

ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

FORMED MARCH 1879

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

MONTHLY CIRCULAR.

Vol. XXVIII.

No. 299.

A Happy New Year to All.

FIXTURES FOR JANUARY, 1931.

Tea at 6 p.m.

		Light up at
Jan. 3	Pulford (Grosvenor Arms)...	4-35 p.m.
" 10	Halewood (Derby Arms), Annual General Meeting (Tea 5-30 p.m.) ...	4-44 p.m.
" 12	Committee Meeting, 7 p.m. (Victoria Hotel, St. John's Lane, L'pool).	
" 17	Daresbury (Ring o' Bells) ...	4.54 p.m.
" 24	Mold (Dolphin) ...	5- 7 p.m.
" 31	Cote Brook (Alvanley Arms) ...	5-20 p.m.
Feb. 7	Halewood (Derby Arms) ...	5-34 p.m.

ALTERNATIVE FIXTURES FOR MANCHESTER MEMBERS:

Tea at 5-30 p.m.

Jan. 3	Holmes Chapel (Swan) ...	4-35 p.m.
" 24	Lymm (Spread Eagle) ...	5- 7 p.m.
Feb. 7	Holmes Chapel (Swan) ...	5-34 p.m.

Full Moon ... 4th 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 MEMBERS.—Mr. T. W. Slawson, 34 Sandrock Road, Wallasey, Cheshire, and Mr. L. King, 18 St. Mary's Street, Wallasey, Cheshire, have been elected to Full Membership.

The resignation of Mr. A. Wild has been accepted with regret. Tea at Halewood on January 10th will be at 5-30 p.m.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS.—Mr. F. Jones, 68 Light Oak Road, Pendleton, Manchester.

H. W. POWELL,
Hon. General Secretary

TREASURY NOTES.

And very few of them! Never before in my experience has there been such a paucity of Treasury Notes, Cheques, Postal Orders and other forms of the "ready." Never before have I had to write so many dunning letters on Xmas Eve. Is it that our members have been so absorbed in wassailing, and the wassail so absorbed in them, that they have had neither the opportunity nor the power to send along their so long overdue subscriptions? Or perhaps it is that in some cases the spirit indeed is willing, but the wherewithal is wanting. To these I wish a brighter and more prosperous New Year. To the former I would call to mind the words of Johnny Band when he looked into the "Tank" very early one morning at Bettws.

I beg to thank the following twenty-six who have forwarded their subscriptions (five in advance †) and/or Donations (*) during December -

*R. Barton.	C. F. Hawkes.	R. Rothwell.
†F. E. Bill.	*N. M. Higham.	T. V. Schofield.
*E. J. Cody.	†J. S. Jonas.	C. Selkirk.
H. Dakin.	†L. King.	J. F. Shaw.
J. Fowler.	J. V. Marchanton.	†T. W. Slawson.
W. E. S. Foster.	†A. E. Morton.	†E. A. Thompson.
F. Gee.	*H. Poole.	J. E. Walker.
E. Green, Senr.	E. J. Reade.	R. Webb.
E. Harley.	F. Roskell.	

ITEMS.

Harry Austin has joined the Irish Road Club, which is quite the right and proper thing to do now he seems so permanently settled in Dublin, and as the I.R.C. has no ordinary weekly runs which Austin confesses to miss greatly, he and Finn are negotiating to found a Dublin D.A. of the C.T.C., much to the delight of Brazendale, who is "conspiring" with them.

H. M. Buck from far away Vancouver, B.C., has sent a Xmas Card to "The Anfield Table" of the Victoria Cafe, and as the message is undoubtedly for the whole Club and enunciates a fine sentiment, we reproduce it herewith:

"When a body likes a body as much as I like you,
To wish a body Happiness is never hard to do,
If what a body wished a body ever should come true,
How grand a Christmas it would be for somebody like you."

At the Mouldsworth run in November a valuable looking Deershaum-cum-Munhill borrowing pattern pipe was found lying on the mantel-piece of the dining room, and was promptly pocketed by Dick Ryalls, and we strongly advise the owner to claim it at once and so remove this terrible temptation from our young friend's care, before it is too late.

The urgency will be appreciated the better when we mention that Derrick has been sounding various members on the merits and demerits of alleged brands of tobacco and has been seen gazing longingly into the windows of tobacconist's shops.

Dutton-Walker's name rather leads one to suppose that he is an expert pedestrian, but the number of times he has been seen in Chester Station gives one an entirely opposite view.

As a large number of members know to their cost, the editorial sanctum is in Caerwys Grove, and we now learn that "Swearfarer" (himself and not his great grandpapa) lived there FIFTY years ago. Poor old man. Anyway, the association of this delectable Grove with the great ones in the literary world is still there.

* * * * *

The pugilistic party in the Club has received a valuable recruit in the person of Tom Slawson, just elected to membership, and in spite of the fact that Teddie Edwards knew his grandfather, he is quite a decent chap.

We understand that Slawson's brother is the Amateur Swelter Weight Champion of the North of England, and if any racing man needs a good excuse for not riding in any particular race in the future, we suggest he goes along to the Slawson house, the night before the event, where they have a ring fully equipped with shrouds and coffins, and stretchers for the thick headed ones.

* * * * *

Our old friend, C. A. Morris of the Speedwell B.C., who was such a fine rider until a bad accident put a stop to his racing career, has now entered into Holy Matrimony, on which we congratulate him. He has taken the New Inn Hotel, Bourton-on-the-Water, which will now become a real cyclists' house and should be noted by our tourists.

* * * * *

Our sympathies and good wishes have been extended to J. Burden Barnes, President of the Bath Road Club, who recently encountered a dog while cycling, with the unfortunate result of a broken arm. We are glad to learn that the fracture is not compound and that good progress is being made towards complete recovery.

* * * * *

We do not quite understand why any comments should have been made at the Clifton C.C. Dinner at the absence of our Club's representative to receive the Team Prize Trophy. The fact is that the Club never received any invitation to send a representative for that purpose or one would certainly have been nominated. But in any case the Trophy could have been handed to Austin in the same way as Orrell's 3rd fastest medal was handed to Buckley. This question of Team Trophies is rather thorny. To whom are they to be handed and who has to have the responsibility for their safety? They are rather like White Elephants. They are a collective and not an individual award, and few clubs have any domicile where they can be displayed. Perhaps each member of a winning Team should share the onus for four months in turn! All we know is that the Palatine Shield won in 1929 is still in the possession of the Presider awaiting instructions to hand it over to the Mersey R.C., who won it in 1930, and that the Clifton Trophy will also find sanctuary in the same strong room!

* * * * *

It is to be hoped that the writer-up of "Siddington, 8th November, 1930," is either very wealthy or will not take to betting. The so-called "reasonably safe betting" is hopelessly incorrect. As a matter of fact the betting is all the other way and the real odds *against* the correctness of the statement are all Lombard Street to a China orange. Even in the present century unlicensed premises have frequently been patronised for fixtures and for umpteen years one of our favourite runs used to be to the C.T.C. Farm at High Legh, where members also used to week-end at for training purposes! History merely repeats itself!

F.O.T.C. Dinner, 3rd December, 1930.

This function was as successful and delightful as ever, but again we were only represented by Beardwood, Oscar E. Taylor and Cook. With a Welsh President (George Ace of Tenby) and a Welsh atmosphere surrounding everything it was a pity our Welsh Old Timers did not make a special effort to attend. We badly wanted Billy Owen or Teddie Edwards to translate the menu with its dishes masquerading as Trefeglys, Llanfairpwllgwyngyle (to which we believe "gogoch" should be added!), Bettwsgwerfilgoch, Pontrhydfendigaid, Abergwynypolwyn, Cwmdauddwr, Llechweddyrhy, Llanrihangelysternllavern, and "Nothing else—whatever!" During the evening the orchestra played Welsh and other barbaric airs, while Sammy Bartleet led us in "singing" (save the mark!) Old Time Music Hall Songs quite appropriately, seeing that Harry Randall was one of the O.T.'s present. Unfortunately, George Ace was on a bed of sickness and therefore unable to be present, but F. Percy Low, as ex-President, brilliantly deputised, and Dan Morgan in proposing the Toast of the President gave a masterly display of Celtic oratory in Lloyd Georgian style, which brought down the house. Those unable to be present had sent £45 for Godbold's Benevolent Fund, and this was made into £100 or £10 more than last year. Altogether a very great evening.

Bath Road Club Dinner, 5th December, 1930.

I was again extended the honour of representing the Club at the Bath Road Annual Dinner, held at the Holborn Restaurant. It was one of the most enjoyable functions of the year, and one I have attended now for a number of years, although I do not know that I have any prior right to this.

It was to be regretted J. Burden Barnes was unable to be present owing to his recent accident, but S. Vanheems made a very good substitute, and he had plenty to do to satisfy his craving for work.

At the reception there was a representative gathering of past and present speedmen. Pa White was again in evidence, and I had the pleasure of introducing him to Bick, Junior. It brought back memories of the time when Bick Senior was about the same age, but not the same longitudinally when Pa White was president of the club.

My attendances had been so regular that I was asked how long I had been a member of the Bath Road.

Dinner was duly announced and I found myself in very good company, including "James of Old Mohawk" fame, and it was a pleasure to recall incidents of what occurred in the nineties, when the tandem trikes of this make were used extensively for pacing and for many a mile have I examined the details of its construction from the back whilst travelling at speed.

The dinner was of the usual high order and one of the principle toasts of the evening was that drunk to the absent President; this was officially timed by P. T. Bidlake to take place at 9 p.m., at which time Mr. J. Burden Barnes would do likewise at his home. Personally I thought this was a very fitting tribute to one who has cycling and the Bath Road Club very much at heart.

At about this time things got very merry and the younger bloods began to let themselves loose. Syphons were brought into action and many an onlooker in the line of fire got more than he bargained for. S. Vanheems cast envious eyes from his exalted position.

The prize giving was very interesting and enjoyable, as also was the musical programme under the able direction of Bill Haines.

The toast of the Visitors was in the able hands of the acting President who made special reference to the "Black Anfielders," who I represented and mentioned that many of the visitors were getting them round when the majority of those present were in their mother's arms. P. C. Beardwood was again very much in evidence, but as there were not enough tables to go round, he lost his usual position as vice-chairman.

Pa White cleared off early, he had evidently left his latch at home, and being now a resident in the Home counties I did likewise shortly afterwards and eventually arrived home in Baldock after a four mile walk at 1 p.m. in the morning—but it was worth it!!

It is indeed a signal honour for me to again represent such a sporting band of cyclists. Yet another milestone passed, in the history of cycling and still another seal that binds me nearer and dearer to the old Club.

Happy are my memories of the past and sincere my wishes for its future.

North Road Club Dinner, 12th December, 1930.

Drifting into the Holborn Restaurant on the 12th, one imagined they had returned the day after to the last dinner. Everything seemed much the same. Old Pa White waiting in the hall for his guest Dudley Daymond, Jimmy James, Joe Harding, John Owen, Joe Hooydonk, all crowding around the little cock tail bar, then the "crush" room where the great and only Bidlake received us in his own stately manner. Here we noticed more North Road stalwarts in Grimsdell, Mentor Mott, C. J. Cole, G. Brown, Moxham, Artaud, Sangway. Amongst the notable guests there were Lionel Martin, Vanheems, Boyle and Thurley of the Bath Road, Rossiter and Draisey (Century), Charlie Davey (Veg.), Goss, Green and F. W. Southall (Norwood Paragon), old man Stancer and many others. Soon after the eaters got off their mark Frank Wingrave blew in and received an ovation to be proud of, so much so that he relaxed and smiled for the first time for some years, at least to the best of the writer's knowledge.

As a guest of the Captain, F. H. Inwood, I was thoroughly at home from the cock tail bar onwards. The menu was in keeping with North Road traditions, also the musical programme, and two artistes gave an exposition of thought reading which was mystifying and marvellous. The songs were good, but old Joe Hooydonk did not give us his usual old time songs, well known to many Anfielders, namely "John James O'Hara" and "A wagging of the little dog's tail," which want a lot of beating, in fact the famous North Road Anthem was nearly forgotten.

Vanheems gave the toast of "The Club" in a stentorian whisper that so startled Pa White that he bolted and was not seen again. One of our sleuths since reports that Pa got home safely before the door was locked at 10 p.m. and actually put his own collar on. The toast of "The Visitors," by H. A. Meacock, was replied to by W. A. Low (winner of the 24 hours) and by C. F. Davey. The toast of "The Chairman" was by F. H. Inwood, but most unfortunately Biddy had to go just previously. All the same we drank to him deeply, for he is undoubtedly a President amongst presidents. The famous Chorus was sung but many of the newer lads seem to have learnt the words badly. Auld Lang Syne in the time honoured custom beloved by Biddy who insists upon every man, having the wall to support him, this however was quite unnecessary, for everyone departed quietly and decorously (in great contrast to the Bath Road Dinner), and no one made the mistake of thinking the noble marble balustrade of the staircase was the deck rail of a channel

steamer, as rumour sayeth a certain Anfielder-cum-Bath Roader did upon the occasion of the B.R. dinner the week before.

Speedwell B.C. Dinner, December, 1930.

An even warmer welcome than usual was accorded to two of "ours"—Lusty and Robbie (himself)—by the Speedwell B.C. at their annual dinner, held just before Christmas, the added warmth being due to the fact that Orrell won this year's "Battle of Tewkesbury" and that the A.B.C. carried away the team prize. To Robbie was again entrusted the high privilege of proposing "The Club and its Officers," a task he performed in felicitous terms which gave great satisfaction to the company. The admission of ladies to the "feed" was a pleasant innovation whose success has justified the adventure, and "Swear-fairer" caused much amusement by dwelling on this invasion of mere man's semi-final sanctuary, adding that only the House of Lords now remained sacred and inviolate to the inferior sex. (Wot abaht the A.B.C.—Ed.)

Annual Hot Pot of the Willaston Tea Tasters, December 24th, 1930.

Exclusive to the "Circular."

It is with great pleasure we present to our readers (if any) an exclusive report of the first annual gathering of one of the most exclusive Societies in the world. We refer, of course, to the Willaston (Wirral) Tea Tasters.

Thirteen members sat down to an excellent repast of Hot Pot, Steak and Kidney Pie, Mince Pies, fancy cakes, and of course, tea. A remarkable feature, however, was the serving of wine with dinner—Burgundy and Port flowing freely. These wines, be it understood, only whet the appetites of Tea Tasters and better enables them to appreciate the true drink of the Society.

The inner man being satisfied, the members pulled out their cigars, settled themselves comfortably in their chairs and listened with wrapt attention to some of the finest speeches that have yet passed the lips of man.

The evening was not allowed to pass without a little harmony, a portable gramophone accompanied some of the more talented of the members. The Official Photographer to the Society performed his duties in strict conformity with the ancient custom of his Union, and a memorable evening was brought to a close with the singing of "Auld Lang Syne."

Halewood, 6th December, 1930.

On this December morning I journeyed to meet the Hon. Sec. at Willaston Corner, and the weather was the type for an enjoyable day's ride. Arriving at the trysting place about 10-30 I found my companion waiting and it was decided that Northwich would see us for lunch and so we made our way to Chester and Kelsall, having some light refreshment at the latter place. We continued along the Northwich road, arriving at the Crown and Anchor at 1-15, where a good lunch was provided, after which the new landlord made himself quite affable. Warrington was now our objective, and at a certain C.T.C. House of call we awaited the arrival of the Presider. He was, however, later than expected, so at 4-40 we left for Halewood.

At the Derby Arms, we found Hubert Roskell in the tank and soon afterwards Jonas came in, whereupon Powell produced a Record

Badge, with which to adorn the new record breaker. Hubert insisted on performing the ceremony and nearly left Jonas coatless in the attempt to extract the old badge.

Food!!! was now served and we made our way to the bottom room, where we found Knipe, Fell, Cheminaiis, Stevie, and others already seated. The victuals put before us were of excellent quality and the quantity was endless. After all (twenty-four) "had finished the whole and laboured every part," a number from upstairs joined us, the meeting between Chem and Cook (after many days) was very touching. After further talk around the Christmas Tour to Bettws-y-coed, I left in company with Kettle and Powell. Leaving Powell on the (landing) stage, Kettle and I made our way home via Saughall Massie, having had a very enjoyable day.

Holmes Chapel, 6th December, 1930.

A fair, dry, December day failed to bring forth more than ten to the Manchester Section run, a very disappointing number considering the excellent fare always provided at the Swan.

Those present were Buckley, Doc Carlisle, Albert Davies, Bert Green, Geoff Lockett, G. B. and W. Orrell, Bob Poole, Thompson and Turnor.

Where are the Rawlinson's and Urban Taylor these days? Does Urban go further afield now that he owns a car?

Mouldsworth, 13th December, 1930.

By starting from the Big City on the previous day at 7-30 (a.m. or p.m. ?—no information on this point is available—ED.), Robinson (himself) managed to link up with Cook for lunch at the "Raven," and then the Old Gentleman, guided by our eminent journalist-lecturer member, rolled on to the "Station" at Mouldsworth, where a goodly company of Anfielders was assembled. Several members were at once called to the bar, and in the babel of conversation one heard murderous threats directed at the loud speaker, which made reference to the usual depression off Iceland and then rattled off a lot of names, interspersed with "Hello, twins!" (The present deponent's loud speaker is much more subdued. But then *she* has been properly brought up).

Amongst the notabilities we observed gathered about the festive board [copyright phrase. Serial and film rights strictly reserved] may be mentioned Sir Thomas Royden, Dave Rowatt, Frank Chandler, Johnny Band, Wilf Taylor (complete with mountaineering jacket, specially used when climbing the landing stage bridges at low water), Bert Green, Albert Davies, Dick Ryalls (in "shorts"), Capting Kettle (not in "shorts"), and Lucas, the visitors including Mr. Harold Moore and Jack Salt of the Liverpool Century. Various cycling topics were discussed during and after the meal (curious, that!) and then the members dispersed in single spies and battalions, some for the joy of the week-ending act and others for the more or less commonplace delights of home. The present deponent looked in vain for the Editor-person in the hope of being able to collect the usual fee for this stupendous piece of literature ("all my own work"), but the said Editor-person—the unwashed Alsatian!—was not on the run (having been warned in time as to who would be present.—ED.)

Mold, 20th December, 1930.

First of all, a word of warning to any prospective member of the W.T.T. The Editor is on their committee and you are liable to be jumped on for an article at any old moment, like I was.

Anyhow, the Saturday afternoon in question was quite mild with occasional bursts of December sunshine, when seven Tea Tasters assembled at the Romantic Hadlow Road Corner. A notable absentee was Jonas, who made out that he was working late. His place was taken by Frank Perkins, who put in one of his welcome appearances. Jack Salt, the Neston Flier, also came out with us and when Charlie Randall saw us at Two Mills, he snorted "What a tribe!"

Some clever person having said that it was three miles downhill from Northop to Mold, we immediately made for the former place for our afternoon "reviver." Somehow or other, everybody appeared to want to reach Northop first, at least that was my impression, as I vainly argued with my pedals that their job was to go round and not to start kicking back at me. In Northop, Perkins was misdirected by a local, thus missing a very pleasant cup of tea at the "Boot," one of the Presider's houses.

Our party eventually arrived at the "Dolphin," at 5-50, to find everybody sitting round the fire downstairs. We were all glad to see Teddy Edwards out again, after a few weeks' absence. Dave Rowatt and Ven. also turned out, but considering the easy conditions, 19 was a poor attendance for such a popular house.

The usual first class feed was served promptly, the daughter of the house looking after the younger crowd very well.

After the early starters had left, and the Presider had set out for Llanfairtalhairn, a circle was formed round the fire and the coming holiday was discussed till Tommy Royden started relating tales of his murky past, when Chandler and Kettle promptly hauled him out into the night, lest he should lead astray the young and pure-minded. (None of the latter were present, by the way, but we let it pass as a pleasant figure of speech.—Ed.)

The "crowd" eventually moved off, and after Charles had shown us how to coast down hills at a terrifying speed, they left him at Sealand and proceeded home at a more sedate pace.

Bettws-y-Coed, 25th-28th December, 1930.

There can be no doubt as to the wisdom of this fixture which caters for those fortunate or unfortunate enough to be free of barbed wire entanglements in the way of business or domestic ties. The fact that 18 members and six friends participated in the holiday speaks for itself, and those who for many reasons cannot go should not begrudge the joy of those who can. The festival appears to have started on Xmas Eve, when four solemn old gentlemen representing the C.B.B. foregathered at Saughall Massie and were regaled with ale and mince pies while a hilarious dozen or so of the W.T.T. were indulging in an orgie at Willaston over their first Annual Dinner and Prize Distribution. (First we have heard about prizes.—Ed.) Perhaps the less said about this function the better, because when the Presider passed through Willaston on Xmas Day to meet Randall and Jack Salt at the Wirral Stone, there was a big crowd outside the cafe and he gathered that the Sanitary Committee were examining the premises to decide whether it would be better to burn them down rather than try to remove the debris. The trouble all came about through Glover winning a bottle of Port in a Chester raffle—but that is another story and you can draw your own conclusions if you ask to see the photograph that was taken in which President Charles Randall appears as "The Soul's Awakening." However, Jack Salt and Randall did arrive

a little belatedly at the Wirral Stone and "the tour proper" commenced, although the former had to turn back at Chester as his "pass out check" had been cancelled. At the foot of Marford Hill, Hubert Roskell overtook the two cyclists and did the proper thing at the Trevor Arms and then went on to prepare for our creature comforts at Ruabon, where the trio enjoyed the first of a long series of Xmas dinners. Of course, Hubert went on ahead to warn Bettws, while the duo had a nice easy ride, so vastly different to that experienced last year. Just beyond the Devil's Punch Bowl, Tegid Owen and family passed in a car with excited wavings, and at Cerrig-y-druidion we were taken into the family circle and given the places of honour at the festive board—after which we were at the Glan Aber in no time to find Mr. and Mrs. Edwards, Turner of Derby, and his friend Mr. Collershaw, and of course George Lake and Mr. Cannon, all ready to welcome us.

On Boxing Day seven of us went to Beddgelert and had a right royal time at both the Goat and Plas Colwyn. Going down the Nant Gwynant a terrific rain storm was encountered, but it soon blew over and amends were made on the return journey when the setting sun gave us some most remarkable and quite indescribable effects of colouring and light which aroused the poetic souls of even such hardened criminals as Randall and Cook. Messrs. Turner and Collershaw left us at Beddgelert, but on our return to Bettws we found that Rowatt, George and Arthur Newall, Kettle, Ryalls, Marriott, Rigby Band, Jonas, Koenen, Cheminai and Mr. Samuel had arrived, so that there was quite a large dinner party, and plenty of sociability and fun in both Chapel and Tank. A pretty compliment was paid to the Master when he came in for dinner, all those present rising and waiting till he was seated.

Saturday was a great day and 17 of us sat down to lunch at Penmaenmawr. It was wet when Kettle and Cook on trikes led the troops off from the Glan Aber, but the rain ceased at the Swallow Falls and capes dispensed with by the Ugly House, and a most joyous ride was experienced. Along the coast road from Bangor corner was a dream of delight as the wind got up and simply pushed us along, greatly to the joy of those with free wheels! At Penmaenmawr we were joined by Mr. Scarff of the W.T.T., who did not take much persuasion to get into Hubert's car and come to Bettws. Most of the cyclists tackled the Sychnant Pass, but the trikes, with Randall in attendance, kept to the coast and thus got ahead; but all foregathered at Dolgarrog, where the new road and bridge in course of construction were examined, and then after cups of tea at "Ye Olde Shippe," Trefriw, orderly formation was kept back to headquarters, where we found Winnie and our old friend, Mr. Mines, had arrived, and just after dinner, Glover and Del Banco rolled in after a rather strenuous ride pushing the wind away, particularly after Ruabon. The usual "last night" merry evening ensued. Winnie was inclined to get obstreperous, but we banished him into the Billiard room for a time, and a very pleasant interlude was provided by Brazendale telephoning to find out if anyone was thirsty!

Sunday came all too soon. Mr. and Mrs. Edwards and Rowatt were staying another day and Koenen's car party were making for the coast and very kindly took Mr. Scarff back to the bosom of his family at Colwyn Bay, while the Newalls made straight back for England! But Hubert had taken such a fancy to the "likely lads" that he abandoned his plans for Salop, and with Winnie, Mr. Mines and a "surprise" in his car made for Bontuchel, where Kettle had thoughtfully ordered lunch. The skies were sorrowful and weeping when the cyclists tore

themselves away, but as so often happens the rain ceased in a few miles and just beyond Pentre Voelas capes were put away and it was gloriously fine over the moors from Cerrig-y-druiddion. It is only on rare occasions that more than five or six Anfielders ride *en masse*, but all the way from Bettws to Cerrig the nine cyclists rode in column of route, keeping perfect formation, and making a brave show, the trikes, of course, lending dignity to the procession. Of course the easiest way to Bontuchel is via the outskirts of Ruthin, but the "intrepid cyclists" explored the very picturesque lane route from above Clawdd Newydd through Clocaenog which was particularly saucy for trikes with its gutters at an angle in places. Arrived at the Bridge Hotel, a warm welcome from the Waine family disclosed Hubert's "surprise," for he had actually succeeded in smuggling Miss Waine from the Glan Aber and introduced her as "Marjorie's twin sister"! Of course a very excellent lunch was enjoyed with much hilarity and then Hubert's party had to return to Bettws-y-coed to restore Miss Waine, while the nine cyclists pushed on to Willaston for tea, in weather of the "not so good" sort. Still the wind was favourable, and after crossing Queen's Ferry it was to all intents and purposes fine, and the holiday ended on a high note of joy and satisfaction mingled with great regrets that it was not all starting over again.

The following greetings were received at Bettws-y-coed:

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

"Best wishes to all for a fine tour and a Happy Christmas."—G. E. Carpenter.

"With kindest thoughts and sincere good wishes for a very Happy Christmas."—from H. G. Buckley.

And since our return:

"Just this card to convey to all the boys my very best wishes for a Happy and Prosperous New Year. Hope you had an enjoyable Xmas."—F. del Strother.

Nantwich, 26th December, 1930.

Truly the day opened with a howling threat to all and sundry to keep indoors before the fire or else to venture out at their own risk. And the threat was carried out as it was a slow and painful journey out to Chester from the extreme end of Wirral dead into a roaring gale of wind and for a dozen miles or so a raging torrent of rain. The Editor was sighted at the 8th milestone about 400 yards ahead; his lead at the Welsh crossroads had been reduced to only 399 yards, when seeing defeat looming up he evaded it by dodging down to Queen's Ferry. (Won't Ryalls be bucked when he hears he has been mistaken for OUR noble person.—ED.) Chandler's tandem had, after an interval of five years, claimed another victim in the shape of Harry Austin of Dublin. They ploughed past at the 4th milestone and tried their hardest to drop me over a varied course of 30 miles via Broxton and Wrenbury to Nantwich. For the Christmastide run of the year there was rather a poor gathering and one felt again how the completeness of this special fixture is spoiled by a section of the membership being beguiled away to Bettws; exiles make a special point of getting back for this run, often at considerable trouble and expense, to find some of the people they hoped to see are not there at all. Amongst those who sat down to the roast beef were Bren, Albert Davies, W. Orrell, Lockett, Heath, Pell, Mercer, Charlie Conway, Knipe, Bert Green, Cody, the Mullali, Buckley, Glover, Rawlinsons, Evergreen Tommy, and exiles Austin, Young Buckley,

Turvey and Moreton. A cable of good wishes was received from Fulton and was read out by Fell who got the R.A. right at the third attempt—never say die, Dave! We wondered why the message was not given to our V.P., the Mullah, to read, but possibly he had his mouth full all the time! The party broke up about 2-45 p.m. for the homeward trek with the wind still blustering about but mercifully with no more rain.

Hooton, 27th December, 1930.

We were favoured with the best climatic conditions of the Christmas holiday week, for this, our only fixture of the year in Wirral, and the writer was reminded that other Wirral winter fixtures would be welcomed, but it was rather surprising that only sixteen attended the run, the lure of Bettws no doubt accounting for some, and the wear and tear of the festive season for other absentees. However, the venue attracted Jack Seed and Fawcett, who have not cheered us with their presence too frequently this year, and now that interest is re-awakened we will look for them from January 3rd onwards, scrapping for the attendance prize with Tommy and others.

We were glad to have Harry Austin and Turvey with us again, both chirpy and bright, in the cheerful Christmassy manner, they bridging the age gap between Elston's youth and the getting on in years of many of the party.

We were a cheerful company and enjoyed the excellent meal provided, after which the fire was well encircled, tobacco and chin-wagging was indulged in, until a move was made for the road, Happy New Year wishes were exchanged, and we wended our several ways in and out of Wirral to our destinations.

In addition to those already mentioned, our numbers included Cody, J. C. Band, H. Band, Conway, Buck, Stephenson, Ven, E. O. Morris, Knipe, Powell, Elston, and the ever cheery Royden, who still insists that "Them were the days," when he falls into a reminiscent mood.

(We regret, that up to the time of going to Press, no accounts of the runs to Goostrey and Moberley have been received.—ED.)

J. S. JONAS,

Editor.

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ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

FORMED MARCH 1879

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

MONTHLY CIRCULAR.

Vol. XXVIII.

No. 300.

FIXTURES FOR FEBRUARY, 1931.

Tea at 6-0 p.m.

		Light up at
Feb. 7	Halewood (Derby Arms)	5-34 p.m.
" 9	Committee Meeting, 7 p.m. (Victoria Hotel, St. Johns Lane, L'pool)	
" 14	Mouldsworth (Station Hotel)	5-49 p.m.
" 21	Pulford (Grosvenor Arms)	6-3 p.m.
" 28	Tarporley (Swan)	6-15 p.m.
Mar. 7	Halewood (Derby Arms)	6-29 p.m.

ALTERNATIVE FIXTURES FOR MANCHESTER MEMBERS

Tea at 5-30 p.m.

Feb. 7	Holmes Chapel (Swan)	5-34 p.m.
" 21	Areld (Rose and Crown)	6-3 p.m.
Mar. 7	Goostrey (Red Lion)	6-29 p.m.

Full Moon ... 3rd 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.

