

ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

FORMED MARCH 1879.

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

MONTHLY CIRCULAR.

Vol. XVII.

No. 191.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR TO ALL!

FIXTURES FOR JANUARY, 1922.

		Light up at
Jan.	7. Halewood (Derby Arms)	4-40 p.m.
..	9. ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING, 7 p.m., 25 Water Street, Liverpool.	
..	14. Pulford (Grosvenor).....	4-49 p.m.
..	16. Committee Meeting, 7 p.m., 25, Water Street, Liverpool.	
..	21. Acton Bridge (Leigh Arms).....	4-57 p.m.
..	28. Newburgh (Red Lion).....	5- 9 p.m.
Feb.	4. Halewood (Derby Arms)	5-20 p.m.

ALTERNATIVE RUNS FOR MANCHESTER MEMBERS.

Jan.	7. Ringway (Mainwood Farm)	4-40 p.m.
..	14. High Lane (Red Lion)	4-49 p.m.
..	28. Cheadle Hulme (Church Inn). Musical Evening.	5- 9 p.m.
Feb.	4. Ringway (Mainwood Farm)	5-20 p.m.

Full moon 13th inst.

Have you paid your subscription? Would you like to make a donation to the Prize Fund? The Hon. Treasurer's address is R. L. Knipe, 108, Moseow Drive, Stoneycroft, Liverpool, but remittances can be most conveniently made to any Branch of the Bank of Liverpool for credit of the Anfield Bicycle Club, Tue Brook Branch, and attention to this will save the Hon. Treasurer a lot of work. Please remember he is not a paid official.

Committee Notes.

25, Water Street,
Liverpool.

APPLICATIONS FOR MEMBERSHIP.—Mr. STANLEY THRELFALL, 62, Dorothy Street, Liverpool, proposed by W. Threlfall, seconded by F. Chandler; Mr. A. N. RAWLINSON, 19, Denstone Road, Pendleton, Manchester, proposed by J. Hodges, seconded by A. Davies; Mr. JAMES E. RAWLINSON, 19, Denstone Road, Pendleton, Manchester, proposed by J. Hodges, seconded by A. Davies; Mr. T. V. SCHOFIELD, 33, Moorfield Road, Pendleton, Manchester, proposed by J. Hodges, seconded by A. Davies. (The three last mentioned Candidates are Junior Active.) Mr. GEORGE NEWALL, 55, Seymour Street, Higher Tranmere, Birkenhead, proposed by W. M. Robinson, seconded by W. E. Cotter.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS.—The following should have been notified earlier and apologies for the omission are tendered: T. Hilton-Hesketh, 268, Romford Road, Forest Gate, Essex.

E. D. McCANN,
Hon. Sec.**Personal.**

I wish to apologise to all those who were out on Boxing Day at Chester, and who, owing to my mistake in ordering dinner for 6, instead of 1.30, had to put up with a delayed and unsatisfying meal.
G. F. HAWKES.

Correspondence.

31/12/21.

Bettws-y-Coed.

DEAR ARTHUR,

Will you, through the medium of the Club rag, that you are supposed to edit, thank the Committee and the A.B.C. in general for the kind letters that have been sent to me during my recent "lead swinging." I want you to tell the Club that the Anfield cannot kill me. Since I've been a member I've suffered from measles, malaria, dysentery, pneumonia, gun shot wounds, drink, and now inflammation of the lungs. I've decided that the only way the Club can get rid of me is, as below, and besides it would be a bit of an honour to be the first Anfielder to be hanged.

Yours very sincerely,

A. P. JAMES.

A Lesson Gleaned from the Twelfth Dinner of the Fellowship of Old Timers' in the Holborn Throne Room.

It was my first visit, and what struck me as an innovation may be a time-honoured custom, or a feature attached to all throne-rooms. I refer to the "Crier." It is all very well to say that our President can cry with the best of them and leave us weeping far behind, but the effect was electrifying, and effect is what we are after.

Suddenly, in the midst of a bit of chicken or a mouthful of soup, a terrific voice from the direction of the Chair startled us out

of our seats, and from behind the President, a quiet kindly man, one got a glimpse of a small figure with an enormous mouth fully opened, issuing in a great volume of sound: "GENTLEMEN, THE PRESIDENT WILL NOW TAKE A GLASS OF WINE WITH THE GENTLEMEN ON HIS RIGHT!" (We were among these lucky ones.)

This emptied a hundred glasses. Seven minutes later the contents of the other hundred on the left were likewise disposed of.

Shortly after, the ex-Harrogate Campers were startled out of their wits (which assured me one up on Percy Beardwood in our joint bottle, and which lead I was able to keep) and then we had the same procedure again, when the Anfield B.C. were toasted, a small but solid band.

The thirst of the President was not quenched by a long way, for next came the North Road Club and the Pickwick Club and sundry other clubs, and then he switched on to the Vice-Chairmen and then to the stewards, and so *ad infinitum*.

From the point of view of the hotel management it was brilliant. The crier (provided gratis I presume) earned well his wages from the house, even though he did nothing else, for by this method at least an extra hundred bottles were consumed willy-nilly, whereas for the consumption of food little or no time was left.

As for the President, who showed no sign throughout of the effect of these GLASSES OF WINE, I suspect that he was heel-tapping. He is from Yorkshire, by the way! But imagine for one moment that the same custom had been followed at the recent dinner at the Stork Hotel, Liverpool, with any other but our then Chairman. Imagine me in the chair under such conditions (not being from Yorkshire). What a mess!! And where would your three or four helpings of hotpot have been then? Still, we are here to live and learn; try it at Bettws. (Imagine the late Taylor as the crier!)

A Baptism—Among the Gods?

"Although in no sense a clubstride" the eventful hotpot to which I was summoned on December 2nd proved by the great number of Past, Present and Future Presiders, Vices, Clerks, Pursers and Editors present that those who have deserved well of their Anfield, are—in the time honoured phrase—"neither left behind nor allowed to c'lapse" whatever the weight of years or victuals under which they stagger.

We were bade to appear at a Liverpool Hostelry that is named after the Bird—credited in Holland with the habit of introducing new born babies into the arms of expectant mothers—there to partake of a sort of birthday feast (I mean: We, not the babes, the greedy little beggars. No, nothing quite so delicate). No wonder then that someone attributed the meeting to a certain happy delivery that had taken place owing to the interesting condition under which the A.B.C. had long laboured. In short, it was a christening: The names of the accoucheurs, Hub and Jim, are household names at the Inn, and amongst the guests the two grand old patriarchs, Dave and George, who stood as godfathers, beamed proudly though not without misgiving.

The little one turned out an infant prodigy, a young head on a very old seasoned stomach, and who, far from casting adrift the maternal anchor, prefers to ride the harbour roads—those choppy Mersey waters—alongside its parent, profiting by her example and at times giving her a lead through having discovered that pouring petrol on the waves is the best way of levelling the undulations of our path, together with alternate draughts of ale.

Assuming that baptism was practised by the Pagan Gods, whose clan was certainly represented, the great throng conveyed a sense of a Valhalla prepared by a band of workers that do good by stealth (a so-called christian method), for over and above us towered, almost swayed, one mighty Zeus, at whose word or wand lowly minions skipped to and fro with foaming pots and fuming pans. Some of the stolid looking gods seemed worthy figures of mythology, but my lack of knowledge of that or any other ology could not then christen them. Now, after spending hours at the British Museum, I venture to suggest that Bacchus and Pan were present. And that ample form in the corridor behind that mess of pottage, Venus to be sure—fully armed.

By the time those with three helpings had had of Helicon their fill, the firmament opened, and from the heavens—or, should it be from the Olympus?—strains of exquisite music poured into or upon our ears. The sound of golden voices mingled with the din and benumbed our senses, but, above it all, the voice of Mr. Veterinary Surgeon "Evans" was distinctly audible.

When shortly after I awoke, "confused and somewhat mixed," with swollen brow and throbbing temples in a very mundane Market Place for Spanish Onions, I prayed that the visions so recently enjoyed might become enduring.

ITEMS.

It appears to us that the efficiency of Cook's College (famous throughout the North of England for its education-by-post facilities) leaves something to be desired. If the college system were really effective, we would hardly expect to find pupils having birthdays, or taking part in house-to-house collections, or attending bazaars, or even giving lectures, *on Saturdays*. Evidently there is a flaw in Cook's educational system.

The City of Leeds had a host of distinguished visitors last month. For instance (strictly in order of arrival): "Weighfahr," Queen Mary, Princess Mary, and Lord Lascelles. With characteristic skill and tact, our eminent litterateur-lecturer so arranged his visit that it did not clash with that of the Royal party.

It is reported that Sheffield Corporation has asked for the strictest economy in the use of water. We understand that Lizzie Buck and Winnie have made up their minds to go and live in the cutlery city, in order to show the local residents how to do it.

Teddy Edwards emphatically denies that it was he who recently wrote to the *Daily Mail* asking (more in anger than in sorrow) when the price of beer was coming down.

A well-known dietetic reformer, lecturing on red hair as one of woman's chief glories, says that this distinctive colour note is

best secured on a fruitarian diet. Shem joins issue on this statement, pointing out that, in his own case and also that of Grandad, a fruitarian diet was tried for very many years (it is notorious that Cook still never eats meat more than twice a day), but that there was nothing doing. It was only when Shem invented his famous hair restorer that his hair and that of the O.G. began to grow, ultimately developing into the luxuriant red locks we know (and admire) to-day.

We hear that Parry has been elevated to the high and important office of C.T.C. Deputy Chief Consul for Cheshire at more than double the salary he received as Robbie's "Private Secretary." On learning the actual amount of remuneration, Arthur, who has been pressing the Executive for an increase in his editorial emoluments, was stricken down with an attack of epilepsy, from which we rejoice to say he is steadily recovering.

The A.B.C. is not the club it was. For evidence of this, you have only to look over the main list of runs for December, nearly all of which are practically within a stone's throw (as per house agent's advertisement) of Liverpool. Writing early in the month, it appears to us that December will be a severe testing ground for Jay Bee, who always goes the shortest way. We wonder what sort of exercise he will now indulge in, seeing that he has been almost deprived of that of cycling.

We are glad to notice that an appliance has been invented for dispelling fog. This will be useful in connection with our Annual General Meetings (especially when these are held in a room where smoking is strictly prohibited)—and also for those occasions when Grandad has been explaining at length the numerous reasons why cyclists should not carry rear lights.

The Manchester Crematorium Company are complaining of a slump in business. We have asked some of our members in the City of Perpetual Sunshine to investigate the matter, but what can you expect in such a health resort? People simply will not die.

The A. G. M. of the Liverpool D. A. (C.T.C.) is to be held at the Church House, South John Street, on Thursday, 12th of January, and as "Wayfarer" is President designate, we hope those members of the C.T.C. who can possibly attend will grace the proceedings and see that the election is quite in order. We understand that the meeting will conclude with music.

The morning after the night before—we mean the morning after the James C.C. Hot-Pot, the Captain of that famous Club escorted The Master to the Liverpool Museum where he was enthralled by all he saw. We understand the Curator tried hard to add F. H. to his "specimens," but the wily one was not to be lured into a glass case.

Our Mr. Pritchard has been figuring, *inter alia*, in a "Cycling" cartoon. As it represents Mr. Pritchard delivering what we hear was a remarkably fine speech at a Dinner of the Birmingham D.A. (C.T.C.) it may be said literally to be a speaking likeness!

Rather suspecting that "Wayfarer" might have something pleasant to say about us in his lecture on December 8th, which was so well attended by us that we were not lost even in the gather-

ing of about 700, we engaged at enormous expense the services of an expert stenographer, and for the benefit of those who could not be present we now publish the following verbatim report:—

“It may be news to some of you (I hope it isn't) that one of the leading road clubs in this country—if not *the* leading club—operates from and belongs to Liverpool. I refer, of course, to the Anfield Bicycle Club, which, founded in 1879, is stronger to-day—with its membership approaching 200—than ever it was. I am glad to pay tribute to the manner in which the Anfield has always fostered roadmanship and sportsmanship, and to the work of inestimable value which it has done for the sport and pastime of cycling all down the years. Whilst other clubs have faltered and weakened, the Anfield has gone persistently ahead—steadfast in its faith in cycling—its wagon (as it were) being hitched to a star. The Anfield has no specific club house. Its real club house is the Open Road: its policy is cycling, cycling, cycling—and then some cycling. As a rule, a city is proud of its sporting organisations—its football and cricket clubs, and so on. I suggest to you that the Anfield B.C., to which I count it a privilege to belong (as a very insignificant member) is worthy of your pride.”

It is just as well we should keep ourselves posted on Road Racing and Record Association affairs. In the Metropolitan area there is an Association of N.C.U. clubs called the North Middlesex and Herts. C.A., although a Peterboro' club is also affiliated, and this Association publishes a monthly Gazette, edited by Mr. L. F. Dixon, of the Oak C.C., who is probably the leader of the party working for Sunday as a day for speedwork. Consequently the Gazette has this year been furnishing most interesting readings of Sunday Propaganda from which we cull the following examples:—

August, 1921. Editorial.

“As week by week of the present racing season goes by there is accumulating a vast mass of evidence that goes to prove that Sunday is the ideal day for racing.

“Taking for example recent races that were held on Saturdays, it was shown that to avoid towns on those days, competitors were sent over awful courses inviting practically certain punctures; this is not fair or playing the game. Men who have given up their time to train cannot appreciate the motives that actuate the master minds engaged in Saturday sport.

“It has proved over and over again that *the authorities do not object one iota to an event run off early on a Sunday morning, why then prevaricate? get down to the plain truth anti-Sundayites: climb down off the false pedestals that you have placed yourselves: and let the man who counts (the man who races) have the say as to the day, not the man who looks on from what he knows of the game years ago. Surely this is only reasonable, for the man who pays, should be allowed to call the tune he wants.*”

September, 1921. “General Items.”

Apropos comments on Marsh and Dredge's performance in the Oak Tandem 100:—“While, of course, the

fact that the ride was accomplished in *competition* and could not, therefore, stand as a record as recognised by the R.R.A., it admirably expresses the sentiments expressed by some of the large clubs up north, and shows that week-day records is a feeling that is not solely a monopoly of the clubs south, as some circles would have us believe."

November, 1921. Editorial.

"It seems to me that the clubs composing the road-racing world, are composed of two bodies.

"The first is made of a few old powerful reins holding clubs, who refuse to recognise the fact that their erstwhile younger brothers (the second body) have now grown up; who refuse now that they have grown up, to be dictated to in a *dictatorial* and patronising manner. Until this is realised there will always be trouble in the two camps; elder brothers usually have a nasty knack of not recognising ability, etc., in their younger brother."

November, 1921. Racing Secs.' Conference:—

"A meeting was convened for the purpose of discussing the advisability of running a 12 hours' race in 1922 by the Association.

"It was pointed out by the Oak representative that *the chief drawback of the scheme, was a large 'field' running through a cathedral town on a Sunday three times, was not in the best interests of the sport.* This point was recognised."

The italics only are ours. Beyond pointing out the extraordinary inconsistency between the August editorial and the November Conference report we have no comments to make, although we should like to know how a 100 or 12 hours can be run off "early," and who ever said "the authorities" objected? We always understood that the danger of Sunday speedwork arose from the attitude of the *residents* on the course, who, with their Sunday amenities disturbed, could quickly stir up the authorities!; and this seems to be admitted by the recognition of the fact that "running through a cathedral town on a Sunday . . . was not in the best interests of the sport." Exactly. With Sunday records allowed the Records Association could not stop such incidents! And there are lots of counties where the people are just as "bigoted" as those in any "cathedral town."

In one of the Show reports a motor attachment for cycles is referred to as "A Lusty Partner." For our part we would prefer A. Lusty!

At a recent Meeting of the General Committee of the N.C.U. in London so many very extraordinary speeches were made that one of the delegates had to remind the assembly that it was a Meeting of the National *Cyclists* Union.

We are indebted to Mr. W. B. Kay, of the Runcorn Bicycle Club (formed 1874) for the Rules of that Club as they existed in 1877, and we think that the following will prove interesting:—

- (2) That this Club be confined strictly to Gentlemen Amateurs.
- (5) That the Captaincy and Sub-Captaincy be run for half-yearly at any time and place the Committee may decide upon.

- (6) That General Meetings shall be held at Head Quarters on the first Wednesday evening in each month.
- (14) That any Member not paying his subscription in five consecutive weeks shall cease to become a Member, but shall have the privilege of joining again on payment of 2/6, subject to the approval of the Members.
- (16) That any Active Member not attending six of the advertised Meets shall forfeit 2/6 to the Club at the end of the year.
- (17) That all Members obey the Captain during Excursions, Meets, &c.

We hope there was nothing sinister in "Gentlemen," but the idea of racing for the Captaincy and Sub-Captaincy twice a year is delightful. We can imagine the Jay Bee of those days deliberately roping so as not to have to carve!! Monthly General Meetings would save all bother with Requisitions, and the fines for not paying subs within five weeks and for not attending six fixtures in the year would bring in a rich harvest if applied nowadays, and save the necessity for a Prize Fund. But the richest thing is the order to obey the Captain! Just fancy "obeying" Kettle!

The Del Strother Prize has arrived and been forwarded to Parton. It takes the form of a silver enamelled glass holder such as they use in Russia for tea drinking, and makes a unique prize, which Parton is sure to value highly. Del Strother writes: "I doubt not that he fully deserves this slight encouragement, and I hope he will continue improving," and he concludes with: "I make use of the opportunity to wish you and all my Anfield friends a Merry Xmas and a Happy and Prosperous New Year," which wishes are heartily reciprocated.

We are glad to be able to say that 'Jimmy' James, who in the earlier part of the month had been attacked by a severe dose of influenza, has now practically recovered, and was able to spend the Xmas holidays at the Nursing Home, Glan Aber, together with his President and a little party consisting of F. H., the two Kinders, Buck and Winnie, reinforced on the Monday by Grandad and Austin.

"If I were King."

[We recently asked certain prominent cyclists what they would do if they were King of England. Appended are some of the replies to hand.]

W. P. Cook.—If I were King, I would double the ration of weekends to every week, so that I need never—or hardly ever—go home.

E. Edwards.—Take some more holidays, of course.

A. T. Simpson.—Bring down the price of ginger-pop to a reasonable figure.

A. Dickman.—Why! I'd buy a lot more tandems.

H. Roskell.—I would see that the James C.C. held their annual dinner every week.

C. H. Turner.—It's hard to imagine such a thing, but if I were King I would buy a real bicycle and learn how to ride it.

R. C. Gregg.—Make it a penal offence for anybody to overtake me.

W. M. Robinson.—I'd simply *compel* people to come to my lectures.

J. A. Grimshaw.—Race on Sundays, of course.

J. O. Cooper.—Buy a motorcar.

F. J. Cheminai.—If I were King (and more likely things have happened), I would prohibit the importation of any foodstuffs into this country except "Spanish Onions."

T. R. Royden.—Being so closely connected with the aristocracy already, to be King would make very little difference to me.

F. D. McCann.—I would be able to *insist* on giving up the Hon. Secretary's job.

W. H. Kettle.—Buy more, and still more, beer for Cook.

A Newsholme.—Give Canada to the Americans and resume active membership of the A.B.C.

Lionel Cohen.—Abolish all Hon. Treasurers to Siberia.

R. L. Knipe.—Cut off the heads of members who did not pay their subscriptions by January 3rd, and compel Li. Cohen to live in some place where his address would be less like a recitation.

W. E. Cotter.—We would set up our Royal Court at Pulford, and invite the A.B.C. to take tea with us every Saturday.

W. T. Venables.—In such a lofty position, there would be no difficulty in the way of my resuming the lucrative office I formerly held in the A.B.C.

F. Chandler.—I would buy a new cycling coat for Robinson, and present his old one to the British Museum.

RUNS.

Halewood, December 3rd.

It is singular that this fixture always inspires terror in the bosoms of contributors. Whether it is that there is very little fresh to be said in connection with it after the brilliant reports in the past, or whether the banquet provided and the liquid nourishment combined obscure the intellect to such an extent that the happenings of the evening become a faded memory without form and void I know not. The fact remains that in this case on the last day of the year the gifted writer to whom I had entrusted the duty of recording the "doings," has failed to materialise, and I am left to call on my imagination, not having been present in the flesh. I can, however, in comparative certainty, visualise the scene. In the first place, the James C.C., without a doubt, would be strongly (or probably, most of them, weakly after the previous evening) in evidence, and would, being eminently a cycling club, arrive by train, and

immediately saunter with studied insouciance to the tank to refresh after their strenuous passage. The real cyclists, clamouring for food, would then begin to drop in, and eventually, before a table groaning with good things, the chief performance would take place, and the vanishing trick in connection with the luscious viands repeated as of yore. The meeting would then adjourn to the outer tank and from then on wonderful choruses (or should it be chori?) would resound to the glorification of some jolly good fellow, and so to the end. The following is an account of what happened afterwards:—

For many a long day the great Chieftain of the Anfield Clan had been chafing for a sight of his native hills, and so it was that on a certain night, accompanied by his faithful henchman, the Mad Mullah, and a merry band from the Clan, he did set forth under the "Wizard's" guidance to tread once more the ground his fathers had trod before him.

Wafted by kindly breezes, we were soon at the entrance to the Wizard's cave, that secret resort of the faithful anti-rear-lighters, securely hidden in the scene of wild desolation known as Wiganborough.

After traversing the secret corridor, we were ushered into the inner apartment ablaze with light and kindly warmth, and lo! the banquet was spread, and we did eat even to fulness, and quaffed flagons of nut-brown ale brought from some subterranean region. Then did we smoke the pipe of peace, and tell the tale of bold bad deeds of long ago, until weary of limb with much travail, and weary of brain with much ale, we did each of us seek the virtuous couch, and soon the air resounded with great snorings.

Anon, their eyelids touched by the rosy hues of dawn, the Wizard did call them forth, for this was the day of the Great Adventure into the wild fastnesses of the Lancashire fells which in solemn majesty did frown upon the scene.

O'er hill and dale, by rocky paths and stony, by rushing rivers and fearsome lakes, the noble band sped on. Wild denizens of this region did mock and jeer, and make terrifying clamour with their iron-shod hoofs, whereat Shaw the Grim did discourse sweet melody, and lo, did soothe their savage breasts.

Onward and upwards, ever advancing, we at last did scale the heights, and exhausted and panting did throw ourselves on the turf clad summit, our quests ended, our goal won.

For here was the great Mausoleum of the W.P.C.'s, a mighty column of granite, with massive iron doors, four square to the winds of heaven; fitting resting place for the bones of that great house whose sons have won fame and fortune on many a gallant field. The greatest and noblest now stands in this mighty hill, his snow white locks waving in the breeze, and his thoughts no doubt ranging over all the fields of conquest which he has sought and won. Shrewsbury, Newport, Chester, Anfield, have rung with his famous battle cry "Anfield for ever."

Our aim attained, due homage paid, we mount again our faithful steeds, and ride swiftly from the scene.

Ringway, December 3rd, 1921.

I thought I was getting along quite nicely—in fact, like one of our friends, I was seldom passed on the road—but before many miles had been covered my dreams of winning “50’s” were dispelled by the cheerful voices of three of our new recruits, who sailed past me without an effort. I did my best to go fast enough to keep them from catching cold, but, in confidence I may tell you, Mr. Editor, I was very much relieved when darkness fell and it was necessary to stop to light up. Thereafter the route was cunningly laid along dirty lanes on which speed was impossible, so that I managed to survive the journey to Mainwood Farm, the only noteworthy incident on the journey being a narrow escape of bumping into a lightless bread-van, stationary in a dark narrow lane.

There were the mystic Anfield number of 13 for tea, which was quite a substantial meal, though without some of the trimmings to which we are accustomed at this house; perhaps the good lady is getting somewhat discouraged by the small attendances we have had there on recent fixtures.

The conversation after tea was carried on in small groups, and was very much of the usual kind, the whole party suddenly making up its mind at about 8 p.m. that it must be toddling off home.

Irby, December 10th.

Short-distance runs provide members with a variety of ways of “getting there.” Some have to be content with a ride in the surrounding lanes, while others, more fortunate, are able to set off in the morning and put in a good mileage before tea. On this occasion some of our “regulars” and “non-regulars” preferred to pad the hoof. When I arrived at the Prince of Wales I found Tommy Royden giving an account of his walk out that afternoon with Chandler and Threlfall. He spoke of having done about fourteen miles—probably more than Johnny Band had cycled. We were very pleased to see Mac, Tierney and Creed with us again. Later arrivals included Cook and Teddy Edwards, the former perspiring (on a December day) from his strenuous ride into Wales. Twenty-six of us sat down to tea, which was enjoyed by all. About half-past-seven a few of us decided to “get on with it,” and I enjoyed the ride home by way of West Kirby.

Cheadle Hulme, December 10th, 1921.

Though some members living in the immediate vicinity failed to put in an appearance, a crowd of twenty-four were present. The meal was so good that those who attended are looking forward to another visit, and the musical evening which followed, even in spite of the absence of Tomlin and Cheadle Bill, seemed to give great satisfaction.

After the feed, the V.P. introduced the company to “Kitty,” and then called upon Beau Brummel to open the proceedings with a pianoforte solo, and after this item an array of other talent was forthcoming. Songs were given by W. Orrell, “Wilson” Barrett, “Happy,” Aldredge, H. Green and Davies, duets by the Brothers Orrell, and the Siddington Quartette (W. and G. B. Orrell, Edwards and Davies) charmed the company with their blended voices. “The Master” was at his best and gave several recitations in his own inimitable manner; the “Mullah” also recited and then told a few

yarns whilst the Wizard from Wigan after starting with one of his past successes introduced story after story with remarkable ease and undoubted success.

Contributions to the programme were made by the Fodens Brass Band, Tom Foy, etc.—the mechanism being controlled by our host.

If it had not been for the presence of a visitor, Mr. Shimwell, who officiated at the piano both as a soloist and accompanist, the musical evening would have been impossible, and the V.P. upon voicing these sentiments had the audience with him. The musical honours which were given (including the Anfield Whisper) were undoubtedly deserved.

An excellent evening terminated at 10 p.m., after the company had given in singing Auld Lang Syne.

Tarporley, December 17th.

Cook on single, and Chandler and Threlfall on tandem, started off in the morning in order to get to Tarporley by 6 o'clock. The tandem occupants had several narrow escapes of being pitched into eternity by the fools who are let loose on the road nowadays, but they were able to breathe again after Chester had been negotiated, Cook with his usual luck encountering "no traffic at all" in Chester. The party found the lanes between Holt and Bangor extremely sloppy, and the back wheel of the tandem had little mercy on the benign physiognomy of the old gentleman, who presented a very woe-begone appearance on arrival at Ruabon, where lunch was partaken of. Afterwards Erbistock was explored, and the old gentleman having volunteered his services as guide, narrowly escaped losing the tandem and contents down a side road that led to an awful precipice into the Dee. At Whitchurch, Lusty, from Birmingham, joined the party, which then made direct for Tarporley. At the Swan were found Kettle, Royden, Cody, Rand, Reade, the Cranshaws, Hallsworth (who had at last been successful in getting up a party), Parry, Gregg, Austin and friend, Green, Teddy Edwards, and The Mullah who had evidently come per auto, as his shoes and spats presented a perfectly clean and radiating appearance). It is rumoured that now having broken all cycle records, he will, in the coming year, be seen at the Glan Aber in an attempt to whack Arthur and Hubert in a typically Falstaffian contest in the tank at that famous hostelry. Cook, Kettle and Turnor having found that the wind would be very hard to battle against if they went home to sleep, decided to go in the opposite direction to Wem to sleep there. The rest of the party then moved off into the darkness, and as far as reports go, arrived home safely.

Hooton, December 24th.

The ride was a good one, but the feed—Oh!—'twas also good. Twenty-one of us sat down, after a more or less strenuous effort to reach this new (to us) rendezvous. Chandler and Cooper had to be different from anyone else, so they walked, while the remainder ploughed through the beautiful slush, mud, dirt, rain, sleet, and snow.

Those of us who were fortunate enough to be "out and about" during the morning, were favoured with gloriously fine weather, while the afternoonites were treated to gloriously wet weather.

On arriving at Hooton, the scene was somewhat different, for there were in the company about 20 awaiting the call of "tea-up." Shortly after 6 o'clock we went into the dining room, which was gay

with Christmas decorations, etc. The dinner (not tea) was a great success, and when the Xmas pudding was brought in, it was a fine sight to see Grandad's face—it was one big satisfied smile—poor chap, I suppose he never had seen a Xmas pudding before.

At the end of the "eating competition," "Good King Wenceslas" and "Noel" were played over on the piano, at the request of the President, after which the cyclists, walkers, etc., sat round the fire, for the customary remarks of the day. Finally, we all plunged into the night, and ploughed our way home.

Siddington, December 24th.

One had hoped in the forenoon for a dry ride over good frost-bound roads, but by the time for starting for the rendezvous, rain and snow had washed out that. We were a merry party to dispose of the seasonable fare provided, but the men soon began to go off—some to the bosoms of their families and others to spend their Christmas in the country.

Chester, Boxing Day, December 26th.

Numerically this time-honoured fixture was as successful as ever, 36 members and friends sitting down to dinner. It was real good to see men like Rowatt, Toft, Charlie Conway and Sunter, for we always look to Boxing Day to give us the presence of those whom circumstances prevent from regular attendance. Mawr Conway had fully expected to be with us, but was prevented getting away from Bristol at the last moment by the indisposition of his wife. We missed you, Tom, very much and hope all is now serene. Carpenter also failed us, and is evidently not the man he was! Shropshire was represented by Morris and L. W. Walters, and Manchester by H. Green, Turnor, Reade, Grimshaw, and the Brothers Rawlinson and Schofield (prospectives), but one could quite reasonably have expected a bigger crowd of Mancunians. The rest present were J. C. Band, J. W. Rogers, Cody, Brothers Threlfall, Cook, Ven, E. O. Morris, Steve, Mac, Horrocks, Edwards, Zambuck, Mandall, Austin, Kettle, Gregg, Parry, Knipe and Lucas, and it was a very jolly crowd that made the best of things and did not curse too loudly. Most of the party had arrived by circuitous routes, for it was a glorious morning, but those who went to Kelsall to meet the Manchester boys had to buy their own beer! After lunch the Presider and Austin were quickly off their marks to enjoy an inter-club run with the James C.C. at Bettws-y-coed, and we hear on good authority that it not only blew a gale over the Sportsman, but that the rain was wet. Almost immediately afterwards Grimmy, Turnor and Reade (who had pretended they were bound for a fancy dress ball at Wem) carried out their plot to go to Bettws by the Corwen route and "see the look on Billy's face when he found them at the Glan Aber," but sad to relate, Nemesis overtook them, and they were forced to put up at Pentre Voelas (where they arrived 10 minutes *after* the O.G. and Austin had left, owing to a dispute with an unrearlighted wall, which damaged Mullah's hand and called for medical attention. Just as the rest of the crowd were departing in batches a gentleman arrived in the yard on a Sunlight Sports Model with little mud bath and several gears—an ice wagon with Continental racing bars in incongruity—and to our surprise we found it was Jack Hodges! Most of us went home more or less direct, but Knipe and Edwards chaperoned a nice party via the Transporter to Halewood, where they finished up the day with a feast of reason and a flow of soul. And so passed into history yet another Boxing Day run.

Willaston, December 31st.

Grave doubts were there in my mind as to the location of this place, for to my certain knowledge there are three Willastons. That the run could be to the Willaston whose railway station is called Hadlow Road appeared to me to be out of the question; the more particularly as it was within my knowledge that Masters Cook and Horrocks had had to set forth early in the morning, to the end that they might the better reach their destination in time for the evening meal, and further that Masters Gregg, Parry, and Dickman were spending the day at Chester. Nevertheless, I continued to press upon the treddles until I came unto Willaston-by-Hadlow Road. Here were my worst suspicions confirmed, for the Nag's Head hostelry was in darkness. However, Master Threlfall directed my footsteps to an adjacent eating house, and there, in an upper room, did two dozen of us fall upon the viands and cause great destruction of Hot Pot and Things.

The company included Master Thomas Royden, who, disdaining to use his bicycle, and being desirous of getting Thoroughly Fit for the forthcoming House of Lords Marathon, had come afoot. Master Kinder (he that is christened Long John) also walked. Master Tierney did provoke much laughter by pointing out that his tandem partner, a notable yclept Master *Swift*, toils for the *Express*. Thus was their speed, upon the Bicycle-built-for-two, immense. Among the other gentry present were Master Band (he of the cold feet, who also is said to be deeply attached to the Lady Jane Doe), Master Venables (who amassed great wealth during his sub-captaincy), Senor Roberto Knipo (the famous money-changer and subscription wallah), Master Fawcett, also known as "Ace of Clubs," Master McCann, who resigns his Anfield office every year, and Master Austin, who helps to produce Sunlight. Owing to the recent conflagration at the Bon Marché, Master Edwards had secured a cheap line in cigars, which he distributed amongst his reputed friends, to their ultimate discomfort. Thus in a mighty cloud of smoke, to the accompaniment of a loud explosion caused by Master Dickman's lamp, did the cycling season of 1921 end.

Ollerton, December 31st.

Two of us timed our arrival at the Dun Cow to a nicety, so that on the signal being given, we were nearest the door, and bagged places where the grub was most plentiful.

In between mouthfuls we saw Cranshaw père et fils, Haynes, Reade, Bick, Edwards, Orrell (Walt), Green (Verdant), Kaye and friend. The Mullah was there with one hand swathed in bandages consequent on a negotiation of the Pentre Voelas descent in the dark. The General was reported as having crashed heavily and having been rather badly damaged. F. H. dropped in late and howled lustily for food. (These motors *do* give one an appetite.) Grimmy, as usual, was getting nothing to eat, and let the others know it. Green was waxing purple on red lights and the wickedness of motorists, but took good care that F. H. couldn't hear him! After the usual desultory chat, we melted away into the night, to bid farewell to the old year in the bosom of our families. It was rumoured that Bick and Jimmy were going to the watch-night service with a view to reformation in the New Year!

A. T. SIMPSON,

Editor

ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

FORMED MARCH 1879.

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

MONTHLY CIRCULAR.

Vol. XVII.

No. 192.

FIXTURES FOR FEBRUARY, 1922.

	Light up at
Feb. 4. Halewood (Derby Arms)	5-50 p.m.
.. 6. Committee Meeting, 7 p.m., 25, Water Street, Liverpool.	
.. 11. Kelsall (Royal Oak)	6-11 p.m.
.. 18. Pulford (Grosvenor).....	6-25 p.m.
.. 25. Warrington (Lion)	6-38 p.m.
Mar. 4. Halewood (Derby Arms)	6-50 p.m.

ALTERNATIVE RUNS FOR MANCHESTER MEMBERS.

Feb. 4. Ringway (Mainwood Farm)	5-50 p.m.
.. 18. Heatley (Station Hotel)	6-25 p.m.
Mar. 4. Allostock (Oak Cottage).....	6-50 p.m.

Full moon 12th inst.

Have you paid your subscription? Would you like to make a donation to the Prize Fund? The Hon. Treasurer's address is R. L. Knipe, 108, Moseow Drive, Stoneycroft, Liverpool, but remittances can be most conveniently made to any Branch of the Bank of Liverpool for credit of the Anfield Bicycle Club, Tue Frook Branch, and attention to this will save the Hon. Treasurer a lot of work. Please remember he is not a paid official.

Committee Notes.

94, Paterson Street, Birkenhead.

NEW MEMBERS.—Messrs. S. Threlfall, A. N. Rawlinson, J. E. Rawlinson, T. V. Schofield, and G. Newall have been elected to Active Membership, the first four being Juniors.

The Resignation of Mr. Harold Rae 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. P. Cook and W. H. Kettle.

The following have been appointed a Handicapping and Course Committee:—Messrs. W. P. Cook, E. Edwards, W. H. Kettle, F. D. McCann and C. H. Turnor.

The Prize Rules were amended in accordance with the resolution at the Annual General Meeting and the first-claim clause of Rule I. altered.

DATES OF RACES.—The following dates have been arranged:—
1st "50," April 29th; 2nd "50," May 20th; Invitation "100," June 5th; Invitation "24," July 14th and 15th; "12," August 26th; 3rd "50," September 23rd. The last named event will be open to tandems and will probably be held on a Shropshire Course. If sufficient interest is shown in these three "50's," a fourth may be held.

The Cheadle Hulme C.C. have called a conference of Northern Clubs with a view to avoiding clashing in the use of Cheshire Courses. The Committee appointed Messrs. J. A. Grimshaw and C. H. Turnor to represent our interests.

APPLICATIONS FOR MEMBERSHIP.—Mr. F. E. BASTER., 9, Clarendon Road, Egremont, Cheshire, proposed by R. C. Gregg, seconded by H. Austin; Mr. R. T. DAVIES, 45, Moss Grove, Sefton Park, Liverpool, proposed by H. Austin, seconded by W. P. Cook; Mr. EDWIN GREEN, Ash Lea, Park Road, Ashton-on-Mersey, Cheshire, proposed by F. H. Koenen, seconded by H. Green; Mr. VICTOR FANTOZZI, 68, Richmond Grove, High Street, C.-on-M., Manchester, proposed by E. J. Reade, seconded by E. Haynes; WILLIAM HENDERSON, proposed by W. M. Robinson, seconded by E. Parry (the four last mentioned Candidates are Junior Active); JAMES HENDERSON, proposed by W. M. Robinson, seconded by E. Parry.

NEW ADDRESSES.—F. E. DOLAMORE, 10th District, Revenue Chambers, Upper Piccadilly, Bradford; W. H. KETTLE, 16, Avondale Road, Hoylake, Cheshire.

H. AUSTIN,

*Secretary.***Racing Programme for 1922.**

I wish to draw the attention of all to the following programme as arranged by the Committee and hope every one will book the dates, either to race or assist as the case may be:—1st "50," April 29th; 2nd "50," May 20th; Invitation "100," June 5th; Invitation 24 Hours, July 14/15th; Club 12 Hours, August 26th; 3rd "50," September 23rd (this event open to tandems). A 4th "50" has been fixed for October 7th, if there should be sufficient support shown to warrant running it.

Open Events for 1922.

At a meeting of representatives of Road Racing Clubs, convened by the Anerley B.C., a few weeks ago, the following dates for the principal Open Events were agreed upon:—North London "50," May 20th; Our "100," June 5th; Kingsdale "50," June 17th; Speedwell "100," July 1st; Polytechnic 12 Hours, July 8th; North Road Memorial "50," July 15th; Bath Road "100," August 7th; Anerley 12 Hours, and Sharrow "50," August 19th; North Road 24 Hours, September 8/9th.

W. H. KETTLE,
Capt. and Hon. Racing Sec.

A. G. W., 9th January.

If persistent absentees from the Annual General Meeting—for example, Lawrence Fletcher, R. A. Fulton, Lionel Cohen, J. L. Mahon, and A. G. White—could but realise what a delightful function this is, I'm sure they would roll up in full force, regardless of expense. In fact, I wouldn't be a bit surprised, Arthur, if the Inland Revenue authorities came down on us for the Entertainment Tax one of these days.

Well, 51 of the best invaded Mac's superb office on 9th January and helped to push the Anfield machine along. Mac is a dab hand at writing reports, and his latest yarn about our several doings was excellent, as usual. We now number 178, and our average attendance at the 54 runs last year was 37,314. The biggest muster was 79 and the littlest was 21. Mac got right up against Grandad by revealing that the Old Gent. had actually missed a Committee Meeting. Cook was full of excuses, as usual. He even took refuge in the paltry explanation that he "couldn't be in two places at once," which is a pretty confession of weakness for a President! Mac finished up on the customary note (now very monotonous) about resignation, and his report was then adopted.

Bob Knipe next got busy with his figures, and, as the auditors had thoughtfully provided us with readable copies of the accounts, we were able to follow the Hon. Treasurer's incursions into the realm of high finance. Cook had something to say about the need for paying subscriptions at a much earlier date, and remarked (in big letters) that it was "a very serious thing" when we froze on to our money till late in the year. I thought this was rather tactless of the Old Gent., considering that we put *him* on the free list last year. *He* hasn't to cough up any subscription at all. (Mind you, I don't suggest that Grandad doesn't pay nowt. I know the old blighter too well to believe he'd be content to come in "on the nod.")

Bob proposed, and Charlie Conway seconded, that the subs. remain as before, and we agreed—"lest a worse thing befall us." Mullah wanted us to be fined (without the option) if we didn't pay by 1st July, and somebody else suggested what was much more sensible, namely, a discount for those who paid early!

Cook's tabled motion (as to requisitionists) gave the President an opportunity of making a speech, which I seem to remember he promptly did. There was no opposition, and after a slight amendment the motion was carried. Robinson's suggested alteration of the rule concerning subscriptions found acceptance, and we then passed on to Kettle's motion as to first-claim members. Grandad opined that this might be called a "pious resolution," but I am bound to say that I, personally, have never noticed anything par-

ticularly pious about Kettle. In fact—well, I won't pursue the matter. The motion was fully discussed and finally carried after being slightly amended.

