

ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

FORMED MARCH 1879

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

MONTHLY CIRCULAR.

Vol. XXII.

No. 251.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR TO ALL.

FIXTURES FOR JANUARY, 1927.

			Light up at
Jan.	1	Wrexham (Talbot). Lunch 1-30 p.m. or Tea 6 p.m.	5-2 p.m.
"	8	Halewood (Derby Arms). Annual General Meeting. Tea 5-30 p.m.	5-10 p.m.
"	10	Committee Meeting, 7 p.m. (Angel Hotel, Dale Street, Liverpool).	
"	15	Northop (Red Lion). 6 p.m.	5-22 p.m.
"	22	Pulford (Grosvenor Arms). 6 p.m.	5-35 p.m.
"	29	Sankey (Chapel House). 6 p.m.	5-48 p.m.
Feb.	5	Ha'ewood (Derby Arms). 6 p.m. Lantern Evening	6-2 p.m.

ALTERNATIVE RUNS FOR MANCHESTER MEMBERS:

Tea at 5-30 p.m.

Jan.	1	Alderley (Trafford Arms)	5-2 p.m.
"	15	Goosetrey (Red Lion)	5-22 p.m.
"	22	Northwich (Crown and Anchor)	5-35 p.m.
Feb.	5	Allstock (Three Greyhounds)	6-2 p.m.

Full Moon ... 17th inst.

The Hon. Treasurer's address is R. L. Knipe, 108, Moscow Drive, Stoneycroft, Liverpool, but Subscriptions (25/-, under 21 15/-, 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.

13 WITHERT AVENUE,
ROCK FERRY,
CHESHIRE.

COMMITTEE NOTES.

January 1st. being a whole holiday for many members, it has been decided that those attending Wrexham on that day for either lunch or tea will count a Club run.

As noted above, tea on January 8th. will be at 5-30 p.m. instead of at 6 p.m.

A Lantern evening is being arranged for February 8th. at Halewood, when it is hoped to show a series of slides of Anfield doings in the past.

Messrs. F. Beckett and A. Crowcroft have been transferred to the Honorary list.

Applications for Membership : A. Hancock, Brookhead Farm, Cheadle, Cheshire. Proposed by R. J. Austin. Seconded by G. B. Orrell.

E. Shone, 21 Newtown, Whitchurch, Salop. Proposed by N. Turvey. Seconded by H. Austin.

Change of Address : N. Turvey, 2 School Terrace, Ackworth, near Pontefract.

N. TURVEY,

Hon. General Secretary.

As we go to press we learn with deep regret of the death of Tom Webster on the 27th. December. Webster had undergone an operation for some internal growth in a nursing home and was believed to be progressing favourably, so that the news of his death came as a great shock. Though joining our ranks only about a year ago, he will be greatly missed.

ITEMS.

A contemporary announces (in huge black capitals on a blood-red background) : "Jerome K. Jerome on Hell." Of course this is pure plagiarism, at once flagrant and feeble ; for did we not, in April last (and sober black and white letterpress) present to our subscribers an authoritative report from Our Special Correspondent IN Hell.

" 'The Owls' gave a concert to a large number of sailors in the Gordon Smith Institute. The audience were very enthusiastic."—*Daily Courier*, December 10th. This is distinctly "one up" on Ye Froth Blowers, whose counter move we await in a state of (more or less) breathless anticipation.

We purloin the following extract from a letter received by the President from Frank Chandler :—

" I have found the trike almost as good value relatively as we did last Christmas. The quantity of sand on the roads is more than before, and several times the front wheel has 'given' without anything happening. It is also a great advantage with regard to the cutting-in habit and all motors are kept in their place. The pace can be put down as a mile per hour faster than at home, owing to a lighter atmosphere, and an average of 15 m.p.h. over a 25-mile run is quite easy. My usual ride is out to a Japanese hotel on the N.-E. corner of the island. A 4-50 p.m. start brings me the 12¼ miles distance in nice time to enjoy the sunset over the Johore Straits, accompanied by a bottle of beer and a pipe. The return journey is made under

acetylene; getting back at 7-45 p.m., just in time to cool down prior to bath and dinner The velocipede causes a tremendous sensation on the island, and I understand the editor of the local *Punch* is seeking information and an opportunity of making a sketch. The roads are good (though not so good as before); mostly tarred and treated with sand and a proportion of bitumen; the result being a good hard road under a sun's radiation of 150-160 degrees F."

December 18th. (Pulford) was an off day for the Club; two of Ours being involved in crashes—luckily, we are glad to say, without any very serious consequences (at any rate to the Anfield half of the smash) in either case. Ven was fouled by a cart proceeding lightless after dark and in anything but its right line on the road. The cart attempted to mount Ven's bonnet and buff him in the eye, but Anfielders are not so easily over-ridden and Ven was a comfortable victor in the encounter; his main casualty being a burst radiator which necessitated his being towed home, as against the complete capsizing of his opponent. The second "affair" was the running down from behind of Lucas shortly after leaving Pulford on the homeward trek. We gather that some brainy motor-cyclist, after hooking up a local cyclist on his front number plate and heaving him into the ditch, tried an encore on Lucas, who certainly went into the ditch, but nobly guarded the rear of the party and rendered the juggernaut artist *hors de combat*. Lucas was badly shaken up and suffered one or two minor injuries, but nothing of a grave or lasting nature.

Heading from the *C.T.C. Gazette*: "Our Growing Strength." And we were really awfully disappointed, y'know, when we found that this wasn't a dissertation on physical fitness by Hubert Roskell.

Also from the *C.T.C. Gazette*: "Three Headquarters Funds." Ye Gods! We have only one — and that's an overdraft.

Competition amongst cycle manufacturers has always been keen, even to bitterness, but we have the Editor's authority for saying that, even allowing for a deep and rankling animosity, it is unlikely that the Saxon innovation of wood-plugged fork blades will be countered by certain other makers using steel in the construction of their frames.

Messrs. Terry announce that their patent spring saddle "offers no resistance when pedalling." We should like a Terry bicycle.

"Hills in 1927," says *Cycling*, "will be the same as in 1926 and all previous years." Sounds a rather doleful outlook, doesn't it?

There was quite a good Anfield representation at the F.O.T.C. Dinner on December 15th., and our own W.P.C. was responsible for the toast of "The Fellowship," anent which *Cycling* remarks: "Cook . . . is usually a man of few words . . ." 'STREWTH!

How The Rag Is Run.

(With apologies to the Editor of "Cycling.")

Unfortunately, a number of present-day cycling clubs possess a GAZETTE or CLUB CIRCULAR. Among these clubs (most unfortunately of all) is numbered ours. There is a good deal to be said against the *Circular*—for details see the Editor's waste paper basket. Apart from the *Circular's* obvious disadvantage of keeping the Club in a state

of ferment bordering on riot, it advertises the fixtures and enables various members to make perfectly sure of avoiding a run or helping in a race, it runs up the Club's printing bill and runs down the Editor's health and nervous system, and is a most useful medium for offending members' susceptibilities and brewing trouble of all sorts.

The *Circular* never lives up to its name: it is published in the orthodox rectangular form; it is not an official organ, and can never be regarded seriously. The Editor is a bumptious, bullying jack-in-office, elected by himself to represent himself, and is an irresponsible young devil to boot. (Anybody trying to boot me will get hurt.—ED.)

Cycling says that the readers of a paper are as much responsible for its quality as is its Editor. This is a gratuitous insult to the main body of Anfielders.

Once the Editor has set aside space for unofficial announcements by various members, spiteful jibes at exalted dieties by obscure but vindictive misanthropic monomaniacs, and sundry other rubbishy contributions, there is no room for sensible accounts of runs or official items of any sort. The result is that only three people read their *Circular*: (1) The Editor (because he's jolly well got to). (2) W. P. Cook (to see if he can find any mistakes—so that he can gleefully call the Editor's attention to them, and then go home and eat a big dinner). (3) Jim Long (to see if he can find anything interesting—and of course he is never successful).

It has been estimated by a statistician that 97½% of each issue of the *Circular* is used solely for pipe lighters, shaving paper, and other base domestic purposes; while to add foul insult to wanton injury, Bob Knipe is now using the scurrilous sheet as a handy and solid mounting for his detestable red slips.

To A Bicycle Bell.

The above is the title given to a column of verse in *Punch* of December 22nd., and we recommend its perusal to all readers of the *Circular*. The author, who modestly cloaks his identity with the pseudonym of "G.B.," relates, in a quaintly whimsical, half-humorous, half-pathetic strain, how in years gone by he:

" . . . First o'er the bumps in boyhood bounded,"
 " And felt, like Icarus, the delight "
 " Of suddenly acquiring flight."

Says "G.B.": "The roads were peaceful then," and goes on to tell how the "inventive brain of man, as restless as the winds that fan it, is always making some new plan to work commotion on our planet." Follows a very fine pen caricature of modern road traffic conditions, but the writer winds up on hopeful note and tells how someday he will wander into the Utopia of his dreams:

" Where everything will be perfection,"
 " Motors shall vanish like a dream "
 " And cycles be once more supreme."

" And children, looking close, will tell "
 " From signs beneath my looks seraphic,"
 " That, Dante-like, I've been in Hell—"
 " The Hell of England's post-war traffic ; "
 " And they will make it extra nice "
 " For one returned to Paradise."

It Happened At Pulford.

SCENE I.—A glorious full moon illumined a straight stretch of road along which a small party of cyclists purred swiftly. Bailey and the Treasurer in front, Lucas tucked in behind, and a local youth about six yards in the rear: all oblivious of an oncoming motor cyclist. Suddenly, a crash, as the motor cycle gently kissed the youth and cannoned into Lucas. Any effort at a record "break," however, was frustrated, for the leaders immediately stamped hard on their pedals and dashed off at top speed. Returning quickly, a gruesome sight met their gaze. There lay the inanimate motor cyclist, weltering in his gore under his motor. Two bicycles lay on the road, but Lucas had vanished! And the lad! Oh! where was he? Then from a deep ditch, like Venus rising from the sea, appeared a white head, streaming with liquid mud, which glistened weirdly in the moonlight, and wide blue eyes stared in awed wonder on the scene. A few yards further on, the lad scrambled out of the same ditch. The motorist had "pocketed" them both!

SCENE II.—A large kitchen, motor-cyclist seated in armchair, maid holding bowl of hot water, and a beautiful lady in evening dress (Oh! Tommy lad, why weren't you there?) bathing his battered face. Said face seemed mainly to consist of a pair of eyebrows, nose and huge bristling "Old Bill" moustache, surrounded by an area of raw beet. In another chair, Lucas, another maid with bowl, and Bailey doing the bathing. Onlookers, constable, lad, and Treasurer. Enter the Doctor, who was very affable to the Treasurer, addressing him as "Major," until he found out that he was not the owner of the establishment, when he became distinctly taciturn. After the Doctor had cleaned up the raw meat, and straightened the nose, which had become distinctly bent, he turned his attention to "Old Bill's" mouth, which seemed to have got pushed back near the region of his ears. The Doc. tried hard to haul it forward into a more normal position, but finally desisted when he discovered that this was its usual location. So he swathed him up in cotton-wool and bandages, and turned his attention to Lucas, who had numerous cuts and contusions, and whose noble brow resembled the contour lines on an Ordnance Map of a hilly district—the thorns had had their way with him. He, too, was soon disinfected and stuck all over with little bobs of cotton-wool.

SCENE III.—In an armchair on one side of the fire, Old Bill, his moustache bristling fiercely out below an array of white bandages. On the other side, young Alf., looking like a last year's Father Christmas badly moulting.

O.B.: "Where am I?"

Alf.: "At Pulford." (*long pause.*)

O.B.: "How did I get here?"

Alf.: "On a motor bike." (*long pause.*)

O.B.: "Me! on a motor?"

Alf.: "Yes." (*long pause.*)

O.B.: "What happened?"

Alf.: "You knocked me into the ditch." (*long pause.*)

O.B.: "Me?"

Alf.: "Yes."

O.B.: "Where?"

Alf.: "At Pulford."

O.B.: "How did I get here?"

Alf.: "On a motor bike."

O.B.: "Me! On a motor?"

Alf.: "Yes . . ." (*And so on da capo and ditto repeated.*)

Rendering Tribute Unto Caesar.

An impressive ceremony took place on the Atlantic Newsroom (Liverpool Corn Exchange) on the morning of December 24th. As the clock boomed forth the hour of eleven, all heads were bared, business stayed, the pandemonium of voices died down into a faint, subtle hum, and then dead silence, as the commanding figure of one of the senior members was seen, poised, with upraised hand, in stately attitude on the fender in the lounge; then his voice was heard. Speaking in deep, sonorous tones, through which ran an occasional underlying tremor of deep emotion, he said: "Gentlemen. It is indeed a pleasant duty which I have to perform to-day. You all know Mr. Cook, a pioneer of American business on this market. For well over a quarter-of-a-century has this famous trick—pardon, Mr. Cook—this famous cyclist honoured us with his presence, and, in order to mark our deep sense of appreciation of his many sterling qualities, and further in order that these qualities may be long preserved to us in his person, the members of this Association have this Christmastide subscribed for a little token to be presented to Mr. Cook, a little gift which we know he will value highly and cherish so long as life lasts. Mr. Cook: A REARLIGHT for your bicycle."

RUNS.

Halewood, December 4th.

Before I start on the account of this run I have a very important mystery to be cleared up; one that has troubled this world since the beginning of time, and one which I am sure some of the great men of the A.B.C., who take size 9 $\frac{7}{8}$ in hats and skull-caps, can elucidate; it is this: WHY ARE EDITORS ALLOWED TO LIVE? They spend their lives terrorising the other inhabitants of this world into contributing to the respective journals over which they hold sway, under threats of divulging the inner secrets of their victims' lives. Think! Think!! for one moment that we poor misguided mortals are deluded enough to have elections over such paltry things as Free Trade, Should we go to War? etc., etc., when we have an issue as great as this, over which the country could get into a perfect frenzy.

(Eh! What?—You mind your own business. I'll start writing this run up when I feel like it—You'll what? You'll tell them that one about— No! No!! Please don't. I'll do it now.)

Arriving early, I adjourned to the Tank, where I espied a large number of exhausted cyclists slaking their well earned thirst (I know they were cyclists for the simple reason that they were all toggled up in appropriate cycling clothes; namely, blocker and pants). The tea was of the usual good order; the only fly in the ointment being that the goose should have been born a week or so earlier, as it ran out before the Presider had served himself. As to what happened later on I haven't the slightest idea, as I left very early.

Bollington, December 4th.

The fine weather and short run tempted some of our rare attenders to try if they were still able to balance on a bicycle; thus it was that the early arrivals at the Swan had hardly settled down in the sanctum when they were startled by loud groans from without, and then in staggered Deakin, looking very creased. This was the second shock of the afternoon, Cranshaw (Jnr) having already created a stir among the Barrels by nonchalantly strolling along to their meeting place and doing the journey to the Swan along with them. We knew that there

must be a catch somewhere, and it came out after tea when Cranshaw announced that he would have to hurry back to see his cousin (no doubt this is the cousin (?) that has been keeping him away from Club Runs for so long).

Another early departure was U. Taylor, who announced his intention of getting back to Shaw by 8-30 p.m. It was quite beyond our comprehension why any sane person should desire to get back to Shaw, until we learned that he was going back to win the Swimming Championship, and to add, thereby, another medal to his already vast collection. If the length of time it takes me to clean the bronze medal I once won is anything to judge by, I am afraid most of Taylor's spare time must be taken up by his medals.

The tea needs no mention, and the new owners of the Swan (Ann and A. E. Morton) wish me to state that, as they are retaining the services of Jim Plant, wife, etc., there will be no decline in quality in the future.

Wilfred so far forgot himself as to turn up minus his trousers, although he insisted that the things he had on made the use of nether garments superfluous. We would like to be able to believe this, but to us it looked very much as if he had dressed in a hurry and completely forgotten his trousers, and was trying to cover his fault by telling us all about the comfort and healthiness of bare knees.

We hear, with great delight, that "Mr. Mullings" has successfully weathered his carving up, and trust that we may soon see his pleasant face beaming at us over the communal table. His expert knowledge of wireless would have been very useful on Saturday when one of the amateurs was describing a set that would get any place—well—any place within reasonable distance (meaning, I suppose, such places as Manchester, or Eccles, or Altrincham, etc.).

Upon descending again to the sanctum it was found to be full of motorists (three), so the "solid background" and his party adjourned to another hostelry, and spent the remainder of the evening discussing the local news and sampling the local brew.

Sankey, December 11:h.

As I had played truant from so many recent runs, I made a special resolve to attend the Chapel House and make amends. To save time, I permitted myself only the lightest of lunches and hurried out to the top Chester Road, which I hoped would be thronged with the blackest of Anfielders waiting to accompany me to Sankey. To my great surprise and disappointment, however, I encountered not a single member, and soon began to waver in my resolve. I became less enthusiastic about Sankey and its much vaunted Chapel House: after all, it was a wretchedly long way off and situated in the dreariest of localities; it would be dark when I arrived; and furthermore, I should have to go through Warrington, with its infernal odours of soap. If there is one thing calculated to bring one tumbling down into the depths of despond, to banish what fragment of romance is still left in life, it is the smell of soap on a public highway; particularly in a place like Warrington.

I now regarded Sankey with entire disfavour and was anxious to slip through to Chester without being discovered by the "Dichards." I had reached the last mile into Chester, and was busy evolving some alluring alternatives, when I heard near my back wheel that unmistakable swishing sound and a saucy skull cap came into view, behind and beneath which the President rolled up aboard the trike; thus was my little game nipped in the bud. I, of course, gave it out that my lunch had been a very "meaty" affair, and that I was dutifully heading for Sankey with all the beans at my command, but there was something

ominous about that laugh. I lamented my fitful interest in the doings of the Club; I thought of all the lemon-dashes I had imbibed at other people's expense; the miles I had dallied with "Moonbeam" balderdash; my beslippered fireside week-ends; but the saucy little cap was insistent, and I followed with a sad heart and what little remained of my "fourpenny" lunch.

On we thundered, through the back streets of Chester and thence on to the high road for Warrington. There the old trike became very frisky and skittled along at an ever-increasing pace; with every mile my light lunch became still lighter. Apparently no detail had been forgotten, for on every inn and private house on my side of the road was emblazoned the word "Teas"; but those three demoniacal wheels forged ever onwards. I had a ray of hope that the afternoon tea habit might re-assert itself, and incidentally save my life, but the Tyrant was seeing this business through with a vengeance and would have none of it. Above the swish of wheels as we bore down on Frodsham, I heard him shout: "Next stop, Sankey." After that I remember very little until nearing Warrington, when I noticed the trike slow up and finally come to a standstill. Staggering to the ground, I beheld the closed canal bridge at Warrington and learned with great relief that there was now no need for hurry; it was well, for I was thoroughly whacked.

We arrived at the Chapel shortly after 5 o'clock and found a handful of members already ensconced within. Others quickly followed. Of the motorists I noticed Teddy Edwards, George Mercer, and Venables. A number of famous people came out by Rail. Southport rose to occasion with Videlex, and Prescott with Stephenson. Tommy Royden, like the youth he is, chose the bicycle; but unfortunately came to grief owing to a sideslip, and, in order to qualify for the Railway, had stamped on the spokes pretty thoroughly. Some 39 members sat down to tea, and after an hour's merry hubbub, we moved off once more into the night.

Pulford, December 18th.

Whilst making my way out to see that no one had purloined my best kitchen hearth-rug, which I had placed with loving affection round my car's heating apparatus, I fell over Taylor, who demanded that I should write up the run, and being full of the Christmas spirit I raised little objection. It was not until a peremptory note demanding the immediate receipt was received a few days later that further thought was given.

What did I know of the run? Nothing. I did not overtake a single member on the road. This is somewhat unusual and was not accounted for by the number of 10 mile limits passed through, but due to a somewhat early start and arrival. I clocked in as No. 1 at 5 p.m., Edwards and C. Conway tied for second place at 5.5 p.m., and G. Mercer a good third a few seconds later.

Where were the real cyclists? Well, some had been making a day of it; Cook and Oatine visiting Llandegla and Ruthin, and favourable reports were given in respect of the reduction in the price of lunches at Ruthin; also, from Llandegla it was ascertained that earlier in the day a gentleman wearing the Club button had been inspecting the yard, and though he did not enter the house had left something behind. Our Presider, with true Anfield spirit, failed to restore the lost property, and another visit will have to be made by Mr. Edwards.

By 6 p.m. the Mayor of Pulford had arrived, and the party numbered 27; no doubt claims for the run will be made by Venables and all those who, it appears, were held up at the top of Marford Hill, in a very touching argument respecting right of way with a farm cart.

It is some time since I attended a run at Pulford, but I am of the opinion that the feeding has improved wonderfully; the food was well cooked, and the mince pies, jellies, etc., were A.I.

As I was picking up friends at Chester, I left in the same order as I arrived, and had a smooth homeward trip; though I gather this did not apply equally to certain others. Somewhere between Pulford and Chester, Lucas and a motor-cyclist collided; and after the accident Lucas was not to be seen. Eventually, however, he was discovered hiding in the ditch. I understand he was not seriously injured, but no doubt further particulars will be found in the Stop Press or other columns.

Mobberley, December 18th.

Given reasonably dry roads, there is a charm about Winter cycling that the Summer never gives. As the afternoon draws to its close, and the sun sinks below the horizon, the landscape, even that most familiar to us, takes on a mystery never felt even in the darkness of a summer night; the sky, with its bold contrasts, and the gaunt leafless trees outlined sharply against it, has a beauty different from that of Summer, but by no means inferior to it. The keen air and the comparative freedom from traffic lend a zest to cycling. And then, when, finishing the ride in darkness, one passes through the door of the inn into the bright dining-room, with its snowy tablecloth and appetising odours, the pleasure of arriving is multiplied tenfold by the contrast between the outer darkness and the inner light.

Saturday last was a good day, and when I arrived at the Roebuck I found a goodly company already with their knees under the mahogany. Shortly afterwards a contingent from Liverpool—James, Mandall and Winstanley—came in. How many of us there were I cannot say, but the Snub's under-estimate on this occasion was, I understand, sufficient to balance his over-estimate on the last, and he and the landlady are again on speaking terms. Winnie's pathetic calls for ducks were again heard, and something will have to be done about it. The Mullah was out once more, but not per bicycle, and the means of progression he had chosen had apparently proved disappointing, as he was anxious for a change on the homeward journey.

Tea disposed of, we gathered round the fire, and after a chat and one or two with Kitty, some of us, of whom I was one, left for home in brilliant moonlight, but found some fog before docking. I hope everyone got home safely, but the banks of fog were pretty bad in places.

Nantwich, December 27th.

This run may be written down right away as an A.I. affair: a real, double-barrelled, copper bottomed, dyed-in-the-wool success. At least it may be thus described if the Editor will allow the plea of Christmas festivities to excuse the somewhat involved mixing of metaphors. A crowd of over 40 sat down to lunch, arranged, with the exception of one long table, in little *tete a tete* groups round small tables, so that conversation and companionship were very localised while the meal was in progress and it would be impossible for any one scribe to give a really comprehensive account of all that was told and done. There was a really good turnout of our old stalwarts, particularly those whom we see all too rarely; The Master was there, complaining bitterly that whenever he turned out to a Run Cook found some excuse to be elsewhere; Charlie Conway was frisking around, blithe as ever; A. P. James, Harry Buck, and even Chem himself (having sold all his oranges at top prices during the Christmas rush) graced the gathering; while of course practically all the diehards were there.

Baron Fulton (in conjunction with Shepherd, purser of the Olympic, known to many of us) had cabled his greetings to the President and Club in general, and Gibson had sent a Christmas Card. Needless to say, both tokens of goodwill were received warmly and the greetings reciprocated in no uncertain fashion.

Crackers and fancy headgear were the order of the day, and we must say that the colour scheme was most gay and pleasing. Those unlucky wights whose crackers contained no cap found that paper table napkins made a good substitute. The feed was excellent in quality and super-abundant in quantity, while the "service" was—well, more so. Ask The Master.

This being the last occasion on which we may expect to see Turvey, at any rate for some time, Buckley rose nobly to the occasion and expressed in a few fitting words exactly what we thought about it. We did a little encore—or rather, Tommy Royden (with faint Club accompaniment) did it.

After the meal many of us adjourned to the Tank and bought each other beer with great gusto and good coin of the realm. This about terminated the "indoor" portion of the programme, and many of us found to our cost: (1) That Ye Open Road hath certain drawbacks from a comfort point of view. (2) That any given wind blows twice as hard when one is going home against it as it did on the outward journey when it fanned the rear. (3) That Christmas fare is a mixed blessing; that is to say, a "blessing" whilst the recipient reclines at ease in a cosy room, but the very devil of a "mixture" when he goads himself into resuming the role of cyclist. Still, the weather was really very favourable and it is presumed that everyone did eventually arrive home somehow—a fellow can always crawl on all fours when all else fails, y'know.

Bettws-y-Coed, December 25th-27th.

Take my advice and never ride with an Editor. A combination of circumstances made me spend this Christmas on the open road and decided my destination. First of all W. T. Palmer recently had an article in *Cycling* explaining why cyclists rode across North Wales in Winter; then Wayfarer (himself) told us of the irresistible appeal of Beddgelert at all times of the year; and finally *Cycling*, under the caption "Three Days Off," said: "Many club and private parties are spending Christmas on the road. Three clear days are an opportunity not to be missed." All this could not be denied, so careful enquiries were made, but the only "private parties" I could learn of were making for destinations that can be reached nearly any Saturday night from the Club Run, which did not appear to me to be taking a reasonable advantage of the opportunity.

Fortunately, I read the *Circular* and found that the Club had an alternative Christmaside fixture at Bettws-y-Coed, which seemed to fill the bill and sealed my fate. Unfortunately, the Editor learned of my plans, insisted on riding with me to Ruabon for lunch on Christmas Day, and then, as he parted from me at Llangollen, booked me to write this account—so now you will understand my first sentence. Thus left alone, I potted along the Road To Ireland, and, with a stop at the Devil's Punch Bowl to admire the gorge, I was well ahead of schedule at Cerrig-y-Druidion for afternoon tea with Tegid Owen and family. Then, with lamp alight, I smashed through to Bettws-y-Coed and found Winstanley already in possession. A very fine dinner and pleasant evening ensued.

Sunday was perfectly gorgeous day and forced me to the conclusion that those who do not know Snowdonia in Winter do not know it at all. Siabod, the Glyders and Snowdon with siftings of snow on the heights, illuminated by a brilliant sun to show up the contrasting colours, were magnificent beyond description, and I had the road to myself. A non-stop run to Llanberis, and then just beyond "Come closer," I turned along the rough road through Ceunant to Waen Fawr, beyond which I had the wonderfu! run along Llyn Quellyn and in due course reached Beddgelert, where the usual warm welcome awaited me at Plas Colwyn, and, although I had taken the precaution to carry with me a bottle of buttermilk, I also "clicked" for another, kindly provided by a guest in the house. The only cyclist at Plas Colwyn was Kibble of the Speedwell, who had gone off climbing by the Watkin Wynn path, but had left his mother and bride to entertain me. After an excellent lunch I proceeded up the Gwynant, and at Capel Curig found Rowatt and Winnie awaiting me for afternoon tea, while shortly after, Hubert Roskell and Skinner arrived and we made a very merry party. Back at the "Glauber" we were greeted by Hotine, and just before dinner Rothwell and his friend Diggle blew in, almost non-stop from Shaw and a striking example to some who fancy themselves as cyclists, and finally Nevitt arrived after some rather gaudy tyre trouble. Thus the party numbered nine, and a jolly evening followed, although we sadly missed George Newall and Chandler in the musical line.

Monday morning came all too soon. Winnie, Rowatt, and Nevitt were staying on, and were doubtless joined by Mr. and Mrs. Edwards. Roskell and Skinner made for lunch at Loppington. The Rothwell-Diggle tandem pair were going to break the back of the journey in the morning and get as far as they could, while Hotine and Cook had a very easy schedule to Llanfairtalhaiarn (where they checked Mr. Palmer), St. Asaph, Denbigh for lunch, and Willaston for tea, only to learn afterwards that some returning from Nantwich had gone to Hinderton, and on a soft, warm evening they eventually parted at Mount House, feeling that they really had spent Christmas "on the road." It only remains to record that much appreciated cards of greeting were received at Bettws-y-Coed from Carpenter and Hubert Buckley, who doubtless would have been with us had it been possible.

W. E. TAYLOR,
Editor.

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ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

FORMED MARCH 1879

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

MONTHLY CIRCULAR.

Vol. XXII.

No. 252.

FIXTURES FOR FEBRUARY, 1927.

	Tea at 6-0 p.m.	Light up at
Feb. 5	Halewood (Derby Arms), Lantern Evening	5-58 p.m.
" 12	Pulford (Grosvenor Arms)	6-10 p.m.
" 14	Committee Meeting, 7 p.m. (Angel Hotel, Dale Street, Liverpool).	
" 19	Sankey (Chapel House)	6-23 p.m.
" 26	Tarporley (Swan)	6-35 p.m.
Mar. 5	Halewood (Derby Arms)	6-52 p.m.

ALTERNATIVE FIXTURES FOR MANCHESTER MEMBERS:

	Tea at 5-30 p.m.	
Feb. 5	Allstock (Three Greyhounds)	5-58 p.m.
" 12	Bollington (Swan with Two Nicks)	6-10 p.m.
Mar. 5	Northwich (Crown and Anchor)	6-52 p.m.
	Full Moon	16th inst.

The address of the Hon. Treasurer, R. L. Knipe, is 108 Moscow Drive, Stoneycroft, Liverpool, but Subscriptions (25/-; under 21, 15/-; under 18, 5/-; Honorary, a minimum of 10/-) and Donations (unlimited) to the Prize Fund, can most conveniently be paid into ANY Branch of the Bank of Liverpool & Martins Ltd., to the credit of the Anfield Bicycle Club at the Tue Brook Branch.

COMMITTEE NOTES.

4 THE LAUND,
WALLASEY, CHESHIRE.

New Members: Mr. Arthur Hancock, Brookhead Farm, Cheadle, Cheshire, and Mr. Edward Shone, 21 Newtown, Whitchurch, Salop, have been elected to Full Membership.

The resignations of Messrs. J. E. Austin, H. L. Boardman and R. C. Gregg have been accepted with regret.

Messrs. C. Aldridge and W. A. Lowcock have been transferred to Honorary Membership.

Mr. J. S. Blackburn has been struck off the list of Members for non-payment of Subscription.

The following Club Delegates have been appointed :—

R.R.C.—P. C. Beardwood. R.R.A.—P. C. Beardwood and E. Bright. N.R.R.A.—Messrs. R. J. Austin, A. Davies, A. E. Morton and W. H. Kettle.

The following have been appointed Handicapping and Course Committee : Messrs. R. J. Austin, E. Buckley, W. P. Cook, E. Edwards, and W. H. Kettle.

The date of the All Night Ride has been fixed for July 2nd/3rd.

Applications for Membership : Edward Nevitt, 48 Kenilworth Road, Wallasey ; proposed by C. Selkirk ; seconded by T. A. Telford. Sydney del Banco, Mountvilla, The Dell, Rock Ferry ; proposed by W. H. Kettle ; seconded by H. W. Powell.

As an act of courtesy, will Liverpool Members who propose to go to the alternative Fixtures, and Manchester Members *vice versa*, kindly notify the Sub-Captain, Mr. R. J. Austin, or the Honorary General Secretary, as the case may be, of their intention, at least one week before the date of the Fixture, in order to facilitate the arrangements regarding catering.

H. W. POWELL,

Hon. General Secretary.

RACING NOTES.

The dates as arranged by the Committee for the Racing Programme for 1927 are as follows : 1st "50," April 30th ; 2nd "50," May 14th ; Invitation "100," June 6th ; 3rd "50," June 25th ; Invitation "24," July 15th/16th ; Club "12," August 13th ; 4th "50," September 3rd. Members are requested to book the dates for competing or helping as the case may be.

OPEN EVENTS.

At a meeting convened by the Road Racing Council, the dates for Open Events were arranged and the following are the more important Events : Etna "50," April 24th ; Manchester Wheelers "50," June 18th ; East Liverpool Wheelers "50," Bath Road "100," and Speedwell "100," August 1st ; Anerley "12," August 13th ; Poly. "12," August 27th ; North Road "24," September 6th/10th.

W. H. KETTLE,

Captain and Hon. Racing Sec.

ITEMS.

The Cycling Season, having once again started at the beginning of the Year, should be in full swing by now, and we hope that all our members—we say members advisedly, for we include all, whether they be "full" members, "active" members, "full junior active" members, "active junior" members, on the honorary list, or those sentenced for

life. As we were saying, we hope that all our members will have remembered the good resolutions they made for the New Year. If they did not make any, they ought to have done, and had better make them now.

* * * * *

Of course we are only concerned in this *Circular* with Cycling, and we don't care a button about the good resolutions of paying one's Income Tax on the due date, never letting the milkman call twice for his bill, or getting up immediately the alarm clock goes off, and all such laudable resolves. No, we are only concerned with Cycling, and every Cyclist must have made some resolution for 1927, even if it be only to enjoy the pastime more than before.

* * * * *

Doubtless some of our racing men have decided to cut down their "Fifty" times, or perhaps the Presider has decided to "week-end" every week-end, rain, A.G.M.'s, and getting "bites" permitting. Doubtless some have resolved to attempt to get back some of the records once our proud possession. Cycling resolutions are all good, so whatever be yours, as Dickens has it—"Keep it green."

* * * * *

Yet suggestions are afoot that we need reminding, and our journalistic member, who, rumour hath it resides in some Big City, has told us of Pulpits by the Wayside, where the weary cyclist may find food for reflection and reminders as to his cycling obligations. Apropos, a contributor considers that the idea might be worthy of consideration for Anfielders. We hope he does not contemplate using this *Circular* as a place in which to strew his texts. However, here is what he writes.

THE ANFIELD PULPIT.

When in our cities, we turn for inspiration, we meet the Words of the Roadside Pulpit to raise our minds to some problem of the Hour. Has not the time then come for the Anfield to have a Pulpit for Roadside Reflection, and to appear month by month at the foot of the *Circular*, ornate with text and context as its final word? Have you not in Liverpool the Street Pulpits (hoardings outside Chapels) without which we Manchester sinners cou'd not carry on? They are a comfort.

Of course once started the pulpit wants filling and its Vicar must ever be watchful of the trend of events, but has not the A.B.C. many men imbued with the Club Gospel?

For instance :

THE ANFIELD PULPIT FOR ROADSIDE REFLECTION.

"The Mustard Club needs Everyman, and has no man to spare,
The Anfield Club needs Riders all, to lead us Anywhere."

or

"Try not to pass, Beefeater staid, the Mustard unless freshly made.
Try not the bath, you riders hale, if made of Mustard going stale."

* * * * *

We had better make it quite clear that no prizes are going to be offered for the "best effort" on the board. These will continue to be offered only for the "best efforts" on the road. Applications for the post of Vicar of the Pulpit will not be considered. Every member is expected to preach the Anfield Gospel from his own pulpit.

And now comes something doleful that we have received.

HIC ET UBIQUE.

Such is the motto of the Anfield. Here and Everywhere. But where, oh, where, are they here and everywhere? These many moons have I wandered round and about the roads and pleasant places, near and far, and methinks, "Hic et Ubi que" must be construed in a very conservative and restricted manner, and applicable to the Club Saturday run. Even that enthusiast who presides over the mid-week inter-lude felt rather disappointed when his humorous notice of change of date was read by——Well, we wont say how few. Here and——
"O tempora, O mores!"

* * * * *

Needless to say we do not think any of our readers will agree with our contributor at all, though we suspect a grain of truth in what he says. It certainly sounds like a dyspeptic effusion of an "old 'un" thinking of the "good old days." Anyhow, you younger generation, you young Anfielders, just "larn 'em." "Hic et ubique" is something of which to be proud.

* * * * *

Talking about "old 'uns" and "young 'uns," the way that some of these young fellows of sixty and more, flaunt their youth, and can even run off with a prize, is becoming a perfect scandal. There's that lad Tommy Royden, who, if he goes on as he is doing, whooping with delight as he rides up "Evans," while we toil painfully and swearfully after, will be entering for the "fifty" next.

* * * * *

It is strange how a craze crops up in one place and dies down, only to emerge again in some other quarter. The subject of rationals for the gentler sex when cycling, created once quite a stir. Then we had the question of "shorts" versus "breeks" for cyclists, which seems to have died down. A short while ago there was a movement mooted in the papers for the dropping of breeches. Are we now going to find some crank, dissatisfied with shorts, recommending kilts as the only wear?

* * * * *

Evidently our old friend has something in his mind, when he writes
B.M.G.

Where have we read these initials before? Was it in the *Daily Mail* during the period of the "Flaming Sword"? But this time it is not any Mr. "B" who has to retire, but: BREEKS MUST GO. Turn not your head in shame; we shall be in goodly company; and the deciding factor on this occasion, so they tell us, is WOMAN. We take it in with bated breath. Woman stands at nothing; she has ceased to blush. Since she tore down her back hair (that had taken long in dressing) and cut it short, since she bifurcated her frock to be-stride—like the colossus she is—the small world of men prostrate at her feet in bewildered worship of the fearless form displayed, she is laying hands on us to tear down our

So far so well; but no man is a hero to his fellow, and what will our fellow men think of us? Fortunately, Woman suggests an alternative to our nakedness, and the remedy she offers is KILTS.

All is now plain sailing; but the Anfield as a club must act promptly, for our honour is at stake. Do not allow the new season to mature and find us still in long breeks, playing host at Bettws and Shrewsbury to visitors that have forestalled us. It seems but yesterday that the black Anfielders crept out of their tight tunics of forty years ago,

Racer, Rider, Tourist, and Todler will all be equally well accounted by the Kilt. Our Tartan is patent: Black and Blue of course. Our supplier: Frazer of Perth, needless to say.

Meanwhile, we need a Sartorial Leader. Whom to choose? Harry and Arthur both shine according to their lights; but methinks they are both rearlights. I vote for the Presider as a true King of the Road. "Keltic Kook in Kilts" sounds a fitting slogan, an easy fit.

* * * * *

The mention of "rearlights" above reminds us that a correspondent writes us expressing great incredulity in respect of our little paragraph in last month's *Circular*, which was headed—

RENDERING TRIBUTE UNTO CEASAR.

We had thought that this rather pithily, concisely, and we had hoped humorously described the episode of our Presider being presented with a rear reflector, and we had decided to let our readers follow their own imagination. Being now impeached we must defend ourselves. Our correspondent has evidently met W.P.C. on an occasion when some unfortunate one has recommended rearlights, for he says, that when this subject is even briefly alluded to, the light of battle immediately flames into the President's eyes, and his speech, however halt and faltering before, becomes a torrent of words. *Ipsa facto* our recital is either a poor invention or but a fragmentary account indeed.

* * * * *

Well, well, if the truth must out, out it must, though we are reluctantly forced to run the risk of laying ourselves open to the charge of patting the Presider on the back. The episode actually did take place. The Presider was not speechless, neither did he precipitate himself into a torrent of words. He was the essence of urbanity. He accepted the joke that the little gathering had attempted to play off on him, and very neatly and adroitly turned the tables upon them. In response to the loud cries of Speech! he thanked Major Green and the subscribers for their token of regard for him and his safety and concluded with—so far as we remember—"I have a drawer in my desk containing other reflex devices similarly presented, and shall have great pleasure in adding your handsome gift to the collection, where it will be just as efficacious in 'protecting' me as it would on the back of my bicycle."

* * * * *

Unfortunately the strictures of our worthy Treasurer and his caustic remarks on the expense of the *Circular* and threats of cutting it down forbid the reproduction of the photograph referred to in the contribution that follows, and rather rob it of its flavour. We must leave our readers to look up their own copy in *Cycling*.

THE LIKENESS OF OUR PRESIDER.

In the Christmas week's issue of *Cycling*, under the heading of Old Timers at Dinner, we find a delightfully executed photograph of W. P. Cook, which study of our fellow member shows him in a new light and I cannot recall ever to have read in his features this particularly happy expression. Those of us whose studies and libraries have vacant spaces on the walls may do worse than fill one of these with this page of *Cycling History*. There is no doubt that our President is mellowing, but I venture to say that if this had been his constant mien it is doubtful if the opposite sex would have permitted him to devote so much of his time to the pastime of cycling.

And, last, but by no means least,

A TREASURY NOTE.

One hundred and forty-seven of our members, hearing that the Treasurer has sprained his wrist, and desiring that no action of theirs should cause him undue strain, have refrained from sending in their subscriptions, in order that he might be spared the effort of writing out receipts.

Deeply touched as he is by this spontaneous manifestation of their sympathy, the Treasurer would like to point out that it is his *Left* wrist which was injured, and that he is quite capable, nay anxious and willing to undertake the necessary clerical work.

Also, as has been clearly shown in a previous issue, *February is the best month for paying subscriptions.*

RUNS.

Wrexham, 1st January, 1927.

There were one or two outstanding features regarding this run which struck me as being somewhat unusual. First—Cook was not there, but Robinson was; second—there were fully ten minutes of the evening when Johnnie Band was *not* grumbling—I am quite sure you will all agree that these are two very unusual features.

Upon enquiry, I learned that Cook had been there for lunch, so—being New Year's day—had pushed on to Llandegla (of course!) during the afternoon. With regard to Robinson, I presume it was a mistake on his part, but we can be quite sure that he will not let it occur again—Oh! Robbie!!

Then talking of Johnnie, well, I am quite sure there will be no good purpose served by commenting on him, so we'll leave it at that. We all had lots of beef steak and kidney pie, etc., but Johnnie had lots of Grouse!—Oh! Johnnie!!

By the way, the presence of "Wayfarer" reminded me of the two latest publications, which—I understand—have found their way into the National Library, viz., "How I became famous," by W. M. Robinson, and "Famous men I have met—No. 1, The Mullah," by W. P. Cook. These books (especially the first) ought to be read with keen interest by all true Anfielders, so do try to obtain a copy quickly; for I feel sure they (the books) will shortly be dumped.

Another unusual feature about this run was the presence of Parry, and during tea, it was somewhat amusing to see the "Wayfarer C.C." in full strength, occupying one side of the table—Parry, Robinson, Dickman.

There is a great deal one could say regarding this run, but, fortunately, owing to lack of space, I must leave a great deal unsaid. The proceedings started with a terrible calamity, i.e., too much food! and to make matters considerably worse, Chandler was not with us. There were only nine present, to consume the food prepared for 25!! and as soon as we had started eating, the proprietoreess came along and grumbled—nearly as much as Johnnie—telling us "it is too bad," and "I must have an understanding next time," etc., etc., etc., but, when our esteemed Sub-Captain came along at the close and said "3/9 please," that was when *we* started grumbling. However, the feed was really magnificent, with a splendid variety of all sorts of good food, and I am quite sure that nobody begrudged the amount, for after all it was well worth it—in spite of "unofficial" grumbings.

During conversation, I gathered that Dickman had once again engaged Wild—at great expense—to push him on tandem; who, I understand, came via Llandegla; while Parry had also come that way—only, per car; the others, all having come by various routes, on singles.

The chief topics after tea were (i.) the smallness of our number; (ii.) the A.G.M. next Saturday; and (iii.) "good-night all," accompanied by our customary New Year wishes.

I was nearly the last to leave, and—with one other of our party—made a halt in Chester for a cup of coffee: it was "real" coffee—hot, tasty, and extraordinarily good, it was magnificent in the extreme; the genuine article; we asked for coffee, and got it, and upon enquiry we learned it was the "bottled stuff"!!! We then got on with it, reaching Birkenhead about 10-20 p.m., after yet another glorious time spent along the road, and part of which, in company with our fellow Anfielders.

The small, but very select party! who gathered round the table at the Talbot, were: Austin, Band, Dickman, Long, Parry, Royden, Roberts, Robinson, and Wild.

Alderley, 1st January, 1927.

