

ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB.

FORMED MARCH 1879.

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

MONTHLY CIRCULAR.

FIXTURES FOR JANUARY, 1917.

	Light up at
Jan. 6.—Warrington (Patten Arms)	4.33 p.m.
„ 9.—Annual General Meeting, St. George's Restaurant, Liverpool, 7 p.m.	
„ 13.—Parkgate (Union)	4.42 p.m.
„ 16.—Committee Meeting, St. George's Restaurant, 7 p.m.	
„ 20.—Halewood (Derby Arms)	4.53 p.m.
„ 27.—Chester (Bull and Stirrup)	5.5 p.m.
Feb. 3.—Moreton (Farmers' Arms). Musical Evening	5.22 p.m.
Alternative Runs for Manchester Members.	
Jan. 13.—Allostock (Pine Wood Cottage)	4.42 p.m.
„ 20.—Marton (Davenport Arms)	4.53 p.m.
„ 27.—Knutsford (Lord Eldon)	5.5 p.m.

Full Moon, 8th instant.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR TO ALL.

Committee Notes.

Stourton Lodge,
Arno Road, Oxtou.

Your attention is particularly requested to the date of the ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING—it has been found necessary to alter it to TUESDAY, 9th JANUARY, 1917, and it will be held at the St. George's Restaurant, Redcross Street, Liverpool, at 7.0 p.m., when it is hoped there will be a full and representative attendance.

The date of the January Committee Meeting has also had to be altered, and it will be held on Tuesday, 16th January, at the St. George's Restaurant, at 7 p.m.

The arrangements for the Musical Programme at the Manchester Musical Evening, at Warrington, on the 6th January, are in the hands of Mr. A. Newsholme, and those for Moreton, on the 3rd February, in the hands of Mr. W. Cameron. We are assured of a good programme in both cases, and the Committee confidently look forward to large attendances.

The November Parcels to those of our Members On Active Service Abroad numbered thirteen; eleven of them contained cigarettes, biscuits, kippered herrings in tins, and chocolate, and two special parcels containing in one case a quantity of tobacco, and in the other chocolate, were sent to two members serving in Egypt. For those at home, ten in number, pipes and tobacco were selected, and accompanying every one of the twenty-three parcels was a letter conveying Good Wishes on behalf of every member of the Club.

An official letter of congratulation has been sent to Driver Hubert Roskell on the honour which has been conferred upon him.

An expression of our deep regret at the death of Corporal E. A. Bentley was voiced and placed on record—a letter of condolence with his family having previously been sent by the President and the Hon. Secretary.

The First Attendance Prize has this year been won by Mr. J. C. Band, while the Second Prize goes to Mr. T. Royden.

NEW ADDRESSES.—Pte. G. STEPHENSON, No. 2182, E Company 2/1 Denbighshire (Hussars) Yeomanry, 3rd Yeomanry Cyclist Batt., Drill Hall, Beccles, Suffolk; Corpl. W. E. COTTER, No. 2598, 13 Battery, 355th Bde., R.F.A., 45, New Road, Blackpool; Corpl. J. HODGES, No. 29177, R.E.P.S., A.P.O., S:Z. 9, Egyptian Ex. Force; Driver HUBERT ROSKELL, S.S.A. 16, Convois Automobiles, 21, Rue Pinel, Par B.C.M., Paris; Corpl. W. H. KETTLE, Hut 30, No. 8 Coy, Pioneer Lines, N.C.D., Ripon.

APPLICATION FOR MEMBERSHIP.—Mr. Frederick Edward Dolamore, 29, Longford Place, Victoria Park, Manchester; proposed by H. Green, seconded by F. D. McCann.

F. D. McCANN,
Hon. Secretary.

Concerning Those On Service.

Postcard acknowledgments of Parcels are to hand from J. Hodges, R. P. Seed, J. A. Grimshaw, H. S. Barratt, Cohen, W. R. Oppenheimer, R. T. Rudd—"With very many thanks to all the boys."

Instead of being moved to Epsom as he anticipated, Kettle went to Blackpool from Gloucester, and then had some days at home. He attended the Run at Warrington, and wonderfully fit and well he looked.

James is still at Chiseldon Camp, and on the 2nd December wrote: "There is a big move on here at present. I, along with 500 of my mates, am under orders, and have been for the last month, for Salonica; there is another draft waiting for transport for Egypt, and 3,000 others have been transferred to infantry, much to their disgust, as no one fancies France in this weather. The Corps is, I believe, open to recruits again, and is a good one to get into in my humble opinion. Ted Bentley's death came as a great shock to me—to die of wounds is far the worst part of the whole business. I was in Liverpool at the end of September and looked in the Cafe but could not find anybody; in fact, the only A.B.C. man I saw was E. G. W. I will send my new address as soon as I get it, though it may be some weeks before I go or it may be to-morrow."

Cotter on the 3rd December sent his new address, and added: "You will see from the above address I have been transferred to a new Brigade, and until two days ago looked like doing some 'real' soldiering at last. However, they have found me out and I am again in the office, but for how long I do not know. For five days I was No. 2 in a sub-section, and had to walk up and down the stables ordering drivers about—they probably knew

more about the work than I did; in fact, I am sure they did. I was just getting to know the little ways (*i.e.*, biting and kicking) of the horses, when I received my orders to report at the office, so am once more a soldier-clerk. The office was in a fine mess when I went in, but I am now beginning to see a little light through the mass of papers and correspondence with which the place was littered. I wish there was half a chance of getting to Moreton or any other Club Run, but in this rag-time mob leave only 'happens' once in ten weeks, and then only lasts for 36 hours, so you will easily see that all my time will be taken up at home. I had no choice in the matter of my transfer—it was a case of pack up your kit and get off to Blackpool. I was very much annoyed about it as I was scheduled to go to London that morning for the week-end, but the Colonel was very much more annoyed. He raised Cain—went to the Commandant and all the other knuts about it—but could not get me off. I was very sorry to hear of poor Bentley's death, as the last I heard of him was that he was progressing favourably. So they are shunting the 'gaspipe cavalry' at last—if you write to Jimmy give him my very kind regards and best wishes. Kind regards to all members of the A.B.C."

For a long time we were without word from Hodges—the last message was that he was off to Alexandria in the morning, but would send his address as soon as he got there. The explanation is given in the following letter, which is dated the 13th November—"I am so sorry that I have been unable to acknowledge the September parcel before this, but owing to the fact that I have been strictly isolated in hospital through typhus for the last five weeks, I was not allowed to write for fear of infection. I am now in a convalescent camp—convalescing. Please thank the Club for the fine parcel, which I greatly enjoyed as soon as I was able to get the nasty taste out of my mouth and eat."

On the 8th December, Hubert Roskell wrote as follows:—"Very many thanks for your letter congratulating me upon my good fortune, also thank you all for the welcome parcel which arrived yesterday—the contents were AI and much appreciated. The Circular is always good, and I really think you have done us exiles a really good turn by enlarging it to its present proportions. Thanks for the very flattering notice about myself, and for the general congratulations which I have received from A.B.C. men. As you will know, we have for many months been taking part in what has been perhaps the bloodiest fighting in history. You can imagine with what pleasure we left that district a week ago for about the quietest sector of the front—say, 60 kilos. S.S.E. We are living normally at a fine big town, in a college. We are still doing first aid post work, but our patients are mostly sick men with a small percentage of wounded. I am writing this at a post within a mile of the Boche trenches, where I am on duty for 24 hours. We have a fine comfortable dug-out and nothing whatever to grouse at. I hope to get leave again in January, when I will not fail to attend a Club Run. I was awfully sorry to hear of the untimely end of poor Bentley. His lengthy form will be missed at A.B.C. gatherings. Please remember me to all the boys, especially at Daresbury—I will be with you in the spirit, and as we are now in civilisation again will quaff a foaming beaker at noon on that date and wish you all the best. With all good wishes to the 'plates and dishes.'"

On the 12th December, Grimshaw sent "just a line to thank you and all the Club for sending the parcel, and for your kind wishes for Christmas. I wish you all the best of times, and hope you have a good day on Boxing Day—my thoughts will be with you then. I was very sorry to hear of poor Bentley. I was in Boulogne the day he died; I little knew I was so near him. Well, the Club and sport have lost a good clean sport whose place will take a lot of filling. I was very pleased to hear of Hubert's

honour with the French Army. I bet he has earned it, and I am very pleased to learn we have got a decoration for the Club. We are having some unsettled weather, at present it is snowing very heavily. We have got a football league, and I have been playing regularly up to the last fortnight, which I have spent in hospital with a bad dose of the flu, which has left me feeling very shaky. I am out again and am doing light duty for a few days. We expect having rather a decent 'do' on Christmas Day. We have had a subscription and are having everything in the eating line, so, all told, we are very lucky. Wishing you all the best of luck, and hoping we shall all be back soon."

From Barratt there are two letters, the first one is dated 2nd December and reads:—"Thanks very much for your letter of the 24th November. First of all, let me convey my deep regret at the news of Bentley. I had not the privilege of knowing him as well as most of the Club, but from what I have heard of him and know, I feel sure that the Club and cycling in general have lost a very devoted and whole-hearted supporter, and I feel that he met his death just as the same old Bentley. Re the parcels, for myself I don't think the selection could be improved as they seem to hit what one wants out here; and then there is always the delighted surprise of opening the parcel, coupled with the receipt of the Circular which keeps me in touch with Anfield topics. I have also arranged with 'Cycling' to send me a copy each week, which circulates round and round, and I am afraid the Private and Confidential rule of the Circular is sadly broken out here. It is good to hear of such fine turn-outs, and when things are normal I am going to pull off a good 24, as I am keeping jolly fit—touching wood—and could take my acid."

The second letter, of nine days later, runs:—"I shall be glad if you will kindly convey to the President and the members of the A.B.C. my hearty thanks for the acceptable parcel, to hand safely, and for their seasonable greetings. As it is very probable we shall be 'out' for the Christmas season, I am looking forward to spending Christmas in as near the good old style as possible. With every good wish for a very Happy Christmas and the hope that 1917 may see some of the usual Anfield programme gone through."

O. T. Williams writes the Presider: "In military phraseology, your very thoughtful gift contained certainly the Virtue of the Tactician. I refer, of course, to the 'Element of Surprise,' and this factor caught me unprepared, but I willingly acknowledge defeat at the hands of my friends, and appreciate your kindness and generosity to the full. I know from a short wandering over the water what pleasure your action will give to those favoured, and with me, I am sure none of them will be 'too proud to smoke' (our American friend will see the point!)

"Short and Sweet" is the letter, dated 22nd December, and received on Boxing Day morning, from Lionel Cohen—"Here's the very Best Wishes to the good old A.B.C. for ye festive season! What would I not give for a quaff of ye knut brown on ye Boxing Day Run! Inanelofanurry."

The first letter from Stephenson since he "joined-up" is now to hand—it is dated 20th December, and reads as follows:—"I trust you will find the above address (given in the Committee Notes) sufficient to fill the first page of the Circular! Should you want any more drop me a line and I will see the C.O., and no doubt I can get some more additions. He is a most obliging old chap in that respect. We get a bit fresh every morning before breakfast. I have not yet quite discovered who or what we are. We are called, among other things, 'Hussars,' although we have no horses. We have two or three hundred bicycles but have never ridden them. I hear we shall do so early in the New Year, and perhaps that is why they have given us spurs, but it has been suggested that the latter are to ring

the bell with. Altogether we are a rum crowd, and it is very amusing at times. I have not had half a bad time up to now, and, like the rest of them, am putting on weight. I have lost as much as five trouser buttons in one day, and have had to procure a belt as first line reserve for fear of further accidents. At present we are doing infantry drill entirely. Immediately after breakfast they take us down to a very draughty common and make us take off most of our clothes. When thoroughly cold they put us through Swedish drill for an hour and call us very rude names. Then they put us through rifle exercises, squad drill and other mysterious things, finishing off with bayonet fighting before dinner. In the afternoon they treat us in a similar manner until 4-30, when, providing you are not on a Fire or Emergency Piquet, you are allowed to get drunk in peace. The part I like least is shaving in cold water with the help of a bit of broken mirror and a candle at 6-30 on a cold and frosty morning. As far as I can see this is the chief drawback to being in the Army. At any rate it causes more language as far as I am concerned than anything else. Leave is very scarce here, and I am afraid I shall not get any for some time yet. I should very much have liked to see you all at Daresbury on Boxing Day. Remember me to all the boys, and may you all have a merry time—I shall do my best to have a merry one here.

On the 23rd December Robert Rowatt says: "Will you kindly convey my best thanks to the members of the A.B.C. for the pipe and tobacco. Wishing you all as Merry a Christmas as possible under present circumstances."

After being under orders for abroad for a long time, Jim Rowatt left for Mesopotamia on the 23rd December. He wrote: "Have just received the parcel from the A.B.C. Would you please convey my best thanks to the members for their very welcome gift. You may be sure that when I smoke it I will remember the jolly times I had with the Club, and look forward to many more when the war is over. I leave for Mesopotamia to-morrow, so your kind wishes came in very handy. Many thanks."

Dick Seed, writing on the 16th December, says: "Just a line to let the members of the A.B.C. know how much I appreciate their kindness and thought in sending the very welcome monthly parcel, the second of which I duly received to-day. I am glad to say that I am, so far, keeping fit in spite of the pretty rotten weather conditions which have prevailed since I came out. I got the last parcel while up the line and had not a chance to write, but as we are now out on rest I am able to carry out my intention of writing. I was very sorry to read in the Circular of poor Bentley—it was hard luck for he was not out long. Hubert Roskell has been doing well, I see. It brings the best out of chaps out here. We had a pretty rough time while up the line and a fair proportion of discomfort, but I reckon I was lucky to get into rest so soon, and over Christmas too. I think in the district we were in even W.P.C. would have had to dismount—it was quite a common thing to see 'i'ous dumped, as it was too hard work to carry them, for that was the only possible means of getting them along. I must now close by again thanking the A.B.C. for their kindness, and wishing them all the Compliments of the Season, and hoping soon to be among them again."

Cotter dates his letter Blackpool, 23rd December: "Please convey my thanks to the members of the A.B.C. for their very kind present. Once more it arrived in the nick of time, as several of the pipes in my possession have reached the superannuation stage. It is very nice to think that among the stress and worry of the times one is not forgotten by one's friends, and I hope that the day is not far distant when the war will be over. Kindest regards and Best Wishes for Christmas and the New Year to all the boys."

From Stephenson there is another letter, under date 21st December: "Will you please thank the members of the A.B.C. most heartily on my behalf for the pipe and tobacco received to-day. Both were put into commission immediately, as they arrived just as I was finishing my 'lunch' at the 'Club' (Members taking own knife, fork and spoon). They were also cheerful companions on a wet route march this afternoon. Whoever chose the pipes is to be heartily congratulated on his choice. Again many thanks, and wishing you all the Compliments of the Season."

Binns sends a Regimental Christmas Card conveying "Good Wishes for Christmas and the New Year to the Anfield Bicycle Club."

W. R. Oppenheimer sends a letter under date 22nd December, but as he says "please don't print this—I hate to see myself in print" we must refrain from publishing it; nevertheless we hope he will pardon us if we give an extract or two. "Again my thanks to the Club for the parcel to hand this evening—the contents of which are most welcome, particularly the note of Good Wishes from all, signed by the President and yourself. I was very pleased to get last month's Circular and to hear about Hubert Roskell. As for the contents of the parcel about which you make enquiries, the selection sent is really excellent. All Good Wishes to the Club for Christmas and the New Year—I shall think of you on Boxing Day."

Jim Park, on the 21st December, acknowledges the pipe in the following letter addressed to the President:—"Please convey to the Club my most sincere thanks for the parcel they so kindly sent me, and which came safely to hand this morning. The pipe is greatly appreciated and has already assisted me in the vigorous prosecution of the war. We're having quite a busy time and work seven days a week—seem to have been doing it for years now, but it does not appear to make us look any older, and it would hardly be possible to find a crowd more cheerful. Please give my very best wishes to all the boys. I feel certain that every one of the A.B.C. is doing his bit and a bit extra if possible."

"One of my most cherished possessions is a well seasoned briar," writes Frank Roskell to the President, on the 22nd December from Woolwich, "which was the handsome present of the good old A.B.C. this time last year. I am more than delighted to receive another fine pipe and tobacco, and thank you all very much. It is particularly pleasing to me to be so remembered by the old Club, as I feel I have been a bit of a 'back-slider' for the past few years. Never mind, when the war is over we must all look forward to a happy reunion. You will see I am still stuck at Woolwich, and likely to remain here for duration of war at least, as I have been before a Medical Board again and classed as C.3. on account of my injured hand. Again thanking you and the Club, and wishing you all the best of luck and happiness."

Mac. has received the following letter, dated 10th December, from Kinghorn at Port Said: "Very many thanks for yours of the 24th November and for your congratulations on my promotion. I was deeply grieved to hear of poor Bentley's death. He will be sadly missed by the good old A.B.C. I am lucky in being practically clear of any fighting, except from overhead, but the life out here is terribly trying and one is very lucky if one escapes fever, dysentery and other kindred complaints. Another parcel of chocolate arrived during the week, and part of same is being consumed as I write. Will you thank the members for their continued kindness, which is much appreciated. I hope to get some leave in the spring and to have an opportunity of meeting you all again. Kindest regards to all my old friends of the A.B.C.—P.S.—Since writing the above your official letter of congratulation to hand. Will you thank my co-members for same, which is much appreciated."

"Very many thanks indeed to you all," says Hubert Roskell, on the 20th December, "for your kind congratulations. Your letter of the 12th was most flattering. I am in great hopes of getting leave again next month, when I will make a point of attending a run. I sincerely hope I will be able to do so many times more before the year 1917 is over. With best wishes for Christmas and the New Year, and again thanking you."

Harold Kettle has rejoined after his convalescent leave, as the following letter of the 27th December shows. He is at Ripon (the new address is given in the official Notes):—"Please thank the members of the A.B.C. for their Good Wishes, also for the pipe and tobacco. I appreciate their kind action very much indeed, and am looking forward to the time when I can meet you all as a riding member. You will see from the address I have got to Ripon. This is a command dépôt for those who are more or less convalescent. Time passes rather slowly as I have very little to do. The Division I'm in do nothing at all except a parade in the morning for roll-call. From this lot you go into other Divisions, where you are put through physical drill and route marches, etc., until you are marked active again."

James is now to be numbered among those of "ours" On Active Service Abroad—"I'm on the way, will send address as soon as known. Merry Christmas to all the boys." Such is the message on a card from Marseilles. Good luck to you, Jimmy!

Jackson adds "writing later" to the postcard acknowledgment of October parcel.

There are two cards from Percy Williamson. On the first he acknowledges the October parcel "With very best thanks to Committee and Members. Wishing you all a happy Christmas and a great time on Boxing Day." And on the other says "The best of good wishes to all the Club for a Happy Christmas and the best of luck in 1917. Here's to the Club's next time trial and may it be soon!"

IN MEMORIAM.

E.A.B.

Far from the Cheshire roads he loved
Our fallen comrade lies;
The sun, the sky, the pleasant fields,
Shut from his darkened eyes.

At duty's call he left his home,
His wonted joys forsook,
To help his country's noble cause,
His life in hand he took.

No more we'll read his witty notes,
Laugh at his pleasant jests;
His voice is now forever stilled,
His pen forever rests.

No more he'll tread the spinning wheel,
Life in each humming spoke;
His frame, discarded, rusting lies,
The chain of life is broke.

But though he's lost the race with
Death,
(A race that none has won)
Sure the Almighty Judge will find
His shortened course well run.

MEMS.

The death of E. J. O'Reilly makes a sad blank in cycling circles, for The Scorcher filled a peculiar niche of his own, and added greatly to the gaiety of nations with his witty and humorous pen. Particularly will his

loss be felt by our good friends Arjay, The Tramp, and The O'Tatur of the "Irish Cyclist," with whom we deeply sympathise. It seems rather like the irony of fate that The Searcher should have his life prematurely brought to a close by being run down at night by a motor vehicle after spending the last few years in so strenuously and ably advocating with his pen the rear lighting of everybody and everything on the road to "protect" the poor motorist! Surely it cannot have been a case of "Do as I say—not do as I do"—otherwise the "accident" could not have occurred according to the logic of some people.

We recently were favoured by a visit at the Kafe Konklave of Grundy, the Cicyclist, who was home on one of his periodic holidays from the West Coast. Those members who were on the historic Coronation Tour and at Bettws, last year will never forget Grundy, and he is always welcome among us. On this occasion he was pressed to attend the November Halewood Run, and was rather vague as to his reasons for not being able to join us—whispering something about "having to go up to London." But the secret is out and is of rather a surprising character, for a few days later the following announcement met our eye in the "Liverpool Post":—

"GRUNDY—PURDY.—November 21st, at St. Matthews Church, West Kensington, London, William Montague, eldest son of the late William Grundy, of Cressington Park, and of Mrs. Grundy, Halewood, to Edith Mary, youngest daughter of the late George Purdy, of Morpeth."

Oh shades of the "Trefusalam Arms"! Heartiest congrats.

Extract from the "Irish Cyclist":—"The last thing I remember before the accident happened was that I got a glimpse of my speedometer at 60 miles an hour Six days later he woke up in hospital." Comment is needless.

Arjay has written Cook as follows:—"I was exceedingly sorry to hear of Bentley's death. He was very kind to me on one of the Anfield Tours in which I participated."

In the C.T.C. Gazette for December appears a most interesting account of one of Carpenter's strenuous week-ends—a little matter of 170 miles in Ross-shire, starting from Inverness and simply bristling with saucy bits of I in 7. It would not be a Carpenter tour if tyre trouble were not experienced, but we are rather amazed to read "up the long hill towards Grunard I overtook a *young* lady cyclist, and with her I rode the next five miles of hilly road . . . and we had an interesting chat until we reached her destination." Tut Tut. Go to, thou saucy varlet.

Scene—a Manchester tram-car. Dramatis Personæ—an Anfielder and a member of another club. The M.O.A.C.: "Say, look here, old chap. I've got rather a good idea for showing the attendances of the individual members of my club. It's my own notion." (Pulls out a sheet ruled off horizontally for members' names, and vertically for the Saturdays of the year, with the appropriate squares blacked in when an attendance has been registered). "What do you think of it?" The Anfielder: "Very good idea, but the Anfield have been showing their attendances in that form for years AND YEARS AND YEARS!" Collapse of the M.O.A.C. And the beauty of the whole incident is that the M.O.A.C. was at one of our Hunts Cross Runs last year when our attendance sheet was posted up and was greatly interested in it! Imitation, etc.

There is a persistent rumour spreading through the city that the male population of Menai Bridge has been enriched by at least one

additional member in the last few weeks. Can it be . . . ? Surely not, and yet . . . Tandem records may be cheap just now. Quel climat!

Cook has had word from M. Paquin, whose address now is A.T.M. 153 B.C.M., Paris.

Nicknames.

We have received the following interesting article from our valued correspondent the Cook:—

Our contemporaries of the North Road Gazette and Bath Road News have recently been enlightening their readers on the subject of Club Nicknames, and it occurs to me that a similar article might serve a useful purpose among our newer members without being uninteresting to Old Timers. Nobody can explain why some members quickly get a nickname attached to them—sometimes more than one—while others never get so labelled. A nickname is, of course, a tribute of popularity, but that is not the explanation. You have only got to think for a moment and you will conjure up the names of many most popular men whom no one would dream of attaching a nickname to. Can you imagine, for instance, any-one applying a nickname to Toft or Edwards, and yet there are not two more popular men in the Club. No—the reason is quite inscrutable, and probably arises from a variety of causes, in some cases not unconnected with some marked idiosyncrasy or original individuality, and in other cases to distinguish between two men of the same name. This article does not pretend to be in any way complete, so you must fill in the blanks for yourself, gentle reader. At one time the two Bucks and the two Pri(t)chards were known as Buck and Mr. Buck, Pritchard and Mr. Pritchard respectively, but for some reason or other Buck became "Lizzie," and Mr. Buck became "Zambuc"—or the medicinal Sam Buck. Pritchard was, perhaps expressively, but none too politely dubbed "Ugly" at a time when rather uncomplimentary cognomens were being invented weekly by our then member Wright, who did not hesitate to call himself "Henneck" (a fowl expression), and his great friend Barton "Egghead"—although he had not been "always bald." Some members have only had their initials used as nicknames, like "L. F." for Lawrence Fletcher, "F. H." for Koenen (also known as "The Master"), and "L. C." or "Elsie" for Cohen. Others are obviously merely shortened forms of the man's own name, like "Chem" for Cheminai, "Crow" for Crowcroft (also known as "The Raven"), "Mac" for McCann, "Stevie" for Stephenson, and "Ven" for Venables, but how came Buckley to be called "Bickley"? "Wilson Barratt" for Barratt, and "Sir Henry" for Irving are quite clear, and "Timbertiles" for Woodroffe (given him by the N. R.) does not take much thinking out, but why should two of our ex-Presidents be differentiated by calling one "Pa" White and the other "Boss" Higham? The N. R. called Bright "Whiskers," but we have always preferred "Everbright." Hawkes as "Lord Hawkes," and Royden as "Lord Strathallon" provide our aristocracy, the latter rather far-fetched cognomen because of Royden's one-time interest in a soothing liquid of that brand. Herbert Keizer became "Keizerette," to distinguish him from his more burly brother Charles, but who gave Tom Conway the name of "Mawr"? J. M. James is universally known in cycling circles as "Jimmy James," because his name is John! but it was a mistake to give the same appellation to A. P. of that ilk. Lowell was called "The Sponger" because of his idiosyncrasy on the Coronation Tour to mop his wet brow, etc., with a sponge carried in the pocket, and it is fairly clear why Hubert Roskell was called "Patty." He also had other names which, however, could only be used at selected moments by his intimates, and then only with great discretion! Jim Park

and Woodward were both called "Deck Ornaments" because of their sea-faring, while Turnor secured the appellation of "The Mullah" because of his exile on the West Coast of Africa at a time when the Mad Mullah was figuring very prominently. Lake Royden, Newshome's title of "General Kovah" was evolved from his business interests, and Carlisle became "Doctor" from the days of his medical studentship in the 80's. Cook's nickname of "Paganone" is obvious, but why was the name "Apostle" ever applied? And what was the reason for "Bunchy" as applied to Worth? Those who know Fulton with his marvellous ability for spinning yarns will recognise the force of "The Baron," as short for Baron Munchausen, and Montag's well known geological penchant amply explains "Professor Rockandtappit," while Robinson's "Wayfarer" is simply the adoption of his journalistic *nom de plume*. Beardwood is usually referred to as "Percy Charles," but recently at Llangollen the boots gave him a fine series of variations in "Beardmore" and "Beardmouth," while Hellier as "The Great Panjandrum" doubtless has some reference to his trips to China. If you have a nickname and have not been included above, please bear in mind that the list does not profess to be complete, and is only supplied to provide a little interest in this phase of Club Life.

RUNS.

Moreton, 2nd December, 1916.

To describe at length the ways and means adopted by the members to reach the above destination would in some cases be a reflection upon the primary object of the A.B.C. "cycling." Some of us have reached the Methuselah era where the spirit is willing but the flesh suffers from inertia. With this grave announcement we will ring up the curtain.

The Hostelry, to wit, "The Farmers' Arms," is quietly ensconced up the darkest lane it is possible to penetrate. On the evening in question it was easily discovered by running against it in the impenetrable atmospheric conditions ruling. By groping around the gables and acute angles it was possible to secure entry and form a unit of the hungry pioneers already foregathered. Six o'clock was announced and the usual stampede to rush the trenches was observed. This was duly carried out by a net total of 41 members and friends. After each individual had wisely, or otherwise, ensconced himself, it was discovered that the mathematical circumference of the rectangular table could not humanly adapt itself to the call, and overflow meetings were arranged. Whispered consultations and the passing to and fro of the maids implied a subtle sign that Mr. Bass, a distinguished visitor from the Potteries, had arrived. Henceforward all was joy and felicity.

With the distention of diaphragms, the tables were cleared for action. The versatile President acted as M.C., and the artists clustered in the Green room. Mr. G. Theakstone arranged the concert, and although space forbids a resumé of all the selections rendered, it would not be out of place to subscribe the names of the gentlemen officiating. Piano, Mr. George Freeman; Tenor, Mr. J. Halton Morris; Basso, Mr. Dave Evans; Comedy and Entertainer, Mr. R. Brown; and, lastly, the Stage Manager, Mr. Theakstone. Fortunately, his *pièce de résistance*, "Grandfather's Clock," was hors de combat, so he obliged with a song entitled "Dandy Coloured Coon," which was much enjoyed by the aforesaid patriarchs in the confines of Great Charlotte Street in 1880.

All the artists appeared right at the top of their form, and made a combination it would be difficult to beat. Most unfortunately I have mislaid the notes I took of the various items, so that it is impossible now (writing nearly a month after the event) to give a detailed account.

Suffice it to say that a most enjoyable concert was the result of the unstinted efforts of the entertainers, and a deep debt of gratitude is due to Theakstone and his versatile confrères.

Warrington, 9th December, 1916.

It is rather rotten having to write the account of a run when you have forgotten most about it. The only thing that I clearly remember is that a dull cheerless afternoon turned out into a perfectly gorgeous night with fair Luna working overtime, and excelling herself to such an extent that lamps might safely have been totally obscured with linoleum—nay, even banished altogether. The reason for this haziness arises from the fact that owing to the Festive Season, the All Highest Editor has short circuited with his large staff of gifted and highly remunerated contributors, and at the eleventh hour has had to resort to me, the office boy, printer's devil, etc., etc. To refresh my memory I had to worry Mac, for a list of those present, and this list reminds me of three notable features. First, the more than welcome presence of Harold Kettle, with his two gold stripes showing that he has *twice* been wounded fighting for us. Kettle looked very fit and well, and quite ready to report himself for duty again. Second, the surprising disclosure of Blackburn's calves! Cecil has either cut his trousers down or raised the money for a new pair of knickers. Third, the most unusual absence of Johnny Band, which provided much room for speculation. We knew the Picnic Season at Barnston Dale was over. Could the Harem have seduced Johnny to a dance? The total muster was 16, which was not so bad these times. Edwards had come out direct so was in good time, notwithstanding puncturing his new tyres. Blackburn had come via Preston Brook, while Cook and Chandler had met at Frodsham. Manchester was well represented by Turnor, Oppenheimer, Young Green, Boss Higham and Newsholme, and the rest comprised Ven., Mercer, Toft, Conway, Cody and Mac. Tea was quite up to Patten Arms standard. Ask Chandler what he thinks of the boiled mutton! The usual chat around the fire ensued before we began mizzling in threes and fours, which is better than being at sixes and sevens. Poor Cook could get no Wirral men to return via Chester, but Blackburn piloted him as far as Preston Brook (do you believe the yarn about a young man home on leave?), but thereafter he was on his own. Mac, Edwards, and Chandler returned via Halewood, and doubtless the Manchester men equally enjoyed the glorious moonlight ride home which was the reward of all those who faced the cheerless afternoon conditions.

Chester, 16th December, 1916.

Oh ye of little faith! It is true that there was some fog in Liverpool and Birkenhead, but it was foolish to assume that it was universal. As a matter of strict fact, it was absolutely clear and glorious outside the towns, and those with a modicum of pluck reaped a rich reward, for the sunshine was brilliant and the sunset glorious, while the roads were excellent. So if you got bunkered in the fog it serves you jolly well right for staying at home. What with the fog and an alternative run for Manchester members there was the record low muster of SIX at the Bull and Stirrup—Toft with Ven. in the basket, Band and Clifford Dews direct owing to late starts, Edwards via Runcorn and Frodsham on his basinette, and Cook likewise on three wheels, who had been exploring the Whitchurch road as far as Broxton, and reported it in much improved condition. Nevertheless, the party was a happy one, and were highly entertained over tea and afterwards round the fire by Band's experiences as a Drummer paying high prices at first-class hotels. As Dews had to go on five hours' Volunteer Guard duty he started back early, and as Uncle had "really not had a ride," and required a training spin in view of an 85 mile trip in North Wales on the morrow with Lord Hawkes and Professor

Rockandtappit, he accompanied him as far as Highfield House, and then continued via West Kirby and Moreton. Edwards and Band followed home later, and the A. J. S. outfit doubtless crossed the river some time. With Cody and Royden running a neck and neck race for the Second Attendance Prize, it was rather strange neither was out! Has there been some "squaring" indulged in?

Allfostock, 16th December, 1916.

There are very few days in a man's lifetime when cycling is not both possible and enjoyable, but this occasion gave one pause to think, and the result of the think was that if the fog was any worse it would necessitate doing one's perambulations on foot.

Four stalwarts attended the fixture—Boss Higham journeyed out alone from Dunham Massey, Buckley came fresh from his munition work at Congleton, and Green and Turnor, after meeting at Hale by accident, also put in an appearance.

A goodly feed of ham and eggs having been disposed off, and "nut brown" having been requisitioned, the party proceeded to settle the Irish Question. When one takes into consideration all the years that the chosen representatives of the people have taken over this question, and that they have even then failed in reaching a settlement, it is not surprising that the quartet did not succeed in the limited time at their disposal. Shortly before 9.30, Buckley, who was staying the night at the hostelry, bade the wayfarers adieu, and they (the wayfarers) proceeded into outer darkness.

The homeward journey became really interesting at Bucklow Hill, and from that point to Shepherd's Cottage, where the trio parted, the party was enveloped in what Sam Weller would call a "London Particular."

When the leader of the party announced that Shepherd's Cottage had been reached not a single member of the party was aware that the hill at Newbridge Hollow (nearly a mile back) had been negotiated.

It is to be hoped that if there are any more fogs on a Saturday during the winter that they will not attain a greater density than the one in question, because if so it is just possible that the attendance may suffer.

Halewood, 23rd December, 1916.

I should really be the last one to write this run as I understand adventures simply abounded with those who went by road. From the reports gathered, I admit somewhat hazily, it would appear that falls were the order of the day, and if a rather murky memory deceive me not Turnor was the only rider to come through the ordeal unscathed. He, however, spoiled his record by tumbling into rolling stock at Halewood on the return journey. Unfortunately, this time of the year is apparently not conducive to report writing, and blandishments, however fair, are guiltless of results. Hence these 'ere tears . . . Following a hoary custom I arranged with Chem. to walk to the venue, starting from a local and ancient eatinghouse which had better be nameless. Chem. is a sensitive soul. Presumably the overt and ill-timed sneers directed on occasion by persons who ought to know better, to his consistency in missing appointments have cut him to the quick, for lo! he has developed lately a lamentable lack of unpunctuality which is trying in the extreme. On two recent occasions he has turned up less than half an hour after the time appointed, and if he allows this thing to go on, heaven knows he may at no far distant date arrive to time. On the present occasion I, prompt by habitude, put in an appearance perhaps well under an hour late, content to wait the usual period, to find he had actually been and gone! This is really going a bit too far. In his place, surrounded by the Corn Trade (the members

of which since the Government has taken care of them, bearing the appearance of comfortable opulence), I found Cameron. The Corn Trade having toasted the Government with enthusiasm and frequency, I gathered from U., after some slight difficulty, that he had several highly important and critical engagements which would occupy him incessantly until the small hours of the morning. These, combined with the pathetic fact that as an honorary member he was debarred from attending more than 2/3 runs per annum, excluded all possibility of his going to the meet. We, thereupon, had lunch together, and by the time the Government had been again toasted the hour had arrived when the New Brighton contingent (last vaguely seen the previous evening taking a tortuous and circular route to the Landing Stage) had sworn to swarm in. No sign of him appearing, it was conjectured he had expired during the night. Ruminating mournfully on this sad event, a move was made, and the tour proper may be said to have commenced at the Editorial Sanctum, where communications with Chem. were eventually established. An adjournment to a neighbouring and hospitable bureau was made, and the hour being still early (it was only 4 o'clock) a further move to another and, if possible, more hospitable haven was safely negotiated. It seemed to me that Cameron became more and more tranquil as the day wore on, but this may have been fancy. The hour being still early (only 5 p.m., plenty of time to walk out), a further call on a friend not remotely connected with the animated dustbin of awful memory was mooted. Fortunately, the hospitality at this office, owing to causes beyond control, was not extravagant, and Cameron regained speech. The hour was still early (only 6 p.m.), and a start was about to be made, when a violent epidemic of brain storms attacked the party, and it was discovered that trains could be purchased at a purely nominal charge. This singular and original method of going out appeared to appeal with striking force to all concerned, and we consequently arrived about 7 p.m., to find the crowd (consisting of Knipe, Cooper, Mac., Turnor, Cook, Ven., Mercer, Charlie Conway, Edwards, Band—immaculately attired, having been delivered by rail—Fell and Toft) in a condition of poignant distress at our absence. By some divine intervention all the food had not been devoured, Cooper having kindly left us a whole chicken, and justice untempered with mercy was done to this relic. The mince pies which Teddy Edwards had been unable to get away with were demolished after a cordial vote of thanks to him, with the exception of one which Chem. surreptitiously put in his handkerchief to eat after his Christmas dinner. As he pathetically admitted to me in a burst of confidence, and mellowed by aerated water, every little helps in these hard times. Weird carols in various keys warmly extolling the virtues of some unknown benefactor wafting up to us, a hurried move was made below where we found the company worshipping at the shrine of Bacchus. Although temperamentally disinclined for this form of homage, out of politeness we remained, the choir thus being improved out of all knowledge. By a curious coincidence most of the party disappeared at 9.30, including Cameron (who, of course, had his engagements to fulfil), although the estaminet still shewed signs of life. Chem. evinced a mysterious penchant for soda water, and on this making its appearance he from time to time made obscure passes with lightning rapidity, crooning eerie incantations the while. One tumbler used as a loving cup sufficed, and the beverage (heretofore abhorred and treated with contumely) became bewitched, and acquired a bouquet irresistible in its appeal to the palate. We swore never was soda water like unto this—a few doses and Chem.'s cold, which had threatened to develop momentarily into double pneumonia, disappeared as if by magic. Unfortunately, the supply being unequal to the demand, and the sleeping accommodation leaving something to be desired, we had to leave and boarded the special about 11, arriving at our different habitations at various hours. I understand the riding contingent walked home in comparative immunity from accident, while

Knife went back by wire, he having collected a huge quantity of this almost priceless material per mudguard, and towed it along unawares for miles, eventually coiling it about his person, and arriving home considerably richer than he started—a good day.

Daresbury, 26th December, 1916.

Five members of the Wirral contingent met at Clatterbridge, viz., McCann, Band, Dews, Cook and Chandler. The morning was a delightfully crisp one with a carpet of hoar frost. Good time was made on towards Chester, and near the 8th milestone frozen snow and ice were encountered. As some of the members had had an unpleasant experience with this elusive substance during the week, great caution was observed, those on bicycles dismounting and walking on the grassy border. They were just preparing to mount when a figure was descried riding along in an upright position, Southport handlebars, free wheel, and all the latest improvements. This figure rode clean through the aforesaid snow and ice without turning a hair, and on examination was found to be Leece. He, unfortunately, could only accompany us to Chester, as he had to be a good boy and return to the bosom of his family. We continued, and before Daresbury caught up Tommy Royden ploughing along. Just before Daresbury the vanguard of the party who had drawn away from the others at the Sutton Hill were overtaken by F.H. dashing along on a curious object which had the appearance of a motor-cycle with the lower part of a side-car attached, minus the body. Whether he had had a lady passenger who had come to an untimely end by some means or not, the writer did not glean. The greatest surprise of the afternoon, however, was Turnor in long trousers who had actually *motored*, making some paltry excuse that he was staying with an uncle whom he brought as evidence. Personally, I don't think any *able-bodied* members who come out by petrol or steam should be given credit for runs. Just as dinner was commencing Mac., Cook and Dews appeared with black faces and hands. It appeared Clifford had slipped on some treacherous ice just outside the village when gazing on some wounded soldiers masquerading as women, and the mechanical brains of the Mac. and the Cook were kept fully working in righting the wrong. With a very enjoyable repast ended, which included the toasting of the members on active service—a very impressive performance—tracks were made homeward. Royden, Cody, Knipe, Charlie and Tom Conway and Cameron went via Lancashire, while the motorists, including Toft (who might well have been taken for a Cossack), Mercer, Venables, Cooper, Turnor, Fell, Poole, Sunter, Williams, Rowatt, all proceeded on their oil-tankers, the others going in the opposite direction. At Hinderton, Edwards, Cook and Chandler had tea, the others having gone on. After tea Teddy was persuaded that a finish up via West Kirby and Hoylake might get him an appetite for supper. They accordingly proceeded on the route which is the Cook's meat and drink every Wednesday evening. Wirral members are reminded that at 7-0 o'clock precisely this living wonder of energy commences his evening ride (weather of course permitting) and that there is plenty of room for company. Approaching Moreton, Teddy's tyre punctured, and he received a lecture from the Paganone on the advisability of always having a new tyre on the front wheel of his tricycle. The repairs were executed with due celerity, and the last lap of a delightful day's out was then entered upon. By the way, what became of Green?

Moreton, 30th December, 1916.

The whole of my staff being still on strike I have once more to place my nasal protuberance in close proximity to the grindstone. I had mentally arranged for Chem to be the victim, but he must have got wind of this fell design as he entirely disappeared from human ken on Saturday.

Exhaustive search failed to discover any trace of his elusive person, nor up to the time of writing (Tuesday) has he shewn signs of life. This is strenuous work and if the hon. treas. (a decent fellow after all) had not ponied up—albeit with reluctance—the whole of the editorial expenses, together with an I.O.U. for the emoluments attaching to our office I should myself be inclined to join the strikers. . . . Not having Chem to look after I naturally arrived in good time without adventure, and encountered in the chapter house Johnny Band expounding to a tense and terror-stricken assembly consisting of Buck (a chastened Buck snatched from the jaws of death) Toft, Ven and two friends, the highly ingenious intricacies of a lethal weapon warranted on concussion to wipe out with gratifying completeness any number of persons indiscreet enough to find themselves in its vicinity. Shortly afterwards Jack Seed, Cook, and Dews arrived, and on adjourning to the dining room we found Jimmy Williams and a friend, Cooper, Knipe, Blackburn and Mercer. Blackburn for a change had walked out without his bicycle, but Toft had carried out a somewhat complicated time-table which comprised taking his bicycle by train to Park, accompanying it for a walk of a few miles and treading the balance. This method appears to me to provide a charming variety; why *cant* the Cook think of these things? A huge joint of beef making its appearance, the skipper was told off to get in his deadly work, which he did with commendable pluck. The vegetables and accessories were as usual right up to standard, and an excellent meal the result. Sunter arrived late, but there was still no signs of Teddy Edwards, although hope had not yet been abandoned. Teddy is becoming a problem and one which will have to be seriously tackled sooner or later. Personally I honestly believe he does try to get out in time, and is not insensible to the nerve-racking strain imposed on those anxiously waiting and watching for his arrival. On the present occasion he turned up about 7-40 in a sincerely contrite condition and abjectly apologised for any worry he had caused. He had occupied most of the day in laboriously searching for the numbers of his inner tubes, and generously extending his vocabulary, which by the time he managed to crawl in had been (as one can readily imagine) enormously enriched. I believe he is now engaged in compiling an exhaustive thesis entitled "Edwards on Tyres," which should be a standard work. What happened after 8-0 o'clock I do not know, as I left with the New Brighton contingent at that hour so as to be in plenty of time, and this object was accomplished. I have it from an unreliable source that after having got rid of the teetotal element, J.B. gave an eloquent harangue in favour of extending the hours of licensed premises, but am not inclined to give credence to the report.

Knutsford (Lord Eldon), 30th December, 1916.

The ideal weather prevailing for this run was probably responsible for such an excellent turn out of the Manchester members; whatever may have been the real cause, the nine members and one friend (Mr. Jackson) sat down to the Lord Eldon tea fully prepared to do their bit amongst the good things provided by mine hostess, and by the time the meal was finished so much execution had been done with the tools one usually finds on these foraging expeditions, that the trenches were cleared out without a single casualty. The Mullah looked disconsolately at his empty pie-dish, whilst the Sub.'s face was a picture, as he gazed with dismay at the skeleton of what originally was a particularly fine shoulder of mutton. Tables cleared, we gathered round the fire and very soon were having an animated discussion respecting the innards of steam boilers, by two members possessing vast engineering knowledge; the point they were endeavouring to decide was somewhat vague at first—that is, to the uninitiated, but the pith of it seemed to be as follows: If the smoke tubes having both ends open to the fire box, got entangled with the water

tubes, what would happen when the steam tubes butted in and refused to steam? Then Boss Higham told us in masterly fashion how tram rails ought to be made, and Mr. Jackson added further to our confusion by detailing a most wonderful list of screwdrivers, twisty bits, etc., etc., all cut from the joint, or was it the solid? But the gentleman who really earned our sympathy was the Master. He had been most summarily treated by a young lady at a well known hostelry; calling there for much needed refreshment, the aforesaid discerning lady vouchsafed him one look and immediately said "we can't serve you." The poor Master, who was too dazed to reply, resumed his way unrefreshed. Of course we expressed to him our sorrow that such treatment had been meted out to him, but really if only he would wash his face before entering such respectable establishments he would save himself a lot of trouble. A most pleasant evening drew to a close all too quickly, and F.H. having already departed for Shropshire, the Doctor and Crow started together "on cycles" be it noted, each under a solemn promise not to desert the other, and to walk up all the hills; Turnor and his friend, accompanied by Boardman, Oppenheimer, Green, Higham, and Newsholme barged off together, all agreeing that the Lord Eldon run was one which could not be too often repeated.

A. T. SIMPSON, Editor.

ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB.

FORMED MARCH 1879.

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

MONTHLY CIRCULAR.

FIXTURES FOR FEBRUARY, 1917.

	Light up at
Feb. 3.—Moreton (Farmers' Arms) Musical Evening	5.28 p.m.
.. 10.—Warrington (Patten Arms)	5.42 p.m.
.. 13.—TUESDAY: Committee Meeting, St. George's Restuarant, 7 p.m	
.. 17.—Parkgate (Union)	5.55 p.m.
.. 24.—Halewood (Derby Arms)	6.9 p.m.
March 3.—Chester (Bull and Stirrup)	6.22 p.m.
Alternative Run for Manchester Members:	
Feb. 17.—Knutsford (Lord Eldon)	5.52 p.m.

Full Moon, 21st instant.

Committee Notes.

Stourton Lodge,

Arno Road, Oxtou.

Mr. A. T. Simpson was re-elected Editor of the Monthly Circular.

The following appointments were made:—Delegates to the R.R.A.: Messrs. E. Bright and H. W. Keizer. Delegates to the N.R.R.A.: Messrs. J. C. Band and F. D. McCann. Handicapping and Course Committee: Messrs. J. C. Band, W. P. Cook, E. Edwards, W. R. Toft, and F. D. McCann.

Mr. F. E. Dolamore was elected to Active Membership.

Private John Wells, Australian Imperial Forces, was restored to Active Membership.

The resignation of Mr. H. Collins was accepted.

The name of W. L. George was struck off the List of Members for non-payment of subscriptions.

It was resolved that, as railway fares had been increased to such an extent the Club should reimburse the Manchester Committee Members the amount of their railway expenses incurred attending the meetings.

NEW ADDRESSES.—*Note:* Corporal W. E. COTTER'S address should read B Battery, 355th Bde., and not 13th Battery; and L-Corporal G. JACKSON'S address should be B Coy., instead of No. 3 Coy.—F. C. del STROTHER, Room 242, 1, Madison Avenue, New York City, U.S.A.; Cyclist A. P. JAMES, No. 10202, Z Coy, Army Cyclist Corps, General Base Dépôt, Salonica Forces; 2nd-Lieut. LIONEL COHEN, L Coy., 3rd Special Battn., Royal Engineers, B.E.F.; Corporal J. HODGES, No. 29177, Royal Engineers, Postal Section, A.P.O., S.Z.J., Egyptian Ex. Force; J. C. ROBINSON, North Haymarket Factory, Cazneau Street, Liverpool; Cyclist G. STEPHENSON, No. 2,182, "A" Coy., 3rd Yeo. Cyclist Regt., Drill Hall, Beccles, Suffolk.

F. D. McCANN,

Hon. Secretary.

[PERSONAL.—Some are born to eloquence, others acquire the malady—if they are fortunate they may shake it off before it does any harm. I never had it, and what you've never had, in the words of the immortal Bard—or was it Wilkie? Perhaps neither, I forget!—you never miss. I am forced to say, however, that at the A. G. M. I felt its absence somewhat keenly, and it is to make good the omission that I pen these few lines. The nice things said about our little rag (and incidentally its necessary evil, the Editor) left me almost bereft of speech—a condition I may have known before but not brought about by a similar cause. I therefore feel I must take this opportunity of expressing my heartiest thanks, and I would like to say how deeply grateful I am for the whole-hearted support I have received from all the members of my brilliant staff, to whom is due the credit of keeping the flag flying in this direction at all events. From time to time, on receipt of the condescending lucubrations showered on me, I have stood aghast and marvelled at the wealth of literary talent and humorous conceptions displayed. Yet in most cases these gems are prefaced by shamefaced remarks as to their entire unsuitability and worthlessness by the accomplished but all too modest authors. At the same time the idea I haltingly put forward, viz., that a new (not necessarily "fresh") editor be appointed annually, is one I think worthy of serious consideration. I could easily mention several names for this responsible—if not too highly remunerated—position, with the strong conviction that the rag would "carry on" with increased prestige. However, circumstances permitting, the old hack will continue business, for the time being at least, at the same stand. When the lads come home—may it be soon!—and the sporting fixtures are resumed with I hope redoubled "frightfulness," he will gracefully (or as near thereto as he can safely get having regard to a disconcertingly undiminishing embon-point) retire into that obscurity from which perhaps he should never have emerged, and leave the direction of this immortal journal—not altogether without regret—to one of the younger and more virile members.—A.T.S.]

Concerning Those On Service.

Hubert Roskell, writing on the 6th January, says: "Very many thanks for the parcel and the enclosed letter of good wishes from the Club. The contents of the parcel are indeed most welcome. The herrings will make a fine addition to tea in our dug-out to-night. I am in hopes of getting leave in the very near future when I will be sure to attend a run. With very best wishes."

"Dear Black Anfielders, I thank you most sincerely for the pipe you have sent me," writes Binns on New Year's Day. "It is a useful one, but it is valued all the more because it shows that those of the A.B.C. On Service are still remembered by those at home. The pipe you sent me last Christmas has been in strange places. In the December Circular I was very grieved to read of the death of poor Bentley. He was one of the best, and I have very many times thought of his breezy and cheerful manner—may God rest his soul. I wish you all the Compliments of the Season, and hope that this year may be a happier one for us all. It would be grand if all this horror were over and one could jog along southwards to Shropshire, or, say, splash about in the mud and darkness of the dear old Cheshire lanes."

Warburton writes on Boxing Day: "Please convey my thanks to all members for the November parcel and accept my apologies for this belated acknowledgment. The sentiments expressed on behalf of the Club in your letter are very fully appreciated, and I heartily hope that the time is not far distant when we shall all be in a position to meet again. Meanwhile the Club Circular serves as a welcome reminder of happier times. My heartiest good wishes to all for the coming year."

From Jackson, at Salonica, on the 18th December: "It is with great pleasure that I have to acknowledge receipt of the parcel from the Old Club—it couldn't have reached me at a more opportune moment; I was on the rocks for something to smoke and something tasty to eat—you know—a change from bread and ditto or biscuits and ditto. The contents were in splendid condition, and I wish to express my appreciation of the Committee's and members' thoughtfulness in sending it out to me here. I received the November Circular some time ago and this month's on Saturday last. I had intended writing you a line when I got the time, but what with moving about and having a lot of work these last few weeks I was unfortunately not able to manage it. News of THE Club is always interesting, and though for many years I have taken no active part (not from the want of being asked, as you are well aware), I always took a pride in being a member. I suppose with lighting and other restrictions your cycling will have to be done more in the daylight than it used to be, though, of course, Anfielders are well known for finding their way "home in the dark!" I was deeply sorry to hear that Bentley had succumbed to wounds—he will be missed. With the Best Wishes for the New Year."

Hodges' new address is given elsewhere, and the rest of his letter dated 22nd December, reads: "When I went down to Alexandria it was to sail for Salonica, but unfortunately I went sick and so missed the draft. I am now at Ismalia, where I expect to be for some little while. Thanks for the two Circulars, they were very welcome. I am very sorry to hear of Bentley's death—we in Egypt have much to be thankful for. It is a pity you cannot have a little of the weather we are having—I don't know, though; it gets a bit monotonous. Please remember me to all."

Cheerful as ever, Cohen writes on 31st December conveying his new address, and continues: "I suppose once again the 'heads' decided that I was too much of a 'fighting unit' to be away from those who do battle, so here am I once again trying to do the aforementioned battle. The trenches at present, where I am—well, they are called trenches—are represented by a mound of mud, very soluble in water and more water so, as you can imagine, we don't go in the line in flannels! This is some war!! However, all's well, and when once I can solve the problem of a speedy end betcherlife it will be over before another fifty years in accordance with my first announcement to the A.B.C. We had a splendid Christmas bust-up, and I hope that the Boxing Day Run was the usual success. Gives my Best Wishes for 1917 to the Club."

"Will you please convey to the Committee and Members of the A.B.C. my deep appreciation of their many gifts during 1916," writes Kinghorn from Port Said, on the 10th January, "and for the Good Wishes conveyed in your November letter. I have completed one year's service out here to-day, having landed in Alexandria on the 9th January, 1916, and am eagerly looking forward to seeing you all in the spring, when I hope to get a month's leave. All good luck and prosperity to the good old A.B.C."

Kinghorn writes the Keizerette, under date 19/12/16:—"I received another parcel from the A.B.C., and as my time is very limited I shall be glad if you will thank the Committee and Members for their continued kindness. Things are much as usual out here, but fortunately the weather conditions just now are a decided improvement on the summer, and things in consequence are considerably less trying."

Just as we go to press there is another letter from Hodges, which is dated 15th January, and it reads as follows:—"I received the parcel with enclosed letter, dated November, last night, and wish you to convey my thanks to the Club for the same. The parcel had had a bit of knocking about Egypt before it reached its last rest. I am now settled for a little time at this place, but things are very uncertain out here, and one does not get much notice when required to move. The weather is now delightful—just like an English summer. What would some of you at home give for a week or two of it just now!"

Extracts from letter received from Ramsay Wells:—"The roads over here can knock the Northwich-Chester road into a cocked hat. They were not good at the beginning, and now with the immense amount of horse, foot and motor traffic on them, and men repairing all day long in any weathers at all they are cruel. Even your Apostolic self could not ride along them, and if you came on three wheels you would require all Bethell's butchers' coats and then not get through . . . I want to try and put the Easter week-end in at Bettws. this year if it is at all possible; I am due for leave, having now been in France in the firing line over nine months, and I think I can push a bicycle better to-day than when I did 5-28 in the '100,' and as for walking, why we have walked all over France, Belgium and Egypt in the last two years, to say nothing of the old Peninsular. Somehow I think I will shine in some future '24.' I am quite used to being up all day and night now!!"

MEMS.

If any member has a spare copy of the Handbooks for the years 1891, 1890, 1889, 1888, 1887 or 1884, and earlier, and would care to make a present of them to the Club, will he please send them to McCann, who purposes having all the old handbooks bound with a view to their preservation, the bound volume remaining, of course, the property of the Club.

A copy of the Circular containing extracts from letters from Members On Service, relating to Bentley's death, was sent to Mr. Bentley, senior, and McCann has had the following letter in response:—"Very many thanks to you for sending me the Monthly Circular of the A.B.C., which I have read with great interest. Will you please convey to one and all of the Members of the Club the heartfelt thanks of myself and family for the kindly sympathy they have expressed with us in our time of bereavement—we feel our loss very much, and can scarcely realise the fact that he has gone from us. I know that he always had the interests of the Club at heart. With kind regards, and again many thanks to yourself, believe me to be, yours faithfully, FRED. BENTLEY."

F. H. writes us as follows:—"Please let members know of the death of your namesake, D. H. Simpson, who for many years was a member of the A.B.C. In the late nineties I hid behind his broad back for many a thousand miles, while he was the big frontispiece on my first tandem, which later degenerated into the 'ice waggon.' In the early noughts he became our 'Motor-Dan,' riding an early motortricycle with an enormous petrol canister strapped on to the axle, and once more I hid behind. A member of his family writes:—"Dan volunteered early on, and went out as a motor transport driver, rising to Warrant-Officer, Staff Sergeant Major, before he was recalled by the War Office and given a Staff Commission to perfect an advanced form of 'tank.' I believe his promotion had been decided—on the success of his work—the morning he died of internal injuries due to collision with a cart in the fog whilst on his motor bike."

"By a curious coincidence the sad news reached his old tandem partner when the latter had just emerged from a collision with a cart owing to the ice on the roads (a very near shave)."

At last F. Del Strother has been heard from again, and in a post-card to Cook he sends "kindest regards to all the boys." Del Strother is in New York, where he expects to remain another three or four months, and his address is Room 242, 1, Madison Avenue, New York City. As Fulton won Del Strother's prize in 1910, it would be most interesting for them to meet in New York, and we hope the Baronial One will note this paragraph, and look Del Strother up, while if Newsholme has time when passing through to Toronto there might be quite a little Anfield party in the Tenderloin district some evening.

H. W. Bartleet in the "Athletic News" recently commented as follows:—"No sane person will claim that our cycling clubs should have continued their active programmes as in peace time—indeed, such a course would have been utterly impossible, considering that practically all club members of military age have been mobilised, and these included just the men who were most active in their support of club fixtures.

"But every club must have been left with a small coterie of members not available for strenuous military duty, including veterans, *unfit men*,

and juveniles. Such should have determined to keep their club alive, and its organisation in working order, till the boys come home." We ought all of us to paste this in our hats, and ask ourselves whether we can conscientiously regard our individual total of attendances at last year's club runs as satisfactorily doing our bit "to keep the club alive, and its organisation in working order, till the boys come home." Did we ever put ourselves out to attend a club fixture, or did we only turn out when someone offered us a joy ride, or there was an extra good feed or entertainment in prospect? Even if we are veterans and unfit, we can crawl or shuffle out to many of the short runs. Let unselfishness be our motto for 1917, and let us occasionally sink our own personal inclinations and conveniences and "turn out" for the sake of those away fighting for us.

At the A. G. M. of the Manchester D. A. of the C.T.C., Newsholme was elected President for 1917, thus following in the footsteps of Green and Turnor. Hearty congratulations to both Newsholme and the Manchester D. A. of the C.T.C.

Jim Park is the latest to join the Fellowship of Old Time Cyclists.

George Edward Talbot Poole has at last been discovered. He is another of our members hiding his light under a bushel, for it appears he is rendering war service in the National Motor Volunteers. Why not try a Club Run, George? You would receive a hearty welcome and be doing something to keep the Club flag flying.

Members who have experienced the special hospitality of Hawkstone Park Hotel and the Swan, Whitchurch, under the regime of Mrs. Manley (lately Mrs. Morgan), will be extremely sorry to hear of her recent death. Our sympathy is cordially extended to the family.

We have it on unimpeachable authority that the reason prompting our gratuitous advertisement of the climate at Menai Bridge which appeared in our last number has not the slightest foundation in fact. Therefore, unless and until further and overwhelming evidence of the beneficial effects of the atmosphere at this sequestered spot is forthcoming, we must unreservedly withdraw the gushing eulogism which, in an unguarded moment, we lavished on it.

