

ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

FORMED MARCH 1879.

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

MONTHLY CIRCULAR.

Vol. XV.

No. 178.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR TO ALL!

FIXTURES FOR JANUARY, 1921.

		Light up at
Jan.	1. Halewood (Derby Arms)	4-30 p.m.
"	8. Pulford (Grosvenor Arms)	4-41 p.m.
"	10. ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING, 7 p.m., Common Hall, Haskins Hey.	
"	15. Northop (Red Lion)	4-50 p.m.
"	17. Committee Meeting, Common Hall, Liverpool, 7 p.m.	
"	22. Irby (Prince of Wales)	4-58 p.m.
"	29. Chester (Bull and Stirrup)	5-10 p.m.
Feb.	5.—Halewood (Derby Arms)	5-21 p.m.

ALTERNATIVE RUNS FOR MANCHESTER MEMBERS.

Jan.	1.—Ringway (Mainwood Farm)	4-30 p.m.
"	8.—High Lane (Red Lion)	4-41 p.m.
"	15. Knutsford (Angel)	4-50 p.m.
"	22. Siddington (Mrs. Sam. Woods)	4-55 p.m.
"	29. Alderley (Trafford Arms)	5-10 p.m.
Feb.	5.—Ringway (Mainwood Farm)	5-21 p.m.

Full moon 23rd inst.

Committee Notes.

21, Water Street,
Liverpool.

New Members.—Mr. R. BARTON has resumed Honorary Membership. Messrs. A. LUSTY and D. M. KAYE have been elected to Active Membership.

The attention of Members is especially drawn to the A.G.M. on the 10th inst. A large and representative attendance is desired.

Application for Membership (Junior Active). — GERALD GOULDEN, 29, Clifton Road, Eccles. Proposed by H. Green, seconded by C. H. Turnor.

Resignation.—The resignation of Mr. H. REYNOLDS (Junior Active) was accepted.

Change of Address: C. BLACKBURN, Royal Rock Hotel, Rock Ferry; E. W. HARLEY, 95, Victoria Dock Road, London, E16.

F. D. McCANN,

Hon. Secretary.

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor.

SIR.—For the last 20 years or so my neighbour and I have relied on the regular appearance of a bald-headed old gentleman riding a bicycle (with three wheels) to keep our clocks right. Every Wednesday evening, at 7-53½ p.m., precisely, he has passed my house, and we have then adjusted our clocks, including those of the parish church, the post office, and the railway station. Last Wednesday week, however, this old gentleman failed to appear, and I find it difficult to express in moderate language the depth of local feeling against this individual. We consider that no words can voice the profundity of our emotions on being “let down” in this reprehensible manner. In an epoch when irregular habits are in the ascendant, we have come to look upon this cyclist as one of the bulwarks of England—as one of the Old Guard—as an exponent of regularity, upon whom we could rely to the uttermost. We now see that he is but a broken reed, totally unreliable—that there is no regularity whatever in his habits. As I understand he is a member of the Anfield Cycling Club, I have to ask you to remove at once my name from your free list, so that the Circular may never darken my doors again.

Yours bitterly,

“INDIGNANT HESWALLITE.”

Xmas Day.

P.S.—I have just heard that the cyclist referred to passed through Heswall at 7-53½ p.m., precisely, on the Thursday evening. This merely makes his offence more serious, for the people here do not know what day of the week it is now.

[We have received letters to the same effect from “Mother of Ten” (Willaston), “Pro Bono Publico” (Hinderton), “Angry Ratepayer” (Gayton), “Where are the Police?” (Thurstaston), “Constant Reader” (Caldy), “Cascara Sagrada” (West Kirby), “Ten Years’ Resident” (Hoylake), “Anti-pyrine” (Meols) and “Indignatius” (Moreton).—Editor].

ITEMS.

At the lunch before the opening of the Cycle and Motor Cycle Show, Viscount Curzon referred to bicycles as “push bikes.” Under the caption “Rude and Wrong,” Bidlake comments in *Bicycling News* as follows: “Push bike! Good Lord! It makes me nearly sick to hear the phrase from a man of intelligence. It is the argot of the ignorant, the contemptuous catch-phrase of those who with bulging purses buy power but lack the enterprize to use their own. Perhaps, after all, we would prefer to be unmentioned than be dubbed with that unmentionable name.” Needless to say “them our sentiments,” and we recommend the “Irish Cyclist” as a persistent offender with prefixes to sit up and take notice.

The latest to join the Fellowship of Old Time Cyclists is Edmunds, and if there are any other members qualified who have not already registered themselves they are advised to do so. The fee is 5/- for the badge and there is no further liability.

Headline: "In Sight of Port." Shem says he would like to be—or even beer would do.

Cecil Blackburn has recently taken up his residence at the Royal Rock Hotel, Rock Ferry, and on being asked the reason for his choice of domicile, replied that it was because he was "so fond of the water!" Surely Kekil has not become a pussyfoot?

At this season of the year it is the custom of all high-class Monthly Magazines to publish Problems to help their readers to spend quiet hours by the fireside, and as we cannot afford to be behind any of our Foolish Contemporaries we sought high and low for a Problem that would tax the brains of our most expert Mathematicians and Puzzle Solvers. Knowing that the Ministry of Transport is now dealing with the most abstruse propositions we appealed to Sir Eric Geddes, who kindly sent us the following clever catch puzzle as a sample of the sort of thing his Mandarins solve with the greatest facility:—

"A is a motor car being carefully driven along a dark road at night at 25 m.p.h. (as the Motor Car Act only allows 20 m.p.h. an additional 5 m.p.h. is added in the interests of 'safety first' after dark) while in front proceeding in the same direction are B, a cyclist riding at 15 m.p.h. with a head light (he may touch 20 m.p.h. down hill, but that factor is ignored), and C, a pedestrian, totally unlighted, walking at 3 m.p.h. Required to find why A has no difficulties in passing C but cannot pass B in safety unless his machine is equipped with a rear light. Also required to find what would be thought if B demanded that C should be rear lighted."

This proposition appears quite simple, but we assure you the solution will astonish you. At first sight it appears that as A overtakes C at 22 m.p.h. and only overtakes B at 10 m.p.h., it must follow that as A has no difficulty with C he cannot have difficulty with unrearlighted B. Similarly if A overtakes B at 10 m.p.h., and B overtakes C at 12 m.p.h., B has a much better case for the rear lighting of C than A has for requiring the rear lighting of B. But that is just where you go wrong and where the catch is. Put your thinking caps on. The correct answer will appear next month.

OLD TIMERS' DINNER, DECEMBER 15th.

Being an old cyclist, having first ridden an ordinary bicycle in 1882, I joined the "Fellowship of Old Time Cyclists," when it was first formed in 1916.

Each year I have received an invitation to the Annual Dinner, held in London, but have never been able to attend. However, this year I made up my mind I would go if I could find a brother member to accompany me. I at once thought of W. P. Cook, and approached him on the matter. To my delight he said he would be very pleased to join me. On the appointed day I picked up Cook at Crewe, and we travelled in comfort to Euston.

On arrival, Cook went to attend to some business, while I went West to see the sights. Returning, I joined Cook at the C.T.C. offices, going on from there with our old friend Bidlake to the

Abercorn Rooms in Liverpool Street. On being ushered into the reception room I was given a hearty welcome by the President, Arthur J. Wilson, and found myself amongst an assembly of nearly all the celebrities of the cycling world from the days of the bone-shakers.

To mention them all would take up too much space, but my friend Cook introduced me to many whose names will be remembered for all time by cyclists. Among many others, I had the pleasure of meeting F. Percy Low, T. A. Edge, C. Jarrott, A. E. Walters, A. F. Hsley, M. A. Holbein, W. H. Bartleet and J. H. Adams.

At 7 o'clock we went to the large dining hall, and I was pleased to find that I should sit next to our member for London, P. C. Beardwood, with Cook, Bidlake, Arthur Gastall, Tinsley Waterhouse, Arthur Hsley and Joe Harding near. The number of members sitting down to dinner was 198, and a sight I will not forget. Everybody was merry and bright and each looked the picture of happiness. The dinner was splendidly served, the cooking all that could be desired, and the wine excellent.

After dinner we had various toasts, which were proposed and responded to in a most able manner, and were most enjoyable to listen to. The music also was extremely good, and it was 10-30 all too soon. My first "Old Timers" Dinner was over, but if I am spared I hope to be able to repeat so pleasant an evening, and I should like all Anfielders who are "Old Timers" to join me.

Crow.

[It appears that "Faed" in proposing the toast of "His Majesty's Forces," referred to the Cyclists War Memorial and the successful collecting efforts of Bidlake and Cook, while in replying to the toast of "The Old Timers," E. H. Godbold, the Hon. Secretary, referred to the pleasure he felt at the presence of a strong Northern Contingent, headed by the "Anfield."—Ed.]

RUNS.

Halewood, December 4th.

This run is usually written up by our tame humourists at great expense (of grey matter), but this time we have decided to "feature" (as the cinema people say) the cycling side of the fixture just to show that members really do ride to Halewood. In the morning a N.W. gale was raging, but it fortunately dropped a good deal as the day progressed, and there was not too much of it to push away when facing it, while brilliant sunshine and good roads were our lot. Young Hawkes and Old Cook piloted Jay B via Chester to Frodsham, but they could not induce him to sample Warrington. He was determined to try Sawley Bank—we mean Rock Savage—and tried to persuade the two lads to accompany him, but the odds were against him and he was left at Frodsham, where he was joined by Edwards, Parry and Kettle, and duly escorted to the Transporter. Meanwhile the two boys got "tea" at Daresbury, reached Sankey Chapel before lighting up and arrived at the "Derby Arms" just in front of the Transporter Triumvirate. Here sad news awaited us, for the muster was only 21. Where were those for whom Halewood is primarily fixed? The Presider, the Hon. Secretary and Toft were reported to be saving the Empire (not to mention the Hippodrome and Pavilion) at Hatton Garden with the State orchestra to entertain them and help make the benches feel less hard! But fancy letting such a "command" interfere with Halewood!! However, we decided to "carry

on," and a most excellent feed was enjoyed. The only fly in the ointment was the inability of those in the Lower Chamber to make a complete job of it. There were tears in Hubert's eyes when Kate and Sidney Pye retired victorious. Afterwards there was the usual symposium round the fire, when Grandad seemed to have a lot to say, but the "Jolly good fellow" chorus lacked some of its usual verve, owing to the absence of Tommy's leadership. Tommy was reported to be at a Birthday festivity, but surely no one has a birthday on a Saturday! We also missed poor old Chem very much. The dear old gent has been giving Halewood a miss this season and we don't know whether it is his hair restorer business that is interfering or whether he is suffering from an attack of Bacalao! Soon after 8 p.m. the tea party commenced to break up with the departure of the James C.C. for the Ratler, and the Kinder C.C. to Gateacre (to see if the Hotpot was "done" yet). Kaptain K. piloted the first gang towards, and Zambuck and Brother-in-law paced the fast pack, who were delighted to find that with all the Timrils in Hatton Garden, D.O.R.A. ceased to worry!

Ringway, December 4th.

Several of the regular attendants at this fixture having intimated pressure of another engagement, it had been anticipated that the party would be a small one, and arrangements were made accordingly. As the feeding time approached, however, the boys came rolling in, and finally 19 sat down to tea. Fortunately, the good lady of the house always makes preparations on the grand scale, and there were lashings to spare. Crow was there with his engineer, and in fine form; "F.H." attended in a get-up evidently copied from that of Nansen, and we were all pleased to learn that his affection for the bicycle, pure and simple, still continued; Lowcock, with a lively recollection of the last Ringway run, again favoured us with his presence, and we can see almost a prospect of having him with us regularly again. One felt amused at his efforts after tea to bring the conversation round to something more exciting than cycle mechanism—efforts which had little success, though he did manage to get in some intimate personal details respecting his bosom friend "F.H." The details of the latter's funeral and the disposition for scientific purposes of portions of his anatomy were discussed and partly settled, so that he can now rest content that he will go out in a blaze of glory and will continue even after that to be a subject of interest and help to his fellow-men. A little after 7-30 some of the party began to grow restless, saying that unless they went early there would be no room for them in the church; presumably there was some special service that evening, and it is gratifying to be able to record such exemplary enthusiasm, and to know that the place they attend is so popular—they spoke of row on row of men pressing forward. The whole party filtered out about 8, Cheadle Hulme making its homeward way via Styal, and the others negotiating with some little difficulty the dangers of a muddy drive, getting widely separated in the process. But where did Hodges get to? Some of us waited quite a long time for him without result; it is only right to say that we were agreeably occupied.

Irby, December 11th.

Why this falling off? Only 21 at Halewood last week and 19 to-day. Surely these easily "get-at-able" venues are not losing their charm and going to interfere with our attendance record. The day

was all right for cycling and tramping; all days are, once we get out and shake off "Town and Subbubs." Fell, Cooper and Ven padded the hoof via Oxton, Woodchurch, and Thingwall, but Cotter was more energetic and took in Greasby and Frankby, before seeking Irby, where the walkers found several hard riders, including Hawkes, Junr., Cook, Parry, Threlfall, Gregg, W. Band with Willie—our youngest active—also Cody, Royden and Mac already sitting around the fire. Knipe soon came a-knocking for admittance, and the Skipper arrived as the food came along. Teddy Edwards of course has to be late, but George Mercer and Charlie Conway beat him for last but not least honours.

Where were the others? the lusty Mountaineers, the Bettws and Grange Yuletiders? Surely this was an opportunity to get fit. May be they were packing their traps, sorting out the gear and fearsome apparel which lend distinction or perhaps are necessary for the full enjoyment of exploring the wilds.

We were a cheerful party, and after hearing one another's account of the afternoon, by road in and out of Wales, by lane and footpath in and about Wirral, we were ready for our satisfactory meal, and found the reckoning reasonable. A pleasant hour's chinwag was spent after our food, and the "Old Guard" getting together were reminiscent, until a move was made for the road, which lured Cook and Kettle to Northop, and the rest of us to our various destinations, spelt, I think with the same four letters "Home."

Knutsford, December 11th.

Albeit the air was cold and damp, it was a decided improvement on the pea-soupy conditions obtaining during the preceding days, and no doubt this and another factor were responsible for so many as 21 foregathering at the Angel. We were pleased to see Pryor with us again bearing his triumphs modestly, and welcomed Kay from Wigan. Pryor and his companion had had snow on the passage from Sheffield, and doubtless felt pleased in the circumstances that the return journey had not to be made until the morrow. No reports of weather could keep Kay at Knutsford for the night, however; he cleared in good time, to return for lunch on the Sunday.

It is some years since we teated at the Angel, and there was some little curiosity as to how we would fare. Its "spread" suffered by comparison with the little house across the way, now, alas, no longer available, but it was adequate and nicely served. The separate table arrangement rather broke up the party, which disintegration persisted even when we adjourned, for "F.H." and Crow were carried off somewhere to discuss motor problems; we never saw Crow again, and "F.H." merely appeared at the window of the bar to mock Bick with the information that someone had accused him of a conscientious objection to the flowing bowl, which accusation Bick answered with characteristic directness and force. After a discussion of Sunday racing, from the practical and ethical standpoints, and the relation of sundry humorous and tragic happenings to the old Cheadle, those of us who had to go home went out into a very dark night and made our homeward way against a decidedly cold and strong wind.

By the way, Chem, Buck and Co. may be interested to know that there is someone at the Angel who knows them well and has a very high opinion of them.

Chester, December 18th, 1920.

Big talk is always catching. Consequently, when Cook had reported as to the condition of the roads at Tarporley, Threlfall had a word to say about the piece between Oswestry and Shrewsbury. Robinson severely criticised the failure of the local authority at Swansea to have their snow-plough in operation. Geoff. Hawkes bestowed the faint praise which damns (sorry Arthur!) on the Pass of Llanberis, and Cody announced his intention of writing to "the papers" about the condition of the roads in the Lake District.

There were only 14 of us, but we were all of the best—the type of man wot built the Empire (or it may have been the Scala). It appears that Grandad, wearing stockings on his arms, had made an early call at the "Bull and Stirrup" and left his gas-lamp in a safe place preparatory to going for a ride to Tarporley, as aforesaid. To what extremities are these get-there-or-die-in-the-attempt cyclists reduced in order to save weight! Threlfall also wore stockings on his arms, Teddy Edwards, failing to use his head, came out on his trike, with the result that his coat was a byword and a reproach. Grandad, the All-wise, who can see further between the rungs of a ladder than most men, and his disciple Kettle, knew better and stuck to their bikes. Ven did the Club a good turn by threatening to come out, for the threat brought Cotter—only Ven failed to materialise! A gold medal must be struck for Hawkes, who, overtaking (overtaking, mind you!) Robinson on Hawarden Hill, dragged him to Chester, and thus rescued a brand from the burning. Our brilliant litterateur-lecturer (ahem!) was actually bound for Llandegla or some such ridiculous place. Clifford Dews came out in long trousers and the train, straight from an attack of influenza or something. The secretarial department was entirely missing. According to rumour (the jaying lide!) part of it was having another Saturday birthday.

There was talk around the fire (oh yes! we had a fire; the present deponent was told about it by a man who was sitting next to a man who was sitting near a man who thought he saw somebody warming his gloves)—concerning a Bottle of Whisky, the Motor Menace, the Immorality of Third Party Insurance, and the Possibility of Attending a Matinee of "The Sleeping Beauty" at Chester, after lunching at Tarporley on Boxing Day.

Thereafter, Kettle and Kook set off ostensibly for Wem. The Really Slow Pack (Cotter and Robinson) started home soon afterwards, and the rest followed in due course.

Marton, December 18th.

Seasonable weather—slush, very tricky, where there was much traffic, and some remains of snow in the lanes. Three of us made our way by a pretty route, somewhat off the beaten track, towards the rendezvous and calling at one of our caterer's to make arrangements for a forthcoming run, and incidentally to get a cup of tea, discovered a small and select party with their feet already in the trough. A short sprint took us to the Davenport Arms, where we found a good number of early birds waiting, though some of our regulars, who lend a tone to our parties, were absent; apparently social engagements are rather in the way just now. After tea we had various accounts of other club festivities and were moved almost to tears by the woes of one member, who whilst officially charged with the duty of settling up for the liquid refreshment consumed at a

"Hot Pot" had been so placed that those who dished it out missed him nearly every time. The methods of raising a prize fund used by one club of which we heard may interest our own Chancellor of the Exchequer. You arrange a supper, etc., with lashings of wet about, and when your more or less wealthy members are nicely oiled you make your appeal and then get very busy noting promises of contributions. We asked what happened if the jovial promisers forgot, but were told that such a thing never happened, which, when you come to think of it, is very remarkable.

Tarporley, December 27th.

No fewer than 37 noble fellows put in an appearance (complete with eating apparatus) at this run, which was positively the last of the 1920 series. The choice of the Committee was a very happy one, and the "Swan" will bear re-visiting. If I told you the names of all who were there, this account would read like a chunk of Debrett—or a page from the telephone directory. Suffice it to say that the two leaders of the Pussyfoot movement in Birkenhead (Jay Bee and Robinson) came in by the early door, but they were not the first to arrive by any means, for Toft and Ven. were already sharpening their teeth on the hotel steps. Kettle (looking less than ever like the Shah of Persia) arrived on his trike, accompanied by Cook, and followed at a respectful distance (having regard to the mud which the Skipper was throwing about) by Mr. Mullins. They had come from a place called Wem, and their journey from home to Tarporley had occupied a day and a half. We were all glad to see Carpenter—beg pardon, Carpenter—and his son. The latter is a pushing young man, and "feyther" had had an easy time ringing the bell and dodging the shower of mud spots which came over the bows (nautical term, Arthur!) of the tandem. Carpenter is not the only Anfielder to solve the problem "What to do with our boys."

Well, we got on with it, and had a good meal of four courses—or eight, if you include bread, salt, pepper, and mustard. Granddad 'went dry' on discovering that the beer was doing the profiteering act at 6d. a glass, and several others decided they were not thirsty—at that price. Parry arrived with a face like a Socialist's tie, having been putting it through Gregg, who evidently thought the dinner was at 2 or 3.15. We were just singing the last verse when Charlie Conway blew in, but I couldn't see whether he had the famous stockings on.

When the present deponent left for a place called home, there was talk of making up parties to have tea at Halewood and Llandegla in order to finish the Club's year properly.

A. T. SIMPSON,
Editor.

ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

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MONTHLY CIRCULAR.

Vol. XVI.

No. 180.

FIXTURES FOR FEBRUARY, 1921.

	Light up at
Feb. 5.—Halewood (Derby Arms)	5-30 p.m.
„ 12. Tarporley (Swan)	5-34 p.m.
„ 14. Committee Meeting, Common Hall, Liverpool, 7 p.m.	
„ 19. Northop (Red Lion) and week-end Denbigh (Bull).....	5-58 p.m.
26. Chester (Bull and Stirrup). Musical Evening	6-11 p.m.
Mar. 5. Halewood (Derby Arms)	6-25 p.m.

ALTERNATIVE RUNS FOR MANCHESTER MEMBERS.

Feb. 5.—Ringway (Mainwood Farm)	5-30 p.m.
„ 19. Ollerton (Dun Cow) and week-end Denbigh (Bull)	5-58 p.m.
Mar. 5.—Ringway (Mainwood Farm)	6-25 p.m.

Full moon 22nd inst.

Committee Notes.

21, Water Street,
Liverpool.

Mr. J. Cranshaw has been elected to Active Membership.
The Resignation of Mr. M. D.'A. Newton has been accepted.

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

The following have been appointed Club Delegates to:—

The R.R.A.—Messrs. P. C. Beardwood and W. J. Neason.

The N.R.R.A.—Messrs. W. H. Kettle and J. A. Grimshaw.

The following have been appointed a Handicapping and Course Committee: Messrs. J. C. Band, W. P. Cook, E. Edwards, J. A. Grimshaw, G. Hawkes, A. P. James, W. H. Kettle, F. D. McCann and P. Williamson.

The Standards for 24 and 12 Hours Rides have been amended; Standards A. and B. for the former and A. for the latter being deleted; the re-arranged figures will appear in the Handbook now in course of preparation. The main reason for the deletion of these Standards is that they have been continually ignored. The object of the lower Standards, which were "soft," was to encourage members to attempt long distance riding, but as no members have for years past made any attempt on them the Committee decided to abolish them. A proposal was also made to wipe out the first Standard for 100 miles rides, but it was decided to leave it as at present in the hope that some member or members might make the attempt. If not taken advantage of, this Standard may probably also be deleted.

An official week end has been scheduled for the 19th February to Denbigh (Bull). If you can support it please let me have your name as soon as possible.

A Special Tariff for Supper (3/-) Bed (3/6) and Breakfast (3/6) of 10/- has been arranged.

The Sharrow Shield, won in that Club's Invitation "50" by Messrs. Pryor, Grimshaw and F. Mundell, may be seen at my office.

A musical evening is to be held at Chester on the 26th February under the capable management of Mr. A. T. Simpson. A large muster is confidently anticipated.

Applications for Membership.—Mr. A. LUCAS, 85, Langdale Road, Liverpool, proposed by R. Leigh Knipe, seconded by E. J. Cody; Mr. W. PERCY CREED, 14, Park Avenue, Chorlton-cum-Hardy, proposed by F. D. McCann, seconded by W. P. Cook.

New Addresses.—E. J. READE, 4, Thorncliffe Grove, Whitworth Park, Manchester; E. WEBB, 261, Buxton Road, Great Moor, Stockport; F. C. DEL STROTHER, c/o. Socobas, 31, Avenue de Verdun, Biarritz; P. MORRIS, 31, Cound, Salop; A. DAVIES, 5, Tennant St., Everton Road, C. on M., Manchester.

F. D. McCann,

Hon. Secretary.

THE HARDY ANNUAL.

[By Our Unparliamentary Correspondent.]

Quite a lot of the boys were present when I rolled into the Common 'all, 'ackin's 'ey, just after 7 o'clock. Dave was in the chair, of course, with his fellow-conspirators, Mac and Bob Knipe, ready at hand to do their bit. Jim Park, Mr. Mullins, and Cotter were ensconced in the fat-oils, but the rest of us had to be content with pit seats.

Well, we got on with it by taking as read the minutes of the last A.G.M.—this on the proposal of Jim Park, seconded by George Mercer. Then we had Mac's report, which, as usual, was an excellent one, showing an average attendance of 34.73, the largest muster

being 65, and the smallest 17. The sting lay in the tail of the report, as usual, and, although the blessed word "resignation" was not actually mentioned, even Robinson knew what was intended, for he flippantly suggested that it be an instruction to the Hon. Secy. not to threaten to resign for the next 10 years. The Mullah proposed and Cotter seconded the adoption of the report, which was carried.

Knupe presented an admirable balance sheet, which suggests that we have now turned the corner. Anyhow, with a balance of £37 to the good, we need no longer fear the bailiffs, and there is obviously something in Kettle's unexpressed (and unimagined) suggestion that another Welcome Home should be given to the troops. [This satisfactory result is caused by the response of £64 8/6 to the Prize Fund, which members should bear in mind.—Ed.] Knupe had thoughtfully put out copies of the balance sheet so that we could follow his verbal explanation the more readily, and Grandad was thereby caught napping. He "presumed" that the balance sheet would be embodied in the printed annual report, and regretted that this had not been done last year. "At least," he said, "I can't find it." At once 20 gallant fellows leapt into the breach and showed him where to look. All of which proves, as John Milton said, that Grandad isn't the man he was. Arthur, by the way, seconded this motion, but he didn't bother about the printing of the balance sheet, and I question whether he can make top or tail of such things.

Bob Knupe proposed and Charlie Conway (complete with stockings) seconded a comprehensive motion as to subscriptions, which remain as before. Then came the star turn of the evening, for which we were waiting eagerly. Hilton-Hesketh brought in his motion for the alteration of competition Rule No. 12, to the end that members racing on Sundays would not be debarred from competing in Anfield events. The wigs were on the green in double time. My word! Cook "rose to a point of order" (without rising!), but H-H was allowed to get on with it. Archie seconded, and then the following members spoke: Mercer, Cook, Long Kinder, Grimmy and F.H. H-H, speaking again, made a bit of a fo-par (our literary giant evidently means fox pass—French.—Ed.) by pointing to the fact that the Club was formed in 1879, and suggesting that the rule he criticised went back to the same year, and was thus utterly out of date. This rather unwise remark caused Dave Rowatt to open a Hot Air Department, and 'pon my word, I thought there was going to be a riot. (Rowatt—riot: no pun intended, really!). However, we simmered down again, and the motion, on being put to the meeting, was hopelessly lost.

F.H.'s motion as to awarding Life Membership to any member on completing 1,000 runs was debated just as keenly, but in a different spirit. The Mullah remarked in passing that he, personally, had only 718 runs to his credit, a statement which evoked cries of "shame!" Arthur wanted £1,000 a year in addition to Life Membership. Teddy Edwards spoke of the suggestion as setting up a superannuation list. Cook, Zambuck, Billy Toft, Tomlin, Knupe and Gregg also got up on their hindlegs. The motion was carried by an overwhelming majority, and Grandad, Toft, Edwards and Teddy Worth, were promptly elected Life Members.

In the election of officers, Cook, proposed by the President, was deposited in the Presidential Chair with acclamation. He said that

he accepted the position with some hesitation and considered that others are better suited for the job. He made a bad start in his new office by at first refusing to replace Fell in the chair, but David simply hustled him into it, encouraged by Grimmy, who announced his friendly desire to "have a row" with Cook.

H. Green and Ven. were penalised for past services by being installed as Vice-Presidents—and I suppose they must have some vices or they wouldn't have secured this promotion. However, it's time somebody else dipped his hands into the vast profits attaching to the sub-captaincies, which fall to Eric Bolton and Threlfall, Kettle being, of course, re-elected Skipper.

Cook proposed the re-election of Knipe as Keeper of the Money Bags "at the same remuneration as before," and this resolution was carried with acclamation.

Mac was thrust back into the Secretarial job (with the aid of our old friend "acclamation"), which, on general admission, he's done splendidly. In fact, as Grandad put it, we must have Mac as secretary this year. To help him, Geoff Hawkes was elected assistant Honorary Secretary, the idea being that the Vis-count should take on a much greater share of the work than Gregg (owing to business) had been able to do. So Geoff is going to put his back into the task with a view, it may be, to succeeding Mac.

When we came to elect the Committee, Arthur's name was proposed, but the owner of it deprecated the idea of remaining on the job. He wasn't a cyclist and so on and so forth. However, the new president intervened here and cut out all this nonsense. "Off with his head," he said in effect, and, by himself proposing the re-election of Arthur as a committee-man, "acclamation" did the rest, and our Editor-person was literally stamped into office. The remaining members of the Committee are: Edwards, Grimmy, James, Jaybee, Kinder (J. of that ilk), Fell Mercer, and Williamson, with Cotter and Morris as auditors.

The Skipper's racing programme was passed after a most interesting discussion, which resulted in withdrawing the discretion of the committee over the 12 Hours Handicap, and adding a permission for tandems to compete in one of the 50's. (So, if Robinson can find that "capable occupant," we shall see some real sport. Is this in your line, Shem?).

As to the touring programme, Charlie Conway (greatly daring) had the audacity to propose that at Easter we go to— Well, what do you think? Right! Guessed it in once. Bettws-y-coed. Another Charlie (Tierney of that ilk), having been studying Bartholomew—or is it Bradshaw?—suggested an all-night ride to Nottingham, but nobody bit. The Vis-count's proposal of Cheltenham found greater favour, while Grimmy suggested a trip to enable us to butt in on the N.R. "24." In the end it was left to the Committee to decide (that's what committees are for) whether the enthusiasm of the younger generation—Cook, Edwards, and Tommy Royden, I s'pose—was sufficiently keen to warrant the fixture. Grandad made the happy suggestion that an all-night ride in connection with the unveiling of the Cyclists' War Memorial at Meriden might possibly be arranged. Grimmy's proposal that the August tour should be to the B.R. "100," (if any members were riding in that event) found favour and was adopted.

Grandad was the bearer of glad tidings, for he announced, amid great enthusiasm, that Del Strother (now finally settled at Biarritz—lucky dawg!) was desirous of reviving the "Del Strother Prize" in connection with the "100," and that Baron Fulton wished to offer two special prizes of five and three guineas, in connection with the N.R. "24" and some trike performance, respectively. I guess that the Baron, writing from P'il old Noo York, made his offer in dollars, leaving our 'Merican President to translate it into English. (You've got to read that bit with a Yankee accent, Arthur). Needless to say, these offers from our "exiles" were cordially accepted.

The meeting closed with the usual oratorical display, Stevie moving the charabanc—no, omnibus—vote of thanks. Altogether, it was a great evening (though I feared at one point we were in danger of descending to the level of the present House of Commons), and I wish we could have these annual meetings a bit oftener.

A word of regret at the retirement from office—temporary, I hope—of Turnor may fitly be expressed in conclusion. We shall miss the good old Mullah as one of our bosses, but I rejoice to be able to announce that his lapse into private membership is not due to his having bought a motor-scooter. There is no truth in the mischievous rumour to that effect.

O.X.O.

Resignation of President Fell.

It had been known for a considerable time that Dave Fell was anxious to relinquish presidential cares, as he felt that the office, now that the activities of the Club were in full swing, was one which should be occupied by a member more closely in touch with affairs, and it was he himself who took the bull by the horns at the A.G.M. and proposed his own successor. We were determined, however, not to lose his services on the Board, and against his will, he was elected a member of the Committee. During his occupancy of the chair, everything has gone through with the utmost friendliness, owing to his urbanity and good fellowship, which have endeared him to us all—who could have a row with David?—and our most cordial thanks are due to him for the large part he has taken in keeping the Club together during a very difficult period. Long may he wave!

Presidential Message.

Fellow Members,

Please excuse the personal pronoun and I will try to be brief. As though my election to Life Membership was not sufficient honour, you have also elected me your President at a meeting that was large in numbers and full of enthusiasm. As I told those present, I think you have made a mistake, but I am far from insensible of its meaning, and will do my best to be at least benevolent in my tyranny. I yield to no one in my enthusiasm for cycling in general and the A.B.C. in particular, and my strenuous ways are all inspired by that impulse even when you think my zeal is misguided or too emphatic. You must know me pretty well by now, and from the goodness and generosity of your hearts will make allowances. Goodwill is the lime in the mortar that binds us all together, and I bespeak this goodwill not only for myself, but for all the rest of the Officials on whom the primary burden of carrying on the Club rests. 1920 was a wonderful year for the Club—successful and happy.

Let 1921 and future years continue in the same way. It is only by the co-operation in a practical way of all the members that the Club's highest traditions will not only be maintained but increased. Please do not forget that there is a Secretarial Department (in recent years there has been an unfortunate tendency to overlook this and to send messages through others), which will be glad to hear from you direct on all Club affairs. Then there is the Captain, who should be consulted about racing and record breaking matters. Both the Hon. Secretary and the Captain ought to be notified of any proposed record attempts. I need not mention the Hon. Treasurer, as his ground is seldom poached upon. General Club matters can be mentioned to any member of the Committee, but do not expect them to accept your entry for a race, offer of checking services or notification of change of address, etc., which should be made to the Hon. Secretary direct.

I shall make mistakes—the man who never makes mistakes never makes anything—but with charity, goodwill and cordial co-operation we need fear nothing and—I like to be told when I am wrong.

W. P. COOK.

A. G. M. Echoes.

Gee! Some President!!

We shall have to speak more respectfully to Mister Cook now.

Guess the Club drink will henceforth be cocktails!

Archie and Williamson diddled Sir Eric Geddes very nicely by cycling over from the City of Perpetual Sunshine and back again after the meeting. That is the material to hand out to them!

That young lad, Wilf. Taylor, who revels in half centuries before breakfast, made a splendid little speech about dual club allegiance, which was eareared by the new Presider! And yet—

F.H., wearing a baby plate glass window on an eye glass string, soared away into great eloquence. A veritable Damocles!—or do I mean Demosthenes?

A Few Impressions of the A.G.M. By the Master.

I enquired my way towards the Hackins Hey, which I expected to find in a pastoral setting, but to my surprise the Common Hall loomed in the gloom of a dark spot surrounded by flaming gin and sin palaces. I aimed high, and at every step there greeted me evangelical phrases until on the topmost rung the words: "Anfield P.S.A." met me. I was right after all. Nor did the faces within belie the words without. There to be sure was the jolly chubby curate, to the right the bearded Non-conformist minister, yonder near the centre table the full whiskered country parson in rough tweeds—the fighting parson to the life, and there in the centre the Church of England vicar in sober and correct blacks looking very high church. And lastly that suave, clean shaven man, a zealot—nay almost a fanatic. Was it not Frank Roskell who first divided us in clergy and tankers. What a discernor, what a prophet! Either cycling is a religion or else the man who called us the Black Anfielders has been interpreted as referring to The Cloth.

Quite early on we got to the motions. Hilton preached like a revolutionary, almost Bolshevie to Anfield ears. His case was unripe, insufficiently canvassed, prepared or explained. Friend and foe of the proposal seemed to get hopelessly mixed up and most of us

it left cold. And the heresies uttered by some made me shudder for the peace of the Anfield soul.

The Life motion was more successful, but here we had the quaint spectacle of proposer and seconder being inspired from opposite poles. The former would ignore and cut dead the four men for whom the sacred robes had been prepared, but the seconder would have none of that and went on with anointing the saints. The most stirring scene of the evening was the going out into the wilderness of our Presider. The ablest thing he ever did was the manner in which he raised his successor from out of that motley crowd. He had after all these years accomplished the impossible. He leapt on Cook, held him aloft for us to behold and placed him, secure on the empty pedestal. His life's task done, Fell (a David indeed) withdrew from the world into the seclusion of his cell, as other supermen have done before him.

It had been an historic night and I slunk out.

C. H. T.—A Little Tribute.

The vacation of the Presidential chair by Dave Fell, and the universally acclaimed accession of Grandad to the highest office at the disposal of our members, are important events in the annals of the Anfield B.C., but we shall fail in our duty if we allow them entirely to overshadow another change, viz., the retirement of C. H. Turnor, from the Executive. The Mullah first occupied "the seats of the mighty" as sub-captain in 1912, becoming captain in 1913 and vice-president in 1914. In this last-named office he has continued till date. Thus, in one capacity and another, he has rendered nine years' yeoman service to the Club. He has hardly ever missed a Committee meeting, and, having also attended many Handicapping and Course Sub-Committee meetings, the severe tax upon his time and pocket is obvious. He can no longer undertake the same splendid service which has been his characteristic during the past nine years, and, rather than fall short of his lofty ideals, he prefers to lapse into private membership. We shall miss him as a wise and far-seeing counsellor, but he will be with us on our runs, and we know that, in his new capacity—that of a private member—he will be ever working for the good of the Club, to its lasting benefit. The Mullah's loyalty to the A.B.C., his devotion to its interests, his affection for his brother Anfielders—these things are undiminished.

Mullah! We raise our glasses to you!

A Hideous Vision.

The following advertisement appeared in the "Personal" column of the January "C.T.C. Gazette":—

ELDERLY MAN (widower), fond of cycling, would like to correspond with lady cyclist with a view to companionship.—
C.T.C., No. 7903.

On observing this, we had a terrible vision. We saw the Club runs hereof of one of their chief supporters. We saw yawning newspaper columns waiting in vain for letters condemning rear lights on bicycles. We saw the "Nag's Head," Willaston, a desert o' Sunday afternoons, and the "Castle," Wem, forsaken o' Saturday evenings. We saw Bass and Co.'s ordinaries going down, down, down. We saw grass growing on the road up the Glyn Valley for want of use, and the mountain tracks over the Berwyns gradually being lost to sight in the heather and bracken. We saw young lads like Taylor and

Kettle and Chandler left stranded without their guide, philosopher, and friend. We saw the visitors' book at Llandegla put aside as of no further use. But, worst of all, we saw a bald-headed old gentleman riding up Evang's Hill with a lady, his arm resting on her shoulder what time he helped her to ride.

And then Grandad came into the office with his scragpic smile. The hideous vision faded, for he was able to prove a complete alibi. The world is again bright and cheery—but what a shock we had!

ITEMS.

We understand that Newsholme has at last returned from abroad, having completed his vast organisation to increase the supply of his life-preserving elixir in preparation for the huge demand at Bettws, and he assures us he is now in a position to cope with any demands. We have no doubt he will resume his cycling activities with increased zest.