It was a glorious day from our point of view and I expected to find quite a good number at the Trafford Arms. On the contrary, when I arrived at the venue I was surprised to see only one machine. Passing on into the precincts of the cosy inn, I was met by the seasonable greetings of A.N. and the Mullah (the Mullah having still perforce to use four wheels). In the interval to tea we were entertained in reminiscent conversation between Mr. Verdant Green and the "Boss," the former having been close on my heels on arrival. It transpired that many of the others had gone to Wrexham, so we decided to proceed with tea. Following the usual after tea confab the writer started for home, leaving the remnant of the party to their own devices.

Halewood, 8th January. A.G.M.

Fifty-five members turned out for this fixture, of whom 16 were from Manchester. It was a very good turnout of the older members, amongst whom were the following, Toft, Fell, Charlie Conway, Edwards, Oliver Cooper, Mercer, Dave Rowatt, Tommy Royden, Buckley and Venables. It was pleasing to see the Mullah out after his illness looking fairly fit, the rest were the usual attenders, although I noticed Winstanley, Koenen, Zam Buck, James, Skinner, and last but not least Hubert Roskell amongst those who don't often visit us.

The meal, excellent as usual, was taken in leisurely fashion and it was 6-45 before the Presider could start the ball rolling. The Minutes of the previous meeting were read and confirmed in the usual way and then as Turvey was not able to be present, H. Austin was called upon to read the Hon. Secretary's Report, from which we gleaned that we have now 190 members and that the average attendance at 1926 fixtures was 44, which seems quite satisfactory. As usual the biggest attendance was at the "100," when we had 94 members out and about the course, and the lowest on a very stormy day, viz., 18 on October 9th, at Acton Bridge, which seemed unusual, as the Leigh Arms is a popular fixture.

Bert Green again won the attendance prize with Tommy Royden a good second, and it seemed a disgrace to the younger members that it should be left to the greyheads to carry away this honour.

Captain Kettle then gave his report and though we hold a record less this year, three attempts have been made. Orrell, as before, carried away most of the honours, although Welfare and Selkirk look like giving him a run for it next year.

Knipe next on turn with his complicated balance sheet showed us how really simple it is and with £35 balance the Club seems watertight enough. What I remember most about Knipe's figures were the £31/13/0 donations to Club Funds and the large figure of £6/0/6 for Committee Room Expenses.

After this we managed with Ven's sagacious and well balanced Chairmanship to get W.P.C. back to his job which was approved by all. Venables and Buckley were then rushed in as Vice-Presidents and Ven's protests squashed on the head.

Kettle realising it hopeless to find a successor actually thanked us for giving him his job back and we all know how well it will be done and how fortunate we are in having Harold for this difficult and thankless job.

Long and R. J. Austin were elected as his assistants. Knipe, notwithstanding fierce competition, again has control over the money-bags.

Owing to the loss to the Club of Turvey after his good work for us, we had to find a new Secretary and for this position Powell looks sure to be a success.

Kettle's motion to alter Rule 19 was then proceeded with and passed after some discussion and I think it has come at the right time and will give us those young new members we want so badly to bolster up the poor entries for Club races. At the same time one feels that the Anfield and Anfield only spirit is going and yet we can surely look to our Committee to elect only those who will take up and keep this spirit, that is so characteristic of the Club.

Knipe's motion to call us all "fool" members and not "active" was put through also, and was well put by him, but, why he wanted the change and what it was really for, even Bob couldn't say. The 1927 racing programme of 3 or 4 50's, 12 hours, Invit. "100" and "24" meant the dropping of the Club "100," thro' lack of support.

Molynieux's suggestion to make the "12" an invitation event was withdrawn after a number had spoken for and against. We certainly do quite a lot in this direction already with the "100" and "24."

Charlie Conway again put in his plea for Bettws at Easter, which was carried after slight opposition from the back of the Hall.

The destinations of the All Night ride and the August Tour were left to the Committee to fix, though South Shropshire and Hereford district was suggested for the former.

The scrutineers of the Committee Ballot, Dickman and Perkins, now announcing the completion of the count, the following members were elected to the Committee: H. Austin, S. J. Bucks, A. Davies, E. Edwards, F. Hotine, A. Lucas, G. B. Mercer, A. E. Morton, C. Selkirk, W. E. Taylor. W. E. Cotter and E. O. Morris were re-elected Hon. Auditors.

Of course the *Circular* was not forgotten and a very hearty vote of thanks was passed thanking the Editors, Arthur Simpson and his successor W. E. Taylor, for their efforts, and a tribute paid to the successful result of their labours.

The meeting then closed with the usual omnibus of thanks to Chairman, Secretaries, Treasurers, etc., etc., and with this over we all wended our various ways home, glad to know the rain had ceased, but for us bound for the Ferry a hard plug into the wind.

Northop, 15th January, 1927.

Northop—yes sir—know it well—yes—very—between Chester and Wales. Interesting how it got it's name—Welsh used to hop over the Marches—sack Chester—blood—battles—hopped back—hopped North again—Northop—great name—fine church—glorious tower—massive—nice house—Red Lion—good ale—good landlord—don't charge for looking at the cruet—fine girls—dem fine—very—look after you.

Been there lately—yes sir—big moon—like day—big party there—wondered who—Anfield Bicycle Club—fine fellows—big eaters—great talkers—especialy the boss. Nice feed—waiter!—gentleman here dry,

listening—brandy and water—hot and strong. Yes sir—very nice feed—roast beef—apple tart—One lad there—whiskers—great on tart—has motto—more you eat better you ride—ha! ha!—good—very. Your health—ride—yes sir—knew Pickwick well—good club—don't ride like Anfield—had promising lad there—Hancock—broke 24 hours' record—rides 50 miles to eat apple tart—long way—mere bagatelle. Great meeting—order of the Bath there, too—letters P.C.B.—not time to ride—detained by owls—yes sir—wise old bird—very—pleasure and business. Like to take a note—certainly—fifty more if you like—took an hour to fill visitor's book—tell you how—here's the bill—pressing engagement—must go—leave you to pay.

Goostrey, 15th January, 1927.

From the catering point of view this run can be written down at once as a success and the house as one to be added to our none too prolific choice of satisfactory winter rendezvous. My only regret is that the social side of the fixture is necessarily curtailed as the Red Lion is the most distant of our haunts, and departures for home and elsewhere begin at a rather earlier hour than usual.

On this Saturday we made some amends for the rather poor attendance on the occasion of our first visit and about a dozen partook of a cold though excellent meal at a reduced price, under the supervision of the landlady herself.

It was certainly no day for loitering and a non-stop journey through Knutsford was made without incident. Our arrival was well timed, or so I thought, for the bulk of the party were already there and it was with confidence of being invited to "have one" at somebody's expense that I lifted the latch and entered. But I had momentarily forgotten our earlier feeding time and the hour had not yet struck. I was doubly unlucky for all seats were booked and it was a case of standing room only until tea was served.

Grimmy and Deacon were there, our V.P. with a cold, Hubert, Albert Davies and the Mullah, who had made the journey by bicycle. He has not yet regained his old form and complains that the roads are as hard as ever. "Lord Birkenhead" again favoured us and collected our cash with, of course, a handsome percentage for himself. R. J. Austin had made himself thoroughly unpopular with his constant demands for "copy," and had decided to stay at home.

After the meal, Hubert made a vain attempt to entertain us with the latest football reports, but an epidemic of home going had set in and one could be a jolly good fellow for ninepence.

The return journey was begun in brilliant moonlight, which, however, did not last long and our party, at least, encountered considerable moisture before docking.

Pulford, 22nd January, 1927.

The day broke bright and fair. This is how I, with true journalistic spirit started to write this run on the day before. Alas! the day hardly broke at all. Being one of those unfortunates who earn their daily bread by the sweat of their brow, and so, subscribe to the over-rated "Early to bed" precept, I say definitely, that if the day did break, it was a broken-hearted affair with tears and cold lamenting. Was there ever such a dreary morning, cold, rain, sleet, snow. Let me see, where is the run to-day. Pulford—and the Roast Beef of Old England. Hm! Well, thank goodness, I have to go to work and can excuse myself by saying, I could not get away. But the Fates ruled otherwise. Work proved less attractive than the thoughts of the open road, and two o'clock found me resolved upon going to the Anfield Meet, come rain, hail, snow, sleet, or anything else that might betide.

"Ill is the weather that bringeth no gain."

Once started, conditions improved. The wind changed to a more favourable quarter. The sun even came out for a brief spell, and thoughts of slush filled roads proved unfounded. The country seemed to have escaped what the town had experienced. Instead of snow clad fields that one expected, green and brown prevailed. Roads were merely wet, and the trip was fair indeed.

"None but the brave deserve the fair," and a brave party gathered at the Grosvenor Arms, gladdening the heart of the Hon. Sec., with their number, for his morning had been very miserable indeed contemplating the number ordered, and the number likely to turn up.

A. E. Walters was there. It is a pleasure "to shake hands with those faces we have not seen for some time." Bob Knipe also, in spite of his crooked arm—the result of learning to ride a bicycle; so he said—and Roberts too, who also had had some similar argument with Mother Earth. Ven. had done the needful for Knipe in the way of transport, and Roberts had invoked the service of Crosville. Where there's a will, there's a way, the Anfield spirit. And here I must not forget Dave Rowatt who so often turns up despite the distance.

We sat down to the usual excellent repast that the, er—proprietary (I thank you Mr. Cook and Chambers for the word) of this establishment always provides, the good Roast Beef of Old England. They certainly do hunt good beef here. There must be some significance in the name of the Grosvenor Arms. *Gros Venor?* (Norman students debarred from competing).

During the meal the conversation flowed on as is its wont mainly about the Club and the ways of its members. Nevitt recounted his week-end experience, while the Skipper opined that there was nothing like sleeping in a bed in which a hot-water bottle had reposed each night, which sage statement was greeted with a hear, hear, from the Presider. Tommy Royden told us that Saturday afternoon was a good time for gardening, he had tried it. A tandem was seen rushing furiously in the direction of Chester. Two present blushed. It was thought that Wild must have been taken on to the Permanent Staff of the Dickman Twicer.

The appearance in General Assembly coming to an end—all having eaten their fill—the gathering resolved itself into several small committees to smoke and yarn before dispersing. Tommy Royden and Johnnie Band were the first to leave, dashing back to "listen in" (?) and, promising not to do "evens," they induced the Skipper to venture with them. Then Cook bound for Wem, taking Walters. Then the "transport." The "fast pack" as usual, remained until the last.

Out into the night, and a black night it was, with blacker shadows racing behind the lights of the occasional cars that passed me now and then. The road seemed to slip back into the dark. A milestone pops into the light and disappears. The overhanging trees take on fantastic shapes, and the road is one's own to imagine what he will until the spell is broken, and the glamour of the night ride dispersed by the lighted streets. And so—home.

Northwich, 22nd January, 1927.

It was rather a pity that on the day of our first run to a new house the weather conditions should have been such as to preclude the probability of a large attendance. Near town where the roads had had attention the going, though unpleasant, was safe, but further out life on the road was quite a lively affair. Whilst the centre of the road was available progress was possible, though at times the machine seemed to have been struck with the prevailing craze for the Charleston, but when heavy motor traffic forced one into the snow at the side, steering

became such a matter of luck at times that a dismount, if not absolutely necessary, seemed highly desirable. However, there were good patches and the present scribe arrived in one piece, including a thankful heart. Two others, the Mullah and Wilf Orrell, had already taken possession of the Crown and Anchor, having invested in Home Rails. (Incidentally they had taken rather longer by rail than the journey by road required). We were just making up our minds that three would have to be company, when Grimmy, A.N. & J.E. Rawlinson, Bert Morton, "Lord Birkenhead," and Len Deacon burst in, the first-named deploring the fact that no one had had the grace to come a cropper and so enliven an insufficiently eventful journey. An excellent meal was provided and when one of the waitresses found that we remembered her at another place in the dear dead days of long ago, various extras began to appear on the table. Altogether the house is quite a good one, notwithstanding that, in common with most edifices in Northwich, its walls are liable to slip occasionally, and it is worth another visit. Tea dispatched, we adjourned to the smoke-room and after a chat, etc., commenced the return journey. In the darkness the going was not quite so good and my motto being "Safety First, in the Middle and at the End," I was soon left. I know, however, that the others, like myself, reached home safely, for they left a message for me at the end of the danger zone.

Sankey Chapel, 29th January, 1927.

Our new Editor is somewhat cute in inaugurating "Ye Anfield Order of Scribes" and it is quite impossible to refuse "Ye Honour of writing ye Sankey run," even though one is "a man of few words." The revival of the Chapel House as a venue for our fixtures is now thoroughly established in favour as was shown by the large muster of 36 on a somewhat stormy day and judging by the hilarity prevailing every one enjoyed themselves. Evidently Diapason had heard rumours of the Barmecide Feast and become "intreaged," for he was one of the "round the earth" party who earned their rations by riding via Chester and did not appear disappointed with the goods. This reminds me that nowadays "round the earth" is much easier than it used to be. You simply take the names of places you see en route and "via Chester" becomes "Snowden (road), Bethesda (Chapel), Highgate (Poultry Farm), Delamere Gloucester Cornwall (Streets), Blackpool (62 miles), and Wigan (Coal and Iron Coy.)," and vastly adds to your collection. It was good to see Mr. Mullins looking so well and to learn that he had managed a short ride with out any ill effects. V. P. Buckley was also out again after an attack of 'flu, and Manchester was well represented with a round dozen, including the two lads from "Shay"; and they vastly entertained us with their accounts of the hectic and gaudy adventures they had in reaching Northwich through the deep snow the previous Saturday when we Pulfordians were enjoying clear roads; in which connection we are looking forward to Wayfarer's account of his adventure with the Oldham C.T.C. laddies on the long ride (6 miles) to Delph! Before tea, "Widelegs" no doubt profited greatly by the "advice" he received relative to his controversy on the question of "touring on ten shillings a day." He will of course be hopelessly beaten if only Robbie will obtain a list of the Workhouses and tour "between the houses." The Casual Wards are excellent nowadays and the only complaint I have heard of recently was from a Vagabond who stated that the porridge and coffee at Oswestry were cold. But the word "tea" put an end to all discussions and we fell to like one man to devour the beef and pork with trimmings and etceteras, with the result that most of the crowd disappeared early to "ride home slowly," and apparently no one desired to go round the earth again. Cook and Hotine departed to week-end at Arclid where there is an excellent Workhouse and I hear they were received by a policeman who quite outrivals Tiny.

© Anfield Bicycle Club

ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

FORMED MARCH 1879

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

MONTHLY CIRCULAR.

Vol. XXIII.

No. 253.

FIXTURES FOR MARCH, 1927.

Tea at 6-0 p.m.

		Light up at
Mar. 5	Halewood (Derby Arms)	6-52 p.m.
„ 12	Daresbury (Ring o'Bells)	7- 3 p.m.
„ 14	Committee Meeting, 7 p.m. (Angel Hotel, Dale Street, Liverpool).	
„ 19	Wrexham (Talbot)	7-16 p.m.
„ 26	Acton Bridge (Leigh Arms)	7-28 p.m.
April 2	Northop (Red Lion)	7-44 p.m.

ALTERNATIVE FIXTURES FOR MANCHESTER MEMBERS :

Tea at 5-30 p.m.

Mar. 5	Northwich (Crown and Anchor)	6-52 p.m.
„ 19	Alderley (Trafford Arms). Musical Evening	7-16 p.m.
April 2	Nantwich (Lamb)	7-44 p.m.

Full Moon ... 18th inst.

The address of the Hon. Treasurer, R. L. Knipe, is 108 Moscow Drive, Stoneycroft, Liverpool, but Subscriptions (25/- ; under 21, 15/- ; under 18, 5/- ; Honorary, a minimum of 10/-) and Donations (unlimited) to the Prize Fund, can most conveniently be paid into ANY Branch of the Bank of Liverpool & Martins Ltd., to the credit of the Anfield Bicycle Club at the Tue Brook Branch.

COMMITTEE NOTES.

4 THE LAUND,

WALLASEY, CHESHIRE.

NEW MEMBERS. Mr. Sydney del Banco, "Mountvilla," The Dell, Rock Ferry, Cheshire, and Mr. Edward L. B. Nevitt, 48 Kenilworth Road, Wallasey, Cheshire, have been elected to Full Membership.

EASTER TOUR. Mr. R. J. Austin has been authorized to arrange an alternative Easter Tour to Warwickshire and the Cotswolds.

Mr. T. A. Telford has been appointed Editor of the *Circular* as from 1st March, 1927.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS.—

- F. J. Cheminai, 142 Priory Road, Anfield, Liverpool.
 D. M. Kaye, "Chantrey," Wigan Lane, Wigan.
 E. Parry, c/o. Messrs. Neuffer & Wagner, Tylovo Nemsti I.,
 Prague II., Czechoslovakia.
 Herbert Pritchard, "Northcote," Coalway Road, Merry Hill,
 near Wolverhampton.
 E. Bright, "Woodbine," Kimpton, near Welwyn, Herts.

APPLICATION FOR MEMBERSHIP: Mr. Leslie D. Ridgway, "Lynwood," 84 Atwood Road, Didsbury, Manchester; proposed by E. Buckley; seconded by R. J. Austin.

H. W. POWELL,
 Hon. General Secretary.

TREASURY NOTES.

Was It Modesty?

The Treasurer is fortunately familiar with the generous donor who sends a cheque or says "Put the rest to the Prize Fund, and don't mention my name." But when a member pays his sub. into the Bank and does not disclose his identity, we think that is carrying anonymity a little too far. Now, who did it? Don't all speak at once.

Week-ends at Mother Hubbard's—Battening on the Widow's Mite.

Controversy has raged of late in the cycling Press on the subject of touring more or less luxuriously on ten shillings a day and even below that sum, far below, as some will have it. The advocates of economy show great contempt for those who tour by enrolling the services of Inns and Tourists' Hostels. Unbridled enthusiasts outbid each other in a recital of values received and boast of suppers, beds and breakfasts, all in, at 2/6 a time, or week-ends at 3/6. Even this may be surpassed before the last word is spoken.

It appears that an Anfielder was the cause of this stir; one Wide-Legs, who in his simplicity had expressed misgivings about these ultra cheap entertainments. The extremists deny any merit in the Wide-Legs system of touring by the aid of the hotel proper. This Wide-Legs is a student of stresses and stays, but I ask: Can he stay the strain of these distressing onslaughts?

The Anfield—for better or for worse—has as a rule supported the Hotel proper and this is not the time once more to harp on the able manner in which our hardest rider subdues to his digestion the hotel fleshpots, other than to emphasize that the A.B.C. believes in supporting the Inn and in compelling the Inn to support the Anfield Tourist. LIVE AND LET LIVE is clearly to be read between the spare lines on the Anfield Button.

There are Anfielders on such intimate terms with a friendly host near the Welsh Border that they enjoy wonderfully cheap terms at his hands, but that is a cause for gratitude. The credit lies with the host, so we need not brag about it. Thus also the cottage tourist should be humbly thankful in enjoying the advantages bestowed on him by lone and loving widows in exchange for the honour of receiving wayfarers of repute. Who knows but some of these dames may see a ray of hope in these frequent visits of stray clayhangers from the far Cities. Her ear may even tingle with the sound of the village church bells.

These are idyllic sketches. May such hopes be never blighted. I know these Strayfarers: One day they come from Sheffield and the next from Liverpool.

But why this bitter rivalry? The Motto "Riders All" covers both the Grand-Babylonians and those relying on the Cottage Cupboard. Why must the Cyclist Penman deny us the Inn and startle us during our moments of leisure in the Tank? For startling is the warwhoop voiced by the favoured few who obtain terms that must spell ruin to the providers and we are made to wonder: IS THE WIDOW BEING IMPOSED UPON, HER MITE DISTRAINED AND MOTHER HUBBARD'S CUP-BOARD RAVISHED?

The Easter Alternative Tour.

The provisional programme for the alternative Club tour at Easter is as follows:—Friday and Sunday nights, will be spent at the Coach, at Colehill, Saturday night at Stow in the Wold, or an alternative in the same district. Mid-day meals will be arranged for each day, probably at Market Drayton on Friday, Stratford-on-Avon, on Saturday and Evesham, on Sunday. Names of members who will take part should be sent to the Manchester sub-captain, R. J. Austin, 79 Turves Road, Cheadle Hulme.

Annual Meeting R.R.A., 21st February, 1927.

Now that there are no bitterly controversial matters in R.R.A. politics, the annual meetings have become as pleasurable as in the early days.

A large crowd of about 70 assembled under the chairmanship of Bidlake, and of "Ours" present, were Beardwood representing us, Harley representing the Essex Roads, Lusty representing the M.C. and A.C., and Cook as a delegate of the Individual subscribers. Our other delegate Bright failed to materialise and it was unfortunate he did not give us the opportunity of nominating a substitute. The Annual report called attention to the fact that there are now still eight tricycle records without appropriate shields, but this number was reduced to four by the announcement of donors. Bidlake is giving his second shield for London to York, S.E. George is giving one for London to Bath and back, and the Pickwick B.C. are giving one as yet unselected, while owing to the generosity of one of our members who insists on anonymity Cook was able to offer a third Anfield shield for the Edinburgh to Liverpool. Surely four clubs or individuals will now come forward to figure in this Honours List before it is too late. The most important now left is Land's End to John O'Groats.

The only important change in the Rules was one that calls for the election of the eight delegates of the Individual Subscribers by *postal vote* instead of by a special meeting which practically disenfranchised the provincial members. The suggested alteration making the supplementary endorsement on Kew A watches valid for two years only failed to get the necessary two-thirds majority by one vote, but the opposition were vastly entertaining in their display of wonderful horological knowledge. And finally the efforts of Stancer and Cook to enable the Committee to investigate other evidence in cases where the timekeeper is accidentally late at the finish were unsuccessful.

The election of the new executive took some time but showed no important changes and "other business" was dealt with by a select party at the Strand Palace Hotel. The Presider cycled up to London from the Club run at Sankey Chapel, but was rather disappointed after going 20 miles out of his way to "put in a run" he could have claimed, to find so many conspicuous absentees and so small a muster. He reached Stone that night and on Sunday was met outside Lichfield by Lusty and Greenwood on a tandem who paced him to Meriden with a stop at

Coleshill to investigate the amenities of the alternative Easter headquarters. At Stony Stratford, Beardwood was met by arrangement and the two old gentlemen quietly "praffled" into London on Monday morning after lunching at the Historic Old Sal at Barnet.

ITEMS.

We learn with regret of the further troubles of Ned Haynes. After two-and-a-half years' trouble with his leg, following on a cycling accident, it has been found necessary to amputate his left leg. The operation has proceeded satisfactorily, and the Club will be pleased to know that Ned is making a good recovery and hopes to be out of hospital in a week or two.

* * * * *

In the pages of a contemporary—we are not sure that that is the right word, but let it stand—there appears, written in a delightfully humorous vein, an account of the difficulties that may beset an Editor in obtaining copy for the run. Now, in so far as this little journal is concerned, to say the least, it is very gratifying, and certainly indicates the interest of our members, that the Editor has no difficulty in this respect. Our scribes seem to fall over each other in their efforts to supply "copy." This reminds us that we owe apologies to some whose contributions have not appeared. Unfortunately, we cannot acknowledge all contributions individually. For the benefit of our readers generally, and as a reminder to some of our contributors, may we mention that though we have no official latest date of going to press, contributions may be received too late, with the result that our readers may lose the pleasure of reading a humorous and racy account of a run, a privilege in such cases only enjoyed by the Editor.

* * * * *

After some cogitation we have decided to reconsider our first decision of suppressing the following letter, and to print it as received :

Dear Mr. Editor,

Your *Circular* is not up-to-date. You don't seem to keep abreast of the times. I am sure all our members wish to be posted in items of interest to the Club and cycling generally, and yet I find no mention in last month's *Circular* of the appointment of our President to the President's chair of the C.T.C. Liverpool D.A. Surely this is an item that should appear?

The only comment we make is that we purposely omitted the item, because it is not an item of interest, it is disinterest. Of course, if our Presider is so popular that these other Presidential honours are thrust upon him, there is no reason why we should not lend him, but we do not think that he desires his work for cycling advertised.

* * * * *

What rods does an Editor lay in pickle for himself when he innocently publishes some comment. For instance, apart from being button-holed and *told* about it, here is an example :—

Dear Mr. Editor,

Your correspondent on *Hic et Ubique* in last month's *Circular* is either misinformed, or does his "here and there for many moons" by rail or car. In justice, he ought to tell us something more of his wanderings. The Anfield have always been pioneers and are still. Take an instance, what Clubmen recently first explored a new road in the heart of a Wales wilderness? Why, Anfield!

(With apologies to our correspondent we delete the remainder, as we have other matter demanding attention. As the Dailies say—This correspondence is closed.—ED.)

From time to time we are told that in going to Bettws-y-Coed twice a year to explore North Wales—not to mention the Bala and other week-ends—we go too often. Yet we have a member who joined in 1904—just 23 years ago—who publicly confesses that “North Wales is a closed book” and virgin soil to him! Can you imagine it? What innumerable opportunities must have been wasted! Still North Wales is *terra incognita* to quite a few who imagine they have exhausted its possibilities after going to Bettws two or three times. This reminds us that the Swearfaier-Widelegs touring duel is provisionally fixed for Easter and North Wales, and if they would only sell souvenir programme tickets at a “bob” a time they could easily tour on less than nothing a day. We make no charge for the suggestion. *Verb. sap**

* * * * *

And now we are going to let our members into a secret. It seems that one interested in cycling, having proceeded to London on business—and having ascertained previously that there would be a gathering of cycling clans there with the “usual gastronomic embellishments”—found some time to spare. Sauntering along Queen Victoria Street his gaze encountered the College of Heralds, and he was reminded of some dispute in relation to his own family arms—nothing to do with blots on the escutcheon—and forthwith entered the precincts. In an interview, with the O.C.W.P.B., and during the course of conversation, he discovered a plot on foot to present a well-known member of “ours”—name suppressed—with a very special coat of arms appropriate to the circumstances. By the exercise of a little diplomacy he managed to secure a description, but, we fear that the O.C.W.P.B. in his method of nomenclature betrays some lack of knowledge of description and has not graduated in his colleges. However, let that pass, we give it as received.

ARMS.	Barrwise of seven, sable and azure, In a chief white a heart or Over all a bosse of the same.
CREST.	A mouchoir trempé.
SUPPORTERS.	Dexter. Hotesse, soruiant, proper. Sinister. Rider, sable, crouchant, regardant.
MOTTO.	ARU NISA WE KENDJA UNT.

* * * * *

Will all members who have occasion to pass through Chester, please note that the worthy Council of that City, in a motion led by a gentleman with a great knowledge of the whiteness of flour but evidently by less of the blackness of roads, has supported a recommendation that all cycles used on the roads between one hour after sunset and one hour before sunrise carry a rearlight or reflector. In view of this, it is suggested as an act of courtesy, and which is quite as logical, that when passing a policeman on point duty at the Cross, apologies for non-compliance should be made, with the regret that they have not been able to help him in his duty of signalling on-coming traffic by omitting to carry a rearlight or reflector.

* * * * *

It is like a breath of fresh air to come suddenly upon a paragraph in an ordinary Daily Newspaper, that inveighs against this mad practice of reckless speed on our roads. But let us beware. Speed *per se* counts nothing. What we want is commonsense, and it is easy to go from one extreme to the other. Members of ours striving for place in a “fifty”

will be able to smile at the following by a well-known writer and culled from ——— No. we will not hurt the susceptibilities of our Manchester members.

There is only one way to stop this murdering of people in the streets and out on the roads.

Go slower. Go slower. Go slower. We must get back to the pace of our fathers. Twelve miles an hour must be the maximum pace for vehicles. The roads will not allow of a greater speed. Twelve miles an hour as the maximum speed. This would be right. If people want to travel at a greater speed, let them go on the railways.

* * * * *

The R.R.A. held their triennial dinner this month and in casually seeking information we receive a note of "Inflammation at the R.R.A. Dinner." Whether our informant wishes to suggest that the Dinner inflamed, or that the Dinner was inflamed by, with, or on account of, we cannot say, but the Anfield was well represented, as witness the following names:—

P. C. Beardwood, S. J. Buck, W. P. Cook, E. W. Harley, E. M. Haslam, J. M. James, E. O. Morris, with the regret that E. Bright, W. J. Neason, and A. J. White were unable to come up before the starter. However, let us turn to what our special correspondent has to say about this brilliant gathering.

* * * * *

R.R.A. DINNER—11th FEBRUARY, 1927.

I believe the number present at this gathering (about 200) was larger than on any previous occasion, so one R.R.A. record has been beaten very early in the year. As usual it was a very successful affair, the speeches, the entertainment and the food all being excellent. The only improvement I could have wished would have been to see a larger muster of Anfielders to do justice to the respect shown to the old Club.

Following the toast of "THE KING" the Chairman (Bidlake) proposed "THE R.R.A.," and with his usual eloquence outlined the inception and early history of the R.R.A. and in this connection it is interesting to recall that the North Road, Bath Road, and A.B.C. were the nucleus Clubs, and the only ones with 1888 as the date of their affiliation, also that an Anfielder who had removed to London, S. A. Chalk, known affectionately as Syd Chalk was the first Hon. Secretary of the R.R.A. A point in Bidlake's speech I especially remember—that the introduction of unpaced riding has been the salvation of Road Cycling Sport. He paid tribute to Motorists who assist in record attempts and also to the work of Vanheems whom he described as Hon. Life Secretary of the Association. In his reply Vanheems informed us that since the last dinner three years ago there had been 40 successful attempts on records and said an outstanding feature was the number of old-standing records broken. He warmly thanked all those who had helped him—not only the Officials, but also the helpers who very often do not perform in the limelight.

The next toast was that of the Guest of the evening, SIR HENRY MAYBURY, K.C.M.G., Director General of the Roads Department of the Ministry of Transport. This was proposed by Arthur F. Hsley, N.R.C., who said that Sir Henry's presence indicated his sympathy with the sport carried on under the aegis of the R.R.A. Sir Henry Maybury, in his earlier days a cyclist, has kept in touch with the sport and pastime ever since, and in his reply showed that our interests are not likely to be overlooked in his Department of the Government. In the course of

his remarks he said that as Mr. Cook had exhausted all the roads in the neighbourhood of Liverpool they were going to build him a new road between Liverpool and Manchester, and the Secretary of the R.R.A. will shortly have to enter Mr. Cook's record over the new road. He concluded his speech by hoping we shall go on breaking records over better roads in future.

In the next item—the presentation of the Record Shields—we were unfortunately not represented, although Haslam received the Liverpool-Edinburgh Shield on behalf of Mather.

“THE RECORD BREAKERS” was proposed by J. Burden Barnes in a very interesting speech dealing with both past and present performances. Replies by S. F. Edge and J. W. Rossiter were also deservedly very well received. Rossiter suggested that the present day records were more the result of organisation than personal achievements, which is undoubtedly going too far in his desire to admit the benefit of good road surfaces and good organisation.

“THE CHAIRMAN” was proposed by G. H. Stancer who described Bidlake as the supreme leader of cycling opinion and the most treasured possession of the cycling world.

During the evening we were excellently entertained by musical items, etc., the programme for which had been arranged by Mentor Mott, a member of the North Road Club, whom many of us will remember accompanied Van Hoooydonk when he came to Halewood to give us his Lantern Lecture.

The Menu Card was a very cleverly worded parody on a Race Card, with its schedule, times and directions, etc., for an attempt to lower the unpaced Triennial Dinner, etc. (Unfortunately the considerations of space do not permit our reprinting this here.—ED.)

* * * * *

RUNS.

Halewood, 5th February, 1927.

The weather clerk served out one of his stickiest samples of weather for this run, which was distinctly unfortunate since here were shown Lantern Views illustrating the appearance and habits of the Early Anfielders.

However, in spite of the wind and the wet, heroes plugged through from all the surrounding districts, and even from Liverpool, to keep the fixture. Probably A. G. Walters, from Salop, had the hardest row to hoe, but he accomplished his long and lonely ride manfully. We were glad too, to see R. T. Rudd who hasn't been to a Club run for several aeons.

The tea was well up to the high Halewood standard, only more so, and soon we drifted into the auditorium and took up points of vantage in a solid phalanx round the fire. Mr. Smith, a friend of several members, had come out specially to work the lantern, and the results were highly satisfactory.

We were first shown a series of views of the French Battlefield, kindly arranged and produced by another friend, Mr. Taylor. These were both interesting and uncommon, though a bit gruesome, for here we saw the ruined trenches after bombardment, a destroyed Zeppelin, and a crashed aeroplane, a “forest” consisting of a few blackened and splintered stumps, “No man's land” with its twisted and torn wire entanglements, and in almost every picture a profusion of “Morts Francais” and “Cadavres Allemands.”

“Any more for any more?”

Then we came to the Show proper, and we had pre-historic peeps at the Early Anfielders in their Haunts—chiefly in Wild Wales, and wild yells were raised as bye-gone heroes were recognised—especially "Fisher's brother," whoever that was.

Buckley kindly undertook the role of guide, and equipped with a household broom, endeavoured to point out who was who, on Charlie Conway's slides.

Then we had some of the Presider's slides, and Oliver Cooper showed us what Liverpool was like before it looks as it does now.

The end came with a hearty vote of thanks to Messrs. Smith and Taylor who had gone to so much trouble to entertain us.

By this time most of those present had collected an ample supply of cold feet, and we stamped hard on our pedals on the homeward journey to restore the circulation. Fortunately the rain had cleared, though the roads were still "a bit damp under the trees."

Allostock, 5th February, 1927

It invariably falls to my lot to report a run which is more in the nature of an aquatic festival than a cycle ride. Needless to say this occasion was no exception to the usual rule, and the outward journey was performed through a steady downpour. Our destination reached, however, our troubles seemed to be over and a large fire was soon surrounded by a crowd of wet and hungry Anfielders. Several of our regular attenders had been lured away by a tea fight and lantern lecture at some place known as "Alewood" (Query—was the Ale the real attraction). Amongst those missing for this reason being the Mullah, Bert Green, and the V-P.

A slight sensation was caused by our latest new member insisting on undressing, but fortunately tea was ready before matters had gone too far. The meal was satisfactory and to the accompaniment of sizzling shoes in front of the aforementioned large fire, it was eaten with zest. The collection taken, the lower house—Jones, Moorby, and Hancock—held session in the kitchen, whilst the Lords—Morton, Jee, Wilf Orrell, Buckley Junior, and the sub-captain—discussed the affairs of nations in the parlour.

We had with us on this run a prospective new recruit, Ridgway, who may be regarded, as far as the Manchester men are concerned as the first fruits of the amendment to the rule passed at the last General Meeting. May he be the first of many.

The party left the Greyhounds about 8 o'clock, but sounds of merriment might have been heard proceeding from the Swan at Bucklow until a much later hour. However, all "Barrels" reached home for the night, which in the light of recent happenings must be regarded as a creditable performance.

Pulford, 12th February, 1927.

An Impression of Ye Pulford Run by "Cymro."

Having received a "Royal Command" from the "King of Scribes" to write an account of the Club run to Pulford, I had better start with
 "Cymru am Byth"
 as my orders were, "Let Wales uplift her voice." I might say that I heard a new war-cry before leaving—"Gwlad y Gan," and that was a "Liverpool Cry," viz.,

"Give it to Dixie."

Perhaps some of the readers of our *Circular* will know to whom or to what it refers.

I was very sorry I did not see Tommy Royden on starting from Wrexham, as I could have saved him from some of the buffeting by the crowd that he fell in with on coming into Wrexham on the last occasion.

I might say I got to Pulford by Walsall methods, arriving at the "Gros Venor" at 5-20 p.m., my first sight on docking was a Ven(er)able(s) motorist improving the shining hour by car polishing, mat shaking, etc., etc. Going into the Dining room I found "four earlies" anxiously awaiting 6 p.m. In fact "one" was so impatient that when 6-2 p.m. came, I was afraid he would not stay for the Roast Beef, etc., but, he was a ready trencherman when a few seconds later, the "Proprietrix" asked if we were ready.

A "Deryn Bach" told me that some of the early arrivals were due to some notices in some of the tram cars in the Liverpool or Wallasey district stating that the "Match was Scratched."

At the commencement of operations there were seventeen around the Festive Board. About five minutes later, E. Edwards and W. Band made their appearance. From the appearance of the said nineteen after about half-an-hour's exercise I think they were all jolly well satisfied, and some made a rush for the early doors.

I was resigned to going back *solus* when a voice from the rear called, "Are you going to Wrexham, look you." The voice was that of our Presider, and he took care that I did not fall off before reaching the City of "Cwru Da."

I was sorry to see him going on alone into the night, but I presume he rather likes it. So endeth my impression.

Bollington, 12th February, 1927.

We arrived early at the Swan with Two Nicks to find the "Barrels" already in possession, and as usual playing a Bagatelle match. We were very pleased to see A. N. Rawlinson who had got up from his death-bed, so as not to miss a Club run. He also had a wonderful return to form and brought off some very good fluke shots.

There was about eighteen sat down to tea which was right up to the usual excellent standard for this run. We were very pleased to see A. Davies, "Mullah" (per cycle), Russ and Ridgway, a prospective member, but, to use an Irishism, we were sorry to see so many notable absentees. Some regular Bollington attenders seem to have forgotten the way there.

The sub. who came very late and left very early, has been very busy preparing the Alternative Easter trip, we having decided on the Warwickshire-North-Cotswolds tour.

After the early birds had left we settled down for the evening with the Landlord and the Ex-Policeman who told us stories that make us doubt the words of Sir W. S. Gilbert that, "A policeman's lot is not a happy one."

It was not until Mrs. Plant called time that those with homes to go to decided to try and find them, while the "Barrels" settled down to week-end. So ended another very enjoyable run.

Sankey, 19th February, 1927.

We were beginning to think that the "Chapel House" had taken a firm place as one of our favourite houses, being convenient for the Manchester members, not too inconvenient for the rest, and the food and attention first-rate. The small attendance at this run (25 for a "joint") was therefore disappointing. The cause did not lie in the day which was fine, mild, and dry, at any rate in the afternoon, though a slight drizzle

was experienced returning in the evening, and so must be looked for in some other direction. Probably it will be found in the prevailing epidemic of "flu" and colds, for several present had tales to tell of a day or two spent in bed recently. The absentees were pretty equally divided between Manchester and Liverpool, and the young and not so young. It may be deduced that many years of cycling have made the older members tough for they were well represented, a few of those present, whose names recur so frequently in the chronicles of these runs, being Teddy Edwards, Bert Green, "The Mullah," the Treasurer, Grimmy, Cody, and the evergreen and active Tommy Royden. The President, bound on the first stage of a ride to London to attend a R.R.A. meeting, on Monday, dined early and pushed off on his first lap of forty odd miles to Stone.

The meal was up to the usual high standard attained at this house, and when pipes were lighted there was a tendency to gravitate in groups round the fire, the conversation becoming both particular and general and touching upon the usual amazing variety of topics, e.g., a house which gives wonderful value in tea—2d. for a pint; the circumstances attending, and the cause of, a breakage in the steering tube of the Treasurer's machine on the way; his return walk of four or five miles with a broken machine, and his re-start and arrival in time on a fresh one; the cleaning of gas lamp reflectors, etc., etc.

All too soon, singly and in parties, the company broke up to take to the road again. The present scribe formed one of a small party piloted by Knipe, who left the high road at the "Black Horse" and dived into devious lanes which led us ultimately to Hough Green and so on to Gateacre. With a short stop for refreshments at the "Brook House"—which, well-known though it be is not the house to us that the "Nag's Head" or the "Shrewsbury Arms" are—we reached the stage safely and so home, after a pleasant but quite ordinary day.

Tarporley, 26th February, 1927.

The weather forecast was "Mild. Rain at times" and it was perfectly correct. Some were lucky in avoiding "times" and the President never had his cape on, but two at least were unlucky and gave it best. O. Teen having a cold on him thought it best not to risk hanging about in damp clothes and turned back, while F. Jones did ditto, although we fancy he had had enough of Grimmy's back wheel! Nevertheless, we had the excellent muster of 33, although when the toscin sounded we looked like being a very small but select party as so many were late. We certainly were in posh company as the 'unt was in the neighbourhood and most of us had had to thread our way through 'orses and 'ounds while Colonel Thingamybob was refreshing himself at the Swan and seemed to have been riding without either cape or mudguards.

The Mullah was out for his first long ride since his operation and, like Mr. Brittling, saw it through very pluckily, although complaining of some lack of speed. Then, too, Tommy Mandall made a welcome reappearance as a cyclist and Hans, Jimmy and Winnie will have to look to their laurels. And Welfare was out again after a rather serious accident to one of his eyes, while Lord Birkenhead had apparently emulated Sir Boyle Roche's famous bird, for George Newall had distinctly told us he was going to hob-nob with L.B. in his native city of the future. The palm for long distance went to Rowatt, although we did not see his bicycle, but we do know H. Austin had been round by Wrexham and Wem, which must have made his total mileage well over the century, and Bailey got out on his *trike* and "You" Taylor came from "Shay," so it could not have been a bad day after all. We were

glad to welcome our new members, Hancock, Nevitt, del Banco and our prospective Ridgway, while the rest included such regular juveniles as Knipe, Royden, Lucas, Green, Ven, Edwards, etc., etc. Altogether it was a very merry tea party with the laughter and *joie de vivre* agreeably added to when finally "Quite" Rawlinson and Moorby blew in. Then in due course the crowd moved to the yard to disperse in different directions. Cook, Kettle and Buckley departed to week-end at Fluffyville and were disappointed at having no Shropshire members to escort them. We understand they had a brilliant star light ride, particularly over Prees Heath and on Sunday only had 20 miles of rain in their ride to Nantwich, via Eccleshall and Woore, but we Wirralites were not so well favoured and we don't know how the Liverpolitans and Mancunians fared; but really the rain was not of the Wet Variety and Doctors are now preaching the gospel of exposure to wind and rain as a preventative against 'flu and all such ills and the last Saturday of February Fill Dyke was an ideal day for this purpose.

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ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

FORMED MARCH 1879

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

MONTHLY CIRCULAR.

Vol. XXIII.

No. 254.

FIXTURES FOR APRIL, 1927.

	Tea at 6-0 p.m.	Light up at
April 2 Northop (Red Lion)		7-44 p.m.
„ 9 Tarporley (Swan)		7-56 p.m.
„ 11 Committee Meeting, 7 p.m. (Angel Hotel, Dale Street, Liverpool).		
„ 15/18 EASTER TOUR—Bettws-y-Coed (Glan Aber)		
„ 23 Northwich (Crown and Anchor)		9-19 p.m.
„ 30 First 50 Miles Handicap		9-30 p.m.
May 7 Highwayside (Travellers' Rest)		9-47 p.m.

ALTERNATIVE FIXTURES FOR MANCHESTER MEMBERS :

	Tea at 5-30 p.m.	
April 2 Nantwich (Lamb)		7-44 p.m.
	Full Moon ... 17th inst.	

The address of the Hon. Treasurer, R. L. Knipe, is 108 Moscow Drive, Stonecroft, Liverpool, but Subscriptions (25/-; under 21, 15/-; under 18, 5/-; Honorary, a minimum of 10/-) and Donations (unlimited) to the Prize Fund, can most conveniently be paid into ANY Branch of the Bank of Liverpool & Martins Ltd., to the credit of the Anfield Bicycle Club at the Tue Brook Branch.

COMMITTEE NOTES.

4 THE LAUND,

WALLASEY, CHESHIRE.

NEW MEMBER.—Mr. I. D. Ridgway has been elected to Full Membership.

EASTER TOUR.—Accommodation has been reserved at the Glan Aber Hotel, Bettws-y-Coed, at a charge of 12/- per day (dinner, single bed, and breakfast), and 10/6 for those who "double-up." If it is your intention to join in the Tour, please let me have your name and the day on which you intend to arrive at Bettws immediately.

