The Tit-Bit of the Tour was undoubtedly the Swan Hotel, Tenbury, with its splendid Chambers, Dinners, Gardens, and Landlady; but the "Clou" of Tenbury was, or were: **THE GREAT PANJANDRUM AND HIS IMPRESSARIO**. I know not who created that perfectly-chosen name, but whoever he be, ample reward would have been his, had he seen with my eyes on arriving at Tenbury and approaching the Hotel across the Teme Bridge with a full view of the whole of its frontage; there, adorning and filling the grassy slopes of its raised and terraced gardens, seated in state, two vast and massive figures, like Chinese Gods, and through my mind flashed that beautiful quotation: "There you have it, solid, superb, complete; like Teneriffe and Atlas unremoved."

Tenbury is famous for its Wells and Spa. To thoroughly enjoy and understand these it is necessary to stay at the Crow Hotel and linger all day long in the Spa Gardens. Two of us rashly entered, but escaped pursued by hypochondria.

The Tour having reached its climax at Tenbury, the party broke up there. The Great Scatt went south, the Great Panjandrum southeast, the Pagan Party northeast, the Turnholme Tandem turned north for home, and the long-suffering Royden northwest. What became of them I do not know, and I, for one, do not care. Their task was done and nobly done.

LE PETROLEUR.

Little Budworth, August 12th.

I really meant it this time—the insidious effects on one's character, the slow but steady weakening of moral fibre, occasioned by the frequent failure to keep engagements, not to speak of the discourtesy, unintentional, of course, of arriving late at the festive board, had been borne in upon my mind, and I made the stern resolve that, come what might, I would be at Little Budworth by 6 o'clock at latest. So, harling from me the

temptation to do various odd jobs, declining with a high browed air the alluring suggestion that I should rest my eyes for a brief space after lunch (not sleep, mind you—that is what old people do—middle-aged people merely rest their eyes after a meal), I sallied forth, with conscientious virtue, in time to get to the rendezvous twice over before 6. Alas! that was my undoing—being so early. I thought I could make a call or two on the way. Dropping in on another member, I found him suffering from a painful malady, and was so interested in his energetic, not to say picturesque, apostrophe to the said malady, that the hours flew, and I was left with the barest time for my journey. The other call had some importance, so it had to be done—hence more delay. No matter, my resolve to be in time was still strong, and I girded up by loins to ride as in a 50. But Anno Domini soon put paid to my account, and notwithstanding all my efforts I arrived late after all. Thus was more paying material provided for a certain place.

I found six members and a friend at tea—scarcely a satisfactory muster for the A.B.C., but duty of one kind and another calls so many of "Ours" nowadays that one cannot expect large turnouts. We were all glad to see Oppenheimer further than usual from home, and hope he will make it a precedent. It was a summer tea, and to all appearance there was no animal food on the table, but some turned up unexpectedly in the lettuce, and the pleasures of the chase were thus added to the milder pastime of satisfying one's hunger. After tea the one and only Cook cleared immediately for Newport, and after a little conversation outside the Church, Mac went off, propelled gracefully by his new engineer—and very nice too. The Manchester men paddled gently homeward, as befitted their respectable middle-age, and reached their destinations in good time, without further incident than a call for petrol—of the inward variety.

Broxton, 19th August, 1916.

This fixture turned out a great success. The numbers were not large (only eleven), but every man did the journey by cycle, and everyone seemed to enjoy it. The principal point of interest was the appearance of Lieut. Barratt, who, looking fit and well after his stay at Cambridge, had volunteered to push the Mullah out on his tandem. Cook, Chandler and Dews met the tandem at Huxley, and after acting as hosts to the Mancunians, escorted them via Tattenhall to Broxton. At Broxton, Johnny Band regaled the company with details of his most recent illness until tea-time, and after tea gave Tommy Royden an interesting lecture on the danger of riding bicycles with cracked tubes. After this, Bert Green gave an exposition of puncture repairing, but needed the assistance of Boardman to make a job of it. During the tea the company received various hints on cadet corps from our new officer, and seemed very interested in the way things are "won" in the Army. Cook and Chandler managed to get to Congleton without rain, but the Manchester men were not so fortunate, and met "heavy weather" in the Knutsford area. The writer lacks news of how the boys from Liverpool fared. (They also encountered "some" rain.—Ed.) The run was an undoubted success, and all the participants seemed pleased. Others who were out and are not mentioned above were Edwards and McCann, so there was a tandem, three tricycles, six singles, and no oilcans or tank steamers. Alas! and Alack!

Knutsford, August 26th.

Jupiter Pluvius was in one of his fickle moods on the day of the above fixture; first it was fine for five minutes, then wet for ten minutes, and

vice-versa throughout the whole afternoon; perhaps it would be correct to say more vice than versa. At the Lord Eldon, Band, Oppenheimer, Cook, Edwards, Toft, Green and Newsholme, put in an early appearance in order to secure a front seat and thus reduce the risk of missing some of the good things usually provided by mine host of the Lord Eldon. The Mullah and a friend, whom he had at the point of the bayonet persuaded to occupy the stokehole of the tandem, arrived just as we were doing evens with the Kate and Sidney pie. Cook made a commendable effort to convince "Hebe" that it was a fit and proper thing to Defend the Realm, but, notwithstanding all his blandishments there was nothing doing. The War, Breach Blocks, The Old Timers' Rally, etc., having been discussed and settled pro tem., Cook and Newsholme made a bee-line for Market Drayton, there to meet "Wayfarer." What happened to the other members of the party is not quite known, but it is whispered that the Mullah's partner went on strike, absolutely refusing to push the thing any further; in fact he preferred to walk, and walk he did, leaving the Mullah to jolly well do a bit of pedalling himself for once.

Old Timers at Daresbury, August 27th.

Meeting Will Cook some time ago by hazard I was a little surprised to be asked for the loan of half-a-crown. I had always had the impression that he was a Man of Substance, but we all have our ups and downs in this world, and, feeling very sorry to see him reduced to these straits at his time of life, I produced after an exhaustive search this somewhat rare coin and pressed it into his hand in silent sympathy. This was evidently misplaced, as a few days later I received in exchange a beautiful silk badge together with a passport to the refreshment bureau, accompanied by a threat of severe reprisals unless I stated on oath the exact year I learned to ride a bicycle. This necessitated a rummage through the archives of a brain already enfeebled with the load of years. I had not, perhaps, the same difficulty as Charlie Keizer, who it is currently reported utilised leg propulsion in the early part of the last century, nor Harry Buck, whose exploits on the wheel are probably buried in the limbo of the past beyond recall, nor George Mercer who can narrate dazzling feats of speed and prowess in the days of Drake—but still it was had enough. My mind, now started on the down line of time, violently brought up against the buffers as I recalled my initial experience. I remembered the fiendish glee with which, as a small and not too innocent boy, after waiting and watching, and periods of alternating hope and despair, I daringly sneaked the cushion-tired safety which had just been bought by one of the other and more antique Simpsons, and which up to that time had been guarded with jealous care. . . . On returning from the dispensary to which some motherly old souls had kindly carried me to have the wounds dressed, I forsook the wheel for ever, and again ventured a few weeks later, this time with comparatively tame results. After this I eventually blossomed out in the brilliant performances and phenomenal rides which are now, of course, a matter of history. . . . Owing to increasing decrepitude and other causes, I trained out to Warrington, arriving there shortly after 3-0, to encounter a merciless downpour, and roads which the Paganone would describe as almost bone dry. Encountering two other elderly gentlemen en route, we decided to buy a taxi, and it was while waiting for the dilapidated taut to return with this purchase I espied in the distance the giant but tottering frame and agonised expression of our old friend Archie McCall. He was desperately battling with the elements on a machine lent to him by some inhuman monster in the guise of a friend with a distorted sense of humour. He was on the point of flashing past on this obsolete

vehicle when I leaned up against him, thus arresting his progress. Gasping his gratitude for this respite, he collapsed on my neck, his huge loam shivering with emotion. Beads of agony trickled unnoticed down his furrowed cheeks. His grief-stricken cape, now a shapeless mass, hung about his person in damp and sickly folds, and his breath came and went in short pulsating pants. After restoratives had been applied, he came round and hailed my suggestion of putting his speed iron in the cloak room and joining in the taxi with kindling enthusiasm, but found on ascending the five or six flights of steps, the machine slung round his body, that this was closed, and had perforce to struggle on—a picture of grim despair. In the meantime, the taxi, or rather the Ford, had turned up and made a merry debut by prancing about on the pavement—exuberance humourously explained by the slightly elevated chauffeur as being due to a steering wheel which from time to time refrained from steering. This jaunty conveyance gave promise of much quiet enjoyment, but apart from a few hair-breadth escapes from death nothing serious happened, and we duly arrived at the Meet. Let me say right here that the scene was not so horrible as my shuddering fancy had anticipated. A disordered imagination yawning round the subject had pictured, with merciless detail, endless and serried troupes of patriarchal white-whiskered centenarians, gummy and doddering relics from a past reeking with antiquity, instead of which strapping young fellows of seventy and eighty disported themselves with all the abandon of their years among the younger striplings of fifty or sixty, lightly chaffing with infectious gaiety the fair sprinkling of the much better and nicer moiety of mankind who had come to view the sights. Arthur Newsholme had thoughtfully provided a van for the carriage of several ancient and bloodthirsty-looking velocipedes which were the centre of great attraction, as were also the tricycle (the still not altogether accurate one) of Teddy Edwards and that of the Cook. Hostile criticism was directed by some quaint antiquarians against the steering apparatus which they contrasted unfavourably with the compact and—er hygienic handgrips of their youth, whilst others sniffed contemptuously at the tyres, reckoning their existence in terms of yards.

The New Brighton contingent (Charley Keizer, Buck, Prichard, and Venables) trained to Warrington, and on arrival set sail for the Patten, where they came to an anchor before noon to be immediately ignominiously ejected on their demand for innocuous liquid nourishment. Calming himself with an effort, Charley then led his pack to the Norton Arms, where he insisted (with memories of the dim past) the best lunch in Warrington could be procured. On arrival at this ancient hostelry no answer was forthcoming to their demand for admittance. Accordingly the premises were peacefully penetrated from the rear and found to be in the sole occupation of the char-lady engaged in a dismal imitation of Wilkie Bard, with mop. Charley approached her with his old-time courtesy and enquired for lunch. The char-lady, strangely unimpressed, the mop poised in suspended animation, replied: "You don't none of yer get no lunch 'ere!" Intense discomfiture of Charley, the world's worst organiser! The quartette then wended its way to the Lion, where they were welcomed with open arms and treated royally at pre-war rates. Verb sap. . . The members of the Club were placed in their group (equivalent to about Group 80 in any extension of the Derby Scheme), and as a disinterested chronicler I should say they formed the most handsome portion. I feel sure a lovely picture will result (Chem. had not then arrived).

. . . Shortly after, the whole heterogeneous collection—some 4/500—was marshalled before the camera, and more dirty work accomplished.

An adjournment was then made to the marquee which had been specially erected outside, and a very good tea disposed of. Marchanton, who I was informed was just on the point of completing negotiations for the purchase of the parish, extended a courteous welcome to all as they arrived, but was debarred owing to extreme youth from entering the sacred portals, and was to be seen in the outer darkness gazing hungrily at the crumbs as they dropped from the rich man's table. Poor Mac (who, by the way, is still being pushed about on the tandem by his charming and energetic young bride) was also, owing to his tender years, debarred from participation. Chem., as usual, arrived after tea was over. It appeared, starting about noon, he had in a weak moment tried to emulate the Cook by going round the earth via Cronton and Warrington, but got hopelessly behind his schedule, and during the perilous ascent to Daresbury had been in imminent danger several times of sliding backwards. Glancing round the table I was struck with the incongruity of the boy Green being amongst us, the antiquity of the surrounding visages contrasting strangely with his pure and fresh countenance. My next door neighbour was a sprightly young fellow of 68, who had ridden some 25/30 miles, and filled me with awe, not unmingled with shame. After tea the President of the organisation (Mr. Kite) favoured us with a few words in which he hoped the gathering would become an annual one, and this hope was echoed by the Vicar of Daresbury in a breezy speech of welcome during which he invited us to attend service—an invitation I regret to have to record not taken advantage of as far as I could see by any members—a Godless crowd. Out in the yard it was noticed that the dainty hose encompassing the picturesque nether limbs of the Master had been scarcely soiled, in strong contrast with those of Teddy Edwards which lay hidden under mounds of mud. This mysterious phenomenon gave rise to much comment, various ribald conjectures being put forward. The Master in a burst of confidence put us wise. By the simple and F.H.-like expedient of elongating the leg of the stocking and riding with it at full stretch only the lower portion received the excrescences of the road, so that on arrival the upper portion, chaste, and unsullied, was by a movement of the hand slipped over that which had become unclean, and presented a spotless and eminently beautiful contour to the world. It is this attention to detail which is the despair of all, and has made the Master what he was, and after all, he thus (always logical) only follows out in his person, the great and glorious traditions of our wonderful civilisation. Little by little the party broke up, and warmly accepting the cordial invitation I offered myself I was wafted away, zephyr-like, on Oliver Cooper's limousine, passing with comparative ease a man returning on his 52 incher, and also two very nice old gentlemen gliding peacefully along on self-propelled perambulators, and bearing a strange resemblance to Cook and Teddy—a very interesting sight. After a most enjoyable run via Ellesmere Port, we arrived at Birkenhead in plenty of time for it, and thus a unique experience ended.

Every credit is due to all those who organised the arrangements, which were carried out without a hitch, and I, for one, sincerely trust the gathering will become an annual affair.

One of our distinguished staff, Will Cook (Bless him, he always answers the call—we don't know what we should do without him), has also sent us the following Notes:—

When I was requested by the Committee to represent the Club on the Executive organising the Northern Old Timers' Rally, I felt considerable diffidence, but the way our O.T.'s backed me up by their support soon

removed any qualms, and I desire to personally thank all those who attended this fixture. I felt very proud to find the good old Club so well represented. A muster of over 30 was very gratifying, and would serve to show the cycling world that the Anfield is still a very live organisation. I am sure that those who attended had their reward in a most interesting gathering that will become historic. It was real good to see such stalwarts as our President, Mercer, Toft, and Charlie Conway *on bicycles*, not to mention such "juveniles" as Knipe, Cheminais, Edwards, Jones, Lowcock, Maddock, and Royden. Then again there was a strong walking contingent, and it was delightful to fraternise once again with Buck, Charlie Keizer and Prichard, while it was good to see Oliver Cooper, Crowcroft, Koenen, Arthur Simpson (the glass of fashion and the mould of form), Venables, Dr. Carlisle, and Marchanton flitting about.

Quite a fuss was made of us, and a special photograph "Anfielders only" was taken by the Press Photographer.

Among those who "came from Wigan" was our dear old ex-member McCall, generally called "Young Archie." On a borrowed ice-wagon he was doing himself a lot of good, and was reported to have simply flown under the C.L.C. railway bridge at Warrington. It is certain he broke the Wigan-Warrington record.

We were also glad to see Pa Higham looking fit and well and *per bicycle*.

Our Honorary Member, W. M. Robinson (Wayfarer) seemed delighted to be among us once again. He had joined Newsholme and Cook at Market Drayton, and showed that there are some cycling journalists who can and do ride.

Quite a big crowd lunched at Chester—Manchester Wheelers, Manchester Wednesday, Birkenhead C.C., Cheshire Road Club, and Anfield all being well represented.

Edwards and Cook were the only two old gentlemen on tricycles.

There were not many "bites" to try the antique machines for which Newsholme had provided transport, but quite a lot of young bloods sampled the Bricknell hand geared machine, which seemed to arouse tender memories with R. L. L. K.