Among a list of recently published books we noticed the following: "Public Health and Insurance: American addresses. By Sir Arthur Newsholme. John Hopkins Press (Baltimore). \$2.50." So that's what General Kkovah has been doing across the pond, is it? We must confess that the fact of Newsholme having been knighted had escaped our attention, but we hasten now to offer our congratulations—or condolences, whichever he prefers.

"Wayfarer's" lecture on "The Lure of the Road," given in Liverpool in December under the auspices of the C.T.C. attracted such a big crowd and was so successful that a wave of Wayfaritis is sweeping through the cycling firmament, and W. M. R. is booked to repeat the dose at Birmingham, Sheffield and London, with "bites" from Manchester, etc. The slides mostly provided by Cook have a distinctly Anfield flavour, but are none the worse for that.

A terrible blunder has occurred. Both the December and January "Circulars" were "No. 178." Hence the new slogan is "A.M.G."—Arthur Must Go!

The Triennial Dinners of the R.R.A. have been revived, and the first post-war function is fixed for Friday, February 11th, at the Holborn Restaurant, when we hope to be adequately represented by our London "exiles."

The latest to join the C.T.C. are Cotter, E. Parry and Zambuck. The last named has set an excellent example by becoming a Life Member. All who value the freedom of the road should realise what a grand "insurance" the C.T.C. provides. It never was of more vital importance than now that cyclists should have a strong organisation, and with Stancer as Secretary there is no excuse for any Anfielder holding aloof.

The Stars of the Stage entertainment at the Picton Hall is fixed for Friday, February 25th, for the benefit of the League of Well-doers. Miss Theakstone, who is carrying on the work of her late brother George, has again asked Cook to sell tickets at 3/6 (reserved), 2/4 and 1/3, and he will be delighted to supply you. You not only get a fine show—the best value possible, as the name indicates—but you are helping a most worthy cause for which George Theakstone did so much. Don't let the Presider have to ask you to buy if you can possibly go!

Our old friend, Tegid Owen, has been in Liverpool recently, and tells us that the A.A. and M.U. Road reports are quite wrong as the Ruthin to Cerrigy-Druidion road has been restored, is quite good even now, and will be splendid before Easter.

All members of the Club will desire to sympathise with Miss Land of the Derby Arms, Halewood, in the death of her brother after a prolonged illness.

WHITTY.—Died December 27th, at Los Angeles, aged 58 years, MICHAEL JAMES, son of the late Alfred Whitty and grandson of the late Michael James Whitty, both of Liverpool.

The above announcement has a sad interest for all the older members of the Club as indicating the passing away of another old landmark, but even for the youngest member who never heard of Michael Whitty before there is considerable historical interest. Michael Whitty may be said to have been the genesis of the Anfield B.C., and he was certainly one of the founders who built better than they knew, for it was at his father's house that the first meeting was held to consider the foundation of a Bicycle Club, which after further meetings at the house of Cook, resulted in the Anfield Bicycle Club with Michael J. Whitty as Captain. Those who remember the early days will never forget the way "M.J." was the cynosure of all eyes when he rode round Newsham Park on his 63in. ordinary (probably the biggest bicycle ever ridden in Liverpool), and stood still balanced on it opposite the Seaman's Orphanage while he lighted a cigarette! No doubt this inspiring sight made many youths decide to become bicyclists in emulation, for in those days there were cyclists who could not even mount and dismount with dignity! Unfortunately, Whitty dropped out of the Club and went abroad many years ago, but for all time Anfielders will owe his memory a debt of gratitude for the part played by the first Captain.

We regret that in our last issue no mention was made of the nasty accident suffered by McCann in slipping on the greasy setts and faulty tram rails near Woodside Ferry. The difficulties in going to press during the Festive Season must be our excuse, so no doubt we shall be forgiven. We are glad Mac's knee is making satisfactory progress and hope to see him awheel again soon.

The answer to the Fireside Problem given in our last issue is "A Lemon," which Sir Earache Geddes is ready to hand out to cyclists on each and every occasion. The only correct solutions were received from Hubert Roskell and George Lake, doubtless the result of the experience they gained on November 27th, when they argued the point with James and Ven. in the train to Capenhurst, followed by the practical experience of walking to Chester in the dark! We were rather surprised not to receive a correct solution from Johnny Band after the cleverness he has displayed with his Eggs, Pigs and Barmaid Puzzles.

"The Count" Del Strother is now settled in business at Biarritz, and his new address will be found elsewhere. We all join in wishing Freddie good health and prosperity, and in heartily reciprocating his good wishes for X'mas and the New Year.

Tom Conway was over in Liverpool for X'mas and greatly regretted his inability to get to Tarporley on Boxing Day through

the failure of our Motor Transport section—but he did look in at the Kafé and we are glad to report that Mawr is as young and fit as ever. We told him how he had missed Madame Noah as a waitress at the Swan!

RUNS.

Halewood, January 1st, 1921.

At last the thing I have dreaded for years has occurred. Not content with hounding me into the carver's chair, and insisting upon being served with the most dainty portions of the meats—to the intense disgust of Knipe, who owing to infirmities of the jaw had to be spoon-fed with pobs—our Editor at last fixed me with his basilisk glare, and I was undone. And yet what can I add to the testimony already lavished upon this house? What further imagery, what adjectival embellishment employ in extolling its manifold virtues? Anything I say ought certainly to carry weight, but that is not everything. This run has already been written up by gourmets like Chem, scholastic giants like Knipe, epicures like Lizzie Buck, swanky scribes like the Editor, faultless stylists like the Master, and even by alleged cyclists like Cook. The whole ground has been gobbled up by these literary grab-alls, and I am left with the scraps. If I were a walker I could discant on the beauties of the scenery, the appetite and thirst engendered by this health-giving exercise, but I can't walk for nuts. If I were a cyclist (which heaven forbid!) like Cook, I could explain precisely how, when and where I did over the young fellers careless enough to find themselves in my company. If I had a slight penchant for food and drink the edibles and drinkables at this hostelry would compel pæons of unstinted admiration, but alas, with the passage of years my prowess in this direction (at one time the envy of the Club) has waned, and my appetite is quickly sated, a paltry three or four helpings of whatever is going, and a few quarts of beer being sufficient to attain this object. If I were a literary gent like Robinson, these defects would vanish, and I could fill this column with one swoop of the pen. As it is, I sit here, my mind a blank, and with only one lucid feeling, that of bitter and intense hatred of the Editor . . . I believe 30 sat down.

Ringway, January 1st.

The junketings of the festive season have always a depressing effect on the attendance at runs, and this was no exception, for on this, the first day of all the glad new year, we mustered only 12 Anfielders at the board, groaning under the weight of good things (I'm sure you won't mind my using these clichés, Arthur; we literary gents must turn out something of the sort at this season—it's expected of us. The company was, however, larger, for the Cheshire Roads had also fixed on Ringway for their rendezvous, with the result that quite a number of us were there in a dual capacity and had the satisfaction of putting in two runs at one fell swoop. Some had been very strenuous, having climbed mountains to attain and depart from Wildboardlough, and, not satisfied even then, had put in some extensions in the afternoon. We missed Bick, away on tour, and were sorry to hear that Geo. Mundell was rather seriously ill. Other social engagements in the evening caused the party to break up early, and all slithered away before 7-30.

Pulford, January 8th.

I confess I do not make an idol of the Club and turn out merely for the sake of supporting the fixture. Although I am convinced that some of our members make a fetish of the Saturday meet, I find it impossible to blame them, for look you, if it were not for these self-sacrificing, unselfish stalwarts, where should I be on my occasional runs with no tea arranged for me and no pleasant company on my journey home in the dark. No! Good luck to the stalwarts and may they all win the attendance prize. I reached Pulford via Farndon and Hope, in the company of W. P. Cook, whom I overtook on the top Chester Road. The fact that I overtook the redoubtable one is, I consider, worth chronicling, don't you? I felt disposed to take a shorter route, but was persuaded to carry on; how nicely he can do it! "It's very little further and we shall get a nice cup of tea on the way."

Thirteen sat down to tea, after which the Liverpool Contingent were led off by Cody, then the week-enders went off with Walters, and finally the Wirralites, seven strong, put out for home.

It was a heartening experience to meet the great old men of the Club and the grand young hopefuls at this festive board and to enjoy once again the sense of comradeship with them. I had a fit of the blues and was down in the dumps when I started out, but thanks to these fine fellows and the jolly ride, my load was blown to blazes before I landed home again, tired, but happy.

High Lane, January 8th.

The writer is under no delusion as regards his literary ability, and suffers from a congenital and ineradicable diffidence, so that it came as a horrible shock when the Verdant One intimated that as he had not written up a run for seven long years, he must do it now. Excuses and downright refusals being overridden, the best must be made of a very bad job.

The outward journey was a very enjoyable one, the wind being dead behind and the roads in splendid condition. There was a little rain in front of the Mullah's headlight, but none elsewhere.

Until tea the time was chiefly occupied by a humorous description of a million pound "push-bike" garage—with a house built around it.

Messrs. Green, Turnor, Buckley, Grimshaw, Warburton, Frank Mundell, Williamson, Edwards, the Orrells, Bailey, Hodges, Aldred, and several others whose names the present offender's memory refuses to disgorge, were to be seen with their feet in the trough. Those who had been fasting for several days were allowed a second issue of cold meat without extra charge.

Tea over, the dipsomaniacs trickled downstairs to see if it still rained, leaving the Pussyfeet to indulge in a feast of leg pulling. It is said that the chief victim's lower limbs were so lengthened that he had to raise his saddle several inches before he could start for home. Archie's able exposition of the principles of infernal combustion caused much merriment.

The dry party broke up early leaving the Tank people still in the midst of their duties. The return journey was made in fine weather and with a hurricane in the rear.

Northop, January 15th.

There were 13 of us. Our lucky number. And I was "The Thirteenth Chair" (not Mrs. Pat Campbell). I fear I will have to take up the question again of starting Club teas too early. I arrived at 6-5 and found the Twelve Apostles half way through the feed and suffered in consequence. It is true the Presider and Band said the time was 6-20, but you all know what rotten watches they carry. However, the feed was a clinker. A good hot meal in the cosy downstairs room and none of us felt like turning out again. By keeping my ears well back, I learned that Teddy Edwards had signed on at Llandegla, while the Presider had lured Band and Geoff round by Rossett and Cefn-y-bedd. "Weighfairer" had been sighted near Hinderton, returning from his 90 minutes frolic, but North Wales is off his map! Lord Hawkes was there to see Geoff make a good start in the Secretarial Department, and among the others were Cody, Royden, Parry, Barnard and Fawcett. Threlfall made a most auspicious debut as sub-captain, and has evidently studied hard under Ven. He saved us sixpence a head by diplomacy, and pushed a plant stand over! Kettle and Kook departed for Nant Hall, and it is to be feared they have become religious in their old age. They told us that the previous Sunday they had worshipped at the shrine of Huw Morris, in Llansilin churchyard, and were on the morrow going to visit the monument to Dr. Samuel Johnson in the Nant Afon Ystrad, near Denbigh, under the guidance of Professor Rock-andtappit, who by the way was a most distinguished absentee from this fixture right on his own doorstep. Why will people have birthdays and children's parties on Saturdays? Ask Cotter! After the departure of the week-enders, the rest of us soon started for England, Home and Beauty, and except for some circus performances on Ewloe Hill (where the railway company have "repaired" the bridge with gravel several inches deep, which is like riding through sand) we won through most pleasantly.

Knutsford, January 15th.

Whether I am getting worse or the roads I cannot say, but after hours and hours of pushing, pulling, jumping and plugging through treacle and glue, I crawled into the yard at the Angel, skipped off the "push bike" that would not push without being pushed, and then dragged myself inside. In the midst of things the door was thrown open and in staggered Mandall, after rushing to be in time for a 6 o'clock tea; when he regained his speech his first words were: "Where is Cody?" but it seems that Cody rides with discretion. Upon finding he had no companion in his distress, he followed an excellent example and wired in.

After tea the company retired to the "Tank" and talked of many things, such as the loss and recovery of Tomlin's life savings, French speed-irons, and a tandem trip by Buckley and Grimshaw, which, though very pathetic, caused much mirth.

Irby, January 22nd.

Rude Boreas held sway this day and did himself quite well. Twenty-three members wended their various ways to the "Prince of Wales," the early arrivals profiting by previous experience and getting their feet under the table in very good time. The cyclists were appropriately in the majority, and the remainder came along

under their own steam by Shank's pony. Charlie Conway walked down from his country seat and we were pleased to see our old member, Mr. Will Thompson, who had travelled from the wilds of Wallasey to be present. Jay Bee regaled us with a pot pourri of titbits culled during his flying visit to South Wales, in which he described alternately his appreciation of the scenery through which he had passed, and his apprehension of an early outburst of "Red Revolution" amongst the Ironworkers of the district.

There was no early rush for home, such as usually prevails at Caester, etc., and it was after eight before the main body deployed on the road. The melodious twins and Cotter escorted Mr. Thompson to Woodchurch before they could prevail upon a bus to stop, and the last named boarded it. The remaining two plodded their weary way on foot, disdaining the use of any such mechanical aid to progression. (In parenthesis I may remind the plutocrats of the Club that the end of the month approached—verb, sap!). Of such stern stuff are real Anfielders made.

Notes: Threlfall having assumed the mantle of Ven did his best at the end of the feast, but not yet possessing the suavity of his predecessor in office, did not make even his own expenses out of it. I almost forgot to mention that our Presider could not find a victim for a week-end stunt, so went home! This phenomenon probably accounts for all the wet weather we have had since.

Siddington, January 22nd.

When I blew in at 5-15, after a 33 miles ride, in which I had acted as pacemaker for a snorting westerly wind, I found Turnor, Bailey, the Orrell clan, Frank Mundell and several others, whose names are not yet known to me, all glowering at the fire in that hopeless, joyless way that is the habit of the human animal when waiting to be fed. When a move was made to the room containing the festive board, Appy was found repairing a hole in an inner tube with rubber solution and sulphurous ejaculations. He had come through "on the pump," not feeling sufficiently skilful to repair a puncture without the help and moral support of real cyclists. Then Buck and Crow arrived, and things begun to hum. Crow took it on himself to exercise a fatherly care over Grimmy's gastronomic activities, to the great disgust of the latter, who made quite a scene when Crow refused to allow him to have jelly with iced cake. Eventually, by a strategical movement from the right, a dish of jelly was passed along and Grimmy was "Appy." Meanwhile the General and Bert had been showing evident signs of uneasiness. The *raison-d'être* was a nice warm fire about 15 inches behind their backs. First Bert and then the General began shedding garments at an alarming rate, until modesty and propriety demanded a halt.

As is usual at Sam Wood's, the meal was top-hole, and even such gluttons as the Anfielders had to confess themselves beaten, and retire from the field, whilst yet there were still heaps of good things waiting demolition.

At 7-20 the assembly broke up into its constituent parts, and the writer toddled off to Bucklow Hill, via Knutsford, with Turnor, Green and Co., and on leaving them there, pursued his lonely homeward journey by the light of a brilliant full moon.

Chester, January 29th.

Hello! Are you there? Hello! Plonk! Plonk! Are you there? Yes! Yes! Yes! Hello! Can't hear you. Awfully indistinct! Hello! That's better! Yes, speaking. Who are you? Simpson? Who the—hello! Which Simpson? Are you there? Hello! No, I haven't finished. Who's that speaking? Cluck-cluck-cluck-duck! Yes! Yes! Which Simpson? Oh! Arthur. Why the—hello!—Why the dickens didn't you say so? At Chester? Yes. Well—er—why not ask Cook to do it; he never does anything for the Club now. What? Get away! The mere accident of his being President has nothing to do with the matter. What's that? No, I didn't suggest we should stand him a dinner. It was the other way about. Really, old fright, I'm awfully busy. All right, I'll cough up the details now. Ready? Righto! Er—er—er—well, a bonnie day, with topping roads. Glorious day for a ride. Teddy Edwards thought of going via Llandegla, but gave it up in view of the wind. The Skipper talked as though he had detoured through Eaton Park; so did Parry. Grandad and Jay Bee had been round the earth—Kelsall and Palestine sort of thing, y'know—while Tommy Royden and Robinson infringed Jay Bee's copyright by coming out the shortest way. Ven was there, looking just as prosperous as usual, despite the fact that, so far as he is concerned, secret commissions are a thing of the past. Three of the Manchester crowd came to Chester instead of going to Alderley. Makes you wonder why alternative runs are held, doesn't it? When Threlfall took up the collection, he clicked right away with a fiver. He says he was told to keep the change, but I think he misunderstood what was said. The rest of us thought the fiver was to pay for all our teas, but that also was a misunderstanding. Hello! Yes, 22 present, including Cotter, in leggings, and the Kinders on tandem. Heaps of weekend parties. Kook and Kettle for Llanfair-wem; the Kinders for Aber-wem; and a lot for Liverpool (including New Brighton and Higher Trammere). Hello! Don't cut us off, operator. We haven't begun yet. And I say, Arthur—Hello! I say. Is that you? I was speaking to Mr. Simpson. Who are you? What? The gas works? Ring off, please

[This eloquent testimony to our superb telephone system will delight
Joc.—Ed.]

Alderley, January 29th.

We regret up to time of going to press no account of this run is to hand.—Ed.

A. T. SIMPSON,

Editor.

ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

FORMED MARCH 1879.

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

MONTHLY CIRCULAR.

Vol. XVI.

No. 181.

FIXTURES FOR MARCH, 1921.

	Light up at
Mar. 5.—Halewood (Derby Arms)	6.25 p.m.
„ 12. Pulford (Grosvenor)	6.38 p.m.
„ 14. Committee Meeting, Common Hall, Liverpool, 7 p.m.	
„ 19. Warrington (Lion).....	6.51 p.m.
„ 25-28. EASTER TOUR.—Bettws-y-Coed (Glan Aber)	7. 3 p.m.
April 2.—Halewood (Derby Arms)	7.16 p.m.

ALTERNATIVE RUNS FOR MANCHESTER MEMBERS.

Mar. 5.—Ringway (Mainwood Farm).....	6.25 p.m.
„ 12. Knutsford (Angel)	6.38 p.m.
April 2.—Ringway (Mainwood Farm).....	7.16 p.m.

Full moon 23rd inst.

Committee Notes.

21, Water Street,
Liverpool.

Resignations.—Mr. E. W. HARLEY'S resignation, in order that he might become a 'First Claim Member' of the Shaftesbury C.C., has been accepted. The resignations of Messrs. D. FRANCE and H. D. KILLICK have been accepted—the former with very great regret.

New Members.—Mr. E. W. HARLEY has been re-elected. Messrs. A. LUCAS and W. P. CREED have been elected to Active Membership.

New Address.—F. E. DOLAMORE, "B" District, Infirmary Street, Leeds.

DATES OF RACES.—The following dates have been arranged: 1st "50," April 16th; 2nd "50," May 7th; Invitation "100," May 16th; "12", June 11th; Invitation "24," July 8th and 9th; 3rd "50," September 10th. The last named event will be open to tandems and will probably be held on the Shropshire Course.

EASTER TOUR.—Early notification of intention to take part in the Easter Tour is extremely desirable; I have already a considerable number of names. The tariff at the "Glan Aber," will be the same as last year, viz., 12/- per day (dinner, separate bed and breakfast) and 11/- per day for those who "double up." The following arrangements have been made for the day trips: Friday, Rhydyfen, Avenig, near Bala; luncheon will be at 2 p.m. in order that those going down on the Friday may have an opportunity of joining the Thursday party. Saturday: Llanfairfechan (Queens); luncheon at 1-30 p.m. Sunday: Beddgelert (Plas Colyn); luncheon at 1-30 p.m. Monday: Denbigh (Bull); luncheon at 1-30 p.m.

It has been decided that the fares of the Manchester members of the Committee attending Committee Meetings and of the Delegates attending N.R.R.A. Meetings may be a charge upon Club Funds.

The Committee had before them a Requisition, signed by fourteen members, for a Special General Meeting further to consider the question of members taking part in Sunday races held by other clubs, and after full discussion the meeting decided (under Rule 8) to leave it to the Requisitionists to call the meeting themselves.

The Committee have accepted, with many thanks, Mr. R. A. Fulton's generous offer of a Special Prize of £5 5/- for the member winning the N.R. "24," and £3 3/- for the member winning the "Tricycle Trophy."

F. D. McCANN,

Hon. Secretary.

As will be seen by the Committee Notes, a requisition signed by 14 members has been made, convening a Special General Meeting on March 11th. This requisition was fully discussed at the last Committee Meeting, and in view of the fact that the question involved had been thoroughly thrashed out at the A.G.M. and the motion defeated by an overwhelming majority, it was felt that there was no justification for putting the general body of members to the time, trouble, and expense of attending another meeting to deal with the same matter. This view was carried by a majority of the Committee. The requisitionists have therefore availed themselves of the alternative of calling the meeting themselves. The Committee feel quite justified in acting as they have done in the circumstances, as had they complied with the requisition a precedent would have been established which might have had far-reaching consequences. The rule in respect of special meetings was never framed with the intention of enabling such meetings to be called to discuss matters already completely disposed of at the A.G.M., but only to deal with any fresh matter that might arise during the year, and over which it was considered the general body of members should be consulted. It was felt that this explanation was due to the members.

As the question involved in the requisition is a most important one, and one vitally affecting the interests not only of the Club, but of the sport, it is hoped that as many members as possible will attend for a full and free discussion of the matter.

ITEMS.

Hearty congratulations to "Wilson" Barratt and Miss Latter, who were married at Shawbury, on January 31st. May we hope to see H.S.B. more often at Club fixtures now he has settled down?

The Authorities have decided that "Wayfarer's" lecture, "The Lure of the Road," is not an entertainment! We thought there was a catch somewhere!

By an oversight we referred last month to Zambuck joining the C.T.C. as a Life Member. Of course we ought to have remembered that he joined that organisation many years ago and served on the Liverpool D.A. Committee before he joined us. What he has now done is to purchase a Life Membership, which is a very sound investment.

In a letter from the Baronial One to Cook, he writes in part: "I am very glad that Edwards, Toft and Worth have been added to the list of life members. This is very pleasing to me indeed, and I think it is only what the Club should do for members who have been such staunch supporters and active helpers for so many years.

"I am leaving next week to spend the month of February in Bermuda, and I shall revert to cycling days because the only means of locomotion in the Island outside of horseflesh is the two wheeler. I shall probably be equipped with all the contrivances that modern invention has produced to make the bicycle as cumbersome as possible, with the handle-bars covered with various levers for hot and cold water, and through express elevators. At the time you are reading this letter I shall no doubt be giving up my soul in an endeavour to pass some husky, dark-skinned native on some of the small hills which prevail in the Island."

The Cyclists War Memorial on Meriden Green is to be unveiled by Lord Birkenhead, on Saturday, May 21st. It is hoped that the Club will be adequately represented at the ceremony. No doubt an all-night ride to Meriden and back to Stafford could be arranged, and members are asked to let the Secretarial Department know if this would appeal to them.

The Roll Call says:—

"There was an Anfield fellow called Cook, Cook, Cook,
Who of cuttings had a great big book, book book;
He took a fountain pen
And he slew a dozen men
Ere the poor things had time to look, look, look."

This is all right, but in the interests of historical accuracy we must explain that Cook has neither a book of cuttings (how voluminous it would be!) nor a fountain pen!

We offer our sympathy to Fawcett in the sad loss he has sustained through the death of his father.

HOW THE ANFIELD IS MANAGED.

Our contemporary "Cycling" has of late contained many interesting and instructive articles, and our journal might well take a leaf out of its reams. The article now in my mind is one entitled "How a Road Club is Managed," showing in pictures how numerous clubs (ours included) run their races. In the case of the Anfield it gave a striking view of the start of the "100" by depicting our secretary, Mac., in deeply interested, yet critical attitude, watching a rider being pushed off. In the case of several other clubs it also showed influential members in serious pose, gazing at knackered speedmen.

I should like to see this idea further developed, either in our own columns or in those of wider range, with contributions explaining "How Anfield Tours," "How Anfield Concerts are Managed," with illustrations of late-comers wrangling with Ven, the Steward, where to doss, and a snapshot of Chem (front view) in an episode of "Pardonnez-moi" set off by a back view of Arthur hitting the dominoes. "How the Anfield Tank is Managed" would show us Hubert at his best, as Sitting Bull, with sidelights and shadowy effects of members of the affiliated James Cycling Club.

M.C. and A.C. Dinner, January 29th.

In reporting an annual function it often becomes a platitude to say that this particular one was the best ever. I cannot recollect that I have done this in my previous reports so that I can, without fear of critics or my own conscience, say that the M.C. and A.C. Dinner, 1921, was the best I have ever had the honour to participate in.

First of all we were at the palatial Queens Hotel, secondly, thanks to Mr. W. E. Jones, I found myself amidst delightful company; thirdly, the speeches were models of brevity and wit, and to cap it all, the M.C. and A.C. Chorus provided an exquisite musical programme. Our member, Mr. A. Lusty, brought down the house with an imitation of a checker's comments on the riders' efforts in a race.

My programme is covered with signatures, including the following: J. Urry, H. Genders, G. McCloud, F. T. Bidlake, G. H. Stancer, S. M. Vanheems, E. H. Sexton, C. H. Gough and Tom Peck which gives you a slight idea of the importance of this function from a truly cycling point of view.

Running through all the speeches, either thinly veiled or openly stated, was some reference to the supposed necessary antagonism between cyclists and motorists, but I agree with Mr. Bidlake that there are few organisations in which the intermingling of these two sections of road users is so smoothly carried out as in the M.C. and A.C.

It was a delightful night, and my thanks are due to the M.C. and A.C. for their kindness, and to the A.B.C. for the honour of being allowed to represent them.

H.P.

MANCHESTER ROADS FOR MANCHESTER MEMBERS.

A landmark connected with the Mersey has been lost of late, by the disappearance of the very ancient paving in Ford Lane, Northenden—the approach of the Old Didsbury Ford. This concerns us, for to the Mersey we owe the strong sympathy between the Anfielders and the Cheadle men, the custodians of its upper reaches.

Last time I passed by that lane on my way to an Anfield winter run I judged that pavement safe till Doomsday, for the ford is quite disused, and as a cart track the lane only gives access to some fields, but I reckoned without the local Golf Club, whose members—soulless profiteers to a man—objected to the great cobbles as hurtful to their chariot wheels when using the lane to reach the links.

The notorious pavement occurred where the lane dips to the level of the river, and dated from some period before the completing of the river's artificial banks between Stockport and Run-corn, when it was in the habit of flooding the road. The immense blocks of stone were proof against any of these Stockport outbursts.

Ford Lane, though barely five feet wide, forms part of the old main road from Manchester via Wilmslow into Cheshire, by Long-sight, Slade Lane, Burnage Lane, and then across to the "Diddis-bury" ford, by a road now lost, of which bits can be found in the Burnage fields near the Stockport boundary stone. (Know it, Bikley?). Beyond the ford it continued of course as now, through Northenden and Styal. Altogether a very roundabout affair, a play-thing of the Mersey's snake-like movements.

Manchester then had but two roads to the south, springing from one single stem at Longsight, this road and the London road. There was, of course, no bridge over the river between Stockport and Stretford, instead of which, as tells us Fletcher Moss, there were three fords close together to Cheadle, Gatley and Northenden, all approached from the village green at Diddisbury, where stood and still stands, the Cock Inn—the scene of the cockfights.

The bridge at Cheadle was built by Prince Charlie during his military exploit in "the '45," because notwithstanding his good reception in Manchester, he judged the Stockport bridgeholders to be an uncertain quantity (such as they remain to this day). Perhaps they had a penchant for the Georges, whereas already then the Cheadlers were men of open mind.

The ford at Gatley has completely disappeared, but Lowcock is bent on tracing it by the aid of his local influence.

One relic is left us in Ford Lane—the old stone footway, raised five feet above the low portions of this out-of-date highway; its tottering stones betray its age. Travellers all too fresh from the Cock have to perform tight-rope feats to maintain themselves on it.

RUNS.

Alderley, (Trafford) January 29th.

Bad day accounted for poor turn up (12). Excellent tea provided by the landlord, who had catered for 20, and tried to make the dozen eat the score's share. After tea we repaired to the "sanctum sanctorum," where the call was for more "nothings" than "tan-kards." The main features of the run were:—

"Somebody came late,"

Some members of 'some' club were very rude,

But all seemed perfectly happy in the end, and

The homeward journey was very enjoyable."

Halewood, February 5th.

On my arrival I found a fair number of real cyclists in the lower room, and just on schedule time the walking party arrived, among whom I noticed when the lamp was lighted, Barton, H. M. Buck, Chem, Hubert, a friend of Hubert, James, Lake and Simpson. Later the last named noticed me, in fact the incident I most distinctly remember about this fixture is a very one-sided conversation with the Editor, who informed me, with the air of one conferring a favour, that he had decided I should write the account of this run for the Circular. I am sure there are many who are bursting to see themselves in print if he would only encourage them, and this is how I feel about it:—

A volunteer, oh Arthur dear,
Is worth three press men quite.
When me you pressed—like all the rest
I meekly said "all right;"
But A.T.S., you must confess,
You tell the tale so well
When seeking news: One can't refuse
Or say "Oh go to—someone else."

The interval before tea was enlivened by the exposure of a plot hatched against Cook, who declares that his election to his present office was simply a move to compel him to grace the main table upstairs at the Derby Arms and prevent him from intruding upon the Chapel Party. To celebrate the success of their scheme, they had, during tea, one (each) with him, and to make quite certain that he really would be a jolly good fellow, sent the bill upstairs to be collected from Cook. Perhaps, however, as it reminded him to have one himself, he has forgiven them. He had also some little satisfaction in the knowledge that they were after all inflicted with the presence of a real H.R.A. in the person of the Skipper, for whom Cotter deputised upstairs.

I believe there was a total of 27, but from the volume of sound each time the Halewood chorus was sung, there appeared to be nearer 40 than 30. The glee party hung well together until the walkers left for the 8.30, and there must have been a fair contingent without bicycles, for in the compartment on the way home I counted the Anfield lucky number, 13, who made the atmosphere so cloudy that Chem could scarcely see his way to recite to us "Coming Home!"

Ringway, February 5th.

The party consisted of Buckley and his jester, Trevor-Tomlin, Turnor and friend, adorned with handsome C.T.C. badge, Grimshaw, Edwards, Davies, Orrell, and a member from Birmingham (by road), answering to the appropriate name of Lusty, also Bolton and Koenen, Aldridge, Horton, Craushaw, Warburton and Bailey.

After my frequent praises of the cuisine at this hostelry, much more is likely to be misinterpreted; I am suspected of ulterior motives and in the absence of Comrade Bert I have to face the blushes alone. And why was Green absent? To attend a dress rehearsal of the C.P.A. Fancy Dress Ball and pass the toilettes. The peeping Bert.

Little is spoken at Ringway before and during meals, as everyone is occupied first with anticipation and later with mastication. After that those that let appetite keep pace with digestion took part in Bikley's hunting causerie, for once again our old member has returned to the pastime of his paleolithic ancestors. And then the Mullah told one of his stories. To my mind these are the test case at each run. His tales are either shockers or braintwisters in which "jeu de mot" mixes it with "jeu d'esprit." This sounds deep, but so are his stories. If you miss the point you feel an awful fool, but you may miss it if you feel a bit benumbed. So you square yourself, cock your ears and let loose your grey matter. I usually chuckle (not a loud guffaw, for that would give me away, and the point is too neat for that), but just a gurgle. Old Bik is above these rules, he is exempt, he just shakes his avoirdupois. As I came so late the Mullah retold the story for my benefit, and they all saw the joke before I was quite ready. I must come earlier in future.

Tarporley, February 12th.

"I hear you were at Tarporley on Sat., please write it up." Such is the demand from the Great One, received during the week, when, after a day and a half in the fresh air and amidst the strong waters, one is beginning to ask "Where was I last Sat.?" However, I believe I was at Tarporley, where a horde of unmannerly push-bikers (sic) were intent on depriving me of that sustenance which is essential to the "innards." Then after the last bone had been cleaned bare, two of the most prominent ruffians collared three of us who had done "nuffin" and hadn't been allowed to do anyone, and whirled us off on a mysterious journey to a new port. One fell by the way and was seen no more, but eventually the other poor victim and myself eluded our gaolers in the darkness, and in such a state were we, that we had to call at a wayside chapel for rest and meditation. From this point memory is a blank.

There seemed to be a great number of people at the Swan, with little blue badges, large red noses and other ornamental endowments; some a gift from Nature, others acquired by perseverance. They all seemed to know each other, and even expressed joy at the meeting, but I noticed the older ones carried their lamps with them wherever they went. I wonder why?

Northop, February 19th.

The gifted contributor whom we had commissioned to write up this fixture has lamentably failed us, but owing to the kindness of Jimmy Williams in sending us a marked copy of the "Northop and Holywell Gazette and Squeedunk Bladder," we are able to rectify the omission by the following extract from the columns of our contemporary, which is well known as one of the most brilliantly edited newspapers in the principality:—

OPENING OF THE CYCLING SEASON. VISIT OF THE ANFIELD B.C. TO NORTHOP.

"Last Saturday great excitement prevailed in the City of Northop. During the week a rumour had prevailed that the famous Black Anfielders were opening the cycling season with a run to Northop, and after careful enquiries from the police it was discovered that rumour was not a lying jade, and that if the weather kept fine

the members of this hardy band of wheeling wayfarers might be expected at the Red Lion for tea at 6 p.m. Appreciating the vast importance of the occasion, the Mayor called a Town's Meeting, at which it was decided that an official welcome should be given. Resolutions in favour of decorating the High Street and erecting a Triumphal Arch were rejected, as the Town Clerk reported that anything in the nature of ostentation would be abhorrent to the Club, which mostly consisted of modest young fellows. Consequently utter simplicity prevailed, and only the Mayor, Town Clerk, Recorder, Chief of Police, and a few dozen representatives of the Council and Bench of Magistrates assembled on the Green, accompanied by the Town Band, which played choice selections of appropriate music between 5 and 6 p.m. The streets were densely lined with people, for not only did the citizens turn out in full force, but the motor-busses brought in crowds of excited folk from all the country round. We must confess that the way the Club arrived in single spies rather marred the proceedings, and we were surprised to find they were all on pushbikes, but the greatest disappointment of all was the absence of that famous journalist and lecturer "Wayfarer" (Author of 'The Lure of the Road' and "Cycling for Married Men.") It was evident that the large preponderance of the fair sex had been attracted by the expectation of seeing "Weighfarer," whose wonderful hirsute adornment and glorious eyes have created such havoc in Metropolitan circles. Our representative, who was stationed on the Church Tower with a very powerful pair of binoculars, informed the Mayor that he could see "Weighfarer" frolicing at Heswall, and as soon as this news circulated among the populace, they dispersed rapidly and the Town Band departed without playing "See the Conquering Hero Comes."

Of the 13 at Northop there were only three week-enders (Cook, Mandall and Kettle), and as Cody was going to his friends at Pant Asaph, the Holywell-St. Asaph route was taken, and a delightful moonlight ride enjoyed. At Denbigh, Jimmy James was found in possession and worshipping at the shrine of either Bacchus or Venus, but where, oh where were our motor and walking captains? However, the quartet had a very jolly evening, as the invoice next morning evidenced in two items. Sunday morning saw the arrival of Taylor and Montag, making a total muster of six, but as Mandall and James were anxious to reach Halewood for tea, "the tour proper" party was again four. The Professor certainly piloted us delightfully, and our route was up the Afon Ystrad Valley to a lane short of Nautglyn, where we turned left and up on to the shoulder of Moel Gasyth. Leaving our machines, we walked to the summit and were rewarded with a glorious panoramic view; then resuming the pigskin (copyright phrase) we crossed the Denbigh-Cerrig road and just beyond Meifod turned right and dropped into the Afon Conwyst Valley by a remarkable shelf road and reached the Clywedog Valley at the meeting of the waters where two fords were negotiated over narrow side bridges. The ride down the Vale through Cyffylliog to Pont Uchel in brilliant sunshine was memorable, and by taking Lady Bagot's drive the river and gorge were followed to Rhewl. How tame the main Vale of Clwyd road seemed after such a feast of beauty! The only compensating fact was that the wind was favourable and provided a fast 5 miles into Denbigh again for lunch. After leaving the Professor, the trio made for Llangwfan, and then took the mountain road between Moel Arthur and Moel Llys-y-coed to the

Star crossing, and in due course Queens Ferry was crossed and Willaston reached for tea with the Brothers Rogers, Band and Cotter. Another brilliant moonlight ride and the week-end was numbered among the golden ones, which more might have enjoyed.

Ollerton, February 19th.

Ye Olde Dun Cow, situated at a convenient distance from the Pig and Glue Pot, proved a good draw, nineteen members being present. The house itself is a quaint one, preserving the characteristics of the old inn to a degree not usual so close to town. The party assembled in the tap-room with its large fire-place and settees, and tea was served in a dining-room of the old style—low, with heavy oak rafters. The fare was also of the old-fashioned kind and provided on the old-fashioned scale—we were attended to by an old-fashioned serving-maid, and when the meal was finished the old-fashioned mother appeared on the scene—but, alas, she came selling new-fashioned post-cards.

The new snub was not out, having had some kind of an argument with the back of a cart, and we were sorry to hear that he was somewhat shaken and damaged in consequence, though, it is hoped, not seriously. There were occasional flashes of the Old Raven, but it seemed to me that he was not quite up to form—though some of his remarks were pointed, they hadn't that rapier quality for which we look. The party was somewhat broken up after tea, and disbanded altogether fairly early.

Chester, February 26th.

There was certainly not a full attendance of members at this fixture, but it was getting on that way, and the first musical evening under Grandad's presidency must be written down a huge success. It seemed to me that there were no fewer than 50 at tea. "Full House" notices were quickly placed in position, and the Roskell-James-Lake combination went elsewhere for a meal and joined us later. Counting Hubert as one only, I reckon there would be about 55 members and friends present. Teddy Edwards had found Llandegla on his line of march, and had paused there to sign the book. Robinson had been showing Cook round several Cheshire lanes—on Cook's tandem—ending up at Kelsall, and missing the big Manchester contingent, with scores of twicers. Tommy Royden brought his son, Charlie Conway his stockings, Billy Toft his baggage in the form of Dave Fell, Bob Knipe a sore throat, Arthur his little brother Walter, and Shem his mandoline. Shem told me in strict confidence that he is going to do his hair like Robinson's in future.

