

ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB.

FORMED MARCH 1879.

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

MONTHLY CIRCULAR.

Vol. XV.

No. 167.

FIXTURES FOR JANUARY, 1920.

		Light up at
Jan.	3—Halewood (Derby Arms).....	4-32 p.m.
..	9—FRIDAY. ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING, Common Hall, Hackins Hey, Dale Street, Liverpool, at 7 p.m.	
..	10.—Kelsall (Royal Oak)	4-41 p.m.
..	17.—Northop (Red Lion)	4-52 p.m.
..	24—Chester (Bull and Stirrup). "Welcome Home" to ex-Service Members. Dinner at 5-30 p.m.	5- 5 p.m.
..	31—Irby (Prince of Wales)	5-18 p.m.
Feb.	7.—Halewood (Derby Arms)	5-32 p.m.

ALTERNATIVE RUNS FOR MANCHESTER MEMBERS.

Jan.	3.—Knutsford (Lord Eldon)	Tea at 5-30 p.m.	4-29 p.m.
..	17.—Ringway (Higher Mainwood Farm)	Do.	4-49 p.m.
..	31.—Marton (Davenport Arms)	Do.	5-15 p.m.
Feb.	7.—Knutsford (Lord Eldon)	Do.	5-29 p.m.

Full moon 5th instant.

A HAPPY AND PROSPEROUS NEW YEAR TO ALL.

Committee Notes.

21, Water Street,

Liverpool.

The "Welcome Home" to those Members who have served in the Forces is to be held on Saturday, the 24th January, at the Bull and Stirrup Hotel, Chester. Invitations have been sent to all ex-Service Members, and it is hoped all who are able to attend will do so. May I ask all other Members, who are not (more or less) regular attenders at Club Runs to notify me early if they intend to be present on this special occasion, so that I may make adequate preparations. After dinner, which is timed for 5-30 p.m., a musical evening is to be held, organised by Mr. A. T. Simpson.

NEW MEMBER.—Mr. E. PARRY has been elected to Junior Active Membership.

APPLICATIONS FOR MEMBERSHIP.—Mr. S. P. LEIGH, 113, Clavenn Road, Plymouth Road, Rusholme, Manchester; and Mr. E. HAYNES, 238, Maine Road, Moss Side, Manchester, both proposed by C. H. Turnor, and seconded by W. P. Cook; GEORGE BRENDAN ORRELL, proposed by W. Orrell, seconded by C. H. Turnor (Junior Active).

The Attendance Prizes have been won by: First, T. Royden, with 45 attendances; and second, by W. Orrell with 40 attendances.

At the December Meeting, a hearty Vote of Thanks was accorded to W. P. Cook for the trouble and expense he has gone to in going to London to give evidence, before the Lights on Vehicles Committee, against Rear Lights.

TEMPORARY CHANGE OF ADDRESS.—ARTHUR NEWSHOLME, 81, Peter Street, Toronto.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS.—H. S. BARRATT, 120, Oxford Road, Manchester.

E. D. McCANN,

Hon. Secretary

Cyclists' War Memorial.

Again I appear before you as a Beggar, but certainly not an absent-minded one, for I have a very lively memory and full appreciation of the noble way you one and all responded so generously to my appeals for the Cyclists' Prisoners of War Fund. This time I am appealing to you for the Cyclists' War Memorial, having been asked to act as District Representative for Liverpool. A Committee under the Chairmanship of W. Howard Gritten, Esq., M.P. (the cyclists' friend) and Vice-Chairmanship of F. T. Bidlake, Esq., has been formed under distinguished patronage, and when I tell you that Messrs. Bartleet, Ditchman, Stancer and Vanheems (Hon. Treasurer) are on this Committee you will realise that the matter is in good hands. The purpose is to raise a sum of at least £1,000 to erect a Permanent Roadside Memorial in memory of Cyclists who fell in the great war 1914-1919. This Memorial will be placed in some Central Touring District as a Mecca like Meriden Cross. I sincerely trust we of the Anfield will live up to our traditions and reputation by "doing our bit" to make this Memorial a worthy one. We have done nothing in the way of a permanent Roll of Honour or Memorial to those Gallant Four, Bentley, George Poole, David and Edmund Rowatt (not to mention former members like Lawrence Band), who laid down their lives for us. Let us therefore make a generous response to this appeal for the Cyclists' War Memorial. I do not purpose making any personal requests and trust that this notification will suffice.

W. P. Cook.

Referring to Cook's appeal on behalf of the Cyclists' War Memorial, we notice in *Cycling* that Beardwood has made a donation of a guinea direct, and also taken one of the books of shilling "Stamps" for sale. Here is an example for you. Grandad has some of these books and in addition to making a donation, you can take a book and dispose of "Stamps" for the benefit of the Fund. Every little helps and the shillings which make pounds are just as welcome as the larger donations.

The A. G. M.

[From our Lobby Correspondent.]

I hear on the best authority that the forthcoming A.G.M. will witness several important changes in the Government. W. T. Venables will retire to enjoy his well-earned repose and ill-gotten gains, and H. Green will be appointed Arch-Profitereer-in-Chief. As director of Rear Lamps, T. Royden will have the invaluable assistance of P. C. Hilditch, by special permission of the Chief Constable of Cheshire. The "Circular" will be amalgamated with "The Gardening World," and will appear weekly, under the joint Editorial direction of T. W. J. Britten and R. L. L. Knipe, it being felt that only those members who have lots of initials can do the thing properly. D. R. Fell will be elected Controller-in-Chief of Cabbage Conversations. The Liverpool Geological Society have generously released Mr. George Milne, K.O.K., who will occupy the dual rôle of Financial Expert and Igneous Chippings Specialist, with offices in Ullet Road. F. Chandler will be appointed to take command of the Ham and Eggs Department, and F. J. Cheminais will be placed in charge of the orange stall. The absentee members sub-section will be ably controlled by W. M. Robinson. C. H. Turnor will be the official tyre-repairer, and J. C. Band, on relinquishing control of his bottle of whisky, will be elected O. C. Sacks. W. P. Cook will retain his present office of President of the Berwyn Levelling Syndicate and Principal Visitor at Llandegla. A. T. Simpson and G. H. Lake will be appointed Official Trainers of 24-hour Aspirants. o.x.o.

Some Seasonable Books.

"The man I used to be."—By W. Pagan-Cook, author of "Diminishing Strength" and other Phantasies.

"Motor-cycling and Rock-climbing."—By "An Ardent, Active Cyclist." The "Manchester Evening News" says: "We heartily welcome this volume, the author of which, we understand, is now a member of the C.T.C. Council."

"Me and Haig in France."—By W. M. Robinson. The "Higher Transmere Parish Magazine" says: "A real war book. We have at last an authentic account of how the distinguished writer was wounded."

"Bert Turnor's little best: a memory of the 24."—By A. Newsholme. The author praises without stint his tandem partner's efforts, which, he says, were "always well meant and sometimes of real use."

"General Kkovah, or the man who tried to help."—By Mr. Mullins. A remarkable tribute by an anonymous author to a fellow-traveller who "did his best."

"Royalty and Rearlights."—By T. Royden, with portrait of Lady Ursula and a monograph (by W.P.C.) on "Lea's Reflex."

"The True History of my Ride to Portsmouth and Back."—By R. C. G. Gregg. Ten million copies already sold (or given away).

"The Dry State: A personal experience."—By Arthur T. Simpson, author of "Bacalao." The writer's account of how he went dry (for ten minutes) is most fascinating. Mr. Frank Wood, Editor of the "Brewer's Gazette and Tied House Journal," writes: "A most convincing treatise on an important and topical subject. It is not surprising that the United States have gone dry."

"Oranges and Lemons, and other Nursery Rhymes."—By "Shem."

"A post-war history of Llandegla." By W. E. Taylor and E. W. Harley.

"Our Licensing System."—By G. H. Lake, with marginal notes by Hubert Roskell. The "Castle Street Echo" asserts that "this little brochure is a masterly condemnation of the present system of granting driving licences to motorists."

"Fire Water."—By J. U. Band, T.T. The pathetic history of a bottle of whisky.

MEMS.

Robinson recently made it clear, in the course of a letter to the *Irish Cyclist*, that he hadn't the slightest intention of lighting his rear lamp. Parry lighted it for him at Northop, and Robinson didn't appear to object. 'Nuff sed!

By the way, Robinson's back light stayed in from Northop to Birkenhead. We understand that he is extremely annoyed, and has written a very indignant letter to the makers, reporting the matter and requesting an immediate explanation.

We are sorry to hear that Gregg has been on the sick list. This comes, of course, of letting your birthday fall on a Saturday, and thus missing a club run.

On the occasion of Our Heroes' Welcome Home, Chem. will positively appear, and will sing two brand-new songs (with, however, the old tunes and the old words), namely, "Spanish Onions" and "Let's all go down the Strand—Have a Banorange."

On returning from a run the other Saturday, Tommy Royden very nearly ran down a motor bicycle which had no rear light. His remarks as to the crass folly of motor-cyclists in failing to protect themselves were many and fluent.

Grandad refused to say where he had spent the day of the Northop run. Montag, however, can pronounce Welsh names, and gave the desired information.

Cook was week-ending, "as usual." Oliver Cooper's opinion that this is simply camouflage to conceal Cook's inability to ride out and home in the one day is now very widely endorsed.

It was noted at Chester on Boxing Day that Grandad had a new set of victims for his trip to Bettws-y-coed. The Mullah, who was Cook's partner at Christmas, 1918, gave the excursion a miss this time. Comment is superfluous.

By the way, just at the moment Grandad and Company were setting off from the "Bull & Stirrup" a motor car was heard making a start outside the hotel. We presume that Cook, Kettle, and Timbertiles really were on bicycles.

Among the latest books is one entitled "The Boardman Family." Now we shall be able to learn all about H.L.B.'s hideous past.

So Tommy has won the attendance prize by being present at something less than 50 runs. He explains that devotion to duty (*i.e.*, the allotment) caused him to miss the few runs from which he was absent.

RUNS.

Halewood, December 6th, 1919.

Although the day was hardly one to charm the old man from his chimney corner or the young child from his play, yet quite a goodly number crowded the upper room, while a large and respectable overflow assembled downstairs. (Hubert I'm sure is large, and Arthur at least is respectable.) The viands were well up to the usual high standard of Halewood, and the appearance (and disappearance) of mince pies lent quite a Christmassy flavour to the repast.

The adjourned meeting in the Smokeroom was rather more staid than usual I think, though rather less stayed, strange to say. Several "Jolly Good Fellows," however, tried to cheer us up, and our genial Editor, not to be outdone, revived us with the happy announcement that the Club was bankrupt and utterly ruined.

Next we had a scene by Hubert and Arthur (not from "King John"). It was a new Xmas Speciality in the form of a pronouncing competition, and as played by two such experts whose erudition is a speciality, we pronounced it—well, we pronounced it a great success. The great feature of the game is that both sides win. It was carried out with great cordiality, and as neither suffered a casualty, we called it a draw.

At 8.30 someone said it was raining, so we stayed a bit longer. It RAINED on the way home!

Knutsford, December 6th, 1919.

We've been having quite a lot of weather lately, and what it's lacked in geniality has been made up in variety. Certainly this day could not be described, even by the most ardent disciple of Mark Tapley, as a really nice day, for in addition to being rather damp under the trees it was bitterly cold. There was no incentive to lounge, and some of our members even preferred to go direct to the rendezvous and take a walk from there rather than put in an extension in the pig-skin. Such contumacy received the reward it deserved—they walked without capes, and, a heavy shower coming on, got very nicely wet for their pains. At the Lord Eldon, as the feeding hour approached, the attendance was sparse, only six being present. Where were the cohorts of Cheadle Hulme? The Master and Bick, the only representatives from that paradise, could give no answer, but it was rumoured that the one and only Smart Set had gone to some other place of entertainment. Anyhow, we sadly missed the entertainment he would have provided for us—the rapier thrust of wit, the quick repartee, the unexpected and humorous side to every question—and we hope he won't do it again. Poor Orrell also was missing, but the news of his progress after his unfortunate accident was as good as could be expected. During the meal—satisfactory as ever—five more members dribbled in one by one, so that the party, after all, was quite a nice one. After tea, the talk turned once more to rear lights, and perhaps Grandpa will be pleased to hear that his evidence before the Committee charged with the consideration of this question met with the admiring approval of all. The possible Club Officers for 1920 also had considerable attention, not to speak of the "Does it matter whether your chain alignment is true or not?" question in connection with the "Change your gear by lifting your chain with your fingers" business. The homeward journey was done for the most part in a blinding rainstorm, so thick as almost to obscure the view, but we were through it in good time.

Kelsall, December 13th, 1919.

Consequent upon a lapse into the realms of "Petrol," I am supposed to have lost my riding form (at least so saith a sage of 18 summers in a contemporary). It has also been "writ" in the "Circular" that I have sold my birthright for a "mess of petrol," whilst others whose goodwill I value highly look askance at me.

It was in the hope of rehabilitating myself that I set out from within a very few miles of the source of the Mersey's water supply to endeavour if at all possible in my state of decrepitude, to arrive at the sign of the "Royal Oak," which was duly accomplished, if I may say so, without having contracted that feeling which is usually ascribed to "dead men."

Almost to a man the inquiry was made: "How did you come; did you—?" "No, I didn't," sez I, "I've come by bicycle," and I felt that I was to some extent re-admitted into the Brotherhood of Pedal Pushers when Cook kindly purchased some beer for me, in which Sheldon Barratt, Esq., joined us, having just arrived on the scene in company with several other Mancunians, much to my relief, as I was beginning to think I was to be the sole representative. However, just before commencing "hostilities," numbers increased somewhat rapidly, with the result that we sat down about twenty strong, at least Liverpool had about nine, Manchester the other eighteen; in any case we (that's us) just had the pull. The room was the worst feature of the feeding arrangements, appearing to be heated by a small fire at one end, and a big open door at the other. After tea I received a considerable amount of advice as to how I must comport myself on an occasion in the early future, when I understand the welfare of all cyclists will be held in the hollow of my hand. The time for the commencement of the return journey drew near, a move was made to the "garage" (beg pardon, force of habit)—I mean the yard—when the sorting out process was begun and I believe successfully accomplished. We were taking it easy to the top of the hill, too easy for two of the "young bloods" who wear medals on their watch chains, but who are not a little anxious about the hair they won't have in a few years. However, *verb. sap.* (or is it "nuff sed"?) we didn't see them again that night, but we won the race Hare and Tortoise fashion, as I believe they waited for us at the "Windmill" and we didn't stop, see?

Ringway, December 20th, 1919.

The reason I am writing the account of this run is that the Snub, usually so submissive and self-apologetic, was something approaching cross—I overheard the Smart Set tell him he'd got swelled head. Whatever it was that was the matter with him, I didn't feel quite up to refusing his demand—no request this time—and so here I am. On a dirty day—and it was a dirty day—we don't expect to have a large turnout, but lo and behold! when we had all gathered together there were no less than 15 of us to make short work of the chicken and apple tart provided. Grimshaw, the Mundells and Hesketh had arrived per motor-lurry with what looked like a dismantled aerodrome on board. To judge by the forcible language Happy used in his relation of the events of the afternoon, they appeared to have been having a real good time, what with the dismantling of the structure, the slipping of clutches, etc. We were all very glad to see Orrell out once more after his smash—not quite recovered but well on the way. After tea there was an animated discussion on the propriety of membership of many cycling clubs, the conclusion reached being, as is usual in these cases, inconclusive, the official party, insisting on single-hearted devotion to the runs of one club, and the free-as-air party, claiming their right to come and go as they pleased, each being entirely satisfied that their case was unanswerable. The party broke up in decent time, after the exchange of the seasonable greetings, to ride home in comparatively fine weather.

Chester, December 26th, 1919.

Fortunately the absence of the Editor in Wild Wales and the high cost of printing provide an excuse for a brief, bright(?) and brotherly account of this time-honoured Boxing Day Fixture. Grandad and J. Blackburn were evidently the only Liverpool members "desiring a ride before dinner," for although it was a brilliant morning with hard dry roads these two youths were the only ones at Clatterbridge at 10.0 o'clock. We hear Knipe, having "lost his Circular" (shame—Ed.), turned up at 10.30 and had perforce to join the slackers who rode direct. The Real Riders went to Kelsall to meet the Manchester Crowd, but as only H. Green, Boardman and Turnor came from the land of Perpetual Sunshine there was no difficulty in counting them. We understand Davies nearly reached Chester in the afternoon under the impression that it was a meeting for tea! However, notwithstanding the large party at Bettws-y-coed and the smaller party at Shawbury, we eventually sat down 29 members and one friend. We say "eventually" because the Circular said dinner 1 p.m., but Mr. Winterbottom produced documentary evidence that it was ordered for 1.30, and besides Edwards was late as usual! We were particularly pleased to see Mawr Conway as youthful and spritely as ever and Timbertiles, who had broken the Crewe-Chester record, and made Kook and Kettle tremble at the thought of their suffering en route to Bettws. President Fell looked very chic with pique frilling to his waistcoat and George Mercer looked remarkably fresh after his ride from Upton, but undoubtedly the Abernethy was easily taken by Cotter who came armed to the teeth with a Saratoga trunk full of glad rags which we suppose were for the purpose of doing things properly at Pufford. The rest of the Crowd were Mr. Scott, Band, Parry, Robinson, Taylor, Cody, Threlfall, Chandler (with sad news of impending exile to Singapore), Ven, Toft, Royden, Mandall, Mac (on trike), Rowatt, Brothers Rogers (tandem), and Charlie Conway complete with stockings. After an excellent feed the Bettws trio were smartly off their marks and later the Rogers Brothers departed for Nesscliffe. Chandler and Threlfall were the only other energetics and returned via Warrington and Halewood. The rest we believe trickled home more or less direct, only a small party teazing at Hinderton, and so passed into the records of the Club another Boxing Day run which was most enjoyable notwithstanding many noticeable absentees.

Irby, December 27th, 1919.

It is rather remarkable that such a brilliant day and the last run of the year should have been marked by the small attendance of 14. Even Johnny Band missed the fixture! Terrible, is it not? Quite a fair crowd had thrust into Wales to meet Cook and Kettle returning from Bettws, but the tourists got back so early that we don't believe they ever got there. What is this we hear about telephone messages from Denbigh that owing to the inclemency of the weather, Etc., Etc.? The yarn about being blown back from Llanwrst and reaching Northop for lunch won't wash. Chandler and Threlfall had been to Mold and Cefn-y-bedd, Edwards had been to Queensferry and Taylor had been round Chester, while Robinson was seen flying away on an Ideal Xmas stunt. However, the scouts and tourists met at Hinderton and then toured gently to Irby where they found Royden, Cody, Ven, Mercer, Knipe, Fell, Mac and Tierney, and a very excellent tea was duly consumed. The usual chat round the fire ensued, Tommy being heartily congratulated on his really wonderful attendance record which secured for him the first prize; and then our thoughts turned homewards. Edwards, Cook, Chandler and Taylor escorted Kettle to Hoyleake and the rest went direct, no doubt with the thought that another year's glorious cycling was a thing of the past, but full of good intentions for the next year.

Heatley, December 27th, 1919.

I had heard that an invitation to an Anfield run was not a thing to be lightly refused—one man, they say, put off his wedding when he found the dates clashed—and when one of the Manchester men was good enough to ask me to come out to Heatley I didn't hesitate at all. Arrived there on a fine but windy afternoon, I was interested to see that the word "Heaven" appeared over the doorway of the hotel. I learned afterwards that that was the name of the proprietor, but it seemed somewhat appropriate in view of the Sub-Captain's attempts to get in. He knocked at several doors in turn, and finally, after barking his knuckles, we were able to enter. We were shown into a cosy room and soon the preparations for tea were audible. Prompt to the time arranged the table was ready for us. The Sub-Captain said we were to have what the hostess described as a "cold collation." Judge of our surprise then when the maid brought in a large dish with steaming steak and onions—steak two inches thick and beautifully cooked. Evidently the landlady is used to catering for parties with substantial appetites, for although only 6/7 had been ordered for, there was ample for the 10 of us. The Anfielders were delighted to welcome back one of their number—Edwards (they called him "Yank")—who had, it appeared just returned from Germany, where he has been on military duty. They were also very pleased to have with them Orrell, who is recovering from a bad accident. The tea satisfactorily disposed of, we gathered round the fire and chatted on many things. Edwards gave some accounts of life in Germany in these days, and Davies and others displayed an intimate ignorance of the working of German and Austrian lotteries before the war. Warburton and Williamson engaged in a game called "Pulling the old man's leg," at which, to judge by the laughter following their efforts, they are decidedly expert. After a certain Miss Kitty, whom I didn't see, but who appeared to be well known to all the Anfielders, had been duly toasted, we made a move for home, all very well satisfied with ourselves, and I understand the A.B.C. intend to go to this rendezvous again. It was indeed a most enjoyable function.

A. T. SIMPSON,

Editor

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Feb.	7—Halewood (Derby Arms).....	5-32 p.m.
„	9—Committee Meeting, Common Hall, Hackins Hey, Liverpool, at 7 p.m.	
„	14—Rossett (Golden Lion)	5-46 p.m.
„	21—Chester (Bull and Stirrup).....	6-0 p.m.
„	28—Kelsall (Royal Oak)	6-13 p.m.
Mar.	6—Halewood (Derby Arms)	6-26 p.m.

ALTERNATIVE RUNS FOR MANCHESTER MEMBERS.

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Full moon 4th instant.

Committee Notes.

21, Water Street,
Liverpool.

Mr. A. T. SIMPSON has been re-elected Editor of the MONTHLY CIRCULAR.

Messrs. S. P. LEIGH, E. HAYNES and G. B. ORRELL have been elected to Active Membership.

Mr. C. F. HAWKES has transferred from the Active List to the Honorary List.

Messrs. R. ROWATT, J. ROWATT, J. ENTWISTLE and T. W. J. BRITTEN have Resigned.

APPLICATIONS FOR MEMBERSHIP.—Junior Active: Mr. GEOFFREY FAIRFIELD HAWKES, 36, Cressington Avenue, Higher Tranmere, proposed by W. P. Cook, seconded by F. D. McCann; Active: Mr. JOHN EWART TOMLIN, 53, Higher Hillgate, Stockport, proposed by J. A. Grimshaw, seconded by G. F. Mundell; EDWIN JAMES READE, 69,

Derby Road, Weaste, Manchester, proposed by G. F. Mundell, seconded by W. P. Cook.

Messrs. P. C. Beardwood and W. J. Neason have been appointed Club Delegates to the R.R.A.

Messrs. W. H. Kettle and F. Mundell have been appointed Club Delegates to the N.R.R.A.

Messrs. J. C. Band, W. P. Cook, E. Edwards, R. C. Gregg, W. H. Kettle, F. D. McCann and C. H. Turnor have been appointed the Handicapping and Course Committee.

The name of E. Macintosh has been removed from the List of Members.

Upon the Rules for Competition coming before the Committee for Revision, discussion took place regarding Sunday Racing, and it was decided that Prize Rule No. 12 should not be altered.

NEW ADDRESS.—J. W. SIDDELEY, "Crackley," Kenilworth; G. JACKSON, 8, Newcastle Road, Wavertree, Liverpool; E. W. HARLEY, 5, Moinsey Road, Birkenhead.

F. D. McCANN,

Hon. Secretary.

Special.—

As will be seen from the account of the General Meeting, our Funds are in urgent need of sustenance. The best way to assist matters, and to ensure a racing programme commensurate with the growth of the Club is to send along subscriptions to our Hon. Treasurer to swell the Prize Fund. An auspicious beginning has already been made for this year, but Knipe still clamours for more—and yet more! In fact his greed for the output of Messrs. Bradbury and Fisher is insatiable.—*Verb. Sap.*

PERSONAL.

Up to lately I have been under the impression that ours was a democratic club whose members were imbued with love for the liberty of the subject, and were free to accept or reject office as they wished. The proceedings at the Annual Meeting, however, went far to dispel that illusion, as officers, despite protestations, were ruthlessly hounded into positions assigned to them by the proletariat. I left explicit instructions with one member that my name was not on any account to be allowed to go forward as a Committee-man, but this individual, having himself been hurled into the vortex, could not see why he should help me out of the mess, and preserved a discreet silence when my name was mentioned! And you call this friendship! Thank Heaven I am only an Editor. At the following meeting of the Committee the Bolshevik tendencies of the Club again had full sway, as despite my entreaties, and my pathetic insistence on the fact that I was only a war baby, and moreover was not a cyclist, never had been a cyclist and never would be a cyclist, I was ordered to shut up and carry on as usual. This sort of thing, if persisted in, may have boomerang results. What about limiting Grandad's runs to one a month, or insisting upon his wearing rear lights all over his machines, or making it a penal offence for him to work at another club? How would Johnny Band fare if the mob absolutely refused him a third helping at tea time and cut his beer out altogether? How would Tommy Royden be able to get all his new bicycles and consequently mop up all the attendance

prizes if the edict went forth that his titled victims were in future to be immune from his carefully prepared "accidents"? However, the fact remains that I remain—as Editor of this priceless rag in the meantime. Owing to economy having to be observed in all departments, the quantity of the rag will have to be reduced, but I trust my gifted contributors will, as usual, see that the quality does not suffer. To all who have aided me in the past I offer my warmest thanks. I should like very much to single out some for individual mention—those who have really acted as pillars to the Circular—but perhaps this is unnecessary as I think it has been with them a labour of love, and I trust they will continue to give of their best, as they have done in the past.

A. T. SIMPSON.

ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING, January 9th, 1920.

Momentous Fact No. 1.—Teddy Edwards was early.

Momentous Fact No. 2.—Billy Cook was late.

Now we can get along. Let me say at once that I have never seen such a large attendance at the A.G.M.—but, as this is the first that I have graced with my presence, possibly that's nothing to go by.

After the formality connected with last year's minutes, we had Mac's report, which, as usual, was a masterly and interesting document. The average attendance proved to be "up" on 1918, being 32 against 24. (In each case I ignore what Winston Churchill's father once called "the damned dot.")

Then Knipe coughed up his report, which showed that he had spent a darn sight more than he had received. Quite clearly, Knipe was thinking of his fictional prototype, Mr. Micawber. But it won't do, Bob, and I was glad when, later on, somebody bluntly told you that you'd got us into this mess and would have to get us out of it again!

So we thanked everybody, and proceeded. The settling of the annual sub. was not so formal as usual, for urgent financial reasons. After full discussion it was decided to fix the amount at 25/- for Active Members (other subs. remaining unaltered) and to economise as far as possible on the Circular.

Having decided to accept Mac's proposal for a slight enlargement of the Committee, we proceeded to the Election of Officers and other necessary evils. I was just on the point of proposing Grandad as President, when that worthy proposed the re-election of Fell and suggested that the motion be carried with acclamation. It was. Then, when it was too late, Dave was heard saying something about the desirability of a change and that it was understood that he would retire at the end of the war. "The war isn't over yet!" cried a dozen voices, and Dave bowed to the inevitable.

My nomination as one of the Vice-Presidents was to have been The Apostle, but I wasn't quick enough. Mercer and Turnor were re-elected before I could rise. The Mullah pleaded with tears in his voice for clemency and threw himself on the mercy of the court. But such ridiculousness received the treatment it deserved.

"Now for the Captain," said Fell. I was just going to propose the Paganone when I was again forestalled. Band being desirous of securing release from office, Kettle was elected in his place, and a right good skipper he'll make (That ought to be worth a pint, Harold).

The question of Sub-captains having arisen, "I propose Mr. W. P. C——" I said, when I was interrupted, and Ven and Green were rushed through. We were all aware that Ven wanted to retire (on his ill-gotten

gains or otherwise), but we know better than to let him go. I kept back my nomination of Cook for the financial department (remembering what had already been said apropos the word "mess"), and Knipe was re-elected. "I shall propose Uncle for the Secretaryship," I said to myself, but there was no time. Mac was offered to the meeting, which jumped at him. Then there arose the question of an assistant. "W. P. C. is just the man for the job," I thought, and up I got. Too late again. Gregg was nominated and unanimously accepted.

The new Committee, so far as I remember, is composed of Cook (I though he'd click for something), Band, Edwards, Simpson (the chap who makes other people write for the old CIRCULAR), James, Kinder, Threlfall, F. Mundell, and a quiet lad named Grimshaw.

As to the Club Tours for 1920, I understand we are to spend Easter at a place called Bettws-y-coed. (It's somewhere in Wales. You turn to the right after passing a few mountains, and you'll see a bridge and a tree or two at the bottom of a hill.) Proposals in favour of Burton-on-Trent (Gregg), Irby (Arthur), Halewood (Cook), and Barcelona (Cheminais) were rejected.

"At this point," said Mr. Caudle, "I went home."

[As the furlough of our gifted reporter expired at 9.20 and the Meeting lasted till 10.0 the last paragraph is highly imaginative, for Mr. Caudle "went home" as soon as the election results were announced. The racing programme was fixed as three or four "50's", the Invitation "100," Invitation "24" and, at the discretion of the Committee, a 12 Hours Handicap. Charlie Conway having also failed to click for a late pass, was forced to hire Toft at great expense to move his historic "Easter to Bettws-y-coed" proposal. The question of an All-Night Ride and the August Tour were left to the Committee with the suggestion that if any of "ours" are competing in the B.R. "100" the tour be in that district. Grandad then offered on behalf of Baron Fulton a special prize value Five Guineas for any member winning the Tricycle Trophy, which was accepted with loud expression of appreciation of Fulton's keen interest in the Club—and the Meeting closed with a Special Vote of Thanks to one who must be nameless (modesty forbids) and the usual Omnibus resolution of Thanks to the Chairman, &c.—Ed.]

IMPRESSIONS OF THE "ANNUAL."

Captain Kettle! One hopes that our new skipper won't be found writing poetry on scraps of paper and ejaculating "By James!" like the other Captain Kettle.

Bob Knipe's Irish ancestry is now beyond question. "On rising," as he said, "to present the Treasurer's annual report," he sat quite still in his chair!

As soon as Arthur Simpson found there was no chance of being elected President, he remembered another engagement and "lit out."

Teddy Edwards—early for once—was full of unseemly haste. When 7 o'clock struck he at once commenced to chant: "It's time, Mr. President. You're not going to wait for Cook, are you?"

Tommy Royden refused to be nominated for the Committee because, so we understand, he intends to win the attendance prize again. There's no holding Tommy now that he's tasted blood.

Cook was asked whether he would be at "the Annual." We forget what his reply was. At least, we're trying to forget.

THE ATTENDANCE PRIZE.