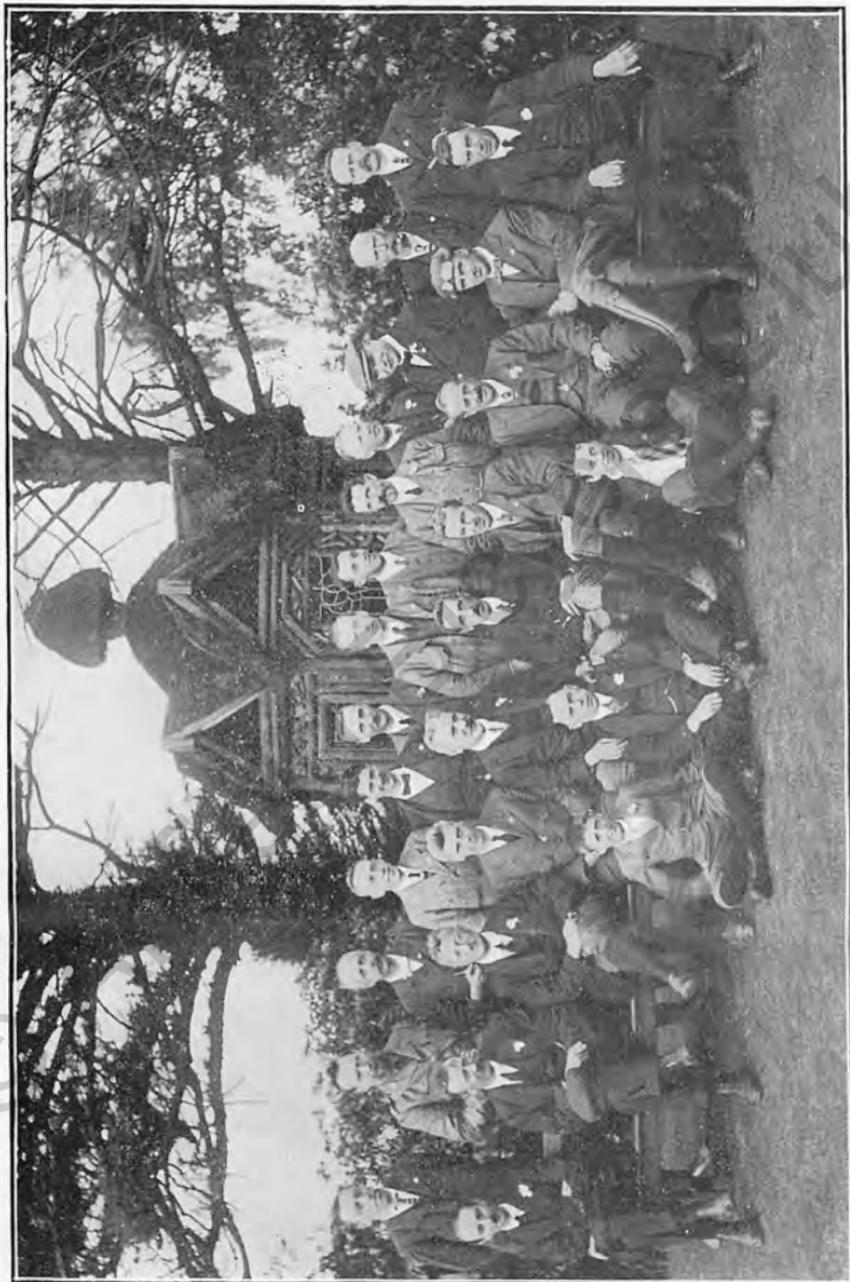
Mr. Pritchard was seen cavorting about on a bunch of golf clubs tied together in simulation of a bicycle (we understand the machine is called a Dirty Peterson) and *threatens* to attend a Club run soon. We sincerely hope he will carry out his threat, for there is nothing to be afraid of, and now is the psychological moment for Dugouts to help keep the old Flag flying.

Copies of the Club photograph (taken by Mr. Edge at Daresbury on Sunday last—a really good group) may be had—price 1/6 each—through McCann. If you would like one—and we feel sure you will do so—please let him know as soon as possible.

A. T. SIMPSON, Editor.

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Taken at Hoo Green, on the 24th June, 1916.



READING FROM LEFT TO RIGHT.—C. H. Turnor, R. L. L. Knire, W. P. Cook, A. Newsholme, E. Webb, E. J. Cody, L. Oppenheimer, J. Leece, D. C. Rowatt, G. Mercer, F. J. Cheminaiis, E. Green, H. Green, H. W. Keizer, J. H. Sumter, E. Edwards, G. E. Carpenter, D. R. Fell, T. Royden, J. C. Band, W. R. Toft, A. Crowcroft, J. Mulleneux, Sumter Junior, A. T. Simpson, and Clifford Dewes.

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ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB.

FORMED MARCH 1879.

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

MONTHLY CIRCULAR.

FIXTURES FOR OCTOBER, 1916.

	Light up at
Oct. 7.—Halewood (Derby Arms)	6.2 p.m.
.. 9.—Committee Meeting, St. George's Restaurant, 7 p.m.	
.. 14.—Warrington (Patten Arms)	5.46 p.m.
.. 21.—Marford (Trevor Arms) and Week-end to Llangollen	5.32 p.m.
.. 28.—Chester (Bull and Stirrup)	5.18 p.m.
Nov. 4.—Moreton (Farmers' Arms)	5.5 p.m.

Full Moon, 11th instant.

Committee Notes.

Stourton Lodge, Arno Road, Oxton.

Mr. Frank Chandler, 22, Holly Bank Road, Birkenhead, has been elected to Active Membership.

The AUTUMNAL TINTS TOUR will take place on the 21st October. As last year the venue will be Llangollen (ROYAL). Tea is scheduled for Marford. A special tariff of 8/- for supper, bed and breakfast has been arranged at the Royal Hotel—for those dispensing with supper the charge will be 6/-. If it is your intention to support this fixture please let me know as soon as possible so that I may reserve you accommodation. Luncheon on the Sunday will be at the Castle Hotel, RUTHIN.

The first of the Winter Socials will be held on November 4th at MORETON, in place of Hunts Cross, the latter place not being altogether satisfactory under the new management. As this is in the nature of an experiment, it is hoped there will be a full attendance to support Mr. A. T. Simpson, who has kindly promised to take charge of the musical arrangements.

The President and Mr. Toft have carried on the much appreciated work of despatching parcels to those of our number On Active Service Abroad—the August parcels contained some sultana cake, cigarettes, a tin of crab and some writing materials; these parcels were sent to eight

members while two special parcels were sent to members in Egypt, containing in one case a quantity of chocolate and in the other some tobacco.

The following members were credited with Club Runs:—E. Edwards and H. W. Keizer for Eaton on the 9th September.

NEW ADDRESSES.—Cpl. J. HODGES, No. 29177, R.E.P.S., A.P.O.S. Z9, Egyptian Ex. Force; Cyclist A. P. JAMES, No. 10202, Z Coy. Army Cyclists Corps, Chiseldon Camp, Wilts.; W. C. TIERNEY, 6, Lord Street, Liverpool; Cpl. W. H. KETTLE, No. 706, 8th East Yorks. Regt., Ward 60A, Bed 36, Red Cross Hospital, Gloucester; Sergt. R. T. RUDD, 1005, B/275 Battery, R.F.A., B.E.F.; Rifleman R. P. SEED, 6/4517 E Coy, 5th T. F. Reserve K.L.R., No. 2 North, Parkhill Camp, Whittington, Salop; 2nd Lieut. H. S. BARRATT, 3rd Batt. Royal Berks. Regt., Victoria Barracks, Portsmouth; 2nd Lieut. LIONEL COHEN, K Coy., 3rd Special Batt. Royal Engineers, B.E.F.; Corpl. E. A. BENTLEY, No. 49230, No. 14 Platoon, No. 4 Coy., 13th Batt. Cheshire Regt., B.E.F.

F. D. McCANN,

Hon. Secretary.

Concerning Those On Service.

Immediately we had gone to press last month came word that Harold Kettle had been wounded for the second time; he wrote from the Red Cross Hospital at Gloucester. He is now going on well, and on the 4th September wrote "Thanks very much for sending the Circulars. I have found them most interesting reading. I shall eventually get some leave when better, and hope to be able to fit in a club run. I am sorry to say I haven't received any copies of 'Cycling,' but that is not surprising because after getting hit on July 1st I had no definite address to send you. I was in Hospital at Rouen, and from there went to the Base at Etaples. While waiting there to move up the line one was uncertain whether one would get back to one's own Battalion or get drafted into another, as I have been. Eventually I went with a draft to the 8th East Yorks. Having been on the machine-guns in my old battalion, I was put in charge of the company machine-guns and made corporal. For a few weeks I had a very decent time training new gun teams—the old teams having been wiped out. I cannot remember whether I told you in my last letter that I was hit more seriously this time. Have got a nasty scalp wound and just missed a fractured skull. The doctor thought it was a fracture and it was X-rayed but turned out to be only a scalp wound. But I am going on all right, and it is healing up very quickly. I manage to get out each day."

We have a card from Bentley, which also was just too late for the last Circular. Bentley is now Somewhere in France, and he writes "I am writing this in the train—we are off at last for Somewhere, and I am just sending this to wish you and all the boys good-bye—for the present as I intend coming back. I shall welcome a line now and then, and also the Circulars." In a later note he also acknowledges receipt of parcel: "Many thanks—letter follows."

Postcard acknowledgments of parcels are to hand from Rudd (2)—"With very many thanks—having a warm time"; A. Warburton, Lt. Cohen, Grimshaw, Hodges, and Percy Williamson who adds "And here's the best of luck to the jolly old Anfield—very best thanks"; while there is also the following from Jack Hodges: "Will you please convey my thanks to the Club for the parcel, which arrived yesterday. At present I am being chased about a bit. Perhaps by the time you receive this I shall have moved again. I should like to make a move in the direction of England, but goodness knows when that will come off!"

Grimshaw also acknowledges a parcel on the 18th Sept., as follows:—
 “Just a line to thank you all for the nice parcel which I received in good order. The writing case is a great brain-wave of someone as it is very useful. Well—we have W. J. Bailey as our Sergt. Major now. I met Genders, of the M.C. and A.C., last week—he has been stationed here for quite a long time but has now left. I see by ‘Cycling’ that you have been having an ‘Old Timers’ Rally—I should have liked to have been there. I think the photos in ‘Cycling’ were very good. I was glad to see them—it makes one think of the old times. I was surprised Buckley was not in it, but I suppose he was too busy making shells. We have finished with cricket; we played fourteen matches, won twelve and lost two—quite a good record. Now we have started playing golf. We have made a nine hole course with greens and bunkers. Last night I had a great game with the Captain, finishing all square in eighteen holes. It is a great game—only one drawback, and that is when you lose a few balls it means parading at the Office for extra pay; but it comes off all right. The weather seems to have broken down here—it is very wet to-day, and it gets very cold at nights under canvas, but it is very healthy. I am getting too fat and have put on nearly two stones so I look like having to do some hard work when I get home to get it off. We are having a slack time at present; in fact we are getting fewer wounded on this part of the line than we have had for some time. Well, good-bye, and kindly remember me to all the boys, again thanking you all for your kindness.”

Letter from R. T. Rudd, dated 17/9/16:—

Just a few lines to let you know that I am still alive and in the very best of health. We have been having a very hot time in a place they called “Hells Valley,” and it was well named. The battery was there for 8 weeks. I do not want to get in another place like it. I lost all my gun detachment, 3 killed and 2 wounded, but I have had the good luck to come out all right. The position we are in is a great deal better, and we have got the Huns well on the move, and in a very short time we will have them over the last crest, then it is flat open country to the German frontier. The fighting here has been very fierce. We have been firing almost continuously now for 10 weeks with short intervals for a little rest. But the heavy guns do not stop—they work two detachments 8 hours on and 8 off. The noise is awful, one continuous roar day and night. The German prisoners say we would get more only they dare not leave their dug-outs because of our shell fire. The fighting is very fierce. But the *Hun has to go and go he will*. Now about the parcels, they are just the limit, mine generally lands when I need it most. Give my very best thanks to all the boys and also to yourself. I was having a good look at the photo in last month’s Circular. It bucked me up to see some of the “Old Faces.” It reminded me of better times. Well we are going to push on and get the job finished as soon as we can, so I hope it will not be long before I am home amongst the “Good Old Anfield Boys” again. I hope you keep in the best of health and I have the pleasure of seeing you again.

Kinghorn, writing to the Keizerette, acknowledges receipt of parcel with thanks, and states he is so busy that correspondence is limited. He continues:—“I had a bad spell of rheumatism which made my work very trying. Since then the weather has been slightly better, but I have struck every stomach complaint that ever was. I have not had my clothes off at night since the middle of July (the letter is dated August 5th) and just at the moment I would not care to ride in an unpaced 12 hours like one I remember, although this I will gamble the heat which prevailed

on that historic occasion would not make me turn a hair after months of this beauty spot." He sends kindest regards to all.

Transcript of a letter received from Lionel Cohen, dated Sept. 6/16:—

"I must say how sorry I am that it was impossible for such an old worn out warhorse like myself to attend at Daresbury, but it was only due to the distance and weather and age limit (I was 846 last Tuesday next). Then again, why didn't you have it somewhere out here? I know several estaminets bashed beyond recognition which would have done for the meet, several howitzer friends who would have provided rations, and now that our course is at least 6 feet under water some of the old heads could have exhibited their prowess. Oh yes, Oh no!! However, I was pleased to receive the Circular and 'Cycling,' and tell old Green he has once more been discovered by one of his old pupils in the person of a Corporal Talbot, of Manchester. He is of great longitude and a cyclist, so I took the opportunity of selling him just one of our bottles of speed oil as used by the leading 4.5's. Activity has truly been the word just recently, and it has been 'some' activity. You must hear this humorous incident. One of our latest arrivals ex Angleterre, of somewhat 'Pavlovlike' movement, was in rear when I was bringing a party out of the trenches, and as the course lay through a so-called communication trench well loved by 'Minnewurfers' and above the knees in H₂O he hesitated to follow, and firmly (mark you firmly!) declared his intention of not getting wet. Now this is where his fairy movements helped him on his way, for he just slipped and passed through the offensive obstacle on his main avoirdupois (Ref. Euclid, Book 7, 1873). Words followed, and of course he being one of my charges was given the honour of a brilliant speech, which only an Anfielder after using his 'fifth spare' could give. It was a funny incident, and it tickles me to death to recall it. However, we've struck one or two 'rough houses,' but fortunately are none the worse for the experiences, which are getting more common than ever. I was very sorry to hear that another calamity had gone Dave Rowatt's way, and in remembering me to him give him my deepest sympathy.

"You might please warn the Editorial Staff that I cannot under any circs. receive any more Circulars owing to the vile and low slander that has been thrust at me. I *do* wash and did have one before (10 minutes before) the photograph was taken. Why, 2 pieces of scented soap were sent me (Oh, ek!) from Liverpool, so warn him with the quill that all further communications must be passed through (twice daily before food) my solicitors, Messrs. Nijninogorod cum Andante-noutroppo. That's my answer to the 'concerning those on service' so tremble ye all!"

"P.S.—Do you think it wise for me to try and touch (from the Greek verb 'I am wanting') the Editor in return for a glowing testimonial?"

[We regret to say that we think this would be an eminently unwise, not to say futile, proceeding in view of the severe strain placed upon the Editorial financial resources due to the callous attitude of our Hon. Treas. in still withholding the just emoluments attaching to our office. The painful aspersions so glibly cast by one of our contributors (who had in the circumstances better be nameless) on our gifted correspondent's ablutionary exercises, slipped unwittingly through the close mesh to which these matters are subjected, and we offer our apologies. Personally, we are quite willing, and indeed, anxious, to believe that our correspondent *does* from time to time, wash.—Ed.]

Arthur Newsholme writes: I had the pleasure of seeing Harold Kettle recently at the Red Cross Hospital, Gloucester, and I am glad to say he looked exceedingly well. He expects to be home on leave shortly, and is looking forward to spending an afternoon with the Club. He sent his best wishes to all his old clubmates.

Heartiest congratulations to Lionel Cohen on being promoted to Commissioned Rank! The following letter tells all that we know about it: "Please note change of address of your humble—2nd Lieut. Li. Cohen, K Coy., 3rd Special Brigade Royal Engineers, B.E.F., and then you will be in complete touch with the recent changes. Myself and three other sergeants were put forward for commissioned rank in our own corps, hence the new title! I consider I am mighty lucky to be attached to my old company for it has the best of reputations. Owing to the exigencies of the campaign I have not as yet a rig-out, and am walking about as a semi-private-officer! More anon and with the best of wishes."