APPLICATIONS FOR MEMBERSHIP.—Mr. Edward Haynes, Junr., 238 Maine Road, Moss Side, Manchester, proposed by Mr. Edward Haynes, seconded by Mr. E. Buckley. Mr. William George Connor, 27 Parkside, Wallasey, Cheshire; proposed by Mr. J. S. Jonas and seconded by Mr. G. A. Glover.

The Resignation of Mr. E. Green has been accepted with regret. Messrs. W. E. L. Cooper, E. R. Green, E. D. Green and C. Moorby have been transferred to Honorary Membership.

Messrs. R. Hawker, T. Hilton Hesketh, F. L. Street and J. E. Tomlin have been struck off the list of Membership for non-payment of subscription.

Mr. J. S. Jonas has been unanimously re-elected Editor of the *Circular*.

The following Club Delegates have been appointed: R.R.C.—Mr. A. E. Morton; 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. R. J. Austin, W. P. Cook, E. Edwards, G. A. Glover, W. H. Kettle and C. H. Turnor.

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

Mr. H. Poole has been appointed Timekeeper for the "Twelve" and "Twenty-four," and Mr. W. P. Cook has been appointed Timekeeper for the Invitation "100" and the 50 Miles Handicaps during 1931.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS : Mr. N. M. Higham, 3 Grange Road, Bowden, Cheshire. Mr. T. V. Schofield, 155 Urnston Lane, Stretford, Manchester.

H. W. POWELL,

Hon. General Secretary.

TREASURY NOTES.

The year opened very well with an avalanche of subscriptions during the first fortnight, but of late this rush has faded away. The total of thirty-five exactly coincides with the number received in January last year, and I am glad to welcome several new names among the early starters. I hope this reminder will swell our next list to record proportions. Nothing like getting well away off your mark.

I must apologise to Mr. C. H. Turnor for the omission of his name as a donor from last month's list.

My thanks are due to the thirty-five members who have sent Subscriptions and/or Donations(*) during the past month.

C. Aldridge.	G. Lockett	R. Poole.
*H. S. Barrett.	W. H. Kettle.	J. S. Roberts.
*E. J. Cody.	R. Leigh Knipe.	J. C. Robinson.
C. J. Conway.	F. Marriott	D. C. Rowatt.
*W. P. Cook.	G. Molyneux.	D. L. Ryalls.
*E. Edwards.	E. Montag.	J. D. Siddeley.
H. L. Elston.	L. Oppenheimer.	W. E. Taylor.
R. A. Fulton.	G. B. Orrell.	T. A. Telford.
G. A. Glover.	W. Orrell.	E. L. Thompson.
J. A. Grimshaw.	*J. Park.	W. T. Venables.
T. Hinde.	F. Perkins.	F. Wood.
	W. H. Powell.	C. H. Woodroffe.

RACING PROGRAMME.

The dates for the Club Races for 1931, have been arranged for, provisionally, as follows : First "50," 18th April ; Second "50," 16th May ; Invitation "100," 25th May ; Invitation "24," 24th-25th July ; 12 Hours, 15th August ; Third "50," 12th September. If sufficient support is forthcoming a further "50" will be run off on 18th July.

Open Events.

The dates of the chief "Opens," in which our riders are likely to be interested, are as follows : Easter Monday, 6th April—Potteries "50," Yorkshire Road Club Victory "50" ; 26th April—Warwickshire Road Club "50" ; 10th May—Clifton "50" ; 7th June—East Liverpool Wheelers "50," Andy Wilson Memorial "50" ; 21st June—Manchester Wheelers "50" ; 28th June—Manchester Grosvenor Wheelers "100" ; 12th July—North Road Memorial "50," Apollo "50," Wyndham "50" ; 3rd August—Bath Road "100," Speedwell "100" ; 28th-29th August—North Road "24" ; 5th September—Manchester Wheelers "12" ; 6th September—Palatine "50."

W. H. KETTLE,

Hon. Racing Secretary.

ITEMS.

Those members of the Club who, during the past 30 years, have been frequent callers at the Wynnstay Hotel, Ruabon, will regret to learn of the death of Mr. Murless, on New Year's Eve. Mr. Murless had been in poor health for the last few years, but his passing at the comparatively early age of 62 must be a severe blow to his family, who always made Anfielders so warmly welcome.

* * * * *

Congratulations to E. A. Thompson on his excellent article "A Myth and a Reality," in the *C.T.C. Gazette*. As a past master of the art of riding the "good old ordinary" he deals with the popular fallacy that the Ordinary was a very imperfect instrument for pleasureable cycling, in a very entertaining and conclusive fashion. Of course the truth is that the man and machine were really one unit when once the G.O.O. had been properly mastered, and Thompson demolishes the fallacy to the contrary in a masterly way. The illustration of the "giraffe" reminds us that the late W. R. Toft possessed and often rode the last specimen of this breed until well into the present century, and always regretted that he parted with it. For all we know it may still be perambulating in the neighbourhood of Garston, in the way that many such antiques persist.

* * * * *

A very interesting letter from "Elsie" Price describes the "bicycles" ridden by the natives in Nyassaland, as follows: "The natives, being rather hard up, those who have bikes are quite content with a piece of bamboo in place of a broken pedal. Carriers made of bamboo are very common and very often I see patches on the outer covers just sewn up with twine made from the bark of a tree. The average bike is usually about 4 ins. out of track, with one half the handlebar *a la* Southport and the other half super North Road—these bikes are made of such muck that honestly one can almost straighten out a bent crank with hand-pressure only."

* * * * *

Old members will regret to hear of the passing of Mr. Frank E. Barlow, at the early age of 53. He died on the 6th January, and was buried at Farnworth (Widnes) Cemetery on the 8th January. He was a member of the Club from 1899 to 1902 and during that time attended the Easter Tour at Bettws. He never went in for racing, but his brother, Mr. Arthur E. Barlow, was one of the best men of his time on cinder and grass tracks, being contemporary with Schofield of Southport, who was about the only man to lower his colours when he was at the top of his form. Since his retirement from the Club, Frank Barlow remained a close personal friend of Beardwood's, and they spent many happy times together, both on and off the wheel. The sympathy of the Club goes out to his widow, son and two daughters.

* * * * *

The sudden death of Foxley Norris from a chill, on January 15th, removes from the cycling firmament an outstanding personality. A founder member of the C.T.C. and an old member of the Pickwick B.C. and North Road C.C.; he was probably the most be-badged cyclist extant and he always made a point of *cycling* to Salop to see our "100," and of course he was always prominent at all the gatherings of the F.O.T.C. A most lovable man, he will be greatly missed by all those privileged to enjoy his loyal friendship.

We learn from *Cycling* that Bren Orrell will probably be seen racing on brother Wilf's trike this year, and we wish him as much success on three wheels as he has had on two.

We regret to hear that Ann Rawlinson has been laid up recently with the "flu," and can only suggest that these out and out cyclists should cut down their mileage a little in the winter months.

After an early tea at Daresbury, the Presider accompanied by Knipe and Ryalls dashed off to Bolton to attend the A.G.M. of the Bolton D.A. and Lancashire Road Club, and after an easy ride reached their destination in good time. W.P. had the honour of presenting the very numerous awards for some very fine rides accomplished during the year, and I feel sure that if some of the winners would get up in our "24," they would do even better performances. One of the most interesting items was the presentation of a handsome standard lamp to Dr. Mawson, one time President of the Bolton D.A., who is now in practice near Bath. Dr. Mawson had much to do with the founding of the D.A. and last year gained a "24" medal at the age of 64! A very enjoyable concert and dance concluded the evening, but on this occasion the Presider and Treasurer did not dance, and our own Brazenface—I mean Brazendale—spoke as usual.

"Cycling's" All-Rounder Concert and Prize Distribution, 17th January, 1931.

The Queen's Hall, in London, was filled to capacity for this function and certainly presented a wonderful picture, and proved what a hold cycling has on it's devotees.

Mr. R. E. Dangerfield, a director of Temple Press Ltd., was Chairman and was supported on the platform by a host of well-known figures in the cycling world, including H. W. Bartleet, Bidlake, F. P. Low, J. W. Kossiter, Shillito, Stancer and Vanheems.

Anfielders present included Beardwood and Pitchford.

The evening commenced with several very good turns by the artistes and then the great event was enacted, when Southall received the Best All-Rounder Trophy, Gold Medallion and 1st Certificate of Merit; Frost, a Gold Centre Medallion and Certificate; Orrell, a Silver Medallion and Certificate; Bloodworth, a Bronze Medallion and Certificate; the eight runners up Certificates and the Vegetarian C. & A.C. the Team Shield and team medallions.

The cheering while this was going on was simply amazing, and each prizewinner received a tremendous ovation and made a short speech.

The presentation of prizes over, Southall, on behalf of the prize-winners, then presented to the Chairman, as a memento of his chairmanship, a silver cigarette box, engraved with the names of all the prize-winners.

During the evening the Chairman paid tribute to the R.R.C. and the late Leon Merdeith and also to Bidlake and Cook, who had helped to frame the rules of the competition.

Annual Dinner of the Liverpool D.A., C.T.C., 22nd January, 1931.

This popular function was held this year in the Reform Club and thirteen Anfielders helped to swell the crowd there.

Frank Urry was the principal guest and proved as interesting as ever to listen to. Cook, C. F. Elias, Brazendale and J. F. Taylor also

spoke. Mrs. Edwards, Mrs. Chandler, and Mrs. McCann graced the Anfield table and there was present a gentleman of particular interest to us, namely, P. C. Redman, who was one of the first seven men to meet together to form the A.B.C. and was its first Secretary.

RUNS.

Mobberley, 27th December, 1930.

The Eastern Anfield's ever-verdant crew
Scorned the keen western wind that blew,
With heads bent low, and beam ends up,
They reached the Roebuck, there to dine and sup.

The Mullah with presiding air and hand,
Poured tea and gave it to his band.
With heads bent low we ate the fare,
And left the Roebuck's table bare.

We early noticed Wilfred's eager haste,
Barely disguised, the meal to taste ;
And then declare that Geoff and he
Had been on club-runs numbered fifty-three.

Now Bob has issued orders that his name
Be placed on record for the same ;
As though he'd fifty-three ; I knew
His total was a meagre fifty-two.

We wished each other bright and happy days
In '31, and took our ways
Homeward ; through Cheshire lanes we sped,
Bert Green, C.H., and I ; my muse is dead.

Pullford, 3rd January, 1931.

Dry roads and a touch of frost always seem to urge one to get out and on with it, even when you are feeling rather a hardly instead of hardy member.

However the noble virtues had been promised a little, and they should have—exercise.

It was a bit cool but when those pedals came up they just had to be shoved down hard and after the argument some warmth generated.

Somewhere about Ledsham there was a dog-fight, a hound trail, or the beagles were being chased by folks on horses, but visibility was poor and no one saw who won.

Arriving eventually at the Grosvenor Arms there was no Mayor as of yore, but quite a crowd round the billiard table—Jack Salt of the Century appeared to be the star performer—and breaks of quite five were noted by the handicappers.

Such a lot wanted feeding that Turvey and Taylor were behind scratch, and what the overflow meeting got can only be imagined.

Walton had turned up from Stockport with a friend, per tandem ; Elston had brought his office manager along on the back of Cook's old lady-back tandem, and Jonas had brought his cousin out, so that there was a total of 29 present, a very good start for the New Year.

Knipe, Cody and Lucas were away early, followed by the Pre-sider and Wilf Taylor de Wet Maggot (disguised as the Demon King or summat) en route for Llanarmon, and as the latter have both been seen since, evidently they can't get lost in fog.

The journey to Birkenhead was quite what might be termed comfy, in the company of Capt. Kettle and Chandler on trikes. Sir Thomas Royden should be mentioned because he too took shelter.

Holmes Chapel, 3rd January, 1931.

Our way out to the run was made via Cheadle, Alderley, and Siddington, where a stop was made, and then we proceeded to Twenlow Pump, and arrived at the "Swan" in nice time for tea. The excellent meal served up was quickly removed from sight, by the nine who were present. As we moved to gather round the fire, our V.P. made his escape, shortly followed by Bert Green and his jumper. We had hardly got settled before Albert Davies offered to buy Rex Austin a beer, but owing to the latter having made a beast of himself over tea, the pleasant action had to be postponed. Thompson entertained the company, consisting of the Doc., R. Poole, Wilf Orrell, Lockett, A. Davies, and Rex Austin, with a very interesting conversation about foreign tours. As we were preparing to depart I noticed Albert frantically pulling Rex to the bar to buy him the aforementioned beer. What happened afterwards I know not, but Albert arrived at Siddington about half-an-hour after us, with a merry little twinkle in his eye.

Halewood.—Special and Annual General Meetings, 10th Jan., 1931.

Arriving at the Derby Arms a little after 5-30 I found all present with their feet in the trough, and was pleased to see such "strangers" sitting down, as Jim Park, J. D. Cranshaw, Sunter, Humphries, Dickman, Jimmy Williams, "Winnie," and Turvey. The latter had smashed through from Pontefract that day, and successfully overcome such trifling obstacles as snow, ice, thick fog, and the Pennines. Pitchford and Pugh had ridden up from Shropshire, and the Master and Chem. also graced the company.

In all, 59 members were present, and when all appetites were satisfied, we trooped out to the "hall" for the meetings.

Special General Meeting

To Consider H. L. Elston's Motion.

I need not repeat Elston's motion as it was printed in the Agenda of the Meeting. At the outset Cook proposed that our Senior Vice-President Venables should take the chair in view of his (Cook's) personal interest in the matter under discussion. This was agreed to. Letters were then read from H. G. Buckley and W. M. Robinson expressing their regret at being unable to be with us and also expressing their good wishes for the Club.

The Chairman then spoke and asked E. L. Thompson if he would withdraw the letter referred to in Elston's motion, which, however, Thompson declined to do.

Elston then moved his proposition, stating at the outset that he had no personal feeling but was acting as one of and on behalf of the Committee. He outlined the facts as he understood them and read the letter referred to and also subsequent correspondence.

He then proposed the resolution which was seconded by Turnor, who pointed out that the Committee disagreed with Thompson's contention that it was a private letter to Cook and a purely personal matter between the two of them.

After H. Green had raised a point of order, F. H. Koenen made an eloquent appeal for peace in an excellent speech in which he stressed the spirit of friendship, which should, and did animate the Members, after which both Cook and Thompson spoke and made their individual

positions quite clear, following which, Thompson withdrew the letter and the incident happily ended with Cook and Thompson shaking hands—an ending which was greeted with acclamation.

Cook then returned to the Chair and we proceeded with the business of the Annual General Meeting, which commenced shortly after 7 p.m.

Annual General Meeting.

A telegram which arrived while the previous meeting was being held, was read from A. T. Simpson, expressing regret at absence and stating he was confined to the house with flu.

After the Minutes of the last A.G.M. had been passed, the Hon. Secretary read his report, from which we learned that we now number 202—one more than last year, ten new Members having been elected and one old Member having rejoined, whilst two resignations have been accepted and one name struck off, the difference being made up by the loss of the large number of seven members by death: W. R. Thompson, J. W. Chandler, R. T. Rudd, A. P. James, E. A. Woodward, A. W. Skinner, and C. H. McKail. He outlined the interest taken in the Club activities by these members and expressed the Club's sincere regret. We then heard all about the attendances at the fixtures during the year, the average being 38—a decrease of one compared with 1929. The total varied between 85 at the Invitation "100" at Whitsuntide and 21 at Rufford in September. Besides Cook, two other members, W. Orrell and G. Lockett attended all the 53 fixtures during 1930 and they share the attendance prizes. The individual attendances were read in detail, the leading names including Kettle 52, R. Poole 52, Cody 51, Royden 51, H. Green 50.

The Committee attendances were very good—five with 12 attendances, seven with 11, and three with 10. Then followed a brief review of the Club tours and all appeared to have been enjoyable affairs but there were only seven members on the August Tour, this being ascribed to the influence of Bank Holiday racing.

The report concluded with a reference to the excellent work of Jonas, as Editor of the *Circular*; the appointment of Glover as Sub-Captain in place of Long who resigned during the year for business reasons; and thanks for general support and help received from members.

The usual resolution adopting the Report and thanking Powell, having been duly passed, the Hon. Racing Secretary, Kettle, read his report.

He commenced by saying that all the fixtures had been satisfactorily carried out but 12 entries or less for the "50's"—nine riders in the 12 hours and ten starters in the Open "24"—ought certainly to be capable of improvement in 1931. As regards the times, there was much more to be pleased about, and I doubt if the Club has ever had such a successful year. In each of the Club "50's," G. B. Orrell was fastest, but excellent rides were also recorded by other members. The outstanding performance of the year was G. B. Orrell's magnificent effort in our Invitation "100," when he did "the ride of his racing career and gained for us an honour which we have long coveted" returning the fastest time of 4.56.34. Pitchford and Jonas also rode excellently and we took the 1st Team Prize. The 12 hours and Open "24" attracted few riders, but good performances were put up, the "24" being won by Melia of the Mersey Roads Club, with a sterling ride of 380½ miles.

Other clubs' Opens were well supported by our members, the list of successes including the Warwickshire Road Club "50," 2nd Team Prize; Dukinfield "50," 2nd Team Prize; Grosvenor "100," 1st Team

Prize, also fastest time by G. B. Orrell (4.41.8) ; Speedwell " 100," 1st Team Prize, also fastest time, G. B. Orrell (4.47.39) ; Manchester Wheelers " 12 " hours, 1st Team Prize, also greatest distance, G. B. Orrell (232R miles). In this event Wilf Orrell, on a tricycle, rode 183C miles.

Possibly due to the heavy racing programme, record attempts were almost non-existent, but during the year Glover and Jonas secured the Edinburgh-Liverpool tandem record, their time being 10 hrs. 25 mins.

Kettle concluded with a reference to the selection of G. B. Orrell in the team for the world's championship, and the President asked for the inclusion of a reference to his success in *Cycling's* competition.

The report was then passed and Kettle thanked for his year's work.

Next, copies of the Treasurer's " Cash summary for 1930 " were handed round, this being a subtle move to give Knipe an excuse for glossing over the figures by suggesting that in about ten seconds (in the gloom of oil lamps) we had digested all the information.

Although we have £21 larger balance than a year ago we were not allowed to be pleased about it, as we were told we had really had a loss, as it is only the Donations to the Club Funds—£38—which had saved us. What with a profit which is really a loss, and expenses which are not really expenses, such as timekeepers' fees, he had us sufficiently involved by the time he had concluded his explanation that we took the auditor's word and passed his accounts.

Special points were the loss in feeding in long distance races, partly due to the small entries ; the large number of unpaid subscriptions, and the very many letters written because of members' delay in paying (he wrote 36 letters on Christmas Eve). I hope the offenders, on reading this, will remember that the work of the Club is done by Honorary officials and will " do it now " for 1931. After Knipe and the auditors had been duly thanked, and the figures agreed to, we learned the reason for the comments about the loss on the year's working.

We are not to benefit by the lower cost of living, whether because Knipe will not anticipate further windfalls in the shape of donations to prize funds or whether he considers membership of the A.B.C. a luxury, I know not, but the cost of membership is unaltered. Will Orrell seconded the resolution but he could afford to do so as he has won an attendance prize.

The next item on the Agenda, moved by F. H. Koenen, referred to the office of President, and in moving the resolution the Master said that the Presidential seat, if occupied by a strong and powerful man, may grow into a throne and although among the very many worthy men in the Club there may possibly not be as good a President or Chairman, he was of the opinion that the office should perambulate. He said the resolution was very harmless and not controversial and was the result of a collaboration between Cook and himself. H. L. Elston in seconding the motion said that he thought it was healthy that honours should go round and that the work of the officials of the Club may be done too well and too long, and wandered away from the point into a statement about other officials who had said they were sick of their duties. Chandler pointed out that at each A.G.M. we have the opportunity of making a change if desired, and Turnor said the resolution would tie our hands without giving us any extra powers. Jim Park spoke in somewhat similar vein. Knipe emphasised the point that if the resolution was passed it would remove any possible feeling of being supplanted, as it would be a question of policy and not personality. R. J. Austin spoke but I forget the point he raised though I know he paid a compliment to Cook, who said he would give any President

elected by the members his full support although he might not serve on the Committee. The vote taken by ballot showed 16 in favour of the resolution and 37 against. Cook then vacated the chair and Venables once more presided until the election of the President.

Several proposals were made. Cook proposed Carlisle, who declined to accept the nomination.

Turnor proposed Cook, seconded by Mercer.

Elstou proposed Venables.

H. Roskell proposed E. Buckley.

E. L. Thompson proposed Turnor.

Venables, Buckley and Turnor all declined to accept nomination and Cook was re-elected President. On re-taking the chair he made an appeal for a very happy year and said he was not inaccessible if any member wanted to approach him, reminding us that he had a continuous attendance record for the past 26 years, and that he was President of all, and not one section, of the members.

Several nominations were made for the offices of Vice-Presidents, but only three agreed to stand. Venables, Turnor and Carlisle. It was decided to elect the Liverpool and Manchester V.P.'s separately and after Venables had been duly re-elected, a ballot was taken to decide the Manchester V.P.—Carlisle being elected.

The next office to be filled was that of Captain and Hon. Racing Secretary, and Cook suggested that these offices should be separated and proposed Glover for the Captaincy—Jonas seconded and Glover was elected.

Albert Davies proposed and Jonas seconded the re-election of Kettle as Hon. Racing Secretary—carried—but we were asked to be ready with a successor next year and Kettle appeared to be in earnest.

The sub-captains, like the V.P.'s, were elected separately, but only one nomination was received for each—Randall and Albert Davies.

Knipe was re-elected Hon. Treasurer, proposed by W. Orrell, seconded by Cotter. Knipe said he would willingly carry on but will be very pleased when a successor is found. Cook proposed from the chair the re-election of Powell as Hon. Secretary, which was carried with general acclamation. Powell reminded us that this was his 5th year of office and would definitely have to be the last. If Kettle, Knipe and Powell are still of the same mind a year hence there will be some perambulations.

The nine members needed to complete the Committee were then elected, and as only nine nominations were made the usual ballot was unnecessary. The names are: R. J. Austin, Chandler, del Banco, F. Edwards, Jonas, Lucas, Marriott, Mercer and C. H. Turnor.

The auditors—Cotter and E. O. Morris—were then re-elected, proposed by J. Park; seconded by J. Williams.

Our new skipper, Glover, then proposed and Kettle seconded "that the Club's racing programme for 1931 should be the Invitation "100"; a 12 hours; the Open 24 hours; three Club "50's"; also a Club "100" or another "50," at the discretion of the Committee." After some discussion as to whether the "24" was worth while, in view of the small entry last year, Cook asked for the matter to be left for the Committee to discuss and decide, and this was agreed to. Next, C. J. Conway, complete with stockings, proposed that the Club Tour at Easter be to Bettws-y-Coed—Venables seconded—Carried.

R. J. Austin proposed, Carlisle seconded, that an alternative Tour be arranged to Warwickshire and Oxfordshire. This was agreed to.

Cook proposed, Dickman seconded, and it was agreed that the destination of the August Tour be left to the Committee.

A special vote of thanks to Jonas for editing the *Circular* was carried with acclamation, endorsing the President's complimentary remarks. Cook reported that R. A. Fulton's special offer still holds good and nobody would be more gratified than the Baron if these prizes were won.

The usual omnibus resolutions of thanks to the officials was carried with acclamation. Cook returned thanks on their behalf and expressed the wish that the Club would have a happy and prosperous New Year.

OTHER BUSINESS: Carlisle moved a proposition to ascertain if the Club would be willing to entertain the question of holding the Club races on Sundays. His motion commenced "That the Club do not in principle disapprove of Sunday racing" the remainder being an instruction to the Committee to enquire into the matter as to practicability, etc. R. J. Austin seconded, and after several members had spoken, including Edwards, who voiced what appeared to be the general view, viz., that such a proposition dealing with such an important question of principle should have appeared on the Agenda, S. J. Buck proposed and Randall seconded as an amendment, the deletion of the first part of the resolution, and on being put to the meeting this was carried by a large majority, and the committee are to enquire into the matter during the year. This concluded the meeting at about 9-15 p.m.

Daresbury, 17th January, 1931.

Between 1-30 and 3 p.m. on the 17th I waited in vain for a promised phone conversation about the run and where we should meet, and moved off without knowing precisely where I was going. Climbing out of Altrincham I found Albert Davies, who put me right and, in due course, by Cherry Tree Lane from Lymm, arrived at the Ring o' Bells to find the President, Bob Knipe, and young Ryalls taking early tea, to allow time for another further run to the town of trotters, where W.P. was to present medals (none for Taylor this time). The youth with the banner of strange device, offered to teach me the game of billiards with his brother to mark, so you will understand the score reading 120 to my 40, so Reston bought the beer! I think the count was twenty-eight who sat down to tea; the Mullah, Bert Green, Tommy Mandall and self dined in the overflow rooms, only to be disturbed by Charlie's "Two-an-eight, please." The crowd soon cleared, except the select who always see the run through. Returning by Warrington, where I lost Mandall, I arrived home at an early hour, much to the surprise of my lady, whose look of astonishment only cleared when I explained that the Rawlinson boys had not been on the run.

Mold, 24th January, 1931.

"Not once, nor twice, in this rough Island story,
The path of duty, is the path of glory."

When our esteemed Editor asked if I would write up this run, I said "Yes! if you cannot find anyone else to do it." Then, like a flash, these two lines came into my mind. I thought of the real Anfield spirit, "The path of duty," and felt that it was my duty to obey. (I wish a few more would think like this.—E.D.) So I did. I then thought of my ride out, and the roughness of it caused by the glorious wind, and that I had a "rough Island story" to tell; so I will tell it.

Of the ride itself, one might say that it was by no means easy, owing to the terrific wind—I may well have said with Shakespeare, that I was "swilled by the wild and wasteful ocean," but in this case the ocean was wind and rain.

Personally, I had not been on a bicycle for many months, so allowed myself $3\frac{1}{2}$ hours to do less than 25 miles. When proceeding along the top Chester Road, I thought of the beauty of the countryside in its deadness; it was as dead as the proverbial door-nail. It was, however, if dead, goodly to look upon. When at Queen's Ferry, I was chatting to a number of C.T.C.'ites when Powell passed by, so I immediately joined him; we both took matters fairly easy, and on arriving at the Dolphin, we were welcomed by Sam Buck, Ven, and Johnny Band—all having motored via the Horse Shoe Pass—they were seated round a real fire; the five of us were discussing the affairs of state, when Glover entered, followed by Cook and several others. We then all made our way to the dining room, where the usual excellent meal was served.

It was my privilege to sit with some of the older brethren, e.g., Dave Rowatt, Teddy Edwards, Vice-Pres. Venables, Johnny Band (pardon me, Johnny!); but I noticed that dear old George Mercer was missing (now come, George, this won't do, you know!). The total number who sat down with our worthy President was 22.

Shortly before 7 o'clock the party became less and less. Cook—I understand—went off to Bontuchel (wherever that is) for the night, and I went off for home with Tommy Royden, Powell, Kettle and Chandler. We read in these days about "the Greyhounds of the Atlantic"; I think I must have got with a set of "Greyhounds of the Road," for—though I was the youngest of them all—I was quite unable to keep pace with them; and on reaching the Two Mills corner, I decided to "give it up." I was "done to the world," so let Tommy Royden and his children go on and I pedaled along slowly, for I was not overflowing with energy, but quite happy.

Shakespeare has said (*King Henry V.*)

... "But when the blast of war blows in our ears,
Then imitate the action of the tiger;
Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood,
Disguise fair nature with hard favoured rage,
Then lend the eye a terrible aspect."

and I do think—that for to-day—his words were written for our learning, for the blast of war *did* blow in our ears (the war with us was wind); so we *did* imitate the action of the tiger; we *did* stiffen the sinews; we *did* summon up the blood; we *did* disguise fair nature with hard favoured rage; we *did* lend the eye a terrible aspect, and after so doing, eventually reached home after "smashing through" a portion of "this rough island," feeling tip-top, and realising to the full that the "path of duty" was "the path of glory."

Lymm, 24th January, 1931.

As I slithered down the hill to the Cross at Lymm I was agreeably surprised to see our old friends, Knipe and Lucas, strolling the lane and again, within, Cody also, who often comes our side. After hail, rain and gale it was pleasant to sit down to an excellent repast with the Doc at the head, with Knipe, Lucas, Cody, Buckley, Turnor, Green, Thompson, Davies, W. Orrell, Lockett, Walton, Bob Poole, Taylor, and then young Hubert Bickery blew up from the south.

With the exception of Turnor and Green, we all found the smoke-room where glasses of nut brown soon loosed tongues and the run proved one of the most social I have attended for some time. An easy run brought me home again at an early hour. We must visit the Spread Eagle again—a good house for a joint run. And where are the boys who grouse about runs being all on the Cheshire side?

Cotebrook, 31st January, 1931.

Leaving home at 2-45 I found that the weather had improved slightly, but not much, from the morning. The bitterly cold southerly gale still blew strong, though the snow and sleet had temporarily ceased.

Willaston Corner saw five *real* cyclists meet at the appointed hour, the fair weather birds having probably found convenient slow punctures to mend. The heroic five then set off to Chester, making slow progress. Conversation was at a standstill, although mutterings, and prayers were heard frequently. Fer, of the Mersey Roads, was caught up at the Wheatsheaf and he accompanied us to Tarvin.

The usual cup of tea was dispensed with owing to the slow progress made, and the party reached the Alvanley Arms at 5-30. Cook and Walton were found in possession, and soon afterwards the Manchester Section arrived.

At six o'clock, only thirteen were present, including Carpenter, who had come up from Leamington that day, per cycle, and had existed since breakfast time on half-a-pound of biscuits. Kettle arrived at 6-20 and received a cheer, which he did not acknowledge, and Bert Green came in about twenty minutes later.

The fifteen who attended this fixture are evidently the cream of the Club, and all came per cycle, the awful climatic conditions even keeping the cars away.

In addition to those already mentioned, Rigby Band, Connor, A. Ryalls were present, and will have their names duly inscribed on the roll of honour.

Cook went off to Stone, and Carpenter accompanied part of the Wirral Section to Birkenhead, where he was guided to Woodside Ferry en route for Freshfield, for the night, going on to Glasgow on the Sunday. In spite of being in the sixties, Carpenter did the thirty mile run non-stop and kept his guides (?) hard at it. He was announced at Cotebrook, by the ignorant varlet there, as an "old man."

