

ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB.

FORMED MARCH 1879.

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

MONTHLY CIRCULAR.

Vol. XIII.

No. 143.

FIXTURES FOR JANUARY, 1918.

	Light up at
Jan. 5.—Halewood (Derby Arms)	4-35 p.m.
„ 10.—ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING, St. George's Restaurant, 7 p.m.	
„ 12.—West Kirby (Ring o' Bells).....	4-46 p.m.
„ 15.—(Tuesday) Committee Meeting, St. George's Restaurant, 7 p.m.	
„ 19.—Warrington (Patten Arms)	4-57 p.m.
„ 26.—Chester (Bull and Stirrup)	5 10 p.m.
Feb. 2.—Halewood (Derby Arms)	5-24 p.m.

ALTERNATIVE RUNS FOR MANCHESTER MEMBERS.

Jan. 5—Bollington (Swan), near Altrincham	4-38 p.m.
„ 12.—Allostock (Drovers' Arms).....	4-46 p.m.
„ 26.—Alderley (Trafford Arms).....	5-10 p.m.
Feb. 2.—Knutsford ()	5-24 p.m.

[Up to time of going to Press there is no word from Manchester representative as to the h. tel at Knutsford.]

Full moon 27th instant.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR TO ALL.

Committee Notes.

Stourton Lodge,

Arno Road, Oxtou.

The Annual General Meeting is to be held on THURSDAY, 10th JANUARY, 1918, at the St. George's Restaurant, Redcross Street, Liverpool, at 7 p.m., when it is hoped there will be a large and representative attendance.

The Attendance Prizes have been won by: First, Mr. F. Chandler, and second, Mr. T. Royden.

The President and Mr. Toft have arranged for the despatch during December of 15 parcels to Members on Active Service Abroad; 14 of the parcels contained cigarettes, a tin of biscuits, a tin of pilchards, and a tin

of toffee, while the other one contained biscuits, pilchards, toffee and chocolate.

The President has also selected a "Petersen" Pipe for each of the 12 of the Members serving in this country, and a knife for each of the other two (who are non-smokers), and these articles have been sent together with an expression of Good Wishes for Christmas and the New Year from all the Members.

APPLICATIONS FOR MEMBERSHIP.—Mr. FRANK LESLIE EDWARDS, 5, Herbert Street, Moss Side, Manchester, proposed by H. L. Boardman and seconded by H. Green. Mr. WILFRID ORRELL, 1, Cecil Road, Eccles, Lancs., proposed by F. E. Dolamore and seconded by H. Green. Mr. Mr. GEORGE HENRY LAKE, 2, James Street, Liverpool, proposed by Hubert Roskell and seconded by A. T. Simpson.

NEW ADDRESSES.—Cadet W. R. OPPENHEIMER, No. 2 R.G.A. Cadet School, Maresfield Park, Uckfield, Sussex; Cpl. W. E. Cotter, No. 686383, 40th Class, School of Instruction for N.C.O.s R.H. and R.F.A., Room K7, Cambridge Barracks, Woolwich, to about 5th January, 1918, then B/355 Brigade, R.F.A., Great Baddow, near Chelmsford, Essex; H. PRITCHARD, 134, Bristol Road, Edgbaston, Birmingham; HUBERT ROSKELL, 2, Tuebrook Terrace, West Derby Road, Liverpool; L./Cpl. R. P. Seed, No. 242176, 5th Border Regt., attached 4th K.O.R.L. Regt., A Coy., Hut 42, 4, North, Park Hall Camp, Oswestry; 2nd Lieut. ROBERT ROWATT, 102, Lincolnshire Regt., Victoria Barracks, Cork.

F. D. McCANN,
Hou. Secretary.

Concerning Those On Service.

Postcard acknowledgments of parcels are to hand from: Hodges and Mahon, both September. Rudd, Cohen (Couldn't be better—owing to my present location. One thousand (at least) thanks. Cheero, everybody, budget following), G. Poole, Wells (With very many thanks indeed. Still alive and well—what chance Peace(?)—all November. W. M. Robinson (December). H. S. Barratt (November). A. Warburton (December).

Cohen also sends the 36th (Ulster) Division's Christmas Card—"To the A.B.C."

"To the Black Anfielders—from the least worthy wearer of the little round badge," is the inscription on the Christmas Card of the 3rd Batt. East Surrey Regiment, received from Binns—why he should so describe himself is more than we can fathom; it's false modesty for it's not true. Accompanying the card is the following letter: "The Circular still reaches me here and I thank you for it. I read it in bits whenever I have time, for now I am busier than ever. Do you know, sometimes when reading the account of the Runs I feel I would give almost anything to have another Run—perhaps I shall some day, who knows? I am still on the same job here M.G.O., and as well as my own job am running special jobs for the G.O.C. I have had three chances of going away on this branch of work with the certainty of getting a Captaincy, but this Unit would not allow me to go. The other day I rode over to St. Margarets on duty on a W.D. bicycle—a James—a new one, weight about 80 lbs., and it had no extra muckings either. That old 'Multi-everything-pre-joining-the-A.B.C. I once saw you trying

to hide on the Landing Stage would have been a better mount. These W.D. bicycles are as dead and lifeless as solid tyres. They go like the devil downhill but are worse than a tandem uphill. The best of everything to the dear old A.B.C."

"Please convey once again my thanks to the A.B.C.," writes Warburton. "The November parcel was even more welcome than usual, if such a thing be possible, and the shortbread was worth its weight in gold. I had hoped to see you all during November, but at the last moment it became necessary to postpone my leave, and now I must hang on until January. With Best Wishes to all."

George Poole writes on the 23rd November as follows: "I have to acknowledge the receipt of a parcel sent from the 'Old Concern' this evening, just as I returned from a tedious run of 60K. over rotten rough roads to an aerodrome 30K. away. It was not like going or returning from a club run in any sense of the word; it is work here. I am afraid I shall not favour motor-cycling when the War is over—when I say, but, as I told Harry a few days ago, indulge in model railways or sailing yachts on the Park Lake. While on this subject I may say I have smashed umpteen sidecars and my engine is suffering from severe internal troubles, and is in pieces on a bench. I have a car now with four-point connection, so hope to have better luck. I feel that it is très bon of the A.B.C. to send the aforesaid parcel, which arrived safely and in quick time; the articles are just the thing required here. The grub is just so so, and while we give Frs. 2 per week for extra messing, we don't seem to derive much benefit from it—but you should see the water we wash in; it is a scream! If you had to wash in it at home—well, the least said the better. I get on fairly well with the lingo, can, in fact, with the aid of a book, make myself understood quite well. This afternoon it was very funny while going to the aforementioned 'drome; I overshot the mark and went 5K. past, so thinking I was wrong I called in a café and enquired of a French girl, who, when she heard my destination and saw the empty sidecar, jumped in and only came out after being told it was 'no bon' repeatedly. Well, I will close pour le present (swank) with renewed thanks to you all for the good things, and I keep on hoping the day is not so far off when we shall meet again."

W. R. Oppenheimer, in sending his new address, says: ". . . as a matter of fact I have been here three weeks, but have hardly had time for anything; life is one holy rush from getting up at 6.30 a.m. to lights out at 10.15 p.m. Our daily programme is something after this style—7 a.m., Roll Call Parade; 7.15 to 7.45, physical training, otherwise known as 'jerks'; breakfast at 8.10, and then parade at 8.40—for a minute inspection; classes or drills of one sort or another till 12.15; lunch at 1 o'clock; parade at 1.40 again, followed by classes to 4.15; tea, then perhaps another hour's lecture; the evening is taken up with writing out one's notes; with a break for dinner at 7.30—and so the time flies. It is rather a strenuous course—the variety of subjects one has to take being legion—and quite a number of us have got the wind up as to our ability to pass out."

Cotter writes on the 6th December: "Just a line to let you know that my address is (see Committee Notes.—Ed.), but I am at present at Woolwich, being here for a course. We came here on the 24th ult., and shall be here till about the 5th January, 1918, unless orders to the contrary arrive. It is pretty stiff work, marching at 140 paces to the minute and everything else, feeding included, done at the double, but so far I have stuck it pretty well and hope to do so to the end. I am hoping to drop across Frank Roskell whilst I am down here. Kindest regards to all the Boys and Best

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Wishes for the Festive Season. I wish I could be with you on Boxing Day. The Run would just about suit me, as I haven't been on a bike for about two months."

Hodges writes: "I have just received the September parcel and the contents are, as usual, great. Please convey my sincerest thanks to all. I am glad to see that you are occasionally getting decent weather for the runs. If I could only send you a few days from this part of the world! Every day for the past few weeks it has been just like a perfect English Spring day. It seems a pity that such weather should be wasted on sand. With Best Wishes to the Club for a Happy Christmastide."

On the 19th December Robinson writes:—"A couple of lines (perhaps even three or four) to say 'Thanks'most sincerely for the parcel to hand today. I *DO* appreciate this continued generosity on the part of the Club, and am very grateful for their particular method of remembering absent friends. I am still getting on with the War as fast as ever I can, and I find that Winter in France is not so bad as people have made it out to be. They talk of the discomfort of the trenches and so on and so forth, but really—thanks be!—I haven't noticed it! I was half expecting to be evacuated before Christmas, but my leg has taken it into its head (so to speak) to delay matters 'some,' as we say in America, and it seems quite possible that I may finish up the year here. Anyhow, I can't possibly think of moving now until I have dealt well and truly with the A.B.C. parcel! On this part of the Front there is nothing else to report. I suppose that a round dozen of friends at home are lading out any amount of pity and things because I am likely to spend the festive season over here. But bless ye! I don't need their pity. With the aid of the Club parcel and one or two other trifles which have blown my way, and also with the co-operation of my stock of philosophy, I expect to have quite a good time. Anyhow, until I growl, I don't want any sympathy, thank you very much!! With renewed thanks and with all reasonable wishes to you and to my fellow members in the A.B.C."

"Please accept my very best thanks for the splendid pipe received today," writes Stephenson. "It is a real beauty and will prove a fine companion for my leisure hours, which are many, and for my hours of toil, which are few. I have been O.C. Company for about a month now. Now, please, don't jump to conclusions and think I have been working hard and had this honour thrust upon me on account of exceptional merit. No, it is much simpler than that. I am the only officer left in the Company, so the method by which I became O.C. is perfectly simple, that of seniority. Being all untroubled by any superiors or juniors I get along very well. If I feel tired I just appear before my Company Commander (that's me) and ask if I may be excused parade as I feel unwell. The Company Comander, being a kind-hearted bloke, usually says 'Yes, certainly,' and there we are—or at least there we aren't, as after one of these interviews I always disappear mysteriously for the rest of the day. Being faced with the question of keeping down my weight to at least a certain extent, I have taken up Beagling as a sport. We go out Wednesday and Saturday afternoons, and it is at least very good exercise. I wish I could be amongst you all on Boxing Day, but they positively can't do without me here—you will see that, it's so obvious. My love to all the Boyees, and thanks again for the pipe."

Jim Rowatt has now got his second "pip." Congratulations! Lieutenant Jim.

There is also from Barratt his Regimental Card conveying Best Wishes for Christmas and the New Year.

In acknowledging the pipe sent at Christmas, W. R. Oppenheimer writes: "I found the registered parcel awaiting me on my return from Christmas leave last Friday, and I must confess I felt rather overwhelmed at being remembered by the Club like this, while in this country. The pipe is a lovely one; the selection was evidently in the hands of an expert, and it will be very much in use here, where we are allowed to smoke at all the lectures. My very best thanks to all the Members of the Anfield for their kindness and for their good wishes, which are heartily reciprocated. May the New Year see us all home again."

Frank Roskell writes the Presider: "I have again to thank you all most sincerely for a handsome Christmas present. I have a collection of A.B.C. briars now, which I greatly treasure, but I hope you will not think me unappreciative when I say that I hope I shall not receive any more. My pipe rack would hold several others, but I tremble to think that the duration of the war may fill it. I was most interested to hear of the meeting of Hellier and Worth after all these years. I saw the Mossoo once many months ago, but could get no reply to subsequent letters."

Cliff Dews writes, on the 24th December: "You have no idea how thankful I am to the Anfield for their splendid present to me. It certainly will be most useful to me, since lately I have been thinking of getting a larger knife than I had, and hey! presto! the very thing comes by way of a gift. I am afraid that I must close now, so with very many thanks to all, and wishing you a Happy Christmas and a Prosperous New Year."

"Ever so many thanks for the pipe which has just come to hand," says Jim Park. "It will be extremely useful, and I shall always have the Club in mind when smoking it. Will you please convey my thanks to all the boys. I am fearfully busy."

Norman Higham writes: "Please convey to the Members of the Old Club my best thanks for their kindness in sending me the pipe. It brings back memories of the good old times and thoughts of the times to come. Please give to the Members my best wishes for their greetings, and accept on their behalf "Many of them."

Dick Seed says: "I wish you to convey to the Members of the A.B.C. my sincere thanks and deep appreciation of their kindness in again remembering me this Christmas. I received the pipe yesterday, and it is, as one naturally expects anything presented by the A.B.C. to be, a handsome one. My present address (See Committee Notes.—Ed.) is rather a rigmarole, and I don't expect to be here long. We are not having a bad time down here, and I think I can stick the battle of Oswestry! Please convey to the A.B.C. Members my best wishes for a Happy Christmas and a Prosperous New Year. I hope that the Christmas Runs have been a great success."

Harold Kettle, who has now finished his course at Gales, is at home awaiting Gazetting. He writes: "Please convey my thanks to the A.B.C. for the splendid pipe I received at Christmas. I appreciate the kindness very much indeed."

MEMS.

It is understood that the cyclist, recently depicted on the front cover of "Cycling," putting on his cape in the pouring rain, is *not* Grandad. As is well known, it never rains where Uncle happens to be, although "Cycling" announces that he has received as a Xmas gift "A really wet day.."

The recent terrible disaster at Halifax makes us all very concerned about the Baron, and we hope soon to hear that the "Niobe" was not in port, and the Baronial one quite safe.

Members will regret to hear that Lord Hawkes, the Beer Controller, has recently been rather seriously ill with jaundice, but a period of convalescence at his favourite Bournemouth has quite restored him, and we hope he will resume his active cycling again soon, and let us see his smiling face at a club run.

W. M. Robinson is evidently having a very prolonged recovery. After being allowed up and out with crutches and a bath chair his wound gave further trouble and necessitated his return to bed, so that his evacuation for Blightly is indefinitely postponed. It is an ill wind that blows no one any good, and we at least are benefitting by his enforced inactivity as he is turning out reams of "copy" and writing some very fine articles which are appearing each week in "Cycling."

The "Irish Cyclist" recently remarked that nobody had made use of the word "Camouflage" in connection with cycling matters. This hurt our feelings as we pride ourselves on being nothing if not up-to-date, and we felt bound to call the attention of The O'Tatur to the paragraph in our last issue in which the word was used in connection with *The Tandem Trike*! The result is we have received a handsome apology in which the "injustice to the Editor" is acknowledged, and best wishes sent to "all the members of the Anfield for a very happy X'mas."

We have NOT received from the Committee of the L.D.A. of the C.T.C. the following books sumptuously bound in Rhinoceros Skin:—

"Exegesis on the pronunciation of Llangollen," by Professor G. M. Ilne.

"Ingenious substances in Ullet Road and their effect on Wangley Tyres," by a Local Geologist.

"The Great Decision," by E. Kite.

We presume the books were not sent for review, but as our office boy is away we do not feel equal to the task. The first two books are quite beyond our mean intelligence, but we flatter ourselves we are rather hot stuff at pronouncing "Llan," and of course no Anfielder rides Wangley Tyres. "The Great Decision" is a most enthralling novel with a purpose, and solves the Rear Light problem very simply on Worthian lines by preaching the gospel of "No cycling after Curfew."

The Manchester Members propose holding an informal Musical Evening at Bollington, on the 5th January.

Hellier and Beardwood, who are now cycling regularly, have come to the conclusion that it would be a good thing from a Club point of view, to have a rendezvous for London exiles once a month from March to September. They, therefore, propose to be at the famous Anchor, Ripley, for tea at 5.30 p.m. on the second Saturday of each of the seven months, and will be glad to see any of the boys. Now then "Pa" White, Neason and Foster, please make a note of these dates.

Anonymous Notes.

We hear that frenzied efforts are being made by the Editor and the Secretary to retain their lucrative appointments for the ensuing year. The competition for these sought-after positions is becoming increasingly keen, and votes are being openly canvassed with assiduity at each meeting of the Club. Although at the time of going to press no violations of the Bribery and corruption Act have come to light, there are not wanting those who hint darkly at such practices. A great fight is anticipated at the coming General

Meeting, and we understand proxy forms have been forwarded to all members unlikely to attend. The suggested proposal to double the salaries in each case may have something to do with this outburst of enthusiasm.

Considerable competition is also to be looked for in connection with the election of President and Treasurer, the alleged scope for the acquisition of unearned increment in both positions having excited the cupidity of several aspirants. While disclaiming the intention of casting aspersions on anybody, a straightforward answer to the pertinent query "Where *did* the Presider get his last new pipe from?" would probably clear the air.

RUNS.

West Kirby, December 1st, 1917.

In quest of variety, The "Ring O Bells" was fixed by the Committee for Saturday's run, in the hope of tempting the Northern Wirral members to support the fixture and "Carry on."

Out of a muster of 13 our 12 Wallasey members only contributed 3, and these did not include one who has long wailed for variety.

However, they and other absent ones may not perhaps care to be pioneers, and now that we have sampled the goods and found them tip top (equal to our late "Concert Pitch," To memory dear) we will hope for an overflow muster when next we foregather at this cosy hostelry.

The weather was boisterous but bracing, with a Nor' Nor' Wester to blow the cobwebs away.

Passing the Irby road the way was more sheltered to Frankby, where we were hailed by Teddy Edwards, who was lighting up, and he joined us after turning at "A Farmers' Arms" for Caldby, when we were wasting another match on our rear light.

Before remounting a light was seen in steady pursuit, but we lost it's following gleam after the Thurstaston cross road.

We were now into the draught as it soughed up the estuary of the Dee, bringing a clatter of hailstones to remind us of the approach of Winter, due my calendar informs me December 22nd. Chasing the trike we rushed the last pimple, and soon ran down to Old Kirby to find Toft and Cody stabling their bikes, ahead of Royden whose following light we had missed as he turned right over Grange Hill to our destination.

Cheery warmth prevailed indoors and Cooper, the first arrival, was chinwagging with the landlord in a cosy room, also containing a well laid table, the appearance of which promised all we hoped for, the fulfilment exceeding our expectations to our great satisfaction. Mac is a genius at computing our expected number and was quietly confident of his dozen certs, when Skipper Band, Morris and Ven only brought our total to nine, and well he might be for were not The President, Cook (who had been assisting Montag to locate a Coombe on Moel Fanma) Chandler and Mercer speeding to the tryst?

After tea, the circle of thirteen dispassionately discussed men, manners, and matters. Cook did not give us much information on Coombe finding, recovering his shoes from a morass diverting his attention somewhat. Whiskey of course was again quoted, and the frightful price of Hessian deplored, but as some bags have been discovered so impregnated with sweetstuff that they stand up without support, it was suggested that they

had a great future as strainers in the teapot, thus solving the sugar-in-tea problem.

The whattlers then had a turn and "one over" being brought, in one of the rounds, a Schweppes's Ginger habitué fell from grace; nevertheless he headed the enthusiasts who fought the gale on the Prom when homeward bound. Cody was first away, and 9-15 saw the last of the lucky number reluctantly depart, and escort Mercer to his new parish; scorning lamps in the moonlight and going strong, he nearly caught Teddy napping up the rise into Upton, the butcher's coat only drawing away near the summit. After "good night" we again faced the breeze, and were safely home by 10-30 all the better for our outing.

Bollington, December 1st, 1917.

The Hunt's Cross fixture being, alas, a thing of the past and its successor, Moreton, temporarily out of action, and in any case, rather a distance from Manchester, Boss Higham had the brilliant idea of arranging a cosy little Manchester Musical Evening. As a nucleus he announced his intention of bringing Mr. Ellison, who entertained us at Warrington in November, and asked the Snub to provide a pianist. The Snub did his utmost but had no luck and when, after a wet and windy ride, the party of seven foregathered at the Swan with Two Necks, it looked pretty bad for the Musical Evening, for there was no one there who could rattle the ivories. However, a little later Dolly arrived with a prospective member, Mr. Irving, and discreet enquiries, made whilst the usual circle encompassed the cheerful blaze after tea, elicited the joyful information that a piano was not an unknown beast to the latter, but was indeed quite tame under his hands. Our one difficulty removed, we had a splendid programme, Mr. Ellison singing a number of songs in capital style and "F.H." and the Mullah reciting old favourites, which are always acceptable. The new members, who had not heard "From Sandbach to Crewe" before, were more than delighted with it, given in the style in which "F.H." alone can give it. The closing hour came all too soon, and after a chat with the locals, we reluctantly wended our way homeward, through storms of hail and snow, not to speak of a biting wind. Bollington is a good line; the food and drink are excellent, and the price of both distinctly reasonable. We hope to see a much larger gathering than nine on January 5th, when there will, it is hoped, be another Musical Evening. Members intending to bring friends will oblige by advising the Snub, by the preceding Tuesday, so that he may have some idea of the numbers; there is plenty of accommodation.

Warrington, December 8th, 1917.

Thirteen—the Anfield lucky number—took part in this fixture, five of the participants being from Manchester.

All the riders stated that "the going was easy," quite a different proposition to the previous Saturday.

There is a story in Holy Writ about twenty (?) basketfuls (or baskets full) of the fragments that remained, and the same story was to some extent re-enacted after tea. Though the sugar allowance was of the smallest an amateur food hogger managed, at the conclusion of the meal, to gather together sufficient of this precious material to have satisfied a crowd of similar dimensions with a supply equal to that consumed.

The "tea party" seemed to divide into two groups, the Captain's party and the opposition, and the opposition group apparently led the conversation, because, either knowingly or not, several statements were made by

members of the first-named group some minutes after those statements had already been made by the opposition.

With the exception of two Junior Members the men present had reached an age that even in pre-war days might be considered passé. This does not mean that their youth had departed, because a regular course of cycling suitably administered prevents the ravages of old age and keeps a man youthful. The conversation flowing round the board would certainly give the impression of a school boys' treat rather than a meeting of veterans. If only the gospel of exercise (and especially cycling exercise) was understood it would make the world a happier place to live in.

Halewood, December 15th, 1917.

Our old friend Hubert Roskell being home from the front, it was arranged that a walking party should be formed. The details were elaborately drawn out, and a proper Schedule made. Accordingly, at 3 p.m., the time appointed to begin, Chem. duly arrived full of trouble to say he had a most important appointment at 3.15, a couple of miles away, so, punctually about 3.30 he left to keep it. Cam was the next to fail us. It appears he has recently had some delightful interviews with his dentist, who had conceived a devouring passion for the vast majority of his molars. Cam being a good natured little chap had not been able to withstand his blandishments, and after an inward struggle had succumbed. The loss of these dear ones had affected him greatly, and the consequences thereof contributed to a strong disinclination for walking, so that of the original party only Hubert, the Plumber, and the Editor remained. This remnant, however, was adamant in its determination to see the thing through as arranged, and nothing would stop them. By some curious misdirection, however, they eventually found themselves at the railway station, where a party of seven others, members and friends, awaited them. The true Anfield spirit was displayed, and all entered one carriage already occupied by the military; I don't think more than half a dozen had to stand. The windows and ventilators having been hermetically sealed, thick twist and other delicate brands of tobacco were handed out, and quickly gave the compartment the requisite air of homeliness. Only a couple of the occupants had to be resuscitated, which speaks volumes for this method of travelling. Duly arrived at the hostelry, our nostrils were assailed by appetising odours which gave promise of good things to come, and I may say right here that this expectation was more than realised. Poor Cam, owing to the evacuation of his masticating apparatus was unable to have even a toothful, and had to content himself with liquid nourishment and boiled fowl. The rest did themselves exceedingly well with duck, pork, etc., followed by delicious mince pies which disappeared as if by magic. Although, of course, strictly rationed (as is inevitable nowadays), no one seemed to complain, Hubert after his third helping of duck and pork following up with a mouthful (!) of boiled fowl. Speaking impartially, he said the meal compared favourably with the savoury bully beef he had recently been accustomed to—but this may, of course, have been purely politeness; *toujours la politesse!* At 7.30 an adjournment was made, and a scratch concert party was got together, consisting of Preese, Leece, Knipe, the one who has now discarded plumbing, and Chem., with Cam and the Editor alternately wreaking their vengeance on the box of bones. Everybody was in good form, and the Editor having been firmly restrained from singing, a most enjoyable time was spent. Messrs. Preese and Leece vied with each other in getting the most out of their songs, while the erstwhile Plumber had burned the midnight oil putting the finishing touches to a new item which he gave (among others) with his usual aplomb—beg pardon, aplomb. Chem. had, unfortunately, been unable to bring any music,

but this did not affect his versatility—nothing would. (This was written before the increase in prices.) Knipe, by special request, gave the "Wee Cotter Hoose," and again succeeded in leaving his audience in the same bewildered condition as of yore, a feat of which he is inordinately proud, shewing that his accent has not yet lost its deadly cunning. One or two thoughtless suggestions were made that this touching poem might at some future occasion be rendered in English, but the misguided instigators were howled down in derision.

An interval in the proceedings was taken advantage of to prevail upon Hubert to say a few words about his experiences as a motor ambulance driver at the front, and although given on the spur of the moment his marshalling of the incidents encountered, and his fluent and lucid eloquence which clothed them with enthralling interest were such that we would all have gladly had more. The fateful hour of 9.30, however, approaching with deadly insistence, and the culmination of a twenty minutes' thirst which threatened to strangle the words in his throat, put a regrettable conclusion to his reminiscences. "Auld Lang Syne," given in the good old-fashioned way, brought a successful evening to a close, the cyclists (numbering about a dozen) silently stealing away to make certain their rear lights were burning brightly, and the walking party (now consisting of nine souls, three others having vanished earlier in the evening) making their perilous way through the snake-infested regions leading to Woolton.

Alderley Edge, December 15th. 1217.

It certainly wasn't inviting; a strong raw wind on the side, with occasional heavy cold showers, and muddy roads, don't make up, to my mind, ideal cycling conditions. Perhaps "anno domini" has its hand heavy upon me, and that disinclination to exertion which is said to assail the man over forty is beginning to come over me, but whatever the cause, I'm beginning to give rather more attention to weather conditions on Saturdays than I used to. [Our poor old contributor is certainly getting done. He has only put in 50 runs this year.—Ed.] Young bloods like you and Grandpa, Mr. Editor, are I'm sure, quite superior to these considerations, but we weaker vessels much prefer a fine day to a wet one, and dry roads to mud. However, habit is strong, and the lure of jolly good company stronger, so I hauled my steed forth, did sufficient anointing to make some kind of progress possible, and barged off. Foregathering with another member on the road, we went along at, for me, a good pace, and had hopes of reaching our destination without defending the realm by way of wasting oil, but were pulled up by a policeman sometime after the legal hour, and ordered to light up. I rather think the policeman mentioned the matter in pure absence of mind, for he was cycling without lights himself at the time. We reached the "Trafford Arms" without further incident, to find Boss Higham, the Doctor, "F.H.," Boardman and Dolamore already installed. It's a long time—far too long—since we had the Doctor with us, and many hopes were expressed that, having once more made an appearance, he would get into the habit. Buckley and a friend and the brothers Mundell put in an appearance later, making the complete party of eleven—quite a good muster for an alternative run. Host Mead gave us an excellent feed, served excellently, and we then adjourned to the private snug for conversation, &c. (Don't leave out the "c." Mr. Editor, it's most important.) Buckley gave us some interesting particulars of the shell-making industry, and we all felt quite sure that whatever else the Army has to complain about, the food for the guns is absolutely all right. The talk turned on races in the long ago, and the youngsters seemed to find it difficult to believe that "F.H." had ridden races somewhere

in the '80's'; his svelte figure and debonair air give no confirmation to such ancient history. Indeed, the continued youthfulness of our veterans is a splendid testimonial for cycling, especially as practised by the A.B.C. We got away in good time and pouring rain, which latter, however, did not last long, and, I hope, all reached home safely.

Chester, December 22nd, 1917.

A perfectly glorious day for cycling, with hard dry roads, no wind, brilliant sunshine, and Luna in excelsis. What more could we want? Yet the run immediately prior to X'mas always seems to suffer numerically. We suppose the boys are so busy purchasing X'mas gifts with which to bombard the Editorial Sanctum, but we wonder how many were disporting themselves under the banner "Union is strength"? Or stay, perhaps they were training for the Boxing Day Run. Manchester was represented by Green and Turnor, whom Cook had encountered near Kelsall, and the brothers Mundell. Edwards, via Frodsham, and Venables were a bit late, but we were all delighted to greet Kettle, who is now home awaiting his commission, and was thoroughly enjoying himself in mufti on a real bicycle again. Cody and Cooper appeared to have alternatively walked and ridden, while Johnny Band claimed to have *walked* all the way. The real surprise, however, was the appearance of Sunter with his young hopeful as a pace maker, and the ride had evidently sharpened their appetites, and done them all the good in the world. With the addition of Mac. you will thus see that we mustered 14 for tea, after which we sat in a circle round the fire yarning as only Anfielders can, and none of those present was left in any doubt as to the process of freezing to death until at last, with season's greetings, the party broke up for their several destinations. Johnny led the *walking* party, consisting of Cody, Cooper, and the Sunters by the bottom road, but we suspect he was lured into riding, and got home much too early. The three trikes (Mac., Edwards and Cook) sheltered Kettle as far as Gayton, and the night being yet young, Grandad thought he had better pilot Kettle round to Hoylake, but young Edwards would not be persuaded that it was the shortest route to New Brighton! And thus ended a very jolly run under ideal Winter conditions.

Chester, Boxing Day.

A keen frosty morning, and the lure of the road casting its spell over me, I was, with the aid of the alarm clock, up with the lark at 10.15, for had not an old-fashioned club run been arranged—the only one of the year—when the members would all meet and ride in solid phalanx together? Of course it had, so hastily donning my speediest habiliments it was not long before my t-rusty steed was released from its moorings and a move made for the rendezvous. Although this was reached but an hour after the time appointed, not a soul was in view. Marvelling at this strange phenomenon I determined not to wait, thus shewing the true Anfield spirit. The thin searching air gently but with gratifying thoroughness insinuated itself with deadly accuracy into the dead centre of both my big toes, which gradually acquired frost bite, and this state of affairs having duly permeated the rest of my being I became unconscious, and thus avoided the customary agony involved in "clawing 'em round"—this goes to prove the compensatory quality of the laws of nature. Arrived at Chester, however, the warmth exuded by the Real Riders as they came in steaming hot, quickly thawed my congealed person, and eventually a crowd of 32 hungry mortals (including five friends) sat down to a very appetising lunch. Out of this gathering 29 were self-propelled, the other three—who shall be nameless,

this being the Season of Goodwill—having trained and walked. The absence of Chem. was commented upon, but it was explained that he had at last got on a particularly hot trail of some wild untamed houses, and was at that moment busily engaged in tracking them to their lair to avoid being houseless and homeless. Hubert Roskell and Cam were also among the missing, although they had both elaborated complicated time-tables to enable them to reach the Yappy board. Poor Chandler, too, bravely pitting an anæmic appetite against the fare of the Festive Season, had been badly got under and was boiling with indignation over his inability to take the saddle. Mac., although suffering from acute consumption, accompanied by the other maladies which follow in its train, had nevertheless managed to crawl out in a voiceless condition. The sight, however, of the teeming multitude, which, on a lightning calculation put up his average attendance chart by .001, effected a complete cure. After an hour or two the concourse gradually dwindled away, the strain of the rear-light question being too great, and various routes were taken. Grandad, Teddy Edwards, and Kettle (who by the way was looking exceedingly fit) inveigled three young friends (poor fellows, not yet proof against the old gentleman's blandishments) to go round the earth to Halewood, where I understand they did themselves very well, demolishing the remnants of the mince pies left by Teddy on the last occasion. Eventually Toft and the Editor person prevailed upon their pacing team (Ven. and Morris) to again brave the biting blasts. Toft offered a fervent and petrified "Good-bye" to the merciless tandem at the sixth milestone, and a vivid imagination pictures him walking the remainder of the distance. The remaining trio having thawed themselves out at Hinderton again resumed the treadle, and the writer, offering up a heartfelt prayer at the departure of the tandemons at the bottom of Hilberry Brow, took the opportunity of walking most of the distance home in the deadly fear of being turned—like Lot's wife—into a pillar of ice.

Parkgate, December 29th, 1917.

An Englishman's house is his castle. A house is the shell which covers, protects, and keeps inviolate the home. The home is the bulwark on which rests the inherent greatness of this great country. A home without a house (or shell) is unthinkable. Yet am I practically houseless and homeless. For years my ancestral hall, a prey to the insidious cark of centuries, has bit by bit literally tumbled about my ears. I have had for honoured guests during indefinite periods the plumber, the builder, the paperhanger, the handy man, and other gentlemen of kindred occupations, whose mere presence is an antidote to ennui, and whose efforts a stimulus to witness. These worthy fellows have given of their best. Nobly has the builder plunged into the imminent deadly breach engendered by a puff of wind; gallantly has the plumber plumbed to abysmal depths in pursuit of errant ghastly leaks; bravely has the gasfitter charged recalcitrant pipes, only turning from his duty after asphyxiation had set in; vain the courageous efforts to keep the roof above (and not below) our heads; all, all, in vain, and at long last to avoid total extinction it was necessary to give it best. With a light heart, and as a comparatively young man, I accordingly started out some months ago in quest of another habitation, and now, broken and aged, I retire from the uneven contest, all hope abandoned. Strange romantic tales have reached my ears of houses (real houses!) being to let; grotesque and fallacious statements unsupported by a tittle of evidence! Scoffers with roofs (real roofs) above their heads have treated my pitiable plight with merry quip, lightsome flights of fancy, flashes of gay (but to mind, distorted) humour, little recking the gaping incisions their witty (sic) sallies made in my already lacerated

bosom. It has been asserted that I have not tried, by people what doesn't know the crying abuses what undoubtedly exists in this houseless country, and there's no denying it.

My pedestrianism, the mileage of which in this desperate adventure would compare not unfavourably with Grandad's annual cycling chart has been made the subject of ribaldry. Of sympathy there is none, and yet Heaven alone knows what I have suffered. For hours and hours, day after day, I have trudged the surrounding districts, tracking mythical houses which existed only in the fantastic imaginations of false friends, and been turned empty away. But at last an inspiration has come: a house on wheels, a caravan, perchance horse-propelled, or later, when petrol restrictions are a thing of the past, impelled by an auto-wheel! The more I reflect on this idea the more manifold and obvious the advantages become. In the first place no rent—what vision of beatitude is this? Secondly life becomes immediately one dazzling panoramic adventurous scheme. One snaps his fingers at neighbours or neighbourhoods. Should the aristocratic purlieus of Sefton Park begin to cloy upon the jaded appetite, what easier or more delightful than to transport oneself among the democratic denizens of Marybone? Sated eventually with this halcyon spot a crack of the whip and, hey presto! one is wafted to pastoral or ozonic retreats at will. Wearied with these simple delights, and yearning for light and gaiety, what more natural or facile than to turn the nag's head in the direction of, say, Birkenhead? The kaleidoscopic changes are infinite, life becomes a perpetual series of moving pictures, the worries of housekeeping a nightmare laid by the heels, and club runs a positive pleasure! And talking of runs reminds me that this is an account of the Parkgate run. Nineteen were out, mostly treadlers. The tables literally groaned under the weight of the meats—at least groanings were heard—and everyone rose from the banquet (except Johnny Band, perhaps the finest exponent of the true Anfield spirit the Club has ever known) at least a couple of ounces heavier. Harry Buck, on his annual visit to the Club, had walked fifteen miles to reach the Rhonddavous (Grandad's little joke, and very Yappt too!), was warm in his praises of the arrangements, and promised to pay us another visit next year. Hubert Roskell, with difficulty rising from the table, had to be restrained from giving vent to his enthusiasm, and the Presider waxed positively eloquent upon the whole affair. An hour later the pangs of hunger becoming intolerable, the train-cum-walk party silently melted away in search of sustenance—and that's all I know about the run.

Allstock, December 29th, 1917.

Frost, succeeded by thaw with rain, had made the roads very heavy, so that, notwithstanding the shortness of the run, we got quite a lot of exercise in journeying to and from the Drovers' I don't admire Tar-mac as a rule, but on occasions such as this, it's a good line, with its hard surface and freedom from heavy mud. Weather conditions in the afternoon were as pleasant as could be expected at this time of the year, and the hard work was a good corrective for the effects of Christmas festivities (if you'd had any these times). Under the impression that there was plenty of time to spare, I took on some lanes in a pretty district, but miscalculated either the distance or the drag of the heavy roads, for I found myself a long way from my destination at 5 p.m. The spurt necessary to arrive at the appointed hour was a strenuous affair, but I managed it—very warm indeed—

to find six members waiting. Tea was soon on and despatched as satisfactorily as it was prepared—which is saying something.

Boss Higham had brought out Mr. Ellison with the kindly intention of giving us some music after tea, but the absence of a pianist made this impossible. However, we passed a pleasant couple of hours round the fire discussing all sorts of things, as usual, and listening to a few of Mr. Ellison's experiences in the B.E.F. The ride home was without incident of note.

(This was the last run of the year Mr. Editor, and I'll ask you to observe, and to count it unto me for righteousness, how carefully I have refrained from making any allusion to the fact or working in any retrospect of this, or hopes for next year, so fashionable in all periodicals just now. Years may come and years may go, but the A.B.C. goes on for ever—it has no seasons. The merits I claim for my account are, therefore, purely negative; it's as dull as ditchwater and as flat as the American soldiers' beer, but if those who *can* write lively accounts show such unaccountable shyness in displaying their facility, what the devil is a poor Snub to do? You must have something.)

A. T. SIMPSON, Editor.

ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB.

FORMED MARCH 1879.

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

MONTHLY CIRCULAR.

Vol. XIII.

No. 144.

FIXTURES FOR FEBRUARY, 1918.

	Light up at
Feb. 2.—Halewood (Derby Arms)	5-24 p.m.
" 9.—West Kirby (Ring o' Bells).....	5-38 p.m.
" 11.—(Monday) Committee Meeting, 15 Drury Buildings, 21 Water Street, 7 p.m.	
" 16.—Warrington—Musical Evening (Patten Arms) Tea 5-30 p.m. ...	5-52 p.m.
" 23.—Rossett (Golden Lion)	6- 5 p.m.
Mar. 2.—Halewood (Derby Arms)	6-19 p.m.
ALTERNATIVE RUNS FOR MANCHESTER MEMBERS.	
Feb. 2.—Knutsford (Lord Eldon).....	5-24 p.m.
" 9.—Allostock (Drovers' Arms).....	5-38 p.m.
" 23.—Bollington, near Altrincham (Swan)	6- 5 p.m.
Mar. 2.—Knutsford (Lord Eldon)	6-19 p.m.

Full moon 25th instant.

Committee Notes.

Stourton Lodge,
Arno Road, Oxtou.

After tea at Warrington on the 16th February, which will be at 5-30 p.m. instead of 6 p.m., there will be a Musical Evening under the charge of Mr. C. H. Turnor.

The attention of the Members of the Committee is called to the fact that the next Meeting will be held at 15, Drury Buildings, 21, Water Street, Liverpool, on the 11th February at 7 p.m.

NEW MEMBERS.—Messrs. G. H. LAKE, 2, James Street, Liverpool; F. L. EDWARDS, 5, Herbert Street, Moss Side, Manchester, and W. ORRELL, 1, Cecil Road, Eccles, Lancs., have been elected to Active Membership.

APPLICATION FOR MEMBERSHIP.—Mr. G. H. Winstanley, Ye Olde House, Great Crosby, proposed by W. Cameron, Jr., and seconded by A. T. Simpson. Mr. Frank Beckitt, "Warmsworth, Albert Road, Cheadle Hulme, proposed by A. Crowcroft and seconded by R. H. Carlisle.

The Delegates for 1918 are: To the R.R.A., Messrs. P. C. Beardwood and H. Hellier; to the N.R.R.A., Messrs. J. C. Band, W. P. Cook, E. Edwards, F. D. McCann, and W. R. Toft.

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

The President and Mr. Toft arranged for the sending of 16 parcels to Members on Active Service Abroad during January: The parcels each containing cigarettes, a tin of biscuits, a tin of herrings and tomatoes, and a tin of mint humbugs.

NEW ADDRESSES.—T. B. CONWAY, Kingsley, Keynsham, near Bristol; Cadet R. P. SEED, X Coy., No. 15 Artists' Rifles O.C.B., Billet 1072, Room 4, Gidea Park, Romford, Essex; Flight Sub-Lieut. C. C. DEWS, R.N., R.N.A. Station, Killingholme, Lincs.; Driver H. R. BAND, No. 215235, R.F.A., c/o The President, Y.M.C.A., Bombay; Battery Q.M.S. R. T. RUDD, No. 675212, A/310 Battery, R.F.A., 62nd Division, B.E.F.; Sapper P. WILLIAMSON, No. 72272, R.E., Base Wireless Section, Wireless Headquarters, Salonica Forces; 2nd A.M. G. POOLE, No. 60833, R.F.C., Auxiliary Hospital, Frodsham; Rifleman W. M. ROBINSON, No. 555423, Queen's Westminster Rifles, No. 1 Ward, Beech St. Hospital, Huddersfield; Cpl. G. JACKSON, Headquarters, 66th Infantry Brigade, Salonica Forces.

F. D. McCANN,
Hon. Secretary.

It is with the deepest sorrow we have to record the death of George J. Theakstone, which took place suddenly on Monday, January 7th. We all knew that George suffered more or less from chronic bronchitis, especially during the winter months, but he was never really ill, and his sudden death came as a great shock. Joining us in 1897, George was in many respects a real Pillar of the Club. For several years he was a keen and active supporter of the Club Fixtures, attending between 30 and 40 runs per annum, and rendering useful service on the Committee. At all times he was the life and soul of any Club Run he attended, and with his wonderful gifts as a humorist he has probably entertained us with song and story more often than any other member. In recent years domestic ties and anno domini prevented his appearance among us so frequently, but he was always delighted to attend any special fixtures, and cheerfully responded to all calls for his services. Shall we ever forget "Suggy," "Alonzo," or his Dumb Conjuring? Perhaps his versatility is best illustrated by the fund of Irish stories he was able to reel off to the complete appreciation of Arjay and The O'Tatur when they were with us at Bettws-y-Coed. As an impromptu speaker his wit and humour were scintillating, and there was always a vein of home truth in all he said on these occasions. For years at Bettws. he delivered the speech at the function known as "the Branding of the Puplings," and amid a flow of witty remarks which no interruptions, could stem, he gave what was really a lot of sound advice to the new members with racing aspirations. Even his humorous accounts of his own attempts at road racing with their reference to the temptations of blackberries, were not without sound lessons. In the passing of dear old George, the Club suffers a great loss. We shall not readily look upon his like again, and our deepest sympathies are extended to his now completely orphaned daughters and to all his relations.

Personal.

Once more the direction of this perennial periodical has been left in my hands, and, while I had hopes that circumstances would have arisen permitting of the resumption of our racing programme this year, and thus necessitating the election to the post of a more active member, I am deeply conscious of the honour. It is pleasant to think that the old rag continues to serve as a connecting link between us all, and the appreciation it receives—perhaps more especially at the hands of our members in the forces who are unable, unfortunately, to participate in the fixtures—more than amply repays any little efforts required in its production. I wish to thank most heartily all those who have contributed to its success, and I feel sure I can rely upon a continuance of their cordial support. Let us hope the time is not far distant when it can be published under happier auspices.—A.T.S.

Annual General Meeting, January 10th, 1918.

This was probably the quietest Annual Meeting in the annals of the Club, a warm spirit of Brotherly Love permeating the atmosphere and making the business go through without any real incidents to record. Although only Turnor was able to get over from Manchester, the attendance of 25 was two more than last year, those showing sufficient interest in the Club and appreciation of the services rendered by the Executive being D. R. Fell, in the Chair, Turnor, Mercer, Band, Venables, Knipe, Toft, Edwards, Cody, Royden, Zambuck, Williams, Conway, Dews, Dave Rowatt, Cooper, Sunter, Poole, Cook, Keizerette, Simpson, Hubert Roskell, Cheminais, J. Seed and Mac.

Before starting the business of the Meeting, the President referred with considerable emotion to the great loss the Club had sustained in the sudden death of George Theakstone, and, all standing, we passed a silent vote of condolence with the bereaved ones. Fell reminded us that in the whole history of the Club we had only lost by death five members, excluding the three who have made the supreme sacrifice for their King and Country.

We then began the Meeting with the usual passing of last year's Minutes, which cleared the way for Mac's bright and breezy report, which was certainly the best of the long series he has presented us with. Again we record a small but gratifying increase in the membership, which is a great thing these times, while, best of all, the average attendance at Club Fixtures, which is a sure barometer of Club Life, shows the remarkable figure of 18.735, as against 16.629 in 1916. Those of you who have helped to accomplish this can pat yourselves on the back, while those who have shirked upholding the Flag while the boys are away will not boast about it. Our largest muster was 37 and our smallest 8, so there is still plenty of room for what is euphemistically called "Equality of Sacrifice"! The only note of exception to Mac's report was his peroration. Just wait until you read the rubbish in the Handbook! Then Knipe juggled with figures in quite an alarming manner. The conjuring performance was perfect and intricate to follow. Why on earth the Government does not requisition Bob's services is beyond comprehension. We rather gathered that he had found Chandler and Zambuck regular sleuthhounds in their auditing, but he seems to have eluded them very well. Not being any good at figures you must not mind if this Epistle to the Heathens (*i.e.*, those who were not present to listen for themselves) misleads you, but we gathered that owing to the further increased cost of printing to over £50, and over £60 spent on parcels to men on Service, our balance is down about £25. This caused some discussion as to whether appeals for a Comforts Fund should be originated (some Voluntary Windfalls had accrued during the year), but it was finally

decided to leave matters as they are. This decreased balance may be a blessing in disguise by preventing resignations or transfers to the Honorary List. We all know what excellent value the Circular is, and who would wish the parcels cut down? Again there are practically no outstanding subscriptions, and altogether the balance-sheet with over £70 in hand is quite healthy. After confirming the rates of subscription for 1918, we appointed Conway and Flight Sub-Lieutenant Dews, R.N.A.S., scrutineers, and proceeded to elect a new Executive. Evidently the Boloisim hinted at in the last Circular had got in its fine work, for there was a suspicious slickness and unanimity at the way *all* the officers were re-elected with acclamation! Someone must have been very lavish! Whose is the Hidden Hand?!! However, we really did have a run for our money over the election of Committeemen. Some of the thirsty ones feared there would be no necessity for a ballot, and therefore no adjournment while the votes were counted, but a little diplomacy avoided this national calamity by securing the nomination of 11 names for the 8 seats. We then breathed freely and went downstairs to do it, only to find that Lord Hawkes, the Beer Controller, had been guilty of a grave dereliction of duty. The result of the ballot placed Cheminais and Jack Seed back on the Executive again in place of Cooper and Keizerette, and the re-election of the other six diehards. Of course after Knipe's subtle references to the Auditors, it was a walk-over for the re-election of Chandler and Zambuck, and we then proceeded with the general items of the Agenda, all of which are more or less formal nowadays. The only item that need be mentioned is Charlie Conway's proposition "that the Club Tour at Easter be to Bettws-y-Coed," which he moved in words of burning eloquence which would have melted away any opposition save that of one so pertinacious as the Mullah, who actually had the temerity to move "Craven Arms" as an amendment and found no takers! So we passed Charlie's proposition with acclamation. All the rest of the resolutions were the same as last year down to the vote of thanks to the Editor by Toft (who had evidently been well greased by that astute individual), and concluding with the all embracing vote of thanks, moved by Cook in a very harsh and dry voice (which we understand "yielded to treatment" in the vicinity). The crowd then gradually dissolved into its component parts, feeling that the Meeting had given us a happy agury for 1918.

Treasury Notes.

The Treasurer desires on behalf of the Club to offer his heartiest thanks to Messrs. E. A. Woodward, C. Keizer, W. Jones, W. D. Band, Fred. Gee, C. H. Turnor, and A. Newsholme for their donations to "Comforts" Fund during the past year. While this is an entirely unofficial fund, he wishes to state that no money will be turned away at the doors. All are welcome!

Concerning Those On Service.

The accounts of our Annual Meeting appearing in "Cycling" and the "Irish Cyclist," with their mention of the parcels we send each month to those on Active Service have had a most interesting and gratifying sequel. Mr. H. A. Coombs, of the Pickwick B.C., whose Pickwickian pseudonym is Ben Allen, having read what we were doing, has written a very nice letter as follows:—

"Dear Mr. Cook,—I notice you are sending some parcels to the Front. I should be very pleased to send you free as many Pencil Boxes (as pattern enclosed) as you care to have. If you will let me know the quantity I am at your disposal 'to let the good work go on.'

"There is nothing Tommy appreciates and needs so much as a pencil."

Naturally, Grandad at once wrote accepting the most generous offer, and thanking Mr. Coombs on behalf of the Club and the prospective recipients. There will, therefore, be enclosed in our next parcels a neat little box containing two most useful pencils, and inscribed:—"With Best Wishes for Your Safe Return to Old England, and Thanks for what you have done."

Postcard acknowledgments are to hand from D. C. Kinghorn ("Many thanks and all good wishes to my fellow members for Christmas and the New Year"), and Percy Williamson ("Many thanks to all. Hope you had a great time on Boxing Day"); G. Jackson and J. L. Mahon ("Just a line for Christmas—many thanks")—all October parcels. George Poole ("Will write in a few days. Ill fortune to have frostbite on my right web—rather a rotten complaint to have, off duty with it, and I have just been issued a new mount—smashed my old one a few days ago. Best wishes to all for the New Year"). J. A. Grimshaw, Li. Cohen, R. T. Rudd ("With very many thanks")—all December parcels. James Rowatt—August parcel.

Congratulations to Rudd and Warburton on their promotion: The former is Battery Quarter-Master-Sergeant, and the latter is Sergeant-Major.

W. M. Robinson, who is now back in Blighty, sends the following interesting account of his journey:—

One of the advantages of stopping things on the Western Front and elsewhere is that you have new experiences, from which I am not altogether averse. My latest new experience has been getting to "Blighty." On Sunday, 13th January, I had less than two hours' notice that I was "for England." An hour later, the evacuation was washed out. At 12-30 p.m. on Monday, I was tucked away in a motor ambulance and had a very pleasant drive of 18 miles to I-suppose-I'd-better-not-say-any-where. (Incidentally, I may remark that the papers pinned to my manly bosom were marked "Lying" and "Severe." The latter word referred to the nature of my wound, and the former indicated that I was a stretcher case. It did *not* reflect on my veracity, as I know you will too hastily assume.)

I was carried aboard the lugger and safely dumped in a most comfortable little cot. Later on a R.A.M.C. Corporal came round and put the wind up us (perhaps) by telling us which lifeboat we were for in the event of the lugger being mined, torpedoed, etc. I was so deeply impressed that I was fast asleep before 8-0 p.m., when we set sail for England, Home and Beauty. It appears that "hospital ships" are now largely superseded by "ambulance transports," which do not bear Red-cross markings, but are camouflaged to resemble, say, the skin of a Spanish onion. Early next morning we arrived on this side of the Channel, and at 10-30 a.m. I was carried ashore and put in the hospital train, and off we went for Yorkshire. The train journey, like the trip on the lugger, was most comfortable, and I could have stood either "for duration." We had some jolly decent meals, too. A great advantage of being in the Army is that you don't have to waste your time standing in queues in order to get a couple of tea leaves or a Quaker Oat. We reached Huddersfield at 6-40 p.m., and an hour later I was safely abed in the semi-open air ward, which, as Uncle would say, was as cold as a hearse. I have since been moved to a less severe climate, where I am likely to remain for donkeys' years. All goes well with me, but it will be a long time before I can walk or "get 'em round." Cheerio to everybody.

Rudd writes the Cook: Just a few lines to let you know I am going on all right, and am now out on rest. I have been promoted to Battery Quarter-Master-Sergeant. I send my very best thanks to all the Boys for the parcel; it came at a good time when I was on the move.

Cohen also writes Cook: Please give my thanks to the Club for the January Parcel, contents of which were appreciated as much as ever. Situated where I am, these parcels come as an absolute oasis to a wanderer in the desert. Thank goodness I am not in one yet, but on the other hand the country round these parts is completely devastated. The thaw has at last come, and the roads are beyond description, with the result that I have to cover my journeys on a real Army bike. Still, I suppose all these things are part of the so-called Great Adventure, and it is always a consolation to know it can't last for more than another twenty years at the present rate.

From H. S. Barratt, 6th January: "I am afraid I did not acknowledge the November parcel (Yes, you did.—Ed.), and it reminded me when the welcome December one came to hand yesterday—the reason being that I was on leave from November 26th to December 7th. I made it my first business to call and see Turnor, and fully intended putting in two runs, but when one is on leave time seems to go so quickly and there seems so much to do that one is back again before one realises things. I did get out on the grid once, which caused me to breathe hard, so I put it down to 'out of condition,' and I walked the rest of the way home—the whole journey being about three miles!

