

ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

FORMED MARCH 1879

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

MONTHLY CIRCULAR.

Vol. XXVII.

No. 287.

A Happy New Year to All!

FIXTURES FOR JANUARY, 1930.

Tea at 6-0 p.m.

		Light up at
Jan. 4	Helsby (Railway Inn)	4-36 p.m.
.. 11	Halewood (Derby Arms)—Annual General Meeting (Tea, 5-30 p.m.)	4-48 p.m.
.. 13	Committee Meeting, 7 p.m. (Victoria Hotel, St. John's Lane, L'pool)	
.. 18	Warrington (New Bridge Cafe), 1 Knutsford Road	4-56 p.m.
.. 25	Pulford (Grosvenor Arms)... ..	5-9 p.m.
Feb. 1	Halewood (Derby Arms)	5-24 p.m.

ALTERNATIVE FIXTURES FOR MANCHESTER MEMBERS :

Tea at 5-30 p.m.

Jan. 25	Prestbury (Admiral Rodney)	5-9 p.m.
Feb. 1	Goostrey (Red Lion)	5-24 p.m.

Full Moon ... 14th inst.

The Hon. Treasurer's address is R. L. Knipe, 108 Moscow Drive, Stonycroft, 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 Martins Bank Ltd., for credit of the Anfield Bicycle Club, Tue Brook Branch.

4 THE LAUND,

WALLASEY, CHESHIRE.

COMMITTEE NOTES.

APPLICATION FOR MEMBERSHIP.—Mr. Geoffrey Lockett, 33, Mount Street, Swinton. Proposed by Mr. G. B. Orrell, seconded by Mr. A. Davies.

Messrs. E. W. Harley, J. M. James & D. Smith have been transferred to Honorary Membership.

Tea at Halewood on 11th January will be at 5-30 p.m.

H. W. POWELL,

Hon. General Secretary.

TREASURY NOTES.

To those who have paid their Subs. " Good Cycling " in the New Year. To the others, may their journey be always uphill against a head wind with slack tyres and a tight chain. Other discomforts *ad lib*, and many of 'em.

I have received the following subscriptions and/or donations (*) during the past month :—

G. B. Burgess.	F. Gee.	H. Ladds.
H. Chadwick.	M. Greenwood.	E. Nevitt.
*E. J. Cody.	J. Henderson.	*H. Poole.
T. Conway.	C. F. Hawkes.	T. A. Telford.
H. Dakin.	E. M. Haslam.	W. C. Tierney.
L. Deacon.	D. Kinghorn.	

ITEMS.

F.O.T.C. Dinner, 3rd December, 1929.

There is not much to record about this fixture, as we were only poorly represented, both in quality and quantity. Some of our members undoubtedly forgot all about it! Still it was a very jolly evening, even if the speeches, with the brilliant exception of F. Percy Low's, the President and Chairman, were rather below the usual high standard. Oscar E. Taylor, Beardwood and Cook were honoured by being placed at the top table and thoroughly enjoyed themselves. D. C. Rowatt was represented by a vacant chair and F. H. Koenen and C. H. Turnor by letters of regret. This year opportunity was given those unable to be present to send a donation to the Benevolent Fund so ably administered by E. H. Godbold, and the 700 absentees had sent £35 9s. 0d. Godbold bet £1 that the 221 present would not beat this amount (undisclosed till after the collection had been made), but we snowed it under by totalling £54, and Godbold cheerfully lost his bet, so he secured over £90. We hope we shall be better represented at the R.R.A. Triennial Dinner on February 14th.

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When you give up active cycling, terrible things are likely to happen. We recorded in the September *Circular* that E. W. Harley had given up cycling and gone on the stage. And now the arrival of a little box of cake with a card inside announces the fact that on November 27th "Teddy Harley and Pat Crowther" signed on the dotted line and entered upon the Bonds of Holy Matrimony! Needless to say, suitable congratulations have been sent to the Happy Pair and we wish them a long life of joy and prosperity.

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Freddie del Strother is now in the South of France (Arcachon) recuperating after his prolonged bout of rheumatism. A P.P.C. informs us that he hopes to resume cycling again in a month or two, "of course, very gently at first," and we all wish him a speedy and complete recovery.

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At the Bath Road Club 44th Annual Dinner, on December 6th, at which we were represented by W. J. Neason, we were honoured by having on the menu "Anfield Owl du Cresson"—a double-barrelled compliment we greatly appreciate.

At the Manchester Wheelers' Smoker and Prize Distribution, Bill Lowcock responded to the toast of the Visitors and evidently let himself go. After his *tour de force* at our Jubilee Dinner we can well picture Bill lashing himself into a fine frenzy. What an example of enthusiasm he would provide for the younger generation if we only saw him oftener at our fixtures. Even Tommy Royden would have to take a back seat. And how he would have scourged those who rolled up at Daresbury in motor cars!

Two of "ours" attended the recent annual dinner (the 54th) of the Speedwell B.C.—to wit, Fowler and "Wayfarer" (himself)—and a very jolly evening was spent. To Robbie fell the pleasant task of proposing the toast of the evening, "The Club and its Officers," and he acquitted himself well. Sid Capener, in giving the toast of "Kindred Clubs, Visitors, and Past Members," paid tribute to both Fowler and Robbie, and the latter is said to have walked home singing, "For I'm a jolly good fellow."

A "Special Correspondent" sends us an account of the North Road Annual Dinner, which we publish in this number; in the photograph of this function, published in *Cycling* of the 20th December, we notice Percy Beardwood and Hotine well in the foreground.

Some of our racing men seem to be equally at home at a social affair as on the road doing "evens," and in evidence of this we find reported in *Cycling* that our Mr. C. H. McKail toasted the chairman at the Apollo Wheelers' Dinner. Men of this description are always useful in a club and we congratulate "Mac."

Our Venerable Ven narrowly escaped serious injury on December 9th while walking past the new Holt's building at Liverpool, and had to miss the committee meeting. A workman accidentally dropped a stone off the scaffolding and it crashed through Ven's umbrella and struck his left arm; luckily he had his overcoat on, which helped to break the force of the missile, and after a visit to a doctor found that he had suffered nothing worse than a bruised arm ..

It is significant that the paragraph in the last *Circular* about the Wirral Tea Tasters was published practically the same time as the report in the daily papers of the Revenue Commissioners. The Commissioners report a decline in beer drinking and an increase in tea drinking, and the respective attendances of the Cheshire B.B.'s and the Wirral T.T.'s goes to prove this. The Tea Tasters are a rapidly expanding body and have as many as nine out at a run, while the Beer Barrels are growing smaller by degrees and beautifully less, and soon we think they will be extinct. We hear that the full title of the T.T.'s organisation is the Wirral Willaston Wednesday Cycling Club, Tea Tasters, Biscuit Biters and Tale Tellers, the tale telling being a special feature of the gatherings, and all the latest are retailed with gusto.

Bath Road Dinner.

It was a great pleasure for me to again have the honour to represent the Club at the Bath Road Annual Dinner, and although I am temporary residing at Baldock I was able to so arrange that I could again attend this interesting function.

I was sorry that I was not able to be present at the Old Timers' Dinner, but hope to swell the Club numbers at the R.R.A. Dinner in February next.

Needless to say I was an early arrival at the Holborn Restaurant, and had the pleasure of meeting several of my old friends. Pa White and P. C. Beardwood were, as usual, present. I regret to say J. Burden Barnes was still supporting himself with two sticks after his long illness. We all wish him a speedy recovery and hope to see him again on the road before long.

After a hurried survey of the route card I found that I was in good company, and had not long to wait before word came that "dinner is served." P. C. Beardwood, as usual, was at the head of our table and in his usual high spirits, with Charlie Davey, E. J. Steele and Jimmy Inwood, so we were a very merry represented party.

Dinner was quite up to first-class form, including a special dish called "Anfield Owl du Cresson and Bath Road Salad." Needless to say it was hardly the type of flesh described, but none the less it was very enjoyable. Charlie Davey who eschews "Fish, Flesh or Fowl," had some special dish which he evidently enjoyed just as well.

The speech making was very interesting with the usual jovial banter from the "Young Bloods," but being at the far end of the room we could not hear all, but, it was evident they were all enjoying it.

F. W. Southall, as usual, came in for the Bath Road 100 miles Cup, making his fourth win in this classic. A. West, their star performer, came in for his fair share of prizes, including his fastest time in the A.B.C. 100 miles. I was also pleased to see present quite a number of promising young riders who will be heard of in the near future, who also shared in the prizes.

The musical talent was of a very high-class order, under the direction of Bill Hinds. I do not think I have ever enjoyed such a performance before at the Holborn. The artistes were repeatedly and enthusiastically encored.

The singing of "Auld Lang Syne" brought the evening to a close all too soon. I trust that it will again fall to me to represent the old Club, as it brings back to mind memories of many happy days, and does me honour to think that I am chosen to represent such a band of good cycling sportsmen such as the A.B.C.

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North Road Dinner, 13th December, 1929.

It is a long way from the City of Ships to the Metropolis, so one has to be an alien to have the privilege of attending this function. Probably there are members of life long standing who have never been to a North Road Dinner. This function differs from all other dinners, most club dinners are very much the same, but the N.R. takes one into a completely different atmosphere. Ranged around the different tables one sees the giants of the past who have practically made cycling history, the history of the road as far as cycling is concerned seems to breathe into life, Tally Ho Corner, Barnet, Digswell and the great beyond of the famous road to Edinburgh.

Years ago the Anfield used to get a "buckshee" invitation, but this seems now one of those pleasant little courtesys most of which, for some unknown reason, were swept into oblivion by the Great War, and now the writer has to rely upon the hospitality of that great cyclist, F. H. Inwood, the genial captain, now maturing into a veteran, but with the love of the great game firmly ingrained. Memories and shadows of the

past were on every side; at our table sat Arthur Ilsley, Jimmy James, Joe Hooydonk, Charlie Hillhouse, Mentor Mott, W. H. Nutt and a few others nearly as famous.

Biddy, of course in the chair, he is an unique President, more dignified each year. His clarion voice does not quite reach the corners of the room as it did in the good old days of yore, but this is nearly made up for by the masterly use he makes of it; as, however, he is likely to be in the position for umpteen more dinners, he might consider getting an estimate for having his voice ground and set.

After a splendid menu the business of the evening commenced. Mr. Cliff Lester, burlesque conjurer, opened proceedings with an original turn, which gave the impression he was "half cut" or "one over the eight," but his dexterity contradicted such a suggestion. About this time the clock struck 9-30 and there was some little commotion owing to Pa White's usual get-a-way, he evidently has not yet reached that eminence known as "the order of the latch key," how his friend Casinova would have smiled. Business being resumed, H. N. Crowe, the golfing secretary of the N.C.U. (shades of L.F.) proposed the Club; Biddy presented the Prizes and the wonderful Cups. Walter Holland M.C. & A.C. with Vanheems of the R.R.A., better known as the whispering baritone, replied for the visitors, amongst whom were Marshall, Rossiter, Davey, Draisey, etc.

Hillhouse proposed the chairman and the latter responded, in two of the shortest speeches on record, Biddy bringing the proceedings to a close by insisting on the company singing "Auld Lang Syne," in his own peculiar style. You all line up with your backs to the wall, and as there are usually more present than the wall can comfortably accommodate, there is some scramble to get a good place and quite a lot of *finesse* to avoid sitting on the fire, after the noise of heeling out the coal scuttles, fire-irons, etc., has subsided, you start off and yell for all you are worth, Mentor Mott being the leader, a wine waiter imperturbably adding up some poor wretch's account being usually imprisoned in the centre, you retire from the scrum with wrists badly bruised and the glass of your wrist watch broken, thankful the works are still left. The famous North Road Anthem was sung earlier with great fervour, so about midnight, the Archowl thought the Barnes Films or Mortlake Brewery would be an appropriate roosting spot.

RUNS AND FIXTURES.

Halewood, 7th December, 1929.

Wind and rain did not affect the attendance of the older members, they still appreciate the comforts of the "Derby Arms," after long and pleasurable experience, and were amply rewarded by the excellent fare enjoyed in the company of a cheerful gathering of Clubmates. But where were the juniors and racing men? Perhaps blown out to Goostrey—perhaps not. Well let us hope that they had a good time wherever they landed. One of our company boasted of having seven Christmas dinners last year, and will probably break his record this season with his initial Halewood start—"Great Stuffing this Cycling."

Hubert Roskell, after a varicose discussion with the Hon. Treasurer, again threatens a come back, with the President as his first victim on the road, but he has not yet fixed a date to start training. Tandem teams however should be prepared to be called upon for pacing in the near future. "Faster and Faster" will be the slogan.

We were glad to have H. M. Buck with us again, his second Club run, we understand, this year, and he has four more runs to enjoy.

Our Sub. alone represented the youth of the Club, and had a word with all of us, two words if we were not nippy with the usual—and the seasonable remembrance for the ever faithful Sarah and helpers.

With the fire in the upper room well surrounded by the Skipper, Conway, Edwards, Lucas, Fell and Mercer, more seating room was found below, with a fire visible, and here foregathered, and not yet mentioned, Kinder, Chandler, Skinner, Stevie, Cody, Ven, Mandall, Royden and Simpson, the latter insisting that we should sing for "him and it," the choir rendering the carol each in his melodious way, encouraged by the noisy one. Since we made the welkin ring we see in the Press that caroling is now taboo, but perhaps bellowing is still allowed. However, the welkin had it, nothing else rang, so after the Presider had re-singed his extremities, and the coverings thereof, we passed out into the night, some for the saddle, some for the dickey, but all on wheels, well pleased with ourselves and sundry. Powell, Zambuck, Morris, and Band departed earlier, answering the call of the Wild, or Wives, or Wireless, or both, if any.

Goostrey, 7th December, 1929.

Reference to the public Press proves, if proof is necessary, that at this date the worst gale in living memory was raging. This gale was undoubtedly a contributory factor to the lack of speed of the writer on the outward journey and probably accounted for the fact that only eleven were present at tea. Our V.P. and the Doctor did the journey by rail, whilst the costume of Rex Austin showed that he had not come by cycle.

After an excellent tea provided by Mrs. Knowles, an interesting account was given by the Doctor of how cycling newspapers were produced in the early days. The story was a bit involved and left the company in doubt as to whether the Doctor was a Sub-Editor or a newspaper boy.

Conversation on the new Act of Parliament which wipes out the speed limit for cars and fixes a maximum speed of 30 m.p.h. for buses, drew forth an expression of approval from one member who stated that the roads should be much safer when buses were not permitted to exceed 30 m.p.h.

Unfortunately a lull in the gale took place during the homeward journey, which was however, wind assisted. In spite of the severe downpour, the writer was fortunate enough to miss the rain on both the outward and homeward rides.

Daresbury, 14th December, 1929.

It was raining so hard in Liverpool at lunch time that I thought that Manchester would be several feet under water, and I felt sure that no Manchester men would be out to-day, so I was very surprised to find (after an uneventful and wind assisted ride) a room full of them at the Ring o' Bells.

A game of billiards (*sic*) was in progress, Rex versus the Doctor, I believe, and the doc. was in great form, at least every third or fourth ball going right off the table, and when Albert Davies got up to show us how the game should be played, he tried to chalk his cue on an electric lamp.

I judged from the perfectly clean shoes, dry stockings, and the faultless creases of their trousers that at least two of the thirteen or so present had arrived on bicycles.

There was a very welcome exile present in the person of Bert Morton, back from the wilds of Kent and district, where we hear, there is no real beer, and Bailey, who we have not seen for several months, also showed up. At five-thirty, Hubert very kindly bought us beer, and after that the crowds came thick and fast, including the Skipper, the Mullah, the Secretary with the attendance sheets, the Presider and a host of others.

I think about thirty-two sat down to tea, including two Manchester prospectives, and the usual good things were quickly disposed of.

One or two early birds soon disappeared after tea, the remainder talking and playing billiards. Cook and Kettle were week ending at Macclesfield, one or two others at Siddington, while the Manchester motoring party, headed by their V.P. adjourned to Knutsford. I believe, for a night cap.

The front of Charlie Randall's lamp had become unstuck from the rear part and he kept us waiting in the cold, while he offered up prayers and tied it together with pieces of string. The string stayed put until we reached Frodsham, and there he decided that the front was unnecessary, so he rode to Chester with the flame exposed to the four winds of heaven.

Charles left us at Chester to visit relations and partake of a little nourishment, while we slogged into the wind and docked about 10-30.

Pulford, 21st December, 1929.

There is so little really to record of this run. We trekked out in our several ways. We fed sumptuously as befits the "Grosvenor Arms." We smoked and chafed and conversed and then we trailed off into the night to our several abodes. Nothing of unusual interest seems to have taken place with which to enliven this dreary recital. The conversation at my table ranged from surgical operations to leakages in gas lamps. I have no desire to dilate on the former and the latter is not sufficiently engrossing to warrant further comment, so I can only record a few personal impressions.

Needless to say three months enforced abstinence from club runs had rather whetted my appetite for the open road and the Club's weekly meeting. There was an unusually keen desire to get away from the city, to feel the "wind on the heath," or the nearest approach to it that Cheshire can offer, to freshen the mind with long vistas of open country and to experience again the peculiar seductiveness of a rolling trike.

I know it will leave you cold and uninterested if I tell you that I travelled out via Rock Ferry, Hallow Road, Burton and Chester. But how can I tell you of the grateful responsiveness of the body to familiar and pleasurable exercise, the keenness of the bright afternoon, the wide views, the ineffable beauty and mystery of the starlit sky, the patter of the side wheels over sets, the icy exhilaration of the downward runs and the proceedings at the "Grosvenor Arms." If you travelled out on a bicycle as you certainly ought to have done, you had on arrival an outsize in hungers and the warmth and light and immaculate tables of the "Grosvenor Arms" rejoiced even the stoniest hearted of you and when food was placed before you, life took on an unwonted rosiness.

If all the 21 of us could not luxuriate after the meal in the easy chairs within sight of the fire, we had the pleasure of watching the childish look of placidity on the faces of the lucky ones and listening to their gurgles of contentment.

Distinction was lent to the gathering by the appearance of the Lord Mayor, who came amongst us in his genial way soon after the meal had commenced. What the general conversation "turned on," whether the meal was really "up to standard," or where Cook was week-ending, I leave to those better informed. I know that the air soon became fragrant with choice cigars produced and circulated lavishly by Teddy Edwards and the Lord Mayor.

Shortly after seven, the meeting began quietly to break up and in ones and twos we slipped off into the night, most of us to home fires, some few of us to taste anew the tried hospitality of some favoured house farther south.

My homeward ride through the frosty night with millions of stars above me, concluded a pleasant and memorable run.

Mottram St. Andrews, 21st December, 1929.

Situated in one of Cheshire's most beautiful spots, this venue has many attractions, and within easy access of Manchester, it provides a very suitable and desirable destination for an alternative run. In exile, many miles away, I had observed this fixture when I received my *Circular*, and I visualised the pleasant associations that had been apparent on the previous occasions when I had visited this ancient hostelry, and I looked forward with keen anticipation to again renewing my acquaintance with the object of my thought.

And now my anticipations are realised. I am again astride the cycle, which I have had to reluctantly neglect for a few months. The waning afternoon of a glorious day, and the thought of joining my old friends again, fills me with much pleasure. I cycle through familiar scenery, and engrossed with my memories, the miles are unconsciously covered. Twilight falls, and I regard with interest the silhouette before me—the woods with their gaunt leafless trees, the distant hills, the stately homes and humble cottages, all present a lovely picture.

I timed my arrival at the "Bull," nicely, for it coincided with the arrival of several more Club friends. Greetings were exchanged, and to the inner regions we then adjourned, where, following a refresher, we entered the dining room, to fine a wonderful array of eatables, a spread typical of this establishment. The nimble activities of the waitress soon provided everyone with the opening course, and then the familiar cross-table talk commenced, and continued throughout the meal.

The late arrival of "G.B." and Poole and two friends increased our number to eighteen.

After tea, Thompson announced that this was his birthday anniversary and everyone was invited to drink with him regardless of expense. The writer was mystified by the subsequent calls for "doubles," evidently a new beverage. However, everyone had his fancy and imbibed accordingly. This pleasure was again repeated when the genial donor instructed the landlord to "do it again."

The usual jolly evening, which I always associate with Anfield runs, came to an end all too quickly, and I regretfully bade the company adieu and steered a course for home.

And so ended another very successful run, full of happy incident that will remain as pleasant memories for me whilst I am away in exile.

Northwich, 26th December, 1929.

Waking up at about nine-thirty, I was in two minds as to whether I should get up and attend the run or turn over and have a nice long sleep, say till about three or four o'clock in the afternoon.

Luckily, I saw that the sun was shining and the sight of the clear blue sky stirred my blood, and in two two's I was up and left the house at about 10-50.

Two miles from home I passed Wilf Taylor, who, poor devil, was going to Liverpool to spend the day in Cook's delectable offices, and in Chester I encountered Turvey, Long, Randall and Glover just emerging from a cafe.

We all rode together to the next port of call, the Abbey Arms, Charles trying to drop us on Kelsall Hill but only succeeded in getting very hot and sticky himself. After the refresher, Charles and Turvey had a scrap but I chipped in and left both standing (I'm very fast downhill) and eventually we arrived at the Crown and Anchor.

Hubert Buckley very kindly offered to buy me a drink and in the tank we found the Mullah, Albert Davies, Stevie, Urban Taylor and J. E. Rawlinson. Charlie and Tom Conway and Bert Green also popped in and at 1-30 we received word that "it" was ready, so went upstairs.

Ven, Zambuck, and Eddy Morris arrived late, as they had met Roberts in Wrexham and had stopped and drank each others' health until nearly 1-30. Bill Lowcock and Thompson were also late and there was a total attendance of thirty-nine.

At three, we left, and did our good turn for the day by succouring a cyclist found lying on the parapet. He was one or two over the eight, and had swerved and hit the kerb. We picked him up and put him on the first bus while I pushed his machine to Sandiway. He had had a brush down by the time we arrived and after shaking hands he mounted, and wobbled down the lane, we holding our breath every time a car passed.

We made for Pulford for tea, via Tarporley, sat there for two and a half hours and a pleasant run home brought a perfect day to a close.

Bettws-y-coed, 25th-29th December, 1929.

This alternative fixture was as enjoyable as ever for those fortunate enough to participate. Of course, it was only a *holiday*, as we have it on the best authority that you cannot tour in North Wales with Bettws-y-Coed as a centre, but considering the time of the year (at which by the way Snowdonia is seen at its best) a fair imitation of a tour was carried out. Lizzie and Winnie were the advance guard on a sort of comic opera walking tour, the main object of which appeared to be to dodge the main party! They arrived at the Glan Aber on Xmas Eve, out of the motor bus from Corwen, and on Xmas Day George Lake's car, driven by Mr. Cannon, took them to the bottom of the Gwynant Pass whence they must have walked at least 4 miles before staggering into the portals of Plas Colwyn, Beddgelert, where they remained until the Saturday, when F. H. Koenen, having answered the S.O.S., took them back in his car to Corwen for the Rattler again. Chandler and Cook started on Xmas Day and had rather a boisterous ride down, as a S.-W. gale was raging with frequent rain squalls, but conditions would have been a good deal harder if there had been any North in the wind. Chester to Ruabon was the hardest bit and as riding in a cape would have been somewhat hazardous, they were rather wet when they reached the Wynnstay for lunch. After Llangollen conditions were much easier and the rain squalls much less frequent, while beyond Corwen they overtook three members of some virile Manchester organis-

ation who had been waiting at Llangollen all morning for the weather to clear up! Of course the old gentlemen used their nappers and tucked in behind the voluminous capes and sou'westers as far as Cerrig-y-Druidion, where a stop was made to see our old friend Tegid Owen and have "lashings of tea" before lighting up and finally dropping down into Bettws (which was easily recognised in the dark as the lamps on the Waterloo Bridge bear the name in large letters) in good time for dinner. Mr. Ernest Turner, of Derby, had already arrived and was very disappointed to find Winnie had flown.

On Boxing Day it was decided to go to Beddgelert in the hopes of tracking the deserters and the two cyclists went via Llan Rug and Waenfawr. It was a perfect day and the wind had pretty well blown itself out, although Capel Curig to Pen-y-gwryd was a bit saucy the last mile or two. At Plas Colwyn the usual warm welcome and excellent lunch was our lot. Lizzie and Winnie were reported as having set off to climb Yr Aran after attending a Dance at the Goat the night before, but we had our suspicions and afterwards heard a rumour that Pont Aberglaslyn was the highest altitude reached! Returning up the Gwynant we must have met Koenen in his car, but he apparently gave no sign of recognition or signal—no doubt in too much haste to rescue the stranded walking captains! A call at Tyn-y-coed to see Mr. Cobden and then back to the Glan Aber to find Dave Rowatt had arrived mid-day and also Mr. and Mrs. Edwards and Mr. and Mrs. Fell. After dinner, Chandler had a great evening for he first of all walloped Edwards in their annual chess championship and then started to play Bridge for all he was worth (about fourpence) with Carmon, Turner and Fell and lost all his capital! and Rowatt held his usual watching brief! while the Presider went his usual "walk to the Swallow Falls"!

Friday was another perfect day and as previously arranged Llan-fairtalhaearn was the destination for a very special meal, which the cyclists prepared themselves for by a trip to "the meeting of the waters" of the Aled and Elwy which is a most delectable spot in the Bryn-y-Pin Pass. As Skinner and his daughter joined us on their way home from Llandudno, and Mrs. Montag and her friend Miss Allen joined us from Prestatyn (Professor Rockandtappit being a member of the Labour Party had to go to the purlieus of Brunswick Street) we sat down 12 to an excellent feed and were quite a merry party. After lunch Mr. Turner had to leave us to return to Derby and the motorists went to sample the new road from Llansannan to Bylchan, while the wretched push cyclists ambled back with a stop at Llanwrst for afternoon tea. And the feature of the evening was Patience, as played by Mesdames Edwards and Fell!

Saturday saw the departure of the Edwards' car for Hooton and Home, and Rowatt for Home; but Chandler and the Presider had a rather wet but none the less enjoyable ride through the Nant Francon and round to Penmaenmawr for lunch. It was quite fine on the coast road and near Aber they met C. A. Morris and another Speedwellian on tour and had a chin wag with them, but in the afternoon the wind got up rather boisterously and rain set in again, but after Conway the hills kept off most of the wind and "Ye Old Shlippe," at Trefriw was comfortably reached for afternoon tea; and when we docked for the last time at the Glan Aber we found inscribed in the visitors' book F. H. Koenen and knew that the two lost Pedestrians had been salvaged and placed "F.O.R. Corwen." A quiet, peaceful evening with Mr. Cannon's wireless brought the "Holiday" to a close; all bar the ride home on Sunday, which was a perfect sleigh ride under ideal conditions with such a useful helping Westerly wind that the two old gentlemen actually

rode the "aerial flight" for the first time in their lives and awarded themselves "special golds." Even the Sportsmans was not stopped at and Denbigh was reached non-stop in two hours. At Mold, Del Banco on a tandem, with his friend Hutton, was encountered and ridden with to the Willaston Corner, while on the last lap, Clifford Dews, returning from Devon in a car, overtook the holiday makers and stopped to exchange the season's greetings and the Editor person smashing through from Rlyddtalog, chipped in at the foot of Evans' hill and saw to it that the two old gentlemen went straight home after a glorious holiday with the excellent figures of three perfect days out of five, which is good enough for anyone at this time of the year.

Much appreciated greetings were received at Bettws-y-coed as follows:—

"Very best wishes to all at the Glan Aber."—John Kinder.

"The season's Greetings to my fellow Anfielders at Bettws."—From Harry Austin, Dublin.

"Best wishes for Happiness and Choice Weather."—From G. E. Carpenter.

"Merry Xmas."—Fulton (by cable).

Hooton, 28th December, 1929.

A day of changes; morning a very thick and cold east wind, but dry; afternoon, a southerly gale and pouring rain; and evening a westerly wind and no rain. At 5-30, the hour arranged for tea, there were only about six present, but later arrivals swelled the numbers to 16, including Teddy Edwards back from Bettws and Turvey on holiday from Yorkshire. Johnny Band had managed to struggle out on a bicycle, so we had interesting discourses on the danger and expense of domestic electricity compared with homely gas and on the folly of holding runs past Chester in winter; as none of us was respectively either a gas works manager or a pedestrian we all thoroughly disagreed with him. Ven was in really excellent form; joke followed joke till he capped all by telling the deaf and dumb waitress, in reply to her query as to what we would take to drink, that as soon as we had finished the ale in front of her eyes we would take 1910 champagne with the house. Tales reached us of Chandler at Bettws beating his own (and therefore of course everyone else's) record for the number of Christmas dinners eaten over the holiday, whilst heresy of heresies I heard an earnest conversation going on between two who shall have their blushes saved by being nameless, on the merits of various motor cars which have apparently six cylinders whatever they are. A move was made soon after seven and a pleasant run home ensured with the wind comfortably abaft the beam. I echo the wish of the faithful fourteen as they broke up on the last run of the year—a Happy New Year to all.

Bollington, 28th December, 1929.

A wet, blustery day—about the first we have had in Manchester this year—gave Tommy Mandall a chance to see what rain on the windscreen looked like—it must have been a refreshing change from the eternal sun glare in the streets of Liverpool. He was being piloted by Bert Morton, who was giving a good imitation of a Big Noise in the Business World in blocker, pants and an overcoat, having left the Cathedral in charge of the Archbishop and the choir boys for the week-end for once. Both sketched entertaining details in the past, present and

future existence of the popular Shaw sportsman, Urban Taylor, who should have met them in Manchester in the afternoon, brought them on to Bollington, and taken them on home to Shaw for the week-end. But he had not turned up at the rendezvous, nor at Bollington. The obvious explanation—two pubs of the same name—was not even thought of by his victims.

Wilf Orrell and Walton dragged the Manchester section down sartorially by dressing with bare knees and throats like a couple of pedestrians, but the balance was to some extent redressed by Thompson's riding breeches, equestrian tie-pin and muffler.

Fourteen sat down to tea—including the two Greens, the Mullah, Albert Davies, the Doctor, Hubert Buckley (father being absent on legal business), Bob Poole, Rex Austin and an unknown.

After tea a discussion on Club politics followed till half-past seven, when the party broke up; some departing straightway into the night, the rest adjourning to the Tank for further sustenance during the passing of two beers or thereabouts—while Morton and Mandall thought of all the things they heard the R.S.M. say in the army and polished them up to apply to Urban if they ever met him—Tommy Mandall promising to say Bert Moreton's lines if he had to go back to Canterbury before the happy event. It is to be hoped there will be no ladies present when the meeting does take place.

During the discussion, various discreditable details came to light. Urban was never one of the Cheshire Hunt crowd like Buckley, but there are limits, and calling policemen by their Christian names is a depth of depravity from which the true Anfielder shrinks—in the presence of friends at any rate—it argues an uncomfortable familiarity with the lock-up. It was also revealed that Russ Rothwell has been seen, not exactly sober, but at any rate respectably dressed, in the streets of Oldham.

After this, even the most hardened toppers decided to go—Bert Morton surpassing himself on the doorstep with a final vulgar remark as to Urban's parents, and then turning to wish everyone a Happy New Year.

J. S. JONAS,
Editor.

ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

FORMED MARCH 1879

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

MONTHLY CIRCULAR.

Vol. XXVII.

No. 288.

FIXTURES FOR FEBRUARY, 1930.

Tea at 6-0 p.m.

		Light up at
Feb. 1	Halewood (Derby Arms)	5-24 p.m.
.. 8	Mold (Dolphin)	5-36 p.m.
.. 10	Committee Meeting, 7 p.m. (Victoria Hotel, St. John's Lane, L'pool).	
.. 15	Tarporley (Swan)	5-51 p.m.
.. 22	Pulford (Grosvenor Arms).....	6-5 p.m.
Mar. 1	Halewood (Derby Arms)—Musical Even ng. Tea 5-30 p.m.	6-18 p.m.

ALTERNATIVE FIXTURES FOR MANCHESTER MEMBERS :

Tea 5-30 p.m.

Feb. 1	Goostrey (Red Lion)	5-24 p.m.
.. 8	Mottram St. Andrew (Bulls Head)	5-36 p.m.
.. 22	Arcid (Rose and Crown)	6-5 p.m.
Mar. 1	Goostrey (Red Lion)	6-18 p.m.

Full Moon ... 13th inst.

The Hon. Treasurer's address is R. L. Knipe, 108 Moscow Drive, Stonycroft, 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 Martins Bank Ltd., for credit of the Anfield Bicycle Club, Tue Brook Branch.

4 THE LAUND,

WALLASEY, CHESHIRE.

COMMITTEE NOTES.

APPLICATION FOR MEMBERSHIP.—Mr. Maurice Mycock, 73 Manchester Road, Swinton, Manchester; proposed by Mr. G. B. Orrell; seconded by Mr. A. Davies.

NEW MEMBER.—Mr. Geoffrey Lockett, 33 Mount Street, Swinton, Manchester, has been elected to Full Membership.

Messrs. E. Bright and A. P. James have been transferred to Honorary Membership.

The resignation of Mr. A. B. Waterhouse has been accepted with regret.

Mr. J. I. Mahon has been struck off the list of membership for non-payment of subscription.

Mr. J. S. Jonas has been appointed Editor of the *Circular*.

The following Club delegates have been appointed: R.R.C.—Mr. P. C. Beardwood. R.R.A.—Mr. P. C. Beardwood and Mr. W. J. Neason. N.R.R.A.—Messrs. R. J. Austin, R. H. Carlisle, A. Davies and C. H. Turnor.

The following have been appointed a Handicapping Committee: Messrs. W. P. Cook, E. Edwards, W. H. Kettle, J. Long and C. H. Turnor.

The following have been appointed a Course Committee: Messrs. R. H. Carlisle, A. E. Foy, G. A. Glover and C. Randall.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS.—Mr. W. R. Oppenheimer, The Cottage, Caldbee Hill, Battle, Sussex. Mr. J. D. Cranshaw, 726 Liverpool Road, Patricroft, Manchester.

A Musical Evening under the direction of Mr. G. Newall has been arranged for March 1st, at Halewood. Tea on that day will be at 5-30 p.m.

The Triennial Dinner of the Road Records Association is to be held at the Connaught Rooms on Friday, February 14th. Tickets, 10/6 each. Members who propose to attend the Dinner and who have not already obtained their ticket, should communicate at once with Mr. S. M. Vanheems, 47 Berners Street, London, W.1.

H. W. POWELL,

Hon. General Secretary.

RACING NOTES.

The dates for the Club's Racing Programme have been arranged provisionally as follows: First "50," 10th May; Second "50," 24th May; Invitation "100," 9th June; Club 12 Hours, 19th July; Invitation "24," 22nd 23rd August; Third "50," 13th September. It is proposed to run a Club "100" on 28th June, providing sufficient entries are forthcoming.

Those intending to race are requested to study the above dates and if they have any suggestions to offer as to any alteration to let me have their views not later than 8th February.

It has been decided that entries for the above events will only be accepted on the Official form. A supply of these will be available shortly and can be obtained on application to the Hon. Racing Sec.

W. H. KETTLE,

Capt. and Hon. Racing Sec.

TREASURY NOTES.

My thanks to the 35 members who have got off their marks so well this January by sending along their Subscriptions and/or Donations (s) for the current year. This number is six short of last year, several being sluggish at the getaway. However, a few others have seized the chance of being in the first flight. Possibly this reminder may produce a record rush for Feb.

C. Aldridge.	H. Green.	G. Molyneux.
*J. C. Baud.	E. D. Green.	E. Moutag.
*J. S. Barrett.	E. R. Green.	A. E. Morton.
H. Chadwick.	J. Henderson.	I. Oppenheimer.
*E. J. Cody.	H. M. Horrocks.	F. Perkins.
*W. P. Cook.	T. Hinde.	R. Poole.
*C. C. Dews.	W. H. Kettle.	H. W. Powell.
*E. Edwards.	R. L. Knipe.	J. C. Robinson.
H. L. Elston.	F. H. Koenen.	J. D. Siddeley.
I. G. Fletcher.	G. Lockett.	W. E. Taylor.
W. J. Finn.	F. Lowcock.	*W. T. Venables.
R. A. Fulton.	A. Lucas.	

ITEMS.

At the Annual Dinner of the C.T.C. Bolton D.A. we were well represented, with Knipe in the Chair, Brazendale as proposer of the Toast of the Visitors, Haslam as proposer of the Chairman's Health and Cook as the presenter of the awards. Our old friend Lambourn was also present, and we hear that Cook and Knipe gave a unique exhibition of the Terpsichorean Art.

It is also rumoured that the two O.G.'s. are so bucked by their performance that they are conspiring to move for dances in connection with the Halewood runs next winter. Shush! shush!

There is now a new licensee at Saughall Massie and in introducing himself to the C.B.B. he proclaimed the fact that he had rather a hectic scholastic career. It was not at the Birkenhead Institute, which is alleged to turn out so many bad lads, but his master was a gentleman named Knipe, who rode a bicycle and of course that explained everything!

The following cutting explains itself, and we are sure everyone will join in congratulating Miss Evans and wishing her all joy and felicity in her new sphere.

WEDDING BELLS AT BETTWS.

The wedding took place quietly, yesterday, at St. Mary's Church, Bettws-y-Coed, of the Rev. Evan Jones, Vicar of Penmaelmo, and Miss L. Evans, eldest daughter of Mrs. Evans, Glam Aber Hotel, Bettws-y-Coed. The bridesmaids were the Misses Florence and Edith Evans, sisters of the bride. The Rev. R. M. Jones, Vicar of Bettws-y-Coed, officiated. The honeymoon is being spent in London.

Apropos the paragraph in the last *Circular* about Fowler and Wayfarer attending the "Speedwell" Annual Dinner, we now hear that Jack Fowler also *walked* home (a little stroll of seven-and-a-half miles, finishing at 1-30 a.m.) and what strikes us as very curious is why two members of a Bicycle Club should attend a Bicycle Club dinner, the latter club being called the SPEEDWELL, and yet WALK home. Did they go to the dinner on bicycles? and get in such a disgusting state during the evening that they were incapable of cycling. Let us hope not. Let us put it down to the fact that the studs of bicycles which those men from the "Big City" keep were all suffering from foot and mouth disease, or something like that, and had to be kept wrapped up in red flannel.

IN MEMORIAM.

The Club has commenced the New Year under sad auspices with the death of two of our Honorary Members. On January 5th, W. R. Thompson, who joined the Club in 1889, passed away after a rather prolonged illness, at the age of 63. Will Thompson was never a racing man like his brother, E.A., but he was none the less a real clubman and a good Anfielder, who maintained unabated interest in all the Club's activities until the last, although indifferent health for many years had brought about the cessation of cycling and forced upon him gentler forms of exercise.

On January 16th, J. W. Chandler died very suddenly in his 74th year. Mr. Chandler joined the Club in 1922 because of his great interest in cycling in general and the Anfield in particular, as a sequel to his son Frank joining us in 1916, and his relationship to the President. He was a most lovable man who had earned the affection and high regard of all privileged to know him, as was demonstrated by the large gathering at the funeral. To all those bereaved we extend our deepest sympathy.

The modern tendency of combines and amalgamations in the business world has even spread to cycling, as is evidenced by the report in the *Liverpool Football Echo*, of January 18th, that the "Combine Winter Cycling Club will hold their first annual reunion and dinner at the Derby Arms, Halewood, on February 8th." Tickets can be obtained from John Kinder, who, it seems, is the man behind the scenes, doing all the work. The place for Anfielders to go to, however, on this date is either Mold or Mottram St. Andrews.

Twenty Years Ago.—*Extract from the "Circular" for August, 1909.*
The "24," June 2nd and 3rd.

Buckley (scratch) 363½ miles, 1st prize; Fulton (25 miles) 342 miles, 2nd prize and Cup presented by Mr. F. Gee; McCann, 3rd prize (25 miles) 329½ miles; Turnor (32) miles 328 miles; Wells (25 miles) 318 miles; James (tricycle) standard (45 miles) 303½ miles; W. H. Kettle, tricycle (60 miles) 274 miles, standard; Geo. Poole, 311½ miles, standard. The above figures represent one of the most successful 24-hour unpaced road rides the Club has ever carried out.

Every finisher, with one exception, completed over 300 miles in the allotted time. The idea of running the ride as a handicap was very good, as it gave the long mark men a sporting chance of winning Mr. F. Gee's Cup; for had it been a scratch event, one could almost take it as a sure thing that either Buckley or James would have had matters very much their own way.