J. S. JONAS, *Editor.*

ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

FORMED MARCH 1879

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

MONTHLY CIRCULAR.

Vol. XXVIII.

No. 301.

FIXTURES FOR MARCH, 1931.

Tea at 6-0 p.m.

		Light up at
Mar. 7	Halewood (Derby Arms)	6-29 p.m.
.. 9	Committee Meeting, 7 p.m. (Victoria Hotel, St. John's Lane, L'pool)	
.. 14	Mouldsworth (Station Hotel)	6-41 p.m.
.. 21	Mold (Dolphin)	6-56 p.m.
.. 28	Cote Brook (Alvanley Arms)	7-7 p.m.
Apl. 3/6	EASTER TOUR. Bettws-y-Coed (Glan Aber) Alternative Tour—Warwickshire and Oxfordshire Districts.	7-20 p.m.
.. 11	Chester (Bull and Stirrup)	7-34 p.m.

ALTERNATIVE FIXTURES FOR MANCHESTER MEMBERS :

Tea at 5-30 p.m.

Mar. 7	Goostrey (Red Lion)	6-29 p.m.
.. 21	Lymm (Spread Eagle)	6-56 p.m.
Apl. 11	Holmes Chapel (Swan)	7-34 p.m.

Full Moon ... 4th 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.

APPLICATIONS FOR MEMBERSHIP.—Mr. W. H. Scarff, 10 West Street, Wallasey, Cheshire. Proposed by Mr. G. A. Glover; seconded by Mr. C. Randall. Mr. J. J. Salt, Staplands, Hinderton Road, Neston, Wirral. Proposed by Mr. C. Randall; seconded by Mr. J. S. Jonas. Mr. R. J. Pugh, 23 Round Hill Green, Berwick Road, Shrewsbury. Proposed by Mr. G. E. Pugh; seconded by Mr. J. Pitchford.

NEW MEMBERS.—Messrs. W. G. Connor and E. Haynes, Junr. have been elected to Full Membership.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS.—Mr. J. A. Grimshaw, The Pack Horse Hotel, Fishpool, Bury. Mr. E. Nevitt, Brinklow, Berwick Gardens, Little Sutton, Wirral. Mr. H. M. Buck, 8149 Heather Street, Vancouver, British Columbia.

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 are requested to let me have their names as soon as possible, in any case not later than the 21st inst., at the same time letting me know the day they intend to arrive at Bettws.

Day runs have been arranged as follows: Friday—Llanfair-talhaiarn (Black Lion); Saturday—Beaumaris (Bulkeley Arms); Sunday—Portmadoc (Royal Sportsman). Lunch—1.30 p.m. each day.

H. W. POWELL,

Hon. General Secretary.

RACING NOTES.

The dates for the Club races, as announced provisionally in last month's *Circular*, have been adopted with the following alterations: Club "50," 4th July and the Invitation "24," 17th/18th July.

Correction.—The date of the Manchester Wheelers' Invitation "50" is Saturday, 20th June not 21st June as announced in last month's *Circular*.

TRAINING.

Captain G. A. Glover proposes to run a training "25" over the usual course on Saturday, 11th April. Dressing accommodation and tea after the ride will be provided at Mrs. Bell's, Grange Villas, Rowton, near Chester. Those interested are requested to hand in their names to the Skipper.

First "50," 18th April, 1931.

This event will be run over the usual Cheshire course. Entries must reach me not later than Friday, 10th April, 1931.

Entry Forms must be used for Club races, a supply of which will be available shortly and can be obtained on application to the Skipper.

W. H. KETTLE,

Hon. Racing Secretary.

TREASURY NOTES.

A few years ago I proved conclusively in these pages that February is, after January (of course it is, look in the calendar), the best month in the year for paying subscriptions. I showed how it was possible (since February is the shortest month) by means of "the spread-over" and careful financial manipulations, to pay your subscription out of income and actually feel yourself well-off at the same time.

Somehow this good counsel has not been acted upon this year, as only fifteen have paid out of the 160 odd remaining. Can it be that our members do not study the back numbers of the *Circular*? Or can it be that February really is the "shortest" month?

I beg to thank the following fifteen members for their subscriptions and/or donations (*).

H. R. Band.	F. J. Cheminai.	J. Long.
J. R. Band.	W. G. Connor.	A. Lucas.
W. D. Band.	W. E. L. Cooper.	*Geo. Newall.
R. H. Carlisle.	J. W. Cranshaw.	A. T. Simpson.
F. Chandler.	F. L. Edwards.	N. Turvey.

Alternative Tour, Easter, 1931.

The alternative to the Easter Tour to Bettws will be a week-end in the Warwickshire, Oxfordshire and Cotswold country. The tourists will meet at the Coach, Coleshill, on Thursday night. On Friday, the route lies through the lanes to Evesham (Crown) for lunch, afterwards by Broadway, Snowhill, and more lanes to the New Inn, Bourton-on-the-Water. Saturday will be spent in a circular tour in the Cotswolds, for which, as yet, neither route nor lunch has been fixed. The night will again be spent at Bourton. On Sunday the route is again mostly through lanes, visiting the Rollrights and Compton Wynyates, and reaching the King's Head at Wellesbourne Hastings for the night. On Monday, the Coach at Coleshill will be reached for lunch, and so home.

The arrangements are being made by R. J. Austin, who will be glad to have the names of intending participants.

ITEMS.

Our Tea Tasters were very pleased to read in *Cycling* recently, that Rossiter drinks a great deal of tea. As Charles Randall modestly remarked, "All great stayers drink a lot of tea."

Although the A.B.C. has always been a great upholder of the art of tricycle riding, it is rather strange to find that only six or seven Anfielders have, so far, thought it worth while to join the Tricycle Association. There must be at least a score of members who are, or have been, tricyclists and we would just like to remind them that there is such a body as the T.A.

The address of the Secretary (Maurice Draisey) is 1 Sudbury Hill, Harrow, Middlesex, and the subscription is five shillings a year for active members. Life members pay ten shillings.

A week-end at the Lamb Hotel, Nantwich, is being arranged for the Northern members, on March 21/22nd.

A prominent member of a certain organisation with which the A.B.C. is connected, ate fourteen (14) cakes at a mid-week meet, recently.

From "Cycling," 6th February, 1931.

PERCY BEARDWOOD PRESENTATION.

"After ten years as Hon. Treasurer of the Bath Road Club, Mr. P. C. Beardwood has retired from that office. The claims of increasing business in connection with the Tabacchi Tyre Co., of which he is proprietor, are responsible for his decision. At the annual meeting of the club the members presented him with a Westminster chiming clock in appreciation of his services."

Those who remember Beardwood when he was in Liverpool will feel a shock when they realise that since leaving us he has become an "old member" of another club. As club life goes, ten years is a good time to hold an office, in fact it is the seventh part of the average life, and although it seems but a few years to many since he was with us, it makes one feel the passing of time.

A little bird whispers that Morton has joined the Bath Road Club. Is it a case of "peaceful penetration" ?

A.B.C. (C. and B.K. Section).

Members of the above section are reminded that the season of sleepless week-ends is nearly here again. It is hoped to have the first camp at Siddington, on the occasion of the Stretford Wheelers' "25" on March 28th, and all members are expected to turn up.

A party is being made up to spend the Easter Week-end at Bettws, and there is still room for one or two more bright lads.

RUNS.

Halewood, 7th February, 1931.

A balmy Spring day, my masters, and eschewing with dogged grimness the temptations of home rails, I girded my loins and stepped out briskly, though alone, to the meet, assisted to some slight extent by the Liverpool Corporation. Safely negotiating the snake-infested path leading from Woolton I eventually found myself the grateful guest of one Hubert Roskell, staggering under the weight of a huge receptacle containing amber-coloured fluid. A liqueur of this brought me back to life after my arduous labour, and at first glance round the assembly I came to the conclusion, in the dim light, that I had inadvertently dropped into an abattoir, as my gaze encountered what appeared to be chunks of chilled meat hanging from a form. Tracing these strange apparitions upwards, I was relieved to find that they were attached to human (well, at any rate, cyclists') bodies, and were alive. They were our camp followers, wore shorts, and had no socks appeal. After this shock it was a delight to see our old member and part-founder, David Bell, who had been brought out by Hubert in his car, together with Mr. J. T. Smith, always a welcome visitor. Neither wore shorts. Shortly after, John Kinder (also respectably attired) blew in with his Irish friend, and we all then adjourned to the eats.

Although food for only 25 had been ordered, it is typical of the resources of this house that 30 more or less ravenous cyclists, etc., had the greatest difficulty in disposing of even three-quarters of the excellent food provided. One of those present, stung into enthusiasm in this connection, has burst into versepiration: I am not a foody fellow, nor is yet my liver yellow, with excesses of a gastronomic nature. As a fact my diet mostly, is comparatively ghostly, even for a guy of meagre stature. If at morn I have an apple, I find it hard to grapple, with ought more than some bacon and an egg or two, and, to follow, I will swallow something filling (tummy willing)—then I'm right to stay the course the morning through. After hours to aid digestion, it at once becomes a question, of appeasing for the nonce Dame Nature's zeal, but to prove that I'm no glutton, just a paltry pound of mutton (and some veg. if they are put on) well suffices for my vitals to have had their full requitals, and I'm then all right until the evening meal. It is now of course, but c'en fair after such a day of mean fare, that at dinner there is leeway to be made. But except for five more courses, I have finished my resources, and my appetite's expenses are defrayed. This elaborate preamble is to show that I don't scramble like a gourmand for the eats at Derby Arms. I take pleasure in the carving for the hungry hordes who're starving—for myself anticipation holds it's charms. But regard! I tell you frankly, and in point of fact point-blankly, that the fare at this hostelry's so unique, it will sure not be surprising when all is so appetising, if I say it is my *real* meal of the week.

Hubert presided over the boiled fowl, while the present scribe carved with exquisite delicacy the steak and kidney (to say nothing of the roast pig). Hubert has not lost his cunning, and it could be ob-

served after he had finished his work, leaving apparently a mere skeleton on the dish, that most of the tasty bits made a miraculous appearance seemingly from the void, on his own plate—a feat of necromancy I have tried many times to emulate, but with scant success.

The meal was enlivened by a very animated discussion on a recent murder trial during which Kinder's friend (whom I understood had been a member of the big five of the C.O.D. or summit) gave a forensic summing-up which left nobody in doubt that the culprit was either guilty or not guilty. The inevitable disagreeable incident then happened—the snub-captain made his unwanted appearance. He appears to have dropped into his job quite well, and if he can retain it against his avid competitors sufficiently long there is no reason why he should not eventually become a landed proprietor like Ven.

The Presider and the other members of the Old Gang then appeared from upstairs, and were duly congratulated on the strategy employed at the general meeting, which enabled them to keep their jobs for another twelve months, but it is going to take them all their time to get away with it next year. Grandad was so pleased with himself that, in an absent-minded moment, he inadvertently touched the bell, a gesture which if repeated often enough may enable him to hold his office for a year or two longer—but at what a cost!

Taking compassion on the hunted hungry look on the Treasurer's care-worn features, I tossed him over my subscription in front of everybody with the laudable intention of giving a lead to those who (being Anfielders) might be too shy. But they were made of sterner stuff and met this movement with contumely and derision, thereby causing poor Bob's countenance, which for a moment had shone with joy and hope, to relapse into its customary despair.

Towards 8-0 o'clock, Hubert evinced signs of uneasiness, and gathering up his three passengers (including myself) a move was made, a goodly number remaining who, I understand, then proceeded to make the night hideous with ribald choruses (or should it be chori?).

In the car, David Bell delved long and deep into his mine of cycling reminiscence, going back almost to the neolithic period, and it transpired that in all essentials the present practices and traditions of the Anfield were practically the same as they were when the Club was founded, which goes to prove on what sound lines the builders must have worked. Altogether a pleasant day.

Holmes Chapel, 7th February, 1931.

Although a stranger to the Anfield Bicycle Club, I was permitted, through the courtesy of one of your members, to observe, unseen and unheard, the proceedings on this occasion. I need hardly mention that my chief impressions were of hearty appetites, cheerful conversation, and a general air of well-being and *joie de vivre*. The vice-presidential chair was filled with grace and dignity by a middle-aged gentleman, addressed as "the Doctor," who beamed impartially on the assembled company. One who was addressed by the name of "Urban" was filled with annoyance, at the actions of certain policemen in Prescott, and of certain magistrates in St. Helens. It appeared that a difference of opinion regarding motor car lighting had resulted in an unexpected expense of 30/-. The lower end of the board was occupied by one whose opinions on this and other subjects were expressed in masterful manner, and I was not surprised to hear him named "The Master," the cognomen seeming to me to be most appropriate. Next to him sat one "Egbert," apparently almost in death throes from a surfeit of ale and oysters earlier in the day. Then a beaming, rosy-checked yeoman,

Bikley by name, enthusiastically enlarging on his new "lush lush" bicycle, which I gathered would have Endrick saddle, Tabucci chain, celluloid covered tyres with B.S.A. rims (these details may be incorrect, I am no expert). Next Bikley junior, a tall, gawky youth whose conversation betrayed his Cockney connections. He appears to be known as "Young Woodley," but I trust the obvious explanation is not the correct one. The sub-captain had recently undergone a minor operation resulting in a certain emptiness in the mouth, but his friends eased his discomfort by a glowing description of the ultimate Pepsodent smile beloved of film stars and heavyweight boxers. Next I observed a depressed-looking member of serious mien, who spoke but little. I learnt that his name was Austin, and that the poor fellow was decidedly under the weather, due to his excesses of the previous evening, when he had attended the Annual Dinner of the Manchester Wheelers. This, of course, explained everything.

Two bare-kneed youths—Wilf and Geoff—were pointed out to me as past and possible future winners of the attendance prize, whilst another, Bob Poole, was named as an expert in some game known as "round the triangle." A large and genial giant, with an enormous appetite, I recognised as G. B. Orrell, whose photographs, in various states of nudity, had recently been broadcast to all stations. One, "Mullah" was deep in reminiscence of the pursuits of Anfielders in pre-war days, whilst "Bert" appeared to revel in the possession of numerous sweaters. Lastly I noticed a close-cropped, fair-haired youngster, Haynes by name, who appeared likely to make a real rider. In fact, when later I was informed that he was the son of dear old Ned Haynes, I was certain that he would prove a worthy son of a worthy father.

The brief notes above will show you all that I spent a most enjoyable day in observing, unobserved, the various types in your Club, and I hope that later, when circumstances permit, I may be permitted to join you again.

Mouldsworth, 14th February, 1931.

This is the lay of Mouldsworth—but different to the last. Inferior, certainly, but not in subject matter; simply in the manner of it's telling. The day was a top-notch, and it can be said on good authority that this was the second Saturday on which cycling was worth the candle since we visited Rufford last September. For this reason, mainly, there is no need to moan in harmony with our former Cotebrook correspondent of a few weeks ago. Dear old Powell was elated and dejected at intervals when our number swelled to thirty-five instead of the two dozen for which he had budgeted.

There were reports of singing birds and swelling buds, most of us being touched to some extent by the joy of very early spring.

For a short time the bagatelle table gave our billiard experts little scope for their manipulative skill; in fact the worst players came off best. Young Edward Haynes made his joint run debut and holds the cue very learnedly, but was, with the author, amongst the losers. The winner proved to be friend Corris, an expert of the "derrailleur" section of the Century R.C., who had been found on the road by the Elston crank, who is developing this fad to unreasonable proportions. The game, in the closing stages, was interrupted by the entry of Jonas, Glover, Raudall, del Banco and friend Salt (another Centurion), who were all done thoroughly brown and going at the knees, calling each other nasty names learnt at the Wednesday evening tea-tasters' classes. Ryalls turned in at a respectable distance behind the over-heated quintette,

having taken a "short cut." Bren Orrell was hailed on entering, but called by someone for his indecorous posture exhibited in a certain national journal. Wilf Orrell and Lockett had come, but not on trikes, as the day was so fine. Plenty of others came—besides Cook—because it happened to suit them. There were the Bauds (Johnny, Harold and Rigby), Lucas and Knipe, the Teddies Cody and Edwards, wee Taylor, Frank Perkins, Dave Rowatt, Tommy Royden, Stevie, Chandler, Bert Green, who entered late and touchingly greeted Jack Seed after an interval of fifty years (Green's computation), Bob Poole, ex-captain Kettle, Wormy Smith, tenderfoot William George Connor, who merely nodded to his superior officer and did not salute, and King and Marriott. The President disturbed his after-dinner smoke to shake hands with young Haynes, who, coming of the stock he does, should prove the kind of youngster the A.B.C. needs for the future.

The meal was good—"It's better to have waited and fed than never to have fed at all," is the consolation offered the unlovely ones kept waiting. A small room was used for the overflow meeting. Some talk of a trike market was heard. They have not reached the low level of certain stocks and shares as there is a vogue for three-wheelers and speculators are advised to avoid selling if they haven't got them. Now that Prince Sydney is so mounted, the Club can almost field a full fifteen, and others of the young-smart set are sure to follow him whilst holders are holding.

Many of us grumble about having to write a run up. The Editor's approach gladdens some hearts, although the manner of their owners is diffident. Is it possible that it tickles our vanity to be thought fit to chronicle for the *Anfield Circular*? It is to be hoped that the homeward trek, or further journeyings, of all Anfielders was as pleasant as the ride home of the main Liverpoolian section.

Pulford, 21st February, 1931.

Dry roads, blue skies, and a following wind—strange for a Saturday, but still very acceptable. Meeting the crowd we made our way to Chester, there to partake of tea, which was badly needed by at least the writer. del Banco's machine looked like a scissor grinder's outfit, as he had on board a pair of sprints he had picked up that afternoon, and there were various remarks from the younger members of our set, but as usual little notice was taken of them. One gets used to it, like eating. We sauntered through the Park and one member tried to do an acrobatic turn but much to Ryall's disgust he kept his machine upright. Various members played (???) billiards, and scored, I believe, 20 in 35 minutes and then managed to get out of paying. One prospective member was heard to say "Please," when asking for something to be passed. Of course, he will *soon* get out of that. "To have is to hold" is the motto. Syd Jonas was late (*as usual*). Anxious enquiries were made during tea, but like the bad penny . . . We had the usual feed, and then a glorious run home, although Ryall's was "riled" when his lamp went out—nobody else noticed it. He took cover all along the Chester road, then showed his superiority in the last 50 (fifty) yards.

Arclid, 21st February, 1931.

Had you asked each of the 17 who foregathered at Arclid on this Saturday what the weather had been like during the afternoon, you might quite conceivably have received 17 different replies. For it was most distinctly very mixed—local snowstorms, some sleet, some

hail, and, thank Heaven! some sunshine. For myself, whilst riding on perfectly dry roads, under a blue sky, I met cars with windscreens covered with snow and very shortly had to drive my wheels through about a couple of inches of slush. But that didn't last long; I was soon on dry roads again. Anyhow, so far as I was concerned, the ride was a glorious one—a nip in the air, wind not too bad, and the old grid running A.I. The excellent meal was very welcome and its attraction was enhanced by the pleasant way in which it was served, under the personal supervision of the buxom landlady. Even the Manchester Snub, still waiting for his new dining-room suite, enjoyed it.

The function was quite an ornate affair—apart from our own V.P. there were present the Presider himself, the Skipper and his Liverpool lieutenant, Jack Pitchford and prospective member Salt. The brothers Roskell had called at the inn earlier in the day, but, were unfortunately unable to wait and meet us.

The Presider left early so as to reach Lichfield to sleep, and the Skipper and other visitors were on their way to Siddington for the night. We were pleased to see that our visitors appeared to be enjoying themselves, but I'm a bit concerned about Charlie. It seems to me that I remember he used to smile sometimes, but nowadays his features are set in a firm mould and apparently refuse to slip. Can it be the cares of office?

The party soon broke up and I expect had the same diversity of weather on the way home as they had had on the way out.

Tarporley, 28th February, 1931.

Notwithstanding a terrific snowstorm in the morning, the afternoon was quite fine, with the roads nearly dry, and a following wind made the ride out very pleasant, more so than usual, in fact, as by some carefully planned strategy and good generalship, I had avoided the common crowd of bicyclists which collects weekly at Willaston Stone.

I rode along very happily and thought it was indeed good to get back to the real old Anfield way of shunning one's clubmates until tea time, and decided that I must keep up this good habit.

Being unable to dodge Wild Wilfred in Chester, we rode together through Eaton Park and across to Beeston Castle and remained quite pally all the way to the Swan, where we even sat in the same room.

At six, the hostess asked us to take our positions and I'm afraid one or two were rather badly crushed in the resulting stampede.

A fellow named Selkirk had arrived on a bicycle and was being congratulated by all and sundry, though what he had done I failed to discover.

Most of the usual regulars were out, a notable exception being Tommy Royden, who is reported to be building a garage.

Jack Pitchford dropped in on his way to Siddington, for a Rough Riders' "25," and brought along Pugh's young brother, who, we were glad to hear is soon to be one of us. Teddy Edwards turned up from Bettws just when everyone was thinking of going, and reported the Welsh roads almost free of snow.

Two or three inches of snow had fallen during tea and lamps were almost unnecessary with the moonlight and white roads.

Snow began to fall before I reached home, otherwise the ride was without incident.

J. S. JONAS,

Editor.

ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

FORMED MARCH 1879

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

MONTHLY CIRCULAR.

Vol. XXVIII.

No. 302.

FIXTURES FOR APRIL, 1931.

Tea at 6-0 p.m.

Light up at

April 3-6	EASTER TOUR—Bettws-y-Coed (Glan Aber)	7-20 p.m.
	Alternative Tour—Warwickshire and Oxfordshire Districts.	
„ 11	Chester (Bull and Sillrup)	7-34 p.m.
„ 13	Committee Meeting, 7 p.m. (Victoria Hotel, St. John's Lane, L'pool)	
„ 18	First 50 Miles Handicap... ..	7-46 p.m.
„ 25	Alvanley (White Lion)	9-29 p.m.
May 2	Acton Bridge (Leigh Arms)	9-42 p.m.

ALTERNATIVE FIXTURES FOR MANCHESTER MEMBERS

Tea at 5-30 p.m.

April 11	Holmes Chapel (Swan)	7-34 p.m.
	Full Moon ... 2nd inst. Summer Time begins 19th 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.

NEW MEMBERS.—Messrs. J. J. Salt and W. H. Scarff have been elected to Full Membership.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS.—Mr. R. Poole, 18 Crosscliffe Street, Moss Side, Manchester.

H. W. POWELL,
Hon. General Secretary.

RACING NOTES.

First "50," 18th April, 1931.

Those intending to compete are reminded that entries, on the official forms, must reach me not later than **Friday, 10th April.**

Warwickshire Road Club "50."

We hope to be strongly represented in this Event which will be run off on 26th April. Those in a position to go and assist our riders are requested to communicate with the Skipper in order that he may distribute the help about the course to the best advantage.

Invitation "100," 25th May.

I shall require, for the consideration of the Selection Committee, not later than 2nd May, the names of those who desire to compete in this Event. Selection will be based on merit.

W. H. KETTLE,

Hon. Racing Secretary.

TREASURY NOTES.

The Money Market remains steady, as sixteen members have paid during the past month. This is very satisfactory when we consider that so many have been hard at work saving their money in order to lose it on the Grand National. Now that it is no longer necessary to contribute towards the new spring suits, and/or the starving wives and families of the Bookies, there will be a chance for your Hon. Treasurer; and of course all those people who drew Grakle in the Sweep will be only too eager to signify their joy to me during April. So I think quite a long list is indicated for April, and lots of Stars.

The following sixteen members are thanked for their Subscription and/or Donation(*) :—

T. B. Conway.	E. R. Green.	*A. Lusty.
S. del Banco.	H. Green.	G. H. Lake.
D. R. Fell, Jun.	E. Haynes, Jun.	E. Nevitt.
A. E. Foy.	W. Henderson.	J. Pitchford.
E. D. Green.	W. C. Humphreys.	H. Roskell.
		W. H. Scarff.

AGONY COLUMN.

Jack Walton has once more been touching things he "didn't oughter," with the painful result of a broken bone in his hand and has consequently been off the bicycle for some weeks.

Frank Marriott wrecked his bicycle, a dog and himself on his way to business the other morning, and had to stop at home for a week. He broke two front teeth and cut his face rather badly, while the unmentionable dog lost its miserable life.

ITEMS.

Buckley, for the twenty-seventh year, has again been elected Secretary of the N.R.R.A.

* * * * *

Our old timers are reminded that July 5th is fixed for the F.O.T.C. Summer Meet, probably at Ripley.

Although it is not usual for advertisements to appear in the *Circular*, we publish this one, as the machine appears to be a bargain at the price, to anyone who wants a lady-back tandem, and it seems a pity to let it out of the Club. Banks has the machine for sale, and it is a brand new twin lateral stay, lady-back Saxon, 21 ins.-19 ins. frame, 26 ins. \times 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ ins. wheels, all the latest gadgets, including three-speed Sturmey. "Widelegs" tearfully finishes up his letter with the words, "It is, I grieve to say, the best steering and running tandem I ever rode. Cost £20—Price £12/10/-."

The Tricycle Association Week-end for Northern Members, Nantwich, 21st-22nd March, 1931.

Cook and Jonas were our only tricyclists to take this opportunity of meeting fellow-members of the T.A. (e.g., Total Abstainers), and the departure from the Dolphin at Mold was delayed as the editor, in his hurry, dragged out a rattling and decrepit old trike which promptly fell to pieces on reaching the street. Throwing the bits back into the yard, he searched for another tricycle and discovered his own beautiful clean machine buried under a host of bicycles.

Two miles down the road a horrible and distressing tragedy occurred when the luckless scribe dropped and broke his pipe. Fortunately, he had another (bound together with insulation tape to prevent it fusing) with him.

Good time was made to Nantwich, and at the Lamb a telegram was waiting from Firth, the Northern Secretary, regretting absence through illness; and it appeared that no other tricyclists were booked for or expected. Two friends of Firth's turned up before supper was over and explained that Firth had caught a dose of influenza and was quite unable to be present.

However, the best was made of a bad job and the four spent a very pleasant evening in the "office," and trotted off to bed at midnight like good little boys.

On Sunday, the Presider and Jonas rode via Whitechurch and Ellesmere to Overton for lunch, after a glorious morning's run, and separated in the afternoon: the old gentleman going to Willaston for tea (not at the Tea Tasters' Headquarters), and the young gentleman to Rhydtaglog.

Stretford Wheelers' "25," 29th March, 1931.

The morning for this race was certainly not ideal for speed work, as a bitterly cold south wind was blowing with almost gale force, and practically all the competitors found it impossible to get warm.

Brown, of the Potteries, won with 1.6.33. Of "ours," Salt did 1.10.43, starting 2mins. 43secs. late; G. B. Orrell 1.10.50; Pitchford 1.9.21 and Glover 1.15.18.

Twenty Years Ago.

Easter Tour, Bettws-y-Coed, April 13th-17th, 1911.

Although the special circular and card gave the date as 14/17th and last month's *Circular* gave 14/27th, the former dates really comprised the outing, and a ripping time we had. The total muster was 33 members and 8 friends, and with 20 getting down on the Thursday night we started off well. I suppose the event really started with the O'Tatur arriving in Liverpool early on Thursday morning from Dublin

to potter down with Cook, but Boss Higham and James got on the road first. Cook and Murphy took the Northop-Holywell, Abergele, Llanwrst route in very easy stages, and at the latter place met Edwards on his way to Trefriw. Arriving at the Glan Aber a visit to the Tank disclosed James (via Llandegla), Boss Higham (via Llansannan and Gwytherin), George Poole (with Edwards via Llandegla), Bentley (per rattler on a golfing expedition), and Mr. Phillips. Shortly afterwards, Worth and Timbertiles arrived via the Sportsman, having by chance met at Queens Ferry, and when the last train arrived, Venables, Prichard, Buck, Wells, and Messrs. O'Kell and McKerridge turned up. Ven and Prichard had a tandem with them, but why it was brought, unless as an ornament, or to annoy the railway company, no one knows, for it reposed in the stable eating its head off. Then a car arrived carrying Rowatt, Mercer, Theakestone and Mr. Andrews, and we felt we could tackle supper to sustain us until Turnor arrived in the early morning hours. Good Friday's excursion was only to Dolwydellen, but the cyclists and motor party continued on to Roman Bridge, and explored the old road up to the head of the valley before lunch, and then were joined by the pedestrians, Wells, Prichard, Ven, Buck and Mr. O'Kell, who had footed it by Lake Elsie and returned via Sarn Helen. Just as lunch was over, Hubert Roskell arrived in Frank's car, and we were a merry party indeed. On the way back the fairy Glen was visited, and I. Oppenheimer met there. Returning to Bettws further arrivals soon came, and we were all delighted to welcome Jack Siddeley among us again, Siddeley had with him his son (no doubt a prospective member) and Mr. Clegg. Shortly afterwards, Beardwood and Mr. White arrived from London, and just at tea time, Toft, Royden, Johnny and Lorry Band arrived, so we now numbered 30, and a very pleasant evening ensued. Saturday saw us on the road to Bala in various groups, and the new piece between Cerrig-y-druidion and Frongoch proved most interesting as the scenery was good, and the road, except for three small stretches of new metal, excellent. At Bala there was quite an epidemic of gollywog buying, and after lunch Llyn Tegid was visited. The return by way of Druid was good value until the corner was turned when the strong wind and shocking road (inches deep in dust owing to traction carting of materials from Corwen to Cerrig for the Birkenhead water scheme) made us glad to stop for afternoon tea at the White Lion, whence all was plain sailing into Bettws, where we found Tom and Charlie Conway, and later on McCann and Hawkes arrived. Saturday night's concert in the chapel was excellent, and we are greatly indebted to Messrs. Phillips and Andrews for their yeoman services. Of course Chem was missed, but Theakestone was in good form, and we had all sorts of turns, some of which were reminiscent of the "second house" at Hunts Cross. Sunday saw us en route for Carnarvon, and seldom has the road to Penygwryd been in better condition, but of Llanberis Pass the less said the better! About every half mile someone fendered on the stones, and had to refresh their memory as to the number of their inner tube, so it was a bit late before the last of the 30 sat down to lunch. After innumerable photos by Murphy, the return journey via Bangor was commenced, and what with Royden "nursing his tyres," and the awful state of the Nant Francon (where Carpenter *en famille* on the treadmill was met) some of us only just got back in time for dinner, to find C. Keizer and Cooper added to the party. During the evening we had a full house in the chapel, and greatly surprised Toft, Worth and Edwards by presenting them with

suitably inscribed tobacco boxes in commemoration of their 1,000 Club fixture attendances. The Boss made the presentations in exceedingly well chosen language, and all three replied in speeches full of emotion and right from the heart—words which all our younger members would do well to take as an inspiration. We also had further speeches, George Mercer as the only founder member of the Club present, ably seconding the Boss's remarks about the presence of our distant members (Mawr, Siddeley, Beardwood and Timbertiles) and Mr Murphy, to which Murphy and Siddeley replied in a most charming manner. Music followed, and finally the Tank got under full swing with such good effect that even James made a speech, although the efforts to get Mac to follow suit were a failure. Monday morning came with its inevitable partings, but more than half the party agreed on the Sportsman route with lunch at Denbigh, and never was Denbigh reached so easily and quickly. Siddeley's car overtook Murphy, Cook and McCann two miles out, and as Murphy literally hung on Cook and Mac tucked in behind, and were paced right up on to the moors, Cook dropping when the roads became too stony, and Mac desisting at the foot of the aerial flight—still we were all up at the Sportsman by 11-45 and the beer was cold. At Denbigh we found Kettle waiting for us as usual, and after lunch Toft and Hawkes started off express non-stop. Charlie Conway intended to do ditto, but was prevailed upon to stop at Mold, where we parted with Higham, Oppenheimer, and Timbertiles. As Murphy had to catch his boat we lost no time in making for Hinderton for tea, and finally the brothers Band, Mac, George Poole, Cooper and Cook saw him safely on board the *Kilkenny*, thus ending one of the happiest Easters possible to imagine. That Murphy enjoyed himself is evidenced by a letter since received, in which he writes: "I cannot tell you how much I enjoyed the outing, and I desire to return my thanks to all your members for giving me one of the most enjoyable club tours I ever took part in."