Day runs have been arranged as follows :

Friday ...	Beaumaris (Bulkeley Arms).
Saturday	Criccieth (George).
Sunday ...	Tan-y-Bwlch (Oakeley Arms).
Monday	Denbigh (Bull).

Lunch, 1-30 p.m. each day.

Mr. H. Poole has been appointed Timekeeper for the Club Races during 1927.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS.—J. C. Robinson, Craigland, Irby, Cheshire. I repeat the following on account of a slight error:—E. Parry, c/o. Messrs. Neuffer & Wagner, Tylovo Namesti I., Prague II., Czecho-Slovakia.

H. W. POWELL,

Hon. General Secretary.

RACING NOTES.

We open the racing season with a "50," on April 30th. Entries for this event must reach me not later than Saturday, April 23rd.

W. H. KETTLE,

Captain and Hon. Racing Sec.

ALTERNATIVE EASTER TOUR.

The alternative Easter Tour has been arranged as follows:—

Friday lunch ...	Woore.
Friday night ...	Coleshill.
Saturday lunch ...	Evesham.
Saturday night ...	Moreton in the Marsh.
Sunday lunch ...	Wellesbourne Hastings.
Sunday night ...	Coleshill.
Monday lunch ...	Newport.

There is still room for one or two more to take part. Names should be sent to R.J.A. at once.

TREASURY NOTES.

The Treasurer will be glad if all those who intend paying their Subs. during the season of Lent—and there must be quite a large number—will kindly pay in through the Bank and not to his home address, as he is going into retirement until Easter.

Receipts will not be available until his return to mundane affairs.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

It was stated in our last edition that Harley (of ours) was present at the Annual Meeting of the R.R.A., under the colours of the Essex Roads Club. E.W.H. has since written, informing us, that he attended as a real live, and enthusiastic representative of the Wigan Wheelers Club. Will he please accept our apologies?

Several of our greatest authors have deferred sending in their copy until the latest possible moment, which means that the Editor, Compositor, Printer, and Postman have all to work overtime (at the same rate of pay) in order to get the *Circular* into the hands of the rank and file on our usual publication date. No charge is made for receiving articles, or runs, two or even three weeks before we print. See to it Scribes, that we have your matter as soon as possible, or even sooner. Please.

It has been said that the *Circular* has not enough "PEP" in it. Perhaps it hasn't. Will those who think it has not, kindly send in their "peppy" efforts. But mind you they must not have been in cold store. Only original "PEPS" will be considered.

EDUCATIONAL NOTES.

The English of our contributors is far below the quality required for Fleet Street journalism. For example, who ever heard of a push-bike being called a "bicycle." Bicycle! Bah! Yet in this very issue the word "bicycle" is impressed upon our souls by one whose identity we shall not disclose. It is high time Anfielders took a lesson in English.

The other day we set Cook (Yes, *the* Mr. W. P. Cook) a simple piece of dictation, taken from a child's Primer, in order to test his knowledge of the English Language, and this is what he returned for correction.

"The Ladds of the village Fell into the Poole or Lake in the Park where they had gone to Rowatt great speed. So Wild were they and Eggar to get out that Swift as a Hinde they made for the Banks and thence to a Wood. The sun Shone and was Bright, but cold were they and Green with slime. Kinder by far than the biting wind was "W.E. Cotter hoose" Lustly sung to Buck them up and rival the strains of a Band which was near. Their faces were Long and some were Seedy, but that singing Kettle (such pleasant sound) enabled the Cook to hand them some tea. Fawcetts of undies handied around—some to the Finn and some to the Skinn(i)er; a cloth Carpenter to Taylor more clothes—the iNevitable Bill, Read(c) with affright, and home in an Austin, thank heaven—all right."

We are mortified, words fail us.

THE MOTOCRAT.

I AM HE: goggled and unashamed. Furred also am I, stop-watched and horse-powerful. Millions admit my sway—on both sides of the road. The Plutocrat has money; I have motors. The Democrat has the rates; so have I—two—one for use and one for the Police Courts. The Autocrat is dead, but—I increase and multiply. I have taken his place.

I blow my horn and the people scatter. I stand still and everything trembles. I move and kill dogs. I skid and chickens die. I pass swiftly from place to place, and horses bolt in dust storms which cover the land. I make the dust storms. For I am Omnipotent; I make everything. I make dust, I make smell, I make noise. And I go forward, and pass through or over almost everything. "Over or Through" is my motto.

The roads were made for me; years ago they were made. Wise rulers saw me coming and made roads. Now that I am come, they go on making roads—making them up. For I break things. Roads I break and Rules of the Road. Statutory limits were made for me. I break them. I break the dull silence of the country. Sometimes I break down, and thousands flock round me, so that I dislocate the traffic. But I *am* the Traffic.

I am I and She is She—the rest get out of the way. Truly, the hand which rules the motor rocks the world.

ITEMS.

One of our contemporaries, very much given to the use of split infinitives, and frequently insisting that the word "bicycle" requires a prefix to make its meaning clear *a la* the *Daily Mail* with its egregious

"Push Bike." is often hard pressed to maintain its point of view, and from one recent single issue we find the following elegant words used: Pedal bicycle, Pedal machine, Push cyclist, Pedal cycle, Leg propelled two-wheeler, bicycle (pedal), Simple bicycle, and pedal propelled two-wheeler! 'Tis very funny.

* * * * *

Beardwood has taken on a new line in handling the Italian "Tabucchi" tubular tyres in this country with our old friend Bamford managing the business. We understand that the English team in last year's worlds championship found that English tubulars would not stand up to the rough Italian roads and changed over to the Tabucchi with entirely satisfactory results. The Presider has acquired a pair of No. 1 Silks for the side wheels of his basinettes and they certainly look the goods, while having the merit of costing less than half our prices. Being light and fast they would probably be ideal for 50's and doubtless in their heavier form would be excellent and economical for training and ordinary riding. If you are interested communicate with P.C.B. *Verb. Sap.*

* * * * *

On the grounds that *Palman qui meruit ferat*; we think it only right that credit should be given to Hotine for the very valuable services he has rendered to us in so excellently producing the last two circulars. His modesty inspired him to act as Editor *pro tem*, anonymously, and he blue pencilled all references to the matter. Yet it is no use disguising the fact that the bombshell thrown at the January Committee Meeting created a hole in which the Club would have been buried, if Hotine had not come to the rescue and lifted us out to give us the essential time required to find a new Editor.

* * * * *

Now that there is an Anfield Shield for the Edinburgh—Liverpool Trike record, who will be the first Anfielder to obtain possession of it from Dr. Wesley?

* * * * *

The Presider has received a very delightful letter from Turvey reporting his complete settlement and happiness in his new sphere, but making it quite clear that in his exile he misses the A.B.C. very much. He writes, *inter alia*, "Ackworth to Manchester is only 46 miles—tho' of course good 'uns—so once the year gets a little more advanced, you can expect to see me smashing through to a club run anytime . . . I am hoping to join either the Bettws or Cotswold Easter Tour . . . I very much hope to get down for Whit Monday, but cannot say yet."

* * * * *

We are sorry to learn from Brother Hubert that Frank Roskell is suffering a breakdown in health and has had to go to a Sanatorium for three months. The Doctors are quite confident of a complete recovery and for this he has our united best wishes.

* * * * *

The Century Road Club have blossomed out with a very posh *Gazette*, besides which our *Circular* looks very small potatoes. It is edited by our popular friend Draisey, which means that the job is well done, and we wish the new baby in cycling club literature every success.

We were recently "intreeged," as Anita Loos would say, in articles headed "Brighter Motoring," in the Liverpool papers. As far as we could make out, the idea seemed to be to follow paint marks on the road between Two Mills (Welsh road crossing) and Sandiway (Blue Cap), by a route guaranteed to contain no mountains or water splashes, through delightful but unknown scenery, with the reward of cans of oil for those who did not get lost! How splendid! Why don't we try "Brighter Cycling," with a Sunday School treat to Sanghall Massie and presentation of valve rubbers to those who arrive at Zero!

* * * * *

The following "Personal" recently appeared in the *Times*:—
"Gentleman desires accommodation with quiet, homely, country folk, preferably living miles away from anywhere, where he can peacefully pursue the growing of a beard. Very good terms paid during transition period.—Write Box Q,632, *The Times*, E.C.4."

Can this be the way Everbright sought sanctuary while cultivating his latest crop of face fungus?

* * * * *

We learn, from the *Liverpool Post*, that a certain Mr. J. E. Palmer, of Andover, has been experimenting with what might be termed an "Aerocycle," and playing round with an "aerial oar, a cigar shaped gas containers, and an aluminium frame, resembling that of a cycle, upon which he will seat himself." (Ugh!) Personally, we would prefer to see A.G.B. lighten the modern lightweight so much, that it would be lighter than air. *Et voila.*

* * * * *

Since going to press we learn with regret that Bob Knipe has got into the hands of the Medical Students to undergo an operation, has already been dragged into a Nursing Home, and was due to be carved on Saturday, the 26th March. Ere this reaches our members we are certain that he will be on the high road to recovery, and will soon return to our midst, a new and rejuvenated youngster. He has our best wishes for a speedy and complete recovery, and we sincerely hope that good health will soon be his.

* * * * *

In a letter to the Treasurer, from Canada, Eric Bolton wishes to be remembered to all old friends. After hibernating for several months, he hopes soon to commence fishing, as the nearest sport approaching to his old love "Road Racing." Those who fail to see the likeness have evidently never spent a day checking at Shawbirch, in a "24."

* * * * *

ADVERTISEMENT SUPPLEMENT.

CYCLES. CYCLES. CYCLES.

SOMETHING ABSOLUTELY NEW.

THE LITTLE HANDLE-BAR SPRING.

NO MORE ACCIDENTS. NO MORE STOLEN CYCLES.

All our bicycles are fitted with the Little Handle-Bar Spring, which, when pressed, causes the machine to fall into 114 pieces.

Anyone can press the spring, but it takes an expert three months to rebuild it, thus trebling the life of a bicycle.

We are offering this marvellous invention at the absurd price of

50 GUINEAS. CASH DOWN.

or 98 weekly instalments of 1 guinea (special reductions to company promoters and men with large families).

We can't afford to do it for less, because when once you have bought one you will never want another.

ADVICE TO PURCHASERS.

Don't lose your head when the machine runs away with you down the hill; simply press the spring.

Don't wait for your rich uncle to die; just send him one of our cycles.

Don't lock your cycle up at night; merely press the spring.

Don't be misled by other firms who say that their machines will also fall to pieces; they are only trying to sell their cycles; we want to sell YOU.

NOTE.—We can also fit this marvellous Little Spring to perambulators, bath-chairs and bathing machines.

We append below some out of our million testimonials, the other 999,998 are expected every post.

July, 1926.

DEAR SIRS,

I bought one of your cycles in May, 1895, and it is still as good as when I received it. I attribute this solely to the Little Handle-Bar Spring which I pressed as soon as I received the machine.

P.S.—What do you charge for rebuilding a cycle?

August, 1926.

GENTLEMEN,

Last month I started to ride to Chester on one of your cycles. When descending Pyans' Hill, I lost control of the machine, but I simply pressed the spring, and now I feel that I cannot say enough about your bicycle. I shall never ride any other again.

P.S.—I should very much like to meet the inventor of the "Little Handle-Bar Spring."

All Communications, Enquiries, Orders, etc., to—

BCM/YDLX

LONDON.

NOTE.—All repairs undertaken on our own gas-stove.

R U N S .

Halewood, 5th March, 1927.

The weather in the earlier part of the afternoon was not too good, but it improved as time went on and I was able to get in 1½ hours riding without using my cape or getting wet.

Arriving at Halewood, I was just in time to get in the President's "Round," which looked like being a small one until the Train Party arrived. They came (almost) in hundreds and at one time it looked very doubtful whether W.P.C. would have any brass left with which to go on to Acton Bridge (his destination for the night).

The Tea was of the usual high order, and, downstairs at anyrate, everybody appeared to enjoy themselves immensely. As there was no train between 7-35 and 9-30, the train party had to leave earlier than usual, and the downstairs party had a verse of the "Halewood Anthem," with a view to getting down the "Upstairites" for a few

minutes together before leaving. The ruse was successful, but the time spent together was all too short, and the Railway Coy. will have to be approached before next winter with a view to getting the 8-30 renewed.

In spite of this handicap, a very jolly evening was spent, the last crowd leaving about 9-30.

I have no official figures and I did not see all the Upstairs Party, but there was a good muster. Among them were E. Bright, over on a flying visit and with him an old member (now Honorary) of the Club, J. C. Robinson, who joined in 1880. Needless to say we are always delighted to see such old friends.

I left the crowd at the door of the Derby Arms and had a quiet ride home, enlivened on the last hill by a very inebriated gentleman offering me a Meat Pie and a bottle of Bass. I declined the former politely, but grasped the latter firmly—and so home. Altogether, a most successful day.

Northwich, 5th March, 1927.

In response to exhortations and revilements the younger members appear to be training secretly. Mr. Green, a well-known member from Manchester, notorious by reason of his late starts on club runs, and the terrific speed he attains and maintains on the outward journey, sighted certain riders at Altrincham. Drawing on his great muscular reserve, Mr. Green pounded along in their wake, presumably with the intention of overtaking them. "Imagine my astonishment" (Mr. Green's own words), "when I realized I was losing ground, and my chagrin when they disappeared in the distance."

Though a halt was called en route, for the customary dish of tea, nevertheless these riders arrived at the "Crown and Anchor" some minutes before Mr. Green, to find the assembled company in an atmosphere of profound gloom. The cause of this depression could be traced to Mr. Buckley, whom wet weather always affects adversely.

An excellent tea was soon disposed of, and lighting our pipes, cigarettes, or cigars, each according to his taste, we settled down to enjoy several musical items provided by the house free of charge.

As the rain continued, we decided to make a move homewards. Upon reaching the "Swan," we were accosted by a gentleman carrying a jug, who was so indiscreet as to ask Mr. Buckley for some water. The outcome can be better imagined than described; words poured from Mr. Buckley's mouth like air from a pricked balloon. A precis of his reply would probably read, "There's plenty of water outside."

After a short stay, we resumed our homeward journey in fine weather.

Daresbury, 12th March, 1927.

The promise held forth by a bright sunny morning, of a nice afternoon, did not altogether materialise. Still, although rather cold, the afternoon did manage to remain fine, with a North-East wind offering a fast passage to Chester, and the prospect of somewhat harder going from there to Daresbury. Not that the wind was blowing very hard, but a wind with any East in it doesn't need to blow very hard to make its presence felt. Nevertheless, thirty nine of us managed to struggle out or be blown out, according to where we came from, and, the big lodge room being taboo on account of lack of warmth, the accommodation of the two small rooms was taxed to the limit. Yea, even to overflowing. (Biblical).

'Twas said that at about 5-30 p.m. Banks had been seen flashing past Daresbury towards Chester, and it was wondered, idly enough, whether he would take the wind into account in deciding his turning point. Now, to a man like "Videlex," who can work out all sorts of intricate calculations, dragging in "x's" and "y's" and those funny little "o's" as easily as though he'd invented the lot of 'em, such a question should present no difficulty at all. But he must have mislaid one or two "x's," or perhaps a couple of "those damn dots" got out of place, because he didn't turn up until we'd all got well set at the table. Between ourselves, I suspect, not the absence of an "x" or two, or even a couple of dots, but the unwelcome presence of the "human factor," with its nasty habit of cropping up just when it is not wanted. Oh! I know it. Anyway, he wasn't the last to arrive. Oh! no. Bailey, Powell and Ho Ti Ne (who does *not* hail from Shanghai) came in soon after, and were relegated to the billiard room as the only available place. And, later still, when the furious clashing of knives and forks had died away, three more belated Anfielders staggered in: H. Austin, Dickman and Selkirk. Pleading that they had not left Chester until 5-15, they eventually admitted under cross-examination, that, only with the utmost reluctance had they dragged themselves away from a free tea which they had wangled in Chester (I know where, but I don't intend to say). And then they sat down and had another tea. But they had to pay for that one. During tea, Bob Knipe carried out his annual collection of shillings, for what *he* says is a Grand National Sweepstake. The general impression seemed to be that you pay your bob and either hear no more about it, or, are notified that you've drawn a horse, but that its had to be shot. Despite unfavourable statements, however, the market displayed no weakness.

Shortly after 7, the exodus began. The Presider, I think, was the only week-ender. The only one that I know of, anyway. As to his destination, the only clue I can give you is that he went off with Ladds. From which information, if you have acquired the art of deduction, you will probably conclude, as I do, that he was bound for somewhere, either in Cheshire or Shropshire. Bright moonlight conduced to a pleasant ride home. The night, like the afternoon, being fine but rather cold. Altogether, an enjoyable run.

Wrexham, 19th March, 1927.

The weather being all that could be desired, I set out early to see what there was to see. For me, however, this run consisted mainly of a large dose of W. E. Taylor. There appear to be three ways of attending a club run—by road, by train, and via the tea shops with Taylor. I met him at Willaston, and we drank tea at Two Mills. By slow progression we gradually attained Eaton Park, rather than rode there, where we fell in with Long, Perkins, and Bailey, who, with me, were induced to swill more tea at Iron Bridge.

Bailey, by the way must have heard that maxim—Try-cycle before you Buy-cycle—for he was again sitting on a duplicated rear. Another thing, if Bailey is bailee, is the trike a bailment, and if so, who is bailor? I refer the question to the Committee. Leaving Iron Bridge, it soon became apparent that tea does not agree with Taylor, for his antics were varied and peculiar. Twice did he try to smash up the trike, several times did he try to smash his own forks, and in Wrexham he seemed to want to smash anything and everything. At 5-50, The Talbot, in Wrexham, had an animated appearance. Consternation ruled. Arrangements were Not According to Plan. A hitch had occurred. The Boniface was (or said he was) under the impression

that we were not due until the following week, and invited us to seek elsewhere. Had he seen Taylor on the Chester road he might have been justified in that belief, but as he did not, we assume there was another explanation. This again is a question for the Committee.

Bob Knipe was there with the aid of a stick. Roberts had walked to the run; Kettle seemed a little frayed, but above all stood Johnnie Band, supremely happy, contentedly passing the news to all new-comers and perhaps finding in the Presider's absence at Alderley a reason for all disasters, past, present, and to come. It was obvious that the only man who could adequately deal with such a situation was Cook. As he was not there, and could therefore do nothing, the club split up into foraging parties, each making for a place it considered most likely to provide a meal at short notice.

I found myself in a party of eight bound for Ruabon, including A. E. Walters and Pugh. Taylor was still with us, and by riding down a drain he buckled his front wheel. This he put right later by some operation peculiar to himself.

The Inn at Ruabon provided a fair feed, following which, Taylor and Bailey made for Llanarmon for the week-end; Walters and Pugh left for Shrewsbury; the remainder returning to Birkenhead.

Alderley Edge, 19th March, 1927.

A beautiful warm afternoon, with sunshine and dry roads, was our lot on this the third Saturday in March, and it was with added zest that we pursued the pedals to the "Trafford," where an overflowing attendance of members and friends was anticipated. For, was this not our last musical evening and smoker before our riders give their "numbers" on the road instead of to crowded houses?

Evidently so, for Hubert Roskell and Skinner were seen bowling along, and we heard on arrival that the Presider had been sighted in the vicinity. Thus, at 5-30, about 25 of us sat down to fortify ourselves for the business of the evening.

The proceedings opened with the customary collection, followed by a pianoforte piece by a gentleman procured regardless of expense by R. J. Austin.

Our own artistes were conspicuously absent and it fell to the visitors to entertain us with songs and selections on the violin. Grimmy was next called upon and he left his post in the jug department, to render one or two items, which were applauded with cries of "Beer! Beer!" The Mullah then took the boards and proved himself as excellent as of old, whilst his words of wisdom created a profound impression upon several of the company to whom they were new. With this "number" the talent was practically exhausted, and Buckley was in the act of calling upon the Presider for his famous song and dance (hitherto given only in private), when the door opened and Jack Austin and Mr. Foy entered. The success of the evening was then assured. Each gave repeatedly of his best, an outstanding item being Austin's personally conducted tour through the Underworld of London after dark.

The Club is fortunate in possessing so many friends who are pleased and willing to entertain us, and the Presider expressed in a few fitting words our thanks for their help in carrying out the programme. The party broke up at about 10-15, and it only remains to record that several week-ended on the spot, whilst the rest of us took advantage of the following wind to assist us on our respective ways.

Acton Bridge, 26th March, 1927.

We live and learn. Just fancy anyone cycling for pleasure nowadays, when propulsive power can be purchased from purple pumps by pale petrolists! Of course I know by the newspapers that "push bikes" are ridden by errand boys and those on the verge of impecuniosity, but surely the Anfield Bicycle Club no longer exists, thought I to myself until I met my old friend, Mr. Ven Ables, who offered to disabuse my mind by taking me to The House of Plenty. Naturally, I accepted this offer on the grounds that seeing is believing, and I must say the phenomena exhibited to my amazement was most exhilarating. Notwithstanding the exceedingly wet weather we overtook several cyclists, whom Mr. Ven Ables informed me were Anfielders, and I was particularly interested in a youth with leather lungs and about 70 years of age, who, I was told, was Mr. Roy Den; and another sprightly lad with long hair and many badges said to be the Pooch Bah of the cycling world, President of the Club and several other organisations as well as a member of the Mustard Club and A.O.F.B. Arrived at the Leigh Arms we first encountered Mr. Buckley, Vice-President, and Mr. Kettle, the Captain, busily engaged in ablutions, a thing we never indulged in during my cycling days and seemed quite unnecessary on such a wet day. I overheard Mr. Buckley tell the Presider that they were fools for cycling on such a day, but that was, of course, only said in the Pickwickian sense, for they both laughed and immediately adjourned to engage in Frothblowing. Following in their footsteps we crowded into a room that was like a tramcar in that there was always room for one more even though straps were not provided. Among the crowd of lusty youths I noticed a disciple of Sir Robert Bathing-Towel, to whom I was introduced as Mr. Orrell, a great advocate of "shorts" as a cure for baggy knees. I was also introduced to a Mr. Mullins, a multi-record breaker, and gathered that he was now in training for some obscure Sunnyside to Bettos record. I asked to be introduced to the Editor, but was told that Editors were most elusive persons, and that I could only be shown one Rara Avis who had escaped from the cage after a few months confinement, and I gathered that this name was Wet, like the weather. I was particularly anxious to meet Mr. Knipe, who has ridden 406½ miles in 24 hours (much more than I have ever driven in my car), but learned, with great regret, that he was in a nursing home undergoing an operation for Thrombosis, and I am sure all his fellow members will be wishing him a speedy and complete recovery. Naturally, with such a crowd all talking at once, there was plenty of noise, but this was nothing to the outburst of cheering that broke out when Mr. Turvey arrived. Mr. Turvey had "smashed through" from Pontefract and must have had a very strenuous ride over the Pennines, battling against wind and snow, but he seemed wonderfully fit. Then came the magic words "Tea," and in two rooms the crowd of 31 were soon busy with the Barmecide Feast, and I was delighted to see the evident enjoyment of youth satisfying appetite after exercise, while the fun was fast and furious. The only other motorist present was Mr. Tedwards, so it is plain that neither cycling nor the Anfield is dead, and I am greatly indebted to Mr. Ven Ables for giving me the opportunity of bringing my knowledge up-to-date even at the price of having to contribute this article. I was informed that the President and Mr. Turvey were week-ending at Nantwich by a circuitous route, while a party of four, including two known as the Heavenly Twins or Gee and Ann, went to a village near Tarporley to act as checkers of a record attempt in the early hours of Sunday morning. Fortunately, the evening turned out brilliantly fine and no doubt all the cyclists got home as comfortably as I did.—A Visiter.

T. A. TELFORD, Editor.

ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

FORMED MARCH 1879

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

MONTHLY CIRCULAR.

Vol. XXII.

No. 255.

FIXTURES FOR MAY, 1927.

TEA AT 6-0 p.m.

Light up at

May 7	Highwayside (Travellers' Rest)	9-47 p.m.
„ 9	Committee Meeting, 7-0 p.m. (Angel Hotel, Dale Street, Liverpool).	
„ 14	Second 50 Miles Handicap	9-58 p.m.
„ 21	Little Budworth (Red Lion)	10-9 p.m.
„ 28	Bickerton (Red Lion)	10-18 p.m.
June 4,6	Whitsuntide—Invitation "100"	10-30 p.m.
	Saturday 4th—Prees Heath (The Raven)	
	Week-end—Shrewsbury (Lion).	
	Full Moon ... 16th inst.	

The address of the Hon. Treasurer, R. L. Knipe, is 108 Moscow Drive, Stoneycroft, Liverpool, but Subscriptions (25/-; under 21, 15/-; under 18, 5/-; Honorary, a minimum of 10/-) and Donations (unlimited) to the Prize Fund, can most conveniently be paid into ANY Branch of the Bank of Liverpool & Martins Ltd., to the credit of the Anfield Bicycle Club at the Tue Brook Branch.

COMMITTEE NOTES.

4 THE LAUND,

WALLASEY, CHESHIRE.

APPLICATION FOR MEMBERSHIP.—Mr. Joseph Sydney Jonas, of No. 9 Caerwys Grove, Higher Tramere, Birkenhead; proposed by Mr. A. Dickman, seconded by Mr. W. T. Venables.

WHITSUNTIDE.—It is most important that I should be advised **immediately** if you intend to stay at the Lion Hotel, as the accommodation is being rapidly booked up, and beds can only be guaranteed for those who notify me **AT ONCE**. The tariff is 12/6 a day (excluding Lunch), and the beds have to be booked not later than May 14th.

I have a few copies of the Roads Records Association Year Book for sale; the price is 1/-; if any Member would like a copy I shall be pleased to supply same.

H. W. POWELL,

Hon. General Secretary.

RACING NOTES.—2nd "50," 14th May.

Entries for this Event must reach me not later than Saturday, 7th May. The 1st "50" was not as well supported as it might have been, and we hope to see our young racing members, who for various reasons were unable to ride in the 1st "50," competing in the future events.

Invitation "100," 6th June.

I shall require about 50 helpers to carry out the duties of checking, marshalling, and feeding, etc. The amount of time I shall be able to devote to Club business during the next few months will be very limited. Members will lighten our work considerably by coming forward with offers of assistance for any of the above duties. The Event will be run under the same conditions as last year, selections will be on merit. Members wishing to compete must let me have their names not later than 11th May.

Manchester Wheelers' Open "50," 18th June.

Will members desirous of competing in this Event please book the date. With the talent in the Club it should be possible to send a strong team, and see if we cannot repeat the successes we obtained in "Opens" two or three years ago.

W. H. KETTLE,

Captain and Hon. Racing Sec.

TREASURY NOTES.

The Treasurer's Note in our last issue asking his numerous friends (unpaid) to suspend further payments of Subs. to his home address was obeyed with wonderful alacrity and unanimity.

His further request that such Subs. should be paid in through the Bank, was (somehow) not met with the same hearty response. In fact, not to put too fine a point on it, the flow was dammed (two m's, Mr. Printer, please) at the source.

Now, however, the Treasurer has resumed business at the Old Stand, where the *largest* contributions will be thankfully received, and he, therefore, hopes that his numerous friends (unpaid) will accept this, *not* the only intimation.

ITEMS.

"Wayfarer" has been looking at his map again, and in a most interesting article, "Further Afield," leads us to hope he may drop in on us at a Club Run like he did at Tattenhall last year; but we still do not think much of his arithmetic, when he writes: "If the 100 figure still tries to frighten you, change it into these terms: Morning 33, afternoon 33, evening 33 . . . it is an arbitrary division of the century." So arbitrary that it is not a century at all!

* * * * *

Li-Cohen-Price has had to postpone his furlough until next year, and then "threatens" us with a visit of six months. We accept the threat. We can stand it if Li can. Indeed, we are quite looking forward to having our fixtures being aroused from the even tenor of their way, and if only the Baron de Fulton would come along too, things would indeed hum.

An old member of the N.R., in the April *Gazette*, gives the following sound advice to the newer members. "One cannot disregard the fact that on present day Club runs a lot of time is wasted in washing. Why is this? A man who stops to wash cannot be sure of a good place at the tea-table, so why not cut it out? What is the good of washing, anyway? Why not give it a rest for one day at least?" Evidently a man after our President's own heart! But what can we expect when one of our V.P.'s and the Skipper set such a bad example!

* * * * *

The Cyclists' Touring Club has recently acquired its own building for Headquarters, which will be officially opened in June; and next year celebrates its Jubilee. To mark these two events the Liverpool D.A., under the Presidency of our President, is raising a fund of about £100 to present a handsome chiming Hall Clock. Liverpool has always played a prominent part in C.T.C. affairs and the Anfield has led this activity from the very early days when Lawrence Fletcher, as Chief Consul for North Wales, initiated our Annual Easter pilgrimage to the Glan Aber, Bettws-y-Coed. If you are members of the C.T.C. and reside in the area of the Liverpool D.A. you will have received the special circular sent out over the names of W. P. Cook and Percy Brazendale, and we hope you have responded. If not, DO IT NOW. But if you are a member living outside the area or even a non-member who appreciates the good work the C.T.C. is doing under the Secretaryship of Stancer, and would like to see this Presentation Fund a real Anfield success, so that visitors to Headquarters will be greeted by a worthy token inscribed as having been donated by cyclists associated with Liverpool, this Item is to inform you that the President will more than welcome any donations you can spare, and will send you a very fine autograph receipt. So far he has received donations ranging from 10 guineas to half-a-crown, so there is plenty of scope within these limits; and from experience gained in raising money for the Cyclists' Prisoners of War Fund and the Cyclists' War Memorial, we know that £100 takes a lot of collecting and calls for the extreme generosity of those whom the gods have favoured. *Verb. Sap.*, likewise, *Bis dat qui cito dat*. Amounts given will not be disclosed—so don't hesitate. Big or Little.

* * * * *

The F.O.T.C. Summer Meet has been fixed for Sunday, June 26th, at the "Talbot," Ripley, and the President-elect is J. S. Smith (81 and still going strong), who in the middle eighties figured prominently on the track with Mrs. J. S., on both Tandem and Sociable tricycles. In this connection, J. S. Whatton, the old Cambridge University crack who won the 5 miles N.C.U. Championship in 1882, has presented a Challenge Trophy to be awarded each year to the Old Timer who cycles the longest distance to the Meet, and the Committee are now busy arranging the conditions to be complied with. Personally, we think this reversion of venue to South of the Thames is a mistake and detrimental to support from Northern Provincials; but with this early notification of date we hope the Anfield will not be without a fair representation.

* * * * *

At the recent A.G.M. of the Cheshire B.B., at Sanghall Massie, the self elected President announced that a similar organisation had been formed on the Liverpool side of the Mersey, with meetings on Thursday nights, at the Greyhound, Knotty Ash, and it was decided to send a delegate to one of the meetings with friendly greetings. Of course, with the Tyrant in the chair and generally bossing things, there could be only one delegate chosen, and that was Bill (himself) who smashed

through to the Greyhound, on April 7th, and found the *entente cordiale* entirely satisfactory. Apparently Winnie and his tandem partner, Mr. Mines, were both in the chair after a short ride *via* Doll-with-Ellen and Pen-mack-know, while among those present were A. P. James (ignoring Ethel's advertisements in the *Echo* agony column), Colonel Cody and T. E. Mandail. All these super-cyclists were riding the lightest of lightweights, so scientifically constructed (*à la* "Wayfarer" and "Videlex"), that they were to all intents and purposes invulnerable. Colonel Cody was very free in his criticisms of Bill's Ferryandback speed iron, but Bill got away from them while they were lighting their lamps and dropped them hopelessly on the trek home. All the same it was a delightful evening (a bit sloppy under the trees), and a reciprocal visit to Saughall Massie will probably ensue.

* * * * *

In an account of a Warwickshire Road Club "25," *Sport and Play* says "only one failed to answer his name to the timekeeper, Mr. H. Pritchard." Can this be *our* Mr. Pritchard? And has he taken to scrapping again?

* * * * *

If anyone wants a lady-back tandem there is a splendid opportunity to secure a bargain afforded by W. R. Oppenheimer, who is willing to sell his Chater-Lea cross frame just as it stands for 35 shillings! Of course it would require rebushing, but the frame, cranks, pedals, hubs, chains, etc., are all quite sound, and this Raleigh pattern of frame has for a long time been unobtainable from Chater-Lea's, and the expenditure of a few pounds would make it into a rare good machine. Anyone interested should communicate with Jones and Wright, Central Garage, Llanrwst.

* * * * *

Early in April, there appeared in the *Liverpool Daily Post* a dissertation on "Cycling," entitled "Cycling." In conclusion it was said, *inter alia*, "Should the cyclist aspire to speed, then the records of the Anfield B.C., or the Road Records Association, will be the height of ambition." Evidently the writer has heard rumours of Chandler's Hong Kong to Singapore tricycle record, or perhaps the President's weekly Wednesday night wander round Wirral has left him flabbergasted.

* * * * *

We were all extremely sorry to hear of G. B. Orrell's unfortunate fall in the Etna "50," although he does not appear to be much the worse for it now. However, try again next year, Bren, and may better luck favour you.

* * * * *

In the past, the A.B.C. has produced several master-minds, and evidently she still does so. From *Cycling*, of the 22nd of April, we learn that our own "Widelegs" has won £5 (five pounds), for the inspiration that Messrs. Bertrand & Co.'s machines should be christened the "Bertrand." Congratulations!

* * * * *

Freddie del Strother is taking his holidays in July, and of course going on a Cycling Tour. He would be delighted to have one or two Anfielders to pilot, and if anyone wants a real novel tour with a splendid companion who can save you lots of expense with his knowledge of the lingo, please communicate with him. The proposed tour is from Paris, eastward to the Battlefields, Vosges Mountains, Alsace, Lorraine, Luxemburg, and back to Paris.

To avoid all risks of misunderstanding, there will be no Owl's Banquet at Shrewsbury, on Whit Monday, but for those who are staying overnight, there will be Dinner at the George and all are welcome.

* * * * *

We are pleased to announce that the Right Honourable Treasurer is now back at his home address after his holiday, feeling "full of beans," and is tottering about at the rate of one m.p.h. with the aid of a stick, which he hopes to discard very shortly. Meanwhile, his average speed increases daily at the rate of about $\frac{1}{2}$ m.p.h. per day (more or less), and before long (not Jimmie) we hope to see him out at our fixtures, with a bloom on his face like a June rose.

LOST AND FOUND.

Lost by someone, and found reclining on the Editor's speed iron, at the Northop run on April 2nd, after everyone's departure—A pair of gent.'s spattees (Cyclospat style) with genuine manilla trimmings. The fine weather having now arrived, and the Editor having no further use for same (not the weather), he would like to restore them to their rightful owner. Applicants must be of good character, and must enclose copies of two recent testimonials. Don't all write at once.

CORRESPONDENCE.

(The Editor does not accept responsibility for the opinions expressed, neither does he necessarily agree with them.)

SIR,

To me who has watched with pride the growth of the *Circular* to its present size, it can but be with a sense of loss that I contemplate its present quality. I mourn for its atmosphere. No longer is it literature; no longer does it contain those beautiful phrases, the products of easy flowing pens to which we were once accustomed.

The *Circular* has lost its position as an artistic authority. Where the writers once copied the pure virginal style of W. M. Robinson (the author of "Ixion or the Man on the Wheel"), now, because some people seek to show that Robinson did not discover the Road to Ireland, as was generally supposed, the writers have deserted that style, and emulate the vulgar prose of George Bernard Shaw.

Let us return to the former state, a state of high esteem, of fame, of honour, of respect; let the *Circular* again take its place with the great publications. Purge out the spirit of Levity—infuse the spirit of Art. Let us be Literary, yea, brother piecans, Literary.

Yours respectfully,

J. C. BAND.

FAWCETT'S BISCUITS.

How did Robinson and Banks tour on ten shillings per diem?

FAWCETT'S BISCUITS.

HARD AS STEEL. DURABLE AS GRANITE.

(Adv.)

R U N S .

Northop, 2nd April, 1927.

Consumed with a sort of Spring wanderlust, and having the morning to play with, I left Woodside for Northop, at the chilly hour of 4-10 a.m., much to the astonishment of the Ferry people who found they had to ferry me across in solitary state. Few seem to appreciate the many advantages of an early start. You can be assured, for example, that neither the President, Johnny Baud, nor Taylor (Wet) will overtake you. The motoring fraternity have not yet launched their daily hate. The birds greet you with some of their most captivating trills and pipings, and however disgruntled you may feel, you cannot but be "gay and jocund" when the sun tops the horizon and sets the countryside aglow with its warm beams. There are a few disadvantages, but they are trifling. There is the irksome business of getting up in the middle of the night. Strong drink and square meals are unprocurable, but, with a little ingenuity, the claims of the inner man can be quite sumptuously met, notwithstanding the sniffs of the square-mealers.

The first faint sign of dawn appeared as I sped shivering down Evans Hill, and the sun showed its welcome appearance just before reaching Mold. The country between Mold and Bodfari was white with frost, and presented a very wintry aspect, but as the morning advanced, the fresh greens of the hills were revived. The cold, however, was intense, and I had to resort to a spell of brisk walking to revive numbed limbs. It was my desire to visit that enchanted spot in Wales that has cast a spell over so many Anfielders and lures them there year after year at Eastertide. My way lay through Denbigh and thence *via* the "Sportsman." Just before dropping to Pentre, I was rewarded with some magnificent views of the snow covered mountains. Bettws I found serene and lovely, and her adored "Glauber" all spic and span awaiting the day when the famous "Black Riders" will come swarming thirstily over the hills to greet her. Proceeding *via* Llanrwst I pushed on to Llanfair T.H. for lunch. Thereafter, I had heavy rain and an aggressive wind, and my route *via* St. Asaph and Holywell was somewhat sluggish, but I managed to win through to Northop with five minutes in hand to find a select little party of "Evergreens" already gathered at the Red Lion. As tea proceeded, there were a few late arrivals and eventually I think we mustered some 20 or so. We were provided with a very enjoyable meal, and the comfortable arm chairs near the fire were quickly snapped up by the lucky ones. We were all glad to learn how well Knipe is progressing, and we hope that before many weeks have passed he will be restored to us in full cycling trim.

Nantwich, 2nd April, 1927.

Leaving home late, I overtook "Our Mr. Morton," and arrived at Stretford on time, to find half the flotilla delayed through cross currents.

However, just as we were about to give them up as lost, they came came to the surface and stopped to recharge their air tanks. After this necessary operation, we again submerged and proceeded at full speed toward Nantwich, although sadly hampered by adverse wind and tide.

On arriving at Middlewich, we came in out of the wet for fuel and rest.

A dear old lady who attended to our wants, said that she hoped to see a lot of other nice gentlemen from Manchester at Easter (she couldn't see me); and it was all for the best that she was deaf; as if she had heard the others clamouring for somebody's blood she would not have called them nice gentlemen.

Leaving Middlewich we plunged steadily on once more toward Nantwich, and finally got into dry dock.

After getting out of our diving suits we went upstairs and found "the assembled company in an atmosphere of profound gloom." (For reason of this see last month's account of the Northwich run.)

Our efforts to disperse the gloom met with small success, as did those to discover the person or persons responsible for fixing such a long run for a 5-30 tea.

In the end, Hubert prevailed on us to stop questioning his father as they had to go home together. However, we got downstairs in time to let our Manchester President who seemed to have dried out, wish us a hearty "Good Night."

We stayed a few minutes to count our pennies and finding we might be able to stand the strain, decided not to go home.

Leaving the Lamb, we dashed wildly through the swirling water to higher ground, accompanied by Albert Davies and a following wind.

On reaching the Ancient Briton, we docked for the night, and after wishing Albert "God speed" on his way into the unknown, we repaired to the thieves' kitchen, where we met the Whitstables and a tin whistle, who, with a little encouragement, gave us a musical entertainment, including selections from the G. and S. operas. Thus with music and song dawned another day.

Tarporley, 9th April, 1927.

(Space forbids us to publish two "write-ups" of the same run, so we must apologise to the other author for consigning a ream of paper to the W.P.B.—ED.)

DEAR MR. EDITOR,

I do not know whether you have collected your "copy" for the Tarporley run, but whether you have or not, I think the following rather interesting. It just shows how small is this world, and how those so-called curious coincidences prove it. While on a journey down South, I visited a lady, who, knowing my cycling mania—she laughingly called it—handed to me a letter that subsequently I obtained permission to retain, and with which I might please myself what I did. This is how it reads:—

MY DEAREST —,

I intended to push ahead on Saturday and not break my journey until I got to Newport. This is not the Newport you will think of, but the Newport in Shropshire. Well, that was my intention, but during the day it simply poured with rain, and, coming round by one place I ran into floods over the axles. I thought the mag. would go on strike, and that decided me, so I stopped some miles on after more floods, at a place called Tarporley. Quite a nice hotel there, the Swan. I ordered a meal and had not been there very long when quite a hubbub arose. I thought at first it must be people coming back from the races. They have steeplechasing here. It is quite a hunting place, and there is a great hunt room upstairs in this hotel—but the girl told me it was a cycling party. Heavens! Cycling! I was not sure whether the girl was joking or not, because it was still raining frightfully hard, not fit for a dog to be out, but she assured me these cyclists didn't mind the weather at all. Well I was astonished, for later I counted about thirty sitting down enjoying their meal. I don't know whether my meal was as tasty as theirs, but somehow I did not seem to get through my food like they did theirs. The girl put me into the same room

with them, but so that I might have some privacy she placed a screen across. I think I rather would liked to have joined them. It isn't much fun eating by oneself. As I crossed the hall I saw one of the cyclists dash up the stairs in his stocking feet. I think he went to change his stockings, judging by the succession of wet footprints he left. I learnt later, from the conversation, that his name was Grimmy. Really the conversation over the meal was to me most extraordinary and quite funny. This Grimmy appeared to be a Peter Pan who was going to "set examples to young ones in fifties," whatever that may mean. Then, there was one who protested he hadn't got wet at all. He seemed to be the old man of the party, but also a Peter Pan double-dyed. Some had come all the way from Liverpool, and some as far as from Manchester. A "mullar"—a pet name probably, was asking what flowers another would like, as according to all the rules he should be dead, making a complete S in front of a car. Looking out of the corner of my eye round the screen, one man kept bobbing up, and seemed to be more busy watching what everyone else was doing instead of eating. I thought he was the man who had the paying of the bill, and was checking the eating, but I learnt he was the man calling the roll. Nobody appeared to pay any bill, and a young chap made a forced collection later. I was so interested that I determined to see the thing through, and whether they intended to stay the night. I expected they would all make for the railway station, but would you believe it, the old chap I mentioned, actually went off to Newport with another of the party. Just fancy, my original destination, and here I was stopping at Tarporley with my car. They all crowded out of the dining-room, laughing and chatting, went outside to their bicycles and started off in the pouring rain, all as happy as Larry. Later on I went up to my room, thinking of a happy day we once had bicycling. Do you remember when . . .

What follows, does not concern us, but having attended this run, I can only add that actually 29 turned up, which considering the day, pleased Mrs. Hayes, but then she does not know the Anfield fetish: come rain, hail, snow, etc. Among the Peter Pans was Tommy Royden, and as usual the weather had not damped his ardour. Of course Manchester was well represented with—but why mention names (to be honest I forget)—but we would liked to have had the V.P. As a matter of fact, I just forget all who were there. I simply remember riding through the pouring rain, saying unprintable things, very bad-tempered, and with dismal feelings, all of which were dispelled by the cheery gathering at the Swan. The ride home was once more through rain, but what did I care. I had had more enjoyment than going to the pictures, as the wife suggested. Perhaps I have learned of W.M.R. how to get away.

Yours, etc.,

A BLACK ANFIELDER.

EASTER TOURS - April 14th/18th, 1927.

BETTWS-Y-COED.