We were now up against the tit-bit of the evening—the proposal that we should organize the Road Event in connection with the 1922 World's Championships. Grandad explained all about it, incidentally remarking that, while Mullah would say he was "a perfect scream of a chairman" (Query: *Did* Turnor ever say such a thing?), he felt it his duty to lay his point of view before the meeting. The whole subject was very well debated, and the opposing opinions admirably and convincingly expressed. Among those who spoke were:—Grimmy, Knipe, Mercer, Fell, Mullah, Green, Edwards, Lusty, F. H., Arthur, Poole, Mundell, Toft, Banks, and Mac—and perhaps I ought to add Cook. Lusty was strongly in favour of the A.B.C. taking up the matter, and said that the Midlands looked to us as the only club that could do the job. (We *are* a fine body of men, Arthur). The reading of Mr. Pugh's letter, with its reference to the possibility of holding a supper after the race, produced an emphatic "Hear, hear!" from Grimmy.

Then came a bit of bargaining. Cook "tore it" by saying that he would not vote for the proposal unless Mac agreed to take on the secretarial work in connection with the event. Mac, who can see as far through a brick wall as most people, grasped the opportunity thus presented to him, and agreed to take on the job so long as he was relieved of the office of Hon. Secretary. So a bargain was struck, and we decided, almost unanimously, to organise the road event for the N.C.U.

We now turned to the election of officers and committee. It was inevitable that Cook should be thrust back into the Presidential chair. He pretended not to want the job. He said we were making a great mistake (Hear, hear! from F.H.), but, anyhow, he bowed to our will. He reminded us that we couldn't shut his mouth by the election (did ever anybody think we could shut Cook's mouth in this or any other way?), and invited us to tell him off if we didn't agree with his actions. *And so we will.* Von and Green were re-elected as Vice-Presidents, and to Kettle's job as Captain were added the duties of Hon. Racing Secretary, it having been proved that Harold had not earned his salary merely as Skipper. Grimmy was put up as one of the Sub-Captains, but refused to stand, and we re-elected Threlfall and Bolton. Robert the Magnificent was again placed in charge of the money-bags, and it is understood that, immediately after the meeting, he hurried off to the printers and ordered in a huge stock of pink slips. So you fellows will have to look out. Mac was then formally elected as Special Hon. Secretary for the purposes of the World's Championships Road Event only, Austin succeeding to the office he vacated, after ten years of invaluable work. Somebody (I think it was Teddy Edwards) was heard to ask whether Austin was a cyclist, and it appears that he is.

The election of committee was quite good fun. F.H. objected to being nominated as attendance at meetings would involve sleeping in Liverpool. Most of us felt that this was a gross insult to the little port at the entrance to the Manchester Ship Canal, but we held our peace. Mullah's objection landed him right into the julienne. He now had an engagement, he said, on the first Monday in every month. Howls of laughter—for the meeting has recently been held on the *second* Monday! Billy Toft pointed out that no

young men had been nominated, an unfortunate remark which caused Robinson angrily to say: "Wot about me?" Johnny Band firmly refused to stand again, and I thought that was a great pity. The following comprise the new Committee:—Zambuck, Grimmy, Banks, Mullah, Edwards, Arthur, James, Kinder, and Horrocks. Cotter and Morris will again keep an unsleeping eye on the accounts and see that Knipe limits his personal profits to 100 per cent.

The remainder of the business was quickly disposed of. In fact, if you read the end of last year's report, you have a pretty good record of this year's decisions—including Easter at Bettws-y-coed.

I lost count of the President's speeches after the twenty-ninth, but I think it was only once that he spoke of del Strother as "dol Strother"!

E. & O. E.

"H₂O."

Casting Reflections on the Club.

A few days in bed with "flu" gives one ample leisure for contemplation, retrospective, introspective and prospective. When this is assisted by a pile of "Cyclings" about 3 feet high, it becomes highly intensive.

As a result I came to several conclusions:—

Firstly: That individually and collectively the Anfield has written more pages of cycling history than all the rest put together!

Secondly: What a wonderful lot of fellows there have been in the ranks of the Club since 1879.

Thirdly: That 75 per cent. of the members know little or nothing of the men who have done honour to the Club, and the glamour of dazzling performances that in their day made the name of the "Anfield" a household word in two hemispheres.

Fourthly: That it will be a tragedy if the great names and deeds of a glorious past are not handed down to posterity by means of a handsome volume, contributed by our veterans, and printed by subscription to commemorate the Jubilee of the Anfield Bicycle Club in 1929!

Just think of that book in the hands of our boys. What a membership we should have in 1930, and what a joy to the members when they are really old.

There is a rumour that Cook was offered the job, but refused it, as he was too busy looking up suitable trains for members to get to the Club runs.

ITEMS.

The reminder that Robert the Magnificent (Knipe of that ilk) is not a paid official is very timely. Bob has been suspect for several years, but we accept this official assurance that his post is honorary, unpaid. Though how he managed to buy those expensive brown paper leggings last Easter at Bettws-y-coed is a mystery. The thick plottens!

The Supreme Council recently met and considered what excuses could be accepted for non-attendance at Anfield runs during 1922. The following were declared invalid:—Too far. Not far enough. Weather too (a) hot, (b) cold, (c) wet, (d) fine, (e) calm (f) boisterous. "I don't like roast pork." House-to-house collections. Birthdays. Ignorance or forgetfulness. Sudden death. Preference for Llandegla. Desire to "get on with it" towards Beddgelert. Failure to consult CIRCULAR. Holidays. Absence of moral courage. Possession of moral courage. Machine in dry dock (Note: Grandad has heaps of spares).

With all these millions of Threlfalls joining the Club, things are becoming very confused. The brothers were sitting together at Pulford, and this is the conversation we overheard:—

A.—“Who's that sitting next to Threlfall?”

B.—“Threlfall.”

A.—“Yes, Threlfall.”

B.—“Threlfall.”

A.—“Yes, next to Threlfall.”

B.—“Oh, Cody. You surely know Cody!”

A.—“But between Cody and Threlfall?”

B.—“Threlfall.”

A.—“Good laws, but this side of Threlfall.”

B.—“Threlfall.”

A.—[Splutter, splutter, splutter.]

B.—“I'm sorry. I thought you knew Threlfall's brother was joining.”

A STUPENDOUS ANNOUNCEMENT.

Our Court and Society correspondent writes as follows:—“I have the best authority for saying that Wayfarer is getting a real bicycle. The announcement is causing a tremendous sensation in cycling circles.—LADY NORA.”

The “Stars of our Stage” entertainment at the Picton Hall is fixed for Friday, February 24th, for the benefit of the League of Welldoers. It requires no words to commend this splendid entertainment or the “Cause” for which it is held. Miss Theakstone has again asked our President to sell tickets, and he will be glad to let you have them at 3/6 (reserved), 2/4 and 1/3.

There is to be no escape for the City of Perpetual Sunshine. Robinson has been booked to tell the Mancunians about “The Open Road”; so our members in Cottonopolis are advised to start collecting their prehistoric eggs, debilitated cabbages, etc., without delay. The lecture will be at Milton Hall, Deansgate, Manchester, on Monday, February 20th, at 7-30 p.m.

You really ought to ask Parry to tell you about “the motorist we fined £10.”

After 10 years yeoman service McCann has now laid down the Secretarial pen, and we would like to place on record our appreciation of all he has done for us. The Honorary Secretaryship of the Club is no sinecure or bed of roses, and we fear our selfishness and thoughtlessness at times, do not tend to lighten the labours. As an organiser, Mac is second to none, and in the whole history of the Club we have never had anyone hold an office continuously for so long, the nearest approach being “Pa” White's nine years occupancy of the Presidency. Mac retires to the regret of everyone after every effort had been made and pressure brought to bear to retain him, but fortunately for us he has not escaped entirely and we still have his services as Hon. Secretary in charge of the World's Championship Road Race which we are to organise and control this year. Let us show him how we appreciate his past services by doing all we can to support him in the proposition he now has to tackle—and at the same time make things as easy as possible for his successor, H. Austin, and for Kettle, who, in addition to his duties as Captain, is taking on the Secretarial work in connection with our Racing Programme.

We also cannot let pass in silence the retirement from the Executive of G. B. Mercer and D. R. Fell, who joined the Club in 1880 and 1881 respectively, and for over 40 years have been practically continuously in office in various capacities. They certainly have

fully earned their pensions, and we could not try to persuade them to continue any longer when they were so anxious to be succeeded by younger men. We are assured of their perpetual and unabated interest in the Club, and their much valued counsel will always be available. May their four decades of Club work be an inspiring example to the younger generation, for as Mercer truly said in his valedictory, it was the young men who made the Club.

Professor Rockandtappit has been lecturing on "Scenery" at Prestatyn, and is reported as having said in part "Those who live amid fine scenery often fail to appreciate it through being ah for instance had no eye for the landscape, but watched with intense interest sorbed in their business. Some farmers the growth of their fat pigs." We have often thought the same thing but were not able to put our thoughts so brilliantly into words.

We have often wondered what had become of L. Oppenheimer and now the secret is out! As a member of "The Unnamed Society," L. O. has been burning the midnight oil instead of cycle lamp oil, and produced a classical play in "ambitious blank verse" (to quote the "M. G." critique) called "Helen of Troy," which was produced in Manchester on January 2nd. At the performance we were well and truly represented by The Master and H. Green, who report L. O. acting the part of Nestor "looked for all the world like the Jewish priest in Holman Hunt's picture of Christ in the Temple. His threats were terrifying and all but overcame brave Hector." In congratulating L. O. may we express the hope that he will reappear among us and at one of our Socials favour us with a dramatic recital?

The Finsbury Park C. C. after "discussing the N.C.U. policy on the rear light question . . . decided *not* to re-affiliate to the Union," and that would be the decision of anyone thoroughly posted over what has been going on behind the scenes for a long time.

Considering the fact that the C.T.C. Meeting clashed with the gathering at which Fell and Mac were presented by a grateful King and Country with Long Distance—beg pardon, we mean Long Service—Medals for their service in the Special Constabulary, we were fairly well represented at the election of "Wayfarer" to the Presidency of the L.D.A. Parry, Dickman, Horrocks, Creed, Bibby, Cook, Zambuck and Edwards were there, and made their presence felt when the Refreshment Item on the Agenda was reached!! It was certainly a large, enthusiastic and encouraging Meeting—very different from those of the L.D.A. 20 years ago—and the musical programme was of a very high standard of excellence. Cook and Edwards were appointed scrutineers, and we got Parry, Creed, Horrocks, and Henderson on the Committee, while if Zambuck had remained for the voting we would have got Dickman on as well, Dickman, Creed and Mr. Quigley tied for the last two places, and to save a further ballot Dickman gracefully withdrew, but we think he would have made a better member than the Author of "Appy Olland," which we can never forget at the Bear's Paw years ago!

A new club called the Vagabond Club has been formed, and what we like about it is Rule 2, which reads:—

OBJECTS.—The Club will cater for cyclists who wish to meet for dinner and tea on Sundays. It will have no racing programme, will not permit its members to race in the name of the Club, and will be conducted in such a way that members of Clubs having runs on other days of the week may join without disloyalty to such Club.

Quite a lot of "Ours" have joined, and further particulars can be obtained from The Mullah.

"The Roman Steps. By Jack Hodges."

It was at first intended to spend those five days at the end of November and beginning of December on a visit to the Cycle Show, but after reading that column in the *Guardian* about the "Steps," the call of Wales was louder than the somewhat feeble appeal of Olympia.

The road from Llanbedr is narrow and rough, but the scenery is good.

After about six miles Llyn Cwm Bychan is reached. It lies in a great natural amphitheatre, almost surrounded by high hills. Beyond the lake is a solitary farmhouse. Here refreshment or lodging may be had very reasonably. When I asked the way of the farmer, he opined that I would not be taking the bicycle, but being assured that such was the intention, he expressed doubt as to the feasibility of the project.

Crossing a field or two, and a brook or two, the path was located, running steeply uphill past a ruined cottage. It became necessary to shoulder the bicycle. A rough passage through a wood of twisted oak and ash, with a difficult carpet of heather and bilberry followed. Emerging from the trees I came across the beginning of the Roman Steps.

At first a series of narrow paved paths, broken by short flights of steps, enabled me to push the machine for short distances between the portages. There was, of course, no possibility of riding.

Presently, the way became steeper, and the Steps almost continuous. The ravine became wild and savage beyond description, and the rocks closed in on the Steps, which meandered everlastingly upwards. In one place a sheer wall of rock rose from the side of the path.

My shoulder was very sore, and in the profound silence I felt very lonely. I struggled on and presently reached the top. Standing on the level floor of rock, I looked across the Vale of Trawsfynydd to the hills softened by the haze of the November afternoon, and wondered for what purpose the men of old had with infinite labour built the Steps.

Within a short distance is the little Llyn Morwynion, about which the following legend is told:—One Spring, long ago, when the sap was rising, the amorous young men of Arudwy descended on the Vale of Clwyd and, sweeping up all the available maidens, hurried back to their own mountains. But alas, the irate relatives overtook them just about here. Rather than return husbandless to their own homes, the girls cast themselves into the lake and were drowned.

The rest of the crossing via the Bwlch Tiddiad was damp and difficult, as the path petered out soon after the last of the Steps. The twilight was deepening when I gained the Pont y Gribble. In the gloom I swept down through the glorious scenery by Tyn y Groes, and so to Dolgelly.

Postscript to "The Roman Steps."

In order to convey an accurate impression of the famous "Steps" Hodges has sent to our "Member 69" three photos of different portions of this historic but little known track. The whole way, thus the causeways as well as the steps or stairs, is paved with immense slabs of stone like stepping stones, which are deeply em-

bedded without a suspicion of shake. There is little trace of excessive usage, as only pedestrian traffic is possible. From the photos it would appear that the width varies a little, and the steps would hardly permit of more than single file marching, but the causeways will take two abreast.

[President Cook has sworn to tackle them in 1922, but intends making the attempt from Trawsfynydd by Pont y Grible, thus descending instead of ascending them.]

Gas and Gossip.

RUMOUR HAS IT THAT:—

A new society has sprung up under the wing of the Anfield that may act as a rival to the James' C.C., or as an outlet for members on Sun- and Saints-days. I refer to the Vagrants C.C. (spelling uncertain). Is it true that they intend using the Cheshire roads for their vagarounds, and that the Presidency is likely to be offered to an Anfielder residing in Cheadle Hulme?

The final retirement from the Council of the two remaining Founder-members of the A.B.C. struck a note of sadness at the A.G.M., at least that is how it struck me. In the absence of a club room I would like to see installed at No. 15 one of those multi-photo frames for the preservation of the still handsome features of superannuated Councillors (the candidature of Mac and Band is premature). Seeing that Manchester members invariably call at that address on their Liverpool visits, it is no secret that I for one am clamouring for further additions to its appointments: A few more saddlebacks so that we call *all* sit round the fire, some book-cases to accommodate the works of Fletcher Moss, now restless and chance-tossed, and, of course, a speed desk for racing correspondence such as was promised at the A.G.M.

The present ornaments consist almost exclusively of a picture representing a race between Cook on a tricycle and that big burly bicyclist Wa-f-er on his famous Featherweight, and lastly the actual life-size model of the original Wafer-Noweight designed by him and kept dustproof in a glass case (just like the models of unique railway stock in Euston Hall), which is being preserved in the President's library as a standard measure for future cycle construction. In bluff features it has something in common with the Roman Chariot in the British Museum.

As a further *objet d'art* I myself am now presenting the Presidency with an autograph album for the recording of visitors' bon-mots, in which already some contributions appear, appropriate yet not controversial:—

"There are no red lights to guide"

by Hans, the Blue-eyed Dane.

"The Onus on the Overtaker or else The Bonus to the Under-taker"

by No. 69 (1920 census).

RUNS.

Halewood, January 7th.

A wise fixture. No better place could be selected for the opening run of 1922, or any other date for that matter. Why not two per month at least, or three out of every five Saturdays?

Going direct I joined half a dozen who kept together on a well-ironed road, avoided hurry and draughts, made occasional stops, and although not passing any machines, were not overtaken, and arrived well before the appointed time, which is now understood

to be when we are told that "dinner is served." We found many riders already seated in the Lounge and another more secluded apartment, from whom we received a mixed welcome, rude remarks being made about Blocker Pants, and suggestions as to what to do with a gamp on a cycle run. Our numbers were rapidly increased by arrivals from Formby, Birkdale, and Wigan, also the Wirral Contingent via Chester, Warrington and/or Transporter. These chaps pushed their chests out and talked about afternoon teas in or about Delamere Forest, but this did not prevent them punishing the "Derby Arms" spread. The President, who is one of them, the High Priest in fact, was badly handicapped, as they came for their second before he had a bite to eat. You don't find the Skipper messing it up in this way: he appears only after some kind soul has started in on his job and is content to receive rather than dispense. The Presider, however, found a pal who volunteered to dissect the apple pie, a huge affair several feet square or round, and he made light work of it with his generous hand. Our muster was 29 and a cheerful evening was passed, with music at rationed intervals. A move was made for home at 8-30, all satisfied that we had again opened the cycling season successfully.

Ringway, January 7th.

This Mainwood Run brought to the fore the acute question of writing the reports of runs. The Manchester Section is largely indifferent to these reports and therefore I suggest that a list of those present, without further comment, fully answers the purpose if no one present offers to write up the run. (On this occasion the Sub. saddled No. 69 (1895) who kicked, and the former thereupon washed his hands of it. I quite admit that ordering the teas, collecting the monies and paying the bill, should absolve the sub-captain from further worries.

The only feature of this run was the presence of the Manchester Wheelers in the dining room which secured us the use of the alcove, a retreat usually set apart for visitors of assorted sexes. Our rivals, having half an hour start of us, were already firmly packed and embedded on our arrival and hailed our approach with either cheers or jeers according to the degree of our popularity in their eyes. Their Mr. Phillips, though retired from the Council Table, still has his hold on the Table-d'Hote.

The moment we were seated they started their concert in full blast, so that we dined with musical honours, but it did not last long. Soon an uncanny silence fell over their proceedings. Had they departed or had sleep overtaken their labours? In going home we emerged on tiptoe, lest we woke them. There they were! Asleep? Dead? No! but with drawn faces and husky voices, they were challenging fate through the medium of "PUT AND TAKE."

Pulford, January 14th.

Just before I started for Pulford, a girl in a shop remarked that the weather was "terrible." The point had not occurred to me, but it seems now that quite possibly it was the "terrible" weather which restricted the attendance on this popular run to 15. All the same, we had a most excellent time. I was one of a party of four which was doing 16's and 17's along the top road, with the result that Parry was decorated with mud and the tandem bottom bracket came slightly unstuck. The latter was attended to in Chester, and when we resumed our journey we overtook Kettle, who was doing the Jay Bee act—walking.

Over tea the recent A.G.M. was discussed, and most of the members agreed that it was a pity Grandad had not been prevailed upon to make a speech. Cook and Austin on tandem were the first to move off, being bound for Llanarmon O.L. Cotter, who had come in the motor 'bus—and in leggings—went to catch his road-destroyer, leaving the pure and unadulterated cyclists to return home in two parties. One caught up to the other near the Willaston corner, and several fierce conflagrations were observed. By the employment of much finesse, Kettle subsequently managed to overtake Gregg.

And these be the names of the Elect:—Cook (also called Grandad), he that instructs others in the art of tandem riding; Austin, the new scribe, who pusheth Grandad about; Threlfall, who collecteth the dues and hath invoked the aid of his brother to help carry home the swag; some more Threlfall, he that helpeth to carry home the swag; Edwards; Robinson, whose clothing leaveth much to be desired; Cotter; Kettle, Lord High Captain of the "Black Hand"-fielders; Gregg; Fawcett; Band, who successfully resisted inclusion in the last Committee; Cody, whose steed is the cleanest in all England; Bibby, who also (thanks to evil penmanship) is called "Bitty"; Parry, who occupyeth the exalted posts of Deputy Chief Consul and Private Secretary (unpaid); and Dickman, known also as "Diapason," and who will go unto Llandegla upon the slightest provocation.

High Lane, January 14th.

There was an abundance of supplies at the Red Lion, which is the same as saying that some of our number were absent on this run, but their absence may have been due to an error in the fixture.

High Lane was down as the venue, whereas it was actually St. Moritz. After loading the sledge with picks, shovels, ropes, stoves, cooking utensils, skis, skates, sticks, cough drops and Oxo, we slid away over the snow-clad hills and glaciers. After travelling some miles we encountered an Alpine guide and promptly engaged him.

Our guide "Tony" (you may have heard a song about him), led us by a slippery and sometimes a sloppy route to the base of the High Lane-cum-Moritz mountain. Here we armed ourselves with our climbing gear and commenced the ascent, and at the expense of finger nails, toe nails, and teeth, we finally reached "Le Lion Rouge" hut and found it almost deserted. A few seconds after our arrival, however, a guideless party, that we had passed on the last crag, came in.

Supplies of fuel for the return were obtained and then after a short discussion on climbs we had and had not accomplished and the price of pipes, the return journey was commenced. Here misfortune speedily overtook us; we found ourselves alone in the snowy wastes without a guide, and we eventually reached home after being "tumpten" hours out.

Acton Bridge, January 21st.

Yes, splendid ride. Plenty of mud, plenty of people and last, but not least, plenty of food.

Which way did we go? Oh, ask Cook, he piloted us, the Hendersons (prospective) and self through the lanes.

Anything happen? Yes, rather. Just after lighting-up near Sandiway the tandem collapsed and bits of the free wheel were scattered all over the road. Can't understand why people use free wheels at all. Even Robinson is converted.

Who was there? I can't say exactly, but in the crowd I saw Teddy Edwards, Chandler, Tommy Royden, Parry, Cody and Bibby. What about Austin? Oh, he was there all right, looking none the worse after last week-end's record attempt (Llangollen-Chester in 5½ hours).

Any week-end parties? Only Cook and Kettle for Macclesfield, bar those who thought of staying at the "Leigh Arms" for the night; the poor things hadn't had enough to eat.

Did I get home all right? Yes, thanks, but had to be dug out of the mud.

Newburgh, January 28th.

It is nearly six years since we had a run to Newburgh—April 8th, 1916, to be precise—and it used always to be quite a popular fixture. During the 1915-16 Winter season we went four times. Then came a change of managership and the Red Lion disappeared from our list. Recently Kaye and Banks rediscovered the spot, and on their assurance that the new people were O. K., the Committee decided to venture again; and when we record the fact that the meal provided was quite up to the Taylor régime (particularly in the vegetable line) no doubt Lowell will be sorry he did not dig his bicycle out! The muster of 19 was not bad considering there was an alternative Manchester run and "Wayfarer" was lecturing in Birkenhead—we understand O. C. is claiming a run for the lecture! There has always been one feature of all Newburgh runs which in itself is a good thing—viz., a big demand for maps, great discussion as to the route followed, and "which was the best way." This shows the infinite variety afforded and suggests the advisability of giving more opportunity for map reading. The Ormskirk route was favoured by most, but Kirkby-Stanley Gate and Knowsley-Rainford were strongly advocated. Zambuck, on a new speed iron, had been sampling ploughed fields and farm yards. Horrocks and Parry had been to Mawdsley, while Kaye and Edwards (trike) had been to the outskirts of Preston, but the biggest romancer was the Presider, in a speed cap crotched in club colours which had been sent him by a lady. (We must enquire into this.—Ed.) He told a yarn about Chester and Warrington with circumstantial evidence of being mistaken for a road racer, and how these speed caps simply made you ride far and fast, but you are not bound to believe him. Others present were Knipe, Banks, Band, Cody, Stevie, Royden, Lucas, Fawcett, Kettle, Bailey, Mandall, and the Kinders, and everyone did full justice to the excellent meal, although our *real* Trenchermen were missing. And then around the fire that was roaring half up the chimney and was too much for most of us, we sat and yarned as only Anfielders can until in twos and threes we fitted away.

Cheadle Hulme, January 28th.

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. XVII.

No. 193.

FIXTURES FOR MARCH, 1922.

	Light up at
Mar. 4. Halewood (Derby Arms)	6-50 p.m.
.. 6. Committee Meeting, 7 p.m., 25, Water Street, Liverpool.	
.. 11. Acton Bridge (Leigh Arms)	7-3 p.m.
.. 18. Little Budworth (Red Lion)	7-16 p.m.
.. 25. Newburgh (Red Lion)	7-30 p.m.
April 1. Halewood (Derby Arms)	7-43 p.m.
.. 3. Committee Meeting, 7 p.m., 25 Water Street, Liverpool.	

ALTERNATIVE RUNS FOR MANCHESTER MEMBERS.

Mar. 4. Allostock (Oak Cottage).....	6-50 p.m.
.. 25. Marton (Davenport Arms)	7-30 p.m.
April 1. Siddington (Mrs. Sam Woods)	7-43 p.m.

Full moon 13th inst.

Have you paid your subscription? Would you like to make a donation to the Prize Fund? The Hon. Treasurer's address is R. L. Knipe, 108, Moseow Drive, Stoneycroft, Liverpool, but remittances can be most conveniently made to any Branch of the Bank of Liverpool for credit of the Anfield Bicycle Club, Tue Brook Branch, and attention to this will save the Hon. Treasurer a lot of work. Please remember he is not a paid official.

Committee Notes.

91, Paterson Street,
Birkenhead.

New Members.—Active or Full: Messrs. F. E. Baster and J. Henderson have been elected to Active Membership.

Junior Active.—Messrs. V. Fantozzi, E. Green, W. Henderson and R. T. Davies have been elected to Junior Active Membership.

Address.—Messrs. J. and W. Henderson, "Cairnsmuir," Bebington, Cheshire.

Mr. A. P. James has been elected Hon. Secretary for the World's Championships (Road Event) and to a place on the Handicapping and Course Committee on the resignation of Mr. F. D. McCann.

Changes of Address.—H. S. Barratt, 1, Rainow Road, Hurdsfield, Macclesfield; A. Crowcroft, 96, Cheadle Road, Cheadle Hulme, Cheshire; G. Jackson, 40, Bank Crest, Baildon, Yorks.; H. Pritchard, Ivy Cottage, Canley, near Coventry.

Applications for Membership.—Junior Active: John Smith, 14, Scales Street, Highfield Road, Seedley, Manchester.

H. AUSTIN,
Hon. Secretary.

To My Fellow Members and Brother Slaves.

An unsympathetic committee has appointed me Hon. Secretary of the World's Road Championship Committee.

The date is fixed for the 3rd August, so at once tell your bosses or partners or staffs, also your sweethearts and/or wives that you will be in Shropshire on that date.

I want a P.C. from each of you to say that you will go to any spot I require.

Nota-bene.—I'm going to line the course, even if I have to bring Li Cohen from Nyassaland or Harry Buck from New Brighton.

A. P. JAMES.

ITEMS.

We understand that the following members have "gone dry" as a protest against the high price of beer: Dave Rowatt, Teddy Edwards, Gregg, Parry, and Dickman.

Two young elephants at the London Zoo are being nourished on a diet of rum, sugar, and bread, to enable them to stand our variable climate. Mullah asserts that these are ideal rations, though he, personally, would cut out the sugar and the bread.

Billy Toft was observed the other day walking—actually *walking*, instead of cycling, as usual—to his office. We have consequently had to add his name to our growing list of members who are not the men they were.

Sir Henry Johnston has written: "People in 1897 debated whether Bicycling, Bridge, the Bible, or Herbaceous Borders had brought the greatest happiness to Britain; we in after life see it was the Bicycle." And so say all of us.

Kekil Blackburn has now been promoted to the pedestal of "Rear Commodore" (whatever that means) of the Hoylake Sailing Club. It just shows you cannot keep Anfielders down! No doubt there will now be free beer at the Club House for those who pass the premises on the Promenade so regularly every Wednesday evening.

We are greatly indebted to Carpenter for representing us at the M.C. and A.C. Dinner on January 28th. To do this, Carpenter had to sacrifice his week-end riding and train from Bristol, but he evidently enjoyed the function very much, and was appropriately seated next to Lusty, with whom he afterwards *walked* home. Carpenter is still tackling his characteristic rides, and on January 8th rode from Birmingham to Highgate (106 miles) in 7½ hours *without a dismount* on a machine geared to 63½, with 14½ lbs. of luggage, cyclospats, 2 lamps, food and a flask of *water*!!

Alphabet Cox has gone in off the deep end and made a plunge into the Sea of Matrimony. So far he has not come up for a breath of fresh air, but we hope he is not out for record.

The lamentable death of Sir Alfred Bird is not without very particular interest for Anfielders. As a leading light of the Speedwell B.C., and a long distance rider, we first came into intimate contact with him when in 1888 he competed in our 24 on a Humber tricycle. As the uncle of W. A. and F. C. Lowcock, and the cycling mentor of the former, he doubtless had a good deal to do with inspiring them to take so keenly to the sport and pastime which for so long a period they have adorned. Sir Alfred was a shining example of a great cyclist seduced into motoring in middle age and then returning in his years of greatest discretion to his old love, a wiser and a happier man. As one of our members has written, his death "almost looks like an act of revenge on the part of the all destroying angel in the motor car slaying one who dared return to his old love, the despised cycle." His loss to the Speedwell B.C. must be a severe one, for he had been a member for over 40 years, and first served on its executive in 1882, and in due course became President and its moving spirit. We have conveyed our sympathies, which have been greatly appreciated.

Have you seen the Hermit's Cave or the Giant's Grave? On March 18th there will be a week-end party from Little Budworth to Hawkstone Park Hotel to visit our friends the Cutlers. It will be Captain Slosh's week-end, and should not be missed. We hope for a great gathering of Jamesites, Waferites and Slosers. It is quite unofficial, but all who send in their names to the Skipper in *good time* will be welcome. There are 10 beds available, and any surplus over that number can sleep at Wem at a cheaper tariff.

F.H. writes:—

THE LURE OF HAWKSTONE.

All the sensations and the delights of The Open Road dished up by "Wayfarer" in such appetizing fashion in his lecture crowd in

on one among those Hawkstone Hills: Talk about the Unsand-papered Highroad, the Stoney By-way, the Gravelled Path, the Muddy Lane, the Green Track, the while we pass the Holy Chapel on the way to the Lonely Lake (No, George, you won't be lonesome) and, Oh! for the Romance (of the Lady of the White Rock), the Secret (of the path through the cleft), the Wonders (of the Caves), the Legend (of the Redcastle), the Grandeur (of the Bury Walls), the History (of the Roman Fosses and Aggers), the Sublime Restfulness (of the Bottomless Well), the Dignity (of Sir Roland Hill on his Obelisk in short pants), the Ruggedness of Nature (the Petrified Lion), and the Final Solace (of the Hermit's Hut). Every one of these "Wayfarer" dangled in front of us in a vision, are here found in the Chunk. Life's whole mystery *en casserole*.

RUNS.

Cheadle Hulme, January 28th.

Tomlin's Comic Clowns having been widely advertised for this run, a great demand for seats had compelled us to guarantee at least twenty-five dinners to the Church Hotel. Nearer the date, sinister rumours gained ground to the effect that the boardings of Stockport cried aloud the news that on that same date Tomlin's Company of Comedians would perform Police Missions. This caused numerous cancellations at the last minute, so that only real stalwarts faced starter Green after the whipping in by Bolton.

To fill the gaps, Bikley, always a trier, had secured the attendance of Hubert Roskell, and the pair looked fit to occupy several chairs after their convivial encounter at Tividale.

We were just settling down in a mood of resignation to a stolid evening when a stranger was announced: a Mr. Griffith from Stockport, with a message from Tomlin that if only we would provide a band then Mr. Griffith would enchant our ears. When we found that this gentleman was an artist of a very high order, we realized the refined cruelty that Topliss had practised on us in leaving us without a pianist.

A superhuman effort was made: the officers sprang to attention, Aldridge was harnessed to the piano like a brave willing Shetland Pony to an omnibus. Green got into the driver's seat and cracked his hammer, with Bolton on the step collecting Kitties; Griffith in solitary splendour on the velvet cushions inside, and the rest of us outside on top. Off went the Concert Party Bus.

Was there ever such a one horse show? Green did the honours bravely in apologizing to the Master Voice, well assisted by Read with hiccoughs. Grimshaw showed an unusual modesty in finding the right songs, but Mullah, with ten minutes' practice in the backyard, revived with great effect after an interval of ten years "A stranger came to Dandeloo."

And so we managed to survive, until Stockport's steam-roller on its last homeward journey carried away Tomlin's delegate.

Then we collapsed, and no less than four wrecks were dragged into Mr. Bikley's across the way, to await daybreak as best they could.

Halewood, February 4th.

This fixture was supported by, I think, 24 members, which, considering the snow, was not a bad muster. The train party was larger than usual however.

The whole party was squeezed into the upper chamber for once, and we feasted as usual upon all sorts of good things. I think one could almost say that the feed compared favourably with Kelsall!

After tea, several jolly good fellows were found, and the usual pleasant evening was passed, but nothing out of the ordinary happened, and there seems little to write about the run.

Austin was asked to tell us what he thought of the President, but you could hardly expect a true version when that gentleman was present. So soon after the Bettws trip, too

After the train party left, the remainder soon followed, to find the roads freezing again on top of the snow. I heard of no casualties, however. Personally, I got home quite safely after a very enjoyable, sober, and, in spite of the snow, uneventful run.

Ringway, February 4th.

On arriving at Mainwood, I found several members of the Manchester Wheelers who seemed to have a grievance over the reference to "Put and Take" in last month's Anfield Circular talking the matter over with our V.P. and the Mullah. They were assured no slight was intended, so their ruffled feelings were soon soothed. It being the second occasion recently on which the fixtures of the two clubs have clashed, it is to be hoped that something will be done to obviate this in future. However, with the exception of a scarcity of baked potatoes, there was plenty of food for all our party only numbering 15. Tea over, our V.P. soon got busy unloading his stock of tickets for Wayfarer's lecture amongst the members present.

Haynes having to leave early, took Buckley, Grimmey, and Reade along with him, and the rest soon followed their example, but on reaching their cycles, found great difficulty in getting their wheels to go round, owing to the snow and slush which had collected around brake fittings and guards on the outward journey having frozen hard.

Kelsall, February 11th.

When I arrived at the Maison Robinson, accompanied by Parry and Baxter, it was obvious that this run was going to be supported by the Wayfarer C.C. in full force. The outside of the Maison was littered with bicycles of all sorts (including one with at least two saddles), whilst the "Standing Room Only" notice, fixed to the front door, prevented the interior from being unduly crowded with ardent tea drinkers, of whom there appeared to be several thousands. After all the customers had been served, the forces were marshalled, and an impressive start was made, the signal to move off being given by three blasts of the whistle, in the approved Anfield style. We made a good passage to Kelsall, which place was reached a few

minutes before the arrival of the Wayfarer C.C., now augmented by the Henderson Brothers.

But what meant this great crowd of Anfielders at Kelsall? An attendance of 43, and the "cycling season" still six weeks ahead! What was the explanation? It had been bruited abroad that Robbie was to take delivery of a real bicycle, complete with fixed gear and a back wheel that would drop out if you went the right way about it. And it was only natural, in face of such a stirring event as this, that Anfielders all the world over should make a point of being present. You may judge of the disappointment which prevailed when it was announced that the arrival of the real bicycle had been postponed for a few days.

After tea (the price of which was an imposition) a few of us guided the week-ending parties through the lanes as far as the Whitechurch Road, and then we hopped it to Chester. At Hinderton we discovered Teddy Edwards and Fawcett at their usual tipple. Four of us joined them, leaving the tandem to make a ride of it homewards.

Pulford, February, 18th.

When you are disposed to grouse about the price and quality of the tea just give consideration to the following facts. July 16th last year we had a muster of only 10 at Kelsall, and Austin doubtless thought he was very plucky in guaranteeing 25 and estimating 30 for February 11th, but 43 turned up, and it is no wonder the Red Lion had had to protect themselves in the price and that the meal was of the catch-as-catch-can order. Following this large attendance of 43, we only had 23 at Pulford, five of whom were Manchester members, so that those for whom this run was primarily intended only numbered 18, and as the Heatley run only attracted 8, the total attendance was only 31. It is this irregularity which makes the catering such a proposition for which every allowance should be made. If we never let the hotel people down we could no doubt make cheaper contracts and have no complaints to make about the meal. It was a glorious afternoon with a helpful breeze that kindly died away for the homeward journey. The Borrel-Edwards and J. Rawlinson-Schofield tandems had put in a useful training spin, and we hear the latter combination are travelling very nicely. They recently had a prior engagement which was most successful. The arrival of Jim Reade was quite fortuitous. Jim was prowling about on his way to Heatley when he came across Greenwood, who had been to Hale to take delivery of a new machine and before he knew what he was doing he found himself committed to accompany Greenwood to Pulford! Of course Lord Mayor Cotter was in attendance, for he is now putting in his qualification for the Matrimonial Stakes. Some of the "good" advice he received fell on deaf ears! Stevie, Cody and Lucas had come by the transporter, and the first named is getting very fit and will soon lose his James C.C. status. Leeco made one of his all too rare appearances, and had joined Zambuck en route, with the result that the latter had a face like a beetroot and was asking for bids for his bicycle! Parry, Baster and Gregg were very late, and seemed to have been exploring farmyards in their endeavour to get off the beaten track, but "Wafer" was reported as having a run of his own to Llandegla week-end Sanctuary. The

rest of the bunch comprised Austin, Cook, Edwards, Mandall, Chandler, Band, Royden and Kettle, and it was a very jolly crowd which thoroughly enjoyed the fine hot feed with no candidates for Heggis! And then there were the usual two Pulford parties, one watching an "exhibition" of billiards and the other yarning round the fire. Of course Greenwood's new iron had to be brought into the kitchen, and metaphorically speaking pulled to pieces, but it is a speedy looking beast just the same. Finally, we departed into the starlit night. The tandems went off H for L to week-end at Siddington. Reade disappeared to Grindley Brook, and the Old Gent in the Skullcap went off on his own to Llanymynech. Kettle recovering from 'flue decided to go home to die instead of week-ending, and we dealt very gently with him, so we don't think we need practice for the funeral.—Amen.

Heatley, February 18th.

No account of this run has come to hand.—[Ed.]

Warrington, February 25th.

In the dim and distant past I have suffered many things as the crew of a tandem, but, paradoxically enough, the desire continues strong within me to push cold meat about on every possible occasion, and this explains why on this particular Saturday afternoon I found myself up to the old game: sitting in the stokehold and doing all the work, while my partner steered, rang the bell, put the brakes on, and hummed the "War March of the Priests" under his breath in the very best regulation style; which reminds me of the time Ven (swollen with ill-gotten gains) took brother-in-law out on a tandem, and was surprised when b.-in-l. said, after being told for the 25th time in an hour to "push a bit harder because this bit's uphill," "there seems to be a lot of uphill on the roads you go, Ven." But I digress. The Clerk of the Weather was kind, and pressed down the composition pedal, giving a mixture of sun, wind and dry roads, which suited us admirably. The afternoon was very pleasantly spent wandering through the Whitby and Stoke lanes to Mickle Trafford, and onwards to Warrington, our destination. Cyclists appeared from everywhere as we swept along the main street, and in a bunch we hurried into the "Lion"'s mouth, and were soon comfortably seated inside. Over 30 weak sat down to put the steak and chips in their proper places, and, at the finish, we were 37 strong. I have not space to detail all those who honoured Warrington with their presence, but must comment on a few. One old gentleman with a pipe, a many-coloured speed cap (Handicapping Committee please note!) and a worried look, was the centre of an admiring group. Another, tall and bearded like the pard, was disposing of green slips at the ridiculous price of 2d. a time in a competition for a prize onion—(No! sorry, ring off).—I mean a 244 carat brass watch with cast-iron hairspring and opaque radiolite dial, which reminds me of the advt. that requested anyone having a clock for an old gentleman with stained face and green hands to communicate with Box No. Umpteen. In addition, there could be seen our pale and thoughtful secretary, our jovial Chandler, he who is called Diapason, and 'arry 'orrocks. Lusty had, I suppose, come up from Birmingham for a little jaunt. Greenwood was trying the new Jacksonian single, and we shall hope to see more of him now that he has a real bicycle. I also heard a pleasant-looking elderly gentleman named Mullins or

Mullah, or something like that, informing a good-looking young feller that as he (Mullins) had that day come out on a new blue-headed Victor (whatever that is), the aforesaid young feller had better look out, or he would be overtaken. The Y.F. seemed perturbed at the news, but why I do not know. It is no disgrace to be overtaken.

The Wayfarer C.C. was only partially represented, "Wayfarer" himself and his P.S.U. havng gone all the way to Clotton in search of the simple life, which we hear they found to their complete satisfaction. Nor must we forget the stalwart, Teddy Edwards, who was present in spite of bandages and other disabilities, necessitated by an encounter with a careless motorist. It only remains to add that the journey home was accomplished against rain, hail, sleet, snow, a howling gale, unfitness, and other undesirable commodities. I looked in one of my pockets for a table of philosophy which was there when I started, but found only a hole. Next time I'm going by train. Sap!!

A. T. SIMPSON,
Editor.

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MONTHLY CIRCULAR.

Vol. XVII.

No. 194.

FIXTURES FOR APRIL, 1922.