"We had quite a good Christmas under the circumstances, and everyone announced 'House full' at the conclusion of meals. We were all quite experts at balancing plates and glasses at the mid-day meal, and the steady hands serving out the imitation of the British national drink prevented quite 25 per cent. of it 'going west.' I sincerely hope you all had a very happy Christmas, and that 1918 will see all the Anfielders once more with heads down and 'backsights' up, madly careering to pass a certain point on time."

From Percy Williamson, 22nd December: "I have recently received the November and December Circulars, and the October parcel—all within a week. I think some of the letters for this part must do a real Anfield tour before reaching Greece. You will see by the date my October parcel has just arrived in time for Christmas, and while you are having a real Anfield spread at Chester we shall be having Anfield shortbread washed down with Greek wine, finishing off with another dip in the parcel for the cigarettes. These parcels have a happy knack of arriving at the moment of greatest need, and are as welcome as a drink in a '50.' I see I have a fellow clubman in Salonica, but by his address I don't think there is any chance of us meeting. I hope you all had a very good time at Chester on Boxing Day. I am keeping quite fit and so far holding my own with the fickle Macedonian climate, which, during a fortnight, has changed from intense cold to mildness and now to rain. Best of good luck to all."

From J. A. Grimshaw, 1st January: "Just a line to let you know I got the parcel, for which I send my best thanks. I hope you all had a good time this Christmas—I had a really good one; we had a fine dinner, with plenty of food and drink. I wish all the boys the best of luck in the New Year, and I hope we all are back before the next, though I am afraid it will be too late to have any racing; I am confident, however, the Club will be carried on in the same good manner as before, and be ready for us when we do get back, and I, for one, appreciate the way you have kept things going."

From George Poole, 4th January, in No. 3 Canadian Hospital, France, and who, we are glad to hear, has since been transferred to Hospital at Frodsham: "I really think it is about time this business ended, and that the 'old firm' be relieved of the task of despatching these tokens of goodwill to its members now enjoying (perhaps) the full force of winter, something similar, I should imagine, to what it is like around the North Pole, but, speaking personally, I am, to some extent, 'quids in,' being in Hospital

with frostbite; it is not all sunny, however, as the complaint has a habit of impressing its presence upon you especially at night time when you least wish it, so it is really a toss-up which is the better of the two—being out and about or between the sheets. I have had some very stiff and important rides lately, night rides as well as day, in frost, snow and such like, and my feet have suffered in consequence from the cold, although well looked after. I remember being 36 hours on a journey up the line which ought to have taken only six. It was a case of digging through the drifts of snow in places, making detours into fields, and all the time trying to keep roaring with laughter at the job; the only good point was that the snow kept the engine cool. One night I left 'the doing' on the roadside and finished on foot. Next morning it was not 'hunt the slipper' but the aforesaid 'doings,' which were none the worse after being dug out and unthawed a little. I have been here for four days, but shall not stay; it being an advanced depôt room must be made for others. Well, cheerio, for the present. I give the war eight months more only. Kind regards to all the boys, and with renewed thanks for the parcel."

From H. R. Band, 15th November, 1917: "Here we are after just a week in this place (Trimulgherry), and we still do not know what is to be done with us. In future please address everything as follows (See Committee Notes.—Ed.): "I haven't had anything at all from the A.B.C. yet except two Circulars, which I acknowledged to McCann."

"It is an absolute struggle to make ends meet here as we don't get as much money as we did at Jubbulpore, and I don't know what I would do if one were on riding drill, because then I should have to pay my Syce a rupee a week to clean my harness! In some ways the Indian Army is a frost, and we are worse off for money than at home. Still it has its compensations, and one of them is that we still have to *commence* our training. They don't seem to know what to do with us. We do a route march before breakfast, and then stables afterwards, and that is all up to now. We started work (?) last Monday. Tuesday and Saturday afternoons are holidays, also all Thursdays and Sundays after Church parades. Very different from Preston! There is not much to do at nights, but we have several canteens, and at the R.A. canteen there is a fine reading-room, billiard-room and library. The air is fine, and it is very healthy. I am keeping fit and well."

W. M. Robinson has at last reached Blighty; he writes, under date 16th January: "Arrived here (Huddersfield) last night. Evacuated at usual short notice, and not able to let you know earlier, so that parcel could be stopped."

From W. H. C. Binns, 3rd January: "I thank you all very much indeed for the jolly nice pipe you have sent me, as also for the good wishes. The latter I, too, wish you all, in the hope that this year may see all of our Service Members back home again and the war finished. Wouldn't it be splendid to be jogging up and down those dear old Cheshire lanes again? The pipes I have had from you for three years now are a very acceptable present, and although, previously, I was never a fierce smoker, tobacco is now, to me, a good friend. I hope the Club will have as successful a year as possible in 1918, and when it does get back again its absent members, may it speedily climb once more to its old position. I shall always be proud of having been an Active Member."

From Bright—evidently pushed for time for writing: "Many thanks for little packet."

From G. Jackson, December 18th: "Please thank the Club members on my behalf for the September parcel, which duly reached me; needless to say,

it was extremely welcome. I have also to acknowledge the November Circular, which has been sent on to me from the Battalion—I've got a new address now, by the way; it is Headquarters, 66th Infantry Brigade, where any letters will reach me. I've been here some time now, and have had it both hard and 'cushy,' and, of course, it's a great change from the Battalion. Even as I write another parcel has arrived for me—the Club's October one in good condition, too, despite its two month's journey. Things don't half take some time to reach here now. On occasions they come with, in comparison, almost lightning speed—such is the state of things in war time."

From W. E. Cotter, 2nd January: "Just a line to acknowledge the pipe, which arrived safely, and to express my thanks to all the members of the Old Club for the kindly thought which prompted the gift. I am here on a course which finishes on Friday or Saturday, after which I hope to return to my unit. I don't know yet whether this will be possible, as I hear they are breaking up the 73rd Division. I had the pleasure of seeing Carpenter yesterday in town, and have made an appointment to meet Frank Roskell to-morrow, so you will see that although I cannot attend the Club Runs, I am doing my best to keep in touch with some of the members."

From R. A. Fulton, 9th January: "Will you please convey to the President and the Members of the A.B.C. my many thanks for the delightful present and for their kind wishes, which are heartily reciprocated. I received the pipe this morning, and it has been duly broken in and at the moment is doing excellent service. I am deeply touched by the kind remembrances, and appreciate very highly the gift and thought. With all Good Wishes."

From George Poole, 25th January: "Thanks for sending along the January Circular. I was pleased to have it, as, being penned in here, anything of outside reading is of interest; it certainly had gone the rounds of Depôts in France and over here. I am now sitting up and taking a little nourishment, as the saying goes; in fact, I had a ride to Chester on Wednesday in our Ambulance, and whether my memory has completely failed me or not I did not recognise the bulk of the road from Frodsham to the ancient and good old city; the sooner I get back on it the better, I guess, but I expect it will be three or four weeks ere I am out and about again—a very slow job this; however, it cannot be helped. I had Harry, Jimmy and Oliver here last Sunday for a couple of hours. I believe they enjoyed the climb up here—it took me 1½ hours on Wednesday on crutches with umpteen rests. Cheerio."

MEMS.

Mac. has an interesting letter from Carpenter, of date 17th January, from which the following are extracts: "Although during 1917 I more than doubled my average mileage by covering 9,135 miles, force of circumstances kept me entirely away from Club runs. I thought that Boxing Day would give me a last opportunity of turning up, but it so happened that I was in London, and I had to content myself with a little jaunt into Hertfordshire with a friend, while my mind was partly dwelling upon the festal scene in Chester. The Circular is the only consolation, for I do not remember seeing an Anfield awheel during the whole of last year, except at the Old Timers' Rally. I must not forget to mention, however, that I had the pleasure of meeting Cotter in London, and of observing that he looked very strong and well. More than 8,700 miles of my riding last year was done in solitude, and it was not until December that I had any touring in company. Then I had a pilgrimage into the Mendips with my second son, and finally a most interesting ride of two days with my wife and the same boy from Weston-super-Mare to Slough—about 119 miles."

We are asked to contradict the rumour that the letters recently appearing in the "Liverpool Echo," headed "Trials of a Househunter," were written by one of our members who has recently been elected to the Committee. "A Disgusted Househunter" claims to have had a 2½ years' tramp, whereas our gifted member has not been so fortunate.

With the New Year there appeared in the newspapers a long list of names of people who had been awarded various ranks in the new Order of the British Empire. The only prominent cyclist who figures in the list is our old friend Arthur Ilsley, of the North Road Club, who now adds M.O.B.E. to his name, and receives our hearty congratulations. At the same time it must not be forgotten that several years ago H. M. Buck had conferred upon him the letters M.B.O.E. by Sir Charles Keizer, so the Anfield is First and Foremost after all!

Writing about initial letters added to names, we are informed that R.N.A.S. means "Really not a Sailor," but we cannot vouch for this, as we forgot to consult Clifford Dews.

The mileage charts of three of our members have recently appeared in "Cycling," and been most interesting. Our new member Orrell provided a chart which discloses wonderfully consistent riding in its total of over 10,000 miles, and shows what an acquisition he is to our ranks. Carpenter's chart, however, is really the most remarkable of the lot when one considers how he has to take his machine all over the kingdom and secure his riding so largely by strenuous week-ends and long night rides. In compiling 9,136 miles he rode in every English county except Cornwall, and all the Scottish counties south of Aberdeen, with no less than 27 rides of over a century! There's enthusiasm for you! While envious of the variety of country Carpenter has been able to explore, we could not emulate his example in obtaining it under such unfavourable circumstances, and are certain Grandad's larger total was more easily and comfortably piled up.

Commander Park has lately been down on a visit, and we were extremely glad to see him looking so fit and well. By dint of unscrupulously persistent and Machiavellian interrogations we succeeded in extracting from him a fund of secret information regarding Naval operations, which a Cinquevalli might with practice be able to balance on the point of a particularly fine needle. If we could only tell you what he told us!—you would know as much as we do. He says the fare and tariff at Sunnyside Hydro are quite up to standard, and throws out a suggestion that the weekly runs through the lanes of Birkenhead to this hostelry might be arranged with advantage, thus killing two birds with one stone, i.e., rescuing Mac from an early grave, and doing a good turn to the proprietor—a decent chap.

Another ardent admirer of our tramway system has appeared in the person of Ven, whose enthusiasm for these "lines laid in pleasant places" after his delightful experience a few evenings ago—when he felt drawn to them by an irresistible force—knows no bounds. As he aptly puts it, cycling without tramlines is like being fobbed off with sugar on a meatless day. Chem. (another devotee of this form of sport) has already got in touch with him, and we understand they are now collaborating with a view to mapping out a series of tours abounding with these enticing entanglements.

The following is extracted from a letter from H. Pritchard to McCann: "A very cordial invitation for me to attend the M.C. and A.C. dinner, which I received from Mr. F. J. Urry in order that I might represent the A.B.C., was one that I could not refuse, and would not have done so if I could, therefore, Saturday, the 26th, January, saw me at the White Horse Hotel, Birmingham—one of a gathering of some 150 members and friends. You may

smile, you are quite entitled to, at the idea of a 'rebellious outsider' like myself representing the A.B.C., but one must put up with a lot in these times, and rather I should go, I thought, than no one. If aught was lacking in the fare owing to food restrictions—though I lacked nothing despite my non-flesh régime, it was made up for in the cordiality, the happiness of the gathering and the excellence of the musical programme. President Bennett was in the Chair, supported by Mr. Hyde, of free-wheel fame, who proposed the toast of the 'Visitors,' the response coming from Mr. Stancer and Mr. N. W. Alexander. Every table had its gold or silver cup, and I was enchanted with a beautiful gold cup, presented by the B.S.A. Company, opposite which I found myself, with 'Bert' Powell as my companion. Bald heads and grey hairs predominated (not excluding my own 'greys,' acquired since I left Liverpool), for were not all the youth 'out there'? The toast of 'Our Boys with the Forces' was the most impressive. A collection for a Comforts' Fund and for the N.C.U. Prisoners of War Fund realised £60. Right glad was I to be present, and I am certain that the members of the A.B.C. will join in again thanking the M.C. and A.C., and especially Mr. F. J. Urry, for the kind thought of so taking the opportunity of having the A.B.C. represented."

At a recent Manchester run member Carlisle turned out gradely clad, but in long trousers, his excuse being that he had society work in hand after the meet. His garb in no way handicapped him, for he stormed past the poor old Master—who had guided or misguided him on his journey—up many an incline.

Curiously enough, in the next issue of the *Manchester Guardian*, the Editor bestowed a leading article on "BISHOPS IN SHORTS," protesting against the proposed lengthening of the Bishops' Trousers, and holding up the Fiery Cross in an appeal to preserve picturesque pageantry for the colour and romance of life, ending with the words "Abolish Bishops if you like, but save his Gaiters."

This reminds us how the colouring of the Autumnal Tints is frequently dulled, if not blurred, by the garb of our Long Trouser Members. No wonder that a famous wit divided us at Bettws. into Tankers and Chapel-goers. At Llangollen, he might have dissected us into Bwlchers and Bishops, but even the Bishops put those Trousers to shame. Read the Handwriting on the Wall: "And the Trousers—the Trousers were saved," while "The Red Pants were lost." Ah! What a warning. What a Lesson! Abolish the Cycle if need be, but keep us in Shorts.

True to his early instinct, the writer rose in wrath 33 years ago, at an early meeting of the newly formed Netherlands Wheelriders Union, DENOUNCING AND DERIDING THE LANG-BREEKS.

RUNS.

Halewood, January 5th. 1918.

The intentions of a large walking party were of the very best early in the week. On Saturday I met Harry Buck at the critical hour of noon, and whilst quaffing nut-brown he told me he could not exactly promise to come with us as he was going back to New Brighton for lunch, and after that was going to do some writing and have a sleep, and several other things, but he *might* join us later—not very encouraging for a start! The next I heard was that Chem., threatened by conjugal wrath, had gone home to spend the afternoon searching for houses. George Lake was undecided whether to cycle or go by train. Cam. and Preece refused flatly to walk. Eventually the Editor and myself, fortified by a good lunch, set forth down Castle Street to show the Club that we, at any rate, could and would walk. The

spirit was willing but the flesh, as ever, too, too solid to melt, and as my guide proved a devotee more of Venus than of Mercury, we struck a very good line in dugouts—the further from the front the better appointed they are. Later, we had more tea and music, and had to actually run for the supposed 5.32 train, deciding that the heads would never know whether we had walked or not. Alas, the train had left at 5-23!—rotten mismanagement. To keep the lad out of further mischief till the next train, we sought a quiet spot where we might kill half an hour with billiards, etc., and there found Cam. and Preece who had also missed the train and refused to tell us why.

However, we four boarded the 6.23 and duly arrived at Halewood to make the muster up to 22.

We made an excellent meal of bacon and eggs, steak, and the north-end of a south-bound turkey, and other delicacies, which the hard riding brigade had been unable to finish.

The conversation later round the fire was, perhaps, somewhat restrained. The first discussion on age (prompted by Charlie's stockings), set us seriously to think. The average of the company present was calculated to be about 48 (or was it 58?) I forget. The realm was offended occasionally with musical honours—a grand institution!

The cyclists left at 9.30, so, as Cam. and Preece had left earlier to go to what they called a 'dance,' Arthur and I were left to plough a double furrow.

The last time I remember seeing George Lake on a bicycle was in the early nineties when we were fellow members of the long deceased Carlton Club. I am sure George's mind went back to the desperate scorches of a quarter of a century ago, and it was with evident misgivings and suggestions that they "needn't wait" that he started off homewards with the fast pack, Toft, Fell and Charlie Conway! We only lost our way once on the walk home in the dark, and after promising the Editor I would try my hand at this little lot, I got home at 11.30 like the bridegroom, tired but triumphant, with another good conduct mark in the records of the A.B.C.

Bollington, January 5th, 1918.

Some have greatness thrust upon them with a vengeance—this is my second dose this year. The first was at the Boss-house last Saturday where, occupying the first available chair, a small mountain of edibles was immediately projected before me with the order to carry on. Those gourmands opposite no doubt had waited patiently for some five minutes, and seeing my fortunate plight immediately reviled my capacity. Despite their jibes, the contents of the platter were completely cleaned up, and the follow was devoured in face of their derision, blasting their hopes of additional tart. Thus do small (?) happenings overshadow more important events.

We did have a Musical Evening though, and one securely founded upon a good feed; you may opine that that is not the best voice trainer—but you would under-estimate the strength of our vocal organs. I say "our"—did we not all sing choruses?—or should it be chori? Now I'm sure everyone appreciates "Och! and Och and Aw!" as a really good chorus for the Anfield layman, and the visitor, Mr. Atkinson, who gave it was ably seconded by the other stentorian singer Mr. Davies—dare I call him "Tubby"—who with a continual buzz on the lowest G created a correct impression of the pibroch. Both of these gentlemen contributed magnificently to the programme, and we really must hear them again at some future date.

Mr. Ellison is getting quite an old friend who's songs improve, if possible, the more one hears them. He gave further testimony of his prowess by

duetting with Mr. Cookson, who besides giving a most professional vocal display, performed the energetic part of pianist. Messrs. Penny and Jackson completed the list of visitor performers, the whole furnishing an entertainment which was most enjoyable and enthusiastically appreciated. I must, as a good reporter, say that the Mullah performed the dual duties of Presider and Monologist with his usual dignity and good taste.

I believe there were seventeen present, eleven being members. Perhaps I'd better enumerate them or it will not be believed that they *all* came per grid: Boss, Bick and Boardman, Doctor and Dolly, Mullah and Mundell, Oppenheimer and Orrell and Sub and Sandy. If anyone is called what he is, it is because he's not called what he should be. D'you get me?

West Kirby, January 12th, 1918.

The weather during the day had been somewhat unsettled, not that it had rained to any extent or even snowed, but still there was the feeling that at any minute it might do. Perhaps this had something to do with the time it took me to change, fill all the lamps, pump all the tyres, examine all the brakes, collect all the necessary tools, repair outfits, etc., and distribute them evenly between various pockets, as a real cyclist should do. Be that as it may, upon hearing the clock strike five, I began to hustle, and I dashed down the drive (Swank!) just in time to see the last glow of the setting sun illuminating the western sky. The sunset decided the route, but I was too late; by the time Oxton Hill was reached all effects were gone and darkness reigned supreme. So I simply kept on pushing them down until they began to get very stiff, and then a suspicion came over me that I was climbing the hill above West Kirby. My suspicions were duly confirmed when I found myself dashing down to the Old Village, and after a supreme effort I managed to pull up at the Ring o' Bells.

Time of arrival 6-0. Entered the dining-room at 6-2 and found the kick-off had been prompt. Eleven members were already off their marks—a little squeezing and room was found for No. 12 (on the last run thirteen were fixed up). But when, a few minutes later, Hubert's frail form was seen filling the doorway, it was deemed advisable that he should have the honour of a separate table.

It is rumoured that the Food Controller is looking out for copies of the Circular, so I will pass no comments lest they should offend Dora. Our host and hostess were full of apologies, and the prospects after restrictions are taken off appear very rosy. Altogether it is quite a cosy little place.

Hubert and Tierney were the first to move away, as time and trains (not even on the Wirral) wait for no one. McCann, Toft, Royden and self soon followed. What time the remainder left I do not know, but I have it on first hand information that Ven. nearly got away without paying up. In fact, if our host had not been such a good runner and Ven. had been twenty years younger, he would have succeeded. I am surprised at Ven., with all his experience and cunning, trying to bring off a coup at the Ring o' Bells, and I'll wager the next time he tries it will be from a house which is situated at the top of a steep hill, not the bottom.

Warrington, January 19th, 1918.

It seems, Mr. Editor, that humanity progressed slowly from an almost inarticulate stage to the clear enunciation of ideas such as this Circular is so well known for. We separate and dissect our ideas, use plenty of words, and combine these into lengthy sentences. Not so our ancestors. They only had one word to convey a thought—a portmanteau word—a holophrase. Primitive people to-day use holophrases, for instance the Fuegians say

"Mamilapinatapai," which means "To look at each other hoping that either will offer to do something which both parties desire but are unwilling to do." I make you a present of this word, it is bound to be useful.

But now for the run. Grandpere et moi both belong to a trade which now gives us more leisure than it used to, so we decided to start after breakfast on a Bicyclette a deux. We knew we would have to cross the great ridge of Cheshire somewhere to get to Warrington, so we decided to do so in the South near Broxton, across the Peckfontein Gap, see the grand old ruins of Beeston Castle, and enjoy the view of the green Cheshire fields below. Then a straight run North, crossing the "Forest Belt," the Weaver, etc., to Stretton, where in the fading light we saw three figures emerge from the porch of the Inn still smacking their lips after what must have been an excellent tea. We discovered they were fellow Anfielders, Green, Turnor, and the very soldierly figure of Warburton. We rode into Warrington together, and reached the Patten Arms without having to light up. After that, arrivals were numerous, and it was splendid to see the older members both from Liverpool and Manchester, not afraid of exceedingly dirty and slippery roads, turning up on their bikes. Seventeen sat down to a very satisfactory meal, and we had quite a good time.

Grandpa had only done 60 miles of mudslogging and wanted more, so off we went home via Chester, making a round total of about 95 miles for the day. The tandem was a sight, but the riders were cheerful, and the passenger could only admire the skill and the art with which the hardy Anfielder in front had steered it through.

Allstock, January 19th, 1918.

Most of my previous contributions have been summarily waste paper basketed or ruthlessly blue-pencilled by unappreciative Editors, but, as I understand, the present conductor of the Journal is quite a decent sort of chap I am making another venture, taking the precaution of confining myself to a bald and unconvincing narrative of facts, and will not attempt any flights of fancy or shafts of wit. I think it a credit to the Manchester Section that ten members rode out on cycles and that none had recourse to the "rattler," a term used to camouflage (no literary effort now complete without this term) the ignominious procedure of attending Club Runs by train.

As the food question is now the most important of all, it must be stated that the tea was most excellent, both as regards variety and quality, with a sufficiency to satisfy any patriotic and law-abiding citizen. Mr. Buckley who is now mainly responsible, I understand, for the output of munitions in the North of England, was there, also Young Green, The Mullah, Crow with friend per tandem, four new and promising members, and last, but not least, "Archie," whose cheerful presence in khaki reminded us of those other members who are fighting for their Country on foreign soil.

After tea and a discussion of various lighter topics, a more serious subject was brought forward, *i.e.*, the question of Manchester runs for Manchester men.

Austin Crowcroft, ever a leader of society, arose full of local patriotism and ginger wine, to declare his conviction that during the winter months there should be a run for Manchester members in the Manchester District (Warrington being outside the pale) every Saturday. This view met with general approval, and the Mullah, our able plenipotentiary to the Councils of the Mighty at Liverpool, was instructed to put it strongly and insistently before the Committee. In advocating this policy of national self-determination, our worthy Austin shows his sympathy with the recently expressed opinions of President Wilson, Lloyd George and Trotsky; another illustration of the adage that great minds think alike.

As, in order to justify our demand, we should keep up the attendance average, might I take the opportunity of appealing to back-sliders to buck up? In this connection I may say that the genial presence of the elusive F. H. has been greatly missed of late. I feel I can, personally, make the appeal from a pinnacle of moral superiority, as I have attended every run this year (and three last year).

The run home was a pleasant one, under a starry sky and over frost-bound roads.

Chester, January 26nd, 1918.

Your All Highest Editor, Colonel Arthur Simpson, S.S. (Sand Shifter), is a marvel. Although not at the fixture, owing to his having to lead an attack on Lum Bago, his innate instinct told him that I would be out, and he promptly commissioned me to "write it up." But perhaps I had better introduce myself as I am not a member of the famous Anfield B.C. Those of you who are Students of Wayfarer's articles in "Cycling" may recall that recently he has made some "copy" out of a "Youngster" who last year carried out a week's tour in North Wales, averaging over 70 miles a day. Well, I am that "Youngster," known in private life as Cyril Gregg. During some correspondence with Wayfarer, he strongly advised me to get in touch with the Anfield, and as a sequel thereto I found myself last Friday in the august presence of W. P. Cook, whom I was surprised to find a Benevolent Bald Old Gentleman, apparently quite harmless. Now the B. B. O. G. promptly invited me to call at Sunnyside Hydro next day, and "sample an Anfield Run." Alas, I did not know what a Wily Old Bird the B. B. O. G. was! With the enthusiasm of youth I fell into the trap, and prompt to fine I arrived at S. H. on my well-greased super-speed icewaggon, with the idea of accompanying the O. G. on his tricycle. But I allowed not for his wiliness. Of course as soon as he spotted my machine he evidently realised he could never stick it, and in a most artful way began showing me a couple of tandems, and before I knew where I was I found myself condemned to the job of pushing the W. O. B. all over the earth! The only choice I had was as to which tandem was to be the rack, but this was really a Hobson's choice, as my feet would not fit the pedals of the 68 geared free wheel machine, and it simply *had* to be the 84 geared fixed wheel implement of torture. In due course we made a start, and you can imagine for yourselves what it was like for a youth who had never pushed dead meat along before, or even ridden a fixed wheel machine. The first hill we descended put my heart in my mouth and flung my feet off the pedals. Still it was not an uninteresting ride, as all the policemen seemed to know the O. G. and smiled at me in pity. We were not long in reaching Chester, but to my chagrin we did not stop. The only consolation I got was the experience of being absolutely lost in a maze of lanes, during which I got a fine view of Peckforton and Beeston Castles, and eventually a short rest for refreshment at Kelsall, whence we made back direct to Chester. Here in the yard I was introduced to a soldier named Higham, and then in ones and twos "the Club" began arriving. One young fellow named Teddy seemed to have met Colonel Cody at Frodsham, but the others had not much to say about their routes, and I gathered that their names were Ven. and Brother-in-law (on a tandem), Seed, Oliver, Jimmy Johnpy, Mr. Mercer and Mr. Lake. Anyway, there were 13 of us sat down to an excellent feed, and if the motto "Onion is strength" is true, we ought all to have obtained considerable strength. After tea there was a lot of juggling with coins, and Ven. seemed to do quite well. Then we sat round the fire talking, although of course I did most listening, and was enthralled with Johnny's cheeriness until the "tea party" broke up, and I found myself on the treadmill again. Starting last, the W. O. G. kept my feet twiddling to such a tune that I thought we

were certainly running into a road obstruction just beyond the second milestone, but it proved only to be six Anfielders Defending the Realm, and with "Good Bye's" we swept past, and eventually reached the Hydro. How good it was to get hold of my own machine again! The W. O. G. decided to get his trike out and accompany me as far as Leasowe Road, for, of course, he had had no exercise, and as my machine was fitted with a hub that was constantly becoming "free both ways," I had a very easy time of it, as you do not have to push when free wheeling do you? At Leasowe Road, before parting, I had a try at riding the trike, and to my amazement found it would not go in any direction except round to the ditch, and I wonder why Anfielders ride these untamed beasts. The W. O. G. left me to ride home via Moreton and Woodchurch, and I hear he met Mr. Mercer and Teddy flying down Bunker's Hill, so, presumably, everyone reached home safely, and I hope they enjoyed the run as much as I did, for although I had a strenuous time of it, I had learnt a lot about the ways and customs of Old Timers, and hope to repeat the dose in the future.

Alderley Edge, January 26th. 1918.

Most exceptional weather for January—dry roads, mild, and even sunshine—weak, it is true, but none the less very welcome if only as a reminder that the lighter days are on their way. The wind was rather strong, but what would you?—if it's hard to push against, you get the benefit on the return journey—what you lose on the swings you get back on the roundabouts. We two set off in high spirits to celebrate the fine conditions by making a little round of it, and had not gone far when we were joined, uninvited, by another cyclist who clung behind us for a few miles. A small adjustment made a halt necessary for us and our hanger-on left us, but not for long. We overtook him and another a mile or two on and then we had two uninvited guests, for the pair hung on to us again for some miles, until we turned off the main road. I should like to have a dissertation from some Cycling Notable on the ethics of uninvited hanging-on—for myself, though I hope I'm not too particular, I think it just about as bad form to butt in on a cycling party, listening to their conversation, as it would be to butt in on any other party quite unknown to me. I believe in the freemasonry of the road, but the least a man who wants to shelter can do is to ask "Do you mind?" And I notice these uninvited guests never offer to go in front for a turn. (Why not "drop" them?—Ed.)

We had the wind with us for the last few miles and were able to appreciate its strength more than perhaps, than when pushing against it. Thus we arrived at the Trafford Arms very fresh, to find a good party already there. The landlady was much upset at the impossibility of giving us meat, but the fare promised seemed then, and was voted afterwards, quite satisfactory. No less than fourteen of us sat down to table, and discussed the question of the hour in a double sense. The tank was found to be the exact size for fourteen—just nicely packed if one sat on the floor. One or other of the party drew a number of interesting stories of End-to-End rides from the Doctor and Bick, and various other members butted in with their experiences. Bick also gave his opinion of vegetarian dishes, and for directness and force, not to say dynamic energy, it could not possibly have been better. The Doctor and "F. H." left early to attend another function, and the remainder got away in one party in good time to "sleigh-ride" home before an excellent wind and in brilliant moonlight.

A. T. SIMPSON, Editor.

ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB.

FORMED MARCH 1879.

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

MONTHLY CIRCULAR.

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No. 145.

FIXTURES FOR MARCH, 1918.

	Light up at
Mar. 2.—Halewood (Derby Arms)	6-19 p.m.
„ 9.—Chester (Bull and Stirrup).....	6-32 p.m.
„ 11.—(Monday) Committee Meeting, 15 Drury Buildings, 21 Water Street, 7 p.m.	
„ 16.—West Kirby (Ring o' Bells).....	8-15 p.m.
„ 28 to April 1st.—EASTER TOUR, Bettws-y-Coed.....	8-7—8-14 p.m.
April 6.—Halewood (Derby Arms)	8-23 p.m.

ALTERNATIVE RUNS FOR MANCHESTER MEMBERS.

Mar. 2.—Knutsford (Lord Eldon)	6-19 p.m.
„ 9.—Alderley (Trafford Arms)	6-32 p.m.
„ 16.—Ringway (Higher Wainwood Farm—Mrs. Woodward)	6-15 p.m.
April 6.—Allostock (Miss Crosby's Oak Cottage)	8-23 p.m.

ALTERNATIVE RUN FOR LONDON MEMBERS.

Mar. 9.—Ripley (Anchor)	6-20 p.m.
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Full moon 27th instant.

Committee Notes.

Stourton Lodge,

Arno Road, Oxton.

The following is the tariff at the Glan Aber Hotel for the Easter Tour:—Thursday night to Monday morning, 36/-; from Friday night, 27/-; from Saturday night, 18/-; and from Sunday night, 9/-. Owing to food troubles it is more than ever necessary that I should have, as soon as maybe, an idea of the numbers who will be down. I must therefore ask you to let me know immediately you can say if you are coming down, so that I can keep Mrs. Evans posted as to the numbers to expect. I hope, in the event of your not being able to decide definitely now, that you will take the earliest opportunity of advising me, but in no case later than the Saturday before Easter. If you have been a more or less regular attender of late and you are not going this year please advise me to that effect.

The following are the arrangements for the day trips, as drawn up by the Committee:—Friday, Cerrig-y-Druidion; Luncheon at the White Lion, at 1-30 p.m. Saturday, Carnarvon; Luncheon at the Sportsman Hotel, at 1-30 p.m. Sunday, Talycafn; Luncheon at the Ferry Hotel, at 1-30 p.m. For the return journey it is suggested that the Castle Hotel, Ruthin, be the luncheon place (1-30 p.m.). The Committee picked Cerrig-y-Druidion for the Friday in the hope that any members riding down on that day may join up with the others at the White Lion during the afternoon, and all ride together to Bettws.

NEW MEMBERS.—Messrs. G. H. WINSTANLEY, Ye Olde House, Great Crosby; and FRANK BECKETT, "Warmsworth," Albert Road, Cheadle Hulme, have been elected to Active Membership.

APPLICATIONS FOR MEMBERSHIP (JUNIOR).—Mr. HAROLD BUCKLEY, 2, Woodfield Road, Cheadle Hulme, proposed by E. Buckley, and seconded by C. H. Turnor. Mr. RALPH CYRIL GOVER GREGG, 8, Lea Road, Egremont, Cheshire, proposed by W. P. Cook, and seconded by W. T. Venables.

The Committee have decided that those members who attend at the "Anchor," Ripley, on any of the second Saturdays during the months from March to September inclusive (as suggested by Messrs. Beardwood and Hellier) will be entitled to count a Club Run. Tea on these occasions will be at 5-30 p.m., and it is hoped that those members in London will take advantage of and support these new Official Fixtures.

An official letter of thanks and of appreciation of his kindness has been sent to Mr. H. A. Coombs, of the Pickwick B.C., for the gift of a quantity of pencils for those members on Active Service Abroad, and for wounded soldiers and sailors.

The Parcels arranged for in February by the President and Mr. Toft numbered 15—14 of which each contained cigarettes, a tin of pilchards, a tin of biscuits, and a tin of toffee, and the other one a quantity of tobacco.

NEW ADDRESSES.—Private J. R. WELLS, No. 1319, 2nd Australian Casualty Clearing Station, A.I.F. France; Corporal W. E. COTTER, No. 686333, C Battery, 6th Reserve Brigade, R.F.A., Luton, Beds.

F. D. McCANN,
Hon. Secretary.

Concerning Those On Service.

Postcard acknowledgments of Parcels are to hand from:—A. P. James and J. Hodges, both October; A. P. James, J. Hodges, and J. L. Mahon, all three November; A. Warburton, J. A. Grimshaw, H. S. Barratt, all January. A. Warburton and J. A. Grimshaw, both February; R. T. Rudd, January and February, "Best wishes and thanks to all, will write later"; Lionel Cohen, February parcel.

From Hodges, 9th January: "Thanks to you all for the October Parcel, which I received just in time to be about two weeks too late for the Christmas festivities! About the worst Christmas on record I should think—rain, mud and famine! Parcels are getting very roughly treated out here at present, but, thanks to all my stuff being tinned, everything was all right, although the box was very badly mauled and minus the label. Everything was fine—the cigarettes and the shortbread especially were greatly enjoyed. There are no confectioners in Ramleh, nor tobacconists either. The natives sell some stuff they call tobacco, but when I was absolutely without I could not smoke this substitute."

And 17th January: "I have just received the November parcel. Of all the parcels I have received since the 'great stunt' this parcel was in the best condition. The contents made another bright spot against a background of Army rations. We are having some glorious cycling days—just like the very best kind of English spring days. It makes me long for the 'old iron' and a few miles of good road. Can you give me any reliable tip as to when the war is likely to be over? Hardly a day passes but we hear it (the war) is to be over inside forty-eight hours! The 'latest from the nosebag' is that General Allenby hopes that the troops in Palestine will not disgrace the British Army when peace is declared."

From Kinghorn, 7th December: "As the year is rapidly drawing to a close, I am taking this opportunity of conveying to the Committee and my fellow members of the good old A.B.C. my deep appreciation of their kindness and thoughtfulness in despatching parcels of what I can only describe as 'Concentrated pleasure' to one of their many members, all of whom are endeavouring in their own little way to 'do their bit' for the Old Country, and to uphold the prestige of the old club. I may have been rather lax in acknowledging the parcels, and can only plead as an excuse that my position here as officer-in-charge of A.S.C. shipping leaves me a very limited time for correspondence. During the last year I have very rarely had less than six large steamers in port together, the discharging, loading, etc., of which I am solely responsible for, and as for the last two years my Department has worked a 24 hours' day—Sundays included—you will be able to appreciate that my leisure hours are practically non-existent. I have had no leave since I came out in December, 1915, but am hopeful of obtaining leave home this spring, when I hope to have the pleasure of meeting you all, and possibly of hanging on to the Paganone's back axle from Mount Road to Hinderton, or some other spot not too far distant. The climate of Egypt is not an ideal training ground, and I don't feel capable of very much beyond a comfortable 12 per, a speed which I know W.P.C. never exceeds! Kindest regards to all."

From J. R. Wells, 24th January: "Just a line to advise you that my address has been changed, and I am now at the 2nd Australian Casualty Clearing Station, though, thank God, not as a patient. I have been down on the coast for a little while, and was drafted up here, and am now, I expect, going to be put on medical work in the hospital. Best wishes to everyone. P.S.—I'm afraid it is a case of scratch my name off the list for the Easter Tour—but never say die!"

From Warburton, 28th January: "Needless to say I had a very happy time in England, and was fortunate in being able to put in a couple of runs. They will be pleasant to look back upon during the next few months; looking ahead, I have good reason to hope I shall be on the Whitsun Tour, wherever it may be."

From W. E. Cotter, 10th February: "Am sorry to hear that it may become necessary for the old Club to carry its own rations with it on runs—fancy Hubert Roskell struggling with a tin of bully beef and some cast-iron biscuits; not that it would be any new experience for him after France, but the idea seems a little out of place when one remembers the feeds that members are used to having—say at Halewood or Chester, for example. Am very glad that the A.G.M. went off so well, and that the colours are still kept flying by the old members. As you will see by the address at the head of this letter, I have again changed my quarters. The old 73rd Division has been broken up, and most of the Artillerymen have been sent down here. This is a camp for drafting N.C.O.'s and men overseas, so I expect my turn will come before very long. I didn't see Frank Roskell, after all; I wrote him, making an appointment, but there was an air raid that night, so we were

confined to barracks, and so, I expect, was he. Please give my regards and best wishes to the boys."

From Grimshaw, 19th February: "Many thanks for both January and February Parcels—they have been very useful, as I have been in hospital nearly three weeks with trench fever, so am on short rations. Kindest regards. I do not know if I shall be lucky enough for Blighty. I don't expect so."

Extract from a letter received by Cook from Cohen:—

It is quite a good war in these parts, but, on the other hand, my "cycling career" nearly came to a sticky end ten days ago. Coming down from the line I slipped and was unfortunate enough to allow a piece of barbed wire to become very affectionate with my knee. I rode back to my billet, but on the a.m. following I found the left knee was more like an over-fed pumpkin. The M.O. said the bone had been pierced and the remedy was rest! I didn't take much of the medicine prescribed, with the result that I can give a perfect imitation of Charlie Chaplin. However, it is going on A1, and in spite of offers of untold gold and sandbags the old Doc. still refuses to hand me over to the care of "the ladies." Bless 'em. We are having a great time down here, billets of the best in spite of being built out of ruins; and providing an iron foundry doesn't spoil our copy books we should like to stay here for duration. I anticipate another trip to blighty in about three weeks' time, consequently I'm looking forward to seeing the young "lhads" once again. Recently I must have been covering at least 15 miles a day on my "tractor," so what about yer Mileage Chart now? Have you ever seen a "wired on" cover. Bill? I'm almost confident you don't know what goes inside one! Have you ever ridden a push bike in your life? You ought to ask your opposition correspondent to have a quiet tour with you. You know the kind I mean. Ten minutes to lighting up time and Moreton only another 5 miles to go! Was sorry to hear of George Theakstone's death. It certainly was very sudden indeed, and I'm sure his cheery company will always be sadly missed by the A.B.C.

MEMS.

For the Manchester run to Ringway, on the 16th March, it will be necessary for members to take their own sugar.

A letter from J. T. Patrick, who is now a second lieutenant in the A.S.C., contains the following:—

"Finding a Sergeant Barnaby in the office, I asked him a few questions, and soon found he was Barnaby of the A.B.C. I have just had a long chat with him about the old Club. He desires to be remembered very kindly to you. I should not be surprised if he got promotion to a better job in the near future."

The world is small after all! Barnaby joined the Club in 1904, along with Moir, and was one of Jack Marchanton's "dark horses." Moir showed excellent form; and did a 50 on the old Cheshire Course in 2-47-2, but Barnaby, after doing a 50 in 2-52-10, ceased his interest in speed work, and resigned the Club in 1905. Still, he was a very well liked member whom we were all sorry to lose, and it is pleasing to hear of him again, and find he has not forgotten us.

It is very pleasing to note the revival of interest in the question of "Manchester runs for Manchester Members," and to note that at the Alderley Edge fixture on January 26th, there was actually a larger attendance than at the main run to Chester, but we cannot subscribe to the dictum that Warrington is "outside the pale," even in Winter, seeing that our Manchester Members have less than 200 yards of tramlines to negotiate, as against

about $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles for the Liverpool men. Boss Higham provides the refutation for this theory. Undoubtedly this question lies largely with the Manchester Members themselves, and as they support the separate fixtures so will they be supplied. At the same time, those who are keenest in these separate runs should not expect so many in the Summer, and should show willingness to attend some runs in the Deiamere district, which are at least as near for Manchester as Liverpool. It is interesting to note that during last year there were 14 Manchester alternative runs, and the figures of attendances in the following table are rather illuminating:—

	Joint.	Alternative.	Total.
H. Green	39	14	53
C. H. Turnor	36	14	50
A. Newsholme	19	7	26
F. E. Dolamore	16	8	24
A. M. Higham	12	10	22
F. Mundell	14	7	21
F. H. Keenen	11	6	17
G. Mundell	10	7	17
L. Oppenheimer	8	8	16
H. L. Boardman	9	3	12
E. Buckley	1	6	7
A. Crowcroft	3	2	5
E. Webb	4	—	4
R. H. Carlisle	1	2	3
E. Green	—	2	2

It would appear that those whose attendances are chiefly confined to the alternative runs have plenty of scope for better supporting them before, like Oliver Twist, "calling for more." The gospel of separate runs would be irresistible if preached by someone who attended the bulk of those fixed last year, and the attendance at the Social on February 16th showed most gratifyingly that the "outside the pale" theory is a wash-out.

We regret to note that a new book, entitled "The Wanderer on a Thousand Hills" is neither about, nor dedicated to, Grandad, as it ought to be.

We are to be favoured this Easter with a touring party of the Metropolitan D.A. of the C.T.C., joining us at the Glan Aber for Good Friday night. They are on a week's tour, and if any of our London members have any holiday coming to them at that time they could not do better than join the C.T.C. party, which is under the leadership of Mr. W. F. Freeman, 18, Undine Street, Tooting, S.W.17, and leaves London (Marble Arch) on Tuesday, March 26th, at 3-0 p.m. for Aylesbury (Greyhound). The party reaches Chester (Talbot) on Thursday evening, and will join us at Pentre Voelas next day. On the Saturday their route will enable them to join in our trip to Carnarvon, so we shall have the pleasure of their company for a whole day, and this meeting of Anfield and C.T.C. tourists is sure to be a very pleasant feature of our gathering this year.

Liverpool members riding down to Bettws on Good Friday could join the C.T.C. party for lunch at Denbigh (The Bull), 12-30—2-0, and escort them over the Sportsmans.

It is interesting to record the fact that our Annual Easter Pilgrimage to the Glan Aber was instituted in connection with the C.T.C. In 1882 Lawrence Fletcher was Chief Consul for North Wales, and organised a Meet of North Wales cyclists at Bettws-y-Coed, and the Anfield B.C. supported him by making their Easter tour to that delectable spot. From this historic event have grown all our Bettws traditions, and, except for the two

years 1905 and 1906, "Cymru am Byth" has annually been our Easter motto. This fragment of history will doubtless add interest and pleasure to our meeting with the London C.T.O. men.

FACT.

Scene: Charity Theatrical Performance.

Dramatis Personæ: Granddad Cook, Cam, Military Brass Hat.

Cam (aged anything between 40 and 70), discovered at entrance to hall disguised as a vendor of programmes.

Enter: Granddad, accompanied by lady, followed by Brass Hat (acquaintance of Granddad).

Cam (simply): Good evening, father!

Granddad (ditto): Good evening.

They pass on to their stalls. Two hours elapse; performance concluded.

Exit Granddad, lady, and Brass Hat.

Cam, on guard at exit (simply): Good-night, father.

Granddad (simply): Good night.

Brass Hat (surprised), to Granddad: Your SON is not coming home with you, then? (Curtain.)

RUNS.

Halewood, February 2nd, 1918.

This event being within measurable distance, the Editor, Hubert Roskell and myself arranged to essay the pilgrimage on foot—that is, so far as the feet—I mean feet—could not be performed by less strenuous means. Calderstones was our starting point. Owing to there being a war on, I arrived on the scene late—but only twenty minutes after the appointed time. Twenty minutes! although I had started out with plenty of time in hand—a friend of mine, a Special Constable, having lent me a few watches to mind. I espied them from afar—the mighty figure of the Editor and the mitey form of Tiny looming large on the horizon, and accompanied by our friend, Sr. Ocarina, from Sunny Spain. I was all excitement as I approached them with a real beauty in the way of excuses, to assuage the wrath which I felt they would wreak on me. But there was no fire in their greeting—not a word of complaint was uttered—rather did they bestow on me a look of icy coldness which gave me chilled feet and turned my vindictory masterpiece into a frost. In silence we made for the motor 'bus in which we were to accomplish the first stage of our walk. We found ourselves four of about sixty all waiting to be fitted into accommodation for about thirty. We worked our way into some of the interior crevices. I have travelled before in less comfort, but, on the other hand, I have also travelled in greater. From Woolton there was nothing for it but to tramp. It was an ideal day for cycling, and how we envied those happy cyclists whose enthusiasm and energy carried them far over the roads in the joy of what Will Cook has described as "the King of Sports" (and he knows) while we luckless wights must perforce "pad the hoof."

A pleasant walk brought us to the Derby Arms, where we were soon absorbed in a muster totalling 16 members and one friend. The food question now began to exercise the mind of some of the party, but mine hostess had solved this problem in a mistressly manner, and Mercer was promptly engaged in dissecting some wonderful birds. The table etiquette was perfect, as usual, and evoked great praise from Tiny, who has lately only been used to Army manners. I got the antepenultimate portion, the pen and ultimate falling to the lot of the carver and the Editor.

Well satisfied with an excellent repast, we adjourned to the cosy parlour of custom. The lamp shone over such veterans of the road as Mercer, Toft, Cook, Edwards, Band, Charlie Conway, Knipe, Cody, Venables, Cooper,

McCann, Chandler and Lake. We mingled our ideas amid smoke and jolly good fellowship. It would take too long to relate the marvellous things we said, but apparently we have the nucleus of a self-supporting colony of no mean order. The fount of inspiration running quickly dry, we separated with good-bye-ees before the customary hour. Our walking party retraced its steps to Woolton, but this time (probably owing to the restrictions of Dora) without seeing the snakes in their usual habitat. A few buses and trams were now all that was necessary to transport us to our respective homes, where we arrived well content with the close of a well-spent day.

Knutsford, February 2nd, 1918.

A splendid afternoon for February, somewhat dull, but fine and mild. It was an opportunity not to be lost of taking a cross-country ride through the lanes, and although carting had left the surface of the lanes somewhat greasy, a very enjoyable ride was the result. The prospect of tea at "The Eldon" added interest to the ride, and although it had been rumoured that it was possible that anticipations might not be fully realised, it did not prevent a good number of members turning up. On reaching the Eldon it was found that Buckley et fils, Dr. Carlisle, Crowcroft and tandem partner, and Oppenheimer had already arrived, and were joined shortly afterwards by the Boss, Green, Turnor, Dolly, Edwards, Orrell, and the two Mundells, and last, but not least, the Master. Need it be said that although D.O.R.A. was strictly complied with the tea Mrs. Ellwood had provided was strictly in keeping with old traditions, and was duly appreciated by everybody. After tea, whilst cosily seated round the fire, a discussion arose as to the probability of conscripting capital, which, on being referred to our Inland Revenue expert, was found not to be practicable. The educational system was also very ably discussed, and it was contended that it was altogether wrong. The subject is a very dry one, and so many and varied were the arguments and illustrations that it did not seem possible to arrive at a unanimous conclusion. Suddenly a bright idea occurred to one of the members. There happened to be staying in the house for a short period that celebrated Professor, Dr. Bass, and it was decided by a majority that his services should be sought to elucidate the matter. The consultation with the Doctor only tended to complicate matters, and as Dr. Carlisle, Buckley et fils, and Crowcroft and partner had to leave to keep another appointment the discussion was temporarily suspended. On being resumed fresh complications arose, and although the services of the Doctor were frequently called in it was not found possible to arrive at any definite conclusion, and the question was adjourned at 9-30 for future discussion. Whilst riding quietly home some rude locals tried to start a fire; prompt measures were, however, taken to extinguish same, with the happy result that by the time Mere Corner had been reached the last spark had been smothered. So ended another delightful run. Who says there is no enjoyment in winter riding?

West Kirby, February 8th, 1918.

This was a day to warm the cockles of Grandad's heart. A zephyr-like breeze of about 100 miles per hour, accompanied by the gentle dew from heaven (in bucketsful) combined to make a tour round the earth to this cosy rendezvous an irresistible attraction. There was a gratifying turn-out of 18 (Fell, Lake, Tierney, Blackburn, Band, Cody, Cook, Cooper, Sunter, Chandler, Mac, Chem., Simpson, Roskell, Edwards, Mercer, Ven, and Gregg—prospective member) the treadlers predominating. These hardy votaries of aquatic sports arrived in various stages of humidity, knackered but undismayed, and formed a queue for the fireplace, whence swiftly arose the sweet intriguing incense of charred habiliments and crackling flesh. The sight of

these intrepid martyrs was calculated to put to burning shame the dissolute and slothful rattler pack, if such a feeling was capable of penetrating their pachydermatous hides, but apparently they are lost to all sense of decency. One detachment (including a member whose enthusiasm for pedestrianism if judged by the size of his pedal extremities, should be immeasurable) ruthlessly uprooted the traditions of the Club by rolling up from the station in a taxi on the puerile plea of rain, and not content with this desecration had in cold blood guiltily connived with the shower to return for them with his accursed vehicle! This sort of thing, unless nipped in the bud, may have incalculable results. As it was, the temptation to Grandad and Teddy Edwards to string their speed grids on the top and reach home in a comparatively respectable condition, was almost overmastering, but with noble self-sacrifice they put it aside. It was just a toss-up whether Johnny Band would succumb, but a pathetic appeal to his better nature prevailed in the end. At the same time it is not fair or just that our sorely tried veterans should be thus tempted, and the matter ought to be brought up at the next Committee Meeting. The spectacle of Grandad attending Club runs in taxis would be sufficient to make strong men burst into tears, and is a prospect which must be avoided at all hazards. Teddy, of course, has been in the past addicted to cabs for conveying his tricycle about, but has gradually been weaned from the habit, and it would be a thousand pities if he again fell a victim. . . . The tea provided was excellent in its way—though meatless—and was made more enjoyable by the evident anxiety of our hostess to do the best she could for us. After the Realm had been defended once or twice the hated petrolic excrescence could be heard at the portals, and the shameless occupants departed, augmented by a hitherto respected member, and one who should have known better, but now a lost soul. Most of the hard riders remained a little longer to see if the rain would go off, and eventually were blown back to their domiciles moist but triumphant.

Allstock, February 9th, 1918.

It was a rough passage out—a very rough passage indeed. The wind blew all the time with sufficient strength to make progress decidedly difficult, but there were times when it became almost impossible. Usually when we have strong winds, we don't have rain, but this was an exception, for heavy rain was lashed along by the wind, and came down in sheets when the special gusts were on. When I arrived at the Drovers' Arms I found a select company of four with their shoes in the fender, and their steaming stockings held to the blaze. Two of them had other articles of attire in process of drying, and there was quite a run on old newspapers for protective purposes. At 5-30 we were seven, but before we commenced to feed four more came in, making a total of eleven—surely a very respectable number for such a day. With a certain amount of tact and ingenuity the meal prepared for a smaller number was made to go round, and we all managed to do fairly well. After tea Kitty was called in, and was pretty active until 8-30 performing that function which we have the authority of Chem. for saying cannot be done by means of ginger-beer. The run home was very pleasant, under a star-studded sky, and with some wind behind, though nothing like that we had had to fight against in the afternoon.

Warrington, February 16th, 1918. Turnor's Night.

Consternation was rife at the last Committee Meeting, when our harassed Secretary announced that he had just been turned down by the Patten Arms. The features of the Mullah, who had exhausted the musical circles of the City of Perpetual Sunshine in his search for talent assumed an ashen hue. Great beads of agony crystallised on his noble brow, and dumb horror spread like a pall across his anxious visage. There was a moment of tense suspense,

then a brain wave simultaneously attacked several of the brightest intellects. Were we to be struck down thus by a coward's blow in the diaphragm, without an effort to retrieve the position? Not by a jugful! What about the "Lion"? Aha! Divine inspiration! The machinery of Mac's up-to-date office was instantaneously set in motion, and a trunk call to this hostelry resulted in the welcome tidings that they would "do" us on the 16th—a threat which, by the way, they faithfully carried out. Accordingly a large muster of 35, members and friends, mostly self-propelled, in which the Manchester contingent was strongly in evidence, foregathered. An egg-tea, eked out by marmalade, conveyed round the earth by one of our far-seeing members, served to stay the pangs of hunger. Chem. also had taken no risks, having bespoken from his own charcuterie early in the week a quantity of meat pies in case of accident. The consumption of these rare and succulent viands being unaccountably postponed from time to time, however, resulted in his forgetting all about them, and they duly enriched the domestic supper table on his arrival home in the small hours. About 7-0 o'clock a start was made with the concert, the Mullah taking charge of the proceedings. The long-suffering Editor was hounded into his accustomed place at a pre-Elizabethan instrument of torture some of whose keys now and again went on strike (or rather declined to strike) and settled down to his deadly travail. Turnor had got together one of the best little concert parties we have had for a long time, and a splendid and diversified programme was the result. All the artists were friends, with the exception of Chem.—who, of course, is friendless—and right royally did they give of their best. Messrs. Cookson and Ellison started off in unison by a searching enquiry of the "Watchman, what of the night?" The elucidation of this profound problem by the official in question did not transpire, but the vocal interpretation of the duet was very good, and well merited the applause it received. Both these artists later on favoured us with solo items rendered with great taste. A series of sea songs was given by Mr. Marshall, who is the happy possessor of a fine bass voice, and whose rendition of these old favourites brought the tang of the briny to our very nostrils; he received quite an ovation. Mr. Davies also favoured us with a choice selection of songs which met with great appreciation. The humorous element was in exceptionally good hands, Messrs. Guildford and Waddington vieing with each other in exciting our risible faculties. Mr. Waddington's speciality appears to be depicting the simple curate, and his impersonation of that coy individual tickled us all immensely. Mr. Guildford is evidently one of Manchester's premier laugh makers, and is a most versatile humorist. In all he must have given us something like eight items, each one being punctuated with bursts of merriment. As a patter artist he is unique, his Welsh and Lancashire sketches being exceptionally clever, while his own particular version of "Good-bye-ee" (the chorus of which was rendered with great feeling by the assembled choir) was enough to bring tears to the eyes. As a matter of fact several emotional members were in imminent danger of going into hysterics over this pathetic ballad. Chem. was prevailed upon to give us one of his inimitable mandoline solos, and this provided just the necessary touch of variety to an entertainment which was from first to last most enjoyable in every way, and was kept going with a swing, under the able chairmanship of the Mullah, to the witching hour when pubs, now (under our benign legislation) disgorge their contents into a cold and merciless world. Our heartiest thanks are due to the Mullah for the time and trouble he must have gone to in organising such an array of talent, and I only hope next time the audience will be swelled by the presence of our members now in the Forces—so mote it be!

