

ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB.

FORMED MARCH 1879.

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

MONTHLY CIRCULAR.

Vol. XIV.

No. 155.

FIXTURES FOR JANUARY, 1919.

		Light up at
Jan.	4.—Halewood (Derby Arms).....	4-34 p.m.
..	10.—Annual General Meeting, Common Hall, Hackins Hey, Dale Street, Liverpool, 7 p.m.	
..	11th.—Warrington (Lion)	4-45 p.m.
..	13.—Committee Meeting, Common Hall, Hackins Hey, Dale Street, Liverpool, 7 p.m.	
..	18.—Chester (The Bars)	4-55 p.m.
..	25.—Irby (Prince of Wales).....	5-10 p.m.
Feb.	1.—Halewood (Derby Arms)	5-24 p.m.

ALTERNATIVE RUNS FOR MANCHESTER MEMBERS.

Note.—Tea at 5-30 p.m.

Jan.	4.—Knutsford (Lord Eldon).....	4-34 p.m.
..	18.—Ringway (Mainwood Farm)	4-55 p.m.
..	25.—Alderley Edge (De Trafford Arms).....	5-10 p.m.
Feb.	1.—Knutsford (Lord Eldon)	5-24 p.m.

Full moon 10th instant.

Committee Notes.

Stourton Lodge,

Arno Road, Oxton.

It was decided not to send the usual monthly parcels of food to Members on Active Service, but to send a Christmas Gift to all our Members on Service Abroad and at home, to take the form of a pipe for the smokers (31), and a knife to non-smokers (4).

The Attendance Prizes have been won by: First, *D. Cooper*; and second, *W. A.*

TRANSFER TO ACTIVE LIST.—Mr. W. M. ROBINSON has been transferred from the Honorary List to the Active List.

NEW MEMBER. Mr. WILLIAM BAND, 17, Kingsway, Wallasey, Cheshire, has been elected to Junior Active Membership.

F. D. McCANN,

Hon. Secretary.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR TO ALL.

Election Addresses.

As the General Meeting of the Club approaches, competition again becomes rife for the plums of office. Using our undoubted prerogative, however, and acting in accordance with the honoured traditions of election campaigning, we withhold the Appeals of the outside candidates, contenting ourself with publishing those of our present colleagues, and our Editorial self -thus keeping it all in the family. Meeting in secret conclave, we have decided on our policy and submit our election addresses herewith:--

TO THE INTELLIGENT ELECTORS OF THE A.B.C.:

Gentlemen.--At the unanimous request of several of the most influential members, consisting of the Treasurer, the Secretary, and the Editor, I make my appeal for a continuance of my office for a further twelve months. I am convinced there is no one you could appoint who could carry out the onerous duties of my position with anything approaching the ability that I have. I am a modest man, and therefore feel unequal to the strain of enaerating all the rare gifts I possess which have made my terms of office such unqualified and unequivocal successes from every point of view. I know there are a number of candidates for this position, but having squared the Editor their appeals will only be published at advertising rates already agreed upon amongst ourselves, thus precluding their insertion in the journal. My programme is simple. I am in favour of myself being the Presider for the coming year. Confidently anticipating your support, I am, Gentlemen, Your obedient Servant,

DAVID R. FELL.

TO THE INTELLIGENT ELECTORS OF THE A.B.C.:

Having been approached by an influential Committee, consisting of the Presider, the Treasurer, and the Editor, I appeal for your support. I think I am right in saying with becoming modesty that I am the best Secretary that ever lived. Speaking impartially, and without prejudice, I cannot conceive of your getting a Secretary combining the Secretarial qualities I possess. I am in favour of six Club Runs per week, and two on Sundays. I am also in favour of, at least, one handicap every fortnight -preferably a 24 -together with elaborate week-ends every month. A programme of this kind under the present catering conditions is what I have been hankering for, as it will give me something to do and assist in dispersing the ennui I have experienced lately in my office. Even so, I don't think my time would be fully occupied, and I, therefore, suggest that the positions of Vice-Presidents, Captain, Snubs, and Auditors be incorporated with the Secretaryship, thus insuring a unity of action never before experienced in the annals of the Club. Gentlemen, I leave myself confidently in your hands. Your obedient Servant,

F. D. McCANN.

TO THE INTELLIGENT ELECTORS OF THE A.B.C.:

Gentlemen,--At the unanimous request of several most influential members, consisting of the Presider, the Secretary, and the Editor, I make my appeal for continuance of office. I do so all the more readily in that, modest though I be, I do not think you could find a better man for the post. To ensure your support, I am in favour of no subscriptions and a peace bonus to every member putting in two runs per annum, thus killing two birds with one stone, *i.e.*, giving me more time for my allotments, and eliminating the little red slips at the front (of the rag) so long a bone of contention amongst non-paying (and in my opinion rightly so) members. Confidently anticipating your support, I am, Your obedient Servant,

R. L. L. KNIFE.

TO THE INTELLIGENT ELECTORS OF THE A.B.C. (those who are not intelligent need read no further):—

Gentlemen, —At the unanimous request of a most influential deputation, consisting of the President, the Secretary, and the Treasurer, I again solicit your votes as a candidate for the position of Editor. My modesty is well known, therefore I will refrain from enumerating all the dazzling qualities, the incomparable aplomb, the uncanny tact, the Machiavellian diplomacy, the worldly wisdom—in a word, the positive genius which has gone to make me. I have no hesitation in saying—the finest and most brilliant and erudite Editor of this or any other epoch. [In parenthesis, I would like to emphasise the difficulty a really modest man is placed in when writing about himself. I think I would have been better advised to have allowed my election agent to have put forward this appeal. He could have let himself go.] Other Editors come—and go. I refuse to do the latter because, speaking impartially, and as man to man, I am convinced there is no one so able to look after your interests as I am. From the following list of solicited testimonials you will be able to grasp my popularity—they speak for themselves:—“Dear Sir, I read your Circular every month with gusto. I am, Yours faithfully, Pro bono Publico.” “Dear Sir, Every month I get your Circular I read it with gusto. I am, Yours faithfully, A Constant Reader.” “Dear Sir, Your Circular comes up smiling every month, and I read it with gusto. I am, Yours faithfully, Well-wisher.” “Dear Sir, Your monthly Circular is like a ray of sunshine, I read it with gusto. I am, Yours faithfully, A Lover of Nature.” Gentlemen, I could go on indefinitely with these unanimously eloquent and inspiring messages, every one of which is unauthenticated, and can be seen at the Editorial Bureau any time after midnight. My policy is clean cut. I am in favour of no Committee. Every man his own club run—in fact, his own club. Why, for example, should Chem., after a hard night's study at the “Union” or other public library, wake up on a Saturday morning to find bunged at him a list of arbitrary fixtures ordering him to report himself at a given time at a specified place? Is freedom nothing? If this is to continue, then has the war been fought in vain. I am in favour of compulsory free-wheels on all bicycles, together with a minimum of 3-speed gears. I am in favour of Granddad being sand-bagged at least one Saturday morning out of every 52. I am in favour of rear-lights back and front in perpetuity. I am in favour of the abolition of cycling. I am in favour of making free-wheeling a penal offence. I am in favour of a daily Circular—in fact, I am in favour of any dam thing! It will thus be seen that my programme is a catholic one, and one I venture to think which will appeal to all tastes. And now allow me to touch lightly on a matter regarding which I am, perhaps, ultra sensitive—the matter of emoluments. To keep out the horde of scheming aspirants for this honoured position, who, I know, will stick at nothing to gain their sordid ends, I am willing to accept this office at a reduction of 50 per cent. of my present salary. This is my trump card—I lay it on the table. Heaven send that the prices of intoxicating liquors will descend in the near future in a manner sufficiently compensatory for this self-sacrifice. Gentlemen, I have done. I leave my fate unreservedly in your hands. I am, Your obedient Servant. A. T. SIMPSON.

Concerning Those On Service.

Postcard acknowledgments of parcels are to hand from: — (no signature), August; A. P. James (October); J. L. Mahon (October), “Thank you—much appreciated.”

Harold Baud writes: “Another welcome parcel arrived on Friday, so please convey my very best thanks to all the A.B.C. for their kind remembrance. The tobacco was in excellent condition, but, unfortunately, was

pipe tobacco. As I have given up pipe-smoking, I have exchanged it for Capstan cigarettes, which are still obtainable in Secunderabad at 1/11 for 50! I hope you won't think I am getting saucy by my doing so. The reason is simply because I can't stick a pipe in this climate. It is the heat, I think, and quite a lot of fellows have had the same experience. We are apt to cuss our good old Blighty climate, but take my word for it, it is worth a thousand of what we get out here. I used to think India a fairly decent place when I read about it in the old days, but since coming out here I have quite changed my opinion. Talk about the lovely East! Well—'nuff said! In one of my letters I asked Johnny to pass on my heartiest congratulations to the Apostle on his magnificent innings, '1,000 not out,' and have no doubt he did so. However, please tell Billy again, and wish him another 1,000 of the best from me. We are all looking forward to a speedy finish and return home—the news is so excellent I don't think we will be disappointed. Will close up now with kindest regards and best wishes to all the old Club. Who knows, I may be back at a Club run before this time next year."

W. E. Cotter writes: "Just a few lines to let you know that I am still alive and kicking, though somewhat sick of the mud of France. I am still in the same place, and look like staying till the finish, as far as I can see at present."

"My thoughts have often turned to the old Club recently, especially since the 'Smoker' season opened, and I have often longed for a chance to attend a Club run. I hope before long that I shall be able to attend one as I anticipate being home on leave some time during the next two months—that is if I have any luck."

"It is wonderful how one runs across people here. Working in the office here is one 'Joe' Buck, a brother of H. M. B. of Ours. He is 'sweating on' (vulgar army term meaning 'expecting') leave before Christmas, so you will probably see something of him when he is home, as he is intending to stay with Harry."

E. J. Cody, who has been moved to Crosshaven, County Cork, and most appropriately transferred to the Welsh Fusiliers, writes: "From the above address you will see that I am in Ireland. Have been transferred to the Welsh Fusiliers, and from what I have seen up to now the training is much stricter than I have been used to. We can see Queenstown from the camp—it is about 6 or 7 miles away. The weather since I landed here has been very wet, so have not had much chance to see what the place is like. Kind regards and best wishes to all the A.B.C. boys."

In his new regiment Cody has as one of his officers Captain Baxter, who is Lord Hawke's son-in-law, so we have put them in touch, and expect it will result in Cody having a better time of it. We also believe that Arthur Pitchford, of the Barley Mow, Newport, is at the same depôt, and if Cody can only "click" with him he will have no complaints about grub!

From Li. Cohen, France, 11th December, 1918: "Please give my very best thanks to the Club for the most excellent parcel of tobacco. I have for the past four weeks been unable to obtain a decent smoke, so you can picture my delight on receiving a parcel of my favourite brand. Most bon! Am located at a place called Mouscron, which is near Roubaix and Tourcoing, and the way the civilians managed to hide their bicycles from the Boche is nothing short of marvellous. *En passant*, we have tons to learn re the construction of a light bicycle. Also the number of different patterns of 'speed iron' is fairly large, and they are certainly built for speed. The most prominent feature is, of course, the calliper brake, and to reduce

weight there is a bicycle fitted with a press-button in order to do away with the usual hand lever. It is an absolute education to study the bikes which are in daily use. None of your 'slightly mobile dreadnoughts' are to be seen. These Continental grids make my eyes bulge out with envy, and if it is possible to bring one home with me after demobilisation, I shall certainly do so. In conclusion, life is very quiet these days, and naturally we (*i.e.*, non-regular soldiers) are anxiously awaiting the commencement of demobilisation. Well, here's to it, says I, and 'the faster the quicker'! Cheerio and keep smiling, as per yours aye, Elsie."

From Kettle, France, 17/12/1918: "Many thanks for the December Circular safely to hand. Ours is not one of the Divisions which have gone forward to Germany, and at present I am billeted in a village called Ecsillors, which is between Douai and Denain. The rules as to censoring are now somewhat relaxed, and it is possible to mention our location, so I am hoping in the near future to see in the Circular where some of the other members are, with the chance of getting in touch with them. We came to this spot a few weeks ago, and the Boche, as usual, left it in his usual filthy manner. It took about three weeks to get the village fit to live in. Fixing up your quarters was rather amusing—the procedure was to select a fairly clean house and then proceed to furnish it from the rest of the houses in the village. This has its drawbacks, as the inhabitants are commencing to return, and they wander about looking for their furniture. Up to the present I have been rather lucky, and not been disturbed, but don't expect it will last very long. We look like remaining here for some time, as demobilisation will take time. It is rather slow; we parade in the mornings, and have the afternoons free, which are usually devoted to football, etc. One day I cycled to Valenciennes on an army pattern machine, weighing about a ton. The roads were simply frightful, all pavé and very badly worn. My average speed worked out about 6 m.p.h. However, it was a change, and the place was well worth a visit. For short distances a horse is more comfortable, and better to get about on along these roads. A few days ago I rode to Douai. There is nothing doing there, the place is almost deserted. The Boche has been very systematic with his delaying action mines; these have now been removed by the R.E. When the inhabitants return and the place gets going it should be fairly decent."

From Norman Higham, Mundesley, 19/12/1918: "Many thanks for the pipe and good wishes. I like your literary effort of thanks for the deeds we at home have done, it brings back memories of speeches in the tank on tour in the old pre-war days."

From E. J. Cody, Crosshaven, 19th December, 1918: "Please convey to the members of the Anfield B.C. Committee my best thanks for the beautiful pipe which came to hand last night. It certainly was a surprise to me, as I never expected anything of the kind, and I can assure you I appreciate it very much, it will always remind me of my soldiering days! I have made enquiries about Pitchford, and find he is at Fermoy. I have not made myself known to Captain Baxter, as my experience of officers is that they look down too much on the ordinary Tommy, and there is such a lot of red tape to be unwound before you can approach them. I hope you all will have a good time on Boxing Day; I am sorry I cannot be with you."

From F. L. Edwards, 19th December, 1918: "Very many thanks to all members of the Club, who so kindly sent me the useful Christmas gift. I appreciate your kindness, and hope to be back amongst you very soon."

From G. F. Mundell, Cleethorpes, 18th December, 1918: "I have received your kind letter and present, and I thank you and all the members of the Anfield for the same and also for your Christmas Greetings. I expect to

be home early in the New Year, when I hope to put in at least one run, if not two, as I will be having twelve days, but don't know if it will include two week-ends. I am hoping for the best."

From D. R. Fell, junr., 19th December, 1918: "Thanks very much for the knife that the Anfield Bicycle Club has so kindly sent me. I appreciate it very much, and know that it will prove to be most useful."

From Percy Williamson, Salonica, there is the Christmas Card of the 8th Field Survey Coy., R.E.: "Greetings from the Salonica Army, Christmas, 1918."

From Dick Seed, West Hartlepool, 19th December, 1918: "Just a line to ask you to convey to all the members of the A.B.C. my most sincere appreciation of their kindness in again remembering me on the event of what will be, I hope, my last Christmas to be spent in the Army. The yearly pipe has become one of the features of the war, and one could almost regret the cessation of hostilities to think that it means the discontinuance of the annual! By no means least among my pleasant recollections of the past troubled times will rank the great kindness of the members of the Old Club. I thank them one and all for their Good Wishes which I most heartily reciprocate. I hope to be home for a few days early in the New Year."

From Stephenson, in Ireland, 20th December, 1918:—"I am writing to thank you on behalf of the Club for the splendid pipe received this morning. This Regiment is disbanding, and so I have been fairly busy latterly, handing in stores and all the other innumerable jobs connected with winding-up. One of them was packing 489 bicycles on to a train and dispatching with my love and kisses to Ordnance. Little of note happens here, it being one of the most God-forsaken spots in this country, and that's saying a lot, with all due respect to Murphy. The only amusement we had was the Picture House, and that was put out of bounds two months ago owing to the "flue," and apparently they have forgotten to put it in bounds again. So we have to fall back on cards. I win and lose quite a lot of hard-earned (?) money at Bridge and Poker, otherwise I should go mad. I discovered a little time ago that we have an officer here, R. H. Taylor, who knows Cotter very well. They were together at Bettisfield for quite a time. Unless they are quick in moving me I look like spending at least one Christmas in the Workhouse; let's hope it will be the last. If I get leave I will try to put in a Club Run--it's about time or Johnny Band will be beating me. I hope soon to be out of this for good and all, and so heartily support your closing sentence. We had a Farewell Dinner here last week and had a glorious night, starting on W. and S., followed by port, and winding up at 2 a.m. on punch. About 3 a.m., I discovered myself trying to start a car for one of our guests who was about as bad as I! We talked to the headlights with absolutely no effect, and then I discovered it was a Ford, so I called out the Guard who *pushed* it into the road, where the owner went peacefully to sleep in it! The Quartermaster was ill in bed, and so could not attend the function. Feeling sorry for him, I took down a decanter of port and some punch, and sang to him. I am still dodging him now, as I hear he has sworn to have my blood. Kind regards and a Merry Christmas to all."

From Binns, Bisley, 22nd December, 1918: "Thank you very much indeed for the jolly fine pipe you have again sent me for Christmas, and, as to the Good Wishes accompanying it, from the bottom of my heart I wish the same to all of you. These pipes have been both useful and appreciated, and are all still serviceable and in use excepting the first. That particular one is buried in mud and filth somewhere not far from Armentieres - it happened when a dugout went up! As to thanking me for what I have done in the war-it is nothing at all. My great regret is that my two spells of

overseas service were each so short. For myself, I shall never forget those of the A.B.C. who gave all they could give; therefore, those of us who are still alive have so much to be thankful for. I do really hope that the A.B.C. may very soon be back again in its old position, *i.e.*, the absolute first of all the road clubs."

From George Poole, 20th December, 1918: "I am at last writing to thank you for the most acceptable gift of a pipe sent me on behalf of the Old Club. I don't think it possible to express in writing how much I appreciate these remembrances, especially so in France. I wish I could be with you on Boxing Day, but that is not possible, so we will see what can be done for 1919. I must apologise for the delay in writing you. I have for the last week not been too nippy, but this letter is the sign of old form returning, so I hope you will forgive me. Well, cheerio, for the present: all the Best Wishes for the coming Christmas and the New Year."

From F. Mundell, Bridlington, 22nd December, 1918: "I received the knife yesterday which the Club sent me. I am afraid I am rather late in thanking you for it, but I have been home on my twelve days leave, so it was delayed in getting to me. I think the Mallah will have told you I am expecting my discharge any day now, and I am looking forward to resuming the good old game in the near future. Please thank all the members for the very serviceable present and also convey to them the Season's Greetings from me."

From Cotter, France, 22nd December, 1918: "Many thanks for your letter, and also for the pipe which accompanied it. Once again the pipe arrived in the nick of time as I was just on the point of buying one to put me over till I could get home for one, and it has, therefore, saved me the trouble and expense of buying a French one which is a very doubtful experience. Please convey my thanks to all members of the Club, my best wishes for the New Year during which I hope to see the 'Hundred' revived. Hoping to see you all next month."

From Frank Roskell, Woolwich, 21st December, 1918: "I have once again to thank the dear Old Club most heartily for the very handsome 'Peterson.' I have now four of these, which I shall always treasure as mementos—if this were necessary—of the real old Anfield spirit. I fancy I may claim to be the senior member of the Club serving with the Colours. It was my fate to serve only a little time overseas, but I have an ambition that, at some not very distant date, I may be allowed on behalf of us all to voice before you our sincere appreciation of your generous forethought and true comradeship during the Great War. It makes me feel so regretful that I have been a backslider, and have not supported the Club as I should have done of late years. I expect to be here for long enough yet. This place is notoriously hard to get away from (personally, I was sent here in December 1914 for *four days temporary* duty!) Many men have tried to get away from here and have tried various means to that end. If they worked hard and well and asked for a move as a reward, they were told they were too valuable to be spared, and if they made mistakes and generally slackened they were kept here as a punishment! However, it is glorious to think that the members of the Old Club will soon be re-united, and the old faces will gradually reappear at Club Runs. My thoughts are with you all this Christmas, with memories of some of the happiest days of my life (the little reference in the Circular about poor 'Buff' Ransom conjured up many happy memories), and I wish all of you a very Happy Christmas and an Anfield year of the good style—than which there can be no better."

From W. R. Oppenheimer, France, 23rd December, 1918: "Once again a parcel from the Club—cigarettes—and ever so welcome as usual. Perhaps

it may be of some interest to let you know what part of the line I have been in since I came out for the second time last June. I joined my Battery at Davurs, a small place about 5 miles North-east of Amiens, and the show started on 8th August. From then onwards we were constantly taking up new positions, going forward every few days, crossing the Somme and crossing the famous Hindenburg Line at Bellinglise, just north of St. Quentin, eventually taking up our last position at Le Cateau. We remained there until about three weeks ago, when we moved to a place called Beauvois, about six miles from Cambrai, and ten days ago we came here, a miserable village called Saulzoir, about half-way between Cambrai and Valenciennes. We are all more or less fed up with life and looking forward to the time when we shall be demobilised. With Kindest Regards and Best Wishes for the New Year to all the boys."

Some New Year Resolutions.

Mac.: I will not arrange Saturday runs more than once a week.

Johnnie Band: I will not "go round the earth" for anybody.

Grandad: I will not miss an Anfield run except on wet days.

Chem.: } We will not ride bicycles if we can help it.
Arthur: }

Robinson: I will "get wise" this year.

Gregg: I will not say anything, as no one ever believes me.

Mullah: I will refrain from committing further unprovoked assaults on dogs.

Ven.: I will not make more than fourpence every Saturday.

Teddy Edwards: I will not ride a tricycle except in the way of kindness.

Oliver Cooper: I will become a total abstainer—from jam.

Tommy Royden: I will not light fires uphill.

MEMS.

Most of us know H. W. Bartleet ("Sammy") of the Anerley B.C., and nowadays a journalist who writes excellent "copy" for "Cycling," and whose column in the "Athletic News" has recently been resumed. Bartleet has been very ill, and while convalescing at Brighton he wrote Cook a letter which contained the following reminiscence that will interest everyone:—

"Mr. ——— sent a covered car to bring me down here yesterday, and we toolled over the old familiar Brighton Road. One spot specially brought back ancient memories. A gateway to a private drive, about the bottom of Dale Hill. 24 years or so ago, after sleeping at Terry's, at Crawley, then a tiny coffee shop, now a pretentious red-brick Temperance Hotel, my partner, Jack Poole, and I went down the road and waited in the early morning in that gateway. Presently a shout, and two men on trikes hove in sight; the leader, in black I think, had a fierce black moustache, the other I fancy was in grey, and had a fairer moustache. They were Hellier and Toft; we paced into Brighton and back, and W. R. T. got the Record! Yesterday I passed the place in a blinkin' car at 30 m.p.h., but I recognised the spot."

The following extract from a letter of Foster's is most amusing and interesting:—

"The meteoric changes across the Channel lately have set me dreaming of Happy Reunions—the 100—with the excitement round Shawbury—the Handicap Committee once more at work—an opportunity for sundry members to see the sun rise—lighting down time as well as lighting up time;

elderly members presumably oiling up or botanising at lane ends—but really nursing a banana or bottle of hot milk with a ready ear for the name of pot hunters; and perhaps the abolition of “The little red lamp at the back.”

“I had my first involuntary dismount the other week—November 10th to be accurate.

Scene - Near Wimbledon Common.

Time - Noon.

One of two local Tinribs (to Anfielder): “Did the dorg fetch yer orf?”

Anfielder (surveying his damaged knickerbockers): “It looks rather like it.”

Tinribs: “We wondered what all the ror was abart.”

Anfielder (suddenly conscious of having vigorously laid the law down to the idiot who owned the poodle, and who said he threw the stick in the road to prevent the animal from being run over by a passing perambulator): “Oh! I’m not seriously hurt. ‘Good morning.’”

Both Tinribs: “Good morning.”

A reference to “Mr. J. D. Siddeley, C.B.E.” in the “Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News” was the first intimation we had received that Jack Siddeley had been made a C.B.E., and we promptly conveyed to him the congratulations of his fellow club members. In acknowledging these Jack writes: “I am very happy to think that the members of the Anfield are pleased therat. With kind regards to all.” No doubt our congratulations were belated, but they are none the less sincere, and we are sure that not a single member of the Club does not participate in them.

Dolanore and Frank Mundell, being on leave, put in an appearance at the recent Manchester Section run to Ringway. They both looked fit and well, and none the worse for their training. In Dolly’s case his club run necessitated a midnight train journey to London.

The Manchester members note with pleasure that the press have now commenced to associate the name of their city with the name of the Anfield B.C.

New Book: “The Innocents.” It really ought to contain portraits of Tierney, Robinson, Jimmy Williams, and Young Gregg, and other of Granddad’s victims on tandem or Berwyn trips.

We understand that a protest has been made to the Committee in connection with the Irby runs, the signatories being (among others): W. P. C-k, F. Ch-ndl-r, J. B-nd, E. Edw-rds, and T. R-yd-n, who express the opinion that such long distances really ought not to be attempted in November and December. On the other hand, we hear that two of our really fierce cyclists, to wit, A. T. S-mps-n and F. J. Ch-m-n-s-s, were seriously considering the holding of an alternative run to Aberystwith or Great Yarmouth on 28th December.

Anfielders always shine at whatever sport they pay the compliment of patronising, and the latest of “Ours” to gain glory in another branch of strenuous competition is Jack Seed, who has won the Third Prize in the Fishing Competition of the Wirral Angling Association with a catch of 2llbs. 14ozs. What patience and perseverance that betokens only those who have attempted to fish in Wirral can appreciate. Ask Li. Cohen! With Jack’s allotment he ought to be well supplied with Fish and Chips for the Winter, and will probably have a surplus for disposal to those well known “connersewers” of this delicacy, Thomas Walter John, Arthur and Chem. It is announced

that the next competition will be fished in the River Gowy, and as Jack is on the Committee we hope he will get the date fixed so that it will fit in with one of our Club Runs.

It will be noticed that we have another Run to Warrington (The Lion) on January 11th, and it is to be hoped members will make an effort to support it. Even if Warrington is not all you could wish it is worth some sacrifice as providing the only possible place for a meeting of Manchester and Liverpool members during the Winter months, and what you lose on the swings (a less satisfying tea) you gain on the roundabouts (the pleasure of meeting the other entity of the Club). The November Run to Warrington was a great improvement in every way over that of October (a warm room and a reduced charge for the meal), and for January 11th, we are hoping also for a hot meal—so roll up. If the fixture is a success we might be able to wind up the Winter season with a Social there at the end of February.

The ways of controversialists are generally tortuous. Most of them seem to have mental reservations. Last month we criticised an article of Faed's in the *Irish Cyclist*, in which we wrote *inter alia* "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," and in a further communication to the *Irish Cyclist*, Faed complains that we misunderstood him, and that his claim referred to Winter Club Runs *only*. All we can say is that Faed may have had that mental reservation and *intended* such to be his claim, but he most distinctly did not say so. The word "*only*" now inserted by him in italics makes all the difference, and we cannot understand The O'Tatur publishing his complaint without looking up the original article. What Faed wrote was: "What I did was to say that the new Club would not hold Club Runs during the 'season,' but only during the Winter months. Thus I disarmed opposition, and set the fashion for Club Runs to be held during the Winter," and as Faed concludes with "for many years past the N.R.C.C. has held runs all the year round," his explanation that he was referring to the fashion of Winter Club Runs only seems rather far-fetched.

Financial Notes.

Treasury sanction has at last been obtained for the flotation of a new company to be called the Berwyn Levelling Syndicate. W. P. Cook will, of course, be the Managing Director (or "President," as they would say in his country), while Robinson and Young Gregg will join the Board after allotment. Professor George M. Ilne, K.O.K., author of "Look what cycle camping has done for me," has consented to act in the dual capacity of Financial and Geological Expert, the Liverpool Geological Society having agreed to release him from his engagement with them. Chandler has been appointed auditor. The registered office will be at Llanarmon, O.L., and "Victims" will be the telegraphic address.

We understand that the prospectus of "Sacks and Bags (1919), Ltd.," will not be issued until after Easter. At present a Select Committee of the House of Commons is investigating a charge of profiteering in connection with the sale of bags last autumn, and, meanwhile, Treasury sanction for the issue of capital has been refused.

Some "IF'S."

The Yuletide festivities were nearly too much for us. We slept very heavily on Xmas night, and were disturbed by a series of dreams about some terrible possibilities. These are some of them: If every member sent in as much "copy" for the "Circular" as Robinson does! If the Committee

fixed every run to Halewood with week-ends at Widnes. If Gregg had a pair of stocks with red tops, like Chandler's! If only Grandad would lend his tandem to Chem. and Arthur! If Jimmy Williams won the attendance prize! If Frank Chandler were appointed Food Controller! If Oliver Cooper went for World's record! If Band attended one more run than Grandad in 1919! If Cook were a printer and secured the contract for printing the Government ration books!

That was the shock which woke us.

Boxing Day with the Bath Road Club.

After the doleful weather of the previous week, Christmas Day in the South opened under the very best of auspices. The weather outstrips the present postal services in its rapid changes, so it was not possible to advise all the exiles of an intended run to Ripley (why do these exiles require such a lot of shepherding, surely Foster, for instance, knows he can always find a few good cyclists at Ripley).

Boxing Day did not betray the expectations of the previous day, the sun shone with unwonted vigour, and before the frost dissipated the scene was a fairy-land picture seldom actually seen.

After a delightful run "The Anchor" was duly reached, and host Dibble had some good beer on tap, totally different from the Birkenhead sample of richly coloured water, with no other virtue than the rich, dark, deceptive appearance. About ten of the Bath Road Club put in an appearance before lunch, which was of good and ample proportions. Roast chicken with sausages and boiled ham, roast mutton, three vegetables, trifle and mince pies, cheese, etc., for 3/- is quite commendable in these days of profiteering and high prices.

Giuseppi, Vanheems, Richards and Markham were amongst the Bath Road stalwarts, and made the writer more than welcome. After the usual chat and smoke around the fire a move was eventually made just before dusk, another delightful run home in the company of Giuseppi and Vanheems bringing a memorable Boxing Day to a close.

RUNS.

[The following is a mysterious case of telepathic writing, as we have no recollection of doing it. Yet there would seem no doubt of its emanating from our pen.—Ed.]

Halewood, December 7th, 1918.

We are to-day, though unwilling to deviate in any way from the accustomed mellifluous suavety of our phraseology, rather off our stroke owing to the perfidious failure of our promised contributor to contribute. We dimly remember the run, arriving rather late owing to a visit to our Hair Perfumer and Trimmer, and bearing in consequence to the green vale and rustic chivalry of Halewood a delightful scent of spirit of roses, of orange-flower water, and angelica; in short, vapouring forth the most odoriferous exhalations of the choicest aromatical scents.

The company was shorn of perhaps its most famous gourmets, viz., Messrs. David B. Bell and George B. Mercer; we falling with easy grace into the mantle of "G.B." dexterously carving the pretty capon, with all its natural whiteness, lustre and savour, into seemly portions, to the felicity and abysmal admiration of the assembled Anfielders. (There is not the slightest truth in the rumour that Johnny Band requested us to torpedo the bird.) To the unspeakable joy of Chem., who, happy and proud at the bravery of our workmanship, yet fearful at the extreme nearness of his

proximity in case of any unhappy mischance, the roast was followed by innocent and delectable mince pies. All danger over, his features rapidly resumed their customary crusty contour, while he steadied his shaken nerve with four cups of tea.

Round as hoops and as full as eggs, we led the way to sing melodiously the noted Halewood chorus: "For he's a jolly good fellow." What rare harmony! The swansdown cushions of the 8.25 bore us blissfully back to town, for Hubert Roskell had a friend with him who had an early train connection to miss. A pleasant day.

Knutsford, December 7th, 1918.

I do wish I'd written this account the day after the run. It was a really most enjoyable affair—satisfactory roads, excellent food, witty conversation and everything else necessary to make the function quite up to the average (and that's saying something), but I can't for the life of me remember details. The fact of the matter is that we are a fairly constant party nowadays, and there is a happy monotony about our runs which makes it somewhat difficult to find variety to write about, unless you write at once. "Happy the country that has no history," you know, but the historian's job hasn't much attraction in such a case. So I must just confine myself to saying that the weather was balmy, the number twelve, everything all right. Two points I do remember are that the Raven ticked off the Snub because the fare provided was similar to that he had had for lunch, and that the Count's cigar, contrary to expectations, had no deleterious effects on his health, at least not whilst we were there.

Cheshire, December 14th, 1918.

The day was so truly delightful that I felt I simply must attend a Club Run again (Six months since the last. Shame!) The Secretary very obligingly calling round, we set out for the Ancient City, which was reached in a surprisingly long time. Scientists say that the Earth's crust is cooling, and therefore contracting, but it seemed to me that the portion between Birkenhead and Chester has expanded considerably, possibly the Hot-stuff in the A.B.C. passing over it has something to do with the matter. I must ask Arthur and Chem.

The "Bars" disclosed a dining room of stately proportions, graced by the classic features of the Apostle and other lesser lights, nearly half-way through tea at 5.50.

It seems Uncle was bound on a week-end to Prestatyn and wanted to start early so the others, with that true politeness which is the chief charm of an Anfielder, kept him company, in the eating line.

Band, Geo. Mercer and Jack Seed rolled in later, and a very good meal was rapidly disposed of.

With the departure of Uncle, signs of restiveness became noticeable. Johnny had thought of a speedy dash home to register his vote. We discovered that the abolition of rear lights was a plank in the platform of some local Labour candidates, and understand that in future persons desirous of voting this way will be conveyed to the poll on the rear seat of Uncle's tandem. Robinson and Gregg departed for West Kirby, and Chandler, after vainly trying to get me to commit suicide by attempting the same journey, followed suit.

Band, Mac., Cooper, Edwards and the writer set off up the top road in glorious moonlight, and eventually overtook Ven, and Tommy, who led us along at a lively pace.

The W.W.W. must look to their laurels, as with a little more or less training I feel certain I can depose them from their lofty position.

Ringway, December 14th, 1919.

By dint of gentle persuasion the Soub, the Mullah, and others of the party at Ringway succeeded in wringing from me the rash promise that I would furnish the Editor with the report of this run. They, notwithstanding the fact that I was in the minority, caught me very neatly in a corner, and it does credit to the kindness of their innocent hearts that no more drastic means of persuasion than the usual mild methods of Hun torture (hunger, thirst, rattocing and branding different parts of my anatomy, beating, kicking, etc.), were mentioned. How, under the circumstances, and seeing how really they meant it, could I refuse?

Well, a promise is a promise, and I would rather break somebody's neck than my promise, so that I have, volens-volens, to go on with it.

After this short preamble there now only remains to say a few words about the run itself. The weather was fine, fairly warm and sunny (but only until sunset), the roads rather wettish and greasy in parts. The usual twelve turned out, the Raven-steered tandem, the Doctor and the Count (these four constituting the acknowledged East Division) arriving first as usual. By-the-way, why the last-named individual should be styled "Count" passes my comprehension. I have it on first-hand authority that he is as much a Count as our beloved Editor (just to give you an example) is the W.W.W., that is, of course, unless by some unfortunate mischance he has left his speed breeches at home. I have a suspicion that, instead of publicly objecting to this honour thrust upon him by some grievous mistake—he is rather flattered by it, so long as he is not made to behave like a Count and to spend his money like one, instead of only "Count"-ing it, as he does now. I am sorry to say the Mullah was amongst the last stragglers. Can it be that he is losing the last bit of form that still remained to him? Buck up, Mullah! You should do a little more riding and you will soon find that you will be all right again in time. We were glad to see two gallant representatives of the Army in our midst again in the persons of Dolly and one of the Mundell brothers. The former intended to fly out on his plane but, unfortunately, coming home on Armistice night he mistook the planes of his machine (which he always keeps in the passage to have it handy) for the stairs with the result that he put his feet through them. He did not get to his bedroom that way, but his machine had to go to the repairer's, and being still there, he had to come out to the run on a common bike. I regret to have to record the absence of the Master, but, when you think of it, it is not at all surprising. He, with his inborn astuteness, guessed that we should have moonshine on our way home, and concluding that it would consequently be difficult for him to camouflage his movements, he solved the difficulty by simply staying away. Besides the already-mentioned members we had the pleasure of seeing the Bucklers (father and son), Orrell and Aldridge. The tea was excellent as usual. We had, for a change, some mysterious dish. Nobody seemed to know what it was, but that did not prevent anybody from doing justice to it. After tea we had a nice sit round the fire, carrying on the usual learned conversation, and the Count very kindly provided the amusement by smoking one of his celebrated 2½d. cigars. It does not take much to amuse the boys. This, I think, can be explained by the fact that some of them are just out of their infancy, whilst the greater number are just entering upon their second childhood. Mainwood Farm being a dry place, we broke up comparatively early to get home before closing time. It was a nice ride back in the bright moonshine, the pleasure being only marred by the Count grumbling that it was too light to try his new acetylene lamp. He is never satisfied.

Northop, December 21st, 1918.

Army twelve days' leave and a visit to relatives in Wirral suggested the possibility of an "ordinary" Club Run, after an absence of about 20 years; by "ordinary" is meant the usual Saturday runs, and not Bettws, and such State occasions.

Upon discussing "cycling" with brother-in-law, mention was made of the possession of a bicycle, but as the said b--i-- I is well over six feet, little notice was taken of the incident. Saturday, however, turned out such an ideal cycling day that curiosity impelled an inspection of the aforesaid bicycle. Behold a giant! A real hyper-super-Dreadnought of about 1900 vintage, one to rejoice the heart of Robin Hood, complete with double top tube. Being of good pedigree, and well shod, a little adjustment soon made the bas seaworthy, and it was only a question of sufficient engine power to enable a tour around the world to be undertaken on same. It was decided that slow and sure might do the trick, but that any attempt at speed would prove fatal.

The ropes were flung off punctually at 2 p.m., and the Dreadnought sailed majestically out of West Kirby, admiring eyes of youth and beauty watching its progress with a touch of envy. Alas! the speed began to drop off almost immediately, and at the foot of Thurstaston the engine petered out completely, and the old vessel was "taken in tow" by the rider. Once o'er the summit, a non-stop to Clegg Arms, where it was decided to dock in hopes of meeting some early members, but, nothing doing in that direction, a start was made for Northop. Time speeded quickly (much quicker than the miles), but what matters when one is in the land of blissful memories, every turn and corner of the road recalling some incident of the past, and Northop hove in sight about 4.30 (for which most secret praise).

A most excellent meal was provided to the taste of all, except Johnny Band, who is a conscientious objector where rabbit, or vermin, pie is concerned, and after the usual smoke, chat, etc., a move was made.

By the courtesy of all, the Dreadnought was "accommodated" to Hinderton, and after lubricating there, Cook, Ven, and Edwards provided an escort nearly to West Kirby, Cook's gas lamp being invaluable. Thus ended a memorable run, one unique feature being that everyone had come per bicycle, and anyone who could and did not attend, missed an ideal combination of good weather, good roads, good tea, good beer, and last but not least, good company.

P.C.B.

Alderley Edge, December 21st, 1918.

A raw day, bitterly cold to the finger ends, and roads tricky in places—not at all ideal for the job—but let's look on the bright side: it didn't rain, though it threatened it. This run is memorable as being the occasion of the first appearance of Jack Hodges since he joined up in 1914, and we had also Edwards with us, on Christmas leave. I won't make a list of the various subjects discussed, but they commenced with twist tobacco and ended with railway sleepers. The professor and "L. O." had a learned dispute on the value of experiments on the nutritive value of foods, many gave the Mullah advice on the subject of marriage (this introduced by the announcement from host Mead that an aged bachelor friend of the Professor's had unexpectedly hung up his hat in a prosperous business with a wife attached). Hodges, who looks very fit, told of the marvellous feats of strength performed by the porters in Egypt and Palestine, and the apparently impossible disappearance of heavy Army stores which were some of the subjects thereof, and Boardman gave an amusing account of a tour recently taken in the company of an original, with numerous relatives along the route, the meeting with each of whom had to be celebrated in the usual manner—rather a gargantuan business altogether. I couldn't but regret the absence of the pungent comments

of the Raven who has the faculty of showing an unexpected side to every facet by his direct, not to say pointed, remarks. Besides, there was no one to attend to the Stub's education; Dick did do his best in that direction, but he would be the first to admit that he was but a pale imitation of the genuine article. We started for home about 8:30 in a body, which gradually dwindled, as, with cheery, seasonable wishes the members turned off for their homes or otherwise.

Chester, December 26th, 1918.

Future historians may dispute among themselves as to whether the Mullah had the wind up at Chester on Boxing Day, but in the writer's mind there is no room for doubt. He had it up badly. The reason was simply that he had come under the hypnotic influence of the Paganone, and was due to start for Bettws-y-coed just as soon as the tail end of the procession of food had cleared his ayula. Cook committed a tactical blunder of the first magnitude in sitting as near to the door as possible— one of his feet was almost outside in the passage— for the waitresses with one accord persisted in serving the other end of the table first. We have an impression that Tommy Royden, or Green, or Chandler, or Teddy Edwards put them up to doing this just for pure divilment. Meanwhile, Granddad was sending out bags of S.O.S. signals and attempting to give the waitresses the glad-eye in the hope of getting served quickly. The Mullah sat covering beside him, obviously uncomfortable in his mind— so distraught, indeed, that he forgot to invite the writer to join him in a bitter. One could hear Cook muttering between his teeth that “of course the later you start the faster you'll have to ride,” and reiterating the necessity of getting across Pries Heath— or was it the Derbighshire Moors?— before dark. The reunion was finally relieved at 2.15 p.m. when Cook and his new victim strode forth in battle order, intent on their mad scheme of riding to Bettws, to foregather with a few of the Simpsons, Buck, Lingo, and Winstanley, completely ignoring the fact that the cycling season is long since over.

The run itself was voted a huge success. There was an excellent muster of 28, and the coal set before us at the Bar was Al. Some fish, joint, and three vegetables, and pudding, all faded away like apples and rabbits do when controlled by the Government. We were glad to see our pet-of-our-friends amongst us again, even although the headlamps of their “Panthards” and “Dandlars” were not properly defending the realm, which fact is vouched for by Granddad, who was seen carefully measuring the front glasses with a view to legal action being taken.

Soon after dinner the party began to break up. The Manonians were the first to depart. Then Teddy Edwards, Robinson, and Gregg faded away in the direction of Northop. The Skipper rode home as he rode out— by the most direct route— and we are able to say, on the highest authority, that he was full of regret at having failed to grasp the opportunity of taking part in a Cook's Tour to Snowdenia on Boxing Day. This opportunity is not likely to occur again for twelve months.

Irby, December 26th, 1918.

This closing run of the year was a most enjoyable affair although the muster of a dozen was rather disappointing. Probably the effort to reach Chester on Boxing Day had exhausted some of our stalwarts, or were they like a certain member who, although the Run was Rossell?— Robinson was rumoured to be looking for that date to terminate over, regardless of time and place, for he was reported to be “off all day,” and yet never materialised. Maybe he got lost on the Conquering Hero Pass, or some other deadly stunt to finish up his cycling year in a blaze of glory! Chandler was another notable absentee owing to a singing engagement which might have cost him the second attendance prize, which now goes to Orrell. Cook and Turnor were

the first arrivals, but why did they break away from the festive gathering at Bettws-y-coed "Just to attend a Club Run"? Oliver Cooper doubly showed his right to the First Attendance Prize by a very novel method: for he first *walked* out to Irby to see where it was, and then walked back ^{on} his bicycle! Dave Fell, on a fearful and wonderful contraption borrowed from a "friend" (*sic*) in West Kirby, was the next to roll up, and then in quick succession followed Mercer, Toft, Band, Royden, Gregg, Ven., Mac., and Fawcett, and prompt to schedule we set about a very excellent meal. If only Grimshaw had turned up as he hoped to do, we should have had our lucky thirteen. After tea we sat round chattering in a very merry fashion, but when the locals began coming in we thought it time to make way for them, and very appropriately mizzled into the mirky night, for a half fog and half mist had settled down as though in sorrow at the last run in 1918. Gregg had the temerity to follow the old gentlemen on a tandem via West Kirby and Hoylake, but we guess they were tame enough after their North Wales tourlet, and we understand everyone reached home safely and early.

Allostock, December 28th, 1918.

'Twas ever thus--the festive season seems to have a very bad effect on attendances at runs, and this is especially the case with the Manchester section. We expect a small number on the Saturday immediately after Christmas Day, but this year was about the limit, for only four of us were out.

Certainly, the day was not particularly inviting--dirty roads, heavy showers, and early darkness, but these considerations should not keep H.R.A.'s by the fireside. However, there you are, or rather there you were, and we four had to enjoy the excellent repast prepared for you, with unaccustomed and undesired excess of elbow-room. That satisfactorily disposed of, we none of us had any difficulty in getting the full benefit of the glowing log-fire, and passed a pleasant hour in reminiscences of the ancient days and comparisons between then and now--not always favourable to the latter. The ride homeward had to be made in heavy rain and pitch darkness, but the youngsters seem to have cat's eyes, for the pace was quite a decent one, and Altrincham was reached without incident. Here--just to break the monotony--the Snub broke his chain, and congratulated himself on the highly convenient spot where the little contretemps occurred, since it was within easy walking distance of the official repairer's abode, and also of the tram terminus. Some fellows have all the luck.

A. T. SIMPSON,

Editor.

ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB.

FORMED MARCH 1879.

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

MONTHLY CIRCULAR.

Vol. XIV.

No. 156.

FIXTURES FOR FEBRUARY, 1919.

	Light up at
Feb. 1.—Halewood (Derby Arms)	5-22 p.m.
.. 8.—Chester (The Bars)	5-36 p.m.
.. 10.—Committee Meeting, Common Hall, Hackins Hey, Dale Street, Liverpool, 7 p.m.	
.. 15.—Delamere (Abbey Arms)	5-50 p.m.
.. 22.—Irby (Prince of Wales)	6-4 p.m.
March 1.—Halewood (Derby Arms)	6-17 p.m.

ALTERNATIVE RUNS FOR MANCHESTER MEMBERS.

Note.—Tea at 5-30 p.m.

Feb. 1.—Knutsford (Lord Eldon)	5-22 p.m.
.. 8.—Ringway (Mainwood Farm)	5-36 p.m.
.. 22.—Alderley Edge (De Trafford Arms)	6-4 p.m.
March 1.—Knutsford (Lord Eldon)	6-17 p.m.

Full moon 14th instant.

Committee Notes.

Stourton Lodge,

Arno Road, Oxton.

APPLICATIONS FOR MEMBERSHIP.—Mr. ALBERT DAVIES, 43, Everton Road, Chorlton-on-Medlock, Manchester: proposed by C. H. Turnor, and seconded by W. P. Cook. Mr. JOHN WARDLAW ROGERS, 13, Cearns Road, Oxton Birkenhead; proposed by W. P. Cook, and seconded by W. T. Venables (Junior Active).

The Delegates for 1919 are: To the R.R.A., Messrs. P. C. Beardwood and H. Hellier; to the N.R.R.A., Messrs. J. C. Band and F. D. McCann.

Handicapping and Course Committee: Messrs. J. C. Band, W. P. Cook, E. Edwards, W. R. Toft, C. H. Turnor, and the Hon. Secretary.

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

The President and Mr. Toft arranged for the sending of 13 parcels to Members on Active Service Abroad during January. The parcels contained cigarettes, toffee, kippered herrings, and biscuits (8), and (5) tobacco only.

The following Resolution was carried unanimously:—"That this Committee approves of the attitude of the C.T.C. in their efforts to abolish Rear Lights on Vehicles, and protests most strongly at the action of the Home Office in issuing a new Lighting Regulation under D.O.R.A. which is purely legislation by a Government Department," and the Hon. Secretary was instructed to forward a copy of this Resolution to the Secretary of the C.T.C., the Cycling Press, and to the Hon. Secretaries of the principal Road Clubs, with the suggestion that they consider the question of passing a similar Resolution.

NEW ADDRESSES.—Paymaster Lieut. R. A. FULTON, R.N.V.R., Messrs. Talbot Bird and Co., Inc., 63, Beaver Street, New York City, U.S.A. Private J. R. WELLS, 1319, A Co., Orderly Room, No. 2 Batta. O.T.B., Sandhill Camp, Warminster. J. M. JAMES, c/o James Talbot and Davison (1916) Ltd., Freemantle Road, Lowestoft. F. E. DOLAMORE, Inland Revenue, Britannia Chambers, St. George's Square, Huddersfield. G. F. MUNDELL, 354, Chester Road, Old Trafford, Manchester. J. HODGES, 26, Stockton Street, Moss Side, Manchester. A. P. JAMES, 23, Rufford Road, Fairfield, Liverpool.

F. D. McCANN,
Hon. Secretary.

It is with the greatest regret we have to chronicle the death of George Poole, after a long and complicated illness caused through exposure while on active service. George joined the Club in 1907 and was Sub-Captain in 1911. He had several very meritorious performances to his credit, among them being a fastest "50"—2.34.5 in May, 1911. He was also first and fastest in September, 1909—2.34.40, repeating this success in September, 1910—2.36.32. In the 24-hours handicap in 1909 his mileage was 311½, while in 1911 in the same race he greatly improved on this performance by doing 339 miles, securing the third place. He was only 31 years old, and in the ordinary course would have had several years of racing activity. He is the fourth of our Members to make the Great Sacrifice through the war, and our deepest sympathy goes out to his brother, Harry, and his relatives.

Personal.

Once again I have been elected by the Committee to watch over the fortunes of the old rag. While I fully appreciate the honour imposed on me, I feel that the time is rapidly approaching when it will be essential in the best interests of the Club, and the Sport, to pass in my checks, and make way for a *real* cyclist. Fortunately, there is no dearth of material to choose from as we have several members who combine any journalistic ability which may be required, with the necessary keenness for cycling, and such a combination ought to prove irresistibly attractive. I feel, however, that I ought to carry on until this time arrives—which will in all probability be the near future. I should again like to express to all who have contributed to the journal my warmest thanks, and high appreciation of their welcome efforts, as without

their whole-hearted co-operation, and the assistance they have so unstintingly given me, the rag would, indeed, have been a poor thing. With such talent at my disposal it has been a real pleasure to do the "back" work, for which, believe me, I receive altogether too much credit.

A.T.S.

Concerning Those On Service.

Postcard acknowledgments of parcels are to hand from: J. Rowatt (August); H. B. Band (September); A. P. James (November); One unsigned (November); J. Rowatt (September); H. R. Band (October): "With best thanks."

Jim Rowatt, under date of November 5th, writes: "September Circular just arrived, and, as usual, made very interesting, not to say amusing, reading. The most priceless bit to a Mesopotamian is certainly the combined offensive on Binns at Bisley; lucky dog, only six times in one night—why, Frederick, my pet mosk, has at least a dozen samples to himself before he goes away to gather the clan. Citronella is certainly rather overpowering, but, of course, there is a much simpler and pleasanter remedy, though probably rather expensive in Blighty just now; it was invented by a certain friend of mine, now risen to the rank of Major by its frequent application. To put it in his own words, 'The first part of the night I'm too tight to feel the blighters bite, afterwards they're far too tight to bite me.' Please excuse all this rot; we've just heard that Turkey and Austria have thrown in. God bless the kind British Government for giving the poor soldiers plenty of fireworks on a night like this. There will be some shortage of Verey lights, ground flares, and signal rockets to-morrow. Well, cheer oh! I'll turn up suddenly one of these days."

Gunner H. R. Band writes, under date of November 17th: "My very best thanks to you and the A.B.C. for the September parcel, which reached me on Friday last. Coming at such a time, right on top of the German surrender, its value is greatly increased as being a forerunner of even better things to come in the near future, namely, 'Home'! I don't want to become sloppy, but honestly, the longer it is since I left Blighty, the more convinced I am that I never properly appreciated all it means. We got the news of Germany last Tuesday morning, so packed in as soon as the horses were groomed. We had a whole holiday on Wednesday, and yesterday was a public holiday, but the Battery had to turn out for a big ceremonial parade in Secunderabad in the morning. There won't be much done here in the way of training, and as far as signalling is concerned, we are just putting in the time. If the classification test is held next month I think there will be a good 100 per cent. of washouts! Wishing you and all the old Club the very best for 1919, and may we be back to be with you!"

A. Warburton, under date of January 6th, writes: "Will you please convey my sincere thanks to all members of the good old Club for the pipe to hand a week or so ago? How sincerely I join you in the hope that all members will soon be home again! My chances at present are not very hopeful of an early discharge, but I shall continue to worry the people in authority, and perhaps this, together with other qualifications, such as long service, no good, etc., will hasten my 'ticket' day. The life out here these days is quite good in comparison with what we have been used to since 1914, but one feels that it is, more than ever, a waste of time since the signing of the Armistice. However, here's hoping! With best wishes to all."

Ramsey Wells writes, under date of January 11th: "I am taking the opportunity of thanking the whole of the Anfield Club for their very kind thought of sending me such a handsome present as the fine pipe, which I

received quite safely yesterday. My addresses have seemed to me to be so much changed about during the last three months that I am afraid I have rather got a little bit out of touch with the Club lately. After January 21st, goodness knows where I shall get sent to, as I am at present only a spare part camouflaged as a soldier, and awaiting my discharge in England. Now that I am married again, and as I have been offered a fairly lucrative position in England, Australia is of no further use to me, and I shall not be returning there, at present at all events. I am glad and proud, however, to be able to say that I fought side by side with some of the finest soldiers the World has ever produced: fought as a 'digger' with what the ex-Kaiser called the 'Triangle Devils.' My present work is fixing up boat-rolls for men going back to Australia, and also tentatively awaiting the day when I shall get my long-looked for and welcome discharge." Then follows a very amusing account of an attempt to cycle to Cardiff on a hired and very meaty bicycle "as good as a racer" with 104 gear, a chain that kept falling off, as the chain-wheels had been so completely Seelyised that there were no cogs at all, a broken saddle, a wangled front tyre, and no repair outfit! Ramsey concludes: "When I start working in London I shall hope to be trying to get to Ripley one Saturday, and meet the small and select London Contingent, if they still go there. Then I am also hoping to be able to get to Liverpool some day within the next three months. How about "Jimmy" James? I suppose he will be home very soon now from Salonika. Kindly remember me to all the boys."

R. T. Rudd writes, under date of January 3rd: "I received your very welcome letter and pipe, for which I thank you and the members of the Anfield B. C. very much, and I am looking forward to the time when I will be able to have the pleasure of a run with the good old Club, and see old friends again. I am now in a forsaken hole in Germany (Gemünd). But never mind, we have won, and thank the Lord we have. I am keeping in the very best of health."

G. Jackson writes, under date of January 5th: "I'm writing to ask you to express my sincere thanks to the boys for the fine little pipe which arrived from the Club the other day. The good wishes for the New Year are heartily reciprocated. I should think very soon the Club Run attendances will be showing a fine upward movement. You'll be expecting that, and I'm sure you will not be disappointed. My word, you excelled yourselves in that "Peace Number" of the Circular. It was a real treat to read, and I thoroughly enjoyed it. I have also a parcel to acknowledge, the November one. A bit late in doing so, nevertheless I can assure you it received its full measure of appreciation. The thoughtfulness of the Old Club to its members on A.S. during the war will be a very pleasant memory, and one cannot offer sufficient thanks for all the good things that have been sent out."

A. P. James writes, under date January 24th: "Will you thank the Club for me for the most excellent pipe which I received yesterday after its many vicissitudes in strange lands. I can assure you that I am very grateful to all the boys for their most useful of presents."

J. Hodges, who is now demobilised, writes under date January 24th: "I must thank the Club for their kindness in sending the monthly parcels, which were always most acceptable. A point which commands my admiration is the way in which those at home have 'carried on.' Whilst other Clubs were collapsing, the A.B.C. actually seemed to become stronger—at any rate in enthusiasm."

Percy Williamson writes, under date January 11th: "Please convey to all the members of the Anfield by very best thanks for the fine pipe sent by

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Percy Williamson writes, under date January 11th: "Please convey to all the members of the Anfield by very best thanks for the fine pipe sent by

the Club. Good pipes are very scarce in this country, and therefore such a present is all the more welcome. I thought at one time that I should have been in England in time for the A. G. M., but it seems now as though it will be some considerable time before we all get away from here. I sincerely hope, at any rate, that I shall have the pleasure of attending a Club Run before the Spring is very far advanced. Again thanking you for the pipe, and also for the Circulars and parcels which have arrived for three years with such regularity, always seeming to turn up at some moment when they were most welcome. The old Club has certainly done its bit for us Members On Active Service. Friends who have been with me a long time, and have seen the Anfield parcels appearing month by month have remarked 'My, that's some Club. Wish I had known of it before the war.' I am keeping quite fit and well. Hoping to be with you before very long."

G. F. Mundell is now out of the Army and home again. Brother Frank is expected any day. Dolly is now located at Huddersfield, and writes "a beautiful centre for cycling—I don't think! May get over for a run occasionally."

Clifford Dews writes: "Please thank the A.B.C. for their splendid gift (knife). I can assure you that I am *most* grateful. Somehow the Government has got it into its head that we have a passion for Mudros, and it looks like their keeping us here for some time. Nevertheless, I hope the day I start for home is not so far distant as we all imagine. There are rumours of a "Russian Stunt," so everyone is on the buzz. Confound the Bolchies."

Annual General Meeting, January 10th, 1919.

Although the number of Members attending this function was not large, being only 20, the excitement prevailing owing to the competition for office foreshadowed in last month's Circular was intense. The officials whose jobs were in jeopardy betrayed signs of acute anxiety, in strong contrast with those officers whose displacement was remote, who displayed a calm and unruffled exterior, not to say a patronising air of detachment, exceedingly galling to their unfortunate confrères. It was observed that the President, palpably impressed with the seriousness of the proceedings, must have had an exceptionally prolonged encounter with his tonsorial artist who had done him to a hair, the *tout ensemble* compelling one enthusiastic admirer to remark that not only was he a useful President, but an ornamental one as well. The Editor, looking haggard under his tan—although his fate was not to be decided at that meeting—had fortified himself with an old ale, secured at enormous expense, but it was easy to see the awful strain he was undergoing, and a murmur of compassion swept through the chamber at this view. The Treasurer, owing, presumably, to his Northern blood, was able to mask his feelings better, and a slight, intermittent twitching of the features was the only evidence of his terrible suspense. The Secretary, being a Scotsman had himself under rigid control most of the session, with his auricular appendages well retarded. A forced air of gaiety permeated the proceedings, which were opened in the usual way by the reading and confirmation of the Minutes of the last meeting. The Secretary then read his Annual Report, a voluminous and masterly document setting forth all the doings of the Club during the year, thus reviving many pleasant memories which had lain dormant. As Mac. proceeded with this illuminating and most interesting recital, I think it must have been borne in on everybody present the enormous amount of work entailed in its compilation, and the debt of gratitude due to him. In his peroration (evidently concocted in accord with the line of action decided upon in consultation with his colleagues, as with one voice they all declined office—a subtle move!) he stated he wished to be relieved

of the position, his excuse being that business necessitated his presence in London every week.