With our usual enterprise, we asked certain members what they would choose for the attendance prize if they happened to win it. Some of the answers are appended:—

- Oliver Cooper.—A *real* motor car.
 J. C. Band.—A bottle of whiskey.
 D. R. Fell.—A bigger allotment.
 R. L. Knipe.—A bigger imagination.
 A. Newsholme } A really fast tandem partner.
 C. H. Turnor }
 E. Edwards.—A cask of cigars.
 W. P. Cook.—The freedom of the City of Llandegla.
 T. Royden.—A packet of seeds.
 W. M. Robinson.—Don't ask silly questions.
 W. E. Taylor.—A real bicycle—to give to Robinson.
 W. C. Tierney.—A full-sized Saratoga trunk, with a carrier (on the back of Cook's tandem) to fit same.
 A. T. Simpson.—The recipe for Bacalau.
 E. Montag.—A piece of the Great Orme's Head "for keeps."
 F. H. Koenen.—The Roman Wall.

MEMS.

Another of our members has lately packed up his traps, and with his wife and family embarked for foreign lands. This time it is an old member, Jack Thompson, who had come to the conclusion that there is more scope for his sons in fruit farming in Tasmania than remaining in the old country. He takes with him all our best wishes, and we trust his expectations will be more than fulfilled.

The Mullah asks us to announce the fact that Barratt is providing a Musical Evening on February 14th, at the Red Lion, High Lane, and the best way for Manchester members to shew their appreciation is to turn up in thousands.

Everybody will be pleased to hear that Li. Cohen has arrived at Durban en route for Nyassaland. In his postcard he states that Durban is a glorious place, following up with the cryptic utterance "open all day." Whatever can he mean?

H. Pritchard was in Liverpool recently and met several of us in the Victoria. We all sympathise with him in his failure to secure the Secretaryship of the C.T.C., but the candidature of Stancer under peculiar circumstances was irresistible. The C.T.C. is to be congratulated on Stancer's selection, and as Stancer has undoubtedly been "sacrificed on the altar of compulsory rear lights" (Kuklos) we hope cyclists in general and Anfielders in particular will now rally to the C.T.C. flag by becoming members of an organisation which with the membership it ought to have can still do so much for us.

Royden was not at Northop on 17th, and many guesses were made as to his whereabouts ("Please, sir, I think they are in the wash."), but the one that gained most credence was the rumour that he was out with the Wirral Beagles piloting Lady Urse. Somebody suspiciously like Lord Strathallan, resplendent in red coat, was seen taking the hedges near Great Saughall in fine style.

With the temporary closing down of the catering department of the Shrewsbury Arms the Sunday tea party has now been transferred to the Nags Head, Willaston, where quietness, privacy, and excellent attention are

secured. The change is a great improvement and members are asked to note this.

The "Stars of the Stage" entertainment for the benefit of the League of Well-doers, with which George Theakestone was associated for so many years, is to be held on Friday, February 27th, at the Picton Hall, and anyone desiring to support this worthy cause (and incidentally to have splendid value) can obtain tickets, 3/6 (reserved), 2/4 or 1/3, from Cook.

Cyclists' War Memorial.

I am pleased to say that I have received the sum of £57 1/6 so far (January 26th), and I understand that Mr. Matt Hunter has nearly £10 collected for me. 36 subscriptions have been received from club members, so there are still plenty who have not yet responded, and I am anxious to top £100. Verb sap.

W. P. Cook.

CORRESPONDENCE.

We have (not) received the following angry and somewhat incoherent letter of complaint, and although it ought by rights to have been directed to the Committee, we feel such an overwhelming sense of guilt that we publish it to show our humble and contrite heart:—

"Dear Sir,

What the —— do you mean by omitting my account of the Northop run of December 20th? Although I may have misspelt a few words there can be no excuse for your failure to provide *accommodation* as I am sure it was a brilliant effort. Except for some 'Items' which are inaccurate if not altogether devoid of truth, there is no mention of Northop at all and I regard the matter as a direct insult to the North Wales section of the Club whose self-appointed representative I am. If not too late will you please note that the fixture really was carried out and that as Mac had ordered for '18-20' and there were only 10 of us, we all had plenty of elbow-room and food. Grandad refused to say where he had been en route because it is no use telling people names of places in *terra incognita*, but he had penetrated furthest into North Wales and so enjoyed it that he week-ended with me at Prestatyn, being probably inspired by a desire to refrain from doing 'Weigh Fairer' over. Parry was out on a brand new machine with handle bar and brakes complete. Kettle, Band (departed mysteriously early), Edwards, Threlfall, De Wet and the lad Tommy completed the party.

"Yours Cryptically,

"ROCK & TAPPET."

"P.S.—I find I forgot to write the account referred to above, but you had better publish this; you deserve censure in any case."

RUNS.

Halewood, January 3rd, 1920.

Halewood! An auspicious opening to the New Year. The 25 odd members who started well were rewarded by a feast in keeping with the best Halewood traditions. Many members got the "bird" in a literal sense. As the company gathered in the smoke room before tea, the conversation was on rats. Johnnie Band displayed wonderful knowledge of these rodents (*visitoris Unwantedis*) which is one of the advantages of keeping a warehouse. Not long ago, it was ducks and hens on the roof, and now J.C.B. is turning his attention to other forms of life, but thereby hangs a tail. One of the most deadly poisons advertised, so we heard, only

served to make Johnny's rats grow fat, but he has now discovered an efficacious poison with which, in spite of the RAification of the Peace treaty, he is doing great execution. But let us get to business. Such a bird as that which met our gaze is not often seen (at least, not by me). Great interest was taken in the dismemberment of Turkey, and the rresider, being tempted to carve, promptly fell. I never sausage a thing (sorry). Feeling very satisfied with ourselves, we adjourned to the usual room; but everyone seemed too full for words. The sprightly wit and vile puns of Arthur were absent; Hubert had no specialities on snow, and the only thing with any spirit in it was the Halewood chorus. We were glad to see Gregg out again after his three weeks' illness. He was a bit pale, but is going to do a little cycling under Grandad's gentle tuition, and so regain form. The early birds having departed, Kinder was able to relieve the breaking strain on the table, and a small and select circle proceeded to discuss men and matters. At 9.15, however, they were only settling down: so I made a move homewards in the company of E. Edwards, Esq., a steady-going chap who can be trusted not to light fires, and the Stage was reached in time for the 10.0 boat, "and so home."

Knutsford, January 3rd, 1920.

Saturday being the first of its day in the year and month, everyone knew that the run was to Knutsford without looking up the CIRCULAR. Now, there are a great many ways to Knutsford (the place where the Knuts come from, I don't think). You can go round Chester if you like or round by Altrincham, along to Mere corner and then straight to the Mecca of all Manchester Anfielders on the first Saturday in the Winter months (I nearly said the off season). Well, being hard-riding Anfielders and living up to the reputation that the longest road is the only road, we, disdaining to go the near cut via Chester, went through Altrincham to Mere and thence to Knutsford, where we found some of the fast pack who had got there first in fear of the crush. We sat down only nine weak. The feeding was up to the usual very high standard, being roast goose with all the trimmings, with damsons and custard to follow.

After tea we all gathered round the fire. The snub collected for teas and the kitty. The Mullah told us how he had been done at last by the local bobby and a newly-fledged inspector on his own doorstep for having his rear light out. Grimmy consoled him by telling him he would not get less than six months' imprisonment. We also learnt that cycling was out of date if you used the pedalling method; the new way is to spend two pounds and bounce and you then raise one ass power, I mean horse power.

The kitty being spent along with a balance from the previous run (Bert must be an honest man if he is snub), Buck went to chase beer at the Church, and a few minutes later a general move was made in the direction of home.

Kelsall, January 10th, 1920.

Alas! that the opportunities vouchsafed to Manchester and Liverpool to meet together at the same trough are so few and far between! Not that the alternative runs are not enjoyable—they are—but after all, we are one club and it is nice to meet the men from our sister port (good Lord!). It was therefore with very pleasurable anticipations that I girded up my loins to make the long journey to Kelsall. The journey would have been a very nice one if one of the party had not behaved in a most unreasonable manner. What did it matter if we were late? That was no excuse for raising the speed from a comfortable 4 m.p.h. to a strenuous 8 m.p.h.

Arrived at the "Royal Oak," we found quite a nice party assembled in the barn, and most of them were well off their mark. We were relieved to hear that the decorations on Blackburn's head were not the result of injudicious cycling, but had been contracted in the course of and incidental to his occupation. Those of us who had not been fortunate enough to be at the A.G.M. had much to hear of the doings thereat and were satisfied that those who were there had done their best for us. Early starts were the order of the night, and a favourable wind made travelling towards Manchester an easy job. The rain, however, did not improve matters, though it did give an excuse for an unusually prolonged stay at a favourite hostelry, where the landlord has the secret of "nursing it" and bringing it out in perfect condition. After all, there are compensations in all things, Mr. Editor, don't you think?

Northop, January 17th, 1920.

As Parry could not accompany me I decided to patronise Cash Registers Limited, and sure enough prompt to schedule I discovered Grandad and Harley just barging off. I knew that Harley had been dissipating in London and Grandad had missed his Wednesday night's ride; besides which the Paganone with his "Diminishing Strength" would be easy meat on such a draughty day—but really I had no idea these young chaps were such rotten riders. They actually pedalled down Buttermere Hause—I mean Evans Hill—and evidently had not profited by my recent article on free wheels and their advantages! Long before I reached Thornton Hough I found they were no use to me and decided to go for a real ruminating ride with P. C. Hilditch or a friend who is a blocker-pants disciple of P. Percy Low, and the club run saw me no more. Piffing rides to Northop are no use anyway. Why not thrust into Wales more deeply—say to Beddgelert? But how was I to write this account of the run? Ah! That is where journalistic imagination comes in. Inspiration is the great thing. And as the Editorial and Secretarial departments were entirely missing and there was no one to take the names my mistakes won't be found out! There were only 11 at Northop to enjoy the fine hot meal in the cosy room downstairs and the North Wales section was unrepresented. Had the Professor taken umbrage at the omission to record the last Northop run, or had he not quite recovered from the Locust Orgies and his visit to Sunnyside Hydro? There were scouts out in all directions without result. Grandad and Harley circumnavigated Rossett (where there is a very appropriate War Memorial Cross now replacing the old broken cross at the top of the hill), Cefn-y-bedd and Mold. Geoffrey Hawkes had been out all day round by Llangollen, Corwen and Ruthin. Blackburn was seen scouring the Vale of Clwyd and apparently lost himself. Chandler and Threlfall on a tandem had explored Denbigh and St. Asaph. Kettle on a trike had searched Broughton and Hawarden, while Edwards had made enquiries round Caerwys—but alas, the Professor was not, and it cast rather a gloom over the tea party which copious libations to Bacchus failed to dispel entirely. Taylor, Mandall, Cody and Band completed the gathering over which Captain Kettle presided with great aplomb. In due course the 11 stalwarts made tracks for home in two groups (even Grandad rode back to show he can do the double journey), the second of which was piloted by the Chandler-Threlfall tandem and called at Willaston to see the time as they were wafted along much too early—and Teddy had a second cigar to impress the Mayor and Corporation of Willaston that the Anfield is not composed of men who cycle because they cannot afford petrol. Selah!

Ringway, January 17th, 1920.

Very unseasonable—very unseasonable weather indeed—warm enough to tempt one to lie by the roadside, idly considering all things, or nothing, and so passing a pleasant hour without exertion. But the deminution damp state of the roadside and even of the stiles put such a thing quite out of the question to-day, and one had to “get on with it.” Most of those gathered at Ringway had arrived early, the exception being Hesketh, who, not content with a ride, had previously put in some strenuous hours on the ragger field. However, all of him arrived, and it is not ever thus with these gladiators. Tea satisfactorily despatched, from old habit, certainly not from need of warmth, the magic circle was formed round the fire and one member, ensconced in a comfortable chair, promptly went to sleep; to be shortly followed by another. An animated discussion on the ethics of Sunday racing soon brought them back to this world. The Smart Set did his best to keep up to his usual form, but there seemed a lack of bite in his comments on things, which one can only put down to the enervating weather. One defect this tea-place has—an entire and complete lack of satisfactory liquid refreshment—so that as the clock neared 8 there was a move for other places possessing the desired attractions.

Chester, January 24th, 1920.

This fixture will for ever live in the Annals of the Club, for it was our “Welcome Home” to all those who have served in the forces during the Great War, and we had a right royal evening. It is true there were some notable absentees, but the crowd of 70 (or was it only 69?) who sat down to dinner at 5-30 showed that most of the members within a reasonable distance were not unmindful of the services Anfielders had rendered to their King and Country. After an excellent repast had been done full justice to, President Fell read several letters of apologies that had (not) been received, and these witty essays elicited loud cries of “Author,” whereupon Robinson blushed furiously. Then the Presider made a speech of Welcome Home, in which he described the guests as heroes, and assured them that from the bottom of our hearts we were all delighted to have them back among us to share the joys of the open road and the good old Club after doing their bit to keep this England of ours inviolate. And he pointed out how Anfielders had made good on land, sea and in the air, while some bore honoured scars, and even those who had not been drafted abroad had had no bed of roses. We had waited until the last of our members was demobilised, and regretted the inconvenience of the venue, but nearly all our service men had accepted the invitation, and we felt keenly the “exile” which prevented Cohen, Fulton and Mahon from doing so. The official replies came from Commander James Park, as representing the Senior Service of the Navy, “Jim” making witty play with the fact that it was *silent service*, and “Captain” Kettle responded for the Army in very suitable terms. In response to calls, Clifford Dews made an excellent maiden speech for the Air Service, Robinson told us he specially wanted Edinboro’ Rock in his parcels during the *next* war, Barratt told us some good stories about his reputation and performances as a cyclist, Grimmy spoke with great enthusiasm and emphasis, while last, but certainly not least, Hubert Roskell thanked us all in a most polished and model speech. Then the Presider asked us not to forget the gallant Four who had made the supreme sacrifice. They had died a noble death and we purposed perpetuating their memory by supporting the Cyclists’ War Memorial; he asked us to mark our recognition by a short standing silence. The evening was concluded by a musical programme that provided a rare treat. Smokes and liquids were plentifully provided, so we “got on” very well indeed (some of us). Arthur

Simpson was the entrepreneur and shared the role of accompanist with Mr. Albert Workman, who for several decades has been a welcome visitor to our musical evenings. It is impossible to itemise all the good things, but when it is recorded that Boss Higham had brought our old friends Messrs. Ellison, Cookson and Harrison, and that Mr. Evans ably supplemented this brilliant vocal trio, it will be recognised that there was no lack of talent, and yet we had a super-abundance, as Jack Simpson played the violin, Peris operated on the Ocarina, Chem gave generously from his repertoire, Turnor recited, and Fell gave us that old Anfield classic "Razors," while the Two Bobs—we mean Rogers Twins—brought down the House and prepared us for Auld Lang Syne. Thus ended an historic evening, of which this is but a poor, bald outline. You must fill it in yourselves. Manchester members all week-ended in Chester, and it was almost like the night after a "24" in the old days.

Fragments.

The manuscript (in Boardman's writing) of a carefully prepared impromptu speech was found on the table when the party broke up.

Hubert suggests that a Welcome Home to ex-service members should be given every month. Only in that way, he adds, can our "neroes" be brought to believe in "a grateful country."

Robinson may be a disciple of "Pussyfoot," but the fact remains that his glass was refilled with beer very frequently. Turnor vouches for this.

Dave Fell has every hope that the Committee will see their way clear to giving a Welcome Home to the "specials," who so zealously guarded our homes during the war.

On the other hand, Tommy Royden is confident that similar recognition will be accorded to those who, by growing cabbages and peas, kept 45,000,000 people alive. Tommy has already written out his acceptance.

Cycle catalogues have been posted to several of those members who journeyed to Chester by means of a contrivance known as "the rattler." Oh, sirs—when there are two good roads and plenty of signposts!

The demand "Blow, blow thou wintry wind," of one of the songsters, was really unnecessary, though Mac says he didn't notice the wind at all.

West Kirby, January 31st, 1920.

Kaptin Kettle was 'orribly reckless. He offered to bet a million to a hayseed that the muster would be nearer 7 than 70, but there were no takers. The return to West Kirby and the Ring O'Bells was caused by unfortunate illness in the Peers family at Irby, and we thought the special circular letter thereby necessary (and curiosity) would have caused a big crowd to storm the objective. The new people put us in the Bowling Pavilion which was quite a warm and cheerful place, very different from 'unteen years ago when we found it as cold as charity, and much better than being crowded in the small dining room. Grandad had been "smashing through" to "Ypento" for the first time and wondered who it was that was enquiring about him from the Welsh Road Scout at 2-20, and then carefully went another way! Harley met the B O B at Queen's Ferry, and Kettle had been to Chester. Fell had walked from Hoylake via the Red Rocks, and Chandler (who had postponed his sailing for Singapore, owing to the inclemency of the weather) had been tramping all day, but most of the others had cycled more or less direct, and it was quite a good looking lot of likely young lads who gathered round the festive board to make the Hotpot serve its purpose—Taylor, Gregg, Threlfall, Band, Royden, Edwards,

Mandall, Fawcett, Cody, Knipe, G. Hawkes and J. Blackburn made the total 18. After a yarn round the stove and farewells and good wishes had been extended to Chandler we gradually disappeared in small parties into the brilliant moonlight and reached home very early after a most enjoyable run.

Marton, January 31st, 1920.

All the morning the rain came down with a persistence and energy which would have been most admirable in a better cause. But in the early afternoon the clouds cleared away, the sun shone, and a stiff breeze sprang up, doing something to take the damp from the roads. Thus it was that the writer found the going not at all bad. There's nothing so exhilarating as a ride with a helping wind—even the old crock feels that after all he may not be quite done for, and that perhaps if he had different tyres, or different wheels or different something else, he might be able to show those youngsters something. Of course, this idea goes when he has to face the wind coming back. Anyhow, this old crock went along very nicely and arrived at Marton to find the Mullah in solitary state. Orrell and Davies arrived via the lanes, and were soon followed by old Bick with his escort. (He isn't really old, you know, but he likes us to think he is). The famous Comic Tandem was the advance guard—a most entertaining beast, with many of the attributes of the pantomime donkey—for example, a beautiful absence of any community of purpose between the fore and aft portions, and of a correct sense of direction. (Don't you ever tell them who wrote this, Arthur!). After a very nice tea we discussed houses and bicycles and numerous other things, liquid and otherwise, and went home early in brilliant moonlight, and with a favouring wind—it had veered round a point or two—we don't often have such luck. But where were the Smart Set and Co. and the Master? Perchance the latter, who has not been sighted for some little time, is busy exploring more Roman roads, but we would like him to explore some country near the Club rendezvous.

A. T. SIMPSON,

Editor.

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ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

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PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

MONTHLY CIRCULAR.

Vol. XV.

No. 169.

FIXTURES FOR MARCH, 1920.

	Light up at
Mar. 6—Halewood (Derby Arms)	6.26 p.m.
.. 8—Committee Meeting, Common Hall, Liverpool, 7 p.m.	
.. 13—Tarpurley (Swan)	6.40 p.m.
.. 20—Chester (Bull and Stirrup).....	6.58 p.m.
.. 27—Overton, Nr. Frodsham (Church View)	7.5 p.m.
April 1 to 5—EASTER TOUR, Bettws-y-Coed. (See Committee Notes).	

ALTERNATIVE RUNS FOR MANCHESTER MEMBERS.

Mar. 6—Knutsford (Lord Eldon)	Tea at 5.30 p.m.	6.26 p.m.
.. 20—Ringway (Mainwood Farm)	Do.	6.58 p.m.

ALTERNATIVE RUN FOR LONDON MEMBERS.

Mar. 13—Ripley (Anehor).....	6.40 p.m.
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Full moon 4th instant.

Committee Notes.

21, Water Street,
Liverpool.

MEMBERSHIP LIST.—Messrs. GEOFFREY HAWKES, J. E. TOMLIN and E. J. READE have been elected to Active Membership, the first-named being a Junior.

The name of Mr. P. C. BEARDWOOD has been transferred from the Honorary to the Active List.

Mr. C. F. G. BOYES has resumed Membership (Honorary).

Mr. A. E. WALTERS has become a first-claim Member.

APPLICATION FOR MEMBERSHIP.—LEONARD WILLIAM WALTERS, Uffington, Salop—proposed by R. C. Gregg, seconded by W. P. Cook.

DATES OF RACES.—The following have been provisionally fixed: 1st "50," 24th April; 2nd "50," 15th May; the "100," 24th May; "12," 12th June; "24," 2nd and 3rd July; 3rd "50," 21st August, and (if four "50's" be held) 4th "50," 18th September.

EASTER TOUR.—Early notification of intention to take part in the Easter Tour to Bettws-y-Coed is extremely desirable; over twenty names have already been received. The tariff at the "Glan

Aber" will not exceed 12/6 per day (dinner, tea and breakfast), but it is hoped to settle a somewhat lower figure. The following arrangements have been made: Good Friday, luncheon at Llanfairtalhaiarn (Black Lion) at 1-30 p.m.; Saturday, luncheon at Menai Bridge (Victoria) at 1 p.m.; Easter Sunday, luncheon at Beddgelert (Plas Colwyn) at 1-30 p.m., and Monday, luncheon at Denbigh (Bull) at 1-30 p.m.

The Committee received with great pleasure a notification of a very generous donation to the Club Funds from Mr. G. A. Evanson, a former member, who expects to be with us during the year.

MEMS.

What is this we hear about Will Cook going to the Y.M.C.A.? We cannot see the connection between Grandad and a Young Men's Christian Association—especially in view of his second name.

A correspondent of one of the newspapers finds, on making calculations, that his allotment has remunerated him at the handsome rate of twopence an hour. Fancy our allotment experts missing Club runs for the sake of earning about a bob! Skandalus!

The Capting is understood to be delighted with Arthur's categorical confession (in last month's CIRCULAR) that he is not, never was, and never will be a cyclist. Kettle expresses the hope that other members—we believe he has Robinson particularly in mind—will see the wisdom of dropping their camouflage by following suit.

Jay Bee thinks it is high time some of the funny fellows who write for the CIRCULAR had their wings clipped. He considers that the following references should be taboo in future: Whisky and sacks and himself; Arthur and Bacalau; Cooper and Fords and motorcars; Royden and the Upper Ten; Edwards and cigars; Chem and oranges; Knipe and cabbages; Cook and anything at all.

We hear that Chem is devoting his spare time each evening (after he has sold all his oranges) to a drastic revision of the well-known play "Charley's Aunt." We gather that, in the interests of commerce, he is ruthlessly cutting out every reference to "Brazil" in the oft-repeated gag "Brazil, where the nuts come from," and substituting "Barcelona."

Confessions of the Truly Great: "I don't take any interest in picture houses."—"Weighfahr" in *Cycling*. The Paganone, who holds shares in thousands of picturedromes (from which he is understood to take a good deal of interest), says that this is a disgusting view to express in print.

G. A. Evanson, a former member of the Club, who has been in India for nine years, is now home on holiday after doing his bit in the Indian Army. Evanson looks remarkably fit and well and hopes to attend a Club run shortly, when we can assure him of a hearty welcome.

A typewritten anonymous letter postmarked Liverpool, 7-30 p.m., February 16th, has been received by Cook. If the writer will disclose his identity (in confidence if so desired) the matter will receive attention. Otherwise it will receive the treatment all such communications deserve.

Notes for Week-enders.

The members of the party that sought repose in Middlewich after strenuously watching the easy record riding of the Turnholme Tantrike will hear with regret that the pugilistic Captain McCormick is no longer there but must now be sought at the Warren Buckley Arms in Ancient Stockport. His appearance is very pink.

Motor Problems: The Salute. By The Master.

In suggesting motor notes to you in some recent issue, my real purpose was to obtain an insight into the motor world as becomes a motor cyclist. I do not understand the motor mind, it is a closed book to me, same as most of the phrases on the picture films are a new language to me. Most of my motor knowledge I derived from that universal provider W.P.C., who penetrates most obscure places. Mine is a yearning for learning.

According to the A.A. "ads.," the first advantage of membership to the motor cyclist is obtaining the Salute, and yet it is this very Salute that is the chief problem in my existence. I have studied it in my way: I have placed and replaced the Badge, I have even misplaced and displaced it. As the motor cycle badge design is rather small it is soon lost from sight on the handle bar among the mirrors and tooters and whatnots, and never can be prominent. And yet the chief consideration in the Scout-mind is the fear of saluting an absent badge. He dances and prances about and becomes a contortionist in his endeavours to make absolutely sure of the presence of the Sign before standing at attention—thus two mutually destructive acts.

His fear of not saluting a Badge is overcome by his greater dread of saluting a motor cyclist minus his badge. In Scotland I ventured without one, having no room for it, and ludicrous scenes resulted. My staid mien and graceful waving of the hand in anticipation of a responsive salute earned as its only reward a bending and twisting of the scout's body in unsuccessful search for the badge, but never even a smile in return. I have ridden with the badge on top of the numberplate—a novel, conspicuous and decorative plan, but too unusual to obtain recognition unless I actually introduced it to the scout by a sweep of the right arm: The Badge—The Scout, and then with the left arm: The Scout—The Badge. Yea, to such depths have I stooped to conquer. When next without it and as a test case, I intend dismounting and presenting my membership card and then calmly wait results. Perhaps I shall get reprimanded for leaving the badge at home.

The real explanation is that whereas the A.A. treasurer tries to ensnare the M/C into paying a sub. by dazzling pictures of over-bearing scouts making him feel like a newly fledged subaltern meeting the Reg. Sergeant Major, the flunkeyism of the scout loathes the sporting M/C. But his heart overflows at opening the doors of limousines. Watch the "Sergeants" at the Carlisle Crown and mitre and at Crawford Inn.

The question is made more complicated by the fact that hackney carriages, taxis, and ambulances now carry the badge of salutation. (I am on the look-out for the badge on a motor hearse). I applaud this respect for the diseased and the deceased, but I consider it thrown away on tipsy travellers in taxis and absconding lovers in hackneys.

Culinary Notes.

"They're not all Pagan Cooks that trundle round on treddles" is a true motto that has stamped itself upon the age.

It was brought to my mind after reading *Cycling* of January 22nd, under the heading: "What Veterans Can Do," an article illustrating some mileage charts of "that well known veteran long-distance roadrider Cook."

The name has a familiar sound, Cook? Cook? Where have I heard that name before? I seem to associate it with a bald and perspiring

brow, well-treddled shoes and a black and mud-stained coat. Ah!! Yes! a black Anfielder! But glancing at the picture in *Cycling* I notice a shock of grey hair, a goodly-whiskered face with silken grey beard (whiskers awheel forsooth), heavy boots, black clerical garb, langbreeks gripped by clumsy trouserclips and a Southport handrail. Ah! No! this is no Cook of ours, I spy a stranger, a rival claimant to that name, a mere youth of eighty.

Years ago a similar confusion arose when Dr. Cook, of Peary and Eskimo fame, challenged the repute of our member, which I cleared up in my great work: "Cook or Koch," which was withdrawn from publication.

Always be guided by that other great maxim: "Fashion your Cooks after your Kettles."

[We tender our abject apologies to the Master in connection with the following paragraph. Our fate is hard: one eye perpetually glued on the Club's coffers, another on the printer, and the rest wandering restlessly round our contributors' susceptibilities.—Woe is us!—Ed.]

Copyright.

In one of my recent wild effusions for the Journal I had occasion to coin the phrase: "The Cooks and the Kettles," which, however, was stifled at birth by the Almighty Blue Pencil. It saw not daylight by my quill.

Since then I have discerned a tendency for the phrase to emanate from other sources, and now that Kettle is Captain (thanks to the jaunty air borrowed from his great prototype) and that Cook seldom perambulates without his trusty Kettle, I expect that it will soon be in everybody's pen. Be it therefore known to all whom it may concern that: The Cooks and Kettles are mine.

N.B.—It was the same with "potholes," invented by me twenty years ago, and now in every motorist's mouth. The "potholes" are now being enlarged to "manholes," and soon the motor world, which always usurps what the cyclist has evolved, will clatter of "manholes," out they are *my* "manholes," and mine alone.

F. H. Writes re Fords-Royce.

Though not met with in this part of the country, the whole of Scotland is placarded with the following Ford advertisement: "Ford and the World Fords With You." At first I expected to meet further on with the completing sentence that would help to substitute its famous original of "Smiling in Company and Snoring Alone" (which by the way explains my so often virgin couch), but on making enquiries I find that the Ford Company, after offering vast sums, failed to unearth a Scottish poet equal to it. In a modest way our Editor, to encourage our minor poets, has promised a reward for competing members with the result that I submit in all humility the following: "Ford and the World Fords With You—Royce and You Rolls Alone."

N.B.—This should be a walk over for me.

Cyclists' War Memorial.

On February 13th I sent in my first list of subscribers of donations amounting to £115 3/6, which was published in *Cycling* on the 19th inst. I have now commenced a second list, which has so far (February 27th) reached £10 1/6. There is still time to make up £150. 57 members have subscribed, but surely *all* ought to be associated with this Memorial. Turnor has been appointed to collect

in the Manchester district, and if anyone prefers to send a donation to him I shall not mind in the least. The main thing is to raise the money with the Anfield leading the way.

W. P. Cook.

The M.C. and A.C. Dinner.

Transferred to the palatial Grand Hotel, the function this year was in every respect a larger and grander affair than the previous ones to which I have had the pleasure and honour to attend as representing the Anfield B.C.

To me, the sight of the Grosvenor Room set out for some 260 diners, was almost bewildering. The speeches, without exception, were all creditable performances, and with the decline of war affairs, matters of greater interest to the Club were dealt with, but I cannot help feeling sorry for J. C. Percy, whose loyalty to England and affinity to Dublin (to say nothing of his brogue) put him in the awkward position of being so much an Irishman when in England, and so much an Englishman when in Ireland! That trip with the Grand Fleet and the conducted tour of the Western Front have made him too much of an Englishman for Ireland, while his brogue makes him an Irishman for ever—so God help him!

The music was a delight, but when No. 1 table wanted to toast No. 10 and the band was doing a fortissimo touch, well, somebody had to shout, but it was a great night and I enjoyed it.

Syd Ayres was my personal host, so I lacked nothing in comfort, enjoyment and entertainment, and to him and the M.C. and A.C., I give sincere thanks.

RUNS.

Halewood, February 7th, 1920.

Were evidence wanting of the popularity of this fixture, it is abundantly afforded by the large number who support it. The attractions of Halewood are many, among them being its accessibility to the Mersey-siders in the second flush of youth and the hospitality of its comfortable inn, with its excellent and generous cuisine, to say nothing of its honest brew, proclaimed as "dee-licious," by one who knows. There is only one Halewood and the "Derby Arms" is its profit.