Rossett, February 23rd, 1918.

The attendance at this fixture was rather disappointing, in view of the excellent state of the roads, fine weather and brilliant full moon. It provided an excellent training spin for Bettws, and those who did not profit by it will receive no sympathy if they suffer with Easter Knees! It is just as well to get beyond Chester a few times if you want to enjoy the coming holiday in comfort! Except for Cody, all the ten present were Wirral members, and yet Edwards had not found it too far to ride via The Transporter and Frodsham. The others present were Band, Cooper, Williams, Gregg, Cook, Mac, Chandler, and Seed. Young Gregg had been round by Hawarden and exploring lanes, while Williams and Cook on a tandem had been to see the waterfall at Higher Kinnerton (described by Professor Rockandtappit as a miniature Minnehaha), and via Wrexham. Tea was prompt, and an excellent meal, proving that the Golden Lion is a distinct "find." Band "carved" in the most approved style, and also acted as his own Sub-Captain by collecting the spondulix and having the usual mysterious confab with the angel who attended to our creature comforts. We certainly had our "5 ounces of flour with offal," and "3 ounces of poultry without feathers," as provided by Section 7, Clauses F2 to F6, and it was a very jolly teaparty in every way. In due course we toured home in the brilliant moonlight, wondering how "What's-his-name and likewise Never-mind" could resist the temptation of such perfect cycling conditions, and rather envying Williams and Cook their tourlet to the Glyn Valley. It is really remarkable how Grandad finds new victims for these Berwyn Mountain trips, and although Williams seemed keen enough it would perhaps not be kind to inquire too closely how he enjoyed it. Suffice it to say we hear they discovered a very superior resting place at the Star Inn, near Glyn Ceiriog, got a fine view from Pen-y-Bwlch, fared well at Corwen and Llandegla, and finished up with a rare bit of luck at Hinderton, by meeting two friends who provided them with some excellent pigtart to supplement the strict rations.

Bollington, February 23rd, 1918.

[I regret no account of this run has yet come to hand.—Ed.]

A. T. SIMPSON, Editor.

ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB.

FORMED MARCH 1870.

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

MONTHLY CIRCULAR.

Vol. XIII.

No. 146.

FIXTURES FOR APRIL, 1918.

	Light up at
April 6.—Halewood (Derby Arms)	8-23 p.m.
„ 8.—(Monday) Committee Meeting, 15 Drury Buildings, 21 Water Street, 7 p.m.	
„ 13.—Chester (Bull and Stirrup).....	3-36 p.m.
„ 20.—Delamere (Abbey Arms)	8-49 p.m.
„ 27.—Rossett (Golden Lion).....	9- 1 p.m.
May 4.—Halewood (Derby Arms)	9-14 p.m.

ALTERNATIVE RUNS FOR MANCHESTER MEMBERS.

April 6.—Allstock (Miss Crosby's Oak Cottage)	8-20 p.m.
„ 13.—Sandbach (Wheatsheaf).....	8-33 p.m.
„ 27.—Knutsford (Lord Eldon)	8-58 p.m.
May 4.—Ringway (Higher Malnwood Farm—Mrs. Woodward)	9-11 p.m.

ALTERNATIVE RUN FOR LONDON MEMBERS.

April 13.—Ripley (Anchor).....	8-25 p.m.
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Full moon 26th instant.

Committee Notes.

Stourton Lodge,

Arno Road, Oxton.

The parcels sent in March to our Members on Active Service Abroad numbered 14, and they each contained cigarettes, a tin of herrings in tomato, a tin of biscuits and some mixed fruit drops.

NEW MEMBERS.—HAROLD BUCKLEY, 2, Woodfield Road, Cheadle Hulme, and R. C. G. GREGG, 8, Lea Road, Egremont, Cheshire, have been elected to Junior Active Membership.

APPLICATION FOR MEMBERSHIP.—Mr. CECIL ALDRIDGE, 14, Fitzwarren Street, Pendleton, Manchester—proposed by H. Green and seconded by C. H. Turnor (Junior Active).

The Committee have agreed, with great satisfaction, to the Transfer of R. H. CARLISLE from the Honorary to the Active Membership List.

It has been decided that after the 7th April, the date when the general rationing of meat by coupons comes into force, no "meat teas" will be arranged for; that the meals will consist of such articles as can be obtained without coupons. There is, however, nothing to prevent any member who desires meat at Club Runs making his own arrangements to that effect with the various houses.

NEW ADDRESS.—F. C. DEL STROTHER, *Gazetny Per. 3, Lodg. 18, Moscow, Russia.* (NOTE.—The mails to Russia are temporarily stopped.)

If any member has any message for the Hon. Secretary, or wishes to communicate any matter of club business will he please note that the Hon. Secretary's business address is 15, Drury Buildings, 21, Water Street, Liverpool, and his telephone number 807 Central, and that any message for him should be sent direct and not through others.

The tea hour for the Manchester Runs will in future be as before—for both Manchester and Liverpool Sections 6 p.m.

F. D. McCANN,
Hon. Secretary.

Concerning Those On Service.

Postcard Acknowledgments of Parcels are to hand from:—James Rowatt (September): "Many thanks." G. Jackson (November): "Just in to-day. Who says all the parcels have been lost? Many thanks indeed." H. R. Band (November): "All in fine condition. With many thanks." Percy Williamson (November): "With very best thanks to all." J. Hodges (December): "With thanks." Percy Williamson (December): "Please convey my best thanks to all." H. S. Barratt (February), Jackson: "December parcel received in good order and very welcome."

From D. C. Kinghorn, Egypt, 20th February.—Many thanks for the November and December Parcels. I don't want the Committee and Members of the good old Club to think for a moment that the following suggestion emanates through a lack of appreciation on my part of their continued kindness. My position here is very different from that of my fellow members now on service. I am in charge of very important shipping work, and live practically all my time on board under conditions which can hardly be termed "Active Service." Unlimited food and topping quarters—the only drawback being that I have to put in on an average about 16 or 17 hours solid graft out of every 24. If the Committee would be so good as to send me out tobacco only in lieu of the usual parcel I shall be very grateful, as tobacco fit to smoke is practically unobtainable here. I have been in touch by letter with Harold Band, but up to the time of writing I have seen nothing of Hodges. I was very sorry to see from the last Circular the death of George Theakstone—one of the best, always cheery and a perfect fund of wit. He will be sadly missed. Kindest regards to all fellow members."

From Harold Band, India, 20th December, 1917, to J. C. Band.—"I have just received the Anfield Circular for November addressed to Jubblepore, and if you have not done so already please ask them to address me care Y.M.C.A., Bombay, and also tell Mac. I have got the Circular safely, but no parcels as yet. This is the first Circular I have had since the two I acknowledged from Agra. Remember me to all the Anfield crowd, and say how glad I was to get the Circular and to know that the Club is still going strong. I am keeping very fit and well. The only riding we get so far is the rough

exercise which doesn't count as training, although it does in other ways, at least so far as my anatomy is concerned. I am gradually getting hardened to the hour's bare-backed ride five mornings each week."

From H. R. Band, India, 24th January, 1918.—"I have a very pleasant duty to perform, and that is to acknowledge the A.B.C. November parcel and circular both of which reached me last Sunday, 20th. The parcel is the first I have had from the Club, and I cannot thank you all sufficiently for it. The living here, that is Army living, is much more expensive than at home, as we have to buy our own butter and suppers—the rations not including these. Also we have to pay a native cleaning boy 6d. a week for doing up our buttons, etc., and making our beds. As regards training, I am still a rookie, although I have been in the Army over ten months. I have had four riding lessons up to date in this station, and none in the others. I expect to go on a musketry course very shortly, which will occupy two or three weeks, after which I expect I will be in riding school again. When all is said and done there is only one thing I have thoroughly learnt since joining the Army, and that is how to groom a horse. I will say this, I would far sooner groom a horse than clean a bicycle. My permanent postal address now is c/o Y.M.C.A., Bombay, who forward mails on to me wherever I may be, so I sincerely trust all future parcels will arrive safely. I was very glad to get the circular containing the accounts of the November runs, and was specially interested in the extracts from letters of men on service. Please give my kindest regards to all the old Club who remember me."

From H. S. Barratt, France, 26th February, 1918.—"Many thanks to the Committee for the February parcel safely to hand. The pencils, too, will come in jolly useful. I suppose all good Anfielders will be looking forward to Bettws, and I only wish my next leave could come along then."

From Jack Hodges, Egypt, 4th February, 1918.—"Will you please convey to the Club my thanks for the December parcel, which I have just received. The biscuits are going very well with rum and milk (see G.R.O. 271 XB.—inclement weather, rum, occasion for issue of). The contents are always top-hole, especially the fags. They are quite different from the issue or even the same brand of cigarettes sold out here. Of course, I would not like to think that our tobacco manufacturers made a different brand for the consumption of the man who is fighting for them, but still there seems a subtle difference somehow. As for the issue tobacco, I would like to make the purveyors of the same smoke some of it. It might improve them. Hoping that 1918 will prove the Year of Years."

From E. Bright, in Hospital at Halifax, 8th March, 1918.—"I have been rolling about various healing establishments for several weeks now, and they don't seem to know what's really wrong. I've been here for about a fortnight, and this is the first writing I've done, so I'm afraid I shall not be able to join in to-morrow's run, and really bed is not a bad place this snowy weather for rheumatic limbs. Please remember to all old friends."

The following letter has been received from Mahon, along with a photograph, which shows him smiling and as fit as ever:—

Since I last wrote I have moved up further into Palestine, and at the present time am under canvas in fertile well-wooded country, which reminds me very much of the dear old Cheshire I love so well, say round about Delamere or Beeston.

My tent is at present pitched in an orchard of almond trees, with miles of orange and lemon trees in every direction. Jaffa oranges, by the way, can be bought at 50 to 60 for a shilling—I've had so many lately that I'm getting sick of them!

I am anxiously waiting to see the Handbook for 1917, chiefly to see the result of the A.G.M. I suppose there will be no racing this year? But anyway, we seem to be flourishing, and that's something to be thankful for.

Please thank the Club on my behalf for their great kindness in sending out the numerous parcels. I received one last week which I am just acknowledging to Mac. It came as a perfect godsend, just at a time when funds were very low—about 3 days before pay-day."

Barratt writes the Mullah: "Many thanks for your letter and the Circular, which, as usual, were both very welcome. I ran across a 'Gas Merchant' the other day, and he was telling me that Cohen was always the life and soul of any crowd he was with. He said he was amongst the Irishmen now. The weather continues springlike and balmy."

"Jimmy" James (Macedonia) is aggrieved. He writes the Editor as follows: "Dear Sir,—I have noticed with great surprise that in several issues of your paper mention is made of a combination styling themselves 'The World's Worst Wheelers.' I should like to point out that there are only two members who are entitled to this honourable title, viz., 1889, Worth, E. G., and myself, 1907, James, A. P. I have waited for some time for Mr. Worth to take up the pen to defend our title, but I suppose his well-known modesty forbids him to do so, so now, much as I dislike bringing myself or records forward, in common fairness to all concerned, I feel compelled to do so. I should like to nominate 1887, Cook, W. P., and 1905, Turnor, C. H., to look after our interests in this case, which, if I might suggest, should be brought before a Tank meeting on Easter Sunday next. I might mention one of our claims is that on a certain Sunday in 1912 it took us all day to reach Hinderton from Chester (lunching at the Yacht), and then we had to finish up by train from Neston; perhaps Mr. Worth will be able to give some more data to work upon. I may say, in closing, that I see no reason why this new combination should not be called 'Nearly the World's Worst Wheelers,' or similar title, if their claim to such is fully established by some responsible body. P.S.—I have given you the regimental numbers of all concerned, as per Handbook 1917."

(We are afraid the coveted distinction so pertinaciously held by the trio who have well earned it will not be relinquished without a struggle. At the same time justice must be done, and the claims of the two fresh aspirants for the honour will have to be carefully and thoroughly sifted. The Tank at Bettws would appear to us to be a fitting Tribunal for the settlement of this vexed question, and we would suggest the trial takes place in the small hours, when a mellowed and judicial verdict could be looked for with confidence. We would, however, warn the two claimants that if their claim be based on the isolated instance recorded it will carry little weight in comparison with the cumulative and irrefutable evidence which can be produced by the other side. 'Jimmy' unfortunately will be unable to substantiate his claim in person, but we hope there is a chance that Teddy may be persuaded to do so, in which case a fierce contest can be looked for. A treble-lined whip has been issued to the trio involved.—ED.)

MEMS.

We notice that the new novel, entitled "The Wanderer on a Thousand Hills," referred to in the March issue of the Circular, is advertised as being

by the author of "The Red Lantern." We now understand—dimly, at any rate—why the new book is not dedicated to Grandad.

The following communication, dated February 21st, has been received from DeJ Strother:—"Just a line to let you know that I arrived here (Stockholm) safely on my way home. Am now awaiting opportunity to cross to Finland, but how we will get to Petrograd God only knows. I exchanged notes with Fulton in Halifax, but regret that I could not see him. He is all right, I am glad to say. My Moscow address should still be valid. With kindest regards to all."

Arthur Newsholme also writes:—"Niagara Falls, February 10th.—Still alive and kicking. Please thank the Almighty Editor for Club Circulars. They are indeed welcome."

Our Junior Membership is at last receiving welcome accessions of really keen cyclists, and the older members ought to do all in their power to encourage them to ride, so that in due course of time they may acquire the facility of riding both far and fast. Needless to say the whole future of the Club lies with this coming generation fitting themselves to take the place of those whose cycling activities are becoming affected by Anno Domini, so that the Club's best traditions may be perpetuated. We are particularly pleased to notice the way young Buckley is keenly shaping to follow in Father's footsteps, and we prophesy for him a worthy Anfield career. We hope other members with sons will see to it that they become real Anfielders in deed as well as in fact. Mere membership is not sufficient. Keenness for cycling, which is largely a matter of inculcation, is the real essential. Who will be the first Junior Member to show capacity and keenness to warrant a seat on the Executive? With men like the Brothers Mundell, Dews, Edwards, Gregg and Buckley, Junior, there ought to be quite a competition for this honour.

We do not know whether to congratulate Boardman or the Manchester D.A. of the C.T.C., but it must be recorded that the former has just been elected Chairman of the latter in succession to Green, Turnor and Newsholme, and we are pleased to see that Anfielders continue to win the recognition of other cyclists. Boardman will undoubtedly make an excellent Chairman, and we wish him a successful year of office.

In recent years there has been a tendency for older members whose cycling activities were waning, or who had moved out of our immediate zone, to transfer to the Honorary List. Of course, this was ever so much better than resigning the Club altogether, but many who have made this transfer have done so from what we regard as the mistaken notion that as they could not attend more than a few fixtures they were better on the Honorary List. Men like Butler, Bright, Carpenter, Tom Conway, Fulton, J. M. James, Maddock, Park, Sarson, and Pa White, to mention only a few, provide the refutation of this theory. However, we are pleased to see that the tendency is now setting in the opposite direction, and the latest to be re-transferred to the Active List again is Dr. Carlisle. We are delighted to have the Dr. a full member again, and welcome him back most heartily. Let us hope the Doctor's example will become infectious. Don't all speak at once, but who will be the next on the Honorary List to resume full membership again? A glance at the Honorary List shows that it is full of possibilities that would be most gratifying, and we feel that Dr. Carlisle has done none the least of his many services to the Club in the past by his recent action. Bravo, Doctor!

Beardwood is joining the C.T.C. touring party at the Marble Arch, and should be quite fierce by the time he reaches Bettws. Hellier hopes to pick

up the party at Chester if he gets his trike back from his camouflage merchant in time—so Bettws should be quite like old times this Easter, and the stable will be groaning with bicycles and trikes.

It is rumoured that we may have a welcome addition to our musical programme at Bettws. Have you forgotten Percy Charles' friend, Mr. Chilcott? Certainly not! Well, there is rather a good chance that you may find him at the Glan Aber with his full repertory of songs, etc. Verbum sapientium.

Anent the "Manchester runs for Manchester Members" question, we have received a letter from Dr. Carlisle, who says: "With however much trepidation, I must venture to controvert some of the suggestions put forward in the last Circular. As regards the "illuminating" table of individual attendances at runs, I cannot agree with the qualifying adjective. The point to prove, I take it, is whether the total numbers of those attending the Manchester runs during the past few weeks show a revival in interest which justifies the further consideration of the Committee in allocating separate runs for the Manchester section. In this respect it would be interesting to know what were the comparative total attendances for Liverpool and Manchester for the past three months; the figures your contributor gives do not throw much illumination on this point. As regards summer runs, I am not aware that the Manchester section expect to have so many on their own as in winter, as with longer days and the increasing fitness that summer brings even the most decrepit among us might manage a maximum of 30 miles each way for the pleasure of meeting our Liverpudlian friends."

Many of us have had the pleasure of meeting A. Inwood, Hon. Secretary of the North Road C.C., and we are sure all will join in sympathising with him in the great loss he has recently sustained in the death of his wife.

Our sympathies also go out to the M.C. and A.C. in the severe loss they have sustained by the death of Albert Powell—"one of them Poles." Powell was in a very true sense a Pillar of his Club, and a fine rider to boot. The present generation of speedmen probably do not realise what a debt they owe to Powell for being probably the first man to race on the road on rags and timber, and by his performances clearly demonstrating that wood rims and tubulars were essential for speedwork. A very fine tribute is paid to his memory in "The Roll Call," and we subscribe to its sentiments in toto.

Just on going to press we hear that Frank Wood is bringing down to Bettws our old friend Mr. Dick Brown, accompanied by Mr. Sam Vickers on the Saturday, so that the evening of that day should produce (with all our other musical members and friends) a delectable dish of rare entertainment.

Open Letter to the Editor on the C.T.C.—M.D.A. Easter Tour.

Since you encourage us to join in with the M.D.A. on the Thursday, Friday and/or Saturday, I took up my March "C.T.C. Gazette" with alacrity in order to get at the full details of their daily itinerary. Thursday night at the Talbot, Friday lunch at Denbigh, Saturday lunch at Carnarvon, it all sounds quite feasible, especially as these poor old tourists must by then be tired after their long ride from the Marble Arch.

Well then, Mr. Editor, since you urge our London members, Percy Beardmore, G. P. Jandrum, and Willie Elderbury Foster (the latter in stout walking boots as of yore to be sure) to join at the Marble Arch, I wish to follow the fortunes of these young friends with close interest.

At 3.0 p.m. we see them start on the direct route North from the Watling Street terminus, and 38 miles is their share that Tuesday afternoon. So far

so well. A tank night at the Aylesbury Greyhound will restore the threatened muscles. But holy Freeman! what is this? Start (by the aid of summer time) at 5 a.m. without breakfast, which is to follow near Banbury! To be sure; no Cross no Crown, as they say in Banbury, and Beardmore will have to make the best of it, though we fear that words will fail the G.P.J. The two latter may be themselves again by lunch time at Leamington, but a night at Brownhills will mean another rude awakening.

On Thursday Brownhills is left at a nameless hour, and the purpose is revealed: "To meet the Anfield under W. P. Cook." As I, or even other Manchester Anfielders might hope to join in at this stage with a view to a late sitting at the Talbot, we may be in time to see the party start at break of day, this time without the aid of summertime, for the programme reads, "An early start." Denbigh (via Llandegla, Llangollen and Corwen) is down for lunch to take the late Liverpool gang by the horns at the Bull.

A couple of Liverpool Bwlch Stormers (probably Chem. and Arthur) will lead or follow the C.T.C. slow pack up the Sportsman. By this time the direct Manchester Anfield pack from the Talbot may or may not have reached Cerrig and joined in, but will have to look slippy to be in time to see the C.T.C. saddling up at Pentre on concluding afternoon tea there. (Oh! shades of Arjay: The Highams are off again).

However, they cannot escape us at dinner at Bettws, where we shall run them to earth at last.

We dare not guess what Billy and Beechwood are doing on Saturday, but the C.T.C. has work in hand. Out of courtesy to the Anfield-u-C., no mention is made of the hour of breakfast, but I hæe me doots, for while the A.B.C. goes to Carnarvon direct, as I presume, the roadstained Metropolitans go first to Conway and back. Perhaps a few (say Pagan and Mullah) will see the visitors right through that day, and accompany them to their lair at Beddgelert, returning to us at Bettws, by which time even W. P. C. may be satisfied on Sunday with lunch all the way to Talycafn.

On the other hand the C.T.C., nothing daunted, are doing their 104 miles via Portmadoc, Harlech (breakfast), Barmouth and Dinas Mawddwy, including that trifle the Bwlch Oer Drws which, however, is never so much as mentioned (because the original route of 104 miles—now cut down to 69—was via Tal-y-llyn and Machynlleth.—Ed.), finishing up with the Bwlch-y-Groes from the worst or Llanymawddwy side, and instead of dropping direct to Yvrrwy through Eunan, go for the night to Bala, in order to do the rollicking Bwlch Rhiw Hirant in the morning. On that occasion a point will apparently be stretched, and Monday's breakfast partaken of before the start, for there is no mention of either breakfast or lunch en route, but this is not to be wondered at because they are now making "definitely for home," and for Droitwich for the night. In days gone by some of us doing this trip were glad to go to bed at Llanfyllin, just 25 miles against their 92. (Breakfast is at Llanfyllin.—Ed.) Another 92 miles, including Broadway Hill as a lunch appetiser, brings these happy-go-lucky tourists to Wallingford on Tuesday, after which they are as good as home, some 700 miles in the week. Last year those we met were Midlanders, and our time-honoured views were shaken, but now that we shall meet the Metropolitans confidence may, after all, be restored, unless the C.T.C. are the originators of the art of Camouflage, and we should find their beards (like Cook's bald head) merely "put on" to lull us into a false sense of security. In competing with the Sun as to who shall rise first, and in starting without food, distinct method is shown. Such distances cannot be covered within three meal times, nor can enough breakfast be consumed on rising from sleep. But by riding 3 hours on an

empty stomach (or, at best, on the dregs of supper) a ravenous state of hunger is created, to appease which food-restrictions must be contravened. We shall be wise to sit down to breakfast prior to the C.T.C. on their return from Conway!

ONE OF THE WORLD'S WORST WHEELERS

RUNS.

Bollington, February 23rd, 1918.

What is the charm of Bollington? Romance! Most picturesque in sunshine, the place is haunted on wet and windy nights. Its only public approach is by the little lane off the Lymm road, at the end of which the village stands like a gatehouse at the entrance to the old drive through Dunham Park by the Hall to Altrincham. The Old Hall reeks with legend, and the Boss is steeped in its lore. Boss and Bollington are closely inter-allied. He has lived in most of its houses, and now while residing hard by in Dunham Town he ever drifts back to the old spot. Did Boss discover Bollington or Bollington the Boss? To be sure they have left their mark on each other. (Let it be understood that the above description is the raving of my own mind—no one else is responsible.)

It is an open secret that Bollington is earmarked for a future Boxing Day and many a combined run. The distance is not too far for the Manchester Crocks, and just far enough for the hardy Liverpool Hard Riders. Rails to Dunham Massey in through carriages from either city provide the walking teams with no excuse for absence and plenty of good cause for reasonable refreshments. The name of the hotel looms large:

The SWAN with two NICKS.

Its signboard cries aloud for:

Pic-NICS.

Its beer costs

Next to NIX.

Its Courtyard is large enough for our zig-zagging motorists, or for the real riders to try each other's irons. Its dining room seats 31 much better than 13. Its musical kitchen can be turned into Chapel for the asking; and on its Bowling Green *man* can be seen in his most graceful attitude. Last not least there is the Tank. This Tank is of the ideal pattern that all other Tanks should be modelled on. It just holds thirteen, and is surrounded by two settees, the larger seating nine for beer and bonhomie, the smaller seating four for ginger wine and wit. These two sections are separated on one side by the cosy hearth on the other by the Bar and the ever-ebbing and flowing tide of liquids. There are no windows for peering eyes, but the sun- and moon-beams fall through a large periscope on to the thirteen brows. Local company is provided in the person of a typical Sam Weller, a priceless character in such a spot.

Bollington ever having taken its orders from the local Laird is not yet used to the interference of Lord Rhondda, and the management, most willing and able in normal times, had become non-plussed, but by the combined diplomatic efforts of Boss and Green—the one putting the fluence on the landlord with the legal eye, the other inveigling the landlady by domestic persuasion—an excellent meal had been prepared for us.

On my arrival I saw many familiar faces on a bridge over what sounded like a roaring torrent, for hush! hark! a deep sound struck like a rising knell. Did ye not hear it? Not it! It is but the winding Bollin from afar,

rattling o'er the stony weir on with its dance towards the mighty mill-wheel immortalised in verse and song by our Boss and Bard. So to let joy be unconfined we hastened back to the house of plenty. I really forget who were there, but I noticed that promising rider Younger Buckley in company with Buckley père, the fastidious Bikley of other days. Unless I am wrong Mullah was curing malaria with nut brown, and altogether there were thirteen, but it is time some one discovered a drink less alcoholic than beero, for ginger ale in excess threatens drinkers with malaise. We cannot have the smart set escaping early for want of a wholesome beverage. The chief topic of discourse was Green's great food scheme for the Easter and other holidays.

To put this to the test it was decided not to order lunch on one of the day tours from Bettws, and Green will then produce out of his pockets a dinner for the whole club in tabloid form. All he needs is a little water and bread and a few matches. The dinner will consist of hors d'œuvres, soups, herrings, vegetables, eggs, milks, puddings, savouries and whatnots. The meats will be in the soups.

Carpenter and myself will provide the flasks.

As I remarked: the party consisted ofThirteen.

Halewood, March 2nd. 1918.

Welcome to March and dry roads, which were quite a treat after the slithering-mud-plugging conditions on some of the recent runs. The air was keen, variously described as nippy, parky, and a nose-ender with an adjective thrown in, and one had an eager desire to keep moving, until safely within the portals of the "Derby Arms." Toft, Fell and Ven. arriving right on time, the snug was found to be overflowing with Anfielders, and the fumes of tobacco, the latter deciding them to bee line for the tea room, joining Edwards, Mac. and Hawkes.

Their example was soon followed by Band, Cody, Zambuck, Cooper, Cook, Chem., Preece, Mercer, Gregg, Simpson, Knipe, Lake and friend, also Hubert Roskell, week-ending from Manchester, where he has been appointed with a well known engineering firm to ensure perfection in the motive power of the vehicles which flatten out the Hun and his trench protection.

We now mustered 20 for an 18-power table, but a few extra can easily be squeezed in, these slim times, and when Chandler arrived "Another little squeeze didn't do us any harm." But where was Charlie Conway? All the Specials, Allotmenteers, and Volunteers (except Tommy and Jimmy), were off duty, and with the Club. Had he forgotten that occasionally mine hostess springs it on us, less than half an hour late? Evidently he had, but when he strolled in we were delighted to find that Tom Conway was with him, as cheerful as ever; perhaps not quite the same frolic, but then his native heath had failed him—there was neither lump sugar nor blacking to toy with. We must remedy this at Bettws. "Mawr" you are still the youngest looking of the "Old Reliabes"!

The table was now completely hemmed in, after the last and final squeeze, our number totalling 23. The President, when he got into his stride, carved in a masterly manner, and soon had us rationed to the last bone. After a pleasant meal the lovers of the Mellow and Melodious adjourned for practice, and gave us a new rendering of the old ditty. You drone on a certain note until apoplexy is imminent, then shout "Which," finish anyhow, and cheer wildly. After going through these antics conscientiously, you deserve all that has come to you.

The rendering is supposed to convey the impression of an air raid. Our spare tyre merchants might oblige by inflating a few to bursting point on the next occasion, to represent anti-aircraft guns. Arthur seemed to have something to get off his chest, and was either asking for the sack or defending some slacking in the run table in the "Circular." The approaching Committee Meeting I expect will require some facing. I wonder what is in the wind? One can understand "Going to bed early at Bettws," or "Wallasey runs for Wallasey members." These ideas are only improbable, but no Anfield run for Saturday, March 23rd, 1918—this is impossible. What have you got on for that date, A.T.S.? Do you want to be in good time for Bettws? Lake's merry friend spun us some laughable reminiscences of a theatrical luminary, and Hawkes almost succumbed to an appeal for a few steps of the graceful dance, in which we understand he is an adept. "Going down routes," and appointments were discussed for Easter, Oliver and Chandler voicing Denbigh, and others Llangollen for Thursday eve, for those who cannot get away early and go through on Thursday, Cerrig for lunch Friday being, of course, the objective for both parties.

It was well after 9 p.m. before the gathering dispersed for an easy and enjoyable ride to our homes.

Knutsford, March 2nd, 1918.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,

Last Saturday I dropped in at the Lord Eldon at Knutsford and found myself among a coterie of the famous Society of "Henfeeders." Having the opportunity, I took careful note of their proceedings.

The activities of the members seem to be confined to runs and "two-ers"—so-called presumably from the particular method of travelling either singly or in pairs. The programme provides for a meeting once a week, to which the individuals come by means of a contrivance of two wheels, driven by a third small one which is quickly rotated by foot pressure. The most devious and hilly route is taken, and diligent search is made for some herb—"Henfruit"—from which the Society derives its title.

All dress in a most antiquated eighteenth century style—of which long hose forms the distinctive feature, and which the more artistic among them adorn with coloured bands, and even stripes lengthwise in one instance.

On this occasion the whole company was in a happy mood, having received a presentation of a Hot-Pot—evidently a surviving rite of an ancient barbaric custom.

The general deliberations appeared to have no special trend, for after discussion upon Pictures—chiefly Reynolds—a conversation upon Chas. Garvice lines was carried out.

I was fortunate enough to witness the break up of the gathering and the departure, which called for further rites. The fourteen initiates, with one novice, set off blithely into the face of a keen N.E. wind without donning additional coats or even hats in most instances, and carrying behind a ruby fairy-lamp. The latter certainly looked rather delightful, twinkling and disappearing in the distance, but the reason for its presence I failed to discover, and can only conjecture it to be the continuation of a practice originally commenced under Royal Mandate.

I send you this as a possible help in the compilation of your volume on "Ancient and Surviving Societies," and trust it will be of use.

Yours respectfully,

ARCHY AFOGICAE,

Chester, March 9th, 1918.

Late, Yes!! No!!! Just in time—No, waiting. Hot-Pot? Thanks, pick out the rabbit and kidney and start right away.

Why was I No. 13 and the last to arrive? Some good reason must be given and someone must stand the blame. I really feel this to be necessary, lest it should be thought I was drifting to the category of our Class X men, who are always late. Cook has justly had the praise for many good things done in the Club's interest, and so in this case must take the blame.

In the last month's issue he is credited with visiting Higher Kinnerton to see the waterfall. Now, though I have been many times in the vicinity, I had not been in Higher Kinnerton, and so far as I can recollect, had never heard of its Miniature Minnehaha. My extensive library was searched, and the latest Batholomew consulted, but without any result, consequently there was nothing for it except a personal visit, and this proved no more successful. I did not see it, did not hear, and enquiries made from one whom I took to be the oldest inhabitant only revealed the fact that many years ago there used to be a waterfall in the fields beyond somebody's farm, and the question took the old man back to his happy youth and courting days, when, as he told me, he was wont to wander thither side by side—

It is really marvellous how some of those who have for years suffered from petrolitis are now returning to the fold, and if a few new legs and lungs could be obtained at a reasonable figure there would be some hot stuff among them. The latest recruit to the self-propelled type of vehicle (for Club run purposes at any rate) is H. Poole, who, not content with exploring Wirral lanes on the way out, week-ended, together with Williams and Cook, at Ruabon. These three were the first away, being closely followed by Cody and Sunter. Shortly afterwards Venables and Britton mysteriously disappeared, leaving McCann, Chandler, Gregg and self, who later had a pleasant ride home via the top road, with the wind well abaft the binnacle.

Alderley Edge, March 9th, 1918.

Saturday last was an almost perfect spring day, and no less than thirteen Manchester members found their way by devious routes to the Trafford Arms. Some of us took it rather easily, preferring to go a short distance slowly, as befits elderly gentlemen, but others, notably Bick and Son, put up quite a respectable mileage in the afternoon. Of course, everyone has not a lusty and enthusiastic youth to push him about the country, and that's where Bick scores. Even with this help Bick had worked up a thirst which could not, at 5 p.m., be assuaged by his usual beverage, and his face was a study as he got outside the best substitute available. Crow and partner were again in evidence, as were the Doctor and F. H., and, in fact, the party is getting to be quite a regular one, varying little week by week. After an excellent tea we adjourned to the smokeroom, provided for us by the considerate proprietor of the hotel, who did not like the idea of our being crowded together in the small room we have had before. Little he appreciates the peculiar psychology of the A.B.C.; we would vastly have preferred to be herded as before, with several seated on the floor, to being spacioously accommodated in a room of many times the cubic capacity. We're a conservative lot, and the thick atmosphere brings with it recollections of "tanks" in various places, and makes us feel very much at home. Perhaps it was the unwonted decorousness of our surroundings which did it—I don't know—but the party broke up at an early hour.

The inauguration of the London Season was carried out very successfully, as the two following unsolicited testimonials will shew:—

Ripley, March 9th, 1918.

In the dim future this run may be looked back at as "making history." The weather seemed to realise the importance of the event, as conditions could not have been improved upon—a gentle zephyr at one's back, continuous sunshine, good dry roads—in fact, an ideal spring day.

Unfortunately, Hellier's "renovator" let him down at the last minute, and he was minus his faithful trike, which was a great pity. However, such is enthusiasm that he invested about five shillings in South Westerns and then had to walk 3½ miles from Horsley Station to Ripley.

Beardwood went out solo, met Hellier when he had completed 1½ miles of his lonely furrow, and walked together to the "Anchor" where the strength (or shall we say weakness? "G. A.") of Britain Movement was duly observed.

Half way through a substantial tea of fresh eggs, bread and butter, etc., Foster arrived, having been delayed by tyre troubles; after satisfying his needs, all adjourned to the snug little bar parlour, where Guiseppi (the Bath Road Gazette scribbler) was comfortably ensconced. The time for Hellier's "lonely furrow" came all too soon, and after his departure for the station, Foster, Beardwood and Guiseppi took the famous Ripley Road—an ideal evening completing a splendid day.

All are looking forward to the next run in April, and it is to be hoped the same will be patronised by a larger number. All Anfielders, past and present, will be welcomed, and no better opportunity could be given for little chats over ancient times.

Ripley, March 9th, 1918.

It is the unexpected that happens—and it happened on the above date. Members in the North have no idea how exiles such as the writer have pined for even an occasional Club Run with the attendant good cheer, jovial company, and incentive to improve the average. Imagine nearly nine years of comparative inactivity, and you will understand how grateful we Southerners are.

Man proposes, but the back tyre sometimes disposes—and although Rosinante had been quite docile, tractable, and behaved herself with dignity to the time of departure, it was sad to feel her bump in the first mile. However, in spite of this delay and only an hour to go with 17 miles in front, Ripley was duly reached before Hellier and Beardwood had cracked their second egg. The Pan. excused his trousers by saying that his machine was being beautified, and he had shown his keenness by coming out per rattler.

After a strictly rationed tea (including butter raided by Beardwood from his own larder), we adjourned to the Tank and spent a very profitable hour discussing nocturnal disturbances, rations, and cycle lamps—assisted by a Bath Road man and a local farmer. The way Beardwood piloted his satellites through Kingston was an eye-opener, and he also showed his geographical knowledge of Richmond. At Sheen we bid each other a cheery good night, with a "see you next month," and the Bath Road man turned off towards Hammersmith at Roehampton Lane, leaving the writer only a mile to go on his lonesome.

The second Saturdays in each month were chosen to miss the Bank Holidays, and P. C. was surprised to know that they also miss the full moon, which means so much in the South.

West Kirby, March 16th, 1918.

There is no doubt about it "Manchester Runs for Manchester Members" is producing fierce competition and rivalry as to attendances, which is all to the good. I understand there was a muster of 16 at the Manchester run, while we had 17 at West Kirby—a close shave. If the good work continues poor Mac's loss of tissue involved in the agonising work of arranging runs will be offset by his delight in compiling his awe-inspiring chart of attendances, shewing an average beyond his most avaricious expectations, and thus rescue him from what threatened at one time to be an early grave. Chem. and I were the last to arrive at the hostelry, and had consequently to be satisfied with the aroma of the vegetables which had been cooked to eke out the rations of eggs, the produce itself having apparently been demolished with lightning rapidity combined with the true Anfield spirit, which dies hard. However, we had only ourselves to blame for missing this unctuous (if droll) combination of feeding matter. The contemplation of the unique co-operation between hen fruit and allotment fodder as a combinatory diet gives food for considerable speculation, and imagination runs riot in forming other delectable alimentary mixtures. Countless titillating menus must have at once occurred to the ingenious minds of our gourmets who combine gastronomical efficiency with originality, and it will be highly interesting to see what developments the future has in store for us. The idea is rich in possibilities. For instance, we could start with hors d'œuvres consisting of one of Harry Buck's sardines on his next annual visit to the club (a tin of which I have good reason to suspect he has hoarded in his safe). This would be an appetising prelude to a delicious mélange—constituting the pièce de résistance—consisting of, say, stewed fruit and tomato sauce or Yorkshire relish (to taste)—a dish to satisfy the most fastidious palate.

Again, what more tempting to the blasé epicure than a basin of rice pudding embellished with sauerkraut and seasoned with horse radish washed down with a tankard of Government ale? These are only a couple of suggestions which could be multiplied ad lib. by the fertile resources of our specialists, and I throw them out for what they are worth. Several of our far-seeing members had also brought out loaves of bread in case of eventualities (Johnny Band is now a regular attender at these runs), but all these were not required, and a bread queue was formed to receive the residue. Ven., as usual, collected the fees, and apparently he must have succumbed to persistent blackmailing on Grandad's part with regard to sharing the spoils, as money was seen to change hands between them. This was done quite openly and shamelessly in the guise of repayment by the house for a couple of unused loaves, but even Dora is powerless against what one can think; in a way its hard lines on Ven. that he has at last had to disgorge some of his ill-gotten gains, but on the other hand its time someone else had a look in. Poor Teddy had started out full of hope on his not yet quite altogether accurate trike, but of course had not gone far when it crumpled up beneath him, and he had to invest in home rail stock for the balance of the journey. As usual, he took the matter quite philosophically, and has acquired a touching tenderness for this fragile creature. The customary confab. took place after tea, and gradually the meeting dispersed, 9 o'clock seeing the last of the hard riders on their way to home and beauty.

Ringway, March 16th, 1918.

The day being fine and dry the speedmen had perforce to turn up on speed beasts, but having pity I refrained from indulging them in too much acid. The intended course of a thousand miles was accordingly cut down to, say, twenty, but in spite of precautions Samson managed to strain a seat spring in his efforts to attain perpetual motion. In good time a check was

made at Woodward's Farm at Ringway—yes, a “farm,” not the “Spotted Cow,” a place where multifarious beasts are discovered in barns, outhouses, and sties, reposing in various attitudes of despondency, fed-up-ness or perkiness according to their inherited character and present moods. For example, a heap of Wurzels mixed up with a pair of constrictors; a ferocious untamed tandem lying doggo between a mud-covered cart and a plough; common or garden bikes mixed up indiscriminately with ditto farm implements, while an eighteen score porker (as was it 180?) gasps out of his abode of love that he is also “one of us.”

A strong muster of sixteen (including a friend) turned up to partake of Mrs. Woodward's hospitality for the first time as members of the A.B.C. Everyone was pleased to see Li Cohen, who, home on leave, had journeyed out on the Black Chief's tame tandem. After a most excellent three-course dinner the company settled down to the usual chow, which developed into a narrative by the worthy Lieutenant. It is to be feared that everyone was much too interested to observe that such a course meant a sort of busman's holiday for the narrator, but the education of the ignorant is great work, and I'm able to say personally that some result was achieved.

An early break-up was made, some of the party chasing after the “Sporting Cat,” others wending their way to places of refreshment nearer their hearths, while the boys were left behind to give thanks and sing praises for all the good blessings of weather and food that had been bestowed that day.

Delamere, March 23rd, 1918.

When last I appeared in these pages it was as the hapless “victim” of an unscrupulous tandemist. However, in the interests of truth, I have to declare that the aforesaid account was no child of mine. The perpetrator of the outrage is as yet unknown, but suspicion falls on a junior member who hides himself under the aliases of B.B.O.G. and W.O.B. Having met Grandpa in the week he offered to conduct me to the venue through some lanes at a “nice comfortable” pace. I, in my innocence, accepted, and duly met the O.G. in Mount Road. From here I was dragged by the scruff of my unwilling neck to Chester. Thence we proceeded down the Whitchurch Road, but turned off at Rowton, and, with a break for “the cup that cheers, but not inebriates,” at Huxley, made through a network of lanes to Little Budworth. Passing the village inn we espied a tandem and a single propping up the wall, and when the owners made their appearance identified them as Buckley, senior and junior, and Green. The remaining miles to Delamere were covered in their company, and I, owing to my great exertions, was troubled with the hungry knock. The roll-call at 6-0 revealed the presence of 24 members, who, I think, were all cyclists. It is passing strange the attraction cycling has for some people. Our hostess had expected about 14, but she bore the shock very well, and we had a really excellent tea. Five of the six junior members attended the fixture. Conspicuous among the collection of dusty mounts which reposed in the yard were three tandems and three trikes. Edwards came on his single, and it appears his trike broke down on the previous Saturday. Being unable to obtain a cab he was forced to wheel the untamed beast home, and during the following week Rutledge's heart rejoiced once more. The members present were Dr. Carlisle, Boss Higham, Turnor (trike), H. Green, Brothers Mundell (tandem), Edwards and Orrell (on a fearfully and wonderfully made tandem), and Buckley père et fils (tandem), Dolly and Boardman, from Manchester, and Mac (trike), Edwards, Sunter, Cooper, Venables, Poole, Leece, Band,

Chandler, Cook (trike), Gregg and Cody, from Liverpool; from which it will be seen that the two divisions dead-heated in numbers. The party broke up soon after seven, and our group of six made for Chester via Tarvin and Vicar's Cross. We had a fine moonlight spin down the top road; though, as I had been cooked in the afternoon, I was now roasted. Grandpa, McCann, and I stopped at Hinderton, where we were joined by Chandler. Grandpa, after having put his watch on, startled us by the lateness of the hour. I, and I hope everyone else, reached home safely after a very pleasant day, and am looking forward to the next week-end.

A. T. SIMPSON,

Editor.

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ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB.

FORMED MARCH 1879.

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

MONTHLY CIRCULAR.

Vol. XIII.

No. 147.

FIXTURES FOR MAY, 1918.

	Light up at
May 4.—Halewood (Derby Arms)	9-14 p.m.
„ 6.—(Monday) Committee Meeting, 15 Drury Buildings, 21 Water Street, 7 p.m.	
„ 11.—Acton Bridge (Railway Inn)	9-25 p.m.
„ 18.—Rossett (Golden Lion) See Committee Notes	9-37 p.m.
„ 18 to 20.—WHITSUN TOUR (BETTWS-Y-COED)	9-37/9-40 p.m.
„ 25.—Rossett (Golden Lion)	9-48 p.m.
June 1.—Halewood (Derby Arms)	9-57 p.m.

ALTERNATIVE RUNS FOR MANCHESTER MEMBERS.

May 4.—Ringway (Higher Mainwood Farm—Mrs. Woodward)	9-11 p.m.
„ 25.—Knutsford (Lord Eldon)	9-45 p.m.

ALTERNATIVE RUN FOR LONDON MEMBERS.

May 11.—Ripley (Anchor)	9-6 p.m.
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Full moon 25th instant.

Committee Notes.

Stourton Lodge,

Arno Road, Oxton.

The attention of the members of the Committee is called to the fact that the next Committee Meeting is to be held on the FIRST Monday of the month, the 6th May.

The parcels sent in April to our Members on Active Service Abroad number 13; eleven each contained cigarettes, biscuits, a tin of herrings in tomato, and a tin of mint humbugs; the other two contained tobacco only.

NEW MEMBER.—Mr. CECIL ALDRIDGE, 14, Fitzwarren Street, Pendleton, Manchester, has been elected to Junior Active Membership.

APPLICATION FOR MEMBERSHIP.—Mr. REUBEN EDMUNDS, 9, Whetstone Lane, Birkenhead. Proposed by W. P. Cook and seconded by F. Chandler.

The WHITSUNTIDE TOUR will be to BETTWS-Y-COED. The Tariff is the same as that in force for Easter, and those who participate are assured of a holiday practically, if not quite, the equal of the Easter one. If you are intending to be present, please send me your name at THE EARLIEST POSSIBLE MOMENT. The Glan Aber can accommodate 45 members—we want to do again as we did at Easter—fill the whole house. The Sunday's ride will be BEDDGELERT (Plas Conway—Mrs. Williams), where luncheon will be ready at 1-30 p.m. Denbigh will be the luncheon place on the Monday on the homeward ride, luncheon at the Bull at 1-30 p.m., and Chester (Bull and Stirrup) the tea place.

For the convenience of those who are not going on the Whitsun Tour, the Committee have fixed a Run to ROSSETT (Golden Lion); no arrangements for tea are being made and each member who intends to be there must make his own arrangements for his meal.

NEW ADDRESSES.—Rifleman W. M. ROBINSON, No. 555423, Queen's Westminster Rifles, No. 2 Ward, V.A.D. Hospital, Hornsea, E. Yorks.; Commander J. PARK, R.D., Bank House, Birkdale, Southport; Cpl. W. E. COTTER, No. 686383, A. Troop, R.H. and R.F.A., Base Depôt, B.E.F.; Cpl. N. M. HIGHAM, C. Coy., 23rd Batt. Cheshire Regt., Mundesley-on-Sea, Norfolk.

F. D. McCANN,

Hon. Secretary.

Concerning Those On Service.

Postcard acknowledgments of parcels are to hand from:—December parcel, J. L. Mahon: "Thanks very much indeed—much appreciated." January parcel, J. R. Wells: "With many thanks—very much appreciated. Good luck to all." February parcel, J. R. Wells: "With many thanks. Am now back with my Battalion, which please note—writing soonest possible." March parcels, Li. Cohen: "Best thanks and wishes to all"; A. Warburton, "With thanks"; H. S. Barratt, "With many thanks." "H. Askew for J. A. Grimshaw" (see below.) January parcel, Percy Williamson: "Many thanks to all. Just arrived in time for Easter. Hope you had a good time at Bettws." October and November Parcels, J. Rowatt: "Many thanks, shortbread top hole." January parcel, G. Jackson. February parcel, A. P. James. April parcel, R. T. Rudd: "With thanks to all."

Cotter is the latest of "Ours" to proceed overseas as the following letter shows:—"Just a line to let you know my address, but how soon I may be moved up the line I cannot say. The Circular was re-directed here and reached me yesterday. I will send you my new address as soon as possible, but I believe that letters are re-directed from here."

Good Luck, Cotter!

Following on the postcard acknowledgment referred to above, there came a letter from Grimshaw, dated from the New End Military Hospital, Hampstead, London, as follows:—"Just a line to let you know I am in England in hospital with trench fever, which is a very painful thing. I was taken ill again on Good Friday. I had about six days of the Big Push, which put me in bed again. I am running a temperature of about 102. I arrived in England last Saturday (6th April). I did not get last month's Circular, though I received the A.G.M. Report, which was very good reading."

From H. R. Band, 31st January, at Bombay (held over from last Circular): "Last Friday was my birthday, and at dinner time I had the Anfield

Camp pie as well as my rations, and quite enjoyed it. It tasted fine and was a great treat. There was no paste round it, but the tin was full of a sort of potted meat which was just like veal and ham. It was jolly good eating and there was none left, so tell the A.B.C. chaps that it came at a most appropriate time and was highly appreciated."

From H. R. Band, 7th February, at Bombay: "I have just received the Anfield November parcel and have written McCann giving him all particulars, so I hope I will get them regularly now. They are very welcome and make me feel that my old pals still remember me. It is awfully good of them. Our weather here is getting warmer and the days longer, but it is not too hot yet, and not nearly as warm as at Agra. That was a place—I NEVER had a dry shirt there after I had had it on five minutes, and the nights were awful!! I saw the Brigade Orders yesterday, and it gave the temperature here on the 3rd instant as 83° maximum and 63° minimum. You say I ought to be learning a lot about India—but we really don't see much of it, as we are obliged to keep within bounds and can't go exploring wherever we would like. I think, however, I know as much about it as I wish to, and the only other way I want to see it is to watch it disappearing from the stern of a ship bound for Blighty!"

From Binns, 30th March: "You seem to be having some difficulty in the food business. It seems hard to imagine Warrington refusing to cater, because my memories of the Patten are a mixture of a cold, wet ride out round the earth in the afternoon, boiled leg of mutton at one end, pie at the other tremendous lies told round the fire, and then in little parties we used to 'get on with it,' and, if anything, have a wetter ride home than on the outward journey. I got soaked through on each of the first eight Saturdays I was out with the A.B.C. as an Anfielder, but it did me a world of good! In our case now, gone are all the Regimental messes and every officer now draws rations; but for all that we are doing d . . . well. In fact, I myself am very thankful I am alive even. You see I have now left Dover—I was there almost 18 months and doing one type of job, M.G., although I started with the Battalion, then went to Brigade, and when I left was on the Garrison Staff. Then suddenly, about three weeks ago, was sent down here as Instructor in a Special Branch of Machine Gunnery. By the way, about that time my promotion came along dated nine months back. By the way, this work is secret and confidential so, if you put this in the Circular, please do not mention the word ———, I know you will quite understand. The Club, apparently, from the printed records, is not doing badly (as if it could do anything else!) Good luck."

Foster very kindly sent a pipe to the President to send to one of the Members on Active Service, and it was decided to forward this to Grimshaw, in hospital at Hampstead. Grimshaw has duly received it, and acknowledges it as follows:—"Just a line to thank you for the pipe; it is a beauty—please thank Foster for me. I am feeling a little better the last few days, my temperature has dropped, but the pain is no better. I have put in for a transfer to a hospital at Cheadle Hulme—I believe I am getting it—I was told so last Monday, but I am still here. I had seven weeks of it in France, and got back to my company for a fortnight before I broke down. I had a week of the big push, which I shall not forget in a hurry, then I broke down again, no doubt with having such long spells at the wheel and no food. Anyhow, I felt ill on Good Friday, and was sent down the line and to England. I am anxiously looking forward to my transfer to Cheadle Hulme. I shall be able to see Crow and Buckley, and I hope persuade them to bring me to a run on their tandem when I am convalescent."

MEMS.

A correspondent in the "C.T.C. Gazette" recommends a tea-place 8 miles from Leicester and 3 miles from Loughborough. He says that "the house is conveniently situated between the two L's: cyclists can always expect a warm welcome." That is as it should be. 'Ot stuff—What?

The latest news of W. M. Robinson is that he has obtained a transfer to Hull, with a view of getting to the hospital at Hornsea ultimately. "Robbie," as he is called in the Army (though he admits, more in anger than in sorrow, that drill sergeants and similar wild fowl have called him other names—simultaneously thanking Heaven that we have a Navy), is now able to hobble about a little with the aid of a stout walking stick. We understand that the proprietors of the Every-Picture-tells-a-Story medicine have approached Robinson with a view to obtaining his photograph for advertisement purposes. Terms are now being discussed.

We are very interested to notice that the famous "local geologist," whose exiguity on the pronunciation of the Welsh double "L" is gratefully remembered throughout England and Wales (including the town of Berwick-upon-Tweed), has now blossomed forth as an authority on the Larceny Act, 1916. Versatility, thy name is George Milne!

The golden text for Whitsuntide will be found in St. John, chapter 4, verse 32.

As we hoped, Dr. Carlisle's example has become infectious, and the first to follow it is W. E. S. Foster, who has applied to be restored to the active list. More power to you, William Elderbury! Who will be the next to follow suit?

In reply to many numerous correspondents we beg to say that March 23rd was not a meetless day, as the brilliant account of the run to Delamere, with its muster of 24 in the last Circular, should have made clear to the meanest intelligence.