After tea we settled down to our evening's entertainment. Shem opened the ball by giving us some pleasant mandoline music, which was greatly appreciated. Then came Walter Simpson with two or three very funny stories, followed by an admirable burlesque of F. V. St. Clair (an old-time music hall favourite) in an ultra-patriotic song, which brought down the house. After Robinson had given us a charming little "restitution," the Rogers boys provided us with a couple of those rapid songs, which, as Ven says, "fair make you sweat to listen to." If these lads can ride as fast as they can sing, some of our records will be getting smashed.

It was about this time that a note was passed along to Grandad

as follows: "Wouldn't it be a good idea to have an interval for drinks?—Pussyfoot." I don't know who this particular Pussyfoot was, but I rather suspect Teddy, or Jay Bee, or Gregg. Anyhow, enough is as good as a feast to a blind horse, and Cook rose to the occasion.

Then we had Zambuck in a "restitution," and Bob Knipe in broad Scots. After that we went back and worked all our artists over again. What with Shem and his "Pardonnez moi," and Knipe and his "wee bit Cotter hoose"—well, 'pon my word, I thought I was in Paris, or Stowe-nine-Churches, or High Ercaill, or somewhere. As a grand finale, Fell gave us the ever-green (I nearly said "Ever Ready," Arthur!) "Razors," by William Gillette—or was it Clemak? Then we sang Auld Lang Syne and pushed off for home.

In the yard I saw "Wayfarer" surrounded by a crowd of gesticulating Mancunians, who were evidently trying to prove to our brilliant, eminent, yet modest, litterateur-lecturer that all the best clubs hold frequent annual general meetings. As I started up the engine I noticed "Wayfarer" taking his coat off, and I thought there was going to be a row, but I heard next day that he was merely putting on his extra waistcoat.

A. T. SIMPSON,
Editor

ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

FORMED MARCH 1879.

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

MONTHLY CIRCULAR.

Vol. XVI.

No. 182.

FIXTURES FOR APRIL, 1921.

		Light up at
April	2.—Halewood (Derby Arms)	7-16 p.m.
"	9. Kelsall (Royal Oak)	8-29 p.m.
"	11. Committee Meeting, 7 p.m., at 21 Water Street, Liverpool,	
"	16. First 50 Miles Handicap.....	8-41 p.m.
"	23. Pulford (Grosvenor Arms).....	8-54 p.m.
"	30. Warrington (Lion).....	9- 6 p.m.
May	7.—Second 50 Miles Handicap.....	9-19 p.m.
"	9. Committee Meeting, 7 p.m.	
"	14-16. WHITSUNTIDE—INVITATION "100."	9-31 p.m.

ALTERNATIVE RUN FOR MANCHESTER MEMBERS.

April	2.—Ringway (Mainwood Farm).....	7-16 p.m.
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Full moon 22nd inst.

Committee Notes.

21, Water Street,
Liverpool.

The Time of Start for the 1st "50" on 16th April will be 4 p.m. The course will be that used in the third "50" last year. A room for changing will be arranged for at the Kilton, Hoo Green. Members must make their own arrangements for meals. Entries for this event should reach me not later than first post on Saturday, the 9th April. If you are available for checking or helping please let me know at your earliest convenience.

Invitations for the "100" have been sent to the following clubs: North Road, Bath Road, M.C. and A.C., Unity, North London, Polytechnic, East Liverpool Wheelers, Walton, Etna and Liverpool Century—four each; Vegetarian, Speedwell, Manchester Wheelers, Manchester Wednesday, Oak, Highgate, Irish R.C., Sharrow, Sheffield, Yorkshire R.C., Kingsdale, University, Hull Thursday, Leicestershire R.C., Douglas, Wem, Cheadle Hulme, Cheshire R.C., Wood End, Leigh Clarion and Rotherham—three each; Grosvenor Wheelers, Leeds R.C., North Liverpool Y.M.C.A. and Rutland Hall—two each; Leeds Albion and Leeds Kirkgate—one each.

The Time of Start has been fixed at 8 a.m. The Headquarters will be the Lion Hotel, Shrewsbury, and I am now receiving names of those who wish for accommodation there: I anticipate up to 20 can be accommodated. A large number of checkers, etc., is required, and I shall be pleased to receive names as early as possible. The value of the Fastest Time Prize has been increased to Five Guineas, and a new prize—for Second Fastest Time—value Two Guineas, is to be offered. No Team Race will be held in connection with the event.

W. Bailey has become a First Claim Member.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS.—W. P. CREED, C/o Mrs. Noah Davies, The Bungalow, Thornton Hough; G. STEPHENSON, 5, Market Place, Prescott.

F. D. McCANN,
Hon. Secretary.

Special General Meeting, March 11th.

(By Our Own Impartial Observer).

Well, the Requisitionists have had their field day, and the result was that they went down the nick. Nearly 70 members crowded into the Common Hall, Hackins Hey, on 11th March, and devoted exactly 2½ hours to thrashing out the single item on the Agenda. We were joined by a stranger, whom Geoff promptly and courteously (but firmly) conducted to the door. It appears that the alien thought it was a devotional meeting. How he could have continued to labour under that delusion after sighting Grandad in the chair, and such bad characters as F.H., Shem, Parry, Simpson, Hubert and Tommy Royden scattered about the room, well

Grandad took the chair and vacated it, feeling that it was up to the meeting to decide as to who should occupy the seat of the mighty. We promptly put him in his place, secretly making up our minds to educate the old gentleman as to the duties of a president. Mac then questioned the regularity of the meeting, in view of certain specified rules, but Grandad decided that we should not interpret these too strictly, and we "got on with it."

Then Archie stood on his hind legs and moved the resolution standing in his name. He dwelt at length on his reasons for wanting the alteration and explained his action in calling a special meeting by asserting that the matter was not fairly discussed at the "Annual." In the course of his remarks he made it clear that none of his apparent threats was meant as an actual threat. Percy Williamson seconded the motion in a purely formal manner, and then we commenced to "argify" in real earnest. Mac, Professor Green, Grandad, Grimmy, Cook, Uncle, H.-H., Long John Kinder, the Pagan One, Rogers (one of 'em; I'm hanged if I know which), W.P.O. and Orrell followed one another in quick succession—the word "quick" being a relative term. The burden of Bob Knipe's thoughtful speech was "Is it good policy for the A.B.C. to countenance Sun-

day racing?" He considered not. He said that none of us was troubled about Sunday from the religious point of view (angry cries, chiefly from Hubert, of "Question?"), and that his objection to Sunday racing was purely on the grounds of expediency. Bob also hinted that if the Anfield countenanced Sunday racing, the prize fund might feel the draught. That was in no way a threat, he added, but only his impression—he had no authority to speak for those who supported the fund.

Frank Mundell sought to draw an analogy between our rule and the question of rear lights. ("What are rear lights?" enquired Grandad pathetically). Zambuck appealed to the requisitionists to make up their minds to be sportsmen and to accept the decision of the meeting in a loyal manner. Billy Toft coughed up some pregnant remarks on the subject of sportsmanship, and opined that, if the rule were altered, the whole road racing programme would soon be stopped. D. M. Kaye, who described himself as "one of the misguided individuals" who signed the requisition, unburdened himself, and our brilliant litterateur-lecturer (!) pointed to the shortcomings of the Agenda, which involved merely the consideration of Archie's motion—not the passing of same, if thought fit. Robinson also hotly resented the remarks which had been made on the subject of tandem form, and asked (in effect) "Wot abart me?" Cook also spoke here and there, and Percy Williamson, who refused to take the first fence (purposely, of course, so that he would have a chance of replying to his opponents), was graciously permitted to express his views.

Then came Archie's reply. I think that the figures he gave quite disposed of any question of his loyalty to the A.B.C., and he made it clear that he would continue to support the Club as he had done in the past, whatever happened to his proposal. There was some talk of holding a "24" in the early hours of Sunday morning—that is, before 9 a.m.—but these technical details take me out of my depth, and I must ask Shem what they mean. The voting on the motion was as follows: For, 10; Against, 46; so that the requisitionists were routed. Hubert had been out to see a man about a dog, but he came back, with his hand aloft all ready, just in time to vote with the majority.

So may we now, one and all—victors, vanquished—work together loyally and amicably in the best interests of the A.B.C.

I.M.P.

The 100 Miles as a C.T.C. canter.

Hardly a Club Journal passes that does not contain the good news that some of our younger members have joined the big body of the C.T.C.

Far from disapproving, I beg leave to add my little motto, which is not here: Hope for the Best, but Ride with the Best. Our members can do no better than join the C.T.C. hard riders if arduous work comes within their sphere. The C.T.C. amazes me.

I read the reports of the Manchester D.A. runs on the monthly flyleaf with more than interest—with awe. The runs are led by "leaders," a term that brings back to memory dear the riding at one's last gasp behind someone who has the lead and does not want to part with it, least of all when the bell has been rung. The only hard riding I have been inveigled in, these last dozen years, has been on visits to C.T.C. weekends, when to arrive there otherwise than

hard blown would have seemed out of place. There is no doubt that the C.T.C.—a so-called touring body—puts to shame the A.B.C.—a so-called racing club.

It was not always so. I remember the C.T.C. of other days, for I own a shield badge supplied to me in the eighties ere yet the "Winged Wheel" became its symbol and when the chief characteristic of membership was its grey check costume with deerstalker to match. I am one who still stands for the leisure tourists, the one Anfielder par excellence who fears not the contamination of the railroad and its rolling stock. (Even if in my off moments in the dim past, I had some connection with the speed world I pride myself with always aiming at the greatest leisure compatible with the occasion. I preferred the "Easy you bloodhounds" to "Faster Tandem," and only once was caught whispering "I'm back-pedaling"—a forward thing to say.)

The C.T.C. at the age of forty odd has developed speed propensities and it is a curious fact that many members who have come to us through C.T.C. apprenticeship are men who increased in speed with age and in their youth preferred to toddle. But now comes the Editor's latest in the February Gazette in a leader on Cantlie's 100 Miles limit in which he tells us that:—

"Speaking for the ordinary C.T.C. rider who prosecutes his hobby without approaching any racing standard, such member can trundle (trundle is good) a century in eight hours comfortably WITHOUT IN ANY WAY ATTAINING SWEATING POINT."

Here I suggest he puts the tin hat on it, or should I say: opens the lid. I feel almost sorry for the C.T.C., for I love a good sweat. The A.B.C. fortunately has members who can do the 100 in 8 hours, and among these I look upon our President as the ideal non-racing hard rider. But I betray no secret by insisting that Pagan sweats at even less than 100 miles. He won't blame me for this admission; he does not hide the fact. On the contrary his bestowal of the "dampies" on the females at the hotel, is the first sign of his settling down to a well earned rest.

Don't tell me that W.P.C. as a C.T.C. member is already below par!

CORRESPONDENCE.

Literary Poaching.

To the Editor of the *Circular*.

SIR,—Had I been able to be present at the February Northop run, it was my intention to write it up in this manner:—I would pretend that the member who had been asked to do the report had defaulted, and that you, as Editor, had been compelled to rely on an alleged paragraph which had appeared in an alleged newspaper entitled "The Northop Observer and Holywell Independent (incorporating the Mold Times and Nannerch Herald)." I would then, personally, have written the alleged paragraph in my own humorous, entertaining, sparkling, delightful, and inimitable manner, with the result that my fellow-members would have fairly rocked with laughter and proclaimed my undoubted brilliance to one another. Unfortunately, I was unable to be present at the run in question. More unfortunately still, I happened to mention to somebody, whose name I cannot recollect, my plan of writing up the fixture. What is the result? That individual has actually appropriated the product of my brain, and, without any acknowledgment, has written a report on the lines suggested.

And what a poor anæmic report it is, and how ill it compares with the brilliant and unique masterpiece which my pen would have produced! There was no word as to the personality of the various members—(1) Tommy Royden, the policeman's friend, (2) Shem, the real inventor of G.R. Sims' "Tatcho," (3) Arthur T. S., who, with Hubert Roskell on the step, once rode a tradesman's delivery cycle from Liverpool to Halewood in 4.3.2, thus beating world's record, and (4) our American President, the tragedy of whose life is that he went bald through worrying about his rear light. Further, I have carefully searched the map and cannot find any place called "Squeedunk" in North Wales, whilst I question whether there is any newspaper possessing the name of "Bladder."

Yours truly,

AN OCCASIONAL CONTRIBUTOR.

ITEMS.

With the election of W. P. Creed we now have two W.P.C.'s in the Club! Good Heavens!

Carpenter will have to look to his laurels! Albert Lusty is evidently appropriately named. Just fancy the strenuousness of riding from Birmingham to attend the Chester run and then setting off late in the evening to ride back a little matter of about 70 miles! What long distance records has he got in his eye? We should be proud to see him wearing the frilled button which marks the R.R.A. or N.R.R.A. record breaker. Lusty's jaunt reminds one of the palmy days of Arthur and Chem!

At last the secret is out. Robinson and Cook have been very sad-eyed for some time, and we learn that the inspiration for their grief is the announcement of the forthcoming retirement of Sir Eric Geddes from public life! Hence these tears! If the Ministry of Transport were to seek oblivion also and Mr. Shortt be translated, as threatened, their cup of bitterness would be filled to overflowing!

The Bath Road News is now edited by our old friend Robert Bamford, and the March number shows that he is rivalling the "Daily Mail" with an article on Thanet! We gather that P. C. Reardwood has been elected treasurer of the B.R.C., so we shall be all right financially next August Bank Holiday. Percy Charles has been called Beardmouth and many other variations, but Reardwood is quite a new appellation. We notice that the B.R.C. evidently believe in a little useful publicity and have appointed a Press Agent (Mr. Giussepì) while in their list of open events to be officially supported, *none of the Sunday fixtures appears.*

At the A.G.M. of the R.R.A., Cook got his notion of motion carried whereby in future 12 and 24 Hours Records will be measured to quarters instead of to half miles. Some misapprehension has arisen over Stancer's suggestion that the widening of the scope of the R.R.A. should be considered. Permission so to consider only was agreed to and those keenly interested are advised to read Bartlett's Notes in the "Athletic News" of March 7th, and "Cycling" of March 10th. Everything depends on how elastic the scheme eventually proposed may be. The Road Clubs do not want to lose their freedom by any form of rigid control, but in an advisory capacity to secure uniformity of action and cohesion of policy without plenary powers the R.R.A. would be the best body, and the idea has developed from the Annual Conference of Clubs arranged by the Anley to settle dates for the open events.

The President has been honoured by an invitation from the N.C.U., which he has accepted, to act in an advisory capacity on the World's Championship Committee, which will have the selection of the team to represent Great Britain in the road race at Copenhagen this year.

At the East Liverpool Wheelers' Dinner, on March 9th, we were represented by Cook and McCann. Kettle unfortunately was away in Sheffield and unable to attend, and Poole was also prevented by a prior engagement. We hear it was a good evening and one is pleased that Liverpool Clubs should fraternise in this way, but no doubt the President would have enjoyed himself better if he had not had to respond to the toast of the Visitors, which was sprung on him at a moment's notice, as no name was coupled with the toast and the other visitors were too shy to get on their feet!

All of us are delighted to hear that Mr. A. Inwood, of the N.R.C.C. (affectionately known as Doowni) is making a splendid recovery from his operation for appendicitis.

Daughter: "Who's the new President, Daddy?"

Father: "Why! Mr. Cook, of course."

Daughter: "He succeeds Mr. Wilson, does he?"

Father: "My dear child, why don't you say what you mean? You're talking of the United States, whilst I'm referring to the Anfield B.C. Er—pass me that newspaper, please."

Fawcett writes: "To those kind Members of the A.B.C. who, through the medium of the current monthly Circular, convey sympathy to me in my recent sad loss, I wish to convey my heartfelt thanks."

Parton showed his keenness both for cycling and the Club by riding from Shawbury to attend the Special General Meeting on March 11th, and then setting off at 10-30 from Birkenhead to ride back. That's the commodity to hand out to them.

"Wayfarer," after great successes with his "Lure of the Road" lecture at Sheffield and Wigan, now proceeds to Manchester, and our members in and around that City of Perpetual Sunshine should note that they have the opportunity of hearing this enthralling lecture at the Geographical Society's Hall, St. Mary's Parsonage, Deansgate, on Tuesday, April 19th, at 7-30 p.m., under the auspices of the Manchester D.A. of the C.T.C.

"Wayfarer" recently wrote of a tandem trip with Cook under the title "A ride with an object." Grandad is consulting his legal advisers with a view to ascertaining whether the epithet "object" is actionable.

R. A. Fulton has written the President as follows:—

"I am in receipt of a notice which appears to have been sent out by Warburton, calling a special general meeting of the Club, to be held on March 11th, to consider the question of changing Rule No. 12 to permit members to take part in races to be held on Sundays. I am astonished to find certain names appearing in the list of requisitionists, and, feeling as I do about this matter, I wish it to go on record that no prize of mine will ever be awarded to a rider who has not strictly complied with the regulations as laid down by the Club."

In accordance with this request, it must be clearly understood that the R. A. Fulton Special Prizes for any first claim member winning the N.R. 24 and the Tricycle Trophy will not be awarded to anyone who has infringed Prize Rule 12.

RUNS.

Halewood, March 5th.

Owing to a lapse on the part of one of my gifted contributors (due I expect to calls of the soil) I am left at the twelfth hour without any report of the proceedings at this run. This contributor has now been definitely fired and his emoluments stopped, and I trust this summary punishment will be a lesson to all backsliders in this respect. All I can remember is that the usual good muster turned up by various means of progression, that there were the customary luscious meats and that the choral society shewed slight signs of improvement in their efforts—this would probably be accounted for by the presence of Chem, a tower of vocal strength.—Ed.

Ringway, March 5th.

As usual the rain managed to keep off until we arrived; a gentle drizzle then commenced and laid the dust for the return journey.

With the late arrivals we had quite a good muster, but this did not daunt our hostess, who quickly supplied a spare trough for the overflow and everyone did justice to the usual good fare provided.

I overheard the Mullah and F.H. discussing some complex mathematical problem concerning the Fourth Dimension; perhaps when they have solved this they will turn their energies upon such urgent national affairs as "Bump Bicycles" (I've got one). "The Irish Stew" and "The Detection of Lorries without Rear Lights." The latter subject may interest one of our members.

Pulford, March 12th.

I have to admit I found it very draughty going out. I was down to it all the time. Mullah complained of the same thing at Pulford, but as he had come from Manchester, it goes to prove he is not the man he was. Perhaps, however, we were feeling the effects of the night before, and some of the acidity and tobacco-smoke of the meeting remained in our systems. Full justice was done to the usual excellent tea, though why some of the members preferred the liquid part in a tumbler is a puzzle to me. Not being a secretary, or anything like that, I was able to look about me and I actually reached the jam stage before the President had finished his first pipe. Green was in great form, and was vastly entertaining in an account of Koenen's and his own wanderings the night before in an endeavour to find Central Station. I hear that they intend to patent the new invention of "Short Cuts in Liverpool, Dale Street to Central Station via William Brown Street, Ranelagh Street, Menlove Avenue and Wigan." We were all pleased to see Chandler back from his travels. He will give a lecture shortly at the Common Hall on "Siclists in Singapore, or should rickshaws carry rear-lights?" Some globe-trotter, what! After tea, a select company gathered to watch H. and J. Kinder play billiards. Incidentally this solves the problem of what to do with clubs in the winter, when cycling is impossible, and is a splendid example of the cycle-noter's policy of mixing other sports in order to make cycling attractive. J.K. seemed to be most successful. He frightened the balls, and they simply flew into the pockets to get away from him. After the week-end parties and the Manchester men had departed, the Liverpool-Wallasey contingent made a start, and, except for chains off and a few bursts and repairs, were blown home in fine style by Rude Boreas.

Knutsford, March 12th.

Why do many of our young members, such as Grimshaw, etc., turn up at this time of the year looking like boiled lobsters and mopping their moist brows? The wind cannot be to blame, because some of them arrive in this condition with the wind behind them.

When they had all regained their normal composure a very officious person informed us that tea was ready, so we made our way upstairs and acquitted ourselves in the approved manner.

After tea the talk drifted on to various subjects, including "How to be good tempered when racing," and also a description of one who had been to a club dinner and got er— into difficulty going home.

Warrington, March 19th.

It is a long time since we last had a run to Warrington, and considering the weather there was quite a good muster, twenty-five I think. The rain, which was heavy enough to make Cook put his cape on, was attributed by some to the fact that Teddy Edwards had come on a "three wheeled bicycle," which appears to have rather an uncanny effect on the weather clerk. About 7 o'clock the party began to break up, the week-enders going to Macclesfield and the others home by various routes. Although it was hardly a day for the speedworms to train on it was certainly worth receiving the "Order of the Bath" in order to be present amongst the elect.

EASTER TOUR.—March 24th-28th.

Another golden record in the annals of the Club was scored with a total muster of 49 at Bettws and two more joining us at Llanfairfechan on the Saturday. If Poole from Pentre, O. C. from Pennmachno and W. R. O. from Llanwrst, had only favoured us with a look in, all records would have been beaten to a frazzle. About 20 got down on Thursday night, some by the Sportsman, others by Ruthin-Cerrig, and others by the Holyhead Road—not to mention the distinguished Rattler party of mountaineers. And there were also some en routers at Denbigh, Ypento and Llangollen. We were particularly pleased at the arrival of Dolly on a Puff and Dart from Huddersfield, and undoubtedly he greatly enjoyed being amongst us again.

FRIDAY morning saw the arrival of the two Orrells and F. L. Edwards, who had made an all night ride of it and were quite fit and ready for the day's excursion after breakfast. Piloted by the Cook-Turner tandem, six cyclists set off for Rhydyfen via Eidda Wells, and three motor cyclists (Toft, Rowatt and Dolly) kept to the better ironed road via Cerrig and Frongoch. It was a bit damp and misty up on the top, but Rhydyfen was reached in time for four of the cyclists to tramp to Llyn Arenig before lunch. Threlfall from Denbigh, and Robinson and Parry from Ypento, joined us at lunch, so we sat down 12 to a gorgeous feast. The Toft-Rowatt combination returned via Festiniog and the Ypento party went over the top to Pennmachno, but the rest of the lads returned via Cerrig, where Chandler and the Skipper were discovered at the White Lion. Getting back to Bettws we discovered arrivals too numerous to mention, and it was a grand crowd that sat down to dinner.

SATURDAY, being fine, induced a party of 9 to tackle the Bwlch-y-ddeu-faen and judging from Robinson's exclamations of rapture this trip will in due course be enshrined in the columns of "Cycling." Most of the others went by Bethesda, and a crowd of about 35 sat

down to lunch at Llanfairfechan, where Gregg and Thompson joined us. Several returned via the Sychant Pass and Kettle also included a detour to Elglwysbach (Did he find Pandy?), but the largest party returned via Llyn Ogwen and taxed the resources of the cottage for afternoon tea. It was a great day entirely, enhanced by our joy at finding Billy Owen had arrived.

SUNDAY.—Wotter day, Arthur! Bags of wind coming hurriedly out of the West. Rain, sleet, hail (with an aitch, please), and sunshine. Cycling up to Capel Curig was very nearly Hard Work; beyond that point and as far as Pen-y-gwryd it was "one demnition grind." Quite a lot of us must have got ourselves into splendid walking form that morning. At the Pen-y-gwryd Hotel the assembly broke into two parties, the larger body (cowards!) going direct to Beddgelert, via the Gwynant Valley, while Grandad, Mr. Mullins and Knipe in one group, and Teddy Edwards, Parry, and Robinson in another group (presumably the fast and slow packs, respectively), travelled through the Llanberis Pass, Cwm-y-glo, Waen-fawr, and Bettws Garmon. The tandemists are reported to have missed the rain, but the slow pack got it in the neck at Pen-y-pass, and sheltered for a long time, thus arriving very late for lunch, at which function there were thirty of us present. Teddy had evidently been nursing his pupils, for both Parry and Robinson managed to race a Ford into Beddgelert—down hill with the wind behind.

Some returned to Bettws by the shortest way; others, including the aforesaid slow pack, travelled by Gareg, Rhyd, Tan-y-bwlch, Tan-y-grisiau, the Garddianan Pass and the Lledr Valley, stopping at Dolwyddelen for afternoon tea. The slow pack did not "dock" until 7 o'clock, and the party was then complete.

MONDAY.—Quite up to tradition a real nice wet morning greeted us which was quite appropriate to our feelings at once again leaving Bettws with its Chapel, Tank and "jolly good fellows" for the umpteenth time. We left quite a number of stalwarts behind us, and some like Charlie Conway, Toft, Green, Ven, Mercer, Kettle and Mac had plans of their own for getting back. Still 19 sat down for lunch at Denbigh, 14 of whom had been blown up the Sportsman, while 5 had had an even easier passage via Llanwrst and St. Asaph. It was simply a sleigh ride and we quite envied the 4 Mancunians who left us at Mold. Knipe, Threlfall, Zambuck, Parry, Robinson and Royden pushed on home, but the rest (joined by Kettle who had got bunkered at Gwytherin and sought sanctuary at St. Asaph) made quite a nice tea party at Willaston and eventually trickled home-wards feeling that a very Happy and Glorious Easter had indeed been spent.

Cameos.

It is quite obvious why Grandad goes on tandem to Bettws. How otherwise would he get there?

We understand that a supply of Bob Knipe's Easter Monday leggings (guaranteed all brown paper and string) will shortly be on sale at Woolworths.

There is no truth in the rumour that the Editor of the *Tailor and Cutter* has approached our brilliant and modest (?) litterateur-lecturer with a view to obtaining a photo of Robby arrayed in Hubert's pants.

What about "The girl behind the bar," Parry?

JayBee wonders if the next world will be much hotter than the chapel was on Sunday night.

Ask Dave Rowatt about the waitress who was "walking about in a trance."

Bettws. would be a dull place without Dave Fell's canary waistcoat, Chandler's red-topped stockings, and Charlie Conway's variegated hose.

The scientist who showed some of us (in the lady chapel) a few of the horrible animals which reside in the drink called water has convinced Hubert, Arthur, Lake, JayBee, Winnie, and several other of our staunch teetotallers, that "Pussyfootism" is a fatal mistake.

Robinson is understood to have offered his subscription to Bob Knipe several times during the week-end—chiefly on gradients of 1 in 4, with a 60-mile gale of wind blowing down them. Knipe refused every time. At least, he didn't accept.

We were delighted to have the company at the Sunday evening concert of several members of the large C.T.C. party who had carried out a tour planned for them (at enormous expense, we believe) by our own "Weighfahr."

Fleeting Impressions

What is it that attracts such huge musters year after year to Bettws? What is it that makes hard bitten speedmen, ardent tourists and nature lovers, mountaineers, motorists and motor cyclists all foregather at the Glan Aber each Easter? Can it be the publicity campaign cleverly inaugurated by Charlie Conway in his eloquent speech at the A.G.M. when proposing the tour? or is it the varied bill of fare combining both the cycling and social sides of enjoyment which the Committee wisely adopt? Whatever the cause, the fact remains that this year's Tour was worthy of the best Anfield traditions, both in numbers present, the runs each day and the "Service of Song" in the Chapel each evening.

A few early birds were in residence by Thursday evening, but the main body arrived by various routes on Friday. Dinner disposed of, a move was made for the Chapel, where President Cook quickly got his Entertainers to work with great success, notwithstanding the rather sultry atmosphere of the room. As usual the extreme modesty of many of our members prevented their facing the limelight, the burden of the programme being sustained by Mr. Chilcott, our old friend from the Metropolis. His humorous items were given in great style from a repertoire which seemed inexhaustible. The "Girl behind the Bar" bids fair to become a "Classic." Bill Lowcock, as usual, sang with volcanic energy. Owing to the excellent dinner he had partaken of, it was simply inviting apoplexy for him to warble in his own waistcoat, so Hubert Roskell nobly stepped into the breach. Clad in his ample garment, Lowcock sang of "Ca-bages, Ca-beans and Carrots" so feelingly that Bob Knipe and Dave Fell were nearly moved to tears. A very striking spectacle it was when Robinson stood up to recite, wearing Hubert's trousers!! Chandler and Orrell gave several sentimental items with much taste and Knipe recited. The concert concluded, a move was made to the Tank which quickly filled. "Gwenie" had left since our last visit, but her place was well filled by her successor "Frida," whose embraces, carefully rationed out by Arthur, were bestowed at frequent intervals on the deserving. Mr. Chilcott proved himself as great a raconteur as singer and kept the company convulsed.

Saturday turned out a delightful day with a fresh breeze, and those who carried out the run to Llanfairfechan had a great time. On arrival back at our Hotel we learned that the "James Cycling Club" had undertaken so strenuous a programme during the day that the President and Captain were both suffering from "over fatigue." Their condition gave rise to great anxiety, but happily yielded to treatment. The Saturday Concert was held under cooler conditions than those of the preceding evening, the door into the ante-room being opened, which admitted some much needed fresh air. The Tank was not so densely populated as on Friday, many of its habitués retiring early to keep fit for Sunday's final sitting.

Sunday's dinner was well up to the usual high standard and the subsequent Concert in the Chapel was absolutely top hole, the artistes being reinforced by Cheminai and Walter Simpson. Mr. Chilcott surpassed all previous efforts and gave all his successes of the two preceding nights plus his inimitable "Onions" and a screamingly funny parody of "The Bandolero," called "The Rag and Bone Man." Chem's playing on the Mandoline was a revelation. He also gave several of his best recitations. Lowcock, moved to poetry by his surroundings, gave a number of topical verses which created great amusement (and which we print below—Editor):—

There's a Club called the Anfield B.C.
It stands at the top of the tree.
Though in years it is old, yet it's
not "In the cold"
As all from its records can see.

We've a wonderful President, Cook.
Who on cycling can talk like a book.
If on Sundays you'd race, he'll put
you in your place
With his terrible withering look.

Our Ex-President David Fell
In the war, as a "Bobby" did well.
He's a gardener to-day, but his
colleagues all say
When he mentions the subject—Oh
desist!

Our Captain, the debonnair Kettle,
In office has well proved his mettle.
Though good on a bike, he fair boils
on a trike
On which he shows wonderful fettle.

That hefty young cyclist named
Knipe,
Has the money bag tight, in his
gripe.
In train or in pub, he'll touch you
for your sub.
And you name off "Arrears list"
will wipe.

Our Hon. Sec., one F. D. McCann,
Is a very remarkable man,
Good organisation is his real
vocation,
When Anfield events he does plan.

Our Editor, Simpson, A. T.,
A devil of a boy for a spree.
All night he will sweat to produce
the Gazette
With success, as each month you
may see.

A Member, well known as "The
Mullah,"
Grows older, but fails to grow
dullah.
He still likes his Ale, and also a
tale,
And of these he gets fuller and
fullah.

For fashion, refer to Old "Crow."
With Beckett in side car he'll go
All over the earth. If of food there
is dearth,
No man can curse waitresses so.

And last, but not least, "Cheadle
Bill,"
Whose singing must make you all
ill.
Though very unfit, in the saddle
he'll sit
If he of good food gets his fill.

He also rendered his pathetic ballad "Mo-ral-tal-ta-rita" dealing with the misfortunes of "A Gay Cavaliero" (Why was not Peris there to hear it?). Walter Simpson was at the very top of his form which is saying a lot and was loudly applauded. Chandler worked hard and successfully, while Knipe discoursed on McBrac in an accent you could cut with a knife. Orrell again favoured us with several songs, while the Mullah told us all he knew about babies, which, of course, being a bachelor, was not much. Robinson (this

time garbed in his own immaculate pantaloons) repeated his previous success, and Arthur as usual did yeoman service at the box of bones. During the concert Charlie Conway (wearing the celebrated stockings) handed round liberal supplies of chocolate. The two visitors (Messrs. Chilcott and Walter Simpson) who had rendered such brilliant contributions to the programmes, were then accorded musical honours—the "Anfield Whisper" is understood to have been clearly heard at Holyhead—and the proceedings terminated with "Auld Lang Syne." The final "Tank" was one blaze of glory; everybody at the top of form. Mr. Chilcott gilded refined gold in anecdote; Lowcock and Walter Simpson, as the result of an argument decided an interesting question of physical development. Frida acted as judge and in a most sportsmanlike way offered a chaste salute to the winner, which proved to be the former. The officials of the James C.C. happily restored to health, were also very prominent; Crow made forcible remarks at frequent intervals, while Ven held a watching brief. The Presider looked in now and then when he had a moment's respite from the discussion of Sunday racing with heated partisans, while the Mullah, with courtly condescension intervened from time to time in the proceedings which terminated about 1.30 a.m.

A. T. SIMPSON,

Editor

ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

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PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

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FIXTURES FOR MAY, 1921.

		Light up at
May	7. Second 50 Miles Handicap.....	9-19 p.m.
"	9. Committee Meeting, 7 p.m., at 21 Water Street, Liverpool,	
"	14-16. WHITSUNTIDE—INVITATION "100."	9-31 p.m.
	14th. Whitechurch (Swan). Tea at 5-30 p.m.	
	Week-end Shrewsbury (Lion).	
	16th. Invitation "100."	
"	20-21. MERIDEN—All Night Ride, Unveiling of Cyclists' War Memorial. (See Committee Notes)	9-42 p.m.
"	21. Tarporley (Swan)	9-42 p.m.
"	28. Pulford (Grosvenor Arms).....	9-52 p.m.
June	4. Knutsford (George).....	10-0 p.m.
"	11. Twelve Hours Handicap	10-7 p.m.

Full moon 21st inst.

Committee Notes.

21, Water Street,
Liverpool.

The time of start and other arrangements for the second "50" will be the same as for the First "50." Members available for checking and helping are requested to notify me as early as possible.

A special tariff of 25/- per head for supper and bed Saturday night, breakfast, dinner and bed Sunday night, and breakfast Monday morning has been arranged at the Lion Hotel, Shrewsbury, for Whitsuntide, and I have booked 20 separate beds; twelve of these are already engaged.

The Cyclists' War Memorial at Meriden is to be unveiled by Lord Birkenhead, in the late afternoon of Saturday, 21st May. An all-night ride has been arranged, starting from New Ferry Tram Terminus at 11-30 p.m., on Friday, 20th May, and I am desirous of receiving names of those who can take part as early as possible, so that I may complete the arrangements. The schedule will be (the times being the leaving times): New Ferry Tram Terminus 11-30 p.m., Chester, 13 m., 12-45 p.m., Nantwich, 33 m., 3 a.m., Woore, 41½ m., 4 a.m., Eccleshall, 53½ m., 5-15 a.m., Stafford, 60½ m. (breakfast Swan) 6-30 a.m., leave 8 a.m., Cannock, 70 m., 9 a.m., Castle Bromwich, 88½ m., 10-45 a.m., Stonebridge, 94½ m. (refreshments 11-15 a.m. Stonebridge Hotel), leave 12.30 p.m., Kenilworth, 103 m., 1-30 p.m. Nantwich is suggested as the joining place for the Manchester members.

Mr. J. D. Siddeley has very kindly expressed a desire to entertain the Club, and it has been suggested that we have afternoon tea with him, afterwards proceeding to Meriden for the ceremony, the time of which has not yet been definitely fixed. Mr. Siddeley also has offered to put up half a dozen members for Saturday night—the remainder, it is suggested, should make for Stafford for the night, returning home on Sunday.

As the A.B.C. was so prominent in raising funds for the Memorial, it is confidently hoped there will be a very large muster of members. I trust you will advise me of your intention to be present at the earliest possible moment.

Application for Membership (Junior).—Mr. Edward Mark Haslam, Holly Bank, Dormer St., Belton, proposed by F. D. McCann, seconded by W. P. Cook.

New Addresses.—C. Blackburn, Guy's Cliffe, 55, Church Road, Hoylake; E. W. Harley, 82, Haldane Road, East Ham, Essex.

Apologies are tendered to the members concerned for the inaccuracies on page 3 of the Handbook. The N.R.R.A. Delegates are: W. H. Kettle and J. A. Grimshaw, and the Handicapping Committee J. C. Band, W. P. Cook, E. Edwards, J. A. Grimshaw, G. F. Hawkes, A. P. James, W. H. Kettle, F. D. McCann and P. Williamson.

F. D. McCANN,

Hon. Secretary.

ITEMS.

Robinson was very full of hot air on receiving his route card for the "50," and indignantly wanted to know why new members like Haynes, Cranshaw and Creed should be allowed to start first—in front of officials like Threlfall and Hawkes, too. We gather that "Weighfahr's" idea is that the President and Committee should lead the way in all road races.

On reading a poster to the effect that £1,000,000 is spent on alcohol every day, the Mullah is reported to have ejaculated "Not by me!"

One of our spies who called at Grandad's office the other day discovered there, in the sanctum sanctorum, a "Raleigh" bicycle with a fat back hub, denoting variable gearing. Evidently the old gentleman is getting wise at last.

According to an eminent divine, alcohol kills more people than war. "Perhaps so," says Hubert, "And it's a much nicer death."

The following characteristic letter from Cohen has been received by the President:—

"Beers for the President. I mean cheers!! Very glad to see it in "Cycling" that you were appointed. My only complaint is that the Club ought to have elected a real cyclist! Still, with a little more cycling experience you ought to make quite a successful active officer, and now I sleep in peace! Although I count you as a friend, had I been at the Meeting it is possible I should have opposed your election on the grounds that you do not attend sufficient Club runs. I heard that you missed one about 63 years ago. Maybe this slackness will disappear. I hope so, anyhow, if only for the sake of your physical condition. Fifty-four runs in a year is too little. You ought to attend at least 366. However, I am mighty glad to see, at least hear of you as Presider. More power to ye!"

The following extract from a letter from P. C. Beardwood explains itself and requires no comment:—

"On Sunday I went over to Newbury to see the Ena 50, I was surprised to see Pryor and others of ours riding under the Cheshire Roads colours. This is a mistake. I had a chat with Pryor after the race. To see Mundell racing under another Club after winning the B.R. Hundred under Anfield colours caused a lot of comment."

Our contemporary "The Cheshire Road News" refers to our Easter Tour as "some other tour of less importance." We understand this is a quotation from a book recently published entitled "The Indiscretions of Archie," which can be obtained from any book-seller or library.

