

A HAPPY NEW YEAR TO ALL.

ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

FORMED MARCH 1879.

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

MONTHLY CIRCULAR.

Vol. XVIII.

No. 203.

FIXTURES FOR JANUARY, 1923.

		Light up at
Jan.	6. Halewood (Derby Arms)	5-7 p.m.
"	8. Annual General Meeting, 25, Water Street, Liverpool, at 7 p.m.	
"	13. Pulford (Grosvenor).....	5-16 p.m.
"	15. Committee Meeting, 7 p.m., 25, Water Street, Liverpool.	
"	20. Chester (Bull and Stierap) Musical Evening.....	5-27 p.m.
"	27. Newburgh (Red Lion)	5-40 p.m.
Feb.	3. Halewood (Derby Arms)	5-57 p.m.
"	5. Committee Meeting, 7 p.m., 25, Water Street, Liverpool.	

Alternative Runs for Manchester Members.

Jan.	6. Ollerton (Dun Cow)	5-7 p.m.
"	13. Siddington (Mrs. Sam Woods).....	5-16 p.m.
"	27. Lower Peover (Church House)	5-40 p.m.
Feb.	3. Ollerton (Dun Cow).....	5-57 p.m.

Tea at 5-30 p.m.

Full moon 3rd inst.

The Hon. Treasurer's address is R. L. Knipe, 108, Moseow 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. C. Moorby and J. E. F. Sheppard have been elected to Junior Active Membership.

A Musical Evening is to be held at the Bull and Stirrup Hotel, Chester, on 20th January. The Committee hope that the joint meet will be even more successful than the musical evening in November.

APPLICATIONS FOR MEMBERSHIP.—Mr. Reginald Austin, 9, Argyle Avenue, Victoria Park, Manchester, proposed by E. J. Reade, seconded by C. H. Turnor; Mr. R. F. Gilmour, 134, Maine Road, Moss Side, Manchester, proposed by E. Haynes, seconded by E. J. Reade; Mr. Harold Warwick-Jones, 35, Gt. Western Street, Alexandra Park, Manchester, proposed by V. Fantozzi, seconded by E. Fantozzi; F. E. Bill, 6, Cherry Street, Birmingham, proposed by W. P. Cook, seconded by C. H. Turnor.

H. AUSTIN.

Hon. Secretary.

Cook and Ceiriog.

During the last few months numerous appeals have been made in the *Manchester Guardian* to save the Ceiriog Valley from the grip of the waterworks constructor, and from the sacrilegious, moist and muddy hand of the navy. I at once consulted Cook, many of whose week-end slumbers are lulled by the atmosphere of this Valley.

Cook faces the change with a light heart (he is ever an optimist as long as you do not interfere with his lighting arrangements) except for the damage the roads will suffer meanwhile. Cook adds that the Llanarmon folk are not crying out "O.L." because the scheme will be above the village, thus in the mountain recesses.

One of the appeals enlarges upon Offa's Dyke because of its crossing of the Ceiriog Valley and the battles that once were waged around the Dyke. The Dyke crosses the main road at Castle Mill, where it emerges from the Castle grounds. With the exception of one portion over Selattyn mountain, the Dyke is continuous from the Dee, near Chirk toll-bar, all the way to Trefonen near Llangblodwell, as recently verified by Chem.

Answers to Correspondents.

Harry A.—We have looked into the Brausby Williams case (King's Bench Division), to which you call attention, and we consider that, if you go with Chandler on his tandem, and wear out the seat of your pants with fast pedalling, you will have every chance of success in suing him for damages. See answer to W.P.C.

W.P.C.—We incline to the view that, if you continue to attend Club runs in Arthur's car and meet with an accident en route, you will be able to obtain damages from him. We advise you, however, to come to a compromise in the tank.

D.R.F., E.E., and C.H.T.—Surely the announcement in the last CIRCULAR was sufficiently explicit. It is clear that, for subscription purposes, we shall now have to treat you all three as being over 21

"Tiny."—The Hon. Treasurer is responsible for the announcement that subscriptions can be "most conveniently" paid in a specified way. For our part, we are disposed to agree with you that any reference to "convenience" in connection with paying away money is ridiculous. All the same, we do not advise you to call "Beaver" after Knipe. Why not shock him in some other way—for instance, by paying your sub. before 6th January?

ITEMS.

Robinson writes as follows:—With regard to your critical commentary on a recent article of mine in *Cycling*, may I point out that the commentator made two mistakes. It was *not* a moonlight night, and I certainly did *not* inveigh against my expensive lunch at the Swan, Tenbury. That lunch was worth every penny of the 5s. 7d. it cost me. In criticising my visions of having "to go on to Rhayader," the commentator overlooks "the journalistic touch," and he cannot be aware of the existence of Miss Gwen at the Butchers Arms in that town. For full particulars I must refer him to my Private Secretary (unpaid)! For the rest, is it seriously suggested that, in the course of a mid-October day-and-a-half outing of 150 or 160 miles, one can find time to indulge in such off-the-road diversions as the excursion to see Water-Break-Its-Neck? Finally, *does* my habit of arriving at my destination at closing-time without having booked a bed constitute "a true touch that betrays the disciple of Cook"? The Old Gentleman's habit, on week-end trips, is too ca' canny, and I don't think that I have even week-ended with the Tyrant but he has booked the beds in advance. No, my habit of blowing into places at closing time is original, unique, copyright, patent, and entered at Stationer's Hall.

We have been very much intrigued by the advertisement which was recently mentioned in one of our daily contemporaries:—

Ford cap spanners

3d. each.

Ford cars to fit above spanners

1½d. extra.

We feel sure that Oliver paid more than 1½d. for *his* Ford, but perhaps he hadn't one of the 3d. Ford cap spanners to start with.

We have pleasure in announcing a series of evening lectures on "Gas Lamps and How to Use Them," by Wayfarer, Henderson, Zambuck, and Kreed, which will be delivered at the Club runs if enough students enter for the course, which costs a guinea. The synopsis of the lectures shows that the subject is exhaustively dealt with under the following headings:—How not to fill the water chamber. How to carry distilled water. How to be sure that you will have to re-charge on the roadside. How to delay the crowd by not taking your lamp indoors. Projector sets or club runs made easy.

We are very pleased to hear that Chem, who has had rather a nasty attack of illness, is now rapidly recovering, and we hope he will soon be his own self again.

We have received a very strong letter of protest from the Cheshire B.B. on the subject of Dazzling Headlights. It appears that a party of the C.B.B. were returning from Saughall Massie the other Wednesday night and met Tierney, whose machine was equipped with a blinding light of .0001 glow worm power. We agree that such "powerful" lamps should be forbidden by law.

The latest idea of crediting oneself with a big annual mileage is to take a short period of, say, four weeks during which 1,000 miles are ridden and multiply by thirteen to suggest 13,000 miles for the year. We know a better plan which is to take a day and multiply by 365, which results in colossal figures. By this means Lusty, after finishing the 24, could have written "I am riding at the rate of nearly 130,000 miles per annum"!!

Bicycling News says "The tricycle . . . even ancient people do not seem to ride them now . . . very few tricycles are to be seen on the road to-day." So now we know.

IN REARMOST DARKNESS.

In the *C.T.C. Gazette* it is predicted that the agitation for compulsory rearlights will come to nought with the dropping of the present bill, and will die a natural death. I would call it a violent death after some of the onslaughts by well-known cyclists.

It is possible that *Cycling* will be shorn of this great controversy, the press of its correspondence and the club run of its phantastic rearview: the faint pink will-o'-the-wisp to be dimmed for all time.

The Trail of an Anfielder—From Thebes to Cliffrun.

The last Anfielder seen in the empty treasure chamber on the Roman Wall was member Hodges, but this was by no means his first quest to the haunts of treasure. During the war a British soldier was seen lurking around the Valley of the Kings near Thebes of which photographs now appear in the press on account of the recent discoveries of caves with untold wealth in the bowels of the earth.

Again his name was Hodges, but it was not he who rifled the caves, who teased the mummy of Tutenkhamen and desecrated the latter's golden bedstead. I doubt if Hodges used any bedstead at all out there. He was merely out for sport in this Egyptian byway, but whether on foot, or on wheels, or in the saddle of a camel, I know not. An account of his trip would make good reading if he were to approach the Editor. Hodges looks a bit bronze even in these northern latitudes, but scorched by the rays overhead, and with his sphinx-like expression he will have matched the landscape to perfection, and added one more mystery to the desert.

The Bath Road Club Dinner.

When I received a notification that I had been honoured by selection to represent the Club at the B.R.C. Dinner I flatly, emphatically, and finally declined. I explained that, though I greatly appreciated the honour, I was a "back number," etc., etc. However, our Presider wrote to me, and—well, I went. Verb sap,

Well, I must thank you all for being enabled to attend, as I had a thoroughly enjoyable evening—a real "pot pourri" of old faces, reminiscences, expressions, etc.

The Editor of "Cycling" was there, and gave us a witty speech, so I have no doubt you will find all details in your bright little contemporary.

I went under the wing of that prince of hosts, Percy Beardwood, and our little coterie included Inwood of the North Road, and Mr.

Tomlinson, a friend of Percy's. The meal was certainly excellent, but no doubt a few whispered words and a smart bit of sleight-of-hand between Percy and the waiter over the Huitres Royales had something to do with this. And then "came stealing through the mist an angel shape . . . and bade me taste of it, and 'twas the grape." And 'twas also P.C.B., who later introduced the angel shape of the distiller, not to mention the tobacconist and the French monks. And yet, as Harry Wright might have said, we must have been very moderate after all, as I was still quite thirsty when I woke up next morning!

And what a galaxy of stalwarts, past and present! Burden Barnes (in the chair), Bidlake (polumetic Odysseus), Jenny Walters, Leon Meredith (who gave us a sporting little speech), Grubb, Hunt of the Kentish Wheelers (a great future?), and a host of others. I was quite hurt at first to find that my old friend, R. N. Cary, didn't remember me. He has changed tremendously, though as long as ever, but after striking a few chords of memory, we fell on each other's necks, so to speak, and I then learnt that I had become unrecognisable through the lapse of 20 years (or is it 120, Percy?). *Eheu fugaces labuntur anni!*

Dear old Pa White wears wonderfully well, and our old President is as genial as ever. By the way, wasn't Casanova some health specialist? I really forget.

Bidlake proposed the Bath Road Club, and Whinnett gave us a capital resumé of a successful year. Dudley Daymond toasted the Visitors, with kind references to the Anfield and its representatives.

The whole evening was a great success from all points of view, and it was a real treat to greet so many old friends. The B.R.C. were a fine sporting lot twenty years ago, and are just the same to-day. I was particularly struck by the number of likely youngsters, who will, I am sure, carry on the old traditions.

In conclusion, I should like to thank the B.R.C. on your behalf, for their invitation and their cordial reception, and also express my gratitude to Percy Charles for looking after me so well.

I don't know whether it was the "speed" talk, or the aforesaid spirit of Omar Khayyam that caused me to wake up in the wee sma' hours pedalling a 60-g geared trike "to hell, for the honour of the Anfield!" Remember the quotation, ye old-timers?

FRANK ROSKELL.

6th December, 1922.

Any New Member.—Q.: Who is Frank Roskell?

Any Old-Timer.—A: Frank Roskell is Hubert Roskell's brother, A.N.M.—Q: Is he a member?

A.O.T.—A: He was once a hardy Anfielder, but is now hardly an Anfielder.

A.N.M.—There's an L of a difference.

(That "gag" appeared in the Circular years ago, Frank.—Ed.)

RUNS.

Halewood, December 2nd.

Yes! I shall have a bitter revenge! to enslave me into writing this report by such foul means. Understand, we were peddling quietly home on the triplet, George steering, Arthur behind, and I between. Oh! the serpent whose hiss is like unto the coo of a dove. "Frank! what about your writing up this glorious evening's history?" was sweetly whispered into my ear. Naturally, my diffident nature caused me to demur. The honeyed words continued: "You have not had a black mark against you this year, otherwise

I should never have approached you." Little did I realise the cruel sting, the biting sarcasm, the merciless gibe, those seemingly innocent words conveyed. But a promise, however secured, is a promise, so here goes:—After riding all through the lanes (we are gluttons when once we do get out our trusty steeds), George and I arrived. After shovelling out a few tons of tobacco smoke, we discerned a considerable crowd of ardent members of the dear old Club, Hubert especially looking like ourselves—saddle sore and leg weary. What a hearty reception, particularly from Jimmy, who nearly wrung our hands off! A pot or two was of necessity consumed to increase the appetite for "The Feast." Just when I was thinking "Why this hurried exit," it dawned upon me that the rush for seats had been the cause, and I followed into the cosy room adjoining. Only one chair vacant, and that one can only be occupied by a knave or a fool, but the knave scored heavily on this occasion. What ducks! What pork!! No carver was needed, you merely intimated to the luscious viands your desire that they should fall apart, and, as the Old Book says: Lo! it came to pass. And the jugged hare!—but why further tantalize the absentees? And when all was over, how Arthur cried because he wasn't twins; and Kinder cursed loudly for that he had lunched heavily, forgetting his obligations of the evening. And then the élite came from the Sanctum above, where they had dined in solemn state, and they sat amongst the lowly ones, and smiled upon them, and spoke in friendly strain, with no swank—just as I am speaking to you. And the matter of that odd sovereign or two, which Uncle Sam sneaked, when we weren't looking, the Reparations, the Iniquity of the Franco-Russian War, but above all—the "Rear Light in Relation to Cyclists"—these problems were all discussed and settled for ever. Then we dispersed, after voting it an evening of evenings.

Ollerton, December 2nd.

Quite a good muster was obtained at the Dun Cow, every seat being filled and the sounds of the conversation would have done credit to a jazz band. Jimmy Reade gallantly filled in any quiet moments with his groans; he was suffering from some painful internal trouble, but by walking and riding, and with the help of Grimmy's cheers, he had managed to get out.

We were sorry to hear of Buckley's illness, and hope he will soon be well and about again.

After tea one conversation was about Grubb's home trainer, and one member would be glad of a clear interpretation of the line in the advertisement, "keeps the Club together."

Acton Bridge, December 9th.

As usual, the attendance on this fixture was good, and about equally representative of our two centres, some 35 members in all being out.

Although the arrival of both contingents was almost simultaneous, it was noticeable upon getting inside the House that we were divided into two distinct camps—Manchester and Liverpool—excepting that Cody was spotted making merry with the Manchester men, while Best, Green, Davies and W. Orrell were fraternising with the Liverpool brigade. Strategically, however, the deployment all lay in favour of the Manchesters, they being in direct (and constant) observation on the food department.

The effect of this advantage was speedily neutralised though in the "queue-ing up" which occurred upon receipt of the "advance" signal, for both parties apparently contrived to get themselves comfortably settled to an undivided attack upon the pork, or beef, or was it both? leaving only a small (but very select) little group, as overflow for the private room. Here, I understand, they discussed educational, and other abstruse questions most profoundly.

After tea the usual week-end parties sorted themselves out; Cook and F.H. deciding on Hawkstone, while Reade, who could not persuade anyone to accompany him on the long run to the "Ring O' Bells," at Daresbury, eventually went with W. Orrell and Albert Davies to Grindley Brook. There was rather a heavy dew encountered on the way down, and this was particularly noticeable in the locality of the Tarporley Cross Roads, where F.H., who had started away earlier on the caboodle, was discovered by Cook endeavouring to find the gap in the wall which leads down towards Beeston. He (F.H.) insisted that the mixture was fog, and "'twas impossible to proceed," and evinced at the same time a marked preference for the atmospheric conditions of the "Swan," at Tarporley. A little gentle persuasion from the Old Gent, however, who urged that the conditions were perfectly lovely and simply ideal, soon reassured him, so they carried through, and (rumour hath it) spent a most pleasant evening.

Travellers homeward in the Manchester direction were rather more fortunate in not experiencing much of this watery vapour when returning from the Ollerton run on the previous Saturday.

We were all very sorry to hear of Grimmy's unfortunate accident when returning from the Ollerton run on the previous Saturday, and trust that he will quickly be sufficiently recovered to be with us once more.

After tea of the usual Acton Bridge variety (and quantity), a little rest is conducive to good digestion, so it was verging on 7.45 before we took the road.

The Mullah and Green dashed off "first right, up the mountain," while Lucas and I took the Warrington road. We hadn't gone far before we were hailed by an oncoming cyclist with the cry of "Anfield!", and on pulling up found it was Carpenter, disguised in a "Tribby" hat! He was just finishing a little 12-hours jaunt from Carlisle to attend the Club run. He had been down the road half an hour earlier, but unfortunately had called in at the "opposition house" on the other side of the road, whose hostess knew not the Anfield. He was grouching terribly about being only able to average 12 m.p.h. for the first 100 miles on his 63 gear, but was looking beastly fit as he had imbibed one small ginger, and feasted luxuriously on cheese and chocolate during the journey—at least 130 miles I should say. On hearing that Cook had gone on to Hawkstone, he meditated pursuing him, but feared he might pass him in the dark, so we persuaded him to cast anchor in the Leigh Arms.

The previous day he had ridden from Edinburgh to Carlisle, and on Sunday he proposed to knock off the remaining few miles on his way to Birmingham—probably before lunch I expect. He's coming on nicely, isn't he?

Rufford (Fermor Arms), December 16th.

That unfortunate gentleman who is referred to by so many complimentary, if endearing aliases—R. L. Knipe—is vindicated. He said the Fermor Arms would be a good meeting place. He hammered it into the Committee. He finally, aided and abetted by Long John and others, got us there. And we agree. It is a good place. The meal was equal to the best that has ever been set before the Black Anfielders; it was excellently served, more than ample in quantity, and not too costly. The thanks of the Club are due to "Bea—Knipe."

The turn-out to support the new fixture was excellent—though there were notable absentees. We found on arrival a party of gentlemen in overcoats and bowler hats—and of course other things—who had arrived by train from Liverpool. Among them, penetrating the disguise, I thought I saw remarkable resemblances to some of our Anfield members. Two looked like the Kinders, another like Mandall, for instance; and that well-known cyclist, James. But it could hardly have been they in reality. The day was misty and visibility poor, and if those Anfielders were actually, as I have no doubt they were, engaged in "training spins" of a more legitimate kind elsewhere, then it was a case of resemblance merely, and nothing more. And in that case, on behalf of the Editor of this journal (who was also absent, and therefore in no way to blame for the mistake) I tender the Anfielders in question our unqualified apologies.

Among the Real Cyclists who had arrived on proper bicycles and with proper appetites, G.H.Q. was well represented. There were present our beloved President (of course), who was bound with two other strenuous souls for Garstang and the Trough; our popular Secretary; our excellent and respected Captain; our energetic Three-and-Two Sub-Captain; and our much feared and venerated Treasurer. They were supported by a host of other stalwart mud-pluggers.

We heard that Jim Park had intended riding out, but was at the last moment prevented. Glad as we are to welcome our old friends by whatever means they travel, it is even better to hear of one returning to "active service." We hope the gallant sailor's intention will become "action" in the near future.

Last of mention, but not least, was present a mysterious gentleman, more or less unknown to the younger members. He wore a record-breaker's button, and as one of the first remarks he made was that he had just got a new bicycle and intended riding in the Hundred next year, the hearts of some of the budding speed-man (with visions of First handicap, or at least Del Strother prizes) began to sink. However, this gentleman, by reason of the strength of his personality, the brilliance of his wit, and the depth of his generosity, "held the floor" all the evening, and one gathered some remarkable things from his entertaining discourse. In spite of his statement that the badge in his buttonhole was borrowed for the occasion from an elderly friend who accompanied him, we have reason to believe that it was his own property. It transpired, however, that although his new bicycle had several gears of from 180 upwards, he intended competing on a tandem with one "Bill Cook," or else his elderly friend (it was not quite clear which) as partner. And to make sure of finishing on the right day, he proposed to start the course on the

day before. So evidently his riding has seen better days. In fact, it has, as we were informed on the best of authority—his own. He must have been a veritable whale at riding somewhere about 90 (or 190—his statements varied somewhat) years ago. He used to compete in the Hundreds, and he complained bitterly of the course. He said that when “cornering” at 28 or 30 miles an hour, he couldn’t help running up the Brick Wall. Also that all the traffic had to be stopped, because his wheels threw up so much of the macadam. It was very interesting. We could well believe it when he told us that they had to lay down firmer roads for him. I have often wondered what was the origin of tar macadam. Our racing fraternity must be very relieved that that new bicycle with all the gear-levers is not to be expected to compete in the club events next year after all—especially as this remarkable speed-man’s time for his last 100 (so I understood him to say) was 2-25.

It will be understood that we had a most entertaining time, thanks largely to our friend of the Beaded-edge Button. He is, I believe, a relative of the world-famed Baron Munchausen, but is known to those fortunate enough to be his intimates as Jack Marchanton.

Yes, in all respects, Rufford was an enjoyable run, and one to be highly recommended to those who were unable to sample it this time. The first muster was greater than had been estimated, and a second table had to be requisitioned. Doubtless the next will be larger still.

Siddington, December 16th.

The writer having had his tandem Jacksonized, naturally desired a partner to shove him on same, and as Vice-President Green is a lusty youth, and very fit, it was also natural that, if only his services could be obtained, he would prove to be an ideal victim. All went off according to plan, and when once the open road was reached, Green got down to it and for at least a mile the “twicer” was bounding along at the rate of 175,200 miles per annum (that is an improvement upon Wayfarer’s method of calculation). Wilf Orrell accompanied the pair to Goostrey for afternoon tea, and afterwards piloted them through the fog to Siddington, where the party split up, Wilf going towards the “City of perpetual sunshine,” and the tandemons to the Club tea.

Some of the earlier arrivals appear to have had exciting experiences on their outward journey, and there seem to have been at least two separate and distinct collisions in which Schofield’s machine had suffered considerable damage—amongst other things it had a broken bottom bracket spindle.

When tea was nearly over, Jim Reade arrived. Jim thought the run was to Ollerton, and had been trying to convince the landlord of the Dun Cow that the missive ordering tea must have mis-carried. Albert Davies arrived still later (he having been detained in town), bringing the total muster up to thirteen.

At the pow-wow which followed tea, it was suggested that the collisions, etc., be re-enacted for the benefit of those who had not seen them, but Schofield emphatically refused, and informed the party that he intended to invest in Home Rails. Schofield was politely but firmly informed that it was not a fit and proper thing for the first favourite for the attendance prize to go to or from a

Club run by "rattler," and his machine was handed over to the tender mercies of the General and Yank, who said that if the worst came to the worst they would carve a new spindle out of a broom handle.

Fortunately, when the tandem departed, it was raining, so there was no vestige of fog left. As the "twicer" accompanied by Jim Reade slid quietly into the darkness the sound of a file worked by the General came from the workshop near by, this sound being blotted out every now and then by screams of laughter from the Brothers Rawlinson. The writer and his victim arrived home safely, but of the others no news is forthcoming.

Hooton, December 23rd.

The all-but-penultimate run of the 1922 cycling season was held at the Hooton Hotel, where 24 of us foregathered in the well-appointed dining room, with its dim religious light, the latter being quite in keeping with the true Anfield spirit. Several of the members present had come in long trousers, thus proving themselves to be not the men they were. Here was 'Arry 'Orrocks, of all people, complete with elongated nether garments and spats—a costume which, the writer fears, may have far-reaching effects on the members as a whole when the new Committee is being elected in a few days' time. There were other heavy purchasers of heavy rail stock, such as "Jimmy" James, Ven., and Zambuck—all of whom are old enough to know better. We welcomed Teddy Edwards, back from his sojourn in Italy and other places, and his vivid recital of his many adventures with the Black Shirts, Vesuvius, Annuncio, Antonio, Spaghetti, and other notables, was listened to with rapt attention. Somebody remarked that Teddy took his holidays late. But he also takes them early—and often, not to mention continuously. In any event, this was only a long week-end.

The Wayfarer C.C. was present in fairly full force, led by Wayfarer Himself, armed to the teeth with cyclo-spats. The Cook-Austin combination was late in arriving—later than the meal itself, in fact—but the Old Gent had his usual ready excuse, which on this occasion had to do with Rawlinson. Bob Knipe had brought a friend on tandem, and, as the said friend had not ridden for seven years, we could not but admire his courage and endurance.

Cook and the Rawlinsons were bound for Denbigh, with Bettws-y-coed in view for the morrow. But only one Rawlinson turned up, and, as he was late, we at once proceeded to unload the usual Cook gospel, that "the later you start, the faster you've got to ride," with the result that the prospective victim (When will these fellows learn?) had to be content with three helpings of Christmas pudding and seven cups of tea—in addition, of course, to roast pork and things.

The railway magnates having departed, the rest of us had a sort of musical evening in distinctly tabloid form, prior to facing the rain, which Cook doubtless missed.

P.S.—It was an education to see the world's greatest teetotallers—Teddy Edwards, Jay Bee, Robinson, Dickman, etc.—lapping up brandy sauce with their Christmas pudding. What living lies and whitened sepulchres these disciples of Pussyfootism are, to be sure!

Allestock, December 23rd.

I don't know whether high winds are supposed to be seasonable for Christmastide, but I'm sure rain storms aren't, and we had both in plenty on this occasion. It made one rather fear that the party would be small, in view, not only of the climatic conditions, but also of the many social engagements which few can escape at this time of year. But such fears were groundless; there were 14 of us at table which, though not quite so large as we would have liked, was good enough in the circumstances. Most of us were thankful that the distance was not greater for, keen as one may be at the game, to push against a very steady and forceful wind, blowing rain into one, is the kind of thing with which one is soon satisfied. However, it gave us an excellent appetite for the good fare provided.

"Happy" was out once again, looking outwardly not much worse for his accident, though it has left its marks on his more or less classic features, but he expressed some little sympathy with the feelings of old-stagers out on such a day, so that we may assume that he is not yet quite fit again. The others present were the usuals—to quote a phrase which at one time caused much misunderstanding—"those who attend the runs wherever the destination may be fixed."

The tea dispatched, the week-enders were soon away on their 28 mile ride into the wind and rain, and the rest of us made for our own firesides—happily with the wind behind us.

Chester, December 26th.

Could any place better than Chester be found for this fixture, the "grande finale" of the year? What other is so easily approachable by road and rail, thus giving everyone a sporting chance of being present? The best answer is the attendance, which was round about fifty.

Arriving quite early and finding the room rather uncomfortably full, I feared there would not be enough lunch to go round, but after events showed I was quite wrong. What a representative crowd gathered from near and far; Turner from Bristol, Lusty and Carpenter from Birmingham, the latter arriving after the majority had left, which was distinctly unfortunate.

Morris and Walters were up from Shropshire, the James-Kinder party walked from Capenhurst, evidently preferring bogie wheels to bicycle wheels; Mercer and Rowatt per rail, Toft in his Rover. We fitted very nicely into the dining room, and did ample justice to a quite good meal quickly served. After lunch and much talk we broke up into various parties—some to home direct, others to sundry places for tea.

"The" party, led by Cook and Kettle, went to Halewood, via Warrington; a second via Delamere and the Transporter. A call at Sankey Chapel House resulted in the Presider being repulsed, in fact he couldn't get inside, so we hurried on to the Griffin, where we were more successful, being mistaken for a shooting party. On the tick of six o'clock, we arrived at the Derby Arms, to find the train party and Dave Fell. The end was as perfect as the day itself—quite befitting the occasion.

Woodbank, December 30th.

It is a curious fact that runs to new places never seem to attract, but a muster of 18 was certainly below expectations and necessitated some diplomatic "conversations" before we escaped without paying for those who were not there, Austin having ordered for 20 to 25. Edwards arrived late as usual, but had been to Ypento as an example of energy and enthusiasm some of the younger members might emulate with advantage; Cody had turned round by Frodsham and Horrocks had met the Presider at Acton Bridge, but the rest had arrived more or less direct. Charlie Conway broke record by attending his third consecutive run, but George Mercer failed in his record attempt! Lord Roi Den graced us with his presence, and Fawcett explained how he dodged Chester by a slip road on Boxing Day. The tea room at the Yacht was quite cosy, and an excellent feed enjoyed (even Chandler got stumped before the end of the innings!), although the hot-pot would not have harmed with a bit more cooking, while quite a Xmas flavour was given to the after proceedings by Diapason performing on the piano. With best wishes for the New Year, the Skipper and Presider departed for Wem, and the rest of us ambled gently homewards, feeling at peace with all the world.

Lower Peover, December 30th.

Why is it that we usually get rather smaller attendances than usual on the last run of the year? Of course, one must make allowances for social engagements, but on the other hand, the festivities of a really Merry Christmas demand exercise to work off the superabundance of good things, and then again, there is the incentive to get in as many runs as possible. Anyhow, we had only 12 out on this occasion to dispose of the excellent fare provided. The roads were heavy, and there was some rain, but conditions were about as good as can be reasonably expected at the time of year. Bende, whose arrangements appear to go a-gley very frequently, was much concerned at some misunderstanding which prevented his week-ending with his chosen companion and the subject was a kind of King Charles' head to him, recurring again and again in the conversation; no explanation would satisfy him, though he did seem to derive some little consolation from being allowed to play with a recalcitrant gas-lamp and in justice to him, it must be recorded that his ministrations had good results. A tyre repairing job, with the usual flood of advice from those not immediately concerned, helped the conversation after tea, and we all cleared off at a nice hour for our respective domiciles, some of us putting in force in anticipation the good resolutions usually associated with the New Year.

A. T. SIMPSON,

Editor.

ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

FORMED MARCH 1879.

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

MONTHLY CIRCULAR.

Vol. XVIII.

No. 204.

FIXTURES FOR FEBRUARY, 1923.

	Light up at
Feb. 3. Halewood (Derby Arms)	5-50 p.m.
.. 5. Committee Meeting, 7 p.m., 25, Water Street, Liverpool.	
.. 10. Daresbury (Ring o' Bells)	6-2 p.m.
.. 17. Pulford (Grosvenor)	6-15 p.m.
.. 24. Tarporley (Swan)	6-28 p.m.
March 3. Halewood (Derby Arms)	6-10 p.m.
.. 5. Committee Meeting, 7 p.m., 25, Water Street, Liverpool.	

Alternative Runs for Manchester Members.

Feb. 3. Ollerton (Dun Cow)	5-50 p.m.
.. 17. Mobberley (Reebuck)	6-15 p.m.
March 3. Lower Peover (Church House)	6-10 p.m.

Tea at 5-30 p.m.

Full moon 1st inst.

The Hon. Treasurer's address is R. L. Knipe, 108, Moseow 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.

94, Paterson Street,
Birkenhead.

New Members.—Messrs. F. E. Bill and R. F. Gilmore have been elected to Active Membership.

The resignations of Messrs. J. W. Gorman, W. Horton, and J. Lauder have been accepted with regret.

The names of Messrs. S. P. Leigh and M. O. Sarson have been struck off for non-payment of subscriptions.

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, W. H. Kettle, F. A. Smith, and C. H. Turnor.

The following have been appointed a Handicapping and Course Committee: Messrs. W. P. Cook, E. Edwards, H. M. Horrocks, W. H. Kettle, F. D. McCann, E. J. Reade and F. A. Smith.

All Night Ride.—This fixture has been arranged for June 30th. starting in the afternoon to Penrith and back. It is hoped that this new method of carrying out the event will attract increased support.

As last year, the Cheadle Hulme C.C. have asked us to send two delegates to a conference among the Clubs holding races in Cheshire, and the Committee have appointed Messrs. H. Green and E. J. Reade to represent our interests.

Changes of Address.—G. E. Carpenter, 176, Heathfield Road, Handsworth, Birmingham; A. R. Peers, "Crofton," Birkenhead Road, Meols, Cheshire; R. T. Rudd, 48, Culme Road, Larkhill, West Derby, Liverpool; R. P. Seed., 9, Egerton Park, Rock Ferry, Birkenhead.

Application for Membership.—Mr. Donald Miller, "Wildecroft," Blundellsands, proposed by H. M. Horrocks, seconded by W. P. Cook (junior); W. E. Jones, Lighthouse Inn, Wallasey Village, Cheshire, proposed by F. E. Baster, seconded by H. Austin.

H. AUSTIN,

Hon. Secretary.

Racing Programme for 1923.

I wish to draw the attention of all members to the following programme as arranged by the Committee, and hope all will book the dates, either to race or assist, as the case may be:—1st "50," April 21st; 2nd "50," May 5th; Invitation "100," May 21st; 3rd "50," June 16th; 12 Hours, July 14th; Invitation 24 Hours, August 24/25th; 4th "50," September 15th; 5th "50," September 29th. Two of the "50's" will be open to tandems, for which the dates have yet to be arranged.

W. H. KETTLE,

Capt. & Hon. Racing Sec.

Annual General Meeting, January 8th,

Another General Meeting has come and gone, and a very successful one it was, too. The Agenda included items of ordinary routine only, no special motions having been received. At the opening of the proceedings there were 33 members present, but before we were through, at nine o'clock, there were no fewer than 57 in attendance.

The first business, of course, was the minutes of the last A.G.M., and these were taken as read and were confirmed. Then Secretary Austin read his Report—an excellent one. He had not the usual extensive field to cover; the chronicle of the racing activities being now in the hands of the Hon. Racing Secretary. From Austin's Report we learned that we now number 192 in the Club, made up of 147 Active and 21 Junior Active Members, together with 24 Honorary Members, there having been added during 1922, 8 Active, 12 Junior Active, and one Honorary Members, but 7 resignations and one death reduced the total. The 53 Club Runs and other fixtures had been well supported, the average attendance being 42.717, an increase of more than 5 over the previous year; the largest figure for any one quarter was 47, of course with a decimal, and this was for the April to June quarter. Two members, Cook and Kettle, had attended all runs, and two others, H. Green and Austin, had missed but one. The first attendance prize had been taken by T. V. Schofield, with a score of 51, and the second by J. E. Rawlinson, with 50, Turnor and Horrocks having also put in a similar number. One hundred and thirty-nine members had attended runs, nineteen of them being at 40 or more, and 36 at more than alternate ones. The largest muster was 84 at the "100," and the smallest, 26, occurred twice; on no fewer than 13 occasions were there present more than 50. Splendid! Seven members of the Committee had been present at all twelve meetings of that body. The valuable services of A. T. Simpson in connection with the Circular were acknowledged. A brief reference to the Easter Tour, when 50 members and 7 friends were out, was made, also to the Whitsun Tour, with 84, the World's Championships Road Event and the August Week-end, which suffered in numbers by its proximity to the Championships. The Autumn Tour was a great success, 53 out, but the All-Night Ride was not so good, with only 9 out, through the night. Austin wound up with a note of appeal to the Juniors, on whom the future of the Club depends, to give all possible support. Quite an excellent "maiden" effort, Austin!; you're lucky in having the good material to "write up!" The usual hearty vote of thanks, and then we had some remarks from Green, who thinking of the average of 42, considered we were getting unwieldy, and should limit the membership! His remarks were really with reference to the question of accommodation at Club Runs, which is truly a problem. Not much sympathy with Green's views was shown, however, and then we paused a minute to receive, for the first time, a separate Racing Report from Capt. and Racing Secretary Kettle. Full details have already appeared in the Circular, so need not be repeated here. Kettle then presented his Financial Statement, and it provided food for thought. The main points were that we brought forward a balance of £45 odd and finished with practically the same, but Donations amounted to £34 in 1922, as against but £17 in the previous year; an increase in Club funds of £17. Subscriptions were up some £19, and arrears from 1921 yielded £5 more; feeding expenses in races cost some thirty shillings less, but the amount received for this from the competitors was £9 down. Of course the World's Championship accounted for part of our expenditure under

this heading, but allowing for that the competitors are getting off lightly. Printing costs rose by over £8, again due to the Championship, and the Prize list increase of £40 included an advance of £12 from the same cause. Committee room expenses, Knipe explained, did not mean hire of room, as that is lent without fee, but the item represented gratuities to the keeper of the building for keeping him late. Sundry payments showed a considerable drop from £21 to £7, and altogether the result is remarkable considering the numerous fluctuations in the individual items. The statement adopted and thanks tendered, Knipe then proceeded to suggest the figures for subscriptions for the current year—no change, which was duly carried after a somewhat half-hearted feeling had been voiced that we could return to the old figure of one guinea: this the Balance Sheet proved impossible. Next, as a preliminary to appointing our "governors," Cody and Tomlin were elected scrutineers, and we got on with the easy job of filling the principal office, W.P.C. being elected with acclamation, and he, in returning thanks, re-emphasised that the fact of his holding office was not going to act as a muzzle. Next we re-elected Ven. and Bert Green occupants of the vice-presidential chairs, in spite of a protest from the latter, which was over-ruled. Followed then the appointment of Kettle to fill the dual office of Captain and Racing scribe—a good move this—the division of the secretarial work, and one I advocated several years ago. Kettle accepted with pleasure!—rather unusual to find anyone so minded—or rather one who openly says so! H. M. Horrocks and J. A. Smith were then elected Kettle's lieutenants, and we proceeded to put Knipe again in charge of the money bags. In proposing him, Cook expressed his great admiration for Bob., as always in November his finances appeared in a hopeless state, yet by the end of the year he had got practically all subs. in—there must be a secret! Knipe explained the "secret," which was that we've got a President who has any amount of cheek: he goes round the backward ones and drags the money from them! Last of the offices, and by no means least, there was the appointment of a General Secretary, and there was but one man for it—Austin once more; and here was another man pleased (and pleased to say so) to carry on! Then we wanted nominations for committee men, ten in number, and one by one we got fifteen, who would allow their names to stand. 'Twas an innovation officially to couple with each man's name his attendance figures, and its a dangerous precedent—a man may be an excellent committee man, and yet have put in a comparatively small number of runs. Run attendance is not everything: interest in the Club and some experience go for much. We then suggested the re-election of Cotter and Morris as auditors, whereupon the Treasurer, of all people, attempted to second the proposition to the great merriment of the meeting. Kettle's Racing programme produced the longest arguments of the evening, some members wanting a "50" every other day, or was it every other week? Finally it was left to the discretion of the Committee to hold three or more "50's" (likewise the question of the admission of tandems to these events and the Club "12"), the Invitation "100," and the Invitation "24." Cook then moved the usual resolution offering the Special Prize for those successful in beating R.R.A. Unpaced Place to Place Records not held in the Club, which was carried, and we got the suggestion of a revival of the "All-brighton 100:" as the latter died a natural death from lack of interest, it was not felt possible to revive it. After that we proceeded to the Tours, and Charlie Conway got his hardy annual

through—"that the Club Tour be at Easter to Bettws." Next was the question of the—or an—All-Night Ride, and an appeal was made for northwards, either to Penrith or Carlisle. Some opposition was offered, a counter proposal being that we hold it in conjunction with one of the Invitation Races, but it was pointed out, and with justice, that the object of the All-Night Rides was to give the racing men a taste for riding through the night, with "24's" in view. It was decided we go North. Chandler then suggested Ireland for the August event! but the meeting preferred to "wait and see," in the hope of quieter times there. Derbyshire was eventually selected. Next, with acclamation, we passed a very hearty vote of thanks to Arthur for his conduct of the Circular, and he, in response, expressed himself as delightfully surprised in having the honour thrust upon him once more! Again with acclamation thanks were tendered to A.P.J. for his work in connection with the Road Event in the World's Championships, undertaken at very short notice, and "Jimmy" very, very briefly returned thanks. The President then notified us of Fulton's offer of special prizes still holding good, and we had reached the last item in the Agenda a few minutes to nine o'clock. Just then the scrutineers returned, and it was announced that the Committee consisted of McCann, E. Edwards, A. N. Rawlinson, Simpson, J. Kinder, Dean, S. J. Buck, Reade, James and D. Smith. And after that nothing remained but to pass the usual "omnibus" vote of thanks to all officials for their work of the past year. Practically on nine o'clock we passed out to the fresh air outside, and a good job too, as the "atmosphere" inside was hardly fresh.