A post-card from Del Strother advises us that he is "Still sitting here (Stockholm) waiting for opportunity to get through to Russia," and concludes, "Seems very unlikely. Shall probably decide to go to England, where I hope the Government will find some use for me. Au revoir."

Needless to say, we should be charmed to have Del Strother back in England again, and if he could only locate among us it would be delightful.

A paragraph in the *Irish Cyclist* says "One of ours recently saw a brand new tricycle travelling through Dublin on the roof of a cab. A rare sight."

The italics are ours. A brand new tricycle would be a rare sight, and we guess it was merely an old machine that had been re-enamelled, but the sight of a tricycle "on the roof of a cab" is not at all rare in Liverpool, and we would advise our Irish friends to stand in Breckfield Road North any Saturday afternoon and view the arrival of Teddy Edwards at Routledges!

EASTER TOUR, 1918.

Thursday, March 28th.

Turnor, having on the previous day ridden from Manchester to Higher Tranmere, started with Cook from the latter's domicile travelling via Queen's Ferry, Northop and Rhwd-y-Mwyn to Denbigh for lunch. After lunch, the route was continued towards "The Sportsmans," but at Groes the main road was left, and a mountainous lane route through Llansannan to Llangerniew taken. At this point "well ironed" roads were experienced,

and the remainder of the route through Llanrwst to Bettws was completed in greater comfort. The ride was started in the rain, which continued to fall until Northop was reached, whilst during the afternoon capes were needed for a good deal of the ride. The wind was adverse the whole day, being fairly strong and from the southwest. Grandad had evidently given the Mullah a fair grueling on the trip, judging by his appearance upon arrival at Bettws.

Upon reaching the Glan Aber, it was discovered that H. M. Buck had already arrived the day before, and later in the evening the three brothers Simpson came by train. Whilst the Simpsons were having a rather late dinner, Sunter put in an appearance, being followed by Jimmy Williams soon afterwards. Both Sunter and Williams did quite a good performance under adverse circumstances, but with the experience they gained prior to worshipping at the shrine of petrol this is hardly to be wondered at.

Good Friday.

Leaving all the Simpsons to the tender mercies of Buck (the unmerciful), Turnor, Cook, Sunter, and Williams, set off for Cerrigy-druidion. The Mullah, desiring "a hair of the dog that bit him," took the road through Penmachno, and over the mountains to Eidda Wells, while Cook carried on to Pont Alwyn, to meet Cooper and Chandler by arrangement, Sunter and Williams contenting themselves with the direct route. We understand the Birkenhead water scheme, with its fine dam and new lake was thoroughly explored, and the quality of the water approved by these three well-known specialists of that fluid. At the White Lion we were joined by Toft and Venables, and also by Carpenter and another of his young hopefuls, who had broken away from the family party at Llangollen. We can now understand why Carpenter is such a strenuous rider, for with a steady supply of lusty sons keen on cycling to spur him on how can Father help but keep fit? If we could only get these Carpenter boys into the Club our future prominence in road sport would be assured. You will thus perceive, if you are good at arithmetic, that I sat down to a lunch that was excellent, considering it was a meatless day. After lunch Carpenter père et fils returned to Llangollen via Bala, but our numbers were restored by the arrival of Beardwood and Hellier, who had broken away from the C.T.C. touring party when they found "One of the World's Worst Wheelers" (vide open letter in last month's Circular) had failed them. We certainly think they have a grievance against the "Elusive Pimpernel!" Most of the party pattered on to Pentre Voelas to meet the crowd from Denbigh, but Cooper, Cook and Chandler were energetic enough to climb towards the Sportsmans, as far as the gate, where the advance guard, consisting of Band and Mr. Freeman, were espied coming over the Col. The rest of the party, Mac (trike), Green, Boardman, Dolly, Brothers Mundell, Gregg, Messrs. Killick (nick-named "Klick"), and Davies, and the C.T.C. tourists had stopped at the Sportsmans, but eventually all foregathered at the Voelas Arms, and then in small batches trickled into Bettws, when it really could be said that our Easter gathering was well under weigh with a handsome crowd.

It was found that Mr. Chilcott had arrived, having come from London by train to Llandudno, and from there being fortunately able to get motor transport, there being no rail connection. Later arrivals consisted of Lake (new member) and his friend Mr. Williams. From a weather point of view this was the best day of the tour, capes being only needed for about an hour in the morning.

Saturday, March 30th.

Saturday morning was anything but promising—rain was falling steadily. We know these wet Bettws mornings, however, and had hope that once out

of the cup in which this delectable resort is situated we would strike fine weather. And so we donned capes and plugged up the rise towards Capel Curig. A halt was made at the Swallow Falls to enable Mr. Freeman and party to scramble on to the rock in the stream and so obtain the best view of the Falls, which, owing to the heavy rain, were very fine. Then on again, past Capel Curig, to see the lakes, returning to the Nant Ffrancon road to see Llyn Ogwen. The cottage was no sooner passed than the rain ceased, and we had many magnificent views as the sun pierced the mists, showing wonderful colouring, and forming a fine rainbow. The route was continued through Bethesda to Bangor, where our London friends were taken to see the Menai Bridges. Carnarvon was reached without further incident, and an enjoyable lunch dispatched at the "Royal Sportsman." The return journey was made by Llanberis, the pass being negotiated without great difficulty, owing to the favourable wind. Afternoon tea was taken at Pen-y-gelert. The run home to Bettws was a fast one, with a following wind, under a sky with plenty of blue in it. We have had many finer, drier days, but the early rain made compensations, for the wonderful cloud effects and glorious colouring shown on the hillsides when the sun came out were more than worth the slight wetting we got at the commencement of the ride.

Sunday, March 31st.

Sunday's ride was a short and easy one to Taly Cafn, and was welcomed by the older members, who no longer feel equal to a couple of mountain passes in a day's jaunt, but the hard riders and our enthusiastic juniors were not to be put off with only "a less than an hour's" run down the Conway valley. The skipper, Grandpa, Green, Orrell, Boardman, Dolly, Mundell—Major and Minor—with Messrs. Killick and Davies (visitors) crossed the "Waterloo Bridge" for a run down to Conway, the only check being caused by a lapse of memory after Llanwrst, the mistake dawning on most of the pack only when in the "cul-de-sac," too late to bear right. It is an inviting trap, and has had many victims who have fallen to it more than once, the pass storming map reading experts being equally easy victims, although infallible in the mountains. A pleasant feature was the absence of rain for quite two hours on end, and the desperate efforts of "Old Sol" to have a look at us. He succeeded in showing us some lovely rainbows, and enchanting light and shade ahead. What a treat it was to once more enjoy this stretch of road (which was in fair condition) without the company of the Bank Holiday strings of petrolisers, honking along fore and aft. Mercer, Toft, Beardwood, Hellier, Mac., Sunter, Owen, Edwards, Ven., Lake, Royden, and Chandler were content to make Taly Cafn direct, spending an hour strolling about admiring "The Ferry" grounds, an ideal situation. "The crooking of the elbow" rite practised when "The sun is over the yard arm" was both welcome and enjoyable. As "The Panjam" put it, "this is the hour when I do most enjoy what we are now about to perform," and there was no dissent from those who appreciated the rite, and the urgency of the observance. The prompt and efficient service at "The Ferry" was highly commendable, and provided a pleasant sufficiency, which was a fine tribute to the organising and distributing abilities of the "Food Controller." There is no doubt that these modest and sensible restrictions are all for our good, and I am sure the 23 participants will bear me out, and no longer tolerate the gorging of pre-war days. "Eat to live is the motto," and we were living all right! Mullah was just in time for lunch, and feared not, although he included in his day's ride "The Sychnant Pass" and "The Nant Ffrancon," experiencing a vile surface with stinging cold rain and wind on the former. Cook also pined for the hill-tops, and bore Chandler away to find a road said to be "Indyffrynt," and impetuously avoided last Easter. Everything panned out just as expected—whatever was expected;

anyhow the point is settled, and everybody satisfied, without expressing any violent curiosity, and "Bartholomew" need not call in his maps. The run back to Bettws taught us all we wanted to know about the variety of mud, and the balancing feats necessary when riding in capes, against a strong breeze, on a switch back road well rutted and mudded. All ended well, and the muster of 23 for this most enjoyable outing fully justified the selection of the venue.

Monday, April 1st.

8 a.m. on Monday morning found us scanning the heavens with anxious eye. As usual, they were weeping copiously. We made an excellent breakfast; the porridge being in great demand. Quite a small crowd had gone off by the early train to try and find fine weather on the coast, and Messrs. Hellier, Beardwood (bound for Craven Arms and London) and Toft had made an early start to lunch at Llangollen, but the main party bound for lunch at Ruthin made a start shortly before 10, and enveloped in our capes, we crossed the Waterloo Bridge and commenced the steady climb to Cernioge. Almost immediately we found ourselves ploughing through "porridge" of a less pleasant kind, but came through safely. The All-Highest Editor and his brethren, and one or two other lucky chaps were left at the Glan Aber. Our party of 16 comprised Turnor, Band, Mac., Venables, Cook, Royden, Green, Boardman, Dolly, Orrell, Gregg, Mundell Brothers, Chandler, and Messrs. Killick and Davies. At Cerrig Grandad asked for volunteers to help him wear out some weird and precipitous mountain road from Maerdy through Bettws-gwerfil-goch to Clawdd-newydd, but only Chandler was bold enough to take it on. The other timid pack stuck to the moorland road to Ruthin. "Porridge" was again in evidence, and the party at times almost literally stuck, but fine views were obtained. Cycling and pedestrianism brought us to Ruthin, where we gathered round the fire awaiting lunch. An excellent luncheon replaced most of the tissue expended in the morning's exertions, and at 3-15 we were on the road again. Green, Boardman, Dolly, and Killick being bound for tea at Delamere, took the Mold road along with Mac. and Band, and, later, accompanied by Ven. and Royden, as these four desired to get home early, but Chandler, Cook and Gregg being in no such hurry joined the rest of the Manchester contingent up the Nant-y-garth in brilliant sunshine to Llanegla, and thence to Chester. Here an enjoyable, though rationed, tea was stowed away at The Bars, after which the Liverpool trio parted with the Manchester quintette. Bowling along the top road we were rewarded with a magnificent sunset for the morning's dampness. Grandad's hyper-super brain had conceived the brilliant idea of leaving his lamps at Hinderton, and a stop had to be made to collect them. Here we had a report of Williams and Edmunds, who had apparently returned by a route of their own. Thence we proceeded to Mount House, and, after Good-bye-eee's, I wended my way home over the bridge where a warden collects hard-earned pence from impecunious cyclists. So ended my first Easter tour, and I owe my best thanks to all the members and friends who have given me such a good time.

Easter—Metropolitan Mems.

There may be some members interested to hear how two elderly gentlemen got on in their endeavour to reach Bettws with the Metropolitan District C.T.C.

To commence with, it was a colossal piece of impertinence to plan such a journey at all, and after joining the M.D.C.T.C. at Aylesbury, it was not long before the decision was taken that the better part of valour would be to become "FREEMEN." However, the C.T.C. was often rejoined on the road

at such places as Aynho, Leamington, Chester, Pentre and Bettws. At the latter place a most happy time was spent, and the re-union with old friends was very pleasant.

Space forbids but a brief account of the homeward journey. A fairly early start on Monday, in the company of the "old days" Captain, W. R. Toft, overcame the horrors of the Cerrig—Corwen stretch; Llangollen for lunch at the Royal, afterwards hurrah for Chirk and the fine stretches of tar-mac., with the wind dead behind. 13 miles from Shrewsbury the rain ceased; tea at the latter town, revered of Whitsun memories, Craven Arms 7-30, where a pleasant evening was spent with Host Boulton.

Tuesday saw Leominster, Ledbury (never to be forgotten for its un-Rhondda-ed farmers' ordinary), Cheltenham for tea, then over the Cotswolds for Witney, where it was hoped to spend the night, but, alas! not a bed in the town, the Royal Flying Corps being billeted everywhere. This was almost the last straw, for the Panjandrum, who has a strange horror of darkness and unknown roads, and enquiries were quickly made as to the time of departure of the next "rattler" for Oxford.

Fortunately, this had left at 7-30, so the record, of cycling all the way, both out and home, was not spoiled, Oxford (104 miles for the day) being duly reached, by quiet riding on a somewhat dark night. Next day saw the reward in the shape of fine sunny weather and a pleasant run via Thame, Princes Risborough, High Wycombe, and Slough, completed an Easter Tour which will take many years to eradicate from memory.

Easter Hen Fruit.

Buck was the first to arrive at the Glan Aber on Wednesday, and tried hard to be the last to leave by staying till the following Wednesday, but George Lake won by refusing to clear out till the Thursday! Hellier and Beardwood were the first to start, however, by leaving London on the Tuesday, while the Mullah was the next early starter, getting away from Murky Manchester on the Wednesday. The Mullah apparently lost his way, for he was discovered wandering about Wirral looking for a "stolen" rear lamp on the Wednesday evening by the self-appointed President of the Cheshire Beer Biters, who inveigled him into visiting Moreton, and putting up at the Hydro. We don't know whether the Pub. Perambulation of Wirral had anything to do with it or not, but after buying a new rear lamp for the tour Turner found the stolen one *at home* on his return!

We sadly missed the Keizerette—particularly on the Monday morning, when there was no one to cheer us up by telling us how often they had courageously faced much worse conditions to be surely rewarded by "glorious weather" before reaching the Vale of Clwyd.

Another sadly missed one was "Mawr" Conway, who has, we believe, an unapproachable record. Before joining the Club in 1884, T. B. C. had attended the Annual Gatherings as a Liverpool Old Boy (imagine Mawr an *old* Boy in 1883!—Impossible!), and then as an Anfielder he continued for 23 years without a break. He blotted his copybook by registering his first miss owing to having to employ his Eastertide in removing to Bristol in 1907. In 1908 the wonderful sequence was resumed, and this year the second miss was only recorded owing to Easter clashing with the end of the fiscal year of the company Conway represents at Bristol, for this involved closing of accounts and stocktaking for March 31st. Just think what this means—a record of 32 Easters out of 34, and a valid cause for the two missed ones!

The performance of Hellier and Beardwood deserves to be specially mentioned as an example of what can be done by "returned sheep to the fold"

(Veterans resuming cycling after years of petrol). Hellier was handicapped by being without his trike for some little time, and was very doubtful of being able to make the trip, but his "Veeder" recorded 540 miles (fancy the Mossoc with a cyclometer!). We imagine that H. and B. set up a record in being the first two members to cycle all the way to and from London to attend the Easter fixture.

Mr. W. F. Freeman has written Cook as follows:—

"I take the earliest opportunity of again thanking you, and through you Mr. Turnor, Mr. McCann, and all friends who vied with each other to make our visit to your happy hunting ground such a glorious treat. How I wish I lived in your district, to have frequently such company and such country to cycle in. However, it cannot be, and perhaps it is just as well, as I shall all the more enjoy my periodical trips to Wales, for I have made up my mind that this, the first, shall not by any means be the last. It was only on returning home that I had time to read the copy of your April Circular, which someone kindly gave me, and I was highly amused with the letter from 'One of the World's Worst Wheelers.' I would like to reply to it in the same humorous vein, but am so pressed with accumulated work that I cannot find time just now for anything but the most necessary personal work. After leaving you my itinerary was strictly followed and thoroughly enjoyed, especially the Cwm Hirnant. The Bwlch-y-groes, too, was grand. Tell Boardman his saccharine came in very handy. I must conclude with Au Revoir—from

"One of the P.O.T.s (Poor Old Tourists)."

Owing to the cancellation of the holiday in Munition Factories, the Buckleys were unable to come to Bettws, much to everyone's regret. We expect young Buckley was particularly disappointed, for he was looking forward so keenly to the trip. Hubert Roskell was also affected the same way, and was greatly missed.

Impressions by "Liz."

On the invitation of the Editor, I set out my experiences of Easter. In a shell-nut, as the picturesque Mackintosh English puts it, I had the best of company, record entertainments, and good weather to view the hills and woods. What more can an Anfielder desire at Easter?

Indoors I had at hand warm slippers, my favourite bedroom, thick and cheerful towels, soft Elsi water, soap with a naughty French perfume, the dining room, the chapel, the inner, outer and the private tanks.

Out of doors, well, just for Anfielders who never see Bettws., I put down a few delights. First, the trees in blossom, the lambs and squirrels, the cormorants fishing for trout, the grouse and curlews in Elsi Moor, and the clouds rolling up and down Siabod and Snowdonia. Then the Beaver Pool, the meeting of the Conway and the Lledr, the Cromlech, the lunch at Tyn-y-Coed, the tea at Capel Garmon, the Plum Tree Walk, and the Churchyard by moonlight. [What about the wax, Harry?—Ed.]

Pieces de Concert.

It is impossible to restrain one's enthusiasm in writing of the evening concerts. There was such a wealth of talent that no difficulty was experienced in making a prompt start and carrying the show through with a bang each evening for nearly a couple of hours, during which time something like thirty or forty turns were given at about half-minute intervals—some hustling! When it is stated that during the whole time no liquid refreshment of any kind entered the sacred portals—and this in an assembly embracing a majority of tank-ards—well, comment would be superfluous. For the Good Friday sacred concert we were favoured by the presence of three artist guests, Mr. Chilcott (who with a lively recollection of the pleasure of his previous visit had braved the unknown perils of the rattler and come

all the way from London town), the erstwhile Plumber (now promoted to Major-General—Worthington), and Brother John, the Club's favourite fiddler. These artists were supplemented by The Mullah (in dual role as chairman and vocalist, with his annual anthem, "A little red lamp at the back"), Chandler, and Boardman, the latter being persuaded to overcome his native Mancunian shyness after superhuman efforts. Mr. Chilcott had had a tempestuous passage, having been marooned at Llandudno in the early hours, but with the sagacity of the South had managed to wangle motor transport in company with other benighted derelicts for the rest of the journey. On the Saturday and Sunday evenings the party was augmented by our old friend, Mr. R. Brown, from Liverpool, Chem., and Frank Wood. Mr. Chilcott (a humourist with a Metropolitan reputation) had brought with him a budget of old and new favourites, which he gave with his accustomed polish and vim. He has a most engaging personality, and was in great form with an admirable range of items, rendered with restrained but irresistible élan, carrying the "House" with him every time. In Mr. Brown we had another artist of the first water, with a most diversified array of songs, monologues, and sketches alternating between sorrow and gladness, and over them all the sure touch of the artist, to whom nothing came amiss; his pathos quickening and unforced, his humour pungent and ripe, his character studies natural and clean cut. Then we had the Major-General, who, like good wine, improves with keeping. He was right in his element in a lot of new items and some old ones, his "twin" duet (with Chandler—imagine it!), given practically on the spur of the moment, providing one of the features, and being sufficient to convulse a stone image. His taller brother—by 'arf a hinch—once again soothed us with melodic sweetness, tenderly coaxed and wheedled with artistic cunning out of his little fiddle. Chandler was called upon quite a lot, his effective renderings providing admirable interludes between the lighter portions of the entertainments. Chem., sorrowfully cheerful and cheerfully morose, charmed us as usual with his songs and monologues, of which we never seem to tire, and Frank Wood (now quite a bulwark on these occasions) was in splendid form with recitations, both grave and gay. Nothing was hurled at the pianist, and Harry Buck was observed now and again to be almost awake—to anybody who knows Lizzie this speaks volumes. All the artists, without exception, laid themselves out to give of their best, and it was a real treat to witness the cheerful alacrity with which they answered the call. Nothing was too much trouble to them, and I only hope the appreciation they received, which was unstinted, repaid them for their splendid efforts. On the Good Friday evening we had the pleasure of our C.T.C. hard riders, and Mr. Freeman, their strenuous chief, voiced the pleasure they had experienced in foregathering with the Anfield clan, and their delight at the entertainment. On the two following evenings the President presided, and took the opportunity on Sunday evening to felicitate our good friend Mr. Chilcott on the attainment of his 57th birthday, and to propose on behalf of the Club a cordial vote of thanks to our artists, which was responded to in happy vein by Messrs. Chilcott and Brown, and unanimously carried with musical honours. Thus ended a series of musical evenings the like of which I don't remember to have witnessed before. There is no pleasure without pain—if only our lads in the Forces had been there!

The World's Worst Wheelers v. James on behalf of Self and Worth.

This important case was duly tried by the Tribunal in the tank, before Judges Turnor and Cook. An impassioned protest was lodged at the outset by the Editor against the trial being commenced before midnight, as at that early hour he felt incapable of doing himself justice. The point was carefully considered, but he was overruled, it being noticed that Chem., one of the other claimants, was well in hand and full of—er—eloquence. It was just on the cards that one of the learned Judges might also resign his seat

on the bench and take his place with the other claimants after the doing over he had received from his learned brother on the way down, but, having failed to give the requisite notice, his claim had to be turned down. Unfortunately, only two of the three who had handed themselves the honour were present; the Master—evidently regarding his title as unassailable—being absent. Both of the new aspirants were unavoidably away, but their case was brilliantly messed up by several legal luminaries in embryo. Full of confidence Chem. staggered up to open, and cited overwhelming evidence to prove beyond doubt or cavil the claims of the W.W.W. He had to admit that the other claimants on occasion had creditable performances to their account, some of which ran the W.W.W. very closely, but as he piled up the evidence in support of the original holders it was seen that there could only be one verdict, and his moving peroration wherein he, in a voice broken with emotion pleaded that this noble title, gained after years of persistent and cumulative effort, should not now, in the evening of his days, be ruthlessly wrested from him, caused the tears to course unchecked down the furrowed cheeks of at least one of the learned Judges. With a closing supplication that if he could not have justice, then he would pray for mercy, he was dragged to his seat amid applause which was quickly suppressed, the Judges threatening to clear the Court on any recurrence. After this sublime outburst, nothing further was necessary, the Editor (painfully sober) contenting himself with a purely corroborative statement. The legal luminaries for the other side having spread themselves about with varying but uniformly disastrous results, the Judges conferred together amidst a deadly silence only broken by a round of drinks making its appearance, suspected to have been surreptitiously paid for by one of the W.W.W. to assist the learned brethren in their verdict. Eventually, Justice Turnor gave a masterly summing-up, ably supplemented by his learned brother, Justice Cook, in highly forensic discourses, and the jury unanimously gave their verdict in favour of the W.W.W. without leaving the tops of the partitions, on which they hung by a thread. The two holders of this coveted distinction who were present were overwhelmed with congratulations, and were so overcome with emotion that they absentmindedly invited everybody to stand them drinks. Thus ended a memorable trial, carried through with judicial equity, and as notice of appeal was not given the verdict must stand.

RUNS.

Halewood, April 6th. 1918.

After a very wet morning it cleared up in the early afternoon, and did not rain for the rest of the day, so those who, like the writer, were unable to make an early start, enjoyed fine weather. When we sat down to an excellent meal, the last, presumably for the duration to include meat, there were twelve H.R.A.s around the table, Fell, Band, Chandler, Cody, C. J. Conway, Cook, Cooper, Edwards, Knipe, Toft, Ven., and Zambuck. Just in time to make a start carving the chickens Buck arrived, making the complete 18, the A.B.C. lucky number. When we were fairly under way Simpson arrived, but did not suffer because of his late arrival. Buck introduced a new code of conduct for carvers by cutting the first portion for anyone who wanted it and afterwards passing the dish and carvers in response to further applications; the chickens in consequence probably travelled further (about the table) than they did in their lifetime. During tea three separate topics were discussed:—Bettws, the new Man-Power proposals, and plots. The two arch plotters, our chairman and treasurer, disappeared for a lengthy interval after tea before joining the local fellowship, and it transpired afterwards that they are each on their respective committees and were discussing the slimmest method of awarding themselves all the prizes in the forthcoming allotment competitions. Musical honours having been once rendered, the Editor's tongue was loosened, and, unfortunately, he sat at the time next

to me—many of you know just what he said [“Wot about this 'ere run, old thing”?], and what I would have liked to say: to save discussion, I agreed almost at once. He was so elated at his easy prey that at the next rendering of the anthem he led the choir, and set such a pace that the cheers had subsided and we were all again seated in quicker time than we usually take for the end of the last “. . . low.” Some one said he was thirsty, but I knew the real reason. Yes; thirteen is the Anfield lucky number, and either Simpson or I should have stayed away. We were just settling down to a comfortable evening and the atmosphere was getting nicely hazy when Toft dragged Charlie Conway off, much against the latter's will. Chem.'s absence was commented on, and it was suggested that perhaps he had been again inveigled into conducting another honeymoon tour, his daughter having entered into the blissful bonds of wedlock only a few days previously. I am assured, however, that there is no foundation in the rumour. In any case, we all heartily congratulate the happy couple. Bit by bit the party evaporated, and at 9-30 none remained to tell the tale.

Allstock, April 6th, 1918.

Perhaps it was the weather, or perhaps it was the usual slump after a week-end tour, or perhaps—but anyhow Manchester's average will be sensibly brought down by the poor attendance at this fixture, for there were but seven out. The weather was not really bad; there was certainly some rain, but that stopped about 4 p.m., and the roads dried very quickly under a steady wind. The Snub, in a burst of over-confidence in his powers, attempted to keep pace with Orrell and Edwards, and imbibed several carboys of acid in consequence, arriving at Rose Cottage in a subdued but thankful state—subdued because he was very badly knackered, and thankful that, by sticking very closely to a back wheel, notwithstanding the mud thrown up thereby, he had managed to arrive at all. The Doctor was the next arrival, fresh as paint, and was shortly followed by the two Mundells. On the stroke of 6 the Mullah arrived, apparently after an extended tour. It looks as if he was seeking diligently for that form which comes not easily to the mature. The feed provided was an excellent one, and the pity is that there were no more of us to partake of it. The absence of a tank was rather a disadvantage after tea, but we managed to keep a conversation going until nearly 8, when the three old stagers cleared off, leaving the younger ones to torture the piano.

Chester, April 13th, 1918.

A small party of eight put in an appearance at the Bull and Stirrup to support this fixture, viz., Venables, Edwards, Band, Lake, Sunter Gregg, Cook, and Chandler. The afternoon was gloriously fine, and all wondered why the attendance should be so small. The first-named five had ridden out direct, Gregg had been round via Hoylake, and the two latter had ridden via Queensferry, Wrexham and Farndon, stopping for tea at a very comfortable little pub, one mile after Wrexham. Regrets were rife at the non-appearance of Oliver Cooper, as up to this date he had given Grandad a fine run for his money, not having missed a single fixture this year. The whole party, with the exception of Sunter, afterwards adjourned to the Shrewsbury Arms, whilst the route home from the latter place was followed in various directions, Cook accompanying Venables, Edwards, and Gregg as far as the Leasowe road.

Alderley, April 13th, 1918.

There is one good thing to be said about the weather last Saturday—it was dry. In all other respects, it was what well-meaning bores (in January) call “seasonable.” The wind was cold, and as we had all found ourselves very fit on the way out, we were not surprised to find after tea that the wind was also strong, and that we were not so fit after all.

We were delayed a good deal in starting by an air-tube which split, deliberately, just beyond the edge of a previous patch: it threatened to repeat the trick as often as it was mended, and at last it was dismissed the service.

Considering that we have struck meat out of the list at Club teas, the "Trafford Arms" did very well indeed for us. The meat substitute provided was a great success. No, it wasn't eggs; and it wasn't a lump of beans in the shape of a piece of steak. Really, you will have to ask Mr. Mead what it was, though I don't think he will remember. I could make a guess, but I might be wrong, so I will confine myself to the facts. We found on our plates a layer of a pinky brown substance, ornamented with curious and irregular patterns of white; and whatever it was made of it tasted very well when mixed with mustard. After tea, the usual adjournment was taken, for talk and reasonable refreshment; and although we were able to get definite (though conflicting) answers on such questions as the right kind of potatoes to plant, it is remarkable that even acknowledged experts declared it was impossible to distinguish between "mild" and "bitter." However, both were quite harmless. And so in due time we started for home, and, as already stated, found a good deal of wind on the way.

Ripley, April 13th, 1918.

"Foster failed but Freeman fraternised"—this sums up the run undertaken in dull but dry weather, the only two members present being Hellier and Beardwood, who rode together, and made a detour through the Surrey lanes. Guiseppi joined us for tea, and afterwards Freeman, of C.T.C. fame, arrived, having been detained through a collision with a W.A.A.C., much to the detriment of the new R.R.R.R.

After the usual chat in the parlour a start was made for home, and the Realm defended at the famous "Angel," Ditton.

Unless a little more support is forthcoming for these runs, especially during the summer months, one will have to conclude, very reluctantly, that there was no real necessity for them; at the same time, all this year's fixtures will be carried out. It, however, entirely depends on the support accorded this year whether they are continued, so please rally round all ye London stalwarts.

Delamere, April 20th, 1918. Chronicles of Grandad. Chapter 16.

(1) And it came to pass as it was ordained that the An-tribe did meet at the Arms of the Abbey De La Mere on the seventh day of the third week of the fourth month.

(2) And there was great rejoicing because of the large muster of half a score and one.

(3) For behold the rains descended and the Allotmenters being unable to wrestle with the soil did sally forth to De La Mere in large numbers.

(4) And Grandad explaineth to us the meaning of An-tribe under Cook.

(5) But there were many lamentations at the absence of The Master, The Physician, and Austin the son of Crow.

(6) Nevertheless there were gathered together the Higham, who is called Boss, and Higham the son of Mars.

(7) And He who is known as The Mullah together with the Mundells, Orrell, Edwards the Mancunian, and Edwards the Wirralite, Chandler, and the Captain (of the) Band, not to mention Grandad the Chronicler.

(8) And there was much gnashing of teeth and satisfaction of appetite.

(9) But Higham, who is called Boss, refused to be comforted for the absence of One surnamed Bickley, who failed to meet him at the Spinner and Bergamot.

(10) After which the An-tribe departed their various ways.

(11) And as the rain had ceased truly were they rewarded for their virtue, which shall be counted unto them.

Rossett, April 27th, 1918.

Having done a considerable amount of training this year, and acquired form, I had longed for the opportunity of putting it through Chem. and Arthur, but these elusive hard riders, with uncanny instinct, had kept out of my way. On arrival at the hostelry, I was bitterly disappointed to find no trace of them, and thought my prey had again escaped. Their arrival, therefore, at the belated hour of 6-30 was doubly welcome, and was the signal for the rest of the pack to escape, they not relishing the balancing feats necessary to preserve their equilibrium when in their company, nor the all-night rides which Chem. invariably organises on these occasions. Ven. was one of the first to sneak off after he had exacted his toll—one could not blame him; poor chap, he has suffered horribly already! After a short time I was the only one to remain, and deftly camouflaging my fiendish delight from my victims, I gently lured them into the yard after tea—a very nice line in teas, by the way. Neither of them had ridden for months, and as I listened I experienced a thrill of fierce delight. This was the opportunity I had laid in wait for for years; all the cutting sarcasm about Fords in comparison with motor cars which I had had to endure in silence from them in the days of those obsolete vehicles returned to me with redoubled force. Their so-called humorous sallies, their misguided badinage and distorted merriment called for ruthless punishment, which it was now in my power to inflict. Chem. had just received his grid back from the hospital where it had been fitted with ten-inch cranks or something which he said enabled him to go at a speed compared with which a tank on reverse gear would be positively giddy. The night being young, a detour through Eaton Park was made, but to my intense disgust I found myself partaking of the acid when it is good and plenty in my efforts to shake off these two W.W.W., and began to think I would have been better advised to have returned with George Mercer, fierce as he is. A sudden burst at about 10 p.h., however, made at imminent risk of heart failure, at last broke them up, and we eventually arrived at the B. and S. clamouring for sustenance. Leaving there at 8-45 required mile about pacing to arrive at Hinderton in time. Jockeying Chem. in front, I hung back until, for shame's sake, I was forced to take my turn. The Editor had been curiously silent for some time, and at the psychological moment, when I was knackered beyond recall, up he came at a mad sprint free-wheeling past me, and the next thing I knew his little red lamp at the back was fading away in obscurity. Gently picking myself up, I started to walk the remainder of the distance, when I saw him returning with first aid, and he informed me that Chem. had made the suggestion that he should *rush on* to order the drinks. Ambling along we overtook the old veteran rushing ahead with this laudable object, and arrived just in time to be served with some nice hop bitters! No further adventures arose until we arrived at Thornton Hough, where Grandad's favourite copper, Tin Ribs, discovered that all poor Chem.'s lights had been unable to stand the strain, much to his amazement. Thanks to my well-known tact (a man accustomed to driving a Ford acquires tact in dealing with policemen), after a protracted parley the matter was squared, and the next step was at the home of Chem.'s newly married daughter, a highly enjoyable interlude, and eventually I arrived chez-moi in the early hours, having had my first experience of the usual all-night ride one expects when with the W.W.W. I understand we tied with the Manchester section with a muster of 15.

Knutsford, April 27th, 1918.

The day dawned bright and clear, and consequently the writer, feeling that summer had arrived, made his way up the stairs of his domiciliary edifice to the attic, or upper chamber, in which his speed beast had been reposing during the winter months. The layers of cotton wool were removed one by one, and the super bicycle was taken out into the open. Rags and

oil having been applied, the steed was taken on to the open road, the heart of its owner glowing with pride. Eight m.p.h. may be all right for the old bus, but on this machine, sixteen or eighteen should be possible, and, strange as it may appear, such a pace was accomplished. The visions of a few days previous were dispelled, and there seemed no immediate necessity to join the ranks of "has beens."

Milestone after milestone flitted by, and the glorious rhythm of the pedals and swift motion through the air acted like a tonic. It was not a day to go direct to the destination, but essentially a day for a "bit of a round." Whilst the pedals were swinging round and the rider, exultant in his new-found form, a fellow-clubman in distress was discovered, and this naturally called for a dismount. The trouble having been remedied, the pair now continued the ride. For a few miles the same feelings of exultation and pleasure filled the writer's mind, but shortly, the course being altered, he discovered that the speed, for which he thought he alone was responsible, had been caused by a gale of wind, and that now what had lately been a friend in need, had turned into a bitter enemy. Prior to this altered circumstance, the writer cared not if his younger companion went fast or slow, but now he felt that the best scenery on the landscape was the view of his friend's back wheel.

A goodly crowd gathered at the "Lord Eldon"—fifteen in number—and though the feed was not like the pre-war article, it was generally considered to be very high class for a vegetarian meal. Mrs. Elwood may not have had any experience in vegetarian cookery, but the general opinion seemed to be that she could give a start and a licking to many who have.

A. T. SIMPSON,

Editor.

ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB.

FORMED MARCH 1879.

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

MONTHLY CIRCULAR.

Vol. XIII.

No. 148.

FIXTURES FOR JUNE, 1918.

	Light up at
June 1.—Halewood (Derby Arms) Photo. Run	9-57 p.m.
.. 8.—Delamere (Abbey Arms)	10-4 p.m.
.. 10.—Committee Meeting, Board Room, Common Hall, Hackins Hey, 7 p.m.	
.. 15.—Northop (Red Lion)	10-9 p.m.
.. 22.—Acton Bridge (Railway Inn)	10-12 p.m.
.. 29.—Rossett (Golden Lion)	10-12 p.m.
July 6.—Halewood (Derby Arms)	10-9 p.m.

ALTERNATIVE RUNS FOR MANCHESTER MEMBERS.

June 15.—Allostock (Oak Cottage—Miss Crosby)	10-6 p.m.
July 6.—Marton (Davenport Arms)	10-6 p.m.

ALTERNATIVE RUN FOR LONDON MEMBERS.

June 8.—Ripley (Anchor).....	9-43 p.m.
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Full moon 24th instant.

Committee Notes.

Stourton Lodge,

Arno Road, Oxton.

Mr. C. J. Conway once again deserves our thanks—he has offered to take the Club Photograph, and the Committee have accepted it with many thanks, and have selected HALEWOOD as the place on the 1st June. The photograph will be taken at 6 p.m. sharp, that is, BEFORE tea, and it is confidently hoped there will be a large attendance.

NEW MEMBER.—Mr. Reuben Edmunds, 9, Whetstone Lane, Birkenhead, has been elected to Active Membership.

TRANSFER TO ACTIVE LIST.—Mr. W. E. S. Foster has been transferred from the Honorary List to the Active List—an example which the Committee hope others will follow.

The parcels to Members On Active Service Abroad sent during May numbered 14, two contained tobacco only, and the other twelve consisted of cigarettes, biscuits, toffee, and herrings in tomato.

Eaton (near Tarporley) is the latest place of call to have given up catering "for the duration." The Committee had selected that place for the 22nd June; I have substituted Acton Bridge—Committeemen please note.

The attention of the members of the Committee is directed to the alteration in the place of meeting—given under Fixtures. Owing to my probable transference to London the present place will not be available, and I have arranged for the use of the Board Room at the Common Hall, Hackins Hey, off Dale Street, for the June Meeting.

NEW ADDRESSES.—Sub.-Lieut. C. C. DEWS, R.A.F. Unit, Calshot, Nr. Southampton; Pte. J. A. GRIMSHAW, Military Auxiliary Hospital, Cheadle Hulme, Cheshire; Cpl. W. E. COTTER, No. 686383, R.F.A., "A" Troop, 1st Army Artillery School, B.E.F.; W. M. ROBINSON, Fairfield, Marine Drive, Hornsea, E. Yorks; Pte. JOHN WELLS, No. 1319, A.I.F., F. Ward, No. 1 Canadian General Hospital, Etaples, France; A. G. WHITE, National Federation of Building Trades Employers, 48, Bedford Square, London, W.C.1; 2nd Lieut. G. STEPHENSON, 2/1st Royal 1st Devon Yeomanry, Curragh Camp, Co. Kildare.

APPLICATION FOR MEMBERSHIP.—Mr. HENRY DURANT KILLICK, "Southfield," Langham Road, Bowdon; proposed by C. H. Turner and seconded by F. D. McCann.

F. D. McCANN,

Hon. Secretary.

Concerning Those On Service.

Postcard acknowledgments of parcels are to hand from James Rowatt (December); J. H. Mahon, "With very many thanks indeed," and J. Hodges, "With thanks"—both January; Percy Williamson, "With many thanks to all"; J. Hodges, "With best thanks," J. L. Mahon, "With very many thanks"—all three February; J. R. Wells (April), "With very many thanks indeed. Have been having a pretty stiff time lately, and not much time to write, though I intend to very shortly. Perhaps may be able to get some leave in four or five weeks, and then will make a point of attending an A.B.C. run. Kindest regards to all the boys, and watch the newspapers." J. L. Mahon (March), "Very welcome indeed"; H. S. Barratt (May), "With due appreciation"; A. Warburton (May), "With thanks"; D. C. Kinghorn (January); Lionel Cohen (May), "Best of thanks; give my best wishes to all."

Both of Mahon's cards and one from Hodges, though received at different times, bear marks of having been wet—one is stamped "Damaged by immersion in sea-water."

Hodges also acknowledges the February parcel by the following letter: "Please convey my thanks to the Club for the February parcel, which arrived in good condition. As usual, the contents were fine and were greatly appreciated. The 'fags,' especially, seem much better than we can get out here. I believe Mahon is a few miles away from where I am now, but, unfortunately, I am unable to get away to see him. Am pleased to hear that the A.B.C. is determined to carry on even in the face of the new rationing restrictions."

From Bright, in hospital at Halifax, 16th May, 1918: "I was glad to get your kind letter at St. Luke's—I have been over here, an auxiliary and convalescent home in Halifax, just five weeks, but only able to get out and about last week, and still very shaky on my pins. Nobody seems to know what trench-fever is; its official designation is "P.U.O. Paroxia, unknown origin," and it seems to be a mixture of rheumatism (which is not officially recognised as such) and general rundownness. My first diagnosis was Debility, and considering the very fit state I got into on the Norfolk Coast, I must have got a pretty strong dose to be still such a wreck after four months rest-curing. Although I did not have the pleasure of receiving the parcels

over yonder, please convey my sincerest thanks to the Committee and those who despatch them. It surely is one of the happiest thoughts with which I am acquainted, for at times it is very difficult to get any addition to the ordinary rations, which are apt to become a bit monotonous. That rascally "Wayfarer" transferred before I could get at him, for I took advantage of free trams to run over to Huddersfield last week; had he known he might have come to St. Luke's and prodded me in the ribs! Please give my kind regards to all; to those at Bettws., yea, and even to those backsliders whom circumstances, or lack of petrol or push, prevent from getting there."

From Cotter, 14th May, 1918, in France: "Many thanks for the May Circular just to hand. I haven't reached the line yet, and am at present employed in a clerical capacity, having cracked up on a march of about 15 miles (à pied) with full kit and kit-bag. Have not yet recovered completely, but am feeling better than I did. Am very glad the Old Club had such a good time at Easter, and wish you all an equally successful time at Whitsuntide. I see you contemplate making another visit to Bettws. We are a good distance behind the line, although we can hear the guns when any special work is on hand. The country here is very like some bits of Wales that I have seen, but, of course, nothing like so hilly. The average French village compares very poorly with the worst English one I have come across, and in the matter of sanitation—well, the less said the better. Kind regards and best wishes to all."

From Ramsey Wells, France, 19th May, 1918: "I was hoping to get a trip to Blighty very shortly, but am now in No. 1 Canadian General Hospital, F. Ward, at Étaples, so am afraid all chance is gone. I have been pretty sick, the old Gallipoli trouble again, but I am getting on all right. Kind regards to all."

At last "Stevie" has been heard from, and the mystery of his movements and whereabouts is explained by the following characteristic letter:—
 "We left Dereham on the 30th April and moved under canvas near North Walsham, still in Norfolk. I had made myself extremely comfortable with Arm Chairs, swell carpets and a barrel of beer by about the middle of this month, when the wind suddenly became vertical, and we were going to India, Timbuctoo, and God knows where. All that seemed certain was that we were going somewhere. We packed up hastily, and I sold my swell furniture to the local grocer or somebody, drank the beer, and waited orders. We moved, of course, on a very wet day, and I superintended the wheeling of 125 Army bicycles with baggage to the nearest station. It was *most* interesting as all the men were raw recruits and the bicycles were very restive. Worn as collars, I don't think they are a success. I saw it tried several times. It was a village platform and a village station-master, and there were other companies besides mine. We stacked the speed irons (?) on the village platform, and later put them into trucks provided for the purpose. Can you imagine it? Five hundred bicycles, and the same number of willing lads, clad in all their War Paint, trying to put all the irons into the same truck at the same time, and several Officers cheering them on with gentle words of encouragement. The performance brought forth round upon round of applause, so we repeated it at different towns on our tour, always with the same success. After a few days travelling, we arrived at this haven of rest (Curragh Camp), where we are now taking the air. We were taking the waters as well, but they were condemned last night, so must perforce fall back on Beer. Talking of Beer, I went into Kildare the day after our arrival here, and calling in a grocery store I suddenly saw at least 6 dozen Bass in front of me on a shelf. When I came to I was having one. It's really worth your while coming over. I never saw such a sight for years. I'm wondering whether I shall see anything of any of the *Irish Cyclist* staff while over here.

Have you heard anything of them lately? I don't do a lot of cycling if I can help it now as it really is not nice on Army bicycles.

I am now Regimental Bombing Officer, and may be expected to go off with a bang any day.

I have read the Circulars with great gusto. They are extremely interesting, especially when you are away.

Give my love to all kind enquirers. I ought to have some leave some day I think, and see you all again."

From Grimshaw, in Hospital at Cheadle Hulme, 25th May, 1918: "Just a line to let you know my address. I hope to see you at a Run a week to-day; I am going to Knutsford to-day. I am feeling better now. The Colonel was round here yesterday marking men out; he left me, so I am sure of being here at least another month, so I hope to get a few runs in."

MEMS.

New Books:—(1) "Impossible People." For instance, says Mullah, those cyclists who want to be inflicted with rear lights for ever and ever. (2) "The Victim's Return." No doubt this volume contains a picture of the side entrance of the Sunnyside Hydro on a Saturday night, showing the arrival of the tandem on which Granddad has been pushed about by one of his many victims.

The following announcement recently appearing in the *Liverpool Post* explains itself:—

RUDD.—April 30, at 45, Queen's Road, Everton, the wife of Quartermaster-Sergeant RUDD (in France), a daughter.

Heartly congrats. and best wishes to the little lady!

W. M. Robinson is now back in civil life, and is "resting" at Hornsea prior to resuming his business career in July. He hopes soon to get this way, and try a Club Run, having a keen desire to sample Rossett, so don't be surprised if he materialises on June 29th. Robinson writes: "It is very nice to be a civilian again—No saluting—No waking up in the middle of the night and going to bed with the hens—No nuffin." The doctors have permitted him "to take up cycling again," and we are delighted he has come through so well.

F. H. has been on a voyage of discovery. He writes:—"I should like to inform members before the 'season' advances further, that after 20 years intimate acquaintance with these parts, I only to-day discovered the tit-bit. This inn, the 'Sitwell Arms,' is in the charming village of Bucknell; but the village is also the gateway to the valley of the Ridlake—simply the last word! The greatest feature is the Caer Caradoc at Chapel Lawn, at the top of which lies the Camp of Caractacus. There is nothing to approach the situation of this Camp; in the absence of trees, rabbits, and picnics, it seems to have undergone no change. A sunken road zigzags up from Chapel Lawn to the rear entrance, and the great front gate of the Camp connects by a rough lane with the road from Five Turnings to Pentre, at the exact spot when commences the drop to Pentre, which lies between Chapel Lawn and New Invention."

RUNS.

This is supposed to be an account of the Run to Halewood on May 4th, 1918.

A handsome apartment replete with the last work in "luxurious" appointments. The walls hidden behind a library of reference books, ranging from Confucius to Bradshaw, bound in beautifully ornamented Russian leather. A desk of solid gold inlaid with precious stones; a waste-paper

basket at the side in filigree work of the rarest metal. Cigars, cigarettes and nectar lying around in rich profusion. I am not trying to describe the palace of an Oriental potentate—it is the Editorial sanctum.

"Entrez!" said a honeyed voice, in response to my timorous knocking, and the Editor, revolving in his chair, the diamond and sapphire encrustations of which glittered in the light of the lamps of purest radium, laid down his bejewelled pen alongside a priceless receptacle containing ink redolent of the perfumes of Arabia. "Tiens, c'est vous," he exclaimed, throwing into the porphyry and alabaster fireplace a freshly-lighted guinea cigar, "Je suppose que vous m'apportez ce compte-rendu, quiet déjà trois semaines en retard."

"I'm sorry, Sir," I replied, abashed, and salaaming humbly, "but I have not brought anything—in fact, there seems to be nothing of interest to write about."

A quiver of disappointment shook the burly frame of the Editor, and taking up a five-pound note, he converted it into a spill and lit a costly cigarette made of flakes of gold. "Interest," he ejaculated, "do you take us for money lenders?" and there was scorn in his tone. "We never trouble about interest. We write things which our readers consider capital. My boy," (and here he adopted a paternal manner), "say something nobody cares to hear about, spin it out, and embellish it here and there with words of from two to three inches in length. Now begone, and let me have the bally stuff in ten minutes; we go to press in five. Besides, the subject is full of meat."

"Perhaps so," I modestly interposed, "but you forget Lord Rhondda may have something to say if I mention 'the flesh pots.' And again, a matter you appear to overlook—my time is valuable—"

"Oh, if that's all; how will this do?" said he, dashing off a cheque for four figures.

To such a man, one cannot say "Nay."

* * * * *

I should have liked an aeroplane, Tiny suggested a train, one of the World's Worst Wheelers would walk if it didn't rain. They were all means to the end, but my proposal promised the most exciting and speediest finish. Strange, the idea of cycling never occurred to us. The pedestrian suggestion prevailed. It was a splendid walk through the beautiful country in its garb of Spring, and when I wakened up, I found myself in the Dispensing Department of the "Derby Arms," my two companions administering restoratives in the endeavour to bring me to, which they only succeeded in doing after I had had three. We then joined the hardy cyclists, swelling the attendance to 16. All the heads were there, many of them happy in the reflection that they had taken a day to accomplish what we the W.W.W.s could only do in an hour. The repast was somewhat delayed, and much speculation as to its nature ensued. It turned out to be of excellent quality and quantity, and served with the amiability usually associated with the establishment.

The next scene took place in the Smoke Room, where amidst entertaining and instructive converse much sack was quaffed. One thing about these meetings: For a trifling expenditure, the company will tell you what they think of you—they will even sing it to you with glass in hand. Of course, they don't mean it, but it's very nice! We were all jolly good fellows in turn, till the goods ran out of stock. Tiny gave us an elaborate explanation of viscosity in its relation to time. It appears—(pages of technical matter deleted.—Ed.)

The hour limited by Dora arriving, a pleasant meeting was brought to a close. Much could I relate of the return journey, but my ten minutes are up—besides, space does not permit.

Ringway, May 4th, 1918.

I'm very sorry indeed, Mr. Editor, for the delay in sending you this report, and fear there must have been some misunderstanding somewhere. You know how the chaps get round you, clamouring to be allowed to write the account of the run—you've experienced the same thing yourself many a time—well, I'm afraid that in the excitement I must have left each of them under the impression that the honour had been conferred on someone else.

The feature of this run was the reappearance of Grimshaw. Still the same in spirit, in outward matters he was very different. Instead of the speedy racing grid he was mounted on a roadster with free wheel and Southport handlebars, and he wore hospital blue and a large khaki overcoat to cover it. However, he laughed and chaffed in his old style, and it was a real tonic to see his pleasure at being once more with us. Webb was out again, too, and we hope to see them both more frequently this year. F.H. had his tandem out and so had Beckett and Crowcroft. Bick was away for a day's fishing early after tea, and the remainder of the party of 16, with the exception of a soldier friend, were the usuals. The party soon commenced to break up after an excellent tea, the first starters being Orrell and Edwards. They returned after a very few minutes, Edwards having pushed his bracket cup in two. There's strength! Shortly afterwards I went myself, so that of the subsequent proceedings I know nothing, but from information received I believe all arrived at their respective domiciles without incident of note.

SNUB.

Acton Bridge, May 11th, 1918.

DEAR FRIEND AND EDITOR,—Your request for report of Acton Bridge run might have been better addressed to any of the other 24 members present. For instance, to the Powerplus team of Rearlight Rider Cook, who with Erstwhile Motor Jim as hanger on, were in that happy frame of mind that alone can spin the yarn. Were they not cheered by the prospect of the hills of Peckforton, the heath of Whitchurch, the hum of Tern Hill with the flapwings overhead, to eventually bury themselves in the cosy lap of luxury at the Barley Mow, a cosy corner not unknown to Poole, who watched them depart with moistened eye. When I last saw these riders linked 'twas at the opening of the Irish Question, when Williams crunched underwheel the Military Mountain Tracks prepared by R.J.

Of the 25 members, no less than 10 rode tandems: Apart from the above there was the Family tandem of Green, which arrived too late to be examined. Thirdly, the Buckley tandem—a dignified, grand edifice, supporting thereon père et fils in harmony and rhyme. The tandem of the Mundels, a vast structure with forward outrigger, and last (but surely not least) the evergreen Dreadnought, which after 10 years absence from club runs now reappears more elegant than ever, with its four steering sprockets or goat horns whereby the helmsman (the owner himself for this occasion only) pulls the wheel over in true yachting fashion, in order to keep an even keel. The man on the poop of this clipper was Boss Higham (his first experience thereon). Universal regret will be felt at the news that, homeward bound while putting up at a coaling station, the delicate bowsprit of the craft (a deft piece of workmanship of the early nineties) snapped it twain under the weight of wet sail, and stranded the navigators.

Acton Bridge appeared to me a delightful spot on this my first visit, although the day was first bleak and later wet, but ending up with a lovely sunset. The sunset and the close proximity of the Railway Station ought to have appealed to my Liverpool fellow "W" wheelers, but apart from Saunter with Southport Bars I saw no riders of my own calibre. The lie of the land is unique, on one side the place overhangs a precipice above the canal, but on the other a lovely level road through charming scenery leads

to Weaverham. The bowling-green attached put some of us into playful humour, and an attempt was made to harness the Powerplus by means of an axle Tree to the delicate Dreadnought.

The food was excellent and plentiful; the eggs properly boiled (take note, Manchester Captain), but the room was dungeon dark. Still, I recognised the tireless energy of Ven., feeding us first and robbing us afterwards. The Doctor alone seemed to suffer from neglect as well as from a cold. Cody was full of his Military prospects, tho' his extreme youth seems somewhat doubtful. Prior to the run proper, a party met at the C.T.C. house, "The Bowling Green" near Whitley where we were denied a drink of tea. What do these C.T.C.ites drink I wonder during prohibited hours? Edwards the tricyclist was there, willy nilly drinking pop.

The Mullah, who also rode a threewheeler, had thereby kept his mental balance intact, and calculated the preponderance of the Manchester Section to a hair, Wirral was a good second, but Liverpool a rotten third.

Ripley, May 11th. 1918.

The alliterative reference to one of our members in the May number sank deep into his conscience, and he determined to redeem his lost character at any cost on the above date. Even a feverish cold coming on at the eleventh hour counted as nothing in the balance (Did not an Anfielder cure his cold by acting as stoker on a tandem in North Wales?) And what a glorious day to be sure; the rain of the past week had freshened everything green wonderfully, and from Esher onwards it was one great joy to be alive. The pine woods of Cobham sent up an incense fit for the gods, and Oekham Pool looked like an opal set in emeralds. Hellier and Beardwood were already at the Anchor, and tea was announced promptly on the half hour. At our separate table the disappearing eggs told of keen appetites, and combined foresight saw that all the bread was buttered. Business at Oxford prevented Freeman joining us; but we had no sooner finished our third cup of Pekoe when a rather tired, pale looking gentleman in trousers from Stockholm made his appearance, and we beheld Del Strother in the flesh. This pedestrian had hoofed it the three miles from Clandon under the impression it was only a third of the distance, and the Surrey hills had given him the hungry knock; but some nut brown—followed by tea and jovial company—soon raised his spirits, and he left to catch the train looking quite cheerful. Guiseppi had now arrived, and after the usual toasts in tankards we started for home.