In addition to a postcard acknowledgement from Bentley, there is the following letter: "I was greatly pleased and surprised to receive a parcel from Blighty this morning, and when I opened it and found it was from the A.B.C. I was more pleased still. Please convey my best thanks to the Club for their kindly thought. You will see by my address that I have changed my Battalion since I came up the line, but that is no uncommon thing out here. Our Battalion has just come out of a very hot part of the line and we are in—— just now, which generally means fatigues and drill for the men and courses for the N.C.O.s, and so we are at the moment going through a gym. and bayonet fighting course. It is very enjoyable, and our Staff S.M. is a very good sort and a good'un for getting the work out of one. I have not come across Cohen or any of our boys as yet, but I think Cohen must be up hereabouts somewhere. I don't suppose I shall see blighty this side of Christmas unless the 'Alleyman' crumples up by then—and he's getting a rare bashing now; so I shall have to be at Knutsford in the spirit. You know I often think of the times I was almost too whacked to carry on with the Patten Arms rations, and now when on the move I contemplate the 'bully' and 'hard tack', feeling a deal more whacked, I think what a sore neck I should give the steak and kidney pies and 'boiled' and 'roast'—not 'arf! The country round here is not so bad but the roads are 'napon' for cycling; of course the Army traffic is enormous. Please remember me to President Fell, Toft, Cook, Keizer, Knipe, Edwards, Band . . .—in fact to the whole brigade, and excuse the dirty paper and crabbed writing, as this is being written in a dark barn. I'm fit enough for a 24, tell 'em. With best wishes to everybody."

Scout Reports.

New Connecting Road between Brereton and Chelford.—Some time this year a thoroughfare has been opened which avoids Holmes Chapel and cuts off over half a mile. Coming from the direction of Brereton, and about 5 furlongs past the Brereton milestone, turn right into the road bearing a fingerpost marked Davenport. At Brereton Pool, 2 furlongs along this lane turn LEFT, which in another 3 furlongs brings one out on the Congleton-Holmes Chapel Road, where turn LEFT again and in half a furlong the road for Chelford along the railway branches off to the right.

MEMS.

Members will learn with sincere regret of the recent death of Mr. Phillips, who for so many years was practically "one of us" at Betws-y-Coed each Easter. As an accompanist and singer he was a tower of strength

for our musical evenings, and we shall never forget his classic duets with Mr. Andrews. Always most obliging and "one of the best," he will be sadly missed.

The latest to join the Fellowship of Old Timers are Crowcroft, who began his cycling career in 1885, and G. J. Theakstone, who cannot recollect the time when he did not ride a bicycle. Cook still has some application forms for those who are eligible, *i.e.*, who commenced cycling prior to 1890.

Those of us who supported the Northern Old Time Cyclist's Rally at Daresbury are gratified to learn that the balance available for the N.C.U. Prisoners of War Fund is no less than £31 2/-, which quite puts the tin hat on the results of any other Rally, not even barring the "Daily Mail" boomed Ripley affair, and reflects great credit on the organisers. At the final Meeting of the Organising Committee such flattering things were said about the Anfield that even hardened old sinners like Turnor and Cook actually blushed.

A recent letter from Carpenter recounts two incidents of strong cycling interest. The first goes to show what a perfectly magical "protection" red rear lamps provide, for at the Midland Old Timers' Rally at Stonebridge, Carpenter met a prominent member of the Speedwell B.C. who had *just come out of the hospital* "through being run down from the back by a motor car which did not stop after cutting his rear light clean off and leaving him unconscious in the roadway." Explanations and comments by Arjay, The Scorcher and Percy Low would be interesting. The second incident goes to show how much the average cycle trade knows about gears. Carpenter was in Dublin with his youngest son, and hired a lady back tandem for a week-end 90 mile round of Poulaphouca, Curragh Camp, Newbridge, Wicklow Gap, Glendalough, Roundwood and Bray. On hiring the machine the cycle agent, who claimed to have "ridden it for years" stated that the gear was "about 80," and the chief mechanic who had also "ridden it for years," said it was "about 90"!! We can well imagine how Carpenter of all people would have his hair raised on end at the very mention of such gears. Fortunately, a little sum in arithmetic proved the *actual* gear to be 73.8, which was quite high enough for such a trip on a mixed tandem with 6½ cranks.

Dick Seed made an appearance at the Kafé Konclave on Final Leave. He looks very well, and expects to be out in France before many days.

RUNS.

Halewood, September 2nd, 1916.

How I managed to do it, Heaven alone knows! I, who have the reputation—ill-deserved though it be—of being always late, actually arrived at the rendezvous half an hour before the appointed time. My only excuse—which I humbly advance in extenuation of this lapse on my part—is that my watch had gone wrong, and I had neglected to note the march of time as indicated by the numerous horometrical instruments which had bestrewn my path. Some men are born to punctuality; others, despite life-long efforts, never acquire that vice. I have been condemned by a cruel fate to the latter category. But look at the injustice done me; for every twenty appointments made, eighteen times am I first at the trysting place, and yet the other man—18/20ths more culpable than I—goes on his way holding his head high, and bearing a spotless reputation for blameless punctuality, whilst I, my conscience weighted with 2/20ths only of guilt, must slink along, holding my diminished head in shame. I have never made a fetish

of time; I have always hated those tyrannical devices for measuring its flight, which implacably count out the moments of your existence; contrivances calculated to enslave you to mechanical regularity; constantly goading you on to tasks distasteful; instruments of torture in the vicinity of which that *dolce far niente* "all the world forgetting," is unattainable. Time! Beware of it. It is easy work to get time; hard labour to do it. But I digress; to return to our muttons, the meet.

On reaching the locus in quo, I found Mac. already there, and it was not long before the gathering commenced to assume large proportions. The Manchester section was well represented. It was a welcome sight to see once more a few old members who have been missing from our re-unions all too long. One of these, "Mr." Pritchard, swang in on a weird contraption, the conception of the design of which must surely have emanated from the fertile imagination of Heath Robinson, or been the result of a lobster salad taken late at night. Arthur Simpson arrived on the scene closely pursued by Will Cook, Teddy Edwards, the Mullah and Newsholme. The first-named was in a slightly damaged condition. It appears he had essayed some difficult acrobatic feat en route—he and his highly-trained steed were to clear a dung-heap which lay in their path, but Pegasus, getting out of hand, had run a-muck, and although the performance from a spectacular point of view was a success, yet Arthur felt that something was wanting, to wit, a certain portion of his epidermis of which he had been despoiled in the act. Luckily, Dr. Cook, always prepared with every requisite for all contingencies, was at hand, and he effected the necessary repair.

Food being announced, the party, which now totalled 22, were not long in getting to work on the good and abundant cheer provided by mine hostess of ye "Derby Arms." The meal concluded, some remained chatting at the festive board, others lounged about in the balmy atmosphere outside, while others again withdrew to a secluded chamber close to the shrine of Bacchus. The worship of this heathen deity gives ground for serious thought. Throughout the ages, the cult has continued to flourish, and the cause has had many martyrs. Temples, or Joss-houses, erected to the god may be found in every clime. The ceremony of paying homage usually commences very solemnly, but, as time progresses, the devotees, or jossers, become more emotional. I have seen ardent worshippers remain so long at their devotions to this deity that on trying to rise they have fallen down in ecstatic prostration. In such sacred precincts we had perforce to pay our homage, and, a priestess bringing us an offering, we raised our little fingers (after the manner of the initiated) in silent reverence. Tongues becoming loosened, we listened, interested, to the relation by our worthy President and Oliver Cooper of some of their experiences on the old "ordinary." What a high old time riders must have had in those days! Will Cook excelled himself as a raconteur. But we were shocked, when in a burst of frankness, he told us how he had "struck" a man one week-end at Newport. We had always regarded W. P. C. as a quiet, inoffensive American, and this admission of brutal conduct on his part (when he might have written the man a letter) made us recoil from him, for the moment, in horror. He, however, made us wise by explaining that he had used the term in its peaceful American signification, and all was well. It appears that in America you "strike" a man when you "meet" him—I mean when you strike a man, you don't strike him; you simply meet him. Ergo—it turned out that the encounter referred to was innocent enough. In cheerful company and friendly badinage the evening passed quickly away. The enemy, time, called on the Mancunians to depart, and shortly afterwards the lingerers dispersed to seek their respective habitations.

Eaton, September 9th, 1916.

Undaunted by the threatening weather which prevailed (and perhaps impelled through fear of the bitter contempt of the Cook, to whom all weather is glorious sunshine, roads invariably bone dry, and rain a thing unknown), I released my restive grid which was straining at the leash, and started off via Chester. Shortly after meeting Mac. at this ancient village, Chem. appeared from the opposite direction looking little the worse for his fatiguing train journey, undertaken, so he assured us, in order that he might sustain his unblemished reputation for keeping appointments. Poor Mac. having treadled all this distance, was no match for the wily veteran who had used his head (and incidentally saved his legs) in this unscrupulous manner, and from reports received I understand he bitterly regretted the unfortunate rencontre, as Chem. riding at the top of his form gave him no mercy, reeling off mile after mile in sixes and sevens apparently without effort. A few miles from the venue I came across Turnor greedily searching for pace, and piloted him in at a modest thirty or forty to find a good crowd already assembled, including Cook, Toft, Fell, Cooper, Oppenheimer, Chandler, Band, H. Green, and H. W. Keizer.

Shortly afterwards several other Simpsons, packed together in a side-car outfit, turned up with a view to joining the week-end party to Hawkstone. George Mercer then rolled up in his car, but there was still no sign of Teddy Edwards. It transpired afterwards that he had had his usual accident, but gaining from experience had organised it much better, descending comparatively close to the station at Runcorn. He had with youthful enthusiasm taken on a local "bite" in this locality, who lightly regarded him as easy meat, but who becoming fearful of severe reprisals had suddenly swerved, neatly lopping off with his crank the major portion of Teddy's front wheel. This necessitated trundling the mutilated remains of the perambulator to the station, a procession causing considerable interest to the neighbourhood. It must also have been a picturesque spectacle to see this oft-wounded vehicle being conveyed in state on the top of a four-wheeler from Lime Street to the author of its being, where I hear there is always a special empty ward ready for its reception. It is currently reported that Mr. Routledge, now unselfishly consecrates his Saturday afternoons wistfully waiting and watching for the return of his wandering frike . . . The usual egg tea was provided, and as the weather appeared more and more threatening, the week-end party, consisting of Cook, Chem. and the bulk (if such an expression can be applied to these liliputians) of the Simpsons, made an early start. I was deputed to act as advance guard in order to book the rooms (Cook being afflicted with a strong weakness in this direction), and arrived in good time to find the hotel in a state of transition and desuetude; the side-car followed on after having survived sundry sanguinary encounters with recalcitrant gates, and eventually the two C.'s made their appearance. A bitter disappointment awaited them owing to the impossibility of defending the Realm, which was, however, transformed in beatific content on learning that diplomatic overtures had resulted in the conveyance of liquid nourishment in slightly more than medicinal doses to my bed-chamber. Up to this point I flattered myself the affair had been managed with consummate organisation, but had to revise this estimate later, as visions of myriads of empty vessels floating in every conceivable shape in an atmosphere reinforced with the perfumes distilled from every known type of fumigatory weapon were not really conducive to tranquil repose. On second thoughts, I believe the orgy would have been much better in Cook's room, as, I understand, apart from certain nocturnal somnambulistic excursions in a given direction now performed by him twice nightly with unconscious but mathematical precision, nothing ever interferes with his peaceful slumbers. After a sumptuous

supper a move was made to the salon, and the fair recipient of the diplomatic overtures invited to listen (enraptured, as we fondly anticipated) to Chem.'s inimitable entertainment. This illusion, however, was completely shattered, as he had not gone far with his justly popular "Coming Home," which depicts with luminous clarity the trials and tribulations of a gentleman trying to regain his domicile whilst in a state of alcoholic insouciance, and his gyrations which bore a striking resemblance to a letter which has no place (or at least an unimportant one) in the French alphabet, when the lady, evidently obsessed with the hygienic arrangements—which were not elaborate—of the establishment, instinctively connected this harmless allusion with them, and precipitately fled. Probably in regarding the matter in that way she had been overwhelmed with the ghastly contrast between the happy facility displayed by the gentleman in question in the matter of ingress and egress and the impossibility of emulation. Be that as it may, appeals were powerless to persuade her to return, as she said worse things might remain behind! Poor Chem.'s face was a study in conflicting emotions—he refused to be comforted, and it was not until the soothing balm bottled up in the chamber à coucher, had been lavishly poured down his (not too) reluctant throat that the equilibrium was restored. The following morning, after a good breakfast a Cook's Tour was organised through the beautiful and interesting estate, the guide displaying a wealth of knowledge together with geological and historic lore, which was as grateful as it was comforting. Great heights were climbed at imminent peril to life and limb, cavernous caves exploited and deep dungeons of cimmerian gloom explored by the light of wax vestas. Eventually we all returned for lunch, and afterwards all the Simpsons and Chem. made tracks for Shawbury, the Cook ploughing a lonely furrow through the lanes to Chester, where I met him later, the other remnants of the party having gone to Ellesmere till the morrow. Thus ended a most enjoyable outing.

Acton Bridge, September 16th, 1916.

I have just received a note from the Editor which sent a cold shiver down my back—a request to write the account of the run last Saturday. Why I should be called upon I cannot say, and it is with a dithering hand and much head scratching that I try to scrape up a few reminiscences of the previous Saturday's "work." Meeting Cook on the boat that morning, we decided on a "tour" for the afternoon. At 2.30 precisely the Royal brougham was backed out of the courtyard in Greenway Road, and speedily joined Dews and the writer at the bottom of the lane. Passing the Travelers Rest in Storeton Road, Cook as usual met "friends," this time one of the sterner sex, ambling along with straight back, and amongst other things Southport handlebars—F.H. please note! On the previous Saturday it was a daintily dressed elderly looking female, walking in the middle of the road with an inclination to starboard, to whom he bestowed a few persuasive words as to the need of somebody to take care of her—I don't know whether he was contemplating applying for the job; she'd be rather dead weight on the tandem. Our route lay on through Chester, via the Pack Horse Road to Duddon, sheering off at Calveley to Whettenhall. Here we cut short the prospective route via Church Minshall, and proceeded via Darnhall Green to Over. At the latter place a funeral was in progress, and the natives had an exhilarating moment from the morbidity of the proceedings when they beheld a mad old gentleman on a tricycle tearing through the village. They must have felt pity, for did not a fair lady propelled by an auto-wheel offer the loan of her pot boiler, whilst her male companion wanted to know why the so and so and so and so didn't he get an auto-wheel. As our readers will quickly perceive "the fat was in the fire," and the fair lady and her companion were invited to "come

on." This they attempted to do, and Dews and the writer had quite an entertaining 15 minutes. The fair one put full steam ahead on her beloved auto-wheel, whilst her companion put on his - +250 gear to try and demonstrate to this stupid old gentleman that auto-wheels could go faster than tricycles, but all to no avail as the old gentleman's legs went round like flywheels, and the twain were left behind sadder and wiser. They even had nothing to say when the writer passed them at the end of the race, and twitted them as to success. This, of course, pretty well brought us to our coaling depôt, and we arrived to find a good display of machines in the yard, and the tea table in the possession of Turnor, McCann, Green, Edwards, Royden, Cody, Toft and Venables. The place was under new management and those responsible appeared somewhat at sea, for after the first lot of bread and butter had been quickly devoured, the hungry ones had a wild-goose chase to find stray pieces left that afternoon by previous parties, whilst most of us had to help ourselves to the tea. After 20 minutes wait the eggs arrived (loud applause, to the embarrassment of the young stripling who officiated); at the same time Hawkes appeared, tastefully decorated with a salmon-coloured necktie, and was immediately supplied with cold chicken. At the end of the feast the accustomed fumigation took place, Teddy Edwards enjoying his usual eighteen-penny cigar. The party then adjourned to the bowling green, whilst shortly afterwards Cook and the Mullah disappeared to try the home-made lemonade. Cody then set off home via Warrington, whilst the advance scouting party, composed of Tommy and Teddy decided that discretion was the better part of valour, and made a bee-line for the main road. McCann and Dews followed, whilst Toft and Venables proceeded on their oil tanker via salubrious Widnes; Green, Turnor, Cook and the writer simultaneously made tracks for home, the latter couple going via Cronton and then through the Forest. They arrived at Chester before the others, who had been delayed by Edwards puncturing at Helsall. All were safely berthed at the Bull and Stirrup, where they found Hawkes who had trained to Chester owing to indisposition—debris of cold chicken responsible possibly. After the party had been successfully "mugged," the final stages of the day's outing were entered upon, the top road and Thornton Hough being the favoured route, the party arriving in the city of the (very distant) future shortly after 11 p.m.