Buckley did a splendid performance, beating his own "24" record by over 15 miles and securing a well deserved win. Passing along to the "Mysterious Baron," we find we have another long distance rider of exceptional merit. For the nonce he "quit fooling" and did his riding in rare good style, pinning his faith to a well worked out time table. McCann and Wells were plainly out to beat each other, and try and beat Buckley at all costs; that was a big job however.

Though Ramsey was leading the crowd with 187½ miles at half time, being about 4 miles ahead of Buckley and McCann, Buckley gained nearly an hour on both of them on the 60 mile triangle in Shropshire; this was in doing the triangle for the second time. James gave up at least four times to my knowledge, but was persuaded to continue each time by the fact that Kettle also on a trike, kept arriving on the scene. In spite of all the time wasted, James nearly beat the Northern Trike record. I remember Turner telling me he had made up his mind to do 310 miles, and he was better than his word, for, riding steadily throughout, and in spite of going off the course early on in the night, he did a splendid ride of 328 miles.

Kettle also did a good trike performance, for, like James, he did not follow the course, he stuck to his work and ran out time with 274 miles. It must be remembered that Kettle was buying experience on this type of machine, and those who know what trike riding is, will agree that it is no sinecure to go through a "24" on one. It seems that George Poole only got his instructions to "make a job of it" on Friday morning, for he had originally intended to try for a "12" hours' standard, starting from Chester at 6 a.m. on the Saturday morning. George went through and piled up 174 miles in his first "12," and he finished a remarkable fine "24" with 311½ to his credit.

It was unfortunate he was not on the handicap, for had he been in receipt of a mark, there would have been a slight difference in the placings.

Friday night was an ideal one for the start of a "24," very little wind, a good light all through the night and a very equable temperature. Saturday morning broke fine, but as the sun grew hotter the breeze stiffened and about 6-30 p.m. the clouds accidentally burst and drenched the riders to the skin. Then also, some of the tyres which had stood the ordeal so well all through the night and day, commenced to chafe badly along the rims, caused by the wet grit and mud, and the naked fabric unable to withstand the soaking, simply burst. This completes the story of one of the most interesting "24's" in the history of the A.B.C. I am afraid I have not related all the incidents of the ride so clearly as I might have done as I was out on a little jaunt of my own, which was more or less a failure, and could get no one to supply me with copy.

Quite a large party week-ended in Knutsford, and a most enjoyable day's touring was indulged in on Sunday, Nantwich being our venue for lunch and Tarporley was visited for tea. Here the party broke up, some stayed in Chester over night and proceeded up the Dee on Monday, and others went off home.

RUNS AND FIXTURES.

Helsby, 4th January, 1930.

When I woke up and saw the sun streaming through my open window, I rejoiced, for I had not attended a Club run for some two months, and the sun strengthened my New Year's resolution.

Having the morning off I spent part of the time in taking the mud and oil off my "bike" and the rest of it in taking the mud off myself.

At 2-30 I joined the rest of the Sale contingent and we set off for Altringham, where we met the Manchester sub-captain and purchased a new lamp.

The weather did not prove as pleasant as promised, and on reaching the Railway Inn (through lanes chosen by Albert Davies, and at

pace chosen by either him or Bert Green) we were quite damp, not having resorted to capes; we soon forgot this, however, when the call to tea came and about twenty-seven of us, including three friends, adjourned to the dining-room for nourishment.

At tea Bob Knipe showed those nearby the gold medals earned by Glover and Nevitt in their successful record attempt, and a 10/- note from Irish Free State, received in a Xmas card; and he also showed us a gold medal which had been sent to Heath and had been returned to Cook by the Post Office in Manchester with a note (not a Treasury one) to say it had been found in the post. This marvellous bit of work by H.M. Post Office is worthy of Sherlock Holmes himself.

The party soon broke up; the Manchester section being first away. On the home ride, E. Green and myself were soon left in the rear, and we continued our way home in more comfort, albeit at a slower pace, than the ride out. The weather also seemed to think better of its previous intentions and I arrived home under a cloudless, starlit sky.

Halewood, 11th January, 1930—A.G.M.

Editors may come and go—and gawd nose there would appear to have been a regular procession of 'em lately—but they all with deadly regularity pounce on the present wretched scribe whenever he has the temerity to show his face at a run (which, unfortunately (?) is not often—Ed.), and the p.w.s. having himself gone through the awful ordeal, and being withal a man with a heart o'erflowing with the milk of human kindness (in addition to the usual red corpuscles) falls for them every time. Having sneaked into the meeting some time after it had started, and carefully evaded the editorial eye, I had deluded myself into the belief that all was well, when I felt an apologetic object slither up to me and peg his tent alongside my body. (This is not correct, as we are rather particular where we pitch our tent.—Ed.) I then knew the worst had happened. In vain to point out that I had missed part of the meeting. This was countered by the assertion that Zambue, evidently acting in sinister collusion, had taken notes *on my behalf*—a snappy bit of work, I don't think. However . . .

The attendance was not too good, only, I think, 41 members being present, but it can be said that the proceedings throughout were marked by a general *bouhomic* which was very pleasant.

The Presider at the outset had the sad duty of referring to the recent death of an old member in the person of W. R. Thompson, who after having emerged successfully from a serious operation during last summer, had been laid low through pneumonia. Although an infrequent attender at Club runs owing to ill-health, Thompson always took the liveliest interest in the Club's doings, and our sympathy went out to his remaining relatives.

E. Buckley wrote regretting his unavoidable absence, as he had been detained in Essex in connection with a family bereavement.

After the minutes of the last general meeting had been passed, the Hon. Secretary read out his report, and Powell is again to be congratulated on another of his masterly records of the Club's doings. He referred to the fact that eight new members had joined during the year, and that four old members who had previously dropped out had resumed membership. He alluded sympathetically to the serious losses the Club had sustained through the deaths of W. R. Toft, A. Hancock, Pollard, and W. R. Thompson. It appears that there is still room for improvement in the attendances at Club fixtures, the average for last

year having only been 39 as against 40 in 1928. The President and Kettle had not missed a single run, while Tommy Royden, with 52 attendances to his credit, had succeeded in doing the hat trick, this being the third year in succession he had walked (or rather cycled) away with the first attendance prize, being closely followed on this occasion by that other hardy veteran, E. Green, who had put in 48 runs. Fortunately, I was not present to hear the damning indictment of my own delinquences in this respect, or, of a surety, my damask cheek would have been suffused with the blushes of shame. E. J. Cody, in putting in 45 runs despite a severe illness, found himself high and dry among the select little coterie who have accomplished 1,000 runs, and thus is entitled for the rest of his natural life to flaunt a highly incensed Treasurer in his beard by paying any damn subscription he likes, when and how he likes, immune from the fierce onslaughts of monthly red slips.

It appeared that the members of committee appointed at the last A.G.M. had, on the whole, been good lads and had attended the meetings like little gentlemen.

A successful Tour was again held in Snowdonia at Easter, Headquarters, as usual, at Bettws, and a happy party carried out an alternative tour to the Welsh Border.

The Jubilee Dinner, held at Shrewsbury last Whitsuntide, had been a huge success from every point of view, there having been, what I should imagine for an A.B. function, a record attendance of 116 members and guests.

The support given to the All Night ride had been very disappointing, and it was evident that this fixture was not now a popular one. The August Tour was to Llandloes and district, and a very good crowd filled the West Arms at Llanarmon for the Autumnal Tints. A select party had also carried out the usual tour to Bettws at Christmas. Powell concluded by paying his tribute to the efforts of the Editors (Nevitt, and Jonas), and by thanking the members for the personal help they had given him. A hearty vote of thanks to the Hon. Secretary was carried with acclamation.

Kettle, our indefatigable Hon. Racing Secretary, then gave a resumé of the racing activities of the past season, and as the results of the various events will be set out in the Annual Report, I will refrain from giving them here. (Another good reason is, said he naively, that I haven't got 'em). He said that the performances on the whole were good, but there had not been an increase in entries. Despite the bar to some prominent riders, the class of entry for the Invitation "100" had been better than that of the previous year. The entry for the "24" had again been very disappointing. Our members had made an excellent show in open events; the palm going to G. B. Orrell (who, in addition to doing third fastest time in our own "100" did the wonderful time of 4.45.22 in Grosvenor Wheelers' "100," eclipsing this with 4.44.12 in the Bath Road "100," while in the same race Pitchford did a fine ride of 4.55.20. Orrell also went to Switzerland as reserve in the World Championship Team. There had been two successful attempts at records, Orrell beating the 12 hours' N.R.R.A. by a magnificent ride of 231½ miles, while Glover and Nevitt also beat the Tandem record for the same time with 229¾ miles.

Kettle was accorded with acclamation a warm vote of thanks, not only for his admirable report but for the strenuous and successful work he had put in.

The Hon. Treasurer (Knipe) having first taken the precaution to distribute a summary of the financial doings of the year, set out with such clarity that even a Bank manager could have thoroughly grasped them at a glance, immediately proceeded to prove to his own intense satisfaction that they were all wrong, and had the pleasure, as of yore, of getting his audience into a state of utter mental chaos in developing to his heart's content his now famous slogan: "When is an Asset not a Liability"? Having reduced his spectators to tears he was satisfied, and the essential fact eventually emerged that we were a little better off than last year. Long before this I had come to the sad conclusion that the Club was in the hands of the Receivers, and that the wraiths of the late Thomas Walter and John were to be invoked to wind us up. Knipe was accorded a hearty vote of thanks carried with acclamation, but I really think these financial expositions deserve a much vaster audience, and I suggest that at the next A.G.M. the B.B.C. (ever on the *qui vive* for original matter) should be asked to broadcast him as a star turn in one of their tip-top vaudeville shows.

The next business was the very pleasurable one of electing two Life Members, C. H. Turnor and E. J. Cody. As the Presider pointed out, the Mullah was entitled to this distinction two years ago, but he considered at that time the honour was such a great one that he did not feel the mere fact of having piled up 1,000 runs justified his accepting it. (Personally, in parenthesis, I have no hesitation in saying that if I had gone through this soul-destroying experience I would have accepted the whole damn Club and considered that I richly deserved it). In any case as it was pointed out, no man can attend 1,000 runs without having done in various ways highly distinctive services to the Club. In the Mullah's case, Time, the Mellow, had got in its deadly work, and now the honour found its rightful home, and was gracefully accepted by both the eligibles; Cody in his reply making what to me was an incomprehensible remark. He said it had been a "labour of love." Oh, Teddy, my dear lad, what about the acid we used to share in bulk so impartially in the days which are no more?

The Hon. Treasurer then proposed the same resolution as last year with regard to Subscriptions, etc., and despite the very sensible amendment that the annual sub. be reduced to 5/- and the entrance fee raised to 25/-, this was carried.

The election of Officers then took place; Dickman and Royden being the scrutineers. The Presider, before vacating the chair for the time being, said that if it was the wish of the meeting he was quite prepared to give up the reins to someone else. Venables from the chair then asked for nominations for the Presidency, and this request encountering the silence of the grave, Willie was again put in his proper place and given another chance, with enthusiasm and acclamation. I had had hopes of the job myself this year, but nobody seemed to think of it.

Ven was then yanked back into the Liverpool Vice-presidential seat in spite of his annual hoary protest. For the Manchester Vice-presidency there were two nominations, C. H. Turnor and Dr. Carlisle, duly proposed and seconded, and on going to the vote it was found that the former had been elected. Kettle and Powell were again re-elected for their respective posts, the former giving out a pious hope that members would extend to him a little more help in checking, following, etc., this year. Knipe was re-elected, so we can again look forward to his humorous turn at the next annual meeting. The sub-captains appointed

were James Long and Albert Davies, and as before, Morris and Cotter were elected to be again a thorn in the side of the Hon. Treasurer. Nominations for the Committee were then put forward, and it was at this juncture that in accord with time-honoured precedence I approached the Mullah with a view to liquid refreshment. I did so with some little trepidation, weird rumours as to his altered attitude in these matters having permeated even to the remote fastness where I have my being. My worst fears were realised. He regarded me with a wan, reproachful eye, and, declining my invitation, gave as an excuse that *he had already had one*. HE—HAD—ALREADY—HAD—ONE. Yes, it was the Mullah, but a Mullah old beyond his years: a Mullah weighed under with the cares of the world; a Mullah from whom the joys of thirst, as we cyclists know it, had departed. On coming to, I slunk away shamefacedly and almost missed one myself, sadly meditating the while.

When the scrutineers returned after their arduous toil, it was announced that the Committee for the current year would consist of: G. B. Mercer, E. Edwards, S. J. Buck, Elston, Carlisle, Jonas, Randall, Lucas, Glover, and Kinder.

With regard to the racing programme it was agreed that this should be the same as last, including three "50's," with the exception that, at the discretion of the Committee a Club "100," or alternatively an extra "50" should be held subject to a sufficient promise of support being forthcoming.

C. J. Conway then proposed his hardy annual: "That the Easter Club Tour be to Bettws," and this was carried. R. J. Austin proposed an alternative tour, the itinerary to be left to the Committee, and this was also carried.

The Presider then referred to the All Night ride and in a voice broke with emotion deplored the apathy which made it necessary to forego this once delightful fixture.

The Lake District was proposed for the August Tour, with headquarters at Coniston, and this was carried.

A vote of thanks was proposed to the Editors, Nevitt and Jonas, presumably in the proportion of 10-12ths to the former and 2-12ths to the latter, these being the relative periods of the year served by each, and was carried with acclamation.

Members were then reminded that Fulton's special prize was open still and it was hoped that this state of affairs would be remedied during the coming season.

Knipe then rose to ascertain the feeling of the meeting in connection with the wonderful feat accomplished by Tommy Royden, already alluded to, with a suggestion that this should be marked by the presentation to Tommy of a medal from the Club die with an inscription setting out the salient facts. He reckoned that Tommy's feat, taken in conjunction with his advanced years (I noticed a nasty glint in Tommy's eye just about here, because he still regards himself as one of the young members despite his 99 years, or is it 88?) constituted a record equal, if not superior to, any record held in the Club, because practically all the runs had been put in on a bicycle. He knew in making this proposition he was instituting a precedent and he gloried in the fact, and would be quite prepared to make the same suggestion at any future meeting in similar circumstances. After a little very friendly discussion, the proposal was unanimously acclaimed, and then Knipe boldly declared that in his opinion the medal should be a gold one. This led

to a little more discussion of a friendly nature, and in the end the proposal was carried with enthusiasm and musical honours. Tommy testified to his delight, and I firmly believe he would have been just as pleased if the medal had been a leaden one.

An omnibus vote of thanks closed the proceedings which had been marked throughout by a *camaraderie* which was very welcome, and as the Presider aptly put it, a good augury for the current year.

Warrington, 18th January, 1930.

What was the cause of the phenomenal attendance at the Warrington fixture? Possibly there was a combination of reasons and after much cogitation I will venture to suggest what these might be. Firstly, it was a lovely sunny and mild afternoon; secondly, many members may have been fired with the ambition to win a beautiful gold medal with all the doings on it like Tommy Royden's, by becoming regular attendants; thirdly Warrington is very conveniently situated midway between Liverpool and Manchester; and fourthly (this is rather a subtle one) Anfielders were taking the opportunity, by turning up in full force at an *unlicensed* house, of refuting the libellous statement made about the Club by Kuklos at the Jubilee Dinner, to the effect that it was an Association of beer drinkers. In any case I understand that 41 turned up, about as many as attended the A.G.M. The beer drinkers certainly arrived in full force, protesting loudly but unflinching in their loyalty to the Club. Possibly it was this fact that upset the calculations of the Secretary, who had ordered for 25 after consultation with the Manchester sub-captain. As the miracle of the loaves and fishes could not be worked, ten members had to be turned empty away, but I understand they found full satisfaction at the Lion. I certainly discovered them there later on in the evening in quite a merry mood. Amongst the unexpected arrivals were Dave Rowatt, looking not a day older, and Norman Heath (disguised by a very fine and large moustache. He told me his scholastic duties would not in future keep him away from the Club runs and that he hoped to get fit for the Club events—which is good news.

Just before tea Cook made a short speech and presented Sir Thomas Royden with the gold medal he had won by winning the attendance prize three years in succession, and Tommy expressed the hope that he would be able to carry on with the good work and win a diamond one.

Some of the members must have found an attraction at the cafe, as the last small party did not leave till nearly 10 p.m.

Pulford, 25th January, 1930.

"It is the bright day that brings forth the adder," says Brutus, and sure enough this bright day brought forth 27 members and two friends to Pulford, which number was about ten "adders" more than Powell had counted on.

However, we know how elastic the catering arrangements are here, and there was no lack of viands. We were glad to see Pitchford, Pugh, and Walters, who had ridden up from Shrewsbury and our evergreen, Carpenter, who had ridden up from Leamington—a little jaunt of 100 miles in seven hours. Later he left in company of Lucas and Knipe for Liverpool, and thence on to Southport, a total of some 140 miles. George Newall and Jimmy Williams also honoured us with their presence,

Tommy Royden had been touring among the fastnesses of Wales—possibly looking for the lost Lord Mayor—and consequently was a trifle late. He hasn't mounted his medal as a breast-plate yet, so it was passed round and much admired.

Those who dashed out for an early start home got it in the neck, as the rain was pelting down. The wiser folk, who waited, needed no capes, though it was "a trifle damp under foot."

Cook had difficulty with his steed on the way out and in his efforts to get control broke off a handlebar, so he rigged it up with a piece of iron (probably broken off the gates of Eaton Park) and after tea departed to week-end at Llanarmon D.C.

(We regret that up to the time of going to press, no account of the Prestbury has been received.—Ed.)

J. S. JONAS,
Editor.

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ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

FORMED MARCH 1879

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

MONTHLY CIRCULAR.

Vol. XXVII.

No. 289.

FIXTURES FOR MARCH, 1930.

Tea at 6-0 p.m.

Light up at

Mar.	1	Halewood (Derby Arms). Musical Evening.	Tea, 5-30 p.m.	...	6-18 p.m.
..	8	Mold (Dolphin)	6-30 p.m.
..	10	Committee Meeting, 7 p.m. (Victoria Hotel, St. John's Lane, L'pool).			
..	15	Acton Bridge (Leigh Arms)	6-43 p.m.
..	22	Pulford (Grosvenor Arms)	6-57 p.m.
..	29	Tarporley (Swan)	7-9 p.m.
April	5	Rhydtalog (Liver)	7-22 p.m.

ALTERNATIVE FIXTURES FOR MANCHESTER MEMBERS :

Tea at 5-30 p.m.

Mar.	1	Goostrey (Red Lion)	6-18 p.m.
..	8	Bollington (Swan with Two Nicks)	6-30 p.m.
..	22	Holmes Chapel (Swan)	6-57 p.m.
April	5	Goostrey (Red Lion)	7-22 p.m.

Full Moon ... 14th 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 Martins Bank Ltd., for credit of the Anfield Bicycle Club, Tue Brook Branch.

4 THE LAUND,

WALLASEY, CHESHIRE.

COMMITTEE NOTES.

NEW MEMBER.—Mr. Maurice Mycock has been elected to Full Membership.

APPLICATIONS FOR MEMBERSHIP.—Mr. John Rigby Band, 64 Cavendish Drive, Rock Ferry, Cheshire; proposed by Mr. W. H. Kettle; seconded by Mr. H. R. Band.

Messrs. Dudley and Alan Turnor, 11 Wyngate Road, Cheadle Hulme, Cheshire: proposed by Mr. C. H. Turnor; seconded by Mr. W. P. Cook.

Mr. F. L. Edwards has been transferred to Honorary Membership.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS.—Mr. J. Cranshaw, 16 Burnside Avenue, Skipton.

Mr. H. Poole has been appointed Timekeeper for the Club Races during 1930.

Members are reminded that Tea at Halewood, on Saturday, March 1st, will be at 5-30 p.m.

H. W. POWELL,
Hon. General Secretary.

RACING NOTES.

The dates for the Racing Programme, as provisionally arranged for at the January Committee Meeting, have been adopted with the following exceptions: the date for the 2nd "50" will be 31st May, instead of 24th May, and the Club "100" for 28th June has been deleted.

Open Events.

The dates of the chief "Opens" in which our riders are likely to be interested in are as follows: Leicester R.C. "25," 21st April; Dukinfield "50," 18th May; Clifton "50," 25th May; Manchester Wheelers "50," 14th June; Andy Wilson Memorial "50," 22nd June; Manchester Grosvenor "100," 29th June; North Road Memorial "50," 13th July; Apollo Wheelers "50," 13th July; East Liverpool Wheelers "50," Bath Road and Speedwell "100's," 4th August; North Road "24," 5th/6th September; Palatine "50," 7th September.

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

TREASURY NOTES.

Last February we commenced a series of "19's," which ran for about four months. This February we have improved on this by starting a series of "22's." At least, I hope it will be a series, and sure of a long run. It is up to the 130 members who have not yet signed on the dotted line to make it so. My thanks are due to the following who have been so prompt in paying up:—

S. H. Bailey.	F. L. Edwards.	G. B. Orrell.
P. C. Beardwood.	D. R. Fell, Jr.	W. Orrell.
*S. J. Buck.	G. A. Glover.	J. Pitchford.
A. E. Burge.	N. S. Heath.	J. S. Roberts.
R. H. Carlisle.	J. S. Jonas.	W. M. Robinson.
F. Chandler.	J. Long.	H. Roskell.
J. Cranshaw.	C. H. McKail.	A. T. Simpson.
		N. Turvey.

ITEMS.

It is understood that, in order fittingly to celebrate the polite and genial conclusion of a recent argument about "Audible Warning," Robbie has presented to "Kuklos" a replica, in silver, of Big Ben, whilst "Kuklos" has given "Wayfarer" a complete outfit of Domes of Silence. Such a happy ending to a controversy does much to soften the bitterness of these polemics.

We hear, by the way, that "Wayfarer" has now scrapped the bell on his alarm clock in deference to the implied wishes of "Koko."

* * * * *

The current proposal to make a great National Park in North Wales is one which will sound a special appeal to Anfielders. We learn that Grandad, who was originally introduced to the Principality by "Swear-fairer," has expressed his cordial approval of the scheme, which will doubtless now be dropped. The further suggestion that the Glan Aber at Bettws-y-Coed, should be developed into an Institution for the Propagation of True Temperance, is being watched with interest. It is understood that Hubert has accepted the post of Chairman and will have as his immediate associates the Mullah, the Simpson Group, and Winnie. Lord Liffey, Lord Trent, and Mr. Whitbread will join the Board after allotment. We hear that the management will concentrate on the production of buttermilk in large quantities.

* * * * *

The cycle noter of the *Dundee Free Press*, commenting on Cook's mileage chart, says: "The Anfield President is a Liverpool merchant and could quite easily do his touring per motor car. His loyalty to the bicycle, too often neglected by cyclists when they acquire a good income, is all the more praiseworthy. What a fine example is 'W.P.' to the rising generation!" La! See Grandad blush. But what a "good Press" he has! These verbal bouquets which are thrown at him from all corners of the globe (and a few from the sides, too) must cost the Old Gentleman a mint of money.

* * * * *

A member of our Manchester section sends us a cutting from the *Daily Express* which states that out of the twenty largest towns and cities, Liverpool has the highest number of convictions for drunkenness and he says that this fact should be published in the *Circular*, even if it is only to show the effect a number of Anfielders have on a city.

We agree, and respectfully suggest that the Manchester members of the Committee should be very, very carefully chosen in future.

* * * * *

Extract from "The Motor Cyclist," Feb., 1930.

"According to the dictionary, a wayfarer is one who *walks* along the highway. Will the writer whose surname is Crusoe's Christian name change his pen-name? We always thought he cycled!"

Up and at Defoe, Robbie.

* * * * *

In the *Boltonian*, the official organ of the C.T.C. in Bolton, appears an account of the dinner Knipe presided at on January 18th, from which we extract the following: "Mr. Bob Knipe is an Anfielder and he gave the evening an austere grace redolent of that great Club." Just fancy Knipe being "austere." We shall have to be careful!

* * * * *

R.R.A. Triennial Dinner, 14th February, 1930.

This important fixture, as the heading shows, only takes place every third year. This time it was held at the Connaught Rooms, probably one of the best places in London for a banquet of this kind.

The Club representation was small, but what they lacked in numbers was fully made up in quality. Was not our Great Presider there, our one and only G. P. Mills, Billy Neason, Harley and the Archowl. Suffice it to say we were important enough to get a place at the top table, alongside such celebrities and famous men as Johnny Adams, Major Lisles, Doctor Turner, Sydney Lee, "Bath Road" Smith, and "Faed" Wilson. Our left hand neighbour being Mark Higham, well known to the older generation and to the new who took part in the Yorkshire tour a couple of years or so ago. Our right hand neighbour was Tom Hughes, Junior, of Wigan. The menu was a culinary treat: Hors d'Oeuvre of the finest, Turtle Soup, Scotch Salmon, Lamb Cutlets, Surrey Capon, etc., but I often think it is "casting pearls before porcupines" to give such delicate food to non epicures like the Presider, to whom food is simply food, or so many calories which can be transformed into miles on a bicycle. Where were the Club Motor gourmets, Hubert, Arthur, the Master, etc., they are the kind to toy with the delicacies on an occasion like this.

The musical portion was a great treat, a Mr. Jackson Potter, with a splendid baritone voice, singing some favourites that brought the house down, amongst them being "Friend of Mine," "The Arrow and the Song," "Moya, my Girl," etc. An impressario, Mr. Wilfred Burnand, gave some character studies with songs, one of "Captain Kettle" being remarkably good, in fact it was a pity our own Capt. Kettle missed this.

The Great and only Bidlake proposed the toast of the R.R.A., and in doing so stole a lot of our Presider's thunder, Biddy attached to his speech a lot of the "doings" of the last three years, which made it difficult for one proposing the toast of "The Record Breakers," however, as time was getting on when it came to our Presider's turn, perhaps it was a blessing in disguise. W.P.C. acquitted himself right nobly in a speech of great lucidity and accuracy, also one which could be heard, which is more than some could be in the big hall.

The hard-working Hon. Sec. "Van," in responding to Biddy's speech gave statistics of the number of Clubs who have obtained records in the last three years, amongst the ones came the A.B.C., and the last in the list was the Wigan Wheelers. Why does the mention of Wigan cause such hilarity in the South, at the mention of the word Wigan the whole company simply howled with mirth, and it was some time before order was restored and Vanheems could continue.

The toast of "Our Guest" was responded to by Sir Henry Maybury in a neat little speech with some interesting facts and figures about roads and their romance.

The response to the Presider's toast of "The Record Breakers," was given by our own "G.P." who related some unknown early history anecdotes of great interest, this was followed by Rossiter, who gave a resume of his wonderful End to End ride.

The staging of this remarkable gathering reflects great credit on the indefatigable Hon. Secretary, S. M. Vanheems. I always think that a Secretary is overlooked at these gatherings, but he is the man who really does the work and organizing. The amount of concentration necessary to run smoothly and precisely a function like this is enormous, and is apt to be side tracked by the wonderful flow of oratory from the silver tongued orators, from whose lips the speech trips off without effort and only for the moment, whilst the poor Secretary is working weeks in advance. Stancer proposed the toast of "Our Guest," and

our old friend, F. J. Urry, proposed the "Chairman" in one of the most delightful and touching speeches it has ever been my privilege to hear.

The Dinner will go down to prosperity as one of the most brilliant in the long annals of the R.R.A.

RUNS AND FIXTURES.

(We regret this account was not included in the February *Circular*.

—ED.)

Prestbury, 25th January, 1930.

Arriving at "The Admiral Rodney" a few minutes before 5-30, I was conducted to the rear of the house by obliging members, better acquainted with the lay-out than myself, and having parked my machine I passed inside to find about half-a-dozen of "Ours" doing their best to occupy every inch of seating accommodation. I exchanged greetings, and then, sighting a small table loaded with half-filled glasses, stepped forward and bumped clumsily into it. No damage was done, but I was given a seat immediately and told to behave myself. During the next few minutes members continued to push their way inside, closely followed by the landlord who thrust stools beneath them.

A word from our host and the mob, which now numbered thirteen, adjourned to the dining-room. During the meal, which was really tip-top, various members saw to it that our minds as well as mouths were kept busy. The topics were mostly of educational value and the necessary tone was supplied by a surprise last-minute appearance of the Master, who held us spell-bound from the moment he announced that he had located Mumper's Dingle, thus deducting one more from the long list of unsolved mysteries.

In the absence of our worthy sub-captain, kept away by a Staff Dinner, Walton deputised and carried out his duties in a very able manner, in spite of the disgraceful methods adopted by certain members to confuse him.

The group gradually dwindled as members set off on their home-ward routes until seven were left to sit it out round the fireside. We were entertained by a friend of Bickley's for an hour or so, and then I left with three others and docked at 11-30.

Halewood, 1st February, 1930.

I was asked at tea to write an account of the run, but I said there are others who could do it so much better; but, no, I must take it on and give them a rest.

Had I Arthur's wit and humour I might make it more interesting, but here goes.—A fine afternoon with a cold east wind, nothing to grouse about this time of the year. I met a few members at the Central (I know the echo will be "Shame!" but read on). Teddy Edwards had been working hard till close on 12 o'clock, Ven was not quite in the pink, Arthur Simpson was greatly upset because the new cycle had not arrived in time. *Re* myself: It is hard after fifty years of cycling to be only allowed to potter round under doctor's orders.

We arrived at the Derby Arms just in time for one of the best teas you can get for miles around. What made Tommy Royden so quiet at the table? Was it that the Parsley Sauce was missing?

Our President spoke of the Triennial Dinner of the R.R.A. on the 14th and we trust it will be a success and that the Club will be well represented. H. Roskell reported that his brother Frank was much better. We hope he and his charming wife will like their new home in Devon. Sambuck was very busy selling tickets for the Grand National, 10% to go to L.S.F. Charities.

John Kinder reminded us of the Reunion Dinner on the 8th, but the order had gone forth, Mold on the 8th, if you please.

Being well pleased with our repast we adjourned to the lower room for a smoke and to join in the chorus "For he's a jolly good fellow," but we missed Tommy's top notes, he having gone in haste to kiss the grandson that he thinks the world of. The alternative run to Goostrey for the Manchester men made the muster 26 only.

We missed two of our regular attenders at this fixture. Did Johnny Band expect another wireless set (?) and what was the matter at Upton that George did not come along? So our number was not too good. I expect on the 1st March we shall have a full house, for G. Newall and his friends have promised us another Musical Evening. It goes without saying we shall not be disappointed.

After this we shall be looking forward to Easter. For the last five years we have had fine weather and with luck, seeing that Easter is so late, we may have another. All who can get away should come and swell the numbers at the Glan Aber and help to make a success of the Club fixture.

Ven having sold his car, I think our best thanks are due to him for the great services he has rendered (in many ways too numerous to name) to members and the Club.

Goostrey, 1st February, 1930.

The afternoon was bright, frosty and crisp—one of the kind we dream of, but which seldom seem to materialise. Indeed, the going was so good that I arrived at the Red Lion by 4 o'clock, much to my surprise. After riding about in the hope of meeting someone, I entered the portals and sat by the fire to watch the arrival of the others, who came in with much puffing and blowing, and rubbing of hands.

In keeping with the usual Red Lion standard, the tea was excellent. After the meal, the party gathered in two groups, one discussing races, feeding and vegetarianism, while the other probably discussed Club politics, the weather, beer and sundry details of insignificance.

When most of the members had gone home, we hauled ourselves from the comfortable chairs, to spend the next half-hour chasing Rex Austin and Hubert Buckley. The remainder of the ride home might have been pleasant but for the former gentleman's ungentlemanly habit of sprinting and scrapping, only to fall exhausted into the way-side pubs.

Mold, 8th February, 1930.

Being a fine winter day with a snap in the air, I snapped out of the armchair, collected several pieces of ironmongery together and made a bicycle out of them. Having sat on it without it collapsing I set sail for Mold. Arriving at Queensferry I trundled up to Hawarden and just before Penymynydd I espied a cyclist ahead, who looked like one

of "Ours," but when I arrived at the corner he had disappeared and it was not until I arrived at the Dolphin I saw it was Harold Band. It must have been his conscience that brought him out, or the fine winter day, or the good example set by his offspring, anyhow we were all pleased to see him out again.

Twenty, all told, sat down to a splendid tea; plenty of it and quickly served. There is no doubt, The Dolphin has "IT."

Having sat at a small table, I did not hear the general conversation, ours included such wide apart subjects as War Books and Home Trainers plus that rarely (?) discussed subject, Racing. Tea over, the company soon broke up, I then noticed that Bob Knipe has reverted to cycling without an overcoat; people soon get tired of these new fashions. The last party did not leave until 8 p.m. and had a pleasant ride home. Cook buzzed off to Llanfair-tal-haiarn complete with "Wrexham" handlebars and Wilf Taylor was for ploughing through the snow, if any, to World's End.

Mottram St. Andrews, 8th February, 1930.

It wasn't a day for lounging—the wind was far too keen for that—but it was fine, healthy weather, calling for strenuous pushing at the pedals, to keep the circulation going. Two of us took a little round and picked up Bren Orrell on the last stage. Please don't misunderstand me—we didn't overtake him—he crossed our bows and then turned with us. I, the old-stager, was delighted to overhear some talk between Orrell and the other, of long rides for training purposes. Perhaps this kind of thing will spread and then we shall see large fields in every race. We arrived at our destination just on time to find a party already there. Some later additions—they were late through watching some cross-country competitors in Alderley Park—made the party up to about 15, so that the seating accommodation was just about fully occupied, and the meal taken in cosy and comfortable circumstances.

The Bulls Head is quite a good house—the food good, the service excellent, and the welcome cordial. We sat quite a long time at table, talking of all kind of things, as usual, and then the party split into two parts, one to remain in the chapel, the other to make its way to the tank. What happened much later I know not, for a companion and I left fairly early for a delightful ride home in the cold evening, with the wind favourable.

Tarpорley, 15th February, 1930.

On the way to this run a select party visited some Roman Remains which had just been unearthed at Chester. Same are to be found in the S.E. corner of the city at the Newgate. Perhaps a detailed account as given by a local newspaper may not be amiss—"There has been laid bare the whole area of a tower, except for its N.W. walls, which the mediaeval builders used in part as the foundation for the existing city walls. For the greater part of their length, the city walls follow the inner line of the Roman rampart. The walls of the tower are of red sandstone, quarried on the other side of the river and are four feet thick. The floor space within them measures 23 ft. across and the depth 15 to 16 ft. The outer wall which was also the wall of the fortress, as a whole is a formidable piece of work. It is based on a footing of cobble in puddled clay, laid on the underlying rock. Then comes a layer of huge foundation stones which are lacking in other known sections of the wall.

These overhang the footings proper to a distance of nearly 14 inches, similar to the fortress at York. Above these come a massive sub-plinth and a chamfered plinth and above this a wall of rubble faced with great ashlar blocks for some sixteen feet above the base. Behind the basement is a tower which was not used as a watch-tower but as a ballista platform, and it was to support the ballista that the extra layer of foundation stones was laid down and the lower storey packed with clay like the emplacements of a trench mortar. It has been generally assumed that when the Romans established a fortress they first put up a broad rampart of earth and turf and later built walls of stone filling in the gaps between the two with loose earth and debris. In the Chester Tower there are no such gaps. Only between the rear wall and the clay is there a little space filled with debris. Among the debris have been found a few indications which date the tower to the closing years of the 1st Century A.D. The Romans are known to have been established in Deva by 74 A.D., so the evidence is strong that the walls now unearthed, are an actual part of the original stronghold. A similar tower was excavated at York a few years ago. The clay rampart there was built probably in 71/74 A.D., but the stone walling is thought to be later. Deva, it would appear, was a stone fortress from the first." The run was attended by a large number of members and the meal was of the best. Cook, Kettle and Albert Davies week-ended at Wem.

Pulford, 22nd February, 1930.

Meeting my companion at 2-45 we set off and headed for Wales via Queensferry, and turning up to Hawarden, walked the steep bit at the top and when in the village decided to ride through the Park.

The Park was absolutely deserted and when we were opposite the old Castle we turned round the hairpin bend through the gate at the bottom of the hill, and after the getting old pipe well alight we walked the next little bit (for a change).

The road through the woods was inches thick in dead leaves, while there was plenty of snow left over from the previous week-end.

Leaving the Park we did a little more back-cracking and when approaching Hope, nearly upset the apple cart. I was riding on the inside, my pal on the outside. There was a fork in the road and through my not giving the order "right," my companion thought we were to go left and so we both charged at each other, wobbled, and then we both went down the opposite road to which we intended going.

As the wind had turned bitterly cold, we walked a considerable distance and landed at Pulford at 5-30.

One by one the crowd came in: Cody, Glover and friend, Roberts, the Wrexham Irishmen on a whitewashed tandem (their first appearance for many months), Chandler, Jonas, the Skipper, Tommy Royden, Heath and Charlie McKail from Manchester, Johnny Band, Harold Band and son (a prospective), Dickman, our perfect secretary Powell, a money worshipping fellow named Knipe, Lucas, Teddy E., del Blotto, and the heavenly twins Jimmy and Charles.

While sitting around the fire before tea, Knipe suddenly jumped up and exclaimed: "Ah! That reminds me. Those beautiful bare knees of Heath's, reminds me of last Saturday going home from Tarporley," and then he told us the following romantic story.

Knipe, Lucas and Bailey were on the Transporter, when two girls cyclists came on, one in shorts, and the other in plus fours, and the

former addressed Knipe and reminded him that she had met him at the Liverpool D.A. A.G.M., on the previous Thursday, and so started an interesting conversation.

This was all very nice, but Lucas and Bailey were left out in the cold, so they, not to be outdone (as the girls are two very fine strapping young things who think nothing of a 120 miles or so in the day) pushed their way into the circle and the result was that poor old Bob very soon got the cold shoulder and by the time the party reached the outskirts of Liverpool he was completely forgotten by the rest, and very wisely decided not to be a spoil sport and slipped off home (we hope).

This, to the company's great regret, is as far as the story goes, as Lucas did not seem anxious to finish it.

The usual excellent repast provided by Mrs. Dykes was soon disposed of and we settled by the fire again after tea before facing the east wind.

Teddy's car was the only one out, and nothing was seen of the usual crowd of motorists, Ven, George, Charlie and Zambuck.

Areid. 22nd February. 1930.

Quite frequently the last "alternative" fixture is represented in the *Circular* by: "We regret that up to the time of going to Press no account of this run has been received.—ED." so however inadequate this account may be it is surely better than none. Our lucky number of thirteen foregathered at The Rose and Crown to enjoy an excellent meal promptly and well served. It being Albert Davies' wedding day and a rumoured birthday in the Turnor family, both these "regulars" were absent, but Doctor Carlisle made an excellent deputy sub-captain, and the Presider (on his way to London for the R.R.A. meeting) deputised for the Mullah. And a very happy, jolly tea party it was. It was reported that McKail and Heath had gone to Pulford to stretch their legs, but the others present were W. Orrell, Wemyss Smith, R. J. Austin, Bert Green, Buckley *here et fils*, Lockett, Mycock, Poole, G. B. Orrell and Walton. From the scraps of conversation wafting about we gathered that Bren's new frame has arrived; that Grimmy is now a Father; that Mark Higham and Olley had asked Cook why Buckley was not at the R.R.A. Triennial Dinner; that W. Orrell and Lockett had been round the earth; that Buckley and the Doctor had been timing themselves round the Siddington triangle; that the Presider expected to reach Lichfield and that the N.R.R.A. have made a new "alternative" for us by fixing its A.G.M. for Saturday, March 29th. It was a perfect day and no doubt all got home in their own way, fully satisfied.

CORRESPONDENCE.

TO THE EDITOR,

"The Report of the Christmas Tours."

I must thank you for permitting my name to be mentioned three times in the January Journal among the Christmas runners, although I did not attend a single of the functions. My business in Wales was to try and find some respite from the severe bronchial troubles that had made me so sick a man during the latter part of the year. I was quite unable to join any smoking room party, but found great relief at Beddgelert.

To myself and friends I did not at all appear in the character of a mountebank as the reporter would lead one to think, while he studiously avoids congratulating me on my partial recovery. Instead he quotes me in 24 letters and 6 dots.

Seeing that my breakdown in health—the first since I joined the Club in '95—had been ignored in the Journal this attempt at mocking my convalescence is hardly in the best of taste.