The sight of Hellier's speed beast looked like a fast and furious ride, so I confidentially whispered to Beardwood not to wait if I lagged behind, but P. C. blandly assured me they were not out to murder the clock, and murmured something about the Angel at Thames Ditton at 8.30. The Angel was reached in front of schedule time, so we examined the designs on sundry tankards, and as Guiseppi and self wished to have supper before the gas was turned off (Regulation 4.B) we got on with it, and by devious ways finished another run tired but happy.

WHITSUNTIDE—Bettws-y-Coed.

After the way we fared at Easter, and the reports we received from Salopia, there could be no doubt as to the wisdom of making the Glan Aber our Headquarters for Whitsuntide, and the goodly crowd who supported the fixture showed their appreciation of this fact. It was unfortunate that the queer arrangement of holidays in Manchester again prevented Hubert Roskell and the Buckleys from getting down, and perhaps affected others. The first arrivals were Buck, Del Strother, and Toft on the Friday night, but others also started on Friday intent on making two bites at the outward journey. Arthur Simpson hearing that Jimmy Williams was being accompanied by a

novice, Mr. Herry, who ignorantly thought himself to be the W. W. W., determined to join them, and had no difficulty in upholding his title. This trio stayed the night at Ruthin, where Professor Rockandtappit joined them next morning, and piloted them via Lady Bagot's drive to Cyffylliog, and thence to the Denbigh-Cerrig road, which Jimmy and Mr. Herry took, while the Professor and Arthur continued literally "off the beaten track" across the moors to Llyn Bran and The Sportsmans. The other party consisted of Chandler and Cook, who went to Dinas Mawddwy on Friday, and in crossing the Bwlch-y-groes to Llanuwellyn and Bala also explored the Cwm Eumant, and reached Bettws via Eidda Wells and Penmachno. Those who rode down all the way on Saturday were Teddy Edwards and Knipe, via Denbigh, Band, Mac., and Ven. via Ruthin, Lake via Corwen, and from Manchester came Turner, Dolly, Orrell, Brothers Mundell, and Edwards, while last but not least came from Shrewsbury our old stalwart Mawr Conway, who received a special welcome. To these must be added the rattler party, consisting of Winstanley, Preece, Frank Wood, and Lieut. Austin Cheminai, so if you count up you will find we mustered 25 on Saturday night. On Sunday morning, unfortunately, the Brothers Mundell and Orrell had to return home for business Monday, and the party for Beddgelert was rather small, only 12 setting out, as 4 of the cyclists preferred to join the pedestrians. However, Billy Owen joined us at Plas Colwyn, so we were our lucky 13, and had a regular Barmecide Feast at Barrett's Home from Home, with so many attractions that even the Mullah succumbed and hinted at spending the rest of his week's holiday there! After lunch half of the party returned direct, but the young lads, like Cook and Knipe, etc., were full of beans, and insisted on returning via Penrhyn Deudraeth, Tan-y-grisiau, the Garddianan Pass, and the beautiful Lledr Valley, with afternoon tea at Dolwyddelan. Arrived back at Bettws, we found E. Green and Cheminai had arrived, while we heard that our President had called in to see us, being en famille at Penmachno; and during the evening a short but none the less pleasant social was held in the Chapel under the Chairmanship of the Mullah. Monday morning disclosed a reluctance to return home, and many refused to do so. Dolamore, being bound for London, took Chandler with him as far as Kidderminster for the night, and Edwards as far as Chirk. Toft, Mawr and Green lunched at Llangollen, and there were only Knipe, Mac., Ven., Band, Williams, Herry and Cook for Denbigh, but as Mercer and Lecce joined the party there were 9 for lunch, and Cheminai having lunched at the Sportsmans arrived just in time to proceed with the others. At Llandegla it was found that Gregg had "signed on," and we hear he was waiting at the Bull and Stirrup, Chester, at tea time, but with the retirement of Winterbottom from catering and no Manchester members to escort, Chester was only passed through, and Gregg was again missed at Hinderton, where the "tour proper" was suitably toasted and voted a huge success.

Whitsun Tour

As seen by one of our visitors, Mr. F. A. Herry (a Frenchman "just come over from France our country for to see").

A very interesting ride through a charming and picturesque country and in the most agreeable society—such is the impression I have brought back from our trip to Bettws. Our journey both going and returning did not lack originality and more or less unexpected meetings, the most striking being the Editor waiting for us at Queensferry Hotel, wearing to the fullest advantage what he described as "particularly speedy" breeches. We had later, round Bettws, evidence that they were also "water cooled." Before reaching Ruthin we had the spectacle of the sun setting behind the hills in extraordinary profusion of colours. The clouds were as many enormous blocks of ignited gold, whence a beautiful, almost unreal, light was falling down the

Bwch. This pyrotechnic display was quite exhilarating, the more so as we had just to let ourselves slip down the road winding round the hill. We passed a most congenial evening in company with a couple of Welshmen, and Mr. Williams, under the soothing influence of the wine of the country—ginger ale—was particularly eloquent. The next morning we met Mr. Montag, and then proceeded through mountain tracks towards Nant Glyn, and eventually arrived at Bettws in time for dinner. Afterwards the time was passed with delightful excursions under the direction of Mr. Buck, and various sports were indulged in, aquatic and otherwise, Mr. Simpson once favouring us with an impromptu dive backwards, in this way "wetting" his new breeches, the colours of which, however, were so "fast" that no harm was done. We started back on the Monday morning, and *eventually* reached home; I put emphasis on the word "eventually," for, as Mr. Williams knows almost everybody under the sun in the last stages of the journey we had to dismount every 50 yards to shake hands and have a chat with another and yet another friend of his. A week-end like this is absolutely priceless, and leaves enough charming reminiscences to make one feel happy for any length of time. I think Mr. Winstanley's expression, "dam fine splendid" (I have added some valuable terms to my vocabulary), just sums up to a nicety this trip.

Whitsun at Bettws as viewed from the Manchester side.

An early start was made on Sunday morning, and my way lay through Llandegla, the land beloved of Teddy Edwards. At Hope Station, of course, I lost my way. They say where there's life there's hope, but here was Hope without life. However, after breakfasting on the roadside I turned back and struck the correct way, which is sharp right at Hope Station.

The morning was delightful, and the latter half of the Llandegla road lovely. The clumps of primroses, violets and bluebells were a treat to see. But there comes an end to all things of that sort, and this end came when the Corwen road was struck. The striking was mutual, you strike the road and it strikes back and goes on striking too continually. Other roads vary, sometimes good, sometimes bad. This one is invariably similar to itself. Its only change is from bad to badder, and then baddest. It is the worst of all possible worsts. If Dante had known it when he wrote his poem he would have made another circle beneath his bottomless pit and put this road there for the express behoof of delinquent road surveyors, who would be compelled to ride round and round it on springless machines with burst tyres. However, it does not last for ever, and a rapid burst (half an hour in twenty minutes) landed me at Bettws at lunch time. Most of the boys were out, but a few had remained for rock climbing, beer wrestling, and other mischief. It was quite a treat to see the genial Editor with his cheery smile, Buck with his trousers tucked into his socks and a pair of mountaineering boots on, Jimmy Williams with his friend M. Herry, Lieut. Chem., a very fine young fellow, a chip of the old block, and others. These gentlemen gave me a hearty welcome, and thinking I had not had enough exercise invited me to a quiet stroll through the Fairy Glen, whither we proceeded, enlivened by the French conversation of the genial Simpson, who practised on the French visitor. Much to his credit, M. Herry stood the infliction with national courtesy, only wincing now and then when the Editor touched him on the raw, so to speak. Arrived at the Glen, we posed in various positions for photographs, Simpson galvanizing himself to impart a benevolent aspect to his features. So often had he to do this that when the photographs had been taken he had some difficulty in unlocking himself to return to his natural condition. The whim then seized Winstanley to climb up the other bank, a rock about a million feet high, reached by skipping across the stream on blocks of stone. He got across like a cat, and, fired by his example, the others followed one by one. Our friend the rédacteur, however, paused on

his way to sit down in a most inviting pool of water. So cool did it look that he couldn't resist repeating the operation several times. Buck took off one boot, hung it on to his whiskers to balance the other, found a piece of wood about eight feet long and an inch thick, and bridged himself over. The writer was content to remain behind, the stepping off block being by this time in an interestingly greasy condition. On returning to Bettws we found Cheminai with a bicycle and a carefully rehearsed tale of his journey, a tale he could relate with an innocent assumption of veracity which ought to have convinced the sceptics. He stuck well to his story, even under cross-examination, but later on the genial influence of the company caused him to vary it slightly, and one could not be sure whether he came by rail or by Rhyl. The question is still open. One by one the cycling section returned, Band and Mac, and the others, all looking in the pink (or rather red and brown), as fit as fiddles, and as young (and I might say as good looking) as ever. But why does William Cook always issue from the Glan Aber garage with a constrictor in one hand and a pump in the other? Is he so fond of mending constrictors that he punctures them on purpose? The gong eventually called us all to an excellent dinner, followed later by a good concert, with the Editor on the piano stool. A good night's rest, and an equally good breakfast put us all in good trim for the home run. After the usual farewells the party broke up, Turnor and a few remaining at Bettws., and the rest starting for home in different directions. I rode ahead to the Denbigh turn at Pentre, to have a last look at the boys, and to see them struggling up the first rise to the Sportmans. The last to turn is W. P. Cook, the whipper-in, and so good-bye to the Whitsun tour, the most enjoyable since the days of the hundred..

Whitsuntide with the Londoners.

Bettws. being inaccessible during so short a holiday, Hellier and Beardwood accepted the kind invitation of the Bath Road Club to join in their fixture to Stratfield Furgis. For the uninitiated, this is situated on the Duke of Wellington's estate of Stratfield Saye. On Saturday morning a start was made with Guiseppi, Ripley reached at "opening" time, lunch was "carried," and partaken of, on top of the Hog's Back. A distinct find at Hook, tea, bread and butter, preserves and two eggs for a shilling.

Brown, Vanheems, "Mr." Winkle, and a member "On Service," joined us at the headquarters. Sunday was chiefly spent on sacred ground, going over part of the B.R. 100 course, which probably accounted for the Mossoo becoming infected, up a long gradient of all places, where he wound up the clock at a terrific rate and successfully wetted the shirts of the party. However, time brings its revenge as the party conspired, with the object of revenge on the level, knowing full well the Mossoo's luggage had miscarried and he was minus a change of shirt. The "revenge" was not the success it might have been, as the old man stuck it easily, and none of the pacers cared for more than a mile stretch, and not too anxious at that. The Handicapping Committee will do well to remember this resuscitated trike rider when racing is resumed.

The weather was perfect, the scenery a pleasant change, the wide stretches of heath absolutely miles of gorgeous yellow, the famous 100 miles course of the Bath Road very interesting to one going over it for the first time, and Aldermaston a perfect paradise.

Vanheem's exposition of how NOT to repair tyres was worth witnessing, but owing to the terrific heat of the sun, the spectators could not wait until the finish, and after the third attempt left him to get on with it.

Monday completed the tour via Bagshot and Bisley, with Ripley for tea. Long may the Bath Road live to have many such.

Whitsun Tidings.

We greatly missed the genial presence of Hellier and Beardwood, but are glad to hear they had an enjoyable tour in the South with our good friends the Bath Road Club.

Poor Lizzie was inconsolable over the departure of his wax, and was on occasions almost on the point of turning to drink to drown his sorrow.

Chem. narrowly escaped losing his title, as, starting on Sunday morning, he arrived at Bettws. well before dinner; his forethought in rattling a portion of the distance, however, just saved him. Incidentally, he cost the Editor a lot of money, that misguided individual, with a touching faith begot of experience, having laid huge odds on his non-arrival.

Del Strother was a most welcome addition, both in and out of the tank—and one has to come out sometimes.

Tiny wrote to say how disappointed he was not to be with us, and it would have been a real treat to have him.

Frank Wood had a most unfortunate accident on the Monday on returning from a walk up the mountains, slipping and breaking his wrist. This was set by a local physician, but we are sorry to say the work had to be done all over again on arrival at Liverpool. We understand he is progressing satisfactorily, and wish him a speedy and complete recovery.

We were delighted to have the elder Green with us after a considerable lapse of time, and only trust this will be the forerunner of more frequent meetings.

Grandad was greatly perturbed about the appearance of a huge protuberance on his noble brow on Monday morning. Various thoughtful solutions of this phenomenon were forthcoming, the one which gained most favour attributing it to beeresipsalot. Fortunately, the liquid mass disappeared as mysteriously as it came, leaving unmarred his erstwhile classic contour.

Rossett, May 25th, 1918.

Poor Chem. had evidently run himself to a standstill over the week-end, especially in his mad blind up to the Sportsmans, as he did not materialise for lunch until closing time, having been gathering inspiration for his brilliant account of the Halewood run, notice of which had only reached him three weeks previously. Leaving him with adamant determination to the invigorating society of Tiny and Mr. Peris, with a view to further inspiration—an unquenchable source—I regained the palatial Editorial quarters described with such meticulous veracity in a preceding article, to encase my nether limbs in the chic habiliments (still impregnated with the speed juice so unstintingly bestowed upon them during the tour) they so naturally adorn. This was the work of a few moments, and not having Chem. to look after, I arrived after an uneventful ride in time for tea, thus causing considerable consternation. Grandad, always on the lookout for victims, had enticed Del Strother with the offer of a complete riding outfit, including bell-bottom breeches, to assist him on his tandem, and they arrived in good time. Mac. turned up camouflaged as a human blotting pad in a state of burning eloquence on the subject of the beauties of tar-mac. as depicted on the top road. He was very full of his subject. Cody had just been before the Medical Board, and could not restrain his enthusiasm in describing his feelings when he heard he had been put in Grade 1. He attributes it all to the

glorious exercise of cycling. Oliver Cooper, still rankling over the ignominious doing-over he had received on the previous Rossett run by the two worst of the W.W.W., had come out to take his revenge, and, in addition, there were Johnny Band, Royden, Gregg, Ven., Seed, and Chandler. Teddy Edwards had called in earlier in the day en route for Bettws. After a nice tea, the fast pack left for their usual tour, Ven. (who is not the man he was) preceding them by a few minutes on the other tack. Cooper, Royden, and self followed and caught him up at Chester. From there onwards was the scene of magnificent sprints by Oliver in vain attempts to rehabilitate his reputation, and mighty battles with speed merchants garbed in the last thing in winter overcoats and hob-nailed boots, culminating with a terrific struggle with an old gentleman (who could not possibly have been less than eighty). Having by superhuman efforts disposed of him, the rest was easy, and home was reached well before midnight. In the light of their performances on Saturday, I do not think any hindrance ought now to be placed in the way of the candidature of Cooper and Royden for election to the select and exclusive circle of the W.W.W.; and with a little improvement on his present form, Ven. should also be able to make good his persistent claims to election. Other applications for this coveted distinction can only be dealt with in rotation.

Knutsford, May 25th, 1918.

The holidays rather upset the attendance of this fixture, and many of those who have become very regular were missing, having taken the opportunity of getting much further afield. In all the circumstances, a muster of ten cannot be considered unsatisfactory. Aldridge and "L.O." were first at the rendezvous, followed by the Snub; a little later Edwards and Killick came along. Six o'clock approached, and it looked rather like apologies being necessary to Mrs. Ellwood, but just before the appointed hour Turnor, the Mundells, Orrell, and Grimshaw arrived, the four former on their way back from Wales, all looking very fit and brown. Over tea the talk was all of the doings during the week, and it was pleasing to the stay-at-homes to hear what a good time the others had been having. After tea Grimshaw entertained us with little anecdotes of his experiences in France and in hospital; however adverse the circumstances, the boys seem to manage to extract some fun out of them, and we were vastly amused by Albert's tales of ingenuity and humour, and his gratification at the compensations for the wearing of hospital blue on the roads. The party broke up early.

A. T. SIMPSON,
Editor.

ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB.

FORMED MARCH 1879.

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

MONTHLY CIRCULAR.

Vol. XIII.

No. 149.

FIXTURES FOR JULY, 1918.

	Light up at
July 6.—Halewood (Derby Arms)	10-9 p.m.
„ 8.—Committee Meeting, Common Hall, Hackins Hey, Dale Street, Liverpool, 7 p.m.	
„ 13.—Little Budworth (Red Lion)	10-8 p.m.
„ 20.—Rossett (Golden Lion)	9-56 p.m.
„ 27.—Delamere (Abbey Arms)	9-45 p.m.
August 3 to 5.—AUGUST TOUR, Bettws-y-Coed (Glan Aber)	9-33—9-30 p.m.

ALTERNATIVE RUNS FOR MANCHESTER MEMBERS.

July 6.—Marton (Davenport Arms)

10-6 p.m.

ALTERNATIVE RUN FOR LONDON MEMBERS.

July 13.—Ripley (Anchor).....

9-56 p.m.

Full moon 23rd instant.

Committee Notes.

Stourton Lodge,

Arno Road, Oxton.

The August Tour will be to Bettws-y-Coed, the Glan Aber Hotel being the Headquarters as usual. The Tariff is the same as that for Easter and Whitsuntide. The Sunday's Run is to LLANFAIRFECHAN (Queen's), and the luncheon place for the Monday on the return journey will be the Castle Hotel, RUTHIN. Luncheon on both Sunday and Monday will be at 1-30 p.m. Will you please advise me at the *very earliest possible moment* if it is your intention to participate.

NEW MEMBER.—Mr. H. D. KILLICK, "Southfield," Langham Road, Bowdon, has been elected to Active Membership.

NEW ADDRESSES.—Cpl. N. M. HIGHAM, No. 65985, Battn. Orderly Room, 24th H.S. Batt. Cheshire Regt., Mundesley-on-Sea, Norfolk; 2nd Lieut. W. R. OPPENHEIMER, R. A. Mess, Horsham, Sussex; Pte. JOHN WELLS, No. 1319, A.I.F., Louise Ward, Lewisham Military Hospital, London; Cyclist A. P. JAMES, No. 10202, C. Coy., 16th Corps Cyclists Battn., B.E.F.; Pte. E. BRIGHT, 401334, Hut 16, G. Coy, 17th Battn. Essex Regt.,

Eastern Command, Shoreham-by-Sea. Pte. JOHN WELLS, 1319, A.I.F., Police Detention Staff, No. 1 Command Camp, Sutton Veney, Wilts. C. C. DEWS, R.A.F. Unit., The Mere, Hornsea, E. Yorks.

Messrs. D. R. Fell and W. P. Cook have been appointed as Club Delegates to the Northern Old Time Cyclists Rally Committee.

The parcels sent in June to those of "ours" On Active Service Abroad numbered 12; ten of them contained cigarettes, nut-and-fruit cake, herrings, biscuits, and pencils, while the remaining two contained tobacco only.

F. D. McCANN,
Hon. Secretary.

Concerning Those On Service.

Postcard acknowledgments of parcels are to hand from H. R. Band (January and February), Percy Williamson "With very best thanks to all. Am keeping quite fit and well" (March), J. Hodges "and greatly appreciated" (March), A. P. James (March), J. Hodges "and greatly appreciated" (April), A. P. James (April), A. P. James (May), W. E. Cotter "Many thanks—will write as soon as possible" (May), H. S. Barratt "With many thanks and kindest regards" (June).

From James, in France, 19th May, 1918: Please thank all the boys for the March Parcel, which arrived O.K. yesterday, and is, as usual, more than welcome. Please note change of address. I am on a different front to that to which I was posted last year, and so far things do not seem quite so lively as the old spot. We live with our bicycles once again, and out here one finds the value of the weight and strength of the Army issue, as the roads or tracks are nearly all sand and, of course, full of large holes, etc. Cheerio! till the Day."

From Ramsey Wells, France, 31st May, 1918: "I wrote you some little time ago acknowledging the receipt safely of the Club's parcels, also thanking you for same. We have had a great time over here lately on the Somme, but I got taken bad through being gassed, and my old Dardanelles trouble returned so I am presently in deck. The night I arrived Jerry came over to see if I had got safely here, and we had, as you will have read, some 1,500 casualties. He came over again two nights later but was driven off, and again last night, but no hospitals touched. I was very disappointed that I couldn't get to England for the Easter Tour, but I am not giving up hope, and any day you may perhaps find me strolling into some Hostel at 6 p.m. on a Saturday evening for 2/1 worth. Please give all my kindest regards to all the boys, and accept same yourself."

From Hodges, in the East, 13th May, 1918: "I have just received the March parcel, and wish you to convey my thanks to the Club for their continued kindness. I was in Port Said an afternoon a week ago, but had not time to visit Kinghorn. I have always felt a bit afraid to go down to the docks to see him, knowing what a busy man he is. What a devil of a time he must have, putting in all those hours a day. I wonder does he have time to play tennis at all. Wishing the A.B.C. the best of luck as regards grub and weather for the summer."

From Hodges, in the East, 27th May, 1918: "I have just received the April parcel, and as usual the contents are splendid. I really don't know how you manage to get the stuff out to us. Sweets and biscuits—when we out here hear such tales of sugar shortage and restrictions! Cigarettes—when the papers tell us about extra taxes on tobacco! Herrings—when we hear so much about the shortage of fish owing to the Hun U-boats! We

exiles must be a drain on the members' pockets. I almost feel ashamed of taking the goods and doing nothing at all in return. (Ye Gods! "Nothing at all in return"—Ed.) Hoping that you are all 'in the pink' and keeping the flag flying."

From W. R. Oppenheimer, in Sussex, 26th May, 1918: "Herewith my new address—anyway until the next move. I would have written before but was waiting to see where I should be posted. I passed through the Cadet School at Maresfield without mishap, and was then sent on for a three weeks' course at Lydd—quite a strenuous business. However, I managed to pass out all right and got three solid weeks leave—commissioned and posted here, which is more or less a 'home of rest,' so far as the hours and work are concerned. How long it will last I don't know. I shall probably get a few days leave and get sent out in a month or so, although there is a chance of some of us being sent to new Battalions forming at home. However, am living in, and enjoying the present. I promptly sent for my bike and put in 54 miles yesterday for a start—it is a lovely district for riding, and cycling is quite like old times with no—or very few—d—d motors on the roads. Hope all goes well with the boys out at the Front. I missed getting last month's Circular owing to my not having notified change of address. With best wishes to the Good Old Club."

From Kinghorn, Egypt, 26th May, 1918: "This morning I received the March and April parcels from the Good Old A.B.C.—the latter one consisting solely of 'King's Head' tobacco. Will you kindly convey to the Committee and the Members of the Club my deep appreciation of their kindness in sending the tobacco. It is a very difficult article to obtain out here, and to an inveterate pipe-smoker like myself the pleasure it gives cannot be over-estimated. I had expected to be at home on leave by now, but owing to transport difficulties and to the terrible strafing in France all leave has been stopped. Weather conditions are very trying out here just now—terrific heat coupled with all manner of insect pests make life far from comfortable. Kindest regards to all my fellow members."

From H. R. Band, India, 5th May, 1918: "It seems ages since I wrote you last, but I can assure you that the A.B.C. is often in my thoughts. I receive the Monthly Circulars regularly now. Every part of them is full of interest, but I think the most interesting to me at present is that which gives extracts from letters written by our fellows in the Army. I see I am still the only one in India, and even if there were any others in this benighted country it would be too much to expect to run across them, as there are such lots of stations here, and so far apart. The Annual Report has arrived safely, and I would like to add a word of congratulation to you and the others in office on the excellent result of the year's work. I think the Roll showing the number of men in the Forces is most creditable, and ought to make all Anfielders feel proud of the Old Club. I myself sort of feel neither one thing nor the other, as although I am in the Army and out of England, I am not considered On Active Service, and really if it wasn't for the papers one could easily imagine that there was no war on at all! There is no hurry and bustle in the station, and everything in the way of training is taken in a most leisurely manner. We are in a riding school two, or at most three times a week for an hour each time, and now and again we are out on driving drill, so haven't much hope of becoming efficient before peace is declared. We have to go over the jumps without reins, but it is not nearly so fearsome as you might think, and with a bit of care it is almost impossible to come off, unless one loses one's head and gets 'wind up' badly. I have only come off once in the school, and that was cantering without reins or stirrups, and I came off going round a corner entirely through my own fault. The

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weather here now is supposed to be almost at its hottest, but if it doesn't get much worse there is nothing to grumble at. The highest we have had is 105 deg. in the shade, which is at least five degrees lower than we had in Agra last year. We get the monsoons here early in June, when it will cool off considerably. I must not forget the main reason of this letter, and that is to acknowledge receipt of the January and February parcels which both arrived yesterday. I can't thank the A.B.C. sufficiently, I'm afraid, for their good-heartedness."

"P.S.—The pencils are *most* acceptable."

Li. Cohen writes as follows:—"Since I returned from leave it has seemed beyond my powers to sit down and scribe a few well chosen words. And then again it would be more difficult still to try and write without mentioning *la guerre*. The latter, by the way, is quite a real one nowadays, and to relate the recent incidents would require at least untold reams of paper. Sufficient to say that, barring one or two slight inconveniences which are bound to happen, I have not as yet lost my temper. At the rate old Jerry is travelling he must be running off his maps every six hours, but then there's tons of room over here for him to sprint, and something tells me that he'll lose his way, and then—See John Bull! We're not in an exact Utopia at present, but there are many worse places in France, so we're contented. Needless to say, the A.B.C. parcels are as appreciated and fruity as ever; more so, in fact, seeing that it is not such an easy task to get down to a decent canteen owing to our location. *En passant*, I'm getting a bit rapid on the old army dreadnought, and the chance of a tour on some ironed roads would be highly acceptable, for the weather this last month has been simply gorgeous. I use the motor bike for the forward areas, and I can tell you that corners at 80 or 90 have no terrors for me. Doubtless, a looping the loop feat will satisfy my craving for speed! Give my very best wishes to all in the Club."

MEMS.

Stephenson having got in touch with the O'Tatur and Arjay, while in Dublin taking a bombing course, was invited to spend a cycling evening with them, and the following letter from Murphy to Cook most interestingly describes the sequel:—

"I had a postcard yesterday morning from Stephenson to say that he would be round at 5-30 in the afternoon for a ride on either the tandem or triplet. I tried to get Fred. Band to make a third member of the crew for the latter, but as he was unable to leave town before 7 o'clock I was compelled to look elsewhere for a partner, and ultimately got Jerry Garland, the Hon. Sec. of the Old Timers' Association.

"We did not make an ideal crew, but we got along very nicely, and, with two stops to inspect the beer supplies of the district, we ultimately got to Vallombrosa over the hilly road by Enniskerry. We had an ocular demonstration of the fact that Stephenson 'wet his shirt' on the journey, and truth to tell, I wet mine also, reluctant as I always am to do so. Though not absolutely fit, Stephenson appeared to be in pretty good form; but, you know, one cannot be a real cyclist with a pair of army boots closely studded with hob nails. I was telling them of your plan of periodically inspecting the soles of Jimmy Williams' shoes to see that he had driven in the rat-trap pedals sufficiently far. 'You won't have me that way,' said Stephenson, 'there are so many hob nails in my boots that the rat-traps cannot get at the leather,' and it was so. We had a very pleasant hour at Vallombrosa, where Band joined us for supper, and we had quite a nice ride home together by the

level road. Band rode quite well. He evidently puts in a good bit of riding one way or other. He told me that he had bought a Raleigh tandem last year."

Evidently there were all the makings of a pleasant evening, and we are pleased to hear about Fred. Band again. The triplet is a Swift that the O'Tatur recently acquired from Arjay. It would be interesting to hear Stevie's account of the trip. We wonder if, like lucky Alfonse, he was "in ze middle again"! Whatever deficiencies Stevie may have disclosed on the "tripe-let," we are certain he more than held his own over the inspection of the beer supplies. Murphy concludes his letter as follows:—

"I would very much like to get over for the August Bank Holiday meet. I will make no promise in the matter beyond saying that I shall keep it before me."

Well, anyway, it is not a refusal, and we all hope to greet him at the Glan Aber.

These are evidently days when journalists plunge recklessly into libellous statements! In the *King's Highway* for June an article, entitled "Salad Days by Old Roadster," contains the following:—

"had spent many Sunday evenings during the holidays roaming the docks at Liverpool, with Jack and Tom Conway, instead of being at meeting, as our elders supposed."

We simply cannot believe that Jack and Tom thus played truant and deceived their elders, and we expect Mawr will defend his virgin reputation by an action at law that will provide great scope for the judicial humour of Mr. Justice Darling, and put the Pemberton-Billing case quite into the shade!

As will be seen by the Committee Notes, President Fell and Cook have been elected our Delegates to the Organising Committee of the N.O. T.C.R., and Turnor also attends the meeting as representative of the Manchester D.A. of the C.T.C. This year our old friend, A. W. Phillips, of the Manchester Wheelers, is President, and it is up to us to help him break last year's Anfield record. Wheelers have often helped Anfielders beat one of their records, and *vice-versa*; so it is quite in the proper spirit of sportsmanship for us to "help Phillips" this year. Furthermore, we must support our own President, and no one can resist his smile and winning way. So get your pockets well open, and prepare yourself for financial assault! Funds for the Cyclists Prisoners of War Fund are more urgently required than ever. We know the general P. O. W. Fund is appealing heavily and successfully just now, but whatever you may have given to this cause please remember that the financial result of the N.O.T.C.R. goes specially to *cyclists*, which must make it irresistible to us. Meanwhile, please provisionally book Sunday, August 18th, for Warburton, and don't let any other engagements interfere.

W. M. Robinson, having finished his sowjerin', expects shortly to return to Liverpool to live, after exactly 16 years exile somewhere in England. Robinson, who is at present on the East Coast, has just paid a flying visit to Liverpool and attended a run. He looks very fit, but assures us that he is a living lie, his sunburn, like his beauty (?), being only skin deep.

Our latest brilliant—and as yet inexpensive—contributor puts to us the following queries. He may not require replies, but our Jewish instinct scents a hitherto untapped source of revenue, and we now offer a

prize of a bound volume of the rag (made priceless by the addition of our own written signature) to the sender of the list of accurate answers first opened. All envelopes must be marked "Indigent (not indignant) Editors' Fund," and contain a cheque or P.O. for One Guinea.

THINGS WE DON'T WANT TO KNOW:—

How many times a certain member has been to Llandegla this year?

And what is the attraction?

Whether W. M. Robinson will now become an active member, seeing that he is coming to live in the Liverpool district "for duration"?

Will he now start a one-man intrigue against the Old Gang with a view to securing the lucrative and coveted post of Editor of the Circular. [We will gladly lay the whole of our emoluments at his feet.—F'd.]

Whether Dave Fell is now the sole exponent of variable gearing left in the Club? [The answer to this will be found in the account of the Acton Bridge run.—Ed.]

Whether hills really do fade away, and whether the earth really is flat, when he says (or does) "click"?

Why the Club is going to the "Glauber" at Bettws-y-Coed three times in one year?

And whether "Rations" is (or are) the explanation?

Whether it is not shocking bad taste on the part of Arthur to ask our only professional litterateur (alleged) to contribute gratuitous matter to the Circular?

How "Wayfarer" spends his magnificent pension of thirteen bob a week?

Why Johnny Band lights his rear lamp when it goes out?

What the Liverpool centre of the N.C.U. really did decide about the control of road racing?

Why tricyclists are allowed in a "Bicycle" Club?

Whether a post-mortem would reveal that the words "Rhubarb Jam" are engraved on Oliver Cooper's heart?

RUNS.

Halewood, June 1st, 1918.

Woe is me! Lured by your syren call, dreaming of the glories of literary fame placed before me, I fell. Thinking perchance a few quiet days spent fishing might supply the inspiration, I travelled to our favourite resort, Bettws., with that sole object in view. Alack and alas, on retiring I have had horrid dreams, wherein you have appeared to me, of enormous size and terrible mien, bidding me produce copy on copy in record time or take the dire consequence. Day has brought no relief, and on numerous occasions big trout have been missed, as involuntary anathemas on my own folly, escaping my lips, have scared the fish from the hook. Daisy powders and ice have absorbed fabulous sums, the net result being a physical and financial wreck, and the maudlin lines appended.

A perfect June day favoured our gathering at the Derby Arms, with a record attendance of 45 to show, in some measure, our appreciation of Charlie Conway's annually repeated kindness in risking demolition of his photographic apparatus. Whilst awaiting the full contingent, happy memories of "ourselves" in pre-war robustness were vividly brought to mind by the "Funniscope" which was passed round, Tiny, Ven. and Cody making an exceptionally pretty trio by this means. For the serious business of the day the Presider was an excellent drill sergeant, and having made us form squares, pyramids and triangles to his critical satisfaction, the flag fell, and several exposures, fortunately not of a very shocking nature, were made, and due record of the 1918 bhoys was fixed. Grimshaw looked happy

TAKEN AT HALEWOOD, JUNE 1st, 1918.



Reading
from
left
to
right:—

J. H. Williams, D. C. Rowatt, C. F. Hawkes, H. Green, F. J. Cheminais, L. Oppenheimer, R. H. Carlisle, G. F. Mundell,
G. H. Lake, H. Roskell, C. H. Turnor, W. C. Tierney.
F. L. Edwards, Lt. A. Cheminais, E. Buckley, S. J. Buck, W. R. Toft, G. B. Mercer, A. Crowcroft, W. T. Venables,
F. Chandler, W. Orrell, A. T. Simpson, H. D. Killick.
G. C. Gregg, F. D. McCann, E. J. Cody, O. Cooper, T. Royden, D. R. Fell, J. A. Grimshaw, J. C. Pand, R. L. L. Knipe,
F. H. Koenen, F. C. Del Strother.
F. H. Wood, H. Buckley, E. Edwards, W. P. Cook, F. E. Dolamore, C. Aldridge, F. Beckett, F. Mundell.

in spite of being very much in the blues, and was emphatic in discussion of cloths and clothing, that his was the only style worth a tinker's curse, in these days. Speculation was rife as to Grandpa's absence, but shortly after a goods train had pulled up at the station, the veteran, with Gregg as motor duly put in an appearance. (No! Will, I'm casting no aspersions, but I haven't forgotten the thick ear I just missed, because, in my pre-historic ignorance, I dared to mention "push" bikes). An excellent tea was put on by our hostess, and the disappearance of the victuals at least proved healthy appetites. Due to age and infirmity the writer does not, at present, use the iron steed, and regrets being unable to chronicle accounts of the trials of those who arrived per same, but tar in abundance on riders and mounts told tales, which were embellished in several cases by forceful language applied to road surveyors of the age. Buckley and son set an example of "early away" to our Manchester contingent, and shortly afterwards a start was made for our city, leaving a few sad pedestrians, to discuss the happy day, by the aid of the foaming tankard, but as requests for same brought only the wooden response "I'm sorry," a decision to vacate was made. Thank heaven, Oh ye cyclists, motor buses and cars still exist, and the little crowd melted away by these aids. There is no doubt these annual functions are most enjoyable, and we are all deeply indebted to dear old Charlie for the time and trouble—not to mention the expense—involved.

Delamere, June 8th, 1918.

The W.W.W. are now trying extreme measures to defend their title, and as usual with extremists, are overdoing it by not wheeling at all. Just when they had appeared to be about to emerge from the W. class, they fail their numerous admirers. The day was perfect, and Kelsall easy with afternoon tea at "The Royal Oak," the landlady thereof expressing surprise to hear that "The Anfield" were still getting about and being catered for each Saturday.

Our Mancunians did it all over the "Second City," in point of numbers, and at 5-30 the convenient yard-wall of "The Abbey" was found to be occupied by Carlisle and his cheerful young hopeful, Buckley junior, Crow, Bishop, Edwards, Aldridge, Killick, with only Teddy Edwards, Leece, Cody and Ven. from Mersey-side, sunning themselves "all in a row." Later, Cooper arrived in the pink, followed by Cook, Turnor, The Skipper, and Snub Green, all wearing the serious unflustered mien that befits those who ride fast and far, and round about. Then came Orrell, Boardman, brothers Mundell—and we all sat down to the usual good line in teas, provided with such willing service at this popular hostelry. Calling-up notices and "What grade are you in?" were the topics of conversation, cycle lore taking a back seat. Gregg and friend arriving a little late brought the muster to 23.

Cook and Leece were the first to leave, the former to join two week-enders, who had started half a day earlier, to make Berwyn for the night. Oliver, still thirsting for victims, took Ven. through the lanes to puncture near Stoke.

After repair, "The Bunbury Arms" failed them, altho' the natives were seen coming from all directions and carrying "IT" away in wash-hand jugs, with "cauliflower tops." However, their money was accepted at Whitby, and the sustenance provided, in their hour of need, enabled the lampless twain to make Birkenhead, and beyond, without "Lights in," and before "Lights out."

Oh Arthur, Oh Chem! What a chance was here. Ye who are never lampless could wonderingly remark to the guileless Bobby, "It must have gone out," and "That's funny"! But one cannot even pretend to light up without lamps; wandering around the cycle with a lighted match would not deceive even a Special!

Ripley, June 8th, 1918.

It has always been the scribbler's delight to arrange his time-table beforehand. Accordingly, an ancient map was unearthed and a round the earth list of villages carefully noted.

For several miles the road were like the curate's egg—whilst other stretches consisted of vile sandy ruts and shingle. Delightful peeps of the river at Sunbury shewed occupants of well-cushioned boats and punts enjoying a *Dolce far niente*, but it was risky business to let the eyes wander from the road. Once over the bridge at Walton-on-Thames, and on through Weybridge and past Brookland's track, the going was better; and the enticing beauty of the lane past Byfleet up to the Portsmouth Road more than compensated for the pebbles on the beach.

Whilst studying a botanical specimen beloved of Falstaff in the rear garden, Beardwood and Hellier drifted in. After tea, pathetic toasts were drunk to "the last gooseberry pudding and the defunct strawberry," which were voted sour grapes. Giuseppe was attending a run with the Annerley Club, but wrote a most touching note begging us to ask the Editor to spell his name correctly.

[We tender our sincere apologies.—Ed.]

After a learned discourse by Hellier, who was not feeling up to the mark, on the trials and troubles of hay fever, he persuaded us to let him go to the Angel and give him twenty minutes start, so that he need not hurry; but on arriving at Thames Ditton a casual calculation of the net times of our riding resulted in his favour, in spite of Beardwood's new machine, bought expressly to evade the threatened luxury tax—so much for the simplicity of the Mossoo. No wonder his face was a better colour. From the Angel homewards we followed the trike—hanging on fairly close on the level and very much behind up the pimple into Richmond.

At East Sheen, Beardwood promised he would cure any of Hellier's remaining cold by copious draughts of distilled nectar, which so pleased the writer that he managed to get home without falling off his machine.

Northop, June 15th, 1918.

Only a poor muster (twelve). Why this thushness?—surely not the distance, and as far as the weather was concerned, it was good though draughty. In fact, on starting out it was so draughty that I was glad to take shelter behind a pony trap, and had the satisfaction of easily passing it through all the other unpaced cyclists. My pacing machine, however, did not last long, for on turning the corner to go up the hill to Arrow Hall the pony changed from a trot to a walk, and the difference in pace was so sudden it was miraculous the occupants of the trap did not find an uninvited guest sitting on the floor of their tonneau.

On reaching Arrow Hall corner, the wind was favourable, and after a call in Heswall Village, a return to the top road was made. An uneasy feeling came over me, I seemed to feel lonely; I wanted company, so crawled along looking round every hundred yards, and presently I could see Chandler coming along, so we remained together until reaching the Aerodrome.

Now Chandler may be good enough company on the level, but hardly my class for the hills, so, under the pretence of wanting to watch the flying, I let him go on. By the way, there was no flying, and the only plane I saw was a wreck, with the propeller blades broken, being towed back to the Aerodrome.

A curious thing was that whilst I was waiting on one side of the railway bridge Toft was waiting on the other, but we did not see each other. Perhaps he was also looking for suitable meat; however, he missed it, but my

patience was rewarded—I could see a tandem rapidly approaching, the free wheel in perfect order. My heart leapt within me, this was my meat, mine, all mine, to pace me up those miles of hills, and they did it too. The pace was so hot that the front tyre burst just before entering Northop, so that the last three hundred yards were done on foot.

As regards the tea, both in respect to quality, quantity and price, it was all that could be desired. Cook, Chandler, and Leece were the first away, the two former week-ending at Berwyn, and the latter accompanying so far as Wrexham.

Before the tandem could proceed some soling and heeling had to be done, and I was inveigled into taking part in the job, and that is where I made a mistake. I should have gone on with the singles. A free-wheel tandem may be a very fine thing to follow on the level and uphill, but downhill—NO!

The Bridge at Queensferry, however, put the worst of the fire out, and when Hinderton was reached we found Edwards, Band and Gregg, who were sampling the coffee. Toft, Cody and Roydon must have made a very fast passage, or found a new way, for they were not seen on the homeward journey.

Allostock, June 15th, 1918.

I would very much like to write you a nice account of this run, Mr. Editor; it should sparkle with wit, its humour should be refined but pointed, the phrases should be so nicely turned that you, even you, a master in these matters, should commend it, and say that it was really worthy of publication in your invaluable pages. But alas! I come in as a second string—another's hand should have penned this chronicle—and as I have had several sleeps since the 15th, my recollection of the incidents of the run is very poor. There were, I think, nine of us out; I seem to remember that it was somewhat windy, and that I was dropped on the homeward journey (this last is nothing unusual). I know we had an excellent tea, and that there was a stranger in the room who had a very poor opinion of the amount of interest the average Anfielder took in the country he passed through, but there I finish. Forgive me, my dear Sir, on another occasion I will write you pages upon pages, but this time I am counted out.

Acton Bridge, June 22nd, 1918.

Although there were no unusual incidents in the weekly run to Acton Bridge, and therefore the account must of necessity read similarly to others, yet it is with pleasure that I fulfil my promise made to you, Mr. Editor, to write the account when called upon. Possibly one reason why I can accede to your request with grace is on account of the fact that any statements I may make cannot be checked by the editorial staff, no member of which having been present. A glorious afternoon, and half a gale from the north-west, was certainly conducive to an easy outward journey from Liverpool, and those members who were lucky enough to be the happy possessors of a three-speed gear found to what state of perfection cycling can be brought by the little pill box in the back hub. Then, again, to travel out on a 92 gear and return on a 56 all on the same bicycle! What greater boon has been conferred to cyclists? [This eulogism has evidently been inspired by Grandad.—Ed.] The Manchester section had their bit of hard work before tea, and a good number were in evidence. It seems that some hitch took place in the catering department of the Railway Inn, or the Anfield had been side-tracked. Still, as 6 o'clock approached, Johnny Band reported conditions to be improving, and twenty-two of us eventually sat down to a tea of sorts.

It was a pleasure to meet the "Boss," who had done a good ride against very strong wind pressure, also Buckley and son on a tandem, and the other Manchester members. A discussion arose before tea on the proposed C.T.C. picnic at Thurston, but it was not very clear to the writer why some of the members, who are also members of the C.T.C., should not attend.

A heavy rainstorm which fell during tea quickly subsided, and the return was made in splendid weather and dry roads. The wind, although it had dropped appreciably in the evening, was still of considerable power, but was finally overcome, and all arrived home safely. Chandler (whose enthusiasm knows no bounds) rode from Llandudno, and week-ended in North Wales. We were sorry to hear that Cody has been called up. There may be some small comfort to him, however, in the knowledge that having passed into the 40's he is still considered medically fit for Grade I.

Rossett, June 29th, 1918.

There are several routes to Rossett. For instance, Queen's Ferry and Llandegla, Oswestry and Llandegla, Carlisle and Llandegla, Peckham Rye and Llandegla, and so on. The advantage of the route I patronised is that it doesn't go anywhere near Llandegla. Starting from a place called Rock Ferry, I journeyed easily and pleasantly via Hooton, Ledsham, Capenhurst, and Mollington to Chester. I stopped a few moments at each of these places, for I am no scorcher. The visitor to the fine old walled city of Chester, with its famous Rows, Roman Baths—Oh, orlrite, if you don't want to hear about these things. Arrived at Rossett, I was just in time to see Boss and F.H. setting off to chase after Cook and Jimmie Williams, who, bound for Pentre Voelas for the night, had unexpectedly heard of a threatened shortage of Beer at Llandegla, and were hurrying on to get in by the early door.

Mullah greeted me with a remark which, if I remember aright, had some reference to "glorious weather." And then the crowds began to assemble. The tea provided at the "Golden Lion" was well worth my long and strenuous journey, and it was marvellous to me, even after a spell in the army, how those huge plates of bread and butter faded away. Food was provided for 12 at the outset, but I understand that the total attendance at the run was 23 (including 3 friends), and nobody went short, although, to be sure, the late comers—poor fellows!—had to carry on with substantial plates of ham in place of eggs, the end of the henneries output being reached. I am glad to be able to record that, with the assistance of his immediate neighbours, Oliver Cooper was able to get enough jam. Ven. took up the collection with his usual skill, forgetting to give change in not more than four or five instances. Thereafter, at a discussion near the bowling green (?), it was unanimously decided (*nem. con.* with one dissentient, after the manner of the Liverpool District Association of the C.T.C.) that the Anfield B. C. do hereby Resolve to Visit the "Golden Lion" for tea every Saturday.

Then the party slid off, a whole platoon of Bands going early to put the young 'un to bed. Lake went on to Llangollen for the week-end. Robinson having traitorously secured the only available bed in Rossett. Mercer accompanied him as far as Wrexham, ostensibly to make a ride of it, and wild horses won't drag from me the lurking suspicion that he intended purchasing home rails there. The others went their various ways, leaving the tourist de luxe, complete with straw hat, walking stick, umbrella (*umbrella*, mind you!) and bag. Gladstone, small, one, in charge of Rossett.

A. T. SIMPSON,

Editor.

ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB.

FORMED MARCH 1879.

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

MONTHLY CIRCULAR.

Vol. XIII.

No. 150.

FIXTURES FOR AUGUST, 1918.

	Light up at
August 3 to 5.—AUGUST TOUR, Bettws-y-Coed (Glan Aber)	9.33—3.30 p.m.
“ 10.—Halewood (Derby Arms)	9.20 p.m.
“ 12.—Committee Meeting, Common Hall, Hackins Hey, Dale Street, Liverpool, 7 p.m.	
“ 17.—Delamere (Abbey Arms)	9. 6 p.m.
“ 24.—Rossett (Golden Lion)	8.50 p.m.
“ 31.—Northop (Red Lion)	8.34 p.m.
Sept. 7.—Halewood (Derby Arms).....	8.17 p.m.

ALTERNATIVE RUNS FOR MANCHESTER MEMBERS.

August 31.—Knutsford (Lord Eldon)

8.34 p.m.

ALTERNATIVE RUN FOR LONDON MEMBERS.

August 10.—Ripley (Anchor)

9.13 p.m.

Full moon 22nd instant.

Committee Notes.

Stourton Lodge,
Arno Road, Oxton.

The July parcels to Members On Active Service Abroad, numbered 13, eleven of which contained cigarettes, herrings, biscuits and fruit cake, and two tobacco only.

NEW ADDRESSES.—W. M. ROBINSON, 6, Beech Road, Birkenhead; Pte. G. F. MUNDELL, No. 78439, 6th Platoon, B Coy., 3rd Batt. Manchester Regt., Cleethorpes, Lincs.; Pte. F. MUNDELL, No. 66207, A Coy., 6th Lincs. Fusiliers, Bessingby Camp, Bridlington, Yorks.; 2nd Lieut. W. R. OPPENHEIMER, R. G. A., No. 499 Siege Battery, B.E.F.; Sub-Lieut. C. C. DEWS, R.A.F. Unit, Hornsea, E. Yorks.; 2nd-Lieut. G. STEPHENSON, 2/1st Royal 1st Devon Yeomanry, Mullingar, Co. West Meath; Corporal W. E. COTTER, No. 686383, H.Q. 1st Army R.A., Reinforcement Camp, B.E.F.

Cody has joined H.M. Forces—the 27th Batt. King's (Liverpool) Regt., and is, he thinks, stationed in Norfolk.

The tariff at the Glan Aber, Bettws-y-Coed, for the August Tour is the same as that for Easter and Whitsuntide. As neither the Queen's or Castle Hotel at Llanfairfechan will accommodate us (the latter humorously suggests trying Bangor), the Sunday run from Bettws. will be to Penmaenmawr (Grand Hotel).

APPLICATION FOR MEMBERSHIP.—Mr. Harold Reynolds, 96, Macdonald Street, Wavertree, Liverpool; proposed by W. P. Cook, and seconded by F. Chandler (Junior Active).

F. D. McCANN,
Hon. Secretary.

N.O.T.C.R.—This year's Rally has been definitely fixed for Warburton (Saracen's Head), on Sunday, August 18th, tea 4 p.m., and it is to be hoped that there will be a record-breaking Anfield party present. If you live in Manchester district get your tickets and badges from Turnor. If you live in Liverpool district obtain them from President Fell or Cook. Don't wait to be asked. The *minimum* price is 3/-, but you can give as much more as you can afford. Last year an old member who could not attend the Rally paid 5 guineas for a badge alone, so you see there is plenty of scope for generosity. The need for this is most pressing this year, because the Cyclists' Prisoners of War Fund has had to take over the care of *all* prisoners from the Army Cyclists Corps, and this necessitates £700 per month. No doubt we have all been making donations to the *general* Prisoners of War Fund, but *this* fund is a *Cyclists* Fund, and we must show that "the free-masonry of the wheel" is far from being dead. Even if you cannot attend the Rally you can give *something* to the Funds, and President Fell, Turnor, or Cook, will be highly delighted to receive of your generosity.

Concerning Those On Service.

Postcard acknowledgments of parcels are to hand from H. R. Band (March), "Everything O.K. and very much appreciated. Many thanks, will write later. Kindest regards to all"; Percy Williamson (April), "This parcel has been having an Anfield Tour somewhere, but was in as good condition as ever—many thanks"; and (May), "Have received April and May parcels within a few days of each other. Best thanks to all"; Jack Hodges (May), "With greatest thanks"; J. L. Mahon (May), "Very many thanks indeed"; Lionel Cohen (June); W. E. Cotter (June), "Many thanks, will write soon," and H. S. Barratt (July), "Best wishes for August week-end." W. E. Cotter (July); G. Jackson (June), "With very many thanks. It's a real treat to have these parcels, the more so when it is so difficult to augment ordinary supplies. Army rations are all right, but one does want a change. Kindest regards and best wishes and thanks to all members of the A.B.C."; Ramsey Wells (July); A. Warburton (June and July).

From W. R. Oppenheimer, France, 13th July: "I wrote you about a month ago from Horsham, giving my address, but am afraid my letter has not reached you. I passed through the Cadet School all right, finishing there just before Easter. I had a ten days' leave and got sent on to Lydd for a three weeks' course—quite a strenuous three weeks it was, too. However, I managed to survive and was sent home for three whole blissful weeks on leave pending commission. I was duly gazetted as from April 29th, and was posted to Horsham, where I had a great time. I sent for my cycle, and did about 350 miles during the month or so I was there. However, this pleasant life was too good to last, and I found myself one of a crowd to report at Southampton for overseas on 30th June. After spending two days at each of three base reinforcement camps, I eventually reached the Battery. I was made very welcome by the officers, but of course it will be a little time before I find my feet. We are very comfortably quartered in a vacated house, which has not been knocked about, and are in a rather interesting part of

No matter if there's rain or sleet

the line, different from where I had previously been in my previous ten months' wanderings. The best of good wishes to all the A.B.C. members."

From Jack Hodges, Egypt, 15th June: "Will you please convey my best thanks for the May parcel, which I have just received. When it arrived I had just discovered that my dinner had been raided by ants, so the herrings 'Went West' instanter. Please remember me to all the boys who are carrying on."

From G. Jackson, Salonica, 6th May: "I hardly know how to start this letter—I've been going to write you for so long to again thank the Old Club for their continued kindness in sending out parcels to me. Nothing pleases me more than to think that I am not forgotten by the boys. I am doing A.I., and looking forward to a trip down to town shortly. I don't really care for what there is down there, for it isn't much, but it's a great reviver being on one's own for a little while."

From Ramsay Wells, Wiltshire, 26th June: "Just to-day received yours of the 15th May, together with parcel (May) and June Circular, also A.G.M. account, for all of which thanks very much indeed. Perhaps Cook will have told you that I wrote him re a week-end and Club Run, but he didn't seem to think it was practicable, and as I was having such a rattling good time in London after such a long absence I didn't come to Liverpool. Perhaps later on I may be able to manage it; perhaps, say, August Bank Holiday, but I don't know yet. I have got nicely fixed up here in barracks as Police Clerk—very little work and exceedingly good hours, so I am resting here as long as ever I can. Best wishes to all."

Warburton writes: "Please convey my thanks to all members for parcels which were waiting for me on my arrival here this morning. They are a welcome addition to Army rations after a month of real civilian life. I ought to be at Rossett to-night, instead of which I am in a funk-hole dreaming of my last run to that place when I should really be helping to win the war. It is not an easy matter though to wax enthusiastic about the war when one has just returned from a spell in England. Best wishes to all."

The following has been received from Cotter, dated July 20th: "Just a line to let you know that I am still in the land of the living, and am anchored here for the time being. The M.O. having marked me temporarily unfit, I am engaged in clerical work The parcel for July arrived to-day (via the Base), and I cannot thank you and all the members of the Club sufficiently for their kindness in sending these month by month. Kindest regards to all."