At the Special General Meeting of the R.R.A. we were represented by Beardwood and Neason, while Cook was also present as a delegate of the Private Members and was honoured by being proposed as Chairman in the absence of the President. This honour was declined, and Bidlake was elected. The chief item on the Agenda was a proposal by the Sunday racing clubs to delete the Rule which bars Sunday record attempts and the discussion was most interesting. The whole tenour of those advocating this revolutionary proposal was argument based purely on the difficulties of going for record on a week-day and the convenience of Sunday. The question of the best interests of the sport was carefully burked. The replies to the issue were simple. No one denies the convenience of Sunday, but records extend to 1,000 miles and from Lands End to John O'Groats, so that the best interests of the sport universally must dominate. A suggested compromise that records up to 100 miles should be excepted was scouted, and the voting in favour of deleting the Rule was 17 and against 28. Considering that for various reasons such clubs as the Manchester Wheelers, M.C. and A.C., Sharrow and Speedwell, well known to be against Sunday records, and Manchester Wednesday and Sheffield Road Club most probably of the same mind, were unrepresented, the voting may be regarded as significant as showing that the door is not so much open as some people state so confidently.

Another matter of importance dealt with was the question of Special General Meetings, when as a direct sequel to the action of our Requisitionists it was unanimously agreed to add to the Rule a

clause which prevents any Special General Meeting being called for the purpose of dealing with a matter that has already been on the Agenda and decided at the previous A.G.M. Thus is history made. Even the Sunday racing clubs—the leading clubs as we are told—do not approve of such methods. Verb. Sap.

The opening run of the James C.C. to Knutsford, on April 16th, was not quite so brilliant an affair as usual. Owing to the inclemency of the weather, Hubert Roskell and George Lake were unable to turn out and A. P. James sat in lonely state at the Angel with three yawning beds to fill! Fortunately the arrival and co-option of The Master and Everbright turned gloom into sunshine and we understand matters were carried through with great éclat!

There have been many changes in the Special Police Force recently. W. R. Toft has been superannuated with a large pension and Mac has been promoted to giddy heights as a Sergeant. Dave Fell is expecting his appointment as Chief at any moment!

We are informed that Tomlin repudiates the use of his name in the calling of the Special General Meeting. He signed the requisition to the Committee asking for the calling of the Meeting, but when this was refused he was not prepared to carry the matter any further, and Warburton had no authority for calling the Meeting on his behalf. Comment is needless.

The Liverpool Time Trials Cycling Association used to run all their events on Sundays. This year out of six events only one is scheduled for a Sunday. Anfield example evidently carries some weight.

The latest of "Ours" to join the C.T.C. are Toft, W. D. Band and Montag. The Wallasey Tandem case shows how useful the C.T.C. now is under the régime of Stancer, and all who ride cycles should join.

Robinson invited Hubert to be the "capable occupant" of his tandem on the occasion of the all-night ride to Meriden, but—craven that he is, he ran away before Hubert had time to accept!

Extract from "Birkenhead Advertiser," April 30th. "A relic of other days in the form of the now almost obsolete tricycle was to be seen in Grange Road, Birkenhead, on Thursday." What was the Earl of Derby, alias Mr. Edwards, doing in Birkenhead on a Thursday?!

RUNS.

Halewood, April 2nd.

[Editorial Note.—Our agricultural expert, who was commissioned to write up this account has either got his notes mixed up, and sent us copy intended for "Back (and front) to the Land," or is so obsessed with his allotments that they permeate everything he does. At all events this is what we have received, and we print it accordingly, thus saving ourself wear and tear of our limited grey matter. He writes: "Take seeds, for instance;" as a matter of fact we never asked him to, and where we have to take them, heaven alone knows!—Ed.]

There are various kinds of seeds. The seeds of human kindness—seedicus bonteculums—are very rare, in fact almost extinct, and yet

what infinite possibilities have we here for efflorescence? Sowed with discrimination they have no season, but will fructify on the most unlikely soil at all times. Money cannot buy them; they are priceless in value, and moreover repay the sower a thousand times. No special soil is required—in fact that which appears the most sterile will flower and bloom at their magic contact. Should any of my readers be the fortunate possessors of these invaluable germinators, let me advise them strongly to sprinkle them about without delay. They may do so unsparingly, extravagantly even, for unlike other seeds, the more they are squandered the more do they fall pell mell into the hands of the squanderer, and there never was a time when they would repay the sower better than to-day. This brings me to the opposite kind of seeds—those of discontent. Unfortunately these can now be had in abundance—in fact there is a glut in the market, and like weeds they increase and multiply in alarming proportions. Judiciously mingled, however, with the first-named they can be robbed of quite a lot of their destructive ability, and the blend then becomes one of “divine” discontent, which is all to the good. This plant, properly nurtured and directed, is the precursor of very fine and sturdy vegetation, and a country reaps enrichment in the ratio of its use. It is the natural antidote to seeds of sloth, and kills them off with merciless precision. The latter cannot live in the same atmosphere pregnant with the sweet and healthy odours emanating from the seeds of common sense—natural offspring from the nuptials of the seeds of kindness, and discontent. Then we come to any seed. I mean aniseed (Oh no we don't. We think we have just about had enough of these dam seeds. If our contributor had told us what he seed at Halewood we would have been better pleased.—Ed.)

Ringway, April 2nd.

To-day the weather was all that could be desired, and twenty strong we sat down to tea, when full justice was done to our hostess's usual liberal table. Looking round one could observe that winter was getting over, machines having a more business-like appearance—“stripped for action” kind of style, and the riders themselves, active and fresh, lessened their customary after-tea discussions, the departures being much speedier than usual. (I think there must be some racing shortly). Pleased to see our friend Hesketh present, also Lusty from Birmingham.

Kelsall, April 9th.

The cycling season must have come. Arthur, judging by the number of new machines in the garage at Kelsall. Teddy Edwards and Threlfall were both swanking it on real bicycles, complete with wing nuts. We were greatly tempted to undo the latter, just to see what would happen. But we generously forebore.

“Does Cook never attend runs now?” asked F.H. as we sat down to tea. A few moments later the Old Gentleman arrived, mopping his brow and wiping his neck. My! he was hot. Somebody had been doing him over, and he was thoroughly wet with honest sweat—though I'm not sure about the “honest” part of it.

There were 28 of us, and when the usual collection to defray expenses was made the Subs couldn't balance. They were short. What d'ye think of that? Ven and Bert Green never made that sort of mistake, did they? However, Grandad suggested that the

Subs might be able to balance if they collected his money, which was still lying on the table. Mr. Mullins made the significant remark that "it sometimes comes off," and I think I know what he meant.

Sahib Chandler (on tandem with a friend) was one of the first to move off. Kook, and Kettle (on trikes) were bound for Wem, with the Kinder tandem to guide them. F.H., on puff-puff, was enquiring the way to Shrewsbury. Various groups set off for Chester, where the Funereal Pack was finally reconstituted. With Robinson (!) leading (what a chance for the Handicapping Committee!) and Teddy Edwards, Tommy Royden, Bailey and Cotter in the tonneau, quite good progress was made. Royden and Cotter patronised the Red Barn route, but Bailey and "Weighfahr" did the Good Samaritan act (in the absence of Parry) and showed Teddy the way to Arrowe.

50 Miles Handicap, April 16.

Notwithstanding the attitude of the Bondmen, there were enough freemen to make our opening road event a complete success. Warburton and Williamson were unable to turn out, even for checking, owing to being tied at business, so their abstention cannot be ascribed to the Bond, and the others may well consider whether "biting off one's nose to be revenged on one's face" is wise policy. It was bitterly cold, with a strong northerly wind and frequent hail storms, so that fast times were not to be expected. Poole dispatched 11 of the 14 entrants, the non-starters being H. Kinder, Walters and Hawkes, and timed in 8 finishers, Bolton and Cranshaw retiring, and Creed running off the course at Twemlow Pump the second time, owing to the checker leaving his post too early. Threlfall proved a very popular winner with an excellent performance of 2-48-38, which, off 16 minutes, gave him the handicap time of 2-32-38. Mandall, off 8 minutes, was second with 2-41-50, and Barnard (10 mins.) 2-45-59 was third. Bright (20 mins.) riding a full roadster "with all modern refinements," including a luggage carrier, surprised everyone by clocking 2-57-37 and was fourth—indeed at one time it looked as though he would pull off the handicap! Grimshaw (scr.) obviously unwell, and riding in odd shoes (one of them a dancing pump!) was fifth and fastest with 2-38-33, and the other finishers were Haynes (20 mins.) 2-59-6, Lusty (4 mins.) 2-46-1, and Parton (4 mins.) 2-49-5. It ought to be recorded that Lusty rode up from Birmingham in the morning and then set off back again at 8-30! Phew! Parton also rode up from Shawbury, but wisely joined the Macclesfield week-enders. The cold and wet "got at" Parton's bad leg, and his time does not reflect his real state of fitness under normal conditions. Threlfall rode with excellent judgment throughout, and Mandall finished very strongly. Barney was perhaps a shade too fast in the early stages, but showed clearly that with more training he can knock lumps off his time. Grimmy showed what a rare old warrior he is, and it was pleasing to see Haynes qualify for a Standard Medal by getting inside 3 hours. Altogether it was a fine sporting event, and a good crowd of members were out and about on the course.

Pulford, April 23rd.

Someone has said that—

"In the Spring a young man's fancy,
Lightly turns to thoughts of love."

This is undoubtedly true, and perhaps some of our junior members could testify as to the accuracy of the statement, were they not too

shy. But it is of another, and less dangerous sort of love that I am thinking, i.e., love of cycling. Certain it is that, though every season has its especial gift, the Springtime makes a peculiar and irresistible appeal to the heart of the cyclist. Even those who do not know the elements of scientific cycling, and who ride machines that a high-class mangle would look down upon, respond to the call, and how much more can we, who ride intelligently, rejoice with Nature in the awakening of her kingdom. The day in question was like the sailor in the song—"bright and breezy," and we hear that some very hot times were done to Chester: ranging from Parry and Gregg's 9 m.p.h. to Grandad's—well, Robinson, who was following swears they never dropped below 25. A good muster of 28 did full justice to the usual excellent tea, though Manchester was but poorly represented in numbers. I was not able to see if the Kinders repeated their sensational billiard performance of last time, but no one stayed about very long. Week-enders and homebirds all made a more or less dignified exit. The leisurely ride home was a fitting end to the day. The wind had dropped considerably, and the beauties of the evening were ours to enjoy. The gorgeous pageantry of the sunset; the mellow after tints; the pearly half-light that stayed for an exceptionally long time; the gathering darkness, and finally, the full moon rising through the purple mists; the recollection of these remains.

Warrington, April 30th.

"Hic et Ubique is the motto of the Anfield B.C. and a very appropriate motto too . . . by reason of the roving propensities of its members." So wrote an old friend, W. H. Stonier, in an excellent article on the Club which appeared (fully illustrated) in "The Cycling World Illustrated," of May 13th, 1896! And it is still true to-day, as this fixture at Warrington amply evidenced "the roving propensities" of our members! For instance, "Wayfarer's" super-light bicycle was standing in the garden of the Maison Robinson, Rue de Willmer, at 1 p.m., all ready for the road and straining at the leash, so to speak, and it was a Rover in name as well as deed, but it did not rove to Warrington! Then on the top road a whole host of Anfielders like J. S. Blackburn, Rogers Bros., A. T. S. and Tierney on his Red Racer were flitting about, but the Club Run never saw them! And we hear Cotter was having a run of his own at Pulford, while Ven and brother-in-law were at Llangollen! Thus are we still living up to the old motto!! However, we did muster 29, and "round the earth" parties had some glorious rides on a perfect day. Grimmy and Reade had been aiding and abetting at the Wheelers' 50 and reported Bickley and Toplis as unable to tear themselves away from it. It was a very pleasant tea party, as "Yours et cetera" will no doubt certify, and on such a glorious evening the number of candidates for "via Chester" was large. This was the only consolation Grandad had, because there were no week-enders, and he had to go home! Tommy Royden was a fine example of the will to conquer, and put a lot of younger members to shame!

A. T. SIMPSON,

Editor

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ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

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PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

MONTHLY CIRCULAR.

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No. 184.

FIXTURES FOR JUNE, 1921.

		Light up at
June	4. Knutsford (George)	10-0 p.m.
„	11. Twelve Hours Handicap	10-7 p.m.
„	13. Committee Meeting, 7 p.m., at 21 Water Street, Liverpool,	
„	18. Daresbury (Ring o' Bells). Photo. Run.	10-11 p.m.
„	25. Manchester Wheelers Open "50" Buxton (Egerton Arms).....	10-23 p.m.
July	2. Stretton (Cat and Lion)	10-11 p.m.
„	8 & 9. Invitation "24"	10-7 p.m.

Full moon 20th inst.

Committee Notes.

21, Water Street,
Liverpool.

Mr. E. M. Haslam has been elected to (Junior) Active Membership.

A large number of checkers and helpers, and particularly followers, is required for the 12 Hours Handicap. Members able and willing to help are requested to send in their names as early as possible. Entries must be in not later than Saturday, 4th June, accompanied by a remittance of 5/- towards the cost of feeding. Sleeping arrangements, for those members only who intimate their desire that they should be included, will be made at the Westminster Hotel, Chester.

Mr. C. J. Conway has again kindly offered to take the Club photograph, and the Committee have selected Daresbury, on the 18th June, as the place and date. A large muster is confidently expected as some small return to Mr. Conway.

For the Saturday of the Manchester Wheelers Invitation "50," 25th June, a meeting place for tea for those unable to go to the course has been fixed at Buxton, but members must make their own arrangements for the meal.

For the Invitation "24," on 8th and 9th July, invitations (three each) have been sent to the following clubs: Manchester Wheelers, Manchester Wednesday, East Liverpool Wheelers, Sharrow, Walton, Grosvenor, Hull Thursday, Leeds R.C., Leicestershire R.C., Wem, North Liverpool Y.M.C.A., Cheadle Hulme, Liverpool Century, Cheshire R.C., Leigh Clarion, Rotherham, M.C. and A.C., Speedwell and Wood End. Members able to help in the way of checking or following are requested to send in their names as early as possible.

New Address.—G. Stephenson, 5, Market Place, Prescott.

F. D. McCANN,

Hon. Secretary.

ITEMS.

It is generally agreed that the Three Musketeers (Cook, Turnor and Kinder) wouldn't have had that smash at Whitsuntide if their rear lamps had been lighted.

We are glad to see signs of reconciliation between Grandad and "Weighfahr." Since the day in November 1919 when Robinson suddenly began to help Cook to steer the tandem on a very tricky road coming down from Llandegla, relations between the two have been rather strained. In the interests of Club harmony we rejoice to see that Robby is once again taking Cook out for rides, whilst there is talk of the pair, together with Lady Wasyer, setting up a new end-to-end record on the O'Tatur's triplet.

The famous Dr. Cantlie (but has a good try) says that tea is one of the four social poisons. This will be a nasty blow for the James C.C.

A fisherman at Barmouth recently caught a bass weighing 10 lbs. On hearing the news, Winnie and Lizzie Buck at once decided to spend their holidays in that part of the world. They hope for a large catch of bass—and Guinness.

Frank B. Roskell (22), described as a well-dressed young man, was awarded six months imprisonment with hard labour at Scarborough the other day for stealing bicycles. What a pity it had not been Hubert! He would have simply fallen on the police force and the matter would have been squashed.

A speaker at Bangor recently said that he could name thousands of great men who consume alcohol, but he couldn't find one great man who is a teetotaler. Robinson is understood to have telegraphed his address without a moment's delay.

All members will be sorry to hear that Reuben Edmunds has been involved in a serious motor accident which broke three of his ribs and inflicted other injuries which confined him in hospital for over two weeks. His greatest grief seemed to be that he could not get to see the 100! However, he is progressing very nicely and has our best wishes for his complete recovery.

A little knowledge is a dangerous thing! Fat back hubs do not always denote variable gearing, as the spy who called at Grandad's office should know! They frequently, as in this case, denote merely a coaster hub, and the bicycle belongs to a gardener and not to a cyclist!

Sport and Play in reporting the 100 says inter alia "The Anfield 100 has become such an institution in the road racing world that we

visitors are rather apt to forget the thanks we owe to the promoting Club officials for their excellent organisation and their unflinching courtesy, and in mentioning this matter now we do so on behalf of all the Midland Clubs."

"Speaking of club life in its broad aspect, I am inclined to the thought that none of us ever quite gives sufficient thanks to the Anfield Club for providing such a sporting event as their historic "100," for their unflinching courtesy, or for the dignity and geniality with which the event is conducted. *It is, and always has been, a pattern road time trial, and the game would be all the better if some other organisations one could name would endeavour to follow a little closer the example.*"

The italics are ours, but the words and sentiments are those of the *Roll Call*, the official organ of the M.C. & A.C. It is nice to see ourselves as others see us, and our thanks are hereby tendered for the generous tribute.

From the tone of the discussion at the Special General Meeting of the N.R.R.A. it is evident that the younger generation now interested in that body have very little regard for the work done and the financial support given in the past by Private members—almost without exception Anfielders. The possibilities contained in the number of Vice-Presidents is also regarded as detrimental. Only the votes of Club Delegates are required, even though a club delegate may not be the best qualified to scrutinise a record claim. Perhaps it would be as well for some of the Private members and V.P.'s to withdraw their support, seeing that they are regarded as representing nobody but themselves!

Pryor won our Tricycle Trophy again, with 2.36 odd, but owing to his not having ridden as an Anfielder he does not qualify for R. A. Fulton's special three guinea prize.

RUNS.

50 Miles Handicap, May 7th.

This, the second event of our racing programme, was quite satisfactory to all concerned, for although Grimshaw, Blackburn, Parton and Lusty all punctured, we still had two performances faster than 2-40, which compares quite favourably with the times accomplished in other Northern Clubs' events recently held. Unfortunately Poole was only just recovering from an illness, and the Presider had to deputise for him as Timekeeper. The day was fine and warm, and of the 15 entrants 11 were duly despatched, and there would have been 12 but for Gregg puncturing at the Kilton just before the start. Hawkes was soon in trouble, and retired at 6 miles, but the other 10 got on with it and it was soon seen that Blackburn was making the fastest running, with Grimmy, Parton, Mandall, Barney and Lusty in close attendance. On the second time round the triangle Grimmy and Parton punctured almost in sight of each other, and were thus placed out of the running, so that Blackburn seemed certain for fastest until he also struck trouble and eventually retired with both tyres done in and no spares! This left Mandall, Barney and Lusty fighting it out, but at 42 miles Lusty "found it" and had to finish on Kaye's machine, which was much too big and heavy for him. Barnard, riding strongly throughout, clocked 2-37-58, which gave him first and fastest, off 7 minutes with a handicap time of 2-30-58, and a very popular win too. Mandall finished in 2-38-17, and with 4 minutes start was second, while Lusty struggled along wonderfully and

finished in 2-13-19, which, with 7 minutes start, made him third in the handicap. Parton (5 mins.) did 2-12-3, and Grimshaw (scr.) 2-13-57. The only other finisher was Threlfall, 2-52-17, although Gorman toured in to gain experience with 3-26-3. Hans Kinder and Haynes retired. Barney's performance showed an improvement of 8 minutes and Mandall beat his previous best by one minute, while Lusty well deserved his third place with an improvement of nearly 2 minutes. Threlfall evidently missed the inspiration of Everbright, but need not feel disappointed. As Parton and Grimmy say, "It's all in the game," and these two took their ill-luck like the sportsmen they are. A big crowd were out on the course, and the men were well looked after by the checkers and helpers generally.

WHITSUNTIDE—

Whitchurch, May 14th.

Pon me word, this is a nice sort of cycling club to belong to! I neglect my allotment in order to attend a run, and then find I have to ride all the way home by myself. Disgustin', I calls it.

Grandad and I pushed ourselves about Cheshire and Salop all day, and dropped into the "Swan" in nice time for tea, which rumour promptly announced had been ordered for June 14th. However, we were duly shepherded into the coffee room, and, being placed at several separate tables, had room for our elbows—which was a pleasant change. Apart from the Band family (consisting of Johnny, Willie, little Willie, Harold and Mrs. Harold, together with Hatband, Husband and Blue Band Margarine) the attendance at this part of the Whitsuntide "excesses" was thin. Tommy Royden was holding an alternative run to Llandegla (to Robinson's extreme annoyance and disgust), and among those present were Cook, Bert Green, Mullah, Ven, P. Morris, Dave Fell, Billy Toft, Mac, Boardman, Robinson, and the full orchestra, as stated.

The scream of the proceedings was the action of Monsieur le President in collecting the dock dues. This was a piece of officiousness on his part, for nobody authorised him to do it, and I know that Ven and Green were hoping to have another dip in the kitty. Grandad's method was simplicity itself. When you gave him your money he said "How much change do you want? You must all tell me how much change I'm to give you." Afterwards he sat in a corner with a wet towel round his head and did the balancing act. I imagine that the "Balance carried to suspense account" was on the usual scale, for the Old Gentleman was afterwards sighted drinking beer in the adjoining bar.

Shortly after that I fled homewards, meeting Kettle in the "sub-hubs" of Whitchurch. So that he was there—or thereabouts—too.

Whitsuntide, May 14th-16th.

After leaving Whitchurch for the various week-end venues, those who were making for Shrewsbury struck a little rain at Hadnall, but that was the last of it, and the week-end was really glorious. The reversion to the Lion was a great success, and probably another year the whole hotel will be booked up instead of our being scattered around various caravanseries. Neason was there to welcome us, not to mention Wilson Barratt and Hilton-Hesketh, disguised as city merchants, and we had no difficulty in filling the 20 beds in the house and some outside. On the Sunday Mac and Toft were busy on

the course superintending the feeding arrangements, while several parties were made up for trips to Craven Arms by various routes. Kettle led the cyclists via Montgomery and Bishops Castle, but unfortunately near Craven Arms John Kinder forgot that tricycles have *three* wheels, and the result was a mix up from which the Presider emerged with both side wheels done in, and Turnor "in a mess" with a dislocated finger. However, good Samaritans were at hand, and the Mullah soon had his finger put in, and was able to ride remarkably well considering the shock he must have experienced, while the old gentleman encountered a fellow corn trader who not only took charge of the wreck but lent him quite a decent superannuated speed iron which he wangled along for the rest of the week-end *without* becoming converted to long cranks! This little contretemps rather marred the usual meeting with the N.R. boys, but it was made up for later, and things might have been a great deal worse. Sunday night saw Shrewsbury very full, but we were favoured with a glimpse of F.H. for a few seconds and Mr. Pritchard with his rebushed D.P. was quite a feature.

Monday was a glorious day, and of the 81 entries, 74 were dispatched by Poole and 53 finished, which means four more starters and 15 more finishers than last year. It was the opinion of the cognoscenti that 5-5 would be done, and they were not far out. Among the non-starters were Blackburn (let down over his tyres), Molyneux and Carpenter of "Ours," and Thorley of the Rotherham Wheelers. It was soon apparent that Newell, F. Gill, Rossiter, Greenwood and Selbach were doing well, with McCloud, Davey, Batcock, F. C. Lowcock, the brothers Stott and Merlin only slightly slower. At Ercall corner, 54½ miles, Newell was well inside evens (2-38½, five minutes faster than Genders last year) and leading F. Gill by two minutes, with Rossiter and Greenwood one minute slower, closely followed by Selbach (2-43), McCloud, Batcock (2-46), F. Stott (2-48), Davey, F. C. Lowcock (2-48½), Merlin and B. Stott (2-49). Soon after this point F. C. Lowcock unfortunately punctured twice and was forced to retire, while F. Gill broke his crank and had to finish on borrowed machines, which explains his falling away. At 77½ miles Newell was still fastest and exactly evens (3-52½), but Rossiter had begun to assert himself and was only three-quarters of a second slower, with Greenwood clocking 3-54, Selbach 3-56, and McCloud 3-59. Then Selbach, who is undoubtedly very fit, began to pull up and looked very like securing premier honours until he punctured, and as Newell experienced a bad time the ever smiling and cheery Rossiter ran into fastest position and finished with the splendid performance of 5-6-28, which has only been beaten previously by the late H. H. Gayler. Newell was second fastest with 5-7-43, and Greenwood third fastest with 5-8-22, which placed him second in the handicap, which, as will be seen by the appended list, was won by W. H. Burn, of the Leicester R.C.

It will be seen that while not in the picture for fastest times, we have every reason to be proud of the performances of our own men. Parton again excelled himself by another improved ride, and his 5-26-10 was quite satisfactory. Mandall, 5-37-30, and Barnard 5-36-40, ran each other very close in a most encouraging fashion, while Grimshaw, who has been far from well this season, did well to finish so strongly in 5-32-55. Taylor, as a complete novice, only riding a roadster for experience and Standard A, had hard lines in just missing the latter by 2 minutes 17 seconds, but provided an example for a lot

of our young members who ignore these Standards. H. Kinder retired shortly after the half distance; L. W. Walters seemed to be doing quite well when last seen at 75 miles, but apparently retired at 91½ miles. Lusty punctured and retired at 60 miles when shaping to do about 5-25. The Team Prizes went to the M.C. & A.C., with an aggregate of 15-42-10, very closely followed by the Century, with 15-46-14.

Altogether the event was a great success, and we were highly commended for our management and arrangements. Checkers and feeders all worked hard, and no doubt were all good and tired when the job was over, but it is a grand game and we delight to play it.

No.	Name of Competitor	Club	Nett Time	H'cap	H'cap time
1.	W. H. Burn	Leicester R. C.	5-29-44	37	4-52-44
2.	F. Greenwood	M.C. and A. C.	5- 8-22	12	4-56-22
3.	C. Jackson	Walton C. and A.C.	5-37-26	40	4-57-26
4.	F. H. Harrison	Manchester W.	5-28-32	30	4-58-32
5.	H. S. Crosbie	East Liverpool W.	5-29- 8	30	4-59- 8
6.	J. W. Rossiter	Century R.C.	5- 6-28	7	4-59-28
7.	H. Williamson	Cheadle Hulme	5-24- 8	24	5- 0- 8
8.	B. Stott	Century R.C.	5-16-16	16	5- 0-16
9.	A. G. McCloud	M.C. and A.C.	5-11-26	10	5- 1-26
10.	L. F. Ireland	M. C. and A.C.	5-22-22	18	5- 4-22
11.	W. E. Jones	Wood End	5-32-42	27	5- 5-42
12.	H. Sheen	Cheadle Hulme	5-51- 4	45	5- 6- 4
13.	F. E. Parton	Anfield B.C.	5-26-10	20	5- 6-10
14.	E. A. Merlin	Polytechnic	5-21-25	15	5- 6-25
15.	M. G. Selbach	Unity	5-11-32	5	5- 6-32
16.	F. Stott	Century R.C.	5-20- 2	13	5- 7- 2
17.	G. Warnes	Leeds R.C.	5-28-28	21	5- 7-28
18.	T. E. Mandall	Anfield B.C.	5-37-30	30	5- 7-30
19.	E. Newell	Bath Road	5- 7-43	Scr.	5- 7-43
20.	W. J. Finn	Irish Road	5-39-20	31	5- 8-20
21.	C. R. Barnard	Anfield B.C.	5-36-40	28	5- 8-40
22.	C. F. Batcock	Century R.C.	5-19-44	9	5-10-44
23.	F. E. Armoud	North Road	5-21-10	10	5-11-10
24.	R. E. Wilson	Unity	5-36-49	25	5-11-49
25.	G. V. Stringer	Grosvenor W.	5-37-51	26	5-11-51
26.	F. Gill	Leeds R.C.	5-17-53	6	5-11-53
27.	W. Siddall	Rotherham W.	5-32-25	20	5-12-25
28.	T. E. Lucas	East Liverpool W.	5-52-31	40	5-12-31
29.	J. G. Shaw	Sharrow	5-32-58	20	5-12-58
30.	J. H. Teague	East Liverpool W.	5-43-30	28	5-15-30
31.	C. F. Dacey	Vegetarian	5-15-35	Scr.	5-15-35
32.	T. E. H. Richards	Wood End	5-49-18	33	5-16-18
33.	R. M. Sidlow	Walton C. and A.C.	5-41-47	24	5-17-47
34.	J. A. Grimshaw	Anfield B.C.	5-32-55	15	5-17-55
35.	W. M. Smith	Bath Road	5-31- 2	12	5-19- 2
36.	H. C. Henderson	Rotherham W.	5-34-55	15	5-19-55
37.	T. Knowles	Cheadle Hulme	5-50-16	30	5-20-16
38.	J. E. Brown	Liverpool Century	5-45-21	25	5-20-21
39.	C. W. Shadford	Unity	5-46- 4	24	5-22- 4
40.	A. W. Warner	Speedwell	5-46- 1	23	5-23- 1
41.	L. Lamouroux	Bath Road	5-54-34	30	5-24-34
42.	H. E. Taylor	Manchester W.	6- 2-53	38	5-24-53
43.	J. J. Barker	Manchester W.	5-59- 4	34	5-25- 4

No.	Name of Competitor	Club	Nett Time	H'cap	H'cap time
41.	J. Leonard	Leigh Clarion	6-5-55	40	5-25-55
45.	J. Wear	Sharrow	5-56-46	27	5-29-46
46.	W. E. Taylor	Anfield B.C.	6-17-17	15	5-32-17
47.	J. Carrington	Leigh Clarion	6-13-25	40	5-33-25
48.	A. Wrigley	Hull Thursday	6-8-47	35	5-33-47
49.	F. Thickett	Grosvenor W.	6-5-0	31	5-34-0
50.	C. V. Wedberg	Speedwell	5-53-43	17	5-36-43
51.	J. J. Rooney (Tri)	Walton C. and A.C.	6-42-51	60	5-42-51
52.	C. F. W. Mills	Cheadle Hulme	6-33-25	45	5-48-25
53.	R. Oates	Irish R.C.	6-35-55	43	5-52-55

Wits Untied.

The "Lion" is a trust house. We were always under the impression that trust implied tick. Earnest endeavours to persuade the management to this view, however, met with ignominious failure.

Our Senior Wangler was right up against it on the Saturday night. While the cognoscenti refreshed themselves at ease after the labours of the day in the secluded sanatorium until the small hours, he could be faintly heard gnashing his teeth in the outer darkness in impotent efforts to get a drink. The old man never was the man he isn't.

Marchanton was a welcome arrival in a large touring car and posh rig-out (whose tassels alone spread dismay amongst our so-called smart set), accompanied by a friend. This gifted couple could shew little Willie some of the finer points in wangling—not $\frac{1}{2}$. Jack was in form, and his soulful representation of Sydney Carton in the early hours of Sunday morning in a pathetic farewell to his friend plumbed the depths of human emotion.

The clients of the "Lion" when it was originally built must have been a scrupulously clean crowd, as careful investigation only revealed one bathroom, which was generally occupied by Hubert—the dirty dog!

Poor Hubert must have suffered horribly from thirst during the week-end, as owing to his responsibilities as chauffeur engaged at enormous expense, it was only towards the end of the tour that he felt justified in having a drink.

The Editor's swanky headgear (won in a raffle or something) being the only real sartorial rival to Marchanton's tassels caused considerable friction between this couple, and they almost came to blows from time to time.

A careful analysis of the Mullah convinces us that he drinks beer much better with a dislocated finger. Let us hope this will not lead to a series of similar accidents.

A prompt start was arranged to be made by the James C.C. at 11-0 Tuesday morning, and right up to schedule at 3.15 P.M. this was accomplished. This young and virile organisation has quickly assimilated the Anfield spirit.

MERIDEN—All Night Ride. Unveiling of Cyclists' War Memorial, May 20-21.

The perfectly splendid time enjoyed by all the 35 participants in the fixture cannot be better described than in the words of Knipe, who confessed that he had supported the fixture purely from a sense of duty to the Club, but declared that he would not have missed it for worlds. The all-night ride party was disappointingly small and

consisted mostly of the "new young." It was a glorious night, almost as light as day, with a full moon shining from a cloudless sky when the party of seven started from New Ferry at 11-30 p.m. The Presider and Knipe led the procession at schedule rate, and the others were Fawcett, Royden, Eddie Morris, Zambuck and S. Bailey. Curious how the younger generation were conspicuous by their absence! Beyond Tarvin, Cook's front tyre developed a slow leak, but a few pumpings sufficed to Nantwich, where the tyre was changed while food was being taken on board, much to the interest of the police force. While so engaged a party of Liverpool Century Clubmen passed through and exchanged greetings. Before Woore the old gentleman punctured again, and the party split up, Morris, Zambuck and Royden going on ahead, while the other four did their best to wake up "Wayfarer" and Parry (who were known to be sleeping at the Swan) by using the waterbutt in the yard for tyre repairing operations. This put the quartette behind schedule, which was further added to by Bailey collecting a hobnail, but with the aid of Lusty, who met them near Eccleshall, Stafford was reached only 20 minutes late. Here P. Morris, Ven, Lowcock and Young Gorman were found, and 12 sat down to an excellent breakfast. Resuming prompt to time the party kept well to schedule until about half way between Brownhills and Castle Bromwich, where the Presider was "in trouble again," and those who called themselves the slow pack went on and just reached Stonebridge slightly ahead of the so-called fast pack. Pritchard was on guard to welcome us, and looked after our comfort excellently; and as Dave Fell rolled in from Birmingham and Turnor was also there, we sat down 14 to an excellent lunch. Just as we were leaving for Kenilworth, Grimmy, Reade and Tomlin appeared from Waters Upton, and a regular Club Run, piloted by Pritchard through most charming lanes ensued; in due course the cavalcade arrived at "Crackley" and were most warmly welcomed by Mr. and Mrs. Siddeley. In the grounds we found Bright, Beardwood, H. Green, Davies, Cranshaw père et fils and Crowcroft père et fille, so we made quite a large party for afternoon tea, and altogether had a most delightful time. Oliver Cooper arrived later, and with Mrs. C. was entertained specially. The only other guest was Mr. E. H. Godbold, the Hon. Secretary of the F.O.T.C., who afterwards rode with us to Meriden, where we found F.H., who had arranged excellent accommodation for our machines, and were afterwards joined by Williamson, Neason (who had ridden up with the N.R.), Molyneux, Carpenter, Parton, Parry and "Wayfarer himself." If there were any others present it is not surprising they were not seen amid such a vast concourse, and they are asked to "claim their run." The function itself is being separately recorded—likewise the return journey of those who started back right away, but after fraternising with Neason and Jack Fowler, Beardmore, Fell, Knipe, Turnor and Cook returned to Kenilworth for the night, and were right royally entertained to the extent of feeling that "Crackley" belonged to them! On Sunday morning Beardwood set off with Mr. Godbold for London, while the other three made Ivetsev Bank for lunch, and Whitechurch for tea, whence Turnor departed Manchesterwards, and Parry, who had been overtaken with Robinson and Co. at Tern Hill, took his place, and the homeward trip was completed in good time with great regrets that the all too brief tour had ended.

At the Obelisk.

In the golden splendour of the late afternoon of this perfect summer day—an unforgettable day—a day which will ever remain

unique in the annals of cycling, the last great scene of the war from the cyclist's point of view was enacted. All around us was the wonder of England, in graciousness and glory unequalled; the new green of Nature's spring garments; the grand old trees of this beautiful Warwickshire; the little gardens with their blaze of flowers; the magical hedgerows lighted with patches of wild colour; the straggling old-world village which we look upon as the centre of England.

From the base of the obelisk one saw an immense concourse of people—of cyclists who had come from near and far to pay their last respects to their dead comrades of the road—to acknowledge publicly their indebtedness to those brothers and sisters of the wheel who gave their lives that we might live. The obelisk, beautiful in its simplicity, solid, gigantic, is a reminder for all time of the sacrifice made by those cyclists who have passed hence. It is a token of our sense of that sacrifice, without which life to-day in England would not have been worth living.

Mr. Howard Gritten rose to the occasion in making his introductory remarks. He briefly sketched the history of the Cyclists' War Memorial, giving credit where credit was due, and the name of W. P. Cook, as one of the most indefatigable workers, was received with marked appreciation.

Lord Birkenhead's address was inspiring and impressive. He dwelt mainly on the work done by cyclists in the early years of the war, when the means of communication and transport were being developed, and reminded us that almost all that work, with its anxieties and dangers, was performed in solitude. Theirs was a lonely life; theirs very often was a lonely death.

As the Union Jack fell away from the obelisk, the buglers sounded "The Last Post"—that indescribably thrilling call, with its appealing "Come home! Come home!" Then the Rev. B. G. Bourchier dedicated the memorial, after which the Doxology was sung and the Benediction was given. The official proceedings ended here, and the lower portions of the obelisk were then very quickly covered with many beautiful wreaths. To our own contributions of laurel and carnations was attached a card bearing these words:—

In Memory of
 EDWARD BENTLEY. GEORGE POOLE.
 DAVID ROWATT. EDMUND ROWATT.
 and Our Fellow Cyclists who Died in the Great War.
 from the
 Anfield Bicycle Club.

Thus we leave our dead heroes, conscious of our debt to them, and hoping to be worthy of their sacrifice. "Their name liveth for evermore."

The Return Journey.

The homeward-bound party was divided into at least three main sections, one of which, it is understood, reached Stafford on Saturday night by methods which will not bear investigation. The Cook-Knipe-Turnor group, having slept (or kept awake) at Kenilworth, made their way via Ivetsey Bank (lunch), Newport, and Whitchurch. The Parry-Robinson combination stayed the night at Erdington, and, escorted by six Birmingham C.T.C.-ites, reached Newport for lunch. As Grandad's party entered Newport, our eminent litterateur-lecturer (hoots, mon!) and his Private Secretary (unpaid) were just leaving. Exactly what happened next is not quite known to the

present deponent. Either Parry and Robinson rode very fast, or else Cook, Knipe, and Turnor lingered to see a goods train shunt or something. Anyhow, the larger party ultimately overtook the smaller one, and Parry attached himself to the President's group. At Whitchurch (tea) the two parties were more or less united, but the Mullah left us for Nantwich, whilst Robinson, through a misunderstanding, rode home alone via Malpas and Tilstock, Cook and company keeping to the main road. This concluded a perfect week-end. (From motives of delicacy, no doubt, our contributor makes no mention of the lady whom Robinson gallantly escorted from Newport to Whitchurch. Is this another scandal in High Life? We understand that our contemporary *John Bull* is offering a reward of £1,000 for the discovery of the Robinson lady.—Ed.)