Daresbury, September 23rd, 1916

It was quite another Old Timers' Rally—Boss Higham, whom we were all very pleased to see once again amongst us, "F.H.," the Doctor, and Crowcroft, were out early, in addition to the regular attendants. The Doctor was mounted on his young hopeful's bicycle, replete with all the latest refinements, one of which, an ingenious piece of mechanism, is understood to make all roads level, and so to do away with the possibility of any tired feeling. Some doubts were cast on this claim, but the Doctor said there was something in it. The usual excellent meal was served to time, and had been partially despatched, when it was remarked with regret that the Literary Man and Chem., who have shed the light of their presence on all recent runs to Daresbury, were not of the party. Remembrances of the way this twain have of finding adventures on the way to runs, left with us a hope that they might still arrive, and that hope was not disappointed for, shortly before the witching hour of 6.30—when pub. doors yawn and pumps give out their beer—the perspiring features of Chem. were discerned within the portals, followed at a decent interval by those of his Jonathan. They gently insinuated themselves into the circle, and seemed pleased to get to an anchor. The recital of their coming was somewhat confused, and I am by no means clear whether they alleged they had walked all the way from

Liverpool or not, but Chem. later on removed his boots and informed us that his feet were bleeding, so that the passage, wherever from, had obviously been a strenuous one. They informed us at table that they had walked on and on, putting behind them with scorn all thought of conveyances, although numerous pains assailed them and no means were open to them of assuaging their hunger—or thirst; in fact, they felt they had accomplished a feat worthy of the traditions of the A.B.C. Reminiscences of ancient races (everything before 1914 seems ancient now, doesn't it?) were indulged in, and we were informed exactly how Cody won a 21, and Oppenheimer lost one, and how Chem. disappointed his admirers, all on account of his watch stopping and his desire not to beat the other chaps by too large a margin, and so hurt their feelings. But the most interesting reminiscence of all was quite a recent one and had nothing to do with racing. It was in truth a harrowing story. Several of the members had journeyed southward to spend the week-end at a hostelry long favoured by them, and had found things vastly altered there. Each of the party had some grievance, though not necessarily the same as that of the others. One, a noted entertainer, who proudly claims that his turns are such that they can be given in any drawing-room without fear of causing the blush of shame to mantle the brow of even the most susceptible, had been terribly misunderstood, a word in one of his recitations having been given a meaning which, as he plaintively said, not even the hardened Anfielders had ever attached to it. Much comfort had to be administered to him in one of the bedrooms (they weren't allowed to have it in the bar) before the memory of the affront was sufficiently wiped out to admit of his obtaining that rest which his exertions had earned for him. However, in the morning, after breakfast, a possible explanation of the strange misunderstanding was forthcoming, for a certain subject was so acutely present in the minds of all the occupants of the hotel that any one of them might be excused for seeing references to it everywhere. It was indeed an obsession and, in the circumstances, a natural one. Even our men had it. Over the frenzied wanderings of one cherubic person about the hotel, then to the Post Office, only to find it and its appurtenances hermetically sealed to him, notwithstanding his urgent need and his readiness to pay an exorbitant price for the trifling privilege demanded, his subsequent conference with others in like case, and then the furtive procession which stole into the park, armed with a primitive instrument to cover their tracks—over all this, I say, let us draw a veil of kindly sympathy, and pause only to breathe a sigh of relief that they, at long last, found a happy issue out of their affliction; it might have been worse.

The Realm was successfully defended (with some little tact, of course) and most of the party cleared for home, or elsewhere, early, just a few lingering until the evening shadows made the lighting of lamps necessary. We left Chem. and the Editor Chap quite comfy there, but I have no doubt that they accomplished their task of walking home—their "brave little 'arts" are good for anything.

Chester, September 30th, 1916.

This fixture seems to have been "sweetness long drawn out," for Lord Hawkes and Ap. Preece put in their run during the afternoon, and could not wait for tea as they were week-ending at Llanarmon O.L., while "B. L." Simpson went via Bettws-y-Coed, and did not reach the Bull and Stirrup till 72 hours later! It has been mentioned previously that our Editor is full of wiles, but he has now broken out in a new spot and taken to trunk telephone messages to book his victim! So Beware! However, to "get back to Greenwich" (which is the new "Daily Liar" phrase) it is pleasing to record that the glorious weather attracted a muster

of 14, not counting either the advance guard week-enders, Sunter, who was in Chester but not with us, or Knipe, who got as far as the vicinity of the Landing Stage to enquire "where the run was"! We were all glad to have Captain Seed once more at the head of the table, but greatly missed Edwards (holidaying again with Lloyd George) and Newsholme (paying a flying visit to the Baron per S.S. "St. Louis"). Other Liverpool members present were Band, Toft, Cooper, Morris, Keizerette (via Warrington with a petrol substitute in the form of steam), Venables, Chandler, Cook, Dews and Mac., while Manchester was in a minority again with only Turnor, Green and Oppenheimer out. From all accounts Chandler had been lost in a morass near Ince, and will have to consult Chem., who is the acknowledged authority on such matters. Band seems hardly to have recovered from his Bull Bay experiences, and fell an easy victim to some "youth and beauty" on the top road in the form of a squad of lady horse-breakers from a remount depôt. Perhaps it was just as well Royden was *not* out—or stay, did he stop at Mollington? Cook and Dews on a tandem were apparently the only "round the earth merchants," and they met Turnor at Kelsall. After an excellent tea the party broke up early, and some households must have had a shock. Cook and Dews went on to Llanarmon to join Montag, Preece and Hawkes, and it is reported the party next day made a new crossing of the Berwyns direct across by Plas Nantyr to Glyn-dyfrdwy, and then not content proceeded right across the Llantysillio mountain via Bwlch-y-groes to Bryn Eglwys and Llandegla. Any *cyclist* wanting a novelty for the Autumnal Tints week-end might try this Bwlch-y-groes if they are tired of the Horseshoe.

A. T. SIMPSON, Editor.

ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB.

FORMED MARCH 1879.

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

MONTHLY CIRCULAR.

FIXTURES FOR NOVEMBER, 1916.

		Light up at
Nov. 4.	Moreton (Farmers Arms). Musical Evening	5-0 p.m.
.. 11.	Daresbury (Ring o' Bells)	4-49 p.m.
.. 13.	Committee Meeting, St. George's Restaurant, 7 p.m.	
.. 18.	Halewood (Derby Arms)	4-39 p.m.
.. 25.	Chester (Bull and Stirrup)	4-31 p.m.
Dec. 2.	Moreton (Farmers Arms)	4-22 p.m.

Alternative Run for Manchester Members.

Nov. 18.	Knutsford (Lord Eldon)	4-39 p.m.
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Full Moon, 9th instant.

Committee Notes.

Stourton Lodge, Arno Road, Oxton.

Mr. H. Marshall Higham, The Rowans, Dunham Massey, near Altrincham has resumed Active Membership.

APPLICATION FOR HONORARY MEMBERSHIP.—Mr. William Cameron, 5, Seymour Road, Broad Green, proposed by W. P. Cook and seconded by C. F. Hawkes.

The second of the Winter Socials will be held at Moreton on the first Saturday in December—Mr. Theakstone has kindly promised to take charge of the musical programme. It is suggested that at least one of these evenings should be held nearer Manchester, say at Warrington, in the hope that the Mancunians will rally in full force. If you have any feeling in the matter, please put it in writing and let me have it so that the Committee may be guided.

A special letter was instructed to be sent to 2nd-Lieut. Lionel Cohen, congratulating him upon being granted a commission in the field.

The September parcels despatched to those of our Members on Active Service Abroad numbered eight, and contained cigarettes, matches, pilchard-sardines and sultana cake.

NEW ADDRESSES.—2nd-Lieut. LIONEL COHEN, R.E., Depôt Special Brigade, Royal Engineers, B.E.F.; Rifleman R. P. SEED, 6/4517, 5th K.L.R., 24 I.B.D., A.P.O. Sec. 17, B.E.F.; Corpl. J. HODGES—the old address is cancelled—on the 3rd October he writes “Am leaving for Alexandria to-day; new address in a week or so.” 2nd-Lieut. W. H. C. BINNS, 3rd East Surrey Regt., Grand Shaft Barracks, Dover; Gunner W. R. OPPENHEIMER, No. 102808, No. 180 Siege Battery, R.G.A., B.E.F.; 2nd-Lieut. H. S. BARRATT, 5th Royal Berks., B.E.F.

F. D. McCANN,
Hon. Secretary.

Treasury Notes (not negotiable).

The application of the little “Red Slip” proved an excellent tonic for jaded memories last month, and some immediate recoveries are announced.

There are still, unfortunately, many obstinate cases which have failed to “yield” to the treatment, and a “second application” is necessary.

May I venture to hope that all sufferers from this dreadful complaint which leads to an acute form of non-subscription may find this second application, like Homoeoa, touches the spot.

They should immediately write me out a cheque, as a sign of their relief; or rush at once into one of the numerous palatial buildings belonging to the Bank of Liverpool and plank down their sub. (Tue Brook Branch).

My address is still 108, Moscow Drive.

(Signed) THE MAN FOR YOUR MONEY.

Concerning Those On Service.

The following is from a letter, dated 8th Oct., from Cohen to Cook: “I have been sent from the trenches to one of the softest (I hope!) jobs ever heard of—Splendid!—near a big town. Nothing to do! Plenty to drink; in fact it ought to be a job for life. To be more explicit, ‘some dear’ had the idea that I’m a bit of a tamer of wild animals and I have been sent to do the deed as a so-called expert. Oh, wait till they find me out! Quelle espérance!! The next detail is, of course, leave, and I’m after it like hot cakes. Oh, it’s a fine war! More anon.”

We are pleased to learn that Harold Kettle is now nearly convalescent—he writes on the 16th Oct.: “I have been marked out by the doctor and shall in the course of a day or so be going to a Convalescent Home. I don’t know where this will be, but a lot have gone from here to Epsom. After that I am expecting to get my leave. The wound has quite healed up, and I feel A.I. Kind regards to all.”

A further letter, dated 15th Oct., is to hand from Second-Lieut. Li. Cohen—it reads as follows:—“The parcel duly arrived yesterday; contents were as good as ever. Please give my best thanks to THE Club, whose efforts I am sure are fully appreciated by all who receive such parcels as the one just to hand.

“Did I tell you my change of address? If not here it is—Depôt Special Brigade, R.E., B.E.F. The above has come about through the Brigade detailing me off as O.C. Details and Brigade Instructor to all new drafts for our particular branch of the Corps. It was a pleasant surprise to come

out of the trenches absolutely up to the waist (I fell in about three holes) in mud and other wet delicacies, and then receive orders to pack up and go down the line. At first I thought it was for a warmer job than that I have been on for the past thirteen months—but no! 'twas not so—and at last the 'old man' has a staff job. So far I have had a week on same, and, although it suits me A.I., it is very quiet in these parts after the excitement of the trenches. Mind ye, Mac, I was built for a quiet life, but I suppose after a few weeks down here the recklessness of youth will out, and I shall want to return to the dirty work. My company is about 20% strong, but of course it is continually varying, and does not entail my doing more than two hours' work per day; so with a good staff and comfortable bed *with white sheets* it is a very pleasant change to return to civilisation once again. I was in a très chaud district until this last move, so the change ought to be very beneficial to my nerves, which, as you know, require delicate handling!"

In acknowledging the August parcel, Percy Williamson writes: "Once again my very best thanks for the really useful parcel."

Two more members are now in France, viz., H. S. Barratt and W. R. Oppenheimer—the latter writes: "A line to let you know that I am out in France, so that I may get the Circular to let me know how things are going and to remind me of home. This is quite a change from Portsmouth, Aldershot, Salisbury Plain, Newbury—our previous stations, and in fact is 'it.' I am feeling quite fit and ready for our job, but at the same time not quite as youthful as when I was riding 24 hour road races, some sixteen years ago! Anyway, it is rather a change from Special Police duty, which I did for eighteen months or so. There is quite a good lot of fellows in this Battery and our guns are A.I. I am down as an 'observer,' so expect to see what they can do in real work. My best wishes to all the members, and particularly my old friends who were so kind to me in my active days."

Here's wishing the best of everything to these two—the latest of "ours" to cross to France.

Postcard acknowledgments of safe receipt of parcels are to hand from Hodges, Grimshaw, Cohen, Williamson—"Once again my very best thanks for really useful parcel." Hubert Roskell—"Many thanks," Warburton, while Grimshaw follows up his post card with the following letter: "Just a line to thank the members for their kindness in sending the parcel, which was very nice and useful, and turned up just in time to save my life, as we were all broke, and the cigs. done, so you can guess there was a raid on them equal to any of the German raids. I have just had a long letter from Crow, and a big parcel of the 'Irish Cyclist' enough to last until after la guerre. I am glad to learn of Cohen's promotion—he deserves it, but fancy meeting him and coming to attention! I'm afraid I should forget, for if there is anyone in France I would like to meet it is him and Bentley. I only hope I don't meet them in the way I have a few. I am always looking out for someone I know as we get through a few hundreds a week, but, thank God, none of our men has been among them. I think Lionel is a wonder at being cheerful. I will see, if we ever have the luck to ride another '50' together, that he wins both first and fastest if I have to ditch the rest! It is getting very cold here now, but we are not taking much harm as yet; we are lucky, as compared with the 'proper soldiers,' ours is play. I am feeling a bit sorry for myself to-day—I played in a football match the other day, and because I scored the first

goal I nearly got my head kicked off if I looked at the ball after. I had to go through it, but it was just what I like—I can give a bit back as I am weighing nearly 14 stone! In fact, I am trying to catch Hubert Roskell up, but am afraid I shall puncture before then!"

Binns, who has not been heard from for a long time, has at last been got into touch with again, as the following long but supremely interesting letter shows:—

I was jolly glad to hear from you and I hope you are well. I think the better plan is to give you a short résumé of what happened to me since I was in Ireland. When in Ireland I did a bombing course and finished in the first four and was passed as Instructor. Therefore they sent me to Clapham Common (near London), for an advanced bombing and high explosive course. By the way, at Clapham Common I passed as Instructor. Whilst I was in London on this course the Irish Rebellion broke out, and I had to rejoin in Ireland at once. After many journeys to and from the War Office, I finally pushed off from Euston to Liverpool with a view to shipping to Belfast. Instead of which I went from Liverpool to Holyhead, crossed over by the packet to Kingstown, and was stuck on patrols in Kingstown. I can tell you that Dublin and its neighbourhood was decidedly "hectic." After a day I managed to get a passage on a Destroyer from Kingstown to Queenstown, and from the latter place proceeded by rail to Fermoy Barracks. They had got the "wind up" very badly there, and we did a lot of patrolling and picqueting until we went out to a little village to collar some rebels. This was not effected until we had a lively exchange of shots. We had a terrible time taking these blighters through Cork, but we got them safely to the Barracks. We had several days of this confounded soldier-police kind of job, until we formed up a big column of artillery, cavalry, infantry and supply. With this blessed circus we started all round the southern counties of Ireland, rounding up rebels and searching for arms and ammunition. I had the luck to get the largest haul of the latter in one shop—revolvers, rifles, and hundreds of rounds of ammunition. You can take it from me that the Sinn Feiners are swine—I saw some horrible sights. We finished this stunt on a Saturday, and got into Barracks about lunch time, and at midnight that very day a big draft of officers was warned for France; I was one of that draft. We left Ireland on the Monday, travelled via England, had a few hours in England and proceeded to France. I had one night at the Base and then went up the line to railhead. I was attached to the 12th Bde. in France. From railhead we marched to the Batt. Transport lines, stayed the night, and next morning got on with it up to our trenches. We were shelled in the Transport lines and also on our way to the trenches—a good beginning, eh? So you see that in almost two days from leaving England I was in the front line of trenches. My platoon (and Company as well, of course) had gone in that same morning. At the time the thing that struck me the most was the shortness of the journey from England to sixty yards from the Hun. It seemed to me "so sudden." My experiences in and out of the trenches, etc., of course, were, I suppose, like most people's. My foot got injured in Ireland, so much so that it had to be treated in Fermoy hospital, and got very much worse in France. You must understand that there one is hardly ever off one's feet. It got so bad that they sent me down to the Base, and from thence back to England where I had a month in hospital, which was nearly all spent in bed. I assure you I could not believe my good fortune; you have no idea what it is like to get back to England after being in that veritable hell—for that is what it is like

often—nothing more nor less. I was stuck on light duty without marching, and went back to the 11th Batt., at Shoreham. There I did all manner of jobs; acted as second in command of "A" Coy., and then took charge of all returned convalescent Expeditionary Force men; lectured on gas attacks, etc. After that I drew large scale plans of the camp, and also the Brigade's system of trenches. This drawing job was for the General Commanding at Shoreham. When all Expeditionary Force Officers were transferred from 2nd Reserve Battalions to the Special Reserve Battalions (part of the peace time army), I came down to Dover, where they put me in second command of a Company. Then I went to the School of Musketry at Hythe, to do a range-taking course (I believe I qualified as range-taker there). A week last Saturday I was made Machine Gun Officer to the Batt., so obtaining at last a job where I am answerable to the Commanding Officer only. It has taken me a long time to get it; I have been in the army nearly two years, and have been commissioned just over twelve months. We are in Barracks, which I detest, I would much prefer to be in hutments. This Batt. is run on peace time lines, the discipline being very strict. By the way, I have eight machine guns in my M.G. Section.