This Way for Camelot.

The recent numbers of "Cycling" give detailed descriptions and sketches of the entrenched hill near South Cadbury and Sutton Montis, that strike tender cords in at least one Anfield breast that on more than one occasion has panted in scaling its steep banks, and swarming through its ditches, and has breathed hard between the aggers of its entrance ways.

On those occasions there was no Chem nor Loweck present to help to solve the mystery of the bits of stonework on the top that must have formed part of some sort of breastwork in dear old Alfred's days, but now that prominence has been given to the place in "Cycling," and that the Arthurian legend of Camelot has been revived by a Cyclist-Historian after being derided in other quarters, the Caboodle may again get a fare.

Unfortunately a farmer uses the enclosure for grazing, and the Northern entrance has been badly muled about by his cattle, for Arthur's oolithic rock produces an exceptionally sticky slime, while another drawback is that the western side of the hill is overgrown by most tenacious eldertrees. (I believe them to be elders because of their age and obstinacy).

Most of the towns on the little map in "Cycling" have either fed me or lulled me to sleep; the Mermaid and the Three Choughs at Yeovil are ideal inns in a little toured country.

Not far away is another entranced hill: Hamhill or Hamdon by the Fosse Way, with its Frying Pan Amphitheatre. At its foot shelter the old villages of Stoke and Montacute, the latter a model village with an attractive small conical hill (like a French "Puis"), once fortified by the Normans, who gave Montacute place on Norman Maps, and this is the Mount Acute that gave the place its name.

ITEMS.

The "Stars of the Stage" entertainment at the Picton Hall, is fixed for Friday, February the 23rd, for the benefit of the League of Welldoers, in which "cause" the late George Theakstone was so deeply interested. Miss Theakstone has again asked the Presider to sell tickets, and he will be glad to supply them at 3/6 (reserved), 2/4 and 1/3, and the show is wonderful value.

The Cartway at Bridgnorth with its historic Bishop Percy's house on the corner is famous in the annals of the Club, but Robbie, who has recently been that way, dismisses it with a reference to "climbing up through a rather slummy street," and calls Bridgnorth "a bit of a whited sepulchre." Shame! And we wonder how much he climbed? We fear he did not "smash through" as Neason, Mawr and Tooth did.

The reference to "Turner of Bristol" in the account of the Boxing Day Run was a misprint. Of course Mawr Conway was meant, and we were all delighted to see Tom looking so fit and well.

The election to membership of F. E. Bill, notified in this issue, covers the identity of our old friend Frank Bill, the Pooh Bah of the Speedwell B.C., who spoke so nicely about us at the inter-club gathering at Bala last Easter. He is very keen to be "initiated," and if he comes to Bettws, as we hope, will figure prominently in the old custom of "the branding of the puplings," even though he is an Old Timer.

Old members of the Club will learn with deep regret of the death of John W. Tipton, who was for many years a member of the Club. Tipton did not often attend the runs, but as long as his cycling days lasted, he was always proud of his Anfield membership, and never forgot the club. In recent years we often encountered him on the top road or making his way to Pentre in a fine car, and he always declared he could tell an Anfielder a mile off. One of the strongest traits in his character was that of prompt generosity, and he never failed to respond to any worthy appeal in a graceful way. His support of the Cyclists' Prisoner of War Fund and Cyclists' War Memorial Fund was princely, and cyclists have lost a good friend.

At the recent dinner of the Essex Roads Club, one of the artistes was E. W. Harley! Strange how he hid his light under a bushel when he was among us. Are there any more buried talents?

The latest thing in the cycling world is Purple Patches. We are not sure whether they are Purple Patches for Pale People or Purple Patches for Punctures, but apparently to get full advantage of them you must put about 100 miles between you and your womenfolk. They are a sovereign remedy for everything except Housemaid's Knee, and are worth a guinea a box (assorted sizes).

The Chief Constable of Grimsby states that many of the worst crimes are committed by teetotalers. Quite so. We have always suspected Shem and Hubert of being villains of the very deepest dye.

We noticed the following advertisement in *The Times* "Personal" column recently:—

P.G.—Statements that I have left T. false; reject all hearsay.—F. H.

Come, F.H. What's all this in aid of? We suspect a new invasion of the Roman Wall.

The "Daily Express" poster a few days ago contained the one word—

B E E R !

We understand that Robinson has bought up the whole stock of those posters and is using them instead of wallpaper in his new house at Birmingham. Meanwhile, Zaubuck says that he has never heard the word previously.

The Musical Correspondent of one of the daily newspapers states that he was asked recently how long a gramophone ought to live. We believe that the reply of the people who live next door to Oliver Cooper is: "About ten minutes."

Newspaper headline: "Marriage not a bar." Now we know why Arthur remains single.

BROADCASTING (the run) AND (non-runners) LISTENING-IN.

The difficulty broached at the A.G.M. of accommodating 40 and more members at some of our runs out of a membership of nearly 200, and for which difficulty no solution could be found, may possibly be solved in the near future when telephonic wireless is further developed, so that not only every village pub. is able to broadcast what goes on in its dining rooms, but the sacred sounds can be concentrated upon some particular receiving stations in Liverpool and Manchester, where fireside members can link up.

Then those of us to whom are denied the means of access to the run, or who fear to be crowded out at the "Arms," the "Angel," or the "Dragon," can still join in at the President's table and listen to his quips and sallies by placing the apparatus over our ears while lolling on the sofa, pipe in mouth and tankard in hand.

The tone of the conversation will gain considerably when speakers reflect on what may happen to their Bon-Mots, while care must be taken that the uninitiated do not participate, as some of the asides of, say, Crow or else Grimmy will always be Caviare to the General. In short, the run will be popularised beyond description, and what is more, we may then be justified in doubling the subscription.

Incidentally, it will overcome the trouble of finding someone to write up the run, for the ear of the Editor will ever be intercepting the sound waves and tapping the goings on.

THE SUGGESTER.

RUNS.

Halewood, January 6th.

With what pleasure, with what full delight do I periodically direct my steps to this charming spot.

Hail! to thee "Sweet smiling village, loveliest of the Plain."

Hail! to thee Miss Land of the "Derby Arms," lady of charming speech and countenance, purveyor of our monthly winter feast, cooked in the good old-fashioned style.

No gas ovens here; no electric heaters; no electric light. Only the really good old cooking, turkeys and geese roasted on the spit before the open fire; only the cheerful open grate with the wooden

cubers glowing; only the old lamps of years ago, but how refreshing after the palaces of the city, the restaurants and the cafés! Yes! how restful.

I think there were about forty of us, some in the "Upper Chamber" and others in the "Lower Chamber." What transpired in the "Upper" I cannot say, but in the "Lower" all went merrily.

The goose was skilfully disposed of by Carver No. 1 (he of gigantic stature, genial disposition, expert on motor cars, electricity, coke ovens, etc., etc.), who had a difficult duty to perform; however, he acquitted himself nobly and gave us all our fair proportion.

As regards Carver No. 2 (he of the cheerful, musical, merry, optimistic disposition), he had a very easy job. It was only necessary for him to press very lightly on the carving knife, and the roast pork came asunder in very nice slices, without any muscular effort whatever. Of that there could be no possible doubt, no possible, probable shadow of doubt whatever. After the "repas" was over, the high and mighty from the "Upper Chamber" joined us in the "Lower Chamber," and then several "Jolly Good Fellows" were toasted and tales and jokes of all descriptions went round.

Finally: Après avoir fait nos adieux à Madame Markwell et à sa fille Mademoiselle Sarah, we all went cheerfully home.

Hail! to thee Halewood, I hope to see thee again on many similar occasions.

Pulford, January 13th.

On arrival at Pulford I found W.P.C. (ook not reed) and Austin interested in billiards as played by Newall. Interest was lacking, however, when the Mullah blew in, and while he and the presider quenched their thirst, our attention was given to the Mullah's views on the all-night ride. Horrocks replied to these criticisms, but call of tea closed the discussion. The hot pot was greatly appreciated, judging by the number of second helpings required. An enquiry by Dickman as to where the O.G. was week-ending brought the answer that he was visiting a Purple Patch, otherwise Llanarmon D.C. Threlfall was very cheerful during the meal, this being due, no doubt, to the fact that Horrocks had deprived him of his duties as sub. The new sub. made a successful debut, but on counting the cash found that he was sixpence short. After a careful search this wayward tanner was unearthed, and Horrocks was reminded that he would need quite a few before he could invest in houses, etc. The Mullah and W. Orrell were the first to leave, and they were closely followed by the purple patch brigade, Perkins and Austin being the victims, while Band was left applying a purple patch to his front inner tube. The rest of us trickled homewards (trying to hang on to Newall and Deane) with a call at Hinderton, but as the total muster was only 18 (the two Mancunians having saved us from disaster), the party was not a large one. I have been riding regularly with the Club since 1422 (this is only a journalistic touch), and I have constantly noticed that large attendances at the A.G.M. set up exhaustion among those who have striven either to get on or keep off the executive, and this no doubt explains the small attendance, even the Lord Mayor being an absentee; but that it was a very good day for the time of the year is shown by the fact that Dickman, Edwards, and the Brothers Threlfall had come via Ypento. I wonder if Le Roi Den had heard the report of the engagement of Lady Ursula to a jockey, and was pursuing investigations! You never know.

Siddington, January 13th.

Have you ever come home from business on a Saturday morning, with the knowledge that you have a puncture in the front tyre of your bicycle, and a tandem with head ball-races that are conspicuous by their absence; with the front wheel of said machine reposing in a corner of the shed, and the handle-bars and saddles lying peacefully in your bedroom?

This was the state of affairs about a couple of hours before we were due to set off for the Club rendezvous. However, it was a straightforward matter assembling the machine, and we were soon away on the road.

In due course we ensconced ourselves at Sam's groaning table, which was closely surrounded by "Anfielders," whose one and only thought was to do justice to the viands.

The Cranshaws broke a long sequence of attendances by their absence, and so far, no news has been received showing just and sufficient cause therefor.

Inquiries were made about the Mullah, and it eventually transpired that he had journeyed to Pulford with W. Orrell on tandem.

A "sing-song" was indulged in after tea, and I'll wager that one or two of our talented members wished they had brought their music along.

A continuous succession of songs brought us swiftly to the time of departure, and we had reluctantly to leave the music and the piano, and betget ourselves to our mounts.

Chester, January 20th.

There was almost a record crowd at this fixture, numbering 49 members, and three friends, mostly on bicycles, and including a large crowd of Manchester men. The meal was not exactly a masterpiece, especially if judged by Halewood standards, but we will let that pass. The James C.C. mostly delivered by rail (which is only fitting for a real cycling club) were in great evidence, despite the unavoidable absence of their portly presider, and they had gone to considerable trouble, firstly in arranging for a new piano in place of the senile abortion belonging to the hotel, and secondly in bringing with them a truckload of all kinds, sizes, ages, and genders of "to and from" musical implements together with stands, music and other impedimenta. They had also brought along a young fellow of the name of Kinder (I don't know what relation he was to the two of "ours"—younger brother I should imagine)—who kindly favoured us with a short selection on the piano to open the proceedings. Newall then sang a couple of songs in his usual polished style, and a Mr. Lam-bourne (a friend whom Knipe had commandeered to push him out on a tandem) brought down the house with a recitation called "The Night Watchman," responding to a hearty encore with a fierce diatribe supposed to emanate from a street pencil seller and levelled directly at Cook in his character of opulent merchant. In the end the latter almost bought a pencil, so much was his sympathy aroused. Our old friend, Mr. Joe Andrews, was next on the scene, and met with a vociferous welcome. Once again he charmed us with that beautiful voice of his of which we never tire, and he had to respond to an encore. Then came the STAR TURN of the evening, the

Kinder Trio. Young Mr. Kinder, ambushed behind a huge contraption closely resembling a couple of cheeses (or should it be cheese?) melted in the middle which functioned as a bellows, John gently nursing a baby pup of this weird instrument, with Hans gracefully reclining on the piano stool. At the word "go," the triplet got off its mark like one man, and pedalling steadily through "Out in the deep," reached its goal with plenty in hand, amid tumultuous applause. As the Presider stated, it was an entertainment unique in the annals of the Club, and the combination was called upon several times during the evening to repeat the dose. After the excitement had simmered down, the great little Tomlin, in all his war paint, kept the house in a roar as he roamed through all the phases of life contained in a song of about 500 verses entitled "And so we go on and on and on"—as a matter of fact I began to think he would never go off, but to the regret of the audience he eventually did, only to be immediately recalled to portray one of his famous Dickens' studies: the elder Weller enlarging on the guileless simplicity of yidders, to his son. During the evening he also gave us several clever impersonations, and was a tower of strength. Grimmy favoured us with a couple of songs nicely rendered, as did Chandler, and the Mullah entrusted us with the secret of the absorbing passion he had conceived for his own darling self. We then had another novel turn, i.e., a thought-reading exposition. This was carried out by Mr. Lambourne throwing Knipe into a trance and then behind the piano, where he could not see or be seen. In this undignified position he was assailed with difficult questions, such as "How many legs are on this chair?" This proved to be a poser, but after a short lapse of time the correct answer "4" could be faintly heard from the beavery one. Other equally difficult and abstruse queries were countered in the same ingenious manner, after tremendous mental tumult on the part of the medium, and it was a dazed, but triumphant Knipe which was eventually emptied out of the piano. Mr. Andrews then gave us the Prologue from "Il Pagliacci" in masterly manner, and Newall also responded to the Presider's call, a very successful evening being brought to a close by a hearty vote of thanks to our visitors, and the singing of "Auld Lang Syne" by the massed chorus, with full orchestral accompaniment.

Newburgh, January 27th.

Thanks to the support of the Wayfarer C.C., this run North was fairly well attended, 25 sitting down to an excellent tea in the cosy room of the Lion Rouge, with its enormous fire fit to roast an ox. The most notable presence was that of Captain Park, who is nowadays so seldom able to escape from his duties and join us. Jim was a disciple of Pullmanism (express to Hoscarr Moss), but the rest of us had propelled ourselves by road, and even though the Zephyr was rather robust, it was a good day and a glorious moonlight night. At the same time, there were some unusual absentees, and we were all sorry to learn from Mandall that the Kinders were suffering from Concertinitis, or some other dreadful complaint. Newburgh always provides great discussion as to routes, which is not surprising when you come to think that a man-like Edwards, who has been there umpteenth times in the last 35 years, succeeded in losing himself on the heights of Parbold, after circumnavigating Preston—no wonder Baster, paying his first visit, had found the problem almost as elusive as pricking the garter! The safest way seems to be to way-lay Kettle and Band, as so many did to Johnny's amazement—there being quite

an old-fashioned club run from the Landing Stage. After tea, Videlex entertained us by starting a discussion on cycling mechanics, in relation to hill climbing, with the result that we have cancelled our order for a Giraffe. And then the route discussion started again. Cody had promised to pilot the Presider to the Dog and Gun, West Derby, and this led to a party of 8 being formed. Parry and Dickman "bit," but as the shrine in Willmer Road was open and they could obtain no guarantees as to schedule, they threw in their lot with the rest, proceeding by Ormskirk. This Dog and Gun expedition was really of a scientific nature, and was most successful. The Skipper informed us with bated breath that there was to be an "occultation of the Hyades and Aldebaran," and although Bidston Observatory declared it was invisible, the glasses we obtained by the good offices of Mandall and Knipe, proved to be sufficiently potent to enable us to see the "occultation" (as well as a nail in Harold's tyre), view the counting house chiefly occupied in receiving club subs., negotiate the crowd flocking from Olympus (or is it Olympia?) and, we say it advisedly, eventually to reach home after a "Purple Patch" with "The Way Out" not Verboten.

Lower Peover, January 27th.

Our newly-appointed sub-captain is no novice at the art of securing victims for this run-writing business, and his "I'll leave this run to you, good night!" proves quite effective. I shall make a point of avoiding him in future.

The afternoon turned out fine and dry, which probably accounted for the number of cars on the main road, but these were soon forgotten when we turned into the lanes. On approaching our destination, we overtook, after a struggle, one of the "youngsters," who showed us he could still "get 'em round."

The yard was full of bicycles when we arrived, and there proved to be a large crowd out, 26 I think, which necessitated an overflow into an inner chamber. However, there was enough food to go round, although only about half this number had been ordered for. After tea conversation was carried on in groups, despite the efforts of one member to charm us with selections on the piano.

A. T. SIMPSON,

Editor.

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ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

FORMED MARCH 1879

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

MONTHLY CIRCULAR.

Vol. XVIII.

No. 205.

FIXTURES FOR MARCH, 1923.

	Light up at
March 3. Halewood (Derby Arms)	6-40 p.m.
„ 5. Committee Meeting. 7 p.m., 25, Water Street, Liverpool,	
„ 10. Little Budworth (Red Lion)	6-52 p.m.
„ 17. Rufford (Fermor Arms)	7-4 p.m.
„ 24. Acton Bridge (Leigh Arms)	7-16 p.m.
„ 30 } Bettws-y-Coed (Glan Aber)	7-30 p.m.
April 2 }	
„ 7. Broxton (Royal Oak)	7-40 p.m.

Alternative Runs for Manchester Members.

March 3. Lower Peover (Church House)	6-40 p.m.
„ 17. Knutsford (Red Cow)	7-4 p.m.

Tea at 5-30 p.m.

Full moon 3rd inst.

The Hon. Treasurer's address is R. L. Knipe, 108, Moseow 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. R. Austin, D. Miller, H. Warwick Jones, and W. E. Jones, have been elected to Active Membership, the three last-named being Juniors.

Easter Tour.—The terms at the "Glan Aber," Bettws-y-Coed, during the Easter Tour will be the same as last year, with the exception of a small reduction to those who "double-up," viz., 12/- and 10/6 per day (dinner, bed, and breakfast).

The following day trips have been arranged; luncheon at 1-30 p.m. each day:—

Friday	: Llandudno (Grand).
Saturday	: Harlech (Castle).
Sunday	: Carnarvon (Prince of Wales).
Monday	: Ruthin (Castle).

If it is your intention to take part please let me have your name and date on which you will be joining the party, not later than Monday, March 26th.

Changes of Address.—W. M. Robinson, 9, Lyttelton Road, Edgbaston, Birmingham; V. M. G. Cox, 125, Burton Road, West Didsbury, Manchester.

Application for Membership.—Mr. Hubert G. Buckley, 2, Woodfield Road, Cheadle Hulme, Cheshire, proposed by H. Roskell, seconded by E. J. Reade (Junior Active).

H. AUSTIN,
Hon. Secretary.

M. C. and A. C. Dinner.

When a function such as the M.C. and A.C. Dinner is run year after year with no particular object beyond being a dinner, it is difficult to say wherein one differs from another, but what struck me most at this year's 33rd Annual Dinner was the feeling, which found considerable expression in the speeches, that "we the M.C. and A.C. are jolly well proud of ourselves," and as an outsider I felt compelled to say to myself "and why not;" for what a club it is, and what a record it has to be proud of.

F. T. Fidlake never fails to pull their leg about the mixture of the cycle and motor element, but even on this point the club is to be congratulated, for it is impossible to name any other club wherein these supposedly antagonistic elements meet, with such harmonious results.

Think of another point. This club has to hold a special meeting at which it takes them an hour and forty minutes to give away the prizes for cycling, motoring and golfing. And so one could continue, but space will not permit. One other point, however, I must mention, and that is the excellent talent which they produce out of their own ranks for our amusement and edification at the dinner. I should want half a page of the circular to comment suitably upon it, and finally I must not fail to record the fact that the M.C. and A.C. "never forgets," so that men like Tom Peck had a busy time responding to toasts from one quarter and another.

It was a great night, and I was proud to be there.

H.P.

An Attempt to Close "The Open Road."

Our intended all-night run to the Lakes calls to mind the last Anfield tour to Windermere, which took place at the time of the old controversy over the intended improvement in the Sty Head Pass. It then concerned the question of turning a mountain track into a cartroad, which was frustrated by an agitation chiefly engineered by the Rock and Fell Climbing Club, of London, who clearly saw that such a road, even if unsuitable for motor cars, would bring scores of cyclists into their preserves, but who cleverly—though with little respect for our intelligence—enlisted the services of their very victims (the cyclists) by trotting out the motor bogey, which bait was readily swallowed by those wheelmen whose ignorance of the district prevented them from seeing through the hoax.

Emboldened by their success, the agitators are now attempting a far more barefaced repetition of their tactics in connection with the proposed repair of the old and only highway that runs east and west across the Lake District, and is the only direct access from Windermere to the Ravenglass coast. I refer to the ages-old Pass over Hardnott and Wrynose, credited with Roman origin (which at least proves its birthright) and which has been utterly neglected for over a century, probably since packhorse days. It has been suggested that this road shall be put in repair, and at once the Rock and Fell Climbing Club are at their old game of crying: "Wolf!", relying on the fact that the number of people conversant with the road is very, very small, and does not include the average tourist.

The road runs through a drear and dismal uninhabited valley, is a terror to cyclists on account of its ruined surface, and is less used by walking men than the mountain track from Duncheon Gill to Wastwater over Esk Hause. Only one house is encountered during the entire mountain crossing of more than seven miles. Doctor Carlisle was perhaps the first Anfielder to cross it, and W. Lowcock (as well as the writer) has been over it in recent years. I shall not easily forget the feeling of melancholy that came over me when at rest at the Three Shire Stones, with my head on Wrynose Breast looking down at Wrynose Bottom, the most desolate spot in Lakeland.

In these days of powerful motors the pass has few terrors for an enterprising motorcar driver, but the average motorist will always prefer the speedier roads round by Keswick and Civilisation. At present the road is largely the plaything of the A.C.U. competition motorcyclist. Him the Fell and Rock Climber does not fear, because the stunt rider, not being a tourist, returns to his lair; it is the cyclist who would invade it to gain access to a district now almost barred to him. It is certain we need not fear to find the Fell and Rock Climber tramping this road. It is not one of his haunts, though it opens the way to his domain. The fear of this Arch Humbug: that the tourist will approach the sacred precincts "in an improper spirit," is an added insult to us.

I urge those of our members who are in the councils of the C.T.C. and those who write for the press on other cycling matters, to make a fight to keep this very old and very open road, open to all, and especially to us cyclists by advocating its repair, instead of opposing it.

F.H.K.

ITEMS.

Robinson writes: I see that somebody wants to know how much of the Cartway I climbed on the occasion of one of my recent visits to Bridgnorth. I climbed the *whole* of it.

Feb. 25th. Bargains In This Week's "Cycling."

"Rudge, 28 ins., new Brampton, North Road, rolling levers, Clinchers, minus saddle, brakes, £2 . . ."

As we have always held, a clear specification is the first essential to a quick sale. The new Brampton and minus saddle alone should be worth the money.

"22 in. Roadster . . . 28 in. Dunlop, Granby, Brooks, B.S.A. free, accessories, £5."

We should go for the free B.S.A. and leave the accessories £5.

"Raleigh, 24 frame, . . . new wheels, steel tyres, nearly new . . ."

We understand that, in view of the coming racing season, "Vidalex" is negotiating for the purchase of the tyres alone.

An article discussing "Man's age of muscular strength" says: "A maximum should be attained by his thirtieth year, after which a decline sets in. Between 40 and 50 this decline is rapid." After 50, presumably, there is nothing left, which explains why Cook invariably walks all hills and is thinking of giving up cycling before the Band prophesy comes true.

Both F. E. Parton and A. E. Walters are now fond parents, which explains why we have not seen them lately. We understand that Parton's "little stranger" is a girl, while that of Walters is a son and heir.

Sympathy is due and hereby tendered to Le Roi Den. Lady Ursula has gone back on him and let him down. Her engagement to the jockey is now publicly announced and Tommy's romance has dissolved into thin air!

W. E. Taylor has resigned his membership of the Cheshire B.B.'s, owing to his removal to Manchester, and we shall now have the pleasure of seeing him on the Club runs, but what will Llandegla and Rhydtalog do about it?

Anfielders at Large.

President Cook has designs on the Wild Moor, Buxton, for March 17th. He will be sent to sleep at the Shakespeare Hotel, at which hostelry a long remembered weekend was spent in the early days of war. Rumour has it that Harry Buck and Winstan are practising the long stride to outstrip the cycle walkers. These latter would reach Buxton early on the Saturday with the object of diving into Poole's Hole; a gaping chasm, on Burbage Moor. On the Wild Moor it is hoped to find traces of the Roman Street (trampled out of recognition by the packhorse) the continuation of that between Jenkins Chapel and Goyts Bridge.

What Chem Doesn't Know.

Chem's happy recovery has brought his fame on every lip, and in order to keep this within bounds and confine it within proper limits, I offer a friendly critique. Far from trying to damn him with faint praises, my attempt at damping down is only to prevent the Chem worship becoming a debauch.

Chem can tell a tale in Tuscan,
 Conjugate a verb Etruscan,
 Didn't we hear him at the Lion in the tongue of Ancient Rome?
 Cracking puns in pure Iberian
 That sound sultry in Siberian,
 Yet in Choctaw and Chaldean he is hardly half at home.

He can sneeze along in Russian,
 Sing a patter song in Prussian,
 He recites to us in Doric and the mild mellifluous Erse,
 And old Peris has been slated
 (Their stenographer has stated)
 In a very Oriental rich and Comprehensive Curse.

But he does not know what Legions
 Overran the Persian Regions,
 Nor how on earth Queen Nefertiti bred the everlasting Sphinx;
 He wonders why the Saucy Helen
 Oh! such sinful love once fell in,
 And in fact he's wholly ignorant of any mortal minx.

He can translate Tut Ankh Amen:
 —Champion of Egyptian Car-men—
 But he does not know the Stanzas that the dear old Omar wrote.
 Yet each time I try to mention
 Some lies of my *own* invention,
 Their origin in Arabic vexatiously he'll quote.

Can he draw a Parabola?
 No! He talks of Emile Zola,
 While the words of Victor Hugo slip from off his untied tongue;
 All his quantities and factors
 Multiplied by his subtractors
 Prove that Algebraic secrets he has burrowed not among.

Yet from Anfield to New Brighton
 Chem's our admirable Crichton,
 Whilst from Cheadle Hulme to Hoylake members all his praises
 sing;

Still can I spot one bright Omen
 That some camps (Stone Age or Roman)
 Long forsaken, Chem has taken under his Paternal Wing.

Stroorio.

RUNS.

Halewood, February 3rd.

It was not surprising on such a gloriously fine day that 38 members and friends attended this run. Quite an unusually large number came round by the Transporter, and many extended this outward journey very considerably, Teddy Edwards having been as far afield as Acton Bridge; fortunately (for the President), he met Cook

and Austin in Warrington, just as the latter had mutinied, for with his added persuasion and a promise to help to push the tandem with the front wheel of his trike, Banks was persuaded to man the stokehold and Austin finished the journey to Halewood in comfort on Banks' machine. As Banks asserted that he had an easy ride, and they all arrived in good time, everybody concerned was satisfied. The fixture was well supported by the "old brigade" as well as the newer members, and one of our very latest recruits was out—"Wallasey" Jones, who, while praising the meal, did not appear to do it justice. The tea was quite up to the Derby Arms standard, but that did not entirely justify Horrocks' endeavour to collect twice from one member.

The concert was not very well supported considering the number out, and we missed Tommy's powerful support in the chorus. He was at the run, but supported the Upper House as usual for tea, and evidently disappeared early. I was told that his voice has broken, and indeed he could not really expect to retain such a youthful voice for ever. The harmony of the proceedings was somewhat upset by Zambuck asking John Kinder if he had his "melodion" with him. John, who by the way was not at all well, with great indignation and at considerable length informed us, one and all, that it was a euphonium, or some such name—so now you know—but quite a lot of us had been under the erroneous impression that it was a concertina he played at Chester. However, after singing the famous chorus once more, peace was restored, the two disputants going off together amicably enough with the rattler party, and beyond some little differences of opinion over ventilation, local railway systems, and one or two other unimportant matters, the dozen or so of this party had a peaceful, if somewhat clouded, journey to Liverpool.

Ollerton, February 3rd.

A beautiful day—blue sky, sunshine, a healthy breeze—a perfect spring day, with all that exhilarating effect that the first day in the new year, giving promise of the still better days to come invariably has on the open-air man. More's the pity that the present scribe found it impossible to make that early start which was, in the circumstances, so desirable (No, Arthur, he did *not* fall asleep after lunch). Other of the Manchester men, more fortunate, took full advantage of the day and did quite respectable mileages before reaching the Dur Cow. F.H. had taken a friend in the caboodle to inspect Beeston Castle minutely, and gave an enthusiastic account of that interesting relic of the past. Some of the younger members had put in useful training spins—I came in in the tail of one of these parties, and was rather grateful that the distance I had to travel with them was not longer. The good muster—we were 23—rather taxed the capacity of the house, but with a little delay and some goodwill, we were all accommodated satisfactorily. Over tea, the relative merits of various entertainers, professional and otherwise, were discussed, until some complicated financial transactions between certain members took the attention of all but two, who were so deeply immersed in the tracing on the map of Roman and alleged Roman roads as to be quite oblivious to all else. Tea over, we made our way homewards in various parties, more or less sedately, some of the young bloods making the older men sit up and take notice. If present form is anything to go by, there should be some good times done this season.

Daresbury, February 10th.

It was a wet, windy, cold, and miserable morning, but not too wet, windy, cold, or miserable for most of us; and so far as W.P.C. and Teddy were concerned, it was certainly "a fine wet day," for they both "smashed through" to Llandegla for lunch before reaching Daresbury.

About mid-day it brightened up considerably, thus enabling us to arrive at the "Ring O'Bells" nice and dry after an enjoyable run out. The majority of us seemed to have come out by diverse ways, the writer having been overtaken by Austin, was piloted by him through Tarvin, Mouldsworth, etc.

On reaching the rendezvous, it was clearly seen that a strong contingent of our Manchester friends had arrived, and shortly after 6 o'clock, we (38 of us) journeyed into the dining room, where it was quite evident that "the dim religious light prevailed" once more, until Cook had quite a brain wave, and ordered the lamps to be turned up. This having been done, we got on with the business, i.e., endeavoured to eat the steak and kidney pie, but alas! . . . ('nuff sed). However, we did not grumble, being Anfielders, and got on with it.

After tea, and also after the customary visit of the "Chancellor of the Exchequer," the party gradually left the dining room, the majority making for the billiard hall, where a keen contest was watched between Reade and Cranshaw.

It was good for us to have "F.H." with us on this occasion. He and Cook were week-ending together at Wrexham. Poor Mullah was bitterly disappointed in not being able, owing to indisposition, to get out.

It was about 7-30 when eight members of the Birkenhead and Wallasey contingent formed fours and moved off for home; Austin, Dean and Dickman set the pace, and they soon got well ahead of the remainder. The other five duly arrived, and joined them at the "Shrewsbury Arms."

A feature of this day was the ride of Teddy Edwards, he having covered a mileage of not less than 108 on the day. Considering his years (he is not yet 90) and the climatic conditions he was up against during the early part of the day, this feature was certainly worthy of special note, and is a splendid example to the older members of our Club.

Pulford, February 17th.

"The way was long, the wind was cold, the cyclist was infernal bold, His ancient 'grid,' rust-red, mud-grey, seemed to have known
a better day. . . ."

And so had the writer, who by various means and devious routes at length found himself at Pulford. There, around the hospitable board, were to be seen a goodly crowd representing some of the youth and beauty of the Club, in number 28, including three youthful members from Manchester. The hot-pot made its appearance and was quickly despatched, as were also the usual frills and trimmings which we have learned to associate with this hotel. One missed some of the most consistent supporters of the Club fixtures—notably the Mullah and J.C.B., the latter of whom was rumoured to be doing his bit towards increasing the Cinema dividends of Merseyside. (This

statement should be accepted—if at all—with reserve). Tommy Royden did not seem to be much upset about Lady Ursula's reported engagement (which was duly reported in the following Monday's papers), which only confirms my idea that he is not the man he was.

As the writer left early, he cannot say when the party broke up, or where the various members went, except for the fact that the president informed him that he was booked for Wem, in order that the new "50" course might be measured on Sunday.

Mobberley, February 17th.

A delightful Cheshire retreat is Mobberley Village—albeit somewhat stony of entrance—we had a "rattling" time dropping down the hill—and always pleasant to pass through when touring. Some 24 Anfielders foregathered at the "Roebuck" for a splendid tea. This promises to be a suitable Anfield house again. Turning to the company present, we were agreeably surprised to see Gorman again after his recent absence from Club activities. Turnor was out after a week's cessation from riding, and was duly accorded a hearty welcome. Shepherd, a recently elected member was unfortunate in having a smash up on the way out, bad enough to cause his return home. "Perseus" was present, and beaming all the time, though he was late. Can anyone place the nick-name? Tea over, the company broke up into groups, and so the writer left them, talking on their favourite themes, the younger ones about the delights and pleasures of racing which they hope to share—the coming season!

Tarpörey, February 24th.

I wish I knew how the Presider manages it. Whilst all the rest of us arrived very wet, with the water squelching out of the tops of our shoes as we walked into the "Swan," he had had no rain at all—at least, he said so, and who am I to doubt the veracity of a gentleman of so benevolent an aspect? Anyhow, where I was there was plenty of rain, which was all the more disappointing as the preceding day had been so fine. However, we plugged along through the lanes, with their generous coating of mud, meeting samples of the nobility and gentry of the county returning from the hunt, who graciously allowed us to creep past them in the gutter. How is it, I wonder, that one finds these people, who presumably have received some kind of education, and must have some sort of consideration for each other, show so little sign of manners when they meet other wayfarers on the road? They ride abreast, right across the road, leaving no space except the gutter for anyone else, and appear to have no idea whatever that we others may, very humbly of course, reasonably claim some small share of the earth and the fullness thereof.

Evidently "going round the earth" had not been indulged in much, for most of the members were inside well before the hour for tea. I don't know exactly how many we were, but there was an overflow. The meal was hot, for a change, which in the circumstances was grateful and comforting. About 7 the party commenced to break up, some going south for the week-end, the remainder making homewards, through the incessant downpour. My party found no adventures beyond the unaccountable extinction of lamps.

A. T. SIMPSON,

Editor.

ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

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Vol. XVIII.

No. 206.

FIXTURES FOR APRIL, 1923.

		Light up at
April	7. Broxton (Royal Oak)	7-40 p.m.
..	9. Committee Meeting, 7 p.m., 25, Water Street, Liverpool.	
..	14. Nantwich (Lamb)	7-51 p.m.
..	21. First 50 Miles Handicap	8-3 p.m.
..	28. Malpas (Crown).....	9-14 p.m.
May	5. Second 50 Miles Handicap	9-26 p.m.
..	7. Committee Meeting, 7 p.m., 25, Water Street, Liverpool.	

Full moon 1st and 30th inst.

The Hon. Treasurer's address is R. L. Knipe, 108, Moseow 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 Member.—Mr. H. G. Buckley has been elected to Junior Active Membership.

Change of Address.—W. E. Taylor, c/o Messrs. Rudge, Whitworth, Ltd., 192, Deansgate, Manchester; J. A. Grimshaw, 139, Clifton Street, Old Trafford, Manchester.