The Treasurer then read his Report, which was highly satisfactory, the Club funds proving to be only about £20 down on the previous year. In all the circumstances, in view of the war expenses involved, to say nothing of the extra cost of the Circular owing to the Editor's rapaciousness, this result is very gratifying. The Annual Subscriptions, as before, were then fixed. And now arrived the crucial moment—the election of officers. To everybody's surprise and disappointment, all the competitors for the jobs had evidently got the wind up badly, as not one came forward—in fact, they all seemed to think that we could not do better than retain the services of those in office. As each official, in concerted plan, declined to be re-elected he was howled down, and elected with acclamation; yet they say this is a free country! The difficulty of Mac.'s absence from time to time was surmounted through his beau-père, who by the way has acted now for a considerable time the part of his ghost, volunteering to continue playing this spooky character, thus making a secretarial combination difficult to equal, and Little Willie deserves our best thanks for thus stepping into the breach. The Presider, who was delighted at the strategy which had again manoeuvred him into the position, tried to look displeased at his unexpected (!) re-election, but his efforts were miserable failures, while the Treasurer positively beamed on the assembly. The Committee was then elected, and now is made up as follows: W. R. Toft, E. Edwards, W. P. Cook, A. Newsholme, A. T. Simpson, F. J. Cheminai, E. Cody, R. C. G. Gregg, so it will be seen that we have practically the old gang back again; this will all be changed, however, next time when the boys are here. The question of road-racing during the year was left in the hands of the Committee, with the strong hope that if circumstances permitted, a programme, consisting of two fifties, 100 miles "invitation" on Whit Monday, a "Twenty-four Invitation," and a 12-hours race should be arranged. A Course Committee, consisting of Band, Cook, Edwards, Toft, Turnor, and Mac., was elected. Charlie Conway then, in an impassioned and moving speech, for the umpteenth time pleaded that the Easter Tour should be to Bettws.; to please him this was carried with acclamation. The other Club Tours were left to the discretion of the Committee, and a strong view put forward that there should be an all-night ride, providing sufficient support were forthcoming.

Will Toft then moved a hearty vote of thanks to the Editor (What for Heaven only knows!), and that shy and retiring individual, in response to clamant demands for a speech, launched out into an eloquent and fervid address which moved the gathering to considerable emotion, causing tears to course down the furrowed cheeks of some of the more susceptible Members. Two seconds later, when he had finished, Grimshaw rose to voice the thanks of the boys in the Army for the Club's thoughtfulness in keeping them supplied with parcels, etc., but I think we managed to persuade him that the boot was altogether on the other foot, and that what had been done was simply a labour of love and a wee token of appreciation and affection. The Presider had already made sympathetic reference to the heavy loss we had sustained through the recent death of George Poole, and a vote of condolence to his relatives was passed in silence, all standing. After votes of thanks to the Presider and other officials had gone forward by acclamation, the proceedings terminated.

"The Annual."

[By an Active (?) Member who was not present.]

The routine business having been disposed of, the following items (not on the agenda) were dealt with:—

Proposed by W. P. Cook, and seconded by C. H. Turnor, that an open "15" be held on the first Saturday in April, the competitors to start in

batches of 50 at half-minute intervals commencing at 11 a.m., the route to be from Liverpool Town Hall to Prescott and back, and the event to be timed (subject to the Lord Mayor's permission) on the Town Hall clock.

Proposed by F. J. Cheminails, and seconded by H. M. Buck, that no further Club teas be held on licensed premises.

Proposed by W. M. Robinson, that a cask of beer be purchased out of the Club funds for consumption after tea on Saturdays. This motion found no seconder.

Proposed by W. P. Cook, and seconded by A. T. Simpson, that a Ladies' Section be at once inaugurated.

Proposed by C. H. Turnor, and seconded by O. Cooper, that the Club be amalgamated with the Liverpool District Association of the C.T.C., under the name of the Salmon Tin Wobblers.

Proposed by C. H. Turnor, and seconded by F. H. Koenen, that all dogs be brushed off the roads in the Manchester Area before lighting-up time on Saturdays.

Proposed by R. L. L. Knipe, and seconded by D. R. Fell, that no member be allowed to grow larger carrots than the Hon. Treasurer, or more extensive cabbages than the President.

Financial Items.

Another humourist has arisen in our ranks! The Treasurer sends in the following letter received from Cam last month, which we cannot refrain from quoting:—

Three times have I taken up my pen to write you, and on each occasion my feelings have overcome me with disastrous results to very valuable paper. This time I have entrusted my precious reply to my private secretary—otherwise my staff, aged 17, salary 32/6 per week plus war bonus—who is rather expert with the "clicker." Let me admit that I felt profoundly touched by your gentle reminder, and therefore you will feel no shock when you handle the enclosed cheque for £2 2/-, subscription for this and next year. Pray do not imagine that early devotion to the Xmas spirit is responsible for a Scotsman's anxiety to figure in the company of those confounded nuisances who pay in advance (although one should really confess having glided a few thin ones over the larynx yestereen in the charming society of our distinguished Editor), but you high financiers are well aware that the enjoyment of the privilege of paying by cheque involves a fee of two d. This was pointed out by your over-zealous member to his Actuary, and after much labour the latter has discovered that the difference between the loss of interest on a quid and the cost of providing another cheque when your next pleasant touch alights shows 2000 (repeated) d. in my favour. You may be interested to see the figures some day, and for this purpose I will attach them to my person for your inspection. To spare you that most uncomfortable feeling one has when, having presented a cheque for payment, the Teller disappears with it for a consultation with the Ledger and possibly the Manager, I have crossed mine.

P.S.—A terrible thing has happened. Only a 1½d. stamp left for my cheque. Calculations re profit and loss all upset.

Correspondence.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR, Whilst I was cycling towards Chester from the direction of Mollington a few Saturdays ago, I was overtaken by another old gentleman who was riding a tricycle. Though I was well over on my proper side of the road, the trieyclist elected to cut me very close, and just as he was overtaking me

I happened to make a little swerve, which put him out very considerably. The following conversation then ensued:—He: "You're old enough to ride in a straight line!" I: "You ought to leave a little more room for others!" I had several other things to say, but unfortunately he was soon out of reach. (He rode wonderfully well for an old gentleman; I myself am 65.) As, however, I understand he is a member of the Anfield B. C., may I address my remarks to him through the Club journal? I wished to say that he looked old enough to ride a bicycle, and to ask him if he wanted the *whole* of the road? Further, if he *must* ride a tricycle, why can't he have a *proper* one, with *proper* tyres and fitted with mudguards? I never saw such a ridiculous little cap as the one he had on, and I must protest against the grossly unfair way in which his rear-lamp was masked. Probably the light could not be seen for more than half a mile—a virtual infraction of the law!—Yours, etc.,

A REAL CYCLIST.

[We have puzzled our head for hours trying to discover to whom this scathing indictment of our irate correspondent refers, but without success.—Ed.]

MEMS.

We learn that Grandad is very anxious to hear Robinson's definition of the term "Active Membership."

Look out for Arthur's masterpiece: "Twelve ways of getting to Irby," by A. T. Simpson, with preface by F. J. Cheminais, and a short history of Llandegla, by W. P. Cook. Ready shortly.

Those who left Halewood early on January 4th, missed the treat of hearing Cody recite "New Year's Day in the Workhouse," by G. R. Seems. By the way, we understand Cody is busy putting the finishing touches to his chef d'oeuvre "Look what the Army has done for me," as a companion volume to the masterpiece "Look what Cycling Camping has done for me (in more senses than one)" by G. Milne, K.O.K.

Members will be interested to learn that Timbertiles has another splinter on his hands. The young lady arrived on October 24th, and Timber threatens to design a special Juvenile Side Car attachment for his tandem so that he can really cycle *en famille*! Carpenter must look out for his laurels!

After a silence of a year, the Baron has been heard from again, and just as one would expect his letter contains *real* news. While we were picturing the Baronial One as a mere Assistant Paymaster on H.M.S. "Niobe," he has been swanking as a full-blown Paymaster Lieutenant on the staff of the British Senior Naval Officer in New York! The Baron sends his "fondest to all the boys—the best of Christmas Greetings, and all good wishes for the New Year."

Frank Roskell certainly ought to beg, borrow, or steal a copy of the North Road Gazette for January to read the article entitled "Buff," by J. M. James, which is "as full as the curate's egg was full of meat" of those reminiscences of Jimmy that Frank used to so enjoy.

Cycling makes the following reference of us:—"That brilliantly edited and admirable club journal, the Anfield B. C.'s 'Monthly Circular,' which really deserves a more pretentious title, for it is a closely printed 16-page magazine Of course we publish this extract with considerable diffidence, but as a modest man we insist upon putting it in; after all, it cost us a lot of money. The price of the "Magazine" will remain the same.

By the way, Cohen's letter in the last Circular referring to French speed irons has already been quoted and commented on in the *Athletic News* and *Cycling*.

Says the *Irish Cyclist*: --There is one spot on the Bray to Wicklow main road which has on various occasions proved unlucky for the writer. Several punctures have occurred *right opposite a public house* in the village of Kildpedder." The italics are ours. Good heavens! Some people don't know when they are well off!

Meeting a friend in town recently, and learning that he had stayed at the "Grand Abbey" Hotel, Bettws-y-Coed, on December 29th, the President, naturally, asked him whether he had seen the Anfielder Xmas party. You may judge of Fell's amusement when he received the following reply: "No, there were no Anfielders there -- I only saw a lot of little fellows." Curtain!

Cycling, of January 23rd, is peculiarly interesting to Anfielders. A very sympathetic reference is made to the death of George Poole, accompanied by an excellent photograph. In "Echoes from the Past," the following appears:--"In the Winter of 1884-5, the Anfield B. C. challenged the North Manchester B. C. to a 24-hours inter-club team race on the road, 50 members to represent each Club! A contemporary's comment on the suggested race was 'How about the police?' Although the event never came off, the idea indicated the keenness of the Clubmen of those days." We should think so! To-day we would not worry about the police, but would be going over the membership list for our 50 members to compete, and figuring out how many miles and how many *minutes* some of them could stick it! In "Mileage Charts of the last War Year," Carpenter "the ubiquitous Anfielder," figures with a total of 9,888 miles compiled on roads as far apart as Liverness and Bournemouth, with 38 straight away three figure rides averaging 124 miles each--two of them exceeding the double century. Carpenter certainly lives up to the Club's old motto, "Hic et Ubique." Orrell also figures in the article under the caption "Club Riding on a Big Scale," with a total of 11,231 miles, and the comment that "Mr. Orrell obviously makes the fullest use of his opportunities." Two of Orrell's weeks reached 503 and 543 respectively, while Armistice week was taken advantage of to record 336 miles.

At Christmas several prominent members of the Railriders C.T.C. were bunkered by the Railway embargo against bicycles. Rumney drove a coach and four through the order by a judicious reference to a funeral, which softened the hearts of the stationmasters, but F. H. K., who was stalled in the neighbourhood of Chippenham and wanted to get to Bettws. (Why not Chester?) does not seem to have been up to his usual form of wangling! We would suggest that if he had read the official announcement at the railway stations he would have discovered that "perambulators, bath chairs and birds in cages" were expressly exempted, and surely it would not have been difficult for the Master to have made it quite clear that his machine was a perambulator or a bath chair, even if he did not fall into the classification of a bird in a cage!

For Liverpool Members only -- For many years now some of us have supported "The Stars of the Stage" entertainment formerly known as the "Pick of the Pantemime" in aid of the League of Welldoers. George Theakstone used to sell us the tickets, and now Miss Theakstone has taken up her brother's work and sent Cook some tickets to dispose of. The date is Friday, February 28th, and the prices of the tickets are 3/6, 2/4 and 1/3. The charity requires no advocacy, and the show is really tip-top, so that you get a splendid evening's amusement with the satisfaction of benefitting a

most worthy cause. If this is in your line, just let the Apostle know and he will do the rest!

"Jimmy" James has been in hospital in Liverpool some little time now convalescing, and is at present out on leave. He is expecting to be *de trop*—or should it be troop?—*olised* (intricate Patente-Cordiale jest) in the near future. He is dying to buy a bike, and has offered the Editor fabulous sums (ranging up to half a sovereign) for his, free wheel and all. That hard rider, however, has sworn to give it away, or nothing, and there the matter stands.

Jack Seed writes: "I regret I did not notice the paragraph in the January Circular re an Anfielder trying to qualify for Punch's old fishing joke until Saturday, when looking at the list of runs. This admission on my part, I suppose, is really hideous, but "it's a fact." While I should have been only too delighted to dispose of any surplus delicacies to the "conner-sewers" named, it is heartrending to have to admit that after such an example of patience and perseverance, the catch of jacksharps, etc., only totalled 2lbs. 14ozs., and not 21lbs. 14ozs. Your scribe has evidently done some fishing himself! Although I do put some little time in now and again at this strenuous competition, you will, may be, also allow me to point out that the match under notice was for *one* gold medal, so that there was no third prize to be won. Your informant *must* have had some fishing experience, he simply can't tell the truth!

I wonder, after all this time, if Elsie remembers the *pond* he fell into at the Bridge End Hotel at Llangollen, when he got up in the middle of the night to see if he had wound his watch up? Ask Stevie!"

RUNS.

Halewood, January 4th, 1919.

A fair afternoon, but somewhat sloppy roads, was our luck for the first run of the New Year, so we were better off than Manchester, where a heavy snowfall was reported.

It was a pleasant surprise to see Ted Cody out again in multi, he having been demobbed just a couple of days previously, and looking none the worse for the "overfeeding in the Army." Others rolled up by twos and threes, and when a very appetising odour commenced to pervade the atmosphere of the dry tank, a very hungry crowd made a hasty move for the dining room, full of eager anticipation. Nor were we disappointed, for very soon a gigantic turkey made its appearance on the table, for size and succulence the very Dickens of a bird! with everything handsome about it—surely a worthy rival of Tiny Tim's. How it made our mouths water. But there were a few moments of nervous apprehension when it was discovered that the President was not there to carve, nor either of his attendant satellites, and we were on the point of electing Charlie Conway (by the scruff of the neck) to fill the vacant chair, when, happily, David himself appeared and saved the situation.

It was a Gargantuan feast. All got off their marks in good time, and did full justice to the ample spread in the true Anfield manner, so well known for its simple courtesy and genial bonhomie. But, suddenly, a strange oppressive silence made itself heard above the clatter of plates and the din of cutlery. Something was amiss. What was it? Not the sauce, not the potatoes, not the mashed turnips. No. Gradually it dawued upon us that our ever-present W. P. was not with us. In vain to scan our serried ranks. His noble Shakespearian brow and dulcet tones were alike missing. What?

When? Where? Why? Many conjectures were put forward. The Optimists, led by Johnny Band, averred that, rising to heights of Moral Courage hitherto unequalled in the annals of the Club, W. P. had decided to miss a run! Ye gods! What heroism! What self-abnegation! A warm glow of enthusiasm filled for a few moments those parts of our anatomy not as yet convicted by the cold of winter. But not for long. Slowly but surely the dread conviction forced itself upon us that there was a more terrible reason for his absence. "Sandbags!" Who said that word of evil omen? Furtive glances were cast towards that end of the table where sat the Editor, with a strange inscrutable smile illuming his pallid features. Could it be that one of his hated minions had already obeyed his veiled hint, and had sandbagged poor old Granddad on the first run of the year? I gazed on him in horror, when suddenly I found his glance fixed upon me with a strange sinister significance, and a cold shiver ran down my spine. Influenza? No. A strange thing had happened. The door opened quietly, and W. P. himself blew in, alive, and accompanied by two other young bloods whom he had inveigled on a very successful tour round the earth in search of some snow. Thank goodness he had escaped Arthur's evil machinations. A load of oppression rolled from my mind.

Reinforced now to eighteen by this hungry horde, we again attacked the noble bird, but in spite of all our onslaughts, its mighty frame still held the field and filled the dish. In vain were the Presidential promptings to "have another leg or two"; we reluctantly gave it best, and retired from the table with the partition of Turkey only partially accomplished.

An adjournment was made to the nether regions, where the undeniable virtues of Anfield good-fellowship were celebrated with the usual sacred libations and mystic chants. Cheered and refreshed by this ritual, I was busily engaged in solving various knotty points of high finance (in solemn conclave) with the Presider, when once more I felt a shudder shake my frame, and again I found the black basilisk eye of him-who-must-be-obeyed fixed upon me with the same inscrutable sardonic expression. I shrank back in dread, as his glance rested for a moment on the gentle Apostle who sat near me. Then, leaning over, he hissed in my ear, "You will do it this time. It is your last chance. Fail at your peril!" And in a moment he was gone.

In vain I have sought oblivion from the horrid thought in work, in sleep, in the crowded theatre, in the giddy throng. In vain I have put off the evil thing all the month till now. And now, in the dim watches of the night, I again seem to see that sinister smile, and hear those baleful words, "You will do it this time" . . . I've done it.

Knutsford, January 4th, 1919.

Frankly, it looked impossible; the suburban roads were covered with a churned-up mass of snow several inches deep, with criss-cross ruts made by the traffic. And if tram-cars could not, by charging full speed, manage to get more than a few yards at a time, what hope was there for the poor cyclist? However, hoping for the best, the present deponent brought forth his trusty grid and made his way partly on foot and partly in the pigskin to the outskirts of Bowdon. Here, to his great delight, he found that the motor traffic, by its inveterate habit of clinging to the crown of the road, had worn two fairly wide tracks through the snow, baring the road, so that progress was remarkably easy. Arrived at the Lord Eldon, the Mullah was found in sole possession; he had ridden the trike for safety, but certainly not for ease. Newsholme was understood to be in the offing, and there were others who might have been expected, but none materialised, and there were only two to sit down to an excellent tea. After a cosy chat by the fireside, an early start was deemed advisable, in view of the state of the roads, and a fairly fast passage was made back to Bowdon. After that, things were very interesting, but we reached home safely, without cause for regret that we had faced it.

Warrington, January 11th, 1919.

Having only attended one run this year, I thought I had better make the total two, so I turned up the "rag" and found the destination was Warrington. This is a long way for an old gentleman of my antiquity, especially in the "off" season, but I set out from my domiciliary edifice at 2.20 full of courage and steak. A nasty breeze kept me busy "getting them down," and it was 4 p.m. when I entered the historic city of Chester. From here the going was good to Frodsham and, observing a trike and two singles outside the tea shop, I proceeded to investigate. The strategical position nearest the door was occupied by Will Cook, while the Skipper and Tommy Royden were also in evidence. As I was assisting them to empty the teapot, Rogers (new member) arrived. It then transpired that all five had come singly. Quite a coincidence. The beautiful picture of the Helsby headland silhouetted against a golden sky had vanished when we came to remount, and Luna was working her silvery searchlight, so the Cook vetoed a suggestion to light up. We had, just after starting, to negotiate the pimple which stands at the end of the village, and Tommy Royden, true to his tradition of "sprinting uphill," broke his new chain on the last lap. Luckily, the Frodsham cycle shop had another, so he turned up a little late. Upon arriving at the mane [Our correspondent is in jocular vane —Ed.] entrance to the "Lion" we were met by Green, who presented us with glad tidings: The "Lion" had no word of our coming. One of Grandad's "accidents" had happened to the official card. However, they provided us with a good scratch meal, Green proving himself an expert at wangling loads of bread and butter, and taking his reward in the shape of numerous confabs, with the pretty waitress. Cook's motto "The later you start, the faster you'll have to ride," evidently preyed upon his mind, so, as soon as the edible commodities which fell to his lot were safely bestowed in his massive interior, he proceeded to drag his three victims home again via Chester. It was a beautiful moonlight night, though the atmosphere was heavy, and young Rogers lit a fire nearly all the way to Chester. When remonstrated with at the "Bull and Stirrup," he told us he "only wanted a drink." More fires down the top road gave the Skipper and myself the hungry knock, and he left us at Clatterbridge with the avowed intention of "walking nearly all the way home and trying to get his poor feet warm." I, in grim desperation, hung on to the two young bloods, and, having seen the Cook to his house, rolled home with 81 miles to my credit and "that tired feeling" (Eh! Arthur?) to my debit. This strenuous tour round the earth did not appeal to the other Wirral and Liverpool members, and, I presume, they reached home safely via Liverpool.

Chester, January 18th, 1919.

The weather all week had given great promise of wet, and we did get it *pus demi*, as they don't say on the Continent. I was seriously contemplating exchanging my bike for a Noah's Ark, as it seemed a case of *pour toujours* (Anglo-French joke: very good, but subtle). Everybody was fed up with the manna in which the rain had been lavishing its affections upon us. But on the Saturday old Sol wakened up, and seeing the mess the earth was in got busy smartening things up. The brightness of the day and the crispness of the ambient air were more intoxicating than Government beer. It was like the call of the syren Spring, and I fell under the charm. I didn't hurt myself, however, so there wasn't much harm done.

I intended to make for the Cestrian Camp by way of Bettws., or any other short cuts which had not been bespoken for the day by our gluttonous space eaters, but owing to the time expended on the choice adjustment of my attire (for one can't go cycling as one would go to a Ball—one must look much spicker and spanner) and also owing to my perplexity as to which of

my stud (not studs) to select—whether Pegasus, my speed-iron, Bucephalus, my road-racer, or good old Dobbin, the roadster. I was late in getting off the road right and left. I felt I was the cynosure of all eyes, as I propelled myself with easy grace. Some people wonder how I do it. Well, you see, it's long practice; I ride a little every day, even though it is only in a tram-car. And then I take my pastimes seriously—like the Apostle I go for a hobby—er—bald headed.

Outwards, I chose the New Chester Road. To say it was like a billiard table would be slightly to exaggerate. I swished, and splashed, and skidded and floundered along at something under evens. Only one incident brightened my way through the quagnires: A motor car, approaching rapidly from the opposite direction, took a fancy to my side of the road. It was lucky there was a ditch for me to fall into, otherwise I might have made a mess of the car. I apologised to the driver for being on the earth, and in appropriate language thanked him for saving his car. But ha! ha! a time will come; wait till I get the tank that Hubert is having upholstered for me; then we'll see bolts and nuts flying; I'll crush every road-hog contraption I encounter.

On reaching "The Bars," I found Capt. Band, his brother, and our youngest junior, Cook, Chandler, Cooper, Gregg, Venables, and others, already well through their meal. I became the object of solicitous attention on the part of the party who overwhelmed me with the good things of the table. Teddy Edwards made a late appearance, but was a good finisher from scratch. 13 was, I believe, the lucky number present.

About 7.15, I proposed to leave. Oliver essayed hard to get me to try conclusions with him on the top road back, but I preferred the nether way, and so we parted. The whole party soon followed suit and had a pleasant return journey on the top road. I regretted later I had not gone with them, as I had some uncomfortable experiences with fog. But *jam satis est*. There are some who have suggested that I found my way home by train. Well, if anyone can prove this, I am willing to renounce drinking Government beer for the rest of my life. That's fair enough.

Ringway, January 18th, 1919.

A gathering of 14 members testified to the popularity of the Ringway fixture. We are always sure there of an abundance of good food and plenty of elbow room round a cheerful fire after tea. At one time, we only looked like having our lucky 13, but at the last minute, F. H. tripped gaily in, quite unexpectedly, as he had promised to turn up. By the way, what about that cycling tour of his down South at Xmas, when the transport of cycles as passenger luggage was forbidden? Did he ride all the way? Incredible! I have a theory that he camouflaged his grid as a Xmas tree with holly and mistletoe (the lights and various trinkets usually attached to Xmas trees would already be part of the equipment), and disguised himself as Santa Claus with a false beard. Anyhow, I believe he got to his destination with the bicycle, and had the satisfaction of wheeling it round the earthworks, as usual. As I was week-ending in Cheshire, I had to leave early, so can't give a full account of the meeting, and the best I can do is to mention the names of the members present. Of course there was the Snub, a nuisance of a fellow who asks you to write up the run, and takes your money off you; and the worst of it is, he always turns up and refuses to be choked off. And then the Mullah, a tremendous enthusiast, and the essence of urbanity. His only weakness is that he is somewhat too susceptible to the influence of his immediate environment, and allows the super-cyclists of the Mersey-side to kid him into making fixtures for his Manchester constituents which are beyond the powers of the majority. Still, for all that, he is well worth the salary we pay him as our representative.

Also the Raven. The great thing about the Raven is his personality. We could not do without a personality in the Manchester Section, and even the Snub admits that Crow's is the genuine article, equal in its way to anything they have got at the other end. Buckley père et fils were there. They come on singles now, young Bickley vowing that he can no longer push the ever-increasing weight of paternal adipose tissue on a tandem.

A welcome reappearance was put in by Arthur Newsholme, cheery as ever, and tanned with his voyages on the Great Lakes and across the Atlantic.

Well, the ink in the fountain-pen is nearly dry, and though I could say nice things about all the rest of the goodly company, a list of their names must suffice, *i.e.*, Aldridge, Beckett, Mundell, Oppenheimer, Orrell, Del Strother, and Dr. Carlisle.

Lrbby, January 25th, 1919.

During the week we heard so many rumours that we had visions of being packed out at the Prince of Wales. Winnie whispered "Look out for the Union crowd on Saturday." "Wayfarer" 'phoned to enquire whether the Cycling Season had started. Jack Thompson was coming, and Lizzie Buck was a certain starter—but alas and alack, none of these eventuated, and Dame Rumour was as ever a lying jade! Even Dave Fell failed us, and we fear he must be in strict starvation training for the A. Division Dinner! No doubt the distance was not far enough for the daring Chem, and the intrepid Arthur. Still it was a perfect day for cycling, as the weather was just threatening enough to keep motors off the road with petrol at its present price, and yet never damp enough for a mac. The twelve who graced the festive board were Band, Toft, Edwards, Mercer, Ven., Cooper, Cook, Royden, Chandler, Gregg, Rogers, and Mac, and as the *pièce de résistance* was a Hot Pot à la Prichard, we fared sumptuously. After tea the usual chin-wag round the fire. Tommy gave us a most graphic account of his being chased by a "Howl as big as a Heagle," and Oliver told us some most amusing telephone stories, after which the destination of the All-Night Ride provided an interesting discussion with Cheltenham, York, and Warwick apparently most favoured. Finally, we departed into the beautiful starlight night, and Edwards, Chandler, Cook, Gregg and Rogers made the West Kirby circuit, while the rest of us took more or less direct routes.

Alderley Edge, January 25th, 1919.

A damp day—a demnition damp day—but must go, you know, wherever the destination may be fixed, and whatever the weather may be like. It didn't rain *all* the time—not quite all—but up to 5.25 it looked as if it was going to be a very small tea party, for only four were present. However, just before the appointed time a party of six came in, and the Smart Set sent the Snub scurrying to the dining-room to see his wants were attended to immediately. The announcement that the fare was ham and *eggs* was received with loud sounds of approval—fancy eggs in these days! As we were just getting through it, "F. H." came along parrying, with accustomed suavity, requests for information as to his movements and his late arrival. Later on, in the snug sitting-room, his questioners seemed to become more personal, but it finally appeared that there was some little misunderstanding as to the subject of discussion. After Kitty had done her duty thoroughly, and Crow had commenced quite a substantial business transaction, we cleared off in a body, and with the wind behind, made good progress homeward, the Doctor showing fine form up the hills. But where was the Count? He was supposed to be on the way, but did not arrive. However, Colonel Khovah kindly provided the atmosphere of affluence which we have learnt to expect from the Count, but the aroma was not quite the same.

A. T. SIMPSON,
Editor.

ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB.

FORMED MARCH 1879.

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

MONTHLY CIRCULAR.

Vol. XIV.

No. 157.

FIXTURES FOR MARCH, 1919.

	Light up at
March 1.—Halewood (Derby Arms).....	6-17 p.m.
„ 8.—Chester (The Bars)	6-30 p.m.
„ 10.—Committee Meeting, Common Hall, Hackins Hey, Dale Street, Liverpool, 7 p.m.	
„ 15.—Delamere (Abbey Arms)	6-43 p.m.
„ 22.—Warrington (Patten Arms)	6-56 p.m.
„ 29.—Rossett (Golden Lion).....	7- 9 p.m.
April 5.—Halewood (Derby Arms)	7-22 p.m.

ALTERNATIVE RUNS FOR MANCHESTER MEMBERS.

Note.—Tea at 5-30 p.m.

March 1.—Knutsford (Lord Eldon).....	6-17 p.m.
„ 8.—Ringway (Mainwood Farm)	6-30 p.m.
„ 29.—Alderley (Trafford Arms)	7- 9 p.m.
April 5.—Knutsford (Lord Eldon)	7-22 p.m.

ALTERNATIVE RUN FOR LONDON MEMBERS.

March 8. - Ripley (The Anchor).....	6-30 p.m.
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Full moon 16th instant.

Committee Notes.

Stourton Lodge,

Arno Road, Oxton.

The parcels despatched in February to Members On Active Service Abroad numbered eleven—six of which contained cigarettes, pilchards, toffee drops and fruit cake, and five tobacco only.

NEW MEMBERS.—Mr. Albert Davies, 43, Everton Road, Chorlton-on-Medlock, Manchester, and Mr. John Wardlaw Rogers, 13, Cearns Road, Oxton, have been elected to active Membership. Mr. J. H. Fawcett, 7/28, Tower Buildings, Liverpool, proposed by F. D. McCann, seconded by W. P. Cook.

APPLICATIONS FOR MEMBERSHIP.—Mr. WILLIAM THRELFALL, 62, Dorothy Street, Liverpool, proposed by F. Chandler, and seconded by W.

P. Cook. Mr. JAMES WILLIAM GORMAN, 9, Cedar Road, Hale, Cheshire, proposed by H. Green, and seconded by H. L. Boardman. Mr. LESLIE FOTHERGILL, "Rostellan," Glen Park Road, New Brighton, proposed by J. H. Williams, seconded by F. D. McCann.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS.—J. R. WELLS, Jr., "Aalsmeer," Pinner, Middlesex; H. HELLIER, 24, Sandford Road, Bromley, Kent; W. E. COTTER, 9, Alton Road, Oxton, Birkenhead; F. DEL STROTHER, 462, Moss Lane East, Manchester; F. MUNDELL, 354, Chester Road, Old Trafford, Manchester; R. P. SEED, 8, Ash Road, Higher Tranmere, Birkenhead; J. C. ROBINSON, 6, Hillside Road, Allerton; A. P. JAMES, 74, Cotton Exchange Buildings, Liverpool.

The following dates for Special Fixtures were provisionally fixed:—
 May 17th: 50 Miles Handicap. June 9th (Whit Monday): Invitation 100.
 June 27th: All-night Ride to Cheltenham or Warwick. July 19th: 12-Hours Handicap. August 16th: 50 Miles Handicap. September 5/6th: Invitation 24-Hours.

It was decided to publish a table of prize winners in the Invitation 100 since its inception in 1889, very kindly prepared by A. Crowcroft, in one of the Circulars prior to Whitsuntide.

F. D. McCANN,
 Hon. Secretary.

Once again it is our sad duty to have to chronicle the death of one of our members, Herbert W. Keizer. Poor "Keizerette" had for a long time been in failing health, and passed away on Friday last. He joined the Club in 1898 and until his health broke down was a keen supporter of the fixtures—generally attending between 30 and 40 rans, and one year scoring 51, a fine example of what keenness can do in the way of overcoming physical handicaps. Those who have only known him in recent years would hardly credit the fact that in the first unpaced "100" in 1900, Herbert did 6.53 9, and in the same year rode 147 miles in 12 hours, and 207 in 24. In 1901 he rode 160 miles in 12 hours, and (with Grisewood) a tandem "50" in 2.55 33, while in 1905 he did 146 miles on a tricycle in 12 hours. He was elected on the Committee in 1903 and in 1906/7 was Hon. Sec. of the Club. Always interested in R.R.A. work, he was our delegate from 1906 for several years, and as he had a seat on the R.R.A. Committee it involved many visits to London on our behalf. He was also a great helper over our Winter Musical Evenings, and did a lot of useful work in checking and helping on record attempts. We shall miss him very much, and our deepest sympathy goes out to his brother Charlie, and the other members of the family.

Concerning Those On Service.

Postcard acknowledgments of parcels are to hand from James Rowatt (October), W. E. Cotter (January).

Mahon writes under date of January 15th: "I received your registered letter, forwarding a Peterson Pipe, a couple of days ago. The Christmas and New Year Greetings, although late, were none the less welcome; it is always cheering to know that one is not forgotten by friends at home, and

that one's place in the Club is still vacant, awaiting the return to civil life I wish I could write what I feel, but I can't do it, but I should like you to thank the Club on my behalf for their kind wishes and the pipe."

Cohen writes: "Give the Club my very best thanks for the 'Players.' Saved my life again!! Hope to be a human being again some time next month. Sorry to read about Geo. Poole. Very sad. Kindest regards to all.--Elsie."

Dolamore writes under date January 26th: "A line to thank everybody for the A.B.C. Christmas Gift, which has just reached me after more than a month's travelling. Of course I don't deserve it, as I was really on inactive service--getting out for my 28 days demobilisation leave on the 23rd December--but you may be sure that I appreciate it very much. Excuse my poor thanks and remember me to everyone."

Cotter writes under date January 22nd: "Just a line to let you know my address, as I have been transferred to the above unit to await demobilisation. The sooner that comes the better, as I am naturally anxious to return to civil life as soon as possible. I suppose there is now a chance of the 'Hundred' being revived, and if that is the case I hope to be home in time to lend a hand. Please remember me to all the boys."

Bright writes under date of February 1st: "I find the January Circular and the little packet with knife enclosed, which have followed me all over the earth. Please convey my sincerest thanks to the Committee and members for their kind thought in sending those of us still on service such Christmas Gifts. I assure you it will more closely cement, and not sever, old friendship. With kindest remembrances to all."

H. Warburton writes under date January 29th: "Once again many thanks for the parcel to hand a few days ago. This continued thoughtfulness is keenly appreciated, but I'm living for the day when I shall be knocked off the tobacco ration strength of the Good Old Club. A few days ago I received my A. F. Z32 (Authority for immediate release as a pivotal man), and am now 'sweating on the top line.' It takes C.-in-C.'s authority to retain me in the army now, but I'm inclined to think that even that will be forthcoming, as the establishment of this unfortunate Arm of the Service has been considerably increased since the signing of the Armistice, the reason being that offices have had to be opened all over Belgium and the occupied German territory. It is refreshing to learn of the proposed racing programme for this year, and I'm trying to convince myself that I shall be on the course during each event: checking, not racing. (Why not?--Ed.) Greetings and best wishes to everyone."

R. A. Fulton writes under date January 10th: "I am in receipt of your letter of December, 1918, and the accompanying pipe, and beg to express to the members of the Club my many thanks for the pipe, and my great appreciation of their very kind thought. With kindest regards and the very best of all good wishes for the New Year."

W. R. Oppenheimer writes under date January 30th: "Please convey my thanks once again to the Club for the parcel of cigarettes, which I received to-day. I am living in daily hopes of getting my demobilisation papers, with orders for home: my dispersal camp is Prees Heath, of all places, and the sooner I get there the better I shall be pleased; life out here in this miserable spot is too awful, especially this cold weather. The best of wishes to everyone, and I hope it will not be long before I am able to turn up at a Saturday run."

The following interesting letter from Beardwood deals with several Club topics, and is most informative:—

"I see by the Circular that Ramsey Wells will be domiciled in London for a few months, and as there may be others so circumstanced, I think it would be a good plan to try the Ripley Runs once a month, March-September, say the second Saturday, as this misses Easter, Whitsun and August holidays.

"We are having very keen, dry, frosty weather, and I have done quite a fair amount of cycling. When the undergrounds went on strike I started using the bicycle to go to and from the Depot. I found I could get from door to door quicker, by at least five minutes in the morning and anything up to fifteen minutes in the evening, than by the 'bus and Met., so I have now gone on strike against the undergrounds, and continue the bicycle journey. It saves 1/2 a day, which means you could have a jolly little week-end every third week on what you save. I have not yet tried the journey on one of London's own particulars, *i.e.*, grease, but these days are not very prevalent in the Spring months.

"Last Saturday I went out with the C.T.C. Met. S.W. Division, and had a nice run to Esher, decent tea and a bit of music afterwards. Sunday, went to Ditton before dinner, so with the riding to and from the Depot I am getting into form.

"Unless I am unfortunate in clicking for Orderly Officer this week-end, I am hoping to week-end with the Bath Road Club at Farnham.

"I hope to see you all at Bettws. My plan, if still in the R.A.F., is to get a half-fare voucher and use the rattler, sending on my 'sicycling togs' and bringing the bike, so as to go the tours. I could thus put in full time on the ordinary Thursday to Tuesday holiday; also get from the Junction on Good Friday morning.

"Cheltenham would make a fine All-night Run, and the 'Fleece' a splendid hotel. We found it more comfortable than the 'Royal' (where the N.R. used to stay). There is such competition with good hotels in Cheltenham that none can afford to be rotten. The 'Fleece,' being a high-class commercial house, is likely to be comparatively empty at week-ends, so there should be no trouble over accommodation. It is no further for you than Gloucester, possibly less. If you go Leominster, Ledbury, Haw Bridge, it is a good road, pretty and new to many. I think the Club would be pleased with Cheltenham. Taken all round, you could not get a better straight away run, that is for good surfaces and decent scenery.

"I am delighted at again being made delegate to the R.R.A., and will look after the Club's interests to the best of my ability.

"I am getting 'demobbed' sometime in April. I am not in any great hurry, at least not until we get a bit of real touring weather.

"Kindest regards."

J. Hodges writes under date February 15th: "I have just received the X'mas pipe, which has followed me from Egypt. It is a splendid pipe, and I heartily thank the Club for this final proof of their goodwill and kind thought. The parcels have been a great boon, and have helped me to tide over some very rough patches."

H. R. Band writes under date January 18th: "Many thanks indeed for the beautiful pipe which I received yesterday from the A.B.C. Thanks also for the good wishes expressed in the letter enclosed in the packet. I heartily reciprocate all the good things the Old Club wishes, and I sincerely trust the time will soon come when I will be able to thank you all personally for all you have done for me. I am afraid my share in the Great War has been very small indeed, but can console myself that I have simply obeyed orders, and continue to congratulate myself that I have had such a cushy

time. You will see that I am now in Poona. I arrived here with some others on the 31st December, and am now a soldier clerk! We are working on military accounts, getting all pay-sheets, etc., into proper form for demobilisation. It is a huge job, and there are about 3,000 men here working at it. Poona is a good station only little more than 100 miles from Bombay, and the climate is good. Early mornings are quite *cold*! The job I am on is worked in two shifts, one week from 6.30 a.m. to 1.30 p.m., and the next week from 1.30 p.m. to 8.30 p.m. The work is quite cushy when one gets into it a bit, and I find it quite a pleasant change after ordinary battery routine. There is very little of the ordinary discipline here, and we do no real parades. So long as we are punctual at work they don't expect much more from us. There is plenty of amusement here—two picture shows and several Soldiers' Clubs, and good country for walks, so I am quite satisfied with the stunt so long as it does not last too long before I am on my way to Blighty. I haven't received the November parcel yet, but sent you a post-card acknowledging the October one some weeks ago."

Grimshaw, under date of February 18th, writes: "Just a line to thank the Club again for the beautiful pipe which has arrived from France, and I must say it is a gem and, as usual, it arrived in good time, as I was in hospital again and had plenty of time to break it in."

We are glad to learn that "Jimmy" James has now been demobbed, and is back again with his old firm. We hear he has a new super-bicycle on the stocks replete with freewheel, multifarious gears, and, in fact, everything a real up-to-date grid should have, so all you speed merchants beware!

Clifford Dews is still at Mudros, and appears to have had a great time with a double celebration of X'mas and the New Year owing to the Greek Calendar being Old Style, as will be gathered from the following extracts from recent letters:—"I was entertained by the 'rich' man of a neighbouring village named Vharos and had quite a good time, turkey and lobster forming the main part of the meals. Then there were buckets of everything to drink from Champagne to 'Oozoo,' which is something like mastic and about twice as powerful. I took the photograph of the whole family and they considered themselves more than repaid by the honour

I received the December Circular quite safely, and was glad to get it, although I confess I found it all too short since I had read the lot before 'lights out' on the evening that I received it. It was awfully good of the Club to send me a knife, and I hope this one will have a longer life with me than the last. It was strange as well as unfortunate that last year's gift should have been stolen from me ten days before this Christmas—it was a most useful companion. I attended a Greek christening the other day, and found it more interesting than watching them bury corpses in sacks. They first of all soaked the kid in oil while everyone stood round holding tapers, then they gave it a ducking in water, after which every one tried to blow one another's candles out. Then came a scramble for tangerines and nuts. When this 'ceremony' was completed everyone went home and got tight on 'oozoo'—priest as well mind you. That's something like a christening, isn't it? It is very strange that you mentioned 'not being able to get up a political argument on cocoa' since we have a man here who recites 'When I lays down my tools,' 'Eving's Dawg 'ospital,' and in fact all Chem's pieces. They go down exceptionally well on concert nights—we had a concert last night and really it was a splendid success. Three fellows posed as girls and looked fine, the pianist especially, who rejoiced in the name of Gwennie. I hardly know if I could ride now let alone race. My tummy has expanded a good couple of inches with having plenty of bully beef and no exercise. Still with a little practice I might be able to get along as far as Chester without breaking down completely."

Pritchard sends us the following interesting account of the M.C. and A.C. Dinner:—

Having been, in 1918, a guest of the M.C. and A.C. at their Annual Dinner, I did not need asking twice on the occasion of their 29th Annual jolly function held on the 25th January, although, in point of fact, I did receive two invitations, one through W.P.C., and the other from Frank Urry.

Imagine a large well-lighted room with some 120 odd members, friends, and guests, seated round the tables (there was an overflow of about 30 in another room), the tables resplendent with silver and golden pots; imagine the aforesaid gathering indulging in a good feast, even in these times (it was no mere imagination to those present), and you have a mental picture of the event.

Who was there, what all the speakers spoke about, who got the prizes for the golf handicap and the 25 held in the late summer, would require half the Circular to tell of—but amongst those best known to Anfielders were J. C. Percy, billed and braided fit for a King's levee (he's a Lieutenant in the Royal Navee); G. H. Stancer, representing *Cycling*, modestly hiding himself behind the programme when the more lively ones desired to drink his health; E. H. Godbold, Secretary to the Old Timers' Fellowship; John Urry, as young as ever; C. F. G. Boyes, the member for Wem,; with the President, G. A. A. Bennett, in the chair.

The various speakers did well under the D.O.R.A. handicap, with Lieut. Syd. Ayres an easy winner with his tales from the front, not the least amusing being that about the meat pie sent out in one of the parcels, which he shared with his batman, who, loud in his praise, asked where it had come from. "Oh, it has come from the M.C. and A.C.," to which the batman replied, "Well, I've never tasted their pies before, but they beat the A.B.C. in London." So now you know, the M.C. and A.C., Pie Founders! A pleasing interlude was the speech of a Birchfield Harrier V.C., who happened to be in the district that day in connection with a run.

The general tone of the speeches conveyed a thankfulness that we could now get back to the great sport, considerable emphasis being laid on the fact that the sporting element had had a great deal to do with successful operations in the field of war, so that sporting clubs have in no small sense raised the standard of National efficiency.

To the M.C. and A.C. I again tender my thanks, and to Reg. Noakes in particular for his cordiality and trouble for my welfare.

To all present was presented a book of "Cursory Rhymes," by Frank Urry, with sketches, an interesting and humorous collection already published in the "Roll Call." We were also invited to take away the ash trays, a pretty sample of typical Birmingham press work, produced by one of the members.

Correspondence.

Dear Editor,

The Anfield must move with the times and encourage every new road movement if the aim be great or noble. The movement now knocking at the Anfield portals for admission and succour is that of mounting the SCOOTER. London is following New York in the movement; Admirals and M.P.'s rival each other for the lead, and the business scooter scot passed every one during the recent tube strike.

What then is the Anfield doing amidst all this scooting? I would have expected that the Governor of South Carolina was ere now approaching the

Corn Exchange from the direction of Brunswick Street on his moving platform. But perhaps his antipathy to wasting spirit for combustion stands in the way, if so let him drive a sceet with pedal attachment.

But there are others: Wake up! Leader Buck! There is room for the Rucksack in the new movement.

What a chance for winter runs; no more need we overcrowd the Halewood and Halebank expresses. No longer need we break up into roadsters and railsters. The speed of the sceet will synchronise with the speed of the syke. Buck need not fear that his famous checksuit is in jeopardy, for Langbreeks are admitted.

How I shall then look forward to a spring day at the Derby Arms, to see the Smart Three approach the village green; Hubert, Chem and Arthur Straw cadies sceet well; light walking canes can be carried. Not the undue haste and the flying filth of the motor beast, nor the strenuous stroke and ceaseless note of pedal pumping.

Here then is dignified indolence, elegant pose and graceful gesture.

Oh! Anfield, do not miss this new, this last chance! Hail the moving platform of the sceet; open your serried ranks you tricyclists. An opening for the Old Athlete on castors. Coach and coax them, oh Cook, Hop on, Hubert and tuck in, and HERALD, OH! ARTHUR, THE ERA OF THE SCOOT.

Yours, etc.,

LE DISCOOTEUR.

(To sceet or not to sceet—that is the question. Whether 'tis better to eat the acid poured out in limitless quantities by dour and doughty hard riders filled to the brim with o'er-weening form—relentless fiends of the highway having their being in a welter of sweat; to toil with be-knaekered agony up precipitate peaks, be-spattered with the reeking refuse remorselessly raining from the rapid, revolving rear of the demented leaders of the pack, insatiably alust with speed, and arrive at one's destination with but one coherent desire—that for Beer, the Unattainable! Feeling the agony well earned if but one luckless "form"-less wight has been ruthlessly shed upon the road, a sacrificial offering to their god . . . Or whether with lightsome step and fulsome gladness in the heart to lie one, simply yet tastefully attired as if to promenade with one's best girl, to the domestic meat safe where lies, innocent instrument of refined enjoyment, the dinky medium of perambulating pleasure. To glide at will from point to point, to sail along with debonnair mien softly breathing the fragrance of the ambient air permeated with the sweet-scented benzol—entrancing mixture—the cynosure of all eyes, a picture of romance! To arrive at one's destination, the envy of all beholders, span and spick, cool, unruffled, and unbesmirched, the mind uplifted through sipping nature's loveliness with unlaboured zest, and with *no* desire for beer! What simplicity, what charm, what naive delight! . . . This then is the question, Choose!—Ed.)

MEMS.

The *Irish Cyclist* is as interesting and amusing as ever—some of the humour quite unconscious—and if you don't subscribe to it you are missing something. In a recent issue "Arjay" mentions some curious devices for "repairing" tyres resorted to by cyclists, such as postage stamps, sticking plaster, flour and water and Boyril! We can understand anyone using even whiskey "to get home on" with the old original rag Dunlop, but to cure a leaky tyre of the detachable type which "required attention every few miles" with "rich milk which speedily became clotted with the motion of the wheel and stopped the leakage," is beyond us! "Arjay" also refers to a "tandem tricycle triplet," whatever that means. We suppose Newsholme's

machine must be a "tandem tricycle tandem," and the asset of Tripe-lets, Ltd., must have been a "tandem bicycle triplet"! whilst all the other tandems we have in the Club are "tandem bicycle tandems"!

We are pleased to hear that Beardwood has been elected to a seat on the R.R.A. Committee, and hope he will have some Anfield Record claims to adjudicate on.

It will be noticed that at last we have been able to arrange to go to the Patten Arms again. Mr. Burleigh took a lot of persuasion, and plenipotentiary envoys had to be sent—so show your appreciation of this return to the Patten by rolling up in full strength.

The attention of our London "exiles" is called to the resumption of the monthly runs to Ripley. Don't leave these fixtures to Hellier, Foster and Beardwood only.

In Committee Notes will be found the dates of Special Fixtures, which you are invited to carefully "make a note on." In connection with the All-night Ride and the "12" and "24," always remember the golden axiom that if business interferes with your pleasure, cut out the business. In these times of a 30 working-hours week, there cannot possibly be any excuse for anybody not taking a Saturday morning off, especially for such important events as these. And then it is really only fair that those members who, in the past, have had assistance in their long-distance attempts, should reciprocate to the best of their ability, and we feel confident they will do so, even if it does mean the loss of a night's rest.

An advertisement in the *C.T.C. Gazette* announces that somebody has a "push-pedal tricycle chair" for sale. "Passenger sits in front, worker behind; 3-speed gear. Would suit cripple or invalid." We have sent the cutting to Sunnyside Hydro.

Mr. George Milne, K.O.K., writes to deny that the name of his book is "Look what cycle camping has done for me." The correct name, he says, is "Look *how* cycle camping has done for me."

The writer of "Cycling Notes" in a Coventry newspaper asserts that "Most cyclists hope to become motorists sooner or later." Our opinion is confirmed. We always looked upon the high-falutin' disdainful talk on motoring by our Hard Riders as so much camouflage!

It is suggested that the Tricycle Trophy shall be competed for in the Anerley 12 Hours event this year. Aspirants for the deposition of H. G. Cook should now get busy.

Last Easter we had a welcome visit at Bettws. from W. F. Freeman's C.T.C. touring party. This year C. W. Cook, of the Finsbury Park C.C., and a few friends, are proposing to join us at the Glan Aber. They purpose making a 24 Hours jaunt of the ride from London, starting at 5-0 p.m. on the Thursday, so we shall have to deal very gently with them in the Tank on the Friday night.

Congratulations to Robert Rowatt on the excellent start he has made in family matters. With all these grandsons the future of our Junior Membership is assured.

From Rossett, on March 29th, a small party is scheduled for the weekend at Llanarmon, O.L. A few more would be welcome. Apply to the Apostle.

We have discovered a member who is in favour of rear lights! We dare not mention his name, but will give the hint that it is the name of a city

in Massachussets, U.S.A.! Naturally, you would suppose he was an inveterate and experienced night rider, but we understand he has not cycled after dark during the last 8 years at least. We know he also favours carrying a lamp when he takes his bull pup out at night, so we expect he will be petitioning for lights on pedestrians and dogs, which, if granted, might get him in the clutches of the law owing to his having no lamp on a moonlight night. You are not allowed to exercise common sense with a *compulsory* law. Julian!

The keen rivalry which has always existed between Liverpool and Manchester received an emphatic jerk at the Delamere run—held, paradoxically enough, to Tarporley!—for Cottonopolis heavily outnumbered the city of ships. The Mancunians were horribly chesty in consequence. The Liverpolitans were treated as guests (paying guests), and half minute speeches (every half minute) made it perfectly clear that their delightful company would be welcomed at future runs. The Mullah, in a few well-chosen words, expressed the hope of the Mancunians that they would have the pleasure of meeting their Liverpool friends frequently now that the sensible cycling season was coming. Grandad, of course, was beside himself with rage and was kept as busy as a Lewis gun spitting out the names of those who ought to have been present and weren't. It is noteworthy that Arthur and Chem, two of the Liverpool stalwarts, were absent, this fact lending colour to Jay Bee's lugubrious suggestion of "a per-lot."

"Who owns the air" ? asks a newspaper headline. Teddy Edwards replies that what's in his tyres is his, anyway.

To be disposed of regardless of cost, a large number of unused meat coupons.—Apply, "Wangler," c/o Editor.

Our Unusual Cereal Story.

(Begun, continued, and ended in this issue.)

"HE COMETH NOT."

You can begin reading this thrilling story to-day! No need to wade through a bothersome synopsis of the previous 138 chapters!! Start right in on the ground floor NOW!!!

It was 7.30 on a January evening, and dark withal. The windows at Clatterbridge were screened, not on account of Rule 4, Section, 18, Schedule 95M, Sub-Section 7777 (London Wall) of the Defence of the Realm Act, but because it was accepted as an axiom that people who live in roadside cottages should pull down the blinds.

The buxom wench who lives at the third house on the right came forth from the cosy kitchen, crossed the threshold, and looked anxiously along the road. There was nothing in sight, except the darkness. "He cometh not," she said, stepping wearily into the house again and looking at the clock.

* * *

At Willaston, too, it was dark. The fair widow who lives at Cast Iron Farm sat in the corner window of the "best" room, dividing her attention between the open road and the luminous Ingersoll watch [Advt.] she wore on her wrist. The minutes sped on steadily. A minute after 7.45 it was 7.46, another minute and it was 7.47, and so on. At 8.1 p.m. precisely she gave up her vigil. "He cometh not," she said. When the last train went through the adjacent station, she set her watch by *that*, the usual time signal having failed her.

* * *

At Hinderton and Gayton, at Thurstaston and Caldy, anxious women were on the lookout. The burghers of West Kirby, the denizens of Hoylake,

and the teeming millions of Mools were, for the most part, having supper between 8.30 and 9 p.m. on this historic evening. Here, too, it was dark—in accordance with precedent and custom. The West Kirby express roared by at 3½ m.p.h. “About time he came,” whispered one of the watchers, toying nervously with her “Beehive” clock, bought at Lewis’s in Ranelagh Street [Advt.] So the word passed along from lip to lip, and anxious eyes scanned the horizon—or where the horizon was considered to be. But no! there was nothing doing.

Suddenly electric movement manifested itself. A small twinkle of light was seen in the distance. Nearer and nearer it came. The watchers held their breath—which was an advantage in the case of those who had had pickles for tea. Nearer still came the light. Then there was a noise as of hopes crashing to the ground. A second light was observed close to the first, obviously indicating a law-abiding cyclist. “It’s not him,” cried one of the watchers, impetuously and with a total disregard for grammar. “He cometh not,” said another, and once again the word was passed from mouth to mouth, and the watchers melted sadly away. “For 20 years now,” sobbed one stout old lady. “For 20 years I’ve watched him go by about this time on Wednesday evenings. In fair weather and foul, in winter and summer, I’ve set my clock by him, and now”

* * *

Next day the mystery was solved. Grandad had been suddenly called to London to attend a meeting of the Society for the Propagation of Cruelty to Children in Foreign Parts, and thus he had missed his usual Wednesday evening.

RUNS.

Halewood, February 1st, 1919.

After waiting in the queue outside No. 15, Brunswick Street, for most of Friday afternoon, I was at last ushered into the Presence, only to find that I had been forestalled in booking the W. P. Cook Wind Screen, some other lazy blighter having secured the strategic position in the rear which I had hoped to occupy. However, Grandad gave me voluminous details as to the shortest route to Halewood, via Chester, Frodsbam, and the Transporter, and I went off to complete my preparations.

My first intimation that a Club Run was afoot occurred as I was entering Helsby. Grandad and Tierney laboriously drew up alongside and passed me (en route for Warrington), and I was glad to note that Tierney was experiencing heavy weather. The tandem pair left Sunnyside Hydro, a quarter of an hour after me, and as it took them so long to overhaul me, it is perfectly obvious that either (1) Grandad’s riding powers are waning, or (2) Tierney must be in rotten form, or (3) I am “some” cyclist. Personally, I incline to the last-named view.

At Frodsbam I sighted Teddy Edwards emerging from the tea shop. Bustling him indoors again, I hurried through a cup of tea, and then handed myself over to his tender mercies. He duly introduced me to the charms of Rock Savage, the delights of Runcorn, the exhilaration of the Transporter, and the fragrance of Widnes. Cody blew in from somewhere, and we three duly arrived at Halewood to find Johnny Band (complete with moustache) nursing the dry canteen. After that, lots more fellows rolled up, including the Anfield ‘Arriers. Cook, of course, had the C.T.C. petition against rear-lights in his possession, and we all busied ourselves signing it, while he got himself thoroughly disliked by vetoing any talk about carrots and potatoes. Whist drives, Government Control of the Grain Trade, rear lights, variable gears—yes. Taters and things—no. Thoroughly out of place as a topic of conversation on a cycling club run!

A move was made upstairs, where we discovered an immense leg, or wing, or something, of roast pork, with numerous etceteras in the way of potatoes, carrots, cabbage, and the like. If Grandad refused to discuss these latter things downstairs, he changed his attitude upstairs, thus proving his inconsistency. It was something of a crush to get everybody in, and the Presider was hardly to be envied his task of carving for such a mob. The experience made me decide not to accept the Presidential Office when it is offered to me in 1977 or so.

I don't know much about the evening's entertainment, for I was one of the early birds wot catch the worm. Hearing that Rogers and his friend, Fothergill (a welcome prospective member), were setting off just before 8 o'clock, I gave them the benefit of my company. There was nearly a repetition of the hare and tortoise fable, for they discovered that the back tyre of their tandem was punctured, and the repair occupied half an hour. Then I found that they were not at all word perfect. Having traversed the road to Liverpool only once before, they were doubtful as to where, when, and how they should turn, and the result was that we were within hailing distance of Widnes, Warrington, Blackburn, Preston, and Kendal, on several occasions. However, it all came out in the wash, and I understand that we crossed the river just ten minutes before the main pack!

The fixture was supported by 20 members and one friend, and everybody felt it a pleasure to welcome A. P. James at a club run again.

Knutsford, February 1st, 1919.

Your reporter was early on the scene, and seeing no cycles feared he had been miscarried; but no, it was a sound job. Soon I was ushering my young friends into the yard. Green and Oppenheimer, those young chickens, led the rabble. Fourteen did I count, but I claim the privilege to withhold a list of names. Names mean so little so long as their faces are there all right. In vain I searched for the features of the dear old Boss, and his vacant chair remains "in situ" till the next run when we hope to see it filled as of old.

Personally, I blame Bikley. His bulk is becoming vaster, and so are his pleasantries. He spares but few, and least of all Green. Green is the member who does all the work and takes all the money. Green consults Bik. and confides in him. He wants to ride faster. His father confessor retorts with scorpions, leaving him not a shred wherewith to cover his shanks. Green shows the forbearance of a saint.

We ought to copy the C.T.C. runs closer. Of those I read that they are "enlivened by gentle banter"—they want a dose of Bikley. Gentle banter, indeed. Then again: They ask you to think of a number, place it in an envelope, and you may win "a prize." If I tried that on Bik. I might have to think of my prayers or be put in a coffin. No, gentle banter is hardly the right word.