Tarporley, May 21st.

The countryside and weather were alike glorious. Why don't I attend club runs oftener? Cycling is undoubtedly the king of sports. There is joy in the spinning wheels, in the hum of the tyres and in the smell of petrol from passing motors (Cook would not agree with this). Chester passed, I make for the Pack-horse road (I'm not quite as sure about the smell of petrol by now and think Cook may be right). The wheels don't revolve so easily or so rapidly as they did; the shade of a small wood looks tempting. I dismount and take an unwonted interest in the flora of the wood; no fauna visible. On the main road again I espy Band packing up his spare and punctured speed tyres. I endeavour to creep by unnoticed, but am observed and fall off. Resuming the pig-skin my front tyres klapses and we finish the last 200 yards *à pied*. We are first at the meet and our punctures cause much amusement to the later arrivals as they roll up. Kettle, Chandler and victim on a tandem, Cody via Warrington, the Brothers Kinder (tandem) and various young members known to me by features only. I am sorry to notice that Chandler is not now able to push himself out; his appetite too appears to be failing. During tea the entrance of the President of the James C.C. passes almost unremarked so intent are we all with the meal. The collection provokes the query "What is the 3/6 for?" but some people are never satisfied. The total muster seemed about 15; I suppose everybody was at Meriden. Manchester members were as scarce as funds at the end of the month. The Kinders and Kettle seemed to be making for Wem for the week-end, Cody mentioned Warrington, and the Chandler tandem wanted a really decent ride; I hope they got it. My passage home was painful. I haven't attended a club run for seven months and it felt like seven years. Moral: Turn out every week and you will always be fit.

Pulford, May 28th.

All roads seemed to lead to Pulford, although it was a rather chilly day with occasional rainstorms. We think it must have leaked out that "Wayfarer himself" was leading a party of Liverpool C.T.C.-ites to Marford, and sure enough everyone seemed to have encountered the C.T.C. run several times; which is not surprising as a crowd of 57 is not easily missed! Ours was a much more modest affair of 30 arriving at the Grosvenor Arms in small parcels. What a pity we have no "leader" with raven curly locks! Just fancy being "led" by some of our baldheads! Such a good muster provided an excellent opportunity for the Secretarial Department to secure checkers and helpers for the "12." Manchester was repre-

sented by Bolton, Bailey, Davies, Brothers Orrell, Tomlin, Edwards, Reade, Green and the new tandem combination Turnor and Grimmy training for the "12" and other possibilities. We were glad to find that Turnor's finger is getting along nicely and will not have to be amputated! Parton and L. Walters arrived from Salop, and we find that Walters did finish in the "100" somewhere near 6-15 but was too modest to call out his number and so was not timed. With the crowd of men who ought to know better insisting on obscuring the view of the timekeeper and applauding men as they finish, it is not surprising that Walters got past unnoticed. Then we were glad to welcome an old member, A. G. Banks, of Southport, who was a visitor at the "100" and so enthused over it that he has resumed his membership. The rest of the party consisted of the old die-hards from Liverpool whose names need not be mentioned, but we missed Royden and Ven who were no doubt recovering from Meridenitis. Just as we were finishing the excellent tea under the Presidency of the Lord Mayor of Pulford, who should roll in but J. G. Shaw, of the Sharrow, and we think he was in no doubt as to his welcome. Shaw was over to week-end with Kettle to refresh his memory of the night portions of the "24" course, and we hope he will do even better than in 1914. After tea the clan scattered, some homewards and some to week-end at Waters Upton, Bangor on Dee, and Llanarmon O.L. This last party was led by "Chandler himself" and we understand that nine made the crossing of the Maen Gwynedd on Sunday.

A. T. SIMPSON,

Editor.

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ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

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FIXTURES FOR JULY, 1921.

	Light up at
July 2. Knutsford (Angel). See Committee Notes.....	10-11 p.m.
„ 8 & 9. Invitation "24".....	10. 7 p.m.
„ 11. Committee Meeting, 7 p.m., at Secretary's Office, 25, Water Street, Liverpool.	
„ 16. Kelsall (Royal Oak).....	10. 0 p.m.
„ 23. Pulford (Grosvenor).....	9.51 p.m.
„ 30. Broxton (Egerton) and Week-end Shrewsbury (Lion)...	9.40 p.m.
Aug. 1. E.L.W. Invitation "50."	
„ 6. Acton Bridge (Leigh Arms).....	9.28 p.m.

Full moon 20th inst.

Committee Notes.

25, Water Street,
Liverpool.

Please note change of address for Committee Meeting.

The run for 2nd July, given in the last Circular as to Stretton, has been altered to Knutsford (Angel), and members should make their own arrangements—this owing to an attempt on Record. A large number of Checkers and Helpers is required for the "Invitation 24" on the 8th and 9th July. The acceptances of our Invitation have been very numerous, and I anticipate there being an entry of about 30, so if you can help, either through the night or the next day—but *particularly at the finish*—please send me your name as early as possible. I shall want a lot of help at the Bull and Stirrup during the night, and it is essential that there be enough members at Toft Corner as soon after 6 p.m. for following for the finish. The course has been altered to that used in the 1914 event, with the

start at 9 p.m. on the 8th on the Nantwich Road, and the finish in the Knutsford District over the 50 course triangles. I have secured every bed at the Angel for the Saturday night, and these will be allotted strictly in the order of notification of intention to be there. The club is attending to the transportation of competitors' effects from the Bull and Stirrup, Chester to Knutsford.

For the last Saturday in July the tea place is Broxton, on the way down to Shrewsbury for the week-end. I am booking all possible beds at the "Lion," Shrewsbury, and these will be allotted to the first applicants. The East Liverpool Wheelers' Invitation "50" is to be held on the Monday, and it is hoped there will be a large muster of members on this occasion.

Mr. A. G. Banks, 36, Trafalgar Road, Birkdale, Southport (a former member) has resumed Active Membership.

Messrs. D. M. Kaye, J. E. Tomlin and E. J. Reade have become First Claim Members.

The "Del Strother" Prize has been awarded to F. E. Parton for his ride of 5 hrs. 26 min. 10 sec. in the "100."

Applications for Membership.—Mr. HARRY AUSTIN, 94, Paterson Street, Birkenhead, proposed by W. H. Kettle, seconded by W. P. Cook; Mr. F. C. BIBBY, 299, Walton Lane, Liverpool, proposed by W. M. Robinson, seconded by E. Parry and C. H. Turnor; Mr. V. M. G. COX, 38, Mayfield Road, Whalley Range, Manchester, proposed by W. M. Robinson, seconded by F. D. McCann.

The Committee have decided to make a donation of £5 5/- to the N.C.U. towards the expenses of sending a Road Team to Copenhagen to compete in the championships.

F. D. McCANN,
Hon. Secretary.

Correspondence.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,

Now that the summer season is upon us it behoves us carefully to scan the attractions on the Club Fixture List, and June 25th looms large and near. The Buxton "50" then deserves consideration. But what is this Egerton Arms in brackets? Ah! the dressing room. The thought of Buxton for a 50 promises a hilly course, such as would have suited you, dear Editor, in your prime, when you used to free wheel uphill while Chem and I following in your wake, had to lick our front tyres to get along at all. That procedure gave us the necessary grit.

But I read on and find out my mistake. The last para' on the front page explains that only those unable to go to the course of the Wheelers must go to Buxton. (It has long been a phrase, used in Manchester, asking folks to go to Buxton when you want them to go to a place whence there is no returning). But where is this Wheelers' course? Not being Wheelers' members how can we find out? And not being able to find out I decide to go to Buxton. But then you tell us that I must make my own arrangements for the meal. Good—but where? Ah! at the Egerton Arms. Curious though! for I was not aware that the Egertons had large estates in the district, so why an Egerton Arms at Buxton?

Some friends who live there have been unable to find any such pub., and I feel sorry for those members who cannot spare the time to go to the "50," and must therefore go to Buxton and back in the afternoon (slapdash over the Cat and Fiddle—1,500 feet), hunting high and low for this inn, and even then have to make their own arrangements for the meal. By then, dear Friend, the Manchester beanfeasters in motor monsters will have licked the plates clean. Besides, what a thirsty job. The meal will at best become a supper, and the ride home be after dark, and over the Cat again, for there is no mention of a week-end.

I have a shrewd suspicion that the whole scheme is intended to get a good turnout for the Wheelers' 50, and so we shall, if only we can get to know where it is held. There also, I presume, we must make our own arrangements for the meal?

Now, dear Friend, do not go and put the blame on the Secretary or his assistant. This is your little joke, evolved by the aid of Hubert, after a short refresher at a rest house. There are undeniable signs that you have taken a hand in these Committee Notes. Besides, you are the one and only ipso facto ex officio Committee Member. For that date I place myself unreservedly in your hands, your arrangements will be my arrangements, your meal will be my meal.

Your fellow member James' C.C.,

(late) W.W.W.

Past History.

It is useful at times to look back for the double purpose of showing the reason for our pride in the Club's foundation, and also to show that respect for tradition is not inconsistent with real progress along sound lines. The Anfield was making history before a lot of its present members were born, but all of us can take a pride in it. These remarks are inspired by an article that appeared in the "Cyclist" for May 4th, 1887, in which appears a "Tabulated record of Rides exceeding 200 miles accomplished within 24 hours from the earliest times to December 31st, 1886," and the three points that strike one are the extraordinary courses and dates that were used, the charmingly simple method of checking by postcards, and the prominent position occupied by Anfielders. How does "Liverpool via Newtown to Aberystwith and back via Dolgelly and Bala" strike you as a 24 course? And yet this was used in a ride of 227 miles by Lawrence Fletcher, on November 5th, 1879! Liverpool to Holyhead and back to Chester, Liverpool to Northampton and back to Birmingham, Liverpool to Burton-on-Trent and back, etc., etc., seem quite speed courses in comparison, and April and November were frequently used for these "records." The following comment appears in the article:—

"A general analysis of the above performances shows that out of 125 rides placed on record, by far the lion's share have fallen to members of the Anfield B.C., to whose credit no less than 40 of the rides must be placed. The next club on the list is the old Pickwick, with one half-dozen rides, whilst the Æolus B.C., North Road and C.T.C. claim five each So far as individual riders are concerned over seventy men have earned a place on the list, but of these about twelve stand well away from the crowd, whilst Mr. G. P. Mills is as far in front of the first dozen as they are ahead of the rest. In all, he has ridden the double century twelve times, accomplishing a distance in the aggregate of 2,803½ miles, his greatest distances being 295, 273, 259 and 252 miles respectively. Three tricycle rides

are included in the dozen. His average is an excellent one, namely, 233½ miles per ride. Next on the list stands G. B. Mercer, of the Anfield B.C., who, with six rides, accomplished 1,315½ miles, his two longest measuring 258 and 228½, his average being 219 miles per ride. Norman Crooke, another Anfield rider, figures next with a total of 1,040½ miles, accomplished in five rides, averaging 208 miles each, his longest performance being one of 218 miles J. K. Conway, another Anfield rider, comes next, also with three rides, a total of 667 miles, and an average of 222, and longest ride of 255 . . . Lawrence Fletcher has ridden the double century also three times, scoring 649 miles, averaging 216 . . . Messrs. A. H. Fletcher (Anfield) D. R. Fell (Anfield) E. Harrison (Anfield), F. W. Mayor (Anfield), figure twice on the list, A. H. Fletcher putting in, the tricycle record for one of his performances No other rider has accomplished more than one of these performances, the highest average being that of A. H. Fletcher, viz., 256½ miles."

Another Lecturer.

After all, Robinson is not to have it all his own way, and after his lecture in Manchester, his place has been taken by a Mr. Einstein, whose shock of hair rather resembles that of our "Weigh-fairer." We quote from the press that both hold the balance even between gravity and comedy; that humour was cloaked by chivalry, and that there is a delightful touch of the bizarre in the newcomer, which we may also apply to our own member.

Having done ample justice to the latter, let us give the other man a chance.

The relativity of speed, bearing on the hurling through space of cycling bodies, is a subject that touches the Anfield to the quick, and it caused me no surprise to find how quickly it brought our Mullah in touch with Einstein. Mullah confessed to me how strongly the subject had seized him, and that had happened before the professor was due in Manchester. Since then we may be sure that Mullah has been swelling the audiences of the "One Stunner." Already we see the result in Mullah's entry for the 12 hours, after his long exile in the wilderness of the toddlers. Really, his records prove how relative all speed is. It was not so much the actual velocity at which Mullah's astral sphere was hurled through space as the relativity of his movements during a space of time, as compared with how others had moved on other occasions in what we believed in our shortsighted way to be a like period. But now we know that there is no such thing as either space or time, or, in other words, that both are one and the same thing. The inference to be drawn from this is plain, and I need not labour it further.

This does not detract from the Mullah's performances. On the contrary, it re-establishes him on even firmer ground, if there be any ground left after all this uncertainty.

No less are we as a club concerned in the professor's wonderful solutions of the problem of the stationary æther, which is one and the same substance as the "acid" with which our racing men have so long been familiar without being able to account for its presence. In this matter—if matter it be—we must not omit to give the credit for the first introduction to this acid, to some Barff-Rawders in our Hundred.

As a careful listener to the professor's story (armed with a dictionary, I need hardly say) the following further details nearly

took my breath away, namely: where he demonstrated how, if of two beetles—no matter how far apart—one is the exact counterpart of the other—then these two are in reality one and the same beetle. There we have it: Our two Bobs, who have so long distracted us by being twofold, are only one after all. Well, we might have guessed it; did we not almost discover this phenomenon long since in the case of the three Brittens? In order not to offend our Bobs by comparing them with beetles, I must mention that the professor apparently compares all living things to beetles, and, in the words of "The Dispatch": "Manchester has to leave it at that."

Another revelation which I gather is that solid bodies rushing through space foreshorten, or shall we say flatten out, in the direction in which they move. This confirms what I had noticed myself, that when our Arthurs and our Huberts take to self propulsion, their lower chests gradually disappear from the peak of their saddles to re-appear as muscle in the other side.

The dear old professor, after becoming the hero of the scientist, the scholar, nay, the populace ("Manchester Guardian"), may well end as the hero of our Club tanks, especially where he so appropriately remarks that a mass of inertia and a mass of weight are one and the same thing. This some of us do illustrate.

NONPLUSSÉ.

ITEMS.

F.H. writes: "It deserves mention that:

"An Anfielder of the late nineties who has remained obscured for twenty years, assisted in checking at Chetwynd Church. This was James Craig, of Cheadle Heath and Cheadle Hulme. He it was who retired from active cycling after the memorable smash at Doctor's Gate Corner, in the Woodlands of Snake Inn, Derbyshire. This happened during a Stockport week-end of Anfielders, who aimed at visiting the Ashopton Derwent Water Scheme. The accident was such that horses, carts and rails were needed to take the party home, and the Anfield remained in ignorance of the Derwent Valley. The sang-froid of a rider like Wörth was severely shaken, and a stain was left on the fair repute of myself as leader and guide down dizzy gradients. Craig's fellow sufferer was no less a person than Harry Buck. In appearance Craig remains unchanged, but whereas Buck's graceful limbs remained withdrawn ever since from the gaze of the multitude veiled by the now familiar homespuns, Craig hid his entire person. Now that the latter has revealed that person, may we not hope that Buck may some day disclose again his nether portion? Such is my ambition.

By the Way:

"Since Whit I have been unable to lament sufficiently loudly the loss the Anf. Mocysection sustained by the Editor's conversion to the fourwheel base. (This is not a conversion—merely a temporary lapse.—Ed.).

"In the end it will be as it was in the beginning, that I remain the only constant motorcyclist in the ranks. What were the Simpsons, Keizers, Bucks, Pooles, Rosks and Lakes, but dalliers who forsook the snorting hazard for the cushioned ease of the wheeled steering helm. Oh lone furrow that is mine till death leads to a better clime! (or climb? yes, by all means a 'climb'.)"

We are rather surprised to find that a prominent member of a prominent Road Club, which is affiliated to the N.R.R.A., has not only been competing in a Local Centre N.C.U. 25 Miles Road Championship, but has received semi-official congratulations thereon. It cannot be too widely known that Local Centres N.C.U. are defying Headquarters in promoting road contests, and such events should certainly not be supported by the members of N.R.R.A. affiliated clubs.

Hearty congratulations to Lusty on becoming a Midland record holder with a very fine performance. Along with F. Greenwood and riding as M.C. and A.C., the 50 miles unpaced tandem record was put at 2-4-18! We should like to see this pair slip themselves in Shropshire for the Northern record, which is evidently at their mercy.

Seeing that many of our members are interested in Motor Cycling, we sent Jay Bee over to the Isle of Man to report the T.T. races fully. To our chagrin J.B. never sent any "copy," although it does not require much imagination to conjure up visions of his excitement over the Heroes wrecking themselves on the corners when "training!" Being unable to get in touch with Johnny, we sent Uncle Hubert and a few friends over to find him, but still there was no result. Finally the Editor was dispatched in desperation at the last moment, but he, with true journalistic esprit de corps, gave way to the O'Tatur, and if you want to read two excellent reports of the races you must get the "Irish Cyclist."

"Sport and Play" asserts that "so long as a cyclist knows how to ride, the highway is as safe for him as any other place—a good deal safer, indeed, than lots of other places." We understand that the President of the James C.C. is asking our contemporary whether their statement is to be taken as a reflection on tanks and other places within the meaning of the Act.

Members are earnestly requested to think out some new jokes about cameras before the time for the next photo run comes round. We admit, of course, that the old jokes are the best—but Charlie is getting tired of them.

Speaking in the House of Commons a few days ago, a Member remarked that the tea duty is "the only tax which is paid by those melancholy individuals who neither drink nor smoke, nor indulge in any of the other pleasures of life." A very nasty slap for Hubert, Arthur, Shem, and one or two other "melancholy individuals" we wot of!

With Austin up for membership, there remain only 784 on the staff of Lever Bros., Ltd. city office staff who are still outside the pale. Gregg and Parry are "carrying on with the good work," and have applied for a special series of nomination forms marked "Won't Shrink Woollens," and embodying the famous question "Why does a woman look cold sooner than a man?"

Mr. W. M. Hughes, Prime Minister of Australia, states that only by work can the world be saved. Mac, who has curious views on the subject of work, says that Mr. Hughes is not nice to know.

"The Big Four."

Under this heading a writer in "Bicycling News" gives the details of Messrs. Bidlake, Wray, Stancer, and our own "Wayfarer," as the four outstanding writers in the Cycling press. Robinson's

emoluments as contributor to the "Circular" have nearly drained the Club's resources already, but after this we are afraid his demands will become impossible. He has now sent an ultimatum to the Editor asseverating his right to dip into that highly paid official's pool, accumulated after years of strenuous toil, at leisure.

Cyclists' War Memorial.

It is announced in "Cycling" that the balance of the Fund £118 1/6 and the care of the Memorial have been transferred to a Permanent Committee, consisting of Mr. W. G. Howard Gritten, M.P., and Messrs. F. T. Bidlake, S. M. Vanheems, W. P. Cook and A. J. Urry. How does the Presider get this prominence?

You must get "Cycling" for July 14th, if only to read the article giving "A specification for ease, speed and distance," by "Videlex," which is the nom-de-plume of our A. G. Banks!

We are sorry from a Club point of view to learn that the Two Bobs are shortly departing for foreign parts. D. B. Rogers is off to Calcutta, while J. W. is bound for Valparaiso. We wish good luck. Naturally the tandem is for sale. Any offers?

RUNS:

Knutsford, June 4th.

Knutsford, notwithstanding some unfortunate experiences, still continues to be an attractive fixture. The weather on this occasion was not all it might have been, for whilst the rain was neither very heavy nor quite continuous, it was sufficient to wet most of those who attended, and to cause those who had the hardihood to hang on to tandems to present a very spotty aspect. The men began to gather fairly early, and one was pleased to hear that quite a lot had done training spins, and to welcome again our Southport member Banks—he who was dead but has come to (Anfield) life again—with quite a turn of speed too. Tea was served in the ancient ballroom, where the rank, beauty, and fashion of the County were wont to disport themselves at the Hunt Balls—the candle sconces on the walls and the minstrels' gallery gave ocular evidence of past glories. The party was a large one, and as more and more drifted in it was found necessary to have two sittings. Fortunately the food supply was adequate, and the price thereof the same; but what would you?—ancient halls and trappings must be paid for, like everything else. The absence of the presider caused some comment, but it was explained that he had passed through earlier on his way to another cycling function. The party broke up in good time—some to get home early for a change, others, and these the happier ones, to do more training, so that by taking a steady course of acid they might taste the sweets of victory the following week; others yet tarried a little to hear the pungent comments of Hubert on the egregious individual who is writing articles on touring in a popular daily, and whose ideas on the subject are of the most comic description—apparently he has been selected for the job on account of his knowledge of fishing.

Twelve Hours Handicap, June 11th.

In what Commander Park describes as "strong breeze to a moderate gale" this event was most successfully carried out. No doubt the competitors will agree as to the "moderate gale," particularly from Chetwynd to Vicars Cross! But we are anticipating. There was the splendid entry of 18, and those who thought The

Mullah was a "has been" would be put to confusion. But again we are anticipating! The non-starters were Parton (saving himself for the Wheelers' 50 and working like a Trojan in Shropshire), Lusty, suffering from the effects of a slight accident as thoughtfully explained in a telegram and letter, and Tierney, whom we never saw or heard from. All the other 15 were duly dispatched by the Deputy Timekeeper, and some very fast times were made to Chetwynd, but after that it was mostly Graft with a large capital G! Blackburn and McCann packed up on the triangles with tyre and stomach troubles respectively, while the long beat against the gale back to Vicars Cross put "paid" to Barnard and A. E. Walters, although we cannot help feeling that Barney would have recovered on the Nantwich stretch and done a good ride with a little perseverance. Undoubtedly the great feature was the fine riding of Turnor and Grimmy on a tandem, Mandall on a single and Carpenter on a trike with umbrella side wheels! The tandem crew nicked perfectly and reeled off the first 100 in about 5-8, keeping well to a schedule made out for a good day, which this was certainly not. A puncture cost them something, and they were 15 minutes behind schedule at Vicars Cross (146½), but they continued riding in masterly fashion on both the Nantwich and Frodsham extensions, so that when they flashed past the third time (199 miles) with 39 minutes to go, it was clear that a real topping performance was being done, and they ran out time on the Farndon road with the splendid total of 211-0-115, which shows what we may confidently expect if July 2nd is a decent day! Owing 15 miles, this placed them third in the Handicap, which was most deservedly won by Carpenter, who wonderfully battled with the breeze that blew nearly all the spokes out of his side wheels and rode 160-4-181, which, with 45 miles, gave him a handicap mileage of 205-4-181. Mandall, riding with great judgment throughout, finished on the Frodsham extension with 187-0-177 and his 12 miles allowance gave him second place with 199-0-177 as well as the Prize for the greatest distance (tandems barred). Kettle had distinctly hard lines in missing his gold, but to finish against the wind from Nantwich was bad luck, and he just failed by 2 miles, and also missed 3rd Handicap Prize by 1 mile 113 yards!

The following shows the full result:—

1.	G. E. Carpenter (tri.)	160½	45 m.	205½	1st Prize, Standard C.
2.	T. E. Mandall	187	12 m.	199	2nd Prize, Prize greatest dis.
3.	C. H. Turnor J. A. Grimshaw	211 owe	15 m.	196	3rd Prize.
4.	W. H. Kettle	178	17 m.	195	
5.	G. Molyneux	174	18 m.	192	
6.	W. Threlfall	171½	20 m.	191½	Standard B.
7.	L. W. Walters	164½	20 m.	184½	„ A.
8.	J. E. Tomlin	151½	28 m.	179½	„ A.
9.	E. J. Reade	159½	20 m.	179½	„ A.
10.	D. M. Kaye	152½	24 m.	176½	„ A.

Grimshaw gets Standard D, but Turnor is barred as a previous winner, the same as Kettle and Molyneux are barred. Threlfall did a very good, steady ride, and the experience gained will be most

nseful to him. L. W. Walters evidently had a bad time on the Nantwich extension, and just failed by $\frac{1}{2}$ mile to get Standard B. Reade wasted a lot of time at the Raven and Vicars Cross, when he found that 180 was beyond him, and Tomlin was highly delighted at beating him on handicap by 54 yards! A comic history of the 12 by Mr. Toplis would be priceless. His description of being finished by Bickley is a scream! Kayes' ride was excellent for a veteran who has not raced for more years than we dare mention. The handicap proved quite good, without the excitement of last year's. There were plenty of helpers all over the course, and a big crowd for following at Vicars Cross, to all of whom many thanks; but there seemed to be a dearth of pencils, paper and ideas of how to make out a finishing checker's report! Perhaps the lessons learned will bear fruit in the 24.

Daresbury. June 18th.

It must have been bruited abroad that "Wayfarer himself" would positively appear on this run. How else could so large an attendance of immortals be accounted for? Anyhow, there were 55 of us, including three prospective new members. When tea is ordered for 30 and nearly twice the number turn up—well, that is why your income tax is six shillings in the pound, as the "Daily Mail" would say.

We were all served in the end, and, long before the present deponent had completed his repast (copyright), Threlfall came round repeating the parrot cry "2 and 2," "Four," sez I, and guessed right first time. I returned to the flesh-pots (consisting of a half-finished egg), and was nearly through when the Mullah insisted on my attendance without the precincts, what time dear Old Charlie Conway took the annual photo. He was so careful that it didn't hurt a bit. Then I resumed my neglected tea.

The return journey to Chester was amid a network of motor-coaches carrying democracy homewards. When I remember that "it is no longer a luxury to make a journey by road" and that for a few shillings "you can enjoy all the delights of the open road," I am inclined to forgive the char-a-banc much—but I wish some of the drivers would learn road manners. Something told me that we would find Grandad at the "Bull and Stirrup," and sure enough, there he was. Things are coming to a pretty pass when Cook can't get home from a short run like Daresbury, but has to spend the night at Chester.

Mac, Fawcett, Gregg and Mr. Bibby afterwards got in behind the Robinson-Parry tandem group. Parry was evidently using a new sort of petrol, with the result that the last stage of the journey was done in very quick time. Despite Mac's protests that he was in no hurry, he was so stampeded that he reached home at 10-30 p.m.—to his intense disgust, for, having made no plans, he had nowhere to spend the evening.

Broxton, Manchester Wheelers, "50," June 25th.

We wonder whether anyone went to Buxton on this date, and if so, whether they discovered any Egerton Arms? By a printer's error twice repeated in the last Circular, Broxton appeared disguised as Buxton, and we know several who did not recognise the obvious mistake. We have sacked the proof reader and condemned him to ride a brakeless bicycle in future. Of course the main fixture was

the Wheelers' 50, and there was quite a big crowd of us down in Shropshire, but there was a muster of eleven at the Egerton Arms, including Leece and Cooper, who are competing together for an attendance prize of their own, and Jay Bee on rags and timber fresh from the I.O.M. and most enthusiastic over the T.T. races. It was a broiling hot day, not a bit conducive to easy cycling, and everyone seemed to feel the heat more or less. The significance of what it meant was shown by the fact that out of 42 starters in the Wheelers' "50," there were only 20 finishers, and only Freddie Lowcock got inside evens by clocking 2-29-45, which most deservedly placed him third and fastest. Hearty congratulations, Freddie. J. A. Crosbie, East Liverpool Wheelers, won the handicap, off 14 minutes, with 2-39-2, and W. Holloway (Walton C. and A. C.), whose return to the game we are pleased to note, was second, off 9 minutes, with 2-36-50. Unfortunately we had no luck at all, as we should certainly have provided some of the prize winners, but for Grimmy and Parton puncturing when going well. Both of them were on the useful marks of 8 and 9 minutes respectively, and the former was well inside evens, and the latter only just outside when they struck trouble. Grimmy changed in 4 minutes, but his spare did not hold, and he was forced to retire. Barnard and Mandall both started well, but the excessive heat got them down, as it did many other good men like Veale of the M.C. and A.C. However, it was a fine sporting event, and we all enjoyed ourselves immensely. There were week-end parties at Waters Upton, Shrewsbury and Wem, while Mac and Threlfall got home in the early hours of the morning.

A. T. SIMPSON,

Editor

ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

FORMED MARCH 1879.

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

MONTHLY CIRCULAR.

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No. 186.

FIXTURES FOR AUGUST, 1921.

		Light up at
July 30.	Broxton (Egerton) and Week-end Shrewsbury (Lion)...	9-40 p.m.
Aug. 1.	E.L.W. Invitation "50."	
" 6.	Acton Bridge (Leigh Arms)	9-28 p.m.
" 8.	Committee Meeting, 7 p.m., at Secretary's Office, 25, Water Street, Liverpool.	
" 13.	Pulford (Grosvenor).....	9-14 p.m.
" 20.	Tarporley (Swan). Sharrow "50"	8-59 p.m.
" 27.	Northop (Red Lion).....	8-43 p.m.
Sept. 3.	Daresbury (Ring O' Bells).....	8-27 p.m.
" 10.	Third "50"	8-10 p.m.

ALTERNATIVE RUN FOR MANCHESTER MEMBERS.

Aug. 27.	Marton (Davenport Arms).....	8-43 p.m.
	Full moon 18th inst.	

Committee Notes.

25, Water Street,
Liverpool.

NEW MEMBERS.—Messrs. H. AUSTIN, F. C. BIBBY, and V. M. G. COX have been elected to Active Membership, the first named being a Junior.

Mr. A. Pollard, c/o. Stabback, Pollard and Coy., 2, Rigby St., Liverpool, has resumed Honorary Membership.

APPLICATIONS FOR MEMBERSHIP.—Mr. ALEXANDER DICKMAN, 11, King's Mount, Oxtou, Birkenhead, proposed by W. M. Robinson, seconded by E. Parry; Mr. NORMAN FREDERICK D. HALLS-WORTH, Highfield South, Rock Ferry, proposed by J. W. Rogers, seconded by W. P. Cook.

Entries for the 3rd "50" on 10th September, should reach me not later than 1st post on Saturday, September 3rd. This event is open to tandems, and will probably be run off on the Shropshire course.

NEW ADDRESSES.—D. B. Rogers, c/o. Messrs. Ellermans, Arracan Rice and Trading Co., Ltd., 57½, Old Broad Street, London, E.C.2.; G. and F. Mundell, Kirk Maiden, Derbyshire Lane, Stretford, Lanes.

G. F. HAWKES,
Asst. Hon. Secretary.

Sharrow Invitation "50", August 20th.

We have received four entries for this event. Will members wishing to ride or help please let the Skipper know. Entries to be in by August 6th. We were very successful last year, and are the present holders of the Sharrow Shield, so we ought to send a strong team and repeat last year's success.

Herewith is a characteristic proposal for a delightful way of spending the first half of the August Bank Holiday Week-end, by F.H. Cook and Turnor have "bitten," and even those who cannot make Wem on Friday night for the Boscobel-Royal Barn stunt, may be glad of the opportunity to make such an "off the beaten track" excursion on the Sunday, from Shrewsbury, under the unique guidance of Captain Slesh!

Dear Presiders, Captains, Editors, and affiliated Jamesites,

My terms for the August pilgrimages are as under:—

On the Friday night you sleep at Wem, and we all meet for lunch at the Bradford Arms on the Saturday, to gain strength for the ramp to Boscobel (closed on Sundays). Later, the Royal Barn at Madeley, to be followed by afternoon tea somewhere adjacent. In the cool of the evening: approach of Shrewsbury via Acton Barnell on the way whence the Roman pavement, near Church Preen will be ridden. This lies in Causey (Causeway) Wood. Acton Barnell will also disclose the famous ruins, and its Inn will disclose its refreshments.

On the Sunday even far greater treats await the Pilgrims: Lunch at Bishops Castle at the re-decorated Castle Hotel, after which the old coach road will be trodden, rising out of the Market Place and (by taking the left fork one mile out) the upper level will be reached two miles out, and after another mile of excellent road we dismount at Bishop's Mote Hill. Here we find provided for us a Council Hill and Auditorium of the pre-historic past, where an ideal Special A.G.M. may be held that ensures perfect safety to the President and Officers from even the wildest of private members. The auditorium provides ample room for any number that may be stampeded there, and the officers on the mound will be unassailable, being protected by an immense ditch.

As soon as a settlement has been reached we proceed by the middle stem of three fork roads: the right hand one is the coach-road to Montgomery, and that straight on by the county boundary, the one to Kerry and Newtown. Few roads give so vivid an idea of travel in the 18th century.

Within a mile we pass over the shoulder of the sugarloaf Caer Din, the top of which is walled in, and within another mile the most imposing piece of Offa's Dyke to be found in the whole country. It can be followed by foot or by the eye for miles across the highest point in Clun Forest on its way to Newcastle near Clun. The Dyke is here probably more or less as it left the hand of Offa, and its appearance across the distant moors is like a fat girdle. All the other well-known "best bits" of the Dyke, such as those near Knighton, Selattyn and Chirk, pale into insignificance.

Friends, the opportunity is unique, so follow your old guide

SLOSH.

ITEMS.

Turnor and Grimshaw desire to thank all members and friends who assisted them in their recent 12 hours Tandem Record. They realise that without such help records are impossible, and they desire this fact to be widely known.

At the Annual Meeting of the Fellowship of Old Time Cyclists, held at the Ripley Rally, we notice that the three vacancies on the Committee, caused by the death of S. R. Noble, the removal of Ben Hinchcliffe to America, and the resignation of F. P. Wood have been filled by the election of "Jenny" Walters, "Sammy" Bartleet, and W. P. Cook. Undoubtedly something will have to be done to stop this impetuous pushfulness!

In commenting on Turnor and Grimshaw's 12 Hours Tandem Record, the *Athletic News* says: "As is usual with Anfield undertakings, the organisation of the ride was nearly perfect. What an advantage it is to a potential record breaker to belong to a club like the Anfield."

It will be noticed that A. Pollard has resumed his membership, much to the delight of all the old members, who remember him over 30 years ago. The younger members will be interested to know that Pollard is "P," who writes so entertainingly in the *Liverpool Echo* each Saturday.

Commenting on our "24," Stancer writes: "I think Grimshaw's ride last Saturday was amazingly good, and he must possess extraordinary vitality to be able to do such tremendous performances on successive week-ends. The second half of the "24" must have been of such severity as to amount almost to physical torture, because it was quite bad enough for the men who were simply doing a "12" (in the Poly Gayler Memorial). Commencing at 6 o'clock in the morning, following upon an all night ride at racing speed, the terrific heat must have been almost unbearable."

A Windfall for the Treasury.

The alteration of the 2nd July run from Stretton to Knutsford threatened to throw a lot of extra work on the secretarial department. Mac was just deciding that he'd "better advise the blighters" (because some people are so sensitive), when he had a brain wave. Why not get the "Circular" out two days earlier than usual? No sooner done than said. Poor Arthur, our expert sampler of non-alcoholic drinks, missed no fewer than fourteen cups of coffee in the hustle which followed, but the "rag" was out early, and there was no need for a post-card offensive (at enormous expense), announcing the change of venue. Incidentally, the National Treasury obtained a windfall, for the Editorial Department prefer the old postage rates to the new. Result: 170 members surcharged 1d. each.

[We are solely to blame for this. Any member writing to us to claim the amount paid and enclosing stamped addressed envelope will receive cheque for the sum per return.—Ed.]

According to one of the newspapers, men are becoming hand-somer. Hubert's comment on this is that the daily press is very much behind the times with its news.

Kettle's proposal that we should buy Eaton Hall for the purposes of a Club House has been very warmly received.

Mac has received the following letter from Sir J. C. Percy of the "Irish Cyclist."

"Thanks for your letter of the 22nd inst., conveying the congratulations of the Committee of the Anfield Bicycle Club in connection with my recent honour. Would you be good enough to convey to the Committee this expression of my thanks and gratitude for their kind thought."

The 12 hours tandem record of the Mullah and Grimmy has inspired one of our members (who desires anonymity at all costs—and we don't blame him!) to deathless poesy as thus:—

It was a summer morning,
Rather early in the cool,
There were two smart young fellows
And a smarter one named Poole
Who wound their watches up and then
The two set off to ride,
Until the clock came round again
That very eventide.

It was a summer evening, and
The Mullah's task was done
Old 'Appy (push-machine behind)
Then ceased his round of fun;
Once more they'd beaten Father Time
For glory, not for pelf;
Once more goes Mullah on the books
And Lowcock on the shelf.

Now all emerges happily
And all works out to rights,
These bald-faced, pink-nosed riders
Without hats but within tights;
Their checkers and their feeders
And their timers cease to chafe,
And everybody's happy,
For thank God: the Record's safe.

A Finger Points at Boscobel.

Like other noble institutions the Anfield is not without blemish, and one of these peccadilloes it shares with its present President, namely: that neither has yet paid an Official Visit to Boscobel.

Curiously enough, the only straightforward way of approach to Boscobel—a place that has been described by two such divergent spirits as Fletcher Moss and your humble, as being hard of way and hard to find—is the road from Liverpool. This road, which offers rest at Newport, next permits of refreshment at the Bradford Arms, on Ivetsey Bank, and then provides a road straight as a die in the right and Royal Direction.

Before setting off, it is as well to read up first all about Boscobel in Moss' Folklore, of which a copy is to be found at 15, Brunswick Street; and more can be found in Pilgrimages No. 1, the book that may only be handled by men of sober habits and clean hands. I, who omitted this reading, missed many of the best points.

To begin with, I started from the wrong side and, mapless, wandered round scores of lanes in a landscape that had lost almost all its inhabitants, and all the lanes led uphill. There were no villages, no churches, no pubs. Alas! there was no Ring-o'-Bell, at least, so I cried. But some miles away there is just one pub, and yet it is called "The Bell," named after the ringing of the one famous bell around there, that of Tong. Next, I passed the ruins of the nunnery of White Ladies, but instead of going there and searching for the underground passage more than a mile in length, or for the door through which they led Charles' horse, all blood and foam—I thought of spooks, and hurried on.

Arrived at last at Boscobel—a farmyard fast asleep—I found only two live things, a boy gardener, who pointed to a door, and a young female, who said “sixpence!” This tripper grumbled sore, but paid. She took the coin, nor blushed, and then showed me numerous rat holes, into each of which the Royal King had dived, but I, without the words of Moss at my command, nor knowing yet of Captain Careless, got confused and somewhat mixed, in all these hiding places.