RUNS.

Halewood, 7th March, 1931.

I have very happy recollections of a Halewood run some years ago, when brilliant sunshine bathed the countryside, larks sang in the blue vault of heaven, and in the cottage gardens gay crocuses and daffodils were all a-growing and a-blowing. What a difference this year! The only thing a-blowing was a bitter east wind from a leaden sky that chilled one to the marrow, and the red noses to be seen near Halewood were a more prominent feature of the landscape than those at New Brighton.

The change to the brightness and warmth of the inn was therefore all the more acceptable, and with whetted appetites we were all soon hard at work on the usual excellent, varied and well cooked meal provided by our hostess.

Not many of the "upper house" came down to join in wassail and song, as they had serious and weighty matters to discuss. In the "lower house" the most noteworthy incident was the kind-hearted effort of Hubert to cheer up the misanthropic Treasurer, by handing him a blank cheque and telling him to fill it in as he liked. This astounding confidence in Bob's integrity fairly gravelled Arthur and Chem., until Hubert explained that it didn't make any difference what amount was filled in, he wouldn't get any more for it!!

Time fled swiftly, and all too soon the lure of the open road and the comfortable railway carriage caused the happy gathering to break up.

Goostrey, 7th March, 1931.

The day being very cold I was glad to get to the Red Lion and find a small gathering round the fire waiting for tea. We were soon joined by the Master, who had brought two or three others who had been too delicate to face the climatic conditions, and then came Rex (having come all the way on a bicycle). The party that sat down to tea quite filled the big table, and the conversation soon turned to the climatic conditions of the last week. Many stories were told of the adventures returning home from the run the week before, and about the Roughriders' "25," on the Sunday morning. I think sledges had been in great demand. Bob Poole and the Sub had turned out to watch our men, but I think most of them had got lost in snow drifts on the hillier parts of the course.

From this, talk turned to warmer things, principally about Easter Tours, and then to racing.

Soon after, some of the party decided to make a start. Mullah and Bert Green off together for Cheadle Hulme, followed by Bob Poole and Haynes. The others then adjourned to the back room to get really warm before setting out against the icy blast for home.

The party broke up eventually about 7-45, some going to Siddington and the rest for home. I think all got to their destination safely, and I should think without further calls, as the temperature did not call for much loitering.

Mouldsworth, 14th March, 1931.

I let myself in for it on this run. The Editor asked me in such a nice manner (quite foreign to his breed) that I agreed to write up the run before I realised what it was he required. As an Englishman's word is his bond I must perforce get on with the job. Well it was a really fine spring day, the best Saturday of the year to date, and I pedalled along at peace with the world until I was forced to cape up for a heavy shower of hail. Hereabouts Perkins and Rigby Band, King, Marriott and Ryalls, Glover, Randall and Salt were observed making their way towards Mouldsworth. The shower of hail was over in a few minutes and about two miles further on dry roads were encountered.

Many and varied were the ways taken to reach the Station Hotel, and thirty-five sat down to an excellent repast. In addition to those already mentioned I noticed the Presider, V.P. Carlisle, Jack Seed, Albert Davies, the ever present Will Orrell and Lockett, Kettle, Harold and Johnny Band, the skipper already mentioned, but he had the latest in suits and was dishing out Entry Forms for the Club Races; del Blotto who was out on a newly acquired trike, and new member Scarff, Heynes, Jr., Bob Poole, and Selkirk—out on sprints so it was said—and I must not forget W. E. Taylor, and also a friend, known among the Rhydlog crowd as Fitz Gordon. Cody, Knipe, Lucas, Connor, Teddy Edwards, Mercer, Green, Dickman, Stevie and Powell completed the happy party.

About the ride I have nothing to record. It was cold and dark when Mouldsworth was left behind, and an uneventful but nevertheless enjoyable ride home brought another pleasantly spent Saturday afternoon to an end.

Mold, 21st March, 1931.

The afternoon was perfect when two of us set off from our meeting place near home. As we "fled silently out into the country on our light, scientifically built machines," we felt that Spring had truly come, and as there were no Anfielders in sight on the road to Chester, life was really good.

The Tea Tasters were conspicuous by their absence at Hadlow Road Corner, thus showing that my preaching on taking one's own pace is evidently taking effect.

Sweet little Frank Marriott, who was my companion for the afternoon, kept assuring me, as his curly locks brushed the swaying branches, that it was an ideal afternoon for nature study, etc., but by then I was beginning to suffer from my usual attack of the knock, and so I politely suggested that it was also an ideal afternoon for studying tea-leaves. However, we conquered the Rossett to Cefn-y-bedd road before turning for Pen-y-forydd, where the aforementioned cup of tea was disposed of in triplicate.

When we were about to depart, del Blotto entered, complete with lovely dimpled knees, saying that he could quite easily do without tea (having made sure that there was none left, though). He had only two wheels with him, instead of the recently acquired three, but then we are all economising nowadays, aren't we?

Arrived at Mold, Charlie Randall accused us of blinding up the High Street, complete with the errand boy's *finessu*, but judging from his sweaty face, Charles had found Jimmy Long fresher than he had anticipated. We were all delighted to see Jimmy out with us, again, as pretty as ever, but inclined to be rather cheeky with well-meaning members like myself. Harold Band was complaining of Easter knees, as well as forming subtle plans to pinch half the stock of the Presider's shining mounts.

Jack Pitchford and the Pugh brothers had enjoyed an energetic ride from Shropshire to see us.

The talk at my table was of a highly technical nature, so I retired from the conversation till tea was poured out. One member, whom I shall name Split Fang, explained to us how to partake of cheese with two teeth, having used all his others on a certain kerbstone.

The Presider and Jonas left early for the T.A. Meet at Nantwich, leaving the select to gather round the fire till the last possible moment.

And so home, with my lamp out about four times, but it did steady the pace a bit.

The so-called fast section went to their stables at Neston, while the remainder wended their various ways home to more respectable beds.

Lymm, 21st March, 1931.

At this period of the year there are usually references in *Cycling* to "Easter knees"; this condition, although possibly foreign to members of the W.T.T. is well known to most other members of the Anfield, particularly the stalwarts of the Tank.

This purely physical condition has also a psychological counterpart which is peculiar to that despised fraternity, of which the present deponent is a member, comprising the hibernating cyclist, its evolution is identical with the bursting of the buds in the hedgerows, and results in specimens of their kind emerging at a club fixture on rusty, mildewed machines or the more timorous being ejected thereat from automobiles

(pronounced motorcars). Amongst the latter variety Ann Rawlinson was identified on Saturday, in spite of the fact that he was disguised in mufti. Gathered at the Spread Eagle were the usual regulars of the Manchester section, augmented by three Liverpoolians, Knipe, Lucas and Cody, men who have reached that degree of fame which enables them to dispense with honorific introductions.

A happy throng presently assailed the well-loaded board, and paunches filled, tongues wagged freely; at one end of the table arrangements were being made for Easter week-end, whilst at the other end it was apparent that a violent mail bag robbery was being staged, references to blinding, scrapping and taking packets being frequently overheard.

The party eventually broke up and one felt that a pleasant time had been enjoyed by all.

Cotebrook, 28th March, 1931.

Foul weather for Cotebrook runs seems to be the rule, and this occasion was no exception.

It is true there was no snow, as on the two previous runs to this house, but the south-east wind blew strong, and a slight but steady downfall of rain made cycling from the Wirral direction anything but pleasant.

The run was chiefly notable for the fact that Tommy Royden came out again. Rumour has it that Tommy has been building a garage and he proudly showed the muscles he has developed on his arms with shifting an untold number of tons of rock.

Whether this garage rumour is true or not, we cannot say, as Thomas was heard telling the snub-captain that he had been honeymooning on the Riviera, and his wife had let him out for the day. Still, he came out per cycle, so there must be life in the old dog yet, even though he approaches the allotted span.

Thirty-one were present and an overflow meeting had to be held for latecomers, who included Rigby Band and friend per Cook's tandem, borrowed for the Easter week-end. They were delayed with a puncture at Stamford Bridge, and punctured again in Chester on the way home and had to buy a new cover.

Walton and Urban Taylor, whom we haven't seen for some time, turned up.

Talk was chiefly of the Easter week-end and past experiences in smashing through to Bettws in all sorts of weather.

The Captain and John James Salt departed early with the Siddington crowd, in readiness for the Stretford Wheelers' "25," and most of the rest left early too, the Liverpool section for a wind assisted ride and the Manchester members to battle with the gale.

J. S. JONAS.

Editor.

ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

FORMED MARCH 1879

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

MONTHLY CIRCULAR.

Vol. XXVIII.

No. 303.

FIXTURES FOR MAY, 1931.

Tea at 6-0 p.m.

Light up at

May 2	Acton Bridge (Leigh Arms)	9-41 p.m.
.. 9	Second 50 Miles Handicap	9-53 p.m.
.. 11	Committee Meeting, 7 p.m. (Victoria Hotel, St. John's Lane, L'pool)					
.. 16	Highwayside (Travellers Rest)	10- 5 p.m.
.. 23/25	Whitsuntide Invitation "100." Headquarters—Shrewsbury (George Hotel)	10-18 p.m.
.. 30	Daresbury (Ring o' Bells)	10-26 p.m.
June 6	Tattenhall (Bear and Ragged Staff)	10-35 p.m.
	Full Moon	...	2nd and 31st 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. R. J. Pugh, 23 Round Hill Green, Berwick Road, Shrewsbury, has been elected to Full Membership.

APPLICATION FOR MEMBERSHIP.—Mr. Harry Wilson, 119 College Road, Whalley Range, Manchester, proposed by Mr. R. H. Carlisle; seconded by Mr. R. J. Austin.

Invitation "100." Mr. R. H. Carlisle has been appointed Judge and Referee.

Members going down into Shropshire on Saturday, 23rd May, are likely to find company if they call at the Raven, Prees Heath, for a

meal. Members desiring to stay at Headquarters, George Hotel, Shrewsbury, are requested to book their own accommodation direct.

H. W. POWELL,
Hon. General Secretary.

RACING NOTES.

2nd 50 Miles Club Handicap.

Members are reminded that this event will be run off on May 9th, not May 16th as arranged for originally.

Club Invitation "100," 25th May, 1931.

A large number of helpers will be required for the purpose of checking, marshalling and feeding. I am now booking names so come forward with offers of assistance and do not wait to be asked.

Open Events.

The members' attention is directed to the following "Opens" in which we shall be represented. The Cheshire R.C. Scratch "50," over an East Cheshire course, on May 17th, and the East Liverpool Wheelers' "50," over a Wirral course, on June 7th. Those able to turn out and assist our men in either or both events are requested to communicate with Skipper Glover.

Manchester Wheelers' Invitation "50."

This event will be run off in Shropshire, on June 20th. Starting at 4-01 p.m., and is open to singles, bicycles and tricycles. Those desirous of competing must let the Skipper have their names not later than Saturday, May 16th, 1931.

Manchester Grosvenor "100."

Members are reminded that the date of this event is June 28th and the Skipper is open to receive offers of assistance in looking after "Ours."

W. H. KETTLE,
Hon. Racing Secretary.

TREASURY NOTES.

"April, April, laugh thy girlish laughter,
And the moment after, weep thy girlish tears."

More of the tears than the laughter this month unfortunately, with the result that our financial returns have been out in the wet and have shrunk very badly. Only fifty per cent. of last month's contributions.

Perhaps the merry month of May, bourgeoning out with Spring flowers may induce a more generous spirit among our great unpaid.

The following eight members are hereby thanked for their subscriptions:

R. J. Austin.	J. Hodges.	J. J. Salt.
E. Buckley.	F. H. Koenen.	O. E. Taylor.
A. Dickman.	R. J. Pugh.	

ITEMS.

Among the helpers out at the "50" we were pleased to see such "strangers" as E. Haynes, Sen., and L. Oppenheimer, and also Turvey on holiday from "school." Other irregulars were Molyneux and Ladds.

Harry Austin and Finn carried out another "Alternative Tour" (unofficial) at Easter when they toured the Connemara district in Ireland, and it is reported as being one of the best ever.

An Incident in the "Fifty."

PITCHFORD (*first man up*) to marshall at Spurstow: "Tell that policeman up the road what's going on. He stopped me."

MARSHALL to constable a quarter-mile farther up the road: "I say, old chap, don't interfere with these fellows. They're having a time trial."

CONSTABLE: "Oh! Is he racing? I'm sorry I stopped him. I only wanted to know if he'd seen the sergeant up the road"!!

The Potteries C.C. "50," 6th April, 1931.

Our riders in this new event were Glover, Orrell, Pitchford and Salt, and the last-named carried off the fastest time prize with a ride of 2.19.36. We missed the first team prize by only 30 seconds, to the Mersey R.C.

Orrell, 2.21.36, and Pitchford 2.24.18 helped Salt to win the Second Team Medals, and Glover did 2.26.36.

Helpers present were: Long, Randall, Ryalls, Marriott, del Banco, Walters, Walton, Brothers Pugh, R. Poole, and Rigby Band.

Training "25."

The Training "25," held on the 11th April, 1931, proved very successful, and the following times were returned by Kettle:—

J. Pitchford	1. 7.35
J. J. Salt	1. 7.36
G. A. Glover	1.11.36
D. I. Ryalls	1.13.42
F. Marriott	1.14.37
J. S. Jonas (Tricycle)	1.17.28
J. R. Band	1.17.41
S. del Banco	1.17.44
C. Randall	1.17.55
J. R. Walton	1.19.35
W. G. Connor	1.20.30

G. B. Orrell and R. J. Pugh did not start. Teddy Edwards, Dave Rowatt and Harold Band were helping.

The Warwickshire R.C. "50," 26th April, 1931.

This event was run off in the rain and a strong wind, and consequently no fast times were put up.

Of "Ours," G. B. Orrell was third fastest and with Salt and Pitchford we easily annexed the 1st Team Prize Medals.

Fastest.	R. Turner, Wyndham R.C. ...	2.16.35
2nd	J. Bragg, Birchfield C.C. ...	2.18. 0
3rd	G. B. Orrell, A.B.C. ...	2.19.15
4th	J. J. Salt, A.B.C. ...	2.19.47
6th	J. Pitchford, A.B.C. ...	2.20.29
	C. Marshall, Broad Oak C.C. ...	2.22. 1
	G. A. Glover, A.B.C. ...	2.27. 6

Owing to a mistake, Salt started six seconds late.

Our helpers included Cook, Lusty, Pritchard (Timekeeper), Parton, Randall, Ryalls, and Rex Austin.

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of the *Circular*.

DEAR SIR,—Having known the "Glan Aber" under the influence of the Club for (off and on) many years, it was rather a painful surprise to me to see the attenuated assembly in the drawing-room for the Sunday evening concert. Recalling the palmy days when that room was uncomfortably crowded with members and friends, the present condition almost suggests a decline of the Club's prosperity—and then one remembers that an alternative fixture carried away a number of our members.

I have never made a fetish of Bettws at Easter, but I would like to suggest—and I do so in all good fellowship—that, within the next twelve months, the exponents of "alternatism" should consider their position with a view to consolidating the Club's programme. There is in the Anfield a measure of tradition and sentiment to which I venture to think the newer generation should pay greater heed. Do not let us forget the services rendered to our organization by the Elder Statesmen. If this Easter fixture is now to some extent maintained on their account, we may well remember that the rest of the Club's programme is on a different footing. Let us pay tribute to those who have nurtured the Anfield throughout the difficult times now past, and who, by their loving care, have made our Club what it is, an organisation of the road, second to none.

It need hardly be said that Bettws is good value in itself. Peerless as a holiday centre, the amenities of the "Glan Aber" leave nothing to be desired. Nowhere would we be more heartily welcomed.

I realise that the extension and the intensiveness of the racing season make inroads into touring programmes, rendering it desirable for certain members to grasp the Easter opportunity for getting into the unknown. If, therefore, it is not agreeable to some for the Club to return *en bloc* to Bettws, is it not possible for an accommodation to be reached, based on (1) a different venue for the whole Club once in every three years (say), or (2) an alternative tour, once in every three years, for those who desire a change?

Yours sincerely,

PASSER-BY.

Easter Tour, Bettws-y-Coed, 3rd-6th April, 1931.

The Presider was the first off the mark for Bettws and started off on Thursday morning in the pouring rain, per bicycle, lurching at St. Asaph and calling at Llanfair T.H. in the afternoon.

Johnny Band was not long after him and invested in Home Rails to Ruabon and then finished the journey in the approved manner, while Chandler started in the afternoon and used the Ruthin-Cerrig-y-Druidion route.

John Sunter, per auto., took with him Ven, and Messrs. Edge and Workman. Dave Rowatt, per rattler from Rhos, and Joe Andrews in a like manner from Birkenhead, completed the party at the Glan Aber, and of course George Lake and Mr. Cannon were already in residence. Teddy and Mrs. Edwards also went down on Thursday, but stopped next door at the Gwydyr.

Friday found Chandler wandering off to climb the high mountains, while Cook and Johnny Band cycled via Pentre Voelas, Bylehan and the new road, to Llanfairtalhaiarn for lunch.

George and Arthur Newall, Charlie Conway (with stockings), Frail Hubert, in cars, and Jonas, per pantecnitrike, joined the tourists for lunch, while the day-trippers were Connor, del Blotto, Cap'n Glover, Marriott, Lieut. Randall, Ryalls, Salt, Scarfi and friend Birkby. These, with Teddy and Mrs. E. Ven, Rowatt, Sunter, and Messrs. Andrews, Edge and Workman, made twenty-four at lunch and evidently swamped the staff at the Black Lion, as complaints were heard as to the quantity of food served.

The Wirral cyclists had ridden at least 50 miles and were ready for a square meal. The Tea Tasters present asked for a cup of tea after lunch, and could almost have bought the hotel for the price charged for it.

Cook went back via the coast road and Conway Valley, and Johnny Band and Jonas rode direct to Bettws, the latter to plant his "pocket handkerchief" in a field behind the Glan Aber.

George Newall insisted on providing the transport for the goods and chattels of the Camping Section, from Llanfair to Bettws, and is now duly enrolled as an honorary member of the C. & B.K. Section, together with George Mercer and Charlie Conway, who performed a like service on the way home on Monday.

Kettle and Bert Green started on Friday morning and met by arrangement at Penyfford, lurching at Rhydtalog, and going on via Corwen and Cerrig.

Dinner was a very jovial affair that evening, and later, in the chapel, George Newall, Chandler and Joe Andrews, with Mr. Workman at the piano, provided a most excellent concert.

Percy Beardwood and son (John, of the Calleva R.C.) arrived from London while the concert was in progress, having trained to Ruabon and cycled the remainder of the way, and D. M. Kaye, who was camping with his family close by, also dropped in for the evening.

The session in the tank was carried on into the small hours, the new barman, appointed at Christmas, being elected once more to the coveted post and responded nobly to the cries of "froth it up."

Saturday morning showed signs of brightening up and the party was away by 10. George Mercer smashed through from home to arrive at the Glan Aber in time for breakfast and then came on with the rest of the motorists to Beaumaris for lunch. The route taken was via the Nant Ffrancon and Bangor, with a call at the "British" for revivers and then across Menai Bridge.

Cody, out for the day from Penmaenmawr, joined us at Beaumaris, and altogether, sixteen lunched at the Bulkeley Arms.

Hubert Roskell, with Ven, Conway and Joe Andrews in his car to keep the back axle down, deserted the crowd for the day and went to Cemmaes, where they had an orgy of cheese, pickles and ale, while Johnny B. scorned the bicycle and roamed around with his camera.

The cyclists made their way back via Llanberis and had to cape up before reaching Bettws in the evening.

A certain noted tyre merchant punctured one of his own brand of tyres near Capel Curig and it is understood that the mishap cost him a small fortune in order to keep his Anfield customers quiet.

Meanwhile Billy Owen had arrived from Anglesey, where he had left his family, and also Wilf Orrell and Lockett. Tommy Royden had paddled down on his own and Connor had arrived to join the campers, so that a considerable crowd was present at dinner.

Another very good concert was held, Wilf Orrell being a very welcome addition to the entertainers. Kaye again deserted his camp fire and joined us for the evening.

On Sunday, Orrell and Lockett left for Shropshire to help in the Potteries "50," and the Brothers Newall left us for the golf links.

Sunday morning was fine and the party rode up to Penygwryd, Johnny Baud then losing interest, while the rest continued on down Nant Gwynant. Hubert picked up Mr. Cobden on his way and all called at the Royal Goat in Beddgelert and of course Plas Colwyn was not neglected.

Tommy Royden was fortunately in the front when the tourists left Aberglaslyn, as here he met his daughter, son-in-law and grandson. Twenty sat down to a very good lunch at the Royal Sportsman in Portmadoc and in the afternoon the Penrhindendraeth and Lledr Valley route was taken, with a call at the Ellen's Castle Hotel in Dolwyddelan for afternoon tea, meeting Chandler and Teddy's car party there.

On arrival once more at Bettws, some Simpsons were found to have arrived and also Tom Slawson.

By some mysterious means the President had a special menu all to himself, and it speaks well for his digestion that he is still alive and apparently well. He dined on Sunnyside Soup, Salmon and Tricycle Sauce, Fried Tubulars of Sole, Roast Turkey *a la* President, Roast Saddle of Lamb, Roast Pedal of Beef, Ball Bearing Peas, Crank Asparagus, Skull Cap Cauliflower, New and Roast Spuds, Margery Pudding, Waine Tart, Solution Jelly, Baked and Pipped Custard, Whacked Salad, Biscuits and Nantwich Cheese.

Another excellent concert was held in the evening, Arthur and Walter Simpson taking the place of George Newall and Wilf Orrell, and in the midst of it all, the Fair Swearing Wayfarer (himself) made a dramatic appearance, complete with shorts, shirt and one or two other items of attire.

Robbie proved a welcome recruit to the artists and gave a couple of excellent recitations.

Meanwhile, we are glad to say the entire Club had the tact to leave the barman in peace in the tank to "wash up the glasses."

Although Tommy Royden would not say his party piece in the chapel, he was in good form by the time the tank session started, and his whisper echoed around the hills until the small hours. A serious interruption to the session occurred when Percy Brazendale rang up from Liverpool at midnight, to speak to the Presider, but as the interrupter authorised free drinks at his expense, and a double one for Tiny, he was forgiven.

Monday morning, rain and the return home. Bert Green and Johnny left early to lunch at Mold. Hubert Roskell took Joe Andrews on a flying tour of Shropshire and Staffordshire. George Mercer took Charlie Conway with him and both were home for lunch, while Teddy Edwards settled down for a quiet week's holiday. The rest of the motorists wandered off on their own and Robbie ambled up the road to Cerrig with the campers and then made his way to the Big City in solitude. The Beardwoods also left by themselves to get the train at Ruabon, and Billy Owen went back to Anglesey to pick up his family.

Cook and Chandler scrapped with each other over the Sportsman Road and did a spot of mudlarking through Nantglyn and Cyfylliog to Bontuchel for lunch, where Kettle, Royden, Slawson, Jonas and Connor met them, having taken the Cerrig-y-Druidion road.

Bill Scarff and friend Glendinning came out for the day to Ront, so a very merry party of nine lunched at the house of Waine.

Cook, Kettle, Royden, Chandler and Slawson went on for tea at Willaston and the Rhydtalog C.C. to their headquarters on the moors, and so ended a very pleasant tour.

Easter Items.

Grandad definitely undertakes to appear in "shorts" next Easter and (if permission can be obtained) to camp out on the green sward belonging to the "Royal Oak" Bettws-y-Coed.

* * * * *

The present deponent blew into the Sunday concert in full anticipation of being greeted by his fellow-members with cries of "Keith Prowse," which, being interpreted, means: "We have the best seats: you want them." But, alas! there was no overcrowding.

* * * * *

Yet another sign of physical decay on the part of Mr. the President: he set off for home on the Monday morning ten minutes ahead of schedule. He is becoming altogether too punctual. In the good old days 10 o'clock meant 10 o'clock, and, if you weren't there—well, that was your funeral . . . and you *might* overtake him. Nowadays 10 o'clock means 9-50! Somebody will have to speak to him about this. But who? Ah!

* * * * *

Jimmy Williams and Mr. Smith arrived at Bettws on the Monday morning, after most of the party had left, and they stopped for a couple of hours.

* * * * *

In all, 34 members and 8 friends took part in the Bettws Tour.

Alternative Easter Tour, 3rd-6th April, 1931.

The alternative tour to the Warwickshire and Oxfordshire districts was distinctly unfortunate this year. Lusty had broken a rib in the course of his occupation, which meant that he and his son were missing, whilst almost at the last moment V. P. Carlisle found that he was unable to join the party. In addition, E. L. Thompson was taken ill after leaving home, and had to return to bed, whilst Knipe was expected at Coleshill, but the vile weather of Thursday kept him in Liverpool.

However eight of us were at Coleshill on Thursday; Morton and Buckley senior by car from the South, Lowcock and the sub-captain by train to Stafford, and thence through the rain and mist; Buckley junior had ridden through from Cheadle Hulme, and was very wet, whilst "R.J." was transported in a car by two brothers and arrived about 10 o'clock, swearing horribly, to find the party at the bar, in various stages of undress. Copious libations of Dare's Best Bitter soon restored his equanimity and an excellent supper put the party in the best of tempers.

On adjourning to the lounge, the conversation turned largely on soft furnishings, and naturally the party soon broke up in confusion.

We were late for breakfast on Friday, and found Russ Rothwell in possession. He had left Manchester by train at midnight, arriving Stafford at 2-30 a.m., and had then toddled on, spending some time in a transport cafe, and reaching Coleshill at 7 a.m. After breakfast (where Lowcock found his mature charms overshadowed by the younger end,

with the result, that the fair Phyllis quite forgot his breakfast), the two Austin brothers returned to Manchester, leaving R.J. no alternative to cycling. We gently placed him on his machine, and through light rains went via Stonebridge, Hampton-in-Arden, Knowle, Hockley Heath to Henley-in-Arden, where a call was made. Thence through Wooten Waven, to Alcester, and Evesham, where lunch was ready at the Crown. Here Taylor of Shaw chipped in. The rain had ceased, and we rode to Broadway, where Lowcock after gazing reverently on the Lygon Arms, decided that such things were not for him, so flung himself into the saddle and furiously rode most of the climb to Snowhill. Thence to Ford, where tea was taken, and then by a quiet lane over the Wolds, and an exceedingly fast five miles downhill to Bourton-on-the-Water.

Here chaos reigned. R.J. had some idea of the possibilities when he called the previous week-end, but the actuality was much worse than his worst imaginings. However, by dint of great persistence sufficient beds were bagged to sleep the party, although it appeared doubtful whether it would be possible to retire before morning, since only one bed so far possessed any bedding. Dinner was ready at nine, and afterwards frantic efforts were made to raise a thrill on Hunt Edmonds watery ales. These efforts proving totally unsuccessful, a move was made upstairs, where, wonder of wonders, something of order had appeared. True, the bed occupied by Rothwell and H. Davies gave an extremely accurate relief map of the Cotswolds, but Russ was quite tired enough to sleep anywhere, whilst Albert Davies used the floor, which was at least level. By the way, old friends of Russ will be interested to learn that he now stands up to the job in the morning, only sitting at night.

On Saturday, all were up early, and the weather was glorious. Morton, in car, went to Birmingham to find Ann Rawlinson, and the rest of us proceeded by way of the Rissingtons to Gt. Barrington, Burford, Broughton Poggs and Lechlade to Fairford, where an extremely good lunch was taken at the Bull. Afterwards we examined the church, with its wonderful old stained glass, when suddenly we noticed a stir, and found ourselves the guard of honour to a simple country maiden, who was to be married to an equally simple country lad. We lined the aisle with true Anfield adaptability, and then hurriedly made our escape. To the married men this incident aroused poignant memories; strong men wept at the thoughts of past foolishness, whilst R.J.'s homely face contorted into weird writhings as he thought of the simple country lad going all unknowing like a lamb to the slaughter. But enough; we proceeded to Bibury, and divided between the church, the Court, and Arlington Row. After a time we left for Coln Rogers, Coln St. Dennis, and Foss Bridge (where greetings were exchanged with an Anerley party); thence to Withington and Foxcote and Andoversford for tea. Here we found Lowcock and the sub-captain. They had missed their way at Fossbridge and had come through Withington Woods, down a ferocious descent of about 1-3, and had fallen in with the hunt, who, resenting the presence of vulgar cyclists had knocked Lowcock from his machine, fortunately without doing any damage. Truly the arrogance of the average hunting man is a disgrace and a public scandal. From Andoversford, the Stow road was followed, to Westfield, whence another glorious run down led us to Bourton. Here matters were in better shape than the previous night. Rawlinson (Ann) had arrived, so had Tom Conway, but the house was full and he could not be accommodated. However, he spent an hour or two with us, and appeared to

be making an excellent recovery from his recent severe illness. He left us about 10 p.m., and by eleven-thirty most of us were in bed. The house was full to overflowing, almost all the floors, chairs, etc., were in use, mine host and his good lady having perforce to occupy the floor of the bar. My last impression before falling asleep was of Ann's piercing voice making the night hideous by raucous yells for more ale.