Yet there was a serious and business side to the evening after the diligence already shown in stowing the excellent and elegant viands. Newsholme and the Count settled down to their weekly cigars, and most of us signed a letter to the King, who just now is keenly interested in rearlights. I signed to please the Mullah against my will, again showing my lack of principle. Those inveterate motorists Crow. and Doc., showed better spirit. But, Dear Editor, I will not follow the Mullah in the matter of dogs. I do not fall over them as you seem to think. In childhood I once rode over one on an ordinary without dismounting (having a yawning canal by the side of me); besides, I own a little dog, Como by name and Pekingese by breed. No, no, the man you mean is the Doctor, a sportsman who invariably brings down his quarry.

We finished up by passing the second edition of the Eureka course without a dissentient voice, and after fixing up suitable destinations for the All-night Ride, we all but rode it.

The Manchester runs are more than joy rides; though the Cabinet may sit in Liverpool, the Conference perambulates with the Manchester Section.

For a description of the homeward ride, I once more borrow from the C.T.C. FOR COPPER BIRCH AND SILVER BEECH LINED OF THE ROADS THE SIDES OF EACH.

Chester, February 8th, 1919.

Arriving home from business and finding my ancient cycling attire laid out before the fire, the obvious next move was to get into it, hang all my lamps on the bike, get out and nose into the invigorating (?) South-easter, hoping to generate sufficient natural heat before the warmth of my togs vamoosed. A couple of miles Chester-ward a longish rise requires negotiating, which usually induces a pleasant perspiration and a feeling of riding oneself in for the fast stretches beyond, but not a bead was raised when the summit was rounded, and the effort to liven up on the easier stretch was not productive of speed or satisfaction. Down hill, where I hurried, the blithering blast withered me, and I became painfully conscious of feet, in spite of the enormous sun sinking towards the Welsh hills. Hopes of shelter from the hedgerow on the top road cheered me on, but were not realised. I could not raise a gallop, and had settled down to getting on with it at a funeral pace, when a voice from the rear roared "Hello Old Man, have you got the hungry knock?" and Skipper Band drew alongside with brother Will and nephew—our youngest member—in attendance on tandem, evidently enjoying himself, looking warm and rosey in spite of bare knees.

As they did not hurry past, the shelter was very welcome and appreciated, but nearing Chester we three old 'uns confessed to numbed pedal extremities, and by mutual consent walked up the rise to restore circulation. Our Junior Active protested at this undignified lapse, but felt sorry for us, and cheerfully trundled my machine until I felt my feet again, when we soon made the "Bars," and found compensation for a cold ride in the anticipation of satisfying prodigious appetites. My word, we were ready for it, and mounting the stairs we debated whether we would be doing the right thing if we got on with our tea before the appointed hour of 6 p.m. We soon decided when we saw Grandad well into his meal, although we found he had a very good reason, as he intended week-ending at Newport and having a look at the "100" course with Poole and Williams, who had gone on to the "Swan" ready to accompany him from Whitchurch. "Ye gods," 40 more miles of invigorating South-easter! How does he do it? I dare not ask him—he might tell me!

We had the usual good packing at the "Bars," and when Cody and Edwards via Warrington, Robinson via snow-clad Tlangollen, Royden, Venables, Chandler, and Gregg arrived, our muster was 13, a poor total on an ideal cycling day with perfectly dry roads. We had a delightful return ride with favouring breeze—and a silvery moon. All the same, I soon got in touch with a jug of hot water, and a glass in which the spoon tinkled pleasantly, and as I lit my pipe at the home fire, I hoped that Cook was within the portals of the "Barley Mow," and have no doubt he was, or very soon would be, in spite of the South-easter.

Ringway, February 8th, 1919.

Ten degrees below freezing point and a biting east wind made one shiver on first starting out for the afternoon ride to meet the gallants from Manchester at Ringway; but what an exhilarating feeling of rude health

takes possession after having breasted the coldest wind for a mile or two. The writer realising that he had become as warm as toast and as happy as a sandboy notwithstanding the Arctic temperature, grinned so widely through sheer delight that he nearly cracked his wind-blown face. The roads being in such excellent condition no doubt accounted for another creditable muster at Mainwood Farm. The Mullah, poor chap, now finds it increasingly necessary to have a third wheel to preserve his equilibrium when meandering about the King's highway; the youthful Doc, from Cheadle, likewise that pillar of fashion Lord Crow and his henchman Sir Tom; Crow has become wise in his day and brings his crew along to push him out. But what about poor Bick, he of the mighty frame? His decline has been so rapid that the services of his young and hopeful are now requisite to guide the paternal parent round the country, and lead him home past the seductive charms of Cheadle Hulme. Mundell, his brother Frank, just demobilised, Pleasant Jack released from his War Office engagements, the Count, the Laird from the land of Eccles Cakes, the Snub and the Colonel, all prepared and anxious to attack the well-filled table at the word of command. The first round being satisfactorily disposed of, Mrs. Timberyard bombarded us with some of her famous 15in. plum duffs with T.N.T. sauce, all good goods, no duds. Expedition being the order of the day, the disappearing stunt was effectively put into practice, and with diaphragms comfortably distended, guns were brought out, and wit and jollity reigned supreme, the good-humoured Snub deftly parrying the caustic gibes of the Smart Set. The Count safely entrenched behind his yard long Havab-anano looked with lofty disdain upon the Colonel's 11'1 boy's three inch smoke; the rivalry between these two otherwise respectable members of the club is becoming very acute. Quips, jokes, affairs of state, the C.T.C. position, etc., etc., proved so vastly attractive that it was nine o'clock before the last of the FIFTEEN revellers departed for home; surely a record for a dry house. Can Liverpool beat this?

Tarporley, February 15th, 1919.

Time, tide and "flu," wait for no man, as the A.B.C. found out on this Saturday. Delamere, as fixed by the Committee, failed at the last minute, being stricken with the aforesaid malady, and the greybeards of the Club, in their wisdom, said "Let them go to Delamere, and there be directed to Tarporley, and let them do a ride." So it came to pass that about 3.30 I went through Mollington on my way to Delamere for Tarporley; and as I rode, I thought what a rotten game cycling was in the "off" season, and why on earth I had come out (the wind was against me), when suddenly a stentorian "Aha" from behind made me lose my head and nearly swerve into an oncoming tandem. It was only Robinson, however, pushing poor old Grandad about. We note, by the way, that Robinson as persistently refuses to "get wise" as to get old. I decided to stay with the fast pair, if poss. so nipped in behind, and was duly dragged to Delamere. Here a stop was made for 25 minutes to direct the uninformed ones on to Tarporley. No one, however, materialised, so at 5.10 I reluctantly followed the tandem to Tarporley, via Cuddington. In my youthful days, I had heard a saying "You'll have to eat a peck of dirt before you die." Well, I took mine in a lump. Tandems are dirty beasts to follow on roads like porridge. It looked at first as though our party would be only 12, but finally four more turned up. The total of 16 was made up of Robinson, Cook, Gregg, Band, Royden, Edwards, and Kettle (Liverpool); and Turnor, Green, Newsholme, Boardman, Mundells, Gorman, Orrell, and Aldridge (Manchester). The Mullah was heard asking the Cook how he liked these LIVERPOOL alternative runs. Johnny Band came in like an icicle, and, after sitting motionless by the fire for 20 minutes, so far thawed as to roll a cigarette. He was

very mad at breaking his record of always coming direct. A good tea was disposed of, the 12 early birds having their grub supplemented by a boiled egg, the later four dispensing with hen fruit. When Green came to collect the spoils, the conversations were something like this: "Are you an egger?" "No, I'm a no-egger." The curious paradox being that the "No-eggers" were really eggy on the point. Ven. did not turn up, and so is 4d. down on his profit account for the year. We were glad to see Kettle and the Mundells fully "demoralised." (I hope Kettle is demobbed; I'm not sure.) About 8, we made for home, and I, having the poorest lamp, was placed in front. All went well till leaving Chester, where J.B. got bitten and went at a mad sprint to the canal bridge. This broke up the party, and I got Tommy Royden and accompanied him to Hinderton. Here we found the Self-appointed President of the Cheshire Beer Biters and our only professional litterateur discussing liquid in tumblers. Leaving Hinderton, I lit my back lamp to see the tandem and Tommy safely through Thornton Hough, but it went out, so we were not surprised to hear "What about your back lamps" come out of the darkness at the top of the hill. The tandem and self got well away, but poor T. R. got caught by Tinribs. He told the tale well, however, and the P.C. became quite affable, upon learning that Tommy, like himself, was in the wine and spirit trade. The final issue is not yet settled. We reached home safely through a brisk shower, feeling pleasantly tired and unpleasantly damp.

Irby, February 22nd 1919.

Now that the season for short runs has drawn to a close it must be regretfully recorded that such fixtures as Irby have not elicited the support of those for whom they were primarily arranged. Some of the feeble ones have attended occasionally, but the majority have not taken advantage of them at all, so that from a cycling point of view they might just as well, if not better, have been further afield. From a catering point of view Irby has been a great success, which makes its failure to attract all the more noticeable. On Saturday we mustered our lucky thirteen, and a record of the names will show you that nearly all of them would have supported a much longer run. Those who sat down to the excellent meal of "Kate and Sidney" Pie were Toft, Mercer, Fell, Cody, Band, Mac, Ven, Cotter, Gregg, Cook, Edwards, Chandler and Threlfall. Edwards and Gregg had been Chester-wards looking for Grandad, who had been to Llandegla, and the former had encountered a C. R. C. tandem bound for a Hoylake weekend and obtained pacing from them. Chandler and Threlfall had made a strenuous walk of it via Leasowe Embankment and were nearly drowned in the flooded fields between Hoylake and Frankby. It was rumoured that Tommy Royden was either following "The Weigh of a Heagle" or gone for a ride with his pal P. C. Hilditch. We were all particularly glad to see Cotter again in civies—a practical demonstration that he really did mean what he wrote about his longing to join in a Club Run again. After tea there was the usual chin wag round the fire. Chandler and Threlfall were much perturbed over the danger they would be in *walking* home without a rear light. Chandler rightly and logically argued that if he required a rear light when cycling at 15 miles per hour it was vastly more essential when walking at 4 miles per hour. However, Grandad was equal to the emergency and equipped the back of Chandler's coat with a marvellous reflex device, and as the pedestrians got home safely it shows what a wonderful "protection" a reflex is! In little batches the crowd dissolved, but Cook could get no bites for the Hoylake circuit. It must be terrible to be afraid to get home too early!

Alderley, February 22nd, 1919.

The night was dark and stormy, more dark than stormy, but I am getting on too fast as that really refers to the return journey. However, previous to the dark and stormy scene fifteen of us could have been observed with our legs comfortably tucked under Host Mead's table at the Arms de Trafford. The good things did credit to the establishment, and of course we did justice to the fare, a very rapid disappearing movement being soon in operation, and Arthur very early in the fray had at least one "weskit" button hanging loose. Our latest recruit, Davies, was out; a quiet sort of fellow, but evidently a good workman with a knife and fork. Tea having been satisfactorily disposed of a move was made in the direction of the smoke room, after we had managed to pack ourselves tight. The long and weary wait from 6-5 to 6-30 was tided over with quip and jest. At 6-30 prompt the Snub was at work and the amber liquid appeared instanter. After having disposed of not more than 6 or 7 one member signified his intention to depart, which naturally made one suspicious, and when he could only with the greatest difficulty be restrained with the promise of "another little drink," one began to think there must be something wrong either with the man, his intentions or the beer, but the Snub fixed him with his eagle eye, same as he did with me when he said "you've got to do it." We discussed the all-night run, the 100, the removal of Headquarters and other matters, including F. H's strenuous advocacy of clean (?) handlebars, etc., (by the way, one of the Master's redundancies came in useful, as the C.B. tandem was discovered to be minus the "Scarlet Pimpernel"), which brought us to 8 p.m., and we went out into the aforementioned Dark, Dark, Night.

A. T. SIMPSON,

Editor.

ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB.

FORMED MARCH 1879.

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

MONTHLY CIRCULAR.

Vol. XIV.

No. 158.

FIXTURES FOR APRIL, 1919.

		Light up at
April	5.—Halewood (Derby Arms)	8-22 p.m.
..	7.—Committee Meeting, Common Hall, Hackins Hey, Dale Street, Liverpool, 7 p.m.	
..	12.—Northop (Red Lion)	8-34 p.m.
..	17-21.—EASTER TOUR—Bettws-y-Coed	8-46 p.m.
..	26.—Chester (Bull and Stirrup).....	8-59 p.m.
May	3.—Halewood (Derby Arms)	9-12 p.m.

ALTERNATIVE RUNS FOR MANCHESTER MEMBERS.

Note.—Tea at 5-50 p.m.

April	5.—Knutsford (Lord Eldon)	8-20 p.m.
..	12.—Alderley (Trafford Arms)	8-31 p.m.
May	3.—Dunham Massey (Rope and Anchor)	9-9 p.m.

ALTERNATIVE RUN FOR LONDON MEMBERS.

April	12.—Ripley (The Anchor).....	8-18 p.m.
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Full moon 15th instant.

Committee Notes.

Stourton Lodge,

Arno Road, Oxton.

The parcels despatched in March to Members on Active Service Abroad numbered ten—six of which contained cigarettes, herrings in tomatoes, toffee and biscuits, and four tobacco only.

NEW MEMBERS.—Mr. J. H. FAWCETT, 7/28, Tower Buildings, Liverpool; Mr. J. W. GORMAN, 9, Cedar Road, Hale, Cheshire; and Mr. W. THRELFALL, 62, Dorothy Street, Liverpool, were elected to Active Membership; and Mr. L. FOTHERGILL, "Rostellau," Glen Park Road, New Brighton, was elected to Junior Active Membership.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS.—H. S. BARRATT, 40, Buxton Road, Stockport; N. M. HIGHAM, "Melsby," Oldfield Lane, Altrincham; W. R. OPPENHEIMER, 15, Wood Road, Whalley Range, Manchester; Sec.-Lieut. G. STEPHENSON, atchd. 2/1st Hampshire Yeomanry, Maryborough, Ireland; F. C. DEL STROTHER, C/o. R. H. Carlisle and Co., Ltd., 188, Deansgate, Manchester.

APPLICATION FOR MEMBERSHIP.—Mr. JOSEPH ENTWISTLE, 207, St. George's Road, Bolton—proposed by R. C. Gregg, seconded by W. P. Cook (Junior Active).

It was decided to advise the various Clubs concerned of our intention to run the "100" on Whit Monday.

EASTER TOUR.—The following is the tariff at the Glyn Aber Hotel: Thursday night to Monday morning, 36/-; from Friday night 27/-; from Saturday night, 18/-; and from Sunday night 9/- . As a large party is expected, I hope you will let me know *as early as possible* what your intentions are—certainly not later than April 12th. Beds will be allocated in strict priority of notification. The following are the arrangements for the day trips as arranged by the Committee: Friday: *Llanfairtalhaiarn* (Black Lion—Lunch at 1.30 p.m.). Saturday: *Bala* (White Lion—Lunch at 1.30 p.m.) via Penmachno, Pont-ar-afon gam and Rhydyfen, and returning via Frongoch and Cerrigy Druidion. Sunday: *Beddgelert* (Plas Colwyn—Lunch at 1.0 p.m.). Return via Penrhyndeudraeth, Maentwrog, Blaenau Ffestiniog, Garddianan Pass and the Lledr Valley. Monday: On the return journey, Lunch will be arranged for at *Ruthin* (Castle Hotel) 1.30 p.m.

F. D. McCANN,
Hon. Secretary.

Concerning Those On Service.

Postcard acknowledgements of parcels are to hand from:—Percy Williamson (January), "Please convey my very best thanks"; A. Warburton (February), "With many thanks"; A. Warburton (March), "Many thanks."

Cohen writes, under date of March 1st:—"Would you please convey my very best thanks to the Club for the parcel of tobacco which arrived yesterday. I hope to be home immediately the demobilisation of officers re-opens, which should be within the next three weeks at the latest. Our locality is most uninteresting, consequently I am looking forward to getting my name on the attendance roll for a few runs at home. There's absolutely nothing to do these days, our time being occupied chiefly in ping pong, snakes and ladders, ludo, snap and other such vigorous outdoor pastimes for the fit! There is a great chance of my going abroad once I am "demobbed," but of this more anon. (Hope this won't come off—We want you active in the Club life again, Li.—Ed.) We had a dance last night. What talent! What fairies! Anyhow we all had a good time."

Stephenson writes under date of March 25th:—"Behold my new address, which however won't last long, as this Regiment is also disbanding. I spent a short time with the Shropshire Yeomanry before coming here, and I wonder who the next crowd to be favoured with my presence will be. I am in no hurry to get out of the Army, as I've done no work—I mean I've made no pretence at work—for three months now, and the pay seems to get better, so why worry? There is one thing about being in at all these break-ups of Units, you get plenty of Farewell Dinners, &c. The Sergeants' Mess gave one here last Friday to set the ball rolling. The men are having one to-day and one to-morrow, and I suppose the Officers will have one some day. Splendid institutions, Farewell Dinners. Make one feel so pleased with life. Any prospects of a 'field' for the first '50' yet? No, thank you, I wasn't thinking of it. No news worth sending you, so will dismiss the squad. Good bye-ee."

Clifford Dews writes under date of March 12th:—"Since my last epistle to you I have had many funny experiences, among which was a Greek

wedding. The bride, who was about 17 years of age, looked beautiful in some soft clinging material, while the bridegroom looked disgraceful in the uniform of the average English navy. Poor bride seemed heartily miserable, and I was given to understand by one of the bridegroom's friends that Lebelis (or whatever the happy man was named) was a very fortunate fellow, since the bride's father was making him a present of 1,000 drachs (about £35). Hence the wedding. I may mention that the stench of incense was 'orrid, also that the usual 'oozoo' was greatly in evidence after the proceedings, which lasted from 2.0 p.m. to 5.30 p.m. I have been having some fairly busy times here lately since I have clicked for the job of being Adjutant. I like this place a little better now since I have 'fallen in love.' It isn't anything very serious I would have you understand, so I will tell you all about it. I gave the woman who does our washing for us some wood that had been blown ashore on our headland, and she was profoundly grateful. Next day I happened to walk to the village where she lives and saw her there in her Sunday best (it was a festival day). At first I did not recognise her since she had washed *herself*. Anyway she recognised me (I wash at least once a week you see) and she took me to her house, where she gave me 12 eggs as 'buckshee' (present). I found out that her husband was in America, so what else could I do but fall in love with her? . . . She does all my washing for nothing now . . . and when I offer to pay her she refuses the money with the words: 'Mr. Juice, you kala (good), me do all washing for you buckshee.' There is one thing about these Greek women though that impresses one, and that is that they do all the work while the man looks on, and if they are travelling with their hubby they walk behind carrying the luggage, and thrashing the donkey along, while hubby rides on the moke and takes in the view." [This seems fair enough.—Ed.]

W. R. Oppenheimer, in sending his home address, writes on the 24th March:—"I am 'de-mobbed.' I got my ticket about a month ago and am once more hard at business. I should like to take this opportunity of thanking the Club for all their kindness while I was in France. Poor 'Keizerette'! I was so sorry to learn of his death. He was a great enthusiast and will be very much missed in the Club. I particularly remember him in the '100' and '24' of 1900."

D. C. Kinghorn writes from Port Said on 16th March:—"I am leaving for England this week, and whilst I hope to be able to thank you all personally at an early date for tobacco, etc., sent out to me, I take this opportunity of asking you to convey to my fellow members of the A.B.C. my deep appreciation of their kindness. I was awfully grieved to hear of the sudden death of Herbert Keizer. He and I had been very close friends for many years, and I was hoping at no distant date to renew our friendship."

Correspondence.

Dear Editor.—I am sorry to throw cold water on the suggestion of "Le Discooteur," more particularly because of your coruscating editorial comment thereon, but I do feel that before the Club commits itself to the SCOOTER, we should carefully weigh the following important opinion expressed by the *Irish Cyclist*:—

"We do not regard the motor-scooter as a serious proposition, and the attention it is receiving in the Press is in the nature of a big gooseberry sensation. It is nothing more than a toy for grown-up people, and as a practical means of road locomotion has no greater future than the toy-scooters now being used by children."

Yours, &c.,

THE GOVERNOR OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

To the Anfield Editor. - A surprising editorial leader appeared middle February in the *Manchester Guardian* advocating Sunday Sport in the broader or Continental sense, including matches, club fixtures, &c. On a par with this runs the question: What is the attitude of leading Cycling Clubs towards Sunday Club Runs, Sunday Road-racing, Sunday Road-records?

The time that we had to consider how we appeared in the eyes of our neighbours, who may or may not be on the way to or from evening service and who certainly wear their Sunday best, is not only past; the time has come when the frequent display of our shorts will shame their tall hats into disrepute. I admit that our golfing and motoring rivals have done something, if not in hose, at least in headgear. Personally, I would love to see Langbreeks forbidden on the day of repose; but then I am a Pioneer in Costume, a Zealot in Dress, perhaps a Sartorial Excess.

As regards the Sunday Club Run, the Anfield may not wish to jeopardise the success of its Saturday run, but the Week-end run might well become more official, and a monthly week-end fixture a direct aim. (Poor Mac!—Ed.)

While our Shunting Motorists raise the Sunday dust, or scatter the Sunday Pool over the broad highway doing their fifty an hour, let us be even with the Sunday Speedrider. Where is the difference? A Roland for our Oliver.

Away then with the Pedantic Rules of our Associations forbidding record riding on the day of joy. We sneer at the N.C.U., but it is time that the R.R.A. and N.R.R.A. gave proof of their emancipation from those ancient bonds and shibboleths.

To you, Oh Cook, I dedicate the Fiery Cross, to carry it into those paths that reach beyond the Anfield Pale. And Within The Pale? Need we a Peter The Hermit there?

Is there for honest Sunday Sport,
Who hides his pants and a' that,
The Coward Slave, we pass him by,
We'll dirty look for a' that,
For a' that and a' that,
Their forty horse and a' that,
The Langbreek is the Guinea Pig
The Hose's the Gowd for a' that.

Yours, &c.,

THE ICONOCLAST.

Little Known Facts about Members.

Grandad is almost the only member of the Club who wears stockings on his arms as well as his legs.

Teddy Edwards reckons that, if he misses one or two runs this year, he will have enough cigars to last him until Christmas.

Arthur Simpson has not yet made up his mind whether to attack the end-to-end record on a tricycle or with Chem. on a tandem scooter.

If the dummy rear lamps used by Anfielders were placed side by side, they would reach part of the way from Sunnyside Hydro to Irby.

Two of our leading allotmentees are making a careful study of the life and methods of Munchausen and Louis de Rougemont.

Chandler has decided to cancel the order he recently placed for a special superb hyper-super de luxe "Moonbeam" bicycle, complete with the celebrated "grease-tub" gear-case, variegated gear in each wheel, motor cycle saddle and mudguards, imitation petrol tank, and the famous "Retrospect" handle-bar mirror (silver plated and studded with diamonds), which is indispensable to all real cyclists.

It is not known who first called Gregg's bicycle a "mystery ship."

The Mullah is now taking lessons in tyre repairing and hopes shortly to be able to give up pedestrian exercise.

Professor Green will shortly set out on a lecturing tour, his subject being "Wired tyres on wood rims," with copious advice on "The repair of punctures."

Tommy Royden is at present understood to be busy on what is described as a *light* tragedy entitled "A wayside conversation." R. C. Hilditch has been engaged at enormous expense to play one of the leading rôles.

Ven's eagerly expected pamphlet on "Profiteering" will be published next week, while the 15th edition of "My moustache," by JayBee, is now ready.

MEMS.

The following extract from the *Bath Road News* is interesting:—

"We descended the hill together, and flopped into Wotton Hatch. Here we found Beardwood, of the Anfield, seated. I had not met him before, but I could tell that he was a *real* cyclist by his conversation—he greeted us with: 'Wotcher goin' to 'ave?'"

Our Manchester members are very keen on Evesham for the All-night Ride and it would make an excellent destination, but unfortunately the Crown Hotel, Evesham, has only ten bedrooms and these are mostly occupied by permanent guests and they have definitely refused to take us. With our London exiles and new members we ought to have a party of 15 to 20, and Cheltenham is just the place that can accommodate us, besides which the route to Cheltenham is much more picturesque than that to Warwick and is better for arranging the midnight meal. Warwick means Whitechurch or Nantwich, and it is very doubtful if we could make arrangements at either place; Cheltenham makes Ruabon suitable, and the Wynstay Arms would be willing and eager.

We are asked to deny the rumour that "A Box of Tricks," which has been running for over 12 months at the London Hippodrome, was written by Lord Hawkes. It has nothing whatever to do with Armstrong Triplex or any other 3-speed gears.

Those going to Bettws will have to look out for Charlie Conway. Our sleuth hounds have recently reported that Charlie, armed to the teeth for touring, has been seen to catch the 9.30 Birkenhead boat, and there can be no doubt that he has been consistently training for Easter and will be drawing it across some of those who fancy they can ride bicycles. *Verbum Sap!*

A terrible tragedy recently occurred in the Cycle Room at Woodside Ferry. Mr. 2216 Pounds, a well-known cotton merchant who daily motor-cycles to and from Heswall, is discovered getting into his sewer suit when

W. P. Chef, an alleged corn merchant, enters, and the following conversation ensued:—

Mr. P.—“Didn't I pass you this morning?”

W. P. C.—“Oh, yes.”

Mr. P.—“Good little bus I've got. Only paid £20 for it years ago, and I am often stopped on the road and offered £30 for her.”

W. P. C. (with forced geniality).—“I daresay.”

Mr. P.—“Why don't you go in for a motor cycle?”

W.P.C. (with crushing sarcasm).—“Because I have a decent pair of legs still.”

Mr. P.—“That's no reason—so have I.”

Collapse of W. P. C. Blue fire and quick curtain.

It will be noticed that the Lighting-up Times take a sudden jump owing to the Summer Time Order. Of course, the times given are the legal times under D.O.R.A. and perfectly ridiculous. Naturally everybody will add half an hour to the figures given really for the amusement of the cheerful idiots at the Home Office.

It will be noticed that the run to Chester on April 26th is to the Bull & Stirrup and *not* to the Bars. The Bull & Stirrup has had electric light installed and the upstairs rooms redecorated, so it should be quite swagger now. It is important that the Bull & Stirrup should be well patronised. It is essential for us for the “24,” so please bear this in mind. As it is a joint run we ought to have a real good muster.

There is grand news for our Scooter members! According to the *Irish Cyclist*, Mrs. E. Kent, of Chiswick, “hopes to put on the market shortly a three wheel scooter with a bucket seat.” This will be fine for Edwards and our other three wheel exponents, while the bucket seat will appeal irresistibly to Hubert Roskell and others who could not hope to look as *distingué* as F. H. and the Smart Set if they had to stand to scoot!

The following extract from the Manchester Wheelers' Journal might profitably be read, marked, learned and inwardly digested by those members who have joined us in recent years:—

“The man who goes for a twelve-hour standard medal evolves something in this manner. He buys a bicycle and rides it. He appreciates the possibilities of his machine, and his rides lengthen until he often tops the hundred in the day. Perhaps he goes away for a week, covering anything up to 500 miles, and sooner or later he joins a Club.

“Now then: he does *not* want to race. He is an enthusiastic cyclist, but he has no ambition to excel above his fellows. He joins the Club more for the companionship it affords. But he *would* like to have a medal of some sort to prove that he is good at his own particular game.

“It is to this type of man that the twelve-hours' standard medals particularly appeal. He knows he can sit in the saddle for 12 hours, and though he may be uncertain about being able to reach the gold standard of 170 miles he has little doubt about the lower distances. Moreover, he has not to subject himself to severe training. He merely keeps on doing what he has been doing all along—riding. (Actually, as experience shows, he is fitter than many a novice who trains laboriously and as often as not the wrong way.)”

With all the above we entirely agree, and the same gospel also applies to 24 Hours standard medals.

Do you know the M.M.? He is the Medical Motorist who has recently written a charming letter full of the milk of human kindness to F. Percy High, the well-known cycling journalist and great authority on the gospel of "facing both ways." The M.M. writes "The idea of cyclists riding without a red light is monstrous. If I kill anyone who does so while driving my car it will jolly well serve him right." So now you know! Perhaps it is this idea of monstrosity that inspires some cyclists to ride with a red light *in front* rather than run the risk of having the M.M. and his kidney say "it jolly well serves you right"! What a fine cheerful and noble soul the M.M. must be!

Rostand's "Casanova" has recently been produced in Paris. Pa White used to be a great authority on Casanova's books, and we are thinking of commissioning him to take a trip to the gay city and write up a report on the play, which we are sure would be highly interesting for a family paper like ours. Failing him perhaps Lizzie Buck would take the job on!

WATCH FOR THE FOLLOWING PUBLICATIONS. READY SHORTLY:—

Carrots: Their Diseases and Family History.—R. L. Knipe.

How to Assemble a Ford: Or Perpetual Labour.—O. Cooper.

Victims: With Notes on Bait, &c.—The Apostle.

Eagles and Policemen: A Brief Exegesis of the Hypothetical Relations Existing Between These Species.—Sir T. Royden.

Writing (in the *Birmingham Evening Despatch*) in praise of North Wales as a holiday resort for cyclists, genial John Urry states that "it is up to Midlanders to see that they are not ousted from the happy hunting ground which has, so to speak, become a heritage of theirs." We understand that the will is being contested, Liverpool and Manchester cyclists having an undeniable claim to a big share in that heritage.

At last our old friend Nemesis has overtaken P. C. Hilditch! Following a strenuous day at the Neston Police Court, he sought rest and recuperation at various places "within the meaning of the Act," and after three hours' treatment felt fit enough to cycle home with a bottle of Guinness as a Peace offering. When "consulting his solicitor" he bumped against the wall and broke the neck of the bottle and then made the discovery that someone had sneaked one of his lamps! Of course, such a stickler for D.O.R.A. would *walk* home. We wonder if this incident was a bit of Tommy's revenge? By the way, Tommy was not at Warrington on 22nd, and it was rumoured that he was sitting at home with his head wrapped in ice cloths composing his speech to be delivered at Neston Police Court on 28th.

It is requested that all members on Active Service should immediately advise Mac, when they are demobilised, so that their civilian address may be given in the Circular. This is particularly important in the case of those on Active Service abroad to whom the monthly parcels are sent. Already we know of at least two parcels that have gone West owing to their being needlessly sent to members who had returned home without advising us to stop sending them.

On the 8th inst., one member went to Alderley instead of Ringway, and on the 15th inst., two members went to Alderley instead of Warrington. They excuse themselves by saying it was an error. What is the attraction at Alderley?

Easter Forebodings, by Our Pessimist.

Hubert Roskell has made up his mind not to touch intoxicating liquors, and will thus be confined to beer.

Only a few of the Simpsons will be present, a number of them having other engagements.

Chem. insists upon giving a new song, and a fresh Jew story. This will require drastic handling.

The Mullah, despite entreaties, absolutely refuses to sing "A little red lamp at the back."

Beardmore (who should really be called Beardless) has signalled his fixed determination to give a lecture on how to "train" for cycling from London to Bettws.

The Editor is inflexibly determined to push himself on a bicycle all the way, starting on Thursday. This will be a sad blow to those who had keenly anticipated seeing him over the week-end.

Robinson has made it a condition of attendance that he writes everything in connection with the week-end, even if it fills the rag.

Nothing will deter George Lake from coming down in his ambulance wagon with a cargo of stiffs. Cook has received an invitation, and is in a state of pitiable indecision.

The Presider states that he refuses to be thwarted of his Fell intention of making his usual longwinded harangues, and what is more both he and the other all 'ot menteur, or storyteller—there's allotmenteer—('Ow! 'Ow!—Ed.) Knipe will publicly recount their plots.

The Master has lost all his sartorial ingenuity, and will arrive garbed as a human being.

Lizzie Buck is adamant on the point of leaving his Harris Tweeds at home, and insists upon wearing a hard hat.

The Manchester Smart Set have finally and flatly refused to regale the company with quip and crank.

Buckley père wires that his stock of gentle banter on the subject of Green has petered out.

Johnny Band has refused point blank to mention sacks.

Lord Hawkes absolutely insists upon making the forlorn experiment of riding a fixed gear machine.

Del Strother and the General have come to a definite agreement to smoke nothing but Woodbines.

Tommy Royden states nothing will induce him to send down more than a barrel of Johnny Walker, and to cap all

Charlie Conway HAS MISLAID HIS BETTWS STOCKINGS.

Altogether, in truth the makings of a weary week-end!

A Bath Road Club Week-end Run.

February 15th having proved a disappointment, owing to Orderly duties, the opportunity was taken on 15th March of fulfilling a long engagement.

The run was fixed for Horsham, the hotel selected being the "Crown," somewhat on the lines of the Cheshire and Shropshire country houses, and they managed to accommodate ten, with two sleeping out.

The weather on Saturday was disappointing, just at starting time a heavy rainstorm coming on, but having waited until it finished, Leatherhead was reached in comfort. During tea the heavens darkened and it poured, so there was nothing for it but to start in the wet. Half way to Horsham it cleared, however, and the time soon passed in the company of Markham and Kirton, the Poly trike exponent.

After supper there was the usual cosy corner and heaven help those who don't get inside the mystic circle if the weather is cold—they don't even smell the fire! The B.R. (unlike the Anfield) retire fairly early, so naturally I was one of the last to seek my bed.

Next day a very interesting tour around Leith Hill to Abinger Hatch for lunch and Ripley for tea brought a pleasant week-end to a close.

The Bath Roaders are a fine sporty crowd, and many of the racing members are already very keen and evidently getting fit. Markham is training seriously and if Anno Domini has not laid his grip upon him he will worthily uphold the B.R. on their own dustheap.

RUNS.

Halewood, March 1st, 1919.

And it came to pass that there was Great Tribulation in the land. The Tribal Chiefs did meet in Solemn Conclave, for that diverse and acidulated Dissension had arisen in their Midst. On the One Hand ranged the Mighty Murderers of Space, whose Ravenous Appetites for exceeding Distance could garner no Appeasement in Biting Off the infinitesimal Chunks of Highway which represented the path to the Coed of the North, yelegt Hale. They demanded Work, and yet more Work. "An hundred leagues" cried they in stentorian Unison "is scarce enough to satisfy our Hunger, and this is our Minimum Demand. What boots it that there may be devious Spaceful Routes to be taken to gain this Objective, if, after having dined we are all Dressed Up and Nowhere to Go? A few paltry Leagues, and then the Void! What outlet have we then for the Fiery Energy imparted through the Imbibation of Government Beer"? And so on and so forth for the most part in Capital Letters did these Rapacious Road Restlers indulge in Burning Eloquence, and Adduce to their Own satisfaction (*sic*) What They considered Irrefutable Arguments supporting their Claim, and would not for some time be Gainsaid. R, but they Reckoned without their Host! For, on the other hand, in Piping Accents at first, which, however, increased in Power until they did attain Prodigious and Sustained Impetus, did one Hoary Chieftain after Another proceed in Methodical Manner, to Impeach, Impound, and Impoverish such Futile Argumentation, and to Substitute therefor Sound and Unanswerable Logic. For, said they, "What about the Walkers? Are these Hardy Veterans, these Past Giants of the Road who have signed their Names in Indelible Ink on the Scroll of Fame in the years which are No More, are These to be Left on the first Run of the Month to Get into Mischieff, and perchance Browse among the Unhallowed Sanctuaries of the Pubs, Ayawn and Avid for their Custom? These Die-hard Has-beens like the Writing Chief, full of Years and Honoured Scars gained in Countless Battles of the Road, Broken, so to speak, on the Wheel, are These to be left to Wallow in their own Fat? And Further, What of the Regal Repasts, served up at the Hostelry by the Fair Handmaiden, and partaken of with such Exceeding Relish by the Tribe, all for the Miserable Pittance of Two Bob? And This during the Great War! Is Gratitude dead? Has the Milk of Human Kindness been turned to Curds and Whey? Is Senile Decay

Setting In? And Moreover, what of the Intense and Devastating Rivalry of the hardy Chieftains from the Banks of the Incense-laden Irwell, now Aglow with the Lust of Smashing our Attendance Records to Smithereens? Is it not Common Knowledge that these Pitiless Pounces on our Numerical Supremacy are gradually but None the less Searchingly undermining the once Virile Frame, and Massive Intellect of our Hardest Henchman, causing him to Squirm with Untold Suffering on each Painful Occasion? Has he not Attained to a Condition of Morbidity when Anything might Happen to him this once Jaunty Firebrand of the Road? And Now that we have but one Impregnable Bulwark against which these Incessant and Infuriated Attacks beat with Galling Impotence, shall we lightly Surrender this Mighty Stronghold? In the Words of the Immortal Pedant 'NOT US!' And so on and so forth, with more and more Capital Letters than they had, until the Mighty Murderers of Space did Mutter and Mumble miserably in their Beards, and had No Word to say why Sentence should not be Passed upon them. Thus was Accomplished a Great Victory, and for the Nounce, this Hallowed Spot will remain the Trysting Place on the first Saturday of each Month. No account of a run being complete nowadays unless the number present is recorded. I hasten to add that we were twenty.

Knutsford, March 1st, 1919.

So we are to be hurried, all-powerful Editor? Those of us who succumb to your blandishments, or the pinchbeck imitations of your coaxing ways given by your lieutenants are to turn out our little efforts more promptly, eh? No more of the last minute business—no more "sending it on to Arthur" on the 30th of the month with the most profound faith that the Circular will be found on the breakfast table on the 31st. It's all right, no doubt, but look what you're missing. If you get all the run accounts early you'll have no excitement—life will be altogether too tame. For your sake, then—for your own good really—we shall fail from time to time to do as we are told, but on this occasion, you shall have your wish.

Knutsford is always a favourite fixture, and so a turn-out of 14 did not excite surprise especially on such a balmy day, quite good enough for spring. The roads were in fine condition, inviting tourlets, which were freely indulged in by the Manchester men, inducing appetites amply satisfied by the usual good fare provided at the Lord Eldon. After tea the Master gave us a short account of the peculiar little ways of some of our unsophisticated black brethren, and Jack Hodges followed with more of the same kind—a subject with a never-failing attraction where men are gathered together, for is not mankind the proper study of man, and can one better study man than in his elementary state, when he is man, first and last, stripped of all false conventions? Hodges seems to have made excellent use of his time in the East, for he has gathered a great store of interesting knowledge and experience. The party broke up at a reasonable hour and scampered home before a good wind.

Chester, March 8th, 1919.

At 2.45 on this Saturday afternoon I was waiting patiently (complete with rear lights, etc., to avoid Tommy Royden's awful fate) for my partner, for 'twas to be a spin on the tandem. At 2.50 he arrived, thereby spoiling his inglorious record for unpunctuality, as I had booked him for 3.0 o'clock. After a short sojourn to the garage (swank!) we mounted and gaily pedalled away. The madding crowd having receded in the distance, we got down to it and let her rip: this nerve-racking pace did not last long, however, as we had both recently been enjoying the fashionable delights of "flu," and

had not got altogether rid of that tired feeling. Reaching Chester eventually we found some of the early birds had nearly finished their tea although it was not yet 6.0 o'clock. The usual excellent fare was put before me, and starting off the same mark as Teddy Edwards I was soon dropped, as by the time the marmalade stage was reached my opponent was just tickling his palate with ham and eggs or fish and chips, I forget which; but then, these Hard Riders deserve it every bit. Johnny Band gave us as a novelty a remarkable insight into the working of his business which combined amusement with instruction. Cook's remarks about the necessary measures to adopt with fainting females were evidently very witty, but we heard little of his voice owing to Gregg giving an interesting lecture concerning the upholstery of his "mystery ship" most of the time. We missed Tommy Royden's cheery countenance, but as he was probably "doing time" we all kept a discreet silence. The first departure was made by the Wallasey tandem and its young crew, and shortly afterwards we pushed off and so home via Willaston after a most enjoyable time.

Ringway, March 8th, 1919.

How many are you then, said she, as in stalked Herbert Green.

Right gallantly the lad replied: Fair Dame, We are Fifteen.

Now when the Manchester Run counts fifteen, it means "Riders All," and does not include any "Laggers of the Host, Rascals and Hangers-on," as sometimes are seen in other sections.

The Captain's roving eye alighted on me. "The wheel has come full circle" quoth he. "'Tis four weeks since last I named you Penman and as there are only some twenty regular runners, it is your turn again."

As a concession for the future this lopsided rota system will be supplemented by trial by ballot or sacrifice by chance selection. I find that of those who write not, some are puissant fellows of great harangue, while we, the scribblers, must needs lurk in corners and upon those things that come to pass imagine much, instead of which we too would like to ring the welkin if there be song, to tilt the beaker if there be wine, to dally with dame or damosel if there be woman, or if there be none of these merrily to engage in froil.

The guest of the evening was Archie Warburton, in civilized attire though not yet demortalized, but a rider mind you and on Mullah's hind-quarters.

At a sign from the master of ceremonies a slender female by a species of table rapping turned the massive dining table into three whatnots, and now the Captain sprang a third bombshell, this time on our two "men of the world" who were just assuming that measured mien and matured manner that make even the Smart Set look small and sick, and to describe which better I have had to borrow from Old Froissard (Royalty's Penman of the 14th century): "as men holding great state and seignory"; when, as I say, in pops Green, and behold sticking out of the middle of his face a weapon ablaze and of a size that made the cheroots of the two globetrotters look like glowworms. This is no longer "badinage": the worm has turned and the meeting held its breath watching if Green would turn greener still. It was a personal triumph for the Corona and the scoffers sat snubbed.

The next business of the meeting was a further discussion of the all-right-right in view of the Plesing held out at Cheltenham. On a show of hands fifteen preferred the beer at Warwick to the waters of Cheltenham, but to meet the Beardmores half way a fresh vote was taken on the question of Warwick versus EVESHAM and fifteen voters preferred the EVESHAM

CROWN HOTEL. This finished the business on the agenda and several members dispersed, the others went home.

(Readers can probably tell where I shine and whereabouts Froissard floats to the top. If you prefer the latter, please note: Froissard in Britain, of all booksellers, with illustrations weird and wonderful.)

Ripley, March 8th, 1919.

The rain fortunately kept off and the afternoon was quite good for cycling. The writer left East Sheen soon after 15.00 and found the roads very little, if any, affected by the last four years' neglect and exceptional heavy lorry traffic, the stretch from East Horsley to Ripley being in exceptionally good condition and fast for those able to take advantage of speed surfaces.

Upon arrival at the "Anchor" there were no signs of "exiles," so after waiting a reasonable time tea was partaken of with the Dibble family, which, it might be mentioned, includes about thirteen daughters in all stages of loveliness from early spring to summer roses—perhaps this information will result in more turning up next time. (We should think so. What about an all-night ride to this halcyon spot?—Ed.) After tea "Mazeppa" and "Spango" of the Bath Road turned up en route for a week-end at Farnham, and left about 19.30. After a farewell drink or two and a chat with Host Dibble, the writer ploughed his lonely furrow homewards, ruminating on the past glories of cycling and wondering if the April fixture will receive better support. The Great Panjandrum being across the Channel at the Lyons Fair accounts for one strong supporter's non-appearance, but what has become of Foster? And where, oh where are those exiles who always regret the absence of a Club run when there ain't none?

Delamere, March 15th, 1919.

An ideal day was that which heralded the meeting of the Manchester and Liverpool members at the Abbey Arms, Delamere; a house which is, by the way, proving a very valuable addition to the Anfield visiting list. Up they rolled, members young and members younger; everybody happy, the genial skipper fairly scintillating with cheerful bonhomie; a striking illustration of that well-known quotation "Look what cycling has done for me." Although all had ridden nearer thirty miles than anything else for the simple pleasure of joining others of the Clan, we were ruthlessly parted by the hostess at tea. None of her rooms being big enough to hold well over a score of men possessed with the hungry knock, we were numbered off into two sections: one half was quartered in the front parlour, whilst the other half was billeted in the kitchen-cum-sitting-room at the back. This division of our forces not affecting our appetites, ma and her willing helpers had to do evens for about half an hour in their laudable attempt to keep pace with the efforts of the gastronomic leaders. Everybody being eventually satisfied, we had time to wander about from the back to the front and *vice versa* and find out who were really there; our most gratifying discovery was that the brothers Kinder had at last emerged from their long retirement and renewed their acquaintance with a club run fixture. Needless to say everybody was delighted to see them, and many hopes were expressed that we should have them with us often in the near future. All good things come to an end, and the end of this very pleasant day was begun when Grandad marshalled his force of three innocent victims preparatory to leading them off on some foraging expedition in the wilds of Hawkstone Park.

Hawkstone Park, March 15th-16th, 1919.

A specially conducted party consisting of the Mullah and the General on the triplet twice, Grandad on his animated bassinette, and the Master on his "sometimes it will and sometimes it won't" were the self-constituted

plenipotentiaries of the ancient order of Anfielders in quest of first-hand information as to whether Hawkstone Park was a fit and proper place for weary pilgrims to find food, and perchance liquid refreshment; the former was easily obtained, but the latter was something of a problem. It looked like being a very damp squib until poor Grandad, after pleading with tears in his eyes for just one little drink, procured the much needed elixir by sticking out his tongue for the inspection of mine hostess as convincing proof of his dryness and his total inability to spit sixpence; the effect was magical, and soon double doses of the water of Burton were administered to the convalescents, their recovery being astonishingly rapid. Food, service and accommodation at the Hotel were of the very best, whilst the furnishing, both of bedrooms and dining rooms, etc., is such as should surely satisfy even our Smart Set. It was altogether a very pleasant little week-end, and one which will bear repeating; the sooner the better.

A delightful run from Hawkstone on Sunday morning via Whitchurch and Delamere culminated in the four "once wassers" finding themselves enjoying one of the top hole dinners at Overton in company with the twenty members of the C.R.C. (some club) who had foregathered there.

Warrington, March 22, 1919.

The present deponent is not such a regular supporter of the Club fixtures as he might be, but apparently he cannot grace a run with his presence without in some mysterious way catching the eagle eye of the Editor person, although the latter may not be actually present. Arthur must have his *agents provocateurs* (or words to that effect) on the job, or else he achieves his deadly work by means of telepathy, or calisthenics, or something. Anyhow, within two or three days there comes a polite postcard—*toujours la politesse*, Arthur!--asking for "the needful" to be done. So here goes for the said "needful."

This Manchester (so they say) run was admirably supported by the Liverpool members, and the result was a goodly crowd at the Patten Arms, which it was a great pleasure to revisit. The vast majority rolled up on push—pardon, Willy dear!—cycles. The Mullah and Newsholme were swanking on the famous tandem trike, which looks a very smart machine. The writer opines that, in the hands of himself and another Really Good Rider, that machine would shift. Tandem bikes carried Buckley, *père et fils* (Dear us! Quite a linguist!—Ed.), those two young fellers Cook and Robinson (the latter is evidently as far from getting wise as ever), and two Manchester visitors. Teddy Edwards triked it, and the balance came on single bicycles, with a flavouring of petrol here and there.

A really good feed followed, during which we learned that we had had a very narrow squeak. True to life, the Secretary's ghost had refused to put pen to paper and give semi-final, demi-semi-final, and absolutely final intimation of our intended visit. Cook was mercilessly clipped in consequence, and when some Dismal Jimmy handed out the weekly intimation that "he's not the man he used to be," Grandad replied that he never was and hoped he never would be!

Something Very Interesting is going to happen on April first. It concerns Johnny Band. The writer doesn't know what it is, but hopes he's not getting married. So ran the talk round the fire after tea.

Soon after tea a move was made by the early birds. Robinson, not having been on a machine for five weeks (oh! these cycling journalists!), was reluctant to move—he was busying himself trying to find out whether it was easier to sit down, stand up, or walk about—but Grandad applied the usual gag about the need for getting over Prees Heath before it was dark, with a

menating reference to the truism (if it is one) that "the later you start, the faster you'll have to ride." So off they went and, after more chin-wag round the fire, the remainder of the crowd faded away to their several destinations.

It remains to be added that Robinson's new waistcoat (ex-army) was greatly admired, and that the Mullah considers soda and milk a very poor substitute for Beer.

Rossett. March 29th, 1919.

Reading in some alleged Cycling Notes that "Summer time made it possible to enjoy evening rides," I decided to attend this run and now am paying the usual penalty. It is marvellous the way our Editor finds out who was at the Club Fixture (when he is not there himself) and pounces on the "resurrection" to pay the usual fine by "writing up the run." It is no use setting up any defence like that of the impassioned speech delivered by Lord Strathallan at the Neston Police Court, with its subtle heart-rending tear-compelling reference to his "fifty slicks" years of a blameless life! You have to pay the half crown fine for having your rear light out--I mean you have to furnish the "copy" for missing club runs; and this leads me to look forward with great joy to the brilliant articles we shall read when some of our lost souls at long last re-appear amongst us. But you will say that "Summer time" did not come in until 2.0 a.m. on the 30th! That of course was only the Home Secretary's Summer time and just as comic as his schedule of lighting-up time. By the simple process of putting my watch on one hour at 2.0 p.m. on the 29th I secured "Summer time" a day earlier. It is a great idea. In another few weeks I will put it on another hour or two and then I will never know it is ever dark! Well, boys, it was real good to be at a club run again—I wonder more don't try it. "The water's fine, so come in." Rossett evidently appealed to others with the result that we sat down (more or less) to tea 2l strong, and as only 12 to 15 had been ordered for, some of us had to scrap for it. Grandad was floating his "Berwyn Levelling Syndicate (1919) Ltd." with Newsholme, Chandler and Robinson as his first victims. What a ruthless old man he is to be sure. To make certain of securing Newsholme he had ridden out to Kelsall to get the hooks in, and there meeting the Master on his Puñ and Dart succeeded in seducing him also! Telegrams to Llanarmon O. L. seemed very plentiful. I understand Grandad also had in tow a prospective member named Blackburn (no relation of Kekil's) from Parkgate, but he did not come to Rossett as the sight of Grandad in purple and fine linen made him afraid to join the Club in long trousers when his tailor failed him—so you see he is not a bit like Kekil. Demosthenes Tommy Royden, fresh from the Battle of Neston, was full of cryptic references to Hilditch. Cody was, as usual, on an immaculately clean machine. Tandems were represented by the Brothers Kinder, Rogers and Fothergill, Ven and Morris. The Rolls-Ford with Cooper *père et fils* was resplendent with new paint and 5-inch lamps. Cotter, week-ending at Pulford, Fawcett, Gregg and Mac were also there and last, but not least, Teddy Edwards on his trike "via Llandegla of course" showed us what a young lad he remains. After tea we witnessed the departure of the Llanarmon party and then pushed the breeze away with our front wheels. I hear the *cyclists* got to Llanarmon quite safely, but F. H. got no further than Wrexham after "trouble" on Marford which he was only rescued from by a gang of locals who had been Dispatch Riders, Air Mechanics and Transport experts—so the war did some good after all! Still this holocaust is likely to have far-reaching effects. It has been felt for a long time that Grandad was wavering—it is not a far step from being paced by a motor to taking to motor-ing—but when F. H. not only never materialised at Llanarmon, but also failed to join the party at Corwen on Sunday, all orders for Autowheels and

Scoters were cancelled and he is further off from Petrol than ever. You can at least "get there" sometime, somehow on a Cycle, but with Petrol, Man Proposes and the Engine Disposes. By the way, I hear the Llanarmon party *did* level the Berwyns although warned that it was a perilous undertaking. The snow was deep in places of drift many feet but so hard that it was easily negotiable and only once did the old gentleman drop into a crevice up to his waist!

Alderley Edge, March 29th, 1919.

Only the lucky thirteen turned up at Alderley, at least two of the usual attendants having gone to Rossett to reinforce the ranks of the Liverpool Section. I gather from the remarks made by our most accomplished literary contributor in the last issue that it is not the correct thing to mention categorically the names of all who were present. I am glad of this as it will be an excuse to say nothing about the Snub. I know he will be annoyed because he loves to be in the limelight. However I have no compunction in ignoring him as immediately tea was over he shoved the black spot (in the shape of a peremptory P.C. from the Editor demanding the account of the run by first post) into my hand and then rushed off to be seen no more. I had no luck in the tank either, as I did not find collecting the kitty a very remunerative job, but fortunately our worthy host, who was in his most genial mood, came to the rescue. Having backed the three placed horses in the G.N. and so circumvented the bookmakers, he thought he would try his luck with the Anfielders by offering to toss anyone of them for a round. The wily Mullah took up the challenge and the luck being on his side, our host had to pay up and look pleasant. At this stage I had to depart to attend an important social engagement with the "Smart Set," so I cannot say whether Boardman made any more revelations of his dreadful past which he first disclosed at the previous Alderley run. I hope not, for I should love to hear them. Previously I had always stood somewhat in awe of Boardman as being a leading light of the ultra respectable C.T.C., but after the disclosures about the Wild Wassailing at Wastdale, we know he is but human like ourselves. Riding home in the daylight made one imagine that spring had arrived, but a snowstorm soon dispelled the illusion.

A. T. SIMPSON.

Editor.

ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB.

FORMED MARCH 1879.

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

MONTHLY CIRCULAR.

Vol. XIV.

No. 159.

FIXTURES FOR MAY, 1919.

		Light up at
May	3.—Halewood (Derby Arms)	9-12 p.m.
..	10.—Rossett (Red Lion)	9-24 p.m.
..	12.—Committee Meeting, Common Hall, Hackins Hey, Dale Street, Liverpool, 7 p.m.	
..	17.—Hoo Green (The Kilton)	9-35 p.m.
..	24.—50 MILES HANDICAP. Start at 3-30 p.m. (Headquarters: Patten Arms, Warrington. Dinner from 2 p.m. and Tea after the event)	9-47 p.m.
..	31.—Nantwich (Lamb). Tea at 5-30 p.m.	9-56 p.m.
June	7.—Whitechurch (Swan) and Week-end Shrewsbury (George) ...	10- 3 p.m.
..	9.—INVITATION 100 MILES HANDICAP	10- 5 p.m.

ALTERNATIVE RUN FOR MANCHESTER MEMBERS.

Note.—Tea at 6-0 p.m.

May	3.—Dunham Massey (Rope and Anchor)	9 9 p.m.
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ALTERNATIVE RUN FOR LONDON MEMBERS.

May	10.—Ripley (The Anchor).....	9-24 p.m.
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Full moon 15th instant.

Committee Notes.

Stourton Lodge,

Arno Road, Oxton.

NEW MEMBER.—MR. J. ENTWISTLE, 207, St. George's Road, Bolton, was elected to Junior Active Membership.

The first Fifty Miles' Handicap has had to be put off one week and it is now to be held on the 24th May. It will be held over the Cheshire Course starting on the Warrington—Knutsford Road at 3.30 p.m. Dinner will be ready from 2 p.m. at the Patten Arms, Warrington, and tea at the same place at the termination of the ride. Entries must reach me not later than the first post on Saturday, 17th May. The Prizes are as follows:—First, value £3 3/-; Second, value £2 2/-; and Third, value £1 1/-; and a Fastest Time Prize, value £2 2/-. In addition, Standard Medals will be offered; the following are the Standards for the Cheshire Course:—Gold, 2 hours, 40 mins.; Silver, 2 hours, 50 mins.; Bronze, 3 hours.

The All Night Ride will be to Cheltenham (Fleece) on 19th July, 1919.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS.—Cpl. G. JACKSON, The Avenue, Bare, Morecambe; LIONEL COHEN, 5, Hartington Road, Liverpool; JAMES ROWATT, 23, Esplanade, Waterloo, Liverpool; L./Cpl. F. EDWARDS, 117026, D. Coy., 53rd King's Liverpool Regiment, 1st Lancashire Division, Army of the Rhine, Germany; 2nd. Lieut. G. STEPHENSON, 2nd/1st North Devon Hussars, Maryborough, Queen's Co., Ireland; C.S.M. A. WARBURTON, A.P.O. 5115, B.E.F.; R. T. RUDD, 92, Queens Road, Everton, Liverpool.

The attention of Members is drawn to the fact that the tea hour at Nantwich on the 31st May is 5.30 p.m.; and of the Manchester Members to that at Dunham Massey, when 6 p.m. will be the time.

I have Invitations from the Unity C.C. for a Novices' Invitation 25 Miles' Scratch Road Ride to be held on May 3rd, and from the Century R.C. for a 50 Miles' Handicap to be held on 17th May. Full details may be had by any member interested.

APPLICATION FOR MEMBERSHIP.—Mr. JOSEPH SMITH BLACKBURN, Dee Cottage, South Parade, Parkgate, Cheshire. Proposed by W. P. Cook; seconded by F. D. McCann. Mr. ISMAEL PERIS, 1, Red Cross Street, Liverpool; proposed by H. Roskell seconded by F. J. Cheminai. Mr. MILES GREENWOOD, 75, Heath Street, Liverpool; proposed by W. M. Robinson; seconded by W. P. Cook (Junior Active).

The Parcels sent to those On Active Service abroad in April numbered four, and three of them contained cigarettes, chocolate, tinned crab and toffee, and one tobacco only.

F. D. McCANN,

Hon. Secretary.

Entries for the first "50" must reach the Hon. Secretary not later than first post on Saturday, 17th May, 1919.

Concerning Those On Service.

Postcard acknowledgments have been received from:—Percy Williamson (February): "Parcel in good condition, many thanks. Am quite fit and hoping to be with you soon." D. C. Kinghorn (February): "Much appreciated." A. Warburton (April): "With many thanks."

Gunner H. R. Band writes as follows, under date of March 13th: "Just a line to thank you very much indeed for the January parcel, which I received last Sunday. I had the wind up in case it didn't arrive, as the November parcel has not reached me yet. It is jolly hard lines, but I am afraid it has gone West. However, it makes me appreciate the January one better. Blighty tobacco is heaps better than any we can buy out here. Thank goodness I have every hope of getting home soon. I am under orders for Blighty and am just waiting a second Authority from Army H.Q. to be dispatched on my way home. I was very grieved to read in the last Circular about poor George Poole. It came as a great shock to me as I thought he had got quite fit again. Kindly convey to Harry my deepest sympathy with him in his great sorrow. By the way, I have quite enjoyed Jim Rowatt's letter about mosquitoes and Binns' experience. One cannot realise, without coming into actual contact with them, what various brands

of insects there are out here. What with mosquitoes, bugs, ants, scorpions, etc., etc., it is almost like being in a natural history museum. Remember me to all old pals."

Jackson writes from Keithley on 7th April: "Just a line to let you know I've arrived back in England, but I'm not being cleared out of the Army yet. Here's wishing you success and prosperity now the war is at last over (or appears to be!)."