The entry of my name in the Visitors' Book at the Glan Aber was the work of someone else and the none exchange of greeting with your reporter is easily explained. I met the two riders while they were climbing the steep hairpins of the Gwynant pass. My windows were all shut and naturally they ignored the motor car while avoiding it, being too fully occupied with their task. My wave of the hand was lost on the mountain air.

PH.

(We are not aware if our reporter knew of Mr. Koenen's illness, but, in any case, we take this opportunity of congratulating him on his partial recovery, and hope he will soon be in perfect health, and that we shall see a little more of him.)

From our short experience of the Editorship, we are of the opinion that the Manchester members are to blame for the fact that no reference was made in the *Circular* to our correspondent's unfortunate breakdown in health. They fail to pass on for publication any items of interest—the result being that practically nothing is heard of those who do not attend the Runs regularly.—Ed.)

J. S. JONAS,
Editor.

ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

FORMED MARCH 1879

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

MONTHLY CIRCULAR.

Vol. XXVII.

No. 290.

FIXTURES FOR APRIL, 1930.

Tea at 6 p.m.

April 5	Rhydtalog (Liver)	Light up at 7-22 p.m.
„ 12	Daresbury (Ring O' Bells)	7-36 p.m.
„ 14	Committee Meeting, 7 p.m. (Victoria Hotel, St. John's Lane, L'pool)	
„ 18/21	Easter Tour. Bettys-y-Coed (Glan Aber) Alternative Tour. Lake District.	9-16 p.m.
„ 26	Mouldsworth (Station Hotel)	9-31 p.m.
May 3	Highwayside (Travellers Rest)	9-43 p.m.

ALTERNATIVE FIXTURES FOR MANCHESTER MEMBERS :

Tea at 5-30 p.m.

April 5	Goostrey (Red Lion)	7-22 p.m.
Full Moon	... 13th inst.	Summer Time begins 13th 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 Martins Bank Ltd., for credit of the Anfield Bicycle Club, Tue Brook Branch.

4 THE LAUND,
WALLASEY, CHESHIRE.

COMMITTEE NOTES.

APPLICATION FOR MEMBERSHIP.—Mr. C. H. Hutton, 22 Town Lane, Rock Ferry. Proposed by Mr. S. del Banco; seconded by Mr. J. S. Jonas.

NEW MEMBERS.—Messrs. J. R. Band and Dudley Turnor have been elected to Full Membership.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS.—Mr. T. H. Davies, 46 Chorlton Road, Chorlton-cum-Hardy, Manchester.

EASTER TOUR.—Accommodation has been reserved at the Glan Aber Hotel, Bettws-y-Coed. The charge will be 12/- per day (Dinner, Single Bed, and Breakfast), and 10/6 per day for those who "double-up." Members who intend to join in the Tour (and who have not already informed me) are requested to let me have their names AT ONCE, in any case not later than the 10th instant; at the same time letting me know the day they intend to arrive at Bettws.

Day runs have been arranged as follows:—

Friday	...	Llanfairtalhaiarn (Black Lion).
Saturday	...	Harlech (Castle).
Sunday	...	Caernarvon (Prince of Wales).

Lunch—1-30 p.m. each day.

H. W. POWELL, *Hon. General Secretary.*

TREASURY NOTES.

The long spell of fine weather in February, with many bright and sunny days produced a record growth of subscriptions for that month. Unfortunately the "many weathers" of March, including some snow-storms, have not been so conducive, with the result that only eighteen hardy annuals have "taken the winds of March with beauty." I hope that April sun and shower will produce a more generous growth. The following members are thanked for their Subscriptions and/or Donations (*):—

J. R. Band.	W. Henderson.	*Geo. Newall.
H. R. Band.	W. C. Humphreys.	C. Randall.
W. D. Band.	*A. Lusty.	D. C. Rowatt.
A. G. Banks.	*G. B. Mercer.	F. H. Swift.
G. E. Carpenter.	E. O. Morris.	D. Turnor.
A. Dickman.	M. Mycock.	J. H. Williams.

ITEMS.

On the day of the run to Mold, on the 8th March, we regret to announce the fact that Mr. Edward Nevitt (our late editor) was seen in a motor omnibus proceeding in the direction of Wallasey (or Meols). Mr. Nevitt was at one time a promising young cyclist and great things were expected of him in the coming season, so it is all the more regrettable that he should have fallen so low, and dash all our high falutin' hopes to the ground, particularly as he holds, with Mr. George Glover, the N.R.R.A. 12 hour Tandem Record.

Mr. Nevitt, since giving up the Editorship (to his great and lasting sorrow), has been residing during the week-days in the delectable little village of Tattenhall, and was in the habit of cycling home to Wallasey (or Meols) on the Saturday afternoon, and on one occasion was seen on a motor cycle, but he has given that up, and now that he is travelling by bus, there is, we are afraid, no possible hope whatever for him.

* * * * *

With the approach of the cycling season, news comes to hand that SOME of our bright young things are settling down to the very pleasant business of training (*i.e.*, perspiring, sweating or going gradually smaller by degrees and beautifully less).

For instance we hear that Orrell, McKail and Pitchford have been out early on Sunday mornings, with some Manchester and Siddington cracks, taking the acid. Heath, Walton and Wemyss Smith are going in for long distance rides and turn up at the Liverpool Section runs such

as Mold and Pulford. Randall is putting in some good work on a home trainer in his private gymnasium and is spending an enormous amount of time drinking tea in Dunning's Cafe in Chester. As for Jimmy Long, we can tell by the way he groans and the things he says at the bottom of Evan's Hill that he is out for blood this year. Glover is a bit of a mystery. He was supposed to start training on January 1st, but is still attending the runs of the Willaston Tea Tasters, a strong anti-racing organization. Others not mentioned should be watched very carefully (with the exception of the Editor) by the handicapping committee, as they are probably training secretly.

* * * * *

Having received complaints from several racing men about the slight undulations on our "50" Course, our Captain settled himself in a comfortable armchair before a glowing fire and, with the aid of Bartholomew, very soon made a few alterations—to his own complete satisfaction. Unfortunately, his racing days are over and one or two of the complainants have found that the alterations are no better; so that riders in the 50's can look forward to scaling the Broxton Heights and traversing the utmost wilds of the Wilderness in the coming 50's.

* * * * *

We are sorry to hear of a serious accident to G. E. Carpenter. While riding in Scotland about three weeks ago, his front wheel suddenly collapsed and he was thrown over the handlebars, but although he was much cut and bruised, happily no bones were broken.

The bolt fastening his cable brake to the handlebar had dropped out, with the result that the lever swung down into the front wheel, jamming it dead. *Verbum sap.* 'Nuff said.

* * * * *

If early short distance racing results are of any value, the Club appears to have great hopes of success in the coming season. In the Stretford Wheelers' "25," on March 30th, G. B. Orrell was within a minute of the winner in 1.6.8, whilst C. H. McKail clocked 1.9.1., and J. Pitchford, after starting late, was credited with 1.11.8 (1.9.8 actual). We hope these rides presage a successful season for all.

* * * * *

N.R.R.A. A.G.M. and Presentation to E. Buckley, 29th March, 1930.

Owing to the large amount of business to be transacted, this meeting was held on a Saturday afternoon. This change undoubtedly kept away one or two who would otherwise have been present; but since the meeting lasted over seven hours it is evident that a week-night meeting would have been useless.

The Hon. Secretary's report showed ten claims to record coming to hand from twenty-two notices; seven (including one from 1928) were passed, one refused, and three held over pending confirmation of course measurements. The membership continues to grow—five new clubs having been elected against two resigned and two struck off. The Balance Sheet showed the Association to be in a prosperous condition, there being a balance in hand of £31. Both the report and Balance Sheet were adopted.

The meeting now considered the complete revision of Rules, as proposed by Mr. Barlow on behalf of the N.R.R.A. Committee. Acting on their instructions from the Club Committee the A.B.C. delegates opposed any such revision, but on a vote being taken the principle of revision was agreed to by 14 votes to 5. It being obvious that the new Rules were desired by the majority of the Clubs in membership with

the Association, our delegates gave their help to the meeting in amending the proposals where necessary, with the result that after careful consideration of every rule, the meeting was able, at a late hour, to adopt the new Rules by a unanimous vote. It is hoped and expected that the revision will considerably help the work of the Association.

The officers of the Association were elected as before, with the addition of Thompson of "ours," to the list of Timekeepers. Carlisle and R. J. Austin were elected to the Committee, whilst H. Green was appointed by the private members.

During an interval in the meeting, Mr. Phillips, President of the Association, presented our Mr. E. Buckley with the testimonial which has been subscribed to by cyclists throughout the country, in commemoration of his quarter-of-a-century as Secretary of the Association. The testimonial took the form of a Sunbeam bicycle, a Phillip's wireless set, and a wallet containing the balance of the fund. Mr. Phillips briefly reviewed the great work which Mr. Buckley had performed for the Association, and expressed the respect and esteem with which our member is regarded by cyclists at large.

In reply, Mr. Buckley thanked all who had contributed to the fund, and gave us a brief survey of the history of the Association from its inception in 1890. He ended by expressing the hope that he might serve us for a further twenty-five years.

RUNS AND FIXTURES.

Halewood, 1st March, 1930.

We wound up the 1929-30 Cycling Season in a very enjoyable manner this first day of March, when forty members and friends foregathered at the "Derby Arms" to enjoy a pleasant meal, and afterwards were entertained by a galaxy of talented artists, for whose presence we have to thank our own dulcet toned George Newall, who certainly knows how to gather them in for our pleasure, and we ought to appreciate the fact that this same gathering in, takes much time and trouble, etc.

After the hard riders, round the earth experts, all day treaders, get out as you can, but get out merchants, had satisfied their enormous appetites, told us all about their adventures by road, transporter, other mechanical contraptions, and tea shop experiences, a move was made to the old fashioned, well aired concert hall, where a comfortable degree of warmth was maintained by a dozen or so large lamps, in addition to the glowing, but rather wasteful fire.

The Presider soon called upon Mr. Workman, senior, to open the concert, and we were treated to a brilliant pianoforte selection, superbly executed. Mr. Workman, junior, and George Newall, followed with the duet entitled "I wish to tune my quivering lyre," and were greatly appreciated, both these artists rendered several solos later, the former giving us "Invictus," and others in his full baritone voice, whilst Newall gave us four sweet solos, including our old favourite, "Down Vauxhall Way," much to our delight.

Mr. Soulby's wonderful bass voice was heard with great effect in several fine renderings, including: "The Company Sergeant Major," "Old Barty," "The Lute Player," etc., and encores were vociferously demanded.

Mr. J. Whitham's powerful tenor voice was greatly to our liking, and from his initial effort we knew we were in for a treat, his rendering of "Nirvana," "Because," "Eleanore," and others, meeting with loud applause. Mr. Ferris, a real humourist, kept us in a merry mood with his "Now't about owt," his astonishing gardening results, and other mirth provoking items.

In conclusion the Presider warmly thanked the artists, and we told them as loud as we could, what jolly good fellows they were, bringing a very happy evening to a close by all singing "Auld Lang Syne," in the old fashioned way. Mr. Workman, Sen., earned our gratitude by declining to be baulked by untoward circumstances; leaving Hoylake in good time for the Halewood connection, a breakdown on the Wirral Rails delayed him for an hour, but he was not daunted, and got through on a later train, to our joy and satisfaction. Mercer and Powell, indisposed, were unable to join us as intended, and we trust that their trouble is only temporary. We sympathise with S. J. Buck, a sudden family bereavement preventing him coming out.

We would have welcomed more young and old familiar faces, and were glad to have Jack Robinson amongst us once more, looking very fit.

Mr. Prescott of "The Liverpool Century R.C." was a welcome visitor, and we have no doubt enjoyed himself. The attendance included Burgess, C. Conway, Cook, Cody, Chandler, D. Fell, E. Edwards, Glover, Heath, Jonas, Kettle, Kinder, Knipe, Lucas, Long, Molyneux, Mandall, E. O. Morris, G. Newall, A. Newall, Perkins, H. Roskell, J. Robinson, Rawlinson, Royden, Stephenson, Wemyss Smith, Skinner, U. Taylor, Venables, and ten friends, who all agreed that we had enjoyed a very fine evening, and had been well and truly entertained.

Goostrey, 1st March, 1930.

The day being fine (in parts) and someone having laid a trail of crumpets from Cheadle Green to Alderley Cross, I eventually arrived at Goostrey in company with G. B. Orrell and Bob Poole, after having cleverly got rid of a chappie on sprints who wanted to take me hill-climbing on Alderley Edge. Our arrival swelled the assembled company to our usual lucky thirteen, but just as we were sitting down to meat, our hostess's superstitious fears were allayed by the arrival of Bert Green.

The food was excellent, as usual, and, as a special treat, our host had grown us some early gooseberries, which were duly "seen off." In the absence of Hubert Buckley, the "Mullah" deputised as chief cake eater and was aided by Bob Poole and Bert Green who sat on a table by themselves.

At the other end of the table Charlie Randall, the honoured guest, Charlie's Aunt MacKail, Jack Pitchford and G. B. Orrell tried hard to keep off the subject of racing but failed miserably.

I left at about 7 o'clock in company with two friends, and of what transpired later I have no idea, but as about eight of the remaining company were week-ending at Siddington and as we heard a loud bang over to our right as we were nearing Knutsford, we concluded that Orrell was engaged in one of his famous "ditching" competitions in the neighbourhood of "Windy Arbour." This of course may not be what really happened, but I hope they all got home quite as safe and as well as I did myself.

Mold, 8th March, 1930.

We have been exceedingly fortunate in the matter of weather on Saturday afternoons during the winter season, which is now, happily, almost behind us. There be those who write eloquently about the glories and enjoyments of winter riding, but, I suspect that most of us, if we would be quite frank, merely suffer the winter rides and only really enjoy riding when it is sunny, moderately warm, and calm. Be that

as it may, this particular afternoon was one when it was a delight to be on a bicycle (or, I suppose, a tricycle). There was a fresh wind, but the outward ride across the peninsula was favoured with sunshine, and though signs of spring are not, as yet, very obvious, one felt somehow that it was on the threshold.

Making our way via Willaston, we picked up Kettle, Harold Band and the Hon. Secretary at the Junction with the "top" road and after chatting a little went on in two parties, the two firstnamed going on to make a detour via Broughton, and the rest making for Hawarden. At Queen's Ferry the second party was augmented by the addition of Johnny Band. We were overtaken by the Broughton pair a mile or two from Mold and the party of six arrived at the "Dolphin" in nice time. There was an unexpectedly good gathering of 24 sitting down to a meal which by some was considered as being up to the high standard we are used to at the house, but by others as rather meagre in quantities. The explanation is probably to be found in the large attendance and to the shyness of some of our members in asking for a second helping. We gave a cordial welcome to Heath and Smith who attended from Manchester, riding into the wind all the way; when, in due time they reached their respective beds, they could congratulate themselves on having put in some really good training practice.

All the usual "regulars" were out save Chandler, who was mountaineering, and also Sunter and Jimmy Williams, and the usual bewildering variety of topics was discussed from Tommy Royden's grandson, to possible variations in the fifty course. Eventually gas lamps were got going and parties were made up for home, the Presider making a party of one for a lonely trek to some place deep in Wales, the correct spelling of which eludes me. Our party was a very happy one, and the ride home was not the least enjoyable part of a very pleasant run.

Bollington, 8th March, 1930.

A glorious spring day—balmy, sunny, though the sunshine was perhaps a little weak, and very little wind. Small wonder then that our young men hastened forth to do a good round before tea and when they arrived at Bollington were ready to do full justice to the fare provided. There were, I think, fifteen of us, including the one and only "Happy," who was heartily congratulated on his latest acquisition; from one or two feeling remarks he made, it may be taken that the new acquisition is all alive and kicking and if it doesn't get all it wants, it's not for want of the power to make its voice heard. "Happy," himself, is filling out nicely and I can see him developing into the typical Boniface. Everything about the run was much as usual and after tea and a brief space for argument on Club politics and the worship of Bacchus, the party broke up and the members made their ways to their several homes.

Acton Bridge, 15th March, 1930.

Soon after meeting my travelling companion we fell in with Glover, whom we left at Mouldsworth. There we inspected a camp site with envious eyes. However, it soon began to snow and donning our capes we pushed on to Acton Bridge. Outside, was Teddy Edward's car and a pair of legs protruding from it; these afterwards proved to belong to the Doctor, who had temporarily become a mechanic and was looking for a defect. Teddy's car had arrived at the Leigh Arms and then "konked," so a mechanic from the village was requisitioned and soon put it right.

We got the last two seats in the smoke room and tongues were soon loosened. At tea the general question was "Where's Tommy Royden?" and indeed, our noble Gold Medalist had not turned up. Between the courses the Captain distributed entrance forms to the racing men. The meal was excellent, the rice pudding so good that McKail started the training season with a large helping of it. The new proprietors have now been in possession for a while and the whole house looks a great deal smarter and is well worth some more visits. Chandler arrived late and had to have his tea in solitary state.

At 7-30, six brave mortals disappeared into the raging blizzard, which continued with unabated fury all the way home. With the wind behind us the going was good, although the snow stung our eyes, and in Chester, after two of us had come off in the tramlines, we left Charlie Randall to enjoy the comfort of a fireside and a supper. From Chester to Birkenhead the snow was sticking to the road, being an inch or two deep and our capes were soon loaded up with it. However, all good things come to an end and we docked at 10-30.

Pulford, 22nd March, 1930.

One could not have desired a more pleasant day for this fixture, and the prospect of revisiting the Grosvenor Arms, where we have had so many enjoyable runs in the past, stirred me to get out on the open road and saunter through the lanes to Chester and Eaton Park.

Elston and a small party were located at the Iron Bridge Tea Rooms, squeezing a pot of tea for one into four cups. The Treasurer and Lucas passed by without having a cup, or, better still, giving a donation towards Elston's expenses.

After leaving the Iron Bridge we had a beautiful ride in the still air, with signs of Spring trying to peep out at us, and eventually we arrived at the Grosvenor Arms in good time for tea.

After a short chin-wag in front of a roaring fire, tea was announced, and 32 hungry cyclists (and motorists) sat down to do justice to the usual Pulford beef.

Chandler, for some unknown reason, arrived well after we had started, and sat in disgrace alone in a corner, but I hear that he was well looked after by Miss Dyke herself (I suppose that is why he came late).

There was quite a good attendance at this run including the Lord Mayor and Jimmy Williams and all the rest of the regulars. We were very pleased to have the company of Phillips and Wilson of the Manchester Wheelers at tea, and Phillips told us one or two anecdotes of cycling in '88, in which George Mercer's name figured prominently. Heath and Walton honoured us with their presence, also one of Elston's numerous brothers.

After tea the party soon started to break up, headed by the President, en route for Llanarmon D.C., alone.

Towards 7-30 p.m. only a few were left, including the Manchester men, and these were left by the last party at Chester.

The ride home was uneventful, and the majority of us docked at about 9 p.m., after having one of the finest days for cycling this year. May we have many more.

Tarporley, 29th March, 1930.

Business being rather slack, I decided to have a morning off, and packing the senior partner off to catch the 8-40 I settled down to enjoy the week-end.

The morning paper and breakfast having been devoured, I set off at 9-30 and plugged slowly into the strong sou'wester on to the top road.

The sun was shining brilliantly, although one or two scudding clouds cast shadows and I felt that Spring had really arrived, so that I made light of the wind and rode on thinking of the pleasant week-end in prospect.

The Wrexham road proved harder going and Marford Hill was the last straw so I plunged thankfully into a cafe in Gresford for a pot of tea, and a smoke and therein found another cyclist in the same state as myself, *i.e.*, whacked.

Feeling fresher for the rest, the next stage was tackled and Ruabon and Chirk were passed before I lunched *al fresco* on the hills overlooking the Ceiriog.

This was to be a camping week-end and my idea was to pitch my tent, gather firewood and make everything ship shape so that when my camping clubmate and I arrived there at night, there would be very little to do. However, this was not to be. The farmer had sold the field which I rightly regard as mine and the new owner was at the next farm. His name was Stokes, and the old owner said he was a tough proposition and a really hard nut, so I viewed the future with uncertainty.

I called on Stokes, but, of course he was not in, so there was nothing else to do but dump the tent and equipment at the farmhouse and hurry over to Tarporley for tea.

The ride over, with the wind astern, was cycling at its best, and Overton, Worthenbury, Malpas and Bickerton passed through before I arrived at the "Swan."

The attendance was fair considering that the N.R.R.A. A.G.M. was held on this afternoon and there were also a few missing on account of the Stretford Wheelers' "25" the following day.

Twenty-four sat down to tea promptly at six, and as none would write the run up for me I will not mention their names.

Two prominent officials of the Club made a lot of rude remarks about campers and camping over tea and having evidently had three-pence each way on Shaun Gollin the day before produced two nasty-looking cigars (*sic*) so that my fellow fresh air fiend and myself were forced to leave at 6-45 for the wide open spaces and the wind upon the heath.

Fortunately the wind had dropped considerably so we had a fairly easy, though long, ride and arrived at the farmhouse to find the place in darkness and as nobody answered our knocks we went along to visit Stokes and received permission to use the same site.

Going back to the other farm we eventually succeeded in waking the farmer's wife—and his dog—recovered our trappings and in a short while were sound asleep beneath the canvas.

(We regret that no account of the run to Holmes Chapel has been received up to the time of going to press).

J. S. JONAS,

Editor.

ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

FORMED MARCH 1879

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

MONTHLY CIRCULAR.

Vol. XXVII.

No. 291.

FIXTURES FOR MAY, 1930.

Tea at 6-0 p.m.

		Light up at
May 3	Highwayside (Travellers Rest)	9-43 p.m.
„ 10	First 50 Miles Handicap	9-55 p.m.
„ 12	Committee Meeting, 7 p.m. (Victoria Hotel, St. John's Lane, L'pool).	
„ 17	Acton Bridge (Leigh Arms)	10-7 p.m.
„ 24	Tattenhall (Bear and Ragged Staff)	10-19 p.m.
„ 31	Second 50 Miles Handicap... ..	10-27 p.m.
June 7/9	Whitsuntide Invitation "100"	10-36 p.m.
	Headquarters—Shrewsbury (George).	
„ 14	Mouldsworth (Station Hotel), Photo Run	10-42 p.m.
„ 16	Committee Meeting, 7 p.m. (Victoria Hotel, St. John's Lane, L'pool).	
	Full Moon 12 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 Martins Bank Ltd., for credit of the Anfield Bicycle Club, Tue Brook Branch.

4 THE LAUND,

WALLASEY, CHESHIRE.

COMMITTEE NOTES.

Mr. C. J. Conway has again kindly arranged to take the Club Photograph. Mouldsworth, 14th June is the date fixed. It is hoped that all members who can possibly do so will attend on that day to show their appreciation of Mr. C. J. Conway's kind offer.

WHITSUNTIDE.—Members going down into Shropshire on Saturday, 7th June, are likely to find company if they call at the Raven, Prees Heath, for a meal. Members desiring to stay at the Headquarters, George Hotel, Shrewsbury, are requested to book their own accommodation direct.

NEW MEMBER.—Mr. C. H. Hutton, 22 Town Lane, Rock Ferry, Cheshire, has been elected to Full Membership.

Mr. Edwin A. Thompson, 135 Canning Street, Liverpool, has rejoined the Club as an Honorary Member.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS.—Mr. F. L. Edwards, 9 Haydn Avenue, Moss Side, Manchester.

The new address of Mr. T. H. Davies is 46 Stockton Road, Chorlton-cum-Hardy, Manchester, and not 46 Chorlton Road, as stated in last month's *Circular*.

H. W. POWELL,
Hon. General Secretary.

RACING NOTES.

1st "50," 10th May.

This event will be run off over the usual course, entries must reach me not later than Saturday, May 3rd.

2nd "50," 31st May.

This event will be run off over the usual course, entries must reach me not later than Saturday, May 24th.

Members entering for Club events are reminded that they must use the Official Entry Form; entries made verbally will not be accepted. A supply of these forms can be obtained on application to the Hon. Racing Secretary.

Invitation "100," 9th June.

This year this event will start at 6-1 a.m. Members willing to assist will lessen my labours considerably if they will give their names in early for the purposes of checking, marshalling, feeding, etc.

Manchester Wheelers' Invitation "50," 21st June.

Members who wish to compete in this event must let me have their names not later than May 17th.

CORRECTION.

The date of the Manchester Wheelers' Invitation "50," is June 21st, and not June 14th as shown in the list of Road Events issued by the Road Racing Council.

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

TREASURY NOTES.

In spite of your Treasurer's appeal for a steady flow of Subscriptions this year, they have steadily diminished in number, and during the month of April only ten members sent subscriptions and/or donations (*). Will all those who have hitherto suffered from absence of mind, accept this, **not** the only intimation.

E. Buckley.	E. Haynes.	*L. Cohen Price.
S. del Banco.	C. H. Hutton.	A. W. Skinner.
A. Davies.	Chester Jones.	O. E. Taylor.
	E. L. Thompson.	

ITEMS.

The summer meet of the F.O.T.C. is to be held this year at Hatfield, on July 6th, and George Ace, of Tenby, is to be the new President. This seems to indicate a week-end at Ivinghoe, and those interested are requested to book the date in their diaries and keep it open.

* * * * *

Congratulations and sympathy have both to be extended to Wayfarer (himself). He has just been awarded the Bird Medallion for 1929 for the C.T.C. member who has accomplished most for the cause of

cycling last year. Never was the award more justly given, and for the second time we also bask in the reflected glory of an Anfielder so distinguished. Almost simultaneously Robbie, when "smashing through," along "the Romantic Road to Ireland," was bunged over by a blinded driver of a Morgan runabout and spent his week-end in Shrewsbury Infirmary with head injuries and concussion, which was a sanctuary he had no desire to seek! However, we are delighted to hear he is making good progress to complete recovery and we shall no doubt be reading some very interesting "copy" in due course.

The Handbook of the R.R.A. for 1930 is just out and is well worth the nimble bob Vanheems will let you have it for. It contains excellent photographs of J. K. Middleton, Rossiter, Mills (on the tricycle on which he broke the end to end record in 1893), Jack Hunt and L. J. Meyers, the present holder of the End to End tricycle record. We regret to notice that Poole has apparently ceased to be an official Time-keeper. Everyone with a shred of interest in Road Records ought to obtain this Handbook and a comparison of the Rules with those recently adopted by the N.R.R.A. provides much food for thought.

Pitchford has been bringing honour to the Club by winning the Mid-Shropshire Wheelers' "25" with 1.8.30, but Orrell and McKail were not so successful in the Leicester R.C.'s "25." G.B. did 1.7.49 and Mac 1.8 and odd seconds. The winner did 1.6.9. Pitchford's entry form was sent in too late for the latter race, so he was unable to ride.

Warwickshire Road Club Open "50," 27th April, 1930.

G. B. Orrell	...	2.17.10	Third Fastest
C. H. McKail	...	2.20.33	
J. Pitchford	...	2.21.50	

Winning 2nd Team Medals with an aggregate of 6.59.33, as against M.C. & A.C. 6.54.13. Hurrah! we have made an excellent start of the season.

EDITORIAL.

Owing to a printer's error, the address of the Editorial One in the list of officers for 1930, in the Handbook, is given as Higher Bebington, although the correct one of Higher Tranmere is in the list at the end of the book.

To save H.M. Post Office the enormous expense of re-transporting the vast quantities of M.S.S. which will probably be wrongly addressed, we shall be pleased if members will kindly delete "BEBINGTON" and insert "TRANMERE."

While on the subject of M.S.S. we shall be pleased if contributors will kindly see that their "copy" is in the editorial hands by the Tuesday morning before the last Saturday in the month so as to enable us to keep one or two important "dates," and also to save the Hon. Sec's. valuable time.

The account of the last run in the month should be in our hands by the Monday morning following. This also applies to accounts of alternative runs.

We apologise for the fact that owing to a stupid mistake, no particulars of the Alternative Tour to the Lake District were given in the last *Circular*, although we received the itinerary in plenty of time for publication. However, as the account of the tour shows, this did not spoil it and we hope that no one was inconvenienced by the omission.

RUNS AND FIXTURES.

Rhydtalog, 5th April, 1930.

Leaving Woodside Ferry, I soon received a sample of what, for want of a better term, I shall call the "Anfield touch," for I had the pleasure (?) of meeting Cody. His bicycle looked, as usual, as if the best part of the previous week had been devoted to it. He gave mine a sidelong glance. That mattered little, but as we were mounting he told me (in other words) that I was not going his way! I replied that I would see him safely out of Birkenhead, at least, but when he expressed the opinion that it was very kind of me, I thought I should cut him off without the proverbial bob and so rode away. This is the kind of thing that drives young Anfielders to drink or something even worse.

A more congenial companion in Wild soon blotted the horizon and for what it is worth we came to the conclusion that the A.B.C. is mostly composed of fanatics! Glover flew past, non-stop to Goostrey, and Richards joined Wild and I at the Welsh crossroads. Jonas dashed past but disappeared very slowly and Wild was installed as temporary Captain—he was going a further journey than Rhydtalog—and he led us through Hawarden, Llong, Leeswood and "the sewer"—an excellent route. Around Tryddyn we met the snow, the distant hills appearing quite white, but close observation revealed the patchiness of the snow cover, whilst roads were quite clear. We only smelt rain, but heard afterwards that others got some.

It was cheering to arrive at the "Liver" and look through the window at the dressed table and fire, but there was the Presider and once again, Cody, which somewhat spoilt the scene. Tommy Royden, too, but he's all right—quite human. Harold Band with a grin and Captain Kettle with a scowl, soon arrived, the latter having in addition a very common looking cap ornamented by a large and ugly brass badge. I learnt from him later that it was the twenty-two carat gold Captain's insignia of office and that as the "spec" biz was none too good, it would shortly be melted down for funds. A lovely car drove up with Teddy, Mrs. Edwards, Charlie Conway and Dave Fell, who had to report on most of Wales, a difference of opinion arising on the amount of snow around Bettws—Dave Fell being on one side. The Presider nearly broke down when he learnt that the car party had passed Pwllgwyn Hotel, Afonwen, whilst he was lunching there in solitary state, having been out for the day doing more miles in greater comfort. del Banco soon bobbed up to augment the real cyclists, but the palm (or palms) for arriving at all goes to Knipe and Lucas, who dropped—or rather, fell—into their places just in time looking very hot and bothered, making us a jolly fifteen, which multiplied by $2/8$ is exactly 30/-, an easy calculation for a raw and amateur sub-sub-Captain and a nice profit over. Honestly, I am quite willing to go into the details of the "table" discussions, but the *Circular* would need to be printed in several volumes. Tommy Royden was well suited with an overdose of kidney in his very tasty Hot-pot. We were very sorry to learn that Robbie had got into the way of a blind motorist but were glad to know that things were not too bad. The Presider left as the last drop of tea was trickling down his throat, bound for Ruddy Ven (not W.T.), and then as the villain (Cody) was leaving and Harold Band insisted on going with him, the rest of the party settled down for a while, but eventually made up their minds and enjoyed a glorious run down to the plains of Wirral. At the Welsh cross-roads, Band was brandishing an inner tube and walking about as if he had lost his memory, but he only wanted solution. Cody had left him in his plight. Tommy Royden is good value when travel-

ling home at night ; and then a word about our Honourable and gallant Secretary—Powell—he has things worked to such a fine art that the number he calculates turns up !

A fine run closed for me on the Liverpool side, when Knipe, Lucas and I wended our several ways homewards.

Goostrey, 5th April, 1930.

I started out early and having made a business call in Cheadle continued on my way alone, until I overtook Hubert Buckley at Alderley, proceeding at a leisurely pace on a three-wheeler. As we had plenty of time to spare we carried on to Sam Wood's, and arriving there were greeted by several of "ours," including Orrell and McKail who were awaiting the arrival of Pitchford. They persuaded me to do likewise and consequently I reached the "Red Lion" in a moist condition.

Fourteen members were present when the call for tea was given and these were joined some minutes later by Long and Glover, accompanied by their trainer Randall, who refused to allow them to touch any food until they were able to sit down at a table, much to the famished pair's disgust.

After an excellent meal, the run was spoiled, as far as I was concerned, by the shady business transactions carried on by one of the party, and I considered it time to leave when I had seen a valuable wrist-watch exchanged for some out-of-date raffle tickets.

Daresbury, 12th April, 1930.

At this run there was an attendance of about forty, including over a dozen from Manchester. On the way out we passed Randall on his way to meet Jimmy and Co. ; we were of course travelling in opposite directions. After a detour through Whitegate and Vale Royal we called at Acton Bridge, and while having a cup of tea with the President, the arrival was announced of two boys and "an old gentleman with glasses." Our guesses as to the identity of the latter were all wrong as you will understand when you know it was Chandler ! On arrival at Daresbury we found the yard full of machines, including at least one tandem—the O'Leary's—and several trikes, and on entering the Ring of Bells, I found a room full of early birds who all seemed to be talking at once. Among the subjects being discussed were Easter week-end plans and the sanity or otherwise of those who forego sleep in order to ride or assist in early morning races. From what I heard, if a vote had been taken, otherwise would have been carried almost unanimously, but tea broke up the party into two rooms which were comfortably filled ; a small party of late arrivals having to feed in the taproom and another group sat under the stairs. However all were eventually satisfied, excepting the two subs, whom I overheard comparing notes and both complaining that they were only just right. I left early and the journey home was without any incident of general interest.

Easter Tour, Bettws-y-coed, 17th-21st April, 1930.

The Holiday at Bettws was a glorious success and we never remember a happier party at the Glan Aber. The most striking and significant fact was that 13 cyclists found this HOLIDAY required no re-christening (as the authorities have claimed), but still remained a TOUR—and there would have been fourteen but for the regrettable accident to Robbie. One advantage of going to Bettws-y-coed is that you probably learn how to spell it !

It certainly was EASTER in more senses than one, for we never remember the wind being so persistently Oriental or blowing with such force for three of the five days. All one's usual wind experiences were reversed and the temperature was phenomenally low for so late in the year. However, we only had one really bad day (Saturday) and that was a corker about which we speak feelingly.

Altogether there were 30 names to inscribe in the visitors' book and five more joined us at Llanfair T.H. and Caernarvon, the slight reduction in the numbers being entirely accounted for by the presence of rather fewer friends than usual. The Presider on his bassinette was the first starter and had a very cushy ride via Mold, Ruthin, and Corwen to Cerrig-y-druidion where he met Mr. and Mrs. Edwards by arrangement for afternoon tea and then encountered rather a heavy rain squall which ceased at Pentre Voelas. Frank Wood returning home from a North Wales trip was met by the Conway Falls and Dave Rowatt was very kindly acting as Marshall at the Waterloo Bridge, while of course George Lake and Mr. Cannon were already at the Glan Aber as receptionists. And then in quick succession arrived Sunter with Mr. Workman, Jimmy Williams and Ven as ballast; the brothers Newall with brother-in-law and Charlie Conway in the tonneau; Mr. Andrews and Chandler (armed to the teeth for climbing with a magnificent pair of boots built by Vickers, Son & Maxim, with watertight compartments and launched at Barrow) per rattler and finally Skinner and Hubert, so if you are any good at accountancy you will be able to figure up what a nice dinner party we made and can imagine for yourselves what a pleasant evening we spent. There was some discussion as to who was the only cyclist present, and Mr. Andrews was picked out as the most likely, but the arrival of Hubert settled the question definitely.

GOOD FRIDAY—Llanfairtalhaiarn was the objective for this day's trip and various routes were taken each way. Cook, shepherded by the Newall car, went over the Sportsman to Bylchau and was right into the wind after turning at Pentre Voelas. Needless to say the Aerial Flight was NOT ridden, but was "climbed" in the Wayfarian manner. At Bylchau the new road to Llansannan and Llanfair T.H., which is known to very few of us, was taken, and at the former "city" the O.G. "clicked" by the use of his persuasive tongue. Everyone at Bettws, as well as Edwards from Dolgarn, rallied at the Black Lion, and as Long, Glover, Randall and our old friend Tomlinson of Chester, joined us we sat down 18 to lunch. But this year there was no telephone message from Elston, and we understand he was better employed whitewashing his back yard! After lunch we all visited Mr. Andrews and gave him a lot of "useful" advice about the picture he was painting along the river bank, and the usual photo was taken on the bridge before the various return journeys were commenced. The Presider went via Bettws-yn-Rhos, up the Dulas Valley to Dawn (where he had an interesting interview with a motorist who was most interested in the tricycle with its "cushion tyres," and declared that the rider must be 40 years old!) and then on to the ridge road at Gofer which was followed to the top of the hill above Llanwrst with a stop at Holland Arms for "lashings of tea." Arrived back at the "Glanber" we found Kettle (trike), Urban Taylor, Green and Mandall, who had met at Chester and toured down by the Ruthin-Cerrig route, had arrived and after dinner we had the first of the three most enjoyable musical evenings, although we fear Mr. Workman, Mr. Andrews and George Newall were rather overworked and did not comply with their trade union rules!

SATURDAY saw the arrival of George Mercer for breakfast, and also "some" weather. Not to put too fine a point on it, it was a pig of a

day with a howling gale and every variety of moisture. Still the whole party without demur or qualms set off for Harlech. Kettle nobly led the cyclists and fortunately the wind was most helpful all the way so that the usual calls were made at Plas Colwyn and The Goat at Beddgelert and Harlech reached in good time. Here at the Castle we found Billy Owen awaiting us as a more than welcome addition to the party and our waitress was Molly, who for so many years has been at the White Lion, Cerrig. The cyclists thought they were somewhat wet when they reached Harlech, but before they got back to Bettws they decided that they had been bone dry! It was fine to start with, but before we got to Maentwrog we struck the place where the rain was being manufactured and the walk up to Tany-grisiau made us thoroughly wet. Then climbing up to the top of the Garddianan Pass we met the increasing force of the icy blast accompanied by snow and hail, while the drop to Dolwyddelan was perishing and dangerous through capes trying to engulf us. Unfortunately Mandall being on a free wheel and without cap or gloves suffered severely and it put "paid" to his further cycling activities. At Dolwyddelan we poured the water out of our shoes and had a stocking wringing competition, while drinking jorums of tea, which put new life into us and as the rain then ceased we had quite a comfortable ride down into Bettws and were soon "clothed and in our right minds." W. Orrell, Lockett, Royden and J. E. Rawlinson were added to the band of cyclists and A. T. Simpson and brother Walter to the band of motorists, so the crowd was now at its zenith and a really splendid musical programme enjoyed after dinner.

SUNDAY brought fine weather again and was a splendid day for the trip to Caernarvon. Unfortunately the brothers Newall had to depart home as George had an engagement to "Follow Thru" next day. Still there were 27 for lunch at Caernarvon where Cody joined us from Penmaenmawr, and as the party of cyclists climbed to Pen-y-Pass and proceeded through Llanberis they made a brave showing that enabled them to hold their heads up with pride when they encountered a similar party of Mersey Road Club men. The return from Caernarvon was made via Bangor, accompanying Cody as far as Penrhyn corner, and the ascent of the Nant Francon was both easy and delightful. A stop at Ogwen Cottage for "the cup that cheers but does not inebriate" and at Tyn-y-groes to see Mr. Cobden, brought us back to Bettws-y-coed with regrets that an excellent ride was completed. Of course the departure of George Newall rather seriously affected the musical evening, but Mr. Workman, Mr. Andrews and dear old Walter Simpson (not to mention Arthur) rose to the occasion and were unsparing in their efforts, while Chandler also stepped into the breach, and as we were favoured with a surprise visit from Messrs. Wilson and Barlow, of the Manchester Wheelers (at Tan-y-bwlch) the Presider prevailed upon the latter to give us two excellent recitations, one of which was his own clever parody on "The green eye of the little yellow god," by Milton Hayes, entitled "The green blinds of the little yellow cab," which he gave us years ago at Hunts Cross and which was published in the *Circular*. So that when the Presider came to express our thanks to the friends who had so generously entertained us and we concluded with "Auld Lang Syne," we all felt that the social side of the gathering had been a complete success.