For days past the air has been thick with rumours of the return of F.H. to sanity and real bicycles with treadles on. These have now been amply confirmed by a witness in whom we have implicit confidence, and who asserts positively that he has actually with his own eyes seen him on one of these vehicles! This will indeed be meat and drink to the Cook, and in our mind's eye we can see a pressing message flashing across the wires offering the Master absolutely knock-out week-end tariff terms at "Sunnyside Hydro."

Just as we go to press we learn that Hubert Roskell is in town, and will

POSITIVELY APPEAR

at Moreton, on Saturday, February 3rd. There will be no extra charge.

A. C. M., 9th January, 1917.

This is not intended to be a full and true account of our Annual Meeting, but just a few notes for the benefit of our Exiles—the rest who could have attended, but did not, can wait for the Handbook. The attendance

was small—only 23—and as 14 of these were members of last year's Executive it only left nine who came to show their interest and appreciation of the work done on their behalf. Two of these nine were Williamson, sacrificing an evening out of his few days leave from Salonica and incurring the expense of a journey from Manchester, and Jim Park, who broke his journey from Portsmouth to Southport, and went without any grub to attend the Meeting. Considering the advance in Home Rails, Manchester was well represented with Turnor, Newsholme and Williamson, while the attendance of Zambuck and Tierney was particularly gratifying. Of course Dave Fell presided, with Mac. on one side and Knipe on the other, and the rest present were Johnny Band, Toft, Cody, Keizerette, Charlie Conway, Royden, Mercer, Edwards, Cooper, Cook, Venables, Jack Seed, Simpson, and Chandler. After the formal "Taken as read" of last year's minutes, Mac. gave us the report of the year's activities, and presented a very cheerful document composed in excellent style. You will read it in full in due course, but meanwhile it should be recorded that the average attendance at the 54 Runs worked out at 16,629, which should make us the envy of all other cycling clubs, while our Membership Roll actually shows a small *increase*. It is true this increase is mostly in the Honorary List, and this raised a discussion as to the advisability of separating Honorary from Active Members in the list of Club Run attendances to account for their lowness in the table; it was finally resolved to explain the small figure of these, and also those on Active Service by the addition of "Honorary" and "On Service" respectively. Then Chancellor of the Exchequer Knipe presented his Balance Sheet, which was the best we have ever had, for in spite of £33 spent on sending parcels to men on service and the greatly increased cost of printing the much enlarged Circular we have *increased* our cash balance about £10. The most significant feature, however, is the practical elimination of the sad item "subscriptions outstanding," and there will probably be only one member "struck off the rolls." Toft expressed the opinion that we had had excellent value in the Circular which was justified more than ever, and Cook voiced the opinion that the policy of leaving the subscription unchanged and sending parcels to men on service was largely responsible for the excellent way subscriptions have been paid up and the splendid state of our finances.

The usual resolution confirming rates of subscription was carried *nem. con.*, and after Charlie Conway and Williamson had been appointed scrutineers, and we were about to proceed to elect our officers, the Meeting was temporarily broken up by the dramatic arrival of Jim Park in full Commander's uniform. It was as unexpected and as welcome as an angel's visit. However, we settled down again, and lost no time in re-electing, with acclamation, Fell as President and Mercer and Turner as Vice-Presidents. Then came the ticklish question of Captain, as Jack Seed positively refused to serve again for good and valid reasons. There was only one man for the job, but could we persuade him? Needless to say Johnny Band was that man, but he was inclined to treat the matter as an "Annual Joke." Fortunately an appeal to his patriotism, following Newsholme's excellent speech, and a promise that he would not be expected to do any carving more intricate than a steak pie, was successful, and Johnny accepted the office to which he was elected with unanimous enthusiasm. We wish for him a very happy year of office, and are perfectly confident that he will make a most excellent skipper. Of course there was no difficulty over the two sub-captains (H. Green and Venables), Hon. Secretary (McCann), and Hon. Treasurer (Knipe), for all these four have rendered splendid services, and their re-election was enthusiastic. Contrary to some fears there was actually a competition for seats on the Committee, and two ballots had to be taken, so that the scrutineers were quite busy.

Those who had spoken not more than a few dozen times during the evening had thus a well earned opportunity of lubricating their throats. The net result of the ballots was that Cody takes the place of Stephenson, who is now on service. Then a bombshell was dropped, Charlie Conway notifying us that neither he nor Rowatt could undertake the audit of the Club accounts. Horrible visions of the Hon. Treasurer getting away with a piece of blotting paper, or stamp margin, or failing to account for same in his balance sheet floated before our eyes, but after thanking Conway and Rowatt for their past services we appointed Zambuck and Chandler, and although they are novices at the game we have no doubt they will see that no rubber stamps or elastic bands are missing at the end of the year. Having now reconstituted our Executive, the general business of the Meeting commenced, and Johnny Band made an excellent maiden speech in formally proposing that the Club's Racing programme be left to the Committee, following which Charlie Conway, in a voice full of emotion, made his Annual Proposition that the Club Tour at Easter be to Bettws-y-Coed. Unfortunately, the usual seconder, Theakstone, was ill at home, and Arthur Simpson made a very poor substitute, and seemed quite out of his depth, but we covered his embarrassment by carrying the proposition with great enthusiasm. Some discussion ensued regarding the Whitsuntide and August Bank Holiday Tours, which it was decided to leave in the hands of the Committee, with the suggestion by the Keizerette that the Trough of Bowland should be incorporated in one of them. Zambuck proposed last year's resolution empowering the Committee to use the Club Funds to help our members with comforts, etc., and expressed the opinion that the Committee had made excellent use of these powers. Toft proposed, and Commander Park seconded that a special vote of thanks be accorded to Simpson for the way in which he had conducted the Editorial Department of the Circular, and we are afraid this will cost him quite a lot of money. Incidentally, it may be mentioned that in the Hon. Secretary's Report, Mac. had incorporated some glowing periods of praise of the Editor's services, but we were spared Arthur's blushes as he only arrived after Mac. had finished reading the eulogism. Of course Simpson made the usual dam soplht deprecatory response, but the main thing is that we have his promise to continue his offence. We then passed the usual omnibus vote of thanks, and officially closed the Meeting at the early hour of 9-0, but we understand that some of the young bloods adjourned to the front lounge, and continued discussing other business until the closure was applied at 9-30.

RUNS.

Warrington, 6th January, 1917.

Why does a mouse when it spins?
Because the higher the fewer.

The intelligibility of this enigmatical enquiry with its correspondingly inscrutable response may by some be called into question, but to me as I sit down to write, it is as clear as mud. This statement shows my present condition of mind; I have had bestowed upon me, just one little minute back, a Château, a Rolls-Royce Car, and £20,000 a year for life! At last my worth has been fittingly recognised. There are those who would dance with elation at such luck, but it leaves me joyless. For the Château is in Spain, the Car although it rolls Royce, may not roll me, and the £20,000 has no corporeal origin, existing as it does only in the mind of the donor, which, sad to relate, is wandering in the "Never Never Land." Dans ces

circumstances exceptionnelles, I prithee, good kind Mr. Editor, be indulgent. And now for it.

The day was ideal for cycling—the destination, Warrington. I regarded lovingly the assemblage of iron, wire and rubber which was once my bicycle, and thought of the many times we had traversed together from Canal to Canal the streets of Warrington; what emotions had been stirred up in my bosom, picking my way slowly over its sets and tramlines in each yard or which there seemed to lurk the power to bring you to Mother Earth at any desired moment. How they seemed to attract, draw, pull, drag and compel you to their embrace. And emerging from the town unharmed, how I would gently leave the tender sign of reher and wipe the beads of anxious perspiration from my brow. Reflecting on these pleasant memories, and holding council with our esteemed Editor (this ought to ingratiate me with him), it was decided that the train should be the means of transport. There are cyclists who would sneer at such a suggestion, but they should see me catch a train; it is an athletic exercise which cannot be surpassed, though one which requires much more “going” than “staying” power. And thus the Editor, McChem, (the young kilted laddie home from the front), and moi qui vous parle, came to embark in the train. But judge of my astonishment when on alighting at Warrington we found other enthusiastic cycling members had lavishly imitated us in our method of locomotion (Names on application to X.Y.Z., C/o Editor, stamped envelope and Postal Order for 2/6 to defray expenses).

At the rendezvous there were few to greet us on arrival, but by 6 o'clock the company had grown considerably. The Manchester men had turned up in good force, ra' tignam, Newsholme, Green, Tarnor (the latter accompanied by Williamson, whom we were glad to welcome home on leave), being observable among the number. Liverpool, too, was well represented. Teddy Edwards had made a mistake and arrived early, but Will Cook had not turned up by the time we went to table, and someone feelingly interposed the remark that the run was perhaps a little too far for him; Johnny Band was also missing.

A total of nearly 30 sat down to an excellent meal, varied and abundant. The “Patten Arms” has evidently been overlooked by the Food Controller. A boiled leg of mutton placed in close proximity to me soon lost its symmetrical contour. The limper it got, the more rotund became its consumers, and thus does the law of compensation play its part. Towards the end of the repast Will Cook and Royden appeared on the scene bearing news of disaster which had overtaken Band, whose steering gear had collapsed, leaving him stranded in the forest of Delamere. A pow-wow round the fire took place whilst the tables were being cleared, and Band's absence was much lamented as we had looked forward to his enlightening us on one of our latest scandals.

And then the music began. The programme was in the capable hands of Newsholme, who had kindly provided the necessary talent. The first item was a capital song, “God Bless our Empire,” splendidly rendered by Mr. Ernest Hildred, baritone. This was followed by a humorous song of the “filbert” type, intoned by Mr. Fred. Wilbourn, a youth of tender years, who later offered us a further sample of his ability in song and story. With an assurance which would do credit to a commercial traveller, he related us some stories of a pale hue, beside which the tale of “Three Blind Mice” appears positively naughty. Mr. W. Whittle then favoured us with an amusing selection à propos of a “Village Curate,” which was well received by the audience. Mr. J. W. Turner, who was officiating at the piano, entertained us with a Musical Sketch, and *mas tarde* recounted a few stories. He had a charming manner and a bright and happy expression as though he were really enjoying the things himself. His expression contrasted

strangely with the serious outlook on life of Mr. Hildred. The latter during the course of the evening, discoursed to us on the Sea, the Army, Love, and other subjects, all his efforts meeting with well-merited success. Mr. Whittle was also indefatigable in his endeavours to amuse. Near the end of the programme Chem. was asked to contribute an item. It was with some trepidation that he rose to comply. He confessed to me that he was really ill and did not feel equal to it, and he had fears of the company's appreciation assuming material shape or a form vulgarly known as "the bird." I pointed out to him that he had nought to fear in that direction, the price of eggs and poultry being prohibitive. Thus assured, in a voice cleverly imitative of a hoarse crow, he delivered himself of some old favourites. Sometime towards the end of the concert there appeared what we at first took to be the wraith of Johnny Band, displaying the handle-bar, the cause of his downfall, or fall-down, but closer examination proved it to be he himself in the flesh, at which we were much relieved. At the termination of the concert a hearty vote of thanks was accorded to Mr. Newsholme for the trouble he had taken in providing us with such an admirable evening's entertainment.

The happy meeting broke up shortly before 10 o'clock, and the small party with which the writer was connected, augmented by the presence of Charlie Conway, took train to Liverpool. Charlie tried hard to cajole us into accepting the hospitality of his wine cellar, which he placed at our disposal before quitting us, but we were as adamant, and resisted all temptations, pursuing the even tenour of our way, and arriving home safely well in advance of the milk.

Parkgate, 15th January, 1917.

I believe 19 years have elapsed between the previous fixture at the "Union" and the present Run at which 19 members and a friend were present. It would be interesting to know how many of the 19 figured in the double event—I know there were a few.

What sort of a day was it, and was there a walking party in those long past days? In the present case the day was perfect and walking parties seemed to predominate, and somehow or other everyone seemed to miss one another.

Personally, I took on a tough proposition, trying to meet the main walking party consisting of Mercer, Pritchard, two Bucks, Venables and a friend at Storeton Station, they having trained from Seacombe. I had overlooked the fact that they were not travelling on the Wirral Railway, and found on arrival that I was 20 minutes late. Before reaching "Glegg Arms," however, I caught up to Toft, who having done some hard riding with the Wirral Hounds was at his last gasp, and very glad to find an excuse to dismount and adopt the more speedy method of progress. He walked the remainder of the way, adopting the "Blackburn" fashion gracefully wheeling the scrap iron alongside.

On reaching the "Union," we found the main walking party had already arrived. Shortly afterwards the President and Montag made their appearance, and anxious enquiries were made concerning our hoary Editor, who, it seems, had crossed on the same boat to B'head, but had boarded the Prenton car, whereas the President and his guide had taken the Hr. Tranmere route, and on their way had included a Tour de Luxe of the Storeton Quarries. Simpson, however, turned up in due course, having made a sort of round-the-earth trip, his pedometer recording 2,000 miles. Blackburn also walked out solo from Rock Ferry. We were all pleased to see Tierney who, having missed all the walking parties, and having forgotten how to ride a bicycle, arrived per Rattler. The real cyclists were:

Band, Challoner, Cook, Cody, Edwards, McCann and Royden. Band had evidently arranged matters, as there was no carving for him to do. The tea was not quite up to expectations, but when it is remembered that our host was asked to cater for 12 and 20 turned up, also that he was handicapped by having no maids, I think he did us fairly well and deserves a further trial.

Home rails were purchased by all the members of the walking parties except Montag and self, who shanked it, and the cyclists with their little red rear lights burning brightly, passed us in the vicinity of Leighton.

When I arrived at the Bebbington Road Tram terminus, I was just in time to see the lights disappearing at "Sunnyside Hydro," and my detective instinct told me the Apostle had arrived home safe and was on his way to "Shuteye."

Allstock, 13th January, 1917.

I was especially anxious that someone else should write the account of this run, because there is really nothing particular to say about it. The making of bricks without straw has, from the earliest times (you, Mr. Editor, from your studies of the classics, will be well aware of it), been looked upon as an exceedingly difficult operation, and I thought I would like to see what kind of a job another would make of it. However, that coyness and diffidence which seem suddenly to come upon even the most assertive members when they are asked to exercise their gifts for literature, proved too much for my powers of persuasion. So here goes!

One can always put in a line or two about the weather, and on this day it was fine and crisp, making cycling even more than usually exhilarating. The roads, too—I can say something about them—they were crisp and frostbound outside the city boundaries. I had a good ride round, and on arrival found "Boss" Higham waiting for me. We warmed ourselves before the blazing logs in the baronial fire-place, and waited for 6 o'clock, which brought with it Turner, Newsholme and Williamson, the last-named on his last week-end before returning to Salonica, and much fitter for riding than he had been a week previously. After doing justice to a satisfactory meal and chatting before the fire, the whole of the party moved off to the "Lord Eldon," where they were regaled with travellers' tales by Newsholme and "Boss" Higham, the latter telling us a touching story of the frightful effects of enforced teetotalism on a friend of his. At an early hour (the D. R. A. sees to that) we wended our way homewards without further incident than the giving of hearty good wishes to friend Williamson.

Halewood, 20th January, 1917.

It is perfectly true—there is no denying the fact. For the second time in succession Cook has found it necessary to make a morning start to enable him to ride the paltry distance to Halewood. He is not the man he was. Both Chandler and Dews had communicated with the Hydro. with a view to piloting the old gentleman, only to find that he had stolen a march on them. We don't believe the yarn about lunching at Weaverham and afternoon teazing at Ornton, for "the season" has not commenced yet. Notwithstanding the raw day, heavy roads, and an alternative fixture for our Manchester members we mustered the satisfactory number of 16 for tea, which was quite up to the usual high standard, and, marvellous to relate, was *only 10 minutes late*. Fortunately, Chem. and Simpson had avoided "hospitable bureaux," and realising that trains canNOT be purchased nowadays "at a purely nominal charge" had really *walked* out, and consequently were in time, but the promptitude was very nearly the un-

doing of Chandler and Dews, who had ridden via Chester, and counting on tea being late had not worried about catching any particular Transporter. Johnny Band, sporting his Captain's badge, was the first arrival, and reported Cheminai's waiting for his pacemaker in Hardman Street. Cook and Cody next arrived, and the trio amused themselves repairing one of Pagan's tubulars until Loft, Fell, Edwards, Mac., Mercer, Cooper, Blackburn, Buck and Venables came trooping in in close sequence, and the party was just settling down for a long wait when to everyone's amazement TEA was announced. Where were Conway, Knipe and Keizerette? We hear Charlie was away on important business, while Knipe was busy drilling—not volunteers but potatoes! with dire results to his back! No doubt he will soon be singing that new ditty "Off to Dig a delphia in the morning." Keizerette is evidently saving himself up for an Invitation Club Run! However the 13 of us made excellent play with the chickens and rabbit pie, while Oliver sat pensively and patiently waiting for his specially ordered steak. It was amusing to watch "the manoeuvres of Jane" (Our gifted contributor must mean Chem.—Ed.) who has recently learnt a thing or three! Torn 'twixt love and duty he made complicated moves between the seats next Fell (Rabbit Pie) and Mercer (Chickens), and finally came to roost with Fell on one side and Cooper on the other, so he was well dug in and suffered no lack of grub. Just when we had almost made a job of things Chandler and Dews tumbled in, and but for the steak would have fared badly we fear. Like all good things the meal eventually came to an end, and an adjournment was made to the room below, where the typical Halwood evening was spent with "jolly good fellows," and conversation ranging from grave to gay. Quotations steadily declined, and the party got nearer the fire as time passed and various departures were made, until finally only Cody, Chandler, Simpson, Cook, and Cheminai were left discussing hair restorers and Lord Devonport's latest food orders, which latter we were told on good authority would lead to a great demand for corkcrews, and a rise in the quotation for articles now quoted as worth a guinea a box. Seeing that the party consisted of a non-smoker, two pipe smokers, and one cigarette fiend, Chem. decided that it was a grand opportunity to order a box of cigars to be passed round with impunity, but strange to say Phyllis had a holy regard for the new Shop Hours' Regulations, and was adamant, so poor Chem. could not even get a smoke for himself. This incident brought the run to a rather sad conclusion, and the three cyclists mournfully trundled themselves home, but we hear that Arthur and Chem. soon recovered their gaiety in the charming atmosphere of the lamp room at the station, where they vastly entertained the porter and drank off or tea out of Billyeans while waiting for the 10.49.

Marion, 26th January, 1917.

The crew of the lugger, after signing on for the trip, was, upon putting in an appearance at the dockyard, greeted by having a weird assortment of screwhammers, lifting jacks, etc., thrust into his hands, accompanied by a request to remove the slide valves of the engine on the spare machine from the starboard side to the larboard side; and as it was the intention of the crew to ask for an advance in wages, or a war bonus, he meekly set about the job in order to create a favourable impression; but when the skipper (looking resplendent after having titivated himself up) reappeared, the crew was so overawed that his heart failed him, and the modest request for another twopence per week he was going to make had to be postponed. "Let go!" yelled the skipper. "Ay! Ay!" bawled the crew, and soon Altring Port was left behind; Dunham Narrows and Bucklow Bight being safely navigated, good running was made to Lost-Lock, the ten miles having been covered in thirty-five minutes. The crew, with an eye to future recompense ventured to draw the skipper's attention

to this fact; but so far as one could see, without making the impression desired. At Brereton Point it was found necessary to take ballast on board in the shape of a cargo of tea; this took up so much time, that only twenty minutes were left in which to reach our destination. So many ice floes, breakers, etc., encumbered our passage that we were twenty minutes late by the time we had made fast at the Daven-Port. Here to our great joy we discovered Green Major affably discussing the affairs of the nation with the great Congleton Director of Munitions. Green Minor putting in a belated appearance, we all proceeded to discuss, in no half hearted fashion, a substantial, well cooked, and well served tea; the good intentions of our kindly hostess being well seconded by the gastronomic feats of her willing guests. The meal over, chairs were drawn round the fire, and much pleasant chat was indulged in. Finally, the company went into liquidation, and it took so long to prepare a statement of affairs, that it was nine-fifteen before the Manchester contingent, Turnor, Newsholme, and the two Greens wished Buckley a safe journey on his exhausting run home of three miles. The Davenport Arms, Marton, is a valuable addition to our fixture list.

P.S.—Will some kind friend put in a good word with the skipper so that the crew may receive his extra twopence per week, and thus be able to add a bit of margarine to his daily bill of fare? He will promise to put any balance in the War Loan.

Chester, 27th January, 1917.

"I shan't be out on Saturday—I am not long for this world—I feel I shall only last about two days, so will you write the run up?" So spoke the Editor in a weak voice broken by body-wracking coughs. "What kind of flowers would you like?" "I should like, not flowers, but a cross." Now, what could one do in face of a last dying request, such as this, but acquiesce? Ten was the total muster on this occasion, which was somewhat better than on recent visits to the Bull and Stirrup. Those present were Captain Band, Cody, Edwards, Cook, Chandler, McCann, Venables, Mercer, Toft and Cooper—all by road, there being no train party. Cooper had brought three passengers in the "flying bedstead," viz., Mercer, Toft, and Venables, but by what route they arrived present deponent knoweth not; suffice it that they got there in spite of the cold. They all envied the healthy exercise-engendered glow of the cyclists. The next arrival was McCann, practically by a direct route out, and then Cody turned up via Warrington. He reported a snaggy time into the teeth of the east wind as far as Warrington, and then a regular sleigh-ride with the wind at the back of him. Then Cook, Chandler and Edwards rolled into the yard together, but the first named two had only met Teddy there. Cook and Chandler had been across Queensferry, then to Shotton and up to Northop, and back by Hawarden to Chester, while Edwards had ridden out by Widnes and the Transporter, taking afternoon tea at Frodsham, and it was while so engaged that Cody must have passed through, for Cody was only a matter of a few minutes, perhaps ten, in front of him. Last, but not least, as tea was served and we were beginning to get our teeth into it, Band arrived—he also had come practically direct. After tea the usual circle round the (also usual) good fire was made, and we were presently joined by Norman Higham. Later still young Royden looked in expecting to find Tommy of that ilk, but Tommy had evidently funked the wind, or perhaps had gone to the pictures! Cody was the first to make tracks for home, and was strongly advised not to take the lower road as it was in a much "motor-improved" state. Then the motor party began to pile on the many wraps, coats, mufflers, fur caps, leather waistcoats, overcoats, etc., etc., and

eventually they got away, and soon after eight p.m. the remainder, consisting of five cyclists, proceeded to light their innumerable lamps. The top road was, of course, taken and the wind was found to be decidedly helpful, a good pace being maintained until Woodchurch, when the party split up, Cook and Chandler escorting Edwards as far as the Leasowe Road, through Upton and Moreton, while Band and McCann faced the wind up the Swan Hill.

Knutsford, 27th January, 1917.

Having dressed myself in all the clothes that could be got inside my jacket, I ventured out in the cold, and found with some surprise that I kept warmer than I had been all week. The Boss and I kept to the lanes, for there were clouds of dust on the main roads; the going was very good, and we got to the Lord Eldon at the edge of dark, to find Boardman and Delamore had already arrived. Turnor and Newsholme brought up the count to six, and we kept a place for Green, who had warned us that he would be late. Tea was as good as usual, and so was the talk round the fire—it was after nine o'clock before anyone thought of moving.

The run home provided no incident more serious than the replacing of a loose chain. These uneventful runs are pleasant on Saturday, but how they worry the unlucky reporter on Monday!

A. T. SIMPSON, Editor.

© Anfield Bicycle Club

© Anfield Bicycle Club

ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB.

FORMED MARCH 1879.

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

MONTHLY CIRCULAR.

FIXTURES FOR MARCH, 1917.

	Light up at
March 3.—Chester. (Bull and Stirrup)	6.21 p.m.
.. 10.—Daresbury (Ring o' Bells)	6.34 p.m.
.. 13.—Committee Meeting, St. George's Restaurant, 7 p.m.	
.. 17.—Hinderton (Shrewsbury Arms)	6.47 p.m.
.. 24.—Halewood (Derby Arms)	7.0 p.m.
.. 31.—Warrington (Patten Arms)	7.12 p.m.
April 5th to 9th.—EASTER TOUR. Bettws-y-Coed	
Alternative Run for Manchester Members.	
March 17.—Knutsford (Lord Eldon)	6.44 p.m.

Full Moon, 8th instant.

Committee Notes.

Stourton Lodge,

Arno Road, Oxtou.

Messrs. R. A. FULTON and W. CAMERON have transferred from the Honorary List to the Active List.

The President and Mr. Toft arranged for the sending of 15 parcels in January and a similar number in February to those of our Members On Active Service Abroad. The January ones contained cigarettes, tinned herrings, bullseyes, biscuits and writing materials, and the February ones cigarettes, shortbread, kippers and "Spearmint."

The Committee have under consideration some very attractive runs for the Easter Holidays, and they hope to have a large crowd at the Glan Aber—if you will be able to be present do not wait to the last moment

before advising me. **DO IT NOW!** or at the latest let me know immediately you receive the special circular, which will be issued in due course.

NEW ADDRESSES.—Corpl. W. E. COTTER, No. 2598, B Battery, 355th Bde., R.F.A., Earls Colne, Essex; Pte. J. L. MAHON, C/o D.S.T. Office, G.H.Q., Egyptian Expeditionary Force; Sergt. R. T. RUDD, No. 1005, D/275 Battery, R.F.A., B.E.F.; A/Bdr. W. R. OPPENHEIMER, No. 102808, No. 180 Siege Battery, R.G.A., B.E.F.

F. D. McCANN,
Hon. Secretary.

Concerning Those On Service.

Jackson's correct description is now Corporal.

Acknowledgments (by postcard) of the January parcels are to hand from Warburton, Ramsey Wells, R. P. Seed, Grimshaw, Rudd, W. R. Oppenheimer, and Cohen.

The Censor has been busy with one of the two letters received from "W. R."—the first, dated 1st February, runs as follows:—"Last Friday, at 4 p.m., our Battery suddenly got orders to move. We spent a most exciting evening and night getting our stores packed into motor luries and our guns out of position, and by 6 a.m. Saturday were on the move—the first time since taking up our position on coming out, almost four months ago. We had only had one casualty—one man being injured by a bomb dropped by a hostile plane. We were all sorry to leave as we had made ourselves comfortable in our dugouts. I had had several experiences of the front trenches—my first being on New Year's Day, and a very exciting day it was. The front line had been cleared as we were shooting on the enemy front trenches. All our trenches were smelling of tear gas and we had to wear our goggles at times—all sorts of shells were coming over us all day, the German 'Minnies' being the worst; you could see these coming and the explosion was about ten times as loud as that of our six inch shells. The most curious thing to my mind was that I did not hear a single rifle shot the whole day. The trenches in parts were up to one's knees in water, and as I had not got trench waders on you can imagine I was anything but comfortable. I got back to our battery with a feeling akin to getting home, and with a great admiration for the infantry. Well, to continue about our move—we marched out to a town about six miles away, where we were put up at a large French infantry barracks—particularly cheerless and cold. We were then allowed out into the town for the day and spent our time looking round and also having a few square meals. It is really awful the way one's mind dwells on grub in the Army. We continued our march at 6 p.m., getting to a fair sized town about 10 p.m.—here we spent an hour at a Y.M.C.A. hut, getting a hot drink and then continuing our journey in motor luries. We got to our destination for the night—a farm house outside a country town—at 12.30 Sunday morning; we slept in a straw loft, cold and cheerless, and started off walking again at 10.30 a.m. Fortunately, the weather was fine, but a bitterly cold wind was blowing. We reached another town about 2.30 p.m., had dinner and continued our journey by motor lurry again, and got here . . . about one o'clock Monday morning—tired out and all of us perishingly cold. We wrapped ourselves in our blankets and spent an uncomfortable night on the stone floor . . . We are now . . . ; not too comfortable as the frost is so keen, but really it is wonderful what one can stand—I am glad to say I am keeping quite fit. At the same time I cannot say I enjoy breaking the ice for water to wash in, and shaving is the limit.

The country here is quite pretty after the . . . of our previous position, being very like Cheshire—well wooded, with windmills a feature of the landscape. My kind regards and good wishes to all the boys."

Writing on the 11th February, Oppenheimer says: "I cannot tell you how glad I was to receive the Anfield parcel about a week ago—it came at a most opportune moment—the rations had not come up to us the previous day and we were living on 'bully' and biscuit, and not too much of these either. The contents of the parcel, too, could not have been chosen better, and above all it makes one happy to be remembered. I have got a stripe, why, I cannot imagine; there are a great number of fellows in our Battery more deserving and cleverer (such modesty!—Ed.) and I am now Acting Bombardier. It has a glorious sound, don't you think? Very many thanks to the 'Boys' for their continued kindness—please let them know how very much it is appreciated."

On the 30th January Barratt writes: "Many thanks for your letter. I am jolly glad it was such a successful A.G.M., and I can quite see some stirring times in store on the old roads when things get settled down. I have had 'Cycling' since I came out direct, and I was, to say the least, dumbfounded when I found my 'mug' on the 'wanted list.' I have a good idea as to who is the responsible party, and I feel, somehow, rather cast down that that particular one should have come into public gaze as it was really a joke on the part of a crowd of us at the time when we were having four days 'out,' and we were feeling very happy at the time—anyway, the murder is out. Perhaps you will have heard that I was home for leave in the early part of January. I arrived home on the top of one Saturday, and left on a Saturday; as you will know it resolves itself into a rush and bustle, and you wake up with a nasty taste in your mouth when you get dumped on this side again. I never got astride a bicycle, as my own jiggers are in pieces, and I was sorry I didn't get a chance of turning out at an Anfield Run, but I hope to resume a regular attendance when that good time comes along. We have been 'out' since just before Christmas—mixed up with football and cross country running, so I am feeling jolly fit at present and I enjoy 'best' turning out at 7 a.m. on these overheated mornings—turning out for a running parade. We are expecting to move 'nearer' in a few days. Please give my kindest regards to all."

On the 4th February Cohen wrote: "Have just received the Club parcel, contents of which were most 'fruity,' 'specially the 'fush,' as all the local trout streams are frozen up—the ice being on an average four to six inches in thickness. In spite of several attempts we have not been able to obtain skates whereby to take advantage of the miles of excellent ice in our locality. The frost, of course, has enabled yours truly to sit down quietly for the past ten days, during which, along with two fellow-officers, we have covered about 130 kilometres on super-fearnoughts, which, on the roads in these parts, is a somewhat energetic form of exercise!! It is a series of 'dock roads' over which these titanic performances have been done, so you can picture that there is life in the old man even after years of modern warfare. However, if the frost lasts much longer, with my usual luck, I ought to manage another trip home as a preliminary to the coming spring, which, I can assure you will be hotter than Axim, or wherever it was that The Mullab lost his bloom of youth; considering climatic conditions and trench methods of warfare it is more than likely on my particular sector, which in its present state is called other names! C'est la guerre. I am continually on the lookout for any other Anfielders, but so far it has not been my pleasure to meet even one. Hubert will gather where I am from the fact that I am just about six kilos north of where he was last November. There was a real crisis a week ago! We

couldn't get anything wet to suit the palate, but finally found a case of "breacking" (Dublin), with the result that the mess is feeling very strong and fat! That, of course, is the most important item in these strenuous times, and we are all sure the old Boche would go green with envy if he found even an empty bottle! Well, here goes for smashing the ice for my daily wash—(oogh!)—so now must end this effort of mine to tell you of my 'whatabouts' of late. Give my best thanks to all for the parcel, and with all good wishes."

"8th February, 1917. Messrs. All the Members of the Anfield Bicycle Club. My Dear Friends, in addressing you as such I am perfectly convinced that I am only speaking the truth, though it is many moons since I took out my old B.S.A. and turned up at a Club Run. I want to tell you all that it has been one of the greatest pleasures of my life to be able to rejoin the very dear old Club, and I thank you all most heartily for re-electing me. Having received some Circulars from McCann with the doings of the Club since the fall of 1916, I had grasped the idea that men were having monthly parcels sent to them, and, such is my presumption, I presumed that I might fall in for a little parcel sometime or other, but judge of my surprise when the Q.M.S. came along yesterday—Hi! Hi! Bombardier—here's a b—— parcel for you," and on opening it I find a full issue of smokes and rations for a week. By jove! it was a glorious surprise and my very best thanks are due and freely given to all the men at Home who from different causes have not been able to get a stall seat for the greatest Charlie Chaplin drama of the period. With regard to myself—after leaving England I was in South Africa, and then knocking about in Australia in every State until war broke out. I joined up in a cavalry regiment in Queensland, but after three months' training I began to see that this would not be a 'orsey' war, so I transferred to the infantry—went to Gallipoli—got invalided home in December, 1915—out again to Egypt in January, 1916—and over to France in March same year and here ever since. The Australian Army is 'the pick of the pantomime'—we never quite know where we are, who we are attached to or anything at all, but we have been in some tight corners and still keep smiling and swearing. I was very sorry to hear about old Bentley. Well do I remember him and his many little idiosyncrasies but a good fellow and sportsman throughout, and he died the death of a true hero. We have a great time over here with the 'Frogs'—when we arrive at a village the people run shouting—'Look out, lock everything up, here come the Australians,' then they take the handles off the pumps (many Anfielders will know that village) and there we are. At present we are out for a short spell, and whether we are to be in the Great Spring Push or not we don't know yet. I think, myself, that it is up to them to give us a spell for a bit now. Well, now, I want to be specially remembered to The Apostle, Dave Fell, Will Toft, Bunchy, Edwards, Band, Rowatt, Mercer, The Kooser, The Keizerette, Cody, Knipe, the New Brighton Mob, James, Roskells, and all the men I knew at one time. I wish them all the very best of luck and hope sincerely to be with them at some time or other. Well, good-bye all—with very best wishes to the dear old Club and the dear old Members, Ramsey Wells."

Under date 19th February, Grimshaw says: "Just a line in answer to your card, and to thank you all for the nice parcel I received last week. We have had a good spell of frost for about six weeks, but it is bad now as the thaw has set in. We have moved nearer to the line and we have got a piano in the billet, but are very short of music, and I would be very thankful, if any of you have any old music knocking around, if you would be so kind as to send me some. I am Secretary for our Sports' Club, and I am, naturally, let in for finding these things (Good heavens! is music a

sport?—Ed.) We have three men in training for boxing and have a match for the 22nd of this month. They are three very good ones; one of them, named Barlow, used to box a lot at the Stadium, Liverpool, and another one was matched for the Bantamweight Championship of the World. I have had a few rounds with Bailey—he is a good all round sport; we play football together for our company. I think the A.B.C. made a great show last year, and I bet their record has not been beaten by any other club. I am feeling fairly fit, and am looking forward to having a few more scraps before long, perhaps in 1917. I could do a 24 now, being more used to staying up all night doing guard. Wishing the old Club as successful a run as last year."

Extracts from letter received from J. L. Mahon, dated January 18th, 1917: "I have done some moving about in the Canal area since I last wrote you, but I cannot, of course, tell you anything further than that. For a long time I have been trying to get to Port Said on leave in order to give Kinghorn a call. I don't think I know him, but at any rate he's an Anfielder, and for that reason should like to see him. Thank goodness I have another keen cyclist in the building. When I first came to G.H.Q. I heard about a fellow called 'Cyclist,' so decided to look him up. He turned out to be a man called Nield of the Leeds Road Club. Do you know him? He was down helping Nicholls in the last 24. He appears to be about one of the keenest men from the Leeds district, in fact, I tell him he ought to move over to our side and join the Anfield. On the 15th instant I put in an application for a commission in the C.T.C. (Camel Transport Corps) as I think I know sufficient Arabic by this time. The application is having an 'Anfield' trip, as is the way of these matters in the Army, but I expect it will turn up again one of these fine days. I would like you to thank the Club on my behalf for the very generous parcels sent out to me. If it is not forbidden by the Authorities, I should be very grateful if you could send me out one of the $\frac{1}{4}$ in. = 1 mile maps of Cheshire, showing the greater part of Cheshire, part of Derbyshire, and Shropshire. This would help me to follow the Club runs and revisit in spirit the roads I miss so much. With best wishes to all."

Warburton writes to the Mullah:—"It is feafal down here and neither man nor horse can stick it longer than a given period. It is a picture of desolation beyond imagination, and the only distraction is supplied daily and nightly by Fritz. This morning at 1.0 we had to bolt for a 'funkhole' with nothing on but our shirts, and it was freezing like the dickens. However, I suppose it's all part of the scheme."

Barratt also writes the Mullah:—"I was very interested in Cook's article on 'Nicknames,' and feel it is a jolly good idea, especially for new members, and if some of the old members could be prevailed upon to write notes on their past experiences on the road and the various races they have ridden it would be a fine thing for those of us who have only joined the good old Club in recent years. I am sure it would be jolly fine to hear about how you started to have an eye on the 24 hours record, and how you started to get ready, and the attempts themselves, etc., and Buckley and Co., too, would be most interesting in their experiences, not to speak of Cook and others too numerous to mention; and what about a short history of the Club from the beginning?"

MEMS.

Our valued contributor, The Cook, writes us as follows:—During the Winter season our old crocks and "scarred old veterans" have most successfully got into touch with each other, and organised most enjoyable walking parties, and we would like to suggest that the same sort of organisation should continue right through the so-called cycling season

for the purpose of *riding* to the somewhat longer runs. What with the partial ban on motoring and the 50 per cent. advance in Home Rails, good would come out of evil if a little effort were made. Men who can *walk* to Halewood, Moreton, and Parkgate in the Winter are certainly physically capable of *cycling* to Chester, Daresbury, Farndon, Marford, etc., while even if the rattler had to be resorted to, the cost thereof would be much reduced by cycling most of the way; and with the Summertime Bill there is no need to be afraid of riding home in the dark! We hope some cycling parties will be formed. Just imagine what fun it would be to ride with a party of Liverpool members piloted by Simpson and Chem. or a Wallasey contingent headed by Buck and Pritchard! And it would have very beneficial physical results.

[We warmly espouse this brilliant suggestion, and cannot for the life of us understand why comparatively young strapping fellows like Buck, Pritchard and Chem. should not resume the treadle. For ourselves, we have no bicycle, and this appears to us to constitute an insuperable bar to our indulging in this glorious pastime, as a cyclist without a bicycle is to our mind unthinkable. It might be argued that we could get one, but suppose for a moment we seriously contemplated this rash proceeding, and found ourselves, willy nilly, succumbing (we are but weak) to the treacherous seductions of the admittedly eloquent salesmen who abound in those lairs where such implements are bartered, to the end that we were against our better judgment, and in utter defiance of the Cook, possessed of some contraption having among its component parts, free wheels, multifarious gears and all those devilish devices which turn hills into mountains and night into day, or something, how *could* we ever look the Apostle in the eye without trembling? How steel oneself against that gaze, scathing in its silent indictment, sorrow-stricken in its deadly sympathy, now kindling with frenzy, anon shining with watery pity on our imbecility? No! we could not face it. And then the Rear Lights! O! Heavens!—Ed.]

It has been suggested that a series of articles reminiscent of the early days would make most interesting and educative reading for the present generation, and the Editor would warmly welcome such contributions. We should like to have a few lines from Lawrence Fletcher recounting some of his End to End adventures; Tom Conway could write about his Liverpool-Edinburgh record; Fell about his epoch-making rides to and from London in 1885; J. M. James and Buckley could give us their Cuca Cup experiences; Mercer could tell us about his 24 on the Great North Road; Toff about his early tricycle records, particularly his London to Brighton and back, while Dr. Carlisle, Neason, Knipe, Koenen, etc., etc., have an ample field to draw from, and if all these will take the hint and oblige it would be a great service to the Club.

MOTORIST FINED.—At Highgate Sessions, on Wednesday, William Richard Neason, of Woodside, Sylvester-road, East Finchley, was summoned for allowing the identification plate of his motor-cycle to be obscured by a coat, and was fined 15/-.

“Cycling” recently had a par., headed “Moonshine,” reading as follows:—“According to the ‘Monthly Circular’ of the Anfield B. C., the full moon this month was due to appear last night. On the rest of the front, so to speak, the complete article arrived precisely a fortnight earlier. If the Black Anfielders—usually so successful in all matters appertaining to cycling—can achieve a double event in the way of a couple of full moons within a month, all well and good. Or do they run a full moon on their own?”

[All we can say is that if the presence of a full moon was announced in the

Circular in good time there does not appear to us any justification for its non-appearance, and we are very angry with it. If you see it in the Circular— These moon things, however, like all permanent officials, are hidebound in convention, and refuse to be hustled out of their regular habits. While accepting full responsibility for the announcement, our only excuse is that the information was guaranteed by our learned Secretary (a hitherto unquestioned authority on astral bodies) and unhesitatingly accepted by us in good faith. We make this somewhat elaborate explanation in order to strangle at birth the obvious inference that the Editor (as well as the moon) was full at the time.—Ed.]

Cook has received the following from the Baronial One:—"Poor Bentley's death gave me a shock. He was a right good sort, and I grieve his untimely end. We had many good times together, and I shall miss 'the longfellow' when next I pay you a visit. The A.B.C. loses one of its 'landmarks' and one of its best fellows. Poor Bentley, I am exceedingly sorry he has gone. At this time I really think my duty to the old Club is to request the Committee to be good enough to reinstate me an active member if not in body then in spirit. I shall be glad, therefore, if you will look after my reinstatement, as I feel you will approve of my suggestion of going off the Honorary for the Active, and I shall, of course, be thankful for your attention."

We are sure everyone will be more than delighted to welcome Fulton back on the list of Active Members. We hope the example will become infectious, as we should be pleased to have some other transfers of those who could well afford full membership.

[In response to our invitation, "The Wayfarer" (our only professional litterateur) has furnished us with the following interesting account of his doings. As a concession he has consented to the same emoluments as those promised to our other contributors.—Ed.]

Illustrious One!—It has often been in my mind (or what I call my mind) to write a few lines for the "Circular," if only to let you know how a distant member of the Club, who is too far away to attend any of the runs, keeps the flag flying in a district where cyclists (within the meaning of the Act) are conspicuous by their absence, and where one who rides all the year round is looked upon as a Blooming Marvel. Only my natural modesty, my hatred of publicity, my strong objection to giving to the world any of those biographical details for which I know it is longing, and my entire lack of practice in the way of writing and composition—these things, I say, have kept me silent. Now I am going to speak—and I hope you won't be sorry.

Saturday by Saturday during the present "off-season," the Anfield B.C. and the Century Road Club have been holding joint runs down here. (The approval and consent of neither Club have been asked for, and perhaps it would be well to break the news gently to the Committee of the A.B.C.) Our venue is always the same—a cottage in the New Forest, about 17 miles from Salisbury. The Century Club is represented by W. R. Wells, who rode nearly 300 centuries in "Cycling's" century competition (1911), while the wearer of the black-blue-and-silver button (of which he is inordinately proud) is none other than the present deponent.

This joint run is carried out on approved Anfield lines, the meeting place being at the far end. Tho' I live within half a mile of Wells, we never dream of starting together (my hour of departure being somewhat uncertain), tho' occasionally I overhaul him along the road. Wells generally goes straight to the cottage by one of the two or three "shortest"

routes which are available, whilst my itinerary depends entirely on the conditions of weather and road. On several occasions during this winter I have been able to turn the 17 miles into about 35 by riding "round the earth," one Saturday starting out northwards, the next southwards, and so on, my destination being south-east.

Latterly a member of the South Hants. District Association of the C.T.C. has butted on, so that the joint club run has become an inter-club run! The D.A. man rides what Cook would call a bundle of golf sticks, and sits on a piece of dish cloth—and, you bet, he has heard about it! We have tea and afterwards discuss rearlights, gears, and the other eternal problems of cycling. Then I fade away and ride home, usually by the shortest route. The D.A. man leaves later, having only seven miles to do, while Wells—lucky dog!—returns on Sunday. It is all very delightful and I was hoping to continue these runs for a few weeks longer, until the arrival of "the season" (1), when I could resume my longer trips. But man proposes, et cetera. There's a feller here who apparently doesn't approve of these cycling outings. Anyhow, he said to me the other day (in official language) "You come along o' me, youngfeller-melad," and I hadn't the heart to refuse him—especially as the invitation carries with it a new (and much needed) rig-out, the colour of which is the most fashionable in the world, khaki, to wit. So on and after 28th February I expect to be forming fours, dressing by the right, left inclining, as you were-ing, and all the rest of it. Later on I may have one of those becoming tin hats, which are "the only wear"—in certain atmospheres. But more of that anon.

I have been casting longing eyes towards the GLAUBER Hotel at Bettws-y-Coed for Easter this year, and my present position in relation to the historic Anfield fixture is similar to that of the burglar who was sentenced to a long term of penal servitude. "That settles it," he said. "Settles what?" asked the Judge. "I have been trying to decide," replied the prisoner, "whether I would spend this winter on the Riviera or in Egypt. Now I shan't do either!" I am afraid that Bettws. will not see me this year, but I look forward to the day when the Anfield weekly runs will be within my reach, and when I shall be able to show Cook a new short cut from Sunnyside Hydro. to Moreton, via Llandegla, Llanarmon O.L., Beddgelert and the Transporter.

With best wishes to the Club,

WM. ROBINSON.

Salisbury, 10th Feb., 1917.

P.S.—I am prepared to consider offers to continue the above as a serial, exclusive to the "Circular," all rights of translation and reproduction being reserved.

[This appears a sound and equitable proposition, and we have accordingly closed with the offer on our usual terms.—Ed.]

RUNS.

Moreton, 3rd February, 1916.—Cameron's Night.

Just snatched from the jaws of death (for some inexplicable reason—Providence is inscrutable) I take the opportunity of penning these few lines in convalescence. During the past week at all events, the Food Controller's allowance, far from stinginess, appeared to me to be positive and indecent gluttony, and, as I write, that beautiful contour, so universally admired, that monkish roundness, that god-like rotundity so soul-inspiring to the view—all has vanished, as the poet so feelingly expresses it, like the filmy evanescence of a dream, leaving me but a shadow, nay a shade, of my

former self. I must have lost at least a couple of pounds. However to our mittens:—The tour proper may be said to have commenced in the early hours of the afternoon at a well-known hostelry where foregathered Hubert Roskell, Chem., deponent, and two friends, Mr. Peris and Skipper Murray, augmented some little time later when the tour could be said to be well under weigh, by the Presider. The occasion was illustrious, for had we not among us one who had been singled out for distinguished honour by the French Military Authorities? This can be the only palliation or excuse for the Presider getting into the condition he was as he sipped with the air of a connoisseur the mysterious but entrancing contents of a baffling hue contained in dinky little receptacles. He it was who suggested walking all the bally way regardless of negligible expanses of water, but wiser counsels prevailed, and rolling stock to Park was purchased. On arrival, however, our distinguished comrade, who had developed a strange aversion to foot locomotion waxed eloquent on the advantages of further purchases while the stock was comparatively cheap, and accordingly we eventually alighted at Bidston. George Mercer, whom we had encountered en route here took charge of the cortège, and immediately led us into ambush in the guise of a prohibited area from which we emerged at the point of the bayonet rather more rapidly than we had entered. After this, George's services were unanimously dispensed with, and we accordingly arrived safely at our destination. Here we found Johnny Band continuing his exposition of lethal weapons (evidently having been engaged on this pleasing pastime since the last Moreton run) to the bloodthirsty Buck, who conceals beneath an apparently eminently benign exterior an insatiable and curling craving for the most murderous and death-dealing implements. Chem. was at once the recipient of the heartiest congratulations on his sudden accession to untold wealth, and was with difficulty restrained from standing drinks all round. The dinner, which was graced by the presence of 35, including friends, consisted of hotpot, inclusive of meat for those devoid of patriotic sentiment, and a similar dish minus this adjunct for those burdened with a National Conscience; the former was finished first. In addition there was steak and kidney pie, and the usual excellent array of vegetables. Poor Hubert, who was suffering from an anæmic appetite consequent on the fatigues of the day could only avail himself of two helpings each of these dishes, and was miserably conscious of duty left undone. After dinner the concert, which was left in the capable hands of Cameron was commenced. Owing to the keen frost, or perhaps to the pressure of his other multifarious engagements, the impressario himself was unable to be present, but he was, I am sure, with us in spirit, and had sent (also regrettably only in spirit) a galaxy of talent—the cream, in fact—from the Corn Market. Unfortunately, owing to no medium being available these gifted spooks could not be enjoyed to the extent their abilities no doubt would have warranted—spectral turns only commanding a very limited audience. The long-suffering Editor, who had promised himself for this night only a surcease from suffering and a gorgeous feast of sparkling humour, combined with irresponsibility as to quaffing the foaming bowl, found himself gently but determinedly perched at the box of bones and commanded to get on with it. A small but select party was got together, and consisted of our old friends Messrs. Andrews and Peris, Challoner, Newsholme, Chem., and last, but not least, Charlie Keizer fresh from the ruthless hands of his tonsorial artist, who had disregarded all his entreaties to leave him a bit on the top. Charlie gave us one of the Bab Ballads in inimitable style, causing poor Chem. to shiver with apprehension as he saw his own dazzling eminence in that branch of art threatened. Put on his mettle, the latter delved into his repertoire (which had preceded him the day before on a couple of railway trucks) and produced some items dating back to those stirring times when Queen Anne was being dead, and made a quaint pretence of forgetting the words from

time to time, this highly original device causing intense merriment. Mr. Peris for the benefit of Hubert (a distinguished linguist) gave us a resonant Spanish song, and the Marseillaise, and the other artists acquitted themselves with great acceptance. Buck was awake most of the time. Nobody threw anything at the pianist, or if they did, with but indifferent aim, as he emerged unscathed from the ordeal. In the midst of the proceedings Chem. took the opportunity of translating from the French the written record accompanying the bestowal of the French Military Cross on our old Pal Hubert, which set out that this had been earned "through outstanding bravery and reckless disregard of his own safety on not one but several occasions." This was the signal for a wild outburst of enthusiasm, and it certainly seemed at one time as if Hubert was on the point of standing drinks round. This dazzling prospect, however, faded before our eyes ere yet the wild hope had scarce flowered. Instead (and far better for us) he responded with a speech which will live in the memory of those present as one combining a naive and charming modesty with a firm resolve to share the honour with "my mate," whom he told us had gone through exactly the same experiences as he had, the twain having "passed the bottle" with the utmost impartiality. On the conclusion of his remarks there seemed a hazy idea among one or two (who had mysteriously disappeared into the outer darkness from time to time during the evening to ascertain for themselves if the price still remained the same) to carry him round the room in triumph, but this idea met with a singular lack of enthusiasm, despite a substantial shrinkage in Fatty's bulk, which only now weighs in the neighbourhood of 18 stone—and "He's a jolly good fellow" sung with gusto and rounded off with great cheering was substituted. The walking party about 9-0 made its way to the train in a blinding snow-storm. The hardy cyclists (who were in large force) remained longer, and I understand the tourists at the "Hydro"—which has been doing a rattling business this season, the landlord taking a long view and providing liquid nourishment at purely nominal charges so as to retain and swell his custom—duly arrived in good time.

Warrington, 10th February, 1917.

The last minute again, but the Editor threatens me with something with boiling oil in it to cure my procrastination if I fail to produce the copy, so I'd better get on with it. Well, after a strenuous day in my garden, I ventured out on the icy snow-clad roads, wondering how far I'd get before I dislocated my cervical vertebrae; and since time was short I determined to sample the Cronton road to find out what it would be like "coming home." However, once clear of Broad Green, the going proved all right, though rather bumpy in parts; and at Miller's Wall I had the good fortune to pick up Ted Cody who had been touring round Knowsley way. We had a decent run, rather tricky near the Black Horse, and for the first time in history, found Warrington streets easier to negotiate than those of Liverpool. Safely arrived at the Patten Arms, we discovered several members already in possession. Manchester sent five stalwarts, including Boss Higham and our latest recruit, Dolamore; a strenuous detachment of three came per Rattler from Liverpool in spite of enhanced fares, while six others had ridden out; Johnny Band and W. P. via Chester.

Tea was served in a cosy apartment somewhere among the bedrooms, and we partook, inter-alia, of the famous boiled mutton and caper sauce with suitable vegetable adjuncts, while Charlie Conway manipulated a steak and kidney pie. The Patten apple tart did not make its usual appearance, but its absence was compensated for by a couple of luscious ginger puddings, which disappeared as if they were sprinting down Cherry Tree Hill with the tape in sight.

When we had gathered round the fire (as many as were quick enough, that is) the Mullah, who appears to be now representing B. & N. Bros., opened his pack, and donned a pair of very neat-but-not-gaudy cycle-spats, which so served to enhance the beautiful symmetry of his nether extremities that, with the addition of a lamp shade, he would have adorned the front row of any ballet. Great interest was evinced, and the Mullah received several useful enquiries, but spot buyers were few, though I believe he booked an order from the Boss. W.P. maintained a contemptuous indifference, but what more could you expect from a man who never by any chance cycles in wet weather or over muddy roads? What does the likes of him wait with cyclo-spats?

At 7-30 W. P. was the first to make a move, and after vainly endeavouring to inveigle Teddy round by Chester, as the roads were "practically clear of snow," he set off to plough his lonely furrow. Then Manchester called her wandering sons home, and they too faded away. Train time arrived, and Toft, Mercer and Charlie Conway got on with it; and then as 8 p.m. approached, the remaining five slipped themselves for Liverpool, wondering if we could possibly catch the 10 p.m. boat. The homeward journey was a good deal of slither and bump, muck or nettles, but in spite of this, Roby was reached at 9-10, and the Wirral division, after shedding the Moscow Drive party at the Rocket, reached the Landing Stage at 9-40 p.m.

Parkgate, 17th February, 1917.

Glance at any standard English dictionary, and you will see that the verb "to walk" is defined as "to move or to go with the feet for exercise or amusement." Being sadly in need of both these last-named commodities, I fell an easy victim to an invitation from our Editor to join him in a "walk" from New Ferry to the interesting, old-time seaport of Parkgate. The weather was fine, albeit the roads, owing to the thaw which had set in, were generously bespread with mud, but it was mud of an affectionate nature; the smartness of our attire attracted it, and it clung to us faithfully and tenaciously. The covering of the eight miles or so separating us from our goal, looked like being a soft task, as we started off at a swinging pace, full of good spirits (animal, not the alcoholic variety) and replete with beans. Jogging along, philosophising on topics of the moment, we had covered about three miles, and were still going strong, when we were overtaken by a real cycling Anfielder in the person of Captain Johnny Band. He rode by our side a space, till, imagining that walking was easier, he dismounted and accompanied us some on foot, pointing out to us, the while, the workhouse and other amenities of the district. But even the Captain has a limit beyond which he is not prepared to go; he was at last constrained to cut the cable and cast off from us. Left to our own resources, we were soon in distress. Our spirits had become diluted, and were now much under proof; the beans, also, we had possessed at starting, were now "has-beens." Pedal exhaustion was rapidly setting in, and it did occur to me to try and finish on my hands and knees, but the rules stated the walk had to be accomplished "on the foot," and I did not wish to risk being disqualified. By degrees, I felt my boots becoming filled with myriads of sharp-pointed tacks, which penetrated the flesh, but still I bore up, cheering Arthur on by reminding him we were out for "exercise or amusement," as the case might be. On and on we struggled; the miles seemed to have expanded, with the damp, to double their normal length. Nothing but pluck carried us through to Neston. By this time, the tacks in my boots had developed into six-inch nails, and I was certainly not passing through the happiest moments of my life. I tried hard, by Christian scientific methods, to convince myself that the tortures I was suffering were really pleasure not pain; but it didn't work. Crawling wearily onward, I was almost in extremis when our haven at last hove in sight.

We were not long in scenting out that part of the establishment devoted to feeding operations, and as we fell in a joyous sight presented itself to our view: Meat and drink. Marked present: The Captain, Cook, George Mercer, Chandler, Teddy Edwards, McCann, Buck, Venables, Cooper, Tierney, and a number of others. The table was completely surrounded, and there was no escape for the food. We were soon seated before a succulent dish and "a pint of the best." We were waited on by a nymph of the female sex who had evidently been initiated into the W. H. Society, and she quickly recognised several of the cult in the room. The inner man satisfied, we gathered round the fire in approved fashion, and, in the intervals of that popular pastime, "What's yours?" and "Have another!" the usual interchanges of fact and fiction proceeded. The nymph, flitting to and fro—not altogether empty-handed—had evidently designs on Arthur, but he stood proof against her seductive advances. She was a sweet creature of Lord knows how many winters; her face had at some time been tampered with; her cheek was dimpled as though with the gentle touch of a swung hatchet.

Buck, Ven., and others left early in search of trains, and other devices dear to the cyclist, for reaching home. Will Cook and Chandler went mud-larking via West Kirby. We had now, at a comparatively small cost, enlisted Oliver Cooper's sympathies to such an extent that he invited us to shave his Ford for the return journey, in company with Mercer. I have heard scoffers make nasty scoffs about Fords, but in future they shall have my whole-hearted support (the Fords, not the scoffers). To me, foot-sore and weary as I was, Oliver's appeared not only a bedstead, but a bed, and that of the most luxurious type. Before quitting Parkgate, Oliver had a final "one" with us to prepare him for some tricky corners difficult to negotiate in the dark. Oliver is not the driver he might be; he provided little excitement on the way. Despite the careless manner in which people had left houses and walls projecting into the roadway, he actually missed them, where the merest novice would have demolished them or died in the attempt. Another fault: he drives far too quickly past places of interest within the meaning of the Act. He, however, conveyed us safely to his domicile, where we bade him a grateful farewell, thence making our way to the train for Liverpool.

P.S.—Do your feet ache? Then try Fiz. Taken in sufficient quantities, you will feel you are walking on air, and your front door-step will assume the softness of a down pillow.

Knutsford, 17th February, 1917.

Attending an Anfield run on foot has never appealed to me—perhaps because the distance has actually been on the high side, or perhaps because, though far from despising walking as an exercise, as a means of getting there I much prefer the bicycle. On this day, however, I found myself with another engagement which could only be fulfilled, if I was to carry out the run as usual, by my "padding the hoof," for some five miles. I took it on, wheeling my machine. Would that the one and only Cook could have beheld the sight! What a wealth of information I should have received on my mental state!—that is, if he had been able to speak at all. However, I did it, and after spending an exciting hour and a half in walking, and standing (and particularly standing) about a lumpy field, the surface of which was, for about three inches down, impregnated with snow-water, I joyfully mounted the machine and did the few remaining miles to Knutsford at my best speed, in order to restore the circulation in my poor feet. Arrived at the Lord Eldon, I was followed immediately

by Newsholme and Turnor, and on entering the smoke-room we found there "Boss" Higham and Oppenheimer defending the Realm with some obscure preparation which did not seem to be particularly alluring. Shortly afterwards the Master walked in—whether he had left a few suits outside or not, I don't know, but he didn't seem to shed quite so many layers of clothing as usual. Dolamore completed the party, and the excellent tea was satisfactorily disposed of. Round the fire the conversation drifted here and there as usual. Some of these days I intend to make a note of all the subjects dealt with on one of these occasions—a list of them would, I imagine, be astounding in its incoherence, which is just as it should be, for no subject, in such circumstances, should ever be pursued to the point of boredom, or indeed to anywhere near it. I can't remember most of the things we settled at Knutsford, but I do know that the best method of shaving, the War Loan, the merits and demerits of various types of doctor, and the "knock-out" blow (illustrated by "Boss" Higham out of a ripe experience) were but a few of the items in an illuminating symposium. Unfortunately the clock became insistent, and we had to leave a few things undiscussed and take our way homewards, reaching our several fire-sides without incident of note.