Clifford Dews is now a full-blown Lieutenant and has been sent to Russia. In advising his removal from Mudros, he writes: "Was told half an hour ago that we had one hour to get aboard, so you may bet what a Rusher it has been. Hope it won't prove a long job, but since I have been sent there I am feeling a trifle spiteful and, if possible, will give them h—l."

Correspondence.

Dear Mr. Editor,—We, one of the Sub-Captains and the Honorary Secretary, would like to convey to the Members, through the medium of the CIRCULAR, our appreciation of and thanks for the sporting and helpful way in which the inadequate sleeping accommodation at Bettws was accepted by the fifteen members arriving on or after Friday who had to either double-up or sleep out. The inadequacy was solely due to the great numbers and was unavoidable, and we have great hopes that in future years there will be no such trouble, a scheme having been suggested to Mrs. Evans which will entirely obviate such a state of affairs and one which we think Mrs. Evans will carry through. Again—Many thanks.

W. T. VENABLES and F. D. McCANN.

MEMS.

While we all regretted the sad errand which brought H. Pritchard to Liverpool, we were very pleased to see him again and glad he found time to join the Kafe Konklave. Pritchard looks very fit indeed and promises to be a helper for the "100" and "24."

The Anfield Button.

My ride into Llangollen this Easter was the 32nd anniversary of that first visit to Wales in '88, when, with the sunshine of novelty in my mind, I entered hot-foot the Royal Hotel and received an unstinted welcome from Mr. Shaw, who had then recently entered into possession. Since that day my visits to Mr. Shaw at both hotels have been numberless. What more natural than that on this bright Easterday of '19, with peace and victory in all our hearts, I should make for the Hand Hotel, Mr. Shaw's present palatial house. My last visit was some 12 months ago when I fared excellently.

After consulting a handmaiden, I entered the coffee room and being rather late found an empty table abandoned by earlier callers. I expected to find my old friend at the carving table, and to be sure there he stood, blade in hand. In passing I murmured a modest greeting, neither too demonstrative nor too familiar I vow. The proprietor failed to notice me. Ah! no doubt he was too busy. I sat down thinking: He'll see me later. So he did, but what was that scowl spreading over his features? In a few moments he approached. "Ah! he knows me!" And so it seemed, but I will try and give his correct words: "Were you told to come into this room? Did they tell you at the office you could come in here?" Catastrophes demand a cool head, so I replied that I had asked a waitress before

entering if there was room and had been admitted. The proprietor having meanwhile turned his back on me after a most ferocious look, I ventured to ask: "Mr. Shaw, what is your difficulty?" Without turning, he replied: "Oh! Nothing, except that we like to know who comes in here." Alas, the awful truth dawned on me: The great man (my friend as I thought) took me for a chauffeur strayed from the servants' hall into the precincts. In vain had I groomed myself ere entering. Something I could not eradicate told against me in the scale of Shaw's critical eye. How to challenge his ripe judgment? Crestfallen, my chin drooped on my bosom, when lo! I noticed my Club button attached to my coat cuff sparkling consolingly. A brilliant idea no sooner conceived than carried out: I placed it on my breast. The effect was magical. Once more the great man came near, but a smile all over his features. "Dreadfully busy, not had a holiday since 1913, run out of the place; a war on indeed! How do I do it? Ah! I have it here (he tapped his forehead). But no matter, my sons are both back, the eldest now a Captain, a handle to his name, the same initials too, while I am still plain Mr. Shaw."

Plain forsooth. I protested feebly. For a moment I was almost tempted to say: "Mr. Shaw, I too have a handle to my name. Behold! No other than 'the Master'!" But wiser counsels prevailed. It was as well, for at that moment another guest (a welcome one this time) came close to us and addressing the waitress, and pointing to his bill, said: "I say, this is a bit THICK." What an anti-climax. My friend blanched. "Address your complaints to the office, Sir." Then it was I who proved his real friend and I paid my due with smiles of gladness. Nor did I gloat over his little contretemps. To err is human. Even I might have mistaken the proprietor for a professional carver instead of for an Owner-Carver. Besides I entered with my mind full of Shaw, but his was void of me.

After all it was rather a feather in my cap.

At least he did not take me for a motor hog disguised as a harmless citizen, nor for one of those nouveaux-riches with whom his house abounds. Perhaps I was a new experience to him.

Stealing quietly into a recess, I stooped full low on bended knee and *kissed the Anfield Button.*

"MISUNDERSTOOD."

The Mullah drawing on his vast experience has kindly and most opportunely sent us the following article:—

Hints on Training.

As there are a number of new members who have had no experience of road racing it has been thought advisable to give a few hints on the preparation that is required for these contests.

There is no easy way or short cut to success on the road. Some success can be obtained by any healthy individual if he goes the right way about it because whether he gets amongst the prizes or not he should have no difficulty in securing a standard medal and will, in any case, be all the better for his efforts both as a rider and in health.

It is quite impossible to lay down any hard and fast rules for training because the amount of work required by one man would be far too much for another. As a general rule a thin spare man requires less training than a fat heavy man.

In order to obtain staying power there is nothing like hard, long rides and plenty of them, but it must not be forgotten that this should be worked on a gradual process. Don't begin at the end but at the beginning, and remember that the more gradual the training the better the result. It should also be noted that it is as bad to do too much work as too little.

Members who have been continually attending club runs will have attained a certain degree of efficiency, and should now take steady rides at the week-end, keeping a pace that can be sustained without undue fatigue. If in company don't try to "drop" your companions and don't waste efforts on other road users, especially when not absolutely "fit," as it is not worth while "emptying" yourself except in the actual contest.

In order to obtain speed, a ride of ten or fifteen miles on the road at a fast pace twice a week, providing the event is a "50," or thirty to forty miles at a fast pace twice a week if the event is a "100," should prove beneficial. The pace should be maintained, should not be fluctuating, and should be followed with a rub down and massage. Good massage has a marvellous effect, but any massage is better than none. An explanation of massage in an article of this length is impossible, but it may be stated that all rubbing or stroking of the muscles should be done towards the heart and that olive oil and Elluman's Horse Embrocation can be recommended.

If a cycle track is available five or six miles on the track will probably be quite as beneficial as ten or fifteen miles on the road for the purpose of gaining speed. Skipping, and dumbbell exercise improve the breathing and the general tone of the body. Smoking is not good for the wind, but it is very little use giving it up unless this is done at least five or six weeks before the contest. It is not necessary to go in for any special diet but all indigestible foods should be avoided.

The great secret is to do the whole thing gradually. Pace should be gradually increased. A man who is "fit" will soon recover even after a gruelling race whilst an untrained man might take days to recover or might even do himself a permanent injury.

RUNS.

Malewood, April 5th, 1919.

The walkers made a big rally at the usual hostelry preparatory to signalling the great victory as described in last month's Gazette, but a shock awaited them in the persons of Doctor Carlisle and Marchanton, who propounded an elaborate scheme connected with an "Overland" trip. This untamed beast, which had just been captured after a big struggle by the doctor, was even then tearing at its heart strings in the offing, the chauffeur informing us that once the vital spark was turned off nothing on earth could re-ignite it. This risk was taken, however, and the party, after an interval for refreshments entered the palatial interior of the car, lounging therein with lordly nonchalance while the doctor turned the handle. Ten minutes later he cast a piteous glance at the occupants, a copious stream of perspiration testifying to his agony. Marchanton could not resist the mute appeal, and he also commenced to bedew the pavé with honest sweat, the car remaining in a state of strict neutrality, not to say languid insouciance. Fatty then with that calm superiority that one acquires in dealing with tanks entered the arena, and having lost a couple of stones cursed it for a long and weary job. Grimshaw then took up the running, and proceeded methodically to take the thing to pieces. By this time great excitement prevailed among the crowds of sightseers and bets

were freely taken and offered, while poor Jimmy James and the wretched editor assumed a frosty air of detachment, keeping a wary eye on the Town Hall clock so as in any case to be in time for the 5-23. An hour or two later the car woke up and a start was made, but only a few yards had been covered before part of the mechanism dropped off, and a relief squad was detailed to recover it. Going up a pimple a little further the engine gently but firmly expired, and so we went down again. A little later more mechanism dropped off and was restored by small boys; nevertheless we did reach our destination eventually, and our two welcome strangers received a cordial reception from the Skipper—"What the . . . are you doing here?" This insult had to be washed down with liquid nourishment of which fortunately there was an ample supply, and we then tackled a very nice thing in the way of teas, a second room having to be requisitioned owing to the number—27.

Many of our hard riders had gone round the earth as a training spin for the strenuous times ahead, and from the careworn, not to say knackered condition of poor old grandad I should say some of the young blood must be shaping very well. Several of our new members are straining at the leash, and from appearances will give a good account of themselves in the forthcoming road event, while Grimshaw now that he has the R.R.R.R. on which the Editor did all his wonderful rides last season intends to give them a good run for their money—so mote it be! We were all delighted to see the doctor and Marchanton looking so fit, and sincerely hope they will soon repeat the dose.

Knutsford, April 5th, 1919.

It was certainly rather draughty and the Count, when he arrived at the appointed rendezvous, had little breath to spare—indeed, that sublime, bland, benevolent look of contentment which almost invariably o'erspreads his features, even in the absence of his favourite telegraph-pole, and which proclaims to all beholders so plainly that this isn't such a bad old world after all, was absent. However, our open admiration for the wonderful time in which the journey had been done, did something to restore him to his normal self, and we went along quite cheerfully. The passage was somewhat strenuous, and led to tentative remarks about going the shortest way, but on the explanation being given that the idea was to go round a bit, so as to finish with the wind, fresh and cheerful, objections were silenced if not fully met. At the tea hour there were 13 of us, but before we were well away the number increased to 15 and then to 18, rather straining the capacity of the dining-room but fortunately not of the kitchen, for Mrs. Ellwood always provides generously, and there was no lack of anything, second helpings even being possible. It is evident that training is to the fore, for nearly all the younger members were late for tea. The usual circle after tea settled a number of questions quite satisfactorily and then the speed merchants departed, to have another training spin presumably, leaving a few of the old gang to keep things going for a little while until they, too, wended their way homewards.

Alderley, April 12th, 1919.

In the mistaken belief that the 6 p.m. teas commenced as from April 1st I arrived at the Trafford just in time to see the others wipe their chins, so I had not time to accommodate myself to the company. Moreover my attention was drawn to Crow weighed down by paternal cares, of which more may be heard anon, or else, may be not. Next I observed the Doctor "Crowing" it over me because of some special permit he had for admission to the greatest earthwork on earth (shades of Barnum and Bailey) as well

as to the most unique Roman Amphitheatre (cries of Sun Temple). We may therefore expect soon after Easter his lecture on "The maiden that stood between the Durotriques and the Belgea." All the members present except the Doctor were booked for Bettws, and many were actually en route as the rumour was spreading that the Glan Aber early doors positively would be open from Tuesday noon and that no seats would be guaranteed; and last not least that Mr. Avoir du Pois, of Liverpool fame, was already on his way and would (like G. K. Chesterton) occupy several beds.

After tea we were denied the usual sacrum and were crowded into an ante chamber open to the public at large, with the result that after numerous efforts, in a moment when some of us were washing our hands, the local mob got the better of us, and we found the open road the better part of valour.

Northop, April 12th, 1919.

Even such hardy all-weather riders as Grandad, Arthur and Chem must admit that since the sensible cycling season started we have had much finer weather. Perhaps this accounts for the good muster of 15 who attended the fixture and enjoyed a good tea. The one flaw was that "out of the strong came NO sweetness"; in other words, sugar was not provided at the Red Lion. Blackburn, Jr., who is not wise yet, had accompanied the league devouring Cook via Chester, Wrexham and Mold. Robinson had brought a friend who owned a Dreadnought with all modern refinements, and who was very fast DOWNHILL. He had also picked up the Skipper, and taken him round by Rhyd-y-Mwyn. The full consciousness of what he had done did not break upon J. B. till tea-time, and then so profound a pall gathered over him that even the magic word 'sacks' failed to arouse him. The writer toddled out nearly direct and he was overtaken by Cody of the C.M.B. (Clean Machines Brigade.) Cody, however, was so hot that an exchange of machines was effected to give the snail a chance. Cody was positively fascinated with the mystery ship, and has bespoken it for the first '50,' which he feels certain he can do in 5 hrs. 27. Chandler and Threlfall turned up at 5.55 and the others soon after, so we got our "feet in the trough" on the dot of six. Oliver came out in the car—I beg your pardon the Ford—and generously offered a ride home to Cecil Blackburn. C. B., however, wished to get home by midnight, so gracefully declined. Chandler over tea gave a lucid discourse on the "Thin Red Line," but whether he referred to the picture on the wall, or to his stockings is not quite clear. The ride home was fragmentary, the fast pack starting last and catching the slow pack before Queensferry. From here, competition was keen for the post of leader, and after Blackburn, Teddy Edwards, Cook and several others had been bitten, Chandler got badly stung and lit a fire which did not go out till Hinderton. Ven caused much excitement at the Shrewsbury Arms by ordering a "Hoxo." When a man like Ven. comes down to "HOXO" it is obvious that he is not the man he was. The party then quietly faded away to their respective homes, all but Teddy Edwards, who lit a fire thro' Upton and Moreton in which Cook and Gregg were fain to join. We reached home safely, and I hope Teddy had a sleepless night as punishment for the acid he caused the latter to consume.

EASTER TOUR—Wednesday, April 16th, 1919.

"When do you intend starting for Bettws?" (this was the question put by the Mullah to his victim a few days previous to Easter). "Oh, any time you like." "Well, if we are to get there by Friday, we had, taking our mature years into consideration, better start on Wednesday morning." Such sage reasoning could not be ignored, and sufficiently explains why the

lugger cast off from her moorings on Wednesday morning at 11 o'clock bound for Bettws-y-coed. Chester, despite a nasty wind, was reached in time for lunch; the route then taken was via Mold. Denbigh over, the Sportsman's was reached in good time, where liquid and solid refreshment was taken on board, then on to Pentre Voelas hotel. An easy run brought us to Bettws by 7.30; evidently our calculations were all awry, seeing that we had arrived on Wednesday instead of Friday. After dinner the victim was introduced to the Mullah's fiancée "Gwennie" and was also informed that the wedding was to take place in August; it was also hinted that a suitable present would be expected. Has any member got a few odd coppers to spare?

Thursday, April 17th. 1919.

Wind and rain greeted us in a very forcible manner whilst making our way through the clouds to Beddgelert, the mist was so dense that the Pen-y-Gwryd Hotel could not be seen twenty yards away. Beddgelert reached, we were mighty glad of the shelter of "Plas Colwyn," as by this time we were soaked to the skin. The Mullah having regard to his "rheumatics," sent his nether garments to the lanndry to be dried, cleaned and pressed. Continuing our route towards Carnarvon we found the road for about five miles badly cut up by traction engines; we sloshed, slushed and pushed through the sticky mire, and were duly grateful when we once more reached good solid earth. At Waen Fawr we turned right, eventually coming out on the Llanberis road: the climatic conditions having vastly improved, we were able to enjoy and marvel at the glorious views provided by the Pass, and by the time Bettws was reached we were basking in the welcome rays of the setting sun. During the evening the arrivals at the Glan Aber brought the total up to twenty-six, this number constituting a record for Thursday.

Good Friday.

A party of six, composed of Venables, Blackburn (C.), Royden, Band (J. C.), Threlfall and Chandler, spent Thursday night at Northop and next morning made tracks Llanfair Talhaiarn-wards; the first named four keeping to the main road via St. Asaph and Abergele, the two latter going via Tremeirchion and Trefnant and then following the off-the-beaten-track route alongside the River Elwy, the scenic beauty and fine extensive views being well worth the extra work. At Meifod Bank the latter were met by the Cook-McCann Tandem, the Turnor-Newsholme machine having stopped a mile or two short for repairs. The former pair then piloted the through party to the coaling station to find a goodly number gathered round the board, including Orrell (who had ridden from Manchester that morning).

In the afternoon the two tandems, accompanied by Orrell and Chandler, took the bye-roads via the Melai and Cledwen Valleys to Gwytherin where the grave stones of St. Winifred were duly inspected, also the oak box in which the Saint's head was carried from Holywell. Afternoon tea, and the party crossed the Ffriddog to a point near Capel Garmon where, after position had been taken, they slid down to the main road just beyond the Waterloo Bridge.

Bala, Saturday, April 19th.

I really did think that I had escaped the Editor, when getting away with the wise and early riders on Monday for Ruthin; but in these modern times one is always near the end of a wire, and innocently wondering which nice girl wanted to talk with me, I thoughtfully lifted the communicator,

realising when too late my folly, as the voice of Arthur sternly demanded an account of the Bala outing, and left it at that The "Start-early pack" left the "Glanaber" soon after breakfast, and aided digestion by quietly riding the gradient. Pedalling merrily along we had the vale to ourselves, and the gateway which leads to the Old Road over the mountain was reached in happy mood by Royden, Orrell, Threlfall, The Mundells, Ven, Davies and Mr. Muir. We had time for a smoke before we were joined by "The Tandem scrappers," Cook and Mac, The Kinders, Mullah and Newsholme, and their victims, some hanging on by the skin of their teeth, others strewn along the Tandemons' track "getting 'em round" rigorously: Mr. C. W. Cooke, our London visitor, in the first flight, flushed but triumphant, remarked: "You knew something when you got away early," Edwards who allows no one to get away, if he is about, Bickley who knows just when and how, young Buckley "following in father's footsteps," with easy style and eager for the lead, Green the reliable Snub ever genial, Chandler the exponent of "How to Tour," and Timbertiles ready for anything. All recognised the wisdom of dismounting and leading their steeds up the rough track. Tommy, who had borrowed one of Johnnie's nicest shoes (intended for pedalling only) and has a reputation for fast walking, led the way, but had it badly put across him by at least three of the party before Flynnon Eiddu—Wells at 1590 feet was attained. All stormed the pass in good style, and were resting and admiring the view when Toft and Cohen rolled up. Shortly after remounting a chain left the cogs of a single and jammed, but Experts Mac, Cook and Kinder soon put things to right, the owner looking on in silent appreciation, which is the correct pose; after Pont-ar-afon gam, the turn is so acute that tandem partners almost look into each other's eyes—a "bit of all right" for mixed tandems, and what a test it would be for "Tripelets Limited" with Chas, Prich, and Lizzie up again.

We quickly bought up all the milk soda and dry ginger at Rhydyfen, and the road surface improving an enjoyable run brought us past the German Prisoners' Camp to "The White Lion," Bala, for lunch, where catering for cyclists is understood, being joined by Mercer, and later Robinson and Gregg who had ridden out from Wirral, and were returning in the cool of the evening to their homes, poor chaps. Thus our muster was 26, many of whom inspected the Lake and objects of interest before leaving. Returning via Frongoch and Cerrig y Druidion, the advance party suggested stopping at Cerrig for afternoon tea, but when caught by the two seaters, Pentre Voelas 5.30 was megaphoned, and each succeeding member of "the hurry along brigade" repeated the slogan "On to Voelas, 5.30" as they swept by straining for the lead, or at least to be in at the death. Half a dozen, however, preferred the "Sacaren's Head" 4.15, their peculiarity being that they liked tea when they wanted it, which seems sensible enough. However both parties did well, and arrived in good time at Bettws, after a glorious day among the mountains, where motors ceased from troubling, and the only two cars we saw were, where we often wish them, "at Rest."—R.I.P.

Easter Sunday.

Easter Sunday, the best for 18 years, was a glorious morning. The air was as bright and exhilarating as a draught of wine, the snow-decked mountain peaks stood out clear against a sapphire sky, the missel-thrush was fluting in the woodlands, bright primroses decked the roadside, and the surface was in splendid condition. An early start was made for Capel Curig with various others of the old creak brigade, allowing the tandemons with their dust-eating followers, and the wild-cat-machinery crowd to tear past in mad and whirring haste.

A gathering of the clans was held at Pen-y-gwrdd to admire the scenery, while a few visited the top of Llanberis Pass; but the breeze proved too chilling for standing about, so we soon slid down the shining valley to Beddgelert, where we were glad to loll in garden chairs and bask in the glowing sunshine.

Some 30 of us assembled for an excellent cold lunch at the Plas Colwyn, for which Lieut. Barratt, whom we found there, managed in some mysterious manner to provide real beer. After coffee, the photographers got in their deadly work, and the larger and more strenuous half of the party resumed the tour via Penrhyn Deudraeth to Tan-y-Bwlch. Teddy Edwards managed to inveigle two young novices, Chandler and Knipe, over the short cut to Tan-y-Bwlch with such great success that they arrived there only 20 minutes behind the main body, having had quite a nice walk.

The stiff climb following brought about the only trouble in an otherwise perfect week-end, for when Mr. C. W. Cooke was about 100 yards off the summit, his beautiful slate-coloured bicycle suddenly klapsed under him. The bottom tube parted behind the head, and the top tube folded neatly back at both ends. Umpteen miles from anywhere! Easter Sunday, no trains, no nothing! But was Mr. Cooke dismayed? Not a bit. He whipped out his camera, took a snapshot of his stricken steed, bent the frame back again, adjusted a wooden splint and surgical bandages of string; and hey presto! there it was just as good as ever—nearly. At any rate it could be wheeled along, so he set off to walk home. In the meantime the Cook—Mac tandem was chased off in hot haste with strict injunctions not to waste time in walking, but to scale the Garddian Pass, find the Mercer Motor at Dolwyddelan and send it back with all speed to carry the unlucky tourist home. But the Garddian Pass wants a bit of shoving in parts, and the tandemons, quite regardless of the fact that they were wasting precious minutes, actually got off and walked. Here was a chance for the natives to show their warm Welsh blood. Immediately our machines were surrounded by an eager swarm of children of all ages between 3 and 13, all anxious to help Grand-dad, whom they regarded as a sort of modern Pied Piper, up the hill. They came from far and near, and held on to handlebars, tubes, brakes, mudguards and pedals. It was a touching sight—about twopence per touch—but at last we got clear by telling them that there were quite a number of rich old gentlemen following on behind. Then we swooped down towards Romau Bridge, and half-way down the hill found George Mercer with a file trying to make his car gee-up, or gee-down rather. Anyway it wouldn't gee at all, so it waited there till Cooke overtook it, and he was thus rescued and brought safely home.

After tea at Dolwyddelan we had a fine ride down the lovely Lledr valley to Bettws; and so at the end of a perfect day spent among the varied scenery of lofty mountain peaks, rugged passes, gleaming lakes, rippling streams and smiling valleys we enjoyed a grand gorge at the Glan Aber, and all was peace.

Monday, April 21st.

At Ruthin I received the following mysterious telegram: "Arm you with full authority requisition scintillating reports of Thursday, Friday, Saturday, Sunday, Monday Runs to reach Editorial Sanctum not later than 28th. Fail at your peril.—*Lenin*." So you can imagine how I quailed and quaked. I knew it was no use trying to ignore this Bolshevik order and incurring the certainty of assassination, therefore I evolved a brilliant scheme. Said I to myself, said I, "Book the *real* writers of scintillating 'copy' to do the first four days and weigh in yourself with the last day

which fittingly can be a 'plain tale from the hills' in a mournful key as becomes the last day of a tophole holiday."

At breakfast the mournful note had already sounded, for some of the early birds had already departed by the eight something, and we missed the opportunity of weeping on the necks of the two Davids. The weather was again glorious, and while we envied those who were staying on at Bettws, we envied more Blackburn and James who were scanning maps with a view to a two days circuitous return. Billy Owen possibly had some of their company on his way to Menai Bridge. Jimmy Williams blinded straight through home and Koenen made for Shropshire, but the Mercer—Conway car passed the toiling cyclists before Pentre, and evidently kept to the well ironed much frequented roads. The Crow—Beckett tandem paced Woodroffe as far as Llangollen and were badly stung over their lunch at the Hand. Ruthin, via Corwen Corner, is no further, just as easy and much cheaper. This accounts for all who left on Monday, except those who went to Ruthin. As I am training to win the "100," I "bought" the Mullah—Knowsome and Cook—Mac tandems to pace me, and the pace was so warm that at Pentre the former combination had to stop with overheated bearings, and it was only kindness of heart that prevented my pulling the plug on Grandad's outfit. Rising into Cerrig we passed Knipe, Chandler and Del Strother, and at Llanfihangel we found a crowd consisting of Band, two Buckleys, Davis, Green, L. O., Orrell, Royden, Threlfall, Ven, two Mundells, Muir and two Kinders drinking in the beauties of the scenery (and other things) to fortify themselves for the final climb. Resuming the pigskin (new phrase, patent applied for) we soon passed Toft and Cohen waiting by the roadside for the latter to snap us, and then the tour proper. (We fancy we have heard this phrase before.—Ed.) commenced. First of all, Bob Knipe started a fire which Band fanned into a rare blaze, and the Kinder tandem set about putting it out. It was quite like old times to see Bob and Johnnie scrapping and they certainly ought to figure on scratch in the first "50"!! Naturally this woke up the old gentleman, and Mac being more than willing, the temerity of singles passing tandems had to be rewarded. George Mundell and Harold Buckley figured very conspicuously in the affair, and showed that they know how to get their feet round to some tune. Both showed excellent style and should perform prominently in our road events. It was particularly pleasing to discover what an excellent chip of the old block young Buckley shapes to be, and Father will have every reason to be proud I am sure. Unfortunately, nearing Ruthin the Kinder tandem broke its front chain much to the joy of "Jay" of that ilk, so a peaceful entry into the town was made, and again I held myself in check and refused to drop the Cook—Mac outfit up the pimple to the Castle. Here a warm welcome awaited us and in due course a splendid feast of good things was enjoyed, during the consumption of which Hodges and Robinson and Gregg (via Denbigh) rolled in, and finally the Lake—Roskell—Chem car party with Messrs. Perris and McNeill aboard (not to mention a complete outfit of soothers) arrived, so altogether we mustered 33 and high spirits prevailed. After lunch the party broke up into sections, and as I had worn out three tandem teams I decided to join the Band, Ven, Knipe, Threlfall section, which made for Northop for tea. The rest of the party, except Toft, who made direct for Chester to put Li on the Rattler for Manchester, toured up the Nantgarth to Llandegla, whence all the Manchester men proceeded for Wrexham and Malpas except Turnor and Newsholme who made for Chester, where the Crow—Beckett tandem was joined for tea at the Bull and Stirrup, and finally no doubt all arrived home in the same frame of mind as myself, which may be described as 'APPY.

Les Soirées Musicales.

The weather on Good Friday evening being so beautiful, there was a general disposition to sip its mellowed sweetness to the full, and no concert was held. On the two successive evenings, however, despite the prevalence of the same ideal outside conditions huge crowds invaded the Chapel, and scouting parties having raided the Editor's dugout, two most enjoyable concerts were held. As usual we had a fine array of talent, and under the able guidance of the Presider everything went with a swing, Charley Conway's Easter chocolates providing additional sweetness to the running. Our old furrin friend Mr. Peris opened the proceedings on each occasion with selections on a weird instrument whose shape strongly resembled a bilious banana, but which cooed softly as a sucking dove, and his efforts were greatly appreciated. Chandler and Blackburn were both on the top of their form and gave spirited and artistic renderings of a very choice selection of songs which went with great éclat and were acclaimed with applause which was well deserved.

A Russian visitor in the hotel afflicted with a name which was useful as a sobriety test in the early hours of the morning, and whose childlike and bland expression concealed dark and bloodcurdling propensities gave several delightful violin solos played in such a way as to belie his homicidal tendencies, while on the Sunday evening, for the first time in the annals of the Club, a lady visitor (Mrs. Seddon) invaded the sacred portals of the Chapel—by special invitation—and proved a most welcome addition to our forces, both instrumentally and vocally. Her husband also obliged us with a couple of items which met with the greatest acceptance. Newsholme for the first time at these concerts was one of the surprises, turning the congregation into an enthusiastic choral society during his turns. Frank Wood in humorous and serious story held his audience with his accustomed success, while interspersed through the proceedings we had the Plumber and Chem. Chem had evidently taken the "foreboding" in the last rag to heart, as our worst fears were realised—he gave us a new Jew story. He was quite in his old Easter vein in this and the other numerous items rendered, his mock melodrama convulsing the "house." As to the Plumber, another hand than mine has writ full well, and it were invidious on my part to speak. It is only to be hoped that the young lad's head is not turned A most refreshing feature of the performances was the unalloyed and spontaneous enjoyment of the junior members, which added a delightful stimulus to all the proceedings.

Whispers from the Wings of the Chapel.

To one who, like me, had not previously had the privilege of meeting the complete Simpson triplet, this Eastertide offered special attractions both in Tank and on Terrace, while in the Chapel the Brothers provided a musical entertainment that was irresistible. "Sam," the Great Impresario (the double of poor George Theakstone), was booking them after each turn. He gloated over his capture. The Simpson Trio appear as a Troupe: The elegant Arthur, whose carriage is as gracefully balanced as his mind, provides the Band; the inimitable Plumber (Brother Walter on the programme), who is favoured with a facial expression unrivalled on any stage, and has been known to make a clock grin, is the Troubadour of the Family, while the keen witted Major John—behind whose bland exterior unfathomable depths lie hidden—acts as Chorus. "The 5.15," their Masterpiece, went with the Click of Precision and the Beat of an Engine.

We understand that these entertainers can make tables dance, and I for one am not surprised. During the singing of this song the whole Chapel rocked, rose and fell and Plumber and Major in turn uttered the Magic Words: "FIVE-FIFTEEN."

THE "CLIQUE."

Easter Omelettes, Compounded by our own Chefs.

The new tandem combination, Cook—Mac, seemed to get along all right. How does the O. G. still continue to find fresh victims? Perhaps Mac had not the moral courage to refuse!

Bright sent a postcard expressing the hope that we would "Have a good crowd, fine weather and the jolliest of times," all of which was fulfilled to the brim.

Robinson and Gregg put in some strenuous riding to be with us as much as possible. Bala and back on Saturday was followed by Ruthin via Denbigh and return via Llandegla and Chester on Monday, so they were not idle and should be fit enough for the first "50."

Toft showed how a motor cyclist could carry out the tour in spirit and in fact. He was not only on all the runs, but foregathered on the road with the rest of the party.

Mr. C. W. Cooke writes: "I wish to convey my best thanks to the members of the A.B.C. who seemed to do everything they possibly could to contribute to my comfort and enjoyment. To all I say 'Au revoir' and look forward to our next meeting."

Marshal Khovah was promoted to supreme rank on the field, out of a number of aspirants. Ask for him at all pharmacies, and don't be put off with inferior rank.

The Mullah's sound advice on training, in the tank, to the Simpson puplings should bear good fruit.

Striking snapshots of Grimjaw's-or profile in various poses were taken at Tal y Cafn. The photographer has a limited number on sale at a guinea each.

A regrettable incident was the death of Frank Wood, who expired suddenly at 2-0 a.m. Easter Monday. The post-mortem an hour later revealed that death was due to total abstainer's heart. Prior to this, owing to vivid descriptions of drunkard's heart as prominently displayed by a Temperance Society on plates in a Liverpool shop window, a strong tendency had developed for stone gingers, but the verdict on poor Frank spread like wildfire, and the resulting rush drained the tank to the dregs.

Kekil refrained from vocalising at the second concert, making the cryptic excuse that he was cycleised. This was a new name to us for it.

The Manchester Wheelers (who stayed the week-end at Beddgelert) found the well completely dried up at the Plas Colwyn, and were delighted to see the Mullah arrive with his divining rod which located with unerring instinct the artfully concealed beer tap.

Ven's undies were a source of pleasure to those privileged to inspect them.

There was a tense moment in the tank as the clock struck 1.15 a.m. Monday, when the Editor who had been gazing, fascinated, at what appeared green beetles on Cohen's off-side leg entreated that his suspense be ended. Chem, who also thought he'd got 'em, was mute with terror, and the whole tank remained transfixed while Cohen, though considerably shaken, dashed at the beasts, and lo! it was so!

One member had an unfortunate accident on Sunday night, falling and injuring his arm so severely that he was unable to sit on it for the remainder of the tour.

The Mullah is a philosophic soul—he always knows when to stop. Unlike ordinary mortals his voice becomes more and more subdued as the evening progresses; when it is utterly inaudible he goes to bed.

Liz held aloof from the common tank, having aspirations towards the Smart Set, and led his pack to the Waterloo. Entering these refined portals they encountered a sea of boiled shirts. The intrepid leader advanced, but the hangers on precipitately fled. Liz arrived at the smoke room—Alone. He opened the door. Immediately twelve further boiled shirts, in the sepulchral stillness laid down each its book, and turned on him a look of intense hatred. Blindly wading his way through the billowy waves he sat him down what time each boiled shirt resumed its book. He waited. Nothing happened. He rang. No answer. How to emerge with dignity? (for Liz. is nothing if not dignified). At last the handle again turned. The door opened, revealing his trusty henchman, Winnie. Immediately with one accord the twelve boiled shirts laid down each its book, and turned on *him* a look of intense hatred. He fearfully beckoned the leader, what time the boiled shirts resumed each its book. A myrmidon of the establishment then took them in custody and incarcerated them in the *Valuts to drink with the Villagers*. Thus ended the Battle of Waterloo.

Grandad also held aloof from the inner tank. This was curious in view of the amount of tricky steering which had to be done each day, and quite contrary to Fatty's theories.

Our Car Proprietors, and Oliver Cooper, combined with the Manchester Smart Set, furnished a distinct note of affluence to the outdoor proceedings, but by general consent no mention was made of the forthcoming Budget in their presence.

The Master had several exciting bouts in trying to Triumph over his new mount, which almost succeeded in pushing him over on one or two occasions.

Our ubiquitous friend "Sam," whose experience has been extensive and peculiar, admitted in a moment of confidence that ours is the finest Bohemian Club in the world.

Lieutenant Beardwood looked resplendent in his uniform, but it was sad to see the domination exercised over him by Private Grim (now demobbed). They were sleeping partners and Grim led him the life of a dog when he was late with his tea in the mornings.

As a raconteur our friend Macnamara loomed large in the Tank. In the midst of a rapid succession of excellent stories, it was found that the teller wanted more padding than the tale, especially when the latter was "damgood"!!!

The Editor is a versatile man. His making of a book on the respective avoirdupois of Macnamara and Tiny was cyclonic. He took and laid bets on one and each and both; so did we. We were *laying* "like anything" till the cry arose: "Hold, an'oul!" On the morrow, Tiny was an easy winner, but we never collected the spoils of victory, Arthur putting us off with some fairy tale about making his entries in Chinese shorthand which he was unable to read except late at night. As an Editor he's all right, but as a "booky" he's the limit and ought to be "warped off."

Chester, April 26th, 1919.

"Oh! to be in England, now April's there!" sighed the poet—but he stayed in his nice warm exile. Some people think these poets have "rats in the garret," but don't you believe it, what they don't know about getting the best cut off the joint, with a nice slice of fat, isn't in the book of words.

Well, it was April 26th—very close to that date on which a little lady's mother was urgently requested to break her innocent slumbers at an unearthly hour to enable her to prepare to do the star turn at an *al fresco* entertainment, bedecked with the beautiful fresh spring flowers, to gather which other sweet maids would presumably have to get up still earlier (Gad! if they do it this year they'll have to shovel the snow away first). I gazed at the heavens, noting the patches of beautiful blue sky, surrounded by black snow-clouds, felt the warmth of the bright sun, and then the lash of the icy wind, and finally decided that the winter machine was the only wear. At the rendezvous were certain speed-merchants, behind whom my companion and I set forth on the run proper, and stayed there for some little time; after a few miles, however, we agreed that there was really no hurry (no, we *weren't* baked—we could have stuck it quite a lot longer—several hundred yards, in fact). After that we went along at an elderly gentleman's pace, revelling in the glorious sunshine, the hailstorms, the rain and the frequent bursts of gale, agreeing that it was a perfect spring day, and that we were very lucky to be alive.

There were quite a lot of us at the Bull and Stirrup—29 was, I believe, the total—including a substantial proportion of youngsters looking nice and fit for the King of Sports. Whispers of good times done on training spins were heard, and it was specially cheering to find that 'Appy was getting his old form back so nicely. Arthur was so pleased with his state of well-being that he proclaimed to all and sundry by a placard on his machine that he was "O.K.," and generally there was an air of pleasurable anticipation about that you don't get unless there's racing toward.

We Manchester men went away early, and I hope the others reached home without incident—I didn't, for the unholy conjunction of a dark night, the glaring headlights of a car and a stupid person standing in the middle of the road to look for a tramcar, caused me to bite the dust. The pedestrian was quite a nice man; he helped me to reconstruct my old and more or less trusty steed, and we parted friends, but I am now quite ready to support enthusiastically Cook's crusade of "Rear Lights for All." I want to go a little further, however—I want front lights, rear lights, red lights, green lights, plenty of all sorts of old lights for pedestrians—and a double dose for those who insist on standing in the roadway to wait for tramcars!

The following table, compiled by Crowcroft, is very interesting:

INVITATION "100" RESULTS.

Year.	Name..	Club.	Handicap.	Time.		
				h.	m.	s.
1889.	1st.—P. C. Wilson	Catford	12 min.	7	11	0.
	2nd.—A. N. Deakin	Anfield	45 min.	7	46	0.
	3rd.—J. F. Macnab	Setton & Dingle				
	Fastest.—P. C. Wilson	Catford		7	11	0.
1890.	NOT HELD.					
1891.	1st.—Alex. J. Jack	Anfield	60 min.	6	58	25.
	2nd.—J. Reilly	Manchester Wheelers.		7	3	25.
	3rd.—J. M. James	North Road C.C.				
	Fastest.—J. A. Bennett	Anfield		6	25	54.
1892.	1st.—J. M. James (fandem)	North Road C.C.	8 min.	5	53	5.
	F. Low	Bath Road C.C.				
	2nd.—J. A. Bennett	Anfield	Scratch	5	46	50.
	3rd.—W. R. Hood	Anfield	30 min.	6	26	10.
	Fastest.—J. A. Bennett	Anfield	Scratch	5	46	50.
1893.	1st.—T. B. Conway	Anfield	40 min.	6	24	2.
	2nd.—J. Waddington	Warrington B.C.	40 min.	6	26	28.
	3rd.—W. R. Hood	Anfield	20 min.	6	9	56.
	Fastest.—R. H. Carlisle	Anfield	Scratch	5	58	16.
1894.	1st.—E. V. Blake	North Road C.C.	35 min.	6	16	8.
	2nd.—T. Hearns	Warrington C.C.	35 min.	6	28	15.
	3rd.—A. N. Deakin	Anfield	10 min.	6	13	14.
	Fastest.—J. A. Bennett	Anfield	Scratch	6	3	14.
1895.	1st.—W. M. Owen	Anfield	18 min.	5	23	18.
	2nd.—W. Turner	Manchester B.C.	20 min.	5	27	7.
	3rd.—W. E. Gee	M'chester Wednesday C.C.	20 min.	5	28	40.
	Fastest.—W. M. Owen	Anfield	18 min.	5	23	18.
1896.	1st.—W. E. Gee	M'chester Wednesday C.C.	12 min.	4	59	30.
	2nd.—E. Buckley	Anfield		5	1	20.
	3rd.—W. M. Owen	Anfield		5	24	45.
	Fastest.—W. E. Gee	M'chester Wednesday C.C.	12 min.	4	59	30.
1897.	1st.—J. H. Banks	Congleton C.C.	30 min.	5	10	0.
	2nd.—W. R. Toft	Anfield	15 min.	5	8	55.
	3rd.—H. Baker	Crewe C.C.	20 min.	5	16	29.
	Fastest.—W. E. Gee	M'chester Wednesday C.C.		5	7	0.
1898.	1st.—A. V. Hogg	Congleton C.C.	35 min.	5	31	48.
	2nd.—G. Lovelady	Liverpool C.C.	30 min.	5	27	45.
	3rd.—F. R. Goodwin	North Road C.C.	Scratch	5	1	31.
	Fastest.—F. R. Goodwin	North Road C.C.	Scratch	5	1	31.
1899.	1st.—E. Skelland	Congleton C.C.	25 min.	6	11	50.
	2nd.—R. L. L. Knipe	Anfield	18 min.	6	17	47.
	3rd.—W. E. Gee	M'chester Wednesday C.C.	Scratch	6	5	20.
	Fastest.—W. E. Gee	M'chester Wednesday C.C.	Scratch	6	5	20.

UNPACED.

Year.	Name.	Club	Handicap	Time		
				h.	m.	s.
1900.	1st.—W. H. Nutt	North Road C.C.	10 min.	5	38	47.
	2nd.—C. Moynihan	Manchester Wheelers	15 min.	5	45	5.
	3rd.—J. H. Banks	Congleton C.C.	7 min.	5	39	55.
	Fastest.—W. H. Nutt	North Road C.C.	10 min.	5	38	47.
1901.	1st.—W. Osborne	Stockport C.C.	20 min.	5	27	55.
	2nd.—W. R. Oppenheimer	Anfield	8 min.	5	30	24.
	3rd.—R. S. Cobley	North Road C.C.	Scratch	5	25	0.
	Fastest.—R. S. Cobley	North Road C.C.	Scratch	5	25	0.
1902.	1st.—W. H. Nutt	North Road C.C.	8 min.	5	35	3.
	2nd.—T. J. King, Jr.	North Road C.C.	5 min.	5	46	5.
	3rd.—A. J. Tonge	Manchester Wednesday C.C.	35 min.	6	15	24.
	Fastest.—W. H. Nutt	North Road C.C.	8 min.	5	35	3.
1903.	1st.—E. J. Amore	Bath Road C.C.	12 min.	5	35	25.
	2nd.—H. Wheaton	North London C.C.	20 min.	5	42	3.
	3rd.—H. Paul	North London C.C.	18 min.	5	42	4.
	Fastest.—E. J. Amore	Bath Road C.C.	12 min.	5	35	25.
1904.	1st.—J. Taylor	Cheetham B.C.	25 min.	5	44	57.
	2nd.—F. Wingrave	North Road C.C.	Scratch	5	23	2.
	3rd.—E. J. Cody	Anfield	10 min.	5	45	9.
	Fastest.—F. Wingrave	North Road C.C.	Scratch	5	23	2.
1905.	1st.—W. T. Bishop	North London C.C.	20 min.	5	27	39.
	2nd.—R. H. Paul	Vegetarian C.C.	30 min.	5	36	55.
	3rd.—F. H. Wingrave	North Road C.C.	10 min.	5	17	15.
	Fastest.—F. H. Wingrave	North Road C.C.	10 min.	5	17	15.
1906.	1st.—G. H. Briault	Unity C.C.	25 min.	5	31	6.
	2nd.—R. Barnfather	Vegetarian C.C.	35 min.	5	42	53.
	3rd.—D. Fraser	Bath Road C.C.	22 min.	5	31	42.
	Fastest.—W. M. Bailey	Polytechnic C.C.	7 min.	5	19	20.
1907.	1st.—F. C. Lowcock	Manchester Wheelers	20 min.	5	20	50.
	2nd.—E. J. Wyatt	Manchester Clarion	50 min.	5	57	51.
	3rd.—J. Hodges	Manchester Wednesday C.C.	22 min.	5	32	45.
	Fastest.—F. H. Wingrave	North Road C.C.	Scratch	5	17	44.
1908.	1st.—E. A. Merlin	Polytechnic C.C.	15 min.	5	19	30.
	2nd.—G. H. Briault	Unity C.C.	40 min.	5	45	43.
	3rd.—J. J. Rogers	Anfield	18 min.	5	32	1.
	Fastest.—E. A. Merlin	Polytechnic C.C.	15 min.	5	19	30.
1909.	1st.—J. A. Grimshaw	Cheadle Hulme C.C.	22 min.	5	20	46.
	2nd.—A. H. Thayre	Salford Wheelers	28 min.	5	30	28.
	3rd.—J. R. Wells	Anfield	25 min.	5	23	35.
	Fastest.—R. Etherington	Bath Road C.C.	8 min.	5	13	5.
1910.	1st.—E. B. Webb	Bath Road C.C.	22 min.	5	20	25.
	2nd.—H. E. D. Barle	Vegetarian C.C.	22 min.	5	27	44.
	3rd.—J. E. Brown	Liverpool Pembroke C.C.	30 min.	5	39	45.
	Fastest.—C. Moss	M. C. & A. C.	Scratch	5	17	56.
1911.	1st.—J. W. Kirk	Yorkshire Road C.C.	33 min.	5	26	35.
	2nd.—W. R. Lempriere	North Road C.C.	18 min.	5	22	15.
	3rd.—H. H. Gayler	Polytechnic C.C.	16 min.	5	21	4.
	Fastest.—C. Moss	M. C. & A. C.	Scratch	5	11	52.

Year.	Name..	Club.	Handicap	Time		
				h	m.	s.
1912.	1st.—J. Hodges	Manchester Wheelers	24 min.	5	22	17.
	2nd.—R. Bamford	Bath Road C.C.	18 min.	5	16	10.
	3rd.—H. Kinder	Liverpool Pembroke C.C.	38 min.	5	34	52.
	Fastest.—C. Moss	M. C. & A. C.	Scratch	5	11	12.
1913.	1st.—H. H. Gayler	Polytechnic C.C.	Scratch	5	5	51.
	2nd.—S. Wagstaffe	M'chester Wednesday C.C.	30 min.	5	36	25.
	3rd.—R. S. Wilson	East Liverpool C.C.	15 min.	5	36	28.
	Fastest.—H. H. Gayler	Polytechnic C.C.	Scratch	5	5	51.
1914.	1st.—T. E. Parton	Wem C.C.	45 min.	5	32	1.
	2nd.—W. Holloway	Walton C. & A. C.	12 min.	5	6	2.
	3rd.—G. Stringer	Grosvenor Wheelers	38 min.	5	32	48.
	Fastest.—H. H. Gayler	Polytechnic C.C.	Scratch	4	59	8.

A. T. SIMPSON,

Editor.

ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB.

FORMED MARCH 1879.

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

MONTHLY CIRCULAR.

Vol. XIV.

No. 160.

FIXTURES FOR JUNE, 1919.

		Light up at
June	7.—Whitchurch (Swan), Tea at 5.30, and Week-end Shrewsbury (George Hotel)	10. 3 p.m.
..	9.—INVITATION 100 MILES HANDICAP	10. 5 p.m.
..	14.—Halewood (Derby Arms)	10. 9 p.m.
..	16.—Committee Meeting, Common Hall, Hackins Hey, Dale Street, Liverpool, 7 p.m.	
..	21.—Chester (Bull and Stirrup).....	10.12 p.m.
..	27-28. ALL NIGHT RIDE—Cheltenham (Fleece)	10.12 p.m.
	(See Special Circular to follow).	
July	5.—Hoo Green (The Kilton) PHOTO. RUN.....	10. 9 p.m.
	ALTERNATIVE RUN FOR MANCHESTER MEMBERS.	
June	14.—Delamere (Abbey Arms).....	10. 9 p.m.
	ALTERNATIVE RUN FOR LONDON MEMBERS.	
June	14.—Ripley (Anchor)	10. 9 p.m.

Full moon 13th instant.

Committee Notes.

Stourton Lodge,

Arno Road, Oxton.

A large number of Checkers and Helpers is required for the Invitation "100"; if you have not already been allotted your post will you immediately communicate with me so that I may give you something to do. Although no definite arrangements have yet been made at the George Hotel, Shrewsbury, it is hoped they will be very shortly and that a daily tariff of about 12/- will be fixed. It is important that I should know how many will be stopping at the George, so please advise me AT ONCE if you are coming there so that I may book you a room, saying whether you arrive on Saturday night or Sunday night. The time of Start is 8.30 a.m. and the Course is to be the same as that used for the 1911 Event. Drinks will be provided for the Competitors at Press Heath, and at the Feeding Station,

Ercall; if you find you are able to get down to the race and have not been given anything to do, please make your way to either of these points. Mr. Venables is in charge at the Raven and Messrs. Band and Toft are in charge of the Feeding arrangements at Ercall. Mr. Turnor is looking after the special feeding for our own representatives.

The attention of Members of the Committee is called to the fact that the June Committee Meeting will be held on Monday, 16th June.

For the All Night Ride to Cheltenham, on June 27th and 28th (not July 19th as stated in the last Circular) a Special Tariff of 10/6 per head for Dinner, Bed and Breakfast has been arranged at the Fleece Hotel. It is absolutely essential that I should know who is taking part in the Ride at the earliest possible moment so that the rooms may be engaged at the Fleece. If you are unable to go right through the Ride you are most welcome on any portion, but please send me word so that the feeding arrangements may be made.

Mr. C. J. Conway has again kindly offered to take the Club Photograph, and the Committee has selected Hoo Green on the 5th July. As before, our best way of thanking Mr. Conway is to turn out in large numbers.

NEW MEMBERS.—Mr. J. S. Blackburn, Dec Cottage, South Parade, Parkgate, Cheshire, and Mr. I. Peris, 1, Redcross Street, Liverpool, have been elected to Active Membership. Mr. M. Greenwood, 75, Heath Street, Liverpool, has been elected to Junior Active Membership.

NEW ADDRESSES.—Lee.-Cpl. F. L. EDWARDS, No. 117026, 2 Platoon, A. Coy., 13th K.L.R., Army of the Rhine, Germany; A. NEWSHOLME, "Wynsford," Beauford Road, Brooklands, Cheshire; P. WILLIAMSON, 95, Moston Lane, Blackley, Manchester; H. L. BARRATT, The University, Manchester.

APPLICATION FOR MEMBERSHIP.—Mr. A. E. WALTERS, c/o Mr. Castle, Raby Road, Neston; proposed by F. D. McCann, seconded by W. P. Cook.

There are now only two of "ours" on Active Service Abroad receiving parcels, and those sent in May contained cigarettes, herrings in tomato and biscuits.

Mr. W. P. Cook and the Hon. Secretary have been appointed Club Delegates upon the Northern Old Time Cyclists Rally, which is to be held again this year, on a date yet to be announced, in the form of a social function, the need for funds for providing Parcels for Cyclist Prisoners of War having happily ceased.

F. D. McCANN,

Hon. Secretary.

Concerning Those On Service.

Postcard acknowledgment of parcel has been received from F. L. Edwards (May), "With many thanks. Kind regards to all."

Warburton writes on the 10th May, "At last my turn for 'demob' has arrived, and in the course of a few days I hope to be clear of the Army for ever. This is really to ask you not to send any more Anfield Parcels which have been so much appreciated during the past few years. I must take this opportunity of thanking you all most sincerely not only for goods received but for many other things, chief among which is the fact that whilst other

clubs have been fading away during the war, we of the Anfield have the finest Club in the world to come home to. I'm happy to think that I shall be home in time to see the first '50.' Best wishes to all."

Williamson writes on the 2nd April. "I arrived in Constantinople from Salonica a few days ago. Just before leaving Salonica I received the March parcel, and the contents came in very handy 'en route.' It is almost certain that I shall be leaving for home in the course of the next few days, and I am eagerly looking forward to being present at a Club Run before the end of next month. I shall with luck be in time to be down at Shrewsbury for the '100.' Please convey my best thanks for the parcels, and best wishes to all."

From H. R. Baird, 17th April.—"Just a few lines to thank the A.B.C. for the February parcel, which arrived safely on the 5th instant. I had hoped that I would either be home or on my way before this, but there is some hitch and I and lots of other fellows whose orders are through from home are still hanging about waiting. However, a bit more patience and I hope to be back in Good Old Blighty again before long. Somehow, now all the scrapping is over it seems harder to wait patiently for the good days to come, and one gets very fed up thinking about the times one might be having at home. I should never recommend India as a holiday resort, and will be more than glad to see the last of it. It is no white man's country, and England is the only place for me. There is no news and I am just waiting for 'The Day.' Please remember me most sincerely to all the Good Old Club and tell them how much I appreciated their kindness and thoughtfulness."

Clifford Dews writes under date of April 2nd: "The ship that I am on is quite a good one and very comfortable since she is a pre-war passenger boat that has been converted into a seaplane carrier—the fellows aboard are splendid and already I have quite settled down. As I wrote you, we were given hardly any notice to get aboard, but managed to get our goods packed and on board by 3 a.m. on the 30th (of March). I woke that morning at about 9 a.m. to find ourselves entering the Dardanelles, and the view of Cape Hellas and the "River Clyde" was excellent. The journey up the Straits was most interesting and took us till about 1 p.m., at which time we entered the Sea of Marmora and commenced the straight run to Constantinople, where we anchored at 8 p.m. The lights were great, and one could see that it was a very big place. Next morning I woke to find the sun shining on the mosques and towers of a most imposing-looking place, and in the afternoon I went ashore and had a look round. The buildings are very fine in some places, but the streets are shocking and have great holes in them—then again the rubbish is chucked out into the streets as in French villages, but in this case it is not even collected on a Friday but is left to rot and stink the inhabitants. The women are really beautiful and seldom wear the veil as they used to do, the men, of course, still wear the fez. This morning we weighed anchor at 11-30 a.m. and by mid-day had entered the Bosphorous, which is a narrow channel between the Sea of Marmora and the Black Sea, and is very pretty. At the time of writing we are ploughing our way through the Black Sea on the way to Odessa or Sebastopol, where methinks there are one or two matters which need our attention."

The Anfield Flight.

The alleged doings of one of our members (with acknowledgments to the inspiration which has come from St. John's Newfoundland.)

Liverpool, Saturday, 9 a.m. It is now raining, and there is no possibility of a start being made to-day.

Later. — Conditions are now more favourable, and a start may be possible.

10.15 a.m.—The depression which was approaching from the East has moved off, and a start will be made this afternoon.

11 a.m.—A heavy fall of rain has destroyed all hopes of a start being made to-day.

11.45 a.m.—Preparations for a start soon after lunch are proceeding apace, the weather having improved wonderfully.

12.20 p.m.—Brilliant sunshine. Preparations for an early start now being feverishly completed. Great excitement prevails.

1.30 p.m. — Conditions less favourable. Sun obscured for 90 seconds. Start to-day very doubtful.

2.25 p.m.—Wind changed from East to South. Machine wheeled back into shed.

2.43 p.m.—Outlook more hopeful. Weather permitting, a start will be made at 3 o'clock.

3 p.m.—The journey successfully commenced amid frantic excitement.

3.15 p.m.—Machine observed returning.

3.25 p.m.—Pilot reports that it is threatening to rain at Higher Bebington. No hope of making successful start to-day. Machine wheeled back into shed, and pilot goes off to the pictures. Trip postponed till next Saturday (weather permitting).

Lines to an Old-Time Cyclist.

Oh! tell us that it is not true	Where's all the old-time Cyclist's
This hateful tale I hear men say,	strength,
That in a car of noise and stink	Is old age creeping on apace,
They saw you ride the other day.	And are you growing tired and weak
	That you should fall so far from
	grace?
So grave an unconfirmed tale	
My trusting soul will not believe;	Oh! send me word to say 'tis false,
To know that you wild Wales should	A lying rumour black as hell,
tour	For this would calm my troubled soul,
In such a way would make me grieve.	And tell me surely "all is well."

[Can this refer to Grandad?—Ed.]

MEMS.

The title of a new book is: "When the world shook." No doubt this was when Grandad replied to an invitation to attend a football match on a Saturday afternoon, or possibly when Chandler first donned those red-topped stockings.

We understand that Johnny Band's famous hill-climbing groans have now been recorded on the gramophone and that a rehearsal was recently given before the Prince of Wales—the well-known inn at Irby. The records will shortly be on sale, and it is stated that the Skipper's great friend, the Duke of Sacks-Coburg, has ordered a dozen.

It is Threlfall's considered opinion that the feeding at Rossett is rather better than what he enjoyed (?) when he was a prisoner of war.

The marked facial resemblance between President Wilson and The Mullah has been commented upon by several people of late. The Mullah is becoming quite chesty over the likeness.

The facial resemblance between The Mullah and President Wilson has also been remarked. Our Special Correspondent in Paris wires that there is no sign of chestiness about the President.

Arthur Simpson presented a pathetic figure at the roadside not far from Hoo Green. It appears that a pin or something from his motor cycle had dropped out of a place where it was doing a lot of good, and consequently Arthur had to come to an anchor, what time rescue parties rushed off to Coventry or Bristol for a replacement.

Arthur says that with his sort of motor cycle, anyhow, you do have a chance of seeing the skenery.

We note that Mr. Henry Ford threatens to manufacture a motor bicycle costing £10. That will test Grandad's loyalty to the push-bike.

The rumour that Li. Cohen came unstuck on his way back from Rossett and had to be taken home on a shutter was disposed of by the appearance of the gallant ex-soldier at Hoo Green. Li intends to fight shy of apparently old gentlemen—Robinson, for example—in future.

Lake, Chem and one or two others who were late for tea at Hoo Green are very much incensed at the action of Professor Green in collecting their "two-and-seven please" before they had had a bite. They think that, in similar circumstances, a man with such a name ought to pay the money himself and get it from them afterwards—if he can.

Newsholme and Turnor are the latest to take to camping. We consider that their methods are a great improvement on those of the King of Kampers, for it is the other fellow—name unknown—who pushes about the pea-sticks and pocket handkerchief which form their bedroom. (Heaven help them!)

Chem very nearly got to Hoo Green per bicycle. In fact if George Lake had not carelessly left his motor cycle and sidecar outfit lying about James Street, there's no knowing what might have happened.

Jimmy Williams says that what he likes about Grandad is the prompt way in which the latter attends to callers at the office. Whatever Cook is doing—whether he's reading "Punch" or studying maps, or writing a 17 page letter to the "Irish Cyclist," or looking over the "Illustrated London News"—he puts it aside and talks to you.

We are glad to be able to assure Oliver Cooper that there is no truth in the announcement that Hartley's Jam Factory has been burnt to the ground.

We are delighted to hear that Percy Beardwood has been elected a Member of the Bath Road Club, and he will now have more scope for his enthusiasm for the good old sport. He remains, of course, a first-claim Anfielder.

The Manchester smart set is now a complete wash-out. Tommy Royden has handed out to it a real fourpenny one right on the solar-plexus, and it has had to take the count. Our Distinguished Member was leisurely taking the air on his cycle de luxe, when he was quite unexpectedly stopped in the road by a twelve cylinder Rolls-Royce, the occupants of which (three Titled Ladies) being so impressed that they introduced themselves without formality, and tenderly asked after his health. And that's not all! In these days fabulous prices are being paid by the nouveaux-richees for the entree to Smart Society, but in the case of Tommy (if he will now allow us to be so familiar) the Ladies were so charmed that they lavished presents of new bicycles on him, and would take no refusal. There always *was* something about Tommy!