The day was fine and the attendance rose to 33, which included two friends. When we of the jeunesse dorée arrived on the scene, the dining room of custom was already full to overflowing, and we were consigned to the nether quarters. Here we were joined by Will the Pagan, accompanied inter alia by a friendly cyclist, whom the pagan one had persuaded that the best way from Warrington to Wigan was via Halewood, thus illustrating the saying "Where there's a Will, there's a way." We were also delighted to have among us once more our old friend Stevie, looking in the pink. Tiny, in the seat of the "mitey"—radiating bonhomie and urbanity around, presided over 13 of us and one bird. Thirteen into one went go, but one went into 13 all right. The delicate task of dissecting and justly apportioning out the oiseau was accomplished in "masterly fashion," and there were no complaints. There never are with Tiny—he's far too hefty a lad. When you see him you know at once you'll be friends. Some people don't like getting the bird, but our maxim is "Chacun pour soi et l'oiseau pour tous."

Later we joined forces and some judicious serenading brought forth the brew aforesaid, which, in its turn, produced great fluency

of speech. The allotmentees went over the old ground again; battles on the wheel were re-fought; pleasant cycling memories of former days recalled. Oh, it was good to be among one's old cycling club-mates again! Tiny, engaged in "earnest conversation" with an enthusiast, was easily persuaded to turn over a new leaf and buy a cycle. May heaven help Jimmy! And may heaven help Tiny too! Chem was so carried away by the alluring accounts of Knipe's allotments, that he fell an easy victim, and is now reported to be digging vigorously for worms. There is likely to be a great shortage of fat in the club soon if this sort of thing continues.

At 8 o'clock the jeunesse dorée decided to go inspecting abbeys and things, and the party broke up soon afterwards, a very pleasant evening having been spent.

It is rumoured that the J.D. were frustrated in their object, for when but half way on their journey they found a bar to their progress—a Black Bull faced them at Gateacre. Naturally, like the dauntless gladiators they are, they went for it, but after a few rounds, other and more illusive black bulls had joined the first, and they retired from the unequal contest, while there was yet time to do so with grace.

Knutsford, February 7th, 1920.

The fact that I was horribly late in arriving, and consequently knew little or nothing about the run raised an interesting question with regard to the writing of reports—whether it is better to know all about the run, and tell it to the Editor, to know little about it and make the best of it, or to know absolutely nothing and give free rein to the imagination. (Personally we prefer the latter idea, literary embellishment with a smattering of accuracy appealing to us much more strongly than a deadly array of facts.—Ed.). It seemed like old times to see Boss Higham out again, and the Master's re-appearance was most welcome. On the way out I was escorted by, and had quite a nice little scrap with a lady cyclist, which reminded me forcibly of the lady with whom our dear Arthur once foregathered (you remember Arthur the lady who asked you whether you couldn't accelerate a bit, she having already accomplished that day a few hundred miles or so?) This lady of mine assured me she had won medals for it, and I had no difficulty in believing her. I had no adventures on the way home, but understand from the Master that his journey was full of incident. It appears that near Moberley the two-faced tandem repeated its tyre evolutions begun in the Eldon yard. In vain Bikley challenged the Moberley repair stores. They were closed and unattended. He returned with the depressing news. Then the riders turned walkers and again Bikley hurried on to the Fishwickeries to stay their slumbers while he ransacked their rubberies, and returned with his prey—a new inner. Soon he hailed the leaden-footed ones; rats were they saved, but such is their ardour that next Saturday they will be out again. Dare we say the same for that other unfortunate, he of the infernal combustion, the driver of Boss Higham? They two, too, started in high glee, but soon their spirits dimmed with the dimming of the Lucas glow. At Altrincham the Boss desidecarred, but in his place new carbide was inserted and, alone, the luckless one proceeded to Gatley. With the end of the Timperley Lamps came the end of the Lucas Light. There was only one chance left: that widely advertised petrol soaked Emergency Burner (guaranteed to see one safely home). This, as usual, promptly set on fire, and burned to a cinder. Hair raised on end, worn to a shadow (pubs gone to bed), our miserable member falls into the

clutches of the Gatley Police Patrols, who revived him with doses of the third degree! Where will they send Tim—the Cheadle Royal or the Gatley Gallows?

Rossett, 14th February, 1920.

The "Golden Lion" rose to the occasion and simply excelled itself—possibly to make amends for a certain char-a-lanc Saturday last autumn. So good was the tea that casual supporters of the Club's fixtures like Cook, Band and Taylor, must have wished that they attended runs more frequently. Needless to say, Jay Bee came out by the shortest route. Cook had been scouring the lanes, accompanied by a Mr. Jones (Is that the way to spell it, Arthur?), who seemed to be of opinion that they *needed* scouring. Robinson, who thought the run was to Kelsall and accordingly came to Rossett, was observed dashing past the "Golden Lion" disguised as a Real Cyclist. John Leece came out (without pedalling) on the back seat of the Rogers tandem.

The altered tea-time no doubt accounted for the absence of nearly the whole of the Staff, and the result was that Grandad had to take the names. The discussion at one of the tables turned on the subject of Alternative Runs, the Capting relentlessly pursuing poor Robinson. It transpired that, when the run is to Northop, Robbie would like an alternative to Delamere. When the run is to Delamere, the alternative should be to Northop. The Capting had some difficulty in grasping this carefully-thought-out but intricate scheme.

At another table Tommy was regaling a breathless audience with a thrilling account of his visit to a picture house where "Tarzan of the Apes" (or words to that effect) was showing. Cook, who is said to own several picture "palaces," resents these gratuitous performances, the effect of which, he said, is invariably reflected in his dividends, and Tommy was warned not to be so ready to "give the show away" in future.

The Capting delegated Tommy to collect the fees, but Tommy (whose aristocratic instincts shrink from association with commerce) would do no more than obtain the bill. This amounted to £1 17/6, and, as there were 15 present, it is obvious to the meanest intelligence that the charge was 2/6 a head. Looked at from another point of view, it is hardly less obvious that, as 2/6 goes into £1 17/6 some 15 times (and nothing over), there were 14 members and one friend present, the members each paying half-a-crown and the friend 2/6.

The Berwyn Travelling Syndicate (1920), Ltd., consisting of Cook, Threlfall, Taylor, and Hawkes (minor), made an early departure for Llanarmon. O.L! The rest of the crowd "got on with it" soon after 7 p.m. It remains to be recorded that, though it rained between Rossett and Birkenhead, there was no rain—at least, not the wet sort—between Rossett and Llanarmon. Cook told me so.

High Lane, 14th February, 1920.

Some few weeks ago when a concert had been fixed for Dunham Massey Barratt suggested that if the Committee would arrange a run to High Lane he would undertake to make arrangements at the Red Lion and provide all the talent. With the help of some ten members of THE (large type please Mr. Printer) Golf Club, this thing was accomplished.

After a most excellent four course dinner the party trooped into another room for the concert. The V.P. having taken the chair, Mr. Dukinfield opened the proceedings with a pianoforte solo which

was followed by a song "When you come home," by Grimshaw ('Strewth.—Ed.). Hesketh gave a cello solo, which was followed by one of the Maillab's well-known recitations. Mr. Borthwick then sang "Love could I only tell you" with such excellent effect that the company demanded an encore, and Mr. Borthwick obliged with "Absent." A local wizard, Mr. Chambers, then paralyzed the company with some really marvellous card tricks. Tomlin (our new member) proved that he is a valuable acquisition to our concert party by giving both a recitation and a song. Mr. Carver then recited "The Whitest Man I Know." Further items were given by Hesketh, Mr. Borthwick and Grimshaw, then Mr. Burrows sang a song which is a local favourite, entitled "Shirts." Tomlin and Mr. Carver each having again occupied the floor with good effect and Barratt having sung "Drake is Going West," the concert proper may be said to have finished. Messrs. Dukinfield and Bennett between them played the accompaniments. An impromptu concert was started after the main body had departed, at which the writer understands Tomlin excelled himself. He just needs a white wig, a red wig, a big stick, a small stick and pair of eye glasses and he will go on until further orders, either with vocal or dramatic items.

During the early part of the evening there was a "Kitty," but after the funds were finished the golf gentlemen insisted upon being hosts. The chairmen expressed the Anfield thanks for the concert and the refreshments and the members drank "our hosts" with musical honours. Mr. Carver replied in humorous vein. He informed the company that Barratt had so often held up the Anfield as a model organization that some of the members of the golf club were getting heartily sick of the name "Anfield." He stated how pleased he was to meet members of the club and to find after all that they were human beings and drank beer just like members of the golf club.

Barratt is certainly to be congratulated upon the excellence of his arrangements. All present are agreed that the night was a huge success.

Chester, 21st February, 1920.

It is the exception which proves the rule (as the man said when he was summoned for selling red cabbage as greengrocery), and, contrary to custom, the "Bull and Stirrup" was well patronised on this Saturday. 22 members and a friend (prospective member) sat down to the excellent fare provided, and made a ruin of it. The beautiful afternoon made some of the members forget it was the "off" season, and one or two had actually been round by Mold. Others proceeded through Eaton Park, while Warrington was, I believe, not forgotten. After Kaptin Kettle had gracefully presided at table, he was dragged away by the Tyrant, and we hear they eventually reached Shawbury, and found the course was still there. Mac was not out, but the new Assistant Secretary was very enthusiastic over his arduous new duties, and let his tea go cold, in taking down the names, which were: Kettle, Taylor, Parry, Edwards, G. Hawkes, J. Rogers, Threlfall, Gregg, Royden, Cody, Mandall, J. Kinder, J. C. Band, W. Band and youngster on tandem, Cook, A. P. James, Fawcett, Cotter, J. S. Blackburn, Venables, Walters and his brother, who is a prospective member. Ven. reached the venue by rattler and shamelessly sported long trousers. He says he is in such form that he does not ride because he would put it through the others so badly. The party melted away by degrees, so that when the roll was called for New Brighton, Wallasey and

Birkenhead only about 7 were left. Taylor thought these were easy meat, and lit a fire to Hinderton; he could not shake off Teddy Edwards, however.

Ringway, 21st February, 1920.

The glorious weather tempted many of the Manchester men to take a good round before reaching the Farm, and the substantial tea provided had a good reception. The Master was out once more per bicycle; his petrol-propelled contraption, like all other bad companions, is very apt to lead him into trouble. Two Saturdays before it had done so, necessitating an appearance, not, alas! a first one, at the Stockport Police Court, where the presiding genius dealt very leniently with our friend, this leniency being due probably to F. H.'s charming personality. Who, looking the Master in the face, could possibly believe him guilty of any moral obliquity? The conversation at table took the form of a discussion on "The Old Homes of England," and if anyone drops across a copy of Vol. 1 they will make the Master's heart happy by putting him on the track. Several of the members having other engagements, the party broke up unusually early.

Kelsall, February 28th, 1920.

Again the whole of the secretarial staff was conspicuous by its absence, although it was "glorious weather." Shall we have to appoint an Assistant Assistant Hon. Secretary? Twenty-three graced the festive board at the appointed hour and joy was unconfined. Edwards had been amazing the denizens of Weston Point and incidentally losing himself in that delectable district, which he declared "hardly suitable for a trike." Warburton and Willamson had evidently put in a strenuous ride on their tandem. What are they training for? Geoffrey Hawkes had been "down the road" to meet the Manchester boys, but, not recognising them, thought he had got a bite and did them over. It is all very well for the Mullah to say he was piloting his party on an exploration of Kelsbarrow! Tommy Royden had been guiding the wanderings of Grandad and Harley round Duddon Utlington and Little Budworth. Tommy is a splendid Cicero—so safe and sure! Others present were H. Green, Band, Cotter, Brothers Orrell, Davis, Threlfall, Kettle, Mandall, Brothers Mundell, Robinson, Reade, young Edwards and Cody. We heard that Grimsby had gone to Grimshaw or vice versa, we are not sure. What is the meaning of this new training stunt? After tea, week-enders were plentiful. Davis was off to Whitchurch, and Cotter (minus Saratoga) to Pulford, while a party of five proceeded to Treacle Town under the pilotage of Turnor. We do not know whether the idea was to delve into the mysteries of the Mullah's horrible past life or to acquire "copy" for an article on "A mucked up week-end," but as we hear they did actually reach Llanuwchllyn—we mean Marclesfield—the latter cannot be true. Anyway it was a brilliant moonlight night and everyone must have enjoyed the run top hole.

A. T. SIMPSON,

Editor.

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ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

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PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

MONTHLY CIRCULAR.

Vol. XV.

No. 170.

FIXTURES FOR APRIL, 1920.

	Light up at
April 1 to 5—EASTER TOUR, Bettws-y-Coed.	8.14-8.22 p.m.
„ 10—Pulford (Grosvenor).....	8-31 p.m.
„ 12—Committee Meeting, Common Hall, Liverpool, 7 p.m.	
„ 17—Hoo Green (Kilton).....	8-43 p.m.
„ 24—First 50 Miles Handicap	8-56 p.m.
May 1—Halewood (Derby Arms)	9 8 p.m.

ALTERNATIVE RUN FOR MANCHESTER MEMBERS.

May 1—Knutsford (Lord Eldon) Tea at 5-30 p.m. 9- 8 p.m.

ALTERNATIVE RUN FOR LONDON MEMBERS.

Apl. 19—Ripley (Anchor)..... 8-31 p.m.

Full moon 3rd instant.

21, Water Street,
Liverpool.

Committee Notes.

The following tariff has been arranged at the Glan Aber, Bettws-y-Coed, for Easter:—

For those who have separate beds, 12/- per day (dinner, bed and breakfast).

For those who “double up,” 11/- per day (dinner, bed and breakfast).

Notwithstanding rumours and statements to the contrary, the luncheon place for Easter Saturday is Menai Bridge. Luncheon will be ready at the “Victoria” at 1.0 p.m.

NEW MEMBER.—Mr. L. W. WALTERS has been elected to Active Membership.

APPLICATION FOR MEMBERSHIP.—Mr. ERIC BOLTON, 345, Broad Street, Pendleton, Manchester (Junior Active). Proposed by C. Aldridge, seconded by W. Orrell.

FIRST 50 MILES' HANDICAP, 24th April.—Entries must reach me *not later than Friday, 16th April*. The course will be a Cheshire one, particulars of which will be issued in *good* time. No Race Card will be issued, but all members will be notified of the time of Start, Handicap, &c. No arrangements for dinner before or for tea after the Race will be made except for the Competitors and such others as advise me by the 16th April. These arrangements will be made at the Kilton, Hoo Green. It is, of course, open to members to make their own arrangements there, but when doing so they should distinctly state it is in addition to any meal arranged by me. Any member able to assist in checking or marshalling will greatly assist by sending his name to me as early as possible.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS.—C. J. CONWAY, "Immeusee," Thurston Road, Heswall; H. PRITCHARD, 10, White Street, Coventry; F. C. DEL STROTHER, Russian Coy, for Foreign Trade, Ltd., 2, Gresham Buildings, Basinghall Street, London, E.C.2.; M. D'A. NEWTON, 32, Fairfield Road, Pendleton, Manchester.

F. D. McCANN, *Hon. Secretary*.

Personal.

Having now tendered my resignation as Editor of the CIRCULAR, as I consider that the time has arrived when this position should be filled by a cycling member, I wish to take this opportunity to thank again most cordially all who have assisted me during the last few years. Whether it is decided to retain the journal in its present form, or to run an abbreviated edition of it, I feel confident that similar support to that I have received will be extended to my successor, who will be appointed at the next Committee Meeting. Any communications intended for the CIRCULAR should in the meantime be addressed to the Hon. Secretary.

A. T. SIMPSON.

Cyclists' War Memorial.

My second list of subscriptions now (March 29th) amounts to £31 12s. 6d., or a Total of £146 16s. 0d. 61 members have subscribed and 1 member has made a *second* donation, which is an example worth considering. If you have not given to Turnor or through any other channel, I shall be glad to hear from you.

W. P. COOK.

MEMS.

Writing in *Sport and Play*, Mr. "Jack" Urry says:—"The tandem is a cycling luxury that only real riders thoroughly enjoy." Robinson says that he "thoroughly enjoys" tandem riding; therefore he is a real cyclist—notwithstanding anything that Kettle, Taylor, Edwards, and a lot of others may assert to the contrary.

An Echo of the Past.

Some of us are probably familiar with the illustrated monthly magazine "The King's Highway," and it may interest our Old Timers that in the February number the pen of an old friend can be traced in the Section styled: The Roadman's Notebook (contributed by the A.A.).

Two articles appear; the first under the heading, "A Roadman in his Humour," describes travels in Spain, quotes Victor Hugo and

makes use of the terms Push and Puff Bicycles, without even a word of apology to sensitive natures like Cook's; and the second, under "Hither and Thither," quotes Borrow and speaks fervently of the thrills experienced on the Bwlch Rhiwfelen of Horse Shoe Pass. Though unsigned, they can only be from a pen to which the A.B.C. owed much in the nineties, those far off days when we had no journal to speak up for ourselves, wielded by one C. S. Brooke, then of Manchester.

Since reading the official poster to the effect that "We owe £8,000,000,000," the Mullah feels more at ease. He says that his tailor will now have to wait till the end of next month.

The Hum of the Scooter: The Master.

On the threshold of the 1920 spring season all sections deserve tuning up. My last year's efforts for the Scooter were unsuccessful; we were not ripe. But now we know that this mount stands exclusively for grace and elegance. We have members whose professional manner, natty and curt, is lost on cycle or motor car, but will come into full bloom on the Standing Scooter. Brothers Simpson you wilfully missed your vocations: Mr. Arthur, the M.D.; Mr. John, the M.P.; and Mr. Walter, the confidential Family Solicitor, Pills, Bills and Wills ought to have been all your mottos. (Not Drills Mr. Walter). Do not then this season mistake your *modus operandi*. Nature chose you. "To put the matter on a business footing" I will offer a prize for the member who puts up the best number of attendances on the Scooter. This will consist appropriately enough of one of Terry's Avecta Neck-tie adjusters (see Motor papers). Let the Scooter motto be: *Tiré à quatre épingles*.

Fresh Motor Problems: Petrol versus Beer. By The Master.

A recent number of "Cycling" draws attention to the Monster Petrol Petition and expresses astonishment at the naive idea of pleading for something to be cheapened. I myself have received canvassing sheets and reminders to endorse the appeal. I consulted my wife, who tells me that as a father of one family and a grandfather of several other families it behoves me to petition for cheaper loaves and fishes, cradles and perambulators. Next I mentioned the matter in my favourite pub, and there was told that the one thing to petition for was cheaper beer.

Had I been blind then? yea, indeed. Had I forgotten that the proposed motor taxation of so much per horse power would hurt me and my modestly horse-powered friends and go to the relief of the the Rolls-Royces and the Spyners, and that the tax on Petrol was chiefly feared by the Magnates in the Limousines? I see daylight; it all becomes clear now. Who is it ride in the Limousines? The Brewers. Who benefits from the extortionate beer and stout prices? The Brewers. Who pays for dear bad beer? The real rider and our storm-tossed friend the Motor Cyclist. So that after riding in Limousines at our expense we have to appeal against dear petrol—that does not hurt me—and pay a tax that shall benefit the wine-bibbing brewer in his "Vandenplas"-upholstered coach. Not likely!

Motor Problems: The Solution of the Salute. By Double U Pea.

It is astonishing to find our erudite F. H. floundering in the dark over this problem of the Salute. The "real explanation" is only a statement of fact and no "explanation" at all. Surely The

Master is not so unsophisticated as to believe *all* advertisements claim! Uffems' Pills are not really worth a guinea a box in currency of the Realm. The real reason for that which perturbs Captain Slesh's soul is that all the A.A. Scouts (except those in charge of the yellow coffins at such places as Stamford Bridge) are CYCLISTS and they have such a supreme contempt for young lads who have sold their birthright for a mess of petrol that they will not Salute the Sporting M/C unless they are forced to do so by the Badge being displayed conspicuously on a handlebar entirely free of entanglements in the shape of "mirrors and tooters and whatnots"—especially Whatnots! After all, why should they do so? The Sporting M/C is so garbed as an Hermaphrodite Nanson's Farthest North cum Sanitary Inspector that the little game of Touching the Wallet cannot be played properly. With Hackney carriages, taxis, ambulances, limousines, etc., the case is quite different and the Clutching Hand has full scope. And what is the remedy? Perfectly simple. Ignore the A.A., pay no subscriptions, throw away the Badge and Sally (not Betty) forth (or fifth) disguised as a *Real Cyclist*, and then free gratis all for nothing, the heart of the Scouts will overflow. No more gymnastic or contortionist exhibitions, but the most majestic Salutes will be yours without any suspicion of flunkeyism and as Man to Man without stooping to conquer. Q.E.D.

RUNS.

Halewood, March 6th, 1920.

Even the Pagonone admitted that the rain had been a little wetter than rain usually is, and his companions in agony endorsed this view with emphasis as they regarded the steam emanating from their habiliments on crowding round the fire. Strong confirmation was also forthcoming in the persons of Hubert, accompanied by Frank Roskell (whom we were delighted to see again), who had travelled by motor from the Metropolis, and whose moist condition testified to an enjoyable run. By the way, a horrible rumour has gained currency to the effect that Hubert has bought a real bicycle with pedal attachments, with a view to doing "Jimmy" over during the forthcoming "season." Strange stories are going about that "Jimmy" has been seen training strenuously in the neighbourhood of Belmont with a view of coping with this sinister development, and exciting tussles can be looked for on the road (and elsewhere) in the near future. Frank was looking very well, but unfortunately there does not appear to be much hope of his coming in this neighbourhood permanently. For some reason or other—it could not have been the weather—only 19 turned up, and Hubert at last managed to get something to eat. After an excellent repast the usual proceedings took place in the tank, and eventually all presumably arrived home, let us hope, none the worse.

Knutsford, March 6th, 1920.

It was an evil day but redeemed by an A.B.C. run. As the hour drew near the rain fell black. Even a Cook might have called it moist. Pity the poor motor member. It meant getting the engine into the small Eldon stable more than occupied by the grids of the early braves and the City Fire Escape, which I chucked out. While thus engaged the late comers poured into the yard. We all got wedged in. Good job our winter runs number only one petroleur.

The Eldon main table just holds twelve, and owing to the absence of Bickey—wading the Brimley trout-stream,—and of Beckitt-Crow (the former nursing the bedridden latter) our numbers exactly filled it, and the overflow were spared the indignity of the fate of J. Horner.

Apart from the excellent feast which fills us with horror at the thought of the summer runs, the chief event was that the almost-convict discovered that his only matchbox held but an only match to set aflame his half dozen lamps. The box was cast upon the table and after many seconds it returned to him overflowing with brimstone.

Soon all the young bloods bolted leaving the elders nothing but grave talk and dying embers. Yon Grimshaws and Mundells, them Aldreds and them Orrells decamped in search of Davies. I don't think they went far for on departing I still counted teens of cycles. I remained absorbed in lamps and spent the evening lighting them, returning after half an hour with the news that the matchbox had dropped into the slush and snow. This time I pleaded not for matches but boxes and was coldly received. Had I strained the angelic strain in Oppenheimers, Greens and Mullahs? Could I no longer lean on Reed? Will any member during winter time act as slave of the lamp for a seat in the sidecar? That's the worst of being an "Owner-Driver." As for the real riders: What do they know of tremors that only treddles know.

Tarporely, 13th March, 1920.

Has it ever struck you gentle reader (all we good novelists use this endearing term) that the Club to which we own allegiance has flowing under its crust an unquenchable torrent of humour, which, when discovered by the newcomer, proves to be as full of the spice of wit, as an egg is full of—er, salt? We all start out from our homes in fear and trembling lest we should encounter on the road to the venue a fellow clubman more doughty and formidable than ourselves—Robinson for instance. Or, perhaps one upon whom Old Father Time has been at work, and who rides with a position by which the passers-by may see that decrepitude is fast getting a grip upon him who, a few summers ago, was the picture of robust health. For instance, but stay! However to business! I, with quite a number of other speedmen, arrived rather late, and on entering the *salle à manger* (this is a French idiom for chip-shop), beheld some twenty hungry Anfielders consuming lamb, or was it beef or mutton or neither, in great bulk and with obvious satisfaction. I also took my seat, and in the company of some four of these aforementioned Anfielders, guzzled these succulent viands until my inner man was replenished. Our most worthy Captain inquired if I was going to ride in the first club "50." When I told him that I had not yet finished my winter's dissipation, he was quite annoyed. I hear that Warburton and his trusty partner have started the Wen season. There must be a very great attraction there to make a man want to battle against Rude Boreas for, how many miles Cook? "Oh, about 20, not far anyhow, very easy ride." All right, bung 40 down Arthur. After tea I departed very early with another speed-beast, and after three and a half hours' hard(?) riding, I reached home dog-tired, bathed in perspi, shoved my trusty speed-iron in the stable, or rather the loose-box, went up to my bedroom, threw off my shirt, put on my pyjamas and threw my windows wide open, in order to appreciate to its full extent the ozone from the

near-by lairage. Then five minutes Pelmanism, prayed to Providence that I wasn't on the way to Newport with Bally Cook, got between lavender scented sheets, and slept the sleep of the just. Just what? Oh, just so—ber. (Bit of "Wayfarianism" that last bit, rather smart if it was original—what?).

Ripley, 13th March, 1920.

The opening run for Metropolitan members and Northern members who might be stranded in London over the second Saturday of the month, was not a howling success. The weather was certainly none too good, as soon after starting the rain came down steadily, and only Beardwood with a friend turned out. Was Foster frightened, or was it too early in the year for him? Several Bath Roaders joined in for the usual satisfactory tea, after which an adjournment was made to the "tank" with the idea of giving the rain time to finish; this it accomplished, and a pleasant run home with the usual call at the "Angel." Ditton brought the first run to an end. Strother was not able to attend owing to his immediate journey to Germany in order to look after his interests in that country.

Chester, 20th March, 1920.

I took advantage of the beautiful weather and went round by Harwarden and Pen-y-ffordd before turning in at the Bull and Stirrup, where I found quite a good muster already assembled. The Manchester contingent were there in force, and, wonderful to relate, both Secretaries turned up—McCaun on tricycle (as also was Teddy Edwards). Tommy Royden was missed. He'd better look to his laurels with regard to the attendance prize, as it is thought that Robinson is a "dark horse," having attended at least four runs already this year! Captain Kettle and Cook presently set off for Shawbury to see if the course was still there. At least so they said, but what is the real object of these mysterious visits? Is Grandad going to race this year? Perhaps he has the Tricycle Trophy in mind.

An early start was made by the others present. Band, however, lit a fire to Hinderton, which separated the Birkenhead-Wallasey contingent into two groups, some preferring to "tour" home. After Hinderton, a thick fog imparted a touch of adventure to the run. This, however, eventually cleared off, and the run was concluded without mishap.

Ringway, 20th March, 1920.

This was the first Saturday in Spring (yes, of course, I know the Almanack says something else, but hang the Almanack—which when you come to think of it, is what you usually do). Anyhow, it was gloriously fine and "sysicklists" were on the road "umpteens" at a time, not to speak of Rolls-Royces, Chinese and otherwise. There were evidences in the case of users of both means of locomotion, of that mysterious influence which the poet tells as invariably affects the young at this time of the year, and not to the benefit of the steering. The young knut in the motor-car took more interest in the girl by his side than he did of the wheel, and the girl on the bicycle lovingly hung on to the shoulder of her escort, to the peril of other road-users. For various reasons it was not thought that the turn-out would be large, but they rolled up from every quarter, and as there were domestic disarrangements, not to speak of a large mixed party

of "sysicklists," at the farm, there was some delay in getting fed. The tea, when it came, was somewhat gerappily served, but with goodwill, especially on the part of Webb and Davies, we got through all right. We were all somewhat anxious about Crow—in the circumstances, the Saub might reasonably have expected to hear of something to his advantage, including some brief remarks on his ancestry, etc., and indeed he seemed to expect it, but he got nothing more from Crow than kindly admonition. It is sincerely to be hoped that Crow is not losing his form; otherwise the gaiety of nations will be eclipsed, and the Manchester section will shed tears of bitter grief. The house being full of the afore-mentioned "sysicklists," the party, after a brief sojourn in the yard, made away—some for home, to give their families the surprise of their lives by arriving there so early, others to congenial spots where the time could be passed pleasantly and profitably—especially to the landlord.

Overton, 27th March, 1920.

Evidently the frequent criticism that there is too much of a sameness about the venue of our runs is ill-founded. Here we had a run fixed to an entirely new place the Club in all its history has never visited before and even curiosity did not attract the critics. It was the same old gang of regulars who supported the fixture, but it may at once be said that the new place quite lived up to the reports we had had of it. A really substantial hot meat meal was excellently served and we had a very good time indeed. Overton lends itself to an exploratory ride in the Delamere district and several had been losing themselves in that delectable area. Manchester was represented by Turnor, H. Green, Grimshaw, the brothers Orrell, F. Mundell and Edwards, and Liverpool by the brothers Kinder, Parry, Edwards, Royden, Band, Harley, Mandall, Cook, Kettle, Threlfall, Cody and G. Hawkes, but 20 was hardly a good muster for so convenient and novel a venue the week before Easter. Grimmy and Mundell went off to Shawbury for the week-end and we did not envy them their 45 miles right into the draught. The Kinders, Kettle, Kook and Mandall (piloted as far as Hartford by Green and Turnor) proceeded to McKellsfield with the object of riding over the new 50 course on the Sunday—and the rest of us had easy rides home with the favouring breeze.

ANTHONY BRYCE CLUB

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ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

FORMED MARCH 1879.

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

MONTHLY CIRCULAR.

Vol. XV.

No. 171.

FIXTURES FOR MAY, 1920.

		Light up at
May	1—Halewood (Derby Arms)	9 8 p.m.
„	8—Kelsall (Royal Oak)	9-20 p.m.
„	10—Committee Meeting, Common Hall, Liverpool, 7 p.m.	
„	15—Second 50 Miles Handicap	9-32 p.m.
„	22 to 24—Shrewsbury. Headquarters: Unicorn. Tea on Saturday, Whitchurch (Swan)	9-44 p.m.
„	24—INVITATION "100"	9-47 p.m.
„	29—Nantwich (Lamb) Tea at 5-30 p.m.	9-53 p.m.
June	5—Knutsford (George)	10- 1 p.m.

ALTERNATIVE RUN FOR MANCHESTER MEMBERS.

May	1—Broomeedge (Jolly Thresher)	9- 8 p.m.
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ALTERNATIVE RUN FOR LONDON MEMBERS.

May	8—Ripley (Anchor).....	9-20 p.m.
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Full moon 3rd instant.

Committee Notes.

21, Water Street,

Liverpool.

Entries for the Second "50" must reach me not later than first post, Monday, 10th May. The course will be the same as that for the First "50."

A large number of checkers, etc., is required for the Invitation "100," and I hope that more members will be able to advise me of their readiness to help than did so for the 1st "50!" Members wishing to ride should notify me as early as possible, but not later than first post on Saturday, the 15th May. The accommodation at the "Unicorn" is limited, so members wishing to stay at that house must advise me early.