Sunday morning was wet, but cleared just as we started at 10 a.m. The route lay through Lower Slaughter, Lower Swell, Stow-on-the-Wold (where we inspected the Talbot, scene of many a debauch in the past), and to Adlestrop, and the Cross Hands to Little Rollright and the Rollright Stones. Here Lowcock failed lamentably, for as F.H.'s co-explorer of Roman remains throughout the country, we expected a detailed explanation of the past uses, and present significance of these remains. All Lowcock could tell us was that diligent research had failed to bring any information to light, with which, perforce, we had to be satisfied. An attempt was now made to drown our sorrows in drink (and food), but the house at Gt. Rollright supplied nothing but ale, so a digression was made to Hook Norton, where an excellent lunch of brawn, beer, apple tart and cheese was consumed.

The exertions of the week-end were by now having their effect, and Lowcock and R.J. put in an hour's steady sleep, snoring now in unison, now individually, now fortissimo, now piano, until they were ruthlessly dragged forth to resume the pigskin, through the Sibfords to Compton Wyngates. The house and grounds were unfortunately closed, but a wonderful view was obtained from the slopes of the hill, whilst several of the party walked around the outside of the grounds. After a start had been made in the wrong direction, leading to the exploration of a *cul de sac*, the party split, the main section going to Oxhill for tea and thence to Pelerton Priors and Ettington to Wellesbourne, whilst Hubert Buckley and R. J. had tea at Middle Tysoe, and then climbed Sunrising, rode along the top of Edgehill in glorious sunshine, and reached Wellesbourne by Kington and Compton Verney. Here the customary welcome awaited us, and the usual ample meal was soon ready. A quiet evening followed, early departure to bed being the rule. The whole evening was in every way as great a contrast to the previous night as can possibly be imagined.

Breakfast over on Monday, we proceeded to Warwick, Guys Cliffe and Kenilworth, where a call was made at George Rings; thence to Berkswell, Meriden, Maxstoke, and Coleshill, where lunch was taken.

Both Buckleys and Morton stayed here for the night, whilst the rest of the party reached home with more or less train travelling to assist.

Altogether we enjoyed an excellent week-end. The wind was generally kind, and except for drizzle on Friday, the weather was fine but cold. In all ten members took part.

R.J.'s knees excited in almost equal measure the utter condemnation and eulogistic approbation of the experts. A jury of matrons at Bourton ruled that he had knees of which any girl might well be proud.

Ann's rendering of those two pathetic and soul searing monologues "The Tragedy of the One Armed Flute Player" and "The Sportsman" roused great enthusiasm amongst the cognoscenti.

The sub-captain's delirious mirth at his own story, so hearty that only he himself even knew the end, was a revelation in the art of story-telling.

The "delirious" gears favoured by Rothwell and Taylor, appear good value, and at least one member of the party will be similarly equipped ere long.

Chester, 11th April, 1931.

Fortunately for me, unfit as I was, my companion was in even worse case, the only disadvantage of this being that he was so anxious to tell me his troubles that I don't think he heard a word of mine. But it was one of the nicest afternoons we've had so far this year, and so, gently bemoaning, the time passed pleasantly (?) enough, until we reached Christleton, there to see about a dozen misguided youths start in the training "25." What a daft game this racing is! And how I wish I was at it again! However! Back to Chester, where we made the number up to 17. A very quiet 17, not at all like the usual Anfield run. Conversation seemed to be carried on in whispers, I don't know why, unless indeed the absence of Tommy Royden had something to do with it.

Perhaps we all had a subconscious foreboding of the bombshell dropped by Powell towards the end of the meal. Tea (or coffee) was EXTRA, to be paid for at the rate of 3d. per cup! And all because we started with soup! I hope this will be rectified next time we go to the B. & S. Cut out the soup, I say, it merely occupies space better occupied by FOOD. Now you tea drinkers! I'm sure if you all send a p.c. to your M.P. about it, the Committee will be forced to act.

Parton made one of his rare appearances, and Roberts look you, turned up in a baby Austin, having acquired wisdom. Oh! that I might acquire Cash, and become sane, also! Kettle came along after timing the "25," and gave us the results. I've forgotten the times as I wasn't riding, but I can tell you that Pitchford beat Salt by one second. And so home, wondering whether I'll ever be fit again.

Holmes Chapel, 11th April, 1931.

When Mr. Bickley and myself set out for Holmes Chapel it was one of those rare April days, mild and sunny, with a pleasant breeze, which poets write about. Nowadays, they only seem to occur at infrequent intervals, sandwiched between those cold periods originated by Mr. Buchan, which are the main characteristics of our Spring weather. As usual we followed the lanes where possible, but had to take to the main road in places. Here we encountered the renewed vigour of the motor traffic in full blast. I regret we failed to notice the increased carefulness and consideration for others which the "A.A." have so widely advertised in the Press. We rode in single file, but more than once cars dashed past without warning, so close that a slight wobble would have been fatal, and finally an elderly road hog, overtaking another car at full speed, almost ran us into the ditch. The "cheerful little earful" which my companion emitted when he had recovered his breath was unfortunately lost on the offender, but it served to relieve our feelings. When we reached the comparative seclusion of the lanes again, we decided to halt and recover our shattered nerves at a favourite beauty spot, but found it occupied by petrol picnickers. Eventually we reached Holmes Chapel without further incident, mustering ten for the usual excellent tea. On the way home we came across Urban Taylor and Ann Rawlinson at Chelford Post Office. They had experienced a slight mishap with their car which had prevented them reaching Holmes Chapel, but were just about ready for the road again and subsequently joined some of our party at Cheadle Hulme, reporting everything in order.

In parenthesis I should like to enlighten those of our members who have adopted the boy scout costume as to the opinion on this form of dress held by the very best people. I append a quotation from a letter which appeared in a prominent daily paper and signed "a Public School-boy." It reads as follows: "That any public school could conceive the idea of going about in shorts and shirts with open necks, fills me with abhorrence, shame and surprise." In order to counteract the tendency to sartorial laxity here so trenchantly criticised, I suggest that the Editor should attend Club runs in a top hat and Eton jacket and completely clothed from neck to feet.

First "50," 18th April, 1931.

The opening event of our Racing Programme for 1931 was run off under wretched weather conditions, a piercing North East wind chilling riders and helpers to the bone. Under the circumstances the times returned were surprisingly good and probably most of the competitors would have been five to eight minutes faster if the day had been more favourable for speed work.

As usual the entries were disappointing, several who rode in the races last year were missing from the card, but the situation was saved by the influx of new blood, which brought the entry up to 13, this appears to be as many as we can expect nowadays. The Handicap proved exceedingly interesting, we found for the first time since 1923, Bren Orrell receiving a start. Our new member, J. J. Salt, has a 2.12.28 "50" to his credit and the Handicapping Committee were justified in putting him on the scratch mark.

The helpers round the course witnessed the closest race for Fastest Time we have had for years. At Nomans Heath (12m. 3fur. 170yds.) Orrell and Salt were level with 30mins. 30secs., while Pitchford was a minute slower. At the Bickerton Turn (26m. 5fur. 167yds.) it was found that Orrell with 1hr. 13mins. 15secs. had a slight lead on Salt, who did 1hr. 13mins. 47secs., and Pitchford with 1hr. 14mins. 10secs. had picked up a little. At Nomans Heath (37m. 5fur. 61yds.) the issue was still in doubt, the Checker's figures showing them all doing 1hr. 43mins. 0 sec. From this point into the wind to the Finish, Bren showed his superiority, taking nearly four minutes out of Pitchford, putting up Fastest Time and taking Third Handicap, with the excellent ride of 2hrs. 25mins. 32secs. Salt had found evidently the going not to his liking, and it was a sporting action on his part to ride it out to the Finish and be timed in, although he was hopelessly out of the running.

On a day when everyone was slower the improved figures returned by F. Marriott made a mess of the Handicap, and his ride of 2hrs. 36mins. 30secs. was an improvement of nearly 2½ minutes upon his previous "50." Dick Ryalls appears to have failed to take advantage of the fast conditions going out, otherwise the gap between 1st and 2nd Handicap might have been less. Although his time of 2hrs. 39mins. 52secs. are slightly slower than his last "50," they may, considering the adverse conditions, be considered an improved ride.

J. S. Jonas, who was making his initial effort at speed work on a trike, was probably more handicapped by the adverse conditions than those on bicycles. At one time he looked like being among the prizes, but the struggle against the wind to the Finish put paid to his efforts, nevertheless his ride of 2hrs. 48mins. 16secs. was quite good for a start. R. J. Pugh has had a little racing experience prior to joining and no doubt will do better in future. W. G. Connor was unfortunate to strike such

a day for his first experience of speed work and was unlucky to miss beating three hours.

Glover and Heath did not start, the former having an attack of his chronic complaint.

The intermediate times and final placings are as follows :

	No- man's Heath	Turn Bicker- ton.	No- mans Heath.	Finish. Actual Times.	H'cap.	H'cap Times.	Prizes and Standards.
1. F. MARRIOTT	32. 0	1.18.28	1.50. 0	2.36.30	22 m.	2.14.30	First.
2. D. L. RYALLS...	34.30	1.23. 2	1.54. 0	2.39.52	22 "	2.17.52	Second.
3. G. B. ORRELL	30.30	1.13. 15	1.43. 0	2.25.32	2 "	2.23.32	Third & Fastest Standard "B"
4. J. S. JONAS* ...	34. 0	1.23.31	1.57. 0	2.48.16	24 "	2.24.16	
5. J. PITCHFORD	31.30	1.14.10	1.43. 0	2.29.26	4 "	2.25.26	
6. R. J. PUGH ...	34. 0	1.22.22	1.55. 0	2.50.33	25 "	2.25.33	
7. S. DEL BANCO	34.30	1.27.31	2. 1. 0	2.53.11	25 "	2.28.11	
8. G. LOCKETT ...	34. 0	1.22.16	1.56. 0	2.47.38	18 "	2.29.38	
9. W. G. CONNOR	35.15	1.27.31	2. 5. 0	3. 0.28	30 "	2.30.28	
10. J. R. WALTON	35. 0	1.26.31	2. 0.30	2.52.47	18 "	2.34.47	
11. J. J. SALT ...	39.30	1.13.47	1.43. 0	2.35.23	Ser.	2.35.23	

* Tricycle.

Alvanley, 25th April, 1931.

We were trying a new meeting place to-day, and possibly this had some influence on the comparatively large attendance, for certainly we were not tempted out by a beautiful spring afternoon, such as might reasonably be looked for at the end of April. A foreign professor writing of the English climate says: "The sky disgorges rain, the earth returns her mist, the mist floats in the rain, all is swamped." That describes the weather of this afternoon pretty accurately. Nevertheless, twenty-five members sat down, rather damp as to the feet and legs, but cheerful and hungry. The party had to be accommodated in two rooms, but the food, when at length all were served, was of good quality. The place will be satisfactory for a smaller number, but the service must be smartened up. Kettle occupied the time of waiting by serving out stations and jobs for the "100." The absence of the President and several of the racing men was noticed, but it was explained that they had gone down to Warwickshire for a "50." Most of the regular attenders were out and we were glad to have Turvey with us again—home on vacation. Shortly after seven we all dispersed to our several destinations, and it was still raining, but probably all would agree that it was better to have turned out and got damp than messed about in-doors.

J. S. JONAS.

Editor.

ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

FORMED MARCH 1879

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

MONTHLY CIRCULAR.

Vol. XXVIII.

No. 304.

FIXTURES FOR JUNE, 1931.

Tea at 6-0 p.m.

			Light up at
June	6	Tattenhall (Bear and Ragged Staff)	10-34 p.m.
"	8	Committee Meeting, 7 p.m. (Victoria Hotel, St. Johns Lane, L'pool)	
"	13	Mouldsworth (Station Hotel), Photo Run	10-41 p.m.
"	20	Acton Bridge (Leigh Arms)	10-44 p.m.
"	27	Farndon (Raven)	10-46 p.m.
July	4	Third 50 Miles Handicap	10-43 p.m.
"	4/5	Alternative Week-end—F.O.T.C. Rally, Ripley.	

Full Moon ... 30th 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, 13th June, is the date fixed. It is hoped there will be a large attendance on that day to show appreciation of Mr. C. J. Conway's kind offer.

NEW MEMBER.—Mr. Harry Wilson, 119 College Road, Whalley Range, Manchester, has been elected to Full Membership.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS.—

Lieut.-Col. G. P. Mills, Highfield Lodge, Highfield Road, Malvern.

Mr. E. Parry, 44 Redcliffe Gardens, South Kensington, London, S.W.10.

Mr. J. D. Cranshaw, 6 L'pool East Lancashire Rd., Moorfield Estate, Swinton, Manchester.

Mr. T. E. Mandall, 18 Frankby Road, Liverpool.

Mr. F. Hotine, 41 Applecroft Road, Welwyn Garden City, Herts.

H. W. POWELL,

Hon. General Secretary.

RACING NOTES.

Entries for the 3rd "50" must be received by Friday, 26th June, and should be given to the Skipper, as I will be away on holiday.

Those able to assist our men in the Salford Borough "50," on 14th June, are requested to communicate with the Skipper.

W. H. KETTLE,

Hon. Racing Secretary.

TREASURY NOTES.

Subscriptions are up by 50 per cent. on last month, but when this only brings them to the bare dozen, it can't be called a lot.

Now that we have "Brighter Cricket" with us, why not an era of Brighter Sub-paying? Come along, now. Another penny on the drum!

The following are hereby thanked for their Subscriptions and/or Donations (*) :—

C. F. G. Boyes.	E. Haynes.	A. N. Rawlinson.
E. Bright.	*F. Hotine.	T. V. Schofield.
*S. J. Buck.	J. V. Marchanton.	D. Turnor.
*F. H. Fawcett.	G. P. Mills.	H. Wilson.

AUGUST TOUR.

The arrangements being left to the Committee to make, it has been suggested that a tour in Yorkshire, with Settle as a base, be undertaken. The Sunday's route being over the Moors via Malham Tarn to Kettlewell. This is a fine piece of country and is probably quite new to most members. Three different routes can be used for the return journey, including that via Mastiles Lane. The whole day's trip would be well off the beaten track and should prove enjoyable. The homeward ride on Monday could be made via Slaidburn and the Bowland district. Those who wish to participate in the tour should let the Hon. Secretary have their names not later than July 18th.

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of the *Circular*.

SIR,—May I express through your columns my admiration of our worthy Hon. Treasurer's forbearance and kindness. On meeting Mr. Knipe at the "100," I fully expected him to glower at me and to hint darkly about the extra work placed on his shoulders by members who do not pay their subs. promptly. But nothing of the sort happened. Mr. Knipe was geniality itself and never so much as breathed a word about finance. I was agreeably surprised, and my opinion of our worthy Hon. Treasurer went up several degrees.

Yours delightedly,

R.M.W.

To the Editor of the *Circular*.

SIR,—May I raise my voice in protest against the failure of our Hon. Treasurer to collect outstanding subs. I met Knipe on Whit Monday and fully expected that he would touch me for my sub., which is still unpaid owing to various causes, each one of which has its roots in financial considerations. What a golden opportunity he missed of collecting—or endeavouring to collect—my sub., and I am astounded that he allowed such an opportunity to go by. The incident raises questions in one's mind as to Knipe's suitability for the important post he holds, for not by such methods as these can one buy nice leather coats, and I feel that the time is ripe for the election of a new Chancellor of the Exchequer. Henceforth my slogan will be K.M.G.—Knipe Must Go.

Yours disgustedly,

W. EMMAR.

The Editor, *Anfield Circular*.

DEAR SIR,—Will you please allow me space in which to express my most grateful thanks to the numerous members of the Anfield B.C. who turned out to render assistance on my recent record attempt.

The number of A.B.C. badges on the course from start to finish, was positively amazing, and of course the practical experience behind such a Club resulted in the attention I received being of the utmost benefit.

From your President, Mr. Cook, to your youngest member (I think Mr. Ryalls, I tender my most sincere thanks, and also express my regret—almost remorse—that I was unable to justify their efforts on my behalf.

Yours sincerely,

ANTHONY POWER.

To the Editor of the *Circular*.

SIR,—Reading the letter in last month's issue of the *Circular* over the signature of "Passer-By," I was amazed at the suggestion contained therein that the prosperity of the Club almost showed a decline because the drawing-room of the Glan Aber was not uncomfortably crowded with members and friends at Easter.

In order to correct his pessimism, I would advise Passer-By to turn up his Report and Accounts of the Club for 1930, and to study the statements of the Secretary, the Racing Secretary and the Treasurer. These reports do not seem to me to make a tale of declining prosperity but quite the reverse.

As regards the services of the "Elder Statesmen," my own experience, as a fairly regular attendant at Club fixtures and as a member of the Committee, is that they are fully appreciated by the younger generation, and I consider it an insult to the intelligence of the older members to suggest that they feel that due tribute is not being paid to their work for the Club, because some of the members prefer to go on Alternative Tours or elsewhere than to Bettws at Easter.

As regards the suggestion made in the concluding paragraph of your correspondent's letter, I see no reason for breaking the continuity of the traditional Bettws Easter fixture or against providing an alternative tour for those to whom variety is the spice of life, so long as there is a reasonable demand for such a fixture as an official event.

R. H. CARLISLE.

ITEMS.

While returning home from the Highwayside run, the Doctor ran into his friend's back wheel owing to the latter having to pull up suddenly to avoid other traffic. The Doc. fell heavily and hurt his shoulder, and was fortunate in escaping without broken bones. He is progressing satisfactorily now, although we understand that his motor ride in F.H.'s car on Whit Sunday shook him up a little.

* * * * *

We hear that Jim Cranshaw was married on Whit Saturday and take this opportunity of wishing his wife and himself every happiness.

* * * * *

We understand that Robinson (Himself) had an opportunity of speaking to Arthur Newsholme the other day, in Birmingham, and this is the conversation which ensued:—

R. (H.): "Glad to see you again, Arthur. How are you getting on?"

N.: "I'm afraid you have the advantage of me."

R: (H.): " Good Lord ! Don't you remember that record we made in 1919—333 $\frac{1}{4}$ miles in 24 hours—you and Turnor (you know, the good old Mullah) on the tandem trike, and me mucking about to check you at Hooton corner, or somewhere. You don't? Lunme ! You're Arthur Newsholme, aint you? Oh ! sorry : Sir Arthur Newsholme, *K.B.E., M.D.*—a different bloke altogether? My mistake."

Exit of Robinson (Himself), feeling about the size of a flea viewed through reversed field glasses,

* * * * *

Members will be glad to hear that Mr. F. Gee is now convalescent after his recent serious illness.

* * * * *

In view of the different methods that are actually used or have been suggested for deciding on the winners of the team prize in road time trials, it is interesting to compare the results obtained by using various methods in connection with the Scratch "50" held by the Cheshire Roads Club on May 17th.

The official calculations in this event were based on the placings of the riders in order of actual times, the index numbers of each team's placings being added together, the prize going to the team with the smallest total. Under this system our team won by 22 points to the E. Liverpool Wheelers' 27. This, I believe, is also the Bath Road system.

If our own method had been used in which the actual times of the members of each competing team are added together, the smallest total taking the prize, the E. Liverpool Wheelers would have won it by 5 seconds, their total being 6hrs. 47m. 34secs., as against 6hrs. 47mins. 39secs.

A third method has been suggested by no less an authority than F. T. Bidlake, and he would give the prize to the team whose slowest qualifying finisher was faster than any of the similar finishers in the rest of the teams.

I don't think this "last shall be first" theory has yet been tried, but it would have given our men the prize in the event under consideration.

* * * * *

It is now understood that Kettle possesses no fewer than two collars, one made of rubber and the other not. Either or both may be worn on one and the same day. For instance, on Whit Monday, the non-rubber collar was suitable for the mere business of calling out "NUMBER," and shouting "STAND-BACK-DAM-YOU," and sitting on the running-board of Cook's (?) stationary car. But, after lunch at the "Reynard and Alsations," Shawbury, when the serious business of the day was afoot—to wit, propelling a bicycle with three wheels all the way home—the rubber collar was resorted to, and an expectant crowd of admirers (and others) watched the changing operation, which was carried out with great eclat (and also with the Presider's aid) in the stable of the aforesaid pub.

N.B.—The horse collar hanging on the wall of the stable does not belong to Kettle.

* * * * *

Our Society Reporter writes : Another grave scandal in high life, involving an exalted official of the Club, has just been detected—a scandal, fairly out-Heroding the outrageous episode of Tommy Royden and the Lady Ursula. The fullest details are in my possession, but I

defer publishing them owing to the paltry rate of pay offered by the *Circular*. If I can do better out of a spot of blackmail, you will hear no more of this.

LATER.—The matter referred to has now been amicably settled, the exalted official of the Club paying me 30 million German marks (including free delivery) and undertaking to use his influence to secure for me the freedom of Llanarmon O.I. The lady in the case is to pay me 5d. sterling.

* * * * *

It was fully understood that "Swearfainer" (Himself) came to Shawbury with the deliberate intention of buying beer for Cook. Our eminent lecturer-litterateur discovered, however, that the price of this world-famous stimulant is no longer tuppence a glass, as it was when last he stood anybody a drink. His hospitable project of encouraging drinking among the working classes has therefore been postponed until beer is down to its 1914 price, Robbie holding very strong views concerning the war-profiteers and their little ways.

* * * * *

We learn from the *Manchester Wheelers' Club Journal* that their Invitation "50" course has been altered. They will use the piece of road leading from High Ercall, through the village of Roden, in the direction of Uffington and the start will be $2\frac{1}{4}$ miles south-west of Ercall and the finish at Roden Bridge.

Owls' A.G.M., 9th May, 1931.

(Special to the *Bath Road News* and *A.B.C. Monthly Circular*.)

The Annual General Meeting of the Ancient Order of Owls was held at the "Ostrich," Colnbrook, on the 9th May, and while, of course, possessing no knowledge of what took place during the actual conclave of these exalted beings, we can, without hesitation, affirm that the evening was an unqualified success. Hostilities were opened by Junior Owl Maden, the first cork being drawn by that worthy at about 4-45 p.m., and an armistice was concluded some twelve hours later.

The Order itself was represented by the Archowl, Mazeppa, Norman and the aforesaid cork-drawers, Urban Taylor dropping in from Lancashire later on in the evening. Charles Hilhouse was duly initiated to full Owlhood and Messrs. C. A. Harvey, H. A. R. Thurley, Maurice Draisey, Albert Morton, Tiny Osborn, Harry Frost, Eric Rowland, old Uncle Sam Webster and all were subsequently sworn in as Associate Owls. The party of fifteen was completed by a further Webster, roped in by Maden—R.G. to wit, and no relation of Sam—a pleasant lad of sound principles and correct upbringing, but suffering from an unfortunate disfigurement of the upper lip. Having thus disposed of facts, let us now embark on a spot of real journalese.

At 7-0 p.m., the quaint old courtyard of the "Ostrich" presented a truly striking spectacle. The mellow rays of a beneficent May sun shone caressingly upon the age-blackened half-timbering of the historic hostelry and upon some dozen or so of the above-mentioned pillars of society who, dispersed about the yard, sat at their ease upon inverted crates, sacks of potatoes, tree trunks, empty barrels, etc., and discussed such topics as the Mendelian Theory, the differential calculus, the County Cricket Championship, and the now notorious case of *Ashby v. Simonds*, both protagonists in which found ardent supporters among the ranks of the assembled multitude. In the intervals of rolling in the dust, Bob, thrice Mayor of Colnbrook, scratched himself, now with his off, now with his near, hind foot.

The start of the supper was somewhat delayed by the non-arrival of Eric, but, at about 7-30, a move was made in the direction of the Banqueting Hall, when it was found that the steak and kidney pudding, of which the repast was originally scheduled to consist, had suffered a startling metamorphosis and, in fact, appeared in the guise of leg of lamb and green peas. The Editor expressed some degree of perturbation in regard to the latter commodity, alleging that the dye to which it owed its verdancy was not a "fast" colour.

It was satisfactory to note how the innate hoggishness of those members of the B.R., whose names were down for associate membership, was subdued by the importance of the occasion and by the foreboding of what, though they knew it not, awaited them. The result was a pleasant, cheery meal, consumed in decorous circumstances and conspicuously free from the prandial (and post prandial) excesses which, in December last, turned the Holborn Restaurant into a bear garden. It was noticeable that no one either over-ate or over-drank, no beer was thrown and on frequent occasions such phrases as "Thanks, old man," "Could I trouble you?" "No more for me, really, thank you," etc., were heard to be uttered.

The supper (and a very good supper it was) having been duly disposed of, the lesser mortals were summarily ejected from the banqueting hall and the A.G.M. of the Ancient Order commenced. Initiations took place as recorded above, and the party reassembled some hour or so later. We were indebted to our hostess for a long and pleasing musical programme and this despite the fact that her style was considerably cramped by the Junior Owl, who, in addition to the frequent emission of raucous and discordant bellowsings, kept on (inadvertently, of course) spilling the contents of his drinking vessel down the back of the fair performer's neck. Sam ordered bread and cheese and onions as a supper interlude, but these, fired doubtless by the example of the afore mentioned steak and kidney pudding, manifested themselves in the form of bread and dripping, to the vast delectation of the newly initiated Hellhound.

The rosy hours sped on in jest and song and joke, and the assembly diminished as, one by one, its constituents evaporated homeward and bedward. A nucleus, however, (which shall be nameless) elected to sleep in the Banqueting Hall, where they had supped, doubtless with some hazy idea of a little pistol beating in respect of the matutinal *char*.

After breakfast next morning, the party rapidly broke up, Urban beating it in the direction of Bolton, Bert Morton picking 'em up for Canterbury, Tiny and Co. hitting the Ardingly trail, while the remainder (with the exception of Robert Sterry and his accomplice) lit out for the "Three Frogs," at Wokingham.

Other business was transacted.

RUNS AND FIXTURES.

Dukinfield C.C. Open "50," 3rd May, 1931.

Our riders in this event were Orrell, Pitchford, Salt, Glover, and Jonas, but a series of punctures put us out of the running for any fastest times or team prizes.

Orrell had trouble with his spares while changing and lost nine or ten minutes thereby. Salt and Glover also punctured when doing very good rides, and only Pitchford and Jonas escaped; the former doing his usual good ride, and the latter being off form entirely.

F. T. Brown	...	Potteries C.C.	...	2.13.25	Fastest, first handicap, course record, special award and team medal.
S. Livingston	...	Dukinfield C.C.	...	2.17.21	2nd Fastest.
F. Turner	...	Cheshire Roads C.	...	2.17.32	3rd Fastest.
J. Pitchford	2.19.37	
J. J. Salt	2.20.35	
G. B. Orrell	2.24.43	
G. A. Glover	2.26.38	
J. S. Jonas	2.37.18	

Brown did a magnificent ride, especially when the cold and wet conditions are taken into account, and fully deserved his win.

Cheshire R.C. Scratch "50," 17th May, 1931.

The field for this scratch race was limited to sixty and riders had to have beaten 2.21 to qualify. This restricted our entry to Orrell, Pitchford and Salt, and we were successful in winning the team race from the East Liverpool Wheelers.

F. T. Brown, of the Potteries, was again exceedingly fit and broke the course record by 52 seconds with a ride of 2.12.49, on a very wet morning. F. G. Frost (Allondon), 2.13.11, second; F. Turner (Cheshire R.C.), 2.13.37, third; E. Gilbert (E.L.W.), 2.13.41, fourth; J. J. Salt, 2.14.43, fifth; G. B. Orrell, 2.16.0, and J. Pitchford, 2.16.56, were 7th and 10th fastest respectively.

Acton Bridge, 2nd May, 1931.

It was a dull May afternoon when the Fit One, gaily bedecked in clean flannel shorts, dragged this scribe to Chester in under the hour. The Wirral Way, being devoid of other Anfielders, was glorious.

Afternoon tea was taken at a certain tea room in Chester in the company of Salt, Glover and Randall, who were for Siddington way direct, Jimmy Long and the said Fit One.

The two veterans (Charles and Jimmy) swanked their way up Kelsall Hill in grand style, but the splash from their rear wheels precluded the remainder of the party from taking a little friendly help. At the parting of the ways, capes were donned and had to be kept on until Acton Bridge was reached. (It was rather disconcerting and certainly remarkable, by the way, to learn later that Merseyside and even Manchester (!!!) had only about five minutes rain the whole afternoon. Thus for once the stay-at-homes were drier (outside if not inside) than those who supported the run.)

An attendance of twenty-eight marked the occasion of the first Acton Bridge run of the year, evidently the presence of some who, only attend joint runs in the so-called cycling season making up for the absence of the racing men and Kettle and Chandler who, it is understood, were week-ending in Wales.

Tea of the usual Leigh Arms standard and variety was served, the change over to the summer menu being much appreciated. It must be placed on record that the Fit One, who is usually a bit of a trencherman, declined a second helping of beef. Training must be affecting him. The jelly, fruit, cake, etc., etc., however suffered in consequence.

Table talk was interesting. Rex Austin was overheard to say, contrary to the report in the last *Circular*, that the only helping he did in the Warwickshire Roads "50" was to see Orrell start and Pitchford finish, the rest of the time he was asleep (in the car—it is to be hoped) on the course.

Rigby Band, Jimmy, and del Blotto complete with "barrer," made the homeward party up to five. Dry roads were encountered near Frodsham, capes were bagged and the run home was completed with just one incident. A large retriever dog ran across the road near Willaston and Marriott nearly "did his stuff" for the second time within a couple of months, the brake, however, worked well, and he was saved for another day. Len King and friend Fitzgordon of the W.T.T., and the R.T.C.C., who were found wandering over Gibbet Heath, tucked in behind and were escorted homewards.