	Light up at
April 1. Halewood (Derby Arms)	8-43 p.m.
.. 3. Committee Meeting, 7 p.m., 25, Water Street, Liverpool.	
.. 8. Davenham (Bull's Head).....	8-55 p.m.
.. 14-17. EASTER TOUR—Bettws-y-Coed (Glan Aber)	9- 8 p.m.
.. 22. Knutsford (Angel)	9-20 p.m.
.. 29. First 50 Miles Handicap.....	9-32 p.m.
May 1. Committee Meeting, 7 p.m., 25 Water Street, Liverpool.	
.. 6. Malpas (Crown).....	9-44 p.m.

ALTERNATIVE RUNS FOR MANCHESTER MEMBERS.

April 1. Heatley (Station Hotel).....	8-43 p.m.
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Full moon 11th inst.

Have you paid your subscription? Would you like to make a donation to the Prize Fund? The Hon. Treasurer's address is R. L. Knipe, 103, Moseow Drive, Stoneycroft, Liverpool, but remittances can be most conveniently made to any Branch of the Bank of Liverpool for credit of the Anfield Bicycle Club, Tue Brook Branch, and attention to this will save the Hon. Treasurer a lot of work. Please remember he is not a paid official.

Committee Notes.

91, Paterson Street,

Birkenhead.

NEW MEMBER.—Mr. J. Smith has been elected to Junior Active Membership. (By a last-minute inclusion in the previous Circular, it was omitted to mention the names of the proposer, E. Bolton, and seconder, C. Aldridge.)

APPLICATIONS FOR MEMBERSHIP.—Mr. C. E. Dean, 192, Seaview Road, Wallasey, Cheshire, proposed by H. Austin, seconded by W. H. Kettle (Junior Active); Mr. Frank Jones, 18, Brentwood, Eccles Old Road, Pendleton, Manchester, proposed by E. Bolton, seconded by C. Aldridge (Junior Active).

RESIGNATIONS.—The resignations of Messrs. W. H. C. Bims and W. Bailey have been accepted, with regret.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS.—J. S. Blackburn, "Rossmore," Hinderton Road, Neston, Cheshire; C. C. Dews, 33, Curzon Road, Prenton, Birkenhead; I. Peris, 10, Victoria Street, Liverpool.

Will Manchester Members please note the change of run for April 1st.

EASTER TOUR.—It is extremely desirable that I should receive early notification of intention to take part in the Easter Tour. The terms at the "Glan Aber" will be the same as last year, viz., 12/- per day (separate bed, breakfast and dinner) and 11/- per day for those who "double up." The following day trips have been arranged; luncheon at 1.30 p.m. each day:—

Friday: Portmadoo (Royal Sportsmans).

Saturday: Bala (White Lion).

Sunday: Carnarvon (Prince of Wales).

Monday: Denbigh (Bull).

H. AUSTIN,

Hon. Secretary.

Racing Notes.

The first "50" will be run off on the 29th April over the usual Cheshire course, starting at 4 p.m. New members who are not acquainted with the course and intend to compete can have a Route Card on application to the Skipper.

On this occasion no arrangements are being made by the Committee for the competitors, who will make their own as to meals before and after the race, and for a place to change in. Any competitors, however, who wish to have such arrangements made for them, can be accommodated on letting the Skipper know in reasonable time. Entries must reach me by April 22nd.

W. H. KETTLE,

Capt. & Hon Racing Sec.

Annual General Meeting of the N.R.R.A.

The A. G. M. of the N.R.R.A., on March 23rd, was most interesting, and provided a striking commentary on some of the speeches that were made at the Special General Meeting last year, when "those who represent no one but themselves" were mostly disenfranchised as far as private members are concerned. The room was packed, and there must have been a number of "Cyclists in general" (Rule 10) with no other *locus standi*, as when it came to voting, *only fourteen* were countable! The number of Private Members present who were not otherwise qualified (as Delegates, &c.) was *only five*, while *only one* Vice-President and *none* of the *Timekeepers* put in an appearance, and yet their "domination" has been held up in a sinister light! And then we come to those who as Club Delegates cannot be cavilled at, and on whom alone the running of the Association it is desired should devolve, and what do we find? With 12 affiliated clubs and 18 delegates there cannot have been more than 10 present. Evidently Vice-Presidents, Timekeepers and Private Members may yet be required to keep the Association alive as in the past.

Two of our three resolutions were carried, but the attitude of some of the delegates was rather confusing. Apparently they desired the motion calling for two-thirds majority to be taken out of order and dealt with *first* so as to prevent the other two resolutions being carried by bare majorities, and yet when the resolution itself came up, the same individuals *opposed* it on the grounds that it would make the changing of Rules in the future so difficult! The motion to increase the representation of Clubs on a numerical basis was the logical outcome of the "representing no one but themselves" speeches and could not be resisted, but the motion to revert to quarter mile splitting of 12 and 24 hours distances was lost by 6 votes to 8. If some of the furlong advocates would go into the detail measurement figures of the 7 records passed on Yorkshire courses, we do not think they would be prepared to vouch for them to a furlong, much less to the "ten yards in 12 hours course" so glibly mentioned by one speaker.

One gentleman who had applied for Private Membership withdrew his application when he found he could not have a vote for 12 months, and then only if he succeeded in being elected one of the *two* Delegates of Private Members (a pretty large assumption)—and the joke is that this situation had been brought about by his own club! Altogether it was an amusing evening with its sidelights into mentality, which amply repaid the trio who journeyed over from Liverpool.

Correspondence.

HIGH FINANCE.

To the Editor of the CIRCULAR.

SIR,

The writer-up of the February Pulford run, in commenting on the growls as to the price charged for tea at Kelsall on the previous Saturday, discusses the matter from quite the wrong angle. Taking the facts as he presents them, I extract the following figures:—25 teas (guaranteed minimum) at 3/3, £4:1:3; 30 teas (estimated) at 3/3, £4:17:6; 43 teas (actual number) at 3/3, £6:19:9. So that we paid, in the aggregate, £7 for a "catch-as-catch-can" tea which

was expected to yield the hotel £4:17:6. In other words, a clear profit of £2:2:3 was made out of *Anfield enthusiasm!* This, of course, in addition to the ordinary profit on the meal, etc.

On behalf of myself and other young lads in the Club, I protest, more in sorrow than in anger, against extortionately priced teas. I understand now why my income tax is 6/- in the pound.

Yours fraternally,

“RISING 45.”

ITEMS.

Sam Irving seems to have left Oak Bay, Victoria, as the February Circular has come back through the Dead Letter Office marked “gone”! Does anyone know of his whereabouts? (Anyone replying “in the wash” will be disqualified!)

Any more for the C.T.C.? Gregg is the latest Anfielder to “join up.”

The newspapers are complaining of the lack of “bright husbands.” We mentioned this to Cotter, who intends seeing what can be done. To start with (and as a guarantee of good faith), he has laid in a stock of “Shinio” and Globe Metal Polish.

We understand that Cook has abandoned the idea of having Sunnyside Hydro painted in Anfield colours and is going in for pebble-dash instead.

The Presider has received a very interesting letter from Mahon, who hopes to be home on leave this Summer. Mahon has had a speediron sent out to him, and is riding 16 miles a day, which says a great deal for his enthusiasm when the heat and “roads” are taken into consideration. He is contemplating attacking the Suez-Cairo “Record,” which stands at 17 hours for the 68 miles! and on a training spin managed to ride 50 miles in 1½ hours! That gives you some idea of the conditions, for Mahon won the Del Strother Prize in 1914. Mahon concludes his letter “with best wishes to everyone who remembers me,” which are heartily reciprocated.

Cotter, the Lord Mayor of Pulford, is our latest Benedict, and has just returned from his honeymoon looking very fit. A. E. Walters has also “been and gone and done it” during the Winter months, but we are hoping to see him again soon.

The sudden jump in lighting-up time is explained by the advent of “Summer Time,” and we hope now to see more of our motor cycling members and other young fellows who are “afraid to go home in the dark!”

Can anyone tell us what “a gold N.C.U. badge is”? Is it any relation to the “gold lady’s watch”?

We hear from Tegid Owen that the Ruthin-Cerrig road has at last been put right, and that the Traction Monster has finally disappeared from the Corwen-Cerrig road, which is to be reconstructed with bluestone, and is *expected* to be right for Easter. The scandal of the traction engine with its three 5-tons trailers and barred wheels is notorious, and F. H. inimitably writes:—“If Tegid single-handed can stem the course of the Traction Monster that has ploughed the Holyhead road for a quarter of a century—he is indeed

a Son of Anak. What reward can cycling offer? The Motor World, if less narrow-minded, if imbued with wider vision, if less selfish, would have the influence to raise him to a peerage, while we humbler but nobler folk can only (nay—will certainly) build him an Obelisk beside the Devil's Punchbowl. No longer George slaying the Dragon, but Tegid disembowelling the Centipede."

It is all very well for cyclists to crowd in their thousands to hear "Wayfarer" lecture and to take his advice, but when "the Lure of the Road" leads them to *take his bicycle*, it is going too far! And it was *not a free wheel*! Grandad says they might at least have left *his* Paget as evidence of good faith! It is not "the man with the green Bicycle" that is now being looked for by the police, but "the man with the Endrick rims," and we hear Messrs. Borrel and F. J. Edwards are very nervous!

Writing in *Cycling* about tandems, A. W. Rumney comments "On the road the steersman has no tea party. He has to steer, mind the bell, the gear control, and also know his map and keep a lookout for indicators as well as for dogs, ducks, chickens, oxen, mules, and other small deer; then it is his job to decide when a dismount or mount has to be made. The crew . . . has only one thing to do, and that is to push the pedals." So now you "capable occupants" of back seats know the truth; you have *only* to "push the pedals." We have always urged that minding the bell and deciding when a dismount or mount has to be made were quite exhausting enough for the front man!

FAME AT LAST.—Ought I not publicly to acknowledge the very gratifying compliment bestowed on me by one of the oldest, and as his name denotes, one of the worthiest of our members, bearing on certain successful, if laborious, efforts made by me by the aid of my little Dutch Hoe on the top of High Street Mountain and vouched for by two really truthful eye witnesses? The crown has been placed on these endeavours by the gift of a volume dealing with buried remains and thus inscribed by the donor: "For the bookshelves of F.H.—the Dilapidator of Roman Roads—this work of one of the old school is offered by E.G.W."

May I—one of the new school I think—not now rest on my labours?

I HAVE ARRIVED : J'Y SUTS.

THE MASTER.

The Wending of Wayfarer.

We like to think that the way "Wayfarer" goes we all go, and that his way is our way.

In a delightful article in *Cycling* he tells us about a recent trip over the Miltir Cerig from the Vale of Edeyrnion into the Vale of Tanat.

Many of us are also concerned in that quest, our President, for instance, and no more gallant crossing was ever made than that by our Editor, when I alone was there to chant his praises. The "Wayfarer" slept at Llandrillo, and ere starting out he discussed with the landlord of the Dudley Arms the alternate roads. The host suggested the direct road by Cwm Pennant, but our member preferred to go round by Llandderfel, and the Hairpin bend, which

meant doubling the distance, because after Cwm Pennant comes the shocking rise up from Blaen y Cwm, a track all rocks and stones.

There I agree, for in my opinion this stretch is the true continuation of the terrible old and disused road from Llangynog that earned for its summit the quaint name of Miltir Cerig. But surely from Llandrillo there is another and a better way, a third or middle road, which is also the best road for a man with a bicycle: It leaves Llandrillo independently of the other two, and rises at once above the village. It is splendidly graded, and mounts the side of Carnedd Wen. When I went over it, a dozen years ago, it had an excellent grass surface, and is but little farther round than the road by Cwm Pennant. I beg of you that next time you'll fare that way.

At Pen y Bont Fawr "Wayfarer's" stomach talked, but he does not seem to have given a thought to the alternate direct road by Llanrhaidr, hilly perhaps, but how picturesque, especially where it drops into the town. Later, as did Lowcock and I, he dined on bread and cheese at Llangedwin, though I'll back our bottles of beer against his milk and minerals.

He then continued along the Tanat without being tempted by what is one of the best bits of Wales, namely, the road from Llangedwin past Owen Glyndwr's residence, near Llanilin, and over the Oswestry racecourse.

He preferred that by Llanyblodwel, but what of its wonderful church? Did he pass it unheeded and unseen, hidden as it lies in its romantic dell by the side of the road, its steeple just peeping over the roadside, and shaking its weathervane with a sad: "There he goes and leaves me, unnoticed and unsung"?

The Name of "Anfield" reaches Wide.

On Shrove Tuesday, 1921, in the struggle for pancakes, I lost my Anfield 1896 Tandem Record Medal, and knew not where. It was found by an honest man whose wide knowledge did not embrace acquaintance with the A.B.C. He deciphered "Anfield" on the inscription, which, however, did not mention my name.

It so happened that he belonged to the Anfield Lodge of a certain society of Mystics, and so took a friendly interest in the Medal. (I do not refer to the Anfield P.S.A.)

When it had celebrated its birthday in his possession the finder consulted a fellow Mystic, who in the early nineties was secretary of a cycling club to which I myself once belonged. This worthy man again consulted another mysterious person, who is an Anfielder to-day, and who recognised it as an Anfield Tandem Record Medal, and knowing that the Mullah (another man of mystery) is partial to Tandem Records, he was for presenting it to the Mullah.

The Mullah then confessed that in '96 he was not quite the man that he once was and is still, and in a flash bethought himself of the Author of: "Secrets of the Backseat."

Result: All ends happily!

RUNS.

Halewood, March 4th.

On those rare occasions when I am asked (usually by a honeyed voice through the telephone) to "do the run," I have lofty visions as to what I shall say. I rival Shakespeare, Chaucer, Stevenson, Ruskin, Hall Caine, Marie Corelli, and Charles Garvice—until I sit me down in front of a slab of paper, with my gold-mounted fountain-pen "straining at the leash." Then, oh! then, my high-falutin' ideas take wings and I find myself wishing that Arthur would fall into a dock or something, and leave me in peace—or else get hold of somebody who is accustomed to literary work.

Well, what can one say of interest in connection with this always popular Halewood run? As my friend Haig used to write home from France, there is nothing to report. But stay! Of course there is, for was not the gathering a highly respectable one owing to the absence of Arthur and Poor Old Shem, whose places were taken by Mac and "Waif," and the frail Hubert in the guise of a cyclist, and "Lord Northcliffe" (Harmsworth of the Anerley Club), the latter being completely protected with an unlighted rear lamp. It appeared that Mac came out to make it clear that his resignation, announced in the March *Circular*, was not from the Club, as some might think, but from the Handicapping and Course Committee and as the Hon. Sec. for the World's Championship Road Event.

It is clear that Robinson must come oftener to Halewood, if only so that he may get to know the ropes and learn how to avoid the snares which lie in wait for young lads such as he. At tea, he blew into the first room he saw, where he was in such bad company as that of Fawcett, Billy Toft, and Long John Kinder, but, thanks to the activities of Jimmy James, Hubert, Stevie, and other men of goodwill, Robbie was able to keep straight.

There were several week-end parties. Horrocks was for Formby, and Mac for Oxton. When last seen, Kettle was making for Hoylake, while Tommy Royden (after a determined attempt to "down" a couple of trams in Derby Square) was hoping to reach Devonshire Park. Jay Bee and Teddy Edwards (both per rattler) were bound for Rock Ferry and Wallasey respectively. It is understood that Grandad had to forego his usual week-end trip to Wem, or Macclesfield, or Llanymynech, or Llanarmon, owing to industrial unrest amongst the gang of workmen at present employed in dashing pebbles at "Sunnyside." One of the men had dashed three pebbles in excess of the Trades Union allowance, and a strike was imminent.

Allstock, March 4th.

Taking a circuit round by Ringway, Alderley, Monks Heath, Siddington (where we spied a few familiar grids), Cranage, etc., and dallying about the lanes enjoying the open air (preferring this to the wait indoors prior to feeding), we reached the rendezvous about 5-15. We found the Mullah installed in the easy chair in the corner, and others of the younger brigade, some of whom had been round by the "Cat and Fiddle" for a little stretching exercise. Shortly afterwards, Buckley, Orrell and Yank arrived, Green following close upon their wheels. Our hostess now asked if we were ready for tea, and on receiving a unanimous affirmative we were soon off our marks, Mullah carving the tea and Green dissecting the joint. Just as we were finishing a rattling good meal, voices were

heard, and these late comers turned out to be Read, Haynes, and Fanny, who had stopped doing the Good Samaritan stunt to some of the walking fraternity. Although missing the joint, our hostess soon fixed them up with other good substitutes. Our muster now was sixteen. After a friendly discussion round the fire on the respective merits of gear cases, chains, disc hubs, etc., a move homewards in sections began.

Acton Bridge, March 11th.

It's a rum business, this "writing the run up!" Why our brilliant intellects should have to work overtime (unpaid) to chronicle the doings of a lot of bald-headed mediocrities, is one of those things no fellow can understand, as the gent with the long whiskers observed some time ago. But some people *must* be in the limelight, so here goes:—

After a long and painful journey, due to senile decay, and a bicycle that simply refused to go without pushing, we arrived (both of us) at the Leigh Arms at 5-30, and saw a few disconsolate youths in the garden, moodily surveying the landscape, dotted (that is, the landscape was) with bicycles of weird and wondrous outlines. When there are bicycles and pubs. in combination, I always deduce riders, and as there was not enough riders visible to go round, I wended my way to the "tank" in the hope of getting included in the next round.

When the queue began to form in the kitchen annexe, we found to our disgust that the other bounders outside—wise in their day and generation—had locked us in! Muttering curses and threats, Grimmy essayed climbing through a window about two feet square, and after a sanguinary battle with the blind and curtains emerged victorious from the fray, only to find the door unlocked and the prisoners escaped.

There was a "rough house" until all the seats were occupied, and then the "also rans" evacuated the position.

It goes without saying we had a top-hole feed; we always do at the Leigh Arms. Grimmy declares that if you went on eating all night, there would still be plenty left for breakfast, and that's something for Grimmy to say. All good things must come to an end, however, and having eaten our fill we made way for the overflow.

There were something like 40 members present, and the landlord talks about adding a new wing, if business goes on improving.

There were the same dear old ugly faces, which we see week by week, and at intervals I spotted Lusty and Johnny Band (a long way from the railway, Johnny!) Cook, of course, Mullah, Evergreen Bert, and—oh, everybody!

All were sympathetic about our Robbie having his nice new bicycle stolen, and outside a church too! Oh, Robbie! Robbie! why aren't you more particular in the company you keep?

Soon there were cries of Home, Sweet Home. So lamps were lighted, and with shouts of "Good Night" floating through the air, we spread ourselves about the landscape en route to Liverpool, Manchester, Shropshire, Wigan, and other places of lesser importance.

Little Budworth, March, 18th.

The return to this delectable, old world, back and behind village, charmingly situated on the fringe of Oulton Park, as a venue for a Club Run was most successful. In the old days it was always a favourite place, but with the increasing age of the Worsleys the catering gradually fell away and it lost its popularity, except as a calling place for afternoon tea. With the advent of a new licensee at the Red Lion, whom our scouts reported as "keen to cater for cyclists," we scheduled a return to the old haunt, and a big crowd of 49 showed their appreciation. Of course, this muster rather taxed the resources of the establishment, but the staff rose to the occasion admirably, and the service was so excellent that the "odd men out" did not have long to wait for a chance to get their feet into the trough! And it was a jolly good tempered crowd with a full muster of likely looking lads keen on riding cycles fast and far. May they not belie their looks is our fondest hope. The first "50" is not so far off, and we hope a large percentage will be fit and show their mettle. We don't envy the handicappers their job in working the puff and dart system! With such a muster it is impossible to mention names. All the "regulars" were there, and we were glad to see Hodges, Geoff. Hawkes, P. N. Gorman, and Haynes out again after more or less prolonged absences; but undoubtedly the most notable presence was that of Woodward from Buenos Ayres. Captain Woodward used to be known as a "Deck Ornament" when he joined us in 1906, but is now a Commercial Magnate in the Argentina, and as keen on the Club as ever. Being over on business, he telegraphed the President to ascertain the venue, and broke his journey from Cardiff to Liverpool at Tarporley, arriving at the Red Lion in State and in a Tin Lizzie! Needless to say, he was warmly welcomed, and no doubt he was delighted to see such evidence of the Club's flourishing vitality. We fancy he was mentally ticking off the young members and speculating as to which of them would be the first to beat "Evens." After tea there seemed to be a desire to make a start in daylight, and in batches the party dispersed. As mentioned in the last Circular, there was an organised party week-ending at Hawkstone Park, but it had not aroused the curiosity anticipated, and the "guides" outnumbered those they desired to give an opportunity of being piloted and initiated into the mysteries of this unique place. Lizzie and Winnie had gone down Friday night, Sunter, Williams, The Master, Chem, Ven and Morris had gone direct, so from Little Budworth there were only Fawcett, Cook, Albert Davies and the Kinders to extend, and on Sunday morning, after bearding the Lion in its den and exploring Red Castle, Buck led one party to the Grottoes (which, being open, were thoroughly examined by the help of a powerful lamp), Hill Column and back by the Amphitheatre, while Captain Slesh led another party to the Bury Walls, which amazed those who had not realised that such ancient British Camps still remain for those who have eyes to see. What "copy" it would have provided for a "Wayfarer"! Far more inspiring than Ypento! And so "off the beaten track" that a guide is most advisable, if not essential.

Marton, March 25th.

Some of the speed merchants took the opportunity this fixture offered to make themselves more acquainted with the "50" Course, but owing to a severe snowstorm the pace of their ride was not anything like what is expected of them in the real event.

The writer is one of five who were crowded out of the usual tea room so presumably the attendance would be at least fifteen.

Two of the members put in an appearance on brand new machines, which, of course, had to receive the usual criticism.

After tea conversation was on the recent N.R.R.A. meeting and on the repair of lamps. One member who had turned up with a broken lamp spring was successful in persuading another man to fix up the said lamp for the homeward journey, after which the party departed for their respective domiciles.

Newburgh, March 25th.

A perfect day—a good muster, 23.

I turned out early—for me—and took a short cut to Newburgh via Longton. Arriving "according to plan" at 5 o'clock, I then had the honour of conducting the Old Gentleman and his Private Secretary (unpaid) over a little known pass of the Parbold Alps before tea. Half way up the steep the O.G. was heard to remark in the words of the classics that "the first five miles were the worst." Nevertheless, he acquitted himself very creditably for one so notoriously averse to "going over the top." It was enthusiastically agreed that the trip was well worth it.

Others had been invited to this seance, but for various reasons did not materialise. Horrocks and Henderson had a previous engagement at Mawdesley (is there "something in a name" of this village? !). Cody and Sievie, who don't know much about Lancashire, got lost in a morass somewhere between Barton and Birkdale while seeking Newburgh. It says much for the attraction of the latter place that they ultimately found it. Knipe kept to the high road (is he thinking of adding another Liverpool-Edinburgh to his bag?). Teddy on a Trike turned up for the pass-storming stunt, but unfortunately climbed the wrong Alp before he could be caught. The Brothers Kinder arrived on the inevitable tandem, and a late comer was Tierney, disguised as a wounded despatch-rider. However, his vehicle also turned out to be nothing worse than a tandem. Our enterprising Skipper, ever on the hunt for something to increase his already abundant speed, had one of the new Renold chains, which subsequently nearly led to bloodshed. Kaye, of Wigan, was there. (Kaye is giving up cycling. He says it's too easy—so he walked.) My memory cannot record the whole party, but there were many other good fellows.

The meal and the fire were well up to their usual standard of magnificence. In fact, the consumption of the former resulted in a marked disinclination of everyone afterwards to leave the latter. The talk culminated in a fierce argument as to whether Hans Renold knows anything about chains, or something like that. Everyone settled the argument satisfactorily his own way, and then nearly everyone departed at once, mostly in the direction of Burscough, though Cook was faithful to his Rainford route.

Riding with one of the rear parties, I came upon what reminded me of a French railway accident at first. However, it turned out to be an interesting collection of lighted lamps, up-ended bicycles, and tin boxes, surrounded by an agitated crowd of common peop—cyclists. There was a strong smell of acetylene, rubber-solution, tobacco, and sulphurous lang—matches,

In these circumstances, the correct thing, I believe, is to approach and enquire intelligently "Oh, have you had a puncture?"

I did something of this nature, and was rewarded by the unparalleled spectacle of four stalwart Anfielders pulley—hauling simultaneously at an inoffending open-sided Dunlop, with a marked absence of effect. Subsequently a fifth, a man evidently of strong and commanding personality approached and did the trick with one twist of his deft and experienced fingers—after the others had done the work. One of our new brethren, it seemed, had sustained a viscous burst. It was a nice Kettle of fish, but the idea was to patch up somehow and get a repair band in Ormskirk. However, there was a repair Band on the job who worked with such a will that the victim only had to dismount three times in the next three miles to attend to the results. Probably the trouble really arose from the Dunlop's natural dislike to carrying a three-speed hub around; but this state of affairs will not occur again, as its disillusioned owner will shortly appear on a brand new King of Spades. He told me, however, that he had ordered a Shirley bar and not a Continental. He must have been reading that rotten Cycling paper.

And so the cavalcade proceeded, through a night of brilliant stars and hard roads. Edward's trike, lit up by my Chieftain, caused great excitement to the small boys of Burscough, and shortly afterwards I left the party to plough my lonely furrow to the home of shrimps and Real Handle-bars, in full possession of the Serene Mind.

A. T. SIMPSON,

Editor.

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ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

FORMED MARCH 1879.

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

MONTHLY CIRCULAR.

Vol. XVII.

No. 195.

FIXTURES FOR MAY, 1922.

		Light up at
May	1. Committee Meeting, 7 p.m., 25 Water Street, Liverpool	
..	6. Malpas (Crown).....	9-44 p.m.
..	13. Warrington (Lion)	9-57 p.m.
..	29. Second 50 Miles Handicap.....	10- 9 p.m.
..	27. Nantwich (Lamb).....	10-19 p.m.
June	3-5. WHITSUNTIDE—Invitation "100"	10-21 p.m.
	3rd, Whitchurch (Swan).	
	Week-end Shrewsbury.	
	5th. Invitation "100."	
..	10. Chester (Bull and Stirrup)	10-35 p.m.
..	12. Committee Meeting, 7 p.m., 25, Water Street, Liverpool.	
	Full moon 11th inst.	

Committee Notes,

94, Paterson Street,
Birkenhead.

New Members.—Messrs. C. E. Dean and F. Jones have been elected to Junior Active Membership.

Resignations.—The resignations of Messrs. F. and G. F. Mundell have been accepted with regret.

N.R.R.A. Delegates.—Arising out of a resolution at the last A.G.M. of the N.R.R.A. we are now entitled to two further delegates, Messrs. S. J. Buck and C. H. Turnor have been appointed to represent us.

For the benefit of new members I shall in future give some idea of the locality of our fixtures. This month's list includes:—

Malpas.—A little way to the right of the Chester-Whitchurch road, and about 15 miles distant from Chester.

Pulford.—On the Chester-Wrexham road, about $4\frac{1}{2}$ miles distant from Chester.

Applications for Membership.—Mr. Douglas Smith, 95, Beech Road, Cale Green, Stockport, Cheshire, and Mr. Frank Alexander Smith, same address, both proposed and seconded respectively by W. M. Robinson, and C. H. Turner.

Change of Address.—F. C. Del Strother, Beuttenmullerstr 20, Baden-Baden; A. E. Walters, The Ferry Cottage, Uffington, near Shrewsbury; L. W. Walters, 16, Shelton Gardens, Bicton Heath, near Shrewsbury.

I have reserved 30 separate beds at the Lion Hotel, Shrewsbury, for next Whitsuntide. The terms will be the same as last year, viz., 25/- per head for supper and bed Saturday night, breakfast, dinner and bed Sunday night, and breakfast Monday morning. I am open to receive names of those desiring accommodation.

H. AUSTIN,
Hon. Secretary.

Racing Notes.

2nd "50," May 20th.

This will be run off over the usual Cheshire course, under the same conditions as were arranged for the 1st "50."

Invitation "100."

Invitation for the "100" have been sent to the following clubs: M.C. and A.C., six; North Road, Bath Road, Unity, East Liverpool Wheelers, Walton C. and A.C., Liverpool Century Road Club, Manchester Wheelers and Century Road Club, four each; North London, Polytechnic, Vegetarian, Oak, Highgate, Irish Road Club, Sharrow Yorkshire Road Club, Kingsdale, University, Hull Thursday, Leicester Road Club, Wem, Cheadle Hulme, Wood End, Leigh Clarion, Rotherham Wheelers, Grosvenor Wheelers, Leeds Road Club, three each; Gomersal Road Club, Birkenhead North End, Todmorden C.C., one each.

About 50 helpers are required for checking, marshalling, feeding, etc. I shall be pleased to receive names as early as possible. COME and VOLUNTEER. DON'T WAIT TO BE ASKED

W. H. KETTLE,
Hon. Racing Secretary.

ITEMS.

The North Road Gazette for April contains a remarkable article on "The Road Championship," by F. H. W., in which we are referred to as "the body which has courageously undertaken the control of the event" instead of the Anfield B.C.! After calling us "courageous" the article goes on to chide us for our timorousness until we feel like a lot of craven poltroons. F. H. W. tells us that "to require visiting competitors to wear road riding costume is vexatious and unnecessary," and that "the idea that the race should be kept a close secret from the public is entirely unacceptable," and he then proceeds to advocate the "policing" of the course "by a cyclist or infantry company or even a battalion . . . with the necessary authority." And how is this to be done? F. H. W. calmly announces

that "it is therefore the duty of the responsible Government authority to give whatever assistance and license the organisers demand," and if the Government Department refused it "could be very promptly shamed into compliance through the Press." Police or military assistance is declared "almost indispensable to ensure the success of the event," and a picture is drawn of "feeding stations choked with spectators and the riders impeded by uncontrollable crowds if civilians attempt to keep the course unaided." Altogether it is a gruesome picture calculated to scare us stiff, but we are relying on the absence of publicity and Press booming to ensure that the "uncontrollable crowds" are all road racing cyclists and sportsmen who will help and not hinder us. Certainly we would be no parties to a race run on F. H. W. lines, nor do we think F. H. W. could persuade his own club to be so "congruous." Whatever may be "the duty of the responsible Government Authority" (presumably the H.O. and/or M.O.T.) the idea of *demanding* anything strikes us as grotesque, while to count on any Press support "to shame into compliance" would be relying on a weak reed.

In "Sport and Play," April 22nd, appears the following:—

"A correspondent asks us if he lends his bicycle to a friend and it is stolen while in the possession of the latter, should not he provide the friend with another? We should say yes; but what the legal view of the matter is, is more than we can say." The question appears a bit involved, so we are doubtful as to whether Robinson or Dickman is the correspondent. The idea that if a friend borrows something and loses it, the lender should "provide the friend with another," is grateful and comforting—for the friend!

The question has arisen as to whether those who went to Hawkestone direct on March 18th are entitled to a Club Run. The offer of Captain Sloss to lead the expedition was received too late for the Committee to make it an official fixture, but it was mentioned in the "Circular" as a semi-official one with "all welcome," and there were 13 participants. Wem was also given as a sleeping place for "the surplus over 10," and if the direct week-enders are credited Percy Williamson, who was at Wem that night will also have to count.

The Mullah, like Tom Foy, is in trouble again! This time it is a very fine and large carbuncle on his neck! We advise him to keep an eye on it.

Are any of our speedmen taking a course of Cone-ism? "Each day and every day I am riding faster and faster." W. M. Robinson has received business promotion to Birmingham, and leaves Liverpool with the advent of May. We hope this does not mean the demise of the Wayfarer C.C. It is thought in some quarters that the road to Ypsento will now become overgrown with nettles, and a suggestion has been made for a memorial tablet to be fixed on the Crown Hotel.

Does anyone know the present address of S. P. Leigh? The "Circulars" and Handbook have been taken in at Rusholme, but a letter has been returned marked "Left here last August."

Del Strother, who is now living at Baden Baden, did not forget us at Easter. A card to the Glan Aber read "Just a line to send you

all my kindest regards. Hope you will have even a better time there than usual. Sorry cannot be with you in the flesh, but shall be much with you in spirit." Freddie's wishes were certainly fulfilled and most welcome.

Beardwood telegraphed—Greetings of the Bath Road Club at Pewsey, and the Presider suitably replied expressing our reciprocity.

According to the Press, there has been a great reduction in the demand for mineral waters. Can it be that Hubert and Winnie have taken to drinking milk?

Tyre levers that won't nip tubes are being advertised in "Cycling" by an inventor who introduces himself as "Gentleman." As it is not likely to be amour proper it must mean to lay emphasis on the gentle action of the levers.

"Cycling" is booming the New Brighton track in view of the coming World's Path Championships, and tells us that the track and grounds were laid in 1899, yet in 1898 the Anfield held a pathrace on it. The A.B.C. was ever in advance of the times.

In comparison with the age of the New Brighton track (one of the newest in England) it is worth noting that the oldest track in England—the Silchester Roman Racing Track—still lies undisturbed and unused along one of the outer walls of the derelict town. The present highroad, which is a continuation of the old Devil's Highway, runs by the side of it, and gives an excellent view of the course, which lies very low, and consists of a single straight. On the other side of the road lies the Amphitheatre. When I went over it, the surface of the track seemed to me "not what it was" after nearly 1,500 years neglect.

The susceptibilities of some of our ultra sensitive members have been sorely tried the last few months, owing to the monotonous regularity of the appearance of the exhortation to weigh in with their subscriptions. This matter was brought up at the last Committee Meeting, and in solemn conclave it was agreed that the pernicious paragraph would not again sully the pages of the rag. The salient points of the appeal, however, still stand, and can be classed under the following heads: (1) the urgency of transmitting subscriptions to (2) R. L. Knipe, the treasurer, 108, Moscow Drive, Stoneycroft, Liverpool (who it may be pointed out is *still* not a paid official) or (3) to any branch of the Bank of Liverpool and Martins, Ltd., for credit of the Anfield Bicycle Club, Tue Brook Branch. Donations to the Prize Fund can also be made in the same way. The Editor, his hand upon the left side of his waistcoat, solemnly makes oath and declares that immediately the Club's coffers overflow with filthy lucre, no further allusion to the horrible subject will see the light.

In order that the rights of cyclists may be upheld, all members are advised to join the Cyclists Touring Club, because numbers count. A new affiliation scheme has been inaugurated for clubs which makes it possible to obtain many of the advantages of membership at a reduced cost. Anyone who is already a full member is advised to retain such membership, but for others this scheme ensures the legal assistance of the C.T.C. in case of accident, and the greater the

C.T.C. Membership the greater its power to oppose the infliction of rear lights, etc. If ten or more members are willing to pay 2/6 for the first year and 2/- per annum afterwards and will notify Austin, he will do what is necessary.

Passtime Handlebars.

Aerts, the six-days' path man, uses twin handlebars, one portion for work and the other—as he puts it—for “passing the time.” E. Hale used a similar device twenty years ago, and the famous Dreadnought Tandem still has cowhorn adjuncts in front, but it is not every man can afford to pass the time during a race. Probably they enable him to have a quiet snooze now and then, or perhaps he leans on them while the riders tell each other funny stories—for who can laugh with his nose on the grindstone? By the way: Aerts is Flemish for Arch. Our beau ideal pass-the-timer is Ven, whose Rover bars I used to envy. Green, who rides as if he were passing the time, is a delusion, for he keeps passing the milestones instead. The W.W.W. when last heard of tried to pass the time, but were too firked to do even that.

Thrilling and Cooing.

Every thinker now is bent on Couéism; every mouth is full of it. I eagerly wait to see what the Anfield thinks of its system, and what Anfielders reveal to us what has so far been accomplished by our members in practising its secret powers; what the Editor thinks of its endless possibilities; where Wayfarer has met with it on the open road, and if it may be perhaps the key to that road which is open to him but closed to so many; or how our presider has subjected it to his will: Cook masters Coué.

To-morrow is our first fifty. Surely that day will not pass without its results being affected by Couéism. If there be truth in it, then in a race it must emerge triumphant. Its two great mottoes that lull to sleep our pains and that burst into energy our latest powers—our subconscious muscles—if hummed tunelessly, are indeed fit accompaniment to the rhythm of the pedaltwirl: **IT IS GOING, IT IS GOING, IT IS GONE**, equally applies to the surmounting of the rising hill as to the dulling of the pains of the strained muscles, or the aching saddle soreness. How might not Chem have laughed to scorn that hurting saddle in those happy bygone days. And when during the latter half of the journey there comes that tendency for the style to grow hangdog and slobby, see what the effect will be of a jolly: **EVERY MILE IN EVERY STYLE THE PACE GROWS QUICKER AND SLICKER**, o'er and o'er again repeated, like some burthen or refrain.

This much I know, that when Mullah's time comes again to attack records, he for one will turn it to good account, for did not his versatility make early inroads into Pelmanism, and did I not prove him to be a successful convert to Einsteinism? Shall he then lag behind in Couéism? Certainly not, and like as not he'll roll them all three into one as Mullinism.

And in a wider circle may we not find it play a part in our Mr. James' world's road race. Can he not make it a recommendation on his programme that by observing his Couing the familiar “taking of acid” becomes sipping a soothing syrup that ensures forgetfulness like Lethe?

The Compleat Ankler.

Hoary Shades of the Simpson-Lever Chain and the Boudard Gear hail with delight the advent of a late comer, described in "Cycling" of April 13th, which promises to secure automatically the results of the leverage obtained by perfect ankle action.

Whether the calf muscles that are responsible for good ankle action are brought, willy nilly, into play remains to be seen.

Good old Has-Beens, like Chem, Arthur, James, and Hubert are cocking their ears, and the Master is said to be cocking his toes at this welcome news, but conservative characters like the President may, I fear, turn a deaf ear to this long overdue innovation.

Judging from the picture, the pedals are of ample size and will permit of walking boots, genre Harry Buck. The levers are graceful in design, and if brightly nickel-plated may dazzle beholder and critic alike.

RUNS.

Halewood, April 1st.

The lure of the open road has little attraction for some hard riding cyclists in connection with this run, hence the usual faithful band of purchasers of home rails was to be found on the outward journey. One of the party turned out to be a railway magnate disguised, who had purchased considerable quantities of one of our principal lines of rail some considerable time ago when these commodities were going cheap, and who now found himself rich beyond the dreams of avarice. This striking revelation came as a godsend to the other impecunious members, who had been dismally wondering where the next glass of food was to come from, and it was with a light heart and hopeful mien that the little band entered the portals of the "Derby Arms." Gently, but firmly, leading our millionaire friend to the tank we waited with anticipatory relish the welcome enquiry "Wottleyer," but no sound emerged from the gilded one, and sterner measures had to be adopted. The demand was put to him with brutal frankness, but he remained adamant, casting considerable gloom over the assembly, which jointly and separately proceeded to acquaint him with their views on his character at length. Even this had no effect, and we had eventually to pay for our own—an ignominious conclusion. However, the light refreshments served out shortly after consisting of a steak and kidney pie a yard long by three feet thick, a mess of pork of similar dimensions, together with the usual doings, served to restore in some degree the percentage, and the little gathering of about 32 (some of whom, of course, had been round the earth) tucked in with abandon. Hubert's sole lament being that the pork was so delicious he was absolutely unable to free himself from its influence in time to attack the pie—a horrible catastrophe! After dinner the W.W.S. of the World's Championship event called a meeting of his confederates, but whether this was for the purpose of having one on their own, or for even more important matters, did not transpire. Taking advantage of their absence, the writer and several other backsliders slunk away early, and were seen no more.

Heatley, April 1st.

No report of this run has come to hand.

Davenham. April 8th.

The clerk of the weather seemed none too kindly disposed towards us when we set out about 2-30 for Chester. The cheerless fog seemed inclined to turn to rain, but, with the aid of a little imagination we got home dry. Proceeding via Chester, after picking up Chandler (walking to "warm his feet") we made for Little Budworth, via the lanes.

On forcing an entrance at the "Red Lion," we discovered Cook, Band and Austin (still voiceless from Wednesday evening's performance). Leaving Little Budworth, we made for Davenham, through some lanes in which Cook and Austin took turns at losing us, but we reached the Bull's Head just before time. About twenty diehards were already there, and we soon made a move in the direction of tea, during which Turnor (convalescent) and Green turned up in capes, and later the Wayfarer C.C. in full force (minus the president), after having been delayed by an ill-behaved tyre near Chester. After tea, the party divided into two—the Anfield B.C. at one end of the room by the fire, and the Wayfarer C.C. at the other, completing their belated tea. Everyone was discussing the prospects of the Easter Tour and making preliminary arrangements for the great event.

Soon after seven, the Anfield party broke up, Cook and Kettle week-ending in Shropshire, and a great multitude making for the Lancashire side, via Runcorn and Warrington.

A small and select party started for Birkenhead, but before getting out of Davenham, Band and Austin took the wrong turning. Our efforts (per cycle-bell) to warn them of the error of their ways proved abortive, so we left them to their own devices, and made an uneventful journey home, though three of the faithful lost their way at the Bull and Stirrup in Chester.

The muster was about thirty, quite good in spite of the depressing fog, though the Manchester contingent was not as strongly represented as usual.

What became of the Wayfarer C.C. I know not. The last we heard of them was a pianoforte solo, presumably by Dickman, running mournfully on into the night.

Easter Tour, April 13-17th.