Halewood, 24th February, 1917.

"Is that 1423? Yes. Wait a minute. Are you there? Who is it? The Editor. Well? Did you get home safely last night? Yes. Too wet to go cycling to-day? Oh no, it is never too wet and I will soon be starting. Well when you get back you must write the account of yesterday's run as I want it P. D. Q." Thus was I disturbed on Sunday afternoon from a glorious dream. I was dreaming of an Invitation Run that made the North Road affairs look like a double blank, and even the Old Timers' Rally looked like 30 cents in comparison. Thanks to clever Press booming and perfect organisation cyclists were rolling up in thousands. Keizerette headed a gallant phalanx from Wallasey, Jimmy Williams pioneered a huge crowd from Birkenhead. Chem. and Simpson on a saucy tandem piloted a vast concourse from Liverpool. Harry Poole and Dave Rowatt had collected all the cyclists on the Southport Line. The Master was in command of legions from Manchester, and Buckley was the Pied Piper for Congleton and East Cheshire, while to crown all Carpenter arrived with a somewhat dishevelled crowd from Birmingham. How was this vast army to be fed? The officials were in despair, and the cyclists getting impatient began ringing their bells, when I awoke to find that the bell ringing was only the telephone and that I had but been dreaming! Fortunately, at Halewood this awful proposition had not to be faced and solved. Although the roads were heavy with the frost coming out of the ground there was no wind or rain to contend with, and it was a good day for cycling. Chandler and Cook via Chester, found Turnor, Newsholme, Green and Edwards at Halton, and had quite an old fashioned club run to Halewood, where they found Captain Band, Royden, Toft, Knipe, Cody, Cooper, Conway, Ven. and Buck, while just as we were sitting down to tea at six thirsty, the pedestrians, Chem., Simpson, and Mercer with a well timed effort pounced down on us, so that there were 18 of us round the festive board. Of course we sadly missed Fell, who was celebrating his Silver Wedding, Mac. who was under the weather, and Keizerette who was supporting the Union, but it was not a bad muster for these times. The usual jovial evening was spent, but it was a shame the way the fellows kept waking up Toft, who was rather sleepy after being on night police duty. There was quite "a feast of reason and a flow of soul," not to mention other things more liquid, and the market was rather nervous with erratic fluctuations. The

great topic of economy was thoroughly threshed out. Everyone was willing to economise on something. For instance, Band would economise on beer, Cook would willingly cut his consumption of lamp oil in half by dispensing with a rear lamp, and Chem. promised to cease using Harlene. And so the time passed all too quickly, and by 9-30 we were all on our homeward ways. Chem. and Arthur deserted their friends at the station, and escorted young Mercer across the fields to Woolton. Edwards piloted half the cyclists via Gateacre, while Charlie Conway with a *white* rear light to make up for the absence of rear illumination on the machines of Chandler and Cook, escorted the rest of the party via Hunts Cross, and we understand all reached home safely after a real jolly evening.

A. T. SIMPSON, Editor.

© Anfield Bicycle Club

© Anfield Bicycle Club

ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

MEMBERSHIP LIST

1891

© Anfield Bicycle Club

MEMBERSHIP LIST
1891

ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB.

FORMED MARCH 1879.

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

MONTHLY CIRCULAR.

FIXTURES FOR APRIL, 1917.

		Light up at
April	6th to 9th.—EASTER TOUR. See Special Circular	7-23 p.m./7.39 p.m.
..	14.—Chester (Bull and Stirrup)	8.38 p.m.
..	17.—Tuesday. Committee Meeting, St. George's Restaurant	7 p.m.
..	21.—Halewood (Derby Arms)	8.50 p.m.
..	28.—Warrington (Patten Arms)	9.3 p.m.
May	5.—Kelsall (Royal Oak)	9.15 p.m.

Full Moon, 7th Instant.

Committee Notes.

Stourton Lodge,

Arno Road, Oxtou.

The following arrangements have been made for the day trips at Easter:—Good Friday, Beddgelert, luncheon at the Goat Hotel at 1.30 p.m. Saturday, Llanfairtalbairn, luncheon at the Black Lion Hotel at 1.30 p.m. Sunday, Carnarvon, luncheon at the Sportsman Hotel at 1.30 p.m. Monday, luncheon at Ruthin on the way home at 1.30 p.m.

If it is your intention to be present on the Easter Tour please advise me as soon as possible, stating when you hope to arrive, so that accommodation may be reserved for you.

New Addresses.—2nd A.M. GEORGE POOLE, No. 60833, 59, Somerton Road, Cricklewood, London, S.W.; Corporal W. H. KETTLE, 16, Platoon, D Coy., 3rd Yorks. and Lanes. Regt., Hendon Road Schools, Sunderland; Rifleman W. M. ROBINSON, B Coy. Reserve Batt. Queen's Westminster Rifles, 5, Gloucester Road, Redhill, Surrey.

F. D. McCANN,

Hon. Secretary.

Concerning Those On Service.

Hearty congratulations to Archie Warburton on his promotion—he should now be addressed as Quarter Master Sergeant A. Warburton.

We now have three more Members On Service—George Poole, W. M. Robinson and Harold Band having joined up. The former is a Second Air Mechanic in the R.F.C., and is stationed at Cricklewood, London. W. M. Robinson is at Redhill and his full address appears elsewhere, while Harold Band, after a brief stay at Preston is now at Blackpool—we have not yet received his address. He is in the R.F.A. To all three our Best Wishes are extended.

Harold Kettle writes that he is keeping quite fit—he has now been moved to Sunderland.

Acknowledgments (by postcard) of the February parcels are to hand from A. Warburton, J. A. Grimshaw, W. R. Oppenheimer, Lionel Cohen ("Back to the ——— O.L."), R. P. Seed, Hubert Roskell (January and February), ("Very many thanks.")

A card is to hand from Hodges, under date 20th February—Am now quite fit. Please remember me to all the boys, and accept my best wishes for a successful Easter Tour.

Cotter was recently in Liverpool on very brief leave—very few of us had the pleasure of seeing him.

Who's the member referred to in the following extract from a letter from a member of the Combine C.C. in France? "But his great joy was the unexpected pleasure of meeting a member of the Anfield B.C. out here . . . they talked bikes, roads and tours until further orders."

Stephenson, who is evidently in good vein just now, writes: "Dear Uncle Willie" Cook:—Yes I am a dirty dog for not writing sooner. My offence is too grievous to think of apologising, so don't mention it. I could think of excuses by the hundred, but as they're mostly lies you probably would not find much truth in them. A fortnight ago they gave us our first bicycle ride. We were ordered to parade in full marching order at 6-45 a.m. to draw bicycles. Having drawn them we packed our overcoats and other troubles in the shape of shirts, etc., in the old kit bag on the back carrier. On the front we carried a cycling cape and mess tin, and in a haversack slung at the left side other odds and ends such as soap, shaving tackle, towel, etc., etc. The right side held a full water bottle; add to this a hundred rounds of ammunition, rifle and bayonet, and the answer is unprintable. Well, we started off. My sparring partner, who had been a tramp and had never ridden before, made a brave attempt at mounting, and tried to wipe me off the earth at the same time. He failed dismally at both projects. I had a wary eye on him and jumped ahead, but his was not quite an unavailing effort, as I saw him bring off a fine coup by knocking the next file almost over a garden wall while the following 12 or so men rode over his mangled remains. We had one or two artificers with us who carried a leather bag on their backs full of tools. One of them fell in a ditch on the return journey and was nearly drowned owing to the aforesaid tools holding his head under the water. It was one of the funniest sights I've ever seen! One of our officers is O. T. Williams—I think in your line; do you know him? (This is a melancholy confirmation of the sad view we have been battling against that nobody ever reads the old rag, as a reference to back numbers will disclose a communication from Williams, who is of course one of our members.—Ed.) The only discovery I made was of a little unpaid Lance-Cpl. by name Mark Hale, and cousin of Bill Hale of that ilk, Farmers' Arms, Moreton. There are persistent rumours here that we are to be turned into cavalry again. I can't say with any degree of truth that I know a great deal about horses, but I do know which end their tail is, and by that same token it's time this tail ended. These two tails (or tales) appear to have got somewhat mixed, but I trust this sorting out will not entail much work (O help!)

Warburton writes the Mullah:—Many thanks for yours, and also for the Circular which seems to become more and more interesting. This place, though exciting at times, is a welcome change after six weeks of shell-dodging and dug-out life. It used to be a bit rough chasing about in the frost at 1-0 a.m. with nothing on but a shirt. I developed an awful cough, but have now completely shaken it off. For the time being I am living in the remains of a house. We have three up and three down and live rent free. All the very best to you all.

Barratt also writes the Mullah:—Many thanks for yours with Circular. I see "Cycling" has adopted Cook's idea of giving the nicknames used in prominent Clubs. I should think it would be jolly interesting to have a series of articles on "History of famous Road Clubs." We are having rotten cold weather at present in common with most people I believe. My shaving brush has been frozen stiff; the tinned fruit has to be threatened with hot irons before it consents to leave its tin; the bread also suffers, but the lid was put on when we discovered two bottles of real Bass frozen. We, however, soon managed to thaw them! I had a cycle ride the other day. The roads were hard, and beautiful ruts ran along side by side. I managed to get into a nice rut, but the trouble came when I tried to get out. The back tyre went down after half-an-hour, and after consulting by book of rules I got it all right, but it went down quite regularly, and as it was a cold day it kept me nice and warm. I thought I was pretty fit, but my legs ached, my head went up and down, my tummy rumbled and I was fit for any hospital when I arrived at my destination and found I had done 7 miles! The bike had brakes all over it, rear-light reflector, front cover which obligingly turned when you steered; a back carrier which a parcel kept in place; a bell which could'nt ring, and a saddle which was fine training for horse riding. Kind regards to all.

W. R. Oppenheimer writes on the 8th March as follows:—Again I have to thank the Club for their very great kindness,—the February parcel reached me safely a few days ago and the contents were, as usual, most welcome, in fact they could not be improved upon. Since last I wrote we have done a considerable amount of moving—it has been very interesting, as many days we have been able to spend the daylight in a country town, having a look round and getting a square meal for ourselves. At present we are back at our old pastime of preparing positions, with the usual filling of endless sandbags; it is all in the game though. The battery has so far been very lucky—one killed and one injured being the total casualties since we came out five months ago. I hope the muster at Bettws-y-coed will be a good one and that the sun will shine. All good wishes and again very many thanks to the members for their continued kindness.

The following is an extract from a letter from Binns to Mac.:—I read the "old rag" every month, and am glad to learn what is being done as regards cycling, but I am far more interested to read of those members in the Services and their experiences. It is so interesting and real when one has been there oneself. We are having a bit better weather lately, and jolly well about time too!—yet the wind always seems to have a cold bite in it here. I have some "posts" about four miles away which have to be visited at least once a day, so, sometimes, I borrow one of the Signallers' bicycles—"Bicycle; Mark I; Signallers; for the use of; No. 1." Weight, quite as heavy as the old "ice-wagon" of shameful memory, or that old road roller you once had about your person on the Liverpool Landing Stage. My foot has been painful lately, still I can cycle more comfortably than I can walk, yet against the wind the average Army Bus requires a deal of "treading on." It seems hard to believe there are such things as a nice little 21 inch bicycle with wooden wheels and, say, 1½ inch Constrictors. I was glad to get the Handbook for 1916. The A.B.C. Service List is not such a bad list, is it? Yet God knows how sorry I was to see the "In Memoriam" page. I got two more machine guns yesterday; now I have twelve in all. Kindest regards,

"Jimmy" James, who has evidently forsaken the peaceful paths of cycling for the somewhat more exciting exercise of driving mules, writes with enthusiasm of these quaint quadrupeds:—"Ye gods! Fancy me a moke trainer! A mule (like a sausage) is half bred. It is the unfortunate result of two animals of different species being crossed in love. Consequently it comes into the world with a temper to match. In the art of crossness a

really good mule, well up to sample, will give a bear with a sore head fifty in a hundred and a good beating. Mules are generally used in connection with transport—not the 'transport of delight' one reads about. It is laid down in the book that a mule of normal height should carry one hundred and sixty pounds (exclusive of pack-saddle). Some mules agree with the expert—especially with regard to the 'laying down' part; others more illiterate refuse to carry a single pound (saddle included). Even the very thought of a pack-saddle is galling. A mule is a born contortionist. One would think he had been bred by an eel out of a Chinese puzzle to see him finishing his morning toilet by scratching his offside ear with his near-side hind leg. He is the only animal that can see if his back hair is straight without a mirror. A muleteer is a person who does not look after a mule. One was recently admitted to dock having been kicked in his supply dump and bitten in his base by one and the same mule at the same moment. It was thought that in these times of reduced rations the animal was abstractedly endeavouring to make both ends meet when the unlucky muleteer got mixed up in the middle of the experiment! The poet who opined that Maxwellton's braces were bonny could never have heard a section of mules being fed. Give my love to all the boys!

Dated 3rd March, there is the following letter from Jackson:—Many thanks for your p.c. of 23rd January, and also the Club for their splendid Christmas parcel, which I am afraid I overlooked to acknowledge except through the p.c. enclosed. Kindly forgive my negligence, which was quite unintended. I was glad to receive the February Circular the other day, and to read of all the doings of the old Club which is keeping the banner flying very well. I'm down in the base now recovering from a touch of "flu," etc. I see James is down this way, and very soon hope to get a chance to look him up. I'll let you know if I do see him. I don't think he will have quite forgotten me yet. I was surprised to see the extract from my letter in the Circular—I shall have to be careful what I write in future. Of myself, I have no news to relate, so must needs come to a close here. With all good wishes. By the way, I've now climbed up to the rank of Corporal.

MEMS.

The Bidlake-Price Tandem Trike imported into the Club by Frank Roskell and the Keizerette, enabled Fulton and James and Bentley and Cohen to secure some valuable records for us, and its disappearance last year left quite a gap which has now been filled by the acquisition of the Stancer-Leake T. T. by Newsholme, which made its "dayboo" with Turnor at the helm at Halewood. Is History going to repeat itself? We should all delight to see Newsholme sporting a frilled button, and wonder what record he has in his eye. Meanwhile the T. T. will enliven the Club Runs, and provide some delightful pacing, although the Apostle rather jibs at the idea of hanging on to any machine with wired-on tyres on wood rims, and will feel happier when proper speed wheels are fitted.

The Liverpool "Express" Cycling Notes on Saturday nights have been unusually interesting lately, owing to a controversy about local clubs and their run attendances. The East Liverpool Wheelers made a claim for "record," which was warmly disputed by Mac., and the discussion that ensued was vastly entertaining. As far as we can make out, it was a case of "Anfield barred" on arguments that were both ingenious and ingenious. It was urged that the Anfield was not a local club because some of its members lived in Birkenhead, etc., and in any case a club run was not a club run unless all the participants met and rode in a body like a

Sunday School Treat! Unfortunately, "Cycling" pricked the "local" bubble, and reports of current club runs showed clearly that the E. L. W. did not conform to their own definition of a club run, while two of their members "let the cat out of the bag" by reporting the fact that in the winter of 1914-15 the E. L. W. had lost their identity in that of the Combines, so altogether Mac. has scored right along the line, and we have had some publicity that will show the cycling world that the Anfield is still very much alive.

Ye Gods! We hear that Percy Charles is taking up cycling again, and promises sooner or later to appear among us on a bicycle with all modern refinements. It certainly will be a welcome sight, and more of our "scarred old veterans" might follow the example with great benefit to their health and happiness. Never mind if the machine is "all wrong" and makes Captain Band cry! The main thing is to make a start—you will in due course discard the useless fittings and get a real bicycle.

It is rumoured that Alcoholic nourishment is shortly to be further reduced in specific gravity and advanced in price. This has caused great consternation to Edwards and Co., but we are hoping to arrange for "Shem." and Arthur to roll down to Bettws. on a tandem barrel of the real stuff at the old price.

We regret the response to our appeal in the last number for the experiences of our racing cracks has not met with the success we should have liked. One communication only has mysteriously made its way into the Editorial sanctum, and appears below. Fortunately, this seems to us (as will be seen on perusal) to embrace a lot of invaluable tips and helpful hints to keen aspirants after racing honours, and will, we feel sure, prove of great assistance. There are, however, still points which remain untouched, exhaustive as it is. We are convinced these could be illuminated by some of our contributors, and we again appeal to them to shed some light on their awful past.

His First "100."

Impelled by keen ambition's goad,
Egged on by bald unseemly jest,
Filled up with shame—a fearful load,
He swears to enter—do his best.

His best! 'twas but a feeble thing,
Yet there it was—all one could do,
They guyed him, biffed him, threaten-
ing,
Until his ardour grew and grew.

Long spells of training did he well,
And dreamt of smashing records all,
Imagination's dazzling spell
O'erwhelmed him like a phantom
trawl.

He studied all the racing hints
On form, on sustenance, on speed;
No lightest word in any prints
Escaped his mad and glutinous greed.

At nights his slumbers ne'er profound
Were wrecked by nightmares in his
cot,
He dreamt he passed it through and
round
The bally field, the blooming lot.

In fancy's realm (no flies on him!)
The milestones fled at his attack,
Until they seemed—a picture grim,
Of some churchyard; alas! alack!

The steepest hill planed down its
heights,
As tho' his grid were three-speed
geared,
Tempestuous joy, O! wild delights,
As one by one his foes he cleared.

His brain enfevered, heart in throb,
His body bent, his mind all aches,
None now from him his goal can rob;
He flies to grasp it—then awakes!

Undaunted still night after night,
He does the old familiar grind,
With hopes now blighted, now quite
bright,
At times despairing, then resigned.

At last the fatal day appears,
The dreaded day, no further grace,
His time has come, he's filled with
fears;
They hold his trembling form in
place.

With shiv'ring limbs he waits to know
His doom or to him so it seems:
Ten seconds, five, three, two, One, GO!
They push him off—he almost screams.

He starts and for a mile or two
He rides on air, a god on wheels.
"An hundred miles"! 'Tis all too few.
A thousand he could do he feels.

As this feeling has short shrift
As up a pimple on he toils,
He hears behind, O! judgment swift.
The sound of wheels—his soul recoils.

A murd'rous wrath enclouds his sight,
Bloodred he sees in frenzy bound;
The Thing draws near as if in flight.
A mocking voice shouts "Claw it
round."

No fitting answer to this taunt,
(O! loathsome thing to give it breath)
Occurs to him till grim and gaunt
The figure fades—he wills its death.

A clammy feeling o'er him steals,
Despair engulfs him in its grip.
His limbs are numb, his blood congeals.
He chews some fruit and gets the pip.

Yet struggles on, his mind a blank,
Till Pree's is reached, a welcome stage.
The crowd in comfort on the bank,
Regales him with bright badinage.

Enheartened for the time at least,
He battles 'gainst the elements,
Until again another beast
Goes by—he tears his hair in rents.

From there right on to Chetwynd
Church,
A second life, or so it seems.
To him is lent—he needs no birch
To flog him on—again he beams.

For mile on mile he hurls along,
Altho' by hated rivals passed,
And feels at last he's going strong:
Some wags call out "Now, not so
fast"!

It must be "evens" now he thinks,
And hopefully he times a mile;
What's that? 4.10! his heart it sinks,
His stomach turns; he gets the bile.

And then all hope abandons he,
His grid so light at morning tide
Now seems to weigh full ten stone three,
He wished he long before had died.

On, on he toils, and ever on,
Till Hodnet Corner looms in sight,
His watch is stopped, of time he's none,
He only knows his awful plight.

He hears the checker's voice so bland,
Which lies to him in dulcet tones,
And tells him he is "doing grand";
His answers are concealed in groans.

Once more upon his awful job
He toils away in torture's grip.
Again he's passed, he feels a slob,
Great beads of sweat from off him
drip.

"How long O! Lord," he wails in pain,
The acid eating in his soul.
He grites his teeth in anguish vain,
His eyes with madness wildly roll.

At last again at Hodnet's he
Arrives; it seems a countless age.
Limp down upon the sod lets he
And murmurs weakly "What's my
age?"

For trickling thro' his numbed brain
A phantasy had taken shape,
He thought that years of strife and
pain
Had passed and that he'd reached the
tape.

The checker now no longer gay,
But anger dark upon him writ,
Regards him like a lump of clay
And sticks him on his grid with
"Git!"

Again drags on the witless wight,
And prays for night to hide his
shame,
Facetious urchins in delight
Alongside walk and fan the flame.

With merry jest and ribald sound,
They cheer him as in chorus they
Inform him that his wheels go round,
O! how he longs to maim and slay!

For miles it seems they follow him,
No power he's left, he gasps for air
And then finds out, O! humour grim,
He's punctured; he gives up a
prayer.

And lays him by his loathed steed
At last his troubles now all o'er,
A lang'rous feeling, Heaven's meed
Steals o'er him; he begins to snore!

RUNS.

Chester, 3rd March, 1917.

A glorious day saw four Mancunians at the Royal Oak, Kelsall, sipping, not that which maketh glad the heart of man, but simply the cup that cheers, etc., when a mellifluous voice was heard from the nether regions inquiring for four "dirty cyclists," and immediately Dewes arrived preceded by Uncle. After they, too, had imbibed, the party set out for the B. and S., arriving about 15 minutes before the time appointed for action.

The day was fine and the roads good, which no doubt accounted for the overflow at tea. As near as I can remember, 17 or 18 sat down to a scene which began to move with marvellous rapidity, when the good things were handed round. I should have been third on the list, as the first two plates were deposited on my immediate and once removed immediate left, then the cussedness of "Wimmin folk" prevailed, and they broke out in a fresh place, and so on until I was left until the last. After the majority had honoured L...d D...p...t (in the breach) until honour was no longer possible without grave risks, a move was made to the fire, headed by The Band, leaving Arthur and the writer to settle differences with a few unconsidered trifles left over. My word! what a twist the little fellow has. He's enough to put the immortal Oliver to shame (Twist, I mean, not he of the Fiery Microbe, who, however, regaled us with heartrending stories of how he defrauded the Railway Co. in the dark ages, by walking home from Chester, then spending the fare in "riotous living"). The tea being definitely over the remainder joined the crowd round the fire; Teddy, comfy in the big chair, enjoying the usual Flor de Cauli or something, and Band initiating us into the mysteries of bags. Sugar was mentioned with bated breath, whilst someone was so daring as to ask Royden how many millions his firm held in whisky. Cook and Dews accompanied by Chandler having already departed on a pilgrimage to "Somewhere in Wales," a move was made a few minutes to seven by Oliver (not Twist this time) who informed us that his time had arrived, he having an appointment with someone whom he would not, could not, or dare not, disappoint. About 7-30 the two Mancunian singles departed, leaving the Liverpool contingent still round the fire. We were, however, overtaken about two or three miles out by the M. L. A. and Newsholme on the tandem, who after a few miles craved permission to "get on," a request regrettably "assented" to. "We two," left to our own devices, wended our way, as befitts those in the "sere and yellow" uneventfully, if we except a considerable show of intelligence in our R...r L...s, which evinced a desire to anticipate the powers that be. We arrived at the Smoker just in time to Defend the Realm two times in twice minutes.

Daresbury, 10th March, 1917.

Judging from previous Circulars, I see that dreadful penalties are exacted upon people who fail to produce an account of a Club Run when commanded to do so by the Editor; so, although this is going to be my first attempt at such, I had better get on with it unless I want those visions of boiling oil, etc., to become solid, or should I say liquid, facts. Well, since the day was not exactly dry, indeed there had been reports of a little dampness under the trees, Uncle proposed a tandem trip. Needless to say this proposition was very acceptable to me; accordingly, so mounted, we sallied forth. About the fifth milestone from Chester it was deemed advisable to don our capes, which we found necessary to keep on for the rest of the journey, which was continued via Chester, Tarvin, and Delamere Forest to Acton Bridge. Here we found ourselves forestalled by the tandemons Turnor and Newsholme accompanied by Webb, who was in a somewhat advanced state of moisture due to the fact that he had unfortunately left his cape behind him. While imbibing a little tea, and at the same time listening, or rather trying not to listen to a rickety old gramophone which would persist in annoying us, the Cyclist Touring Club Meeting, which had been held at Manchester on the previous night, was discussed, and it was decided that it had been quite the success anticipated. We then travelled to Daresbury via Little Lee, where, at the top of the canal bridge we were greeted by a squad of women and children who cried in awestruck tones "Rid it by gum," and "Yewve rid it," which information greatly eased our minds since we knew then that we had reached the summit. When we arrived at the Ring o' Bells, we found

Toft, Cody, Green and Edwards in possession of the citadel, Edwards having braved a tricycle run upon such a day. A pretty good meal was served, during which Mac. and Band arrived, the latter in a partial state of wetness, although in a lesser degree than Webb, who had to leave us early in order to go on police duty. The rest sat round the fire, and the speeches and speakers of the C.T.C. meeting were again discussed while we waited for E. Bright, who had been in Manchester to attend the meeting, and who was expected to turn up any day while on his way to stay with Cook at Sunnyside Hydro. When 8 p.m. arrived and there was still no sign of Bright, the party broke up, and Cook, Dews, Mac., and Band, set off via Chester. Edwards and Toft, who were going via Transporter, made a great show of starting, but this was only to deceive the others, since they really returned to the fireside and tried to wait till the rain stopped. Finding this hopeless, they made a fresh start, but when near home Edwards' chain broke, and in so doing fractured the differential. After knocking up a cycle shop and making an attempt to mend it (the trike, not the shop) which proved fruitless, the time was nearly midnight, and since the cars had stopped Edwards had to sprint nearly all the way to the ferry in order to catch the one o'clock boat—luckless wight. The Manchester tandem, which left at the same time as the Chester men, tried to run down an unlighted pedestrian, and I fear that they were successful, but the success was not without cost, since it brought them off their machine, although I believe they were not hurt. Why these wretched pedestrians do not carry rearlights I don't know, if even a miserable sheep has to be lighted.

"Uncle" adds:—Bright seems to have spent the Saturday afternoon in "just missing" various trains at Manchester, thus depriving us of the pleasure of seeing him at Daresbury. Between trains he visited the Cathedral, and was entranced with the Anthem "Oh had I the wings of a dove." The wings of a dove might have enabled him to reach Daresbury, but we venture to think a good bicycle would have been better. A more appropriate Anthem would have been "Angels Ever BRIGHT and fair."

Hinderton, 17th March, 1917.

In view of the agonising revelations made by Chem. in the last number, these runs, as walked, must cost him a lot of money in pedicure, but he is evidently enamoured of the exercise, heart and sole, as I had little difficulty in persuading him to again make the pilgrimage on foot, or rather feet. Time had healed the gaping wounds inflicted on the last occasion, and had mercifully softened remembrance. It was accordingly with a comparatively light heart we began the perilous journey from New Ferry, discussing the cosmic scheme and other matters of an airy nature. We were deeply involved in these abstruse affairs when our meditations were rudely disturbed by raucous noises emanating from the Skipper. He appeared to be suffering from acute fatigue after his tiring journey from Birkenhead, and uttered a sigh of thankfulness as he fell off his bicycle. Suiting our pace to meet his condition, he began to enlighten us on one or two details concerning army forms, and four miles later, on arrival at the trysting place, was warning to his subject. Shortly afterwards a weeny figure was desecrated descending on us, and on restoratives being applied this was found to be George Mercer, who had trained to Hooton, walking the few remaining yards. It is this sort of thing which brings the real walkers in disrepute. Abashed by our sharp reproof, George promised to avoid giving further offence in this direction. A little later the cycling contingent, which had been pacing Oliver Conner's motor car arrived, and shortly after 6 dinner was announced. A very satisfactory meal was provided, and from the treatment received, further doses can be taken with impunity. Fourteen members, including Cook,

Edwards, Mac., Dews, Toft, Chandler, Leece, Cody, on bicycles; Sunter and a friend graced (or otherwise) the Board. The Anfield spirit, usually so delightful a feature at these gatherings seems to be going into desuetude, and it is not now an uncommon thing to be able from time to time to get some food. The Cook, though hunger gnawed at his vitals, insisted upon carving the leg of mutton and serving everybody before himself. This saddening spectacle of one apparently in the prime of life immolating himself on the altar of self-sacrifice, cast a momentary gloom on the assembly. Surely this is not the beginning of the end? Four only partook of liquid nourishment, which was a subject for congratulation, as it leaves a proportionate quantity to be carried forward—a satisfactory feature in these days of increasing shortage. Chem. took a gloomy view of the future prospects, and prophesied a steadily decreasing exercise of the conversational powers of men. An argument ensued on water, one or two exhibiting a profound curiosity regarding this apparently unknown substance, and this led to a discussion on the disastrous results of frost on our waterworks (for explanation see small bills) and to the singular resemblance of one glass of this strange fluid to another in places of refreshment (vide Tales of Chem., Tome XX). One by one the party dispersed, leaving but a few to still uphold the Realm. Sundry delicate hints of paying a visit to the Hydro on the way back met with studied coldness on the part of the proprietor—the cellar at this establishment having evidently felt the effects of the recent rush. This produced a somewhat strained feeling, and shortly afterwards the licensee sneaked off, taking Chandler with him. Graciously acceding to Cooper's humble prayer that he might be allowed to drive us homeward, the remainder left and were merged in the night.

Knutsford, 17th March, 1917.

A hard, dry road, bright sunshine, Knutsford as an objective, and good-bye to the miserable end-of-the-week feeling. Time being short, a steady push was made against the wind to Holmes Chapel, and from there a short easy run to the Lord Eldon. Quite a rally was in progress, and to each newcomer Green offered hospitality in the form of a six-thirty substitute.

A lucky thirteen sat down to the good fare which is always provided, the end men being given a holiday from carving, of which they made good use. There must be some special magic in that feast-room, or perhaps the vintage is one of unusual quality, for on forming a circle round the fire the most uncommunicative member seems to find more than enough to talk about. During the present conditions one expects to hear a married man explain the various remedies for potato back, and extol sugar hunting as a hobby for wet evenings, and even to find the Mullah interested in the ethics of the salute, in uniform and out, with a treatise on the general deportment of a National Guardsman. When, however, a number of good Manchester citizens allow their splendid town to be cut up, and its tramways butchered for a Cockney's holiday, surely some credit must be given to the geni of the place. And did not a "dweller in the damp" admit without reservation that his municipal body still had something to learn in one direction? Oh, wonder!

With the Boss keeping all enchanted with wonderful tales of facts, the time for the departure of the early birds came too soon. An hour later five Mother Careys followed the Skipper and Crew, who had transferred to a three-masted barque from the South Countree. They handled it in masterly fashion, and amid little bursts of speed confided that when fully proficient another wheel will be added, which together with some mud-guards and the latest in legwear, will enable them to swank about disguised as a Ford.

The rain might have held off for an hour, but it would take a month's downpour to damp the pleasure of such a good time, and the "Special" run for Manchester members will always hold a warm corner in the heart of one who is yet an infant in the A.B.C.

Halewood, 24th March 1917.

Quite a common procedure in writing up a run is to preface it with an account of how you came to be ensnared into the clutches of the Editorial One. Not being of an original turn of mind, I offer no apology for following standard practice.

It was 9.35 on a dark and somewhat dirty night, within thirty yards from the "Derby Arms" door, that I heard a voice saying, "You'll do it, and let me have it quickly." I remember raising some mild protest, but to no purpose. Chem., who, I think, must be in receipt of illicit commissions from the Editor, immediately took up the case, and went to a lot of trouble in explaining how easy it was, and all that was necessary was to get a standard dictionary and pick the words out. Unfortunately, my only dictionary has the back off, and most of the leaves have been put to sundry household purposes, therefore, I am somewhat "napoo finis."

Arriving some little after 6 o'clock, I found the party already assembled. I am not sure as to the number, but it just filled the table, so I had the alternative of a separate dining-room or sitting at the side-board, and, after careful scrutiny, I chose the latter. It was well after 6.30 before there was anything doing, and it was freely rumoured that the delay was owing to an accident having happened to my steak (of course any excuse is better than none). All the same, it might be well in future to order for 5.30.

Tea over, the usual adjournment was made, and Jolly Good Fellows were done at various prices. We live in an age of rumours, and as it was mooted there is to be a large increase in the price of beer, the effect was to quicken the pace, each one trying to pass the Ancient Order before the price went up. Even the success of the Easter Tour was questioned, but this is now happily assured, as two members have promised to ride down on barrels. The statistical branch was kept busy figuring out extra profits, and Band is wondering whether to invest in War Loan, or to buy a Rolls-Royce or part share in a Ford on the proceeds of a bottle of whisky which he has been hoarding.

With such talent in the Club, it seems a pity that our official musical evenings are limited to four per year. Never at Hunts Cross or Moreton have I heard such exquisite choral rendering, the light and shade being particularly fine, and the crescendo passages only being equalled by the pianissimo. The Work (He's a Jolly Good Fellow) is one in which the merits of the Society can be fully exercised, and is usually a success wherever performed, the only regrettable incident being that, owing to the D.O. Realm Act, there was not time to take the oratorio through in its entirety, and at 9.30 p.m. the last remnants of the party, Arthur, Chem., and self were "coming home."

Warrington, 31st March, 1917.

Spring has "come"! Poets write of balmy Spring, and it was "balmy" all right. If March went out like a lamb it must have been New Zealand frozen! Still, the Arctic conditions did not set in until too late to explain the small muster, unless many of our members are gifted like the White Queen of Alice in Wonderland, and can remember best the things that have

yet to happen! Warrington was specially fixed for the Saturday before Easter as a convenient place for a good muster to facilitate the making of arrangements for "going down to Bettws.," but it was a failure in this respect. Dews and Cook (tandem) had overtaken Chandler at Mickle Trafford, and the trio found Band at Frodsham, where "the gentleman who often calls and recently had an accident to his machine" was reported to have imbibed and fed freely an hour ago. Of course Teddy Edwards was correctly identified. At Preston Brook the snowstorm broke, and it was "a bit sloppy under the trees" to Warrington, where Oppenheimer was found monarch of all he surveyed, but in quick succession arrived Cody, via Rainford, Green and the Tandem Trike (Turner and Newsholme, via Acton Bridge), which, fortunately, had been fitted with mudguards in the morning. Thus there were only nine of us to sit down to the usual excellent Patten Arms feed, which was quite up to standard despite Lord Havenoport! We would have been quite lost in the big room if Teddy Edwards (via Cuddington) and Charlie Conway (with suspiciously clean boots) had not arrived at half time, but eleven cannot be considered satisfactory, even after making every allowance. However, although small and select, we were none the less a jolly party, and the circle was just right for round the fire. The usual variety of topics was discussed, including "When is a club run not a club run," and the general consensus of opinion was that Anfield "tea parties" were good value. The only question we could not decide referred to a white mealy vegetable we had with the Kate and Sidney and Boiled Mutton. Were they Potatoes? And, if so, were they Epicures? The absence of our Potato Kings, Ven., Knife and Fell, was sadly felt. Cody's departure broke the party up, and poor Clifford was dragged off to push Uncle 'mid snow and ice via Chester. It is a shame the way the old gentleman abuses the confidence of youth! How the various parties reached home is not yet known, but as none of them had Sou'Westers and Sewer Suits à la Combine, we may be sure they got through safely and are now thoroughly fit for Bettws.—so mind you are at the Glan Aber to see the H.R. Anfielders.

A. T. SIMPSON, Editor.

© Anfield Bicycle Club

ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB.

FORMED MARCH 1879.

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

MONTHLY CIRCULAR.

FIXTURES FOR MAY, 1917.

	Light up at
May 5.—Kelsall (Royal Oak)	9-15 p.m.
.. 12.—Daresbury (Ring o' Bells)	9-23 p.m.
.. 15.—Tuesday. Committee Meeting, St. George's Restaurant, 7 p.m.	
.. 19.—Halwood (Derby Arms)	9-39 p.m.
.. 26 to 28.—WHITSUN TOUR, Shropshire	9-49 to 9-52 p.m.
June 2.—Eaton, near Tarporley (Red Lion)	9-58 p.m.

Alternative Run for Manchester Members.

May 19.—Knutsford (Lord Eldon)	9-39 p.m.
--------------------------------------	-----------

Full Moon, 7th instant.

Committee Notes.

Stourton Lodge,

Arno Road, Oxtou.

The Committee have fixed upon CRAVEN ARMS for the Whitsun Tour—if the Government do not cancel the holiday. Saturday night and Sunday night will be spent at the Craven Arms Hotel, and a circular ride will be taken on the Sunday. Return home via Hawkstone for luncheon on the Monday. A special tariff—for supper and bed on Saturday night, breakfast, dinner and bed on Sunday, and breakfast on Monday—has been arranged. If you intend to be present please notify me as soon as possible so that I may reserve you a room. No special circular will be issued.

The parcels sent in March to our Members On Active Service Abroad numbered 15, and they contained—for those in France (nine)—cigarettes, chocolate, tinned herrings and biscuits; for those in the East (six) cigarettes, chocolate, shortbread, and almonds and raisins.

NEW ADDRESSES.—Driver H. R. BAND, No. 215235, 7th Reserve Battery, R.F.A., c/o G.P.O., London; Pte. G. STEPHENSON, No. 215368, 3rd Yeomanry Cyclist Regt., Drill Hall, Padders Lane, Beccles, Suffolk; Pte. R. P. SEED, No. 242176, 5th Border Regt., C Coy., 50th Divisional Depot Battn., B.E.F.; A. WARBURTON, R.E. Postal Section, Army Post Office, R. 42, B.E.F., should be addressed as C.Q.M.S. and not Q.M.S.; 2nd Lieut. H. S. BARRATT, 5th Royal Berks. Regt., 35th Brigade Depot Coy., B.E.F. (probably temporary); Pte. JOHN WELLS, No. 1319, 17th Batt. 2nd A.D.B.D., A.P.O. S/17, B.E.F.; Cyclist A. P. JAMES, No. 10202, A.C.C., 43rd Remount Depot, Salonica Army; Second-Lieut. JAMES ROWATT, 3rd, attached 6th S. Lincs. Regt., I.E.F.D., Mesopotamia; Cpl. J. HODGES, R.E.P.S., F.P.O. 161, E.E.F.

F. D. McCANN,

Hon. Secretary.

Just as we go to press our scouts rush in to inform us that Mac. is the proud father of a prospective Anfielder, this joyous consummation having been achieved on Saturday morning last. We all unite in offering our heartiest felicitations to the happy couple. Our only fear is that the Cook (now, poor old chap, a granddad) may, owing to this deadly—or rather very much alive—evidence of advancing years, imagine all kinds of infirmities crowding thickly upon him, and begin to wonder if it is really in keeping that he should still push a bicycle. Heaven forbid!

Concerning Those On Service.

Post card acknowledgments of parcels are to hand from Hodges (January) "and greatly appreciated," Barratt (January, February and March), and Grimshaw, W. R. Oppenheimer "will write when possible; at present very busy sending the Huns home," Cohen "and very nice, too!" Rudd, D. C. Kinghorn, and J. L. Mahon "with best thanks," J. Hodges (February) and A. Warburton (March).

James writes from Salonica on the 10th March "Will you please thank the members of the A.B.C. for the January parcel received yesterday—I am more than obliged to them. The weather is starting to improve and the dust is by far the worst thing we have to cope with, in my opinion."

"Please convey my best thanks to the Committee and members for the parcel to hand two days ago," writes Percy Williamson on the 23rd March, "and also for the March Circular which arrived yesterday. I should have written you before this, but really since coming back here I have felt like doing anything but writing letters; however, the Circular has brought me round again as nothing else could have done. It is the finest cure for all weariness of the soul and flesh that I have seen. With Best Wishes and Kind Regards to all."

The following letter from Hubert Roskell, dated 30th March, was received at Bettws.: "Just a line to wish you all a really good time at Bettws. You may be sure I will be with you in spirit. Very many thanks to you all for the parcels. This bit of a note is the best I can manage just now. With love to all the lads in the 'tank' and 'chapel.'"

Ramsey Wells has been in hospital for a spell as the following letter shows: "I have been in hospital with rheumatism, and therefore have not and shall not receive any parcels you may have sent to me in the line, but I got the March Circular and also the Handbook, for which many thanks. No news from this place—everybody knows the Australian base and I may be here another three months yet. Kind regards to all and d— this pen."

The congratulations to Archie Warburton in last month's Circular were a bit previous—we hope it is a case of "intelligent anticipation"—he writes on the 8th April as follows: "Many thanks for the Circular to hand this morning. I should be glad, however, if you will sent it to my home address each month as I'm very anxious that none of them should go astray, and it is often impossible out here to hang on to all one's belongings. I get a spare copy each month, through The Mullah. By the way, I was surprised to see the congratulations in the Circular, and can only conclude that inadvertently I gave my rank to The Mullah as Q.M.S. instead of as C.Q.M.S.! The fact is that I, along with a crowd more men of my rank, had to revert to C.Q.M.S. rank. It was not a case of 'toeing the line,' but simply a reduction of establishment. A bit rough, of course, after having been a W.O. for nine months. Looks as though the country is getting hard up! Best wishes to all."

Barratt is one of the most consistent of our correspondents—there has scarcely been a Circular issued since he went overseas which has not contained a letter from him, and he furnishes an example which we would

like to see followed by some of those whom we have rarely heard from. Dated 15th April, his last letter reads: "Once again it is my pleasant duty to acknowledge the receipt of another Anfield parcel which arrived to-day, and I wish very sincerely to thank the Club for their continued kindness. The parcels provide pleasant surprises every time, and the chocolate portion is very good stuff. I suppose by this time the Easter Tour is concluded, and I hope it has been as successful as the previous ones. I noticed one day's programme was lunch at the Goat at Beddgelert, with Pullen, an old friend of mine of very serious tastes. I wondered whether you went over to see my old friends at Plas Colwyn in the village—I have had some great times down there (Yes! Cook and Turner deputised for Barratt.) I am at present on the Depot stunt again and we are under canvas. I share a bell tent with a bright youth from Dixie, who is very persistent in giving frequent bursts of what he calls 'pucca nigger melodies,' and as he generally makes these noises when we are bedding down he soon puts me to sleep. His descriptions of American life are very vivid, and as canvas with snow conditions and mud don't give rise to too much heat he causes me to wake up at 2 a.m., feeling hot all over with visions of cowboys with woollie bags, red shirts, wide brimmed hats and fearful weapons, and they have just got me falling over the precipice when I wake up to find I have bumped my head on the floor. Hoping the Club is going as strong as ever."

Extract from letter from Warburton to The Mullah: "I need hardly say how interested I was to read the A.B.C. Annual Report; it is indeed a great Club. I am glad to say I have been transferred to another Division, and have struck a jolly good thing; my last Division was a very stiff proposition, but this job is as easy again owing to the ready assistance of all the officers on the staff."

Extract from letter from Barratt to The Mullah: "Many thanks for your letter and the Circular which is always jolly welcome. The Easter programme again conjures up visions of well-known scenes and pleasant memories, and I hope the usual good time will ensue at Bettws. Let us hope that next Easter all the Anfielders will be able to roll up to the Glan Aber. I am an instructor again and eject copious doses of ginger to 'deserving cases'; I am in fine form in this respect early in the morning!"

"Wayfarer" writes: "Life in the Army is 'not too bad' (to quote an Army expression), though the rules and regulations and red tape are a bit irksome to anyone who has occupied positions of responsibility in civil life. We are all treated as children, and mustn't do this, that, and the other. However.

"The weather during the five weeks I have been here has been just about as cruel as anybody could imagine. The training is very rapid, being crammed into eight or nine weeks. Before you realise you're a soldier you're lugging about some 9 lbs. of rifle, and long before you get used to this (the brute gets heavier every minute) you find yourself in the middle of your three days' bayonet course. Mine synchronised with a heavy snowstorm, and we had quite a jolly time rushing about a sloppy field for the three days. However, I put it through (quite literally!) several dummies, and they've never spoken since.

"My only trouble, so far, has been a slight touch of indigestion, and a pair of septic heels, the latter being caused by the hyper-super-Dreadnought Army boots. The food is excellent, though not so good (nor is the service the same) as on Anfield runs, and a billet in an empty house without a fire, but with all doors and windows open, is at least as comfortable as a front line trench in Flanders. I have been off duty for a few days owing to my foot trouble, so that you must expect a slight delay in the end of the war. However."

Extracts from letters received by Cook from Mahon and Cohen:—

Mahon writes: "I duly received your letter of the 6th February about 8 days ago, with map, for which please accept my best thanks. Nield (of Leeds Road Club) and I have had quite a good time with it.

"My application for a commission was turned down because I could not ride a horse, although I quite fail to see the relationship between a camel and a horse. However, it doesn't really matter very much.

"Yesterday I was down at Ismailia on special duty, so decided to call upon Hodges, only to be told that three days before he had been ordered forward for duty. This is about the third time I have missed seeing him by a matter of a few days only. He's fairly seeing Egypt!

While out yesterday I did about 25 miles' cycling, 12½ miles out with a good strong wind behind, which had seemingly increased to a gale by the time I had to return. My legs are telling tales to-day. Nield arrived in half dead the other day after a ride out to the Pyramids on a borrowed or hired machine, and a blind back.

"I am now located in an hotel with electric light and all the latest improvements, etc., etc."

Cohen writes: "The 'Cycling' and 'I. C.' are still turning up as regularly as ever, for which many thanks. They are always very interesting, but not half as much as the Circular. It is more difficult than ever to attempt a letter without mentioning the war, consequently you will have to be bored with scraps of nothingness. I have been having a rather busy time of late, in and out the trenches, which has confirmed my argument that work is A.1 if taken in homœopathic doses, but thank goodness Spring is in the offing, and the old thigh boots will not be essential. The water round this part of Belgium is too wet for words, and not pleasant enough to use as a diluent. We are having to-day off and to-morrow something similar, so I will to the stable and seize my flying steed (B.S.A.) and go in search of 'Stevey's' brother, who is not many miles away. There was a swarm of Boche 'planes over yesterday a.m., which rather disturbed my sleep owing to the clatter of aircraft shells around my domicile, which is not exactly built on the ferro-concrete principle! The old Hun is a dam sight too perky with his 'planes at present, so I will postpone my transfer to the R.F.C. until our new super-Boche machine is ready. You know I wasn't built for fighting!! Taken all round, this part of the globe is much livelier than it has ever been, and it looks a case of the old cross roads before many more years elapse. I cannot recall anything farther which would help to fill this sheet, so with the usual greetings, salaams, and good wishes to you all."

Williamson writes The Mullah: "Our party commenced the return journey by an unfortunate train smash in France, of which you probably read in the papers. Ten men were killed and a number injured. Luckily, I was in the back portion of the train and got nothing worse than a severe jolt. The sea journey, too, was pretty rough. For two days it was a work of art to walk about the decks, so we were all glad to see the white minarets of Salonika again. I would like the Anfield to know how I thoroughly enjoyed both meetings, and appreciated the kind welcome I received from all the members. I received the February Circular some days ago and am now looking forward to the next. The next best thing to being on the runs is reading about them."

In addition to the postcard acknowledgment Kinghorn also writes under date 29th March: "The February parcel, Circular and Annual Report all arrived together a couple of days ago. Please convey to the Committee my thanks for their continued kindness. The Circular is very

much appreciated, as it conveys so much news re the Good Old Club. I envy you all your Easter Tour at Bettws. It is now nearly eighteen months since I saw any vegetation worth talking about, and I can just picture what North Wales will be like, now the spring is at hand (Yes, the spring at hand—snow everywhere!—Ed.) Sand, of the Egyptian variety, may have its uses, but I have seen quite enough of it to keep me going for many a long day. I am sitting attired only in a shirt and shorts, wondering if I shall ever feel cool again. Kindest regards to all my fellow members, and all good luck at Easter."

There is a long and most interesting letter from W. R. Oppenheimer, dated 15th April. It reads: "The Anfield parcel, which came along the other day, was again most welcome, as at present we are out of range of shops, canteens, etc. I hope the Club had a good time last week-end—the weather here was the limit—wind, snow, sleet and rain, and we started the Great Push on Easter Monday morning, having been, for the previous fortnight, busy night and day cutting the enemy wire with our shells. We knew, of course, beforehand that the advance was coming off soon, but not the moment. On Easter Sunday the Infantry began to collect in the town, and in the evening marched off to the trenches and we knew then that they were to go over the tops that night. The artillery barrage was terrific—but you will have to read all about that in the newspapers. We moved all our guns out of our positions near the town in the evening, in vile weather, getting here—a place practically without shelter—the same night, and in fact had one of our guns in action during the night, so you can guess we were pretty busy. We are in full view of the battlefield, and last Thursday I had an opportunity of going over the ground, being out on duty with an observation officer, getting to within 500 yards of our new front line and overlooking a vast stretch of country at present occupied by the enemy. The battlefield was a wonderful sight—a perfect sea of shellholes—some of them 20 feet deep, and one wondered how anything could live. Although three days after the action there were still some dead bodies lying about. We had rather a warm reception at our observation post behind a much damaged late German trench, and several times had to seek shelter in one of their dugouts—very well made affairs, going down some 30 or 40 feet. I made my way back late in the evening, through mud knee deep, the three inches of snow which lay on the ground in the morning having melted, tired and dead beat. I think what impressed me most was the sight of the Hun prisoners being brought in during the day—Easter Monday—altogether I must have seen about a couple of thousand pass our battery—a fair number wounded, some most horribly, and being helped along by their comrades, for the most part poor-looking—perhaps only natural after what must have been their awful experiences of the night. This, of course, is too long for the Circular (No! No!—Ed.) but you could pass it round to anyone interested (That would be to the whole Club.—Ed.) Am glad to say the Battery has been very fortunate as regards casualties, although we have had some rather close shaves with large shells dropping close. With all good wishes."

Grimshaw writes on the 18th April: "Many thanks for the parcel and for the music you sent from Simpson—please excuse me not writing before, but it has been rather a busy time for us just lately. I am writing to thank Simpson by the same post. We are having very bad weather here, plenty of snow and wind. How did the Easter Tour go off? I was wishing I was with you. I borrowed a bike on Saturday and Monday; it was a B.S.A., and was more like an armoured car. It had one pedal badly strained, but what a pleasure—I found life worth living after all. I did about 30 miles, and the roads were very rough and heavy, but believe me I fancied I was just finishing a "50" at Shawbury Corner. Happy days—how I am trying to keep fit as much as possible! I can see our having

a "50" about September just to finish the season, for they are on the run here. I have met several men out here. Denny for one, and I hear Cole, who used to ride in the "100," is close to me. It would be fine if we could get a 25 mile race up here. Thanking you all for your continued kindness, and wishing the Old Club the best of luck."

In sending Dick Seed's new address, Jack o' that ilk tells us that Dick has been in hospital suffering from German measles, but that he is quite right again now.

"Just a few lines to acknowledge the January and February parcels," writes Hodges on the 27th March, "and to thank you and all the Club members for your continued kindness. I have had little leisure for writing this last few weeks, and am now in the field again and am in a state of constant flux. Mobility is the order of the day and my office furniture represents the irreducible minimum. In my present situation—'umpteenth' kilos of sand separating me from the shops, and pay day a thing of the remote past and the equally remote future—the February parcel came 'as the gentle rain from Heaven' and it was twice blessed. Things are happening in this part of the world, and as the immortal Horatio would say, 'watch Palestine.' Hoping that by the time you get this you will be enjoying decent weather."

EASTER (1917) TOUR.

Members Present.

Thursday.—H. M. Buck, W. P. Cook, F. D. McCann, H. Poole, D. C. Rowatt, A. T. Simpson, C. H. Turnor, W. T. Venables, and E. Edwards. Friend, J. Simpson.

Friday.—J. C. Band, H. L. Boardman, F. Chandler, F. J. Cheminai, J. O. Cooper, F. E. Dolamore, D. R. Fell, H. Green, J. H. Sunter, W. R. Toft, J. H. Williams, C. C. Dews, W. M. Owen (to Saturday). Friend, G. Robson.

Saturday.—O. J. Conway, G. B. Mercer, J. Mulleneux, T. Royden, P. C. Beardwood, H. Hellier, Frank Wood. Friend, W. M. Simpson; And E. Montag on the Saturday ride and Monday morning.

All of the above with the exception of four stayed at the Glan Aber.

Road Records.

Being one of the lucky ones, the Easter Tour, for me, commenced on the Thursday morning—as there is always the chance that the Government will, again, cancel the Whitsuntide and August Holidays, I had seized the chance of an extra day off with both hands and feet! I had arranged to meet the Paganone at 10 a.m. at a spot mutually convenient, and as he had arranged with The Mullah not to depart from Mold before 12 noon, we had plenty of time. After Queensferry, we turned off the ordinary route and went through Shotton and Northop, and this route may be commended to those going Mold-wards, for it entirely missed the atrocious pieces of road which have been so well "motor-improved" by the Munitions' Motor-busses—the road is completely disembowelled. We reached Mold a few minutes before noon and proceeded to Defend the Realm, but there was no sign of the expected one. Eventually we arrived at Denbigh—not all together, however, for I had been badly dropped. The hill up into the town was very bad with greasy mud and the remains of the snow, with great piles of snow brushed off the middle and heaped up at the side. For once, I walked up—Cook, however, tackled it and got up all right—I was not so far back that I could not see him half way up when I passed under the railway bridge. Arriving at the Black Lion, luncheon was first ordered, and we were strongly advised not to try any of

the "off the beaten track" routes, as very heavy carting (of timber) operations have been in progress, and the roads were said to be in bad condition. We sat down to a most excellent luncheon at 1-30, and at 1-50 Edwards joined us, and ten minutes later Turnor arrived. When we left at 3 p.m. it was in bright sunshine, and there was promise of a glorious ride (and walk) over the hills, but it quickly clouded over. Edwards and I soon started to "pad the hoof" on some of the steep short pitches, and we shortly passed Cook and Turnor finding the number of the latter's rear tyre, and so got a useful lead. Most of the rises were in a very heavy condition after all the snow, and, on the trike—and off it—I found there was much walking to be done, far more than I have known before; probably I had to walk at least half the distance up. Here I came to the conclusion that I was a "mug" for having come on the three-tracker, but before we were through I had occasion to change my opinion. Dragging the trike behind me it now seemed to weigh a ton, and half way up, to make things harder, torrential rain descended. However, when I did get to the Inn I found that a good tea had been prepared—Cook and Edwards had got there some time before me, while The Mullah was still behind. Soon we discovered that the rain had changed to sleet and then to snow, and in less than half an hour the roads, which were running with water, had become coated with at least half an inch of dry *white* snow, not slush. Had it been after dark, it would have been a hard matter to follow the road down—at places one could hardly distinguish between road and moor, as it was, and to make matters worse, for the bicyclists, there were patches of thick, hardened snow, the remains of drifts, across the track. Here I got a bit of my own back, as I could laugh at drifts and ruts, but all the same I had again to walk for a spell up the final rise before the drop to the gate. We were now off the snow-covered roads and on to wet ones, but the snow-storm was as heavy as ever, and we put into the Voelas Arms for a brief rest. On leaving it was not quite so heavy, but the roads were sodden, and again I got dropped, but when we came to the final drop to the Bridge and Bettws, I romped away and reached the Glan Aber first, to find four arrivals, to wit, Simpson, Buck, Ven., and Jack Simpson. We were in nice time for dinner (after changing), which we did full justice to, and soon after nine David Rowatt and Harry Poole appeared. They reported having left Llangollen in a snow-storm, and the roads as being very bad. Toft and Fell, also Sunter and Williams, were momentarily expected—of course, we sat up for them, but nothing happened. Later we learned that the former pair got as far as Berwyn and there gave it best, each blaming the other for not pushing on, while Sunter did not start until the following morning.

Good Friday.

Good Friday was probably the best day of the Tour, as far as weather was concerned, but the number of tourists who had already arrived made but a small muster for the run to Beddgelert. Cook, Mac. (trike), and Turnor formed the riding party, whilst Poole and Rowatt formed the motor contingent who started from Bettws. The ride up to Pen-y-Gwryd was much easier than is usual at Easter, because there was very little strength in the wind. The views whilst making the climb were superb. At the request of Lieut. Barratt, Cook and Turnor called at Plas Colwyn, a house much frequented by our military friend, and they no longer wonder why Barratt spends so much time there. The daughters of the house were produced singly and in pairs until the room appeared quite crowded with a bevy of charming girls. Cook took a photograph of the family to send to Barratt, and both Cook and Turnor were so charmed with the company into which they had fallen that they had difficulty in dragging themselves away. Lunch had been arranged for at the Goat, where Billy Owen turned

up looking well and happy to meet the Club. Toft and Fell also put in an appearance at this point, and explained that they had been weather-bound at the Berwyn Arms the previous night, and consequently had failed to reach Bettws. After lunch most of the party returned direct to Bettws., but Billy Owen promised to go "round the earth" with Cook and The Mullah, providing they would walk the steep hills and not ride too fast. The promise, though obtained, was quite unnecessary because Billy rode up nearly everything, and was the cause of making his companions ride up slopes they would otherwise have walked. The route taken was via Aber Glaslyn Pass, Penrhyndeudraeth, Maentwrog and Tan-y-grisiau to the top end of Blaenau Ffestiniog. Traffic of all kinds seemed to be conspicuous by its absence, though at one point a drove of sheep barred the way. The driver made some remarks which sounded as if he was cursing the cyclists for being on the earth, but Billy Owen was able to explain that he was only making a statement to the effect that the sheep were tired out. Up the rise beyond Blaenau the two Billys hired some youngsters to push their machines to the summit, but The Mullah had not the necessary penny for payment, or else disliked the idea of trusting his steed with strangers. At Dolwyddelan a stop was made for afternoon tea, and then a run down the beautiful Lledr Valley brought the trio back to Bettws.

Saturday opened dull but fine. We made an early start and, with a favourable breeze and nicely drying roads, took the long grind to Pentre Voelas comfortably. We met Professor Rockantapit at the foot of the Aerial Flight, about 11.30, and then commenced the tramp over the snow-covered grass road to the banks of Llyn-Aled. Here the water was duly sampled, and the party proceeded over wild moorland to the Stepping Stones. Leaving the machines by the bridge, we went a little down the river to view the waterfall—Rhyd-y-four. The gorge through which the river makes its way is most impressive, and the view along it one to be remembered for its grandeur. Then back to the machines and in a little way we were able to ride. Entering Llansannan, one of the party was unfortunate enough to bend his handle-bar, but a few chips and some string from the village inn enabled him to make a rough repair, sufficient for the time being. We rode a little—a very little—out of Llansannan, and then walked the rest of the steep hill. When we again resumed the pig-skin it was to ride between beautiful plantations where the snow still lay thick under the trees; the sunshine playing through the leafless trees made pictures at every yard. The long descent into Llanfair Talhaiarn successfully, if somewhat laboriously, negotiated, we did full justice to an excellent meal. After lunch we thanked the Professor, who was going back to Prestatyn, with full musical honours, and set off for our afternoon round. Bettws-yn-Rhos, Dawn, Gofer and Craig were reached without incident. This country presented a great contrast to the special part of the morning route, for whereas the most striking part of the latter was the wild moorland stretch, here we had well-wooded valleys and prettiness. A halt was made at Craig to gather the party together, and alas! to consult maps. Up to then there had been no reference to maps and our course had run smooth, but now there was an animated discussion between the leaders of the party as to the absolutely best route. They appeared to agree, and once more we set forth. We passed through Eglwys-fach and Dyffryn, and eventually Llanrwst. But between these last two places what adventures! Those there are who say we went through Pandy, and one of the Chief Guides asserts that he saw the road we should have taken, but was induced to pass it by the impetuosity of others and the scathing remarks they passed about its wetness. All I know is that we went through gates, up private roads which for mud have never been equalled, and finally called a halt for another consultation—with maps. Again we went

forward and finally reached Llanrwst. The route we travelled has been laboriously traced for me on the map by several experts—all differently—but I am still blissfully ignorant of parts of it. From various points magnificent views of Snowdonia were obtained. One in particular I shall not readily forget. Halted at a cross-road, in some little doubt as to which way the advance party had taken, we had right before us the range of mountains, snow-covered and with mist on their summits. On these mists the sun played, and the combination of snow-clad mountains, mist, and sunshine made a picture of softly glowing colour such as I, for one, have never seen before. Most emphatically it was a great day.