MONDAY.—As usual the skies wept at the scattering of the clans, but also as usual the rain ceased at 10 o'clock and "glorious weather" ensued. Chandler, Rowatt, Mr. Workman and the Simpsons were staying on another day, but the rest of us turned our backs on Bettws

with regret. Naturally the Manchester cyclists were early off the mark to reach Ruabon or thereabouts for lunch and avoid crowded roads, while most of the motorists decided to get on with it, but Roskell, Skinner and Mr. Andrews made a lunch venue at Corwen, with Cook, Kettle and Royden, and the final gathering took place there over an excellent meal such as one always gets at the Crown, where incidentally, we met Monty Brierley of the Manchester Wheelers *en famille* and another young wheeler who had lunch with us. And then along up to Llandegla (just before which the Skinner car passed the cyclists and waved final adieus) and Rhydtalog for afternoon tea, after which at Pont Blyddyn, Royden and Kettle detoured to Mold for tea, while the Presider completed the HOLIDAY *solus* as he had commenced it, by continuing direct to Willaston for tea and so HOME.

EASTER EGGS.—At Bettws we received the following messages :
 "Glorious weather ! Hope that everybody has a jolly good time. I would have been with you but for my recent accident which has made me a temporary devotee to the quiet life.—Robbie (himself)."
 "Best wishes to all. Hope it is warmer with you.—H. Pritchard."
 "Greetings to you all and the boys.—Frank (Roskell)."
 "Greetings manyubeav hether.—Turnor."

A prize was offered for a translation of Turnor's telegram but no one succeeded in winning it and we are quite in the dark. We think it must be Sanskrit or Choctaw !

We also received the following telegram from Ambleside :—
 "Alternative Tour sends fraternal greetings to Mother Club trusting you are having happy time," to which a suitable reply was sent, although we are doubtful whether it was received as no one knew the address and we only guessed the salutation.

Johnny Band sent a letter to Green expressing his regrets at being unable to join us—his first "miss" since he joined in 1906 ! !

Professor Roekandtappit was at Beddgelert in charge of 60 geologists and the Presider acted as deputy O.C. Transport at Bettws.

Greetings and best wishes signed by everybody were sent to our two invalids A. P. James and W. M. Robinson.

Percy Brazendale tried to put in his run by telephone ! But he was not very tactful. He rang up on Saturday night and instead of asking the Presider "How did you enjoy the trip to Harlech ?" fatuously said, "Where did you go to-day ?" You can guess the reply (why don't you read the *Circular* !) and it is a good job the telephone was not equipped with television or there would have been a sudden death in the Brazendale family and an inquest ! !

The new "girl behind the bar" was a great success. Her cheerfulness and perpetual smile were wonderful. Nothing ruffled her. We elected an assistant named "Claude," but he would insist on counting himself in on every round (and cycling with us each day !) although we explained that we were not accustomed to drinking with menials ! However, he was quite a decent sort, so we made an exception in his case.

The Alternative Easter Tour.

Assemble at the Kings Arms, Lancaster, on Thursday evening, was the command of Tour Master Doctor Carlisle to the participants in the Lake District tour he had mapped out for Easter.

Buckley, Senr., and Carlisle were the first to report, having ridden from Wigan. Albert Davies blew in shortly afterwards followed later by Bill Lowcock, who had also ridden from Wigan, suffering grief and pain en route owing to heavy showers and head wind.

Hubert Buckley was the only rider to cycle the whole distance. Having been paced all the way by a friendly commercial lurry, he turned up fresh but filthy. The last arrivals were Percy Beardwood and Bert Morton who had come from London by car with their cycles aboard, but owing to clutch trouble had to abandon their journey at Didsbury and take train from Manchester. After an excellent supper and a short session in the Tank the party retired to roost in good time.

FRIDAY turned out fine but bitterly cold, with a keen N.E. wind, which blew dead in our teeth, making progress very slow at times. An early start was made, the route taken being via Carnforth, Milnthorpe and Levens Bridge to Lindale. Here Thompson joined us having brought his car with cycle aboard. His wife and son Frank accompanied him, and for the rest of the tour the car acted as tender, Travelling Bar and Luggage carrier and as we shall learn later, performed valuable rescue work.

Newby Bridge was the next halt and here Rex Austin chipped in, having driven his wife to Keswick in his car before meeting the party. At Backbarrow vast quantities of bread and cheese and beer were consumed, followed by a delightful run via Greenodd, Nibthwaite and along the shores of Coniston Water to Coniston.

Tea at the Crown Hotel was very welcome and restored the circulation of the benumbed tourists. The last stage of the journey to Ambleside (the headquarters for the Tour) was through beautiful Yewdale, at the top of which a superb panorama of the Lake mountains covered with snow was obtained. Tumbling down to Skelwith Bridge, the Queens Hotel, Ambleside, was reached. The Doctor's arrangements worked out perfectly and we were quickly housed in very comfortable quarters. All bedrooms were together with separate beds for each sleeper, and a well appointed smoke room filled with luxurious Berkeley chairs was laid on as a "Tank," to which the party adjourned after dinner. The Doctor having shown a marked reluctance to handle the "Kitty," Rex Austin stepped manfully into the breach. Discussion of cycling politics was promptly suppressed by Bill Lowcock, who substituted continental experiences as a more congenial topic. About 11-30 p.m. the elder brethren began to dribble to bed, but the stalwarts kept the flag flying till the small hours.

On Saturday morning the early risers brought terrible weather reports. A fierce N.E. gale rising to hurricane force at times was blowing, accompanied by blinding storms of snow and sleet, and an Arctic temperature. Prospects of the day's programme being carried out seemed very gloomy, but everyone was an optimist and about 11 a start was made for Keswick via Dunmail Raise. Huge waves were breaking on the shores of Rydal Water and Grasmere as the party passed and the roads were strewn with brushwood and branches blown off the trees. At the commencement of the climb to the summit the full force of the wind was encountered and progress became almost impossible. Heavy snowstorms fell at frequent intervals, from which only partial shelter was obtained by crouching under stone walls. At length the top was reached and by dint of hard pedalling downhill Thirlmere was attained. Here welcome aid was forthcoming, Banks in a car (alas and alack) joining us and pacing the crowd to Thirlspot. The Kings Arms Hotel was stormed and we thawed and dried ourselves before a good fire in the bar. Anxious enquiries followed as to the prospects of getting lunch. The Doctor made researches and reported all arranged for 1-30. Joy reigned in the camp, turned to consternation when Beardwood, who had also made enquiries unknown to the Doctor, informed us that

all the seats were booked by another party of cyclists. Doctor sent again to interview landlady. Returns with good news that his party will get lunch. Beardwood baffled! Doctor triumphant! Tourists reassured! Good meal followed, party in better spirits, shall we carry on? "Yes," say Rex Austin and Hubert Buckley, and promptly push off for Keswick to ride round Derwentwater. Remainder propose modified programme and later make a start. After a mile or so more blizzards and deluges. Hasty consultations. Programme curtailed. The hurricane was now behind us and rapid progress was made along the western side of Thirlmere. Dunmail Raise presented no terrors, indeed free wheeling was possible on some parts of the ascent. Dropping into Grasmere, afternoon tea was indulged in, followed by a visit to the Church and Wordsworth's grave. The remainder of the afternoon was fine, so a detour via Red Bank and Skelwith Bridge was made, Ambleside being reached in good time for dinner. Owing to the fatiguing day the evening "Tank" was not a success. At one time no fewer than five of the party slumbered simultaneously. Where seasoned performers like Buckley, Austin and Morton failed, what hope was there for ordinary drinkers? At 11 the rot set in and by midnight all was over.

SUNDAY morning broke fine, but still very cold. Luckily, however, the gale had moderated. Two parties were formed, one of cyclists, consisting of Buckley, Senr., Carlisle, Lowcock, Davies, Beardwood and Austin, another of mountaineers led by Professor Thompson with Mortin and Hubert Buckley. The cyclists ascended to the summit of the Kirkstone Pass by way of The Struggle, which well deserved its name, the Travellers Rest Inn being reached in $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours. Diplomatic negotiations conducted by Beardwood, failed to produce any beer, greatly to the disgust of Buckley. Cider proved a poor substitute under the Arctic conditions prevailing. The drop to Patterdale via Brothers Water was quickly negotiated though motor traffic proved troublesome. A detour was made to visit Aira Force followed by a pleasant run along the shore road to Pooley Bridge. The Sun Hotel welcomed us with open arms and provided a top hole lunch. The afternoon programme commenced with a severe climb of over a mile through Dacre, with its ruined castle, to the junction with the Penrith-Keswick road. Several miles of lovely free-wheeling with the wind astern followed. Turning left at Threlkeld our route lay through the Vale of St. John and along the Thirlmere old road to Wythburn, where Banks again met us and piloted the party to a C.T.C. farm for afternoon tea. Ambleside was reached via Dunmail Raise and Rydal. Dinner followed and darkness set in with no news of the mountaineers. About 9 p.m. a rescue party consisting of Buckley, Senr., and Frank Thompson set out in Thompson's car to the Kirkstone Pass. Before their return however, two motor cyclists arrived from Troutbeck to say the climbers were stranded there at the Mortal Man Inn and wanted fetching home. The rescue car having returned, was at once despatched to Troutbeck, returning about 10-30 with the wanderers, who it turned out had lost their way and after thrilling adventures in bogs and on perilous rocks and screes found themselves in the Troutbeck Valley. Special rejoicings followed the return of the Prodigals. The Fatted Calf was promptly killed, care cast to the winds, the Tank at last came into its own and the merriest night of the tour terminated at 2 a.m.

MONDAY turned out fine and rather warmer, with a slight breeze blowing astern, which made the homeward journey an easy proposition. Austin was the first away, leaving for Keswick via the Stake Pass to

pick up his wife and car. Banks also left by car with cycle aboard making for Bradford. The rest of the party started together, but had only reached Lowwood when Morton's knee (which he had strained on Sunday's climb) gave out. He was bundled into the Thompson car and driven to Preston to take train to Manchester. The remainder proceeded via Bowness, Gilpin Bridge, Levens, Milnthorpe and Carnforth to Lancaster for lunch at the Kings Arms. The Doctor, however, pushed on and rode the whole distance home. Preston saw the departure of Thompson who boarded his car to drive home. The others continued via Penwortham Bridge and Standish to Wigan, where train was taken to Eccles to avoid the colliery district. Thence by cycle to their various destinations. Notwithstanding the awful climatic conditions the tour was a great success. The Doctor is to be congratulated on the completeness and efficiency of the arrangements he made for the comfort of the participants.

Mouldsworth, 26th April, 1930.

Starting out at five minutes past four, I covered at least $\frac{3}{4}$ -mile before it was necessary to tie up the front mud-guard with string, to prevent an annoying rattle.

The cape was donned near Two Mills and the rain was so heavy that it washed a large accumulation of mud, etc., off my machine.

This mud had been collecting for a number of years and included samples from Scotland, England, Wales and Widnes, but, fortunately it did not come off all at once, or else the road would have been impassable.

In Chester, I saw Hutton and del Banco, but before I could escape they saw me so I slowed down to their pace and we rode together towards Tarvin.

They also had a mudguard fastened on with string, so we agreed, unanimously, that this is quite a good way of attaching these useful accessories to the bike.

Johnny Band was picked up at Vicar's Cross and took pace for the rest of the way. Johnny had not been out to a run for seven or eight weeks or so, and has been ordered not to cycle by his doc., and I think this devotion to the Club is most touching and should be an inspiration to our youthful members.

Kettle and Harold Band arrived just after us, Kettle very clumsily getting in the way of a pedestrian when turning into the yard.

Teddy Edwards had come over from Bettws where is he still holiday making and was going back there the same night, and Dave Rowatt also honoured us. The meal was most excellent, Elston certainly deserving his commission and we hope this high standard will be maintained.

About 33 turned out. Conversation over tea was mainly over experiences at Easter.

Buckley's presentation Sunbeam bicycle was very much admired, while Randall's new Twiddle (or Twaddle) proved to be a most mirth provoking mess.

J. S. JONAS,

Editor.

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ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

FORMED MARCH 1879

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

MONTHLY CIRCULAR.

Vol. XXVII.

No. 292.

FIXTURES FOR JUNE, 1930.

Tea at 6-0 p.m.

Light up at

June 7/9	Whitsuntide Invitation "100"	10-36 p.m.
	Headquarters—Shrewsbury (George Hotel).	
„ 14	Mouldsworth (Station Hotel). Photo Run	10-42 p.m.
„ 16	Committee Meeting, 7 p.m. (Victoria Hotel, St. John's Lane, Liverpool).	
„ 21	Tattenhall (Bear and Ragged Staff)	10-46 p.m.
„ 28	Daresbury (Ring o' Bells)	10-46 p.m.
July 5	Highwayside (Travellers Rest)	10-43 p.m.
„ 6	Alternative Week-end—F.O.T.C. Rally, Hatfield.	

Full Moon ... 11th inst.

The Hon. Treasurer's address is R. L. Knipe, 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 be most conveniently made to any Branch of Martins Bank Ltd., for credit of the Anfield Bicycle Club, Tue Brook Branch.

4 THE LAUND,
WALLASEY, CHESHIRE.

COMMITTEE NOTES.

APPLICATIONS FOR MEMBERSHIP.—Mr. Derrick Lang Ryalls, 14 Cecil Road, Prenton, Birkenhead and Mr. Frank Marriott, 10 Adelaide Road, Birkenhead: proposed by Mr. W. P. Cook, seconded by myself. Mr. H. Poole is unable to time the Invitation "100," and Mr. W. P. Cook has been appointed Timekeeper in his place.

Mr. C. H. Turnor has been appointed Judge and Referee.

H. W. POWELL,
Hon. General Secretary.

TREASURY NOTES.

In spite of all my appeals, in spite of all the bourgeoning of spring flowers, in spite of the advent of racing and all that should stir the

stagnant blood of moribund members, only thirteen have responded to the call. True, thirteen is the Anfield "Lucky Number," but I think it would be still luckier if it were 26 or 39.

I beg to thank the following members for their Subscriptions and/or Donations (*) :—

R. J. Austin.	*J. H. Fawcett.	F. W. Smith.
D. J. Bell.	J. Hodges.	E. A. Thompson.
C. F. G. Boyes.	*Jno. Kinder.	A. E. Walters.
C. J. Conway.	Geo. Lake.	
F. J. Cheminai.	J. Seed.	

ITEMS.

The Chronieler of the Easter Alternative Tour writes us as follows : " May I ask you to correct the impression which may have got abroad, that Banks was ' motoring ' while with the tourists. He had driven his wife and daughter from Bradford to Grasmere, but had also brought along his cycle, which he used during the holiday and when with the A.B.C. Our chance *rencontre* with him on Saturday morning when he paced the party to Thirlspot, was not official and when he and his enthusiastic little daughter joined us later and again on Sunday, it was in the role of cyclists." Members may breathe freely again on learning that " Videlex " has not " fallen from grace."

* * * * *

There is but little doubt that we Anfielders are a brainy lot. This is a proposition that most people would consider quite " feasible " (with apologies to Baron Fulton and Buckley). The latest recognition of the fact comes from Liverpool University, which has honoured Montag (and us) by asking him to accept the degree of M.Sc., on July 5th. We thought M.Sc. stood for " Master of Sycycling " but we learn on the best authority, that of Professor Rockandtappit (himself) that it means " Master of Scientific Cycling." Anyway we feel very chesty about it and congratulate our Swiss Consul on this well deserved recognition of his talents and the services he has rendered to the Liverpool University. We find further proof of our braininess in the fact that " the old man who rides a trike " was speaking at the " National Safety First Congress," recently held in Liverpool, alongside of Dukes, Peers of the realm, Knights, trade unionists, and other smaller fry, such as Chief Constables, etc.

It is true he was representing the C.T.C. (together with Percy Brazendale), but what would the C.T.C. do without the Anfield to provide it with Presidents, vice ditto, secretaries, councillors, chief consuls, and the ordinary common or garden consuls? (The Skipper is one of these latter.)

* * * * *

The new " 50 " course, as will be seen from the results of the second " 50 " is a great success and will cost the Club quite a mint of money for medals. Messrs. Glover, Long and Randall spent a great deal of time finding this course and we hope they will continue with the good work of improving the racing men's wretched lot.

* * * * *

Harry Austin is not coming over for the " 100 " this year; his first miss, we should think, for several years and he is touring with Finn instead. The latter, by the way, is doing some good times in the Irish R.C.'s " 50's " this season, clocking 2.25.46 in the first race and a fortnight later winning a gold medal with 2.24.50, his best time at this distance.

We are asked to deny the report that the Mullah's telegram to Bettws, at Easter, was in Sanskrit or Choctaw (or both). It is supposed to be perfectly good Welsh for "It is a fine day to day," and many valuable hours were spent by the sender in scouring the Manchester district in order to find a Welshman who could translate into Welsh a message for the tourists. The result speaks for itself.

* * * * *

With regard to the paragraph in the Bettws Tour account about the telegram from Ambleside, the words "the salutation" refer to the name of a hotel ("The Salutation Hotel"), which puts quite a different meaning to the paragraph.

* * * * *

Having hitherto only toured the Home country, Buckley is this year trying a foreign tour under the wing of E. L. Thompson, an experienced foreign tourist, and they start the Wednesday after the "100." They will be away for about three weeks and propose to visit France, Belgium and Germany; Buckley then proceeding to Essex to recuperate.

* * * * *

Although we have not seen much of Welfare lately, he still cycles, but, like Nevitt, buys the energy at one-and-something a gallon.

From what we have seen, Ethyl is both on the pillion and in the tank.

IN MEMORIAM.

It is with profound regret that we have to announce the death of A. P. James who passed peacefully away in Walton Infirmary, on May 19th, aged 46, after a long and painful illness and was cremated at Anfield, on May 23rd, in the presence of W. P. Cook, W. T. Venables, E. Edwards, S. J. Buck, T. E. Mandall, G. H. Winstanley and G. Molyneux representing the Club.

Arthur Penrose James joined the Club in 1907 and immediately became so well-beloved that he was frequently, though mistakenly, called "Jimmy James," while he so speedily immersed himself in the Club's activities that he put in all the 53 runs that year, was elected to a vacant seat on the Committee in the June, competed most successfully in all the races and at the A.G.M. in 1908 he took up the Hon. Secretaryship which he filled most ably for four years. This is neither the time nor place to record his racing activities, but it must be mentioned that he was a very successful competitor in our Road events and appears four times as a Northern record breaker on Single and Tandem Tricycles. As a real Club man, James not only rendered yeoman services but endeared himself to all of us. The Great War saw him doing his bit and he returned wounded, with health so impaired that he was never able to resume his activities to any great extent, although just as deeply engrossed in the Club's affairs as ever. Undoubtedly this was the beginning of the end and his final illness was characterised by a noble fortitude and that same spirit of indomitable courage he had so brilliantly demonstrated in the many 24's he rode in.

We have lost a real loyal Clubman but those who visited him during his illness are thankful that poor Jimmy is now at rest. To those bereaved our sincerest sympathies are extended.

In Memoriam—Continued.

We deeply regret to record the tragic death of another of our members, Robert T. Rudd, who died on May 15th, as the result of a fall sustained at his work.

Rudd joined the Club in 1904, and was a regular competitor in the Club races at all distances until the outbreak of War. He served in the Artillery and was for some time in hospital at Malpas, being visited there by W. P. Cook and others. Unfortunately, since the war, business and other ties prevented him from taking that active part in Club life which he so thoroughly enjoyed, yet his interest never flagged and his Anfield membership was an honour very dear to him.

His was a very lovable character. Singleness of mind, absence of guile, desire to see the best in everyone, and a certain happy boyishness which he never lost were a few of the enviable traits which marked him from his fellows.

He was always ready and eager to help, he would go out of his way to do a good turn and count it a privilege to be given the chance, while "to do him wrong was to beget a kindness of him." Such men are few and far between, and the Club is poorer by his loss.

On behalf of the Club we extend our deepest sympathy to his widow and children and other relatives. Cook and Knipe represented the Club at his funeral.

We are also grieved to learn by cable that E. A. Woodward died at Buenos Ayres on May 17th, after an operation, in his 57th year. Woodward joined the Club in 1906, when he was a fellow shipmate in the Cunard Line with Jim Park, and although his opportunities for attending Club fixtures were few and far between he was nevertheless a keen Anfielder and known affectionately as a "Deck Ornament." On his retirement from the sea and his appointment as representative (afterwards a partner) in Argentina for Joseph Chadwick & Sons he transferred to the Honorary List, but on his frequent visits to this country he always looked us up and was so generous in his donations to the Club funds that he far more than qualified for full membership. He was a fine, white man in every respect and we feel his loss deeply.

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor.

I feel very strongly that the Club as a whole should be made acquainted with the somewhat critical condition of the relationship between the Club and the Road Racing Council which at present exists; and I will endeavour to describe the state of affairs as impartially and succinctly as lies within my powers.

The Road Racing Council was originally formed by a few of the leading Clubs, including the Anfield B.C., with a view to regulating road racing in the best interests of the sport. From a small membership it has grown so that it now embraces practically all the clubs holding races on the road. The object is defined as follows: "That the object of the Council be to promote friendly co-operation and as great a measure as possible of uniformity in open road competitions upon cycles, and to

ensure as far as possible by recommendations that such competitions be held in a manner that will cause no inconvenience or danger to the public or will otherwise be prejudicial to the sport."

As regards the methods of attaining its object, the following is a declaration of its policy :

"The Council does not aim at exclusiveness or the domination of partisan views, but at agreement on basic principles for the satisfactory promotion of real sport on the fairest and straightest lines in the interest of all competitors. It has therefore defined the term 'unpaced' and put forward *recommendations* for uniformity of practice on several points and adherent clubs have signified their agreement to conduct their *open* events in conformity with these recommendations." This is a policy which aims at the attainment of its objects by moral suasion rather than by force of penalties.

Now one of the recommendations of the R.R.C. was that all competitions run by their members should be limited to 100 starters. Certainly a very sound recommendation. But difficulties have arisen in connection with it in regard to certain Associations of small clubs which were formed to enable clubs, which were not large enough to run races on their own account, to combine to run them jointly. These races, I take it, are in effect closed events and not open. These Associations were asked to join the R.R.C. and did so on the express condition that they could not limit the number of starters in their races to 100, and they were admitted to membership on that understanding. Though the Anfield committee may not have approved of this arrangement, the Anfield B.C., as members of the R.R.C., should act in conformity with the will of the majority of the committee of that body, and the trouble has arisen through the action of the Anfield B.C. in inserting a clause in the entry form for our "100" whereby the entrant has to agree not to ride in any event having more than 100 starters for the remainder of the season. This action has naturally offended the Associations, so much so that, at the meeting of the R.R.C. committee, held on April 29th, two resolutions were put by different Associations to the effect that the Anfield B.C. should be asked to resign. These resolutions were held over for the time being so that our representative, Mr. P. C. Beardwood, could communicate with our committee with a view to persuading them to remove the objectionable clause from their entry form. Mr. Beardwood, whose intelligence, knowledge of the facts of the case, and loyalty to the Club are beyond dispute, strongly recommended the Committee to reconsider their attitude, but the majority remained obdurate. I myself did not agree with the attitude taken by the majority of the committee, as, apart from other reasons, I consider it will seriously endanger the prestige of the Club and the success of our time-honoured and classic "100."

Having put the main facts of the case, I trust that there will be a free and open discussion at this critical juncture of the Club's history and that some of the members who have the welfare of the Club at heart and are capable of thinking for themselves will give their views on the matter.

R. H. CARLISLE.

Dukinfield "50," 18th May, 1930.

We had five riders in this event : Orrell, McKail, Pitchford, Heath and Glover, and were successful in winning the 2nd team prize, missing the 1st by only 80 seconds to the Middleton Bros. of the M.C. & A.C.

Orrell, unfortunately, punctured and thereby lost several minutes or else the 1st team prize would have been ours.

Pitchford secured 3rd Fastest and 3rd Handicap, with a splendid performance of 2.18.55.

TIMES :	J. W. Brooke (Gomersal) ...	2.16.20	Fastest.
	P. Smith (Yorks R.C.) ...	2.17.34	2nd
	J. Pitchford ...	2.18.55	3rd and 3rd
	G. B. Orrell ...	2.23.6	[Handicap
	C. H. McKail ...	2.25.28	
	G. A. Glover ...	2.26.6	
	N. S. Heath ...	2.33.19	

Quite a crowd of "ours" were about the course, including Russ Rothwell, Molyneux and Albert Foy, who has just recovered from an attack of shingles, which kept him at home for a month and has put a stop to his racing for a while.

Clifton C.C. "50," 25th May, 1930.

This event, held over a fast course north of York, was supported by four of "ours." Also present was the Doctor, who had cycled across on Saturday, R. J. Austin who was camping with his family near York, and Thompson, who had brought his car, in order to convey Pitchford and Glover to Chelford after the race, the Sunday train service from York to Manchester being practically non-existent.

The event started at 7 a.m., the morning being fine and cold with an awkward wind from the north. At the Nun (27½ miles) our hopes were raised by Orrell, who arrived fastest of 91 entrants in 1.13.0. Several riders took 1.14.0, whilst Pitchford and McKail took 1.18.0 and Glover 1.19.0. At the finish, Orrell, who was an early starter, arrived in 2.16.55, which looked good enough for fastest time, but first F. Turner of the Cheshire Roads Club clocked 2.16.0 and later P. Smith of the Yorkshire Road Club secured fastest time in 2.15.44. Orrell was therefore third fastest, and his ride, coupled with those of Pitchford and McKail, was good enough to secure the team race for the Anfield Bicycle Club, the Yorkshire Road Club being second, 6 mins., 5 secs., slower than "ours."

TIMES :	G. B. Orrell ...	2.16.55
	J. Pitchford ...	2.19.44
	C. H. McKail ...	2.23.13
	G. A. Glover ...	2.24.57

RUNS AND FIXTURES.

Highwayside, 3rd May, 1930.

As the weather looked doubtful I decided that by an early start I might avoid some of the rain which seemed bound to fall.

Assisted by a following wind I reached Middlewich by 3-30, where Mr. Buckley hove in sight and together we reached the "Travellers Rest," being the first arrivals. One by one we watched the arrival of the weary travellers, a number of whom considered that the "Rest" of which the inn boasted was to be found in the tank. There having restored their tissues in the usual manner they were discussing a proposed new "fifty" course with some feeling, Glover having handed everyone a paper showing where this course was.

The word was passed round and the company rose to partake in that vulgar display of healthy appetites which is a weekly function of the Anfield B.C.

In view of the approach of Whit and the "100," Cook, Kettle and Albert Davies went on to Newport for the week-end to sample the "Barley Mow" under the new proprietor's regime.

The homeward ride was made in company with Bren, Mac, Norman Heath, Walton, and other fast lads. Walton, who had been riding "fifties" in his sleep for the last three weeks, decided that eighteens was a reasonable pace to ride at, this soon proved to be extremely uncomfortable for unseasoned riders like myself, so that when Heath and Walton, their lust for speed being still unsatiated, started to see what they could do, I, among others, allowed them to go their way.

First "50," 10th May, 1930.

The small entry of 12 for the first event of our Racing Programme can be considered hardly satisfactory. Surely there are sufficient young and active members to double easily this figure. Although our membership keeps at a high level our entries for the various races grow less, after all we are primary a racing club and must look to the younger blood to uphold the Club's prestige in the road racing world. It would be interesting to ascertain the reason for these poor fields, is it the course, time of starting or what? One has only to look round and observe clubs with fewer members displaying a greater interest in their races.

Of the 12 men whose names appeared on the card, one J. Long was a non-starter, and the remaining 11 were dispatched by the Presider. The day was fair, although rather on the cool side with little wind, which if it did not help the riders was not strong enough to hinder them but was of distinct assistance from Nomans Heath to the Finish. At the first check (9m. 7f. 152y.) Orrell, Pitchford and McKail had each taken 30 minutes; at the turn (25m. 6f. 186y.) Orrell and Pitchford were level, clocking 1hr. 12mins., while McKail had fallen away to 1hr. 14mins., others well in the picture where Glover, 1hr. 16mins., Jonas, 1hr. 16mins. 30secs., and Walton, 1hr. 17mins. 30secs., while Lockett, who was making his initial attempt at a "50," did 1hr. 20mins. 30secs. After the turn, the usual shuffle took place and at Nomans Heath, Orrell was leading with 1hr. 56mins. and McKail was close up with 1hr. 57mins., having displaced Pitchford, who had evidently struck a bad patch and whose time to this point was 2hr.

The intermediate times and final placings are as follows:—

	No-mans Heath		Ridley Green	Turn	No-mans Heath		Act-ual Time	H'cp	Handi-cap Time	Placings
	M	S.			H. M. S.	H. M. S.				
1 G. Lockett ...	33	30	49 30	1 20 30	2 10 0	2 39 12	23	2 16 12	1st and St. "A"	
2 G. A. Glover ...	32	0	47 0	1 16 0	2 1 30	2 28 36	12	2 16 36	2nd	
3 J. S. Jonas ...	32	0	47 0	1 16 30	2 7 0	2 36 38	20	2 16 38	3rd	
4 J. R. Walton ...	32	0	47 0	1 17 30	2 6 30	2 35 33	18	2 17 33		
5 C. H. McKail ...	30	0	45 0	1 14 0	1 57 0	2 23 2	4	2 19 2		
6 C. Randall ...	34	0	51 0	1 22 30	2 13 0	2 41 36	20	2 21 36		
7 G. B. Orrell ...	30	0	44 30	1 12 0	1 56 0	2 21 47	Scr.	2 21 47	Fastest	
8 H. L. Elston*	36	30	51 30	1 27 30	2 23 30	2 55 3	32	2 23 3	St. "A"	
9 J. Pitchford ...	30	0	44 30	1 12 0	2 0 0	2 28 41	5	2 23 41		
10 N. S. Heath ...	33	30	49 0	1 19 0	2 9 0	2 38 44	14	2 24 44		
11 H. G. Buckley ...	35	0	51 0	1 23 0	2 17 30	2 49 6	20	2 29 6		

* Tricycle.

G. Lockett is to be congratulated upon for his fine novice performance, and it is a pleasing indication of what we may expect from him with more experience and training. McKail put up his fastest "50" over the club course, an improvement of 1m. 49s. over his previous best. Others to return improved times were Glover, Walton and Jonas, the latter has the speed and stamina to become a first-class rider and would be well advised to dock the Dreadnought and start training seriously. Elston put up a good trike ride on a course not too favourable for this type. The remainder returned slower times and evidently were not as fit as the Handicapping Committee expected.

Acton Bridge, 17th May, 1930.

Owing to pressure of business, I was unable to leave home until 4 p.m. and so I had to hurry a little to reach the Leigh Arms in time for tea. However, all went well, the machine stood the strain of my fifteen per hour, all out, and through my late start I missed the showers which troubled many of the members. I reached Acton Bridge at 5-50, which gave me time for a quick one before the serious business of eating commenced. Thirty-seven, including one or two friends, sat down to a meal which was certainly not up to the old Acton Bridge standard. However, the charge was as usual, so one factor at least was constant.

Conspicuous absentees were Glover, G. B. Orrell, Heath and McKail, who in company with Pitchford, were to ride in the Dukinfield C.C. "50" the following morning. We were pleased to see John Kinder, who paid us one of his rare visits, but the party was otherwise made up of regular attenders. It is a pity that so many members very rarely attend a Club run, especially since their occasional presence would lend a much needed variety to our assemblies. Although the old faces are extremely welcome, an occasional change of scenery has a bracing effect on the system.

Tea being disposed of, the Skipper put in some telling work in recruiting helpers for the "100." At the same time discussions of all kinds were in progress; amongst the popular topics were the new "50" course, the loaning of sprint wheels, gears for racing, training for same, and similar matters; from which facts Sherlock Holmes (or even Watson) would deduce that I was hobnobbing with the younger end. Such was indeed the case, and right bitterly did I suffer for my temerity, for leaving the Leigh Arms later in the evening I was well and truly "done over" by the aforesaid younger end, who after dropping me hopelessly disappeared from my sight for the rest of the day.

It only remains for me to chronicle that there were several weekend parties. Jonas and Rigby Band were trying a new camp site at Monks Heath, the Presider was at Macclesfield, and Randall, Long, Albert Davies, Lockett, Mycock, and I believe others, were with the racing men at Siddington. In addition it rained on the homeward journey, this being the fifth successive wet Saturday evening; but I was so whacked after the ministrations of the aforementioned "younger end" that I really didn't worry very much. I must have reached home in safety, since I was in bed when I awakened on Sunday, but I fear that is all I know of my homeward journey.

Tattenhall, 24th May, 1930.

Although this was Empire Day, I am very sorry to say I did not see anybody with Union Jack's flying on their machines! However, apart from this lapse of patriotism, the run was quite a success—31 members and friends sitting down to an excellent cold feed. It was really the

first decent warm Saturday we have had this year, although mostly dull and misty, thanks to an easterly wind. The country, especially Eaton Park, was looking very beautiful and gives promise of being even still better for Whit.

We were all very glad to see Nevitt out once more after a most strenuous ride from the house next door—or was it next but one? However he decided to have a rest on the ride home to Wallasey after tea and left early so that he could take it easy after his exertions in the afternoon.

Some of us saw part of the usual Cricket Match before tea and received quite a lot of very misleading information about the game from Tommy Royden who knows as much about it as he knows about lanes and by-roads.

I can't say much about the after tea proceedings as I left early leaving the Skipper in his usual mess trying to arrange starters and helpers for next week's "50."

I arrived home safely and dry although after Bromboro' the roads were very wet and I found they had just had a very heavy rain storm which stopped in time to save me putting on my cape.

Second "50," 31st May, 1930.

Again we have to deplore the paucity of entries. In comparison with other clubs, twelve competitors does not represent a "live and virile organisation." Fortunately we have the quality if not the quantity, as is shown by our Team successes in opens, but we would like to see a larger contingent of "also rans" aspiring eventually to supplant our Triumvirate, as Glover is now so brilliantly doing. We were highly delighted at the advent of Chadwick and F. W. Smith in the great game, but "there are others" who should bite! We fear the explanation is that the coming generation of youngsters play too many games and have too many irons in the fire, instead of concentrating on cycling in excelsis. And then they reach "the dangerous age" without having made good! We are all sorry that Long with an exam. in front of him cannot find the time to train properly, and that Elston is so busy with the Scouts. A good deal of interest was aroused over the new course, so carefully designed by those who have cursed "the wilderness" (Acton to Cholmondeley) on the old course, regardless of the fact that it came at the critical period of $31\frac{1}{2}$ to $36\frac{3}{4}$ miles, and that 2.17.12 has been done over it, despite the Jeremiah prophecies of "Widelegs." Was it to be proved faster or otherwise? One swallow does not make a summer and perhaps one race on a good day should not lead us to final conclusions. Figures will prove anything for are we not told that "there are lies, adjectival lies and statistics"! But on the whole we are certain the new course is no slower and probably a shade faster. We are led to this conclusion by the rides of Orrell, Pitchford and McKail—men quite immune from the alleged demoralising affect of the wilderness. All courses seem the same to them! Orrell clocked 2.18.35 *with a puncture*, and would have undoubtedly beaten the old course record with a no trouble ride, while Pitchford, with 2.18.45, was nearly 8 mins. faster than on the old course, and McKail, notwithstanding a 9 secs. late start, clocked 2.20.19, which is equivalent to 3 mins. faster than on the old course. Consequently we think that thanks are due to the course Committee which is innocent of deadheads and cannot be charged with peculiar antics. We suppose they used the British Statute Mile as the unit of measurement as per Rule 32, N.R.R.A., and not some other fancy unit we wot not of!

And now to the race itself. The following table pretty well tells its own story :—

	12½ miles	26¾ miles	37¾ miles	Actual	H'cap	Handicap Time	
1. J. S. Jonas ...	37	1.19½	1.52½	2.28. 3	19	2. 9. 3	St. " C."
2. R. Poole ...	37½	1.21½	1.56	2.34.25	24	2.16.25	St. " B."
3. G. Lockett ...	38	1.21¼	1.55	2.32. 0	21	2.11. 0	St. " B."
4. J. R. Walton ...	37	1.21¼	1.56	2.31.10	18	2.13.10	St. " B."
5. C. Randall ...	38	1.22¼	1.57	2.33.48	20	2.13.48	
6. G. A. Glover ...	35	1.16	1.47½	2.22. 1	8	2.14. 1	St. " D."
7. C. H. McKail ...	35	1.16	1.47	2.20.19	5	2.15.19	
8. F. W. Smith ...	39½	1.24¼	1.59¼	2.38.29	23	2.15.29	St. " A."
9. J. Pitchford ...	36	1.15	1.46	2.18.45	3	2.15.45	
10. G. B. Orrell ...	33½	1.12¼	1.43	2.18.35	Scr.	2.18.35	
11. N. S. Heath ...	37	1.21½	2. 0	2.39.24	14	2.25.24	

Chadwick was the only non-starter owing to the misfortune of breaking his forks during the week. McKail's late start was caused by his having to turn back for his toe-straps! The weather was dull, with practically no wind, although what there was came from the East, which is notorious for its density. The table shows clearly what a smashing ride Orrell was doing for fastest until Nemesis overtook him on the last stretch.

Jonas was a very popular winner of the handicap which he well deserved by showing an improvement of over 8 mins., having evidently learnt how to use sprints and a light machine, while Poole, with an improvement of nearly 7 mins., equally deserved second place. Lockett again got placed with an improvement of over 7 mins., and we congratulate him on the excellent start he has made of what we hope will be a long racing career and an example to others. Walton showed a gratifying improvement of nearly 4 mins. and is undoubtedly a very PYN, while Veteran Randall determined to demonstrate the superiority of the new course, actually beat his 5 years' old record by almost a minute! Glover seems to ride to improve 2 mins. each time he gets up and at this rate will soon be giving Orrell a start! It was a very fine ride indeed. The rides of McKail, Pitchford and Orrell have already been mentioned. Smith made an excellent novice appearance and his ride is full of encouragement for the future. Heath was the only disappointment, but we fancy he is training more for distance than for speed, and we hope his ambitions in this direction will be amply fulfilled. As the last handicap did not escape criticism (although the first three men were covered by 26 seconds) by those who had not the entry forms before them and only criticised *after* the event—which is so easy to do—this handicap can hardly hope to escape with 1 min. 57 secs. covering the first three placed men. What are the puff and dart merchants doing? They ought to have known that the placed men would show improvements of 7 and 8 minutes. Disgraceful we call it! However, no doubt like the pianist they are doing their best without fear or favour and we must tolerate their antics. And that's that. Owing to the exigencies of going to Press, this "copy" has had to be dashed off and for all errors and omissions you are requested to be lenient.

J. S. JONAS,
Editor.

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ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

FORMED MARCH 1879

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

MONTHLY CIRCULAR.

Vol. XXVII.

No. 293.

FIXTURES FOR JULY, 1930.

Tea at 6-0 p.m.

		Light up at
July 5	Highwayside (Travellers Rest)	10-43 p.m.
„ 6	Alternative Week-end —F.O.T.C. Rally, Hatfield	10-42 p.m.
„ 12	Mouldsworth (Station Hotel)	10-37 p.m.
„ 14	Committee Meeting, 7 p.m. (Victoria Hotel, St. John's Lane, L'pool).	
„ 19	Twelve Hours' Handicap	10-31 p.m.
„ 26	Acton Bridge (Leigh Arms)	10-21 p.m.
Aug. 2/4	August Tour.—Lake District.—See Committee Notes....	10- 7 p.m.

ALTERNATIVE FIXTURES.

Aug. 4	Bath Road "100"; Speedwell "100"	10- 5 p.m.
	East Liverpool Wheelers' "50"	

Full Moon ... 10 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 Martins Bank Ltd., for credit of the Anfield Bicycle Club, Tue Brook Branch.

4 THE LAUND,

WALLASEY, CHESHIRE.

COMMITTEE NOTES.

A vote of condolence was passed with the relatives of the late Mr. A. P. James, Mr. R. T. Rudd and Mr. E. A. Woodward.

A special resolution was passed recording the fine ride in the Invitation "100," of Mr. G. B. Orrell, which gained for the Club the distinction of "Fastest Time," and also of the fine rides of Mr. J. Pitchford and Mr. J. S. Jonas, who, with Mr. G. B. Orrell, were successful in winning the First Team Prize for the Club.

NEW MEMBERS.—Mr. D. L. Ryalls, 14 Cecil Road, Prenton, Birkenhead, and Mr. F. Marriott, 10 Adelaide Road, Birkenhead, have been elected to Full Membership.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS.—Mr. F. Perkins, 22 Erskine Street, Birkenhead; Mr. H. Chester Jones, Hill House, Heswall, Wirral, Cheshire.