Dover is a very interesting place if one had the time to take any interest in things. We see Navy craft of all descriptions, including Submarines, Monitors, Aeroplanes, Seaplanes, Airships, Battleships, and all manner of craft one can imagine in the harbour. I am still on light duty without marching, but am due to a Medical Board any day now, so I don't know what will happen to me. Anyway, my foot is very little better, if any. Yesterday and to-day (and if all's well, to-morrow) I have been making a copy of the secret plan of the outpost defences of this place and neighbourhood for our C.O. So you will see from the foregoing that I have had a varied time of it lately—very much so. But I often long for the smell of dust and petrol of those dear old Cheshire lanes in Summer. One does not appreciate home until one is across the water; and it's worse when one is married. I wish you good night, for I am sure you are fed up with my uninteresting yarn (No! No!) I hope you are well and that you will keep so, and I hope that some day, please God before long, I shall have the pleasure of seeing you up in that north county again.

kindest regards and best wishes.

MEMS.

"On and after 30th Sept. the business hours of this establishment will be as follows: Monday to Friday, 9 a.m. to 7 p.m.; Saturdays, 9 a.m. to 1 p.m." Such is the announcement made by a certain member, who, incidentally, has not been able to attend Club Runs because he was so tied to business on Saturdays. Now, don't you think it possible to get out on Saturdays?—even occasionally; if you have laid your car up what's the matter with a bicycle?—it's better than g. . . f!

Wednesday, 25th October. Fellowship of Old Time Cyclists Annual Dinner.

This function took place at Frascati's Restaurant, Oxford Street. The Anfield were represented by Neason and Beardwood, supported by two old members, Hellier and Tooth, and a first rate menu graced the board. After the loyal toasts were drunk, a high class musical entertainment was given interleafed by a few speeches. E. H. Godbold proposed the toast of "The Old Timers" in an excellent speech, Martin D. Rucker proposed the Chairman's health in a sparkling speech, and J. H. Adams in replying gave a few reminiscences of ancient times. The Hon. Sec., W.

J. Harvey, gave a brief résumé of the Fellowship and how the membership has grown.

All the giants of the cycling world were gathered around, in fact, never since the last Olympia motor show have so many of the "heads" been gathered under one roof. Of a few better known to the Anfield were J. M. James, Tommy Edge, A. J. Wilson, Capt. Chas. Jarrott, R. L. Philpot, C. S. Brooke, Frank Shorland, Monty Holbein, Bob Cripps and Herbert Syner.

Two more members have joined the Fellowship of Old Timers, and are now proudly sporting the badge—W. M. Owen and J. Seed are the latest to register themselves. There are still plenty of members eligible, and they are asked to please accept this—the only intimation.

The Organising Committee of the Northern Old Timers' Rally purpose having a Hot Pot Supper at the Victoria Hotel, Liverpool, during the Winter. This gathering will be semi-private and only open to the members and their friends, but of course all Anfielders are "friends" of three of the Committee, and as the Club played no small part in the Rally at Daresbury, it is desirable that it should be well represented at this Hot Pot. The date will be announced later, but it would facilitate matters if those wishing to attend the function would intimate their intention to either Turnor, Newsholme or Cook.

The papers are now full of articles on the subject of petrol substitutes. We are told that there are no less than 22 known substitutes, but we are convinced that a good bicycle or tricycle is much the best petrol substitute.

We have received the following from an occasional but ever-welcome contributor:—

To the Editor of the Anfield Gazette,

May I suggest that you convey to our members at the front, and if necessary to the authorities concerned, through the medium of your far reaching monthly publication, the wish that these members shall henceforth be closely identified with the new landmonsters—The Fighting Tanks.

It is more than likely that this term, as applied to these Cars of Juggernaut, has sprung from the fertile brain of one of our own braves, as, from all accounts, there is a close resemblance between the inside of these cars and the cosy corners of the original tank at the Glan Aber—in the close atmosphere for one thing, and in the fighting spirit and the numbers of those packed within for another.

It would certainly be fitting if one such tank could be manned by a crew composed of seasoned Anfield Tankers, with our dear Hubert—he who rather more than less assembled his present proportions in club tanks—at the helm. 'Tis but a stride from driving the "Box-o'-Nails o'er hill and dale to guiding a fighting Tank 'cross trench and shell hole. As for the rest of the crew, are not most of our fighting members trained to the stokehole?

With Cohen in command, Bentley at the Periscope, and Jimmy James in charge of the manhole, deathblows will be dealt. Frank Roskell who has strong claims is, I fear, crowded out by his elder.

Why should not the club subscribe to have its own Tank at the front, like other public bodies present ambulances.

THE RHAPSODIST.

[We welcome this brilliant suggestion with enthusiasm, and in token thereof are, ourself, willing, nay anxious, to receive contributions towards the object outlined. From the voluminous details already furnished by our contemporaries' Experts (who have been as strikingly successful in this as in the other war matters so ably dealt with) we calculate the cost at anything between one and twenty thousand pounds. This should not be a difficult matter to collect, and cheques or postage stamps can be fired at us with impunity. Even should the total sum not prove sufficient, the donors will have the satisfaction of knowing that the proceeds will go to some deserving object—probably the Editor.—Ed.]

One of our regular gentlemen well known for his frenzied enthusiasm in connection with everything emanating, however remotely, from our brave Defenders of the Realm, has favoured us with the following items. Personally, we long for the day (or rather night) when it will be incumbent upon every object, animate or inanimate, to sport these fairy-glen adornments; when every highway and bye-way will become a miniature White City and dispel the monotony—at present unrelieved, except perhaps every few yards, by any excitement—of riding at nights, more especially in mechanically driven vehicles:—

It has eventuated. We knew it would. We are now well on the way to rear lights for pedestrians. Schedule 4x-y of the Defence of the Realm Regulations provides ample scope for interesting developments. New orders are being issued every warm day, and the latest provides that "On and after October 22nd every person who shall cause or permit any horse, mare, gelding, mule, ass, bull, ox, cow, kid or swine to be driven or led during the period between half an hour after sunset and half an hour before sunrise along public highways shall provide a lamp showing a *white* light both at the front *and to the rear*," with provisions for a second lamp "if the herd or drove contains more than 20 head of cattle or more than 100 head of sheep, etc., etc.!" We have now come to the point when cats and dogs, equestrians, and pedestrians are about the only unlighted road users; which is rather an amusing commentary on the outcry for *reduced* lighting and war economy! But be of good cheer, gentle reader, the pedestrians' turn will come all in due time when the Home Office officials have recovered from the exhaustion caused by their latest brain wave. Already in anticipation the police of Birmingham on point duty carry little red lamps on their hats! We shall soon all be seeing red! A policeman on point duty is supposed to make signals directing the traffic, but if the policeman cannot be seen without a red lamp on his hat, how can his signals be seen? Don't ask silly questions, but prepare yourself for the future by laying in a stock of oil and lamps before they are exhausted. Otherwise you will find you must either stay indoors at night or go to gaol!

The C.T.C. has been distinguishing itself by refusing to take any steps to secure the exemption of led cycles from the necessity of carrying lighted lamps, from mistaken ideas of patriotism and absurd fears that any such action would prejudice the standing of cycles as "vehicles" under the Cyclists' Magna Charta. Seeing that in ante-bellum days cycles were rightly treated in a special class with lights only required when *ridden*, without in any way prejudicing their rights as vehicles, it is rather difficult to follow the C.T.C. logic. Meanwhile a new Lighting Order has been

issued by the Home Office (which makes new Orders almost daily with great facility, to the confusion of those who have to try and comply with them to avoid £100 fine and 6 months in gaol!), and the demand for the exemption of led cycles has been granted, notwithstanding the C.T.C. Thus this organisation has lost a golden opportunity of scoring a point in its campaign for new members by showing that it really does something for cyclists. The present jellyfish policy of inaction will be the death of the C.T.C. if persisted in much longer.

Extract from letter received from Arthur Newsholme, dated from New York, Oct. 17:—

"Am very nearly through with New York and expect to be in Canada this week-end; had quite a good passage. I looked up Fulton and had lunch with him yesterday, and to-morrow evening we are having dinner together; he is quite well and evidently making good. He made many inquiries about his old friends of the Anfield, and said he was mighty glad to see a fellow member and have a chat about the doings of the old club.

"Cycling here is somewhat of a dead letter, in fact it would be impossible to ride through the streets of New York without running the risk of having the machine doubled up in consequence of the execrable road surface, or of having a score or two of motor cars buzzing round one's neck. Up town there are a few machines to be seen, all single geared, some fixed, some free with coaster hubs; but what struck me most about them was the diversity of the handle bars—that is as regards shape; no two seemed to be alike, flat bars, dropped bars, some with forward extensions, some backward, many were turned up with grips pointed skywards; they looked more like beer pump handles than anything else. Many of the machines have extra tubes added to the frame, presumably for strengthening purposes. I also noticed that many of the front forks were built with an extra blade on each side. Stands, a la motor cycle fashion, also form part of le tout ensemble; and to further complete the equipment mention must be made of electrically lit lamps and Klaxon hooters. So far as I could see these machines are chiefly ridden to and fro on the ironed surfaces of Fifth Avenue, River Side Drive, etc.

"Weather here splendid, brilliant sunshine. Last week it was 84 degrees in the shade; this week a little cooler but very pleasant."

RUNS.

Halewood, 7th October, 1916.

It was a lovely afternoon for cycling, so having disposed of my arduous military duties, I set out for an extended tour, via Childwall and Gateacre. Soon after leaving the latter I overtook two weary pedestrians padding the painful hoof towards Halewood. Oh, Ichabod! The wayworn pilgrims were none other than Chem. and the Editor person. How are the mighty fallen! How sad it was to behold these erstwhile motorists, who only two brief months ago had careered proudly over these very roads in someone else's car, now so lowly reduced to the level of the humble foot-slogger. Not wishing to appear too proud to old pals who had fallen on evil days, and as it really wasn't far to walk, I considerably dismounted and bore them company, endeavouring by cheerful converse, to help them to forget the rigours of the road. [We will refrain from giving our impressions of our humorous correspondent as he fell gasping from his

bicycle after his frantic efforts to overhaul us.—Ed.] They explained that they were taking to this new form of locomotion for the sake of their health, and I readily agreed with them; for I'm sure they both looked as if they needed it, and they seemed to find it about as palatable as most other forms of taking medicine. And as we strolled peacefully along side by side, recalling happy memories of bygone days, and Arthur had just broached his favourite topic, wondering if it would be possible to wait till 6-30 p.m., a reckless scorcher on a borrowed machine, dashed furiously past us at about 12 m.p.h., narrowly missing us by not more than two or three yards. He even rang his bell at us, such impertinence! I suppose he wanted *all* the road. It is really most reprehensible the callous way in which these cyclists monopolise the roads, with no consideration for the feelings of those who perambulate the earth in the way which Nature intended.

However, we eventually reached our objective (please excuse these military terms), and we were soon ensconced (good word that, Arthur!) round the more or less festive board, where jugged hare, roast chicken, and porterhouse steak were on tap. I didn't sample the jugged one, somehow, it made me think of gaol—not that I've been there—and, besides, there was none left by the time I'd had a few samples of the other comestibles. I wonder if it is true that the vegetables were a bit slow in materialising, or is it that we are a trifle rapid? (I wonder. Bye and bye, I got time to notice that we had rather a good muster for tea—twenty all told; I believe—and we were all pleased to welcome one of our new members amongst us in the usual gushing Anfield manner. I looked in vain for Teddy's cheerful countenance, and I hear that Mr. Routledge waited patiently for him all the afternoon, and didn't close till 11 p.m. in the hope of his making his usual call, but not a cab nor an ambulance arrived. It appears that Teddy had been called away to Criccieth, where a certain prominent member of the Government was staying, and rumour has it that he was there sounded as to the opinion of the A.B.C. with regard to the progress of the war. I hardly credit this myself, as in that case it is more probable that Johnny would have been the individual consulted. I rather incline to the belief that the R't. Hon. Gentleman must have heard of the wide knowledge and deep experience possessed by the A.B.C. with regard to Tanks, and Teddy's special and peculiar familiarity with them, and that this led to his journey to North Wales at this juncture, with what good results we all know. Many Tanks, Teddy! ['Ow 'Ow 'Ow! —Ed.] Then we adjourned to the smoke-room. We had a large and enthusiastic meeting of the Jolly Good Fellowship, which was managed with the usual discretion that is such a feature of these gatherings, while the feast of reason and the flow of wit were equally charming. Chem. related to us a hair-raising episode of a visit to Paris in the days that were earlier, entitled "A Barberous Strategy." This throws quite a new light on the Man with the Single Hair.

"Vegetarianism, its cause and cure," came up for discussion, and one was surprised to find how many of our members are "practically" vegetarians—men, who except for a rasher or two in the morning, and a chop or steak later in the day, hardly ever touch meat.

Many curious and interesting details of ancient Liverpool were related for our edification, and I'm sure if our quondam member "P" had been present, he would have found ample copy to fill an "Echo" column. Why, Tommy's tales alone of his younger days would sell the paper. What? Well perhaps the Editor wouldn't.

Warrington, 14th October, 1916.

There is little to be said anent this run, so the sooner it is said the better. The day was gusty with many an icy blast, and on my westward way on the lumbering 3-speed beast I was frequently blown from left to right. Approaching the Patten, which weathers all storms, I found Boss Higham perched on the look out, and he had actually been blown over near Latchford Bridge. Not another in sight we repaired to the lounge at 5.30 to sip coffee. As the clock struck six there suddenly emerged, seemingly from nowhere, but actually from the (at that hour) inhospitable bar-parlour, ten other members. We nearly filled the small table in the ballroom, just one vacant chair in readiness for anyone desirous to make a thirteenth, and who should turn up to be this lucky Alphonse but Keizerette, freshly conveyed by steam. Several of the real riders explained how they had taken advantage of the gale by the new method of going scores of miles out of your way to get it well behind, and thus get blown into Warrington, and they were going back by the same means. A simple remedy against headwinds. A pleasant hour was spent around the fire in opening the manhole of a Hubbard, tearing the inner tube to pieces and filling up the holes thus created by inserting double patches. Not since my last visit to Reeth after the York run have I seen such tyre building. Rain was now reported, and those without taxis went out into the black night with bosoms ripe for home. As regards those present, I have a distinct recollection of seeing Turnor and Green in chairs, and Band, Cook, Mac, Knipe, Conway, Mercer, Edwards and Cody on seats.

The Autumnal Tunts Week-end.