Mr. Ernie Bolton has been elected to Junior Active Membership.

Application for Membership.—Mr. W. R. Thompson (a former member) has notified his desire to resume as an Honorary Member. Horace Pryor, 68, Nightingale Street, Darnall, Sheffield, proposed by C. H. Turnor, seconded by W. P. Cook. George Molyneux, 2, St. Domingo Place, Everton, Liverpool, proposed by W. P. Cook, seconded by F. D. McCann.

Changes of Address.—W. E. S. FOSTER, 72, Mexfield Road, Putney, London, S.W.15; F. E. PARTON, Sundorne Cottage, Bings Heath, Astley, Nr. Shrewsbury; J. A. GRIMSHAW, 6, Blair Street, Clifton Street, Old Trafford, Manchester.

Neither Gregg nor myself being present at Halewood on the 6th March, I have no list of those who were there; the same remark applies to Kelsall (February 28th) and Overton (March 27th), but in these two cases the CIRCULAR contained a full list.

F. D. McCANN,

Hon. Secretary.

Cyclists' War Memorial.

My second list amounting to £52 16/- has been paid in, making a total of £167 19/6. There are still many members who have not responded, while others have literally given twice. There is still time to figure in my third list. Can we not make it up to £200? Percy Beardwood has taken up the Hon. Secretaryship of the Fund, and Turnor has collected £13 odd in Manchester, so no wonder the "Athletic News" refers to "the Anfield B.C., which has done splendid work for the Fund."

W. P. COOK.

MEMS.

LOST.—The low gear of a B. S. Hay three speeder. Finder handsomely rewarded on returning same to W. R. Tee.

James Cycling Club.

This Club affiliated to the Anfield B.C. has recently been formed under the Presidency of Mr. Hubert Roskell. Mr. A. P. James is Captain, Mr. F. J. Cheminai Hon. Treasurer, and Mr. George Lake Hon. Secretary. The objects are "Enjoyment, not Acid," and the Hon. Secretary assures us that all W.W.W. will be welcome as members on giving the necessary guarantees. A recent week-end run shows the ideal nature of this new club, which has "Per Road and Rail" as its motto. After marshalling forces at the Central Station, a reserved carriage carried the party to salubrious Warrington, where after a perilous ride of one mile a well earned meal was partaken of. Then the open road was taken at a dashing speed up the Grappenhall Mountain to High Legh, where some foolish cyclists, who call themselves Speed Merchants, were seen being held up on their machines until at the words "5, 4, 3, 2, 1, Go," they were hurtled forth to chew acid. At Hoo Green tea was most welcome, and after appropriately seeing the above mentioned speed bugs in various stages of knackeration in the neighbourhood of the gaol, the Club proceeded to Knutsford for the week-end. Here we must draw a veil, but we understand that the Sunday's ride was equally full of incident, and that among the candidates for membership are Mr. Arthur T. Simpson, Mr. F. H. Koenen and Mr. G. Stephenson.

Stop Press.—We regret to say that the Hon. Treasurer, having collected the subscriptions, decided that it would be useless to attend the fixture.

RUNS.

EASTER TOUR, April 1st to 5th, 1920.

Owing to the necessity for strict economy we cannot spread ourselves on the account of the Easter Tour and must be content with a much boiled down resumé. Briefly, the tour may be described as a big success, in which 42 members and two friends participated. Turnor and Cook were the first to dock at the Glan Aber, on Thursday, having come down by St. Asaph, and Mac (via Denbigh) was the only other cyclist to get through that night, but with the arrival of the Walking Captains and Motorists we numbered our lucky 13 by bedtime. Meanwhile there were cycling parties on the way at Chester, Northop and Caerwys. Good Friday brought a wet morning, which entirely put our motorists off their feed, and only the three cyclists faced the journey to Llanfairtalhaiarn, where the above-mentioned "on the way" parties were met for lunch, as well as the Orrells and Yank, who had started at some ungodly hour and ridden right through from Manchester, so we mustered a dozen. The afternoon was fine, but only Kettle, Kook and Turnor detoured, the former pair cutting across the hills to Dolwen and Colwyn, while the latter wandered via Dawn and Gofer.

Saturday morning was fairer and seduced the motoring fraternity to chance it, so we mustered 27 at Menai Bridge, where we were joined by an old ex-member, Brooks Handley, who evidently thoroughly enjoyed being amongst us again. On the return journey parties detoured via Carnarvon, Sychnant Pass and Conway, and Aber to Roe Wen over the Bwlch-y-Ddeufaen, and all evidently enjoyed themselves, although Grandad was very angry at being mistaken for a detective at the White House, Roe Wen! Sunday was a real good day and 30 made for Beddgelert, where an excellent feed and warm welcome awaited us, but we missed Barratt and his libations. What a pity Shawbury is so attractive! On the outward journey Turnor piloted a party via Llan Rug and Waen Fawr, and on the return journey Kettle shepherded a party via Maentwrog, Tanygrisiau and Dolwyddelan, while some of the "straight back" division sampled the old road which provides an excellent excuse for not riding the Gwynant!

Monday morning was appropriately dull, but after Pentre Voelas, the roads were dry, and 21 cyclists reached Denbigh in excellent time and were there joined by Gregg and Parry for lunch, after which there was a string of us up the Bodfari Valley, and at Mold came the parting of the ways, Manchester members making for tea at Chester, and Liverpool members for Queensferry—some to go straight on home and 11 to tea at Willaston. Thus ended a most enjoyable holiday, although, of course, we left behind us at Bettws the usual diehards, and we hear the last of the Mohicans did not leave till Wednesday! Shame!

Notes.

We sadly missed Tom Conway, Timbertiles and Beardwood, Billy Owen and Dolly were our only "exiles."

Crow and Beckett got down on a tandem last year but failed to keep their engagement on a sidecar outfit this year! C is N!

Prichard also failed to materialise.

Mac was the only tricyclist and the Kinders the only tandemons.

Billy Lowcock, who has been a member for 23 years, was mistaken for a pupling! Dreadful! He looked so bonny in F.H.'s coffin and was a great accession to the talent in the Chapel and Tank.

"Wayfarer" joined us twice last Easter but this year he was not even sighted. Is North Wales exhausted at last?

Grandad proved that Peris is a Welshman and thereby raked in a Fisher for the Cyclists' War Memorial.

The usual visit was paid to the Waterloo (to view the monocles and boiled shirts), which was as Morguelike as usual, but it was rather thick of Winnie to use the lounge for letter writing purposes.

W.R.O. and O.C. dropped in to see us on Sunday night and were warmly welcomed in the Chapel.

Lizzie Bee seemed rather pensive and we discovered the cause thereof. With a view to staggering us he had ordered a suit of Mallaby Deeleys, which failed to arrive in time.

Gwennie has again transferred her affections, and the latest candidate for Cynwyd Church is A. P. Jay.

"Don't drift, plan your tour and then stick to your programme until you get the reputation both of getting and seeing 'what you are after.'" So says the "Irish Cyclist," and we don't dispute it. But we also have members of this drift persuasion. Ask "Wayfarer!"

Do you remember Hubert's story about the Barrel of Beer which was "just right?" Well, the weather at Easter reminded us of it, because if it had been any better we should have been swamped with motors, and if it had been any worse our enjoyment would have been equally affected. The weather was too bad for motoring, but "just right" for cycling.

In the Chapel. By Efaitch.

Mirth, Measure and Music is the motto of the Simpson Trio. While on the last occasion I was most deeply touched by "The Five-Fifteen, this time my soul was stirred by Walter's faultless rendering of "Major General," delivered with superb staccato technique. He robbed us of no single syllable and lifted the emphasis of the choristers on to each reverberating vowel. Yet some of us are never satisfied: why is there no fourth Simpson to complete a Philharmonie-Simpson-Quartette?

Lowcock of Cheadle, like Bollingbroke of Derby, is seldom seen, but when he is seen he is also heard. It is many years since his "intimes" last saw him in character, but soon found that William has lost none of his agility and verve. His tigerlike leaps at Spaghoni, the Toreador, must have terrified even that black heart, and Peris—the brave des braves, as Napoleon would have called him, had he known him better—blanched at the fate of his guilty countryman. Lowcock, in his tremendous "He Shall Die," was more majestic than any judge under the black cap. On the other hand his Oopasootic Latin was smooth and faultless as ever. So much for his appearance in Chapel. In the Tank he was rather more a victim than an aggressor under the Mullah's military searchlight, but as Arch-Druid in the Temple of Slumbers, he rose to unparalleled heights of grandeur at 3 a.m., with Hubert as Soothsayer and the Simpsons as Sidesmen. He was daring, yet chaste, and the lamb on the altar survived the sacrifice.

Into which Tank.

I plead for a return to the Old and Outer Tank as opposed to the Secret and Inner One. The Outer is the original one; it was there that the name "Tank" was coined—which name later was largely instrumental in beating the evil Hun,—for it was a dark and dismal place, only fit for midnight orgies. There, Worth and other Worthies sat through the lean, long night, waiting for the beams of daybreak. It has since been beautified and beautified, and now resembles Heaven, while the inner tank, with its fearsome oven, is like purgatory. Filled with Huberts, Peris', Chems and other vast men, we minor creatures melt before our time. Its only recommendation: the secret stairway into the outer world, can only fill us with vain hopes of a possible escape when the time comes. There will be none.

In the By-ways.

Cook did it on us by crossing the mountains from Aber to Caerhun by the path trod by the Roman Legions. He was able to jeer at us. To retrieve ourselves when homeward bound we took to ancient soil by reaching Offa's Dyke by a lane so narrow that the sidecar got wedged fast between the banks. The old tollhouse near Chirk Castle on the old road to Llangollen has been pulled down, but the Dyke remains. Going from Chirk to Weston Rhyn by the old main road to Oswestry and immediately after crossing the Cerriog, a lucky side-glance revealed close to the road, but hidden by trees, the wonderful pre-historic Temple or Cromlech somewhat resembling Stonehenge. Has this anything to do with the Stone Circle Mitchell's Fold on Stapleley Hill on the Shropshire Border just acquired by the nation? We occupied two affairs like sentry boxes and invoked the help of spirits, but it was after closing time. Continuing in the dim past, we went by narrow lanes through Hengoed and Pentre Clawdd, which are the oldest approaches of Oswestry to Caer Ogyrfan (the hill just outside the town) and scoured the vast trenches till we found the ancient hut emplacements. All the time Lowcock had spent at Park Hall he had gazed at the Caer without suspecting to find there the traces of his ancestors.

Les Soirées Musicales.

These were as usual, under the chairmanship of the Presider, most enjoyable, and become more popular every Easter. This time, with the exception of, I think, two non-members, the whole of the entertainment was home-provided, the result being quite up to standard. F.H. simply excelled himself in recitations, both humorous and otherwise, and I could not help regretting that the late W. S. Gilbert was not there to hear (and see—especially see) the rendition of one of his Bab Ballads; a light would have burst in upon him! The Master's sparring partner, Lowcock (who, I verily believe, would sit serene and imperturbable in his mobile dugout even if F.H. was apparently hurling him along to a nameless eternity) though heavy with flesh was light of heart and hefty of action, and swept his items along with tornadic force. The floors quivered, the rafters rang, and the audience rocked with his efforts. Chem was in the best of spirits—albeit the meeting was pussyfootian—and becomes more fruity and nutty "as the years goes rolling by;" perhaps his partnership with Peris accounts in some measure for this! Peris, who carries his

musical outfit in his fob pocket, again favoured us with some ocarina solos, and sang several French songs, while the heavenly twins gave us all the news about "Paddy McGinty's goat," and also the pathetic intelligence that they were on the point of departure for Indianapolis. This place must be an ideal spot for gourmets, as the variety and quantity of delectable foodstuffs foreshadowed as in preparation for their arrival made Hubert book his passage on the spot. Then there was Frank Wood, once more to the fore with recitation and story judiciously mingled; Orrell, who was driven at the point of the bayonet to regale us with songs without music (why is it some of our vocalists are too shy to bring their accompaniments?) the Mullah in his usual good form; Knipe who succeeded in making his "Wee Cotter Hoose" more bewilderingly unintelligible than even before—a rare feat—and last but not least, the Brothers Simpson—may their shadows never grow less.

Pulford, April 10th, 1920.

What memories of olden days this run aroused! Rossett provided a fair substitute, although the charrs-à-bancs were trying, but it was good to get back to the Grosvenor Arms again now that a change of management makes it possible (thanks to the diplomacy of Cotter, whom we secretly suspect is Mayor of Pulford), and we hope future fixtures will be better supported. Everything was quite up to the old high standard and the sweet seventeen had a splendid tea and every comfort. Presumably many of the boys had not recovered from their Easter exertions and were pottering about Wirral like the two Bobs! Robinson would have obtained some splendid "copy" from the priceless conversation with the Auto-Wheelist, who had come 5 miles in 20 minutes and wanted to know why auto-wheels were so scarce in these parts! We are afraid that the sarcasm of the answers was lost on the old buffer, who was evidently highly pleased with himself. Manchester was well represented with Turnor, Edwards, Brothers Orrell, and Williamson on his way back from Etna 50. Liverpool was represented by Band, Kettle, Gregg, Cook Royden, Ven., G. Hawkes, Cody, Cotter and Tirefall, while the Brothers Walters joined us from Salop. Ven. week-ended at Hawarden and Cook had the company of the Walters as far as Chirk on his way to Llanarmon. The rest trickled homewards easily, but Tommy had not recovered from the shock of Charlie Conway's failure to keep the tryst at Queen's Ferry, and was evidently ruminating on the unreliability of mankind.

Hoo Green, April 17th, 1920.

I went out alone, except for the Engineer, who pushed me out very manfully, against a slight breeze as far as Warrington. From there onwards we wandered in a maze of lanes and completely lost ourselves more than once. However, we were at the "House" in heaps of time for tea. There was a good crowd out—I should say about 35—and the management had to provide an overflow table; even then one or two had to wait for a second sitting. The chief topic was, of course, the "50;" chances were discussed, and when the Handicapping Committee adjourned, the result was awaited by the Speed Merchants with anxiety. There were two week-end parties as far as I know. Cook's company went to Macclesfield, Jimmy providing the rear guard. The other party was Grimmy and all the Mundells, who went to some secret training resort on the "50" course. Eventually everybody left for home and other places.

50 Miles Handicap, April 24th, 1920.

This event may be at once recorded as a great success, full of splendid augury for the future. One has only to compare the times with those accomplished in the August "50" last year on the Shropshire course, when 2-40-12 was fastest time. Here we have four members getting well inside that figure on the slower Cheshire course in the first race of the year. Evidently the new Cheshire course with its bad start and finish and innumerable corners is not so very much inferior to Shropshire, but above all the pleasing factor is that the racing men are more serious and training more consistently. Captain Kettle has every reason to be satisfied with the debut of his régime, and there is still a useful reserve of Junior Members to draw from. What about Dews, Rogers Brothers, Fothergill, Rae, Gregg, Reynolds, Pary, Greenwood, etc? The Manchester Juniors showed what can be done by trying. With an entry of 15, only 3 failed to face Time-keeper Poole, and the checkers were bitterly disappointed at the non-appearance of Tierney on his Red Racer, whose circus performance on the corners was being eagerly anticipated. The weather was dull with a stiffish W. wind, and the roads in places were heavy after the early morning rain. It was early on seen that Grimshaw and Blackburn were making a good fight for fastest time honours, with Hesketh shaping well until he unfortunately ran off the course; while F. L. Edwards was clearly a gift for the Handicap. Grimshaw had an attack of cramp and finished slowly in 2-37-56, but Blackburn thoroughly deserved fastest time prize with his 2-34-46, which is 5½ minutes improvement on his previous best. F. L. Edwards made rather a mess of the handicap by his really remarkable novice performance of 2-38-10, but it was a most popular and well merited win. The handicappers can, however, console themselves with the fact that 37 seconds covered the next three places, as Williamson with 2-41-9 (an improvement of 4 minutes) was second off 12 minutes, and F. Mundell with 2-38-19 (an improvement of 4 minutes) was third off 9 minutes, and Blackburn, 5 minutes, fourth. The full result is appended below. G. B. Orrell also made an excellent novice performance; Warburton showed an improvement of one minute on his previous best, Kettle's was an excellent trike ride, and he had hard lines in missing a silver by 53 seconds, while Harley undoubtedly gained useful experience. G. F. Mundell was the only one to puncture. There were about 50 members "out and about," and it is pleasing to be able to record that they were well distributed over the course and doing something to help the competitors instead of bunching at the start and finish and doing nothing.

HANDICAP RESULT.

F. L. Edwards	2-38-10	15	2-23-10 (1st)
P. Williamson	2-41-9	12	2-29-9 (2nd)
F. Mundell	2-38-19	9	2-29-19 (3rd)
J. S. Blackburn	2-34-46	9	2-29-46 (fastest)
G. B. Orrell	2-46-48	15	2-31-48
F. E. Parton	2-51-32	16	2-35-32
A. Warburton	2-47-22	10	2-37-22
J. A. Grimshaw	2-37-56	Scratch	2-37-56
W. H. Kettle (tricycle)	3-	5-53	27	2-38-53
G. F. Mundell	2-55-40	12	2-43-40
E. W. Harley	3-7-51	20	2-47-51

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FIXTURES FOR JUNE, 1920.

	Light up at
June 5—Knutsford (George)	10- 1 p.m.
„ 7—Committee Meeting, Common Hall, Liverpool, 7 p.m.	
„ 12—12 Hours Handicap	10- 7 p.m.
„ 19—Chester (Bull & Stirrup)	10-11 p.m.
„ 26—Manchester Wheelers Open "50," Whitchurch.	10-12 p.m.
July 2 & 3—TWENTY-FOUR HOURS RIDE.....	10-10 p.m.

ALTERNATIVE RUN FOR LONDON MEMBERS.

June 12—Ripley (Anchor)	10- 7 p.m.
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Full moon 1st instant.

Committee Notes.

21, Water Street,
Liverpool.

Entries for the 12 Hours Handicap must reach me not later than Saturday, 5th June, and those for the "24" not later than Saturday, 26th June. An amount, to help cover the cost of feeding, of 5/- for the "12" and of 10/6 for the "24" must accompany all entries.

A large number of Checkers and Helpers is necessary for these two events; members able to place their services at my disposal are requested to advise me at *the earliest possible moment*.

NEW MEMBERS.—Mr. W. R. THOMPSON, 38, Hertford Drive, Wallasey, has resumed membership (honorary). Messrs. G. MOLYNEUX and H. PRYOR have been elected to Active Membership.

APPLICATIONS FOR MEMBERSHIP.—Mr. C. R. BARNARD, 12, Whitham Avenue, Great Crosby, proposed by A. P. James, seconded by J. Kinder; Mr. W. BAILEY, 7, Franklin St., Patricroft, Manchester, proposed by C. H. Turnor, seconded by W. Orrell; Mr. WILLIAM HORTON, 4, York St., Chester Road, Hulme, Manchester, proposed by F. D. McCann, seconded by W. P. Cook; Mr. JAMES SANDER, 10, Vicarage Place, Prescott, proposed by G. Stephenson, seconded by A. P. James. Mr. PHILLIP MORRIS, Venus Bank, Cound, near Shrewsbury, proposed by W. P. Cook, seconded by F. D. McCann.

Mr. E. Haynes has become a First Claim Member of the A.B.C. Entry forms for several open "50's" are in the possession of the Captain, from whom full particulars may be obtained.

The Committee have accepted from a member, who wishes to remain anonymous, a donation of £10 10/- to the funds, ear-marked for the prizes in the "24" and the promise of a further amount of £15 15/- to provide a prize for the member who succeeds in beating the R.R.A. Record of 428 miles for 24 hours.

Other anonymous donors have offered to defray the cost of the printing of the "50" cards; the Committee had decided the state of the Club funds did not warrant this expenditure.

To all the above our thanks are due.

Mr. A. T. Simpson, to the great pleasure of the Committee, and I feel sure also of all members, has consented to withdraw his resignation of the post of Editor.

The attention of members of the Committee is called to the fact that the June meeting will be held on the first Monday.

Cyclists' War Memorial.

My third list now (May 27th) amounts to £12 9/6, making a total of £180 9/-. I have every hope of making the grand total £200. Our old member, Jack Fowler, set an excellent example by collecting from a few of his friends and sending me £1 10/-. Percy Boardwood is also co-operating and has sent me donations from (inter alia) Jack Bulcock, James Cameron, of Workington, who many years ago joined us on a Lake Tour at Keswick, and A. E. Barlow, an ex-member of the Club.

W. P. Cook.

Personal.

The Bolshevik tendencies of the Committee are now well known and are becoming accentuated. They have again been exercised in my case, and I have been sentenced to remain the Editor till the end of the year under pain of the death penalty. Applications then for this lucrative post will be dealt with strictly in rotation.

A.T.S.

MEMS.

From the Knutsford Run, June 5th, a party will be week-ending at Ashbourne to attend the Annual C.T.C. Meet of various D.A.'s. If you want to join in let Kettle or Turnor know in good time.

Our reference to the James Cycling Club seems to have caused a certain amount of misapprehension. We desire to make it clear that it is a most exclusive organisation to which it is a great honour to belong. Only those with a dyed-in-the-wool affection for real cycling are eligible for membership. On no account are speed bugs and motorists admitted. Mr. George Lake, the Hon. Secretary, asks us to emphasise this point as the Executive have recently been under the painful necessity of blackballing several otherwise desirable applicants. As an example of the extreme care exercised, we may

mention the case of "Wayfarer," to whom this new Club strongly appealed. To ensure his election he commenced a prolonged period of absenteeism from Anfield Runs and wrote a thesis entitled "In Revolt," wherein the joys of spending 10 hours in covering 10 miles were extolled in a subtle and masterly way. The references to ruminating at gates, watching the woolly clouds roll by and allowing the scenery (and other things) to soak in were quite in the proper vein and his application for membership appeared irresistible! But no—the Executive had to turn him down as he failed at the test known as "Blowing off the Froth." We may mention that in City Circles it is rumoured that there may be a merger with Tripelets, Ltd., in which case no doubt that Napoleon of Finance, Mr. Charles Keizer, will be co-opted on the Executive. Those who know Mr. Keizer's qualifications as a cyclist and remember the brilliant way he negotiated various debenture issues to Chester Jones *et al* will appreciate the fact that the acquisition of a man of his ripe experience would be a masterly stroke. If only Mr. Nant Peris, the scholarly and musical Welshman (who has solved the problem of cycling without a cycle) can be secured, the future of the James Cycling Club, under the presiding genius of Mr. Hubert Roskell, will indeed be brilliant.

Now that Hubert Roskell and J. H. Parry both live in the same street, we suggest they would make an ideal tandem team.

"Red Cap," in the "Irish Cyclist," writes: "Motor cyclists generally are greater fools than pedal cyclists." So now we know! We have often suspected it!

"Arjay" says "I can hardly believe that the Anfielders can ever grow really old." We like the "really"—and the phrase deserves to go down in history with the imperishable "Anfielders never collide."

Members will be pleased to learn that at last Messrs. T. K. Fleming and Son, 14A, North John St., have resumed making "Cypeds." The new model is a superior article with a proper welt and heavier sole, so the price, 35/-, is not dear.

This is the kind of "par" that is published as "news" about any successful competitor in a "sporting" motor cycle event:—"Yank" E. D. Wards, who scored so conspicuous a success in the recent Anfield B. C. 50 Miles Unpaced Handicap, used Rices' B. Mangle Oil." Wonderful, is it not?

We understand that Robinson has now decided not to try for the attendance prize this year.

Newspaper headline: "Killed by an Orange Pip." Chem may be responsible for hundreds of such fatalities.

A new novel is entitled "Lighting Up Time." We must certainly buy a copy of this for Grandad.

Another new novel is entitled "Half-past twelve." Hubert says that the time is all right, but what about the place?

It is announced that Mars is now only 45,000,000 miles away. Cook is arranging a week-end party to visit the planet during June, and will be glad of company.

RUNS.

Halewood, May 1st.

On May Day, the party at Halewood reached the usual Halewood high average in numbers, weight and respectability, though alas! Cook and Band, two of the "ever-presents," were missing. By a

singular coincidence, although the grub was above the usual Halewood super-quality, we were unable to clear the board in the approved Anfield manner. And we did our best, too.

Another thing which struck me as very remarkable was that no one breathed the word "allotments," or asked how spuds were growing. The talk in the Tank was all of speed work, past, present and future. Probably merely another coincidence. In fact if anyone chooses to see any connection between these things and Cook's absence, he must do it entirely on his own responsibility. As Solomon once said, "There are three things which are too subtle for me, yea four which I do not know." And the fourth happening was the strangest of all: Hubert went home early and left his beer on the table! a full glass! It may have been sorrow at Cook's absence; or possibly the conversation in the Tank was not so interesting as usual; or he may merely have had a very pressing engagement. Anyway someone drank his ale!

P.S.—I hear that W.P.C. visited one of our Branch Establishments on this date to see that the Juniors behaved properly, so he "got his run."

Broom Edge, May 1st.

A local sporting event in which a number of our speed men were taking part made for a small attendance, but on the other hand, we had Captain Kettle and the one and only Cook to help to make up a total of 7. Cook soon made himself at home with a party of ladies who had been to see the festival at Knutsford, and perhaps, but for a display of lack of tact by another member, he might have got off this time with a fair one weighing at least 20 stone, who insisted that she had not been "Queen of the May," notwithstanding Cook's declaration that she ought to have been. We were well served by dainty and obliging handmaidens, and left early to take the Captain and Cook a new way to Congleton. They approved the way chosen, though it was a little "uppish" for a flat country, and reached Congleton in fair time, but somewhat damp, like the rest of us.

Kelsall, May 8th.

"As all the young lads must be training for the racing, we must fix runs that will give them a chance" say the wiseheads. And so I found that instead of having a really comfortable ride to Halewood (ask Bob Knipe) or somewhere like that, I was destined to chew acid all the way to Kelsall. However, my symptoms were not reflected in the other members who gathered at the Royal Oak, for 33 finer young fellows I have never seen. The tea was quite up to standard, and was demolished in record time. We wonder, however, why 3 Anfielders rode to the top of Kelsall hill looking for the tea place. Is the ginger ale in the Forester's Arms superior to that of the Royal Oak? I had taken the precaution of coming out over the Packhorse bridges, for Cook usually enquires which way I've come when I have gone direct. Of course this time he didn't ask me. The Week End C.C. grows in strength every week, and all the usual resorts were patronised. It rained at intervals (though not where Cook was) but this was a blessing in disguise as it kept the trike speed fiends from putting it through the slow pack too badly on the way home.

50 Miles Handicap, May 15th.

This race took place over the same course as the first '50' this season, and it is difficult to speak too highly of the times accomplished, the three scratch men in particular covering themselves (and the course) with glory. Our new member, Pryor, can rightly be termed over this distance a wizard of the wheel. It was the first

time he had been over the course, and this, combined with the giddy pace he was travelling at, was the cause of his running out of it on two occasions. At a modest computation these little idiosyncrasies must have been indulged in at a cost of 2 or 3 minutes, so that the phenomenal time he accomplished (2.22.33) is really better than it appears. The delays entailed, I should say, just lost him first place, but he thoroughly deserved the second prize. When it is stated that he was lopping off the last few miles at 2.30 per mile with monotonous regularity some idea will be given of his dazzling performance, which was only 48 seconds outside northern record accomplished over the Shropshire course some years ago. Blackburn, the second fastest, also did a remarkably fine ride, improving on his last by nearly 6 minutes, and beating Grimshaw by the narrow margin of 5 seconds. Grimmy proved to have regained his old form by getting well inside 'evens,' and he reckons he is not yet all out. We have thus three men who should give an excellent account of themselves over the '100' on Whit Monday, barring accidents. Parton, who was placed first on the handicap, showed the remarkable improvement of 11 minutes over his last race, while Mandall, who was third, had come on even better, having improved to the tune of 24 minutes. G. B. Orrell was 4 minutes better than last time, Kettle over 5 minutes, W. Orrell nearly 7 minutes, while Harley got comfortably inside 3 hours despite time lost through a puncture. F. L. Edwards practically repeated his previous performance, while F. Mundell was most unlucky with machine troubles and was on 3 different bicycles, notwithstanding which he did 2.44.13, a tribute both to his riding powers and his grit. Young Hawkes unfortunately punctured before Knutsford and lost a lot of time, continuing the ride as a training spin to gain experience. Warburton punctured when going well, and retired. Williamson and H. Kinder desisted owing to their propelling machinery not running so smoothly as it should have done. Gregg was riding a strange machine and had not had sufficient opportunity for training, while Tomlin was unfortunate in missing the bronze medal by 47 seconds. Molyneux and Walters had evidently not got into their true form and are certain to improve considerably. The day was a good one, albeit not altogether devoid of zephyrs, and the event can fairly be said in have made 'Anfield' history, as we have never before in a '50' had three men doing well under 'evens,' while Pryor's performance undoubtedly stamps him as a rider of premier class at this distance. Annexed are the results of the handicap:—

F. E. Parton	2.38.21	18 mins.	2.20.21	first
H. Pryor	2.22.33	scr.	2.22.33	2nd and fastest
T. Mandall	2.39.50	15	2.24.50	third
G. B. Orrell	2.42.13	14	2.28.13	silver medal
J. S. Blackburn	...	2.28.51	scr.	2.28.51	gold do.
J. A. Grimshaw	...	2.28.56	scr.	2.28.56	
W. H. Kettle (trike)		3. 0.32	30	2.30.32	silver do.
E. W. Harley	2.57.35	25	2.32.35	bronze do.
F. L. Edwards	2.38.46	5	2.33.46	
W. Orrell	2.49.13	13	2.36.13	silver do.
F. Mundell	2.44.13	6	2.38.13	
J. E. Tomlin	3. 0.47	22	2.38.47	
G. Molyneux	2.44.58	6	2.38.58	silver do.
R. C. Gregg	3. 2. 5	20	2.42.5	
A. E. Walters	2.51.24	8	2.43.24	
G. F. Hawkes	3.17.59	20	3.1.59	

22 Entries. 19 Starters. 16 Finishers.

Whitsuntide, May 22nd-24th.