Applications for Membership.—Mr. Albert E. Morton, 35, Gt. Western Street, Alexandra Park, Manchester, proposed by V. Fantozzi, seconded by E. Fantozzi (Junior); Mr. John Edwin Walker, "Ash House," Parkers Road, Coppenhall, near Crewe, proposed by H. Austin, seconded by W. P. Cook.

H. AUSTIN,
Hon. Secretary.

Racing Notes. New "50" Course.

In view of the congested state of the East Cheshire course, owing to the motor traffic and to the extent it is used by other clubs, the Committee have decided to run the first two "50's" over a new course in Mid-Cheshire, which is as follows: Start on the Chester-Whitechurch road about a quarter of a mile Chester side of 5th M.S. to Nomans Heath, Bickley Corner, Ridley Green, Acton Corner, Cholmondeley School, Ridley Green, Acton Corner, Cholmondeley School, Bickley Corner, Nomans Heath and along Chester-Whitechurch road, finishing about quarter of a mile Chester side of 6th M.S. These starting and finishing points are at present only approximate. Sub-Captain Horrocks has prepared a one-inch scale map of the course, and this can be seen on club runs by members interested.

First "50," 21st April. Second "50," 5th May.

Entries for these two events must reach me not later than 14th and 28th April respectively. I hope to fix up dressing accommodation at The Black Dog, Waverton, providing competitors let me know beforehand. In order to suit the convenience of Manchester competitors, the start will be made as late as possible.

Invitation "100."

Invitations for the "100" have been sent to the following clubs: North Road, Bath Road, M.C. and A.C., Unity, Vegetarian, Polytechnic, Speedwell, Manchester Wheelers, Highgate, East Liverpool Wheelers, Irish Road Club, Sharrow, Yorkshire Road Club, Walton C. and A.C., University, Manchester Grosvenor Wheelers, Etna, Hull Thursday, Leeds Road Club, Leicester Road Club, Cheadle Hulme, Liverpool Century, Wood End, Century Road Club, Rotherham Wheelers, three each; Manchester Wednesday and Keutish Wheelers, two each; Todmorden, Leigh Clarion, Birkenhead North End, Gomersal Road Club, Leeds Kirkgate and Birkenhead C.C., one each.

About 50 helpers are required for checking, marshalling, feeding, etc. I am now booking names. **COME AND VOLUNTEER. DON'T WAIT TO BE ASKED.**

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

What F.H. DOES know.

(By kind permission of F. J. Cheminai, Esq.).

In the realms of history ancient,
He has delved, a student patient
Of the lure and pomp of Romans in the spacious days of yore.
In imagination's hotbed
He has revelled, so it's got said,
In the conflicts of that epoch and the splashing of the gore.

To him Caractacus is
Plain as any other cuss is,
And gladiatorial exploits even yet enthrall his soul;
While the sport of royal scions—
Handing maidens to the lions—
Right to the brim of happiness fills up his flowing bowl.

Into Roman psychology
(As is too the case with Hodge) he
Has made such vast researches that he's in a field apart,
While his knowledge of their causeways,
Their roads, their dykes, and laws, weighs
The uninitiated down, and puts them in the cart.

He a petroliser now is
(Just the same as Smart Set Crow is)
And lands feudal with caboodle he's explored by hook or crook.
Every Roman nook and cranny
He's exploited (it's uncanny)
To the mild surprise of Teddy, and o'erwhelming of the Cook.

Of the period Neolithic,
There is nothing that is mythic
In his views or his conclusions—they are concrete, cut and dried;
Take a place like Borcovicus,
(Place we wouldn't stalk or seek—us)*
On such terrain he is Master—has his readers atrophied.

When sartorially accoutred,
He's rekerkay, more, tray moutred,
The despair of emulators, and the cynosure de tous;
Carlyle (who knew naht abaht us)
Scribbler of "Sartor Resartus"
At his vision would have crumpled, like a jelly-amorphous.

His recitals in the Chapel
Leave one dazed—one cannot grapple
With the subtleties of action which are used to point his tale.
His renditions of Schwenk Gilbert,
Would have caused that witty filbert
Untold interest were he with us, and not yet beyond the veil.

In the cycling world of speedmen,
Though at no time with the fee'd men,
He has carried all before him in the days which are no more.
He was known as "Flying Dutch'un,"
And has never 'smirched his 'scutcheon,
Though his scalps he counts in hundreds and his trophies by
the score.

In the paths of liter-a-ture
It is difficult to 'bate your
Admiration of his prowess—ask the Editor, he knows,
And since poetry's now his long suit
(And apparently a strong suit)
Heaven help us in our travail—*It was bad enough with prose.*

*Lapsus grammaticus rhymaticus pardonic us!

Anfielders Are To Go Over Hardnott and Wrynose.

A new turn to the dispute has been given at the A.G.M. of the Lake District Association that was held on the very day that the Anfield Protest saw print. I quote the Chairman of the County Council Main Roads Committee.

"Harnott and Wrynose Pass has been a highway from time immemorial and the rural councils could be indicted for not keeping it as such, in which case the quarter sessions would be obliged to order them to put it in proper repair. It has always been a road for wheeled vehicles. It is not intended to be a motor road, but they should be compelled to put it in such repair that it could be used the same as roads over other passes where no one suggested they should not be used."

The Chairman "objected to the selfishness of the walking and climbing people. If the Council were to try and stop a footpath what would not be said of them? Yet these climbers want to stop a highway to others than cragsmen." (The Chairman might have been an Anfielder).

The contribution of the delegate of the Climbers was: "I have walked the road often and as I am fond of it, I favour keeping it as the Romans left it, or what is left from the feet of the pack-horses."

The end was a resolution: "That the attention of the District Councils be drawn to the bad state of repair, with the request to put it in passable condition."

Hardnott may remain a hard nut to crack, and Wrynose a twisty promontory, but all we cyclists need is a rideable surface.

In two leading articles the "Manchester Guardian" pleaded the cause of the Rockclimber and his sanctity against the tourist. The cyclist was carefully avoided, there might be no such tourist. But the only wheels the "M.G." will tolerate are those of the farm-cart and No Others. The whole affair amply vindicates him who warned cyclists to "beware of the rock and fell Captain."

With "Robert Leigh."

A long article in "Cycling," of March 15th, from the pen of H. W. Bartleet, tells us about Knipe's 24 hours' record in 1902, and its wonderful achievement in spite of carrying the surplus dead weight of "soled and heeled" tyres and certain other drawbacks. The only criticism I offer is that it distorts certain difficulties and ignores others, which discrepancies mean little to outsiders, but matter to us. It tells us that from the start Knipe had little or no competition, and that his performance suffered by the absence of serious opposition.

Probably the author misread the details supplied to him. It is true that of those who lived through the race none pressed him, but Knipe's chief opponent, who fought so great a battle with him, succumbed after the half distance, and the whole further course of the race was influenced by that earlier struggle. All this Bartleet ignores, but we may not ignore it when we recall the day. I refer to the pressure from W. R. Oppenheimer, who rode the race of his life by contesting with Knipe the 12 hours' record, the latter qualifying for the new figures by nearly 3 miles. Had "Oppie" not been there, Knipe would have contented himself by doing 2 miles less in the first twelve, and that would have enabled him to do a great deal more in the second twelve, for while the former was a clean run out, his vanquisher got such an attack of the "slows" that it took him quite four hours to shake off the effects, which entailed great effort and demanded enormous will power. It was here that Knipe was greatest.

Not till the 18th hour did he get back to beating evens, and then commenced that heroic race with time that was meant to wipe out the earlier lapses. But as a fight this was child's play compared to the "acid tasting" and the "torture of the third degree" of the noon.

The author credits me with nursing Knipe in his bad time. His informant is mistaken. I was spared that to a great extent. On the other hand, I was so fortunate as to be with him after Wem when his recovery was complete.

With poor Jim Staveacre—who sleeps at Gallipoli (and who became inspired by having a share in this great ride)—suspended over the front bar, I was in the privileged position from the rocking rear seat of the dreadnought for a while to encourage, guide, and sway Knipe's rattling rush round Whitechurch that brought him towards the 400 goal.

But for his attack of the slows he could with less exertion have reached 420.

Ante Bathclomew.

Among the exhibits at the Show of Ancient Maps recently held at Owens College, Manchester, there was to be seen a map of England drawn by a Monk of St. Albans, in about the year 1200, in connection with his *Historia Minor*. It is a bit of an eye-opener, and leads one to think that few at that period had a very good idea of the lie of the land, which ignorance was attributable to a lack of touring in the lamentable absence of cycling.

Wales appears on the map as an immense country as large as England, probably because travel in the principality was slow and laborious work in those days. The episcopal seat of St. David's, which occupied a lofty place in the mind of this monk, is placed in the centre of Plinlimmon, which he calls Gebirge, which, of course, means mountain range. To the south-west of Chester appears a place called Marchia (translated into "a market in Saloppe," in other words our Oswestry). Bridgenorth is called Bruge, so there is no mistaking the importance of this river crossing. In speaking of Mous-Gomerie the holy man elevates the Small Hill at the expense

of the Great Roger. Bath is called Balnea-Badonis-Bathonia, the meaning of which must be left to the two rivals "Explorer" and "Basil," to unravel, but the name Mount-Badon, I believe, has been given to Chem's Camp on the Down. Curiously enough, both Lancashire and Yorkshire are practically crowded out, so that Carlisle stood in his mind where Liverpool stands in ours, and Newwerc (Newark), York, Durham, and Newcastle appear all of a jumble. The mighty important town of Colchester appears on the wrong side of London, thanks to the Holy Man being horribly at sea along the coast, other instances of which are that the Fortress of Corfe, generally believed to have always stood on the Isle of Purbeck, is shifted to Bristol, and that Lichfield, notwithstanding its establishment as a Bishopric, had drifted to The Wash.

Another interesting exhibit is a Road Map of the Roman Empire, intended to show the main road from Antioch and Jerusalem via Byzantium to London, with the principal junctions for Athens and Rome. The empire is drawn in elongated-foreshortened form, to give an oblique bird's eye view, such as the Emperor Nero may have thought he saw when going homewards "in his cups" after a Committee Meeting, where he had been fiddling too well but out of tune.

Should this show perambulate as far as Liverpool I would recommend the Committee to pay a visit en bloc, the President to take a few notes, and E.G. to take a season ticket. The Editor I would urge to take his hook for fear he takes the wrong turning next time he takes the road. To him the Open Road is quite open enough as it is, being not only an open book, but a very open question.

ITEMS.

If you have tears to shed prepare to shed them! The Bee Hotel in St. John's Lane has closed its doors. What memories of the past this announcement revives! In the good old days when generous-hearted Tom Bush was the presiding genius, The Bee was a great resort of ours—we even held dinners and A.G.M.'s there, and several all-night rides started at midnight from its portals. Who will forget Marcel Paquin's "Oh! ze night portaire, he know me, so it ees orl rite," or the joy of the Wingraves on the eve of an attack on the London record, when they discovered that Chateau de Guinness was only twopence! Alas and alack!

We were represented at the A.G.M. of the R.R.A. by Beardwood, Bright, Cook, Harley, Lusty, and Neason, and now thanks to the action of two Manchester Clubs throwing their weight with the wrong balance, you are free to attack the R.R.A. records on Sundays, and Cycling has the very doubtful distinction of being the only sport to possess a National governing body that does not bar the Day of Rest from its purview. Unfortunately the Manchester Wheelers, Sharrow, and Speedwell clubs were not represented, and it occurred to us as rather peculiar that a club whose very title shows it to be a mid-week day club, should appoint two delegates from a London Sunday racing club to vote for them. This anomaly would not have been openly disclosed if the two delegates had not allowed themselves to be nominated for seats on the committee *as representatives of the Manchester Club*. Another club that has definitely voted against

Sunday Racing was represented by delegates who voted for Sunday Records. Comment is needless.

Those who attended the R.B.A. meeting had the pleasure of meeting Frank Roskell at tea, and were delighted to find him looking so well. H. Green being in London on business, joined in the little supper party when the proceedings were over.

Wayfarer will be soon disporting himself on the new lightweight "Moonbeam" with gearcase complete! It will go very well with the Cyclo-spats and "my" cap!

It is a good job D.R.F., *pere et fils* and O.C. do not read "Cycling," or they would probably protest at the Loiterer's comments on "wireless" as follows: "These instruments are expensive. The question I have not yet solved is what one gets in return for his outlay; and so soon as I have fathomed this mystery I may be as enthusiastic as some of the folk with whom I lunch every day. Probably you are all familiar with the type—they fill their mouths with beef steak pudding and electrical phrases at the same time, knowing really nothing about either."

An editorial in "Cycling" recently said *inter alia* "the word "Sportsmanship" has assumed so many weird meanings since the beginning of the war." So we have thought when listening to certain speakers who can always be counted on mouthing the word without the foggiest notion of what it means. Presumably they are like the old lady who thought Mesopotamia "so comforting."

The Presider declares that he has now discovered the real meaning of the phrase "with knobs on," as that aptly described his state after riding 10 miles with a broken crank lately. The Skipper assisted up the rises, and in consequence has cancelled his application for membership of a mixed cycling club, although we have assured him there is a vast difference between a waist and a wilderness.

We have long been wondering what has become of D.M.K., but he has now come to life again in the columns of the C.T.C. Gazette, in which he asks for information regarding a route "to John o' Groats by the Eastern route and back by the Western." If D.M.K. would come to the runs he could obtain this information from men he knows he can rely on for accuracy without advertising.

In ante bellum days, to "climb" a hill meant *riding* it, but, as we were reminded at the R.R.A. meeting, we are now living in 1923, and have won the war, and everything is different, even to the meaning of words, and evidently to climb a hill nowadays means to *walk* it! Of course this may only be the "journalistic touch" (which, like charity, covers a multitude of sins), but if not, we suggest a hill climbing contest in which the competitors walk with their machines, and we prophesy "Royden First and Fastest, Robinson also ran"!

We anticipate a big crowd at Bettws and some fine musical talent for the evenings. Among our affiliated organisations the Cheshire B.B., Rough and Readies, W.W.W., Vagabonds and James C.C., are supporting us *en masse*, but the newly formed Chandler C.C. is engaged in a strenuous tour in the Lake District (we hope it

keeps fine for them), and the Wayfarer C.C. will be Smashing Through The Way Out from The Big City, and no place within 100 miles will be safe from the thrusts.

We have it on the best authority that there is only *one* G.P.O. in the Country. Rule 33 of the R.R.A. mentions six and will have to be altered. We know at least two P.O. officials who are delegates, and cannot understand how this "fox pass" has escaped their lynx eyes.

A new "club," called "The Owls" has been formed by a few "over 40" Bath Roaders for the purpose of providing Saturday runs, and the Presider has been made an honorary member. What we like about it is that beyond the "over 40" qualification and "six runs per annum" as a minimum for full membership, there are no Rules, no Officers, and NO SUBSCRIPTION! altogether most intriguing and quite a novel idea.

An account of Knipe's historical 21 record appeared in the Spring Number of "Cycling," March 15th. It epitomised the whole of Knipe's cycling career, and would undoubtedly be of absorbing interest to the present generation. It was from the pen of H. W. Bartleet, and both Knipe and the Club are honoured by being chosen by Bartleet to figure in his series of Famous Rides.

Lower Peover "Agog."

On March 3rd "Sale" asked many questions about the whereabouts of Hardnott and Wrynose. The hardriders from Sale had to admit that "the Pass" was beyond its vision, which appears to be limited to the range of its rearlights.

RUNS.

Halewood, March 3rd.

Compared with former runs to this rendezvous, there was only a small muster. The weather in the morning was fine, but about mid-day the drought ended and it rained all afternoon. (No credence should be given to the statement by Cook that he was afraid his school-girl complexion would be ruined by the strong sun). Jack Kinder was out again after his hibernating on a new "Davey" bicycle, and it was rumoured that he had been training Mandall for the first 50 on the track round Willis's Wall. During tea, great excitement (and thanks-giving from Austin, who thought that his period of hard labour in providing the power necessary to propel the tandem at a respectable speed, had now come to an end) was caused by the Presider tendering his resignation. When asked for an explanation, he informed the company that he was a Cyclist (cries of dissent) and was under the impression that he was a member of a cycling club, but it now appeared he had been misinformed, and that A.B.C. really stood for Anfield Broadcasting Club. The cause of this drastic action on Cook's part was Oliver Cooper, he having fired Dave Fell and Lucas with his enthusiasm for this branch of science. They were still in full cry when either Paris or Mars (I am not sure which) commenced sending out an opera of great volume with a chorus about "a jolly good fellow."

We eventually dispersed, the early starters in the rain and the later ones in glorious moonlight.

Lower Peover, March 3rd.

The afternoon turned out very wet after a promising morning. The attendance was not as large as last time, but seventeen good and vigorous Anfielders gathered round the festive board. Reading from left to right we had the Mullah, who dished out the pie with a practised hand and, of course, a knife and fork, Aldridge, Will. Orrell, one of the Rawlinsons, one of the Cranshaws, Smith, our notable snub-captain to whom we look for some light on the person referred to as Perseus, Albert Davies, one of the Buckleys, Happy, and ever-green Bert, who carved the mutton with a skilful hand also plus the doings, Jim Reade, another Buckley, another Rawlinson, another Cranshaw, Eric Bolton ex-snub, Schofield, and F. H. *out on bicycle*.

After tea the party divided into two sections, and it was not long before we left for our respective domiciles.

Little Budworth, March 10th.

March, true to her name, has provided many strange freaks in that variable quantity called weather, which must prove very disconcerting to the meteorological expert.

Now on Saturday I have a distinct recollection of a very thick and cold wind coming from the east, which beforehand, like a sleeping crocodile, lured me to my fate. Ten minutes from home I was disillusioned; the gentle zephyr of the morning had become a beast of war, offering battle in no undetermined way. I picked up the gauntlet and for two score miles the battle raged with hardly any respite. At length it was over, victory was mine. After the trials that had been my lot, I expected to find fewer attendants than usual, but judge my surprise to find the opposite was the case, there being resurrections instead of absentees.

Does Little Budworth possess some special charm of its own, that, Kay, Hawkes and Hodges should appear from outer darkness into the light of day again?

The arrival of six o'clock found the drinking room full to overflowing with an attendance of nearly fifty. Such an attendance in March is very alarming; it adds strength to the remarks made at the last A.G.M., and demands the serious thought of all those who think for the future. A large membership may be desirable, but when it reaches the point where it is impossible for all to receive an adequate and comfortable meal, this is the time to consider the means of limiting it.

Afterwards, a considerable discussion took place involving the new "50" course, it generally being conceded that the action of the committee in leaving East Cheshire was very commendable and good policy. Soon after seven there was a general break up, and we faded away into the darkness, the majority for home, Cook and Co. for Market Drayton, and I—I got my own back on the wind.

Rufford, March 17th.

An inspection of Bartholomew assured me that there were numerous ways in which Rufford might be reached, and this was a matter of some importance, inasmuch as Rufford had never been

honoured with my presence previously. I discarded Llandegla and Warrington, and Widnes and Wigan, but was strongly tempted to visit Bolton en route as I possessed a viséed pass to inspect the famous tripe mines of this delectable spot, but in the end I decided on what I knew all the time would be the result: I went direct. (Shades of Jay Bee). Charles Kingsley (or was it Shakespeare) wrote a poem which begins (or else its in the middle) "Welcome, black North-easter," but I didn't appreciate it on this occasion, for from the moment of leaving the Pierhead, there was no doubt (no possible doubt whatever as to where the draught was coming from. It was dead ahead. The jazz effects on the Aintree and Walton cobbles, and the "in and out the window" effects to Maghull being disposed of, it was a case of "keep on pegging away," as the song says, to Ormskirk, which was reached in the excellent time of 1.30 from Pierhead. Then half an hour to Rufford and a hunt for the tea place which, when found, was the best scenery on the route. When I rolled in, fully expecting to be greeted by Grandad with "What makes you so soon?" I found no W.P.C., but 20 young fellers all busily engaged with an excellent rabbit pie. I repeat, it was a most superb Kate-and-Sidney pie. Whether the lady knew Anfielders, or whether I looked especially whacked, I know not, but I soon found myself sitting before a dinner that would have kept three men and a boy going for a week. It was the finest mutton pie I've ever come across. Technically, I suppose we numbered 21, but I feel I ought to count 2 or 3 after that nameless pie (as Amiyas Leigh did in "Westwood Ho!"). The only fly in the ointment was the appearance of the sub-captain for the dough, but, after all, a cyclist and his money are soon parted. After the usual balancing tricks came the event of the evening: the presentation of a cigar to Horrocks in return for prompt settlement of the bill. Teddy will have to watch this fire-eater, or he will be getting dropped. Horrocks smoked the weed like a man (that is, admitting that smoking is a manly attribute) and only had to go outside for about 10 minutes—to see to his lamp. It was explained to me that Cook was going to some "Cat and Fiddle," and so could not be there. He's evidently not the man he was, or he would have gone to Rufford and then on to Buxton (or wherever it was) afterwards. I think he ought to support every run. The following wind made the homeward run a sleigh-ride for all the fit people (I'm not fit), and the 10 p.m. boat took us from Lancashire to Cheshire, and home is not far off then. 'Twas a very pleasant day out, and my cold isn't much worse for it.

Knutsford, March 17th.

It was a glorious day, although there was a strong east wind blowing, which perhaps accounted for the good muster (the day, not the east wind) for when the writer arrived at the "Red Cow" about a quarter of an hour late, the house was full of hungry Anfielders half way through an excellent repast of ham and eggs.

The Presider was there with the intention of week-ending at Buxton in company with "F.H." and Beardwood (whom we were all pleased to see again). Zambuck and Dean had both deserted their comrades at Rufford, the former to fetch his new bicycle from Jacksons.

The usual Manchester notables were out, including the Mullah, Green, the Buckleys (*père et fils*), Jim Reade, W. Orrell (who had

been round by the "Cat and Fiddle"), the Cranshaws, Smiths, and a host of others too numerous to mention separately. Some of the racing men had been for training spins in preparation for the Cheadle Hulme "25" next Saturday, and some fast times may be expected.

The writer left early with Zambuck (after sundry adjustments to the new machine by the Mullah and Jim Reade) and eventually arrived home via Chester. Zambuck must have ridden well over a hundred miles before he reached home, a very creditable performance considering the wind and the fact that he has scarcely been out since Christmas.

Acton Bridge, March 24th.

Notwithstanding the Cheadle Hulme 25, in which several of "ours" were competing and others assisting, we had the splendid muster of 35 at this fixture. We were delighted to hear that Schofield and G. B. Orrell were doing so well and we would like to congratulate the former on his fastest time of 1.13 odd, he just managing to beat Orrell by about half a minute, which promises well for the future. It was a perfectly gorgeous day and a glorious evening, so what more could be wished? The crowd just comfortably filled the two rooms, but alterations now in hand will result in a new *salle à manger* large enough for the biggest muster before our next visit. Naturally most of the converse was about Easter, and some weird arrangements were being made, but some men seemed to forget that it was a gathering of cyclists and were desperately interested in the result of some Boat race which the Presider assured them had been won by Tottenham Hotspurs or Royal Iris, we forget which. Ned Haynes wanted to be introduced, but we assured him he had not been forgotten. James and Mandall had done quite a good ride on a two seater, but what were the leggings for, Tommy? Altogether it was a very jolly crowd which seemed loath to disperse until it was discovered that the Rough and Readies had sneaked off and got a useful start. This aroused Band, Kettle and Dean in hot pursuit, followed more leisurely by a pack led by Edwards and Cook (trikes), and we understand there was the usual coffee bibbing at Hinderton. Meanwhile the Manchester crowd were getting on with it and we are not at all clear as to whether Haynes chewed up Reade or *vice versa*.

A. T. SIMPSON,

Editor.

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ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

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PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL

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FIXTURES FOR MAY, 1923.

		Light up at
May	5. Second 50 Miles Handicap	9-26 p.m.
..	7. Committee Meeting, 7 p.m., 25, Water Street, Liverpool.	
..	12. Tattenhall (Bear and Ragged Staff)	9-37 p.m.
..	19-21. WHITSUNTIDE—Invitation "100"	9-47 p.m.
	Saturday, Whitechurch (Swan); Week-end, Shrews- bury (Lion); Monday, Invitation "100."	
..	26. Acton Bridge (Leigh Arms)	9-57 p.m.
June	2. Halewood (Derby Arms)	10-5 p.m.
	National Bicycle Week Rally.	
..	4. Committee Meeting, 7 p.m., 25, Water Street, Liverpool.	
	Full moon 30th 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.

Before the Meeting of April 9th, the President said:—"We are met together as an Executive for the first time under the shadow of a great tragedy quite unprecedented in the annals of the club. As you all know, Philip Gorman died suddenly on our Easter Tour and a strained atmosphere of gloom pervades us. We are slightly comforted by the thought that it was a case of sudden death and not a cycling accident in the usual acceptation of the term and that no one was responsible for it—not even poor Gorman himself. It was undoubtedly an aftermath of the war and the injuries he sustained in doing his bit. Although Gorman only joined the club three years ago, he had shown himself to be a real Anfielder and had endeared himself to all our hearts. He was universally beloved and his tragic death comes as a great shock. To those bereaved we offer our deepest sympathy, and to mark our feelings I ask you all to rise in silence."

Norman Higham represented the family and club at the inquest.

The club sent a wreath and were represented at the funeral by H. Green, D. A. Smith, C. H. Turnor, Norman Higham, L. Oppenheimer, E. J. Reade, E. Haynes and J. E. Tomlin.

Very sympathetic letters have been received from Frank Urry, S. H. Stancer, *Cycling* and Grosvenor Wheelers.

The Hon. Secretary was instructed to convey to Mr. J. W. Gorman and family on behalf of all the members deepest sympathy with them in the bereavement they have suffered by the sad death of Philip N. Gorman, which occurred on the second day of the Club Tour at Easter.

New Member.—Mr. J. E. Walker has been elected to Active Membership.

Changes of Address.—H. Pritchard, 12, Queen's Road, Coventry; F. H. Swift, The Press Club 3, Thomas Street, Liverpool; J. H. Sunter, 15, Moorfields, Liverpool.

Whitsuntide.—I have reserved accommodation for 30 persons at the Lion Hotel, Shrewsbury. The terms are £1 5/- per head for those taking single rooms, and £1 2/- for those taking two-bedded rooms. The above terms cover supper and bed Saturday night, breakfast, dinner and bed Sunday, and breakfast Monday morning. Please let me have your name not later than May 14th.

Application for Membership.—J. G. Shaw, 3, Peel Terrace, Wilkinson Street, Sheffield, proposed by W. H. Kettle, seconded by W. P. Cook.

H. AUSTIN,

Hon. Secretary.

It is with profound regret that we have to record the death by misadventure of P. N. Gorman—the first fatality on a club-run in the forty-three years' history of the Anfield. On March 31st, riding with a club party towards Pont Aberglaslyn from Beddgelert, he appeared to have some kind of seizure, fell from his machine under the wheel of a heavy motor-lurry and was killed instantly. The death of a member under such tragic circumstances naturally cast a heavy gloom over the Easter week-end.

Phil Gorman joined the Club in 1920, shortly after his release from the army, in which he had served throughout the War; he was severely wounded at Mons. An accomplished musician, his engagements with his local dramatic and orchestral societies interfered somewhat with attendance at runs during the winter, but his enthusiasm for the Club was great, and he supported every possible fixture. Though not in the first flight of speedmen, he rode in a number of "50's" for the sport of it, and had the satisfaction of being placed in the last event in 1922.

His was a charming personality—modest, cheerful, and unselfish, his kindly and competent assistance was always unobtrusively placed at the disposal of any member in trouble on the road. A "gentle" man in the true sense of the word, he showed not only "the outward and visible" signs of that quality which convention demands, but the forbearance and sympathy with others which mark the possession of the "inward and spiritual grace" of true courtesy. Full of energy and keen interest in life, his knowledge of current progress in many fields was wide and accurate. Strange, that in the heyday of life, in surroundings speaking of peace and security, contrasting so vividly with those of his sojourn in Flanders,

"Comes the blind Fury with abhorréd shears
And slits the thin-spun life."

His untimely death robs the Club of a valuable member, but his memory will remain green in the hearts of those who had the privilege of his friendship. To his family we extend our deepest sympathy in their heavy sorrow.

ITEMS.

A writer in "The Irish Cyclist" says: "When one really considers the thing, it is obvious that we motor cyclists must seem a rum lot to the non-cognisant." We are not prepared to dispute the matter.

Alderman Ben Turner, M.P., is quoted as saying: "I had a triecyle . . . and liked it. It gave me time to stop and light my pipe; it was easy to strike a match and light up. It let me sit up easy and take my time." This fully explains why heavy smokers and easy going fellows like Edwards, Cook and Kettle, are so fond of the three wheeler and, *per contra* why it is not affected by a non-smoker like Wayfarer on his "thrusts" and "smashing through" riding.

The newspapers are full of the alleged novelty of Chapels in Hotels, but there is nothing new in it. We have had a Chapel at the Glan Aber for donkeys years.

National Bicycle Week, May 27th—June 2nd, otherwise known as Ride a Bicycle Week, is now well under weigh, and Cook (chairman), Knipe and Banks are on the Liverpool committee, giving a great deal of time to the organising of the various events arranged to disabuse the idea of the general public that cycling is dead. There can be no question but that the publicity obtained in the Press will be all to the good, and we hope our members will all "do their bit." The parades will not appeal to us, but we can at least support the church service, the public lecture, and the rally, full information about which will be in the newspapers, while those who live in the Manchester district are urged to support the similar functions being arranged for the City of Perpetual Sunshine. Incidentally, it may be mentioned that "Videlex" is to deliver a lecture to school children in Liverpool, and we understand Turnor is booked to do something in the same line at Manchester.

Robinson writes:—“(1) I mentioned in a recent ‘C.T.C. Gazette’ article that there is only one G.P.O. in England. As the CIRCULAR seems to suggest that I’m talking through my hat, I hereby repeat the assertion. There is only one G.P.O. in England. If the R.R.A. rules state or imply that there are six G.P.O.’s in England, the R.R.A. rules are wrong. (2) I can only say that I am quite bowled over by the CIRCULAR’s dictum that, in pre-war days, to ‘climb’ a hill meant to ride it.”

Curious that, co-incidentally with the reference to “Sportsmanship” in the last issue of the CIRCULAR, the “Irish Push-Cyclist and Motor-Cyclist” asserted that the Motor Cycling Club is “England’s premier sports promoting body”!! We were not altogether expecting that the palm would be awarded to a cycling organization, but we certainly thought that, from the sporting point of view, cricket and football would have precedence of motor-cycling.

“Wayfarer” hopes to be present at the annual commemoration service at Meriden on Whit Sunday, so that the A.B.C. will not be unrepresented at this function.

For a long time there has been a growing feeling that Knipe makes a fine income unloading dud sweep tickets, etc., on us, but we are glad to have the opportunity of vindicating Bob’s honour. Several of us were seduced into purchasing tickets for a Grand National sweep, and to our great amazement the Presider and Lucas were in due course notified—as “Dear Sir (or Madam)” *that they had drawn a horse! Mirabile dictu!* It is true the Presider’s horse never appeared in any list of possible starters, and the horse that Lucas drew was shot to prevent it winning, but the fact remains that the tickets purchased were really in a sweep after all.

When week-ending and touring with the Club we have often wondered why some of those who sit up in the tank until all hours, did not make a job of it instead of bothering to go to bed at all. The mystery is now solved, for we notice in a recent article on “the joy of getting up in a strange place” it is carefully explained that you cannot have this joy unless you go to bed. Those who retire at sunrise evidently only do so for the purpose of experiencing the bliss (?) of getting up.

RUNS.

EASTER TOUR—March 29th-April 2nd

Turnor started from the city of perpetual sunshine on Wednesday morning in order to be sure of arriving at Bettws in time for the tour. He spent Wednesday night at Llansantffraid, and on Thursday journeyed to Bettws via Lake Vyrnwy, Bala and Cerrig-y-Druidion. Cook, McCann (both on trikes), E. Edwards, and Horrocks left Liverpool on Thursday morning and made their way to Bettws via St. Asaph, Llangerniew, Gwytherin, Nebo and Capel Garmon. Other members to arrive on Thursday were Charlie Conway, Higham, Rowatt, J. H. Sunter, Toft, Venables and Williams, and the following friends: Messrs. J. Andrews, J. Chilcott, A. Maitland, A. Sunter and A. E. Workman.

Good Friday.

W. Orrell and R. Rothwell having ridden from Manchester during the night arrived in time for breakfast, and then together with Cook, Horrocks, McCann and Turnor, started off for Llandudno. Though contrary to custom, the party kept together (with such a small number the necessity for a split was unnecessary). The route taken was to Llanrwst and then up the first three miles towards Llangerniew. A turn left here took the party along a gently undulating road from which fine views were obtained of the snow-covered Snowdon Range. After Gofer, a precipitous climb was followed by a still more precipitous descent through the Pwlycrochan woods to Colwyn, and then through the outskirts of Rhos along what is apparently a new road the riders proceeded to Llandudno. The numbers were now augmented by the arrival of Austin, J. and J. D. Cranshaw, Jones, Reade, Schofield and S. Threlfall (who had ridden out to join the Club at lunch and afterwards rode home) by cycle, and Mandall and Tomlin by motor from their respective homes, whilst Conway was driven over from Bettws by his friend. After lunch, W. R. Thompson, who was stopping at Llandudno, put in an appearance, much to the delight of his many friends. Lunch being disposed of, the cyclists departed en masse for Conway, most of the members going round the coast and up the Sychnant Pass. Before reaching Conway again two rival leaders split the party, one lot going into Conway and the other skirting it. The return to Bettws by both groups was made through Trefriw. The weather during the whole trip was splendid, except for a little humidity during the last two miles, which was, however, not sufficient to necessitate the donning of capes.

The further arrivals at Bettws were J. C. Band, Schofield, Crowcroft, F. L. Edwards, P. N. Gorman, H. Green, Lake, Newall, G. B. Orrell, Owen, H. Roskell, Royden, and L. W. Walters, being members, and Mr. J. C. McNeil a friend.

In the evening a most enjoyable Concert was held. Our old Lunnon friend Mr. Chilcott (who we now look upon as "one of us") was once more at the tip-top of his form in new and old favourites, and, as usual, did not stint himself in his efforts to "get it over." He was eminently successful. We had another old friend with us at Bettws after a lapse of several years—Mr. Joe Andrews—and his voice has lost none of its sweetness; indeed one could say with perfect sincerity that it has been mellowed by time. He sang with

all the artistry he has accustomed us to, and always sprang to the call. He was made to take a solemn oath in the tank that (D.V.) he would never miss another Easter at Bettws as long as he lived. So mote it be! Our other musical friend, Mr. A. E. Workman, who combines piano playing of a high order with a genial and charming personality, had a hard job, as owing to the absence through illness of the Editor, he had to officiate single handed all night at the piano. However, he stuck it like a trojan, and delighted everybody with his solos and accompaniments. Among our own members Newall, in his own charming style, gave a number of songs, while Tomlin again favoured us with his impersonations of Dickens' characters and humorous items, thus displaying his well-known versatility.

The Saturday run to Harlech was supported by 28, but was marred by the sad tragedy of Phil Gorman's sudden death in the Pass of Aberglaslyn, which cast an atmosphere of gloom over the rest of the holiday, and still leaves us sore at heart. The motorists, Toft and Ven, Lake, McNeil and Chilcott, Owen and Mac, Mandall and Toplis, took what was obviously the easiest way round for petrol, viz., the Lledr Valley, Gardinnan Pass, Blaenau Festiniog, and Maentwrog, but Turnor, Reade, Austin, and Rothwell only went that way as part of a scheme to avoid the O.G. as much as possible. The rest of the cyclists picked up Edwards at Dolgam and proceeded to Beddgelert for Penrhyn Deudraeth, until their joy was submerged in horror at the happening in the Pass of Aberglaslyn. Green, Edwards, Horrocks, and Band returned to Beddgelert to attend to mournful necessities, while the others afterwards proceeded to Harlech, and after lunch returned via Tan-y-grisiau and Dolwydellan, where afternoon tea was partaken of at the rebushed Ellens Castle Hotel. Arrival at Bettws disclosed the fact that the Sunter-Williams party had returned home, while Percy Beardwood had arrived, and during the evening we welcomed the editor from his bed of sickness, Brother Walter, Lizzie, Winnie, Kettle, Dean, and the Rawlinsons, which brought our muster up to high water mark.

The Sunday run to Carnarvon was favoured by good weather, except for a shower late in the afternoon. Kettle and Dean went via Beddgelert, and Mr. Mullin's bolsheviks via Bangor, but most of us went via Llanberis. "P.C.," who asked about walking near the Miner's Bridge, actually climbed (not in the Wayfarer sense) all the way to Pen-y-Pass, and simply fled non stop to Carnarvon. About 30 of us sat down to lunch, and afterwards basked in the sunshine on the front, before returning via Bangor and encountering the shower between Llyn Ogwen and Capel Curig.

On Monday the homeward trek was commenced by Green and Mac very early making for lunch at Mold—Band and Kettle took the Llanrwst-St. Asaph route to Ruthin, and consequently were late, but the rest of the crowd had an easy journey direct and foregathered en route at Llanfihangel Glyn Myfyr, much to the Mullah's annoyance. We were joined at Ruthin by the tandemons Gregg and Dickman, and Zambuck and S. Threlfall, so we sat down about 25 to an excellent lunch, after which the party split up, a few making for Queensferry direct and a large number for Ypento, where the wealthy motorists, Mandall and Tomlin, purchased the Crown Hotel as a National Tribute to Wayfarer! Here Percy Charles departed with Walters for Ruabon, and after crossing the moors, Mr. Mullins

became vindictive and led the Manchester boys down the sewer, and so got rid of the O.G. on his trike—but we hear that they did find the Bars at Chester after looking up a map, while Grandad reached Willaston to rejoin Kettle, Band, Jones, and Newall for tea.