Sunday saw an excellent crowd of 19 out on the Carnarvon-Bangor circuit. The cyclists, Band, Mac., Green, Chandler, Dews, Dolomore, Boardman, and Cook started first, and picked up Edwards at Capel Curig on a bicycle that showed every indication of having been carefully cleaned. Between Llanberis and Owm-y-glo the party stopped to bathe in the sunshine and smoke, and while so engaged the Beardwood-Hellier car passed, but the Poole-Rowatt car and the Toft-Fell outfit joined us. Resuming the pigskin, Band started a fire which resulted in his back mudguard being "set on fire" by Mac., but the conflagration was remedied with string at Carnarvon, where Sunter, Williams and Mercer joined us, and while waiting for lunch the crowd proceeded to the Promenade (except Edwards, who extravagantly blew in fourpence on the Castle!) and Cook evolved a scheme whereby the whole party were weighed on a machine for the expenditure of a penny! [If this was the sort of exploitation going on in the Corn Trade, no wonder the Government mopped it up—Ed.] Notwithstanding the gloomy reports of the Cheminaiis-Mackintosh honeymoon party, who had visited Carnarvon on the Saturday, we had an excellent lunch, and just as we finished, Turnor, with his jury-rigged handle-bar arrived. Again the cyclists started off with Ogwen cottage as a venue, and anything more delightful than the run to Bangor with a strong wind behind and glorious views of the Straits in front it would be difficult to imagine. Cook seduced Band, Dolomore, Green, Chandler, and Boardman into visiting Llyn Idwal to see the Devil's Kitchen, and a very wet walk it proved to be, particularly for Green, who, not satisfied with getting his feet wet, positively insisted on sitting down in the morass! At the Ogwen Cottage we all partook of tea, and then with the wind behind resumed for Bettws., but at Capel Curig the storm really broke, and there was "some rain," which made one thankful one had not to face it. Turnor must have been glad he had his Cyclo-spats *in his bag*, where they provided a complete protection.

Monday morning with its usual regrets and partings, was typical in its weather, but we sadly missed the Keizerette to cheer us up by telling us how often he has set off from Bettws. in much worse conditions, to be rewarded by "glorious weather" a few miles out. Green, Boardman, Dews and Cook started early to join Montag at Nant-glyn, and found the snow a bit heavy from Pentre Voelas to the gate, but quite excellent going across the moors. After helping to start a Ford at the Sportsman, they turned off at Bylechau, and found Professor Rockandtappet wallowing in milk and soda at Nant-glyn. "The Tour proper then commenced," and a grand one it proved, over into the Clywedog Valley, which was followed through Cyffylliog and Pont Uchel to Ruthin, where the lucky thirteen sat down to an excellent lunch. At Chester, The Mullah and his Cyclo-spats were found, and after tea the Manchester men set off for home, and Turnor was not disappointed, for they struck a lovely blizzard at Hartford, and therefore had nothing to grumble at. Cook and Chandler were similarly fortunate, as at Clatterbridge they encountered a beauty which enabled them to arrive home looking like Kris Kringle, and quite appropriate for the Christmas season.

Geological Specimens.

O Winter! Ruler of the inverted year, I love thee, all unlovely
as thou seemst,
And dreaded as thou art!

These must have been the feelings of the stalwarts of the A.B.C. as they turned away from the hospitable quarters of the tank and other attractions at the Glan Aber to go exploring on the bare uplands of the Denbighshire Moors. But these uplands are worth exploring. This plateau forms the centre piece of the Northern part of North Wales, and is clearly defined by the Conway Valley on the West and the Vale of Clwyd on the East. Streams descend in all directions, but it is the Clwyd which principally benefits by the water which falls on these moors. The important streams all start flowing due North, but are roped in by the Elwy, which flows Northeast from the Western edge of the plateau, and captures them all in turn. As most of these streams have cut valleys descending about 900 feet in something like 10 miles, they are deep and steep sided, especially as the level of the plateau only sinks slowly, and remains 1,000 feet high up to within a few miles from the coast. As a district showing the power of water erosion, it is perfect enough to be a text book example, and the Gorge of the Rhaiadr Fawr formed by the Aled received our full appreciation. The crossing of the Ystrad Valley, the broad and deep gash of Nant Mawr, the youthful appearance of the Clywedog, were all points of great interest to us, but it is also good to see the Vale of Clwyd, not only because lunch is waiting for you, but it has points of its own, as, seen from the heights above there are few scenes in Wales more lovely than the wooded plains of the Clwyd.—THE GUIDE.

The Pilgrims' Progress par Henri (Anglice: "LIZ").

It is the height of folly, M'sieu, to act the part of the Good Samaritan. Just because I piloted the Editor down to Bettws. I am condemned to record a few impressions. Eh, bien! the Good always get it in the neck.

Let me begin at the beginning. The Snub, fixed me in a really desirable billet, fitted with a pink carpet and a feather bed. Debouching to dinner, I found John and Arthur in the exact spot I left them, wiping their moustaches and visibly refreshed.

It was John's debut with the Club. Very fortunately, he met with no mishap beyond his bedclothes being stolen by some chilly Anfielder, and being left to face the wintry night in his Chemi-Pantalon.

In due course, and after an hour's struggle with a refractory telephone to facilitate the Honeymoon Express, we steered through the woods for the Swallow Falls, Dol-gam and Capel Curig. A molecatcher was busy on the river bank. On testing the market we found the skins cost 7d. each, which threw a damper on our idea to order a waistcoat for Arthur.

The lunch at Tyn-y-Coed was served in a sun-kissed window, and John began to recover from his night's exposure.

Saturday was a gala day. More arrivals and more sunshine. We were early afoot for Park Lake and the "Belle Vue" at Trefriw. Here the menu was almost pretentious. Fish Pie, Curry and Rice, Apple Fritters, Biscuits and Cheese; but the first course was a very regrettable incident.

Easy chairs in front of a big wood fire finished the afternoon, and provided an excellent opportunity to teach the novices a few Anfield proverbs. "The nearer the host, the quicker the meat," etc.

An hour or two later at dinner, we had your smile, M'sieu, to welcome us and Mr. Beardsworth without his hiccough. The President, in his usual

flowing style, read the letters from the absent ones. Charlie produced his chocolate bonbons, and David his Romeo-y-Julietas.

Sunday found us at the Fairy Glen, the Conway Falls, and so on to Penmachno. Lunch at the Machno Hotel, and a jolly good lunch, too—a leg of lamb with the usual trimmings. From here a path was followed across the mountain into the Lledr Valley. While on the top a horrid suspicion that the party were lost came over Charlie and Walter, but Elsie Lake gleaming below in the north, the path was by no means hard to follow.

The Realm was most successfully defended each day, but on several occasions the Act required considerable explanation.

This, M'sieu, brings my impressions to a close. I went home to sleep and dreamed a happy dream of Easter, 1917. It was—

The First-class Musical Comedy in 3 Acts, entitled:

THE THREE SIMPSONS.

Act. 1. A Bedroom at the Glan Aber.

A chilly night. 2 a.m. John loses his bedclothes.

Act. 2. The Chapel. Major-General Worthington.

Act. 3. The Tank. Arthur knocking.

Comedy produced by F. D. McCann, by arrangement and permission of The Mullah, of Manchester.

Chorus of Anfielders, Barmaids and Spaniards, etc., accompanied by the augmented band of the Evans'.

And very good it was. Bonjour, M'sieu.

As Viewed by the Poet.

The Anfield have journeyed to Bettws,
They have made their annual call,
"We'll tour if the weather will let us"
Was cried out by all.

Deep snow on the hill tops had
gathered,
Roads hidden with layers of mud,
And riders with splashes were lathered,
But still it was good.

Superb looked Siabod and Snowdon,
When decked with their mantle of
snow,
And riders there certainly were none,
Not wishful to go.

Though April had ta'en from December
The weather belonging by right,
There's a thing 'tis well to remember,
That hearts they were light.

The worries of war were forgotten,
And work had a rest for a spell
(Which surely should not be verboten),
The men are now well.

They'll go to their usual duty,
Much better in body and mind,
And there lies the charm and the
beauty,
Of tours of this kind.

C.H.T.

Metropolitan Mems.

Every succeeding year the call of Bettws, seems, if anything, to get stronger. In spite of Easter being nearly a fortnight earlier than last year, the microbe was early in the blood, and counsel was taken, about a month previous, with the Great Panjandrum, as to the possibilities or otherwise of reaching Wales by road.

After mature consideration, it was decided to make a moderately early start on Good Friday, and take two days. This was just as well, as a snowstorm was raging at the hour fixed for departure. A couple of hours' wait sufficed for the storm to disperse, and a start was made at 11 a.m. A most enjoyable and uneventful run followed, and found us at Shrewsbury by dusk. A halt was made at the "Crown," which recalled memories of

past Whitsun glories. Old Hellier thought he again lived in the "trike age" of the nineties, and no doubt would have done, for a few hours, had there been a few old "tankers" at the "Crown," and prices a little more inviting.

Saturday saw our arrival at Bettws., via the "old orthodox" route, and the afternoon was spent in a most pleasant walk to Llanrwst in the company of Geo. Mercer and Chas. Conway.

As Sunday was passed with the "main body," it is no use wearying readers in going over ground already dealt with by much abler "chroniclers" [This modesty in a Londoner is unseemly.—Ed.] Suffice to say that all seemed pleased with their annual pilgrimage.

There was not the same vim displayed in the tank as in previous years, but possibly the subdued feeling was caused by the serious period we are living in; nevertheless, some of the members did their best to uphold the traditions of the past.

Owing to increasing old age, Hellier and the writer could not give the "tank" that support to which it is entitled, both by merit and custom. No doubt, however, many disciples will be found to keep up the ancient rites and ceremonies.

Monday morning broke cold and wretched, with quite a heavy snow falling, so it was decided to make for Tenbury, via the shortest route. The "Swan" was reached early in the afternoon; the Defence of the Realm causes little, if any, trouble there. A very good dinner was served, and the usual ample breakfast. The charge, including a very comfortable and handsomely furnished *separate* large bedroom, on the first floor, was only 8/9, which justifies the "powers that be" in their decision that the fixed tariff at Bettws. was a fair and generous one.

Hellier discoursed at his best with a local farmer, and his knowledge of the largest industry proved surprising. However, at 9 o'clock his farmer friend was forced to depart, but to our great surprise and pleasure business was immediately resumed for the benefit of the gentry "staying in the house."

Tuesday morning saw the "beginning of the end" to a most enjoyable tour, and the route was continued through the most lovely part of Worcestershire; the Hundred House recalled last year's leave-taking, with Cook, Koenan and party. Many heavy snow and hail blizzards were encountered, but little attention paid them, as the "Old Moosoo" was in good form, and although he is not the sprightly youth of a quarter of a century ago, his wit and quips are as welcome as ever, and just as caustic, with the mellowness age lends to good wine.

From Slough it was only a question of minutes to arrive S.W. 14, and thus ends another Easter pilgrimage from London, which might have been a trifle more enjoyable if a fortnight later. In any case the weather did not detract from the pleasure of meeting such old friends as Rowatt, Toft, Cook, Mercer, C. Conway, Turnor, surrounds of Simpsons, Chem., Ven., Dave Fell, and others too numerous to trust to one's memory to record. May they all be preserved to visit Bettws. for years and years and years.

Concerted Pieces.

The musical evenings in the Chapel were very enjoyable, once the Editor had been firmly restrained from singing. He was kindly allowed a free hand (or hands) at the piano, and took it out of that long-suffering instrument with both feet. The Mullab, also, was in good voice, and out of his voluminous repertoire—two songs—regaled us each evening with

a dainty little thing of his own, yept "A little red lamp at the back." By Sunday evening the members were beginning to be able to render considerable assistance, and in probably a week or two a perfect ensemble would have resulted. Chandler favoured us with some items which were kindly lent by the ladies of the house, he having refrained from bringing any music owing to extreme modesty. The Manchester Snub, also suffers from this complaint. On being prevailed upon to "do his bit" he blew a highly-spiced and appetising cloud of melodious dinner aftermath over the pianist's face from time to time to put him au fait with the tune. This successfully accomplished, the rest was easy—the results being choruses occasionally in the right key. One of the Simpsons (the small one), who had been engaged for this Tour only at enormous expense, well earned the stupendous fee promised him by a series of selections on the violin. One of the other Simpsons (the smaller one—these descriptions will get most people down) entertained us with humorous items—his stirring milibrew scena, "Major General Worthington," going with great *célat*, and almost resulting in a stampede to the tank among the enthusiasts (and who are not?) of the beverage bearing that title. Boardman, who also suffers from the dread malady of the Manchester Snub, (evidently a contagious disease in that shy village), unfortunately confined his vocal efforts to the tank, where they met with great appreciation. The Presider, overcoming his innate shyness, gave of his best to prolonged applause. Frank Wood, right at the top of his form, gave us several recitations remarkably well done, his "Fully licensed man" especially being given with such a realistic Cockney accent that the balmy scent of Whitechapel was borne to our very nostrils. Last, but not least, Chem.—the versatile—had us crying and laughing at will with his sentimental and humorous items, "My Old Dutch" causing intense emotion. It is fortunate this did not take place in the tank, otherwise the lachrymal glands, in some cases charged to overflowing, might have resulted in a further dilution of the Glan Aber brew, already innocuous enough. A horrible prospect! He also, in conspiracy with the "Wizard of the bow" (see "Hints to reporters") charmed our ears with instrumental duets of infinite sweetness, besides giving us tastily rendered mandoline solos.

Easter Eggs from the Cook's own incubator combined with some can-tank-erous comments.

No wonder we had plenty of snow and real Xmas weather. Changing the time to kid yourself that 7 o'clock is actually 8 o'clock has evidently spread to the Almanac, and we were most likely having our Easter Holidays in December!

It was real good to have our exiles Beardwood, Hellier and Owen among us again. Tom Conway was also with us in spirit, but his telegram of greeting only arrived after most of us had left the Glan Aber.

Hubert and Frank Roskell, and W. M. Robinson, also sent greetings, the last named wishing for us "Glorious weather," which we had only in spots.

Cheminais, as the stage manager of "The Spanish Honeymoon" Company, was a great success. Anyone thinking of committing the offence of matrimony is strongly advised to secure the services of Chem. as Courier. He is the goods.

Some of our pedestrians seemed loth to bring the tour to a close. Rumour has it that the last of the party did not leave Bettws. till Tuesday night. Don't ask any questions! Still we would like to know if Frank Wood ever got to see his house near Ty Hyll Bridge?

Johnny Band was speechless with "enjoyment" when the Mullah's roads seemed to peter out before Eglwys-fach, and "Where is Pandy" became the cry.

The liquid refreshment in the Tank was of unusually good quality, and soothing in its effect, while not prejudicial to strenuous exercise "the morning after the night before," and furthermore the price was quite all right owing to diplomatic arrangements made by *some* of the Simpsons immediately on arrival.

The presiding angel in the Tank should certainly "go off" this season. Many arrangements were made for a wedding at Cynwyd, but each day saw a change in the prospective happy man. The Mullah left Bettws, thinking he was the chosen one, but he failed to reckon with the pastmasters in Ovid's Art of Love he left behind, and there is no telling who the victim will be.

The Master and The Raven were very much missed. If shortage of petrol was the cause of their absence they had a grand opportunity of showing us benighted beings what excellent aid a 3-speed gear is to easy cycling. As it was, it was pretty significant that *all* of the party were mounted on single fixed geared machines. F.H. as Fragon would have been a great acquisition in the Chapel, while Crow would have been King of the Smart Set.

Hopes were high that all those now on service would help to swell the throng at Bettws, next Easter. "May it be so" was the fervent wish of everybody.

The "gentleman from the Cotton Exchange" has a lot to answer for. It was he who after considerable persuasion ("Will you join me?") beguiled the Editor to share with him an 'ock at dinner. This must have flown to what in moments of bright optimism the Editor regards as his brain, as "rapping for spirits" was afterwards a fool to knocking for n'ocks, which went on until there wasn't a nock left.

The youthful appearance of the Cook excited considerable comment. Paralyzing was the shock therefore when the elder Miss Evans in marveling at his cycling prowess, remarked "and such an elderly gentleman too." Further enquiry elicited the opinion that "he must be about 60." This was bad enough, but worse remained behind in the person of the younger sister who just then entered the room, and who on being asked the question said "Oh! Well! He will be at least as old as mother." Mother is 68! The Chem-Cook hair restorer syndicate has now gone into liquidation.

MEMS.

In an article entitled "Observation Runs" in the "C.T.C. Gazette" for April, the following appears:—

"The scenery around is very pretty. Keynsham (4½ miles) is next approached, where many interesting features may be observed, viz.:—Church, Abbey ruins, gateway, historic bridge over the Avon, ancient almshouses and ammonites. St. Keyna, the Duke of Monmouth, and Oliver Cromwell have helped to make Keynsham famous."

Our readers will notice a very serious omission. Surely Tom Conway ought to have been mentioned with St. Keyna, the Duke of Monmouth and Oliver Cromwell as having helped to make Keynsham famous, and how anyone could ride through Keynsham without observing "Mawr" as an interesting feature passes our comprehension! It is true the writer admits that "the field has by no means been exhausted, for a little research and intelligent observation will result in the discovery of other interesting features," so we may hope that other C.T.C. explorers making "Observation Runs" in this district will not overlook the most famous inhabitant who is far more important than any "ancient almshouses and ammonites!"

The following most interesting letter has been received by Cook from The Baronial One:—

"I had great pleasure in looking up Del Strother, and he dined with me. We put in a Club run at the Winter Garden, and later on discussed the attendance of this run, and things pertaining to—I think he said—1492! but I am rather poor at remembering dates. He informed me of the noble deeds of the ancients—their wily ways and unheard of stamina—truly they must have been cyclists in the days when they pushed the pedals with the rest of the boys. I found him excellent company and a right good sort, and am looking forward to our next Club run on Broadway. Del Stother is full of life and fun, and I feel sure could lead me a merry dance—Ah! Had I but met him at Prees Heath! Ye gods—when Greek meets Greek! Ask our good old pal Kekil! I do not appear to have deviated lately from the quiet and obscure life which so becomes me, and which is in keeping with my nature. It seems many moons since—to use a phrase which appears in the Circular—'I broke out in a new spot!' Well, upon carefully examining myself I discovered several spots about to break, and here I am in Canada trying to break them. I have decided that the right thing for me to do is to leave the city of filthy lucre and try and do my bit—so to Ottawa. What a dismal place, and I think I cannot do better than repeat the expressive words of the waiter at the Chateau Laurier—"The people here are unconscious!" There is no life in the place at all, not even a movie open on Sunday, and as for a drink—I do not believe Rockefeller could buy one! I went to Ottawa equipped with letters to Ministers of Departments, etc., and with the intention of placing my services at the disposal of the Government without any remuneration at all—I was willing to pay all my expenses and they could have my services gratis. I visited everybody, and they all thought it a very nice and splendid spirit, but devil a one of them would give me a job!! I wasted two days up there and did not get anywhere. I am now here (Montreal) to try some of my friends in the service—but I doubt if I have any luck. I call it pretty hard lines when you want to give something and nobody will take you. It will probably result in my going to Washington—I think they will take me there. So probably by the time you have received this letter the spots will have been broken open . . . Still I am doing my darndest, and if they won't have me, then the U.S.A. will not, I think, turn me down. What makes me so mad is that I am wasting my time and money up here and getting no results. I would naturally prefer to be on this side, so that I could have a look at my family occasionally, but I do not know at the moment where I will land, so don't be surprised if you receive the next letter from Mexico or the Sahara. Please remember me very kindly to all the boys."

The Confessions of a Motorist.

"Thus you see when I was very sick and surly I had to be reminded of the possession and possible use of a bicycle. But how glad to be reminded. And how vastly better in mind, body and estate for acting on the reminder. We shall all go back to our cars of course. But I am among thousands who will never again use a car with quite the old pleasure, because I shall always have about me the memory or sense of the charming sensation of travelling by my own effort. . . . Know all men by these presents that Cycling is IT."—(E. N. D. in "The King's Highway.")

RUNS.

Chester, 14th April, 1915.

It was quite a treat to experience decent roads after the awful apologies that have predominated for so many months; at least so thought the Mullah, Green Boy, Magog, Dolly and the General, who rode "Combine fashion to Kelsall where they discovered the Chef and La Cauli just arrived. After having repaired flagging energies by imbibing cups of tea, the journey to Chester was resumed in full strength, the procession of "Has Beens" creating a marked impression on the passers by. One bibulous gentleman was so moved by the sight that he wanted to know "Where the — Army was!" At the Bull and Stirrup tea was served prompt to time, and about fifteen members made a simultaneous rush for the front line, and notwithstanding the fact that potatoes were taboo, the meal was quite satisfactory.

We were all particularly pleased to have that dashing Cavalryman Stevie amongst us, looking so wonderfully well, our only regret being that he had not been able to bring his sparring partner along with him; however he did the next best thing by bringing his friend the Doctor. Other members present were Chandler, Captain Band, Sunter, Mac, and Oliver Cromwell.

By the way—does anybody know the whereabouts of a village that rejoices in the possession of a name something like "Hanky Panky?" If so, will they please get into communication with Johnny Band; he is certain that it either does not exist or that some member or members of the Club sneaked it during the Easter week-end.

Halewood, 21st April, 1917.

I was not up to the mark when the Editor called me to toe the line, in town. The rhapsodical reaction, which had followed on my novel lunar experiences at Easter, had passed away, and I was fostering a fit of the blues. By the way, did I tell you how I came to be honeymooning? If my throat wasn't so dry— Thanks. Well, it was like this: I have a pal named Mac—a Spanish Scotchman or Scotch Spaniard—I never could tell which. One day he approached me saying he was in a bit of an 'ole and wanted my assistance. "What is the matter?" I asked. "I'm getting married," replied he, "and I want you to accompany me on the honeymoon." I was so flabbergasted at this original suggestion, that you might have knocked me down with a sledge-hammer. When I had recovered my breath, I offered him my felicitations, and we toasted the occasion in the usual way. Bursting, however, with anxiety for further information, I asked him "whether he proposed to take his bride with him?" "Yes," he replied, "why not?" I excused myself, telling him I had arranged to go to Bettws., but on his pleading with me that he wanted to take a motor trip, and was ignorant of the roads in addition to suffering from certain national disabilities, my resistance broke down, and a compromise was effected by his agreeing to make Bettws. his headquarters and to drive me there. So there you have the explanation in a "shell nut," as Mac. would remark in his picturesque English.

Well, Arthur and I were to *walk* out to the *run*. (This sounds singular, but being a joint affair it is really plural.) Once on board the car for Calderstones, I promptly went off to sleep. At the terminus, I somnambulated into the motor-bus for Woolton, at which latter place I was half-awakened up by Arthur, who possessed a mad desire to burn up some of his corpseles. En route, we encountered our esteemed treasurer, whose method of locomotion was interesting. Mounted on what resembled a bicycle, he would turn the pedals round rapidly with his feet from time to

time, and then sail dignifiedly onwards without movement. This method of progression appealed to me strongly, but I think it might be improved upon; I am thinking of getting a Scooter.

We reached our objective about opening time. As luck would have it, the meal, usually half an hour late, was on this occasion served punctually. So that, on our entrance, justice had been already done to the viands to some effect, and we were only just in time to secure a remnant of veal each. This meant that someone had to do without a third helping, the thought of which, however, did not spoil our appetite. We made a splendid meal of the crumbs which had been left. The Food Controller whittles the "wittles," but there were no complaints on this score at our establishment. There were present—but must I debase myself by grovelling exactitude?— suffice that there was a very good muster. Green was the only Manchester representative; Turnor did not grace our board, though he had called earlier in the day, departing immediately afterwards to take part in the forlorn defence of a Manchester brewery which was threatened with attack by thirsty irregulars. I looked long and enquiringly at one youthful member of the company, whose clear-cut, classic features seemed familiar: it was some time before I discovered it was Teddy Edwards, minus his moustache. My word! What a change, but how dodge the Recruiting Officers now? Buck was missing from our midst, evidently engaged in watching his potatoes sprout.

The Jolly Good Fellows Society opened their séance with a capital attendance. The select choir sang, perhaps not with the same mixed harmony as on previous occasions, but with more coherence, the words being clearly distinguishable. The soft choruses are a new feature which has been introduced, and were a great success, one chorister giving a clever imitation of how a fish would sing—a cod, I should say. At 9-30 "Time" was called and we all went out into the night. Arthur and I carefully avoided the footpath leading to Woolton, which path is said to abound in venomous snakes and lizards, especially after closing time. Arrived at Woolton, I beheld a sight which turned my blood cold. A clammy sweat broke out all over me; I trembled in every limb; my eyes nearly started from their sockets. For there, above us, apparently floating in the air, was a gigantic elephant—it looked to me like a blue elephant in the dim light. Great snakes, had I got them again? Grasping Arthur feverishly by the arm, half shriekingly I asked him whether he could see anything. He told me he saw the sign of the Elephant Hotel—a large model of the mammoth standing over the porch of the Hotel. How can I describe the relief this reassuring announcement gave me! I recovered sufficiently to be able to mount on to the motor-bus, by means of which and other conveyances, we ultimately reached our respective homes.

Warrington, 23th April, 1917.

All through giving some entirely disinterested advice, I got let in for this job. You have probably heard that our All Highest Editor is joining the Volunteers, and hearing that he was looking for a regiment that would allow him to carry the drum in the band, owing to his contour providing such an excellent cushion for that implement of torture, I assured him that I knew of a much more "cushy" job, and advised him to join the Wallasey Volunteers Motor Cycle Section, as all the work they had to do was to guard The Plough at Moreton on Sunday mornings at opening time, and I felt sure he could obtain cheap a second-hand uniform which, if worn back to front, would fit his figure perfectly. The reply I got was "Well, you can guard the Patten on Saturday, and let me have an account of the run early on Monday." There was no escape, for you cannot say "No" to a man with a bland smile and a fiery look of determination in his eye. So here goes: It was a glorious day with a most useful N.W. wind, and as

my scouts had reported that T. W. J. B. has recently been training hard in the lanes round Ellesmere Port, I felt it was time I put in a longer ride than Irby. My machine having been given a real clean, fresh vaseline and new tyres, I set off and found myself wonderfully fit, which shows what Horlick's (and a helping wind) will do for you when persisted in. I rode so fast that I had barely appreciated the fact that Willis' wall looks curious now all the trees have been cut down, and that the historic stocks at Cronton are nearly buried in rubbish, when I was bumping through Penketh, and charged violently into the Patten yard. Inside the portals I found young Green, Ven., Oppenheimer, Edwards, Webb, Turnor and Newsholme (Tandem trike, with its mudguards removed and speed wheels without any spares), Chandler, Dolomere, Boss Higham, Cody, Cook and Band, while Conway and Toft joined us just as we began our first experience of a club tea under Lord Havenpotatoes' latest Food Order. It was really comic with the beef and boiled mutton weighed out to 2.9 ounces, and bread confined to one round, and the chief result seems to be increased profit for the caterer to pay for the weird book-keeping involved. However, the Patten was generous with other vegetables and sweets, so none of us fared badly, and it provided a fund of amusing conversation. Probably those who ride least will grumble most, and I can foresee quite some fun at the runs next winter. We had noticed that the Apostle seemed quietly elated, and eventually the reason was disclosed, and Mac's absence explained. Mac is now the proud father of a bouncing boy, and consequently "Uncle" becomes "Grandpa"! Jehosaphat! Of course we all extend hearty congratulations to all concerned, and welcome the new prospective Anfielder most warmly, but Grandpa will have to give up riding speed machines and go in for a really dignified touring mount with up-turned handlebars, gear case, hot and cold water, sanitary plumbing throughout, and private staircase to the belfry. Any pace over 6 m.p.h. will now be most unseemly. After tea there was the usual gathering round the fire, but I left early with the plea that I must get on with it before the strength supplied by the barmecide feast had evaporated. This was only cod, because I know better, when getting fit, than to slog against a head wind, and I continued my training on the 7-15. Doubtless Cody, who started after me was disgusted at not catching me up, so I give the secret away to console him. Chandler, Edwards and Band nursed Grandpa back via Chester, where the baby's head was again wet, and so ended the birthday of Alastair Donald McCann, and the Anfield tea party at Warrington, which had attracted a muster of fifteen.

A. T. SIMPSON, Editor.

ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB.

FORMED MARCH 1879.

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

MONTHLY CIRCULAR.

FIXTURES FOR JUNE, 1917.

		Light up at
June	2.—Eaton (Red Lion)	9-53 p.m.
"	9.—Farndon (Greyhound)	10-5 p.m.
"	11.—(Monday) Committee Meeting, St. George's Restaurant, 7 p.m.	
"	16.—Daresbury (Ring o' Bells). Club Photograph	10-10 p.m.
"	25.—Acton Bridge (Railway Inn)	10-12 p.m.
"	30.—Broxton (Royal Oak)	10-12 p.m.
July	7.—Chester (Bull and Stirrup)	10-3 p.m.

Full Moon, 5th instant.

Committee Notes.

Stourton Lodge,

Arno Road, Oxton.

Mr. Conway has again very kindly offered to take the Club Photograph, and the Committee have picked 16th June as the date at Daresbury. It is hoped there will be a large muster to recompense Mr. Conway for his time and trouble.

The A.B.C. has again been asked to co-operate with the C.T.C. and the N.C.U. in promoting another Old Timers' Rally, and Mr. W. P. Cook has been appointed Club Delegate upon the Rally Committee. Full particulars will be communicated at the earliest opportunity.

The parcels sent to Members on Active Service Abroad in May numbered 16. The President and Mr. Toft selected the following:—Cigarettes, chocolate, kippered herrings in tins, and some lemonade tablets, to which will be added in each instance some tins of Health Salts, very kindly offered as a gift by Mr. Newsholme, to whom many thanks are hereby tendered.

NEW ADDRESSES.—W. R. OPPENHEIMER, No. 102808, No. 180 Siege Battery, R.G.A., B.E.F., should now be addressed as Bombardier in place of Acting Bombardier; Pte. R. P. SEED, No. 242,176, Battalion Orderly Room, 50th Division Depot Battalion, B.E.F.

F. D. McCANN,

Hon. Secretary.

Concerning Those On Service.

There are postcard acknowledgments of parcels from the following:—
 February—A. P. James, "Easter Sunday, not a bit like the Glan Aber!"
 Percy Williamson, "Please convey my best thanks to the Committee and
 Members." March—J. Hodges, "With thanks." April—Hubert Roskell,
 "Many thanks—hope to write you in a few days; in a very busy place
 just now"; and May—R. T. Rudd, "With many thanks; will write later."
 R. P. Seed, J. A. Grimshaw, Lionel Cohen, and A. Warburton.

Dick Seed, on the 24th April, sends "Just a line to let you all know
 I am still in the land of the living. Since last I wrote you I have moved
 about a bit, and if any parcels or such like have not been acknowledged it
 is on that account. I have been in hospital with a dose of measles and, of
 course, some of my stuff 'went west.' When I came out to rejoin my regi-
 ment was in the line, and I eventually landed at the reinforcement camp
 where I am at present, and have got a job doing clerical work at the
 Battalion Orderly Room, and for the present my address is No. 242,176,
 Pte. R. P. S., Battalion Orderly Room, 50th Division Depot Battalion,
 B.E.F. Give my kind regards to all the A.B.C. I might mention there is
 a chap here with me who is a member of the Yorkshire R.C. I have not
 very much news. Wishing you all some very good runs now that the
 weather has bucked up."

"I have again to thank you and the Club," writes Hodges on the 5th
 May, "for the fine parcel just received. The things enclosed are splendid,
 and the selection could not be bettered. My address is now F.P.O. 161.
 It is quite a change from my last billet. I am now in the field and there
 is much more variety in the life—a bit too much at times. I hope you and
 all the boys are in the pink and enjoying the good weather you have been
 having lately. I suppose W.P.C. would call it good weather—or, at least,
 'not bad.' We, out here are very lucky in having such grand weather.
 It is quite a change after the heat of Egypt."

Grimshaw writes on the 16th May as follows:—"Just a line to thank
 you all for the parcel, which just arrived in time, as I was looking round
 to find someone with smokes; we were all about 'broke.' I have no news
 to tell, only the same old routine. I keep a sharp lookout for Lionel as I
 am in Flanders, but have not been lucky yet. I have had a few days on a
 motor-bike, but what a difference to a bicycle! I cannot understand any
 Anfielder liking it unless he is over 80, for it is like having your inside
 shaken out; of course the roads here are not like ours at home. I am
 sending you a 'snap' taken by a French girl, but it is not very well devel-
 oped. I thought the Circular of last month very interesting."

W. R. Oppenheimer, writing on the 15th May, says: "Again my very
 best thanks to the members for their continued kindness; the parcel
 reached me here at a rest camp behind the lines, where we are spending
 three days in laziness. You cannot imagine what a treat it is to get away
 from the sound of our guns—the firing night and day, as we have been
 doing for the last six weeks, is apt to get on one's nerves, more even than
 enemy shells plunking around. Also the laziness part of the business goes
 down very well; it is a change, instead of getting up at 4.30 a.m. to go
 to our O.P., to rise at 9 a.m., after having tea brought by some good chum
 with an uneasy conscience. Also a good wash down in a running stream
 is not to be despised after a drop of shell-hole water, perhaps used first by
 the majority of your Sub-section. Besides—we are all tired—very tired;
 we have been working extremely hard. I was glad to see by the Circular
 that the Bettws. week-end was a success, in spite of the wintry weather.
 My kind regards and all good wishes for the Whitsuntide Tour. P.S.—I am
 full Bombardier now."

Elsie writes the Patriarch:—"Congratulations! So Uncle Bill is now a grandpapa and still rides about on a bicycle (push)! Some grandpapa! It's no use, William, you will have at last to become sedate and either be pushed about or stick to the old trike. Whoever heard of a grandad riding a speed machine and talking of 'evens'? Why you haven't even got a rattle in your voice, nor a dither in your gait. More power to ye, ses I, and when the new arrival clocks on for his first '50' may you still have the strength to put it right through him!

Great Scott! The Baronial One is now in the Navy!! The following letter explains matters:—

H.M.C.S. "Niobe."

"I was very interested in the Club news you gave me. Well, you see that the spot broke out here and not in the Sahara! The Admiral very graciously granted me a commission as Assistant Paymaster, R.N.C.V.R., and here I am! I find things very interesting, and life aboard agrees with me—I mean the work and the surroundings. We have a very fine lot of officers aboard, and a good mess. The weather is somewhat cold for this time of the year, and I mind it, particularly after New York, which when I left was advancing in rapid strides to Summer."

"I shall be awfully glad to hear from you when you have time—address me to the "Niobe," Halifax, and please tell the Circular Expert Envelope Addresser that I shall be glad to receive them at this address, but in sealed envelopes—damn the expense of postage!"

"Please remember me very kindly to all the boys."

Members will learn with deep regret that Lawrence Band has made the supreme sacrifice for his King and Country. Our sympathies are extended to all those bereaved, and particularly to Johnny, Will, and Harold. Lawrence Band was not a member of the Club for long, but during his membership he greatly endeared himself to us. Like all the Bands he was a natural born cyclist, and would have made a fine rider if he had stuck to it. Unfortunately for us, being an all round athlete he decided that he would shine better in other athletic pursuits and resigned his membership. Still he never lost his interest in the Club, and frequently gave much appreciated assistance at our races. He was a fine fellow in every way, and his memory will long remain with us.

"Army" Jottings.

We are now on guard and take this opportunity of assuring our subscribers that they can all sleep soundly in their beds o' nights.

We have not yet shot ourself, but this pleasing consummation may be reached at any moment, and we will probably yet go off with a bang. Fortunately, we are a bad shot.

The rifle per se appears harmless enough (and what we don't know about it would occupy volumes) but in our hands it immediately becomes imbued with endless and terrifying possibilities; with a knife stuck at the end it assumes positively demoniacal propensities.

It appears to us that although we may be lucky enough to escape blowing ourself up we are faced with the inevitable alternative of reserving ourself for impaling purposes. We think we would prefer the former method; our soul recoils at the stickiness involved in the latter.

Our one hope (although we are afraid this is too much to expect) is that our intense enthusiasm may not result in cutting short the promising

career of the Keizerette—our brave comrade in arms. This appalling eventuality is always with us, and envelops us as with a shroud. We wake up feverishly at nights, the cold sweat bedewing our martial brow as we envisage this horrible catastrophe.

We would back "The Army" against any Turkish bath in a bout with embon-point. Our beautiful contour which it has taken years of painstaking perseverance (and other things) to build up is now "fading like a hicle in the sun," and we are in imminent danger of becoming ethereal.

We find the training a perfect antidote to conceit. Although really the most modest of men, and always possessed of a disquietening suspicion that we were a born idiot, it is hard that a few brief moments with "The Forces" have been ample to satisfy all doubts on the subject.

MEMS.

Unless you have a fat pocketbook avoid Hawkstone Park Hotel as though it were the plague. On a recent Sunday, Poole, Williams, and Cook called there for lunch, and after a strictly rationed meal of "samples" that would have delighted the Food Controller, they nearly fainted when a bill for 10/6 was presented. If it is an offence to supply over so many ounces it ought to be a worse offence to supply only half rations while charging more than full prices.

The question of Club teas is likely to be an increasingly difficult problem, but we are sure our members will patriotically make the best of a bad job. Mac. is certainly doing the best he can for us. One of the troubles is that hotel people are keen enough to keep well within the scheduled rations, but want to accompany them with higher prices. Some places like Hinderton have rightly *reduced* their prices for teas, but Hoo Green wanted to *raise* their prices, and a run fixed there was cancelled. We shall probably strike some snags unavoidably, but our motto must be "Don't Grumble."

From the Kelsall run, on May 5th, Chandler led a party consisting of Koenen, Newsholme, Cook and Dews on an "Off the beaten track" weekend. Putting up for the night at Fron Heulog, Bwlch Gwyn, "the tour proper" consisted of crossing the Eslusham Mountain from Minera to Worlds End, which proved a most delightful trip, mostly quite rideable. From Worlds End the "shelf" road to Pentre-Uchaf was taken, and below Valle Crucis the old road through Llantysilio and Rhewl was followed to Glyndyfrdwy. After lunch at the Berwyn Arms, the party crossed the Bwlch-y-groes to Bryn Eglwys, and split up into its component parts at Llandegla.

Have you heard that the Mullah attended the May Committee Meeting? Owing to various reasons Committee Meetings are now movable feasts, fixed from month to month to suit the convenience of the majority, but usually held on the second Tuesday of the month. For May it was found that the second Tuesday meant the absence of the President, while the Monday would have been impossible for Mac., so the *third* Tuesday was fixed. However, the Mullah had forgotten all about this, and came over to Liverpool on May 8th, and only discovered his mistake when he found himself alone at the St. George's. He says *he* held the Meeting and fixed all his own runs. Exhaustive search has failed to find any trace of the Minutes!

Recently Professor Rockandtappit was browsing geologically on the hill behind Tremeirchion, when a lady and gentleman stopped to interrogate him about the places in the neighbourhood. Seeing that he had a

bicycle and possessed an intimate knowledge of the country the following conversation ensued:—

Lady: Are you a member of any cycling club?

Professor: Yes, the Anfield.

Lady: Do you know Mr. Band?

Professor: Oh, yes, very well.

Lady: We used to live at Puddington, and I often saw Mr. Band at Shotwick on Sundays, while sometimes I met him riding into Chester with an old gentleman on a tricycle.

Collapse of the Professor!

Who's the Lady?

THE COOK AS POET!!!! Is there no *end* to this man's cleverness?

Back to the pedals again

Cycling's the game d'ye ken.

I'm vexed to the core, so I'll motor no more,

I'm back to the pedals again.

[This exquisite sonnet is evidently intended to refer to us. It is necessary to point out that in a democratic journal like this, embodying all shades of individual opinion, we cannot hold ourself responsible for the views of our contributors.—Ed.]

RUNS.

Kelsall, 5th May, 1917.

It has come at last! After eight years of the dull monotony of petrolising, and in order to remove the grey hue of anguish, becoming more and more intensified every time the Cook met me until it became unbearable, I managed to secure the only available bicycle in Liverpool—a R.R.R.R. Weakly yielding to granddad's pathetic pleadings, I flung aside the almost overwhelming temptation to acquire freewheels and the other hideous devices for making cycling comfortable, treated with scornful contumely the ingratiating suggestions of the saleslady, and became possessed of a real bicycle, complete with tin mudguards—the patriarch's pet. On making a round of the shops to obtain the outfit necessary if one is to push oneself about with decorum I was forced to the conclusion that this pastime was apparently obsolete, as I was nearly everywhere met with polite but pitiful incredulity. However, eventually I persuaded one octogenarian dealer in antiques to dig into his archives, where he at last discovered a pair of pumps; another brought wonderingly forth some hose, but of shorts there was none. Delving deep into my own ragbag, I came across a pair which had survived the passage of years, but found that these must have been built for some slim youth, as they defied all my frantic efforts to drag them on. There was no time to order a pair, and it was manifestly impossible (not being a Blackburn) to ride without them. In this dilemma the Cook and Chem. were approached, the consequence being that the Editorial sanctum was immediately snowed under with these delightful specimens of the sartorial art. I eventually chose a saucy and exceptionally fast (for were they not impregnated with his own special speed juice?) pair of Chem's. Accordingly a start was made from New Ferry about 3.0. The precipitate climb to the main road negotiated in painful silence, we shortly afterwards overtook Oliver Cooper's Motor Car—it was stationary at the time—the occupants of which seemed vastly entertained about something. As we flashed past, Oliver took a snap of us, which if it faithfully depicts our feelings should command a ready sale. We are not prone to hold converse with owners of Fords in the open road, but in these democratic days one has to smother one's feelings, and we descended gracefully. Another reason may have been that I was becoming increasingly anxious about the multitude of knots gathering in my propellers, and wondering whether

they would ever get untied again. With sinister cunning I lured Jimmy Williams to hold my bicycle, and enthusiastically explained to him its manifold perfections, pointing out how incomparably better it would be for him to push it than for me. I even offered to give it to him if he would exchange places, and was just sneaking off to his seat in the car, when I saw his face blanch at the awful prospect, and he threatened to throw the thing in the ditch. Further on, Royden who must have been travelling very fast, ambled up to us. We implored him to leave us but he declined; he is a clever equilibrist and managed to maintain his balance well. We arrived at the B. and S. at 4.30, having done the distance—anywhere, I suppose, between 40/50 miles—in 1-30 $\frac{1}{2}$, and first aid was rendered by the inhabitants. Leaving again about 5.0, Tommy, who is in fine form, succeeded in sprinting away at about ten. Owing to Chem.'s trousers, which were unusually speedy, I was doing about six to his 5 $\frac{1}{2}$, and arrived at Kelsall a good hundred yards in front to the accompaniment of tumultuous cheering from the populace, who had gathered in considerable force in anticipation of our arrival; this was renewed when Chem. dashed up and fell off his bicycle a little later. About eighteen or nineteen sat down to tea, and at 6.45 p.m. Cook's tourists, including F.H., Dews, Chandler, and Newsholme started off for some unspeakable place (about 15/20 miles) near Wrexham, to enable them to get to their rendezvous before lighting-up time—evidently a fast pack. Ven. arrived from Whitechurch about 7.0, and as we considered him easy meat we yielded to his entreaties to wait for him. The journey from Kelsall to Chester was done just inside the hour by dint of mile-about pacing, and that from Chester to New Ferry, owing to a gale behind, at the same giddy speed. A cruel suggestion on the boat that Chem. should leave his bicycle at the refreshment room, and ride comfortably home on the tramcar fanned his flickering vitality into a faint semblance of life, as he fondled lovingly with the idea. The matter being put to him, however, in a proper light, and the abject ignominy of the proceeding being pointed out with pitiless insistence, it had to be abandoned, and after a desperate struggle he finally attained the domestic hearth in the small hours. I arrived home about midnight in a state of physical and mental incoherence, and was able to sit down on the following Wednesday. I have not worked out the exact distance negotiated during the day, but I suppose it would be somewhere between two and three hundred miles—it may have been a little less.

We had just finished the above account, when the following corollary to it, written by the unfortunate participator in the ride back was handed in:—

Tribulations of the Unfit.

For some obscure reason, the concluding run of April, Warrington, reads as if written by myself. The Editor, and no doubt others, would easily recognise the style and brilliance, which secondary to his consistent riding on road and track (mountain), has earned for the perpetrator everlasting fame in "The Club Cycling World." Moreover, I do not charge violently into yards; there might be something charging about inside. I, therefore, propose to give my own account of the further training spins, which I consider necessary to fit me for the "Craven Arms" Whitsun Tour. Having secured all Saturday, the 5th inst., I sallied forth for Whitechurch. No wind and a veiled sun made the going very pleasant, at my 8/10 per hour jog. I soon struck the Wrexham and Whitechurch road, to encounter a cold head wind.

Two p.m. found me entering Whitechurch, satisfied but unknackered. A long form in khaki advised me to get off and walk, as I breasted the High Street, beyond the "Swan." His voice sounded familiar, but I was

too busy to tell him off, and it probably meant delay and Beer. Having reached my destination and friends, I was substantially fed and wineed (ginger), and could not tear myself away before 5 p.m. So I decided to get across to Kelsall from Tattenhall, hoping for sheltered lanes, but found it snaggy, and eventually arrived at the "Royal Oak" before 7 p.m. This pans out about 8/10. In the yard was the Skipper and his Sub., anxiously inspecting the mounts of their Clubmates for signs of punctures or future bursts. The hostess assured me that I could have similar fare to that consumed by the other gentlemen—a nice way of putting it. Noticing through the bar entrance two familiar forms disguised for the first time this year in cycling attire, I wandered in, and found others resting after their labours by road and table. I was greeted with surprise by one in gaudy knickers, who cried "Why here's old Ven! What train did you come by? He's ours for the ride home; we'll toy with him!" Another Clubmate assured me there was a good train from Chester to Birkenhead at 8.40. These hard riders who scoff at trains, have a fine knowledge of Benson. I suppose there is something to be said for solo riding, in spite of Combines and other people told off weekly by our Secretary.

However, I left them, and having enjoyed my meal returned to the tankers. I now proposed to continue my tour homeward, but was requested not to run away, plenty of time, have something, etc., and as time went on, I was left with the two first-time-this-year Cyclists. At last they consented to make a move, and we gained the yard, from which we rode after several false starts. I had ridden about 50 yards, when a pair of lilac knickers flashed past, accompanied by noisy flapping of coat-tails—or wings, perhaps, is more correct. These were followed by a pair of green stockings, stagnant pond tint, and more flapping. This was upsetting my 10/12 limit with a vengeance, but after a mile or so they regained control of their restive steeds; evidently each had shied at the other's leg wrappings. Another explanation was, that they had got so used to applying enormous pressure coming out up hill against the wind, that they unconsciously, and without thought, again applied the same pressure down hill and nearly lost their mounts. We had various little flutters as long as the favourable conditions lasted, but "Tarvin Mountain" was pathetically sobering, and the back way to the B. and S. was only endured for the reward on the summit, obtainable before 9.30. After the usual and a short breather, I mildly suggested getting on with it, as I liked to be in bed by 11 p.m. "Plenty of time," said he of the shortened wedding garment. "No hurry," remarked the proud wearer of verdant hose. Then started up, "By Jove, yes," he ejaculated, "I have a motoring appointment for 9.30 a.m. to-morrow." "You'll never do it, old man," said Lilac, "and this is not a suitable occasion to mention motoring." However, new life flashed from the emerald-clad, and we made for the yard, where I explained how rear lights were manipulated, and also lit them, using my own matches. Rear lights having been introduced since these two knights last took the road, were a source of constant anxiety to the riders, he who rode last imploring the leaders to tell him if his rear lamp still gleamed. "Get in front, and I will tell you," was the answering gibe. Now these true sports, when not on cycles, are the life and soul of any gathering in which I have enjoyed their company. Quip and jest flow from their lips, what times the company roar with laughter. Therefore, I had looked forward to a ride shorn of monotony, time and ride too short, a merry parting at New Ferry with our Liverpool friend, I still to be further cheered by my fellow Wallaseyite, as we sped through Birkenhead towards New Brighton. The first cheerful (?) remark I heard was—"There's a boat from New Ferry at 10.25—we'll miss that, but we must try and catch the 10.55." We were then doing 4/6, after the excitement of Backford 10/12. I ventured to remark that it was all down after this rise, and we ought to be in Wallasey before 11 p.m.; also that the wind, although very cold,

was helping us. I was answered with acidity, being told "not to talk to me, I feel irritable" by he who had led the flight down Kelsall Hill. I made another attempt to tap the jesty quip vein, but was rewarded with dead silence, and found that I was slowly freezing to death. I had instinctively switched on the 8/10, and was getting into the 10/12, to restore circulation. Consequently I was alone. The New Ferry prophet was right, the 10-25 boat had gone without us. To my surprise, it was suggested by my companion for N.B., that we should cross the river and regain Wirral by the Seacombe boat, thereby, he assured me, saving eight miles of difficult road, and avoid the risk of a watery grave by missing the dock road. Although cold and in want of a ride, I could not leave them, and we faced a bitter East wind, walking down to the pontoon known as New Ferry stage. Gloom prevailed on the boat and increased when we saw the 11-15 Seacombe boat leaving. Wishing our boon companion a merry motoring trip on the morrow, we twain kept circulation going by tramping up to the Pierhead to buy evening papers, my companion prophesying failure, and accepting the "Express" with ill-concealed disgust at my triumph. I then ventured to tempt him with chocolate from the slot, but he scornfully rejected it, and flung "good night" at me as we parted, half an hour later. I was glad to use my latch key and get thawed out, but resolved that short cuts, via New Ferry and Seacombe boats, would not see me again. I will take my "good night" at New Ferry.

Daresbury, 12th May, 1917.

It was the village of Woolton. The sun's burning rays were beating down with tropical force on the village streets. The clock of the parish church marked the hour of 3-45 as the perspiring figure of what once might have been a cyclist appeared on the scene, and, dismounting gracefully on all fours from what once might have been a bicycle, looked anxiously around him. It was evidently a rendez-vous, and verifying that he was the first on the spot (as usual), he smiled that smile of inward satisfaction born of the knowledge of being punctual. He had not long to wait, however, for scarcely an hour had elapsed before he was joined by what looked like another cyclist, only more so, in the last stages of exhaustion, and crying aloud for drink. This craving having been appeased, the pair remounted and steered their course for the Transporter to seek what had been recommended as the shortest route to the venue. Passing through Widnes an exceptionally fine variety of scents and non-scents greeted the olfactory nerves of the riders, but they pushed bravely through in spite of having no gas masks. The river crossed, the pair headed for Halton, and called a halt on the hill.* By this time Arthur (for he was one of the victims) had developed a high-class thirst, which would brook no denial, and it had to be slaked with dandelion and burdock in default of a more potent brew. Proceeding on their way they rode on and on until they were like to fall off. The surrounding country was charming, but to the weary couple toiling up interminable hills it appealed but slightly. Arthur, who earlier on had compared cycling with the rack and other medieval instruments of torture, had long ceased to complain and was fast becoming morbid. The ancients believed the earth to be flat, but if they had cycled in their days, they would never have propounded such a theory. Six o'clock had passed, but our heroes were still struggling on. At last Arthur had a brain wave and enquired his way, which brilliant idea resulted in the destination being soon reached. In spite of the fine weather there was quite a good attendance, about 16 members being present, and Manchester was well represented. The arrival of the Editor and his companion in suffering, however, was the signal for a general exodus, and they were left on their own in the dining room. The food was plentiful and excellent. Emerging into the open afterwards Captain Band, Mac, and Ven, were found standing near a

* (The gifted author assures us there is a joke deftly concealed here.—Ed.)

Forret's cage. Comparisons were drawn between the respective merits of the pungent exhalations from the cage in question and the balmy perfumes of Widnes. Ven. generously offered to pilot the weary ones back, and conducted them to Runcorn, through Moore, past pleasant meads and plantations, and so across the Transporter to Widnes. Here rain began to fall, and friendly shelter was sought, visits being paid to several places of interest (within the meaning of the Act), but 9-30 witnessed the departure of the trio from this health resort. The rain increased in violence, and a thunderstorm was in full swing long before the wretched trio had reached their respective homes. Thus ended a perfect day. The question now is, has Ven., after his two successive experiences, crossed Arthur and Chem, off his list? (We fear this question is superfluous.—Ed.)

Halewood, 19th May, 1917.

The visit to Halewood.

The rendez-vous at Wilson's.

The arrival of Prichard and Ven.

The Calderstones car and the busy Woolton bus.

The dangerous Gateacre Brow with the Unitarian chapel.

The uninviting closed doors of the "Bull."

The broad avenue through Lee Hall Park.

The shaded pool, greener than the raw recruit.

The chestnuts, sycamores, oaks and ashes.

The salon and bowling green of the Eagle and Child.

The Presidential welcome at the "Derby Arms."

The arrival of the real cyclists.

The hurried entry to the dining room and the take-your-time staff.

The sinking feeling at the size of the meats.

The anxiety re the rice and cabbage.

The despair at no potatoes.

The down-and-out sensation with the waning of the fruit salad.

The collection of the eighteen two and ones.

The adjournment and the opening chorus.

The Knipe allotments feet and the Cook's mixed corns.

The hatred for nine thirty.

The pouring rain and wobbly way to Woolton.

The resolution to bring a mackintosh next time.

The return home to sneeze, a bottle of paregoric, and slumber.

Knutsford, 19th May, 1917.

The Mullah and the General, after acting as C.T.C. scouts during the afternoon, joined up with Green Boy at Lower Peover, then toured gently on to Knutsford; the atmospheric conditions, being somewhat humid, necessitated capes being worn for two solid hours, though at times it became so threatening we were afraid it might be fine after all. The Boss, Dolly, and Hello materialising at the Lord Eldon, and tea being served prompt to time, the six Manchesters were soon engaged in sampling a meal well up to standard, and so well and quickly served, that it made the participants feel grateful for the alternative to Halewood. Just as we were feeling satisfied with ourselves and the world in general, the Master convinced us of his return to sanity by again making his appearance on a real bicycle, thus demonstrating, in the only way, that he is one of us yet. An hour's friendly chat brought another happy day to a close, and the seven members are already looking forward to their next visit to the Lord Eldon.

WHITSUNTIDE TOUR.

Saturday, 26th May, 1917.

Saturday opened fine giving promise of grand weather for the week-end, the only fly in the ointment being a strong contrary wind.

A good party, including "F.H." and the Raven, foregathered at Whitchurch for tea, leaving there at various times. My companion and I were early starters and picked our way through the Prees Camp and on to Shrewsbury at a nice even pace befitting our elderly respectability. After a short halt there to supplement the inadequate tea we had had at Whitchurch, we proceeded towards Church Stretton and shortly overtook a tandem; as this kept near us we entered into conversation with the crew thereof. After some time we learned that the steersman was the captain of a Liverpool club recently much in evidence in the correspondence pages of the Cycling press, and the stoker one of his merry men. They were not, however, in the sewer-suit uniform, which is, one is led to understand, their usual wear. Anyhow, the tandem got along very nicely and we kept together all the way, having ourselves the satisfaction of knowing that we, humble though we may be, and unworthy to be mentioned in the same breath with some others so far as strenuous riding is concerned, were interesting specimens to our new-found friends, for has it not appeared in cold print that no member of this said club ever sees an Anfielder on the road? After showing them round Stokesay Castle in the gloaming, and leaving them to pursue their course to Ludlow, en route for the Wye Valley, we went to the Stokesay Castle Hotel (far more hospitable than the other place) and found an excellent meal ready, to which we did full justice. We also found that our worthy Editor—may his shadow never grow less!—had already succeeded in ingratiating himself with the landlord and his family, especially the family, and was very comfortable indeed. The expectations, so often disappointed, that Arthur will go off this season, have again been acutely raised.

The several parties dropped in one by one until we numbered seventeen, which must be considered a very good muster. Thomas Walter John was there with a beautifully clean tricycle, fitted with Saratoga trunk complete, and Percy Charles was on the super-bicycle recently obtained at enormous expense, replete with all the latest improvements, and very well he looked. We have great hopes of Percy Charles; barring a tendency to a superabundance of adipose tissue, he looks fit for a good "50." Ven. and brother-in-law were en tandem and had been out since Friday morn. The party included other notabilities whose names will appear in accounts of the subsequent proceedings. After supper a real Bettws tank party was formed, with beauty added, and there were high jinks until an early hour, the rear-guard retiring in good order and condition considerably before the time fixed for Sunday's breakfast.

Sunday—Monday.

When the Master was planning for us the delightful tour we enjoyed last August Holiday, one of his ideas for the day to be spent between Tenbury and Bridgenorth was a crossing of the Clee Hills, but as this seemed to better lend itself to a circular ride it was preferred to leave it for another occasion, and the Droitwich trip was taken. Consequently when it was decided to spend Whitsun at Craven Arms there could be no question as to the Sunday's ride. Unfortunately, the day was somewhat moist and made the trip a bit strenuous, but although so much of the country was blotted out in mist we saw enough to appreciate the fact that it was a grand district, and all of us enjoyed the day immensely. Of the 17 at Craven Arms, Crow, and his friend were bound South on a week's tour, Ven. and Morris jibbed at the rain before Ludlow, but Percy Charles covered himself with glory by at least getting to the top of Angel

Bank and only turning back when, as he picturesquely put it, he "found the place where they were making all the rain." Britten in a new suit de luxe declined to give us a demonstration of tricycles as ideal wet weather machines, and the number to reach Bewdley was therefore eleven. The motorists, F. H., Toft, Ugly, Mercer, Buck, and Simpson were evidently afraid of Angel Bank, and therefore never crossed the Clee Hill at all—their route was via Tenbury and Clows Top—but the cyclists, Green, Newsholme, Mac., Cook and Chandler won through in great style, although the first three over-shot the corner for Cleobury Mortimer at the danger board on the descent, and found themselves on some precipitous roads in the Farlow Bank direction. We had a good luncheon at the Black Boy, and the cyclists were promptly off again for the afternoon storming of the Brown Clee. The Mercer-Buck-Simpson car circumvented the Brown Clee by continuing along the Severn Valley till they struck the Wenlock-Craven Arms road, and then proceeded through Corvedale, but F. H. and the Toft-Prichard outfit cut off a big corner by making their way to Burwarton (where we had arranged to have tea) direct through Stottesdon. Meanwhile the cyclists followed the Severn Valley to within three miles of Bridgenorth, and again Mac., Green and Newsholme got lost by turning too soon and making for Burwarton through a maze of lanes—but you must not mention this, as it is a dark secret! Chandler and Cook were entertained to afternoon tea while waiting at the corner, and then proceeding through Cleobury North arrived at Burwarton to find that tea was unobtainable, and that the six others had gone on to Wheathill. Here the motorists had not stopped, but the five hungry cyclists had a fine tea after they had carefully explained the Food Regulations. From Wheathill it was all down hill and easy sailing, and we were soon back at the Stokesay Castle, quite ready for the excellent meal awaiting us.