There can be no doubt that our annual gathering for Easter, at the Glan Aber, has lost none of its appeal, for notwithstanding the official alternative to the Cotswolds and the unofficial alternative to Sussex, there were the names of 36 members and 7 friends to inscribe in the

visitors' book, as compared with 40 and 5 respectively last year, or only a net decrease of two, while 5 more members and one friend participated by joining us at Denbigh on the Monday. It is true there were only 23 cyclists altogether, but some of these had put in some sterling riding, to wit, Bailey, Welfare, Rothwell and Perkins—and Tommy Royden was a shining example to several much younger men who were lolling in cars, and to others who "gave up cycling" long before they reached Tommy's age! Again we were favoured with "glorious weather," and the general consensus of opinion was that it was the happiest party that has ever been gathered together. Dave Fell will tell you that Thursday was so very wet in the morning that it delayed his start till noon, and that it was so wet the last few miles that he got drenched and had to borrow stockings on arrival, but motor cyclists notoriously ride on the wrong side of the road, and the Presider on his tricycle did not have to put the hood up. There were 14 members and five friends down on Thursday: Turnor, Ven, Morris, Cook, Sunter, Williams, Rowatt, W. Orrell, Davies, C. J. Conway, Fell, G. and A. Newall, Hubert Roskell and Messrs. Andrews, Peltor, Workman, Chilcott and Hannay—which is more than we have had for several years; and after a pilgrimage to the Pont-y-Pair to see one of the Presider's fellow Frothblowers, and taking soundings in Chapel and Tank we all retired early and in good order.

Good Friday.

At breakfast, we found Bailey had ridden through the night so as to go on the trip to Beaumaris, and they allowed Turnor to go in Ven's car, as he still has to go warily with his cycling. Davies and Orrell were again mountaineering, but with the help of Teddy Edwards' party from Dolgarn and Skinner's party from Colwyn Bay, we mustered 21 at the Bulkeley Arms for an excellent lunch. The cyclists had a very cushy ride, under ideal conditions, and foregathered with Hubert and Chilly at Bangor en route, but they were rather saddened to see the way the scenery is being improved out of existence, by the Swallow Falls, entering Capel Curig (where an embankment is being built to iron out a corner), and at the top of the Nant Francon. This is the price we pay for so-called progress. Thank God, the delightful road from Menai Bridge to Beaumaris is as yet left "unimproved." After visits to the Castle and "Front," the return journey, with a stop at Tyn-y-Coed, was equally easy and enjoyable. With the arrival of Royden, three Bands, Green, Beardwood, and "Spango" of the Bath Road, we were then 26 in residence at the Glan Aber.

Saturday.

With Mercer arriving for breakfast and Skinner soon afterwards, we looked like having nearly 30 at Criccieth, but unfortunately, Skinner's car lost a split pin or something and he was forced to play The Goat at Beddgelert, while the three Bands got no further than Plas Colwyn. The six cyclists had a fine time, although Tommy Royden dropped them up to Pen-y-gwryd, and at Criccieth, they were reinforced by Welfare, who had started in the middle of the night, so could sing, "We are Seven." After lunch, the Castle was thoroughly explored and several photos taken, while on the return journey, eleven partook of afternoon tea at Plas Colwyn to fortify the cyclists for climbing the Gwynant in orthodox fashion. Arrived back at Bettws we found Perkins had arrived and also Billy Owen and Mawr Conway.

Sunday.

With Turnor feeling able to cycle again, there were nine cyclists for Tan-y-bwlch, the Bands again going off on their own, but after an easy ride and finding the road from Pont Aberglastyn to Penrhyn-dendraeth much improved, we arrived at the Oakeley Arms, to be greeted by Rothwell, who had been touring on his own, searching unsuccessfully for the ten-bob-a-day tourists, Swearfairer and Widelegs. Again we mustered just over 20 for lunch and everything was most satisfactory. The ten cyclists returned via Tan-y-grisiau and the Gardinan Pass, which the motoring fraternity have now kindly rechristened "Crimea," and just above Roman Bridge, Tommy Royden scored the only puncture of the tour. A stop at Dolwyddelan for afternoon tea and a visit to the Fairy Glen for "Spango's" benefit, completed a really excellent ride and we found our forces strengthened by the arrival of Frank Wood (acting as demonstrating agent of the A.O.F.B.), Edmunds and A.T.S., and Brother Walter, while during the evening the ten-bob-a-day tourists, who had been reported by Ven as sitting by the kitchen fire at Plas Colwyn preparing themselves to "climb" Llanberis Pass, kept their promise and paid a State visit to the Chapel where we helped to keep their expenses down by regaling them with some of Charlie Conway's chocolate! The Simpsons came as *liaison* officers from the Master's Unofficial Sussex tour, and we were delighted to learn how well it was progressing as far as it had gone. Thus, as usual, Sunday evening saw the party at its zenith, although Fell had had to return on Saturday, and Sunter, Williams, and Mr. Peltor on Sunday, and Perkins had to leave at 11-0 p.m. to ride home through the night.

Monday.

For the first time in many years there was no splitting off of the Manchester contingent, and the dozen cyclists and Ven and Brother-in-law, all made for Denbigh for lunch, via Llanfairtalhaiarn, Bryn-y-pin Pass and St. Asaph, which was voted an excellent route. Outside St. Asaph, H. Austin and Long waylaid us and told us how auspiciously the alternative Cotswold tour had really started at Woore on Good Friday, while at Denbigh we were joined by Lucas, Dickman, Lord Birkenhead and younger brother, and del Banco, but there were no signs of the Rhydtalag C.C. After an excellent lunch and photographs in the garden, Dickman, Austin, Welfare and Long went off to Llandegla; Beardwood and "Spango" made for Bala with another day's freedom, and the Bands made for Northop for tea, and were seen no more. Green, Rothwell and the Smiths made off home through Chester, and the rest of us paced (*a la* the Duke of Plaza Torro) Turnor as far as Mold, where a little afternoon tea party at the Black Lion was really the final break up of the tour. Bailey went straight home, but Lucas, Royden, del Banco and Cook stopped at Willaston for tea, and were joined by Burgess on the final lap. *Selah!*

Easter Eggs.

Although the indisposition of Mr. Chilcott on the Saturday evening, when he had to retire after doing one "turn," was most unfortunate, our other artistes, full of sympathy, overworked themselves and we had three most enjoyable musical evenings. Mr. Workman not only accompanied in his usual masterly fashion, but rendered several solos most delightfully, and we were also charmed with pianoforte solos by George Band. Mr. Chilcott gave us many excellent humorous items, including "PUMP," which he gave at the Old Timers' Dinner, and

both Mr. Andrews and George Newall were in tip-top form and excellent voice. Turnor and Rothwell both recited and W. Orrell and Mr. Williams (C.T.C. visitor) helped to make Sunday evening's service the most successful, and Auld Lang Syne was sung with great fervour. Through A.T.S. not arriving till Sunday, he enjoyed a busman's holiday, and we all regretted that Brother Walter, not fully recovered from a recent operation and with a very relaxed throat, could not oblige us as he always does so willingly and acceptably.

Teddie Edwards and Oliver Cooper, staying at Capel Curig, both joined us for dinner on Sunday evening and Edwards also attended the Saturday night's service in the Chapel.

On our arrival at Bettws we were greeted by a postcard addressed to Monsieur Le President, as follows:—

Easter, 1927.

"The TEN-BOB-A-DAY Cycle Tourists will POSITIVELY APPEAR at BETTWS-Y-COED ON SUNDAY EVENING.

"Book your seats Early for this STUPENDOUS ATTRACTION. No Increase in Prices. Free List suspended."

This "warning" was posted in the Chapel and only one member failed to understand the joke.

Robbie and Widelegs duly appeared most opportunely when we were applauding a song of George Newall's, but as they had had nothing to eat for hours, had "climbed" Llanberis and still had their quarters to find, they could not stay long. We were, however, privileged to see the "Skedule," and, Oh! Horrors! "Aberystwyth" was incorrectly spelt!!

A telegram reading "Greetings to all at Bettws from Anfield Cotswold Tourists," was received on Saturday, from Evesham, and heartily reciprocated in a telegram on Sunday to Coleshill.

Frank Roskell wrote to the Presider: "Best of wishes to yourself and the dear old club for a jolly good Easter and many thanks to so many old friends for their kind enquiries and sympathy in my illness."

Freddie del Strother wrote: "Instead of my annual postcard, I am this year sending you a letter in order to wish you and all the boys the usual glorious time at Bettws . . . I wish I could be with you as in the days of old."

Postcards signed by all present were sent to our invalids Knipe and Frank Roskell, and no doubt gave them some mental exercise in deciphering.

Mark Haslam was at Capel Curig and has definitely joined the Walking Captains. He could of course have had Anfield company at Bettws for we are a most versatile Club, and our climbers are not to be sneezed at; but he told our scout that he "had given up cycling." How is it done?

Mr. "Spango" undoubtedly enjoyed himself, and we are hoping he will send us some "copy."

Nevitt was touring in the Yorkshire Dales; Wild and Jonas in Mid Wales; and doubtless several others elsewhere; which only goes to show that two official tours are not enough.

But where was the Editor?

(EDITORIAL NOTE.—*We had thought of "blue-pencilling" the above remark, but changed our minds. The Editor did not appear, as he was booked for an important Domino Championship, and incidentally the roads at Easter are too crowded for hard worked and scarce Editors to risk their lives upon.*)

In the absence of Captain, Sub-Captains, and Hon. Sec. at Bettws, Bailey was unanimously appointed Skipper and did his work admirably until Long relieved him of his perquisites at Denbigh. The Presider fully supplied with documents by Powell, acted as Hon. Sec., and all the arrangements worked smoothly. It was fine to see the way Tom Conway tackled the job of collecting for the staff, in the same masterly fashion as he used to do umpteen years ago.

Young Ryalls, who pilots the O.G. round Wirral on Wednesday evenings, was in Bettws on Sunday night, with his cousin, on a "Wayfarer" planned tour, and they got through the four days "doing themselves well" on Six Bob a day—but of course wayside lunches and cocoa for supper appeal more to youth than to old age, unless you have a cheap stomach!

The following "copy" sent to the Presider, is Mr. Spinks account of his Easter Tour with us:—

I must thank you personally, and the Anfield members generally, for the very fine time I had in Wales this Easter. But to tell the truth, the few days were so packed with enjoyable sensations, that I have not yet been able to sort them out properly.

With such wonderful country, such beautiful weather, such matchless Hosts, the holiday was perfect.

Hard at times, no doubt, but my misfortune in being just a mere Southron, and therefore not inured to your more robust methods, must take the blame. However, mixing like this, one can always learn something. I am sure no one in this latitude would have thought of that great help in climbing long steep ascents, but smoking a strong, foul pipe and blowing great clouds of smoke like a locomotive, must be very helpful. I must confess it has not helped me any yet, but no doubt practice is needed.

The tours were great, much of the Country being new to me, such as Crickieth and the Lledr Valley, and I am glad the party that climbed to the Castle Ruins at the former place, included myself, as, it is doubtful if the opportunity will present itself again, for when Peter Pan and his gang of expert noise makers had finished their attack on the "Men of Harlech," I noticed some bad fissures in the fabric.

It is no doubt very bad form for a visitor to criticise any little weaknesses of his Hosts, but strictly between ourselves, it gave me great pain to see so many good Sports wearing the Anfield Button and flying around in Stink Carts, ay, even seducing Percy from the path of virtue. Do these gents never blush when they meet such an exemplar of the

correct Anfield traditions as your good self, or the Mullah, or P. Par. I speak feelingly, for if all those Sports will only come to the Anfield "100" on pushers, there is just a possibility—a poor one at that—of my giving one of them a view of my back wheel.

Well, well, there was always the Tank where the haughtiest Cyclist could forget and forgive, for the nonce, the peccadilloes of those poor fish who pedal not. And the Concerts! They were great, too. Although I remember the sweet singers, my memory boggles at names, but *not* at Joe's. Whenever he took the floor and opened his jovial face, one was always sure of getting both ears full of the best.

And after the Concert, the Tank! Ah! Them was the times!!

Yes, it will take me some time to get all my sensations into the correct perspective.

Hoping to see you all again at Shrewsbury, at Whitsun, and with all good wishes to the Boys,

Yours Sincerely,

SPANGO.

THE COTSWOLDS—ALTERNATIVE TOUR.

During the Club's long history, it has become, not merely an annual custom, but almost a solemn preordained destiny, that the Easter gathering should be held in North Wales, and at Bettws-y-Coed in particular. Early in the present century, a matter of twenty-one or two years ago, the custom was broken, and a couple of Easters were happily spent with the Lion, at Shrewsbury, as headquarters; and those portions of South Shropshire and adjoining districts were explored, that are hardly accessible at Whitsuntide, with the short time available then.

This year again appeared a demand on the part of some of the younger and more active cycling members for fresh ground and pastures new. There was not, and is not, the slightest opposition to Bettws being the principal Club gathering, but it is perfectly natural that many of the younger members anxious to tour, wish to explore new districts, and to strike fresh fields. With this in view, an excellent route was mapped out in Warwickshire and the Cotswold country, and R. J. Austin undertook to make hotel and feeding arrangements, which proved admirable and satisfactory to the last degree. The very best thanks of all those who took part are due to the Manchester Sub-Captain. Although everyone seemed to be tipping a fine Easter, when the present writer left home, about 2-30 on the Thursday afternoon, conditions could hardly have been called pleasant. A driving wind and drizzle, a dark sky, and very wet roads, looked very unpromising for the week-end.

Between Chelford and Holmes Chapel, however, things improved greatly. Dry roads were struck, the rain had passed, and cape and spats were taken off, not to be unpacked again throughout the whole trip. While tea was being taken at Nantwich, a short, quick, heavy shower of hail and rain came down, but dry conditions again prevailed within half-a-mile of the Shrewbridge. A call was made at the "Briton" to dodge another storm and to wait for other members of the party. While the rain was coming down, Ridgeway arrived, also having ridden through, and also having had tea in Nantwich. A few minutes later he was followed by R. J. Austin, Morton, and Buckley Junior, these three having taken an evening train from Manchester to Crewe, after business hours, and riding from there. The rain having passed off, the party, now five in number, made for Loppington via Whitechurch.

About a mile before Tilstock, Morton punctured on some loose stones, the repair causing some little delay. Here we were greeted and interviewed by one of our new Whitechurch members who happened to be passing. Loppington was eventually reached about 10 o'clock; the usual hearty welcome and excellent supper both awaiting us. While the chicken was being carved, Moorby blew in, having had a hard ride on his own, right through from Manchester. A very jolly after-supper-hour followed and then to bed.

Good Friday.

Brilliant sunshine, dry roads, and a tail wind saw us on the road, about ten o'clock. We made the lanes via Tilley Crossing and Palms Hill to the Rock Cutting, at the bottom of which we bore left, down the old grass grown lane, over the Roden and up Booley Bank, and so on through deserted country lanes to Hodnet. Avoiding the village we took the road over the station, and, on right over the main Newport Road, to come out near the Pour Alls, and so into the outskirts of Market Drayton. Leaving the main part of the town on the left, we took the Newcastle road to Blore Heath and so to Knighton, where we were glad to answer local enquiries as to the health and welfare of the "Old Gentleman." The Swan at Woore found us a good lunch, and further company. The "Skipper," Hotine, and Urban Taylor were there to join our party for the tour. Taylor started out from "Shay" with vague ideas of Wales, and perhaps a finish at Bettws, but the fates ruled otherwise. They ordained his time at the Tarvin turn to coincide with that of the Liverpool party. That decided him. We were also delighted to welcome H. Austin, Long, Roberts, and the long-lost Randall, even if only to lunch; the lucky Anfield number of thirteen sat down, and the success of the tour was then assured. Three o'clock saw us on the road again; the four who were returning home, branched off at Knighton for Drayton and Tern Hill; the wind, which was getting stronger, and now dead behind, blew us up the Loggerheads, and then followed a splendidly easy, fast run to Ecclesall and on to Stafford. Here we struck a lot of holiday motor traffic, and outside Milford, riding in the opposite direction to us, we espied our old friend "Timber tile." After walking a short distance over Milford Chase we got going again, and quickly put Rugeley behind us. A rather nice Cafe at Lichfield gave us afternoon tea in exchange for small payment, the "archaeologists" of the party went off to survey the Cathedral, led by Rex, thus breaking up into two sections for the last fifteen miles into Coleshill. The "Skipper," riding up the hill into Coleshill, was quite properly the first of our party to be greeted by Mr. James, our host, at 8 p.m., exactly on schedule; the full crowd of nine were soon all safely installed, beds were arranged, a really excellent hot supper was served, followed up by "tank" celebrations entirely appropriate and all of the highest order.

Saturday.

Although the previous evening had been a merry one, the entire party was at breakfast ten minutes before the arranged hour, and on the road before 10 a.m. Our route lay along the main road to Stonebridge, where we turned into the lanes for Hampton-in-Arden and Knowle, pausing for ten minutes to inspect Grimshaw Hall. Then by Hockley Heath to Henley-in-Arden (where a halt of a quarter-of-an-hour was called for lubrication), and on to Alcester and the Vale of Evesham, through a wonderland of fruit trees in full bloom; truly a magnificent stretch of real English countryside.

Arriving at Evesham, our happiness overflowed to a telegram of felicitations to the party in sojourn at Bettws. May they be having as good a time.

An excellent lunch was provided at the Crown, after which we got on with it through Weston Subedge to Broadway. Here, Fairy Belle discovered an ominous bulge on his back tyre, but was fortunately able to obtain a replacement of the correct size. The climb to Snowhill was accomplished mostly on foot, and the road on the top was found easy and fairly well surfaced. By Ford, Temple Guiting, Kineton, and Barton, we sped, finally finding tea at the village inn at Naunton. During the wait, "Fairy Belle" fitted his new tyre, whilst several others found it wise to adjust brakes. We were now somewhat behind schedule, but a start was soon made *via* Harford Bridge and Upper and Lower Slaughter. It was unfortunate that time did not permit a halt in this latter village, as it certainly appeared a real Cotswold gem. We now followed the main road through Stow-in-the-Wold to our destination, the White Hart Royal, Moreton-in-the-Marsh, where we found "Ewbank" (missing since Snowhill) already in possession.

Dinner was soon attacked and at 9 p.m. Jee and Ann arrived, having smashed through from Birmingham, after working all morning and sitting in the rattler all afternoon. The meal over, we adjourned for the usual pow wow, but the house, although satisfactory, could not compare with the Coach, at Coleshill, for comfort or atmosphere, and something of the spirit of the previous evening appeared to be lacking. The Captain, Sub-Captain, and Hubert Buckley were the first to retire, and the others were not long in following.

That wonderful moonlit night of Saturday might be remembered as "Cotswolds by Moonlight." The sky, a velvet canopy, pierced with faintly gleaming stars, dimmed by the overpowering brilliance of the moon. Moreton-in-the-Marsh, with its great wide street—like most Cotswold towns and villages it is but a street—with its quaint, old-fashioned houses, its centuries old inns, and its picturesque hall, seemed all asleep. The moon lighted up some of the yellow stone cottages, and others cast into deep shadow. Not a sound disturbs the night, quiet and serene. All is peace. Heigho! To bed. May the morning be like the last.

Easter Sunday.

It was . . . We started in the slight mist of morning that promised another glorious day. We walked up through Bourton-on-the-Hill—very much on the hill too, judging by the walk—with its grey and weather beaten looking church abutting the road, and came into sunshine at the top. Instead of continuing to the Five Mile Drive, we dismounted after a short distance, and entering a wicket on the right, immediately dropped into the delightful Dovedale, a wonderful forest glade, that might have been lifted up specially from some forest country and placed here.

"With lofty trees and babbling brook,
Ferns and flowers;
And many a leafy, shady nook."

The glade opens suddenly on another delightful Cotswold village, Blockley. Here, all but ourselves seemed bent on going to church. The bells certainly were very insistent. On then we go through Board Campden to its big brother of that ilk, Chipping. And then came a steady climb. It is a little disconcerting on a hill like this to note there is 2½ miles to go, and, after another quarter-of-a-mile, to find you are

not even holding your own, but have now 3 miles to go, at least that is the sign-post's version. A fierce drop, too steep to ride comfortably, and we are in Ilmington, where we partake of a little liquid refreshment, much needed after all morning in the sun.

In Warwickshire there stands an inn.

On first nearing the situation, my thoughts ran to one of Macaulay's essays on an "Indian Governor," but I was mistaken. The name was but slightly similar. Suffice it is to say, that this inn would have made the hearts—no "innards"—of the Epicurean members of the Club (unfortunately absent), swell with—well—— Wild horses will not drag the name of this inn from me. I am not going to spoil a good thing.

After lunch, Ewbank insisted upon a photograph of the group, and by the exercise of a little patience on our part and a little ingenuity on his, he managed to snap us three times—on the one film. So well did our party do themselves that it was with the utmost difficulty that we could get started, and when we did, we simply crawled through the lanes to Warwick. We viewed the castle, the river, saw Guy's Cliff and the mill, splashed through the ford and chased the crowd at Kenilworth, and arrived at Berkswell for a cup of tea. Meriden memorial was our next stop, and on from there through the lanes past the historic and ruined priory of Maxstoke and its castle, when we came again to Coleshill, once more to the Coach, where an excellent meal awaited us and a hospitality that left nothing to be desired. And Bettws too, came through with a telegram of greeting.

Bank Holiday Monday.

Monday morning saw us up bright and early—in individually varying degrees—to tackle the 40 mile stretch to Newport and lunch. Leave was taken of our host and hostess; good-bye said to Bick, bound for Essex; and by 9-30 all were on the road.

A fresh breeze had to be faced, which fact, together with sundry mechanical adjustments and repairs, tended to scatter the party. By 1-30, however, all were again assembled at the Barley Mow, the scene of many a cursory call in the past, but on this occasion there was no necessity for speedy feeding, and the excellent meal was greatly appreciated. Vastly refreshed, we resumed the journey in leisurely fashion through Chetwynd and Hinstock, where the Liverpool section departed for Whitchurch, meeting A. E. Walters on the way; tea at a wayside cottage; Chester, and a last call at Hooton. The rest proceeding through Market Drayton to Nantwich for tea. Thereafter, an increasing bulk of traffic was encountered, and a final call was made at the "Swan" to enjoy, amongst other things a retrospect of the long week-end on the road. And it was a tour to remember. Old Sol smiled each day; weather conditions were perfect; and last but by no means least, so was the organisation. Times, distances, alternatives, were all worked out; meals and hotels arranged; no asking for your bill; no wondering what tips to give, etc., etc.; and yet at the same time, one was entirely free to do as he pleased. R.J.A. and the V-P., B., Congrats.!

RUNS.—(Continued).

Northwich, 23rd April, 1927.

Having gathered a supply of nuts sufficient to last me all winter, I curled myself up and went off to sleep. Waking up one bright and sunny morning, I heard someone remark that the "cycling season" had commenced; so having dug the *Circular* out and discovered that

the run was to Northwich. I sallied forth on the "trusty steed" (for further particulars see small handbills), but sad to relate, before arriving at the Crown and Anchor, it has lost the first "t" in the trusty and its rider was in grave danger of losing his "tea."

Did I enjoy myself, you ask? No! of course I didn't. Why? Well, for the simple reason that within two minutes of my arrival, I had been asked if I had come to give my name in for the 1st "50," and COMMANDED to write the run up.

Labouring under two such serious set-backs I wended my way to the dining room where I toyed with approximately three lbs. of roast beef and a couple of helpings of sweets. I really couldn't do myself justice, owing to the fact that Orstien, sitting on my left, watched me entranced during the whole of my performance, and Long, sitting at the receipt of Custom on my right, would persist in murmuring something about 2/8.

As to the members who were present, well, there were "thousands," and "Roberts." No one would say that he was a real live member as he appeared to be suffering from fits, during which he was heard to say that Cardiff had won the Cup. What was he talking about? I don't know, ask him yourself when you've a fortnight's holiday.

I've just received a postcard from the Editor, telling me to get a move on with my version of the Northop run, but as it is about two years since I last attended one to that delightful spot, and my recollections of what happened are a trifle blurred, I thought that I would give you this instead. You don't mind, do you? No? Thank you very much. (Say, Sonny, don't mix your drinks. We most emphatically deny asking you to write up the Northop run. "Northop" was supposed to *and does* read "Northwich" on that p.c.—Ed.)

First 50 Miles Handicap—30th April, 1927.

At a race fixture the chief topic of conversation prior to the event is the wind and weather, but on this occasion "Videlex's" dismal forecast of rain, wind and coldness hardly proved accurate, and although it was decidedly cold, the rain kept off and the Nor' Wester was not too strong.

The President was timekeeper, and despatched 12 of the small entry of 14, the two non-starters being Lusty and Randall, the last-named was on the course and accounted for his inability to ride owing to the cold, although he was observed riding about fast "to keep himself warm"—rather conflicting statements!

Orrell, starting from scratch, quickly took the lead, as is customary with him, but Welfare (5 mins.) started more quietly and at 13½ miles occupied 41 mins., while Hancock and Rothwell took 39½ mins. Orrell took 38 mins., while the remainder all clocked between 40 and 45 minutes.

At Acton Lane Corner (31½ miles), Rothwell was leading by 1 minute from Orrell and Hancock, each doing about 1.34, while Welfare (ultimately fastest) was 1½ minutes slower. Orrell punctured over the Acton—Highwayside run (as the checking times show). Rothwell lost some minutes on the rough run through the lanes to No Man's Heath, but Welfare was a minute faster than anyone else and he continued to gain strongly to the finish.

Welfare made fastest time comfortably, with a fine ride of 2.34.19. He rode very consistently and did not actually take the lead until after No Man's Heath, the second time. Rothwell showed excellent improvement, and for the first 40 miles was well in the running for fastest time. His 2.38.27 easily placed him first in the handicap. Second place fell to

Ladds, with a good time of 2.43.48 for a first effort. Welfare's fastest time was good enough to give him third by 18 seconds from Perkins. Hancock rode in his usual good form and was second fastest. The three veterans of the race, Grimshaw, Banks and Urban Taylor, were all clocked in, and showed a splendid example to the younger members. Long undoubtedly suffered from the cold, while Orrell's puncture, combined with his bad arm, due to a strong electric shock, probably lost him fastest time. Nevitt and Moorby were non-finishers. Both reached No Man's Heath (40 miles), but the former suffered a fall at Acton, while Moorby was so insidious as to pocket a bottle of tea at No Man's Heath!

The following is the result:—

					ACTUAL TIME.	HANDI- CAP.	HANDICAP TIME.
						Mins.	
1	H. Rothwell	2.38.27	17	2.21.27
2	H. Ladds	2.43.48	15	2.28.48
3	G. H. Welfare	2.34.19	5	2.29.19
4	F. Perkins	2.43.37	14	2.29.37
5	A. Hancock	2.36.42	6	2.30.42
6	A. G. Banks	2.57.23	25	2.32.23
7	J. Long	2.48.31	14	2.34.31
8	J. A. Grimshaw	2.45.18	10	2.35.18
9	G. B. Orrell	2.37.48	Scr.	2.37.48
10	U. Taylor	2.57.53	20	2.37.53

Fastest: G. H. Welfare, 2 hrs. 34 mins. 19 secs.

H. Rothwell and A. Hancock win Standard B.

H. Ladds wins Standard A.

T. A. TELFORD,

Editor.

ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

FORMED MARCH 1879

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

MONTHLY CIRCULAR.

Vol. XXII.

No. 256.

FIXTURES FOR JUNE, 1927.

		Tea at 6-0 p.m.		
June 4/6	Whitsuntide—Invitation "100"			Light up at 10-30 p.m.
	Saturday, 4th, Prees Heath (The Raven)			
	Week-end—Shrewsbury (Lion)			
.. 11	Highwayside (Travellers Rest) Photo Run			10-36 p.m.
.. 13	Committee Meeting, 7 p.m. (Angel Hotel, Dale Street, Liverpool).			
.. 18	Tattenhall (Bear and Ragged Staff)			10-40 p.m.
	Manchester Wheelers' "50."			
.. 25	Third 50 Miles Handicap			10-42 p.m.
	Alternative Week-end Ride—F.O.T.C. Rally, Ripley			
July 2/3	Malpas (Red Lion) and All Night Ride (See Committee Notes) ...			10-42 p.m.
	Full Moon ... 15th inst.			

The address of the Hon. Treasurer, R. L. Knipe, is 108 Moscow Drive, Stoneycroft, Liverpool, but Subscriptions (25/-; under 21, 15/-; under 18, 5/-; Honorary, a minimum of 10/-) and Donations (unlimited) to the Prize Fund, can most conveniently be paid into ANY Branch of the Bank of Liverpool & Martins Ltd., to the credit of the Anfield Bicycle Club at the Tue Brook Branch.

COMMITTEE NOTES.

4 THE LAUND,

WALLASEY, CHESHIRE.

NEW MEMBER.—Mr. J. S. Jonas, 9 Caerwys Grove, Higher Tranmere, Birkenhead, has been elected to Full Membership.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS.—Mr. J. E. Tomlin, 25 Oakfield Road, Davenport, Stockport.

Mr. C. J. Conway has again kindly offered to take the Club Photograph, and Highwayside, 11th June, has been fixed for the event. I hope there will be a good muster of Members to show that we do appreciate Mr. Conway's efforts on our behalf.

A letter was read from Mr. J. C. Band, complaining of the unauthorised use of his name, attached to a letter in the last *Circular*, and asking for an apology. Will members please note that Mr. Band did not write the letter and that regrets are hereby expressed.

Will members intending to take any part in the All Night Ride please advise me not later than Saturday, June 25th, so that satisfactory feeding arrangements can be made. The schedule is as follows:—

	<i>Inter- mediate M'age</i>	<i>Total Mile- age.</i>	<i>Time.</i>
Liverpool Landing Stage ...	—	—	Boat ... 3-0 p.m.
Chester	16	16	4-40 p.m.
Malpas	15	31	6-0 p.m.
<i>Tea—Red Lion.</i>			Depart 7-15 p.m.
Whitchurch	6	37	7-45 p.m.
Newport	21	58	9-30 p.m.
<i>Supper—Barley Mow</i>			Depart 11-0 p.m.
Shifnal	8½	66½	11-45 p.m.
Bridgnorth	10½	77	12-45 p.m.
Kidderminster	13¼	90¼	2-15 a.m.
Worcester	14¼	104½	3-45 a.m.
<i>Half-hour Snack</i>			Depart 4-15 a.m.
Broadway			
Knightsford Bridge } ...	14¼	118¾	5-45 a.m.
Bromyard } ...			
Leominster	12	130¾	7-30 a.m.
<i>Breakfast—Royal Oak</i>			Depart 9-0 a.m.
Kingsland	4½	135	9-30 a.m.
Mortimers Cross } ...	5½	140½	10-0 a.m.
Wigmore } ...			
Leintwardine	3½	144	10-20 a.m.
Clunbury	5½	149½	10-50 a.m.
Lydbury North } ...	13½	163	12-15 p.m.
Church Stoke } ...			
Chirbury	3	166	12.40 p.m.
<i>Lunch—Herbert Arms</i>			Depart 2-0 p.m.
Welshpool	7	173	2-40 p.m.
Oswestry	15¼	188¼	4-0 p.m.
Chirk	5¾	194	4-30 p.m.
Ruabon	5½	199½	5-0 p.m.
Wrexham	5	204½	5-30 p.m.
Pulford	6	210½	6-0 p.m.
<i>Tea—Grosvenor Arms</i>			Depart 7-30 p.m.
Chester	5	215½	8-0 p.m.
Birkenhead	16	231½	9-30 p.m.

Kindly retain the above particulars for reference, as they will not be published again.

H. W. POWELL,
Hon. General Secretary

RACING NOTES.

3rd "50," 25th June, 1927.

Entries for this event must reach me not later than Saturday, 18th June, 1927.

Invitation "24," 15th/16th July, 1927.

A large number of helpers will be required for the purposes of checking, feeding, following, etc. I shall be glad to have early offers of assistance as I shall be away on my holidays between 25th June, and 9th July. Entries, accompanied by a fee of 10/- towards the cost of feeding, must reach me not later than FRIDAY, 9th JULY.

W. H. KETTLE,

Captain and Hon. Racing Secretary.

TREASURY NOTES.

One of the Hon. Treasurer's *valued* correspondents (once per annum at 25/-), deeply moved by the very *touching* appeals in recent issues, has described in dramatic verse what he thinks must have happened as a result of these Treasury Notes:—

"Have ye heard the story told,
How the Anfield's Soul is sold?
Hearken then: 'The Moscow Drive
Is with messengers alive;
Each holds in his hand aloft
Money for this Stoney Croft.
Robert Knipe sits there in state,
Counting cash upon a plate;
While Old Martin, at Brook Tue,
Cries out: 'Stop! We're overdue.'"
Thus and thus alone is told
THAT THE ANFIELD CURSE IS GOLD."

Alas! would that this were so. Far other, however, is the true picture of Moscow Drive, which is as empty of these wealth-bearing messengers as some waste land where no one comes, or hath come since the making of the world; while the Hon. Treasurer, suffering in a double sense from restricted circulation, sits desolate by his casement, like Mariana in the Moated Grange—and looks for the postman.

"'He cometh not,' she said;
She said, 'I am aweary, aweary,
I would that I were dead.'"

It is essential for the welfare (not a capital W please) and stability of the Club that these anxieties about postmen should be relieved, and that the freedom of circulation should be restored, otherwise Old Martin may shout, "Overdrawn," not "Overdue."

If those (still) numerous friends (unpaid) will kindly signify in a proper and generous manner, your Hon. Treas. will be deeply grateful; and will begin to look forward with some hope to that extended holiday by the sea-side next month, which he is assured will do so much to restore *his* restricted circulation.

* * * * *

ITEMS.

It is quite time our record aspirants woke up to the fact that the great improvement of main trunk roads has made a "soft" lot of Place-to-Place records that were formerly classed as "thick." This particularly applies to trike records, as smooth roads mean so much to a trike; and other clubmen have realised this and got busy. Tom Hughes, Junr.,

has become the holder of our recently donated Liverpool—Edinboro' tricycle record shield with 14 hours 12 minutes, and F. Dutton-Walker has secured the J. D. Siddeley donated shield for Liverpool—London tricycle record by beating Fulton's time by 33 minutes with 12 hours 40 minutes. Who will be the first to tackle seriously the job of getting these shields for us? In a few months the bad stretch of road entering Newcastle will have entirely disappeared, and probably also the rough pieces between Daventry and Weedon—and Anfield organisation is worth something.

* * * * *

There is something in Wireless and Broadcasting after all. Quite recently, a Mr. W. L. Edwards gave a talk on "The Utility of Owls," and no doubt removed a lot of misapprehension regarding Percy Charles' organisation. This reminds us that Oliver Cooper says that with television there will be no need to come out to see our road events; but bless you, many folks don't think it necessary even now. You can get to know all you want by being on the 9-10 boat or dropping into Ridgways' at noon!

* * * * *

A correspondent in the May C.T.C. Gazette (A. R. Thomson) says there are "two ways of obtaining power on hills: (1) by adopting a backward position; (2) by adopting a forward position," but is not very clear as to which he advocates. Personally, we think the best position for obtaining power on hills is the Wayfarer *sideways* position, which enables him to "climb" the Cartway Bridgnorth, and such acclivities as Bwlch-y-groes, Bwlch-oer-drws and Llanberis Pass without a falter.

* * * * *

The Presider and Percy Brazendale desire to thank the following members of the Club who supported them in their efforts on behalf of the C.T.C. Clock Fund, for which they appealed in the last *Circular*. Their names will go down in the archives of the Club through the medium of a parchment the Presider will have the honour of presenting to the Duke of Argyll on the occasion of the opening of the new Headquarters, on June 17th: D. R. Fell, J. H. Faweett, W. E. Taylor, D. C. Rowatt, J. D. Siddeley, Lawrence Fletcher, E. Montag, W. H. Kettle, E. J. Cody, T. E. Mandall, G. H. Winstanley, E. Edwards, F. H. Koenen, C. H. Turner, F. Chandler, H. W. Powell, G. B. Mercer, G. Newall, J. C. Band, J. W. Chandler, A. Dickman, T. Royden, R. L. Knipe, W. M. Robinson, W. T. Venables, A. G. Banks, W. R. Toft, E. M. Haslam, S. J. Buck, J. E. Walker, N. M. Higham, O. T. Williams, G. H. Welfare, H. Austin, R. Edmunds, D. M. Kaye and H. S. Barratt.

* * * * *

We understand that Powell has still a number of 1927 R.R.A. Handbooks unsold, and to those who have not yet obtained their copy we would strongly advise them to do so at once, before the supply is exhausted. In addition to the lists of past and present record holders, rules, etc., a fine new series of photographs have been introduced, including, in addition to the record-breakers, several of the timekeepers. The whole booklet of forty-eight pages is admirably well compiled, and well worth the price of twelve pennies charged for it.

* * * * *

The Serious Side.

Being thoroughly optimistic, we hope, some day in the future, to see:—

Grandad wearing a cricket shirt and "shorts."

The Frail Hubert attending a run on a fairy-cycle.

* * * * *

Tommy Royden learning how to walk really fast.

* * * * *

Mr. Pritchard with bobbed hair.

* * * * *

"Swearfairer" and "Widelegs" consenting to their touring expenses being audited.

* * * * *

Dickman buying a *real* tandem.

* * * * *

Arthur Simpson getting up in the "100."

* * * * *

Mr. Mullins taking up cycling in earnest.

* * * * *

Cook going for a cycle-camping tour with Prof. G. M. Inc.

* * * * *

Robinson learning how to spell "Aberystwyth."

* * * * *

Wilf Taylor looking really happy and thoroughly miserable at one and the same time.

* * * * *

The Editor besieged by volunteers to write up Club runs.

* * * * *

Grimmy giving the younger members a chance in the Club's races.

* * * * *

re Robinson *v.* Banks.

The annexed is the reproduction of a scrap of mutilated newspaper which has come into our hands. A reward of £5 (five pounds—of marrowfat peas) is offered for the name of the newspaper responsible, to the end that the matter can be brought before the Committee of the Club and fully investigated.

TEN-SHILLINGS-A-DAY SCANDAL INVESTIGATED.

—o—

SENSATIONAL DISCLOSURES.

—o—

TWO WELL-KNOWN CYCLISTS INVOLVED.

—o—

TOURING EXPENSES PARTLY PAID OUT OF
SECRET FUND.

—o—

ARREST IMMINENT

—o—

(Special to the Daily

A scandal of the great
tude involving two prom
cyclists has been unear
Our special commissioner

STOP PRESS.

The "Hundred."—*Latest wire from the course, from our racing correspondent.*

There are persistent rumours in ecclesiastical and sporting circles that "Wayfarer*" will be present at the "100" and will take the salute at various points. Hero-worshippers and others (especially others) will greatly facilitate matters by forming themselves into orderly queues in order to prevent congestion; our eminent lecturer-litterateur being particularly anxious that the race is not interfered with more than is absolutely necessary.

*("himself" of course.—ED.)

* * * * *

FROM THE LETTER BOX.

We quote the following extract from a communication which we have received from our correspondent resident at Newport, Salop.

30th May, 1927.

TO THE EDITOR,

"SIR,—A matter of some consequence was brought to my notice over the past week-end and it is with trepidation that I place the facts before you. As you probably know, I have enjoyed close acquaintance with Mr. Cook for several years and have always had a high opinion of his cycling capabilities. Judge then my pleasure on observing his tricycle standing outside a local hostelry.

"As a preliminary to entering and placing before him substantial evidence of my appreciation of this unexpected meeting, I strolled over to the machine. The sense of pleasure had scarcely formed before it was swallowed up by doubt and fear—fear for my old friend; for strapped to his tricycle was a stout silver mounted walking-stick. I had long since dismissed as frivolous the famous prophecy, but here was something worse. Was the old gentleman actually reduced to walking all hills and to using a stick to aid his progress? For this was the conclusion which forced itself upon me. As I stood, a prey to sad thoughts, my eye caught the gleam of something concealed in his capacious bag.

"My qualms at prying into private property were cast aside and I hastily unfastened the strap. There lay a cheap, gaudily coloured rose bowl! What was I to think? My confidence was severely shaken and I shrank from the prospect of seeing him. The end at last, surely! Bewildered and baffled, I turned away . . ."

Immediately upon receipt of the above, our sleuth went out to investigate, in order to present the truth to our readers at the earliest opportunity. The explanation is quite simple. It appears that on entering Newport, the week-enders were met with sounds of revelry, and they found that Collin's Circus had descended on the town. Three of the young bloods, who arrived later, were assured by the Presider that he had been over the whole concern with a fine tooth comb and found "nothing doing." Still sceptical, however, they sallied forth shortly before midnight to the various booths and secured in a Dart Contest the articles which have occasioned our correspondent so much concern. We are given to understand that they will be added to the O.G.'s extensive collection of oddities at the Hydro.

R U N S .

Highwayside, 7th May, 1927.

"I thought this pen would arise
From the casket where it lies—
Of itself would arise and write
My ——."

(*The Iron Pen.*)

poor effort. But no. By myself, unaided and unassisted must I write an account of the Highwayside run. So here goes!

Suffice it is to say that the day dawned clear, warm and bright, and it was with a heavy heart that I turned my steps towards Liverpool—for the morning at least; but with a lighter spirit when, like a convict who has earned his pardon, I sped along the open road in the early hours of the afternoon. A brisk ride to Chester, enjoying on the way a "swim" thro' acres of wet and sticky tar which clung—rather lovingly I thought—to one's clothes and to one's machine, followed by an easy jaunt through Eaton Park—beautiful place, the trees being at their greenest and best, whilst the verdant grass looked too young and juicy for any domesticated animal to eat; more the food I thought for some wild gazelle—brought me to the Iron Bridge, where I was served by the Cafe with quite the best pot of tea I had ever tasted in my life. Ah! 'Twas nectar fit for the Gods on such a warm day. Whilst I sipped my tea, the sparrows fluttered within an arm's length and snatched, rather than took, several crumbs from off the table. Overhead, a lordly heron flew straight as an arrow, to some place known only to himself on the other side of the river and disappeared from view, amid the trees. The silvery, easy flowing and winding Dee brought back to my mind golden memories and happy hours. As "Spango" says, "Them, were the days," but as these things do not concern Anfielders I must draw the veil over what happened there, and pass on.

"Tea at Highwayside, 6 p.m.," says the *Circular*; I must be moving. A ride through Bunbury and round Beeston Castle brought me to the tea place, where the bulk of the members were already assembled.

Bob Knipe was out for the first time since his operation (that is, at a run, of course) having been motored out, and after taking all things into consideration he was certainly looking very well on it. The "others" included, Mandall, James, Schofield, two Greens, Shone, Mullar, and Rowatt, whilst I understand, J. Kinder was out for the first time this year. Teddy Edwards had been, had his tea, departed and before my arrival, and so I did not see him. To make a "precis of those present," I learned from *custos rotulorum* that in all, forty-three were present.

Tea was of the usual high order, and all retired, no doubt very well satisfied. The "heat being so hot," Sub-Captain Jimmie had an A.D.C., in the person of one of the Smiths, to help with the collection, and no doubt all worked out according to "skedule," the balance in hand being nil, and the sidesmen having to pay for their own teas as usual.

Cook departed with a bodyguard composed mainly of Salopians, for Shawbury, others leaving as and when they felt fit for active action.

The run home was certainly cooler than the ride in the afternoon, and, after Willaston had been left behind, the first quarter of the moon flooded the countryside with her silver rays, which incident caused the more romantic members of our little party of four to burst forth into song with:—

"The moon hath raised her lamp above,
To light the way to —Birkenhead."

America's greatest poet can describe in words and language far more eloquent and fluent than any of mine, the "mystery"—if such it could be called—of that wonderful evening. Long may it live in my memory!

" But at length the feverish day
Like a passion died away,
And the night, serene and still,
Fell on village, vale, and hill.

" Then the moon in all her pride,
Like a spirit glorified,
Filled and overflowed the night
With revelations of her light.