MEMS.

Anfielders in the (Very) Near East.

Do Anfielders ride in long trousers? The answer, so far as concerns the Yorkshire contingent, is in the affirmative. [Imagine the writhings of Grandad and the rejoicings of F. Percy Isow (the poor Indian) on receipt of this news!] Two of our members, to wit, W. M. Robinson and Clifford Dews, being temporarily located in the same East Yorkshire townlet—the former completing his convalescence, and the latter using the place as a jumping-off point in his daily search for submarines and things—a Club Run was arranged and carried out with *éclat*, or words to that effect. It is true that the distance was only some 14 or 15 miles—thus proving that Anfielders can be very moderate in their riding programme when they like, and when (especially) there are "extenuating circumstances." It is reported that Dews was surprised at the way "the old 'un" was able to nip along in spite of his defective right leg. He nearly put it through Dews, who was riding a borrowed bicycle, which, with its various barbed wire entanglements, doubts, and observation posts, would hardly meet with Uncle's approval.

Remember one thing, that's the Meet

The following mysterious message has just reached us:—"The Master versus the Pagan. The former on his mettle and this time going through. Sequence to a course of training and a few week-ends: Cook challenged—Cook tackled—Cook held—Cook left standing still! Result: 3 grandsons in 3 weeks. Fields of action: 1 the farmstead, 2 the messtent. Good prospect for the 1936 class. Standard time beaten. Result of attack on Paschendaele. Explains mention in despatches. Who said: Bissaeul? Trissaeul more like it."

[Exhaustive enquiries have revealed the true inwardness of this somewhat cryptic announcement. The Master has now overwhelmed the Apostolic One at his own game, and become at a bound a grandpère in his own right of a young battalion, the whole happening in three weeks. His daughter at Haddon Hall—the farmstead—has given birth to one lusty youth, while his son—who has been mentioned in despatches for a different kind of exploit—finds himself the happy father of a brace of Anfielders in embryo. The Master is so transported with joy that he has added another row of buttons to his new coat, and been seen trying to ride two bicycles at once! Heartiest congratulations to all concerned!—Ed.]

Have you sent in your name for Bettws.? If not, why not? These are unusually difficult times, and it is more than ever essential to know how many to arrange for. You would not go away for August Bank Holiday without making proper arrangements, so why should you expect Mac. to arrange for you if you don't advise him?

Several members have started setting the pace for the N.O.T.C.R. by paying 20/- for their tickets, with an intimation that they can be tapped further if necessary. Don't get dropped! Anyone can hang on, but better still, go in front and do your bit!

There will almost certainly be a week-end party made up from Delamere, August 17th, for those en route to Warburton next day. If you want to join in let Cook know.

Just as we go to press we learn that the young hope of the Fells has now gone to London, and having passed his final medical examination, will immediately begin his course of training as a flyer. He carries with him our best wishes for his success, and we are indeed proud to think that we shall now have two of our junior members in that youngest and brilliant arm of the Forces, capable, we are convinced, of doing honour both to themselves and the Old Club.

"In adjusting a variable speed gear," says *The Irish Cyclist*, "there is always a certain amount of risk of straining the screw connection or breaking the wire." Grandad asserts that he has never noticed this.

Society Sidelights.

We hear on good authority that Lord Hawkes, become more and more impressed with the advantages of triple gearing, is now scouring the market for further improvements, and is at present toying with the idea of a multi-gear.

The Laird of Sunnyside when interviewed at his Cheshire Estate on the matter was discovered experimenting with various devices of this nature on the curious assortment of cycling wildfowl in his stable, and reiterated with heat that he still had an open mind on the subject. It is not now an uncommon sight to see him free-wheeling to and from the Estate. Tense excitement prevails in Club circles every Saturday in the expectation that he may be heard to click.

On cycles new, or grids effete

Don't dally, but attend the mete.

In what conceivable way is any other sport comparable to cycling? We ask the question confidently, knowing full well the answer. What other sport holds out to its votaries such manifold delights, unclouding pleasures, and interminable interests? Some there are who will point out apparently obvious drawbacks such as inclemency of weather, bad roads, punctures, and whatnot, but these are not *objets*, but mere dailies with the pastimes, dilettante parades on a sport crying aloud for full-blooded enthusiasms. What know they of the charm of touring through the country in all its capricious and ever-changing moods? In the springtime when the trees and shrubs begin to renew their vitality, when the soil, emerging from its long winter apathy, gives signs, at first scarce discernible, but augmenting day by day, of quickening and energising fecundity, when the birds, responsive to the siren insistent call of Nature, break into unrestrained rhapsodic peans of melodic ecstasy as they exultantly bask in the warmth of their loving mates, affections. How try to convey to these minds, stragglers with inertia, the ineffable joys of spinning through the vintous air, free and untrammelled, through gorgeous mountain passes, and glorious sweet-scented valleys, propelled by Nature's own machinery, and inhaling invigorating delights of summer, when the promises so unsubstantially held out are as generously fulfilled; when the flower-buds, now grown to sweet and blooming maturity, open up a perpetual and intoxicating vista of wanton and surpassing loveliness mentally ravishing to the whirling wheelman. And then arrived at autumn with its never-ending chromatic kaleidoscope of colour,

Halewood, July 6th, 1918.

RUNS.

The Comte del Strother, we are advised, has left this district to take up an appointment in the City of Perpetual Sunlight, and we wish him every success.

Captain John R. Band (familiarily known to his intimates as 'Johnnie') when seen at his palatial quarters surrounded by beves of beauteous and charming ladies in various and tantalising poses, indignantly denied the prevailing rumour that he had been offered the B.O.O.T. Sack owing to his masterly inactivity in connection with Army Forms, of which he had had, as the assured us, three bags full.

The Great Panjandrum, now permanently stationed with his suite in the Metropolis, has not yet fully matured his plans for August, but we are informed by his Confidential Adviser that it is his present intention to travel incognito (disguised as a tricyclist; *quel diable d'homme!*) in the neighbourhood of North Wales during the first few days, possibly accompanied by his private secretary, Lord Percy. They will probably put up at their Country Headquarters, the Hotel de Gian Aber.

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its mellowed ripeness, the incomparable balm of its incense-laden air, its zephyr breezes chasing in elfin glee the softly fallen foliage—how describe the pleasure of propelling oneself gently or with lusty vigour, as the mood prevails, over the dustless roads, now happily immune from petrolic excrecences? And even winter provides its compensations. To start out in the buffeting blasts, thickening fog, blinding hail, or on snow-bound roads, and struggle manfully, persistently, on, on, and ever on, overcoming, with masterful obstinacy, all obstacles in one's path till the appointed destination is reached—what strengthening of moral fibre, what virile exhilaration in the deed accomplished, what signal triumph of mind over matter! And all these sensations are there for the asking, clamorously demanding acknowledgment, compelling eloquent testimony from rapturous adherents unselfishly anxious for others to understand and participate! A world without bicycles to-day would be a barren world, a world bereft of the purest joys ever conceived of the imagination of man, a world in which all brightness would be blotted out—in short, an unthinkable world! . . . Having had a nice walk out, we duly arrived at the venue just in time to secure a place among 19 others at a table where a very tasty tea (including fresh salmon) was served out. Great indignation was aroused when it was discovered that Grandad had joined the Manchester contingent, but this was somewhat appeased on finding that they had sent Killiek to us in exchange. In the absence of the leader of the choir, it was felt that justice could not be done to the customary anthem, and by 8-0 o'clock the crowd had melted silently away.

Marion, July 6th, 1918.

"Rather late, aren't we? Perhaps better go direct." "Yes, I don't feel very fit, and the wind's a bit strong anyhow." So we decided that the ride should be as short as possible. But behold! the day was fine, the sun just warm—and not too warm—and when the turning came for the nearest way we passed it by for the next, and then the next again, until that short, direct ride became a nice tourlet, through the prettiest scenery, with quite good roads all the way. The Marion district is one of the prettiest within easy afternoon distance of Manchester, the roads excellent, the scenery varied, and the network of lanes between Holmes Chapel, Macclesfield and Congleton offers delights unending. Whilst the gradients are seldom severe, one has always in view the Cheshire and Derbyshire highlands, and altogether quite a lot of time can be spent here without running any risk of monotony. Feeling vastly better for the exercise, and with appetites in fine order, we reached the Davenport Arms in nice time for the excellent, though somewhat unconventional, tea provided. Three of the party—Cook, "F.H." and Turnor—were scheduled to sleep at Matlock, and so went away early, the two latter per tandem. It was remarked that on this occasion "F.H." preferred to steer from the rear. The remainder of the party, after a desultory chat, made its way quietly homeward in good time.

July 6th, 1918.—With the C.T.C. Once Again. (Sequel to the Marion run.)

In 1917 I had the privilege of being one of a substantial Anfield party that left Marion for Ashbourne to meet there some of our friends of the winged shield. This year only three of us left the same jumping-off place, Marion, for the C.T.C. venue, Matlock—the three-wheeled Cook, and the Mullah tandem, with myself as victim. Repeatedly I had changed the tool-bag, the toeclips, the seatpillar, and the saddle-nose, in view of the hardships ahead, and on reaching Macclesfield I knew that I could lay no further blame on the machine. A mile up I began to lie to myself that the gradient was going to ease, nearing the second milestone I thought that the corkscrew would permit a descent, and nearing the third that the Setter Dog no longer sat up. I stuck it through for the first time these last twenty years, hoping

The cycling nuts, all the élite

that my agony would atone in the eyes of the W.W.W. Passing the Cat and Fiddle without a descent we reached Buxton in under the hour from Macclesfield, and reached the Waterloo in 1½ hours from leaving Marton. I fail to find credit for Cook, who on the steepest pitches found ample breath to waste on frivolous comments. At the Waterloo, copious draughts were drunk, and here Cook's correspondents and disciples from Yorkshire provided escort from Taddington to Ashford. At Bakewell, we began to take advantage of the flat roads, and through Darley Dale Cook received the homage from the youth of the district with the cry: "The old 'un is sticking it well."

At 9-45 we dashed up the rise to the hotel with the New Bath just as the C.T.C. main body left the hotel gardens on finishing supper. Imagine the welcome accorded us by the landlord: "Too late for supper or drinks." After a private word with the female staff, more tractable than was their master, we were ushered into a private chamber and there we fed and wined.

By this time the C.T.C. proper had gone to bed.

On the Sunday the meet proper was to be held at luncheon time, but I was not allowed to stay and feast my eyes or mouth. After a glimpse at the breakfast table, where I spotted one solitary C.T.C. "iste" and three of our Manchester members who, led by Dolamore, had ridden through the break of day, taking Matlock en route for the Cheshire Roads Club Luncheon in Macclesfield Forest, we were given ten minutes in the yard to inspect the mounts. I was mightily pleased with the other Cook's bouncing seat pillar, which does for the surface what the "click" does for the gradient. Needless to say, I am now an applicant for this luxurious attachment. His machine altogether proves him to be a real rider—a rival of our Cook in more than name.

But who did this? Oh! Hastings, where did you find it? Last year on your Lea and Frances you were a King. Your faults were of Commission, not omission. But what of this? Not only are there no mudguards but there isn't a saddle, that other thing is hardly a handlebar, and the rest is in proportion. It beat even Cook's old Yankee. Before I could remonstrate I was dragged off on the back of the darned twicer to struggle up the Via Gellia towards Winster. Against a deadly breeze we struggled by Hindlow to Harper Hill for Burbage, thus skirting Buxton. Here my character became firm, and I insisted on strolling up at leisure towards the Cat and Fiddle, where after 15 hours thirst we had our first beer. The Cheshire Roads Club now invited us to lunch at the Stanley Arms a mile deep down in the cleft of Wild-Boar Clough. Here they provided every luxury: an oasis in the desert. After lunch we abandoned the main road entirely, and skirting Macclesfield by the Flowerpot, we were "gaining" Broken Cross, when with a mighty crunch Cook gained a broken crank as the clock struck the hour of four.

With dark despair upon his brow he mounted again, and challenging the shades of West, the one-legged pro., he solved the question of what to do with our one-legged warriors without the help of O'Dwyer.

He drove his tricycle with the left limb for over ten miles all the way to Ringway, the Cheshire Roads Club evening dinner destination. Here Jackson, of Hale, summoned by the Mullah, arrived with spare parts and cranks, and as the turret clock chimed seven, Cook the Pagan left the yard by the Western Gate for the Sunshine Shores of Birkenhead.

Little Budworth. July 13th, 1918.

Little Budworth is a truly rural spot, and like most places of this character is only to be reached by devious paths. Even the Mullah, whose knowledge of Cheshire roads is extensive and peculiar, would not commit himself to a definite opinion as to the best route by which it could be reached from Cheadle Hulme. Certainly he took some of us home by a road that I

Will sure be there—support the mite.

understood him to say he considered as good as any, but then his tastes are somewhat esoteric. At first it seemed quite promising, but presently it took us up stony tracks, down declivities into ravines, over ricketty canal bridges, through salt mines, and, finally, under a gloomy tunnel, up a long hill, with a cinder surface as level as the ocean when there is a heavy swell on. Crow was plodding his weary way on a single, and I understand that sulphurous fumes mingled with the briny odours of the salt mine when he expressed his opinion of the road to Young Green. I am sorry the Master was not with us for he would have appreciated the ride home, as he is a connoisseur in these peculiar bye-ways—unfortunately he had not recovered from his previous week-end experiences in Derbyshire, with Grandad and the C.T.C. Really, Grandad, you must deal more tenderly with our weary veterans, and remember that hills which are mere gentle slopes to you, are toilsome and exhausting ascents for them.

To return to Little Budworth, I understand that, according to the official returns, there was an attendance of 19 members, nine stalwarts from the Wirral and Liverpool, and ten from Manchester. After a rapid despatch of "Les Œufs" and "les Tartines," the usual menu being varied by a rare fruit in the shape of red currants, they foregathered in the village to admire the rustic beauties of the place, and then scattered in various directions homeward and otherwise.

Ripley, July 13th, 1918.

Welcome rain, after over a month's drought, freshened up the foliage and frightened Foster, so only the great Mossoo and Beardwood journeyed to the "Mecca of all good cyclists." It was hoped that Oppenheimer might have turned up from Horsham, but we were denied the pleasure of seeing and congratulating him.

After tea, Helliier started a very interesting discussion with Host Dibble as to whether "sisickling" still existed. After several tankards it was agreed that it was a "dead" sport, and that Beardwood and Helliier were the last of the species of "sisicklists" in these parts. There were plenty of people possessing "sisickles," but as they only crawl along the earth, they don't get as far as Ripley unless they happen to live there. With a tear in his eye the great Mossoo regretted the death and apparent extinction of a noble pastime, which flourished a couple of decades ago. To show his sympathy with the sport, he wound up the clock to an alarming extent, breaking record for the course, and riding the previously unconquered Star and Garter Hill, much to the astonishment of P.C.B., who could only gasp.

We have since heard that Foster selected this afternoon for the overhaul of his "sisickle," and that the animal was all in pieces at 4-30, which is a great pity, as there is only one run per month and 28 days free to overhaul "sisickles."

Rossett, July 20th, 1918.

This fixture provided a text-book example of the futility of sheltering for thunderstorms. Those who ignored them and pushed on found they soon ran out of them on to dry roads, while those who sheltered got drowned out and never reached Rossett! Consequently, we only had the small muster of 13 at the Lion d'Or. But we were a merry crowd, for Royden's infectious laughter pervaded everything, and Tommy had brought with him a youth who well seconded his efforts! Green, Turnor and Killick represented Manchester. "Klick" was on a recently acquired trike, and from what we hear he will make a useful addition to our band of tricycle exponents. It is not identically a speed beast, and the gear is rather high, but "Klick" shifted it to some tune, and some people will have to look to their laurels. Chandler and Cook had strenuously toured via Worthenbury, Bangor-on-Dee, and

All Warburton will be en fête
So don't forget, observé the dête,

the lanes through Bowling Bank and Rhosnesney, so that the latter might have a training spin to fit him for week-ending with Cooper, but we regret to hear that they lost their way! Whisper it gently! They *really* intended crossing the Wrexham-Holt road at Hugmore. Toft and Gregg had had a lively time at the Ironbridge and Aldford, where the sheltering was not altogether successful. The rest of the party, Band, Edwards, Ven., and Cooper seem to have encountered their thunderstorm at Chester, only to find dry roads outside the city. After an excellent tea, Cook and Cooper were early away for Llanarmon O.L. for one of Grandad's mountain trips, and we hear Oliver is still alive to tell the tale. Chandler escorted the Mancunians as far as Egg Bridge, and was nearly drowned in a flood near Chistleton. The rest of us toured home quietly via Hinderton, and as the evening was a perfect one, we all reached home highly pleased with ourselves and pitying those who had floundered about Wirral all afternoon. A Club run for tea in a hot bath at home cannot be regarded as a gigantic success!

Delamere, July 27th, 1918.

Jealous of my reputation as a W.W.W., and fearful lest my tireless energy and unflagging enthusiasm might imperil my title to that coveted distinction, I had waited until my brilliant form had somewhat waned, before again venturing awheel. This day being temptingly fine—for I am a butterfly on the wheel—I arranged with our esteemed Editor to sally forth in his genial company to this salubrious rendezvous. The further to keep my ardour in check, I had started with the saddle-pin extended three or four inches beyond the normal, and the seat at an impossible angle. Arrived at the place of tryst, however, my elevation aft appearing incongruous, pour la bienséance, I called to my aid the simple resources of a blacksmith's shop; matters were soon adjusted, and off we sped. Our course led through Gateacre on to the pleasant sweet-scented plains of Widnes. We found the Transporter awaiting us with the ever-cheerful Ven. and Tierney on board, in combination on a tandem. I must here ask Tierney for the address of his tailor—his knickers were a dream, and in their amplitude suggested illimitable possibilities. The beauty of the scene and the balmy fragrance of the air caused Ven. to burst into rhapsodies on the amenities of Widnes as a seaside resort "if it wasn't for the houses in between."

At Delamere we formed a muster of over 20, including Boss Higham, the Buckleys, Green ainé, F. H. and the Mullah; the Merseyside being represented by the usual supporters. The presence of Will Band and his son must be recorded. The Mullah (who is stationed at Altcar undergoing an Army course) was partnering Will Cook on a tandem, having got special leave from Headquarters to attend the run—the war being meanwhile suspended.

After the light meal so usual in these rationed times, the members gradually dwindled away homewards, till only Arthur, Oliver Cooper and the writer remained. We remembered that the last time we had ridden together we had succeeded in "putting it right through" Oliver. On that occasion he was so superlatively bad that he seemed like to wrest our laurels from us and pose as the supreme W.W.W. One would have thought he would henceforth have shunned us. But no, he approached us with an innocent gleam in his eye and offered himself to us as a guide home through Cheshire Lanes. A holocaust! Here he was, like his namesake—he of the Twist—asking for more. Poor fellow! Well, he should have it. Yielding seemingly to his blandishments, we consented to accompany him.

So off we started at a comfortable pace till we reached the first rise. Here Oliver jockeyed for position, and by a clever manœuvre "jumped" us. Fruitlessly, we strove to hold him, he had "done it on us." But wait—we

**If you don't go you'll miss a treat,
Decide instanter for the meat.**

were just approaching Kelsall Hill where we would "get our own back," for if there is one thing we can do, it is to go down hill. Vain hope! he left us standing. Now we understood. Nurturing ideas of vengeance against us, he had assiduously trained for the opportunity which had presented itself, and we had fallen into the trap. We were his by the time we reached Tarvin, where we stopped to take in some Government beer. This beer has its virtue—it has done for England what St. Patrick did for Ireland—it has banished snakes.

Soon after leaving Tarvin, we turned into "the lanes." Oliver told us the roads were perfect. Perfect isn't the word for them—at least, it is not the word we used. They would have been smooth but for the petrified kidneys, boulders and loose material sown along their surface—and level, save for the innumerable precipices. Once we surmounted a peak which rose sheer at right angles from the road; I have never seen anything like it except in a freak film at a cinema show; it was the speed alone at which we rushed it which prevented our falling into space. We were like human flies cycling on a ceiling. Oliver told us we were going through the heart of agricultural England, and that we were cutting miles off the beaten route. I only know it was going through my heart and cutting years off my life. He showed us pubs. which were closed, and spoke eulogistically of the ale they sold when open. At length we arrived at Ellesmere Port, and a short detour brought us to Whithy. Here we repaired to the local Inn. To say it was full, is to say nothing. It was overflowing, and the walls bulged outwards with the inside pressure. Entrance, corridors, bars, parlours, not an inch of available space anywhere. Well, we pushed our way through the crowd into a smoke room. Ye gods! what a spectacle met our gaze. We were among munition'eers (and sheers) who sat and stood about in careless abandon. Beer was flowing in streams. Drinking vessels of all descriptions were in evidence, but none of less capacity than a pint. These were filled, emptied and refilled with astonishing celerity. The brown brew was brought in in jugs, in pitchers, in buckets. It was emptied into glasses, tankards, mugs, jugs, basins, and other drinking receptacles. It flowed in cascades over tables, trays, floors; if your glass would not hold enough, they poured it over you. You wallowed, swam, floated in it. Who said there was a shortage of beer! The windows of the room gave on to a peaceful green, at the side of which lay bowls in sorrowful neglect. But the company had no time for play—there was serious work on hand—the green and the bowls would be there when beer there was none. Was it Tennyson who sang:

And the Englishman will tell you that for really sterling worth,
Bass's beer will beat all liquids that were ever made on earth?

Quitting this place, we were much amused at the vigorous English of a coster apostrophising his audience and profusely interspersing his encomiums of his wares with a euphemistic adjective beloved by the proletariat and recently rendered classic by Bernard Shaw. Pursuing our way through Hooton we soon reached Rock Ferry; there we parted company, your humble servant proceeding to Liverpool. A refractory back lamp which refused to burn nearly brought disaster, for in the darkened streets I narrowly escaped being blotted out by a taxi. Stopped by a special, I gave the usual excuse, offering, in further extenuation of the crime, the explanation that I had never used a rear light before. He didn't see it, but let me go with a caution.

And now, Oliver, I am writing this in pain and anguish through you. But tremble in your shoes! There is a Roland waiting for you, Oliver.

A. T. SIMPSON,

Editor.

But if by chance you CANNOT go,
Then don't despair—SEND ON YOUR DO!

ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB.

FORMED MARCH 1879.

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

MONTHLY CIRCULAR.

Vol. XIII.

No. 151.

FIXTURES FOR SEPTEMBER, 1918.

		Light up at
Sept.	7.—Halewood (Derby Arms)	8-17 p.m.
"	9.—Committee Meeting, Common Hall, Hackins Hey, Dale Street, Liverpool, 7 p.m.	
"	14.—Little Budworth (Red Lion)	8-0 p.m.
"	21.—Rossett (Golden Lion)	7-43 p.m.
"	28.—Delamere (Abbey Arms)	7-26 p.m.
Oct.	5.—Halewood (Derby Arms).....	6-9 p.m.

ALTERNATIVE RUNS FOR MANCHESTER MEMBERS.

Sept.	21.—Ringway (Mainwood Farm)	7-43 p.m.
Oct.	5.—Knutsford (Lord Eldon)	6-9 p.m.

ALTERNATIVE RUN FOR LONDON MEMBERS.

Sept.	14.—Ripley (Anchor)	7-43 p.m.
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Full moon 20th instant.

Committee Notes.

Stourton Lodge,
Arno Road, Oxton.

Mr. H. Reynolds, 96, Macdonald Street, Wavertree, has been elected to active Membership (Junior).

The Parcels sent to Members on Active Service Abroad in August numbered 14; ten of them contained cigarettes, sardines, biscuits and toffee while the other four consisted of tobacco only.

NEW ADDRESSES.—A.T. SIMPSON, 58, Seabank Road, Liscard; 2nd Lieut. W. H. KETTLE, B 15, Officers' Mess, Harrowby Camp, Grantham; Second Lieutenant P. C. BEARDWOOD, R.A.F., Technical Officers' School of Instruction, Royal Hotel, Henley-on-Thames; Cadet D. R. FELL, Junr., C Flight, No. 1 Squadron, No. 2 Cadet Wing, R. A. F., Hastings; Second A.M. G. POOLE, 29, Alexandra Road, Waterloo, Liverpool; F. C. del STROTHER, 31, Ducie Street, Oxford Road, Manchester; F. E. DOLAMORE, Alexandra House, Fortis Green, East Finchley, London, N.2; Lieut. H. S. BARRATT, 5th Royal Berks Regt., B.E.F.; Gunner H. R. BAND, No. 215235, R.F.A., care President, Y.M.C.A., Bombay.

I have a large number of letters from Members on Service requiring answers for which I cannot find the time; will those Members please accept this apology for the delay.

F. D. McCANN,
Hon. Secretary.

Prisoners of War Fund (Cyclists Section).

We are pleased to say the response in donations to this Fund has been very good, but there may still be some of our members who, owing to an oversight, or forgetfulness, have not yet subscribed, or others desirous of increasing their subscriptions. As Cook mentioned in his speech at Warburton, one member has offered a further donation of five pounds providing four other similar amounts are forthcoming. As a direct outcome of this statement two fivers have rolled in, and only two others are required to fulfil the condition. We feel confident they will be forthcoming. The Fund will be definitely closed on September 9th, but remember he gives twice who gives quickly.

1,000 Runs (Not Out).

On August 10th last, W. P. Cook completed his 1,000th run at Halewood. This is a distinction only held by three others, viz., W. R. Toft, E. Edwards, and E. G. Worth, which select and exclusive circle of Hard Riders he now enters, an honoured member. Cook returned from America in 1899, and the whole of the 1,000 runs would have been consecutive but for an important Continental business trip he was compelled to take in 1901, causing a hiatus of two runs which would have merged into a third had he not travelled night and day on returning. This constitutes a phenomenal record, and is absolutely unique in the annals of the Club. I feel sure I am only voicing the sentiments of every member in warmly congratulating our old friend on this magnificent achievement and in hoping we may all live to see him celebrate his second thousand. Of one thing we may be sure, while life and health remain our dear old Willie will be found at the trysting place every Saturday with enthusiasm unimpaired, the embodiment of optimism, and a living and shining example of what cycling has done for him. Long may he wave. Bravo! Will.

ARTHUR T. SIMPSON.

Concerning Those On Service.

Postcard acknowledgments of parcels are to hand from Harold R. Band (April); John L. Mahon (June); A. P. James (July); G. Jackson (July), "So many thanks, the cigarettes are specially welcome. Kindest regards and good wishes." J. Hodges (June) "Greatly appreciated"; Percy Williamson (July) "With best thanks to all, everything in good condition; am quite fit"; Li. Cohen (August), W. E. Cotter (August) "Many thanks"; R. T. Rudd (August) "With many thanks; W. R. Oppenheimer (August) "For which I am more than obliged, tobacco being unobtainable within miles round here at the moment"; A. Warburton (August) "Many thanks." James Rowatt (February); H. R. Band (May); H. S. Barratt (August).

From A. P. James, Salonica, 24th July:—"I received the June parcel (for which many thanks to all) and July Circular to-day (ditto). Its very decent of you to move me to France but the W.O. have not done so yet; I

am still B. S. F. and now the Summer is in full force going through a dose of malaria about once in three days. Give my love to all the boys:

From H. R. Band, India, 15th June:—"Again I am under the pleasant necessity of acknowledging another most acceptable parcel from the A. B. C. This time it is the April parcel containing one pound of Taddy's Myrtle Grove Tobacco, which is easily the most welcome commodity I can receive. The previous parcels were all highly appreciated, and I had the last tin of herrings on Tuesday last to commemorate my eldest kiddy's fifth birthday. However, as I told you before, we don't need parcels of food out here, as our rations are ample and quite sufficient. I am still jogging along here and keeping fit and well. Training is very slow, but I am beginning to feel more at home in a saddle, and last Saturday had a horse out and went for a good joy-ride with another man. Our weather here is much cooler since the monsoon season has come, and we only have it about 90 to 95 in the shade now instead of 105. I expect 90 sounds warm to you at home, but out here it is quite cool and refreshing. The Club Circular has not yet come to hand off this mail, but expect it will come shortly. I cannot tell you how much I enjoy reading about the doings of the old Club, and it is one of the links with home which I should be very sorry to lose. We have had two or three night marches lately, on one of which we bivouacked and returned the following afternoon after doing some manoeuvres in the jungle. Please give my kindest regards and most sincere thanks to everybody in the A. B. C., and assure them that Circulars and parcels both mark red letter days in life."

From W. R. Oppenheimer, France, 14th August:—"Thanks very much for your Postcard of 8th. Do I smoke! Should not like to confess how much, as a matter of fact cigarettes are most difficult to obtain at the moment out here, and I am hoping to get a parcel of cigarettes which I ordered from Blighty (Liverpool to be exact) any day. At the moment we are rather busy pushing the Boche back, but you see all about that in the papers. It has been quite a good week's work we have done round here. Best wishes to all and thanks for their kindness."

From Warburton, France, 12th August, 1918:—"Things are going great on this Front, and although Fritz has still a bit of a kick left in him it cannot avail him much. I notice that our London friends have a 'par' in Cycling as a result of 16 turning out on a Girtford Bridge Run. The old A.B.C. can beat that any Saturday of the year! With best wishes to all."

From Kettle, Grantham, 12th August, 1918:—"I have transferred to the M.C.O. This week I finished my course here. I may go on to Belton Camp here or to Klipstone Camp and then France—they don't keep one very long in this country after finishing the course."

From Binns, Bisley, 13th August, 1918.—"As you will see I have made another change of address and for this reason: The School of Musketry has been reformed; it fell into abeyance in 1914 and is temporarily stationed here, and I have been fortunate enough to be picked for its Staff, and further have now reached the unheard of height of a Captain (Congratulations! Ed.) a rank I never hoped to attain in this ruddy war. This is a part of the country I have never sampled before and the roads are not too bad. From here we can see the famous Hog's Back, in fact a lot of this neighbourhood brings back to one scenes and descriptions often shown and mentioned in "Cycling" before the war. Of course everything in the garden is lovely at present, for it is swelteringly hot. Strange it should be fine when we have an offensive on, isn't it? Talking about offensives there

is a combined one on here in Bisley—wasps and mosquitoes. One day I was bitten by the latter six times and had to annoy myself with citronella oil; enough to make one put on a respirator!"

From George Poole, Chester, 18th August, 1918. — "I have taken up residence at Chester for further surgical treatment, but for how long I cannot say. These quarters around the Talbot and such like places remind me almost daily of the Good Old Club and it's past '21's' and record attempts, and needless to say I long for their return. I am afraid I shall never be able to do a deal of walking after this, but I look forward to some good times in the future—my only wish is that it may be soon. Please give my best wishes to all the boys.

From W. R. Oppenheimer; France, 24th July, 1918.—"I received the July Circular a day or two ago, and very glad to have it for the Club Photo particularly. Might I ask you not to send me any more parcels, I really do not need them these days; it was different when I was out before—they were more than welcome, a perfect god-send at times, but now I am living comparatively in the lap of luxury. All good wishes." (Although Oppenheimer does not want foodstuffs, parcels are being sent to him containing tobacco only, as we understand good tobacco is getting scarce in France. Ed.)

Good Heavens! He's been and gone and done it! Done what? and Who? Sit down and take a long breath while we record the fact that *Stephenson is married!* Go on! Yes, it is evidently one of Royden's "facts." When and where we know not, but we none the less congratulate the Happy Pair and extend our best wishes. But why keep it such a secret Stevie? The following amusing extract from a letter announcing his removal to Leixlip Station makes it quite clear that Stevie is a Benedict:—

"I was sent here a week ago with a small party and cannot leave the place for any length of time. That is the one objection to the job, as I have practically nothing to do. *I have the wife over here*, and have got quite a nobby little cottage right on the station, so that I can 'mind' it without getting out of bed. I am a sort of Station Master now, and its a sight to see me receiving the 9-30 'up' draped in flags and whistles. After depositing one small boy, 3 newspapers and a lb. of bacon for Mrs. O'Reilly I allow her (the train I mean, not Mrs. O'R.) to proceed on her way, knowing that she is quite safe while they leave me at Leixlip. This performance over I go to the local Pub for my 'Elevenses,' and then mark time until the next train arrives. Oh, its a splendid life, but I'm worried in that I can only get in 14 hours sleep a day and I want 15."

From Gunner H. R. Band, 8th July, 1918:—"I was transferred from driver to gunner three weeks ago, much to my disgust. I had a fortnight's gun drill, etc., and liked it less every time. Then a call came along for some more signallers, so I volunteered for that, and started on the new stunt a week ago. It is far more interesting than gunnery to my mind, and I feel quite keen on it already. All the same, I would rather have remained a driver. However, all signallers have to be able to ride out here, so I won't have to give up riding, and as the training in India takes from nine to twelve months to turn out a proficient signaller I reckon I have struck a nice job for duration. We learn the whole business here, semaphore, Morse reading with flags, lamps, heliograph and telephony, besides having to possess a decent working knowledge of all the instruments used. I think even Billy Cook would admit that it is possible to get rain if he were out here! When it does start the whole place is under water in a few minutes! I am still keeping absolutely fit and well, so have a lot to be thankful for. Don't forget to thank all the old Club, and give them my kindest regards."

From H. S. Barratt, 23rd July, 1918:—"It was a great regret to me I couldn't get out for a run when on leave this last fortnight, but the time slips by so quickly, and there seems so much to do. I did manage to see Turner for a few minutes. On getting back this morning I received the Anfield August parcel, which, as usual, is very welcome. Hoping things go well with you, and with every good wish."

Cohen is now a full-blown Captain, as he announces in the following characteristic letter:—"The truth is I am getting very slack as regards letter writing, chiefly through having nothing interesting to write about. The chief item of interest is, however—leave, which I don't anticipate getting until about Christmas, but I intend breaking the monotony by a trip to the Gay City at the first opportunity. By the way, the authorities have not yet found me out! They've given me a third pip!!! The Army is surely strange in its ways. Oh, what a crash when my camouflage tumbles! Have been up to the eyes lately, but still manage to wangle about 23 hours off per day! Perhaps! Needless to say the morale is as ever, and the "stagger juice" shorter than ever. *Entre nous*, the latter is causing the Army more worry than the Boche. At last we have realised what war is! The hostile attitude of the Boche could never bring about the consternation caused by the story of an E. F. C. barge full of whiskey having been sunk. Generals talked about it, subalterns went about muttering, and R. T. O.'s were even polite when the sensational news was known. 'So there is a war on,' was the common statement! The Boche is really for it! This is about the limit this time." We heartily congratulate both Li. and the Army.

We hear that R. P. Seed has obtained his commission, and is now 2nd Lieutenant, but we have not yet received his new address, and mail matter addressed to Romford has come back marked "Gone away."

MEMS.

We wish to deny the rumour that is floating about to the effect that W. W. W. really means World's Worst Walkers. It appears to be based on a record performance of 2 Hours from the Glan Aber to Lake Elsie, but we are happy to say that as yet only cycling records are recognised by the Club.

While Cook and Robinson were admiring the view from Alderley Edge on "Rally" Sunday, they were asked by two other sight-seers "What's become of the old Anfield Club now." Poor Grandad has not yet fully recovered from the paralysis occasioned by this blow.

Carpenter is a marvel! Quite recently he had seven rather strenuous week-ends a wheel in the North of England and Scotland. In 29 rides he covered 2,348 miles, 12 of which averaged 143 miles! One of these was from Newcastle-on-Tyne to Birmingham (205 miles), and another from Glasgow to Birmingham (290 miles), starting at 8-0 a.m. Friday and finishing at 1-0 p.m. Saturday! Just fancy riding for 29 hours on a diet of Bread and Honey, Turkish Delight (bought in Penrith without trading with the enemy), Gingerbread, Chocolate, and cold water!! Ye Gods! What would Carpenter do on Beef and Beer?!! We hear he has been up in an aeroplane 5,200 feet, and describes it as a "most fascinating experience." For our part Terra Cotta is good enough.

The "Liverpool Express" cycle notes recently mentioned that the Toxteth Tabernacle C.C. had travelled to Meliden, near Rhyl, along "the coast road via Shrewsbury." We must ask Teddy Worth about this coast road, which seems to be unknown to us. Some of our round-the-earth detour specialists will have to look to their laurels. We cannot bear to think of Anfielders being whacked by a Tabernacle, tin or otherwise.

The rumour is incorrect that Cook, having attended 1,000 runs, celebrated the occasion by refraining from the 1,001st. Not funerals (except his own, perhaps), nor weddings, nor business, nor corns, warts or bunions, nor "that tired feeling," will keep Grandad away from an Anfield run. The only way to make him miss a fixture is not to hold one. Even then he'd be there or thereabouts.

Wonders never cease! We have not heard from Ramsey Wells for some little time, and were puzzled by his suddenly dropping the question of a week-end amongst us, but all is now explained by the news that Ramsey has made another plunge into the Sea of Matrimony and was married on August 20th. Congratulations and best wishes.

The newspapers report that the Planet Venus is at present bowling along at 1,308 miles a minute. The envious Mullah suggests that the timing has been done on an oil can—and by the village copper.

Those who heard the never to be forgotten lecture by George Milne, K.O.K., at Bettws-y-Coed, a few Easters ago entitled "Look what cycle camping has done for me" will learn with great pain and surprise that the medical gentlemen have only passed him Grade 3 B 3 !! We are sure that if they had only been favoured with a copy of Milne's lecture they would have marked him Super Grade 1. Meanwhile Anfielders like Cody who poison themselves sleeping in bedrooms get the Grade 1 ticket! Pocket handkerchiefs and pea sticks plus a Primus stove must be at a discount with the Medical Profession when the physical condition of the Archpriest is so contemptuously regarded!

Our special correspondent lately returned from the East (Yorkshire Coast) brings us a terrible piece of news. It appears that Clifford Dews—Cook's nephew—is the owner of a motor bicycle! Uncle says this is an awful war.

Dolly, whose change of address appears in Committee Notes, writes:—"I've been accepted by the R.A.F. as a Pilot after an amusing medical exam. here. Going away on Saturday (31st), probably to Hastings. Best wishes to everyone." We shall miss Dolly very much at the runs, and wish him the best of luck.

GREAT JOURNALISTIC SCOOP.

Editors are born. We were. We are a born Editor. We have the cheek. We dash in where pseudo-Editors fear to tread. We are a successful person. We have captured the "O'Tatur"! As follows:—

Did you ever write a seven thousand word report of a three days' bicycle tour, and when you had finished it receive a letter from an Editor asking you to do another? Of course your answer is in the negative, as the amateur photographer said to his girl when she asked him if the photograph of her he had taken would be a good one.

You see it is this way: I had just dashed off those seven thousand words to fill the yawning columns of the *Irish Cyclist*—dashed them off at lightning speed to enable me to run away from London for a few days to the Belgian front—when along came a letter from the insidious Arthur Simpson to write him something about the tour for the Club Circular. Like every Editor I ever knew, he wanted it by return of post. Editors being such damnably clever fellows themselves—otherwise they would not be Editors—expect the same standard of ability and energy in their contributors. In the 7,000 words for the *Irish Cyclist* I have said all I wanted to say about

the Bank Holiday Tour. I have said no more than it deserved, if the length of the contribution is to be taken as a criterion of the enjoyment I derived from having the privilege of being once more amongst the Anfielders.

All that by way of preliminary. I began to write this while I kicked up my heels in idleness in the waiting room of the Passport Department of the Foreign Office. If I had started at the beginning of my wait of two hours I would have been finished now, but I never anticipated having to wait two hours to have the passport handed out to me. I may finish it at the Belgian Consulate, or in the train to Folkestone; but I'll post it somewhere before I leave England. That I'll swear, and I'll call on Arthur Simpson to say I have not sworn falsely.

What shall I say of the Anfield Bank Holiday Tour that someone else has not already said, and, I doubt not, said better? The pleasure I derived from it? That goes without saying. I cannot imagine that any "real" cyclist could spend three days amongst men of the enthusiasm of the Anfielders without enjoying himself. I recall how "Arjay" summed up his impressions of the first Anfield Tour in which he took part: "I have been renewing my youth." I liked the phrase then, and I like it better every time I get an opportunity of spending a few days with the members of the Club. It summarises in a few words the spirit that animates the Anfield men as the outsider sees it. That enthusiasm does not consist, as some outsiders may be inclined to imagine, in a desire or determination to cover vast distances in the shortest possible time. That is a form of enthusiasm not unknown in the Club, albeit opportunities of giving vent to it are now non-existent, and those who might desire to do so are engaged in a sterner game than scurrying over the roads of Shropshire. Five of us spent six hours in covering twenty-five miles on our first day out from Liverpool, and your most confirmed potterer could not call that scorching. It is not, as some others may think, that Anfield enthusiasm consists solely in an appreciation of the pleasure of the mere riding—of locomotion for its own sake. That, in itself, is a real pleasure, as I readily grant. Nor is it only a desire to be amongst the most beautiful parts of the country—to drink in the beauties of nature. All these things combine to make up Anfield enthusiasm, as I understand it. But there is something more that binds together the old Club in spite of the vicissitudes of the times. There is a magnetic attraction that holds to the old club men like George Mercer, who wont mind my saying in the columns of the Circular that he must now be over sixty years of age; men like Toft and Cook, no longer in the first blush of their youth; to say nothing of men like Beardwood and Hellier, who, like myself, came up from London to spend the Bank Holiday with the Club. Theirs was the luck to make the double journey by road; mine the misfortune to have to avail myself of the railway. It may be a combination of all the conditions I have mentioned, but there is something more. An outsider like myself may find a difficulty in expressing it in words, but one cannot be with the Club for three days without feeling it. It is a spirit of sociability and companionship of the road—something that makes us old fellows feel young again, and you can take it from me, as one no longer youthful, that there is nothing that does one more good than to feel a youngster again.

"Arjay" was right. An Anfield Tour renews one's youth.

There is your thousand words, Mr. Editor. Piffle? I agree. You asked for it, as they say in the classics of London; and didn't you say anything would do?
T.W.M.

[All we can say is that if the foregoing is the "O'Tatur's" idea of piffle, we shall be quite content to have 1,000 words of similar stuff slung at us every month on the same terms.—Ed.]

RUNS.

Bettws-y-Coed, August 3rd—5th, 1918.

The holiday tour may be at once written down a great success, the outstanding features of which were the attendance of Hellier and Beardwood from London, Crowcroft and Dr. Carlisle from Manchester, and our old friend The O'Tatur from Dublin, via London, who had been hired at great expense to push poor old Grandad about on a tandem! If you want to learn how Murphy enjoyed himself amongst us you must beg, borrow or steal copies of the "Irish Cyclist," while if you are interested in obtaining his opinion of the Club you will find it recorded elsewhere in this issue. Altogether 21 members and 6 friends participated in the fixture, and undoubtedly each and everyone had a good time. The attraction of Bettws cannot be better exemplified than by recording the fact that again there was an advance guard of early worms, and a strong reluctance to bring the proceedings to a close, so that there were Anfielders at the Glan Aber for a full week! The pedestrian element were the first to arrive, our gifted Editor (No use—we cannot afford any advance on our usual rates these times, what with moving to save rent, and the N. O. T. C. R.—Ed.) and Lizzie Buck being in charge of a choice lot of the real article as typified by George Lake, Winnie, and Messrs. McNeil, McNamara and all the rest of the Simpsons! The O'Tatur and Cook made a desperate attempt to meet "Klick" at Chester, but the latter had confused ideas of Chester Castle, and was not encountered until Mold was reached in a rather heavy drizzle which was run out of as the Vale of Clwyd was approached. At Rhydymwyn, Toft and Morris were overtaken, and at Denbigh George Mercer was found on sentry, so quite a nice party of six sat down for lunch. After lunch "the tour proper commenced," but Mercer preferred to race over the Sportsman and reached Bettws hours before the real tourists, who spent six hours over 25 miles! The route taken was Henllan, Llansannan, Gwytherin, Nebo and Capel Garmon, with afternoon tea at Llansannan and tea at Gwytherin, where St. Winifred's grave was inspected and it was learned that Montag had just departed before our arrival. At the Glan Aber it was found that Hellier, Beardwood and Crowcroft had arrived, and soon afterwards Band, Cooper, Dolly, Williams, and Mr. Henry rolled in, so that our muster was 21 for the Saturday night, and beds were at a premium, as only about 15 had sent in their names! Sunday was a glorious day, but there were only 9 candidates for Penmaenmawr. We understand Toft and Dolly got wrong in their geography and were heading fast for Abergelge and wondering how much further it was to Penmaenmawr, when they fortunately met Turnor, who, not being able to get away until late on Saturday owing to military duties, had stayed overnight at Ruthin, and was full of some good yarns *a lady* had regaled the company with. However, this fortunate meeting did enable them to save us having trouble over numbers at the Grand Hotel, where 12 had been ordered for. All concerned had a glorious day even though the tandem had to be rebuilt as a result of trouble with the back sprocket when travelling at a "useful eleven" down the hill into Llanfairfechan. Sunday evening added Tierney to our complement, and a most enjoyable concert was held in the chapel with Turnor in the chair. All the Simpsons worked hard and were quite on the top of their form, while Mr. Evans, whom they had invited to join us, displayed a wonderful baritone voice, and was most generous in favouring us. Naturally the usual Kouklave in the Tank followed, at which Mr. McNamara proved his abilities as a raconteur, and Winnie made an excellent barman, and altogether the man who did not have a good time had only himself to blame. Monday morning brought the ordeal of parting. Hellier and Beardwood were touring for the rest of the week, and we hear they followed the coast round Aberystwyth and then proceeded by the Wye Valley to Hereford, and home via Malvern

and Abingdon, making 600 miles for their holiday jaunt. The rest of the cyclists all took the Ruthin route home (Dr. Carlisle and Tierney distinguishing themselves by very prettily climbing the awful snag out of Llanfihangel Glyn Myfyr). The Manchester contingent made for Delamere for tea, and some of the Liverpool men pushed straight on home, but Grandad having safely put The O'Tatur in charge of the guard at Chester, came on to Hinderton, where a party of seven had a final meal together, and thus brought to a close one of the most enjoyable August Bank Holiday tours imaginable. Now if you have been ticking off the names of those at Bettws you will have discovered only 26, and doubt the accuracy of the statistics, but on Monday those who were fighting a rear guard action in the Tank were surprised and delighted to have a soaked through motor cyclist (on Government work) arrive and introduce himself as Gordon Fletcher! It is really Fletcher's first experience of a Club fixture, and we hope he found it such as will induce him to say in the words of old Vos "I like you Anfield tours and I will come again." Gordon Fletcher was not only welcomed as the son of our only Life Member but for his own engaging personality, and our only regret is that his arrival was at least 12 hours too late for most of us who would have been glad to meet him.

[On approaching the brilliant contributor of the following account, he turned us down with such contumely that we slunk away in fear and trembling, and appealed in our misery to one of the faithful who never fails us. Imagine our surprise when we received two accounts instead of one. They are both so good that we make no apology for putting them in—one as seen from the Liverpool and the other from the Manchester side. We are a successful person.—Ed.]

Halewood, August 10th, 1918.

Having effaced myself from all Club attendances for close on two years, I was I think fairly justified in hoping that the effacement would likewise apply to escaping the notice of The Editorial One on this occasion, but such luck was not to be mine. Spotted instanter, a horrid glare of satisfaction overspread his countenance, and with the words: "You will write up this run," the deed was done! Excuses that "I had come out on my own"—that I would most probably "return on my own," that some of the members were strangers to me, and that I knew nothing to interest anyone, were all pooh-pooked. "If you know nothing to write about, invent it," was the final answer. And this to me! Truthful J., known (and justly known) both on the eastern and western hemispheres for his undoubted veracity; a man compared to whom the late lamented Mr. George Washington was an abandoned prevaricator! With scorn and indignation on my part this solution of the difficulty was refused, and nothing remained but to make the best of a bad job and to throw myself on the mercy of the members.

Moved by the Spirit (Note: Spirit, not spirits), and the city of Halewood being only six miles from the door of my own demesne, I sallied forth and eventually arrived safe and sound at my destination. It was a pleasure to see friends not seen (by me) for many a long day, such as Rowatt (looking as if a long holiday would do him a world of good), Hubert Roskell, F. H. Blackburn, Zam Buck, Knipe, Toft (in a beautiful white waistcoat), Band, and others. Two elderly and feeble gentlemen of uncertain age had ridden out on tricycles, and of these two, one I deeply regret to say was our old friend Cook! How have the mighty fallen! True, he cannot be the man he was, but it was nevertheless a pleasure to see him out at all, and I am given to understand that he does still occasionally manage the feat despite increasing age and decrepitude.

The usual lucky number of 13 assembled for tea; at least the number would have been 13 had it not been for some six or seven overplus; anyhow, the table was comfortably crowded, as were all partakers shortly after, a start with a lobster salad followed by a succulent plate of ham and eggs with the usual trimmings doing the trick to a nicety. The demolishing of the lobster salad gave particular pleasure to Chem., he having, it seems, on previous occasions suffered o' nights with attacks of these and similar horrid creatures which mauled him so severely that he was delighted to get his own back a bit. A remark that I might have suffered similarly, was indignantly refuted as a personal affront, untrue and libellous—lobsters never having worried me at any time. It was crabs. A solitary egg being finally left without bidders, Chem., the self-sacrificing, once more came to the rescue by taking, worrying and eventually despatching it without even turning "a single hair."

Tea over, the happiest man in the bunch seemed to be Ven., he having, with great acumen (and luck), collected 4d. too much. No doubt he made a speedy exit with his ill-gotten gains, and subsequently spent same in riotous living.

Of the subsequent proceedings I am unable to say anything having left early, and members wishing for full particulars must refer to the "round the earth" parties who will no doubt oblige.

And so was spent a most pleasant afternoon, one which might be repeated were it not for the glittering but fascinating eye of The Editorial One, with his capability for shifting the work for which he is so eminently fitted (and handsomely remunerated) on to the shoulders of incompetent, unwilling and unpaid fellow members. 'Nuff said on this subject, I think.

Halewood, August 10th, 1918 (from "One" Manchester Point of View).

The Derby Arms is now what the Unicorn was once: the Cronton Unicorn, rampant in the days of old, when we never knew what to admire most—the dishes or their bearers, oh appetising fruit.

I betook myself to Halewood for various reasons: To sample the Transporter, to watch Cook for the thousandth time put his run in—and his mien was as alert as on the 900th occasion—to fall a prey to Knipe's collecting mania—always for a good object—to watch Band have a Birthday Bean-feast, to see how the W.W.W. are shaping since they cast me out (and I admit I was never more than a poor third—a "fâcheux troisième"), and to see Hubert, who has taken my place in that triumvirate. Hubert may or may not be living in Manchester, but if you wish to see him in the flesh go to Halewood. There they were: Hubert, Chem. and Arthur, no longer the W.W.W. but the S.S.S., the Smart Strolling Strawhatters—the same Straw Cadies, the same neatly creased Long Trousers, the same Round Rubicund Visages, the same Rotund Rollicking Figures. Though differing in Height and Girth, they rise by even stages.

While tanking after tea, I confessed to the real object of my visit: to discover why on Halewood days Manchester gets no local runs, in other words how the place is within as easy reach from M. as from L.

The way from Liverpool lies chiefly by rail, the run being always attended by so-called "walking" parties. In these parts the railways do not hide in tunnels or cuttings but proudly run on Banks. So numerous are they that only a complete study can lay bare their network. Hence was I chosen to connect Manchester with Halewood, always with this proviso that Liverpool walks and rails, but we cycle and rail.

How, then, to reach Halewood for the winter runs? We make Hale in Cheshire our rallying point, and boldly make for Warrington by road, taking care to be there by 5 p.m. Then either at Bank Quay if we are brazen, but at Sankey Bridges if modest, we sidestep on to a small platform whence

in a few minutes a little rattler removes us to Ditton Junction by 5-30. There it stops, so palpably it is put on for us. A short but capital run via Halebank brings us to the Derby Arms.

The return trip is bolder, and here I was guided in my discovery by the enthusiasm of Cook himself, he one of the few men ever to see eye to eye with me, and, I may add, to thoroughly believe in me. The arrangements permit of a stay till 8 p.m., when we go by Tarbock, where turn right as usual, but then straight on towards Widnes (and not left for Cronton) for Hough Green station, and over the bridge, ignoring options left and right through the rockcutting for mid-Ditton, an important road-crossing called the Ball of Ditton, lit up by a huge Golden Ball beckoning like a Sun. Turning neither left nor right, we now have for landmark a Cathedral-like looking edifice up on high. I call it Appleton Priory. We fail to reach it, for only by footpath may it be approached. The road forks left uphill towards a mighty Red Beacon, a column bearing LAMPS, and at one time a direction post. Again the road forks left, and we arrive at Farnworth, Cheshire Lines, well within half an hour from starting on this thrilling ride.

The vast platforms are largely grass-grown. Four motorbusses congregate on the crossing at the due train time. First stop is Warrington, after which we proceed by Cadishead, where our Eccles member descends, to Partington: a halt for Boss H., to West Timperley, where we drop Green as at Baguley the Mullah. The short platform at Northenden will hardly be able to accommodate all Cheadle Hulme and South Manchester members. Stockport-proper detrains at Tividale, and Sheffield proceeds via Godley. (Of course, all these people were not with me, but ought to be in the future).

It is rare to find the railway authorities thus working hand in glove with our own Club leaders.

Again I repeat: the Derby Arms is the place for our Winter Runs.

Ripley, August 10th, 1918.