This time honoured fixture broke all records with a total muster of 52 at Bettws, and two more joining us at both Bala on Saturday and Denbigh on Monday. Our "exiles," Owen and Mawr, did not fail us, and Beardwood was only prevented at the last moment, but one wondered why Timbertiles, Mr. Pritchard, W. R. O. and several others did not materialise. Perhaps the most notable absentees were Kaye, Videlex, Lizzie Buck, The Master and Lowcock, and they were greatly missed. The weather was "just right," for we had the roads practically to ourselves, and chars-à-banes were conspicuous by their absence. About 20 got down on Thursday night, the advance guard consisting of Cook, Mac (trikes), Horrocks, Edwards and Turnor meeting at Denbigh and taking the little known Henllan, Lansannan, Gwytherin, Nebo and Capel Garmon route, but they were pipped on the post by Chandler, who started later and took the Llanfair Talhaiarn route. Then Toft and Fell blew in on a brown Rover, Crow and Beckett on the 'Umber outfit, and finally Dolly from Bradford.

Of course the Pedestrians James, Winnie and Co. were there, but the absence of Buck deprived the walking party of all its glory. Ichabod! Good Friday was a bit damp under the trees and the motorists naturally jibbed, but Mac was the only "weaking" among the cyclists. The rest of us had read "Cycling" and loudly declared for The Spartan Life and anathematised "slipped ease;" some set off for Portmadoc, and had a most delightful ride with a pause at Pont Aberglaslyn. The Sportsman provided an excellent lunch, which had just been dealt with when Austin and Bailey, who had started from Birkenhead at 4 a.m. and had strack trouble with a broken saddle and a puncture, arrived via Denbigh, Pentre, Pont ar afon Gam and Festiniog. After lunch the party divided, one half to return via Pen-y-gwryd, and the other half via Blaenau Festiniog, but both arrived back almost simultaneously to find a large accession to our numbers, too numerous to mention with exactitude. Wayfarer himself had been piloting a C.T.C. crowd by St. Asaph and the Elwy Valley, and we were very shocked to find that he was not practising what he preached about the Spartan Life, but like most idols, has feet of clay and appeared at dinner as smart as the smartest of the Saratoga Trunk merchants! The Skipper had actually seduced Jay Bee into a map reading contest from Denbigh to Llanefydd and Llanfair Talhaiarn, with Green as a partner in the crime, but Johnny only once threatened to throw Kettle into a lake! The rest, which included Zambuck, Ven, Morris, Knipe, Newall, Royden, the Kinders, P. N. Gorman, Davies, the Cranshaws, Schofield and the Rawlinsons, seem mostly to have patronised the Sportsman route. And finally the Simpson car containing 66.6 repeating of "all the Simpsons" and 100 per cent. full (very) of Tiny, arrived in a blaze of glory, and a very fine show we made at dinner.

The Saturday run to Bala was very well attended, the majority of the party proceeding (in two or three sections) via Penmachno, Pont ar Afon Gam, and Rhyd y fen. Thanks to a strong headwind, the climb up to Eidda Wells was a strenuous affair, but everybody appeared to enjoy the fine scenery and invigorating air. Just beyond the summit Dickman's free-wheel clutch went wrong, with the result that Robbie had to do a bit of extra walking. At Pont ar Afon Gam a dose of oil was applied and the clutch consented to function more satisfactorily, though it gave trouble again later. Between Rhyd y fen and Bala violent hail storms were encountered, but all the party reached the White Lion in more or less good time for lunch. It was very pleasant to have the company of several members of the Speedwell, and Grandad marked the occasion by a commendably brief post-prandial oration on the subject, after which we toasted the Speedwell boys with musical honours. Frank Bill, of the Speedwell, retaliated, but as his party was relatively small, he said that they could not very well accord the Anfield musical honours. Always ready to assist, Grandad opined that we could manage that ourselves. So that the whole party sang "For we are jolly good fellows."

Dickman's machine giving further trouble, Mac suggested borrowing Dean's spare cog and fitting it in place of the erring clutch. Hans carried out the rebuilding operation in admirable fashion, and Robbie was able to continue his journey in the guise of a real cyclist, complete with fixed gear. The homeward route was via Frongoch. Some of the party had afternoon tea at Cerrig-y-Druiddion, whilst the remainder pushed on to Pentre Voelas, where they were joined by Tom Conway. Bettws-y-Coed was reached in

good time for dinner. It should be recorded that Dickman and Parry, on tandem from Birkenhead, supported the lunch fixture.

The Sunday run to Carnarvon was commenced in very bad weather, which resulted in Bob Knipe dressing like the old fisherman in the Skipper Sardines advertisement. The rain turned to sleet and hail as Pen-y-Pass was approached, the ground being coated with slush. Brakes were totally unnecessary in the descent of the Llanberis Pass, the strong wind almost blowing the cyclists to a standstill, on occasion. When the lower levels were reached, the road was found to be flooded in parts, but a little further on the wet zone was left behind and the going was quite easy. The "Prince of Wales" supplied us with an excellent lunch at a moderate charge, and thereafter the main body started for the return journey via Bangor and the Nant Ffraucon, visiting the Devil's Kitchen (under the guidance of Grandad) en route. A triumvirate of die-hards—Bailey, Chandler and Robinson—elected to return via Beddgelert and the Vale of Gwynant.

On Monday the homeward journey was commenced in good time, in order that some of the younger members might be given an opportunity of visiting the Rhonadr Fawr, which lies some three miles off the road from Pentre Voelas to Denbigh. As, however, the said members insisted on lighting fires, they got well ahead of the genuine antiques and were not to be seen when the time came to leave the road. The result was that Cook, who had been retained as guide (at enormous expense) had to be content with taking "Wayfarer" (himself) to the waterfall. A very delightful two hours' walk over the moors followed, during which excellent views of the distant Snowdonian group were obtained. The dauntless pair were thus only 1h. 13m. 2s. late for lunch at Denbigh, which wasn't bad for a stickler for punctuality like the old gent. However, as he said that he never intended to reach Denbigh for 1 o'clock lunch, it obviously follows that he really wasn't late at all. The main body was just moving off for home when Cook and Robbie arrived. Dickman and Parry blew in later, and a section of the C.T.C. party was also present. After lunch, Grandad and Austin set off for Willaston, where a party of 12 had tea, whilst Dickman, Robbie and Parry made for Llandegla "of course," picking up a party of Birmingham C.T.C.-ites en route.

Thus ended a very delightful Easter holiday. The newspapers assert that the weather was atrocious. For our part, we can only repeat that it was "just right"—or thereabouts. Certainly the mixture of rain, sleet, snow, hail, and wind which comprised the meteorological menu during the weekend did not detract from the enjoyment of the cyclist section of the Anfield party.

The Chapel Goers.

These were catered for in three well-attended services, on the Friday, Saturday and Sunday evenings, the last service having a congregation which taxed the accommodation to the utmost. For the first time at these concerts we were favoured with the presence of our old friend, Mr. Workman, who had been invited by Dave Rowatt, and who proved a veritable Trojan at the piano. Not only did he oblige us with brilliantly executed solos each evening, but he took a load of work off our editor by sharing the accompaniments with him, thus enabling the editorial mug to shed that pained

expression which had up to then always been the one dismal feature of the evening. Another visitor, Mr. Chilcott (or as he insisted upon being called "Chilly," the play on which expression giving Chem unlimited outlets for subtle humour) was again right at the top of his form, excelling himself in humorous songs which have by now become part and parcel of himself, and although covering a wide range, seem to fit him like the sausage skin fits the succulent mysteries enclosed in its fold. He was a tremendois success, not only in the chapel, but elsewhere, and further endeared himself to all by his quaint and genial personality. Our other visitor, Mr. Jack Simpson, again delighted us with his fiddle, his flying handicaps with Mr. Workman appealing strongly to the sporting instincts of the crowd, which cheered lustily on finding on each occasion the result was a dead heat. Chem was also an outstanding feature, and proved to be in exceptional form, both vocally and instrumentally, although in one of his items he was just beaten at the post by Arthur, the pace having been too fast at the bell. Our new member, George Newall (who as a visitor in the past has rendered us invaluable assistance at several concerts) simply delighted us with an exceptionally well-chosen budget of songs, sung with the nicest artistry and expression, and in these as well as in duets in confederacy with Chandler (who was also in good voice in solos) received tremendous ovations. Robbie gave us several of his characteristic recitations with the greatest acceptance, and Knipe, fixing the new members with a glittering eye put them through it with the "Wee Cotter Hoose," leaving them in a state bordering on insanity. The Mullah, who had brought his carbuncle with him for the occasion, read from a mysterious document which had been handed to him earlier in the evening, setting forth a number of enquiries ostensibly addressed to "the heads" in connection with club matters. This was received with acclamation and cries of "Author." The drawn features and hollow eyes (evidencing the burning of midnight oil) of Zambuk proclaimed him the delinquent, and he had to dodge the missiles hurled at him. With his usual scent for "copy," the editor snatched at the document but missed it, the gifted author insisting on his refusal to allow the incubation to go into print; hence its appearance below:—

The Novice's Lament.

When first I joined the A.B.C. a couple of months ago,
I quickly found quite lots of things a beginner did not know.

The phrases used from time to time rang strange to a freshman's ear:
The names by which some men were known, to me were distinctly
queer.

My first run out disclosed a man who called his bike a "grid;"
This did not worry me a bit, but the next thing he said did.

I found him seated on a bench, and his suit, well, 'twas not new;
"Timber and rags I'm on," said he. I agreed, well, would not you?

He'd "taken acid" all day long—had ridden an hundred miles;
"The 'drops' you mean?" He answered "Yes," but his face was
wreathed in smiles.

I saw he grinned at what I'd said, but I laid low all the same,
And just determined right away to learn all about the game.

So to a sapient one I went whose gazettes were neatly bound,
 And volumes two from him I got, but there more trouble I found:
 Of a "Doctor"—a "Professor"—and a "General" I read,
 While "Bunchy," the "Mossoo" and "Mawr" drove me almost
 off my head.

Woodroffe and "Timbertiles" sound one, the "Baron" must noble
 "Master" a huntsman M.F.H. but "Mad Mullah" who is he?
 "Grandad" and "Bro-in-law," I grasp, though I know not who
 they be,
 But "Smart Set"—what is it that's smart, their dress or their
 repartee?

Letters "F.H." "W.P.C." did not for a trice confuse,
 But I can't locate "B.O.B." nor yet the three "W's."

"'Appy"—gloomy or bright is he? "Tiny" is big I expect,
 But when I saw "*Fatty*" in print—he's a sport, or would object.

"Lighting fires" means it smoking pipes? A point I cannot master;
 I slow must go, smoking a-wheel: others it seems ride faster.

Again a puzzling thing occurs, emerging from my studies,
 My brain I cudgel all I can—my effort it a "dud" is:

The "Anfield" always has refused its ranks to swell with ladies,
 Yet "Elsie," "Dolly," "Win," and "Liz," have oft been out,
 oh, Hades!

We freshmen thus, as you will see, some trials have before us;
 What is a "fluter" or a "tank,"—the famous "Halewood Chorus?"

Implore I then of those who know—the necessity's quite clear,
 Insert a glossary complete in the handbook of next year.

Altogether the series of concerts was quite up to the standard
 we are now accustomed to, and when one says that there is nothing
 more to be said. The Presider kept the ball rolling with his usual
 aplomb, and at the close of the Sunday evening show made a neat
 little speech in which he thanked the visitors, this being responded
 to in happy vein by Messrs. Workman and Chilcott.

Easter Eggs.

At Bala we mustered over 30 for lunch with the Speedwell boys,
 while about the same number lunched at Carnarvon on Sunday, and
 26 at Denbigh on Monday.

Turnor became known as "the gentleman with the carbuncle,"
 which explained why he was on a single instead of pushing the old
 Gent along on a tandem.

Hans was a bit under the weather on Sunday, so John hired
 Johnny at great expense to push him to Carnarvon. They dashed
 past the crowd just short of Pen-y-gwryd but "klapsed" into the
 garage and walked up to Pen-y-Paiss!

Royden, Newall and Brother-in-law have started a new affiliated
 organisation called the "Rough and Ready C.C."—Tommy was certainly
 Rough, but not so Ready.

Gregg had planned to accompany Dickman and Parry to Bala and Denbigh, but was taken ill, and all will be sorry to learn that it proved to be appendicitis, requiring an operation. This has been very successfully performed at the Wallasey Cottage Hospital, and we all wish him a speedy recovery.

P. Morris and L. W. Walters joined in the tour at Bala and seemed very regretful to leave us on Monday morning.

Bolton could only manage to join us for Saturday night, but half a loaf is better than no bread.

Mac (trike), Bailey and Austin are reported riding the Aerial Flight.

A party chaperoned by Tiny Roskell visited Beddgelert on Sunday, and no doubt they were noticed.

Tom Conway was riding his old Beeston Humber, but carefully dodged the Presider, as he had a Coaster hub and a lighthouse on the back!

Oliver Cooper and son, Percy, graced the Sunday evening service with their presence, but we did not envy them their walk back to Penmachno.

Poor old Chem did not mind the conjuring of Boots as long as it was confined to Florins and Matchboxes, but when he proceeded to eat a tumbler in a gruesome fashion, Chem cried "Jam satis," and we did not blame him.

Robinson seemed to be making his tour into a round of calls "pour prendre congé."

Charlie Conway was as resplendent as ever, but why did he leave his machine at home after training so assiduously between Heswall and Prenton?

Archie McCall was at Bettws-y-coed and looked in upon us during Saturday night's concert. We were all delighted to see him, and after the concert was over intended to give Archie a warm welcome, but unfortunately he could not be found. The explanation is quite amusing. It appears that Archie in the simplicity of his heart thought it essential he should "cause no trouble" by getting off the premises at "closing time," and the same ignorance of the Welsh neutrality caused him to complain of the dryness of Sunday! Not feeling very "cycling" fit, McCall went on to Abergele Sunday night, so that is why he did not attend the Sunday evening service, but we came across him on Monday afternoon, and he joined the Willaston tea party, and was afterwards piloted by Austin and the Presider to Rock Ferry. We hear he rode up Evan's Hill with three boy scouts pacing!

Knutsford, April 22nd.

It was a goodly as well as a motley throng that met at this Angelic gathering. Men of all shades were there—the speed brigade in the pink, others like the Kinders and Mullah passing fair (tho' the hue of the latter's neck is hardly passable even yet); Cook, Knipe and Green represented the sear and yellow, but I alone the deadly dull white as sole envoy of the relics. What profit me these hairs if even now I may not retire from the reporter's gallery?

The Garage was black with Anfielders, and the yard blue. I fell over members in the lounge, and on reaching the tank, that haven of rest, found there the cream, the bonne bouche so to speak, whose

mouths are apt to water after a ride. This section still had the imprint of Bettws on its mind. But the solid background of Knutsford week-enders had vanished into thin air.

We missed the Georges, those patrician hosts, and noted their departure with no tear or tear that gazers saw; but were rewarded by far better fare than the Angel used to provide.

The choice of Knutsford was perhaps due to a desire to clash with the Cheadle Hulme 50, held hard by, and to profit by their empty chairs. Nowadays we must thin the ranks by means, however foul. But it was also to provide a suitable jumping-off place for the long-planned, oft-plotted weekend to Stone, once a classic event in happy far-off days of struggles long ago. Few bedrooms at the Crown have not heard their walls re-echo the snores of Anfield. New management had been reported, and a truly representative party was made up of Cook's men, of the Kettle Klick, and of all the scribblers of Anfield Motor Notes, so digestive—I don't think: JB.

The Crown Hotel is now under divine guidance of a Mrs. Godbehere (to "behere" means to protect), but the owner brewer, not content, urges the lady to pronounce it for advertising purposes as Good-Beer. To what base uses, etc. . . . We loudly protested, and as good beer needs no push, we let supper and breakfast go off swimmingly. Thus all was bright and fair until on leaving the yard the tri-cyclists were confronted by a local profiteer, who knew not his Anfield. The owner brewer had let off part of the yard to a stableman, who had entrapped the three-wheelers under an open shelter, for which he demanded threepence for each single wheel. The innocent Anfielders were threatened with high and violent action, and the gate was locked in their faces; the very heavens grew overcast, and the divine protection doubtful, when Cook bethought himself of the old adage that he who helps himself, etc. . . and rode back into the yard, on through the backdoor into the vestibule, and through the front portals into the open road, his Kettle on his heel. Not for our wayfarers to be denied the fairway by ways so darned unfair.

Now for the tour over the Hanchurch Hills. Left at Darlarton Inn as if for Woore, but right at Long Compton for Beech, and Beechdale to Knowlwall, then over the top of the forest to Pennyleasow and by Shelton to Whitmore Inn, where the modest Mainwaring met us with his sign of "DEVANT—si je puis." How many Anfielders have muttered that sentiment at the start of a 50! Next by Keele racecourse to Keele, where we split into two sections, the treddlers to test the brew at Madeley Heath, and the trundlers to test the truth of Fletcher Moss's exultation over Heighley Castle, its last remaining bit of wall overlooking the Betley Road. Our searcher was not to be fooled by this pretence of innocence, and working round to the rear of the cliff he found there an enormous fortress cut in the rock, and proving the architect to have modelled his plan on the Citadel of Old Sarum, with the remains of a bridge still spanning the cleft. Having toiled up the precipitous side of the fort and wanting an easy descent, the legend of the knight who escaped from the wall of his prison by riding on his dirk, came to my mind, so seizing a stout cudgel from among the trees and fired with romance, I mounted it astride, clutched it to my bosom, and with heels driven into the loose soil, thus rode down the steep hillside.

On rejoining the real riders at the Nantwich Lamb, I found them in the arms of the Mullah, busy celebrating the coming relief from his spent earhuncle,

50 Miles Unpaced Handicap, April 29th.

We have certainly commenced the racing season in a very promising fashion. It is a long time since we had such an entry as 20, and as we still have more men like Greenwood, Haslam, Horrocks, Parry, Creed, Hallsworth, Hendersons, Davies, Baster, Banks, Dean, etc., to hear from, we have plenty of material, and the future is one of happy augury. Poole was unfortunately indisposed (we wish him a speedy recovery), so Cook deputised with the watch, and despatched 18 men in weather which was quite good for the time of the year. Parton and L. W. Walters were the only nonstarters—detained by business. G. B. Orrell was the great tip, but he was not “chucked in,” and the handicap proved quite reasonably good, seeing there were so many unknown quantities to deal with. Orrell certainly rode remarkably well, and thoroughly deserved his popular “First and Fastest” with 2-34-31, but Schofield with 2-40-37 was only 6 seconds behind on handicap, and gives every indication of rapidly gravitating to the scratch mark. Austin was a trifle overgeared and faded away a bit towards the end, but just managed to get third place by a margin of 23 seconds from J. E. Rawlinson, who did an excellent novice performance. Cranshaw rode with good judgment, and is evidently finding his speed legs. Edwards, Blackburn, and Grimshaw are not yet fit, but we are quite pleased with the start they have made. Smith was unlucky in just missing a Bronze by 17 seconds, and Bolton lost a lot of time changing a tyre 2 miles from the finish, but Bailey does not seem to have been doing enough fast riding in his training. Of those who retired, Lusty was really quite sporting to get up, for he had a nasty fall three days before and was nothing like recovered from its effects. A. N. Rawlinson punctured when going well, Mandall never seemed able to get going, and F. Jones and Aldridge also punctured.

There was a big crowd out about the course, over 50 aiding and abetting, but there were also some surprising absentees. The following table of the result tells its own story:—

G. B. Orrell	2-34-31	6 mins.	2-28-31	First & fastest
T. V. Schofield	...	2-40-37	12 "	2-28-37	Second
H. Austin	2-43-47	10 "	2-33-47	Third
J. E. Rawlinson	...	2-46-10	12 "	2-34-10	Silver Medal
J. D. Cranshaw	...	2-53-47	18 "	2-35-47	Bronze Medal
F. L. Edwards	...	2-43-55	7 "	2-36-55	
J. S. Blackburn	...	2-41-14	Scr.	2-41-14	
J. A. Grimshaw	...	2-42- 8	Scr.	2-42- 8	
J. Smith	3- 0-17	16 mins.	2-44-17	
P. N. Gorman	...	3- 8-10	20 "	2-48-10	
V. Fantozzi	3- 5- 7	15 "	2-50- 7	
S. H. Bailey	2-57-36	6 "	2-51-36	
E. Bolton	3-12-52	18 "	2-54-52	

A. T. SIMPSON,

Editor.

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ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

FORMED MARCH 1879.

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

MONTHLY CIRCULAR.

Vol. XVII.

No. 196.

FIXTURES FOR JUNE, 1922.

	Light up at
June 3-5. WHITSUNTIDE—Invitation "100"	10-29 p.m.
3rd, Whitchurch (Swan). Week-end Shrewsbury (Lion). 5th. Invitation "100."	
.. 10. Chester (Bull and Stirrup)	10-35 p.m.
.. 12. Committee Meeting, 7 p.m., 25, Water Street, Liverpool.	
.. 17. Stretton (Cat and Lion). PHOTO. RUN	10-40 p.m.
.. 24. Manchester Wheelers' Open "50"	10-42 p.m.
Acton Bridge (Leigh Arms).	
July 1. All Night Ride to the Speedwell "100"	10-42 p.m.
Pulford (Grosvenor).	
.. 3. Committee Meeting, 7 p.m., 25 Water Street, Liverpool Full moon 9th inst.	

Committee Notes.

94, Paterson Street,
Birkenhead.

The resignation of Mr. L. Fothergill has been accepted with regret.

Mr. C. J. Conway has again kindly offered to take the Club photograph. *Stretton*, on June 17th, has been fixed as the place and date, and it is hoped that a large number will attend as some small return to Mr. Conway.

For details of All-Night Ride to the Speedwell "100" see Hon. Racing Secretary's Notes.

Meeting places for tea have been fixed at Acton Bridge, on June 24th and Pulford on July 1st, for those members not wishing or unable to go down to Shropshire or to take part in the All-Night Ride.

At the last Committee Meeting, the Hon. Secretary was instructed to convey to Mr. C. Keizer, on behalf of all the members, deepest sympathy with him in the bereavement he had suffered by the loss of his brother, Fred, who was for many years a valued member.

For the benefit of new members.—Stretton and Acton Bridge lie on the Warrington-Tarporley road, about four and eight miles, respectively, from Warrington; Pulford lies on the Chester-Wrexham road, and about 5 miles from Chester.

Change of Address.—W. M. Robinson, Liverpool and London and Globe Insurance Co., Ltd., 55, Colmore Row, Birmingham.

Application for Membership.—Mr. Eric Fantozzi, 68, Richmond Grove, C.-on-M., Manchester, proposed by W. H. Kettle, seconded by H. Austin.

H. AUSTIN,

Hon. Secretary.

ALL NIGHT RIDE, 30th June, and SPEEDWELL "100," July 1st.

If sufficient support is forthcoming, the Committee have decided to carry out an all-night ride this year in conjunction with the Speedwell "100." We are hoping to send a strong team, and have asked for six invitations. It is essential that our men should be well looked after. The arrangements are as follows:—

The party to meet at the Swan Hotel, Whitchurch, at 10 p.m. for supper, leaving at 11-30 p.m. for Wellington (20 m.) 1-15 a.m., Bridgnorth (14½ m.) 2-30 a.m., Kidderminster (18¼ m.) 3-45 a.m., Worcester (14¼ m.) 5 a.m., and Tewkesbury (15½ m.) 6-30 a.m. for breakfast at the Swan Hotel.

The party will then separate over the Speedwell course in the direction of Evesham (13 m.) and Alcester (9¾ m.) and after lunch at the Swan will proceed to Stratford-on-Avon (7½ m.), Warwick (8¼ m.), where the night will be spent at The Woolpack, returning on Sunday via Stonebridge, Cannock and Stafford.

Members intending to take part must let me know not later than Saturday, 24th June.

W. H. KETTLE,

Capt. and Hon. Racing Secretary.

ITEMS.

A famous playwright asserts that "Wine is the source of all creative literature." We must certainly impress this fact upon Robinson, who might be able to write quite decently if only he would give up his deplorable teetotal ways and take something a little stronger than soda and milk.

We were represented at the Meriden commemoration on 20/21 May by our "exiles," P. Morris, H. Pritchard, L. W. Walters, Bright and Robinson. Our former member, Jack Fowler, was also present.

Since his memorable tramp over the Roman Steps, Hodges has again struck the trail of Sarn Helen, this time a little to the north of Trawsfynydd, and done the necessary with Tomen y Mur and or Heriri Mons. Some good photographs tell the tale. He has promised to go and corroborate the findings on Blackstone Edge.

Do you want to find a saucy hill with gradients steeper than the Alt-y-bady? The Master lured three unsuspecting youths into meeting him one Sunday morning on the Macclesfield-Kettleshulme road just beyond Rainow at a signboard pointing to Saltersford, and at the top of the hill turned them left down a narrow road which ended in a precipice with Jenkins Chapel down below. We understand the hill has been surveyed and is mostly under 1 in 5, with quite a lot of 1 in 3, and a maximum of 1 in 2.9! We can well believe it. How F.H. got down with Douglas we know not. The trio expected to find his body in the ford at the foot, for they had a gaudy time lowering their machines down, and were reminded of the late Panjandrum's request for a derrick. The hill is known as Todbrook Hill, and we suggest a hill climb up it, as Tierney says—"any hill can be climbed if you gear low enough." Meanwhile, perhaps, our intrepid motor cyclists, Arthur and Tim, will go and have a pop at it. Pen-y-ball is quite flat in comparison! After this adventure, Captain Slosh piloted the party to The Street approaching Goyts Bridge, and after a close personal examination the genuine nature of the Roman Causeway was declared as free from fraud by the Presider, and F.H. collected a paving stone "jewelled in every hole with pig iron," for his museum.

One is quite used to the general press referring to bicycles as "the humble push bike" and other similar variations, but it is sad to see a cycling journalist using the Uriah Heepish "humble pedal cycle," for neither cycles nor cyclists are "humble."

Our Invalids.—We are sorry that the slow progress being made by W. Threlfall still prevents his cycling, but we hope it wont be long before he is among us again. Gregg is out and about again, and expects to be at Chester per rattler on June 10th.

On the Crest of the Roman Wave.

It has come to our ears that some time ago—in fact in the early Anno Dominis—a wave of Romans had spread over the hills of Littleborough, and deposited a streak of Black Stones, still in situ, and five miles long, across the whole edge, making it Blackstone Edge. The Anfield searchers, as became men on the crest of every movement and equally black, set out to investigate on Sunday, May 14th, the Noble Cochius leading, his brow as broad as Caesar's; the nimble Kettelinus next, his sprightly gait that of a Mark Anthony, and lastly the soothsayer Sloschius ambled in the rear, after being extracted from his chariot (no use to look for his Roman counterpart—you'd have to dive further back).

We had lain that night at Bury (Cochius' ancestral home in the female line), placed midway between two Roman roads, those from Mamecester to Ribchester and to Ilkley. Some of us had seen a picture taken by the Archies, of a bit of the pavement on the Edge, but where to find it and how much to look for, we knew not, none being familiar with these roads. The result made us gasp (readjusted after opening time). We followed the present road that ascends in

a great horse-shoe, and halfway round the bend the ancient track stared us in the face just to the right of the new road. It follows an independent straight course to the east of the later roads, of which there are two. Once away from the modern roads the Roman road becomes immense and majestic, the work of giants, trod by us pigmies. It is more than 30 feet wide between great banks, with a central portion 18 feet wide, paved on such a scale that numerous lengths to this day have not a stone missing or out of place. The books dealing with it give but a poor idea of its magnitude. The central strip of stones, some of which might weigh a quarter ton, are hollowed out so as to form a continuous gutter to act as a slide for the locked wheel of a chariot coming down. The Anfield Centurion, a man of brawn and muscle, finding half a centre stone cast adrift, just managed to tilt that fragment.

The outer edges of the pavement consist of long, narrow, very heavy stones—the giant ancestors of our kerbstones of to-day. Wedged between kerb and centre are enormous square paving stones, several times the size of those of to-day, and these are further wedged by narrow sharp-edged stones. At frequent intervals carefully set cross-kerbs pack the surface still firmer.

After climbing half a mile we found the foundations of a Roman Gateway, leading into a trench running at right angles along the whole face of the hill. The breastwork is of stones built like a wall. It faces Lancashire with an ominous: None of your larking while our back is turned. The next half mile to the top has had its surface partly washed away by water, perhaps cloud-burst, aided by the hand of man. The top is marked by a great boundary stone, and then comes the descent into Yorkshire, but the whole of its three miles still bears a great coating of moss, the cloak of ages. One cannot doubt that it covers the Roman Pavement intact. The moss on the Lancashire side has been systematically removed for the benefit of the Lancashire professors, after the pavement was discovered, when the forces of nature had partly made a mess of it.

The Roman Road actually commences at the Hamlet of Lydgate—a name with ripe flavour—reached by taking the right-hand and older modern road at the Rake Hotel, Littleborough, and three cottages are built on it, but here it is narrow and runs along a stream, and afterwards becomes obliterated by the workings of the new road. The other end is near Bailings Gate, in the direction of Halifax.

The Bury weekend was made from Warrington, and both town and hotel (The Derby) were voted a success; we approached it through Eccles, Irlams o'th Height and Prestwich. Littleborough was reached via Heywood and Rochdale, and the cobbly direct road from Bury to Rochdale was also explored, giving fine views. The Bury Derby slumbers will be repeated with the probable object of crossing the Tottington Moor Watling Street and of performing certain Rites at the Druid's Circle near Turton.

RUNS.

Malpas, May 6th, 1922.

Why? Oh! why did I catch the President's eye just at that particular moment? He was looking for another budding author, or in other words, a victim, when I happened to cast an admiring glance in his direction. I was immediately pounced upon and paralyzed into

meekly accepting this sleep disturbing stunt of "run-writing." Now after much plucking up of courage and pulling and tearing of hair, which I'm sure is turning grey with this literary effort, I'll make an attempt to chronicle the Malpas run of the Anfield, Wayfarer, James, etc., Clubs.

Not having received a fixture card from the Wayfarer C.C., I decided to start out on my own. I very soon came to the conclusion that there was a considerable wind about, although it did not seem to bother a very select "motoring" party that passed me on the Whitchurch road. I'm sure they were quite doing "evens," and looked with pity and disdain at the "low-down and impecunious" (Wayfarer copyright) push cyclist, who with eyes starting out of his head and nose on the front extension was doing his best to do ten miles an hour (Taylor Brand).

On arrival in Malpas, I found the aforesaid select motoring party halted outside the "Crown," and on enquiry was informed that two of them had gone to see the Church! A little later I heard the third member addressed by another arrival as "Jimmy." He immediately fixed the poor shivering culprit with a burning eye and in a stern, forbidding voice exclaimed: "Mr. James to you please." I wonder if the "tin Lizzie" had anything to do with this assumption of dignity on the part of the proud and haughty motorist.

However, there was a very good muster of over 30 (although the motor contingent had gone on to Shrewsbury). I thought we were very satisfactorily catered for and vote the "Crown" a great success.

Before the party broke up I managed to see Grimmy, Reade, Teddy Edwards, T. Royden, some Bands, some Rawlinson's (looking pretty fit), Turner, Bailey, Schofield, Horrocks (in training for the next "50"), Parry, Greenwood, Mandall and one only Kinder, other celebrities and the Headquarters Stan, Cook and Kettle.

There was a week-end party to Shrewsbury, the remainder splitting up into various parties and travelling some per main road and others per lanes. Our party consisted of three, and on taking it easy for a bit, were informed finally by Austin that we had done the last eight miles in twenty-five minutes. I think I'll have to buy him a new handlebar watch, as I'm sure we were doing sixty miles an hour. That's what it felt like anyway.

Warrington, May 13th, 1922.

I started out from home and ambled along at a pace befitting my age when I was overtaken (not an unusual thing) by three of our young speed merchants, but as they informed me that it was their intention to go and view a "50," I was not in any way depressed. These smart young fellows were, however, so charmed with my society that the "50" became quite a secondary consideration, and they decided to spend the afternoon in my company as being the more pleasant method—I don't blame them. Incidentally, I may mention that I was much upset. These speed merchants, human fireworks and space eaters, have a way of dashing about that gave me visions of a wet shirt. I am rather a brainy individual and thought "Now this is where I must use my napper." I led my young friends by devious ways and through (to them) unknown hamlets and winding lanes quite away from the motor infested highways. Do you see the point? My young friends dare not leave me—they were lost—so consequently I was able to go at a pace befitting my grey hairs.

The scribe had ordered tea for twenty-five, and when I stepped into the banqueting hall mine hostess was nearly in tears because about thirty were then present. I believe the full total eventually reached thirty-five, but as I kept away from the lady of the house, I don't know whether she broke down under the strain. The steak and chips were very good and seemed to give unusual satisfaction. I can't give the names of all present, but I will mention some. I met the Chancellor of the Exchequer upon arrival, but it was all right—I had paid. Upon going through the portal I espied F.H., Hubert, and James, and as the Master thought I looked thirsty I was again all right. The skipper was frightfully busy booking riders, checkers and marshals for the "50" and "100." If I go on like this I shall tell you something about each one present, and I don't want to do that, and besides, Arthur would only cross it out. I must tell you that Stevie was there disguised as a gentleman, and I hear that he rode out on a new "grid." He must be a regular Croesus to pay for a new bicycle and a new suit, but perhaps—well you know what I mean.

After tea the party dispersed for their various domiciles. A small week-end party consisting of Cook, Kettle and F.H. made for Bury, under the leadership of the Master, the journey being for the twofold purpose of viewing the ancestral home of the President and some ancient Roman remains.

Captain Slesh adds:—

Liverpool Members! 'WARE Manchester Guides. When leaving the Lion Hotel, Warrington, on May 13th, the two Chief Anfield Officers should have followed us to Patricroft for Bury by the fast tarmac road via Hollins Green. Instead they were 'ticed across the river by youthful inexperienced so-called "conductors" from Manchester way, who, in order to avoid the two miles of excellent sets through Irlam, began over the two miles of abominable sets to Latchford, and continued by the fairly bad road through Thelwall, Altrincham to Stretford, finally walking into Eccles. All this to escape a shorter and better road recommended by us! They took the Liverpool "innocents" fully ten miles out of their way with the result that the latter's welfare was despaired of at Bury.

Other Liverpool riders take heed and note that: We are the only reliable certificated Anfield Guides and Trackers.—Slesh and Co. Wireless address: Trustworthy, Universe. Testimonials on application.

50 Miles Unpaced Handicap, May 20th.

This, the second event in our programme, was even more successful than the first, for we had an entry of 25, with 23 starters, 13 finishers, and 6 performances inside 2-40. The non-starters were Cranshaw, Bolton and Greenwood—the first two having repeated tyre trouble on their way to the start, and the last named not being able to get away in time. Although a bit draughty it was a gloriously warm day when Poole timed the men off, and a very good race ensued. "Loiterer," in "Cycling," recently said "There are many pitfalls in handicapping," and the only men who can avoid them entirely are the quidnuncs, who have never done any—the same men who will glibly assure you that a 12 hours' course can be microscopically measured to 10 yards!! Aldridge, Smith and Stephenson

punctured early on, and later Parton and Mandall suffered the same fate, while A. N. Rawlinson, Walters, Jones and Horrocks desisted. Of the others it was early seen that Blackburn, Orrell, Schofield, Grimshaw, Edwards, Lusty and Austin were riding strongly and clocking inside "evens." with J. Rawlinson very much in the picture with his 12 mins. mark. Unfortunately Grimshaw faded away a great deal in the second half, and it says much for his pluck and sportsmanship that he persevered to the end. Austin evidently heeded the comment in last month's Circular, and by lowering his gear finished strongly in 2-37-31, which just nicely placed him first. F. L. Edwards improved on his previous best by 2 minutes, and with 2-36-15 well deserved Second Prize, while curiously enough Schofield and J. E. Rawlinson both showed an improvement of about 4 minutes, and dead heated for third place. Lusty, still feeling the effects of his fall, came next, and G. B. Orrell again secured Fastest with 2-33-16, but we venture to suggest that with a shorter reach and less aggressive front forks he would have been well inside 2-30. Blackburn finished in better shape, and is progressing in the right direction. Fantozzi and Haslam both secured Bronze Standards as well as experience, but Banks, the Veteran, had distinctly hard lines, for his ambition to acquire a bronze was only defeated by a puncture almost within sight of the start, and he was overheard muttering some cursory observations about a certain Reptile which Chem knows all about. The following is the full result:—

H. Austin	2-37-31	10 mins.	2-27-31	First
F. L. Edwards	2-36-15	8 mins.	2-28-15	Second.
T. V. Schofield	2-36-51	6 mins.	2-30-51	Third.
J. E. Rawlinson	2-42-51	12 mins.	2-30-51	
A. Lusty	2-38-4	7 mins.	2-31-4	
G. B. Orrell	2-33-16	Scr.	2-33-16	Fastest.
J. S. Blackburn	2-38-52	2 mins.	2-36-52	
A. G. Banks	3-4-5	25 mins.	2-39-5	
V. Fantozzi	2-59-16	20 mins.	2-39-16	Bronze.
M. Haslam	2-58-42	19 mins.	2-39-42	Bronze.
J. A. Grimshaw	2-44-16	4 mins.	2-40-16	
P. N. Gorman	3-5-31	25 mins.	2-40-31	
S. H. Bailey	2-50-2	8 mins.	2-42-2	

Nantwich, May 27th, 1922.

Some people argue that Nantwich is "too far," but everything is "too" something for those who don't try. As far as we could gather, practically no one went direct. Kinders and Mandall toured round Warrington, Knutsford and Middlewich, picking up Schofield and the Rawlinsons en route. Edwards, Zambuck, Chandler and Diapason had taken in Broxton and Wrenbury, and even Jay Bee had desisted the main road. Of course the real way to tackle these long rides in comfort is to hire someone to push you out on a tandem. The Presider had obtained the Mullah and Green had hired P. N. Gorman. Nothing like headwork! It was a perfectly gorgeous day, and a fine crowd of 35 sat down to the excellent meal provided at a right price at the Lamb. It is unnecessary to record all the names, but we were particularly glad to see Crow and learn all about the 25

changes of train in getting the derelict Humber Caboodle home from Bettws. Talking of Caboodles reminds us that The Master was among the missing. Naturally the converse was largely about Whitsuntide and the 100, and the fine entry we have received. And then we took to the open road again with the Kinders making for Wem to join James, and the Cook-Turner tandem trailing Reade to Ashbourne for the annual C.T.C. gathering in Dovedale. We hear they met Lusty heading for a late arrival at Nantwich, but you are advised *not* to ask them about their adventures in Newcastle amid the whole of the juvenile population of Goose Street and its purlieus.

A. T. SIMPSON,

Editor.

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Vol. XVII.

No. 197.

FIXTURES FOR JULY, 1922.

	Light up at
June 30. All Night Ride to the Speedwell "100".....	10-42 p.m.
July 1. Pulford (Grosvenor).....	10-42 p.m.
„ 3. Committee Meeting, 7 p.m., 25, Water Street, Liverpool.	
„ 8. Little Budworth (Red Lion).....	10-49 p.m.
„ 14-15. Invitation "24".....	10-34 p.m.
„ 22. Davenham (Bull's Head).....	10-25 p.m.
„ 29. Malpas (Crown).....	10-15 p.m.
Aug. 2-3. World's Championships Road Event.....	10- 8 p.m.
(Lion Hotel, Shrewsbury)	
5th Whitchurch (Swan), Week-end	
„ 5-7. Shrewsbury (Lion), for E.L.W. Invitation "50".....	10- 4 p.m.
Full moon 9th inst.	

94, Paterson Street,
Birkenhead.

Committee Notes.

New Members.—Messrs. E. Fantozzi, D. Smith and F. A. Smith have been elected to Active Membership, the first-named being a Junior.

Mr. J. A. Grimshaw has been awarded the Del Strother Prize.

The Hon. Secretary was instructed to convey to Mrs. Prichard and family, on behalf of all the members, deepest sympathy with them in the bereavement they have suffered by the death of Mr. R. E. Prichard, for many years a member of the club.

The first week in August will again see us in Shropshire, and I have reserved accommodation at the Lion Hotel, Shrewsbury, for the Wednesday night of August 2nd and the following Bank Holiday week-end. The terms will be the same as at Whit. Will members desiring rooms kindly let me have their names as early as possible.

For the benefit of new members: Pulford lies on the Chester-Wrexham road, about 5 miles distant from Chester; Little Budworth just off the Tarporley-Warrington road and about 4 miles from Tarporley; Davenham on the Northwich-Middlewich road, and Malpas a little way to the right of the Chester-Whitchurch road and about 15 miles from Chester.

Application for Membership.—Mr. RUSSELL ROTHWELL, 3, Shore Avenue, Shaw, near Oldham, proposed by C. H. Turnor, seconded by E. J. Reade.

H. AUSTIN,

Hon. Secretary.

A large number of helpers is required in connection with the "24," July 14th-15th, and I shall be very glad to receive offers of assistance at the earliest possible moment. Entries accompanied by a fee of 10/- to cover feeding expenses must reach me by July 8th.

H. KETTLE,

Capt. and Hon. Racing Secretary.