But to take the full measure of my shame, just think that after circling the famous Oak time after time, picturing Charlie up his tree, and cursing Fitzherbert’s railings which prevented me from going up myself, I never realised that this was the growth from which had sprung all those hotel roofs which under the name of the Royal Oak, had harboured me on scores of occasions, since I first took the road.

And again I was ignorant that a few miles distant, at a place near Bridgenorth, Madeley to wit, through which I have often passed, there is still the Royal Barn, in which on that first night of flight they dyed Charlie’s skin brown with walnut juice, the tint by which he was known for the rest of his days, and which Nell Gwyn, and other beauties, and even duchesses, had to put up with in their Royal devotion. (Whether any of our Ducal families still show traces of it, I cannot say, not knowing them quite so intimately).

Editors! Captains! Presiders! Councillors! Vote me your leader on an early club tour to Boscobel. (Closed on Sundays).

FITCH.

RUNS:

Knutsford. 12 Hours Unpaced Tandem Record—July 2nd.

There were exactly 50 of us out on the job as nearly as can be reckoned, but we were all so busy that very few were able to have tea at Knutsford. It certainly was “glorious weather” fittingly enough, but the roads were mostly unspeakably bad through the long drought, and the tarmac portions were frightfully heavy when the sun got them boiling. As a masterpiece of organisation and execution this performance of Turnor and Grimshaw in attacking Northern 12 Hours Unpaced Tandem Record has never been surpassed. It was an object lesson for those anxious and willing to learn the “How” of record breaking. Printed schedules and confidence, with lack of experience and fitness went do the trick. Turnor and Grimshaw were both experienced and thoroughly fit, so they went through the job like clockwork, and never once gave their helpers any anxiety or qualms of doubt. For nearly twelve years we have wanted this record wrested in friendly rivalry from those splendid sportsmen Lowcock and Taylor of the Manchester Wheelers, and we looked to our younger members. Sad to relate we have relied on weak reeds, and possible record aspirants prefer to go to, shall we say, Llanarmon O. L., rather than learn the game. Perhaps, after all, it was a man’s job, and the renaissance of the Mullah was essential. Started by Poole at Toft Corner at 8-0 a.m., the tandemons went off like a shot from a gun, and the following tandems in the first 100 miles had a gaudy time of it. There was no fear of their infringing Rule 14! The appalling state of the roads like that to Middlewich Corner was simply ignored, and the century was reeled off in 5 hours 4 minutes, which put them at least 10 minutes inside schedule. On the next 50 they broke two spokes in the back wheel, and with the brake touching the anxiety lest it should foul and wreck them caused time to be lost

in dropping down hills, so that at the Peacock Inn (149 miles) they were only just on schedule time. Here the back brake was unshipped while they fed, and they set off again in absolutely fine fettle for "England," as Grimmy put it. Again they began gaining on schedule, and they would undoubtedly have topped 220 with decent luck. Unfortunately, on the 50 course triangle they punctured twice, and not only lost valuable time in changing to their following spares, but were seriously handicapped by the unsuitable reaches and positions. If anyone doubts this they should have seen Grimmy the first time riding Threlfall's reach, and Turnor just tipping the pedals on the machine they finished on. No wonder they got 9 minutes behind schedule at one time, and it says everything for their wonderful riding powers that at Seven Sisters with the record broken, they were only 7 minutes behind but still had six minutes to go; and they ran out time behind Knutsford Goal with a total of 217½ miles, subject to N.R.R.A. investigation. No eulogies are required. The ride speaks for itself, and one of the heartiest congratulators was J. Taylor, who appropriately witnessed the breaking of his own record. We regret to have to make unfavourable comments about the behaviour of the crowd who followed the record breakers to the finish. They simply mobbed round Poole's car, and hampered him in stopping the tandem at the exact expiry of time. Such a large crowd following up far too closely right past the policeman on point duty might easily have caused trouble, and for miles they had been to all intents and purposes blocking the road. Phillips, of the Wheelers, and Toft, who were at Seven Sisters and Ollerton P.O. respectively, followed up leisurely a long way behind (Toft even went another way), but they were at the finish in time to render the real service of looking after the men and measuring up the distance, and it would be well if others could be made to imbibe the same spirit instead of caring for nothing but "being in the picture."

24 Hours Invitation Ride—July 8-9th.

There can now be no doubt that this event is thoroughly established and appreciated by the Northern and Midland Clubs invited, for this year nine clubs accepted and nominated 15 riders, so that with eight of "Ours" there were 23 competitors on the card. With the solution of the problem over accommodation in Knutsford we were able to revert to the 1914 course, which is undoubtedly a better course in many respects but has the disadvantage of the start and finish being widely apart. Poole despatched 19 starters on a perfect night, the non-starters being G. B. Orrell (C. R. C.), Parton, A. Lord (Cheadle Hulme), and J. E. Brown (Liverpool Century). It was soon seen Grimshaw was out to win—in fact, Grimmy gave a display of perfect headwork quite up to the Buckley standard—higher praise than which cannot be given. Blackburn was scrapping with Shaw (Sharrow) all night, and they clocked just over 8 hours for the 132 miles of Chester extensions as against Grimshaw's 7-56. Lusty and Crosbie (E. L. W.) were only 8-8 and 8-9 respectively, while the rest of the field were settled down to useful schedule rides about an hour slower, and there were no retirements. On the long stretch to Newport (174) Kenney (Cheadle Hulme) and Carpenter retired, the latter having been persistently pursued with tyre trouble. Grimmy, with 10-33 had established a 10 minutes lead of Shaw, and Blackburn and Lusty were only 4 and 5 minutes slower respectively, with Crosbie (11-3) quite handy, and the rest tailed off somewhat, only Patterson (11-49), Veale (11-51), Bomford (11-58), and Kettle (12-0), being in the picture. Approximate distances at 12 hours were: Grimshaw

196, Shaw 194, Blackburn and Lusty 193, and Crosbie 186. Then came the tug-of-war, and we do not suppose anyone will forget the red-hot sizzling day which was more than trying for all concerned. It was a record breaker that prostrated many people, and it is, therefore, not surprising that only seven competitors took the big 60 mile triangle the second time to keep in the race. Kettle, Austin and Gill retired, and the rest made for East Cheshire to complete standard rides. At Newport the second time (250), Lusty (15-57) by some steady effort had secured a lead of 2 minutes, while Grimshaw (15-59) had caught Shaw, and was therefore 24 minutes ahead of him. Blackburn (17-1) had fallen back, and Crosbie was 2 minutes faster, while Patterson had clocked 17-50 and Bomford 17-55. Unfortunately, Patterson had deviated from the course and missed the Cock Inn check by going to Shawbirch direct, and so was disqualified for prizes, which was distinctly hard lines in the final result. Before Whitechurch (290) was reached, Lusty was bowled over by the terrific heat, and everyone is sorry that such a splendid sportsman who was doing a wonderful ride should have been thus overcome. Blackburn, not knowing of Lusty's retirement, and not caring to finish unplaced, displayed a lack of headwork by chucking it, and this left Crosbie and Bomford to fight a most interesting duel for third place. Grimshaw and Shaw continued riding steadily, and eventually Grimmy ran out a most popular and clever winner with a total of 357½ miles, with Shaw a splendid second, 350½ miles. Meanwhile, Bomford had ridden with great judgment, and at Congleton (317½) was only 2 minutes behind Crosbie who was suffering from a fall caused by a dry skid. Crosbie being the earlier starter, finished at Holmes Chapel with 2 minutes to go, and this enabled Bomford just to beat him by a mile with a total of 324½—a most exciting finish for third place. Crosbie's distance being 323½. Patterson rode very well throughout, and his actual distance was 325 miles. He took his disqualification in a fine sporting way. The others who had not followed the course throughout ran out time as follows:—

C. Hunt (Liverpool Century), 305½. Bronze medal.

G. Stephenson (Walton C. and A. C.), 300½. Bronze medal.

S. Veale (M. C. and A. C.), 292. Certificate.

W. J. Finn (Irish R. C.), 290. Certificate.

G. R. M. Brierley (Manchester Wheelers), 279½. Certificate.

S. H. Bailey just missed Standard A by 2 miles, but secured Standard B for 12 Hours with 168 miles. Austin retired after securing Standard A with 160 in 12 Hours.

There was no lack of helpers all round the course, and our visitors were loud in their praise of the way they were looked after. Some of us put in a 24 hours shift, while others got dogged tired with a few hours job! 'Twas ever thus! For real excitement try the Cock Inn where P. Morris stood solidly for 9 hours! It is not usual to thank the workers, but we must mention the transport services rendered by George Lake and Oliver Cooper with their cars in taking the clothes and lamps, etc., over to Knutsford; the help given by Mr. Burgess at Hodnet and Mr. Consterdine at Newport, and most particularly the splendid way Mr. Brazendale volunteered for "anywhere," and in perfect fashion took the long and trying Shawbury check.

Stop Press.—When the above was written it was understood Lusty had "packed up" at Whitechurch and reached Congleton by car—but it now appears that with the cool of the evening he recovered sufficiently to ride on to the Waggon and Horses (317½ miles), where

he finished with 17 minutes still to go, so that he was nearly third after all, and wins a Silver Medal. Bravo, Lusty!

Kelsall, July 16th.

This fixture calls for very little comment, as only 10 members were present. They were Band, Chandler, Royden, Austin, Cook, Parry, Cranshaws *pere et fils*, P. N. Gorman, and last but not least, Edwards. The latter had been via Llandegla, but did not encounter the club run of the Wayfarer C. C. to that place! It was a gorgeous day and we had a splendid tea, so what more could be desired? The small muster was partly accounted for by the fact that Grimshaw, Parton, Barnard and Mandall were entered for a certain invitation "50" on a Cheshire course, and about 20 members put in their club run by attending that fixture. The least said about it the better as many of its features were undesirable. Barnard and Mandall were unable to get out in time to start, while Grimmy punctured twice and Parton also punctured. The only redeeming feature was the fine performance of F. C. Lowcock, Jr., who was second and fastest with 2-25-27, and it is a pity it was not timed on a certified watch. The handicapping was excellently done by Buckley, but the Official Route Card was a scream! No wonder infringements of unpaced rules were rife.

Pulford, 23rd July, 1921.

The outstanding event of this run was the arrival of Tom Conway after a strenuous tour from Rossett. Mounted on a lady's bicycle, Tom made a non-stop run of it, having postponed his departure from Rossett until after lunch. The Handicapping Committee could be seen pricking up their ears, and in view of Tom's old-time prowess at javelin (or *jardinière*) throwing, it is fairly obvious that any record he likes to attack is at his mercy. When the cheers had died down, we introduced Tom to Charlie, and each was surprised to find what a lot of Conways there are in the Club. Charlie of that ilk mentioned that there had been no rain at Heswall, from which it would appear that he has become an optimist of the W.P.C. type.

There were 27 of us. Teddy Edwards came via Llandegla "of course," and Tommy Royden visited scenes that are brightest at Caergwrle. Cook had a burst at Mollington, and was dissuaded, with difficulty, from holding an alternative run to the Rose Gardens there—or from going home by train. Kettle and "Wayfarer himself" toured Eaton Park, and met a lot of Mancunians (on tandems and singles) at Iron Bridge. The Kinders easily won the President's prize for most sweat, while the Prospective New Member in the green doin's and fancy stockings clicked in the Purple and Fine Linen class. Parton came in late, and the collector made him cough up his fare before he had any fare. In fact, Threlfall held him up on the threshold and said "Three and two" with marked success.

Cook, Austin, and Cox set off for Llanarmon O. L. Kettle was for Wem., and Long John Kinder and Jimmy James went off for Birmingham or Croydon or somewhere thereabouts. I must say that it's very confusing when the two men going off on a tandem are not the same as the two men who arrived on it. And, by the way, it will be noted that Grandad is still finding new victims for "over the top." He's a plausible Old Gent., but, when these new victims get wise, as Chandler and Gregg and Kettle and Taylor and Mac and Robinson have got wise, Cook will be left "En l'air," as we say in the classics.

A. T. SIMPSON.

Editor.

ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

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PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

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No. 187.

FIXTURES FOR SEPTEMBER, 1921.

		Light up at
Sept.	3. Daresbury (Ring O' Bells)	8-57 p.m.
"	10. Third 50 Mile Handicap	8-40 p.m.
"	12. Committee Meeting, 7 p.m., 25, Water Street, Liverpool.	
"	17. Pulford (Grosvenor)	8-23 p.m.
"	24. Acton Bridge (Leigh Arms)	8-6 p.m.
Oct.	1. Halewood (Derby Arms)	6-49 p.m.
"	8. Tarpорley (Swan).	6-32 p.m.

ALTERNATIVE RUN FOR MANCHESTER MEMBERS.

Oct. 1. Marton (Davenport Arms)

Full moon 17th inst.

Committee Notes.

25, Water Street,
Liverpool.

Messrs. A. Dickman and N. F. D. Hallsworth have been elected to Active Membership.

The course for the third "50" will be that known as the old "Panhandle Course"—used by the Manchester Wheelers and the East Liverpool Wheelers, starting about one mile on Shawbury side of Battlefield Corner to Shawbury Corner, Shawbirch, Hodnet, Shawbury, Shawbirch, Hodnet, and finish at Shawbury Corner. The start is at 4.30 p.m. Entries must reach me not later than the first post on Saturday, 3rd September. The event is open to tandems.

New Addresses: J. SEED, 2, Stretton Avenue, Liscard; V. M. G. COX, 2, Napier Road, Chorlton-cum-Hardy, Manchester.

Application for Membership.—Mr. F. H. SWIFT, Press Club, Sir Thomas Street, Liverpool; proposed by W. C. Tierney, seconded by W. P. Cook.

F. D. McCANN,

Hon. Sec.

IN MEMORIAM.

It is with feelings of the profoundest sorrow that we have to record the passing away of A. Marshall Higham, who died suddenly on Sunday, July 31st, aged 63. "Boss" Higham, as he was affectionately known to all of us, joined the Club in 1903, and although then no longer young in years was a veritable youth in spirit. Being a genuine Old Timer of ripe cycling experience and possessing a rare personality, he at once became a pillar of the Club, and his executive abilities were speedily recognised and availed of in due course. In 1906 he surprised us by entering for the 12 Hours Handicap on a tandem with his son, Norman, and winning the event with a fine total of 192½ miles, the following comment appearing in the Report for that year:—

"The ride is even more creditable when we consider that Mr. Higham, senior, can hardly be described as in the first bloom of youth and manly vigour; yet so wholeheartedly did he enter into the spirit of the event as to put to the blush many who through lack of interest or the canker of sloth have ceased to taste the fierce delights of a hard fought race on the open road."

In 1908 he was elected to the Committee, and for five years he gave us of his best, being a Vice-President in 1910 and President in 1911 and 1912. In addition to this, he rendered splendid services on the Executive of the N.R.R.A.—also qualifying as a Time-keeper and being elected a Vice-President. Unfortunately, his health was none too good in recent years, and we saw him all too seldom, but we can never forget what a splendid friend and true Anfielder he always was—at Club Runs, Tours, Races or Meetings his was always an outstanding personality. The "Boss" was everyone's guide, philosopher and friend, and with his fine legally trained mind, his perspicacity, sagacity and logical saneness of outlook could always be relied on, and his opinions and advice carried great weight. Perhaps fittingly enough, his last appearance amongst us was at the Welcome Home at Chester, January 24th, 1920, when he brought with him three artiste Friends. That was his way of doing things, and it was an historic evening that he last spent amongst us. Buckley and Butler represented the Club at the funeral, and to those bereaved—particularly to Norman—is extended our deepest and most heartfelt sympathy.

ITEMS.

We understand that Robinson is seriously thinking (at the time of going to press) of entering for the third "50" on 10th September. He is looking for a capable occupant for the rear seat of his tandem, and has provisionally booked Hubert, with Arthur Simpson as reserve man.

Later.—Our eminent lecturer-litterateur having just discovered that "50" means miles and not minutes, as he thought, has relinquished the idea of entering and is going to Llandegla instead.

The newspapers are concerned at the possibility of there being too many ladies in the world. Impossible, says Parry.

We see that somebody has been writing to the "Daily Dispatch" to complain of the language used by cyclists when passing through the Cheshire village in which he lives. We are asking the Mullah and Grimmy to be a bit more careful.

It is stated that one death from alcohol occurs every eight minutes. If you don't believe this, says Grandad, count it up yourself.

Mac has received the following letter from the Hon. Secretary of the East Liverpool Wheelers:—

Dear Sir,—I am instructed by my Committee to heartily thank you and the members of your Club for their valuable services rendered to us during our Invitation "50" on Bank Holiday last, thereby making the event a huge success. Trusting you will thank one and all.

I have the honour to remain,

Dear Sir, Yours sincerely,

A. G. TAFNER.

If you want to see yourselves as seen by "Videlex" get "Cycling" for August 25th, and read his article "Impressions of a '12.' Thrills of Unostentatious Sport." Now we know why Banks has been keeping away from the runs!! Apparently he sought the sanctuary of Ingleton, and probably composed the article in one of the caves!

Congratulations to Lusty on winning the M.C. and A.C. 12, with a fine total of 201 miles, which with $7\frac{1}{2}$ miles handicap placed him comfortably first—in fact, he ran Moss and McCloud very close for actual longest distance. We have always had a very high opinion of Lusty's capabilities for long distance riding, so this performance is no surprise, and it will no doubt recompense him for his misfortune in the 24.

The latest candidates for the Fellowship of Old Time Cyclists are "Dr." Carlisle, Charlie and Tom Conway, and George Lake. This makes 26 of us hall-marked as genuine Old Timers with the O.T. badge, and those who are qualified and not yet registered should see the Presider about it.

In an article on George Owen, of the Manchester Wheelers (N.C.U. 1 Mile Champion) in the "Athletic News," the following comments are made:—

"What a pity it is that we have not got the old school of track cyclists like F. H. Koenen . . . to teach the younger school *how to sit on a bicycle and pedal it*. I am prompted to say this after seeing the school of Manchester's fast riders who, like Owen, have the speed and ability and *yet have not learned the art of pedalling*. I watched Owen a few days ago in training, and it struck me that the greatest exponent of track riding—F. H. Koenen—that I have ever known could improve Owen a few yards and I believe improve his wonderful sprint."

The italics are ours, and while the comments are directed to path racing, they apply equally to road racing. There are men racing on

the road to-day smothering "evens" who might well profit by the above remarks. But even the novice does not seem to appreciate what the art of pedalling means. F.H. was just as brilliant an exponent of speed on the road as on the track, and we are sure he would gladly act as mentor if anyone sought his help. Who will be the first to ask The Master to co-operate in the improvement of his style?

DORA is dead. She passed away quietly on August 31st, unwept, unhonoured and unsung after a lingering illness. Night riding will now become a joy instead of a nightmare. If you drive a motor car you no longer require to use two perfectly superfluous sidelights when the head lights are on. If you are driving a sidecar outfit the absurd and troublesome lamp on the sidecar is no longer required, while if you are riding a motor cycle or cycle you do not have to make yourself into a chemist's shop with a ridiculous red lamp at the back, and finally the asinine "half an hour after sunset" disappears! In other words the War and the Peace which passeth all understanding are finished with and we revert to pre-war statutory requirements pending the passing by Parliament of a Lights on Vehicles Bill which the grandiose M.O.T. have been labouring over for nearly two years. This means that we must keep our powder dry and prepare to fight a whole lot of hampering suggestions well calculated to manufacture criminals and raise revenue for the Home Office without in any way increasing public safety. Those of us who are motorists can help in the fight that is surely coming by letting the organisations know how satisfied they are with the status quo. Those of us who are motor cyclists can do the same thing and also join the C.T.C., which hitherto has been the only organisation fighting strenuously against D.O.R.A. And those who are cyclists should require no urging to membership of the C.T.C., for it is certain that if the millions of cyclists in any way adequately supported the C.T.C. we should be in no danger of having inflicted upon us the intolerable nuisance of compulsory rear lights. Do not leave the fighting to a few and then grouse. Get busy and help yourself, or your present happy freedom will be short lived. Verb. Sap.

Sharrow Invitation "50," 20th August.

We did not give this event the support it deserved, and consequently did not have a very successful day. This was a great pity in view of the good feeling which exists between ourselves and the Sharrow. We ought to have been able to send a full team instead of only three, and with A. E. Walters a non-starter we were out of the running for the Shield before the race started.

The conditions were perfect, with a little wind up to the turn, but all had its assistance to the finish. With W. Loweck (1 minute) a non-starter, the race lost a lot of its interest, and H. Pryor (scratch) riding as C.R.C., was first and fastest in 2h. 21m. 46s., E. L. Williams (9 minutes), Walton C.C., second in 2h. 32m. 7s., and W. Bailey (14 minutes), riding as C.R.C., third in 2h. 37m. 56s. F. L. Parton (11 minutes) was sixth in 2h. 35m. 48s., and J. A. Grimshaw, who was undergeared in view of the "N.R. 24," did 2h. 39m. 5s.

Those who went to help witnessed the extraordinary sight of first-claim Anfield members riding for another Club, and annexing the first and fastest, the third prize and the Shield! If we are to avoid a repetition of this in the future, we must amend our first-claim rules,

RUNS:

Broxton, 30th July.

We must look facts in the face, however ominous they appear. We must grasp the nettle—and hang the expense. And the plain fact is that Grandad was not at Broxton. The lying jade—Dame Rumour of that ilk—stated that Cook had made an early start on the previous day, but even this extreme step proved unavailing, and there was apparently a complete victory for Senile Decay. The Old Gent. is not the man he was.

For the second Saturday in succession I chipped in with Kettle on the top Chester Road. The Skipper was taking pace from a covered van and I shared it with him, the wind being unpleasantly aggressive. At Chester we had an argument as to whether the run was to Buxton (as I thought) or to Broxton (as he insisted). In the end I let him have his own way, and, as only twelve turned up at Broxton, I presume the run was actually to Buxton, where probably hundreds attended. I must say, however, that Kettle led the way splendidly along the Whit-church Road, which probably he has ridden over before. He didn't have to ask the way once, but just "followed the wires." I would have done part of the pacing only that its against the rules to ride in front of the Captain.

Just before we had tea a car rolled by with bags of Simpsons in it. They're nice-looking lads—except Arthur, of course. Jay Bee entertained us over the tea with full details concerning the Domestic Servant What Went Mad (in about 13 reels), and afterwards I discovered him and Tommy Royden, with their faces to the north-north-east sky, swearing by the loose lamp-bracket on Fawcett's new bicycle that they would never, never, never again darken the threshold of the "Egerton," owing to the excessive charge for tea.

Ten of the crowd were week-ending at a place called Shrewsbury, so "Wayfarer himself" and Hallsworth were left to plough their lonely furrow homewards.

Broxton—Shrewsbury, July 30th—August 1st.

This fixture can undoubtedly be regarded as the Apotheosis of Efaitch! Even the "Sunday Chronicle" editorial was entitled "The tour of the Master." S. H. Bailey, Cook, Hilton-Hesketh and the Mullah foregathered at Wem as per schedule on the Friday night. H.-H. on the Saturday in purple and fine linen which qualified him for entry into the Smart Set, had plans of his own, but the remaining trio set off for "the ramp to Boscobel." Taking a lane route through Stanton-upon-Hine Heath, Ellarline, Great Bolas, and Tibberton, a halt was made at Fluffyville, and in due course the Bradford Arms, Ivetsey Bank, was reached in time for lunch. Sure enough Captain Slosh was on guard and presented his card as follows:—

Introducing:

SLOSH,
Guide.

Supplies Boscobels, Wrekins, Offa's Dykes, Acton Burnells, Bishops Motes, and Cosey Woods.

Speciality: Dry Ditches in Salop, Dorset, Somerset, Berks and Wilts.

Familiar with Caradoc, Caradog, Caratoc, and Caractacus.

The Key to the mysterious earthworks of Hopton Castle, Clunbury.
Terms: Wet.

The terms being acceptable, the tour proper commenced. About two miles south of the Bradford Arms the party dismounted at Boscobel House and the guide, with a charming lady assistant, shewed the tourists over the fine old place, drawing attention to secret passages and trap doors at one time used by King Charles the two, for hiding purposes. The lady guide having been photographed with the party, Slosh again assumed complete command and led the way to the oak of King Charles in the adjoining field. There is no doubt but that the tree (if indeed it is the same one) must have had considerably more foliage than it has at present to hide anyone! After leaving Boscobel about a mile behind, another dismount was called to view a ruined nunnery marked on the map as the "White Ladies." The place is small but interesting, and as it is situated in a field some distance from the road, and is also hidden by a wood it would certainly have been missed but for the Master. Upon resuming, the party skirted Albrighton, and then on through Ryton to Madely where with the help of the guide and one of the relatives of the oldest inhabitant, the Royal Barn was discovered. The barn is a half timbered structure in a good state of preservation, and is only of importance in that it hid King Charles from his enemies. The next stop was at Iron Bridge where afternoon tea was partaken of, the party then proceeding to Cressage and afterwards by a beautiful lane route with some strenuous climbing and saucy samples of surface through Kenley and Church Preen to a road described by the guide as "Roman." The water of the holy well here situated was beautifully wet and very cool, and Captain Slosh was duly baptised therein. The road was vile and certainly Roman or pre-Roman, though the Master dashed over it on his Puff and Dart as if he had been on Brooklands. Continuing to Acton Burnell a search was made for the Inn, but as this was non-existent it could not "disclose its refreshments." Within a mile or so an Inn was found which did, and there the party unanimously voted its thanks to the guide for the umpteenth time, and so to Shrewsbury where we found a large crowd slowly but surely settling down at the Lion, until we numbered 25, for in addition to those previously mentioned there were All the Simpsons, Lake, Hubert, James, W. and G. B. Orrell, "Yank" Edwards, Royden, Ven, Band, Kettle, Fawcett, Threlfall, Mac, P. N. Gorman, J. and H. Kinder, H. Green, and Austin.

Sunday morning saw Slosh up bright and early, for he was outside the Lion before breakfast in a new guise. A note sent up to the Presider reading "Driver Slosh and the trap will drive Mr. Cook through the City. All the sights," caused a lot of heads to appear out of bedroom windows, and there sure enough was The Master giving an excellent display of horsemanship in a very fine turnout. After breakfast P. Morris arrived from Cound, and all but Threlfall, Kettle, Band and Ven decided to join the Band of Pilgrims, so there were 19 of us for lunch at Bishops Castle, the Orrells and Edwards having regretfully to return home. The route taken was via Marshbrook, Plowden and the old road past Lea Castle, but none of us paused to see the large boulder which tradition says "got into the devil's shoe when he was sitting in his chair on the Stiperstones and flicked

it with his finger to Lea," which you can believe or not as you please. At the Castle we had a superb lunch, but a terrible disaster occurred to the Simpson car, which is declared a total constructive loss and taken over by the underwriters!! The salvage steamer, G. H. Lake, had to make a second journey to B.C. to rescue the Simpsons who were marooned! Meanwhile the real Pilgrims proceeded with Slosh to Bishops Mote Hill, which is a most interesting old British encampment used as an outlook station by the Bishops of Hereford after they received the manor of Bishops Castle from Egwin Shakehead, Saxon Lord of Lydbury, in the 8th century. Here a Special General Meeting was held in perfect safety, and a cordial (the flask is a splendid idea) vote of thanks was unanimously passed to Captain Slosh. Then the party proceeded to Caer Din, an ancient earthwork thought to have been made in connection with Offa's Dyke. This was a fitting prelude to Offa's Dyke itself, and we are bound to admit that this section certainly is the most imposing piece to be found anywhere. We followed it on foot for a mile and then by eye as far as we could see. Here Slosh's programme petered out, and the Presider suggested keeping on "over the top" to Sarn. Slosh was indeed a master in getting his Douglas along, and Cook and Austin benefitted by their Berwyn experiences, but the rest quite agreed that "few roads give so vivid an idea of travel in the 18th century," although disposed to argue that the 8th century was really meant! However Sarn and excellent roads were duly won, and at Montgomery a much appreciated meal obtained, after which with the wind behind Shrewsbury was speedily reached, to find that Toft, Poole, Cody, and Knipe had arrived to augment our numbers.

Monday morning bright and early saw us all off to various parts of the 50 course allocated to us by the Skipper, and we were reinforced by Buckley, Reade and Grimmy who were staying at Waters Upton, and Rogers and Hallsworth from Nesselcliffe. We must congratulate the East Liverpool Wheelers on a splendidly managed event. We had no luck ourselves as Grimshaw stood down for very good reasons, and Barnard never appeared at all. Parton rode well and clocked 2-37-56, which placed him 9th in the handicap. Walters faded away in the late stages and did 2-54-3, while Threlfall, who was doing a 2-40 ride up to 40 miles, had a recrudescence of his knee trouble, and was only able literally to crawl to the finish in 3-3-15. The race itself was remarkable for the fine riding of Freddie Lowcock, Dredge, Paine and Turner. Lowcock was well inside evens and shaping to do fastest when he punctured at 28 miles, which explains his time of 2-33-52. Dredge also punctured and did 2-35-43, which let Paine in for fastest time with 2-28-25. Turner, the one armed, gave a marvellous exhibition of wonderful style and speed. It was an object lesson to see the way he climbed the hill at Ercall Corner and took a drink, after rounding Shawbury Corner faultlessly. Turner not only punctured and changed, but had to stop twice to inflate a slowly leaking tyre, so you can draw your own conclusions as to what his 2-38-17 really meant. Rather a mess was made of the handicap by F. J. Morgan, off 17 minutes, for he had done 2-25-59 the previous week, and with 2-31-1 was easily first. Paine (6 minutes) was second and fastest, Derby (Cheadle Hulme, 15 minutes) third with 2-38-37, and H. S. Crosbie, of the promoting Club, was fourth off 9 minutes with 2-33-52.

After the race some returned to Shrewsbury, Fawcett and Bailey extended westward, and the rest of us trickled easily homeward with

luncheon parties at the Raven and Whitchurch—thus completing a glorious holiday in which perfect weather and complete harmony reigned supreme. Those who went elsewhere probably suffered the usual consequences. Teddy Edwards was nearly drowned out on his walking tour in Snowdonia, and we fear Chandler, in Yorkshire, and "Wayfarer," in attempting to "smash through" to Ypento, were not much more fortunate. We were all sorry a family bereavement prevented Jack Marchanton from joining us at the last moment, and that Chem "missed his train" which a delegation went to meet in the early hours, but we refused to be downhearted, and the evening sessions in the sanctum sanctorum were highly entertaining.

Acton Bridge, August 6th.

It is always interesting (sometimes painfully) to try new places for our Saturday teas, and the "Leigh Arms" at Acton Bridge can be immediately written down as a great success. A good muster of 31 gathered to enjoy an excellent tea, and Liverpool and Manchester seemed to be about equally represented. In spite of his strenuous summer, Grimmy managed to find enough energy to propel Mullah on the tandem. Dave Fell arrived in state, luxuriously reposing in the sidecar of a combination outfit (I think that is the correct term), the driver of the aforesaid outfit being Mr. Brooks Handley. None of the younger members will know him, but 20 years ago he was a member, and was a regular attender of Club Runs till his removal from the district. The younger members (possible record aspirants, pure tourists and half-and-halfers) turned up in full force. Parry and Gregg dashed up in weird and wonderful style on a tandem (borrowed), having averaged $9\frac{1}{2}$ m.p.h. from Wallasey, and were just able to escape being caught by Austin, who had been trying to lose the Skipper in some perfectly straightforward lanes. Reade was giving money away recklessly, but I was just too late (as usual). We were glad to see Parton, who had ridden up from Shropshire—quite a useful training spin. The Presider, after trying cold meat, salads, jellies, custards, bread-and-butter, fruit and seven sorts of cake, was reluctantly compelled to decline Green's offer of yet another tit-bit, being constrained to remark that he was not a camel or some such bird. The Week End C.C. held a run to Macclesfield (what is there at Macclesfield?), but, the Mancunians having departed, the rest made for home. All went well till near Taryn, where Teddy Edwards deflated his back tyre. (I think it was only to swank because he had a real drop-out, complete with skewer.) The tyre being changed, the skewer was missing, and Teddy was just taking an interest in Home Rails when Parry found the "doins" in the grass. Another mile, and Teddy was on the rim again, so the fast tandem, which was lampless, had to carry on, leaving Johnny Band and Edwards surrounded with wheels, tyres, valves, patches, skewers, and frames. As no special editions of the "Echo" were sent out, I surmise they arrived home safely like myself, knackered but happy.

Pulford, August 13th.

This was a splendid day in all respects—the weather being on its best behaviour. I evidently started at about the right time since I had not travelled far before I met a sturdy set of our own clubmen. They appeared to be out for blood, and blood soon spurted along in the form of a tandem propelled by two carpenters—Hemlock Jones comes to this conclusion on account of their sawing antics. Kettle on tri-

cycle made it very warm for them and incidentally one or two of his own forces. Dews found that a graceful way of being dropped can be arranged by having a cheap pipe that will shed the bowl and still leave the mouthpiece between the teeth. This of course means halting to recover the bowl. Rogers trusted to punctures to cool him down. Nevertheless, it is said that the tandem was whacked but game by the time Obester was reached. Pulford was reached via Iron Bridge. Here the party swelled greatly. Altogether slightly over thirty members graced the table at the appointed time. The eatables were good—and also the “wetness” for those who liked a pleasant mixture of tea and coffee. After tea it was announced that a billiard match would take place in the billiard room. Young Grimmy and Kinder the Elder versus Battling Hallsworth and Hans. The match was a huge success, Grimmy scoring freely (using the battle cries of “more chalk” and “Barratt’s the boy”) soon showed that his side would win. The end came earlier than was expected—it only took Grimmy and Co. two and a half hours to complete the “thirty up” for which the match was staged!

Tarporley, August 20th.

I had determined that I would ride round the earth to this run, but a late start made the Pack Horse Lanes the extent of the journey. Parry, picked up near Mollington, provided welcome company, and after two tandems and Mandall had put it through us, we duly arrived. Tea was discussed and thoroughly enjoyed by a muster of 23. Lake, Hubert, and Arthur were reported and had gone on to recover the car that was wrecked at Bishops Castle. Oliver Cooper was the only other motorist on the scene. Bolton made the collection in business-like fashion, but I am afraid he doesn’t make the huge profits Ven used to. The Kinders’ tandem was making for Wem. G. B. Orrell and Frank Edwards were week-ending with Grandpa to ride over the “50” course. Can the old gentleman be thinking of getting up in the next 50? In the absence of Cody, Teddy Edwards won the prize for the cleanest machine. H. Green was going to Hoylake and Johnny Band and I were engaged at fabulous expense to pilot him thereto or as near thereto as we felt able. We got him safely as far as the Frodsham road via the Egg Bridge lanes, when Teddy Edwards basely robbed us of him while we weren’t looking and apparently took him through the lanes to the bottom road, for we saw him not again and missed our fee.

Northop, August 27th.

How is it that this run is nearly always disappointing? We have a lot of members who complain that so few of our runs are into Wales, but they do not take advantage of those that are fixed. Of course there was a separate run to Marton, and eight of our men were entered for the C.R.C. 50, but this does not entirely explain the small muster of 16 to one of the most delectable spots in North Wales only 16 miles from New Ferry! Tea was rather of the “continuous performance” order, for the Bettws-y-coed week-enders, Koenen, Chandler, Cook and the brothers Kinder had theirs early and “got on with it” at 6 o’clock, just as Band, Threlfall, Bailey, Creed and Cody started theirs, but later arrivals up to 7 p.m. were Bibby, Austin, Kettle, Parry, Edwards and Morris, so that the full attendance was as above recorded. The Presider brought us the official news of the immediately impending demise of D.O.R.A., and some brilliant suggestions were made as to how to celebrate it suitably. The idea of a

funeral pyre of rear lamps on P. C. Hilditch's doorstep seemed to find most favour. Then we puzzled over the non-appearance of the large party Hallsworth was reported as organising. Had they lost their way? Sympathies were extended to Bibby, who had experienced a nasty fall on the Halkyn Mountain and broken a pedal off, and he has no doubt now decided to fit a brake! And then we trickled home in small parties without incident, wondering how the week-enders were getting along against the westerly draught that had sprung up.

Marton, August 27th.

Anybody would think that the Club is composed of two sections: A strong section and a weak section, to judge by the number of tandems that were out on this run. Perhaps this would have been a wrong conclusion to make, as they may all have been the same as my steersman and myself. Both being very weak we decided that to go on the tandem was the only way to get there except, of course, by train. We notice, however, in "Cycling" that the best people scorn this means of progression, so after a week's hard training we set off, feeling fit for any old thing, but it is remarkable how this feeling leaves you after a time. I have noticed it before.

On our way we were stopped by a person who fairly bristled with bottle necks. His face brightened when he spotted us, and he said "Hello, have you come to help? Here is a sponge and a bucket of water; go down the road and wait for them." By the time we had got down the road and gathered our scattered wits, men came riding along at a furious pace and dressed up as though they belonged to a third-rate theatrical company. To these we had to give the sponge, but after getting wet through we left, and finally arrived at Marton.

During tea a mild stir was caused by a remark of Mr. Mullins' to the effect that the helpers from different clubs in a forthcoming event were to be pooled. As one of those present is to be a helper, he strongly opposed this, saying that it was a disgusting business, and that never to his knowledge had he ever been pooled before, but the matter was finally settled.

A. T. SIMPSON,

Editor.

ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

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FIXTURES FOR OCTOBER, 1921.

		Light up at
Oct.	1. Halewood (Derby Arms)	7-49 p.m.
..	8. Tarporley (Swan)	6-32 p.m.
..	10. Committee Meeting, 7 p.m., 25, Water Street, Liverpool.	
..	15. Chester (Bull and Stirrup)	6-15 p.m.
..	22. Pulford (Grosvenor Arms Hotel)	6-0 p.m.
	and week-end Llangollen (Royal).	
..	29. Acton Bridge (Leigh Arms)	5-45 p.m.
Nov.	5. Halewood (Derby Arms)	5-32 p.m.

ALTERNATIVE RUNS FOR MANCHESTER MEMBERS.

Oct.	1. Siddington (Mrs. Sam Woods)	
Nov.	5. Ringway (Mainwood Farm)	

Full moon 16th inst.

Committee Notes.

25, Water Street,
Liverpool.

Mr. F. H. Swift has been elected to Active Membership.