Easter Eggs.

The absence of the Kinders for domestic reasons was greatly regretted. John and Hans were sadly missed.

The Rough and Ready C.C. were rather disappointing as they boycotted the official runs, and in an attempt to reach Dolwydellan found themselves on the Penmachno road!

We hear that Dean added his name to the list of those who have climbed Llanberis Pass in the correct meaning of the term.

What happened to Mawr Conway? Bettws without Tom was like Hamlet without the ghost!

Beardwood so enjoyed being with us again that on his return to the big smoke he felt impelled to write the Presider as follows: "I thoroughly enjoyed the week-end, and think the Old Club can be proud of its muster and the good class of recruits to keep the flag flying. My thanks to you for the honour of being at your right hand, the nearest I shall ever be to the Presidency."

Several members were with us in spirit and sent greetings as follows:—

"Wishing you all a merry Easter and jolly good luck."—Frank Roskell.

"All good wishes to my fellow Anfielders for a jolly week-end at the 'Glanber.' May you have glorious weather."—W. M. Robinson.

"Best of luck and weather to all of you."—E. Bright.

"I hope you are enjoying yourselves in the good old Anfield way and that the weather is assisting you by being on its best behaviour. How I wish I could be with you instead of sticking here in this beastly place. Best wishes and kindest regards to all."—F. del Strother.

Tattenhall, April 7th.

This was not the original rendezvous fixed upon, for what happened at the Royal Oak, Croxton, nobody seemed quite sure; sufficient it was to turn us down, but fortunately in time for our indefatigable Hon. Secretary to advise, at least, the Active Members per p/c., and so to The Bear and Ragged Staff at Tattenhall our attention was directed.

After riding solus for some time, this scribe had the pleasure of joining the Cranshaws south of Chester, but in spite of "getting 'em round some" we were nearly run down from the rear by Messrs. J. Kinder, Mandall and Co., who, without apology, were content to stick our pace until The Bear and Ragged Staff was reached, then about 5-45 p.m., and quite a large party had already arrived, so that the fleet-footed gentry arriving 10 to 15 minutes after, found the place already seized by the main party, busy on a plenteous repast.

Grandad, the Mullah, Green and a few other young fellers were possibly surprised to find themselves handicapped at the start, to the extent of some ten minutes, but they were well in at the finish.

After some 44 members had eaten with apparent satisfaction, the fresh air was again sought; crisp and pleasant it was, with the wind about S.E., imparting quite a vigour to the recuperative powers, and it's kindly assistance enabled the gradually dwindling company going north to accomplish the homeward journey in fine style; quite a satisfactory set off to the slight struggle of the afternoon.

Nantwich, April 14th.

The weather during the afternoon gave us plenty of variety, but on the whole the day was an excellent one. There was some wind to be sure, and hail and rain, but there were quite long periods of glorious sunshine.

Early in the afternoon I fell in with Dean and we rode out by way of Willaston and Chester. We were surprised not to find any other members about the roads. We did, indeed, get a glimpse of two bent figures speeding along the top Chester road, and while we rather suspected the Wayfarer C.C., they were much too far off for us to be sure.

Beyond Huxley the weather took a stormy turn. Black thundery clouds trooped up from the south east and the landscape became darkened with an approaching downpour. I was much impressed with the wooded heights of Beeston and Peckforton, standing out hazily against the black clouds and shining faintly with the reflection of the sunny sky to the north west. Before reaching Tiverton we were pelted furiously with hail, but eventually it turned to rain and continued more or less until our arrival at the Lamb.

There was an attendance of 28—a rather smaller number than had been expected, but the absence of overcrowding was very welcome and the meal was discussed under more comfortable conditions than usual. There seemed to be quite a representative gathering, although one or two very familiar faces were missing. Our unusually long thrust to the south gave Lusty an opportunity of joining us.

Departures for home and elsewhere began soon after seven. I think the President's week-end party was going to Shrewsbury. The night was a very fine one, although rather cold, and the long homeward run beneath the star-lit sky was a memorable one.

50 MILES HANDICAP—April 21st.

After all the criticisms, the result shows that even if you "follow the figures" the new course is a satisfactory one. Its history is quite interesting. For a long time we have felt that the East Cheshire course was slowly but surely becoming dangerously impossible, and brains were wracked in an endeavour to discover one more secluded, even if not so fast, and reasonably accessible. The first concrete (or should we say tarmac?) suggestion came from John Kinder, who opined that "it was a pity the fast portion of the Tarporley-Whitchurch road could not be used." This was sufficient inspiration to put the inveterate week-enders on the scent, and the Exploration Syndicate in due course amassed an intimate knowledge of what may be called the Wrenbury Plateau, until they became.

almost as "expert" at map reading as Wayfarer himself. After a prolonged course of examination and elimination, the Cholmondeley-Ridley Green-Acton triangle emerged, and the use of the Nantwich-Whitchurch road abandoned in favour of the Chester-Whitchurch road, until it was definitely decided to recommend the present course. This had barely been done when a surprising thing happened. No one knows Cheshire more intimately than Buckley—probably no one knows it anything like as well, because Buckley spent many years "following the hunt"—and it goes without saying that he is a past-master in evolving courses. Now Buckley had been carefully considering things while laid up with a bad leg, and wrote to Cook suggesting the very identical course the Syndicate had evolved! This extraordinary coincidence sealed the matter, and made the Syndicate so emphatic that they set about the measuring without waiting for the approval of their fellow course committee members. No doubt the course is not *quite* so convenient for Manchester members, but it is no more inconvenient than East Cheshire has always been for Liverpool men, and rather makes for equality of convenience. It may eliminate the unfit who will only compete on their own doorstep, but there can be no doubt now that it is not a slow course, and is one that can be *raced* over with a confident feeling of safety. Grimshaw rode over it, and was so delighted with it that he promptly entered for the next event.

Unfortunately the day was bitterly cold, with a stiff N.E. breeze, and far from ideal for speed purposes. There were 16 entrants and 14 were despatched by Poole—the non-starters being Bailey and F. Jones, for reasons unknown. Early on it looked as though R. J. Austin and Cranshaw were going to make a mess of the handicap, while Dean seemed certain of a place, as he was riding so easily and getting along comfortably, but Schofield was evidently using his napper, and the second half showed the excellent judgment he was displaying. A. N. Rawlinson did not look happy, and soon desisted, but we are certain he will surprise us yet. Banks was the only other retiral (with cramp) at 38½ miles, when apparently safe for his much desired bronze. We think we will have to put a gate or barricade across the Deer Forest road, which provides a short cut temptation to the finish! But Banks was barely recovered from an attack of influenza and will certainly get his bronze over this mountainous course with its total rises of thousands(?) of feet! Cranshaw rode well throughout, and with an improvement of 2½ minutes on his previous best was a most deserving winner. R. J. Austin faded away in the later stages, but just managed to beat J. E. Rawlinson for second place by 32 seconds—the latter curiously enough clocking *exactly the same time* as he did last October, which is very promising for the future. Schofield finished very strongly, and was fourth and fastest in a ride which quite convinced the 'Doubting Thomas' and was only 44 seconds outside the time "Vidalex" was willing to bet would never be beaten over the course! Dean showed a gratifying indication of developing speed capacity and nicely won a bronze, while J. E. Walker made an excellent debut and had hard lines in just missing a silver by 17 seconds. S. Threlfall was 2 mins. slower than his previous best, but W. of that ilk was only 1 minute slower than in 1921, notwithstanding a fall from a dry skid. W. Smith rode very well indeed, and secured a silver with a margin of 11 seconds, but brother F. A. seemed to feel the cold and never got really going. Lusty and H. Austin both displayed sportsmanship in riding, for it was obvious that neither of them could expect to do

anything, as Lusty has not yet recovered from the effects of his accident, and Austin was not entirely free from the grip of a shocking cold.

The following table gives the result in detail:—

J. D. Cranshaw	2.40.11	8 mins.	2.32.11	First
R. J. Austin	2.44.3	9 mins.	2.35.3	Second
J. E. Rawlinson	2.41.35	6 mins.	2.35.35	Third
T. V. Schofield	2.35.44	Scr.	2.35.44	Fastest
C. E. Dean	2.51.23	15 mins.	2.36.23	Bronze
J. E. Walker	2.50.17	12 mins.	2.38.17	Bronze
S. Threlfall	2.42.46	4 mins.	2.38.46	
W. Threlfall	2.49.52	11 mins.	2.38.52	
D. Smith	2.49.49	10 mins.	2.39.49	Silver
A. Lusty	2.46.12	3 mins.	2.43.12	
H. Austin	2.47.17	2 mins.	2.45.17	
F. A. Smith	2.54.31	8 mins.	2.46.31	

Malpas, April 28th.

Notwithstanding the fact that our motoring members had organised a week-end to see some of Britain's Heroes performing in the Buxton district and that others were competing and helping in a Road Event in East Cheshire, we had the goodly muster of 34 at this run, composed of 21 Liverpool, 11 Manchester and 2 "outlanders." It was a beautifully balmy day and quite a number had been out and about the 50 course with the result that it was decided to iron out the Bickley Moss Corner by using the lane (now much improved in surface) to Bickley P.O. Of course, this alters measurements and brings the finish nearer Chester. There were two new tandem teams out, viz., John Kinder-Mandall and Chandler-Bailey, but we do not know what they are training for. Dickman as the sole representative of the Wayfarer C.C. seemed rather lonely and will have to beat up his satellites with the slogan "Ride a bicycle and come to Runs." Except for the welcome resurrection of R. T. Davies, the crowd was almost entirely composed of those you always expect to see wherever the fixture is, and it was a very merry and bright tea party which enjoyed the feast of good things so lavishly provided, for as Brother-in-law remarked "The feed was an eye-opener and most satisfying." There were three week-end parties, Mullah and Reade tackling a strenuous ride to Grindley Brook or some other equally distant (*sic*) spot, while Brother-in-law, on his way to Llangollen, accompanied the O.G. as far as Preesgwyn—the latter seeking sanctuary at Llanarmon, O.L. The rest of us speeded homewards by various routes, arguing as to whether it was raining or not, but all agreed that it was a fine ride.

A. T. SIMPSON,

Editor.

ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

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MONTHLY CIRCULAR.

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No. 208.

FIXTURES FOR JUNE, 1923.

June	2.	NATIONAL BICYCLE WEEK RALLY, Maghull	Light up at 10-28 p.m.
"	4.	Committee Meeting. 7 p.m., 25, Water Street, Liverpool,	
"	9.	Tattenhall (Bear) Photograph Run	10-34 p.m.
	16.	Third 50 Miles Handicap	10-40 p.m.
"	23.	Acton Bridge (Leigh Arms)	10-42 p.m.
"	30.	All Night Ride	10-41 p.m.
July	7.	Little Sudworth (Red Lion)	10-38 p.m.
"	9.	Committee Meeting, 7 p.m., 25, Water Street, Liverpool,	

ALTERNATIVE RUN FOR MANCHESTER MEMBERS:

June	2.	Daresbury (Ring o' Bells)	10-28 p.m.
		Full moon 28th inst.	

The Hon. Treasurer's address is R. L. Knipe, 108, Moseow 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.

Will members please note the alteration in the fixture of June 2nd--next Saturday.

New Member.—Mr. J. G. Shaw has been elected to Active Membership.

Tattenhall has been chosen for the photo run, on June 9th, and it is confidently expected that a large number will attend, as some

small return to Mr. C. J. Conway, who has again kindly offered to take the Club photograph.

All Night Ride.—This year the All Night Ride is to be held somewhat differently from those of the past few years, and by so doing it is anticipated that the fixture will receive better support. As forecasted a few months ago, the Committee have decided upon Penrith. The start is to be made on the Saturday afternoon, and the schedule will bring the party back in Liverpool on Sunday evening. The following is the schedule drawn up by the Committee:—

	Total Milage.	
Liverpool	—	4.0 p.m.
Ormskirk	13	5.15 p.m.
Preston	31	7.0 p.m.
Garstang	41 $\frac{1}{2}$	8.0 p.m.
Lancaster	52 $\frac{1}{2}$	9.0 p.m.
Supper, Kings Arms, Depart		10.30 p.m.
Kendal	73 $\frac{1}{2}$	12.30 a.m.
Penrith	100 $\frac{1}{4}$	4.30 a.m.
Bowness (Windermere)	128 $\frac{3}{4}$	8.0 a.m.
Breakfast, Stag Hotel, Depart		9.30 a.m.
Levens Bridge	139 $\frac{3}{4}$	10.30 a.m.
Lancaster	155 $\frac{1}{4}$	12.30 p.m.
Lunch, Kings Arms, Depart		1.45 p.m.
Garstang	166 $\frac{1}{2}$	2.45 p.m.
Preston	177 $\frac{1}{2}$	3.45 p.m.
Rufford	189 $\frac{1}{2}$	5.0 p.m.
Tea, Fermor Arms, Depart		6.0 p.m.
Ormskirk	195 $\frac{1}{4}$	6.30 p.m.
Liverpool	208 $\frac{1}{4}$	8.0 p.m.

Manchester members join in at Preston Town Hall or Lancaster. If it is your intention to join the party please let me have your name before Monday, June 25th.

Changes of Address.—C. F. G. Boyes, Llanellian Road, Colwyn Bay; E. Bright, Girtford, High Road, N. Finchley, London, N.12; Chester Jones, 11, Brunswick Street, Liverpool.

Application for Membership.—Leonard Deacon, 35, Mercer St., Moss Side, Manchester, proposed by J. A. Grimshaw, seconded by E. J. Reade.

H. AUSTIN,
Hon. Secretary.

Racing Notes.

3rd "50" 16th June.

The third "50" will be run over the new Cheshire course and will be open to singles and tandems. In view of this, an extra number of marshals will be required. I shall be glad if those able to assist will let me know as early as possible so that I can make use of such help to the best advantage. Entries must reach me not later than 9th June.

W. H. KETTLE,
Hon. Racing Sec.

We regret to have to announce that the tragedy of Phil Gorman's death at Easter has been followed by a sad sequel in the passing away on 24th inst. of his father, J. W. Gorman, a former member of the club. Mr. Gorman, who was well over military age,

joined up during the Great War and was out in Gallipoli near his son David, and though not wounded, his health was seriously impaired. Doubtless the death of Phil proved the last straw, and our sympathies are extended to those who have now suffered a double bereavement.

The First Folios.

Diving into the secret recesses of a dust-laden bureau, I have unearthed a complete set of first folios of the N.R.R.A. handbooks of the last century. The voluminous tome as we know it to-day, and of which the last issue has just been distributed, dates from 1900, when the N.R.R.A. passed through a period of revolution, and by appealing to the support of the cycling masses at large, floated itself on the cycling mind, with E.G. as chief hammer-thrower, and What's-his-name as inkslinger. On the other hand, the year books of the fin-de-siecle period were made for the waistcoat pocket, but to-day I hope to find a place for them in a glass case of some cycling museum. I shall turn a deaf ear to offers from W.P.C. to accommodate them on the top of his safe, alongside the works of Fletcher Moss.

During National Cycling Week they will be on view in the ante-chamber of the Temple, where Mullah delivers his lecture, and where they will be sold by auction as a rival attraction. The proceeds will go to a fund for Old Age Pensions to Old Age Road Record Holders. The Series are of the greatest value to antiquarians, and go back to:

1899. Toft Pres. Collier Sec. 1898/7/6 Taylor Pres. Collier Sec.

1895. Taylor Pres. Foster Sec. 1894 Bell Pres. Foster Sec., and then comes a book of Mystery. It mentions no date whatever, and only one name, that of J. D. Siddeley the Sec. Can this refer to 1893, the year of the creation? Thus seven works in all—the holy number.

The veil is somewhat lifted by the lucky discovery of a pamphlet, also without any date, purporting to broadcast to the listeners-in of the period the birth of the N.R.R.A., and countersigned by its two sponsors, J. D. Siddeley and T. A. Edge. This birth certificate is probably the only copy in existence, and the happy purchaser will receive it mounted en passe-partout. It is fit to embellish any wall, let alone those of No. 15.

J.D.S. and T.A.E. as joint godfathers at the christening, make a quaint combination, but who shall blame them? We have all had a past. Since then both their hairs—I mean the hairs of both—have turned very white, and can we wonder at it with such an issue? I hope the former looks back with satisfaction on that far distant hour from the cushioned comfort of his Limousine, and I imagine the latter winking his eye at the very thought of it, while absorbed in receiving whispered intelligence from some thoroughbred hippo. on Newmarket Heath, his ear very adjacent to the horse's mouth.

The above-named Presidents were men who understood their business, and always stood drinks round from the chair. Prohibition came with the new methods of a later epoch. Speaking of Dave Bell, he was Anfield President in 1894/5, when I joined the Club, and of him I stood in deep awe. I may add that he was the first Anfielder I ever saw, and the sight of him at Cerrig on his way to Bettws on an R. and P. with 34 in. or 36 in. front wheel, has left an indelible impression on the mind of

HUGGNO HOO.

ITEMS.

A few years ago the police were very busy looking for the man with the green bicycle, and doubtless many cyclists with machines of that colour invested in Robbialac to divert unwelcome attention. We hear that they are now looking for "an elderly cyclist, whose principal mark of identification is his ability to ride fast up a steep hill," and after Wayfarer's recent performance up the Cart-way, Bridgenorth, we don't see how he can escape capture.

Under a Manchester postmark the Presider has received a very clever and amusing "Futurist" sketch of Memorial Stone at the "Summit of Pandy Hill, Glyn Valley, N. Wales." On one column appears the inscription "Hic Jacet President Cook, A.B.C., B.O.B., O.L., and many other things even worse than these, who came to an untimely end at this spot in the year 1993. Disregarding, as was his wont, the advice of his counsellors, he, 'climbing' this hill en route for Llanarmon, O.L. BUSTED, making a most horrible mess on the road," and on the base is inscribed: "This obelisk was erected by the surviving friends of those whose bones lie scattered about this valley and the tracks leading therefrom. 'They came as lambs to the slaughter.'" From this it would appear that the Presider is expected to be a veritable Peter Pan, and we wonder how the succeeding generations will manage to put up with him!

In connection with the visit of the Prince of Wales to the Cyclists War Memorial at Meriden, on June 14th, the Conservators announce that "The halt will be momentary only, but that is in keeping with the simplicity which is the keynote of the design, the inscription and the original dedication of this monument." References that have been made to "the annual commemoration service at Meriden" are misleading. Last year the C.T.C. organised a public service, but on the Conservators pointing out that such gatherings were to be deprecated as contrary to the keynote and spirit of the Memorial, they decided to abandon a proposed repetition this year, and this year's service is being organised by the N.C.U. The Conservators decided that they would not organise an annual commemoration of the unveiling of the Memorial, because "they consider that the independent pilgrimages to Meriden by various clubs at different dates throughout the year form the best kind of commemoration in a quiet and undemonstrative fashion," with all of which we are in entire agreement.

"H. Poole, of Liverpool, who is practising on the track, is reported to have ridden one lap in 19 secs."—"Sport and Play." We had no idea Harry was so fit.

John Urry wisely says: "It is high time for the average rider to understand that unless there is some dominance in his voice he is really in danger of losing a portion of his birthright to the highways of his country. From that point of view alone the National Bicycle Week is worth everyone's support."

Li Cohen is coming home for a holiday, and a more than warm welcome awaits him. In sending the news, Elsie writes characteristically:—"I start the tour proper very early in June. I shall move so quickly out of Beira that scientists may diagnose another cyclone in the offing. I intend taking the first turning on the left after leaving Beira, and left again at Suez. If there is no checker there I'll get 'Tutkankankan' to send off a wireless. Am busy swatting up English as she should be spook, for of late I haven't seen many white men, and as a result 'tis possible that some of my English expressions to the black heathen here are not what some folk would

think should emanate from a would-be gentleman. My answer is 'I'se hay Hanfielder' I don't know exactly when the 24 is, but Kettle can count on me for the Wem check."

The Mystery of Chem.

Chem has been on a protracted tour in Cornwall with the Master, and we have this morning received from an unknown source most disquieting news in the shape of some torn fragments from a newspaper evidently collected out of a waste paper basket. The description of the man tallies in all salient features with our old friend, but we yet hope for the best:—

On Wednesday 23rd a man
was seen at Land's End in imminent peril
of his life dangling from the rocky cliffs far beyond
the ledge on which stands the hotel suspended by
a single hair
midway between the
tottering rocks and the boiling
and broiling breaking waves tossed
hither and thither by the frenzy of
the hurricane.

Was he gathering Edelweiss?

No doubt but he was doing
even more perilous work.

Suspended from one single
elbow hung a monster kodak
and attached to the other
was a lever pressing a bulb
compressing the air
moving a lever
operating a shutter
disclosing the lens,

Who could be this dare devil?

Perhaps we may never know. One gathers
he was
of robust build
embonpoint girth
fierce and frowning glare
very very bald.

Fishermen are standing by

ready to search the cliffs
should the sea becalm

washed up
near St. Ives
Cornwall an
Anfield Button.

STOP PRESS:—We are delighted to learn that when the Anfield Button was washed up, it was found that Chem was adhering to it, and thanks to gentle nursing and his own brave little heart "all is well and tout is bon."

The Two Arthurs.

Those of us who have studied the photographs of the Variety Veterans—now on tour—that have appeared in the newspapers recently, will have noticed with delight and surprise the features, as well as the familiar carriage and bearing of our Editor amongst them in a very conspicuous position.

In all earnest, it is not really our own Arthur, but his double, Mr. Arthur Roberts. These two men have so much in common. When A.T.S. took to the road some years ago as one of the W.W.W.: Chem, Fred and Arthur, he, of course, was their "Juvenile Lead," which Roberts has been these last fifty years. Both Roberts and Simpson are full of pose and repose. They seldom laugh, but a smile on their features discloses mines of mirth. We do not know how Roberts keeps his hair black and shiny, but that of Simpson is kept in permanent condition by Chem's infallible haircure. In short, they are matched to a hair.

We remember a show entitled: The Two Arthurs, in which Roberts conspired with the great Arthur Williams, a very ripe and juicy comedian. The latter, alas, is no more, but when the Veterans come to Liverpool, what a turn the doubles—Arthur Roberts and Arthur Simpson—could and would give us.

CHEM AND FRED.

RUNS.

50 MILES HANDICAP—May 5th.

No doubt everyone, except Knipe in his capacity as Chancellor of the Exchequer, is satisfied with the new course. From Bob's point of view it is disastrous in its raid on the Prize Fund, and it must be a long time since 12 medals were won in one fifty, and on such a day, too! As mentioned in the last Circular, a slight alteration had been made in the course at Bickley Moss by using the P.O. Lane, and apparently it is an improvement—or else the men are getting fitter—for it was certainly not a tip-top day. It is true it was warm and windless, but it started to rain just as Poole commenced despatching the 20 starters and later on poured in a manner that was distressing to those who could not do their checking from the sanctuary of a car, and to those foolish ones without forward extensions! The most pleasing feature was the way the competitors showed more appearance of *racing* (although there is still room for improvement in this direction) and, as the result shows, there was an all-round improvement in times which is most gratifying and promising. Grimshaw kept his word and rode in a style that showed a glimpse of his old form and an indication that he can return to it. Right from the start he was level-pegging with Schofield for fastest and for 40 miles a most interesting duel was fought, Schofield at times being a shade the faster, but the old war horse ignored the mud and rain and finished very strongly in 2-35-7, which made him a deserving and highly popular First and Fastest, while Schofield repeated his East Liverpool Wheelers experiences and went all to pieces, owing to the rain getting him down. He finished very slowly in 2-41-39—a ride which does not represent his current form or ability. Meanwhile, all the others were riding remarkably well, particularly Horrocks (who was all over an easy winner of the handicap by several minutes up to 41½ miles) and Walker. Banks was making a most frightful mess of the Bronze standard, and has since written: "I hereby acknowledge that the course is *not* so hard as I at first thought . . . My next 'objective' is the Silver." Perkins and Long provided an excellent object lesson to a lot of our youngsters who have been members for several years without attempting to "make good," and we hope it won't be lost on them, for in novice attempts, Perkins easily got a Silver, and Long was not much outside. In the end, Grimmy got first by 7 seconds and Walker pipped Horrocks for second place by 15 seconds, so it was as close a race as we have had for many years. F. A. Smith (like Walker) showed an improvement of 7 mins. on

his previous best, Dean improved 4 mins. and W. Smith $4\frac{1}{2}$ mins., while W. Threlfall was 5 mins. faster than 2 years ago and R. J. Austin, with an improvement of $3\frac{1}{2}$ mins., was unlucky in missing a gold by 30 seconds. Cranshaw practically repeated his previous ride (17 seconds faster), and just got a gold by 6 seconds, while J. E. Rawlinson at last broke his sequence of 2.41 rides, beat Cranshaw by 5 seconds, and got 11 seconds inside Gold standard. S. Threlfall improved 23 seconds and just missed the gold by 22 seconds and Hawkes showed that with training for *speed* he can do as well as he has done in distance work. Jones was very unlucky with a slow puncture, necessitating stops to inflate in the last few miles, and he just missed the Bronze by 5 seconds, while J. Smith was forced to retire by a rather nasty fall. H. Austin showed a welcome return towards fitness, but Lusty's retirement at 40 miles seemed to be induced by the temptation of his car being on the course, for we thought he was clocking well inside 2.40.

There were 62 out and about, including Lord Strathallon in plus fours, and on a new machine, and altogether it was a great day. One thing that seems to stand out is the necessity of stiffening the Standards by 5 mins. all round, and doubtless this will be taken to avizandum.

The following table gives the result in detail:—

J. A. Grimshaw	2.35. 7	5 mins.	2.30. 7	First and Fastest
J. E. Walker	2.43.14	13 "	2.30.14	Second
H. M. Horrocks	2.48.29	18 "	2.30.29	Third
A. G. Banks	2.53.59	22 "	2.31.59	Bronze
F. A. Smith	2.43.52	11 "	2.32.52	Silver
C. E. Dean	2.47.57	15 "	2.32.57	Silver
D. Smith	2.45.11	12 "	2.33.11	Silver
F. Perkins	2.48.22	15 "	2.33.22	Silver
W. Threlfall	2.43.53	10 "	2.33.53	Silver
R. J. Austin	2.40.30	6 "	2.34.30	Silver
J. E. Rawlinson	2.39.49	5 "	2.34.49	Gold
S. Threlfall	2.40.22	5 "	2.35.22	Silver
J. D. Cranshaw	2.39.54	4 "	2.35.54	Gold
J. Long	2.52.22	15 "	2.37.22	Bronze
J. Jones	3. 0. 5	22 "	2.38. 5	
H. Austin	2.41.52	3 "	2.38.52	
G. F. Hawkes	2.53.34	14 "	2.39.34	Bronze
T. V. Schofield	2.41.39	Scr.	2.41.39	

Tattenhall, May 12th.

At last a chance of attending a Club run! Such a glorious opportunity must not be missed. An adventurous ride to Euston, the bicycle safely stored in the guard's van of the "Scotsman;" off 1.30 almost as punctually as timekeeper Poole gets them away; a good lunch, Rugby in evens, many ominous clouds (wonderful how the train ignores head winds and sweeping storms of hail and rain). Crew!

The President with his usual generosity had promised to meet and pilot me over half forgotten lanes. Nantwich (4 miles), against a strong wind, seemed to take a long time, after 158 in 3.5. After Acton Church a sharp outlook was kept for the President; 200 yards in front a familiar cyclist figure was espied, comment, how old Cook has altered!, 100 yards I seemed to recognise, 50 yards, ye gods,

Teddy Edwards. Explanations followed, and the sad news was conveyed that the Presider had broken another crank, but even in his greatest emotion he had remembered his mission, and exhorting good old Teddy to take his place, he had fled post haste back home to get another machine or accomplish the impossible by purchasing a crank at Chester.

I was rather pleased to see Teddy, as I had forgotten the name of the inn, but had a faint idea it was a ragged something or other, but whether beginning with A or Z, I could not bring to mind, and after fitting every letter of the alphabet I came round to A once more.

Arrived at the Staff and Ragged Bear, beg pardon, Bear and Ragged Staff, there was great silence, so tea had commenced. Owing to the great expansion of the old Club in recent years two rooms were requisitioned; for the same reason I was unacquainted with some present, so any not mentioned must not take offence.

Grimmy in a brand new jumper was one of the first to greet me, and after congratulating him on getting back to scratch mark (he did not altogether seem too pleased), I had a word with Cody, Tommy Royden, Turnor, Green, Horrocks, Austin, Chandler and Reade. The one man I did miss was Bob Knipe, and as I had a nice little billet-doux for him in my waistcoat pocket, it reposes there until Whit Monday; shall I be lucky enough to miss him then?

After tea the stalwarts foregathered in the yard, according to ancient custom, and had the usual pow-wow adjacent to the nearest drain. Rain threatened, so I decided to get on with my appointment to week-end with the Presider at Fluffyville.

Reade overhauled me at Grindley Brook, but I left him in the pub and got on to Whitchurch, and as in olden days, took the route round the town. Approaching the main road, I espied a fleeing cyclist, old man Cook by gad. Could I catch him? No! Could I stop him? Yes! I yelled and he heard, for which I was thankful, as he informed me he was hurrying "to catch me up."

All week-ends at Newport are pleasant, and on Sunday the inevitable leave-taking came at Tarporley corner, the Presider to go home and handicap the 100, and the writer to carry on via Delamere, Frodsham and Runcorn to Farnworth. Here's to the next week-end with the Old Club!

THE LONDONER.

Whitsuntide—Whitchurch, May 19th.

Rather fewer than usual made the Whitchurch stop for tea, but it was better patronised by those whose business calendar is not marked "holiday" for Whit Monday, and who could not join in the strenuous game we were engaged upon. We must have numbered about 100 altogether, and we were particularly pleased at the resurrections of Alphabet Cox and Boardman, and the presence of our "exiles," Beardwood, Bright, Bill, Hilton-Hesketh, Carpenter, Owen, "Pa" White, Pritchard and Wayfarer himself, duly accompanied by his staff. At our Headquarters, The Lion, Shrewsbury, we were rather badly let down by last moment cancellation of beds, which created difficulties not easily overcome, but fortunately the new management is a great improvement, and we wangled out of it satisfactorily. On Sunday we scattered in small sections to Clun, Ludlow, Leominster, Cound and Shawbury respectively, the Ludlow party of eight there joining Beardwood and eight Bath Road men en route for Minsterley, while in the evening Grimmy created a diversion by arriving from Shawbury as chauffeur of a 1 h.p. Hay motor, and the way he handled the ribbons would have paralysed

Hayward, "that past master of the whip and ribbons," who used to drive the "Wonder" coach up Wyle Cop, and "made with the certainty of an arrow through the archway and into the stony courtyard of the Lion." After visits from Mr. and Mrs. Stancer, Best and Robbie, we got to bed in good time to prepare ourselves for—

THE HUNDRED.

For the first time this event was run off under R.R.C. recommendations, and in our anxiety to keep within the limit of 100 entries, last moment withdrawals left us with 91 on the card, which it is hoped those refused extra invitations will understand. The day was fine, but rather too breezy when Poole started his task of despatching the men, and there were only four non-starters. Right from the start "Andy" Wilson (this year riding as Y.R.C.) took the lead for fastest, and up to 80 miles the further he went the more he increased his lead, and to everyone's surprise was well beating "evens." He looked like beating record for the course, which would have been marvellous on such a day, but in the later stages the wind got its own back with a hard last 10 miles, and Rossiter made up a lot of leeway, and was second fastest with 5.14.25, as compared with Wilson's 5.11.47. Burkill had tyre trouble, and was on several machines, but finished strongly in 5.20.12, and the ever-smiling McCloud, notwithstanding a recent attack of lumbago, delighted us with a fine ride of 5.21.36. Moss clocked 5.23.2 and Dredge, who also had tyre trouble, finished in 5.28.0. For the handicap early reports indicated Johnson (Birkenhead N.E.) as a certain winner, and we were highly pleased to note the way Shaw and Orrell of "ours" were riding (the latter being only 3 mins. slower than Greenwood at 54 miles), but the scouts had failed to notice how well Kendall (Hull Thursday) and Hancock (Grosvenor Wheelers) were doing, and at the finish it was found that Kendall was first, Hancock second, and Johnson third in a decently close handicap, while Shaw made a fine debut as an Anfielder, being fifth, with Orrell tenth. Curiously enough, history repeated itself, for first, second and fourth were Hull Thursday, Grosvenor Wheelers and East Liverpool Wheelers respectively, the same as last year! Hancock was fifth last year, and his improvement of 8 mins. deservedly placed him, while Johnson, with an improvement of 11 mins., had hard lines in not being the winner. As the following table shows, the handicap was a remarkably good one, and reflects credit on those responsible:—

Name of Competitor	Club	Actual Time	H'cap	H'cap Time
1 W. R. Kendall ...	Hull Thursday	5.33.14	35	4.58.14
2 F. Hancock	Grosvenor W.	5.40.54	38	5. 2.54
3 F. Johnson	Birkenhead N.E.	5.36.24	33	5. 3.24
4 F. Sleeman	East Liverpool W.	5.38.36	35	5. 3.36
5 J. G. Shaw	Anfield B.C.	5.35.35	28	5. 7.35
6 A. Rogerson	Gomersal R.C.	5.34.29	26	5. 8.29
7 A. Wilson	Y.R.C.	5.11.47	Scr.	5.11.47
8 A. Jones	East Liverpool W.	5.47.58	36	5.11.58
9 S. W. Atkinson ...	Vegetarian	5.32. 5	20	5.12. 5
10 G. B. Orrell	Anfield B.C.	5.37.11	25	5.12.11
11 J. W. Rossiter ...	Century R.C.	5.14.25	1	5.13.25
12 A. S. McCloud ...	M.C. and A.C.	5.21.36	8	5.13.36
13 S. Veale	M.C. and A. C.	5.25.38	12	5.13.38
14 H. C. Henderson...	Rotherham W.	5.40.38	26	5.14.38
15 C. A. Rhodes	Y.R.C.	5.41.53	27	5.14.53

16	W. Armstrong	East Liverpool W.	5.48.10	33	5.15.10
17	W. J. Simpson	Birkenhead C.C.	5.49.31	34	5.15.31
18	J. Norman	Leicester R.C.	5.45.32	30	5.15.32
19	F. W. Greengrass	Leicester R.C.	5.46.46	30	5.16.46
20	G. H. Edwards	Cardiff 100 C.C.	5.46.10	29	5.17.10
21	C. Moss	M.C. and A.C.	5.23. 2	5	5.18. 2
22	T. V. Berry	Cardiff 100 C.C.	5.43. 4	25	5.18. 4
23	W. J. Finn	Irish R.C.	5.48. 0	29	5.19. 0
24	W. J. Kibble	Speedwell	5.33. 2	14	5.19. 2
25	A. V. Griffin	Speedwell	5.41.49	22	5.19.49
26	P. H. Beeson	Walsall R.C.	5.42.10	22	5.20.10
27	W. T. Burkill	M.C. and A.C.	5.20.12	Scr.	5.20.12
28	A. West	Bath Road	5.30.38	10	5.20.38
29	E. Sutton	Grosvenor W.	5.46.22	25	5.21.22
30	C. A. Morris	Speedwell	5.35. 0	13	5.22. 0
31	A. J. Pridden	Speedwell	5.42. 7	20	5.22. 7
32	R. E. Galway	Irish R.C.	5.46.40	24	5.22.40
33	A. Gunn	Liverpool Century	5.58.12	35	5.23.12
34	W. J. Carpenter	University	5.37.47	14	5.23.47
35	J. J. Barker	Manchester W.	5.56.51	32	5.24.51
36	P. Shafto	Rotherham W.	5.56.37	30	5.26.37
37	H. T. G. Page	Vegetarian	5.50.15	23	5.27.15
38	W. Quinn	Walton C. and A.C.	5.51.51	24	5.27.51
39	F. H. Dredge	University	5.28. 0	Scr.	5.28. 0
40	J. Bentley	Manchester W.	6. 3.20	35	5.28.20
41	T. Richards	M.C. and A.C.	5.50.25	20	5.30.25
42	A. Throp	Gomersal R.C.	5.55.37	25	5.30.37
43	A. G. Banks	Anfield B.C.	6.15.43	45	5.30.43
44	N. E. Hannaford	Cheadle Hulme	6. 1.46	31	5.30.46
45	W. A. Tuplin	Gomersal R.C.	5.46. 2	15	5.31. 2
46	L. J. Phillips	Vegetarian	5.53. 3	22	5.31. 3
47	A. Lusty	Anfield R.C.	6. 1.37	30	5.31.31
48	C. Jackman	Walton C. and A.C.	5.58.21	26	5.32.21
49	J. Wear	Sharrow C.C.	6.11.24	38	5.33.24
50	G. R. M. Brierley	Manchester W.	6. 7. 8	30	5.37. 8
51	M. Draisey	Century R.C.	6. 1.36	21	5.40.36
52	S. Dixon	Hull Thursday	6.17.46	35	5.42.46
53	J. F. Hunt	Hull Thursday	6.13.54	31	5.42.54
54	W. Hindle	Leeds R.C.	6.12.14	29	5.43.14
55	J. A. Grimshaw	Anfield B.C.	6. 7. 3	20	5.47. 3
56	T. Sharp	Y.R.C.	6. 5.23	11	5.54.23
57	E. Thom	Manchester Wed.	6.44.48	45	5.59.48
58	R. Oates	Irish R.C.	7. 1. 5	40	6.21. 5

The Team Race was again won by the M.C. and A.C., with an aggregate of 16.4.50, which was only 1 min. 13 seconds slower than their time last year, and chiefly remarkable for the even quality of the rides with a maximum variation of 2 mins. 50 secs. The Speedwell secured the second team medals with an aggregate of 16.49.51, as compared with 16.58.3 by the Y.R.C.