It appears to have been an open secret that when this time honoured fixture came up for discussion on Committee, the Paganone raised the question as to whether it was worth while, and many members seem to think that it was an absurd question to raise. These members must have short memories. Of course the whole object of raising the question was to make certain that if the fixture was scheduled it should be a glorious success. Last year ONLY NINE went to Llangollen, and the critics were conspicuous by their absence. This year as the direct result of questioning its continuance, everyone put their backs into it, with the result that we had a big crowd of THIRTY! Comment is needless. Even the Keizerette nearly came, and would have done so but for a specially arranged air raid on Wallasey fixed to last from noon on Saturday to Sunday evening, which absolutely prevented him getting either to Marford or Ruthin. Except for a little dulness and some wind on Sunday, the weather was perfect and everyone had a grand time. At Marford we mustered 12 for tea, but everyone seemed to have seen someone going straight through to Llangollen. All the motorists, except Toft and F.H., pursued this plan, and thereby missed a golden opportunity of using unobscured head-lights for the last time. Strange how the motorists' anthem seems to be that classic ditty "Mabel dear, just listen here, I'm afraid to go home in the dark"!! And yet we road lice cyclists carry a little red lamp purely for the benefit of non-existing motorists. [As one of the pitiable wretches implicated in this horrible charge, we submit our abject apologies, merely pausing to observe that perchance the artistic sensibilities notoriously engendered by the use of petrol (and which, of course, are necessarily a closed volume to the "push" cyclist) were responsible, the motorists being avid to satiate their hunger for "tints" (or "tunts") at one bite!—Ed.] The two Johns—Leece and Band—Cody and Edwards (on his "push tricycle," whatever that means—only the Home Office and the "Irish Cyclist" know) returned to England, Home, and Beauty after a tea that would have been excellent for eighteen pence,

but was not worth the 2/6 asked, or the 2/3 compromise we paid—Why do hotels appear to prefer to do no business, if they can only drive it away by extortionate 100 per cent. profit? Toft went back to Chester to pick up Murphy (The O'Tatur) who was breaking his return journey from London to Dublin to have the pleasure, mutually experienced, of foregathering with us again, and the cyclists Turnor, Green, Chandler, Mac. (tricycle), Dews and Cook (tandem) shepherded by The Master in Triumph had a grand ride to Llangollen, taking the lanes from Wrexham to Ruabon, and halting at the latter place to see the Quotas and to purchase Raffle tickets—so if anyone tells you they have a Fat Pig or a Pair of Ducks you will know that the Ruabon Pomological Society is responsible. Arrived at Llangollen it was snowing Anfielders. What appeared to be a Hearse standing outside the Royal proved to be the chariot of Jack Marchanton and friends. Hellier and Beardwood (variously alluded to as Beardmouth, Beardmore, Beardsley, and other cognomens indicating face fungus, by Old William) had come all the way from London, and their automobile was a model de luxe Flying Bedstead! Billy Owen had discovered the finest petrol substitute, having cycled from Menai Bridge. Boss Higham and Cecil Blackburn in long trousers had also ridden through. It was a grand reunion of old members and "exiles," which resulted in a very merry evening after supper, notwithstanding Mr. Parry, the Village Idiot! Murphy got a great reception when he arrived with Toft, and seemed none the worse for the narrow escape they had had with an unlighted animal of the bovine species. All were up bright and early on Sunday morning, and after breakfast twenty-two made for Ruthin. Of course, Hellier and Beardwood departed for London direct so as to be in good time for the O.T. Dinner on 25th, while the Poole and Sunter cars made for Bettws-y-Coed. The motorists went via the Horseshoe, but Crowcroft got stalled and was seen no more. Owen, Blackburn, Preece and Boss Higham also went that way, but the rest of the cyclists followed the Corwen road as far as Carrog, then struck across the shoulder of the Llantysyllio mountains to Bryn Eglwys, and then finding they were well ahead of schedule detoured to Llandegla to Defend the Realm. By arrangement, a large party foregathered at the foot of the Nant-y-garth to meet Montag, who had ridden over from Prestatyn to show us a very fine exposure of coral formation in some carboniferous limestone rocks about a mile up the lane to Llanellidan, and we are sure he must have been gratified at the appreciative audience, most of whom soon became quite excited rock tappers obtaining "specimens" of the shell fossils and coral reef. At the Castle Hotel we found Defending the Realm an easy matter, and the dinner was super (not supper) excellent. Here we parted with Owen, Montag and Mac., and the rest of the party faced Bwlch-y-Parc, which was rather snaggy for the cyclists with east in the wind. Undoubtedly the Tints were finest round the Loggerheads, and Oliver Cooper's party stopped to thoroughly enjoy them. The road into Mold was abominably dangerous, but the Cook-Dews tandem avoided it by turning at Cat Hole for Waen and entering Mold on the Cilcain road, which detour is to be strongly recommended. The party had now practically broken up, although the Mercer, Poole and Marchanton cars met on the boat crossing to Liverpool. Green and Turnor had gone express to Parkgate near Chelford (a little matter of 50 miles in the afternoon) to join the Cheshire R.C., but Boss Higham, Britten (tricycle), Blackburn, Chandler, Dews, Cook, Toft, and Murphy, again foregathered for tea at Chester, and except for a short session at Hinderton by the four surviving cyclists, this was "the end of a Perfect Day," and the Antimnal Tunts' Tourlet of 1916 will go down in history as a Glorious Success, quite equal to rank with those of ante-bellum days, and showing what the Anfield can do when it half tries.

LONDON NOTES.

Llangollen, 21st October, 1916.

To attend this, by now, historic fixture, was made the excuse of taking delivery of a certain kind of "iron" from Trafford Park. The great Panjandrum being consulted, it was agreed to reach Manchester on Friday night; 6.30 St. Pancras in a comfortable Midland "diner," was the beginning of a most enjoyable week-end. Saturday morning opened on a glorious, bright autumn day, and a start was made from "the works" at 11.30. To one who has not been familiar with the main Manchester-Chester Road for many a long year a treat was in store; every little pebble seemed new, and small details un-noticed before, stood out as things of beauty. The "Windmill" could not be passed as it held too many old associations. Chester hove in sight all too soon, and after lunch and a roam around the ancient city a move was made for Llangollen, after deciding that the lighting restrictions forbade staying at Marford for tea. Many members evidently thought the same, for at the top of the hill the first signs of the run appeared in Boss Higham, laboriously pushing his bicycle.

Llangollen was reached about 5 o'clock, where Ven. was found in charge of the plan. To mention all members present would take up too much space; let it suffice to say that every member, above military age, who has been a club run "attender" during the last 20 years, or so, was present; in fact, it was the most representative run of recent years.

A delightful evening was spent and our thanks are due to our noble landlord for so ably "Defending the Realm," otherwise we would have got away next morning at 9 o'clock (as intended) instead of 10 o'clock. Week-ends like this pass all too quickly, and Sunday morning saw us on the road once more. Being one hour behind schedule impelled haste, and it was decided to stick to Watling Street all the way; this proved in fair order, and Towcester was reached 3 p.m., where a hasty cup of tea and sandwiches were partaken of. St. Albans was reached 5 p.m., and home 7 p.m., the last hour and a half in the inky darkness proving most trying. A word of thanks and appreciation is due to the "Flying Bedstead," which never failed us and maintained a steady 30 and averaged 25 m.p.h. on the whole journey.

One feature of the run stood out in great prominence, and that is the way the Old Club sticks together, a muster of about 30 at a time like the present, with all the young members away, must surely be a record. It only proves that one's cycling years must have been the happiest period of one's life, to leave such lasting friendships and impressions.

Jaunty Jottings.

Cecil Blackburn set a new fashion in sartorial equipment. He was comfortably attired in long trousers, and a very nice overcoat reaching down to his yachting boots. As far as could be gathered, no one had seen him riding, and he made a striking figure as he strode, bearing in his hand a bicycle which he pushed along with easy grace at a swinging gait, arriving well before midnight. The idea appeared to appeal strangely to the Cook. A ray of hope lit his haggard features as he glimpsed a method of attending club runs which will put back the use of the hated petrol indefinitely, while still retaining his self-respect, when "clawing it round" becomes a dream of the past. It will be curious to see if this fashion gains ground. Immediate and striking converts to this mode of progression were to be seen on the way back from Ruthin in the persons of T. . . . r and the Boy G . . . n, who are evidently not the men they were, or else were afraid

of catching cold. A morbid imagination pictures the old athlete, Chem., now slinging out challenges right and left.

A fearsome looking grid was reported to have been seen swathed in oilskin bandages in the yard of the Bull and Stirrup on the Saturday afternoon, and on enquiries being set on foot our Scout was informed that it had been left by "a tall, distinguished looking elderly gentleman"—evidently The Master—hours ago. Exhaustive search failed to discover any traces, so presumably he was immersed in meditation on the old ramparts—possibly not.

Toft was very sore about the dirty trick played on him at Marford by the Editor. This slim individual (who conceals the wiles of the serpent beneath a bland and blameless exterior) lured him in to afternoon tea against his will, and choosing the psychological moment when his back was turned vanished hurriedly, leaving his victim to pay for it. So like the Editor!

Evidently the fulsome eulogiums from time to time passed in these columns on Oliver Cooper's Ford have borne fruit, as Beardwood landed in one of these dainty landaulettes fresh from the Manchester moulds. Our Business Manager has already forwarded list of advertising rates to the Angel of Peace.

It's a pity the Presider and Chem. could not be present. Possibly the offer of a seat in a car *might* have tempted them—possibly not. Verbum—anything you will.

Marchanton, unfortunately, could not stay with us long, as he had a more pressing engagement elsewhere.

Harry Poole and David Rowatt were very welcome arrivals in a fine "Newton" two-seater [The ad. is given, on this occasion only, free; the makers can have our rates on application.]

Sunter and Buck came in a very nice—No! We refuse to give any further free ads.

George Mercer brought Theakstone (looking jauntier than ever), who was a tower of strength in the Tank, his eloquent harangue, gently reinforced by Hellier, addressed to the "Village Idiot" who had strayed in, eliciting warm applause.

Ven. could get a job as a "Man from Cooks" any time. He took a delight in putting everybody in his place and wasn't a bit nasty about it. What if he does make a fine thing out of the collecting; who could begrudge it? He deserves every penny.

Chester, 28th October, 1916.

Evidently the boys had not recovered from the energy they displayed in supporting the Llangollen fixture, or were saving themselves up for the Social at Moreton. But stay, can it possibly be that another special air raid on Wallasey had been arranged? Anyway, there were only eight at the Bull and Stirrup to enjoy a really top-hole feed, and a delightful chat around the fire, in which C.T.C. politics and Home Office Regulations figured prominently. Edwards, on a bicycle again, via Runcorn, had met "Young" Green and Boardman near Frodsham, Band, Mac., and Royden had come out direct and Cook had met Turnor at Kelsall after a round

in the Chistleton-Duddon lanes. Apparently Cook had been "seeing life." His first adventure was near Clatterbridge, when his back tyre subsided. On preparing to do the needful he discovered to his chagrin that what to all appearances was a full tube of Chemico was nothing but a mallow hockery! Were he not such a close student of the C.T.C. Gazette and other Child's Guides to Cycling, he would doubtless have walked home—but he promptly proceeded to get all ready for the repair while waiting for a rescuer. Lots of people on bicycles passed, but no cyclists, and he wondered whether there would be any *solution* for his difficulty. However, just at the psychological moment a good Samaritan in the guise of a motor cyclist pulled up, and commenting on the fact that both machines were Bee Ess Hays, volunteered a flask of Patchquick which rather belies its name, for it takes a pipe full of tobacco to get it "tacky." Whilst this performance was taking place the motor cyclist, who was evidently *returning* from his ride, ventured to inquire where the Paganone was bound for, and on being told expressed surprise and remarked "Of course you won't be returning till to-morrow," and when assured to the contrary it was quite plain he was an unbeliever. The very idea that a common cyclist could go so far was preposterous. He did not identically use the word of four letters so frequently employed by Theodore Roosevelt—he was too polite for that—but he did make it clear that he thought rhetorical embellishments and economy of truth were being exercised in the well known manner of George Milne, K.O.K. and C.T.C. Once more under weigh he encountered the Beagle Hunt near Puddington Land End, and nearly lost his young life at the Queens Ferry cross roads because the A.A. scout kept his hands behind his back and refused to signal to either the Munition char-a-banc or the cyclist, as neither was a member of his Pillbox Lid Association! However, the Munitions char-a-banc was not long in being overcome by Nemesis (or whatever the gentleman's name is), for on Sunday it was seen "klapsed" in the ditch near the 8th milestone. Passing through Chester he espied the sign "Boy wanted" in Keyes cycle shop, and as a Royal Commission is now "biting off more than it can chew" by trying to run the Grain Trade, out of which Cook has earned his Beer money for over 30 years, he stopped and applied for the job, but was flabbergasted on being told he was "Too old"—Ridiculous nonsense! However, Mr. Keyes did sell him a tube of solution without asking any advance in price, and the Autumn tints in the lanes and the cup of tea with Turnor appeared to restore his equanimity. Alas, it was not for long, as in the lanes by Pipers Ash a stone again got in its fine work, and the number of his back inner tube had to be sought again, so that it was a rather demoralised Cook that finally reached the Bull and Stirrup, and he had to break all rules and regulations by washing his hands.

The Mancunian trio departed in due course, followed by the Royden, Mac, and Edwards trio, but Band stayed to complete the revival of Cook, and we hear that they got entirely lost getting out of Chester, and only found their way "to Heswall" by the escort as far as Mollington of two fair Domozells who gave them most minute directions as to the road. Johnny nearly gave the show away by bursting out laughing when he was called Fred, but the intrepid ones found their way in safety, and were quite genial to the local Tin Ribs in Thornton Hough who stands as an unlighted obstacle in the road, and will be run into some night if he does not emulate his Birmingham confreres. It would be an excellent idea if all police carried a red light in their hats so that they could be seen—and dodged.

A. T. SIMPSON, Editor.

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ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB.

FORMED MARCH 1879.

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

MONTHLY CIRCULAR.

FIXTURES FOR DECEMBER, 1916.

		Light up at
Dec.	2.—Moreton (Farmers' Arms). Musical Evening	4-22 p.m.
"	9.—Warrington (Patten Arms)	4-20 p.m.
"	11.—Committee Meeting, St. George's Restaurant, 7 p.m.	
"	16.—Chester (Bull and Stirrup)	4-20 p.m.
"	23.—Halewood (Derby Arms)	4-22 p.m.
"	26.—Boxing Day. Daresbury (Ring O' Bells)	4-24 p.m.
"	30.—Moreton (Farmers' Arms)	4-28 p.m.
Jan.	6.—Warrington (Patten Arms). Musical Evening	

Alternative Runs for Manchester Members.

Dec.	16.—Allostock (Drovers' Arms)	4-20 p.m.
"	30.—Knutsford (Lord Eldon)	4-28 p.m.

Full Moon, 9th Instant.

Committee Notes.

Stourton Lodge, Arno Road, Oxtou.

The Musical Entertainment at Moreton, on the first Saturday in December, is in the hands of Mr. G. J. Theakstone.

The BOXING DAY RUN is this year to DARESBUURY (Ring o' Bells), as the proprietor of the Lord Eldon at Knutsford is unable to cater for us. As usual, there will be two meeting places—for the Liverpool Members at Broad Green Abbey at 10-30 a.m., and for the Wirral Members at Clatterbridge at 10-30 a.m. The Committee hope that the change of venue will not affect the attendance adversely.

On the first Saturday of the New Year the run is to Warrington (Patten Arms), when it is hoped there will be a good attendance to support the Manchester Members, who have charge of the Musical Entertainment.

The ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING will be held on THURSDAY, 11th JANUARY, 1917, at the St. George's Restaurant, Redcross Street, LIVERPOOL, at 6-30 p.m., prompt. It is hoped to have a full and representative attendance. If you have any subjects to bring before the meeting please let me have a note of such not later than MONDAY, 1st January, 1917, so that I may enter same on the Agenda.

Mr. William Cameron, 5, Seymour Road, Broad Green, has been elected to Honorary Membership.

Mr. H. Hellier, 5, Hosford House, Devonshire Road, Forest Hill, London, S.E., has resumed Membership—Honorary.