AUTUMNAL TINTS TOUR.—A Special Tariff of 5/6 single room (5/- two in a room), breakfast 3/6, supper 4/- per head has been arranged. Members intending to take part should let me know a week in advance.

NEW ADDRESS.—J. W. ROGERS, The Cottage, Dacre Hill, Rock Ferry.

APPLICATION FOR MEMBERSHIP.—HARRY MERCER HORROCKS, "Sunnybank," Andrews Lane, Formby. Proposed by W. M. Robinson, seconded by E. Parry. (Junior Active.)

F. D. McCANN,

Hon. Sec.

F. H. sends us the following interesting notes:—

Us and Others.

The late Fletcher Moss has done a great deal for many of us Antifielders, and for none more than for a certain member from Cheadle Hulme. The latter it was who, as Secretary to our sister club, the Cheadle C.C., bestowed on that club a most romantic device, and now finds in *Pilgrimages* 5, page 528, that an almost similar motto (but in heraldic French) was borne by the equally romantic and ill-fated Henry Steward, Lord Darnley.

His motto ran:—

“ AVANT! DARNLEY, JAMAIS D'ARRIERE.”

The Cheadle device read in plain English:—

“ EVER IN THE VAN, BUT NEVER IN THE CART.”

Both mottoes mean the same thing, and both proved ill-fated.

Well might the former endear the dashing D to an ogling queen who married and then murdered him. Well might the latter endear the dallying CCC to the Railway Companies, who lolled it in luxury, till it committed suicide. A sign at Stirling points to the house of Darnley, now a common lodging house. The Cheadle Sign, torn from the walls of a Gately Gin Palace, lies rotting at Cheadle Hulme. (What a lesson, what a Handwriting on the Wall! To me: What a scourge!). Moss's Pilgrim Partner, ere joining Moss, was a patron of “The Cheadle.”

On Moss' Tracks.

After the strenuous side of clublife on September 10th., what a contrast to see next day at the unearthly hour of 10 a.m. the enthusiastic mob of members leaving the Lion and hurrying to Middletown Hill to negotiate awheel the remarkable road up Kempsters Hill, and after abandoning the cycles, to plod their way to the summit of the Breidden Hill. Talk about the Cope and Bracken: the Ferns we got involved in reached to Knipe's beard. (How like a Viking he looks when grappling with nature). But we scrambled up over the footprints of Ostorius and sat down where Caradoc cursed him. We touched the spots that Fletcher Moss photographed in his description of the battlefield, and then many of us re-echoed the words of Hubert: “For the first and last time in my life I survey this Landscape.” A noble prophecy.

The movements of the ABC in its moments of greater leisure have of late oft been guided by the pen of Moss, and much of this is due to the President, who is not only a great student of his works, but who cannot help respecting a tourist like Moss who, ill-conditioned, ill-clad, ill-mounted, and often ill-led, tackled en route such trifles as the Breidden Hill and sat down in dripping garments to dinner at Vyrnwy (or Vyrnyw) surrounded by boiled shirts on boasting braggarts, a thing to make Harry Buck's mouth water. (Surely I must have met Moss somewhere in those days, for I too have arrived at Vyrnwy wet to the skin. I know those shirts).

Memories and Memos!

As our new tandem fliers are still in the first flush of youth, they may be induced by your September notes to hearken to my perhaps somewhat eccentric views on tandem work, but first let me

explain that the words you quoted from the "Athletic News" were from the pen of my old friend Hatton—an old and tried tandem pacer by the way—and must not be misconstrued. When mentioning "great exponent" he meant not so much performer as student, theorist, observer, or spotter, but certainly not a potter of Pots.

It will therefore not surprise the Edwards-Orrells if I venture to direct them to a series of articles on Tandem Riding well known to an older Anfield School, but out of print, or better, never in print. The manuscripts are scarce and in the hands of connoisseurs: Frank Roskell may have a complete set as he was the scribe of the famous Roskell team (Hubert doing the dirty work).

Edwards might well study:

"Why I ride the Backseat?"

"Rearsteering and the real use of the frontbar."

"Frontmen as Figureheads, their real aim and purpose."

"Backmen are born, frontmen are bred."

"The mental and physical ascendancy of the backman over the front," with marginal notes by Hubert.

and leave to the last the instructive: "Why we missed the record."

From Orrell must be withheld rival pamphlets:

"Teamleaders, First, Foremost and in Front."

"Bucksaddles and their makeweights."

"The backpedalling of the backpedals."

All this brings back to memory dear the strange mysterious past, and also the toils and troubles of the paced races and records. Pacing Plans and Problems; The Pacing Cast—more involved than the Cast of a Drury Lane Drama; for a pacer seldom knew his part or his partner.

At the eleventh hour instead of a quiet feed or smoke I have sat scribbling by the roadside trying to recast the pacers where some important links (Chem and Co.) had been mislaid by the platform porters at Lime Street. The despairing telegrams on a Friday night from Manchester to Liverpool: "Frank, cancel Hodnet, pacers lost or strayed," and after a sleepless night: "Hubert, all well, catch noon train, just found Shanks." Think of the delightful manœuvres of the Wirral Triplet sweating, plunging, lurching, cursing; usually manned by a Captain in front, an enthusiast in the middle, and an adventurer in the rear.

I recall finding myself on the New Brighton Ferry to ride in the only Anfield Path Fifty, armed with one complete tandem team, one novices team and one empty tandem in charge of my pacing marshall, William Lowcock. On the Ferry, Bill tried hard to man that tandem, but the volunteers decamped when they saw the paucity of my material as compared with the array of my chief rival. Even on the mark William tried to delay the start by tearing his hair, when the unexpected happened: A stranger burst on the track shouting—"Stop! I'm the man from Hyde to pace FH, but which is he?" Marshall Bill stripped him then and there.

Alas, in the words of the poet: "Nous n'irons plus en piste."

ITEMS.

Heartly congratulations to the Lusty one on his fine performance with Greenwood in breaking R.R.A. tandem record with 1-5S-5 on a none too favourable day. This record is acknowledged to be one of

the thickest on the books, and although it has since been twice beaten, and at the time of writing stands to the credit of Dredge and Marsh with the marvellous time of 1-53-40, Greenwood and Lusty will go down into history as being the pair to lead the way by showing that it was not entirely out of reach.

We also desire to congratulate D. M. Kaye for his very fine letter in "Cycling" on "The Amenities of the Road," and would suggest that he makes a similar contribution to the motor cycling Press. There is room on the road for all users, and D. M. K. voices the right spirit of sweet reasonableness whereby alone can the pleasure of all road users be conserved. Unfortunately the motor organisations and the Ministry of Transport seem unable to think except in terms of Rules, Regulations, and Acts of Parliament creating a lot of "offences" which spell "revenue," without adding one iota to the safety of wayfarers.

On a tour of the Eastern Counties prior to the N.R. 24, Chandler called at Lowestoft and looked up Jimmy James, alias The Swanker! Jimmy was delighted to greet a fellow Anfielder and sent all sorts of loving messages to his old friends. Why not join us at Easter or Whitsuntide next year, Jimmy? Chandler also came across Sarson rather dramatically, with the result that M. O. S. lent a hand at Tallington. Perhaps this will lead to his running over from Stafford and joining us when we are playing the game in Shropshire. Think it over!

Members will regret to hear of the death of Arthur Pitchford, of the Barley Mow, Newport, on September 1st. Competitors in the 24 during the last two decades always found the feeding at the Barley Mow second to none, while those who frequently week-ended there knew how much of this was due to Mr. Pitchford himself. Although really very ill and suffering from an incurable complaint, he insisted on getting up early and worked like a Trojan on the occasion of the 24 this year, for he had an abiding interest in the sport and the Club. Our sympathies are extended to Mrs. Pitchford in her bereavement.

If any member who appears in the Club photograph has not received a copy, Charlie Conway will be very glad if he will let him know so that the omission can be remedied.

G. B. Orrell and F. L. Edwards purpose attacking N.R.R.A. 50 Miles Tandem Record, on October 15th, using the Shropshire course by starting at the top of Marchamley and finishing at Peplow. Offers of assistance for checking and marshalling will be gladly received, and every volunteer will be given a specific job.

October 15th is the date of the Chester fixture, which it is important from the Club point of view should be well supported, so it is to be hoped that those who have not official engagements in Shropshire and a goodly crowd of non-regular attenders, will put in an appearance at the Bull and Stirrup.

Hearty congratulations to F. H. Harrison and J. J. Barker, of the Manchester Wheelers, for so handsomely beating N.R.R.A. 12 Hours Tandem Record on September 25th. They were favoured by an excellent day, but had machine trouble that seriously threatened to put an end to the effort—and they were shut out at the level

crossing Nantwich, but riding in splendid style, they accomplished 223½ miles before Poole stopped them. Early last year this would have been R.R.A. Record as well, so the "class" of the performance is clearly recognised and appreciated to the full. Of course in sporting friendly rivalry we must try and get this record back and not let 12 years elapse! Now then ye tandemens. It would be invidious to mention names, but you can all get fit for it next year.

As we go to Press we hear that Lusty and Greenwood have been busy again! On September 20th they beat the Midland 100 Miles Tandem Record by the substantial margin of 21 minutes, clocking 4-28-29, which is only 1 min. 49 secs. slower than R.R.A. Record. Wonderful. Congratulations to both are hereby extended.

At a Committee Meeting of the N.O.T.C.R., on September 26th, it was decided to wind up the organisation as having already fulfilled its purpose. The balance in hand from the 1919 and 1920 Rallies amounting to £16 16/- was unanimously voted as a donation to the Cyclists' War Memorial, and will in due course be remitted to the Conservators of the Obelisk at Meriden.

The Annual Dinner of the Fellowship of Old Time Cyclists will be held in London, on Wednesday, December 14th. Will members of the Fellowship please make a note of the date. It is desired to have as big a crowd representing the Provinces in general and the Anfield in particular, as possible.

Our new member, Bibby, is one of the few Anfielders who have not fittingly celebrated "the end of the war." While most of us have scrapped our backlamp brackets, Bibby has done nothing—for the sole reason that there was nothing to do. Oh! these lawless cyclists!

It is announced that Mount Everest has effectually repulsed would-be explorers. You just wait till Old Bill (Cook)—Lord of the Berwyns—takes the matter in hand with his troupe of Fearless Push-Bikists. They'll larn us.

The following are extracts from some notes in "The Irish Cyclist," of August 31, 1921:—

"Preceded by a gentle tapping on the door, so gentle that it would not have awakened us from our afternoon slumber, there was wafted into our office one day last week a strange apparition. It was in the form of a man. Nothing remarkable about that you may say. But there was about this man something out of the common. Of a little above average height, from a well-bronzed, quite intelligent face shone a pair of piercing eyes of grey, and a flowing crop of hair tinged with grey swept backwards, without brilliantine or parting. It was the great English cycling journalist—the corrector of the Press and the public (with the assistance of W. P. Cook) on the subject of rear lights on bicycles and the use and misuse of the phrase "pedal cycle." Without offering him a chair, we said to "Wayfarer:" "Take this bicycle; run out to the Phoenix Park for an hour, and have a cup of tea with us when you come back." Unfortunately we were not able to offer him a motor bicycle for his trip, as doubtless he would have liked to have had. In fact, the only bicycle we had at hand was not of the type which, had we our choice, we would have offered to our friend. It had no variable gear; it had not even mudguards. Its wood rims carried open-sided tyres of not very generous dimensions. Its saddle was a newly purchased

B10, its handlebar was well dropped and well swept forward. Fortunately it was fitted with one of his favourite accessories—a handlebar mirror. After an hour "Wayfarer" returned and we took him across to the Gresham, so that he might imbibe the atmosphere in the real home of the special correspondent. And when this meets the eye of Mr. "Wayfarer," perhaps it will serve to him as a reminder that he did not return the pair of elastic bands which "The O'Tatur" loaned to him to preserve the creases and prevent any bagginess at the knees of his nether garments. As they were cut from a Dunlop motor tube, he cannot possibly have any use for them—at any rate when out with the Anfield Bicycle Club."

Those who were present at the photo run on 18th June will now be in possession of specimens of Charlie Conway's magic, and will thus be able to see what a very fine collection of genuine antiques and youngsters we Anfielders are. It requires no Special General Meeting to renew Charlie's appointment as Official Club Photographer for twelve calendar months, at the same remuneration as before. Carried unanimously.

Robinson has set us all a good example by practising that confession which is said to be good for the soul. In a recent issue of "Cycling" he made the stupendous announcement and startling revelation that he is not a doctor. We wish that other members of the Club were equally frank. For instance, why does not Cook admit that he is not a vegetarian? Is there any reason why Hubert should not allow it to be known that he has no sympathy with "Pussyfoot?" Is A.T.S. the holder of any tandem records or is he not? Why does not Parry deny that he is a woman hater? In common decency, Turnor ought to admit he is not a motorist, while Johnny Band should concede that he has never kept a public house.

The North Road "24."

Tomlin and I took Grimmy to the start, and pushed him off on his long journey over what was to him an absolutely strange course. It proved a rotten night. The wind, which varied N.E. to E., got stronger instead of dying at sunset, and it was bitterly cold. After Grimmy was well away, Tomlin and I got on by the nearest cut, through St. Ives, to try and catch him at Chatteris. We managed this, and having pushed a milk and soda into him, and lit up his gas lamp, we sent him off across the fens for Wisbech. Tomlin's advent into the Chatteris pub. for the above milk and soda was one of the events of the week-end. The inhabitants of the house thought an escaped lunatic had burst in on them. On the Tallington detour Grimmy unfortunately lost considerable time, owing to going off the course, coming out at Spalding on the return, and he thinks he did quite five or six miles which, of course, could not count. When he arrived at Wisbech on this occasion he was also on a punctured tyre, which proved, however, to be his only tyre trouble. He rode very well on the Peterboro' trip, and made up some of his lost time.

We stayed at Wisbech until Grimmy coming back from Lynn left the last time at 213 miles. Followers now being allowed, Tomlin and I followed him at a somewhat increasing distance to Chatteris. He was going well on this stretch, and certainly we could not be accused of breaking the R.R.A. following rule. After Chatteris, Grimmy made for Jimmy and Stevie at Cambridge, and we through St. Ives to wait for him again at the Woolpack on the Godmanchester

road. We followed him through various parts of the course, and eventually saw him off down towards Bedford on his last detour. Following slowly and wearily down the Bedford road we died in a pub. at Gt. Barford, but were somewhat brought to life again by Guinness & Company. I had judged that Grimmy would just about get here by 7-10 p.m., when his time was up, but having to face the wind finishing, and being very sick and somewhat sorry, he had run his time out about $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles short of where we waited.

A few minutes later he came flying past well wrapped up in Billy Neason's car en route for St. Neots and bed. It was a great race. Grimmy's performance is really much better than it appears on paper. He certainly lost five or six miles off the course. The weather conditions were very far from good, and there is not the least doubt that he was suffering from the effects of a season's racing quite sufficient to have killed three ordinary men.

I believe Chandler was at the Tallington and Peterboro' turns, and we were sorry not to be able to get in touch with him.

I have not said much of the other rides done, as they have been most ably reported in the Cycling Press, and under the conditions they were all good, while those of Davey, Rossiter, Armand (the placed men) were simply marvellous, Davey's ride to my mind being the finest exhibition of "24" riding that has ever been done at any time.

"BUCK."

[Grimmy is anxious that we should add on his behalf that Buckley particularly worked like a Trojan in organising the help available, riding 162 miles on the course, while Tomlin was only slightly less strenuously engaged, and rode 150 miles. He also wishes to thank Jimmie, Stevie, and Chandler for their assistance.—Ed.]

RUNS:

Daresbury, 3rd September, 1921.

As a comparatively new and unimportant member, I feel greatly indebted to Mr. Cook and Mr. Kettle for escorting me to Daresbury, and showing me such a "medley of lanes and byways." We reached our destination in good time, and as Mr. Koenen was on the point of setting out with a party of members to visit and inspect some "Roman remains" in the neighbourhood, I took the liberty of joining them, and the "expedition" resulted in much enlightenment. Mr. Koenen's knowledge of these matters is "extensive and peculiar," and I am really surprised that he does not write a book on the subject. Thirty-one afterwards sat down to tea, which was a very pleasant function, except for one "jarring note," occasioned by Mr. Chandler, Mr. Royden, Mr. Edwards, and three others, whose names I do not know, getting two eggs each, whilst the rest of us had to be content with half that number. Mr. Robinson endeavoured to obtain a "reduction in price," but Mr. Threlfall was obdurate, and the former had to "cough up," as Mr. Cook would say. On hearing that one of the many tandems present required "structural alterations," Mr. Cook generously made ready to "rebuild the machine," using a brick and part of the flywheel off a mangle. The owner, however, decided to "let well alone," and rode away before the President could "get busy." This was a signal for the party to break up. The "week-end enthusiasts," led by Mr. Cook, set off for a place called Nantwich, while the remainder "started for

home." The overdose of tar from which Helsby was known to be suffering caused one contingent to make a "detour" round the back of this town, with the result that several "fierce and precipitous hills" were encountered. Further on, somebody "lighted a fire," but the "Plodder's Section" (consisting of Mr. Chandler, Mr. Fawcett, Mr. Band, and Mr. Gregg) took no notice, preferring to maintain a steady pace of "seven miles per hour." It is understood that Mr. Robinson "sustained a puncture" in the back tyre of his tandem, and that this was repaired in the "Bull and Stirrup" yard at Chester, by Mr. Parry and Mr. Gregg, Mr. Robinson preferring to "while away" a pleasant half hour in making short speeches to passing cyclists apropos the "death of Dora" and the "passing of the rear lamp."

[Don't blame us for the "inverted commas." Our contributor, it appears, has a "lady correspondent" who slings these about with "abandon," and the "virus" has evidently "entered his system."
—Ed.]

50 Miles Handicap, September 10th.

This, the concluding event of our racing programme, was favoured with fine weather, although the wind was very strong and mostly across the course, while the roads made those who knew them in *ante bellum* days rather sad at heart. We suppose the Shropshire record course will be put right sometime, but at present the only advantage it has is its seclusion and freedom from traffic and bad corners, and from the point of view of safety (particularly with tandems competing) it is better than any Cheshire course. No doubt the difficulties of getting to the venue even for a late start militated against the number of entries, but it is astonishing how these can be overcome if one really tries. Ask the Kinders how they managed to reach the start with two minutes to spare when they could only catch a train at 2.0 that was 20 minutes late! However, all the 10 entrants were starters, and the race quite justified itself, and is full of promise for the future. S. H. Bailey and H. Austin did really splendid novice performances and should be greatly encouraged to further efforts, while inspiring others to emulation. Bailey indeed was the winner right from the start, and up to 40 miles was also making it a very close thing for fastest as well. Without turning a hair and apparently despising drinks, he showed an unexpected turn of speed and clocked 2-37-41, which, with 13 minutes start made him an easy first. Austin also did well with 2-42-38, and was second off 11 minutes by a bare 8 seconds! The real feature, however, was the excellent tandem riding of F. L. Edwards and G. B. Orrell, who at 26½ miles looked like doing 2-10, which would have been magnificent on such a day. It was not surprising they lost a little the second time round the triangle, and their time of 2-13-16 is a real class performance which ought to ensure their going for record on rags and timber. Owing 18 minutes, they were third in the handicap, and Lusty (evidently feeling the effects of recent super efforts on a tandem with Greenwood when they got the R.R.A. record with 1-58-5) did remarkably well to secure fastest time prize with 2-36-7. Cox, who was out to beat 3 hours, did so comfortably with 2-53-18, and the only other finisher was L. W. Walters, who toured home in 3-15-31, after a packet of tyre trouble. Of the other starters, Bibby packed up at Hodnet, finding his Halkyn acquired wound troublesome, Banks punctured at Ercall and was forced to retire, as he had no spare, and the Kinder tandem foundered in the loose stuff near

Peplow and bent a pedal. But the worst remains to be recorded, for the Walters-Parton tandem when travelling fast at Waters Upton broke its front forks and both of them were badly knocked about—particularly Walters. This was doubly unfortunate in view of the N.R. 24, in which both were entered, and we are sure they have everyone's sympathy and good wishes for a speedy recovery. Thus ended the Club's racing programme, and record aspirants now have the field. It was gratifying to find that about 40 members were out on the course doing all they could for the competitors, and we were particularly pleased to see Pryor amongst us again. Young fellows like Edwards and Royden rode home again after the race, but there was quite a large party week-ending at Shrewsbury, and on Sunday, Captain Slesh guided a band of 10 to the Breiddens to view the place where Caractacus is believed to have made his last stand against the Romans. The sight of Tiny Roskell *dashing* up to Rodney's Column was one for the gods, only equalled by the magnificent manner in which he spurned the butter-milk at the farm after the party had descended. After lunch, at Oswestry, the crowd trickled home in sections and completed a very fine week-end. [As we go to press we hear that both Walters and Parton have now practically recovered.—Ed.]

Pulford, 17th September.

Some 21 wheelmen of Anfield persuasion duly assembled at the Grosvenor, elated in spirits, due to the boisterous weather (nothing more, Mr. Editor), and working to schedule took up their positions at the Festive Board. Being duly fortified from a generous supply of the wherewithal, a spirit of contentment prevailed.

Mr. President was heard to remark that the Mayor was not present, which was most unusual, and then speculation was rife as to what had become of Green and Parry, who eventually arrived before the viands had disappeared. The latter, who went to hail a bicycle, had been to Hale, Cheshire, for a brand new machine, and said something about having done some 39 miles in an incredibly short space of time; however, it must have been authentic, because Green was with him; another candidate for the next fifty.

The Mullah and Bailey (Manchester) appeared to have struck bad patches, for both complained bitterly of punctures, the former, after a hurried meal, passing out like a little gentleman, to do the needful.

Grandad and Cox were among the first to move off, and expected to spend the weekend in Wales; the Skipper, after bidding his crew good night, sailed away in the direction of the Peninsular, Home and Beauty, and the party now having dwindled to four, seemed loth to leave the Cobble Stoned Yard of that licenced house. However, they decided to make the best of the waning light, and moved off in the direction of the setting sun and the gathering shades of night.

Acton Bridge, 24th September.

Twenty-seven members and friends graced this fixture with their presence, and the Mullah was also there. Prior to moving indoors for tea, there was much passing to and fro of newspapers, and it appeared that the current issue of a rag called the "Hoylake and West Kirby Advertiser," had "Mr. Cook" and "Mr. Robinson"

on toast to the tune of nearly a column apropos rear lights on cycles. Our worthy President and our eminent litterateur-lecturer have been writin' to th' paapers (an unusual occupation for both of them), and the result is that they have been thoroughly chewed up. Kettle, who lives at Hoylake, is under suspicion, but he declares that he can prove an alibi.

A very satisfying tea was discussed, and it is evident that the Leigh Arms is "some" hotel. Grimmy was the butt of several shafts of wit(?), one point raised being as to whether he had ever done any speed work on the road. The answer was in the infirmary, and that is also where the enquirer will be if he's not more careful. After tea the Liverpool contingent set off for Warrington. The Kook-Kettle twins were for Macclesfield "of course." The Manchester folk got on with it, and the Fast Birkenhead pack (consisting of Parry, Chandler, Austin, Dickman, and Robinson and Gregg on tandem) were the last to leave. The Slow Birkenhead pack (which includes weaklings such as Jay Bee, Teddy Edwards, Zambuck, and Tommy Royden) was joined at Hinderton, where there was much drinking of non-alcoholic liquors. Thereafter we all went home.

A. T. SIMPSON,

Editor.



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Back (standing):—Banks, Robinson, H. Kinder, Davies, Bitty, Cox, L. Oppenheimer, S. H. Bailey, McCann, J. Kinder, Crowcroft, H. Roskell, Leece, E. Parry, Barnard, P. N. Gorman, F. Mundell, Creed, Aldridge, J. D. Cranshaw, Fawcett, J. Cranshaw, G. Mundell, Austin, Gregg, Koenen.
Middle (sitting):—Kaye, Buckley, Royden, Knipe, Cooper, Turnor, Edwards, Kettle, H. Green, Cody, Venables, Bolton, Cotter, W. A. Lowcock, E. O. Morris, Cook, S. J. Buck, J. W. Gorman, W. Bailey, Haslam.
Front:—Buckley, Jnr., Threlfall, James, Reade, Grimshaw, Tomlin, Beckett, Stephenson, Mandall.

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ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

FORMED MARCH 1879.

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

MONTHLY CIRCULAR.

Vol. XVI.

No. 189.

FIXTURES FOR NOVEMBER, 1921.

		Light up at
Nov.	5. Halewood (Derby Arms)	5-32 p.m.
..	12. Pulford (Grosvenor Arms)	5-19 p.m.
..	14. Committee Meeting, 6-30 p.m., 25, Water Street, Liverpool.	
..	14. SPECIAL GENERAL MEETING, 7-30 p.m.	
..	19. Acton Bridge (Leigh Arms)	5-9 p.m.
..	26. Chester (Bull and Stirrup) Musical Evening.....	5-0 p.m.
Dec.	3. Halewood (Derby Arms)	4-54 p.m.

ALTERNATIVE RUNS FOR MANCHESTER MEMBERS.

Nov.	5. Ringway (Mainwood Farm)	5-32 p.m.
..	12. Siddington (Mrs. Sam Woods)	5-19 p.m.
Dec.	3. Cheadle Hulme (Church Inn)	4-54 p.m.

Full moon 15th inst.

A Special General Meeting of the members is hereby called for 7-30 p.m., on Monday, the 14th November, 1921, at the Hon. Secretary's Office, 25, Water Street, Liverpool, to consider, under Rule 20, the case of Mr. H. Pryor, he having refused to accede to the Committee's request for his resignation in accordance with the resolution passed by the Committee at the meeting held on the 10th October, the text of which is given in the Committee Notes below,

F. D. McCANN, Hon. Sec.

Committee Notes.

25, Water Street,
Liverpool.

The attention of members of the Committee is called to the earlier hour for the November Meeting.

Mr. H. M. HORROCKS has been elected to Junior Active Membership.

The Committee considered the rejection by the R.R.A. of a claim for Record made by Messrs. Marsh and Dredge, of the Shaftesbury C.C., on the ground that they were not officially timed at the finish, which arose through the break down of the following motor, notwithstanding the fact that their time was taken by three cyclists (two of whom were chance passers-by), and these watches compared with the Timekeeper's immediately afterwards. The Hon. Secretary was instructed to write the Hon. Secretary of the R.R.A. giving the Committee's opinion that the ride should be passed, and to communicate with the Club's Delegates for their support.

As a sequel to our good offices, the appeal of Marsh and Dredge was successful and their "50" Tandem Record has been passed by the R.R.A. at 1.54.

The Meeting considered the position arising out of the giving of notice by Mr. H. Pryor, a first-claim member, for an attempt (successful) upon N.R.R.A. Record *in the name of another Club*. After full consideration of all the facts and of a letter received by the President from Mr. Pryor, in which it was stated that he (Mr. Pryor) was "fully prepared to withstand any consequences" and that his action was no different from his policy of the whole year, during which he "*had acted against A.B.C. policy in many ways*," it was Resolved, with one dissentient, "That this Meeting of the Committee of the Anfield Bicycle Club congratulates Mr. Pryor upon his fine tricycle ride of Saturday last, but it is the opinion of this Committee, regretfully arrived at, that Mr. Pryor, a first-claim member of the Anfield Bicycle Club, by making an attempt upon a Record (already held by another first-claim member) under the name of another Club, has acted in a manner derogatory to the best interests of the Anfield Bicycle Club. The Secretary, therefore, is hereby instructed to write Mr. Pryor asking him to tender his resignation within seven days, failing which the Secretary be instructed to call a Special General Meeting under Rule 20 to deal with the matter." This Resolution has been communicated to Mr. Pryor, who refuses to tender his resignation, "contending such action calls for expulsion and not a demand for my resignation."

At the same meeting a Resolution calling upon Mr. A. Warburton for his resignation within seven days was passed *unm. con.* on the ground that he had acted in a manner derogatory to the best interests of the Club. Mr. Warburton has tendered his resignation.

F. D. McCANN,

Hon. Sec.

The following Appeal is issued with the full approval and endorsement of the Committee:—

Anfielders and the C.T.C.

A special appeal is made to all Anfielders who are not members of the Cyclists' Touring Club to rally to the support of that organization without delay. The ordinary subscription is 10/-, with an entrance fee of 1/-, which payment will provide membership until the end of 1922. Most of us are aware of the splendid services which Stancer is rendering to the cause of cycling as Secretary of the C.T.C., and more particularly as Editor of the Club's monthly

"Gazette," and we can strengthen his hands and back him up in his work by associating ourselves with him through the medium of C.T.C. membership. Signs are not wanting that the immediate future may give cyclists a chance of proving their unity and strength. The days in front of us may be very perilous so far as our rights and privileges are concerned, and it would be a thousand pities if we lost, through mere apathy and indifference, even the smallest portion of the freedom which we have enjoyed for so many years. It is felt that no thinking cyclist can stand aside and let others find the powder and shot for the defence of the whole wheeling community. No sportsman, who gives the matter a moment's consideration, will allow others to pay for the benefits in which he shares. Individually, it is obvious that we can achieve little in the way of maintaining our rights and privileges, but collectively anything is possible, and if only we can build up the C.T.C. into the extensive and representative organization it deserves to be—and ought to be—the position of cyclists will be unassailable.

Membership forms may be obtained from Cook, McCann, Green, Turnor, or Robinson, and the latter will be pleased to remit subscriptions (new or renewal) to Headquarters.

DO IT NOW!

The Knighting of Mullah,

[Exclusive to the CIRCULAR].

A hitherto unrecorded incident in connection with the Royal visit to Manchester on October 8th has just come to light. The main event of the day was over, and Mullah was counting up his reels of cotton, when whom should he come across but the King and Queen sitting in a corner eating shrimps. Mullah, who knows the Prince of Wales (Irby) intimately (but not so well as he knows the King of Prussia—Macclesfield), was invited to join the party. He excused himself on the ground that he was hurrying to attend an Anfield run. "Anfield?" quoth the King. "Surely that is the name of a cemetery." "Also of a cycling club, your Majesty," replied Mullah. The King looked puzzled for a minute or so, and then a change came over his face. "Anfield? of course!" he cried. "How well I remember. I know several of your people—poor Old Shem, for instance. What a bright boy he was with his long raven-white locks. He sent me a bottle of his famous hair restorer, which I gave to the Duke of Cambridge, who drank it by mistake and said it had completely cured his gout. Selling oranges now, you say? poor fellow! Then there was Charlie Conway with his camera (did he ever learn how to take a decent photo?) and his brother Tom, the champion jardinière thrower. I remember Tommy Royden, too—a connection of the Duke of Westminster, I fancy—and little Willie Cook, who used to write impertinent letters to the newspapers. Also a poor, thin, frail lad named Hubert, who would drink nothing but soda and milk. And there was another chap, too. Let me see. Yes, Grimshaw. I hope he took my advice and bought a motorcycle. I told him he would never do any good at cycling. Captain Slosh and General Khovak I recall

perfectly . . . Well, if you must go . . . I hope you do a good ride. But first let me knight you." No sword being available, his Majesty took a spanner, and, touching Mullah lightly on each shoulder, said "Rise, Sir Mullah!"

Then Turnor woke up!

In Competition for a Third of a Century.

On some Saturday in the autumn of 1888 at Sale Moor Gardens, I watched the short and sturdy rider of an "ordinary" racing on the circular gravel path round the park pond—in other words, on the Sale Track—in a Cheadle Club Race, and win a prize. On Saturday, October 1st, 1921, at Lower Withington in a 25-miles Cheadle Hulme veterans road race I recognized that same figure, but now greyhaired, finishing and taking his acid with that determination of feature that makes us wonder which is the real man: the Buffoon or the Fighter.

W. A. Lowcock, of the A.B.C., has passed the Fifty Mark this year, and all the fight still left in him might be needed in other spheres. We, the lookers-on, would now prefer to see him only in "character" as comedian in the Glan Aber "Chapel." It is sometimes difficult to recall that the rollicking Bill can look so stern and grim when overcoming difficulties, but, when we do get a glimpse of him thus, the conviction grows: "But for the caprice of chance, what a Preacher goes there! What a Pedagogue! What a Warder of Sinners! What an embodiment of VICAR OF CHURCH AND STAGE!"

ITEMS.

A GOOD EXAMPLE TO OUR SECRETARY.

One of the painful moments in life, especially if one approaches the sere and yellow stage, is the resigning of Club memberships. The response is usually equally depressing; the Secretary, the Purser, the Committee, nay, the whole Club, accept and take leave of you *with regret*. And the notice telling you so is often long delayed, as if they had to get over the first blow. Altogether, a somewhat heartrending business.

But there are exceptions, and one very up-to-date cycling club hears the news with delight, accepts with pleasure, and confirms with joy.

What a relief! but they might have added a breezy: "Pop in any time you're passing!"

WHO'S WHO.

Stirring times among the Smart Set at Cheadle Hulme have resulted in Austin Crow emerging a Grandfather. After a prolonged confinement in a brown study pregnant with gloom he now reappears completely rejuvenated, prodding his pals with quip and crank and tickling their ribs with badinage. Not content with his change of title, and already displaying this change of character, he now contemplates an early change of address.

The printer's version of one of our member's names is "Bitty" (see Club photo, reproduction). He must have known that Bibby is fond of "scraps!"

One of our scouts reports that Mr. Pritchard's bunch of golf clubs speed iron has "klapsed," and that when next we see him he will be mounted on an Allin and Grubb or some other real bicycle!

H. W. Bartleet writes as follows: "At a recent function of the Catford C.C., at the house of F. E. Annison, one of the decorations of the room in which supper was served was a flag with the words "The Anfield of the South" on it. It was explained that this flag was flown by the Catford at the Old Southern Camp at Guildford in 1885, when they were very proud to get a little reflected glory from associating themselves with the Anfield name." This bit of ancient history shows how wide and deep Anfield traditions are.

We have all read with great interest "Wayfarer's" account of his recent tour in "Cycling." The incident with "Phyllis" was particularly intriguing, but it struck us that there were too many references to "my cape," and we understand Dickman is consulting his solicitors to ascertain who really does own it!

George Milne, K.O.K., has broken out again. What have "the illegal road racing element" done to upset the Milne apple cart?

Members will be delighted to hear that on and after November 16th, the glorious Hawkstone Park Hotel once more becomes available for week-end purposes, owing to the management being on that date taken over by our good friends Mr. and Mrs. Cutler, now at the Lion Hotel, Shrewsbury. We must certainly make our good wishes for their prosperity take a tangible form.

Straws sometimes show the direction of the wind. The Flintshire County Council have recently passed a resolution which has been conveyed to all the motor organisations requesting them to refrain from holding trials of any sort in Flintshire *on a Sunday*. The West Lancashire C.C. have also passed the following resolution:—"That the council object to the use of their highways for motor racing, carried on, in their opinion, not only to the danger, but to the nuisance of the inhabitants, *particularly on Sunday*"—which was forwarded to the Police Superintendents at Chorley and Ormskirk. Flintshire and Lancashire are counties covered by the N.R.R.A., and, of course, by the R.R.A., so that these incidents rather discount the views that have been expressed officially by a club affiliated to the N.R.R.A. regarding "the absurdity of the Rule preventing Sunday record attempts—such a rule has long since outlived its usefulness."

In this connection the comments by "Loiterer," in "Cycling" for October 6th, are somewhat pertinent. "Loiterer" writes: "Apparently there are still many officials connected with road racing who need to be reminded that the sport is carried on only on sufferance . . . no trouble is too great to be taken, and *no risk is too trivial to be averted* to ensure its safety." The italics are ours, and are used to emphasize the guiding principle on which the Anfield policy of fundamental opposition to Sunday speedwork is entirely based.

Stop Press.—The explanation of the upsetting of the Milne apple cart is now forthcoming. It appears that the Liverpool Geological Society have chosen one of the illegal road racing fraternity—to wit Professor Rockandtappit—as Vice-President, and at the same time fobbed off Mr. Milne with a mere wretched auditorship. *Hinc illae Lacrymae.*

The following extracts from the N.R. Gazette account of the 24 are of particular interest to us.

"Added interest was given to the event by the presence of our Anfield Friends, and Grimshaw put up quite a creditable ride, after

covering sundry miles off the course. The Tallington detour proved his particular puzzle, so his 361 and sixth place in the circumstances was splendid, and quite satisfied him. We hope this means that the Northern gentlemen will come across next year."

and in Armond's "Impressions":—

"My impressions were good, those of Neason's Canteen being uppermost in my mind. With two fair assistants, this experienced rider (once said to have killed a horse with his head) rendered me yeoman service . . . It was a pleasure to meet Grimshaw, and just as well for some of us he didn't know the course. Well, boys, 'tis but another twelve moons!"

Members will be sorry to hear of the sad death of Mr. H. P. Routledge, on October 12th. In addition to being a genius as a builder of real cycles, Mr. Routledge was a rare good sportsman, and for many years rendered us invaluable services on record attempts and at the 100 and 24 Hours events. No praise is too high for the sterling help he gave of us in a most unobtrusive way. Our deepest sympathies are extended to the bereaved family.

BEDDGELEERT REACHED—A BRILLIANT ACHIEVEMENT.

The determination of General Wayfarer to reach Beddgelert has been crowned with success at the third attempt. It will be remembered that on his August tour he made an attack from the South with "my cape" and "my bicycle," etc., but owing to the entire failure of the Banana crop he had to submit to defeat and capitulate at Harlech. Still undaunted he made a second attempt from the East in September, accompanied by a young aide de camp, but we have it on the best authority that the wind was AWFUL. Time was lost deploying on the Halkyn Mountains, the Bwlch-y-sportsmans proved a Waterloo, and Sanctuary had to be sought at Pentre Voelas! But on October 15th a masterly plan of campaign was arranged with complete success. Ignoring the S.O.S. signals sent up by Chester, the General decided on the easier Llanfair talhaiarn route and sent on ahead a trio of cyclist scouts to iron out the hills. This was a most discreet idea, but the real masterpiece was the transport arrangement for Wayfarer himself! The tandem, with Hefty Gregg as the "capable occupant," and Parry and Horrocks as "spares" in case of need was bound to be irresistible, so that when they started at 2-20 p.m. "it was all over bar the shouting." Lord Strathallan checked the Cavalcade over the Welsh border, wishing them Godspeed, and with the gentle assistance of Genial Auster they were in St. Asaph in less than no time and "smashing through" in great style reached Plas Colwyn at 10-20. EUREKA!