Those who were not present at the "Swan," Bucklow Hill, after the Hoo Green run missed a spectacle the like of which has not occurred within living memory, and one which may never recur—Hubert Roskell refusing a

drink!!! Medical aid was immediately forthcoming and the patient rapidly recovered, during which time those around gradually regained consciousness. Oh, for a Michael Angelo! What a triumvirate of epoch-shaking masterpieces if this were added to "Ajax supporting the World," and "Atlas defying the lightning"!

Cycling Secrets Disclosed.

Leading articles in leading papers devote much space to such questions as: "Why does the Manchester Section Boom" or "Why did I join the Cheshire Roads Club" (from the pen of that well-known cycling authority and brilliant controversialist "Wellfarer"), which to the initiated are far from irrelevant to the A.B.C.

As many members of the Manchester Section belong to the C.R.C.—the leaders of both overlapping in fact—the two questions are closely allied. Why for instance did I myself join the C.R.C.? "Ah!" I can hear you say: "In order to use up that 20 year old badge of the previous C.R.C.," in other words, as an advanced form of economy. Partly true, but there is more in it than meets the Button; it was by order of my medical man and of my legal adviser. In these days of restrictions and food scarcity a good meal is as good as a Doctor's wink, and the C.R.C. subscription is cheaper than proving a will. The best medicine and the longest life are only to be obtained from Drs. Turnor, Green and Newsholme.

Look at the C.R.C. members—the rank and file I mean. At first glance a band of hardriding Democrats (always excepting Alderman Phillips, who might be anything from an Archbishop upwards), but look again: They are a group of epicures, with a reputation for good fare only surpassed by the famous "Beefsteak Club." Already their fame spreads. To be on the C.R.C. list is the finest "ad." for any smart up-to-date caterer, and like Lloyd-George with his ninepence for fourpence, the C.R.C. gets half-a-quad's worth for half-a-dollar. Instead of two scrambling eggs you dine in state on two to four courses. Does it pay them?? Granted that the appetite of a Chandler goes into the hollow tooth of a Phillips; if the Alderman well satisfied walks out thousands rush in.

How is it all worked? Ask their Priests and Acolytes. No cold-blooded postcards but heart-to-heart talks. Ask for Dr. Green's prescription.

Talk of true economy: After three such successive meals as Saturday tea with the Manchester section at Knutsford, and Sunday dinner and tea with the C.R.C. at Nantwich and Ringway the members can fast if need be for the rest of the week.

A PROSELYTE.

RUNS.

Ripley, April 12th, 1919.

We regret, owing to a misunderstanding with the Printers, the following account was omitted in our last issue:—

A suspicious looking envelope marked O.H.M.S.—mistaken for the Income Tax—turned out to be from Beardwood saying that this would be an inter-Club run with the Bath Road and Polytechnic.

There was a decided draught on starting, but after passing through Kingston an Army Lorry acted as a wind screen a few miles to Cobham and made going easier. Beardwood reported heavy rain at Kingston, which proves that the early bird sometimes catches the dry road. In vain we looked for other hard riding Anfielders: the only sign was a wire from Neason saying he was training for the next. The twenty other riders were made up of 8 Polytechnic and 12 Bath Roaders, and as it required two tables to seat us for tea Beardwood and I diplomatically sat one at each. After a

pleasant meal our friend Giuseppi arrived and we were soon gargling in the Tank. Four of us were seen off the premises soon after 8 o'clock, and a pleasant non-stop run of an hour under a growing moon brought us to Thames Ditton. At 9.40 four shadowy figures were seen to emerge from the side door of the Angel and so home and to bed.

Halewood, May 3rd, 1919.

"To appease the printers who are beginning to look upon me with unspeakable loathing." That's how I clicked! . . . On studying my Bartholomew I found that the distance was much too short to trouble about getting out the old grid, consequently I fell in and duly marched off with three other perfect athletes. Our motto is: Always have a walk when you're just on tip-top form. Feel very sorry for Grimsnaw in that 50! However, we kept on putting them down until forced to take cover due to high velocity Knipe, who absolutely tore up the roads. Handicappers please note! After plodding along for about 6½ hours (about that was it not Arthur?) we sighted the Club run; more of a lounge I thought. Then a hurricane whistled through me 'cos I spotted Henry Poole. I felt sure he was going to say "Get ready, 5, 4, 3, 2" and all other sorts of vulgar fractions, etc! Nevertheless it was good to see him (cue for song, "O Hodnet where is thy corner.") There were one or two other decent fellows out and some cyclists. Several of the latter, mark you, are not really what they profess to be. With mine own eyes did I see W.P.C. handling, aye and talking sparking plugs with W.R.T. The Club is gwine ter the "ownz." Why! Charlie Conway turned up with Bettws hose, and the poor old skipper couldn't get really miserable, while not even a "Murphy" exchange came the way of the President!! Bolshevism I calls it. En passant the Editor wants to buy a trike now he has thoroughly mastered the art of turning. He might still have been practising had not Jimmy recklessly decided to "blue in his pension." We helped and then just quietly told a few of the Kinders the number of the fastest times they had got to do. Sounded like that to me anyhow. I forget what the main topic of conversation was, since I was working terribly hard avoiding a tempting invitation to go for a "quiet spin" on the morrow.

Dunham Massey, May 3rd, 1919.

When I arrived at the Rope and Anchor, fanned far and wide as the Mecca of the bean-feaster, I saw in the yard a Rolls-Royce of the Chinese breed which seemed somewhat familiar even to my eyes, which are not expert in buzz wagons. And behold, it was so, for it belonged to Oliver, come from Liverpool to see how we do things. We were all glad to see him, especially as a Manchester man was returning the compliment by attending the Liverpool run. The Master was there too, gazing on the bowling-green with a Cheadle Hulme friend whom he had inveigled into pushing him out on the tandem. We were all very pleased to see Barrett out again looking very fit after his long absence in France. The Smart Set drifted in later and all the young men were there as usual, after doing astonishing times in training spins. The tea, on this our first run to this delectable resort, may be called fair to middling; true, the chicken had apparently travelled some, and must have been in full training when it met its fate (I got a leg, so I know) but with a little perseverance it was possible to assimilate it, and all cyclists ought to have the best sauce-hunger. After tea we adjourned to the bowling-green once more and later a few might have been seen in the smoke-room, listening to the amusing yarns of friend Barrett, whose experiences in France, related in his inimitable manner, are really top-hole. The room was shortly invaded by a party of fair maidens, escorted by one something-in-trousers, who seemed to feel his position keenly. One lady rattled

the ivories to some effect, some of the others sang, others again danced the latest things in jazz, and all smoked, including the barmaid, but excepting the something in trousers. What with the yarns and the opportunity of studying the company, not to speak of other things the time passed very rapidly, and we were all very much surprised when the glasses were suddenly cleared from the table, and we had to go home.

Rossett, May 10th, 1919.

I made a very belated start for Rossett and had to pay the piper, thanks to the headwind. Several times I was sorely tempted to turn it up and seek refuge at Shotwick, or Capenhurst, or Mollington, but my boats were utterly burnt when I was overtaken by George Mercer on his motor car, Oliver Cooper in his "Ford" (this differentiation lacks originality and is in the very worst of taste.—Ed.) and Arthur Simpson on his brand new motor bicycle. No use now saying that some friends from Milwaukee had dropped in to tea just as I was about to start. No use saying I had had to run up to London on business. No use saying my back wheel had come unstuck. No use saying that I was down with congestion of the lungs. I had been "sighted" and would be reported as being "on the way."

At this point Arthur waved a fond farewell to me. With well-meant kindness he had throttled down, or something, on getting about 200 yards ahead and was under the delusion that he was pacing me. These motor cycles make such an infernal din that I suppose he couldn't hear me spitting blood and saying things.

[Editor: "Is it expected that there will be anything about the run in this interesting recital?" Contributor: "Oh, yes! I've thought of that. The run's the thing, as Will Shakespeare said, and I've definitely decided to mention the matter later on. Do let me alone. You're rocking the boat by making these interruptions."]

If I was nearly late for tea, you must put it down to the fact that I am colour blind. I searched in vain for the Red Lion (see May "Circular"), and then decided to try the Golden Lion, relying on Will Shakespeare's tip that an animal with any other prefix sells just as good beer. Sure enough, there I found 30 other Anfielders who were also colour blind; and, without stopping to argue, we got our feet into the trough.

It is not often that Grandad misses a run—or, indeed, anything to eat. [Editor: "But ————" Contributor: "(1) I know he arrived a few minutes late. (2) I did not say he missed this run. (3) Be quiet."] Just as we had decided that Grandad isn't the man he was, he quietly blew in and announced that he had been for a ride. We gathered that the oak trees at Meriden are in fine condition, that the roads through the New Forest are cut up in parts, and that most of the damage done to Scarborough by the German Bombardment has been repaired.

Robinson's explanation for not forming part of the week-end party was accepted as perfectly valid. Item: He had not been invited. Item: Langollen was not far enough. He could do it, he said, on his hands and knees. Even a tempting offer by the Turnor-Newsholme outfit to buy Robinson all the beer and baccy he wanted was firmly refused.

I was very sorry afterwards that I had not joined the party, as I understand they had a splendid time, their enjoyment being greatly enhanced through meeting Mr. Frank Urry, of the M.C. and A.C., and two of his friends, Messrs. Whitworth and Dawes, who happened to be staying at the "Royal." I believe Grandad met a foeman worthy of his steel in a discussion on rear lights, with Mr. Whitworth, which lasted until the small hours, but no blows were exchanged, and each disputant was perfectly satisfied at the end that he had won, which is as it should be.

For the return journey I have left but little space. Two packs left for Liverpool—the Slow pack and the Really Slow pack. Li Cohen on the lookout for company prepared to potter homewards, was fortunate enough to get fixed up with the Really Slow pack. Some miscreant, however, shook them up, with the result that the Really Slow pack speedily put it through the merely Slow pack, who had started early to avoid the rush, and a wild dash was made for Chester. In the intervals of coughing up his lungs and other spare parts of his internal economy, Li was heard to announce successively that he had bought a pup and that he was a certain starter in the "100"—if he survived. Robinson, to save his face, providentially remembered he had a letter to post in Chester but took care to invite nobody to have one with him. Later on, he overtook the Slow pack, now reinforced by the redoubtable Li (still at death's door.) At Hinderton a new coalition party was formed. Ven, Gregg, Teddy Edwards, and Tommy Royden were last seen drinking themselves to death on coffee at the Shrewsbury Arms, while the Real Cyclists, such as Mac, Lecce, Rogers, and Robinson got on with it via Barnston and Arrowe.

Generally speaking—[you are, but we must now apply the closure.—Ed.]

The Editor's Hazard at Miltir Cerig.

Annoyed at finding that he had no use for the lower gear of his O.K., the Editor during the Llangollen week-end charged me with finding employ for it, knowing of my craving for Bwlchs. So we proceeded up the Dee Valley as far as Llanderfell, and then kept to the original road that makes direct for Bala Lake. From this road branches off first the road to Oswestry by Llangynog and later the road to Shrewsbury by Vyrnwy. We chose the former. It branches off at an acute angle and then performs a twisting movement, until something like a roof side faced us. At last a chance for the low gear. This steep bit leads to an awful S bend, which is loose and not banked. To avoid a slip I cut off the inside of the corner and for a moment seemed to stand on end. Beyond the corner the ascent continues, so it was not possible to dismount and gaze down and watch the O.K. storm up, much as I longed to do so. However, there he was, his face beaming, "excellent" he cried, "not a road at all but a practical joke." Several rough steep miles now awaited us and I saw no more of my precious charge till, arrived at the final top, I got off at Miltir Cerig. Alas no Editor; I listened, but it was not O.K., all was silence. I placed my earhole on the ground but only heard a sheep bleat. After cooling I disconsolately turned back when lo and behold, within a quarter of a mile, there he stood and on his features a look of bland surprise. The O.K. far from being overawed by the Bwlch had burst its bonds and become a beast unfettered, in other words was like a hound that's loosed from leash. Jointly we struggled and again laid it by the heel, once more docile to the Editorial will. Away he sped down the wondrous Llangynog Pass skimming the mountain side. But only then did I realise the danger overcome, the risk of our Dear One being for ever lost on those inhospitable heights. For what spot did fate select? The Miltir Cerig: The Stony—the Rocky mile!!!

This name, that may well strike terror into all but the stoutest hearts, does not, strictly speaking, refer to any portion of this road, but it is the spot where the present road crosses the much older one from Llangynog to Llandrillo. The present pass from Llangynog up is a wonderfully constructed shelf road towering hundreds of feet above the valley (no doubt one of Telford's masterpieces). But the older road runs along the bottom of the valley, which ends abruptly. From the Llandrillo side likewise the valley runs for many miles in the direction of Llangynog—an excellent road—and then ends abruptly at Blaen-y-cwm. The two valleys here are

but a couple of miles apart, but a mass of mountain lies between. The old road makers seemed to have merely shrugged their shoulders at this for, like a man who throws himself at a wall, clutches at the top and wriggles over, so the road hurls itself at the hillside from both directions and with a few adderlike twists swarms up on hands and knees. This crossing then is the Miltir Cerig. It was at this awe-inspiring spot that Arthur, Prince of Plaisance, Custodian of the Rag. Rider of the Whirlwind FACED HIS PERIL.

THE GUIDE.—Ph and f.

Ripley, May 10th, 1919.

After a pleasant walk of a mile by the edge of a recently well tarred stretch of road Kingston was safely negotiated, and on the level, past Thames Ditton, Percy Charles was discovered busily strapping up his Gladstone Bag, having arranged last month to join a touring party for Dorset and adjoining Counties for a couple of weeks and so escape the delights of spring cleaning.

The country looked its best and greenest, and the Anchor hove in sight in due course. In vain we searched for any traces of the lonely exiles—even Neason's training (or was it train?) did not materialise, or did he take the wrong turning at Hampton Court?

After a bounteous tea we wished the tourists fine weather and a jolly good time, and all that was left of us returned London-ward, not forgetting to call at the Angel to cool our parched throats.

A LAMENT.

O! mighty Pan who erstwhile in the North	What poor excuse hath kept thee from the fold?
Was wont each Saturday to sally forth, Nipping along o'er Cheshire's lovely plain;	It is not age—we, too, are growing old: The youth from Putney and his friend in Sheen
Are we doomed not to see thy face again?	Have looked for thee in vain at Ripley Green.
When off to Salop for the Whitsun bust How oft we followed thee through clouds of dust:	The wise man thinketh twice the sages say:
Content each evening in the tank to sit And sip the mellowed dryness of thy wit.	If that was once the truth, 'tis true to-day. If thou hast thought but once—then think again And let us not expect thee hence in vain.

Hoo Green, May 17th, 1919.

My rapidly increasing embonpoint was fast creating a strained feeling between me and my wardrobe, and demanded the taking of drastic measures: I would resume hard cycling. (I say "hard" advisedly, being, like the poet, "non fit.") I arranged to join forces with Hubert, dit "Tiny," Jimmy, and George Lake on *real* bicycles, with a view to week-ending. I looked forward keenly to the event, though I knew there were acid drops in abundance to be tasted. But alas for the frailty of human nature! I had collected the combination of scrap iron and rubber which constitutes my cycle de luxe, and having tightened the terror-cotter pins was sitting straining at the cranks, as it were, adamant in my determination to go through with it, when I met the genial George aforesaid. He had just acquired a motor-bike and side-car and pressed me to take a seat in the latter. I was firm in my resolution. I tried to say "No," but the accursed monosyllable stuck in my throat. I saw myself being despoiled of the joy of riding my dear old "scrap." A long and fierce struggle took

place within me, but in a few seconds it was all over—I had succumbed. Thus did it come to pass that I started with George in his "A.J.S." outfit. Seated in my little carriage I marvelled at the improvement which had been made in the propulsion of these things since my previous venture in one as a babe blankety years ago. They were then propelled by hand. We stopped at Cronton for liquid fuel, and were joined by the Editor on his bit of O.K., Li Cohen, and Grimshaw. Grimmy had ridden from Cheshire to Liverpool, as an appetiser en route to the venue, and was then hungering after space to eat. The massive Tiny and Little Jim had preceded us, starting out in the early hours of the morning, and we all set out in pursuit picking up Cody on the way. Just after passing the "Dog and Dart" we overtook our quarry, who, on a rapid computation, had done this distance at an average of well over 2 per hour—a fine performance considering that neither was really fit. It was a boiling hot day, and the frigid reception accorded us was really grateful, causing a marked cooling of the atmosphere. "Backsliders," "renegades," were amongst the weakest of the epithets hurled at us, but after having mended all Tiny's tyres (which had been unable to stand the strain) and made his machine fit to ride, we were taken into the fold again. From this point to the "Kilton," Grimmy, paced by Arthur, showed us how easy it is to do 30 an hour. The glorious weather had made for a large attendance, 37 being the total present. This was really an alternative run for Liverpool members, hence their predominance, 23 to 14. Amongst the distinguished minority we were delighted to see dear old Boss Higham, who piloted several of us later to the "Swan," Bucklow Hill, and through whose influence we were enabled to quaff a few potations. Our week-end party then made for Knutsford, the élite (i.e., the cycles) to the "Angel," the common motor-bikes to the "Royal George." At the latter hostelry we partook of a light and airy supper, consisting of cold salmon and cucumber, followed by cold roast pork with salad, and finishing off with cheese, the whole washed down with copious libations of what we were assured was "pre-war Bass"—a well thought out mixture calculated to produce profound slumber—I had just been suffering from insomnia. I would like to say here that I don't believe that story about George and the Dragon, for if there had been any dragons we ought to have seen them that night. Sunday was occupied in leisurely touring homewards, and an enjoyable week-end was brought to a close.

50 Miles Handicap, May 24th, 1919.

The weather for this, our first sporting event since the war started, was fine, but on the return half of the journey, the competitors found a bit of wind in the usual quarter (i.e., where it had no business), and no really fast times were accomplished. It is only fair to add, however, that misfortune dogged the pedals of three of the starters—who by the way numbered 11—viz., Walters, J. S. Blackburn, and Grimshaw. Walters in the first few miles punctured, but continued; Blackburn managed to get as far as West Heath Lane in 1.17 and then had two punctures, and poor old Grim, (who had had a return of trench fever earlier on in the week and was not really fit to ride) punctured after passing the Whipping Stocks, rode with a deflated tyre, which came off and wrapped itself round the rim and threw him, and finished the journey from Knutsford Gaol on Green's machine. The winner and fastest timer, F. Mundell, rode finely up to the second time at Holmes Chapel—33 miles—covering the distance in 1.46, only three minutes more than Grimshaw occupied, but the last seventeen miles evidently told its tale as he took 66 mins. 20 secs. to accomplish it. I was rather surprised at this, as when he passed me at H.C. he seemed quite happy, and I felt he would do 2.15. Nevertheless, he has made a fine start, and I think we have in him the makings of a really class rider, and one

who will find his way frequently to the pots. His brother, who came in second, also rode very well for a first offence, being only 5 minutes behind Frank, and I don't see any reason why he should not also turn out to be a "young man in a hurry." The third man among the honours was Orrell, who rode the distance in 22 seconds less than G. F. Mundell. H. Kinder was not in his real form, and is certain after a little preparation to improve considerably on his performance. Walters, as already mentioned, had hard lines, but he gives one the impression of being fast, and with ordinary luck should render a good account of himself in future events. Mac, on his tricycle was obviously ill at ease, and has not yet got into his stride, while Turnor got the wind up badly—as a matter of fact only a technical flaw in the rules under the heading of "Caution" saved him from disqualification! Li. Cohen cursed the day he was born because he had not the presence of mind at Holmes Chapel to take a snapshot of his alabaster contour as it flashed past. Tierney must have energetically sucked the acid on the last stretch as he did the first 33 miles in 1.51, and I am afraid a similar remark would apply to Newsholme, who had covered the same distance in 2.1. Although it cannot be denied that the times are somewhat disappointing, in view of all the circumstances better could hardly be expected, and there is no doubt whatever that, in our young members especially, we have the nucleus of a very fine team for the future. As an indication of the popularity of the meeting it is only necessary to mention that we had the record out-turn of at least 61 members while "friends" in battalions populated the route. Frank Roskell had got special leave from Woolwich for the week-end to view the race, and we were all more than delighted to see him, and Warburton (just demobbed) had a great reception. On the spur of the moment a week-end party was organised consisting of Hubert and Frank, Li Cohen, Barrett (who was "persuaded" by the scruff of the neck at H.C.) the whole of the tribe of the Brittens consisting of Thomas, Walter and John, Jimmy James and the Editor, who were gently but firmly put to bed by Massie Harper at the ungodly hour of 10-30 p.m.

Appended are the times:—

Name.	25 Miles (actual).	50 Miles (actual).	Handicap.
F. Mundell	1-16	2-52.20	2-37.20
G. F. Mundell	1-20	2-57.21	2-42.21
W. Orrell	1-18	2-56.59	2-45.59
F. D. McCann (Tricycle) ...	1-25	3-11.52	2-47.52
W. C. Tierney	1-20	3-0.55	2-48.55
A. Newsholme	1-28	3-14.40	2-49.40
C. H. Turnor	1-21	3-2.41	2-49.41
H. Kinder	1-17	2-55.32	2-52.32
J. A. Grimshaw	1-14	2-52.59	2-52.59
A. E. Walters	1-24	3-7.30	3-0.30
J. S. Blackburn	1-17	Did not finish.	

Nantwich, May 31st, 1919.

It was a great day for Nantwich, for not only were we at the Lamb but the Cheshire Automobile Club (Lord Alfred. Hon. Secretary) patronised the Brine Baths Hotel, and the sleepy old town had to sit up and notice things. If we were to take our cue from the "Liverpool Daily Post," the following would be the official account of this fixture:—

Anfield Bicycle Club.

"The opening meet of this Club took place on Saturday at the Lamb Hotel, Nantwich, when the members were entertained at tea by the President, Sir David and Lady Fell. There were 25 acceptances

of the President's invitation, and after the guests had been presented to Sir David and Lady Fell, tea was partaken of, followed by a stroll round the beautiful yard of the hotel. A competition had been arranged and the prizes were awarded as follows:—(a) Best turn out, Mr. E. J. Cody for his Routledge speed iron. (b) Most punctures, Captain J. C. Band. (c) Most honest sweat, Mr. R. C. Gregg and Mr. W. Pagan Cook equal. (d) Best sartorial effect—no award owing to the entire absence of the smart set. (e) Best comic costume—no award owing to the non-arrival of The Master. (f) Greatest familiarity with the aristocracy, Mr. T. Royden."

But not being a Club of Snobs, perhaps we had better tell you in plainer language that it was a glorious day, and the 25 of us had a great time. It is many moons since we had a run to Nantwich, and the change from the Crown to the Lamb was a great success, particularly for those who managed to sit at Arthur's table. Walters, J. Blackburn, Band, Cook, and Gregg, had a useful burst of speed as far as Chester, whence the first three carried on along the main road to the sad demoralisation of Band's tyres, while Cook and Gregg, who "knew something," took the Broxton route, which was also patronised by Ven., Royden, Threlfall and Chandler. Mac. had been off all day in Shropshire ("How far is it to Wen"?) completing arrangements for the 100. Edwards, James and Cody had come out, more or less, direct, while Arthur on his puff and dart had rendered useful pacing service to a string of Manchester speed aspirants. Manchester was represented by Grimshaw (quite recovered from his attack of trench fever and bad fall in the 50), H. Green, Orrell, F. and G. F. Mundell, Warburton, and Percy Williamson, whom we were all delighted to have amongst us once again. The Buckleys were reported to have started, but struck tyre trouble and desisted. Finally, the Brothers Kinder arrived and completed our muster. With such glorious weather it was not surprising to find a good number were week-ending. Simpson was off to Salop to try and obtain something definite about accommodation at the George. The Kinders also went to Shrewsbury on a similar errand. J. Blackburn made for Llangollen, and James for Bangor-is-y-coed. Mundells were bound for Newport to explore the 100 course, and Turnor-Newsholme (tandem trike), Grandad (basinette), and Orrell went to Ashbourne for the C.T.C. week-end meet, at which the Club was also represented by Boardman and Gorman. We hope all the week-enders had good times, and that those who had to return home did so without feeling too sad.

A. T. SIMPSON.

Editor.

ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB.

FORMED MARCH 1879.

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

MONTHLY CIRCULAR.

Vol. XIV.

No. 161.

FIXTURES FOR JULY, 1919.

		Light up at
July	5.—Hoo Green (The Kilton) PHOTO. RUN.....	10- 0 p.m.
..	12.—Knutsford (Cranford Cafe)	10- 5 p.m.
..	14.—Committee Meeting, Common Hall, Hackins Hey, Dale Street, Liverpool. 7 p.m.	
..	19.—12 HOURS' HANDICAP (Bull and Stirrup, Chester).....	9-57 p.m.
..	26.—Delamere (Abbey Arms)	9-47 p.m.
Aug.	2-4.—TOUR—Lake District (See Committee Notes).....	9-33 p.m.

ALTERNATIVE RUN FOR LONDON MEMBERS.

July	12.—Ripley (Anchor)	9-42 p.m.
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Full moon 13th instant.

Committee Notes.

Stourton Lodge,

Arno Road, Oxton.

Entries for the 12 Hours' Unpaced Handicap accompanied by 5/- to help to cover the cost of feeding must reach me not later than July 12th. The same course as in 1913, starting outside Chester at 8 a.m., will be used. Anyone requiring accommodation at Chester on the Friday night must advise me in good time. At least a dozen checkers are required for Shropshire and prompt volunteers are desired, while the timekeeper at Vicar's Cross will require plenty of helpers to follow and finish the competitors. Don't all speak at once!

The Run for July 12th has been fixed for Knutsford in view of a record attempt that day which is expected to finish in the vicinity. Anyone willing to assist during the previous 24 hours is requested to communicate with Messrs. Turnor and Newsholme.

The August Bank Holiday Tour has been fixed for the Lake District, and is the very excellent one planned by Messrs. Mercer and Edwards for Whitsuntide, 1916, which, unfortunately, had to be abandoned owing to the cancellation of the holiday. Meet at Ambleside (White Lion Hotel) for supper Saturday night, making your own arrangements for the journey. On

Sunday the route is Keswick and viâ Borrowdale and the Honister Pass to Buttermere (lunch at Buttermere Hotel, 1-30), and return by Newlands, Portinscale and Keswick to Ambleside. On Monday, lunch at County Hotel, Lancaster. If it is your intention to support the fixture, please advise me *as early as possible*, so that accommodation may be booked for you. This is a matter of unusual importance.

A resolution of sympathy with Mr. and Mrs. E. Buckley on the sad death of their son, Harold, was passed in silence.

Parcels for June (two) were sent to those On Active Service Abroad, containing 50 Players' cigarettes, 1 tin herrings in tomato, 1 tin fruit drops and 1 Scotch bunloaf.

NEW MEMBER.—Mr. A. E. WALTERS, Uffington, Salop, has been elected to Active Membership.

APPLICATION FOR MEMBERSHIP.—Mr. EDWARD WAIDSON HARLEY, 19, Liversidge Road, Higher Tranmere, Birkenhead, proposed by W. P. Cook, seconded by W. H. Kettle (Junior Active).

NEW ADDRESSES.—W. H. KETTLE, c/o. Cowan and Co., 99a, Lord Street, Liverpool; D. C. KINGHORN, "Ardoch," Prospect Road, Prenton, Birkenhead; H. PRITCHARD, 9, Hillcrest Road, Moseley, Birmingham; J. V. MARCHANTON, 8, Rawlinson Road, Southport; J. L. MAHON, c/o. Messrs. Worms & Co., Port Tewfik, Suez, Egypt.

An invitation from the East Liverpool Wheelers to nominate competitors in a 50 miles handicap, to be run on a Cheshire course on August Bank Holiday, has been left with the Captain, Mr. J. C. Band, to deal with. Anyone desiring to compete in this event or in the Bath Road 100 can obtain assistance by communicating with the Captain.

F. D. McCANN,

Hon. Secretary.

It is our painful duty to have to chronicle the death of one of our Junior Members—H. Buckley. Poor lad—he was only 17 years of age—cycling round a nasty corner, he collided violently with a trap, and was thrown to the ground, never afterwards regaining consciousness. Young Buckley was one of our most promising riders, and under the affectionate guidance and advice of his father (than whom there was none better able to instruct him), he would undoubtedly have become a speedman of the best class. Through him his father regained his cycling enthusiasm, which had lain dormant for a time, and it was easy to see the strong affection existing between them—they were a couple of great pals. The deepest sympathy of us all goes out to poor Bick, and his wife and family.

Buckley writes to say he has received many letters full of kind feeling from members of the Club, but (as one can readily imagine) he is unable to reply to all individually, at all events at present. He wishes me to convey to all members the intense gratitude of Mrs. Buckley, his family, and self for their expressions of sympathy which are deeply appreciated.

A. T. S.

Concerning Those On Service.

Postcard acknowledgment of Parcels are to hand from:—J. L. Mahon: "May, with many thanks." E. Edwards: "I received the June parcel, with many thanks. It was very handy as we are short of cigarettes where we are now. I hope to get a leave about September, so am looking forward to a ride with the Club soon. Kind regards to all."

Stephenson, who has been temporarily R.T.O. at North Wall, Dublin, writes: "I called at the *Irish Cyclist*. I saw Arjay who told me Murphy was convalescing out at Bray. I trained out there last Wednesday week and found Murphy there basking in the sun. He hopes to be back at the office in a week or two now. I must call round and gather in the latest bulletin. After spending a very pleasant afternoon, Arjay gave me the machine he was loaning to me—a Centaur with spring forks, free wheel, and—of course—seelyized chain wheel, and I travelled back gaily to Dublin, only stopping for two Guinness' on the way back. I did not spit any blood, and covered the 13 miles against a breeze in the hour, so you can tell Cohen from me he may just as well go abroad. His chances at speed work in England or Ireland will be infinitesimal (Oh, ek!) next year when I come out of the army. I am training hard now doing six miles a day backwards and forwards, and they sell stout at the refreshment room on the station where I walk about for an hour or two daily.

"I was very glad to see from *Cycling* that the '100' was a great success as usual, and Grimmy's 5-39 is, I hope, a promise of still better things to come. It shows that he is getting back to something like his old form. . . .

"I was rudely interrupted at this point by some bloke who wanted to know when the next train went to Ballyallywhoola or somewhere, and this stopped my finishing my letter to you. However, you'll get it eventually.

"If I hadn't been sent on this job, I should have been down for the '100,' but as it was I couldn't manage it. No more news now, Cheerio."

From Clifford Dews, dated 1st May: "No doubt the Easter Tour was a huge success, and I am very sorry that I was not able to be with you all. I often think of the first time I appeared on an Anfield trip, and I do not think I shall ever forget Mr. Cheminai's 'When I lays dahn my tools' piece. . . . They discovered that the war is over at Mudros (you know, the one in which we fought the Germans), but on the other hand they have done their best to make up for it, and have found this new one. It is not such a bad one if one ceases to remember that one ought to be home, but of course if you do by any chance remember this—well, to say the least, it is poor. I have put in a fair amount of flying lately, and yesterday went up to 'spot' for the guns of H.M.S. —. The shooting was marvellous, and the broadsides of 13.5 pills blew hell out of the village that was the target. I have not had any more shots in the machine, but am quite hopeful for the future. You see the Bolshies have brought up an armoured train which is fitted with anti-aircraft guns. The guns are not terribly good, but on the other hand neither are our seaplanes, and we cannot get out of range. It is rather funny to go over it—I'll give you the procedure:

- (1) Enter seaplane staggering along at 3,000ft.
- (2) Bang. Bang. Bang. Up steam and away train followed by seaplane.
- (3) Crash—drop 2 bombs (probably miles from train).
- (4) More shots from train while photos are taken.
- (5) Away seaplane followed by puffs of smoke.

Quite funny isn't it—reminds me of the days in which one or two lads gathered together would indulge in a fight with pleasant little stones from

the road side . . . Well, I will close now since at 3.30 a.m. to-morrow I am to crash forth again into the atmosphere in order to carry out various investigations and no doubt have another talk with my friend the train."

A later communication has been received from Clifford Dews: "Things are going pretty well here in their dull old way, and time is spent in raiding, going ashore to the Royalist lines, and drawing. I was ashore the day before yesterday to buy provisions for the ship, and we did not do so badly considering that we brought back livestock to the extent of two sheep, a pig, and four hens. It was great fun getting them aboard, and the pig didn't half squeal—the Russians will not take money for these things but get the equivalent value in chocolate, tinned foodstuffs and cognac. It appears that chocolate and cognac are no good without one another—strange idea, eh! I am going ashore this afternoon if there is no flying to be done. I suppose we will play football. We are teaching the Russians to play, and they don't make a bad show at it at all. One thing they can do is kick, and it is a common occurrence to see two hefty fellows (each standing about 6ft. 4ins.) rushing madly at the ball from opposite directions; when they get to it they both lash out with their feet, and the one man manages to kick the pill, but pays for it by receiving the mis-kick from the other bloke full on the shin. It is a lovely game, but personally I wait until nobody is running for the ball before I venture to kick."

J. L. Mahon writes from Port Tewfik, Suez, 10th June: "I am pleased to tell you that I have now been demobilised a few days, but it was not until the day before yesterday that I was able to inform you definitely what my address would be, so did not write until I could be sure.

"I have not received any copies of the Circular since the April number, consequently I do not know what the Club did yesterday, though I saw from the Year Book that efforts would be made to recommence the '100.' In any case I was very restless yesterday, with visions of the run from the Raven to Chetwynd Church constantly before my eyes.

"It is impossible to do any cycling here, for there are only very few miles of road in and around Suez, so that I am compelled to change my activities, and have put up for the local Tennis Club, where some good play is to be had on hard courts. Yesterday I spent the afternoon in the waters of the Canal, or else sitting on the end of a jetty smoking, mixing the two fairly well.

"I am quite out of touch with everyone, and do not know who have got back and who are the unlucky ones being retained. Hodges, of course, I am aware of from your last letter, but what about Williamson and Warburton? I think they are both excellent riders if they are still keen, and ought to do some good rides.

"Now that I am once more a civilian I should like to express to all those who carried on so well my very great appreciation of what they did for me while I was with the Colours. Quite apart from the value of the parcels I received, the moral affect of feeling that one was not entirely forgotten by the Club at home was very great.

"I suppose it is almost needless for me to tell you that I have no intention of resigning from the Club—in fact I only regret that I can't get back to it, but you may rely that I shall be on the very first Club run which takes place after my return home, either permanently or temporarily. If all goes well I shall get eight weeks next summer, and it is my ambition, if I can get to some places with a few roads, to get fit enough to ride in some one of our races.

"With best wishes to all and the toast of 'Prosperity' to the Club."

Correspondence.

[The following letter has reached us by mistake. We are passing it on to the proper quarter.—Ed.]

To the Editor of *The Blouter*.

SIR.—A few weeks ago as I was travelling on the top Chester Road, I was overhauled by a push-cyclist who persisted in riding just behind my car. After bearing with him for two or three miles, I got my friend, Sir Hildebrand Cornflour, who was sitting behind me, to enquire whether he wished to pass. The p.c. replied—quite respectfully—in the negative. As I do not care to mix with push-cyclists, I slowed down and let the fellow go ahead. Then, gathering speed, I dashed forward and passed him, thankful to get away from his polluting presence. Judge of my surprise and annoyance when, on glancing back, I found the push-cyclist was again in his old position behind the car. I accelerated from time to time, until the speedometer was registering 23, but no! I was unable to get rid of the fellow. Fortunately, our ways lay apart at the Welsh road, and he turned for Queen's Ferry, bidding me a polite "good afternoon."

My business now is to identify this push-cyclist with a view to having him reprimanded by the General Committee of our glorious Antibilious Association. He wore glasses, and had what the charitably inclined might admit was a moustache. His hair was turning grey, and he wore in the left lapel of his coat a black and blue badge of some sort. The initials on his handkerchief were either "J.B." or "J.C.B."

Yours faithfully,

FORMAMINT IRON JELLOID.

Tatcho Hall, Knutsford.

The Manchester to Buxton Road.

To find the best road to Buxton is a problem that often agitates the Manchester section. It is not settled yet, although the problem dates back to those earlier tourists, the Roaming Romans, who, stationed on the salubrious conflux of Irwell and Irk, as well as on that of Irwell and Medlock, were in the habit of taking the waters at Buxton as a refresher. Which road did they pick? We know of an old road that starts its saucy career at High Lane and switchbacks over every conceivable hill at an average gradient of one in seven, and never touches level ground. Was that it? The highest authorities say "No!" something far more sensible; in fact, they went over the ground that has become such a favourite with our Cheshire Road members, i.e., by Bollington. The details may be found interesting. They started off, of course, by Stockport, ever a Mecca to the traveller, and the present road to Stockport seems to have been used, keeping left at the Chapel toll bar, and dropping down to the Mersey, not by Lancashire Hill, but by the old and more direct helter-skelter street still in use. The method of crossing the Mersey is not now revealed, but Nature made Stockport into a unique crossing of the volume of water that once helped to shape the valleys of Tame, Goyt and Etherow. The name, Stockport, must surely have some bearing on it. I am giving away no military secrets, and have the authority of Belloc for stating that the Manchester fortifications aimed principally at protecting the Gap of Stockport, the only place where the Mersey could be crossed before the causeways of Stretford and Wilderspool were constructed.

What tramp of mighty legions must have hollowed out that hallowed Hillgate, for of course it was by Hillgate that after crossing the Mersey our

young friends climbed up the opposite bank, and it still looks the real thing to-day.

By the present Buxton road they reached the open at Great Moor, whence they could survey the much lower Norbury Moor. Here, just past the Crown Inn, they cried "Halt!" To put it plainly they smelt a rat, for what did they do? Just about where the present Bramhall Moor Road turns off, the Romans—smart young fellows every one—turned right at right angles, and made a straight line for the present Bramhall village, where, as is well known, the pavement was found in recent years when the new village created by the railway station, was begun. Bramhall village, a thing of yesterday, was built on a turn of the Roman Road, for here again they turned left at right angles back to the original direction. What on earth made them make this detour? Result, a sleepless night again, but with "Eureka" in the morning.

A feature of going by Bollington is that between crossing the waters of the Goyt at Stockport and recrossing them at Goyts Bridge, only one stream of importance bars the way, and that no other than the Lady-Brook, on the banks of which the present writer has pitched his numerous cycle sheds. That brook—brook indeed—that mountain stream, now the overflow of the Disley reservoirs must once have burst through the Glen of Middlewood, to flood the low-lying Norbury Moor like a torrent on emerging from the Gorge. Hence the odour in the Roman nostrils. The Ladybrook, before passing through wide banks between Bramhall Hall and Cheadle Hulme (after which it joins the Mersey at Cheadle), winds through a narrow gap: the Happy Valley, once the playground of my very offspring, and to bridge it would be but child's play to the wily Roman. This gap, lying in a direct line between Great Moor and the Bramhall-Woodford plateau, sent the Romans thus far in south-westerly direction. From this point they were on high and dry ground. Their next aim was the railway bridge between Poynton and Adlington, but instead of following the present road and lane they took a more direct line by the present footpath.

From the aforementioned railway bridge the plot thickens, for the track now lies over the very road that is not only in use but is considered to this day the best way to Pott-Shrigley. This road forks just short of the latter place, but an old branch keeps to the cliffs and toboggans into Bollington by the original Roman method.

At Bollington an angle was made, and as good, God-fearing men, they made a bee-line for Jenkins Chapel, then no doubt a Temple, making use, I hope, of the Mullah's favourite steep road to the Patch; from Jenkins Chapel by a road not now in use to Goyts Bridge, and then by the old road now called The Street direct to Buxton, keeping south-west of the present Manchester road.

MEMS.

On the strength of Crowcroft's Table of Invitation 100 results, our Prize Mathematicians have been prompting H. Kinder to lodge a claim for the 1st Prize in 1912! The real fact is that our meticulous compiler did not spot two misprints in the handbook. J. Hodges' actual time was 5-22-7 (not 5-22-17), and Kinder's handicap was only 33 minutes (not 38).

Undoubtedly we are a Club of Humourists! In reply to the All-night Ride circular asking for a postcard per return "stating if it is your intention to support the Fixture," *only one* postcard was received; and that was to say that the writer *regretted he would be unable to do so!* And yet we have people asking for more official week-ends! Ye gods!

The Baronial One has again been heard from and, as usual, his communication is dramatic. Fulton has broken out in another fresh spot, and as he quaintly remarks, "it is a very violent attack." Can you imagine R. A. F. in the role of a lecturer? A two column cutting from the *New York Journal of Commerce* recounts the fact that "The part played in the war by the men of the Allied Merchant Marine was portrayed by word and film in the presence of several hundred members of the Marine Insurance Club and their friends at the Waldorf-Astoria last night by R. A. Fulton, late Paymaster of the British Navy Volunteer Reserve," who delivered a lecture entitled "British Navy and the Mercantile Marine," "with the aid of three reels of films loaned him for this occasion by the British Government." It is evident that the Baron made good, for the roaring of the lion is distinctly to be heard. Whatever doubts you may have as to whether "R. A. Fulton, late Pay Lieutenant of the British Navy," is really *our* Baron, owing to its staggering your imagination to envisage him in the role of a public lecturer, will be entirely dissipated by the following expletives culled from the report of his address:—

"Piratical raids of fiendish brutality."

"To beat the devil at his hellish game."

"The piratical bloodthirsty Hun."

"Struggling for their very lives in the water with the hounds of hell."

From this you will see that there can be no doubt as to his identity, and it is good to know that Fulton has even increased his powers of invective as he has grown older. Good old Baronial One.

An advertisement in the *Irish Cyclist* begins thus: "Don't get stuck on a hill in the rain by a slipping belt. Your passenger doesn't like it." Several of grandad's passengers assure us that *his* belt never slips and that the tandem never stops on a hill—unless the local supply of dry ginger is known to be good, in both quality and quantity.

Influenced by the unfavourable condition of the roads, we learn that Chem. has now definitely relinquished for the present his intention of setting up an End-to-End record on a tradesman's delivery tricycle. The idea, however, will not be lost sight of, and may materialise next year. Meanwhile Chem. and his trainer (George Lake) are considering the possibility of reducing the Leasowe-Hoylake tandem record.

New Book: "The man with the lamp." This *must* be Grandad.

Tommy Royden on being asked why he did not get up in the "100," as anticipated, replied that he had tried to persuade the other fellows to ride with him at his pace, so as to make a sociable tour of it. Being unsuccessful, he gave up the idea of entering, especially as he strongly disapproved of the "finicky" accuracy of the timekeeper in bothering with seconds. His own best rides, he added, were done "without all this fuss," and he preferred to express his times, and miles in round figures. For instance, 87 miles would become a round century. He had done this in 13 $\frac{3}{4}$ hours, or in round figures 13 hours.

According to a contemporary, tennis spoils good looks. No such accusation can be levelled at cycling, as witness such hard riders as Chem., Lake, Oliver and Arthur.

In the hope of obtaining a cure for smoker's throat, Robinson has recently been taking a course of buttermilk in the Glyn Valley. We gather

that the malady is yielding to treatment, and that he will shortly be able to attend yet another club run.

The strained relations between Cook and Arthur are due to two Welsh names having been wrongly spelt in the June "Circular." For at least one of these, viz., "Llangollen," in which only three "l's" appeared, Grandad asserts that there was, is and can be no possible excuse, seeing that Professor G. M. Ilce so recently compiled an exhaustive treaty on the use, function, history and purpose of the Welsh double "l." Arthur admits that it certainly makes an l of a difference.

Newspaper heading: "The Hatless Brigade. Do brains and beauty suffer?" Now we understand the change in several of our members. For instance—but no! perhaps we'd better not.

The way the *Irish Cyclist* continues to sneer at the anti-rear light petition is distressing. The latest offence is to refer to *Cycling* which has done so much to fight the battle of cyclists as "an organ that has striven in true swash-buckler style to make the abolition of the little red lamp, so far as cyclists are concerned, appear to be almost a matter of national importance," and the writer then proceeds to poke fun at the fact that the Petition was lodged at the Home Office. "No fireworks! No band! No procession! No Stanceresque oratory! Just 'lodged' Now that the Petition is 'lodged' we hope the petitioners will not be 'taken in' and 'done for'!"

If this is the best the *Irish Cyclist* can do for the cause of cyclists and cycling after the practical experience of the O'Tatur, that the matter is a serious one, we are sorry. After this one can hardly be surprised that our "100," which is generally regarded as a "classic" event and was particularly important this year as marking the renaissance of speedwork, is dismissed with a brief and inaccurate paragraph, in which we are informed that "Mr. M. C. Selback of the Unity C.C. won the event from the scratch mark, his time being 5 hours, 15 minutes and 39 seconds." Ichabod! Even the Motor-cycle noter of the *Athletic News* did better than this.

RUNS.

Whitsuntide, 1919.

The weather conditions over this week-end were delightful—at least as far as non-competitors were concerned. Those competing in the race on the Monday would have welcomed a little less wind perhaps, but still one cannot have everything. A goodly muster sat down to tea at Whitechurch on the Saturday afternoon, reinforced later by further arrivals, amongst which were Chem., Marchanton, and a friend—Mr. Barstowe, the latter couple on a two-seater. Chem., who had been sighted at Broxton where he had denuded the hotel of its week's stock of innocuous liquids, had pushed himself all the way. Knackered, but determined, he would not hear of the suggestion put forward that he should go the remaining distance in the two-seater. As, however, we wanted to see him at Shrewsbury some time that night stern measures were resorted to. His machine was strung up at the side of the car, and strong, willing hands gently but with firmness deposited him in its interior; after which all was well. This seems to me an ideal way of cycling, and it was easy to see that it appealed strongly to Grandad; he was overwhelmed. The flight of time now holds no terrors for him, as by this means he will still be able to hold his own with the youngsters, even though his flowing locks become white as driven snow. On arrival at Shrewsbury, it was found, owing to a number of our members having got the wind

up concerning accommodation, that there were more beds than liars—beg pardon, liars—and poor Mac. had again to bury himself in statistics. However, eventually everything was arranged as satisfactorily as possible in the circumstances, some staying at the George, others at the Lion, and the majority at the Unicorn. On Sunday, various parties were organised for different destinations, and everybody appeared to have had a happy time. The Monday morning was fine, and Timekeeper Poole got his first man off the mark up to time, the competitors being started at one-minute intervals. The fastest man on the stretch to Prees Heath (a little over 28 miles) was W. Almond, of the Liverpool Century Club, who only occupied 1.20. He paid the penalty, however, and gradually faded away, eventually dropping out of the race. The next fastest was D. McInnes (Douglas) 1.21, M. G. Selbach (Unity) and E. A. Merlin (Polytechnic) tying with 1.23, W. Bibby (East Liverpool Wheelers) and G. Molyneux (Liverpool Century) 1.27 each. Amongst "Ours," Grim. did 1.25, F. Mundell 1.30, Blackburn 1.29, and Carpenter 1.33. On the stretch from the Raven to Hodnet (40 miles), Selbach took four minutes out of the next best man, Merlin, licking up the distance in 2.4; E. W. Hill (Unity) took 2.10½, McCloud (M. C. and A. C.) 2.12½, McInnes 2.13, Bibby 2.22, Molyneux 2.15½, Grim. 2.18, F. Mundell 2.30, Carpenter 2.34, and Blackburn 2.38. Everybody apparently found the triangle (Hodnet to Hodnet, 23¼ miles) very trying, as the best time over this piece was only 1.17½, by Selbach and McInnes. They were run very closely by J. G. Shaw (Sharrow), who had evidently improved with distance, in 1.18. Bibby did 1.19½, and Molyneux 1.22. Grim. over this stretch took 1.23½, while Carpenter, who was going along quite happily, was only 5½ minutes slower, and had succeeded in taking a couple of minutes out of F. Mundell, and 23 minutes out of Blackburn, the times being 1.29, 1.31, and 1.52 respectively. The remaining 8½ miles to the finish must have abounded with acid drops as Selbach took 31.9, Molyneux 32.24, Bibby 34.2, McInnes 31.36, Grim. 33.2, Carpenter 37.30, F. Mundell 37.37, Blackburn 37.34. Neither of the Kinders finished. Jay of that ilk punctured early on, and unfortunately had dropped his spanner en route; he lost so much time that it was useless his continuing. "Aitch," I understand, got scrapping with an old antagonist somewhere about the half distance, and in doing him over proceeded to attend his own obsequies. Hodges was unable to start owing to bad knee; G. F. Mundell was also a non-starter. The team race was won by the Douglas Club, with an aggregate of 16.45.34 for three riders, M. C. and A. C. being second with 17.7.56. The event, otherwise highly successful, was marred by a regrettable accident, Messrs. Haysom and Stringer colliding with a motor-cyclist. Haysom, fortunately, was not much hurt, but the motor-cyclist and Stringer had to be sent to the hospital. I am very pleased to say that their injuries turned out to be less serious than was at first expected, and they both left hospital after a few days, having made good progress towards complete recovery. Grim. finished strongly, and his time shows that he is getting back to his old form again. F. Mundell's ride, considering it was his first "100," was a very meritorious one indeed. Carpenter rode consistently throughout (with the exception, perhaps, of the last stretch) and was the first placed Anfielder, he doing a grand ride for a veteran, and riding back to Birmingham the same day! This ought to give Chem. food for reflection! Blackburn had tyre troubles, but pluckily finished the course. All the main points were populated with large crowds who evinced the keenest interest in the proceedings, while the popularity of the fixture among our own members was proved by their turning out to the tune of about 65. We were all delighted to see and welcome our old friend, Jack Siddeley, who had come up by car specially to witness the race after many years' absence. Everybody worked with the greatest enthusiasm and cheerfulness to make the event the success it undoubtedly was.

The full result is appended :--

No.	Name of Competitor.	Club.	Actual Time.			Handicap.	Handicap Time.			Remarks.
			H.	M.	S.		H.	M.	S.	
1	W. Bibby	East Liverpool Wheelers	5	42	32	36	5	6	32	1st Prize
2	G. Molyneux	Liverpool Century R. C.	5	36	54	30	5	6	54	2nd Prize
3	D. McInnes	Douglas	5	23	6	15	5	8	6	3rd Prize
4	J. G. Shaw	Sharrow	5	35	18	21	5	14	18	
5	W. J. Mason	Wood End R. C. C.	5	32	27	18	5	14	27	
6	M. G. Selbach	Unity	5	15	39	Ser.	5	15	39	Fastest time
7	S. Leigh	Manchester Wheelers	5	54	54	39	5	15	54	
8	J. Reid	Douglas	5	31	34	15	5	16	34	
9	E. W. Hill	Unity	5	29	49	10	5	19	40	
10	W. E. Jones	M. C. and A. C.	5	44	44	24	5	20	44	
11	J. Carrington	East Liverpool Wheelers	6	1	51	40	5	21	51	
12	D. Quinn	Douglas	5	50	54	29	5	21	54	
13	K. A. Merlin	Polytechnic	5	33	10	11	5	22	10	
14	A. G. McCloud	M. C. and A. C.	5	28	25	5	5	23	25	
15	G. E. Carpenter	Anfield	6	13	30	50	6	23	30	
16	A. E. Walters	Wood End R. C. C.	5	50	13	26	5	24	13	
17	J. A. Grimshaw	Anfield	5	39	32	14	5	25	32	
18	C. Tumilty	East Liverpool Wheelers	6	2	22	35	5	27	22	
19	F. Mundell	Anfield	6	8	87	35	5	33	87	
20	W. M. Jones	Liverpool Century	6	12	0	38	5	34	0	
21	E. Sproston	Manchester Wednesday	6	9	12	35	5	34	12	
22	F. Bott	Leicester	5	53	46	18	5	35	46	
23	E. B. Webb	Bath R. C.	5	48	3	12	5	36	3	
24	H. S. Capener	Speedwell	6	1	17	25	5	36	17	
25	A. W. Warner	Speedwell	5	53	44	16	5	37	44	
26	W. J. Reed	University	5	56	58	19	5	37	58	
27	T. A. Withers	M. C. and A. C.	5	54	27	13	5	41	27	
28	C. A. Sewell	N. R. C. C.	5	54	28	13	5	41	28	
29	C. Harrison	Cheadle Hulme	6	51	54	60	5	51	54	
30	J. S. Blackburn	Anfield	6	36	34	42	5	54	34	
	E. Smith	Cheshire R. C.								} Also started.
	H. L. Mitchell	Wem C. C.								
	J. E. Tomlin	Cheadle Hulme								
	E. T. Grainger	Unity								
	W. Almond	Liverpool Century R. C.								
	A. Markham	Bath R. C.								
	J. Norton	Wem C. C.								
	S. Dungworth	Sharrow								
	G. Stringer	Grosvenor Wheelers								
	C. B. Hayson	Polytechnic								
	C. A. Stephens	Polytechnic								
	P. Bush	East Liverpool Wheelers								
	C. Wedburg	Speedwell								
	J. Hindley	East Liverpool Wheelers								
	W. Siddall	Rutland Hall								
	R. A. Sherry	Liverpool Century R. C.								
	F. Thickett	Grosvenor Wheelers								
	E. Haynes	Manchester Wheelers								
	H. Kinder	Anfield								
	H. Pealling	Unity								
	R. S. Wilson	East Liverpool Wheelers								
	A. Lusty	Wood End R. C. C.								
	J. Kinder	Anfield								
	F. E. Parton	Wem C. C.								

The Team Race was won by the Douglas Club (three riders), with an aggregate of 16.45.34, M.C. and A.C. being second with 17.7.56.

Notes on the Event by a Cheadle Hulmer.

The Anfield "100" is, to a large extent, a Cheadle Hulme outing, with Headquarters at the Barley Mow, Newport. Round about Whit week the Anfield pulse can be heard beating in the Garden City of Ch.-H. No wonder then that the lanes between Chetwynd Church and the Lamb were patrolled during the race by elegantly attired visitors, the tout-ensemble making a pretty picture.

We were satisfied with the riding of Grimshaw, a rider who was modelled in our vicinity. Only a little of that cooler calculation was lacking in him. I saw him pass through Hadnall first time, fairly threading his way through a field of first and second rounders. It looked like a path race. That speed in the last hour would have worked wonders. He averaged 21 in the first hour and 17 during the remainder. Why not 17 in the first and 21 in the remainder. Result would then be inside 5 hours. Quite simple! "Voila," as the assistant checker at Crudgington would say.

Many no doubt recognised behind that military bearing at Waters-Crudgington the late member who did such excellent time for a veteran in one of our "fifties" a little before the war. Long sojourn "over there" has transformed the erstwhile Royle into Monsieur Royal. Preux Chevalier—plus royaliste que le Roi. Needless to say he, too, is from Ch-H. where the "sets" come from, and was on this occasion the Keeper and Driver of a very exclusive and juicy Set: Mr. Preston and Others. They crowded largely round the Crudgington Chief Checker: one Buckley, who was an imposing figure and had invented a new word of command as each rider came in sight; something like: Line up there! or words to that effect. It was very effective. (Poor old Buckley was in great form, little dreaming he was so soon to be faced by the greatest sadness of his life.)

Harrison, the Cheadle Hulme Captain and N.C.U. Manchester Secretary—the limit man—started, rode and finished like a man and like the rare sticker he is. (True, Carpenter gave him 10 minutes and a beating, but the heavy day—wind and roads—would tell most against the older man, and Harrison beats even Carpenter in age.)

Little Tomlin of the Hulme—Soldier, Entertainer, Speedbeast—started training at the eleventh hour and but for a second puncture at 80 miles with no more spares would have been a sound finisher. Weight, 7 stone 15 ounces.

As already mentioned, Carpenter, the famous trailerist, was up and for once so were his tyres. He finished in a canter and, of course, was hopelessly underdistanced. When Carpenter goes for a jaunt the first hundred are but a knee stretcher. Imagine his disgust at being hauled off at Battlefield third time and being told that it was all over. Why he never even dismounted to fill his flask. I supposed he carried it—I carried mine.

Frank Mundell did, I believe, a little over 6 hours. That is surely very good for an almost novice in the teeth of the wind. But why did his tall brother abstain. No good ever came of abstaining. Look at the "Kinderen." Both entered—both rode—and I saw them both at frequent intervals, but never knew which was which.

I am curious to know what Blackburn did, an old and honoured name in the Anfield with a new face. Surely he did well, he looked it, meant well and deserved well. We must see him again.

The Bridge at Waters Upton will have to be marshalled in future for an accident to two competitors occurred there through the fault of a motor cycling outsider. The bridge was well lined with the overflow from the local pub, but buffers though they were, they did not act as such.

Two men went wrong at Rockhall. One cried "I'm second time," but was only first time round, and the other insisted that it was his first time round when it was his second. Even Knipe is not prepared for such conundrums. To avoid this, each man should dismount and present his checking book as in days of old.

The fact remains that many riders believe that Preston Brockhurst is really Rockhall because the old farmhouse at the corner might once have seen greater days and also because there is the beautiful old Hall of Preston Brockhurst close to, whose outlines the racing men cannot help but stay to admire for a short spell. Knipe suggests that the owners of these rival attractions shall be made to erect hoardings resembling his own and inscribe thereon: This is not Rockhall; all enquiries for Rockhall apply R. L. Knipe $\frac{1}{4}$ mile lower down.

The George Hotel (our soi-distant H.Q.) did not seem to quarter many members, much less quench, feed or comfort. Only the empty motors received a welcome. The Unicorn—the protégé of our Editor—did its best and deserves to be tried as Headquarters. Its Yard—ever a feature with the Club—its Green and its River-Wall combine to attract us there. Those members insisting on Celibacy can always farm out. In vain have we tried the George, the Crown, the Raven, the Lion, the Gullet, and none is chosen. Why not try the Rhinoceros?

I drew Selbach in the Sweep, which was in itself an honour worth more than mere money prizes. He did his very best for me and did fastest time. I was delighted. The task connected with these Sweepstakes proves the necessity of having really good H.Q.

A man is known by the Company he keeps. On Saturday I fell in with Arthur, Chem the cyclist, and J.V.M. and his pal. Thus we discovered a Beer-Bottle-Cellar. On Sunday I had a relapse, but on Monday I found Hubert, Lake, Liz-Buck and the only beer on the course; and here I sit on Tuesday night on the Veranda of the Caversham Bridge Hotel gazing at the Waters of the crowded Thames packed with Boaters and Swimmers and spilling Coffee and Sherry over the Pages of the *Gazette*.

Hence these notes. Bear with the poor old Cheadle-Humour.