Having had the jigger overhauled and tuned up, I hastened forth to swell the attendance at the Anchor. It was a glorious afternoon, and as the milestones flitted by quicker than usual, and the hills rolled out nearly flat, there seemed a chance to put it through Percy Charles on the return journey. But, alas! these schemes fell to the ground when Host Dibble handed me a post-card from Builth—wet with the writer's tears—lamenting the fact that the two stalwarts could not get through in time. Whilst having tea in solitary state I was somewhat amused at seeing a procession of Polytechnic Clubmen rushing to the kitchen for further supplies, ever and anon casting anxious looks at the door. This strange conduct was explained later on in the garden, when they enlightened me that Host Dibble had almost scared them away by telling them he expected the Anfield Club, and to make sure of grub they had become their own waiters! When they had melted away I tried to sneak out to do the return journey leisurely, but an ex-Poly. boy was lurking round the corner and took me in hand, with the result that we did a non-stop run to Putney, arriving home very thirsty, but without that whacked and knackered feeling from which I suffered in May and June.

Delamere, August 17th, 1918.

And even you, M. le Rédacteur, when your thatch grows thin and old age creeps on, will find it necessary to have some one to keep you up to the scratch. And that's how it was, that the partner of my joys and sorrows, punched me out of my *somme de digestion* and informed me it was time to be off. Of course, J. Pluvius had left the door open and there was a draught, and by the time I reached Mere Corner the rain descended freely. With that persistent triumph of hope over experience, I did not

put on my mac. till wet through and then of course I sheltered. My stay, however, was short; for up came three dripping cyclists, the Mullah, Oppenheimer and the younger Evergreen. By approximating myself to a tree and making a noise like a park paling, I dissembled. But my camouflage was unsuccessful. They discovered me, dismounted, and after waiting a little till it rained harder, put me on the jigger again, partnered me in front with the Mullah, rearguarded me with Oppenheimer and the Sub, lit the fire and got up steam. Ow! Ow! At Lostock Gralam we picked up Phillips of the Rally, and the pace was moderated for conversational purposes. This gave the old man time to cough. Arrived at the Abbey Arms, we found a good muster. Of course, W.P.C. gave us his usual tarradiddle about there being no rain in the Wirral. The usual hospitable tea was provided and a move was made for home. My back tyre, which had dragged somewhat on the outward journey, was found to be flat. Great joy! All the orchestra of tyre experts pulled themselves together for the overture, led by J. Band, Esquire, Master of the Ceremonies, and W. P. Cook, Esquire. Off with the cover! Leaky patch. Stick it down. Nothing remains, solemnly declared the M.C., but to replace the cover. (In quires and places where they sing, here followeth the anthem. You see this tyre will not blow off the rim, but it is equally true that it won't blow on). The tyre is replaced by a process not unconnected with one of the mechanical powers. Tyre down again. Disgusted orchestra gives advice in various keys and disperses. I must apologise for not taking all the advice. Had I done so, I should have made a bonfire of the machine. Never mind, try again. Another patch lifted and a nip at the valve. Repair made and by the united efforts of Band, Chandler and self the job is completed and well done. (As a matter of fact all the trouble was caused by the other side of the tyre having stuck to the rim. On trial at home the cover slipped on like a glove). I must convey my heartiest thanks to Johnny Band for his practical sympathy and to the other members for their useful advice. Although I have been riding a cycle for 35 years, I found out my mistake in half an hour. *I ought to have walked.*

"The Old Timers Cyclist Rally," Warburton, August 18th, 1918.

Congleton, with its pleasant memories of cheerful welcome, good fare, and necessary "Parting," again sheltered a week-end party, five in number, and bound for "The Old Timers' Rally" on the morrow.

This end of Cheshire was new ground to Robinson, and he had to be shown around, also the ups and downs, and over the "edge." Cook had arranged it. All we had to do was to come along, so Rowatt, Toft, and Ven. joined up, but on comparing notes it was found that all had mentally resolved that they were not going to be dragged around. "Adsum." Consequently, when told that the way was via Lavenham, they promptly took the Over—Winsford—Middlewich—Church Hulme route, which was a very pleasant road, without difficulties, and brought us to "The Lion and Swan" well before lamp time, with ease and comfort. The usual cheery reception awaited us, and Sunday morn found us ready for anything except undue haste. The "Rude Hill" was taken—"Go as you please," and Havanah was sampled by two only, Virginia at the shady corner of the lane satisfying the others, who also found peaceful Gawsforth to their liking. The tomb of Old Maggoty (who preferred solitude for his bones in a wood, so that none could annex one of them at the last Trump, and leave him a misfit) was next inspected, and here, "O'er Johnson's Tomb," came the parting of the ways, two for the downs and ups of Prestbury and beyond, three for the delightful well-timbered country on to Chelford and Knutsford, by smooth and flowing lanes of easy gradient.

The energetic couple joined us for lunch at the "Angel," 1 p.m.—and eventually we all arrived at the venue. A mighty throng was gathered in the yard and grounds of the "Saracen's Head," and overflowed into the road, about forty Anfielders adding to the crowd, whose animation, good humour, and numbers must have been very gratifying to the promoters of the Rally and all participating. The catering was again admirable, a capital meal being promptly served, fortifying us for the speech-making which followed. And this is where I am knocked. How the deuce is one to take notes on Monday of speeches drowsily heard on the previous Sunday? It's not on. However, the President told us what had been, was to be, and would be garnered, and he and his Committee must have worked hard, long and convincingly to achieve the splendid record already attained—but he still wanted more and persisted.

Cook backed him up and drove him on with a very fine speech, making a good point when he told us that we were not doing much to help the fund if we only paid the bare price of our ticket and badge, as little more than a few coppers would be left after catering and expenses were paid. What is wanted are more donations—large and small—but do it now—fund still open—get it across. Five of us left early, after the President released us, as a lot of wind was hurrying up from the sea, and required pushing back to Liverpool. It was not a chatty ride, we were all too busy keeping our front tyres in the closest proximity to somebody's rear outer cover, when not up in front. A mild and spasmodic attempt to "hit it up" by an occasional leader, was promptly howled down, and as we plugged through Cronton, a voice suggested "Restoring the percentage," but "Carry on" to Gateacre was accepted. Alas! we found it dry, the village street full of natives, dumbly expressive, all dressed up, and nowhere to go.

Parting with Toft on the "Brow," we again drew a blank at the "Half-way House," and at "The Brook House," once the "Mecca" of Bass draughts, we were gleefully offered "The Waters of Ruthin." "Oh, Ellis." This was the last straw, so we made for the river, not with any idea of taking the final plunge, but because our homes lay over the waters, to which we had safely brought back the wind from Warburton, after an enjoyable week-end and most successful Rally. When next we meet may cycling attire have replaced the khaki so bravely worn by those gallant cyclists who are fighting our battles, and may freedom have come to all prisoners in enemy hands. Then we shall see a record Rally, with lusty youth putting it across the Old 'uns by road and table.

Rossett, August 24th, 1918.

This being a perfect day, with the wind in the direction it ought to be, I arranged to meet Chem. at 4-15 on the Chester Road. I had just given him up at 4-30 when I espied him tearing along pursued by an elderly lady also on wheels. As he fell off his bicycle knackered, but, triumphant, he explained pantingly that he had had a terrific struggle all the way from Rock Ferry with the old dame, but had at length shaken her off with a last despairing sprint. After a few minutes' rest to enable him to regain consciousness we proceeded via Chester, where the usual pick-me-ups in the shape of fruit were commandeered and lamps replenished, eventually reaching the venue as the crowd (numbering about 18) were reaching the jammy stage. By the time we had arrived at this course in the menu Young Green turned up via Shropshire, where he had gone the previous day, in a ravenous condition, which gradually yielded to successive relays of bread and butter, etc. Chem, having sighted Oliver Cooper (on the prowl for victims), for whom he now has an unspeakable hatred, showed considerable prescience in mizzling away under his very nose, just after the Robinson-Cook-Gregg tourists started for Llanarmon, and was seen no more. I hung discreetly back while Ven.,

Cooper, Hawkes and the remainder of the fast pack got away, only to fall from the frying pan into the fire in the shape of Teddy Edwards, Johnny Band, and Reynolds. As usual, a few misguided remarks made Teddy see red, and when Johnny went in front I knew all would be over quickly. Johnny had been describing to me the playful vagaries of an unseen vein, the head of the family of various veins he has had installed in his right leg, and explained that for all practical purposes this decrepit limb was useless, a statement amply corroborated by the fact that in the afternoon he had been doing "evens." A lightning calculation will show that if a merciful Providence had not stepped in his normal speed would be 40 miles per hour. For the time being he must have regained the use of this paralysed member, as, as far as I could judge, this would be about the speed we were going. With lingering agony I held on until the first pack was overtaken, and then gently faded away with graceful abandon. A call at the B. and S. slightly restored the percentage, and I resumed my travail. A few miles later, I overtook what appeared in the gathering gloom to be a young pantechnicon, whence issued sounds as from the human voice, and the next thing I saw was this conveyance lurching and swaying towards the kerb, which it struck with a sickening thud. On approaching the débris I saw it consisted of a lady's bicycle loaded at the back with impedimenta to a height of about four feet, submerged under which was the unhappy proprietor. Exerting what was left of my strength I rescued the fair (if fat) damsel, who was fortunately still in one piece, and in dulcet tones soothed her distress, and she then explained that she was lamplless and craved my escort. Placing her with gentle firmness on the saddle I resumed my normal speed, and enquired with masculine condescension if that was too fast for her. What was my horror when she replied—she had come about 40 miles since 5 o'clock—"would you mind going a little faster?" This was the last straw! I couldn't go any faster! However, summoning up the remnants of my outraged dignity, and calling up the last ounce of my fast fading vitality, I made a dash at fully ten, thinking to crush her at the first blow, but a fearful glance behind found her still there, and I was just about to give up the hopeless struggle when my lamp gently expired. Having piloted her successfully past specials and proper policemen, I left her without regret at Rock Ferry, and again resumed my normal pace, eventually reaching home without further adventure.

Northop, August 31st, 1918.

Arthur generally does the thing very nicely and very tactfully, "Will you be good enough to write the account of the run?" he says. Not so Arthur's deputy. The present deponent heard nothing about the Hard Work which was in store for him until 11 p.m. on Saturday, when the deputy verbally bludgeoned him with, "Oh! you've got to write up the run. Arthur asked me. . . . Well, what struck me most was the relatively poor attendance of ten at such a short run on such a perfect day—perfect, that is, in parts. The weather was like well-brought-up bacon, namely, streaky. The advance guard of members were safely housed at the Red Lion in good time to escape a brisk downpour of rain, which even Grandad admitted looked moist. He had come out through Rossett and Mold, and reported no rain—at least, not very much—and that not of the wet sort. Teddy Edwards, on three wheels, had been working Cook's patent by visiting Llandegla. Tommy Royden had had a look at Holywell, Robinson and young Gregg had patronised Chester, Buckley, and Mold. The others, for the most part, had come the direct route. The tea was a tip-top affair. Item: Bags of bread and butter. Item: Eggs. Item: Two sorts of jam, and no stinting. Item: Cake. Item: Fruit tart. Item: Lettuce. There was enough jam to satisfy even Oliver Cooper—

and the rest of us had a look in, for a change. Tierney, coming in late, was mercilessly hustled through his tea by Cook, for a week-end trip was afoot, and no time could be spared by mere eating and drinking. (By the way, that plausible tongue of Grandad's is continually finding fresh victims for his week-end stunts, and all too soon the said victims discover to their cost that it was *not* "downhill all the way.") As we emerged from the Red Lion yard the youth and beauty surged round to see the sights. "Here's two more," said one of the boys, regardless of grammar. "They're all racers." What they said when Teddy Edwards came out on a bicycle with *three* wheels is not recorded, but what a pity Chem. and Arthur were not at the run! They, too, might have been classed as "racers"! We must certainly go to Northop again, and soon.

Knutsford, August 31st, 1918.

We had an unexpectedly fine turn-up at this fixture—no less than sixteen. When the Snub trickled in to the smoke-room he was assailed by questions from various quarters as to how the —? what the —? etc., etc., he meant by ordering for only eight—by dismal statements as to the famine there was in the land, and suggestions—we'll call them that—that he should resign himself to a feast of the eyes only, or at best of the crumbs that *might* possibly be left over. Nothing perturbed, he interviewed the presiding genius, and then returned to the disconsolate ones (some of whom eyed him as if they had in mind at least the possibility of taking a joint from him if all else failed) and endeavoured to justify his continuance on earth. The witching hour of 6 o'clock settled all doubts, and the ample provision so reacted on the disturbed ones that they again smiled on the poor Snub, and took him to their bosoms once more—metaphorically, of course, at that time in the evening. We were all pleased to hear that Grimshaw is now stationed in Manchester, and that we may hope to have him out regularly. Del Strother was with us for the first time on a Manchester run—nicely fixed up with a very smart-looking mount, on which he should soon find his old form again. Over tea, which was a reminiscence of the golden days before Bill started this disturbance—not *quite* the same, you know, but something like it—we talked of many things, including tours recently taken. One thing that always strikes me when I hear tours discussed is that the tourist has always missed far more than he has seen. Some day in the dim and distant future I hope to have once more a proper tour, not of two or three days, but a real slap-up affair—two or three weeks, and I think I shall do it on a plan. My idea is to do the whole of the ground early in the year, or perhaps the year before, in about three or four days—"movie" sort of thing—and then talk about it at gatherings of cyclists as often as possible until the joyful day for commencing the tour proper arrives. I fancy I can hear the boys—"You went to So-and-so, of course? What!—No? My dear chap—!" And then they will give me particulars of all the places that are worth visiting, and by making careful notes I ought to manage to remember to see some of them. The only doubtful point about it is whether or not it won't be necessary to extend the tour to two or three months. However, Mr. Editor, about this run. So far, I haven't said anything about the weather, and I must work that in. It wasn't half bad in the afternoon, but going home—well, there ain't a word, but I got home safe though damp, and I hope the others did the same.

A. T. SIMPSON,

Editor.

ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB.

FORMED MARCH 1879.

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

MONTHLY CIRCULAR.

Vol. XIII.

No. 152.

FIXTURES FOR OCTOBER, 1918.

		Light up at
Oct.	5.—Halewood (Derby Arms).....	6-9 p.m.
„	7.—Committee Meeting, Common Hall, Hackins Hey, Dale Street, Liverpool, 7 p.m.	
„	12.—Warrington (Lion).....	5-53 p.m.
„	19-20.—Rossett (Golden Lion) and Week-end Llangollen (Royal).	5-34 p.m.
„	26.—Northop (Red Lion)	5-21 p.m.
Nov.	2.—Halewood (Derby Arms)	5-7 p.m.

ALTERNATIVE RUNS FOR MANCHESTER MEMBERS.

Oct.	5.—Knutsford (Lord Eldon)	6-9 p.m.
„	26.—Allostock (Drovers Arms)	5-21 p.m.
Nov.	2.—Knutsford (Lord Eldon).....	5-7 p.m.

Full moon 19th instant.

Committee Notes.

Stourton Lodge,

Arno Road, Oxtou.

Will Committee Members please note that the October Meeting will be held on the FIRST Monday, the 7th October.

The Autumnal Tints Tour will be held on Saturday and Sunday, 19th and 20th October. Tea on Saturday will be at Rossett, and the Week-End Headquarters at the Royal Hotel, Llangollen, where a tariff of 10/6 for supper, bed and breakfast (7/6 without supper) has been arranged. If you intend to be present please let me have your name as soon as possible so that accommodation may be reserved for you.

Mr. John R. Thompson, Pulrose, Stoneby Drive, New Brighton, has resumed Active Membership.

The parcels to Members On Active Service Abroad sent in September numbered 14; ten of which contained chocolate, biscuits, herrings in tomato, and shortbread, and four tobacco only.

NEW ADDRESSES.—S. IRVINE, 1063, Deal Street, Oak Bay, Victoria, B.C.; Pte. G. F. MUNDELL, No. 78439, 19th Platoon, F. Coy., 3rd Batt. Manchester Regt., Cleethorpes; Pte. F. L. EDWARDS, No. 85896, Hut 4, Camp 17, E. Coy., 53rd Y.S.K.L. Batt., Kinnel Park, Rhyl; Second-Lieut. R. P. SEED, 3rd Batt. Cheshire Regt., Seaton Carew, Co. Durham; Driver J. A. GRIMSHAW, 36, Ravenoak Road, Cheadle Hulme, Nr. Stockport; Cadet F. E. DOLAMORE, B. Flight, 3rd Squadron, 8th Cadet Wing, R.A.F., Hastings; S.M. A. WARBURTON, R.E. Postal Section, H.Q. 42nd Division, B.E.F.; Sergt. J. HODGES, No. 29177, R.E. Postal Section, A.P.O., SZ. 26, F.E.F.; 2nd Lieut. G. STEPHENSON, Oldenstle, Co. Meath; F. C. DEL STROTHER, 30, Acomb Street, Manchester.

F. D. McCANN,

Hon. Secretary.

The Presentation to W. P. Cook, commemorating his Thousandth Run will, it is intended, be made at Warrington (Lion Hotel), on the 12th October, and it is hoped there will be a record muster. It has been suggested that an impromptu concert be held after tea, and our musical members are requested to bring their music with them.

N. O. T. C. R.

We desire to thank most heartily all those members and friends who by their personal support of the Rally and their financial support of the Cyclists' Prisoners of War Fund in connection therewith, enabled us to hand over the sum of £187 3/-, in addition to £8 15/- for 50 tickets and 100 badges at the schedule price. From this it will be seen that some very fancy prices were paid for tickets and badges, and that generosity amounted to munificence in many cases. We cannot possibly find words adequate enough to express our appreciation of the support accorded our efforts. The Challenge Offer of a donation of Five Pounds providing four other similar amounts were forthcoming was won, and we particularly desire to thank the generous four. When the balance sheet is published it will show that the Anfield again played no small part in the result (Turnor sold 30 tickets and 70 badges, and secured donations of £11 15/-) which promises to approximate £400.

D. R. FELL.

W. P. COOK.

Concerning Those On Service.

Postcard acknowledgments of parcels are to hand from:—J. Hodges (July), "Many thanks"; J. J. Malion (August), "Very best thanks indeed." September parcels: A. Warburton, "Many thanks"; H. L. Barratt, "All the best"; R. T. Rudd, W. E. Cotter, "Many thanks," and W. R. Oppenheimer, "For which please accept my very best thanks; tobacco is priceless at the moment."

From Cotter, France, 30th August, 1918: "I wish to thank the members once more for their kindness in continuing to send parcels. Please remember me to all the members you come across. I look forward to getting the Circulars very keenly as it helps me to keep in touch with the movements of the Old Club. It also makes me long to be at home again, especially when I read of Club Runs to Rossett, Delamere, Halewood, etc. I suppose the war will finish some day!"

From R. P. Seed, 5th September, 1918: "I got banged up here to this isolated spot which at first seemed to be at the end of the Earth, but now that I've got settled I am not having at all a bad time. I expected to be sent across again very soon, but perhaps they need my valuable services here for a while longer, and if so I won't grumble. The only complaint I have is that it is such an out of the way place and leave is deucedly scarce. Give my kind regards to all, and I hope to see some of them soon. I must now close as I've got some men outside who are supposed to be drilling, and I'm supposed to be there to add a little dignity to the show!"

From Grimshaw, 2nd September, 1918: "I've had a Medical Board and got marked B.2, Home Service. I am stationed at Ardwick, Manchester, working on Ministry of Munition lorries. I get finished at 6 p.m., and any time on Saturdays after 1 p.m., with every other Sunday off. The other Sundays we have drill from 10 to 12, then finish. I am billeted at home so I hope to get to a fair number of the Runs."

From Hodges, Egypt, 23rd August, 1918: "Will you please convey my thanks to the Club for the July parcel, just received. The 'Nut-fruit' cake was especially enjoyed—it took me back to the days when I was a 'veg.' I had the pleasure of meeting Mahon a few days ago. He was en route for Cairo for a few days leave. I lost my old job through having a short sojourn in hospital. I am now recuperating at a quiet little station in Egypt. I have applied for leave to the U.K. If it comes off, I shall be able to put in a Club Run or two, that is if I find, on trial, that I can still retain my balance on a bicycle."

From Jim Rowatt, Mesopotamia: "Somehow the trick of letter writing seems to depart from one in this country, especially at this time of the year. It must be at least six months since I last wrote, and then it was not much of a letter. I was in hospital during most of April and May, living on the fat of the land, so I left instructions for the other Coy. officers to use my parcels. They did, and enjoyed them very much, and asked me to send their very warmest thanks to the Old Club. I only hope they remembered to send the postcards back. I had a perfect rush of people wanting to join. The parcels have been top-hole and contain things that we cannot obtain easily out here; the Circulars arrive very regularly and make most interesting reading, they take me back to the old days when Saturday afternoons and Sundays were free; here they generally manage to pick the week-ends for scraps, the rest of the time we dig. I am on a jolly good job at present—Camp Commandant to a Corp's Headquarters, in the Old and Ancient City. It's old all right, judging from the zephyrs, and quite interesting, but it certainly does not come up to the Arabian Nights idea, and the Armenian shopkeepers are fearful sharks. Must close now and catch the mail. Cheer-oh! to everybody."

J. L. Mahon writes, under date August 30th, 1918: "I am just back from leave in Cairo, where I had seven days clear. Both going and returning I managed to see and speak to Hodges—our first meeting, although we

both have been in the Forces over three years. From him I learned something of his movements, and found to my disgust that he had actually been stationed within half a mile of me for some weeks about the end of last year, yet we never met. He was not long out of hospital when I saw him, but I fancy he looked rather fit—I don't mean fit in the racing sense—but a trifle on the heavy side. He is now in charge of the military P.O. at a station through which I passed, so you will realise that we could not say a great deal to one another. As a matter of fact, we had just commenced, on my return journey, to talk about 'pushing 'em round' and a bite Hodges had just prior to leaving England, when I had to sprint after my train. I only hope he will be somewhere handy when I get leave again.

There are a few French troops about, and some of them have the most pretty little racing machines I have ever seen. I am afraid the commandment re 'Thou shalt not covet' gets badly bent every time I see one of those machines. They are just the ordinary type of French racing grid, and appear almost too frail to stand up to the work required of them, but I suppose they must be satisfactory, otherwise they would be abandoned as a type of military machine.

I think you will be pleased to hear that at last promotion is coming my way. I have just been made a Corporal as a start with the possibility of the third stripe at no distant date.

I'm still trying hard to get away to the R.A.F., although I know now that I shall never succeed. This promotion has only been given me in the hope of keeping me quiet. Being a shorthand writer and on G.H.Q. my position is difficult, for men with a knowledge of shorthand are worth their weight in gold in this Force—they are so scarce, and consequently every obstacle is placed in a man's way when he wants to get away.

At the present moment I have got a cactus thorn in the right knee, right on the joint, and am having rather a rough time with it. The leg is somewhat swollen and very painful to move, but I don't anticipate there will be any danger, although cactus thorns are reputed to be very poisonous. I got this through being silly too. Tried to jump a hedge of cactus some four feet high, but forgot all about its width, and caught my knee on a leaf in coming down.

I should be glad if you would once again thank *the* Club for the very excellent parcels they send out. I am very, very grateful indeed.

I did my best to attend a Club Run on Saturday, the 17th August. I hired a machine in Cairo, and had a ride out to the Pyramids. I had a glorious 'blind' on the way back, but even so my average rate was only *about 8 m.p.h.*"

Stephenson writes, under date Sep. 26th: "I fear I have been much remiss in writing to you or any other of the bosom pals of my mis-s?-spent youth, but I never offer any excuses for wrong-doing. I saw from last month's Circular, which reached me after much travelling, that you had at last discovered that I was married. I think Cohen knew a long time ago, as he met my brother somewhere while both were returning from leave, and he told him—however, there you are. I have enjoyed the happy state for a long time now (over two years), and there is a young budding Anfielder to be a candidate for Junior Membership umpteen years hence. So there is more news for you. We had a great time at Leixlip as I only had one parade a day—rifle inspection at 10-30 a.m., and if I wasn't up in time, I put it off till 11.30. I was suddenly wired for to return here as they couldn't manage without me, and we then put in quite a pleasant three weeks in Mullingar.

We are leaving here on Saturday and going to what I knew would be my ultimate destination—a workhouse. Father said I should come to it one day.

Fondest love to all my pals."

From W. R. Oppenheimer, France, 18th September, 1918: "The tobacco so kindly sent out by the Club arrived last night, and I feel vastly indebted for the continued generosity and thought. This rapid advance is all very well in its way, but the canteens which supply us with our necessities, such as tobacco, cigarettes and matches, cannot keep pace; besides we cannot use our transport for the purpose of going back while we are so busy. You will easily realise, therefore, how particularly welcome is such a parcel at present. I have been having rather a warm time these last few days, together with plenty of work and not too much sleep—I fancy though that the Hun is having a still warmer time! With all good wishes to the Club."

From Cotter, France, 19th September, 1918: "Just a line to acknowledge the Club parcel for September, which has just arrived and for which many thanks. Am glad to say I am keeping pretty fit. I had a copy of *Cycling* sent out to me containing the pictures of the Warburton Rally. They are very interesting to me. Kindest regards to all."

Things we Don't Want to Know.

What Robinson said when he discovered that his landlady had cleaned his bicycle?

What kind of a motor car Johnnie Band intends buying out of the profits on those bags?

The name of the member who said he didn't like *seccotine* tablets in his tea?

The *real* reason Teddy Edwards rides a tricycle?

If Chandler's rear lamp defends the realm as often as it oughter?

MEMS.

Nemesis has at last overtaken the *Irish Cyclist*! Ever since the Rear Light question became a burning one (even before it was so in a literal sense) our Irish friends have contented themselves first with praising the Golliwog Reflex, and then with poking fun at those who fought the cyclists' battle. This attitude is easily explainable because everyone is usually left cold by a topic that is never likely to touch them personally (the non-smoker does not worry about the price and scarcity of tobacco, cigarettes and matches!), and there is not the remotest probability of Rear Lights ever being inflicted on Ireland, while even if such an enactment were made it would only become a dead letter like the Lights on Vehicles Act. While we cannot find fault with the poetic justice, we are sorry that our good friend, The O'Tatur, should be the victim, but we hope it will lead to a change of policy on the part of our Irish contemporary. While in London, The O'Tatur was caught with his rear light inadvertently out, and the Special Sleuthhounds nobbled him with the usual result, and in recounting the incident The O'Tatur writes: "I must agree that the necessity of showing a rear lamp is a nuisance. *It would be intolerable to have to do so in normal times.*" The italics are ours. This is exactly what real cyclists have always contended, and we hope now to have the strong support of the *Irish Cyclist*. Whatever reasons

there may have been for rear lights on any vehicle in 1915 they have all passed away, and the present lighting regulations require drastic revision. We do not ask that cyclists should be specially exempt, although we would point out that cycles, being "length without breadth," have always been regarded as special vehicles (they can be wheeled unlighted) without in any way prejudicing the Cyclists' *Magna Charta* which gave cycles the standing of carriages. If a cyclist requires rear lighting, a pedestrian must require it ever so much more.

The splendid financial result of the Northern Rally simply proves (writes a correspondent) that Grandad, who has collected more than anybody else, must have been slacking terribly last year when he was President.

A new novel is entitled "Perpetual Fires." Not to be confused with "Periodical Fires" as started by the fast brigade along the top Chester Road on Saturday nights.

We recently observed the following in an advertisement for variable gears: "And no one who claims to be a good cyclist will be satisfied to have a bicycle without it." We have long suspected the Hidden Hand in the A.B.C., and now regret to place on record the fact that it only contains 2 or 3 real cyclists, even though some of the other riders do indulge in a five figure mileage annually.

Johnny Band by his absence on holiday at Bull Bay, was not at Little Budworth, and thus missed his first run for the year. Johnny seems determined not to head the attendance list, and displays keen moral courage in doing so. At the same time we are sure he was not altogether happy on the Saturday afternoon, and wished he could emulate Sir Boyle Roche's famous bird.

After his "new dismount" at Lymm on his way home from Halewood, The Mullah is now a most strenuous advocate of rear lights for dogs—in addition, of course, to their ordinary lights. We have pointed out that front and rear lamps are not sufficient as dogs frequently go to sleep athwart the road, so that port and starboard lights are also essential, and when Chem.'s labour friend ("When I lays down my tools I lays 'em down") gets into Parliament we must get him to add this necessary legislation to the "crowning act of his life," knowing that we can confidently count on the support of all the Motoring Organisations, *Daily Mail* and *C.T.C. Gazette*.

Our friend, "The O'Tatur," writing in *The Irish Cyclist*, says: "I think there is no stronger cycling club in the United Kingdom than the Anfield B. C."

"Simpleton" writes: You regularly give lighting-up times in the Circular, but are these anything to go by? Recently, when riding home with a prominent member, I asked him what lighting-up time was, and he replied "When you reach Rock Ferry." Similarly, on Wednesday evenings, lighting-up time just at present appears to be "When you reach the Farmers Arms." Darkness thus seems to begin at specified places rather than at specified times. It's very curious.

Great is Grandad, and marvellous is the influence of his name! On a recent week-end one of our members reached his destination just before bedtime. It was raining cats, dogs, and kippered herrings, and to his dismay he found that he could not put up at the hotel where he had anchored. He accepted the decision philosophically, and said he'd get on to the next town, seven miles away. "Mr. Cook wished to be remembered to you," he added,

and turned to depart. But the magic of that name put a new complexion on affairs, and our man was speedily fixed up with a room which had been—er—overlooked. And thereafter the land flew—that is to say flowed—with milk and honey.

How do you do it, Will?

RUNS.

Halewood, September 7th, 1918.

The last time I was asked to write an account of a run, I burnt the midnight oil in huge quantities, held long consultations with Lizzie and other colleagues, and eventually after long and arduous travail evolved what I modestly considered one of the finest articles which had, up to then, appeared in the rag. It bristled with spicy anecdote told with inimitable aplomb, was veined with the rich reef of sparkling humour, and its scintillating dialogue literally shone from out the written page. I was myself positively dazzled on perusing its polished phrases, pointed epigrams, sapient observations, and faultless style. Dreading this priceless contribution might go astray, I had it carefully packed up and despatched to the then Editor in several registered parcels. Curbing my impatience as best I could, I awaited the arrival of the rag, but what was my horror and indignation to find all my choicest stories either cut out, or shorn of their spiciness, my cherished dialogue mutilated beyond recognition, my humour distorted, and my epigrams (brilliant impromptus it had taken me hours to improvise) a mass of literary ruin. My first impulse was to slay the Editor, and all kinds of frightful deaths flashed across my frenzied imagination—long drawn-out, lingering, anguish-stricken, deaths, with something about them. None of these, however, quite satisfied my fiendish appetite for torture, and by the time I had worked out something really disagreeable the homicidal mania had gone. However, I registered a solemn vow that never again would any further emanations from my brilliant pen embellish the pages of the rag, so that when our wily Editor approached me in his usually successful off-hand way, I was quite ready for him with a flat refusal . . . Hence this account.

Bearing in mind my last experience, I will content myself with a simple, bald, narrative, and if so much as a comma is altered or misplaced then woe betide the little man with the big cheek. I'll get him the sack at the least!

As a matter of fact, I would not have been at the bally meet at all, and thus saved myself all this trouble, if I had not made a mistake in thinking that a certain interesting ceremony was timed to take place at Halewood. It was purely Lizzie's fault. He persuaded Ernie and myself to go out, dangling the alluring combination of the aforesaid ceremony and the luscious meats always encountered at this famed hostelry before our bewildered gaze. Lizzie always dresses the part, and for this occasion was arrayed in faultless walking attire, with the latest thing (dating from the nineteenth century) in breeches. So much so that by a mutual tacit understanding, and for fear of the police who become more and more suspicious as the war goes on, Ernie and I edged discreetly away from him on passage through the more populous localities, and it was only when we reached the secluded paths leading from Gateacre that we treated him with anything approaching familiarity. Evidently stung to the quick by this treatment, Lizzie silently evolved a subtle revenge. Masking his design with Machiavellian cunning, he remarked innocently that he knew of a short and pretty cut to the rendezvous, and we fell into the trap. He dragged us, poor deluded victims, through countless miles of morass, over five-barred gates, and across ditches where one false move would have precipitated us to a watery eternity,

until we yelled for mercy, and I reached the venue with strongly developed homicidal tendencies. These were, however, gradually soothed by the warm welcome from all, combined with the liquid resources of the establishment (ingeniously tapped by the Editor whose fell purpose I could not then penetrate), and by the time I had dined sumptuously my own gentle nature had again asserted itself, and all murderous instincts had vanished. A party of about 20/22 had foregathered (most cyclists), including a goodly number of Mancunians, and after a pleasant evening—reminding me of old times—in the tank, the rattler was brought into requisition, and Liverpool reached just in time for it.

Little Budworth, September 14th, 1918.

Certain of our Manchester diplomats having issued an ultimatum defining their zone of activity as being circumscribed to a radius of 15 miles from the Bug and Gluepot, we examined our list of N.R.R.A. measurements, and made a lot of abstruse calculations without any definite result, so we cannot be certain whether the small muster at the Lion Rouge was caused by atmospheric conditions or whether Little Budworth is actually outside of territorial waters. However, the fact remains that only four members from the Land of Perpetual Sunshine came to meet the seven from Murky Merseyside. The weather can hardly be blamed, because only a short distance from the Birkenhead Borough Boundary there had been *no rain* all day, and the roads were *perfectly dry*, while as Klick was on his trike the going must have been equally good from Manchester. In case this may be regarded as a terminological inexactitude by the stay-at-homes, we would refer them to Ven, whose reputation as a teller of the gospel truth is unsullied. Ven, had been via Whitechurch, and had a glorious ride. Chandler and Cook had been wandering about the lanes and met by accident at Huxley. Edwards had come via Warrington, Royden had been losing himself on O.C.'s Stanney-Stoke-Mickle Trafford route, while Wayfarer and Gregg had come out more or less direct. From Manchester, Klick only has been mentioned, but he was found guarding the stable with Orrell, and just on 6-0 p.m. Turnor and Green literally dashed up, the former having by mistake gone to the Abbey Arms! Tea was prompt and excellent, but that tyrant, Grandad, was evidently eating by schedule with one eye on his watch and the other on Robinson! The reason for this was a week-end to Newport to meet The O'Tatur! Poor Robinson was only given till 6-30 to be ready to start, and was strongly advised not to be hustled, but Cook has a very easy method of dealing with such revolutionary advice. He simply said: "Of course we can start as late as *you* like, but we have got to get beyond Prees Heath in daylight, and the later we start the faster you will have to ride." Consequently, the start was made punctually, and as a drizzling rain had set in, we all pitied them their long journey, but we hear that our sympathy was wasted, because while the rest of us were riding to our destinations in mist and gloom, the strenuous ones rode out of the wet zone in 3 miles, and before Beeston Castle was reached were able to lay their macs on the bone dry road and wrap them up! "Keelings Pond" (Bletchley) was reached before lighting up, and Newport at 9-45, but The O'Tatur got bunkered on his journey from Leeds to Stafford, and did not reach there until 1-15 a.m. (instead of 8-45 p.m.), while on the ride over he got lost somewhere near Gnosall, and found himself in a farmyard! Arriving at Newport at 2-45 he propped his machine *against the Barley Mow*, and then proceeded to try and find the Hotel. [The journalistic profession is evidently a very payable proposition—it is a red-letter day with us when we can afford to get into this condition!—Ed.] The result was he could only find the Victoria, and

eventually sought refuge there, so that Grandad and Robinson did not see him until 10-30 Sunday! Ellesmere for lunch, Hinderton for tea, and Sunnyside Hydro, for the night was the programme carried out, and made quite an adventurous week-end for T. W. M., with his chainette and silk tyres! But you have got to "go through the hoops" and "see the pictures" when you week-end with the B.O.G.! How long will it take Wayfarer to "get wise"?

Rossett, September 21st, 1918.

The nearest way from the City of the Future is the lower road to Chester, take the first on the right, then sharp left and straight on.

Upon such a day, the above seemed to be the one and only route. (We quite agree. There is a good train service running parallel the whole of the way.—Ed.) It was raining when I started out just before 4 p.m., and if I had not missed the previous run I might not have started at all, for although very fond of swimming, I have strong objections to taking my bath whilst wrapt up in a cycle cape.

On nearing Hooton I was surprised to hear the sound of distant artillery, which became heavier and heavier as I neared Chester. Soon after passing Backford, I could see a number of aeroplanes dropping their deadly bombs over our lovely old city, and then the truth dawned upon me—we were at war—the German invasion had come, and Chester was at that moment being wiped off the map. What was to be done? It was too late to think of turning back and trying to make Rossett via Queensferry, so if I was going to get through with my despatches and get a check the only way was to proceed through Chester and break through the enemy lines. This I thought might be a fairly easy matter for a cyclist of my ability, but fate was against me. I dodged all the bombs that dropped in the city, and caught a few 75 c.m. shells as they flew by and am keeping these as souvenirs.

Arriving at the Grosvenor Bridge, I found myself right in the middle of the battlefield. On the riverside was our Artillery pouring shot and shell into the Germans, who were endeavouring to force a passage across the river. Why they bothered trying to force such a crossing when there was a good bridge handy puzzled me somewhat. At any rate, the bridge was good enough for me, and, trusting to my mud-splashed cape as camouflage, I made a dash for it. But my luck was out, a policeman ordered me back. All my persuasion and entreaties were in vain; the official mind could not grasp the importance of my having to be at Rossett at 6 p.m. The fact was, the bridge was mined; he knew it, but would not let on. The German spies also knew it, otherwise they would never have messed about forcing a crossing.

I had thoughts of swimming the bally river, but the bicycle was a drawback, and finally I decided to wait patiently till the battle was over, of course, keeping one eye open for any loot which might come my way. Here again I was disappointed, for there, walking among the slain were Band, Venables and Toft. Modesty forbade me asking what they had got, but their capes were well filled out, and I knew further search on my part would be useless.

The battle over, some thousands of Hun prisoners were marched across the bridge, and, thinking to cheer one of the poor fellows up with a few kind words in his native tongue, I said, "Der Tag, Kamerad," to which he replied in perfect Lancashire German, "'Ow goes it?"

The above account is given in order, firstly, to explain why four members were late; and, secondly, because no record of the event has been published in the Press. Those, however, who visit the Picture Houses will no

doubt be able to see the complete outfit, for the camera was going all the time.

A total of eleven sat for tea, which was up to the usual Rossett standard, and many thanks are due to Mr. Royden for saving a bit of jam for the four late arrivals.

The Llanarmon party, consisting of Cook, Robinson, and Gregg, were first away, and the remainder were soon making for England, which was duly reached after a short stop at Hinderton.

Ringway, September 21st, 1918.

It really did seem about time that Jupiter Pluvius must take a holiday—he'd been working overtime for so long one thought that it certainly would be fine on the 21st. And it really looked like it early on, but the afternoon found the gentle dew from heaven still blessing an earth cloyed with the superabundance of it. There was not much incentive to go round the earth, and six Manchester members who foregathered at Ringway were distinctly pleased that a longer journey had not been necessary. Klick was the first to arrive (the tricycle had been left at home) followed by the Doctor, and they were joined by the Snub, Orrell, "F.H." and the Mullah in the order named. We had a very cosy tea, and a very nice one too; in fact, this is quite one of our best houses nowadays, and has but one disadvantage—it has no licence, but those who occasionally look upon the wine when it is red seemed to put up with this disadvantage quite cheerfully, and even expressed their appreciation of the comfort given by the privacy of a farm parlour. Somehow or other the topic of conversation, which before tea had been altogether cycles, ancient and modern, turned to footlight favourites, and we had extracts from the repertory of various notables of the stage, most of whom, it appeared, were dead, and the rest wished they were. It was quite a late sitting, and the small and select party which invaded the "Romping Kitling" were only just in time. And so home, with a heavy shower to break the monotony of drizzle.

Delamere, September 28th, 1918.

Accounts of Club Runs written by someone present are so commonplace that we think it will be something of a novelty for a non-attender to do the job, so here goes. Being firm believers in the gospel of "separate runs for separate members," two of us had a Club Run of our own to Northop, as we prefer to go there when there is no crowd of dirty cyclists. But one of us sent messages to the Club Runners at Delamere, and we have gathered the following details of what happened. The day was windy with only occasional showers, which were easily dodged, and the roads mostly quite dry. Liverpool's star was again in the ascendant with a muster of ten out of the fourteen present, and Mrs. Kemp put on a very good tea to celebrate her birthday and approaching Silver Wedding. Edwards had come via Warrington, and Toft via Runcorn, while Band, Mac., Chandler, Gregg, Royden, Cooper, Ven, and Cook had come out more or less direct. Turnor, Klick, Orrell and Young Green represented Manchester. Grandad claimed that it was also his birthday, but no one believed him. Tommy explained how he secured butter and matches in a *rum* way. The Mullah was full of an impending battle at Altcar, and Green explained why he had not become a combatant. Altogether it was quite a merry gathering, and no one seemed in a hurry to take advantage of the last opportunity that will occur for six months of

riding part way home in daylight. Eventually the crowd all barged off simultaneously. Ven. and Toft departed for Runcorn (excellent rattler service on Saturday nights with some "Saturdays only" figuring in A.B.C.), the four Mancunians rolled away *en masse*, and the remainder had a regular Club Run ride as far as Chester, where Oliver and Tommy took the lower road instead of continuing to ride in the tonneau. At Hinderton the usual call was made by the thirsty ones, but Mac. and Edwards pushed on to save matches, and in due course everyone got home after a delightfully easy ride, while we Northern Club-runners were having a pic-nic week-end at Prestatyn, which did not come to an end till Monday morning, when one of us *might* have been seen de-training at Queen's Ferry by anyone with good eyesight.

A. T. SIMPSON,

Editor.

ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB.

FORMED MARCH 1879.

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No. 153.

FIXTURES FOR NOVEMBER, 1918.

		Light up at
Nov.	2.—Halewood (Derby Arms).....	5-7 p.m.
"	9.—Chester (The Bars)	4-54 p.m.
"	11.—Committee Meeting, Common Hall, Hackins Hey, Dale Street, Liverpool, 7 p.m.	
"	16.—Warrington (Lion).....	4-43 p.m.
"	23.—Rossett (Golden Lion)	4-34 p.m.
"	30.—West Kirby (Ring o' Bells)	4-27 p.m.
Dec.	7.—Halewood (Derby Arms)	4-22 p.m.

ALTERNATIVE RUNS FOR MANCHESTER MEMBERS.

Nov.	2.—Ringway (Mainwood Farm)	Tea at 5-30.....	5-7 p.m.
"	9.—Alderley Edge (Trafford Arms)	Do.	4-54 p.m.
"	23.—Knutsford (Lord Eldon).....	Do.	4-34 p.m.
"	30.—Bollington (The Swan).....	Do.	4-27 p.m.
Dec.	7.—Knutsford (Lord Eldon)	Do.	4-22 p.m.

Full moon 18th instant.

Committee Notes.

Stourton Lodge,
Arno Road, Oxton.

The parcels to Members on Active Service Abroad sent in October numbered 14; ten of which contained chocolate, biscuits, kippers and mixed fruit drops, and four tobacco or cigarettes only.

The attention of the Manchester Members is drawn to the alteration in the Fixture for the first Saturday in November, Ringway having been substituted for Knutsford.

NEW ADDRESSES.—F. C. DEL STROTHER, c/o Baker Butterworth and Co., 65, Whitworth Street, Manchester; W. M. ROBINSON, 104, Willmer Road, Birkenhead; Lieut. C. C. DEWS, R.A.F., 18, Devonshire Place, Birkenhead; Pte. E. J. CODY, 27th Batt., King's (Liverpool) Regt., Royal Links Hotel, Nr. Cromer; Commander J. PARK, 23, Trafalgar Road, Birkdale; Second-Lieut. W. H. KETTLE, A. Coy., 12th Batt. M.G.C., B.E.F., France; J. HODGES, R.E., P.S., F.P.O., S.Z. 26, E.E.F.; Cadet D. R. FELL, R.A.F., Brasenose College, Oxford.

F. D. McCANN,
Hon. Secretary.

N. O. T. C. R.

Herewith we publish the Balance-sheet of the N.O.T.C.R., which speaks for itself, of the part played therein by the Anfield. The balance of £408 10/- for the Cyclists' Prisoners of War Fund is a noble result:—

INCOME.—Tickets, Badges and Donations.

	£.	s.	d.
W. P. Cook, Anfield B. C.	195	18	0
A. W. Phillips, Manchester W.	140	0	0
A. E. Sandbach, Clarion C. C.	27	9	0
C. H. Turnor, Anfield B. C.	16	10	0
J. E. Nagle, Chester C. C.	14	2	6
M. Hunter, Century C. C.	13	7	11
W. Ryan, Century C. C.	7	14	10
C. Harrison, Clarion C. C.	5	16	0
H. Boardman, C. T. C.	3	0	0
P. Brazendale, C. T. C.	2	2	0
J. Critchley, Warrington C. C.	1	17	6
R. Wilson, East Liverpool W.	1	16	8
W. C. Cole, Masonic C. C.	1	15	3
W. Taylor, St. Helens Recs.	1	15	0
G. Milne, C. T. C.	1	14	10
E. Kite, C. T. C.	1	12	6
Total income	£436	12	0

INCOME.

	£	s.	d.
By Sale of Tickets	41	15	0
„ „ Badges	25	0	0
„ „ Donations	369	17	0
	£436	12	0

EXPENDITURE.

	£	s.	d.
Printing defrayed by Liverpool Centre N. C. U.			
Badges—An anonymous Donor			
Catering	28	2	0
Balance	408	10	0
	£436	12	0

(Signed) A. E. SANDBACH,
Hon. Secretary and Treasurer.
October 15th, 1918.

Concerning Those On Service.

Postcard acknowledgments of parcels are to hand from: J. Hodges (August), "With greatest thanks to all"; Percy Williamson (August), "Everything in good condition, very best thanks to all"; H. S. Barratt (October); W. E. Cotter (October), "Many thanks. What do you think of the news of the past fortnight?"; R. T. Rudd (October), "Cheerio!"; and J. L. Mahon (September), "Many thanks!"

Dick Seed is, we are sorry (and, in another way, glad) to learn, in hospital in London. It appears that as he was on his way up to the front line for an attack, and when he was carrying someone else's kit in addition to his own, something broke in one of his knees, and so he's out of it for a bit. Here's the best of good wishes. Dick! Mac, hopes, if he can spare enough time, to look you up some day soon.

After a long silence, Kettle has been heard of again. He is now "over there" (France) once more, as the following letter shows: "I have intended writing you (McCann) for some little time; in fact, ever since coming out, but getting into the thick of it right away, and having a very busy time, it has been difficult to do much in the way of writing. The prospects of quick ending to the war seem very bright out here. The Boche appears to be in a great hurry now to get out of France; it is quite hard work keeping in touch with him at times. Remember me to all."—From the list of New Addresses it will be seen that Kettle has obtained his commission. Congratulations and Good Wishes!

MEMS.

Teddy Edwards' motto, when riding his tricycle on a dirty night, is: "Throw enough mud and some of it is sure to stick."

September is said to have been the wettest for over 60 years. Arthur enviously comments: "Not in my case"—and wonders how the other fellows managed to get the stuff.

New Book: "The Mirror and the Lamp." The Mullah says he doesn't want either—on the back of his machine.

Have you heard of Cook's prowess as a mender of clocks and watches? No timepiece, having been "repaired" by Grandad, ever goes again. For further details ask Robinson.

The run to Chester on the 9th is somewhat in the nature of an experiment, and it is hoped members will give it a trial. The Bars Hotel is run on restaurant lines, and no special meal has been ordered. At 6-0 o'clock we will obtain a table and each individual order his own meal. We are anxious to see how this pans out, for Chester is an excellent Winter objective, and with the temporary closing down of the Bull and Stirrup we have to find other accommodation.

Complaints were made of the service at Warrington last month, but we think the real reason was the vastness and coldness of the room. It ought to be explained that arrangements had to be made at the eleventh hour owing to the dilatoriness of the Patten Arms in arriving at a decision as to whether to cater for us or not. By this time the only room available at the Lion was the huge ballroom, which, notwithstanding the screens and a goodly crowd of 35, was as cold as charity. No wonder the grub was unsatisfactory under such conditions. We hope members will give the Lion another trial on the 16th, when we shall be in a smaller and cosier room, and the tea will undoubtedly taste a lot better.

At high noon on the day of the September Halewood run two old members who have not attended a fixture for donkey's years, might have been seen talking at the Atlantic News Room corner of Brunswick Street (like Kirkdale Goal in "The Cruise of the Calabar"—"a very dangerous spot not marked down on the chart"). Each asked the other whether he was going to the Club Run, but one was going golfing, and the other was going—well never mind! However, they did both solemnly promise each other that wild horses would not prevent their attending the *October* Halewood run, and they proceeded to make most binding and elaborate arrangements for meeting at the Union to do so together. We wonder if either or both kept the appointment? All we know is that neither materialised at Halewood! Who were they? Ah—that is the question! But we shrewdly suspect they both have such a quixotic regard for their reputation as regular non-attenders that they have not the moral courage to break their records! Still, we should be delighted if they surprised us some Saturday, and can promise a hearty welcome.

At a Committee Meeting of the Manchester Wheelers Club, on October 15th, the following resolution was unanimously adopted:—

“ That the best thanks of the Committee be tendered to Mr. W. P. Cook for his efforts in assisting to achieve such a success on behalf of the N. U. C. Prisoners of War Fund.”

In sending a copy of this resolution to Cook, Mr. F. T. Guildford added:—

“ I am also desired, on behalf of my Committee, to say that they appreciate very much the services you have rendered in connection with this year's Rally.”

Cody has been home on leave, and although not able to put in a Club Run as he so much desired, owing to the brevity of his furlough, which was only granted to enable him to get in the produce from his allotment, he did manage to join the Kafé Konklave, which was also favoured the same day by the dramatic appearance of Elsie. Cody looks remarkably fit and well, and rather surprised us by his eloquence on the topic of Army Life. He would make a fine lecturer après la guerre! He assures us that his experience and training for road racing have stood him in great stead, as “ Napper ” is a wonderful asset. Now that he has been removed from canvas to bricks and mortar, he says he will have more time for digesting the coruscating wit of the Circular. More power to you Cody, and may you and all the boys soon be Club-running regularly again!

Now that Grandad is getting so old and feeble, it will be a source of considerable satisfaction to him to learn that a Redditch firm is specialising in hand-propelled tricycles, which, fitted with a two-speed coaster hub in the front wheel, ought to be just the thing to provide him with a great amount of pleasure in the evening of his life. We shall yet see him attending a Club run on one of these machines—but *not* via Jlandegla.

RUNS.

Halewood, October 5th, 1918.

Alas, and alack, and woe is me! The talented and erudite contributor I had booked to write up this run is either under the 'flue-ence, or else engrossed in garnishing the fruits of his Herculean labours on the soil. All S.O.S. signals sent out to him to come up to the scratch meet with no response, and so in order that this peerless periodical may make its appearance before a horde of infuriated and disappointed subscribers fall on its wretched Editor, I, at the eleventh and three-quarter hour knuckle down once more to the grindstone to fill the aching void.

This being such a short run it was not worth while two hard riders like Chem. and myself digging our bicycles out—so, for a change, we went in our usual manner, and after a nice walk, during which the cosmic scheme and other trivial matters were discussed and settled, we duly reached the hostelry, to be welcomed at the portals by the Skipper—the first arrival—he having skilfully evaded the Cook, and come out on his own direct. Deftly piloting him to a recently discovered little snug well screened from the prying eyes of itinerant specials or prowling policemen, surreptitious refreshment of a liquid and palatable nature mysteriously made its appearance, and the interval before tea was pleasantly employed in listening to Johnnie's experiences at the Police Court. Let me hasten to correct a false impression no doubt already germinating in the minds of some who know Johnny—on this occasion he was *not* taking a principal part. He was simply bearing testimony against a gentleman charged with the heinous offence of selling sacks, or something, at a less price than a benign Controller (with a tender regard for the poor sweated manufacturers of these commodities) had fixed. He had been able to do this, it appears, for the simple reason that the material had been acquired by him several years ago, when prices were less—in his case considerably less, in fact, nowt. The poor chap was given a few

months in which to meditate on his awful past, and Johnnie was on the point of departing with his ill-gotten gains in the shape of witness fees, when the sticky fingers of the police force fastened on them with relentless grip, and so poor Johnny had none. The Skipper was eloquent on this subject. This led up to the question of sacks in general, past, present, and to come: the evolution of the sack from its protoplasmic or baggy stage; have sacks got souls? the morale of sand-bags when placed in the firing line; will sacks win the war? the refining influence of sacks on the life of the nation; natives and sacks as a garb; sacks *and* sacks; can sacks suffer? the future destiny of sacks—will they revert to type and emerge as bags? the sack as a means of congé; are sacks human? By the time these serious problems had been thoroughly sifted tea was ready, about 16 sitting down to a very nice repast. Some spirited (but, unfortunately, retrograde) bidding for the bottle of whisky the Skipper has got hoarded resulted in this priceless article being withdrawn, the reserve price (carefully locked up in Johnnie's bosom) not being reached. After tea the usual adjournment to the tank was made, and about 8-15 the hardy pedestrians got ready for their arduous journey, catching the 8-25 in good time, leaving the real drinkers to further quaff the foaming sack—there seems quite a lot of sack in this article. Is this an ominous portent for the Editor?

Knutsford, October 5th, 1918.