As already mentioned, we were not out of the picture this year, thanks to the excellent rides of Shaw and Orrell, but neither Grimshaw nor Lusty did himself anything like justice, although both showed their well-known determination and sportsmanship in finishing. Banks was not well, but persevered pluckily, and had very hard lines in missing his standard medal by 43 seconds. R. J. Austin retired through tyre trouble, while the Brothers Smith and H. Austin desisted, owing to the hungry knock,

There were 58 finishers, as compared with 49 last year, which is fair evidence that the course (although nothing to write home about) is improving, and when the tarmac on the Prees-Chetwynd stretch is completed, we won't have so much to complain about.

Some "100" Depressions.

Our Special Commissioner interviewed Grimmy (at speed) about 97½ miles past the start. Asked whether it was his intention to enter for the "100" next year, Grimmy replied with a vigorous affirmative.

What an example "'Appy" sets to such young lads as Mercer, Ven, Carpenter, Hubert, Charlie Conway, and Teddy Edwards, who appear to be proof against every method of appeal to enter for the event.

We met "Videlèx" leaving Shrewsbury at 4.30 p.m. on his way home by road to Southport. Evidently Banks looks upon the "100" as being merely a sort of training spin as a prelude to an evening run of another 100 miles or so.

A poignant scene was witnessed at Shawbury during the morning, when Robinson, encountering Hubert and Arthur, generously offered to buy beer for them. Robbie's grief, on hearing that it was 37½ minutes before opening time, was quite uncontrollable.

A gross example of bribery and corruption occurred at Peploe, where a member (whose name has been given to us in strict confidence) suborned a steam-roller man to press home some new metal lying on the course. We understand that the papers have been sent to the Public Prosecutor.

Between now and next Whitsuntide it is proposed to start a fund for the purchase of sand-paper, which will be presented to the County Council for use on the Peploe-Hodnet road.

We are authorised to deny every one of the numerous reports which are in circulation relative to the Mullah's matrimonial intentions. Turnor was born a batchelor and sees no reason for departing from this condition.

Lusty, tooling a big car along the Watling Street after the "100," overtook Bright and Robinson, to whom he threw out doses of the N.B.W. slogan "Ride a Bicycle." The advice was returned with compound interest and in capital letters.

Really, it's a pity that a member like Lusty doesn't "Ride a Bicycle."

Notes.

We were disappointed "Timbertiles" did not grace the proceedings with his presence, and there were also several other notable absentees, to wit, The Master and Chem, touring in Devon (loud cries of "shame" for deserting us), and Dave Fell, recuperating at Llanfairfechan, after his recent bout of influenza, which most unfortunately kept him away from Bettws at Easter on a bed of sickness. It is many years since Dave missed Easter and Whitsuntide, and we hope it won't occur again.

The style in which Wayfarer really climbed Wyle Cop with his attendant swain was a sight for the gods. Fresh from their triumph at Meriden and with "competent observers," there was no doubt about the performance.

The Lake, Simpson and Roskell cars took our dear old friend Phillips to Leominster on Sunday, and he told us how immensely he enjoyed the trip.

The behaviour of many of the visiting clubs was appalling enough to make one weep—the way they crowded on corners and resented

being asked to move, continuing pushing in and crossing the road at both start and finish showed a total disregard for the racing men and an utter lack of sportsmanship. At the same time, we managed to keep a more open road, thanks to efficient "policing" under the guidance of Toft, Ven. and Horrocks, one of the best assistants being R. T. Davies, who kept his section back by never ceasing his patrol.

For the first time since the series of unpaced 100's was inaugurated in 1900, there were no North Road entrants. Two men were nominated and one explained his inability to enter, but the other neither returned his form nor made any explanation. At the same time, we were pleased to see a strong touring contingent (staying at Grinshill) about the course.

There was a welcome improvement in the conduct of the motorists on the course sufficiently marked as to make all the more conspicuous those who needlessly drove through the start and finish.

Newall (Bath Road) was an early retiral through taking a corner on his wrong side, near Shawbury, and colliding with another cyclist; he sustained a slight concussion. Greenwood (M.C. and A.C.) was doing very well up to 54 miles (2 mins. faster than McCloud and Moss), but was unfortunately put out of the race through a difference of opinion with a cow!

With the record muster of 100, we could not fill the 30 beds booked at Headquarters. This is rather surprising when it is considered what a fine centre Shrewsbury makes for a Sunday thrust in any direction. How many of the young members who were lolling round Hodnet all day have ever explored the Wrekin, visited Tong, Lillieshall Abbey, Boscobel or The White Ladies for instance?

Have you heard The Mullah's story about Winston Churchill and the journalist? He is training very hard, and told it so often that he has nearly got it correct!

Acton Bridge, May 26th.

This run was not as well attended as usual, and emphasises the difficulties Austin has to contend with in estimating the numbers to provide for. Perhaps it was the aftermath exhaustion of Whitsuntide, although we heard a rumour that 12 members of our affiliated organisation, the Siddington Wheelers, had gone elsewhere, because the accommodation at the Leigh Arms is so crowded, notwithstanding the fact the April Circular had announced that "alterations now in hand will result in a new *Salle à manger* large enough for the biggest muster, before our next visit," which proved to be correct, for the 32 members and three friends did not half fill the new room. The true Anfield spirit was shown by Reade, who had "smashed through" from a Wye Valley tour to attend the fixture, and by Turnor, who overcame many difficulties in a "thrust" from Birmingham, and just saved his bacon by arriving as we finished tea! It was rather unsettled meteorologically, but the showers were short and interspersed with genial sunshine, while most of us were lucky enough to dodge them entirely, as the really wet rain fell while we had our feet in the trough! Naturally the converse was chiefly about the 100 and National Bicycle Week, and whatever opinions may be held about the latter, it has at least forced some members to get new suits and driven the Presider to church, so it has done some good! The week-end party went to Macclesfield, and the rest of us trickled home comfortably with varying luck as to the weather.

A. T. SIMPSON,
Editor.

ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

FORMED MARCH 1879

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL

MONTHLY CIRCULAR.

Vol. XVIII.

No. 209.

FIXTURES FOR JULY, 1923.

		Light up at
July	2. Committee Meeting. 7 p.m., 25, Water Street, Liverpool.	
"	7. Little Budworth (Red Lion)	10-38 p.m.
"	14. Twelve Hours Handicap	10-31 p.m.
"	21. Pulford (Grosvenor)	10-26 p.m.
"	28. Tarpорley (Swan)	10-16 p.m.

August 4-6. See Committee Notes.

Full moon 27th inst.

The Hon. Treasurer's address is R. L. Knipe, 108, Moseow 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 Bicyele Club, Tue Brook Branch.

Committee Notes.

94, Paterson Street,
Birkenhead.

The date of the Committee Meeting was incorrectly given in last Circular.

New Members:—Messrs. L. Deacon and A. E. Morton have been elected to Active Membership, the last named being a junior.

The Hon. Secretary was instructed to convey to Miss Worth and E. Maynard Lucas deepest sympathy with them in the sad death of Mr. E. G. Worth.

Application for Membership.—James Gibson, 56, Priory Road, Anfield, Liverpool, proposed by S. J. Buck, seconded by H. Austin.

Application for Honorary Membership.—Mr. R. J. Finn, Castle-knock, Co. Dubl'n, proposed by W. H. Kettle, seconded by H. Austin.

Stop Press.

Owing to the Speedwell "100" being postponed to August Bank Holiday, the Committee have decided to abandon the Tour in Derbyshire. The Holiday Fixture will take the form of a week-end at Shrewsbury, and members have the option of remaining there to

help our competitors in the E.L.W. "50," or proceeding on the Sunday to Tewkesbury for the Speedwell "100." Members will facilitate the making of arrangements by notifying the Hon. Secretary what their intentions are, and what accommodation they require.

H. AUSTIN,
Hon. Secretary.

Racing Notes.

12 HOURS HANDICAP ROAD RIDE, 14TH JULY.

Entries for this event, accompanied by a fee of 5/- to cover the cost of feeding expenses, must reach me not later than Saturday, 7th July. A new course has been arranged, particulars of which have been distributed among the racing members; anyone intending to ride and not having received a copy can have one on application to the Hon. Racing Secretary. There is every indication that there will be a big entry, therefore a large number of followers will be required. I hope those not riding will make a special effort to be at Vicars Cross and place themselves at the Timekeeper's disposal for this purpose.

Accommodation will be arranged at the Westminster Hotel for competitors or others giving me reasonable notice.

EAST LIVERPOOL WHEELERS INVITATION "50," SPEEDWELL INVITATION "100," AUGUST BANK HOLIDAY.

In view of the fact that the Speedwell "100" has been altered to the August Bank Holiday, it should be possible to make use of The Lion, Shrewsbury, for this event and The East Liverpool Wheelers "50." The Speedwell helpers would stay the Saturday night at The Lion and proceed to Tewkesbury on the Sunday. I shall be glad to have the names of members willing to compete in either of these events in order that the Committee may select the best teams. Names should reach me by about July 16th. It has been suggested that the Committee abandon the proposed August Tour in Derbyshire and concentrate on these two events.

W. H. KETTLE,
Hon. Racing Sec.

"Bunchy"—An Appreciation.

E. G. Worth was for many long years my dearest friend, and the news of his sad end has moved me to the depths of my heart.

One memorable week's tour we had on Allen Tooth's old Raleigh Tandem up to the Tweed Valley—nights being spent at Knutsford, Mansfield, Thirsk, Newcastle, Berwick-on-Tweed, Melrose, Biggar, and Kendal. In the later stages we paced poor Prichard over the most difficult pieces of his unsuccessful Edinburgh-Liverpool attempt—Beattock and Shap. Teddy was always great on slogans or catch-phrases on important occasions, and I remember whenever we had an extra hard pimple to struggle up he would gasp out the refrain "We'll never get up Shap, we'll never get up Shap." The responsibility quite worried him. However, we *did* ride all the way up Shap, and incidentally I think it was the determination to drop his follower, Harry Saunders, at any cost, that put "paid" to poor Ernie on this occasion—he chucked it between Kendal and Milnthorpe.

But let the Anfield spirit prevail! and, lest any of the following little memories may verge on the frivolous, I like to think they are written in the spirit he would have approved. If the dear old man is now looking down from some astral plane, be sure he is concen-

trating on the old Club so dear to him, and I can hear that chuckle of his over some of these reminiscences.

I always regard Teddy as the best-informed man I have ever met, and certainly as regards his knowledge of English roads, customs, folk-lore, etc., I think he hardly had an equal in the country. How he used to love sitting in a corner with his A.B.C. cronies, sucking that old pipe of his, full of wit and kindness, but shutting up like an oyster if a stranger entered the circle!

But the one thing he couldn't be silent about was an inaccurate statement. Even then he probably wouldn't like to intrude himself, but would whisper in your ear "He's wrong, that was a year later," or "No, the second turning, not the first," or "It's the King's Arms not the King's Head," and so on.

Hellier and Worth!—what a pair of friends to boast of! Now, alas, both gone for ever. What old-stager can picture greater happiness than a long Saturday evening's run with them, hell for leather, Teddy's front wheel rubbing the Mossoo's axle (Whizzzzzz! followed by a curse as he scrapes one of the trike's back wheels!) Then supper, and, if specially favoured, one of Teddy's famous mock crabs. Then the local tank with all its happy memories—did anyone ever sit up later than Teddy?

And yet he was a thoroughly temperate man, quite an abstainer between the week-ends, save on very rare and special occasions, but the soul of conviviality with his pals.

If there was one subject he seemed ignorant about, or took no interest in, it was his own bicycle! Our excitement over the delivery of a new speed mount found no echo in Teddy. His was a machine, a means of locomotion, or, in W.D. vernacular, "Bicycle, R. & P., one." He used to have a new one every spring, and I don't think its arrival caused him the slightest flutter except that it had to synchronise with the appearance of his annual new flannel cycling suit. The details of the 'bus he was, I really believe, ignorant of, and our joke used to be that G.B.M. had a special "mould" for the production of his R. & P. annually. I always claim credit though for having persuaded him to discard the old gearcase in favour of a roller chain, naked—in 1900, I think.

And who will forget "stumpy," his little watch which never went, and which he used to keep with his money in his breeches pocket? Or the famous matchbox, centuries old, about which poor R.E.P. used to swear Teddy shed tears when it was lost one festive evening at the Talbot; and his joy on retrieving it from the dust-man next morning!

It was Harry Wright who christened him "Bunchy" for one of his weird reasons, and though Teddy resented it fiercely and forcibly at the time, of course it had to stick, and I think he quite liked it eventually.

The first time I ever saw E.G.W. was at the "100" of 1897, when Fred Bird and I and one or two details (W.D. again!) of the Carlton B.C. were looking after George Wivell, subsequently a famous track champion. (By the way, Teddy was one of a number of us, Neason, Bird, Lichtenberg, etc., who graduated through the Carlton into the Anfield). We were "hopping it" between Hodnet and Crudgington when we caught up with a squat figure in a light flannel suit. I rang my bell, being subsequently rebuked by Fred Bird who explained that the only chance of getting away from an Anfielder was to slip past unnoticed. However, the squat figure jumped on and we could not shake him off anyhow. "Who was the fat bloke, Fred?" "That was Teddy Worth, the Anfield Secretary."

The next time I was a candidate for membership and Teddy, J. E. B. Anderson, of the Wheelers, and I shared the tea table at the Bull and Stirrup. I was introduced to Teddy by Anderson and did all I could to penetrate his reserve—he really was a bit “difficile” for new members! However, I did get a “Goodbye, old man” on parting, and that was the beginning of perhaps the closest friendship of my life. But I think he took to me more quickly than to most people.

He was most unfortunate in his “spills,” but after all he always asked for trouble by reckless riding, and no one ever followed pacing more closely. I don’t think he ever failed through accident or sickness to turn up at business on Monday morning.

And at his place in Castle Street, how stern and business-like he used to be. It was funny, after a jolly convivial weekend, to call in for a map at trade price or to talk over some urgent speed matter, to be greeted with “Yes, Sir,” “No, Sir,” “What can I do for you, Sir?” I remember as a youngster being quite nervous over visiting him and peering in through the window to see if I could catch him alone.

He often used to quote one of his slices of ill-luck. Once when cycling downhill (which conveys a lot to those who knew him!) on his own along a moorland sunken road (I fancy somewhere near Penistone) a sheep chose that particular moment for one of those mad leaps peculiar to that species, and landed right on top of poor old Teddy, giving him an awful spill and knocking him senseless. But he carried on! He used mildly to wonder why the Lord should have ordained that particular sheep should have elected to make that particular jump at that precise moment. The Lord knows!

It might be a crumb of consolation to us to remember his indifference to pain, or shall I say his plucky endurance of it. One evening at Sandbach, Teddy, in a boisterous mood, leaped on Charlie Keizer’s back, slipped, and sprained his ankle. We doctored him to the best of our ability, though nothing would debar him from partaking in the usual evening rites. Next morning he insisted on riding with one pedal to Budworth, our lunch rendezvous. We gave him a good start but he still managed to arrive first—having by the way actually ridden with one leg up the hill into Over, as he could not remount if he had got off. But, to pile Pelion on Ossa, in dismounting at Budworth he used his lame foot, collapsed, and put his shoulder out! Then we finally put our combined foot down, and Hubert took him to the Tarporley doctor in a trap and brought him back by train. *He turned up at business next morning!*

The older members need no panegyric on E.G.W., and to the younger ones who may not have had the honour of his friendship I can only say that in the minds of all of us he will always remain the model Agfelder, who was heart and soul with the Club, and whose able services and experience were always at its command.

In conclusion, it should be remembered that he was an intensely proud man, unapproachable in his private life, and extremely diffident of accepting favours of any kind. As an instance, many years ago, returning from Bettws, he had one of his awful spills, and some time afterwards, while slogging along on his own on a damaged machine, he found that in his upset his purse with all his money had fallen out. He was sighted several times that day going through non-stop, hungry and doubtless in pain, and it is typical of him that he preferred to do this rather than ask a comrade for any assistance—even a loan of a few shillings.

Good-bye, Teddy, old man, and if cycles are allowed up there we will order an R. & P. from the mould, and I will find the old Swift trike and pace you through the ages!

FRANK ROSKELL.

E. G. Worth (1889), Friend and Clubman.

Teddy Worth's friends, who have now lost their Old Pal for good, must feel thankful that on the last occasion he re-appeared in our midst, he was quite his old self, looking happy and well, and had actually recovered something that at one time he had lost; an eagerness to clasp the hands of his old cronies.

E.G. was the first Anfielder with whom I became familiar. In 1891, when retired from racing on the G.O.O., I used to rattle out to High Leigh on a Sunday, to meet there E. G. Worth and Bob Lloyd. Hellier came there as a novice, and his friend Beardwood as a youth. When three years later I joined the club, Worth was the first member I week-ended with. From Cronton he took me to The Ship at Rainhill, and I was his guest, a hospitality he never permitted me to return. "More blessed to give than to receive" was his inner motto. I do not think that he ever got up in a race, but he was once handicapped to appear on scratch in an Anfield Novices Race, with—can it be Teddy Edwards?

The late Nineties were his heyday, and he was very good on a tandem, say behind Toft, responding to Bilkley's "Faster Tandem," and with Harry Poole climbing the Snake, and on some All Night Rides. Assisting in record attempts on some pacing triplet he would be "in the middle" behind his friend Frank Roskell, with Chem or Arthur as make-weight. And then as a week-ender usually behind Hellier's axle, he was ever a patient listener to the Mossos's unavoidably protracted tales about that Heaven-sent Gift of Riding a Tricycle.

As Secretary, apart from his general excellence, he opened a new chapter by leading us into "Darkest Shropshire," which we had not properly discovered at that time. Not knowing "what Caractacus (Quartog) did in 51," we passed over the very shoulder of Caer Caradoc without suspecting what was going on up there. He arranged a club lunch at Clun, a feat in itself, and took us to Knighton for the first time, for which we have been grateful ever since. Lastly, he inaugurated Life Membership in recognition of L. Fletcher's services, and now he himself is the first Life Member to fall out of the ranks.

Worth was descended from a very old Cheshire family. Discussing the pride displayed by Mr. Watts in the Pilgrimages of being descended from some old Cheshire Nobles, Teddy would laughingly remark that he himself must be related distantly to all of them. Centuries ago, the Worths of Worth Hall (Poynton) had charge of a section of the King's Chase of Macclesfield Forest. In Prestbury Church the image of a Worth figures on the wall.

After Hellier's retirement from the district, Teddy became more exclusive, and would only week-end "on the spur of the moment," chiefly with James, and the spur was often late in coming. The best week-ends during this period were those at Sandbach, where the sisters Meadowcroft, as well as Old Rowbotham, had a soft corner for him.

Teddy was a great penman, in caligraphy, in style, and in the treatment of his subject; a man of vast knowledge who reserved his gifts for a cycling club and for a few pals.

He spent most of his time reading, and specialised, I fancy, in folklore and the beliefs of all ages and their evolution into religious observances.

Teddy was utterly unselfish and observed self denial to a fault. He was greatly beloved by all who knew him and he cannot ever have made an enemy. The Anfield will not see his like again.

F.H.

ITEMS.

The Cheshire B. B.'s have recently been alarmed to discover a placard at Saughall Massie advertising "Robbie's coat conditioner" in which the following sound advice is given:—"Why have a smelly coat? Don't scratch yourself. Is your coat patchy? Look after your coat. Will remedy all for a trifle of cost. The proprietor of this valuable remedy has, during the last 14 years, achieved some remarkable cures and has at last been persuaded by his many friends to put the same on the market. Perfectly harmless. Full instructions on each bottle." Can this be Wayfarer in a new sphere? There is certainly no limit to his versatility, for he is constantly breaking out in fresh spots! His latest effort is an infringement of the Anti-advertising Clause which makes him ineligible to compete in any of our events and will prevent him emulating Videlex. Below the published testimonial of a tyre which "has been in use exactly 50 weeks and has travelled just about 10,000 miles without a single puncture" appears the following:—

"Dear Mr. Wayfarer,—It is very kind of you to tell us you've done 10,000 without a puncture or two. We note your remarks re the other tyre. It's a jolly good job they're not all like you, or else we should never retire! This can be recited at all Club Runs, Concerts, etc., free of license."

We therefore suggest that Chandler, Royden and Jay Bee organise a Choral Society to practice this Anthem for use at our Socials next winter! But stay, there may be a nigger in the wood pile. Perhaps Robbie's definition of "travelled" is akin to that of "climbed"!

Chandler and Bailey made an all-night 24 of the first day of their tour to the Island of Skye with an excellent schedule, including a feed at the police station at Kendal in the middle of the night—quite a novel idea. The intention was to reach Stirling, 229 miles, but the stiff N.W. wind and the appalling state of the road from Eeatock over the Summit to Lanark (194 miles) forced a halt.

We are glad to see that our former member, Harold Rae, is making good as a cyclist now he has returned to the Big City. In a recent M.C. & A.C. 50, with only 5½ min. from Burkill, he clocked 2.24.35. Our only regret is that when living at Hough Green and one of "ours," he made no attempt either to race or get to know us.

Cycling Round Corn Exchange.

In connection with Bicycle Week, there was a somewhat unique incident this morning at the Corn Exchange. Mr. W. P. Cook, the famous veteran long-distance cyclist, rode round the market on his machine. He was heartily cheered by a big assembly of members of the trade with which he has been so long associated.—Extract from Liverpool paper.

The above bald announcement leaves a lot of points which require clearing up in the interests of future historians. For instance, no mention in the first place is made of the costume favoured by our

agile President as circus rider. Did he wear the filmy fibre of the pathman, the touching tights of the road record rider, the embroidered embellishments of the trick cyclist, the court costume of the Moonbeamer, or his own immaculate garb impregnated with the speed juice (fruity with age) engendered by countless centuries of mileage, and crowned with the skull cap of antiquity? Were hoops provided, and did he leap through these with graceful abandon? How did he respond to the cheers of his brother commen after the performance? With dainty wave of the hand and twirl of the toes like the wire-walker, or with the courtly bow and modest mien of the elephant tamer?

Up Came Charlie and His Camera.

After the rumours that dear old Charlie had been indisposed, it was a treat to have him with us again at the Tattenhall Photo Run. We were told that Mrs. Charles had said that tho' his presence at the run might harm him, his absence from it would kill him outright, and that therefore of two evils, he chose the lesser. No greater compliment could be paid to the loyalty of even the most hardened Anfielder.

And there—to be sure—he was again, looking not a whit changed from the first time I ran the gauntlet of his exposure not far from 30 years ago.

One of the brain-racking puzzles of the Photo Grouping has always been the marked partiality that Charlie ever displays for one of the wings, just like the actress who lurches on chicken and champagne. This is odd, knowing our artist as we do, as a man of open and neutral mind. Yet there it is. Ever since C.C. sprang that great triumph on us at High Leigh some twenty years ago, so aptly described by Worth as: Mr. Biklely and Party, on which Edwin appeared vast, gigantic, threatening, almost overbearing, like some Bucklow Major, a menace to the surrounding quavering pigmies, nonentities and snotties—men like Cook and Chem looking harmless and innocent, and the oldest members of the club only just redeemed from obscurity by their display of hair on the chin—ever since then I say, has Charlie played on this same string with varying effect.

Sometimes he is gentle and the ill-favoured wing disappears into slanting oblivion, and at other times ruthless: dispensing with part of some one's ill-assorted features. This time it was Vice-President Green who was in peril, no matter how Dave Fell pleaded for him. Green waved his handkerchief vigorously during the whole show, in deference to which Charlie would permit the wind to veer the camera's monster eye to flicker in his direction like a mocking wink, but under the pretence of steadying the contraption he would withdraw it again ere puffing the ball.

We like to have Green on our picture, and so we hope for the best, even if we only get a little of Bert on the edge of the plate.

RUNS.

N.B.W.—Maghull, June 2nd, 1923.

To meet the wishes of those who did not care to ride with a large body and as the official arrangements said "other clubs by request," a party of 10 of us met on Queens Drive at 3.30 p.m. and had an old-fashioned Club Run to Maghull, piloted by Dave Fell and Ven. At Aintree George Mercer chipped in, so we arrived at the Rally eleven strong, the others being Mac, Edwards, Cook, Cotter, Morris, Parry, Austin and Greenwood, and we rather fancy the three

trikes caused some amazement. At the grounds we found Rowatt, Kettle, Molyneux, Dickman, Gregg, Bibby, Long, Perkins and Banks, so we made quite a respectable showing of 20. It was a glorious afternoon and the arrangements worked so smoothly that everyone was perfectly satisfied with the tea. After the Presider had played his part in the prize distribution, those who had not already disappeared set off for a ride round by Melling, Kirby and West Derby, but Austin went to Southport with Banks and made quite a decent ride of it. It may not have been an ideal club fixture, but at least we escaped any difference of opinion with a perambulator—ask Jay Kay!

Tattenhall, June 9th.

The exhortations of a whole week devoted to the cult of the cycle, had not been without their effect on me. At first the refrain: "Ride a bicycle" had little or no interest for me; it was just like saying "Use Apple's Soap," or "Ask your grocer for Chem's Capillary Cultivator," or "Try 'Johnny Walker' in your bath." But it's the constant brushing that wears away the hair, and at length the spirit of the incantation broke in upon my understanding: it was an appeal to—well, to put it into simple language—*faire une promenade en bicyclette*. Ride a bicycle! I kept on repeating it until I knew it off by heart. A man in the tramcar asked me what was the proper thing for England to do in the Ruhr. I could only say: "Ride a bicycle." You can imagine from this how full I was, so that when Arthur rang me up and said: "It's a fine day. Are you going to Tattenhall? Will you come out with me in the car?" I immediately grasped his hand (figuratively), uttered a prayer for forgiveness, and said, *seriatim*: "My dear Arthur, it is; I am; I shall." In this way it comes about that you are suffering now.

We might have taken many ways to our destination, but we didn't; we only took one. Arthur's deft handling of the helm, soon lulled me into a sense of security, and I became absorbed in the scenery, and had a beautiful sleep, from which I was awakened by the abrupt stopping of the car in the hotel yard at Tattenhall. It was delightful to shake hands again with so many dear old friends after such a long lapse, and to be introduced to so many new ones. There was a magnificent attendance of 64 in all—20 more to cater for than expected, but the good-humoured, cheerful hostess and her capable satellites found no difficulty in dealing with us all satisfactorily.

The event of the day was the Club photograph, which Charlie Conway with his usual generosity had offered to take. Personally, though a big, fine fellow, I always shrink from being photographed. I do not lend myself to the camera—as a matter of fact, it rather gives me away. I remember once I had occasion to get "taken" for passport purposes. I asked the operator to see what he could do for me. He did. The result was disastrous; he had taken away my character. I was made into a murderous looking criminal. I took the travesty back to the artist and asked him what he thought it was. He looked at it and said: "I see nothing wrong with it; the camera can't lie, you know; and it's very like you, now isn't it?" "Yes," I admitted, "that's the worst of it!" I had to make the best of a bad job. I was going to Spain, but how could I expect to be allowed to enter on such a villainous caricature? I was in despair. At the frontier, however, the authorities after carefully scrutinising the wretched thing, not only allowed me to pass but actually welcomed

me into the country like a brother—they had taken me for a brigand! But I wander. Let us back to the group. After placing the charming tableau en pose on the green, which called for no small amount of patience on Charlie's part, he snapped us several times. I am sure it is going to be a success, and "though I says it as oughtn't" for once I feel I shall be an embellishment to the group—that is, if I am not a blot on it. Charlie deserves our very hearty thanks for his pains and trouble in connection with the function, and I will ask you, gentlemen, to shew your appreciation in the usual way.

I will now tell you something about the run from the cycling point of view—(Not if I can help it.—Ed.).

50 MILES HANDICAP—June 16th.

It was thought that the last 50 was about the limit in its raid on the Prize Fund, but this event made a new record with 16 men winning standards; and there would have been 3 more but for the useful "Prize Winners barred" clause. Still, when men show improvement varying from 21 seconds to 14 minutes and only 6 are slower than their previous best, we can only smile with satisfaction and find the necessary. There were 29 names on the card including two tandems and only one non-starter (Moorby), but it was not altogether an ideal day, for Boreas was much in evidence and it was perishingly cold—so cold, in fact, that W. Orrell retired at the half distance because he could not get warm although riding at evens! In the unavoidable absence of Poole, the timing was done by Cook, and the race was chiefly remarkable for the extraordinary improvement shown by Long and Perkins and the fine duel fought between Grimshaw and H. Austin for Fastest. Both Long and L. W. Walters were making an awful mess of the handicap early on, but the latter was undoubtedly over-g geared and faded away badly in the concluding stages, whereas Long kept getting them round and with an improvement of 14 mins. was easily first off his long mark. H. Austin with an improvement of 5 mins. just managed to beat Grimshaw by 1 min. 6 seconds for Fastest and with 2.32.33 was Second in the handicap, while Perkins showing an improvement of 7 mins. was Third with 2.41.42. It will thus be seen that the "excellent object lesson" mentioned in the last Circular has been further emphasised, and those who tell us they have got speed wheels had better make a start instead of *talking* about racing! D. Smith and Walker both showed the promising improvement of 5 mins., and Banks with an improvement of 4 mins. would have secured his Silver "objective" if the hard-hearted Committee had not stiffened the standards. We were particularly pleased to see A. N. Rawlinson finishing for the first time and his 2.45.11 ought to encourage him greatly. Deacon made a splendid debut with 2.37.39, and we confidently expect this second edition of Neason rapidly to qualify for the scratch mark. Lusty came very close to his previous best and is evidently slowly but surely overcoming the effects of his accident. S. Threlfall with an improvement of 3 mins. showed how nicely he is coming on, and Bolton gave us the first glimpse of his real form with 2.47.46. Grimshaw on a new machine was second fastest with 2.33.39 and will certainly get back again inside evens before the season closes. W. Threlfall was only a few seconds (39 to be exact) outside an award, and C. Aldridge was unfortunate in puncturing, but still comfortably annexed a Bronze. R. J. Austin just gained another Silver by 21 seconds, but Dean was nearly 2 mins. slower than his previous best and, like Horrocks (7 mins. slower), evidently did not like the struggle into

The wind the last $8\frac{1}{2}$ miles. J. S. Blackburn made a welcome re-appearance and is no doubt fit enough but lacking in speed, as his 2.39.16 does not represent his capabilities. F. Jones was another to puncture, but this time got nicely inside Bronze standard. J. D. Cranshaw was rather disappointing with 2.42.52, for we know he can do a lot better than this, but F. Gilmour made an encouraging start with 2.49.20. Warwick-Jones had quite an adventurous experience, for a missed train forced him to lose $6\frac{3}{4}$ mins. at the start and he ended up with his saddle pin breaking at Acton Corner! And now, finally, to mention the tandemons. Both combinations won Golds and did excellent rides. G. B. Orrell and F. L. Edwards although undoubtedly short of training and quite unfamiliar with the course clocked 2.12.37. They must have lost time through not knowing the corners, and it is apparent that the Northern Record is beatable by them. Rawlinson and Schofield with 2.19.39 were only 2 mins. slower on handicap and have every reason to be satisfied with their performance.

There was a good crowd out about the course and a large week-end party at Wem. The following table gives the result in detail:—

J. Long	2.38.49	16 min.	2.22.49	First
H. Austin	2.32.33	6 "	2.26.33	Second & Fastest
F. Perkins	2.41.42	14 "	2.27.42	Third
D. Smith	2.40.17	11 "	2.29.17	Silver
J. E. Walker	2.38.21	9 "	2.29.21	Silver
A. G. Banks	2.49.33	20 "	2.29.33	Bronze
A. N. Rawlinson	2.45.11	15 "	2.30.11	Bronze
L. Deacon	2.37.35	7 "	2.30.39	Silver
A. Lusty	2.37.46	7 "	2.30.46	
S. Threlfall	2.37.15	5 "	2.32.15	Silver
G. B. Orrell	2.12.37	owe 20 "	2.32.37	Gold
F. L. Edwards... ..				
E. Bolton	2.37.46	15 "	2.32.46	Bronze
J. A. Grimshaw	2.33.39	scratch	2.33.39	
W. Threlfall	2.44.32	10 min.	2.34.32	
J. E. Rawlinson	2.19.39	owe 15 "	2.34.39	Gold
T. V. Schofield				
C. Aldridge	2.54.40	20 "	2.34.40	Bronze
L. W. Walters	2.52.51	18 "	2.34.51	Bronze
R. J. Austin	2.40.9	5 "	2.35.9	Silver
C. E. Dean	2.49.42	13 "	2.36.42	
J. S. Blackburn	2.39.16	2 "	2.37.16	
F. Jones	2.58.41	20 "	2.38.41	Bronze
J. D. Cranshaw	2.42.52	4 "	2.38.52	
F. Gilmour	2.49.20	8 "	2.41.20	Bronze
H. M. Horrocks	2.55.9	13 "	2.42.9	

Acton Bridge, June 23rd.

This run was favoured with a really fine afternoon, and from 5.30 onwards the group outside the Leigh Arms was constantly being augmented by fresh, or perhaps it would be more correct to say, later, arrivals.

A feature of this rendezvous is the rumbling, as of distant thunder, which heralds the approach of all members coming in from a southerly direction. It was noticed that the Old Gent had (in order to ensure a salute of a volume in keeping with the arrival of an Anfield President) come on a tricycle and, it is rumoured—though this is not vouched for—had dropped about half a dozen spare cranks down inside his "plus fours."

The announcement that tea was ready produced the usual stampede and we were soon nicely packed in close formation. It would have only needed one really robust member, Hubert Roskell for instance, to upset the scheme of things at the tea table. Mine Hostess had evidently been reading up "Tutor" in *Cycling*, and having started out with the laudable intention of "Perfect freedom without any side-play," had, on proceeding further, decided that "Even a slight tightness was preferable." However, the feed was well up to the L.A. standard. Need more be said? The new Sally Thingsomething (vide last month's circular) proved a very pleasant place which we should never be able to overcrowd.

Probably the long distance record was held by Mahon, who had run over from Egypt, the place where sphinxes and dead mummies grow, to take tea with the club, and it was only natural after such a lengthy ride that he should complain of a slight saddle soreness.

Towards the close of the meal there was a rumble rather louder than that permitted an ordinary member, and V. P. Green tottered in, having been on a little jaunt to Llangollen.

After a somewhat protracted discussion regarding routes, in which everybody said "This way" and pointed in a different direction to anybody else, we eventually dispersed.

All-Night Ride, June 30th.

The "somewhat differently" method of running this event entirely justified itself because much better support was accorded, and we had over 20 on the trip, with several more participating "in spots" more or less prolonged, but it also provides some food for thought. In the old days of the Eighties—the solid tyre era—it was a tradition of the club that new members should as speedily as possible qualify themselves for the title of Anfielders by riding 100 miles, and until they were able to sport the small silver badge on the arm they were more or less regarded as probationers. This tradition was the initiation to long distance work from which the novice proceeded to the 24 with high hopes of 150 or 200 miles. To-day the all-night ride with its 200 schedule ought to be the ambition of every new member as a sort of qualifying standard of ability justifying the badge even among those not physically capable of aspiring to higher honours in the 24; and yet an examination of the membership list shows a great number of young members who have yet to accomplish the double century.

The Liverpool party to start at schedule time from the Landing Stage consisted of the Presider, Perkins, Long and Messrs. Parry and Hinde (welcome visitors), but the Greenwood mystery has not yet been solved! The Skipper was a boat late, but fell in with Bibby near Ormskirk where the advance guard found Barnes on a free wheel machine awaiting them. A stop for a cup of tea at Hutton and a wait at Preston for schedule time only added Taylor to the party, but John Kinder and Mandall on a Sociable tricycle had passed us, and just outside Preston we found Austin saying good-bye to S. Threlfall who was going back. At Scorton we found Turnor and Rothwell oiling up, so there was just a dozen to trundle into the yard of the King's Arms, Lancaster. Here we found W. Orrell, J. D. Cranshaw, Dean and D. Smith, and were sorry to learn that Lord Birkenhead was unable to come owing to an encounter with a lunatic in charge of a side-car outfit who was "looking for his gloves!" Later arrivals were G. N. Rawlinson, R. T. Davies, Reade and Mr. Egan, a "prospective" who promises to make a fine rider, so we sat down 22 to a splendid meal to fortify us for the night. Kinder

and Mandall went on to stay at Kendal for the night and a "chit" from Horrocks advised us that he and Schofield had gone on hours before to "have a nice *easy ride*."! Great Scott, what could be easier than the scheduled one? And what would happen to Austin's arrangements if everyone did the same?! After thermos flasks had been provided for the old men, the party of 20 barged off prompt to time and had a most glorious night of it. At Kendal we spent the 15 minutes in hand by helping the officials of the Penny Bank balance the accounts for the half year by a transfer of two pence to suspense account. On the climb up Shap, Rothwell punctured and changed the tube, while Taylor went temporarily mad and lit a fire which Austin, Perkins, Rawlinson and Cranshaw put out and at the same time extinguished W.E.T. From High Borrow Bridge all but Perkins walked more or less to the top to kill time, and at Shap most of us stayed some time watching the sunrise and imbibing copious draughts of water at the fountain—it was indeed a strange sight to see Reade and Turnor thus shocking their systems! At Penrith Corner the picnic party broached cargoes and had a rare merry time of it.