We regret to have to announce the sad death of R. E. Prichard, on June 1st, after a prolonged illness, and our sympathies are extended to the bereaved family. Prichard had many good qualities that endeared him to us, for he was always a merry and bright companion on club runs, tours, and week-ends in the days of his activity. Who will ever forget his being the life and soul of the party at Drumgoff, Glenmalure on the occasion of our first August Bank Holiday tour in Ireland, when he partnered Chem on a tandem? The fact that he gave himself the nickname of "Ugly" is an indication of his bubbling spirits. Joining the club in 1899, he immediately commenced racing, and on a tandem with the late H. W. Keizer did 2-48-29 in the last 50. In 1900, he won the August 50 by 2 seconds from W. R. Oppenheimer, and was third in the September 50. In 1901, he rode in all the 50's, and had very hard lines in being beaten by Frank Roskell by 4 seconds for 2nd prize in the third event. This year also saw the formation of the famous Buck and Prichard tandem combination, and on June 22nd they gave the N.R.R.A. Unpaced 12 Hours Record Standard of 175 miles a severe trouncing by piling up 198½, although hampered with a broken chain in the last hour. Three weeks later they rode in the 24, and after completing 192 miles in 12 hours were forced to retire at 230 miles through being over-gearred. In 1902, Prichard accomplished the ride of his life in the 24. Having arranged no pacing, he was fortunate enough at the eleventh hour to secure the services of Lionel Martin and the late Vade-Walpole of the Bath Road Club, who must have paced him for over 200 miles. Knipe was out for big things and rode 406½ miles, but Prichard was fighting a duel with E. H. Fox for second place, and by sheer determination and grit just managed to get it by 2½ miles with a total of 344½. Later in the year (September 20th) he attacked the Edinburgh-Liverpool Paced Bicycle Record, but not only had the misfortune to find the wind contrary (Knipe got the unpaced record the same day in the reverse direction), but was on three machines before Carlisle, and was finally forced to abandon the attempt at Carnforth. This was the finale of Prichard's racing career, and his interest in cycling slowly but surely faded away, no doubt much to his own regret in later years, but his interest in the Club never waned and his last appearance amongst us was at the one and only Gateacre Social Evening, November 20th, 1920.

ITEMS.

So much for Stenson Cooke:

The A.A., under the guidance of its great Secretary, Mr. S. Cooke, has just published its new handbook, which tells us, under the heading "Our Patrol," that each patrol is mounted on a PUSH CYCLE. Is this the language of a Cook, or the tattle of a maid?

Between the World's Championship on Thursday, August 3rd, and the August Bank Holiday week-end at Shrewsbury for the E. L. W. 50, the Presider purposes carrying out a Pilgrimage to the Roman Steps as mentioned in the Portscript to Jack Hodge's article in the February Circular. Anyone wishing to participate should advise the Old Gentleman in good time.

We were all delighted to hear that Pa White (looking younger than ever) was on the course and envied those who met him.

Neason was at Grinshill, and P.C.B. at Minsterley, and both were very busy on Monday. Other exiles present were Wayfarer himself, Everbright, Pritchard (on a real saucy bicycle) and Harley.

The party at the Lion was rather lacking in tone. Crowcroft was the sole representative of the smart set, but sadly missed the moral support of Marchanton.

By making an early morning start, Mercer got down to the Raven, and with the aid of Tim, Dave Fell reached Hodnet Corner.

The Rough and Ready C.C. most efficiently marshalled Walton Corner, but the assistant feeders at Ercall were rather inclined to leave the job a wee bit too early.

Turnor & Co. looked after the special feeding in their usual excellent fashion, while Kettle and Mac were in charge at Ercall.

Sport and Play comments as follows:—"J. A. Grimshaw, of the promoting club, who was riding in his thirteenth Anfield, said he had never known the roads in such horrible condition, and the fact that he finished, notwithstanding puncture troubles and a wounded hand, speaks volumes for the veteran's pluck."

With reference to the 100, an apology for the failure to notify us, dated June 15th, and an explanation of the delay have been received from the Hon. Secretary of the Highgate C.C.

A. P. James writes impressing upon those members who intend staying at Shrewsbury in connection with the World's Road Championship the necessity of advising Austin at once. He also says that certain members have been advertising the Course. This is all wrong—the course for a road race is never given out beforehand or until the card is published.

Robinson says that Birmingham is quite a nice place. The other day a fellow called at Robbie's office to insure a brand new motor bicycle, which he left outside. Whilst the business was being transacted, the motor bicycle was stolen. Quite a nice place, really!

A man may wear a thread-bare coat, but that doesn't of necessity mean that he is not of sound mind and understanding.—Lord Coleridge at Carnarvon Assizes. No, not of necessity, eh, Weighfahr?

Who will win the Anfield Hundred ?

(By a Motor Cyclist, after reading the Motor Cycling Papers.)

A careful study of the Motor Cycle Press on the eve of the Isle of Man Races has shown me that Cyclists fall hopelessly short of graphic, stirring, curdling descriptions of the riders, their machines, and their friends.

Thus imbued with shame and remorse, I will try hard to imitate them and describe a dream visit to the stables on the morning preceding the "100":—

You ask me why I and I alone know the winner. I will tell you: Unless I am a bigger fool (hear, hear) than you thought (never mind), my secret lies in spotting the man and the mount. I can read the way he looks at the machine, then I think of the machine and the maker, then of the maker and his "ad." The Spots ought to win, the Spoofs deserve to win, the Whatnots' win will be popular, and the Upshots have a name for winning. Then the Yortons' turn for winning is overdue, so I tip them too, and when I look at the Moonshine riders I give the game away: yes, they are in the first flight, the flight of the flock, the flock foremost in front, unless another forestalls them.

Let it be understood that these riders are terribly terrifying supermen. Yet they smile, a token of pending success. It is a cast iron certainty that unless I am a fool (I said that before) a winner is assured that will be mounted on one of the forementioned grids.

A busy morning in the Anfield Depot at the Lion on Whit Sunday. As can be seen at a glance, each man expects to bring off the victory which will be deservedly popular with all of them. Here we find men who have made history in the past, but are not competing now. They are here to tell the tale to sightseers. Mulliner looks relieved when his exhausts start chattering. Rupert Joskill is squirting oil into his tyres, and the President is extracting air from his bearings. The Brothers Symptom are trying judging pins into their Moonstroke machine. Jock Lake is seen filling his tank with bottles of pure spirit.

This Anfield yard is strictly reserved for Private Owners, who are a feature of this remarkable club. Some Owners own two of each, and are the envy of all others. Look at this photograph: In the centre is a private owner whose head seems much bigger than any of the other private heads. This is the Popular Professor Popshoot, whose head is not actually so much larger but it appears so because he insists on standing close to the camera, having bribed the photographer, and having stood drinks round. I said he was popular.

I am telling no secret in saying that that magnificent rider Grinsure literally forces his wheel over the potholes, and lifts the pedals by the toeclips while revolving his cranks. He alone grins while others grind their teeth. Why? because his win will be popular with at least one of the competitors.

In the George yard is a team of South Road Riders, eager to be snapshot. A fastest time gold medal will be popular on all roads leading south.

Wherever we turn, other teams in other yards continue to put the wind up us cravens. This is largely due to the odour from their exhausts.

Each club has entered the finest AI men ever bred. I ask but one thing: Let me see them all win, and then I am ready to be deceased. I, who can judge as no other man can, prophesy that if their machines can only go top speed there will be a dead heat, but if any one goes quicker uphill than the others, then I know that its rider will clock a better time, provided of course that it also goes faster downhill, which goes without saying. In short, I tip the best man to win if his wheels will go round as fast as anybody's. Yes, Parting on his Yorton, I promise a Yorton win; it is long overdue, and they have the loudest exhaust. But give Spotter on his Spots a walk-over and then he will win in a time that will dazzle you all. And the Spots usually are all there if anywhere, or else Nowhere.

You ask me to back my fancy. It is risky, but yet I will lay a Copper against your Liver, provided you are off to the North Pole without waiting for the Result. There you have it.

Hvs-T-ERICS.

RUNS.

Whitsuntide—Whitechurch, June 3rd.

Of course, this tea fixture is really for the convenience of those who cannot go the whole hog and have to return home Saturday night, but in recent years it has not been taken advantage of to any extent. There were 83 members "down for the 100," and only about 25 sat down to tea at The Swan, all except Dean being bound South. Ven and Morris had a long ride to The Raven, Band and Green made for Hodnet, and the rest had a quiet uneventful, but none the less enjoyable, ride to "Pengvern," where at our Headquarters, The Lion, about 30 were housed. The new management was not all that it might be, but after all we did not do badly and must not object to put up with some inconvenience when men change their minds as to what they purpose doing every few minutes! There were more or less large parties at Newport, Shawbury and even Market Drayton, Grinshill, Nesscliffe and Wem, but it is impossible to record their doings. Sunday was a glorious day, and a party of 16 went off to Bishops Castle and Craven Arms, etc., by various routes, while the motoring division went to Leominster and got back very late—but all had a splendid day, and with "Early to bed" as the motto, we were in due course ready for—

THE HUNDRED.

This year's event was the greatest ever. We have never before had such a wonderful "class" entry, or a better day, or worse roads, or done so badly ourselves, and yet there were two brilliant performances that will go down into history. There were 109 entries, but at the eleventh hour one had to be cancelled for an infringement of the A.A. Clause, and one club "stood down" for reasons that were doubtless good from their point of view, but which ought to have been communicated to us if any regard is ever paid to courtesy and the fact that it is an *invitation* event, appreciated. This left 105, and as there were only 7 other non-starters, Poole had 98 to despatch. As *Cycling* said, "There were all the makings of a phenomenal struggle

between a series of the country's best riders the cause of the trouble was the state of much of the road surface due to the long spell of dry weather and *the heavy commercial motor traffic* for quite half the course the roads were covered with a loose and destructive mixture of gravel, granite, flint, or even broken glass, and other unwelcome materials." The italics are ours, and we are convinced that the obsession to turn the King's Highway into Railways has a lot to answer for. Those who did not puncture "conceived a dislike for the game and ceased play," so that at the half distance such class men as Meredith, Bragg, Marsh, Moss and Davey, Apted, Viel, Crudgington, W. A. George, McCloud, and Merlin were out of action, while Newell, Rossiter, Greenwood, Genders, the Brothers Stott, Thornley, Armond, etc., "found it convenient to ride through at a much slower pace than is usual with them," as *Cycling* euphemistically comments. At the same time all this trial and tribulation only serves to mark the outstanding merit of the performances that were accomplished, and of these the most brilliant was that of "Andy" Wilson of the Hull Thursday, who has jumped into fame at one stride, so to speak—a worthy son of a worthy sire. For a novice he was on the short mark of 16 minutes, and he was fastest right from the start. At 54 miles he was 9 minutes inside evens—3 minutes faster than Burkill—and a certain "First and Fastest." Then came a puncture, which must have cost him 5 minutes, for at 73½ miles he was 2½ minutes slower than Burkill, and at the finish he was only 2 minutes 21 seconds behind. With 5-7-34 and a handicap time of 4-51-34 Wilson was an easy and popular winner, while Burkill's very fine 5-5-13 gave him Third and Fastest. Of the other competitors in the running it was early on seen that E. Sutton (Grosvenor Wheelers) off 35 minutes, and H. S. Crosbie (E. L. W.) off at 25 minutes, were approximating a 5 hours handicap time, and in the result Sutton with 5-35-53 secured second place, and Crosbie fourth.

The following is the complete table of results:—

No.	Name of Competitor	Club	Nett Time	H'cap	H'cap Time
1.	A. Wilson	Hull Thursday	5-7-34	16	4-51-34
2.	E. Sutton	Grosvenor W.	5-35-53	35	5-0-53
3.	W. T. Burkill	M. C. & A. C.	5-5-13	4	5-1-13
4.	H. S. Crosbie	East Liverpool W.	5-27-58	25	5-2-58
5.	F. Hancock	Grosvenor W.	5-18-18	42	5-6-18
6.	S. Derby	Cheadle Hulme	5-32-39	25	5-7-39
7.	G. Warnes	Leeds R. C.	5-22-35	14	5-8-35
8.	J. J. Barker	Manchester W.	5-47-12	38	5-9-12
9.	W. H. Gill	Leeds R. C.	5-24-13	15	5-9-13
10.	W. A. Tuplin	Gomersal R. C.	5-42-16	33	5-9-16
11.	F. Johnson	Birkenhead N. End.	5-17-19	38	5-9-19
12.	J. G. Smith	Bath Road	5-28-30	18	5-10-30
13.	W. Holloway	Walton C. & A. C.	5-22-39	10	5-12-39
14.	F. Thorley	Rotherham	5-22-46	9	5-13-46
15.	F. E. Armond	North Road	5-26-6	12	5-11-6
16.	J. F. Hunt	Hull Thursday	5-50-3	35	5-15-3
17.	T. Sharpe	Yorkshire R. C.	5-39-5	24	5-15-5
18.	J. W. Rossiter	Century	5-18-10	2	5-16-10
19.	L. J. Ireland	M. C. & A. C.	5-31-1	14	5-17-1
20.	W. J. Finn	Irish R. C.	5-52-40	35	5-17-40
21.	C. Smith	Bath Road	5-33-16	15	5-18-16

No.	Name of Competitor	Club	Nett Time	H'cap	H'cap Time
22.	F. Gill	Leeds R. C.	5-23-42	5	5-18-42
23.	F. Slemen	East Liverpool W	5-53-45	35	5-18-45
24.	F. A. Beardsmore	Leicester R. C.	5-40-52	22	5-18-52
25.	A. Winnett, Jr.	Bath Road	5-34-13	15	5-19-13
26.	E. Newell	Bath Road	5-21-26	2	5-19-26
27.	S. W. Atkinson	Vegetarian	5-43-41	24	5-19-41
28.	C. Hunt	Liverpool Century	5-55-6	35	5-20-6
29.	W. E. Jones	Wood End	5-43-17	22	5-21-17
30.	A. E. Walters	Anfield B. C.	6-7-45	45	5-22-45
31.	R. E. Galway	Irish R. C.	5-48-49	26	5-22-49
32.	W. Bailey	Cheadle Hulme	5-56-3	33	5-23-3
33.	W. H. Genders	M. C. & A. C.	5-28-30	5	5-23-30
34.	M. Draisey	Century R. C.	5-48-42	25	5-23-42
35.	A. Chapple	Unity	5-40-26	16	5-24-26
36.	F. Stott	Century R. C.	5-32-32	6	5-26-32
37.	E. C. Inwood	North Road	5-40-48	14	5-26-48
38.	F. Greenwood	M. C. & A. C.	5-29-54	3	5-26-54
39.	B. Stott	Century R. C.	5-34-41	7	5-27-41
40.	T. D. Chapman	Wood End	5-41-47	14	5-27-47
41.	D. Patterson	Liverpool Century	6-0-19	31	5-29-19
42.	E. Hughes	Wigan W.	6-13-37	43	5-30-37
43.	J. H. Alexander	Manchester Wed.	6-10-48	36	5-31-48
44.	J. A. Grimshaw	Anfield B. C.	5-55-41	20	5-35-41
45.	J. G. Shaw	Sharrow	6-0-58	25	5-35-58
46.	H. Smith	Leigh Clarion	6-9-57	26	5-43-57
47.	M. Haslam	Anfield B. C.	6-30-8	45	5-45-8
48.	L. E. Hopkins	Century R. C.	5-58-54	13	5-45-54
49.	E. H. Chapman	Liverpool Century	6-42-5	38	6-4-5

The Team Race was won by the M. C. & A. C., with an aggregate of 16 hours 3 minutes 37 seconds, thanks to the fine ride of Burkill, but the Leeds Road Club were less than 7 minutes slower with an aggregate of 16-10-30 as a result of three rides with a maximum variation of 1 minute 38 secs.

And now we come to examine our own position, which in reality is not as bad as appears by the surface examination of the above table. We had 13 entries and 11 starters—Schofield and A. N. Rawlinson being affected by *force majeure*—but only three survived. Grimshaw had, unfortunately, hurt his hand badly on the Saturday, and no one but a Grimmy would have got up with such a bandaged and painful extremity. All we dared hope was that he would go through to keep up his wonderful sequence of rides in the event—and this he did despite repeated tyre trouble and the employment of an unsuitable spare. Grimmy deserves a V.C. or a D.S.O. for his pluck in conquering difficulties. Parton, Lusty, Orrell, Edwards, Blackburn, and J. E. Rawlinson all foundered on the sea beaches when travelling well. In Blackburn's case particularly hard lines were experienced, for when he punctured the first time he was lucky enough to get a suitable spare from Viel (Unity), only to puncture again at 90 miles when within 1½ miles of getting his own machine back; he thus found himself stranded with no spare tyre when doing a ride which would probably have "placed" him. Austin and Mandall found the distance to the feeding station too far and retired with the hungry knock. Walters got through comfortably and qualified for Standard A., while Haslam,

after several punctures, managed to finish just outside 6½ hours. With any luck at all we should certainly have been more in the picture than for many years, but as sportsmen we refuse to be downhearted, and hope for better fortune in the Speedwell 100.

Chester, 10th June, 1922.

In the past it has always been our experience that for the first run after a Bank Holiday, attendances are on the small side—generally much smaller than usual. Chester on this occasion evidently provided the exception which proved the rule, for members turned up to the number of 47, and Secretary Austin's estimate of 30, a quite reasonable one, was greatly exceeded. Matters were made worse by the House taking a char-a-banc party in addition. Our half of the room was laid for 36, and our surplus had to sit with the "chows," much to the amusement of those of us who had used our heads and got in first. The rush—something like 90 people all clamouring for food—caused the staff rather to get off the rails, with the result that tea was had in penny numbers. I think, however, that no blame can be attached to any quarter, the turnout being far larger than any experienced before at ordinary Chester fixtures, and fully attaining our object of giving the House some support in view of the "24."

We were pleased to welcome Gregg out again, minus his appendix, but looking very fit; also several young and likely-looking prospectives. Enquiries for "rags and timber" wanted by some of the younger members, provided a good sign that there may shortly be even more keen competition in speed events.

The party got somewhat scattered, and moved off soon after tea—some to week-end rendezvous, and the others to their various domiciles as behoves respectable citizens.

Stretton, June 17th—Photo Run.

At the Sign of the Cat and Lion on the Old Street.

I like the hamlet at the Old Cross Roads. You can reach it from any direction by passing through some old-time village, and forget those mushroom towns, Liverpool and Manchester. I like the Inn with its roomy yard and its spacious pavilion, where our 50 odd could dine in comfort at a single sitting. Place aux dames, I like the landlady, fair and square, quatre-a-quatre, and well set up, and I like the Green, not only as a background for "Up came Charlie with his Camera," but as a playground for our members to disport, or better, distort, themselves in a game of Bowls.

We know all about our old hands treddling bicycles, but how do they look trundling woods? Arthur looked the bowler to the life; short of stature to be near the woods, broad of beam for balancing, smiling continually at the thought of the proximity of bar to bowls, and trusting to luck in the matter of bias as becomes a man of open mind. He was well supported by Grim and Read, while Ven., an old 'prentice hand, redeemed the foursome from utter disgrace.

There sat Bickey occupying a whole seat and narrating his trials at Newport. Green Junior came in to explain his Elder's absence, a rare event so they say. To think young Bert is now Old Green. (What does Ernest say?)

Our real old timers, Dave and George, walked in, and for that we may not blame them, but these men once displayed an immense shank, still living in our mind's eye, and now they marched in slacks, the pernicious result of police parading.

As regards the group on the green, it is Old Charlie that lends it its "cachet," even in those makeshift stockings of to-day. It mars the happiness I feel, to think that time alone has outworn that marvellous Hose adorned with black, brown, and khaki blocks, that even in the last century must have cost a fortune, and which I first saw in '95—twenty-seven years ago. These last seven years they were only out once a year, having to choose between Bettws and Camera Day, and now they rest in a glass case in the Immensee Museum.

Finally, the week-enders lined up for action, the Kettle-Cookeries, and the Kinder Solos for Nantwich, as they thought. They relied on an 11th hour billet-doux to Miss W—, thinking that this would secure them the most favoured bedclouse, but this was a broken reed; other gallants were in the field with older letters. This saw us stranded at ten to ten in the streets of Which-Malbank, like so many John Lackbeds. Then a courier on his petrolplus dashed off to Crewe and secured five beds ere struck the fatal hour. On the arrival of the real riders supper was served. Entrez Messieurs, les Messieurs sont servis! (Tableau.)

June 24, Manchester Wheelers' "50" and Acton Bridge.

Evidently these alternative fixtures were placed in the right order for '23 cavorted around Shropshire to aid and abet in the attack on the 10 Guinea Pot, while only 17 graced the festive board at the Leigh Arms. Edwards and Orrell were entered for the race, but at the last moment decided not to ride. Parton (who by the way is now a Benedict) is evidently not yet fit, but none of the aiders and abettors could tell us his time—apparently somewhere around 2-50. Grimshaw rode excellently up to 35 miles, and was well inside evens, but faded away and only clocked 2-41-56. It was not a good day, and the ride is better than the figures show when comparison is made with the fastest time of 2-29-56 by A. G. McCloud (M.C. and A.C.), Hemming 2-31-46, Greenwood 2-31-58, and "Andy" Wilson 2-33-14. All these included punctures in the time—otherwise Greenwood would certainly have been fastest, for he punctured a second time and finished on a strange machine, but Burkill had no trouble and his time was 2-34-45, so Grimmy's time requires no apologies. After the race there was an M.C. and A.C.-Anfield fraternisation at the Elephant and Castle, and as the former had swept the boards, it can well be imagined that it was no funeral. Mac, Edwards, Austin, Kettle, and Zambuck strenuously rode home, but Buckley, Lowcock and Tomlin week-ended at Waters Upton, Kaye and others at Shawbury, while Turnor, Higham, Reade, Kinders, James, Koenen, and Grimmy made for Wem, where we understand a very juicy Snooker contest (over which much filthy love changed hands) was carried on till sunrise drove the competitors to bed! Those who went to Salop had much the better of the weather, for in Cheshire even the Presider acknowledged it was WET, and he was espied wringing out his stockings in the sink and "rough drying" them, as they say in Kitchen Vernacular. Banks had been to Chester to "learn the exits" for the "24," and while the O.G. was piloting him around, Band sat on a soap box in the Bull and Stirrup yard like a figure of Niobe, which prompted "Vidalex" to suggest a title for

an article by Weigh Fairer—"Why do I do it, or Whose Mac shall I borrow?" However there was one great advantage—the roads were traffic free, and the 17 were very jolly and cosy at the Leigh Arms and were excellently catered for. Those present showed Manchester in the ascendant with Cranshaws *père et fils*, Rawlinson Brothers, Smith Brothers, Schofield, W. Orrell, Aldridge, Bolton, and Green *père et fils*—while "the rest" were Horrocks, Cook, Band, Banks, and Parry. And then it cleared up into a glorious evening as if to reward those who ignore climatic conditions, and to laugh at the Stay-at-Homes. Selah!

The K's have it.

Kook, Kinder, Kettle, Koenen and Kinder went week-ending at Krewe, after escaping from Konway's Kamera.

The aim was to find Audley's Kross and, as the lecturer explained, he had some reason to be. For years Anfielders have hovered on the Borders of the three shires to pay tribute, but have been unable to find the Monument planted 500 years ago where this Gallant Noble fell for the Kween and the Red Rose, she watching, like Sister Ann on Muckelton Tower, while all went Muck and Nettles. The Kross came but the Krown went, and that's why "There was another dynasty."

The Tooth of Time has gnawed chunks off the Cross, and Cook found it out of sight of any road or path in a field of Oats, still sucking the sap of the Cheshire Nobles. Cook scents the Bones, finds the Trail and lays a Wreath of Anfield Tears. Then the earth stirs and a voice from the Dead whispers: "Is there no Venables 'mongst ye? Where is he of my Seed?"

A. T. SIMPSON,
Editor.

ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

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PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

MONTHLY CIRCULAR.

Vol. XVII.

No. 198.

FIXTURES FOR AUGUST, 1922.

	Light up at
Aug. 2-3. World's Championships Road Event..... (Lion Hotel, Shrewsbury)	10. 8 p.m.
.. 5. Whitchurch (Swan), Week-end	10. 4 p.m.
.. 5-7. Shrewsbury (Lion), for E.L.W. Invitation "50"	10. 4 p.m.
.. 12. Pulford (Grosvenor).....	9.48 p.m.
.. 14. Committee Meeting, 7 p.m., 25, Water Street, Liverpool.	
.. 19. Acton Bridge (Leigh Arms).....	9.33 p.m.
.. 26. 12 Hours Handicap.....	9.18 p.m.
Sept. 2. Little Budworth (Red Lion)	9. 2 p.m.
.. 4. Committee Meeting, 7 p.m., 25, Water Street, Liverpool.	

Full moon 7th inst.

The Hon. Treasurer's address is R. L. Knipe, 108, Moscow Drive, Stoneycroft, Liverpool, but Subscriptions and Donations to the Prize Fund can be most conveniently made to any Branch of the Bank of Liverpool for credit of the Anfield Bicycle Club, Tue Brook Branch.

Committee Notes.

94, Paterson Street,
Birkenhead.

New Member.—Mr. R. ROTHWELL has been elected to Active Membership.

Changes of Address.—D. M. Kaye, 1, Thornhill, Boar's Head, Wigan; R. P. Seed, 623, Borough Road, Birkenhead.

For the benefit of new members.—Pulford lies on the Chester-Wrexham road, Acton Bridge on the Warrington-Tarporley road, and Little Budworth just off the Tarporley-Warrington road, about 4 miles from Tarporley.

H. AUSTIN,

Hon. Secretary.

The following explains itself and is given in full for the information of the members:—

THE ROAD RACING COUNCIL.

Hon. Secretary (pro tem.):—

S. E. George,

Hambro' Lodge, Datchet, Bucks.

Resolution passed at a Meeting held June 27th, 1922.

That this meeting of accredited representatives of the:—

Anerley B. C., represented by F. Maton, Hon. Racing Secretary.
 Anfield B. C., represented by W. P. Cook, President.
 Bath Road Club, represented by J. Burden Barnes, President.
 Century Road Club, represented by G. H. Stancer, President.
 Etna C. C., represented by S. E. George, Hon. Secretary.
 Kingsdale C. C., represented by H. Farmer, Vice-President.
 Midland C. and A. C., represented by F. J. Urry, Vice-President.
 North Road C. C., represented by F. T. Bidlake, President.
 Polytechnic C. C., represented by J. F. Ditchman, Vice-President.
 and Unity C. C., represented by A. Shillito, Hon. Secretary.

being of opinion that it is desirable that there should be closer co-operation among Road Racing Cycling Clubs, have decided to establish a Road Racing Council consisting of one representative from each adherent Club, in order that the force of example in the conduct of road events may be strengthened by kindred clubs acting in agreement.

It is from the first recognised that the co-operation must be voluntary, and without coercion, but it is felt that there is need of a central advisory body of sufficient standing to make its findings generally acceptable, who shall aim at agreement on such questions as:—

1. The definition of unpaced riding.
2. The limitation of the number of entries in road events.
3. The prescribing of suitable costume.
4. The avoidance of undue publicity.
5. The provision of adequate intervals between starters.
6. The avoidance of clashing of courses.
7. The adoption of the non-advertising regulation,

and to act as referee in any appropriate matter voluntarily referred to them, etc., etc.

The clubs now in agreement are not desirous of being exclusive, but regard themselves as forming a nucleus of a fuller growth, and will welcome the adherence of kindred clubs having the same aim to maintain the highest example of the right conduct of road events.

Racing Notes.

Entries for the 12 Hours' Unpaced Handicap, which is open to all types of machines, must reach me not later than August 19th, accompanied by an entry fee of 5/- towards cost of feeding expenses. The course will be the same as last year, starting outside Chester at 8 a.m. Accommodation in Chester on the Friday night will only be booked for those who send me their names. A large number of checkers is required, so volunteer and don't wait to be asked. The Timekeeper at Vicar's Cross will require a large number of helpers to follow and finish the competitors, and it is to be hoped members not otherwise engaged will turn out and do their bit. We do not want a repetition of what happened in the "24" when it was with the utmost difficulty members could be prevailed upon to follow the competitors.

Sharrow Invitation "50," August 19th.

As in previous years, we hope to send a team to this event; any members who are willing to go and assist our men might let the Mullah or myself know.

The Hon. Secretary of the Gomersal Open Road Club writes as follows: "Mr. and Mrs. Tuplin desire me to send their sincerest thanks for the wonderful arrangements and kind attentions paid to their son Alfred during the Anfield B.C. 24 Hour Ride.

Also on behalf of the above club we thank you most heartily for the service rendered in such a kind, hospitable fashion."

W. H. KETTLE,
Capt. and Hon. Racing Secretary.

The following translation is highly amusing and undoubtedly adds to the gaiety of nations.—C. Raudles, in "Sporting," June 29.
A Funny Championship.

The English are really an extraordinary race—they never do anything like anyone else. Thus in cycling for instance their amateurs finish by living on their means, whilst their professional (they only have one in England) is obliged to run over Europe in order to make a daily crust of bread and cheese.

Falling to their lot this year to organise the World's Championships, they have just decreed for the Amateur Road Event some Regulations that truly do not lack seasoning.

For everybody: date, a secret; distance, a secret; route, a secret! All that you are permitted to know is that the race is to be run in a jacket or even a frock coat. Anyhow, I am told that this is the intention of that fine pupil of Christophe, young Lacolle; that one may have a drink after so many miles, and food and drink after so many more miles; lastly that for the rest of the course if a competitor needs nourishment he must carry his own food and drink. Well then, I need hardly tell you that all this doesn't seem serious! And there is nothing in such rules that can bring any credit to the N.C.U.

The rules are nothing but a mass of hypocrisy. They leave to be understood by anyone who has read and analysed them a heap of things. First of all, if the date or route of the championship is published a new Buckingham will have the right to close all British ports against the French, Belgians, Danes or Swedes. Then, road-racing is not allowed on the other side of the Straits.

But, as road races are held every Saturday in England (only the police wink gracefully at the infraction of the law) one is inclined truly to ask if the N.C.U. does or does not joke when, having published for the world what I have just mentioned, it makes the matter worse by heading the booklet it has issued for all the nations affiliated to the U.C.I. "Confidential"—it is perfectly clear that this booklet is in everybody's hands—and in explaining that "in view of the peculiar conditions obtaining to road time trials in England, it is requested that no information as to the location of the course or as to the date of the event should be made public."

What influence then has this Federation with the powers that be? What prestige does it enjoy on the other side of the Channel? If this isn't sufficient to admit that it counts for nothing, for zero, then I ask—What does it mean?

It is a farce and nothing more; and a farce in very bad taste. I wouldn't mind wagering that our roadmen when they go over to pit themselves against their English colleagues, who are accustomed to ride in frightfully close fitting tights and scanty jackets will not enjoy being similarly attired. It is true that to refresh and distract themselves they will have a full sized bell on their handlebars, so that will be something by way of compensation.

Be that as it may, the Amateur Championship is to-day such a secret that it seems to me it would be a praiseworthy thing to publish full rules if I so wished or if I thought it worth while taking the trouble.

I will, however, only tell you what I can:—

Distance: 100 miles. Individual Prizes: U.C.I. medal to the first 3. Team Prizes: Winning team, 4 gold medals; second team, 4 silver medals; third team, 4 bronze medals. All these medals are given by the Anfield Bicycle Club. Course: The country is undulating but no point is under 170 feet or over 395 above sea level. The extreme north and extreme south portions of the course are the most level. The surface is macadam, no great length being tar-treated; there is no pave. Competitors will start at intervals of three minutes, the order of starting being drawn for.

Any make of bicycle is allowed (Didn't I tell you it was funny!), but each machine must carry a bell (nothing is said about a red rear reflection). Competitors must be as inconspicuously dressed as possible (we suggest cloaks of the colour of the ramparts of Ponton du Serrail) and completely covered by a costume (locker to let) which shall include a jacket. Arms and legs must not be bare (thus it is quite unnecessary to shave their legs like young Lucien Louet and Seres have to do every quarter). Competitors must keep to the left and pass on the right. Anyone riding on the footpath will be disqualified. And there you are!

And this is what is called a World's Championship. And it is rules like this which have allowed us for years to assert that England was the cradle of cycling; whilst Michaux invented the pedal; while Sargent discovered the chain; while Truffault thought of ball bearings!

It is true that these three names have a sort of resemblance to that of Lloyd George! . . .

I was expecting—why disguise it?—to see the U.C.I. make England adopt a new formula which would spare all the nations the mishaps she suffered a twelvemonth ago.

You will readily recollect that England was not placed at Copenhagen, three out of her four men having only been able to complete the course. I hoped in consequence to see taken into consideration the vow I made the very day after the championships—viz., four men to be nominated but only three to count.

Well, it has not been done—and it has been said that the English are the best sportsmen in the world! Well, here's to our own good health! . . . Stay, I hold there! . . . it is better! . . . But I know very well that if I had been the U.V.F. I would have gracefully copied the L.V.B.—who will discreetly abstain next August. And last February at the U.C.I. Congress I would have asked (having regard to the revival of tandems racing) for a tandem paced track championship instead of the road event, which, for at least some years, will have no holder.

And anyhow, can you see the good of an Amateur Road Championship when there is not a professional one, and doesn't it strike you as illogical that we should have a professional champion stayer when we haven't an amateur one?

For all that, one must recognise—*Urbi et orbi*—that the English are really an extraordinary people!

Petrol Posers: The Too Scanty Salute.

An Anfielder, whose finger is on the pulse of every movement that stirs the amenities of the Road, and who swings the lead that fathoms every undercurrent of the Highway, once focussed our minds on the absorbing salute question in a series of petrol cycling notes that met with a rousing reception from the membership. He was then, as usual, in the van—as they say in Cheadle—of this knotty problem, for only now do the motor-cycle papers commence to ring with it.

Several correspondents, apparently not content with the A.A. salute in khaki, seem to hanker after the R.A.C. salute in blue, to which as A.C.U. members they believe themselves entitled. But the A.C.U. being merely a stepchild of the illustrious and Royal Body (not even quite a foster-child) the blue patrols observe an attitude of haughty aloofness and frequently deny it the mother milk of the salute. The poor wail.

Hearken to Mr. Martin Cyder—a neat *jeu de mot* on the machine of that name, but stronger liquor would knock those weak puns on the head—who complains first of the scarcity of these blue ornaments and then that those few offer him the frosty shoulder. Our sour friend is supported by another hangdog grumbler named Grieved—there's a brilliant *non de plume*! He also has received the icy Stare, and adds ominously: "There are others."

Fortunately the R.A.C. men have found a champion in H.P. 3704—who cites the case of an R.A.C. scout stationed between Coventry and Stratford, who performed the following miracle: With one hand he directed him the way he should go, and with the other saved his life from contact with the omnipresent Ford van, and at one and the same time dealt him the salute. If the Ford boy also got the salute is not proved, but it has the benefit of the doubt. Yet how was it all done? Probably by the aid of the R.A.C. boot and delivered behind the saddle. (In the creepy words of our late member C. S. Brooke: "We are living in a weird age . . . Strange things happen.")

ITEMS.

Hearty congratulation to Harry Poole, whose wife presented him with a daughter on July 5th.

Gregg has now been given permission by the doctor to resume gentle cycling, and in due course may be expected to return to full activity. Threlfall has also resumed cycling, with an embargo on anything over 10 m.p.h., so will for a time be quite comfortable to ride with.

Those who have been active on the N.R.R.A. will be particularly sorry to hear of the death of Mr. Pitman, who so ably represented the East Liverpool Wheelers, and our sympathies are extended to the E.L.W. on the loss they have suffered.

What has become of the Wayfarer C.C.? Surely it is not declining into "innocuous desuetude," as Mr. G. M. Ilne would say!

Some of its members have not been sighted for many moons, while the exile of "Wayfarer himself" seems to be demoralising the rest of them. A simple puncture within a few miles of the Club rendezvous sufficed to stop Parry and Dickman from reaching Pulford. They will have to read "The Will to Conquer" again!

"Sport and Play" says "W. P. Cook, of the Anfield, still loves his old tricycle, but really he is now getting too old for the three-wheeler, and if he still persists in riding it, one of these days he will be mistaken for a real old gentleman." Perish the thought! Why, it is just this being "mistaken" that the O.G. delights in, and as long as he can carry out trips like that to the Speedwell 100 without any complaints we cannot agree that he is "now getting too old for the three-wheeler."

Grimmy preferred the Wheelers' Race meeting to Little Budworth, and while excitedly cheering White winning the Murratti Cup, a member of the light-fingered fraternity went through his pockets most successfully. There is a moral in this somewhere!

We hope the success of Austin and Haslam in the 24 will inspire some of our younger members to a spirit of emulation and determination to see what they can do next year. We have many men who possibly lack the ability to acquire the speed necessary for a 50, but who could undoubtedly develop their staying powers. Austin is the 52nd Anfielder to top 300 in the day, and Haslam only just missed the triple century by 2 miles through an error of judgment.

Extract from "The Daily News," July 11, 1922:—

J. D. S.

Mr. J. D. Siddley is one of the great men among British automobile engineers. Talking to him last week at the conclusion of the trial it struck me that he is a better advertisement for his cars even than this R.A.C. certificate.

I wish he were the typical Englishman whom we could send abroad as a sample of our goods, but he is above sample. The healthful vigour of his colour belies his whitening hair; his eyes are alight with the untold e.p. in the brain-box behind them, and you shall rarely look into a kinder, gentler face. I make bold to suggest a comfortable armchair on the Armstrong-Siddley stand at the next Olympia Show, occupied by my present victim; who should be announced by electric sign and megaphone—"This is Mr. J. D. Siddley."

"Cycling" is very severe in its comments on the results of the deliberations of the Committee charged with the selection of the team for the Road Championship, but we feel that the result is just about what could be expected when, for some unearthly reason Bidlake and Stancer were not appointed on the Committee as in previous years, with the sequel that Cook refused to serve. The omission of "Andy" Wilson from the team was an inconceivable mistake which will require a lot of explaining, and we are certain it would not have occurred with Bidlake and Stancer on the Selection Committee.

We now have another interesting invalid in the Club. Tierney, hastening down his office stairs armed with an umbrella, tripped over himself and had a fall which, in addition to general bruises, broke his wrist. He is progressing nicely, but it is a bad job, and he has our sympathies.

Gregg wishes to thank all those who have so kindly enquired after him and expressed their good wishes for his recovery. He is now able to ride again, and is contemplating a weekend to West Kirby or Neston. He hopes in another two or three months to be able to attend the runs regularly.

The TRUTH about the lie of LYE.

Chem and Arthur, on a recent exploration by motor from Leominster, discovered a spot of unique beauty named Lye Pool, but the outline of their directions is distinctly blurred; yet in proof that it is not a lie they cite the River Lugg. Where then does it lie?

There are two Lyes, Upper and Lower Lye, close together in the hills between Mortimer's Cross, Lingen and Wigmore, the main approach from the two latter places being by Hungerstreet of notorious Anfield fame, once traversed by a pack of hardy knuts, then lying at Craven Arms.

That was on the occasion of the August trip that earned the name of "With Walter at Wigmore" (the wrothful T.W.J. by the historic ruins of the equally wrothful Mortimers).

The peace and beauty of Lye are in strange contrast with the state of the roads, and the state of mind of those travelling thereon, for every member emerging from that Hungerstreet was muttering curses deep.

Lowcock—Neolithic Man.

That Arch-Explorer, W. A. Lowcock, has been in the field again, and under the pretext of the Speedwell 100 (a club that inspired his early youth) lured his young friend F.H. with his animated armchair into the open. They were seen and heard at Tewkesbury at the club breakfast, and hastened south. No storm could stem their ardour. One heard of them struggling with their caboodle in sandy tracks on Painswick Down, in getting the better of the impregnable earthworks at Kimsbury Fort. Future adventurers please start up from the back of the hotel King William "4," provided for the purpose. Rumour says that Wayfarer himself drank there of late, but did he devour the glories of Kimsbury? Probably not—for I, even on two occasions, was there and knew not, and Crow was there and saw not. Perhaps the W.F. funk'd the presence of the golfing usurpers of the Camp. No need, for from the crest of the great vallums we could look down on their petty games below. There stood Bill—seized with greatness—in a commanding position towering above the vast Ditches. (He was ever a last Ditcher.) There must have stood his Neolithic Ancestor 3,000 years ago, there may have stood later some Roman begetter of his race as Metator with the Groma. Bill's fervour waxed: "Anfield Deploy," he commanded me, but what could I do single handed? The Dunlop Book has selected Kimsbury to give an illustration of an earthwork, within reach of motorists. Rarer works like Eggardon can only be reached by cyclists.

Later that day he was spotted in the Romantic Gateway of Berkeley Castle, explaining to an eager listener (myself) how the Ducal Hunchback of Gloucester lured the York Princes here, when suddenly from out a mediaval porch stepped a glittering retainer in the trappings of to-day, and cut him short saying that the earl was in residence and that there was no admission. We escaped with our wet skins to Chippenham.

Next morning, Maud Heath on Wix Hill found him at the foot of her column, praising her ancient causeway. The Lady is bobbed in the latest fashion after Jane Doe, but her nose is turned up differently. Travellers to the Bath Road 100 please note that an optional road between Chippenham and Calne goes by the monument, just missing the former town, and crosses Maud's Bridges.