AUGUST TOUR.—The August Tour as arranged at the A.G.M., will be held at Coniston (Sun Hotel). Those members wishing to start on Friday evening, August 1st, will meet at Preston (Bull and Royal Hotel) for the night, but they must make their own arrangements. The journey can then be continued next day, Saturday, August 2nd, either via Kendal and Ambleside, making a total distance from Preston of 65 miles, or via Levens Bridge, Lindale, Newby Bridge and Greenodd (total from Preston, 67). Those unable to start until mid-day on Saturday and not wishing to ride all the way, can, for instance, entrain to Carnforth, which will leave them a bare 38 miles via Ambleside. The route for Sunday, August 3rd, is via Little Langdale and over the Wrynose and Hardknott Passes to Boot (18). (Woolpack Hotel for lunch), thence over the Fell to Ulpha, by Broughton, returning to Coniston via Torver, an additional 27 miles. The homeward route on the following day, August 4th, will be taken via Hawkshead and Esthwaite Water to Newby Bridge, thence via Levens to Lancaster (Kings Arms) for lunch (43), with tea at Rufford (Fermor Arms). Total for the day, 95 miles.

I will require to know the names of those requiring beds at Coniston and lunch at Boot and Lancaster not later than 19th July. A Special Tariff of 22/- at the Sun Hotel has been arranged, and there is no limit to the accommodation, provided names are given in good time. The "tour proper" on the Sunday has not been touched by the Club before and it is hoped our touring members will show their appreciation of this fact.

H. W. POWELL,

Hon. General Secretary.

RACING NOTES.

12 Hours' Unpaced Handicap, 19th July, 1930.

This event is open to all types of machines. Entries for same, accompanied by a fee of 5/- towards the cost of feeding expenses, must reach me not later than Saturday, 12th July. A large number of helpers will be required for running out the riders at the finish. It is to be hoped that members not competing or assisting in checking or feeding, will place themselves at the disposal of the Timekeeper, who will be stationed at Stamford Bridge.

Invitation 24 Hours' Road Ride.

This event will be held on 22nd/23rd August. It is open to single machines, bicycle and tricycles. Entries, accompanied by a fee of 10/- towards the cost of feeding, must reach me not later than 15th August.

A large number of helpers will be required for the purpose of checking and feeding, etc. As I shall be away on holidays prior to the event, Mr. S. J. Buck, 16 Bellfield Crescent, Wallasey, has offered to organise the helpers, and in order to lighten his labours you are requested to come forward at an early date with your offers of assistance and not wait to be asked.

Those intending to compete in the East Liverpool Wheelers' "50," Bath Road "100," or Speedwell "100," on August Bank Holiday, are requested to apply to me for entry forms.

W. H. KETTLE,

Captain and Hon. Racing Sec.

TREASURY NOTES.

As the Hon. Treasurer is going away on holiday in the third week of July, he will be glad to receive as many subscriptions as possible before that date.

One of my valued contributors has propounded a new psychological theory. He claims that the parting is much less painful when payment is made by cheque instead of by cash. In fact it becomes almost a pleasure. Will all those who have not yet paid in please try this at once. They can let me know the state of their feelings (if any) later on.

Is it possible that we are on the eve of a discovery as to how to have all subs. paid by March?

The following six gentlemen are thanked for their subscriptions and/or (*) donations:

H. M. Buck.

*P. Brazendale.

T. Royden.

*W. P. Cook.

*H. L. Elston.

W. C. Tierney.

ITEMS.

Have you heard about Brazendale's All-night Ride? Most people's silly idea of all-night rides consists of riding some 200 miles in 24 hours at a scheduled rate. Not so Percy's! Desiring to play his part as President of the Mersey Road Club at Whitsuntide, he dug out his blue-headed Victor speed iron and having detained at Ruabon at 6-15 p.m., Whitsunday, dashed off to ride 26 miles to Shawbury. At Overton he got on the wrong road and found himself at Hanmer, where some time was spent viewing the church and contemplating the Mere, but eventually he reached Wem at 10 o'clock in a state of hunger knock! Here, some friendly Manchester Wheelers saw to his creature comforts and offered him a bed—but no—Shawbury was his destination and must be reached at all costs. So at midnight the intrepid Percy departed from the Castle Hotel on the last six miles and they took him nearly four hours! First of all he found getting out of Wem "a long and ticklish job." Nowhere could he find the outlet to Wellington and when he did find it he immediately went wrong and found himself at Harmer Hill! Thence he plunged into the lanes, greatly daring or not caring what happened, spent some time musing on a railway bridge at Haston and finally dashed into Shawbury about 4-0 a.m. in nice time to get the Mersey Road boys up for breakfast. Let us call the distance 30 miles and it will be agreed that 9½ hours takes some doing. No wonder that when he started the return journey 12 hours' later, a motorist decided that it must not be and bunged him off his machine at the Grinshill cross roads with such disaster to the speed iron that P.B. had to be taken into Shrewsbury for the rattler.

* * * * *

The Presider has received a charming letter from Del Strother in which the delightful announcement is made that Freddie's health is now practically restored and that he has resumed cycling again. Del Strother writes: "I am very glad to see that Orrell and Pitchford are doing so nicely and hope that some of the other youngsters will follow their example. . . . I hope the "100" will be a great success and that Orrell will be even nearer to the top than last year."

* * * * *

"One Sunday, recently, the sensation of local cycling interest was run off amidst a large crowd of interested spectators. The White Tandem of the Wallasey Boro' C.C. was started on its 25 mile dash at 7-20 a.m., and it certainly got off the mark in great style and was soon lost to view. Then the crew of the Wallasey Silverdale C.C. Triplet got aboard and they sped on their way at 7-25 a.m., and the long Blue Triplet, with its three riders working like Trojans to get it into its racing stride, was a sight well worth getting up so early to see. Then followed a wait, and while some spectators discussed the race, others made their way along the course to see the Tandem and Triplet hurtle past on

their return journey. Word was brought in by motor car that away along the course the Silverdale Triplet was speeding along at 33 miles an hour at one part of the distance. Soon the Boro' C.C. Tandem flashed past the timekeepers, and their time was recorded as 1 hour 2 mins. A few minutes of anxious suspense followed, and then a yell went up, "Here's the Silverdale's Triplet!" as a blue streak flashed round the corner, manned by three black-clad pedalling demons. The time was recorded as 1 hour 0 mins. The Silverdale had won by a full two minutes."—*Wallasey and Wirral Chronicle*.

This Blue Silver Bullet Triplet was once the Black and Blue Anfield Triplet of early Century fame, seized for Arrears of Rent by Greedy, Grabbing Tax Gatherers.

* * * * *

Our Continental Tourists, Buckley and Thompson, seem to be making good progress in spite of intense heat and torrential rain and a postcard has been received from Nancy, where they arrived after visiting Antwerp, Brussels, Waterloo, Namur, Dinant, Sedan and Verdun.

* * * * *

Bill Lowcock had a narrow squeak when returning from the "100." With the Doctor and Albert Davies, he was walking up a hill, when a half-drunken motorist charged him from the rear and made a nice mess of the back wheel and the chain, but fortunately, Bill escaped damage.

* * * * *

We regret to have to report the fact that "Swearfairer" was seen wandering around Shawbury in a car on Whit Monday.

* * * * *

C. H. McKail, who is likely to remain in Ireland for some months, has joined the Irish Road Club. Riding in their "100," on 28th June, he put up Fastest Time with the creditable ride of 5 hrs. 16 mins. 27 secs., nearly ten minutes better than the next man. W. J. Finn, on a trike, did 5 hrs. 37 mins. 39 secs., an Irish Record for this type of machine and beating his previous record by 26 mins.

* * * * *

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Ladds has a B18 Narrow Saddle with a Resilion Top, which he desires to sell, or exchange, for a B17 Standard or a B18 Champion; and the Editorial One has a B18 Standard which he will swop for several pieces of silver or a Pint of Shandy at 80 miles in the next "100."

All the above goods are guaranteed as new (as possible) and are genuine bargains. When replying to Advts. mention *The Anfield Circular*.

RUNS AND FIXTURES.

Whitsuntide, 7th-9th June, 1930.

Although no Club run was fixed for the Saturday, the members were notified in the May *Circular* that those "going down into Shropshire on Saturday, June 7th, are likely to find company if they call at the Raven, Prees Heath, for a meal"; and there was quite a fine gathering at tea time, including a very welcome "exile" in the form of Bert Morton, who seemed to have a suspicious looking lot of bicycles festooned round his car. The Presider was the only one bound for Headquarters at Shrewsbury, and he had had a gaudy time getting there, as he had started with Kettle's touring party in the morning and after a refresher at Shochlach found a local had been sampling the trike and left it in the hedge with a broken fork! A jury-rig devised by Kettle,

Royden and Harold Band, enabled him to crawl back to Chester and get home for another machine on which he "smashed through" to the Raven. All the others were bound for various destinations, the Buckley-Lowcock party for Wem; Green for Newport on his lonesome (alas, John Charles Band had not recovered from playing the part of best man at a wedding and having his photo in the papers!); the racing-men, Glover, Jonas and Randall with Long as Manager to Battlefield; Poole, W. Orrell and Lockett for Ellerdine; Urban Taylor, Jim Reade, Morton and all the Rawlinsons to Shawbury; and Dick Ryalls (after an all-night ride of 160 miles on his own) and "Del Blotto" to Pulverbatch. At the George were John Kinder (with Mr. Andrews), Dave Rowatt, Powell, E. O. Morris and Hubert and Frank Roskell, as well as Kettle's touring party. On the Sunday, Kettle had his feeding plans to complete and as usual sacrificed his day to it, while the motorists paid their annual visit to Leominster, where they encountered Frank Chandler on his way back from a fortnight's tour in Devon and Cornwall, and evidently very fit judging from some remarks made by Maurice Draisey who seemed to speak more in sorrow than in anger at the gruel Frank had made him swallow from Craven Arms! The four cyclists (Morris, Royden, Powell and Cook accompanied by our old friend Mr. Lowe went to Chirbury for lunch via Buttington and returned via Church Stoke and the Hope Valley with a most delightful and hospitable interlude for afternoon tea with H. S. Barrett and family at Minsterley Hall, where a party foregathered by arrangement and were shown all over this wonderful former residence of the Marquis of Bath, dating back to about 1540. Sunday evening saw the arrival of Turnor, Cody, Stevie, Beardwood with some Bath Roaders, Hotine with a nice parcel of North Roaders, and the Simpson Brothers. Altogether a very pleasant evening was spent with many visits from the outposts, including Dave Bell and Knipe with Mr. Croxford and many others too numerous to mention. But with the necessity to "arise and shine" at the ungodly hour of 4-30 a.m., fairly early retirements were the order, although Hubert Roskell and John Kinder solved the problem in unique fashion by going out to the start in a car and "sleeping" (*sic*) at the post so as to be "sure and certain."

And now the stage is all set for the

Invitation "100," 9th June, 1930.

A glance through the card this year disclosed an absence of some of the cracks from the Southern clubs that usually take part in our great annual "classic," but the name of C. Marshall showed that there would be a very formidable opposition to our champion, Bren Orrell, not to mention the speed merchants from Yorkshire, Lancashire, the Midlands and Ireland, such as Joe Brooke, Rogers, Fred Turner, J. K. Middleton, and Woodcock. C. Marshall on last year's form was second only to Southall at a 100 miles, so, taking it all round, the entry was a class one.

Seven Anfielders were entered, but C. H. MacKail was unable to start owing to business taking him to Ireland, and altogether 93 started out of the 100 on the card.

The morning was fine and cool after the heat of the previous day but there was every prospect of a rapid rise in temperature as the sun travelled towards its zenith.

I had been commissioned to assist Bill Lowcock in checking at Shawbury Corner and we arrived in good time to find quite a crowd of onlookers already collected. As anticipated Orrell was the first rider to reach this

point (just over 47 miles), and he dashed past with a cheery greeting apparently full of beans and riding with characteristic determination. Interest was now centered in the arrival of the other short mark men. Brooke and Rogers were fractions of a minute faster, but after that the nearest to his time was that of Woodcock, the Irishman, who was just about three minutes slower. Amongst the spectators at this point was that wonderful old veteran, Mr. Foxley-Norris, who, at 73 years of age, was enjoying the race with all the enthusiasm of youth and was checking off the riders on his card as they passed by. He had ridden up from London on his three speed free-wheel *dérailleur* to see the race and was on his way to Ireland for a fortnight's tour. If people could realise the revitalising and youth preserving qualities of cycling, Dr. Voronoff would find his occupation gone.

Amongst those who failed to reach Shawbury was Percy Smith, the promising Yorkshire R.C. rider, who had made fastest time in the Clifton "50," and from whom a good performance was anticipated; unfortunately he had a spill in the loose gravel on a corner and was put *hors de combat* with a considerable portion of skin scraped off his face.

Stan Livingstone likewise came a cropper and had to abandon the race after a plucky effort to carry on. The "Safety First" Campaigners might well turn their attention to the road authorities throughout the country, whose barbarous methods of tar spraying are both dangerous to life and destructive to property. The practice of leaving a strip of loose flints along the edge of the road after spraying is particularly reprehensible and, on the way home, I saw one cyclist and two motor cars come to grief from this cause at one particular spot and in a short space of time, fortunately without very serious results. To return to the race, our task was over about 10-30 a.m., and after a refresher at the Fox and Hounds our thoughts turned to the finish. Of course, bar accidents, Orrell would be the first to arrive and such turned out to be the case, his time being 4.56.34, an exceedingly fine ride under the prevailing conditions. Watch in hand the horizon was now eagerly scanned to see if any of his rivals for fastest time would reach the finish, beating his performance. Brooke was next in, 5.1.36, proving eventually to be the second fastest after Marshall had finished in 5.3.3. We knew that our champion was safe for the coveted honour for which he has striven so long. His victory is the merited reward of persistent and arduous training and none could have been more popular. Jack Pitchford did a splendid ride to finish fourth fastest in 5.4.33 and he well maintained the improved form which he has shown this year. George Glover who has also been riding better than ever this year, struck a bad patch and failed to do himself justice, and both Heath and Randall evidently had "off" days but stuck it to the end, and our Editor must be heartily congratulated on his very fine novice performance which helped the Anfield to win the team prize from the M.C. & A.C. The three handicap prizes, as will be seen by the list of finishers and times, went to Yorkshire and the Midlands. I think the early start can be voted a success, though, as I was not an early starter myself, I am not quite in a position to judge; but I heard no complaints.

The conditions were not absolutely ideal for doing the fastest possible times as the road surface was roughish for many miles after tarring, and sticky on other stretches. Moreover, quite a harrassing breeze from the South sprang up towards the middle of the race which was far from helpful.

Sixty-two riders completed the course, the times being as follows :

		Actual Time. 50 mls.	Actual Time. 100 Mls.	H'cap MINS.	Handi- cap Time.
		H.M. S.	H.M. S.		H.M. S.
1	A. ROGERSON ...	2.27.48	5. 9.37	25	4.44.37
2	W. LITTLEWOOD ...	2.31. 5	5. 16. 7	30	4.46. 7
3	F. SHUBERT ...	2.27.28	5. 8.47	22	4.46.47
4	*A. B. SMITH ...	2.29.18	5. 6.19	17	4.49.19
5	J. S. JONAS ...	2.37.14	5.25.32	35	4.50.32
6	W. TAYLOR ...	2.33.39	5.15.53	25	4.50.53
7	B. H. FIELD ...	2.31.14	5.17.45	26	4.51.45
8	G. B. ORRELL ...	2.21.21	4.56.34	4	4.52.34
9	M. CLARKE ...	2.28. 3	5.21.19	28	4.53.19
10	*E. ATHERTON ...	2.26.45	5. 8.29	15	4.53.29
11	*C. J. FOX ...	2.28.16	5.11.19	17	4.54.19
12	*J. PITCHFORD ...	2.25.39	5. 4.33	10	4.54.33
13	J. C. INGLEDEW ...	2.31.41	5.15.18	20	4.55.18
14	H. D. PEARSON ...	2.34.39	5.22.41	27	4.55.41
15	J. BERRY ...	2.37.13	5.21. 6	25	4.56. 6
16	J. W. BROOKE ...	2.20.48	5. 1.36	5	4.56.36
17	J. E. CARR ...	2.34.44	5.17.42	21	4.56.42
18	*W. G. SMITH ...	2.26.57	5. 5.39	8	4.57.39
19	*C. S. MIDDLETON ...	2.31. 6	5.10. 1	12	4.58. 1
20	R. L. THRELFALL ...	2.31.14	5.28. 3	30	4.58. 3
21	J. E. MOSSEY ...	2.26.50	5.33.36	35	4.58.36
22	F. TURNER ...	2.24.59	5. 5.13	6	4.59.13
23	H. BROMLEY ...	2.35.38	5.29.23	30	4.59.23
24	G. R. RDYARD ...	2.36.32	5.26.43	27	4.59.43
25	P. DUCE ...	2.35.38	5.31.47	32	4.59.47
26	*S. L. CRAWFORTH ...	2.28.21	5.10.17	10	5. 0.17
27	*R. MIDDLETON ...	2.30.24	5.14.29	14	5. 0.29
28	W. G. PHILLIPS ...	2.31.32	5.16.21	15	5. 1.21
29	*J. P. WOODCOCK ...	2.24.20	5.14. 1	12	5. 2. 1
30	W. A. MOTLE ...	2.33.38	5.26. 5	24	5. 2. 5
31	*J. J. SALT ...	2.28.46	5.10.31	8	5. 2.31
32	F. ALLEN ...	2.35.42	5.18.37	16	5. 2.37
33	G. H. M. FITT ...	2.39. 6	5.24.39	22	5. 2.39
34	J. R. BROOMHEAD ...	2.37.54	5.30.48	28	5. 2.48
35	C. MARSHALL ...	2.26.15	5. 3. 3	22	5. 3. 3
36	R. H. SPAVIN ...	2.31.32	5.25.29	22	5. 3.29
37	H. WILLIAMSON ...	2.28.15	5.34.10	30	5. 4.10
38	R. COUPE ...	2.35.36	5.27.12	23	5. 4.12
39	*J. K. MIDDLETON ...	2.25. 9	5. 8.21	4	5. 4.21
40	G. POOLEY ...	2.36.29	5.29.23	25	5. 4.23
41	J. A. TATTERSALL ...	2.38.54	5.25.50	21	5. 4.50
42	F. HANCOCK ...	2.34.29	5.26.10	21	5. 5.10
43	W. BALL ...	2.35.19	5.25.19	20	5. 5.19
44	*H. J. TOWNSEND ...	2.29.54	5.11.22	5	5. 6.22
45	J. R. CLARKE ...	2.36.30	5.36.40	30	5. 6.40
46	C. B. LONG ...	2.36.59	5.26.58	20	5. 6.58
47	J. HOULT ...	2.38. 4	5.42. 6	35	5. 7. 6
48	*J. C. JONES ...	2.27.39	5.12.15	5	5. 7.15
49	G. A. GLOVER ...	2.33. 8	5.27.33	20	5. 7.33
50	F. HART ...	2.34.31	5.32.35	25	5. 7.35
51	E. JOHNSON ...	2.38.39	5.26.29	18	5. 8.29
52	J. E. FARRAR ...	2.33.30	5.21.44	13	5. 8.44
53	W. MILES ...	2.32.49	5.34. 2	25	5. 9. 2
54	F. L. NUNN ...	2.38.57	5.33.20	23	5.10.20
55	F. B. WOOD ...	2.39.10	5.35.41	25	5.10.41
56	C. W. PEPPER ...	2.31.59	5.23.41	12	5.11.41
57	E. BLOODWORTH ...	2.34.56	5.17.52	6	5.11.52
58	N. S. HEATH ...	2.43.52	5.45.34	33	5.12.34
59	C. RANDALL ...	2.48.32	5.49. 2	35	5.14. 2
60	S. PHILLIPS ...	2.28.37	5.24.13	10	5.14.13
61	H. BRODRICK ...	2.36.13	5.42.11	27	5.15.11
62	A. E. HOOPER ...	2.31.49	5.50. 6	28	5.24. 6

* Certificates.

Fastest Time	G. B. ORRELL ...	Anfield B.C. ...	4h.	56m.	34s.
Second Fastest Time	J. W. BROOKE ...	Gomersal O.R.C. ...	5h.	1m.	36s.
Third Fastest Time	C. MARSHALL ...	Vegetarian C. & A.C. ...	5h.	3m.	3s.

TEAM RACE.

First—Anfield B.C.			Second—M.C. & A.C.		
G. B. ORRELL ...	4h 56m 34s		J. K. MIDDLETON ...	5h 8m 21s	
J. PITCHFORD ...	5h 4m 33s		C. S. MIDDLETON ...	5h 10m 1s	
J. S. JONAS ...	5h 25m 32s		R. MIDDLETON ...	5h 14m 29s	

15h 26m 39s

15h 32m 51s

Frank Urry writes in *Sport and Play*: "I should like to give a word of praise to G. B. Orrell, of the promoting club, who rode the finest race of his life, both in regard to speed and judgment, and won for his club an honour which it has long coveted and which he so very successfully achieved on this occasion. It was a great victory, worthy of the man and the badge he wears."

The question has been raised as to how long it is since we secured the Fastest Time Prize in our own "100." Most guesses say "Over 25 years," but the horrible fact is that one has to go back 35 years to 1895 when Billy Owen clocked 5.23.18. Since then we have been in the wilderness until Orrell created the oasis in 1928 and has now led us into the land flowing with milk and honey with his brilliant success.

The Sweep was well supported. Mrs. Stancer again ably officiated at the draw, with Jim Reade as secretary. The prizes going to Powell, Mandall and Barrett (ours) and C. Bailey, Gomersall.

Mouldsworth, 14th June, 1930—Photo Run.

The Annual Photo run always makes an irresistible appeal to me. Each year sees an addition to my already large pile of Charlie Conway's masterpieces of photographic skill. Each year I review my collection and realise that in no other club than the Anfield can men grow old so gracefully, while in few do the greybeards continue to take so active a part in club fixtures.

On this annual occasion youth mingles with age, anticipation with experience. Men who have made cycling history in the past, sit cheek by jowl with men who are now making it and those who will make it in the future.

Making my way in leisurely fashion to Mouldsworth via Lymm, Stockton Heath and Frodsham I arrived at the Station Hotel, at 5-45, to find a large muster gathered in the yard and on the green discussing the leading incidents of the recent "100," which led to the signal triumph of Bren Orrell and the winning of the team race by the Anfield trio—Orrell, Pitchford, and Jonas. The heroes of the event were all present and received (with suitable modesty) the hearty congratulations of their fellow-members.

Tea being announced, everybody trooped into the Pavillion to discuss an excellent meal well and promptly served.

On such a tropically hot day the fare provided filled the bill to a nicety and great deeds were accomplished on the cold meat, innumerable bowls of salad, and fruit tarts with cream, laid on by the management. The cry of "Charlie awaits you on the bowling green," brought the meal to a summary conclusion, and all flocked to face the camera, headed by two venerable gentlemen who hobbled along with walking sticks. Who could they be? Walking sticks on an Anfield run! Ye gods!!! Closer investigation revealed the twain to be the Mullah and Dave Fell, both of whom gave satisfactory explanations for this grave lapse.

The Grand Stand of forms and chairs having been erected and made secure, places were taken. President Cook, occupied the *place d'honneur* flanked by such "elder brethren" as George Mercer, Dave Fell, Vice-Presidents Venables and Turnor, Captain Kettle, Tommy Royden, Doctor Carlisle, Bill Lowcock, Bob Knipe, Teddy Edwards, Cody, Johnny Band and others. In the front row squatted the winning "100" Team. Other members disposed themselves as and where they could.

The stage being set, Charlie took command. But what a sober Charlie compared with past years! Gone were the bizarre and multi-



Top Row—J. R. BAND, D. I. RYALLS, A. LUCAS, G. LOCKETT, S. DEL BANCO, A. E. FOY, J. C. BAND, H. GREEN, W. H. KETTLE.
2nd Row—F. MARRIOTT, J. H. SUNTER, R. H. CARLISLE, G. A. GLOVER, J. R. WALTON, T. ROYDEN, W. ORRELL, S. J. BUCK,
 H. CHADWICK, R. POOLE, E. J. CODY, F. CHANDLER, T. E. MANDALL, D. C. ROWATT, U. TAYLOR, and J. E.
 RAWLINSON.
3rd Row—J. S. ROBERTS, J. H. KINDER, E. EDWARDS, C. H. TURNOR, W. P. COOK, W. T. VENABLES, D. R. FELL, G. B. MERCER,
 G. B. BURGESS and A. N. RAWLINSON.
4th Row—E. T. O'LEARY, H. LADDS, H. W. POWELL, J. S. JONAS, G. B. ORRELL, J. PITCHFORD, W. A. LOWCOCK, J. LONG,
 C. RANDALL, and J. T. O'LEARY.

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coloured stockings with which he held us enthralled in the past, their place being taken by modest creations in grey check. Cool as an iceberg, he quickly focussed the party.

Events now moved rapidly. "Attention!" he cried in staccato tones. Everybody instantly became rigid. No. 1 plate was exposed and we were given a few moments respite before being again called to attention by this "Martinet of the shutter."

Four times the process was repeated and then we were dismissed to await the arrival of the welcome envelopes containing the Annual and much appreciated memento.

By twos and threes the gathering dispersed for a delightful ride home on a lovely June evening. With Doctor Carlisle as a companion, I followed a quiet lane route which enabled us to avoid the homeward rush of motor traffic and to reach our destination before lighting up time.

Warrington R.C. "25," 15th June, 1930.

This event was supported by four Anfielders, and was won by L. J. Ross, East Liverpool Wheelers, with 1.5.3. Orrell punctured and clocked 1.10.5, and Pitchford, with 1.6.38, was fastest of ours. Both Lockett and Wemyss Smith did very good rides—doing 1.13.39 and 1.14.12 respectively.

Tattenhall, 21st June, 1930.

Having ridden with a tight bottom bracket for many moons without noticing it, I started out, with same slackened, for Tattenhall, feeling that I should be riding at "evens" all afternoon. A heavy drizzle from the south-west, however, soon brought me down to the usual ten-an-hour.

The road to Chester was devoid of Anfielders, or perhaps I saw none of them by the way in which I was smashing through with head down, now reduced to nines!

Eventually Old Sol tried to appear, and I had a breezy run via Tarporley to Gallantry Bank, followed by a downward rush to the Bear and Ragged Staff, crashing into the yard at nearly twelve for pure swank, only to find it filled by a massive saloon bus. Surely, I thought, the Anfield B.C. has not come to this, and my fears were soon dispelled, when the Presider and Tommy Royden came into view, with bicycles. As six o'clock grew near, a few more parties arrived, Knipe negotiating the turn into the yard at close on "evens."

One soon realised that a large proportion of regulars were absent, the reason being that Bren Orrell, Pitchford, Glover and Jonas were racing in Shropshire, while Jas. Long was taking a packet on the Whitchurch road in order to see them finish, and Chas. Randall was loosing weight by stones, running after them with drinks. Powell was holidaying at Llanarman D.C., while Captain Kettle and climber Chandler had motored the racing men down to Battlefield, and then left for Snowden, which, I understand, they, or Chandler at any rate, ascended in a half naked condition on the Sunday. Bert Green was also absent, having provided Orrell with transport to Shawbury. Thus, with all these celebrities absent, only twenty sat down to tea, making a very select party.

About 6-30, a loud noise was heard coming up the steps, and Leslie Elston entered, breathing heavily, and flopped into a seat, mumbling unintelligibly about gears of 75 on tricycles. My fears concerning his health were confirmed, when, on descending to the yard after a good tea, I discovered he was riding a bicycle!

The Presider called loudly for his pacer, or attendant as the case may have been, Albert Davies, and sallied southwards to Shawbury in combat with the aforementioned breeze. We of the homeward-bound clan, however, sat up and drifted northwards, thinking and saying how fit we were, until Eyan's Hill was reached, but that is another story!

Manchester Wheelers' "Invitation 50," 21st June, 1930.

Orrell was again unfortunate and punctured at about 28 miles, his final time being 2.18.13. Glover also had to change a tyre, and finished in 2.28.9. Pitchford did 2.19.52 and Jonas, 2.27.45.

C. Holland of the M.C. & A.C. was Fastest, and this club also carried off the Team Prize.

Daresbury, 28th June, 1930.

Approximately thirty members sat down to tea at Daresbury. The racing fraternity were conspicuous by their absence, for Bren Orrell, Pitchford, Glover, Jonas, Randall and Poole were at Siddington in readiness for the Grosvenor "100."

Nevertheless, tea topics were quite varied, one member deploring the inadequacy of the bus services between Tattenhall and Chester. It seems that in order to have a lazy afternoon he trained from home to Chester with the intention of taking the bus the remainder of the journey to Tattenhall. This was impossible. There was not a convenient conveyance and the unfortunate gentleman had perforce to spend the afternoon in the sometimes delightful but more often than not monotonous city of Chester. He was therefore amply rewarded for his laziness.

Urban Taylor and one of the Rawlinsons were late as usual, arriving as the majority of members were leaving the table.

After tea, Wilf. Orrell's now famous Post Office tricycle came in for its usual quota of sarcastic remarks and hints, whilst the wonderful (to say the least) colour scheme of his pullover was justly appreciated by all. The Skipper utilised his half-hour after tea in cajoling some of the younger members to ride in the "12," whether he was successful or not remains to be seen.

Rex Austin, F. W. Smith, Chadwick and Mycock were camping at Siddington and departed thence early, whilst the Presider and his party left at seven o'clock for Macclesfield and places en route.

Grosvenor Wheelers' "100," 29th June, 1930.

With Orrell as scratch man the possibility of his being fastest seemed to be particularly bright, and when he finished with the magnificent time of 4.41.8 he was nearly 9 mins. ahead of the next fastest, F. Turner, of the Cheshire Roads, 4.49.58, and 12 mins. ahead of the 3rd man, J. J. Salt, Liverpool Century, 4.53.6.

This terrific performance demonstrates what a super man he really is, and what years of careful and painstaking training will do and we are sure the whole Club is prouder than ever of him.

Pitchford was also in form and whirled round the course to the tune of 4.59.58 and Glover with 5.4.30 made the 1st team prize safe by improving 10 minutes on his previous best, and he also won the 1st handicap, so that the cup of happiness of the Anfielders was filled to overflowing, those at the finish weeping with joy on each others' shoulders, and Kettle so far forgetting himself that when he arrived at Sam Wood's, he took off his collar and washed his neck and even unto the uttermost corners of his ears.

Jonas was next fastest of ours with 5.12.45, over 12 minutes' improvement on his previous best, and Randall showed what an old veteran can do by finishing in 5.29.10 and Bob Poole also did well with 5.43 odd and so the Anfielders upheld their tradition by all finishing.

There was a steady wind from the southern quarter, which made the 25 miles from Latchford to Church Lawton a little difficult, but otherwise the day was quite good, with not too much sunshine.

The racing men are deeply in the debt of all the Anfielders about the course as they certainly contributed largely to the successful result.

Just when one felt thirsty, a helper would spring out of the ditch with an egg and milk held aloft and around every corner the elixir of vim and eternal pushfulness was handed up by the gallon, so that the 100 miles seemed to dwindle down to 50.

Special mention must be made of Captain Kettle, who, after attending the run on Saturday left Hoylake at 2 a.m. with the drinks in the car, and also of Ryalls, Marriott and Rigby Band who rode through the night to the Cat and Fiddle, Congleton, etc., arriving at Siddington at 3 a.m. to help.

The Doctor, Grimmy, Albert Foy and others also provided valuable help and the promoting club are to be congratulated on their excellent organisation.

The growing camping section of the Club was represented at Siddington by Rex Austin, Chadwick, Jonas, Mycock and Wemyss Smith.

J. S. JONAS,
Editor.

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ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

FORMED MARCH 1879

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

MONTHLY CIRCULAR.

Vol. XXVII.

No. 294.

FIXTURES FOR AUGUST, 1930.

Tea at 6-0 p.m.

								Light up at
Aug. 2	Northwich (Crown and Anchor)	10-9 p.m.
" 2/4	August Tour—Lake District	10-5 p.m.
" 9	Chester (Bull and Stirrup)	9-56 p.m.
" 11	Committee Meeting, 7 p.m. (Victoria Hotel, St. John's Lane, L'pool).							
" 16	Mouldsworth (Station Hotel)	9-41 p.m.
" 22/23	Invitation "24"	9-28 p.m.
" 30	Daresbury (Ring o' Bells)	9-11 p.m.
Sept. 6	Rufford (Fermor Arms)	8-53 p.m.

ALTERNATIVE FIXTURES.

Aug. 4	Bath Road "100"; Speedwell "100"; and East Liverpool Wheelers'							
	"50"	10-5 p.m.
	Full Moon	9th inst.

The Hon. Treasurer's address is R. L. Knipe, 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 be most conveniently made to any Branch of Martins Bank Ltd., for credit of the Anfield Bicycle Club, Tue Brook Branch.

4 THE LAUND,
WALLASEY, CHESHIRE.

COMMITTEE NOTES.

There will be no fixed time for Tea at Northwich on August 2nd, but Members attending on that date will be credited with a run; it is intended only for those who cannot participate in the Tour or the Alternative Fixtures on August 4th.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS.—Mr. W. Henderson, 1 Ashbourne Grove, East Dulwich, London, S.E.22; Mr. E. Nevitt, Tattenhall, near Chester. Mr. H. M. Buck, Strawberry Hill P.O., British Columbia.

H. W. POWELL,
Hon. General Secretary.

RACING NOTES.**Invitation "24," 22nd/23rd August, 1930.**

A large number of helpers are still required for this event. Checkers are required for Acton, Chetwynd, Shawbirch, Battlefield, Whalebone (Frodsham), Middlewich Corner, Siddington, Monks Heath, Fountain (Whitechurch). It is to be hoped that those able to undertake any of the above checks will let Mr. S. J. Buck have their names without delay.

Those intending to compete must let Mr. W. P. Cook have their names, accompanied by entry fee of 10/- for feeding expenses, not later than Friday, 15th August.

Palatine Open "50," 7th September, 1930.

I have now received entry forms for this event and members may have same on application to me.

3rd "50."

The date of this event has been altered to 27th September to avoid clashing with the Manchester Wheelers' Open "12," on 13th September.

W. H. KETTLE,

Capt. and Hon. Racing Sec.

TREASURY NOTES.

In spite of approaching holidays the following seven members have nobly responded to my appeal and are hereby thanked for their subscriptions and/or donations (*).

"WE ARE SEVEN."

E. Bright.

A. Newall.

*F. Hotine.

F. Marriott.

*W. M. Owen.

F. D. McCann.

D. L. Ryalls.

ITEMS.

Extract from "Cycling," 25th July, 1930.

"IRISH ROAD CLUB 12-HOUR."

"ANFIELDER BEATS IRISH RECORD."

"C. H. McKail, a member of the Anfield B.C., who is at present on a business visit to Ireland and joined the Irish Road Club for the purpose of competing in the races held during his visit, has won the 12-hour time trial of the club. He did a performance which is regarded in Ireland as one of exceptional merit, covering 211 miles, 211 perches, which constitutes a new record for Irish roads, the previous best being 200 miles, 104 perches, by W. J. Finn. McKail's best performance at 12 hours was 197 $\frac{3}{4}$ miles in an Anfield trial, so that Irish conditions seem to suit him.

"Finn rode a tricycle in the event and by doing 194 miles 80 perches accomplished one of the best rides of his long career on the road. His figures also constitute a new Irish record."

Very well done, McKail and Finn.

* * * * *

During the lifetime of our Club, we have witnessed the formation (and frequently, the winding-up) of various Societies, Orders, Associations and Mutinous Bands, etc., etc., within the parent body. We have had the W.T.T. (Willaston Tea-Tasters), the S.M.B.C. (Saughall Massie Beer Consumers), the R.T.C.C. (The Rhydtalog Cycle Club),

and towering (or frowning) over all, the "Owls"; but now comes the A.B.C. (C. & B.K. Sec.)—The Anfield Bicycle Club—Campers' and Bare Knees Section—formed, we may say, by the sheer weight of the best of public opinion. We see in prospect the day when our Hon. Sec. (or will there be a special one?) must rent a meadow, in addition to a room or two in a nearby Hotel. No tank is necessary, unless it be one of rain water for the purpose of ablutions. The arch-fiend—who shall be nameless at present—is a very prominent racing man who is doing big things (*sic*) and spreading the gospel far and wide by indulging in the fresh air life of camping in conjunction with great performances on the road. Several of our distinguished members aspire to obtain the certificates necessary to membership of the section—one being the Campers cert. (C) and the Bare Knees cert. (B.K.); both divided into classes A and B. Bert Breen has qualified for his B.K. certificate and Frank Chandler has the necessary garments, but fights shy of using them for cycling. He only uses them when the L.S.A.B.T.A. (The Liverpool Section of the Anfield Bachelor Tricyclists Association) have a mountaineering meet, so he has not yet properly qualified for his B.K. cert. Rex Austin has qualified, but the A.B.C. (C. & B. K. Sec.) Committee deplore his use of a stink wagon for carrying the necessary impedimenta. In contrast to "The Owls," youth is here an advantage, and most of our younger members are immediately qualified.

* * * * *

Frank Perkins is now double in harness and we take this opportunity of wishing him every prosperity and happiness, and hope that wedded life will still allow him time for a few Club runs.

* * * * *

Our latest exile is Hubert Buckley, who, we understand, has taken up a position in London, where we hope he will have every success.

* * * * *

There is no doubt that McKail's recent visit to Ireland has greatly strengthened the bond of friendship between the Irish Road Club and ourselves. Charlie arrived in Ireland a perfect stranger, on a visit for an indefinite period, and the Irish Road Club took him in and made him one of themselves. His rides in their "100" and "12-hour" show that they took care of him and did their utmost to make his races a success, and we are sure they are as delighted with his victories as we are. The I.R.C. have proved that Irish hospitality is as generous as ever, and the Anfield are deeply indebted to our friends across the water. McKail is now with us again and full of gratitude to the many friends he has made while in exile.

Highwayside, 5th July, 1930.

A bright day brings forth many wheelers by varying roads to a favourite destination—the Travellers Rest. It is indeed a very pleasant run from the Manchester end where we met at the Cock of Stretford when, after fair running, we called by the wayside upon our friend, m' Lud the Duke, who set us upon our way well refreshed for the remaining twenty miles. In due course we found the travellers resting in a long row under the blazing sun watching a bowling handicap, when they might have been seated comfortably in the cool shady nooks of the inn, "merry without bias."

After the usual excellent feed the conversation centered around Bren and the Bath Road or Speedwell "100," when it appeared that providing transport was available our Bren would do his best to bring off the former event.

It has been previously written that the Rawlinsons and Taylor usually arrive late. The writer erred in this as they always make a point of seeing these runs through in the proper social spirit, and they invariably arrive early but make room for the gentlemen to first get their feet in the trough.

Altrincham Ravens C.C. "25," 6th July, 1930.

A. Livingston...	1	4	3	Fastest.
F. T. Brown ...	1	4	9	2nd ..
G. B. Orrell ...	1	5	12	3rd ..
R. Poole ...	1	14	0	
J. R. Walton	1	15	21	

F.O.T.C. Rally, Hatfield, 6th July, 1930.

This event has been fully recorded in *Cycling*, but as we were represented by a dozen members and it was an official Club fixture some mention of it falls to appear in the *Circular*. Beardwood organised a week-end at Ivinghoe and a party of 14 sat down to an excellent duck and green peas supper with our ex-President, Pa White, at the head of the table. W. F. Ball and Capener of the Speedwell joined the party and Beardwood had with him a nice lot of Bath Roaders, including Spango, Westaway and Kemball. The other Anfielders present were Rowatt and Mercer by car, and Carlisle and Cook, who had cycled down by different routes, the former reaching Kenilworth, Friday night and the latter at Alcester to do a Cotswold round on the Saturday. At Hatfield we were joined by Edwards, Fell, Ven, Sunter, Neason, Oscar Taylor and last, but not least, Jack Siddeley, so we made quite a merry Club party. Lowcock had "booked" for the event, but his transport arrangements broke down and he was not there to answer the Roll Call. After the gathering, Carlisle made for Nottingham and Home Rails, while Cook rode with Ball to Kettering and did not part with him till the Monday afternoon outside Lutterworth, whence the O.G. blazed the trail along the Watling Street, docking for the night at Stone and home early next day. The Mercer-Rowatt car hopped it home direct on the Sunday, but the Edwards, Fell-Ven car went all round the earth and did not reach Birkenhead till the early hours of Monday! But Fell's luck held out and he arrived home on the pillion seat of a motor bike he "clicked" for on the luggage boat! Altogether it was a great week-end and the Club was well represented.