Another stop was made at Pooley Bridge to enjoy the magnificent view of Ullswater, and several stops were made on Kirkstone for even on the descent the view was so grand under perfectly ideal conditions as to force even the young bloods to dismount. Even so we began trickling into Bowness soon after 7.0 to find Horrocks, Schofield, Chandler, Gibson and Edwards awaiting us, so we sat down 25 to breakfast, although only 24 enjoyed the meal as the "nice easy ride" had evidently been too much for Schofield, who retired to the bed vacated by Chandler! When schedule time arrived Taylor was also posted as missing and provided another mystery as we never sighted him again and are inclined to think Chandler's description of Mardale (he and Gibson had their A.N.R. on Friday night to Shap) had fired his blood! The rest of us thus reinforced found the road to Gilpins Bridge rather loose in places (don't mention this to Kettle or Reade, as they employed other adjectives), and Mr. Parry also "found" it, so we were barely on schedule at Levens Bridge where Kinder and Mandall rejoined us. At Milnthorpe Chandler punctured, but we were all at Lancaster nicely ahead of time to enjoy another excellent repast. Haslam was reported in the town but did not join us. After lunch most of the Liverpool men took the parallel Cockerham road, which is better graded and almost traffic free, as an offset to the rougher surface, rejoining the main road two miles south of Garstang. Near Preston J. E. Rawlinson, who was hauled off getting to Lancaster by tyre trouble and had to stop at Garstang, overtook us and was put into touch with the Mancunians, and on the road to Rufford we met the brothers Threlfall, Toft and Fell, while Banks, Horrocks and Gibson pushed straight on. However, there were 18 of us for tea at Rufford, and strictly on time the last lap was started with Fell on his Velocette shepherding us. Nearing Aintree we were so well ahead of schedule that Kinder, Mandall, Fell, Cook and Austin made a stop at the Old Roan, and on the journey into town Molyneaux and Swift acted as marshalls. It was just striking 8.0 o'clock when the Presider and Secretary passed the Town Hall, and we are sure the Manchester men would dock equally to time after enjoying one of the finest all-night rides the club has ever carried out.

A. T. SIMPSON,

Editor.

ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

FORMED MARCH 1879

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

MONTHLY CIRCULAR.

Vol. XVIII.

No. 210.

FIXTURES FOR AUGUST, 1923.

	Light up at
August 4-6. Whitechurch (Swan). Week-end Shrewsbury (Lisp) for E.L.W. "50" and Speedwell "100"	10-5 p.m.
" 11. Chester (Bull & Stirrup)	9-17 p.m.
13. Committee Meeting. 7 p.m., 25, Water Street, Liverpool,	
" 18. Little Budworth (Red Lion).....	9-34 p.m.
24-25. Twenty-four Hours Road Ride	9-20 p.m.
Sept. 1. Pulford (Grosvenor)	9-3 p.m.
" 3. Committee Meeting, 7 p.m., 25 Water Street, Liverpool.	

Full moon 26th inst.

The Hon. Treasurer's address is R. L. Knipe, 108, Moseow 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.—Mr. W. J. Finn has been elected to Honorary Membership, and Mr. J. Gibson to Junior Active Membership.

Mr. J. E. F. Sheppard has become a first-claim member.

Change of Address.—J. Seed, 8, Withert Avenue, Higher Behington, Cheshire.

Applications for Membership.—Mr. Arthur Newall, 8, South Road, Devonshire Park, Birkenhead, proposed by W. P. Cook, seconded by W. H. Kettle; William Edward Laurence Cooper, 10, Marsden Road, Egremont, Wallasey, proposed by W. P. Cook, seconded by H. Austin. (Junior).

H. AUSTIN,
Hon. Secretary.

INVITATION "24," 24-25th August.

The following clubs have been invited to compete in this event:— Birkenhead C.C., Birkenhead N.E.C.C., Cardiff 100 miles R.C., Cheadle Hulme C.C., East Liverpool Wheelers, Gomersal R.C., Grosvenor Wheelers, Hull Thursday, Irish R.C., Leeds Kirkgate, Leeds R.C., Leicester R.C., Leigh Clarion, Liverpool Century, Manchester Wednesday, Manchester Wheelers, M.C. and A.C., Rotherham Wheelers, Sharrow, Speedwell, Todmorden C.C., Walsall R.C., Wood End, Yorkshire R.C.

The course has been altered so far as the Shropshire portion is concerned. The start will be as usual with the extensions from Chester through the night. Competitors on reaching The Raven Inn, Prees Heath, will then follow the new 12 hours course, and on returning to The Raven Inn will proceed to Whitechurch Corner, there rejoining the 24 course as last year, and make for East Cheshire through Nantwich, Sandbach and Congleton.

A large number of helpers will be required for checking, feeding and following purposes. I shall be glad to have the names of those willing to assist as early as possible. Entries, accompanied by a fee of 10/- to cover cost of feeding expenses, must reach me not later than Saturday, 18th August.

W. H. KETTLE, Hon. Racing Sec.

ITEMS.

Under the caption "Things we should like to know" in the N.R. Gazette appears the following:—

"Why 'Wayfarer' makes such a noise about the Red Lion and Auntie?"

Whether some of us knew of it ten—twenty—thirty—that's enough—years ago?"

Bibby is a humorist. When the Liverpool section of the All-night Ride party were returning through Maghull, three cyclists of the wobbler breed riding abreast were blocking the road. Bibby rode alongside and said "Would you mind getting over a bit, as an old lady on a tricycle wishes to pass you."

In a "Roadside Deflation" dealing with matters sartorial "Swearfarrer" is terribly inconsistent, for after saying that to his way of thinking "it is an essential part of the joy of cycling that we are able to wear any old thing," and calling attention to the "deplorable rags" worn by the rock-climbing fraternity which are justified because they are "dressed for the part just as we cyclists are," he proceeds as follows:—"But in one respect I am in agreement with the suggestion that we should improve our appearance. I am wholeheartedly in favour of suppressing, by order in Council, or otherwise, the abominable knitted skull caps which a number of cyclists have adopted during the last year or two. These caps are so ugly, and they so spoil the appearance of those cyclists who wear them, that if "Don Juan" will campaign against them, I shall be with him—with both feet."—Tut, tut, everyone has not Swearfarrer's flowing locks, and while preferring to ride bareheaded and hating caps of all sorts, sometimes requires an easily carried covering for the bald spot! And why condemn so wholeheartedly a thing

untried? Why will people "compound for sins they are inclined to, by damning those they have no mind to"? In any case, are not the wearers of skull caps "dressed for the part"? Ask Grimmy, Green, Turnor or Grandpa!

Has anyone got a reasonably good photograph of Worth? One in a group will do providing it lends itself to enlargement. Owing to Worth's avoidance of photographers, the family are without any likeness, and Miss Worth is very anxious to have one. Responses to this appeal should be sent to the Presider.

Several of the checking and feeding places in the 24 are quite as easily reached from the Birmingham district as from Liverpool or Manchester, and we are sure Kettle would be delighted to receive offers of help from some of our Midland members. Don't all speak at once!

We were represented at the Old Timers' Rally at Ripley, on July 9th, by Beardwood and Edmunds. The latter rode (not "travelled") each way on a bicycle and reports having a great time, which he would not have missed for a pension. P.C.B. did the right thing and introduced Ruben to the O.W.L.S. in solemn conclave and the mystic rites were immensely enjoyed.

Is our President's knowledge of Cheshire and Shropshire really as extensive as he would have us believe? Two Sundays in succession he has conducted the week-enders for a drink to Inns with a six days license!!

Who were the members, who, when walking with their machines through Chester, were approached by a small citizen with the remark "Do you want your bikes storing mister"? Were they whacked or merely searching for Little "Sudworth"?

In a recent account of "some" week-end in which Dickman and Parry also participated in spots, and during which Cann Office and Tomen-y-mur were passed blindly and the opportunity of at least seeing the Roman Steps ignored, Wayfarer says "I blazed along the Watling Street." If anyone wishes to know the extent of the conflagration they can apply to A. E. Walters, who was a "competent observer" near Atcham.

Sport and Play asks "Why doesn't some male person of cycling persuasion start the fashion of riding collar-less and clear-throated like the girls do?" Great Scot! Did not Teddie Edwards start the fashion at Pulford? Our difficulty is that Horrocks is so particular over matters sartorial that we have to be careful what "fashions" we initiate or follow; and then, too, there is Robbie to consider!

RUNS.

Daresbury, June 2nd.

[We regret this account did not reach us in time for last issue.—Ed.]

This run was alternate to the official run for National Bicycle Week, yet was well attended by the Liverpool and Birkenhead members. We were favoured with a particularly nice day, affording a splendid opportunity—at least for the Manchester section—to take to the maze of lanes between Stretton and Tabley. Incidentally, this

run laid bare the futility of the argument put forward by some members, that they don't attend runs regularly because they won't get a decent tea, etc. Tea had been ordered for 25 on the strength of N.B.W. attractions elsewhere; but by the surprise attendance of over a dozen "casuals," the number jumped to 40, causing a certain amount of discomfort to everybody, and a short tea. Euphatically, it is not numbers that make for a poor tea, but spasmodic attendance on runs.

Little Budworth, July 7th.

As summer has apparently come at last, I thought it fitting that I should mark the occasion by attending another Club run.

On reaching Huxley, I found the President and J.C.B. sweltering over cups of tea, but after a short rest, which I badly needed, we left for Little Sudworth (as stated in June Circular).

Three other thirsty cyclists, including Capt. Kettle and the Secretary, came up as we were just moving off. Though sadly in need of refreshment, they kept on with us, and in due course we reached our destination to find quite a number already there.

Two cars outside gave quite a tone to the gathering, and Knipe and others vied with each other by sitting in state inside them. Several members, I noticed, arrived minus collar and tie, or the usual trimmings denoting respectability.

The muster turned out to be 42, but it would be quite useless to name them all.

While partaking of tea it rained just enough to keep the dust from rising, and by the time we wanted to leave it had stopped.

The President had four victims for Newport, though with the wind behind they had an easy run. The rest of us left for home by various ways.

Twelve Hours Handicap, July 14th.

This event broke all records with an entry of 32, only 4 non-starters and 19 to finish. The non-starters were Lusty, not recovered from the sizzling on boiling tar he got in the Poly 12, Dean suffering from a cut knee sustained in a dry skid on his way to Little Budworth, A. N. Rawlinson who punctured on his way to the start, and Warwick Jones, who was neither seen nor heard from. For a variety of reasons there were no tandems competing, but this rather added to the interest of the race, and a rare fight ensued with some fine rides done, and the handicap issue in doubt right up to the call of time. In the absence of Poole, the Presider despatched the 28 men, and the day was as ideal as one could desire, the heat of the sun being tempered by light clouds most of the time, and a very light wind. Hawkes and Reade were the first to retire, the former puncturing twice before Shawbury and having trouble with his back wheel, while Reade, finding himself doing no good, thought he would be better employed by constituting himself an extra feeding station, which was much appreciated as a fine example of the true Anfield spirit. During the day, for various reasons and at varying distances, Edwards, H. Austin, A. E. Walters, D. Smith, Gibson, J. Smith and Davies desisted, but Schofield, G. B. Orrell, Cranshaw, Perkins, Bolton, R. J. Austin, Hodges, Deacon, and L. W. Walters, were giving Grimshaw a good tussle for greatest distance, which only some

superb riding the last few hours made safe for him. At Vicars Cross, 188 $\frac{3}{4}$ miles, Grimmy had 37 min. to go, and by piling in 11 $\frac{1}{2}$ miles, he realised his ambition by totalling 200 miles 1 furlong 12 yards, which also gained Standard E. Both G. B. Orrell and Schofield finished on the Whalebone extension, with the excellent rides of 194 $\frac{1}{2}$ and 193 miles respectively, and Cranshaw ought to have done so, but with 6 min. to go at Vicars Cross, he persisted in running off the course direct into Chester, and although he counts 190 miles for Standard Medal purposes, only the Vicars Cross distance could be counted in the race, and this error cost him second prize, as Perkins reached the same place with 40 seconds to go and finished up the lane. Bolton (187 $\frac{3}{4}$) rode splendidly throughout, and with an improvement of over 11 miles on his last year's distance, was a most deserving winner of the handicap, while Schofield's first attempt at long distance work was full of promise, and he secured Third Prize, only half a mile behind Perkins on handicap. R. J. Austin, Hodges, L. W. Walters, and Deacon, faded away slightly in the last few hours, but all did equally meritorious Gold Standard rides, while Bailey again just topped 180, but as a "previous winner," was barred. Sheppard, Banks and Aldridge all did good standard rides, that of Barnes being particularly remarkable for one who is in the veterans class. W. Orrell was rather disappointing, as we thought the warm day would suit him, but we were very pleased to find that Rothwell had stuck it out and qualified for a Standard, the same as Morton and F. Jones did after many adventures. Blackburn provided the usual mystery without which no race would be complete, for he left Vicars Cross (155 miles) with 1 hour and 39 mins. to go, but although his followers went down to the 17th stone, they never found him, nor did he get back to V.C. to report himself. It has since transpired that he reached Acton on the rim and stayed there changing.

This does not pretend to be a full and complete account of what happened—such a report would have to be written by the individual competitors—but we know Grimmy punctured, G. B. Orrell had a fall, and there were all sorts of reports of men going astray through not taking the trouble to read the card or learn the course, but these kinds of things are all part of the game. We understand the checking and feeding arrangements were splendid, for as one competitor has written: "All the feeding arrangements were excellent in fact whenever I began to feel done to the wide and far from home, some magician always seemed to appear from nowhere, pull me off and give me an egg and milk and a shower bath, and push me on again . . . my only feeling is an intense admiration for all concerned." This is very gratifying to the Skipper, who sacrificed the whole of his holidays to organising this race (how many realise what a change of course means?) and to those who volunteered their services and rendered them ungrudgingly—placing the claims of the Club before all other considerations.

The handicap worked out remarkably close, 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ miles covering the first four men. The new finishing cards were a great success, and greatly facilitated checking the distances, although one of Schofield's followers positively refused to bring the card back to the Time-keeper, and it has never been seen since! Fortunately the other follower knew better and returned to Vicars Cross to report and enable Schofield's distance to be arrived at. J. C. Band handled the followers in a masterly manner, and with this exception there was

no hitch. With 11 rides of over 180 miles, we can congratulate ourselves on a most successful race, and to quote Videlex "considering the differences in courses, I think this is equal to the results of any Southern Club's event."

The following table shows the full result:—

1	E. Bolton	187 $\frac{3}{4}$	18m.	205 $\frac{3}{4}$	1st Prize, Stand. C.
2	F. Perkins	188 $\frac{1}{2}$	16m.	204 $\frac{1}{2}$	2nd Prize, Stand. C.
3	T. V. Schofield	193	11m.	201	3rd Prize, Stand. D.
4	J. D. Craunshaw	188 $\frac{1}{2}$	15m.	203 $\frac{1}{2}$	Standard D.*
5	J. A. Grimshaw	200	Ser.	200	Greatest Distance, Standard E.
6	L. W. Walters	181	18m.	199	Standard C.
7	R. J. Austin	185 $\frac{1}{4}$	13m.	198 $\frac{1}{4}$	Standard C.
8	G. B. Orrell	194 $\frac{1}{2}$	2m.	196 $\frac{1}{2}$	Standard D.
9	A. G. Banks	170 $\frac{1}{2}$	25m.	195 $\frac{1}{2}$	Standard B.
	L. Deacon	183 $\frac{1}{2}$	12m.	195 $\frac{1}{2}$	Standard C.
11	J. E. F. Sheppard	173 $\frac{3}{4}$	21m.	194 $\frac{3}{4}$	Standard B.
12	S. H. Bailey	180	13m.	193	
15	J. Hodges	184 $\frac{1}{2}$	8m.	192 $\frac{1}{2}$	Standard C.
14	C. Aldridge	165 $\frac{3}{4}$	25m.	190 $\frac{3}{4}$	Standard B.
15	R. Rothwell	149 $\frac{1}{2}$	30m.	179 $\frac{1}{2}$	Standard A.
16	F. Jones	155	24m.	179	Standard A.
17	A. E. Morton	158 $\frac{1}{2}$	20m.	178 $\frac{1}{2}$	Standard A.
18	J. S. Blackburn	172	4m.	176	
19	W. Orrell	160 $\frac{1}{2}$	12m.	172 $\frac{1}{2}$	Standard A.

*Rode 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ miles off the course, making 190 miles for Standard.

Pulford, July 21st. Li Cohen and party.

This run was remarkable for the presence of our old friend Li., who has just returned from Nyasaland after about 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ years, where in the intervals of big game shooting he has been engaged in growing the material used in the manufacture of the ubiquitous fag. This was the first Saturday of his leave in England, and he had threatened to attend the run at any cost, even if it meant *cycling* to it. On hearing of the drastic resolve, the Editor could not find it in his heart to allow him to carry out this awful alternative (even at the risk of forfeiting a life-long friendship with the Presider), and had brought him out in his own limousine de luxe. Needless to say, Li. was received with open arms by his old friends, and had to be forcibly restrained from standing drinks round. He looks in the pink of condition, and had weird and fearsome tales of hand-to-hand encounters with sea serpents (or whatever species of untamed insects it is that abound in niggerland after a dose of firewater) which, of course, were received with cynical incredulity. This was explained by the sinister absence of any corroborative evidence on his person of fur coats, elephants' teeth, etc., nor had he even a trunk with him, although he was week-ending. 'Twas ever thus with a traveller and his tales.

There was a very large muster, verging on fifty I believe, but the commissariat department was equal to all strains, and an excellent tea was done ample justice to, both by the cycling and motoring section, the latter being very strong for a club run, including Oliver Cooper, Lake, Wood, Winnie, Mandall, Cohen and the Editor. The Mullah, collecting wisdom with increasing years, had planted Bick on the rear of his tandem (no small feat, pardon feat), and the latter

confessed, in a burst of enthusiasm, that his partner rang the bell really well, while Turnor admitted that hauling Bick about the country was a splendid antidote for that tired feeling. Grimmy, flushed with his 12 hours success, nearly burst into tears on learning that Cohen had no bicycle, and generously offered him his own, but Li refused to deprive him of it, whereupon the old 'un indulged in gloomy forebodings and declined to be comforted. Teddy Edwards made a picturesque figure in a pneumonia blouse, which set off his manly beauty to advantage. The Presider, Kettle, and one of the Rawlinsons (I don't know which) had arranged to week-end at Nesscliffe, and had invited Li and the Editor to that delectable spot. Grandad, with that thoroughness for which he is justly noted had made complete arrangements for accommodation, so that no surprise was evinced when it was found that there were only three beds available; the motoring section thereupon barged off to Shrewsbury, meeting Chem. and F.H. the following day at Leintwardine. I don't know what happened at Pulford after I left, but will charitably assume that everybody reached home safely after a delightful day.

Tarporley, July 28th.

It was a perfectly ideal day for finding out the weaklings, for "some" rain fell until the afternoon was fairly well advanced, and in the Manchester district the precipitation (journalistic touch) caused floods. But for real riders no courage was required, and they had their reward in a perfectly gorgeous evening. As the Cheadle Hulme were running a 100 (in which Grimmy clocked 5.37) Austin allowed for it, and thought he was perfectly safe in ordering for 35, seeing that there were 49 at Pulford, but he was badly let down, as the total muster was only 24, and the Club has to make a cash adjustment. At the same time, it was a jolly run, and as we had tea in the historic Hunt Room, the surroundings were ideal. Horrocks created a sensation by arriving in a cab, fresh from his first voyage on the "Leviathan," of the Dock Board Navy. Lord Hawkes on his rebuilt battleship was on his way for a tour in Devon, glorious Devon. Dick Seed was bound for a holiday in wild Wales. The Brothers Smith were armed to the teeth for an all-night ride. The Skipper, Presider, W. Cooper and Randle were week-ending at Stone, while the rest comprised Chandler, Edwards, Walker, Turnor (complete with cyclo-spats) Perkins, Schofield (telegraphic address "Loppington"), Bolton, W. Orrell, Long, J. C. Band, Austin, Green, Creed, and the Brothers Rawlinson, so you can see who the stalwarts were and figure to suit yourself who were missing. Albert Davies was emulating Knipe, and is reported to have been looking for the Club at Acton Bridge! Anyway, it was a good day, and if you work by the modern method of taking the mileage and multiplying by the number in the party, you will reach colossal figures with only one puncture, easily dealt with by the "experts" in the yard of the Swan.

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© Anfield Bicycle Club



Top Row: H. Austin, W. Threlfall, F. A. Smith, C. H. Turnor, R. C. Gregg, W. E. Taylor, F. C. Bibby, C. E. Dean, J. E. Walker,
 F. E. Baster, R. T. Davies, A. Lucas, W. P. Creed.
 2nd Row: H. Green, E. Green, jr., E. Fantozzi, F. H. Koenen, J. Leece, D. R. Fell, R. J. Austin, S. Threlfall, T. V. Schofield, S. J.
 Buck, H. G. Buckley, E. J. Cody, D. C. Rowatt, L. W. Walters, F. D. McCann, J. H. Fawcett.
 3rd Row: C. Aldridge, V. Fantozzi, J. Gibson, J. Cranshaw, J. C. Band, J. E. Rawlinson, T. Royden, F. Jones, W. Orrell, J. O.
 Cooper, J. D. Cranshaw, A. Davies, A. E. Walters, E. Bolton, W. T. Venables, W. H. Kettle.
 4th Row: T. E. Mandall, J. Kinder, M. Greenwood, H. M. Horrocks, R. L. Knipe, W. P. Cook, E. Edwards, A. Dickman, D.
 Smith, A. N. Rawlinson.
 5th Row: H. Kinder, A. P. James, J. E. Tomlin, F. J. Cheminais, A. T. Simpson, E. Haynes, E. J. Reade.

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ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

FORMED MARCH 1879

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

MONTHLY CIRCULAR.

Vol. XVIII.

No. 211.

FIXTURES FOR SEPTEMBER, 1923.

Light up at

Sept.	1.	Pulford (Grosvenor)	9-3 p.m.
"	3.	Committee Meeting, 7 p.m., 25 Water Street, Liverpool.	
"	8.	Tattenhall (Bear).....	8-46 p.m.
"	15.	Fourth 50 Miles Handicap	8-29 p.m.
"	22.	Acton Bridge (Leigh Arms)	7-12 p.m.
"	29.	Fifth 50 Miles Handicap	6-56 p.m.
Oct.	6.	Halewood (Derby Arms). Musical Evening	6-38 p.m.
	8.	Committee Meeting. 7 p.m., 25, Water Street, Liverpool,	

Full moon 25th inst.

The Hon. Treasurer's address is R. L. Knipe, 108, Moseow 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. W. E. L. Cooper and A. Newall have been elected to Active Membership, the first-named being a Junior.

Musical Evening.—Our first social evening of the coming winter season is to be held at Halewood, on October 6th, under the direction of Mr. A. T. Simpson. It is to be a joint fixture, and the Committee confidently expect a good muster of Manchester members at what is hoped will prove another very successful musical evening.

The October Committee meeting is to be held on the second Monday in the month.

H. AUSTIN,
Hon. Secretary.

Racing Notes.

Fourth "50," September 15th.

This event open to singles and tandems, will be held over the usual Mid-Cheshire course.

Fifth "50," September 29th.

This event, which brings our Racing Programme to a close for the present season, will be open to singles only, and will be held over the usual Mid-Cheshire course.

Entries for the two above events must reach me not later than September 8th and 22nd respectively.

I shall be glad if the racing men will note that the closing dates for entries given in the Circular are made as late as possible, bearing in mind that the event has to be handicapped, the cards printed and posted to the members. In some cases this year I have received entries on the Monday after the closing date, and even after the event has been handicapped. Anyone doing this and finding he is not on the Card has only himself to blame.

W. H. KETTLE,
Hon. Racing Secretary.

ITEMS.

Captain W. G. Aston, who contributes usually well-informed Motor Notes to the "Patrol," perpetrated the following bloomer in the August 1st issue:—

"Everybody who can ride a push bike ought to have a power-machine in his eye."

The idea that only poverty keeps anyone a devotee of cycling takes a lot of killing. Strange as it may seem, there are millions who prefer to propel themselves and who do not sigh for a mess of petrol.

The latest idea in cycling politics seems to be that anyone present at a meeting that appoints them to a position of trust, responsibility or prominence must be regarded as "self-elected." If this proposition is accepted, it will lead to men refusing to undertake such duties, so as to safeguard themselves from ignorant and silly aspersions by people whose chief anxiety is to defend their own line of conduct.

The printers apparently owe "Videlex" a grudge. In both the last two circulars his name appeared as Barnes! Apologies Mr. BANKS.

When Ven informed us that he was going to Seaton for his holiday, we confess we had never heard of the place, but the advent of Ven undoubtedly gave it "a place in the sun," for after figuring in a newspaper account of a divorce case, the following publicity par is now going the rounds:—"A sunfish weighing 1½ cwts. has been caught two miles from Seaton, Devon. It took the united efforts of three fishermen to get it into the boat." Who were the other two, Ven?

We are all pleased to hear that J. T. Preece, who has recently undergone a serious operation in the Royal Infirmary, has made a splendid recovery, and is now well on the way to convalescence.

"Sport and Play" informs us that "1250 entries have been received for a Liverpool Schoolboys Sports Meeting . . . of which Mr. R. Leigh Knipe, the veteran Anfield B.C. road record holder, is chairman," so if you notice Bob wearing a worried look, you will understand the reason and not ascribe it to unpaid subs!

Some people are born great, some people acquire greatness, while others have it thrust upon them. Evidently Jay Bee belongs to the last named category, for the other Sunday, when reclining gracefully near the Welsh Road corner absorbed in his usual weekly study of Jane Doe, he overheard one passing cyclist say to his companion: "That is Wayfarer." Johnny has barely recovered from the shock yet, but is doing as well as can be expected, and no further bulletins will be issued.

The "Irish Cyclist" announces the arrival in Dublin of Wayfarer (himself) and suite on a smashing through trip to Killarney. Look out for "a great adventure" which is not to be confused with the dramatised version of Bennett's "Buried Alive."

In a column of Cycling Notes contributed to "The Midland Daily Telegraph" (August 21st), by "W.H.S.," which initials undoubtedly represent our old friend Stonier, some very sound advice is given "to those of our local cycling clubs who indulge in the practice of holding short distance races on the road." When one sees the bad example set by men like Burkill competing in 10 mile scraps on the road, it is not to be wondered at that local cycling clubs cannot see any objection to the game, but what interests us most in the article is the following par:—

"Some of the oldest and most successful road clubs are those who taboo short-distance racing on the road. To name one, the Anfield Bicycle Club (that fine old Liverpool organisation, which has numbered amongst its members some of the greatest road riders ever known) has never, so long as I have known it (over 30 years), held a shorter event than a "fifty" on the road. The club considers it inimical to the best interests of the sport and pastime to hold "sprints" on the road. The Anfield B.C. is now full of years, but it is as successful as ever, with big turn-outs for all of its "50's," "100's," "12 hours," and "24 hours." Its club runs (held all the year round) are always well attended, as also are its annual tours. There is room for a good long-distance road club in Coventry."

Stop Press.—The latest news from Ireland records the arrival at Killarney of Wayfarer and his private secretary. "The Irish Cyclist" and "Motor Cyclist" comments as follows:—

"But when we learned from his letter that he arrived at Killarney at 11.30 p.m., and presumably did the journey via the Windy Gap and Musgrave in the dark, we are not quite sure whether we should condemn him to a perpetual ride to the Windy Gap, or to be compelled to use a fiat or even an upturned handlebar. The punishment seems hardly sufficient. Such sacrilege makes him deserving of being required to carry a rear lamp, and to keep it alight, for the rest of his natural life."

Mrs. Millward, whom most of us remember as Miss Mynott when she was with the Cutlers at the Lion, Shrewsbury, is now to be found at the Black Bear, Tewkesbury, and will be pleased to see any Anfielders when in the vicinity.

Chesterton versus Robinson.

(A claim that minerals never unlocked the Open Road to the Wayfarer).

Before the Romans came to Rye and on to Severn strode
The rolling English drunkard made the rolling English road
A rolling road, a reeling road, that rambles round the shire—
Sings, fat old G. K. Chesterton, the while he smites the Lyre.

(What a cyclist was lost through G. K. requiring two seats when he sits down. How his too solid flesh would have "smelted" on the twin saddles).

Whitchurch—Week-end Shrewsbury for E.L.W. "50"
and Speedwell "100," August 4th to 6th.

The decision to abandon the tour in Derbyshire did not meet with entire approval, so Chandler organised a tour in County Down, and the Hendersons went off to Llanarmon D.C., while no doubt there were other touring parties elsewhere (Shall we say Bettws?—Ed.). At Whitchurch we found that The Master and George Lake

had gone on to Leominster, presumably on their way to the Speedwell "100," where they don't appear to have arrived, and just as we finished tea Lizzie Buck and Winnie arrived in a car without the slightest idea they were attending a run! The Brothers Smith and R. T. Davies had to return home, while Albert Davies was staying in Witchurch, but H. Green, J. Band, Cook, Reade, Rothwell, W. Orrell, and J. E. Rawlinson proceeded to Salop along with A. N. Rawlinson and Schofield, who were staying at Grinshill, and Grimmy bound for Shawbury. At Shrewsbury we found Turnor, and were joined by W. Cooper and Randall, so we mustered ten at the Lion. On Sunday Orrell and Rothwell had to return, while the rest rode South. Band and Green went to Brimfield, and the other five to Clun, and all had a very enjoyable day in perfect weather. The evening saw our numbers swelled by the arrival of the Brothers Threlfall, A. P. James, Brothers Kinder and Father, Newall and H. Austin; while Buckley *pere et fils* called in to see us en route for Wem, and Knipe also with his son reported himself on his way to Hadnall, and as the following day we saw Kaye, A. E. Walters, Tomlin and Deacon on the course (not to mention the Smith Brothers, who turned up again to superintend drinks for our men at Shawbury) our total muster was 37. Of course Monday morning was devoted to the race, and we have every reason to be proud of the performances of our men. There were 70 starters out of an entry of 85, and 57 finishers, but there was considerable element of doubt as to the result, as circumstances seemed to indicate that with two of the men returning the astonishing times of 2.22.23 and 2.23.25 respectively, several of the competitors must have cut the course and missed the check at Shawbirch. The next fastest times about which there WAS no doubt, were A. Jones (E.L.W.) 2.29.29, A. S. Paine (Highgate) 2.30.53, T. E. Richards (E.L.W.) 2.31.4, W. Kendall (Walsall Roads) 2.32.36, and H. Austin 2.32.53. Rawlinson delighted us all with 2.34.18, and Grimmy clocked 2.34.56, while Schofield, who damaged his pedal while negotiating Battlefield, did 2.38.21, and Threlfall retired with stomach trouble. After the race most of the party made for Witchurch, where about 20 of us had a fine lunch at the recently rediscovered Anchor, before scattering for home in various directions after a most enjoyable holiday, not a bit down-hearted because as we then thought we had only missed the second team medals by *twelve seconds*, owing to Schofield's mishap, the aggregate being E.L.W. 7.36.20, Criterion 7.45.58, and A.B.C. 7.46.10.

We have since learned that there were *eleven* disqualifications (for missing the Shawbirch check) including Rawlinson, and that the men were sent wrong by a misguided enthusiast! Of course we are all disappointed to find that Rawlinson had not done a record ride after all (although we know he will in due course beat "evens"), but we have some offsetting consolation in our winning of the second team medals. Gilmour and Williamson were entered in the names of their second claim clubs, and did not materialise, but as the latter had not obtained the consent of the Committee as per Prize Rule 1, his case will have to be "dealt with as the Committee may decide."

Speedwell Invitation "100," August 6th.

This event, originally fixed for the end of June, was run off on the Bank Holiday, and attracted an entry of 46, of whom 41 started. We were represented by J. G. Shaw, R. J. Austin and E. Bolton. The removal of the Start and Finish to Tewkesbury probably accounted for the lack of helpers, as to get back meant taking an extra day. The Skipper was the only one to get down to give our

men a hand, although our "exiles" in the persons of Mr. Pritchard and Wayfarer himself were about the course making themselves useful. Our men in no way suffered on account of the lack of helpers, the event and feeding arrangements being splendidly organised, and it was quite easy to slip across from one feeding station to another. The general opinion was that the new course was quite fast, and an improvement upon the old one. But there are three turns in the road, two of which are quite unnecessary and should be done away with next year. It was rather noticeable to us when our own Course Committee go to such trouble to have the men riding in the same direction, thereby avoiding the risk of head-on collisions.

The times were as follows:— 1st, M. Draisie, Century Road Club (30 mins.) 5hrs. 25mins. 4secs.; 2nd, G. Watchorn, Century Road Club (32 mins.) 5hrs. 27mins. 10secs.; 3rd, W. Kibble, Speedwell (20 mins.) 5hrs. 19mins. 13secs. F. Greenwood was fastest in 5hrs. 7mins. 52secs. The M.C. and A.C. won the team prize with an aggregate of 16hrs. 22mins. 55secs. From our point of view the event was disappointing, none of "curs" being quite up to his usual form. J. G. Shaw did 5hrs. 38mins. 33secs., whilst R. J. Austin and E. Bolton qualify for Standard medals Class A with rides of 5hrs. 50mins. 40secs. and 5hrs. 58mins. 53secs. respectively.

RUNS.

Chester, August 11th.

We had very pleasant weather conditions to grace this fixture, which were reflected by a muster of 50—amongst whom we were pleased to welcome our old friend Dave Rowatt. The old gent was out of course along with the usual crowd of inevitables (plus Mac and "Hefty" Gregg), but a detailed list is hardly necessary. One looked in vain though for Li Cohen, and we subsequently learned that he was sojourning down Llangollen way with a motor party. This was a great disappointment to Stevie and Jimmy James, as we understand they had made the journey specially to see him and to "reminiss," etc., etc. One other familiar figure we noted was Charlie Conway, along with "my friend Mr. Thompson" (of the Sharrow Club), which gave those of us who had been remiss in thanking him in the usual way for his excellent rendering of the Club as a photographic study, an opportunity of doing so personally. But what happened to the Kinder party and Mandall? They were certainly in evidence in the refreshment canteen before tea, but did not put in an appearance at the tea-table. Have they found a larger house, we wonder?

We had one or two new (Kettle-Dean) and promising (Turnor-Buckley) tandem combinations on this run. Reports concerning the way the latter were moving on the homeward journey incline one to hope for big things from them in the near future, but in the meantime, we understand they have put the Chester-Northwich record pretty "safe" for some time to come! Jack Mahon was putting in his last appearance amongst us, before returning to his beloved sands of the desert, but we feel sure he has enjoyed his holiday in the Old Country, coupled with the brief spell of *real* cycling which it has enabled him to obtain once more. It may be added that the Presider and one or two others of "ours" spent a pleasant week-end at Wem. Sharrow "50."

The rain which fell in the morning had cleared off well before the first man went off at 3.30, and the riders were able to start on dry roads, though faced by a pretty hefty northwest wind. Before half the outward journey was accomplished, heavy thunder

rain was encountered, but this did not reach the southern half of the course. (The course is out and home running roughly North and South). The Sharrow team race system is for each team to consist of four men, but only the three fastest to count. The Century R.C. with F. Stott (Scr.), W. Humphries (3 min.) and C. F. Batcock (4 min.) looked as if they had a sure thing but trouble, but when Batcock failed to materialize, the Anfield chances looked quite rosy.

Now to refer to our own men: Schofield, R. J. Austin and Grimshaw, each took 25 minutes for the first seven miles and a half (distance approximate), whilst Deacon took one minute more. At forty-four and a half miles (distance approximate) the times were Schofield 2 hrs. 17 mins., A. J. Austin 2-19, Grimshaw 2-21 and Deacon 2-29. (For the sake of comparison it may be stated that Stott took 24 mins. for the first 7½ miles and 2-11 for 44½ miles.) Schofield's time would have been still better if he had not been held up at a level crossing for a period which he estimates at 2 minutes. The final times of our representatives were as follows:— T. V. Schofield, 2-31-22; R. J. Austin, 2-33-36; J. A. Grimshaw, 2-39-0; I. Deacon, 2-46-45.

From this it will be seen that the total time of our three fastest men was 7-43-58, but as the Notts Castle B.C. time was 7-43-24, they beat us by 34 secs.

The three fastest men were:— F. Stott, Scr. (Century R.C.), 2-24-15; J. Tobin, 5 min. (Mansfield Victoria), 2-25-45; W. Humphries, 3 min. (Century R.C.), 2-28-7.

The placed men in the handicap were:— N. E. Hannaford, 16 min. (Cheadle Hulme), 2-29-20; C. Marshall, 16 min. (Gainsborough Wheelers), 2-30-51; G. Skaith, 14 min. (Gainsborough Wheelers), 2-31-30.

Schofield missed a place in the handicap by 58 secs.

The Anfield party are much indebted to Mr. Walton, of Sheffield, for piloting the helpers from Fox House to Bawtry and to Mr. Biggin for escorting the whole party through Clumber and Welbeck parks on the Sunday.