2nd 50 Miles Handicap, 9th May, 1931.

We were favoured with sunshine and a steady breeze from the south for our second "50" this year, very different conditions from the first Club race, and with Orrell and Salt on scratch, and Pitchford on two minutes, it was seen that the race for fastest time would be very keen.

Pitchford eventually won the fastest time prize and 2nd Handicap with a very fine ride of 2.15.7; his fastest "50" to date, and he only missed a "special gold" standard by seven seconds.

The times at Noman's Heath, on the way out, showed Orrell leading by 35 seconds from Salt and Pitchford close on their heels, but on the return journey (37½ miles) Pitchford had a minute on the two scratch men and led by 1.44 at the finish.

Salt was second fastest with 2.16.51; while Orrell punctured on the chippings at Broxton (43 miles) and finished with 2.19.39.

del Banco, with an improved ride of 2.36.47, won first Handicap, and Jonas, on his trike, the third with 2.37.21.

Glover, Lockett and Walton, were all at about their "previous best" form, and Connor improved 15 mins. on the first "50," and just missed a standard by 43 seconds.

R. J. Pugh, Ryalls and Marriott all showed improved times, though R. Poole was very much off form with 2.48.55.

Selkirk started, but a chill on the stomach prevented him from ever getting going, and he was forced to retire at Bickerton.

Haynes, who had a bad cold, was the only non-starter.

The intermediate times and final placings are as follows:—

	No- man's Heath	Turn. Bicker- ton.	No- man's Heath.	Finish. Actual Times.	H'cap.	H'cap Times.	Prizes and Standards.
1. S. del Banco	41.10	1.25.32	1.59.50	2.36.47	25 mins.	2.11.47	First.
2. J. Pitchford	36.30	1.15.8	1.44.0	2.15.7	2 "	2.13.7	Second and Fastest
3. J. S. Jonas ...	40.40	1.25.28	1.59.45	2.37.21	24 "	2.13.21	Third and Std. "D"
4. G. Lockett ...	40.40	1.24.10	1.56.55	2.32.55	18 "	2.14.55	
5. W. G. Connor	41.11	1.26.12	2.4.20	2.45.43	30 "	2.15.43	
6. G. A. Glover	38.10	1.19.0	1.49.50	2.23.14	7 "	2.16.14	
7. J. R. Walton	40.10	1.24.17	1.58.10	2.34.33	18 "	2.16.33	
8. D. L. Ryalls	39.20	1.22.28	1.55.20	2.32.44	16 "	2.16.44	Std. "B"
9. J. J. Salt ...	36.25	1.16.3	1.45.20	2.16.51	Scratch	2.16.51	
10. R. J. Pugh ...	40.51	1.25.50	2.2.25	2.42.26	25 mins.	2.17.26	Std. "A"
11. F. Marriott ...	39.10	1.22.21	1.55.10	2.30.30	12 "	2.18.30	Std. "B"
12. G. B. Orrell	35.50	1.16.13	1.45.2	2.19.39	Scratch	2.19.39	
13. R. Poole ...	41.50	1.27.27	2.7.2	2.48.55	20 mins.	2.28.55	

* Tricycle.

Highwayside, 16th May, 1931.

Having unsuccessfully searched through the last two years' *Circulars* for an account of a Highwayside run which could be conveniently re-

conditioned and so save me much sweated labour, I am bound to admit myself beaten and start on one that will be more, or possibly less, original.

The first essential thing for a Club run being a bicycle, as a means of transport, I betook myself to the garage and searched diligently for what the severe winter might have left of my machine. Patience was rewarded and I finally unearthed it from a pile of family bicycles, motor-car tyres, mud-wings and other forms of scrap iron. But, alas! 'twas no longer the same machine! Gone was its shiny coat and the full, round, contours of its tyres. As I pumped the front one up there came an exultant bang followed by a joyful hiss— Even this was not the end, for as I rode out later, the reflector fell off with such a clatter that a passing motorist pulled up to examine his rear axle with a troubled frown.

Patching this up temporarily I called for my companions and we started out with the knowledge that a no-trouble ride would see us in Highwayside in time to begin tea with the rest; the fates, however, did not see why this should be so. At Byley, we halted for a cup of tea, and for some unaccountable reason the kettle took nigh on 15 minutes to boil, thus delaying us for longer than expected. Ten minutes later Bert Green's tyre lost most of its air in a very unwelcome whistle as we were passing through Middlewich: this being mended as quickly and effectively as possible, we once more sallied forth for Highwayside with the cheerful knowledge that the same tube might at any time develop another hole, as it was very thin in many places.

We eventually arrived at the Traveller's Rest at approximately 6-30 to find a goodly company finishing a good meal—this I gathered from the looks of satisfaction on many faces. Of the actual run I have little to record, as I was too busy for the next few minutes replenishing my depleted store of energy to notice much of what was passing.

Our Hon. Racing Sec. was, in his most gentle manner, giving out jobs for the "100," and our noble Skipper was handing out forms for some open "50" to all who were foolish enough to think of riding.

Shortly, or so it seemed to me, the party broke up; some of us to return to a good night's rest (happy thought), others to a few hours—or was it minutes?—sleep, before the dreaded alarum announces that the Cheshire Road Club "50" starts in another hour and a half—such are the ways of cyclists.

Whitsuntide, 23rd-25th May, 1931.

There were rather fewer than usual meeting for tea at the Raven, Prees Heath, and perhaps the rain that set in at 4-0 p.m. explained why Koenen, Cheminais and the Simpsons got no further than the doorway, while Davies, Carlisle and Bill Lowcock "smashed through" to Wem to join the Manchester Wheelers' party. However, John Kinder (with Mr. Andrews as ballast), Buckley, Morton, Urban Taylor, Ann Rawlinson, Green, Poole and Cook patronised the house and saw installed for the week-end Cotter, who was "in charge" for the race. Buckley, Morton, Taylor and Rawlinson were bound for Edgmond to be on the spot for Chetwynd Church, and these intrepid cyclists were carefully boxed up in two cars! Green and Cook had a delightful ride to Shrewsbury via Hodnet, accompanied by Bob Poole as far as Ellerdine, and at the George found a big crowd assembled, increased by those who were staying elsewhere like Bell, Knipe and Mr. Croxford (at Minsterley) and the Wem party in F.H.'s car. But there were also present Rowatt and Kettle's touring party of Eddie Morris, Harold Band, Royden and Powell, not to mention Frank Roskell looking very fit, despite his seven hours' railway journey and more than welcome, Hubert with Mr. Buck-

ley, the Simpsons and finally Chandler. Of course the racing boys and their Trainers were at Battlefield and W. Orrell and Lockett were at Crudgington, so that altogether Salop was pretty well covered with Black Anfielders. On the Sunday, despite the wet morning, the motorists went to Brimfield and Leominster, while the cyclists (except Kettle, Green and Band who had to tour the feeding stations to see all was in order) went to Clun via Pulverbatch and Bishops Castle and arrived somewhat moist; but as the afternoon was gloriously fine, any discomfort was soon forgotten and the party, increased by Mr. Lowe, who was found "lost" near Bishops Castle, proceeded to Chirbury for tea, encountering Scarff and Mr. Birkby on a tandem en route, and being joined by Eddie Morris who rode to Chirbury direct. And then a fast ride back to Shrewsbury completed a most enjoyable day. The evening saw the arrival of Cody, Beardwood with a choice sample of Bath Roaders, including our old friends Wellaway and Kembell, Hofine with the North Roaders' Hillhouse, Moxham and Co., and last, but not least, Turnor. And a very pleasant evening it was. The Stancer party was accompanied by "Petronella" of the *C.T.C. Gazette*, and the nearest Tommy Royden could get to her name was "Pentre Voelas." Mrs. Stancer drew the sweep as usual, and the swindle was so cleverly worked that Cody got both First and Fastest while Tommy Mandall (with the Edgmond party) got the Third Handicap, so we only allowed Second Fastest and Second Handicap to go out of the Club! The only puzzling thing is why those elder brethren who do not have to be on out-post duty don't stay at Headquarters to obtain the full flavour of the social side of the fixture. There must be some reason for it! Robbie blew in for a few minutes, but was of course on his way to the lavender scented sheets at Felton Butler!

Invitation "100," 25th May, 1931.

The rain of Saturday evening and Sunday morning had given one rather to fear that both competitors and helpers would have an uncomfortable time on Whit-Monday morning, but in the afternoon of Sunday, the rain cleared away and things looked much more propitious, a promise which was kept, for Monday dawned with a sky with plenty of blue in it.

The entry was representative of the best talent in the Provinces, with a sprinkling of the "cracks" whose exploits are usually performed near the great Metropolis. In view of the counter-attractions nearer home it is not to be wondered at that we do not get a greater number from the big London clubs, though we would greatly like to see more of them. There is no comparison between our course and those they habitually use and it is always interesting to see how they compare up here with our men.

93 out of the 100 accepted candidates faced the starter and romped away before a strong south-easterly wind. Fast times were done to the Raven, but the turn for Chetwynd commenced a hard grind for some 16 miles, with the inevitable slowing-up. However, the times for the 28½ miles were hot, Townsend doing 1.21¼, West, Orrell, Brumell and Turner 1.22, Cave and Salt 1.23, Pitchford, Gilbert, Bloodworth and Twiddle 1.24, and Marshall and Brown 1.25.

Right from the commencement Townsend had taken the lead and he never lost it. At the half-distance he clocked 2.22.22; the next fastest was F. Turner, of the Cheshire Roads Club, who took 2.22.51. Pitchford, of "Ours," took 2.25.22, and Cave 2.25.30. There were anxious enquiries for "Bren" here, and great regret when it was learned that he had had a front wheel skid on some loose chippings on the

road and landed heavily in the ditch. His injuries were not serious, but he was knocked-out completely for the time being, and there could be no question of his continuing. It was a great pity, for he was riding strongly, keeping plenty in hand for the second half and determined to carry the A.B.C. colours to the front.

There are usually a number of retirements in the second half and this year proved no exception, but 72 finished. The only rider to do the last 50 miles faster than the first, was C. Marshall, who rode very strongly and picked up on the other "cracks" considerably. However, he could not catch Townsend, who finished in 4.53.10, thus giving the Handicapping Committee a shock, for with his seven minutes allowance he carried off the first Handicap Prize in addition to that for Fastest Time. Cave was second at 4.59.35, followed closely by Marshall at 5.0.44 and E. Gilbert, of the East Liverpool Wheelers at 5.0.57. Pitchford was our fastest man, at 5.3.14, and is to be congratulated on the improvement on last year's time. Salt followed him closely at 5.4.5—a big improvement on his last figures; it wasn't quite Salt's type of day, and it is more than probable that he will better even this fine time next year. Jonas and Glover each improved, the latter about nine minutes on his last year's score, the former gaining the 2nd Handicap prize. On the whole the Club can be moderately satisfied with the results; we didn't get fastest time and we didn't get the Team Race, being beaten by the Vegetarian C. & A.C. and the Speedwell B.C., but we have a useful string, apart from Orrell, any one of whom may do all we require next year. But for Orrell's mishap, the honours might quite easily have come to us, this time, and we have every reason to hope that in future years we shall more than hold our own.

A large part of the road surface on the course was rough from recent tarring, and there was quite a quantity of loose stuff up and down. Whilst the sun was bright, it was not sufficiently hot to soften the surface and the only adverse factor in the weather conditions was the very strong south-easterly wind.

The start was quite orderly, the long line of spectators respecting the course. At the finish, however, after Cave had gone through, the state of things was deplorable. Up to that point, the spectators had kept quietly behind the ropes, but immediately Cave crossed the line, the whole mass swarmed into the road, making it exceedingly difficult for the remaining men to pass the timekeeper. Why the movement was made no one can tell, but we shall certainly have to give grave consideration to the steps to be taken to prevent the recurrence of such an unfortunate incident. Fortunately there were not many riders to finish.

The full results are as follows:—

		Actual Time 50 Miles.	Actual Time 100 Miles.	H'cap Mins.	Handicap Time.	
		h. m. s.	h. m. s.		h. m. s.	
1.	H. J. Townsend ...	Speedwell B.C. ...	2.22.22	4.53.10	7	4.46.10
2.	J. S. Jonas ...	Anfield B.C. ...	2.33.37	5.16.57	20	4.50.57
3.	A. W. Brumell ...	Vegetar'n C. & A.C. ...	2.28. 5	5. 4.42	12	4.52.42
4.	W. Littlewood ...	Rutland R.C. ...	2.37.34	5.17.53	25	4.52.53
5.	S. Livingston ...	Dukinfield C.C. ...	2.31.51	5.12.19	18	4.54.19
6.	*E. Gilbert... ..	E. L'pool Wheelers ...	2.27.52	5. 0.57	6	4.54.57
7.	C. Parker	Yorkshire R.C. ...	2.32.55	5.13. 2	17	4.56. 2
8.	*J. Pitchford ...	Anfield B.C. ...	2.25.22	5. 3.14	7	4.56.14
9.	J. Berry	Manchester W. ...	2.34.48	5.22. 3	25	4.57. 3
10.	W. J. Smith ...	Speedwell B.C. ...	2.27.50	5. 7.22	10	4.57.22
11.	L. Cave	Vegetar'n C. & A.C. ...	2.25.30	4.59.35	2	4.57.35
12.	*F. Turner	Cheshire R.C. ...	2.22.51	5. 3. 3	5	4.58. 3
13.	*J. J. Salt	Anfield B.C. ...	2.25.47	5. 4. 5	6	4.58. 5

"100" RESULTS—contd.

			Actual Time 50 Miles.	Actual Time 100 Miles.	H'cap Mins.	Handicap Time.
14.	C. J. Fox ...	Yorkshire R.C. ...	2,32.37	5,14.32	16	4,58.32
15.	C. Marshall ...	Vegetar'n C. & A.C.	2,30.48	5, 0.44	2	4,58.44
16.	*E. Bloodworth ...	Broad Oak C.C. ...	2,25.50	5, 2.56	4	4,58.56
17.	E. Atherton ...	Yorkshire R.C. ...	2,32.40	5,12.59	14	4,58.59
18.	*C. Holland ...	M.C. & A.C. ...	2,31.26	5, 2.55	3	4,59.55
19.	H. D. Pearson ...	Mersey R.C. ...	2,31.11	5,18.58	19	4,59.58
20.	T. R. Penk ...	Speedwell B.C. ...	2,33.51	5,16.47	16	5, 0.47
21.	*W. J. Twiddle ...	L'pool Century ...	2,28.18	5, 7.49	7	5, 0.49
22.	W. J. Phillips ...	Vegetar'n C. & A.C.	2,31.20	5,15.27	14	5, 1.27
23.	J. E. Farrer ...	Mersey R.C. ...	2,30.18	5,13.31	12	5, 1.31
24.	T. Smith ...	Walsall R.C. ...	2,39.31	5,3 2.1	30	5, 2.1
25.	W. Ball ...	Rotherham C.C. ...	2,36. 0	5,22.32	20	5, 2.32
26.	A. Livingston ...	Dukinfield C.C. ...	2,32.58	5,20.42	18	5, 2.42
27.	F. Brown ...	Barras R.C. ...	2,27.15	5,17.45	15	5, 2.45
28.	F. Hancock ...	Man. Grosvenor ...	2,40.59	5,26. 7	22	5, 4. 7
29.	J. N. Bainbridge ...	E. L'pool W. ...	2,32. 3	5,19.25	15	5, 4.25
30.	J. C. Jones ...	Mersey R.C. ...	2,30.40	5,11.35	7	5, 4.35
31.	G. Benson ...	L'pool Century ...	2,34.36	5,27.54	23	5, 4.54
32.	*A. West ...	Bath Road C. ...	2,26.58	5, 4.59	Scr.	5, 4.59
33.	*J. W. Brooke ...	Gomersal O.R.C. ...	2,28. 2	5, 7. 3	2	5, 5. 3
34.	J. E. Hawkins ...	L'pool Century ...	2,31. 1	5,19. 8	14	5, 5. 8
35.	G. A. Glover ...	Anfield B.C. ...	2,31.30	5,18.30	13	5, 5. 30
36.	A. McCartney ...	Mersey R.C. ...	2,33. 2	5,17.41	12	5, 5.41
37.	C. B. Long ...	M.C. & A.C. ...	2,36.58	5,22.22	16	5, 6.22
38.	A. Newland ...	Bath Road C. ...	2,39. 4	5,16.29	10	5, 6.29
39.	F. T. Brown ...	Potteries C.C. ...	2,26.40	5, 9.49	2	5, 7.49
40.	C. E. King ...	Hull Thursday ...	2,25. 0	5,19.59	12	5, 7.59
41.	C. S. Middleton ...	M.C. & A.C. ...	2,31.25	5,16. 1	8	5, 8. 1
42.	C. Price ...	Man. Grosvenor ...	2,35.20	5,38. 8	30	5, 8. 8
43.	J. E. Carr ...	Potteries C.C. ...	2,33.26	5,10.45	8	5, 8.45
44.	R. L. Threlfall ...	Hull Thursday ...	2,28.51	5,21.53	13	5, 8.53
45.	A. Cox ...	Brightside C.C. ...	2,28.25	5,17. 4	8	5, 9. 4
46.	S. Parker ...	Cheshire Roads C. ...	2,30.28	5,29.38	20	5, 9.38
47.	W. Hammonds ...	Yorkshire R.C. ...	2,33.42	5,31.41	22	5, 9.41
48.	W. Taylor ...	Gomersal O.R.C. ...	2,39. 0	5,29.43	20	5, 9.43
49.	G. F. Shinner ...	Warwickshire R.C. ...	2,32.20	5,22.32	13	5, 9.52
50.	D. Scott ...	Warrington R.C. ...	2,44. 8	5,30.57	21	5, 9.57
51.	R. Middleton ...	M.C. & A.C. ...	2,31. 3	5,16.15	6	5,10.15
52.	H. F. Pullan ...	Walton C. & A.C. ...	2,45. 3	5,40.24	30	5,10.24
53.	E. Johnson ...	Broad Oak C.C. ...	2,38. 2	5,32.29	22	5,10.29
54.	H. Crye ...	Manchester W. ...	2,40. 4	5,28.58	18	5,10.58
55.	W. R. Mouldsdale ...	Man. Grosvenor ...	2,30.47	5,27.20	16	5,11.20
56.	H. Millington ...	Warrington R.C. ...	2,34.43	5,35. 3	22	5,13. 3
57.	F. R. Bloxham ...	Speedwell B.C. ...	2,32.45	5,26.10	13	5,13.10
58.	R. G. Layton ...	Warwickshire R.C. ...	2,33.48	5,28.24	15	5,13.24
59.	L. J. Ross ...	E. L'pool W. ...	2,31. 3	5,24.38	10	5,14.38
60.	H. Beresford ...	E. L'pool W. ...	2,41.59	5,33. 5	18	5,15. 5
61.	H. F. Bloodworth ...	Leicester R.C. ...	2,38.45	5,41.55	25	5,16.55
62.	C. C. Lamb ...	Apollo Wheelers ...	2,36.33	5,31. 7	14	5,17. 7
63.	A. G. Backhouse ...	Stretford Wheelers ...	2,32.58	5,31. 9	14	5,17. 9
64.	G. Pooley ...	Huddersfield R.C. ...	2,40. 0	5,40. 1	20	5,20. 1
65.	J. Smethurst ...	Apollo Wheelers ...	2,48.35	5,42.12	21	5,21.12
66.	A. J. Power ...	Cheshire R.C. ...	2,35.48	5,36.59	15	5,21.59
67.	K. M. Tomlinson ...	Sparrow C.C. ...	2,38.36	5,34.17	12	5,22.17
68.	W. Cooper ...	Gomersal O.R.C. ...	2,36.26	5,36.52	13	5,23.52
69.	J. Birks ...	N. Staffs C.C. ...	2,35.40	5,49.27	25	5,24.27
70.	L. M. Baker ...	Bath Road C. ...	2,35.22	5,40.33	15	5,25.33
71.	H. Sykes ...	Holme Valley W. ...	2,42.30	5,51.40	22	5,29.40
72.	F. Hart ...	Horwich R.C. ...	2,36.54	5,51. 4	16	5,35. 4

* Certificates.

FASTEST TIME ...	H. J. Townsend	Speedwell B.C. ...	4h 53m 10s
SECOND FASTEST TIME ...	L. Cave	Vegetarian C.&A.C.	4h 59m 35s
THIRD FASTEST TIME ...	C. Marshall	Vegetarian C.&A.C.	5h 0m 44s

TEAM RACE.

First—Vegetarian C. & A.C.

L. Cave	4.59.35
C. Marshall	5. 0.44
A. W. Brumell	5. 4.42

15. 5. 1

Second—Speedwell B.C.

H. J. Townsend... ..	4.53.10
W. J. Smith	5. 7.22
T. R. Penk	5.16.47

15.17.19

"100" ITEMS.

132 participated in the Sweep. 1st Handicap and Fastest, 70/- was taken by Cody. 2nd Handicap 30/- by Mr. L. G. Brown, M.C.A.C. 3rd Handicap 20/-, T. Mandall 2nd Fastest, F. Allen, Speedwell B.C., 12/- Mrs. Stancer, with the assistance of Joe Andrews, ably officiated at the Draw.

* * * * *

On their way home from the "100," Kettle and Harold Band, with Tommy Royden as a spoil-sport, had tea at the Black Dog, Waver-ton, and then rode through the lanes via Christleton to miss the traffic. In Christleton village the two impetuous young lads must of course, dash through, all out, at half-evens, and crash into one of three small boys who came round the corner on their wrong side.

Tommy Royden was able to pull up in time, but Harold Band was knocked out for a few minutes and hurt his hand, while Kettle suffered a damaged knee and a wrecked tricycle.

The bodies were taken into a nearby house and the small boy found to be still in one piece, so Kettle, on the Band's bicycle, rode home with Tommy, while Harold B. had to go by train.

We understand that the tricycle was left on the village green until the Friday, when the police insisted on it being taken away.

Daresbury, 30th May, 1931.

As a result of the enjoyments of the "100" week-end and the next few days spent in the company of A. E. Morton, I was feeling none too fit, and started in a very gingerly manner on my way to the Ring o' Bells. My strength reviving with the pleasant afternoon and warm sunshine, I began to "get 'em round" quite creditably, as I thought. Half-way up Dunham Hill, a creaking sound behind, warned me of a follower, and I decided to "slip it across" him. I stamped on the pedals, but the creaking grew louder and drew alongside, to reveal an old gentleman in a hand-propelled invalid chair. With a look of contumely, a flick of his muscular arms, he creaked effortlessly ahead and disappeared. Utterly dejected, I collapsed at the roadside.

A short rest encouraged me to try again, and in the next few miles I was pleased to be overtaken by Urban Taylor (motoring) and Bill Lowcock, with whose moral support I managed the remaining distance.

The meal at the Ring o' Bells was, as usual, excellent, and was served speedily and promptly by three beautiful damsels, who drew many amorous glances from the company. Rather fewer than usual attended the run, though some members were reported assisting Power in his "24" record attempt. Stevie announced his amazing return to form. When riding up the Rock Cutting last week, his front mudguard actually burst into flame! An astonishing "come-back."

After some talk the party dispersed to various destinations, leaving Urban Taylor and myself in possession of the billiard table, and to the ministrations of the landlord.

J. S. JONAS,

Editor.

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ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

FORMED MARCH 1879

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

MONTHLY CIRCULAR.

Vol. XXVIII.

No. 304.

FIXTURES FOR JULY, 1931.

Tea at 6-0 p.m.

		Light up at
July 4	Third 50 Miles Handicap	10-43 p.m.
" 11	Highwayside (Travellers Rest)	10-38 p.m.
" 13	Committee Meeting, 7 p.m. (Victoria Hotel, St. John's Lane, L'pool)	
" 17/18	Invitation "24"	10-33 p.m.
" 25	Daresbury (Ring o' Bells)	10-22 p.m.
Aug. 1/3	AUGUST TOUR—Malham District Headquarters—Settle (Golden Lion)	10-9 p.m.
July 4/5	Week-end F.O.T.C. Rally, Ripley	10-42 p.m.
Aug. 1	Northwich (Crown and Anchor)	10-10 p.m.
" 3	Bath Road "100"; Speedwell "100"	10-7 p.m.

Full Moon ... 29th 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.

There will be no fixed time for tea at Northwich on August 1st, it is intended only for those who cannot participate in the Tour or the alternative fixtures on August 3rd.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS.—Mr. H. Chadwick, "Romiley," Bramhall Lane, Davenport, Stockport. Mr. E. Nevitt, Red Lion Lane, Little Sutton, Wirral, Cheshire.

AUGUST TOUR.—As foreshadowed the Committee decided to hold the Tour in Yorkshire, with Settle (36 beyond Preston) as a base, headquarters Golden Lion. Those able to start Saturday morning can meet Preston (Bull and Royal) for lunch. Sundays route is to Kettlewell (Race Horses) via Malham Tarn (20). Lunch 1-30. The return can be made via Mastiles Lane (18) or other routes. On Monday, Clitheroe) 17 miles. From thence to Preston is about 21 miles. I require the names of intending participants not later than 18th inst., otherwise accommodation will have to be arranged for direct.

H. W. POWELL,
Hon. General Secretary.

RACING NOTES.

We will have men riding in the Apollo Wheelers' C.C. "50," on 12th July, and in the Bath Road and Speedwell "100's," on August Bank Holiday, and any assistance, particularly in the 100's, will be appreciated.

Invitation "24."

This event will be held on 17th/18th July. It is open to single machines, bicycles and tricycles. Entries, accompanied by a fee of 10/- towards the cost of feeding, must reach me not later than 10th July.

A large number of helpers will be required for the purpose of checking, feeding, etc., and members should come forward with offers of assistance and not wait to be asked.

W. H. KETTLE,

Hon. Racing Secretary.

TREASURY NOTES.

Owing to my inexcusable slackness in not extracting his subscription from the stoney broke Mr. Emnar at Whitsuntide, (which sub., by the way is still unpaid), this month's total is 12½% less than it might have been if Mr. Emnar had had it with him. Hence these tears.

However, we are seven, and the following members are hereby thanked for their Subscriptions and/or Donations*.

H. M. Buck
*A. Davies

Jno. Kinder
F. D. McCann
J. Seed

E. O. Morris
A. Newall

ITEMS.

Nevitt has now taken unto himself a wife and will therefore be unable to buy cakes for the multitude at Willaston, in future. We all wish him the very best and every happiness. Glover was best man at the wedding and it is a significant fact that although the skipper is reputed to be a staunch teatotaler, he was unable to ride a bicycle the following week-end!

* * * * *

On Saturday, July 25th, the Liverpool D.A. of the C.T.C. are holding a Field Day at the Derby Arms, Halewood, with promise of "a full afternoon and evening's sport and excitement." Our Club run that day is Daresbury and the Presider proposes to visit Halewood during the evening and will be glad of the company of as many as can make it convenient to show our appreciation of the work done by Brazendale and Sutcliffe.

* * * * *

Are you going on the August Tour? If not, why not? Chandler has planned a most interesting and entirely novel itinerary, which ought to appeal quite irresistibly to those strenuous advocates of "Variety is the spice of life." There will be plenty going down in cars to look after the boys in the Bath Road and Speedwell "100's,"

so if you are still a cyclist at heart send in your name to Powell at once. Headquarters were changed from Waddington to Settle, entirely to secure ample accommodation and no doubling up, so it will be very disappointing if the Variety is spurned.

* * * * *

Harry Austin has been home on holiday and although unable to put in a Club run, he volunteered to push Chandler round the Wirral and attend the C.B.B.'s usual mid-week fixture at Saughall Massie on 24th, and received a very warm welcome. By arrangement they gave the Presider 20 minutes' start, and promised a beating to Hoylake, but the wily old gentleman abandoned his trike, put into commission a 78 geared rags and timber speed iron, went out for a training spin on the Tuesday night and "won the race" quite comfortably, notwithstanding two stops to take legal advice!

* * * * *

The discussion on Team Prizes still continues, but it should be pointed out that the Bidlake method *has* been tried out with complete satisfaction in the Y.R.C.—Gomersal Inter-Club race. When a Club wins the Team Prize with a team, the third member of which was only *twenty-seventh* in order of merit, it seems rather absurd and appears to demonstrate the fatuity of regarding the matter from the perspective of a relay race, which it is most emphatically not. Any unbiased expert asked which was the best team in the Dukinfield "50," would unhesitatingly say, "Mersey Roads Club," and yet the Potteries C.C. got the team medals! And in both the E.L.W. "50" and Manchester Wheelers' "50," our team was really best *as a team*, but was relegated to second and third positions respectively, owing to the aggregate method of calculation employed. The C.R.C. and B.R.C. method of calculation by positions in order of merit is a step in the right direction, but the Bidlake method is even more logical, if it is really desired to reward the best team as a team.

* * * * *

A new badge has made its appearance on the jackets of some of our youthful members. This is the emblem of the Willaston Tea Tasters and is executed in solid silver, with the letters "W.T.T." inscribed thereon. It is the work of Jack Salt, who is an expert craftsman in gold and silver filigree work, and he has presented each Tea Taster with one, and they are very highly prized by the wearers. It is attached to the jacket by a pin, which is also useful for picking the teeth, piercing the top of tubes of solution, and also for sticking into fellow members of the W.T.T. when they are in the act of taking the last custard tart (which you want yourself).

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of the *Circular*.

DEAR SIR,

In reply to Dr. Carlisle may I say that it will be a bad day for the Club when the contents of the Balance Sheet are accepted as the measure of Anfield prosperity. I would much prefer to see the sporting spirit rampant and ninepence in the bank, than the members at variance

and bags of "dough" at Martin's. Further: (1) The explanation that the alternative is for those to whom variety is the spice of life does not "scan." I seem to remember that the accounts of alternatives in the *Circular* have supplied other reasons and have characterised Bettws as a holiday rather than a tour; the alternative was "the goods" for the cyclists, with Bettws as a mere gathering of motorists and a sprinkling of cyclists. But now, alas! motor cars have invaded the alternative tours! Facts are very awkward!