Monday morning was dull, but with every indication of developing into a glorious day, which was amply fulfilled. Britten going South, left 14 of us to come North, for Beardwood was anxious to see the North Shropshire speed roads and was making for Hodnet. Ven. and Morris stuck tyre trouble before they had cleared the tour, but the rest of us made an old fashioned club run of it, and a most delightful ride it was through all the Strettons, until near Dorrington Beardwood punctured. Within a mile of restarting Percy broke his new chain, and this also broke the party up. Leaving Beardwood to return to Dorrington to get his chain mended we had to get on with it to reach Whitechurch for lunch, and just managed to arrive in time to find that Band, Royden and Leece had ridden down to join us, so we were quite a merry party. After lunch came the parting of the ways, Green and Newsholme making for Manchester, Toft, Prichard, Mercer and Buck for Runcorn, and the rest of us for Malpas, Farndon, Chester and Hinderton, where several stayed for tea, "helped" Simpson fix a refractory valve, and then concluded a very fine tour in the cool of the evening.

Clipped Comments.

Grandad's cup of happiness was filled to overflowing when he encountered young Percy and learnt that this intrepid rider had cycled (and walked) all the way from London town. His enthusiasm was dashed a little on hearing the "Ariel" contained a three-speed gear, but revived under Beardwood's stimulating announcement that his next mount would be shorn of this excrescence.

Even the Cook had to admit that the weather on Sunday from time to time looked threatening. The editorial wash-out trussed up among the debris at the back of Mercer's car on being bailed out somewhat amplified this view.

Buck's glutinous sausage skin was the subject of great admiration once it had been sufficiently shampooed to permit of its being rolled over the contents. The adhesion of the latest edition of the "Sunday Chronicle," in which it had been enwrapped and which had become an integral portion of the outfit added a certain picturesqueness.

When is a route not a route? This burning question was the subject of a heated controversy at Bewdley between Mac, and his venerable beau-père. Mac's contention that it is impossible to have lost your way if you arrive at your destination, was sound. At the same time vaulting over five-barred gates is not usually included in the itinerary of a cycling tour.

The Master as a bed-mate combines music with pathos. His weird Wagnerian symphonies brilliantly executed through the nasal organ, at times resonant with manly feeling, anon sinking away in mournful cadence, were intercepted at intervals with piteous and heartrending sighs as of a soul in torment. It is said the Editor lay awake for hours listening enraptured at this gorgeous feast of sound.

You, and Morris, although riding tandem, appeared quite good friends. The absence of recriminatory abuse and veiled innuendos relative to the other fellow's artistic restraint in pushing (usually inseparable from this form of exercise) was a curious phenomenon and caused considerable comment.

George Mercer is a Good Samaritan. He poured out his life's blood into the Editorial tank without stint. His car has just been re-decorated and, thanks to George's loving care, ably supplemented by Harry's warm encouragement, retains its pristine splendour to this day.

Young Percy did not half blow himself out over his performance, treating the motoring section with lofty disdain, and, when only slightly in drink, combating with sublime courage some of grandad's pet theories.

The Poole-Williams-Sunter combination (travelling en famille) favoured us with their society on Saturday evening, but afterwards vanished to distant lands and were seen no more.

Beardwood on the economy of cycling was witty, concise and accurate. His philosophy ran something like this—"Every mile costs nothing and saves twopence. You can buy anything for a bicycle at the price of a few drinks. Grand repair outfits for sixpence instead of a quid. No need to carry lamps because if you *should* be delayed and require them you can buy two for half a crown. You can start every tour on new tyres as the cost is so nominal—it is motoring with the worry and expense left out."

Poor Crowcroft! His position as Chief of the Smart Set has been seriously challenged if not overthrown. Thomas Walter John in his saucy suit and a wonderful valise of spares quite put Crow, in the shade. He will have to telegraph for Dakin!

An account of Sunday's trip by the Editor would be most interesting. Abandoning his motor bicycle in the interests of petrol economy he took the dicky seat on Mercer's car, and as the hood was up all day, Arthur's range of vision was strictly limited, and we understand he missed the Cape of Good Hope and other places of refreshment.

Grandpa and Father on tricycles undoubtedly got full value of the moisture, particularly the former who was riding in a cape mostly consisting of holes and borrowed safety pins!

We were so excellently catered for in every way by the host and hostess of the Stokesay Castle Hotel, that a movement is on foot to repeat the dose for August Bank Holiday, with the Sunday's ride in the Knighton direction. What say you?

A. T. SIMPSON, Editor.

ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB.

FORMED MARCH 1879.

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

MONTHLY CIRCULAR.

FIXTURES FOR JULY, 1917.

	Light up at
July 7.—Chester (Bull and Stirrup)	10-8 p.m.
.. 9.—Monday. Committee Meeting, St. George's Restaurant, 7 p.m.	
.. 14.—Stretton (Cat and Lion)	10-2 p.m.
.. 21.—Farndon (Greyhound)	9-54 p.m.
.. 28.—Eaton (Red Lion)	9-34 p.m.
Aug. 4 to 6.—AUGUST TOUR. Headquarters: Craven Arms (Stokesay Castle Hotel)	9-32/9-28 p.m.
Alternative Run for Manchester Members.	
July 7.—Marton (Davenport Arms)	10-8 p.m.

Full Moon, 27th instant.

Committee Notes.

Stourton Lodge,

Arno Road, Oxton.

The Whitsun Tour having been such a success, both from the point of numbers and of accommodation, the Committee have decided to go again to Craven Arms (Stokesay Castle Hotel) for the August Tour. A special tariff of 17/6 has been arranged, covering supper and bed on Saturday night, breakfast, supper and bed on Sunday, and breakfast on Monday, and as the accommodation in the Hotel is limited, YOU ARE PARTICULARLY ASKED TO ADVISE ME AT ONCE if you intend to be present; those who first hand in their names will be allotted beds in the house—late notifiers will have to sleep out! No accommodation will be booked by the Club for any member who has not advised me by at least the previous Saturday, viz., by 28th July.

The Committee have fixed upon Pen-y-bont (Severn Arms Hotel) for luncheon on Sunday, 5th August, and it is probable that Ellesmere will be the meeting place for luncheon on the homeward ride.

NEW ADDRESSES.—Pte. E. BRIGHT, B. Coy., 17th Batt. Essex Regt., A.P.O. 25, Holt, Norfolk; Lieut. H. S. BARRATT, 12th Divisional Depot Batt., 5th Royal Berks. Regt., B.E.F.; Assist. Paymaster R. A. FULTON, H.M.C.S. "Niobe," Halifax, Canada; Pte. JOHN WELLS, No. 1319, 17th Infantry Batt., A.I.F., 2nd A.D.B.D., via Base Post Office, Havre, France; Rifleman W. M. ROBINSON, No. 555423, B. Coy. Res. Batt., Queen's

Westminster Rifles, Roehampton Camp, London, S.W.; 2nd A. M., G. POOLE, 60833 R.F.C., 2, Dichfield Road, Cricklewood, London, N.W.2; Sergt. R. T. RUDD, No. 675212, D, 275 Battery R.F.A., now at The Bollings, Red Cross Hospital, Malpas; Pte. G. STEPHENSON, No. 215368, D, Squadron, 2/1st Denbigh Yeomanry, Worlingham, Beccles, Suffolk.

WANTED.—The address of H. R. BAND—letters addressed 7th Reserve Battery R.F.A., having been returned after travelling to Preston and London.

Your attention is particularly drawn to the fact that the Hotel at FARNDON for the run on the 21st July is the GREYHOUND, and not the Raven.

The parcels arranged for by The President and Mr. Toft, and sent in June, numbered 16, and they contained cigarettes, a tin of biscuits, a tin of herrings and tomatoes, a quantity of almonds and raisins, and also a tin of health salts kindly provided by Mr. Newsholme.

F. D. McCANN,
Hon. Secretary.

A Personal Note.

The Committee having decided to again support the Northern Old Time Cyclists' Rally, I was persuaded to once more act as the Club's delegate on the Organising Committee, and this has had a sequel quite unsuspected by me. Notwithstanding all the objections I could think of, I found myself, nolens volens, elected to the Chairmanship. Turnor is also Chairman of the Manchester Sub-Committee, so that this year's Rally becomes a peculiarly Anfield affair, and I am very anxious that it should be a true Anfield success. Last year we had the excellent attendance of about 30, when none of us knew just what kind of an affair it would pan out. Recently we had a muster of 40 for the Club Photo., and now that so many know what an enjoyable function the Rally was last year, I am hoping that my fellow members will make a special effort to support me this year, and that at least 50 Anfielders will attend. The date is fixed for Sunday, August 19th, which I ask you personally to book. The venue is not definitely fixed yet, but either Turnor or myself will be glad to have your names, and will in due course exchange tickets and badges for the necessary spondulix. Owing to catering difficulties there will be no fixing up eleventh hour merchants. You can buy a ticket to support the Cyclists' Prisoners of War Fund without attending, but you cannot attend without a ticket, so please give this matter your prompt attention. Floreat Anfield. W. P. Cook.

Concerning Those On Service.

Postcard acknowledgments of parcels are to hand from Percy Williamson, G. Jackson, and John L. Mahon (all April); H. S. Barratt, A. Warburton, J. A. Grimshaw, R. P. Soed, Li. Cohen, and Hubert Roskell "Many thanks—I hope to get leave soon and to see you all at Chester on July 7th."—all May parcels.

Jackson adds to his postcard "Many thanks also for the parcels for February and March, which arrived when I was in hospital. The club's many kindnesses are much appreciated."

The latest of ours to don khaki is "Everbright," who writes giving his address. "You may not be surprised to receive a new address. I shall be glad to have the Circular in due course, and any news. May I give you a tip for the boys away—Wrigley's Spearmint is worth its weight in gold when one is sweating either on parade ground or marching—it just lies in the mouth for hours."

The following is from James, under date 13th May: "The A.B.C. April parcel arrived this morning, many thanks, indeed, to all the boys. I have left the mule training business, and am now making roads with the assistance of the 11th Entrenching Battalion. I am carefully learning the theory of road making, and—when any N.C.O. is looking—also doing the practice. I expect to be a second Telford when I get back to Blighty."

Barratt keeps up his reputation as a most excellent correspondent—there are two letters from him this month. The first one is dated 26th May, and reads "It is again my pleasant duty to return thanks for another Anfield parcel and some genius knows just what to send, as they judged the lemonade mixture just when the hot weather came along—and it has been hot this last week; if it is anything like this at home it will be rather tropical on the old roads. I had a pal of mine from the Battalion through here the other day, and he brings a rumour that they have given me a second 'pip' for some reason or other. (We hope it is so, so congratulations!—Ed.) I met a chap in the Gas line here the other day, and it seems he knows Cohen; from all accounts the latter is as merry and bright as usual. I haven't much news this time—we get thick days training and night 'opps'; sometimes it is very interesting seeing people don't drop bombs when they are lobbing them over. An enthusiastic youth the other night tickled my fingers very slightly with a bayonet, but it shows a good sign when he gets to work with the real thing. I see the 'what is a run' and 'what is not a run' controversy has produced some very interesting correspondence." Barratt's second letter is dated 1st June, and it runs "It is fine to hear that the Whitsuntide numbers are so good; it shows what a live organisation we belong to, and augurs well for that famous 'afterwards.' My old friend lumbago has been upon me this last week. I started off by getting my friend who is able to find collar-studs with lightning-like rapidity, and who restores order out of chaos with a wave of his hand, to rub me with Elliman's, so one night I lay on my tummy on my wire bed. He rolled up his sleeves, spat on his brawny hands, did a curious flick with the bottle, and got at it. No use my shouting for mercy; he was determined to rub my back right through my front part and he nearly managed it, so I got him a six-ounce pair of boxing gloves to put on next night. However, things did not seem to improve, so an R.A.M.C. merchant came over and was more gentle and merciful, not having, I suppose, to rub off old scores. I am now getting less and less like one of Doan's famous pictures. I think I told you that they had given me another star to keep the first one company, and it appears this dates from March last; up to now it has proved a very costly addition. I am still on the Instructor's job, but last week our staff was cut down for the present. I happened to be one of those to remain, so am hoping for the best. We had a boxing contest last Sunday, and some of the clouts would have put me to sleep for quite a long time. It was my job counting them out. We have had beautiful weather here for quite a long time now, and the heat has been a scorcher. I am at present in a wooden hut, so am a little more comfortable and don't get the heat as much as in a tent; we are lucky in being in a beautiful chateau grounds."

There are also two letters from Ramsey Wells—the first one gives a new address, which is altered by the second letter, and that fact will explain how the Circulars have gone astray. He also does not acknowledge any parcels, so probably they have "gone west" too! Under date 31st May he writes "Many thanks for your letter. I just want to advise you of yet another change of address. I suppose Prees Heath is unrecognisable to the old habitués by now. Well, I wish I were there again; also on a few more runs with the old Club. However, I am going to get there again some day." His second letter is dated 7th June, and he says "I have not had any

news of the Club for some time now—I got your letter of the 23rd May all right, but I have not had the April and May Circulars, and IF NOT, WHY NOT? !!! My address now is —— (see Committee Notes—Ed.) Tell the Keizerette and Uncle Billy I should like to hear from them. I don't like to write letters because I have absolutely no news whatever, except that the Push where they are killing people is apparently going on all right. Thank God, I am having a bit of a rest from it for a while. Last winter was hell in the trenches, I can tell you. I would like to get to Paris and to look Hubert up. (You would be disappointed, as he's miles from there—that is merely his postal address from which letters are forwarded.—Ed.) I see from one Circular that he is only 18 stone now—how are the mighty fallen! We look like having a racing programme for 1918—what? Won't it be grand! I think everybody will start. I suppose the Baron is G.O.C. of the U.S.A. Army by now!"

Transcript of letter received from R. T. Rudd:—"Just a few lines to let you know I am keeping in good health. I have just come out of the Scrap. I have been wounded through the shoulder and arm, but I am going along very well. I am down in a hospital at the base. I have been before the Colonel for inspection to-day, and I am to go to Blighty, so I may go at any time now. I will write and let you know when I land in hospital, when I get there. I hope you are keeping well. Give my very best respects to all the Members of the Anfield for their kindness to me while I have been out here. We had an awful time during this advance, but the loss was not as great as we expected. We knocked the wind out of the Bösche before he knew we were coming over. We can go over anywhere we want now we have the guns and shells. It is just a case of picking the right spots. I will now close wishing you the best of health." (We are very sorry indeed to have this news, and sincerely trust that the wounds are not serious. If he can make it convenient to attend a run when sufficiently recovered we promise him a very hearty welcome.—Ed.)

Extract from letter received from Cohen:—"I am still living in the last place on earth and consequently living the life of the simple soul, which is occasionally accelerated by the aid of French beer. We have a very merry gang of robbers in the mess and we certainly do enjoy our little selves when not in the line. Of late 'work' (you have doubtless heard of the epidemic) has been occupying too much of our time. However, the 'push' pushed, and the atmosphere is much clearer; and as for morale—wonderful! Best of wishes to everybody."

A further letter from Rudd, dated June 17th, advises his safe arrival in Blighty. We are glad to say he reports himself as "in the very best of health." He was wounded in the chest, shoulder, and through the upper part of the right arm, but all the wounds are "going on very well," and Rudd is evidently in excellent spirits and most enthusiastic over the work his battery accomplished.

"Just a few lines to notify you of a shift to a fresh billet," writes George Poole, "I understand Harry gave you my last address. Glad to say all is well up here. I expect to attend a club run by aeroplane one of these fine days all being well—they are almost as safe as a car, given fine weather; the only time one feels a bit excited is when coming down to land. I guess if you saw some of the tricks we see here, including nose and tail dives, side glances, looping, flying upside down, corkscrew dives and stunts at all angles you would have a nightmare when you went to bed—however, it is all in the game."

From W. R. Oppenheimer there is the following:—"I was awfully glad to get another Anfield parcel the other day. These parcels arrive at most opportune times—anyway as far as I am concerned; this time, for instance, it came just after we had moved forward and away from canteens. Be-

sides, always when we make an advance we are put on bully and army biscuits as a reward!—probably the prisoners taking our bread. Our Rest Camp life was soon over, it only lasted four days and we were again on the move. We are in beautiful Cheshire-like country, and have had glorious weather these last six weeks. We soon found out we were in for another "Push," which came off early last Thursday morning and was quite successful. 'Fritz' gave us quite a warm reception at times, but so far he does not appear to have discovered our new position, and we have had a comparatively peaceful time these last few days. My best thanks to the Club for their continued kindness and particularly to Mr. Newsholme for the tin of Health Salts, which is very welcome this hot weather."

Cohen, writing on 15th June, says:—"My very best thanks to all for the parcel which reached me some few days ago. We have been having such a busy time lately that it has been a difficult matter to settle down and scribe. No doubt you know more of the recent successes than I do although I have been mixed up with the 'straffing'—but not half so much as the Boche! Ye gods, the iron that was flying around. It was certainly the stunt of this so-called adventure, and it will be a very pleasant change not to be shelled from the rear as was the case for the past two and a half years. However, I shall be able to tell you more of this when (I said when) my next leave comes along. After careful consideration I would rather take the Queensferry Corner check for weeks on end than loiter round some of the corners in these 'furrin' parts. We are having a few days' rest for the present, but really everyone's morale is so splendid that hard work is almost getting popular!! Bow-wow! Give my best wishes to all, and again many thanks."

The following letter has been received from Stephenson:—

"By the address you will note that I am under canvas and have been for nearly two months. It's a great life, and when the war is over I shall be seen with your rearlight friend, Mr. Milne, riding an Army bike with a tent on the back carrier—I am awfully fond of these Army Tanks. I've got a beauty now, and when tuned up can easily do 8 an hour on her—and keep it up for some time, too. The other day on a Tactical Scheme of great import—we were holding a bridge, the name of which I cannot divulge for obvious reasons—me and another chap—he was a good rider too—well, we covered 5 miles in just over 45 minutes, so you will see I'm getting on. If Mac, likes to use this as evidence that there are still hard riders in the A.B.C., and choke that bloke in the 'Echo' off, I see no harm in it, but ask him not to mention my name, as I am so modest. You will be much hurt to hear that I have been in the "Book" twice for a dirty bicycle. The only crime I've been done in for. Like me, you will doubtless be surprised at this, knowing how spotless I always used to keep THE Tandem. If it had been Cody now, or any of those other chaps who never cleaned their machines, one could understand it, but that it should happen to me! I was so vexed that I nearly handed in my notice. The charge was that I hadn't cleaned the *inside* of my mudguards. Let this be a lesson to you, my lad, and also to my erstwhile partner in crime, Mr. Cohen.

Am a complete soldier now, having been through Gas, been on a Lewis Gun course, Hotchkiss Gun, Bombing, and fired my Gun Musketry course. In the latter I rather extinguished myself. I qualified as a Marksman, and am entitled now to wear crossed guns on my sleeve. I believe my score was about 5th in the Regiment.

We are sorry to hear that Warburton has lately lost a brother at the front, and we offer him and the other members of his family our deepest sympathy.

Barratt writes: "I arrived back safely to find the May parcel awaiting full of good things, and the health salts—especially welcome at this time of

the year. Please convey my hearty thanks to the proper quarter. I enjoyed my ride very much to Daresbury, and, thanks to Turnor's nursing, managed it without any after serious ill effects, although the friend I brought out with me must have got so injected with Anfield speed-germs on his first trip that after we had left the tandem-trike at Altrincham, he got a move on with his ironmonger's shop, but thank goodness, my lamp kept going out, which enabled me to keep refilling my wind apparatus."

In sending his schedule for the August Bank Holiday tourlet The Master fairly let himself go, and provided enough suggestions for a week's explorations, but as the "copy" is full of meat we append it herewith, feeling sure it will provide ideas for some excellent trips to be taken by our week-enders in the future. Just get your Maps and follow them out.

"Other tit-bits requiring attention in this district might be mentioned in the Journal as an inducement to the real riders to scour on their outward and homeward journeys for ulterior comment. For instance, the Long Mynd from Lee Botwood to Plowden, via Robin Hood's Butts, and taking in Medlicott and Wentnor. Also Corndon Hill, Stopeley Hill and the Stone Circle (Hope Valley). Also the Derelict end of Wenlock Edge to Roman Bank and Hope Dale. Somewhat farther afield, but requiring careful research, lies the task to find a good track from the top of the Anchor Pass (2 miles from the Inn towards Kerry) to the Cider House on the way to Dolfor. The maps show a good track, and it should be fairly level. This should be an important connecting link between the Craven Arms-Clun-Anchor road with the Knighton-Newtown roads but more especially with the Newtown-Penybont road and a third alternative to get to Penybont.

"Zealots of the Past fought their way over the Stiperstones and into the very 'Chair,' also crossways over the Long Mynd, from Ratling Hope to Stretton, also over the Long Mountain. Can we not tempt the great zealot of to-day 'the BISAIEUL' to transfer his energies from the Berwyn to the Shropshire Mountains. If so, not a nook would lie idle. (May I stand still and pat myself on the back for selecting that aptly sounding title? Weak now sound such names as Beau-père and Grand-père compared to the hoary force expressed by Bisaieul: progenitor of the second stage, of double rank, of duplex degree.)

P.S.—Since writing the above, some Gallie expert will have it that the "Païen" is merely a simple "aïeul," and that much must happen in the next 20 years ere he can claim the "Bis," but I'll have none of that.

N.B.—The Lion at Leintwardine that once or twice harboured the Anfield slumbers, is now deserted and void of guts, the landlord having failed and sold up. Oh! Bavonium! What will the Romans say?

(Glossary extracted from our French dictionary (for the benefit of Cohen):—Bisaieul: Great Grandfather. Aïeul: Grandad. Païen: Pagan.—Ed.)

Del Strother (whose address is now c.o. Russo-Baltic Car Works Co., 1, Madison Avenue, New York), writes the Cook:—"There is only one excuse for my not having written sooner in reply to your letter and that is that we are awfully busy, working up till 10 and 11 o'clock at night. I received all Circulars, and from these and your letter am very pleased to see that the old Club is going as strong as ever in more than one way. The proportion of its members in active service is very good indeed, and it is sad that some of them will never be able to enjoy their club runs again. We can only hope that all these sacrifices will not be in vain. Of course I followed your suggestion to meet Fulton, and found him a very nice chap indeed, and we had a good time together. I am glad to hear that Hellier is all right again, but sorry that Teddy does not now attend the runs. You

probably know that these two were my constant riding companions, and there were very few week-ends that we did not spend together. Teddy was, of course, the soul of the party, and we used to have a lot of fun together. I would like to say that as soon as the Whit-Monday 'Hundreds' are resumed you may put up my prize, the conditions to be decided by the Committee. I expect to remain here until July-August, and will then return to Russia. One sees comparatively few bicycles here, and what freaks! Their road races are 10-15 scraps with hundreds and even thousands of riders taking part. Just for fun I dropped in for a couple of hours to see the last six-days race at Madison Square Gardens. It is a bit of a farce, and the riders have to submit to all sorts of stunts to amuse the public. No wonder they fall off their machines through sheer fatigue. Kindest regards to yourself and all the boys."

The mid-June number of "Cycling" is made more than usually interesting (especially to Anfielders) through the inclusion of a three-page illustrated article by "Wayfarer"—evidently the forerunner of a series—on "Pillars of the Pastime." The first victim is Grandad, and it must have cost him quite a lot of money. The article is adorned with a photograph, evidently chosen with extreme care from among "Wayfarer's" most handsome acquaintances, as, though we yield to none in our admiration of the Apostle's classic beauty, surely the Adonis therein depicted cannot *really* be our own little Willie! We are sorry space forbids our reproduction of the entire article, but we give some extracts below:—

"I want you, please, to disabuse your minds of the idea that W. P. Cook is my hero, and that I am going to indulge in a bit of hero-worship in public, slopping over him sycophantic praises which will give you—and him—bad bilious attacks. I simply desire, as a personal friend, to write a little appreciation of one to whom I owe so much as a cyclist, and a cycling journalist, and who is, in my humble opinion (which I know to be shared with others) one of the most outstanding figures in the world of wheels to-day and an acknowledged leader of cycling thought . . . Among his club-mates he has the reputation of never being caught out in the rain. He does not stay at home, mind you, but it simply does not rain where he is . . . You may put in a morning's brisk riding with him through the mixture known as Scotch mist, which gradually develops into persistent rain. You stop at the end of a heavy climb for a little nourishment. 'You've had some rain here, surely,' he says to the inn-keeper, in a tone which implies that we are all suffering from sunstroke, and, when a question is put to him in reply, he invites an examination of his cap, which has been carried in an inside pocket. Rain, indeed?—and he rubs his face and head dry! But if Cook is a philosopher, he is equally—and more so—an incurable optimist . . . He seems to possess the gift of perpetual happiness—thanks very largely to the 'joie de vivre' he gathers up along the road, as year by year he rolls off his 10,000 miles awheel . . . Of the work he has done for the Anfield Bicycle Club, it is difficult to provide any adequate estimate, and his devotion to that organisation cannot be expressed in cold type. As honorary secretary, as private member, and, as committee man—in the council chamber and on the road—he has given freely of his best . . . I question whether he has missed a single club run since his trip abroad in 1901, barring the occasion when he met with an accident when cycling one evening a few years ago . . . Cook is nothing if not a fighter. Trail your cloak on the ground and he will tread on the tail of it . . . He stands for all or nothing—for cycling and cyclists first, last, and always—and he possesses such acute perception that he is always the first to see the 'nigger in the wood-pile.' . . . The past decade has revealed no decline in my friend's powers. His annual mileage has, if anything, increased. His average speed

is no less—his daily distances are no shorter. Nothing can change that enduring love of cycling. Others, who possibly are not so well able to afford petrol as Cook is, go in for motor cycles or motor cars . . . but my friend continues steadfastly on his way. He is a rare example of the possibilities, from the cycling point of view of a man who keeps himself thoroughly fit, and he constitutes a pleasant variation of the typical man of fifty, to whom exercise has long since become a thing of the past."

MEMS.

Grandad is hard, but just, in his scathing comments, which appear below, anent our having omitted the most important item in the accounts of the two runs mentioned:—Apologies are due, and are hereby tendered, to Archie Warburton. The gifted and highly paid contributors of the scintillating, not to say coruscating, accounts of the runs to Kelsall and Daresbury, on May 5th and 12th, were so intoxicated with the exuberance of their own verbosity, and obsessed with the marvellous feats they had accomplished that they failed to record the fact that Warburton attended these runs. Now Warburton provided an excellent example of Anfield Enthusiasm, which should encourage all of us to "carry on" and keep the Club very much alive by attending all the fixtures we possibly can. Only being home on leave for 10 days Warburton was keen enough to cut chunks off his brief spell at home to attend *both* the Club Runs that befell in the period to show us how appreciative he is of our keeping things going, and how he longs for his return to Club life again. Needless to say Warburton received warm welcomes, and we enjoyed having him amongst us again.

Captain Band is now blossoming out into a Gramophone Expert, and should be promptly secured by the Keizerette's Talking Machine Club if it is still in existence. As the proud possessor of the very latest triple expansion three speeds and reverse with over coil double back action brequet noiseless spring Columbia machine allowed to be imported by the Food Controller, Johnny could lecture most eloquently at the Club Meetings and talk Joe Andrews and Herbert to death. Verbum Sap!

Heartiest congratulations to our Presider. After specialising for a considerable period we understand he has now been promoted to the rank of Sergeant. This is a position of great power, and we warn our subscribers accordingly, as with one tap of his magic wand countless hordes of "specials" and proper policemen will rally to his side, so that resistance will be useless. All offers (which must be made in writing) for gold watches and other perquisites attaching to this office will be dealt with strictly in rotation.

"Wayfarer" sends us the following characteristic contributions, which are very welcome:—

Roehampton Camp, 1/6/17:—"Ever since that glorious occasion, now four years ago, when George Milne, the King of Kampers introduced me to the joys of cycle camping at Llanarmon, O.L. (on an extension of an Anfield run to Wrexham), I have longed to renew my acquaintance with sleeping in a tent. My opportunity came about a month ago, when the Battalion moved into Richmond Park, where we are under canvas. I am bound to say that had the choice been left to me I would have chosen different conditions under which to camp out. However, what would you—when there's a war on? I have now gone a step further, and taken to sleeping outside the tent. So, when I return to civil life, watch me get the bulge on George by going cycle-camping without a tent."

Richmond Military Hospital (H. Ward) Grove Road, Richmond, Surrey, 12/6/17:—"Tell you how I came by my wound, sir? Well, I don't mind if I do." We were basking in the sunshine in Richmond Park on a lovely June day. He was a civi-person whom I had never seen before, but I suppose he

felt entitled to some return for finding his share of the £8,000,000 which the country is daily spending on the war, and he elected to take it in the form of a yarn. 'It was this way, sir,' I said, as I arranged my well-fitting hospital blues. 'This is our first-line trench'—I drew a line in the gravel with my crutch—'and this'—I indicated a piece of orange peel—'is Wipers, while this'—I pointed to a pebble—'is Armenteurs. Here,' I continued, drawing a conical-shaped thing, 'is Hill 60. Well, Sir Douglas came down the line the other night and told us that, as soon as it was dark he wanted us—the 62nd Mudguards, that is—to take Hill 60. We consented, of course, for the motto of our Regiment is 'Noblesse oblige,' or words to that effect. So, immediately after dark, over the top we went, and were met by a furious fire, which seemed to come from the German trenches. The enemy, by the way, were ten times stronger in this sector than we were—I had counted them during the afternoon. In fact, they had massed against us far more men than they ever possessed (according to Mr. Bellaire Helloc and other war 'experts'). However, to make a short story long, and to oblige the censor, I will merely say that we duly captured Hill 60, and having lost the requisite number of men, we decided to get back. All our officers and N.C.O.'s having fallen, the command of the party devolved upon me and I skilfully withdrew the men, leading them (instead of bringing up the rear) for greater safety. Just as I was getting into our trench again, over came a Jack Johnson and carried a bit of my heel away. I remember nothing more.

I woke up at this point, and decided it was time to get back to hospital for tea. That heel of mine has been a source of trouble to me, thanks to the army boot, ever since I joined up. How to get wounded without going overseas—what?'

We are sorry the following Notes by P. C. did not arrive in time for our last number, but we have pleasure in inserting them here:—

Metropolitan Reminiscences of the Whitsun Tour.

The Club having considerably fixed the tour South, it was to be regretted that only one London exile patronized the same; the writer, however, was amply rewarded by the weather, scenery, and good company.

As a bicycle and I have been strangers for nearly a quarter of a century, it was with mixed feelings that a start was made on the Thursday morning. The pace was slow, painfully so, until overtaken by a rider with "Salvation Army" on his cap. This stopped the rot, and High Wycombe was reached for lunch. Shortly after leaving, the famous Dashwood Hill was walked, in real good style, Oxford being sighted about 4.30, where tea was partaken of. Witney was the first night's stopping place.

Friday night saw Ledbury, and Saturday morning accounted for the remaining miles to Craven Arms, where the afternoon was spent in company with the amiable landlord.

After losing hope of anyone coming, Venables and Morris rolled up per tandem, and the evening started. The "Strength of Britain" movement began in real earnest, and after supper developed considerably.

It was delightful to meet so many old friends in Toft, Mercer, Prichard, Buck, Simpson, Ven. T. H., etc., and to discuss the problem of free wheels and "gears" with W. P. C. brought one back to the days of cycling.

Having to meet a friend at Hodnet who was coming South, I took the opportunity for a ride once again with the élite of the Club. A most interesting conversation on the ancient pastime of bicycling with W. P. C. was rudely broken into by a faulty chain link. Fortunately, Dorrington was only a mile away, and the village blacksmith's boy made a very satisfactory repair, whilst the fine Dorrington brew was again sampled.

Hodnet was duly reached before the appointed time, and the tour continued via Knockin, Montgomery, Tenbury, Chipping Campden and Aynho, these being the respective stopping places; London being reached after a most enjoyable run of about 500 miles.

Experience gained—free wheels and a variable gear are of some use to middle-aged cyclists who are not so keen upon getting from point to point in the quickest possible time as upon keeping going without distressing themselves. It is better to keep moving all the time at 10 m.p.h. than rush for one hour at 16/18 and be "baked" for the rest of the day.

Court and Society Gossip.

We understand that our militant member, W. M. Robinson, who is carrying on the war in the neighbourhood of Richmond Park, recently visited Percy Beardwood at East Sheen. By using his napper, Robbie arrived just in nice time to be invited to tea, and he now appreciates the fact—fully set forth in the Liverpool press—that the Anfield B. C. is *not* a local club. After the visitor's hospital blues had been duly admired (especially the nether garments, which, through refusing to stretch lower than the top of the boots, were mistaken for knickers), the talk drifted to such unexpected topics as cycle touring, speed gears, W. P. Cook, cycling versus motoring, and so on and so forth. The meeting was so successful from Robbie's point of view that we understand he is making a minute examination of the membership roll to see what other members of this "local" club can be placed on his visiting list. A curious and interesting feature of his visit to East Sheen, by the way, was that he asked a feller he met in the street to direct him to Percy's residence, and the said feller turned out to be Stanley Ploat, who is a pal of Beardwood's, and who will be remembered by the older members as having been a visitor on Anfield runs in a bygone age. Wonders never cease!

RUNS.

Eaton, 2nd June, 1917.

This fixture, unfortunately, calls for very little comment, and might well be entitled "We are seven," for that was the "crowd" who sat down to a table literally groaning with a superabundance of grub at a bargain price. It is often the way after a holiday fixture. Members seem to have exhausted their enthusiasm after supporting a three days tour, and of the twenty at Craven Arms only four turned up at Eaton. Yet it was a perfectly glorious day. Band, Cook and Chandler toured round Broxton and Peckforton, while Royden went direct, and Turnor, Newsholme and Boardman represented Manchester. H. Green and his young hopeful had been there for tea earlier, so "the wife of the public house," to quote Paquin, was quite satisfied, but such irregularity makes catering a big problem these abnormal times. However, we did ourselves proud, had an excellent tea, and a jolly time, enlivened by The Mullah's account of his week in the Hanny "Passing it through" a Hotchkiss gun and Defending the Realm at the Hightown Hotel. After tea, Turnor, Cook, and Boardman proceeded to Newport for the week-end, and spent Sunday morning in the lanes to Great Sowdley, Cheswardine, Hales, Audleys Cross, Norton in Hales (to see the Bradling Stones where strenuous people caught working after noon on Shrove Tuesday are bumped—Anfielders in no danger!) Audlem and Combermere.. The other four doubtless got home quite safely.

Farndon, 9th June, 1917.

Glorious weather prevailed on the occasion of this run, and the sixteen participants thoroughly enjoyed the outing. The venue

had been changed from "The Raven" to "The Greyhound," and was in the nature of an experiment. By some misunderstanding places at table had been laid for one hundred, but fortunately the attendance did not reach that total, because if it had, somebody would have gone "empty away." The company were favoured by the presence of the Keizerette, Britten, Lord Hawkes, and a gentleman in khaki, in the person of Cook's nephew. The hotel yard was turned into a workshop in order that Mac might rebuild the Editor's Rigid, Reliable, Restless, Rustless Raleigh. An outsider, reading between the lines, might easily have got the impression from Mac's conversation that certain improvements in the Raleigh brakework were possible. With Mac to explain the adjustments of the bicycle and Chem. to explain the methods of wearing knickers and stockings the Editor's future cycling career is assured. Tea being over Cook, Newsholme and Hawkes set off for a week-end to Llanarmon, and Chem personally conducted a select party round the "City." During the course of the perambulations a man was discovered who daily manipulates a pump, in order to provide a hostelry with water. Though this person was not viewed in the flesh, it was ascertained by sound that he was conducting his pumping operations. Information was gleaned that the man pumps 1,000 times every day, and that his remuneration consists of one pint of beer daily plus 2/- per week into the bargain, so it will be readily understood that all the participants in Chem.'s personally conducted tour desired to obtain the situation should a vacancy occur. It was evident that sub-Captain Ven. had no wish to again try conclusions with the Editor, because he (Ven.) quietly slipped away leaving sub-Captain Green and the Mullah to the tender mercies of the Editor and Chem. Fortunately our Manchester friends had only a short distance to travel in company with the speed merchants before the parting of the ways, and so the Mancunians had the Editor's "fast trousers" in sight right up to Aldford. It is presumed that the Editor and Chem. still maintained their reckless pace up to New Ferry, but it is certain that the Manchester men, when left to themselves, continued their journey at a pace that was more sedate and more in keeping with their years.

We feel sure the Mullah will not mind the insertion of the following contribution, seeing that it does not encroach on the ground he so ably covers in his report. It was sent voluntarily to us by our distinguished collaborator Ven., who is again in good ven—beg pardon, vein:—

An Ideal Day.

We were favoured with the most perfect cycling Saturday of the year for our Farndon ride. It was delightful, bright, blue, and sparkling. Under these pleasant conditions my companion (on three wheels) and self, negotiated the lower road into Chester, without turning a hair, and enjoyed excellent afternoon tea beyond the Minster. Conscious that two rejuvenated speedmen were pounding along in our rear, we threw them off the scent by crossing water, at the Grosvenor Bridge, and entered Eaton Park, delighted to find that the shady drives were denied to motors. Gliding easily along, one remembered a precaution taken before leaving town, and dismounting at the Iron Bridge, we sought the banks of the river, where we opened the bar. Two subdued "pops," followed by appreciative gurgles, blended harmoniously with the murmur of the stream.

Proceeding through Aldford, Oliver swept us aside with a clever swerve of his car, but being skilful riders we only laughed, and called "Cheer O!" After an egg, rabbit food, and caraway meal, we stole away from the speedmen previously outwitted, one of whom had acquired a free wheel fitment from which he expected great solace and comfort. As we desired, the wind died away, and we had halted at a leafy gateway to

make an adjustment, when we were startled by loud cries of "Here they are; we've caught them!"

We feared trouble, but our captors were merciful, pounded not at all, but encouraged us with merry jest. The free wheel expert delighted us by pedalling swiftly a few paces, and then assuming the pose of "Old Pickwick" going down the slide "as he kept the pot a-boiling" with the best of them.

Rising into Chester through the Watergate, however, stopped his capers, and serious business at the B. and S. was attended to.

Resuming in happy mood, we had broken the back of the journey home, when "free wheel" announced a puncture. Sure enough, a tyre was found deflated, and the latest thing in bikes was up-ended outside an ancient hostelry, once the favourite homeward call of that short-lived organisation "The Wallasey Wheelers," otherwise known as the "Weary Wobblers." He who had turned up the bike, also turned away, and three of us gazed steadily at the offending tyre. "Well," said the strongest and most versatile of the party, "suppose we pump it and see how it goes?" We agreed, and he pumped. I leant on the window sill of the unlit Inn, and absently tapped on the window that old army call—"Come to the cook-house door, boys; come to the cookhouse door." Immediately the casement opened, and the landlord inquired our trouble. Being informed, he kindly unlocked his door, the pump was hastily returned to its rest, and we entered. After a smoke, and a clever exhibition by our host of how to prevent the odour of malt being perceptible in soda water, we regained the open air, to find the local bobby minding our machines! The upturned bike had excited his sympathy. We got on with it without worrying about the puncture, and, as usual, developed the hungry knock before New Ferry.

Another kind hearted "Slop" (vulgar expression this, but expressive and peculiar to the locality) told us we could purchase freshly cooked food, but sternly reprov'd the free wheelist, who demanded meat pies at the Chipperies. The whiff of the sizzling plaice turned him round on the step, and he fell back murmuring "Steward."

Three of us, however, braved the odour and partook, with beans, saved from the profiteer by the Controller. To see the most dignified member of the party chasing with a fork the most elusive Burmahs' across the lingerie columns of the "Forget-me-not," was a joy in itself. He was forkless, but the prior claim was his, for did he not again open his box of tricks, recharged at Farndon, and provide us with an antidote to the greasy mess of freshly cooked food? Thus refreshed we soon made Birkenhead, to part with our strong and willing pump manipulator, who was for Liverpool.

All agreed that we had enjoyed a perfect cycling day, in spite of the non-staying qualities of rabbit food and carraways.

Daresbury, 16th June, 1917.

Having had my gear lowered about 13 inches and a free wheel attached to the R.R.R.R. (in spite of the tearful entreaties of Grandad, who now regards me as one strayed from the fold), I wended my way with graceful ease to the trysting place at Calderstones, where I had arranged to meet Chem, at 3.45. Arriving there right up to time, as is my wont, I found there was no sign of the old athlete. Knowing his passion for punctuality, however, I was quite content to wait an hour or two. It was a broiling hot day, and the sight of the Keizerette (ideally costumed in a thick winter overcoat to keep the sun out) as he flashed past on his "baby," was refreshing. At 4.30, to relieve the monotony, I meandered up the road and recognised the glint of green stockings in the distance. The contents encased therein appeared to be tearing along at a furious pace, and, only a few minutes later, I could see there was no mistake. It was he, riding

like a fiend. Having free-wheeled up to him, as he tore along he informed me of his troubles. He had found his bicycle in pieces and his tyre deflated—hence the delay. A very satisfactory job had been made of the tyre, as it lasted fully a mile. Hustling methods were adopted, and in half an hour we were ready for the road again.

Outside Runcorn we were overtaken by Thomas Walter John, as we were again verifying the number of his inner tube. Owing to T.W.J.'s timely reminder aient the necessity of smoking a cigarette to assist the solution in becoming tacky, the operation was a success. In appreciation of his kindly advice, a fire was then lit, and in the sprint after a few miles we gradually wore the tricycle down until the owner implored us to have mercy and leave him alone. Stupified by this unlooked-for triumph, it was a little time before we were sufficiently recovered to properly maintain our balance, but eventually we managed to draw away until he was out of sight. A mile from Daresbury a dispute arose as to the road, Chem.'s ineradicable passion for hills tempting him up some mountainous path, consequently when I arrived he was nowhere to be seen, and turned up half an hour later, escaping non-inclusion in the photo. by a miracle. I suppose this is a subject for congratulation. Mac, had surmounted the catering difficulties in a masterly fashion in the circumstances, seeing that he had been informed at the last minute that the hotel could only provide for about a dozen, whereas a hungry horde of thirty-five was satisfactorily dealt with—mostly cyclists. All-told 40 attended the run, including three friends, but four of the motoring section, and one other, fed elsewhere. Unfortunately, the four were, apparently, unable to return for the photo., and the picture will be the poorer for their absence. (Curse these no-treating regulations!) Barratt back from the front on leave and looking exceedingly fit and well, had taken the opportunity of putting in a run, and was warmly welcomed. At 7.0 precisely of the clock, Commander Conway took charge of the battalion and marshalled his forces in good order to the firing line, placing all the fine looking fellows in conspicuous positions. I understand I come out very prominently. No plates, I believe, were actually broken on this occasion, although one or two were in imminent peril. A picture of this mass of staggering beauty will appear in a forthcoming number; the price, however, will remain the same. After the ceremony the crowd gradually thinned out, Oliver's car accounting for Buck, Theakstone and Charlie Keizer (whom we were all delighted to see). Eventually only F.H., Chem. and the writer were left to further accentuate the shortage in home-brewed, and at 8.30 we departed. A mile outside Widnes poor Chem.'s tyre went again, and absolutely refused to yield to treatment, in consequence of which we again regained the domestic hearth in the small hours. I understand Ven. also made a two-day fixture of it, sternly refusing to listen to Thomas Walter John's pathetic supplications to leave him to die in the road. These all-night rides are becoming quite a feature, and deserve every encouragement. The day was a great success, and I am sure I am voicing the opinion of all in saying that we owe our dear old friend, Charlie, a deep debt of gratitude for the time, trouble and expense, he goes to on these occasions. Long may he wave!

Alternative Run for London Members.

Herne Bay, 16th June, 1917.

Having now become fairly fit, the splendid literary effort in last month's Circular, describing the Kelsall run, appealed to me with all its humour and satire, the sequel entitled "Tribulations of the Unfit," is also a gem and should be carefully preserved for future generations.

Not being able to whip up a muster for this self-appointed fixture, it was decided to go alone, and it may interest some of the "unfit" to learn

how 75 miles of very hilly Kentish roads were "consummated." On Friday morning, accordingly a start was made at 9.30. Herne Hill (of track fame), Forest Hill (nome of the great Moosoo), Catford Bridge (also of ancient track fame), were quickly reached, and the main road struck at Eltham (of curate fame). The heat was now terrific, but Gravesend for lunch was fairly good, and after a short rest a move was made, and Chatham with its infamous hill, Sittingbourne, loomed in sight, and a halt was called at Green Street, for tea, with a friend. At 6 o'clock the road was again taken and Herne Bay accomplished about 7.45 p.m.

Points gained on the journey confirmed that for pleasant, easy touring the free wheel has certain advantages, and that in very hilly country the low speed enables part of the steep ones, and the whole of the moderate ones to be ridden.

Saturday was spent in bathing and boating, and on Sunday afternoon a run to Ramsgate was undertaken to view the damage done by the "Zepps." This was difficult owing to all access to the harbour being barred, but enough was gathered to find out it was serious.

Monday a start was made for the return to London; the Chatham route was "funkt" on account of bad surface and uninteresting scenery, so Canterbury, Maidstone, Sevenoaks, was chosen. A most hospitable friend at Knockholt (appropriate first half of name) persuaded a stay for the night, when a select "tank" of two was held in an old-fashioned English garden, under a cedar tree, with no fees, and the highways and byeways of the old country discussed.

Tuesday morning saw a return via Croydon, after one of the pleasantest week-ends possible to spend—grand weather, cheap and good beer (average price in the country 5d. per pint) made of Kentish hops and malt, and historic scenery.

Acton Bridge, 23rd June, 1917.

One half section of the Manchester contingent had a very decent afternoon, interviewing various sheets of water in North Cheshire, much after the Pagan method of touring at Easter. They would now advise a visit to Arley Pool, where the water-lilies are up and the whole place overflowing with the picturesque. It was a bad ending to be gassed by the Eau-de-bone factory on Weaver-side, but a recovery was made in time to find eight members sitting on the seat, made for six, at Acton Hoe. Mac. and Green then appeared from somewhere inside, and informed us that as they had sufficiently boiled the radishes, dinner would now be served.

After the great run on Anfield Stock at Daresbury, a slight slump was to be expected, but the dozen who gathered round the altar of Thomas de Rhondda made a good show, especially as the question of sufficiency of stocks in hand was not so acute. The adjournment was made to the Hard, where a scientific debate was only interrupted by applause at the skill of two local bowl champions. As usual, the discussion was varied, the outstanding feature being the peroration by Bandit on "Optics and their Tactics." He explained that as the years pass one becomes old—Grandpa dissenting—and one's eyes do the same. Wherefore not knowing how old one is, a visit is paid to some third party, who measures your focii with something like that with which the bootist tickles one's corns. Some optacist!

The party gradually broke up, and the above-mentioned half-section bade adieu to the final trio, who were off through the Forest, and made their run home before lighting-up time, with the aid of a strong favourable

wind. I understand that an inter-club run with the Holmesdale C.C. at Prestatyn was responsible for the absence of the Presider, Young Fell, and Montag.

Eaton, 30th June, 1917.

Not being very fit just now, and feeling that a week-end would do me good, I schemed to lure a victim to push me on a tandem. Having noticed how fit the Editor person was getting (ripe almost to bursting), I opened up "conversations," as the diplomats say, and was entirely successful in booking his services at the price of "writing up the run." There was considerable method in my madness in making this promise, for if the tandem trip had come off it would never have done to allow Arthur to describe it. Would it? Unfortunately, at the eleventh hour I received a cryptic telephone message—something about "Several Huberts," "Rolls Twice car" and Church Parade to-morrow," which I could only interpret as a cancellation of the contract. However, I am determined to carry out my part thereof, so here goes. Getting out the Bassinette and borrowing some cash from the Captain who had called for me (this is a good wheeze—start stoney broke and indulge in high finance), we were overtaken at Clatterbridge by Young Tommy Royden, who promised to pilot us mercifully through the lanes. As a guide Tommy was excellent, and except that Pockforton Castle became Beeston Castle, and vice-versa, his descriptions were wonderfully accurate. Eventually we arrived at Eaton to find the crowd gradually gathering, and every indication of a good muster. The run had originally been fixed for Broxton, but was changed owing to the rapacity of the new tenants at the Royal Oak, and with the glorious weather prevailing the crowd numbered 18 members, two friends and a dog! The pre-tea event was the arrival of the Rolls Twice, which explained the cryptic telephone message above referred to. While Cody was earning ninepence repairing one of Green's tyres, and the Mullah was lecturing on the Hotchkiss gun, Toft arrived with Ven. in the side car, and F. H. dashed up in Triumph, when suddenly around the corner appeared a large car full of people, which pulled up and disgorged its cargo, and to our delight we found the driver was the one and only Hubert (home on leave from France), with poor old Chem., A. T. S. and Messrs. Lake and McNeil, whom we have often met before at Shrewsbury. You can imagine what followed. The Strength of Britain Movement and "Dora" were duly attended to, and at the tea-table merriment reigned supreme. Others at the table in addition to those already mentioned were Mac., Chandler, Oliver Cooper, Newsholme, Edwards, Mercer, and the dog! After an excellent and cheap tea we had a Rally outside, and after the Strength of Britain Movement had again been supported the Anfield Tea Party came to an end. We hope Hubert enjoyed it as much as we enjoyed having him with us again looking so bonny and well. The week-end party, consisting of The Master, Chandler, Newsholme and Cook, went on to Newport, and we hear that Chandler and Cook called at Malpas on their way back to visit Rudd, who is in the Red Cross Hospital there. We are glad to hear they found Rudd looking fit and well, showing no signs of his injuries, and expecting to be home on three weeks' leave shortly.

A. T. SIMPSON, Editor.

© Anfield Bicycle Club

ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB.

FORMED MARCH 1879.

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

MONTHLY CIRCULAR.

FIXTURES FOR AUGUST, 1917.

	Light up at
Aug. 4 to 6.—AUGUST TOUR. Headquarters: Stokesay Castle Hotel	9-32/9-28 p.m.
.. 11.—Knutsford (Angel)	9-18 p.m.
.. 17.—Friday. Committee Meeting, St. George's Restaurant, 7 p.m.	
.. 18.—Delamere (Abbey Arms)	9-3 p.m.
.. 25.—Stretton (Cat and Lion)	8-48 p.m.
Sept. 1.—Eaton, near Tarporley (Red Lion)	8-32 p.m.
.. 8.—Halewood (Derby Arms)	8-15 p.m.
Alternative Run for Manchester Members.	
Sept. 8.—Marton (Davenport Arms)	8-15 p.m.

Full Moon, 17th instant.

Committee Notes.

Stourton Lodge,

Arno Road, Oxton.

The following suggestions for the Sunday's Ride in August, drawn up by Mr. Koenen, were adopted by the Committee:—Craven Arms to Knighton by Bucknell, Knighton to Penybont by Bleddfa. Luncheon at the Severn Arms Hotel, PENYBONT (33 miles). (Penybont is within three or four miles of Llandrindod Wells, which may be a consideration for the "Smart Set" and our motor-car swells. The Severn Arms is an hotel very suitable for A.B.C. requirements and deserves close acquaintance.) Return (about 22 miles) by New Radnor by Forest Inn, Presteign by Beggars Bush and Wigmore by Lingen; afternoon tea at the Castle Hotel, Wigmore. (Visit to Wigmore Castle Ruins and exploration of the Dungeons by the aid of torches. A full description of the Castle may be culled from guide books. Parties unable to reach Penybont to prepare for the Real Riders a Welcome at Wigmore, after previously exploring *all* the dead villages in Clunshire: Clun, Ashton on Clun, Clunbury, Clungunford, Hopton, Bedstone, Bucknell, Kempton, Brampton, Brampton Bryan, etc., etc.)

As foreshadowed in last month's Circular, the luncheon place for the homeward ride after the August Tour is ELLESMERE (Bridgwater Arms)—luncheon will be ready at 1.30 p.m.

AUGUST.

The attention of members of the Committee is hereby drawn to the date of the August Committee Meeting—FRIDAY, 17th August.

Sixteen parcels to Members On Active Service Abroad—seven in the East, one in Mesopotamia, and eight in France, were arranged for by The President and Mr. Toft—the following being the contents of each: Cigarettes, a tin of smoked cod, some almonds and raisins, and a quantity of biscuits.

NEW ADDRESSES.—Pte. R. P. SEED, No. 242176, Lewis Gun Section, 5th Border Regt., B.E.F.; Cpl. J. HODGES, No. 29177, R.E. Postal Section, Base A.P.O. T., E.E.F.; Cadet G. STEPHENSON, No. 215368, No. 4 Coy., G.O.C. Battalion, Magdalene College, Cambridge; Corpl. J. HODGES, No. 29177, R.E. Postal Section, Base A.P.O. T., E.E.F.; E. BRIGHT, 28, High Street, N. Finchley, London, N.; Probationary Flight Officer C. C. DEWS, R.N.A.S. Training Establishment, Crystal Palace, Sydenham, London, S.E.

F. D. McCANN,

Hon. Secretary.

Concerning Those On Service.

Postcard acknowledgments of parcels are to hand from J. Hodges ("Many Thanks"), J. L. Mahon ("Very much appreciated, thanks awfully"), and Ramsay Wells. A. P. James, J. L. Mahon: "With many thanks—letter follows."—All May parcels, Hubert Roskell, "Many thanks. Duly arrived safely back at the old place in good time for 14th July celebrations and fireworks!" J. Hodges, "Greatly appreciated." A. Warburton—July parcel.

Jackson writes: "At last I have got an opportunity to write and thank you, and through you the Club, for all your kindnesses to me while I have been out here. During February and March last I had a slight experience of hospital with the result that one or two parcels sent out were received by a friend of mine and of which I knew nothing until I got back to the battalion. Just now we are experiencing a touch of real summer weather; to those of us who are not used to more heat than an average English summer it seems at times as though we would simply melt away. Fortunately we are out of the line—for a good while, too, I hope—and facilities for getting water both for drinking and for washing are of the best. I'm glad to see that things are going strong with the A.B.C.; the Circular always proves very interesting reading, and it's nice to hear of all the doings of the various members. Kindest regards."

On the 26th June, Ramsay Wells writes as follows: "Many thanks for your note, which I was very glad to receive—also the very interesting information contained therein; and for the last three Circulars. I also received by the same post the Club's very welcome parcel, which was guzzled, smoked and drunk (Health Salts) with much appreciation, and for which please thank everybody very much. My address is again changed; as I think I advised you, I am now same name, rank, number and battalion, then 2nd A.D.B.D., A.I.F., via Base Post Office, Havre, B.E.F., France—so there may be a spell for a bit, and I cannot hear the boys calling me, thank God—but I should like to meet an A.B.C. man sometimes. There is the Garrison Artillery base very close to our base, and perhaps someday any man who is there will get across to see me; I hope so, at any rate. Au revoir—book me for 1918 Easter Tour, no leave possible yet. All best wishes to everybody."

Dated 21st June, a letter from Hodges runs: "Thanks for your letter which I received at the same time as the Club parcel. I thank all the Club members for their kindness. The lemonade tablets were exactly the same

as the General gets! Of course I didn't mention it when we met at mess—he might not have liked it. All the things were fine and gave the staff great satisfaction—both gastronomic and sensual—the cigs. the latter. At present I am living in a hole in the ground. Three of us share this with several million flies, about the same number of ants and many other living things not yet known to naturalists. Outside and round the excavation we have built a rampart of sandbags and have surmounted the whole structure with a roof of mailbags. The finished article is almost as comfy as a coal cellar. We are the envy of the countryside. I shall be sorry to leave this dear little hole, but alas, my days are numbered. From the 24th inst. until further notice my address will be Base A.P.O.T., E.E.F. I hope the Whitsun Tour was a success, and I hope to be with you on the next. I've had one or two short tours lately, my method of progression has been shanks's with a camel carrying my toothbrush. My touring ground has been, of course, Palestine. Please remember me to all the boys."

In addition to the postcard from Hodges mentioned above, there is a letter which reads as follows: "I have to thank you and the members for the May parcel which I have just received. As usual the contents were splendid. The Health Salts were a fine idea, as such things are very hard to get out here. My address is now Base A.P.O. T., E.E.F., as I have been recalled from the Field for some unknown reason. By the way, is not one of the Club Members located at Port Said? If you can let me know and I am still here I should like to give him a look up."

Grimshaw writes on the 26th July: "Just a line to thank you for the parcel which arrived on Tuesday. The contents were very nice. I have been driving Dr. Wesley, the old tricycle rider—he was asking about Billy Cook and Fulton. He said perhaps Cook thought he was too old to join the Army, so I said that he ought to be exempt as he was a Grandpa! We are having nice weather at present. I have no news, so will close, thanking you all for your kindness."

MEMS.

We have not heard much of Carpenter of late, but that he keeps up his great enthusiasm for the game is amply borne out by the following extracts from a letter to Mac., recently received: "I was extremely sorry not to be able to turn up to the Photo. Run. I had, however, ridden home from Bath during the previous night (Friday) and the domestic powers were reluctant to let me off on a further long jaunt within a few hours (We don't wonder.—Ed.), especially as I was leaving home again on the Monday for a fortnight. I had a delightful week-end doing Taunton, Minehead, Porlock, Lynmouth, Lynton, Uffcombe and Exeter amidst most captivating scenery. I was so invigorated by a night in Porlock (perhaps it was the cyder!) that I rode to Lynmouth via the motor road without a dismount (*not* on a two or three speed, but on 65 fixed) enjoying many splendid views in perfect weather. Last week-end was a little more strenuous than usual as I rode home from Plymouth, 214 miles, on Saturday, against a most persistent and chilly northeaster, and to Bournemouth on Monday—both on steels and roadsters. Yesterday I had a pleasant 121 from Salisbury. It needs a "Wayfarer" pen to describe the attractions of Salisbury Plain at this time of the year. It is always a fascinating place to me. Some of the roads covered last Monday I had not been over for 28 years, and they resuscitated happy memories of some early "solid" touring. With kindest regards to all. P.S.—My eldest boy is now flying in France."

The Northern Old Time Cyclists' Rally is fixed for The Saracen's Head, Warburton, near Lymm. Tea at 4.0 p.m., Sunday, August 19th. Tickets, including Badge, 3/- each.

SUNDAY,

Have you got your ticket from either Turnor or Cook. If not, do it now. Obey that impulse instantan. An excellent tea has been arranged for, and there is plenty of accommodation in the Pavilion and grounds. Profits go to the Cyclists' Prisoners of War Fund.