" And the Poet's song again
Passed like music through my brain;
Night interpreted to me
All its grace and mystery."

Longfellow.

2nd 50 Miles Handicap—14th May, 1927.

Weather conditions were not ideal when the Presider dispatched all but 3 of the 19 entrants for this event. A strong breeze from the West-South-West was in evidence and some rain fell in the concluding stages of the race, but a comparison of the finishing times with those of the 1st "50," shows in practically every instance a pleasing improvement.

Orrell quickly secured the lead, but very little slower were Rothwell, Schofield and Hancock, and the following times are available from the Acton check, 20½ miles:—Orrell, 57½ mins.; Schofield and Rothwell, 1 hour; with Hancock occupying another half-minute. Welfare was riding comfortably and was content with 1.2; Perkins and Grimshaw were through in 1.2½, Taylor 1.3½, and the rest at one or two minute intervals. The leading positions were maintained over the next 11 miles, with the exception of Schofield, who punctured and lost considerable time on the Highwayside stretch.

A further comparison at this point, 31½ miles, gave some indication of final placings. Orrell was never seriously challenged, and by clocking 1.29 had established a comfortable lead of 4 minutes from Rothwell and Hancock. The former, however, fell away considerably over the rough lanes to Cholmondeley and would perhaps be well advised to ride with an eye on the final time and to aim at an even application of his powers.

Welfare, who here showed 1.35½, put in some strong riding over the remaining 19 miles, and his time of 2.32.14 placed him third in the handicap.

Hancock, with an improvement of nearly 5 minutes, secured 1st place with 2.31.53, whilst fastest and 2nd handicap prize fell to Orrell, with a fine performance of 2.26.17.

Meanwhile, others were travelling well. Perkins, Taylor and Long were all close up on handicap, and each bettered his 1st "50" figures. Nevitt finished in 2.51.27, and the experience gained will undoubtedly lead to the better times of which we know he is capable. Roberts just missed 3 hours and Shone was unfortunate enough to run off the course and retired.

Full details are shown in the following table:—

		ACTUAL TIME.	HANDI- CAP.	HANDICAP TIME.
1st	A. Hancock	2.31.53	7	2.24.53
2nd	G. B. Orrell	2.26.17	Scr.	2.26.17
3rd	G. H. Welfare	2.32.14	5	2.27.14
4th	F. Perkins	2.42.40	14	2.28.40
5th	U. Taylor	2.48.53	20	2.28.53
6th	J. Long	2.43.41	14	2.29.41
7th	H. Rothwell	2.41.29	10	2.31.29
8th	J. S. Roberts	3. 2.13	30	2.32.13
9th	J. A. Grimshaw	2.45.46	12	2.33.46
10th	E. Nevitt	2.51.27	15	2.36.27
11th	C. Randall	2.47. 8	10	2.37. 8
12th	T. V. Schofield	2.50.32	10	2.40.32
13th	A. E. Walters	3. 6.43	22	2.44.43

Fastest :—G. B. Orrell, 2 hrs. 26 mins. 17 secs.

A. G. Banks, C. Selkirk, and T. A. Telford—non-starters.

Hancock and Grimshaw went wrong through lateness of checker at Bickley Lane end.

Ladds and Moorby did not finish.

An Item.

Amongst the various helpers scattered up and down the course we were pleased to see Jack Seed and "Pa" Hawkes.

Little Budworth, 21st May, 1927.

It is pleasant during a holiday to watch other people going to work, and as I was at the Landing Stage at about nine o'clock I was able to gaze exultantly at the dour visaged people who trudged reluctantly to their ink-stained desks to spend another weary day amidst telephones and typewriters and irritable and exacting principals. At anyrate that is how it pleased me to regard it. An office stool forsooth, in the month of May—a May of enchanted green lanes, fragrant with lilac and may blossom; of luxuriant trees; of blue-bells; of gardens; of restful meadows and comely, nestling farmsteads.

We had a gloriously bright and exhilarating sort of day, with just a shower or two to keep the dust down, but the wind was in one of its March moods and seemed to become more boisterious as the day advanced.

When I arrived at the Red Lion, shortly after six, there was no trace of the A.B.C., save a trike with macaroni tyres, a tandem, a tangled mass of bicycles and a motor car, but when I opened the secret door at the back I beheld a merry throng around the tables, and so desperately hungry that I could see little of their faces. I know the President was there, because I just "bagged" the salad at the critical moment, and Dickman, because he *was* hungry and no mistake. I could not fail to hear Tommy Royden's stentorian voice from the far end of the room discussing with glee the fate of some lady in black.

Lucas and I made a good ride home, *via* Norley and Widnes, although we found it a trifle draughty at the corners.

Bickerton, May 28th, 1927.

The weather conditions were a pleasant change from those obtained the previous two Saturdays. Very little wind and bright sunshine, good surfaced roads and pleasant views—only fitness required to make cycling a perfect pastime. Alas! that the last factor was minus in the case of the present deponent. However, there was no hurry and I went along quietly from the City of Perpetual Sunshine, seeing no other member of the Club until past Cuddington Corner. There I overtook one; in justice to him I should say that he is under the doctor. A call for a cup of tea brought us in touch with two others, and the four of us toddled on quietly, arriving at the Red Lion in good time. Six o'clock found a very good muster at the tables to dispose of quite a good tea: the Committee are to be commended for finding another good rendezvous. Both Liverpool and Manchester were well represented and much of the talk was on the subject of the Whit week-end. We were very pleased to have Bob Knipe out with us again.

After tea, a party, including the Presider and a number of the Manchester young men, departed for Newport to meet Bick; the others dribbled off in twos and threes for home. Another elderly gentleman and I set off for a quiet ride home, but before many miles had been covered we were overtaken by a racing member in a horribly fit state, who insisted on pacing us all the way. The other elderly gentleman was able to take advantage of his kindness; for me, shortness of breath, slackness of muscles and a heart that wants rebushing, soon put "Paid" to my attempt to keep it up, and I finished the ride on my own. I shall make a special point of telling the Handicapping Committee all about that speedman—his handicap is all wrong.

T. A. TELFORD,

Editor.

ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

FORMED MARCH 1879

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

MONTHLY CIRCULAR.

Vol. XXII.

No. 257.

FIXTURES FOR JULY, 1927.

Tea at 6-0 p.m.

	Light up at
July 2/3 Malpas (Red Lion) and All Night Ride	10-42 p.m.
" 9 Northwich (Crown and Anchor)	10-36 p.m.
11 Committee Meeting, 7-0 p.m. (Angel Hotel, Dale Street, Liverpool).	
15/16 Invitation "24"	10-33 p.m.
23 Nantwich (Lamb)	10-45 p.m.
" 30/Aug. 1 August Tour.—The Dukeries	10-14 p.m.
Bath Road "100"; East Liverpool Wheelers' "50"	
Aug. 6 Tattenhall (Bear and Ragged Staff)	9-59 p.m.

Full Moon ... 14th Inst.

The address of the Hon. Treasurer, R. L. Knipe, is 108 Moscow Drive, Stoneycroft, Liverpool, but Subscriptions (25/-; under 21, 15/-; under 18, 5/-; Honorary, a minimum of 10/-) and Donations (unlimited) to the Prize Fund, can most conveniently be paid into ANY Branch of the Bank of Liverpool & Martins Ltd., to the credit of the Anfield Bicycle Club at the Tue Brook Branch.

4 THE LAUND,
WALLASEY, CHESHIRE.

COMMITTEE NOTES.

AUGUST TOUR.—The Committee arranged the tour to The Dukeries, with Baslow as headquarters for the nights of 30th and 31st July, and Mr. E. Buckley has kindly drawn the itinerary as follows:—

Meet at Buxton (Grove Hotel) for tea and proceed to Baslow (68 miles from Liverpool) for the night. On Sunday the ride will be to Chesterfield, Worksop and Ollerton (33 miles) for lunch at Hop Pole Hotel. Thence to Edwinstowe via Major Oak and Parliament Oak to Mansfield, Woodhouse, Sutton-in-Ashfield, Alfreton, Crick and Cromford (63 miles) for tea at Greyhound Hotel and back through Chatsworth to Baslow (75 miles). On Monday the route will be Bakewell, Monyash, Longnor, Warslow and Mecote to Leek (29 miles) for lunch at Red Lion Hotel, Bosley, North Rode, Marton, Chelford and Knutsford (56 miles) for tea at Royal George, whence Liverpool is 29 miles.

As all the Hotels in Baslow are full for the dates mentioned and no alternative accommodation has as yet been arranged, will Members who intend to participate in the tour kindly let me know (as soon as possible to facilitate matters) and I will forward final arrangements when completed.

H. W. POWELL,

Hon. General Secretary.

RACING NOTES.

Invitation "24," 15th-16th July, 1927.

I am still short of a considerable amount of help for this event and shall be obliged if members able to assist, especially on the Shropshire portion of the course, will let me have their names without delay. Members wishing to compete must let me have their entries, accompanied by a fee of 10/- towards the cost of feeding, not later than Friday, 8th July.

East Liverpool Wheelers "50," 1st August, 1927.

This event is confined to those who have accomplished or beaten 2 hrs. 40 mins. 0 secs. for this distance. Members wishing to compete must let me have their names not later than 8th July.

100 Mile Standard Medal Ride.

It has been suggested that a Saturday towards the end of August be set apart to enable those who wish to qualify for a Standard Medal at this distance. I shall be obliged if those interested will communicate with me.

W. H. KETTLE,

Capt. and Hon. Racing Secretary.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Owing to extra heavy pressure on our columns we have been compelled (with reluctance) to hold over (indefinitely) a number of lengthy but otherwise very interesting contributions. Whilst we greatly regret this retrograde step, we would assure our readers that it is taken with one object only in view—economy. We will not stir into flame the awful smouldering wrath of our great *trésorier* "Bob"; rather than be scorched by the intense white heat of his breath for exceeding the sanctioned size of the *Carcular*, we would sooner lose (temporarily) the warm hearts of our honourable scribes. We therefore offer to those members concerned, our sincere apologies, which we trust will be accepted in the same true spirit as that in which they are offered. We are confident however, that we will receive in the future, the same help

and assistance which has so ungrudgingly been given to us in the past, without which it would be impossible to carry on.

May we take this opportunity for requesting for *early* or *earlier* delivery of copy to the editorial bureau? Two of our last three issues have been produced on the galley-proof correction only, resulting in minor errors escaping undetected which would otherwise have been "spotted" in a "revise."

T.A.T.

ITEMS.

The Presider has received a letter from Li Cohen Price from which the following extracts are made: "I was very sorry to read about Bob Knipe getting mixed up with the "trombones." I do hope he is now fit again . . . Last night I was reading the Handbook and must say the records are mighty hot. It certainly would make pleasanter reading to see a few Anfielders holding some of the R.R.A. bike or tandem records, but I suppose we haven't the lads with enough spare time or willing enough to have a smack at them. Get hold of Chem and Arthur and make them slice a couple of hours from the R.R.A. "100." Alas! But none of us are what we were. Much worse, eh?"

* * * * *

Another of our "exiles" to be heard from is Frank Chandler who reports a gaudy time with his tyres, nearly all of which have "gone to blazes" through perishing. Still he has triked 1,400 miles and hopes to top 2,000 before starting his homeward voyages "in time for the November fogs and Bettws at Xmas."

* * * * *

Just after the last *Circular* went to Press, W. E. Cotter made a donation to the C.T.C. Clock Presentation Fund and his name was added to the list of Anfielders appearing on the parchment document the Presider handed to His Grace the Duke of Argyll, on June 17th—an event which has been adequately reported elsewhere.

* * * * *

Universal regret and sympathy has been expressed over the illness of G. H. Welfare who was stricken down with appendicitis and speedily taken to the Birkenhead General Hospital and successfully operated upon on June 15th. We are glad to say he is making excellent progress, but of course it will be some time before he can be amongst us again and it is a thousand pities his racing career is thus temporarily interrupted.

* * * * *

Congratulations to G. B. Orrell on his share in the new N.R.R.A. "50" Tandem record with C. H. McKail of the Cheadle Hulme. The weather was far from ideal—stiff Westerly wind, wet roads and frequent showers, but, timed by Cook, they turned at 24 miles 1,408 yards, in 59 minutes 12 seconds and finished in 2 hours 1 minute 26 seconds, with water oozing out of their shoes! There can be but little doubt that had the weather conditions been decent they would have got nicely inside two hours. It was a magnificent performance, and as half a loaf is better than no bread, we are glad to have a half-share in this record.

* * * * *

It was awfully decent of the Presider to hurry back from London and mix with common cyclists like us at Bickerton after shaking hands

the previous day with His Grace the Duke of Argyll and hobnobbing with all the cream of the cycling world except Widelegs and Swear-fairer, who were notable absentees at Craven Hill.

THE JOYS OF TIMING.

Before retiring the Presider gave clear instructions to the Porter that he was to be called at four a.m. The Porter was somewhat shocked and a little suspicious. He was only a general duty man and the establishment kept no night-porter, therefore he could not appreciate, let alone approve innovations in his duties. After a little talk it *did* begin to dawn upon him that the Presider really wanted to get up at four o'clock, that he was not joking and was bent on no nefarious errand, nor endeavouring to dodge payment of his bill. So the Presider was then initiated into the mysteries of the bolts and bars and how one might let oneself out. As to the getting up, well, the Porter absolutely refused to part with his alarm clock. He would attend to the awakening, and knock on Cook's door at four. And so all went contentedly to bed.

Alas, something went wrong with the works, the Porter's we suspect, for with a start Cook awoke to broad daylight. Feverishly he grasped his watch. 4-15! Angrily he grabbed his stockings. Tore them on, and tore them in two in the process, threw on his garments and braced and buttoned as he nearly fell in his frantic haste down the stairs. Outside he breathed a sigh of relief, for he found that Bert Green, who also had been dragged from his couch, had just arrived with his car.

Will it be a lesson? We doubt it. The Presider is "died in the wool." He will continue to week-end in the wet. Continue to hand in his drenched stockings and risk them being steamed to rags. Think nothing of marching about a posh hotel with bare legs. And,—turn up to time!

RUNS.

Whitsuntide Week-end, 4th-6th June, 1927.

"I am the Editor," said he, smiling broadly, "and will you please write up an account of the doings at the "Lion" during the week-end?" The editor was previously unknown to me and the meeting was a pleasant surprise notwithstanding his shocking disregard for the conventions and the grave doubts which I immediately entertained as to the man's credentials. Here was a beardless boy (!!!!!—ED.) claiming to be no less than the Anfield Editor when all the world excepting Arthur Simpson knows that every great editor wears a beard.

This happened at the "Raven" when I had just settled down to enjoy a thoroughly care-free holiday and the result was that I spent a considerable time figuratively sucking my pen. Could I write up a run and if so what was there to write about? True enough I met old friends and new ones who bore me pleasant company through "fresh fields and pastures new"! Twice I went into the "chapel," but I dare not attempt to foist my feeble description of those ceremonies on the discriminating Anfielder. Fortunately, I was present when "Bill" Lowcock was telling the Presider how to achieve the impossible. The advice, as well as I can remember, was "When in doubt as to correct procedure quote an appropriate text."

Omitting chapter and verse I will now claim your attention!

" I was subjected to but little control, and passed the time pleasantly enough, principally in wandering about the neighbouring country It was a district more of pasture than agriculture In going to and from this place I frequently met an elderly individual, dressed in rather a quaint fashion, with a skin cap and stout gaiters on his legs; on his shoulders hung a moderate sized leathern sack I saw him standing in the middle of a dusty road, looking intently at a large mark which seemed to have been drawn across it, as if by a walking stick the old man muttered half to himself 'I wonder if he is near.' He seemed to be in quest of something at length he exclaimed, 'Here he is!' I saw him dart among the bushes and presently he made his appearance holding a large viper in his hand. 'What do you think of that, my boy?' said he and opening his bag he thrust the reptile into it, which appeared far from empty."

Having breakfasted with the "elderly individual" we set out to meet Powell and Hotine and all four were soon on our way to Chester, where we entered Eaton Park, arriving at Farndon in due course. Having heard the interesting story of the village church tower we trundled merrily through the lanes over Bowling Bank to Ruabon and enjoyed an excellent lunch at the "Wynnstay Arms," where the writer was initiated into the strenuous game of bowls. Our next objective was Ellesmere, where we joined "Sandford and Merton," whom we found enjoying a pleasant siesta by the lakeside. From here the road afforded several pretty views of some of the neighbouring meres and eventually led us to Hammer village and its placid mere whose peaceful setting is characteristic of Cheshire, in spite of what Bartholomew may say to the contrary. Diving into the lanes again, we reached the "Raven," by way of Tilstock and it was apparent that the "Anfield Hundred" had arrived for tea. It is pleasing to record that the Raven was not boycotted this year, and quite a goodly crowd rather taxed the resources of the staff in supplying the voracious appetites engendered by cycling.

Only Selkirk, Telford and Randall had to return home and the rest were bound for Newport, Shawbury, Roden, Loppington and Salop, in various sized parties. Excitement was aroused by the arrival of John Kinder with the Banana Waggon and news that Ven's car was broken down at Hampton Green. (This incident would take a volume to recount, but it will suffice to say that Ven spent most of the week-end in trains and telephone boxes, riding in O.P. cars, swearing at Huxley, etc., and did not get his car back till the Tuesday evening!). Most of those patronising headquarters at Shrewsbury rode *via* Hodnet and Shawbury and we mustered just about our lucky number of a baker's dozen, while our wealthy members in cars patronised the George.

On Sunday, the motorists went to Iccinister as usual, Norman Higham kindly taking Ven's party with him, whilst the cyclists who numbered seven, rode by Minsterly and through the beautiful Hope Valley to Clun. It is a great pity that such gems as this valley cannot be saved from the hand of the spoiler. Great belts of timber are now being shorn wholesale from its pleasant slopes. Hereabouts the Pre-*s*ider put the comelither on a comely lass whose pleasant company we were destined to enjoy for the remainder of the run. Having visited the interesting hospital at Clun, after lunch we dropped down a very pleasing valley by Clunton to Craven Arms, where I was pleased to be

shown the remarkable milestone which I had not observed on a previous visit. While W.P.C. ordered tea, we revisited Stokesay Castle, where we found the bee in residence lurching off a hefty kipper. Later we were piloted back to the "Lion" by Lowcock, Buckley and Long of the Newport squad, and all found the return journey rather damp, particularly the two trikists Finn and Cook, but Bill Lowcock was the only one to really strike a packet—his back wheel "klapsing" about 5 miles short of Newport, just as the O.G. had prophesied would happen anytime through the combination of w.o. tyres and wood rims! Still, Bill took it quite cheerfully, padded the hoof manfully and at the Barley Mow demonstrated how pyjamas can be worn in company without any indiscretion or untoward incidents! With the evening so wet there was not the same disposition to exchange visits, but we had quite a number of calls from N.R., B.R., and Poly. men, as well as from Wayfarer (himself) and suite, and Mrs. Stancer again most charmingly drew the sweep which was won by Hubert Buckley, Mrs. Buckley getting third prize, and Toft the prize for second fastest. George Owen, of the Manchester Wheelers, drew Southall, so scooped in two prizes.

At supper one got a fair idea of the total muster at headquarters, amongst whom were, to mention a few, Venables, Kettle, Rowatt, Higham, G. Newall, Finn and the Morris brothers.

An early start on the following morning was responsible for a comparatively early departure to bed for most of the company for on the morrow at an early hour each would be at his post in order that another Anfield "100" might be lost and won.

On Monday morning we took breakfast at 6-30 a.m., and at Lee Brockhurst Bridge, the writer found his brother marshals, who, along with Powell, stationed close by, were to be his companions for the conclusion of the holiday. After a lot of arm-waving and popping in and out of capes we sought Powell and had lunch at the "Elephant and Castle," from the conservatory of which we watched a terrific rain-storm and wondered if it would damp the ardour of many of those nimble riders whom we had just signalled through. But that's another tale. Suffice to say our quartette pedalled pleasantly to the Iron Bridge and lingered awhile over tea, being loth to emerge again into the press of traffic which we had just left. However, we managed to carry on without much discomfort and eventually reached Higher Trannere, where we said "Au revoir."

Invitation Hundred, 6th June, 1927.

With 170 names submitted, the job of selecting the best 100 was no easy task and took 3 hours, while the handicapping took 6 hours, and we venture to submit that the work was reasonably well done as the general consensus of opinion was that the "card" disclosed a "class" entry and the handicap with 31 inside 5 hours and two dead heats speaks for itself. One feature was the inclusion of four tricyclists, two of whom were this year's Place-to-Place record breakers, who failed to perform up to expectations and were beaten by W. Cooper who improved on his last year's time by nearly 11 minutes—but we are anticipating. In the unavoidable absence of Poole, who has timed every 100 since 1900, Cook despatched the 94 starters in showery weather, and although the day did not appear to favour fast times (it was very wet at the Chetwynd end of the course and many competitors desisted through being unable to stand the numbing effect of the cold and wet) it is evident that rain hardens tarmac roads and makes for speed as again history was made,

with *two* men inside 5 hours (Southall and Marshall) and a third who undoubtedly would have been inside but for a puncture and a fall (Harbour); and Southall again broke record with the surprising figures of 4.47.21, while the number of finishers was the excellent total of 68, 67 of whom were within the handicap time of 5½ hours! Undoubtedly, recent articles and letters in *Cycling* have had a beneficial effect, as the only serious misbehaviour was perpetrated by a triplet which we were given to understand came from the Big City and was *twice* ridden through the finish in erratic fashion. At both start and finish the large crowd were most amenable and seem to appreciate the fact that the rope is quite a sound idea, while applause was quickly suppressed and there was no breaking through when Southall flashed over the red line 7 minutes 49 seconds faster than last year and 8 minutes 57 seconds faster than anyone else! The two magnificent rides of Southall and Marshall were followed by the extraordinary coincidence of the two Bath Roaders, Harbour and West, exactly tying for third fastest with 5.3.58, and the little less meritorious performance of F. Allen (Speedwell) who clocked 5.5.21, *exactly* 12 minutes faster than last year! When Southall was known to have done 2.19.15 for the first 50 it appeared certain he was going to repeat his First and Fastest, but the finish into the wind just prevented this by 1 minute 7 seconds, and S. Lowe of the Liverpool Century, with the surprising novice performance of 5.11.14, well deserved his win, while another Liverpopolitan, D. M. Parker, of the Mersey Roads Club, with 5.12.34, was third, only 13 seconds behind Southall.

Of our own men, Orrell was unfortunately unable to get away from business, and both Welfare and Lusty were unable to stand the cold and wet and retired, but A. Hancock pleased us all with 5.26.33, which gave him a handicap time of under 5 hours (good enough for second place last year) although only 16th, and Rothwell got through in 5.45.42, and good old Grimmy added to his wonderful sequence by finishing in 5.49.39. At 50 miles, Hancock was inside evens, only 1 minute slower than Marshall, and up to 80 miles he appeared a certain winner of the handicap, but unfortunately, his judgement proved mistaken and he chewed a good deal of acid in the last 20 miles, although probably a broken saddle was the real reason.

FASTEST TIMES.

NAME AND CLUB.	H. M. S.
F. W. Southall, Norwood Par.	4.47.21
C. Marshall, Vegetarian	4.56.18
A. R. M. Harbour, Bath Road	5. 3.58
A. West, Bath Road	5. 3.58
F. Allen, Speedwell	5. 5.21
W. Holland, Midland and Vegetarian	5. 9.38
F. L. Cleeve, Norwood Par.	5. 9.47
S. L. Crawforth, Hull Thursday	5.10.34
S. Lowe, Liverpool Century	5.11.14
A. B. Smith, North Road	5.12. 4
W. G. Twiddle, Walton	5.12.31
D. M. Parker, Mersey Roads	5.12.34
A. Dixon, Birkenhead	5.13. 5
W. B. Minards, East Liverpool Wheelers	5.13.12
W. K. Bicknell, Bath Road	5.13.59
C. A. Morris, Speedwell	5.15.44
R. Hawkin, Clifton	5.16.27
F. Greenwood, Midland	5.16.51
T. D. Chapman, Midland	5.17.46
J. Berry, Manchester Wheelers	5.19.42

The following table gives the Handicap Result in full:—

	Name and Club.	Actual Time.	H'cap mins.	H'cap Time.
1	S. Lowe, L'pool Century R.C. ...	5.11.14	25	4.46.14
2	F. W. Southall, Norwood Par. ...	4.47.21	Ser.	4.47.21
3	D. M. Parker, Mersey R.C. ...	5.12.34	25	4.47.34
4	S. L. Crawforth, Hull Thursday R.C. ...	5.10.34	22	4.48.34
5	A. B. Smith, North Road C.C. ...	5.12. 4	23	4.49. 4
6	C. Marshall, Vegetarian C.C. ...	4.56.18	7	4.49.18
7	F. Allen, Speedwell B.C. ...	5. 5.21	16	4.49.21
8	W. Cooper, *Gomersal O.R.C. ...	5.51.31	60	4.51.31
9	W. D. Carr, Yorkshire R.C. ...	5.22.28	30	4.52.28
10	A. West, Bath Road ...	5. 3.58	10	4.53.58
11	T. E. Forbes, Leicester R.C. ...	5.22. 9	28	4.54. 9
12	R. Hawkins, Clifton C.C. ...	5.16.27	22	4.54.27
13	J. Berry, Manchester Wheelers ...	5.19.42	25	4.54.42
14	F. Rogers, Walsall R.C. ...	5.23.46	29	4.54.46
15	T. D. Chapman, M.C. & A.C. ...	5.17.46	22	4.55.46
16	A. Hancock, Anfield B.C. ...	5.26.33	29	4.57.33
17	F. Hancock, Manchester Gros. W. ...	5.19.43	22	4.57.43
18	A. Dixon, Birkenhead C.C. ...	5.13. 5	15	4.58. 5
19	R. Smith, Bramley W. ...	5.33. 9	35	4.58. 9
20	F. Greenwood, M.C. & A.C. ...	5.16.51	18	4.58.51
21	A. R. M. Harbour, Bath Road ...	5. 3.58	5	4.58.58
22	W. Muirhead, Walton C. & A.C. ...	5.31. 4	32	4.59. 4
23	A. Bell, Leeds R.C. ...	5.26.20	27	4.59.20
24	E. Chandler, Leicester R.C. ...	5.21.21	22	4.59.21
25	J. McKinley, L'pool Century R.C. ...	5.32.28	33	4.59.28
26	G. T. Ransom, Hull Thursday R.C. ...	5.26.29	27	4.59.29
27	W. Holland, M.C. & A.C. ...	5. 9.38	10	4.59.38
28	G. H. Womack, M.C. & A.C. ...	5.27.43	28	4.59.43
28	G. C. Lamb, Walsall R.C. ...	5.25.43	26	4.59.43
30	F. J. Cleeve, Norwood Paragon ...	5. 9.47	10	4.59.47
31	A. R. Wager, Manchester Wheelers ...	5.29.48	30	4.59.48
32	C. H. McKail, Cheadle Hulme ...	5.28. 7	28	5. 0. 7
32	G. A. Pierce, Mersey R. C. ...	5.30. 7	30	5. 0. 7
34	C. A. Morris, Speedwe'll B.C. ...	5.15.44	15	5. 0.44
35	W. K. Bicknell, Bath Road ...	5.13.59	12	5. 1.59
36	F. T. Brown, Potteries C.C. ...	5.37. 5	35	5. 2. 5
37	W. G. Twiddle, Walton C. & A.C. ...	5.12.31	10	5. 2.31
38	N. R. King, Speedwell B.C. ...	5.20.41	18	5. 2.41
39	W. B. Minards, East L'pool W. ...	5.13.12	10	5. 3.12
40	A. Beckinsale, Gomersal O.R.C. ...	5.31.19	28	5. 3.19
41	J. R. Whitehead, East L'pool W. ...	5.23.32	20	5. 3.32
42	J. McCardy, Leeds R.C. ...	5.32.37	29	5. 3.37
43	L. G. Groves, M.C. & A.C. ...	5.16. 6	12	5. 4. 6
44	T. Myers, Bramley W. ...	5.37.18	33	5. 4.18
45	A. G. Cooper, L'pool Century R.C. ...	5.37.48	33	5. 4.48
46	H. Rothwell, Anfield B.C. ...	5.45.42	40	5. 5.42
47	J. Brothwell, Polytechnic ...	5.32.18	25	5.7. 18
48	E. J. Atherton, Yorkshire R.C. ...	5.32.38	25	5. 7.38
49	E. Allen, Notts Castle B.C. ...	5.30. 8	21	5. 9. 8
50	J. A. Grimshaw, Anfield B.C. ...	5.49.39	40	5. 9.39
51	A. Mather, Lancashire R.C. ...	5.25. 3	15	5.10. 3

Handicap Result —continued.

	Name and Club.	Actual Time.	H'cap Mins.	H'cap Time.
52	S. R. Foley, Walton C. & A.C. ...	5.31.14	21	5.10.14
53	J. Thickbroom, Walsall R.C. ...	5.35. 2	24	5.11. 2
54	H. E. Williams, East L'pool W. ...	5.36.26	25	5.11.26
55	M. Draisey, Century R.C. ...	5.43.44	30	5.13.44
56	A. Rogerson, Gomersal O.R.C. ...	5.49. 9	35	5.14. 9
57	W. Waldouck, Bath Road ...	5.44.41	30	5.14.41
58	H. Ellis, Phoenix C.C. ...	5.26.55	12	5.14.55
59	O. R. Heath, Norwood Paragon ...	5.35. 4	20	5.15. 4
60	G. E. Shaw, Warwickshire R.C. ...	5.45.14	30	5.15.14
61	R. Southworth, Wigan W. ...	5.33.29	17	5.16.29
62	H. E. G. Ferris, Vegetarian C.C. ...	5.42.50	25	5.17.50
63	F. B. Dutton Walker*, Palatine C.C. ...	6. 4.33	45	5.19.33
64	N. O'Prey, East L'pool W. ...	5.51.56	30	5.21.56
65	R. Arnold, Etna C.C. ...	5.42.19	16	5.26.19
66	T. Baird, B'head N.E.C.C. ...	5.57.21	30	5.27.21
67	H. A. Wilkie, Sheffield Century ...	6. 4.12	35	5.29.12
68	T. Hughes, Jun.,* Wigan Wheelers ...	6.15.52	45	5.30.52

* Tricycle.

Team Race:—First, Bath Road—Harbour, West and Bicknell, 15.21.55 (Record); 2nd, Norwood Paragon—Southall, Cleeve and Heath, 15.32.12. The Speedwell, M.C. & A.C., East Liverpool Wheelers, Walsall Roads, and Anfield finished teams in that order.

Brieflets.

There were 95 of us "out and about" and of our "exiles" Beardwood, Pritchard, Bill, Carpenter, Tom Conway, Owen and Wayfarer (himself) were on the job. Pritchard made an excellent assistant to the Timekeeper.

* * * * *

We were particularly pleased to see Ned Haynes enjoying the race at Ercall and looking very fit and well, while Hodges and Dr. Carlisle *both on bicycles* made a welcome reappearance amongst us.

* * * * *

Toft made a most efficient Judge and Referee and had to correct the attire of 4 competitors. Some people's idea of a jacket is evidently peculiar.

* * * * *

Among those "up for the race," and staying at the Lion, were Marcel Planes the old record centurion, and E. J. Steele, whose photo figures on page 29 of the R.R.A. Handbook.

* * * * *

At Craven Arms, on Sunday, the Presider introduced us to A. Campbell Gray, who was a member of the Bath Road Club and rode in the Hundred in 1902, the following year securing the London to Brighton and back Tandem record with H. I. Dixon. The two O.G.s had not met for 25 years, but recognition was mutual and instantaneous. Gray

now lives in Southport, and we suggest Widelegs acts as a missionary to convert him back again to his old love.

* * * * *

Knife was staying at Hodnet and was ballast for D. J. Bell's car. They came to the Lion on Sunday night, and it was real joy to have a "chinwag" again with "Dave," who was a Pillar of the Club in its first 20 years, and held the offices of President and Captain. We understand he was amazed at the changes that had taken place in the game since he retired from it nearly 30 years ago, and so enjoyed the race that he swears not to miss it (D.V.) next year.

* * * * *

The usual dinner took place on Monday night at the George Hotel, when 15 Anfielders, B.R. and Century men sat down to a barneicide feast arranged by Hubert Roskell. Dave Fell was a missing scholar this year and we understand he was having some trouble with something or somebody called "Mag," at Shawbury—one of the delights of motor-ing.

* * * * *

Teddie Edwards drove over from Capel Curig to place his car at the timekeeper's disposal. There's enthusiasm for you: and Teddie has been doing this sort of thing for 40 years.

* * * * *

All our motorists rendered invaluable services. Norman Higham took the 50 times and collected the Raven checks, while Hubert and Skinner in addition to being O.C. Ropes, took the *Cycling* photographer (How could he be *Cycling* when he was *Motoring*?—*Ed.*) about, and the Simpsons provided the Newport-Chetwynd transport.

* * * * *

Sport and Play comments "the Anfield Club is to be heartily congratulated on yet another successful 100—perhaps the most memorable of a long series of real triumphs for a notably fine sport, of which they are, of course, one of the chief pioneers." But, of course the real credit should go to Harold Kettle, who is a Prince of Organisers. We fear that most of us do not realise the amount of work involved and how quickly but effectively our Skipper does the job.

* * * * *

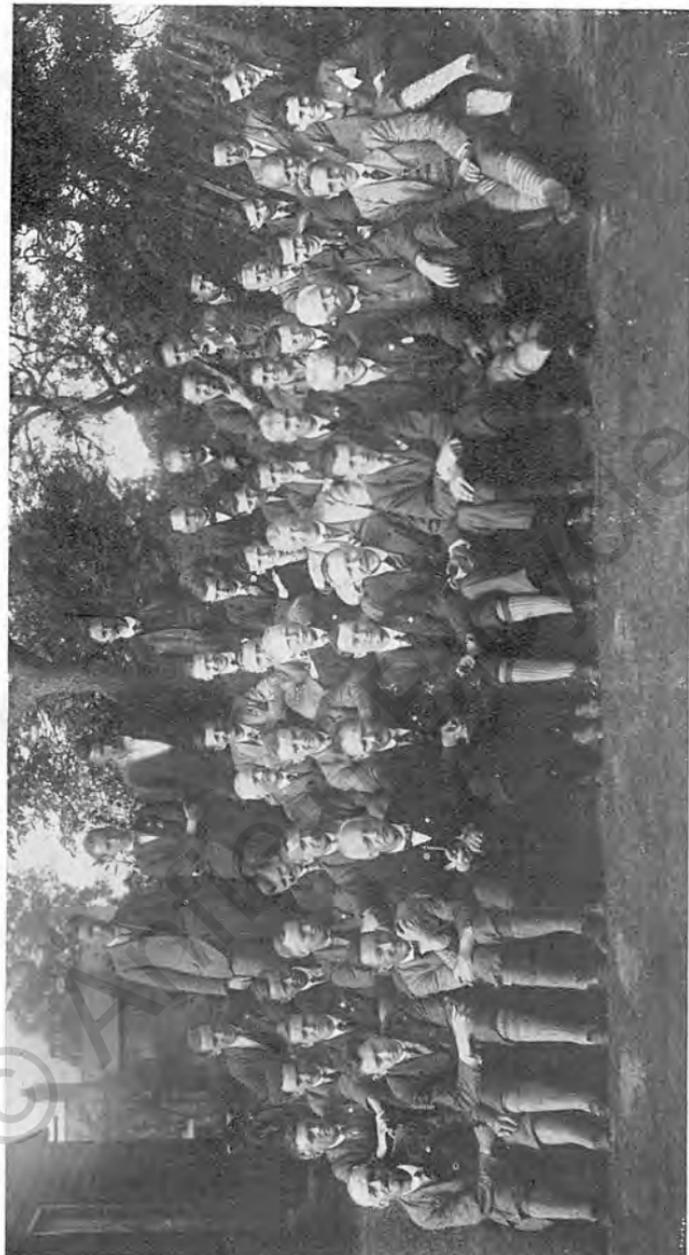
The thoughtful action of the Handicapping Committee in fitting so many of the bends and corners with white lines was greatly appreciated, despite the fact that at least one of the lines had been painted upside down. At the same time, we are bound to add that, as the event drew to its conclusion, many of the competitors found the accompanying injunction "SLOW" altogether unnecessary.

* * * * *

What sarcastic people there were on the course! "More Anfielders!" they cried, whenever a motor car rolled along. Granted, however, that we have in our ranks members of the idle rich who loll in Trojans and Morgans, we also have our quota of humble-push-pedal-cyclists such as Hubert and Arthur and Winnie and Buck.

Highwayside—Photo' Run, 11th June, 1927.

I don't like to think how many years Charlie Conway has been taking my photograph in club groups, but still there are older members



READING LEFT TO RIGHT.—*Top Row (standing)* : S. H. Bailey, H. Ladds, W. Orrell and D. C. Rowatt.
Second Row : T. H. Davies, J. Kinder, W. E. Taylor, H. M. Horrocks, A. T. Simpson, W. T. Venables, C. H. Turnor, A. E. Morton and J. E. Rawlinson.

Middle Rows : A. E. Walters, J. Long, H. Austin, A. Hancock, W. H. Kettle, H. Rothwell, A. Davies, A. Lucas, D. M. Kaye, E. J. Cody, G. B. Mercer, E. Newitt, E. Edwards, S. del Banco, F. Perkins, J. C. Band, J. S. Jones, S. J. Buck, H. Green, F. A. Smith, T. A. Telford, J. A. Grimshaw, G. Molyneux, and T. E. Mandall

Front Row : J. S. Roberts, S. T. Threlfall, F. Hotine, W. P. Cook, R. Rothwell, H. W. Powell, R. L. Knipe, G. H. Welfare, D. R. Fell, W. A. Lowcock, T. Royden, and A. N. Rawlinson.

Long, Randall, Threlfall and Telford left for home together, *dropping* Randall in Chester, and, leaving Sammy Threlfall, who is staying at Heswall Hills, at Hadlow Road, the remaining two *padding* their way to Birkenhead, thoroughly wet—but none the worse for it.

Manchester Wheelers' "50," 18th June, 1927.

Although only A. Hancock of "Ours" had entered for this event, a goodly number of "Black Anfielders" were on the course to give him moral support. W. A. Lowcock and Bikley were checking at Shawbury, the latter, blessing the rain, which fell almost throughout the race, in no uncertain terms. Others out and about were the Master, Mandall, Winnie and A. P. James, Teddy Edwards and A. F. Walters, and "R.J." Norman Higham was timing and we were all pleased that Hancock rode steadily throughout and beat his previous best with a ride of 2.29.52, which incidentally gains for him Standard D.

After the race, Bikley and Lowcock were due for the Wheelers' supper at Shrewsbury, but were too wet to venture so far, and instead escorted "R.J." to Loppington, where a pleasantly convivial evening was spent.

N.R.R.A. 50 Miles Tandem Record, 19th June, 1927.

Owing to the absence of a suitable partner among the Manchester Anfielders, G. B. Orrell has recently paired up with C. H. McKail of the Cheadle Hulme. Their first attempt on record was crowned with success, somewhat in contrast to Orrell's previous essays in this direction. After Cook had been roused at the unearthly hour of 4-20 a.m. He started the pair at Booker Cross, Macclesfield, at 5 a.m. They were ahead of schedule from the start, and finally clocked 2.1.26—an improvement of 3 mins. 9 secs. on the previous record, made by Wager and Cresswell of the Wheelers, on May 29th last.

Whilst warmly congratulating Orrell on at last achieving his frilled button, may we express the hope that before the season is over he will use his undoubted abilities to attempt some, or all of the single bicycle records which are at present held by members of other clubs. He can be assured of the fullest possible support from the Club in any attempts he may make. After all, a racing man owes something to his club, and one way in which he can pay his debt is by gaining records, thus helping to keep the club's name at the top of the tree. We hope therefore, that this will be only the first of Orrell's records, and that it will not be long before we again congratulate him.

Third Fifty Miles Handicap, 25th June, 1927.

It will be remembered that the present "Fifty" course is an alteration of that used previously, which took in the Cholmondeley-Acton-Ridley triangle twice. The present course takes this triangle once only (in reverse) and substitutes a leg from Acton to Highwayside and back, with alteration of start and finish. The first race over the new course was the first Fifty of 1926, and in the *Circular* report of the event, it was opined that the good times shewn augured well for the new course. As a matter of fact the times were not really good in comparison. The alteration of the course was made at the request of riders and doubtless arose from a distaste of doing the triangle twice.

Whether the new course is faster as was contended by some, is something which only time could show, and as over twelve months has

elapsed, it is rather interesting to see what is the result. Of course, judgment cannot rest upon one rider's performances, though he has ridden in every race. A comparison of his times may be no criterion—eliminating delays—as he may be falling from his best form, or, on the other hand he may be doing much better performances. For instance, Orrell has the very creditable record of riding everything, and looking back over the last ten of our Fifties, he has been absent only once, and as for performance, we imagine that his star is still in the ascendant. Yet Orrell's results over the two courses indicate nothing in the times to show which is the faster. If anything, the old course has it. Of course, individual efforts over a period even, as we have said are likely to lead to erroneous conclusions. The results of the many, over both courses would be a better indication. If the times of the six fastest over a period be taken they ought to serve as some sort of a guide. Even here we are faced with other factors, such as weather, surface, etc., and the comparative merits of the riders *in toto*, taken at different times. Nevertheless, over a period there is a certain levelling up, and the results should have some significance.

Basing a comparison on the average of the six fastest times then, the four races over the new course in 1926 show a difference per man of nearly four minutes slower, as compared with the previous four races over the old course. Thus one is rather led to the conclusion that the old course is the faster, or—that our riders' efforts are not up to the same standard of their past performances—but one would rather hesitate to think this. It will be interesting to see what 1927 shows, but, in so far as the last two Fifties are concerned, they confirm the above.

However, that is by the way, our subject is the present "Fifty."

The day was just another of those miserable attempts that the Clerk of the Weather has lately been giving to us as June weather, wet and cold. Standing at the start one longed for the balmy days of October. It was very gratifying therefore to find that all entrants, except one, turned up. The Presider held the watch and was particularly careful to see that no one "cribbed" a yard, though Charles, who acted as "pusher off," was not so impartial in his efforts, at least so some of the riders declared.

The wind which seemed more Westerly than anything, was not too bad, and so the run up to Noman's Heath and on to Ridley was done in quite good time. From Ridley to Acton was quite the fastest piece of the course, and all but two failed to beat "evens" on it; Hancock being very fast.

At the Acton turn for Cholmondeley, the order was Orrell, Hancock, Rothwell, Ladds, the first being inside "evens," by over six, and Hancock two. From here, started the hardest going, and the pace dropped correspondingly. Of course as we anticipated, the wet and more particularly the cold, eventually made itself felt. Any doubt as to how cold it was was dispelled by a patriarch of the soil that we passed. On giving him good-day, he remarked, "Ay and cawld. T'were sleet as cum down s'arternoon."

This explains why Rothwell found himself out of the race, with cramp; which was a pity, as he had done quite a good ride to Cholmondeley corner, being third fastest there.

At this point, Orrell was now four minutes inside, and Hancock evens. Del Banco, after doing 1.46.45 to Acton had retired. Perkins had been steadily gaining on Ladds and Rothwell, and from here

probably surprised himself. At Noman's Heath it was quite a speculation as to who would win, Orrell or Perkins, the times being 1.56.45 and 2.9.45.

As usual Orrell did a very good ride, even at Cholmondeley he was four minutes inside, but from here the going was very hard and into the wind, which had freshened and was swinging round to the Nor-West, so that from Noman's Heath there seemed little chance of making up. He finished with 2.27.22, which, considering the conditions, was a good ride, and was the fastest time, securing also second handicap.