(2) Surely the suggestion in the last paragraph of my letter would provide the greatly desired variety? (3) This demand for variety should be examined. Four of those who "booked" for this year's alternative have never been to Bettws-y-Coed with the Club in their lives! And two who have been to 100 per cent. of the alternatives have never been to Bettws with the Club. It thus appears to me that, after all, Bettws would provide the variety they want!

(4) The idea that an alternative is called for because Bettws has been for so long the venue impels one to ask how many of the exponents of "alternatism" have been to Bettws with the A.B.C. and carried out all the rides? (5) As to this much vaunted desire for variety, experience on the August Bank Holiday tour, when real variety is provided, hardly serves to stress the sincerity of certain of our members in their demand for the spice of life.

Yours sincerely,

PASSER-BY.

East Liverpool Wheelers' Open "50," 7th June, 1931.

This event has usually been held on August Bank Holiday, on the Manchester Wheelers' "50" Course, and to obtain better support it was brought forward to a vacant date and a fast Wirral course used.

We had ten riders in the field of 95, and all our men finished and put up some improved times.

Jack Salt repeated his 2.12 performance of last year and was fourth fastest, Pitchford got his figures down to 2.14.42, while Glover knocked five minutes off his previous best and did 2.17.30. Orrell was not on his best form with a 2.16.15 ride.

del Banco, Jonas, Marriott and Ryalls all knocked three to five minutes off their previous bests, and Walton and Lockett were slightly slower than before.

The fastest time was put up by F. Turner (Cheshire R.C.), with E. Gilbert and L. J. Ross, second and third fastest respectively. The handicaps went to Ross, Turner and Bennion (E.L.W.), and the first team prize to the E.L.W., with an aggregate of 6.40.10. The Anfield (Salt, Pitchford and Orrell) were second and totalled 6.43.35.

Norman Higham was the timekeeper and the times of the three fastest and our men are as follows:—

F. Turner	...	Cheshire R.C.	...	Fastest	...	2.10.27
E. Gilbert	...	East L'pool W.	...	2nd Fastest	...	2.10.50
L. J. Ross	...	" "	...	3rd	...	2.11.22

J. J. Salt	...	A.B.C.	4th Fastest	...	2.12.38
J. Pitchford	...	"	---	---	---	---	2.14.42
G. B. Orrell	...	"	---	---	---	---	2.16.15
G. A. Glover	...	"	---	---	---	---	2.17.30
J. S. Jonas	...	"	---	---	---	---	2.23.10
F. Marriott	...	"	---	---	---	---	2.27. 8
D. L. Ryalls	...	"	---	---	---	---	2.28.35
J. R. Walton	...	"	---	---	---	---	2.33.22
S. del Banco	...	"	---	---	---	---	2.33.43
G. Lockett	...	"	---	---	---	---	2.35.37

Salford Borough C.C. Open "50," 14th June, 1931.

We had eight entries in this race (timed by W. P. Cook) and of these, two did not start—Glover being off sick and Jonas feeling in need of a restful week-end.

Pitchford succeeded in winning his first Open with a ride of 2.17.19. Salt was second fastest with 2.17.51, and Orrell, third fastest, did 2.19.9, and of course we easily won the team race.

Our other three riders were not on their best form and returned the following times :

G. Lockett	2.39.22
R. Poole	2.40.40
J. R. Walton	2.42.35

Manchester Wheelers' Invitation "50," 20th June, 1931.

A very good entry was received for this event, the card showing nearly all the Midland and Northern cracks as competitors, and the scratch men were J. W. Brooke, E. Gilbert and F. Turner.

A strong wind from the northern quarter made the Shawburch-Hodnet section hard going, and the fastest time of 2.13.14 by Brooke, of the Gomersal O.R.C. was a very good ride. L. J. Ross (E.L.W.) was second fastest with 2.13.24, and F. Turner (C.R.C.) third, with 2.15.51. Salt was the most consistent of our men and clocked 2.16.9, with Orrell 2.19.56 and Pitchford 2.21.27, these times giving us the second team prizes.

Our "also rans" were :—

G. A. Glover	2.26.32
F. Marriott	2.33.23
D. L. Ryalls	2.40.42
J. S. Jonas	2.42.48 (Tricycle.)

Ryalls punctured and lost about six minutes thereby.

Bill Lowcock was out, as usual, tied to his red flag, and altogether there was quite an Anfield atmosphere about as over twenty of "ours," including the Doctor, Randall, Pugh Brothers, hosts of Haynes, Parton, and the chauffeurs Kettle and Bert Green, were present, as well as Timekeeper Higham.

Manchester Grosvenor Wheelers' Open "100," 28th June, 1931.

Seven of "ours" entered and all did good rides. Orrell was on scratch and did fastest time for the *fifth year in succession*, with a magnificent ride of 4.41.9, being *one second* slower than last year.

Jack Pitchford also amazed us by finishing the distance in 4.43.41, which gave him a well deserved third fastest. This was a really startling performance when one considers that his previous best is about 4.55 or so.

The second fastest was F. T. Brown (Potteries C.C.) who improved tremendously and his 4.42.33 also gave him second handicap.

Jack Salt completed our team with a 4.52.46, an excellent effort which gave him sixth fastest and won for us the team race (by all known methods of calculating team race winners.)

George Glover just failed to be inside the coveted five hours by doing 5.1.58, but he should do this when he is properly fit.

Of our two novices at the distance, Frank Marriott did very well indeed, with a ride of 5.25.55, and will be a useful man in the future.

Syd del Banco, the other novice, had a really tragic experience, as he had ridden well all through the race and at 91 miles had half an hour to go to do 5.30. He was still fairly fresh when at Chelford (95 miles) he went on to Monk's Heath instead of turning down towards Twemlow, as he was new to the course, and there was no checker there. However, when he realised his mistake, it was much too late to go back, and so missed a Silver Standard.

Jonas went round on his tricycle, his first "100" on the machine, and clocked 5.26.45.

The helpers, of course, deserve a mention as they kept our men very liberally supplied with "egg and milks," and saw that no one had the "hunger knock."

Trainer Randall was in charge and his varlets included Ryalls, Wilf Orrell, Lockett, King, Connor, Walton and friend, Wemyss Smith, Rigby Band and Turvey (the latter having just come from holidaying in Caithness, and seeing the race in progress had stopped to give a hand). Others about the course included the "Doc.," Rex Austin, A. Davies, Foy, R. Poole, John Kinder and Pugh.

Times of the six fastest, and our men are as follows:—

G. B. Orrell	A.B.C.	4.41.9
F. T. Brown	Potteries C.C.	4.42.33
J. Pitchford	A.B.C.	4.43.41
J. W. Brooke	Gomersal O.R.C.	4.44.23
F. Turner	Cheshire R.C.	4.49.2
J. J. Salt	A.B.C.	4.52.46
G. A. Glover	"	5.1.58
F. Marriott	"	5.25.55
J. S. Jonas	"	(Tricycle)	5.26.45
Team Race.	A.B.C.,	1st,	14.17.36;	Potteries,	2nd,	14.41.19.	

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Back Row—F. J. CHEMINAIS, J. KINDER, G. B. MERCER, A. DAVIES, A. DICEMAN, G. E. PUGH, H. GREEN, A. LUCAS, G. GLENNING,
 F. MARGOTT, E. HAYNES, JURE, W. ORRELL.
Middle Row—J. C. BAND, A. T. SIMPSON, D. C. ROWATT, H. W. POWELL, T. ROYDEN, E. J. CODY, W. T. VENABLES, W. P. COOK,
 E. EDWARDS, H. R. BAND, W. H. KETTLE, G. B. BURGESS, G. STEPHENSON, R. L. KNIFE.
Front Row—C. RANBALL, U. TAYLOR, A. N. RAWLINSON, H. LADDS, D. L. RYALLS, W. H. SCARFF, J. J. SALT, S. DEL BANCO,
 J. S. JONES, H. L. ELSTON, F. H. KOENEN.

Tattenhall, 6th June, 1931.

I started off in heavy rain, but on reaching St. Margarets, Altrincham, it had stopped. After waiting there a while, Bob Poole came up so we rode on together, and arriving at Cabbage Hall, near Cotebrook, we met Bert Green, and went inside to have a cup of tea. Feeling much refreshed we rode away at a fair speed, catching up with "Ann" Rawlinson and Urban Taylor (on bicycles) just through Eaton. This made the party up to five and we arrived at the Bear and Ragged Staff about a quarter of an hour before tea.

About twenty-five sat down to feed, including Cook, Kettle, Knipe, Lucas, Cody and Rex Austin. After an excellent meal we talked on various subjects till the party broke up and I set off, accompanied by Ann Rawlinson, Urban Taylor, Rex Austin and Bob Poole. There were no incidents of note during the ride home, but I was glad to get there, as I was fairly tired after my afternoon's exertions.

Mouldsworth, 13th June, 1931—Photo Run.

A glorious afternoon favoured this fixture, and, assisted by a following breeze, I reached the Station Hotel shortly after 5 to find the Presider, Chem., A. T. Simpson, The Master and John Kinder partaking of liquid refreshment. Shortly afterwards, Powell, looking very fit after his holiday at Llanarmon D.C., arrived with Kettle by car, and Stevie, evidently unnerved by the Rock Hall incident also made use of petrol.

By 6 o'clock the usual crowd attracted by Charlie Conway's generous offer had gathered together and a move was made to the dining room. Tea having been dispatched, the Presider called upon us to proceed to the bowling green to allow Charlie to take his annual photograph of the Club. The usual scramble for positions took place, the W.T.T. securing the front row, thus enabling Randall to get his bare knees well in the picture.

Having got everything to his liking, Charlie set to work, but it took four attempts to satisfy him that he had done justice to the beauty chorus in the front rank. Johnny Band also "snapped" us but was very short and sweet about it.

The Presider and the racing fraternity afterwards left for Siddington to get ready for the Salford Boro' "50," the following morning, whilst the rest departed to their various homes. Myself, accompanied by an exuberant youth, who during the afternoon had ridden 38 miles in 2 hours, managed to reach home by 10-30 without getting dropped.

Acton Bridge, 20th June, 1931.

(The following is an "account" of a Club run, the way, we think, it should not be written. Fortunately, for the Editor, there are not many members who write up runs like this in the Club.—ED.)

23rd June, 1931.

DEAR JONAS,
Certainly !!

Had a d—d good time—as anticipated; and incidentally, discovered that the distance between A. Bdge and Macclesfield is "much more than that"—as our old friend Mullah used to delight in informing us. W.P.C. will doubtless supply you with a few details if approached—most of the members out were strangers to me.

Yours sincerely,

P.S.—If this will not suffice, try "Ann" Rawlinson !!

Farndon, 27th June, 1931.

Personally, I always consider that a "write-up" of any run is never complete without special mention is made of two very important factors connected with the run in question, viz. : (i.) How many sat down with our President for tea, and (ii.) Where did he (Cook) go off to for his usual week-end jaunt. The answer to the first question is 20; and to the second question, Llanarmon D.C. After having given this information, I will proceed with the run. To me, there is always—never mind which season of the year—an extraordinary fascination about Eaton Park; and surely, if for no other reason at all, it was worth attending at Farndon, if only to cycle through this Park. The whole ride was—as usual—to me, filled to overflowing with 100% enjoyment, but oh! the call of the Park! The sky was blue, the sun was hot, the trees perfect in their full summer garb, the song of the birds, the air free from the stink of petrol, and all around was peace and quiet. It has been said by Milton that he considers it an insult to the Creator, if people fail to go out and see for themselves the wonders, the richness, and the untold beauties of Nature. Surely we—as cyclists—cannot fail to agree with him in this respect, even at all seasons of the year, but "Oh to be in Eaton Park, now that *summer* is here."

After leaving the park—very reluctantly, I assure you—I made my way to Farndon, and found the attendance rather small, but upon enquiry as to the reasons for only 20 being present, I was informed that quite a number of our young bloods had gone off to partake in the Grosvenor Wheelers' "100"—either as a competitor or a helper—on the morrow. I noticed, too, that the only Manchester representative we had was Bert Green; (now come on Manchester, what about it?) though no doubt some of our Manchester lads were at the "100" too.

During tea—which was, as usual, excellent—I had the pleasure of sitting with Chandler, and was again kept well posted with regard to the success of his recent Irish Tour.

Tea being over, Cook—who, by the way, was accompanied by Sutcliffe, the new C.T.C. Secretary for the Liverpool D.A.—cleared off to Llanarmon D.C., and the rest of us to our respective homes. I started off with Powell, Chandler, Lucas, Bob Knipe, Bert Green, Eddie Morris, Geo. Newall, and Tommy Royden. It was evident that Powell and Chandler soon became "fed-up" with the slowness of our pace, so they left us. Bert Green kept with us as far as Aldford; while the rest of us dived off into Eaton Park to enjoy its beauties once more. At Chester, Lucas and Bob Knipe left us for the bottom road, and we jogged along the top road. At Clegg Arms, Eddie Morris said "Good night"; thus leaving Tommy, Geo. and I to carry on; we reached "Stavros," where Geo. departed, leaving Tommy and I to finish the good work. Oh! Tommy, why *do* you ride so fast, and when *are* you going to give up cycling? A man of your age ought to have more sense!!

J. S. JONAS.

Editor.

ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

FORMED MARCH 1879

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

MONTHLY CIRCULAR.

Vol. XXVIII.

No. 306.

FIXTURES FOR AUGUST, 1931.

Tea at 6-0 p.m.

Light up at

Aug. 13	AUGUST TOUR—Malham District Headquarters—Settle (Golden Lion)	10-9 p.m.
" 8	Pulford (Grosvenor Arms)	9-58 p.m.
" 10	Committee Meeting, 7 p.m. (Victoria Hotel, St. John's Lane, L'pool).	
" 15	Twelve Hours' Handicap	9-43 p.m.
" 22	Mouldsworth (Station Hotel)	9-28 p.m.
" 29	Farndon (Raven Hotel)	9-13 p.m.
Sept. 5	Chester (Bull and Stirrup)	8-55 p.m.

ALTERNATIVE FIXTURES.

Aug. 1	Northwich (Crown and Anchor)	10-10 p.m.
" 3	Bath Road "100"; Speedwell "100"	10-7 p.m.
" 8	Holmes Chapel (Swan)	9-58 p.m.
	Full Moon	28th inst.

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

CHANGES OF ADDRESS.—Mr. T. A. Telford, 19 Cambridge Road, Prenton, Birkenhead; Mr. G. B. Orrell, Orrwood, Twemlow, Holmes Chapel, Cheshire; W. J. Neason, Hill Morton, Welwyn Heath, Welwyn, Herts.

H. W. POWELL,
Hon. General Secretary.

RACING NOTES.**Club 12 Hours' Unpaced Handicap, 15th August, 1931.**

This event will be run over a new and faster Cheshire-Shropshire course, and is open to singles and tandems. Entries, accompanied by a fee of 5/- towards cost of feeding, must reach me not later than Saturday, 8th August. A large number of helpers will be required for checking, feeding and following at the finish. As so many are away on holidays, I hope those who are able to be of assistance will let me have their names as early as possible.

OPEN EVENTS.**Manchester Wheelers' 12 Hours, 29th August, 1931.****Palatine Open "50," 6th September, 1931.**

We shall be well represented in both the above events and those members able to turn out and assist are requested to communicate with the Skipper, in order that he may place such help to the best advantage.

W. H. KETTLE

Hon. Racing Secretary.

TREASURY NOTES.

In spite of the usual slackness of the holiday season, I am glad to record that six members have sent me their Subscriptions and/or Donations (*), for which I hereby thank them.

G. E. Carpenter.

H. Ladds.

W. Threlfall.

C. C. Dews.

*W. M. Owen.

A. E. Walters.

AUGUST TOUR.

Lunch on the Monday will be at 1-30 at the Moorcock, Waddington (4 miles N.N.W. Clitheroe). This is about 17 miles from Settle. The distance from Waddington to Preston is about 21 miles.

ITEMS.

We understand that McCann's tricycle is for sale, and anyone interested should ring up Bank 807 and make an appointment. He can be seen any evening except Thursdays.

* * * * *

The Course Committee has been very busy of late, trying to cut out the "Alps" from our Twelve Hour course, and they have evolved a course which we think will suit.

All who have ridden in the 12's and 24's will know the terrible moral effect of arriving back at the "Raven," Prees Heath, after the first time round Shropshire, and the idea of having to go round again is distinctly depressing and fills one with thoughts of "packing."

The new idea is to start at 6-30 a.m. at Chester and go to Gayton and back, then down to Whitechurch, Battlefield, Shawbury, Shawbirch, Hodnet, Shawbury and round the small triangle again, then to Battlefield and the "Raven." A short extension to Ternhill and back is next suggested, and at Whitechurch an extension to the first milestone outside Nantwich and back again to Whitechurch, then up to Christleton and on to the Tarporley and Acton stretch, as usual, and for the very fast men there is the Prodsham road as far as the "Whalebone."

A new way has also been found to get across from the Whitechurch road to the Tarvin road, and this cuts out the hairpin bend at the second milestone (Trooper Inn), the cobbled road and bridge over the canal and the numerous blind corners through Christleton Village.

The lane it is proposed to use is a few yards on the Chester side of the Peacock Hotel, just short of the old Christleton Tram Terminus, and comes out down Filkin's Lane at the end of the Tarvin Road Tramway Terminus.

With all these improvements there is now no excuse for anyone doing less than evens in the twelve!!

* * * * *

The standards for the Manchester Wheelers' Scratch "12," this year (29th August) are to be slightly stiffened, and will be 210 miles for bicycles and 185 miles for tricycles, and their course will also be altered slightly from last year.

So far as we know at present, the Church Lawton stretch will be taken *before* going over to Chester and, instead of turning in the road at Noman's Heath, riders will continue to Whitechurch and along to the first milestone outside Nantwich and then back.

* * * * *

Jimmy Long has now acquired a stink bike, as he says he cannot get enough riding in, to keep fit, and consequently gets a "packet" every time he attends a Club run.

He started off for the Birchfield "50" on the powerful $\frac{1}{4}$ H.P. juggernaut, and has not been seen since. Our Mr. Ryalls, who we understand has acquired the pacing rights of the machine, was very perturbed about Jimmy's disappearance as he had to ride home against a north wind.

* * * * *

Our Society correspondent reports more scandals in very "high" official life and says that two prominent members of the Executive of the Club even went to the length of deserting the finish of the "24," one "going South" and the other "to Shrewsbury."

Then there is the dreadful case of young R——n, at Hoylake Baths

* * * * *

Rather an amusing comment on the paragraph in the July *Circular* anent the methods of adjudicating team prizes is furnished by the two letters appearing on this subject in *Cycling* of June 26th, one from our President and the other from Mr. E. G. Pullan of the Mersey R.C. Our President (who objects to a false analogy by a Mr. F. L. Clear and proceeds to use a falser one himself) thinks that the Mersey R.C. deserved the team prize in the Dukinfield "50." Mr. Pullan, on the other hand, is not at all pleased with his club's form this year and states that if the "F.T.B." method had been in general use, his club would have had quite a lot of undeserved prizes. Now W.P.C.'s knowledge on all subjects is, like Sam Weller's, both extensive and peculiar, but I think he must bow on this occasion to Mr. Pullan's more intimate acquaintance with the form of his own club-mates. The same paragraph suggests that our men were really best as a Team in the Manchester Wheelers' "50," but really their form in that event was most disappointing (ask Trainer Charles Randall). However, they did not sit down and try to figure out how they might have won if some other system of allotting the Team Prize had been used, but, in the true Anfield never-say-die sporting spirit, braced themselves up to still

greater efforts, knowing that races are won on the road and not on paper. The result was seen in the magnificent rides they all put up in the Grosvenor "100," which made us all feel very proud of them.

* * * * *

Our exile in Ireland, Harry Austin, has been appointed Hon. Secretary of the newly formed Dublin D.A., of the C.T.C.

* * * * *

Members will be pleased to learn that Russ Rothwell has completely recovered from his recent illness.

* * * * *

Bren Orrell's new address is in the Committee notes, but we understand that "Wintergreen Villa, Cheshire," is quite sufficient for the Postal Authorities.

* * * * *

In *Cycling's* All-Rounder Competition, our team of Pitchford, Salt and Orrell is, so far, second to the Vegetarian C. & A.C. team; the average team speeds being 21.655 m.p.h. and 21.692 m.p.h. respectively. Up to 24th July, Pitchford is 11th in the list, Orrell 12th and Salt 17th.

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of the *Circular*.

DEAR SIR,

I feel gratified that the old tag, "variety is the spice of life," which I quoted in my letter, has been taken up with such enthusiasm. This shows that there is more truth in it than in many of the old saws.

I will not follow the trails of the red herrings whereby "Passer-by" has tempted me from the points at issue, but will ask him if, after mature reflection, he still believes that the fact of the drawing-room not being uncomfortably crowded at Bettws almost suggests a decline in the Club's prosperity or that the younger generation is lacking in their appreciation of the services rendered to the Club by the older members by their abstention from the Bettws fixture. If he really does still hold these views, I am afraid he is hopeless. If he now sees that he was mistaken, let him withdraw the aspersions he has made on the Club.

It is a great pity that these stupid bickerings between the devotees of Bettws and the alternative tour are kept alive and it is certainly not conducive to the prosperity of the Club that they should be.

The Anfield owes a great deal of its success to the strong individuality of many of its members and I hope it will never become a mass driven herd. Surely we can be allowed to go our own ways on occasions without incurring charges of disloyalty, which tend to disgust and dishearten those members whose services are willingly given in Club events whenever called upon.

R. H. CARLISLE.

To the Editor of the *Circular*.

DEAR SIR,

I have no desire to be drawn into the controversy regarding the pros and cons of an alternative fixture at Easter, but since "Passer-by" finds it convenient to refer to me, indirectly, as one of those who have "never been to Bettws-y-Coed with the Club in their lives," I would like to explain that with me it is a case of "*et ego* in Bettws." I am sorry for his sake that I cannot "enthuse" about this particular Arcadia any more than the numerous other places I have been to.

There are still many entrancing beauty spots within the ambit of an Easter Tour, and alas, too few Easters looming ahead for some of us to take advantage of. As I travel further on the road of life, I realise, more and more, the opportunities I have missed, and one of my regrets is that I have not extended my acquaintance with this wonderful land of ours to a greater degree.

"Passer-by," restrained enough in his first letter, as also is Dr. Carlisle in his reply, defeats his object in his second letter. Praying for pardon if I am wrong, the tone affected by him is, in my humble opinion, not calculated to assist conciliation, if that is its object, but more inclined to intensify disaffection, if such exists.

After all, why should not any section of members, who prefer a different venue to Bettws, indulge their fancy. It is the same with the Club Runs. I make no fetish of them either. If I prefer the cool shade of the wooded valley, with its rippling stream, or the adjacent wind swept hills with their fine views, to rolling out the tarmac of the plain, on a sunny afternoon, who will blame me?

I expect to be regarded as an heretic in some quarters, for my opinions, but I cherish memories of many pleasant and profitable hours for my heresy.

"CHACUN A SON GOUT."

Fellowship of Old Time Cyclists', Ripley, 5th July, 1931.

Another "Old Timers'" summer meet has come and gone, from the Club's point of view it was hardly so successful as some past ones, this was to be expected, as Ripley practically excludes most Northern Clubs. Dave Fell, Oscar Taylor and Beardwood comprised the total; Dave and Oscar having motored from Liverpool and Manchester respectively and had a very pleasant run, Beardwood, the sole "cyclist," rode over after being in attendance at the Catford "24" earlier in the morning. Old Man Bickley failed to face the starter; so certain was Beardwood of his coming, that he insisted upon reserving a place for him at the table, as he had certainly informed Beardwood that he had got a ticket; the accommodation being taxed to its fullest, that chair took some reserving and Beardwood was at a loss to account for the absence.

The usual ritual, only appreciated by Old Timers, was gone through; Boots Green called the Roll, T. H. Woollen, of Jointless rim fame, was elected the new President, the constitution was discussed, and it was resolved it be left over until the next meeting. The annual Dinner was fixed for Monday, the 30th November, which, it is to be hoped, will suit the Old Gent, he could even make it an excuse to ride up for it. Dave Fell has not forgotten how to ride the old Ordinary, and it is really extraordinary how he has the pluck to get on one of these dangerous contraptions and yet is so adverse to riding an up-to-date lightweight. Oscar Taylor apologised for his "leg tubes" by standing pints, which were very grateful, the weather being on the sultry side; by the way it is the first time the writer has seen Dave tackle a pint, he is evidently going on the downward path or was it on account of having caught the *Cycling* photographer's eye when straddling the "Ordinary," that made him careless as to whether it snowed or rained pink pills. It would take up too much space to name all the old giants of the past, also most uninteresting to the bulk of our readers, suffice to say all or most of those that were there last year were there again, except those who have made the last journey

After trying to secure Dave transport back to town (as Oscar had other views), leave was taken, and the Archowl took the quiet lanes to the mother nest at Colnbrook, ruminating on past "Meetings," wondering how many more there will be, and trying to elucidate the Bickley mystery; visions of Morton having overturned the bally barrow were rudely dispelled by an uncharitable "Barf" Roader, who hinted that the previous evening at Wallingford had been such a success that the "Old Timers'" meeting was quite unimportant, in fact was entirely forgotten, it rather looks as if we shall have to await the issue of the next *Bath Road News*, before the mystery is solved, as it is inexplicable in these times of economic blizzards that one should pay good money for a ticket and fail to attend, unless something very serious happened to prevent.

Apollo Wheelers' C.C. Open "50," 12th July, 1931.

Our eight entrants (in a field of 95) all started, though only seven finished, as Ryalls tried to give a demonstration in Rose Cottage Lane of how to smash through a herd of cows, but only succeeded in smashing his front wheel.

Jack Salt was in form again and proved to be fastest with an excellent 2.15.1 ride, with A. Livingstone (Dukinfield C.C.) second, with 2.16.49. Pitchford was fifth fastest in 2.19.0, while Bren Orrell, with a puncture, completed our team with 2.21.36, thus winning for us the first team medals by 7½ mins.

Glover, Walton, Lockett and R. Poole were all fairly consistent, but did not improve their times, R. J. Pugh rode well and knocked a few seconds off his previous best.

The times of the fastest and our men are as follows:—

J. J. Salt	... (A.B.C.)	... Fastest	... 2.15. 1
A. Livingstone	(Dukinfield C.C.)	... 2nd Fastest	... 2.16.49
H. Green	... (Stretford Wheelers)	3rd	... 2.18. 3
W. Ward	... "	4th	... 2.18.59
J. Pitchford	... (A.B.C.)	... 5th	... 2.19. 0
G. B. Orrell	... " 2.21.36
G. A. Glover	... " 2.23.33
J. R. Walton	... " 2.32. 0
J. Lockett	... " 2.34.31
R. J. Pugh	... " 2.37. 0
R. Poole	... " 2.39. 0
Team Race : A.B.C., 6.55.37, 1st ; Stretford Wheelers, 7.3.10, 2nd.			

The Birchfield C.C. Open "50," 26th July, 1931.

Our men were successful in carrying off the 2nd and 3rd Fastest prizes in this race, and also the first team prizes, while R. J. Pugh improved his time by five minutes.

R. Turner	... (Wyndham C.C.)	Fastest	... 2.12.41
J. J. Selt	... (A.B.C.)	2nd Fastest	... 2.14.32
J. Pitchford	... "	3rd	... 2.15.25
G. B. Orrell	... " 2.19.22
G. A. Glover	... " 2.21.15
R. J. Pugh	... " 2.32. 0

3rd 50 Miles Handicap, 4th July, 1931.

A very successful race with 14 entries and 14 finishers. Five men beating evens and two more inside 2.31. The course record was broken by Salt with 2.13.52. The fast finish with a south-west wind suiting him perfectly, and he is to be heartily congratulated on a splendid performance.

Unfortunately Pitchford had a spill at Hinton Bank, which affected his time and he was 3½ minutes slower than the previous "50."

There were several punctures—Jonas suffering twice and Glover and Randall once each.

Orrell again improved on his time for this year's Club "50's." together with Pugh, Lockett, Connor, Ryalls, del Banco, Walton and Marriott. Haynes did a good novice ride and our old pal Charles, as a veteran, had a useful training spin for the "24." His time—2.41.50 with a puncture—showing that he still has some speed as well as staying power.

The intermediate times and final placings are as follows:—

	No- man's Heath	Turn Bick- erton	No- man's Heath	Finish Actual Times	H'cap H'cap	H'cap Times.	Prizes and Standards.
1. S. del Banco	39.30	1.21.40	1.57.30	2.31.34	22	2.9.34	1st Prize Std. " B "
2. D. L. Ryalls	38.45	1.19.28	1.54.0	2.27.18	16	2.11.18	2nd Prize Std. " C "
3. W. G. Connor	39.30	1.23.30	2.2.30	2.40.12	28	2.12.12	3rd Prize Std. " A "
4. J. R. Walton	38.30	1.19.25	1.55.30	2.30.38	18	2.12.38	
5. R. J. Pugh ...	40.0	1.23.40	2.0.30	2.37.46	25	2.12.46	Std. " A "
6. J. J. Salt ...	34.45	1.12.25	1.43.30	2.13.52	Scr.	2.13.52	Fastest Std. " F "
7. G. Lockett ...	40.0	1.12.50	1.57.0	2.32.30	18	2.14.30	
8. G. B. Orrell...	35.30	1.14.11	1.46.30	2.18.2	2	2.16.2	
9. F. Marriott...	39.30	1.21.10	1.56.30	2.30.23	14	2.16.23	
10. J. Pitchford	36.0	1.15.40	1.47.0	2.18.38	1	2.17.38	
11. G. A. Glover	36.30	1.15.50	1.52.0	2.24.35	6	2.18.35	
12. E. Haynes ...	43.30	1.29.32	2.10.0	2.48.44	30	2.18.44	
13. J. S. Jonas ... (Tricycle)	42.30	1.25.45	2.5.0	2.41.46	22	2.19.46	
14. C. Randall ...	41.0	1.25.35	2.7.0	2.41.50	20	2.21.50	

Highwayside, 11th July, 1931.

I started out with the idea of having a quiet ride out through the lanes, entirely on my own and with no one to sling insults at me, but it was not to be, for at Willaston corner I found a huge crowd of cyclists, consisting of Tea Tasters and lesser fry.