All our older members know Arthur Pollard who was "one of us" in the Eighties and early Nineties, and many of us read with great interest each week his column in the "Football Echo" signed "P." From a recent article the following extract is made:—

Old memories of cycling days with the "Black Anfielders," days long before a motor-car was dreamt of, rushed to my mind, and I wondered if I should come across any of the stalwarts of that club at Hinderton. Strange to say, the first fellow I ran across was "Billy" Cook, who told me that Dave Fell hadn't long left on his way home to Liverpool, riding through from Prestatyn.

We had a crack about old days.

Cohen, breezier than ever, has been home for a few days on leave, and we were all delighted to see him looking in the pink of condition. Unfortunately, owing to information of Chem.'s increasing prowess on the wheel having leaked out, we could not persuade him to ride to a club run, but he has promised to try and get sufficiently fit for an encounter with the old athlete on the next occasion.

Clifford Dews having attained to years of maturity has been fortunate (and clever) enough to pass for the Naval Air Forces, and is now an officer in embryo of that distinguished Company. He was to be seen last week in the smart and natty costume appertaining to that position and looked every inch a Bird. We shall not be a little bit surprised to hear one of these days that he has made a name for himself, and the very best wishes of the Club go out to him.

Stephenson is now training for a commission, and we all wish him every success. He promises to try and attend a club run when his course is through.

Another poet has mysteriously arisen in our midst. The authorship of these "touching" lines must remain for ever shrouded in mystery, as we are under oath not to divulge the dreadful secret:—

FLEECING THE TYKE.

<p>The Heathen's hair was rather long And almost spoiled his sense of hearing— And he will try to tell in song What happened at the time of shearing. Whilst sauntering round by Bloomsbury Street, He'd seen a shop which does the clipping; And gobbling Monday's bread and meat— He round to Ivanhoe went tripping. When settled in the chair with "Punch" He soon forgot his head was frowy. But what with snipping and his lunch, Ere long he felt a little drowsy. The snipper stopped—and scraped a comb Across his scalp—he saw the movement; Then said "If I massage your dome I'll guarantee a great improvement."</p>	<p>Oh! if the Heathen had but known How cunningly the hook was baited, He would have very quickly flown, But like a fool said "Yes" and waited. The three machines hummed round his head, Which gave him most peculiar feelings; And then the snipper blandly said "My little bill is just four sheelings." The victim rose and shook himself, Then wiped the stray hairs from his collar; And having just sufficient pelf, He from his poke drew out a dollar. The change was slowly counted out, Six coppers and a lenely tanner; The hint was obvious there's no doubt, But off he went in hurried manner. The victim's strong advice is this— Don't be another Ivarhoer. But give the shop a certain miss, And try to find some other mower. THE BLACKBERRY MAN,</p>
--	--

WARBURTON

The Swan Song of the Cycle Pioneer.

(With apologies to V.H.F. in the "Manchester Guardian.")

They reap with petrol fumes where we with pedal toil once sowed the seed,
They dine in starch where mud-stained we in taverns used to feed,
Their motors paved yon highway, yonder Bwlch; they proudly boast
They opened Paradise . . . and found: THE CYCLIST'S FINGERPOST.

—The Rhapsodist.

RUNS.

Chester, 7th July, 1917.

On the occasion of my previous attendance at a Club Run, owing to an intractable puncture which my back tyre had carelessly acquired—when I wasn't looking—the last twelve miles of the return journey were accomplished on the rim, with a deflated cover. Now, after such an experience, it is always advisable to examine the tyre concerned, just to satisfy oneself that it has not lost its resiliency. I followed out this recommendation, and, incredible as it may appear, I found that, with the exception of a few perforations, holes, cuts, slits, gashes, rents, tears, and other scissures, the tube and cover were perfectly intact. Ours of sheer habit, however, I carried what was left of my machine and its trappings to a specialist, for his opinion. The gentleman referred to, regarded the debris contemptuously, muttered something about people mistaking his place for a marine-stores—the relevancy of which remark I failed to grasp—and then pointed out (*inter alia*) that, albeit ventilation was a good thing in its way, it was altogether out of place in a bicycle tyre. Well, to cut a long story short, a day and night gang were put on the job, which was speedily finished—in a fortnight—and now here we are again, bound for Chester.

Leaving civilisation by the 4.30 p.m. boat, I reached the City of Undiscovered Orine, and thence proceeded merrily on my way without incident until I arrived at New Ferry. Here disaster was lurking. Naturally of an equable temperament, my equanimity was upset—as likewise my balance—through a woman vacillating in front of my wheel. Far be it for me to raise my voice to a woman save in the way of kindness, but if I could have hired a competent person to express my feelings . . . Now, it takes less than a second for a bicycle to pass a given point. Why on earth, out of a day of (say) twelve hours—or 43,200 seconds—should this woman elect to cross the road the very second I had chosen to pass?

Ruminating on the perversity of things, I continued my course. The weather was gloriously fine, though there was a bit of a snaggy head wind; the petrol restrictions had cleared the joy-riding motor fiends off the road, and the going was like old times. I had started off with an allegro movement, but by the time I reached Hooton, I was pedalling *molto largo*. It was a case of *Hari-Kari*; in cycling parlance, I had passed it through myself. It was at this point that I heard a fluttering noise at my side, and half-turning, I beheld the radiant features of our noble friend, Lord Hawkes. He had swooped down upon me, after the manner of the genus whose patronymic he bears, and claimed me as his prey. In spite of my appeals for mercy he refused to release his hold, until we arrived at Backford, where he darted off up the incline at a pace ill becoming the dignity attaching to my advanced years. My Lord! he is some "étouffe chaude."

The "Bull and Stirrup" reached, I found there a small but select coterie composed of Capt. Band, Toft, McCann, Royden, Teddy Edwards, Hawkes and Cooper; I made the eighth. (A popular alternative fixture for the Manchester section, accounted for the attenuated number.) An excellently-cooked and appetising hot meal was set before us of *Rosbif*, *pommes de terre veritables*, and other vegetables, and etceteras; it was a pleasant surprise, and a great improvement on the chickens in embryo with which

AT

we have been lately regaled at other resorts. But alas! there was no sugar for the tea. A vision of loveliness, however, who assisted Hebe to wait upon us, suggested in dulcet tones, we might have beer in its place—a poor substitute, but offered so sweetly that I was fain to accept—that is to say, I jumped at the suggestion (and the beverage) twice—and very nice too. We lingered at table awhile, discussing some of the problems of life. Will Cook's absence was greatly lamented, and strong comment was passed on his desertion of our fixture in favour of that of the Manchester section.

Eight o'clock saw us on the return journey. We left in a bunch, and were riding steadily down the Old Chester Road, when the proceedings were enlivened by the entry into our lives of a gentleman of mature years, capless, and the proud possessor of a highly-polished bald head, who freedled past us like a flash. To overhaul him was natural. But our seeming triumph was short-lived, for the old gentleman appeared to take it seriously and went for us literally bald-headed; he left us behind, nor did we again overtake him, though we followed him some distance for, after playing with us a little while, he turned off down a side road and was soon lost to view. Doubtless he now recounts to his friends how he "did it on those young 'uns." We pursued the even tenor of our way, arriving within hailing distance of home, long before night had cast its pall over the land.

Marion—Ashbourne, 7th/8th July, 1917.

Said Cook-Alel to me: "Come join the C.T.C. To see the cycling freaks, of whom it fairly reeks."

But "why?" said I. "Cause I," said Cook, "have lately took, the C.T.C. to heart."

The prospect was alluring, though I admit being oppressed by some misgivings. Having kept up membership of that grizzly body for years untold, I have yet always preferred to keep an eye on them from a safe distance. I admit their omnipresence, but for instance at such times when having reached: Entirely sub rose, some haven of repose, that really no one knows, this very quality has struck me as "malapros," if not "de trop." On the other hand, their fussy movements, weird aspect, peculiar grey-check garb, and their unique mounts with vast luggage frames, hold-alls and misguided "handrails," ever had a fascination for me. Above all, we most admire their bold advertising methods by means of the Badge. Ah! the dear old Badge. For over thirty years I have unfolded out of each Gazette a pamphlet devoted to the badge in manifold form: As brooch on headgear or on breast, as watchchain pendant or bracelet charm, as tiepin or collar stud, or even more private purpose. And now, to crown all, they give you a round disc in celluloid frame that is no use whatever except to babies for teething.

The meet was fixed for Ashbourne, so Marion was to be the Anfield jumping-off place; but before riding out I hunted through old jumble boxes for my oldest C.T.C. badges to serve me as passport to show that I was no interloper or spy. These sown on in prominent if unorthodox places just fitted the occasion, and consequently I arrived at the tryst proud tho' late.

Besides the Pilgrims whose names shall be sung there were present Louis Oppenheimer (always a thinker he, and this time exhibiting a very clever toolbag attachment), and Crowcross-a-Becket, the new tandem team, both growing daily more of the greyhound breed, and training for Torquay. But these had only local aims. We others had more serious business in hand:

So Cook and Green and I,
And Turnholmes on their Tri.,
And Clifford (geared too high),
Set off and cried Good By-ee!

RALLY

To have a C.T.C. run you must have a leader who is called "Mr.," and Mr. Green was our leader, though he scarcely maintained that position throughout. Looking at Green makes one realise that Cook's influence is not always for good. Had the former been allowed to keep possession of his bundle of golfsticks till he reached the age of 80, and lavish all his love on the brotherhood instead of side-tracking 50 per cent. for the Anfield, he would have become the real thing (With straggling beard, and trousers long and clipped on, The very type that stoned old E. R. Shipton).

The hotel in which Green had booked our beds was called the Station Hotel, and as neither Cook nor I had ever heard of it—though we fancy ourselves on our touring "Ken"—I concluded that it must be some Temperance House, which type is greatly patronised by the Body. Behold our nappy alarm on finding a smart up-to-date Hotel full of alcohol. Then to the Garage expecting to find stacks of freak cycles; but again we were to be undeceived.

But what was Boardman's forward extension (as well as other racy mounts) doing there so prominently (dans cette galere?). In vain I looked for the sort of Pantaloon I hoped to meet. At last I saw a somewhat familiar face of whose identity I was in doubt. Can this, I thought, perhaps be that Arch C.T.C. character, the Liverpool Cave Dweller? Hah, Hah! I cried: Where are the tentsticks, the rusty rims and the broken handlebar? Now this man happened to be a prominent Manchester N.C.U. official and a guest and stranger at the meet. He seemed to doubt my sanity and pointed to his speedbeast. I stammered some feeble excuse, and thereafter tried to be pleasant—a vain attempt.

The only thing I could find worth a real study was a gaunt 27-inch Lee and Francis mount whose owner took it as a personal insult when I suggested that the machine struck me as a trifle tall. Although of only average height he had all through life scorned anything below 27-inch. This machine was cleverly adorned with leather strips wedged fast by wooden prongs at places where the holdall might chafe it. This would never have occurred to me; so here at least was a man as yet untouched by Cook. Yes, but not for long. There is a sequel to this story.

After dinner (an excellent dinner Mr. Green) we fixed up a Tank-party in a drawing room, not an ideal arrangement but the best that could be done. After the third drink the Lea and Francisist submitted an excellent suggestion about rearlights, proposing to replace both front and backlights by a Duplex White Light facing both ways and carried in the rear. The supreme courage of the man fascinated me, but Cook snuffed his ardour mercilessly by some dour remark, and Don Quichotte buried his hatchet in pure sorrow, heartrending to witness. Again a good man led away. One or two others deserve mention: The Midlanders who have started an Old Timers' Union of their own, which entitles them to a more elaborate Badge than the Real O.T.'s (thus true C.T.C. men). These keen observers expressed the view that the object of riding a tricycle is to stop still without getting off, which seems a sound enough theory, but which I never heard either propounded or saw carried out by our own tricyclists. Still I hold no brief for our men.

There would have been more sense in the suggestion that the aim of the tricyclist is to be able to be photographed without having to put a brick under the off pedal, and the activity of our camera carriers lends colour to this view.

Generally speaking, I was disappointed, if not sick at heart. There were no badges to come up to mine for old age. Cook went round explaining my older badge, but it made little or no impression, and I was glad to accept one of the meaningless discs now in vogue.

TIMERS'

Finally, I broke down: Is this, then, what the O.T.C. is coming to:

It nearly made me cry, I felt an awful guy
For why? for WHY? THE ONLY FREAK WAS I.

Since William Cook, has lately took, the O.T.C. in hand.

Stretton, 14th July, 1917.

Although torn with misgivings as to my ability to stay with Chem. he having taken a mean advantage of my absence to surreptitiously sneak a further bit of form on the preceding Saturday, I risked my reputation as a hard rider, and foregathered with him at the Turk's Head. Dear old Kirk's! What memories are recalled! In the old days, alas for ever departed, when ambition's prickly goad incited prolonged and agonising travail on the track, how the thought, insidiously threading its way through our numbed senses, of the unparalleled old ale awaiting decent internment at the ancient hostelry would sweeten and mellow our feelings as they writhed under the Prussianism of Knipe's methods! Knipe had the old-fashioned idea that indulgence in that ideal brew had the effect of undoing the benefits acquired, but Fatty knew better, and we banked on him every time. His argument was irrefutable: it was necessary to restore the percentage. This was carried out with that thoroughness for which he is justly noted. After all, what did it matter if the next night the track saw us not at all? This was simply proof that we were over-trained. "How could one fail who trained so hard on Kirk's old ale?" However, my fears were justified, as Chem. was right at the top of his form. Fortunately at the identical moment when I was on the point of collapse I managed to arrange my puncture, at Cronton. The machine was upturned and the lamps placed with scrupulous nicety on the mudguards of a motor car outside. It being my puncture, I went to have a drink, and from a respectable distance through the window surveyed Chem.'s activities with languid interest. The hole being no larger than a robust pea necessitated the use of water for its discovery, and accordingly the bicycle was wheeled to the back. On returning, we found the motor car on the point of departure, and that the lamps—my lamps—had been slung contemptuously on the ground, thus despoiling them of their life's blood, a murky stream of which on the road cried aloud for vengeance. This was too much! You could positively hear Chem.'s blood as it sizzled; of course, they were my lamps. He approached the motor man and in a voice in which his natural urbanity fought desperately but unsuccessfully with whirling passion, enquired, falsely calm, "Did you throw these lamps here?" The motor man (a hefty lad, about six feet) cryptically responded with another conundrum: "Wotofit?" "Wotofit?" repeated Chem. with kindling enthusiasm, "Thisofit, do you call that the act of a Christian? I call it the act of a rouge—corpseled German!" Having delivered himself of this gentle rebuke, he was strolling away with assumed negligence, when I saw to my horror the motor man, now beside himself with blinding rage, leap impetuously from his seat in pursuit. Slaughter was in his baleful eye. My quickened imagination immediately pictured a welter of blood—perhaps Chem.'s, perhaps the motor 'un; all the same, blood, rich, red, fruity blood—a shambles wherein poor dear old Chem. lay, a mutilated cadavre with fast glazing eyes, and instinctively my hand wandered to my inside pocket to see if I had the necessary copper coins, usually, I understand, used in these cases. Having overtaken the old athlete, the motor man persuasively invited him to repeat the sentence, and the doughty fire-eater was on the point of acceding to this mild request, when with an effort I interposed my frail frame between them, and changed the subject; after all they were my lamps and I wasn't going to be blamed for

OLD

it. We then resumed the treadle and met with no further adventure, arriving at the venue well up to time to find a fair muster consisting of Turnor, Newsholme (Tantrike), Young Green, Grandad, Toft, Edwards, Chandler, The Skipper, Cody, F.H., Dolamore, Royden (push—(s' sh!)—bikes), and Cooper (Ford), in all fifteen. After a nice tea, daintily laid out, an adjournment was made below, and a little after 7.0 the early birds (who apparently are "afraid to be out in the dark") flew away and were seen no more, leaving the real riders, The Mullah, Chem., Newsholme, F.H., and myself to further thin the already attenuated vaults. F.H. propounded some remarkable theories about things in general, and the Mullah's voice more and more subdued in inverse ratio to his increasing refreshment, could be faintly heard as it died away with indignation over the scurrilous treatment meted out to him by the Publishers of His Book on the Bicycle. It appears these misguided men demanded a chapter eulogising three-speed gears, free wheels, and other diabolical devices for making cycling bearable, but the Mullah was adamant in his refusal. The rumour gains ground that this important part of The Work has now been entrusted to the Cook. At 8.30 we left the shrine, and his pacing tantrike being ready, The Master was gently lifted over the impedimenta surrounding his machine on to the saddle; the trio then departed hence. We left shortly afterwards, breaking the journey at Warrington to restore the percentage, and with the exception of an informal discussion with the Police on the subject of lights in which the Officer scored, and we destroyed several matches nothing further of note occurred. As evidence of increasing form, I could sit down on the afternoon of the following day.

Farndon, 21st July, 1917.

It certainly put me in something like a quandary when our only Editor showed me so much complaisance, although, as events proved, it would not be right to charge him with insouciance, on our journey to Farndon. I must plead guilty to having attained that epoch frequently referred to as years of discretion, although I do not admit being now "bearded like the pard," because I have recently learned that a pard is "any spotted beast." I did not start cycling this year, nor indeed in this century, and, in any case, am somewhat of a believer in *laudator temporis acti*. Therefore it must not be wondered at that I occasionally indulged in conversation of a retrospective character, in the course of which I was able—whisper it softly—to teach Arthur something of the genesis of the freewheel, with which contraption he is so much in love just now. His desire to placate me led him to freel uphill in my company, what time he lightened my labours with many a jest, quip, and quirk (the "q" being soft as in rhubarb). Not only that but he did pay many pence for the conveyance of my machine and myself to the Ferry which is called New. Even on the return journey—subsequent to slaking our thirst at the hostelry named after Poe's celebrated member of the ornithological species, where sounds like "avesummore" and "avernother" were occasionally heard, in lieu of the more commonplace "Nevermore," and yet again at the "Taureau et Etrier"—when he said in those dulcet tones, in the use of which he is facile princeps, especially *inter pocula*, and in anything but a *poco curante* manner, "Might I ask you to do me a favour?" I could not fathom the reason for his savvity. I murmured gently "Vorreste la gentilezza di ripeterlo?" Even on his complying with my request, I only had visions of a desire on his part to borrow my War Investments (in which case I was prepared to plead *res angusta domi*) to enable him to procure faster, or perhaps—I say perhaps—louder speed bags, or to ascertain whether I could explain the absence of T. W. J. B.'s Saratoga trunk, not to speak of what it is alleged

THE

to have contained on one or two occasions. Whittled down, however, all that he wished was that I should "do the run." I pointed out that I had done the greater part of it, and hoped to complete it, but it being explained that I had misunderstood him and that what he wished me to do was to write an account of the day's proceedings, or so much as was suitable for publication, I, remembering the maxim "Fais ce que dois adviene que pourra," decided faire bonne mine, and after arranging terms f.o.b., c.i.f., c.o.d., agreed. As an extra inducement I was assured the run was "full of meat"—a dastardly insult to one who had to cover 60 miles or so, on rabbit food, "red dog" and two eggs, but a promise is a promise, so having made those few preliminary remarks en passant I will begin. Did anyone say "gaudeamus igitur"? (Wild horses won't drag from us what we said! —Ed.) The run proper commenced at the Landing Stage, where advantage was taken of the favourable terms offered by the Birkenhead Corporation for the conveyance of man or beast or cycle in contradistinction to those sought to be imposed by a neighbouring authority. One member of the party started with a grievance, in that after having recently received a letter threatening him with divers pains and penalties for endeavouring "to pass through a tricycle as a bicycle," he, with bated breath, offered the sum of three pence to two officials for the conveyance of his tricycle from Seacombe to Liverpool, and having refused various inappropriate forms of tickets, was told to go away, anywhere, and given a penny back, his tricycle being, for the first time within living memory, led gently through the barrier by two or more uniformed personages, until such time as its owner could satisfy the officials that they were what he thought, and said, they were. The beauties of the scenery having been admired we proceeded, in the circumstances lightly touched upon already, towards the place where we hoped to enjoy our first evening meal. About 20 men (all on real cycles—ne'er a smell of petrol) were found around the literally groaning boards eating (a few) drinking (less) and waiting (quite a lot). Those present included The Mullah, The Master—on a real bike with eau de vie attachment—Billy Teft, Newsholme, H. Green, Band, T.W.J. who, we afterwards learned, saved fourpence by taking his tea at the "Tête de petit cheval" adjacent, Tad-en Cook, Boyden, McCann, Chandler, Cheminai, Kripe (who returned with an empty bag, as said), Edwards, Delamore, The Editor, and last but not least, Ven, who alleged that he had ridden from some place he called Thlanvrevellen. Eventually Farndon was left in peace, and the Realm having been defended as long as possible at Chester, the most trying part of the homeward journey was commenced. Half the journey was nearly accomplished when we discovered that after all it was dies infaustus, and having duly upended one of the machines (entre quatre yeux it mattered not which) we entered into conversation with a genial soul, who, after being made acquainted with the fact that we feared there might be a puncture somewhere, and also our wants, introduced us to a new form of amusement which necessitated his saying "barge in" to each of us separately. Seniores priores, so the three-wheeler entered first, and Chem, second, the night air being perfumed with an aroma of H₂O₂ gazeuse cum "Red dog," or was it Cheval Blanc? on their return. Les autres had to sing or say, Dum spiro spero, as a high dignitary not altogether unconnected with the local police called and proceeded to make enquiries as to the circumstances connected with the bodily welfare of one who had tried to shuffle off this mortal coil, and who, one of the party said, was in custodia loges—a place I cannot trace on the map. This necessitated a careful search on the part of the quartette for the missing puncture (?) until such time as the h d n a u w t l p above referred to decided to "barge off" and let Arthur and Ven, take hands (or was it months?) in the game. Eventually we proceeded to the usual place of call where

FORGET

pommes frites sans fourchettes, sauce vinaigre au sel, were indulged in, the cobbles and the dock roads negotiated and home was reached. . . . On the last occasion I was asked to "do the run," I replied in the words of Bernard Shaw's heroine in *Pygmalion*. If I offered to do another I wonder if I should hear the same remark! (We have given our learned contributor unconditional exemption for the duration of the war.—Ed.)

Eaton, 23th July, 1917.

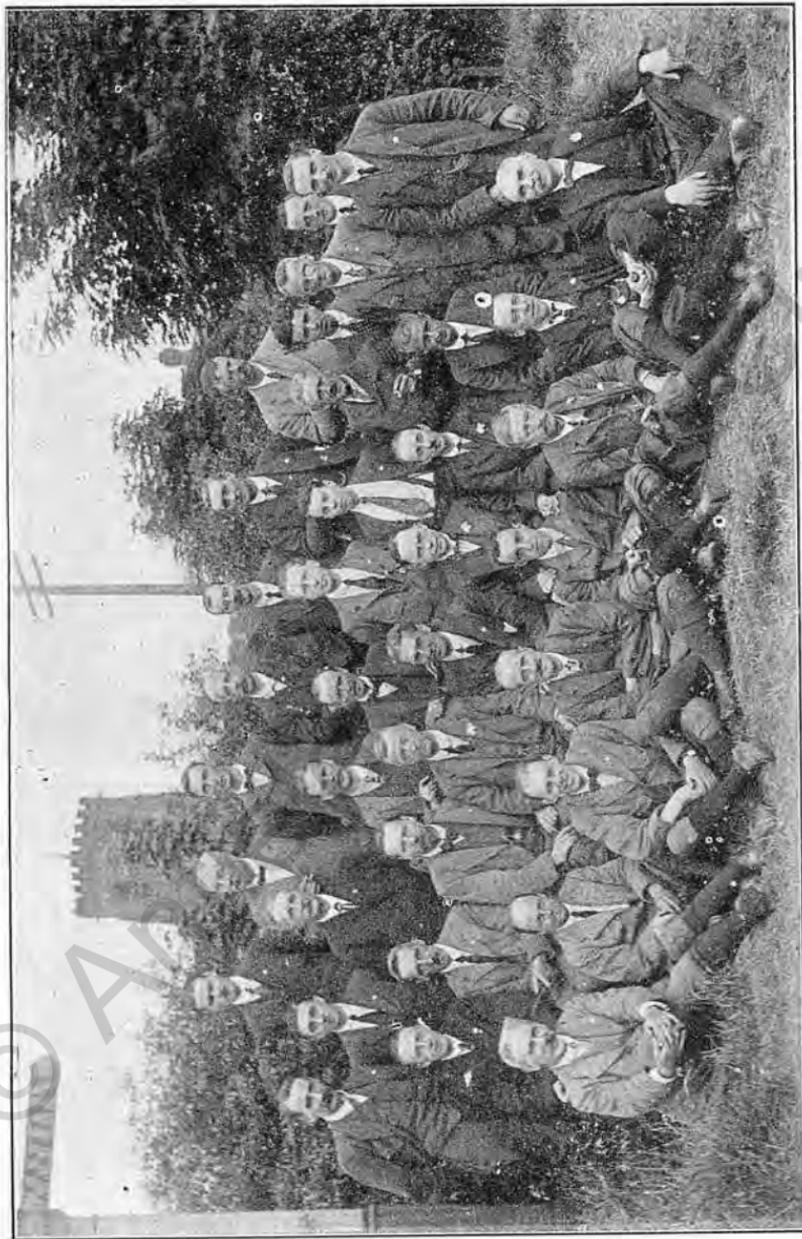
It is a pleasure to be able to record that this run without any adventitious (Good word this, must make a note of it.—Ed.) aid attracted a satisfactory muster of 16. Eaton is a delightful spot, and we get an excellent tea at a most reasonable price. Some of our run attenders have never sampled it, however, notwithstanding their demands for variety, and we have had some very small attendances there. Some complain of the distance, but this criticism is knocked on the head by the performance of the All Highest Editor, and poor old Chem., who rode out via the Transporter and returned via Chester without turning a hair, or having to "puncture" at Great Sutton, or "Klapse" into a Fish Foundry at New Ferry! But this is rather anticipating. Piloted by the Captain, I was having a very pleasant ride until Atkinson, of Prenton, on his six-speed Sunbeam was encountered. Some of you will remember Atkinson being at Bettws. a few years ago when Bentley tried to enlighten him on the subject of light bicycles and tubular tyres. A sneering remark about the trike got things well alight, and Atkinson was properly interred along with all his modern refinements! After this episode a pace more dignified and in keeping with our age and responsibilities ensued, and another "episode" which need not be mentioned served to add pleasure to the last few miles into Chester. Taking the lanes to Duddon we encountered Ven. speeding along as we joined the main road, and seduced him to the Headless Woman for tea, where Chandler joined us. Continuing via Utkinton, we reached Eaton in good time to find Boss Higham, L. Oppenheimer, Cody, Green, Royden, and Turnor in his new suit "larding the plain" in the garden. Mac, and Edwards soon arrived, and so there were twelve to sit down prompt at six. We were pleased to hear from "Hello" that W. R. of that ilk has just arrived home on leave, and was very fit and well. Just as we had started off our marks some excitement outside announced the arrival of Simpson and Chem., while shortly afterwards Dolamore and Mr. Mundell (a prospective) joined us, bringing up the total to 16. After tea the garden was again patronised, and Cody tried to make us believe that he and Knipe returning from Farndon were overtaken by G. M., K. O. K., but there were no takers. If it be true, no wonder Bob has had to go to the Isle of Man to recuperate! Some dark looking stuff in glasses started a discussion on ten point thirtysix, and Johnny addressed us on the subject of "Beer and Longevity," while the Mullah declared it was not Guinness and entirely free from alcohol, and Chem. told us that the years taken off were only the last ones that were no use to anyone. This caused reference to be made to Hubert Roskell on "Mosquitos and their Treatment," and Arthur not to be outdone started a discussion on the advantages of Heavy Bicycles, which reminded us of the cheerful idiot (Merci.—Ed.) who a few months ago wrote to the "Irish Cyclist" pronouncing the opinion that "a lot of luggage properly distributed absorbs road shocks and enables one to ride in more comfort." It will thus be seen that we had quite an intellectual time of it, but the entertainment was not quite over, for just as we were on the point of leaving, Dolamore and Chem. hired two of the trikes and gave us a magnificent display of trick riding. At curves and circles they were splendid. The way Chem. just missed the corner of the pub, by inches

DON'T

was wonderful. It reminded us of "Coming Home!" Chandler departed for Macclesfield on tour, and Cody, Edwards, Ven., and Royden went on ahead, but Arthur and Chem. stayed for the fast pack, and fairly put it through the Captain. Arthur gave us a practical demonstration of "Fell on the Theory of Freewheels as an aid to Speed and Ease," and we understand that Cook and Band are busy trying to get a gross of freewheels for their machines. Chester provided a much needed relaxation, and we hoped for a quiet ride home on our own—but not much! Arthur and Chem. were full of beans and determined to rub it right in, so they shunned the allurements of Great Sutton and paced us furiously along the top road. At Hinderton, Arthur produced a nosebag of biscuits, and the way Mac. gorged showed pretty plainly that he had got the hungry knock. At Thornton. Hough the Bobby got quite excited trying to discover who were the culprits without rear lights, and we understand that on Sunday evening he actually stopped Cook, and charged him with the offence. What a preposterous idea! He declared that he wished he were as sure of £100 as he was of Paganone's identity, but an alibi was easily proved and diplomatic relationships are now quite harmonious. The fact that Tin-ribs only saw *one* trike made his statements easy to controvert! At Clatterbridge, Band deserted, but Arthur and Chem. were very merciful up Eying's Hill, and seeing how knocked Grandpa was they volunteered to escort him safely into the portals of Sunnyside Hydro, and here we think a veil should be drawn, unless the Editor feels like giving a testimonial as to the service and amenities of the caravanserie, which we believe has a much overrated reputation (Advertising rates can be had on application.—Ed.) It was a grand day, a good run, and lots of fun.

A. T. SIMPSON, Editor.

TAKEN AT DARESBURY, JUNE 16th, 1917.



Reading
from
left to
right—

- F. D. McCanni, T. W. J. Britten, Grayson Cook (friend), W. P. Cook, C. Blackburn, J. O. Cooper, H. M. Buck,
- H. L. Boardman, F. E. Dolamore, C. Keizer, H. Green, G. Theakstone, L. Oppenheimer, C. C. Dews, F. H. Koenen, D. R. Fell, Jr.,
- A. Crowcroft, H. S. Barratt, E. J. Cody,
- A. Newsholme, T. Royden, R. L. L. Knipe, E. Edwards, J. C. Band, A. T. Simpson (with nose), H. W. Keizer, — Beckett (friend),
- D. E. Fell, Friend, F. Chandler, W. R. Toft, J. Leece, W. T. Venables, C. H. Turnor, F. J. Chemmials.

© Anfield Bicycle Club

ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB.

FORMED MARCH 1879.

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

MONTHLY CIRCULAR.

FIXTURES FOR SEPTEMBER, 1917.

	Light up at
Sept. 1.—Eaton (Red Lion)	8-32 p.m.
„ 8.—Halewood (Derby Arms)	8-15 p.m.
„ 10.—Monday. Committee Meeting, St. George's Restaurant, 7 p.m.	
„ 15.—Chester (Bull and Stirrup)	7-58 p.m.
„ 22.—Stretton (Cat and Lion)	7-41 p.m.
„ 29.—Delamere (Abbey Arms)	7-24 p.m.
Oct. 6.—Halewood (Derby Arms)	6-7 p.m.
Alternative Runs for Manchester Members.	
Sept. 8.—Marton (Davenport Arms)	8-12 p.m.
Oct. 6.—Allostock (Drovers Arms)	6-4 p.m.

Full Moons—1st and 30th instants.

Committee Notes.

Stourton Lodge,
Arno Road, Oxton.

The parcels despatched in August to Members on Active Service Abroad numbered fifteen—seven to France and eight to the East—and they contained cigarettes, lemonade tablets, a tin of pilchards and some biscuits.

APPLICATIONS FOR MEMBERSHIP.—Mr. FRANK MUNDELL, 354, Chester Road, Old Trafford, Manchester, proposed by F. D. McCann and seconded by C. H. Turnor. Mr. GEORGE FERGUSON MUNDELL, 354, Chester Road, Old Trafford, Manchester, proposed by F. D. McCann and seconded by C. H. Turnor.

NEW ADDRESSES.—Bdr. W. R. OPPENHEIMER, No. 102,808, R.G.A., No. 2 Dépôt, Fort Brockhurst, Gosport; Driver H. R. BAND, No. 215235, 7th Reserve Battery R.F.A., 13th Ammunition Column, Indian Exped. Forces; P.F.O. C. C. DEWS, R.N.A.S. Royal Naval Dépôt, Crystal Palace, Norwood, London, S.E.19; Second A.M. G. POOLE, 29, Alexander Road, Waterloo, Liverpool, "Please forward"; Pte. J. L. MAHON, G.H.Q., 1st

Echelon, Egyptian Expeditionary Force; Sergt. R. T. RUDD, No. 675212, E Battery R.F.A., 4th Reserve Bde., High Wycombe; Rifleman W. M. ROBINSON, No. 555423, 1/16th London Regiment (Q.W.R.), 14 Camp, 7th I.B.D., B.E.F.; Cadet W. H. KETILE, Hut 32, A Coy., 9th Officer Cadet Battalion, Gales, Ayrshire, Scotland.

F. D. McCANN,
Hon. Secretary.

Personal.

In the July Circular I appealed to the members to support me in my Chairmanship of the N.O.T.C.R., and I would like to take the opportunity of thanking all those who so kindly did so. Apart from those who obtained tickets from Turnor, there were 32 who bought them from me, some of whom paid over the schedule price of 3/-. While three others made very generous donations. Some I know bought tickets knowing it would be impossible for them to attend. Altogether I was thus enabled to sell 60 tickets, secure about £10 in donations, and, thanks to the hearty and most welcome co-operation of T.W.J.B., dispose of 120 souvenir badges. This is a record I am very proud of, and words entirely fail me in my attempt to thank you. You will notice that I refer to donations as "about" £10. This is because the donation list is not yet closed. The Cyclists Prisoners of War Fund must appeal most forcefully to all of us, and I am anxious that this year's Rally should result in a sum of not less than £50 for the Fund. One member has most generously promised to help attain this end when the accounts come to be settled, and it occurs to me that there may be others who would like to assist in this way. The Souvenir Badges are now all sold after reaching a premium of half-a-crown on the Corn Market! If any members who did not buy tickets and badges for the Rally feel like supporting the Fund, donations will be most thankfully received by W. P. Cook.

Concerning Those On Service.

Postcard acknowledgments of parcels are to hand from (May parcels): Percy Williamson, "Many thanks for same, in good condition and as good as ever." Jackson, "In good order; please accept my warmest thanks. Chin, Chin!" A. P. James. June parcels: Jackson, ". . . and thoroughly enjoyed; comes as a change from marmalade—stuff which I never wish to see again; we seem to have been living on it almost. My very best thanks to all members for such kindness. Kind regards." July parcels: R. P. Seed, Li, Cohen, "Have just landed back and found the parcel awaiting my arrival. A thousand thanks." H. S. Barratt, Ramsey Wells, "With many thanks to all concerned and best wishes." Hubert Roskell, "Many thanks for both Circular and parcel. Was with you in spirit during the August Holiday week-end."

Under date of 14th July, Kinghorn writes: "Will you kindly convey to the Committee and all Members of the A.B.C. my appreciation of their kindness in despatching further parcels. I am afraid I have omitted to officially acknowledge the last two, but I have been so run to death since the early part of April that correspondence of any sort has had to take a back seat. Mahon is at present here on leave, and by taking him out on one of my many steamers discharging here I managed to have a very interesting chat over the doings of the Club. We both decided that South Cheshire and or Shropshire would be some change from this land of everlasting heat, sand and flies. Kindest regards to all of my friends in the A.B.C."

"Once again it is my pleasant duty to acknowledge receipt of another Anfield parcel," writes Barratt on the 29th July, "which has been duly dealt with in approved fashion, and which was very acceptable. We have at present a brigade of Drums down here, and as a result get music all day long. We start on with one Corps giving us the idea that it's time to leave your billowy couch at 6 a.m. Their position happens to be about ten yards from my dwelling place, and I have won medals for jumping up in the mornings and at once singing like a lark. The first morning we had this stunt they woke me all right. The big drummer seems to take his feelings out of his instrument with powerful effect; but after the first two mornings they trouble me not, and I sleep blissfully through their unruly clamour. Next time they emerge it is the 8-15 inspection, and it certainly improves your shouting capabilities trying to beat them. At 2 p.m. they appear again, and then we get the lot massed at 'retreat,' and they certainly sound very fine—perhaps because one is feeling more civilised at 6 p.m. They sent one band to bring us back from the range yesterday. It was one of Satan's days—as hot as hell and the chaps wearing galvanised iron coverings and 'all on' knew about it. I was feeling in that frame of mind, too, when I was wishing that we could have ice—a big drummer in front made weird and wonderful efforts with his implements, and kept hard at it all the way. It was an inspiring sight, but it made one feel hotter than ever. Thunderstorms seem to be going strong just now, and we have had quite a big show this morning."

Writing from his home address at Whalley Range, W. R. Oppenheimer says: "I am afraid I must ask you to forgive me for not acknowledging earlier the July parcel, which I received on July 23rd—the day before I left the Battery; as a matter of fact I hardly seem to have had a moment to spare since I got home. My brother Louis, I expect, will have explained how it happens I have managed to get back to 'Blighty' after waiting since January for my papers for the Cadet School to go through. At present I am on a fortnight's leave—due to report back at the Depot by Friday, but I have applied for a few days' extension, and if successful hope to crawl out to Knutsford on Saturday and thank everyone personally for their kindness; you have no idea how these monthly parcels buck one up out there, and the pleasure one feels at being remembered. With Kindest Regards."

There is a card from George Poole reading as follows: "I have been moved from Oricklewood to Northolt, near Ealing and Harrow—a large camp, plenty doing here. I think it would be as well if you sent the Circular to Waterloo, as we shall most likely be moving overseas shortly. Good luck; I am anxious to see some of the fun. When I get settled down I will let you know. Letters dodge about for weeks following the owners here."

A letter from Mahon to Cook records the fact that he has recently been on 6 days' sick leave at Port Said, and "Had a good time with Kinghorn. I found him one of the best, and he did his best to give me a good time; unfortunately, he was not able to spare much time. He has an appalling amount of work to do, chiefly by night, and does not stir about a great deal in the daytime. He is in charge of the outdoor work, as you no doubt know, and from what I hear, that branch is entirely dependent on his efforts.

"I went down to Port Said for the first time in May and looked him up then. He was sitting on the quays cursing the coolies, if I remember rightly. When I told him I came from Cairo, and had been told to report to him by 'Uncle' at the first opportunity, he immediately realised who I was.

4

"Please give my best regards to everybody, and thank the Club most heartily for their kindness in sending out all these excellent parcels. I cannot express how grateful I am for them."

Clifford Dews, we learn, managed to wangle short leave soon after joining up, and was home for a week-end recently.

Percy Williamson, writing on the 31st July, says: "Please convey my best thanks to all for the May parcel to hand some days ago. I also received the July Circular yesterday. It is good to read of the success of the Whitsun Tour, and of an attendance of forty at the Photo Run. Certainly not many clubs can register such attendances in these times. What about an alternative run for members in Salonica or a tour in the Aegean? I can guarantee a ten-mile run on Macedonian roads, which are six inches thick in dust, until it rains, when the dust becomes mud, will produce a thirst absolutely unknown in Cheshire, even after a "50." I was thinking of arranging a fixture here and attending it on my own, but suppose "Cycling" heard of it, and I produced another 'When is a run not a run' discussion; what would my punishment be? I can tell you very little news from this place, but I would like some of those people who ask so frequently 'What are our troops doing in Salonica?' to come and suffer this climate for a time. The sun shines here with a fierce heat all day long, apparently doing its best to burn up everything and everyone, and as soon as it goes down mosquitoes are on the prowl ready to pounce on any part of the body the least bit exposed; not to mention every other kind of creeping, jumping and flying insects of all colours and sizes, and all out for blood. I am keeping pretty fit, and at the same time cool by bathing in the sea at every opportunity—it's the next best thing to cycling. Kind regards to all."

Walter Robinson ("Wayfarer") is now in France; beyond the fact that his address, sent on 21st August, is now B.E.F., we have no details—nevertheless, the best of luck to him!

We were pleased to hear from Harold Kettle once again, after a long period of silence. He is now in Scotland in a Cadet Battalion, and promises to write soon.

On the occasion of his last leave, we did our best to persuade Cohen to go to the run at Farndon, but without success. As a novelty we thereupon booked him to write an imaginary account, which, unfortunately, only reached us after we had gone to press with the last issue, and we take the opportunity of inserting some extracts here:—

Farndon—Any Old Time.

Well, Sir, it was like this 'ere. Thanks, here's my best 'specks. It was a great day. All the 'oads was out. Large and small, some on bicycles, some on trikes, and some with no cycles at all. But there was one (quel fireater!) on a super-bike which was absolutely built for nothing on earth but speed, speed, and more speed. Taking corners at 40 is, as his partner in agony confirms, rather swiftish for a youth of umpteen summers and a similar quantity of winters. All the bees were buzzing, the fruit tutti-fruited, and to quote a well-known wrestler, everything was "thumbs." The outward journey was quite "comme il faut" (Cheminais, Vol. vi., pp. 43; 6d. nett), but when the man behind is continually crying out velocity, velocity (whatever that may mean) life is somewhat trying. Yes, it was a case of evens, odds multiples of .142857. Same again, and then something larger the whole of the journey. Aye, and three bags full! Oh, why did I go to Farndon? Unlucky mannn! Well, the destination was reached (I imagine so), and then he of meteoric progress became remorseful, in spite

of the gentle caresses of his cheerless, I mean cheerful, comrade. Even the Skipper could not make him smile. After any amount of back-chat, etc. (I like saying "etc.," saves spelling it out), the fireater and his stoker (Oh, he's a devil for anything fast) did start for home, and "Wireless" has it that they did eventually get home. What an hour! I personally was in a bit of a haze during the whole trip, consequently should there be any "errata" (how's that for a splash in the 6ft. end?) my friend, the Editor, will be pleased to answer any queries by the 'nth post on October the umphth. No, don't put any water in thanks, I ain't no radiator! Now I'm getting reckless, I know no nothings, no time, and no more as to what happened on the blinkin' run. So if you don't like what you have been misguided enough to read—There's a long, long trail . . . (We've got it on the gramophone.)

Oh, by the way Arthur, I arrived A.I. in town, behaved like a small-sized gentleman, and had an exceptionally sad time, which, unfortunately, was followed by my return to this ——— country. Yes, the war is still on and we're winning. About 2—1 half-time. Give my love to all the boys, and don't be bullied about by that fast man!

H. H. Gayler.

The sad death of H. H. Gayler of the Poly. C.C. has created a void in road racing circles that will be difficult to fill. Gayler, unfortunately, fell in some frontier fighting in India, and we desire to hereby offer the tribute of our deepest sympathy with his family, and the Polytechnic C.C., of which he was such a brilliant member. Anfielders have always highly esteemed Gayler both as a man and as a rider. At Shrewsbury he endeared himself to all of us privileged to have intercourse with him, while his magnificent riding aroused our highest enthusiasm. Sleek as a greyhound, it was an education to see the style and power of his riding over our none too easy 100 course. Gayler first showed up prominently in our Classic Event of 1911, when he took third prize with 5-21-4, but in 1913 and 1914 his performances were sensational and epoch-making. In the former year he made common hacks of all the other competitors, for on a bad day he was 26 minutes faster than any other rider, and broke the course record with 5-5-51, while in 1914 he beat evens all the way, and clocked 4-59-8, a performance that will ensure his memory being preserved in our Annals for all time. Gayler certainly gave the lie direct to those cycling politicians who described the anti-advertising clause as a mere device to eliminate the best men and place mediocre performers on the scratch mark. He was a most modest and thorough sportsman, imbued with an intense love of the game, and we shall not readily look upon his like again.

MEMS.

Extract from the "Bath Road News":—"Two Anfielders were lunching at the 'Anchor,' Ripley, the other Sanday, Beardwood and Hellier. It is not often we have the pleasure of seeing any of our *confreres* of this famous club so far South, and it is much to be regretted that some of our own old-timers do not support our fixtures, in order that advantage might properly be taken of such an opportunity of fraternising with that very live and sporting organisation's representatives."

"Canemede" Britten.

We all know that this is Thomas Walter John's second time on Earth, and having been privileged to see a copy of the N.C.U. Review for July, 1906, we are able to glean some information about his early cycling years

when, according to an article on "Prominent Unionists," T. W. J. B. was "probably the best hated gentleman in the N.C.U.," although paradoxically re-elected to the Hon. Treasurership year after year not merely unanimously but with a vote of thanks carried by acclamation because even his most whole-hearted opponent recognised the fact that "few men have done so much solid work for the Union and none deserve better at its hands on that account." But it is not as an N.C.U. politician that the article interests us. The illustrations are most fascinating because they show that T. W. J. B. was not always the debonnair youth of the present day. Photographs of "Mr. Britten in 1885," and "Mr. Britten and his Motor Quad," show that in those far off years he sported a luxurious beard! Great Scott! Another photograph of "Mr. Britten and his first tricycle" proves conclusively that his present machine is not much over 30 years old notwithstanding his keyed-on cranks! Apparently, Britten took to a trike in 1882 after an accident caused by a sunstroke, and it is recorded that "in the following year he fell into the matrimonial net," which should be a warning to us to avoid sunstrokes and trikes! His first trike was an Imperial Club, his second a Quadrant, and "his third and present single machine a Humber, of which his opinion is brief but pointed—"none better"—which probably puts its vintage as 1884 or 1885. Beginning cycling in 1880 on an ordinary as a member of the Tredegar B.C., he soon transferred to the Rovers B.C., in which Club soubriquets taken from heathen mythology were adopted, and Britten became "Ganemede." Later on "he did a lot of riding in company with his brother-in-law, Mr. 'Faed' Wilson on a Cheylesmore Sociable, christened by the cognoscenti the "Hackney Cab." They were the first on record to ride up Reigate Hill on that type of machine." As a hill climber Britten must have been hot stuff, for it is recorded that "he has also ridden up Muswell Hill on a tricycle, a feat which not many wheelmen would accomplish on even a low-g geared two-wheeler," and on the 19th May, 1906, he put it clean through a motor car on Reigate! No wonder he boldly tackled Clun to Knighton direct on our tour, and spurned the idea of circumnavigating the precipices like the Real Riders shamefully did. But Britten did not confine his talents to cycling, and a photograph of "Mr. Britten as a Yachtsman" makes him appear like a deep sea pirate. Undoubtedly the most interesting photograph shows that Britten would have made his mark as a Thespian, for it represents one of the greatest bluffing episodes that was ever carried out at the Harrogate Meet. It was at the time of the visit of the Shahzada to this country when some of the choice spirits of the Camp conceived the idea of an official visit of this potential potentate with his staff, to the Meet. Mr. Britten sustained the chief part, and beyond the half dozen who were "in the know," the whole visit was carried out and duly chronicled in the newspapers of the country as an official gathering. Even the cyclists at the Meet themselves had no idea that they were not being honoured by a visit from the heir to the Persian throne till long afterwards, when the truth was made known. The article concludes with a photograph of "Mr. Britten to-day," which is more like the Britten we know, and with the following quotation:—

"In all thy humours, whether grave or mellow,
Thou'rt such a touchy, testy, pleasant fellow,
There's so much mirth, and wit, and spleen about you,
There is no living with you or without you."

But perhaps the thing which shows most clearly that Britten has really not changed much with advancing years is the following comment:—
"Although not a teetotaller, he is a firm believer in compelling all licensed

virtuallers to supply a cup of tea at any reasonable time, and he has brought several members of 'the trade' to a better knowledge of the law as it affects them on this point." Shades of Daresbury, Wigmore, etc., etc.!

RUNS.

August Bank Holiday Tour—Craven Arms.

Our second visit to the Stokesay Castle Hotel was another huge success and favoured by excellent weather. The party numbered 16, while our "exiles" Beardwood and Hellier made strenuous efforts to join us, and were only baulked by the exceptionally bad weather in the south, delaying their start so much that they only reached Ledbury on Sunday, and did not get to Craven Arms until after we had left on Monday. This was a great disappointment, as the sight of the Pan, on a tricycle again would have done us a lot of good, and we had to be content with the sound of Beardwood's voice over the telephone. In addition to this there were four members joined us at Ellesmere, so that altogether there were 22 participants. A desire to sample the Kerry Dingle and the Anchor Inn caused a party of five to meet at Ruabon on the Friday night, viz., Turnor and Boss Higham on a tandem, Chandler, Simpson, and Grandpa (trike), and these five had a most delightful tour, although it is perhaps just as well not to mention the Anchor to A. T. S. The fact is that the road from Kerry has been disembowelled by timber hauling, and is indescribably bad—indeed we hear that the distance was much increased by the necessity for walking back to reclaim shoes! George Mercer and Cousin K. followed the same route in a car, and had a gaudy time, but the descent of the Clun Valley, through Newcastle, amply repaid the intrepid ones, and even Arthur came to life again before Purslow was reached, and nearly succeeded in shoving it through the car! At Craven Arms, Mac., Ven. and F. H. were found in possession, and soon afterwards Chem. and Green arrived with reports that Ganemede was en route. Lastly Royden rolled in, and the fourteen of us settled down to a rattling good feed, and a pleasant evening in the Tank. Sunday was a brilliant day, and all the party except T. W. J. B. started as Real Riders! Boss Higham being under the weather booked a passage with Mercer, and made a splendid Tiger, so F. H. consented to steer and push the Mullah about. As far as Knighton all went well, but while indulging in copious draughts of lacteal fluid and bubbly water Ven., in a weak moment, produced his map and showed Arthur and Chem. that "to Penybont by Bleddfa" was all on the dirty brown! Arguments were of no avail. The "beautiful easy gradients mostly downhill" described by Mac. and Cook were not listened to. Even the urging of the trouserines Chem. was wearing was fruitless, and the trio decided to be Real Riders no longer, and cut the course for Presteigne, where their lunch bill showed items very badly balanced in ratio between liquids and solids. Meanwhile the Tandem had got ahead by the slip road, and the Real Riders found the 13½ miles most entrancing, and all were at Penybont in good time for lunch. Fortunately, F. H. had a deposit account at the Severn Arms, so we did very nicely, thank you, and found the Hotel "in every way very suitable for A.B.C. requirements." After lunch we resumed for Forest Inn, and just short of New Radnor all except Royden and the car party took a side trip to see a spot of much geological and scenic interest called "Waters break its Neck." Perhaps it is just as well Tommy went on, for in the gorge he might not have been able to contain himself at the sight of some beauteous maidens dressed in knickerbockers and smocks! And very nice, too! From New Radnor, only Mac., Green,

Chandler and Grandpa followed the proper route to Wigmore. Royden and the Tandem went via Walton, while the Tandem also went via Mortimer's Cross. This route was certain-acidulated, but the scenery was grand, and that is the main thing when Real Riders are touring. Mac. and Green stopped at Presteigne for tea, but Chandler and Cook pushed on to Wigmore, only to find that the Castle Hotel had been closed for years, and that the rest of the party having been rejoined by the Trio had gone on to Leintwardine. However, emulating T. W. J. B., who had lunched at Knighton and insisted on having tea at Wigmore, they wangled an excellent meal at the Royal Oak, and eventually got back to Craven Arms only half an hour late for dinner! The party was now increased by the accession of Crowcross à Beckett who were returning from a long tour in Devon, and as Chem. was in fine form we had a most delightful evening. Monday, unfortunately, came all too soon, because it brought its bills and partings. Arthur and Chem. decided to form a Slack Pack with F. H., and we hear they lunched at Shrewsbury, and put the Master in the Rattler at Wem, but having booked on as Real Riders they determined nobly to "see it through," and after tea at Whitechurch "toured home in the cool of the evening," and arrived at their usual schedule time in the early hours. Meanwhile, the rest of the crowd, except Mercer and Mr. Kay, made for Shrewsbury (where the Crowcroft tandem left for Hodnet) and then on to Ellesmere, where we found Captain Band, Leece, Dolamore, and Keizerette, so that if T. W. J. B. had not docked at Harmer Hill we should have sat down 13 for lunch. Here the tour proper came to an end, for our Manchester men proceeded Nantwich-Sandbach way, while we Wirralites made up the Dee Valley for Farndon and Chester, having tea at Mollington, after which Chandler and Leece "went for a ride" round West Kirby, and so in fragments we all reached home well satisfied with an excellent tour.

The Master—who is now on our regular staff—has again answered the call, and sends us the following characteristic:—

Stokesay Sidelights.

The welcome at Wigmore was the weak link in the chain of tour events, and the Castle (both Hotel and Dungeons) remains unexplored. The call for refreshments failed to all but Cook, whose knock was the only one answered, namely, at the Oak Hotel. (We must admit that Pagan's persistence is always irresistible. That is why we who know him, also fear him.) Instead, there was provided a gang of local checkers at Wigmore Corner, who described the form and feature of the leaders to each new comer. Far ahead was the big, stout man on the threewheeler, who had demanded the immediate re-opening of the Castle Hotel, also the thin, haggard, long-suffering man from Hunger Street (Tommy) whose refrain was "Am I still leading?" Next, the occupants of the Motor Ambulance, and last, not least, the Messengers from Montague. Had they but known of the plentiful stores at the Ysptyty Mortimers Cross and its reading of Dora, they would all have flocked there and the old battlefield would have hummed. Still rumour tells that one member was accorded a special reception at Wigmore with arms outstretched, namely, the leader of the "Strength of Will of Britten movement."

A sad feature that day was Cook's lack of punctuality at dinner, his excuse, forsooth, being of having had to hunt for the elusive waterfall that was not even scheduled in the book of words.

Great praise is due to Venables for his excellent management of all our comforts at Headquarters. He combined the offices of Purser, Steward and Chamberlain, and everybody was satisfied. By riding a great deal together, two of ours are growing more and more alike in name, face and

figure. Both are dappled greys. I refer to W. T. Ven. and T. W. John. On the road they resort to racing tactics. As becomes a tricyclist, T. W. takes a small time allowance, and leads most of the way with W.T. in hot pursuit. Half way through the course young Ven. catches the elder John, hangs on like grim death and will not be shaken off. Passing the refreshment bars they fight for position, and finally William Tom romps home with Thomas Walter a capital second.

The Mullah must be in great form, seeing that he toured for four days on tandem with passengers attached, which he used up in relays. Granted that the Boss is good value for his weight, and that the Master has written many Books about Backseats, it begins to tell after keeping this up for over 300 miles. After staring at the parched waterfall, the Mullah's parched team crowded in 17 miles in the hour, which had not occurred to his partner for over 10 years. Of this speed the Mullah is entitled to claim $5/8$ ths or $10 \frac{5}{8}$ miles per hour. On reaching Mortimer's Cross he refused to budge till his tongue had been soaked in Guinness' lotion and once more became flippant.

The appearance of the Boss (our late President) on the Mullah's back was a welcome return to the fold. In consequence, Green gave up his bedroom and slept in the widow's cottage. I have misjudged Green.

What does the future hold for Chantler. A year ago he appeared for the first time. Since then he has not only moulded himself on his great cousin, but lets him have his own way with him, takes him on at Cook's own game, and is becoming a perpetual challenge to W.P. And with Chantler's double dinners Cook must go under in the end.

The non-arrival of Hellier and Beardwood was distressing. To know that they were looming in the distance, so near and yet so far, Hellier again three tracking, he once the true prophet of the tricycle who alone knew the meaning of that third wheel. What height would be his handlebar, what archway form his back? And if not old Hellier, would he now tour à la Beardmore. If so, would T.W.J. throw down the gage of battle to him?

The Ravens were a day late and missed the Sunday ride. They had travelled far but suffered little, reported good fare at most hotels, and strongly recommend a place called Conundrum. (Never heard of it, can it be the birthplace of Columbumbus?)

For the Monday lunch on the return journey Ellesmere (36) was scheduled. The homeward ride is like an act of penance for blessings received. No glancing right or left, stern is the steering post and pitiless the pedal. Few are good or wise enough to deserve leisure on that last day. They must be rare pathfinders indeed, absolutely sobered in muscle, to find the narrow little lanes that lead to nowhere, and the indomitable trio that met in secret ably passed this test; they could not have raised a gallop between them. There was the Old Athlete still suffering from the hills of Hungerstreet when after putting it through them to Knighton he discovered the Mountainous Montague recessed in the Radnor Arms. Secondly, the Editor-in-Chief who, by a miracle, had aided and abetted Cook and party while mudbound on the Kerry Hills in order to display to them the principle of the freewheel. Geared to 50 odd and handlebarred to 90 odd, no other man could have made such extremes meet, yet Arthur's body bridged this chasm by the aid of a freewheel acting from zero upwards. Joined unto this couple was the Ancient Master who had spent his very last ounce in doing his duty by the Mullah and his tandem excesses.

The Stretton waters were imbibed near the source, after which the travellers were touched to the quick by the trials of some young persons

at Dorrington Horse Shoes, in whom Arthur confided during a prolonged whisper, and the party were then joined by one "juste come over here from Vance your contree vor to see."

Three hours of this arduous work brought them to Salop for lunch, which was left in ample time by 3.30. At 4 the Master went away farming for an hour, but took up the scent again at 5 and found his colleagues near Wem fast asleep in a ditch, lulled into somnolence by the roar of aeroplanes overhead.

Voices purer than mine shall set to song their great ride (largely without bite or booze) between the hour of six and the chimes of midnight, to the sound of which they reached the end of fairyland and recrossed into the outer world in utter darkness wrapped.

Beardwood sends us the following interesting account of his tour with the Panjandrum:—

London's August Tour.

Our intention was to reach Witney on the Friday evening, Hellier taking the train in the late afternoon to Oxford, where I was to meet him; this would have enabled us to meet the Club at Craven Arms on Sunday. Hellier keeps the trike at Sheen, and on Thursday evening intended taking it to Paddington. Unfortunately when he arrived here it was still pouring, and "not having been baptized" this decade, he was most reluctant to remove the trike from its dry quarters. A Council was therefore held, and it was decided to give the weather a chance (it had had a week) and start on Saturday morning.

Saturday was not exactly an ideal cycling morning, the rain came down persistently. About 11 o'clock a break was discerned, and a start was made for Uxbridge where lunch was partaken. The idea of Oxford for the night was partly abandoned, and we tried Stokenchurch and one or two more villages for accommodation, but all were full up. Oxford now became Hobson's choice and we arrived about 9 o'clock; great difficulty was experienced here in accommodation, but eventually we got fixed at the Railway Hotel.

Considering the "old man" only had a Saturday and Sunday's training spin prior to this, it must be reckoned a good performance. The route taken is all of 56 miles, and a good portion had to be done with capes on through rain.

Another council meeting decided that unless the weather cleared up by morn, the train be taken to Shrewsbury. This was the only point possible to enable us to join the Club, and the train left about noon. However, after repairing the Pan's tyre, it cleared up nicely, and it was decided—much as we would have liked to meet the Club—it was foolish to miss a good day's cycling. After all, what we were out for was cycling and not to enrich the G.W.R. coffers by spending a day in a crowded train risking spoiling the tour with broken "irons," so we burnt our boats and left Oxford about 11 a.m., getting on to Cheltenham for tea.

After tea the "old man" astonished me by being anxious to get on with it, and arrived at Ledbury as fresh as paint after S. of B.M. at Haw Bridge.