After traversing Oldbury Camp on White Horse Hill, Lowcock leaps up Silbury Hill (the Shadow Mountain), and there cuts Sods of Heather trodden by the Druids themselves, whom he now claims to represent. These sods he will transplant on Cheadle Heath to compare with local sods. (No offence!) His eagle eye scans the horizon: "Ah! 'tis the Avebury Temple," says he, and hastens thither. The Red Lion bids him welcome. This is a famous house, and to the everlasting shame of Bikley and his men, be it said that they passed without dismounting. (Bikley, the one man who unmistakably remains the Caveman to the life, tapping the streams for fish, trapping the valleys for game, and clubbing his foes for glory.) Landlord Lawes now directs us to the Devil's Den, the greatest of all the Dolmen, and tells us of the Holy Rites to be performed there. Cook when there last was left in ignorance, perhaps out of fear for his precious person. There was no slacking on our part. The great Roofstone tempts one to mount it, but the descent is ticklish, not to say devilish. The Den is surrounded by crops of untold stones: The Grey Wethers marked on the map.

The Legends entitle Lowcock to a new suit of clothes. What Nonsense! A New Suit of Woad would look better on Bill, and better please his forebears. Cook and Kettle may be Romans, but Bill Lowcock goes back deeper into the dark ages. He is essentially a Stone Age Man, in proof of which he brought home a rare Flint Specimen.

The Spooks on the Roman Wall.

The "Manchester Guardian" gives a long article on that portion of the Roman Wall that was visited by the Anfield on their march north a few years ago, and reproduces the identical photograph that was taken by Cook at Borcoyicus. It adds the interesting information that a little prior to our visit there was found under an old edge a corn measure of the second century bearing an imperial inscription of Domitian, but found to give a false measure and used for exacting tribute greater than was justified. "A Sinister Sign of the Times," says the Manchester writer. We, who walk the Manchester "boards" daily and look upwards for inspiration, read there in the great Dome in golden letters:

"Who seek to find eternal treasure

"Must use no guile in weight or measure."

We are told that the Senate passed a Damnation of Domitian's Memory on account of his guile, and Manchester has taken the lesson to heart. Its people deserve blessing instead of damnation. We know that the Roman Empire went to the Wall, but now we know why its damned spirit has stayed there ever since.

RUNS.

All-night Ride to the Speedwell "100," June 30th. 1922.

Although the full schedule for this fine trip appeared in the June Circular, it attracted so little attention that enquiries were received as to our time-table, and Austin was the only participant that could be

exactly described as young—the very age for all-night ride enthusiasm. However, it was a glorious ride, and generally voted “the best ever,” which is saying a good deal. Austin, Chandler, Cook, Mac (trikes), and Kettle met at Hinderton, and quietly praffled to Whitechurch, where Bailey and E. O. Morris were discovered, and where Reade and Turnor (tandem plus cyclo-spats) joined us. After a very excellent supper the ride proper commenced at 11-30, and the nine All-nighters had a great time, for it was a beautiful warm night with a slight helpful wind. Having learned that breakfast could not be obtained at Tewkesbury until 7-30, it was decided to relax the schedule over the rough surface beyond Hodnet and over Dawley Bank; and then between Bridgenorth and Kidderminster, just as daylight was breaking, a halt was made for a discussion of our iron rations which the tandem team supplemented with their “thermos flasks,” which turned out to be two bottles of — (only one guess allowed!) Then with lamps extinguished we enjoyed the glorious sunrise, and were soon through “Kid,” as the milestones have it, Worcester, and arrived at Tewkesbury at 7 a.m. Here we found Pritchard who had made a night ride from Coventry, Hodges who had been touring all week, and F. H. and W. A. Lowcock with the caboodle. Breakfast was just finished when the competitors in the Speedwell “100” began to come through, and we scattered over the course, but unfortunately Lusty was the only one of “Ours” riding. Grimmy had run out of tyres, and Parton did not materialise—but we enjoyed helping others and witnessed a fine race, which has been fully reported elsewhere. John Kinder and Mandall had trained down through the night to Birmingham, and were found at Alcester, but as Kettle, Hodges, F. H. and Lowcock had departed on their own, the party at lunch was 11, and after a jolly fraternisation with the Speedwell, Best, of “Cycling,” and several of the competitors, we set off piloted by Mr. Turner, of the Speedwell, for Shottery and Stratford. The visit paid to Anne Hathaway’s cottage was most interesting, and we learned, among a lot of other things, the true origin and meaning of “more power to your elbow,” and will be pleased to explain it to others who will provide the price! Hereabouts Chandler and Bailey were posted as “missing,” and we concluded they had gone direct to Warwick, but after visiting all the sights at Stratford and having tea, we proceeded under the guidance of Pritchard, via Charlecotte Park to Warwick, only to find the delinquents represented by a telegram notifying us that they had put back to Alcester and were making their way to Bridgenorth to shorten Sunday’s ride! Rather too bad after we had phoned from Alcester that 11 beds were required, but, fortunately, the Woolpack people were quite nice about it, and swallowed the Presider’s “explanation” about an accident forcing two of the party to turn back! Of course Pritchard left us after making arrangements to meet us again next morning at Kenilworth, but Hans Kinder arrived by rail and road, and a pleasant evening was spent “waiting for the N. R. boys” who were rather late through the weather turning wet. There were seven N. R. men, including Nicholls, Lloyd, Haylock and Pa Owen, and the meeting was a very happy one, but naturally there was no late sitting, and “shut-eye” became a favourite pastime at a reasonable hour. Sunday saw us up bright and early, and on the road by 9-30, after good-byes to the N. R. men; and after visiting Guy’s Cliff we duly met Pritchard at Kenilworth, and proceeded by the lane route to Meriden, where an unostentatious visit was paid to the Cyclists’ War Memorial, which the N. R. men had visited in the same spirit the day before. Here

the Turnor-Reads tandem made off post haste for Lichfield and Knutsford, while the rest of us, accompanied by Pritchard as far as Castle Bromwich, made for Ivetsey Bank for lunch, and Whitechurch for tea, after which Brother-in-law tore it! All day he had been lugging Benson and talking of a train from Stafford, and we are sorry now we persuaded him to the contrary, for after tea at Whitechurch he simply went mad, and it took the rest of us all our time to keep him in sight—and it was a thirsty band that “klapsed” into the B. and S. yard. Thence Mac, Austin and Cook took the top road, while Kinders, Morris and Mandall took the lower road, and in due course a superb week-end of about 280 miles went down into history.

Pulford, July 1st, 1922.

Of those who could not, or would not, go on the All-night Ride, 19 turned up at Pulford; others thought it would be a good opportunity to stay away unobserved by the Presider. When six o'clock arrived there were only just over a dozen to start an attack on the tea table. However, one by one others dropped in, Greenwood reporting the inability of the Wayfarer C.C. to be present in force, owing to a stray nail which had sought refuge in the back tyre of the tandem. Teddy Edwards, who was given up for lost, turned in talking of a burst tyre, etc. The last two arrivals were Zambuek and Green, both rather fed up with the wind.

After tea the majority adjourned to the yard to watch a demonstration by certain eminent Manchester members entitled “Waddington's mudguards and how (not) to fix them in shortest possible time.” This concluded, we departed to our respective homelands, some by bicycle, some by tandem, and the Mayor by motor bus.

Later the rain, not mentioned before but taken for granted, cleared off, and thus we finished one up on those who stayed at home.

Little Budworth, July 8th.

By the exercise of some little diplomacy, the present scribe, very much in the “sere and yellow” had induced a younger and more strenuous member to push him out. We sailed away merrily along the main Chester highway, without incident of note, except one or two short pauses to put the machine together where it had come ungummed. The country looked fine after the rain, and there was a gratifying absence of clockwork-buzz-waggons on the road. Arrived at the “Red Lion” we found quite a good party already assembled, and when the usual hour struck we had a full table to do justice to a sound meal. There were attempts to induce more members to enter for the “24” next Saturday, but alas! without result. Why is it that we get so small an entry for this event from our own men? If they would only try it, they would find that it's really a long-drawn-out picnic. What better can they ask? A good machine, a fit man, food and encouragement all the way, a chance of seeing the sun rise on a summer's morning, glorious country, and a pace not too fast to enjoy it—it would do them more good than a week's holiday on conventional lines.

The tea disposed of, a good number soon departed for a destination mysteriously referred to as “Fluffyville,” which, it is understood, is situated somewhere in Shropshire. The rest of us took our various homeward ways, and those of us who went there without delay escaped the downpour which drenched the laggards after 10 o'clock.

24 Hours Invitation Ride, July 14th-15th, 1922.

This year only six clubs accepted our invitation and nominated nine riders, while there were only five of "ours," so that 14 competitors figured on the card (although the Walters Brothers were entered on a tandem for standard medals only) but a really fine race ensued, which was full of interest and uncertainty throughout. It seemed funny to have a 24 without Grimmy, but no doubt he had good reasons for standing down, and we are hoping that more of our younger members will in due course take interest in, and train seriously for, long distance work on which the traditions of the Club are so largely based. We were very lucky in striking quite a good day amid a lot of unsettled weather, and except for the night being somewhat on the cold side, and a short rain storm round the Wrekin, there was nothing to complain about. There were no non-starters, and Poole got the men off in his usual meticulous fashion. Hunt (Liverpool Century) the first starter, soon increased his lead, but all the riders seemed to settle down to schedule rides carefully eschewing scrapping, and consequently there was not the usual amount of tailing off. At no time was Hunt's lead more than small, Lusty, Blackburn, Mandall, Finn and Tuplin running him close, with the rest not far behind. Unfortunately Bomford (Manchester Wheelers) had a fall at Ledsham, which forced his retirement, and Mandall "packed up" on the Marford extension, while Stephenson (Walton C. and A.C.) had tyre trouble and retired at Chester the last time (133 miles), but undoubtedly the greatest surprise was the way Blackburn cracked up with stomach trouble, which caused him also to desist at the same distance. Evidently leaving Chester for the last time was the Pons Asinorum, for all those who departed into Shropshire rode out the 24. At Newport (171 miles) Hunt had a lead of six minutes over Lusty, who in turn led Tuplin by four minutes, Finn by 21 minutes, and Coghlan by 39 minutes, so that there were five competitors well in the running for the places, and Austin, Minards, Cooke, Haslam and Molyneux doing useful standard rides. At 12 hours the approximate distances were: Hunt 185 miles, Lusty 184 miles, Tuplin 183 miles, Finn 180 miles, Coghlan 174 miles, Minards 172 miles, Austin 170 miles, Cooke 168 miles, Haslam 165 miles, and Molyneux 150 miles. From this point Lusty slowly but surely began to assert himself, and gave an exhibition of headwork that undoubtedly won him the race, while Tuplin rode in remarkable fashion, and but for a puncture would probably have ridden into second place. At Newport the second time (250 miles) Lusty had gained a lead of six minutes by clocking 16 hours 34 minutes as against Hunt's 16 hours 40 minutes, while the puncture had caused Tuplin to take 17 hours 8 minutes. The only other competitor to be sent round the triangle the second time was Coghlan, who clocked 17 hours 55 minutes—the rest of the competitors being sent direct to East Cheshire. From here to the finish, Lusty continued to gain on Hunt, while Tuplin was gaining on both, and thus providing a most interesting contest; but in the end no change of positions ensued, and Lusty ran out a very deserving and popular winner with a total of 351 miles, while Hunt accomplished 346½ miles and Tuplin 343½ miles. Coghlan ran out time at Holmes Chapel with 323 miles, comfortably winning a silver medal, and the others who had been sent into Cheshire to finish ran out time as follows:—

H. Austin (A.B.C.), 322, Standard C; W. J. Finn (Irish R.C.), 312½, Bronze Medal; M. Haslam (A.B.C.), 298, Standard B.; R. Minards (Liverpool Century), 286, Certificate; J. B. Cooke (Liver-

pool Century), 278, Certificate; E. W. Molyneux (Cheadle Hulme C.C.), 277, Certificate; L. W. and A. E. Walters on a tandem were not favoured by the gods, for after both chain and tyre trouble during the night and accomplishing 181 miles in 12 hours (Standard B.) they appear to have struck more trouble and retired soon after 200 miles. It only remains to be added that Kettle's arrangements worked to perfection, and that we are particularly indebted to Mr. Brazendale for again taking the "exciting" Shawbury check. There were no lack of helpers everywhere, although we understand some of those at Toft Corner were shy of taking on "following to the finish" jobs. Some of the competitors had ideas of their own about feeding which reminded us of Sam Irving and his "Duck and Green Peas" at the Raven donkeys years ago! Both Hunt and Coghlan had chops at Hodnet, while Tuplin had a most voracious appetite for pork pies and sausages!! The Liverpool Century crowd provided a novelty in having a steam lorry to pick up their men at the finish (including helpers and those who had been riding in a "50") and take them home, but unfortunately the Police at Rainhill interfered, alleging some licensing offence, and booking the crowd!

Davenham, July 22nd.

About 30 members attended this run and I think Manchester and Merseyside were equally represented. As usual, the surrounding country was well covered by various parties. Some had been watching other clubs' racing fixtures; the President's party came via Little Budworth, and just before Moulton Lock they sighted a couple of Manchester men (Hodges and Rawlinson) who had apparently overshoot the mark and were resting by the roadside before returning to the Bull's Head. Several came over by the Transporter, including Royden, who reached Northwich safely enough, but got hopelessly lost afterwards—he has decided to carry a map in future, as he does not enjoy cycling over fields now he is growing up. Talking of maps, Chandler and Fawcett were busy poring over a map of Scotland when I arrived, doing their recent tours over again I expect, and possibly planning the routes for the next ones. Tea over, we devoted our attention between Horrocks' sewing lesson and the bowling green, or rather the seats around the green, for everyone was sitting with his back thereto, but then there were only locals bowling, not Anfield experts. Soon after 7 o'clock, the departures began in earnest. The Wem weekenders had already barged off when I left, as had also a number of the Manchester men. Chandler and Bailey (tandem) with Leece and Dean hanging on were soon out of sight, as were also the next group, including Austin and Horrocks, who did the complete tour, including attendance at the after the run meeting at the Shrewsbury Arms for coffee and smokes, Royden being the whipper in of this section. No doubt all eventually, like the writer, reached home safely.

A. T. SIMPSON,
Editor.

ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

FORMED MARCH 1879.

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

MONTHLY CIRCULAR.

Vol. XVII.

No. 199.

FIXTURES FOR SEPTEMBER, 1922.

		Light up at
Sept.	2. Little Budworth (Red Lion)	9-2 p.m.
"	4. Committee Meeting, 7 p.m., 25, Water Street, Liverpool.	
"	9. Daresbury (Ring o' Bells).....	8-45 p.m.
"	16. Malpas (Crown).....	8-28 p.m.
"	23. Third 50 Miles Handicap (Shropshire Course)	8-11 p.m.
"	30. Pulford (Grosvenor).....	7-55 p.m.
Oct.	2. Committee Meeting, 7 p.m., 25, Water Street, Liverpool.	
"	7. Fourth 50 miles Handicap (Cheshire Course).....	7-37 p.m.

Full moon 6th inst.

The Hon. Treasurer's address is R. L. Knipe, 108, Moscow Drive, Stoneycroft, Liverpool, but Subscriptions and Donations to the Prize Fund can be most conveniently made to any Branch of the Bank of Liverpool for credit of the Anfield Bicycle Club, Tue Brook Branch.

Committee Notes.

94, Paterson Street,
Birkenhead.

Changes of Address.—J. M. James, c/o Mrs. Hughes, 324, London Road South, Lowestoft; C. Blackburn, Hoylake Sailing Club, Hoylake, Cheshire; R. A. Fulton, 68, William Street, New York, U.S.A.

For the benefit of new members: Daresbury lies on the Frodsham-Warrington road; Malpas a little way to the right of the Chester-Whitchurch road, about 15 miles from Chester and Pulford on the Chester-Wrexham road.

The management of the Ring o' Bells, Daresbury, has been changed, and is now in the hands of Mrs. Greenway, who is a daughter of Mr. Berry, The Bars Hotel, Chester.

As only the First Team medals were won in the World's Championship Road Event, the Committee decided to present Bronze Souvenir medals to all the other finishers.

H. AUSTIN,
Hon. Secretary.

Racing Notes.

Third "50." 23rd September.

This event is open to tandems, and as we have several good crews now in the Club, it is to be hoped there will be a good entry from this type of machine. In order to lessen the expenses of the railway journey and to cut out the bad Hodnet-Crudgington stretch, a new course has been arranged as follows: Starting near railway bridge between Whitchurch Corner and The Raven, Battlefield Corner, Shawbury, Shawbirch, Crudgington, Ercall Corner, Shawbirch, Crudgington, Shawbury, and finish near Battlefield Corner.

The Committee have decided to run a 4th "50," which will be over the usual Cheshire course. Entries for both these events must reach me not later than 16th and 30th September respectively.

W. H. KETTLE,

Capt. and Hon. Racing Secretary.

Correspondence.

National Cyclists' Union,

A. P. James, Esq.,
Anfield B.C.

Dear Sir,

I am specially requested by the Committee of the above to express their great appreciation of the magnificent work done by the Anfield B.C. in taking sole charge of the Road Event, and we are perfectly satisfied that no one else could have controlled the event anything like as well, and in the words of the delegates from abroad "it was a triumph of organisation."

Your generosity was very great in connection with the matter, which I can assure you is very heartily appreciated.

If at any time I can be of service, I shall be delighted to have the privilege. To your good self personally we owe a deep debt of gratitude.

Please be good enough to convey these expressions to your Committee, and oblige

Yours faithfully,

CHAS. E. PUGH.

10th August, 1922.

Dear Cook,

I have now overtaken my arrears of work to be able to turn to my correspondence, and my first letter must be to thank you and the Anfield B.C. for all the trouble you took over the Road Race Championship. We knew that when you consented to undertake it that it would be well done, and events have shown how right was our belief, and that it could not have been better done. You more than fulfilled your undertaking, and I trust that we fulfilled our promise to leave everything to you and not interfere.

I trust that the time may come when there will be a closer link between the Road Clubs and the Union, for after all, we are all according to our lights, out to do the best we can for cycling and cyclists. I am, however, convinced that it is better left to time and circumstances, as unless it is mutually desired, things are better as they are.

Yours faithfully,

F. PERCY LOW.

ITEMS.

The Roman Steps.—What a pity so many of us are afraid of the unknown.

Perhaps it was that Jack Hodge's references to "it became necessary to shoulder the bicycle—my shoulder was very sore—I struggled on and presently reached the top," scared some likely candidates from participating in the President's Pilgrimage, for the fact is that there were no "bites" until the eleventh hour, when Mac decided to accompany the O.G. It is true that others forestalled the O.G., for on July 23rd, the Master tried to find the Bwch Tyddiad from Trawstynydd and got out of his reckoning, which is not surprising, while W. E. Taylor actually did the steps the same day after doing an all night ride to Harlech, and returning by Cwm Prysor and Bala—a little matter of 26 hours on the road! Both F.H. and W.E.T. were lunching at different hotels in Trawsfynydd at the same hour in complete ignorance of each other. Then Austin and Horrocks on a few days' tour prior to the World's Championship Road Event made the trip on July 31st, and declared it was glorious. Jack Hodges has already described its scenic beauties, and the purpose of this paragraph is to correct any false impressions that may have been created, because the truth is that there is no necessity to resort to carrying the bicycle, which is easily wheelable the whole way. In only three places is the track at all steep for a very short distance, and the 2½ miles of Roman steps are quite easy. The real proposition is only just hinted at by Hodges in the sentence "the path petered out" and that it certainly does and those who are afraid of wet feet are warned off! Evidently the family at the solitary farmhouse above Llyn Cwm Bychan think Hodges must have died on the crossing, for they told Cook and Mac the same yarn about impossibility!—Undoubtedly the trip should be taken from Llanbedr and not attempted from Pont-y-Gribli, but those making it should also detour up the Maentwrog road to see the Amphitheatre and Tomen-y-Mur on Sarn Helen and the Cwm Prysor is also to be recommended to those with any enterprise. It is really quite easy and the scenery is grand. To Rhydyfen 1½ hours is ample.

It appears that F. L. Edwards had a fall on his way home from the Road Event and was not fit to ride in the E.L.W. 50—but it is a pity he did not send word to the skipper.

19th August, 1922, Sharrow "50."

This year a dozen clubs were represented by thirty-one entries, of whom all but two started. The weather was fine, but a fairly stiff breeze from the west tended to slow the times. The condition of the course was better than last year, and left little to complain of. The result has already been reported in the cycling press.

The Anfield was represented by T. V. Schofield, whose actual time was 2-41-11, from which his handicap allowance of 11 minutes must be deducted, giving a net time of 2-30-11. Considering that Schofield was on a strange course, that he punctured, rode some distance on a soft tyre and the last 6½ miles on a strange machine, his performance was highly creditable.

As Others see us.

"Cosmopolitan," in the "Wellington Journal," recently wrote as follows:—

"The fact that it was possible for cyclists to decide the 100 mile road championship of the world on what has been described as 'a secluded course in Shropshire' is eloquent of two things—the suitability of the county roads for such a contest and the sympathetic attitude adopted by the county police towards pure sport properly organised and safeguarded from constituting dangers or inconvenience to other road users. Probably there is in England no better course for the roadmen than this Shropshire course, the exact route of which is never indicated or advertised in press reports. It has been the scene of many a dour struggle amongst the best of English road racing cyclists, and it says much for the manner in which these struggles have been conducted by their organisers and by the competitors themselves that over a long course of years the authorities have found no reason for interfering with or forbidding them. This record, especially, is a tribute to the executive of the famous old Anfield Bicycle Club, who, by their thorough methods of preparing for and controlling road contests in the shire, have made practically impossible complaints from the outside public. It is a record which affords a lesson for all organisations promoting road racing contests."

We blush; for although some may think we wrote it ourselves or inspired it, the truth is we don't even know who "Cosmopolitan" is! It may be incorrect, but the fact that we are credited with the responsibility for the avoidance of any complaints from the authorities or public explains why we are so keen that nothing shall ever be done to prejudice the present "sympathetic attitude."

World's 100 Miles Amateur Road Championship, August 3rd, 1922.

This was undoubtedly a red letter day in the annals of the A.B.C. The fact that we should be chosen to organise an event of such importance in the cycling world speaks volumes for the prestige the club enjoys in road racing circles, and shows that advancing years in this connection are not synonymous with senile decay, or mental decrepitude, but that we simply go from strength to strength. Let us hope that when we celebrate our centenary (although probably Cook will be the only one there) the same remarks will apply. Having thrown these bouquets at ourselves we will now get to business.

A more delightful, delicious, exhilarating morning could not have been wished for, and a fairly large and cosmopolitan crowd assembled at the start to wish bon voyage (and the equivalent thereto in different languages) to the competitors, who, one and all, looked in the pink of condition, and capable of giving good accounts of themselves. There was very little wind and each man jumped off his mark and very quickly got into "evens" stride. Several of the foreigners stood on their pedals to attain this object, but it was observed that none of our men adopted these tactics. The order of starting was as follows: Stenquist, Sweden (winner in 1920); Lacle, France; Maas, Holland; Burkill, M.C. and A.C., England; Hansen, Denmark; Skold, Sweden (winner in 1921); Coldeboeuf, France; Marsh, University C.C., England; Lundberg, Sweden; Colas, France; Davey, Vegetarian C.C., England; Malm, Sweden; Maronnier, France; Dredge, University C.C., England.

It will thus be seen that 14 men started, and at 12 miles Dredge, Marsh and Maas had all taken (within seconds) the same time, viz., 31½ minutes, while Burkill occupied a half minute longer, and most of the others clocked 33 minutes or thereabouts. Shortly afterwards, Colas had a fall and bent his crank; someone evidently unacquainted with the rules gave him a spare bicycle, and on this being noticed he had to be disqualified. At 18 miles, Dredge got in touch with Maronnier, thus having gained three minutes on the Frenchman, who shortly afterwards punctured. Another Frenchman, Coldeboeuf, had also been most unfortunate in having a couple of punctures, and had been overhauled by Marsh. Lacolle, another Frenchman, was also unlucky with tyre troubles. At 36 miles there was very little in it, between the four leaders Marsh having taken 1.43.50, Dredge 1.43.52, Maas 1.44.38, and Burkill 1.45.5, while nine minutes covered the remaining competitors. Between this point and half-way Lacolle decided to retire, so that only two Frenchmen remained. At 50 miles Marsh had increased his lead from Dredge by 34 seconds, doing 2.26.22, while Burkill had dropped into third place with 2.28.1, and Skold into fourth with 2.30.18, 10 minutes covering the other competitors. At 52 miles Burkill punctured, and lost three minutes, which, however, he utilised in feeding. At 65½ miles Dredge had gained a little on Marsh, both having taken approximately 3.14 each for this distance, or well under evens. Skold had taken 1 minute off Burkill with 3.19, Maas tying with the latter at 3.20, with Davey about 1½ minutes slower, Hansen 3.22, Stenquist 3.22½ and Maronnier 3.23. Shortly afterwards Hansen overtook Maas, then Skold got up to them, and finally Marsh gathered the lot. At 82 miles Marsh had taken 2 minutes out of Dredge with 4.9 with Burkill only one minute behind—all outside evens. The weather by this time, in fact during practically the last half of the race was cold and gloomy, with occasional rain, but there was very little wind at any time. Stenquist, who had been suffering with lumbago, gave up shortly afterwards, and Dredge at about 90 miles appeared to be distressed and called for a stimulant. In this connection it should be recorded that Marsh was most sportsmanlike in renouncing special drinks intended for himself in favour of both Maas and Skold, whose helpers were missing. At 90 miles Marsh clocked 4.31½; Burkill was a minute slower with Dredge 3 seconds behind him, and it seemed as though there would be a close tussle between Davey 4.40 and Skold 4.40½, while Maronnier had taken 4.42. The final result was as follows:—

1.	D. Marsh, England	5	7.27
2.	W. T. Burkill, England	5	8.47
3.	C. F. Davey, England	5	12.54
4.	G. Skold, Sweden	5	13.52
5.	F. H. Dredge, England	5	14.1
6.	Maronnier, France	5	15.54
7.	H. Hansen, Denmark	5	19.30
8.	Lundberg, Sweden	5	20.40
9.	Maas, Holland	5	22.54
10.	Malm, Sweden	5	26.7
11.	Coldeboeuf, France	5	29.49

It will thus be seen that England had a sweeping victory, but in fairness it must be said that our visitors were quite unused to the game as played in this country, and were handicapped accordingly.

ITEMS.

At the draw, Mr. Kinder (senior) was invaluable as interpreter to the Swedes and Danes, and our best thanks are due to him. Chem was also most useful in making the Frenchmen feel at home, and F.H. amply filled the bill with the Hollanders.

At the race were Messrs. F. T. Bidlake, G. H. Stancer, B. W. Best (Editor of "Cycling"), John Urry, F. Percy Low, H. W. Bartleet, L. Meredith, and "Andy" Wilson.

Thanks are overwhelmingly due to Mr. S. E. George, who placed his fine car at our disposal, and followed the whole course with Austin as official in charge.

Thanks are also due to East Liverpool Wheelers, Speedwell B.C. and M.C. and A.C. for undertaking the marshalling of long stretches of the course—a job they did with splendid efficiency.

Although it is not usual to make special mention of any of our own members, an exception must be made in this case, and it has to be recorded that in entrusting "Jimmy" James with the Honorary Secretaryship of the event, a wise choice was made, and he is to be heartily congratulated on the result of his efforts.

The party at Shrewsbury numbered 23, but altogether about 50 Anfielders were out for the event, some of whom, like Chandler, Bailey, Bibby, and Molyneux, rode down during the night.

A pleasing feature of the whole affair was the harmony which prevailed between the N.C.U. and ourselves, and it is largely owing to this that the event passed off so successfully.

RUNS.

Malpas, July 29th.

By reason of the pleasant situation of Malpas, this run has surely much to commend it. I was fortunate in being on the road in very good time, and was soon busy climbing into Chester. Dean was encountered at the top of the hill, and we eventually turned off into the quiet byways of Westminster Park and made our way leisurely through to Aldford. It was an unusually warm afternoon, and a call at Farndon for tea was very welcome. Resuming our journey, we followed a lane just beyond Shocklach. Owing to the wickedness of a handle-bar watch, we were driven to exert ourselves very considerably until within a mile or so of Malpas, when it was discovered that we had ample time. Our quiet stroll up the hill was soon interrupted by the sudden arrival of Chandler, who dashed up with so much vigour that we felt impelled to climb into the saddle and perspire in his wake. On our arrival at the "Crown" we found nearly all the best people congregated in and about the bath-room. The meal was quite up to the usual good standard. The high temperature was responsible for a continuous demand for tea and other liquid refreshment, which was admirably met by the ladies. There was quite a good muster, and we seemed to be pretty well represented, although I do not remember seeing any of the Wayfarer C.C. Leece turned up for the second time in succession, and was welcomed uproariously. The President, I gathered, was making for Llanarmon, while Kettle was week-ending at Newport with Dean and Bastow, who were being shown

part of the "12" course. When the time came for departure, I attached myself unobtrusively to a very select party composed of Teddy Edwards, Chandler, Fawcett and Austin. The Shrewsbury Arms received our usual patronage, and in due time we moved off through the night to our respective homes.

Whitchurch—Week-end Shrewsbury for E.L.W. "50," August 5th-7th.

Although there were about 35 supporters of this fixture, there were only 10 at Whitchurch for tea on Saturday, and only 16 made their headquarters at Shrewsbury. There was quite a large party at Hodnet under the ægis of V. P. Green, while Buckley had another party at Waters Upton and single members were at Shawbury, Wem and Nesscliffe. Chandler had piloted a party of four to Dentdale and Trough of Bowland, and it would almost appear as though the old August Bank Holiday tour might be revived with prospects of success. On the Sunday Captain Kettle led a party of 9 to Clun and back by a circular route, and a most enjoyable day was spent, while in the evening a very pleasant fraternisation with E.L.W. and Highgate men was held. Monday morning saw us all up early to scatter over the course to look after our men, and we have every reason to be satisfied with the result. The day was not a good one, as the fastest time, 2-32-20 (H. S. Crosbie, E.L.W.) shows. There was some drizzling rain at times, which made the tarmac up to the Raven and back rather wet, but it had no effect on the rest of the course, and the main trouble was the east wind, which is always a dense one to ride in. We had six men entered, but neither F. L. Edwards nor Mandall materialised, which was particularly unfortunate in the case of Edwards, as it automatically put us out of the team race. In the first half of the race G. Edmunds (Birkenhead N.E.) a son of our Edmunds, looked certain to make a mess of the handicap and do possibly fastest as well, as he was clocking the same time as H. S. Crosbie and 1 minute faster than V. C. Skues (Highgate C.C.), but towards the end Edmunds rather faded away, and was sixth with 2-39-26. Of our men, Schofield was the fastest, doing 1½ mins. faster than Austin, but the latter rode with great judgment, finishing very strongly in 2-37-38, which placed him third in the handicap, while Schofield got a fit of the slows in the last 10 miles, and finished in 2-41-23. Parton and J. E. Rawlinson rode very evenly throughout and clocked 2-44-5 and 2-44-37 respectively, which placed the latter 7th in the handicap, so we were certainly not outside the picture, and Austin and Rawlinson are to be particularly congratulated on excellent rides for the day. After the race some remained in Salopia, but a baker's dozen reached Whitchurch for lunch, after which some real wet rain was experienced by all except Fawcett, who positively refused to put on a mac and certainly seemed to get no wetter than those who did. It only remains to be added that it was a fine sporting event, splendidly organised by the E.L.W. with no pot hunting prizes, and competently timed by Poole. Grimmy was actively on the job looking after our men, but would doubtless have preferred riding. Molyneux again rode down to the Raven in the early hours, but the attendance prize was taken by Horrocks, who left Formby at 3 a.m. and rode down to near Ercall.

Pulford, August 12th, 1922.

At this run there was an attendance of 33, composed of Band, Newall, Cotter, Reade, Horrocks, Bailey, Chandler, Turnor, Cook, Buck (S. J.), Austin, Walters, Orrell (2), Cranshaw (2), Bolton, Parry, Dickman, Kettle, Edwards (E), Fantozzi (2), Smith (2) (tandem), Kinder (2) (tandem), Rawlinson (2), Schofield, Green and Gorman (tandem) and Davies (R.T.). The party had as usual come by various routes, Austin, via Llandegla and Llangollen, had been off all day, whilst the Smiths had come from Llanarmon D.C. on their way home from a tour in the Forest of Dean and neighbourhood. Johnny Band was in a very good humour, having been celebrating the anniversary (I think he said the 57th) of his birthday during the week. The Manchester men seemed to have found the wind troublesome, and were looking forward to being blown back. The three weekenders set off early for Llansantffraid-yu-Mechain, and although they found the atmosphere rather damp and roads heavy at first, they were rewarded with a very fine cloud effect with strong sun rays behind, as they approached the Holyhead road from Newbridge, after which the air became perfectly dry, their destination being reached by 10 p.m. Next morning they took the road northwards at the back of the hotel to Penybont, and then the bye-road a little to the east via Sycarth to Llansilin. Here they viewed H. N. W. Morris's grave and afterwards proceeded via Llyn Moelfre, and avoiding Llangadwaladr, over the mountain track to Llanarmon. Liquid refreshment was here partaken of, and the party proceeded to Ruabon for lunch, where Taylor appeared.

A pleasant run home via Bowling Bank and Ridley Wood brought a very delightful weekend trip to a close.

Acton Bridge, August 19th, 1922.

The day was heavy and overcast, but without the usual rain ration, which has become almost a permanent item on the daily indent.

I arrived at the Leigh Arms in time to see the Presider wiping his brow after steering his numerous wheels between a variety of Juggernauts which obstructed the entrance. The Manchester contingent came next, after having been reported speeding westward past the "Bluecap" on the Chester Road.

A steady stream soon brought the number up to 41, including tandem outfits, skipped by Messrs. H. Green, Kinder and Smith, whilst Diapason was observed to arrive with Parry in the stoke-hold. The Mullah and Schofield were reported attending the Sharrow 50.

Tea time: much anxious whispering and some adjournment to the inner sanctum. It was soon evident that the load of humanity deposited by the Juggernauts was taxing mine host and his staff to the limit and our chances did not look at all rosy. However, about 6-30 the Skipper and Presider with powerful support led a determined advance on the marquee in the garden, our new objective in place of the roomy kitchen within the house.

Our objective gained we took possession of three tables. The scratch men were soon off the mark and the remainder in succession at minute intervals, more or less. If the Staff failed, the larder did not, as those who stayed the whole course will agree, and the credit of the Leigh Arms still holds good.

Cook and Kettle with the Rawlinsons in attendance departed early for Stone, and after the usual map studying courses were set for home, which in most cases could still be reached before lighting up time.

Twelve Hours Handicap, August 26th, 1922.

The popularity of this event was very well evidenced by the fine entry of three tandems and fifteen singles. The tandem teams had also entered on singles "in case," but all started on twicers, and there was only one non starter—E. Haynes, unavoidably prevented by business. In a still air Poole despatched the men and although the wind freshened a bit and was gusty at times, it was the most favourable for the course and, as one of the competitors said, "it was a good day." Unfortunately McCann, Turnor, Lusty and Mandall were all off colour and "packed up" in that order, and as Blackburn broke his crank at 18 miles and could only get unsuitable spares after a long delay, and was thus forced to retire, the race for Gratest Distance (Tandems barred) was robbed of much of its interest (but to my financial benefit—Ed.). For this scratch prize, Austin was always in the lead, and for a long time looked like topping 190, but was being sternly chased by Bailey, Hawkes and Reade. Austin rode remarkably well, and although he had a fit of the slows in the last half hour, he did best single mileage (186½), while Bailey finishing strongly was a close second with 182¾ miles. Both Hawkes and Reade rode in surprising fashion, and Hawkes had distinctly bad luck in missing his gold through striking a packet of trouble with his chain and tyres on the Acton extension, which brought his distance down to 178¼ miles, while Reade, who is not exactly in the first flush of youth, amazed us by running out time with 178½ miles, which, with his start of 24 miles, made him a most popular winner of the handicap. Bolton was another to be unfortunate by running off the course at Edgmond and adding 1½ miles which cannot be counted, and raising the question as to the true interpretation of the "Deviation" regulation which the committee will have to decide. But for this mistake, Bolton would have won second handicap prize, whereas taking the card distance, his total of 176 miles plus 25 miles handicap places him third provisionally. Dean also ran off the course at Hodnet corner, but as he resumed the course at the point he left it, the question of deviation does not arise, and he completed an excellent novice performance of 170½ miles. Horrocks rode very cheerily throughout and with 169½ miles should be encouraged to further efforts at the long distance game, and is an example to some of the other juniors. Both Davies and Jones had lots of tyre trouble, and ran off the course, but Davies just managed to secure Standard A. Of course we expected good performances from the three tandems, and were not disappointed. Orrell and Edwards rode magnificently throughout, and the course as laid out was not long enough for them! After completing all the Farndon extension they were ordered back to Vicars Cross and finished down the lane to Christleton with the splendid total of 217¾ miles, which shows that on a record course they can get back the record for us. The Smith Brothers were the real surprise, for they were complete novices and yet rode with excellent judgment and piled up 201¼ miles, which placed them second in the handicap. The only mistake they made was in not making a racing finish, for they very nearly missed second prize and possibly might have won the race, but for slacking off satisfied when they had topped 200. The Walters Brothers rode splendidly, but were dogged with

tyre trouble. They were only 4 minutes slower than Orrell and Edwards on the Acton extension, and ten minutes faster than the Smiths, but a third puncture on the Frodsham extension forced them to desist with a total of 193½ miles. We rather fancy they would do better if they did not change seats.

The following table shows the full result:—

1.	E. J. Reade	178½	24m	202½	1st Prize, Stand. B.
2.	D. Smith	} 201¼	Ser.	201¼	2nd Prize, Stand. C.
	F. A. Smith...				
3.	E. Bolton	176	25m	201	3rd Prize, Stand. B.
4.	G. B. Orrell ...	} 217¾	owe 18m	199¾	Standard E.
	F. L. Edwards }				
5.	S. H. Bailey ...	183¾	15m	198¾	Standard C.
6.	H. Austin	186½	10m	196½	Prize greatest distance and Stand. C.
7.	G. F. Hawkes ...	178¼	15m	193¼	Standard B.
8.	H. M. Horrocks.	169¾	23m	192¾	Standard B.
9.	C. E. Deane ...	170¼	20m	190¼	Standard B.
10.	R. T. Davies ...	147¾	20m	167¾	Standard A.

The handicap worked out well, 6 miles covering the first six places, but there were only just enough followers at Vicars Cross, and difficulty would have arisen but for the retirals—there being some conspicuous absentees. Chandler and S. Threlfall had their work cut out to “finish” the Orrell-Edwards tandem, while the Rawlinsons on singles finished the other tandems. There was a pleasing improvement in the finishing checks returned, and that this is not a difficult job is shown by the fact that W. Henderson without any previous experience gave one of the clearest we have ever seen. A goodly crowd were about the course, and we are again indebted to Mr. Brazendale for taking the Shawbury check.

A. T. SIMPSON,

Editor.

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MONTHLY CIRCULAR.

Vol. XVII.

No. 200.

FIXTURES FOR OCTOBER, 1922.

		Light up at
Oct.	2. Committee Meeting, 7 p.m., 25, Water Street, Liverpool.	
"	7. Fourth 50 miles Handicap (Cheshire Course).....	7-37 p.m.
"	14. Halewood (Derby Arms)	6-19 p.m.
"	21. Pulford (Grosvenor) and week end Llangollen	6- 2 p.m.
	(Royal and Mrs. Wallis.) Lunch Sunday Rathin (Castle.)	
"	28. Newburgh (Red Lion).....	5-48 p.m.
Nov.	4. Halewood (Derby Arms)	5-35 p.m.
"	6. Committee Meeting 7 p.m., 25, Water Street, Liverpool. Alternative Runs for Manchester Members.	
Oct.	14. Marton (Davenport Arms).....	6-19 p.m.
"	28. Ollerton (Dun Cow).....	5-48 p.m.
Nov.	4. Siddington (Mrs. Sam Woods).....	5-35 p.m.

Full moon 6th inst.

The Hon. Treasurer's address is R. L. Knipe, 108, Moseow Drive, Stoneycroft, Liverpool, but Subscriptions and Donations to the Prize Fund can be most conveniently made to any Branch of the Bank of Liverpool for credit of the Anfield Bicycle Club, Tue Brook Branch.

Committee Notes.

94, Paterson Street,
Birkenhead.

AUTUMNAL TINTS TOUR.—I have reserved accommodation at the Royal Hotel, Llangollen, on the following terms:—Supper 3/6, single room 5/6 (two-bedded room 5/- each), breakfast 3/6. For those members who would prefer less expensive accommodation, arrangements have also been made at Mrs. Wallis, Bridge Street, for 2 single and 6 double beds at a tariff of 5/- for bed and breakfast (supper to be charged according to requirements).

Will members who intend supporting this fixture kindly advise me as early as possible—not later than 16th—stating whether they desire beds reserved at the Royal or Mrs. Wallis.