We have it on the best authority that "Wayfarer" is really thinking of getting a new coat for cycling. Recently he tried to exchange the present one with a knight of the road whom he passed near Holywell. The tramp's refusal cut Robbie to the quick, and precipitated matters. Tenders may be sent to 104, Willmer Road. No offer will be considered which is not accompanied by stamps.

Cook is *not* the man he was; his troubles with a gas lamp confirm this. Kettle is devising a game which will amuse the week-end party at all the hotels where stops are made, while W.P.O. takes out the innards of his "Colonia" and re-upholsters them.

Official.

Teddy Edwards is shortly going to take a well-earned holiday.

Orrell and Edwards wish to thank all members and friends who helped upon the occasion of Tandem "50" Record attempt.

Congratulations to Pryor and Thorley for their wonderful riding in their attack on Northern "50" Tandem Record, October 22nd. It was a perfect brute of a day and no one thought they would start, but they defied the elements and clocked 2-8-35, which clearly shows they can beat 2 hours on a good day.

Lusty has also been busy again and clipped a few minutes off Moss's Birmingham-Bristol and back record.

A correspondent signing himself "R.C.G.," writing to the "Liverpool Echo" recently, says: "I overtake practically all other cyclists on the road and am rarely overtaken." The condition of Grandad on reading this assertion was pitiful to behold, and for once in a way he was speechless—but only with anger; nothing else. We understand that the Handicapping Committee are taking up this matter (on requisition signed by Fawcett, Tommy Royden, Arthur, and Shem), and propose offering a substantial reward for information which will lead to the conviction (no, sorry! we mean the identification) of "R.C.G." Who can he be—and has he ever overtaken a crack rider like Robinson or Dickman?

Our irrepressible littérateur-lecturer has broken out again, and we hear that the walls and floor of the Central Hall, Liverpool, are being reinforced in view of the crowds which are expected there on 8th December to hear "Wayfarer" on "The Open Road." Grandad will have bags of tickets for sale at a bob each in due course.

Answers to Correspondents.

R.C.G. (Egremont).—1, It sounded rather boastful, but your intentions were excellent. If you attended more Club runs and pushed Robinson about less, we feel sure you would be overtaken quite frequently. 2, Ven. says he meets a cyclist at Moreton on Wednesday evenings who speaks quite favourably of the "Colonia" gas lamp, which gives no trouble whatever—and when it does, the trouble is easily remedied.

Long John (Liverpool).—You are wrong and your friend is right. We have it on the authority of Jay Bee, who knows her personally, that Jane Doe, of the Hulton Press, is a genuine female of the feminine gender.

T.R. (Birkenhead).—We do not care to venture into the realm of prophecy and say who will fill the post next year. Since the office was constituted at the beginning of 1920, Grandad has nominated the whole of the two successive occupants. We do not know whether he will attempt to do the hat-trick.

Frank (Birkenhead).—We agree that the coat leaves something to be desired, but one must reckon with the curious mentality of these eminent litterateurs, who gain notoriety by means of ragged clothes when everything else fails. "Weighfahr" says that he has had the coat only since 1916. We think he means 1816.

E.P. (Wallasey).—We hardly think the matter is one which concerns you, but the position, as we understand it, is that Teddy Edwards had a permit from Granddad to miss several runs during his recent visit to Switzerland.

RUNS.

Halewood, October 1st, 1921.

When the Presider discovered that Chandler had booked Austin to push him round by Chester and Warrington he was distraught, because he had been trying to pluck up courage to inveigle Austin himself. Fortunately Gregg and Parry came to the rescue and decided to toss for it. Gregg won the toss, so Parry had to tackle the job and this explains why the two elderly gentlemen reached the Derby Arms as fresh as paint and in good time. Gregg trailed the Presider-Parry tandem as far as Helsby, but finding that he would not be required as a "spare" he invented a puncture and made for the Transporter, the same as youths like Edwards and Royden did. It was a perfect day, so no wonder there was the big muster of 31, among whom we were delighted to see Lucas and a lot of others whose ties prevent them from regular attendance. What new can be said about Halewood? You all know what an exigesis it provides on the science of gastronomics. The crowd are divided into an Upper Chamber and a Lower Chamber, the former sedate with the Club Officials in full regalia, and the latter noisome with those delighting in escaping Knipe's eagle eye! Then, to show there is no ill-feeling the House of Lords descends to the House of Commons, and a delightful social evening is spent with many a quip and jest round the fire, punctuated with "Sarah, fill the flowing bowl" and a chorus led by Tommy Royden. No wonder the N.R. admires our abilities when we train so assiduously! Finally we slink out into the night in small companies and reach home feeling at peace with all the World and seek our Virtuous and Secluded Couches to dream of Roast Pork, Chickens and Trimmings.

Marton, October 1st, 1921.

A mistake in the Circular which put the run at Siddington instead of Marton caused many late arrivals, and as there was no note to the effect that tea was for 5.30 p.m., some of them arrived as the first contingent was leaving. An overflow was necessary, but there was no shortage of the necessaries.

After tea there was an exchange of amusing tandem tales, and it seemed that Gorman had had at least one very bad time with a tandem. Departures commenced soon after the main batch had had tea, Turnor and Cox on tandem accompanying Parton on his way home.

Tarporley, October 8th, 1921.

I reached Tarporley just in time to join in toasting the new knight. Cries of "Sir Mullah!" greeted me as I rode into the "Swan" yard, and I hastened to cross the threshold of the inn, anxious not to miss any free drinks that might be going. Turnor, who occupies palatial offices in the Manchester Royal Exchange (where there is every facility for compiling schedules with a view to breaking tandem records), told us all about the Royal visit, so that there was an absolute slump in Sunday newspapers on the following

morning. The struggle he had with his directors to have the opening function performed early in the day, so that his attendance at Farporley would not be jeopardised, was typical of the Mullah's devotion to Anfield interests.

I was rather disappointed with the attendance, but later on it dawned upon my feeble mind that we were occupying two rooms, and I hear that there was a total muster of 37—which isn't bad when you remember that the "cycling season" is over. As usual, there were several week-end parties, but Long John Kinder was intending to give his home a shock by returning there for the night. Evidently he isn't the man he was, either.

A small packet of us went through the lanes to Chester, ultimately sighting Zambuck and Fawcett at Hinderton. The last I saw of Zambuck was outside Robinson's house, where he was digging carbide out of his gas lamp and endeavouring to rebuild the latter. For particulars as to what Robinson's neighbours said when the rain came on and got mixed up with Zambuck's surplus carbide, you are referred to the small bills.

Chester—50 Tandem Record Attempt—October 15th, 1921.

The appeal to members to support the Chester fixture largely fell on deaf ears, with the brilliant exception of Zambuck who rode down to Hodnet, helped in the early portion of the ride and then returned to Chester for the Club Run. However, with Captain Kettle bringing two of his Sheffield friends, there were 21 for tea, and general regret was expressed at the news from Shropshire contained in the Presider's telegram. Teddy Edwards looked fine on his return from Switzerland, and we were glad to have him among us again. We understand that he saw no scenery as the mountains got in the way! P. N. Gorman represented Manchester, and the rest of the Liverpool contingent were J. C., W. D., and W. Band, Bailey, Mac, Cotter, Royden, Chandler, Austin, Threlfall, Ven, Mandall, D. M. Kaye and Lucas, who amused themselves going home in the brilliant moonlight by lighting fires!

Down in Shropshire there was a muster of 21, not to mention several friends from other clubs, and the checking and marshalling were perfect. Opinions may differ as to the wisdom of using a start at Marchamley, and we certainly think no one should be allowed to do so without a warning from the N.R.R.A. that a lot of marshals are essential. We certainly do not want to set up a dangerous precedent, for the consequences of any disaster would be far-reaching. Is Hodnet well marshalled, any more dangerous than Shawbury with its motor bus service? The matter requires thrashing out. On this occasion Orrell and Edwards came down the hill like a flash that will never be forgotten by those who witnessed it, and they must have clocked very little over 2 minutes for the 1-4-84 to Hodnet Corner, but they were never out of sight of marshals who were each (10) in sight of another and kept a clear way. It was a perfect day for the job and the two men were as fit as fleas, so we had no fears for their success, although we felt that they had handicapped themselves by riding full roadster tyres on steel rims instead of rags and timber or even open sided covers. Riding like clockwork in splendid style to the 2-4 schedule, they were only 1½ minutes outside at Hodnet Corner (34 miles) the last time, but the last 16 miles took practically 45 minutes! Why? They had dropped to 3 minutes behind schedule at Ercall Corner (43½ miles), but had regained a minute at Crudgington

(15½ miles) and success seemed certain. Then came the bitter disappointment, for they were unable to get the machine along at speed at all, and although they were in sight of the Timekeeper when record time expired, they missed the record by 31 seconds, clocking 2-9-12. An immediate examination of the machine at once disclosed the reason, for the head had tightened up to such an extent as to make it nearly unsteerable, and the real wonder is how Orrell was able to hold it up at all over the last 4 miles of pot holes and loose surface! No wonder his wrists had to be bandaged next day! It was one of the most brilliant failures we ever remember, and the wonderful thing was the splendid way the two men took it. Orrell and Edwards have no reasons to repine—on the contrary they have every reason to be quite satisfied with their display, just as we have every reason to be proud of them and to prophesy that their names cannot be long kept off the record books. It was far from a downhearted crowd of 18 who sat down to tea at Hodnet, after which a large party week-ended at Wem, a smaller party, including Frank Bill of the Speedwell going to Nantwich to keep a previously made engagement with Oscar Taylor and the "Old Crocks" of the Manchester Southern, and the two Smiths (prospective) returning home to Stockport after evidently enjoying their first experience of a record attempt. In addition to those mentioned, Reade, Kinders, Turnor, Grimshaw, Cook, both Walters (we were delighted to see A.E. on a cycle again looking none the worse for his accident), Roskell, James, Boyes, Sunter, Poole, Cox, Parton and F.H. all did their bit.

Pulford and Llangollen, October 22nd & 23rd, 1921.

The weather on the Saturday was showery, with fine intervals. But my word! when it rained there was nothing half-hearted about it, and it was a pretty damp crowd that foregathered at the Grosvenor Arms for tea. Fortunately we struck one of the intervals for the passage to Ruabon, and found the lanes quite good, thanks to the drying wind. Some of us took the opportunity of drying our footgear at the hospitable Wynnstay, but were disappointed to find that they had to be wetted again when we resumed the pig-skin, for the interval had petered-out. Anyhow, we got to the Royal without mishap, and immediately saw the commencement of a very pleasant evening. Arthur had got there early, and, as usual, was well in with the lady. There's something about Arthur—After the trial of an eminent member of the Club for a heinous offence, which offence was washed out in the only correct way, the "Christening of the Puplings" was proceeded with, Cheadle Bill officiating most convincingly, his fine presence and pontifical manner combining to make the ceremony positively awe-inspiring. Afterwards a most impressive ceremony took place, the occasion being the 48th anniversary of Bick's entry into this vale of tears. A most elaborate pipe (worth at the least eightteence) subscribed for by all present, was handed to the blushing recipient, who was so overcome with emotion that it was with difficulty he was restrained from standing round after round of drinks. Then one of the said puplings, Cuthbert, alias Toplis, entertained us, and did it right well. The party trickled off to bed in nice time and arose on the Sunday morning, fresh and buoyant, to discuss an excellent breakfast. The mountaineering section got away about 10 a.m. and that for Chester lunch should have gone at the same time, but Cuthbert had mislaid his luggage and all hands had to turn to find it, but without success. Chester was reached in due time, the only incidents being a

puncture and the losing of a chain; before replacing the latter, the victim thoughtfully drew it across his damask cheek, thus creating a somewhat bizarre style of beauty. After lunch we all started together, but what became of the others I know not.

It was a most enjoyable week-end. These stunts bring 'em out, and we were very pleased to see "F.H.," Cheadle Bill, Norman Higham, the brothers Band, and Oliver, the latter acting as engineer for Harold Band, and doing it well. After this he will surely forsake the Boston Bug-for ever.

Acton Bridge, October 29th, 1921.

The scene in the "Leigh Arms," when I arrived at 6 p.m. precisely, was strangely reminiscent of the shopping conditions which prevailed during the war period. The passage from the kitchen to the outer door was filled by a double queue (according to J.O.C. the final "e" is sounded, but the "k" is silent), representing (as I thought) margarine and quaker oats respectively. By a curious misunderstanding of his Presidential duties, Cook was ensconced in the snug discussing rear lights with "Videlex," instead of regulating the traffic and seeing that the food tickets were in order. The result of this grave dereliction of duty was that Grandad was crowded out of the first house. If, however, there was no room for the President, there *was* room (and at the head of one of the tables) for a member who will shortly cease to be a member. That young man (who wore the badge of another club) is obviously lacking in two of the qualities which are usually found in Anfielders, viz., good taste and good sportsmanship. Ignorance, however, in this case is a thing we should perhaps sympathise with rather than condemn, remembering that he will shortly cease to be "one of us."

When Grandad shepherded the second house of eight into the banquetting hall (the first house numbered 30), Mrs. "Leigh Arms" opened her heart (and her larder) to him. Did "Dad" like pickles? Would he have red cabbage? What about beetroot? Did he care for spring onions? The Old Gent. has a way wid 'im, particularly in the matter of cupboard love, and can generally get something to eat—even at the "Leigh Arms." Before we return to Acton Bridge one hopes that the miserably small kitchen—it holds only 30 or so, Arthur—will have been enlarged.

When the present deponent moved out to face the night and to take acid at the hands of Teddy Edwards, Gregg, and Parry, a party of the name of Phyllis was being discussed, and I gathered that Robinson was considered to have been very "slow" in not getting to know her name and address. *But perhaps Robinson does possess this information. Wot?*

A. T. SIMPSON,

Editor.

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ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

FORMED MARCH 1879.

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

MONTHLY CIRCULAR.

Vol. XVI.

No. 190.

FIXTURES FOR DECEMBER, 1921.

		Light up at
Dec.	3. Halewood (Derby Arms)	4-54 p.m.
"	10. Irby (Prince of Wales)	4-51 p.m.
"	12. Committee Meeting, 7 p.m., 25, Water Street, Liverpool.	
"	17. Tarporley (Swan)	4-51 p.m.
"	24. Hooton (Hooton Hotel)	4-54 p.m.
"	26. Chester (Bull and Stirrup)	4-56 p.m.
"	31. Willaston (Nag's Head)	5-0 p.m.
1922.		
Jan.	7. Halewood (Derby Arms)	5-6 p.m.
"	9. ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING, 7 p.m.	
"	16. Committee Meeting, 7 p.m.	

ALTERNATIVE RUNS FOR MANCHESTER MEMBERS.

Dec.	3. Ringway (Mainwood Farm)	4-54 p.m.
"	10. Cheadle Hulme (Church Inn)	4-51 p.m.
"	24. Siddington (Mrs. Sam Woods)	4-54 p.m.
"	31. Ollerton (Dun Cow)	5-0 p.m.
1922.		
Jan.	7. Ringway (Mainwood Farm)	5-6 p.m.

Full moon 15th inst.

Committee Notes.

25, Water Street,
Liverpool.

As a result of the action of the Committee and of the Special General Meeting, Messrs. H. Pryor and A. Warburton have ceased to be Members of the Anfield Bicycle Club.

The Annual General Meeting of the Members is to be held at the Hon. Secretary's office, 25, Water Street, Liverpool, on Monday, the 9th January, 1922, at 7 p.m. Members having any subjects to bring forward should notify me not later than Thursday, 29th December, in order that I may enter such on the Agenda.

The Committee, in response to a request made by the Liverpool Centre of the N.C.U., have agreed to undertake the organisation of the road event in connection with the World's Championships next year, subject to satisfactory arrangements being made regarding certain conditions which they will lay down, e.g., guarantees that the event will be carried out on English Unpaced Time Trial lines; that there will be no advertising; that sole charge will be in A.B.C. hands, etc., etc. This agreement is, of course, subject to confirmation by the Annual General Meeting, when the whole matter will have to be discussed.

Invitations to be represented at dinners have been received from the Bath R.C. and the Unity C.C. The Committee have asked Messrs. Frank Roskell and Neason respectively to represent us.

New Addresses.—Mr. D. B. ROGERS, c/o. Ellerman's Arracan Rice and Trading Co., Ltd., P.O. Box 28, Calcutta; P. MORRIS, 2, Rural Cottages, Montford Bridge, Salop; V. M. G. COX, 5, Selbourne Road, Chorlton-cum-Hardy, Manchester.

F. D. McCANN,

Hon. Sec.

David's Legacy.

To members from Cheadle Hulme has been revealed the why and wherefore of the Church Inn, that hotbed of cycling controversy, an institution that has done so much for the Anfield and promises to do even more on December 10th.

It appears that in 1766 there stood the village pump, and it is whispered that its secret site is not unknown to the landlord, while it is not unlikely that owing to the purity of its waters the excellent beverage sold within enables visitors to maintain for long an even keel.

For these discoveries we must thank ex-President Fell, whose famous Cheshire Map of 1766, after lying fallow at Brunswick Street, has somehow drifted to the seekers after truth at the Ladybrook, that feeder of Mersey's greatness. By a strange coincidence, a local cycling visitor claims that this map is the handiwork of one of his sixteen great-great-great grandfathers, the then surveyor of Macclesfield. I believe that Bill Lowcock, the Cheadle Controller, armed with much documentary evidence, conveyed all this and more to the club-runners at Sam Woods'. He failed, however, to throw light on the Cheadle Bottleneck, where wild conjecture would make Street Lane pass over to Oak Lane.

To Fell's everlasting credit be it said that his map has silenced the age-long clamour of the Jacobites (now represented by the James' C.C.) as to the exact crossing of the Mersey at Cheadle by their ill-fated leader, for the map shows Prince Charlie's Brig well to the west of the present Pont and pointing straight at Diddesbury, thus differing from Fletcher Moss.

But what concerns us more is this: Did the Young Pretender visit any local pub and what pubs were there? Whatever the opening hours, he'd find some pretence for getting inside, for we know that he was seen, on his way down, inside the Greyhound at Shap, before going over by Orton to Kirkby Lonsdale. While on his way to Manchester (now none of your Liverpool jealousy!) his direct path was by Ribchester, where the all too realistic Bull Sign would make his mouth water. But what pub have we in Cheadle that drenched the drouth

of this thirsty claimant? The White Hart of the Gatley Farrier? Then of course it was there that he mislaid his Ancestor's Motto: "In the van and never in arrears" for the Cheadle Sleuthhounds to pick up later.

Answers to Correspondents.

E.E. (Wallasey).—Up to the time of going to press Gregg has never been overtaken on the road. In this connection we may tell you (in confidence) that Hubert has gone into strict training. George Lake, who is superintending operations, is very optimistic as to the future of his pupil. Sir Mullah also expresses a wish to "see what can be done" in the way of overtaking "Hefty."

R.L.K. (Liverpool).—(1) There is no doubt whatever as to who is the most unpopular man in the Club. (2) Cook made a double sacrifice when the war ended. He gave up his rear lamp and his allotment.

Zambuck.—(1) We quite agree with you that Anfielders ought not to take part in house-in-house collections on Saturday afternoons. It is true that charity begins at home, but it is also a fact that a running nose gathers no moss. (2) We don't blame Robinson for refusing to lend his fountain pen or his false teeth to anybody.

Hawkstone'd soit qui mal y pense. Impressions du Maître.

On the Saturday of November the nineteenth, some confrères of the fellowship known as the Black and Blue Anfield, hied them to Weston-under-Redcastle, where there be an inn. The house is no longer under the sway of you proud warrior of the haughty mien, but by the will of its puissant overlord has passed into the safe keeping of two folk who hold us in fair favour and good repute, knowing no better, and who see in our forerunner and ruler Guillaume a pattern of grace bedecked with fine linen, silken hose and gaberdine. These twain have of late left the Lion Tavern of Pengwern in the Welsh Marshes and are known as: She of the sweet behaviour and He of the perfect wisdom, both of them Cutlers.

When I myself issued from the darkness without, into the blaze of light of the inn, I was much bedrenched and bedraggled, yet was led by a damosel or handmaiden into the tank or inner chamber of privacy and there beheld a table richly laid out, and sate around it were our Head-Council Ruler with his Head-Wayman, also a youthful stranger from a village of small besoin in the County of Warwick, and there also our hostess, who pressed my hand on entering, whereof I had great joy and great striving all in sport. For she was so richly clad and beseen and offering us her secours caused supper to be brought forthwith, the while she devised and commanded a yokel apparelled in a blue jerkin with glittering buttons, and every man regarded her marvellously, and the Council Ruler could not withdraw his regarding of her with great sparkle in his optic.

She continued a-conversing with us about one absent fellow, one Simpson named after our late good King Arthur, the same a scribbler to the fellowship, but then digging into the earth for treasure.

And already we were joined by three other gallants, to wit by him of the great bulk and by him of the Juggernaut Chariot, and lastly by him the hanger-on of the strapoutine or dicky-couch. And the Master of Engines (he of the bulk) spake unto the Master-Cutler "Know for truth that we are sadly bethirst," but the Master Cutler

gave voice that the mighty engine had ceased to draw fermented wines from the vats. Thereupon we took council with him of the Secret of Engines who chased away all fears, saying he would comfort us to make good cheer. And having bethought himself in a deep ponder spoke anew unto the Master Cutler: "Know ye not that I can solve this misterie. Follow me into yon underground caves and I will conjure forth Spices and Wine to partake thereof the one with the other to make short work."

And soon they returned with foaming brew in earthen and enamel ware vessels of vast dimensions.

And so we tarried late, howbeit jousting the while and lastly commanded to lodge there that night and every man took his bed as he list.

ITEMS.

Among the new books we notice one entitled "Prohibition in America," by Arthur Newsholme.

Evidently honours have fallen thick on Arthur, for he is described as "K.C.B. and M.D." We understand that Sir Mullah is displaying considerable curiosity as to the angle from which Newsholme has discussed prohibition, and that, if there is any disagreement between them on the subject, a new partner will be required for the tandem trike next time Turnor goes for record.

According to the newspapers, the Bishop of Newcastle has suffered a considerable hardship, because he has had to do without a chaplain and a motor car. Tommy Royden is in exactly the same position—but he's not making a song about it.

A Harley Street specialist asserts that one of the principal causes of colds is over-indulgence in alcohol. We direct Dave Rowatt's special attention to this opinion.

We understand that Cox rather resembles the parson in "The Private Secretary" who "didn't like London." Cox does not like Manchester. It is evident that some of our members in the City of Perpetual Sunshine will have to take this young man in hand and complete his education. "Doesn't like Manchester," indeed! It's a livery spot.

WE WANT TO KNOW:

What Grandad said on hearing that Acton Bridge was "too far" for young X—, that another day was "too wet" for him, and that it was "too windy" on yet a third occasion.

What Gregg is going to do about it now that he has been overtaken by two novices like Sir Mullah and Grimmy on tandem.

What Robbie thought when, after going to the trouble of writing to the Raleigh Cycle Company, congratulating them on their advertisement condemning the term "push bike," he received a letter of thanks from them in which they spoke of "pedal bicycles."

What Teddy Edwards said when he discovered that he could have no more holidays this year.

What Tommy R. intends giving Lady Ursula for a Christmas present, and how Lady Ursula will reciprocate.

Whether it is true that Chandler is buying the second-hand motor-cycling suit advertised for sale in the *Irish Cyclist*.

It will interest many members to know that the beautiful carved oak tablet which was recently unveiled in S. Stephen's Church, Prenton, and which, with the fine east window, is a memorial to those of that parish and congregation who fell in the war, contains the name of Ted Bentley, one of the four Anfielders who made the supreme sacrifice.

H. Pritchard desires us to explain that the report of the "Klapse" of his D.P. is, like the once reported death of Mark Twain, exaggerated. We hope no one took the announcement literally, as "klapsing" of bicycles has a special meaning in Anfield circles, but in case anyone misunderstood, we wish to assure them that it was only the handlebar that broke, and the machine is still in perfect running order. No other bicycle has yet been purchased.

As a sequel to the officially endorsed appeal in the last CIRCULAR, D. R. Fell, E. J. Cody, A. P. James, and J. C. Band, have joined the C.T.C.

"Wayfarer himself" has recently had a new title conferred upon him, to wit, "The Prime Minister of Cycling," so roll up and hear the Prime Minister lecture on "The Open Road," at the Central Hall, Renshaw Street, Thursday, 8th inst.

Miss Gladys Griffiths, of the Castle Hotel, Wem, is on the eve of entering into the bonds of Holy Matrimony, and, as Mrs. Lewis, will be the hostess of The Buffalo Hotel, Clun. Hitherto Clun has been inhospitable, but it can now be placed on our list and recommended to all our touring friends.

Those of you who are members of the F.O.T.C. will have received full particulars of the dinner at the Holborn Restaurant, London, on Wednesday, December 14th. The Presider is going up to town for this very special function, which is worth strenuous efforts to attend (ask Crowcroft), and hopes to be well supported. If you can possibly manage it, communicate with the Old Gentleman at once.

We hear that Sir Arthur Newsholme is home again from Toronto, but sad to say, what commenced as business trips to Canada now seems to be developing into permanent exile, and he has to return again with the New Year. We miss your smiling face, Arthur, and hoping you will be able to join us at one Club fixture *at least* before your return to the land of the Canuck. Needless to say a warm welcome awaits you.

TO PAST RIDERS.

Whether they specialize in pedal or petrol power-plus, all tourists-proper that are subjects to sparks of adventure, will be interested in the following feat:—

During the recent dry weather a solo motor-cyclist left the Dun Bull Hotel, Mardale, in the direction of Kendal, by the lone disused zig-zag packhorse track that climbs by Harter Fell over Gatescarth into Sleddale. The surface is coarse, swampy grass, and it rises from the level of Haweswater to 1,800 feet in about a mile and a half. He was watched by the shepherds and seen to succeed.

Considering that this cuts off 15 miles of Shap roads, and that the doomed hour of Mardale is fast approaching through the greedy thirst of Manchester members, an event like this concerns us all, and especially those members who recently invaded and swept over Clun Forest.

(Personally, I have seen no account of it in the motor cycling papers).

To the Fighting Cocks via Watling Street.

Armed with a mandate from the officers of the James' C.C. to pay homage and tribute to the oldest pub in England, bearing the sporting title of "The Fighting Cocks," and fired with a romantic desire to solve the mystery of Theresa of Watling Street, I approached the old Highway from the direction of Lichfield, along the Coleshill Road, intending to join it at the old elbow, near Wall, where, as long as cyclists have trundled wheels, Watling Street stopped dead in the farmyard of Lawton Grange, and those continuing westward proceeded for a furlong towards Lichfield, and then turned west for Wall along a lane that was a continuation of a lane from Tamworth.

All this is changed: the lane lies grassgrown and derelict, the double elbow fingerpost has disappeared, and Watling Street now continues straight on, bearing the familiar London-Holyhead plate invented by a certain minister of transport who discovered that Mr. Watling Telford was a Roman street paver. I followed it for half a mile, but Lawton Grange has disappeared.

After that I resumed south-east, and read the untruthful milestone at the Old Red Lion, Atherstone, that still measures exactly one hundred miles to either London, Lincoln or Liverpool, but I failed to read the Latin inscription on the High Cross monument, partly because I know no dead tongues, and partly because the lettering has gone. A little farther, at Cross-in-Hand level crossing, there is no change to report, and the gates are still unpadlocked and re-padlocked by an old woman for every passer-by.

And so I got to Dunsland, where commences the 10 miles of Watling Street that lost its character a hundred years ago, and was replaced as far as Weedon by the connecting road over Crick and Kilsby stations by Daventry to Weedon. Here I can report progress: The old road is reasserting itself, and the seven miles between Watford Gap to Weedon that were never out of use are to-day once more a first-class road, in fine contrast with the omnibus battered surface of the usurper. But the motor hogs have not heard of it yet.

Watling Street carries on a little further to the crossing with the Ashby-Crick road, and then continues grass-grown and unmetalled with a signpost marked Lutterworth. This is a delusion and a snare for the railway line from Northampton to Rugby is met and Watling Street continues by the side of it no better than a steep packhorse trail. Then it crosses at right angles the almost equally derelict bridle road from Kilsby to Crick, and if ever there was a spot ripe for Dirty Work at the Cross Roads, here you have it. The next mile is the worst of all, but after crossing the Rugby-Crick road the last quarter mile is again rideable for a cyclist. The whole derelict portion only measures from two to three miles, there is a right of way along it, and none of the gates is locked. Unfortunately it has been planted with telegraph poles, so that rail and wire between them have completed the foul deed. I hope to be present at the re-opening, whenever that may be.

P.S.—The half dozen miles of neglected Fosse Way between Leicester and Six Hills have been restored. Let the good work go on!

RUNS.

Halewood, November 5th, 1921.

I understand that it is almost unique for an account of an Anfield fixture to be contributed by a mere visitor, but it has come about in this way. My friend, Mr. Hubert Roskell, President of the James C.C., which is affiliated to the B.A., invited me to attend this run, and during the course of the evening one of your members, whose name I understand was Mr. Mullins, made a long and somewhat incoherent speech, from which I gathered that you were all anxious to "see ourselves as others see us," and before I knew where I was, a bald-headed old gentleman, whom I was introduced to as The Presider, informed me that as Mr. Mullins' speech had met with so much noisy approbation, I would have to comply and "write up" the run. Now I am not a trained journalist like The O'Tatur, and no good at word spinning, so you will have to be content with a plain, unvarnished account of what at least appeared to me to happen. Not being a cyclist, I was much struck with the readiness with which so many hard-riding cyclists abandoned their machines to accompany me by train. I know this must have been a tremendous sacrifice on the part of such votaries of the wheel as Mr. Roskell, Mr. James, and Mr. Lake. I expressed my regrets that their mileage charts should thus have a blank day, but they hid their feelings most nobly and assured me it did not matter. Consequently I was escorted by quite a large party, many of whose names escape me, but all *real* cyclists, divorced for the nonce from their trusty steeds, and on reaching the Derby Arms I found I was one of a party of about thirty who made me more than welcome, and I was so excellently entertained that I fear I have but a hazy idea of what transpired during the amazing evening. For the tour proper I found the party divided into two rooms, but after all the extensions of juggled hare, roast chickens, steak, etc., etc., had been negotiated, a re-union in the lower room for sociability followed, and I found the conversation most confusing to follow. In fact I only gathered scraps which I cannot piece together, and my hopeless notes read as follows: "Two gentlemen bearded like the pard discussing the size of mangel werzels, one called Kay-nipe and the other Fell.—Where's Arthur?—What has become of Poor Old Chem?—Stamping the oranges for Xmas.—The clocks are off submarine chasers, cost a fiver and are dirt cheap at thirty bob, don't all speak at once.—Where is Tommy to lead the chorus?—The old man got ahead of Chandler and secured Austin to push him out via Chester and Warrington.—Good job I've got Grimmy on the tandem.—Wayfarer—Ypento I suppose,—House to house collection or else electioneering.—I've paid my sub.—Where's Mac?—Nowhere to go but home," and a lot more that is Double Dutch to me. Anyway, it was a jolly crowd of boys of all ages, and in addition to the speech made by Mr. Mullins, there were interludes of "music" which probably explained the remark about Tommy, and the market quotations for jolly good fellows fluctuated violently. Eventually the large band of self-sacrificing cyclists escorted me to Liverpool and the Shrine of Neptune, while those who remained faithful to the wheel were pursuing their various ways home to Wigan, Prescott, Manchester, etc., after which oblivion.

ANON.

Ringway, November 5th, 1921.

What is wrong with Ringway? Quite a number of our regulars were absent on this run, but perhaps the solution is that it was fixed on the 5th November? I can picture one of the absentees with his

genial smile as he consents to tear himself away from his bicycle and accepts the role of Guy Fawkes at the local celebrations. Then there is another way of looking at it, for as Buckley remarked: "The less the number the more there will be for them."

Ten sat down to tea, which was commenced after a knife inspection by Jimmy Reade. Bert Green and Cranshaw, jr. departed early, the Siddington Hydro contingent and the rest leaving after various topics had been discussed.

The rain gave Reade the opportunity to display a new design in capes, patent No. XYZ $\frac{1}{4}$. This resembles a cyclo-spat, and can readily be made from any ordinary cape by an experienced tailor, tooth-pick maker or any person who has a knowledge of a similar trade.

The following are the directions for making the Reade cosy, never-sweat, damp-stopper (Note—All technical details have been omitted wherever possible): Take an ordinary cyclist's cape similar in design to the tooth brush wrappers used by Anfielders, and make a long slit in it in the front from the apex of the opening to within about one inch of the bottom. I take it that the idea is to prevent excessive sweating by the user, but it is whispered that Reade has already received many invitations to give a lecture on it in various parts of Europe.

Pulford, November 12th, 1921.

Teddy Edwards being temporarily *not* on holiday, Gregg having obtained leave of absence from O.C. House-to-House Collections, and Robinson having given up "smashing through" to Beddgelert for the current season, were all present at Pulford, together with 20 others, including D. B. Rogers, who was over from London to say "goodbye" before departing for India. The best wishes of all Anfielders go with him, and we hope that health and prosperity will be his in his new life beyond the seas.

After an excellent tea, there was a certain liveliness in connection with the sale of tickets for some event which, it was made perfectly clear, is *not* an entertainment. The Old Firm (Cook) and the New Firm (Horrocks) got very busy, and while Grandad was occupied explaining that there was no deception whatever, and that he had no grand pianos, or carburettors, or white rabbits up his sleeve, Horrocks got nearly all the business, the artistic souvenir, ticket-programmes for "Weighfahr's" forthcoming lecture on "The Open Road" [Advt. —not yet paid for] selling like hot cakes. We were glad to see Greenwood out "after many days," and hope that he will repeat "the mixture as before"—though he's too late now to win this year's attendance prize.

Of the week-end parties, Kaye and friend were bound for "Ypento," whilst the Invincible Twins (Kettle and Kook) went to Wem-as-usual. I was for home, and, having ridden with Gregg on both the outward and return journey, I can faithfully say that his claim to be "rarely overtaken" still stands.

Siddington, November 12th, 1921.

My word, the Manchester section know where to get the goods in the feeding line. Send me to Siddington if I'm hungry! And yet some people are never satisfied. One man (no names, but he supplies the power for a famous tandem) after devouring Green's share of rabbit pie, in addition to two helpings of his own and sundry tarts, cakes and things, was heard to remark about half an hour afterwards: "They're a long time getting tea ready!"

After tea, Bill Lowcock regaled us by reading a letter he had received from F.H., giving, in almost microscopic detail, a description of Cheadle Hulme and its roads and lanes as they were in days of yore. It was a most fearsome document, and Bill was lamenting the fact that he had to learn it by heart, and possibly, afterwards, he conducted round and shown it all.

Then the company, originally eighteen, dwindled down by twos and threes, and about seven fifteen Green, Gorman and myself got on our machines to pace the tandem back to home and beauty.

By the way, there ought to be a Club Rule prohibiting members from wearing long trousers or felt hats at Club Runs. These habits lower the dignity of the Club; a member so dressed might possibly be mistaken, by the uninitiated, for a gentleman.

Acton Bridge, November 19th, 1921.

Owing to pressure in the Secretarial Department, the postcard carrying out the Committee's instruction of October 10th to order a hot meal was only received at the Leigh Arms at midday, when the meal was cooked, so that although it was a cold day, we had to masticate a cold collation. However, the pork and tongue were good and thoroughly enjoyed by all the 31 present, and there was no shortage of sweets, etc., to tickle things down. It was a glorious day and a very jolly crowd just filled the kitchen nicely. We have rather a hazy idea of what happened as the member for Prescott, who promised to write up this run, in his well-known witty style, has failed us. We seem to remember that Buckley, as large as life and twice as natural, was at the head of a large Manchester contingent, that the James C.C. was well represented, that Kaye had two of his Wigan Wheelers with him, and that the Wayfarer C.C. (minus Wayfarer himself) provided the second house by being very late, owing to an encounter with two cars that were racing on the top road and bored the trio into the ditch in such a manner as will probably provide a police court sequel. Afterwards, the inveterate week-enders barged off to Hawkstone Park to welcome the Cutlers in their new sphere, and the rest of us trickled homewards by various routes, after a really good run.

Chester, November 26th, 1921.

After the usual feed, the Presider succeeded in getting some sort of order, and Cox was called on to manipulate the "dominoes" in what I believe is known as a pianoforte solo.

Mr. Wilson, a visitor, engaged at enormous expense by the management, then delighted us with a baritone solo, which was vigorously encored. Knipe gave us a recitation supposed to be real Scotch, but he made so many comments on his limited stock of that commodity, that it was difficult to tell which was recitation and which was merely Knipe. Anyway, his hearers applauded heartily when he sat down. Whether it was for the recitation, or because he sat down, I don't know. The Mullah gave a recitation, which he called German before the War, but now naturalized Swiss. I don't know what it was about, but it sounded all right. Chandler followed with a few pathetic ballads, and several others did their "bit."

Then came the "star" turn of the evening. Mr. Turnor (by special request) sang a charming little song in his very best style. Gifted with a fine voice of remarkable timbre and compass, his

interpretation was wonderful, his technique superb, and he fairly brought down the house. The performance was somewhat marred by a few altercations with the pianist, who was quite unable to rise to the great occasion, and it is to be hoped that when we have singers of Mr. Turnor's calibre, we shall have a pianist who at least knows which is keyboard and which is woodwork.

After this magnificent performance, of course all the succeeding items fell flat, with the exception of Mr. Wilson's efforts. However, all things come to an end in time, and at last the Presider sternly rejected all further candidates for musical honours, and in a nice little speech, specially thanked Mr. Wilson for coming to entertain us, and at the same time welcomed to an A.B.C. gathering Frank Greenwood, of the M.C. and A.C., who solus and tandem, has been so busy this season, finding work for the record associations.

Greenwood and Lusty had come up to Chester on the twicer.

Afterwards, we adjourned to the stable and groped about till we found enough bicycles to go round, and then we disappeared into the fog, and after many hours, arrived home wet and frozen, but all in one piece. How many got lost and wandered into the Mersey or the Dee will not be known until the next roll call.

A. T. SIMPSON,

Editor