Mouldsworth, 12th July, 1930.

Notwithstanding the counter attractions of the Wheelers' Meet and the absence of several regular attenders owing to the Apollo "50," we had a fair number out; a total of 28, which included Cook and Chandler on trikes, and Bert Green in shorts, and what we lost in numbers we made up for in other ways. There was quite a fashion parade after tea; the Presider being called upon to adjudicate between Green's and Wilf's shorts, and there was also rivalry in "blazers," between "Ann" and W.E.T. The notable absentees included Knipe, who was away on holiday. H. M. Buck put in one of his rare appearances, and it may be some considerable time before we see him next, as he is going abroad within the next few weeks. We were pleased to have the opportunity of wishing him *bon voyage*.

The afternoon was fine—visibility good and at more than one place the writer saw members lazing their time away by the roadside, and indeed, Powell appeared to have been in one spot, admiring the view, for hours—he was so comfortable.

The meal was, as usual at the Railway Hotel, very satisfactory, and the writer was confirmed in his opinion that Mouldsworth is a decided acquisition to the fixture list.

Apollo Wheelers' C.C. "50," 13th July, 1930.

The card showed seven of "ours" down to ride, but Glover, unfortunately, was taken ill with his chronic complaint on Saturday morning, and spent the week-end at home.

Orrell did his best "50" this year, with 2.15.11, missing fastest by 18 seconds to A. Livingston of the Dukinfield, 2.14.53, and Jack Pitchford was faster than he had ever been before at the distance with 2.17.4.

Jonas, Lockett, Poole and Randall were all a little slower than their best times this year.

The Mersey Roads' won the 1st Team Prize and the Anfield the second, so the Club took a fair proportion of the honours.

G. B. Orrell	2 15 11
J. Pitchford	2 17 4
J. S. Jonas	2 30 40
G. Lockett	2 32 31
C. Randall	2 37 25
R. Poole	2 37 42

Twelve Hours' Handicap, 19th July, 1930.

I took up this task gladly and its fulfilling gives me joy, though it is hard to do it justice. The field of nine was typically Anfieldish—small and friendly—with some very raw and youthful competitors, a few dependables and then one—almost two!—veterans!

Starter Poole witnessed the punctual departure of the field (all of it) at Christleton, with fair weather conditions; a fresh westerly breeze with a little north in it and cool temperature.

First comes Dick Ryalls, essaying this formidable task as his debut in club racing and fresh as paint in a rather nobby pair of autumnal tinted breeks. Next old Wilfy Orrell, intending to do or die, on his all-red-reflecting three corned truck. Then our star turn, E. T. and I. T. O'Leary, *alias* "ETO and ITO—the twin Irish-Welsh tandem trundling comedians," followed by J. R. Walton meaning business, albeit with a little "ca' canny" policy admixed. Editor Syd Jonas then bobs up with his pepsodent smile and full of the will to win, with Frank Weems Smith on his tail, seemingly in a hurry to start on his holiday in Devon. Now trainer Charlie Randall moves along with mind fixed on a figure exceeding two hundred, and G. Lockett behind, reckoning on soon meeting his friend on the trike. Lastly Georgy Glover hoping that his "innards" would stand up to it and let him do himself justice.

The following checks at Shawbury and Prees Heath, about fifty and one hundred miles respectively, show "Eto and Ito" leading well, as a good tandem should, with 5½ hours. We understand their training food is "MYSTOL." Glover and Jonas show up very well in 5.37 and 5.39, the latter sustaining a puncture after Tern Hill. Randall gets well inside six hours in spite of attacks of cramp; Smith, Walton and Lockett, around 6.15 to 20, the second of which trio desires it to be generally known that he never retired or even contemplated such a drastic course, but in common with the whole field, thought of it once or twice. We may say that the leader of that trio appeared to be geared

rather high. Triker Orrell, and Ryalls on his steels, ride very creditably to the tune of about 6.25, though each found the others company' rather agreeable; evidently our oldest and youngest competitors found something in common in not wishing to plough too lonely furrows.

No.	Name.	Machine.	Shawbury.	Prees Heath.
1.	D. L. Ryalls	Bicycle	3.14	6.25
2.	W. Orrell	Tricycle	3.13	6.26
3.	E. T. and I. T. O'Leary	Tandem	2.32½	5.30
4.	J. R. Walton	Bicycle	2.54	6.16
5.	J. S. Jonas	"	2.47	5.39
6.	F. W. Smith	"	2.57½	5.14
7.	C. Randall	"	2.52	5.54
8.	G. Lockett	"	3.10	6.22
9.	G. A. Glover	"	2.39	5.37

To digress, we must report that the President introduced Tommy Royden to his numerous lady friends at The Castle, Wem, with the words: "You thought I was old, but what do you think of my father?"

On the second trip round the eternal triangle our heroic Editor made headway, but gallant Glover's tummy took toll of his pace. It was a most interesting tussle and fought to a finish by all. The tandem first showed up at Stamford Bridge, and its riders having started to grub, stopped the operation as they thought it a waste of time, and got away. Jonas dashed in and took a systematic feed, and then came Glover, followed at some distance by Randall, who took much needed massage and then tackled the last stretch, getting to the 19th milestone for the especial benefit of Kinder who said he never would. Coming back he had a little cross-talk with his finisher about the time to run, but his watch dropped off and left him helpless! As the writer was mixed up in the finishing business, all other stories must be embraced by the following final results:

	Actual.	H'cap.	
D. L. Ryalls	... 186 2 142	221 2 142	Std. B.
F. W. Smith	... 187 0 7	217 0 7	" B
J. S. Jonas	... 206 3 87	214 3 87	Greatest Distance. and Std. D
W. Orrell (Tri.)	... 183 6 65	213 6 65	Std. D
G. Lockett	... 188 3 48	213 3 48	" B
O'Leary's (Tan.)	... 203 2 188	213 2 188	" B
C. Randall	... 198 0 202	208 0 202	
J. R. Walton	... 182 5 157	207 5 157	" B
G. A. Glover	... 199 0 42	199 0 42	

Young Ryalls is to be heartily congratulated on laying hold of First Handicap prize—a magnificent result of his initial racing effort, after being a friend of the Club, through our President, for some years, and a member for five minutes! Frank Smith's effort is scarcely less notable, in securing Second Handicap, for this is his first distance ride in a short career of hurrying. Jonas will surely find the hat which was too big

before, will not go on at all now, after the dual performance of gaining Third Handicap and completing greatest distance: but apart from jest, there can hardly be an Anfielder who is not proud of him. Wilf Orrell's was a really great "come-back" trike effort, and Lockett's a very fine ride which was only just excluded from handicap with that of the O.L.'s tandem which piled over 16 miles on top of their previous effort, in spite of the fact that one of the crew was troubled with sickness and had nothing solid to eat during the whole ride. Randall would have well topped two hundred, but for cramp which caused considerable loss of time, while Walton always rode within himself—a sound policy—and will be heard of again anon. Glover saw it through very well but fell short of the star performance we might have had because of a bit of bother inside.

Some there are who think this "Twelve" should be known as "The Campers' and Bare Knees Twelve." The writer wended his way Christletonwards, with hot milk, towards midnight, and there, comfortably housed in small tents after taking hot baths and drinks in a neighbouring mansion, were Walton, Jonas and Ryalls, who had been tucked in by Chadwick, another hero-camper in Smith having departed for Devon. When every placed man and the greatest distance rider in a "Twelve" has camped the night before and after the event, surely the followers of the cult may justly raise their bowed heads. How many years must one scan before finding 100 % starters and finishers in a long distance event?—and still there are grumblers against the fighting and sporting instincts of this day and generation! Gentlemen, I ask you.

Helpers must accept the Captain's thanks *en bloc* as they are too many for enumeration.

Acton Bridge, 26th July, 1930.

There are occasions on which the desire to ride a bicycle is not so strong as it ought to be, and these occasions present themselves even to the most enthusiastic. And this is where the habit of attending runs regularly comes in and does its beneficent work. For the man who has acquired this habit, however disinclined he may feel to exert himself some dull Saturday afternoon, knows from previous experience that, once he has got through the first few miles, he will feel better and better as he goes on. This particular Saturday was one of those occasions for the present writer. A comfortable couch and the game of "shut-eye," played solo, seemed to be the thing the circumstances called for. But long habit was strong enough to overcome the circumstances and the good old wheel was trundled out. And lo and behold! the clouds broke and the sun shone, and everything in the garden was lovely! Except, of course, the wind, which was most persevering and persistent in pushing me back. But there was plenty of time and so long as you don't try to go quickly you can make progress of a sort against almost any wind. I potted along on my way, and was quite heartened when I overtook another member, who was obviously going more slowly than I. Then we potted along together, observing the state of the crops and discussing old riding companions. We were early at the rendezvous, but not so early as Bick and Thompson, who were full of their experiences on the Continent. The others kept rolling up until we had a goodly company. The riders in the "12," duly received congratulations, and conversation turned on the races still to come. We were all very pleased to hear of Charlie McKail's

success in Ireland and looked forward to even better performances now he is once more with us. Some stories of weird timing in a recent open event were told. It is not encouraging for a rider to be debited with a minute more than he has taken in a "50," and if all tales are true, there was more than one who had a well-founded complaint of this character in the particular event.

Plans were made for the August Bank Holiday week-end and we all hoped that in the various contests in which members of the Club would be engaged they would bring credit to it. My party and I left early and had a glorious ride home, assisted by the wind, now so friendly. Cook and Chandler made for Stone, and a number of the younger men to various spots to camp.

Birchfield "50," 27th July, 1930.

Orrell, McKail and Pitchford represented the Club in this event, but failed to get placed or carry off a team prize.

Orrell and Pitchford were both about two minutes slower than this year's previous best, and McKail had evidently not recovered from the Friday night's crossing (and possibly tossing) on the briny.

J. Bragg won with 2.11.

Glover, Long and Randall, on tour, were on the course and handed up drinks.

J. S. JONAS,

Editor.

ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

FORMED MARCH 1879

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

MONTHLY CIRCULAR.

Vol. XXVII.

No. 295.

FIXTURES FOR SEPTEMBER, 1930.

		Tea at 6-0 p.m.	Light up at
Sept.	6	Rufford (Fermor Arms)	8-53 p.m.
"	8	Committee Meeting, 7 p.m. (Victoria Hotel, St. John's Lane, L'pool)	
"	13	Northwich (Crown and Anchor)	8-35 p.m.
"	20	Third "50" Miles Handicap	8-19 p.m.*
"	27	Highwayside (Travellers Rest)	8- 2 p.m. ^u
Oct.	4	Halewood (Derby Arms)	7-44 p.m.

ALTERNATIVE FIXTURE FOR MANCHESTER MEMBERS :

		Tea at 5-30 p.m.	
Oct.	4	Holmes Chapel	7-44 p.m.
		Full Moon	8th inst.

The Hon. Treasurer's address is R. L. Knipe, 108 Moscow Drive, Stoneyeroff, 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 Martins Bank Ltd., for credit of the Anfield Bicycle Club, Tue Brook Branch.

4 THE LAUND,

WALLASEY, CHESHIRE.

COMMITTEE NOTES.

AUTUMNAL TINTS TOUR.—Llanarmon D.C. has again been chosen for the Tour. October 25/26 is the date. Members who wish to participate in the Tour should let me have their names as soon as possible. There are 28 Beds available and accommodation will be allotted in the order in which names are received. The charge for Dinner, Bed and Breakfast will be 8/-.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS.—Mr. W. J. Neason, 10 London Road, Baldock, Herts.; Mr. H. G. Buckley, 14 Eldertree Way, Mitcham, Surrey; Mr. W. C. Tierney, Liverpool Press Club, St. George's Building, Lime Street, Liverpool.

H. W. POWELL,

Hon. General Secretary.

RACING NOTES.

We conclude our Racing Programme with a "50," which will be open to Tandems, on 20th September. Those intending to compete are advised to post their entries to me not later than Saturday, 13th September, as I shall not be at the Club run on that date.

Members are reminded that we have several riding in the Palatine "50," on 7th September, and in the Manchester Wheelers' "12," on 13th September, and that assistance, particularly in the "12," will be welcomed.

W. H. KETTLE,

Capt. and Hon. Racing Sec.

TREASURY NOTES.

"The fewer men, the greater share of honour." In spite of the incidence of holiday expenditure six brave souls have paid their subscriptions during August, and the Hon. Treasurer thanks them.

J. D. Cranshaw.	T. Mandall.	F. A. Smith.
H. Ladds.	D. Smith.	U. Taylor.

ITEMS.

Under the caption "I meet the Owls," in the *Bath Road News*, appears an account of our Ivinghoe week-end from which we make the following flattering extracts:

"I was very surprised when I recently received a card from the Owls inviting me to meet and to spend the week-end with some of the Anfield Old Timers. I was also very elated at the prospect of joining such an exclusive body, and, feeling acutely conscious of the honour that was being done me, wrote off immediately and accepted. . . . and it was with somewhat mixed feelings that I sallied forth on the Saturday afternoon for Ivinghoe. Dinner, I understood, was to be served at 8-30 p.m., and with about half-an-hour to spare I duly arrived at the King's Head. Several of the party had already arrived, and I experienced much the same sort of feelings as a debutante must feel on being presented to the King when I was introduced to the man who is, perhaps, the greatest of all living road-men—Billy Cook. . . . One by one the party gradually grew and it must be said to the credit of these men, the majority of whom were over sixty and some over seventy, that they did, with three exceptions, arrive on bicycles. Cook had trundled down from Liverpool, and the rest had travelled almost as far, and the three who arrived by car only did so owing to insufficient time in which to make the journey from the North Country by bike. What an example for the languid youths who loiter about town, and waste their time and substance in picture houses and dance halls! And what a contrast to the self-styled 'sportsman' who, probably having never kicked a ball in his life, yet hurls abuse at a visiting football team; or your tennis 'rabbit' who, after a strenuous set with some over-large, elderly female, retires exhausted to his cups of tea and small talk. Fourteen sat down to the most excellent duck and peas provided. In addition to the five B.R. men already mentioned were six Anfielders—Billy Cook, 'Doc' Carlisle, Mercer, Morton, Rowatt and 'Pa' White—W. F. Ball and Capener of the Speedwell, and A. F. Spinko (unattached). Great justice was done to the meal, and it was at once a joy and a revelation to see the Veterans polish off their food. No dyspeptics among your Old Timers. Dinner finished a move was made for the open to walk off the effects. . . . Returning to the King's Head we were installed in the little room behind the bar; old times were recalled, future meetings planned, and I'm sure you would not have

found a merrier party throughout the land. Three hearty cheers greeted Mrs. Pickering when she joined the throng, and upon her standing a shout she was accorded musical honours—"For *she's* a jolly good fellow" (What a gracious business hotel-keeping can be; and how well does Mrs. Pickering understand it.) And so the evening wore on all too quickly, and one at a time the party dwindled until only three were left. . . . and then they too retired. . . . Promptly at 9 the next morning we all assembled for breakfast, after which the party broke up, and we all went our different ways."

* * * * *

When once a rot sets in you never know where it will stop. We did not mind the invasion of SHORTS when they were confined to youngsters like Wilf Orrell; but when a dignified old gentleman like Bert Green appeared in such apparel we had serious misgivings and now the worst has come to the worst and a post-card from Wayfarer (himself) touring in North Wales announces: "Riding in SHORTS. Great!"—we can only exclaim "Icha bod." The idea appears to be to ride with bare knees to keep you free and cool and to wear *thick* stockings to keep you warm. Bert Green has at least shown consistency by proving that *thin* stockings and shorts are not incompatible, and of course they have the advantage of cheapness as one can be fully dressed in cycling togs for about seven and sixpence! What a pity The Master's cycling days are so long over. Leading the Smart Set with Crow in the van he would stagger even Lord Bathing Towel! The sight of such reverend seignors as Fell and Knipe in the latest sartorial garb would probably bring tears to the eyes of the gods of Olympus, and shake the Club to its very foundations! Where Robbie leads the way, who can refuse to follow? Only Diehards like Arthur Simpson, Hubert Roskell and Brazendale can be expected to resist to the last ditch!

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The F.O.T.C. Dinner is fixed for Wednesday, December 3rd, and those interested should book the date in their diaries.

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We certainly thought the Wrynose and Hardknott passes would have proved irresistible to Robbie and the Great Authority and Advocate of constructing a Motor road through this sanctuary at present sacred to Hikers and Push-bikers! What a chance was missed of flaying the Walking Captains alive!

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We often hear of Bats in the Belfry, but Leslie Elston is telling a wonderful story of a Bat in his "Garage." Just ask him.

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The vague reports in the daily Press about the World's Amateur Cycling Championship state that G. B. Orrell had been upset into a ditch on some loose rubble, breaking a wheel rim, and this could not be replaced under the rules of the championship.

Southall punctured, and later had knee trouble, and retired.

An Italian won the 120 mile race in 7hr. 5min. 21sec.

* * * * *

Why has Carpenter ceased from 12 and 24 hours' scraps? That there is plenty of life in the old dog yet and what a gruelling he could give some of the youngsters, is proved by his riding from Hull to Glas-

gow on Saturday, August 2nd. Leaving Hull at 10-10 a.m. he rode through York, Scotch Corner, Bowes and Appleby to Carlisle, reaching there in 12 hours, notwithstanding three thunderstorms and sundry deluges. Finding his usual Hotel full, he replenished his larder and carried on through the night and reached Glasgow at 7-38 a.m. Sunday, a little matter of about 250 miles in 21½ hours!

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There is no doubt that the performances of G. B. Orrell make a peculiar appeal to the imagination. Two years ago his putting the Club into the limelight by running second to the Great Southall in our "100" and beating 5 hours, made such an irresistible appeal to the rank and file of our members that they made Orrell a presentation of a gold watch, with a lively sense of gratitude for favours still to come. This year his securing the Fastest Time Prize for the Club after a lapse of 35 years has had a sequel in the following letter from R. A. Fulton which explains itself. Addressing the Presider as "My dear Billy," Fulton writes: "I have just returned from an extensive trip to the Pacific Coast. . . . In the last *Circular* I rejoiced to read of Orrell's magnificent ride in the Invitation '100,' on June 9th last. He is to be heartily congratulated and it does my heart good to think of the old Anfield once more through Orrell's wonderful ride regaining the fastest time in the old classic. To one of the old members some 3,000 miles away, his ride has given quite a thrill and I only wish I could have been at the finish or somewhere on the course to express my delight. To commemorate the return of Fastest Time to the Anfield I am enclosing herewith a draft payable to you for the amount of six guineas, which I ask you to use in a manner you think would be most appropriate. I am awfully pleased to leave it to your discretion and I know you will not mind taking care of the matter for me, but feeling as I do in regard to the old Club and being not only absent so long but so far away, I want them to know that I still look back on the good old days with a great deal of pleasure and that any success to the Club gives me quite a thrill." Consequently Orrell is now busy with the aid of his good lady in deciding what form this Special Prize shall take—probably a silver flower vase suitably inscribed—and we know it will be highly valued and appreciated. There never has been any doubt as to Fulton's loyalty and regard for the Club which neither Time nor Distance can diminish, while his generosity has always been proverbial. It is men like Fulton that have made the Club what it is.

The last meet of the season of the A.B.C. Camping Section will be held at Llanarmon D.C. on the occasion of the Autumnal Tinted Tour to the West Arms by the unconverted and untouchables.

The Camp site adjoins the hotel, and it is hoped by the Camping Section Committee that a large number of members will take this last opportunity this year of qualifying for their "C" Certificates.

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Although we had no one riding in the Bath Road "100," several members were on the course, including three of our exiles in London. Percy Beardwood, complete with large rosette, was acting as Judge, and Morton, Hubert Buckley and Rex Austin were spectators.

Two New Road Records.

Reprint from *Irish Cyclist and Motor Cyclist*, 6th August, 1930.
J. J. Masterson and W. J. Finn Make New Bicycle and Tricycle Records, Respectively, at Twenty-four Hours.—Four Men Beat the Old All-day Figures.

"Although only five of the thirteen starters in the twenty-four hours time trial of the Southern Centre of the Irish Road Club rode out the full time, the competition was one of the most notable events that has been held under the auspices of the club for many years. By covering the greatest distance, J. J. Masterson won the Finn Trophy with the excellent mileage of 362 miles, beating the five-year-old record of J. J. Sweeney by approximately 26 miles. M. J. Troy was second with nine miles less. W. J. Finn, on a three-wheeler, ran into third place with a mileage of 345½, beating the all-day tricycle record of 283 miles which E. Hattimore made in the year before the outbreak of war, and also exceeding the old single record by 9½ miles. The old record was also beaten by J. Murphy, with a mileage of 344, while the fifth finisher, D. Lundstrum, did 315 miles, winning a silver standard. The others win gold standards. All five riders are members of the club.

"FINN'S FINE RIDE.—Most people will regard Finn's performance, in getting within 16½ miles of Masterson, as the most outstanding feature of the trial, and it is an opinion with which we are inclined to agree. It is difficult to assess the relative advantages of a tricycle and a bicycle as a mount for a twenty-four hours ride, but few will be inclined to say the three-wheeler is not more than two-thirds of a mile slower. Had Finn been meeting Masterson on even terms his ride might be justly described as a fine one. On a tricycle it is a performance that can only be paralleled by Bidlake's ride in running second to Shorland in a North Road 'twenty-four' of the early 'nineties.

"With a nice restraint which one would expect from one of his experience of long distance riding, Finn paid little attention to his position in relation to the other competitors during the first part of the trial, but in the second half of the twenty-four hours he gradually crept up to the leaders. The same observations may be applied to Troy, who may be complimented on beating the old record by a margin of 17 miles.

"It was a day of great rides, and the occasion was worthy of the old club, which this year celebrates its fortieth anniversary."

IN MEMORIAM.

It is with profound regret that we have to announce the tragic death of ARTHUR WILLIAM SKINNER, who passed away suddenly in the Northern Hospital, on August 30th, after a seizure the previous day, and was interred at St. Luke's, Crosby, on September 2nd.

Arthur Skinner joined the Club in 1923, and although not a current day cyclist speedily became a real Anfielder, beloved by all of us. Being a Commercial Traveller away a great deal he was not able to be a regular run attender, but he was always with us at our holiday fixtures like Bettws-y-Coed and Shrewsbury, and seldom missed a Halewood fixture, while he was always ready to place his car at the Club's disposal for races whenever possible, and his interest in and knowledge of the Club was of the keenest. Possessed with a beautiful and lovable character, his loss to us is severe, and our deepest sympathies are extended to his daughter and other relatives in their sad hour of bereavement.

Among the Skeletons at the Feast.

The Centenary of linking up by rail the rival Cities of Liverpool and Manchester is due for celebration this coming month and articles are appearing in the Press on the claims of other Links beside those of the Railways. To enable many more to join in the celebrations, much ancient history is being re-hashed.

Thus far they have not yet dug up the traffic that was in the hands of the Irwell and Mersey Boatmen, but the Bridgwater Canal Men are in the swim and the Duke's followers are getting ready to explain why it took them as long to deliver bales of cotton from Liverpool into Manchester as it had taken to get them to Liverpool from Overseas.

His Barge-men will boast of replacing the Packhorses, and will sit *vis a vis*—the long Whips represented by the sons of Pickford's Carriers and Bass' Carters—both late of Stafford. Others will unearth the skeletons that will sit for the Good Old Coaching Days, while the Ship Canal will tell a tale about that cheap transport which in the late 80's "made the London and North-Western sit a braying like a mule, when they heard of the death of poor Liverpool," a song that set the Liverpool Gentlemen at the throats of the Manchester Men of the period.

Thus even then misunderstandings were known in the Tales of the Two Cities.

But where will the Anfield sit at the Feast?

Already well ahead of the Canal, cyclists from both towns were forging another Link upon their chains whereby they wheeled daily from "pool" to "chester." The Anfield was already casting its mantle over cyclists in Manchester and making the Club a shelter for Riders from both towns. Many of these Pioneers are not yet dead, and their bones are not found among the skeletons. They ought to have a place at the Feast among the Live-Wires and the Quick.

The Bridgwater Canal had beaten the Packhorse by using Locks to overcome the hills. The Railways beat the Canals by getting up Steam. The Cyclists got up the hills by the frequent use of Inns, which they found derelict, but prepared to become the hotel of the Motorist. It all meant much liquid passing through the sluices. To this day we cyclists honour the Tank.

The Anfield should not miss the chance of voicing joy in these celebrations. We possess an excellent dining team. Is not the time ripe for Liverpool and Manchester Members to feel each other's pulse, diagnose each other's case and prescribe for each other's stomach.

Dormant intimacy must be rekindled. Shall I not take my brother Anfielder from Liverpool to my bosom and stand him "one"? And if not, why not? I am ready to own to the error of my ways because he wants to do the same. Shall he not come down and let me in? Yes, I think so.

If all the seats are booked up at St. George's Hall or the Free Trade Hall, are there not the roadside Inns that helped us to overcome Acden Brow and Bold Bridge? No need for us to sip from the cup of sorrow for we slew no Huskisson at Sankey Chapel.

I have just returned from a Pilgrimage to the "Entry" in a main street somewhere in Anfield where our Pioneers "stalled their Machines" against a wall before mounting the rickety step. It is difficult to imagine our "Daves" mustering there. Were we to gather there now the Police would move us on.

Is there not Cause for a great Fraternizing Feast where Prodigals or Wanderers such as I can eat of the Fatted Calf to honour the day when the A.B.C. made a Bi-Cycle Club into a Bi-City Bond?

An Anfield Farewell.

On August 1st, Harry M. Buck, No. 166, who soon after joining in 1899 was Secretary for one year, sailed on the S.S. *Andania* from Liverpool for Vancouver with the avowed intention of trying to make a home in that far distant land, usually described as B.C.

When his plan became known, shortly before the date of his departure, his many old Anfield friends recalling their long and pleasant association put their heads together and as an earnest of their sincere wishes for his comfort, health and prosperity, filled a stout Wallet for his inside pocket with the currency of the Far West. Considerable generosity showed once more the old Anfield spirit of standing by a pal.

Thus heartened, Harry bade farewell to several who, not being out on Club tours, came to see him off, including Charley Conway who had so often focussed his camera on those solid features, while Winstanley fearing that the ship was a dry bottom bound for a dry land brought a flask of liquor. This proved superfluous, as the Steerage carries a bar that acts as Village Pub, so that the flask was handled by the Visitors. Later reports tell us that by Tuesday, Harry had risen to Sports Umpire of the Steerage Deck, Commodore of the aforesaid bar, Camera man of the Ladies' swimming pond and paternal fogey to the Scots' Athletes en route for the Ontario Games, who adopted him on the strength of his Balmoral Cap—the only one on board—while at bedtime he was in demand to assist the ladies in making Blanket Beds. Thus the Old Anfield spirit to the end.

His career: Before joining us Buck had ridden the G.O.O. During early Club years his cycling activities were many: Steersman of a Tandem Record Pair with Pritchard, and Front Rider on a Touring Tandem with Venables, but after a spell as Simple Tourist on his well-remembered Roadster Triumph, conviction grew on Buck that cycling and he must part. This decision was hastened by his accident at Doctor's Gate in company with Craig of Cheadle, during a notorious week-end over the Snake. At this dangerous bend Doctors are often asked for but seldom answer the call.

From that moment Buck, in company with George Winstanley, became our foremost foot-tourist, easily distinguished by the famous Rucksack. This same rucksack was conspicuous among his luggage for Vancouver. As recently as last Easter these two men were seen on mountain ridges and the Christmas report spoke of them being seen on the high road in friendly touch with motor coaches. Not content with sweeping the country he devoted his leisure these last twenty years to the social welfare of his fellow members of the Wallasey Warren Club that have included at all times many Anfielders. The outlay of the grounds, the excellence of the bowling turf or the contour of the billiard balls, nothing escaped his ever watchful eye and care.

A great feature of Buck's tours has always been that when in danger of losing his way his familiarity with the compass would enable him to steer by the sun. This may stand him in good stead in the future.

He will be greatly missed in the land of his birth. May the land of his adoption appreciate his talents.

The following wireless letter from the Cunarder *Andania* was received and read at the Committee meeting, August 9th :

" President Cook, Anfield Bicycle Club, Castle Street, Liverpool. Feeling fine. Thanks and best wishes to all.—Harry Buck."

August Tour.—Coniston, 2nd/4th August, 1930.

Mr. and Mrs. Edwards constituted the vanguard by motoring up to Coniston on the Friday. On the same evening after having tea at the "Golden Lion," Cook and Royden set off for Preston and duly arrived at the Bull and Royal to find Dave Rowatt had already arrived by train. Chandler followed soon afterwards and after partaking of supper, a rather dry evening was spent which induced the two grand-dads to retire at the early hour of 11. Next morning it was found that Tommy had lain awake all night listening to the clocks striking, the melody of which he loudly praised. The party then started at 9-50 with a following wind and it must have been a fine and interesting sight for the passers by to see the two very old gentlemen leading the van at a pace which would have done credit to those of tenderer years. A stop was made for the purpose of taking on liquid fuel at Milnthorpe, after which a slight shower at Heversham and an exceedingly heavy one at Lindale were encountered, the latter necessitating the donning of capes. On ascending the hill into Grange, Grandad the Younger, in showing the local beauties the strength of his legs, pushed the off side crank on to the road. After the old gentleman had scoured the village in some confusion in an abortive attempt to find the elusive cycle shop, lunch was partaken of at the Crown (2/6). In the meantime the unfortunate one loudly cursed his companions for not having ready a loop hole through which he could escape the effects of the maelstrom in which he found himself, a rather tall order, seeing that his experiences of broken cranks are seemingly more diversified than those of anyone else. However, a taxi was ordered and he was packed into this with the wretched bicycle on top of him, and all sail set for Kendal where no small amount of Pelmanism he did employ in obtaining the necessary replacement. Grandad the Elder and the remaining member then got on with the afternoon's ride which included a most interesting visit to Cartmel Priory. It was here they were joined by Ryalls who had left Liverpool at 9 a.m., *via* Milnthorpe for lunch. An examination of this ancient building in the Trans. Norman style was then proceeded with, and although Tommy fell asleep in one of the pews during the lecture, Ryalls was very much interested and showed signs of rapidly graduating for the Club diploma in Archaeology and Architecture and of ultimately taking his degree with honours. After a two hours' study, Tommy was roused and the whole cavalcade proceeded *via* Cark and along the Moss to Haverthwaite, where tea was taken. Tommy, whose animal capacity for work increases with age, wanted merely to have tea only, but the others would not hear of it. The journey was then continued direct to Spark Bridge and up the East side of the river past Lowick and the same side of the Lake *via* Brantwood (Ruskin's residence). The Sun Hotel being reached in time for dinner. Here it was found that the younger Grandad had been able to effect a replacement and had proceeded *via* Ambleside. Dave Rowatt had arrived per rail to Windermere and thence by bus, and Tommy Mandall per car with his wife and kiddie had put up at the Black Bull. On the morrow the four cyclists tackled the Wrynose Pass and had sundry unmentionable diversions at the Three Shire Stone and Wrynose Bottom, which so excited the younger Grandad that he had no small difficulty in re-loading his camera in order that a very special photograph could be taken, in

fact he found his fingers so plump that he had to accept the assistance of a fair maiden to get the new film in the bally thing. Water-splashes were numerous on the descent and while some got stuck half way through, and others were too nervous to cross the stepping stones, the Elder Grandad showed a bold front and brave example to his youthful companions by shouldering his bicycle, refusing all helping hands and crossing the slippery rocks at immediate risk of being swallowed up in the awful torrents raging beneath him. After safety was reached (in more ways than one), an ascent was made over the Hardknott Pass and down the valley to the Woolpack at Boot. While the descent of the Wrynose was moderately safe, that of the Hardknott was decidedly risky and only the inexperienced Dick Ryalls essayed to ride down it. The lunch at Boot was excellent and the whole party adorned by the two ladies who had motored round with their lesser halves by Bootle, enjoyed it to the full, Tommy lad keeping the party in roars of laughter with his loquacity. The return journey was made by all parties over Ulpha Fell, the motor party proceeding down Eskdale to Forge House, whilst the cyclists took the corner off from Boot. From the top of Ulpha Fell a very fine panoramic view of the Scafell group, and Bowfell with its attendant peaks was obtained, cameras being in requisition. The drop to Ulpha Village is very tricky, being steep and winding, from thence the road is hilly to outside Broughton, where tea was taken, and we have to thank Mrs. Edwards for her patience in slaking the thirsts of the overheated ones, while she entirely neglected her own requirements. The journey was then continued via Torrer and Coniston reached in good time for dinner. We should have mentioned the view from above Fell Foot farm at the bottom of the Wrynose, of Pike of Stickle, Harrison Stickle, and Pavey Ark, which showed out very distinctly in the clear atmosphere. After dinner the lounge was almost exclusively occupied by the party, and as on the previous evening, a very enjoyable time was spent, contributed to in no small manner by the Elder Grandad who told us the old yarns of happenings before we were born and which in the absence of any evidence to the contrary had to be accepted as of unimpeachable authority. The snoring party consisting of the two Grandads were again the last to retire, the others moving off earlier in order to get fast asleep before the music started. Poor Dick Ryalls who had been relegated to spend company with the band had been advised to cotton wool his ears and wear a nightcap, but he appears to have withstood the terrible din without flinching, and reported to be very well, thank you! each morning, although Dave Rowatt, the lightsleeper, and ourselves could distinctly hear the unmistakable sounds in the near distance. The Monday morning was —like most August Bank Holidays—thoroughly wet, and after saying good-bye to our kindly host and hostess and expressing our appreciation of the comforts of the place, we left Teddy and his wife in sole possession, and at 9 a.m. proceeded via Hawkshead in a deluge to Newby Bridge via West side Esthwaite Water then on to Milnthorpe for liquid fuel and Lancaster for lunch at the hotel appointed. The rain then ceased and only about 8 of the 21 miles to Preston were done on the main road, the Condergreen alternative proving of good value, whilst at the other end we turned off as usual at the Black Bull. A stop for afternoon tea was made at the Black Horse at Much Hoole, where Mandall and his car joined us. At Rufford we found Cody and Stephenson for tea proper, and the journey from thence brought a most enjoyable tour to a close. We understand that Koenen and Winstanley stayed at Newby Bridge on the Saturday night and regret that they didn't give us the pleasure of their company at Coniston. Dave Rowatt went home by rail via Barrow.

Speedwell "100," 4th August, 1930.

In this event, G. B. Orrell again proved his superiority by putting up Fastest Time with the magnificent ride of 4hrs. 47mins. 39secs. But he had by no means a walk over, as C. Holland (M.C. & A.C.), with an allowance of 12 mins. ran him very close for Fastest Time. Holland's fine ride of 4hrs. 48mins. 1sec. made him an easy winner of the Handicap and 2nd Fastest. Holland started after Orrell and was no doubt kept posted as to what he was doing. It was only during the concluding stages of the race that our helpers were aware that the margin between the two was so little, but there was no opportunity of informing Orrell until 4 miles to go!

J. Pitchford (14mins.) was fifth Fastest with the fine ride of 4hrs. 57mins. 46secs., an improvement of 2mins. 12secs. upon his time in the Grosvenor "100." G. A. Glover completed the Team with the fine ride of 5hrs. 4mins. 4secs., which made him eleventh Fastest and showed an improvement of 35 secs. upon his Grosvenor "100" time. The three rides gave us the 1st Team Prize, beating the M.C. & A.C. by nearly 22 mins, while the Speedwell were 3rd.

The Second Handicap went to J. Wise (30mins.), Leamington C.C., with 5hrs. 8mins. 16secs., and the Third Handicap to H. Clode (33mins.), Cardiff, 100 miles C.C., with 5hrs. 12mins. 33secs.

Our other representatives to finish were C. H. McKail, with 5hrs. 16mins. 45secs. (with a puncture) and J. S. Jonas, who was unable to get going, did 5hrs. 45mins. 36secs.

The Skipper and H. Green provided transport for the riders and scattered round the course were A. Davies, J. Kinder, J. Long, C. Randall, G. E. Pugh and his brother.

Chester, 9th August, 1930.

This particular day was gloriously fine and anyone who took advantage of it was amply rewarded. I will not enlarge on the ride out, but will merely state that I was guided by unaccustomed ways to Chester by two companions, who timed the journey to a nicety and just a few minutes before tea.

After a wash and brush up I followed the crowd and found the tea.

This was my first run this year (so Powell told me and I am given to understand that he simply lives for his run sheets) and it was a real pleasure to mingle once again with such congenial company. One thing that took my eye was the way in which the "Old Gent" and the Captain graced either end of the long table. It was very effective and if not a usual thing is one which could perhaps be made more frequent. I managed to get a seat next to Ryalls, but as he is now one of the big heads it was too much to expect him to remember or notice me. His success however does not seem to have turned his head in the slightest and he was most attentive to my wants. It may of course have been a case of *noblesse oblige*.

I was too tired to take much interest in the surrounding conversation, but somehow I absorbed the impression that Knipe, finding records too strenuous has devoted his time to trick cycling. I gathered that he had been riding with one foot through his frame or something—was it riding backwards? At anyrate Lucas endeavoured to out-do him and ride at full arm stretch on his bars, but something came unstuck and he got entangled in his brake cable. As it took them five hours to do twenty miles, you can see it wasn't just plain cycling, but surely they

realise at their age that the present day roads are no place to indulge their tastes for fancy riding. Couldn't someone pass a vote of censure on them ?

Zambuck was also very nice to me and chatted about this and that, recalling old times and dipping into the present and the future. I was like Charity, " thinking no evil," and like the foolish virgin got it in the neck, for the black-hearted knave lured me into staying out all night at Acton, on the 22nd.

One thing I found at this run is that I am no fool, as only a fool learns by experience, and when Jonas came right round the table to speak to me I was pleased that he should single me out from the crowd. He also was very nice and after a few kind enquiries I heard him murmur, " Elston will give you the numbers. Not less than 40 lines remember." He then made off fast enough to beat the " 50 " record, as if he had sold me a gold brick or Liverpool Docks.

There was a commotion near the door and in walked Ann Rawlinson in a charming creation. It transpired that he had been resting down-strairs after a strenuous ride from Knutsford. I am still in doubt as to whether his blazer is to warn him when not to look on the wine, to obviate a reflector, or to show the colour he intended making the town.

Tearing my eyes from him I suddenly found Leslie sitting opposite and asking plaintively " What's 36 2/8's." After working it out on paper and getting it double checked he found he had only 35 of them, and saw red. I don't know if he got the other one, but sometime later I heard Johnny Band whispering in a treacherly voice thick with smug self satisfaction that as yet he had not paid. If Elston found him, I expect he is now saying " I have paid but—."

I next encountered Bert Green *en petit blockers*, but he assured me that they were made like that and had not shrunk. He also tried to sell me a pair and hinted that he had created a corner in shorts. So do the capitalists batten on the misfortunes of the poor.

One great change I noticed about the Club is that there is no steady medium as there used to be : excepting for a few old dichards like Cook.

There are now only he-men and dilettantes. I saw at least four cigarette holders and innumerable clean collars, but how Horrocks would have gloated at the sartorial taste displayed. On the other hand some of the members seem to have fallen to the lowest depths. Shorts and *decollete* shirts were by no means rare and make one writhe. The majority of those in *deshabille* however seemed to be the fast crowd. Is there any connection between shorts and speed or is it mere affectation ?

Are we to take no notice of the spirit which is entering the Club ?

Now is the time to grasp the nettle by the throat before it is out of the bag and, bursting into flame sweeps us like a torrent to destruction.

I can see that my feelings are getting out of hand, so will calm down and finish the write up in a few well-chosen sentences.

After tea I got entangled with the racing men and heard all sorts of reasons why so and so did such and such and what's his name did the other, that Kettle was trying to get someone to go somewhere in his car sometime soon but when I tried to get in too they turned and rent me. Walton was very uneasy about having to do 30 miles in 2.45, but

G.B. and Mac decided to go and pace him. Just as they were going out of the door, I noticed Knipe sauntering towards me, and, thinking he might be going to chat of this and that and after rendering "Wee Cotter Hoose," hypnotise me into paying my sub * and/or I waved to him and dashed downstairs into the yard. He gave a roar of baffled fury and hurtled after me but tripped over a mat and I escaped unscathed.