Perkins clocked 2.41.24. and with 15 minutes won by 58 seconds. He has had hard luck in the last fifties, just missing being placed, and it was all he deserved, that he should win on this occasion. His handicap in this race was reduced by one minute and it might be said he owes his victory to this, but such an idea is quite wrong. He won by sheer good riding and keeping something for the gruelling part. He did what none of the other competitors were able to do. What was it? We wonder whether he knows himself. He certainly conserved his energies for the struggle over the hardest part of the course, and from Noman's Heath home he beat his outward time by over a minute, while every one else was slower on their time. This won for him the race which otherwise would have gone to Orrell. Roberts did a plucky ride and secured third place. Given a better day he would have achieved his ambition of getting well inside three hours.

Details are as follows:—

	Name and Placing.	31m. 2f. 209y. (Acton).	Actual Fin'g Time.	H'cap	H'cap Time.
1	F. Perkins	1.37.45	2.41.24	15	2.26.24
2	G. B. Orrell	1.27.45	2.27.22	Scr.	2.27.22
3	J. S. Roberts	1.45.15	3. 0.55	32	2.28.55
4	A. Hancock	1.31.45	2.33.20	4	2.29.20
5	H. Ladds	1.36.45	2.46.43	14	2.32.43
6	J. Long	1.39.45	2.48. 8	15	2.33. 8
7	S. T. Threlfall	1.39.45	2.52.14	12	2.40.14
8	C. Moorby	1.48.15	3. 4. 2	18	2.46. 2

F.O.T.C. Rally, Ripley, 26th June, 1927.

(As the *Circular* went to press on Monday, the 27th inst., and our reporters were not due to arrive back in Manchester until the Monday night or mid-day Tuesday, we have been unable to include their impressions in this issue; but (weather permitting), we hope to give their effusion the place of honour in our August edition,—Ed.).

T. A. TELFORD,
Editor.

ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

FORMED MARCH 1879

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

MONTHLY CIRCULAR.

Vol. XXII.

No. 258.

FIXTURES FOR AUGUST, 1927.

		Light up at
July 30/Aug. 1	August Tour.—The Dukeries	10-14 p.m.
	Bath Road "100"; East Liverpool Wheelers' "50"	
	Tea at 6-0 p.m.	
Aug. 6	Tattenhall (Bear and Ragged Staff)	9-59 p.m.
„ 8	Committee Meeting 7 p.m. (Angel Hotel, Dale Street, Liverpool).	
„ 13	12 Hours Handicap	9-46 p.m.
„ 20	Ruthin (Castle)	9-33 p.m.
„ 27	Highwayside (Travellers' Rest)	9-18 p.m.
Sept. 3	4th 50 Miles Handicap	8-57 p.m.

ALTERNATIVE RUN FOR MANCHESTER MEMBERS:

Aug. 20	Arelid (Rose and Crown)	9-33 p.m.
	Full Moon ... 13th inst.	

The address of the Hon. Treasurer, R. L. Knipe, is 108 Moscow Drive, Stoneycroft, Liverpool, but Subscriptions (25/-; under 21, 15/-; under 18, 5/-; Honorary, a minimum of 10/-) and Donations (unlimited) to the Prize Fund, can most conveniently be paid into ANY Branch of the Bank of Liverpool & Martins Ltd., to the credit of the Anfield Bicycle Club at the Tue Brook Branch.

4 THE LAUND,
WALLASEY, CHESHIRE.

COMMITTEE NOTES.

The Committee decided that Mr. G. B. Orrell was entitled to wear the Club Badge with a Beaded Edge for his recent Tandem Record Ride, subject to the Ride being confirmed.

There was a discussion on the Anti-Advertising Clause, when it was arranged that our Delegate to the Road Records Council be instructed that our views are, that the time has come when the Clause should be extended to cover advertisements of track appearances, in order that he might bring the matter before the Council at their next meeting.

H. W. POWELL,

Hon. General Secretary.

RACING NOTES.

Club 12 Hours, 13th August.

This event will be run over the same course as last year. Entries accompanied by a fee of 5/- towards cost of feeding, must reach me not later than Saturday, 6th August.

Fourth "50," 3rd Sept.

This, the concluding event of our Racing Programme for 1927, will be run over the usual course, entries must reach me not later than 27th August.

W. H. KETTLE,

Capt. and Hon. Racing Secretary.

ITEMS.

"Included in the riders of course was W. F. Ball and men like David Fell of the Anfield, Edmunds from Birkenhead nine-tenths of the assembly attended by other methods, and a typical crowd of ancient lights they were W. Lowcock, E. Buckley and hosts of others."—*Cycling's* account of F.O.T.C. Rally. How does Dave get credited with being an active cyclist riding to Ripley, while Lowcock and Buckley are included in the "also ran" dodderers, and Crow and The Master are not even mentioned at all? He must have a splendid publicity agent and pay him a good fee. No wonder F.H., the author of "Forty Years 'twixt Mersey and Irwell," is chagrined and wonders whether his idea that he is a simon-pure Old Timer can be only an hallucination or that he is merely a Cypher! We suggest that he grows a beard so as to be mistaken for Bob Knipe and then consults Tom Hughes of Wigan. "The limelight and how to seek it," is a fascinating subject and The Master is far too modest and retiring, notwithstanding his sartorial eccentricities and long pursued air of detachment.

* * * * *

"The Mullah (Turnor of the Anfield) even came backward to approach the presence with profound apologies for his previous non-observance. Looks well, too, the Mullah, nice and clean and fresh, with the sapphire sparkle in his eye, and the mud of Salop spraying his noble brow. Even Billy Cook came to give us greeting and private word of joy, attired in a garment we feel sure he found on a dead shepherd among the Berwyn Hills. P'haps he killed the shepherd for mentioning rearlights."—*The Roll Call* for June.

* * * * *

We regret to have to record the death of Mrs. Pitchford, of the Barley Mow, Newport. During the past 27 years she and her late husband rendered us excellent services, both in connection with our races and at week-ends, and her passing will make a great difference to the Club.

Hearty congratulations to F. Greenwood and Lusty on their splendid Liverpool—London Tandem record of 10 hours 10 minutes. We were largely responsible for the help as far as Coleshill, A. P. James, Mandall, John Kinder, Kettle, H. Green, Hotine and Cook being on the job and so magnificently did the record-breakers ride that at Daventry they were 20 minutes inside their 10—15 schedule and looked like taking nearly an hour off. Unfortunately the hot sun softened the tarmac to such an extent that the going was very heavy up the slopes and they did splendidly to get through as they did. Lusty has written the Presider expressing their deep appreciation of the "magnificent help" they received in which "my Anfield Clubmates played a very great part."

* * * * *

Welfare is doing splendidly and now spends his days on the verandah overlooking Park Road North and ticking off the passers by—particularly Perkins clocking on and off at Park Station.

* * * * *

We have cribbed the following from the *Evening Chronicle*, of July 8th:—" . . . although what there is intrinsically amusing about a tricycle I do not know. Nor do I know why the machine has next door to died out. One does meet with them occasionally, but only occasionally.

"Not long ago I saw an elderly man with one near Ellesmere. We had chosen the same spot to shelter from rain, and he was pleased to discuss the three-wheeler. He had ridden from Bettws-y-Coed that day and was making for Whitechurch! He noted my amazement, and by way of proving the modern tricycle is light and easy allowed me to try a run on it. And he was indeed right. In fact, I felt like buying one at once, and would not even now lay heavy odds against taking it up when I get a little nearer what somebody called the "'cerise and yellow.'"

We should like to know:—

Is the "elderly man" Billy Cook?

If so, was our Billy sheltering from the rain?

(We refuse to believe this).

Are tricycles ridden by "cerise and yellow" gentlemen only? If so, is the writer inferring that W. Orrell, Bailey, Finn, Schofield, and the Skipper—to mention only a few—come under this category, in addition to our worthy Presider who is a veritable Peter Pan—a boy who will never grow up and who likes to get wet.

* * * * *

A PLAY IN ONE ACT

BY

THE ANFIELD DRAMATIC SOCIETY.

Scene - - *A road near Birkenhead.*

Time - - *10-40 p.m., July 23rd, 1927.*

Players - - *A Police Officer and an Anfielder.*

(*A solitary cyclist in a tired and tired state is wearily wending his way towards his home. A police constable steps into the centre of the highway and holds his white gloved right hand aloft.*)

P.C. (*in stentorian tone*): "Aye you! Where's yer lights?"

ANFIELDER (*coming to life*): "Next to my liver and none the better for your asking!"

- P.C. (*getting huffed*): "That's enough, young man. Doncherno it was time to light up a quarter-nour ago?"
 (*Cyclist falls from his machine.*)
- A. (*hotty*): "It ain't, Officer. Excuse me, lighting up time is a quarter to eleven, to-night."
- P.C. (*sneering*): "Pull the other one, its got bells on! Who told you what time to light up?"
- A. (*smiling benevolently and proudly producing a copy of the Anfield 'Circular' for July*): "Here's my evidence, sir; see here—'July 23rd; Light up at 10-45.'"
- P.C. (*surprised*): "Um! That ain't right. I could 'ave sworn lighting up time was 10-25 to-night. However, that must be right seeing that it says 10-45 in the *Anfield Circular*—if that's anything to go by—and it should be! Well you had better be off young chap before your five minutes grace is up. Good night."
- A. (*when out of P.C.'s range*): "Don't you know a mistake when you see one?"
- P.C. (*as he sees light*): "Oh, Yes!"
- A. (*at even-*): "Well look at yourself then!"
 (We consider that rude and unjustifiable.—ED.)

EXEUNT OMNES.

RUNS AND FIXTURES.

F.O.T.C. Rally, 26th June, 1927.

At Ripley, with Riders of the Olden Times.

We were a party of Anfielders that had not cycled all the way, nor any part of the way, because in this new competition for the farthest comer, there are no checkers, timekeepers or followers. We came to Esher that Sunday morning in June—after a drive of many miles through the Surrey fairyland, amidst elves and goblins—to inspect the ghouls of cycledom, those that had once been Pucks in the days of the O.T. qualification.

The rainstorms had sadly thinned the ranks of the rickety braves, but the survivors stood boldly outside the Bear Hotel receiving homage. First and foremost G. Laey Hillier, the one and only champion of '81. He always leads the procession and it will be a sorry day when he fails. His fellow leader Major Liles failed to materialise and his place was taken by Bidlake, whose venerable appearance strangely belies his comparative youth as an Old Timer. Some score of lesser lights made up the formation whipped in by Steel, whose spruce, well knit, well groomed and athletic form made me shake my head in doubt.

I need hardly mention Hughes, of Wigan, as one in the procession—for he can be trusted to mention himself—other than that I heard him say that even the *Pickwick* acclaim him as member. One of these days he will be running for the Presidency. Then there is Terry on a pseudo Ordinary, of the Rational type, in vogue about 1890. He affects a somewhat unkempt appearance in keeping with his mount, whose ungainly lines are heightened by its clumsy saddle and spring combination. Dave Fell mounted this machine and was photographed riding it, but I trust that in his day—his "other" day, I mean—he has ridden a better mount.

(LAMENT.)

Where are the Humbers, Invincibles, Hicklings, Premiers, Rapids and Clubs, and where that masterwork of Andrews, built in '86; the

narrow-treaded Sanspareil with detachable handlebar? Those Ordinaries were the finest produced the world over. On what marine-store dealer's scrap-heap lie the bones of those I rode, now crumbling into rust? I am still of opinion that the Old Timers owe it to history to collect the remaining specimens and harbour them for posterity. Kensington Museum only contains Howell's masterpiece by Rudge, and Bartlett's Museum, the Humber of "Old Man Wright." As regards the Craftsmen that built them, I wonder in what wording their fame is writ in marble on their tombs.

(BACK TO EARTH.)

Turning to the President elect we beheld a real Old Timer in J. S. Smith, who has been chosen ten years too late. He is now eighty, and past making speeches to gatherings of hundreds. His record is probably unsurpassed for it was in 1875 that Smith toured all through France, and showed the astonished French nation what England had accomplished, since six years earlier Coventry accepted its first commission to produce a few hundred cycles for the Paris market to be copied or evolved out of a French Boneshaker. It was in '75 that the Coventry Machine Co. established its Gentleman's Bicycle out of the "missing link," and it must have been on such a type that Smith toured through France.

Later he became one of the prime cycle builders, and it is to be regretted that some Invincible Tandem Tricycle could not be found for Mr. and Mrs. Smith to ride round Ripley Green.

On this occasion the latter accompanied her husband once more in his hour of triumph, but by motor and her virile looks showed us after 40 years how she had been the chief speed instigator in the events her husband so ably steered to victory.

After the meeting at Esher, that had only for its object to see the procession on its way, the real meet was on the Green at Ripley, prior to the luncheon at the Talbot. Here then we found the

BEAUX SABREURS,

those gallant men who helped to make the sport so attractive to the onlooker and who earned that sobriquet as well as the swordsmen of a century ago. Johnny Adams still deserves his title of "Piqueur," Frank Shorland is more *débonnaire* than ever as Pickwick President, S. F. Edge, a real tricycle path champion of the 80's, W. F. Ball, the retiring President, Teddy Mayes, bearded and modest, both pathmen of the mid-eighties, Fred Wilson, who was however not known until the nineties, R. M. Wright of Lincoln, for whom the writer has a soft corner as the latter beat him twice one heaven sent afternoon in '90, and then Dave Fell—what? Yes, to do him full justice David might have been as dangerous a Sabreur among the fair as any. These men always arrive in luxurious motor cars and this time David beat them all for style and appointment.

And lastly there was Teddy Hale, who at the finish of his career made all those centuries, but who made the Kangaroo famous in '85. To-day its makers are almost forgotten: Hillman, Herbert and Cooper. Well I remember the satisfaction of those riders who could sport a D.H.P. and were the swells of the cycling world ere yet the Humber had earned its pride of place. "S.T.G.M." OR WORDS TO THAT EFFECT.

All-Night Ride, 2/3 July, 1927.

After an unpromising morning, Saturday afternoon turned out exceedingly nice, and the ride to Malpas was really enjoyable. Six

o'clock having arrived (at about the usual time), about 30 hungry cyclists and motorists, after admiring George Newall's new car, proceeded to pack their innards with as much foodstuff as they could get for their two-and-eightpences.

It is a regrettable fact that of these 30, eight only were *real* riders, and I think the latter deserve to have their names in print. Therefore, Gentle Reader, meet the wide-awakers, the all-night riders, men to whom sleep is unnecessary. Here they are—Cook, Bailey, Hinde, Randall, Threlfall, Buckley Junr., Long, and a friend of Taylor's, to wit—Mr. Elston.

Leaving the tired ones to struggle homewards in time for bed, as best they could, the noble eight set forth at 7-15 p.m. for Newport, where they found Pugh—and supper—awaiting them. Thus the noble eight became nine, and such is the quality of these men that not even a "Barley Mow" supper could induce the least sign of sleepiness. Off into the night they rode, encountering as they entered the Shifnal road a blaze of powerful lamps, and a great car embedded in the hedge. Cheered by this beautiful sight, though somewhat annoyed by the glaring lights, they made the night cheerful with song (?) and story. Bridgnorth at 12-45 a.m. was alive. Two young ladies with bells on their (sh!) garters (it may be indelicate, but truth must prevail), vouchsafed the information that there had been a trip to Liverpool. Pondering on this, and marvelling at the strange ways of men, onward the riders, being riders, rode. Then it was that the oil in friend Elston's lamp, not being used to all-night rides, got itself all used up. Whereat the Kidderminster police force insisted on a personal interview. But so eloquent was counsel's defence, that the bench, lighting cigarettes with Cook's matches, decided that as they didn't want to split the party, and as the local lock-up could not accommodate nine, the party might proceed, provided the delinquent rode in the centre. Rejoicingly the riders resumed their ride; regretfully, some 30 seconds later, owing to pressure of business (or something) they were forced to appear discourteous, and ignore a pressing invitation from an inspector and sergeant to discuss the matter of a certain lamp. As I say, pressure of business, or pressure on pedals, or something (probably it was something) urged them on towards Worcester. And hereabouts Charles enlivened the proceedings with a thrilling exhibition of trick-riding, and played a tune on the spokes of his front wheel with the aid of the grass at the side of the road. By the time he had made sure that his heart had not permanently lodged in his throat, Worcester was reached, and a further interview with the police force took place. Whereafter it was decided that (1) as it would soon be daylight; (2) as there was so much time in hand; (3) as a snack was due to be partaken of at the bridge at the other end of the town; and (4) as there were more policemen along the road, a walk would be a nice change. Some police sergeants ask quite sensible questions. The one they keep in Worcester wanted to know "Why walk when you can ride?" He was soon satisfied, however, Worcester is ten miles long (more or less). The inhabitants rise very early and congregate on the bridge. When they see a party of cyclists wheeling bicycles they tell one another in loud tones that "It's a walking club." Under certain circumstances, food at 4 a.m. is infinitely nicer and more enjoyable than at any other hour of the twenty-four. Charles and Sammy have very good Thermos flasks, but their taste in tea is rotten. I'd sooner have a 'norange. The morning was glorious. The countryside looked superb in the light of the rising sun. And the last five miles or so into Leominster were all down hill. What more

could heart of man desire? You see, I grow lyrical. But there, it takes me like that. Seriously though, the A.N.R. was well worth while for those three hours before breakfast, alone.

Shortly before breakfast, the noble band of nine became ten, with the advent of Nevitt. But he cannot be admitted a fully-fledged member of the wide-awakers, since he slept on the Saturday, delaying his start until 11 p.m. 'Twas but fitting that he should be the only one to become sleepy on Sunday afternoon.

The morning's promise of a brilliantly sunny day did not altogether fructify, but the presence of rather a lot of cloud was not greatly deplored by the riders since it prevented a repetition of the Sunday portion of last year's A.N.R., when riding became an uncomfortably hot business.

Leaving Leominster on time, an uneventful ride through Leintwardine and Clunbury ensued, the slight "Scotch mist" encountered once or twice being quite refreshing. Somewhere in the region of Lydbury North, a delightful (this is pure swank, of course) scrap developed, and lasted all the way to Chirbury, necessitating pint shandies immediately on entering the "Herbert Arms." Pugh went straight through to Shrewsbury, but the party sat down 13 to lunch, with the accession of Buckley, Snr., who had ridden down from Loppington, Teddy Edwards, Ven, and Hotine. Buckley took Hubert off to Loppington for tea, and the remainder had a cushy ride to Pulford; a stop being made between Welshpool and Oswestry for an early cup of tea, and here Walters joined in. At Pulford, Teddy Edwards again appeared, but Ven. (and car) did not materialise. Kettle, Powell, and Taylor were also present to welcome the wanderers. Walters left soon after tea for Shrewsbury, and the rest paddled—pardon—pedalled gently homewards. It is worth remarking that the wind was behind all the way out, and then changed and followed all the way home, making the ride undoubtedly the easiest since the Saturday afternoon start was instituted. And in every other respect also it was, as far as one rider, at anyrate, is concerned, beyond a shadow of doubt the best yet.

Manchester Grosvenor Wheelers Open "100," 2nd July, 1927.

As I was not present at this event, the baldest of accounts must suffice. G. B. Orrell was successful in making fastest time in the race, with the magnificent ride of 5.11.0. This should be an encouragement to him to attack the N.R.R.A. "100" record, which, although held by Grimshaw, is *not* an Anfield record.

Very little less meritorious was Arthur Hancock's 5.15.45, easily the best "100" of his career and good enough to place him second in the handicap. Harry Rothwell also finished in 5.40.20 and completed the team which secured second place in the team race, the Manchester Wheelers being first, just over ten minutes better than "Ours."

Altogether the race was a most successful one for the Club, fastest, second handicap and second team medals, being a good day's work. In common fairness, however, it should be noted that F. Hancock of the promoting club, although losing five minutes through a puncture, was only 21 seconds behind Orrell. This does not of course detract in any way from the sterling merit of Orrell's ride, but emphasises the need for an early attempt on the record, before others have made it more difficult than at present.

Northwich, 9th July, 1927.

The weather prophets seemed rather down in the mouth and some of them talked gloomily of a wet and stormy week-end. Their doleful outlook was not justified, for the weather turned out quite good. But there was some rain in my district at mid-day and I sorrowfully decided that it was not a day for the "funny bicycle," for when it rains a trike becomes a kind of perambulating shower bath and one can have too much of that sort of thing. The rain, however, passed over and I dashed off hopefully, only to discover at 5 miles that an eminently useful portion of the "bassinette" was missing, to wit, the pump. With six tyres and none of the optimism of Molyneux there seemed nothing for it but to make a second start and so after rather a hectic ride I trundled into odoriferous and slattern Widnes for the aerial flight to Runcorn, and then with a bare hour in hand proceeded busily by the Halton road.

Powell had whittled down the numbers to 25, but most of us seemed to think it was a Photo Run (such is the vanity of these cyclists) and we rolled up to the tune of some 38. On my arrival, I found the usual loquacious crowd of "honest-to-goodness" cyclists holding noisy discourse among the blankets which hung picturesquely around the yard. Kettle was busy trying to number them off (the cyclists not the blankets) for "24" duties. I noticed quite a number of motorists about the yard affecting a deep interest in cycling and "24's." Knipe was able to join us again but is still unhappily dependent upon motor transport. Parry with three weeks of "this England" to look forward to, had, I understand, broken his journey up from London specially to join us. We had Austin fresh from his Scottish tour having ridden from Kendal that day and was so full of beans that he forthwith entered for the "24."

Following upon the All-night Ride, the previous week-end, I noticed quite a number of saddles bristling with "Resilions," which only proves what a glorious sleigh ride it was, for B.17's are none too comfortable when used solely as a seat.

The large attendance necessitated two camps for tea, one flocking to the President's standard on the ground floor and the other supporting Capt. Kettle in a room on the first floor. The meal upstairs was excellent, but somewhat protracted. A few minutes after the first attack the table became as bare as Mother Hubbard's famous cupboard and the conversation lost a good deal of its "pep," but with the help of people like Threlfall and Taylor, we managed to keep talking until we were rewarded with further dishes.

I heard little of week-end parties, but Cook was destined for Stone for the Liverpool/London Tandem record attempt by Lusty and Greenwood.

For the return journey I accompanied Lucas and Powell *via* Widnes, and although the scenery was nothing to write home about we made an easy and uneventful passage.

24 Hours Invitation Ride, 15-16th July, 1927.

To a large extent the comments made in the last two years again apply as far as our own members are concerned, for we only had an entry of 7, but at last one of our recent recruits plucked up sufficient courage to enter and his brilliant novice performance ought to be a great encouragement to others, and make certain individuals rather sick

and sorry for themselves. Nevitt we are proud of you. With seven other clubs entering 18 riders, the card showed 25 names, or 5 more than last year, and the only non-starters were Randall of "Ours" and A. E. Foy of the Manchester Grosvenor, prevented by a family bereavement. The course had been altered by using the Whalebone stretch first and extended by the inclusion of the Raven-Ternhill extension, which greatly simplified things at the finish. The weather was as nearly perfect as possible when Poole dispatched the 23 competitors, and continued so throughout; the absence of extreme heat to soften the roads and sap vitality being very welcome. Right from the start Hancock took the lead and gained 8 minutes on Butterworth (Oldham Century), with Long and Barnes (Walton C. and A. C.) close up, and there was every promise of records being beaten; but unfortunately Hancock again fell a victim to the scrapping and retired before Chester was left for the last time. The only other retirement during the night was A. G. Cooper (Liverpool Century), but Clegg, also of the Century, got overtaken with sleepiness when riding quite well and retired at the Raven. This left 20 to get into Shropshire, as compared with 13 last year, and all were riding fit and well, as the following 12 Hours table shows:—

L. Butterworth	...	Oldham Century	200 miles
J. Long	...	Anfield B.C.	191 ..
E. B. Barnes	...	Walton C. & A. C.	184 ..
H. Austin	...	Anfield B. C.	
E. G. Pullan	...	Mersey Roads	183 ..
H. F. Pullan	...	Walton C. & A. C.	
A. Beckinsale	...	Gomersal O. R.	182 ..
W. Martin	...	Walton C. & A. C.	
D. Main	...	Manchester Wheelers	180 ..
E. Nevitt	...	Anfield B. C.	
V. J. Heeley	...	Manchester Wheelers	178½ ..
A. Hignett	...	Liverpool Century	178 ..
J. S. Roberts	...	Anfield B. C.	176½ ..
E. M. Haslam	...	Anfield B. C.	175 ..
G. Stephenson	...	Walton C. & A. C.	
C. Bailey	...	Holme Valley W.	173 ..
F. Schofield	...	Holme Valley W.	171 ..
G. Aked	...	Manchester Wheelers	170 ..
J. Holmes	...	Manchester Wheelers	169 ..
A. Pilling	...	Gomersall O. R.	167 ..

With the leader riding 200 in the first "12," which was 4 miles more than Sutton did last year, a new record seemed possible, but we rather fancy Butterworth did not push himself when he learned that Hancock was not pursuing him as he imagined. At Newport the second time (228½ miles) Butterworth had lost 3 minutes of his lead, and Long and Barnes were still scrapping well ahead of any other competitor, while H. F. Pullan and Martin had commenced to assert themselves. To our great disappointment Long developed knee trouble when otherwise quite fit and was forced to retire at the Raven, from which point there were two most interesting duels. Barnes continued gaining on Butterworth, and H. F. Pullan and Martin were very level pegging all the way, so that the placings were in doubt right to the last, while E. G. Pullan, Austin and Nevitt were all riding splendidly, the last-named being undoubtedly the surprise packet of the race. Heeley and Holmes were the only other retirements and in due course Time was run out with the following result:—

L. Butterworth	...	Oldham Century	377 $\frac{1}{4}$	miles
E. B. Barnes	...	Walton C. & A. C.	376	"
H. F. Pullan	...	Walton C. & A. C.	353 $\frac{3}{4}$	"
W. Martin	...	Walton C. & A. C.	353	"
E. G. Pullan	...	Mersey Roads	346 $\frac{3}{4}$	"
H. Austin	...	Anfield B. C.	341 $\frac{3}{4}$	"
E. Nevitt	...	Anfield B. C.	340	"
A. Beckinsall	...	Gomersall O. R.	338 $\frac{1}{2}$	"
F. Schofield	...	Holme Valley W.	333 $\frac{3}{4}$	"
D. Mair	...	Manchester Wheelers	332	"
J. S. Roberts	...	Anfield B. C.	330 $\frac{1}{2}$	"
G. Stephenson	...	Walton C. & A. C.	330 $\frac{1}{4}$	"
E. M. Haslam	...	Anfield B. C.	329 $\frac{1}{4}$	"
G. Aked	...	Manchester Wheelers	328 $\frac{3}{4}$	"
A. Hignett	...	Liverpool Century	327 $\frac{3}{4}$	"
C. Bailey	...	Holme Valley W.	322	"
A. Pilling	...	Gomersall O. R.	318	"

Notes :

Beckinsall unaccountably ran off the course at Edgmond and never checked at Newport the second time, but made straight for the Raven.

* * *

The Walton C. and A. C. are to be congratulated most heartily on their splendid performances.

* * *

Butterworth just put one mile on his previous year's distance and rode 2 $\frac{3}{4}$ miles more than N.R.R.A. record, which Barnes also beat.

* * *

Austin would certainly have beaten his previous best but for having to fight sleepiness for hours.

* * *

It was good to see veterans like Roberts, Hignett and Stephenson practically duplicating previous bests—indeed Stephenson actually rode 2 miles more than he did in 1925.

* * *

Kettle again proved himself a Prince of organisers, but was nearly driven crazy fixing up the checks. And yet there seemed to be a picnic on at the Raven of men who would not even help competitors to dismount!

* * *

Pritchard was our only Midland member to render service.

* * *

The Brothers Simp., and Coopers' recently enlarged family provided the baggage transport from Chester to Knutsford.

* * *

E. M. Haslam's father very kindly took Long in his car from the Raven to Knutsford.

* * *

A striking example of real help cheerfully rendered was provided by S. Threlfall who worked hard at Chester, took the Marford check, came on to Newport to work like a beaver and then wanted to go to Toft Corner to help at the finish!

Nantwich, 23rd July, 1927.

If I could write this run up as I liked, it would be something like this:—Nice day, wind behind going out, against coming back, usual numbers, usual tea—as it is, I suppose a little padding is required, so here goes.

Being a very fast man, and not one of that puny type of clubman who dawdles by the nearest road to the tea place, I went for a long ride, and beating any time yet put up by Southall, etc., I crowded over over forty miles in before tea, simply and solely by means of a howling gale astern. My speed was so great that in one place after being passed by a member in a car, which was obviously "all out," I caught up, passed and arrived at the "Lamb" before the aforesaid member. (In case he sells his car in disgust when he reads this I suppose that I'd better tell you that he was held up at a level crossing).

About 35 little gentlemen (Anfielders) sat down to tea and when everybody had just settled down to a nice quiet and mannerly meal we were rudely interrupted by the arrival of a person by the name of Turvey who claimed to be a member. No one could remember him, but sooner than have any bother he was allowed to feed in the same room, although, of course, nobody had anything to do with him.

Going home I gave four or five clubmates the benefit of a little fast work, hanging on to my back wheel. If the "Handicapping Committee" require their names I will be pleased to reveal their identities on receipt of a stamped addressed envelope.

I'm glad that's finished, but all the same its the best bit of "swank" I've had for a long time.

T. A. TELFORD,

Editor.

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ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

FORMED MARCH 1879

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

MONTHLY CIRCULAR.

Vol. XXII.

No. 259.

FIXTURES FOR SEPTEMBER, 1927.

		Tea at 6 p.m.	Light up at
Sept.	3	Fourth "50 miles" Handicap	8-57 p.m.
"	10	Northwich (Crown and Anchor)	8-51 p.m.
"	12	Committee Meeting, 7 p.m. (Angel Hotel, Dale Street, Liverpool).	
"	17	Daresbury (Ring O'Bells)	8-26 p.m.
"	24	Highwayside (Travellers' Rest)	8-9 p.m.
Oct.	1	Ac'on Bridge (Leigh Arms)	7-43 p.m.
		Full Moon ... 11th inst.	

The address of the Hon. Treasurer, R. L. Knipe, is 108 Moscow Drive, Stoneycroft, Liverpool, but Subscriptions (25/-; under 21, 15/-; under 18, 5/-; Honorary, a minimum of 10/.) and Donations (unlimited) to the Prize Fund, can most conveniently be paid into ANY Branch of the Bank of Liverpool & Martins Ltd., to the credit of the Anfield Bicycle Club at the Tue Brook Branch.

COMMITTEE NOTES.

4 THE LAUND,
WALLASEY, CHESHIRE.

Autumnal Tints Tour.

This year a new destination has been decided upon and it is hoped that it will prove attractive to the members. Llarnamon (West Arms), October 22nd/23rd, are the place and dates. The whole house has been booked, there are 26 beds, so will members who intend to participate in the Tour please let me have their names AT ONCE. Accommodation will be allotted in the order in which names are received.

The resignation of Mr. C. C. Dews has been accepted with regret.

Can any member supply the new address of Mr. R. Hawker? His Circular for August has been returned marked "gone away."

H. W. POWELL,
Hon. General Secretary.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

A Correction.

An error, which no doubt will lead to disastrous results—either the Editor losing his lucrative post (not his job, worst luck !) or being sued for calling other people names—appeared in the last *Circular*.

A Fred Wilson's name was mentioned—nothing more—in the account of the F.O.T.C. Rally, which as every Anfielder knows should have read FAED Wilson. We reverently express our thanks to the many readers who have pointed out the error of our ways, which shows—despite what some may say—that quite a number *do* read the *Circular*, whilst the Editor evidently doesn't !

ITEMS.

The Master has started his publicity campaign in emulation of Dave Fell. The Manchester Wheelers' Journal reporting the Race Meet Dinner says, Frank Koenen, senior, " a veteran of Sale gardens " with a delightful Dutch accent, gave us " The Long Life of the Manchester Wheelers. " That's the stuff to hand out to the troops, F.H., and you have made an excellent start for the limelight Stakes !

* * * * *

Percy Charles has been elected Vice-Chairman of the R.R.C., and in the natural sequence of events will become Chairman. This is an honour P.C.B. well deserves, and we are all very pleased about it.

* * * * *

We knew it would eventuate. It was bound to. The new proposed Lighting Laws totally and illogically ignores the existence of Bath-chairs, Wheelbarrows, Prams, Handcarts, etc., but the driver of the Motor-bus on the new arterial road at Nottingham who ran down and killed both propeller and occupant of a Bath-chair, pleaded as the cause of the " accident " the fact that the Bath-chair had no Rear Light on it ! We don't think this plea will be swallowed as it would be if a cyclist had been the victim. Yet why not ?

* * * * *

The Pleasant Thursday Evening Club that meets at the Greyhound, Knotty Ash, has quite overcome the Cheshire B.B. in paying the reciprocal visit to Saughall Massie by sending *two* delegates who duly carried out their pleasing duties on August 3rd. The delegation consisted of the well-known tandem record breakers, Mr. Mines and Winnie, and we understand they had been content with a praffle round Warrington and Chester. Although the visit was a surprise one they found a fairly large muster of C.B.B.'s, and we are sure they enjoyed themselves as well as mystifying the locals who mistook their badinage for a quarrel likely to develop into a fight. Fortunately they were not able to " do us over " in the homeward scrap as they got lost, with Kettle scuttling up the Newton road, Hotine, Powell and Coy. diving down the Moreton road, and Fawcett's party sneaking off to Upton, and did not know which scent to follow after settling as to who should steer the tandem.

* * * * *

There were 72 out for the " 24 " and yet Kettle had trouble fixing up his checkers and feeders ! It would be interesting to know how many of the 72 let him know when and where they would be available, and how many were careful to avoid jobs so that they could please themselves and do little or nothing.

"So many holiday makers have gone to Minehead this year that the little Somerset seaside resort is facing a very serious *water shortage*." (Press Report). The italic is ours. This is what might be expected after the visit of Hubert and Skinner!

* * * * *

The Crown Hotel, Llandegla, has recently been put up for auction but failed to sell. We suggest a syndicate of Swearfairians should be formed to acquire it as a National Memorial.

* * * * *

Some folk have a queer idea of humour. On the day of the "24," one of "ours" went into The Raven and asked Mrs. Hall, "Are any of our lunatics here?" You can have two guesses as to the identity of the enquirer!

* * * * *

When toiling up the hill into Chester on his way to Newport, on the eve of the "12," the Presider received a treble shock on meeting Wayfarer (himself) smashing through to Liverpool dis-giz-ed as Helen Wills. Skull caps may not be things of beauty, but the Helen Will's cap with its forward extension is no nosegay either! Shock No. 1! Wayfarer (himself) announced that he was on the way to Ireland (The O'Tatur's article in a recent issue of the *Irish Cyclist* made it easy to recognise Robbie as the enquirer and to prophesy that he would soon be going to investigate the Magic of the Boglands), but surely we have been told often enough that the Holyhead Road is "the Road to Ireland," and to find the "top" road elevated to this pinnacle was Shock No. 2! And Wayfarer (himself) did not appear to know that the "12" was on the carpet and turned back to ascertain where the O.G. was going to at such an unusual time. Shock No. 3.

* * * * *

Anfielders in Quest of the Picturesque (A Plea).

Long has the Cycling Press unanimously voiced the cries of those who shed tears over the adorning of our roads with pink and yellow petrol pumps and oiltanks in striking contrast to the green hillsides—a flash of colour that some find rather enlivening. Therefore, let the "Anfield Gazette" be the first to acclaim the schemes of Punch in their noble attempt to camouflage the Pumps and Pipes as Trees of Paradise with whispering Snakes attached, the morose and hangdog pumparm-slinger as a rustic Adam in smock and tied up trousers grinning through his beard. The stucco counting house is to become an Ann Hathaway cottage and the heavier oils are kept in barrels and to be "drawn from the wood." 'Tis a picture that will make the mouths water of all true thirsty cyclists. Moreover, now that many petrol stations are running Tea Gardens as a side line, where lady motorists go for a few minutes respite from their companions, it is up to Anfielders to put into practice those fraternal principles that find expression in their Motto of "Riders All."

* * * * *

From the Agony Column of a Manchester Evening Paper:—

"A motorist named Crow was fined £5 at London to-day for driving at 40 miles an hour."

Let us hope that nothing so untoward has befallen the Anfielder who set the fashion of the smart set and whose identity is usually expressed under the pseudonym "Crow." His hard earned spare cash deserves a better fate than the coffers of the London police courts.

Tragedy Lurks Behind "Two Changes of Address."

The almost lifelong partnership of W. T. Venables and H. M. Buck as fellow-lodgers at Wallasey—where on that windswept Seabank they stemmed full many an untoward tide—has come to a sorrowful ending through the precincts no longer offering them the measure of joint habitation.

The desperate situation created may be thus described:—

TRUE FRIENDSHIP SUFFERED NEVER
SO GREAT A BREAKING STRAIN,
SINCE VEN AND BUCK DID SEVER
TWIN SOULS LIE CLEFT IN TWAIN.

* * * * *

Who's Who.

W. H. KETTLE.—Heartily detested alike by the racing and non-racing members. Regards the speedful as merely existing to provide periodical Roman Holidays for the speedless; and the speedless as created solely for use as "extras" and "chorus" at the disillusion and dissolution of the speedful. This game is known as "road-racing," and from it Kettle derives his courtesy title of *Horrible Racing Secretary*.

W. A. LOWCOCK.—Hereditary *Marchal du Chetwynd*. Author of "*Chaque Medaille a son Revers* as applied to Pyjamas" and "The Wheels of Chance." Family residence, Ché A'dle, Ches. Country seat, Bar-le-Mot, Newport, Salop.

J. LONG.—One of Kettle's lieutenants: *i.e.*, a kind of a sort of a Captain, only not a real one. Struts round in a tremendously inflated self-important manner, just as the enjoyment of our Saturday's tea is percolating to our very soul, and mucks things up entirely by appropriating all the loose cash that we had taken the trouble to coax out of the gas meter the night before. Altogether a person to avoid.

H. G. BUCKLEY.—Affectionately known as "Little Hubert." A round-eyed, curly-haired tiny tot whose gentle, lisping prattle contributes so much to that enduring charm which characterises all our Runs. An entirely loveable wee soul.

G. H. WELFARE.—Used to own an appendix but now doesn't, and is reported to be burning the midnight oil in elucidation of the problem as to whether he is or is not "all there."

RUNS AND FIXTURES.

August Tour—The Dukeries, 30th July/1st August, 1927.

SUNDAY.—Waking up at 5-45 a.m. instead of 5 a.m. I had to give my razor a holiday and was out *en route* for Sheffield by 6-5. There I met Shaw at 8 a.m. in earnest conversation with a newspaper man who had been seeing wraiths of his deceased wife. Shaw must have been seeing things too, as after a mile or so he had to go back to get the Dukeries "Pass," which he had forgotten. He caught me up just as I had finished a mug of tea and a sandwich at the Owl Bar Summit whence we slipped gracefully down to Baslow and over to Bakewell at 9-30 a.m. Cook was in his element; the Royal Oak was simply alive with women; one kept falling over them and never meeting the same one twice. The Boss had hired him hirelings wherewithal to serve the five thousand he was expecting to feed.

We rode slowly back to Baslow and slower still up the four mile rise towards Chesterfield, which we safely passed through without the wooden and curly church spire falling on to us. On through Staveley and Barlborough—country somewhat spoilt by industrialism—to the outskirts of Whitwell, where we decided to wait for those behind whilst taking advantage of Cook's success in persuading a certain host that he opened at 12-0 instead of at 12-30 or alternatively that we only wanted soft drinks. My friends, I commend to your notice the products of the Worksop & Retford Company.

Soon after leaving Whitwell we arrived at the famous Welbeck Abbey tunnels—roads built a few feet below ground level or through built up banks—inky black except where lit up every thirty yards or so by electric light or by daylight let in through overhead circular heavy glass frames. When we finally emerged into the heart of beautiful Welbeck, it was like suddenly arriving in another world—detached entirely from the somewhat grubby one we know. We rode through the Park, getting mixed up with Merry-go-Rounds, Dukes at a distance, Keepers, Coldstream Guards, etc., and finally got back on to a public road again, rather sooner than had been intended through taking a wrong fork. We were free lances to-day—none of your five course lunches for us; Anfield tradition got lost in the tunnels; no meal booked anywhere; we gorged ourselves at Cuckney on bread, cheese, pickles, and beer at ninepence a time all in!

From here we rode into another part of Welbeck grounds, known as the Birklands, wherein is situated Robin Hood's Larder or Shambles Oak which was duly inspected, photographed, and joked about. From there to the Russian Shooting was but a few steps, where the processes were repeated.

Riding from here to Edwinstowe we visited the giant Queen's Oak, in Sherwood, and then rode down to inspect the £1,000 gates of Rufford, which were fastened with a 6d. padlock. After Cook had pressed a few more triggers we stopped to examine the uninspiring remains of Parliament Oak and then on through Clipstone, Mansfield Woodhouse, Mansfield to Sutton-in-Ashfield, for a delightful tea at the Denmans Head Hotel; waited on in the absence of their staff by the proprietor and his wife in a charmingly courtly and hospitable manner; salmon mayonnaise, Chandler, and chicken and ham, Dickman, and tomatoes, oh lovely tomatoes, Hotine, all for 2/6 including trimmings and gratis speech on current affairs by a parrot.

From here we rode to Alfreton and thence past beautiful Wingfield Manor and up to Crick and down to Crowford, and thence through the Matlocks, chasing Cook and Leslie Henson who had dossed down in the Three Greyhounds, at Crowford, the dirty dogs! They'd had tea at Sutton, so they had no real excuse to stop there as the *Circular* said tea not beer at Crowford.

After a goodish supper we had an hour's steady devotion in the chapel and then to bed and for myself to sleep immediately, despite R.J.A. and his rotten peppermints!

MONDAY.—Monday morning came all too soon. As we overheard Gordon Shaw tell the Presider there is always a feeling on August Bank Holiday that a few more days ought to be added. Prompt at 10-0 the party of eight "dashed" round the corner by the Rutland Arms and almost as promptly fell off to "climb" the long hill in Swearfairian fashion, which had the advantage of enabling us to soak

in the far flung views in all directions as we mounted higher. After crossing the shoulder of Bole Hill came the drop to Monyash, where the wine of the country was sampled and photographs taken round the old cross. Thence crossing the Roman Road at Hurdlow (or as a motorist would insist on calling it, the London Road) we came to the precipitous descent to the Dove Valley at Crowdecote, followed by the stiff rise into Longnor where we turned South along the ridge overlooking the Upper Manifold valley to Warslow—as pretty a road as one could desire. After the descent to Warslow Brook we again had to “climb” up a corkscrew hill that made us all very thirsty by the time we reached Onecote (not Mecote, Mr. Editor, please) where a sign indicating that “spirituous liquors” were obtainable had to be investigated and where our wants were attended to by a Fairybelle of Junoesque proportions. Thus fortified we were soon at Bottom House where the Presider passed himself off as Toft and got the A.A. Scout to order our lunch at Leek per telephone “for members only.” At Leek we found Bert Green again sampling the tour, and Dr. Carlisle on a very saucy bicycle with Conroys and De luxe, so that after an excellent lunch when we parted with Shaw and Turvey we still mustered eight. There was a fair amount of motor traffic on the main road, although most of it was “parked” overlooking Rudyard Lake, but at Bosley we dived into the peace and quietness of the lanes through North Rode, and over Cock Moss to Marton where Hubert Buckley and Arjay broke away to “get home for tea.” The remaining six proceeded through the lanes to Twemlow Green and along Rose Cottage Lane to Cranage, where it divided into two equal parts, Buckley, Green and the Dr. making for tea at Goostrey and the Presider, Hotine and Leslie Henson pushing on to Byley, Middlewich and Shrewsbury Arms, near Little Budworth, where an excellent meal was obtained. Still determined to avoid the procession of cars the trio kept in the lanes over Utkinton, Duddon and across the Pack-horse bridges (a great novelty to Leslie) to Christleton and it was only in Chester that any “traffic” was encountered, for along the “top” road it was less than on a normal Sunday. Just short of Hadlow Road the Skipper *overtook* the tourists—from which you will gather how fit Harold is—and gave them the glad news of Orrell’s record fastest in the E.L.W. 50 and Rothwell’s smashing of the handicap in a surprising fashion. This great news had to be celebrated properly and we understand the good folk at the Gee Gee’s Napper, Willaston, had to drop hints about Home Sweet Home before the quartette would light their lamps and disappear. The young moon and feeling of satisfaction after a glorious tour filled all hearts with lyrical joy, which even the Docks could not submerge in Hotine’s case, nor the purloins of Birkenhead in that of Leslie. As for the Presider, he doubtless drowned his sorrow in a hot bath saying to himself “well that’s that. This cycling’s not so bad. I think I will take it up myself.” Thus ended another tour so delightful that one is amazed that so few partake of the feast and so many are content with the hedgebackings of Salopia. Where are “the younger members anxious to tour, to explore new districts and to strike fresh fields?” We have heard it said that the Club tours too expensively; but that is not a true bill. For the two nights at Bake-well we paid 18/-, including baths and tips, while on Sunday, the *two* excellent meals cost the tremendous sum of *three shillings and threepence*! (Including bread cheese pickles and beer—at ninepence!—ED.) And thirty years ago with only half our present membership we could always count on about 20 for the August Tour, notwithstanding the fact that our Cheadle youngsters headed by The Master organised a tour of their own! Alas and Alack.