The October parcels to Members on Active Service Abroad numbered twelve—ten of those sent contained cigarettes, toffee, smoked haddie and biscuits, while to two of the members serving in Egypt were sent special parcels containing in the one case tobacco and in the other chocolate and toffee.

A letter has been sent to Lieut. D. C. Kinghoru congratulating him on his promotion to full Lieutenant.

A Vote of Thanks to the Editor of "Cycling" was instructed to be sent in the following terms:—"That this Committee thanks the Editor of 'Cycling' for his efforts in having the regulation requiring lights on led bicycles abolished, and congratulates him on that success," to which the following reply has been received—"Please accept my very cordial thanks for your extremely gratifying letter, and convey to the Anfield Bicycle Club Committee my appreciation of their congratulatory resolution. I need hardly assure you that such a friendly expression of opinion is very highly valued."

NEW ADDRESSES.—C. BLACKBURN, 7, Wallacre Road, Wallasey; Rifleman R. P. SEED, No. 4634, D Coy., 5th Border Regiment, B.E.F.; H. PRITCHARD, 501, Belchers Lane, Bordesley Green, Birmingham. Lance-Corpl. G. JACKSON, No. 3 Coy., 12th Batt. Cheshire Regiment, Salonica Forces.

F. D. McCANN,
Hon. Secretary.

It is with the sincerest sorrow we have to record the death in hospital at Boulogne of our dear old friend and member, E. A. Bentley. Too late for the last issue we received word that he had been severely wounded. The news for some time was disquietening, but we were delighted only a few days ago to receive a letter dictated by him wherein he wrote cheerfully of his progress towards recovery, and cordially praised the hospital staff for their kindness. It was accordingly a great shock to hear a short time afterwards that complications had set in and that he had passed away on the 22nd inst. He is the third of our members to make the Great Sacrifice, and we offer our deepest sympathy to his father, and the other members of his family in their sad bereavement.

Concerning Those On Service.

Postcard acknowledgments of parcels are to hand from:—August parcel, J. L. Mahon. September parcel, P. Williamson—"With very best thanks to all, kind regards"; and October parcels, A. Warburton—"Many thanks, and best wishes to all"; H. L. Barratt; R. T. Rudd—"With very many thanks"; J. A. Grimshaw; Li. Cohen; and W. R. Oppenheimer.

Barratt when sending the postcard writes:—"I am enclosing a receipt for the parcel which the Club has kindly sent to me. Needless to say it came as a most pleasant surprise, and arrived at the right moment as we had just come down for the usual 'rest,' which consists of working harder than ever you do when you are 'up.' The herrings formed one course that night and I am now chewing toffee all day long. Since coming out here I have acquired the habit of puffing 'gaspers' in addition to my pipe, so the box of cigs. provided me with more fuel. With kindest regards to all."

W. R. Oppenheimer also sends a letter in addition to the postcard acknowledgment, and it runs as follows:—"I have just received a parcel to-day from the Anfield boys. I cannot say how much I appreciate their kindness, and they can be sure the contents are very welcome out here—I thank them all. Although not in the thick of things here, there is a very considerable amount of discomfort to be borne—it is most difficult to keep clean living in an overcrowded dugout, or in the cellar of a ruined house. The food is good, although not too plentiful. The work is hard at times, especially the manual part, making dugouts, filling sandbags and the like, and one misses very much the week-end break—we have been at it Saturdays and Sundays as usual. My most interesting work is going out to an observation post with an officer to watch and record how our shots fall, and also enemy movements. On the whole, conditions are not too bad as long as the weather is decent, but the wet, mud and cold we have had lately have been rather trying. We hear various rumours of peace—I thought that when the Huns heard that the 180th Siege Battery was at the Front they would think of giving in! Anyway, no one will be more glad than I to return to civil(ized) life—and cycling. With kind regards to all and thanks for their kindness."

We learn from an indirect source that Jackson, "the mysterious Mr. Jackson," has joined those of "ours" who are On Active Service Abroad—his new address appears in the Committee Notes. Now, then! Jackson, we want to hear from you.

We are very pleased to hear that Robert Rowatt has so far recovered from his wounds, sustained in December, 1915, as to be able to resume duty—he has been ordered to report for light duty at Grimsby; so here's the best of luck to him!

Kinghorn, on Oct. 16th, writes the Keizerette: "I had visions of getting home for Xmas, but am now far from sanguine. The weather is cooling off slightly but is still pretty bad, and the mosquitos are the limit. I had three in my net last night. They came down and strafed me, and I had to get up at 3 a.m. and set about reciprocating. In the process I managed to cut my nose, one of the blighters having fastened on that organ, which I hit with violence. Cockroaches of enormous size are also very plentiful. Still it's all in the game, and I will be able to appreciate the simple life when it is all over. My regards to the A.B.C., and may they have many good nights at Moreton and may I shortly be among them all."

In a second letter, dated October 26th, he writes: "It may be of some little interest to you and the members of the good Old Club to learn that I have at last got my second wart, and am now a full fledged lieutenant. I have been up for promotion since April, but promotion from a variety of reasons, principally the lack of casualties is very scarce, and it is some appreciation of my services here to get it."

We all unite in offering Kinghorn our sincere congratulations, and wish him the best of luck.

H. S. BARRATT (France) writes:—"Well, I have had a sample of what things are like since coming out, and the best way to enjoy the war is to read about it. The wonderful thing about the whole business is the spirit which everyone shows and there is no doubt that this factor will do the trick."

P. WILLIAMSON (Salonica) writes:—"I was very glad to see by the Club Circular what a success the Northern Old Timers' Rally was and how the Anfield contributed a good share to that success. It must have been a great day at Daresbury."

After stating that his job is very monotonous, he continues:—"The only excitement in Salonica is provided by the numerous Jews, Turks and Greeks who keep the Bazaars, and who will argue for hours to try and

sell (and at the same time swindle) the British soldier. Please give my regards to all Anfielders."

L. COHEN (France) writes:—"In spite of always trying to be a cheerful sort of bird, the last few months up the line were not exactly 'skeer and bittles' . . . On more than one occasion I thought it would be a case of 'you remember that . . . well, he's gone on his last 24' . . . I am still complete in every part and still smiling, which I am sure would annoy the old Boche fellah."

Hubert Roskell writes Chem, as follows:—"We are proud to have had a small share in the recent successes in this district. I am glad to say we as a section have given great satisfaction to the French Authorities, who have praised us very much for the work we have done; we have been twice cited in orders. Three of our officers with three of us men had a nice little interview last week with the General of our division at his dugout just behind the lines. He decorated us each with the 'Croix de Guerre,' made a very flattering speech, shook hands, took us inside and stood us champagne in cordial French fashion. I am very proud to have got my bit of ribbon and the citation papers, and ours will be pleasant memories 'après la guerre.' Really, we have had a pretty rough time and been working under heavy shell fire. We have had the best of luck, not one of our twenty car drivers has been hit, though other sections, doing practically the same work, have not been so lucky. I am sure the A.B.C. lads will be pleased to hear of this little episode. I was delighted to hear of Cohen's promotion. The Circular is of great interest, and I am sure gives all of us exiles much pleasure."

We are sure everyone will be delighted to hear of the signal honour conferred upon our dear old pal Hubert, and we know he will have richly deserved it. On behalf of the Club, we tender him our heartiest congratulations. We only wish we could promise to stand him a flagon of the best when he is next in the vicinity, but alas! we know from bitter experience (at Halewood, etc.) that this is absolutely impossible. After the war, however . . . The best of good luck to you, Hubert.

MEMS.

Members will hear with regret of the death in hospital in France of Lieutenant Lehmann Oppenheimer, the eldest of the brothers and probably the most widely known of the family, writes F.H.

He was a renowned rockclimber and walking tourist, and no doubt a man of fine physique and courage. Once in a climbers' hotel I overheard a story of how Mr. Oppenheimer saved the life of a fellow climber by paying out the rope at such a rate that his fingers were burnt to the bone. His son holds the rank of Captain.

We offer our deep sympathy to his two brothers in their sad bereavement.

Many of our members will have pleasant recollections of the "Elephant and Castle" at Shawbury, and will no doubt be interested in the following extract from a letter from Mr. Latta received by the Master:—"Percy has been reported missing, and we hope he may be a prisoner. He was awarded the Military Medal for distinguished bravery before his last act of devotion, when on Oct. 8th, after all his officers were down, he led the remains of the platoon through the wire entanglements and was last seen cheering and heading over the German parapet into their trench. Neither he nor any of those with him have been seen since."

We sympathise with Mr. Latta in his trouble, and sincerely trust his boy is safe, though a prisoner.

At the February, 1915, Committee Meeting an application from a firm of advertising agents was read in which the request was made that the Club should send a representation of the Club Badge and a short history

for reproduction on cigarette cards. The Committee authorised the sending of such, and the cards have just commenced to come into circulation. Our particular one is numbered 5, and it appears in a series of 50 Club Badges placed in Ogden's Cigarettes, both Guinea Gold and St. Julien.

Billy Owen gave us somewhat of a surprise—a pleasurable one—by dropping in on the Kafé Konclave, on the 21st November; he was in Liverpool on four days' holiday, the first and only holiday he has had or will get this year.

We heard that H. Pritchard had gone from Liverpool to Birmingham "to do work of national importance," to wit making roads, therefore the following extracts from a letter from him are all the more welcome:—"Please note alteration of address (See New Addresses). This may come as a surprise to you, but the reason is to be found in the fact that the firm with whom I was engaged in North John Street, and with whom I have been for nearly eleven years, decided, owing to reduction of business consequent upon the war, to close down the Liverpool branch, hence I found myself 'in the air.' However, events moved quickly, and I soon found myself with a firm in Brum, where I think I shall be happy. I see according to the Circular, just received, that the subject of vegetarianism was discussed at Halewood. Well, whatever the result of such discussion—which is rather like discussing teetotalism in a public house—no one can accuse me of inconsistency, for I am now engaged by the first Health Food Company started in England, to wit The Pitman Health Food Company. So much about myself. Now about the Club. Strange as it may seem, my removal here may make it possible for me to take a keener interest in cycling matters and with the club races than I have done for some years, for I am cycling to and fro from business, 3½ miles, four times a day, and being just on the borders of Warwickshire we have already found out that some glorious spins await us at our very door, so there is more than a sporting chance of my getting fit again. I have been considering whether I should resign this year, but so far have come to no definite decision. I really don't want to (then why consider resigning?—Ed.) I am far keener about the Club than many of you think, and regret that I have not been able to prove this in recent years, but events have been against me. However, we shall see."

According to the "Irish Cyclist" the "fellow who is carried along on a tandem, and who does no work, is 'the neutral.'" We have noticed this particularly with Cook, and it doubtless explains why he is so keen on British tandem partners; but we wonder how the twicer is got along when *both* the riders are "neutrals," as is the case when Montag is on the back seat!

Extract from a letter received from the Baron:—"I have found the Circulars excellent and most interesting. While a lot of the names are new to me, I frequently run across one of the Old Brigade. I sometimes imagine I can still ride a machine, and I fancy myself glued to Johnny Band's back wheel waiting for a chance to do it on the old boy—then I wake up and find what a —— of a mistake I have made. I really believe my cycling days are over—worse luck. Still I may turn up some day on a machine de luxe with a free wheel and a little boy pushing me along."

"Please remember me to all the boys."

The announcement of the engagement of Lint Ilsley to the sister of W. H. Nutt is doubly interesting to us, and will evoke universal congratulations. The Ilsleys have always been peculiarly popular among us, and "G" Nutt will never be forgotten for the splendid way he represented the North Road Club in the first unpaced 100, in 1900, when he was first and fastest as well as making himself very much one of us at Shrewsbury during the holiday. The bargaining that went on between Nutt and Cary of the

Bath Road (who called him Paddock Final) will long be remembered by those who participated in this first of the long series of Salopian Whitsuntides.

We were well represented at the Dinner of the Fellowship of Old Timers by Beardwood, Neason, "Jim Jams," and Hellier, while our ex-member Allen Tooth was also much to the fore.

"What is done to cyclists occasionally by some of the swine who always did, do, and always will get aboard cars." My stars! Would you believe that this is written by an avowed motorist who edits "The King's Highway," and has recently been learning things by taking to cycling as a substitute for petrol! If a *cyclist* were to give vent to such an utterance he would be damned for all time as an Anti-motorist.

George Pilkington Mills is continuing to give the lie to those dismal prophets who regard strenuous cycling as knocking nails into one's coffin. G. P. is now at the front, and has recently been promoted to Lieutenant-Colonel—while his son, Leslie, is also a Lieutenant in the Bedfords. How is it though, that the sons of famous cyclists never seem to "Follow in Father's Footsteps?" A few become prominent in the motoring world by beginning where their fathers left off, but this is not as it should be. We hope D. R. Fell, Junior, will prove a notable exception to the rule.

Lighted animals on the road at night are very amusing and confusing to meet. The order to "Wave the lamp" cannot be enforced, so rumour has it that when the next hot day comes a new order will be promulgated making it compulsory for cows to toot their horns!

The following communication has mysteriously found its way into our Editorial Office. We have no clue to the perpetrator, but shrewdly suspect it must emanate from O.C.:—

The Ford is my car,
Another I shall not want
It maketh me to lie down
In wet places. It leadeth me
Into deep waters,
It leadeth me in the paths
Of ridicule for its enemies' sake
Yea! Though I run down valleys
I am towed up hills. I fear
Much evil while it is with me.
Its rod and its engine
Discomfort me.

It prepareth a breakdown for me
In the presence of mine enemies
It anointeth me with oil,
Its tank floweth over.
Surely to goodness and mercy
The damned thing won't follow me.
Or I shall dwell in the house
Of the Insane for ever.

A Memory.

While rummaging the other day, we came across an old racing card which brought about a flood of memories. Far away in the dim past we remember that the enthusiasm of Chem., and the doughty deeds then being performed by Knipe stirred our imagination and resulted in our putting up for membership. Our chief trouble was that our application was put in only a few weeks before a race, and we had a horrible feeling that we might be regarded as that most despicable of beings—a pothunter. Such

is the conceit of youth! We are still hunting for the pot . . . Our first initiation into the wiles and subtleties of using your head was mercilessly carried out by Chem.—at that time, had we known, beastly hot stuff. He suggested, with masterly casualness, one evening a run to Sankey. Ambling along we reached the beginning of the then fast five-mile bit on the Warrington Road. Here he carelessly threw out a suggestion that we should start a couple of minutes before him, adding with subtle offhandedness that we could wait for him at Sankey, and let him know on his arrival there how many minutes we had been waiting! In the callow innocence of our youth we hailed this suggestion with enthusiasm, as even in those days there was ample room for hair on his scalp, and the idea of anybody practically devoid of capillary adornment being able to ride seriously struck us as being excruciatingly comic. We may say at once this idea was strangled at its birth—the spectacle of the Cook sauntering along at evens now causes us little, if any, merriment. We accordingly started with the laudable intention of putting it right through the old man, but after about a couple of miles, which we had fondly imagined had been accomplished in five minutes, that nasty, insidious, empty, sickly, hopeless feeling which we were fated to know with such intimacy later gripped us in its horrible clutch. Not yet seriously alarmed, however, we took a negligent backward glance which immediately turned to horror-stricken incredulity, as there, a paltry hundred yards away was the unmistakable flash of a pale dome surmounting Chem.'s crouching body and drawing terrifyingly nearer and ever nearer with remorseless and ghastly insistence. . . . With black despair gnawing at our anything but vital vitals we tried to heat up our flagging energies with spasmodic but sickly thrusts at the treadles. All to no purpose, the demon cyclist, the lust of battle in his bright blue eye surged on and on and on until by all the canons he should have fallen off . . . He had got well outside a pint in a pewter by the time we wearily dragged ourself to Sankey, and was bursting with ill-suppressed exuberance—and we loathed him in every fibre of our being.

'Tumnal Tit-Bits.