Fear lent wings to my feet and strength to my legs so that I did it all over Orrell—well nearly—until he turned down a side lane.

So ended for me a very pleasant reunion, marred only by Knipe's grasping talons. If the Hon. Treasurer will apply through the usual channels and use a red slip I will see if I can collect enough pennies by the end of the year.

Mouldsworth, 16th August, 1930.

Mouldsworth was a very suitable destination for a day such as this proved to be and over thirty members were tempted out and gathered at the Station Hotel for tea.

Brilliant sunshine flooded the great Cheshire Plain (*sic*) as we rode along, and the pace was accordingly slow.

The tea table was graced by the presence of an exile, in the person of our Mr. Morton, who, with his old cronies, Tommy Mandall, and Urban Taylor, had been celebrating the reunion, and Bert seemed to have an idea that teas on Club runs were free, and blankly refused to pay Jimmy Long. In the end, to avoid a promising looking scrap, Tommy Mandall paid up, so Jimmy was spared for yet another day.

The "Big Boy" was also out, and looked exceptionally fit and well, and seemed to be quite ready for the World's Championship.

As usual, one or two early birds left soon after tea, while others played bowls before starting the homeward journey.

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Invitation 24 Hours Road Ride, 22/23 August, 1930.

The entries for this event showed a further decline, only eleven names appearing on the card, as compared with 17 last year. Norman Higham was the timekeeper and ten of the eleven entrants started without incident; Fred Hancock of the Manchester Grosvenor Wheelers and holder of the R.R.A. 24 hour Tricycle Record, being the only non-starter. There had been some rain before the start, and the roads were wet, but the weather remained fine but cold throughout the night.

When the riders reached Chester for the first time, after taking the Frodsham and Acton extensions, Charlie Randall of "Ours" was fastest for the 53½ miles, having taken 2.57. He was followed by McQueen (Cheshire Roads Club) 3.3½, Power (Cheshire Roads Club, and last year's winner) 3.5, and Melia (Mersey Roads Club) 3.8. Durrans (Yorkshire R.C.) and Lee (Horwich R.C.) were already considerably in arrears, they having missed the turn at Tarvin, and had very nearly reached Kelsall before they discovered their mistake. The trip to Gayton was now taken followed by two circuits of the Queensferry triangle, and

left Randall still in the lead, his time for the 115 $\frac{3}{8}$ miles being 6.43 $\frac{1}{2}$. Melia had advanced to second place in 6.51, with McQueen (6.53) third and Power (7.8) fourth. U. Taylor of "Ours," Durrans and Lee did not take the second trip round the Queensferry triangle. On the detour to Marford W. Orrell of "Ours" had the hard luck to fall, and his injuries, whilst not of a serious nature, were such as to cause him to retire at Chester. The men left Chester for the last time with the leaders unchanged, the times being (130 $\frac{1}{2}$ miles)—Randall 7.37; Melia 7.44; McQueen (7.49); Power (8.7); Heath "Ours" (8.7 $\frac{1}{2}$); Littlemore of the Mersey Roads Club (8.23); U. Taylor (7.47); Durrans (8.4 $\frac{1}{2}$) and Lee (8.21 $\frac{1}{2}$) had of course missed out 19 miles of the course.

Rain now began to fall, and the cold became intense, and between Chester and Chetwynd several of the men had had enough. Lee was the first to go, he suffered severely from cold and was put to bed at the Raven. McQueen got to Chetwynd but retired there. Urban Taylor reached Hodnet but he also found the cold too much for him, and gave up the struggle. Power left Hodnet for Shawbirch but had tyre trouble near Crudgington. His hands were too cold for him to undo his valve locking nut, and by the time Hubert Roskell came to the rescue he had wasted much time. He returned to Hodnet and retired. This succession of retirements left only five men riding and the approximate half-time distances were Melia 194 $\frac{1}{2}$, Randall 189, Heath 184, Littlemore 180.

The check at Battlefield corner (217 $\frac{3}{8}$ miles) showed Melia as an almost certain winner for his time (13.19 $\frac{1}{2}$) was nearly an hour better than Randall (14.17 $\frac{1}{2}$), Heath (14.18), and Littlemore (14.36). Randall was still suffering severely from cold and sickness and finally retired at Shawbury (262 miles). Meanwhile Heath had lost a great deal of time at the Raven, where he suffered two punctures, and also trouble with his brake. As a result he lost 2nd place to Littlemore and at the Raven (281 miles) times showed Melia still increasing his lead in 17.21, Littlemore took 19.3, and Heath 19.21.

At Toft (322 $\frac{1}{2}$) Melia held a commanding lead, despite a puncture in Sandbach. His time here was 20.11 $\frac{1}{2}$, Littlemore taking 21.54 and Heath 22.5. Heath was making a great effort, and gained four minutes in the next twenty miles, but Littlemore was riding confidently and well, and the arrears were too much for Heath to make up. Melia reached Toft for the last time (378 miles) with 9 minutes to go and was heartily cheered by the small crowd of helpers and friends. He ran out time with the magnificent total of 380 $\frac{1}{2}$ miles, and beat the N.R.R.A. Record by 6 miles. Littlemore covered 356 $\frac{1}{2}$ miles and Heath 354, whilst Durrans finished fit and well, doing 333 miles for medal purposes.

24 HOUR JOTTINGS :

The entry undoubtedly suffered from the change of date which brought the event a week after the Liverpool T.T.A. "12" and a day before the Leicester R.C. "12." Even allowing for this, the entry was by no means satisfactory, and before next year it will be well to consider a return to a July date and the fixing of a minimum entry. A race with only three men going for most of the second half is fair neither to the riders nor to the helpers.

Melia's ride would probably have been even better had there been someone to push him in the later stages. His ride was a magnificent

achievement and must rank with the best "24" rides ever done in the North. Our hearty congratulations go to the Mersey R.C. for their success in placing first and second men, with only two entries.

Heath improved as he rode, and his tyre trouble was unfortunate and certainly cost him second place. Randall had hard luck in suffering from cold and sickness when undoubtedly very fit. W. Orrell was as fast as Littlemore when he fell and would have done well, whilst Urban Taylor was doing a good standard ride when the cold got him down.

Many of our members put in a strenuous 24 hours. Norman Higham returned from holiday to time the event after Harry Poole had found that he could not keep his engagement; whilst Jimmy Long, who worked in Chester all night and rode to Hodnet, very sportingly stepped into a breach and took the Battlefield check, afterwards helping at the Raven and the finish. The arrangements for the race, made jointly by the Skipper and Zambuck were well up to the usual standard.

We were pleased to see Morton during a brief holiday, Mark Haslam and his wife on a tandem, Mullah and family also on a tandem, and many others too numerous to mention. It is evidently too much to hope that members who act as followers will return finishing cards immediately. Heath's finishing card did not come to hand until Sunday morning, and much inconvenience was caused to the officials.

Young Lee showed more pluck than discretion, his longest ride in competition previous to the "24," being at 25 miles.

Daresbury, 30th August, 1930.

The necessity of recovering Taylor's bicycle from the Garden of Eden, where it had been flung in disgust after the "24," compelled us to make our outward journey via Arclid. Mrs. Eden, the cheerful hostess of the "Rose and Crown," after producing the steed in question, ministered to our more urgent wants, and only the exigencies of time and distance dislodged us.

The afternoon was cool and pleasant, and we arrived at the "Ring O' Bells" to find a good number of members already in occupation, including an exile, Hubert Buckley, up here on a business visit. Tea was soon disposed of (several people said so) and departures were made for varying destinations.

All had left when we entered the billiard room for our customary game. Pipes, cigars, and cigarettes were lit, and we settled down for a pleasant hour or so. A blue haze soon filled the room, the glasses flushed amber with disconcerting frequency, and the ownership of the Manchester Town Hall remained undecided in a close fought contest, until with masterly strokes Taylor won the game, and retained the building for the City.

A last minute dash to Warrington and so home, brought the day to a close.

J. S. JONAS,
Editor.

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ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

FORMED MARCH 1879

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

MONTHLY CIRCULAR.

Vol. XXVII.

No. 296.

FIXTURES FOR OCTOBER, 1930.

Tea at 6-0 p.m.

		Light up at
Oct. 4	Halewood (Derby Arms)	7-44 p.m.
„ 11	Mouldsworth (Station Hotel)	5-57 p.m.
„ 13	Committee Meeting, 7 p.m. (Victoria Hotel, St. John's Lane, L'pool).	
„ 18	Northop, (Red Lion)	5-41 p.m.
„ 25	Northwich (Crown and Anchor)	5-26 p.m.
„ 25/26	Autumnal Tints Tour—Llanarmon D.C. (West Arms)	5-26 p.m.
Nov. 1	Halewood (Derby Arms)	5-10 p.m.

ALTERNATIVE FIXTURES FOR MANCHESTER MEMBERS.

Tea at 5-30 p.m.

Oct. 4	Holmes Chapel (Swan)	7-44 p.m.
„ 18	Goostrey (Red Lion)	5-41 p.m.
Nov. 1	Arcld (Rose and Crown)	5-10 p.m.

Full Moon ... 7th inst.

Summer Time ends 5th 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 Martins Bank Ltd., for credit of the Anfield Bicycle Club, Tue Brook Branch.

4 THE LAUND,

WALLASEY, CHESHIRE.

COMMITTEE NOTES.

A resolution recording the deep regret of the Club and sympathy with the relatives of the late Mr. A. W. Skinner and the late Mr. C. H. McKail was passed.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS.—Mr. A. G. White, 13 Russell Square, London, W.C.1; Mr. N. S. Heath, Oakland, Highley, Kidderminster.

AUTUMNAL TINTS TOUR—There are still some beds available; members who intend to participate in the Tour and who have not already notified me are requested to do so at once.

APPLICATION FOR MEMBERSHIP.—Mr. F. B. Dutton-Walker, 11 Argyle Road, Blackpool, proposed by Mr. W. H. Kettle and seconded by myself.

H. W. POWELL,

Hon. General Secretary.

TREASURY NOTES.

Those members who have refused to listen to the voice of the charmer, charm he never so wisely, will now get what they are asking for: the little Red Slip. Let us hope that it will produce the desired effect.

"We are Six."

The Treasurer desires to thank the following members who have paid their subscriptions during September:

H. G. Buckley.	Jno. Leece.	G. E. Pugh.
E. M. Haslam.	W. R. Oppenheimer.	G. Stephenson.

ITEMS.

At the interment of A. W. Skinner the Club was represented by D. R. Fell, A. T. Simpson (and brother Walter), J. H. Williams, F. Chandler, R. Barton and W. P. Cook. Hubert Roskell was unfortunately away on business and only able to be present by deputy.

* * * * *

We regret to hear that W. J. Finn, who has been putting up such topping rides in Ireland this year, culminating with the Irish "100" record (5.5.30), has cut the calf of his leg through a fall over a brick in the dark and been confined to the house for a while, and therefore not likely to be able to race again this season.

* * * * *

At the Twenty-four we were delighted to see our youngest member Dudley Turnor not only proving an efficient helper at Byley, but pushing his father on a tandem on such a vile day—and we had been told on the best authority that he was not and could not be a *cyclist*!

* * * * *

Road racing manifests itself in many varieties, but we think the Abernethy is easily purloined by an event organised in California under the aegis of a *Motor* Company and described as "the great Pre-Olympic Bicycle Road Race." The distance was 128 miles, and the winner "will be acclaimed throughout the world of sports." As the race was for Amateurs only, some of the conditions are rather humorous. Two caliper brakes and a free wheel or coaster hub were insisted on, and no gear over 74 allowed. No change of machine was permitted, and pockets for food "in sweaters" were compulsory! The only regulation that appeals to us is the one that calls for the sweaters being "clean" and with "extra long body, so back does not become uncovered." After all this the Rule that "all contestants must be in perfect physical condition" seems rather superfluous! The entry form contained a binding agreement to waive any claim for injury sustained by the rider "or his equipment" by reason of any accident occurring during or subsequent to the progress of said race, "against the promoters, officials or helpers, and "all riders who sign entry forms are obliged to start under penalty of suspension," but no definition of an Amateur was given and no declaration of Amateur status required.

* * * * *

Quite appropriately, when Wayfarer went to Bath on September 27th to deliver one of his lectures, a visit was paid to the old Roman Baths and it was announced that "there will be mixed bathing at the New Bath, followed by tea with Wayfarer." We hope that none of the fair ladies jibbed at taking tea after seeing Robbie in the gorgeous jazz bathing costume we understand he specially purchased for the occasion at considerable expense.

We have found someone else who reads the *Circular*. C. P. Gregory, of the North Road, writing on board the s.s. *Malwa*, near Colombo, to our Secretary, says "As circumstances have removed me rather far from the cycling world, I feel that perhaps I ought not to encroach on your kindness further by taking your Gazette month by month. I have always had a really warm corner for the Anfield and its *Circular*, and I would like to thank you and your committee very much for sending me the paper for the last year or so. It has been a joy to read." . . . and a postscript says: "In the Red Sea the A.B.C. (C. & B. K. Sec.) would have come into its own. Even I have ripped the lower halves off the legs of my breeks."

* * * * *

After helping with the feeding at Stamford Bridge in the Wheelers' "12," Kettle went back to Chester to pick up Chandler and both went on to Bettws in the Skipper's car.

It is difficult to get a clear account of what happened on Sunday but, we understand the two Bachelor (so far as we know) Tricyclists (sometimes) donned their abbreviated khaki trousers, so fashionable just now, and attempted to storm Crib Goch, but, a few odd wisps of mist soon found out their weak spots and drove them down to more level regions, where they discovered a Holiday Fellowship Hut, and very coolly took possession.

Deck chairs were brought out and the two climbers (?) settled down to study the Snowdon Range from afar, but, ere long, the Owners appeared and the intruders beat a hasty and ignominious retreat to the Pen-y-gwryd Hotel, tumbled into the car and in two twos were scorching down the road to Bettws.

* * * * *

A postcard from Vancouver, B.C. (British Columbia, not Bicycle Club), has reached us, and is signed by H. M. Buck, so we presume that Lizzie has reached his destination safely.

He takes exception, however, to the paragraph in the August *Circular* about the various orders, societies and mutinous bands, etc., which have grown up in the Anfield, protesting that the M.B.B. (Moreton Beer Biters) and the T.T.U. were ignored, and he points out that they "take precedence over the Owls, the W.T.T. and the small fry, the S.M.B.C., the R.T.C.C., and the A.B.C. (C. & B.K. Sec.)."

We are sure that the omission was not intentional and ask Mr. Buck to accept our sincere apologies.

It is worth noting, by the way, that the W.T.T. are, in Mr. Buck's opinion, on a par with the Owls, and that the S.M.B.C. are included in the small fry, and this rather intrigues us.

* * * * *

When W.P. doesn't smash his own trike, someone else does. He was taking his usual Sunday afternoon tea at the "Mug & Syrup" with Tourist Chandler, fresh from Wiltshire, whilst a charabanc party practised trick riding in the yard, one member pushing a post over and smashing a rear wheel.

The local police were called and come in force, but all the charabancers did was to threaten violence, and the Presider hastened to entrain, by which means he arrived home, "up to schedule."

Orrell's great ride in the Manchester Wheelers' "12," places him temporarily at the top of *Cycling's* Best All-rounder Competition, and up to the time of going to Press will most probably be third in the list, Southall being first and Frost second.

These results show that the selectors for the World's Championship were right in their choice of England's representatives, and all Anfielders are justly proud of Bren and the great honour he has brought the Club.

* * * * *

The news that Jimmy Long will not be attending the Club run for some months will, we imagine, be received with mixed feelings as Jimmy is quite a nice harmless little chap, until called upon to fulfil his weekly duty, when he browbeats the members into parting with their hard earned cash, and accepts no excuses whatsoever.

Jimmy is now swatting hard and burning the midnight oil and we wish him every success when his exams come off.

There is no truth in the rumour that Charles is retiring to a Monastery until Jimmy is able to attend Club runs once more. (Thought it was too good to be true.—Ed.).

IN MEMORIAM.

The news of CHARLIE MCKAIL's death on the 4th September, as the result of a motor accident came as a terrible shock to us all. Cut off in the prime of life at the age of 26, without warning, full of youthful energy and spirit, what a tragedy it is. "Charlie Mac" as he was affectionately known amongst his intimates, was a true sportsman in the best sense of the word. Genial, friendly and cheerful in disposition, invariably courteous and considerate, he endeared himself to all who knew him.

He joined the Club in 1928 and was already well-known as the tandem partner of G. B. Orrell, and together they broke the N.R.R.A. 50 and 100 mile records, the latter of which still stands and he often figured in the winning Club team in open races. Always a trier, he was modest in success and undaunted by failure, doing his best for the prestige of the Club in the true Anfield spirit, and amongst his latest fine achievements his recent brilliant rides in Ireland are fresh in our memory. Although lost to us, he has left an example which our younger speedmen may well follow.

He was buried in Gorton Cemetery on the 10th September, and the Club was represented at the funeral by R. J. Austin, E. Buckley, R. H. Carlisle, A. Davies, A. Foy, J. A. Grimshaw, and G. B. Orrell.

Sympathetic references were made in *Cycling* and the *Irish Cyclist*, mentioning his sterling worth and a letter from R. J. Elshout, President of the Birchfield Cycling Club, expresses the deep sympathy of his club in our tragic loss.

Rufford, 6th Sept., 1930.

This run was chosen in view of the Palatine "50" next morning, in which race we had several men entered.

The weather broke up very badly just about leaving home time and the rain came down continuously right up to my arrival at the Fermor Arms. As soon as I got inside the rain stopped. The pub was in possession of a crowd of bowlers who had forsaken their "woods" in favour of Beer Pots on account of the rain, and at first I could not find any Anfielders. On investigation, however, I found them cosily ensconced in a back room, which I never knew existed before.

The muster for such a bad day was quite good—over 20 I think, but I did not count them—and the meal was also quite good. We had J. J. Salt of the Liverpool Century—scratch man for the morrow's race—as a guest.

We learnt with great regret of the tragic death of McKail; no one had any details at the time of writing, but no doubt it will be referred to in this issue.

Several members were week-ending in the neighbourhood of the start of the "50" next morning. I left early and of course it started to rain again, but I got home in good time and quite dry, and hope everybody else did likewise.

Palatine C.C. Open "50," 7th Sept., 1930.

The performance of our men in this event were rather disappointing, as all were slower than previous best this year, and we failed to keep the Vice-President's Shield of the promoting club, won last year.

G. B. Orrell had entered, but did not ride, as he had not quite recovered from the effects of his fall in the World's Championship.

E. Gilbert of the East Liverpool Wheelers won with 2.11.28, and J. Pitchford did 2.19.34, Glover 2.28.46 and Jonas 2.31.56.

Cook timed the race, and A. Davies, J. Long and C. Randall were helping around the course.

Northwich, 13th Sept., 1930.

The 13th seemed a very unlucky number to those of us from Liverpool. A woolley east wind accompanied by a steady drizzle made the going anything but good, and the three of us who met at Widnes wondered if anyone else would be at Northwich, as so many were engaged elsewhere.

However, things were better than anticipated, for there were Cody, Leece, Lucas, Knipe, Powell and Ryalls from Liverpool, and A. N. Rawlinson and Urban Taylor represented the Manchester end, while we heard that Zambuck and Ven. had put in an appearance earlier. What we lacked in numbers was therefore made up in quality, for here was John Leece making his initial appearance on such a day and so acquiring merit by the ton.

John brought word of having sighted Tommy Royden at Hen Corner, "just finishing" mending a puncture. Ryalls passed half-an-hour later and also reported Tommy "just finishing" the job. We waited till 7 p.m. in hopeful anticipation of Tommy's appearance, but in vain. It appears that Tommy, who has ridden about 50,000 miles on his Amber Supergas without a puncture (Advt.), collected a four-penny one by the aid of a long sharp nail. Being so out of practice at mending tyres, and the rain proving anything but helpful, it took him some time, but he was about finished when John passed. Unfortunately he nipped the tube, and was doing it all over again when Ryalls passed.

Even then the job wasn't a good one for it soon let him down again, so he called it a day, knocked off, and went home to the Pictures.

Moral.—If you want to retain your form at puncture repairing, don't ride Amber Supergas.

Manchester Wheelers' Scratch "12," 13th Sept., 1930.

This race attracted an entry of 55 of whom 53 started, including G. B. Orrell, holder of the N.R.R.A. record at the distance, J. Pitchford, G. A. Glover, J. S. Jonas, J. R. Walton, G. Lockett, R. Poole, and W. Orrell, the latter riding a trike.

Among those who unsuccessfully challenged Orrell's supremacy (he won with 232½ miles) were F. Turner (Cheshire R.C.), last year's winner, J. K. and C. S. Middleton, C. B. Long (M.C. & A.C.), J. J. Salt (Liverpool Century) and J. E. Carr (Potteries).

Orrell started very fast and had already overhauled seven riders at the 20 mile point, among whom were C. S. Middleton. He clocked 54 mins. here, against Turner's 56 mins.

So far the day had been fine, but by the time the riders were approaching Chester, rain began to fall, and the remainder of the course was covered in an almost continuous downpour.

Times at the Stamford Bridge feeding station were : G. B. Orrell 3.42, J. K. Middleton, 3.52, W. Orrell (trike), 4.44, G. Lockett, 4.58, J. Pitchford, 4.2, J. S. Jonas, 4.9, Glover, 4.10, and Walton and Poole about 4.40.

Bren's first stop was the feeding station at 111 miles, where he had 8 mins. on Turner. Pitchford had punctured twice by this time and Glover, Lockett and Walton could not keep warm, and this undoubtedly slowed them a great deal.

At 180 miles G. B. Orrell was only 6 mins. outside evens, which gave him a lead of 17 mins., and he finally finished near Knutsford with 232½ miles.

Meanwhile, Pitchford had had three more punctures, and a crash, while cornering, owing to a tyre rolling off the rim, but, he very pluckily stuck it and finished with a total of 210½, and ninth fastest. Pitchford's total would have been nearer 220, but his very unfortunate trouble, as he was exceedingly fit, and he is to be congratulated on a very fine performance. Jonas with a good ride of 209½ completed the team, and the Club won the first team prize with an aggregate of 652½ miles, 15 miles better than the M.C. & A.C. total.

At Siddington, 184 miles, Glover was still troubled with the cold, so, on hearing that Pitchford and Jonas were still riding well, gave it best, and stopped.

W. Orrell finished with 188 miles, a very fine performance indeed, and qualified for the silver medal of the promoting club for covering over 180 miles on a tricycle.

Lockett, Poole and Walton, all finished, even though handicapped with the cold, and all did about 182 to 184 miles each.

A large number of Anfielders were helping around the course, including E. Buckley, Dr. Carlisle, Cook, E. Edwards, Foy, Haynes, Higham (Timekeeper), Kettle, Billy Lowcock, Long, Lusty, Marriott, Nevitt, Randall, Wemyss Smith, Thompson and Turvey, while the O'Tatur, over on holiday, assisted at the finish and had Elston as a passenger in his car.

Third "50" Miles Handicap, 20th Sept., 1930.

This event produced the usual "crop" of entries, the quality of which is eminently satisfactory, but the quantity leaves a lot to be desired, considering the snare work that has been performed in obtain-

ing this result. This series of events seems to exert a peculiar fascination over the figure "12," and we may congratulate ourselves it is not less.

It must cause some heart searching amongst the members when a club so numerically strong as the Anfield has to rely on the same "die-hards," with one or two variations, in each event, to collect a round dozen entries for what is the easiest competition the Club offers. What is the reason? Speculation has taken place in previous reports of the first and second "Fifties," as to the cause, but no apparent effort has been made to provide an answer, nor has any improvement taken place. Competition hard riding is not on the decline, as is evidenced by the list of entries in other club's events. Again we repeat "*What is the reason?*"

From the list of entries, C. Randall was the only non-starter, and it is regrettable that this "hardy perennial" should be absent, even for one occasion, to spoil the example set to his younger confreres.

The rest of the entrants were dispatched, according to plan, by Cook, who officiated in the absence of H. Poole.

The first casualty was Walton, who punctured on Hinton Bank but went on after changing tyres, with a loss of 3 minutes. Next Norman Heath's chain came adrift near Ridley Green, and he was compelled to retire in consequence.

The only other incident occurred to Walton, who went astray at the left turn after Spurstow Post Office, continuing on to Peckforton, and only realized his mistake when too late. He was fortunately found by a motoring member, exploring the lanes in the direction of Tattenhall, and taken on to the Black Dog, under power. His error was unfortunate, as up to then he was making good time on his handicap.

Regarding the race itself. Atmospheric conditions were on the damp side, which in itself is hardly a disadvantage. A comparison of times however shows a falling off in speed, in each case where comparison is possible (except Orrell, who seems impervious to any climatic change.) due no doubt to wind and cold, which are not helpful.

Marriott and Ryalls were the "unknown quantity," and with a maximum start of 25 minutes each, secured first and second places respectively in the handicap. It is worthy of note that they both showed consistency throughout the ride, a credit to their judgment, but on times the former proved the better stayer. Pitchford maintained the improvement shown during the past season, and gives promise of still better results in the future. Orrell's performance stands out as his fastest "50" in the series, and evidently the day was more to his liking than to any of the others. The tandem pair, Glover and Jonas, put up a fine performance, as a preliminary canter for the proposed attack on the Edinburgh to Liverpool ride, on the 28th inst. Jonas is a wonderfully improved rider, since taking to the speed game, and in Glover he will find a good mentor. Poole has fallen away from his earlier promise, and with a reduced allowance of 5 minutes he took that much longer to tour the course. Bob always impresses us that he is thoroughly enjoying himself independent of the result. The true sportsman's spirit.

Smith and Lockett evidently found the day not to their liking, their times being around 10 minutes worse than their previous best.

Elston showed to disadvantage, being unable to trundle home within 3 hours. He however stuck it out, in the real sporting spirit. Bravo!

The result with intermediate distances and times are given below:

	No-mans Heath	Spurs- tow P.O	No- mans Heath	Actual Time	H'cap	Plac- ings
	M.	H.M.S.	H.M.	H.M.S.		H.M.S.
1. F. Marriott ...	38	1.32.0	2.0	2.39.7	25	2.14.7
2. D. L. Ryalls ...	39	1.32.0	1.58	2.39.25	25	2.14.25
3. J. Pitchford ...	34	1.22.0	1.45	2.20.8	3	2.17.8
4. G. B. Orrell ...	33	1.21.30	1.44	2.18.18	Scr.	2.18.18
*5. Glover and Jonas	32	1.16.30	1.37	2.8.55	Owe 10	2.18.55
6. R. Poole ...	39	1.34.0	2.0	2.39.13	19	2.20.13
7. F. W. Smith ...	39	1.35.20	2.5	2.48.39	23	2.25.39
†8. H. L. Elston ...	42	1.43.30	2.14	3.0.55	33	2.27.55
9. G. Lockett ...	40	1.36.30	2.4	2.44.57	17	2.27.57.
10. J. R. Walton ...	37	1.37.0	—	—	—	—
11. N. S. Heath ...	39	—	—	—	—	—

* Tandem.

† Tricycle.

Highwayside, 27th Sept., 1930.

Weather : fine and dry. Wind : just what the doctor ordered, specially mixed to blow me to the rendezvous. And if this were not sufficient urge, I had received not sealed orders—but they were communicated per post card—but none the less explicit, to report the run. Thus saith the scribe :

My bicycle needed minor adjustments after its exploits in last Saturday's "50," so it was 3-45 as I set forth. I was not a solitary rider for very long, for I soon espied the microscopic figure of Albert Foy partially obscured by the day's issue of *Betty's Paper* strapped to his saddle. That worthy comforted me with the news that if I was to reach the Travellers' Rest by 6 p.m., I should have to emulate the feat of Jehu, see Old Testament, and touch 40 m.p.h.

It is noble to attempt the impossible, but also foolish, so I contented myself with a modest 15 and arrived at the Travellers' Rest late but not too late. My poor brain cannot recall how many Anfielders were present. They were already making a hash of the beef and 'am when I arrived, but, being perfect little gentlemen, there was some left for me.

The talk turned to the Tandemists Glover and Jonas who, at that very time were no doubt retiring to their virtuous couches in preparation for the stern work before them. Before them ! Surely behind them.

On the way home I was honoured by the company of two of our most famous tricyclists, Wilf Orrell and Geoff Lockett. Our entry into Northwich synchronised with the opening of a firework display, evidently in honour of the three wheelers. As the Victorian journalists delighted to say : "They were the cynosure of every eye."

In one of the busiest parts of the salt metropolis was a mother in charge of her brood, who on seeing the advance of the red pantecnitrike, cried out in an alarmed voice, "Mind them MOTORS !" Which just shows the importance of being in earnest. Pshaw !

Edinburgh-Liverpool R.R.A. Tandem Record Attempt, 28th Sept., 1930.

On Sunday, 28th September, 1930, the Edinburgh-Liverpool R.R.A. tandem bicycle record (unpaced) was successfully attacked by G. A. Glover and J. S. Jonas, who covered the 210½ miles in 10 hours 25 mins., beating record by 33 minutes and their own schedule by 20 minutes.

Conditions at the start—7 a.m.—were good, a north-easterly breeze lending aid on the port side abaft the beam, two stout fellows of the Edinburgh R.C. waving them off. After the first five or six miles, the going was a cake walk to Carlisle (92½ miles—11-20 a.m.—20 mins. up on schedule), a feed being taken from the Skipper's car at Moffat (52 miles—9-20 a.m.—16 mins. up), where Captain Kettle commenced attending to his protégés. Just after Carlisle another feed was due and taken, our couple actually using Jack Rossiter's own pudding dish, so that success was assured. The road, in combination with more east in the breeze, became more difficult from Carlisle to Shap summit (127¼ miles—1-15 p.m.—12 mins. up). F. B. Dutton-Walker, of the Palatine, joint-holder of the record for this ride, graciously liquidated his conquerors at Penrith, and between Shap village and summit Tom Hughes and brother were dismounted from motor-cycling to provide more helpful liquid, the Hughes motor-bike afterwards following the Captain's car, but naturally everything was dropped from the summit down into Kendal.

At Kendal (136¼ miles—1-40 p.m.—14 mins. up) nourishment was taken under the superintendence of A. G. Banks and Tommy Mandall, the latter later acquainting waiters on the course in advance of the state of affairs by poking his thumb upwards from the wheel of his car. Slyne, north of Lancaster, was the depot chosen by F. D. Robinson, the Palatine secretary, for giving a check.

Somewhere about Garstang the road became a rockery, so a tyre was quite justified in giving up and a spare wheel went in, Tom Hughes doing the change very quickly. Molyneux administered grub at Brock (172½ miles—3-30 p.m.—18 mins. up) and the recipients of his kind attentions desire to place on record their appreciation of his efficiency. After Preston—the back passages of which were under the direction of a party of Preston Wheelers—Penwortham Hill was the venue for Syd del Banco and Dick Ryalls with a spare tandem, and the Ormskirk bye-pass was shepherded by Messrs. Cody and Marriott. Practically the last attention was from a friendly gent from London named Beckwith, and Elston near Aintree with a spare lady-back tandem borrowed from the Pres., a white flag, wet sponge and peppermint drink. The breeze, in the later as in the earlier stages, assisted, and Mersey-roader Sutcliffe and J. Cunningham of The Liverpool Century saw the victors dock at Liverpool (210½ miles—5-25 p.m.), done fairly brown!

Messrs. Knipe, Lucas, Kinder and Venables gave the occasion a sedate touch and joined the thirty odd who raised a clap.

The machine did its part well after appearing to get into a more advanced state of collapse each day during the week prior to the attempt.

Kettles feeding arrangements were very good—the Captain serving from the running board of his auto at Moffat, and then following for 158 miles to Liverpool with a couple of spare wheels.

It is especially interesting to learn that whilst the twelve-hour N.R.R.A. tandem record, which Glover held with Nevitt, under the aegis—according to the "news" paper—of the Anfield (Manchester) B.C., was being dished by J. W. Brooke and W. Cooper, of the Gomersal O.R.C., to the tune of 243½ miles, Glover was engaged on this job with such excellent results.

In conclusion, Glover and Jonas thank those named—and particularly, unnamed—who heartened them in their effort by turning out and assisting in any way. If a coin of sufficiently small denomination was minted, the prize would be divided amongst you all!

The following account has been received and we pass it on to the Hon. Treasurer for attention :

Telegrams : " *Speed.*"

Liverpool, 28/9/30.

Messrs. GLOVER, JONAS & CO.,

To DEL BANCO, RYALLS & CO. Dr.

All Payments to be made Direct to the Firm.

To	6 pairs Brake Blocks	...	3	shillings.
..	3 Pints of Sweat	3	pints of Beer.
..	Sore Nether regions	6	tins of Salve.
	Total	12	Free Teas.

Due dB.R. & Co.

E. & O. E.

J. S. JONAS,

Editor.

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ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

FORMED MARCH 1879

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

MONTHLY CIRCULAR.

Vol. XXVII.

No. 297.

FIXTURES FOR NOVEMBER, 1930.

Tea at 6-0 p.m.

Nov.	1	Halewood (Derby Arms)	Light up at 5-10 p.m.
„	8	Pulford (Grosvenor Arms)	4-59 p.m.
„	10	Committee Meeting, 7 p.m. (Victoria Hotel, St. John's Lane, L'pool).	
„	15	Mouldsworth (Station Hotel)	4-47 p.m.
„	22	Mold (Dolphin)	4-37 p.m.
„	29	Cote Brook (Alvanley Arms)	4-30 p.m.
Dec.	6	Halewood (Derby Arms)	4-25 p.m.

ALTERNATIVE FIXTURES FOR MANCHESTER MEMBERS:

Tea at 5-30 p.m.

Nov.	1	Arcid (Rose and Crown)	5-10 p.m.
„	8	Siddington (Wood's Farm)	4-59 p.m.
„	22	Mottram St. Andrew (Bulls Head)	4-37 p.m.
Dec.	6	Holmes Chapel (Swan)	4-25 p.m.

Full Moon ... 6th inst.

The Hon. Treasurer's address is R. L. Knipe, 108 Moscow Drive, Stonycroft, 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 Martins Bank Ltd., for credit of the Anfield Bicycle Club, Tue Brook Branch.

4 THE LAUND,
WALLASEY, CHESHIRE.

COMMITTEE NOTES.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS.—Mr. F. Del Strother, c/o. English Preserving Company, Mentone (A.M.), France.

Mr. J. Long is unable to carry out his duties as Sub-Captain through business reasons, and Mr. G. A. Glover has been appointed as his deputy for the remainder of the year.

H. W. POWELL,
Hon. General Secretary.

Some Of The Things Seen In Wiltshire.

Entering the County at Cricklade two very fine churches should be viewed. That at the foot of the hill, St. Mary's, is small but quaint and has 12th century work inside. The gabled clerestory windows are the most striking feature and are probably unique. The large church, with the imposing 16th century tower standing on the hill is of later date, but should be visited, and the view of it—looking back just south of the village—makes a suitable picture study. The White Hart is an excellent hotel with reasonable charges. Bremhill church, two miles N.-W. of Calne, has Anglo-Saxon and Norman work. The grounds of Bowood (seat of Marquis of Lansdowne) can be seen by obtaining permission beforehand. Calne church is worth seeing, if only to note the various stages of Norman work in the arches of the nave. Avebury is in the vicinity and is the finest megalithic monument in the world, despite the fact that much is left to the imagination, owing to the stones having been used in past centuries to build the village. The church possesses a very ornate rood screen and loft, and the Red Lion Inn will be found satisfactory. With Avebury as a centre, a day or two could be spent in an archaeological inspection of the pre-Roman earthworks in the neighbourhood. Following the Devizes road, Bishops Cannings will be found interesting, the church containing Trans-Norm. and E.E. work. At Devizes the two churches of St. John and St. Mary both contain Norman work, the Norman arcades in the chancel at the former being especially fine, whilst the Bear Hotel is of considerable antiquity and the Town Hall, Market Cross, Corn Exchange, and Wiltshire Archaeological Museum are worth seeing. Between Devizes and Stonehenge the road spreads over the Downs and on the summit is a curious stone erected as a warning to highway robbers. Stonehenge should be seen and from here the road on the right bank of the river should be taken, approaching Old Sarum on the left. A bicycle can be wheeled right up to and over Old Sarum without much trouble and the fortifications are extremely interesting. Salisbury Cathedral is unique through its being almost entirely built in the 13th century and being a perfect example of that style. The George Hotel (now unlicensed) is reputed to have been built in 1320 and was mentioned in the city Doomsday of 1406 and is perhaps the oldest inn in the country. The charge for bed and breakfast is about 9/6, but a look around the fine old oak rooms amply repays the extra cost. The King's House, one of the many places Richard III. is reported to have slept in before Bosworth, is a fine 14th century gabled house on the west of the Cathedral. At Britford, two miles south, some A/S work will be found in the church built up with apparent Roman brickwork, and there is also a curious oak chest with three locks, the rector and each warden possessed a key and the lid could only be opened in the presence of all three. Longford Castle, one mile further south, contains some fine pictures, but at present can only be viewed on Wednesdays. It is desirable when wishing to view mansions to write for permission beforehand, as only on certain days of the week and at certain hours can these places be seen, and it is rather annoying to be turned away on the very doorstep. The days mentioned in the Guide books when viewing is allowed, cannot be relied upon, as they are often changed to suit circumstances. The route from here westwards via the Blandford road is a very fine run over the Downs, where a large amount of excavating for pre-Roman remains was done by the late Gen. Pitt-Rivers, and models of the excavations and finds can be seen in Farnham Museum, just across the Dorset border. The Museum which is open seven days of the week, contains

one of the most wonderful collections of antiques, not only found in this country but from all over the world, that probably exists in any similar place laid out by private enterprise, all the exhibits are indexed and are assembled in perfect order; it should not be omitted. The route can then lead over some very beautiful country via Tollard Royal (in which is situate King John's House, the present residence of the Pitt-Rivers family, now not shown to the public), through Wardour Castle grounds, Tisbury, Fonthill Park, and Mere to Stourton. Here Stourhead House contains interesting exhibits and the beautifully laid out pleasure grounds have a wonderful collection of trees. The Spread Eagle hotel will be found reasonable. The next show place is Longleat, seat of the Marquis of Bath and is reputed to be one of the finest mansions in the country. It is built in the Italian style of the 16th century. The rooms contain pictures, French and Italian furniture, sculptured fire-places, tapestry, a Louis XIV. clock and all kinds of antiques. An exit can be made through the park northwards and a course steered for Edington, which contains a most attractive church illustrating the transition from Dec. to Perp. and which formerly served both monks and parishioners. At Bradford there is a very fine old Barn of the early 14th century, whilst the Saxon church is the only one in the South of England standing in its entirety. The parish church contains Norman work. The Swan Hotel dated 1500 is highly recommended. From here the two manor houses of Chalfield and the one at South Wraxall should be seen, the last containing a good collection of antiques. Lacock displays a perfect collection of old houses, mostly of 15th century, and the Abbey is open to visitors, but at present neither on Fridays nor Sundays. Corsham Court, the seat of Lord Methuen, is a fine example of Elizabethan architecture, although other parts are more modern. The interior can be viewed on certain days and is much after the style of Longleat. The church has Norman work in the arches of the nave. The next place is Castle Comb, which is a second Lacock, but more prettily situated, whilst a visit to Malmesbury Abbey, with its massive Trans-Norman pillars, beautifully carved arches, and Dec. clerestory brings us to the County boundary.

ITEMS.

The "accident" to the Presider's trike, reported last month, again showed the value of C.T.C. membership, as W.P.C. placed the matter in the hands of Brazendale and within a week had collected a guinea for the damage done, although there was more than a doubt as to the identification of the culprit.

* * * * *

Congratulations to G. B. Orrell on being placed third in *Cycling's* Best All-rounder Competition. Of course a great fuss is being made of Southall's success, but as Parton has pointed out in some interesting correspondence with the Presider, in which he displayed considerable mathematical ability, we can still have our own opinions as to G.B.O.'s rightful place. It just depends which method of figuring you employ. It is quite usual to lump distances and times to obtain the average m.p.h., and by this method G.B.O. would have come out top; but *Cycling's* method was to take each *separately*, which made a fast "50" more useful than a record "12." Had Orrell been able to ride in the Palatine "50" and approximate Gilbert's fastest time, the result would have been quite different.