Favoured by glorious weather, this EVENT was a gorgeous success. Anfielders were all over Shropshire—week-end parties staying at Whitechurch, Wem, Hodnet, Grinshill, Newport, Nesscliffe and Shrewsbury, and all "on the job" for the "100." Altogether Mac. reckons there were 60 of us, and everyone had a good time. On the Sunday, Kettle piloted a party from Shrewsbury to Ludlow, and F.H. was the guide of another party bent on exploring Mitchell's Fold and the Druids' Circle, nr. Gravels, en route for Bishop's Castle and Clun, both parties joining forces at Craven Arms to meet the N.R. tourists, but with the exception of Everbright, this idea miscarried, as we never dreamed of looking for North Roaders at the Temperance Hotel! However, there were the usual meetings in Shrewsbury at night, and it was good to meet men like Robertson, Lint Ilsley, Inwood, Stancer and the Wingraves (to mention only a few) again. It is not necessary to go into full details of the race—you are referred to "Cycling," with its account illustrated by Tierney's photographs—but of the 81 entries, 70 were dispatched by Poole and 38 finished. The East in the breeze seemed to prevent anyone doing sensational time, but at the Raven (28½ miles) Davey, Bick and Burkill were fastest with 1-25, closely followed by Pryor, Selbach and Genders 1-26, Stock and Greenwood 1-26½, Grimshaw, McCloud and Mason 1-27, F. Gill 1-27½ and Parton, Blackburn, Walton and Newell 1-28. Tumilty, Briggs and Molyneux with 1-30 were shaping well for the handicap, and altogether the Northern chances in general and our own in particular looked pretty good.

At Ercall Corner, 54½ miles, Genders with 2-43½, Selbach 2-45 and Davey 2-45½, were making a fine fight for fastest with Burkill, Bick and Pryor close on their heels with 2-47, but unfortunately Pryor, the Northern Hope, was struggling with stomach trouble which forced him to desist soon after. Molyneux, L. W. Walters, Williamson and Warburton also retired, but Grimshaw, Parton, Blackburn, F. Mundell, Carpenter and Walters were still going strong. At Shawbury Corner, 73½ miles, Genders had established his lead and it was clear that Parton, Tumilty and Briggs were well in it for the handicap. On the "last lap" Blackburn, F. Mundell and Carpenter retired with cramp, but there was no other change to record, and the result will be found in the following table:—

Name.	Club.	Actual Time	H'cap	H'cap Time
1. F. E. Parton	Anfield B.C.	5-30-15	30 mins.	5- 0-15
2. C. Tumilty	East L'pool Wheelers	5-34-22	32 "	5- 2-22
3. J. Briggs	Cheadle Hulme	5-44-47	40 "	5- 4-47
4. W. H. Genders	M.C. and A.C.	5- 9-50	5 "	5- 4-50
5. T. D. Chapman	M.C. and A.C.	5-31-23	21 "	5-10-23
6. C. F. Davey	Vegetarian	5-12- 2	1 "	5-11- 2
7. F. Greenwood	Wood End	5-26-41	15 "	5-11-41
8. A. McCloud	M.C. and A.C.	5-22-35	10 "	5-12-35
9. W. E. Royle	Cheadle Hulme	6- 4- 8	50 "	5-14- 8
10. M. G. Selbach	Unity	5-14-38	Scr.	5-14-38
11. R. Minards	L'pool Century	5-50- 3	34 mins.	5-16- 3
12. W. T. Burkill	M.C. and A.C.	5-23-59	7 "	5-16-59
13. J. A. Grimshaw	Anfield B.C.	5-30-52	13 "	5-17-52
14. F. E. Armond	North Road	5-29- 7	10 "	5-19- 7
15. A. E. Walters	Anfield B.C.	5-59-18	40 "	5-19-18
16. W. Bibby	East L'pool Wheelers	5-44-17	25 "	5-19-17
17. H. C. Henderson	Rotherham Wheelers	5-47-41	26 "	5-21-41

18. R. M. Sidlow	Walton C. and A.C.	5-51-31	29	..	5-22-31
19. T. P. Beeston	Leicester Road	5-50-50	26	..	5-24-50
20. W. J. Hickey	Walton C. and A.C.	6-11-17	45	..	5-26-17
21. J. J. Barker	Manchester Wheelers	6. 1-38	35	..	5-26-38
22. C. Jackman	Walton C. and A.C.	6-13- 3	45	..	5-28- 3
23. A. Lusty	Wood End	5-50-16	22	..	5-28-16
24. W. J. Mason	M.C. and A.C.	5-43-34	15	..	5-28-34
25. F. Gill	Leeds Road	5-49-12	18	..	5-31-12
26. S. Dungworth	Sharrow	5-48- 4	16	..	5-32- 4
27. E. A. Merlin	Polytechnic	5-44-25	12	..	5-32-25
28. C. W. Shadford	Unity	5-44-21	10	..	5-34-21
29. R. E. Wilson	Unity	5-49-40	15	..	5-34-10
30. J. G. Shaw	Sharrow	5-51-46	16	..	5-35-46
31. B. Wilkinson	Cheshire Roads	6- 5-47	30	..	5-35-47
32. W. H. Burn	Leicester Road	6-12- 0	35	..	5-37- 0
33. R. E. Galway	Irish Road	5-57-46	20	..	5-37-46
34. S. Jones	Manchester Wheelers	6- 9-55	30	..	5-39-55
35. R. Daubney	Cheshire Roads	6-16-45	28	..	5-48-45
36. C. A. Stock	Polytechnic	6- 5-53	8	..	5-57-33
37. L. E. B. Warner	Sharrow	6-21-20	19	..	6- 2-20
38. W. J. Finn	Irish Road	6-39-38	27	..	6-12-38

TEAM PRIZES.

1. M.C. and A.C. 15-56-24 Genders, Burkill and McCloud.
2. Unity 16-48-39 Selbach, Shadford and Wilson.

Naturally we are proud of Parton's ride and the Handicap speaks for itself. The puff and dart system was again justified!

"100" Items.

We were all pleased to have among us again in Salop our old member Jack Fowler, who was probably the most interested spectator at the "100." It was good to see Jack renewing his youth and to hear him reminiscing with the older members like Fell, Toft, F. H. Rowatt and Poole. He was very sorry not to be able to run all round the course and see Dr. Carlisle at the Raven and Buckley at Crudgington.

At last we have provided the winner of the "100!" Hitherto it seems to have been the custom to win the "100" first and join the A.B.C. afterwards! Osborne, Grimshaw and Hodges are notable examples, but Parton by winning the race for the second time has given us our first real success since the unpaced series was inaugurated in 1900. We had a second in 1901 (W. R. Oppenheimer), a third in 1904 (E. J. Cody), 1908 (J. J. Rogers) and 1909 (J. R. Wells), but it has remained for Parton to secure us first place in handicap. We now want someone to get Fastest Time, which, after all, is the Blue Riband.

After the handicap was "out" it was amusing to hear the reports from outsiders of "so and so" who was "an absolute gift." Nothing could stop him from winning, and it was gently inferred that the Handicapping Committee must have been fast asleep to have given "so and so" such a long mark! Curiously enough these clever people could not agree amongst themselves as to the identity of "so and so!" Evidently nearly all the competitors had been given too much start—except Parton!!!

Nantwich, May 29th.

As usual, after any special event a reaction seems to set in and those who "never will make a fetish of cycling" and hold that "there is nobody to please but ourselves" (to quote the Apostle of Drift) were evidently resting on their laurels, for there were only 18 to sit down to the Barmecide Feast at The Lamb. The poor Skipper had no Snubs or Secretaries to support him, but Davis stepped into the breach and collected the shekels. And yet it was a glorious afternoon and not too bad an evening. Liverpool was in the ascendant with 10 club runners as compared with Manchester's 6, but Walters and Parton represented a higher percentage for Salop. It was quite a jovial party that stood on the steps after tea and watched the brilliant thunderstorm. They were all "slaves to a pastime" with "a cast-iron touring programme"—no irregular minds or drifters—but no one had a thought of dying in the attempt to complete programme as arranged. How they could be so cheerful when the Apostle of Drift above quoted has publicly declared that he does not admire the results is beyond comprehension. The Manchester contingent were the first to barge off and as they did not wait for the rain to desist they looked like a lifeboat crew. We could not help remarking how much more strikingly handsome Boardman looked on a cycle than he does on his "Outfit"! Then the rest followed, five for Home and Five Week-enders who escorted the two Salopians as far as Shawbury so that two of them could spend Sunday as "Slaves to a Pastime" learning the 12 Hours' course and incidentally finding five more taking the rest cure in that delectable spot.

A. T. SIMPSON,
Editor.

ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

FORMED MARCH 1879.

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

MONTHLY CIRCULAR.

Vol. XV.

No. 173.

FIXTURES FOR JULY, 1920.

	Light up at
July 2 & 3—TWENTY-FOUR HOURS RIDE.....	10-10 p.m.
Headquarters Bull & Stirrup, Chester.	
„ 10—Overton (Church View)	10- 6 p.m.
„ 12—Committee Meeting, Common Hall, Liverpool, 7 p.m.	
„ 17—Hoo Green (Kilton) Photo. Run	9-59 p.m.
„ 24—Pulford (Grosvenor)	9-50 p.m.
„ 31—Broxton (Egerton Arms)	9-39 p.m.
Aug. 2nd—Bath Road "100"	9-35 p.m.
—East Liverpool Wheelers' Open "50,"	„

ALTERNATIVE RUN FOR LONDON MEMBERS.

July 10—Ripley (Anchor)

10- 6 p.m.

Full moon July 1st and 30th.

Committee Notes.

21, Water Street,
Liverpool.

If you have not yet sent in your name as a helper in the "24" and you are able to render assistance please let me know as early as possible. The time of Start will be 9.30 p.m. and the Course the same as that used last year.

For the Bath Road "100" on August Bank Holiday and for the East Liverpool Wheelers' Open "50" on the same day a number of helpers is required to look after our own men. If you can assist at either event please communicate with the Captain. For those going to the Bath Road it is suggested that the meeting place be the "Fleece Hotel," Cheltenham, on the Saturday night, while the Unicorn Hotel, Shrewsbury, is selected as the Headquarters on the Sunday night before the E.L.W. "50."

Mr. Conway has again kindly volunteered to take the Club Photograph, and our best way to show appreciation of his kindness is to turn out at Hoo Green on the 17th July in large numbers.

NEW MEMBERS.—Messrs. WM. BAILEY, C. R. BARNARD, WM. HORTON, JAS. LAUDER and P. MORRIS have been elected to Active Membership. [Note: Lauder's name was erroneously printed as "Sander" in last Circular.]

APPLICATIONS FOR MEMBERSHIP.—Mr. S. H. BAILEY, 27, Lilley Road, Fairfield, proposed by F. D. McCann, seconded by W. P. Cook.

FIFTY MILE HANDICAPS.—It has been found that the course used for the two "50's" this year is short by 5 furlongs, 170 yards. All times returned are, therefore, incorrect for 50 miles.

Messrs. Blackburn, Grimshaw, Parton and Pryor have been chosen by the Committee to represent us in the Manchester Wheelers' Invitation "50," and Pryor in the North Road "Memorial" "50."

NEW ADDRESS.—C. F. G. BOYES, "The Den," Prees Heath, Tilstock, Whitchurch, Salop.

F. D. McCANN,

Hon. Secretary,

Correspondence.

To the Editor of the CIRCULAR.

SIR,—I note that "Cyped" shoes are now again available, the price being 35/- a pair: also that this figure is "not dear." It appears to me that the CIRCULAR must be written by profiteers for profiteers. The new price of "Cypeds" is nearly treble the pre-war price, and yet the shoes are "not dear"! If this sort of thing is permitted, I shall have to give up cycling and take financial refuge in motor cycling.

Yours, etc.,

"LOSSITEER."

SIR,—As a competitor in the Club's recent "12 Hours Handicap," I wish to tender my most sincere thanks to a certain member who, as I turned in the road at Nantwich, informed me that "There was no need to go to Chicago." As a matter of fact, I had remembered this, but had I forgotten that the route was through Tarporley, and taken the wrong turning towards this doubtful place, I would certainly have been disqualified, and would not have had the pleasure of completing my 12 hours road and water journey. Again many thanks.

A NEPTUNE OF THE A.B.C.

SIR,—I wish to express, on behalf of Bob Galway and myself, our hearty thanks to the members of the Anfield B.C. for the kind and courteous treatment we received on the occasion of your "Invitation 100." It was a real pleasure to us to take part in a race in which we were attended to so carefully and in such an efficient

manner. The young ladies, too, did their share and I can assure you that we greatly appreciated the "attentions" of the "fair ones" who presided over the "sponges" near Shawbirch.

Yours truly,

W. J. FINN, Irish Road C.C.

MEMS.

In the course of a recent article, "Arjay" wrote: "A friend of mine and his wife accompanied me on a Raleigh tandem." No wonder he calls his outing "A Strenuous Whitsuntide," but we are surprised at him for allowing "three up" on a tandem.

The defeated candidate in the recent bye-election at Louth was Mr. C. H. Turnor. The ubiquity of the Mullah was always a remarkable phenomenon, but we never suspected him of political aspirations. Nevertheless we extend our sincere sympathy in his defeat at the polls.

Li Cohen has been heard from several times since he arrived out in the wilds of Nyassaland. He is apparently having a good time, and, as can be imagined, making things hum. George Lake is trying to get into touch with him with a view to mopping up his crops for the next umpteen years. Li expects to be amongst us again on leave in about three years, and meantime sends his love to all.

RUNS.

Knutsford, June 5th.

A crowd of about 40 turned up at the "George" and boldly marched into the dining room with that assured air begotten of confidence in the usually admirable arrangements made for replenishing the tanks exhausted during the afternoon's running. Blank dismay spread around when it was discovered that the place had recently changed hands and the outgoers had studiously refrained from acquainting the incomers of any arrangements. Parties scurried in all directions and spread themselves over the village in search of sustenance, while some remained behind for the scraps which might be available. It was here that the James Cycling Club's brilliant organisation shone with lustre. Emissaries were dispatched by the Chief of Staff to the "Angel" with sealed instructions, and the members at 7.30 precisely were seated round the festive board at this hostelry which dealt with the influx with great acceptance. By the way, this young but already famous organisation is rapidly gaining recruits and it is rumoured that both the Mullah and the other most regular gentleman are clamouring for admission into its exclusive ranks. The matter is having the close attention of the Committee and their decision will be announced shortly. Among those present was our old friend Dakin whose visits to the Club are regrettably infrequent owing to residential disabilities and we were all delighted to see him. After tea the strenuous ones were quickly awheel on the way to Ashbourne to endeavour again to meet "the freaks" which the Master failed to recognise on the last occasion, and I understand a certain amount of knackerdom was apparent in places. Wild horses won't drag from me the revolting details. Here again the J.C.C. had the bulge on the older club: their motto is "Knackerdom-Knix." After tea they had a nice quiet tour to Knutsford where they remained the night travelling home by easy (? ask Hubert!) stages the following day.

12 Hours Handicap. June 12.

Under the most distressing circumstances as to weather and help some splendid performances were accomplished, and as far as the competitors were concerned the event was a huge success. The weather did its best with three thunderstorms and torrential rain (reminiscent of the famous "24" which Jim Park won in 1903) to drown them out, but the only retirements were caused by tyre trouble. The real failure lay in the paucity of followers at Vicars Cross, and what we should have done if *all* the competitors had gone through is a problem impossible of solution. Surely there ought to have been more than five men with real bicycles to place themselves at the timekeeper's disposal for finishing purposes? What will happen in the "24"? Too many followers is impossible, and those who cannot help in this way might volunteer for feeding and checking jobs. With roads just drying up nicely after Friday night's thunderstorm, a still air and promises of an excellent day, Cook (deputising for Poole) dispatched all the competitors prompt to time, but Molyneux struck tyre trouble within 2 miles, and was pursued relentlessly until forced to retire at Hodnet with all his spares done in! All the others were shaping well, particularly Warburton and Williamson (tandem) who were approximating record figures, Pryor (tricycle) who was riding as fast as most of those on bicycles, and would certainly have beaten Northern Record but for breaking his chain and losing over an hour obtaining another, and Grimshaw who was doing record time until the first storm broke. On the Shropshire triangle H. Kinder retired, and the feature was the steady riding of The Two Bobs' Tandem and the splendid way the four novices at long distance work, Harley, G. B. Orrell, Bailey and Mandall, were sticking it. Coming up from Chetwynd, the Warburton-Williamson tandem punctured and this was the beginning of their end, for they almost repeated the notorious case of Buckley and Turnor's abortive 24 Hours Record attempt with spares fitted on to wet rims chafing and bursting. Even up to Nantwich (163½ miles) they kept recovering time lost by the various delays, and were certain for about 205 miles, but their luck was quite out and they were only able to get back into Chester (182 miles) with a back tyre rolling on the rim! However, they have certainly shown that with anything like decent luck the Northern 12 Hours Record is within their reach. Meanwhile Rogers Brothers were riding very steadily and made one wonder what they would do if they trained and took their cycling more seriously. They went on to the Nantwich extension full of beans with Grimshaw and Blackburn sternly chasing them. On this stretch the second thunderstorm was encountered and caused the retirement of Blackburn who seemed over-trained, but all the others, except Walters who desisted, continued riding strongly. Grimshaw pulled up on the tandem and was only 2 minutes behind on time at Vicars Cross (180½). On the Frodsham extension Grimmy continued to gain and excitement ran high when the tandem passed Vicars Cross again (199 miles) with 1½ minutes to go and ran out time with a total of 199-4-52 (which placed them third in handicap), but he could not manage it quite and finished with 199-2-78. G. B. Orrell, Parton and Mandall each arrived at Vicars Cross with about 10 minutes to go, and Orrell riding very strongly did 183-1-90 (which with 18 miles start placed him second in handicap) as against Parton's 182-3-130, while Mandall whose chain had come off stopped at 180-5-76. Harley and Bailey who had been see-sawing all day

both finished "down the road," and Harley accomplished 175-6-122, which with 28 miles start secured him first prize and a most popular win for an excellent novice performance, while Bailey's ride of 177-5-65 was also most meritorious. Pryor was turned at the 9th m.s. near Tarporley and again at the 7th m.s. on the Frodsham road, and ran out time with a fine total under the circumstances of 169-0-198. If you want to know how he rode ask Gregg and Geoff Hawkes who tried to follow him on the Tarporley and Frodsham roads respectively! There is little doubt that Pryor, with ordinary luck, would have smothered Northern Record even on such a day and possibly won the handicap. Ven and Cotter worked liked Trojans as Mac's assistant feeders, and it was no joke with the necessity of carrying the food to the corner in such weather. Thanks are due to Mr. Norton, of Wem, who took the Battlefield check. There were "just enough" down in Shropshire, but the five retirements alone avoided a *contretemps* at the finish. *Verb. sap.*

Appended is table of the result:—

1.—E. W. Harley	175½.	28 miles...	203½.	1st Prize, Std. C.
2.—G. B. Orrell	183.	18 miles...	201.	2nd Prize, Std. D.
3.—D. B. & J. W. Rogers.	199½.	Scratch....	199½.	3rd Prize, Std. D.
4.—J. A. Grimshaw	199½.	Scratch....	199½.	Prize greatest distance.
5.—W. Bailey	177½.	20 miles...	197½.	Standard C.
6.—T. Mandall	180½.	15 miles...	195½.	Standard D.
7.—H. Pryor (tricycle) ...	169.	20 miles...	189.	Standard D.
8.—F. E. Parton	182½.	5 miles...	187½.	Standard D.
A. Warburton and P. Williamson.....	182 miles.			Standard C.

Below is a characteristic letter to Mac from The Master anent the above:—

You will have got my card from the post box at Chetwynd stating the times I saw your young friends pass in the morning. Strange to say I saw them again going in the opposite direction that self same afternoon at the self same spot although the weather had meanwhile been most uninviting for a pleasure ride! They hardly seemed the same men, but agéd, saddened and soaked—yet all came again; well, all but one, viz. Hans, of the childer! What him befell, I cannot tell. None of them wore mackintoshes or capes—a very foolish proceeding, nor even were their cycles fitted with mud flaps, screens or squeegees! I asked them their names and addresses, but they would only give their numbers by which they go in their handicap—a very handy arrangement. One, Mr. Blackburn, wore safety pins, held together by fragments of stockinette, but this costume failed to keep the rain out—steel rivets and leather camb might have been better. At three the sun appeared again which so pleased Mr. Pryor that he stayed with me nearly an hour! They all were anxious to see a Mr. Cook, near Chester. I hope he was there to meet them.

Chester, June 19th.

A "good house" at the B. & S. was as it should be in view of the accommodation we require in the "24." Still one expects more than 29 on a perfect day in June, considering our growing member-

ship list, and the interest engendered by the sporting and determined spirit of our riders in the 12 hours the previous Saturday, with its succession of thunderstorms. What an easy job the Skipper and Secretary would have, giving everyone something to do, looking after the riders in their long, long journey around the clock, if all our members turned up at a fixture 13 days before the "24" date. They would simply have to tick 'em off as they answered "Right oh" on receiving their instructions and appointed job—"I don't think."

The money was well worth the meal, but we have weathered the "motah" epidemic, and will hold our own in spite of "char-a-bancs" or other monstrosities, which our supine authorities allow to wander about the open road, spoiling the "grub" market and hindering our pastime. The old familiar odoriferous yard was well patronised before we broke away for our various destinations. Charlie Conway, looking very fit, led the Wirral homesters, resting them awhile at Hinderton before parting. We deplored the absence of several of our speed merchants, who doubtless were awheel elsewhere; we like to see them all both on competition and other Saturdays. Their presence at an ordinary Club fixture encourages many who cannot compete, but cheerfully "wait and serve."

Whitchurch—Manchester Wheelers "50"—June 26th

Naturally the latter portion of this fixture was the one that attracted most of us, as those who did not jib at a century ride (Mac, Edwards and Molyneux) and the week-enders at Shawbury, Albright Hussey, Pentrevoelas, Wem and Newport, preferred to give our six competitors (two riding as Cheshire Roads) all the help possible, and there were 31 of us around the course. Still there should have been more than three for tea at Whitchurch, and Threlfall, Royden and Geoff Hawkes deserve leather medals for supporting a fixture that was specially arranged for the purpose. Those who were at the Wheelers' "50" had every cause for jubilation. It was a fine sporting event and we came away with the blue riband of Fastest Time and all Flags flying: indeed at one time it looked as though the result would be Pryor First and Fastest, Parton second, and Grimshaw third, which would have really made it, as Bowkett the genial Wheelers' Secretary described, an Anfield Event! There were 45 entries, 35 starters and 29 finishers. The important non-starters were Bick and Wedberg of the Speedwell, and Brown of the Liverpool Century. The weather was fine, but there was a fairly stiff breeze to be faced from the start to Shawbury Corner and from Shawburch to Hodnet, while the roads were very loose in many places and it was generally agreed that 2-25 would be a high-class performance. It was a thousand pities Fred Lowcock, Junior, punctured and had to retire near Shawburch as he was shaping very well in first-class company for the first time and riding with all the inherited confidence of his father. Pryor was fastest right from the start and at Shawbury Corner had taken half a minute out of Genders. This form he kept up right to the finish, gaining one minute each time round the triangle, and flashing past the Time-keeper with 2-24-6, which placed him Fourth and Fastest. Genders was second fastest and 14th in handicap with 2-26-23. McCloud was third fastest and seventh in handicap with 2-28-4, which was a wonderful performance as he punctured three miles from the finish

and rode in on the rim. Grimshaw rode well, but was probably feeling the effects of his Cheadle Hulme 100 (5-23, second and Fastest) the previous Saturday, and his time of 2-30-20 placed him 6th in handicap. Parton evidently has a penchant for improving in every race, for he finished in 2-35-9, which placed him 5th in the handicap. Blackburn had the misfortune to have his cranks work loose before Hodnet the first time. Frank Mundell (C.R.C.) was rather disappointing with 2-45-27, and George Mundell (C.R.C.) sacrificed his chances by giving up his machine to J. Briggs (Cheadle Hulme) who had punctured, and contented himself with touring to the finish with an inflator in his hand in 3-7-10.

Tumilty, of the East Liverpool Wheelers, who was second in the "100," won the handicap off 15 minutes with an excellent ride of 2-36-31, while Moore (18 minutes) and Williams (12 minutes) of the Walton C. & A. C. are to be heartily congratulated on being placed 2nd and 3rd, with 2-40-55 and 2-35-0 respectively.

Appended is the result as far as it is of particular interest:—

		Actual	H'icap	H'cap	Time
1.—C. Tumilty	E. L'pool W.	2-36-31	15		2-21-31
2.—L. A. Moore	Walton C. & A. C.	2-40-55	18		2-22-55
3.—E. L. Williams	Walton C. & A. C.	2-35-0	12		2-23-0
4.—H. Pryor	Anfield	2-24-6	1	*2-23-	6
5.—F. E. Parton	Anfield	2-35-9	12		2-23-9
6.—J. A. Grimshaw	Anfield	2-30-20	7		2-23-20
7.—A. G. McCloud	M. C. & A. C.	2-28-4	4		2-24-4
8.—T. D. Chapman	M. C. & A. C.	2-35-30	11		2-24-30
9.—R. M. Sidlow	Walton C. & A. C.	2-31-38	7		2-24-38
10.—J. Briggs	Cheadle Hulme	2-42-50	18		2-24-50
11.—W. E. Royle	Cheadle Hulme	2-48-59	24		2-24-59
12.—T. Lucas	E. L'pool. W.	2-42-51	17		2-25-51
13.—C. Jackman	Walton C. & A. C.	2-41-56	16		2-25-56
14.—W. H. Genders	M. C. & A. C.	2-26-23	Scr.		2-26-23
15.—J. J. Barker	M. Wheelers	2-39-26	13		2-26-26
16.—W. T. Burkill	M. C. & A. C.	2-31-57	5		2-26-57
17.—A. Lusty	Wood End	2-41-29	14		2-27-29
18.—W. E. Jones	Wood End	2-39-26	10½		2-28-56
19.—C. W. Anderson	M. Wheelers	2-44-25	14		2-30-25
20.—R. Daubney	C. R. C.	2-47-14	16		2-31-14
21.—F. Mundell	C. R. C.	2-45-27	12		2-33-27
22.—W. Bibby	E. L'pool. W.	2-42-30	9		2-33-30

* Fastest.

A. T. SIMPSON,
Editor.

ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

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ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

FORMED MARCH 1870.

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

MONTHLY CIRCULAR.

Vol. XV.

No. 174.

FIXTURES FOR AUGUST, 1920.

		Light up at
Aug.	2—Bath Road "100" and East Liverpool Wheelers "50,"	9-35 p.m.
„	7—Eaton (Red Lion)	9-28 p.m.
„	9—Committee Meeting, Common Hall, Liverpool,	7 p.m.
„	14—Knutsford (George)	9-17 p.m.
„	21—Pulford (Grosvenor Arms)	9- 8 p.m.
„	28—Kelsall (Royal Oak)	9- 0 p.m.
Sept.	4—Northop (Red Lion)	8-49 p.m.

ALTERNATIVE RUN FOR MANCHESTER MEMBERS.

Sept.	4—Henbury (Blacksmiths' Arms)	8-49 p.m.
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ALTERNATIVE RUN FOR LONDON MEMBERS.

Aug,	14—Ripley (Anchor)	9-17 p.m.
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Full moon August 29th.

Committee Notes.

21, Water Street,
Liverpool.

NEW MEMBERS.—Mr. S. H. BAILEY has been elected to Active Membership.

Mr. H. Pryor has become a first claim member of the A.B.C.

Mr. G. R. M. Brierley, of the Manchester Wheelers, has expressed his thanks to all members of the A.B.C. who assisted him in the "24."

The 50 Miles Handicap provisionally fixed for August 21st has been abandoned, but the 50 Miles Handicap fixed for September 18th will be run off over a Cheshire course, only slightly different from that previously used this season.

R. C. GREGG,

Asst. Hon. Secretary.

Cyclists' War Memorial.

This Fund is now practically closed, and thanks to the splendid support of Beardwood I celebrated "the glorious fourth" by sending in my third list of subscriptions amounting to £32 0s. 6d., making a grand total of exactly £200. I desire to thank all those members past and present who alone have made this brilliant result possible. The kudos accruing to the Anfield is great. Since the list was sent in I have received further donations amounting to £8 13s. 6d. as a result of previous efforts, so that a Fourth and Final List will be going in shortly. There is therefore just time for anyone who has overlooked the matter to be included. It is the Anfield that has assured the Memorial on Meriden Green, and to us it will represent our four members who made the Supreme Sacrifice.

[In addition to the above we learn that Turnor has collected £19 0s. 6d.—Ed.]

W. P. COOK,

MEMS.

A coroner in the Midlands stated at an inquest the other day that no man over 50 should hurry under any circumstances. In view of this dictum, Grandad has yielded to the entreaty of his friends and consented to ride always with his brake on.

Poor Charlie Conway almost wept when he found, owing to taking the Club photo before instead of after tea, that the Editor had been left out. This, of course, is an irreparable loss to the picture, although it lessened to a degree the risk of damage to the camera. Notable absentees from the function were F. H. and "Jimmy" (on a holiday tour together) who wired apologies. Toft, Knipe and Cody also on holidays, and Chem. Our best thanks are again due to Charlie.

The following advertisement—a gem of purest ray serene—appears in the *C.T.C. Gazette*:—

"Liverpool to Holyhead and back. Capable occupant wanted for back seat of tandem August 7th. Return journey 28th or 29th—by W. M. Robinson, 104, Willmer Road, Birkenhead."

We understand replies have been received from all over the country, but surely some Anfielder will seize this priceless opportunity. The queue forms on the left along Derby Road. We expect next month's *Gazette* to contain the following advt:—

"Birkenhead to Bath Road 100 and back.—Strong willing unsophisticated youth for back seat of tandem to push an old gentleman. Starting Friday evening, July 30th, and getting back Tuesday evening, August 3rd.—B. O. B., Sunnyside Hydro, Birkenhead."

Careful readers will have noticed that there has been an absence of any reports of the London-Ripley runs this season. Beardwood has most faithfully carried them out, but alas and alack he has been the sole supporter of them and too modest to write up his own doings. This should not be the case. What has happened to "The Professor's Love Story"?

Returning from the "24" in torrents of rain, three members were plugging along about midnight with only one lamp doing business when one of the triumvirate punctured his front tubular near Clatterbridge. A Committee Meeting decided that "to get home on pumpings" was the best remedy, and as the unfortunate had treacle instead of oil in his lamp he had to scale the heights of Evans' Hill instead of circumnavigating it as he usually does, so as to have the protection of a light. Half way up the precipice the tyre subsided again, what time the rain increased its fury—whereupon the said unfortunate developed into a veritable Demosthenes and we understand his flow of language was remarkable. He favoured the audience and the atmosphere with a lurid lecture on "Cycling as a Pastime" in the choicest diction with a most brilliant peroration—disclosing hitherto unsuspected gifts of oratory. We understand that after considerable pressure he has consented to deliver this lecture in public, and negotiations are now in progress for the hire of St. George's Hall or the Philharmonic, when a goodly sum for the Prize Fund will undoubtedly be secured as the tickets are cheap at a guinea a time. Applications for tickets accompanied by remittances should be made at once to the Editorial sanctum. They will be dealt with in strict rotation and on no account can an overflow meeting be arranged.