This account of this run is really an act of vicarious self-sacrifice. I was deputed by the Snub to command the Master to write it, he having mysteriously disappeared into the darkness of the night for the ostensible purpose of seeing if his lamps were in order. Evidently they were so, and perhaps he had divined what was in the Snub's mind, for he was never seen again and has managed to avoid me up to now. So, having undertaken the responsibility, I must abide by the consequences.

I must confess I don't fancy writing reports of Club runs. The Editor is such a hard man to please, and I feel that he may ruthlessly blue pencil some of the polished phrases and brilliant epigrams which I have laboriously excogitated whilst sitting in the gloaming, wrapped in my motor coat before a fireless grate, patriotically endeavouring to save coal and gas. (Pause here to take breath.)

Touching the run, however, I was going to make some remarks on the weather, but don't feel competent to state definitely whether it was wet or fine after reading the account of the Budworth run for last month. I have a distinct recollection of looking out on the afternoon of the said run and having the impression that it was raining cats and dogs, but apparently this must have been an optical delusion. Perhaps if I had made up my mind that it was fine, and gone forth, I should have found it to be so. I think I must cultivate the Art of Believing What you Want to Believe, as practised by Kaiser William and other celebrities, and if the writer of the Budworth account can lend me a good text-book on the subject I will gladly give in exchange a map of Manchester and 50 miles radius, so that he can find out the exact distance between the above-mentioned place and Cheadle Hulme.

Passing to matters of fact, there were 9 members present, who thoroughly enjoyed one of Mrs. Elwood's characteristic repasts. Even that blasé epicure, Crow, was heard to express his satisfaction, so it must have been top-hole. During conversation, speculations were made as to the form which the testimonial would take which was to be presented to W. P. Cook in commemoration of his 1,000 not out score. Of course, the suggestions are too late to be of any use in Cook's case, but as they may come in handy for the time when the Mullah achieves the same phenomenal record, I will enumerate them, *i.e.*, (1) A silver-plated 3-speed gear; (2) a new celluloid collar; (3) an electric rear light to confound Bobbies, special and otherwise by switching on and off.

It is pleasant to note that Del Strother has become a regular attendant and that he seems to thoroughly enjoy his return to cycling club life. The experiences of the journey home (per tandem with Frank Beckett) firmly convinced me that salad oil is not a good illuminant, and that pedestrians should carry rear lights.

Warrington, October 12th—Cook's (1,000 tours) Benefit.

The venue in this case had been specially arranged owing to the desirability of giving the same opportunity of attending to Liverpool, and Manchester members, for was there not interesting work toward? Of course there was, and the policy of that distinguished coterie of members forming our Committee was amply justified, a throng of about 35, mostly on bikes and trikes, swarming into the Lion's mouth as the hands of the clock steadily progressed in the direction of 6-0 p.m. It was unfortunate, owing to the procrastination of the "Patten Arms" management in making up their minds whether to have us or not, and then definitely turning us down towards the last moment, that we had to be content with the ballroom for the function, the other and much more cosy chamber being otherwise engaged. This room is a fine one for a gathering of, say, a couple of thousand, but appears a yawning gulf with a party like ours, and the process of getting the beer round with anything approaching decent despatch becomes instinct with difficulty. About tea time a wire arrived from the wife of the Presider to the effect that poor old David had been stricken with the fateful 'flue, and had been ordered to lie doggo. This was hard lines as the Presider had spent weeks getting up an oration for the occasion which would have worthily gone down to posterity and found a resting place in the honoured archives of the Club. But worse remained behind, *i.e.*, the matchless, priceless, unique, incomparably chased silver bowl, probably at that moment laden with gruel or other medicinal fodder to be devoured by the distinguished invalid, and bearing the inscription:—

Presented to W. P. Cook by the members of the Anfield
Bicycle Club on completion of 1,000 runs, 1899-1918.

One would have, naturally, thought that there being no present, a presentation automatically became impossible. Not a bit of it. The old adage bewailing the impossibility of making bricks without straw has no place in the tenets of the Anfield, and the ceremony proceeded. George Mercer on the spur of the moment ably deputised for the prostrate Presider, and described the offering in such detail that it at once took form and shape and became a concrete thing before our eyes, capable of being transferred to the blushing recipient. George told us that when Grandad was "Little Willie" (a remarkable feat of memory), he and Harry Cook, L. W.'s elder brother, were interrupted time after time in the midst of discussion by young Grandad until Harry at last rebuked him, calling him a "persistent little devil." And that was the keynote of his character; he was still a persistent little devil who got there every time. The Mullah followed with a few pithy remarks, and then the p.l.d., hunnishly treating as a scrap of paper his solemn declaration to the Editor that he would limit his speech to the eloquent query "Wot'll yer 'ave?" than which there could be nothing less supererogatory, or more to the point, it being constructed to convey a world of meaning, launched out into an impassioned harangue on the blessings of cycling, and its never-failing properties as a preventer of the 'flue, or, in fact, any other disease you like to name. Half an hour later, having abandoned all hope, his closing peroration with its liquid allurements woke me up just in time to prevent my missing my turn. Thus ended a very pleasant little function, and one which it should be everybody's ambition (the writer excepted, of course) to participate in as chief guest. There was a short musical programme provided by The Mullah, Chandler, Blackburn, Chem. and the Editor, after which the crowd dispersed in their several directions.

Rossett-Llangollen, October 19th-20th, 1918.

Notwithstanding the two opposition week-end parties the *Official Autumnal Tints Tourlet* can be at once declared a gigantic success. Favoured by perfect weather the fixture was supported by 28 members and one friend, which is significant of the Club's vitality, and all had a good time. At Rossett there were 18 for the excellent tea the Golden Lion always provides. Cooper and Williams had their tea early, and "got on with it" in daylight, thereby missing a glorious moonlight ride. Cook and Edwards had been round by "Llandegla of course." Chandler (fresh from a tour in South Wales on which his machine "Klapsed" near Fishguard), and Boardman had been pottering about all day. Billy Owen had come over from Menai Bridge, and received a very hearty welcome. The rest comprised Ven., Toft, Orrell, Royden, Blackburn, Tierney, Turnor, H. Green, Mac., Jack Seed, and El Capitaine. After tea, all but Edwards, Seed and Band were for Llangollen, and set off in two packs. The fast pack comprising Toft, Ven., Owen, Royden and Cecil were caught by the slow pack at Wrexham, and were basely deserted by Tommy and Cecil. Shame! The lanes proved very snaggy and greasy except for Mac. on his trike, but we soon forgot about them under the genial influence of smiles (and beer) at Ruabon, while Mac. was rebuilding Tommy's bicycle. (We expect T. R. would put his back wheel in wrong way but for the sprocket!). Here Grandad entertained us by reading a letter of A. W. Trevarthen's in the *Irish Cyclist*, in which it was stated that "all road users were compelled to carry red rear lights." This became the standing joke on the rest of the ride, as vehicular traffic was conspicuous by its absence, and we only encountered dozens of unlighted pedestrians all over the road, one bunch of whom were pushing an unlighted bath chair! At Llangollen we found Mercer and the following pedestrians:—Lizzie Buck, Prichard, Simpson, Lake, Winstanley, Mr. McNamara, and last, but not least, CAPTAIN COHEN—thus making a muster of 23. F. H. Kocnen was represented by the following telegram:—"Please excuse absence, have gone South," and we are sure the compulsion must have been some clause in DORA with a penalty of £100 fine and/or 6 months. After supper a very pleasant evening was spent, and Arthur made such rapid progress that a small wedding present (of his own money) was given to him next morning! After breakfast, Boardman departed to pick up a C.T.C. touring party at Bala; Turnor, Green and Orrell went off to the Cheshire Road Club run at Delamere; Toft, Mercer and Ven. returned by the main road with lunch at Chester, and the other 9 cyclists carried out the Ruthin programme. Tierney, Cook and Chandler made a new crossing of the mountains from the Conquering Hero (Tyn-twill near Rhewl) to Bryn Eglwys, and reported a fine pass between Moel-y-gaer and Moel Gamelin, with a saucy shelf road and glorious views from an altitude of 1396. The other six went to Llandegla direct, some by the old road, and some by the Horseshoe (Mac. had hard lines in being stopped on the last half-dozen yards of the final bend which prevented his being the first tricyclist to climb it) but all met at the Crown, and as we were joined there by Montag, Hawkes and Preece, the little sanctuary (second door on the left) where "Necktie" for the Gods is dispensed, was rather crowded—with 12 of us. Although timber cutting is in evidence, the Nant-y-garth provided some fine tints, and after some of us had detoured to see the Corral Reef under the Professor's guidance, we were all ready for the splendid feed at the Castle. It was here we had the other opposition week-end party reported, for we were told that an Anfielder and "a small boy" had been a day ahead of us! Who could they be? We put our sleuth-hounds to work, and "from information received" we concluded that Wayfarer and Gregg were the truants!! After lunch Montag and Owen departed up the Vale of Clwyd for Prestatyn and Menai Bridge respectively, and the rest of us, in twos and threes, made for Queens Ferry and home. Williams, Cooper, Royden, Preece and Hawkes

went for all they were worth (Shall we say fourpence?) straight through, but the feeble ones, Tierney, Mac., Cook, Blackburn, Chandler, and Mr. Swift (a friend of Tierney's who joined us near Mold, and nearly put it through us on his Premier Dreadnought—good job he was not an a *bicycle*!)—put in at Hinderton for tea, and finally, reinforced by Band, had another club run to the purlieus of the City of the Future. Thus ended the cyclists' week-end, but we understand the pedestrians, who had started *their* week-end on the Friday—Lizzie swears Arthur commenced on the Tuesday! [This is a foul calumny.—Ed.] did not conclude proceedings till Monday, so it is pretty evident we all had a great time, and one well worth ranking with the best of this historic series.

Autimnal Stunts.

Lizzie B., as usual, captained the pedestrians, and was the real article, with ruck sack and all the modern refinements. He led them a pretty dance over the hills to Glyn Cerriog and back on Sunday.

Mr. McNamara filled (almost to bursting point) a chain in the tank, and was just as good company as at Bettws. We firmly believe if a bicycle could be built for him capable of standing the strain, he would become "one of us"; so mote it be!

How was it that A.T.S. could not, or would not, sit down in the tank. It seemed to bear some relationship to his aspiration to become the "Fat" Controller.

How far south of Shrewsbury did the Master get, and what was the real reason? Ar! Did he get in the wrong train at Crewe? That's the worst of these rattler cyclists!

It was good to have "Ugly" on a week-end again, and we hear he enjoyed himself immensely. Why not get a bicycle, Ernie, and resume "getting 'em round"? It would renew your youth and restore the golden days. See what its done for the Editor!

We were delighted to have Cohen with us, and to see him looking so well. Being now a gas expert, he was very loquacious on the war, talking for at least a couple of minutes on this specious subject. As far as we heard he did not get any further promotion while at Llangollen, much to his disgust, this form of recreation having now become a habit with him.

Northop, October 26th, 1918.

The main theme of conversation during tea concerned a mysterious "alternative run," on which everybody seemed to be going. After careful enquiry, the present deponent gathered that the "alternative run" had been unofficially fixed for 16th November, when the Club is due to re-visit the Lion at Warrington. A good deal of dissatisfaction, discontent, disaffection, and, possibly, dysentery, was evident, and, while it is thought that a strike will be avoided, the situation obviously calls for very careful handling, and it is stated, on most unreliable authority, that the services of Sir George Askwith, as mediator, have already been secured. Owing, probably, to the fact that many of the members had not recovered after their strenuous exertions on the Autimnal Tunts week-end, only 7 stalwarts faced the starter at 6 p.m. Robinson and Gregg, who had been out looking for (and finding) hills in the Cilcain district, arrived in a few minutes and swelled the attendance to 9—as any arithmetician of ordinary ability can work out for himself. Tea—consisting of fish, with parsley sauce and potatoes, bread and butter, tart and jam (this is where Oliver came in)—was a great success,

and thereafter various matters of current interest were discussed and settled. About 7-15 a move was made, and the main body set off for Queen's Ferry. Grandad, still exerting his mysterious hypnotic influence, carried off Robinson on yet another week-end trip, convoyed by Professor Rockandtappit. (We ask again: *When* will Robinson get wise?) Arthur's absence was much regretted, but, as it was announced that he was being specially "expected" by a real Major, we all accepted the situation philosophically—and sympathised with the Major.

Allstock, October 28th, 1918.

It was a perfect autumn day—a clear sky, no wind, roads which if not quite dry were near enough to it for all practical purposes, and that little bite in the air which makes exercise such a pleasure. We took a nice little round through the lanes and arrived about dark at the "Drovers," where the light of the cheery log fire, flickering on the highly polished steel and copper of the old-fashioned inn fireplace made a cosy picture in the twilight. The boys soon trooped in—Crow with Beckett, and an old member, Royle, who has now been discharged from the Army, the Doctor and Del Strother, Orrell, "Klick," "L.O.," Buckley père et fils, the former of whom has not been able to get out for some time for business reasons, Aldridge, once more fixed up with a machine, and the Mullah, thus completing the Anfield lucky number. So many had not been expected, and some adjustments in the kitchen were necessary, with consequent delay, so that it was nearly 6-30 when we got off our mark. However, once away we soon got over the course, and, the table cleared, gathered round the fire and settled everything satisfactorily.

A. T. SIMPSON,

Editor.

PEACE NUMBER.

ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB.

FORMED MARCH 1879.

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

MONTHLY CIRCULAR.

Vol. XIII.

No. 154.

FIXTURES FOR DECEMBER, 1918.

	Light up at
Dec. 7.—Halewood (Derby Arms).....	4-22 p.m.
„ 9.—Committee Meeting, Common Hall, Hackins Hey, Dale Street, Liverpool, 7 p.m.	
„ 14.—Chester (The Bars)	4-21 p.m.
„ 21.—Northop (Red Lion)	4-22 p.m.
„ 26.—(Boxing Day) Chester (The Bars)	4-25 p.m.
„ 28.—Irby (Prince of Wales)	4-27 p.m.
1919.	
Jan. 4.—Halewood (Derby Arms)	4-34 p.m.
„ 10.—(Friday) Annual General Meeting, Common Hall, Hackins Hey, Dale Street, Liverpool, 7 p.m.	

ALTERNATIVE RUNS FOR MANCHESTER MEMBERS.

Note.—Tea at 5-30 p.m.

Dec. 7.—Knutsford (Lord Eldon).....	4-22 p.m.
„ 14.—Ringway (Mainwood Farm)	4-21 p.m.
„ 21.—Alderley Edge (Trafford Arms)	4-24 p.m.
„ 28.—Allostock (Oak Cottage)	4-27 p.m.
1919.	
Jan. 4.—Knutsford (Lord Eldon)	4-31 p.m.

Full moon 17th instant.

A MERRY XMAS TO ALL.

Committee Notes.

Stourton Lodge,
Arno Road, Oxtou.

The parcels to Members on Active Service Abroad sent in November numbered 14; nine of which contained Plasmon biscuits, chocolate, herrings and tomatoes, and mixed fruit drops, and five tobacco or cigarettes only.

The Annual General Meeting is to be held in the Common Hall, Hackins Hey, at 7-0 p.m., on FRIDAY, 10th January, 1919. If you have any subjects to bring before the Meeting, please let me have a note of such not later than Wednesday, 1st January, 1919, so that I may enter them on the Agenda.

The Boxing Day Run will this year be to The Bars, CHESTER. Dinner will be at 1-30 p.m., and the following meeting places are suggested for Liverpool District members who desire a ride before dinner:—Clatterbridge at 10-30 a.m., and for those going direct, New Ferry Tram Terminus at 11-30 a.m.

APPLICATION FOR MEMBERSHIP.—Mr. WILLIAM BAND, 17, Kingsway, Wallasey, Cheshire; proposed by J. C. Band, and seconded by W. P. Cook (Junior Active).

NEW ADDRESSES.—H. POOLE, "Bryntirion," Granville Park, Aughton, near Ormskirk; 2nd-Lieutenant P. C. BEARDWOOD, Portman House, East Sheen, London, S.W.14.

F. D. McCANN,
Hon. Secretary.

PEACE.

At last the awful nightmare which has haunted the world for the last few years has passed to give place, we trust and believe, to an era resplendent with hope, and instinct with possibilities. To all who have contributed to this magnificent result—and, of course, in particular to our own Members in the Forces—we owe, and feel the sincerest and most heartfelt gratitude. To the relatives of those of our Members who have fallen in the fight, we can only again offer our deepest sympathy, and the hope that time will mercifully mellow their grief. To our wounded and invalid Members, our heartiest wishes go out for rapid and complete recovery, and we look forward to the time—in the near future—when the sporting activities of the Club, necessarily held in leash during the period of the war, will spring into life again with a freshness and vigour which will place the Old Anfield once more in the forefront of the road-racing world.—Ed.

Concerning Those On Service.

Postcard acknowledgments of parcels are to hand from: G. Jackson (September), "A very welcome parcel indeed and, like all the others, it just came when it was needed. My kindest regards to all"; Percy Williamson (September), "In good condition. Very best thanks to all. Am quite fit"; A. P. James (September); James Rowatt (July), "Many thanks. Letter follows"; A. Warburton (November), "With thanks"; D. C. Kinghorn (August), "Many thanks for continued kindness"; J. Hodges (September), "With very many thanks"; W. E. Cotter (November), "Many thanks."

From Gunner H. R. Band, Trimulgherry, September 16th, 1918:—"Just a line to thank you and the other members of the A.B.C. for the July parcel. I am sorry to say the June parcel has not come to hand yet, and am afraid it has gone down. There is a mail missing between 17th June and 1st July,

and I have had no letters or parcels between those two dates. It is only the second mail which has gone West since I left home, so I cannot grumble, although when I think of 11b. of Taddy's in Davy Jones's locker it doesn't improve my feelings towards the Huns!

I don't know if I told you before, but I am now a gunner, or at least am called so! I was reverted in June, much to my disgust, but after a fortnight on gun drill I managed to get on the signalling staff, so am quite cushy for duration. Our instruction is much slower here than at home, and it takes from 9 to 12 months to turn out a proficient signaller, and sometimes longer. We learn every branch of the game, and have to be proficient at riding as well, which was one of the attractions for me.

"By the way, I am glad to say I have had all the Club Circulars safely—the last one contained the Club photo, which you may be sure interested me more than a little. It was quite like old times to see all the old faces again, and also the large number of new ones whom I have never had the pleasure of meeting. They all looked jolly fit and well, and may the day soon come when I will be able to turn up at a Club Run again."

At last Everbright has been heard from. He is now on the Military Police at Felixstowe, but expects shortly to be transferred to the Army Pay Corps.

Cody, who is now at a Signalling School at Sherringham, writes: "I am back to schoolboy days again. I shall soon have dots and dashes, Electricity, Magnetism, construction of lamps, Heliographs, Telescopes, etc., etc., oozing out of the top of my head. I have heard so many lectures, etc., since I came here on Saturday last that it is a hard job to know where one stops and the other begins. I have had a note from Norman Higham. He was quite close to me until I came here, and I did not know, or I might have gone over to see him. I received this month's Circular all right, for which many thanks. Hope you are keeping well. Kind regards and best wishes to you and all the A.B.C. boys."

Clifford Dews, who is now with the Aegean Group R.A.F. writes as follows:—"At last I have found time to drop you a line. We landed here three days ago, and I have been very busy ever since, what with settling down in our new quarters and flying. I myself have been lucky enough to secure a hut, or rather an old packing case as it really is, and am consequently feeling very bucked with life—the other blokes have tents. The journey out here was most interesting, although towards the end it became rather wearisome. The Alps greatly impressed me, and we had some wonderful views from the train, which ambled along at a comfortable 15 m.p.h. As soon as we got into the Italian Plain the weather grew perceptibly warmer. . . . This place is pretty rotten itself since it is simply a very barren island with no sights to see. . . . I seem to have struck lucky since I have already run into two old friends both of whom I met at Vendome. The climate, as far as I have experienced it out here, seems very nice indeed. We have not had any rain except one colossal thunderstorm, otherwise things have been very nice. The thunderstorm was a great affair—I should say we had about twelve flashes per minute. They were no ordinary flashes, but the sort that light the place up for about two seconds—and the rain, ye gods! Well I must close now. Kind regards to all the A.B.C."

"Jimmy" James writes, under date October 25th. His letter is headed "British Red Cross and Order of St. John": "How do you like the heading? Swanky, isn't it? I've been using it for just a month (H.E. wounds both forearms), but am going on very well now. My chief trouble has been

digging operations in my port fin looking for bits. Last month I put in some fancy riding, which I rather think even Cook would jib at though Hubert might enjoy it. One bike, Army pattern, shorts, shirt sleeves, that terrible invention a tin hat, a Macedonian sun, and a violently up-hill piece of road dotted with shell holes, on which Johnny Bulgar had got the range to a tick! I forgot to mention that the G. S. bike and G. S. cyclist are fully loaded with kit, hand grenades and umpteen rounds of '03. I found most of the Serbian roads excellent, but of Bulgaria I know little, as no sooner had I got my front wheel over the boundary when I was violently pushed back, and then—"Do you think you could drink a little of this?" Give my love to all the boys. Cheerio!"

[We are very sorry indeed to hear of "Jimmie's" trouble, but trust he will have a speedy recovery, and can now reasonably hope to have him amongst us again in the near future.—Ed.]

Cody writes as follows:—"The Brigade School has been broken up, and this Battalion is also following suit, so I do not know where I shall be located soon. I was down for transfer to the A.S.C., but it has not come off yet—you never know 5 minutes where you will be sent. At the present time I am navvying, filling in trenches and dugouts along this coast, and a dreary job it is. I have not been feeling extra of late, have got a rather bad cold on my chest, and the damp, foggy weather we are having here does not improve it. Kind regards and best wishes to you and all the A.B.C. boys."

From W. R. Oppenheimer, France, 23rd November, 1918: "I am afraid I never wrote you last month to thank you for the 'Kenilworth' cigarettes I received, they were very welcome as usual, and herewith my best thanks. I was fortunate enough to get home on leave for the first fortnight of this month. I was hoping to get out to a Club Run but could not manage. However, I did have the pleasure of meeting the famous Del Strother for the first time. It should not be so very long now before most of us get home. As far as I can gather, our crowd will not be going forward to occupy the Rhine provinces, so we ought to stand a better chance of getting back early."

The following interesting letter has been received from Beardwood:—"No doubt you will be interested to hear how I am getting on. I did not give up my beloved 'Ariel,' on the contrary I sent for it the first week I was at Henley, and found it most useful for getting about; for instance, the drill ground was almost a mile away, and as we had to 'press the daisies down' after breakfast, lunch and tea, it saved nearly 24 miles walking. Owing to strenuous study at night, I had no time for exploring the magnificent country round about, but the greatest use for the bike had yet to manifest itself. I found that we were finished after lunch on Saturday until Monday morning, bar Church Parade on Sunday, which really meant calling the roll at 9-30, so I soon decided that it only meant getting excused Church Parade to enable me to leave about 2-0 o'clock on Saturdays and return about 8-10 p.m. Sundays. My bicycle then became the envy of all the school, as it enabled me to get home practically every week-end. I kept this up till late in October, when one Sunday it came on a storm, and rained in torrents all day, so I reluctantly decided to leave my trusty steed and return by rail. That was the last I saw of the bicycle (Shame!—Ed.) as it was not worth getting it down again seeing my time was drawing to a close

"I passed out from Henley last Thursday, and am posted at Albany Street Depôt, Regents Park (Friswells old place) for a month, prior to going out to clear up the mess. There is no Sunday work so I am riding again. Yesterday I went to Ripley, but although it was a lovely Autumn day there were no cyclists there with the exception of my wife and myself. I am afraid pedal pushing is a decaying (or even decayed) sport, and even peace won't raise any enthusiasm in the lazy youth of to-day. On the contrary,

the crowds of motors and motor cycles that will come on the roads in the Spring of 1919 will knock the last nail in the coffin of cycling (Certainly not—cycling will live for ever.—Ed.)

"I saw Hellier on Friday. He has not cycled since I joined up, and I am afraid he won't until I can get him going next Spring. He is talking motor bike for the future (How dare he?—Ed.); so if he deserts me I shall have to go out with the C.T.C. They seem the only real cyclists left, anyhow, all-the-year ones."

MEMS.

An advertisement in the *C.T.C. Gazette* of the "Goddard" Patent Portable Hammock Bed states *inter alia*: "You probably are overcrowded at times; why not keep half-a-dozen Goddard beds by you—much better than spoiling the billiard-room table by making a temporary bed of it. . . . Even Grandpapa will find it useful for an after-dinner nap." The italics are ours, and we wonder if Sunnyside Hydro is furnished with this "real necessity."

According to the *Irish Cyclist*, a pedestrian is not a road user! We are told that the term "road user" only includes vehicles that cannot use the footpath. That may be an academic theoretical definition, but *in practice* it is all fudge. The pedestrian has always been "the Chartered Libertine of the road," and is most emphatically the largest class of road user. Any cyclist who refuses to recognise this, and rides faster at night than the efficiency of his own head lamp permits will sooner or later come to a sticky end! Macclesfield on a Saturday night would open the eyes of some people!

An article by Faed in the *Irish Cyclist* is full of enthusiastic eulogy of the North Road Club with which everyone must agree, but Faed makes the mistake of ascribing certain virtues as *solely* appertaining to that splendid organisation. The North Road Club is not the only Club that can claim not to accept pecuniary or prize support from outside sources as a matter of principle, and to have given "cups, medals and prizes galore" provided by its own members, besides "issuing a Club Gazette at the sole cost of the members, advertisements being excluded." What a pity Faed did not try us when he was offering those "12 Dunlop Silver Challenge Cups to as many road racing clubs"! He would not then have been able to write: "As I expected "the North Road was the only club to decline the offer," because there would have been no equivocation about the Anfield reply to such a gratuitous insult! Faed also claims that the North Road Club "set the fashion for club runs to be held during the winter," but we fancy Anfield Winter Runs were not unknown years earlier. O course, Faed does not regard the Anfield as a Road Club, but what is there in a name? It is the programme of a Club and not its title that decides the question of fact, and the Anfield has always been in its very essence a Road Club. We know of one Club that Faed would have to acknowledge from his point of view as a Road Club, because it is *called* a Road Club, but which does not exist in any way for the sport of competitive road riding.

"Wayfarer" and Grandad are most frightfully chesty after having had lunch with the Mayor of Ruthin at the Castle Hotel recently. There's no holding them.

The older members of the Club in general and Frank Roskell in particular will learn with great regret of the death of P. A. Ransom, of the North Road Club. In the days when Jimmy James was living in the Potteries, and a regular attender of our fixtures, he used to vastly entertain Frank and the rest of us with yarns about "Buff" Ransom until we all felt we knew him intimately. What a pity "Jim Jams" is not amongst us now to revive these reminiscences! A week-end with Frank and Jimmy would be a great tonic.

Those who participated in the week-ends at Stokesay Castle Hotel, Craven Arms, will hear with profound regret that Mr. Boulton, our genial host, recently passed away after a short illness. Our sympathies are extended to Mrs. Boulton and family.

It is our sad duty to chronicle the loss of another son (a boy of 17) of David Rowatt, his death being caused through pneumonia. Poor David has had a rough time lately through bereavement, and our deepest sympathies go out to him and his wife and family.

At Halewood, on Saturday, the Chart of Run Attendances for the year will be exhibited. It is a most interesting and gratifying chart. Last year the average attendance for the 11 months was 17.87, with the lowest attendance 8 and the highest 37. With our December spurt we raised the figures for the year to 18.735. This year the average for the 11 months works out at 24.27, with the lowest attendance 11, and the highest 44. This is a magnificent showing, but there are still 5 runs, and with a bit of an effort we ought to raise the figures to over 25, and get back to the level of 1913. So come and see how *you* stand.

Cooper, Orrell and Chandler are running a neck and neck race for the attendance prize. — *Verb sap.*

Peaceful Parns,

Thinking that it would interest our readers we have obtained the following observations on the conclusion of the war from notable cyclists:—

By P. C. HILDITCH (THORNTON HOUGH).—"The end of the war means the death of DORA, and robs me of my occupation. Fortunately, DORA stimulated my Geological Studies, and I have learnt so much about Quartz that I shall have plenty of consolation in my retirement."

By W. P. CHEF (SENIOR WANGLER).—"My great regret is that my Identity Book and Rear Lamp will now be useless, and shortly Wireless (or S.O.S.) coupons will not be required. I did think of missing a Club Run to celebrate the occasion, but finally decided that this would be too drastic."

By JAY BEE (EL CAPITAINE).—"I so thoroughly enjoyed the Bottle of Pre-war O.D.V. with which I celebrated Peace that I have decided to rejoin the Cheshire Beer Biters."

By J. A. GRIMSHAW ('APPY).—"I think my method of celebrating the great day has at least the merit of uniqueness. I appointed myself O.C. of a Motor Transport Section, and vamoosed to Manchester to have peace in strict seclusion and dodging M.P.'s."

By H. M. BUCK (LIZZIE).—"What a grand excuse it offered for a week-end with Winnie at Llangollen! It has put me in fine fettle for a 10 days' 'week-end' at Bettws for Xmas."

By F. J. CHEMINAIS (THE CRUSTY OLD OHAP).—"I shall now be able to get my gloves cleaned, dig out my speed iron, and resume hard riding."

By A. CROWCROFT (THE RAVEN).—"Peace has just come in time to save me from the disgrace of resigning my position as King of the Smart Set. We may now expect a decline in the price of sartorial equipment, and I shall be able to retain my ascendancy."

By D. R. FELL (THE PRESIDER).—"I sincerely hope the Specials will not be demobilised until I have risen to the rank of Chief. My book on 'Liverpool by Night' is now in the Press."

By C. F. HAWKES (LORD HAWKES).—"As Beer Controller I can now see my finish, but I retain tender recollections of this thirst-provoking occupation."

By R. L. L. KNIPE (CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER).—"I think it is too awful for words that Peace should come just as I was taking up my one-hundredth allotment. However, my right to the title of King of the Allotmenters is not likely to be disputed."

By F. H. KOENEN (THE MASTER).—"I rejoice to think that railway fares and the price of telegrams will shortly be reduced to normal rates, so that I can continue to camouflage my movements at less expense."

By H. POOLE (MAYOR OF AUGHTON).—"I so enjoyed getting fit for Bettws that I regret the approaching removal of the restrictions on motoring. There is nothing like cycling for keeping one young and light hearted."

By A. T. SIMPSON (CYCLIST).—"My great regret is that just as my position as one of the W.W.W. had become impregnable, the removal of petrol restrictions renders the title a barren one as far as I'm concerned, and Chem. at a bound automatically becomes the supreme W.W.W. Just my luck!"

By C. H. TURNOR (The MULLAH).—"Now that the war is over I am thinking of taking up cycling again, and am already booking helpers for an attack on the 24 Hours' T.T. Record."

By J. H. WILLIAMS (THE FARMER'S BOY).—"As I am not entirely bereft of my senses I can no longer be hired to push old gentlemen about on tandems, and am open to receive offers for my bicycles. To paraphrase George Milne, K.O.K., 'Look what motor cycling has done for me.' 'Peace and Plenty' (of motor cycling) is my motto."

OUR STUPENDOUS ENTERPRISE.

Thanks to the hearty co-operation of our innumerable readers, we have secured, for early publication, a remarkable series of articles, which, we venture to think, will constitute a National, and, indeed, an International, memorial of the Great War. In spite of the enormous expense involved, it is not proposed to increase the price of this journal, the Editor having generously agreed to forego half his fees. Among the articles in question are the following:—

- "Some potatoes I have dug," by R. L. L. Knipe.
- "Should cyclists carry white rear lights?" by Charlie Conway.
- "Little Willy as I knew him," by G. B. Mercer.
- "Why not 18-inch cranks?" by Arthur T. Simpson.
- "An awful predicament," by "Shem."
- "The case against jam rationing," by Oliver Cooper.
- "Sacks I have known," by Jay Bee.
- "Dogs and how to control them," by "The Mullah."
- "Moral Courage: Two points of view," by W. P. Cook and J. Band.
- "Geological studies in Ullet Road," by "One who was there."
- "How to comply with Dora by carrying the rear light in front," by "Hello."
- "By rail and road," by "The Master."

"Character studies of clever writers. No. 1 'Wayfarer,' by W. M. Robinson.

"Meat without coupons," by "A Senior Wangler."

"Tricycles and their remedies," by E. Edwards.

"Overfeeding in the Army," masterly exposure by E. Cody.

"Why I am a cyclist," by the Editor.

"'Specials' and their watches—should they be disgorged?" by The President.

"Rearlights"—An impassioned plea for their retention, by The Apostle.

"Hard Riders": (1) The Editor, by Shem; (2) Shem, by The Editor.

Chandler sends the following instructive account of a tour he recently had:—

There are one or two points with regard to the general condition of the roads, etc., which might be useful. Riding from Oswestry up the Vyrnwy Valley to Meifod, and on to Llanfair Caereinion, the road branching off at Llanymynech to Llansantffraid via Pentre-Cylin, will be found in better condition than that via Llanyblodwel. The steep ascent out of Llanfair on the direct Newtown road is in good condition, and the same can be said for the remainder as far as Tregynon. Between Abermule and Newtown I had four miles of very treacherous surface to negotiate by lamplight. At Aber-Bechan pillarbox I took the direct road into Newtown, marked by Bartholomew as inferior, and found it in very good condition. From Tregynon it took me 1½ hours to do the 6½ miles. At Rhyader, I was fortunate in it being fair day (Monday). They give a splendid farmers ordinary at the little white-washed pub—next to the Castle Hotel. I found the road by Beulah very rough in places, whilst I understand the Llangammarch road has been taken over by the local authorities within the last 5 years, and is now being kept in repair. The road approaching the Sugar Loaf is rough and grass-grown in places, the descent in loose condition, and the last four miles to Llandoverly has seen timber carting by traction in its merriest mood. The road all the way to Llandilo is tarred and is in first-class condition. At Llandoverly, the Castle Ho., although not inviting from the outside, was quite comfortable. The road from Llandilo to Carmarthen is very bad for four miles, being completely worn to the foundations; this is probably only temporary, however, as thereafter it has been re-made, and is splendid all the way to Carmarthen, with lovely scenery in the Towy Valley. The road on to St. Clears is very good, and fair up to the Red Roses, notwithstanding heavy motor traffic; the climb is beautifully graded. The road on to Tenby is in splendid condition and of a switchback order. The Royal Lion is a comfortable house at Tenby, and the food is good. As I wanted to see Carew Castle, I took the direct road via Gumfreston, marked by Bartholomew as secondary. Here you begin to get on to the limestone roads, which extend for the most part over Pembrokeshire. They are very heavy in wet weather and decidedly tricky; although not quite so bad as in Derbyshire. Traction engines do most of the heavy haulage and render the sides deeply rutted. Speaking from a road standpoint, I should favour the summer months for touring in this part of the world. In crossing Milford Haven it is better to ferry across from Hobbs Point to Neyland, rather than Pembroke Ferry to Burton. The road from Neyland on to Haverfordwest is bad, and much cut up with traction hauling. The road from Haverfordwest to St. Davids, according to local authority, is 16 miles in length and has 17 hills; it is much cut up and dangerous in parts, with heavy traction traffic and a motor bus four days a week, the hills are certainly very steep, but the rider is well rewarded by the beautiful coast scenery at Newgate and Solva. At St. Davids, a very bracing place, the City Hotel is very comfortable and cheap: tea,

supper, bed and breakfast, 7/6. The road to Fishguard is very tricky in wet weather, scenery not interesting. Owing to a broken axle, which could not be replaced, the tour was here brought to an abrupt conclusion; but I trust that by next year the war will be over, and that we may be able to make up a small party of Anfielders to do the remaining portion together with a few of the many spicy bits the district offers.

RUNS.

Halewood, November 2nd, 1918.

I had just perused with great avidity the panegyric to Cycling which appeared in a recent issue. I followed the writer amidst the Elysian Fields pictured by his fancy as he progressed through the course of the seasons. He placed the sport before me in a new light, and I became animated with an impatient desire to return to the joys of the wheel instantler. I had once ranked as a fair cyclist—might I not become a ranker? There was no gain-saying him—life without a cycle is unthinkable indeed, for is not life itself made up of cycles?

I was bubbling over with my new-found enthusiasm when I bumped into my friend Brown. "You do look pleased with yourself," said he, "What's wrong?" "Whatever else is wrong," I replied, "cycling's all right. There's nothing like it, except bicycling." And I repeated, in the words and figures of the original, the aforesaid encomium of the sport. He regarded me in silence, and there was infinite pity in his look. "Besides," I added, seeking to convince, and recalling the words of the Apostle, "it renews your youth." "The Lord knows you want that badly," he remarked. "But look here," he went on, "what I don't like is, that you ignore other sports which I consider far over-top cycling. Now take fishing, for instance—see how it develops the imagination. And golf—which, apart from the splendour of the regalia in which it allows you to appear on the field, as an aid to reflection stands pre-eminent—not only does it make you think things—it makes you say them. And how adept it makes you in the use of vigorous English. Why I have traced an indifferent golfer's course over the links by simply following the line of scorched grass. And then—don't forget bowls, to say nothing of ping-pong and diavolo." But I would listen no longer—there are some men who are so narrow-minded! Of course, there's no sport like cycling, and no club like the Anfield.

The day arrived. I knew I should be unlucky, for the first person I met that morning had a swivel eye—one of those eyes that look at you in one place and see you in another. An almost incredible thing happened, but as I had no machine to bear me out, I will limit myself to the admission that two beerthirsty pedestrians duly arrived at the "Derby Arms" well before six of the clock. Tiny had been regarded as a possible third—but his ideas of locomotion are progressive—he is now devoted to tanks—any other means of transport would be beneath him.

A goodly number had already assembled. A glance into the busy kitchen, as we passed on our way to the gastronomical department, augured well for our inner comforts. 14 members sat down, and all acquitted themselves like Anfield trenchermen. It was a sight to do good to a dyspeptic. Where all did their duty so nobly, it would be invidious to single out any one for special mention.

And then to the Smoke-room where, interspersed with the trinking of glasses and the song of good fellowship, the subjects of the moment were discussed and satisfactorily disposed of. And then out into the cold, dark night with a Godspeed home.

A *coup d'oeil* over the company would have shewn it to be composed mostly of veterans; they whose devotion to the old club and to their chosen

sport have "kept the flag flying" during the difficult period of the war. Let us hope that with the looming in the near distance of an early and victorious peace and the return from the front of our younger blood, the dear old club will revive, aye! and even excel, its past glory.

[The Manchester Snub is a decent chap, and that is why he allows us to worry him to death. It appears he had commissioned the Master to do the dirty work in connection with the Ringway run, but that elusive person had gone away in the night, or nights, for a rest cure, leaving no trace behind. On our peremptory demand for "copy," the Snub did, accordingly, stand on both his hind legs and produce same with trembling hand and guilty mien, sending it to us post-haste with groveling apology. Of course, immediately it had been set up in type the Master trippingly comes up with his little lot!—Ed.]

Ringway, November 2nd, 1918.

We two old corks were pushing along on the Knutsford Road at a steady 10 m.p.h. or something less, and thought it rather hard work, when behold past us dashed two of the "Do 'em-over Boys," who apparently made nothing of the strong breeze which was blowing dead against us. They were good enough to stint their manly majesty of pace a little for our benefit and, tucking in behind them, we found the rest of the way to Knutsford vastly easier. Then we got the turn and, the wind behind, scampered along at a dizzy pace through Mobberley and the lanes to Oversley Ford. Here the lusty youths, with a consideration for which no praise would be too high, actually put their feet to earth and suggested walking the steep rise. The suggestion was received with acclamation, and acted upon unanimously. Once at the top, however, the speed-fever attacked them badly, and the subsequent mile or so to Mainwood Farm was quite one of the old-fashioned spurts to the rendezvous, and reminded one of the breathless, perspiring finishes in the good old days. Arrived there, we found one bicycle under the barn. It bore unmistakable evidence of its ownership. Who but one man could possess a machine with so many improvements—so many unconventional fitments—making for ease, elegance and individuality? We found him in the kitchen seated before the cheerful blaze entertaining the ladies of the family in his own inimitable way, much to their gratification. Shortly afterwards the remainder of the Cheadle Hulme contingent arrived in force, and the interval before feeding time was enlivened by a spirited performance on the piano by Del Strother, who played all the old favourites. The witching hour having arrived, we dispatched an excellent tea to the accompaniment of quip and jest from the Smart Set, who was at the top of his form. After a pleasant chat there were anxious calculations as to the length of time it would take to reach certain points on the homeward journey to Cheadle Hulme, with references to the necessity of arriving there some time before 9.30. It was good to see that all were so anxious to be near the domestic hearth at a reasonable hour, and so there was none to gainsay their departure about 8 o'clock.

Ringway, November 2nd, 1918.

It blew a stiff south-easter but we all arrived with the wind up the fluter, some by railing to Wilmslow, others by a wide circular movement via Knutsford. Tea was fixed for 5.30 winter-time, and as I arrived at 5.7—lighting-up time—I expected to find a queue awaiting admittance. Not so, I stood alone. Then I sate me down by the side of the housewife, a very human person who believes in "feeding the brute," and confessed to me her culinary secrets and asked my advice. "Would the fowl on the fire be too light-hearted a meal?" queried she. My heart leapt at it. "Would apple-pudding lie too heavy on a cycling stomach?" "Long may it stabilize mine," quoth I.

Here appeared the austere Oppenheimer ushering in the member from Eccles and the patentee from Altrincham, who rides a tricycle to save his grey matter. His new sparking plug will soon add Kudos to his already fair fame, when the Doctor has set the syndicate in motion to spark it.

Shortly after, while dozing by the club fire, a shower of abuse rained on me, heralding the entry of Crow and his grievances. How is it that I am responsible for all his woe but ne'er his weal? Next the Doctor visited on me the supposed loss of the Count, gone astray between Acomb Street and Madison Avenue. Am I his keeper? But soon a strange yet not unknown voice put also that slander to rest: The Count was there! So was à Beckett. Late was Green, later yet the Mullah, courtly and urbane. Being at last permitted to get on with the 'osses the repast was delightful but short lived. Ringway and the Lord Eldon now run neck and neck for 1st place. After tea the conference. Peace and Protest, the Bourgeois and the Bolshevics. We became the arbiters of the Armistice. Two great moralists present would argue that there could be repentance without humiliation, but *nous autres*, we sinners know better. A duel of courtesy took place between the Mullah and Crow. They parried and thrust in gallant style, though in feature they remind one even more of the priesthood than the knighthood. What saintly mien for Telling Beads.

Ringway, being unlicensed, the Cheadle Hulmers, supported by Green, Turnor and the Count, and backed by the gale set off via Styal and Stanley Road for the Hulme Hesketh, and sat there till Dora's bedtime. 'Twas a night well spent.

THE WAYWARD ONE.

Chester, November 9th, 1918.

Having pushed the Cook's tandem to Halewood the previous Saturday, I thought I had earned a rest, so I ambled quietly out and arrived at The Bars about 5.30. Found Teddy Edwards and Johnnie Band hanging about wearing a hungry look and knickers. A move was made inside, and it was found that the Cook had stolen a march on us, for he and Robinson were plaidedly (sorry) placidly consuming plaice and chips. It transpired they had been out all day on the tandem, and were going on to Llandrillo for the week-end. (We ask again: When will Robinson get wise?) The arrival of Ven., Jack Seed, Oliver, Chandler, Band and youngster, brought the party up to 11. Plaice and chips were plaiced before the hungry Anfielders, and by them were speedily displaiced. The Bars seems to be a distinct "find," for there was ample food, well served and moderately priced. The week-enders, having started early, but not so early but that Grandad had enquired were there any rules about smoking (Really, Grandad, RULES?), discussion on various subjects took plaice, Johnny Band being the leader. He scored a great success by practically limiting his vocabulary to two words "incredible" and "sacks." A move homewards was made about 7-30, and in spite of the coal shortage, Johnny and Teddy lit a fire by the third milestone. The others, however, were not cold, and let the fire die out, which it did at Hinderton, where most of the party stopped. Chandler and self, however, continued by West Kirky, for it was a beautiful moonlight night, and so reached home safely.

Alderley Edge, November 9th, 1918.

Another fine Saturday! Well, well! we're getting on very nicely considering we've passed the end of the butterfly cyclist's season, and our bicycles should really be wrapped in cotton wool and reposing in the box-room. There were evidences of recent rain in the lanes, however, as the Smart Set and Del Strother found, but the main roads were dry enough. We dribbled into the De Trafford Arms in ones and twos until ten were present, and then tea was served. During the meal, Ted Webb, too seldom out with us, came

in, and just after we had finished Buckley, Senr., arrived fresh from his arduous labours in seeing that the presents sent by the artillery to Fritz are quite up to standard. He was somewhat anxious at first as to whether there would be anything left to eat, but cheered up wonderfully after a preliminary visit to the dining room. Over tea, the prevailing topic of conversation was the probability or otherwise of the news of the signature of the Armistice coming through that evening. Host Mead came in to convey a telephone message that Bill had decided to turn it up, so far as he was concerned, which news was later confirmed in cold print. The A.B.C. don't require anything to put them in good humour, but this intelligence certainly contributed to the harmony of the gathering held in the little snug we prefer. An argument as to whether a man who had made a vow not to touch anything stronger than dry ginger for the period of the war would be justified in considering himself absolved on the signature of the Armistice was decided strongly in the affirmative, but, unfortunately, the person primarily concerned seemed unable to come to so comfortable a decision. Perhaps the quality of the national beverage at the present time may have something to do with his hesitation—after all, if one has restrained a thirst for three years, the first draught should be worthy of the occasion. The homeward journey was commenced at a reasonable time, and we all reached our destinations without incident of note.

Warrington, November 16th, 1918.

One could hardly expect a more suitable day in November for cycling, conditions being dry and crisp, with little wind and a promised moon for the return ride, but the muster was disappointing, only 12 supporting the fixture at the "Lion," where we were hoping that the catering would be an improvement on the somewhat cold comfort of our last visit. The Boss, Mullah, The Doctor and Del Strother were already in possession of the smokeroom when Toft and Ven, arrived, shortly after 5 o'clock, coming out via Tarbock and finding the lane surface rough to Cronton, but the road in good order—on to the foot of Bold Hill, and main route to destination, escaping lighting-up and reproof from the law. Probably the Armistice saved us, and may also account for the sudden slump in hard riders. The Skipper, Cook, Chandler, Edwards and Royden, via Chester, various hamlets and afternoon tea venues, soon joined us, Charlie Conway completing our number before we sought the dining room to be regaled with substantial fare, the monotony of which was relieved to our delight, by Charlie producing some delicious home-made jam and cake which elevated the repast from the stodgy to the "Not at all a bad feed" scale. I expect that this kindly production of delicacies also impressed the caterers, and gained us a reduction of their October exorbitant rate of charges. The possibility of road competition in the coming year was discussed, and hopes expressed that sufficient enthusiasts would get up to support a "50" or two, not to mention the "100" and "24," a possible record attempt being also voiced. There will probably therefore be something doing in the speed line if the young-uns are as eager to set about each other, as many of the old-uns have been anxious to keep the club life active these last four difficult years.

Four of us left early Liverpool way, and found the roads excellent past the "Ball of Ditton" for Halewood first stop, a pleasant half-hour being spent with the natives at the "Derby Arms" before proceeding homeward. Three for Birkenhead preferred the Frodsham round, and the Manchester quartette, we hope, journeyed safely home, enjoying the same glorious moonlit conditions experienced by the Merseysiders.

Rossett, November 23rd, 1918.

Number—9. No. I am not going to spring an old Army story, the figure relates to the attendance, and the less said about it the better.

Starting out somewhat late, Chester was made via the lower road. Whilst lighting up in the city, Edwards and Royden came along. Tommy, with one eye always open for beauty, spotted a remarkably fine specimen of a "Wack," and drew my attention to it just as I was about to tighten up the lamp on the bracket—what happened was that I turned the wrong milled head, and upon looking at the lamp found I had raised the wick clean out of the container. No story, but "Absolute fact." Eh, Tommy?

On arrival at the Red Lion, I found a Ford in the yard, and was grieved to hear that several members had thought that I had strayed from the fold. When older I may return to petrol propulsion, but not this year—perhaps next.

Tea was fully up to Red Lion standard, and there was plenty of room at table, even elbow room if desired; and no great difficulty was experienced in getting front seats round the cosy fire afterwards. Ven. felt so comfy. in his easy chair that he hardly liked the idea of riding home. Cook had already settled the problem "Why ride home?" "Come along with me and sample the Berwyns," but Ven.'s teeth are not what they were and Cook departed, his only victim on this occasion being Tierney.

Shortly before 8.0 p.m., a start for home was made, and once on the road nothing could stop us. Chester held no attractions, and even Johnny's kind invitation to stop at Hinderton was ignored.

Knutsford, November 23rd, 1918.

The Lord Eldon is always a great attraction, and there would have been a big muster but for the influenza epidemic, which accounted for the absence of at least three regular attendants. Notwithstanding, a good round dozen turned up, including the "Boss," who made a most welcome reappearance. He is at last beginning to feel that he is getting somewhat of an old crock, like some of the rest of us, and confided to us that he is including a three-speed hub in the specification of his 1919 mount. The Brothers Mundell made an unexpected addition to the company, looking very fit, and have apparently thrived well on the much-abused army rations. They are hoping to get a speedy release from military service, and we all hope it will soon come off. After tea the time was occupied with a vigorous political argument, which afforded much entertainment to the silent members, and neither party being able to convince the other, both were satisfied of the absolute correctness of their own views and agreed to differ. The Count, puffing away at a huge black cigar, seemed to watch the controversy with some anxiety, and I can't say whether it was because he expected the disputants to come to blows, or whether he was afraid of a sudden upheaval in his own internal economy. However, nothing happened, and we all eventually drifted off into the dark and drizzly night on the homeward journey.

Irby, November 30th, 1918.

This run was originally fixed for West Kirby, but owing to illness in the Palfreyman family, we had to drop the "West" and "K" and make it Irby (Prince of Wales) which, for the last four years, has been the Sunday morning venue of Ven. and Grandad. It was largely in the nature of an experiment, but Ven. had devoted so much time to educating the Peers family, and was such a splendid Master Of Ceremonies, that the run proved a huge success, and all the 17 present thoroughly enjoyed themselves. It must be about 30 years since the Club had a run to Irby in the days of the Wirral Division. We remember a run to the Anchor in 1888, in which Lawrence Fletcher, Wilkin Corrie, Teddy Edwards and Grandad participated and made a meal off tinned salmon! Edwards and Cook must have been reminded of that day of their early youth when the journey home over

muddy, stony roads on solid tyred safeties with no mudguards, was punctuated with dismounts to relight lamps, and to tie on a tyre with string near Woodchurch! The first attempts to make lamps that would keep alight on safety bicycles were very primitive until Millers invented their Bell Rock, and Lucas followed with rubber hinges—while red hot poker were not always handy to cure tyre trouble. What a cyclist Chem. would have made in those days with his passion for string! But we must cease this cackle and get to the 'osses. Robinson and Cook were the first to start for the long ride to Irby in the morning, but although they offered to show us evidence in the shape of a pound of real butter we refused to believe their talk about Nerquis and Llandegla, and the wedding they assisted in. Jack Thompson was the first arrival, and it was really funny to note the way each further arrival regarded him as a complete stranger—we all wondered who the lad was until he spoke, and then we discovered that Jack had renewed his youth by the removal of his face fungus! The crowd kept rolling up—Mercer, Edwards, Ven., Royden, Toft, Fell, Lizzie Buck, Band, Hawkes, Gregg and Chandler, and, finally, just at the psychological moment, poor old Chem. footsore and weary, and most graphic in his description of how he had found his way in the dark by his wonderful bump of location. It was a pretty tight squeeze round the festive board, but we managed to make it tighter, when Tierney and Oliver arrived at half time, and it really was a merry meal with bags of good food which kept us all busy with our feet in the trough until even the most stalwart trencherman had to cry "enough." After helping to restore the room to its usual state, we sat around chatting and "sampling," but it was noticed several of the members seemed rather depressed over the news that DORA was very ill, and not expected to get better, while others seemed to be affected by its being the eve of Emancipation Day, when pleasure motoring within a 30-mile zone was to be allowed. Chem. had to get back early, and Mercer accompanied him as far as Woodchurch, but the rest of the crowd did not stir until after 8-0, when nearly all started *en masse* and made quite an old-fashioned club run of it. The only candidates for a circular journey were Gregg, Cook, and Robinson, who returned via West Kirby, which makes us all the more suspicious of the Llandegla talk. However, everyone got home very early, and there can be no doubt that Irby makes a very good winter objective, so mind you end the old year well by going there on the last Saturday of 1918.

Bollington, November 30th, 1918.

There were thirteen members and friends present at this fixture, and when the number thirteen occurs in connection with the A.B.C. it usually spells success.

Our friends, Messrs. Cookson and Ellison were expected, but when the former wrote to say that his wife's illness would prevent him from putting in an appearance, and when the latter gentleman did not materialise it seemed as if the concert might not be up to the Bollington standard.

In the absence of Mr. Cookson, Del Strother was persuaded to officiate at the piano, and Orrell opened the proceedings with a song. The programme was afterwards continued and songs were rendered by two visitors, Messrs. Penney and Atkinson, whilst Boardman and Turnor contributed to the entertainment by song and story respectively.

The food was good, the beer cheap, and the entertainment excellent. Members and friends all agree that the evening was a great success.

Members present, besides those already mentioned, were Buckley *pere et fils*, Beckett, Aldridge, Crowcroft, Carlisle and Killick.

A. T. SIMPSON,

Editor.