We are glad to learn that W. J. Finn has quite recovered from the injury to his leg and has been away touring in Bonnie Scotland. While in the Highlands he wrote: "What are you wearing now? I have got my Tam O' Shanter but as to remainder of the kit I hae ma doots." Personally we think kilts would be even cooler and better for Cycling than shorts—but unfortunately they cost a lot of siller!

* * * * *

Del Strother has now settled down once more as will be seen by his new address. He is now a full fledged marmalade manufacturer and we hope samples will be sent in due course.

* * * * *

The Goat Hotel, Maerdy (four miles from Corwen) is ideally situated, but for generations has been a hopeless house of call. All this has now been altered by the new licensee, who is none other than a son of our old friend Tegid Owen of Cerrig-y-druuidion. A warm welcome awaits all Anfielders. *Verb sap.*

* * * * *

On November 21st, Hodites is to lecture on "Many Horizons," at the Picton Hall, which we fear will take some filling. However, as the Presider will *not* be in the chair, you can book the date and roll up strongly to gladden the heart of P.B., and from previous experience of Hodites we can promise you a treat. As the Council and half-yearly general meetings of the C.T.C. take place next day you will doubtless welcome the opportunity of meeting Stancer, Robbie, Frank Urry and other Heads.

* * * * *

Who are the members who obtain their sartorial triumphs from H. Morris, of Manchester? In an advertisement in the Manchester D.A. *Supplement* we notice it is stated by Mr. Morris that he is "Maker of cycle suits for members of C.T.C. and Anfield B.C." Is this the start of a new Smart Set?!

* * * * *

Agony Column.—Albert Davies had a nasty smash recently, when a youth on a bicycle charged him broadside on and broke two of Albert's ribs, this necessitating a stay in hospital for about ten days.

Jack Walton has also had to go to hospital. While at work he fondled a 500 volt live wire and was considerably burnt. We are glad to say both are now out again.

* * * * *

The Owls Supper, October 11th, 1930.

Though circumstances did not permit of my travelling to the Annual Owl's Banquet per cycle, I was enabled to get there, through the kindly offices of Rex Austin, comfortably and expeditiously, in the half day.

We had glorious sunshine throughout our journey and our only regret was that we were enclosed within the confines of a saloon body and not pedalling in the open. Ivinghoe was reached shortly after dusk, where we received that hearty welcome from Mrs. Pickering which poets write about but which one does not experience too often and found Stevy Maden in the throes of allotting their respective perches for the night to the various Owls that were expected to be winging their way to the meeting place. I had the honour of being put to roost next to the Arch Owl, but that is somewhat anticipatory. At this point there was an S.O.S. from Urban Taylor and Ann Rawlinson who were

stranded at Deddington with a broken back axle, U. Taylor having recently become the proud owner of a motor car. Soon the Owls began to flock in from all quarters; quite a lot on bicycles, including the Arch Owl, E. and H. Buckley, with brother-in-law Gerrard and several members of the Bath Road. Then came Bert Morton in his car and he immediately got into touch with the stranded ones at Deddington and arranged, with E. Buckley as pilot, to collect them after the Supper. Finally, about 20 members of the famous Ornithological Society gathered together including representatives from the Bath Road, Highgate, North Road and Anfield, and we sat down to the appetising fare provided about 8-30 p.m. Under the genial influence of the Arch Owl, the spirit of fraternisation and jollity pervaded everyone and so rapidly did the time pass in speech, song and conversation, that it was midnight before any one thought of rising from the table and just about that time the rescue party returned all safe and sound.

One should especially mention the vocal efforts of Neale of the Highgate, and the burly Editor of the *B.R.C. Gazette*, in songs (naughtical and otherwise) in the choruses of which we all joined heartily. Of course we subsequently adjourned to the tank for a doeh and doris and then to roost, after what the Arch Owl enthusiastically declared to be one of the most successful and enjoyable gatherings over which he had ever presided.

Halewood, 4th October, 1930.

Whilst riding a motor cycle on the top Chester Road with no thought of attending a run, I met Jonas, Ryalls, and Rigby Band. Being Anfielders and gentlemen they recognised me, a stinkist, as a fellow Anfielder, in return for which favour I stopped to congratulate Jonas on his feat of pushing George Glover and a tandem from Edinburgh P.O. to Liverpool P.O. between drinks.

Later in the day he returned evil for good by making me write all this, which I don't want to write, and no one wants to read.

The three then persuaded me to pace them to the run, which I undertook with the misgiving that the flue-box might not hold out.

However, the riders tucked in behind until Dunham-on-the-Hill was reached, when Jonas, with the sublime cheek necessary in Editors, started a scrap. It finished at Frodsham, the Jonas-Ryalls combination beating the Band (pun)—puff and dart combination by seconds.

At the Cafe we joined the Skipper and Richards in tea-swilling, Jonas, Ryalls, and Band modestly leaving me to foot the bill.

Apart from crossing the river on the Meccano Set, I saw no more of the riders until Halewood was reached. Between Widnes and Halewood heavy rain set in, which continued for the rest of the night.

Arriving at Derby Arms, tea was announced almost immediately, and I joined the upstairs party with little opportunity of seeing who was who at the run. The following members sat down to a sumptuous feed of pig, bird and trappings:

J. C. Band, Cody, Cook, Edwards, Fell, Mercer, J. R. Band, S. J. Buck, G. B. Burgess, Elston, Jonas, Kettle, J. Kinder and friend, Knipe, Lucas, Mandall, Nevitt, Powell, Richards, Roskell, Royden, Stephenson, Venables, Marriott, Ryalls.

As I had been expected home at 3-0 p.m., I saw very little of the run after tea and departed sadly early.

Motto for Motorists: He who runneth on Puff and Dart shall have no puff to dart to runs.

Holmes Chapel, 4th October, 1930.

The early arrivals at this run had the advantage of a ride in fine weather, on a beautiful (though windy) autumn afternoon. However, about 5 p.m. rain began to fall, and the later arrivals were very wet. This had fortunately no effects on their appetite, and a merry party sat down to tea.

We were pleased to see Jack Pitchford, and George Glover, both of whom were riding in the Stretford Wheelers' "25," on Sunday morning, whilst Randall had come along to keep them out of mischief. Also present were W. Orrell and Geoff. Lockett on tricycles, Bickley, the Doctor, and R. J., Urban Taylor and two Rawlinsons and the Mullah, Albert Davies, who had made a quick recovery from his recent serious accident, came by train, whilst Thompson had sustained a burst tyre in Wilmslow, and being unable to purchase a new one of correct size, had also had recourse to the railway. The meal provided was of tip top quality, and this house should certainly figure on our run list on many occasions during the winter. Tea over, Bert Green appeared, accompanied by Wemyss Smith, they were fortunate enough to find sufficient food left over to satisfy them; but they should not count on their luck in this direction holding throughout the winter. On some future occasion they may find that the early arrivals have wolfed the lot, leaving the dilatory ones to go hungry away.

However it was an enjoyable meal, only marred by Albert Davies's insistence on collecting 2/8. The racing men and retinue departed early, but a fairish party adjourned to the tank and after one or two arrangements were made for a meeting at the Owls Goose Supper, the Club run was over. The rain was still pouring down, but the wind was now abeam, and the journey homeward was easy, compared with the hard graft of the journey out.

We were especially pleased that George Glover came out and thereby gave us an early opportunity of congratulating him on his share in the successful attempt on the Edinburgh-Liverpool tandem record.

Mouldsworth, 11th October, 1930.

It was a delightful day for a run to Mouldsworth. The ride out was not altogether uneventful; I was late at the rendezvous owing to an elusive puncture. The afternoon tea stop was made at Handley where a number of us took refreshment to enable us to carry on to Mouldsworth. Our route lay via Tattenhall, Clotton and Tarvin. Nearing Tarvin, Pitchford tried to drop the Glover-Jonas tandem downhill, nearly succeeded in doing so, but lost much good sweat in the process. However, he showed them how to ride the hill up to the Station Hotel.

I think about twenty-six sat down to an excellent meal, the Manchester members being very scarce, only W. Orrell, R. Poole, Lockett and one of the Rawlinsons (I don't know which), representing the city of eternal sunshine; although of the absent, Bert Green was to follow F. Hancock of the Grosvenor Wheelers, in his attempt on the Northern Trike "12," and Thompson was to time F. Turner of the Cheshire Roads on his attempt on the Northern Single "50," while Albert Davies and Walton were still on the injured list.

Towards the end of the meal Carpenter made one of his rare appearances and was greeted with loud cheers which quickly died down when it was learnt that he had only come from Southport, and was going back the same night.

The Elston Collection Syndicate performed the unpleasant task of holding up the members to ransom and after an afternoon's trading profits were well up and an interim dividend was immediately declared and paid to deserving shareholders.

The muster quickly dwindled, Cook departing for the Raven; Kettle, Chandler and Royden soon following, Elston piloting Carpenter to the outskirts of Liverpool, while the Manchester representatives also made a quick get away. Our party for Chester and the Wirral, which this week included Pitchford, who was week-ending at Chester, were last as usual, and the ride home was somewhat spoilt by showers of rain towards the end of the journey.

Northop, 18th October, 1930.

A fine, bright, sunny, autumn afternoon, with a cool south-west wind, just fresh enough to be pleasant but not troublesome; the trees putting on warm brown tints; and the fallen leaves rustling pleasantly about the roadsides—this was the setting for a very enjoyable run across the Peninsula. The road-widening operations in the neighbourhood of the Queensferry Bridge were noted with interest, and a hope that this beneficent piece of work will soon be finished.

Crossing over into Wales we noticed an unusual number of motor cyclists careering noisily about the roads and on reaching the "Royal Oak" we learned that some kind of trial was in progress, the Hotel being used as a feeding station. The riders were mostly a well set-up lot of young fellows who, at any rate in our view, would have been much more fittingly engaged in expending their activities on what they would no doubt call "push bikes."

The usual crowd of regular attenders, 21 in number, sat down to the meal, and we were glad to have Roberts of Wrexham again with us; we have not seen much of him lately and still less of his youthful neighbours, the O'Leary twins. Cody was missing for once, having no doubt preferred the alternative run to Goostrey. Cody does not seem to like the Welsh runs; he seems to prefer a destination which can be reached via Warrington. The meal was quite good, but it would be better at 2/6 instead of 3/- with the cakes omitted. The chief topic of discussion was the approaching "Tints Tour"; who was going with whom; and which way; and what was the plan for Sunday and so on. As for the sleeping arrangements we learned, with admiration for their hardihood, that several of the younger members are camping out, but what caused the sensation was a rumour that Hubert Roskell also intends to try camping. It was understood that he is to share a very light-weight tent with Rigby Band—picture it—and gave fears were voiced that the latter will be "over-laid."

Coming out in twos and threes for the ride home, Knipe and Lucas were found fumbling with their gas-lamps, both having choked burners. They were left so engaged and it was subsequently reported that, not having enough light to see each other they got separated just outside the hotel, and Knipe thinking Lucas was ahead did "evens" to Rock Ferry, while the latter, not knowing whether his pal was in front or behind finally reached the Ferry thirty minutes after him.

Goostrey, 18th October, 1930.

A fine morning degenerated into a showery afternoon, and owing to H. Green's attack of sciatica (gout comes from drinking port, sciatica from drinking wet tea) we disguised ourselves as plutocrats and parked

the Rolls-Siddeley in the inn-yard, just as G. Rawlinson, dressed (spotlessly) like a man who has brought his bike by train and cycled from the station, only the rims round his eyes betraying the hardened tector taller, arrived with Urban Taylor, who looked hardly presentable in contrast. The golden barrel worn by Gee in his buttonhole, by the way, is a butter-barrel and not the other kind. Inside we found the Doc, sitting near a glass which appeared to contain Guinness, at an hour which appeared on the face of our watch to be before the usual opening time. (MEM.—Have watch put right—must be slow.) Thompson, wearing a Fascist shirt, Albert Davies and Ted Cody, who had ridden via Warrington to avoid being air-sick on the Transporter also decorated the parlour.

Soon the Mullah appeared and entered with a gentlemanly inclination of the head, in strong contrast to Bren and Pitchford, who came in wrangling about the number of miles from Shrewsbury. Apparently the mile stones go past in a blur—sometimes. Jack Walton, Wilf Orrell and his protegee Lockett, Rex Austin, and Jack Powell, still smiling, made up the full muster of fifteen.

Albert Davies gave such a dramatic recital of his chest troubles that Gee had to ring the bell three times before he could get anyone to have a drink. Wilf Orrell was wearing a coy pullover of a rich Rouge de Coral shade (French for pale brick-dust), while the Bare-knees Section held an extraordinary general meeting over Jack Walton, who was wearing a collar and tie, an offence which was aggravated by the fact that they were both *clean*! He was allowed one week to remove them. Albert Davies, not content with stopping Gee's drinking, distinguished himself by telling an alleged newspaper story about a man who was going to walk from London to Oxford and back on a gallon of beer per 100 miles, to prove the worth of beer. Thompson thought it showed how well he could do without it, while Gee looked into the bottom of his glass, and using the art of counting on his fingers, an art laboriously acquired only through years in a Bank, worked it out at a teaspoonful per three furlongs, and gave it as his considered opinion that he must be one of those men who can't breathe while they are drinking (the Owls say they do not exist), and so he gargles with the beer to keep his mind occupied instead of chewing gum—a filthy habit.

Tea followed, and after a short chat we left the tank to darkness and to Gee and departed, astounded to hear Rex Austin refuse a drink because his teeth had come unstuck. It was a good job we had the Rolls handy—we could never have cycled straight after that!

Northwich, 25th October, 1930.

There was no tea arranged for this week-end on account of the Tints Tour, and only five members turned up to claim a run. They were the Doctor, Ted Cody, Bert Green, Bob Poole and Jack Walton, and formed a very select party at the Crown and Anchor.

Autumnal Tints Tour, Llanarmon, D.C., 25/26th October, 1930.

The only fault to be found with the Tints Tour is that it only comes once a year, and each year one makes a resolution to spend more week-ends in the beautiful Glyn Valley.

This year, very wet and stormy conditions prevailed and the strong north wind made the ride out easy for the Liverpool members and hard for the Manchester Section and also for Heath and Pitchford coming up from Shropshire.

This popular fixture attracted a big crowd as usual, and amongst those who had all day to spend on the journey were Lucas and Kuipe, who lunched at Wrexham, and Bill Lowcock and F. H. Koenen.

Ven and Powell travelled to Chirk by rattler, and then by the Pullman de Luxe coaches of the Chirk Valley Tramway to Glyn Ceiriog, where transport to Llanarmon D.C. was promised by the local bus companies but failed to appear and the pair had almost given up hope when the Master was sighted in his car and gave them a lift.

The next party to arrive was the C. & B.K. Section advance guard consisting of Elston and Rigby Band, the former being in his Wolf Cubs uniform but spoiling the otherwise natty effect by coming without his hat.

Randall, Ryalls, Marriott, Jonas and friend Salt of the Liverpool Century met at Willaston Corner, waited half-an-hour for Glover, who did not turn up on account of a bout of his chronic tummy trouble, and then set off for Wrexham, where Dick Ryalls led the party into some low dive, which looked like a thieves kitchen, for tea and here Pitchford and the Hutton-del Banco tandem joined up.

Kettle and Tommy Royden also had tea in Wrexham, but formed a separate clique. The various groups passed and repassed each other in the Glyn Valley until the skies seemed to be raining Anfielders. Cook and Humphries were found coming out of the "Seven Stars," at Dolywern, after a refresher, they having had tea at Overton, while Heath, who had sampled the Swearfarian cottage at Felton Butler for a meal, was overtaken at Pandy.

The West Arms resounded with greetings, "What'll you have," and the clink of glasses as the wet and muddy cyclists crowded in and old Howard was in great form as he welcomed his guests and sang a song of greeting to each, while the meeting of the Presider with the Master after the latter's long absence, was most touching.

The two tricyclists, W. Orrell and Lockett were the next arrivals and then came Wemyss Smith to keep company with his fellow camper, Jonas. Amidst all the chaff and talk of rheumatics, double pneumonias, offers of beds from the Sec. and the Landlord, the campers went out into the wild night to pitch camp in the adjoining field, and returned in time for dinner.

Another friend with us for the week-end was Tom Slawson, under the aegis of Humphries, while the absentees when dinner was announced were Bert Green, Albert Davies, and our prospective member, Dutton-Walker, the tandem and trike exponent and record holder.

The latter, however, eventually arrived at about 10-30, and looked very spotless in spite of having cycled.

Tongues wagged freely over dinner, the older members recalling week-ends and tours of long ago and F.H. and Bill Lowcock were at their best, and kept the Company in roars of laughter.

The serious business of the evening commenced after dinner, when the captains and the kings moved to the tank and left a party to dance. The dance was not a great success as the daughters of the house professed to being very tired, having been up since 6 a.m., so a move was made to another room where Norman Heath showed his skill at the piano and the crowd sang itself hoarse.

A messenger was then sent for a jug of beer and some glasses, but returned empty-handed. He reported having been told to go away as the bar was shut and it was not until next morning that the songsters

learnt that this was only temporary, as a very solemn ceremony was being enacted in the tank.

This was nothing less than the drinking of the King's Ale, which was reported to have come over with the Conqueror and fought at the Battle of Waterloo with Nelson. Another tale more easy to swallow, says a barrel of Beer was brewed by King Edward VII. when he visited Burton in 1902, and the brewers Bass & Co. (Advt.) distributed a few bottles to their favoured customers. Landlord Howard had kept two bottles and rightly judging this to be a most suitable and auspicious occasion (probably on account of the Master's presence and resurrection) brought them out and when Tommy Royden had carefully opened and poured out a little for each one present, the favoured few sipped and sighed, as they tasted this nectar of the gods.

Meanwhile the glee party had broken up as one by one they succumbed to the horrors of thirst and by 1 a.m. nearly everyone was in bed.

Sunday morning found Llanarmon bathed in alternate sunshine and showers of hail and rain and the camping section still alive and busy cooking breakfast, and it speaks volumes for the pluck of these hardy he-men that they never even thought of giving up their tents and sleeping in the inglenooks of the West Arms.

At 10 o'clock nearly everyone was ready to move off and Orrell and Lockett were the first away. Elston and Wemyss Smith accompanied Dutton-Walker as far as Pulford, where the latter went on to Chester to catch the rattler for Preston, while the other two went through to the Iron Bridge for lunch and parted at Mouldsworth after partaking of a cup of tea.

Cook led Humphries and Slawson round to Corwen for lunch, where George Newall and Eddie Morris came to meet them, and all met later at Willaston for tea.

Kettle, Royden, Lucas and Bob Knipe went via the Horseshoe Pass to the Crown at Llandegla for lunch; Lucas and Knipe then going on to join Cook's party at Willaston, so that the Nags Head was quite crowded.

Kettle and Royden went round to the Dolphin at Mold for tea, where they were joined by the younger crowd, who had been down to Llanrhafadr-yn-Mochnant and over the Milltir Cerig Crossing of the Berwyns to Bala for lunch, and then to Mold via Corwen and Ruthin. The younger set have now adopted the "Varsity" method of wearing capes in showery weather and it was found to be a great success, especially on the moors, with an icy cold wind.

The Hutton-del Banco tandem was unfortunate—puncturing on the Milltir Cerig and again near Ruthin, so had to have tea on their own at Llanbedr.

Heath and Pitchford went off homewards together, while Koenen and Lowcock, took Powell and Ven in the car down the Tanant Valley and then to Whittington for lunch and dropped them somewhere to catch a train for home.

J. S. JONAS,

Editor.

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ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

FORMED MARCH 1879

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

MONTHLY CIRCULAR.

Vol. XXVII.

No. 298.

FIXTURES FOR DECEMBER, 1930.

Tea at 6-0 p.m.

		Light up at
Dec. 6	Halewood (Derby Arms)	4-25 p.m.
„ 8	Committee Meeting, 7 p.m. (Victoria Hotel, St. John's Lane, L'pool.)	
„ 13	Mouldsworth (Station Hotel)	4-22 p.m.
„ 20	Mold (Dolphin)	4-24 p.m.
„ 26	Nantwich (Lamb), Lunch, 1-30 p.m.	4-27 p.m.
„ 25 28	Alternative Tour—Battws-y-Coed (Glan Aber)	4-28 p.m.
„ 27	Hooton (Hooton Hotel), Tea, 5-30 p.m.	4-28 p.m.
Jan. 3—1931	—Pulford (Grosvenor Arms)	4-35 p.m.
„ 10	Halewood (Derby Arms), Annual General Meeting, Tea, 5-30 p.m. ...	4-44 p.m.

ALTERNATIVE FIXTURES FOR MANCHESTER MEMBERS.

Tea at 5-30 p.m.

Dec. 6	Holmes Chapel (Swan)	4-25 p.m.
„ 20	Goostrey (Red Lion)	4-24 p.m.
„ 27	Mobberley (Roebuck)	4-23 p.m.
Jan. 3—1931	—Holmes Chapel (Swan)	4-35 p.m.

Full Moon ... 6th inst.

The Hon. Treasurer's address is R. L. Knipe, 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 be most conveniently made to any Branch of Martins Bank Ltd., for credit of the Anfield Bicycle Club, Tue Brook Branch.

4 THE LAUND,

WALLASEY, CHESHIRE.

COMMITTEE NOTES.

NEW MEMBER.—Mr. F. B. Dutton-Walker, 11 Argyll Road, Blackpool, has been elected to Full Membership.

APPLICATIONS FOR MEMBERSHIP.—Mr. Thomas W. Slawson, 34 Sandrock Road, Wallasey. Proposed by Mr. W. Crompton Humphreys, seconded by Mr. W. P. Cook; Mr. Leonard King, 18 St. Mary's Street, Wallasey. Proposed by Mr. G. A. Glover, seconded by Mr. C. Randall.

Tea at Hooton on Saturday, 27th December, and Halewood, 10th January, will be at 5-30 p.m.

The Annual General Meeting will be held after tea at Halewood, on 10th January. Any member having any matter which he wishes to be included on the Agenda, should let my have particulars not later than 21st December.

Members taking part in the alternative Christmas Tour will make their own arrangements regarding accommodation.

Members at Bettws-y-Coed on December 26th and/or December 27th will count one or two runs respectively.

H. W. POWELL,

Hon. General Secretary

TREASURY NOTES.

A month ago I wrote a note of thanks to the twenty-one members who had so quickly responded to the First Red Slip. I also made a most "touching" appeal, so moving in its persuasive eloquence that it would have brought a duck off the water, and could not have failed to wring from the hard hands of the most stoneybroke, their long overdue subscriptions.

Alas! this work of genius, this masterpiece of glowing words is lost. (It is always the biggest fish that escapes, isn't it?) And now the fountain of inspiration is dry, the fire of emotion has burnt itself out, and I can never again "recapture that first fine careless rapture" which would have insured that every Sub. was paid in by December 1st.

The Auditors are already clamouring for an early start on their work, and I can only trust to the issue of the Third Red Slip, and the kindness of our recalcitrant members to save me many hours of unnecessary letter-writing.

The following are thanked for their Subscriptions and/or Donations (*) received during October and November.

H. Austin.	J. M. James.	A. N. Rawlinson.
F. Beckett.	D. M. Kaye.	J. E. Rawlinson.
J. A. Bennett.	D. C. Kinghorn.	J. Sunter.
*W. Bolton.	W. A. Lowcock.	S. Threlfall.
G. B. Burgess.	T. Mandall.	J. R. Walton.
T. B. Conway.	G. P. Mills.	F. B. Dutton-Walker.
*W. P. Cook.	C. Moorby.	G. H. Welfare.
J. O. Cooper.	W. J. Neason.	A. G. White.
W. E. Cotter.	F. E. Parton.	A. Wild.
A. Crowcroft.	J. T. Preece.	G. H. Winstanley.
A. H. Doleman.	H. Pritchard.	O. T. Williams.
R. Edmunds.		

ITEMS.

Messrs. Knipe and Lucas wish us to correct a little inaccuracy, which crept in the account of the Autumnal Tinted Tour, in our last issue

After having another breakfast, instead of lunch, at the "Crown," at Llandegla, it was stated that they went on to Willaston to join Cook's party for tea.

This they most indignantly deny, and state emphatically that they were partaking of their meal when the President's party arrived, so that the Treasurer's Tinted Tourist Troop was actually *joined* by Cook's Cycling Column from Corwen and not *vice versa* as reported.

Lest a wrong impression be created in the minds of those who know not Willaston, we hasten to state that the taking of tea by the Tinted Treasurer's Tourist Troop at the Nag's Head, does not entitle the T.T.T. to membership of the Willaston (Wirral) Tea Tasters' and Tale Tellers', etc., etc. TUT TUT.

* * * * *

Wem has now become more than ever a resort for Anfielders. Our old friend Charlie Windsor has moved into the "city" from Loppington, and no longer will the Dicken Arms be a sanctuary for us. Charlie has taken Ye Olde Talbot at Wem but it has no accommodation for sleeping.

Mr. Griffiths and Ella (who has spent the intervening years at the Angel, Ludlow) are back in Wem at the White Horse, and of course, the Lea family, who have done us so well, are still at the Castle Hotel.

We are highly flattered that Frank Urry should send us for publication the verses that appear in this issue. We would only explain that while the Presider and Dick Ryalls went on from Mold to seek repose at the Bridge Hotel, Bontuchel and the Clywdog Valley were not new to them. It was merely the Hotel under its new management that had to be explored, and so satisfactory was the experience that steps are now being taken to place it on the C.T.C. list.

It is quite on the cards that Wayfarer (himself) may be at Mouldsworth, December 13th, to week-end at Nantwich with the Presider. So please be warned in time!

The Clifton C.C. (York) held their Annual Dinner and Prize Distribution on the 22nd ult, and the absence of our Club's representative to receive the Team Prize Trophy was commented on. Buckley was present by invitation as Secretary of the N.R.R.A. and also Austin as a private guest of the Club. Orrell's 3rd fastest medal was handed to Buckley to pass on at convenience, but the Trophy will have to pass into the care of the Club by other ways.

The Explorer.

Sir, how I've loved to hear you talk
Of gallant little Wales,
What time you've waved a knife and fork,
And sipped at amber pails;
You've taken us, with sundry thrills
Far up the passes of the hills.

You've introduced us to the streams,
The wooded slopes that hang
Above them, in unbrageous dreams,
When Summer's ripe lips sang
Gently of lovely beauty drowsed,
And all our wanderlust aroused.

You seemed to know each stone and tree,
Each individual gem
That made complete the mystery
As you then pictured them;
You touched with Winter's iron hand
Snowdonia's enchanted land.

And now, you Prophet of the Welsh,
You wanderer afar,
Our simple faith you rudely squelch
By saying that you are
Week-ending 'neath a little hill
That's never seen Presider Bill!

O! Billy, Sir, I always dreamed
That you had combed your Wales,
Because to me it always seemed
These ancient Anfield Tales
Had all come true, that Wales had took
The name and Captaincy of Cook!

F.J.U.

Just as no Scotsman really appreciates his "land of brown heath and shaggy wood" until he lives in a country other than his own, so one must go abroad to discover the real Anfield spirit.

From the wilds of Ontario, Bolton writes to the Treasurer :
 " Although it is nearly seven years since I did any riding, the racing results in the *Circular* still stir more enthusiasm in me than anything else I read. I do not think that G.B.O. takes any more interest in his rides than I do ; and I get a very great deal of satisfaction from seeing the name of the Club kept to the fore by such brilliant performances." That's the stuff to give 'em. Now then you stay-at-homes (on Saturday afternoons) what about it ?

A letter from Hubert Buckley informs us that he has joined the Bath Road Club. Since going down to London, Hubert has been cycling more and now has a regular fixture each Saturday with Percy Beardwood, and of course rides with the Bath Road on Sundays.

With the Christmas Day falling on a Thursday this year, it is possible to have three days at Bettws and yet spend Christmas Day at home.

Several of the *youthful* members, including Charlie Randall are biting and hope to swell the crowd at the Glan Aber to a number worthy of the Club. One or two who cannot get off till Saturday intend to go down for just the one night.

Hodite's lecture entitled " Many Horizons " was enthusiastically received by a large audience at the Picton Hall, Liverpool, recently and about twenty of " ours " were present, including the Presider, who moved the vote of thanks to Hodites ; Montag, there to see his native haunts on the screen ; Robbie, up for the C.T.C. meeting on the morrow ; Brazendale, in correct evening clothes, Knipe, Fell, Cody, Mercer, Royden and a host of lesser fry.

Wild, who is now quite an experienced Alpine tourist (and now also a motorist) was there and a strong contingent of Tea Tasters added the necessary " tone " to the proceedings.

The slides included some marvellous pictures of Alpine roads over the Passes of France, Italy, Switzerland and Austria, and Hodites held the rapt attention of the audience the whole evening.

Hosts of great C.T.C. chiefs were hiding in the Hall and refused to come into the limelight on the platform, but we saw Stancer sneak in halfway through the programme.

The Nevitt was seen on the Top Chester road recently *cycling* home to Wallasey (or Meols). Passing Anfielders cooed and made advances to it, but the shy creature seemed shocked and tossed its ginger locks in the air and sped on.

RUNS AND FIXTURES.

Halewood, 1st November, 1930.

Picture the Liverpool Landing Stage on a wet, November afternoon, for it was here the writer was bidden to await the coming of The Editor. He arrived, ten minutes' late as usual, with the perfectly paradoxical excuse that, as his rims were wearing thin, he had to refrain from using his brake. Surely a reason for being early rather than an excuse for being late.

The ride to Halewood through the City of Ships was accomplished without incident, although dodging the tramlines was at times a ticklish

business. On arrival at Halewood, George Glover was rescued from the labyrinth of turnings in which he had lost himself, and was escorted in safety to the Derby Arms.

After a more or less dryout in a warm room, it was teatime and the usual excellent feed was served fairly promptly. May it be put on record that even greater justice could be done to the meal (at least on the writer's part) if a little more elbow room was provided?

Leslie Elston is always bringing someone or something of interest. At the Tints Tour he brought his misfired pound note and his Scout's Rig-out, which he fills very well. This time he brought another of his brothers and a hefty old cherrywood pipe which he has evidently resurrected or lifted from somewhere. For size this remnant of someone's better days beats Tommy Royden's famous square to a frazzle. Mention of Leslie's brothers brings forth the question as to really how many he does possess. Kettle suggested at least a dozen, but the other Elston came to the rescue and said he was one of five.

It was just when the Presider was doling out the chicken (or duck) that Tommy pushed his face round the door and enquired of Cook as to where he had got to. The reply was something to the effect that if he couldn't get there on time, having all day to do it, then he could do without. Tommy then disappeared into the lower regions.

On disposing of the last remnants of the meal the majority adjourned to the bar-parlour, whilst a small party, in which the writer was included, went out into the still night for a wet ride home.

Areid, 1st November, 1930.

The first day of the penultimate month of the year certainly lived up to its reputation for dreariness. The storm clouds seemed to pour forth their contents with increasing ferocity, but every cloud has a silver lining and though the rain was heavy and continuous there was but little wind, so consequently it was possible to get good protection from a cape.

The following nine members braved the elements: Rex Austin, Albert Davies, H. Green, Geof. Lockett, G. B. Orrell, W. Orrell, J. Pitchford, Bob Poole and C. H. Turnor.

Rex Austin, who has recently been laid up with influenza, came by car. Albert Davies was sufficiently recovered to make the journey by bicycle from Knutsford, prior to which he invested in Home Rails. The other seven were out and out cyclists.

An excellent meal was provided and was served with such evident desire to please that it gave added enjoyment to the repast.

Of the nine participants, six were week-ending at Siddington.

Pulford, 8th November, 1930.

It was the first decent Saturday we have had for weeks, or so it seemed to me, and as Pulford is a popular run "everything in the garden was lovely."

I had a very pleasant run out via Eccleston, Farndon, and Rossett. The road between Farndon and Rossett is ideal for watching the sun sink behind the Welsh hills, and I had the luck to see the finest sunset I think I have ever seen; the after-glow was marvellous.

As I entered the dining room at the Grosvenor, Leslie Elston very kindly jumped up and offered me his chair, I thought he was having a little regard for my old age, but it appears he was only doing his good deeds in advance, because every time someone else arrived he did likewise.

George Mercer had brought a friend out in his car and Glover had prospective member King with him.

What was the attraction at Rhydtalog? Tommy Royden, Rigby Band and the Editorial One all visited the place before proceeding to Pulford. They are far too energetic for this time of the year.

Twenty-two (including the visitors) sat down to a very good "spread," and the said "spread" was soon demolished under a combined frontal attack.

The A.B.C. Billiards Championship was conspicuous by its absence this time, and much fun was missed thereby; it's surprising how hard it is to get a cannon off the fire-place, but George Glover can usually manage it.

After a time the exodus commenced, with our "prospective" Dutton-Walker and friend bound for Ilanarmon D.C., to set some squibs off, and the Presider had an engagement to analyse the "Staff of life" at Wem.

Charlie Randall arrived late and I think he had been for a little jaunt around Dolgelly way, but in his usual shy and bashful manner he was too modest to admit it.

As usual the "fast" (?) !! pack were the last to leave, the younger members of which started their usual "scrap," but they were eventually overtaken by the *wiser and more experienced* riders (the trumpeter is dead), and so ended another run.

Siddington, 8th November, 1930.

Not having been a member of the Club since the year one, I am not in a position to say whether the statement I am about to make is correct, but I think it is reasonably safe betting; for the second time in the history of the A.B.C. a fixture was held on unlicensed premises. In spite of this, however, a remarkably cheerful baker's dozen sat down to what the Victorian novelists loved to call a "sumptuous repast" at the H.Q. of the Siddington Wheelers.

Those present were, in order of magnificance: W. Orrell complete with scarlet tricycle, scarlet pullover and scarlet garters—in fact a study in scarlet; Geoff Lockett, his partner in crime (between them they finished Sam Wood's celery); Albert Davies, complete with full set of ribs; Bert Green, funereal in Rugger jersey from the Antipodes; Rex Austin, who travelled carriage forward per Austin Jowett; a brace of Rawlinsons, anxious to participate in the free chips at the Alderley Queen's; the Taylor who is not rural but quite urban, fresh from the lush meadows of Oldham, Laues.; Mr. Buckley complete with the Doctor, and the Doctor complete with Mr. Buckley; and the present scribe in new white collar. In his usual genial manner, Mr. Turnor presided.

Soon after "grace after meat" the Doctor made a neat exit, so neat in fact that like Enoch of Old Testament fame, nobody saw him go. The Mullah next slipped his cable, and then commenced a general regrettable move to the house of free chips.

Before closing, let me warn one and all never to appear inquisitive in the presence of our Mr. Davies as to who is to "write up the run." I "axed," and hence this gem of (almost) Shavian prose.

Mouldsworth, 15th November, 1930.

This is the lay of Mouldsworth, Frodsham way, Where on the 15th inst., the band of Anfield brotliers, Summoned by the *Circular*, or book of words, foregathered. Wet dawned the morn, but after lunch, the elements Relented; the day was fair, and for November, warm.

The present scribe set forth, and ere three leagues were done
 Spied on ahead the tripod of maroon, hard ridden
 By its illustrious owner Wilf, close on his heels
 The silver trailer, owner Geoff, and to this happy pair
 I joined myself, and proud I was, to ride
 In such distinguished company. Of this and that we talked,
 With quip and jest beguiled the way, and presently
 We came upon that brother who some time before, in his own
 Clumsy way has got himself mixed up when on the road,
 And suffered broken ribs. Dark grew the sky and nigh
 Drew time for lighting up. A.D. struck match on match
 And yet his lamp failed to respond, in spite of words which struck
 Cold chill into his hearers, words which we thought our Albert
 Knew not of; thus presently we saw the welcome gleam
 Of Mouldsworth's friendly hostel, known for many a moon
 To Anfield riders as the Railway; and glad we were
 To join ourselves to the two dozen evergreens,
 And draw up to the groaning board for which in excellence
 Mine host of Mouldsworth, unsurpassed. When Anfields'
 Inner man was duly satisfied, we sat in pleasant talk
 Of war-books (see "The Western Front") and territorial lore,
 And Randall, C., held forth at length on ways and means
 Of proper cyclist training; then thro' the frosty night
 We sped, and stopping only once, and that but at a shop
 In Northwich which dispenses clips, we safely reached
 Our several homes, and so to bed.

Mold, 22nd November, 1930.

An uneventful ride out *via* Queensferry and Northop was marred in the later stages by heavy rain and a rising wind, so that I arrived at Mold at 5 o'clock to seek shelter from the wild night.

At six o'clock, only fifteen had arrived and the unprecedented decision to await the arrival of another four, known to be on the way, was made, so the fifteen trooped upstairs and took their places. The four late-comers turned up at 6-15 when the meal was served smartly and proved to be quite up to the Dolphin standard. Half way through the meal the Presider announced that he had a very important toast to propose and invited everyone present to order a drink, at no expense to themselves.

This was done, and, the meal over, Cook told us that Charlie Conway's daughter was being married that day and Charlie wished us to drink with him the health of the bride and bridegroom, Mr. and Mrs. Shepherdson. Charlie had regretted he could not invite us all to the wedding, but as Saturday was such an important day to Anfielders, he felt we must be in it somehow, and so the toast was drunk very heartily, and the couple wished every happiness.

A mild sensation occurred on the arrival of Wemyss Smith shortly after tea and judging from his appearance he had had a tough battle from Manchester. He had come over to stay with Jonas.

At 7-15 Cook called for his pacer, Dick Ryalls, and they left for Boutuchel *via* Denbigh, giving the Bwlch-y-parc a miss on such a wild night.

George Mercer and Ven went round *via* Northop and kept a sharp look out for fallen trees and found one at Ewloe, which had to be sawn up by a cottager before they could proceed. They were delayed half an hour and eventually arrived home safely.

The fast pack left Mold at 8.15 and split up at Queensferry owing to del Blotto puncturing through nipping the inner tube on a fallen branch.

All the cyclists walked over Queensferry Bridge as a perfect hurricane was blowing up the river. At Shetwick Aerodrome the road was flooded for a little way, and of course, damped and chilled everyone's feet and took the final bit of pleasure out of the ride home.

However, the long struggle finished at last with at least two walking corpses.

Mottram St. Andrew, 22nd November, 1930.

The Manchester Section football team which partook of the excellent viands provided by mine host of the Bulls Head consisted of the following players: The Mullah, the sub-captain, the Big Boy, the Woolly one, the bare-kneed one and Pater, the black-jerseyed one and the red-jerseyed one and protégé, the sartorial one and the one who came by puff and dart.

The tall lean one and his partner in crime had threatened to come, but they had nipped over to Yorkshire to the Clifton Dinner, and the sub-captain would not rest till his reserves arrived in the shape of the sartorial one and the one who came by puff and dart.

The conversation after tea, like some of the remarks on the weather, cannot be repeated here, but they were none the less interesting. The party braved the elements in two's and three's, and as each left were heard to remark that Rude Boreas had been particularly rude in turning round and trying to blow them away from home.

Cotebrook, 29th November, 1930.

For a joint run there was a disappointing turn-out of 22 members only (including one prospective). Of these only a mere half-dozen hailed from Manchester district, and it doesn't say very much for those who are constantly complaining of the sameness of the fixture list and the lack of enterprise on the part of the committee in arranging same, if new venues are not better supported. The fare provided was of the best and compared very favourably with that served up at the usual meets. The Presider and the writer had been out all day *via* Malpas and Prees Heath for lunch, returning *via* Wrenbury and Cholmondeley school to Beeston for afternoon tea. The others had mostly been "round the earth" before tea and the conversation chiefly took the lines of the previous Saturday evening's experiences—Lucas giving us an account of his cyclo-motor bus journey and making a full confession of the same. The Presider then proceeded to Eccleshall alone, actually resisting the temptation to stop anywhere en route and arriving at 9.40 with a following wind. Albert Davies left to week-end at Whitchurch and Wilf. Orrell, Lockett and Bob Poole week-ended at Siddington. The four old men of the Wirral section rode against a steady N.-E. wind and split up into two parties at Willaston corner, one for home—arriving at 10, the other *via* Hinderton for re-fueling.

Those present were Band (J. R.), Chandler, Cody, Cook, A. Davies, del Banco, Glover, Green, Jonas, Kettle, Knipe, Lockett, Lucas, Marriott, Orrell (W.), R. Poole, Powell, Randall, Royden, Ryalls, Walton, and King.

J. S. JONAS,

Editor.