It was decided that E. Bolton had deviated from the course in the 12 Hours Handicap, but that as it was quite inadvertent and was not the omission of an extension, he should not be disqualified.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS.—W. M. Owen, Midland Bank House, Llanfair-Caereinion, Mont.

APPLICATION FOR MEMBERSHIP.—Mr. J. W. Chandler, 22, Holly Bank Road, Birkenhead, proposed by F. Chandler, seconded by W. P. Cook (Honorary).

For the benefit of new members.—Halewood lies between Liverpool and Widnes in the lanes South of Huyton, and Newburgh a few miles to the right of the Ormskirk-Preston road about 6 miles from Ormskirk. Marton and Siddington both lie on the Wilmslow-Congleton road, and Ollerton on the Knutsford-Macclesfield road.

I have a few back numbers of Circulars and Handbooks to spare. Members desiring copies to complete sets may have these on application to McCann or myself.

H. AUSTIN,

Hon. Secretary.

Correspondence.

DEAR SIR,

"The Roman Steps—what a pity so many of us are afraid of the unknown."

The Presider's remarks under the above heading seem to call for a few words from me.

When I made my sorry attempt to describe my crossing, I had no intention of driving away the O.G.'s "bites," although perhaps I did them a good service. Possibly the dearth of "bites" betokened not fear, but lack of interest.

As far as I can remember, the roughness and steepness of the path would render the wheeling of a cycle the whole of the way, a much greater feat than carrying it part of the way, as I thought (wrongly I suppose) necessary. Perhaps this is what W.P.C. wishes to imply. I was considerably whacked when I got over and felt not a little pride in what (to me at any rate) seemed quite a feat.

Anyway, I can claim one thing which is in itself probably unique—I made a crossing in Wales, which had not previously been traversed by the all-conquering pedal extremities of the Old Gent.

Yours more in sorrow than in anger,

J. HODGES.

ITEMS.

In an editorial in *The Roll Call* on "The Road Championship," Frank J. Urry writes as follows:—"Of the event itself, one cannot say too much in praise of the excellent manner in which the Anfield B. C. organised the race. It was typically Anfieldian, remote, calm and complete, and in our judgment road-racing owes much to the Northern Club which it will probably never have the opportunity to repay, and in some cases at least, never be wise enough in its generation to be aware of its debt." The italics are ours and we are too modest to comment thereon, but we must thank F. J. U. for this generous tribute.

A correspondent to the *North Middlesex and Herts. Gazette* writes that "They (tights) have been the popular dress in English road sport from its earliest days" and has been politely ticked off by H. W. Bartleet. It is really amusing the way these scoffers of the "old has-beens and non-racing men" ignore all history prior

to their own advent. The writer in question only flashed into the cycling world in 1913, but, bless you, he knows all about things that happened before he was born! Of course, tights are a comparatively modern racing attire. We believe R. Seymour Cobley, of the N. R. was the first (and only) competitor to use them in our "100" of 1901, and it was several years later before they became anything like the vogue.

"Kuklos," the gifted contributor to the *Daily News*, is to lecture in Liverpool on Wednesday, October 18th, under the aegis of the C.T.C., and members are urged to book the date for a rare treat.

In the account of the 12 Hours Handicap appearing in the last circular, G. F. Hawkes was credited with winning Standard B, but it appears that he won this standard in the "24" of 1920, and as previous winners are barred, he required to reach the next Standard C (180).

How many of our members have been to the Trough of Bowland? The Newburgh run on October 28th provides an opportunity for a week-end at Garstang to do the Trough, and if there are any "bites" the Presider will be pleased to pilot.

Hearty congratulations to Lusty who, with Greenwood on a tandem, established a Midland record from Birmingham to Llandudno (117 miles) in 6hrs. 0m. 40secs. on September 6th. As a matter of fact, they really clocked 2 minutes faster, but the following car with the timekeeper had got dropped! Those who know the route will appreciate all the more fully the sterling merits of the ride and in congratulating Lusty will also congratulate Greenwood, whom we admire so much as a fine type of sportsman.

Lusty and Greenwood have been busy again. This time it was the Birmingham to Manchester and back (153 miles) record, which they established on September 13th with the fine time of 8.6.19, which speaks for itself. Congratulations.

As will be seen by the Committee Notes, Billy Owen has been moved from Menai Bridge to Llanfair Caereinion, which is 8½ miles from Welshpool and therefore only 27¼ miles from Shrewsbury, so we ought to be able to call on the services of William and the Morgan for checking purposes in Shropshire. What about it?

The *Irish Cyclist* says: "Much of the success of a sidecar outing depends on the choice of a suitable companion." This no doubt explains why F.H. selected Chem to stuff in the caboodle on the occasion of his recent exploration of the Fosse way!

In thanking the Clubs which undertook marshalling duties in the World's Championship Road Event, we omitted to mention the Manchester Wheelers, North Road and Bath Road Clubs. Our debt of gratitude to these Clubs is none the less sincere for being belated, and we apologise for our oversight.

The annual dinner of the Fellowship of Old Time Cyclists is fixed for Wednesday, December 13th. Will members of the Fellowship please book the date as it is hoped this early announcement will ensure an adequate representation of the good old Club.

RUNS.

Little Budworth, September 2nd, 1922.

Finding I could attend this run, I rang up the First National President of the Rough and Ready C.C. and informed him of the fact. We doddled off together at 2.30 p.m. and soon overtook Austin—whom we enrolled as a member for one day only—and in spite of this handicap were a little inside schedule on reaching Chester. As the aforesaid President, next to Mr. Bartholomew, is acknowledged to be the greatest Authority on Cheshire Roads, we, with every confidence, allowed him to pilot us through the lanes in search of that very elusive place, Huxley, and I wish to place on record the fact that—with the aid of a new signpost and sundry numerous enquiries—he *did* discover the place. To celebrate the occasion he took us to the local inn for tea, and we were there further handicapped by the arrival of Cook, Band and Deane.

On resuming our ride the pace naturally slowed down, which gave me the opportunity I desired of observing the beautiful country through which we were passing, and I think we are particularly fortunate in having Little Budworth and the surrounding country within our reach for a half day's run. The Mullah will, I know, forgive me for noticing that he was an absentee; it is the penalty of greatness. With what reverence do we new members gaze upon the shining countenances of the great ones on these Club runs, and it is very sad to see one of them falling away from grace. Someone whispered "He is on his holidays," but I cannot think that The Mullah would allow himself to miss a run on that account. Can it be that he is secretly training to give us a chance to get back some of the money we lost at a certain 12 hours race? Ah Mullah, if this be true then indeed you will be great, and your countenance will shine so that . . . Well, I must make a note to speak to the President of the Rough and Ready C.C.—who knows, *you* may even be elected!

After tea two of our Ancients fell to arguing as to how old the earth was, and how far back they could remember. One looking about 157 winters (wet ones) remembered a ford across the River Mersey in the direction of Seaforth, and now we know how Seaforth got its name.

This sort of thing is very interesting, and if we apply the same method to Little Budworth we at once find the reason why this run is so well attended.

"Little But worth it."

September 9th, 1922.

Dear Mr. Editor.—On previous occasions I have been somewhat tardy in forwarding literary contributions, but I hasten to send you an account of to-day's Club run in order that you may be spared the trouble of applying to a number of other people who were not present, and who at best could only give you garbled misrepresentations. This is the only true and correct version.

At the same time I am glad of the opportunity it gives me of inveighing against the appalling apathy and callous indifference of our members with regard to their duty of attending the Official Club Runs arranged for them with so much care and foresight by the Committee.

But let me set forth the matter in due order.

In the early part of this week, I received a pressing invitation to attend the Regatta of the L.V.R.C., of which club I was a member in the latter part of the last century, 1894 I think, or was it 1849? I consulted my tablets as to the Anfield run, and finding the 2nd Saturday of the month was inscribed "Pulford," I saw an opportunity of killing two birds with one stone. Then, learning of the intention of the Week-enders to visit the Winsome Widows of Wem, I decided on three birds. (Did I say that I at present enjoy the happy estate of grass widower?)

Well, I visited the Great Float, and was so entranced watching the "Ladies' Skulls"—I mean "Sculls"—that I didn't leave till nearly 4.30, and then after a strenuous ride I arrived at Pulford at 6.5 full of perspiration and the hungry knock, to find the yard occupied by a solitary motor cycle, which did not belong to an Anfielder. I was the only Anfielder present!

After waiting five minutes to see if anyone else arrived (and to cool down), in the absence of the Captain I ordered tea to be served. In due time the Acting-President took the head of table, and later the Sub-Captain for-the-day collected the dues. In the absence of the President a very interesting discussion on the failure of kidney-beans, and the prospect of root-crops was held with mine host; and about 7.15 the Club departed in a body, it being unanimously decided to tour home through the Park. "To Wem or not to Wem," that was the question. However, while still undecided I encountered on the main road a youth who asked in Cockney accents for the position of Eastham, as he wished to take the ferry there. He was going to Garston. (A glance at the map will show the connection.) He was just finishing a 24 hours jaunt from London, and was an entire stranger in these parts.

That decided me, so I took him in tow and left him at the top of Bold Street, and then hied me home to the peace and quiet of an empty house.

On again consulting my tablets, I find I have just attended the August run!

Well, better late than never.

A KEAL ANFIELDER.

Daresbury, September 9th, 1922.

We were favoured with a pleasant day for this fixture, but the condition of the road from Liverpool left much to be desired, and a rare shaking up was my experience on hard blown tyres via Halewood, where our favourite winter meet was busy with a crowd of merry-makers. Road surface did not appear to worry Bailey, who broke silence as he fled past, evidently intent on being several "Transporters" ahead at Widnes, which in spite of an extra strong odour was posing as a seaside resort on my arrival in the sunshine; with people on the Prom., high tide, and yacht or smack race in full swing. On gaining the Cheshire side, I found Runcorn at football very interesting until Morris and Lucas came along, and we proceeded quietly, watching a couple of aeroplanes up in the blue, followed by six others in close formation, all heading Chesterward. The canal bridge in the lane near our destination decided us to smoke and make sarcastic remarks about a solitary fisherman; "what can be the attraction," we said. "when they never catch anything?" but he confounded us by hauling out a big silvery fellow, and held it up in his fist triumphantly. So we left as Haslam came along shewing us how easily the bridge could be ridden, then

joined Davies and Aldridge just issuing from the wood full of a great find of ancient stone of the ——— "Bill Stubbs, his mark" type, and threatening to tell F. H. about it. Some find stones, others seek for wells, but we were more interested in what could be found at "The Ring O Bells," and sure enough there it was, lots of it, so the new management shewed us that they understand catering, and gave us a nice meal, promptly served without fuss or hurry.

About 37, I think, turned up, but I cannot remember all their labels. Leaving early, our small party was overhauled by Mercer on his motor bike before Frodsham, but we later found him in the village street earnestly scrutinising his mount. Of course we carried on, in fact he waved us on, and saw him no more, although I believe he came hurtling along shortly after we had left the main road by the Whitby-Stoke-Eastham diversion. This route was not much class and, with fear of probable punctures, etc., my companions drew me past "The Bungay Arms" and another hostel, both last visited, very late but successfully, by the writer and T. W. J., who, on bidding me a fond farewell on the outside of his own threshold at midnight, bitterly accused me, in subdued tones, of bringing him the longest way home. But on this return I was hurried; Tommy knew the way and I knew the landmarks and churches. When Tommy cried "turn left," I suggested "right," and when I had an inclination for the left, Tommy roared "right," so Eddie, who was making the pace and had once wandered in and out of Ellesmere Port on a foggy night, knew exactly what to do, and we emerged at Eastham to light up.

We only lit up, nothing more, and just dashed along again, passing Mary Jones's (defunct) as if we did not know the time or place, bounced along "Sunlight," and crawling into New Ferry discovered that one of our party was missing—had he detoured or was he with Mary Jones? We made for his suggested last call, but found him not, and wondered if he done us in, or been done over. Having further to go, we concluded that he had the bulge on us, and was within his own gates, so we made for ours, all the better for the outing, but considerably shaken. Oh for the roads of 1902. Just twenty times better than nineteen two two!

Malpas, September 16th, 1922.

Owing to a late start it was a case of steadily plugging into the wind for the greater part of the outward journey. As, however, the writer was mounted on the rear seat of a tandem, this was not noticed much—at any rate by him! In the lanes near Clatterbridge the Brothers Henderson on tandem were encountered, and the journey was made in their company as far as Chester. On the top road the wind was quieter and we got along to such good effect that we actually overhauled and passed Kettle. In Eaton Park he was sighted again in company with Dean. In a rash moment the present writer changed to the front seat of the tandem, but apart from some swerves and lunges for the first quarter of a mile or so, things weren't so bad. Passing through Shocklach, we in due course climbed up the long hill into Malpas—just twenty minutes late. However there seemed to be plenty of food and as soon as mine hostess understood that the plates in front of us were not ours but belonged to the people who had already finished, we became surrounded by all kinds and sorts of meat, fruit and cakes.

The talk seemed to be mainly of the 3rd "50" and the ways and means of getting there, and those with knowledge of the train times spoke with authority. After tea, Chandler lit a cigar, but we observed that Grandad wisely dragged him out into the fresh air before it could take any effect. We hear they were bound for "Sanctuary." Kettle piloted a party to Wem, and the rest of us trickled off in two's and three's and made our way home—this time with the wind.

The Shrewsbury Arms was reached according to schedule and after partaking of coffee and smokes, the Birkenhead and Wallasey contingents separated and wended their way to their respective destinations.

50 Miles Unpaced Handicap, September 23rd, 1922.

There can be but little doubt that the decision to run another 50 on a Cheshire course on October 7th militated against the success of this Shropshire 50 and accounted for the small entry of 7 singles and 3 tandems. We know of several men intent on riding in the last 50 who would doubtless have supported this event if it had been the last! It was a fine day but unfortunately the wind was S.E. (however John Kinder may argue) and quite the wrong one for the new course which requires N.W. to show whether it is fast or not. In the unavoidable absence of Poole, the old gentleman held the watch and the Simpson-Lake cars rendered invaluable services as transporters of the clothes, etc., from Whitchurch to Hodnet and Battlefield. S. H. Bailey was the only absentee and the Rawlinson-Schofield tandem made a flying start 15 seconds late, but L. W. Walters being unable to get away, A. E. W. started on a single instead. Those who had ridden down to the start were certain that no fast times would be done and the result justified their judgment. Lusty had the misfortune to encounter a flock of sheep in Shawbury and had rather a nasty fall which compelled his retirement, while A. E. Walters could not get going and retired at the half distance, but all the others were "getting on with it" nicely until the Rawlinson-Schofield tandem punctured and lost 10 minutes in changing owing to a refractory "spare." The real outstanding feature was the way both J. D. Cranshaw and Haslam were riding on singles and the Smith Brothers on a tandem. Both Cranshaw and Haslam improved considerably on their previous bests (10 and 11 minutes respectively), while the Smith Brothers were only slightly slower than the Rawlinson-Schofield tandem. At the same time Austin was always riding well and fastest of those on singles, so that after Lusty's fall the result was never in doubt and is shown in the following table:—

1.—J. D. Cranshaw	2.43.57	12min.	2.31.57
2.—M. Haslam	2.47.56	15min.	2.32.56
3.—F. A. Smith	2.22.32	owe 12min.	2.34.32
D. Smith			
4.—H. Austin	2.42.26	1min.	2.41.26
5.—J. E. Rawlinson	2.28.14	owe 17min.	2.45.14
T. V. Schofield			
6.—T. E. Mandall	2.51.29	5min.	2.46.29
7.—H. Kinder	2.55.59	7min.	2.48.59

Austin thus secured Fastest Time, Rawlinson and Schofield get Silver Standards, and, strange as it may seem, Kinder only missed a Bronze Standard by 27 seconds! Cranshaw, Haslam and Smith

Brothers are to be particularly congratulated on excellent performances; and Rawlinson-Schofield sympathised with for their ill-luck. Mandall and Kinder showed clearly that with more opportunities for training, which they expect to get next year, they will have to be reckoned with.

There were over 40 of us on the course, but how is it that our Shropshire fixtures do not attract our members living in the Birmingham district? Shawbireh is quite handy for them, and some of them have had checking services rendered to them in the past which they might try and repay. A large week-end party monopolised both the Castle and White Horse at Wem, and others were at Shrewsbury, Astley, Hodnet and Grindley Brook, while the Smart set under aegis of Crowcroft himself were at Hawkstone Park. Chandler, Edwards, Horrocks, Parry, and Cody rode back home, but for strenuousity Haslam annexed the Abernethy, for he calmly set off at 8.30 to ride back to Bolton! Great Scott!

Pulford, September 30th, 1922.

The rendezvous at Pulford is a lengthy afternoon ride for Mancunians on the best of days, yet despite the inclement weather the writer picked up a compact little party of them making their way through Eaton Park in the persons of the Mullah, W. Orrell, Cranshaw padre é hijo, Brothers Rawlinson, Schofield, and another. Green and Gorman turned up later, and with the addition of a few of our eminent Wirral friends, to wit Knipe, Kettle, Deane, Zambuk, Mandall, S. H. Bailey, etc., a goodly muster sat down to tea at the Grosvenor. The President was soon missed; he was officiating in an attack on the "50" tandem bicycle record by a couple of "Wheelers"—I believe they packed up after doing only part of the course. During tea sinister rumours were floating about of the "working" of Kinder's sweepstake—*not* the Calcutta—but were quickly dispersed by the effective use of Birkenhead "gasp"—rather, cigars. By the way, Kinder was seen regaling plums before tea to all and sundry. What *was* his ultimate, ulterior or interior motive? Discussions of the next "50" were in progress, and it was naively suggested that some of the "sere and yellow" ones should be started at Twemlow Pump on the last "lap," but the motion was defeated. Some of the "sere and yellow" are dark horses, so to speak. Tea over and prospects of the weather clearing (to be rudely shattered soon afterwards), the majority made tracks for the Inn yard. Austin and Horrocks were overheard planning to go for a decent ride, but one was inclined to think that when they got into the open their cry would be "every man to the oars and pull for the shore." Capes donned, the Manchester contingent departed, preceded by the Mullah. W. Orrell was to spend the night at Chester, Kettle and the writer taking the paths through Eaton Park whence the former made his way to Nantwich, to week-end with W.P.C., and the latter proceeded via Vicars Cross, having a solitary but very pleasant ride home.

A. T. SIMPSON,

Editor.

ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

FORMED MARCH 1879.

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL

MONTHLY CIRCULAR.

Vol. XVII.

No. 201.

FIXTURES FOR NOVEMBER, 1922.

		Light up at
Nov.	4. Halewood (Derby Arms)	5-35 p.m.
..	6. Committee Meeting, 7 p.m., 25, Water Street, Liverpool.	
..	11. Acton Bridge (Leigh Arms).....	5-22 p.m.
..	18. Hooton (Hooton Hotel).....	5-11 p.m.
..	25. Daresbury (Ring o' Bells).....	5- 2 p.m.
Dec.	2. Halewood (Derby Arms)	4-56 p.m.
..	4. Committee Meeting 7 p.m., 25, Water Street, Liverpool.	

Alternative Runs for Manchester Members.

Nov.	4. Siddington (Mrs. Sam Woods).....	5-35 p.m.
..	18. Lower Peover (Church House)	5-11 p.m.
Dec.	2. Olierton (Dun Cow).....	4-56 p.m.

(Tea at 5-30 p.m.)

Full moon 4th inst.

The Hon. Treasurer's address is R. L. Knipe, 108, Moscow Drive, Stoneycroft, Liverpool, but Subscriptions and Donations to the Prize Fund can be most conveniently made to any Branch of the Bank of Liverpool for credit of the Anfield Bicycle Club, Tue Brook Branch.

Committee Notes.

94, Paterson Street,

Birkenhead.

The Committee had arranged for a Musical Evening at Warrington, on November 11, but the management of the "Lion" required a fee for the use of the room for such a purpose, and the fixture has had to be abandoned and Acton Bridge substituted. It is proposed to have an informal sing-song at Hooton on the 18th, so please bring your music.

Claims for Club Runs by Mr. R. L. Knipe for Malpas, on Sept. 16th, and Mr. W. P. Cook for Pulford, on Sept. 30th were passed.

Mr. P. C. Beardwood has been elected our representative on the Road Racing Council.

Change of Address.—V. M. G. Cox, "Bank View," Old Hall Road, Sale, Cheshire.

Applications for Membership.—Mr. Frank Perkins, 48, Craven Street, Birkenhead (Junior), proposed by H. Austin, seconded by W. P. Cook, and Mr. James Long, 117, Cathcart Street, Birkenhead, proposed by H. Austin, seconded by W. P. Cook.

H. AUSTIN,

Hon. Secretary.

From Madrian to Maybury.

In a recent leader, the "Manchester Guardian" discourses on "The Roads We Need," quoting Milton's Golden Dust, Rupert (not Charlie) Brooke's Darkening Shires and Laughing Fires, and sundry wayside terms that have also been weighed and won by Wayfarer.

It is all on account of a speech at Manchester by Road Director Sir Henry Maybury, who reminded his hearers that 200 years ago there was no carriage road between Manchester and Liverpool, and that it then took ten days to reach London from these two towns. The article goes on to refer to The Roman "Watling Street," which here in Manchester is known best as the "Chester-Holyhead Road."

This is not quite clear to me. What Watling Street runs or ran from Chester to Holyhead? If the Romans went that way it was not by any road that the leader writer or Sir Henry "knows best," though Bill Cook and his stalwarts may know some portion of it near Caerhun.

When referring to the Conqueror's Roads of General Wade, he is on surer and more recent ground, and quotes the saying: "Had you seen this road before it was made, you'd lift up your eyes and bless General Wade." Now that is exactly what Bill Lowcock has been doing this last week-end by the aid of the Roman Caboodle Chariot. He did see such a road before Wade made it, namely: the remains of the old road along the Wall. You ask: What was he doing there? Collecting fragments of the Wall, of its Cement, of Roman Pottery, and other works of art to build a Roman Rockery at Cheadle around the Silbury Sods previously won and described.

Another and purely humanitarian aim of the Pilgrims was to sample in the interests of future travellers the crust and the drink obtainable at Twice Brewed, a free house at the 32nd milestone, which, along with the Common House near the 36th, once sampled by Cook's Anfielders, offer the only refreshments along the lonely seventeen miles haunted by the Roman Spirit. Here we found the beer of such super excellence that members should not fail to hasten there with parched lips. Great was the landlord's wrath when I suggested bottle beer. "None such shall ever cross my threshold," and he was right; his draught was nectar.

The maps mark hereabouts a place named The Mare and Foal. Let no one be deceived by its name, which has a licensed sound. They are stones, and one cannot get water out of such, let alone nutbrown.

At the Chesters' Museum near Chollerford we found the Copper Bin described in the August Gazoot. It is quite perfect, and of great beauty, as one might expect of a thing built to deceive the guileless Briton. Thus sin survives, and we hasten hence.

Lowcock's foremost aim was the making of a close study of those Roman Works of Domestic Ease that guides and guidebooks ignore through a false sense of sham delicacy, but have been found of great importance in proving that at the time of their discovery we had barely caught up to Roman refinements. We saw there in the Palace

at Cilurnum the Superb Seat of Solitude for the use of the Mighty when he goes afoot, and at the Barracks at Borcovicus on the desolate heights, where all shall equal be, the simpler Upright Scalloped Supports for use "en cohorte" or "en famille."

Lowcock will publish these discoveries to the world under the title: "Roadside Needs."

At the time of writing, Hodges is on the Wall, to pick up those bits that Lowcock left.

ITEMS.

Hair-Raising.

As a far reaching result of the Touring Combination Chem-cum-Master, the latter has become addicted to Chem's patent hairpaste. Is there any hope that F.H. will ever rival, let alone surpass, Chem's tonsorial triumphs of tonsure? Granted that it restrains his crop from sewing wild oats, even prolonged application will never secure for him Chem's appearance of saintly benevolence.

Our Club Snap-Shooters.

Hodges has just finished some fine pictures of the Roman (or as Teddy Worth is inclined to think: Monkish) pavement up Blackstone Edge, which promise a great addition to the Lancaster House Galleries in Whitworth Street, and is now busy snapping those Relics on the Roman Wall already hall-marked by Lowcock.

But before those were actually hung there arrived a series of pre-historic peeps by a new artist, none other than Chem (who appears in so many guises). Here the Artist is seen in numerous and humorous attitudes at Stonehenge and at Badbury. One is marked: "Chem drives up Badbury Rings in State," giving a rear view of the Caboodle perched at an alarming angle, but without passenger. Where then is Chem?? And whose is that mighty bulk hatless and in shirt sleeves with his shoulder to the wheel shoving the darned thing up? Is it?—yes it is: The Old Athlete—FULLY EXTENDED!

The latest of "ours" to join the Fellowship of Old Time Cyclists is "Pa" White, who was recently in Liverpool on business, and fell into the clutches of the Presider.

Jim Reade was first and fastest (1.22.52) in the recent Veterans 25 of the Cheadle Hulme. Veteran indeed! We think that if he cared to shun the flesh pots of Egypt, and went into strict training, he could show some of the youngsters what's what. As W. A. Lowcock was second, E. Haynes third, and Buckley timed, the event had quite an Anfield flavour.

On the occasion of the last 50, Chem dashed out to the start without a dismount, and is evidently very fit indeed. On the return journey he was entering Warrington at 8-15 p.m. determined to reach Liverpool by 9 p.m., when he unfortunately punctured. Was he dismayed? Not a bit. Most people would have given up all hope of reaching Liverpool at 9 p.m. and set to work to repair—but not so Chem! He simply continued on the rim and got through all right. "Some speed." "Well I think so," as we have George Newall's authority for stating the dear old lady exclaimed on a certain historic occasion.

Did you read Videlex's article on "Some Hard Facts about Gears," in "Cycling," on October 12th? It was full of sound commonsense in its exposure of the fallacy of high gearing for novices, but it is so long since we left school that we must confess that we would not "follow the figures" with cabalistic signs and "damned

dots" as the late Lord Randolph Churchill called decimals, and we preferred to "take my word for the results."

There were 62 Red Slips to go out with the last circular, and we wonder if those who received them appreciated what this meant in extra work, and felt any regret for their laxity? Great care has to be exercised to avoid sending a red slip to someone who has paid up, because some people are so "touchy" and make no allowances, but we fear that those who rightly receive them regard them as a good joke and ignore them! If they had the job to do themselves they would realise that it is no joke at all, and would probably curse the defaulters loud and deep.

Our sympathies are extended to E. J. Reade, whose father passed away suddenly, on October the 7th.

The "Irish Cyclist" says "many a girl who looks like a peach is a lemon in disguise." That's all right. Lemons have to be squeezed.

The Caboodle up Sutton Bank.

Hitherto this hill had been nothing more than a name to me, and even to Loweck, who otherwise "knows his Yorkshire." Probably it is such to the bulk of our members, but it should be a place of pilgrimage. If it be unknown to the President, then I would like to see him lead a party there in 1923, for it is one of the great sights of this country. Sutton Bank is part of White Stone cliff (among the Hambleton Hills), rising abruptly 600 feet from the Yorkshire plain, and the road climbs the face of it for $\frac{5}{8}$ ths. of a mile, the top and bottom in sight of each other the whole way. It ascends in three strides, the first straight up, the second a zig-zag to the right, the third to the left. Two shell signs at the top and two at the bottom side by side dispute with each other whether the steepest gradient is 1 in 8 or 1 in 8 $\frac{1}{2}$. Both are grossly understated, for that is about the average, and as the gradient varies a good deal in places, the steepest is quite 1 in 6.

No one with a soul can fail to halt at the top to survey the view, and these two Anfielders are, of course, twin souls. Tho' my map marks "Hotel," there is no pub., nor any other house at the top, where one can celebrate the ascent and restore the system. Close by is White Horse Hill, but we did not see it.

The night before these caboodlers had nobly stood by the Wakeman of Ripon. In letters of gold they had read on the Town Hall facade that: "Except ye Lord Blesseth ye Cattie ye Wakeman waketh in vain." He shall not wake in vain they cried, and with an Anfielder as support on each side, this world famed survivor of the dim past went his rounds at 9 of the clock dressed in a costume three hundred years old, and blowing a horn or trumpet first blown in 1590. At each corner of the square he blew a half minute long, low, penetrating bellow or blast, without drawing breath. Nor did he gasp, tho' we did. It is believed that originally it indicated that all should be abed and all lights out, but as the Wakeman dates back to a period when people were expected to drink deep without drawing breath, emptying a flagon at a single draught, it seems probable that while ye Wakeman blew his long last blast ye Beerbiter synchronized and drew his long last drop for the night. Can any of our late sitters opine?

What price an All-Night-Ride via Blubberhouses to Ripon (Unicorn Hotel) with an excursion up Sutton Bank and down White Horse Hill?

Chem on the Fosse.

The Fosse Way has often attracted Anfielders. Years ago Buck and Worth explored it in Leicestershire, after a Northampton Run. I have lived and slept on it for 24 hours, and now Chem insisted on seeing some little known stretch north of Bath, where there are many derelict portions, and others reclaimed of late. Via Castle Combe, which nestles in a dell by the side of it, we reached the old road where it crosses a ravine, and though the surface is good, the gradient is alarming. At a great height up we reached a spot marked on the map as The Three Shire Stones. Here we found a Dolmen that quite rivals Lowcock's Devil's Den, and we unearthed the Shire Stones planted in the hollow of the Den.

Chem clambered on to the great Table Top with surprising agility by the aid of the usual footholds which indicate that these Dolmen may have served as pulpits to local missionaries.

From this point a steep two miles drop to Batheaston offers fine views over Bathford and Bathampton, with Bath in the distance. We knew that the early Fosse Way ran over Bathampton Down to Radstock, leaving Bath to the right, but we wondered where and how it climbed the steep Down. The old river crossing is lost, and we approached it by a circuitous way to find a very rough track staring us in the face which pointed straight at the top of the Down, while cows disputed the passage. Did we prefer the fleshpots of Christopher's to the glories of Rome? Then let Christopher wait on Fosse! Rocking with excitement and bad surface, we tilted the caboodle till it lost its wind, and Chem abandoning the now useless petrol took to his toes.

The track narrowing to three yards is completely overgrown by blackberries of great age, and impassable, and yet quite distinctly marked by enormous kerbstones, every one in position, the footholds of the Legions. At the top the road becomes a ledge on the edge of the cliff, and there it is met by a similar track from the east. Here we halted, for we had a second purpose: For months a writer in "Cycling" named Explorer, has laboured the point that the Romans were not so much at Bath as at Bathampton, grudgingly admitting that at Bath they only did their washing. He also made much ado about the spelling of Aqua Salis, Solis or Sulis, and always ended up by saying that all will be revealed when Jack and Jill arrive at Bath with Basil. I doubt if he is aware that he has got to wait up there on the Down, which is usually the place to meet Jack and Jill. We did not find him, and the only explorer I met was Chem, a Roman from Gaul. Perhaps he has got tired of waiting, as Basil seems a long time coming, and we found his entry in a visitors' book dated May 1921, not very far away.

Our task done, we proceeded on the track of Jack and Jill. Pewsey was en fete and was going to be lit up at dusk, but whether for Chem or for Basil was not clear. Between Pewsey and Marlborough we climbed up through the gap by the side of Martinsell Camp; beautiful, but desolate. The Wansdyke hereabouts is disappointing, but on crossing it later five miles from Devizes it is imposing and resembles Offa's Dyke at its best.

We made no attempt at rivalling Lowcock on Silbury Mound, and at Avebury contented ourselves with reading extracts from "Cycling," of August 17th, about Floors of Immense Wooden Halls tottering on top of the Stones, which theory so affected our mental

balance that copious draughts from the flask were needed to restore our equilibrium. Then on the way to Devizes we passed the place where the Roman Road crosses the modern road near Morgans Hill, and could just see the undulations in the soil. As Chem was sceptical, I read him the extract from Jack and Jill: who "Bore to the right along this fair surfaced well banked ridge, the very road the Roman Legions and pedalled along its surface" whereupon Chem read to me what happened at Devizes to a local liar of whom history tells, and to whose dread fate a monument stands erected.

The attraction of Devizes was due to a wish to verify the truth of certain gifts attributed to one of the inhabitants as handed down to us through Folklore. There was a We stayed at the famous Bear Hotel, and Chem looked for him high and low (some of the pubs are very low), but found him not, and Chem now doubts those credentials.

Then there came that episode at Bournemouth where a French onion hawker picked out Chem from all those thousands of people, and addressed him in French: Monsieur wants to buy onions? Instead of a point blank refusal Chem reasoned with him: Que voulez vous que je fasse avec les onions? (Onions:) You must cook the onions. (Chem:) I cannot cook the onions in the caboodle. (Onions:) You must take the onions home. (Chem:) But I do not live here, and the caboodle offers but limited accommodation. And so the issue remained in doubt till I cut the knot by quoting from the Code Napoleon: L'Introduction des Onions en Caboodle est interdite.

Chem did many more things, chiefly Abbeys, including that last word in Abbeys at Romsey, where Strong's Ales come from. (What an Abbott was lost in him. What a table he would have kept). Poste haste he went from Sorbiodoni to Vindogladia (Badbury), but the direct route by the Ackling Dyke was no longer available. He says that when he retires it will be to Wintonchester in days of well-earned leisure. He earned it near Dornovaria, where at Maiden Castle he took the Dykes and Ditches in the howling storm and soaking rain of that judgment Tuesday. Nothing could budge him, though poor F.H. was thrice blown off the ramparts.

RUNS.

50 Miles Unpaced Handicap, October 7th, 1922.

This, the concluding event of our racing season, showed distinctly what a field of prospective talent we have to cultivate. When a complete novice like S. Threlfall comes out and clocks 2-40-46, and would most likely have been first and fastest but for a wise restraint in the first 15 miles (he was fastest over the succeeding 35 miles) one wonders how many other S. Threlfalls there are hiding their lights under bushels! The Wayfarer C.C. will have to buck up. Getting speed wheels and talking of competitive work won't do. There were 25 entrants and 24 starters, the only absentee being Carpenter, who was held up at Chester with mechanical trouble which could not be fixed up in time to enable him to get over for the start. Poole held the watch and the day was beautifully fine with very little wind, but what there was of it came from the East, which is always dense to ride in and most of the men complained of the cold before the finish; hence the comparatively slow times. From Plumbley to Toff was very rough, and some alleged "repairing" caused Schofield and A. N. Rawlinson to puncture. The former changed and continued, but a

second deflation with a split valve tube caused his retirement. Orrell also "found it" when travelling well, and packed up at 20 miles, which left Edwards and Hodges fastest at the half distance, with Threlfall, Cranshaw, Austin, Mandall, and J. E. Rawlinson close up. Threlfall was riding so well that he was actually getting back a little of what he had lost in the first 10 miles on Edwards and Hodges, and it was plain to be seen that he was going to play ducks and drakes with the handicap, which surely enough happened. Cranshaw and Austin both fell away in the second half, the former unaccountably, but J. E. Rawlinson finished very strongly, improving on his previous best by over a minute and well deserving his second place in the handicap. The following table gives the result:—

1.	S. Threlfall	2-40-46	20mins.	2-20-16	
2.	J. E. Rawlinson	2-41-35	10 "	2-31-35	
3.	P. N. Gorman	2-58-32	25 "	2-33-32	
4.	M. Haslam	2-46-49	12 "	2-34-49	
5.	J. Hodges	2-39-52	4 "	2-35-52	
6.	F. L. Edwards	2-38-0	2 "	2-36-0	Fastest
7.	A. G. Banks	3-1-11	25 "	2-36-11	
8.	T. E. Mandall	2-46-14	10 "	2-36-14	
9.	J. D. Cranshaw	2-48-30	9 "	2-39-30	
10.	H. Austin	2-44-32	5 "	2-39-32	
11.	E. Haynes	3-4-51	24 "	2-40-51	
12.	C. Aldridge	3-7-13	25 "	2-42-13	
13.	F. A. Smith	2-50-28	8 "	2-42-28	
14.	H. M. Horrocks	3-1-26	18 "	2-43-36	
15.	F. Jones	3-6-50	22 "	2-44-50	
16.	J. Smith	3-16-35	22 "	2-54-35	

D. Smith, H. Kinder, Dean and Fantozzi packed up. Gorman, with the advantage of a scrap with Austin from Plumley got nicely inside 3 hours and secured third prize. Haslam again showed a nice improvement and won the Silver Standard. Hodges' ride was a very fine effort for a veteran, and we were all very pleased to see him joining in the fray again. Edwards seemed to feel the cold wind very much, but never left the fastest time award in any doubt. Banks had fearful luck again with tyres; we believe he punctured 5 tyres and was certainly on three machines. Fantozzi sportingly lent him his machine and retired so that Banks should fulfil his ambition, and a final resort was made to Zambuck's machine, so it was hard luck to fail by 71 seconds! Mandall showed a glimpse of his old form, and will undoubtedly come again next season. F. A. Smith did quite an encouraging ride, and was unlucky in just missing the Silver by 28 seconds. Horrocks will do a lot better with more experience of scrapping, while J. Smith ran off the course and did a few miles extra. There were 61 members on the course, and the only untoward happening was the accident experienced by Molyneux, who concertinad his machine against a car coming out of the narrow lane by the Grappenhall canal bridge. John Kinder was seen on a very fierce looking new grid, and Cheminais was out on a training spin. Wonders never cease!

Halewood, October 14th.

If anything could atone for the curtailment of daylight, and the shortening of our Saturday rides, it is the thought that with the winter, we resume once more those happy evenings in the lamplight, 'neath the roof of the old Derby Arms.

Conveniently reached by bus, train, or tram, this monthly carnival provides an opportunity for the dear old toddlers to join the festive board, and once more revel in the telling of "How I rode to Ghent," or taradiddles about tandems. When I won the "100" in "'73," and so on. Of course they couldn't ride for toffee in those days, but we never tell them so, but raise again the sad refrain, For he's a—! in those sweet, soft cadences for which the Anfield is famous.

There was little sign of activity when I arrived at the hostelry at 5-40, and I waited anxiously for the appearance of someone who would say those magic words "Will you have one." Nothing doing. However, hearing the sound of many voices in a distant part of the house, I explored, and found a goodly band in the tap-room, or drum shop, or whatever you call the place where the beer comes from, and in the fog I managed to make out the fairy-like form of our Hubert, and that soaring pinnacle called Kinder Scout. Zam Buck was there, and Mandall, Jimmy, Chem, and others too numerous to mention.

Adjourning to the dining-room, it was quickly seen that the table was not going to be big enough for all who wished to partake of the good things thereon, but the management rose to the occasion and built another wing, and as far as I could see, all at last were seated.

Thanks to Hubert and Chem, who did the dissecting art in fine style, we were soon getting on with it, but as usual, the whole meal was spoilt by the Sub going round with his monotonous dirge about "two and eight." Some people hate to see others enjoying themselves.

With the exception of the above disagreeable interlude, we had a nice, quiet, peaceful sort of time, largely on account of the absence of the "Old Gentleman," who was officiating with the watch on some record stunt, but shortly after the tables were cleared and we settled down to the business of the evening, the O.G. arrived, and touched Arthur for some "brass." That did it! Arthur was touched! He confided his grievance to some too sympathetic ear with the grim earnestness of a temperance reformer, and all the time Cook was expounding his views on the political situation to his next door neighbour, utterly oblivious to the storm which was raging. Ultimately, it began to dawn on him (Cook) that something was wrong, and the troubled waters were easily settled by Cook's clarion call, "What'll yer have."

After this "regrettable incident," the harmony was undisturbed until somebody discovered that it was 9-30, and Liverpool a long way off, and then there was a frantic rush for the aforementioned trains, buses and trams, whilst the few impecunious ones who can only afford to ride bicycles, dragged out their unwilling steeds, and sneaked off into the night.

It only remains to say that the writer got considerably "off the map," and after exploring the whole of South Lancashire, arrived home very, very early. But it was worth it!

Marton, October 14th.

This October afternoon found us spinning along the Cheshire roads and lanes in ideal autumn weather, en route for the Davenport Arms. Our knowledge of its whereabouts being somewhat rusty, necessitated enquiries of the locals. On arrival we found that we were among the late arrivals—though not too late—due to lack of acquaintance with the earlier time for tea during the winter months.

Tea tended to be of an afternoon variety in comparison with such repasts as are laid out at the Leigh Arms and similar places, but was welcome nevertheless.

The main theme in the conversation during tea was the manner in which some of the eminent Anfielders had tried to evade the custodian of the law, when riding without a light (not without lamp though). Jimmy Reade caused much amusement describing his attempts at bribery by offers of pints and smokes, but the only result was a surly departure and prospects of awful things to come. Our Sub-Captain has lowered his gear, and everybody will agree that it becomes very delirious watching him twiddle the pedals to the tune of a "52." And that was the last we saw him doing, as a compact little party of us broke up in Cheadle Village, to make our various ways homeward therefrom.

THE AUTUMNAL TINTS TOUR.
LLANGOLLEN, October 21st-22nd.

"We ought not to judge men by their absolute excellence," wrote Ward Beecher, "but by the distance they have travelled from the point at which they started."