North Road C.C. Memorial "50."

This event, the first of the series, promoted by the N.R.C.C. as a Memorial to their members who fell in the War, was run off on 10th July.

The day was very windy, almost a gale blowing from the S.W. We have every reason to be proud of the performance of H. Pryor, who put up a magnificent ride, being only 46 seconds behind the winner.

This event was restricted to the twelve selected fastest men in the country, all of whom started, but unfortunately four were delayed by the police, three losing so much time as not to make it worth while continuing. About half-way (26 $\frac{3}{4}$ miles), Meredith and Jones were leading in 1hr. 6mins.; Pryor and Marsh 30secs. slower. At 37 $\frac{1}{2}$ miles Marsh, Jones and Genders were level in 1hr. 36mins.; before this point Meredith was forced to retire owing to a fall earlier on; Pryor was doing 1hr. 37mins. The last five miles full into the teeth of the wind found Marsh leading, he having displaced Genders who fell away rather badly, and eventually running out the winner in 2hrs. 22mins. 52secs. Pryor second, 2hrs. 23mins. 38secs. Genders third, 2hrs. 26mins. 9secs.

The N.R.C.C. had very kindly arranged drinks for Pryor, thinking we should have no one down there, but we were represented by the two Mundells, Warburton and the Skipper.

RUNS.

24 Hours Invitation Ride, July 2nd-3rd.

Although only four clubs nominating five riders accepted the invitation, the policy of opening this event to outsiders is undoubtedly a wise one. The Anfield has always stood for the

encouragement of long distance work and it is right to give Northern Cyclists who are members of Clubs that cannot run a "24" a chance to ride twice round the clock at little expense and with the tremendous advantage of proper feeding, checking and experienced looking after. No doubt as these factors become better appreciated we shall have larger fields and our policy be more fully justified. With seven of our own members there was an entry of 12, and the only non-starter was Carpenter who was unfortunately prevented by the illness of his wife. It seemed a queer "24" without Carpenter and his water flask! And it was just his day, too! After a very wet day a fine evening ensued and with the glass rising, everything seemed favourable. Grimshaw was out for big things and quickly established a lead with Brown (Liverpool Century), Blackburn, Molyneux and Walton in close attendance, and Carrington (Leigh Clarion), Walters, Kettle, Brierley (Manchester Wheelers), Hawkes and Ditchfield (Leigh Clarion) riding steadily to schedules. The first to retire was Ditchfield at 42 miles with internal trouble, and at 70 miles Brown had serious tyre trouble and desisted. This robbed the race of a lot of interest, but although not pushed at all Grimshaw kept piling on the miles, and reached Newport (136 miles) with a useful lead of 25 minutes from Blackburn, 41 minutes from Molyneux and 46 minutes from Walton, but both Blackburn and Walton were suffering from stomach trouble and both retired before the expiry of 12 hours. Grimshaw rode 193½ miles in 12 hours, and Molyneux was then second with 177 miles, with Walters and Kettle tying for third place with 171½. Carrington who had tyre and machine trouble failed to get the Cock Inn check and retired around Hodnet. Brierley (165½) and Hawkes (165) were still riding well. Then came the deluge which put "paid" to all ideas of record performances. It started with a drizzle which developed at times into heavy rain and the condition of both roads and riders was distressing. Under these circumstances no praise is too high for the pluck and endurance shown. The wet seriously affected the knees of Kettle and Brierley who left the course and toured back towards Chester, but the other four stuck it well. Grimshaw was the only one to take the Holmes Chapel extension, and got back to Whitchurch (303 miles) with 4½ hours to go, but no one can blame him for then finally deciding to merely keep his position in the race safe, and he eventually ran out time with a total of 352-3-52. Molyneux who seemed to ride better the further he went gave Band quite a gruelling in running him out with 322-3-209, but the real race was between Walters and Hawkes for third place. By dint of perseverance Hawkes, who started 8 minutes before Walters and had been as much as 41 minutes behind him, gradually crept up and caught Walters at Congleton (263½). A struggle then ensued, and although Hawkes arrived back at Whitchurch 1 minute ahead they were practically together with Walters having his 8 minutes in hand. Against the wind to Vicars Cross, Hawkes proved the fitter man, and riding strongly reached the feeding station 10 minutes ahead and was therefore in third place. Unfortunately an error of judgment caused him to stop and feed although he had only 16 minutes to go, with the result that Walters, who naturally did not stop, passed Vicars Cross only 6½ minutes behind Hawkes and ran out time with a total of 314-1-1 as against Hawkes's total of 313-6-46. It was hard lines on Geoffrey, but the most pleasing feature was the splendid sporting spirit displayed by Walters in expressing his frank regret at ousting

Hawkes from third place under such circumstances and the latter's cheerful acceptance of his loss as being all in the game.

It was pleasant to record that there were plenty of helpers all over the course and plenty of followers at Vicars Cross. Grimshaw's ride was a fine one, and undoubtedly Hawkes's ride was very meritorious. Hawkes has shown the younger members a fine example of what can be done by at least making an attempt. We have now had 51 Anfielders ride over 300 miles in the day, and there are plenty of others yet to qualify for this Hallmark as a distance rider. Go thou and do likewise.

RESULT.

	12 Hours.	24 Hours.	
J. A. Grimshaw	193½	352½	1st Prize
G. Molyneux	177	322½	2nd Prize
A. E. Walters	*171½	†314	3rd Prize
G. F. Hawkes	*165	†313½	
G. R. M. Brierley (Manchester Wheelers)	165½	283½	Certificate
W. H. Kettle	171½	277½	
	* Standard C.	† Standard E.	

Overton, July 10th.

The City of Eternal Sunshine lived up to its reputation—a steady downpour laid the dust effectively up to 5 o'clock. Fortunately the sun then came out warm and bright, making the last part of the run, through picturesque lanes, most enjoyable. Liverpool members had the best of it—I understand they saw no rain. Many of them stopped at Chester to see the C.T.C. gathering, in the hope of catching a glimpse of those freaks so often mentioned, but so elusive; to judge by the conversation at tea they had a bit of luck this time. Church View, although it does not possess a licence, has a place with all the conveniences contiguous and adjacent, so that quite a number of the members got off their mark at the table rather late, having seized the opportunity of worshipping at the shrine of Bacchus at the earliest possible moment. Almost as soon as tea was dispatched the party commenced to break up, a large and highly influential contingent barging off for Wem. It was noticed that Hans had gone on strike, and John had had to get another engineer—strange how the back man on a tandem gets fed up. The remainder of the party cantered home in glorious weather and without incident of note.

Hoo Green, July 17th.

From the "Hardware City" to "Sunnyside," occupying five days, was a long prelude to a Club run; but as the intervening time was spent partly in Liverpool and New Brighton, I was sufficiently energetic by Saturday to make my way to Higher Tranmere and beard the Apostle in his den. There also I met Johnny Band, and punctually to schedule we three got under weigh by the upper road for Chester, overtaking en route Hawkes, Junr., who was taking things easily until joining our party. The decorous serenity of our

progress was occasionally interrupted by aggressive motorists who wanted more than their share of the highway; but the climax was reached by a "road-hog" in clerical garb who, in forcing through, drove Cook with his three-wheeler on to the grass, and looked like wiping the rest of us from the face of the earth. In the little excitement we failed to get his number, but we know our benedictions safely reached his ears!

Passing the Cathedral City on to the Kelsall road we were piloted through the charming scenery by way of Delamere Forest, looking beautifully fresh in the rare July sunshine.

Arriving at Hoo Green for the "function," it was for the writer (attending a run after a long lapse) pleasing indeed to meet so many old friends looking fit and well in spite of either silver or dwindling locks; also, to see by the fresh faces of the younger generation that our lusty youths are not all taking to petrol.

The atmosphere being pronounced "right," we duly assembled on the green of the "Kilton," and lined up our manly beauty, with nicely parted (or departed!) hair and best "look pleasant" expression, to be "focussed" by our beneficent friend Charlie Conway. During the ordeal of straightening our countenances after the usual witticisms, and while our expert was wangling the tripod, the Mullah sidestepped into the arena with his own weapon and snapped us almost unawares. Any gentleman, therefore, not satisfied with his pose as taken from the grand stand, may send one guinea to C.H.T. and chance his luck for a good portrait!

Tea being the next item on the programme, we adjourned to the interior, there to discover our genial Editor ensconced amidst about 96 eggs and the usual etceteras. This gives the clue to the number of hungry and thirsty Anfielders present, but there is no prize for the solution. The meal, as usual, passed pleasantly under a buzz of conversation, and the company soon after dispersed into the open to deal with the rest of the daylight.

My own return journey to New Brighton was made easy by the accelerating propensities of Johnny Band, Edwards and two younger "bloods."

Let me, in conclusion, express my pleasure at once more being out with the Club and revisiting a green and radiant Cheshire under a fair sky.

Pulford, July 24th.

Notwithstanding week-end parties at Pentre Voelas and Bettws, and the alternative run to the Rose Garden, Mollington, there was a goodly crowd of 28 at the Grosvenor Arms to enjoy a meal reminiscent of the palmy days. Manchester was represented by 8, Shropshire by 3, and Liverpool by 17, and although it took a little manoeuvring it was a jolly crowd suffering from Bulimia that made short work of the good things provided. No wonder Sir W. E. Cotter, Lord Mayor of the City, wore an expansive smile and Ven had no trouble collecting the filthy lucre. It was a glorious day and everyone revelled in the sunshine. Band gave us a demonstration

and lecture on Constrictors, while Frank Mundell's new machine came in for the usual more or less expert criticism. After tea Davis and John Kinder favoured us with an "exhibition" of skill on the green cloth which evidenced misspent youth—and by the time their hour was up most of the crowd had dispersed to enjoy another fine ride homewards. A week-end party of six proceeded to Sanctuary in the Glyn Valley, and we understand they found the lamp shining on the table, the Perfection Bread, Real Butter and copious libations of—er—Buttermilk.

A. T. SIMPSON,

Editor.

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ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

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MONTHLY CIRCULAR.

Vol. XV.

No. 175.

FIXTURES FOR SEPTEMBER, 1920.

		Light up at
Sept.	4. NORTHOP (Red Lion).....	8-25 p.m.
"	11. KNUTSFORD (George).....	8-8 p.m.
"	13. Committee Meeting, Common Hall, Liverpool, 7 p.m.	
"	18. Third 50 miles Handicap.....	7-51 p.m.
"	19. Northern Old Time Cyclists' Rally, Warburton.....	7-48 p.m.
"	25. Overton, near Frodsnam (Church View)	7-34 p.m.
Oct.	2. Halewood (Derby Arms)	6-17 p.m.

ALTERNATIVE RUN FOR MANCHESTER MEMBERS.

Oct.	2. RINGWAY (Mainwood Farm)	6-17 p.m.
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ALTERNATIVE RUN FOR LONDON MEMBERS.

Sept.	11. Ripley (Anchor)	
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Full moon 28th inst.

Committee Notes.

21, Water Street,
Liverpool.

The course for the Third and Final "50" this year will be a Cheshire one, starting at 4 p.m. at a point 2 fur. 160 yds. Warrington side of Mere Corner on the Warrington-Knutsford Road, thence to The Smoker, Lower Peover, Toft Corner, Seven Sisters, Ollerton P.O., Chelford P.O., Twemlow Pump, Siddington, Monks Heath, Chelford, Twemlow, Siddington, Monks Heath, Chelford, Ollerton, Seven Sisters, Toft Corner, Lower Peover, The Smoker, to Mere Corner and finish at the starting point. Competitors, unfortunately, through the inability of the "Kilton" to do anything, must make their own arrangements for changing and for any meal; there will be no official Club Tea for the same reason.

Entries for the "50" must reach me not later than Saturday, the 11th September. A number of Checkers, etc. is required—if you can do anything please let me know as early as possible.

F. D. McCANN,
Hon. Secretary.

MASTERLY MEMS.

An Anachronism.

A sporting contributor refers to the father of the late Marquis of Queensberry as the originator of the Queensberry Boxing Rules, and is in this only some three or four generations out. The father of the late Marquis was the Cycling Marquis, a well-known Bath Roader and friend of Bath Road Smith, at whose hostelry at Cobham "Queens" was usually present on Bath Road Runs. He used to put on the gloves out of respect to his name, and, to humour him the other members also pretended to be boxers.

On Three Wheels.

In the "Irish Cyclist," Arjay describes a ride with some eight Anfield tricyclists on the occasion of his last meeting with the A.B.C., and goes on to say that when mounting one of the three-wheelers he could only wheel around in circles, "although only a few years earlier I had been a crack racing tricyclist."

That reminds me: Mecredy is, of course, best remembered as the Bicycle Champion at all distances one year in the early nineties, but that was on his return to the track. Real or prehistoric old timers like to remember him as one of the tricycle champions of the middle eighties (don't let Frank Roskell know of this), and it is no doubt this period to which Mr. Mecredy refers as "a few years earlier!"

He was more than a mere crack: he was one of the half dozen best tricyclists of a period when the three-wheeler challenged the supremacy of the two-wheeler on road and path.

Granted that in R.J.'s case time stands still, he forgets that THE CENTURIES LESS FORTUNATE THAN HE KEEP FLYING BY.

Plagiarism.

Many members of the Manchester C.T.C. D/A are also Anfielders, who will notice in their August leaflet a reference to "Monsters." I take them to witness that: Monsters are Master's Own, though the term may be used on payment of a fee to Cook's Cyclists Memorial.

The following account by the Master of his recent wanderings with "Jimmie" is so good that even at the risk of involving the Club in financial chaos we insist on eating up the space necessary for its insertion. A far-seeing step—it may succeed in getting us removed from our office:—

A striking example of the omnipresence of Cook in this smallest of worlds was vouchsafed us through an error of mine in addressing Jimmy James the Twooth by letter. Although well aware of his hold on the Cotton Exchange, I wrote: 74, Corn Exchange Bldgs., with the result that His Majesty's mail, after fruitless journeys around that edifice, planted my letter in the rack of the Corn-Exchange-Dead-Letter-Office. And who should be on the watch there, ever alert, but William Cook, known to James, and to me, and to you, in fact to most of us, and what is more, he knew my writing. In the flash of a brainwave he re-directed that stray message with far-reaching results, viz., the James-Koenen-Mardale-Teesdale-Tour.

At Mardale.

A.P. has had his ambition rewarded: that of burrowing beneath the sods of ages. Directing his young friend F. H. Master where to drive his Dutch Hoe into the peat, which for fifteen centuries had known of no disturbance and at an altitude of 2,700 feet on the

dismal ridge of High Street, they lifted sods a foot thick only to find that the coward slaves who had laid the track had bungled their work while the Roman taskmasters were drinking down below in the valley at the Dun Bull Resthouse, and had simply checked and rammed down the rubble of stones in the same haphazard way as we did in the pre-Macadam days. Poor blighters, it must have been a bit too cold and windy to indulge in Mosaic work. I steeped my fingernails in Roman Sand while Jimmy, crouching against a wall, took copious drafts from the flask and spoke in Latin. We also examined the recent excavations by W. A. Lowcock already partly obliterated.

Knife on Lowther.

West of Shap lies Bampton, a fresh village, in a vast open space. The Crown and Mitre does its best, and so did no less than sixty men who, representing between them not more than a dozen family names, all fell for their country in the late war.

To the north lies a high common with a road over the top, which leads to a hamlet of perhaps ten small houses by the side of the River Lowther and here the road ends. That is Knife or Lower Knife. In front of a large ruin we just managed to turn the caboodle round, and the only man we saw sent us by a side lane to Higher Knife, a single farmhouse, and thence by a lane so narrow that the handlebar caught the trees one reaches Whale.

From such simplicity sprang the man in whose honour we visited the place. We could imagine our Treasurer on first spreading his wings arriving at Whale with its commodious cotterhooses, and finding the world at his feet. No wonder he can now turn a potato patch into an orange grove. The next step is Askham, with its Hall, its two large inns, and its entrance into Lowther Park. And that is all that divides a Lonsdale from a Knife.

Farthest North.

Skimming the fringe of the Pennine Range to where it is crossed by Wade's road, we discovered Brampton and its White Lion. When settling down for lunch we were joined by a most remarkable character. He was very old, vastly ancient, in fact antique. His upholstery consisted of a very out-of-date Norfolk, and he was covered almost everywhere else with hair, except in the usual place. We took him to be small and harmless and speechless. He was surrounded by tobacco, and until our arrival was in sole possession of the hotel. Could we place him? I thought of the Hawkstone hermit, but Jimmy was reminded of E.G.'s Grandfather, a gentleman who, being born too soon for cycling, toured the country by coach, same as we would have done. James, with the ease acquired in the Balkans, "threw a line," asking him if he knew anything about fishing. A bite indeed! The old man nearly swallowed the rod as well, and poured out a torrent of words of fishlore and strategy at a speed I never heard approached before. It was a high force. But did Jimmy quail? Not he, he held his man, though a Giant in all but stature, and a pugilist to boot. I had believed Jimmy to be a cyclist, who on a rest cure, had tried Llanymynech and the Vyrnwy. But I know nothing, not even James. (I had taken Bikley for my fisherman. Dear Old Bick). Here I stood between these two Salmo. Stalkers, a quivering wretch. Poor old Salmon, miserable harmless-trouts. How on earth did James take to cycling? Then A.P. changed his tactics. Fresh from his Roman digging he offered him the pre-historic days. The old man took him, but treated the

Romans as newcomers, and that within a few miles from The Wall. He kept harking back to those he called "The Old Men" or the "Cowards" who hid in sunken roads. (Did he mean the original tourists on the Fosse Way, I wonder?). Lastly Jimmy threw Borrow at him but, once aroused, the old man simply ate up Borrow, and when he told us how he fought an Irish ruffian we edged away. We had met under that modest disguise a great personality who had spent all his life in sport, leisure and learning, one who might have made a great pedaller judging by his vocal speed. Find him, Cook.

Farthest East.

In a downpour we passed the Wall: Castle Nick and Housesteads, but dared not dismount, not even at the Common House and at Twice-Brewed (the only two pubs.), not till we were at the Hexham Royal. Good House. Next day Allandale-town, hardly known to any tourist. The principal houses are "pussyfoots." At Alston (Blue Bell) splendid lunch and thoughts of Conway. At Richmond (Kings Head) the principal member of the Roskell family. And then a Blank.

Recent performances by veterans in handicaps are causing a considerable amount of heartburning among our own Old Timers. A Mr. Carpenter (who says there's nothing in a name?) put up what a few years ago would have probably been fastest time—viz. 5.10—in the Bath Road "100," despite the ravages of 49 of our glorious summers, while a Mr. Gill, a young stripling of 58, did 2-40 in the East Liverpool Wheelers "50!" The effect on Hubert has been electrifying—he covered the first 12 miles on the Knutsford run under the hour, thus qualifying for a drink at the "Griffin" at 2-29-59—a near thing. Chem has been heard muttering vaguely to himself something about going for the Belmont/Rocket record, while Cook has entered into pourparlers with George Lake with a view to annexing the Sunnyside Tandem Trophy to be run off between the Hydro and Woodside Ferry.

Tickets and badges for the Northern Rally at Warburton, on September 19th, can be obtained from Kettle, Turnor or Cook, price 3/-. In the case of Turnor, please apply to 111, Royal Exchange, Manchester.

RUNS.

Bath Road "100,"—July 30th—Aug. 3rd.

The small but very select party that chose this part of the Club's programme for the Bank Holiday week-end were richly rewarded. They not only had a fine tour but had the gratification of doing a little to help our three competitors to do so well in this classic event—indeed Frank Mundell and Grimshaw covered themselves with glory and added to the Club's laurels. The Master, on his Puff and Dart, was the first starter, and reached the purlieus of Salop on Friday evening. Geof. Hawkes and Cook had a nice easy ride to Wem the same evening, and next day the trio met at Ludlow for lunch. Here "the tour proper" commenced, and F. H. made a splendid Tourmaster. After thoroughly exploring the earliest Norman fortress in England at Richards Castle and the interesting old church of St. Bartholomew, F. H. went on via Tenbury to order tea at the Hundred House, but he did not do so in Triumph, as the climb to Great Witley took so much jockeying to surmount, that the cyclists arrived first! Thence to Worcester, Upton on Severn and Tewkesbury was a sleigh ride, but the least said about the last few miles

into Cheltenham the better. Sunday morning saw the arrival of Kaptain Kettle, a "slave to the pastime," who had foolishly come on from Broxton and ridden all night to join us and ride on another 76 miles. The hill out of Cheltenham was a Birdlip to F. H., and he undoubtedly expended more energy getting the beast up to the top than the cyclists exerted all day. A visit to Seven Springs, the alleged source of the Thames, was paid, and then followed a delightful ride to Cirencester, Malmesbury (where the fine old abbey was visited, not to mention a delightful old world inn) and Chippenham, where lunch was partaken of and Quotas were on full view. Continuing along the main Bath Road to Calne a fine view of the White Horse and Lansdowne Monument was obtained, and a detour made to Avebury Ring, where an hour was delightfully spent and F. H. delivered a lecture before tea. Afterwards Marlborough and Savernake Forest followed, and then we were "on the course," which was found very rough for two miles until the tarmac of Bucks was struck. At Hungerford we found the war was over, for after losing valuable time "waiting for 7" at the historic "Bear," we made the discovery that Necktie for the gods was obtainable at 6. Thus refreshed we soon reached The Chequers at Newbury, and were warmly welcomed by the Mundells and Grimmy, but discovered to our dismay that no attempt had been made to give them the telegram sent off from Cheltenham and that beds were at a premium. F. H. got accommodated at the White Hart to sleep out, and the three cyclists got a bed and a half at a C.T.C. "Well aired beds!!" However, we made the best of it and after a good dinner at The Jack O'Newbury sought repose in good time in view of the fact that Kettle had missed a night's sleep and Hawkes and Cook had to rise at 4-30 to be of any service. Fortunately the good lady had a soul of compassion and got breakfast ready at that unearthly hour for the two lads, who departed at 5-0 to patrol the Oxford end of the course, leaving Kettle to get some more sleep and to undertake service near Hungerford. After getting on the course at Aldermaston the twain rode slowly up to Wallingford, meeting Everbright at Pangbourne, and being overtaken in turn by Frank, Grimmy and George, who were getting along with it very nicely. For a real account of the race you must read "Cycling," but it was early seen that a rare tussle was taking place between Meredith, Davey, Marsh and Newell, while a host of others were riding remarkably fast and well inside "evens." Our interests are chiefly in our own men, and at 36 miles we were delighted to find Grimmy 7 minutes inside and Frank only 4 minutes slower, with George only just outside. After our job was over we joined Beardwood and a B.R. party for a real breakfast and then turned back to the finish. Unfortunately the weather broke completely and heavy driving rain set in. No doubt the early starters had the best of it as a strong westerly wind got up and they would have less wind and rain to fight on the outward journey to Savernake. This wind and the hard tarmac made the last 23½ miles very fast for those whose temperaments were not affected by the wet. Meredith punctured near Savernake and lost over five minutes changing at the turn—in addition to which he had no forward extension and must have been hampered with his glasses in the wet—consequently his 4-48-1 is a superlative performance which the whole cycling world heartily congratulates him on—and Davey's 4-52-35 was only a shade less meritorious. When we reached the finish we found Frank Mundell had just crossed the line in 5-19-16, which with

his 40 minutes' start made him an easy winner, although an 18 minutes' man (Hunter) had done 5-1-59 and was second. Frank finished as fit as a flea and was not more pleased with himself than we were. Good boy Frank. We are proud of you. This has been a great year for us: Winners of our own "100," Fastest Time in Wheelers' "50," Second in N. R. Memorial "50," and now pulling off the B. R. "100!" Soon after Grimmy, all smiles, flashed past the timekeeper in 5-10-24—the ride of his life and 1½ minutes faster than his Northern Record! Comment is needless. Grimmy is still good enough for a long time to ride in the best company. George Mundell, who was a late starter, got all of the wind and rain, and in addition punctured, so that in estimating his 5.52.3 due allowance must be made. It was a good ride and we are very pleased with it. After sending the triumvirate back to Newbury in the car and saying good-bye to F. H., who was touring for an extra day, the trio of cyclists proceeded to Aldermaston for lunch with P. C. and the B. R., and a right merry function it was. It was hard to tear ourselves away, but a good many leagues lay between us and Warwick, so "drifting" was no use—indeed swimming would have been more appropriate!! For even Kook admitted that it was real rain that was falling! So we got on with it and paddled steadily North to Banbury, where we got tea and then resumed on the last lap in the fine, but half way a torrential storm broke as a sort of final effort. However, two miles put us out of its sphere of influence and in due course we rolled into the Woolpack yard and were soon sampling the buttermilk (We don't think.—Ed.). Tuesday was a glorious day, and after despatching a wire giving the result, we continued our tour, and just beyond Castle Bromwich Hawkes turned off to visit relations for the rest of the week. The two K's hoped to reach Stafford for lunch, but a puncture caused the cast-iron programme to be broken and Canrock was searched before a meal of sorts was obtainable. Then via Penkridge and Eccleshall, the pair thanking their stars that Woore is splendidly situated in a tongue of Salop so that "oil" was obtainable at 5-15—and Nantwich was reached for a real feed. "In the cool of the evening" a stop was made for a (Bull and) Stirrup Cup at Chester, and the Kaptain docked at Hoylake and B.O.B. reached the Hydro just on lighting-up time (as defined by an Irishman) after a most enjoyable holiday made all the more delightful by the success of our men in the Classic B.R. "100." [The official times at 50 miles were: Grimshaw, 2.29.20; F. Mundell, 2.33.45, and G. F. Mundell, 2.14.33.—Ed.]

Supplementary to the above, F.H. sends us a few short notes:—

The (Annual?) Berkshire Tour.

Being a selfish fellow I did not go as a duty to the riding members, nor yet entirely as a joyride, for having equipped myself with a gearless-fixed-engine motor cycle, I was courting hazards which several times laid me by the heel and caused a spicy taste in surmounting them. My purpose was to go in company of some of our real riders to attend a great fixture and see some magnificent riding over roads that were very fast, and most interesting from the scenic side. The wonderful course partly laid along the prettiest bit of the Thames, including Pangbourne, and through delightful villages and old towns, free from other traffic (thanks to the early hour in districts where the Monster Crocodile is still in the minority), and with a general absence of police, even at the start and finish, was

indeed a novelty. And to get there we were almost compelled to pick the finest touring ground in England; the Berkshire Downs, in connection with the Cotswolds, the Longmynd and the Temе Valley. To those who are afraid of the distance I recommend sleeping on the Friday night at Craven Arms instead of Wem, and the second night at Cirencester, and then the whole thing becomes a walkover.

With Cook as prompter we were assured some archeological side-lights, and as a start he made us digest our Saturday lunch in Ludlow Castle. But he had another card up his sleeve, for immediately after he led us to Richard's Castle, not three miles away, this being, I believe, the first Anfield raid on it. Hidden in a hook of the hills of Orleton Common where we once lost Tommy Royden, built on a spur at the back of the steep hill where stands the ancient church, there lurks like a robber's lair this weird old Saxon stronghold of a Richard who was no Coeur de Lion. Within the ruined walls only a sort of pre-historic keep is left—a high mound of earth and stone, where we practiced the only method of assault by crawling up on hands and knees. What a place to fight to the last man! What a place for Manneke of Brussels and his system of defence!

From Tenbury to Stanford Bridge along the Temе one of us was chosen to try the third or middle way by Rochfort, which, being too narrow for motors and of excellent surface, is highly recommendable for future occasions. The gradient up Abberley Common being as last, we indulged in tea at the Hundred House en route for Upton-on-Severn (skirting Worcester). Thence to Cheltenham was but a stride, where at the Fleece the female staff welcomed Cook. On Sunday, after the walk to Seven Springs, to see the birthplace of the Thames—an act of rare courtesy on the part of Mersey men—we next stopped at the flying buttress of Cirencester (Cook says Cicester)—Church, and we photoed our religious member in the act of entering by the famous east door. After three miles of original Fosse Way and eight other miles we struck Malmesbury, or better it struck us, and we fairly coughed up the steep sides of the old burgh. Lunch at the Chippenham Angel; (we counted three and one of them reminded us of Eve with the Apples). The hotel is part of a block—they say the kitchen part—where once stood Alfred the Great's Palace, and we saw the supposed fireplace.

Not one of us having brought a map that takes in Chippenham, we failed to strike Maud Heath's famous Causeway. I was deputed to find it on my way back, and I did. The Causeway (for which this Pedlar Lady willed her small fortune to save posterity the muddy tramp she had known all her life) actually starts at Chippenham at the junction of the Malmesbury and Swindon Roads. It follows the latter and then branches off along the Langley road and runs fully six miles to the top of Bremhill, where she lived.

Cook next aimed at the White Horse at Calne, near where our road went over the shoulder of the hill in which it is cut. Close by, the "Old" Bath Road is seen running over the wooded hilltop, a hopeless derelict. We were now at Beckhampton on the fringe of Avebury or Ave Ditches. There we prayed long and fervently on the holy banks of the Temple till we saw the spooks aroused last year by Bikley and his Cheadle Hulmers, who rode through the Temple without a dismount. The Red Lion did the rest.

Once through Marlborough, Savernake Forest stared us in the face, and we were told that it takes "some" rider to ride up. For

the credit of the Anfield, Pagan bent his back, lowered his heels and sweated up. I was proud of him. At Newbury commenced the hopeless hunt for beds, followed by paying through the nose at the Jack, unredeemed by the joys provided behind the bar. For the future: book your beds well in advance and away from Newbury for choice. Reading is much better. As it was I got up at six without a cup of tea and then saw only the latter half of the race.

Our Mr. Beardmore was one of the officials, and few recognized in that alert young cyclist the heavy motorist of fifteen years ago. With his usual "sang froid" he engaged a policeman to marshal for him at Wallingford.

And so we parted: Beardwood to his lunch at Aldermaston, the Cooks and Kettles to more Chateaux at Banbury or Warwick, or for all I know "en Espagne," and I back to Chippenham for another peep. I will not speak of the Slipping Belts, the Wet Magnetos, the Anguish, the Remorse No! Let that pass!

N.B.—Has anyone heard or seen anything more of Bright? He was last reported to have borrowed a South-Wester from one of our members, to be returned at the finish. Last traced by the owner to Thatcham in the attitude of marshalling, where he requested the latter to marshal round the corner, and immediately after got two youths to take his place and disappeared as if the earth had swallowed him up. Although so near the finish he was never seen again. Cook tells me that Bright professes to be a no-hat cyclist, and therefore has no need for a south-wester, as he has nothing to get wet. Strangest of all, Bright is supposed to be "training for the Anfield this year's 21," in which event south-westerners are barred. It is all very singular, but meanwhile the owner's hair got very wet, his direction being south-west.

East Liverpool Wheelers' Invitation "50."