Little Budworth, August 18th.

A job of work. The Club has to be taken out and returned in good order, which is rather a stiff task for one who has not of late put in many runs. In spite of this I soon observed several, in fact numerous, treddlers of the treddles, but no sign of a W.W.W. other than Jimmy acting as ballast in a sidecar. He is, so I am told, a casual! The greatest surprise to the scribe of this airy persiflage was the docking, minus casualties, of a strange tandem, said to have sailed from Prescott, whence 'tis also said our inimitable anemic, attenuated Steve commences his perigrinations to Huyton. He is not what he was! He's worse! Oh how I suffered in reaching budding Budworth. What insanity undertaking the task of pushing Steve out! Nevertheless, all this was forgotten once amongst our doughty trenchermen, who somehow haven't lost their velocity and determination when it's a case of putting it over a piece of cow plus legumes. Later I saw several of the young 'uns pleading with the President to take a bit more interest in bicycles, and to spend the weekend, by way of a change, in cycling. Eventually he fell, and off they went to Newport. Others went to other places. Others elsewhere. The tandems paced the sidecar to the Fishpool, where the motor cyclists were nearly mistaken for "toffs" by the locals. However, once a cyclist always a thirst, and that's why we went to the Fishpool. Yes, they have no fish. Speaking broadly, there were between three and

45 at the run. I did not count. Its not my job. Arthur wont give me any bonus, even if I gave the correct number. Where they all came from I do not know. I cannot say. Some I knew (oh! experientia docet, whatever that may be) but lots I didn't. Yes! we had no rain.

24 Hours Invitation Ride, August 24th-25th.

This year eight clubs accepted our invitation, and nominated ten riders, while we hear of another club that failed to enter through slackness on the part of an official, so that, although our date clashed with that of the N.R. 24, our object in providing a 24 for Northern distance riders in which they can test their prowess at little expense and no feeding worries, is clearly shown to be justified. With eleven of our men competing, and a tandem out for standards only, there were 23 names on the card, and every indication of a fine race, which was abundantly realised, notwithstanding the unfavourable conditions throughout, which became positively distressing in the last 8 hours. Unfortunately, neither Banks nor Bibby could ride, and F. Hancock (Grosvenor Wheelers) was a non-starter, but Poole despatched the rest, and the only retirement during the night was Blackburn, through being ill-equipped with tyres. Grimshaw at once assumed the lead, closely followed by Shaw and Tuplin (Gomersal R.C.) with Walker, Austin, Harrison (Manchester Wheelers), Randall (E.L.W.) and Finn (Irish R.C.) not far behind, and the rest all doing excellent standard rides. On the Gayton extension a torrential downpour was experienced, which chilled the men to the bone and flooded the roads to such an extent that decent conditions did not prevail until Chester was left for the last time, so the quality of the 12 hours distances was surprisingly good.

Grimshaw, leading the field, had a 12 hours' distance of 190 miles, with Shaw 188½, Tuplin 186, Walker 182, Harrison and Randall 180, Austin 178, Grahame (Grosvenor Wheelers) and Finn 175. Stephenson (Walton C. and A.C.) and Cooper 170 and Smith 165. Bomford (Manchester Wheelers) retired at 174 miles, while the Schofield-Rawlinson tandem, which had been pursued with tyre trouble all night, reached Newport (188½ miles) in 11.44, and as another tyre exploded while they were feeding, no one can blame them for packing up! Almost immediately the second 12 was entered upon Grimmy punctured, so that when he reached Newport the second time (231 miles) his lead over Shaw was reduced from 11 mins. to 3 mins., while Tuplin had also gained 8 mins., and was only 13 mins further behind. As a matter of fact, Austin was the fastest on this circuit, and had ridden into fourth place, while Walker lost a shocking lot of time re-dressing himself, which allowed both Harrison and Randall to get ahead of him. But after Newport was left came the deluge, and the plight of the men can be better imagined than described. Practically without cessation the rain showed a persistency worthy of a better cause and, as is always the case, affected the men in different ways. There is not the shadow of a doubt but that the cold rain was Grimmy's undoing. Up till then he had been riding with all the confidence of a winner with a probable 380, but the rain got him down, and both Shaw and Tuplin steadily gained on him, and a rare fight ensued. Shaw still maintained his lead of Tuplin until a puncture sealed his fate, and then Tuplin went ahead until he was leading Grimmy by 16 mins. When Grimmy was given this information, he tried desperately to recover lost ground and did get back 10 minutes, but it was a hopeless task, which eventually had to be recognised, and his touring finish enabled Shaw,

who was riding very strongly, to run into second place. Meanwhile Walker, who was probably the freshest of the lot, pulled up into fourth place with a remarkable performance for a complete novice (he was so fresh that he afterwards rode home to Crewe!), and Austin riding with wonderful steadiness, added 25 miles to his last year's total, and was fifth. Harrison, who was also riding well, was forced to retire at 325½ miles, through a puncture with no spare 27 in. tyres obtainable. Bullough had retired at 239, but the rest of the competitors all did surprisingly well, particularly Randall, Finn, Grahame and Stephenson. The following table tells its own tale if you "follow the figures," to quote our old friend "Widelegs," of "Cycling":—

W. A. Tuplin	Gomersal R.C.	366	First.
J. G. Shaw	Anfield B.C.	360	Second.
J. A. Grimshaw	Anfield B.C.	356½	Third.
J. E. Walker	Anfield B.C.	348½	
H. Austin	Anfield B.C.	347	
C. Randall	E.L.W.	332½	Silver.
W. J. Finn	Irish Road Club	332½	
F. Grahame	Grosvenor Wheelers	322½	Silver.
G. Stephenson	Walton C. and A.C.	326½	Silver.
F. H. Harrison	Manchester Wheelers	325½	Silver.
W. E. L. Cooper	Anfield B.C.	320½	
F. Perkins	Anfield B.C.	320½	
D. Smith	Anfield B.C.	320½	
E. W. Molyneux	Cheadle Hulme C.C.	291½	Certificate.

Of our own members, Shaw is also entitled to 12 Hours Standard C and 24 Hours Standard F, subject to Prize Rule 1. Walker secures 12 Hours Standard C and 24 Hours Standard E. Austin 24 Hours Standard E. Cooper 12 Hours Standard B and 24 Hours Standard C. Perkins 24 Hours Standard C and Smith 12 Hours Standard B and 24 Hours Standard C.

We are greatly indebted to Oliver Cooper and Simpson for transport of clothes and lamps to Knutsford and Arclid respectively, while at all the feeding places there were plenty of helpers, although in this connection it might be mentioned that there cannot be too many at Chester, and it was rather significant that Mac and Cotter's voluntary assistants mostly came from Manchester! Liverpool members were of course doing the night checking, but there were quite a lot with no specific jobs that might have given service at Chester. At the finish there was none too many followers, and some of these jobs had to be undertaken by men who had already put in 24 hours' help. Cooper, Perkins and Smith have every reason to be proud of their debut as 24 hour men, and as Finn is an Honorary member, we have added six to the total of men topping 300 in the day, which brings our record up to 58. It only remains heartily to congratulate Tuplin on his very fine win and to marvel how he does it on pork pies and sausages, also to express satisfaction at the excellent position we occupy with seven finishers all over Gold Standard Distance.

A. T. SIMPSON,

Editor.

ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

FORMED MARCH 1879

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

MONTHLY CIRCULAR.

Vol. XVIII.

No. 212.

FIXTURES FOR OCTOBER, 1923.

Light up at

Oct.	6.	Halewood (Derby Arms). Musical Evening	6-38 p.m.
..	8.	Committee Meeting. 7 p.m., 25, Water Street, Liverpool,	
..	13.	Chester (Bull and Stirrup).....	6-20 p.m.
..	20.	Pulford (Grosvenor) and week-end Llangollen (Royal). Lunch Sunday Ruthin (Castle)	6-3 p.m.
..	27.	Tarporley (Swan).....	5-49 p.m.
Nov.	3.	Halewood (Derby Arms)	5-36 p.m.

ALTERNATIVE RUN FOR MANCHESTER MEMBERS.

Nov.	3.	Bollington (Swan With Two Necks), near Altrincham ...	5-36 p.m.
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Full moon 23rd inst.

The Hon. Treasurer's address is R. L. Knipe, 108, Moseow 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.

Owing to Mr. P. Williamson having refused to answer the Committee's enquiry (which he characterised as "impertinent") as to why he infringed Prize Rule 1. the Committee have unanimously requested him to resign.

For the remainder of the year the Committee meetings will be held on the second Monday in each month.

Autumnal Tints Tour.—Accommodation has been reserved at the Royal Hotel, Llangollen, at a tariff of 11/6 for supper, bed and breakfast. For those who "double-up" the charge will be 10/6. The hotel can only accommodate about 25 in single beds, but beds for any in excess of this number can be arranged for out of the house. On Sunday, October 21st, lunch has been arranged for at the Castle Hotel, Ruthin, for 1-30 p.m. If it is your intention to take part, kindly let me have your name not later than Oct. 13th, in order that proper accommodation may be reserved for you.

Changes of Address.—W. E. S. Foster, C/o. Mr. H. France, 52, Berkeley Street, Crosby, Seunthorpe; P. C. Del Strother, C/o. R. S. Stokvis et fils, 20-22, Rue des Petits Hotels, Paris 10; A. E. Walters, Uffington, near Shrewsbury; W. J. Neason, 192, Stourport Road, Kidderminster.

Applications for Membership.—Messrs. Thomas R. Hinde, 3, Circular Road, Birkenhead, and Charles Randall, 38, Gladstone Road, Chester, both proposed by W. P. Cook, and seconded by H. Austin.

H. AUSTIN,

Hon. Secretary.

Treasury Notes.

Our harassed Hon. Treasurer sends us heartrending news. It appears some 70/80 members have not up to the present remitted their subscriptions, and this in face of the fact that the drain on the Club's resources is greater than ever this year. In consequence, poor Robert is in gloomy state, and an atmosphere of disaster envelops him like a cloak. We know we have only to hint at this pitiable state of affairs to the forgetful ones and they will rally round to such an extent that his receipt books will take the knock. Verh sap.—Ed.

We take the liberty of extracting the following lines from the August number of the "Roll Call," feeling sure the Editor of that journal will forgive us in appreciating our anxiety to pass on this "good thing" to our own readers.—Ed.

Swearfaier Goes West.

(In the strictly geographical sense, thank heaven!)

Not far advanced was dawn of day,
When Swearfaier in full array
Hiked forth his Worshipper, and said:
"My lad, this land of Wales is dead;
I'm tired to death of Billy Cook,
Of Borrow and his beastly book,
Of Berwyn hills, Llangollen vales,
Where Anfield Bill quaffs Ruthin ales,
And then perspires 'em glass by glass,
By riding up the Sportsman pass.
And so my bonnie Worshipper,
Like Chris. Columbus, we will share
The perils of a new emprise,
Seek novel lands and sunny skies,
Where the wild Hibernian dwells;
So bother Taffy and his dells."

So hiked they forth, this nimble pair,
 In plus four breeks and frizzy hair,
 To rediscover, after Pat,
 Why Jimmy Percy's grown so fat,
 Though he rides West to Sally Gap
 By bicycle—or car mayhap,
 And then at eve, upholsters bones,
 By dining, cost free, at Greystones.

“God bless us now,” said Swearfairer,
 Unto his Private Worshipper,
 “Our English must be short and terse,
 And you and I must practise Erse.
 ‘Begorra Sorr,’ not ‘Blimy Bill,’
 Is how you must address me, till
 We once more land at Holyhead,
 And all my wheeling friends have read
 With here a laugh, and there a sob,
 How brave Saint Parry and Saint Rob
 Invaded Ireland, knew her tongue,
 Wailed to her harp a Gaelic song,
 Espoused her beauties, grace and charm
 (Provided she does us no harm,
 And honours us with gen’rous fare,
 And keeps expenses down out there).
 So we’ll adorn her wild loughs’ rim
 With wordy pictures gay and grim,
 Her Wicklow Hills, her Kerry isles,
 Her Connemara mountain piles,
 Her sainted shrines where Finan dwelt
 (That’s not the baddock, graceless Celt!),
 Her Glendaloughs, her peaty streams,
 Her August days of blue-gold dreams,
 Her Paradise at Windy Gap
 (Now Worshipper it’s time to clap),
 Her Bantry Bay, with seas asleep,
 E’en though the western winds may weep,
 Her Keemmanagh so grim and gaunt,
 Which pilgrim ghosts are wont to haunt,
 Her Keemare river, broad and wide,
 Touching with joy the ocean tide,
 Her Shandon Bells, her Blarney Stone
 (We’ll both kiss that, ’twill give us tone,
 And help to make us better known),
 Her Dunloe Gap, her neat potheen
 (How Billy Cook could grace that scene!)
 Her ruined halls, her abbeys grey,
 Shall all come in our peace foray;
 We’ll write her up as ne’er before,
 ’Till e’en R. J. shall ask for more,
 And Jimmy Percy shall request
 The Government, when he goes west,
 Not to allow that ‘Sir’ to lapse,
 But give it to Saint Rob—perhaps.”

I visualise the closing scene,
 The cheering crowds on College Green,
 The great excitement—here he comes,
 Sound the shrill fife and spank the drums!—

The Knight of Dublin City stands,
 His tummy tucked beneath his hands,
 His winsome brogue floats on the breeze,
 As forth he issues these decrees:
 "O, countrymen, 'tis here you see
 Swearfairer—none more fair than he;
 He's toured our land, his gospel writ,
 Ireland for him, and he for it;
 List to his brogue, he's caught the strain,
 No Cambria for him again,
 He's Erin's son, adopted, true,
 As green as he was once true blue;
 Shillelaghs up, and split your cheeks,
 Cheers for St. Rob, whose bare two weeks
 In this dear land on which we dwell,
 Have made him Ireland's—O, farewell!"

ITEMS.

Is there such a thing as a lucky puncture? No doubt Banks thinks so. Banks fixes his badge with a pin he has had attached for this purpose, and the other Saturday he suffered a "roadside deflation." On unpadding his machine he discovered the cause of the puncture by finding his badge pinned into the tyre! But for this extraordinary occurrence he would have lost his badge.

The account of the 24 appearing in the last Circular had to be written under great pressure of time, and no doubt many omissions were made, some of which should be rectified. L. W. Walters packed up in the Whalebone Extension with tyre trouble, but he set an excellent example to others who shall be nameless, for instead of clearing off home he made for The Raven and gave a hand at the feeding station for the rest of the day. The Schofield-Rawlinson tandem secured Standard B for their 12 hours total of 188½ miles (actual time 11.44 with bags of punctures), and could easily have made it Standard C if they had known another puncture was to force their retreat. Somewhere between Newport and Knutsford they chartered a taxi, and when Cooper arrived with the clothes at 6.0 p.m., he found them waiting to get their money out of their clothes to pay the taxi-man while the meter was steadily ticking the amount up against them! A good joke for all but S. and R.!! Now that the checks have been examined and credit given for the extra distance in Chester caused by a detour to circumvent the excavations, the following corrections in mileage result:—J. E. Shaw 360¼, H. Austin 347¼, F. Grahame 333, G. Stephenson 326¾, F. H. Harrison 326.

We were particularly pleased to welcome Wilson Barrett who was at the start and afterwards at Grindley Brook; and now that both domestic and business affairs are settled down, we hope to see his smiling face much oftener.

Thank goodness there is one motoring journalist with enough sense to protest and pour ridicule on the Ministry of Transport's idea of future road development—particularly the silly numbering system supposed to make maps unnecessary. The following extract is sound common-sense:—"It will mean the conversion of our roads into colourable imitations of railways, and that is the last thing I would like to see happen. Who wants main roads with everybody blinding for all they are worth? I like to think of the road as a great ribbon of freedom with all its give and take—Dammit, these railwayised gen-

lemen will be wanting to put up signal boxes at all cross-roads next! —I don't care tuppence about their being 'made safer'—it's the twists and turns of the road that make highway travel worth while."

It now appears that our jokes about the Wayfarer C.C. were merely intelligent anticipations, for a club has been formed at Romford, Essex, called "The Wayfarer Wheelers" and, appropriately enough, Wayfarer himself has been chosen as President. We suggest that the Wayfarer Wheelers should consider the question of approaching "My private Secretary (unpaid)," Diapason and Hefty, with a view to their being elected Vice-Presidents.

Banks is full of ideas and suggestions as to things the Club *ought* to do, and his latest is an urge that a masseur be appointed to look after our racing men. We are in entire agreement with the idea, knowing full well how the M.C. and A.C. boys have benefited by the attentions of Connolly, and we immediately offered the job to "Wide-legs" (himself). Unfortunately, Banks cannot accept the honour, but he assures us that "the thing is extremely simple, and any rational being *could* learn with great ease," and he "volunteers willingly to teach anyone who wants to know sufficient of the art for cycling purposes, and shall be glad if you will make this known to anyone interested." Now then some of you old racing men, who will step into the breach? We shall be delighted if someone will get into touch with Banks and qualify for next season.

Horrocks and A. N. Rawlinson, on tour in Galloway, favoured the Presider with an amusing letter dictated by the former and written by the latter with annotations. After recounting a strenuous ride of 27 miles in 7 hours, the letter proceeds:—"How would this suit you? Only one pub on the way," and the Presider is left wondering whether it is the distance or the scarcity of pubs that is enquired about! Then the comment is made that "for scenery this district is unequalled, combining the wilder beauties of the mountains with the softer ones of the glens (Note—We have had nothing strong to drink.—A.N.R.)" But we should think they had been swallowing the guide-book! "The country is very dry and frequently there are no inns for 20 or 30 miles. Of course this does not in the least concern us (Doesn't it? A.N.R.) If Pussyfoot Johnson were to tour here he would be delighted. What a country for Anfielders—their Utopia, their Promised Land. What more could they desire than the pure waters straight from the burn." Our only comment is that we don't like these sinister references to liquid refreshment, and hope the tourists are not trying to "get at" the Presider and his well known horror of Bacchus.

What is an unrideable hill? We always thought it was one that was unrideable by anyone, and we remember many interesting discussions between Frank Roskell and Hellier, with Teddy Worth as umpire, as to whether Birdlip fell into this category or not. Some people would say Porlock was unrideable, but we know the giant Carpenter has conquered it. The latest idea, however, is to apply the adjective to any hill you cannot ride yourself, and on this basis Pandy Hill in the Glyn Valley becomes "unrideable" (ask Montag and others), while even a steep canal bridge would be "unrideable" according to some feeble ones! We are afraid we cannot accept this modern definition, and think it rather foolish to call the cartway at Bridgenorth "unrideable" when it is well known to have been ridden by at least three Anfielders and doubtless many others.

Some people are absolutely hopeless. Take Billy Lowcock for instance. Although he knows quite well that skull caps have been

cursed by bell, book and candle, and placed in the *index expurgatoris*, he appeared at Tattenhall in a very choice specimen, and we overheard him say to the Presider, "I never knew what cap comfort was until I tried this kind, and now I have half a dozen of different colours." Oh, dear, what can the matter be?

According to Miss Cottle, the notorious motor cyclist, "Every motor cyclist has to have a crash"! Now we understand why those of "ours" who have taken to motor cycling have failed to become motor cyclists! As far as we know, Dave Fell and Warwick Jones are the only ones to have attempted to qualify.

The Master will have to look to his laurels. Hitherto he has reigned undisputedly as the Badge King with his person studded all over with cycling badges of all sorts. The Presider has at times attempted a feeble sort of competition, but this year he is evidently out for record. His first acquisition was the badge for Conservators of the Cyclists War Memorial, and now he has received the silver badge of the Owls. In sending this badge "Arch Owl" Beardwood humourously writes, "Enclosed you will find the Insignia of your Rank which I trust you will treasure. The wearing will confer many benefits and privileges, especially if you should happen to travel in the South where you will always find a brother willing to help in any case of difficulty or distress. I might add that the Order is the envy of the uninitiated, and many are anxious to become possessed of its secrets, so too much care cannot be exercised when meeting anyone claiming to be a Brother, lest our secrets should become imparted to the unworthy."

If you hear anyone complaining about not receiving this Circular you can be sure that they have not paid their sub.! About 70 have had to be held back to have the horrid red slip attached. Shocking!

Professor J. S. Macdonald, F.R.S., told the B.A. that experiments he had made in cycling brought him to the conclusion that the temperature of a person cycling fell and did not increase as generally supposed. Billy Cook agrees, and says that what runs off him is ice water.

Two of our "exiles" have removed their location, owing to the exigencies of business. As will be seen in the committee notes, Neason is now at Kidderminster, and is a notable addition to our Midland contingent. No doubt he will get in touch with Lusty, Pritchard, Carpenter and Robbie, and frequently join the week-enders. It is good to have him back nearer to our zone. Frank Roskell has moved to Bristol (new address not yet notified), and we suggest he starts setting about "Mawr" Conway, who will be glad to have a fellow member so near.

Cook has received a charming letter from Bob Ilsey in far off New Zealand, expressing his emotions on learning of the death of "our old and loved friend Teddy Worth." He desires to be remembered "to all my good old friends, Billy Toft, Dave Rowatt, Poole, Conway and the rest."

A Ray of Hope.

One of our members who shall be nameless but for ever prays for the welfare of the roads and whose gorge daily rises at the spectacle of motor buses and chavs-a-banes kneading, nay dollying,

our road surfaces into pulp and slime, has long advocated at the top of his somewhat hoarse voice the replacing of the present swaying monsters by six-wheelers, of which the middle pair shall drive and the rear pair bear the bulk of the load. The L.M. and S. having heard his still small voice bleating in the wilderness has paid heed and placed on the roads a considerable number of these vehicles. It now rests with the Ministry of Transport to wipe out that drunkard among vehicles: The Rolling, Reeling Juggernaut that rambles round the Shires. They deserve imprisonment for life.

Why Wem ?

The extraordinary popularity of Wem as an Anfield weekend resort has long been a cause of delightful surprise and wonder. Trying to probe, if not to solve, this problem, I have been consulting that foremost authority on Shropshire, the great Augustus Hare, whose work on the subject commands a high price as well as our respect, and deserves to adorn our bookshelves. Hare tells us that Wem is likely to be the long lost Roman Rutinium, for which there is much to be said, in view of the close proximity of the pre-Roman British stronghold that we call Bury Walls in the Hawkstone hills, where Chem first delved into earthworks. The Anfield, a body much given to 'a looking and a harking back,' is naturally drawn to Roman settlements.

Thus far it is mere conjecture, but it is beyond doubt that in the Middle Ages Wem came properly into its own under its owner: the mighty William Pantulph. The name at once suggests a corruption of Pantoufle or Slipper, and we can safely conclude that this sportsman excelled in footgear of light and graceful style, thus a stylish Golosh. Here we have proof of an early link with foot athletics. Since then many an Anfielder's character has been laid bare by the style of his weekend golosh (like Pantulph's before him).

Still closer connection appears in more recent centuries when Wem justly earned fame by the activities of its Wem Ranters, a body of young men who set up in opposition to the Methodists, and drove them to bay on their own ground by ranting to excess. These brave fellows were the immediate forerunners of our own weekenders who are similarly gifted. As some of the hostelries in the town are of undoubted antiquity it follows that the Wem Ranters operated under the same roofs where to-day the Anfield rant, as is their wont, in harmony with the midnight chimes of the old clocktower.

RUNS.

Pulford, September 1st.

At last!—so speaks the inner man—bridge and spire in a setting of plentiful foliage; presently a cold, dignified exterior of bricks and mortar, but enclosing warm and undignified cyclists, who now appear, as we enter the inn yard, in the happy task of stabling machines.

But let us to the "doings." The wets are seen waiting for the whistle in the usual juicy corner, the dries meanwhile smoking the pipe of peaceful expectancy in the billiard room. Here, in spite of sunshine, fair ladies and a goodly array of eatables, something seems to be lacking. Yes, we have no mayor, the civic chair is vacant. Slowly the dreadful details filter through. The Mayor of Pulford is at Blackpool, and moreover was assisted in that black enterprise by none other than the Presider who, it was stated, earned 6d. by a temporary job in the portering line. Clearly some Anfielders are not the men they were.

Even as these sad thoughts passed through one's mind, one heard a stray remark from across the table of "bowls"—Zambuck talking of playing bowls!!

However, there are yet one or two who do a bit of cycling. The Mullah is en route for a little run down Somerset way. And outside, as we collect our various bits of steel and rubber, the Skipper may be observed stalking his prey for the fourth "fifty."

Tattenhall, September 8th.

Perfect weather conditions graced this fixture, which was attended by about 40. One thing worthy of special note was the welcome appearance of an old Anfielder, who looked remarkably fit; in fact, he looked just like the "Glaxo Baby" grown up, only his fine physique was due to cycling, and not Glaxo—I refer to Bill Lowcock.

It was good to see the Inn yard gradually getting fuller and fuller of Bicycles, Tricycles, Tandems, and Cyclists, until just after 6 o'clock—to our great surprise—the word "Tea" was mentioned, so the yard was quickly emptied of the cyclists, and the dining room quickly filled. The seating capacity of this "Dining Room" was soon taxed to its uttermost, so Cook, Bob Kuipe, and a few others had to retire "far from the madding crowd," and enjoy their fuel in another room.

During tea, a post-card was passed round, which came from Scotland, and conveyed greetings to the Anfielders from "The Touring Section." Upon enquiry, I learned that the Touring Section consisted of Rawlinson and Horrocks, of whom it was stated "they were the only members of our Club who tour." Was it Shakespeare, Johnny Band, or Longfellow, who said "All men are liars"? for I know of at least one other member who tours!

Tea being finished, the customary chatting was done, and then the various homeward journeyings commenced.

At a neighbouring shop, it was noticed, that a second-hand "Sun-beam" tricycle was for sale; this machine was priced at £10 10/-, and upon examination it was discovered that it was a real bargain, only it had a 26in. frame, whereas we are told by "Wayfarer" that 22in. is better for us (!) otherwise one of us might (I say "might") have purchased it.

However, those of us who were left, viz. The Birkenhead/Wallasey contingent were soon astride our machines, "Teddy" on tricycle, Fawcett on single, and Dickman/Parry on tandem. We were speeding along nicely at a comfortable 25 miles per hour (perhaps) when on the Chester/Parkgate Road we were suddenly overtaken like a flash, and were just able to notice that a tandem—with two human beings on it—was travelling at anything between 10/60 m.p.h.; the human beings turned out to be Austin and Cooper, who presumably were having a sort of preliminary rehearsal for the "50" of September 15th. On arrival at the Shrewsbury Arms, they were seen drinking coffee; yes, I am sure it was coffee.

After having a drink ourselves (more coffee), we were joined by Tommy Royden and one or two others.

We were all riding swimmingly (joke), when we struck a patch of very loose grit on the roads (each piece of grit being about the size of half a brick), and suddenly the front chain of the tandem refused

to work; upon investigation, it was discovered that one of these half bricks had got in the way, and forced the chain off its bearings. Here the true Anfield spirit was once again shown, and with the aid of lamps, spanners, screwdrivers, etc., we were able to get rid of the half brick and replace the chain.

After a delay of about 15/20 minutes, we proceeded and reached our respective homes in good time for breakfast the next morning.

50 Miles Handicap, September 15th.

This, the penultimate item in our racing programme, was most successful and interesting. There was a large entry, including three tandems, which reduced the prospects of a good scrap for Fastest, but as Schofield and Grimshaw decided to compete on singles, a good fight was anticipated. Unfortunately, Grimshaw punctured on the way to the start, and refused to sacrifice the time as per R.R.C. recommendation 3, although it is manifest that a man puncturing on his way to the start loses less time than he would by a puncture in the race itself, and it is all part of the game. Grimmy was only 2 minutes late, but so that the question could be considered by the Executive, Cook, deputising for Poole, allowed him to start 5 minutes after the last man with a promise to take his actual time, and it was another puncture at 6 miles that definitely put him out of the race, which left Threlfall and R. J. Austin to fight Schofield for fastest, with Walker in close attendance. But we are anticipating. It was certainly not a good day, for the zephyr was neither gentle nor warm, and on the triangle a fair amount of rain and wet roads was encountered. L. W. Walters was the only non-starter, and Horrocks, F. A. Smith, and F. L. Edwards fell victims to punctures, which was particularly unfortunate in the case of Smith, as the checks up to 33 miles show that he was well in the running for the handicap. Undoubtedly, the placed men deserved their positions, for even if Reade had been too generously treated with 22 minutes, it cannot be denied that he is in the Veteran class, has not raced in 50's for years, and no fair handicap would have prevented his winning with so fine a performance as his, 2-45-6, which rather serves to show up the figures of men half his age supposed to be in strict training, and should buck them up a bit! J. Smith was also a welcome surprise with his 2-48-4, after several failures to get inside 3 hours, while Threlfall, with an improvement of 2½ minutes on his previous best, and only 54 seconds slower than Schofield, well merited third prize. J. E. Walker again showed a 3 minutes improvement, and came close to gold standard, while J. E. Rawlinson improved 2 minutes, Craushaw improved 3 minutes, and R. J. Austin improved 5 minutes, and dead-heated with gold standard. Hawkes also improved 5 minutes and qualified for a Bronze, and Schofield improved 2 minutes and secured Fastest, with an excellent performance of 2-33-14. Randall and Bibby did promising novice rides and should be greatly encouraged to further efforts, but all the other finishers on singles were rather disappointing and evidently not up to concert pitch. Of the tandems, Bolton-Jones were unlucky in just missing silver standard by 13 seconds, and Austin-Cooper showed that with more riding together they could put up a "class" ride, for 2-24-32 for obviously an eleventh hour scratch pair, is not to be sneezed at. There is only one other matter that requires mention, and that is the failure of the competitors to call out their *Numbers* to the Checkers and Timekeeper. There is an excellent reason for this instruction which appears in heavy leaded type on the card. Numbers are so much more easily found than names, and it vastly facilitates the booking of the times when numbers are called

out; yet this was seldom done at the finish, and some of the men confessed to ignorance of what their number was!

The fight for Fastest is well exemplified by the figures, which show Schofield 2-33-44, Threlfall 2-34-38, R. J. Austin 2-35-0, and Walker 2-35-55, and make one wonder who will be the first man to beat Evens over the course.

There was a large crowd of helpers round the course, and the usual week-end party at Wem.

The following table gives the result in detail:—

E. J. Reade	2-45-6	22mins.	2-23-6	First.
J. Smith	2-48-4	20 "	2-28-4	Second.
S. Threlfall	2-34-38	5 "	2-29-38	Third.
J. E. Walker	2-35-55	5 "	2-30-55	Silver.
J. E. Rawlinson ..	2-38-1	7 "	2-31-1	Silver.
J. D. Cranshaw ...	2-37-3	6 "	2-31-3	Silver.
R. J. Austin	2-35-0	3 "	2-32-0	Gold.
G. F. Hawkes	2-48-31	15 "	2-33-31	Bronze.
T. V. Schofield	2-33-44	Scr.	2-33-44	Fastest.
A. G. Banks	2-50-57	17 "	2-33-57	
D. Smith	2-42-37	8 "	2-34-37	
F. Jones	2-30-13	owe 7 "	2-37-13	Bronze.
E. Bolton				
A. N. Rawlinson ...	2-49-18	12 "	2-37-18	
L. Deacon	2-43-7	5 "	2-38-7	
F. Perkins	2-47-25	9 "	2-38-25	
J. Long	2-44-58	6 "	2-38-58	
H. Austin	2-24-32	owe 15 "	2-39-32	Silver.
W. E. L. Cooper ...				
C. Randall	2-44-32	5 "	2-39-32	Silver.
F. C. Bibby	2-50-24	10 "	2-40-24	Bronze.
C. Moorby	3-0-6	15 "	2-45-6	

[A welcome visitor from the Metropolis to this run was Bright, and the President—Editorial Secretary (undismayed)—ever on the alert for new blood, pounced on him to write up his impressions, with the following happy result.—Ed.]

Acton Bridge, September 22nd.

The making of bricks without straw provided, would seem to have been child's play to the task imposed on me by the All Highest, so not being the High Priest of yarn spinning (well-paid) I fear the tale will fall very short.

It happened thuswise, and might easily have ended otherwise, but for the All-Wise, who, meeting me by so sudden a chance that I had neither time nor inclination to don my hol(e)y garments, sternly reminded me that the feast of Tea was to be celebrated within some forty miles, and that as a good Anfielder I failed at my peril.

I had neither dined nor wine since breaking my fast, but he insisted with thunderous looks that my duty called me there, in face of all the pleasant schemes which had been propounded by my luring sycophants—a Pullman trip furthest South, whilst I pulled naught but the frayed ends of my hirsute appendage—a lazy afternoon beneath the Long Mynd, but the wind looked contrary, and my gorge rose—an expedition into the mountains of W(h)ales—but I had omitted my harpoon and Alpenstock; and for the same reason a trip to the Peak was also verboten.

Seeking my Mentor, I found him vanished, presumably crashing through to Llandegla, so cheerily though empty, I set forth with a young friend bound for the city of perpetual tears. A frugal lunch, and, helped by a favouring breeze the miles flew rearwards, and the necessary appetite to deal with the good things expected at the Leigh Arms quickly developed. Whilst steadily pedalling across Bickley Moor, the whir of overtaking wheels proclaimed the arrival of some real cyclists—the President on three wheels, Teddy Edwards, Chandler, and Zambuck to wit, who had been duly surveying the 50 course and flicking the loose stones off with the side wheels. At Beeston we stayed for a cup of tea, whilst a fierce hailstorm passed over. Thence to Acton Bridge the accelerator pedal was depressed, and we rattled over the bridge just as the clock chimed.

What a crowd: There were Uncles and Grandads, cousins, sons, and nephews, the bearded pard mingling with the downy lipped stripling. I had noted a wee silver Owlet beneath the President's badge button, and later observed a touching incident when he espied the youthful Green wearing high above his manly brow a huge replica of the bird of Wisdom, the pass signs being duly exchanged. Apparently the size of the badge varies in inverse ratio to the rank of this mysterious body, which is believed to be the cyclists' Ku Klux Klan, so rearlighters and scorching motorists had best beware, or we may see them swinging from convenient telegraph poles. It is most gratifying to note the keenness with which old and young were discussing future plans, for now is the season when records fall like leaves in Vallombrosa.

Anticipation as to the result of the next 50 was rife, and Grimmy, looking younger than ever, was beating up helpers and checkers for an assault with Schofield on the tandem 12.

We had to wait a little whilst the Manchester Wheelers were cleared out, but a peaceful murmur soon fell, and before we sallied forth under the brilliant moon, all were satisfied.

Several of us week-ended at Macclesfield, and following an interesting Alpine route to the Edge, lunched at Knutsford, here and there at odd corners meeting fellow clubmen all busily engaged in getting 'em round. Yes! there was just a little rain, and in Wirral too—even Cook admits that. I will not mention the few other names which occur to me, for that would be invidious; the whole crowd must have numbered over 50.

50 Miles Handicap, September 29th.

This, the final event in our racing programme, provided us both with gratification and disappointment. The return to Greenwich meantime involved an early start, which it was feared would prejudice the obtaining of sufficient helpers and result in a small entry, but the loyalty of those who do not regard a race as a reason for going elsewhere provided plenty of labourers, and 25 names figured on the card. It was a glorious day, but there are differences of opinion as to whether it was a fast one. Jim Reade and others who packed up or did bad rides will tell you it was rotten! There were only 4 non-starters (F. A. Smith, A. N. Rawlinson, J. Smith and Hawkes), and when Poole despatched the other 21, there was every prospect of a fine race, particularly for fastest, which unfortunately did not eventuate. J. E. Rawlinson and Cooper were soon out of it, the former with a puncture and the latter with a fall, while on the triangle both Austins, Bolton, and F. Jones fell victims when

travelling well. Grimmy did not seem a bit happy and must have been quite off colour, so this only left Threlfall, Walker and Cranshaw shaping to give Orrell a tussle for Fastest. Reade, Deacon, Walters and Moorby packed up, but Bibby gave us a glimpse of the speed we know he possesses, and was seen to be well in the handicap, while Schofield was getting the tricycle along in a surprising fashion for such a complete novice at the game. We confess that we feared the corners would be too much for him, but he took them as to the manner born and the spare trikes on the course did not have to be requisitioned! Unfortunately Threlfall, Walker and Cranshaw fell away in the concluding stretches, so that although Orrell was delayed by a slow puncture which gave him a lot of riding on a softening tyre and necessitated two stops to inflate, he was easily Fastest with a ride which was undoubtedly equal to "evens" with no trouble, and he well deserved his third place in the handicap. Schofield comfortably secured First with a ride which is much faster than any tricycle performance we have ever had in our Fifties, and he should be encouraged to cast his eyes on records. Bibby, with an improvement of 7 minutes, was second, and of the rest to finish only Shaw, making his first most welcome appearance in these scraps, secured a Silver Standard by the narrow margin of 4 seconds! No doubt Knipe heaved a sigh of relief, but we felt sorry that punctures robbed the race of a good deal of its interest, even though we had the fine rides of Orrell and Schofield to delight us.