Delamere, June 14th, 1919.

Many were the lamentations among the walking brigade and others when it became known that Halewood was off. Great were the rejoicings of the Mancunians and the hard riders at the prospect of a really long ride. Nearly everyone was diverted to Delamere, and according to their temperament and fitness were their remarks on arrival there. I had started for Chester on my own, and thought I should plough a lonely furrow, but, nearing Mollington, a vision in white, accompanied by a real cyclist, with Southport handlebars, attracted my attention. As I drew alongside, I recognised the noble features of Tommy Royden, and my first thoughts were of accidents. Had T. R. knocked down another titled lady, and was he following her home to get the cheque? But it proved to be a daughter of the baronet, T. R., and I was duly introduced. We were parted, however, before Chester, and I inveigled my companion into a short cut round the earth, guaranteed down hill all the way. The route patronised was over the Packhorse Bridges, Duddon, Willington, over the top of the hill by a track, and into Kelsall and Delamere. The writer got it badly put across him by Tommy Royden in the half-mile walking track race to the top of Kelsall Hill. Arrived at the Abbey Arms, we washed, although on our holidays, and presented ourselves in the tea room at 5.58 $\frac{1}{2}$ (Swallow Fall's time): an egg-straordinary sight met our gaze, the room being full of Anfielders all hard at work making more shells. "We must have more shells" was evidently the password. We managed to get a few snacks before A. Newsholme (new unofficial collector of the money bags) took up the cash, and afterwards all moved outside. An A.A. Scout, complete with uniform, satchel and Dreadnought bicycle, created much amusement by his careful discrimination in waving on motor traffic,

and saluting those who had the badge on their cars, combinations and outfits. Grimshaw and Mundell were in evidence, looking none the worse for their strenuous "100." Chem. arrived about 7 p.m., very heated and proud. He believes someone has been lengthening the road between Liverpool and Delamere. Johnny Band, who was mending tubular tyres all evening, on being asked why he rode Libertys, replied that Constrictors were too slow. The Chester party encountered enormous numbers of charrs-a-bain with the population of Manchester therein (Manchester!) However, after Chester the road was clear, and with the exception of a motor collision at Hinderton, the ride home was uneventful. Not so with Chem., whose adventures would fill a book. Front lamps which won't burn, and whose wicks drop out, rear lamps which go up bodily in smoke when lit, streets with policemen at the corner, harrowing conversations. Sprints when round the corner, more policemen: What a life! We guarantee Chem. thinks house-hunting easy by comparison.

Ripley, June 14th, 1919.

This was an epoch-making day, for Neason broke another record. The Finchley member was observed snap-shooting the Anchor at 5-45, and during tea he confessed that this was his first visit to Ripley. Time was when the *Sine qua non* of a wheelman who aspired to join a London club was "Had he been to the Anchor and back in a day?" The Club Photo (Southern Section) was duly taken after tea, and Giuseppi having arrived, Host Dibble's heart expanded to the extent of tapping a fresh barrel of the best. Rumour hath it that Hellier was so affected by reading the last Circular that he has recanted and fully expects to be out in July. The crowd got away soon after 8 o'clock and, helped by a following wind, made good time to their respective suburbs.

Chester, June 21st, 1919.

Why Chester is not popular is hard to say. Can it be that we are frightened of tram lines? They are not so hunnish as all that. For the Wirral Worthies there is none! To the B. & S. for the Liverpool Lads, via Warrington or Transporter, again "nothing doing," and for the Manchester Men, via Kelsall, etc., there's "nobbut a mile." Peradventure our members are shy of entering a city (justly renowned for its fair ladies) not clad in their glad rags. The members, not the ladies, I mean. Whatever the reason is Chester teas never seem crowded. On this occasion we had a goodly spread of cold viands, which were enjoyed by all. During the meal there were several enquiries for "Appy," who had been reported as "sailed," but he did not "dock." After grub the fixture seemed to turn into a touting match. The Pagan one was endeavouring to persuade un-ary youths to ride to Cheltenham, "or if you can't do that come to Ruabon for supper; it'll be a nice spin there and back before going to bed." The Skipper seemed to be chock full of Invitation Races and was bolsbevising all and sundry to partake in them, and the Mullah was politely booking men to stand, at unearthly hours, at street corners in the wilds of Cheshire and/or Shropshire.

At the conclusion of these scenes, which reminded one of the Grand National races, the week-end parties departed. The Master, Robinson, Billy Cook and Threlfall for Llanarmon, Harold Kettle and the Mundells (with and without) for the Near East, and Li. Cohen, Jimmy James and all the Kinders for Bangor-on-Dee. The mystery of Grimmy was partially solved the next morning as Li. Cohen and Jimmy met him at Waverton. Grimmy explained "that he was on his way to Malpas to attend the Cheshire Roads Club run" (fixed for the following Sunday). I'm afraid that "Appy" is not riding as well as usual, as he had then exactly 170 hours to do about 10 miles.

All Night Ride to Cheltenham, June 27/28th, 1919.

The M.T.C. (Marchanton Touring Club) is becoming quite a feature at these week-ends. Starting at Whitsuntide with a small party of two in a Deluge, augmented later by the addition of a real cyclist, the movement has grown to such proportions that it was necessary, in order to meet the demand for seats, that a char-a-banc be acquired. The tour proper, as far as this section was concerned, commenced several hours before schedule time, for which we were indebted to the Licensing Authorities, but at 10-0 p.m. sharp could be seen emerging in good order from *Les Bras du Roi* at Prescott a galaxy drawn from several counties, each member of which wearing (among other things) a do-or-die expression denoting his fell determination to go through with this thing at all hazards. The party comprised Messrs. Barstow (the genial owner), Frazer and pilot, Marchanton, Lizzie. Chem. and the Editor. The last-named must be a very popular chap, as no sooner had he arrived than he was the recipient of a Bradbury from each of the others, who would brook no refusal. Useless to tell them that he was not really hard up, and that as a matter of fact his Union had just succeeded in getting him a half-a-dollar rise in his wages, they would have none of it. Poor innocent lamb, he little knew the Machiavellian deeps of the Mancunian heart lying in turbid strata underneath Marchanton's Jaeger. The plot was quickly revealed, a round of drinks breaking the back of one Bradbury, the fractured remains of which being swept up later owing to similar accidents. By the time Ruabon was left the Editor had gone into liquidation and could only pay three pence in the pound, and it is a blessing Thomas, Walter and John were not present, otherwise they would probably have wound him up. At Ruabon the party was strongly augmented by the arrival of the Hard Riders, viz., Cook and Tierney, tandemons, Turner and Newsholme, tantrikeards, and Chandler (who were going all the way), Knipe, Cody, Royden, Threlfall, Gregg, Rogers, Kettle, Warburton, Harley and Williamson, who were returning to their homes—at least it was so assumed—and the Lake-Plumber outfit. This being in no sense a speed ride a start to schedule was made from the Wynnstay by the cyclists, each one replete with empty rear lights, followed an hour later by the motor bus, the occupants of which, after a couple of hours, were gravely disturbed through not having sighted the pack, and a stop was made to ascertain if their mangled remains were adhering to the bottom of the car. An exhaustive search revealed no signs, and it was with a curious sense of disappointment the ride was resumed. This was deepened a little later when we discerned a black patch on the road which appeared to be moving at about evens (this being in no sense a speed ride), and from whose rear the red lamp of piety had been shorn of its inviting glamour. On arrival at Craven Arms, about 4-45 a.m., a peaceful penetration of the Stokesay Castle was made, and the hiatus between this and breakfast time (during which the Big Five arrived still unknackered) was usefully occupied in restoring the percentage, small doses of O. (D.V.) accelerating the process and removing that tired feeling. Ledbury was reached in good time and order, and the eventual destination, after some tricky steering, was safely negotiated about 5-0 p.m. Here more Hard Riders from the South (Beardwood and Neason) were discovered, looking all the better for the gruel they had mopped up on passage, while Mawr, who had ridden up that day from Bristol, had not changed a hair in the process; Allen Tooth, whom we had not seen for umpteen years, was also there, looking as though time had passed him by unnoticed, this being accounted for by the fact that he had not cycled for years—an object lesson to Grandad. George Mercer, with a friend, who had joined the party at Ledbury, had also arrived, having started in in the morning, and altogether we numbered, I think, 20, which is, I should imagine, something approaching a record for this fixture.

After dinner select parties took different tours round the town to inspect the specific gravities of the brews, which was systematically and thoroughly carried out—and so to bed. Seven o'clock the following (Sabbath) morning saw the cycling contingent stopping their safety razors with a view to carrying out the adage anent cleanliness and godliness. This early hour was fixed to give Tierney plenty of time to

pack up all his portmanteaux, the hotel staff being requisitioned to pile them up on the tandem; Grandad watched this spectacle with unconcealed delight and admiration. Shortly after 9 a.m. the old gentleman, who had been straining at the leash, bribed the porter to charter a goods van for the remainder of his partner's luggage, and they then barged off into the unknown. Beardwood, Neason and Mawr were the next to deprive us of their congenial presence, and at 10 o'clock all had departed, the char-a-banc party waving a fond adieu to Allen Tooth on his way for the 10-27. The next stop was at Bridgenorth, where a party of ten re-assembled round the festive board, and Chandler fell into a fit of apoplexy on learning after he had finished his cheese that he could have had a third helping of lamb. The following call was at Newport, where Madame de Fluff was discovered in a pitiable state of depression consequent upon the absence of the proprietor away to pastures new. Comfort was administered to her in small doses and the nucleus of a cigarette combine in which we all took shares was formed, everybody going to allotment; she gradually revived under the stimulating influence of this dual proposition combining convalescence with business, and a few hours later when we left was conversationally perfect. From here we went to Market Drayton, under the able direction of Marchanton. This master mind piloted us to his pet hotel, where we had a refreshment-room repast at Trocadero tariff, whereupon he immediately resigned his presidency of the Cheshire Roads Beefsteak Club, after a heated altercation with the serving maid. From there a search for what used to be ever-open doors was fruitless, and consequently a non-stop run (only enlivened by the enjoyable spectacle of the tantrikeurds at Knutsford still piling up their agony) was made to the Liverpool Landing Stage, just in time to catch the 12-30 (midnight) boat, the Studebaeker having then a further 20 miles to go before its labours were done. Thus ended a most enjoyable week-end.

A. T. SIMPSON,

Editor.

ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB.

FORMED MARCH 1879.

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

MONTHLY CIRCULAR.

Vol. XIV.

No. 162.

FIXTURES FOR AUGUST, 1919.

	Light up at
Aug. 2-4. TOUR IN LAKE DISTRICT—Ambleside (White Lion)	9-95 p.m.
„ 9.—Chester (Bull and Stirrup).....	9-22 p.m.
„ 11.—Committee Meeting, Common Hall, Hackins Hey, Dale Street, Liverpool. 7 p.m.	
„ 16.—FIFTY MILES HANDICAP, Shropshire Course, Shawbury (Elephant and Castle)	9-8 p.m.
„ 23.—Rossett (Golden Lion).....	8-52 p.m.
„ 30.—Little Budworth (Red Lion)	8-36 p.m.
Sept. 5-6.—TWENTY-FOUR HOURS INVITATION RIDE. Headquarters Chester (Bull and Stirrup)	8-20 p.m.

ALTERNATIVE RUN FOR LONDON MEMBERS.

Aug. 9.—Ripley (Anchor)	9-22 p.m.
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Full moon 11th instant.

Committee Notes.

21, Water Street,

Liverpool.

The second "50" is to be held on 16th August over a Shropshire course. The time of start has not yet been fixed, as this will depend upon the train arrangements, but it will be announced as soon as fixed. Entries must reach me not later than first post Saturday, August 9th. A number of Checkers and Helpers are required, and I shall be glad of offers of assistance in good time.

This latter remark also applies, but to a much greater extent to the Invitation "24" to be held on Friday and Saturday, 5th and 6th September. If you can do anything to help, either at Chester during the night, or on any of the extensions from Chester during the night, or in Shropshire during the morning or round Knutsford in the afternoon, please let me know at the earliest possible opportunity so that I may give you a post. I have drafted out a new course for the "24," which has been accepted by the Course Committee. This course is so arranged that all riders doing over 310 miles will finish

within a short radius of Chester. The difficulty of the shortage of hotel accommodation in the Knutsford district is thus avoided, and the trouble of having clothes sent along to Knutsford ended. Members interested can learn the details in advance by applying to me. Entries, which must be accompanied by a remittance for 10/6 to help cover the cost of feeding, must reach me not later than first post Saturday, 30th August.

Invitations for three riders each have been sent to all Clubs in the N.R.R.A. Territory. It is not known yet what accommodation it is possible to book for the Saturday night in the Knutsford District, but what it is possible to do will be done.

NEW MEMBER.—Mr. E. W. HARLEY, 19, Liversidge Road, Higher Tranmere, Birkenhead, has been elected to Junior Active Membership.

APPLICATIONS FOR MEMBERSHIP.—Mr. F. E. PARTON, Mayfield, Harmer Hill, near Shrewsbury, proposed by F. D. McCann, seconded by W. P. Cook; Mr. T. E. MANDALL, 18, George's Road, West Derby Road, Liverpool, proposed by J. Kinder, seconded by A. P. James; Mr. D. B. ROGERS, 13, Cearns Road, Oxtou, Birkenhead, proposed by W. P. Cook, seconded by F. D. McCann (Junior Active).

The Committee have accepted the gift of a "Victory and Peace Cup," presented by a former member, Mr. E. A. Tooth, who leaves the question of the disposal to the Committee. There are many ways in which it could be offered; it might be put up for the "24," to go to the *member* riding the greatest distance this year, or it might be made a Challenge Trophy to be held for one year by the *member* riding the greatest distance in that year's "24," to become the property of any member winning it twice in succession, or three times in all; it might be offered to the member accomplishing the ride in any year which brings the greatest credit to the Club, or a Special "50" might be held, etc. As the last Committee Meeting was not a full and representative one, the question of dealing with the Cup was adjourned. Members having ideas as to the disposal of the handsome trophy, which may be seen at the above address, are invited to forward their suggestions to me so that I may bring them before the next meeting of the Committee.

NEW ADDRESSES.—A. E. WALTERS, Uffington, Near Shrewsbury; Lieut. JAMES ROWATT, 23, Esplanade, Waterloo, Liverpool.

F. D. McCANN,
Hon. Secretary.

Concerning Those On Service.

Parcels have been sent to the two Members On Active Service Abroad—to one cigarettes, assorted biscuits, fruit drops and herrings in tomatoes, and to the other 1lb. tobacco.

G. Stephenson writes as follows, under date July 18th:—"On July 2nd I came back here (Maryborough), where I have been having quite a busy time.

"We shall be celebrating things here to-morrow in true Army style, and I thought I'd better write to-day while my hands are steady! I am hoping to get over for the '50' next month, but there is no certainty about it yet. I am hoping, however, and will let you know definitely later on. I see you are celebrating to-morrow by the 'Twelve Hours.' I got the Card this morning and hope it's a success.

Oh, by the way, please convey my hearty congrats. to Turnor and Newsholme on their success last week. It's a fine performance on a tank

like the Tandem Trike, especially for youngsters like they are. It isn't as though they'd been riding for years!

"I have always forgotten to tell you that I became a fully-fledged 'Loot' last March, so it is entirely my fault that letters have been addressed wrongly. But 'Gawd knows I aint proud.' It always slipped my memory till after the letter was sealed up, and then I said 'never mind, I'll tell him next time.'

"There's no news much to tell you. I am a motorist temporarily, just now, being in charge of Armoured Car Section. 'Some' motoring I can tell you. I have a Ford for use as well, though, but I do not love it.

"No more news, so cheerio!"

MEMS.

N.O.T.C.R.—The Northern Old Time Cyclists' Rally will be held at Warburton (Saracen's Head), on Sunday, 24th August. Tea is at 4 p.m. The price of the ticket and badge is 3/-. As your representatives upon the Organising Committee, we hope you will apply for tickets in good time. This year there is no Cyclist Prisoners of War Fund, or other Fund, to be benefitted, and no more than 3/- will be accepted. We are anxious that the Anfield should have a very large representation to redound to its credit and past traditions as the premier Club, so please make a special effort to attend the Rally. This time the Mullah will occupy the presidential chair.

F. D. McCANN.
N. P. COOK.

"Kuklos," of *The Daily News*, states that "there is no more consistent all-weather rider in the world" than W. P. Cook of the Anfield B. C. It must cost Granddad a pretty penny to keep on the right side of these journalists and thus to secure the torrent of unsolicited (?) testimonials with which he is favoured. And yet how he does hate this publicity! Not arf!!

In view of the revival of road-racing, we are glad to be able to announce that two of our members, who have successfully concealed their identity under the *nom de plume* of "Arthurchem," have prepared for early publication an invaluable treatise entitled "How to look like a speed merchant."

Hodges is very anxious that his win of the 100 in 1912 should not be exaggerated. There were two misprints in the Handbook for that year as already recorded, but the first one was in Bamford's time and not Hodges'. Bamford's actual time was 5-16-20 (not 5-16-10), and this made Hodges the winner of the Handicap by 3 seconds.

Turnor and Newsholme desire to thank all members of the Club for their kind assistance on the occasion of the Tandem Tricycle "24." Only through such help was the ride possible.

Elsie sends us the following revelations of a mid-week unofficial yet persistently regular run *not* in the Wirral:—

Tuesday evening is when it happens; weather has no terrors for the enthusiastic H.R.A. who are always out; distance no object; bicycle essential. The attendance figures would stagger—oh, any old thing. President and Vice, invariably present and full of beans (when other forms of nourishment unavailable). The final destination is Broadgreen. (Heavens! what are we coming to?—Ed.) The old dodderers, *e.g.*, President, Vice., and Committee go direct via Smithdown Road, Garden City and the Rocket, whereas the Riders, *i.e.*, them as wot as no fears of miles or carbuncles, do a

ride via Ullet Road, Rue de Smithdown, Grant Road, then a series of lane routes, completing the journey via Rocky Lane and straight on through the swinging doors of the Abbey. Of course, with such energetic riders like the Editor, it is a common (or uncommon) practice to make a slight extension via Cardiff, Lincoln and Skelmersdale. Anybody can use any road he wants, providing he does not cross the Executive. Have at you ye speed-beasts of the Wirral! Join the Tuesday nighters and be a real cyclist.

If everything else failed:—

Tierney (the world-famous baggage master) could make a living by packing for people who were going away for the day.

Robinson *might* try his hand at writing for "th' paapers."

Cook could take over Knipe's allotments, and sell potatoes.

Royden might make quite a good thing out of introducing people to Royalty—with an occasional cycle accident.

By attending *every* run, Venables would be assured of a regular income.

Cheminais could take to the road in the interests of his patent hair-raiser, the distinguished inventor constituting a striking advertisement.

Buck could hardly resist what would be a golden opportunity for exhibiting himself as "The Sleeping Beauty."

Hubert Roskell could take service under the War Office and travel the country giving limelight lectures on the subject of "Tanks," military and otherwise.

Aftermath of All-Night Ride.

As a certain amount of interest appertains to the return journey from Cheltenham, it may be recorded that the Mercer car had a delightful potter on the Cotswolds and reached Warwick on the Sunday night, whence they returned direct on the Monday. The Lake-Plumber outfit decided to give the youth and beauty of Cheltenham the benefit of their company on the Sunday before making for Coventry on the Monday, and home by Wednesday evening. The Mullah-Knewsome tantrike shipped some very heavy seas after Bridgenorth, and Chandler found it rather gratty after losing their windscreen at Whitchurch, but a good square meal at Chester enabled him to dock safe and well. The Grandad-Tierney tandem reported as barging into the unknown were really using napper to circumvent the draught! They made for Gloucester, Ross, Goodrich Castle, Monmouth, Abergavenny, Crickhowell, Brecon, Llandovery, Carmarthen and Llandyssil—a little jaunt of 137 miles on the Sunday. It had been intended to proceed from Llandovery direct to Llandyssil through Lampeter, but the burning question "Have they been carting timber?" caused the detour via Carmarthen. On the Monday their route was Newcastle Emlyn and across the hills to Penlan, Post Mawr, Aberacron, Aberystwyth, Machynlleth and Dinas Mawddwy. Tuesday over the Bwlch-y-groes (with a side trip up the shoulder of Aran Mawddwy) to Bala, Llandegla, and home; with a total distance of about 440 miles.

Look out for a Special Article on "All Night Rides" by "Wayfarer" in *Cycling*, which is due to appear any time now. No extra charge will be made for the issue, and the information will surely be invaluable.

After reading the brilliant account of the Ringway Run, March 8th, which appeared in the April Circular, we expected large support for the All Night Ride by our Manchester Members. What became of the 15 voters on that historic occasion? Every endeavour was made to meet their wishes, but only at Cheltenham could accommodation be secured, and, after all, this was an important essential. Alas and alack, only two of the 15 materialised, and even the learned contributor was conspicuous by his absence.

Local Weather.

[By our Special Commissioner.]

Following the All Night Ride, Cook and Tierney did a little cycling in Wales, as reported above, on the former's tandem (which has since had to be rebuilt). The weather was none too good in the Liverpool district, but, knowing that rain is often very local, our Special Commissioner subsequently waited on the two tourists in turn and obtained their impressions. He now writes as follows:—I found Cook on his allotment, watering the fruit trees, pruning the cabbages, and thinning out the asparagus. "Yes," he said, in reply to my enquiry. "The weather was simply superb. I think we had two small showers of rain—one while we were at lunch and another just after we had finished the day's ride—and, of course, they did all the good in the world by laying the dust, freshening up things and making cycling ever so much easier. Wind? No, nothing to speak of—just a gentle zephyr to temper the heat of the sun. Perfect weather! Couldn't have been better! Now what do you think of these potatoes . . .?"

Tierney apologised for keeping me waiting for 3½ hours whilst he unpacked his luggage. "We had dreadful weather," he said. "I had my mac. on the whole time. Rain, rain, rain all day long, and wind—my gracious! I never saw anything like it. The roads were saturated, and I don't think we saw the sun once. The experience proved the wisdom of taking plenty of luggage. I was able to have a complete change of clothes every time we stopped. Next time I go with Cook (who seems to be unlucky regarding the weather) I shall take a complete diving suit. You may add that Cook is not at all a bad partner on a tandem. If anything, however, he leaves too much to the man on the rear seat."

Britons All.

The delightful discovery made in recent psychological research that The Brittons Are Three explains their repeated appearance at our runs, the ever freshness of their presence, and the deep impression always left behind.

I have just received the 1919 photo, Charlie's latest, and the first glance reveals, as a sturdy outpost on the east, one without whom the picture would be incomplete. Ah! but which one? For not only are they numerous in the flesh—the too too stolid flesh that will not melt—but they present a diversity of character that is puzzling yet fascinating to the ardent student in Anfield ranks. I venture to aspire to this study which will occupy the rest of my life, and what better, what richer field than the Brittons.

First we have Thomas, the elder—the delightful companion, the raconteur (backed up by his carnet de notes), the viveur (dare we say it), the gourmet (in pre-ration days), the epicure in taste, in short the bon-vivant. With just one drop of Mountain Dew—now "over" due—he overflows and we absorb. Need I labour his praises? I need not and I dare not, or I'd be d—ned indeed.

Next comes Walter, usually present when something disturbs the smooth running of the wheels of time. Walter at Wigmore is not forgotten yet in

the Welsh Valleys. Not since the days of Mortimer such wroth had Wigmore known. Caustic ever, Sarcastic oft, Sardonic at times, Satanic if the elements dare thwart him, and the wit that in the mind of Thomas toys with epigrams, hurls thunderbolts at those who obstruct Walter's path.

Lastly comes John, a mere youth by comparison, the sportsman, the ardent tourist, the athlete of yesterday. He is it who curbs three wheels unto his will, alert yet masterful. In rhythmic measure he glides swiftly as the wind, perchance leading the Anfield pack. As an exponent of the three-wheeler his example helped to set this fashion to the Club. It is John who is wont to rival our Ven in speed as well as in form and feature.

Recapitulating I can well understand their once remarkable and to many inexplicable position in N.C.U. affairs. After John the rider had made himself a household word in cycling matters, it must have been Thomas who on festive occasions took the chair, from which he would be hard to dislodge. Well do I remember him under canvas at Harrogate. Finally, it would be Walter who hurled his opprobrium at all Sinning Cyclists till the sound of his name struck terror in the heart of the stoutest athlete in the dressing tent, and became a byword re-echoed from path to jury-box or stand till it made the very banking reel.

May long they continue to perplex us with their ever-changing personality, and Thomas be unto Walter what Walter is unto John.

"How many are you then," said I
To Thomas Walter John.
"Oh, Master, We're The Limit,
For we're Three rolled into One."

RUNS.

Hoo Green (Photo Run), July 5th, 1919.

Alas and alack, and woe is me! One of my gifted scribes whom I signalled out for the distinguished honour of writing up this historic event, has gone away into regions all unknown, and handed out to me l'oiseau. Poultry in its way is a succulent and acceptable dish, but as a substitute for "copy" it leaves something to be desired. Post after post have I awaited hopefully, but no word comes from the miscreant who has gone away leaving no trace of his wretched whereabouts, and now at the twenty-third hour, engulfed in despair, I sit down, my mind a blank, to fill the aching void. And this is not all, for will I not have to grovel at the feet of the haughty and disdainful printer (whom nothing will persuade that I don't write on the whole of the rag) and plead with him for the insertion of this report? In imagination, I can see him now shrivelling me up with cold and baleful glance as I stammeringly stutter out my vapid "explanations," and feel my spine turn to water as he holds me with his glittering eye. Thank heaven the time is not far off when the control of this journal will surely revert to a real hard rider with stamina unimpaired, whose system, toned up by countless tussles with similar stalwarts, will be proof against these horrible happenings. (Let me see, I must be through about quarter of a page by now) The weather for this run was all that could be wished, and after tea 34 intrepid men valiantly faced the starter. Charlie (always particularly resplendent on these occasions, but for some reason best known to himself, without his Bettws stockings) is a regular martinet on this job. He will stand no nonsense and marshals his squad with military precision, only allowing them to stand at ease after he has shot at them several times. The result, as will be seen in this issue, has been highly successful. Several members were, unfortunately, absent owing to their taking part in a fifty

miles handicap race under the auspices of the Cheadle Hulme C.C.—which, by the way Grimmy won in fastest time, 2.33 if my memory serves me, with Frank Mundell second with 2.11 otherwise the number would have been enhanced, to say nothing of the beauty. This ordeal being over, the crowd dispersed to their homes or otherwise, there being one or two week-end parties.

Once more we are indebted to Charlie Conway for his trouble and expense in connection with this highly popular fixture.

Knutstord, July 12th, 1919.

This fixture really became the Turnor-Newsholme 24 Hours Tandem Tricycle Record event. It is true that some 16 sat down to tea at the Cranford Cafe, and fairly paralysed the management by their capacity as grub shifters, but what can you expect when most of the boys had been out and about for nearly 24 hours and were also being regaled by a choir rendering part songs on the lawn? Altogether, there must have been 41 members on the job and we know that Turnor and Newsholme fully appreciated the yeoman service so willingly rendered (particularly by those who had checking jobs in Wirral in the pouring rain during the night), and which went so far to help crown their efforts with complete success. This tandem tricycle record attempt reminds us of the first such attempt made by Anfielders as long ago as August 1st, 1885, when Lawrence Fletcher and G. P. Mills (names to conjure with in the early days of the Club and road work) started from Reading on a course which would nowadays raise a smile! In the simplicity of those days they started to ride to Harrogate "against a strong wind and over bad roads" accompanied by the late Hugh Fraser (a name of fragrant memory amongst us) on a bicycle. Unfortunately, at Stamford (120 miles) the axle of the tantrike "fired" and the record attempt had to be abandoned, but George Mills, who was a glutton for 24's (he rode *six* in 1885) took Fraser's bicycle and completed 208 miles in the day! Perhaps this digression will be excused on the grounds that it is a bit of ancient history that will interest the present generation, as well as reminding the B O B's that in 34 years some progress has been made. So let us return to our muttons. No one can say Turnor and Newsholme had not trained most consistently and made their arrangements with meticulous care. The All-night ride, with its grafty ride back from Cheltenham, undoubtedly stood them in good stead and provides a lesson for other record aspirants. The only thing they could not guard against was the weather which played them a very dirty trick! The previous 24 hours had been ideal, but as the hour for the start approached it was fairly evident that it was only the lull before the storm and such proved to be the case. The record breakers had barely been despatched on their long journey by Poole when the weather broke, and near Tarporley after darkness had set in the rain descended in torrents. To add insult to injury their front tyre deflated and 15 precious minutes were lost in effecting the necessary repair under distressing circumstances, so it was "a couple of drowned rats in a cage" that arrived at Chester, where so experienced a man as Knipe, who was in charge there, thought it was folly for them to proceed. But the Mullah always gives us a run for our money, and by some wonderful riding on the Chester extensions they gradually made up the leeway, and when the rain ceased at 2.0 a.m. they began to get ahead of schedule and eventually arrived at Whitchurch for the Salop triangles nine minutes ahead of schedule. Unfortunately, as the weather cleared up, the wind steadily increased until a young gale was blowing. The long beat up from Shawburch against it, added to the stiffness induced by the previous three hours soaking, must have been something of a purgatory, and it says a great deal

for their wonderful fitness that after completing 175 miles in 12 hours they finished up with Shropshire (249 miles) dead on time. The long leg to Congleton was perhaps not quite so acidulated, although a side wind is no help to a trike of any sort, but from Congleton to Middlewich Corner (285½ miles) must have been more than grafty and it was not surprising that they had then got seven minutes behind schedule, which deficit was increased to 11 minutes before they got on to the small Chelford-Tweenlow Green-Siddington triangle. However, on their own doorstep so to speak, they started to call on their reserves and by some really wonderfully plucky riding they steadily pulled up until they had more than got their own back and excitement ran high as to whether they would manage to beat Holbein and Bidlake's old paced record of 333 miles. Picking up the time-keeper (it was quite like old times to see Harry Poole on the back of a tandem again) at Chelford they reached Tabley Corner with nine minutes to go and very thoughtfully finished at Mere Corner (with the usual mob of followers!), so that those who had prepared themselves for a measuring job had no work to do! . . . Thus to the surprise of many people the first post-war record has been accomplished under very far from favourable conditions. It redounds greatly to the credit of Turnor and Newsholme, and we Anfielders also get some of the kudos and bask in their reflected glory, for the traditions of the past make it most fitting that the Anfield should secure the first record. The old Paced and Unpaced N.R.R.A. Standards (275 miles) were beaten to a frazzle, and the R.R.A. Unpaced Standard (330 miles) quite usefully broken, while if the claim for 334 miles works out correctly the old R.R.A. Paced Record of 333 miles will be sup- planted in the Record Tables. So mote it be! Grimmy and Herbert Jackson of the C.R.C. worked solidly for 24 hours like Trojans and were a host in themselves, but *all* the helpers did more than their allotted "bits," and much appreciated services were rendered by many whose names did not figure on the timesheet. Of the club-runners Band and Chandler returned via Chester and Gregg and Edwards via Warrington, while there were two week-end parties at Delamere and Middlewich respectively, the former being under the patronage of "Him Who Orders This Written," and the latter under the aegis of the Master. And thus is History recorded.

The Week end Rides of July Twelfth.

The tandemtrike "24" was a true sporting fixture intended solely to whet our appetites for the pastime and to serve as an excuse for week-end purposes. Two parties answered the call, both with an alternative eye on the Sunday midday meal provided by the Beefsteakers at Nantwich. One section slept in the hospitable but not always coaxing Arms extended at Delamere Abbey. They report that on this occasion at least these arms were couleur de rose. I met Arthur en route for same, but he just waved and left me standing. He wanted the plums all to himself.

So I joined Cook and Sons for Middlewich to explore the pros and cons at the White Bear. This hostelry which, according to the Landlord's view, was till yesterday a White Elephant, now offers a welcome with the choice of six beds. The Host is a man of parts; one M'Cormick, a demobbed Captain, an old Regular; a once famous boxer, old champion runner, hails from Wrexham, backed by Sam Johnson, rival to Bill Mirlees (brother of the Quotas' Lessee), etc., and now father and trainer of the new boxing wonder, Boy M'Cormick. Resembles Hubert in thirst and weight, viz., fights at 13 stone and imbibes at 19 stone. So much for Middlewich.

The riding itself broke with all traditions of Cook's Tours. After the surfeit of speed exhibited by the Turnholme Trike the Cook party dawdled

along in pleasant confab., an ambling conversazione with Cook in the trike-chair. On the Sunday we approached the Nantwich Lamb by a delightful detour. First we thoroughly explored the beauties of Alsager under Talk: the so-called Cheshire Southport. We reached it through wooded glades, and just before striking the boulevard we skirted the rippling waters of the great lake black with the bulging sail of numerous yachts. Here the Potting Magnates retire from their Potbanks. Three railway stations surround the resort. It was here that resided the Anfield Holder of the Ordinary Record at all distances.

The next place was Barthomley, another beauty spot. The Church and the Inn are two irresistible rival attractions. We admired both inside and out. Betley and Madeley, followed by the fine climb to Woore, brought us to another House that we never pass, finishing with the fast drop to Nantwich where the Mullah awaited us fresh as paint, surrounded by a score of Cheshire Roaders among whom was our late Secretary with his rival week-end party. After that it became a Cheshire Roads Run.

This Cheshire-Staffordshire Border affords good week-end country, but is short of hotels. The Sandbach Wheat Sheaf no longer offers its Dormitory; the Congleton Lion starts roaring at closing time, so we must look to the Middlewich Bear for comfort in south Cheshire.

Ripley, July 12th, 1919.

The roads were in perfect condition after the heavy rain, and the scarcity of petrol-driven machines made it all the more enjoyable to be out and about.

Putney and East Sheen were represented—arriving by different routes, and after the usual excellent tea adjourned to the Tank. Host Dibble was here discovered trying to pacify a sorrowful Bath Road man, who appeared to have lost six good miles of Surrey roads, but with the timely arrival of Giuseppe, the magician, the necessary distance was immediately restored, and peace and harmony reigned to the clink of glasses.

The Grape was again tasted at Thames Ditton, after which a glorious moon lighted us to our destinations.

Neason's absence was unavoidable, and the cycle merchant at Brunley had not delivered the goods to our three-wheeler. However, as del Strother is now up in London, there seems every prospect of a record attendance in August.

Twelve Hours' Handicap, July 19th, 1919.

Der Tag, and some "tag" too. Twelve of the best and brightest. Some up-hill, some down-hill, and five course luncheons scattered over the country. F.G.A.F.N. (These cryptic letters we take to mean "Follow Grandad and fear nothing.—Ed.) Inefficiency in the past-time could be the only possible excuse for the non-starters; since the old wangle "could not possibly get the whole day off" was knocked on the head, thanks to the aggressiveness of our scrappers towardth th'un. If you can't hisp'th read "th'Bosche," and off we go.

Harry Poole began his recitation to the A.B.C. Peter Pan at the eighth hour of ak enuna, and so started the first man in accordance with the k'rect card. The non-starters were Mac and Tierney. John Kinder decided that his brother should push him for 12 hours on the tandem, and it was so, until three punctures caused the retirement of the whole family. All the Mundells were travelling in their usual cheery way until the Picanny's innards (I mean Frank's) revolted at the idea of undergoing

strangulation for 12 hours, especially after doing 103 miles of real hard work. Blackburn and Rogers went astray after Chetwynd and eventually reached Crudginton the first time via Shawbirch, whilst Grimshaw, Walters and Warburton in spite of their draughty passage down to Chetwynd appeared to go well. The race at about half distance was most interesting, more so, seeing that the wind, which was very strong, showed a tendency to drop. Alas! it was not for long, for it redoubled in strength and eventually backed right round. Walter's style impressed me considerably, and I am sure he will be a real hustler in the very near future. I know that Warburton could not have had such a good time had he "blued" his 5/- on a char-a-banc outing, for he always seemed to have tons of energy to spare. Why, he wasted at least five miles trying to argue the point with me! I *hate* Secretaries!

Around the triangles everyone was merry and bright, and Willie Band's mathematics proved that Blackburn did 23 miles in one hour. Seeing that Blackburn did not do the Shawbirch triangle, his velocity was not so high as Billy calculated. H.L.B. (which, being interpreted, meaneth 'hard lines Blackburn!') One of my many assistants remarked that they were all young 'uns "wot was raicin." (Now "Grimmy" cover that bald patch.) Carpenter quite perkily at Crudg. 103 miles, had the audacity to ask what type of drink was being dispensed! This practice of cross-examining checkers must cease. I propose now that a 365 days race be started for Carpenter's benefit, just to use a bit of the superfluous energy which he seems to possess, for 'tis whispered that he rode back to Penzance after the race.

It is a great pity that Rogers and Blackburn mislaid the course, for both would certainly have given George Mundell a scrap for first place. "Grimmy" in his style reminded me of Grimshaw, especially when we (*i.e.*, us of Crudg) handed him a (meaning, an) drink. I am convinced that he would devour broken glass sandwiches flavoured with empty "bully" tins with the lids well turned back. He rode well, and deserves every praise for a good ride under conditions which were by no means ideal, and undoubtedly would have topped 200 if he had not punctured on his return up the Longford. How many of the Club were out, I know not——: Who was at —— I know not. Where was —— same place.

The last paragraph explains clearly where everyone was, and where the others were not. So here must end, to my mind, an accurate and detailed report of exactly what happened to just a few of us. Week-end parties were numerous. Some to Liverpool. Some to Birkenhead, and a few to Manchester. The majority of the racing men stayed the night in Chester, where on the previous night they had the shabbiest of accommodation, and did not by any means before the race obtain a breakfast conducive to either speed or stamina. Otherwise no complaints.

STOP PRESS.

Sunday — CHESTER — 1.30 p.m.

Howling gale. Wet rain.

GRANDAD: "Where did you stay last night"? (This with humour.)

LI: "Wem." (This with determination and snap.)

GRANDAD: "What train did you catch here"? (This with sarcasm.)

LI: "Per cycle all the way." (This with greater snap.)

GRANDAD: "But really —————???? (Staggered and called
"Three please.")

James, an onlooker at the above dialogue, fumes with "pash" and rage, about equal parts, for was he not knackered as a result of the journey?

The last act of the above dialogue will take place in at least the House of Lords since the matter has been placed in the hands of the H.R.A.'s solicitors—Messrs. Bass, Radcliffe and Gretton.

The results worked out as follows:—

	Actual Mileage.	Handicap.	
1st...G. F. Mundell.....	174 $\frac{3}{4}$ miles.....	25 miles	= 199 $\frac{3}{4}$ miles.
2nd...A. E. Walters	186 $\frac{1}{2}$ miles.....	10 miles	= 196 $\frac{1}{2}$ miles.
3rd...J. A. Grimshaw	196 $\frac{1}{2}$ miles.....	Scratch.	= 196 $\frac{1}{2}$ miles.

(Walters beat Grimshaw for 2nd place by 89 yards.)

J. S. Blackburn did not follow the course, but probably rode 180 $\frac{1}{2}$ miles for standard medal. G. E. Carpenter did 172 miles, and J. Rogers 170 miles.

Considering Blackburn and Rogers were novices, the mileages are highly satisfactory and will certainly be improved upon by these promising riders, while Carpenter's performance is remarkable for a veteran.

What the Flap Flaggers at Crudgington Observed.

Discontent written all over Carpenter's face at the thought of only 12 hours in which to get moving.

A Tandem arrived muttering "back and front."

This mysterious expression was "compreed" when a constrictor was hurled at the sign-post. James insisted and immediately made good the damage; whilst F. H. and Elsie looked on.

"Grimmy" is a glutton! He eats too much, that is why he can't ride fast. Also he drinks *and* breaks his bottles. Jimmy whispered something in his ear ———. "Grimmy" pushed 'em down!!

Blackburn *did* reach Crudgington. The earth was throwing up "Blackburns" every few minutes. He came from all directions, and it is apparent that the "Crudg" menu suits his discriminating palate.

Warburton went into hysterics 100 per cent. when Blackburn turned up at "Crudg" coming from Breall ———. How about Elsie?

A rumour was very current that an ARAB was checking at Shawbirch. Merely F. H. covered in bunting, and complete in his Peace Day attire.

Walters seemed to be quite happy—he even said "Thank you"! Good man Walters! but has evidently not yet developed the true Anfield spirit. Mundell (avec) was not apprehended for loitering. THE END OF A PERFECT DAY. 9d. returned on the empties—should have been 11d.—Ask Grimshaw and Warburton. Writs to follow.

There is no more room for pleasure cycling in England unless cyclists have a few roads reserved for them.—"An Enthusiast," in the *Daily Mail*. Is this the reason why Blackburn avoided Shawbirch?

Delamere, July 26th, 1919.

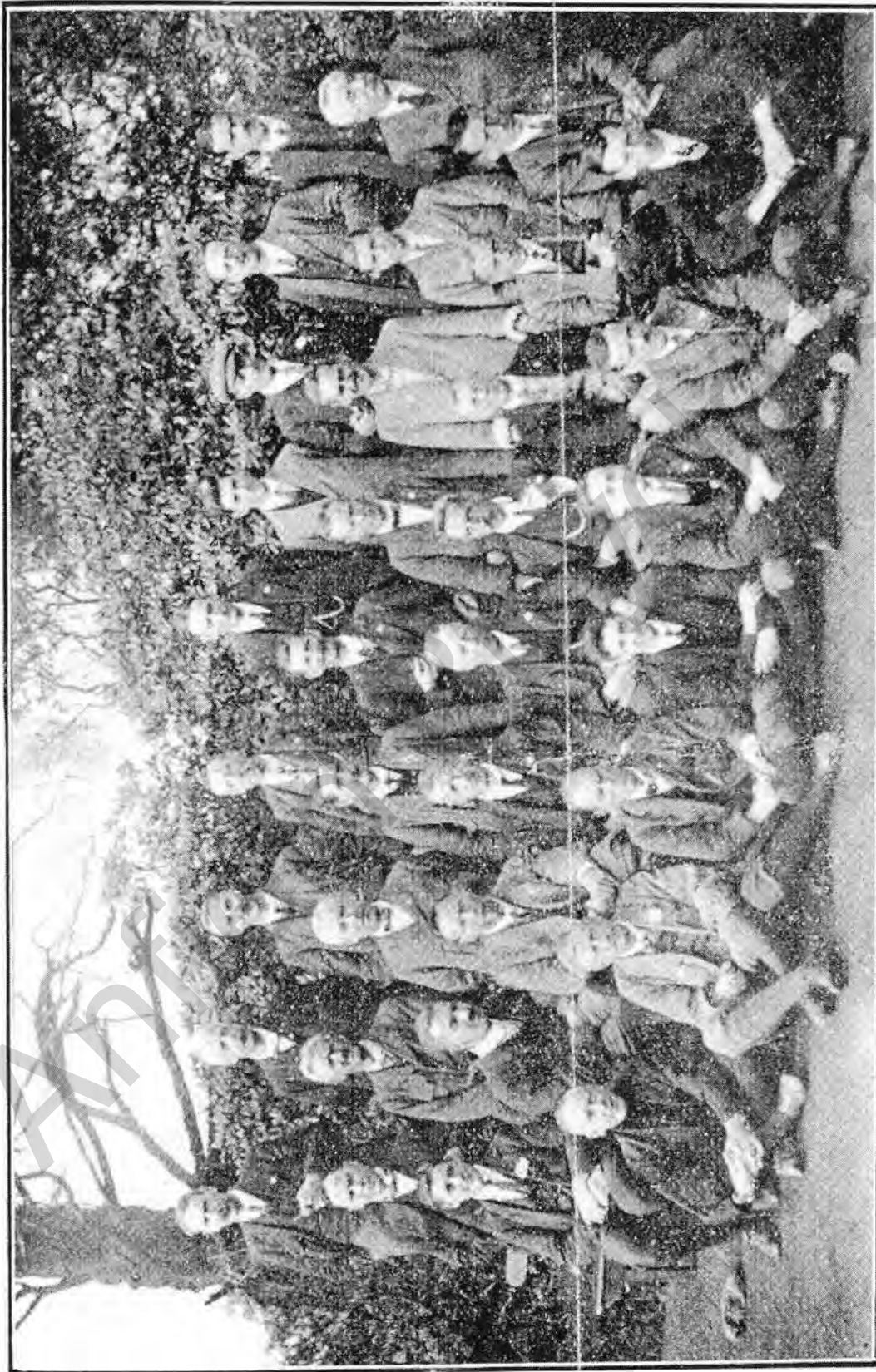
The beautiful weather of the 26th awoke many hibernating members, so that the tea-table at Delamere showed quite a sprinkling of butterflies amid the regular moths. The great event of the day was the tea, or rather, the lack of it; 38 starving men clamouring for grub, and the aforesaid grub arriving in penny numbers. My tea consisted of one egg and some bread and butter and jam at ten minute intervals, and for this—this

“tea”—we were rooked to the usual amount. A.T.S. was the only cheerful one, for he had no work to do, and, as he said to me when I was fast in his meshes: “Look what a lot of copy you can make out of it.” Cook and Kettle were reported to be week-ending at Newport. Johnny Band had no punctures to mend. Ven’s cheerful face and ready hand were not in evidence. The junior members were in full force, aided and abetted by Grimmy, who was in fine form over tea. An alleged choir, with a motor char-a-banc, performed for our benefit before tea, and their efforts were applauded by our musical members. Frank Chandler, dogged by bad luck, arrived as the last notes died away. On departing, a useful (if we had been going the other way) breeze made itself felt, and we were kept busy getting them down to Chester. The really Slow pack, consisting of Robinson, Gregg, Parry and Greenwood, caught the Slow pack, consisting of Teddy Edwards, Harley and Threlfall, before Chester. Threlfall had unluckily strained a sinew or something in his starboard flipper, and was emulating Grandad’s one-legged ride of a few months back. After Chester, Greenwood must needs light a small fire, he being the proud possessor of a 3-speed gear, top about 112. This 112 kept us busy, but the speed merchant soon felt the draught (in more senses than one) and retired to wait for his friend Robinson, and to cool down. Tommy Royden was overtaken (this was cycling, not walking) just before Hinderton and joined the happy party there. It only remains to add that Chem. arrived at the “Abbey Arms” about his usual time (7.5 p.m.) and was greeted with vociferous cheering.

A. T. SIMPSON,

Editor.

HOO GREEN, JULY 5th, 1919.



Reading left to right : — Boardman, Cook, Cody, Turner, Carter, Entwistle, Cooper, H. Green, McCann, Stimpson, Koenen, W. A. Lowcock, Davies, J. Kindley Kettle, Robinson, Threlfall, Britton, Gregg, J. C. Bond, Knie, E. Edwards, Mercer, Royden, A. M. Higham, James, Cohen, Newsholme, Vombles, Chandler, Harley, Aldridge, Gorman, H. Kinder

ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB.

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MONTHLY CIRCULAR.

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No. 163.

FIXTURES FOR SEPTEMBER, 1919.

		Light up at
Sept. 5-6.	TWENTY-FOUR HOURS INVITATION RIDE. Headquarters: Chester (Bull and Stirrup)	8-50 p.m.
„	8.—Committee Meeting, Common Hall, Hackins Hey, Dale Street, Liverpool, 7 p.m.	
„	13—Hoo Green (The Kilton).....	8-38 p.m.
„	20.—Rossett (Golden Lion). Tea 5-30 p.m.	8-16 p.m.
„	27.—Eaton, near Tarporley (Red Lion)	7-59 p.m.
Oct. 4.	Halewood (Derby Arms)	7-42 p.m.

ALTERNATIVE RUN FOR LONDON MEMBERS.

Sept. 13.	Ripley (Anchor)	8-33 p.m.
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ALTERNATIVE RUN FOR MANCHESTER MEMBERS.

Oct. 4.	Knutsford (Lord Eldon). Tea 5-30 p.m.	7-42 p.m.
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Full moon 10th instant.

Committee Notes.

21, Water Street,
Liverpool.

THE TWENTY-FOUR. If you have not already advised me that you are able to help check, please do it immediately. A large number of checkers, marshalls and helpers is necessary, and I can give everybody something to do. If you find at the last minute that you can help, please be at Chester during the night or place yourself at the Timekeeper's disposal at 6 p.m. at Vicar's Cross as a follower.

NEW MEMBERS.—Messrs. F. E. PARTON and T. E. MANDALL have been elected to Active Membership; and Mr. D. B. ROGERS has been elected to Junior Active Membership.

APPLICATION FOR MEMBERSHIP.—Mr. T. HILTON-HESKETH, Orrell House, Stretford, Lancs., proposed by E. Buckley, seconded by H. S. Barrett; MR. WILFRID EDWIN TAYLOR, c/o. Rudge, Whitworth, Ltd., 101, Bold Street, Liverpool (Junior Active), proposed by W. M. Robinsen, seconded by W. P. Cook; MR. HAROLD RAE, "Lynwood," Ditchfield Road, Hough Green, near Widnes (Junior Active), proposed by W. P. Cook, seconded by F. D. McGann.

The Committee decided to award the Silver Cup, given by Mr. Tooth, to the member riding the greatest distance in this year's 24 hours' ride.

A parcel containing cigarettes, bunloaf, lobster paste and toffee has been sent to one member serving with the Army of the Rhine.

NEW ADDRESSES.—F. C. DEL STROTHER, 29, Drayton Gardens, London, S.W.10.; E. A. WOODWARD, Santiago del Estero 3329, Olivos F.C.C.A., Buenos Aires, Argentina.

F. D. McCANN,
Hon. Secretary.

Financial Unrest in the Treasury.

Our Chancellor of the Exchequer writes that the balance at the Bank is getting down to such proportions that he has had to resort to microscopic implements in order to locate it. The strain entailed in this operation is getting to such a pitch that he threatens to develop 'eyedrophobia' ('ow, 'ow). This must be prevented at all costs, so, laggards, get busy with the good work by either depositing the necessary amount at any Branch of the Bank of Liverpool to be credited to the Club's account at their Tue Brook Branch (thus saving 3½d.) or sending him a cheque to 108 Moscow Drive, Liverpool.

MEMS.

Many members who remember Raymond Meeredy, who partnered Arjay on a tandem at Easter, 1910, will regret to learn that, according to the *Irish Cyclist*, he "looks down with scorn on the push bicycle." Perhaps this is hardly to be wondered at when his father persists in using a term that was conceived in ignorance and born in contempt. If any "looking down with scorn" is at all necessary it should be directed to the present day youth who resorts to petrol for his propulsion instead of benefiting by the exercise of propelling himself.

We have heard of a man being "bitten in the stomach by wild monkeys," but we never heard of one being "bitten in the hand by a tame rabbit!" Ask Toft.

Hurrah! At long last the fatuous and iniquitous Lights on Vehicles Order has been cancelled. Our sleuth hound "Specials" were the first to blazon forth the good news, and Mac was probably the first cyclist to take off his back lamp bracket, but it was left for Cohen and James to discard their rear lamps in the most appropriate manner. Cohen presented his to a policeman and James hurled his over the hedge near Waverton!!! Those of you who mistakenly pride yourselves on not reading the *Cycling Press* have little idea how much you owe in the shape of a debt of gratitude to *Cycling* and "Robin Hood"—not to mention "Wayfarer." Stancer ("Robin Hood") has played a leading part in worrying the Home Office, educating C.T.C. Councillors of the "never ride at night" breed and inducing the powerful aid of the Labour Party in Parliament. Now that we are back to pre-war conditions our motoring members will no longer have to carry a five inch tape measure, L. O. will become a "law" abiding citizen, the Mullah will cease to be polite to "Specials" and our Wirral members will not fear to run the gauntlet of Thornton Hough! But we are really sorry for Grandpa who is thereby robbed of a topic for his tongue and pen! Ichabod!

It is very confusing to have all these Rogers twins in the Club. Cotter said to one of them the other night: "Is your brother out?" Whereupon someone said: "But how do you know this one isn't his brother?"

Newspaper heading: "Why not be a centenarian?" Grandad says he is doing his best, anyhow, but it requires time, and people must be patient.

A cycle noter in the lay press recently referred to the Turner-Newsholme tan-trike record as "an enormity." So now we know!

Blackburn did a very good performance in the East Liverpool "50" on August Bank Holiday, winning the event in the useful time of 2.39, off the 20 minutes mark, thereby giving the handicap a nasty jar. Blackburn is coming on very fast, and at this rate will soon be one of our speediest men, and able to give a good account of himself in the best company.

We hear on the very worst authority that the following telegram was sent to the Home Secretary early in August: "Vehemently protest against reactionary and anti-motoristic decision cancel rear lights on cycles regulation. Mass meetings throughout Thornton Hough condemn action as ridiculous and retrograde. Entire police force of Thornton Hough threatens strike unless decision rescinded instantly." The signature is undecipherable, but it is thought to be either "Hilditch" or "Royden."

Ven was observed looking round the Old Timers' gathering with hungry eyes and envious mien. "My!" he was heard to mutter, "If only I had to collect from this crowd, what profits there would be for me! Not arf!"

A correspondent of *Cycling* states that he finds umpteen pounds of camping impediments distributed about his machine "a positive help" on the level and down hill. Since reading this, we understand that Grandad has placed an order with the King of Kampers for a complete set of peasticks and pocket handkerchiefs. We ought now to see some Really Fast riding on the part of the old 'un.

E. A. Woodward, whose name is last but not least in our membership list, will be remembered by the older members as one of the "deck ornaments" who, when home from sea, used to chew acid in big lumps and thoroughly enjoy himself on the Club Runs. Woodward has just been home from Buenos Ayres *en famille* after a lapse of five years and did not fail to attend the Kafé Konklave, but unfortunately was not able to manage a Club Fixture, keenly as he wished to do. Still, he would not sail without copies of the Rags he has missed through absence from his postal address, and showed his deep abiding interest in the Club by making a more than generous donation to the Prize Fund, with the intimation that whenever it requires "refreshing" again we have only to let him know! So now ye budding speed merchants need not worry about corraling prizes. We understand Knipe has not yet recovered from the shock of surprise. Bon voyage, Woodward, and may your shadow never grow less.

Chem and Peris have just returned after a month's peregrinations through Spain. Chem says this country is a delightful one, although dam hot, but his pleasure was somewhat marred owing to the pressure of engagements preventing his displaying his prowess in the Bull Ring, thus thwarting a long cherished ambition to beat the native toreador on his own dust heap. During his travels abroad he received the joyful intelligence that he had attained the dignity of grandadhood, his only daughter, taking advantage of his absence, having given birth to a lusty young Anfielder, and we offer all concerned our heartiest congratulations. This octagenarian section is rapidly attaining imposing proportions, and Cook is bringing up a proposal at the next Committee Meeting to have special runs arranged for it.

The Presider and Mac, our doughty Specials, had a most enjoyable August Bank Holiday week-end, and heartily pitied the poor tourists slogging away in the Lake District. They say the scenery and amusements in

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that District cannot possibly be compared with those of London Road, in addition to which there was no lack of excitement, to say nothing of loot; in fact the Presider has serious thoughts of going into the wholesale jewellery line. The charge of the Light (Special) Brigade must have been a stirring sight—at any rate it stirred the rioters to good tune, and prevented what might have developed into a chaotic state of affairs.

Robinson is the latest to succumb to the alluring fascinations of a Ford, accompanying Oliver Cooper to the Old Timers' Rally. A curious feature was that the real motorist (evidently in shame) wore cycling garb, whereas the real cyclist shamelessly flaunted himself garbed to resemble a motorman! Oh! Waverer (beg pardon, Wayfarer) we never expected this!

RUNS.

Lakebound—Preamble.

Les Voila! One and a half miles north of Preston cresting the rise at the Quatre-Bras where a policeman stands night and day to commemorate the crossing of the Roman Roads, I drew level. They rode in cluster close. The tricycle in the lap almost leading yet surrounded and protected in a perfect circle like a Citadel with lowered drawbridge ready for the sortie, Cook in the Keep, the Turnors, Reynolds, Fawcetts and other smart young fellows in the trenches.

As I passed they knew not the muffled figure 'merging stormtossed from those Belmont heights that have given Bolton the impressive surname of "les Moors." Their "gang" was stern and not till I re-discovered them near Milnthorpe did their mien sufficiently thaw to bathe their lips in tea, while prancing to and fro eager to reach the ration station of Kendal where at the Commercial we did commence in bartering their chops for our silverlings.

As my wheels rumbled through the streets of the old town I beheld the forlorn Sentinel on Right: the Castle Ruins topping the round Puys with no other habitation near, frowning from across the Kent into the pride of Westmoreland, and utterly alone, a strange contrast.

And also a weird contrast with that more modern Sentinel on Left whom I, lost in thought, ignored till he startled me with his: "Your name and College, Sir." I cried: "Wellfarer of the Anfield and Beefsteak Clubs," and "Who are you?" "Royden of the Upper Bars, Rider in Advance!" And adding: "Is Wayfarer of his way?" I tottered. If Wayfarer fares well, then let Wellfarer withdraw to his viands and be heard no more.

Lake District, August 2nd-4th, 1919.

To make sure of getting there the same day, Cook (on trike) and Harley set off for Ambleside soon after dawn—in fact, about 10 a.m. They struck a "place" within the meaning of the Act and of the meteorological experts, and Grandad had to don his holland coat, which he uses for collecting roads and parts of roads. Threlfall (who subsequently had to turn back owing to his starboard propeller being damaged) chipped in at Walton Church, Fawcett joined the convoy at Ormskirk, and Proud Preston produced "Mr. Mullins," who spoke eloquently of the rural delights of Walkden—pronounced "Wogden." Here a microscopical dinner at a magnificent price was disposed of, and the journey was resumed. F. H., disguised as a sanitary inspector and evidently travelling in cog., overtook the cyclists just outside Preston, stopped at Garstang for food, caught up with the cyclists again at Carnforth, and subsequently went ahead to order tea at Kendal, where Royden was discovered and taken in hand. The

journey was completed in the cool of the evening. Reynolds was found to be in possession of Ambleside, having "trained" from Aintree to Preston owing to the rain (which, as Grandad says, was not really wet), and thus kept in front of the main body all day.

Robinson left Liverpool at 12.30 and arrived Ambleside at 8.55, having had the company of Greenwood (who was bound for Sedbergh) as far as Lancaster. An excellent tea was obtained at Garstang. Chandler crossed from Birkenhead by the 2 o'clock boat, had an argument with the tram-lines at Walton, with the result that he "took it lying down," adjourned to a local dry dock, and waited patiently during the rebuilding and re-upholstering process. Tea'd at Garstang and docked at Ambleside just before 10.30.