There was a large crowd of Anfielders on and about this course on August Bank Holiday, many of whom had week-ended at various places. Harry Poole acted as timekeeper and the others rendered every possible assistance in making a success of the function. The day was a good one, although several of the competitors complained about a breeze on the return journey. Notwithstanding this, however, young Lowcock put up a fine performance and annexed the fastest time prize with 2.25.33 off the scratch mark. J. Briggs, of Cheadle Hulme, was the winner, and well he deserved the honour, seeing that he accomplished the surprising time of 2.30.57. As he had 18 minutes' start, this easily gave him first place. To my mind the most remarkable ride of the day was that done by W. Gill, of the Wood End C.C. He is a veteran of 58 and secured second place with the wonderful performance of 2.40.26! Wasn't it the "Daily Mail," many years ago which started the slogan "Too old at Thirty?" A sapient journal! H. S. Crosbie, of the promoting club, also did a very good ride and secured third prize. Parton of "ours" improved on his previous performances with 2.33.5, but this was not quite good enough to get him among the prizes, and he ran into fourth place. Molyneux did a good ride, but Hans Kinder was not up to form. Tomlin managed to get inside three hours, and I believe Walters was unfortunate with tyre troubles. Full result appended:—

No.	Name	Club	Actual Time	Handicap	Nett Time
1	J. Briggs	Cheadle Hulme C. C.	2 30 57	18	2 12 57
2	W. Gill	Wood End R.C.C.	2 40 26	25	2 15 26
3	H. S. Crosbie	East Liverpool W.	2 30 53	11	2 19 53
4	F. E. Parton	Anfield B.C.	2 33 5	12	2 21 5
5	G. Jones	East Liverpool W.	2 41 28	19	2 22 28
6	T. P. Beeston	Leicester R.C.	2 36 44	13	2 23 44
7	W. J. Hickey	Walton C. & A.C.	2 33 46	10	2 23 46
8	J. H. Teague	East Liverpool W.	2 34 16	10	2 24 16
9	R. A. Sherry	Liverpool Century	2 34 17	10	2 24 17
10	T. Lucas	East Liverpool W.	2 40 27	16	2 24 27
11	J. J. Barker	Manchester W.	2 37 42	13	2 24 42
12	W. Armstrong	East Liverpool W.	2 37 13	12-30	2 24 43
13	F. C. Lowcock, jr.	Manchester W.	2 25 33	Scr.	2 25 33
14	R. B. Emery	Liverpool Century	2 38 48	13	2 25 48
15	L. A. Moore	Walton C. & A. C.	2 39 7	13	2 26 7
16	W. Tomey	Wood End R.C.C.	2 44 37	18	2 26 37
17	G. Molyneux	Anfield B. C.	2 37 43	11	2 26 43
18	C. Tumilty	East Liverpool W.	2 36 51	10	2 26 51
19	W. Bibby	East Liverpool W.	2 36 12	9	2 27 12
20	R. M. Sidlow	Walton C. & A.C.	2 34 17	7	2 27 17
21	J. W. Stevenson	Douglas C.C.	2 40 33	13	2 27 33
22	H. S. Cassals	Douglas C.C.	2 37 58	10	2 27 58
23	E. L. Williams	Walton C. & A.C.	2 42 15	11	2 31 15
24	J. Reid	Douglas C.C.	2 36 17	5	2 31 17
25	H. Kinder	Anfield B.C.	2 41 25	9	2 32 25
26	C. F. W. Mills	Cheadle Hulme C.C.	2 53 20	20	2 33 20
27	J. E. Tomlin	Cheadle Hulme C.C.	2 59 43	24	2 35 43
28	H. E. Taylor	Manchester W.	2 48 49	13	2 35 49
29	A. G. Pettigrew	East Liverpool W.	2 54 55	15	2 39 55
30	A. E. Walters	Anfield B.C.	2 57 0	13	2 44 0

Team Placings.

1	Walton C. & A. C.	R. M. Sidlow	2 34 17	} 7 50 18
		E. L. Williams	2 42 15	
		W. J. Hickey	2 33 46	
2	Manchester Whlrs.	F. C. Lowcock, Jr.	2 25 33	} 7 52 4
		H. E. Taylor	2 48 49	
		J. J. Barker	2 37 42	
3	Douglas C. C.	J. Reid	2 36 17	} 7 54 48
		H. S. Cassals	2 37 58	
		J. W. Stevenson	2 40 33	

Eaton, August 7th.

I arrived after a gloriously sunny ride to find that none of the Club was there to give me the reception that I naturally expected, so I partook of a little refreshment and wandered round the countryside for a short time. On my return I found the courtyard thronged with gentlemen. I soon noted Mr. Bill Cook (I have seen his photo in "Cycling") and so realised that I was at last among the celebrated Anfielders.

Tea was served in the newly decorated house, and although there were not many butlers and waitresses to hand it to us, we all managed to grab sufficient—especially the top end of the table. After tea everyone descended to the courtyard, where we fell conversing on various subjects. I noticed a young gentleman—I believe his name is Mr. Turnor, although he is generally called Mullah. He seemed

to be remonstrating with a Mr. Dews upon the subject of the latter having descended to the petrol world. So eloquently did he speak that Mr. Dews has already sold his motor chariot—I have this on the very best authority. The party suddenly broke up—everyone hurriedly seizing his cycle and departing for his destination.

Knutsford, August 14th.

Owing to the Cheshire Roads Club holding a "50" on this date, the attendance was comparatively poor—only about 19 sitting down at the "George" to a cold collation, at a fairly warm price—evidently the result of the char-a-bancs invasion. The problem of the competition with regard to food of these meandering monsters of the highway threatens to become acute, and will have to be faced. Shortly after tea Cook's tourists got off their marks for Macclesfield, while the cream of the James Cycling Club (which I am sorry to say is in danger of dissolution as a purely cycling organisation) went on their accustomed tour to Knutsford, where they retired at a comparatively early hour, after indulging (among other things) in anecdote relative to the dim past.

Sharrow "50"—21st August, 1920.

This fixture proved a great success and our team (Pryor, Grimshaw and Frank Mundell) covered themselves, and the Club, with glory. The result of the handicap was: Pryor, from scratch, first and fastest, 2-24-50; R. M. Sidlow (Walton) from 8 min. mark, second, 2-35-20, and H. C. Henderson (Rotherham) from 6 min. mark, third, 2-33-56. Our team won the team race, their aggregate time being 7-40-27; Pryor's time as above, Grimshaw (5 min.) 2-36-25, and Frank Mundell (10 min.), 2-39-12. Frank's ride is really much better than it looks, because he punctured and changed a tyre. Pryor's was a remarkably fine performance, being 3 min. 7 sec. better than had previously been done on the course, and fastest on the day by 9 minutes. It was evidently not Lowcock's day out, as Pryor, who started eight minutes behind him, caught him at 39 miles, and a few miles later Lowcock discontinued. The Rotherham Wheelers team was second with an aggregate time of 7-52-30.

The course runs north for about 19 miles from the start and then east for 6 miles, the riders turning in the road and returning by the same route, except that they finish on the Retford Road instead of Babworth Lane. The condition of the roads left little to be desired, because there had been no sun to soften the tarred portions. The course is very exposed and as the wind blew strongly from the north-west during the outward journey and strongly from the southwest during the return journey, it will be readily understood that the riders had a strenuous job.

Besides the men already mentioned, there were other Anfield competitors, George Mundell riding for the Club and W. Bailey, G. B. Orrell and J. Tomlin riding for other clubs.

The Sharrow are to be congratulated upon their organization and all our members, both riders and helpers, quite appreciate the warm welcome accorded both by the Sharrow officials and other Sharrow men.

The Sheffield members of the Cheshire Roads Club interested themselves on our behalf by looking after our racing men and their helpers.

Besides the members already mentioned Davies, Parton, Turnor and Reade assisted at this fixture. Parton had a particularly strenuous week-end as he rode from his home in Shropshire on Saturday,

went nearly to the far end of the course and then rode home on the Sunday. It is very gratifying to find one of our racing men putting in a ride like that in order to help other members when he is not competing himself.

The whole outing was a great and glorious success.

Pulford, 21st August.

There was a good muster at the Grosvenor Arms, 23 members and one friend turning out. The weather, which did not appear promising, did us a good turn, and no rain fell—at least not where the writer happened to be.

The usual excellent meal was provided by Mrs. Dyke, and full justice was done to it by the members present. We all missed Ven.'s beatific smile when the time came to "pay up and look pleasant," and although the Captain and Gregg both had a trip into the Realm of High Finance, it was rumoured that neither made anything out of the deal. (They really must ask Ven. for a few tips as to how it is done).

A new bicycle was discovered amongst the rusty iron which festooned the drift house (local term), but nothing happened to it, so the owner took it away with him. Wild horses would not induce me to make any reference to the Lord Mayor of the Village but he was present, and I hope Mac will take a note of this.

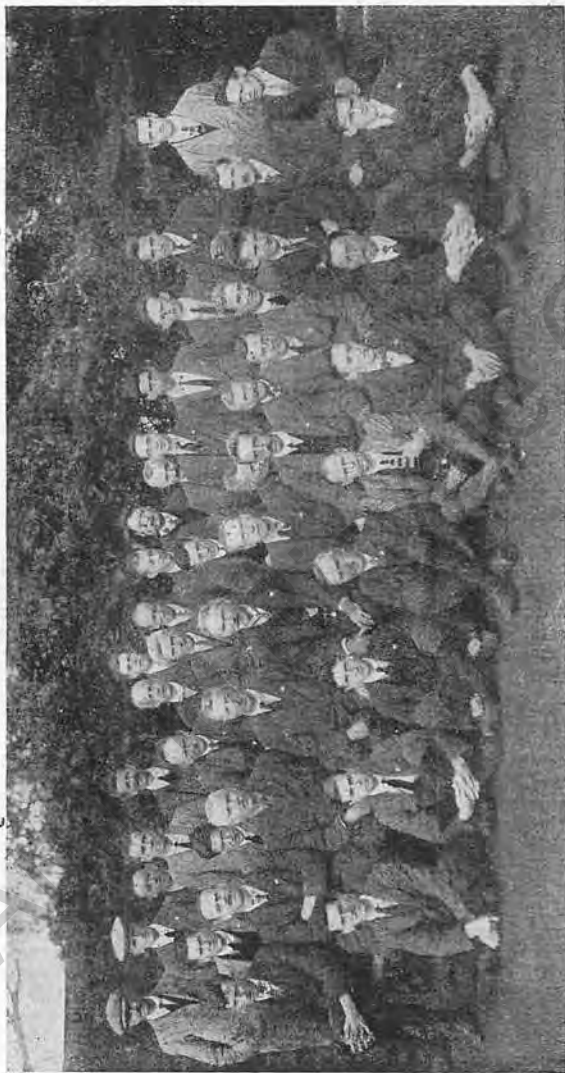
Oh, I nearly forgot to mention that Zambuk brought out the President (resplendent in leather weskit) in his car.

Kelsall, August 26th.

A perfectly gorgeous day and a muster of 29 members and two friends pretty well sums up this run. At 5.45 Manchester was in the ascendant and rather chesty about it, but the arrival of Kaptin K. with attendant jeunesse dorée and a solid phalauux piloted by the Kinders put a different complexion on things, and Manchester was snowed under. Still, Manchester had quality, because was not F. H. their Master, and J. Borrell also out? F. H. was fresh from a week in high society, as we heard him mention Bolton Abbey and the Duke of Devonshire's Arms! We understand that he and Douglas had been worshipping at the Shrine of Hard Road Riders in a six days trial and that he thought Park Rash was some hill, but what about Summer Lodge and Rosedale? By the way, Kettle appeared to have been to Park Rash, judging by his physiognomy, although we heard mutterings about Tandem and Thurstaston. Sad to relate, Johnny Bee was missing again and opinions were divided as to his whereabouts. Some thought he had gone to Holyhead to figure as the CAPABLE OCCUPANT, others ventured to suggest he had gone to the N.R. 24, while some had the temerity to suggest that it was another picnic! However, to make up for this loss we had Mac out again, and it was a very jolly tea party. Naturally the conversation largely dealt with the success of the triumvirate in the Sharrow "50," which seems to have provided a splendid week-end with Maggoty Toplis ("What time is it?") going great guns—but you must not ask Grimmy what happened to him! Frank Mundell was heartily congratulated on his fine ride and Pryor would have been the same, but we had to content ourselves with being with him in spirit and wishing him success in the T.T. contest. After tea there was the usual gathering round the grid, but after the departure of F.H. with musical (sic) honours, a restless spirit prevailed. Parton piloted the inveterate week-enders whose motto was "How far is it to Wem?" and the rest of us vamoosed our various ways home.

A. T. SIMPSON, Editor.

HOO GREEN, JULY 17th.



Starting Back Row—Left to Right—Carlisle, Crowcroft, Turnor, Barnard, J. Kinder, Cook, G. Hawkes, Grimshaw, Pryor, H. Roskell, Lake, G. F. Mundell, W. Orrell, Bailey, Reade, Williamson, F. L. Edwards, G. B. Orrell, Buckley, Carpenter, S. J. Buck, H. Kinder, H. Green, W. A. Lowcock, E. Edwards, D. R. Fell, L. Oppenheimer, Kettle, T. Royden, Venables, Stephenson, J. C. Band, T. Mandall, Davies, Parton, Bolton, Threlfall, Harley, Haynes, Tomlin, Aldridge, Molyneux, Gregg.

ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

FORMED MARCH 1879.

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

MONTHLY CIRCULAR.

Vol. XV.

No. 176.

FIXTURES FOR OCTOBER, 1920.

		Light up at
Oct.	2. Halewood (Derby Arms)	7-17 p.m.
"	9. CHESTER (Bull and Stirrup)	6-59 p.m.
"	11. Committee Meeting, Common Hall, Liverpool, 7 p.m.	
"	16. Overton, near Frodsham (Church View)	6-43 p.m.
"	23. AUTUMN TOUR. Pulford (Grosvenor)	6-28 p.m.
	and week-end Llangollen (Royal).	
"	24. Denbigh (Bull). Luncheon 1-30 p.m.	
"	30. Kelsall (Royal Oak)	6-13 p.m.
Nov.	6. Halewood (Derby Arms)	

ALTERNATIVE RUNS FOR MANCHESTER MEMBERS.

Oct.	2. RINGWAY (Mainwood Farm). Tea at 5-30 p.m.	6-17 p.m.
Nov.	6. To be fixed later.	

Full moon 27th inst.

Committee Notes.

21, Water Street,
Liverpool.

For the Autumnal Tints Tour to take place on the 23rd and 24th October a special Tariff of 9/- for Bed and Breakfast, 13/- for Supper, Bed and Breakfast, and 15/- for Dinner, Bed and Breakfast has been arranged. If you intend taking part in the fixture kindly send me your name as early as possible as the beds will be allotted in order of receipt of names.

It is anticipated that a Musical Evening may be arranged for some date in November, probably the 20th, at the Bridge Inn, Gatacre; due notice of such, if fixed, will be given.

NEW ADDRESSES.—RAMSEY WELLS. "Crofton," Latchingdon, Essex; L. OPPENHEIMER, 8, Clarendon Road West, Chorlton-cum-Hardy, Manchester; W. E. S. FOSTER, 72, Mexfield Road, Putney, London, S.W.15.; A. E. WALTERS, Uffington, Shrewsbury.

APPLICATION FOR MEMBERSHIP.—Mr. J. D. CRANSHAW, 52, Alexandra Road, Peel Green, Patricroft, Manchester, proposed by C. H. Turnor, seconded by F. D. McCann; Mr. PHILIP NORRIS GORMAN, 9, Cedar Road, Hale, Cheshire, proposed by H. Green, seconded by C. H. Turnor.

Cyclists' War Memorial.

My fourth and final list amounting to £10 15s. (making £210 17s. 6d. altogether) has been sent in and the Fund is now definitely closed. The erection of the Memorial on Meriden Green is now being proceeded with and will be a Merca next year. Again many thanks.

W. P. Cook.

MEMS.

A motor cycling contributor to *The Captain* refers to motor cyclists "got up like comic opera brigands and looking worse than the proverbial individual who has just left his barrel organ round the corner." Surely this cannot apply to any of *our* motor cyclists who do not even affect those new caps with the peak at the back. We know that on a recent occasion when a prominent member of the editorial staff (modesty prevents our identifying him more closely) was motor cycling in North Wales over the week-end he was actually mistaken for a local preacher proceeding to the next village to take the Sunday services!

We learn on good authority that the advertisement referred to in a previous issue for "a capable occupant" was unfruitful, and the tandem had to be sent ignominiously by train!

In *Bicycling News* for September 15th there appeared an excellent article on "Popularising the Bicycle," by "H. Pritchard, Anfield Bicycle Club." Mr. Pritchard we congratulate you. The article contains many home truths which the big concerns would do well to profit by—the comments on the so-called "Road Racer" being particularly apt. But we are intensely taken with the reference to "the physical composition of a lady" and our hair stood on end when we read "Well, dammit, these cyclists are a nuisance." Oh, Mr. Pritchard!

There is a vacancy in the office of Chief Consul for Cheshire, C.T.C., and those members who have a vote in the constituency are asked to vote for our W. M. Robinson, who is opposing Mr. Tangible Support Milne. *Verb. Sap.*

The *Irish Cyclist* observes that "cycling preserves both health and beauty." As to health, please refer to Grandad. Concerning beauty—well, what's wrong with Boardman?

The water drinking habit: a warning. A Blackburn man who recently left his bed in the middle of the night in order to obtain a drink of water fell down stairs and broke his neck. We implore Arthur Simpson, Tommy Royden, Johnnie Band and Hubert to take warning from this horrible tragedy.

It is reported from Paris that medical science has found a way of planting hair on bald heads. Interviewed by our Special Commissioner, Shem (full of indignation) poured ridicule on this belated announcement, and directed attention to his own incomparable method of growing hair on bald heads, as to which he himself and Grandad are eloquent advertisements.

We are requested to deny the rumour that "Pussyfoot" Johnson, who arrived in England again recently, is going to stay at Sunnyside Hydro.

RUNS.

Northop, Sept. 4.

This was a brilliantly fine day, and the attendance a good one. How good I am unable to say as being one of the Bettws week-enders under the guidance of the mercilessly energetic Pagan one, I had to tea early and depart with frenzied haste to the ultimate rendezvous. The energy of Grandad gets more and more appalling as the years go rolling by and he is surely but certainly wearing his young lads down to a shred. Just imagine a joy ride of 40 miles after tea at his time of life! This week-end contingent is now known as the Suicide Club, the Kinders being marked as the first victims.

Henbury, Sept. 4.

Jupiter Pluvius must have received notice from his Union about noon, and promptly went on strike with the printers, leaving a glorious afternoon (the wind was with me). The landlord believing in the open air treatment set tea outside, but upon remonstrance he proved reasonable, and at six o'clock eleven of us sat down to tea in the* top (not tap) room where "The Insect" quickly made friends with two members of the beauty chorus. Haynes came in as we were just thinking of starting on the crockery; he had been watching strenuous people "jumping on 'em." After tea we each went our ways, some no doubt lingering by the wayside in(n) silent contemplation.

Knutsford, Sept. 11th.

A record attempt invariably scatters members and friends far afield, so that Knutsford was more a centre of activity than a definite tea-place. Nevertheless, ten had tea together, and others were sighted. Warburton and Williamson were travelling well up to mid-day, but the fresh breeze did not help matters, and they retired about six o'clock, being at that time outside their rather ambitious schedule. The checkers and following tandems promptly patronised various tea places, and afterwards made for home by various routes. Some week-ending was carried out successfully, but the most select party travelled home via Chester, and were duly stiff on Sunday.

3rd "50"—September 18th, 1920.

THE JOYS OF RACING.

Time works wonders. As a participant (I cannot truthfully say racing man) in the May "50," I called upon all checkers and members and upon all I held dear, to witness that never again would I endure such an agonising, fatiguing, nerve shattering, muscle-cracking, tea-drinking event. Yet lo! when some base person suggested I should again tempt Fate in September, I found myself

actually considering the proposition with interest. Further, I duly received a sheet upon which my name was inscribed, in company with such great men as Grimshaw, Parson, F. Mundell, etc. The 18th came quickly, and 1.30 p.m. found me at the Patten, in company with several other speedmen who, to my prejudiced eyes, looked most horribly fit. Ample justice was done to the lunch provided. If only the Anfield would hold lunch handicaps, I would cheerfully be put on scratch. Seven courses for dinner suits me better than one course on the road. A four mile ride brought our little party to Cherry Tree Farm. Here, while the weather did its worst, we proceeded to array ourselves in varied, though scanty, habiliments. There was a diversity of opinion as to whether I was most like Hamlet or a Sinn Feiner. Another four miles, over what I took for a river, but was assured was the road, brought us to the start. The start is almost the worst part: on a bad day, anyway. The expectant crowd, in mackintoshes, full of gladness that they are not riding; the remorseless timekeeper; the pitying looks of the pusher-off; all combine to render it painful to the unhappy competitor. Time was called. I climbed upon the machine (not an out and out speed-beast) and wondered why all of a sudden I felt like jelly. Then a vigorous shove in the rear, and I was off. The cool breeze wandered (I nearly said whistled) past me, and I had visions of "evens" and fastest time, having only done two miles. A cascade on my neck from a pothole sobered me, and an icy trickle down my spine chilled me. As I became nicely saturated, I got quite comfortable and thought no more about it. The hedges slid by, tho' all too slowly; checkers appeared and disappeared with monotonous regularity. In fact, I had quite a chequered existence. I seemed to fall away the further I went, but was cheered to find that at Chelford (25 miles) I was less than ten minutes outside my 16 m.p.h. schedule. Mud-splashed figures in black tights were continually passing me, but I adopted the philosophic attitude, and thought how I would put it through them at the finish when they had run themselves out. It did not work well in practice, however. The second time round the triangle provided me with continual surprises. The wind was blowing very strongly whichever way I went; a tremendous number of hills had been put in during my absence; the potholes were like shell-craters, and there was not a drop of oil on or in the machine. Gradually the truth dawned upon me: I was getting whacked. Then arose a figure with a bottle, and like nectar of the gods was that tea. The effect was spoilt by the helper shouting "Don't swig it all: there's another man yet." Another man! Why, then I must be nearly last. So, calling on my reserves, I meandered on. The start seemed far away, the finish farther. I plugged on, and after (it seemed like hours) a time came to the 41 miles check. The official waved me round. Someone shouted "You're doing fine." I knew he lied while he spoke. The checker at 44 miles (having had tea and a rest) yelled to me to "Go all out now." Hang it all! This was too much. I was all out. The last corner came, and another figure appeared. Why! this chap started an awful time after me! This will never do. So once again I get down to it, and, waiting my time, raise a sprint. Good! I have left him. He is dropping behind fast. I drag on in solitary state, and eventually reach the finish. Grandad might never have moved. Eagerly I await the result. "3 hours odd." Eh! who is this? The man I dropped so well has come in about 20 secs. behind. And so, cold and hungry, but not down-hearted, I repair to Cherry Tree and, having made myself into some-

thing resembling a human being, I demolish ham and eggs. The best part of the day is now. Clothed and in my right mind, full of tea and cheerfulness, I feel that "50's" might be worse, and I may possibly be persuaded for the next one.

The result of the handicap was as follows:—

	Actual Time.	Handicap Allowance.	Handicap Time.
1.—Grimshaw, J. A.	2.30.17	... Scratch ...	2.30.17
2.—Parton, F. E.	2.39.43	... 5 min. ...	2.34.43
3.—Threlfall, W.	2.59. 1	... 23 min. ...	2.36. 1
4.—Mundell, F.	2.42.17	... 6 min. ...	2.36.17
5.—Aldridge, C.	3. 2.51	... 25 min. ...	2.37.51
6.—Gregg, R. C.	3. 2.49	... 22 min. ...	2.40.49
7.—Bailey, W.	2.52.14	... 11 min. ...	2.41.14
8.—Molyneux, G.	2.51.36	... 10 min. ...	2.41.36
9.—Mundell, G. F.	2.53.46	... 12 min. ...	2.41.46
10.—Haynes, E.	3. 6.44	... 20 min. ...	2.46.44

Northern O.T.C. Rally, Warburton, September 19th.

As a Rally of Northern Cyclists this gathering was a huge success, 262 sitting down to tea under the Presidency of Mr. J. M. Jones, Liverpool Masonic C.C., a hale and hearty old timer 70 years of age. As a Rally of Old Timers it was also successful, but from a Club point of view perhaps the less said the better. Anfielders were so few and far between that it was difficult to find them. There may have been others, but we only ran across Kettle, Turnor, Cook, Boardman, Knipe, Edmunds, J. and H. Kinder, Barnard, G. Hawkes, Taylor, and Webb. No doubt the stormy morning kept some away—we know it prevented Fell—but even if it is not a dyed in the wool Old Timers' gathering and has lost its appeal, it does good for the pastime and it is well for us to fraternise with the members of other local clubs once a year. Enough Old Timers are attracted to justify the title and lots of others are rapidly qualifying for this distinction. We were particularly pleased at the opportunity it gave us of meeting, after long years, Harry Robinson looking hale and hearty as a result of continued devotion to cycling, who had ridden up from Haverfordwest on his modernised "Wunleger."

Overton, September 25th.

Evidently our members do not appreciate new venues. Another attempt with Overton proved a flat failure. Those who complain of lack of variety were conspicuous by their absence even on such an ideal day. Of course allowance must be made for the effect of the Cheadle Hulme "50," but even so seventeen members and one prospective was a poor muster. At 6 o'clock we only counted a baker's dozen and as the Secretarial Department had ordered for twenty-five we looked like having trouble, but five more blew in and we saved our bacon (We believe it was really ham!). The most distinguished club runner was Jim Park, D.O. (Deck ornament) who being on holiday volunteered his services as navigating officer

on the poop of Toft's "outfit" and seemed to thoroughly enjoy being amongst the boys again, although we were sorry we could not introduce him to more than one of our junior members with whom the future of the Club depends—several of them were reported slacking it along the top road! Deemster Band was back from the I.O.M. and full of yarns. Dear to goodness what a horrible fast life they do lead in the Island! It is really not safe for unsophisticated youths like Jay Bee. Harold Kettle looked a trifle pale we thought, but we found he had been hired at great expense to push the O.G. out on a tandem. C. is N. It was evidently a plot to do the Kinders over and they certainly got the wind up for they positively refused to week-end with the plotters. Just shows what a little bluff will do! And Barney got scared too, for he incontinently went home! The Mullah had not entirely recovered from his dancing orgies at Wem, but the rest of the crowd were fit enough, and it was quite a merry tea party, from which no doubt all the component parts duly reached their virtuous and secluded couches. Let us hope the October run to Overton will be better supported.

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Vol. XV.

No. 177.

FIXTURES FOR NOVEMBER, 1920.

		Light up at
Nov.	6. Halewood (Derby Arms)	5-0 p.m.
"	8. Committee Meeting, Common Hall, Liverpool, 7 p.m.	
	13.—Tarpорley (Swan)	4.48 p.m.
	20.—Gatacre (Bridge) MUSICAL EVENING	4.37 p.m.
	27.—Chester (Bull and Stirrup)	4.29 p.m.
Dec.	4.—Halewood (Derby Arms)	4.23 p.m.

ALTERNATIVE RUNS FOR MANCHESTER MEMBERS.

Nov.	6.—Ringway (Mainwood Farm).....	5-0 p.m.
"	20.—Alderley (Trafford Arms)	4.37 p.m.
"	27.—High Lane (Red Lion).....	4.29 p.m.
Dec.	4.—Ringway (Mainwood Farm).....	4.23 p.m.

Full moon 26th inst.

Committee Notes.

21, Water Street,
Liverpool.

Mr. P. N. GORMAN has been elected to Active Membership.

The experiment of a Musical Evening is to be tried at Gatacre (Bridge Inn) on the 20th November. The direction of the evening's entertainment is in the capable hands of Mr. A. T. Simpson, who will no doubt be pleased to hear from you that you can assist him by giving a turn, or turns. A large muster is confidently expected.

NEW ADDRESSES.—H. S. BARRATT, Pleasant Works, Hurdsfield, Macclesfield; J. H. FAWCETT, 71, South John Street, Liverpool.

For the Manchester Section Run on the 20th November, no arrangements for tea will be made unless members notify the Manchester Sub-Captain, Mr. H. Green. It is hoped the majority of the Manchester members will support the Musical Evening at Gatacre.

F. D. McCANN,

Hon. Secretary.

A Tranmere Sensation.

[Exclusive to the Circular.]

Our Special Commissioner writes:—There was a "certain liveliness" in Higher Tranmere on the night of the October Halewood run. A vast concourse of people had gathered at the junction of Church Road, Mount Road, and Bebington Road, and the traffic had to be diverted. It was difficult to ascertain exactly what had happened, but a strong and persistent rumour went round the crowd to the effect that a prominent resident had failed to go away for the week-end. With a view to getting at the facts, I ventured to enter the sacred precincts labelled "Sunnyside. Please shut the gate." My summons at the front door was answered by a courteous attendant, who confirmed the rumour that Mr. Cook had indeed returned home—for the second time this year on a Saturday. I asked for the favour of an interview with the benevolent old gentleman, but was informed that this was impossible, seeing that Mr. Cook, in the intervals of having hot baths and eating rice puddings, was trying to find somewhere to cycle to on the morrow, and that he was not to be disturbed.

Treasury Notes.

The Hon. Treasurer wishes to apologise to all those who have been waiting for the little Red Slip before paying their Subs. Unfortunately he has run out of stock, but wishes to urge his friends to conquer their shyness and pay up at once.

You can save money by paying 25/- into any branch of the Bank of Liverpool. Our account is at the Tue Brook Branch. The Hon. Treasurer still resides at 108, Moscow Drive. *Verbum Sap.*

MEMS.

A new novel is entitled: "They went." One wishes that this could be said of Robinson (and one or two others) in connection with Club runs.

We are sorry to learn that Mr. Boyle, who accompanied J.C.B. to the Kelsall run, has been blind from birth.

Jack Seed, having heard of Jim Park's turning out at three consecutive runs, has ordered a new tyre and threatens to contest the Attendance Prize with J. P.

The price of motor cars is coming down. The Vauxhall price has been cut £300. Robinson says that when the same pruning takes place with bicycles he will order one of those real light bicycles "Wayfarer" writes so much about.

In the election for Chief Consul for Cheshire C.T.C., W. M. Robinson was successful with 61 votes as against Milne's 21. Comment is needless. For the Council of the C.T.C. the insuppressible Milne, after suggesting his own candidature for Cheshire and also flirting with North Wales, finally at the eleventh hour got himself nominated for Lancashire! Those who have votes in Lancashire ought to have no hesitation in voting for Boardman of "Ours" and Ginger who is well known to us, while those with votes in Cheshire will doubtless vote for Hancock and Kite.