The Bath Road "100," 1st August, 1927.

Hubert and his trusty henchman, Arthur Skinner, looked particularly well pleased with themselves as they strolled through the peaceful streets of Wallingford to take the air and a look at Father Thames flowing placidly under the old bridge, which in a few hours was to be the scene of wonderful speeds per bicycle. Whether they were pleased with the accommodation secured, the evening meal or the quality of the local malt and hops, no one seemed curious enough to enquire. They had come many miles, at their own expense, to help in the making of history.

Checkers, assistants and others were dragged out of bed at the unearthly hour of 4-45 a.m.; fortunately it was a fine morning, the rain not commencing until about 10 a.m. At the Benson check (second time), the odds were about even on the Cup, which stood a fair sporting chance. Southall seemed taking it rather casual, free wheeling round the corners for all the world like some tourist, against all pre-conceived theories and in a manner which would make the "old gent." tear his hair in despair. West hot in pursuit, only 30 seconds behind, Marshall and Harbour a few seconds more. Liverpool, represented by Twiddle, twiddling them round to such purpose that it was no effort to keep well over evens; was Liverpool the possible saviour of the Cup? No! Southall's nonchalance is camouflage and he runs past the timekeeper (Burden Barnes) in the extraordinary time of 4.37.22. Would West save the Cup? No! He cannot, Harbour has finished, then Marshall? All fail—the Cup is lost to the Bath Road Club; Southall, the superman, claims it for his own and justly deserves it, by winning it three times in succession. The party now foregather at Aldermaston, the heavens weep for the loss, the B.R. Treasurer looks as gloomy as the dripping clouds, despite the fact he has a flyer in hand, sent by some super pessimist in anticipation. Hubert in the cheerfulness of his great heart, suggests the Anfield magnates might come to the rescue, but is scornfully reminded it is against tradition, after more suggestions of a similar nature, a sensible one follows that we have a tankard or two of the local enterprise.

One curious feature of the B.R. "100" is that it somewhat resembles our own "Bettws" inasmuch as it is the annual appearance of the "pillars," "hasbeens," "neverwassers," "lostinteresters," and such like, Hubert and Arthur seemed strangely attracted to these *rara avis*, and fraternised with them to such an extent that there was plenty of good hospitality untasted. Amongst this strange assembly the old N.C.U. crack—Peter Wood, stood out. With a beautifully trimmed beard, he might have been a Rear Admiral or at least the Skipper of a crack Cunarder, garbed in a magnificent new suit he had defied a persistent rain for three hours, disdaining a cape (he hadn't got one—left it at home) he had to defy it for another six hours, ten guineas thoroughly shrunk, and no doubt thoroughly ruined, still it comes to the same thing—one run per year—one cycling suit per annum. According to ancient custom, the Owls foregathered at Pewsey, in the evening. Owing to the lateness of the nesting, love, marriage and divorce, the mortality amongst the brood this year has been appalling, they could only muster five, *vis.*, the Arch, Hubert, Mazeppa, Spango and Carwithen. In order to strengthen the breed, this small but select body decided it was a splendid opportunity to elect Arthur Skinner to the Noble Order, this was accordingly carried out with the usual formalities and due ceremony.

Tuesday turned out as fine a day as Monday was wet, thus proving that our climate is the best in the world, as you never know the pleasant surprises it has for you. The time passed too quickly and after fraternal hand shakes leave was taken at 9-30 and the party passed away to their various roosting places to meet again, we hope, another year.

East Liverpool Wheelers "50." 1st August, 1927.

Though we should have preferred to have seen G. B. Orrell's name amongst the leading times in the Bath Road "100," it is highly gratifying to report his fastest time success in the E.L.W. "50," against a very "hot" field, which included such men as S. Parker, Cheshire Roads Club (now the holder of the Northern "50" record); J. A. Pierce, Mersey Roads Club, and L. Carton, Highgate. The day was fine, though the riders were hindered by a S.-W. wind which swept across the course. Orrell rode strongly throughout, to finish in the excellent time of 2.19.42, which is 5 minutes faster than his previous best, and 1½ minutes better than the second man. In securing the first handicap, H. Rothwell is to be congratulated upon his splendid performance, for with an allowance of 18 minutes, he finished in the excellent time of 2.25.52. Several members were about the course for the race, which was timed by Norman Higham. The results are as follows:

Fastest time ...	G. B. Orrell (A.B.C.) ...	5 mins. ...	2.19.42
2nd ..	S. Parker (C.R.C.) ...	1 min. ...	2.21. 8
3rd ..	J. A. Pierce (Mersey Rds.)	1 min. ...	2.21.40

First Team Prize, Mersey Roads Club, Aggregate, 7.9.22. Second Team Prize, Manchester Wheelers, with an aggregate time of 7.15.26.

Tattenhall, 6th August, 1927.

At last! The week-end once more and the Bear and Ragged Staff as the Club fixture. It was almost too hot for cycling—at least for strenuous cycling and to travel with the minimum expenditure of energy was at once a necessity and a problem—for the roads were heavy from the heat, and traffic laden out of town. The suburbs were soon set behind however, and the open country reached where one could breathe fresh air instead of petrol fumes and where by a judicious choice of lane routes one may avoid the rush and roar of main roads. It was just such a day, as described by Leigh Hunt, when "the traveller calls for his glass of ale, having been without one for more than ten minutes." The hotel at Beeston supplied our needs and so past the castle, through the lanes to Tattenhall, somewhat late, to find the tables thronged, but ourselves, luckily, as regards the meal, not "also rans." Various was the conversation. Some spoke of the successful Derbyshire tour; others of our win in Shropshire on the previous week-end, reported elsewhere; and mention was made of a Withington C.C. whose activities are wrapt in mystery. Suffice to say that through the influence of this organisation that old athlete, Mandall, has again joined the cycling ranks and a pot or two (of tea—Ed.) was of necessity consumed to celebrate the event. One question remained. To week-end or not to week-end? And even as we wavered in the decision the answer was awaiting us: for on inspecting the machines it was found that a tyre had blown from the rim, leaving a two-inch tear in the tube. A telephone message secured the necessary accommodation and it was already dark when the party left the hotel and pressed on until a halt was called in Tarporley to discuss the lighting problem with the local police. We parted under threat of further proceedings and for us the pleasures of the week-end were no more—or less.

N.R.R.A. "100 Miles" Tandem Record.

By G. B. Orrell and C. W. McKail, 7th August, 1927.

Encouraged by their success in their recent 50 miles record attempt, G. B. Orrell and C. W. McKail attacked the long-standing 100 miles tandem record (made by Lowcock and Taylor of the Wheelers) starting at 5-0 a.m. The morning was very favourable and although the start was made in the dark the riders were inside schedule from the start. At the half distance they clocked 2-3 and continuing to gain on schedule they reached the finish in the wonderful time of 4.13.42, which beats the previous record by no less than 27 mins. 32 seconds. This magnificent performance ranks the Anfield-Cheadle Hulme pair as one of the fastest pairs in the country, and it would be of great interest if they could compete in one of the open tandem events in the South. The ride was timed by Norman Higham and several of "ours" were out on the course.

12 Hours Handicap, 13th August, 1927.

The weather of the days preceding that fixed for the "12" was such as to give reason for gloomy forebodings, but fortunately Saturday morning dawned fair and Harry Poole dispatched the 14 entrants from Christleton in just the right kind of weather for the job. There was some wind against them, but that could be expected and after all it's better to push the wind when you're fresh and have its help when you're flagging than the other way round. All made quite good times to the Raven (21 miles), the fastest being Orrell (1.3), Rothwell (1.6), and Hancock (1.7). Threlfall (1.8½) had taken a minute out of H. Austin (1.9½) and they were quite evidently fighting it out. At Newport (53½ miles) the following arrived within 3 hours: Orrell (2.43), Rothwell (2.50), Hancock (2.55), Threlfall (2.57), and H. Austin (2.58)—the last two still "scrapping." At the Old Bell (72 miles) only two were inside 4 hours—Orrell (3.41) and Rothwell (3.52), and both were riding so well as to leave little doubt, bar accident, as to who would do the best rides. Nevitt (4.27) had punctured, and between the Barley Mow and the Old Bell, Threlfall's "Little Mary" had gone back on him and rejected all the nice rice pudding and other things with which he had regaled her. Sammy put it all down to original sin on Little Mary's part, but perhaps his sustained scrap with Austin may have had something to do with it. Anyhow Sammy decided that it wasn't his day for racing and toured home. Perkins (4.20) from the very start seemed to have made up his mind what he could do and he stuck to it, going along at the pace he found right for him. Back at Newport, Orrell had increased his lead over Rothwell, doing 5.4 against Rothwell's 5.22. Hancock (5.38) had fallen behind and was evidently not comfortable. Austin (5.40) was keeping up a steady pace and Long (5.42) was little behind him. Taylor (5.54) had picked up a minute on Moorby (5.55) from the Old Bell and he retained his lead to the end of the chapter. Orrell was the first to arrive at the Raven on the homeward journey, his time there (133½ miles) being 7.12; Rothwell followed him 27 minutes later, his time being 7.45. Del Banco, Ladds and Jones had meantime packed. Long (8.3½) and Austin (8.10½) were still doing nicely. Hubert Buckley (8.36) did not seem too comfortable and Hancock (8.27) was talking of packing. Taylor (8.28) was full of beans and Moorby (8.34) although refusing food, looked a finisher. Perkins (8.18½) went on his way unperturbed. At Christleton, Hancock decided to pack, leaving 9 runners in the race, and these 9 finished. Up to about 5-30 p.m., the weather had been quite fine, but after that there was heavy rain which certainly did not add to their comfort. In the final result Orrell ran out with the fine total, of 217½ miles—the best 12 hours ride ever done in the A.B.C., and one

which compares favourably with any other in the country, taking into consideration the relative difficulty of the course. Rothwell did 202½ miles, taking Standard D, and is to be heartily congratulated on a splendid performance. He has no opportunity for training in his home neighbourhood, but carefully and consistently takes every chance at week-ends, with the result that he is probably as fit as he can be and will do greater things yet. Long's total was 197½ miles, taking 2nd Handicap prize, and here again we see the result of a determination to improve his riding. His success this time will do some little to make up for his disappointment in the "24." Perkins, who rode his own race throughout, without troubling himself about what others were doing, covered 193½ miles, taking 3rd Handicap prize and Standard C, and will probably do better next time, now he has his own measure. Austin's total was 191½ miles—perhaps he would have done better to let Threlfall go in the early stages—nevertheless it was a good ride. U. Taylor took 1st Handicap prize with 189½ miles—a very good improvement on his previous figures. He used a free-wheel and it would be interesting to have his view as to whether it was a help or a hindrance. Moorby followed him closely with 188½ miles—a substantial improvement. H. G. Buckley's figure was 184½ miles. It didn't appear to be his day and we shall see much bigger totals from him in years to come. Nevitt's 182½ miles was a good performance, and with some training he will do a lot better. Taking all in all, we can congratulate ourselves on the general excellence of the performances. Orrell's ride stands out pre-eminent, but that is by no means all. To have two men doing over 200 miles, three over 190 miles, and four over 180 miles, out of 14 starters is very satisfactory. Certainly, 14 is a poor card; there ought to have been more than double that number of starters. Of course, a "12" means getting the morning off, but taking that and other things into consideration, we ought to have had more men up. Another little grumble—the Liverpool men, apart from those who had specific jobs and two others, did not turn out to help and the Skipper was hard put to it to find followers. Chester isn't far from Liverpool and those who were unable to help in the morning might have been expected to turn out in the evening. The Manchester men, who had farther to come, were there in force. It is a pleasure to record that Welfare, not yet completely recovered, volunteered to attend to the feeding at Shawbury, and as he was unable to push himself out, was driven out by George Mercer. Appended are tables showing the times taken for various intermediate distances, and the final results.

INTERMEDIATE TIMES OF FINISHERS.

Name and Actual Placing.	21 miles.	53½ miles	72 miles	96 miles	133½ miles	171½ miles	Total m'age 12 hrs
G. B. Orrell ...	1.3	2.43	3.41	5.4	7.12	9.26	217½
H. Rothwell ...	1.6	2.50	3.52	5.22	7.45	10.9	202½
J. Long ...	1.13	3.4½	4.12	5.42	8.3½	10.30	197½
F. Perkins ...	1.14	3.11	4.20	5.52	8.18½	10.40	193½
H. Austin ...	1.9½	2.58	4.4	5.40	8.10½	10.44	191½
U. Taylor ...	1.12	3.5	4.13	5.54	8.28	10.54	189½
C. Moorby ...	1.11½	3.7	4.13	5.55	8.34	11.0	188½
H. G. Buckley ...	1.13½	3.14	4.29	6.5	8.36	11.10	184½
E. Nevitt ...	1.9	3.19	4.27	6.7	8.44	11.21	182½

FINAL RESULT—PRIZE LIST.

Name and Handicap Placing	Actual Distance Ridden	Handi- cap	Handi- cap Distance
G. B. Orrell, Greatest distance ...	Miles 217 $\frac{1}{4}$	Miles Scr.	Miles 217 $\frac{1}{4}$
U. Taylor, 1st prize	189 $\frac{1}{2}$	33	222 $\frac{1}{4}$
J. Long, 2nd prize	197 $\frac{1}{4}$	24	221 $\frac{1}{2}$
F. Perkins, 3rd prize and Standard C	193 $\frac{3}{4}$	27	220 $\frac{3}{4}$

Ruthin, 20th August, 1927.

Ruthin, with its host of scenic attractions, only called 14, but probably the heavy morning rain was not encouraging to some, whilst other regular attenders were known to be on holiday. Still, as there seems to be a general desire for a little more variety, such an attendance was very poor for a run to the delectable Vale of Clwyd.

Llandegla was much sought after, seven or eight going that way and taking afternoon tea at the "Crown," thereafter descending the Nant-y-Garth. Jonas was sighted on the top Chester road proceeding towards Birkenhead, and one might venture to ask what was wrong with Ruthin.

The "Castle" provided a splendid tea at a reasonable price, and there seemed to be a general wish to pay a return visit; perhaps the early or late winter could make this possible.

Everybody was soon away after tea, Cook making for Bettws-y-Coed, but he could find no company for a week-end in such delightful country. The majority returned over the Bwlch-y-Parc; Perkins, Long, Randall, Threlfall, and Nevitt "having a go" at one another up the steep ascent, while Austin, Tommy Royden and Roberts climbed up out of the peaceful vale in a more leisurely manner. A brief halt at the "Shrewsbury Arms" for refreshment was followed by a short run home under a heavy sky frequently illuminated by flashes of lightning, but there was hardly ten minutes rain, except for a shower during tea (not one of those three hour showers, Robbie) in the whole trip.

Arclid, 20th August, 1927.

Winter having now arrived (if indeed last winter ever ended), the Committee arranged an alternative run to Arclid, primarily as some recompense to the Rose and Crown for their help in feeding in the "24." It is unfortunate that the refreshment provided was hardly up to the standard which we expect, and it is unlikely that the visit will be repeated, at any rate for some time.

Leaving home very late I proceeded direct to Arclid, but in Brereton saw several machines outside the "Bear." Fearing that the owners had mistaken the venue I entered and, yielding to pressure "had one." The party then proceeded towards Arclid, and after a diversion caused by the Mullah turning in at the Workhouse gate, we arrived to find seven hungry souls awaiting our arrival. We were pleased to have Cody over from Liverpool and also welcomed "Doctor" Carlyle on a club run again. During tea we heard of "Ann" Rawlinson's exploits without a lamp, which culminated in his arrest near Tarpoley.

His fellow members will all hope that his sentence will not be more than six months hard labour, although I fear that it is unlikely; seven years penal servitude will probably be nearer the mark.

Partly refreshed, we made for the road. Wheel repairing operations on "Ann's" machine over we settled down to an exhibition of trick riding by G. B. Orrell and "Ann" again. For a change there were no week-end parties, and I believe that after various adventures the whole party reached home in safety.

Highwayside, 27th August, 1927.

Before starting for this run I had a presentiment that the task of writing up the account of it would fall to my lot, and sure enough when my attention was entirely occupied by something else, namely tea, the Editor in a pleasant friendly way asked me if I was "going out" to-morrow. Quite simply, I told him "No, not specially," and thereupon he said that I should do the "write up." So here it is.

For two or three days definite promises had been held out by the weather people of an improvement in the wretched weather we have mostly had this month, but these faded away before Saturday, and the day was cloudy and dull, with a gusty South-West wind which brought rather heavy rain later in the evening. Nevertheless, Highwayside has become so popular that the attendance was quite good, thirty-five sitting down to the excellent fare always provided here. We missed our vivacious President who was acting as time-keeper in a team trial between the Manchester Wheelers and the East Liverpool Clubs, but we were all very pleased to have with us Percy Beardwood and his two fine boys. They had travelled by sea from London to Newcastle-upon-Tyne, taken to their bicycles and after following the line of the Roman Road to Carlisle were making their way homeward, arranging their route to pay us this visit. The younger boy is only eleven and they both looked fit and happy and were obviously enjoying their trip. What better, healthier, or more educative way of spending a holiday could a father choose for his youngsters?

We were also glad to have Welfare with us again looking none the worse for his operation; he is not yet allowed to ride but we all hope his convalescence will soon be completed and that next season he will continue his promising career as a "speedman."

The Manchester contingent was specially large and included "The Mullah," the Buckleys, senior and junior, and Dr. Carlisle. The Skipper moved about sollefitting entries for the last Fifty to be held next Saturday; he did not seem to be meeting with very great success, and one would like to picture him sitting surrounded by crowds of eager members clamouring to have their names entered in the race card!

The party broke up into the usual small groups and units for home and doubtless they all got wet as the writer and his companion did. Widnes is unattractive at all times, but it was never worse; the gathering darkness, the waiting for the bridge, the crowding of motors and the pouring rain, together acting on the sensitive poetical nature of my companion nearly produced, I fear, physical and mental nausea, and we wished we had gone with Kettle the other way.

N.R.R.A. 100 Miles Bicycle Record Attempt.

By G. B. Orrell, 28th August, 1927.

G. B. Orrell attacked the 100 miles single bicycle record on Sunday morning, August 28th. He was inside schedule at 25 miles, but the weather conditions, always bad, became steadily worse, and the attempt was abandoned.

T. A. TELFORD, *Editor.*

ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

FORMED MARCH 1879

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

MONTHLY CIRCULAR.

Vol. XXII.

No. 260.

FIXTURES FOR OCTOBER, 1927.

Tea at 6 p.m.

					Light up at
Oct.	1	Acton Bridge (Leigh Arms)	7-48 p.m.
..	8	Pulford (Grosvenor Arms)	6-33 p.m.
..	10	Committee Meeting, 7 p.m. (Angel Hotel, Dale Street, Liverpool).			
..	15	Sankey (Chapel House)	6-17 p.m.
..	22/23	Autumnal Tints Tour—Llanarmon (West Arms)	6-2 p.m.
		Lunch—Sunday, 1-30 p.m., Ellesmere (Bridgwater Arms).			
..	22	Alternative Run.—Daresbury (Ring O' Bells).			
..	29	Northop (Red Lion)	5-48 p.m.
Nov.	5	Halewood (Derby Arms), Musical Evening	5-31 p.m.

ALTERNATIVE RUNS FOR MANCHESTER MEMBERS:

Tea at 5-30 p.m.

Oct.	8	Allostock (Three Greyhounds)	6-33 p.m.
..	29	Goostrey (Red Lion)	5-48 p.m.
Nov.	5	Northwich (Crown and Anchor)	5-31 p.m.
		Full Moon	...	10th inst.	

The address of the Hon. Treasurer, R. L. Knipe, is 108 Moscow Drive, Stoneycroft, Liverpool, but Subscriptions (25/-; under 21, 15/-; under 18, 5/-; Honorary, a minimum of 10/-) and Donations (unlimited) to the Prize Fund, can most conveniently be paid into ANY Branch of the Bank of Liverpool & Martins Ltd., to the credit of the Anfield Bicycle Club at the Tue Brook Branch.

4 THE LAUND,
WALLASEY.

COMMITTEE NOTES.

AUTUMNAL TINTS TOUR.—For this Tour 20 beds have already been booked leaving 6 beds still vacant, will Members who intend to participate please let me know quickly. Beds not booked by October 17th will be given up.

A Musical Evening under the direction of Mr. G. Newall has been arranged for November 5th, at Halewood.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS:—

W. T. Venables, 1 Linden Grove, Earlston Road, Wallasey, Cheshire.

H. M. Buck, Lynton Terrace, Albion Street, Wallasey, Cheshire.
CORRECTION OF ADDRESS—J. Hodges, 4 Ayton Grove, Longford
Place, Victoria Park, Manchester.

H. W. POWELL,
Hon. General Secretary.

ITEMS.

W. J. Finn recently made an attack on the Irish 24 hours record, but experienced very bad luck with the weather which forced him to "pack" at 306½ miles in 21½ hours, with only 30 miles to go to succeed.

* * * * *

We hope no one assumed that the party on the August Bank Holiday Tour reached the Bakewell headquarters by aeroplane. As a matter of fact "the Tour Proper" began on the Saturday at Buxton. The Presider, Hotine and "Leslie Henson" had lunch at Northwich, took a lane route to Macclesfield, climbed the Cat in a proper manner and found the Buckleys, Arjay and Green awaiting them at the Grove Hotel. Rothwell, U. Taylor and Jonas also arrived for tea, but Green, Taylor and Jonas were unable to join the tourists, having homes to go to. The ride to Bakewell was most delightful, the only real incident being an amusing conversation at the Waterloo Inn between the Presider and a charabanc passenger about a place in North Wales which the latter pronounced "Pa and Ma" (Penmaenmawr). We would like also to apologise to the Doctor for spelling his name Carlyle and to those who tried unsuccessfully to find Cromford on the map when Cromford was the place intended.

* * * * *

We are pleased to be able to announce that as a result of the advice given in these columns the F. H. Koenen publicity campaign has started, and we prophesy that in due course Dave Pell will be completely eclipsed. With Lizzie Buck as manager, The Master made a most dramatic appearance at the last 50 and he has adopted a Helen Wills cap with a vivid green transparent forward extension that quite puts Wayfarer's into the shade. No doubt this is intended to mitigate the blinding effect of the limelight, but its use at the next F.O.T.C. gathering will ensure F.H. having a paragraph in *Cycling* all to himself.

* * * * *

Congratulations to D. Smith who entered into the bonds of Holy Matrimony on September 8th, and sent the Presider such a nice box of wedding cake. Appropriately enough the honeymoon was spent at Douglas and we wish the happy pair all joy, felicity and prosperity.

* * * * *

We have heard from Dickman who informs us that Parry has decided to sell his bicycle—a "Victor" by Jackson—23½ in. frame, B.S.A. fittings, B10, and 26 in. × 1½ in. Constrictor de Luxe tyres on Westwoods. The price is £6 (cost £20 in '21) and a bargain at that. Anyone interested should communicate with Alex. Dickman, who has been appointed Parry's "liquidator."

* * * * *

Concerning Roman Remains and Anfielders.

COOK IS RIGHT AFTER ALL: so say the records of the late Sir Richard Colt Hoare, who departed this life shortly before the A.B.C. came in being and who had been one of the foremost delvers into Roman antiquity. His work preceded that of the rather better known Pitt Rivers and in the light of later discoveries Colt Hoare has made

mistakes, but then so has Cook, so have we all in fact, but it seems out of the question that Colt and Cook should fall into the same error when working independently.

Two years ago, our President, in writing his preface to the Liverpool C.T.C. Manual, headed his contribution: "Another Phase," and in urging cyclists to visit places of antiquarian interest, instanced his own discovery—made in conjunction with fellow Anfielders—of the site of the seemingly completely lost Rutunium in Shropshire, wildly placed by others at Rowton and at Ruyton, merely for reasons of phonetic resemblance, but in all other respects hopelessly out in both distance and direction as lying on the road from Uriconium to Deva. With unerring hand Cook and his followers, the "Master-Kettlers"—who entered the field in a sort of Jack-and-Jill combination and were photographed in the midst of their researches—pointed to Harmer Hill and its surviving fragments of antiquity, as well as to its site being most likely in direction and situation.

In this opinion they believed themselves in complete isolation, judging by the usual map-readings and other public references. Recently we have come across a writer who without being personally interested in Rutunium volunteers the information that the late Sir Richard Colt Hoare placed it at BROUGHTON, NEAR YORTON, IN SHROPSHIRE, adding that YORTON MEANS GATE TOWN and that BROUGHTON MEANS BURGH TOWN, in other words that the first post-Roman settlers among the ruins near Yorton called it Burgh Town and Gate Town.

As Yorton lies within a mile of the Harmer Hill site, it struck us at once that great minds were in proximity but we had to admit never having heard of Broughton thereabouts. After interviewing numerous oldest inhabitants we learn that Broughton is a tiny hamlet on the northern extremity of Harmer Hill, namely at the Cross Roads of the Wem-Shrewsbury with the Yorton-Myddle roads and to-day consists of the Smithy, Broughton farm and a little chapel near Yorton Station.

Colt Hoare may have missed the remains that our Anfielders wallowed in a mile south of Broughton, to wit: the long ditch surrounding the so-called Pym Hill, the remnant of the great stone wall near the hotel at the north end of the ditch, and the great feature of the rock-cutting by which alone the central camp could be approached from the West, or else he may have fastened on the hamlet Broughton for the evidence its name lends to his find.

Well may the Cooks-and-Kettlers proudly point to this corroboration of their work, and claim to rank with Fell, Chem and Buck who are in that order the foremost students of Roman Morals, Sanitation, and Easements.

The fixing of Rutunium at Harmer Hill and Broughton suggests a likely reason why neighbouring Wem has sometimes been credited with the remote fame of the Roman city and tho' a few miles wide of the mark it is near enough to forgive in the men of Wem who earned the title of the Wem Ranters ere yet the Anfielders made it their week-end *pied-a-terre*.

It is noteworthy that half-a-mile to the South, at the foot of Harmer Hill lies the Priest's-Town-Godobalds, where the pious Saxon must have built his cell from the ruins of the southern gate, and immediately adjoining this site lies Allbrighton, which name must also mean Old Burgh Town, or words to that effect. The history of Bangor-on-Dee tells that many of the Roman towns far outgrew the dimensions

of their original fortress, and that Bangor became the greatest monastery in England, with gates that stood four miles apart; the ruins of the Gates surviving the City ruins by several centuries.

The top of Harmer Hill was never built on and its soil never dug up, the only building being the ancient Leigh Hall on the central rock. Here there were only spirits to be disturbed and these wandered around until the saintly Godobald laid them to rest.

* * * * *

RUNS AND FIXTURES.

Fourth 50 Miles Handicap—3rd September, 1927.

There were 15 names on the card for this event—the last of the season. Orrell was unfortunately unable to compete. He was knocked from his machine a few days previously, in broad daylight, by the careless driving of an overtaking motorist. His bicycle was reduced to scrap and the injury to himself, though happily slight, will probably prevent him from attempting further records this year. Threlfall and Shone were also absentees. Of the remaining twelve, Rothwell was fastest with Hancock slightly slower and their times at the turn, Bunbury Lane, show a difference of about 1 minute, Rothwell arriving in 1.17. Perkins and Austin here clocked 1.20, Nevitt 1.21, Ladds 1.22 and at further intervals came Taylor 1.23, Long and Walters 1.24, del Banco 1.25, Moorby 1.25½, and Bailey (tricycle) 1.27. At this point Bailey was easily first on handicap and Ladds and Perkins, who finally finished 1st and 2nd were lying 7th and 8th. Both put up excellent performances and thoroughly deserved their positions. Bailey's return to the game was welcome and assisted by an extra wheel he rode into 3rd place, securing the prize from Nevitt by a little over a minute. The struggle for fastest time was exceptionally keen, 84 seconds covering the first 3 places.

Full details are shown in the following table:—

NAME AND PLACING,					ACTUAL TIME.	HANDI- CAP.	HANDICAP TIME.
1.	H. Ladds	2.37.23	18	2.19.23
2.	F. Perkins...	2.35.17	15	2.20.17
3.	S. H. Bailey (Tricycle)	2.56.40	35	2.21.40
4.	E. Nevitt	2.42.46	20	2.22.46
5.	A. E. Walters	2.50.12	27	2.23.12
6.	J. Long	2.41.29	16	2.25.29
7.	A. Hancock	2.34.13	7	2.27.13
8.	C. Moorby...	2.49.52	22	2.27.52
9.	H. Rothwell (Fastest)	2.33.53	6	2.27.53
10.	H. Austin	2.40.26	9	2.31.26
11.	U. Taylor	2.51.59	20	2.31.59
12.	S. del Banco	2.55.23	23	2.32.23

North Road 24 Hours—9th-10th September, 1927.

We had two members riding in this event: E. M. Haslam and J. G. Shaw. Haslam crashed at 43 miles and was rather dazed for the remainder of the ride. However he has tabulated his impressions for us, which we append:—

^A Shaw and I travelled down by train together from Retford and reached ST. NEOTS in good time on the Friday afternoon.

St. Neots—Start Despatched by F. T. Bidlake at 6-12. Shaw was starting nine minutes later.

Ely, 30 miles Cathedral on right. Going to be a good sunset.

Chatteris, 43 miles Going good and three competitors overtaken. Bidlake passes per motor and a few minutes after I collide with a local girl cyclist on her wrong side.

My Calcia King smashed, lamp bracket broken, brake twisted, forks bent, knees scarred and wrists knocked up. After repairs to man and machine, ride continued.

Wisbech, 61 miles Feeling sick and stiff after my fall.

Long Sutton, 85 miles Lamp trouble and words with policeman.

Sutton, 87 miles Obtained my third and last lamp for the night.

Rippingale, 122 miles Sleepy.

Holbeach, 152 miles Hit a cat and fell.

West Lynn, 171 miles Lamp bracket slipped down forks. No tools to screw up so bound it with tape.

Peterborough, 201 miles Rain and wet riding.

Cambridge, 254 miles Fed up.

St. Neots, 296 miles Saw Shaw promenading all nicely washed, shaved and clean.

Norman Cross, 317 miles Thunderstorm starts and I catch it in the neck.

Wansford, 325 miles Checker says there are no followers available to run me out.

I lose the rubber Sorbo stuffing out of my Resilion Saddle Top.

Norman Cross, 333 miles Persuade a reluctant 52 gear cyclist to hang on to my back wheel.

Stilton, 334 miles A few minutes to go.

336½ miles Finished. Nuff ced!

"Whenever I saw Shaw he always appeared to be speeding along merrily and it was a big surprise to me to see him walking along the street in St. Neots. He told me that he was never happy and "packed" at 255 miles Cambridge.

"I always had a few cheery words from him during the race and he seemed to be pretty fit, but must have struck an "off" day.

"On the Sunday, Shaw was cycling back to Sheffield and I came back by motor."

Northwich, 10th September, 1927.

There is no doubt that the weather often has a considerable effect upon club attendances. Large numbers turn out when it is fine, whilst the members are considerably diminished when conditions are damp. At the "Crown and Anchor" it is possible with a small attendance to get the members into the upstairs room, but with increased numbers it is necessary to have an overflow meeting in the ground floor Dining Room. From the foregoing remarks it will be understood that an inmate of the "C. & A." would be able to judge the weather conditions outside by using the Anfield B.C. as his barometer, without bothering to look through the window.

As the writer failed to discover a new route to or from Northwich, this account must necessarily be confined to the club meet.

Some time before six o'clock the members kept arriving mostly in ones and twos, but at about six o'clock a general stampede was made towards the tables where an excellent feed was served. Though conversations on a variety of topics could be overheard, the subject of the previous week's "50" was perhaps the most usual.

The members disappeared in a similar manner to their arrival and except for the week-enders presumably made for their respective homes.

(Considering that the envelope containing the above account bore the post-mark "Manchester, 8-30 p.m., 7th Sept., 1927," our contributor deserves praise worthy of a hero for such a splendid effort.—E.D.)

Edinburgh-Liverpool Tricycle Record—11th September, 1927.

With both Dutton-Walker and Molyneux giving notice to attack this record (T. Hughes, Jr., 14hrs. 12mins.) from opposite ends it was certain that a most interesting week-end would ensue. One man's meat would undoubtedly mean the other man's poison, and up to Thursday night the wind was so persistently South that long odds on Dutton-Walker were quoted. Fortunately for us the wind veered North on the Friday and the fervent prayers for its continuance were answered. To be on the job Kettle, Hotine and Cook arranged to meet at Longton and week-end at Lancaster, but the O.G. must needs go round by Chester and Warrington to get his circulation up and had tea all ready for the other two at the Black Bull. On the ride to Lancaster, two youths were encountered who asked Hotine whether either of the other two were contributors to *Cycling*, and we wonder whom they were mistaken for! The youths were from Wigan and were going on to Ingleton with no arrangements for accommodation made and Hotine warned them against putting their fortunes to the touch and advised them to seek their Arcady long before Ingleton. On Sunday morning Hotine and Cook walked up the road towards Scotforth and found the wind still Northerly, so they were not surprised when Dutton-Walker arrived 15 minutes late and decided to "pack." After breakfast the trio took the Burton-in-Kendal road to Kendal in easy stages against the draught and after finding that Dutton-Walker and a lot of Palatine and Lancashire Road Club men had arranged for Molyneux's food at Braithwaites, proceeded to the Kings Arms to "Fill up on Shell." Molyneux was due at 2-46 on a schedule that was very thick to Lancaster and rather easier afterwards, so that when he arrived looking fit and well at 2-56 and got away again at 3-4 it was pretty certain that, bar accidents, which two following trikes made unlikely, the record was bound to go. And my word! How Molly did ride! Both Kettle and Cook got a very satisfactory gruelling in the 21½ miles to Lancaster, reeled off in under 1¼ hours, including a stop near Carnforth; and getting bunkered in a traffic stop in Lancaster they only once sighted him until another short stop was made outside Garstang, which was reached at 4-56. At Brock, a crowd of Wigan Wheelers rendered assistance with drinks, and H. Austin chipped in as a follower while G. Newall and J. Kinder in cars were encountered. Newall's advent was quite fortuitous, and after passing us twice he stopped and asked "Who is it?" Skipping along merrily the train lines of Preston were reached at 5-29, and we reckoned that Molyneux had got back to schedule, would do at least 185 miles in the 12 hours and that it was all over bar the shouting; and as Bailey was waiting at Penwortham Bridge with another spare trike,

Cook, Kettle, and Hotine toured through Preston and sought sanctuary at Longton again for a much needed meal, after arranging with Austin to leave a chit giving the actual figures at the Angel. At Aughton, Threlfall was met and as he had joined the road at Walton Church and seen nothing of Molyneux we knew a decent slice had been taken off the record, and after a stop at the Old Roan to light up (an officious P.C. had tried to make us light up at Maghull 25 minutes before time!) we duly reached the Angel and learned from Austin's chit that Molyneux had arrived at the G.P.O. (with apologies to Wayfarer) exactly 45 seconds before his schedule time of 7-40 p.m., which makes the new record 13 hours 40 minutes identically as scheduled and beats the previous best by 32 minutes. Hurrah! It must certainly be recorded that Tom Hughes, Jr., was not only out to assist in the breaking of his own record but did the fine sporting thing of lending Molyneux his tricycle. We are particularly pleased that Molyneux has been successful, because he was inspired to "do something" by comments in the *Circular* and thought that if a veteran like himself "got busy" it might serve to buck up some of the youngsters. Whether it will have this effect or not remains to be seen. We could say a lot about it. It is the first Place-to-Place Record we have gained since Fulton's Liverpool-London Trike record 17 years ago! And it has taken all these years to justify the Special Prize in Rule 4. Let us hope the ball has been started rolling. Molyneux will now hold the Shield presented in the name of the A.B.C. owing to the generosity of an anonymous donor who doubtless now feels amply repaid.

Daresbury, 17th September, 1927.

There was a rival engagement of some race or other on this date, but nevertheless the Ring o' Bells attracted quite a fair sized muster. Travellers approaching *via* Frodsham reported that place to be in the hands of an invading Expeditionary Force—to wit, Armies, Salvation, Slightly Soiled, One—which was blasting and blab-ing the good citizens to perdition (or thereabouts) with zest and right good will. Passage through the enemy's lines was perilous in the extreme, but at least one scouting party of "Ours," led by Lieutenant Jim and rearguarded by Counterblaster T. Royden, came through without casualty—a manoeuvre reflecting the highest credit on all concerned. Detachments, including of course the COPS's quota, rolled in from all directions and quickly established their quarters in Tank, Yard, or elsewhere according to taste (liquid, solid or none).

Promptly at 6 p.m. the call to tea was sounded and all ranks hastened to the table. The Yard emptied; even that resort of the dirty ones, the wash-house, became deserted; while the evacuation of the Tank was an epic of enthusiastic speed:—

*Then down their tankards threw,
Cross lips their hands they drew,
And to their tea they flew;
Not one was tardy.*

In the Mess the sight was a goodly one. Most of the Good Old Diehards seemed to be present (though we noticed that Teddy Edwards was, to be Irish, recording one of his rare absences), but out of the mass a few faces could be picked as especially prominent:—The President, of course; our latest veteran returned prodigal, Doctor Carlisle; the unearthly (sorry, heavenly) twins, Jee and Ann; and Motor-Smasher-in-Chief Sammy Threlfall, complete with Keeper. Then of

course there was RECORD BREAKER MOLY., receiving well-earned congratulations from all sides:—

*Oh! when shall Anfield men
With such feat fill a pen,
Or ever see again
Rider so hardy?*

Oh yes! 'twas a merry enough scene, and a raised platform at one end of the room, on which were established late comers as they arrived, provided a handy target for alternately howled requests for "Speech" and jeering injunctions to "Sit down." And so the proceedings proceeded.

No official "Dismiss" is given or needed on these occasions. Like true old soldiers, all just simply fade away; so gradually the tumult and the talking died, and the captains and the kings departed. One group lingered long, discussing the proposed details of a new bicycle shortly to go on the stocks to order of Chester Charlie; but at last even this debate was brought to a close, and, after a little bickering regarding homeward routes—entirely indecisive be it noted, as each side ended up by travelling its own trail—the last man mounted and rode away, through a countryside where reapers reaped until the sun set and all the world was dark.

Highwayside, 24th September, 1927.

Using the "trudgeon" and relying on the "crawl" for occasional bursts of speed, I arrived at Highwayside at 6 bells and docked on the afternoon tide.

A small band of enthusiasts had braved the elements and were seated round an oil stove in a sorry attempt to dry themselves.

With the advent of Cook, the number was brought up to seventeen, including, but tell it not in Gath—two whole members from the Cottonopolis.

Over the tea-table Dave Rowatt related with pride—and we were glad to hear—of a recent trip by bicycle to Bettws-y-Coed, and comments were passed regarding a recent London-Liverpool tandem tricycle record.

Tea over, instructions were given by Nevitt on how to mend punctures and we wondered whether it was the same one that he has repaired at each of the last three runs. We were also mildly interested in a contraption he brought out for electric lighting, but I am sorry to say that I did not see it in action, so that I cannot report on its results.

Cook made an early start for Shawbury in order to visit some corn magnates, spending a golfing week-end at Hawkestone Park. The sun was shining brightly when we left and a glorious evening ride was indicated, but alas for our hopes, the rain came down like stair-rods before Chester was reached. Having passed through Chester we overtook a member who had started with the fast pack, but the pack was too fast, so he was dropped. I won't mention names but he was like the weather—W.E.T.

Stopping at Hinderton for the cup that cheers we met Capt. Kettle and Tommy Royden and having yarned for a short while we left in fine weather—for at least two minutes. We splashed through floods at Thornton Hough and reached home thoroughly wet and ready for the dry cleaners at 10-30.

T. A. TELFORD,
Editor.

ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

FORMED MARCH 1879

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

MONTHLY CIRCULAR.

Vol. XXII.

No. 261.

FIXTURES FOR NOVEMBER, 1927.

		Tea at 6 p.m.	Light up at
Nov.	5	Halewood (Derby Arms) Musical Evening (Tea 5-30 p.m.)	5-31 p.m.
„	12	Kelsall (Royal Oak)	5-20 p.m.
„	14	Committee Meeting, 7 p.m. (Angel Hotel, Dale Street, Liverpool).	
„	19	Pulford (Grosvenor Arms)	5-10 p.m.
„	26	Daresbury (Ring o' Bells)	5-2 p.m.
Dec.	3	Halewood (Derby Arms)	4-54 p.m.

ALTERNATIVE FIXTURES FOR MANCHESTER MEMBERS :

		Tea at 5-30 p.m.	
Nov.	5	Northwich (Crown and Anchor)	5-31 p.m.
„	19	Mobberley (Roebuck)	5-10 p.m.
Dec.	3	Alderley Edge (Trafford Arms) Musical Evening	4-54 p.m.
		Full Moon ... 9th inst.	

The address of the Hon. Treasurer, R. L. Knipe, is 108 Moseow Drive, Stonecroft, Liverpool, but Subscriptions (25/-; under 21, 15/-; under 18, 5/-; Honorary, a minimum of 10/-) and Donations (unlimited) to the Prize Fund, can most conveniently be paid into ANY Branch of the Bank of Liverpool & Martins Ltd., to the credit of the Anfield Bicycle Club at the Tue Brook Branch.

4 THE LAUND,
WALLASEY, CHES.

COMMITTEE NOTES.

APPLICATIONS FOR MEMBERSHIP.—Mr. Norman Stanley Heath, 5 Stanley Mount, Brooklands, Cheshire; proposed by Mr. H. Green; seconded by Mr. W. E. Taylor. Mr. George Ashley Glover, 24 Merton Road, Wallasey; proposed by Mr. F. Perkins; seconded by Mr. J. Long.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS.—

Mr. J. M. James, "Enrick," 179 Baldock Rd., Letchworth, Herts.
Mr. D. Smith, 21 St. Matthews Rd., Edgeley, Stockport.

Mr. W. J. Neason has kindly consented to represent us at the Annual Dinner of the Bath Road Club on December 2nd.

Will Members please note that Tea at Halewood on Saturday, November 5th, will be at 5-30 p.m.

H. W. POWELL,

Hon. General Secretary.

FURTHER AND BETTER (Unofficial) COMMITTEE NOTES.

Since the Channel swim sensation, the Committee have not received the following suggestions :—

1. That the subscription shall be doubled to meet the cost of the gold medals which will be won now that the ways and means have been discovered.
2. That times and distances done by riders shall be divided by four, the quotient being taken to be the true performance.
3. That in all road record rides the rider shall have a trailer attached to bicycle, containing at least one of His Majesty's Judges of the High Court, who at the end of such road record ride shall be required to swear an affidavit.
4. That any rider refusing his prize money at the end of the year owing to some quixotic prickings of conscience shall be kicked to death by butterflies.