There were thus present: Cook, Koenen, Fawcett, Turnor, Reynolds, Royden, Robinson, Harley, and Chandler—Total 9. Edwards was staying in the town and joined us for Sunday's ride, and Boardman, finding at the eleventh hour that he was able to get away, reached the White Lion in time for supper on the Sunday. The absentees (in addition to Threlfall) were Newsholme, who had gone to help at the Bath Road "100," and all the Brittens, who were unable to agree as to whose turn it was to foot the bill—Thomas's, Walter's, or John's.

Sunday's programme was a delightful one. Leaving at 10 a.m., we set off via Rydal Water, Grasmere Lake, Grasmere, and Dunmail Raise to Thirlmere. Here "Mr. Mullins" invited us to utilise the road constructed by the Manchester Corporation along the west side of the lake. He spoke of it as "our" road, talked of what "we" had done, and altogether got so chesty about his old road that for the sake of a quiet life we thought it well to see what the thing was like. Certainly the road gave us good views of the lake, but what nobody seemed able to understand was that Manchester should require so much water. Is beer scarce in the City of Perpetual Sunshine?

We got on with it to Keswick, Derwent Water, and Borrowdale, and then, I think, the "tour proper" must have commenced. The toll road being a strict Sabbatharian, we were left to do our best with the old road over Honister, which is very fierce and rough. On the first slope F.H. made a determined attempt to commit suicide, his machine jumping off the road and coming to a standstill—or a lie still—on the edge of a steep dell, the Master being partly underneath it. Fortunately, Chandler and Robinson, who had been drinking themselves to death at an adjacent stream, were available to assist in the salvage operations, and the combined efforts of the three tourists rescued the motor cycle and put it on the road again. Walking exercise (except for F.H.) was the order of the day, and there has since been a brisk demand for shoe leather. It was well after two o'clock when our destination was reached, and Robinson (who had the hungry knock) asserts that the best bit of scenery on the whole tour was the sign-board of the Buttermere Hotel. There was even finer scenery indoors, however, and short work was made of the excellent lunch provided.

A brief visit was then paid to Crummock Water. Turnor liked the look of this so much that he traversed the full length of the lake, and, apparently being tired of our company, carried on via the Whinlatter Pass to Keswick and so to Ambleside, which he reached well in advance of the Real Cyclists. The rest of us paid strict attention to business over Buttermere House, continuing via Portinscale, Keswick and the east side of Thirlmere to the Nag's Head, Wythburn, where a topping tea was faithfully dealt with. We were then fit to think about Dunmail Raise. At Grasmere we had a look at Wordsworth's and Coleridge's graves and also at Dove Cottage. And so back to Ambleside, where we discovered Boardman. The

conversation in the tank that evening chiefly concerned the "walking captains" and "the purest sport—rock climbing." F.H. and Boardman also spoke (as the local reporter would say).

On Monday an early start for home—and elsewhere—was made. The party split into two, F.H., Cook, Fawcett, Royden and Reynolds going north, and Chandler, Robinson, Turnor and Harley going south. The south bound party struck rain—wet rain, too—soon after starting, and wished they had Grandad with them to scare it away. Travelling via Bowness and Newby Bridge, they donned capes at Milnthorpe, being then wet through. Lunch at Lancaster. More wet rain. Turnor went off for Manchester (via "Wogden") at Preston, and the remaining three, after having tea with a crowd of beanfeasters at Rufford, reached Looted Liverpool in ample time to catch the 8.30 boat. Thus ended a mighty pleasant week-end.

MONDAY: BANK HOLIDAY! A day of joy, but also sadness; for this day the club tour ends around the festive dishes at our County Hotel in Lancaster. But if the tour die, then *vive* the sub-tour, which starts with most ambitious aims for Kirkstone Pass. We decline the scramble up the short cut to the Pass Inn (no longer the Travellers' Rest, which name lacked dignity) and ride like men along the shelf road by the Mortal Man, the so-called Troutbeck main-road, which starts at the Low-Wood Hotel. Leaving the Pass Inn, Brothers Water looked tempting, but Cook was cautious. More so than Fawcett, who tried to tempt Providence and met with an abrupt stop. He returned to Ambleside carrying spokes, but next day when going home I overtook him he looked none the worse for his somersault. The escort of Boardman also withdrew and we were reduced to four, of whom Royden would leave us at Carlisle for Scotland. After Ullswater we made for Penrith and being bent on the Roman Wall, rival attractions at Eamont Bridge in the shape of the pre-historic Temple and the Round Table had needs to be ignored; the road was the thing and that from Penrith to Carlisle is pronounced to be the finest in the country. I sampled the hilly direct piece of the first two miles, now disused, and it is still excellent. I wondered if it was in use in the early attempts on the John O'Groat's records.

Royden, who scented afar the refectory at the Mitre, did not dismount, but explained why the Romans sat down at Voreda, namely: to overcome the pre-historic campstormers on Petteril Green Sugarloaf, two miles further along the road, with their usual admonition: "Don't let me catch you bending," a phrase so rich in meaning that it survives to this day. Right opposite the sugarloaf an ancient hollow track in the hillside winds eastward to join the Maiden Way. Have you noticed it? Look next time.

The lunch at the Mitre suited Royden to a T, and he left us vowing to go and see the Cathedral. We three crossed the river to Stanwick and turned up the Newcastle road at the very spot on the hilltop where the Romans sat down and the Wall came in. For we were bent on the Wall and one of us bent his anatomy there. Pagan was going to see the great work of those older Pagans to whom we owe our highways.

That what we call the Wall, and they called the Muros, is also described by the ancients as the "Limite," a name which some of ourselves bear with pride, meaning that we too are a Landmark, almost a Monument.

The road from Newcastle to Carlisle built by General Wade runs for the first twenty miles practically on the foundations of the Wall, as he used the stones for his road material. From Walwick to Greenhead it runs along the Vallum and here the Wall is preserved except where the farmers stole the stones. This portion is just as Wade made it, and a

close imitation of a Roman road. An L of a road. It was here that I chose to make a false step. From Greenhead to Carlisle the road runs a few miles south of the Wall, of which nothing remains except the piece Banks to Gilsland which our party explored, and where Fosse and Vallum are fine. Of these three sections the first and third are modernised.

We followed the last section from Carlisle to Brampton, then made for Banks by Naworth Castle and Lanercost Priory, and there got on the "Limite." This piece Banks to Gilsland gave us a fair idea of what the barrier looked like. The northern fosse on our left, twenty feet wide by ten deep, bits of crumbling wall by the roadside, the ditches and parapets of the double Vallum on our right hand, and our road replacing the Roman military road between the two, which measured in all some seventy-seven thousand Roman Paces; but we do not know the length of the Roman stride. For a moment I saw in Cook's tricycle the Roman chariot with Bill as charioteer, his helmet replaced by his copper brow. From a distance we saw remains of the Wall closing the nine nicks of Thirlwall; we saw miles of it climbing the Cats Stairs, and dropping into Caw Gap. Of the three mile-castles near Bordovicus we saw two, one being the famous Castle Nick, with the trace of the Roman road along the Wall.

The Common House—one of the few pubs on Wade's original road—came as a Godsend and supplied us with tea and eggs.

Bordovicus was Cook's *bonne bouche*, and the feature that pleased him most and struck nearest his heart was a large square stone trough provided with outside gutters and small holes in the sides. The tops of the upright sides were scalloped out to the width of a person and the aim was obvious. The town, nearly 800 feet a.s.l., the walls of which are standing complete 10 feet high with gateways showing the ruts of the chariot wheels, is supposed to have been surrounded by streets outside the walls, and the hillside certainly shows traces of pathways.

Cook got an excellent snap of the Wall in beautiful condition leaving the Walls of Bordovicus, and spanning a gap in the cliffs, crossing a stream and an ancient road through the Wall, which portion contains the original culvert and road gates.

It was eight ere we cried hold, enough; and Haydon Bridge, an inhospitable place, was six miles off. The puff and dart was despatched in order by the aid of his pitiful appearance with tattered bloody breeks to win a bed by compassion. Every pub was tried in vain until a lady with a large heart and a large family adopted us. Any member in like plight apply Railway Station Villas, last house (Mrs. Thrower). During the night, expresses rush in at the doors and out at the windows, so we slept in tranquil bliss.

The Wall done with, unalloyed pleasure attended the ride home. From Haydon Bridge to Alston Crosses wild well-wooded mountain ranges, all rideable—but beware of the devil's elbows. Alston, the highest market town, is a stunner. Built on the side of a precipice, the streets are specially paved to afford smooth running for the wheels and non-slipping setts for the horses' feet. Alston to Penrith crosses more mountains, bare but beautiful. Cook was incoherent with delight, and lunched at Penrith in state, adopting his faithful Reynolds for life, then sent telegrams to the King's Arms, Lancaster, ordering chambers for the evening. They were received by the butler who mistook them for wealth distributing motorists humorously disguised as plain cyclists.

I wonder what Reynolds, the third of the party, thought of it all? He is almost the latest thing in Anfield new blood and with two such hoary relics he must have felt like a fish on a counter; but he never let on and

bore with us, even sharing a bed with the man with the tattered knee, and listening to his groans.

Ambleside Aftermath.

Another injustice to Ireland! Tommy Royden went to Ambleside with the intention of afterwards crossing from Fleetwood to Belfast for a week's tour in the ould counthree, but the fear of what the Sinn Fein merchants might do to him, combined with the dulcet and persuasive tones of the Apostle, lured him to Scotland instead.

When we were settling up at Ambleside on the Bank Holiday, Grandad was nicely caught napping. There was the question of paying for the absentees. Quoth the Mullah to Cook: "You have to pay for *four*." Cook (with ginger): "Four? How the Hull, Elland, Halifax do you make it four?" Mullah (sweetly): "Why, there's you, and Thomas, Walter and John."

The Master's theory is that the Roman Wall was not built by the Romans, but by another family of the same name.

There was quite an exhibition of maps—or map—at the White Lion on the Sunday night. Boardman produced one with a scale of umpteen miles to the inch (advertising somebody's corsets or boot polish or something) and generously lent it to Tommy Royden. Tommy then had no compunction about showing Grandad and F.H. the way to Carlisle and the North. *Some map!*

We shall really have to see about amending that unwritten rule of the Club to the effect that no member shall don his macintosh cape until he is wet through. (N.B.—This won't affect Cook, who never gets among the really wet rain.)

Jimmy Williams was sighted by the Cook party near Garstang, ensconced in Harry Poole's car. He graciously waved his hand, which was covered with a wonderful yellow glove—straight out of the box from Woolworth's. *My word!*

The Mullah gets the wind up too readily. Several times on Bank Holiday he expressed the fear that the weather was going to clear up. It didn't, though—at least, not until the evening.

Bath Road, "100," August Bank Holiday.

Three of our members (Grimshaw, and the two Mundells) accepted the invitation to ride in this classic event, but misfortune dogged the pedals of two of them. Poor Grim rode right at the top of his form for 24 miles, doing that distance well inside evens, and then crashed into another competitor coming in the opposite direction round a bend on his wrong side. There would not appear to be the slightest doubt but that the other man (or the marshal) was entirely to blame for the accident; that was, however, little consolation for Grimmy whose machine was smashed up and who sustained rather serious injuries. Fortunately, Mr. Mundell senior's car was available and he was lifted into this, viewing the finish of the race as a spectator. Everybody will be glad to hear that he is making steady progress towards recovery, but I am afraid he will be unable to take part in any further events this season. Frank Mundell was most unlucky, having several punctures, and considering he rode on three different machines and did about three miles on a deflated tyre, his time (6.5.8) was a remarkable performance. Anybody could have been excused for throwing up the sponge in the face of misfortunes like these, and it speaks well for his grit, that he battled on to the end. His brother evidently felt the wind which was pretty snaggy at places, finishing in 6.2.28. About half the distance of the

Bath Road course is exceptionally fast, but the other half leaves a lot to be desired, there being some very nasty pieces. The winner (C. F. Davey, Vegetarian) did a very fine performance for the day, being first and fastest with 5.1.51, nearly ten minutes better than the next man (M. G. Selbach) who took 5.11.28. Several Anfielders journeyed down to the venue with a view to giving assistance, and spent a very enjoyable time. I was very pleased to see Beardwood and Del Strother at the finish, and I understand that Freddie is likely to become a Bath Roader in the near future. Percy seems quite at home with his new club-mates to several of whom he introduced me, including Mr. Giuseppi, the Editor of the *Gazette*—a fellow sufferer—(we condoled with each other) and Mr. Barnes the genial President, and a party of about eight of us had tea together at an open air café later on.

By a strange coincidence I met Percy and Freddie again at Richmond, and spent an enjoyable hour with them sampling the Southern brew, which I may safely say can be recommended to our specialists, Jimmy and Li, both for quality and quantity. I was, much to my regret, unable to take advantage of Percy's invitation to the Ripley run on the following Saturday (an account of which from the facile pen of "The O'Tatur" appears in this issue), but hope to have the opportunity at some other time.

Chester, August 9th, 1919.

"A few notes please on the Chester run, as I understand you were there." It is somewhat remarkable how our worthy Editor learns these little facts, but as I have not attended a run or written about one for so long a time, I feel I cannot refuse to do my little bit for the A.B.C. Circular.

There was nothing of any special interest in this run, unless it was the goodly number that turned up at Chester, for it is common knowledge that the Cathedral City has not been favoured in the past by any outpouring of members. Possibly it was the perfect weather that attracted; anyway on entering the yard of the Bull and Stirrup it was somewhat of a surprise to see the place full to overflowing with cyclists. The crowd of women emptying from the char-a-bancs outside gave one the impression that all the world and his wife had chosen the B. & S. as a rendezvous for this particular Saturday afternoon. Thanks to good management there was no delay, and 31 sat down at about 6 o'clock; some members were in the yard before, but did not grace the room upstairs with their presence. We were all very pleased to see Grimshaw's smiling face, but received somewhat of a shock to find he had a sprained ankle from the collision in the Bath Road hundred. It is hoped that he may soon be able to use the leg once more as it must be irksome for a man of his activities to go around for any length of time on crutches. The results, bad as they were, might have been worse, and we all sincerely hope that our crack rider may soon enjoy the full use of his damaged foot. We broke up a little after seven, one week-end party making for Wem and one for Middlewich. A pleasant run with a call at the Shrewsbury Arms ended the day as far as I am concerned. I hear the Middlewich week-enders had a good run on Sunday under gorgeous weather conditions.

We are greatly indebted to "The O'Tatur" for the following interesting account of (amongst other things) the run of the Southern Section to—

Ripley, August 9th, 1919.

My presence at the monthly run of the Southern Section came about in this way: I had been six weeks in London on what I have come to regard as one of my periodical strike visits—the third in eighteen months—when the printers lay down their "sticks" and I have to go to the land of

the Saxon to produce the *Irish Cyclist*. This time it was a rather more difficult task than usual. The comps. put down their "sticks" and left the "linos." without the customary fortnight's notice, and instead of going to Wales for the complete rest and change of scene that the doctor had ordered, I put a toothbrush and a nightshirt in a handbag and booked single to Euston. I had not time to seize a bicycle, but I remedied the little matter by going back on Peace Day and returning with a tandem. The bookkeeper at the Euston Hotel has by now got the change; the waiter has the rest.

London without a bicycle is an intolerable place. With one, I am prepared to defend its merits as a holiday resort to any of the much boomed places that the railway companies are again advertising—and which, incidentally, are always to be found at the termini of their systems. I am even prepared to argue with Cook that there is as much to be seen in London as in the Wirral Peninsula, or North Wales, or Cheshire, or Shropshire, or all of them put together. [The Editor: Come now, you do not seriously suggest that we should go touring in London.]

Certainly, sir. Even in these dog days of August, and in the heat wave, when the temperature is 109 degrees in the sun, and when the cigar box that serves as my office on the top of Bank Chambers is still warmer. London, at all times, is a splendid place for cycling. I have had a bicycle here for over three weeks without getting outside the radius of its streets—without, in fact, getting into its outer suburbs—and every mile I covered was one of pure delight. And Miss "O'Tatur" enjoyed it too. One evening between 7 o'clock and 9 o'clock we did seventeen miles of the city proper, without at any time being more than a couple of miles from the Bank of England. If any visitor from the country, as your real Londoner terms anyone who has the misfortune to live outside his little village, has ever done the "city" with more ease and comfort than we did—well, he must have done it in a bath-chair.

But there came a little longing for a variety of tone and colour—for something a little greener than the grass in the parks, some of which, by the way, is sadly in need of a little hair restorer just now. So am I. Sunday previous to the Bank Holiday we ambled down the Bath Road, through miles of streets, through beastly Brentford and hungry Hounslow, and so on westward until, after twenty miles or more, we got away from the motor 'buses that mingled a rich mixture of petrol and benzine with the (occasionally obtainable) smell of the second crop of hay. I fancied there might be a Bath Road round somewhere west of Reading; but darkness and the biscuit city came simultaneously and I found a couple of bedrooms at the fourth hotel we tried without finding out when and where the race would start. All that we discovered in the early hours of the morning, and we saw quite a good bit of the race.

[The Editor again: Come now, Mr. "O'Tatur," you promised me a report of the Ripley Run—not the Bath Road "Hundred." I went down to "cover" that. All right! Your bird! But look at how you did your work? Why, there was not a man in Liverpool who knew anything about the race until he got his *Irish Cyclist*.]

Well, as I was going to say when that rude editor person interrupted me, I met Percy Beardwood at the finish of the race, and after asking me "What was mine," he told me there was a run of the Southern Section of the A.B.C. to Ripley on the following Saturday. Would I join the party? That's how I came to be at Ripley.

I started for Westminster Bridge and went down the river to Kew. [The Editor (once more): Shame! You cannot be a real cyclist! None of that brand would go on our Anfield Club run save by road. The "O'Tatur": Well, you cross the river by boat to get to the other side of the Mersey.

Why shouldn't I cross the Thames by a steamer? There is more to be seen between Westminster and Kew than between the Princes Stages and Birkenhead. Even the Houses of Parliament will bear comparison with, say, the Liver Building.] And so on to Richmond and Kingstown, where Percy aforesaid was found waiting at the Coronation Stone. It came from Scone he told me, and right glad I was to see it, for I once made a disappointing journey from Perth to the said Scone to admire it. The policeman there said the stone had gone to Westminster Abbey many hundreds of years before. He may have been right, or Percy may have been. When two such authorities on archæology differ it is not for a child in such matters, as I am, to offer a comment or opinion.

Having refreshed in a neighbouring hostelry, we toddled along towards Thames Ditton and were soon on the classic stretch of ten miles that runs to Ripley. I see that some one has been discussing what constitutes a "classic" in its application to our little cycling world. The adjective may not be inaptly applied to the Ripley road. Beardwood knows his road to Ripley well—and appreciates it—and if some of the little stories he related of its famous places were oft-told tales to me, at any rate they were new to Miss "O'Tatur."

It was a day of "some" heat, and the liberal ration of tar that the road has received seemed to be in a state of liquidity. Our wheels appeared to sink in it, but by dint of vigorous pushing and much perspiration we succeeded in making a non-stop run to the Anchor.

I like the Anchor. It is a real old-fashioned cycling house, where the cyclist is still welcomed as he was in the early nineties—my knowledge of it does not go beyond 1892. We sat down to a good old-fashioned meal—there was only Foster and Del Strother to partake of it, as well as those already mentioned—and paid what was little more than the old time price. Then we adjourned to the "Tank" to swop reminiscences with Host Dibble and to inspect the visitors' book—not omitting to note the signature of A. C. Harmsworth, as he then was, and his pal of that period and of the present time, Max Pemberton, under date 22nd May, 1881—the year that Hillier was champion at all distances. I wonder if in another thirty-eight years the visitor to the Anchor will be looking for a record of the members of the Anfield who were there on the day the rear lights order was cancelled?

Of the return journey I have only space to tell of two incidents. The really good rear lamp that my friend Johnson, of Lucas', lent me to keep me within the law fell to pieces on the way—an omen of some significance. I strapped it together and lit it—for the last time I hope. The second incident took place in Oxford Street. I spotted a policeman turning out of Kingsway with a headlight on his bicycle, but no tail lamp. I overtook him and, blanketing him between the tandem and the footpath, so that he could not look round, I said: "It is evidently true the rear light order has been cancelled?" With a surliness unusual in a London policeman, he replied: "I don't know. I have been off duty for some days." "On strike," I interjected. Ignoring my remark, he proceeded: "In any case, the fact that I have no red light is no reason why you should not have one." Then he dismounted, and got a nice look at the red glow from my Lucas—the last time, I hope, that that form of ornament will find a place on my Raleigh.

Fifty Miles' Handicap, August 16th, 1919.

The Anfielders are rather phlegmatic on most occasions, but never more so than at the start and finish of a race. As the hour of four drew nearer and nearer, at least one young member anxiously regarding the deserted road leading to the start began to think the race had been forgotten, but

no, at the very last moment to be sure, but still in time, and as cool as you please considering the tropical heat of the day, the crowd arrived and Harry Poole got the first man away at the appointed moment.

As Grimshaw was unable to ride owing to his accident, the eleven competitors were, with two exceptions, young riders who have not yet arrived at their best. An analysis of the times at the various checks shows a pleasing improvement in judgment of pace, and while the full times were nothing wonderful, still one may reasonably expect better things from the same men next season.

Williamson, recently demobilised and with little opportunity to get fit, is to be congratulated on winning the handicap. G. F. Mundell was second and F. Mundell third. The former rode comfortably all through and does not appear to have yet learnt how to out himself, while the latter, after a slowish start, gathered more speed as he went further and covered the last six miles in the fastest time for that particular piece. Blackburn did fastest time, viz. 2.40.12; he beat evens to Ercall corner, 12 miles, and was about level with it at Hodnet first time, but in the last 20 miles he tired and fell below the standard he had set himself. He could still give you his jolly grin at the finish and he has no reason to lose any confidence in himself. Like most of the others, his best is still to come and he will be a class man yet.

Walters was second fastest to Hodnet the last time, but punctured his back tyre and rode the last three miles on the rim. Mandall also had to contend with tyre trouble, but stuck it through. Gregg and Barratt punctured and retired; the former after doing quite decently up to Hodnet and the latter very suspiciously almost before he had started. Barratt will have to redeem this.

Carpenter did not turn up to the race and his absence caused disappointment to many. Mac, unfortunately, did not feel fit enough to start; he has had a lot of dirty work to do lately as a Special.

For the rest of the business there was a splendid turn out of members and the course was well manned at all points. It speaks well for the enthusiasm of the members when so many are willing to ride a hundred miles and more on such a grilling hot day in order to do their bit for the Club as some did. One or two week-end parties left Shawbury after the dinner at headquarters, but a number spent the night there and half a dozen more put up at "The Groves."

I was asked to report this fixture without mentioning the race and I may have poached on the special preserves of some one else by chronicling the foregoing details. So, fearing the blue pencil and not wishing to let our gentle editor down, I had better perhaps write something more.

The week preceding the fixture had been one of anticipation and preparation. Several aspirants for the event were personally conducted over the course and my old family tandem was in great requisition for the purpose. Some extraordinary times were put up; for instance, Hesketh was taken out to Shawbirch in five minutes better than evens—but that was not considered good enough and in going round the triangle the second time such a terrific speed was worked up that the old bus went on strike and blew off the front tyre. From flights of winged speed to acting as a public convenience to and from Gorton Station it was never idle. Shawbury was in gala garb on Saturday—celebrating Peace. There was a band and sports, free drinks, etc., for all the local inhabitants. The event of the day was a greased pig competition and one of our sedate elderly members must have deserted his post on the course shortly before it took place, but whether he succeeded in catching and holding the beast or not I have not heard.

I was solemnly assured by a resident later in the evening that an Anfielder had won all the running races. They tried to handicap him out of the last race by putting him a lap behind scratch, but it was no good and he won again. The disquieting feature of the incident is that the races were for money prizes—professionalism in fact! The only clue to the identity of the individual in question I can offer is the description of him given to me, viz., a thickish set man of average height, turning a little grey. Can this be the Presider?

The full results are appended:—

	Actual Time.			Handicap Time.		
	H.	M.	S.	H.	M.	S.
1 P. Williamson	2	45	5	2	27	5
2 G. F. Mundell.....	2	44	32	2	34	32
3 F. Mundell	2	42	1	2	37	1
4 T. Hilton-Hesketh	2	54	45	2	37	45
5 A. Newholme.....	3	0	31	2	38	31
6 J. S. Blackburn (fastest)	2	40	12	2	39	12
7 F. E. Parton	2	49	41	2	39	41
8 A. E. Walters	2	44	53	2	41	53
9 T. Mandall	3	4	42	2	52	42

Rossett, August 23rd, 1919.

Telephone call from Editor—

“That you Oliver?”

“Yes.”

“You know who this is?”

“Yes, quite well.”

“I hear you were at the run on Saturday.”

“Yes.”

“Well, I want you to write it up; I have not troubled you for many moons.”

I was about to demur, and the Editor scenting a refusal began to talk of telephone troubles, so in order to avoid dealing with what appeared to be the makings of a serious complaint, in a moment of weakness, I said “Yes, I’ll do the run,” and, as I anticipated, this put the lid on the telephone complaint. Nevertheless on giving the matter careful consideration I now think it would have been easier to have dealt with his telephone complaint, for things have changed since last time I endeavoured to chronicle a run.

At that time I was a cyclist, a real cyclist, almost a W.W.W., either riding with the crowd, or more frequently hanging on by the skin of my teeth to the last man. At any rate, I did see something of a run except on occasions when my eyes were filled with mud.

Now, however, it is different; fill up with petrol, give the handle a turn and, hey presto, you have reached your destination.

I certainly remember passing Robinson et file on tandem, accompanied by Gregg and a Yorkshire Road Club friend; and the next thing I recollect was overtaking a group of cyclists just after crossing the Grosvenor Bridge, and as I turned off into the lanes for Balderstone and Kinnerton I saw the hindermost of the bunch was Ven. and that a local was making a desperate effort to get his back wheel. He evidently didn’t know what he was up against!

The visit to Kinnerton was made in order to try and locate the waterfall made famous in the geological world and the A.B.C. circular by Professor Rockandtappit, who likens it to a miniature Minnehaha. My advice to intending visitors is not to trust to Bartholomew as the fall is not charted; further, don't try to find it by asking the natives, they have not yet discovered it; don't ask me what I think of it (or you may not think it worth while going to see) as my opinion of waterfalls in general in this country, and this one in particular, is poor. Arrange, however, for the Professor to accompany the party and I can guarantee you will have an interesting and enjoyable time.

Kinnerton to Rossett occupied but a few moments and, arriving early, 5.50 p.m., I was surprised to find no one in the yard. On going indoors, however, I found some 20 odd members well through tea, having got off their mark at 5.30. It was hinted that this innovation was in order that Grandad could get away early. This I know was not so, for Grandad did not go through to Warburton, but only as far as Middlewich, and with his usual luck missed the rain which those who made straight home encountered.

Sunday, August 24th—Old Time Cyclists' Rally.

With the prospect of a long and strenuous ride before him, Ye Olde Tyme Cyclist rose betimes this Sunday morn, and flexed his stiffened muscles. Then he oiled his ancient grid, packed his frugal lunch, and slowly fared forth for distant Warburton. The sun shone brightly, and a fair breeze behind made easy going; soon wheels whirred merrily, pedals flashed in rapid revolution, pulses throbbed happily, years rolled off his back, youthful fitness seemed revived and he was once more the old time cyclist. Warrington was soon passed and the pleasant bye-ways of Cheshire called alluringly for further exploration. A halt was called and lunch partaken of in the cool shade of overhanging boughs, and within sight of one of Old England's "grey church towers whose silent finger points to heaven."

Then once more into the lanes thick with blackberries now a-ripening, past fields neatly studded with well-built stooks of golden corn, past thatched cottages where rosy-cheeked apples hung thickly in the gardens, through glorious avenues of trees between whose branches shafts of golden sunlight shone down and flecked the verdant sward, and then—out into the Manchester road with its motors, myriads of them. Ugh!

At last, however, Warburton was reached and there was everybody shaking hands with everybody else and saying how glad they were to see somebody. As there was only an hour to wait till teatime, and there were several hundreds there to shake hands with, I was afraid I wouldn't be able to have my row on the lake and turn on the swings if I waited, and so having found Joe Butler having his annual cycle run, we barged off to secure our barge. But alas! "the best laid schemes o' mice and men gang aft agley," and I was hauled off to pose before the camera as a "real Old Time Cyclist." It appeared that Pa Higham, Dave Fell, Billy Toft, etc., had disappointed the photographer, so mere juveniles were dragged in as "ersatz" old Timers. Well, we pulled through, and were about to make off for the swings, when we were told that we were the Anfield B.C. group and were snapped again. We got that over, and thoughts of our turn on the swings arose, but we had to be "struck" again as representing the real old Anfield "has-beens." After that I lost count and can't quite remember whether the "never-wases" or the "about-to bes" came next, but fancy the tea-bell rang just about the time W.P.C. posed as "Anfielders with a future." And so we didn't get on the swings.

The tea room was packed and a notice on the wall warned us that "the time to be happy is now," so in spite of the fish and chips we did our best to obey.

Then the Mullah as president turned on the flood of oratory, and told us in his so well known and justly popular manner how modest he is. He was just warming up to it and recounting the various kinds of machines he had ridden, and I think was about to expatiate on the joys of the tandem trike, when some ribald youth ejaculated "Basinette." This put the Mullah out of his stride for a moment, but he quickly recovered, and got on with it finishing "under evens." Then we had a lot more speeches from quite a number of people. I didn't hear them all, perhaps because I was thinking of my turn on the swings, but I looked at the notice on the walls and did my best. One chap, however, made a hit when he called attention to the remarkable fact that there were ladies present, who thus tacitly owned up to be "old time" cyclists.

We pulled through even that, and I was looking for Joe Butler again to have our annual row on the lake, when I was rudely told it was time to go home, and if I didn't come now I'd have to find the way by myself. "Pleasantly shone the setting sun over the town of Lynn" as we rode through it, but the paying leaves much to be desired. We circumnavigated Warrington, avoiding the setts as much as possible, and soon arrived at the "Griffin," where our party, now numbering seven, partook of "small sherries" and "pussyfoots." Then once more for the open road, and a speedy run home after a most successful rally of Ye Olde Tyme Cyclists.

Little Budworth, August 30th, 1919.

It is pleasing to record that this fixture was a great success notwithstanding a concatenation of circumstances. In the first place we have it on the very best authority that L. B. is more than 15 miles from the Bug and Gluepot, and this rules out a lot of our stalwarts. Then we have to face the fact that Chem has not yet quite recovered from being made a Spanish Grandee (or was it a Spanish Onion?) To these must be added the disability arising from all over Cooper's lack of form after his strenuous ride on the Good Old Ordinary at Warburton (with joy suit from Penmachno complete), not to mention the incident of our Presider having again won the First Prize for Marrows and our Treasurer the First Prize for his All-tm-nt and Third Prize for Onions (Chem Variety). We are not sure about these incidents being the fatal factor. It may be that the Presider stayed away to arrange for the financing of Tim's fine and the Treasurer may have been kept busy gloating over the magnificent donation to the Prize Fund he received during the week. Finally our Antique Archæologist was reported cheering himself up visiting mausoleums in Scotland, and several of the young lads like Newsholme were competing in a Cheadle Hulme 50. Consequently the muster of 30 at the Red Lion can only be regarded as highly gratifying, but you will readily understand how it came about when we tell you that among the "resurrections" were Poole, Williams and Zambuck! The other attenders were more or less the Regular Army, which need not be recorded, for what is the use of stating that Edwards was there? The Captain seems to have been shaking up some of the lads (young and old) on the top road, and we heard whispers of "not a mile under 2.45 and one was just over 2.30." What a pity they did not encounter the new Weighfarer—Under the Greenwoodtree combination! We hear their speed is something terrific—in spots! Conversation before tea largely centred around Rule 15 N.R.R.A., and we regretted that the Raven was not present to preach to the unregenerate. Men like Poole want a lot of teaching. It was a golden opportunity lost. At tea other more material things were discussed and

it was a very merry crowd that in due course scattered to the four quarters of the earth. Grandad barged off with the usual Kinder-Mandall-Kettle crowd, and we sympathised with the old gentleman and asked him how he managed to stick with such a hot tandem on these week-ends, but he is evidently as wily as he is bald, for *in strict confidence* he told us that whenever the pace got too hot he quickly altered the route off the main road into a series of bewildering lanes so that the tandem simply had to go slow or it would get hopelessly lost!! This is all very well, but at the risk of teaching our Grandparent how to suck hen fruit, we would point out that we have clear evidence that the "victims" have begun carrying maps! We are certain we saw them sticking out of their pockets and they will soon be beating Grandad at his own game! The suggestion we offer (free, gratis and for nothing) is that Grandpa should search them before they start and confiscate all maps! These strenuous ones alleged they were going to Newport, but the *real* week-enders, James and Elsie, had more sense and went to Northwich in easy stages. The rest of us eventually got home and we all envied the thirst Zambuck would have when he got there.

A. T. SIMPSON,

Editor.

ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB.

FORMED MARCH 1879

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

MONTHLY CIRCULAR.

Vol. XIV.

No. 164.

FIXTURES FOR OCTOBER, 1919.

		Light up at
Oct.	4.—Halewood (Derby Arms)	6.42 p.m.
„	11.—Northop (Red Lion).....	6.25 p.m.
„	13.—Committee Meeting, Common Hall, Hackins Hey, Dale Street, Liverpool, 7 p.m.	
„	18-19.—Rossett (Golden Lion) and Week-end Llangollen (Royal) 6.9-6.6 p.m. Tea at 5.30 p.m. Luncheon, Sunday, at Ruthin (Castle Hotel), 1.30 p.m.	
„	25.—Higher Whitley (Millstone)	5.54 p.m.
Nov.	1 Halewood (Derby Arms)	5.39 p.m.

ALTERNATIVE RUNS FOR MANCHESTER MEMBERS.

Oct.	4.—Knutsford (Lord Eldon)	Tea at 5.30 p.m.	6.42 p.m.
„	11.—Alderley (Trafford Arms).....	Do.	6.25 p.m.
Nov.	1.—Knutsford (Lord Eldon)	Do.	5.39 p.m.

Full moon 9th instant.

Committee Notes.

21, Water Street,

Liverpool.

The Autumnal Tints Tour takes place on the 18th October—to Llangollen as usual. Members intending to take part should advise me as soon as possible. Those who hand in their names first are the ones who will have beds in the Royal Hotel (all separate beds); those who delay advising me *may* have to sleep out. Beds will be allotted in strict order of receipt of names. Arrangements have been made for luncheon at the Castle Hotel, Ruthin, and it will be at 1.30 p.m. The tariff will be:—Supper, bed and breakfast, 12/- (if two members "double-up," 11/-); bed and breakfast, 8/6.

NEW MEMBERS.—Messrs. T. HILTON-HESKETH, HAROLD RAE and W. E. TAYLOR have been elected to Active Membership—the two latter to Junior Active Membership.

APPLICATIONS FOR MEMBERSHIP.—HAROLD ELLIS, 46, Great Moor Street, Stockport, and MARCUS D'ARTAGNAN NEWTON, Drapers, Market Square, Bramhall, Stockport, Cheshire, both proposed by E. Webb, seconded by C. H. Turnor. (Both Junior Active.)

CHANGE OF ADDRESS. Lieut. G. STEPHENSON, 2/1 N. Devon Hussars, Tullamore, Kings Co., Ireland.

We have suffered a great loss by the recent death of our old member Hellier, a report of whose passing while the "24" was in progress appears elsewhere. Miss Hellier, in reply to the letter of condolence, sent on behalf of the Club, writes: "Will you please convey to the members of the Anfield Bicycle Club my deep thanks for their kind expression of sympathy in my great loss. Though my brother was not with you very much the last few years, he was greatly attached to the Club and often spoke of the happy times he had with you all. I must also thank you for the beautiful flowers you so kindly sent."

F. D. McCANN,
Hon. Secretary

THE MOSSOO—as said E.G., The GREAT PANJANDRUM—as J.V.M. named him, HUGE HELLIER (like Tenerife or Atlas unremoved)—as I once ventured to describe him, has been taken from us, removed for ever, and that when he had come back to us after many years' absence, and had regained with remarkable ease something like form in 1918. I first met him at High Leigh nearly thirty years ago, before I was a member and when he was a candidate. With him stood Beardwood also a candidate, and they were watching an Anfield race. Of us all it will have been P.C. who stood near him last, and it was also he who brought Hellier back to us.

The Panjam, the abbreviation by which he has been best known these many years, was from first to last a tricyclist, and though once in a way he may have ridden the rear seat of a tandem bicycle, he never deigned to acquire the balance of the single tracker. By this bold conception he installed himself as the tricyclist pure and simple. Yet how did he conceive it? Is it possible that by watching some earlier Northern Colossus perform on a threewheeler in the eighties (a Matt Lowndes perhaps), a light dawned on him? The eighties had been the great tricycle period on the path, when the "ordinary" was losing favour, especially with short-legged men, the "safety" was still a monstrosity, and when a new creation by Humbers placed the tricycle in '87 foremost as the finest and fastest machine on the track and was adopted by the cream of the Champions. That machine did not score on the road, being too rigid on solid tyres, but was later replaced by one entirely remodelled for the road, and on this pattern we remember Hellier doing his earlier great rides. In the early and mid-nineties Hellier was at the height of his fame, and it is not going too far to say he was one of the most brilliant exponents of the three-wheeler at a time when many of the greatest of the road cracks favoured the broad gauge machine. It was always a source of regret that he never had an opportunity of tackling any of the R.R.A. records. On the slower roads of the North he put up some very good performances, as the following list of his Northern records will shew:—

June 17th, 1893.—50 miles tricycle, 2.51.32.

July 28th, 1893.—24 hours tricycle, 281½ miles.

April 28th, 1894.—50 miles tandem tricycle, 2.47.21 (with H. P. Spence).

May 18th, 1894.—24 hours tricycle, 316½ miles.

July 5th, 1895.—100 miles tricycle, 6.5.15.

Do. 12 hours tricycle, 188½ miles.

Do. 24 hours tricycle, 326½ miles.

June 13th, 1896.—50 miles tandem tricycle, 2.19.46 (with C. J. Decker).

From this list it will be seen that on July 5th, 1895, he broke the 100 miles, and the 12 and 24 hours' records in the one ride—a phenomenal performance.

He was one of those, who, little seen in mid-week, reappear every week-end as the intense cyclist. In mid-week he was a very different being. Men like Cook and Worth appear to me to be apologetic in mid-week for the absence of caps and stockings and shoes. Not so Hellier. He revelled in the contrast, as the following will show: In '96 he and Toft ordered Swift Tricycles, to be shown during Stanley Show week. The Cheylesmore firm had not built racing machines for ten years, the most momentous years in cycle building; in fact not since the days of Allard their professional. Their machines were built for royalty, until in that year new managers persuaded the out-of-date Coventry Machine Co. to build feather-weight tricycles for two slim youths from Liverpool. Enter Hellier into the Depot on Holborn Viaduct, immense and magnificent; dressed like a stockbroker in fact. The Manager mistook Hellier for "Colonel Whatnot" with an order from the Duke of Cambridge. "No, Sir! Hellier is my name, from Liverpool, and of the Anfield B.C." It was a great moment in his cycling career.

To our memory Hellier must remain a Colossus and now he is laid to rest no doubt in some quiet cemetery where no cyclist will ever pass to think of the old rider. Rhodes the Colossus was laid to rest on a mountain shelf overlooking Table Bay. By the roadside we roadsters often find Mausoleums (Cathedrals of the Cross Roads) where rest grey landowners facing their ancestral halls. Would that those who have made our roads famous in our day could be given a place near some well-known curve in the High Way: say North-Roaders at Norman Cross, and Anfielders at Mere Corner.

MRMS.

We must apologise for the absence of any account of the East Liverpool Wheelers' "50" on August Bank Holiday, which ought to have appeared in the last Circular. The fact is our highly paid staff went on strike and failed us. However, it is perhaps not too late to record the fact that Blackburn, very leniently dealt with by the handicapper, was an easy winner with the actual time of 2.39.24. Congratulations Blackburn. H. Kinder did a useful ride on such a course of 2.37, and we are certain that next year he will beat evens in Shropshire. Parton did 2.47 and J. Rogers gave an excellent novice performance of 2.50. Band was in charge of the arrangements and quite a lot of useful help was given by Kettle, Knipe, Cody, D. Rogers, J. Kinder, Gregg, Mandall, &c.

We regret to have to record the sad death of J. Mulleneux who passed away after a prolonged illness on August 2nd. Mulleneux was not a very frequent attender at the fixtures, but as he was several times on tour with us we got to know him very well and thoroughly appreciated his fine character and genial disposition. Our sympathies are extended to his relatives.

Turnor and Newsholme's T.T. "24" Record has been hallmarked by the N.R.R.A. as 333½ and by the R.R.A., who do not recognise little things like quarters, as 333.

Stevie was home on leave recently and did his best to put in a Club Run, but unfortunately his Fidus Achates "Elsie" was unable to pilot him, and Stevie had to content himself with meeting the young lads who foregather daily at the Victoria.

Kinghorn has made his reappearance at Club Runs on a very saucy grid stripped for speed (neither spares nor mac. being carried), but we fear he would have to "send his suit straight to the cleaners" after one of the Runs, and although a member who is an interested (15 per cent.) party suggests Bluemels we cannot say they would be a bad investment. This welcome resumption of Club support on the part of Kinghorn leads us to express the wish that some of our other demobilised members would do likewise.

Now that the Committee have passed the Prize List and Knipe will be busy paying out over £60 to the lucky winners, it would be just as well for the stand-backs to cough up their subscriptions! Just imagine the feelings of a man who receives a remittance, to pay for a Prize, won as a reward for much honest sweat, getting the cheque back marked "R.D."!

We are asked to deny the rumours floating around in Archæological Circles to the effect that The Master is the prospective buyer of the old Roman City of Caerwent. We understand that matters did not proceed further than the temptation to acquire the "baths, temples, mosaic floors, frescoed panels, samian fragments and countless coins," not to mention the "city walls forming a parallelogram 500 yards by 400 built prior to 400 and something A.D." As Caerwent is in Wales F.H. should have had no difficulty in forming a syndicate of Anfielders.

"Lost, Sunday, between Greasby and Liscard via Penny Bridge, a Pair of CYCLING PANTS. Reward."—(*Liverpool Echo*). Can these be the well-known A. T.'s Speed Pants? Was Arthur on a training spin and riding so fast that he "dropped them"?

We have been gently chided by "Sammy" Bartleet for not giving him credit for his efforts on behalf of cyclists in the columns of the *Athletic News* and *The Clarion*. Our feeble excuse for this omission is that the *Athletic News* being suspended during the war, was only able to play the part of Blucher at Waterloo, while to our shame we have to confess that we never see *The Clarion*! That is why *Cycling Stancer* and "Wayfarer" received all our praise. At the same time we are not unmindful or unappreciative of the valuable services rendered by the trenchant pen of Bartleet which are hereby acknowledged, and we would further like to add that cyclists also owe a debt of gratitude to our good friends J. and F. J. Urry who, in journalism not readily available to us, did yeoman work.

Now that the racing season is over we have decided, regardless of all expense, to inaugurate a

SPECIAL PRIZE COMPETITION

in order to keep the interest of the members alive during the off-season when all sensible cycling is impossible. The first puzzle to be solved is as follows:—

Extract from the *North Middlesex and Herts. Cycling Gazette*:—
 "Lunching at Theale with a trio of Anfielders who were really too familiar with our girls, the naughty men!"

For the correct identification of this trio a Prize consisting of a very fine Marrow specially grown by D. R. Fell will be presented, and in case no one succeeds in giving all three names, a Prize consisting of a pound of Knipe's Onions will be awarded to all those successfully naming two out of the three. Members are entitled to as many guesses as they like, but each guess must be accompanied by a remittance of One Guinea as a guarantee of good faith and entire absence of malice!

Newspaper heading: "Died whilst drinking beer." Arthur has warned Robinson and Frank Wood what to expect if they're not more careful.

Apropos the fact—or, at least, the statement—that a Ford has climbed Moel Famau, Oliver says that he hopes we shall now hear a lot less about Grandad's trumpery trips over the Berwyns per push bike.

At Delamere on 26th July and at Rossett on 20th September, the Club's "messaging" arrangements were sadly disturbed by the presence of the new motorists who delight to tour the countryside per motor char-a-banc. According to a Manchester newspaper, the motor char-a-banc "is bringing democracy to the broad highway." We are bound to say that we rather share "Wayfarer's" dislike for democracy—the sort we saw (and heard) at Rossett, anyhow.

According to a Bristol newspaper, motorists are "the best educated, the most progressive, and the most tolerant section of the community." Arthur wants to know who said they weren't.

There is a place in South Africa which has been without rain for three years. Grandad's alter ego must live there!

Harley is one of Cook's latest victims at levelling the Berwyns. It may be stated that he managed to pack his luggage—a toothbrush—without calling in the aid of the Club's baggage master, Charlie Tierney.

Under date September 25th Stevie writes Cohen advising him of his change of address and continuing:—"Have very cheerful lodgings here in the Gaol. My own special allotment is the Condemned Cell with Gallows outside all complete. The last two victims, however, dropped quietly to their rest ten years ago, and thank God they don't smell or walk in their sleep. At present I am the only officer here and it is pretty deadly. At night I disgrace myself and go down to the village pub, for a game of billiards, and perhaps an odd one (or two). I hope next time I'm home we shall be able to arrange a week-end without your messing it up at the last minute!"

We hear that the week-end party last Saturday on arrival at Wem had a pleasant surprise, discovering "Jimmy" James and Teddy Worth (who had had a delightful fortnight's tour together) at their favourite hostelry, and an old-fashioned evening was spent.

Have you seen the Tierney Trike? You will be under no misapprehension when you do. Don't mistake it for one of George Windsor's P. O. machines. It was advertised in *Cycling* as a Red Racer, which was thought to be a misprint for Road Racer! But it is Red all right! It has one great advantage over all the Trikes we have ever seen and that is in its handle bar. It is "some" bar and is ideal for a novice because where the bar will pass the rest of the machine will go. By the way, Tierney says he has not been well lately, and gives a gruesome account of being bitten on the ankle by wild flies which set up blood poisoning, but we are rather inclined to

think Charlie was trying to lick the paint off his trike preparatory to dazzling it!

It was a fine sight to see W. Em Ar dashing up Marford Hill (from the Rossett run) surrounded by aspiring and perspiring cyclists bound for Corwen. Greenwood had relinquished the rear seat of the Tandem and was astride his Super-Dreadnought, and the party of Five was the new "Cycling not mountaineering" syndicate.

In 1937 we expect Grandad will be found sitting in a bathchair at Hodnet Corner or Crudgington to check the speedy tandemons—the brothers McCann—in their attack on record. What a sight for the gods it will be!

The Cheshire Roads Club, to which many of our members own allegiance, ran off a "50" on a Cheshire course on September 13th. Grimshaw, not fully recovered from his smash in the B. R. "100," used it as a training spin, and although puncturing twice and finishing on a soft tyre managed 2.57.48. Hilton Hesketh showed a marked improvement and secured second prize with 2.40.20, and F. Mundell was third with his usual 2.42.2. Williamson 2.50.40, Warburton 2.51.40 and G. Mundell 2.53.10 are the other times we are interested in, but those who noted Pryor's riding in the early stages of the 24 will not be surprised to learn that he was first and fastest with 2.30.38, which greatly pleased his mentor, Grandad, who acted as timekeeper.

We were all highly delighted to have The O'Tatur (not to mention Miss O'T.) with us for the "24." As a helper at Newport and at the finish he was most useful. We understand Cook became quite expert in recovering the camera which Murphy seemed bent on abandoning! We hear they greatly enjoyed their tandem tour down the Wye Valley and back to the A.C.U. 6 days "Epic" at Llandrindod Wells, where Gordon Fletcher was encountered.

RUNS.

24 Hours Invitation Road Ride, September 5th-6th, 1919.

This was carried out under ideal weather conditions and brought our racing programme to a close for 1919.

Perhaps from an invitation point of view the event was disappointing. But this is largely accounted for by the clashing of other events and the short time men have had to get fit after demobilisation. Only two clubs sent representatives, one unattached and "Ours" bringing the entry up to ten. Several of our budding speedmen whom we expected to see riding, preferred the easier task of helping and following. This was rather a pity as the experience gained would have been useful to them in the future, when they have to ride, as we hope, against a larger entry from other clubs.

This year the sub-committee made an alteration in the course to enable riders to start and finish in the neighbourhood of Chester, and as far as I know it was quite a success. Eight men were started by Timekeeper Poole, the absentees being Mac and Walters. Blackburn, Pryor and Walton were moving well when they left Chester for the last time. Pryor was leading but, unfortunately, soon afterwards he had to desist as one of his tyres went all to pieces, although it was of the roadster type. He would have certainly given Blackburn a good run for first place. At the half way the distances were as follows:—Blackburn and Warburton, 180 miles; Molyneux, 173 miles; Walton, Cheshire R.C., 170 miles; Carpenter, 169 miles; Newsholme, 167 miles. In the second half a little

wind arose, but not sufficient to prove a serious hindrance. Blackburn, riding very strongly, and with judgment, ran out the winner with 349½ miles to his credit. Towards the end he had to contend with machine trouble, his back wheel commencing to shed spokes, otherwise his total for the 24 hours would have been nearer 360 miles. Notwithstanding these troubles he put up an excellent performance for a novice, and it is a pleasing indication of what we may expect from him in the future. Carpenter, to whom the first "12" of a "24" is but a preliminary canter, actually covered a greater distance in the second 12 hours and, riding very strongly, displaced Warburton and ran into second place with a total of 339½ miles. Warburton, not long "demobbed" and perhaps not yet quite fit, managed to retain his lead and finished third with a total of 330 miles. Molyneux, who never seemed quite up to his usual form, and Walton, who, attired as a member of the Smart Set, did a good ride for a novice, both covered 326½ miles. Newsholme pluckily rode out time and finished with a total of 318 miles.

This now brings the number of members who have covered 300 miles and over in the day up to 48, a record approached by no other club, thus strengthening our reputation for the encouragement of long distance riding.

The event was splendidly organised; everybody turned out to help in some way or other. They are too numerous to mention individually, but all may rest assured the riders greatly appreciated the assistance so cheerfully rendered.

Hoo Green, September 13th, 1919.

Never lend your maps to other people when you may want them yourself. A friend said to me "Lend me Sheet 8, will you?" and I did so. The result was that I had to rely on memory to find my way through an intricate tangle of lanes to Hoo Green, and it couldn't be done: at least, not by me. I am no map reading expert like J.C.B. The Skipper and Harley, with touching faith, placed themselves in my hands to get to the Kilton. All went well to Tarvin, but here the Skipper thought he would take no risks, so he kept along the main road, which he really knew. We made through the Forest till we ran off Sheet 12 at Comberbach. Then the fun began, and we eventually came out of the maze, weary and hungry, at Tabley.

The Kilton was eventually reached, and a really good line in teas attended to. Among those present our reporter noticed Toft, Band, Harley, Threlfall, Gregg, Royden, Kettle, James, the Kinders great and little, Edwards, Blackburn and L. Oppenheimer. W.P.C., Mullah and the two Greens had been there for tea earlier. The tea table seemed strange without the classical outlines of the evergreen W.P.C., but he had been persuaded to time a C.R.C. "50" in which several of the Manchester men were riding. Toft had been down to a corner of the course, and gave a report of his doings. The Kinder tandem had been ridden so fast that the back tyre gave up the ghost at Hoo Green. H. of that ilk proceeded to show his skill, and so well did he mend it that after tea it was found to be flat again, and we hear that a new tyre was the final remedy. Blackburn looked well after his fine "24" and it evidently agreed with him, for he told us he had put on 10 lbs. in weight since riding. I had hoped for a quiet ride back, suitable to my age and the ponderosity of my mount, through the garden city of Warrington; but it was not to be. I was commandeered by the Skipper, Teddy, Harley and Blackburn to pace them home via Chester. I eventually reached home with about a century to my credit. No flowers, by request.

Ripley, September 13th, 1919.

The last official run of the London members was held in ideal weather. Foster made a whole day of it and promptly at 5.30 Beardwood and Del Strother rolled up. Owing to the sad news from Bromley tea passed off very quietly. A silent toast was drunk in the Tank; even the aroma of the Count's cigar failed to cheer us up and an early move was made for home.

Rossett, September 20th, 1919.

Wish to goodness he would forget my telephone number! Said he had been to Iceland or Ireland, I forget which. The expectorant having functioned, it is my duty to state that it was a glorious day: wet in spots—dry in other spots, and to be candid, where it did not rain the roads were dry. Grandad might say that there were wet clouds about—anyhow one of them found me out. I suppose the first to register an appearance was Rae who is a prospective junior member. "Some junior" believe me Arthur. You simply dare not say to him what you called me on the 'phone!! He's a big sort o' bloke! Prenez-garde!

A most interesting run as you will fathom from the minute details. A battalion of "chairs-i-banques" unfortunately were a little late in starting tea with the result that the Anfield had to wait. Those with appointments in the "welkin" found a sound excuse for beating it without waiting for tea. Terrible discipline! Oh! where was the ferruginous hand of Johnny the C.B.? Alas! 'twas at "Bull Bay."

Still it was a glorious day in spite of having to ride another 200—I mean 20—miles before partaking of "hen" fruit complete with adjuncts.

Grandad, Cook, W.P.C., Uncle, the bald-headed old gent, Kettle, Harold, and one or two others went in search of almonds at Llanarmon. Robinson on a most peculiar sort of tandem (is he really a cyclist?) found plenty of small boys to push him to Corwen; whereas the real cyclists including the tandem trike and the "Rogerses" made for that rarely visited hamlet oft known as WEM pronounced "W E M," to where they had the greatest difficulty in luring Elsie.

Now for getting the club home. Stop press in Mrs. Weldon's was a blank, so doubtless I am correct in stating that there were no corpses left on the road. The club now being home, my duty is done. Q.E.D

Eaton, September 27th, 1919.

The resumption of runs to Eaton was a great success and 25 of us sat down to an excellent tea served promptly without any untoward incident. Everyone knows how keen Royden is on this fixture and he amply showed it by coming all the way from Montgomery to attend it, and, by the way, was mounted on his Ursula Grosvenor speed iron which attracted considerable attention. Grandad and Leece had come "via Llandegla of course," but where were Robinson and his Satellites? 'Appy and Newsholme fairly dashed up on the T.T. with the Mundells hanging on and we were all sorry to learn that the proposed 100 record attempt had had to be abandoned owing to inability to complete the necessary arrangements. All the Rogers were present and H. Green was chaperoned by his son and heir—which reminds us that Mac was not out owing to the arrival of another prospective Anfielder! Others present were Ven, Turnor, Rae (a nephew of Frank Urry and "Them Poles," who promises to become very popular among us), Taylor, Threlfall, Harley, Davis, Cody (too stormy to ride from Holywell to Rossett the previous Saturday—that is the worst of having a reputation for a clean machine!), Orrell, Edwards,

Cohen, Kettle, Blackburn and L. Oppenheimer. Considerable "sympathy" was marconied to Johnny Band over the prospect of his being bunkered at Bull Bay owing to the Railway strike! Pictures of Johnny padding the hoof with bleeding feet through Gwalchmai were conjured up and we wonder if he will be converted and "take a bicycle" next time he goes holidaying! Ven made himself very popular by a distribution of rebates after tea, but it is a shame he is not allowed to keep these "rake offs" to purchase a gas lamp with! Such an investment would have avoided an unfortunate incident on the return journey when Ven, leading the fast pack near Badgers Rake, shied at some new tarmac and piled up Lucky Tommy, with sad results causing Lady Ursula to be in dry-dock again! However, we believe everyone got home eventually, and we hope Rae and Cody did not set about each other. The week-end parties were in strong force—Davis was bound for Whitchurch, Cook, Kettle and Cohen for Wem, and the T.T. and the Mundells for Shawbury via Wem; and we hear that in the 9 miles from Whitchurch to Wem there were 9 narrow escapes from death owing to the extraordinary vagaries of "other road users." There must be a lunatic asylum somewhere in the neighbourhood and the patients had evidently escaped.

A. T. SIMPSON,

Editor

ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB.

FORMED MARCH 1879.

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

MONTHLY CIRCULAR.

Vol. XIV.

No. 165.

FIXTURES FOR NOVEMBER, 1919.

		Light up at
Nov.	1.—Halewood (Derby Arms)	5-39 p.m.
„	8.—Northop (Red Lion)	5-26 p.m.
„	10.—Committee Meeting, Common Hall, Hackins Hey, Dale Street, Liverpool, 7 p.m.	
„	15.—Tarpotley (Swan)	5-15 p.m.
„	22.—Irby (Prince of Wales)	5- 5 p.m.
„	29.—Chester (Bull and Stirrup)	4-57 p.m.
Dec.	6.—Halewood (Derby Arms)	4-53 p.m.

ALTERNATIVE RUNS FOR MANCHESTER MEMBERS.

Nov.	1.—Knutsford (Lord Eldon)	Tea at 5-30 p.m.	5-39 p.m.
„	8.—Ringway (Higher Mainwood Farm)	Do.	5-26 p.m.
„	22.—Allostock (Oak Cottage)	Do.	5- 5 p.m.
„	29.—Dunham Massey (Rope and Anchor)	Do.	4-57 p.m.
Dec.	6.—Knutsford (Lord Eldon)	Do.	4-53 p.m.

Full moon 7th instant.

Committee Notes.

21, Water Street,

Liverpool.

NEW MEMBERS.—Messrs. H. ELLIS and M. D'A. NEWTON have been elected to Junior Active Membership.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS.—G. STEPHENSON, 10, Vicarage Gardens, Prescott.

The average attendance figure promises this year to be exceedingly good—there is still time to make it even larger and to approach, if not exceed, all previous records. You can help this result by turning out whenever possible.

The lighting up times appearing in the Fixture List above are given as one hour after sunset. The re-enactment of the Lighting Regulations under D.O.R.A. calls for 30 minutes after sunset. This "imposition" was made solely for the emergency caused by the Railway Strike and, that

"emergency" having ended, it should have been again withdrawn before now. It is also a debatable point as to whether there is or was any legal standing for the re-enactment of the purely war-time measure. The Railway Strike emergency re-enactment or so-called "order" was but an "order" made by the Home Secretary who has exceeded his powers--all orders or regulations under D.O.R.A. must be, to have legal effect, "Orders in Council." Perhaps some of our legal members will inform us whether that view is correct and whether the Home Secretary has not attempted to take to himself autocratic powers to which he has no right.