The following table gives the result in detail:—

T. V. Schofield (tricycle)	2-48-56	18mins.	2-30-56	First
F. C. Bibby	2-43-43	12 "	2-31-43	Second
G. B. Orrell	2-34-29	Scr.	2-34-29	Third & Fastest.
J. D. Cranshaw	2-40-10	5mins.	2-35-10	
A. G. Banks	2-54-56	17 "	2-37-56	
S. Threlfall	2-40-22	2 "	2-38-22	
C. Randall	2-48-11	8 "	2-40-11	
J. E. Walker	2-43-38	3 "	2-40-38	
J. G. Shaw	2-44-56	4 "	2-40-56	Silver
E. Haynes	3- 7- 8	25 "	2-42- 8	
J. A. Grimshaw	2-52-30	1 "	2-51-30	

A. T. SIMPSON,

Editor.

ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

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PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

MONTHLY CIRCULAR.

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No. 213.

FIXTURES FOR NOVEMBER, 1923.

		Light up at
Nov.	3. Halewood (Derby Arms)	5-36 p.m.
..	10. Daresbury (Ring o' Bells).....	5-23 p.m.
..	12. Committee Meeting, 7 p.m., 25, Water Street, Liverpool,	
..	17. Rufford (Fermor Arms).....	5-12 p.m.
..	24. Aston Bridge (Leigh Arms)	5- 3 p.m.
Dec.	1. Halewood (Derby Arms), Musical Evening	4-57 p.m.

ALTERNATIVE RUNS FOR MANCHESTER MEMBERS.

Nov.	3. Bollington (Swan With Two Necks), near Altrincham...	5-36 p.m.
..	17. Mobberley (Roebuck)	5-12 p.m.
Dec.	1. Knutsford (Red Cow)	4-57 p.m.

(Tea 5-30 p.m.)

Full moon 23rd inst.

It is intended to hold a musical evening at Bollington on November 3rd, and Manchester members are invited to go prepared. Any outside talent will be greatly appreciated.

The Hon. Treasurer's address is R. L. Knipe, 108, Moseow 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. T. R. Hinde and C. Randall have been elected to Active Membership.

Musical Evening.—The last musical evening at Halewood was so successful that the Committee have decided to hold another on the first Saturday in December, and hope for a good muster to ensure the evening's success.

Change of Address.—F. Roskell, 6, Alexandra Road, Clifton, Bristol.

Applications for Membership.—Mr. John Egar, 49, Eastdale Road, Wavertree, Liverpool, proposed by R. T. Davies, seconded by H. Austin; Mr. Norman Turvey, c/o. 33, Grange Mount, Birkenhead, proposed by W. P. Cook, seconded by H. Austin; Mr. John E. Austin, 9, Argyle Avenue, Victoria Park, Manchester, proposed by R. J. Austin, seconded by C. H. Turnor (Junior).

H. AUSTIN,
Hon. Secretary.

Wayfarer is Intrigued at the Silence of Bob Knipe.

There is a great blank in my life this year, and I'm not sure how to account for it. At certain periods last year, and in all the years before, my CIRCULAR was produced by what is known as the two-colour process. Most of it was printed in black, but attached to it was a little red slip, on which Bob sent his greetings. In days gone by, at this time of the year, I could not read the CIRCULAR without looking round for my cheque book. But this year the CIRCULAR contains nothing of peculiar interest to me, and I can only conclude that Bob has washed his hands of me. I suppose that I'm to blame, because of my persistent refusal to buy his innumerable raffle tickets, and because I have never concealed my contempt for his cabbages and marrows, which for size, bulk, height, width, length, weight and depth, were outclassed by Dave Fell's. I cannot help wondering how Bob spends his life now that he has cut off communication with me. Is he learning how to swim, or is he fashioning a new shape in brown paper leggings? Can it be—G'Lord! I remember now. There is light in the darkness. The explanation of the silence of Bob Knipe is that this year *I paid my sub. about four months earlier than ever before!*

ITEMS.

The second of a series of articles on "Famous Cyclists I have met," by "The Vagabond" (no connection with the Vagabond Club as far as we know) appearing in the Manchester District Association (C.T.C.) Supplement, deals with "Wayfarer," and while paying generous tribute to "his untiring influence in obtaining members," expresses the opinion that "his articles have lost in quality since he commenced lecturing." It is rather interesting to note that "The Vagabond" comments: "Some of us like his writings immensely, and others differ and disagree with him when he gets on such stuff as 'I will scrap with you,' and when he tears to pieces such persons as 'Don Juan,' and proclaims he is anxious to commence a campaign against cyclists wearing skull caps, we some of us, get our backs up." But of course "The Vagabond" does not know *why* Robbie finds skull caps anathema!

The run to Rufford on November 17th will provide an opportunity for a weekend at Garstang or Lancaster to "do" the Trough or Bowland. Are there any takers?

Real motor cyclists of the blood-alley type have a penchant for naming their machines in emulation of Laurence Cade with his "Glittering Glory," but at Acton Bridge recently we saw a racing sidecar outfit (Brough Superior) in which originality had been exercised, for on the skimming dish of a sidecar appeared what seemed to be the owner's name in large letters:—O. L. I. Canopit!

Hearty congratulations are hereby tendered to E. Montag, F.G.S. (our Professor Rockandtappit) on his election to the Presidency of the Liverpool Geological Society. This is a very high honour indeed, and we are sure it has been well deserved.

"A new *mixed* club—the Lancashire Roads Club—has recently been formed, the hon. secretary for which is Mr. Mark Haslam, Holly Bank, Dornier Street, Eolton."—*Cycling*. The italicised "mixed" is ours, and we wonder whether it explains why we are seeing so little of Haslam, whose cheery face is always welcome at our fixtures on the all too infrequent occasions.

The annual dinner of the Fellowship of Old Time Cyclists is to be held on Tuesday, December 11th, at the Holborn Restaurant, and the Presider hopes to be present and would like the Club to be well represented. Will those who are members of the Fellowship please note the date and try to arrange a visit to London to coincide.

The Master has initiated a new cult, viz., that of the Turkish Fez. It is certainly a distinct advance on the skull cap, and will probably be acceptable to the Prime Minister of Cycling, although it does not allow of any variety in colour and may be objected to on the grounds that it is a reflex device! Araby Pasha Chem wore it in the Tank at Llangollen, and presided over the function with even greater dignity than usual.

Robbie has at last "done" the Roman Steps. It is true he did not tackle them himself, but delegated the duty to his private secretary (unpaid). Still it is the same thing.

Cherchez la femme! Who is this Sally Gap that Parry saw in Ireland?

The Prince of Wales is announced to be undertaking a four day's tour of the Principality. We understand that he wrote to "Swear farer" for an itinerary, but forgot to enclose a stamped addressed envelope.

We are always glad to see Carpenter when business brings him to Liverpool and he always joins in the Kaffe Konklave, but we do think it was the refinement of cruelty for the Tyrant to bulldoze Carpenter into pushing him round Wirral on the stormy night of October 24th on a tandem. The O.G. says it was fine (we don't think he could be referring to the weather), but Carpenter would probably tell a different story although doubtless he enjoyed the session of the C.B.B.'s at Saughall Massie.

"The Anfield B.C. held an 'Autumnal Tints Tour' last week-end, North Wales being the chosen field of observation. It is a pretty idea, worthy of emulation by other clubs. Such a tour must add a lot of colour to the drabbest life."—*Irish Cyclist and Motor Cyclist*.

Especially when F. H. sports a blood-red Fez!

Grimshaw and Schofield wish to thank all who turned out to help them in their recent record attempt.

The hill into the town of Denbigh has now been added to the list we are compiling of unrideable hills.

W. M. Robinson has been elected to the Council of the C.T.C. without a contest and both the Club and Robbie are to be heartily congratulated. In this connection we are sorry to learn that Everbright has lost the Chief Consulship of Hertfordshire to C. W. Cooke and hope he will be more successful in the Council election.

THE "PURE" CYCLE.

We owe to Mr. Bidlake the coining of this apt, short and terse term to ram down the throats of the Push Bike Tattlers.

"What the Worry! d'ye mean by your Pushbike? A Pure Bike! you doddering donkey!" Here's vent for wroth!

Apart from so neatly describing the simplicity of the bicycle—the cycle pure and simple—it tends to throw a well deserved halo on the original vehicle, where the adherents of later contraptions have sought to apply a term of pity and contempt.

FELLOW FEELING.

What a sad tale is that of Poor Private Secretary Unpaid, the Trainbearer of the Wayfarer, as revealed by rumours from Wales. He remains unpaid, unrewarded, unthanked and unsung. There indeed goes a pure amateur; might he not have a complimentary benefit once in a way? And the most thankless feature is his sobriquet, the qualification of which dwells on its hollow and empty honour. Our hearts go out to a fellow member who strays from our ripe and decorous movements and tours, to take part in the unseasoned career of a Waytearer which consists, in his own words, of "thrusting, plunging, pushing, crashing, dashing and chasing."

And then the homecoming! Poor PSU is abandoned, lonesome and forlorn on a spot vaguely described as "the top of a hill" to shift for himself. "By mistake," his pump was *left* him, we read. For him but the Crumbs and not even the Desserts, while Wellfarer hastens to his seven course luncheon at the Sign of the Cygnet on the Teme.

RUNS.

Halewood, October 6th.

Li Cohen's thoughts must have been worth more than the proverbial penny as he listened to the babel of voices in the tank, the clatter of knives and forks and tongues during the "feed," and the plethora of "talent" trotted out for our entertainment.

But above and beneath all was that atmosphere of good fellowship and comradeship, handed down from the founders of the Club, and which through all the years has animated and inspired each new recruit in turn.

How delightful must it be to the exile to return and find his old pals there with a warm welcome, and "carrying on" just as of yore.

There they were to the tune of half a hundred. Beardless youth and bearded pard. Bald pate and hairy mops. Lions and rabbits, geese and swans.

Yes boys! it was a great night! and but for an abortive attempt on the 12 hours tandem record, there would have been an even greater

muster. However, as the tandem crew packed up somewhere about the half distance, a goodly number of the helpers were able to make a welcome appearance at the spread. Welcome that is, to all except Austin, who in view of the record attempt, had cut down the number to be provided for, from 40 to 33, and he was horrified to find about 50 turning up. The good people at the Derby Arms proved more than equal to the occasion, however, and if we had a little waiting, we couldn't grumble.

We occupied the bungalow outside the house, and this proved an excellent venue for the after proceedings.

Our old friend Chem was in his happiest vein in some of the old favourites, which were insistently called for by the audience, whilst Frank Wood delighted us with some really good character sketches; his life like rendering of a Sergeant Major's charming selection of adjectival eloquence was only spoiled by the necessity of watering down some of the adjectives to a standard that could be assimilated by such a select assembly.

Geo. Newall gave several songs in good style, whilst the Kinder trio came out in a new role, with selections ground out of what appeared to be a Double Bass Concertina (or should it be a Concert-major), and an ordinary or common garden ditto, with piano accompaniment ad lib. Here's luck to our new musical recruits. Why not bring the joo-jojas out every Saturday, John? How it would cheer up the Old Gentleman, wending his weary way to Wem, to have a chaste rendering of "Excelsior" to 60-4 gear time.

How Bob Knipe has missed his vocation was clearly shown in his life-like delineation of a Scotch Parson, and his turn was enjoyed all the more, because there was a sinister suggestion about Bob's request to have the door shut, and many of us thought he was going to draw a gun on us and get his subs. at the revolver point. However, he was quite pleasant about it, and I think somebody must have paid something on account, in order to lighten that perpetual gloom which at one time looked like taking permanent possession of poor Bob's physiognomy.

The evergreen Mullah and the youthful Dave Fell were warmly welcomed with some old favourites, and our very old friend, Mr. Joseph Andrews, gave several excellent items in his own rollicking style, but what a rotten lot we are at a chorus? The only thing that we can sing really well is "For he's a ———" and that because we feel so bucked at getting out of paying for a "round."

Once again we were honoured by the presence of Mr. Proudman, who has so often come out to entertain us.

And then we gathered round, and once again sang the old refrain "And lang Syne," for we were parting from one of "ours," who in the past has done his best to uphold the traditions of the Club, and to one and all proved that "He's a jolly good fellow."

Good luck, Li! Whenever you come back again you will find some of us "carrying on," and there's a ready welcome for you any time.

Chester, October 13th.

If we could only provide our Editor with, say, a dictaphone, just think of the joy it would give him to be able to write up all the runs whilst peacefully reclining in his cosy armchair by the fireside! I suggest that one be purchased and that M. le President carries it about strapped to his trike; he wouldn't mind, I'm sure. Look at the trouble it would save him, no victims to find, no tactful persuasion

when they kick. But no such instrument being available at Chester, the victim, must fall back on the impressions stored in what I call my brain.

Chester is always an ideal rendezvous for Liverpool members; Mancunians complain that it is too near and that they don't get enough exercise. However, seeing that it is impossible to please all, and that we get Mercer, Conway and the like out, it is justified, for they ought to be considered.

In spite of all this, there was an attendance of thirty-nine, so that Austin's approximation of forty was not far out.

It is sad to see the gradual decadence of certain members; Turnor, for instance can now be regarded as one of that class, for he required the use of J.E.R. to push him out. Green can to some extent be excused, as it was a family affair in his case. Another was Schofield, who is now quite incapable of balancing himself on a bicycle; and must, therefore, have a trike to enable him to undertake future trips to Loppington and similar places. This trike is also having a demoralising effect on no less a person than A.N.R., and it is reported that he rode it on the passage out, to what effect I did not hear.

On the supposed other side of the picture we had Edwards riding round by Ruthin and Cook accompanying Chandler, who was starting on a week's tour, to Hodnet. But not content with this, he, Cook, must week-end at Llanarmon—it makes me feel whacked even to write it.

We filled the room very nicely, and I think that all the people that one expects to see on such occasions were there; with this I peter out, knowing of nothing else that ought to be "recorded on the minutes."

Autumnal Tints Tour, October 23/21.

Ho, trumpets, sound a joy-note!

Ho, liectors, clear the way!

Anfielders ride, in all their pride,

Along the roads to-day.

—With apologies to Macaulay.

And so it came to pass that on the twentieth day of the tenth month of the nineteenth hundred and twenty-third year, A.D.—i.e., the fifth year after the Great War—a goodly number of Anfielders assembled, as is their wont at this season, at the Royal, Llangollen.

Some came to see the Autumn tints, which, by the way are a bit late; some came on bicycles—Great Scott! What super-men one does meet nowadays—some came with the laudable object of scaling the formidable Horse Shoe Pass; and some, to their shame and loss, didn't come at all. A number reached Pulford, but are reported to have returned home the same evening as they particularly desired to attend church the next morning. Perhaps they did the correct thing, as facilities for church-going in Wales are somewhat inadequate, especially on Sunday—if you are not an "Owl," so it is said, or something of that sort.

The Presider, as becomes a gentleman of leisure, reached his destination by the longest possible route in order to avoid taking tea at Pulford, and openly boasted of having travelled via the Sportsman, although some thought he was no sportsman for not having had tea at —. Well, the real reason why he didn't have tea at Pulford, if you must know it, was because he didn't want to take tea at Pulford. And that's that.

There was quite a distinguished company at dinner on Saturday evening; in fact, several of the visitors looked so well off that you would never have taken them for cyclists. For instance, there were Hubert and his friend, Mr. Skinner, both dressed up in plus fours; the Master, Chem, Ven, Geo. Lake, Dave Fell, Tierney, the Kinders; all of the section de petrol, which is *not* the true Anfield spirit!

An alleged superior person who had taken wine with his dinner at our hotel asked me who all "these people" (meaning us) were. "Oh," said I, "we come here at this time every year." "Shooting?" "No, cycling." "Oh, my G—." The shock caused him to seek a little more liquid refreshment. You see that is one of the drawbacks to looking well off.

These motorists, however, have their uses, but prior to probing into this matter, I must tell you that before retiring to bed the vast majority of our company retired into the tank. The absence of Arthur deprived us of an instigator of a mock trial of the Presider and others, such as we enjoyed last year, but a diversion was created by the attempts of a gentleman named Turnor, said to hail from Manchester, to make love to the lady who served out the food from behind the bar. This would-be Romeo was getting on very well up till midnight, when the lady, like Cinderella, vanished, much to the consternation of all, because her departure meant the closing of the tank. Turnor was utterly dumbfounded, and it is understood he expressed his determination to continue a hunger strike until the lady came back. Apart from these unfortunate little incidents, it was a very merry evening, thoroughly enjoyed by all.

On Sunday morning there was the usual excitement of getting away. The Presider and party pushed off via Corwen to Ruthin, the Master with Chem in his sidecar accompanied by Geo. Lake in his car, solus, made for Dinas Mawddwy and Dolgelly, and Turnor went to join the Vagabonds at Tattenhall. Some more adventurous spirits decided to attack the Horse Shoe, and several succeeded, putting Charlie Tierney's performances completely in the shade! How was it done? Ah! This is where the usefulness of the motorists comes in. Hubert and the Kinders, whose Corris Mowleys both went over the top easily, could tell a tale. And so could Swift, Horrocks and Rawlinson.

Lunch at the Castle, Ruthin, was daintily served, after which the tourists made tracks for home. Grandad proceeded via Llandegla to Willaston for tea. Here he was joined by Swift, who had gone round by Bodfari and Mold, and Chandler, who called in on his way home from a week's tour in the South, during which he covered 650 miles.

The autumnal tints tour was generally voted a success. The weather was all that could be desired. A number of familiar faces were missing, but we hope to see them come up smiling next time.

Tarporley, October 27th.

It was a perfectly glorious day—ideal for finding out the weak-lings—with a gale of wind from the S.W. and every prospect of a dirty night off the Needles. Even one of our old stalwarts with a frilled button gave it best near Chester and turned tail, thus missing putting in his 801st run! Still it is better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all! Of course, it was not fit for motor-ing, so none of that fraternity materialised, but it was grand for

cycling with the air so fresh and clean, and the autumn tints were in perfection. The total muster was exactly 30 (unless Bibby, who was sighted at Bromborough rather late, succeeded in "smashing through" after most of us had left), and Liverpool just had a comfortable majority of 16 to 14. The tea was excellent and a perfect reply to those who have criticised the catering at The Swan, and it was a rare merry party in both the rooms. Tommy and Zambuck were not half chesty over their exemplary prowess, but after all there is a wonderful zest in defying the "ellimans." We were delighted to see Warwick Jones again back in the fold along with his younger brother (a prospective), who looks as though he would be a useful roadman. And R. J. Austin also had his younger brother with him in view of his application for membership, so we shall get all mixed up with these Austins, the same as we used to do in the old days with the Cottles! H. Green complete in cyclospats complained of being wet, but we always understood cyclospats were a complete preventative. Hubert Buckley conveyed to us the pleasing news that his mother is making excellent progress after her sad operation, and those of us who know what she has indirectly done for the Club in the past and who have so deeply sympathised with Bick and family, were much comforted. It was certainly "a bit sloppy under the trees" when the trek for home was started, but the moon was up and eventually asserted herself. The triumvirate of inveterate week-enders were off to Newport, and Kaptain Kettle had inadvertently left his pump at home, so, of course, the O.G. promptly adopted the modern idea of dealing with such contingencies by lending his own inflator and buying a new one for himself. Returning through Chester the Tandemons of the Wayfarer C.C. were sighted. We understand their alternative run had been to Penyffordd—and in due course we reached our domiciliary residences in brilliant moonlight, feeling at peace with all the world.

A. T. SIMPSON,

Editor.

ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

FORMED MARCH 1879

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

MONTHLY CIRCULAR.

Vol. XVIII.

No. 214.

FIXTURES FOR DECEMBER, 1923.

		Light up at
Dec.	1. Halewood (Derby Arms). Musical Evening	4-55 p.m.
..	8. Hooton (Hooton Hotel)	4-54 p.m.
..	10. Committee Meeting. 7 p.m., 25, Water Street, Liverpool,	
..	15. Tarporley (Swan)	4-52 p.m.
..	22. Northop (Red Lion)	4-54 p.m.
..	26. Boxing Day. Tarporley (Swan). Lunch 1-30 p.m.	4-57 p.m.
..	29. Freshfield (Grapes)	5-0 p.m.
Jan.	5. Halewood (Derby Arms)	5-6 p.m.
..	10. Annual General Meeting, 7 p.m., Washington Hotel, Lime Street, Liverpool.	

ALTERNATIVE RUNS FOR MANCHESTER MEMBERS.

Dec.	1. Knutsford (Red Cow)	4-55 p.m.
..	8. Bollington (Swan With Two Necks), near Altrincham...	4-53 p.m.
..	22. Siddington (Mrs. Sam Woods)	4-54 p.m.
..	29. Mobberley (Roebuck)	5-0 p.m.
Jan.	5. Bollington (Swan With Two Necks), near Altrincham...	5-6 p.m.

(Tea 5-30 p.m.)

Full moon 23rd 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.

New Members.—Messrs. J. Egar and N. Turvey have been elected to Active Membership.

Mr. E. Bright will represent us at the Annual Dinner of the Bath Road Club, on the 7th December next.

The Triennial Dinner of the Roads Records Association will take place at the Connaught Rooms, London, on 8th February, 1924. Should any member desire to attend, I shall be pleased to obtain for him the necessary ticket, which costs 10/-.

Changes of Address.—R. P. Seed, 6, Briardale Road, Bebington; N. Turvey, 13, Withert Avenue, Rock Ferry; F. Perkins, 16, Hilton Street, Birkenhead.

Applications for Membership.—Mr. Hubert Crossley, 175, St. Mary's Road, Moston, Manchester, proposed by H. Warwick-Jones, seconded by W. Orrell; Mr. Ralph Warwick-Jones, 35, Gr. Western Street, Alexandra Park, Manchester, proposed by H. Warwick-Jones, seconded by W. Orrell; Mr. Reginald Hawker, 56, Brundretts Road, Chorlton-cum-Hardy, Manchester, proposed by C. H. Turnor, seconded by W. P. Cook; Mr. Arthur Skinner, 32, Ashdale Road, Waterloo, Liverpool, proposed by H. Roskell, seconded by A. T. Simpson (Honorary).

H. AUSTIN,
Hon. Secretary.

The Annual General Meeting has been fixed for Thursday, January 10th, at the Washington Hotel, Lime Street, which will be more convenient for our Manchester members. A splendid room has been placed at our disposal, and the charge for same largely depends on the way we patronise the house. It is, therefore, hoped that those who are having tea in town before the meeting will, as far as convenient, go to the Washington Hotel, where an excellent tea off the grill can be obtained for 2/6 at any time, while those requiring a more elaborate meal can have a first-class dinner for very little more at 6 p.m. It will certainly add to the sociability of the gathering if all those who can manage it meet at the festive board beforehand, and the catering at the Washington is highly eulogised by W. E. Montag.

Correspondence.

To the Editor of the CIRCULAR.

Sir,—I am not greatly concerned with what an obscure person calling himself "The Vagabond" thinks of the quality of my articles. He is entitled to hold any opinion he likes. He is also at liberty to express that opinion in a public print (if he can induce somebody to give him the necessary space), subject to the limits imposed by common decency and by sportsmanship. In my view, this obscure person has gone beyond those limits in broadcasting so adverse an opinion of my articles. Such procedure is calculated to harm my interests, and it is on that ground, and on that ground alone, that I lodge a protest against his action, and also against yours in giving further publicity to his views. I am assured that this obscure person's opinion is rejected and repudiated in the Manchester district, and in some quarters, at least, of the City of Perpetual Sunshine his anæmic attempt to deal with "famous cyclists" he has met is looked upon as presumptuous and an impertinence.

Yours faithfully,
"WAYFARER."

ITEMS.

Swearfairer is to be trebly congratulated, for not only does he confess to paying his subscription four months earlier than usual, but he has been elected, without a contest, to the proud position of Representative Councillor of the C.T.C. In addition to these claims to fame, he has contributed to the November Gazette, one of the best Cycle Show Reports we have ever read. As a rule, these reports are stodgily compiled from matter supplied by the advertising departments, but Swearfairer's "copy" is evidently the result of personal inspection, and has the saving grace of a humorous touch.

"Thirty miles an hour seems to be the fashionable and prevailing speed of motorists to-day"—Chief Constable of Preston. Our experience is that this is quite true when the charge is one of speed only, but that when an "accident" involving a third party is concerned, the "fashionable and prevailing speed" is always fifteen miles an hour.

A small section of the motoring fraternity have extraordinary mentality and queer ideas of humour. At the Annual Dinner of the Harrogate and District Automobile Club, Mr. J. E. A. Titley, Hon. Secretary, declared that "one could not possibly see a cyclist unless he had a rearlight," and added "there are so many cyclists that we cannot kill them all; but they will get killed sooner or later." Mr. Titley has since "explained" that these remarks "were quite jocular," and we are sure he must be a charming man to meet and know. Meanwhile we suggest his license should be endorsed "Not available after sunset."

For some years now The Master has found his exploratory footsteps dogged by Basil Barham, who gives forth his researches so entertainingly in "Cycling," but we are asked to deny the rumour now current, that F.H. is intending to retaliate with his own series of articles in which Billy Lowcock and Chem play the parts of Jack and Jill.

We all know the way the countryside is being plastered with signs and disfigured with "improvements" in the interests of what is euphemistically known as Motor Transport, but we were highly amused recently to find that one of these "improvements" was guarded by a sign which read "Beware Road Improvement Below."

We are asked to explain that Walter the Wayfarer recently referred to in "Punch" is no relation to Robbie of that ilk.

A nephew of the editor having recently married Le Roi Den's niece, the question arises as to the relationship now existing between Arthur and Tommy. We hope it will be solved in the proper spirit (Black and White for choice).

Our old friend W. H. Stonier contributes another of his excellent articles to the November issue of "The Sentinel Transport News," in which, *inter alia*, he deals trenchantly with the question of inadequate lighting of commercial vehicles. This scandal, which has been responsible for innumerable "accidents" to, and even deaths of pedestrians, is characterised as "amazing" and an appeal is made to transport owners to give it "serious consideration." Unfortunately we fear that nothing short of legislation will have any effect, and yet

when the C.T.C. and N.C.U. urged this point, it was opposed by the motoring associations and rejected by the Ministry of Transport on the ground that it would be "inconvenient" (sic).

We have it on the very best authority that "Swearfairer" is greatly distressed at the failure of *Cycling* to include The Cartway, Bridgenorth, in its list of unrideable hills. Robbie threatens to do penance by wearing one of those hated skull caps until this omission is remedied.

RUNS.

Halewood, November 3rd.

Speaking from a purely cycling point of view, the worst of this place is that it is situated at such a short distance from our hard riders' domiciles. For instance, take Grandad. Poor fellow, try as he will, if he is to come out anything like direct (say through Chester and Warrington) he can at the best only put in a paltry 50/60 miles—scarcely sufficient to whet an ordinary man's appetite. In consequence of this distressing state of affairs, many members who would otherwise cycle to the venue find much more exercise in walking, which accounts for the 5-23 train generally being packed with these hardy pedestrians. Others certainly do bring their machines with them, but disdain pedalling such a short distance and lug them home by train—to my mind a most sensible way of cycling. The remainder actually do ride, but this probably because they are too lazy to undertake the strenuousness required in walking by train. Be this as it may, it is becoming a most serious problem for our harassed secretary to gauge with anything like accuracy the hordes of voracious appetites he has to cater for. On the first Halewood run the number arranged for was 35, and 50 turned up; on the present occasion (there being no music) counting on past experience, 30 was the number given, and 46 stalwart lads presented themselves for sustenance after a hard day. It speaks volumes for the elasticity of the house that neither the quality nor the quantity of the goods provided was below the standard we can always expect at this price of hostelry. Geese, ducks, chickens, porterhouse steaks, chops, boiled ham, and all the doings associated therewith, to say nothing of mince pies, etc., presented themselves in a constant edible procession until we all resembled (inwardly only in some cases thank heaven) the famous fat boy. Owing to the vast concourse, the party afterwards had to split up into two camps, Hubert, who had three welcome friends with him, and "Sammy" Barton (whom we were all delighted to see) leading their pack into the tank, while the Presider and the remainder of the crowd entrenched themselves in the chapel. Great rivalry then took place in the chanting of the Halewood anthem, but it was painfully evident even with the assistance of Tommy Royden, who was in excellent voice, that the chapel party keenly felt the absence of its illustrious vocalists, as neither in timbre, melodic sweetness, purity of tone nor power and frequency of attack did they compare with the specialists in the tank who transcended all previous form. Poor Hubert, after a few choral efforts (he's not the man he used to think he was) was neatly trapped by one of the locals into issuing a challenge against an habitué of the Derby Arms to run him a mile, cycle him a mile, swim him a mile, and, if I remember rightly, drink him a mile. He learnt, after the damage had been done, that this chap was a hefty lad of about 6 feet 6 in. in his bare feet, suckled from earliest infancy on Jones' brew, and developed into a blooming maturity on the same liquid refreshment of which

he never tired. The match is timed to take place on some Sunday in the early future, and poor Hubert requests there will be no flowers, nor fuss. Gradually the meetings dispersed, and the hardy pedestrians, real walkers, pseudo walkers, and hybrid walker-cyclists, started on their weary pilgrimage to the train which they eventually reached in various stages of exhaustion, leaving the real cyclists further to indulge in choral exercise until a later hour.

Bollington, November 3rd.

After an indifferent morning and a bad hour to start the afternoon with, the weather brightened, giving us quite a fine afternoon for the outward journey, which everyone seemed to have accomplished in a leisurely manner with the exception of Shaw.

A fair number sat down to tea, and the late arrivals brought the total up to about thirty. After tea, the amateur snub did the usual, and shortly afterwards became feverishly excited under the impression that he had made 5/-, but this blot on his character was erased on investigation.

The members then adjourned to the concert room, and the usual tea settling period was occupied by many conversations, the whole probably giving outsiders the impression that a football crowd was rehearsing for the cup-tie.

Then commenced the real business of the evening, the proceedings being opened by F. Gilmour with a pianoforte solo.

Then followed a most varied and interesting programme. Tomlin, as usual, seemed to have an inexhaustible supply of songs and stories, and if he did not "eggsactly" fill the bill, he certainly took the "Major" part in it. Mullah delighted us with some of his recitations and surprised us as he dwelt at great length upon what one would have thought to be foreign ground to him.

Aldridge rendered a few songs in a superb manner, and F. Jones gave us a good chorus song which went exceedingly well and might have been even better only for an unwelcome intrusion by some strangers.

A guest, Mr. Crossley, entertained us with a violin solo, assisted by Gilmour at the piano, and then two members of the Hydro choir in a tandem attempt extolled the merits of Devon in no uncertain manner. G. R. Orrell sang to us about many old-fashioned things, incidentally telling us how he loved mice and rough roads, and at intervals Gilmour played selections of modern ragtime, and old music-hall songs, in which we all joined.

At the conclusion Bert Green voted the evening an entire success, with which we were all in accord, and warmly thanked Mr. Crossley for his assistance, the proceedings being brought to an end by the singing of "Auld Lang Syne."

I may add that a great deal of the success of the evening was due to the untiring efforts of Jimmy Reade, who so ably conducted the entire programme.

Daresbury, November 10th.

A particularly stormy Friday night nicely cleared away the dirty weather, and smoothed off the atmospheric inequalities, leaving us with a perfect winter's day for the run out to Daresbury. Amongst the few Royal and Ancients who put in an appearance, we were

glad to see Johnnie Band, whose luck was again out, as coming down into Frodsham his chain jumped and bent the chain wheel. Shank's mare carried him and his companions into Frodsham, where a local cycle repairer and a hammer did the necessary. Subsequently a cup of tea restored the company's spirits.

One pair visited the Leigh Arms via Norley and Cuddington. Whilst Ma bustled (or was it dawdled?) about getting tea, the usual conversation was opened with a couple of the inevitable motor cyclists, who "used to go in for the push bike a bit in their time." They lived at Warrington, but hadn't the least idea how far Acton Bridge was from there. Of course, they generally averaged 30.

Arriving at Daresbury, the closing scenes of a battle royal de billiards were witnessed between two pairs of players; one of each apparently couldn't play for nuts, though doubtless they were real lads at cycling, whilst the way in which the other two poked the balls about made one hope that they were equally dexterous in "getting 'em round."

Tea was served in a rather chilly atmosphere, the hot water pipes being about large enough to thaw the inside of a dog kennel. One of the winners of the billiard match, flushed with victory (or something) asked why Billie Cook had not turned up. The presider, however, tactfully calmed the enquirer by assuring him that the absence was expected any minute.

The return journey was rendered very chilly, owing to a ground fog. At Chester a few cold feet merchants walked the busy part, though whether the cold feet were caused through the weather or the dense crowds is more than I can say. The comments of members from the Shrewsbury Arms home fully confirmed the statement of the thermometer—that the temperature had fallen 7 degrees between the start and the close of the run.

Rufford, November 17th.

A splendid day!—rain, sleet, snow, hail, bursts of sunshine, thunder and lightning and half a gale of wind from the north-west—enough variety, surely, to satisfy the most fastidious. Perhaps we were better able to appreciate the vagaries of the weather when we were once cosily ensconced in the front room of the Fernor Arms. And what a feed! After demolishing one's tremendous serving of steak-and-kidney pie, it needed some courage to tackle the second course, and, in fact, the remarkable spectacle was witnessed of CHANDLER REFUSING FOOD! In vain was he exhorted to be courageous—he was adamant. Perhaps those of us who persevered had rather more than an "elegant sufficiency."

For a Lancashire non-joint run, there was quite a good muster, the number being about 20 or so, as far as I could judge. The Kinders had come by car, and there was also a small and select train party. Teddy Edwards, greatly daring, was on trike, having been with Parry to Blackpool and both reported quite a lot of wind on the Preston-Blackpool road. Various hints having been dropped by Teddy as to the price of taking a trike by train from Liverpool to Preston, we were entertained by the President with advice as to how passenger-accompanied machines could be taken by rail without payment, with illustrations from real life.

Cook and Chandler had come *via* Warrington and told stirring tales of walking the plank across raging torrents in the vicinity of St. Helens. We gathered, however, that the superabundance of water was due to nothing less commonplace than a burst water-main.

Most of the others seemed to have come out more or less direct, but the biscuit was taken by Tierney who, though taking the train out, managed to wangle a lift home in the Kinders' car.

Besides those mentioned, I saw Kettle, Band, Cody, Knipe, Horrocks (*with* cigar), Turvey, Austin, "Zambuk" (who had decided to go to Rufford by bicycle next time, so as to have a good appetite), Banks (who gave us dissertations on "enthusiasm" as revealed by himself in recent rides), and several others, whose names I do not recollect.

When it became known that a run was to be made in December to Freshfield, the opinion was hazarded that it was rather unwise to nurse members by holding runs on their own doorsteps and, extending the idea to the Cheshire side, it was suggested that a run might be held at the "Half Way House" or even the Rock Ferry Hotel.

Quite a discussion arose as to the best way to get to Freshfield, until Chandler silenced all doubt by advocating going through Ormskirk and Southport!

Eventually a move for home was made and the Landing Stage was reached, after a ride in which the weather conditions were still boisterous, although the light of a watery moon was welcome.

Mobberley, November 17th.

Why is it that Mobberley is so popular? We had quite a good crowd out in spite of the terrible weather, and who should walk in but two strenuous Liverpool men. One wonders why they ride so far in the winter, but perhaps they wanted to dodge Cook on his weekend trip, through the Trough of Bowland. Who can blame them?

The tea, though cold, was very good, and enjoyed by all. The talks drifted round to Schofield who, we hear is about to take a nursery at Abergale. Fancy Schofield digging "spuds"! I overheard the Mullah giving him some advice, which I understand was very sensible. Of course it will now be easier for him to attend club runs such as Mobberley and Bollington, and he has promised not to miss any. But what will A. N. Rawlinson do with no one to drag him out now that he has started courting?

After tea the billiard champions went upstairs to finish their game, whilst the rest made a dash round the fire, which was very welcome.

We were very pleased to see again our sub-captain, whom we hear has been building a shed, for the last two months, in case they get thrown out of their house; meantime they keep their stud of machines in it.

We were delighted to hear that Mrs. Buckley has now come home and is doing very well indeed. We all, I am sure, wish her a most speedy recovery.

Acton Bridge, November 24th.

There has recently been some discussion as to the length of the winter runs, but in addition to the desire to have the whole club meet as often as possible, such a day as Saturday would certainly have been wasted on a short run, for as Bidston observatory reported "we had one of the best of November days with nearly six hours sunshine," and it was a perfectly glorious moonlight night. No doubt the Mancunian members will tell you stories of cimmerian darkness and impenetrable fog, but how can you believe them when Mr. Mullins is untiring and unceasing in his assurances that Manchester is *the City of Perpetual Sunshine*?

There was the goodly muster of about 35 to enjoy the abundance of nourishing viands so generously provided, but where were Chandler and the Presider? It was rumoured that Chandler had not recovered from Rufford Gorge, while the Presider was reported by Austin and Turvey to be like Tom Foy "in trouble again." There was a pretty general feeling of scepticism about the story of a broken crank which snapped off like a carrot at Waverton, and several members of the Executive declared their intention of opposing the O. G.'s claim to a run. It is inconceivable that he is strong enough to break a crank that was only new six months ago, or that rotten stuff is being turned out by the cycle trade! At the same time, we understand the derelict trike was got home by rattler on a bicycle ticket and that he eventually reached Wem to keep faith with V. Orrel who had a little confidence that he week-ended at Chester instead! Hefty and Diapason reported My Private Secretary (unpaid) as *hors de combat* with a sprained ankle, but we hope he will soon be awheel again with "the will to conquer." Altogether it was a merry party which taxed the indoor capacity of the Leigh Arms, and so happy were Turnor and Reade that they decided to stay the night, while the rest of us (Mancunians barred) trickled home in sections in the brilliant moonlight, although it was misty in places.

A. T. SIMPSON,

Editor.