ITEMS.

The retiring clerk to the Surrey County Council is a man after our own heart. Aged 80 years he has been cycling 16 miles a day to and from his office, and is quoted as attributing his good health to "five B's—Bed, Bath, Bike, Beef, and Beer." This strikes us as much superior to the other five B's—Bags of Bread and Butter, Bike and Buttermilk.

* * * * *

The Annual Dinner of the F.O.T.C. has been fixed for Wednesday, December 7th, at the Hotel Cecil. The change of venue should be all to the good, and we hope this preliminary notification will result in a larger Anfield representation this year. If you are a member just see if you cannot arrange a visit to London to fit in. There is nothing to fear. The Presider won't be proposing a toast!

* * * * *

The alterations by the Rose Garden, Mollington, on "the road to Ireland," are now completed and the road is so wide that a line of snow posts (whitewashed drainpipes!) have been fixed to keep motorists on the road.

* * * * *

Chandler's trike has arrived back from Singapore direct, while Chandler himself is returning *via* Canada and is due home the second half of November.

* * * * *

We fear Robbie is not so good at "smashing through" as he used to be. The Presider met him at Chester at 4-45 p.m., on August 12th, and he tells us in *Cycling* that he was due in Wallasey at 7-0 p.m. Two hours and a quarter for say 24 miles is not exactly terrific, but he says he was *half-an-hour late*, so cannot have averaged much over 8 m.p.h.!

Taking advantage of Buckley's semi-annual pilgrimage to Essex, Arch-Owl P.C.B. organised a Michaelmas Goose Feed at Colnbrook, on October 8th, which was also attended by Hubert Roskell and Skinner; a fuller account of the gorge is given elsewhere.

* * * * *

Being undeterred by the sign "Gentlemen" over a building at Queen's Ferry, sumptuously furnished by Shanks (Glasgow) Ltd., the Presider entered and encountered a gentleman with a dispatch case, when the following dialogue ensued:—

Gentleman: "You Anfielders get everywhere."

Presider: "Our motto is "*Hic et Ubique*." What do you know about the Anfield?"

Gentleman: "Why I used to pace Old Bob Knipe in his 24's."

Before the Presider could enter an objection to the adjective the Gentleman disappeared. Of course there is nothing strange in this. What would be a rarity would be to encounter an old cyclist who had *not* paced Knipe a quarter of a century ago!

* * * * *

The Presider has received a characteristic letter from "Elsie" Price in which he most amusingly recounts a fall from his motor-cycle through striking a gully when ambling at 35 m.p.h., with the extraordinary sequel of entirely losing his taste for smoking! Li says he is a "sure starter for home in May" and requests us "not to mess up the weather, for a wet Summer will send me right off my nut . . . my blood ain't wot it was . . . if I go much thinner I will be able to sneak home disguised as a piece of string." We will do our best, but anyway can promise a real hearty welcome.

* * * * *

SWISS CONSUL FOR LIVERPOOL.

"The King has approved Monsieur Emile Montag as Consul of Switzerland at Liverpool, for Liverpool and the coastal districts of Cheshire and Lancashire, and for the counties of Cornwall, Cumberland, Devon, Dorset, Gloucester, Hereford, Monmouth, Shropshire, Somerset, Stafford, Warwick, Westmorland, Wiltshire, and Worcester, the Principality of Wales, and the Isle of Man."

The above refers to our Professor Rock-and-tappit. Just imagine the King "approving" of any Anfielder! We understand that Montag is now busy practising so as not to trip over his sword when attending official functions, preparatory to a cycling tour throughout his large district. Anfielders visiting Switzerland will now be able to wangle the authorities with "my friend the Swiss Consul in Liverpool."

* * * * *

The Owls Michaelmas Banquet.

"The Owls"—that little Bond of Union between the leading Road Clubs—held their Annual Michaelmas Goose Banquet at Ye Olde Ostrich, Colnbrook, on Saturday, the 8th October. Hubert Roskell, Skinner and Buckley were the stalwarts who represented the Anfield, "Jimmy" Inwood, the North Road, and the Bath Road were represented by Bamford, Frost, Webster, Mazepa, Carwithen and the new Junior Owl, N. H. Kemball. There were several notable visitors, including a Justice of the Peace in the presence of Mr. Walker, a guest

of Roskells, also the Brothers Porkus Major and Minor, who will be remembered by old Bath Roaders as members of a by-gone decade.

The Arch took the chair as usual and read a telegram from C. H. Turnor (The Mullah) regretting absence, also the following poetic effusion from The Master (F. H. Koenen):—

"AN ABSENT OWL UNTO HIS ARCH.
 "Tho' I am absent in the flesh
 I hope you'll think of me afresh,
 Then all is well, yea more than well
 When Ting-e-ling you ring my bell;
 A humble gift, a simple token,
 No word is said, no sound is spoken.
 When hunger gnaws and thirst needs quenching
 Then is the hour to start your drenching.
 The Arch his finger arches on
 The Owl its beak, the deed is done.
 The Landlord brings his steaming pots,
 Sup up ye Owls for there is Lots—
 But every time you sup Remember
 That Ringing Owl
 Am I
 Your Member."

This was accompanied by a handsome bell, in the shape of an Owl, the beak being pressed for the bell to sound.

Webster and the Junior Owl left early to go along the road to help Bowman in his successful tricycle attempt, Webster taking some Goose sandwiches to cheer the speeding record breaker.

According to ancient custom the health of the Archowl was drunk from the barrel, which as usual adorned the massive sideboard. The Banquet was a culinary treat, the Goslings being at their best, the table decorations by Mrs. Geo. Ferguson being quite artistic, especially the tracery, "THE OWLS" in smilax and ferns, and everyone had a most delightful evening.

After the Banquet, Bick and P.C.B. stayed the night at Colnbrook, and on Sunday went to Stoke Poges Church to see Grey's Tomb and Memorial, then to see Milton's Cottage at Chalfont St. Giles, then to Great Hampton to see John Hampton's house, a magnificent type of fortified English homestead, then on to Chequers to see the present Prime Minister's home. They stayed the night at the King's Head, Ivinghoe, a fine Inn of a type fast disappearing, and next day parted at Hatfield after lunch.

* * * * *

SCENE—Anywhere on the Road. (*Policeman is watching st tionary cyclist with a malevolent glint in his eye, as Cyclist prepares to mount.*)

Policeman : "Hey! your light's out."

Cyclist : "So it is." (*gets on machine.*)

P.C. : "Hey! you, I said your light's out."

Cyclist : "So it is." (*prepares to ride off.*)

P.C. : "Hey! get off that so-and-so bicycle unless you want to meet the beaks?"

Cyclist : "Cheerio Robert"—*and rides away to the mortification of the P.C., in a blaze of light produced by*

HINDE'S PATENT DYNAMO LIGHTING SET.

SOME LATEST SUCCESSES.

Rhyd Talog - - - *Queen's Ferry Race.*

2nd	Tom Hinde	...	Rhyd Talog C.C.	} All used Hinde's Dynamo.
3rd	S. Del Blotto	...	do.	
4th	E. Nevitt	...	do.	

W. E. Taylor's luck held good and he won hands down with his paraffin Dullemitter.

SOME HINDE USERS TESTIMONIALS.

W.P.C. (Birkenhead)—The thing is no good, but I have not tried it yet.

H.A. (Birkenhead)—Last night I had a puncture. I mended it by turning the pedals with one hand and sticking the patch on with the other. You ought to be followed and photographed. (ADVT.)

* * * * *

Russ—An Appreciation.

"'Russ' . . . was a . . . 'character.' From being so wild and untamable that he was regarded as useless . . . he became one of the best behaved, . . . and has quite unusual privileges conferred on him.

"Although usually he was to be found in . . . his slate-coloured coat . . . he was always welcome, even when it was known that he had come to steal . . . some special dainty to be found only in a particular house.

"'Russ' was a good 'ratter,' and much is forgiven in such cases.

"New arrivals he always visited and made a fuss of, until they had got used to their new surroundings. His first friends were . . . 'Abdulla' and 'Fatima.' He romped with them and bullied them, and almost invariably slept with 'Abdulla.' . . .

"'Russ' was the only one who answered the closing bell and invariably he hastened home when he heard it."

—*Manchester Evening News.*

* * * * *

RUNS AND FIXTURES.

Acton Bridge, 1st October, 1927.

In the now habitual absence of the Editor, his deputy assumed for the occasion, all the awfulness of the Scribe himself and singled me out to write up the run.

I reached Acton Bridge without incident, in company with one friend and two others, Randall and Long to wit.

The Leigh Arms possesses a somewhat unromantic exterior: the emblazonment "BURTONWOOD ALES" covering as it does, nearly the whole of one side of the building, would appear to be an indication of food for the Presider only. Inside, however, that impression is altered, the ordinary human being is also provided for. Sloe-eyed maidens, the personification of Grace and Beauty, flit hither and thither with great charm of manner. Red-faced, puffing, beefy young men carry sweet smelling savours from cookhouse to kitchen. In the kitchen (which serves as dining room) there is an atmosphere of tenseness, the feast is late. For this reason there is also an atmosphere about G. B.

Orrell and Dickman. That same atmosphere which surrounds the people of the poor quarter of a City, a pinched look in fact; I mean no offence: it is natural to be hungry.

All who have been to the Leigh Arms know that the catering is of the best. Those who have not, probably know it by repute and there is therefore no need to enter into details. Of the conversation which went on I know little, nor can I tell you how many and who were there. My interest was confined to that which lay on the table. As time passed, goodly portions were consumed. Then the beaming, rubicund countenances of Anfielders stuffed to the gullet made a pageant of reigning satisfaction.

Cook and Leslie Henson departed together for the week-end. Others set off in the usual groups. I returned in the same company in which I arrived, being added to by Austin and Del Blotto. Blotto and I were soon dropped. The heavy rain which we had for the best part of the way home was very refreshing.

Pulford, 8th October, 1927.

As one of the exiles living outside the radius of the "official" week-end activities, I have to take advantage of every scarce opportunity to turn up, and on this occasion I had to thank the President for his generosity for the loan of his Imperial Rover (I hope this is no transgression of the anti-advertising clause) for my conveyance to the field of action. The latter appeared to be pretty extensive, for after leaving Sunnyside, we made for Queen's Ferry where I was duly impressed by the new bridge, and also, perhaps more to the point, by the absence of the old toll. We had in the meantime joined Nevitt and a prospective member, moving in the same direction, and later we spotted ahead the venerable hair of Tommy Royden, who we persuaded to go with us. We proceeded *via* Hawarden and up the beautiful valley and moorland that leads to Llandegla, and skirting that delectable village we took a cross road which was charged with some very offensive surface, snaggy hills and a head wind—a combination which suggested to three of us that it was a good opportunity to "admire the scenery" at the last obstacle. However, Nevitt and the old gentleman on a tricycle, who displayed an amazing amount of vigour, sailed up in the correct manner.

The scenery was attractive, but I was also charmed by the scarcity of Petrolites (where do the flies go in the winter time—and autumn?) although we encountered one winged species who desired succour from Wrexham. Nevitt was entrusted with a telephone message and managed to wangle an honest penny out of the transaction. We were then all on the *qui vive* for further victims on the way down to Rossett, but had more luck. Only two level crossings interrupted our journey!

Arrived at Pulford, we found Johnny Band, who had come on "50" sprints, comfortable and keeping the fire warm. Others soon swelled the assembly which finally numbered about twenty-one—including Dave Rowatt, Edwards (Teddy) by car, Captain Kettle, etc. I was introduced to the Editor for the first time, and no doubt he thought it a fitting occasion to put me through it for "copy" (perhaps he won't do it again!) by requesting, almost demanding me, to write up the account of the run. A pleasant tea, mingled with and followed by enlightening topics according to taste; in my vicinity Scotch touring was the chief interest—after which we commenced to fade away. Cook and others went off to week-end at ? . I joined a small party, including Nevitt, whose bicycle had an electric light which guided us safely through the mystic lanes of the Hundred of Wirral to Trannere and thence to my temporary home in Southport—per L.M.S. (The Best Way).

Allostock, 8th October, 1927.

Much has been written on the vagaries of our climate, that a day such as this could only evince words of abundant praise. It was an ideal day for our sport.

The pleasure of being awheel on such a day, was increased by the thought of once again renewing the acquaintance of my comrades of the wheel.

It was with a very light heart that I joined my colleagues at our rendezvous, and our number complete we were soon "under way" bound for "The Three Greyhounds."

Our guide conducted us through some most picturesque by-lanes to Peover, where we found much to interest us in the antique beauty of the Church.

The approach of tea-time found us once again *en route*, and arrived at our destination we were delighted to see Tommy Mandall, who had journeyed from Liverpool, along with Winnie, on a "roller-skate."

Winnie, we were informed had gone for a constitutional, but hurriedly making our way to the bar, we found The Mullah the sole occupant, and not caring to see him so lonely, joined him.

The gong brought an end to our converse, and we adjourned to the best bedroom for tea, where we found, owing to the approach of Winter, that the potatoes were served in "jackets."

J.E. who instituted a "pay at the desk scheme" after tea, would have been well advised to tour the tables and count the number of jackets on the plate of each consumer, I know of two at least, who might have been persuaded to pay double.

A move was made to the smoke room, where the Mullah regaled us with his ever fertile reminiscences.

After our customary stirrup cup, the very welcome visitors from Liverpool, bade us adieu. This was a signal for us all to depart, and with much reluctance I left my friends, whose company I had enjoyed for a few hours, and hoped the ensuing week would pass quickly.

Sankey, 15th October, 1927.

There is really little to record. We journeyed out in our several ways, the majority by cycle, a few by motor and at least one by train, and in due time some 29 members gathered at the "Chapel." We were delighted to see that the Treasurer has again "resumed the pig-skin," having ridden out entirely under his own steam. After an excellent meal and the usual convivialities we all moved off into the night once more.

Now whether it was the pies that caused me to dream I do not know, but as the above account, to say the least of it, is rather meagre, perhaps I shall be forgiven if I recount what befell me in the night-watches.

I was riding a tricycle through a country of great beauty. It was one of those delightful days that we sometimes get in October: a cloudless sky, a certain mistiness in the hollows, a smell of moist leaves, a sharpness in the air despite the warm sunshine and all the woods aflame with riotous colouring. There was no other traffic beyond a few cyclists who gravely saluted me and gave the password "Hi-hi" to which I gave the counterpart "Cheeri-Ho." I was thus trundling along in merry mood when on rounding a bend, I beheld just about 100 yards in front of me a young man on a blue racing tricycle. Desiring to have a word with him I quickened my pace, but was surprised to notice that he had done likewise. At this I became more determined and pursued him with redoubled vigour, but all to no

purpose, for very curiously he always remained ahead of me just about 100 yards. Faster and faster I rode, but always that maddening distance between us which remained unchanged. We at length reached a long drop in the road, down which we hurtled at great speed. The blue trike slithered safely round the bend at the bottom and I was about to follow, when to my horror a tandem appeared and amid much shouting and cursing I crashed into it. I heard someone yell wildly, "Fair do's" "Fair do's" and then I plunged headlong through space. After a time the sensation of falling ceased and immediately a loud and angry voice shouted, "Go on! What the hell are you stopping for?" I then found myself climbing labouriously and painfully up the steep side of an immense ravine. When at length I reached the level of the road, not a soul was in sight save a ridiculously fat man who eyed me with a good deal of amusement as I clambered out on to the road. He produced my trike and said that he feared that it was rather bent, and much to my alarm proceeded to heave his great weight on to the axle. Fortunately, he was successful in straightening it out without damaging the wheels. I asked him how much I owed and he replied 2/8, and when I had handed him this sum he disappeared. Looking down the road I discerned in the far distance the bent form of an approaching cyclist. He was bent low over his machine and his style indicated the skilled rider, notwithstanding the fact that he moved at snail's pace. As he drew nearer I noticed that he had a long flowing beard which trailed over the front wheel to such an extent that I feared it would become entangled in the spokes and draw him head foremost over the handlebars. He presented a ludicrous appearance. He wore shorts, a black coat, a large Helen Wills' eyeshade, a scarlet tam-o-shanter, huge gauntlet gloves and brown paper leggings tied up with string. He was followed at some distance (not less than 100 yards) by half a dozen young men on bicycles. They were dressed in long white coats and had the appearance of medical students. When he drew level with me he asked in a weary voice if I could direct him to the "Wee Cotter Hoos." I replied that I did not know such a place, but informed him that this was the road to Ireland. He brightened up at this information and spurred on with the medical students in pursuit, their white coats fluttering behind in the breeze. I was so puzzled by this amazing spectacle that I followed them. We rode along for some miles until we reached a very quaint country inn. The curious feature of this inn was that all the windows were of stained glass and as it was then dusk, the lights from within gave it the appearance of a church or chapel, but the huge sign outside and the sound of clinking glasses and "whatwillyouhave's" from within, soon set my doubts at rest. As we entered the yard my companions let forth a great shout of greeting. I looked to see who it was and imagine my surprise when I beheld a tall, handsome man dressed in nothing more than a sort of short white ballet skirt, and reminding me of some Grecian costumes. He was beautifully bronzed and perfectly built, but he seemed very sad and heavy. My companions, who had now discarded their white coats and appeared in normal cycling dress, at once gathered round him. He produced some photographs, at sight of which they became wildly excited and I feared he would be mobbed. They elbowed so vigorously that I was unable to get near enough to see the photos, and I was only able to catch a few remarks about the Greek-looking gentleman having to leave immediately for some rocks and something about cartwheels on the sands. He finally dashed off and we saw no more of him.

There seems a sort of curtain here (probably a new kind of pie) but the next scene follows immediately.

The place wherein I now found myself, suggested a workhouse, and I was present at a great gathering of poorly clad men. The lights were dim and the room bare and dismal. Suddenly there came a terrific hammering on the outer door. The bolts were withdrawn noisily and into the room there stamped an elderly gentleman. He appeared to be in cycling costume, with extremely baggy plus-fours, a black skull cap, and large horn-rimmed spectacles. In his right hand he carried a battered acetylene lamp, while under his arm there was a huge bundle of what looked to me like macaroni. He walked up to one of the men and handing him a very sodden shirt, asked that it might be dried. Then mounting a platform at the end of the room he addressed the men as follows: "Gentlemen—It gives me great pleasure to be with you to-night, but I regret that I have some very bad news for you. Bass's brewery has been burned to the ground." This piece of news was received with groans and shouts of "Liar" and "Throw him out." Turning to me he whispered "When is 'zero'?" I must have looked puzzled, for he broke into a derisive laugh and then enquired where I had lunched. When I told him that I had had nothing since breakfast, he gave a shout of dismay and walked out of the room. Tremendous shouts were heard outside, and suddenly I found myself seated at a table with a very liberal helping of steak and kidney pie before me. The room was a large one and seated round the three tables were some 29 gentlemen in evening dress. They had turned in their seats and were greeting vociferously three gentlemen who had just entered the room. Evidently they were regarded with affection, for I heard cries of "Winnie," "Tommy" and "Jimmy." The former I at once recognised in connection with the tandem crash and the shouts of "Fair do's." Indeed I recognised quite a number of those present. The gentleman whom I had seen in the scarlet Tam-o-shanter and paper leggings was there, repeatedly having his health drunk. Also I saw the gentleman who had appeared so dramatically with the news of the brewery fire. Before each guest there stood a very large glass of beer each topped with a good deal of froth and at a given signal we all stood up and gravely blowing off the froth drank long and deep. Things became somewhat blurred after that, but I seem to remember a gentleman tapping me on the shoulder and asking me if I could lend him 2/8.

Autumnal Tints Tour—Llanarmon D.C., 22nd-23rd October, 1927.

The editor of this "rag" is decidedly, a clever person; if not, how does he know who purposes attending a fixture. Is he blessed with second sight or a sight of the Secretary's list of names? Thus was my peace of mind so sadly disturbed one fine morning, by the arrival of a post-card: "The Editor was sure I would be delighted, etc." of course leaving me no option but to obey his command.

In spite of the weight of responsibility thrust upon me I did manage to struggle up the Glyn Valley from Chirk. Up, up, up, through puddles, rivers, lakes, and waterfalls, up to the "West Arms," what a delightful sensation it was to arrive.

Once inside the hotel, all the clouds of gloom vanished; who could resist the cheery welcome, the glorious fires, and above all our charming host. Mr. Howard is a host *par excellence*, who, together with his family and staff did all they could to make us really happy; our most sincere thanks to them.

The Rover Trio, Newall, Williams *plus* pop gun, and Conway *minus* stockings, at least I did not see them, were discovered, by the writer, sitting around the fire lamenting at the state of the outside world. Even Cook ought to admit the weather was pretty putrid.

Mr. and Mrs. Edwards paid a flying visit whilst on their way to Pentre Voelas, followed shortly afterwards by Rowatt, who had walked from Glyn and had got fairly wet in the process too!

Then tea, talk, smoking, and snoozing, until the arrivals became more numerous.

Supper was served about nine-thirty, at the close of which our President rose to speak. After expressing thanks to our host, he intimated that Mr. Howard would like to mark the occasion of the first tour of the A.B.C. held to Llanarmon, by presenting a souvenir to the youngster who had made the best ride of the day. He indicated Tommy Royden as the selected one. Mr. Howard then made the presentation and related a humorous anecdote bearing on his gift, "I hope Tommy will not do the same with his —"

But I am not going to tell you what Tommy received, ask for yourselves.

Supper over, a small concert was held, as, however, I did not attend I cannot report on it, except mentioning that various sweet sounds floated into the night for which I was told Newall was responsible. "And so to bed."

Next morning, a gloriously fine one, the real cyclists set out for Llanrhaider and Ellesmere, the cars for Bettws-y-Coed, of the remainder, some took the straight road home, others lingering on until afternoon and evening.

Daresbury, 22nd October, 1927.

Being a frequent absentee at the club runs, I decided to turn out at Daresbury, and was given the run to write up for my trouble. As this was an alternative run it was a rather quiet affair, most of the owners of familiar faces, probably being at Llanarmon (drying their stockings), and those members with any sense, being at home. I rode the last two miles into Chester with the Skipper and Tommy Royden, who were off for the week-end, and left them at Northgate, to turn down the Warrington road. Arriving at the Ring o' Bells a quarter-of-an-hour late, wet outside, dry inside (very dry), I found eleven Anfielders (all cyclists!!) at tea, including the Mullah, Morton, Hancock, Lucas, Cody and J. E. Rawlinson, who were all looking quite satisfied with life. Snatches of a whispered conversation, carried on by two members, were heard at the other end of the table; one was trying to get the other to do Jimmy Long's little piece, but at a greatly increased charge, however, after a little discussion with the host it was decided that the price would be as usual to our great relief. I left for home at 7-15, *via* Chester, leaving some playing billiards and others chatting in front of the fire.

The journey home was uneventful, save for a chat with a native of Puddington, who kept me company for a couple of miles and I reached home in a veritable downpour, and then forgot my wet and bedraggled state between the blankets in the land of Sweet and Pleasant Dreams.

Northop, 29th October, 1927.

Doubtless many of us felt glad on Friday evening that the great gale which was blowing had not come one day later. Had it been delayed for twenty-four hours there can be little doubt that there would have been no run to write up. Or perhaps, considering the mettle of some of us, the President for certain, and two or three other hardy spirits, calling up "the will to conquer" might have achieved the destination even in the face of gusts blowing, it is officially reported, at sixty m.p.h., and had the run and the dinner all to themselves. How-

ever, contrary to our Friday expectations the day proved to be quite fine, sunny and mild, and the ride to Northop thoroughly enjoyable. Evidence of the damage done by the gale was to be seen on all hands; in every street were plentiful remains of broken glass, chimney pots, and slates, while on the top road many whole trees were to be seen lying torn out of the ground by the roots, and the thick clusters of telegraph wires which line this road were completely broken down in several places.

It is said that at Suez one has only to wait long enough in order to meet all one's travelling friends. So, if one waits at Queen's Ferry bridge it is not very long before some member comes along. At any rate, some four or five of us, travelling singly or in couples, foregathered there, including Welfare attending his first run on his bicycle since his operation. We were glad to see him looking so well and obviously getting fit again. Having time in hand we made a pleasant detour *via* Hawarden and Mold, and the small sample of tints in the last stages of ripeness in the Hawarden woods was very much enjoyed, especially by those who had not accompanied the "Tints Tour."

Twenty-one sat down to the meal, which was excellent, though it would have been better still at the usual half-crown; the talk was rather unusually picturesque, and interesting, and a very pleasant wind-assisted ride home brought an enjoyable run to a happy conclusion.

Goostrey, 29th October, 1927.

You who dream of the day when you will be asked to contribute to that most illustrious organ the *Anfield Circular* take heed!

Stay away from club fixtures for about one year then like a bad half-penny, turn up and note carefully the tactics and manoeuvres of the sub-captain; watch him or you are doomed.

Treating you like a beloved brother, drinking ale, never forgetting to pledge your health, disarming any suspicion that may lurk in your innocent mind, making you believe that sub-captains after all were only human like one's self.

The great moment of your life arrives, he wishes you quite confidentially, to write up the run, in other words—attempt to please the critical and high-class readers of our famous club monthly.

Embarrassed and blushing furiously, you plead incompetency, secretly throb with pride, as he pats you on the shoulder, saying "Tut, tut."

Saturday, October 29th, will long live in my memory as the day of realised ambition, the sub. had popped the question and now alas the regrets.

A topping afternoon, following a twelve hours' storm of great severity, signs of which were evident on all sides.

However, twenty-one members and a friend taxed the resources of the Red Lion to its uttermost, but found them plentiful.

The tea was good, the beverage good, and the smiling faces of such stalwarts as Bick on his way home from Essex, the T.T., Lord Birkenhead, and Dug Happy, the Doctor, Mullah, Russell, Green. Two Liverpool members and friend, a boy scout and others all equally distinguishable, in fact a rattling good crowd, who, has the evening wore on, dispersed gradually like sand through an egg-boiler; I was not the last to leave, not quite, but I really must attend more runs.

T. A. TELFORD,

Editor.

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ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

FORMED MARCH 1879

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

MONTHLY CIRCULAR.

Vol. XXII.

No. 262.

FIXTURES FOR DECEMBER, 1927.

	Tea at 6-0 p.m.	Light up at
Dec. 3	Halewood (Derby Arms)	4-54 p.m.
„ 10	Kelsall (Royal Oak)	4-51 p.m.
„ 12	Committee Meeting, 7 p.m. (Angel Hotel, Dale Street, Liverpool).	
„ 17	Sankey (Chapel House)	4-52 p.m.
„ 24	Hooton (Hooton Hotel). Tea, 5-30 p.m.	4-55 p.m.
„ 26	Nantwich (Lamb Hotel). Lunch, 1-30 p.m.	4-56 p.m.
„ 24/26	Alternative Tour—Bettws-y-Coed (Glan Aber).	
„ 31	Pulford (Grosvenor Arms)	5- 0 p.m.
1928		
Jan. 7	Halewood (Derby Arms). Annual General Meeting. Tea, 5-30 p.m.	5-5 p.m.

ALTERNATIVE FIXTURES FOR MANCHESTER MEMBERS :

Tea at 5-30 p.m.

Dec. 3	Alderley Edge (Trafford Arms). Musical Evening	4-54 p.m.
„ 24	Mottram St. Andrew (Bulls Head)	4-55 p.m.
„ 31	Allstock (Three Greyhounds)	5-0 p.m.

Full Moon ... 8th inst.

The address of the Hon. Treasurer, R. L. Knipe, is 108 Moscow Drive, Stoneycroft, Liverpool, but Subscriptions (25/-; under 21, 15/-; under 18, 5/-; Honorary, a minimum of 10/-) and Donations (unlimited) to the Prize Fund, can most conveniently be paid into ANY Branch of the Bank of Liverpool & Martins Ltd., to the credit of the Anfield Bicycle Club at the Tue Brook Branch.

4 THE LAUND,
WALLASEY, CHESHIRE.

COMMITTEE NOTES.

NEW MEMBERS: Mr. Norman Stanley Heath, 5 Stanley Mount, Brooklands, Cheshire, and Mr. George Ashley Glover, 24 Merton Road, Wallasey, Cheshire, have been elected to full Membership.

APPLICATION FOR MEMBERSHIP: Mr. Harold Leslie Elston, 29 Holland Street, Fairfield, Liverpool, proposed by Mr. W. P. Cook, seconded by Mr. W. E. Taylor.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS: Mr. H. M. Horrocks, Sunnybank, Andrews Lane, Formby, Lancashire; Mr. E. Bright, Westland Cot, Little Hadham, Herts.; Mr. R. Hawker, 33 Blackfriars Street, Manchester.

Will Members please note that Tea at Hooton on Saturday, December 24th, and Halewood, on Saturday, January 7th, will be at 5-30 p.m.

The Annual General Meeting will be held after Tea at Halewood, on January 7th. Any member having any matter which he wishes to be included on the Agenda should let me have particulars not later than December 17th.

Members taking part in the alternative Christmas week-end will make their own arrangements regarding accommodation.

Those arriving at Bettws on December 24th and staying until December 26th will count two runs.

H. W. POWELL,

Hon. General Secretary.

EDITOR'S CHAT.

Undoubtedly the Editor's term of office for the current year is drawing to a close. But why? Why, why, why, do some endeavour to make it seem longer for that poor, much pitied, old Scribbler? Why must he sit after hours and transcribe in INK the contaminated and defiled PENCILLED inspirations of some hang-dog Anfielder? Can't he be like other Editors and be supplied with MSS. in ink or even *typescript*? The Anfield Editor's ears are sensitive to the scurrilous utterances which printers' devils are liable to mutter, at the sight of pencil written copy. *Please don't forget—we want and must have INK.*

In another (sweeter) breath we wish everyone (even those who now denounce the Editorial One)

“A MERRY XMAS.”

ITEMS.

We regret to have to announce the “Klapse” of the F. H. Koenen Publicity Campaign and the resignation of its Secretary (unpaid) Lizzie Buck. The Master's native and inborn modesty could not stand the limelight and he has withdrawn into his shell again leaving the field clear for Dave Fell. At Llanarmon, O.J. he sought sanctuary in the dark recesses of the inglenook and positively refused to do a turn, with threats that his appearances among us would be zero if pressed. There was of course no option but to accept the situation, although we think he might have made a fight for it. And Billy Owen had come all the way from Llanfair Caerinion, while Brother-in-law had cycled up from Glyn Ceiriog (and returned after midnight) to be with us, so a golden opportunity was missed.

* * * * *

We have asked Diapason and other members of the Wayfarer C.C., but they cannot enlighten us as to the chronology of Robbie's last

three days of his Irish Tour. We have become used to playing with our watches, but monkeying with the almanac is another matter altogether.

* * * * *

Anyone being tempted to "chuck cycling" would be well-advised to spend 3/6 on "Kuklos Papers," by our old friend KoKo. In one of the essays he tells you who are the only people who should sell their birthright for a mess of petrol, and it may save you a lot of money.

* * * * *

Chandler is now reported to have been "spotted" in England. Scotland Yard, we understand, have him under their observation.

(Since the above went to Press, Frank has appeared in the flesh at the Daresbury Run, on 26th November.—Ed.)

* * * * *

Motto of Hinde Dynamo Users' Society.

"Electric Light makes the path before us always bright
 "Until, like the lightning, it doth cease to be,
 "Ere one can say it lightens."

* * * * *

Fable.

There Was Once an Editor, One of a Very Vile Species Who Set Out to Go to a Club Run, But the Goodness of Providence is Such That He Was Prevented From Arriving. Now It Came To Pass That This Editor Must Have Copy for His Rag So He Waylaid an Innocent Young Man and Said to Him "Write Up the Run" And with a Fiendish Cackle Vanished. The Young Man Thought and Thought But of the Run Could Write Nothing So He Copied a Very Old Write Up Out of a Very Old *Circular* and Sent it To the Vile Editor Who was Profuse in His Thanks to The Very Innocent Young Man.

Moral: "The Evil That Men Do Lives After Them."

* * * * *

Owls Bereft.

In last month's reference to the latest sitting of the Owls, only happy moments were reflected. Yet Owls know sadness too, as when Bikley brought back the tidings that within this last year the

MOTHER OWL HAD CEASED TO FUNCTION

The existence of this mother Owl was never referred to flippantly; on her pattern, all other Owls were fashioned, but only those, that had fared to Headquarters in the guise of pilgrims, knew of her and were allowed to approach her shrine like true believers visiting the Kaba. There, caged and costive, she gave audience and dispensed wisdom. Alas, she is no more.

After her life-long friend and keeper "Owl Ferguson, the Elder," He of the Hats, departed for the Beyond, the Mother Owl ceased to take an interest in matters mundane, and went on hunger strike which ended in her demise. Perhaps it was a reproach to us other Owls for continuing our Gargantuan feasts without Owl Fergie of the Fleshpots.

AN OWL DISTRESSED.

* * * * *

From the Pulford run " ? " was to week-end with Cook, and numerous people saw him on the way. At Willaston, however, he seems to have disappeared. He was not at Pulford, he was not at Llanarmon, where was he?

" They sought 'im 'ere, they sought 'im there,
They sought 'im everywhere,
One got lost, leaving only nine,
That demmed elusive ' ? ' "

(The above has no connection with that rotten " Fable " you have just read.—ED.)

* * * * *

R U N S .

Halewood, 5th November, 1927. (Musical Evening).

Why is (or are) the Cheshire Lines? Trains at this station migrate to various platforms in the most mysterious and elusive fashion. For months a particular train will, with highly commendable regularity, conduct its business at the usual stand, then all of a sudden, one fine day, it becomes bored with the monotony of existence and flies to pastures new and strange. This was the reason why several hard-riding Anfielders (who had for the nonce torn themselves from the delights of cycling), meandering to the customary platform with about a minute to spare, were suddenly transformed into a scuttering mob on finding that the train expected was not. However, undaunted, they managed to locate the doings just in time, but unfortunately our musical guests were not so lucky, hence their arrival long after tea was over. This was the more unlucky for them as the feeding arrangements were well up to standard.

The attendance was comparatively poor (about 35 all told), but the absent ones deserve our sympathy for missing what turned out to be a most enjoyable show. The Presider having been hounded out of his favourite seat beside the fire and placed in icy isolation in the chair, the proceedings were begun. Our entertaining visitors were Messrs. Matt, Thomas, Ben Woods, and R. Smith, a strong and virile team, both singly and in the bunch. Mr. Thomas (who I am sure will not mind my mentioning it) has of recent years, after unceasing effort, attained a delightful rotundity only comparable with that of a late Editor of evil repute, and provides a treat for the eye as well as the ear, as he stands calm, unruffled and immobile, compelling our rapt attention. His voice and method remain unimpaired, and as usual he gave us beautiful renderings in his solo turns, and, in collaboration with his accomplice, Mr. Smith, a musical *tour de force* was realised in a number of duets which are not often heard at gatherings of this kind. One of these was entitled "The Quivering Lyre," the announcement of which caused the Presider, who thought he was being insulted, to demand of the vocalists with indignation, "Whom do you refer to?" Trouble, however, was averted when Mr. Thomas soothingly stated that Bottomley was indicated, whereupon a very fine rendition of a delightful duet was given. Mention must also be made of a song scena, "In a Persian Garden," sung with exquisite feeling and fine musical instinct by Mr. Thomas.

Mr. Smith was well to the fore in a number of baritone songs, given with artistic, and, in the case of "The Prologue," dramatic effect. Mr. Ben Woods, in addition to fulfilling the onerous duties of

accompanying exceedingly well (on a box of bones, several of whose keys persistently declined to emit sound of any description, and which at times almost drove him to drink) proved an accomplished and versatile entertainer with humorous selections, both on and at the —er piano, in particular, his song "In Suburbia," given with subtle point proving a very clever skit on local localities.

In addition to these talented guests we had the *entrepreneur* himself, George Newall, in some of his old favourites, which always come up fresh and undefiled. And last, but not least, Frank Wood, a life-long abstainer, I understand, giving so life-like an imitation of a gentleman in an advanced state of inebriation that suspicion of his own teetotalism was thoroughly aroused. This occurred when he was explaining to us what Boswell's *real* opinion of Dr. Johnson was. He also gave us some stories in his own inimitable way.

Altogether, the evening was voted an unqualified success and regret was expressed at the non-appearance of several Manchester members who had indicated their intention of being present, the Rawlinson twain (who had experienced a hectic time finding the place in the dark) being the only representatives from the city of sunshine as far as I could see.

Northwich, 5th November, 1927.

We can't expect to have every Saturday afternoon fine, but I really expected this one was going to be quite all right. With pleasant anticipations I groomed my trusty steed and prepared for the open road, but my cogitations as to the precise route to be taken were broken in upon by the noise of rain coming down, with an energy and determination which might certainly, or at least so I thought, have been expended in a better cause. No good cyclist really funks riding in the rain—indeed there are those who affect to ignore it—but I find many who, like myself, don't like starting in capes. My companion was therefore induced to toast his toes at the fire for a little while until some of the clouds had rolled by. Eventually we got into the pigskin and made our way by pleasant lanes under a sky which, whilst not exactly smiling, at any rate shed no tears. But alas! before our journey was half completed, the downpour began again and continued until we docked at the Crown and Anchor. There we found two members only and as the mystic hour was just about to strike, it looked as if the company was going to be a very poor one. However, in a few minutes others rolled up bringing news of still more on the way, so that our party was quite respectable in numbers when we sat down to the juicy steaks provided. The food disposed of, we soon broke up and wended our several ways homeward, finding rain and hailstorms on the way, and commiserating with the drenched optimists who were endeavouring to keep bonfires burning and to make firework displays.

Kelsall, 12th November, 1927.

It was Dr. Johnson who observed that a man who writes for anything but money is a fool. Yet here am I writing, for neither the love of money nor the love of writing, simply because the Editor has ordered me. In view of Dr. Johnson's profound knowledge, it would be presumptuous to question the wisdom or accuracy of his words. It follows therefore, that those members who have qualified in the past as I am qualifying now, must all accept the description as if born with it, as indeed some of them were. (Was Johnson Right?—send 10/- P.O. to-day for my booklet which leaves no possible shadow of doubt).

Glover and I, dissembling the misery we felt (caused by the painful pastime, or work on a wheel) fell in with Tommy Royden and were later joined by Cook. The Presider, who was triking, guided us to the Whalebone, from whence we dived off towards Overton, and then by the pretty and little frequented Alvanley lanes to Kelsall. We docked about 5-40 and going into the tank, found a few already comfortable before the fire. Although but recently hooked, booked and cooked, D. Smith was present, and *ipso facto*, was the most remarkable person there. He is a shining example to those others who are hooked, but not yet booked and cooked, who do not come to Club runs.

Thirty-five sat down to an excellent, though somewhat belated tea, and bad management made it even later for some owing to the food coming in by instalments. Powell was the last to be served and had become quite pale by the time his morsel arrived at 6-30.

After tea the Presider, Ladds and I made for Wem. I assume most others went home. The police in Willaston, however, report having had certain suspicious characters under observation up to a late hour on Saturday night.

Pulford, 19th November, 1927.

It occurs to me that the most outstanding characteristic of the A.B.C. is the regularity of the attendance at the runs of some of its members, but one cannot overlook (with an element of regret) the irregularity of others. This of course occurs with all clubs, and it is the first of these two common attributes that accounted for the success of this run.

Had it not been for the regulars, no doubt the Presider would have had his tea on his own; however, fourteen others sat down with him and it is really good to see such men as Cook, Edwards ("Teddy"), Royden, Kettle, and several others sitting down together week after week, year in year out, thus keeping together the Old Firm.

On the outward journey, whilst approaching Chester I remarked to my "Pard," that one could almost state the names—with a certain amount of accuracy—of the members who would turn out to the "Grosvenor" that day, and, mark you, my foresight almost proved correct. It was certainly good to be "out and about" on such a day; every where seemed to be filled with wind and rain and made one realise the wisdom of thought!

During tea, Chandler was reported to be nearing home, whilst Dickman had met Turvey near Pontefract and had a goodly confab on Anfield doings. Tea over, one cyclist with bronzed face, skull-cap, gloves, lighted lamp, and a "good night all" left by himself for Llanarmon D.C., the others drifting away as and when they wanted to.

The weather home was Wild (Joke!) but we pushed our tandem home in spite of all the wind and rain, and at the fireside dreamt how glorious it is to be filled with "modest stillness and humility."

Mobberley, 19th November, 1927.

Now I understand why two of our little party were in such a frantic hurry; had I known what was in store I might have been more disposed to hurry along with them instead of lagging behind and complaining of the ferocity of the pace.

The tremendous expenditure of energy over fields (some of which were almost rideable) through hedges and over stiles proved of no avail because when we did arrive at the Roebuck it was only to find the V.P. seated round the fire with a damsel whose lovely features and beautiful figure would only be equalled by her own beautiful disposition.

I wish we had hurried a bit more because we might have arrived before the V.P., although I doubt whether we would have had the pleasure of her company, because very soon after our arrival she disappeared. It was a great pity that we frightened her; we would have liked to have seen more of her.

Mobberly usually has a compact party, but we were rather surprised to find 18 members gathered round the mechanical table, we should have more runs like this and then perhaps we might see R.J. and Deakin (to mention only two of the exiles present on Saturday) out a little oftener.

From what we saw of the Mullah, at tea on Saturday, it would appear that G.B.'s hold on the eating championship is very precarious, although of course, G.B. has never had the incentive that the "Mullah" had.

The food was of the usual Mobberley standard, but the waitresses were, as regards beauty, a vast improvement on what we have been used to seeing at the Roebuck, even the V.P. had to admit that, although he did not quite approve of the new method of serving his—er—milk, it was done very gracefully.

The usual gathering round the fire was very soon depleted by the calls of wireless, women and wives, etc., until at 8.0 p.m. the remaining few were driven out by the invasion of a horde of jazz maniacs.

Daresbury, 26th November, 1927.

I arrived at the Ring o' Bells just about lighting up time, having a profound aversion to riding alone in the dark. I was under the impression that tea was at 5.30 p.m., but it appears that Liverpool time is half-an-hour ahead of Manchester and I can only account for it by the theory that in Liverpool they have forgotten to put the clock back from summer time. There may be other causes which further research at Committee Meetings and by enquiring minds might bring to light, but, so far, the above explanation is the only one I can think of.

However, I was soon joined by a gentleman from Shaw (near Oldham), who, I understand, lives in that neighbourhood, because he considers that granite sets form an ideal surface for cycling over. Our friend proposed a game of billiards, but, unfortunately, the landlord just then appeared on the scene and by a swift act of prestidigitation, transformed the green cloth into a table covered with a white one, the cues into knives and forks, and the red and white balls into carrots and potatoes. This happened before the bar opened.

Soon after, Cody, Bick, and Helbert, the Mullah and Bert Green arrived together with other genial souls, so that the time began to pass quickly in pleasant converse. Amongst the later arrivals and a very welcome one, after his exile in distant lands, was Chandler, looking none the worse for his narrow escape from immolation beneath the wheels of the Modern Juggernaut (I think this metaphor is particularly appropriate after the returned wanderer's sojourn in the East). After a suitable celebration of the event at the bar, I was attracted by a

noise without and, on investigating, found Teddy Edwards having a hectic time, trying to steer a motor car about 5 ft. 6 ins. wide through an 8 ft. gateway. When one remembers the grace and vigour which Teddy used to propel a bicycle, one can't help wishing a return to his real *metier*, especially as he looks as hearty and vigorous as ever.

After tea, the billiard table having been restored to its original form, Bert Green assisted by the marker (Hubert) and other members of the company, pulverised his opponent, giving a surprising display of skill as a pill pusher, and bringing off several highly complicated shots which were worthy of a Smith or a Newman (if they had been intended). And then home, Manchester-wards, safely convoyed, to end a very pleasant and healthful day.

T. A. TELFORD,

Editor.

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