F. D. McCANN,
Hon. Secretary.

Concerning Those On Service.

Clifford Dews writes his avuncular relative under date September 26:—
"Many thanks for yours of 9th inst. which I received two days ago. I have left the ship and am now at Constantinople awaiting orders. Just when I shall arrive home I do not know, but needless to say I shall make strong efforts to get quickly to Llandegla after the news that there are some rosy cheeks there! I met an old friend who lives in Constantinople, and I go out with him pretty often. He is somewhat wealthy and it is much nicer to sleep in his feather bed and silken sheets than to patronise my old flea bag. Cheerio!"

H. R. Band writes Mac under date September 9th:—
"We are all sweating on getting home this year. The Ex-Mesopot. men are being shipped home rapidly and have nearly all gone and then will come our turn. I am living in hopes of being out of India by the end of October or even earlier and have promised myself I shall be at home by Christmas. I have had all the circulars regularly, and am following the racing results very closely. The "100" was a huge success evidently and you deserve great credit for it, not to mention the "50" and 12 hours. It is quite a treat to think the old Club is practically normal again and *as usual* leading the way in genuine road racing. My heartiest congrats to The Mullah and Newsholme on their excellent "24." Who said a man was too old at 40? or is it 50, Mullah? I am at quite a distance so can pull his leg with impunity! Well, cheerio Mac. Please thank all the Old Club most heartily from me for all their kind remembrances and practical sympathy."

Elaboration.

Oliver Cooper, most careful of motorists, recently ran down a cyclist, shaking him up "some," but fortunately breaking no bones. Dame Rumour at once got to work, and this is how the news spread:—

- 1.—"Heard about J.O.C.? Bumped into a cyclist and broke his leg."
- 2.—"Oliver was driving at a moderate pace, as usual, when he collided with a group of cyclists, all of whom were severely injured."
- 3.—"He was doing 45 an hour along the top Chester Road. Collided with a traction engine near the Welsh Road, bounced into the adjacent cottage and wrecked it, and killed the A.A. patrol on duty there."
- 4.—"Mr. Cooper came down a hill, I believe, out of control: banged right through an electric car, killing all the occupants, and then ran over several cyclists. Curiously enough, he didn't get a single scratch himself, but the off lamp of his car was a bit bent."
- 5.—"Oliver was taken to the Royal Infirmary, and an operation was at once performed by Sir Cascara Sagrada, Sir Iron Jelloid, and Mr. Barkeran Dobson. I'm afraid he's in a bad way."
- 6.—"Of course I shall go to the funeral. He was a decent sort, was Oliver."

MEMS.

During the Railway Strike the Government advertised widely that "Petrol is food." Chandler says that he prefers ham and eggs—especially eggs (and ham).

We read that a disabled pensioner in North Wales recently attended a Medical Board by means of his bath chair, which two pals pushed for 20 miles. If some of the young lads in the Club will only do the proper thing when the time arrives, we are sure of Grandad's presence on the runs for many a year to come after he has done with cycling. Meanwhile, we understand that the Bald-headed Old Gentleman is in communication with the Continental doctor who (according to the more gullible of the daily newspapers) can restore our youth by grafting bits of monkey on to us.

Since Gregg's bicycle (no longer a "mystery ship") was radically re-upholstered a few weeks ago, there has been a marked improvement in the young feller's riding ability. We hear that "Sunlight" can now ride up every hill between Egremont and Chester.

Despite the certificate for careful driving recently awarded to Oliver Cooper by "Wayfarer," we understand that the former has since been busy cyclist-baiting. Fortunately, the accident (which, ironically enough, occurred close to Robinson's domiciliary edifice) was "only a little one." It really *was* an accident, and not an "accident." So Oliver is able to look us in the face again.

Extract from *C.T.C. Gazette*:—"We had come the last ten miles in exactly half an hour. I have distrusted old men with bald heads ever since—or at any rate I look at them twice before accepting a challenge for a speed trial." Can this refer to an Anfielder, by any chance?

It is rather amazing to learn that such a brainy lad as the Master never knew that under the Law of the Land a motor cycle did not require rear lighting. He tells us that for many years he has gone motor cycling at night haunted by fears of the man in blue and having to appear in the dock for inadvertently extinguished rear light, and that his dreams have been veritable nightmares. This probably explains why motor cyclists have not co-operated with cyclists to squash the campaign so persistently and insidiously waged by the R.A.C. to inflict compulsory rear lights on "all (*sic*) road users."

Boardman was recently the leader of a C.T.C. Century run, and in the published account thereof it is recorded that "Mr. Boardman announced his resignation of further leadership because of present poor riding form." Horrible! See what comes of selling your birthright for a mess of petrol!

About 30 names had been sent in for Llangollen and 45 members put in an appearance. Some had made their own arrangements elsewhere, but still Mac and Ven had to be very busy figuring up how to put a quart measure into a pint pot—which by the way they successfully did. These difficulties can always be solved with a little give and take in a sporting spirit.

"A Cyclist of Sorts (of 40 years' standing)" has been defending Rear Lights in the columns of *Cycling*. He assures us as a Fact that "a goodly proportion of cyclists have decided to continue the use of rear lights" because they have found their utility. On a recent occasion we encountered two of this "goodly percentage" who evidently, after reasoning the matter out logically, had come to this decision, and they were using back lamps which shewed bright *white* lights to the rear. Our experience during the reign of D.O.R.A. was an orgy of misleading lights. The rear lights we saw

were fully 50 per cent. white or orange (which at 20 yards *showed* white) while red front lights were frequently met with!

In a leading article entitled "The Embarrassed Tricycle" in the *Manchester Guardian*, the statement is made *inter alia* that "the tricycle in these days is not used by anyone save the invalid or elderly." So now we know why so many of our members have an affection for trikes! What a lot of "invalid or elderly" members we have, to be sure!

We have often wondered why more of our veteran tricyclists have never sought the assistance of an auto wheel. Evidently they were gifted with an uncanny perspicacity! It has now been decided in the High Court that a tricycle with an auto wheel is legally a MOTOR CAR! We prophesy a big slump in FORDS: The cheapest motor car is now an auto wheel propelled trike!

On going to press we learn that Clifford Dews has returned home, is now demobbed, and back at business. He advises us with becoming modesty that one of the Russian Governments has promised him a Distinguished Order for bombing the Bolshevics, but which one he does not know. If he has any choice we hope he will plump for the Order of the Anfield Buttonovski. Heartiest congrats. Clifford!

Stephenson has just been demobbed and his address appears in another place. After the training he has had he should have no difficulty in riding out to Halewood on Saturday, although the distance is 4 or 5 miles, and we are looking forward to seeing him there.

RUNS.

Halewood, October 4th, 1919.

Behind his diffident and unassuming exterior George Lake conceals the heart of a lion and the fearlessness usually associated with that king of beasts. If this were not so how should it happen that of his own free will and without cajolery or threats of any kind he voluntarily suggested that I should tool him out in the little Calcott? I had never driven a car before, and I regarded George with a feeling of intense pity; he was really too young to die. This feeling, however, had short shrift, as exhilarating visions floated before me of miraculous escapes from sudden death, of lovely sideslips, of daring encounters with timid cyclists who I resolved should be mopped up as they rode, rear lights and all, and it was in cheerful humour that I entered the death-dealing implement. Previous to starting George gave me a most instructive lecture on the art of driving, which was very interesting and which I would have taken seriously to heart if I could have remembered any of it. That, however, was not in my scheme of things; I was out for excitement. After all it wasn't my car, and an opportunity like this might never occur again. As I whirled along about ten miles an hour with all the bottom gears going I glanced from time to time at poor George, now livid with suppressed excitement, but too much of a little gentleman to say anything. This was indeed life. There he was, poor lad, in my clutches helpless and impotent, his very existence in my hands, and I gloated over my prey. Every time we passed a vehicle successfully I could hear proceeding from his pallid lips a fervent thanksgiving. At last a wave of pity came over me, and I slowed down from my giddy pace to about five an hour, and eventually reached the venue. Owing to the huge crowd, about 30, I should imagine, we occupied the tank wherein we were served with a delightful meal, and were well installed when the remainder of the pack descended. The choral society on this occasion had not been well rehearsed and the subsequent peons of sound, which have from time immemorial been a feature, lacked that brilliant ensemble for

which they were justly renowned. This must be seen to in the future, and further rehearsals will be necessary if the former perfection is to be regained.

Knutsford, October 4th, 1919.

This run inaugurated the Manchester Winter Alternative season and was attended by the Anfield lucky number. Several of our men had arranged to week-end in Shropshire in connection with the tantrike record attempt and although that had fallen through they went none-the-less—otherwise our numbers would have been much larger. In deference to the wishes of our hostess, tea was served very promptly, and it would be well to note that it is most desirable to arrive at this fixture always before 5.30. In view of the excellent service we have always had here, Manchester men will very willingly meet Mrs. Ellwood's convenience in this small matter.

Nine were settled at the table at the appointed hour and three more drifted in shortly afterwards. There were many conjectures as to whether the Unexpected would happen, but all doubts were set at rest by a series of staccato noises in the yard which could proceed only from the Puffing Billy of the Master. After tea the conversation took an unusually literary turn, varied by excursions into more customary channels. F. H. was challenged as to his use of petrol in view of the request that the supply should be used for the transport of food only, but Bick defended him on the ground that, at any rate on the way home, F. H. *was* transporting food; his advice as to what he must *not* do on the way so as to keep within the exception, was pungent and couched in clear and direct language. We're all good boys on these Manchester runs and the meeting broke up early for a ride home under the best conditions.

Northop, October 11th, 1919.

We were favoured with a nice day for this, our first visit since Easter last, when a returning Bettws contingent called at "The Red Lion", for tea. The atmospheric conditions also were much the same, a breath from the north causing us to prefer gathering around a feeble fire, to discussing machines, etc., in the yard, or standing about the stoop welcoming later arrivals.

Alas, now is the season of the falling leaf, more fall and less tint than usual I considered, as the leaves fluttered to the hedgerows and rustled under wheel. Thus ruminating, as "I followed 'em round" beyond the eighth milestone on the top road, I was brought to earth by the cheerful voice of Frank Wood, in jovial greeting, evidently on a walking excursion with young hopeful, or did the car, halted a little further on, account for their presence?

Proceeding leisurely I expected company from the corner of the Welsh road, but was waved on by the Motor Scout, and was paying for permission to cross the Dee before I was joined by two of ours. A little while and I did see them, and again a little while and I was not with them, until turning at Ewloe, they were discovered smoking pipes—I was not. We held together to the venue, where half a dozen had already arrived, and our numbers rapidly increased to twenty-one by the time we were bidden to assemble and enjoy a satisfactory meal, which was well under weigh before our late-comer arrived (you can guess who), completing our muster of twenty-two.

The dining room being fireless, we soon dropped down below to the more or less cheerful grate, after our appetites were appeased. When various matters had been thrashed out, and tobacco burnt, a move by the

week-enders for Llanfair Talhaiarn was made, the rest of us barging off to the ferry and home, mostly via Hinderton, where the majority halted before heading for their various domiciles.

Alderley Edge, October 11th, 1919.

This run falling on the anniversary of my entrance to this life, entailing trouble ever since, I was not surprised when the Sub-Captain detailed me to take the minutes. The distance suited me admirably, being fully nine miles from home. On arriving I was told that Cheadle Hulme were trying to prove to several well-meaning gentlemen that every dog can only have one day, though apparently several of their members had indented for and received one Indian Summer extension. Nine of us and two friends sat down and pushed the food provided well into our faces with quite good results as it left behind that desirable irritating feeling in the throat which only a respectable gravity can bore through. On adjoining to the "room" syllabuses (or should one say syllabi?) were issued by the Internal Organiser on which we found the following items:—

- (a) Weather (all kinds). Chorus.
- (b) Railway strike and effects. (Turnor).
- (c) General Industrial Unrest, cures for (Davies).
- (d) Re-introduction of rear-lights (Warburton).
- (e) Advisability of providing red flags for Cycle Handlebars. (Friend).

The syllabus having been successfully disposed of, the Chairman threw the meeting very wide open, and a light humorous atmosphere gradually spread itself; experiences of personal tests carried out to prove the healing and soothing qualities of Jamaica's chief product aroused much pained interest and a strong desire to write for samples on the spot.

It was a matter of interest to note that the majority of the meeting, especially after the persistent and relentless propaganda to banish rear-lights, considered that their re-introduction was distinct evidence that the Authorities had shown that they were not to be trifled with by people who thought they could throw valuable property away without a properly constituted Dispersal Board.

Amongst others who could be seen from time to time, were Orrell, Webb, Hilton-Hesketh, and Green.

Autumnal Tints Tour, October 18th-19th, 1919.

Thursday night after the Autumnal Tints, I find myself hopelessly at a loss to think of all the details, or even a few of the many incidents connected with this historic annual meeting. After titivating my brain box for many a weary hour I find it necessary to inflict the following more or less tabulated account upon you. Here goes:—
Saturday.

- 3.0 p.m.—Inflated tyres, mounted machine, and away.
- 3.30 p.m.—Met J.C.B. and Tursula Grove-Royden near the Welsh Road indulging in a siesta. With them we warmed our nether regions in the caressing rays of friend Sol.
- 4.0 p.m.—Mounted in order to proceed to Rossett.
- 4.5 p.m.—Met comely wench, bandied words with same till—
- 4.15 p.m.—When mounted again in order to proceed to Rossett.
- 5.15 p.m.—Journey to Rossett safely accomplished.
- 6.5 p.m.—Mounted machines with intent, also with 'Ilton and 'Esketh, to reach Llangollen.

- 6.45 p.m.—Overtaken by F. H. and Boardman, and friend, on their Combinations, who with one accord dropped their clutches, picked up their throttles, threw sand in their carburettors, and oiled up their magnetos in order to pace us to our destination.
- 7.0 p.m.—Met Cohen and James at the Royal; verse to the latter "Where did you get that suit," with orchestral, vocal and nasal accompaniment; to the former "Another little drink," etc., ditto accompaniment.
- 8.0 p.m.—Sallied forth with double H. to view the turbid waters of the Dee, and other things.
- 10.0 p.m.—Supper with some two-score ravenous Anfielders.
- 10.30 p.m.—Till bed-time (time unknown) imbibed ale with two-score thirsty Anfielders.
- 12.30 a.m.—"Just a song at twilight" (more or less) trio.
- 1 a.m. to 8 a.m.—Oblivion, blissful slumber.

After a very good breakfast, and saying good-bye to the Manchester men and others, who were making their way to beefsteak at Chester, I voluntarily joined a Cook's tour, and rode with Kinders, Mandall, Kettle, and many others en route for Ruthin, via Corwen and Lady Bagot's Drive. A few miles past Corwen, Kettle's trike reluctantly parted with one or two most necessary molars. This untoward occurrence necessitated a lengthy stoppage. The more energetic members of our party (quite unnecessary to mention any names) paid a call to Lady B., whilst the lazy ones watched the dentists. A short distance from the scene of these painless extractions the Kinders were observed to repair their back tyre: this operation, I am told, is very seldom performed by these gentry. We duly arrived at the Castle Hotel, Ruthin, where an excellent lunch was soon disposed of by 22 of us, who afterwards made our way by diverse routes to Wirral. Our contingent was overtaken at Queensferry by Jimmy Williams, complete with chauffeur, fur coat, flying helmet, hot-water bottle, and (say it quickly, we don't want everybody to know) in Harry Poole's car. Eventually we arrived at Hinderton, and sat down, 15 strong, for our usual Sunday tea, afterwards departing to our various destinations.

I intended making a few remarks about the "roseate tints of autumn," etc., etc., but "Wayfarer" is more adept at such descriptions than I. Needless to say, the autumn colours on the hills were magnificent. *Verb. Sap.* Thus ended a perfect Anfield week-end.

Autimnal Stunts.

For about the first time on record we had no "exiles" at Llangollen. Wherefore art thou Timbertiles? There was a rumour that Billy Owen was doing his best to come (he has recently been deputising at Knighton), but he failed to materialise.

Why was Wilson-Barrett at Shawbury instead of Llangollen?

Lizzie Buck and Winnie most worthily upheld the tradition of the walking captains and put in some strenuous walks, as *their* week-end started early and finished late—ask George Lake. But where was Prichard?

Kettle's trike differential gave trouble in the Vale of Clwyd and had to be investigated, with the result that several men forgot all about Lady Bagot's Drive and let their curiosity to see the innards of a trike axle get the better of them.

O. T. Williams and party under the guidance of Professor Rockand-tappit did quite the right thing to show their appreciation of meeting us at Ruthin.

Royden had a sad story to relate of the severe Drouth at Llandegla and drew a lurid picture of Grimmy using all his charms in an unsuccessful attempt to tap the rock! This fired the ambitions of our Senior Wangler and we hear he "touched" all right in the afternoon.

Chandler and Cook started on Saturday morning and escorted Edwards as far as Pentre Voelas (en route for Bettws for a well-earned holiday), where Poole and Williams were found in residence.

Our Manchester members went to Chester for lunch on Sunday to support the C.R.C. and were piloted up the Horseshoe by Tommy and Ven. It must have been "some" job with the T.T. and no wonder good thirsts were developed. Ven "carried on" and lunched at Hinderton, but Tommy patronised Ruthin where 22 sat down. Most of these had arrived via Corwen, but Mac and Fawcett were unusually energetic and had gone via Cerrig-y-druiddion. The motor section, with the exception of the Toft-Fell and Boardman-Gorman outfits, went to Bettws-y-coed, and we hear that Arthur looked very *chic* in The Master's sidecar and made a great impression on those privileged to see him.

Taylor went mad between Llandegla and Queen's Ferry! It appears it was the first time he has been on that road when it was not wet and greasy, and he simply revelled in fast pedalling with safety! Still the trikists did not altogether appreciate the alarming angle at which he took the corners and said "Thank God" when his map and mackintosh fell off on Hawarden Hill.

James was the cynosure of all eyes. Elsie set the fashion by a visit to the Don but James, no doubt aroused by jealousy, has gone one better and purchased a whole suit with saucy leather buttons complete. Crow and the Smart Set are quite put in the shade and will have to look to their laurels.

Sunter's invitation to the Editor and George Lake to spread their combined fragrance around the bowl of his "Pipe" was highly appreciated and the delightful run down was not devoid of thrills. John can drive "some"!

The Master took compassion on Arthur (whose intense passion for mountaineering is not proof against the strenuous joys of motoring) by tooling him down to Bettws for lunch on the Sunday where Oliver Cooper's party had already foregathered. Among Oliver's guests was one of the chiefs of the Telephone Service in Liverpool. This delightful surprise was sprung upon the Editor after he had, with his usual tact given glowing eulogisms on the excellence of our telephone systems, and explained with meticulous care what he thought it was necessary to do with the officials - something with boiling oil or molten lead in it! A perfect day!

The lovers of mountaineering give the following particulars of their Llangollen Autumn Tourlets:--

TOURLET No. 1:

Llangollen was left by the Holyhead road, turning left at The Brewery (now, alas! out of business), up Barbers Hill. Near Plas Vivod, a halt was called to admire the Ruskin view, *i.e.*: west, the Glyndyfrdwy Valley: north, the Vale of Crucis: east, the Camp above Garth: below, the Horse Shoe Falls. Then through the woods and up on the moor by the Grouse Box and down to Plas Nantyr. Mushrooms abounded and the rucksack was filled. The homeward turn was made through the Quarry Pools to Glynn where the hotel found food for the body and the Institute food for the mind. Anfielders requiring a warm bath should not miss the Institute, besides the collections of Welsh books and Bardic treasures are very interesting.

TOURLET No. 2:

Reinforced by George Lake, the party crossed the canal to Castell Dinas Bran where the Camera Obscura was sampled to see how the cyclists took the Horse Shoe. Thence to the foot of the Eglwyseg Rocks where a mossy road for about 4 miles led to the Elizabethan house at World's End. Over the entrance is the inscription: "Eglwyseg Manor inherited by the Princes and Lords of Powys from Bladdyn ab Cyyvn King of North Wales and Powys slain A.D. 1073." The way home was made turning right at the Church to find a lofty and most charming road overlooking the Abbey Ruins to Llangollen.

TOURLET No. 3:

With "F.H." in the van the mountaineers crossed the Dee at Glyndyfrdwy Bridge to climb the summit of Moel Morfydd (1804 feet). Next, Moely-Gaer was tackled to stand in Owen Glendwr's encampment. Descent was made to Rhewl and home by the canal bank.

These made three delightful walks, No. 2 perhaps being the best. Recruits to the walkers will be welcomed for next year.

Chester, October 25th, 1919.

Have you ever noticed that after any special event a lot of our members become exhausted? Wonderful energy and enthusiasm were aroused by the Autumn Tints week-end with the result that the ingenuity and resources of Mac and Ven were taxed to the utmost in seeing to the catering and comfort of a crowd that totalled 56. That was our Zenith after which follows the Nadir of Chester! Of course the alternative run for Manchester members has to be allowed for, but a muster of 15 members and one friend was not as it ought to be for Chester on such an ideal day, and must have been very disappointing to Mac after the work he had had to do in sending special circulars out after a lot of correspondence resulting from Warrington, Daresbury, Stretton and Higher Whitley refusing to cater for us in turn. Just think of that, ye slackers who were prowling around Wirral within a mile or two of the Bull and Stirrup and would not support the run--not to mention those who lazily stayed at home in such glorious weather. How is it Chester does not attract? It is a mystery--for we had an excellent tea with comfortable amenities for the chat before and after, which The Bars, so praised by some, cannot provide. And then, too, the Club is very dependent on the B. and S. for the 24 and record attempts, so that even if it be not an ideal place, we must support it or prejudice the consequences. We had very much desired a joint run, but the Warrington district seems now hopeless, and during the winter months we have a proposition that will be difficult to solve. Those who carried out the fixture were Threllfall, Harley, Taylor, Gregg, Kettle, Cody, Mac, Royden, Ven, Band, Cook, Kinders, Mandall, Chandler and Mr. Dickman. Threllfall had been down to Broxton with Cohen, who was playing the part of the Rev. Spalding in *The Private Secretary* ("I don't like London") and pushing on to Wem. Gregg had been blackberrying and was loaded up with tons of luscious fruit. Cody had come via Warrington. Royden, Chandler and Mr. Dickman had been loafing around Mold: Mac was on his newly acquired trike, and the others who came more or less direct reported the meeting of several members who would usefully have swollen our numbers and added to the pleasure of the rest of us. After tea the Kinders, Mandall and Cook departed for Wem where they met James and Cohen. Sunday's ride we hear was rather strenuous--to Ellesmere, St. Martins, Weston Rhyn, Bronygarth, Glyn Ceiriog and across the Alty Bady to Llangollen and home via the Horseshoe and Llandegla of course! The rest of us praffled home sedately except for one "bite" and a stop at Hinderton.

Marton, October 25th, 1919.

Notwithstanding that the rendezvous was within the required radius of the "Pig and Glue Pot," and owing to the fact that that delectable resort had for the day been removed en masse to another rendezvous, our number was decidedly small—in fact, we were able to echo the words of the poet's plaintive juvenile heroine, who was so persistently obtruded on our attention in our first youth (our second youth commences when we buy bicycles, and never ends) and say "We are seven." Seven, as I do not need to tell you, learned Mr. Editor, is a mystic, not to say holy, number and has many interesting associations connected with it. For example, there were the Seven Sleepers and again the Seven Bob, which in those old days, never to return, was the price of a night's entertainment at Bettws. There are supposed to be seven days in the week, but only one counts—Saturday, when we go cycling—the remainder are days when we think of it. (The above, my dear Arthur, is by way of padding, for I simply can't fill the necessary space about this run. I could tell you quite a lot about another kind of run, but it wouldn't be nice, and besides I'm just going to take some hot whiskey for that.) Anyhow, to come to it—it was a typical autumn day, with a nice nip in the air going out, and a horrible bite going home. We were excellently provided for, quite to the satisfaction of all, and I hope everyone got home quite safely, but as I left early to fulfil another engagement and incidentally to catch this abominable cold thereat, I don't really know.

A. T. SIMPSON,

Editor

ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB.

FORMED MARCH 1879.

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

MONTHLY CIRCULAR.

Vol. XIV.

No. 166.

FIXTURES FOR DECEMBER, 1919.

		Light up at
Dec.	6.—Halewood (Derby Arms)	4-23 p.m.
..	8.—Committee Meeting, Common Hall, Hackins Hey, Dale Street, Liverpool, 7 p.m.	
..	13.—Kelsall (Royal Oak)	4-21 p.m.
..	20.—Northop (Red Lion)	4-22 p.m.
..	26.—Chester (Bull and Stirrup)	4-25 p.m.
..	27.—Irby (Prince of Wales)	4-26 p.m.
1920.		
Jan.	3.—Halewood (Derby Arms)	4-33 p.m.
..	9.—FRIDAY. ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING, Common Hall, Hackins Hey, Dale Street, Liverpool, at 7 p.m.	

ALTERNATIVE RUNS FOR MANCHESTER MEMBERS.

Dec.	6.—Knutsford (Lord Eldon)	Tea at 5-50 p.m.	4-23 p.m.
..	20.—Ringway (Higher Mainwood Farm)	Do.	4-22 p.m.
..	27.—Heatley (Railway Hotel)	Do.	4-26 p.m.
1920.			
Jan.	3.—Knutsford (Lord Eldon)	Do.	4-33 p.m.

Full moon 7th instant.

Committee Notes.

21, Water Street,

Liverpool.

It is suggested that on Boxing Day those Members going to Chester and desiring a ride before dinner, which is at 1 p.m., should meet at Clatterbridge at 10 a.m., and that those who wish to go direct to Chester should meet at New Ferry Tram Terminus at 11.30 a.m.

It is proposed to hold a "Welcome Home" to Members who have served in H.M. Forces, either in January or February. The place has not yet been definitely selected. Hunts Cross has been considered, but this would place our Manchester friends at a disadvantage. The Patten Arms, Warrington, having refused to cater, is "off the map," so suggestions are asked for from members for the guidance of the Committee. I hope to be snowed under with proposals!

Hunts Cross is prepared to cater for us again, but if a musical evening were held there we should have to provide a piano as the proprietor declines to allow his to be used.

The Bath Road Club have kindly extended us an invitation to their Annual Dinner, shortly to be held, and we are to be represented by W. J. Neason.

P. C. Beardwood is to represent the A.B.C. at a conference to be held on the Friday of Show Week for the purpose of considering Racing Dates for 1920 so as to avoid any clashing in Open Events.

The Annual General Meeting is to be held on FRIDAY, 9th January, 1920, at 7 p.m., at the Common Hall, Hackins Hey, Dale Street, Liverpool. Any member having any business to bring forward must notify me not later than Tuesday, 30th December, so that particulars of such may be entered on the Agenda.

APPLICATION FOR MEMBERSHIP (Junior Active).—ERNEST PARRY, 4, Orrell Road, Wallasey, proposed by W. M. Robinson, seconded by W. P. Cook.

NEW ADDRESSES.—LIONEL COHEN, Chimawa Estate, Mikolongwe, Nyassaland; W. R. OPPENHEIMER, Pwllmonyn, Llaurwt, N. Wales.

F. D. McCANN,

Hon. Secretary.

Correspondence.

To the Editor of the CIRCULAR.

SIR,—Now that the labours of the Handicapping Committee have been completed for the present, would it not be possible for that estimable body of members to turn their attention to the question of handicapping us at our meal each Saturday? I have observed with keen regret, not to say annoyance, that some of my comrades eat very much faster than I do, with the result that they are wiring into the jam and cake whilst I am still grappling with my second (or even first) egg. It seems to me that it would be fair to everybody concerned if the slow eaters were given a start, ranging from 15 to 30 minutes, so that they would not be prejudiced by their inability to keep up with the fast pack. I feel strongly that, in view of the high fees we pay to the Handicapping Committee, we have the right to demand their services in this direction.

Yours faithfully,

SLOW (BET SURE).

We Want to Know—

What Knipe will say when he hears that Royden's allotment is now producing bananas the size of marrows?

What Grandad said when somebody tactlessly informed him of the rumour that his (Cook's) speed was slackening somewhat?

What Robinson felt like on being told (by Taylor) that it was about time he was getting a *real* bicycle?

Whether it is not clear evidence of bad training (by Cook) that Gregg allows his birthday to fall on a Saturday——and stays at home to celebrate?

Whether Boardman's action in putting up for the C.F.C. is as "unsporting" as Professor M. Ine suggests?

Whether El Capitaine was really a halfpenny down on the collection after tea at Northop, and if he still considers that Robinson was responsible for this huge deficit?

Whether Threlfall always gets off his machine that way—i.e., by landing on his back in the middle of the road?

Whether Rogers (any of him) knows that rear lights are compulsory?

Whether Grandad will find a victim for Bettws-y-coed *this* Christmas?

Our indefatigable and unquenchable contributor—further description would be superfluous—whose erudition is only equalled by his versatility sends us the following articles under the heading of "Harassing the Editor." His idea of "harassing" us is charming, and we are open to be similarly "harassed" as often as he (or any other of our talented subscribers) wishes:—

The August Tour.

Cook has suggested for the 1920 August week-end to resurrect the late Captain Slosh and to place him in the van of a gang of pathfinders up the Breidden Hill to pay tribute to the last battlefield of old Caradog (is this correct, E.G.?)—that blood-stained mountain top where the power of Rome over Britain was settled for the time being.

Whatever Camden's ghost may think of it, the stupid controversy as to the correct placing of that battlefield and last fight as described by Tacitus should be laid to rest by the A.B.C. and the rival claims of Gaer Ditches and the Buckden Knoll be ignominiously shattered for ever.

Fletcher Moss, the cyclist, tourist, author and student, supported by Old Slosh the cycling goat (primed by F.G. the Ancient), has put it beyond doubt, while our "sea-dog" made a special study of the Wall of Caractacus, those shattered stones, of which not one rests upon another and that lie to-day where the "brass hats" of Ostorius hurled them down nigh nineteen hundred years ago.

To make the trip a success it is imperative that our rucksacked foot pioneers be present, and if George Lake will bring up Winnie, I will trundle Buck himself along in a sidecar. A unique opportunity offers itself to make sporting motor ascents. Fletcher Moss got a motor carrying his camera up a considerable height: there are two rough tracks from Criggion up both shoulders meeting at the back of the neck. Such conveyance might carry pick-nick food, for once on top we shall be loth to descend, and the two other tops as seen from the Breidden monument look most tempting: the bare one, Middleton hill, plainly shows an encampment surrounded by an earthen rampart (Cefn y Castell), while the heavily wooded third top, Moel y Gofa, should also be explored. The two other peaks are divided from the Breidden by a rough track, which has a direct descent to Middletown village.

Having lost his yachting cap, the Slosh should be apparelled as was Caradog. In the absence of photographs, wild conjecture and antiquarian research will supply the correct design. Already now he is preparing the woad to die his person.

Let the Breidden become our field of Bannockburn.

Motor Notes.

Is it not high time, dear Friend and Editor, that you opened a column of Motor Notes in your pert publication: the A.B.C. Gazette, partly for the benefit of—but largely, as a test for—our motoring members? Granted that the motorist is admitted into our ranks on sufferance, yet he suffers in such excellent company. He includes a V.P. of whom it is hard to believe that he ever hung on to the rear of a tandem cursing the backman; a timekeeper who dare not recollect that even he was once a mudstained oaf, an Oliver who in vain tried to pose as a cyclist during the petrol famine, yet another whose greatest claim to immortality is his resemblance to Sir

Thomas Lipton; a Beardmore our first motorist to climb the Horseshoe Pass; our William the philanthropic motorist who brings round rare old crusty members and priceless presidents; the Fratelli Roaskelli whom cycles can no longer bear; Lake the test hill teaser, a mocarist and mocyelist combined; an Editor who from a W.W.W. became a motor meteor, and modesty forbids me to include myself barely odder as motist than as cyclist.

We must test this assembly as Evan Roberts said. We hunger for their individual views:—

On the Scout's Salute (as given to mocarists; as given to mocyelists).

On the love that is lost between the mocarist, the real and the mocyelist.

On touring costumes and the clashing with boiled shirts.

On sports costumes versus plain clothes or neutral dress à la Buck.

On the danger of being mistaken for some one else's chauffeur.

On the abuse of the pillion seat (by males: its grossness; by females: its immorality).

On what constitutes an owner driver, &c., &c.

N.B.—Discussions on Rear lights to be strictly TABOO.

Neck and Neck.

Dealing with a popular controversy on the lighting or dousing of certain lamps, deeply interesting letters have appeared in the Cycling Press of late in which the writers bring back to memory dear the dark ages of the past, by describing themselves as "Cyclists of Sorts, of 40 years' standing—and of 39 years' standing" respectively.

I surmise that these delightful fellows are not entirely strange to the A.B.C., and I wish to introduce myself to them through your medium (the Anfield Gazette) as a "Cyclist of another Sort: of 38 years' sitting" (sitting constantly in the saddle).

These two others are, as I suspect, men who have long and intimately occupied my mind, so I delight in fitting in so close. It looks almost like a triplet: the Great Figurehead in front, Lucky Païen in ze middle, and I, as of old, on the back seat.

But I must join issue with both in this "standing" (on the treddles I suppose). Granted that extreme conditions bring one at times "out of the saddle" as the saying goes, yet for "constant pumping" I recommend the sound sitting posture, which gives a better, more open-minded and uninterrupted vista of the landscape under observation and of the needs of the hour. My well-known work on multicycles warns front riders against standing on the pedals, this being only permitted to the rear man, if at all. Possibly that strained action of standing accounts for their too tenacious grip on the cycle in all its bearings.

A CAPTAIN OF BONESHAKERS.

MEMS.

We understand that Robinson is not so friendly with Threlfall since discovering that the latter is in no way connected with Threlfall's Brewery.

It is a sign of the times, in perhaps more ways than one, that Granddad has recently decided to wear a rear lamp again. In an interview with our Special Commissioner, Cook said he was sick and tired of having careless pedestrians walking into him from behind and falling over (and damaging) his wheels. If people were so old-fashioned and ridiculous as to walk instead of cycle along the roads at night, then cyclists would have to take precautions to avoid being run down by them. On the point that it was difficult

to keep a rear lamp alight, raised by our representative, Cook stated that **this made no matter**: a rear lamp was a splendid safeguard whether it was lighted or unlighted. With his seraphic smile, he added, that it was also a good cure for cold feet.

When buying oranges, see that the letters F.J.C. are clearly stamped on the skins. None genuine without. [Advt.]

Those of us who were at Bettws-y-coed, Easter, 1911, have not forgotten that Jack Siddeley was accompanied by his son Cyril, and we extend our heartiest congratulations on the occasion of his marriage, which recently took place at Scarborough.

If any member is interested in Fletcher Moss's "Pilgrimages to Old Homes," The Master has spare copies of No. 4 and No. 5, and will be pleased to sell them to a fellow member at cost price (17/6 and 15/- respectively).

If you have tears prepare to shed them. The Berwyn Levelling Syndicate looks like becoming a Washout. Warrington and St. Helens are negotiating for a water supply from the Ceiriog, and if the scheme goes through, the map will be altered and the valley above Llanarmon O. L. disappear.

Nauticus (a New York shipping paper) for November 1st contains a full page cartoon entitled "Marine Insurance Celebrities—Robert A. Fulton, of Messrs. Talbot, Bird & Co., Inc., New York," which shows the Baron (with cigar complete) sitting at his desk surrounded by Imps of Brokers pressing business on him. The Baronial One must have an excellent Publicity Department working overtime, and we congratulate him on the way he is making good.

George Milne, K.O.K., has lost his seat on the Council of the C.T.C. and is replaced by Boardman of "Ours" who, in his election address, claimed to be "an active cyclist." The change is all for the good.

Captains Kettle and Kook purpose making an extension from the Boxing Day Run at Chester and will be glad to hear from any members interested.

Cohen's Farewell Benefit, November 21st, 1919.

As is probably well known by now, our dear old friend, Li, leaves us for fresh lands and pastures new (tobacco pastures, I understand in South Africa) this month, and a select committee consisting of "Jimmy" James had the inspiration to organise a little farewell gathering, which took the form of a Spanish dinner, Chem's fervid enthusiasm over his recent trip to the land of the Bullfighter being accountable for the dietary. Only two or three of those participating—who by the way numbered eleven: The Guest of the evening, Peris, Chem, "Jimmy," Hubert, Lake, Kinder, Grandad, A.T.S. and two friends, Messrs. Naveran and Walter Simpson—knew the location of the venue, but weird stories of its proximity to Chinese joss houses and the cut-throats which abound in the neighbourhood had got about, and provided the necessary sense of adventure to the undertaking. Stealthily winding our way with the help of "Jimmy" through dark murderous looking alleys, past cavernous entrances in which could be imagined the poised stiletto awaiting its eventual resting place (which might of course be the bosom of any one of the unfortunate party), up back streets, down back streets, at times creeping fearfully against the wall for shelter, anon huddling together in the centre of the road for safety, we emerged eventually triumphant, but trembling in every limb, at the door of what appeared to be an opium den. Furtively entering the portals we

were violently attacked by an odour like nothing on earth. This, it transpired, emanated from the cooking of the Spanish National Dish called "Bacalao"—the last syllable pronounced "low"—or as Cohen in one of his wittiest flashes after a few drinks put it "Backheraloud." We had by this time felt our way in trepidation to the *salle à manger* and were seated round the festive boards. This brilliant *mot* put a temporary blight on the assembly as only the Editor after considerable reflection was able to appreciate its subtlety, and then not all of it—horrible beginning, but worse remained behind! The Spaniards, in my opinion, are afflicted with anemic appetites, which probably accounts for Peris' emaciated frame, as apart from a few plates each of hors d'œuvres, about a couple of pounds each of omelettes, Bacalao in chunks, layers of beefsteaks, whole cheeses (or would "cheesi" sound pedagogical?), dessert, coffee, cases of wine, whisky and brandy, there did not appear to me to be anything to eat or drink; evidently the custom of the country. The *pièce de résistance* was the famous Bacalao, which is always preceded by its smell, from which it is impossible to emerge unscathed. It rests its solid foundations on that delicacy of the murky deep known as saltfish; the Spaniards do nothing without reason: as is well known, this is a thirst-provoking beast. Acting as supports and flanks to the main body there are tomatoes, Spanish onions, marrows, cucumbers, beetroot, sauerkraut, turnips, carrots, cabbage, potatoes, quids of tobacco, cigarette ends, and one or two other vegetables. This *mélange* is then seasoned with capsicum, cayenne, salt, cloves, Spanish mustard, chutney, Yorkshire relish, A.I. sauce, catsup, beeswax and any other condiments kicking about doing nothing round the place. To enable it to glide gracefully past the tonsils it is anointed with Oil: Engine oil, cylinder oil, castor oil, colza oil, petrol, paraffin, and benzol. After stewing in its own juice for a week or so to enable all these delicacies to become intimately acquainted with each other, and, so to speak, merge into a common entity, the exquisite compound—complete with smell—is hauled into the room in vats, and is then ladled out in half-hundredweight lots by the Presider (in this case our old friend Peris). Quailing under his fierce and searching gaze it was observed that Cohen pecked his way through a couple of helpings, while Hubert after his third dollop enquired pathetically for more; Chem bravely struggled with his load; "Jimmy" after a protracted encounter retired hurt half-way through; Grandad (calling heavily on his well-known gastronomic pluck, the veins gleaming red athwart his pallid dome, with the unequal contest) just battled through, while the faces of the others became sicklied o'er with the pale cast of suicidal tendencies, and the wretched Editor squirming under the basilisk and contemptuous glare of the Presider collected his courage with both hands and threw up the sponge at the first encounter. A sigh of relief went up from the sufferers as the vats were cleared away, and the evening proper commenced. Peris made an ideal chairman, when the Editor allowed him—which I am sorry to say was not often. As the evening progressed Arthur seemed to labour under some slight misapprehensions as to who really was going to foreign climes, as in a voice broken with emotion he bade a pathetic farewell successively to everybody present, with the exception of Cohen, and it was only through the Presider's rigorous handling of the situation—he was very firm—that the proceedings were got in hand. Several striking speeches were made, Grandad taking the opportunity of giving us a few of his views on the rear-light question as applied to push bikes, while George Lake had prepared a beautiful and touching oration in the rendition of which he was ably assisted by the Editor—so much so that he forgot the words. However, the great thing was that dear old Li was left in no doubt about our feelings towards him, and in acknowledgment he told us that he would look forward to his return, which he expected would be in the course of a few years. Thus ended a most successful evening.

albeit tinged with an undercurrent of sadness. Bon voyage, Li, and may all prosperity be yours!

RUNS.

Halewood, November 1st, 1919.

Euclid certainly could prove all sorts of funny things, but he was absolutely put in C 3 category according to Chem's statement of facts at the above run. He (*i.e.*, Chem the Melon Magnate) convinced us all that there were no nuts in Barcelona. What wonderful reasoning!! What undeniable proof!! He had climbed every tree in Barcelona, and not a noisette did he find. Really Chem, without being personal, I do not believe you! What a wonderful vintage they must have in Spain! What with Spain, onions, melons, oranges, marrows, rear lights, Rae's tobacco, and the Editor's feeble puns, the assembly was bubbling over with interest in the discussion. (May be 'tis well that Sarah did not hear the bell every time.)

The run could easily be called "un peu d'Espagne" instead of Halewood, for Chem had the whole Club for hours on end in a melon-struck condition, whilst he unfolded to us all the terrors of facing a meagre Spanish afternoon tea (or supper, bed, and breakfast, I forget which!). The whole trouble arose through an innocent "Anfielder" asking him if there were any nuts in Barcelona? Chem had been to Spain—He had done Spain—Spain had done him. King Alphonso had come over to England to visit the country. So some think. Not a bit of it, he is looking for Chem the slayer of the most fierce bulls!!! 'Tis said there is not a bull or mole left in Spain. All this glory to our "gallant, fearless, thirstless, bald-headed, truthful, kind, hard-riding" member . . . "What a one!!!"

The attendance at this run was terrific, or just so, so—but there was only one member out who was of any importance. Our wonderful Banana King was wafting us to Spain and bringing us back (all with the same movement of the same hand). Even whilst we were in Spain we could smell Rae's tobacco!

The market garden syndicate could not even be seen, since it was a complete victory for Melons over Marrows. Cue for song entitled: **KNIFE FELL OVER HIS MARROWS**—in two parts. (One you missed Arthur!) Heavens!! I have forgotten the Club. Now to illustrate the advantages of "Manleplism" (open cheque will bring full details P.R.O.P.).

Chem was out, and I have vivid recollections of seeing the Editor. There were also several jolly good fellows present. I know they were there because I have it on good authority!

Cook put in his first Club run for the month, and George Lake put it across Jimmy on the way home. The policeman put it across Taylor in Gateacre, and Rae's tobacco across the writer at Halewood. And so say all of us.

FINALE. There are no nuts in Barcelone because . . . (Oh, shut up!).

Knutsford, November 1st, 1919.

Let me write this report dear Captains and dear Editor, for to me it was a red letter day: For the first time since last winter I turned out on a treddle cycle. This return "en piste" (as Lowcock calls it) was performed on tandem. Long had I had my eye on Frank Beckitt as a backer and he had long desired to show what he could do on that real speedbeast: the Dreadnought (*sic*). The defection of Crow gave us our chance. Being in fine fettle I agreed to walk the rises, but such were Frank's footstrokes that we rode them all. The steering, too, was an eyeopener to him; some

of my best work he took for an attempt at a spill. He knows better now. No wonder that we caught up Bickley and the Mullah. Ah! the latter is not the man he was thirty years ago when first I overtook him. He is ageing fast. There were others at Knutsford. The Boss for one; no longer Rowan-High'm, for he has left Dunham town for Altrincham town, the hamlet for the city. Dunham town hitherto consisted of four features: The Golf Club, the Axe and Cleaver, the Boss and the Old Tree at the Cross-roads. With the chief prop gone a few centuries hence only excavations will reveal Dunham town.

From Oppenheimer we learnt the advantages of the Pillion-Petrol-Pusher over the auto-wheel; spellbound we took in its details of which he'll shortly make one. The Junior Twins were ushered in by Grimshaw reminding us of the Hen and Chickens. Davies and Orrell continued in similarity. Burwarton, the Beefsteak sec., sat there in shady nook. And last, our modest Captain—which makes 13, while I was told there were 14—without whom we should have been a fate-tossed unlucky 13 instead of a compact complex, a club of destiny. He pretends to be one of us, but is in fact the mainspring.

The outing was well balanced: nothing to choose between the rabbit and the beefsteak pie. Gingerettes before dinner and dry gingers after, while honest brew topped the list. At the Eldon there is always more provided than devoured.

The business side of the meeting fixed no fewer than a dozen new dining destinations. (The Manchester-Anfield dines, it leaves T places to the Tottlers.)

Finally, Oppenheimer sprang a fresh surprise: The picture of a man on an ordinary during the strike. His face was so clean shaven that there was equal betting on its being Crow of the late Harehills, or he himself of the early Nineties.

Then we all went treddling home, contented with our rearlights, though hating that back lamp.

Northop, November 8th, 1919.

We were once more favoured with good weather, although it was rather foggy in the afternoon, and there was a spice of winter in the atmosphere. I rode with Mandall from the ferry and at the Welsh Road we dismounted to have a quiet pipe. We were soon joined by the Kinders and Taylor—to our great astonishment we noticed that the latter had taken unto himself a rear light. When the venue was reached, half a dozen were already in waiting—finally about twenty sat down to an excellent tea. Afterwards, everybody assembled around the fireside and smoked with contentment. Cook was busy trying to get recruits for the week-end, but was not very successful. When the tobacco had burnt, a move was made—Cook and Kettle for Llanfair Talhaiarn, and the rest for home mostly via the ferry. The ride back was very enjoyable as the mist had disappeared and the moon shone brightly.

Ringway, November 8th, 1919.

Whisper it not abroad: the Manchester section have discovered easily the finest feeding place in England. (Particulars will be forwarded to select members only on receipt of the small fee of one guinea.) Personally I have resolved to do without lunch and to ride at least to Liverpool and back before tea; and wild horses will not keep me away.

The party numbered, I think, fifteen and divided itself into two sections, the elderley, infirm, and more respectable element (at least they ought to be, but judging by the frequent whisperings when the good lady of the house happened to be about, one is inclined to think they are otherwise) occupying one table, and the younger generation the other. At the latter though, there sat one bald-headed old gentleman; but as he can give most

of the generation in question "socks" at speed-work and, incidentally, has more to say than any other two, he was allowed to remain.

Several members not often seen, but always welcome, were present: perhaps it was the distance which overcame their scruples, and our old and yet ever youthful friend "F.H." it appears had propelled himself there per bicycle. At tea he confided to us that he was suffering from some "slight" indisposition. We sympathised with him, and some it is rumoured were jealous.

Grimmy of the rosy countenance, sitting opposite, was observed to turn pale and mutter "My Goodness" (or words to that effect), and on turning round in search of the cause of his discomfiture I found one of the serving damsels looking at no less than 14 of the 15 members present at one and the same time, due no doubt to studying the 14 points too seriously. In addition, she was afflicted with a word of command which would not have disgraced a Sergt.-Major, and those members who had the pleasure of wearing the King's uniform in the little scrap recently were observed to "jump to it as one man." However, the gentleman with less hair between heaven and himself than I, soon recovered and enlivened the proceedings by his endeavours to pick a quarrel with the other table: the repartee was fast and furious and when our old friend "Crow" joined in, somewhat blunt and to the point (talk about unvarnished tales and replies without trimmings, "wow!").

Several very interesting topics were discussed and one, the reason for "Private and Confidential" on the Circular, brought forth some interesting comments. It being suggested by one that the reason was obviously to prevent the wife from reading it, this provoked another usually silent and without doubt married gentleman to remark that the surest way to get a woman to read anything was to put "private and confidential" on it.

It being mutually agreed that we should hold a concert in the near future, a fierce argument ensued as to the relative merits of various pubs. Some suggested the "Swan with two necks," others the "Church Inn," the "Bug and Gluepot" ("when you get there you stick" sort of place), etc., and "The Mullah" reiterated "Rope and Anchor" so often that someone eventually threatened to hang him with the rope. Anyway his tactics proved successful and it was decided to hold it on the 29th at the aforementioned "Rope and Anchor."

Tearing ourselves away at last from the very pleasant company and surroundings, we reluctantly mounted our iron steeds and rode forth into the fog on our respective routes: and it was not too dam tropical either.

Tarporley, November 15th, 1919.

I was ambling along the top Chester road when I overtook Cook, who —Editor: 'Ere! Wot's this? You . . . OVERTOOK . . . COOK? Now if you'd said Grimshaw, or the Mundells, or Chem, or Mr. Mullins, I might have believed you. But Grandad! Contributor: It's very bad form to interrupt, Arthur. Ever heard the story of the new reporter who was writing an account of an accident to a lady cyclist? No? Well, he'd just set down these words: "and her short pants," when the editor (such another as you) butted in: "Come, young feller," he said, "none of your modern realism on this paper." The reporter wrote steadily on: "and her short pants for breath showed that she had been badly shaken." See? Editor: But what about Tarporley? Contributor: Well, I was ambling along the top Chester road when I overtook Cook, who had stopped at the Shrewsbury Arms to —er—to —er—to get some oil for his rear lamp. (Awfully sorry, Arthur, old bean. I find that I'm thinking of another day altogether. Better make a fresh start, I suppose.)

This fixture was specially arranged, I imagine, so that we Liverpolitans might have the pleasure of meeting our Manchester friends. Evidently the

desire for that meeting was not altogether mutual, for most of the Mancunians stayed away. Newsholme was out selling salt—beg pardon! I mean Salts. Grimmy and the Mundells had gone off for the week-end, though why in the world they couldn't have called at the "Swan" for tea I don't know. (Neither does Grandad. I heard him say so.) Boardman was too much concerned at George Milne's letter in the *C.T.C. Gazette*, with its humorous reference to "sportsmanship," to face his fellow Anfielders. Thus the only Manchester members present were Turnor, Bert Green, Davies, Barratt, Williamson and Cook. (Contributor: What? Grandad isn't a Manchester member? Well, I *am* surprised. I always thought he was. Then how is it that we never see him cycling about the Wirral Peninsula, and what does he do with himself on Wednesday evenings?)

Did I tell you that Rogers was there? (Contributor: Dammit, Arthur! How do I know which one? I think it was the other twin—not the one you're thinking about.) Blackburn came in late, having been collared in the danger zone at Tarvin in connection with his lamp, rear, one, unlighted, as they say in the army. (It just shows that Blackburn, like Cook, isn't the man he was, for he couldn't ride fast enough to get away from a policeman. How in the world he did so well in the "24," I can't imagine.) Cohen and James were there; also a lot of Bands; and Threlfall and Harley. With Cook and Kettle and Robinson that makes 21, doesn't it, Arthur? Call it 21, anyhow.

After an excellent tea, the inveterate week-enders barged off for Newport. The Band army corps, with Tommy Royden as camp follower, were next to move. Teddy Edwards had to finish his weekly cigar, and when that was done he departed, accompanied by Threlfall, Robinson, Harley, and Whatisname. The latter immediately got lost. Robinson had wind up badly owing to the Blackburn episode, and lighted (or tried to light) his rear lamp in order to pass through Tarvin without molestation. He discovered that oil which isn't there and wick that hasn't been lighted for a year are not to be relied upon. Anyhow, there were no bobbies in sight at Tarvin, so all was well. The rest of the crowd stayed behind in the super-tank at the "Swan" and discussed rear lights, profiteering, and other religious topics.

Irby. November 22nd, 1919.

At precisely 3.30 p.m. I was called to the telephone—"A gentleman wants you." The following ensued: "Hello, is that you?" "Yes." "Well this is Simpson."—"Simpson, who's he?" "You know Arthur of the Anfield?" "Oh, yes, glad to hear from you (dubiously)." "I believe you were at Irby, etc." Most of us know what "I believe you were at _____" means. I argued, I even said NO! emphatically, but it was of no avail.

When I arrived at Irby I found a comfortable number of fellows in a place that is usually termed "the Chapel," but of course at that early hour they were not busy with their devotions. A cheery word to and from everyone and I sat down to await other arrivals. They seemed to come in their thousands and when the time arrived for rations the total was (somewhere about) 32. The table was somewhat crowded, but with a little help from the mantelpiece all were accommodated. Two of our more lusty fellows officiated with spoon and fork upon a couple of hotpots which were soon devoured by the tight-packed crowd. One person, however, seemed to stand aloof in the feeding line—this was Ven who spent most of the time in seeing that fresh supplies were forthcoming and really I began to think that he was a very fine fellow indeed. Of course I thought he was giving his services for nothing and when he came to me and hinted at 2s. 7d. I was most surprised to say the least of it—still for all his trying to spoil it at

the end, I think he was worth his fee. After food, the company sat down and talked as usual. The topics mainly being either, induction, compression, explosion or exhaust—no, no—of course I mean, rear lights, pedals, gears, tyres, etc. About 7.30 the company began to take themselves off—and as I left about that time myself I cannot say much more about the run, except that I arrived home safely after an enjoyable outing.

Allstock, November 22nd, 1919.

The wind was strong and the roads heavy, making progress rather slow, and though the run was not a long one, these conditions had the advantage of giving the full measure of exercise required to keep one in something like form—in fact, we had a quart in a pint pot. After a little detour, the present deponent arrived at Oak Cottage to find very few there. It is a matter for surprise that this fixture does not appeal to a certain section of the Manchester men; whilst all pretension to “swank” in the accommodation is absent, the food and the cooking are excellent, and solid comfort and cosiness the dominant note. Six of us sat down to tea, to be joined later by three others, who, contrary to all the accepted rules of tradesmen nowadays, had actually been working overtime. The conversation was largely on the burning question of rear lights, and some members gave thrilling accounts of encounters with the guardians of the law, who seemed, however, to have been, generally speaking, rather sympathetic. Grimshaw, in his inimitable manner, recounted the incidents of a memorable ride from Shawbury on the preceding Sunday. I lost count of the number of times he and Hesketh, who were “en tandem,” had bitten the dust, or rather the mud, and the number of times they had repaired or bought tyres, but in each case it was “some.” The commencement of the ride home synchronised with the commencement of the rain, which came down with an energy and determination worthy of a better cause, and made things pretty uncomfortable. However, we all managed to reach home without incident of note.

Chester, November 29th, 1919.

A cold day, my masters, and conducive to much wiping (not piping) of eyes and blowing of noses; in fact, a real November day. It having pleased “those who must be obeyed” to absolve the scribe from attendance at the palatial building wherein much work is done (which work is described by some of the horny-handed—who misname themselves “Labourers”—as parasitic) he—the scribe—after much struggling managed to throw himself from his warm bed on to the cold floor about 10.00 hours (universal time). From this onward it fell out that only a short space of time was needed before his attenuated frame was clad in many and various garments mostly designed for the purpose of keeping out the aforesaid cold and covering nakedness. After a visit to the refectory, he hauled out his rusty steed, and having anointed various portions of its anatomy with oil, and filled its eyes—one of which was somewhat bloodshot owing to an encounter with a decrepit lady yclept DORA—with another variety of the same fluid, bled him to the King’s Highway, there to seek adventure.

* * * * Pause to light pipe. * * * *

Apologies, most sapient Editor! The soothing properties of the weed have revealed to me the fact that I was requested to write an account of the run—not to furnish a soliloquy. As you will gather from the foregoing drivel, I started early, so did not encounter any member of the Club till Chester was reached at 17.45 (U.T.). About 17 members sat down to tea at the Bull & Stirrup, and quickly disposed of the fare provided. A fireside discussion revealed the fact that a goodly number had put in extensions

during the afternoon, Hawarden, Wrexham, Eaton Park, and the fairs round Kinnerton and Dodleston having been visited by various members. Grandad, Robinson and, I think, Harley left us early for a tour in the Llanarmon O.L. district. The Captain, Cody, all the Rogers' and Threllall faded away shortly afterwards, and the rest of the party flung themselves on to their bicycles and tricycles about 19.50 bound for England once more. The frost seemed to have affected some of the lamps, as several of the riders had to dismount and use all their persuasive power to get the accessories to perform their natural function.

Beyond these small annoyances the journey home was without incident, unless further adventures befell those who stopped at Hinderton.

Dunham Massey, November 29th, 1919.

The reconstructional period, or the changing over of atmospheres, on this particular occasion was done without the usual fuss or going out for ten minutes, by simply hurling the badly bent ham bones out of the windows, putting the pots under the seats and pushing a piano through the door. This also gave the multitude a chance to make quite sure that the song they had so carefully brought with them did not make too big a bulge in their pockets. In spite of the change over I could not help sensing a peculiar atmosphere surrounding the Sub-Captain which conveyed to me by the Oliver Lodge process (Atmospheres—Devination Thereof—McMullan, 50/-) that I was either about to be touched for a loan or to write humff. It turned out to be the latter.

So, unaccustomed as I am to public speaking, I hope you will bear with me in the few remarks I have to make. Little did I think when first I became an Anfielder (No! No! No! this is not the Club dinner.—Ed.), Oh! I see, this is the record of the Manchester Section's run to Dunham Massey for the purpose of holding a concert. Well, I was standing at the corner of the street having just rubbed my head with the oil in my rear lamp to stop it from chilblaining when a model of the Eddystone Lighthouse swished round on wheels. The procession halted and a figure emerged from the mist muttering "What are you waiting for now?" Having found out that I was not the good-looking Anfielder he imagined, he offered to let me put my nose on the red light of his scooter and beyond climbing a few trees and running in and out of several cottages, much to the delight of the bed-ridden inmates, we arrived to find a goodly number with heads down and arms working forward and upward.

The "Mullah" very ably extracted the best out of everybody by his grey-book system. He started the show with "Two Eyes of Grey." Besketh Pritchard brought along a friend who did marvellous things with a pack of cards and after Grimshaw had blindfolded him we marvelled much more. Mr. Penney played a big part in making the concert such a success, and "F.H." gave some very sound advice to the Junior Active Dept. on what can happen by turning round: something much worse than living at Northwich! As usual the Wet Canteen Director nobly carried out the duties of his office and hot water bottles could be had at will.

Amongst the toil-hacked faces fighting to get near the fire could be seen Davies, Grimshaw, Williamson and the Mundells.

When the writer left with our great big Buckley the piano was still holding out, the mist had faded away, the wind in the tyres had frozen, and once you found the right rut you were well away, being considerably cheered that owing to having forgotten to post the order the coal would be ten bob cheaper.

A. T. SIMPSON,

Editor.