Cyclists' War Memorial.

Like the retirement of the late Adelina Patti and the positively last appearance of the Royal Divorce, this Fund must crop up again as a very generous donation from Li Cohen has made a fifth list necessary. Our total is now £212 7s. 6d. (without counting the result of Turnor's efforts in Manchester) and I am deeply grateful.

W. P. Cook.

RUNS.

Halewood, October 2nd, 1920.

At the Derby Arms the upper and lower rooms were both well filled, and so were those present, for the fare was, as usual, of the very best. Finding that the hostess was away from home, Ven thought this a most appropriate time for raising the price, and muled us in another "tanner." Considering how the price of house-property has risen of late, we are surprised at your modesty, Ven.

After tea the Order of Jolly Good Fellows held its usual gathering until Hubert and Arthur heard the call of the "rattler," and James hurried off to attend an important Board Meeting. Later on, the rest of us made a move for the road, and as Cook wished to be able to find his way to the Bridge Inn on November 20th, he was piloted by devious dark and dirty ways to that hostelry.

Having inspected the annexe where our Sing Song is to be held, and found it all that could be hoped for, someone suggested that we ought to sample the liquid refreshment in the B.P. to see if it was of a fit and proper nature to assuage the Anfield thirst. My Stars * * * * Also ! ! ! ! Now we know why James visits this haunt of wickedness every Wednesday.

There he sat, like the great god Pan, enthroned among a troop of satyrs and bacchantes holding high revel. Oh, Jimmy! Oh, James!! No pen of mine could describe the Bacchanalian Orgies which ensued, and which are apparently of weekly occurrence. The morals of the Club must be considered. Especially those of our younger members! Besides there wouldn't be room enough for all of us in the Tank. So you others had better keep away.

By the way, we were all delighted to see our old friend Sammy Barton out again, and he seemed to be just as glad to be amongst us.

Ringway, October 2nd, 1920.

The change of venue from that given in the September Circular, and the non-arrival of the October issue might have been expected to result in a poor attendance and perhaps some confusion. However, fears of this kind proved groundless, the very respectable number of 15 presenting themselves for tea at Higher Mainwood Farm. Another and larger party being in possession of our usual room, we were relegated to one, which, although large enough, left nothing to spare when the party was complete. Some of the speed men appeared to have been training—perhaps for next season, whilst others had been to watch friends entrain—arriving somewhat late in consequence. The manifold virtues and equally numerous vices of tubular tyres, and the various compositions warranted to make them adhere to the rims were debated at length, and everyone duly convinced that his own opinion was correct. The party broke up in good time, some to go home, some to week-end, and some—who knows?

Overton, October 9th, 1920.

Scene: Ridgway's Café, Liverpool.

Time: Forty-eight hours later.

Enter Arthur (disguised as "something-in-the-city") and another awful rascal.

Arthur: I say—er—will you—er—

Me: Come off it, Arthur. Why don't you write up the run yourself? That's what we pay you for. Besides, dashitor! I'm always doing it for you. It was only last week—no, last February—that I did it. Oh! all right. But what shall I say? What about the weather, to start with?

A.: Yes, that's a good line. Nobody's thought of that before.

Me: "Dull, rainy, moderate temperature, visibility indifferent, but where Bill Cook was the sun shone brilliantly." What next?

A.: Say who was there.

Me: Were you there? No? Then why weren't you? DammitallArthur, you *must* turn out sometimes. Let's see: "Cook, Grandad, The Apostle, Uncle, The Pagonone, and Billy from Liverpool, and Mullah, Turnor, and Mr. Mullins from Manchester." Twenty-three altogether, I think.

A.: Now, say about the tea.

Me: Right. Shall I say it was eaten, or discussed? "A pleasant meal was discussed in the little wooden 'ut at the back of the 'ouse."

A.: Steady, boy. You should call it the chalêt.

Me: As you like, old dear. "In the shalleigh." Be it so. Now, let's put something in to throw dust in the eyes of the public. What about this: "Those who complain of lack of variety in club runs

were conspicuous by their absence even on such an ideal day. Robinson was probably looking for a Capable Occupant. Poor old Shem had mistaken the date and gone to Pulford." Now, people'll think Grandad wrote it.

A.: That's fine. Put in a bit about "glorious weather" and they'll blame Mullah. A reference to "grids" will fix the responsibility on Gregg. Say that the party faded away, and everybody will know Robinson did it. And you ought to work in a bit about an alternative run to Mollington and then even Prof. Green will fix the report on to Cook. With a quotation from the classics, such as "cum grano salis" or "nota bene," F. H. won't be able to prove an alibi.

Me: Now, just to finish up. (Can you spare a little more space, Arthur?) This is an original bit which nobody has ever thought of before: "After tea someone said to Cook: 'You are not the man you were,' and Cook replied: 'No, and I never was.'"

[Exeunt.]

Chester, October 16th, 1920.

The ride through Wirral to old familiar Chester always appeals to the writer, and also I think to all lovers of cycling "Twixt Mersey and Dee." It was very pleasant via Oxton and Storeton ridge, with a glorious rush down "Evans's Hill" on toward Willaston, which was avoided in favour of Dammit Lane with its whispering leaves and pondy flavour.

Motor traffic does not patronise this route to any great extent, but on nearing the lane end the motor knut was heard and sighted, yapping and roaring past on the "Top Road." Proceeding quietly, I was overtaken by four of ours, three of whom, after dallying with me, soon stole away, my pedals not responding to the lure of the gradual quickening up process. However, the fourth speed merchant, who deplored the loss of four spokes from his front wheel, stayed and explained at length why he considered that three lamps were necessary for his return journey. On returning, however, he managed quite well with two burning, in fact on occasions (between lucifers) with one; so the third lamp was luggage, and the cost in freight thereof four broken spokes, the surplus lamp, on a wobbly bracket, having leant heavily on the fore wheel in motion with disastrous result, but fortunately without rendering the wheel useless.

We gained the B. & S. and our muster of 22 may be counted satisfactory seeing that many were helping Williamson and Warburton in their 12 hours Tandem attempt, which we hoped would be successful. [Unfortunately it was not.—Ed.]

Leaving early homeward in pleasant company with a favouring breeze, we had a most enjoyable ride to the coast, made in safety in spite of the travelling searchlights that occasionally raked us fore and aft. Still one reasonable gentleman kindly turned his dazzler out quite fifty yards away, and passed us "good night" for our "thank you" before switching on again. Only one among so many! Yet a little leaven may work to the desired end, and soon

there may be others. It may eventually be considered the proper thing to do. The strident horn with its "get off the earth" demand may then sound "by your leave, Sir, good night."

Pulford, Llangollen, Denbigh. October 23-24th, 1920.

In perfectly glorious weather this time-honoured annual fixture was carried out with great éclat although the muster of 30 was somewhat below expectations, several who had sent in their names jibbing at the last moment. Lizzie and Winnie "got the wind up" about the railway situation so it is a good job no one relied on the invitation made a year ago that "Recruits to the walkers will be welcomed for next year." As usual the motorists "afraid to go home in the dark" had gone through in daylight and taken possession, while feeble cyclists like the Kinders, Mandall, Barney, etc., pushed on early. Still there were 22 at Pulford for an excellent tea under the Presidency of Lord Mayor Cotter, and it was a brilliant moonlight night which must have made those returning home very sad—especially as Jay Bee was again mysteriously missing. Cook and Geoff Hawkes were also missing, and when encountered at the Royal told some fairy story about escorting Edwards to Pentre Voelas on his way to Beddgelert, riding all the Sportsman climb and detouring via Bala! Who can believe it? Those of us who tea'd at Pulford did not fail to call at Ruabon for a delightful interlude with the Quotas and the result was that the evening meal was taken in sections, some dining early and others supping late. However, by 9.30 the Meeting in the Tank was constituted and got into full swing after 10.0 when F. H. woke up and joined us, but the closure was applied at 11.15 and we were all early to bed except those who held a Masonic Meeting in No. 11. On Sunday there were few candidates for Denbigh and one wonders whether it is worth while to make any dinner arrangements. The Manchester men departed for the C.R.C. run at Nantwich. Von, Morris and Royden made a bee line for home, Tierney and Mr. Swift went off on their own. Toft, Rowatt, Kinders, Barney, Mandall, James and Stevie made for Chester, and Lake and A. T. S. extended to Bettws. Kettle, Harley and Parry went to Denbigh via Corwen, while Hawkes, Taylor, Fawcett, Threlfall and Cook went to World's End and by the shelf road to Pentre Dwr en route for "Ypento" (where they corraled Zambuck). Ruthin and Denbigh, where Lord Hawkes and Professor Rockandtappit were waiting and 11 of us sat down to a well-earned meal. Lord Hawkes and Zambuck took the usual Bodfari route to Mold, and having tyre trouble put into Northop for tea and were seen no more, but the rest of the party took the rather novel and most interesting and scenically beautiful way to Waen and Llangwyfan over the shoulder of Moel Arthur to Nannerch, and in due course reached Willaston for tea, where the company disbanded by sections after a most glorious week-end.

Kelsall, October 30th, 1920.

"Where's the Club to-day?" "Oh—somewhere uninteresting. Let's go to Irby, Eh?" Notwithstanding this type of "conversation," October has proved a grand month for those who really get somewhere awheel and our Runs have been well attended. This Saturday was no exception for the brilliant sunshine and the gorgeous moonlight fully compensated for the stiffish breeze, and 25

members and 3 friends sat down to tea at the Royal Oak after various circuitous rides. John Leece was out for his second consecutive run! Marvellous. What does it mean? All the Orrells, all the Baileys, and all the Edwardses were there, too. We were glad to have Teddy of that ilk back with us again after a sequence of Beddgelert runs. Johnny Band also returned to the fold along with a friend, Mr. B. T. M. Boyle! Cranshaw the "prospective" brought his father along, and he is quite young enough to join us and add to our *père et fils* combinations. Threlfall looked like missing his first run of the year, but reached the trough "before not all was over." The Llandegla C.C. was represented by 66.6 of its membership, but where were the James C.C. and the Kinder C.C.? Hush! —Week-end parties were very strong. Davies piloted one all the way to Chester and two other parties (Warburton-Williamson and our C.R.C. friends Jackson-Sproston on tandems via Vicars Cross, and Kettle (trike) and Cook through the lanes to Broxton) had the double surprise of finding each other at Wem and also "three friends of Mr. Cook's" who turned out to be "Wayfarer" and two satellites! The rest of us trickled home in due course with another jolly fixture ticked off.

A. T. SIMPSON,

Editor.

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ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

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MONTHLY CIRCULAR.

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No. 178.

FIXTURES FOR DECEMBER, 1920.

		Light up at
Dec.	4. Halewood (Derby Arms)	4-23 p.m.
"	11. Irby (Prince of Wales)	4-21 p.m.
"	13. Committee Meeting, Common Hall, Liverpool, 7 p.m.	
"	18. Chester (Bull and Stirrup)	4-21 p.m.
"	27. Boxing Day. Tarporley (Swan). Dinner at 1-30	4-26 p.m.
Jan.	1.—Halewood (Derby Arms)	4-26 p.m.
"	8. Pulford (Grosvenor)	4-30 p.m.
"	10. ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING.	
"	17. Committee Meeting, 7 p.m.	

ALTERNATIVE RUNS FOR MANCHESTER MEMBERS.

Dec.	4.—Ringway (Mainwood Farm)	4-23 p.m.
"	11. Knutsford (Angel)	4-21 p.m.
"	18. Marton (Davenport Arms)	4-21 p.m.
Jan.	1.—Ringway (Mainwood Farm)	4-26 p.m.
"	8.—High Lane (Red Lion)	4-30 p.m.

Full moon 25th inst.

Committee Notes.

21, Water Street,
Liverpool.

The ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING is to be held on MONDAY, the 10th January, 1921, at 7 p.m., at the COMMON HALL, HACKINS HEY, Dale Street, Liverpool. Members having any business to bring forward must notify me not later than FRIDAY, the 31st December, 1920, so that I may enter such on the Agenda. It is hoped members will attend the Meeting in full strength.

New Member. — Mr. J. D. CRANSHAW has been elected to Junior Active Membership.

Applications for Membership. — Mr. ALBERT LUSTY, 23, Willmore Road, Perry Bar, Birmingham—proposed by H. Rae, seconded by G. F. Carpenter. Mr. DAVID MONTAGUE KAYE, 172, Darlington Street, Wigan—proposed by F. Mundell, seconded by G. F. Mundell.

The Prize List has now been passed; it totals £96 15/-. Those entitled to Prizes will oblige by letting the Hon. Treasurer know how they intend to take them (medals, etc.) as early as possible. Members in general are reminded that the Prize Fund is still open and the Treasurer will be pleased to hear from them.

F. D. McCANN,

Hon. Secretary.

New Addresses. — J. A. GRIMSHAW, 56, Cornbrook Park Road, City Road, Old Trafford, Manchester. H. ELLIS, 10, Westwood Road, Woodsmoor, Stockport. H. PRITCHARD, 89, Middlesboro' Road, Coventry. E. BRIGHT, 2, Orchard Lodge, Nether Street, London, N. 3.

ITEMS.

At the Halewood Run on November 6th a Dark and Dirty Plot was hatched and carried into execution! This was none other than the kidnapping of Arthur! We wondered why John K kept making mysterious trips outside, but the denouement was startling. At 8-30 when Arthur, completely attired as a P. L. G., prepared to depart for the Rattler he was seized by the Mafia, and before he knew where he was he was deposited on the back seat of the Kinder Tandem, which John's mysterious peregrinations had "got ready," and placed conveniently alongside the running board of a motor car! Arthur vainly tried to abandon the cruiser and stick to the landing stage, but it was no use—and after some violent plunges the beast got under way and he found himself bound for Gateacre "to try the piano"! A gang of plotters, among whom we noticed Fell, Kettle, Knipe, Zambuck, James and Cook, tried to "hang on" to the tandemons, but Arthur entered into the spirit of the thing with so much zest that memories of his past prowess awheel were aroused and provided powerful propulsive effect, with the result that the Halewood to Gateacre record was smashed to smithereens and the road strewn with horrible wrecks of the "dropped." Just fancy a lad like Knipe trying to hang on to such a world beating combination! He certainly ought to know better. However, the incident has had a most interesting sequel, for the performance got talked about in cycling circles to such an extent that the little man has been snowed under with offers of engagements as Tandem Engineer! Even Robinson, who is constantly on the look out for capable occupants, made a most tempting proposition, but in order to avoid any jealousies, Arthur has been forced to turn them all down!

Carpenter is a marvel! That is no news—but he has recently excelled himself by beating the Birmingham to Wigan record by riding the whole distance (on his usual diet of cheese, oil, solution, biscuits and water) without a dismount at 14 m.p.h.! He was bound for Kendall, and goodness knows how far he would have ridden without a dismount if he had only had Cook with him, for he tells us he only stopped at Wigan to put his mac on, as it began to rain!

WANTED TO BE FINED.—Extract from "Manchester Guardian," November 6th, 1920: A fine of 15/- was imposed at Ormskirk yesterday on a cyclist who, according to a police constable, got off his cycle and asked to be summoned because he had no rear light. Was this Billy Cook?

We are asked officially to deny that Tilly Koenen, the famous contralto, is any relation to F.H. of that ilk. Before agreeing to make this announcement we insisted on proof, and have been privileged to examine all the documents relating to the history of the Koenen Klan, and most interesting they were. We do not propose to disclose any secrets and are glad to certify that no ancestor ever found his way to the gallows, but in one of the documents we perused there were some cryptic references to "Ze Turf" and "Rare and Refreshing Fruit," which may explain those characteristics (undoubtedly inherited) which so greatly endear The Master to us in bonds of admiration. The most important discovery we made was that one ancestor was buried at midnight with a procession of 22 torch bearers, and it appears that the Old Cheadle, C. C. had promised F. H. to give him an equally imposing funeral. This at last explains the extreme depression the demise of the Cheadle caused in the heart of F. H. However, we have now finally dissipated this gloom by promising on your behalf not only to take the place of the Cheadle C.C., but to make the Ancestor's Funeral look very small potatoes indeed. Regardless of Dora, lighting restrictions, competent military authorities, the Police or the Home Office, we have entered into an undertaking to engage Tilly to lead a procession of the whole Club, bearing torch lights at the hour of midnight. Consequently, the next time you see F. H. you will find his old boyish spirit fairly bubbling over.

The following announcement appearing in the "Liverpool Daily Post," Saturday, November 20th, is of particular interest to all of us:—

POOLE-ROBERTS.—At the Parish Church, Pentre Voelas, by the Rev. T. W. Roberts (Rector of Christ Church, St. Leonards-on-Sea, brother of the bride), Harry Poole, "Bryntirion," Aughton, Lancashire, to Margaret Anne, only daughter of Mrs. Roberts, Voelas Hotel, Pentre Voelas.

No date is mentioned, but we understand the ceremony took place on Thursday, 18th Nov., and as most of us know the bride we can all the more sincerely congratulate the happy pair and wish them every joy and felicity.

A very amusing and exciting incident recently happened in Wirral which should not go unrecorded. Three of our sprightly junior members were cycling one night minus rear lights when the local Tin Ribs called out to them: "Where are your rear lights?," to which they replied "Good night," and carried on. Almost simultaneously a motor car came along and the Tin Ribs hailed it and got in to overtake and collar the "Three Mustgetheres," who were such callous and wicked "Law" breakers! Naturally this raised excitement to fever heat and our heroes had to "get down to it" as though riding in a 50! Half a mile ahead lay a maze of side roads and possible safety, so they sprinted madly and just managed to avoid being caught. But although they reached Sanctuary they found to their disgust that their flanking movement had been

observed and that the car was still following them. Then ensued a regular gymkhana round the house, until at last an open gate was espied, and the lads put their headlamps out and hid themselves among the flower beds while the car dashed past in pursuit! After lying perdu for some time they emerged from their refuge and resumed their journey while chuckling over the picture conjured up of the frothy rage of the baffled Tin Ribs! What puzzles us is, how could the driver of the motor car see to follow them when he had no rear lights to guide him? His own head lamps only illuminated the road for a quarter of a mile, and we know that while that suffices to disclose pedestrians in ample time, we are told that the "elusive" cyclist is nearly run down before he is seen! What a game!

W. P. C. at the Grand Babylon. By "Faith."

Being in arrears with my C.T.C. reading, I had allowed both the October and November Gazettes to remain unopened by my bedside, little dreaming what the former contained. At last I turned over the leaves, and there it was, a full-page article by W. P. Cook on the Decadence of Roadside Hotels.

Arthur, editor, why must we worry our dull brains to produce our feeble contributions, when all the time there sits Cook, broody, and simply full of it?

For the benefit of those members who are not readers of the C.T.C. Gazette, I will just give an outline of this instructive article. We know that those hotels, where Cook is already known, make no end of a fuss of him, though why we cannot tell! To me it seems likely that at first they begin to wonder, then to protest, until they see the joke, succumb, and finally come whole heartedly under the Cook spell, and not often do they wake up and recover their independence.

But when it comes to those Inns not yet on Cook's list, I will describe his latest method of approach, as extracted from his article. From a fair distance, far enough to let the management think that only a powerful motor can cover it in the time, Cook wires to the Grand Babylon Hotel to prepare for his arrival, and then, rather nearer, sends a second telegram, this time addressed to himself as a visitor at that hotel. (What the latter contains does not strictly matter, but I presume that Cook, as business man, takes the precaution in case it should inadvertently be opened, to sign the second telegram in a well-known local name inviting W.P.C. to come and stay a few days "at the Hall.") Be that as it may, the management is thoroughly aroused by now, and displaying ample interest in Mr. Cook's visit. The bookkeeper confers with the manageress and their choice falls upon a comfortable room while word is passed down the tube to the kitchen. As our member truly observes: "Most of us are snobs, so why not pander to this trait?"

In good time the god arrives, but instead of the anticipated limousine, a familiar (to us) tricycle drives up and Mr. Cook enters the precincts. To use his own words: "Keen disappointment on the part of the management is unmistakable, but it is too late, the deed is done, and I have got my foot through the door."

Let us linger for a moment at the thought of his entree. Picture him as we know him. Under his arm the familiar bundle containing the dry spares. He is probably a little damp—through rain or other causes—cap or other headgear he scorns, and his venerable and moist forehead forms somewhat of a contrast with the rest of the make-up. No need for me to dwell on it, you all know it, but just call it to

mind in these circumstances. And on the other side the picture of the Manager in the reception hall, in company of the Boots. The latter nearly choking but soon revived by the bestowal of some articles of apparel which need airing.

However, there is always the bare chance that he is mistaken for an eccentric nobleman, for even Dukes have been known to be mistaken for gamekeepers. After all, it is no wonder that once the hotel survives the shock, Cook becomes *Persona Gratissima* at that house; they have had a new experience and are grateful for it. And so he fights our battles in his own inimitable way. Well have I in mind how he always triumphed over J. J. Shaw, where I so lamentably failed.

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor.

Sir.—Referring to recent anxious enquiries in your Journal, it behoves me to inform you that "Ever Bright" is again to the fore and has handsomely redressed matters with his disconsolate friends. His motto: Tally Ho! It turns out that a certain missing headgear had been on a visit to the "Daily Mail" and just missed the coveted £100. A soothing consolation prize was attached on its return.

SOUTHWESTER.

RUNS.

Halewood, November 6th.

The usual large and influential crowd foregathered at this famed hostelry to enjoy the succulent fare one associates with the venue, but where, oh where, was Hubert, who always lends such weight to these occasions? Rumour had it that he had been commissioned to buy up the Motor Show in the Metropolis, but even if that were the case, paltry business of this description is no excuse for neglecting important functions like these. There is work for the Pagan one here. Owing to his absence, no serious raid was made on the liquid capacity of the house, and this might easily have the result of further augmentation of food prices next time. In a weak moment, after the Choral Society had got in its deadly travail once or twice, the Editor happened to suggest a visit to Gateacre to inspect the musical equipment at the hostelry there, little recking the consequences of this rash act. John Kinder was observed immediately to enter into mysterious pourparlers with 'Jimmy' James, and one or two other conspirators, the outcome being that on emerging from the hotel strong and willing hands placed poor Arthur on the hind seat of the Kinder tandem, despite his entreaties and immaculate walking attire. John had evidently been drinking or else he has evolved new and fearful methods of steering—a hitherto prosaic pursuit. Nevertheless, the ten miles they covered in about a quarter of an hour showed that the Editor has not yet lost that wonderful turn of speed which made his name so famous in the cycling press twenty years ago.—[Ahem! Ed.]

Ringway, November 6th.

This run I attended as a natural cyclist, and my great purpose was to display my new invention of the Lapwing-Apron, which promises to confer such a boon on winter riders by keeping them warm and dry from waist to knees in so vital a part of the organism.

Whilst awaiting the approaching viands with a hungry look, I counted scores of others similarly afflicted, all trying hard to look unconcerned, when—to put the lid on it—W. A. Lowcock enters

proudly boasting of a via-Holmes-Chapel appetite, and making no bones about his intentions. This news was received (I am speaking for myself) with forced jocularity, but our mirth sat awry on our features. Before the war false shame forbade such admissions, but all that is changed: Nakedness is now a virtue.

No occasion for alarm though, Madame la Commière was as usual on her mettle, but we shudder to think of the Manchester section some day putting in a real field day, and I can see it coming, as our section counts but few honorary members. Jig-sawed we just fitted round the table and every nick found his nook. Under the circumstances it is manners to eat with only one hand. Not for us the relay rota or tip and run system now in vogue at combined summer fixtures. We dine en bloc.

This congestion must be my excuse for not scanning the assembled faces and trying to give them names. In reality I still mistake Taylor for Aldred, as at one time Orrell for Davies—and before Pryor painted his machines red I mixed him up with Edwards. All this goes to prove my unfitness as a reporter. Only broad and speaking features like those of Warburton, Hodges, Bileley and Crow stood out so that I can swear to them, but the rest formed a blend bending over the really mouth-melting potato cakes that may well be duplicated on the next occasion.

Before we got that far, we eagerly awaited the arrival of our Captain Green, for a Ringwood no Green, no dinner. La belle Mainward never stirs till her verdant one is in sight. His nap hand holds aces to our knaves—but it ensures that no one escapes from the contribution.

Soon "rien ne va plus" sounded, and then began the usual diversion of table rapping, spiriting away the festive board. The medium stamps her foot, the leaves fly upwards and to the accompaniment of a noise from nowhere the massive structure rocks and reels and curls itself up into a flowerpot stand in the ingle nook. Haynes, however, botched the seance.

After the vitals, the thirst; but Mainwood Farm remains unlicensed, and a split resulted: the Chester Roaders to the Romper to hear the Mullah's story, and Cheadle and District to the Church Inn for repairs.

Tarporley, November 13th.

Not having been to a Tarporley run before, I decided to explore the country round about, and accordingly wandered down the top road to Chester, took the Farndon Road, and turned off at Aldford into Eaton Park. The trees in the park were quite an "autumnal tints tour" in themselves, and I did not meet a single person until coming out on the Whitechurch road. My way now lay towards Tattenhall through various lanes, charming enough in the day-time, but rather confusing at night, especially when one has only been through them once before. It had been my intention to go round by Beeston Castle, but it was now about half past five, and I had to get on with it over Birch Heath down to the Swan at Tarporley, where I arrived at ten past six to find everybody with their feet in the trough. In fact, some of them were actually finishing as I arrived!

After tea, Cook and Kettle set off for Newport, another party for Wen, and some Manchester men for Chester. Favoured by a following breeze, the rest of us made good time along the top road, arriving home about 10 o'clock after a very pleasant ride.

Gateacre, November 20th.

After long and vain searchings for a handy place at which to hold a musical evening, the Bridge Inn was commandeered eventually by the scouting parties, and a large gathering of 51 turned up, to partake of the hot-pot provided. Unfortunately it appears that the cooking apparatus had not been equal to the strain imposed on it, the consequence being that the meal was only half cooked when it was placed on the table. This was a great disappointment, especially to those who had ridden round the earth and were in a ravenous condition, as to some extent the hotpot was uneatable. In the circumstances it would have only been fair for the landlord to have made a decent concession in the price, but evidently this suggestion never occurred to him—it never does! This was a disastrous beginning, but the talent at our disposal quickly made amends and directly the tables were cleared the proceedings were opened up by the Plumber, who made his “5-15” go with his usual swing and put everybody in a good humour. During the evening he also gave us further items out of his well-stocked repertoire, and was loudly acclaimed. Then we had Mr. McGregor, the lucky possessor of a fine tenor voice, who charmed us with several songs, breathing the soft atmosphere of love, which made strong appeal to our well-known susceptibilities. Another visitor, Mr. Wilson, was also a power of strength in the vocal line with a rich baritone voice which he used to great advantage and our pleasure. A surprise discovery was made in one of our latest recruits, Lauder, who obliged us with several songs in such way that we must have more of him in the future. He will be a great acquisition at Bettws, and must, if necessary, be dragged there by main force next Easter. The heavenly twins, the Rogerses, reinforced in one item by Clifford Dews, repeated their former successes, and if they go on like this, care will have to be taken to keep them apart from the Stoll managers; the two Bobs are already, I hear, quaking in their shoes. Another distinct acquisition in the entertaining line to the Club is Tomlin. His character studies of Dickens were a most enjoyable feature, and he spared no trouble in making up to assist the illusion. He also gave a most original, and at the same time, effective, rendition of *The Charge of the Light Brigade*, besides other items. Grimshaw took on a new role, coming out as a sentimental vocalist, and very nice too! We always thought he had a singing face. The Mullah entertained us with a few stories, and boy Green roused us up with a chorus song. New talent was found in the person of Zambuc, who gave a recitation very well. The proceedings were as usual presided over by the Presider (with dog, which occasionally joined in the choruses), who also, with the enthusiastic assistance of the audience, gave us “Razors,” in his own inimitable way. The Editor, who did the dirty work at the piano, is, I understand, still alive. As an entertainment the evening ranks with some of the best we have had, and our special thanks are due to our three visitors, Messrs. McGregor, Wilson and Walter Simpson, who contributed so largely to its success.

Chester, November 27th.

After a prolonged period of perfect weather this day was one of more or less gloom, but fortunately the turn of the tide took with it the drizzly mist and wet roads only had to be contended with, and a joyous gathering of 25 sat down to tea at the Ball and Stirrup—after Johnny Band had favoured the early arrivals with a dissertation on Flies and where they go in Winter Time. Edwards was early, and

listened to the lecture with rapt attention, but Tommy refused to try and emulate the flies. Although there was an alternative run, some of the Manchester stalwarts wanted a real ride, and we were glad to have Gorman, Jr., Davis, Warburton and Williamson with us. Charlie Conway showed his appreciation of Wirral runs by turning up with the famous stockings complete—doubtless their training spin for Boxing Day. Jack Seed at long last fulfilled his promise and received a warm welcome, which we hope will encourage him to repeat the experiment—but undoubtedly the main feature of the run was the arrival of the James Cycling Club en masse, and a special table was devoted to them. As Ven. was a bit late, Threlfall deputised as Sub-Captain, and seemed to do very well indeed. No doubt Ven. initiated him secretly into the conjuring mysteries. Barely was tea over when Tyrant Cook dragged off "Wayfarer" by the scruff of the neck to Llanarmon O.L. The other week-enders, Kettle, Warburton and Williamson departed at greater leisure for Wem, accompanied by the Walters, while the rest of us trickled home under the pilotage of Clifford Dews in his joy suit, asking ourselves what had become of the Kinder week-enders!

High Lane, November 27th.

Its name describes its position—it's high—and as we struggled up the incline of umpteen miles in length in the teeth of a steady half-gale, after traversing some portions of main road and lane, which had all the characteristics of ploughed fields, the appropriateness of the designation was borne in upon us with resistless force. However, there were compensations—the Red Lion is one of the old-style sort of places where the virtues of the old-style innkeeper are still held in esteem—to give a warm welcome and a sound meal to the hungry wayfarer. So 18 of us sat down at the appointed hour to a substantial meal, nicely served, and had got well off our mark when a very badly knackered "F.H." fell in. There is no other word for it—he fell in; the rise against the wind had about done for him, and the job was finished by the stairs to the dining-room. A cup of tea revived him, and he was again in good form when, the meal satisfactorily disposed of, we adjourned below for a chat. Enquiries for his patent neither garment were evaded; perhaps he has presented it to some bishop, to whom it would be most becoming. Bick and Crow were in fine form, and elicited reminiscences from "F.H." of his early experiences in diggings with weird makes of cycle, their repair and storage under difficulties, and the complacency of landladies in those far-off days. Kitty having functioned with marvellous accuracy, the party left at a nice time in a somewhat damp atmosphere, and I hope all reached home quite safely, though some rear lights may have caused difficulties.