All hopes of Caven Arms disappeared when Oxford was left behind, so on Monday morning we 'phoned that we were on the road, and would arrive at Craven Arms and Montgomery for the night.

Members will be interested to learn that Craven Arms was reached about 3 o'clock, but that before leaving the Club had consumed all the nut brown, so we had to go to the "Arms" Hotel where there was plenty.

Curiously enough, the "Stokesay Castle" was the only place encountered on a 500 miles tour that was dry, which is sufficient tribute that the Club must have done its duty.

The tour was continued via Montgomery, Newtown, Rhyader, Builth, Three Cocks, Brecon, Abergavenny, Monmouth, Ross, Gloucester, Birdlip, Cirencester, Faringdon, Abingdon, Henley, Maidenhead, Windsor to Ripley, and home on the Sunday.

It was a treat to get rid of the horrid Dora, who cannot be found in Bucks., Berks., Gloucester or Hereford. There also is plenty of food and beer, and the loaf was invariably "put on the table" in those counties. Beer is 3d. to 4d. for bitter, the half-pint, mild 2½d. to 3d. Oxford has no restrictions, and Wales seems to ignore them.

It was good to see Hellier once again on his faithful trike, and it is surprising how quickly he got into form and stood a tour of over 500 miles in 8 days. On the Sunday we rode back from Ripley with Markham and another Bath Roader, and the "Mossoo" did not disgrace the A.B.C.

Knutsford, August 11th, 1917.

It was about 2.15 that on passing the Hydro. I found the old gentleman had stolen a march, and proceeded, but as Johnny Band arrived at the same time we rode along together, while the aforesaid old gentleman, as it afterwards transpired, had to make his own company congenial for the outward journey. At Clatterbridge rain came on very heavily, and after sheltering until the worst had passed over, we donned capes and rode on, the roads being running rivers pro. tem. Apart from a little more rain, we had a fine ride via Kelsall and Northwich, Johnny piloting me through the slums of the latter place. On arrival at Knutsford, we found the old gentleman and Oppenheimer drinking themselves to death in the bar parlour, the latter having ridden with his brother, W. R., on their tandem. As the old gentleman and the writer were making a week-end at Ashford-in-the-Water, they decided on tea immediately, during which Anfielders arrived in the forms of Buckley, Green, Boardman, Dolly, Turnor and Tom Conway. Chem. and the Editor (with nose and fast breeches) had not arrived when the two left at 6.15, but no doubt they did so in time to receive each a piece of sugar from the Angelic proprietor for not rousing him up after hours. The first piece of the tour proper was levelled over in good time, and while the writer sought the assistance of the agents for Raleigh machines at Macclesfield, the old gentleman had dossed round the corner and had one—a fact unknown to the owner of the Raleigh, but recited to him after the two had passed the "Setter Dog." A mile from the top two motor cyclists with females were overtaken, the former pushing their bicycles (hence push-bikes!) Whilst the cyclists were refreshing themselves at the Cat and Fiddle, these motor-push-cyclists passed, only, however, to be again overtaken half way up Topley Pike. On this occasion, as our readers will readily imagine, the old gentleman's causticity was thoroughly aroused, and the words "When you get home I suppose you'll buy bicycles!" were belched forth from his lips. After ten minutes at the Waterloo Inn, where the pair renewed their acquaintance with the charming young lady who serves the same (A.T.S. please note), the descent of Monsal Dale was accomplished and Ashford reached at 9.30. About half-an-hour afterwards our friends the "motor-push-cyclists" arrived and demanded a night's lodging, but had to be sent empty away. These facts should really be borne in mind by our own members who are petrol worshippers, and they would do well to ask themselves whether a bicycle is not, after all, a faster machine than a motor bicycle. We met three Sheffield cyclists here who had specially arranged to receive a lesson from the old gentleman on strapping tubulars on their machines. The party on Sunday

morning then numbered five, the route being via Haddon Hall, Hartington and the hilly road on to Leek, this latter for the benefit of those who are not acquainted with it is better taken from West to East. The ascent is long and well graded from Hartington, but the descent is very steep and rough and we had to walk it. At Leek we were accompanied by a severe thunderstorm, whilst having lunch, after which the parties distributed, the trio going on to Buxton, the pair via Holmes Chapel, etc. At Chester a very much rationed tea, including eggs, was partaken of at the Pied Bull, the charge being the fabulous one of 2/3 a head. 9.30 saw the finish of a splendid week-end.

Delamere, August 18th, 1917.

It appears the Editor, owing to one of those lapses to which he is unhappily subject, forgot to engage the services of one of his brilliant staff to write the account of this run. How he retains the important and lucrative position on the paper that he does is a mystery to me. Here's a man expects you to write up the report the day before going to press and gives you explicit instructions it must be no scrappy affair either, but crowded with brilliant *mots*, bristling with racy anecdote, scintillating with snappy dialogue, and punctuated with pointed shafts of wit. Of course to a ready writer like myself, these conditions—perhaps onerous to some men—are only really part of my stock-in-trade. Knowing nothing about the run myself worth speaking of, is of course a great advantage, although it necessitated my obtaining the necessary facts from the Editor, and I learned that he and Chem. (his usual companion in adversity) duly started on their weekly penance at Broad Green. They were blown hither and thither by the wind, and eventually reached the ozone-laden air of the Transporter in their usual more or less knackered condition.

Chem., it appeared, had been particularly perky at the commencement of the ride, being goaded thereto by the offensive remarks of the Editor (who was also suffering from swelled head consequent on his having free-wheeled most of the distance, impelled by the gale) had remarked contemptuously he would go any dashed pace the Editor liked. The dirty details involved in carrying out this challenge, combined with the fact that the last two miles to the Transporter had to be fought for inch by inch owing to climatic vagaries, would probably account for the knackeredness. A weary debate as to the possibility of negotiating the remainder of the journey, resulted in a forlorn attempt to do so. This result was achieved through the intervention of one of the natives with whom they got in touch, and who assured them that they could free-wheel all the bally way from there. This man must have been a born optimist; his views on the war would have been a tonic. By dint of superhuman efforts the mountainous obstacles were one by one surmounted, and in due time the Frodsham Road was reached, to encounter the attenuated form and despairing countenance of poor Tommy Royden going in the opposite direction, he having some weird idea of proceeding to Stretton so as to be well in time for the next run. After considerable persuasion, he was prevailed upon to leave the next run to take care of itself and to go along with them. From there fierce scrapping matches, I understand, took place, the pace now and again reaching 7 or 8 to the hour, and eventually the trio reached the venue to receive the well-merited ovations of the crowd. Shortly afterwards a dainty tea was served, the proceedings being enhanced by the presence of the charming demoiselles (of whom there appeared to be unlimited numbers) who waited upon the gathering with tender solicitude, and other things. Shortly after tea, Grandad who had arranged a Cook's tour to Congleton and inveigled the Editor and Chem. into the party on his sworn declaration that the distance was not more than 18 miles, gathered his

flock together (Chandler, and the Toft-Rowatt combination included), and accompanied by the Mullah, Green, and the prospective member, they proceeded on their way. Various ribald suggestions by the Editor, and insulting references to the likelihood of catching cold, with persistent demands for the loan of an overcoat—it's really time he had more sense—became unbearable and led to the usual trouble. Green, who was leading the pack, taking a mean advantage of a slight declivity where the poor Editor could not sufficiently enrol the services of his trusty free-wheel to slip it right across him, which he did with unerring accuracy, and to such a tune that a warm welcome was accorded him at the cross roads, where he took his adieu. Nasty tempered fellow, Green! After that it appears they jogged along at a rate more befitting their condition, duly arriving at Massey-Harper's, where they were acclaimed with great enthusiasm—and beer—Ven. arriving at the psychological moment when the latter made its appearance. A splendid supper was all in readiness, and was rendered more appetising by the attendance of the daughter of the house charmingly arrayed in robes of purest white. There was a tense moment when it seemed probable that this radiant vision would affect Chandler's appetite, but taking a strong pull at himself, I understand this insidious feeling was just mastered in time. Having by various brainy manœuvres exhausted the contents of the vaults, nothing was left but to retire to rest, and this was accomplished while the night was yet young—but perchance 'twas better so!

Northern "Old Timers" Rally, August 19th, at Warburton.

"The Northern Old Time Cyclists Rally" had a special interest for Anfielders this year, with our energetic W.P.C. in the Presidential Chair. I was told by the Editor, as he escaped from the washeries, Knutsford, at Sun. noon on "The day," that "You will do to-day's account. Before I could protest he was away, loudly demanding appetisers before lunch, with his fellow conspirator Chem. I had joined a week-end party of six, foregathered on Saturday eve at Congleton, after their club run attendance at "Abbey Arms." Certain participants were pluming themselves on their improved form, when "the same gale of wind" blew me in from Whitchurch. So Cook had six certs. well in hand for the morrow, and a very full and delightful day we had. They did us well at "The Lion and Swan" (thoroughly), and when we got away, we could say with "The Village Blacksmith," "That we owed not any man"; not in Congleton, anyhow.

My idea after breakfast was a lazy ride, which would bring us well to windward of Warburton, utilising the favouring breeze for a dignified and composed descent on the waiting thousands at the Rally.

I reckoned, however, without the Chief of the Old Timers. There was to be no slacking or loose ending. Route and lunch, time and place, had been thought out in the silent watches of the night.

So we started with the wind behind to get further away from Warburton.

We first inspected the "deserted village." Those who had done "Havana" before, assured the newcomers that it would be a pity to miss it, and the latter—after a somewhat breathless and silent return up the mountainous path—agreed, on reflection, that having done it once, it was a pity and pure selfishness to allow anybody else to miss it. A short ride then brought us to the stone in the wood covering the remains of one "Maggoty Johnson," an unpopular person who either declined to be buried or was refused burial in a churchyard.

Then on to pretty Gawsforth, with its moat, fine old church, and weird "Skull and Crossbones" carved on the gateposts. These had probably scared poor Maggoty before he took to the woods. Proceeding past Macclesfield we dived into Prestbury, last and deepest of our objects of interest, where we inspected the Bishop's Palace, and peering thro' the ancient leadlights, distinctly saw a floor, one ceiling, and several walls, relieved by a modern sink, containing an enamelled bowl, "Rehcs" forgotten, I presume, in the long last flit. We emerged from Prestbury after a severe struggle with gradient and elements, making Knutsford in good time for lunch. Shortly after 2 p.m. Cook was again eager for the road, and to arrive at Warburton before 3 o'clock. But two of the party, whom he had nursed and pampered all morning, jibbed at riding against time and wind when full of lunch, and threw themselves on the mercy of the kindly occupants of "The Toff-towatt Wind Shield Combination," who agreed to draw them along later at an accommodating pace.

So it was left to Chandler, Mr. Morris (a visitor who had ridden from Wolverhampton), and myself to escort the President to the Rally. With a troublesome wind on the left shoulder, Chandler gallantly sheltered the speedy three wheeler. I was content to admire the trike's axle, and breathed a sigh of relief when we left the main road, and put the wind where it ought to be. We now commenced overhauling cyclists, singly and in groups, large and small, wearing the Rally Badge. As we approached Warburton the wheelmen increased in number. We were steadily pushing along, when a subdued roar of many voices caused me to lift my eyes from the axle, and I saw a dense crowd filling the road. I was so startled by the crowd surged around Cook to welcome him, that I quite forgot to dismount and my machine quietly lay down. This mirth-provoking incident was opportune; it relieved the tension, and put everybody in a good humour. I was evidently regarded as a decadent Old Timer, captured en route, and brought to the meet chained to Cook's chariot. After stowing machines, and greeting old friends, some we had not met for twelve months or more, we inspected several ancient machines, but the crowd seemed more interested in our own men's tricycles, three of these speed irons gracing the yard, after Carpenter (non-stop from Brum.) had joined us. Everything went like clockwork when the President got on the job. The big tea-room was filled on time, without any crushing. The President was his own Chaplain, and as he sat down a host of attendants placed our requirements before us. There was no hitch or stint, and great good humour prevailed.

After tea, the President soon had the gathering well in hand, convincing his audience in a capital speech, that cycling was the sport and exercise for *everybody—all the time*; and with a personal touch, stroking his thatch (?) he captured our hilarity by saying "Our outer covers may wear thin, but cycling keeps our inner tubes alright." He got a rousing reception, and appreciative applause in conclusion of a rattling good address on the objects of the Rally, and the benefits to be derived from consistent cycling. Two old timers next told us how they built and rode their own cycles in the early sixties. And Alec Jack discoursed briefly on old ordinary experiences. The Photo. Fiend then claimed us, and we were once more taken both publicly and clubbly.

After this function, Royden, Morris and self quietly headed for home, arriving in good time, after an enjoyable and satisfying day.

Twenty-seven of ours supported the popular President of the Rally. Holidays and perhaps, in some cases, the lack of a little effort, kept others from giving us the pleasure of their company, and enjoying with an enthusiastic gathering of cyclists, a most successful Rally of Old Timers.

May we all meet on the next occasion, and with the boys back from the front!

Sretton, August 25th, 1917

The "Cat and Lion" hotel at Sretton is really quite a find in these days of profiteering hotel-keepers; excellent food, promptly served at a reasonable price, every attention, and a welcome being the rule there: they give the impression that they are glad of one's visit. On this occasion thirteen was the number present, made up of eight from Liverpool and Wirral (Cook, Cody, McClann, Toft, Royden, Band, Chandler and Venables), and three (Turnor, H. Green and Holamore), and two prospectives (Messrs. Frank and G. F. Mundell), from the Manchester District, the first-named of the two prospectives occupying the "stoke-hold" of the Turnor tandem. I was the last to arrive, a minute or so before six p.m., and it is surely something of a record for ail to be present before the announcement "Your tea is served." The table just held our number, though possibly one or two more could have been accommodated, and we suffered nothing in attendance from the fact that the House was also providing tea for a large party of bowlers, numbering a few short of two score, at the same time, but in a large apartment downstairs. The landlady's personally-made scones were quite a good line, and when she inquired "Would we like some more?" there could have been but one response; the second supply rapidly went the way of the first instalment. At eighteen-pence the feed was good value, but for our next visit, down for the 22nd September, the price is to go up to twenty-pence, owing to the increase in prices of butter and tea and to the scarcity of eggs; nevertheless it will be worth the money if we are treated in a manner anything approaching that on this occasion. A drizzle had set in about tea time, and this showed no signs of easing off by seven o'clock, so soon after that hour capes were donned and a move made. The Wirral contingent proceeded through the lanes to Daresbury (bidding Cody "goodbye" where he turned off for Hatton and Warrington), and thence along the main Chester Road. The rain now only came in short showers, and by the time Helsby was passed through it had almost ceased. Two miles from Chester we ran on to practically dry roads, and on entering the city found they had had no rain at all! A short stop was made at the Bull and Stirrup—no beer of course, and then on the top road we found wet roads once again two or three miles out. By the sixth stone Band punctured and changed the back tyre, and a couple of miles further on we again had to put capes on; this proceeding, however frightened the rain away, and we reached our respective domiciles without farther wet.

A. T. SIMPSON, Editor.

ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB.

FORMED MARCH 1879.

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

MONTHLY CIRCULAR.

FIXTURES FOR OCTOBER, 1917.

	Light up at
October 6.—Halewood. (Derby Arms)	6.7 p.m.
.. 8.—(MONDAY) Committee Meeting, St. George's Restaurant, 7 p.m.	
.. 13.—Warrington (Patten Arms)	5.50 p.m.
.. 20.—Rossett (Golden Lion) and Week-end to Llangollen (Royal)	5.34 p.m.
.. 27.—Chester (Bull and Stirrup)	5.19 p.m.
November 3.—Moreton (Farmer's Arms) Musical Evening	5.5 p.m.

Alternative Run for Manchester Members.

October 6.—Allostock (Drover's Arms)	6.4 p.m.
November 3.—Bollington (near Altrincham)—Swan	5.5 p.m.

Full Moon, 30th instant.

Committee Notes.

Stourton Lodge,
Arno Road, Oxton.

Messrs. G. F. and FRANK MUNDELL, 354, Chester Road, Old Trafford, Manchester, have been elected to (Junior) Active Membership.

The Autumnal Tints Tour is fixed for 20th and 21st October. For tea on the Saturday a new house, the Golden Lion, Rossett, has been found, and it gives promise of being a good place. A special tariff of 9/6 per head for Supper, Bed and Breakfast (2/6 less without Supper) has been arranged at the Royal Hotel, Llangollen. If it is your intention to support the Week-end please let me know by the previous Saturday, 13th October, so that I may book accommodation for you. Luncheon on the Sunday will be at the Castle Hotel, Ruthin, at 1-30 p.m.

The first of the Winter Socials is to be held at Moreton on the first Saturday in November, when Mr. A. T. Simpson will be in charge of the Entertainment.

The Parcels sent in September to Members on Active Service Abroad numbered Seventeen, nine to France and eight to the East, and they contained cigarettes, lemonade tablets, kippered herrings, butter-scotch and biscuits.

NEW ADDRESSES. — A/Sergt. J. HODGES, R.E.P.S., F.P.O., D 75, E.E.F.; P.F.O. C. C. DEWS, R.N.A.S. Station, Vendome, France; Pte. JOHN WELLS, No. 1319, 17th Infantry Batt., 5th Infantry Brigade, A.I.F., France; R. E. PRICHARD, 25, Prescot Street, New Brighton; JOHN LEECE, "The Cedars," 37, Fairview Road, Oxton, Birkenhead.

F. D. McCANN.

Hon. Secretary.

Treasury Notes.

Treasury notes are not very plentiful this year, at least they don't often find their way to your Hon. Treasurer.

However, with the approach of autumn, heralded as usual by a shower of Red Slips to our procrastinating members, we are looking forward to a regular Harvest Home in the shape of a sheaf of overdue subs.

Your Hon. Treasurer's address is still at the old stand, 108, Moscow Drive; but any branch of the Bank of Liverpool will be glad to ease your overburdened conscience and your pocket to the tune of a guinea. So, DO IT NOW.

Personal.

If words entirely failed me last month in my attempt to thank those members who had already so generously supported me in my Presidency of the N.O.T.C.R., I must now be quite dumb! We are told that those give twice who give quickly, and while this is only a true figure of speech many of you have made it *literally* true by actually making as many as *three* donations, and I simply cannot attempt to express my thanks. The result was that donations of "about £10" grew by leaps and bounds, and this year's Rally has handsomely topped "a sum of not less than £50 for the Fund." Thanks to Anfielders, ex-Anfielders and friends giving me donations of £31 16/8 out of the £34 3/6 received, the N.C.U. Liverpool Centre defraying the cost of printing (£2), Manchester Sub-Committee paying their own expenses, and two anonymous donors eliminating items of £6 1/- for badges and 10/- for postage, the final Balance Sheet showed the magnificent result of £72 10/-, which has been remitted to the Cyclists Prisoners of War Fund. Nothing could speak more eloquently than these figures, which redound so greatly to the credit of the Anfield, and for the sake of the Club I am proud that my year of office has been such a record breaker.

W. P. COOK.

Concerning Those On Service.

Postcard acknowledgments of parcels are to hand from J. Hodges, "with thanks" (July parcel) and August parcels Li. Cohen, "Best of thanks and good wishes to you all. Will write later. Cheerio, everybody." R. P. Seed, "Many thanks"; A. Warburton, "With thanks"; H. S. Barratt, J. A. Grimshaw, and Hubert Roskell "Many thanks."

Postcard acknowledgments, etc., July parcel, Percy Williamson—"As good as ever. Many thanks." September parcels, A. Warburton, "With thanks," and Li Cohen.

Ramsay Wells sends "Just a line to let you know I am back off up to the line to-night (24th August) for the winter months after having had a great rest out here. My address is the same as before—17th Batt. 5th Infantry Brigade, A.I.F., France. Very sorry I have not seen any of the old boys in the R.G.A. round here, but better luck next time! In great haste, yours, with best wishes to all the boys."

Hodges, when sending "thanks to all the Club for the July parcel just received" (27th August) adds "The contents were excellent, I have just fallen into a job where the official catering leaves much to be desired, and as you can guess the grub portion of the parcel went down all right."

Barratt writes on the 27th August "August parcel just to hand, for which please convey my very hearty thanks to the Club. It is funny but we do not seem to get the same cigarettes out here as we do at home. I had another two strenuous nights last week for a youth of 19! I got up a team to play another camp at Soccer one night, and that was rather strenuous. Next night I got up a Rugger match—my first for ages. Most of them hadn't played before, but that didn't seem to matter much. There

were some good hefty individuals playing and the fun grew fast and furious. Once somebody gently tapped and I lay down gently and told them I would die where I was; however, I finished up with no skin on my knees and elbows, and feeling as though someone had hit me often and hard with a good sized mallet. We had a joint feed at night, and afterwards to shift the stiffness had a dance; that put the tin hat on it, as next morning it was my turn for physical jerks, and it was a sorry old crock that romped skittishly on the training ground next morning, feeling like a young man of 2000 odd! We were keen on getting a piano, so they commissioned me to roam the village. I knew two words of French, but found pulling my face about helped wonderfully. After perseverance we got one, so we are able to knock out a decent time for the boys passing through. We have some very decent roads about here and I am trying to get a French light-weight for a sprint. The Army "heavies" are too much of a good thing, they make cycling too much of a joy-ride, no need to push at all, just start them, work the levers and they do the rest. Well, I hope things are going well with you all. With every good wish."

Clifford Dews writes Uncle:—"Just a line to let you know that I have arrived here and that I like the place very much. The country is splendid and I and another chap are going to hire bikes next week-end in order to see more of it. The town of Vendome itself is a quaint old place, with a very old church and still older castle (built about 1200 A.D.) Fruit is very cheap—fresh peaches at 8d. per dozen and William pears at 3d. each. Perhaps you will have heard that while I was at Boulogne the Hun planes came and dropped pills around me—one was very close, in fact within 20 yards—a little too close to be pleasant."

Percy Williamson writes the Mullah:—"I can give you little news from this place. We have had a long spell of hot, dry weather, with even very few thunderstorms to break the monotony, but we are very pleasantly situated at present, getting the advantage of the slightest breeze. We can also get a dip in the sea now and again."

"Elsie," under date Sept. 21st, has written grandad acquainting him of the fact he has been lucky enough to be moved to about 15 miles behind the firing line, and continues:—"Needless to say before I started the trek I guzzled all the A.B.C. parcel, and almost swallowed the tin containing the whales. I was glad to read that my hated rival Stevie has decided to buy a Sam Browne. Whoever told "Cycling" that he had a sense of humour ought to be made to ride tandem with him for years and years. Why he used to make me sob bitterly every time I saw him. Well, Bill, the morale's good, I mean mine is, for as there are only another four years to go to complete the first seven, which are always the worst in every war, we might as well keep smiling. I may possibly get a month's leave about December, so there is a chance of getting in a Club run before 1918."

MEMS.

McCann reports with great pride that the Average Attendance this year up to the end of September, that is for three-quarters of the year, is 17,425. Last year it was, for the same period, 15.5, so we can this year show an improvement of nearly two for the first nine months. The Average for the whole of last year was 16.629; we are already up to those figures; cannot we add another two and make the year's figures over 20?—that would be a grand achievement and IT COULD BE DONE!

Cherchez la femme—In case you have been wondering what has become of Tierney in recent years, perhaps the following announcement will enlighten you:—

TIERNFY—HALL.—August 29, at All Saints', Oakfield, by the Rev. Father Wade, William Charles, eldest son of Mrs. and the late Mr. Christopher Tierney, to Annie, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Alex. E. Hall, both of this city.

Hearty congratulations Charles. We hope you will speedily settle down in the realms of connubial bliss and resume your activities with the Club.

We also hear that Rudd entered into the Bonds of Holy Matrimony before rejoining his unit at High Wycombe, and desire to felicitate the happy pair.

"Boss" Higham is the latest addition to the Fellowship of Old Time Cyclists, so if you are qualified and would like to sport the O.T. badge you will be in good company. George Lacy Hillier is President of the Fellowship this year.

A paragraph in the "Liverpool Post" informs us that our ex-member G. A. Evanson is now "an officer in the Indian Expeditionary Forces somewhere in Asia or Africa. He was formerly a well-known member of the Anfield B. C."

Our older members have been quite interested in the resurrection of Arthur Thompson, who was our Hon. Secretary in 1888. He was a consistent performer in our road races (they were road races and not time trials in those days) on a Rational Ordinary, and was nicknamed affectionately "The Dorking." From a cycling point of view, Thompson has been dead for many years and the present generation know him not. Indeed none of the older members seemed to know that Thompson was evidently still pursuing the pastime, as no one has ever encountered him on the road, so that his recent articles on the "Philosophy of Variable Gears," in "Cycling" were very like a renaissance. These articles are excellent from a *journalistic* point of view, which means that when you have read them you cannot quite make out whether Thompson is pro and con on the subject. They strike our feeble intellects as rather of the "damning with faint praise" order. What a pity The Dorking did not enter the controversial lists when The Apostle, without any equivocation or doubt as to his meaning, was going bald headed for Sturmev in the columns of the old "Cyclist," or more recently in his equally direct tilts with "Arjay" in the "Irish Cyclist," and F. T. B. in "Cycling." We would suggest that Thompson might be induced to rejoin the Club and explain clearly what views he really does hold on the enthralling topic. It would give him a good opportunity of practically demonstrating the "Philosophy of Speed on the low gear" to Johnny Band, and just think of the arguments we should have, say at Halewood, when all tongues were lubricated and loosened! Who will volunteer to do the Club this service by negotiating with A. T. for his return to the fold?

The Master in pathetically reminiscent vein sends us the following touching obituary notice of the

DEATH OF THE CHEADLE CYCLING CLUB.

A great blow has befallen our pastime by the demise of the Cheadle Cycling Club, a club closely allied to the Anfield by ties of friendship and co-membership.

The place named Cheadle referred to is the Manchester Suburb of that name, the pretty Cheshire village at the foot of Schools Hill, the name according to some historians originally reading "Sheddle eye." Probably its origin is lost in the dark ages, but the origin of its Cycling Club is known, for our William Lowcock, the late President, was one of its inceptors, and has since filled every office, whereas Buckley was one of its earliest bulwarks.

The end took place in the 30th year of its existence and must strictly speaking be attributed to the War. The outbreak of the War found four of the last of the Cheadle path finders on tour in Shropshire and while the British Army assembled on Salop Station Square, the Cheadle men

staggered into the town only to get overrun by the Army, from which they had to be extricated by two Anfielders (Worth and Bentley). The Club, utterly dazed, never recovered consciousness. A moratorium was declared for the duration of the war or three years; all active work to be suspended and the funds to be placed at the disposal of War Sufferers. And so, in August, 1917, the three years being up, the Cheadle has fallen by the way, and the funds go to the Cheadle Red Cross. A fitting ending!

And now: the Ride-ards cease from Bikling
and the Haggards Ride no more

From the start the Club took up racing on both road and path. In its first path race on ordinaries the stars were W. A. Lowcock and the Herculean Footit. In team races on the path the early Cheadle was both admired and feared. They eventually won the much coveted Clifton Cup. The brothers Lowcock (of whom F. C. raced almost from infancy), George Buss, G. P. Watson, M. Daws (or Dawes)—the Cheadle Dagleish, with a superb style—and E. Buckley, then a raw novice, all familiar to the Anfield, are alive to tell the tale.

In Whitweek they toured in Wales, in the Autumn they explored France, in the Winter they dined well, but only once. How different this last detail from the later days of gastronomy during its second stage after the last Secretary took up office 20 years ago never to relinquish it, which long connection only became possible through a secret understanding with the other Officers that the Cheadle was not to be treated too seriously. Since then the Club ambled along like a nag, guided by word of mouth, but without reins.

Those were the days of paced road races and the Secretary's tandems appeared; the races were eventually replaced by time trials, which took place on any occasion on which a member chose to give notice. There were many friendly bouts between President and Secretary, who on one occasion rode the last mile with shoulders touching, both at their last gasp. When other Clubs discarded pacing, there was still room for the pacing in the solitary time trials of the Cheadle. The Sec. availed himself regularly once a year and the others humoured him. I think he shewed his best form, such as it was, in his Cheadle colours.

All this energy could not be displayed without ample feeding.

First came the dinners at the Handforth Slab-dabberies under the Chairmanship of a member who could not even ride a cycle, but drove a pony instead, and later followed a series of hotpots at Gatley Headquarters, which pots earned fame and the Cheadle dining ranks became solid formations, largely due to a square set of village heavies, who formed a steady background of local colour. These included a fat landlord, a powerful butcher, a couple of Urban Councillors, the gaffer of the great Gatley Railway excavation gang and others of equal merit. These men always sat against the far wall with Bikley as corner stone.

It must not be imagined that the President ruled by the aid of a magic wand; not so, he wielded a heavy silver studded presentation hammer. Now I must claim some credit for this idea, which occurred to me through the recollection of my first visit to Liverpool in '87 which endeared me to the city and late caused my appeal for Anfield membership. On that visit I hid myself to the Star Music Hall which had as unique feature a pit divided in small compartments in each of which stood a small table surrounded by seats. Well, in or above the one nearest the stage sat enthroned the chairman, perched on a peculiar raised dais, for all the world like a rocking stone as we still find in other parts of the country and which are supposed to have been left behind after the glacial period. Thus I sat at the feet of the elder Pineberg (whose son, Lieut. Harry Pineberg, proves so cordial a friend to us during present Newport week-ends). But far from resembling an iceberg his condition was sultry through rapping frantically with a mace or hammer by way of leading the applause, and

all the while loudly shouting "Order, order," overlooking the fact that he was the sole disturber. And thus it came about that Lowcock's gavel succeeded Fineberg's mace.

As often happens in days of sweet success, internal strife sometimes cleft the council in twain: the apple of discord usually being the Anfield, because the membership was divided in Pure Cheadle and Hybrid Cheadle, the latter belonging to both Cheadle and Anfield, and as the Pure Cheadle were men of few words, they referred to the big Liverpool brother as "B.A.," which cognomen should be preserved.

The Cheadle having become a by-word in Stockport, it was decided to let outsiders into the secret by instituting the famous Boxing Day Walk over the East Cheshire Hills, ending up of course with dinner, wine and song at our Country Quarters. So many people thronged to these walks that the event had finally to be abandoned for lack of breathing space. It was on one of these that the Club acquired its emblem, the Sign of the Porcupine Rampant, probably a work of priceless art, which for many years was carefully and secretly guarded, and a belief sprang up that the life of the Club was interwoven with it. Sure enough when it eventually disappeared in a mysterious way as if by supernatural agency the Club never recovered from the shock.

When road racing flagged the Cheadle were ready to concentrate on a new venture, namely, the August Tours with Bwlch storming. As many as 14 Cheadle Pioneers have been out on one of these Tours. There being no false pride about the Cheadle the services of the L.N.W.R. were called in, but mind you in no shamefaced manner. The Cheadle was not to be found hiding in overcrowded carriages. No the pride of place on such train was always given to the Cheadle Saloon Carriage, and the refreshments bar staff had to be on its metal with luncheon baskets, and nests of beer bottles. In fact when the Cheadle set off on its Dutch trip, a carpet was laid across the platform and the historian of that day wrote that: Sir Sam Fay wired: "The Cheadle Crew would man the Marylebone."

Some details of one of these tours (the Dinas Mawddy-Vyrnwy, when the Club reached its pinnacle in feet and hazard) may not be out of place here:—

From Watson's Captaincy the Club had passed into the keeping of the redoubtable Captain "Strousers"—a wonderful man who probably missed his vocation by being born out of date, and who should have been a pirate Captain—in short he was an Anachronism. He was also a Musician, having an only song, to which he played his own accompaniment. Men versed in every form of sport have sat around Captain Strousers to measure themselves with him, but each soon cried: "Hold! Enough!" What made him even more uncanny was the remarkable likeness he bore and still bears to Prince Lucifer: his age never changed; no one ever knew him younger than 40, and to-day he looks and is still "the man of 40."

It was Captain Strousers who led the ride to Dinas-Mawddy and challenged all who could to follow him. I well remember that neither President nor Secretary, nor even the Stockport Ox had any fight in them, but Bikley, on the other hand, was full of beans, so that a great struggle took place over the Bwlch-y-Fedwin, in which Bikley scored an able win.

Late that night the super Tankers drank deep and late. No Tank ever had so late a sitting, and this time the Satanic Captain triumphed over his rivals, they, as well as the landlord, becoming dead men. (And when next day the Anfield called for lunch at that very Hotel, they found the cupboard bare and the landlord incoherent, muttering to himself: "Nice gentlemen the Cheadle; but oh very lively.")

That following day the Bwlch-y-Groes was sealed from Llanymawddy, but at the foot brave Bikley (who had spent a dreadful night and never broken the fast) had to be abandoned in a field in an attitude both cou-

chant and dormant, as the heralds say. The rest staggered up and after untold agony stormed the summit, where the Roll Call was held and photographed. The picture was later enlarged to show posterity:

Captain Strouser's Last Stand.

A careful scrutiny betrays the secret of that success for both the Captain and the Master are seen carrying flacons of whisky in their breast pockets, from which the party sucked courage. Hence their Slogan Cry: *Duvsns Sec!!!*

May I never forget what we felt on that Mountain Top:

A Mighty Host from fair Carthage (ere the decline), led on by Hannibal.

"The air tastes like Champagne," exclaimed the Pres. with fervour, after a long pull at the Flask.

Hours later, after recovering consciousness, Bikley, empty and alone, made the ascent—a great feat—and found us at Yyrwy, then, utterly spent, he sank on to a couch. The Kodak shows him carefully tended by a young nurse and reveals the charm of Woman's Ways.

But it proved to be indeed Captain Strouser's last stand, for from that day he disappeared from the Club for good, and became the father of twins. Were they called after the tour; one Edwin and the other Groes?

Captain Crowcroft took his place, an able man, who had won his toe-clips in the Anfield. But whenever Strousers was mentioned an icy presence was felt, a ghostly member seemed present.

It is said that after long, long years the Captain has been seen again in dark and lonesome places, but so strangely unchanged that we feel afraid and hardly dare to pass the time of day, or beg a match or . . . lucifer .

SUCH WAS THE CHEADLE—IT'S LIKE WILL NE'ER BE KNOWN.

RUNS.

Eaton, September 1st, 1917.

This summer Eaton has usually been a very well patronised fixture, especially by those whose attendance is always looked for and desired. I don't mean by that that there is any member of the Club whose presence at a fixture is not desired, but there are a number of us who find it exceedingly difficult to miss one; we are taken for granted. The Eaton runs have been very sociable, and there has recently invariably been a flow of soul (and other things) there to make the heart glad these hard times. On the 1st, however, the attendance was confined to the ever-faithful, and although we can always enjoy ourselves we do like the others with us. There were no speedy garments, no tales of astounding adventures, by the way, no reminiscences of ancient days—just the ordinary talk of current cycling topics. We don't grumble, but we do want you other boys out. It couldn't have been the weather that kept you away for although there was a damp feeling in the air about Manchester, and gentle zephyrs blew, there was nothing to worry about, and Grandpa assured me that there was no rain in the Liverpool district. As Grandpa could give George Washington points in the matter of veracity, and has never been known to make a mistake in observations of the weather, I have no difficulty in accepting his word as gospel. In any case, it is quite unthinkable that weather conditions should have kept you away—the race of H.R.A.'s is surely not decadent.

The Skipper was the first to arrive, and I found him looking somewhat melancholy. He had a temperature and several other little things which he would have rather been without. Grandpa, the Mullah, Royden and Chandler came in succession and all separately, and at the witching hour of six there were but that number of us to sit down to the usual excellent

tea. When we were well on the way, the two Mundells came up, making a the party to eight—a poor muster. The evening was a glorious one, and riding home an unalloyed delight. Remember—Eaton is a good line and should be encouraged; there aren't too many of them now-a-days.

Halewood, 8th September, 1917.

While deeply conscious of the honour which the gentleman who controls the destinies of this publication wished to thrust on me in asking me for matter for this space, I stood afluttered at the thought of any feeble effort of mine finding place among the lustrous lucubrations which embellish these pages. Before the philological display, the wealth of expression, the poised phrases, which enrich like brilliancy the precious stone, or sparkling properties good wine, the vein of wit and humour of which the writers are in an eminent degree privileged possessors, my pen refused to move and the ink flowed on the paper in blots. In this dilemma, I repaired to the Editorial sanctum intending to return the price of my agony which had been promised me in advance, but spying on the table there a writing which seemed to have some bearing on the event concerned, I pocketed it from force of habit, and withdrew unobserved. This is what I "won":—

They met on the outskirts of the city. Both were mounted on vehicles of velocipedic type. One wore the latest thing in knickerbockers: he was a cyclist—a Beau Brummell of a cyclist. The other fellow had no money either, and his habiliment was such that by simply withdrawing from his half hose the extremities of the garment encasing his nether limbs—he presto—he immediately assumed the appearance of a gentleman! A glance at the enamelled button which they had—designedly—left at home, would have disclosed the fact that they were Anfielders. They were the merchandise and no mistake—and not damaged either—at least not so far, but the day was yet young. Shall I divulge their identity? List and hear. They were he and I. Now that we know one another I will proceed. Greetings exchanged, away we sped at a pace which to a caterpillar passed, ambulating in the same direction, must have seemed vertiginous. It was not long before we were joined by another man on wheels, one who has lately gained renown as an allotmenteer—whose giant marrows and other wonderful vegetable productions are beginning to make a noise in the world, and will soon be in everybody's mouth. He's the man for your money, if you like—in fact, whether you like or not, for even now he is preparing certain red slips for distribution in due course, threatening dire consequences, unless I know, because I'm expecting one myself.

Arriving at length at the venue, we soon became absorbed in a gathering of 16 stalwarts all from the Merseyside, the Manchester section being at their alternative fixture. As ever at Halewood, an excellent fare was provided for the inner man, fit to satisfy the most exacting of epicures. The pieces of resistance were juggins and chicked hare—I mean chickens and jugged hare—with the usual concomitants and follows. When we rose from table, life had assumed a roseate hue.

The post prandial proceedings were taken charge of by the choir, which was in good voice and sang with more or less spirit—according to the circumstances. It was a touching ceremony, and, taking in the choruses—or should I say chori?—one could easily understand the intoxicating effects of music. It was in the most interesting part of one of these musical interludes, that a sergeant of police, accompanied by a confederate in uniform, burst in upon our privacy, but failing to appreciate the true inwardness of the motif, they hastily withdrew notwithstanding our warm invitation to remain. Someone was responsible for another touching incident, one which was manipulated with good effect, resulting in quite a nice collection to swell the already handsome amount raised by the N.O.T.C. officials for the Prisoner of War Fund. Enough praise cannot be extended to Cook and his colleagues for their whole-hearted, energetic, and valuable services in this

connection, and if they don't get their reward on this sphere, perhaps in the next. . . . What would Willie say to a world where there are no motor cars, where free-wheels and rear lights are unknown, where he might have a golden bicycle encrusted with precious stones, and ride in unceasing rain, up interminable hills? Oh, that would be glory for him!

But all good things come to an end, and in spite of the entertaining company, the call of home caused the gathering to break up at quite a reasonable hour, and we went out into the blackness of the night, to seek our respective roofs.

Marion, September 8th, 1917.

This alternative Manchester fixture only obtained an attendance of six, H. Green, Oppenheimer, Dolamore, Mundell (Major), Mundell (Minor) and Turnor. Though the fixture proved in every way satisfactory it might have been still further improved by a larger attendance. Crowcroft showed the Club on August Bank Holiday that he is still in possession of sufficient vim to attain "evens," and on a recent Daresbury run the Master showed capabilities in the way of speed, of which even a youngster in search of record honours might be envious. When the executive chose this destination they hoped that, owing to its proximity to Congleton, Buckley would attend. These members were not present, and as it can be neither speed nor distance which kept them away what is the counter attraction? What is the charm which is requisite on our Manchester runs to attract the brilliant personalities, both named and un-named, who failed to appear?

The outward routes taken by the half-dozen participants were many and varied, and as conditions were good the jaunt evidently gave satisfaction. Tea having been partaken of, topics of world wide interest were discussed until Sub-Captain Green, having collected for tea, called "fall in." There was a certain amount of diffidence upon starting as to who should take the lead, but Green having once assumed that position there were no other aspirants for the honour.

A slight shower on the homeward journey was not sufficient to mar the enjoyment, though it necessitated the use of capes. In short it was a thoroughly successful outing.

Chester, 15th September, 1917.

When the Editor makes up his mind you might as well throw up the sponge. I thought I had got out of it very nicely when I politely declined his invitation to write up the run, but the sight of the hot tears coursing down his cheeks would have melted a stone, and I was as clay in the potter's hands; and I call myself a Sheffield man! Snatching a few days' respite from the arduous toil of raking in the shekels as one of these 'ere meat profiteers (vide press reports) I came home to civilisation to roost in vicinity of grandad's hydro, and was immediately pounced upon by that astute old gentleman as another likely victim to push him along on his tandem. I had not ridden a bicycle (except in the way of kindness) for years, so that at first I looked upon the request as a sign of senile decay on the part of the Old Timer. However, the role of passenger rather than unimpaired, I reckoned I could sustain that role very well; vain conceit of youth! All the craft and subterfuge piled up through a strenuous career availed me nothing when pitted against the superior strategy guided by that shining intellect, and for very shame's sake (Sheffield man tho' I be) I was forced to *work*. For countless miles on, on, and ever on without surcease from strife, through highways and byways, mostly uphill, did I toil, my sole recreation being to count the spaces on the old gentleman's brow extension where I wearily conjectured in some dim and remote past capillary adornments might have had their habitation, and my only sustenance the insidious acid as it permeated every fibre of my being. . . .

Arrived at Chester, we found a good muster of 16 all told, and the warm welcome I received from everybody obliterated all traces of fatigue with the exception of a disinclination to sit down. It seemed like ancient times, and I was simply delighted to be back again on the old game, and to renew acquaintance with old friends like Billy Toft, George Mercer, Teddy Edwards, Johnny Band, and others too numerous to mention. About 6-10 after a splendid tea increasing signs of restlessness on grandad's part warned me that the fight was not yet won. The Master having only a motor bike had already vanished to warn the hostleries en route to Newport, where we were week-ending, to retain sufficient liquid refreshment for our requirements, and we started off. I heard several ribald suggestions about "using my head," and this would have been an admirable idea if I could have sat on it, as that was where most of the trouble lay; unfortunately not being a contortionist the advice was impracticable. However, Nil Desperandum! We eventually arrived at the Wagon and Horses in good time, and were surprised to find F.H. had got there before us together with Jimmy Williams and Harry Poole, and they were foregathering with a (late) shining luminary of the theatrical world. The fair matron (fairer than ever) whose salient features time—usually so heavy-handed—has dealt but glancing futile taps, greeted us with enthusiasm and ideal chops—a mixture difficult to beat, after which we settled down to test the capacity of the vaults; the battle was undecided in the early hours when the forces were withdrawn. Poole and Williams were the first to capitulate some time after midnight after a protracted encounter with a glass of port, and 2 a.m. saw the whole company retreat in (comparatively) good order. A few minutes later—or so it seemed—the demon Pilot was astir—age withers not nor does custom stale his appalling energy—and after a good breakfast I was again trying to find a soft place on an unsympathetic surface, with nebulous results. However, agony, if protracted enough, loses its novelty, and calling to mind the ethics of Christian science I was able to persuade myself that I was suffering no pain, but that the feelings experienced, rightly interpreted, combined unalloyed delight with unmixed ecstasy. Through copious use of this faculty we were enabled to reach Shawbury, where I stood up to have a drink, so as not to overwork it—the faculty, I mean—and we then resumed the treadle to Ellesmere for lunch and so home. From time to time the Christian scientific theory gave out badly, and it was absolutely down and out the following morning, as no moral or mental persuasion on my part could convince me of the necessity of sitting down to meals. Apart from this, however, the tour was a stupendous success, and I only wish it could be the forerunner of others, but alas, the Black Country is far away from the civilised haunts of men, and the habitants thereof only cycle for pleasure, mounted on strange docile things encumbered with multifarious gear attachments and a horrible contrivance which enables one from time to time to sail with the wind regardless of effort. In a benighted country like that "form" is unknown, pedalling a decadent thing, and mileage a species of insanity. Oh! what work awaits the Apostle! From reports I have collected I understand the Manchester contingent left Chester shortly after us, and the others, reinforced for a few moments by Thomas Walter John (in a highly exalted condition after his prolonged sojourn in the Cathedral and other sacred edifices) made their way to the Shrewsbury Arms, and so home in the thickening gloom. Ganemede evidently immersed in soulful reflection must have lost his way on the top road as no sign of him was forthcoming after the first few yards; report has it, however, that he reached his cloistered retreat well before midnight.

Stretton, 22nd September, 1917.

This mild September day saw 20 members and two friends supporting the fixture at the Cat and Lion.

Morris and self again hauled out the Tandem Scrap, and headed for the Transporter, finding the Garston-cum-Speke roads in good order, and the going easy. Toft was ahead of us at the Ferry, and the usual Flag

Day lady transfixed us at Runcorn, where we enjoyed nice tea with bread and butter at Rileys, 10d. was the charge for three—quite a find these times.

Proceeding through Daresboro', we made Stretton in good time to find the Boss and Mullah, who had brought one of "The Manchesters in Khaki" to push him along.

Merzer and Cooper rolled up undistressed, although hotly pursued by Knipe, who had no taps to play with. They reported Chem, and Arthur again revelling in their favourite pastime, up hill and against the wind from Warrington. Why won't they take a tip from Cook, who arrived via Chester sitting up, with the breeze fluting around his axle? Cody, who overran Stretton for the pleasure of being waited back again, soon followed. Norman Higham, with military friend on Tandem, now swelled our numbers, and our host was advised that 16/17 would be nearer our muster than the 12 ordered for, but still they came. The Master was the next on a real bicycle, cool, composed, and a trifle haughty when reference was made to an extra adornment on his mount. Then Mundell and Mundell whom we hope to be checking past various points in the near future turned up. But who is this plump, swarthy youth who glides along with the assured air of one who knows? That smile, those twinkles. Why it's our own cheerful Stevie, fresh from his military course at Cambridge, and back home waiting to be gazetted, ready to out-wart Elsie.

Teddy Edwards next joined us via Blundellsands and Warrington. We were now touching evens for the "Food Stakes" when Green, with a determined "not to be late" manner arrived, and our cheerful hostess was informed that we had reached our majority and were 21. Well 21 into 12 won't go, not to the satisfaction of Anfielders' appetites, but the good lady of the hostel is a tryer, with something up her sleeve, and the result was quite worth the extra 10 minutes wait, although there was an anxious flutter in the ranks when Mac., delayed by tyre trouble, joined us half way through the meal, but the house was more than equal to the demand.

Adjourning below, the brew was pronounced very satisfactory by the experts, and 7.30 saw a general exodus, leaving only our "No hurry, plenty of time" merchants to look after Stevie. The homeward journey was very moist in parts. When one's shoes get filled with rain in the first mile or so nothing else much matters, so the Tandem urgers pumped the front tyre at Ditton, after restoring the percentage. Alcohol, they say, is beneficial in wet shoes; some of it may have got that far, but none was wasted. The rain held off when we were under cover, and resumed with a pea-soupy consistency soon after remounting. Before Hunts Cross we ran on to dry roads, but found them wet again at Woolton, where we arrived "Just in time" for us to—well—again pump the front tyre. Toft turned off here for home, and we found the going easy on the rain-washed setts to the 10.15 boat and dry slippers.

Cook, who took the lone trail via Chester and Wirral, reports practically no rain, and evidently got behind the barrage before the attack. We got it well in the neck and all the way down.

Delamere, 29th September, 1917.

It was an incomparable day that should have suited the idiosyncracies of all our members. Those who object to getting their machine dirty or dusty, and those who object to wind or rain, or riding in the dark were all equally well catered for as there was neither mud, dirt, wind nor rain, and the evening was as light as day with a full moon in a cloudless sky. *Que voulez vous?* One must go back years to recall such a perfect day, and yet we only mustered a dozen! Those who attend occasional runs and criticise the grub might better sympathise with Mac. and wonder how he solves the problem of guessing how many to order for. Stretton the previous Saturday which was *not* a perfect day, attracted a crowd of 22, so how is one to

explain 10 less at Delamere? Of course the absence of The Master and The Editor is easily understood. The former had spent all week writing letters, letter cards and post cards to the latter, and was no doubt exhausted with his labours of penmanship, while the Editor was in a state of nervous prostration after working out to 10 places of decimals with a black-board and a piece of chalk exactly what the communications meant! We don't know where the Master went to recuperate, but we highly commend Arthur for his choice of breezy Blackpool, and are certain that if he had not gone there he would not have been fit enough to get the Circular out this week, and desolation would have prevailed in the land. But where were the others? Ask us something easier. The noble dozen were Band, Toft, Cooper, Royden, Frank Mundell, Venables, H. Green, L. Oppenheimer, and Cook, Mac., Edwards and Turnor on trikes. Tea was a charming meal, for after the lovely daughters had attended to our creature comforts one of them provided us with a musical accompaniment, and as she played several Indian Love Lyrics it is just as well our young and amorous Lotharios were not present. One hesitates to think what the effect might have been on such a gay and sprightly spark as Lizzie B. for instance! Band had just returned from a holiday at Bull Bay, and regaled us with his experiences, the most amusing of which referred to two callow youths with motor bicycles on which they buzzed up and down all day long. This started Tommy recounting some frightful experiences of "voyages" off Bull Bay, when the boat got "up in the trough of the sea and down on the crest of the waves." Mac. booked some names for October 20th, and there seemed to be quite some excitement to learn by practical experience how to pronounce "Llangollen" after Mr. Milne's recent illuminating letter in the "Irish Cyclist," in which he tells us that "the 'L' represents the surd force of unilateral L and its sound stands to that of 'L' as that of 'Ph' to 'V.'" We wonder if Mr. Milne knows what "the surd force of unilateral 'L'" means? When preparing for the road we realised why L. O. has no objections to rear lights because he confessed to having done little night riding for many moons and he *was not complying with the law!* Ven. having told us that T. W. J. B. was anxious to be called for at Hinderton, the Wirralites nobly cut out the usual stop at Chester and went hell for leather, paced by Royden, for Shrewsbury Arms, but alas and alack there was no Ganemede! Supposing he had been there and we had not called would it have provided a *casus belli* or *E pluribus unum*? Still we had quite an amusing experience, for we unconsciously dropped into a Committee Meeting of the local bowling club, and as all the members seemed to know Cook, they positively insisted on our staying to listen to proceedings that were conducted with comic dignity. We simply do not know how to conduct our meetings. No one spoke without rising to address "Mr. Shareman," and when the discussion over "Mr. Pugh's prize" waxed hot and furious there was some rare bobbing up and down. "Mr. Shareman" had a very simple way of bossing things. He totally ignored any propositions he did not agree with, and kept making propositions of his own which no one would second, until finally in disgust he ordered a cup of tea, and made us feel *de trop* by reiterating his desire to "adjourn to a private room for two minutes as he could not carry the matter of Mr. Pugh's consolation prize any further"! No one took any notice of this, and finally the meeting adjourned till next Wednesday, but when we came to resume our homeward way we found another meeting going on outside, and overheard one member whispering to Cook something about the advantages of having a sober "Shareman." Altogether it was too funny for words, and it so bucked up Tommy that he rode up Evans' Hill and defied the police by concluding his journey with *both lamps out*. The only disconsolate one was poor Ven., who would not be comforted after the Weakness of Britten movement.

ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB.

FORMED MARCH 1879.

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

MONTHLY CIRCULAR.

FIXTURES FOR NOVEMBER, 1917.

	Light up at
Nov. 3.—Hinderton (Shrewsbury Arms).....	5-5 p.m.
" 10.—Warrington (Patten Arms) Musical Evening	4-53 p.m.
" 12.—Committee Meeting, St. George's Restaurant, 7 p.m.	
" 17.—Halewood (Derby Arms)	4-49 p.m.
" 24.—Chester (Bull and Stirrup)	4-32 p.m.
Dec. 1.—Hinderton (Shrewsbury Arms) subject to alteration	4-26 p.m.
" 8.—Warrington (Patten Arms)	4-22 p.m.
Alternative Runs for Manchester Members.	
Nov. 3.—Bollington, near Altrincham (Swan)	5-5 p.m.
" 17.—Allostock (Drovers' Arms).....	4-42 p.m.

Full moon, 28th instant.

Committee Notes.

Stourton Lodge,
Arno Road, Oxton.

The President and Mr. Toft arranged for the despatch during October of seventeen parcels to Members on Active Service Abroad, fifteen of which contained cigarettes, shortbread, pilchards and fruit drops; one with similar contents, but no cigarettes, and one containing shortbread, sultana cake and toffee—the cost of these amounting to £6 3/6. There was also an extra parcel sent in September, which contained bunloaf, etc.

Mr. H. Pritchard has kindly sent me a quantity of cocoa, milk and sugar tablets for inclusion in the parcels, and on behalf of the future recipients I take this opportunity of thanking him.

Once again we are "in the air" as regards a place for our musical evenings. The Moreton house has absolutely declined to do any catering after the end of October, and will not make an exception or extension to cover the 3rd November, in spite of having previously accepted the date. Our only course appears to be to hold the November Social at Warrington on the 10th November, i.e., **THE SECOND SATURDAY**, and to have an ordinary run on the 3rd to Hinderton. Will you please make a special note of the altered arrangements. It will probably be also necessary to go to Hinderton again on the first Saturday in December—you will be advised in due course if any alteration is made.

NEW ADDRESSES.—Rfn. WM. ROBINSON, No. 555423, No. I General Hospital, Casino 4, B.E.F. (temporary address—it might be better to address to Mrs. Robinson, c/o Mrs. Williams, The Nook, Park Row, Hornsea, E. Yorks); Cyclist A. P. JAMES, No. 10202, A.C.C., G.B.D., Salonica Army. Driver H. R. BAND, No. 215235, 220 Depot, R.F.A., Juppelhope, India.

APPLICATION FOR MEMBERSHIP.—EMILIO MACINTOSH, 1, Thornhill, Childwall Road, Wavertree, Liverpool; proposed by F. J. Cheminai, seconded by A. T. Simpson.

F. D. McCANN,
Hon. Secretary.

Treasury Notes.

The Hon. Treasurer reports that the dose of "Red Slip Tonic" administered to those who were suffering from tightness of the circulatory medium and inability to get their hands down, has proved effectual in many instances. A "second application," however, is necessary in stubborn cases, and he hopes that this will remove all sluggishness and generally ginger them up.

Any branch of the Bank of Liverpool will relieve you, and the Tue Brook Branch is where we keep it.

Concerning Those On Service.

We are pleased to hear that Rudd is himself again. He writes Cook under date Oct. 25th, that he is just on the point of departure for France. We all wish him the best of luck.

Postcard acknowledgments are to hand from James Rowatt (May), J. L. Mahon (August), and H. S. Barratt and R. P. Seed (October).

Postcard acknowledgments of parcels are to hand from A. P. James (July) "Many thanks to all the boys"; Percy Williamson (August) "With very best thanks to all"; G. Jackson (August) "I've received the Circular for August, too; needless to say I enjoy reading it as much as ever. Contents of parcel, which arrived as usual in good condition, were a special treat, and full justice, believe me, was done to them. They help to remind one of the days when we used to get our knees down under the table to a real Anfield Feast, which we do try to imitate. Please accept sincerest thanks"; Hubert Roskell (September) "Very many thanks to all—contents most welcome"; Clifford Dews (October) "With many thanks—the contents were just the thing for a growing lad."

Dick Seed, we are pleased to hear, has got a stripe—Lance-Corporal is now his description.

A. P. James also acknowledges the July parcel in a letter dated 12th September, in which he says "Many thanks to the A.B.C. for the July parcel, which arrived safely yesterday. It seems to have been wandering about Macedonia for the last fortnight. By the way will you put my address down as 10202, A.C.C., General Base Depot, Salonica—I left the 43rd Remount last April, and after three months road making and trench digging have started soldiering again, and am up by the Doiran Front, but I think if my letters go to G.B.D. they will have more chance of finding me. I had a joke I was keeping for Will Cook and the Baron, but as I find it will be another four years before my age takes me out of the Army, I'd better let you have it. I was passing through a village the other day and a Greek wished me 'Good morning.' I made the conventional reply,

and then stopped and complimented him on his English; he told me that he had been to England. 'What part?' I said, interested. 'AMERICA,' was the reply! I am keeping quite fit, and to date have only had one dose of fever (Malaria, of course). Cheerio! till the Day."

Grimshaw writes on 21st October, "Just a line to thank you all for your nice welcome parcels—sorry I have neglected writing for the last one; I was home on leave when it arrived, but was very glad of it when I returned, as we have been very busy since and had to get our food as best we could. I had a good time when I was home. I was sorry I could not get to the Run, as I had made arrangements to go for a motor tour and had to meet my friends on Saturday evening. My word! it was lovely to be on decent roads again. Do you know what part Cohen is in—I should be pleased if you could let me know, for I may be able to find him. We have lost Bailey, as he is in England training for a commission in the R.G.A. Please remember me to all the boys, and thank you all for your continued kindness."

"Wayfarer" provides us with some excellent "copy" this month, and we are quite relieved to think we have not to pay for it! His letter, running to seven sheets of closely written matter, runs as follows: "The post-card acknowledgment of the September parcel from the Good Old Club seems to me to be so utterly inadequate to express my thanks that I refuse to send it, and when I come to write a letter to take the place of the p.c., then words fail me. I have often mused on the extremely happy thought—surely suggested by the Angels—that prompted the A.B.C. to inaugurate this series of monthly parcels to absent members. An excellent idea, I thought—and so it is from the viewpoint of the men in civil life, or the soldier in training or stationed in England. But from the viewpoint of the man who receives the parcel—the man who is doing his bit in the trenches and has already entered upon the discomforts of army life overseas—the man who may be called upon at any hour of the day or night to look Death between the eyes, and to glimpse Hell with the lid off—the man who spends his hours of ease (if any) in a dug-out in company with one or two pals, and with a lot of other things that are NOT pals (though some of 'em stick closer than a brother!)—to such a man, I say, the monthly parcel idea is at least a thousand times more excellent. For the parcel does two things. Firstly (and chiefly), it reminds one that we who have proceeded overseas are held in remembrance by those left behind. We are divorced from those pleasures of the open road which we love so well, and England is simply "the land of my dreams." The parcel is a sentimental link between us and The Club. It is a token that we are not forgotten—that once a month, at least (and probably very much oftener), our names, our personalities have been passed under review by our clubmates at home. Then the parcel brings us a little selection of comforts, of luxuries, which helps to soften the relative harshness of army food. Heaven knows, we need one or two extras, though I am bound to say we are a well-fed crowd. One craves for a little bit of sweetstuff, for example, and the best thing that comes along is a packet of biscuits, from which (owing to the problems set up by the war) half the allowance of sugar has been omitted, Chocolate is as scarce as rubies, and toffee simply 'isn't.' Perhaps, then, you will be able to understand—but only dimly—what a parcel of "tuck" from Home means to us. Everything in the parcel is worth its weight in gold to me at this moment. The "Balmoral Rock"—God help us all: "is wisdom about?—is simply delicious. 'Tis an old favourite of mine (under the name of "Edinburgh Rock") at which I am positively intemperate. The biscuits shall be well and truly sampled later in the day. The tinned herrings will grace my tea "table" and will there find a sudden fate. The cigarettes remain a problem, for I have not yet succumbed to my Lady

Nicotine; still, they will not come amiss. Life always has its compensations. One may have to wash and shave in as much water as would boil an egg. One may have to sleep on a piece of sack with "creeping things innumerable." One may have to eat "Bully" and "Maconochie" each day and every day. One may have to "stand to" at all sorts of inconvenient times. But there are compensations—I received a parcel of them this morning and I want to express to The Good Old Club my most grateful thanks for, and my deepest appreciation of, their generosity and thoughtfulness. I spent ten days at the Base Depot, followed by a fortnight at a Reinforcement Camp. Last Monday I joined my Battalion and came at once into the Reserve Trenches. In a few hours time I expect to go into the Five Trenches for eight days. Then follows a "Rest"—(loud laughter)—and afterwards we keep on going round the mulberry bush. Fortunately I make my bow to Fritz on a quiet front, and at present life isn't "too bad." Rifleman W. M. Robinson, No. 555423, 12 Platoon, C Company, 1st Batt. Queen's Westminster Rifles, B.E.F. Under Army Regulations I am not allowed to put my address either at the beginning or at the end of a letter. It can go in the body of a letter, so there you are!