And so it came to pass that on the 21st October, 36 good men and true, the vast majority of them on bicycles, set out from their scattered homes to foregather in the wilds of North Wales, yeleft Llangollen. The fact that they all travelled by road was a good enough recommendation for their admission to the "Royal" circle; the only person, apparently, who did not think too much of the crowd, and especially the late arrivals, some of whom were delayed(?) at Ruabon, was the old man who does the ostling at the ancient hostelry. He is evidently a firm believer in early closing, and parking bikes in the dead of night nearly took his breath away.

But why this sudden descent on the glorious Vale? According to Swift (not of the Coventry Machinists' Coy.), "Reason is a very light rider, and easily shook off." A little after noon, it transpires, a certain individual was reported to have passed through Rock Ferry Pier gates with a bicycle, before mounting which and disappearing into the mists he informed his old friend, the ticket inspector, that he was going to see the Autumnal Tints! He failed to explain whether the said Tints had anything to do with dyeing or the Aurora Borealis, and left the official bewildered.

Several boats later another cyclist with luggage—said to consist of various wraps, a pair of trousers, a clean shirt, stockings, and a warming pan—exchanged greetings with the ticket official. The newcomer was in plus 4 plus 8 baggy knickers, and obviously a poacher. He was told by the ticket man, known to him for years, that a certain Roi Din had passed through to see some Autumnal Dints. "That must have been Tommy (not Sir) Royden. He belongs to the Anfield, you know, and we are going to Llangollen," replied he of the voluminous breeches, proceeding lightly on his way. His name was believed to have been Teer Neigh.

The following steamer swiftly brought still another man, also on nodding terms with the ferry official. The latter was now getting important. Seeing more baggage on a bike, he promptly surmised this man was on the same stunt as Roi Din and Teer Neigh, "who were on their journey to view the Autumnal Squints." What is the idea of this autumn business," he asked. "Ah, ha," rejoined the very

latest new arrival, "I have it. The Anfielders are pic-nicing to show one, Roi Din, the Autumnal Tints. Glorious sight, and all that, y'know. Roi Din is frightened of missing it so he's getting on. One of our light weights, but—well he's the reason."

Much earlier in the day Grandad, Chandler and Horrocks took it into their heads—and for doing this Grandpa nearly lost his—to scamper off to Bala via Ruthin. It was all very nice, so nice in fact that the Old Gent made the mistake of his life. He actually had the effrontery to dash from Bala to Llan without attending the Club tea at Pulford! Could such an omission be condoned? ("No"). Could it be forgiven? ("No-o-"). Later on in the Tank the Presider fairly went through it.

We now pass on to the night of nights. The gallants who made Llangollen that eventide found Grandad looking guilty, but contented and unsuspecting. Had he tugged up Marford? ("No"). Had he climbed the heights of Acton? ("No-o-o-"). Had he called at the Wynnstay? ("Oh Lord, no"). What had he done?? Ah!

After supper, judge, counsel and jury sat in solemn judgment on him in the Tank—sat on the man we all looked upon as a shining example of one who had never missed a Club run. The situation was tense.

From the Presider he suddenly became the prisoner at the bar. (In the bar, would, perhaps, be better.—Edit.).

Crowcroft assumed the high office of judge at the instigation of Master Simpson, Higham was the prosecutor and Chem was persuaded to take on the onerous and thankless but honourable task of defender. The prosecutor was relentless in pursuing the charge of "failing to attend a Club run." It was an unheard of thing, and he asked the jury to bring in a verdict of "Guilty." On hearing this horrid word, prisoner assumed an air of defiance; he really ought to have shuddered.

Chem, claimed for his client that he had done his duty by coming to Llan; the Club tea was nothing ("Hear, hear," from some who knew). If the Presider was not there in person, was he not there in spirit? (Boos and cries of "Yes" and "Spirits").

The jury acquitted the prisoner and the judge discharged him without a stain on his character. Amid deafening applause he gulped down a drink.

Before disbanding at mid-night, the Court had to deal with several minor causes célèbres. One unfortunate wretch, alleged to be a pal of the Mullah (who came per tandem), was deservedly found guilty, after a patient hearing, of being in a state of Pussyfootism bordering on moroseness, at 11-29 p.m. He hadn't a leg to stand on. Sentence: 7/9 distributed among the jury. A charge against another respected member of failing to use Chem's "Patent Thatcho for Bald Pates" fizzled out. Chem was in great form on behalf of the culprit. He guaranteed to grow one hair on one head in one year, a fact which was unassailable, as he showed the jury how he had done it. He started using this famous stuff 28 years ago, and now had 28 hairs! Marvellous, as Carlton would say. Chem, even claimed to have produced the Wild Man from Borneo. He never saw Borneo; he was a white man who accidentally spilt a bottle of "Thatcho" all over himself!! Prodigious!

The Court narrowly escaped asphyxiation, owing to the persistence of Tierney and Swift in handing out what Green called "Tierney's Bungers" (i.e., cigars—not Teddy Edwards' brand).

The Court rose when the young lady who handed round the food, went to bed.

Sunday morning found all early astir. Kettle and others made tracks for home direct, all on bikes, with the exception of the Simpsons, who motored, and of course, Crowcroft and F.H., who conveyed Chem. in his sidecar. A party of 26 reached, by devious routes, the Castle, Ruthin, for lunch. The ride home was not facilitated by the roast pork, which brought our old friend Roi Din, the cause of all the trouble, to a dead stop outside Mold.

However, all's well that ends well. It was a great adventure. The Autumnal Tints were splendid and so was everything else. What a pity we couldn't have another!

Newburgh, October 28th.

It is a curious thing, quite unexplainable, but the fact remains that runs north are not very popular. It was a brilliant day, and one would have expected a crowd of at least thirty, for we have a fair number of members living on the Southport line, and Newburgh provides a better walk than Halewood, while the hospitality is of the best with the advantage of a large room and a roaring fire to sit round. Things began to look ominous when the Arch-advocate of runs north was at a Hotpot Supper or Pulford by mistake, and Rumour (the lying jade) suggested that "My Private Secretary (unpaid)" was on the track of Wayfarer to get back his folding slippers! In any case, the Wayfarer C.C. did not respond "adsum," and there were only 23 to sit down to the excellent tea, and as this number included four victims of the O.G. bound for Garstang and the Trough of Bowland (the Rawlinson Brothers, Schofield, and Mr. Townley, of Birmingham), who otherwise would have been elsewhere, and a very welcome VISITOR in our former well-beloved member Archie McCall, a simple calculation a la Videlex will show that the real muster was only 18. However, it was a very jolly run, non the less, and we made up for our small numbers in other ways. Most of those present had been far afield trying to lose themselves in the maze of roads in the district, and probably some succeeded without acknowledging the fact. With a serviceable young moon, no doubt Grandpa's party ultimately reached Garstang, and as no bodies have been found, they probably Troughed successfully. The rest of us had beautiful rides home by various routes.

Ollerton, October 28th.

The third time did it, or at least that is the way it happened with us, and the over-cautious ones gained another disappointment, two from the previous runs, and the third through not attending this one. There was quite a lot of anxiety being exhibited, an examination of faces being made every few seconds. At last we were rewarded for lo! there was the prodigal returned. He was out with the Mullah and Jimmy Reade, his beaming countenance all aglow. At 5-30 we sat down to a crowded table, but satisfaction diffused itself at the end of the meal over everybody's face; and eventually we crept out into the night.

A. T. SIMPSON,
Editor.



Back Row—F. L. Edwards, W. Orrell, D. R. Fell, G. B. Orrell, G. B. Mercer, A. T. Simpson, T. V. Schofield, H. M. Horrocks, J. C. Band, M. Haslam, A. G. Banks, A. N. Rawlinson, C. H. Turnor, A. Davies, T. E. Mandall, F. E. Parton, D. Smith, J. E. Rawlinson, A. Lucas, S. J. Buck, E. Green, Jr., C. Aldridge, T. Royden, F. A. Smith, Friend, J. Kinder.

Middle Row—F. H. Koenen, A. P. James, P. N. Gorman, H. Austin, R. L. Knipe, E. Edwards, V. M. G. Cox, W. P. Cook, E. Buckley, W. T. Venables, N. M. Higham, J. A. Grimshaw, E. J. Reade, W. H. Kettle, H. Kinder.

Front Row—J. Cranshaw, J. D. Cranshaw, G. Stephenson, J. E. Tomlin, A. Dickman, M. Greenwood, E. Bolton, E. J. Cody, J. Smith,

ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

FORMED MARCH 1879.

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

MONTHLY CIRCULAR.

Vol. XVII.

No. 202.

FIXTURES FOR DECEMBER, 1922.

		Light up at
Dec.	2. Halewood (Derby Arms)	4-56 p.m.
"	4. Committee Meeting, 7 p.m., 25, Water Street, Liverpool.	
"	9. Acton Bridge (Leigh Arms).....	4-53 p.m.
"	16. Rufford (Fermor Arms)	4-53 p.m.
"	23. Hooton (Hooton Hotel)	4-55 p.m.
"	26. Boxing Day. Chester (Bull and Stirrup.) Lunch 1-30...	4-57 p.m.
"	30. Woodbank, near Capenhurst (Yacht).	5- 1 p.m.

1923.

Jan.	6. Halewood (Derby Arms)	5- 7 p.m.
"	8. Annual General Meeting, 25, Water Street, Liverpool, at 7 p.m.	

Alternative Runs for Manchester Members.

Dec.	2. Ollerton (Dun Cow).....	4-56 p.m.
"	16. Siddington (Mrs. Sam Woods).....	4-53 p.m.
"	23. Allcock (Oak Cottage).....	4-55 p.m.
"	30. Lower Peover (Church House).....	5- 1 p.m.

1923.

Jan.	6. Ollerton (Dun Cow). Tea at 5-30 p.m.....	5- 7 p.m.
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Full moon 4th inst.

The Hon. Treasurer's address is R. L. Knipe, 108, Moscow Drive, Stoneycroft, Liverpool, but Subscriptions (25/-, under 21 10/6, under 18 5/-, Honorary a minimum of 10/-) and Donations (unlimited) to the Prize Fund can be most conveniently made to any Branch of the Bank of Liverpool for credit of the Anfield Bicycle Club, Tue Brook Branch.

Committee Notes.

94, Paterson Street,
Birkenhead.

NEW MEMBERS. MESSRS. J. W. Chandler (Honorary), J. Long (Active), and F. Perkins (Junior Active) have been elected to membership.

The Resignation of H. Ellis was accepted.

The Annual General Meeting is to be held at 25, Water Street, Liverpool, on Monday, 8th January, 1923, at 7 p.m. Members having propositions to bring forward should notify me not later than Thursday, 28th December, in order that such may be entered on the Agenda.

An invitation to be represented at the Annual Dinner of the Bath Road Club has been received, and Mr. F. Roskell has been nominated.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS.—F. C. Del Strother, c/o Abwärmeverwertung Schlesien, Klein Biesnitz, bei Gorlitz, Schlesien, Germany; L. W. Walters, c/o Mr. Dean, Shelf Cottage, Leaton, Salop.

APPLICATIONS FOR MEMBERSHIP.—J. E. F. Sheppard, 42, Silton Street, Moston, Manchester, and Cyril Moorby, 16, Mexley Road, Crumpsall, Manchester, both proposed and seconded by C. Aldridge and E. Bolton respectively.

H. AUSTIN,

Hon. Secretary.

THE CHANGE.

OUR GREAT NEW SERIAL STORY,

Complete in this issue.

Don't be kept waiting for 17 weeks to see whether the hero marries the heroine, or merely falls downstairs.

Don't be kept on tenterhooks whilst the author decides whether the heroine's mother shall break her heart or her neck!!

Don't be worried out of your life trying to decide whether Jack Piffkins murdered the Man with the Beavery Whiskers!!!

Start right here. Read

all the hideous details

in a single sitting!

Get them down in one gulp!

Dedication.

To William Pagan Cook, Esqre. My dear Cook,

Just a line to say that I've decided to dedicate this Great New Cereal to you, as a little return for the cape you lent me, and which I lost. (I'm not sure that "and which" is respectable English, but you—being a pure American—won't notice anything wrong. Brother Lawson might, of course.) By the way, if you have finished with that map (Sheet 4—Durham) you borrowed from me last February, would you mind returning it?

I remain, my dear Cook,

Yours most sincerely,

O.X.O.

Preface.

Unnecessary.

Foreword.

The names of all the characters in this story are fictitious.

Chapters 1 to 23.

Beaver Bob is a man I cannot stand at any price. Ever since the beginning of this year our relations have been strained. I have fought shy of him, but he appears to have desired my company. He has sought me out: he has tried to get me by myself. But I have repelled his confidences and advances. I have not wished to talk to him. As time has progressed, I have been more and more conscious of a desire to avoid him—of an overwhelming wish not to meet him. But he cannot see these things. He does not seem to realise that the friendship he proposes is a one-sided affair. I have snubbed him. I have deliberately ignored him. But still he makes his advances. I have poked fun at his paper leggings, at the ridiculously large carrots he grew during the war, and at his lack of experience as a cyclist, but these things—these intended rudenesses—make no difference. He displays to me that same friendly attitude which was evident on 1st January last. I am beginning to hate him. I feel that I shall do him an injury one of these days. . . . I feel desperate.

Chapter 24.

What a tremendous change has taken place! I no longer avoid Beaver Bob. I feel that I misjudged him after all. He is not such a bad sort. The change became apparent on Saturday last. I was having a cup of tea on my way to the Club run when who should blow into the "Bull and Stirrup" but Beaver Bob. "Hello, Bob," I cried. "Not seen you for a long time. Where have you been lately? Have a cup of tea?" "Righto!" he answered. "By the way, I received your sub. this morning and here's the receipt."

THE END.

(Thank Heaven.—Ed.)

"We Motorists on the Great North Road."

is more or less the title of a Back-page Special in the *Manchester Guardian* of November 22nd, and while there is much of interest to Cyclists, the author touches frequently on our pastime in a manner that proves once more the danger of the all too little knowledge. His name is Peck.

Again we are reminded in turn of the spectral cohorts on the Roman Highway, of the savage Celtic bands in the wooded byway, of the stumbling packhorse along the Saxon Street, and the lumbering stagecoach across the heath, to arrive in the early days of railways at the George at Stamford, with no one for whom to air its forty beds, to open its hundred winebins, and to fill its sixty empty stalls, and at the Old Inn at Stilton with no demand for patches and powder once supplied to the equestrian "merveilleuses" of the Georgian era.

"Then," says Peck, "after a few eccentric pedestrians (George Borrow, of course) and a few out-of-date horsemen, came the narrow-chested and thin (italics, friend and printer) cycle and its rider, without state or presence or baggage." All the good they did to the road was upsetting a few Inns where records and races started or finished, but who, says he, can break records on crusty port or even beer, so that it was only the lemonade shanties that prospered by cyclists, until . . . , of course, came the motor car with Peck in the bucket seat.

What does he know of Cycling in the wider sense? Peck sneer at the Thin and Narrowchested Cycle beseaks an apprenticeship on solid tyres and freakish handlebars abandoned at the first waft of benzine. He harps on Minerals, thanks to that latter-day section of the C.T.C. that has made a fetish of this unwholesome beverage and does not weigh-fair the National Brew. After his references to Baggage I picture Mr. Peck lolling overfed on some settee, amidst his overland trunks, when enters Bill Cook with his week-end bundle. He will never see through that *multum in parvo*; he will never know of wet shirts airing in the kitchen, good honest health-giving sweat. But even to-day he will find the George at Stamford crowded in Whit week with a club numbering some score of Old Time Riders.

Peck's Port and Claret indeed! We know those enfeebled motorists, tied to Petticoats in the lounge, sipping coffee, while the real rider drains his beaker in the old-time tank. We will leave him, Bag and Baggage, but as for State and Presence—give me the Anfield on tour.

The article ends with a perfect gem. He goes to bed on a night-cap—brought to his bedside by the landlady, a real drap. What a dog he is! After an idle boast of port and porter, he goes to sleep on a pousse-café!

But in his zeal for more motor tracks he curiously enough repeats, word for word, two appeals made by me in the Gazoot, for the re-opening of two abandoned ancient roads, namely: firstly, that section of Watling Street between Weedon and Crick, which he ascribes, as I did, to a railway deal that sold our birthright over our heads, leaving the old road derelict, grass grown, partly unhedged and its railway crossing unbridged, a missing link that nothing short of an Act of Parliament will bring to life.

Secondly, the Icknield Way, which crosses the Breadth of the Land unmetalled, though as a continuous track. One accepts that state of things where, under the name of Ickleton Ridgeway, it gives access to Uffington Castle above the White Horse, but one marvels when meeting it equally wild within half a mile of Ewelme in one of the sweetest nooks in Oxfordshire.

ITEMS.

The *Daily Mail* has been running a "Black v. White" discussion in its correspondence columns, and on November 17th we had to rub our eyes when we saw a letter signed "Lionel Cohen," who has "recently returned from East Africa" and was descanting

on "the prestige of the white race in Africa." Could this be our darling Elsie? Would he be chartering an elephant to come to a club run? Excitement ran high until we read the words "as a resident for more than 30 years in the Dominions" and then we knew there must be another "Elsie," even though it does seem about 30 years since Li left us after the Bacalou!

Members of the Fellowship of Old Time Cyclists will have received the circular about the Dinner on December 13th, and it is hoped as many as possible will attend. Beardwood, and probably Pa White and Mawr Conway will be there, and the Presider will be glad to arrange to travel with any others who can manage to go up to town for this unique gathering.

Del Strother has now got into harness again, and we all wish him every success in his new business enterprise. His change of address, notified elsewhere, appears rather formidable, but we are assured by Montag that it is quite harmless if you pronounce it properly!

Wayfarer has been to Llanfihangel-nant-Melan for the third time without apparently being intrigued into the discovery of Waters-Break-Its-Neck, not to mention Evanjob and Beggars Bush in the vicinity. By the way, the refusal to divulge the secret of the new gaslamp that failed, on the grounds that it "would be the occasion for revelry" is no doubt wise. Our guess would be based on the advice given to the gentleman who had dined not wisely, but too well.

W. E. S. Foster has been most interested in recent references to Roman Antiquaries and writes: "If any of the members find themselves in London with a Saturday morning to spare, I could show them sights that would even make F. H.'s hair stand on end. For years I have read anything and everything on London and the suburbs and hope that some day it will prove useful."

Newspaper headline: "Killed whilst returning from his allotment." We implore Grandad to give up *his* allotment while there is yet time.

A lecturer on "How to keep well" recently stated that "water is the finest drink in the world." Hubert says this may be true, but pathetically adds he'd never tasted it.

We have to be so careful what we do nowadays that it is perhaps as well to explain that the alteration in the Hon. Treasurer's announcement on the first page is made at the request of several defaulters who have explained their laxity by stating they did not know what they owed, and suggesting that the rates of subscription given each month would save anyone having to look up Rule 25 in the Handbook. All the brain fag now required is to remember whether you are over 21 or over 18 years old respectively, and if this is too much trouble Knipe has nothing to do and will gladly obtain the information for you from Somerset House. The Prize List has been passed for payment and is in process of being liquidated, so attention to overdue subscriptions, etc., is a matter

of extreme urgency. Please don't make a fetish of procrastination till the last week in December, which makes the balance sheet extremely difficult to get out and audit for the A.G.M.

Personal Items.

OLD CROW.—The daily papers make mention just now of the re-appearance of a certain Old Crow that is causing much uneasiness among the superstitious and is supposed to be the forerunner of trouble. Paris is its favourite haunt.

It will be well that this other Old Bird be not mistaken for our own Crow, although there are many points of resemblance. Like ours, his age is uncertain but considerable. Some say that his 150th birthday shortly falls due. He also appears only at odd times and then mostly before people of rank, or of the smart set. He is said to have had a preference for highly placed Ladies of sad or ill fate, such as Queen Marie Antoinette and the Empress Marie Louise.

On the other hand, he is now of unkempt appearance and is considered a bird of Ill Omen. Here we must draw the line: Our Raven on Tour is always a Good Omen, for he is a Sign of "fair weather."

THE USHER.

The Anfield at Full Gallop.

An amazing invention has just seen the break of day in far away Moldavia, and is bound to leave its mark on the Anfield, of whom a great philosopher has said: The more she changes the less she alters.

It is nothing less than a motor conveyance that moves along on legs, and the first among us to be taken off their feet by this news are the walking members Buck and Winnie, who are already cocking their ears. These great feet (larger than theirs) and legs are resilient (but not gone in the knees like some we know of). They move with an elastic stride.

The motion is best compared to that of a galloping horse, so that our members adopting the new method of propulsion still come under the heading of Riders-All, and the club attendances will then become really Runs, whereas at present it can be said more truly that after a function we come "rolling" home.

Liverpool has bred Gallopers among its brilliant citizens before to-day, and I shall not be surprised if one of the first in the saddle (or else bucket seat) is one Chem, whose wish, that his too solid flesh would melt, may then be gratified.

The great advantage claimed is being able to proceed along tracks too rough for wheeled traffic, so that the Roman Steps will no longer be the exclusive domain of Hodges and Cook. A few awkward stretches along the Roman Wall will find work for the resilient feet, and when the packhorse tracks have been revived to accommodate our Galloping Jumbos we shall turn our backs on the dusty highway, for he it noted that the inventor claims that the resilient feet do not even disturb the soil.

Correspondence.

THE MARE AND FOAL ON HADRIAN'S WALL.

SIR,—My temperance friends tell me that it is blood and not water that one squeezes (vainly) out of stones. That may be so; if I am so badly initiated in "soft" drinks, what about your printer's "devil" who badly initials our late Emperor, for (by H—) his name was H-adrian, and not (by Holy Moses) M-adrian.

ERRATA-SLIGHTLY RUFFLED.

SIR,—Your recent article on Sutton Bank awakes many subtle memories in an old-stager. I agree with your valued contributor that the *average* gradient is at least 1 in 8. If my memory serves me rightly the first pitch, known as the "horse-trough," is the steepest—about 1 in 4! I attended several of the A.C.U. hill-climbs there, about 100 years ago, and no doubt the Motor Cycling press would have all the data.

To vindicate Mr. Bartholomew, there *is* a pub. only a few yards over the summit. I forget the name ("The White Horse," I think), but to the struggling cyclist it might well be known as "The Bleeding Heart."

I think it an excellent idea if the Club could arrange a visit to those parts next year. (Now, Bill, don't expect me to attend on account of this remark!) And then, what a subject for the Tank Parliament at Bettws in 1924—"Can Sutton be ridden?" Such a discussion might almost tempt me to attend an Anfield Club-run, as I feel sure you would welcome the valuable views of

THE MAN WHO RODE (?) BIRDLIIP.

P.S.—Shades of the poor old Mossoo'. But Birdlip is a fleabite to Sutton.

Wayfarer Among The Radnors on Familiar Anfield Ground.

In a November number of *Cycling*, our member Wayfarer permits us to share in the delights of a recent week-end ride into Radnorshire, half the outward journey being accomplished in the moonlight (instead of the more familiar limelight), and his route lay by Bromsgrove, Droitwich, Holt Fleet, Great Whitley (well known to many Anfielders) to Tenbury. Here he was on the point of turning off by Laysters Pole for Leominster when a local cyclist warned him of the danger. Let me assure him that a rider of his calibre has nothing to fear there, and that the climb up the Pole is compensated for by some fast slipping down it through wooded country. About Tenbury he tells us that at the Swan Hotel he had a good and cheap tea that evening, but inveighs against his very expensive lunch the day after on the return. Well, I call that a very fair average, especially after the recital of his courses. Both host and hostess are very ample persons, who keep an excellent table. Anfield members keep cherished memories of the Swan, which was for years the headquarters of the Cheadle Annual Tour, with Hubert presiding in the Tank. It has also been the meeting place where London Anfielders met the main body on tour, and some of us cannot forget the sight of Hellier and Beardwood (awaiting us) perched on view in that oriental roadside garden, like Twin Buddhas, silent, motionless and monumental, their great figures draped in motor robes.

Wayfarer proceeded by Woofferton to Shobden, but he cannot have known of Yarpole, which lies just off the road, with its famous Saxon Bell Tower away from the Church. It is the little brother of the even more famous one at Pembridge. They are great wooden structures built round a central scaffold that defies the ages.

Wayfarer's aim and purpose in all this was to week-end at the Red Lion at Llanfihangel-Nant-Melan, which may not convey anything to anybody, but it is the village two miles beyond New Radnor, and it consists of a Church and the little Inn which stands close to the entrance to Water-Break-Its-Neck, where Cook once led the attack. He arrived there at closing time without having booked a bed, a true touch that betrays the disciple of Cook. His bed long hung in the balance as it were, and he had visions of having to retrace to New Radnor, or else "go on to Rhayader," but surely here he allows his imagination to wander, for what is wrong with the Severn Arms at Pen-y-Bont, commodious and hospitable? Was it not here that the Anfield, its tongue cleaving to the roof of its month, was drenched from drouth with juice from the vats on a prohibited day?

But how came he to ignore the charms of New Radnor, where the modest Eagles Hotel is of good repute and C.T.C. to its very backbone. In addition, there is another inn of hoary age and appearance. And if New Radnor was not romantic enough he might have surpassed himself by making for Old Radnor, that ancient stronghold on the hill, consisting of only four houses, to wit the Church with a font older than Christianity itself, the Sexton's cottage, the School (built within the old Castle moat), and the Inn, but no Vicarage, for the pastor lives below in the fat pasturage. In the dark, and even in the daylight, one may never spot this place, for to reach it from Walton Corner one ascends by a steep side road. Another and older approach is a little further on where the main road is crossed by a lane from Kinnerton to Old Radnor. This lane, on its way from Kinnerton, passes by three great burial stones near some tumble-down cottages, whence emerge old women who tell of bloody battles fought here, of three Kings slain, and of cavities beneath the stones. (Teddy Worth first beckoned me to this place.) Then if you proceed to Old Radnor you cross a deep ford, swarm up a very steep hill, and by ignoring the crossing of the newer road your path runs for a hundred yards over a chunk of bare rock by the side of a gaping chasm, and if you are careful you arrive on the village green midway between Church and Tavern and the heavens overhead. Can Wayfarer devise a better place? In the days of King Offa this was the border fortress, and Offa's Dyke lies not far away. Near Kingsland this King is said to have resided, so no wonder that he wanted to be on the safe side. But the Welsh-Britishers, primed at Nant-Melan with a mixture of mountain dew and Dutch courage, would not be denied, and so Offa, or a successor, stopped up the mouth of the valley by removing the fortress to New Radnor, and to this day the Walls remain, though Wayfarer may not have noticed them, nor did the Anfield for that matter, for hardly any visitor bothers about them.

When entering the village from Walton Corner, you first find them round a field behind the houses on the left. They are of earth and stones and surround the two outer sides. These banks, after

crossing the road to Llanfihangel, mount the hillside, where they become formidable, for "New" Radnor—which was already Old when the Conqueror first saw daylight—then occupied also the hillside where stands the Church. Behind and above that Church there are enormous bastions surrounded by splendid ditches, and towering above it all is the Castle Keep, a great earthen mound many times the size of that at Richard's Castle.

Of course, you may think that I saw it all in a bad dream after my interview with the witches, or else that these castles in the air are phantoms when the wine was all too red. That may be so, but see what Wayfarer missed by sticking to Water (Break Its Neck)!

RUNS.

Halewood, November 4th.

I had got quite excited about this run, for during the week I had heard George Mercer say to Ven: "It's *our* run on Saturday," and then I read in the last Circular all about "those happy evenings in the lamplight 'neath the roof of the old Derby Arms" and "the dear old toddlers" who find "this monthly carnival provides an opportunity to join the festive board." I thought to myself "there must be something in this Halewood Run after all" and I determined to go and see for myself. How delightful it would be to hear Mercer, Charlie Conway, Simpson, James, Lizzie Buck, etc., etc., reminiscing; and then, too, to listen to "this sad refrain . . . in those sweet, soft cadences for which the Anfield is famous," led by our Carusos, Chandler, Newall, and Royden! Most certainly, this fixture could not be missed, and as it was a fine breezy day I got my car out with Austin as chauffeur, and we simply blinded round by Chester and Warrington and reached the portals of the Derby Arms in a state of breathless excitement. But alas and alack, a bitter disappointment awaited me. A peep into the Oak Room (alias Rat Pit) disclosed what appeared to be two chauffeurs actually *drinking tea!* When they had taken their swaddling clothes off they proved to be Toft and Ven, who ought to know better, for as Mullins says "It simply is not done." Fortunately the arrival of the Kinders and Hubert helped to restore the balance, and I sat back holding tight and awaiting the avalanche of "old toddlers." Things began to look ominous when it was whispered that Chem had gone home dog tired at 3.0 p.m., while Jimmy had not been seen in his usual haunts all week. Six o'clock arrived and no George Mercer, no Charlie Conway, no Lake, no Lizzie B., no anybody, until at last DAVID R. FELL and Johnny Band (complete with umbrella) blew in and my life was SAVED! Still the total muster was only 21—17 up and 7 down—to enjoy the Barmecide Feast, the worst feature of which was the way the disciples of Wayfarer's "eggs for tea" gospel deputised for the absent Chandler, and proved themselves treachermsen of the deepest dye. Wayfarer will certainly have to come back and look after his wayward and erring flock! After tea most of those in the Upper House departed direct, and seats in the lower house were at a discount. Undoubtedly the notable absentees left an irreparable blank which was crushing to the spirit. Bob Knipe tried desperately to keep us cheerful by not asking anyone for subs. or to buy tickets for a watch—he even avoided discussing allotments with David—but it was all to no purpose—the chorus dragged and lacked fire. Kinders and Stevie departed in disgust to play Hare and Hounds, and you could be "a jolly good fellow" for

less than a shilling, while the last of the Mohicans "sneaked off into the night" before 9.0 p.m. *Hinc illae lacrymae.*

Siddington, November 4th.

Having to make a call at our bicycle factory, we found the Mullah there, who, after our business was finished, offered to pilot us via a little tea place to our destination.

After a pleasant tour of the lanes, we came to a quaint old-fashioned pub. During tea our pilot entertained us with some interesting facts of the place, starting with his first visit with his father (by the way the Mullah isn't as old as he looks—he is older), some years ago, when the family consisted of a large number of daughters who were named alphabetically from A to H. I fancy the parents were a little disappointed at not completing the alphabet. After a few words from the hostess on the political aspect, we wended our way and reached Sam's to find a goodly number already on their marks at the table and the cats duly accounted for. Eighteen of us got started at 5.30 prompt, and did evens for a good distance: J. Reade was heard to observe if it was cats they must have been fed on rabbits. Someone remarking on the absence of B. Green was reminded that it was Bonfire day; anyway before the words were dry, Bert appeared in flesh and complained of the dazzling moon for his lateness. Shortly afterwards, Buckley and Son turned up, the former having ridden from Nottingham. This brought the number up to twenty-one. After tea and the rifling of our pockets by the Sub., we adjourned to talk matters over as usual. I think J. Hodges, Davies and Mullah eventually agreed that certain paths, roads, etc., led to somewhere. Another party would like to see a demonstration of patches flying about inside a tyre, also if it is possible with a 52 in. gear to get to Pulford and back in a day, another also if Blackpool air is more bracing for tyres than Manchester air. After these and several other momentous questions had been thoroughly thrashed out and the rabbit fairly settled, we made for home in a glorious moonshine.

Acton Bridge, November 11th.

It was one of those beautiful days that seem to have strayed from early Autumn, and an ideal one for the game. With a light breeze from the North-west, "evens" was the order of the day along the top road, the more so as a very "meaty" tandem (with 90 gear) was encountered near Welsh Corner, which tandem insisted on taking pace nearly all the way to Chester, and then put it through us nicely. But with 6 miles done in a shade over 18 minutes, it was charitably decided to let them go, as otherwise we might have arrived at Acton Bridge about 4 o'clock or so—too late for lunch and too early for tea.

Travelling by the main road all the way, it was expected that some of "the troops" would be encountered somewhere. Such, however, was not to be. After a welcome cup of tea at the cottage at the top of Kelsall Hill, we duly reached the Leigo Arms at 5.45, and ten minutes later tea was ready. After our somewhat long wait for tea on the occasion of the previous Acton Bridge run, it was gratifying to find that that experience is an exception to the general rule,

and that the Leigh Arms can still be retained on our list of good houses. It is evidently a place to come to in the winter time, when (as "Kuklos" says):

"The sharrybangers cease from banging,
And the motors mote no more."

There was a good crowd of 37 out.

The fare was of the usual high standard of excellence, and on rising from the table, I was strongly reminded of the tale of the little boy at the Sunday School treat who was the last to leave the table. His teacher came and asked if she should lift him down from his chair. "You may lift me down," was the reply, "but please don't bend me!"

The "inveterates" Cook and Kettle were bound, I hear, for Wem. On going out into the inn-yard, I was struck by the large number of acetylene lamps in use. Of course, there was no moon, and the velvety-black night was eminently suitable for them.

Near Windle Hill we overtook Johnny Band walking to warm his feet. Ignoring Teddy Edwards' signals to stop at Shrewsbury Arms, we steadily pursued our way home, where we arrived at an early hour.

Hooton, November 18th. Musical Evening.

This proved to be a most popular function, 41 (including, I think, three visitors) sitting round—or as near thereto as you could safely get—the festive board. Most of this number had come by bicycle, which was evidenced by the celerity with which the liquid and solid refreshments disappeared, the serving maids, though jaunty of step and light withal, being hard put to it to "feed the brutes." However, by dint of flying rushes and the will to conquer they succeeded to a great extent. They were greatly assisted by the unstinted efforts of several thirsty souls who relieved them of the necessity of carrying anything in the way of liquids, except the soup. The dinner was not quite a Halewood affair, but still 'twill serve, although bitter complaints surged forth from the Pussyfeet with regard to the price of tea, this noxious fluid not having been comprehended in the menu, the Manageress evidently having mistakenly catered for real cyclists only.

After the debris had been cleared away, and the tank denuded of its contents, the concert was begun by Messrs. Matt. Thomas and J. Andrews imparting the information to all and sundry that the moon had raised her lamp above. Although this was a plain hint that lighting-up time had arrived none budged, nor could I see any fussing about rear lamps. Instead a rousing reception resulted, but unfortunately owing to a dearth of concerted pieces a further tour-de-force in double harness could not be supplied, much to everybody's regret. After that we were regaled with songs from the same two most talented artists, Newall, Chandler, Fell, and Grimshaw, who were one and all right at the top of their form, and met with clamorous applause. Poor Chem having been stricken with the 'flu, could not turn up, and the humorous element was provided in turn

by the President and Kuipe in story and recitation. The latter gave for the first time at these concerts a dainty little monologue entitled "We've gotter hoose," and I was sorry Chem was not there as he might have made a bid for it. Personally, although I seem to have a dim recollection of a similar recitation, its meaning to me is still wrapped in cimmerian gloom. Zambuck, who according to reports had been a bit above himself during the morning in connection with the advertising of his famous pills, sustained this altitude in his recital effort. Lizzie Buck, slept like a child through it all. We had another visitor vocalist in Mr. Proudman, but owing to his enthusiasm over the County Rugby Match in the afternoon, his vocal chords had become attenuated, and he was exonerated from duty on condition that he came again at a later date with thorax intacta. The only blots on the proceedings were the dimly lighted room, and the piano. The former defect will be remedied immediately, as electric light is about to be installed, and with regard to the latter (which was computed to have put ten years on our long-suffering editor's life, at least, in a single night), I understand a new instrument of torture is in process of manufacture, in which there will be several real keys guaranteed to emit sound on being struck, so that conditions would appear favourable for a further trial in the course of a month or two.

Our best thanks are due to our visitors, Messrs. Andrews and Thomas, who acquitted themselves magnificently, and gave without stint. Grimmy, I believe (who had cycled with Jimmy Reade all the way from Mauchester), told Mr. Thomas he would have ridden to H.—or was it Glasgow?—to listen to him. This from a fellow vocalist speaks for itself.

Listening-In.

Talk of tranquillity leaves me cold after "that" night. I'd promised myself a treat, but cursed luck dogged my footsteps and there was nothing for me but to remain at home. Instead of pushing pedals around, I pushed my feet against the fireplace, lit my briar and began to think of what I was missing. This troubled me little, for was I not at peace with the world?

To watch the beautiful, twirling clouds of smoke slowly curling from my pipe to the ceiling was, it seemed, much more restful than dodging dazzling headlights on treacherous country roads, or even joining in a sing-song in a rural hostelry, though, of course, one did miss the boys' cheery company. But, oh, it was lazy luxury, dreamland, filmy, ethereal, delightful, and yet—Snoring and still more snoring. The minutes passed; then—Birrr-rrr-rrr, whirrr-rrr-rrr, sizzle and loud talking. Great Scott, I mused, what's this?

"Whose Baby Are You?" somebody sang out. The voice seemed familiar, but I could not quite distinguish it. Shortly afterwards there came more singing and this time it seemed to be a voice like that of Johnny Band warbling, "I ain't Nobody's Darling." Then a big announcement rent the air like frizzling fat—"Friend Kuipe will oblige with that ever-popular jazz, 'I Want Some Money (gimme some, gimme some).'" With the exception of sounds suggesting the crashing of glass, I heard no more of this. I dreamed on. Tranquillity indeed!

Whirr-rrr-rrr, buz-z-z, birrr-rrr-rrr. "Grandad has forgotten his music, but will endeavour to entertain us with 'On the Road to Anywhere,' followed by 'I Don't Mind.'" I heard these very distinctly and also the encore given after tumultuous applause and the clinking of glasses. "You Always Have To Pay a Little More."

The sweet music went on. The atmosphere of Dreamland was charged with it. "The next item will be 'No One's Ever Kissed Me,' by a Mr. Kinder." More uproarious applause. Encore, "Somebody Would If Somebody Could." The ether continued to be disturbed with "Beaver (My Beautiful Beaver Boy)," probably rendered by Dave Fell; a recitation, "The Road Hog"—A. Simpson suspected; "In the Days of Romance," coughed up by Wayfahr; "The Rule of the Road," chirruped by Parry; "Beating Home" (duet) by McCann and Kettle; and, general assembly, "Auld Lang Syne."

3. A few seconds later a very loud noise awoke me. I looked at the clock. Good heavens! Where have I been?" Time, gentlemen." Birrr-rrr-rrr—bzzzz-zzz-zzz—"God save our"—bang-bang-clank—"good night all"—fizzle.

So that's it! Tranquillity! Not while you have one of those confounded broadcasting things in the house!

Lower Peover, 18th November.

Church House is somewhat similar to the proverbial needle, tricky to find but worth the search; the needle may be the means of keeping appearances up, but Church House keeps the spirits up. This may sound confusing, because there are spirits and spirits, namely, the 'Joie de vivre' brand and the kind they keep in bottles. I refer to the former type, the latter being no longer obtainable here. It is said that there is a third type of spirits, but I have not encountered this brand and it may be connected in some way with the bottle variety.

There were pies of all types, shapes and sizes conjured up from the nether regions, and after about half an hour the conversation and tobacco smoke commenced to revive. One conversation not only interested but appalled me, and I renewed a vow that I would never ride with a certain member (no names: safety first) under any circumstances; the callous manner in which he related the details of a day's ride with some poor unfortunate being reduced me to a nervous wreck.

Daresbury, November 25th.

This fixture was chiefly remarkable for the very welcome presence of P. C. Beardwood, who, having some business to attend to in Ruabon, had taken the opportunity of working in a week-end with the Club, which is so dear to his heart and for which he renders yeoman services in the R.R.A. and R.R.C. Beardwood arrived at Chester at 3.0 p.m. and was met by Band, Cook, Austin, Horrocks and W. E. Jones (prospective junior member), so it was quite a

respectable Club run party that piloted Percy Charles round by Mouldsworth and over the heights of Overton Ridge. Arrived at Daresbury, P. C. was in his element fraternising with the older members of the Club like Buckley, Turnor, Grimmy, Knipe, Kettle, Cody, Hodges, Edwards, Zambuck, etc., etc., and admiring the fine array of young blood and promising speed merchants like the Smith Bros., Bolton, Cranshaw, Aldridge, Threlfall, Orrell, Mandall, Rawlinsons, Schofield, etc., etc., and appeared highly gratified at the vigour of the good old Club when he saw the fine muster of 43 sitting down to do full justice to the excellent hot-pot. Naturally enquiries were made about the James C.C.—and alas Hubert, Jimmy, Stevie and the Kinders were missing! Then the W.W.W's. were mentioned and again it had to be confessed that Arthur, Chem and the Master were absent, and we were only saved from entire chagrin by our ability to point to two fine specimens of the Wayfarer C.C. in Dickman and Parry! However, it was quite a fair sample of an ordinary Club run on "old Push Bikes" which warmed the cockles of the exile's heart. After tea, there was considerable examination of the run chart that Austin had posted up, which disclosed the fact that two young bloods had not missed a run all year, while quite a number had only missed one or two. Then there were "exhibition" games of billiards (so called) which we understand were so prolonged that Rothwell and Reade had to stay the night to finish! Davies and W. Orrell week-ended at Chester, while Beardwood and Cook went off to Macclesfield, piloted as far as High Legh by a strong Manchester contingent, and the rest of us made our homeward way by various routes at various times, only don't ask Mandall how and when he reached his domiciliary edifice. It was a glorious day and a glorious run.

A. T. SIMPSON,

Editor.