At the conclusion of the now historic Autumnal Tints (or as one of our most valued collaborators quaintly described it, "Autimnal Tunts") Tour, we humbly prayed the Master that he might, out of the bulging storehouse of his whimsical fancy despatch with all haste a few rare and sparkling treasures. Malheureusement, these were delayed in delivery, and we only received them at probably the precise moment he would be in ecstatic transports over the perusal of a copy of the issue of this immortal rag. We, however, make no apology for inserting a few extracts:—

Who dared hope that so soon after the happy August meeting on the banks of the Teme we should again be joined by the Percy-Panjam Combination? Yet lo, and behold! when the real riders walked into the Royal Ante-Chamber, these friends extended them the hand of warmest welcome with courtly mien and bon-ton manner. In fact, they vied in ceremony with the Southport gentry (J. V. M. and his unique and unctious friend). Without the erstwhile "Marchmont" the very autumnal tints would lack colour.

But while the latter friends who were undergoing a rest cure at Berwyn Arms, were travelling in pomp and pontifical state (who was it that invented "Southport handlebars"?), as we beheld them next day on the summit of Rhiw Phelen in strange contrast with the bleak and windswept heights, the Panjam-Percies set an example of wartime economy by coming down to merely bedrock luxury, having for the nonce commandeered a fearsome Ford.

The secret of handling this favourite make of conveyance lies in the art of animating it, which has to be done by guile. Here P.O. is past

master. Did he not demonstrate that by "jacking up" one of the rear wheels one can overcome the resistance of the centrifugal momentum of the differential gear? Yes, I think so, Papah! Others less beguiling had recourse to the brute force of Guy Williams (whose birthday is to-day). He holds lucrative engagements from Poole, Oliver, and Shun . . . (Shush!)

Members interested in tandemwork will do well to keep an eye on Clifford-Cook. The experience and enthusiasm of Cook linked to the appetite of Clifford, and the tout ensemble bound by the closest family ties, have evolved a single power unit that is absolutely powerplus. Watch this combination well: It has youth on its side . . . (Yes! the rear side).

Crow was an early arrival at Liangollen after but a short and fruitless stay at Ruabon, where many are called but few are chosen. He joined the Reception Committee and fitted in well with the Smart-Settees. But his Douglas is a very sensitive creature that will only move if prompted by the purest motives. Alack, petrol is not what it was, and the present master of the Douglas is soon foiled by what is impure. Its late master, who, on the other hand . . . (Ah, well, 'nough said) tickled it into action, but it remained reactionary and shied at the Oernant corner of the Bwlch, so Crow turned back and drove home with furrowed brow.

RUNS.

Moreton, November 4th, 1916.

The Wirral is practically "terra incognita" to the Manchester members when once the 24 course is left, so consequently they were provided with an escort. Cook and Edwards waited upon the Mancunians at Chester, and Cody and Chandler in the neighbourhood of Hinderton, and convoyed them to their destination. Upon arriving at Moreton, it was discovered that a good number had already put in an appearance, and it was gratifying to find that among the number was 2nd-Lieut. Lionel Cohen, home from France looking fit and well, and as cheery and happy as if he had just returned from a holiday. Another of our soldier boys in the person of Corporal Cotter was a later arrival, and he like Lionel, looked in the pink of condition.

When the hour of six arrived and the boys foregathered round the boards it was discovered that forty-two members and friends were present. The house had only been asked to cater for thirty, so there was a big strain put upon the Commissariat Department, which, however, stood the strain remarkably well.

The musical programme was in the hands of our excellent Editor, which is sufficient proof that it was a good one.

President Fell started the ball rolling by asking all present to sing "The King," and then the Brethers Simpson obliged—Mr. Jack on the violin and Arthur on the piano—at which the audience was so satisfied that they demanded an encore. Mr. Walter Simpson (The Plumber) then sang "Major General Worthington," and for encore repeated the chorus. Our old friend, Mr. Thomas, sang "My sweetheart when a boy," and "Somewhere a voice is calling," after which Cheminais obliged with a mandoline solo, for which item he requisitioned Theakstone to act as a human music stand, and then gave an encore without Theakstone's help. Arthur and Cheminais "nicked" together a perfect treat; they made a fine pair. George Theakstone having been left off in the last encore did a turn all by himself—some good stories. Mr. Proudman, another friend of the Club, obliged with: "Garden of Roses" and "Absent," and he was followed by Cheminais, who recited "A Soldier's Story," and by special request, "Coming Home." Our new member, Chandler, showed himself to be a valuable addition to the Club concert party by his rendering of "The Trumpeter." R. E. Pritchard gave a very novel performance which

fairly "Brought down the house," his first item was "A Soldier's Song," and the second item he called "The Jersey Song," with intermittent bone accompaniment by Theakstone. Mr. Walter Simpson gave us a song with a rousing chorus entitled the "Five-fifteen," after which Cecil Blackburn introduced us to "Stonecracker Jack" and the "Song of the Bow." Bob Knipe having been prevailed upon to recite "The wee cotter hoose," this item reminded Cheminai's of a story with which he obliged the company, entitled "Put him out." Mr. Thomas then sang "When you come home" and "I'll sing thee songs of Araby," after which Chandler gave "Out on the deep." It was now Prichard who enlivened the proceedings with "Chorus gentlemen, please." Whether Prichard's selections appear grave or gay matters little because in his hands they are certainly very humorous. Mr. Jack Simpson gave a solo on the violin, and being encored another solo consisting of Irish airs. Then Cheminai's really surprised even his high standard by giving two monologues, "My Old Dutch" and "The Old Bachelor." This was followed by two songs given by Mr. Thomas, entitled "I hear you calling me" and "Sally in our Alley."

Before the conclusion of the concert, the President had been compelled to invest in Home Rails, so consequently the Chairmanship of the later proceedings had been handed over to the Vice, who had the unpleasant duty of telling the members that a glorious programme was at an end. The Chairman, after expressing the thanks of the Club to friends and members who had contributed to the programme and to Arthur Simpson for officiating at the piano and getting the talent together, asked the party to join in singing "Auld Lang Syne," which item brought to a conclusion an evening that was equal to Hunts Cross at its best. C.H.T.

Daresbury, November 11th, 1916.

This was a perfect cycling day for a novice; mild, and at times making a brave effort to be sunny. Out through Garston and on to the Childe of Hale, where a five course luncheon — bread, butter, cheese, beer and pickled cabbage — was absorbed; fortunately, just managed to weather half-past two. The ride through Ditton and on to Widnes is always a great treat to lovers of the picturesque, the landscape on the port side of the road being like nothing else in England.

In Runcorn the streets were in places still bravely dressed in honour of their great V.C., Private Jones. The ride up Halton was greatly enjoyed, the last bit being particularly exhilarating. Arrived Ring o' Bells 4-40, simultaneously with the Toft bike, side car and president, the Mullah and Webb. A walk along the Stretton road disclosed Cody "walking" his bicycle, anxious to be in the new fashion. Oliver Cooper and his friend Williams joined the party, and finally the boy Green made a determined attempt to run the crowd down.

When tea was reported and the boys had dragged themselves in in the usual manner, it was discovered that all the carving had been done and plates served all ready; all you did was to fall to. The sunshine that suddenly blazed up on the President's face at the sight hasn't gone down yet. Surely this is a great feature, that should be perpetuated; why shouldn't the President get something to eat at a Club Run?

Seven o'clock saw Johnny Band and self homeward bound for Chester, a cordial invitation from Teddy Edwards to go back via the Transporter being courteously but firmly declined. Runcorn, Widnes and Ditton on a Saturday night—diab!e!

The Pagan tandem overhauled us in Hoole, and the Bull and Stirrup absorbed us till 9.30. Up till this moment we had suffered from the opinion that there was no mud on the road. But the Pagan one invited us to hang on to the tandem, and in a weak moment we consented.

The back wheel of a tandem combined with the front wheel of a single without front extension can throw about three gallons a minute, as carefully calculated, and we were able to verify this figure.

And so home to bed, quite pleased at being able to ride a bike so far and fast. Buck up, ye too old at fortys, and dig the old cart out again!

Halewood, November 18th, 1916.

[We had early on fixed with a basilisk eye the intended victim for the perpetration of the report of this fixture in the person of Ven., as we considered it only right he should do something in return for the fat perquisites attaching to his office as collector in chief of the tolls of the table. As the evening proceeded, however, our gaze at first rock-like in its steadfastness, owing to the atmospheric conditions (and perhaps in a slight measure to the soothing effects of the divine harmonies as they rose in celestial cadence in peons of heavenly sound from time to time) gradually faltered. Taking advantage of this transient weakness our victim hurriedly fled ere yet the fateful sentence had been passed on him. However, we eventually ran him to earth in the company of Buck, only to be met with ribald and unseemly jest. Cowed yet uncrushed, we then attacked Harry by a brilliant flank movement, but were again treated to empty equivocation punctuated with derision. In high dudgeon, murder in our hearts, we departed, dark and dreary prospects of having to do the thing ourself enveloping us as with a shroud. Two mornings later the cloud was lifted by the unexpected appearance in the palatial Editorial bureau of Buck with *his* report, followed a few minutes later by Ven. with *his* account, both with wonderful unanimity desperately insisting that the proper place for these efforts was the waste-paper basket. We are a successful person!—Ed.]

REPORT No. 1.

A foul morning, by reason of the exceeding sharpness of the east wind. Did get up betimes and wore my fancy suit of Harris and my winter drawers. Breakfasted on kidneys and bacon, eggs being rare in this war time, and anon by water to the city. Many merchants now do go by train owing to the dangers of the river.

At 11 o'clock to the Autumn Exhibition of Pictures to rest my eyes on "The Arrested Spear," by one Byam Shaw, and on many drawings by one Laura Knight that did remind me of Harrison Drive in the summer time.

At noon to Andersons for meat and drink, the old ale is so shrewdly warming to the belly. Met my friend, Harry, poor wretch, and did invite him to take tea with the Anfield. Then we did set out afoot, and at Calderstones did enter the Park. It was sad to see the empty playing fields, and the chrysanthemum show abandoned owing to the men serving in the war.

At the "Bull" at Gateacre we made merry on two ginger ales, which put Harry in vast high spirits, and on to Halewood to meet the Anfield men, including Mr. Knipe, who I am no longer terrified to see owing to having been able lately to pay my subscriptions.

Foolish demands for tea at six o'clock were gently derided by the serving maids, and by half-past on the clock I was greatly cheered by seeing how the Committee enjoyed the roast chickens and vegetables, the supply reaching quite half-way towards me. Harry, poor wretch, got some steak and, happily, bread, and I comforted him mightily by telling him of some rare pickled herrings in Tarleton Street in the City.

The bill amounted to two shillings, which did trouble me much owing to the others eating the meats; perhaps, poor wretches, they had had none since the previous Saturday owing to this plagued war.

The company below made amends for all, and I was sorry to break away, slightly fixed, and so home to bed, Harry, poor wretch, paying the train charges.

REPORT No 2.

Evidently something has happened to deprive "The Editor" of his select staff of contributors, as I was held up on Wednesday night, and told, at the point of an electric torch, that I was wanted to write the Halewood run. Are the powers of the select waning, or has the novelty worn off and the ever increasing bulk and brilliance of the Circular given them pause? No doubt they are resting, and the following ordinary stuff will, I hope, cause them to come again:—

A dismal sort of afternoon did not prevent 20 members and one friend foregathering, and completely surrounding, the hospitable board at the Derby Arms, where we toyed with bread and butter until the roast and grilled items appeared. Yorkshire farm wives, I understand, bring on the pudding before the beef, to save the total destruction of the joint, but to an Anfielder crumbs of bread with butter are apparently an appetiser, as the poultry and steak, on arrival, were soon as non-existent as the B. and B.

When the mince pies came along, everybody had a "Devil take the hindermost" feeling and annexed a couple. This being the first mince of the season, we thought a wish—"That we had taken three." However, everything was very nice, and no waste, the reserve chicken saving the situation. Adjourning to the Tank of "The jolly good fellows," we had a very pleasant chatty evening, enlivened, or otherwise, by vocal appreciation of daring "Whattlers," an ancient sect, never too numerous to become common, and now almost extinct. As I reluctantly left at 8-30, the chorus was again hoping for the best, and no doubt repeated, let us hope, to "some tune."

Buyers of "Kelly's Best," I see, will have to be thro' their stocks by an early date, or have they cancelled their orders?

Knutsford November 18th, 1916.

[It appears the Master was attacked by the Vice, and the Manchester Snub, with a view to being bullied into writing this report, but slimly makes good his escape in the following lines:—"The fact that the clamour demanding a report from me arose from the combined throats of the two officials present leads one to believe that reporting is out of their sphere, even beneath it, and that the whole of their grey matter is absorbed in Council chambers; that the whole of their duty lies in carving, aye, and that they claim the privilege of taskmaster. I challenge that view, and what is more: 'I denounce it.' On the contrary, while you two dispensed jugged hare in the grand manner might we not impatiently have cried out with Ride'ard Stripling: 'Come on, Green Green Green, You 'eathen, why these bits are hardly seen. You put some jelly in it or we'll marrow you this minute, If you don't fill up my helping, Younger Green.'"

The Boy has therefore had to do the report himself, and serve him right!—Ed.]

It's nice to meet the crowd of one's club-mates—to be one of many gathered round the festive board, presided over by the seniors. But the small gathering also has its good points, and this is the more evident when the re-union takes place in a house like the Lord Eldon, where the

Manchester members are so much at home, and in the winter. The room just the size for the party, and the party just the size to form a cosy circle round the fire, so that the conversation is bound to be general—these, and an excellent meal, and a man must needs be difficult to please if he is not content.

At 6 o'clock the party was one of four only. Boss Higham had braved the sleet, and Buckley had worked extra hard during the week so that his few hours off should not cause the army to be short of Hun-killers. The Mullah had had his usual little round and the Manchester sub had been spending a couple of happy hours getting cold feet on a wet field. Just as we were about to file into the dining-room, the imposing figure of Crowcroft loomed in the doorway, and we had hardly commenced our meal when the sound of machinery was heard without, and the characteristic toot of a horn announced the Master. Thus the table was nicely filled, and the time passed pleasantly in friendly banter and the relation of anecdotes of various kinds. The party commenced to break up early, as Buckley and the Master had both important calls elsewhere, but three of us saw it out, and then went forth into the drizzle. Altogether a very nice little tea-party.

Chester, November 25th, 1916.

This fixture was but poorly supported for some reason or other. No motorists, pedestrians or Rattler merchants were in evidence, and the nine present were all real cyclists of the "hard riding Anfielder" breed. The few members who grouse if there should happen to be any strangers at another table should try a Chester run sometime, for we not only get an excellent tea but have the whole place to ourselves. The run might almost have been to Kelsall, for six of the party met there—to wit, Tumor, Young Green, Newsholme, Chandler, Dews and Cook, and then made a club run of it to the Bull and Stirrup, where Band, Mac. and Edwards (on trike via Frodsham) were found holding the fort. Newsholme was just back from the "gay Rialto of New York," and full of yarns about "The great white way," The Baron, and incidents of his travel in general, but we were all sorry to learn that the business developments will necessitate his return to Canada early in the New Year for a more prolonged stay. We shall greatly miss him both at the fixtures and on the Executive, but we shall have *one* consolation, and that is that his absence from the saddle will make him less strenuous to ride with next summer, and some of us will be able to get a bit of our own back! Johnny Band was most entertaining in his vivid description of his medical examination, when the doctor refused to take any notice of his Haricot Beans, broken muscles, flat foot and general decreptitude, and classed him B.I. Clifford Dews had a bad cold, so Uncle prescribed a dose of exercise and fresh air instead of the muffling up in a stifling atmosphere so frequently resorted to in certain quarters. Poor Clifford was, therefore, dragged off to Llanarmon O. L. for the week-end, and he would certainly get plenty of exercise pushing the Old Gentleman over the heavy roads and up the hills, while the Keizerette will tell you that there is plenty of cold air up at Llanarmon. It was certainly not an ideal night for such a trip, but we hear that they ran out of the rain, that set in at tea time, at Ruabon, and reached their destination quite safely, while they had their reward in a perfectly glorious Sunday for visiting the Ceriog waterfalls, and crossing the Berwyns with the sun shining brilliantly on the snowclad mountains, and, strange to say, Clifford's cold entirely disappeared under this treatment, which rather savours of Eving's Derg 'ospital—but it would do a lot of people good to go to Eving's. As the "Irish Cyclist" recently said, "Cycling can be engaged in in all weathers, and is invariably beneficial to health, bodily and mentally. Unsettled weather should never prove a deterrent."

A. T. SIMPSON, Editor.