The latest news of Walter Robinson, after being wounded, is that he has now reached one of the Base Hospitals, and he may soon be over in England. He seems to be recovering slowly, and he has been operated on again. We most sincerely hope that the injury to the calf will not leave any after effects, and that he will be able to get about on his cycle after the war. Robinson says he is in a hospital run by Americans, "And I am in jolly good hands. One of the cleverest New York surgeons is dealing with me. Getting on all right, but 'it's a long, long way to Tipperary!'"

On the 23rd October Barratt writes: "Once again it is my pleasant monthly duty to acknowledge the safe arrival of another Anfield parcel. The weather has been slightly mixed lately, and about ten days ago I wended my way to the old bell tent, and distinctly saw it moving to the right and left, and up and down, so knowing that lime juice doesn't produce these effects I came to the conclusion there was some wind going about—at 2 a.m. it levelled all our marquees, and we had the job of sorting them out and fixing them up all over the place. The weather has been much better lately and the autumnal tints are beginning to show."

Dated 8th September, the following letter from J. M. Rowatt is just to hand (29th October). He says: "The May parcel and Club Circulars for May and June arrived by the last mail. The parcel was exceedingly welcome, as we have not been near a canteen for the last three weeks and were down to 'bully' and biscuits and 'char,' without milk or sugar. The country out here is not half so bad as some people try to make out; certainly it gets a trifle warm at times, but we do no work in the day, and it is everyone's ambition to 'go sick,' because the hospital arrangements are so good. Must stop now and write to the family. Please remember me to all the members at the next gathering."

Dated three days later than Jim Rowatt's letter, a letter from Harold Band came to hand by the same mail. Apparently the parcels have not reached him, as he makes no reference to them. He says: "Much to my surprise and to my great pleasure, I received the June and July A.B.C. Circulars last Saturday. I can assure you I read every word of both and quite revelled in the old recollections they recalled. Strange to say, I read them in hospital! The same morning I received the Circulars I managed to stop the near hind hoof of a big bay with my mouth. It was not very serious, luckily, but has messed my mouth a bit, both outside and in, and also cost me a couple of teeth. I was only kept in hospital one night, but have since been off duty. I am feeling fairly all right again now, so expect

to be back at work in a day or so. It seems strange, I have been over six months in the Army, and up to now have only learnt a bit of marching drill and how to groom a horse. This station is very warm and humid, but up to now I am standing it very well and feel as fit as ever I did. We have plenty of bathing facilities, both shower and swimming, so manage fairly well on the whole. One thing I would especially like to mention, and that is the very sympathetic paragraph about my brother Lawrence. I would like to express my thanks and deep appreciation to the A.B.O. for so kindly remembering a member of the past, although he had since left the old Club. Please remember me to all, not forgetting the 'Apostolic One.'—P.S.—One can hire a 'complete' bicycle here for four annas (i.e., four pence) the first hour and two annas the second—no extra charge for free wheel, two brakes, three speed gear, etc., etc."

MEMS.

Older members will recollect J. T. Patrick, who in the years 1903-4 was a member of the Club, and did a great deal of tandem riding with Cook. After his return to Ireland we lost sight of him entirely, our only knowledge of him being that he had become a "Sky pilot." Quite recently a figure that might have stepped out of a Bairnsfather picture appeared in Cook's office, and turned out to be Patrick. It appears that notwithstanding the exemption of his calling he was determined to "do his bit," and the only compromise he would make with his Bishop was to agree not to join a fighting unit. For two years Patrick has been in France as a Tommy driving a motor lorry for the A.S.C., and now, much against his desire he is in Blighty to qualify for a Commission. Patrick is married, and his home is now about 20 miles from Belfast, while the dome of his head is quite in the Chem.-Cook class. His interest in the Club is as keen as ever, and he desired to be warmly remembered to all his old friends.

Those of us who were at Bettws-y-Coed, Easter, 1915, will be deeply grieved to hear of the sad death, from pneumonia, of Mr. Walter Mansell. Mr. Mansell was Montag's brother-in-law, and came to Bettws with the Professor to lead the Snowdon party on the Good Friday. He has also been on unofficial week-ends at Llanarmon, and greatly endeared himself to all those who had the privilege of meeting him, for he was a man of many parts and great charm. Joining the R.F.C. last year as an air mechanic he was sent to Salonica, and unfortunately the rigours of that climate were too much for him, as after experiencing enteric and malaria, a severe attack of pneumonia supervened. We are sure that everyone will desire to extend deep sympathy to those bereaved, particularly to his widow and children.

Beardwood, Hellier and Worth had a very fine tour last month on the Welsh border. The two former rode from London to Leominster via Maidenhead, Cookham, Stokenchurch, Oxford, Burford, Stow in the Wold, Chipping Camden, Worcester and Bromyard, and after meeting Worth continued on to Presteigne. The next four days were spent delightfully pottering about over a route mapped out by Worth (which means that it was intricate and delightful) with the nights spent at Three Cocks, Gros-mont, Leominster and Newent respectively. The return to London was made via Gloucester, Cheltenham, Faringdon, Wantage, Pangbourne, Reading and Staines, and we hear The Panjaudrum was unusually fierce up the hill out of Cheltenham, while the meeting between him and Worth after 12 years was somewhat dramatic, and the evenings were spent "recalling ancient history in old world inns with pints of the real nut brown." Beardwood has discarded his 3-speed hub, having come to the conclusion that it "may be all right for potterers, elderly novices, ladies and people who do about 20 miles per day, but to anyone who wishes to tour 75

miles a day at a steady 10 or 12, there is no gain., on the contrary there may be a loss," and as he talks of discarding the free wheel for the winter he is evidently progressing along the right path.

Having heard that Sammy Barton was in the Army, we had a shock the other day when we saw on the bill boards of the Argyle, Birkenhead, "Sam Barton. The Comedy Man with a Bike"—surely there cannot be two Sammy Bartons who are amusing with a bicycle!

Clifford Dews writes to Uncle, "I received Anfield parcel and enjoyed it 'bon,' as did several others here. I think it extremely nice to feel that one is not forgotten. Flying is a huge success, and I think I am doing fairly well. To-day my instructor made me land the bus several times in a field about three miles from the aerodrome. I made some topping landings, and he told me to take him back to the 'drome and land her since I could do so well. Naturally, I came down a wollop, and burst a wire just to let him see how well I could do it. Anyway, for all that I think I ought to be flying my own bus by the end of the week, so cheerio! The roads here are awful, and since the last time I wrote I have not done any cycling."

Just as we go to press we learn that our Allotmenteer-in-Chief (the Man for your Money) has been awarded first prize in the Murphy Section, in the form of a parcel of War Loan Scrip. This is highly gratifying and should give a strong fillip to the Back to the Land Movement. His suggestion that this unexpected increment should be utilised for the satisfaction of the outstanding subscriptions, though doing him infinite credit, is scarcely practicable, and the little red slips at the front must still go forward.

The Presider, too, has been very successful in unravelling his plots—this is no fiction—and has helped himself to considerable booty among the Speshul Awards.

RUNS.

Allstock, October 6th, 1917.

The weather during the first days of October was wicked and gave no kind of promise for the first Saturday. But, behold! the rains ceased, a good wind dried the roads early on Saturday morning, the sun shone brightly, and, barring only the cutting quality of the breeze, the afternoon was perfect. Two of us were making a nice round when we met Buckley who had been out in search of fresh waters wherein to wet his line—with success, we were glad to hear. We three were early at the rendezvous, but had not long to wait before being joined by Boss Higham, and later by Turnor and the two Mundells. The ham and eggs were ready to the minute, and after tea we gathered round a roaring fire to listen to words of wisdom from the seniors. It's strange; some people seem to get all the adventure whilst others just have to plod along a humdrum way unrelieved by any excitement. Now the Boss and Buckley seem to attract interesting happenings as a lightning conductor attracts the electric fluid (I hope a lightning conductor *does* attract the electric fluid, Mr. Editor; in these matters I am a child, but you, the All-knowing, will put me right if I am wrong). Bick's story of the rural constables and the light shining through the unblinded window, with the long drawn out sequel, was distinctly funny, and the remarks made by his companion in the offence against Dora to the police were just what we most of us would like to make very often these days, but then we haven't the courage. There's only one other man I know who could really take a rise out of a self-important Bobby and escape unscathed; you all know him. The vagaries of the recruiting people came in for discussion, and the Boss had many apt illustrations to back up his arguments. We got away in a crowd in good time for a fine run home

shedding Bick at the Stocks and others at various points, and reached the bosoms of our respective families nice and early after an outing under far more favourable conditions than could with any reason have been expected.

Halewood, October 6th, 1917.

Me an' my Pal, wot's known as the Doctor, started out on this Tactical Scheme at 3.46 p.m. precisely, and one of us was disguised as an Italian Organ Grinder with a cold in his head. We started on foot at 4.32 m.p.h., but this pace being found to be too fast for the bulk of the Party (or Squad) we halted and worked out the correct pace to arrive at Halewood at tea time. This was found rather difficult as one of the Squad (or Section) had forgotten how far Halewood was, and the other never knew. However, by dividing the original pace by 8 and multiplying by 6, not to say taking away the number first thought of, a satisfactory rate of progression was adopted. Since we arrived at our destination nearly an hour before time, there was something wrong with our calculations somewhere, but as neither party could prove the other to be the defaulter the discussion arrived at a Cul-de-Bag. The other members of the meeting arrived at about the same time, and in due course recognised the Organ Grinder. We talked about things in general until six o'clock, when we rushed upstairs only to find three females putting a leaf in the table. The majority decided to 'leaf' them to it ('elp!) for another half hour, and held a thanksgiving service in the Tank before tea, which has never been known to happen before. It was a dry job, too, by the way, to one who like me had led a thirsty life recently.

Tea, when it did arrive, proved very satisfactory. The ducks were splendid fellows, and as I was one of the early finishers I was in at the steak.

After tea, an adjournment was made to the Chapter House below stairs, and Johnny Band became frightfully intoxicated watching me drink Beer. He even had the impertinence to impute that I never knew when I'd had enough, but he's wrong. Everybody's had enough when—but never mind.

Poor old Chem. had dragged one foot after the other (loud indignation from Chem. I'll bet, but I'm out of range) from Wavertree Clock. He also brought his friend Mac. out with him. I forget his full name, I regret to say, but I have a vivid recollection of an account of an eccentric honeymoon at Eastertide.

Friend Mac. was very humorous on the Government Control stunt, and altogether it was a most pleasant evening, especially to one who had been unavoidably detained from attending such functions for some time. Chem. and party, and the Doctor and his squad, tried in vain to get a Taxi to take them to their several destinations; failing in this, owing to Uncle monopolising all the petrol for his cars and things, they went back in the same way they came out.

It is, perhaps, needless to say that the after dinner proceedings were carried out with the tact usual on these occasions, and I may add that this time neither the Police Force, Fire Brigade, nor the Military suspected anything at all. If they had, I am sure Mac. the Second's elocution would have been equal to the occasion.

There were twenty-one out. How many arrived home to tell the tale I know not.

Warrington, October 13th, 1917.

Sixteen was not a great muster on a pleasant October day, with plenty of sunshine and a following breeze from the sea.

Those who supported the fixture were well satisfied with their reception and treatment, which should ensure a monthly repetition. Toft and Ven. sampled some of the lanes used in the old paper-chasing days (when Teddy Worth and a kindred spirit lured their pursuing clubmates into difficult paths) nearly losing themselves . . . after sharp left at the Unicorn, and eventually dismounting when the ruts deepened in the sodden surface, where Elderberry and Hawthorn—alive with feasting birds, shadowed a darksome pool. After skirting a field of "turmits," a buxom farm lady put them right for "The Old Barn" and Rainhill Stoops; thence the going was easy, and the main road in splendid order most of the way to Warrington, where Chandler was found in the "Patten" lounge, with comfy chair and nice fire. Boss Higham, Mullah, Green, Oppenheimer and Webb soon joined up, followed by Mundell Major and Minor. The Skipper and Cook, via Chester, and the Forest next widened the circle, preceding Edwards who had gone out via Transporter to Frodsham and Kingsley, to make a decent ride of it. Knipe was delighted to find his watch telling him that he and Cody had gained the "Patten" from the ten mile distance in 30 minutes.

The busy waitress, with uncanny instinct, announced that she had laid for 16, so Charlie Conway, who arrived in nice time to be served without delay, completed our number. The rationing scheme panned out alright, in spite of the fact that we were keeping within the law. We will do well not to grumble, even humorously. "Anfield" humour is not always understood by handmaidens, or when re-told in the kitchen, and if Mac. can induce others to meet us in a similar satisfying manner, he will deserve to have the refusal of the present Controller's job when the latter is promoted. The pleasant hour after tea passed all too soon under the soothing influence of tobacco and friendly chat. More candidates were booked for the Autumnal (when we are hoping to meet a merry warrior from France) and a few followers of "John Barleycorn" toasted "The Cycling Club." The Manchester contingent were first away, with a light breeze to assist, soon followed by the "first stop Chester" Wirralites. Moscow Drive may have been attained in evens, if the form shewn coming out held good. The Water Splash, after Cronton was again forded by the Cressington and Wallasey trio, who parted company at Gateacre Brow, and no doubt "Castle Conway" enclosed the martial spirit of its owner, before his clubmates sank into their own easy chairs, to muse and reflect on the health-giving joys of cycling on this typical autumn day.

The Autumnal Tunts Week-end.

Although the attendance of 28 altogether and 24 at Llangollen was somewhat smaller than last year's fine record, it was eminently satisfactory under the prevailing conditions, and it was particularly significant that *only nine* sought motor transport. What a pity Jack Marchanton was not with us to witness the confounding of his own prophecies! It might almost be called a resurrection week-end with Tierney among us once more, and several pseudo motorists on bicycles again. There was a rumour that Fred Gee and Alec Jack had "dared" each other to come on cycles, but rumour proved to be a lying jade, much to the relief of Jimmy Williams who stood to suffer serious financial loss if they had materialised. What a vista of possibilities this rumour unfolds. One can see in imagination that next year Poole, Williams, Sumter, Cooper, Fell, Rowatt and Toft will be in the steady pack, and perhaps induce Buek, Prichard and Charlie Keizer to join them, while other wanderers may have recovered their cycling activities. We must get Chem. to consult his spiritualistic friend on this point. The Golden Lion at Rossett proved to be quite a good find for tea, and should take the place of Pulford in our Fixture list. Ven. and Tierney on a tandem had had tea early and gone on, but with 14 sitting down at six, this

part of the fixture was nicely patronised. Most of the party appear to have come out direct, but we heard Band and Cook talking about "Curly Girlie," "Seven in a bed," and "Rexham," which sounded rather circuitous. We were all sorry to hear that The Mullah was ill with pleurisy, apparently the result of military duties, and we hope he will soon be in the saddle again. After tea, Band, Edwards and Cody returned home, and just as the other eleven (Toft, Fell, Green, Dolomore, F. and F. G. Mundell, Cook, Blackburn, Royden, Simpson and Chem.) were about to start Chandler rode up just in the nick of time to proceed with the party after being delayed at Chester with tyre trouble. At Ruabon the usual stop was made, and to our great delight we discovered The Master risen from a bed of sickness, but rapidly recovering under the sunshine of the Quotas! Last year we all bought Raffle Tickets, but this year we all joined the Quota Club, and we must say the pink badge is very charming. Thus reinforced (by F. H., the journey to Llangollen (mind you get "the surd force of unilateral L" or your pronunciation will be hopeless) was very rapid—so rapid that none of us recognised the greeting we got from the Norman Higham tandem returning to Chester after pacing The Boss down—and we were soon being greeted in the yard by William G., who is no relation of Fred of that ilk. We just managed to get in ahead of Billy Owen, who had been "seeing life" with his tyres around Cerrig, and eventually we discovered about the premises, Oliver Cooper, Williams, Sunter, Poole, Rowatt and two friends, making up a nice crowd of 24 which Ven. bedded down in his usual consummate way. Of course, those who had cut out Rossett had dined, but the rest of us supped, and afterwards became barristers. It was quite an original Tank party, because we were all "called to the Bar," and standing up seemed to be very popular! Still, we had lots of fun, and Chem. told us all about his experiences in Psychic Circles, while Arthur was very busy arranging terms for a Marathon with Mr. Johnson under clauses of considerable intricacy. Sunday morning saw us all up bright and early—ready for the road. Cooper's car departed for the Glyn Valley, while Poole and Sunter's cars went to Bettws., and Boss Higham returned direct to Chester, but the rest of the party, sixteen strong, made for Ruthin. (Perhaps we should say thirteen strong and three weak, as we had with us "The World's three worst cyclists.") We all went via the Horseshoe, and signed on at Llandegla, where "some of that" was in great demand. At the foot of the Nant-y-garth most of us showed that we had not forgotten Professor Rockandtappitt by taking the side trip up the Llanellidan road to see the coral formation in the carboniferous limestone. Arrived at Ruthin, we found Lord Hawkes, the new Beer Controller, awaiting us, so needless to say we did very well and had an excellent dinner. Toft and Fell were the first to leave as the latter had to go on Police duty, and investigate a complaint of dereliction lodged by Captain Band; and Billy Owen was of course bound for Menai Bridge, so we had to part with him with many expressions of regret. Chem. and Arthur having decided to nurse the Tierney-Ven. tandem home by easy stages (for further particulars see small bills) the rest of the party got on with it, and it is worth recording that seven out of the ten rode Bwlch y parc with apparent ease. Royden and Hawkes being bound home direct via Queens Ferry, were not waited for at the Loggerheads, but the attempt of Blackburn, Cook and Chandler to accompany the Manchester quartette as far as Chester was rather a failure. The quartette and Chandler were rather quick off the mark, and F. H. coming up was accompanied to Mold, but only Chandler was found waiting. F. H. having plenty of time for his rattler at Chester begged the trio to "get on with it," which they did without any more success than "sighting" the quartette on the long Broughton-Saltney straight, which was not an altogether satisfactory way of saying "Good Bye." We understand the

quartette had tea at Delamere, while the trio reached Hinderton just in time to find the Poole-Sunter car parties concluding a meal. Thus was brought to a close a most delightful week-end in jolly company and favourable weather. The tints were magnificent, and no rain was experienced except by those who avoided Ruthin, although wet roads were encountered as we approached Wirral. Altogether the fixture ranks as one of the best we have ever had, and there was no cloud on the enjoyment of anyone. Even Cecil in a saucy pair of breeches (not trousers this time) and Arthur in his military what-nots did themselves a world of good, and the way Chem. literally dashed up Brunswick Road showed how completely he has recovered his old form.

Perky Pars.

Teddy Edwards developed a distorted sense of humour on the way out. Announcing with sphinx-like sincerity he would guide Chem. and Arthur through little-known paths so as to avoid the gale, he took them everywhere where the wind ought not to have been, and the plot was not discovered, owing to their physical and mental paralysis until after countless miles of agony, when they smote him as he rode. This was a cruel trick, especially on poor Chem, faint from loss of blood involved in the death of his front teeth the week previous.

Ven. has evidently profited by his tandem riding experiences, and could be seen putting in plenty of brain work behind Tierney. Nothing escapes Grandad, and we understand he has now definitely abandoned the idea—for some time germinating in his brain—of getting Ven. to push him about.

There was intense rivalry for the favour of the fair sex at times, but unfortunately Uncle was severely handicapped owing to the ill-fated Chem.-Cook Hair Restorer Syndicate having been liquidated before the priceless fluid (now unfortunately exhausted) had had sufficient time to get in its deadly work.

A silent toast was drunk, from time to time, all "standing" (despite Dora—and Police-Sergeant Fell) to the lost ones, P. C. and Hellier, and their absence was acutely felt.

No credence should be attached to the rumour which was current that Harry Poole was seen in dangerous proximity to a small port, and we are also authorised to categorically deny the report that the Presider insisted upon having *two* dry gingers in the Tank.

The total prohibition of intoxicating liquors on Sunday in the Welsh hostelrys was acrimoniously commented on; at several places only beer and spirits were obtainable.

The tunts on the Sunday were beautiful beyond measure. Every few moments Chem., his artistic sense evidently quickened (in inverse ratio to his pedalling) on going up the Bwlchs was transfixed with almost speechless admiration, making funny noises with his mouth, which must have taken on strange meanings as they wafted to us sounding like !!—!!!—!!!!

F. H. is a cheerful soul in the chambre à coucher. No matter how—er fatigued he is on retiring he is up with the lark at 8 hours, full of remorseless activity just as one is getting to sleep, and has plunged into a bewildering maze of reminiscences long ere the matutinal tea (with which he makes his own blend by the admixture of some potent and mysterious compound) has made its appearance.

Although the view formed on previous occasions that Chem., the Master, and the Editorial wash-out are the three world's worst wheelers was fully confirmed considerable difference of opinion still prevails as to

which of the trio deserves the honour of being the *actual* worst, and this important question would appear to be almost insoluble. They all three walk well. We had hopes of including the erstwhile yachtelyst in this category, but since he has discarded his sea boots when taking his bicycle out, and assumed cycling garb, he has attached himself to the fast Royden pack, and at a bound become a cyclist—too proud to alight.

Ven. was much disturbed on returning at the strange propensities of the honeymoon tandem tyres, which mysteriously, and from no apparent cause now and again lost their nourishment. Tierney indignantly scouted the explanation tentatively put forward that the sentimental warmth of his feelings, natural to a bridegroom homing to his nest after such a prolonged absence, had in some occult manner communicated itself to the brake-blocks, thus generating intense heating of the rims and resultant deflation. Nevertheless the fact remains that no puncture could be discovered, so there is something to be said for the theory.

Chester, October 27th, 1917.

The Tour Proper may be said to have commenced on the previous evening, when the writer foregathered with the Great War Chief, Cohen—home on leave—a brother Officer, and Cam, at a hostelry fairly well known to the cognoscenti, the Syndicate being joined after allotment by young Cecil. In order to allow of a proper observance of Dora, supper was postponed and the time usefully occupied. As the great White Chief had engaged two seats for the purpose of bidding "Good-byeee" to Harry Tate, there was no time for dallying over this meal, accordingly after a Dauch and Dora (or should it be Dori?) at 10.15 a move was made. Here disaster overtook the party, as no conveyance could be had for love or money, thus bringing the horrors of the war home to the Military Men, who had only been out at the Front a few years, and of course had never experienced anything so terrible as this. Struggling gamely on, however, the quartette, consisting of Keel, The Editor, and the Military (there may have been more—it is difficult to count these dark nights) eventually brought up at a strag taxi silhouetted by the pavement, some couple of hundred yards from the Hall of Pleasure. A brilliant (though as it transpired unnecessary) out-flanking movement by the Strategists, succeeded in capturing this without serious casualty, and the troupes dashingly poured in and consolidated the position. It was a comfortable enough dugout, and only some minutes had elapsed before it was found that the vehicle was at identically the same spot where it had been commandeered. This curious phenomenon intrigued the party considerably, but it was not so long before the matter was cleared up: there was no driver, and apparently never had been—a barren success. It was here the unfailing resource of the Military had full scope—they simultaneously gave the order to retire, which was done in single file and (comparatively) good order. Having formed fours (or rather four—or five as the case might be) on the pavement, the battalion marched the remaining distance, arriving at the Place of entertainment in plenty of time to enjoy the strains of the National Anthem—a pleasant evening.

An important contingent of the Club, including Chem., Theakstone, Cam, the G.W.C. and the Editorial hack foregathered at the same ill-fated hostelry the following day for lunch, but there was no sign of Cecil. During the course of the afternoon odds were freely offered about the Editor reaching Chester that day, but the betting men grossly underrated this intrepid Hard Rider, for as the Cathedral chimed six bells there could he be seen storming the yard at the B. and S., free wheel and all, after such an outburst of speed as would have made history, could he have foreseen this form, and arranged checkers. A gathering of about 16 (tho' still no

sign of poor Kekil) had just begun operations on the rosbif and vegetables (a first class meal), and this was augmented a little later by the arrival of George Mercer. Cohen had arrived by train and received a warm welcome. The Mullah lately arisen from his deathbed, was the recipient of congratulations on his miraculous recovery. Grandad had piloted two prospective youthful Anfielders through the lanes to Kelsall, and judging from his careworn expression and gentle subdued bearing, had tasted of the acid when it was good and plenty. He confided to the present scribe more in sorrow than in anger that they were hefty lads, if slightly lacking in style; a few runs with our stylists, however, will soon remedy this slight defect. After tea a large ring was made round the fire, and Li. entertained us with his experiences which were exceedingly interesting. The Manchester contingent (Green, Mullah, Mundell and Higham) was the first to evacuate the terrain, followed some time after by the Wirralites and Birkenheaders with the exception of George Mercer and the Editor, who remained with the War Chief who was staying the night. George did his utmost to tempt the little fellow to accompany him on the train, insinuating the while that otherwise his return half would be useless, but this Hard Rider was adamant in his determination to see the thing through. Accordingly, at 9.30 precisely of the clock he braved the elements, and ten miles from home encountered the worst blizzard in the history of the oldest inhabitant, reaching his domicile in a state befitting a Real Rider.

A. T. SIMPSON, Editor.

ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB.

FORMED MARCH 1879.

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

MONTHLY CIRCULAR.

FIXTURES FOR DECEMBER, 1917.

	Light up at
Dec. 1.—West Kirby (Ring o' Bells).....	4-26 p.m.
.. 8.—Warrington (Patten Arms)	4-22 p.m.
.. 10.—(Monday) Committee Meeting, St. George's Restaurant, 7 p.m.	
.. 15.—Halewood (Derby Arms)	4-21 p.m.
.. 22.—Chester (Bull and Stirrup)	4-23 p.m.
.. 26.—BOXING DAY—Chester (Bull and Stirrup)	4-25 p.m.
.. 23.—Parkgate (Union)	4-28 p.m.
1918.	
Jan. 5.—Halewood (Derby Arms)	4-37 p.m.
.. 10.—(Thursday) Annual General Meeting, St. George's Restaurant, 7 p.m.	

ALTERNATIVE RUNS FOR MANCHESTER MEMBERS.

Note—Tea at 5-30 p.m.

Dec. 1.—Bollington, near Altrincham (Swan)	4-26 p.m.
.. 15.—Alderley Edge (Trafford Arms)	4-21 p.m.
.. 29.—Allostock (Drovers' Arms).....	4-28 p.m.
1918.	
Jan. 5.—Bollington, near Altrincham (Swan)	4-37 p.m.

Full moon, 28th instant.

Committee Notes.

Stourton Lodge,
Arno Road, Oxtou.

The Annual General Meeting is to be held at the St. George's Restaurant, Redcross Street, Liverpool, at 7 p.m., on THURSDAY, 10th January, 1918. If you have any subjects to bring before the Meeting, please let me have a note of such not later than Tuesday, 1st January, 1918, so that I may enter them on the Agenda.

The parcels despatched by the President and Mr. Toft in November numbered 18—17 of which contained cigarettes, filleted mackerel, short-bread and camp pies, while the remaining one consisted of a cake, short-bread, toffee and honey.

Corporal NORMAN M. HIGHAM, 11, Stanley Place, Chester, has resumed Active Membership.

Mr. EMILIO MACKINTOSH, 1, Thornhill, Childwall Road, Wavertree, Liverpool, has been elected to Active Membership.

A hearty vote of thanks was passed to Mr. A. T. Simpson for the very excellent musical evening provided at Warrington on the 10th November.

Owing to the difficulty of finding a suitable place for musical evenings, it has been decided not to hold the usual one per month during the winter, but it is intended to have another later on, on a date yet to be fixed.

At the Manchester Sectional Runs the tea hour will in future be 5.30 p.m., as this time has been found to suit the general convenience better than the old hour of 6 p.m. It only applies to the Manchester Runs during the winter months.

The Boxing Day Run will this year be to the Bull and Stirrup Hotel, CHESTER. Dinner will be at 1.30 p.m., and the following meeting places are suggested—for those who desire a ride before dinner, Clatterbridge, at 10.30 a.m., and for those going straight out, New Ferry Tram Terminus at 11.30 a.m.

Your attention is specially directed to the change in the fixture for the 1st December. The Run is to WEST KIRBY, and not Hinderton.

NEW ADDRESSES.—Sergt. R. T. RUDD, D/310 Battery R.F.A., 62 Division, B.E.F.; Lieut. LIONEL COHEN, R.E., D.G.O., 36th Division, B.E.F.; 2nd A.M. G. POOLE, No. 60833, M.T. Section, Repair Park, 2 A.S.D., R.F.C., B.E.F.; Sergt. J. HODGES, F.P.O., D. 75; E.E.F.; 2nd Lieut. G. STEPHENSON, 2/1 Royal 1st Devon Yeomanry, East Dereham, Norfolk.

F. D. McCANN,
Hon. Secretary.

Treasury Notes.

The Red Slip Tonic having had no effect in certain obstinate cases of inability to shell-out, the Hon. Treas. has determined to take certain drastic measures. Beware, ye laggards! Escape while there is yet time.

Concerning Those On Service.

Postcard acknowledgments of parcels are to hand from J. Hodges and D.C. Kinghorn (both August), A. Warburton and P. Williamson (September), Ramsey Wells, Hubert Roskell (October); Ramsey Wells (August parcel) "With many thanks, but it has been a terribly long time but just as good all the same. Best thanks to all the A.B.C."; J. A. Grimshaw ("Please accept my thanks for the fine parcel, which I received all right. Remember me to all the boys"); W. M. Robinson (both November); and A. P. James (August parcel).

Kinghorn adds to his postcard referred to above: "Very many thanks to the members for their continued kindness. I am keeping fairly fit but very fed up with Egypt and its sand and flies, and would like a sight of Moreton and neighbourhood," while Ramsey Wells adds, "With very many thanks—kind wishes to everyone"; and Williamson says, "Many thanks to all. Also for October Circular received some days ago—they are both of one quality—the Anfield."

Hodges writes on the 17th October: "Will you please thank the Club members for the August parcel, which I have just received. The contents were, as usual, excellent and most acceptable. It arrived whilst I was on leave, and was a very pleasant greeting for me when I got back to the old dugout. I had a very fine seven days at Luxor and Assouan, including

an exciting twenty miles down the Nile on a felucca and a mosquito-infested night on the deck. A curious and rather disquieting thing I noticed whilst away was that I could not get a decent night's rest in a civilised bed. Now that I am 'back to the land,' otherwise the floor, I am again having sweet, restful slumber."

Heartiest congrats. to Li. Cohen on getting his second "pip"—he writes: "By the time you receive this my domicile will be changed. Henceforth please address all communications as follows (see Committee Notes). The D.G.O. stands in Army language for Divisional Gas Officer. Am fairly busy taking over, so have not the time for yards of my usual tripe. Give my best to all the boys. Good bye." "

Hubert Roskell expects to be home soon—he added to his postcard "Am going home for the winter, and hope to see you all on the second Saturday in December. Best wishes to all the boys."

Kinghorn writes the Keizerette on the 12th September:—"I had faint hopes of being able to be with you (at Port Erin), but my work has increased so much and I am so understaffed that it is quite impossible for me to get away. For the last six months I have only been able to get about 5 hours in 24 off duty, and it is very trying in the terrific heat which prevails here for seven months of the year. The prospect of any early finish of the war does not appear too brilliant at the moment, but I think I will be able to manage a month at home next spring. Am keeping fairly fit. Kindest regards to all my pals of the A.B.C."

H. R. Band writes on the 4th October:—"I have received no parcels from the A.B.C. yet, and from what I hear I do not think it worth while sending them. Not that I would not like to get them, but the fact is that men who have parcels sent from home receive on an average one out of six. I am sorry, because I was quite looking forward to the Club parcels. It is not very strenuous work here; the training is nothing like so severe as at home and consequently takes much longer. We are not allowed out of barracks until 5 p.m., and find plenty to do in the evenings—generally there are football and hockey matches to watch. I am as fit as a flea."

Rudd writes on October 6th: "Just a few lines to let you know I am still on the map. I was at the base only a few days before I was drafted up the line, and I am now living in the cellar of a ruined house. Remember me to all the boys."

"Wayfarer" writes on the 2nd November:—"One of our members who hopes effectively to conceal his identity under the nom-de-guerre of 'Mother of ten' writes: 'The first thing they did to me on arriving in hospital after being wounded was to inject a formidable dose of Anti Tetanus Serum into my arm. This was followed by three other similar injections, supplied weekly. The injection is usually spoken of by its initials A.T.S. That makes things beastly awkward for our own Arthur's initials are the same, and I am horribly afraid that when next I see him I shall commit the unpardonable error of calling him 'Auntie' or 'Mr. Serrum.' "

Cohen writes on the 11th November:—"Fritz must have known of my return from leave, for we had a real fruity reception: Pineapples filled with H.E. The only snag in this job is that we are situated miles from nowhere, so we have still to amuse ourselves by gazing on one another's Sphinx-like features. Old Moore said something about 1988, and I am beginning to think he is going to be correct, so Good-byeeee and keep smiling, which is the greatest ambition of your peaceful friend."

Walter Robinson writes on 21st November: "I have just despatched the p.c. acknowledgment of the November parcel, and having now sampled the goods I cannot rest until I have written the promised letter, which, please the pigs, will reach you simultaneously with the p.c. I can suggest

only one improvement on the contents of the parcel. A general dictionary (or a dictionary of synonyms) would be a useful addition to enable one to find suitable and adequate language for the expression of one's thanks. Really the contents could not have been more happily chosen. I believe my October parcel 'went west.' I envy the fellow who got it, and hope he had the decency to acknowledge it! I am getting along splendidly, but will try to hang on here for the December parcel and my Christmas dinner. And after that I don't care if it snows red ink—so long as I'm sent to Blighty. The Doctor assures me that I shall eventually regain full use of my game leg, but it will be a matter of time — you bet, I don't mind waiting! With renewed thanks, and with kindest regards to all the boys."

Stephenson, writing on the 22nd November, says: "I have got a very decent job here. There is not much to do, and consequently very little news. We ride Army bicycles, but it is better for me than it used to be. I have collared a fairly light (as Army bikes go) Humber, carry no equipment, and have a man to clean it. What more can one want? One of my brothers met Cohen in France as they were both returning from leave the other day. Please give my love to all."

Dick Seed, on 17th November, writes: "I trust you will convey my very best thanks to all the members of the old Club for the parcel duly received, to say nothing of the innumerable parcels which have come to me regularly during the past year. I don't think I ever told you that I'm in for a commission, and hope to be home very shortly, so tell the 3-30 p.m. cafe party to be on the look-out for me. We are at present out on rest, and not having at all a bad time. We get plenty of exercise and sport, which is just the thing to get the boys fit again. I am keeping very fit, except for one or two minor troubles which every Tommy out here has to put up with. I will now close, hoping to attend a run very soon."

MEMS.

Many of you will remember W. M. Bailey, who was known among us as "White" Bailey to distinguish him from "Black" Bailey (H. G.) W. M. B. was also a member of the Polytechnic C.C., and joined us when resident in Manchester for several years, resigning after his return to London. We now learn from the Polytechnic Gazette that Bailey is in Salonica, and has been applying for a transfer from infantry to mechanical corps, for which his engineering knowledge should well qualify him. We wonder if A. P. James will come across him.

The pseudo-scientific turn the conversation took at Halewood, when everyone seemed to try and dig up from the grave of their memory some chemical formula, and became quite chesty if they succeeded, reminds us of an inscription we once came across on a gravestone, which ran something as follows:—

"Here lies the body of Jonathan Low,
 "We shall see his face no more,
 "For what he drank as H 2 O
 Was H 2 S O 4."

At last Sir Arthur Newsholme has been heard of. A letter to hand from Toronto, where his firm is established at 81, Peter Street, encloses a donation for the N. O. T. C. R., which has further rejoiced Grandad's heart. It appears that he met Del Strother in New York, and he records the meeting as follows:

"I had the great pleasure of meeting Del Strother in New York, and we had quite a pleasant time chattering over the doings or misdoings of some of the ancient and modern members of THE Club, THE

ANFIELD. Del Strother would like nothing better than to be domiciled within reach of his old friends, and attending Club Runs again. I'll wager he would not often be missing; both you and the Mullah would have to look to your laurels with respect to the attendance honours if he came butting in. I hope to look him up again when next in New York."

And he concludes his letter with the following message:—

"Give my regards to Teddy Edwards, Mac, Johnny Band, The Presider, The Editor, Chem., Toft, and all the other dear boys, and assure them that I am as keen as mustard to be amongst them again."

It is suggested that an informal Musical Evening be held at Halewood on the 15th December, there being no official evening in that month. Will members bring their music, and, if possible, a friend.

Knutsford being unable to take us for Boxing Day, the Committee fixed three alternatives, viz., Daresbury, Stretton or Warrington. Daresbury refused to cater for us; Stretton was "full up," and Warrington could not through being always very busy on that day. The best and probably the only generally acceptable place was considered to be Chester, and it is hoped members will make a special effort to be present.

The Mullah advises us that the Newsholme tan-trike has lately undergone an extensive course of dazzle painting and is now calculated to spread dismay around on its appearance (which will coincide with the return of its truant owner from Toronto in the course of a month or two) in the Club; we are advised it now resembles nothing on earth, the camouflage having been directed with a masterly hand to give it the appearance of a wild untamed speed beast, and considerable dirty work may be expected. Newsholme in a letter to the Mullah, dated October 29th, deploras the fact that he will be in Canada for a few months yet, and goes on to say:—"Canada is a tremendously fine country, but England, otherwise dear old Cheshire, is plenty good enough for me, and nothing will please me better than to be again 'treading 'em round' along some favourite road. Talking about roads, the worst we have in Cheshire are better than the best they have here. While I was in New York I don't think I saw more than half-a-dozen cycles, but here in Toronto it is simply swarming with them. Each dealer has his own particular brand of machine which he builds as nearly like a motor-bike as possible; the more brilliant the colours the more successful he is in disposing of his gaudy wares. Love to all the boys."

Chandler sends us the following interesting account of a tour he took a couple of months ago:—

The tour was certainly a delightful one, but will none the less I am afraid bore the reader, as these things appear much more interesting when witnessed in reality than when described in print. It was on Saturday afternoon (22nd Sept.) that the tour commenced, tyre trouble being met with in the first mile, necessitating a return home and change of tyres. Stone was the venue for the night, and the Crown proved comfortable although one felt that the display of silver on the table and antique furniture in the rooms formed a substantial proportion of the bill. The road on to Lichfield was in a rather bad state, being bumpy with heavy traffic; the scenery is undoubtedly pretty, especially at Sandon. From Lichfield up to Bassett's Pole the ride was made very unpleasant through swarms of gnats and flies which, however much I smoked, persisted in crawling over my face and neck. I was glad to run out of the plague at the Summit, which marks the boundary between Stafford and Warwick. The country improves

very much here, and the run along the heath and down towards Stourbridge is quite good. Leamington is a fine town with its wide streets, while its special constables looked "some" importance on point duty. The best road on to Warwick is that south of the river, whilst the road on to Stratford is in fair condition. At Stratford I alighted on the "Falcon," which I can recommend. I spent two hours next morning seeing the "sights," Ann Hathaway's Cottage and Billy's House taking the cake. The ride to Evesham is a very pretty one. Having lunched at the Crown, I went on to the Lygon Arms, Broadway, containing old oak furniture, pewter plate, old fire grates, tapestries, etc., the enjoyment of which is not included in the prices. The road up the hill to the Fish Inn, and thence over the Cotswolds to Stow and Burford is in very good condition, whilst the country is lovely, the soil having a very rich and fertile appearance. After Burford the scenery degenerates, and to make things worse you get on to an old Roman road. A few miles short of Faringdon you cross the River Thames, or Isis, as it is called there. Faringdon has a decided look of an Irish village, and the Crown, which is the best hotel in the place is not of a very high class nature. Next morning (Tuesday), I had to get off the main Swindon road in order to obtain a view of the "White Horse." I worked over to the village of Woolstone and succeeded in making out most of this "Stretch of imagination." From here I rode on to Hinton and Totterdown, joining the Swindon-Marlborough road. There is a large camp running along the roadside for about $3/4$ miles. At Marlborough the College boys are among the local attractions, and it recalled old days to watch the lads running into the tuck shop and dashing off again in answer to the School bell. The road through the interior of Savernoak Forest next received my attention, the surface being in a very heavy state with occasional beds of loose stones. The road on to Andover, once Salisbury Plain had been crossed, becomes exceedingly pretty, and the ride was here made more interesting by a scrap with a couple of Australians, the race being brought to a termination by the traffic going in and out of the town. This was concluded by an invitation I gave them to afternoon tea. The next object of interest was the pretty village of Wherwell, built partly on the side of a steep hill, with a hairpin turn in the road. The roofs of the cottages here and in Hants. generally are very thickly thatched, and quite original in appearance. From here I followed the Roman Road to Winchester. This is very pretty with splendid surface. Dinner at the Black Swan (a very comfortable house) and the "Little Damozel," brought a pleasant day to a close. The next morning I had a history lesson on the Cathedral, the College proving a good second. At Romsey (White Horse), Lord Rhondda was much in evidence. Here the pretty scenery of the New Forest really commences, and a ride from Lyndhurst in heavy rain brought the outward journey to a conclusion at Bournemouth. The view of the blue sea at Bournemouth was very welcome after $4\frac{1}{2}$ days of green country, and the views of the coast line are very fine, the Isle of Wight standing out prominently. On the Friday I commenced the homeward journey. Salisbury is badly signposted, and it was with some difficulty I got on to the road to Devizes. As it is, the signposts and milestones take one over the old Roman Road, which passes through the camp on Salisbury Plain. The road is tarred and kept in good condition as far as the camp, but then degenerates and becomes impassible. The military have put a side track into repair, which leads one into the proper road north of Shrewton, but why the public are led out of their way like this, I cannot conceive. Near the camp I had a good view of the uses the Boches are put to when they are brought over here—roadmaking. At Devizes I was recommended to go to the Brittox Restaurant, and I found Mrs. Hutton, the Commander-in-Chief, assisted by her two charming daughters, a very genial hostess. The latter were musically inclined, and in addition to playing the accompaniments for one

or two special boys in khaki who "dropped in" during the evening, they also did ditto for me. Altogether I spent a very enjoyable time, and can recommend the place especially to the single members of the Club. The next day I had lunch at Fainford, the Church possessing some fine stained glass. The road from here on to Birdlip via Cirencester is by no means one to carry away pleasant memories of, being bad and bumpy, but it improved and is in good condition until the tram lines are reached in Gloucester. The next afternoon I rode on to Ledbury, Bosbury, Bromyard and Leominster, staying the night at the Talbot. From this point on, the route is so well known to most members of the Club that I don't propose to take up the Editor's valuable space by any further remarks except to record a rather funny incident at Wellington, where I dined the next day and where I was strongly suspected of being a Food Controller. This took place at the Railway Hotel, where an ordinary is provided, and where mine host of Falstaffian girth presides at the board. One of the diners, of an Oliver Twist turn, ventured to ask for more, but mine host hesitated, and with suspiciously enquiring eyes suggested that "this gentleman" looking at me the while, "might be a Food Controller. I quickly eased his mind, however, with the assurance that it would afford me infinite pleasure to engage his services on another slice for myself, at which all the board seemed greatly relieved and cheered. The Major Domo, however, needed no second helping himself, as he had taken the precaution to marshal all his forces in one vast mass of such pyramidal dimensions that as he ate the more the wonder grew, that one small "Mary" could carry all he'd chew.

The Old Timers one by one are girding up their loins, and we feel sure the following account by our old friend Foster will be read with interest:—

Autumnal Tints Tourlet in the South.

A letter from Grandpa, received a week or two ago, suggested that the writer should try and have a run with two of the Club stalwarts living within easy distance of S.W.15, and this set me soliloquising.

Had I not a machine? Truly, but it is the same jigger which served me in 1905, and is a veritable Rosinante. What if the other two members had received similar letters or took it into their heads to invite me to join them some week-end? Were they not at Ripley the other week?

Would it not be better to oil up and put a few unofficial runs in, so that if the ordeal came off I should neither disgrace the old Club nor be left behind? Would it not be wise to try and forget figures and Fritz's fireworks at the week-ends and seek the leafy lanes of Surrey, Middlesex and Kent? Thereupon a map was unearthed and a route marked out with an eye to the inclusion of a Park or two, so as to be sure of a variety of tints. The outward journey lay through Richmond and Kingston, where crossing the bridge the main road to Hampton Court was taken. Entering Bushy Park and passing Diana's Fountain, the mile avenue of chestnut trees made an enchanting picture of colour where every shade of green, yellow, amber, russet, and gold gladdened the eye.

Just short of the Teddington Gate, I turned left for New Hampton and, doubling back to Hampton village, made for Sunbury and Walton-on-Thames. The return journey lay for a few miles on the right bank of the Thames through West and East Molesey to Hampton Court Bridge, and a few minutes brought me to Kingston.

The gasometers at this place had so offended my nostrils at the outward journey that I determined to return by the London Road; but alas for my dreams of a non-stop run—Kingston Hill would not roll out flat.

Is the bottom bracket at fault or is it old age creeping on? In any case, I admit hoofing it half a mile up the rise. From the top there is a good mile of free wheeling and more glorious tints on both sides of the road. Continuing down West Hill, I was soon busy attacking the cold mutton and baked apple dumpling, conscious that "three glorious hours had been snatched from a perfect day." F.

RUNS.

Hinderton, November 3rd, 1917.

'Twas a blank dreary afternoon with the wind apparently blowing from any point of the compass you happened to be heading for, with a Scotch mist working double time and of a very satisfying wetness. The day was one to rejoice the heart of Grandpa, enabling him to tell his friends that he'd had no rain, and expatiate on the beautiful sunshine he had been basking in. The road to Hinderton is long and weary and full of strange turnings, so 'tis no wonder that we lost our way in the darkness and had to enquire at a farmhouse. The gathering we found on arrival was of the highest Anfield standard, with a new young businesslike sprinkling it was very gratifying to see. Grandpa, with that wonderfully developed insight that has enabled him to spot out on sight a willing victim, was out on the tandem with some of the new youth and vigour on the back seat. Teddy Edwards had been round Mold, Warrington, Parbold, and Llandegna, and was taking a short cut home. Pleasant it was to see Billy Neason out again and have a crack about old days.

Sad it was to see the motorists who were not there but asleep at home under the new regulation. But Oliver had walked out and was going to walk back, and any action for libel over this statement must be taken against the Editor. Rabbit pie was on the table, and good it was, but we must protest against Oliver shouting so loudly for chicken. Ven, is looking with anxious eyes to the future when he returns home from Moreton on Wednesday nights and sees visions of the new young blood doing evens all the way. A pleasant smoking party finally broke up, a small select and shamefaced contingent returning per rattler, Johnny Band and Cook tandem taking Chester and Warrington, and Billy Toft shoving it round Runcorn and the transporter.

The Chem.-Simpson duet was sadly missed, and anxious inquiries were afoot as to their whereabouts, but none had cheery news; it is pleasant to record, however, that since this run they have been seen and spoken.

[Our imaginative writer informs us that he does not guarantee the routes enumerated above, but hopes for the best.—Ed.]

Bollington, November 3rd, 1917.

I hope I'm as good a cyclist as here and there one, but, looking up at the heavens, charged with innumerable tons of moisture and the evident and imminent intention of spreading it over the already saturated roads, I'll admit there was a feeling of thankfulness about that the distance necessarily to be traversed to the rendezvous was negligible. When we had gone a mile or two that feeling was intensified for the rain came down in an abominably businesslike way, and pools were soon in the slack of the capes. Having a call to make took us out of the downpour for a short time, but, after all, one cannot hang about a shop for long, and even the discussion of the points of the cycles displayed could not be kept up indefinitely. So the party, now enlarged to three, got on the road and into the rain again. We none of us had any clear idea as to where we were

going, and as we skipped along the main road before the wind those on the left and right kind of slacked off as we came to turning-points on the respective sides. But each seemed unable to pluck up courage to suggest a turn which would shorten the ride, and so we went on and on, in and out of heavy showers, until we had gone quite a decent distance. A sharp run back in the dark landed us at Bollington at just the right time. In the inn yard we met Buckley, whose holiday has brightened him up wonderfully—in fact he was quite the life of the party. Boss Higham and the two Mundells were already ensconced in the cosy bar, where we joined them. An excellent tea was enlivened by reminiscences of cycling experiences and gems of wisdom from Bick, and when an adjournment was made to the bar, the reminiscences multiplied and the flow of wisdom was continuous. We talked of the merits of various riders present and past, of the might-have-beens in record attempts, and sandwiched between these were various hints, by one who knows, on the management of wives and families. I had to go early, much to my regret, but I learn that the ending of the evening was no less joyful than the beginning. A turn-out of seven on such a day and at a new house cannot be considered unsatisfactory.

Warrington, November 10th, 1917.

The success of last season's Musical Evening at Warrington was a good augury for that transferred from Moreton; so it was with no misgivings that we faced the programme arranged for us by our more- or less-worthy Editor at the Patten Arms. We were not disappointed, for, from start to finish things went with an "élan" and an "éclat" hard to beat.

A glorious afternoon, with dry roads and a breeze abaft the binnacle from Liverpool, assured a good turn-out, and thirty or more members and friends sat down to an appetising and substantial rationed tea. Those who had the good fortune to sit near "the Plumber," also benefited by his peculiar idiosyncracies in the matter of food. Mem.—Always sit near Walter.

An adjournment was made upstairs to the Concert Room, and the ball was soon set rolling by the Editor and his ever-youthful elder brother Jack, with a duet for piano and violin, and later these talented artistes played a three-some with Chem. on the mandoline, finishing all square.

Other star turns followed thick and fast from a regular galaxy of artistes, with the result that the programme went with such a swing that 9.30 p.m. arrived before the thirsty ones had fully succeeded in restoring the percentage.

The Mullah had found a good man in Mr. Shelly, who delighted us with many humorous gems. His narration of various methods of life-saving, culled from Society novels and the Operatic Stage, though hardly according to the R.L.S.S. regulations, brought down the house. I must see if I can't get them incorporated in the next edition of the R.L.S.S. Handbook, and then I'm sure my work as an examiner will not suffer from monotony.

"Shop, shop shop," sang the Plumber, the chorus being something of a cross between Chem talking Russian and the stammering of a machine-gun. I'll back Walter to get more fun to the square inch out of any of his songs than any living man. His Worthington (Major-General of that ilk) improves with age, and must be quite equal to Bass' No. 1. The Boss had brought out a friend in Mr. Ellison, whose fine baritone voice was heard to advantage in "Father O'Flynn," "Drake goes West," and other fine songs, while Mr. Reed, a friend of Cameron (who by the way assisted the Editor in his onerous duties as accompanist) pleased us all with "The Perfect Day," "Myrra," etc. Our old friend Mr. Andrews was also at the

top of his form, and gave us "Somewhere a voice is calling," "Prologue to Pagliacci," and other items with rare expression. Last, but not least, Chem was there, "Age cannot wither nor custom stale his infinite variety," and when I say that Chem was IN FORM, and gave us "The Crusty Old Chap," "Devil-may-care," "Coming Home," etc., I need say no more to Anfielders.

As 9.30 p.m. approached I saw Cody getting uneasy, so "we folded our tents like the Arabs, and silently stole away," reaching Liverpool about 11 p.m., at "the end of a perfect day."

I rather fancy that some of the others may also have reached home that night.

Halewood, November 17th, 1917.

Considering the day and the reputation held by the Derby Arms for doing one well, a muster of sixteen was poor.

The War seems to have gradually extended over a very wide front covering nearly all our resorts, but like a tornado which, while sweeping over a large continent leaves small isolated portions untouched, so with Halewood. Where, where else, is such a table to be seen; chops (in lieu of my steak) boiled fowl and roast chicken, not one but in the plural gender, to say nothing of three vegetables and sweets; and when, oh when, was the last occasion upon which after the feast was over and the remains gathered up, they filled three bags full? I leave the answer for our historian, but I can certainly trace the date back to those happy youthful days known as "Pre War."

The usual meeting in the chapel was well attended, and our members serving over seas formed one of the principal topics, finishing up "Well here's to all of them."

It is really wonderful what hidden and latent talent we have in the Club, and it is only at these gatherings that it is brought to light. Fancy Knife as an authority on "Acids" and the relative merits of "N.O.3." and "H₂SO₄" as a cure for warts. The above learned discourse was adroitly brought about by Chem. as a means to introduce a new side line (a wart cure) to the Chem.-Cook Hair Restorer Syndicate." I am afraid, however, that Treasury authority will not be given for the additional capital required, and the matter will have to remain in abeyance until after the war, in which case no doubt Cohen will be asked to join the Board of Directors. In the meantime free treatment will be given to any members who may be suffering from that terrible malady. The only wart I possess is on a finger which I am very much attached to, and as I gather the treatment is very drastic, and I have only four fingers on that hand, I intend to keep them, wart as well.

At 9.30, having seen the last of the Cyclists safely off the premises, Chem., Arthur and self went into committee to discuss ways and means of getting home. Arthur wanted to take the "eleven fifty-three," Chem. pointed out that this train does not make Liverpool direct, but goes via Manchester and Wigan, and that as he had promised to be home early he thought we had better walk to Woolton and hire the motor bus; and as I wished not to miss the 12 p.m. boat, it was finally decided to walk, and thus we went out into the night.

Gentle reader, did you ever try to walk home from Halewood after 9.30 on a dark and dirty Saturday night? Don't scoff and say it is simple. I thought so myself once, but the number of turns which go unnoticed in daylight become appalling, and the horrors of the snake walk are beyond

my powers of description. However, after a very stormy passage we overtook the Woolton bus, and midst the petrol-perfumed air Chem. burst into song (and dance) something about "A shady dell, it was there I met my knell."

P.S.—The bringing of business propositions into Club circles and making use of the Club for advertisement purposes is a practice on which I hold strong views, and more will be heard on this subject at the coming A.G.M.

Allostock, November 17th, 1917.

2.30 p.m.—This being the seventh day of the week, I did bring forth my ancient crock for the better carriage of my being to the lanes of Cheshire.

3 p.m.—Did happen upon two Consuls of the C. T. Cens. of Manchester who had been driven forth in search of a feasting place, the predestined hostel of the clan having fallen a victim to the ravages of the fashionable plague of measles.

4 p.m.—Forsook my companions and pursued my way over much grease occasioned by an unpropitious Scotch mist. Crossed the Jodrell valley, and after prolonged rotations did arrive at the old Bick House cognomened "Drovers Arms"; albeit I did not know that this was the place I sought, and did cry out for information. Out of the gloom strode the Great Black Chief, and I cast myself with joy into his outstretched arms. He did guide me into the kitchen wherein by a huge fire were seated Mr. Sub. and Mr. Bick; the former uttering lamentations over the small numbers yet gathered, the latter thoughtfully regarding an erstwhile foaming tankard, now alas empty.

5.50 p.m.—The two young brethren of Mundell presented themselves to the sound of acclamation and relief on the part of Mr. Sub.

6 p.m.—The soulful hour—and we, now numbering a demi-douzaine, hied ourselves to the feasting chamber to partake of succulent roast pig and numerous other tasty viands prepared by our goodly hostess. Albeit our convener had desired refreshment to suffice for at least eight, we did trench ourselves so vigorously that he of the Food Palace would have marvelled at the size of the remaining two rations.

7 p.m.—Around the hearth did we discourse on varied topics, our loquacity aided by some full mellow cellar beer—the two brethren perforce making attentive hearers their scurrilous jingale not providing the necessary modicum of dicta. The absence of our experienced friend Bossyam was lamented, the normal quota of anecdotes being badly replaced by a treatise on the wickedness of taxi-gatherers, one of our company recently having had sad experiences at their hands.

8.30 p.m.—The kitty having exhausted her patience we set ourselves on our steeds to gang Knutsfordward. At the stocks the western quartette were bade adieu and thence did Bick lead me by devious ways until the highway to Obeadle was come upon. After a little space of time he hied himself Chulme-wards, and unaccompanied I repaired to my batchelor apartments.

12 p.m.—And so to bed.

Chester November 24th, 1917.

Although there was a bit of a draught the roads were excellent and the run very well supported, there being a muster of 18 members and two friends at the Rhonddavouz, all of whom were quite Yappy (No more of

this—we can provide our own alleged humour.—Ed.) Ven. had been a little trip to Whitechurch, so you see what a veteran can do when he half tries. Cook had been through the lanes to Kelsall to meet the Manchester contingent, and there was quite an old-fashioned Club Run in to Chester, the Mullah and Frank Mundell on a tandem piloting G. Mundell, Dolly, Green, Grandpa, and two C.T.C. friends whom we have had the pleasure of meeting before—Messrs. Orrell and Edwards. OUR Edwards had *not* been to Llandegla, but shepherded Cody and Chandler through the wilds of Wirral. Mac. arrived with P. F. O. Dews on a tandem, and we were all glad to see Clifford looking so well, although a bit disappointed he did not come as a birdman instead of in mufti with his cousin-in-law. Simpson had put it through a small boy and a blocker pants merchant, while Royden, Mercer and Band were silent as to their routes, but the great big delightful surprise was the appearance as real cyclists of Jimmy Williams and Allover Cooper, which alone made the run worth the price of admission, particularly when O. C. in his borrowed plumes *inferred* that Ellesmere Port had been thoroughly explored en route. The World's Three Worst cyclists will have to look to their laurels! After an excellent tea Cook dragged poor Chandler off to Llanarmon O. L. for one of his Berwyn trips, and we hear they did the ridge from Nantyr through Bryn-y-groes to Chirk in brilliant sunshine with a favouring wind. Of course such would be the case, but what price the graft home from Chirk? The rest of us sat round the fire chatting, and no one seemed in a hurry to depart. Band, when not discoursing on the price of whiskey, was cheering up Dews with accounts of gruesome flying accidents, and Arthur was telling us of some fabulous amounts bid at an auction after a famous Hotpot the previous night. Altogether a very social hour was spent, and finally the main body made another Club Run of it at least as far as Bromborough, where some of the Tanks had to be refilled owing to the fierce pace set by Williams, Cooper and Arthur, but everyone reached home in good time, and no shops in New Ferry were raided. We would like to see some of you dig out your machines on a Saturday, for there is still plenty of cheerful joy to be obtained on the open road, and the more the merrier!

A. T. SIMPSON, Editor.