The said crowd then moved off in several groups towards Chester. Jonas said he was training for the "24" so he left his "barrer" at home for once and came out on his "bike."

The day being fine we decided that a sun bath in Eaton Park would count as training. Arriving at Chester we successfully eluded a disgusting crowd of "hangers-on" and made a bee line for the Iron Bridge. When we arrived there the sun, of course, was immediately obscured by clouds. After waiting some time, hoping that the sun would oblige, we decided to carry on and soon overtook a friend of

Jonas's who was trying to think of somewhere to go, so we thought for him and brought him along with us. We were just about ready to burst into flames when we got to the Travellers Rest, but on being treated to a mysterious concoction called "shandy" we soon returned to normal.

Then the bugle went and I purposely detained the aforesaid friend so that he would not see the nauseating scramble to the tea table, it might have given him a wrong impression of the A.B.C. By the time we sat down, the shouts and suarls had subsided and the behaviour was almost human.

The table talk was the usual "24," "Speedwell," and "Barf Road," with the Skipper going around trapping poor muts into entering for either. Also the story of "Tommy Royden's Adventures at Hoylake Baths," caused quite a stir, but the tale thereof doth not bear repeating.

After tea Jack Salt and the "Skipper" departed, bound for the "Apollo 50" on the morrow, taking with them Len King and George Connor as labourers, with Trainer Charles in close attendance.

Strange to say the complete Wirral section went home together, accompanied by a horrible smell of "trikes." All went well until the top Chester Road was reached, then Rigby Band produced a copy of a new paper called the *Rue-sac*, which deals with Camping and Hiking; this was quite in order, until Kettle got hold of it, then pandemonium reigned; what caused the commotion I do not know, but don't be surprised if you find Kettle under canyas one day. (I shall be all the same.—Ed.)

After Willaston corner, the party gradually broke up as the various partings of way were reached. I finished the home straight at a speed of at least 8 miles per hour, feeling thoroughly baked, but perfectly satisfied with another most enjoyable run.

Invitation "24," 17th/18th July, 1931.

Are "24's" worth while? is a question which has been seriously asked, and grumbles have been heard from helpers, who complained of the waste of time and energy expended in assisting at a competition for which the racing men showed so little inclination.

Well, the "24" is one of the really worth while Anfield traditions, on which the fame of the Club was founded in the early days of Mills and Fletcher, and of Dave Fell's ride from Liverpool to London, whilst the hands of the clock made a double circuit. The average speed of those days may seem absurdly low compared with modern rates of progression, but it must be remembered that the rides were done on solid tyred ordinary bicycles with springless saddles, over dirt roads which were often either thick with mud or loose with dust. I don't think the more pampered modern rider could realise the discomforts and hardships of long distance riding under those conditions.

This year, however, a glance at the card of 13 entrants (timed by Harry Poole) showed that there was every prospect of an interesting race. Two previous winners figured on it, in the persons of Tony Power and W. T. Melia. Then there was that experienced and successful performer at the distance, Freddy Hancock, holder of the R.R.A. and N.R.R.A. 24 Hour tricycle record, whilst we were all looking forward to Editor Jonas putting up the fine ride which we believed him to be capable of.

Being stationed at Shawbury I was pretty well in the centre of the struggle for supremacy, though, whilst Tommy Royden, Harold Band and myself slept the sleep of the just, side by side in our three little

cots, the competitors had to cover some 183 miles before we had to be roused from our slumbers. The night was fair and the temperature mild, though the wind roared somewhat ferociously in the trees outside our window and must have hampered the riders considerably.

The first man was expected to arrive about 7-30 a.m., but the Hon. Racing Secretary turned up about 7 a.m., announcing that Power might arrive in a quarter of an hour. However, he reached us at 7-34, having found it advisable to reverse his wheel and so lower his gear, in order to battle against the wind which had been adverse all the way from Chester. H. Rothwell, looking very fresh, arrived at 7-45 a.m., and Jonas at 7-52½. He was limping rather badly and had a bruise on his forehead, having had a spill in the early part of the race, but was persevering. Hancock and Gilbert arrived almost together at 8-3½ and 8-4. Melia being close behind at 8-7. Then there was a gap of 28 minutes, when Gawthrop arrived with Randall half a minute after him. Leach and Adamson clocked in at 8-38 and 8-39, whilst Littlemore (second last year) was last man at 9-12. Hancock had lost time on one of the Wirral stretches (approximately 25 minutes) through running off the course.

Thus on actual running time Power was 13 minutes in front of Rothwell and had gained 16½ on Jonas, 24 on Melia, 25½ on Hancock, and 28 on Gilbert. The latter, I believe, was a novice at 24 hours, but quietly fancied by his Clubmates and seemed to be riding a well-judged race. At Shawbury corner, 213½ miles, Rothwell had overtaken Power and was two or three hundred yards in front, though the latter was still ahead on running time by rather less than two minutes. At this point Jonas was now fourth on running time, 18½ minutes behind the leader and half a minute behind Gilbert, who had moved into 3rd place. But he was palpably feeling the effects of his accident, and retired soon after. Hancock and Melia were running neck and neck, 20 minutes' behind, the latter having dropped from 4th to 5th. The rest, though all riding steadily (with the exception of Littlemore, who seemed to be much below his last year's form), but were dropping behind the leaders, Randall being in 6th place.

At the Fox and Hounds the second time (262 miles), Rothwell was definitely in front, having covered the distance in 15 hrs. 46 mins., Gilbert being second in 15.53, Power, third, 15.57, Hancock, fourth, 15.58, whilst Melia had dropped a long way behind taking 16.49½, Randall was still sixth with 16.57, then Leach 17.2 and Gawthrop 17.22. Adamson and Littlemore did not arrive, having cut out the big triangle.

We had quite a band of helpers at the Fox and Hounds, including Harold Kettle, Jimmy Long, Jack Pitchford (who, by the way, had been asked to hold himself in readiness for the International Road Race), Walters, and a prospective member (Lloyd) who had the misfortune to come a cropper and damage his shoulder whilst on his way to check at Battlefield.

At Arelid (307 miles) Rothwell was still leading Gilbert, but only by three minutes, with Hancock nine and Power 23 minutes behind him. From this point the struggle became very exciting between the three leaders: Gilbert having the lead at Middlewich corner (330 miles) with Rothwell and Hancock on his heels. On the Holmes Chapel stretch, Rothwell for some reason best known to himself, turned back at the first milestone out of Holmes Chapel, instead of going on to the Checker nearer the village. On learning his mistake from Harold Band, when he got back to Middlewich corner, he had to go over the stretch again thus covering at least five miles twice over.

At Twemlow Pump (365 miles), Hancock had caught Gilbert and was thus definitely leading on running time. They passed Toft corner (378 miles) within measurable distance of each other. Hancock having a slight lead, but on the Warrington road, the latter drew ahead and finished a great race by covering 389½ miles—2½ miles ahead of Gilbert, who finished with 387. Rothwell, after his unfortunate mistake rode very strongly to cover 379½. Three very fine performances for the first three and a popular win for the veteran, Freddy Hancock, who would have very nearly approached the coveted 400 mark but for the time lost in the early stages. Power was fourth with 366½, Melia fifth with 365, Randall did quite a respectable ride, being bracketed sixth with S. Leach at 358½, whilst Gawthrop covered 354, Adamson 331½ and Littlemore 330¾, all gaining silver medals. S. Leach proved himself to be a super tourist, riding in ordinary cycling costume, heavy golfing shoes, and on a machine with 3-speed gear, steel rims and tyres humourously labelled "speed." He looked fresh and happy at every feeding station and seemed to thoroughly enjoy his meals. What would he have done on a real speed bicycle?

Our Hon. Racing Secretary (I should really like to call him "The Skipper," but have been strictly forbidden) after being out at Chester all night and then officiating at Shawbury and checking at Battlefield in the interval, left the supervision of the finish in the capable hands of Capt. Glover. A good move, I think, to let some of the younger members take over some of the responsibilities which they will eventually have to assume.

The change to the Lord Eldon for the headquarters in Knutsford proved quite a good move. Host Thomas made everyone very welcome. There was quite a jolly gathering after the race, Tommy Mandall leading the revels, and I even noticed Bren Orrell and Jack Salt trying to hide themselves behind what looked suspiciously like pint pots.

Daresbury, 25th July, 1931.

Starting without zest for the ride, but impelled to it by the necessity of calling and fulfilling a promise somewhere en route, and under a glowering sky, the outcome was a very happy one. Riding in all directions seemed cushy and no rain fell, though it did, of course, on some folk coming from Manchester district. More firmly still does one insignificant Anfielder, after being an absentee lately, believe that one must cycle a little less in order to enjoy it so much the more! Relatively, generally, metaphorically and roughly speaking, of course.

The call was to our occasional Mouldsworth hosts, where, after hobnobbing with the Mayor of Crewe and his party, tea and cakes (buckshee) were taken with mine hostess. Thence through delightful Delamere, deserted because our friends the motoring community had thought it was going to rain, via Acton Bridge, where no tea-nibblers were to be seen, and on and still further on through lovely lanes and villages around Hatton. It was good to be alone, as it is occasionally. Strange how far and near one can wander around our meeting place without encountering club-mates. Not until a halt was called almost within hail of the "Ring o' Bells," in order to cool off and de-perspire, did Urban Taylor and J. E. Rawlinson break the spell. Soon we were in the crush, though truth to be told there was not very much of that.

Can it be that some of ours had feared the elements? A touching appeal from William Cook and Albert Davies to join the August-Settle-Chandler-Malham tour was heard with a stony heart, if such a thing there be. Doctor Carlisle was administering words of wisdom to certain of our young men who were hard at it drinking drinks which were not soft, the whilst ex-Cap. Kettle was finding folk for duty in the "12," on the 15th ult. Step up and do your item. Jolly good fare was soon provided, and the seating accommodation extended to a raised platform for Marriott and Dave Rowatt, who came a bit late. One almost felt that it was to be their duty to deliver a sort of sermon while the rest of us ate below as was the old monastic practice. Sub-Capt. Davies collected the monies as only he can, and H.G.S. H. W. Powell assiduously pursued his high calling and got our names. Zam-Buk deserves a very good word for his kindly ministrations to those around him at table—by his side one forgets it is an Anfield run. Young Band had a twinkle of pride in his eye, as he had brought along his cousin, W. Band, an ex-member, and at present home on leave from China. Young Haynes was the perfect gentleman that he always is, and it is a long time since we have had the pleasure of the company of Buckley Senior and Junior on a joint run, the former having been out, about, and doing the Arclid station in the "24," whilst some thought that he was holidaying in the south. No, gentlemen, service for the Club came first. Jonas was heard confidentially telling Green that McCann had a trike to sell, so, trike-buyers, up and at him (McCann). The market is fully steady—15/- bid and 15/- sellers.

The first away was the Presider with a youthful guide, his intention being to join the Liverpool D.A. of the C.T.C. at their field day-cum-garden-party at Halewood, where Frank Wood and Dave Fell were. Cody still eschews the Runcorn Transporter Bridge and went his way through Warrington. Others of note included Ven., friend Glendinning, Dickman, Mercer, Royden, A. N. Rawlinson, W. Orrell, Lockett, and Elston.

To conclude, the ride was a treat, as it is to be hoped it was for the whole 27.

J. S. JONAS,

Editor.

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ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

FORMED MARCH 1879

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

MONTHLY CIRCULAR.

Vol. XXVIII.

No. 307.

FIXTURES FOR SEPTEMBER, 1931.

Tea at 6-0 p.m.

Sept. 5	Chester (Bull and Stirrup)	Light up at	8-55 p.m.
" 12	Cotebrook (Alvanley Arms)		8-37 p.m.
" 14	Committee Meeting, 7 p.m. (Victoria Hotel, St. John's Lane, L'pool.		
" 19	Fourth 50 Miles Handicap		8-22 p.m.
" 26	Acton Bridge (Leigh Arms)		8-14 p.m.
Oct. 3	Halewood (Derby Arms)		7-46 p.m.

ALTERNATIVE FIXTURE FOR MANCHESTER MEMBERS:

Tea at 5-30 p.m.

Oct. 3	Goostrey (Red Lion)	7-46 p.m.
	Full Moon	28th 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 24/25th is the date. I will be glad if members who intend to be present will let me have their names as soon as possible. There are 28 beds, these will be allotted in the order in which names are received.

Dinner, bed and breakfast will be 8/-.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS.—Mr. N. M. Higham, Broadway, Hatfield, Altrincham.

H. W. POWELL,

Hon. General Secretary

IN MEMORIAM.

JOHN VINCENT MARCHANTON.

The Club has lost an old and valued member by the death of JACK MARCHANTON which took place in a nursing home after an operation a fortnight since. We last enjoyed his company at Shrewsbury, on Whit Sunday, when he was his usual bright self.

Marchanton joined the Anfield in 1898, at about the time that Hellier migrated to Manchester, and both were resident in Sale. In company with the Highams, Finley, Brentnall, and Fairhurst, they formed a strong nucleus and encouraged young Anfield talent in the Altrincham district.

The year after joining he succeeded F.H. as Manchester Sub-captain and in this capacity—although never a racing man—acquired a taste for speedwork, after running a private trial of a sporting nature on the High Legh Knutsford road.

Mounted on an Osmond he was an able rider, and when in May, 1899, the Unpaced Records were launched in the North, by the combined trials of several members, J.V.M. joined F.H. on Tandem although without practice, and by starting in front of the Brothers Roskell were able to hold the 50 Miles N.R.R.A. Record for a few minutes. (The last effort of the ancient Swift tandem.)

For many years, Marchanton's party ran an unofficial tour after the Hundred, but when Hellier departed from Manchester, Marchanton ceased active cycling. Later he joined us with motor parties on the All-night Rides and at the Llan-gollen week-ends.

In recent years it has been at Shrewsbury and at the Royal Oak at Leominster that his appearances enlivened us on the days preceding the activities of Whit Monday, when he would act as a foil to the Brothers Simpson, in whose presence by the contrast in their stature they would call to mind a striking "Clock and Ornaments."

His interests being linked chiefly to the festive side of cycling, he belonged pre-war, like so many other Anfielders, to the Cheadle Cycling Club, until with the conscription of all the nation's reserves, this body deemed discretion in keeping with valour.

The thought that we shall never have him again in our midst enhances that feeling of age that is creeping over so many of us older members.

In private life, Marchanton was an exceedingly keen and clever business man who had been very successful, and as we have had the privilege of making the acquaintance of his wife and daughter, we offer them our sincerest condolences with a deep sense of personal loss.

RACING NOTES.**Fourth "50," 19th September, 1931.**

This, the concluding event of our Racing Programme for 1931, will be open to tandems. Entries for same must reach me not later than Friday, September 11th.

Record Attempts.

There will be, shortly, attempts upon the following Records: London-Liverpool R.R.A., Tandem Bicycle by G. A. Glover and J. S. Jonas; London-Liverpool R.R.A., Safety Bicycle, by J. J. Salt and the N.R.R.A. Tandem Bicycle 12 Hours. Those members able to check, marshal or assist with the feeding, are requested to communicate with the Hon. Racing Sec. without delay.

Open Events.

The Club has been invited to compete in the North Road "100." Particulars may be obtained from the Skipper.

J. S. Jonas will be riding in the Century R.C. Tricycle "12," for the Tricycle Trophy on September 20th. The event will be held on a North Road course, and help will be appreciated.

W. H. KETTLE.

Hon. Racing Secretary.

TREASURY NOTES.

In the days that were earlier, August was quite a favourite month with many people for paying Subscriptions, but for the last three years there has been a sad falling off. Only five members came up to scratch this month, leaving nearly half the membership unpaid. This will be a very sorry tale to unfold at the next Committee meeting, and I hope that ere that takes place, many will have seen fit to discharge their obligations to the Club.

The following five members are hereby thanked for their Subscriptions and/or Donations (*) :-

- | | | |
|-----------------|---------------|-----------------|
| - J. O. Cooper. | E. M. Haslam. | J. H. Williams. |
| C. E. Dean. | *L. C. Price. | |

ITEMS.

The peaceful penetration of the Anfield into the Bath Road Club is carried a step further by our Mr. Bickley joining the B.R.C., and we understand that an exchange of shares will shortly be carried out.

A scheme of rationalisation has been drawn up and will be presented to the shareholders in due course.

The news of the proposed merger was well received on the Stock Markets, and the Anfield Deferred Cumulative Preference Debenture Ordinary Shares rose strongly and even touched the high record of 2½d., but later, under some dogish influence dropped back to 2¼d.

* * * * *

There is no doubt that some people think that the Anfield is a philanthropic institution and that our helpers go out to give expensive drinks to all and sundry in the various open races.

There are one or two men from other clubs who we are particularly friendly with and we always give them a drink in an Open, but, now,

even perfect strangers ask for one and swear and curse because we will not give them one. We have heard it said that we are trying to poach the riders we help, but the very men who say this make no attempt to do a bit themselves, but only litter up the starting and finishing points.

In the Speedwell "100," we fed two riders, who we know very well, from a local club, though two of their own men were at the start and finish, but never attempted to lend a hand.

* * * * *

What could be a more pleasant sight to a racing man after a hard and windy "100" than to see his cursed machine go up in flames and his thrice accursed saddle reduced to a bare metal framework?

This happy experience befell our three riders in the Speedwell "100" on the way home in Chauffeur Kettle's car. The machines were on a wooden platform on the carrier at the back, when, on Prees Heath, del Blotto recovered consciousness and heard a faint crackling sound and looked round and saw smoke coming up from behind the car, so he leaned over and found the whole affair blazing away.

His first impulse, of course, was to sit back and let the bally things burn, but then the car might have caught too and they would have been stranded forty miles from home, so the alarm was given and all hands hauled at the platform and pulled it off the car on to the Heath, where they cut the bicycles away and stamped out the burning canvas.

When the flames were subdued, the damage was found to be two ruined back sprints, one saddle, one tubular, and a front extension, while all the enamel was burnt off the frames and the celluloid and grips off the handlebars.

Kettle, being a member of some Society for the Preservation of the Countrygirls or Countrypubs or something, insisted on taking the bits home, so they lashed the old iron to the carrier, while Marriott sang a hymn of praise and told the party, with great delight, that he would not be able to ride in the "twelve."

* * * * *

As in last year's "twelve" the Campers again took all the handicap prizes, leaving only the greatest distance prize to an unenlightened member, though we understand that even he has spent one night under canvas.

* * * * *

Bert Green had a nasty smash with a car on the way home from the Mouldsworth run and had his head cut. He was taken to Altrincham Hospital and was kept there for about ten days. He was lucky not to have any fractures or broken bones and we are glad to say he is now progressing very well.

The August Three-Days'-Plan. The Anfield in Craven.

QUERY: "Where, then, is this Craven?"

ANSWER: Around the Moors, Downs, Fells, Marks, Closes, Scars and Sides between Ribble and Wharfe, north of Skipton, where once the Cliffords overlorded it, who, when draining their goblets with old vintage recalled their past with the sigh or cry of "DESORMAIS," a motto they left frowning sky high over Skipton, in open letters above the Castle Gate."

But they were not animated, like the Anfield, with the love of a past much more "desormais" than theirs, for long before the Clifford hunted his boar in Craven, Chandler's Mastodon and Dinosaurius roamed

the Scars and were washed down piecemeal into our chosen caves. "This Way to the Cave" was our battle cry, and the exploit was not so much a tour as a hunt after erudition.

Chandler has long ranked in Ology, and the Ologies to be pursued were said to lie hidden in the Langcliffe Scar.

Ablly he fired our zest by telling us that once you removed the layers of frozen deposits of the ice age you might find Bones, Tusks or Toenails of these long-lost creatures.

Russ Rothwell, whose studies I imagined had been confined to the Oldham dialect, here broke in and with fluent speech drew a picture of the Craven Fault (a grievous fault, I fear) that had given much concern to the professors. As the earth gave way or slipped, some ugly scar-faces appeared, such as the Langcliffe Scar and the Gordale Scar, and as the caverns had snugly ensconced themselves therein, here was a chance to kill two birds with one stone.

Cook, on the other hand, more prosaic than they, had been poring over Bartholomew's Harrogate sheet and been tantalised by the numerous red dots along certain by-ways among the red-brown. He urged that after disposing of these Caves or Coves or Caverns there would be plenty of time left to cover most of these dotted roads and find a decent lunch to boot in famous Kettlewell.

Thus making a virtue of a fault the August Trip saw daylight.

Saturday—Outward.—The researches commenced with tea at Bolton-by-Bowland, the resort where Tom Hughes of Wigan holds rallies of his admirers. Cook and Royden rallied to the church for reflection among the emblazoned tombs of the dead nobles of Bolton Hall. Here the Littledales took to wife the Pudseys and joined their "*Fac et Spera*" to the Pudsey "*Pense peu de soi*." One of them hid his King (mad Henry VI.) in Bolton Hall during the Wars of the Roses. It was in an adjacent Hall that of late a cotton King—also of a House of Lancashire—hid and came to grief.

Fac et Spera we took to heart next day: *Fac*-tors on the up-grade and "*Hope*" for the best, on the drop. *Pense peu de soi* is too modest for riders of Anfield tradition.

Chandler was not with us here. To eyes straining for the hoof-prints of the Mastodon, Littledales are small fry indeed.

We carried on through Wigglesworth, a name like Giggleswick that would roll off the Saxon tongue long before Settle was heard of.

At the Golden Lion we were met by Rowatt, of the walking section. With his mackintosh rolled up like a haversack, he stood self-contained. It was not till the Monday that we saw him in full step, though the Victoria Cave should have been on his beat. Davies came as representative of the turbulent Manchesters' and Turvey, a late secretary, was semi-official but badly versed in members' names. Chem., without whom no exploration is complete, was there in his bassinet, with his Driver-Member or map carrier. Thus it was a team of nine that faced or overfaced the Lion Landlord.

The Twin Towns of Giggleswick and Settle.

Separated only by the rippling Ribble, they lie divided like Wallacey and Birkenhead by their Great Float, and like Salford and Manchester by the now subdued Irwell. But what a contrast. Settle, the Seat of Commerce (on market days), Giggleswick, that of Learning (on all but vacations). Settle, plebeian—Giggleswick, patrician. Settle,

rocked by the traffic on the central by-pass of the Pennines that leaves the older town unscathed, for no main road connects the two. Giggleswick, on a parallel road from Austwick and Lawkland that passes disdainfully by Settle on its way to Wigglesworth, but no motor bus passes through this silent city. A mountain stream washes its gutters, its church stands in dreamland, its oldest inhabitant speechless, its colleges wrapt in thought, its laughter hushed to a mere giggle, its sun eclipsed when eclipses were in season, to-day its very eclipse forgotten. The disparity between the twin towns is sublime. For its after dinner rest the Anfield sought the almost hidden Black Horse Inn, and in that atmosphere an ancient of the party recalled how this August 1st, 1931, was the fiftieth since he qualified for his first velocipede (for this person actually had two velocipedes—a rare fact).

What of it, if his oil has reeked of petrol these many years, what if his only remaining cycle is disfigured by a dropped frame planned for the skirted female of pre-war days. What if it does? You cannot dispute a velocipede.

Sunday: To and Fro across the Malham Moors.

From Langcliffe, above Settle, the mountain road rises at an alarming gradient and Rothwell had over reached himself with his 40 ins. gear. Nothing short of Petronella's 28 gear could have held its own. Half way up, the party detoured to the Caves. Our finds have appeared elsewhere. From the top of the Pass we looked on Pen y Ghent, and saw the alternate route by Halton Gill. Malham Tarn was not seen till we rose to Durnbrooke, 1,500 feet up. From here to Arncliffe the road became intriguing, as Cook's map showed no way at all, but Royden found it all right. Arncliffe, with its Hotel, lies around a village Green.

The river Skirfare led us to Highwind Bank where it debouches into the Wharfe. Here we struck the main road and had been promised drinks at Kilnsey at any of the three pubs that make up the town. Time-barred we battled against the wind to Kettlewell to find the Hotel grown ambitious and over run by Bradford motorists. The traffic on the bridge at the Race Horses Hotel is now controlled by two imposing police sergeants. The mountain road into Wensleydale by Kidstones Pass has no longer any terrors, even for girls on racing bicycles. The repute of Kettlewell has grown with the new cocktail invented by the author of "Captain Kettle," who stayed there long enough to popularise "The Kettlewell," whose component parts are 50% "IT," 25% Gin and 25% Whisky.

We had to miss "it" as Chem insists on Gin and FRENCH.

No respite after lunch except for the robot cyclists, who went to sleep.

Returning by the narrow and motor-bus-free old road east of the river to Coniston, we re-crossed by the bridge to Kilnsey and here again foreswore the highway for nine miles, venturing on Mastiles Lane—an old packhorse track between high walls. It rose to 1,300 feet and at Gordale Bridge we saw the grin of Gordale Scar that made us hurry on to Friar Garth. After this we dropped into Malham Town, the H.Q. of the Yorkist Hiking League.

Here at Beck Hall, renamed Wayfarers Hostel (without any inverted commas round the person of Wayfarer), they provide C.T.C. teas and beds, most of these wayfarers being on foot. Thus revived, a hasty survey of Malham Cove took place.

Malham Town lies far below Malham Tarn and the connecting

road had been explored by Chem earlier that day by descending void of petrol by the aid of brakes and backfiring. After being nearly lost he did his share even without the aid of petrol.

To return to Settle, two miles of normal roads had to be put up with as far as Kirkby Malham. This beautiful church was entered by Chandler single handed, where special absolution was granted to Royden to follow the Robot Riders via Hellifield, but the others once more faced the mountains. Free from motor interference they rose 400 feet to Grainsbridge, then another 200 feet rise enabled them to reach Highside, 1,300 feet above sea level.

After crossing Scalesbridge commenced the descent into Settle under the shadow of Castlebergh. This went off without mishap, thanks to Cook's skilful manipulation of his wonderful brake.

Outside the Survey, several villages on the outer fringe of the Malhams deserve mention and possess good Inns: to wit: Otterburn and Bell Busk, Winterburn and Airton, Eshton and Hetton.

Rothwell having left us during the afternoon his famous gear missed several good chances.

Monday: The Return by Slaidburn and Waddington.

When the Bank Holidayers come out we go home. Sad at heart—let us be brief. By Wigglesworth to Slaidburn, the capital of the Trough of Bowland. The once unrideable roads have been flat-ironed, and offered an ideal way round for the journey to the luncheon resort: the reconstructed Moorcock Hotel on the Moors above charming Waddington. Here Rowatt reappeared. From on high we saw him coming, outstriding the scores of Clitheroe Sportswomen on whom the Moorcock acts like a Beacon. We could hear him tuning in with his favourite: "Half a league, half a league onward."

As the Moorcock is likely to become the scene of many weekends, let it be settled once and for all—who was it that discovered that new Moor Top Hotel; The Moorcock on Marl Hill? (Follow this controversy).

Later that day, the 20 miles to Preston were stern work. The Black Horse at Much Hoole near Ormskirk was chosen for tea. By a fine effort Chem hoped to catch the riders there by motor bus from Preston.

Thus ended another "alternative" Tour.

Referring to the MOORCOCK'S new Plumage and new Bird-cage in Browsholme on Marl Hill Moor:—

HEARKEN THE SIMPSON RAID.

All Anfield Wondered.

Although at home so staid
Both of them, blade by blade
Bold faced they never quailed
If flushed they never paled.
Uphill they trundled.

Their message never failed
Flag to the mast they nailed
Friends rode and others railed
Once reached the place was hailed.
Nobody grumbled.

Honour the trail they laid
 Honour the pace they made
 Honour the price they paid (*)
Honour the Simpson Raid.

Such men are numbered.

Well may we members stare
 All in their glory share
 Both of them : *Simpson Freres*
 They never turned a HAIR.

ALL ANFIELD WONDERED.

(*) Ducks are charged 1/- *extra.*

BATH ROAD "100" 3rd AUGUST, 1931.

Everyone knows the result and has read the account of the Bath Road "100," and I think our men are to be heartily congratulated on their efforts. Bren Orrell and Jack Pitchford rode pretty well up to form, whilst Jack Salt and George Glover excelled themselves. The first team prize went, of course, to the Vegetarian C. & A. C. but it is a branch of a national organisation, which has a much wider field to draw from than an individual club such as the Anfield.

On aggregate times they only beat us by 2 mins. 8 secs., and we had the satisfaction of having four men inside 5 hours, which, I should imagine, must be a pretty rare event.

Charlie Randall, who rode to Theale from Chester between dawn and dusk, is to be congratulated on his excellent staff work, and our riders were well supplied with the necessary refreshment.

A pleasing feature was our co-operation with the Cheshire Roads Club in feeding their men and ours, Tony Power's brother coming down to help in his car.

Bert Green, ardent cyclist though he is, sacrificed his natural predilections, and motored Bren Orrell, Pitchford, Wilf Orrell and Lockett there and back. After all a motor car is some use in the right hands. Jack Walton motor-cycled down to assist and Pugh was on the course touring with his father. Rex Austin and Mrs. Austin rode down on their tandem and were up early on Monday to see the start and cheer our men off, and to hand up drinks later on at Paugbourne Lane corner. Thompson and the writer arranged a very enjoyable four days' tourlet to see the race, whilst Bert Morton and Ann Rawlinson, who were on a motoring holiday, gave valuable assistance. Of course Percy Beardwood was there, in an official capacity, so that we were represented by a dozen members (in addition to the racing men), half of whom were on bicycles.

F. G. Frost	(Allondon)	Fastest	...	4.39.40
L. Cave	(Vegetarian C. & A.C.)	2nd	..	4.47.19
F. Turner	(Cheshire R.C.)	3rd	..	4.47.40
J. J. Salt	(Anfield B.C.)	4th	..	4.47.53
G. B. Orrell	(" ")	8th	..	4.49.49
J. Pitchford	(" ")	11th	..	4.51.51
G. A. Glover	(" ")	20th	..	4.57.13

The Vegetarian C. & A.C. won the team race with 17 points and we were second with 23 points. Jack Salt gets the fourth fastest prize.

We understand that there were no prizes for the second team, but, in view of the sporting rides our men put up, the Bath Road Club have awarded them team medals.

Speedwell B.C. Open "100," 3rd August, 1931.

A very happy party consisting of Chauffeur Kettle and our three riders: del Banco, Jonas and Marriott, went down on the Sunday to Tewkesbury, and, except for five or six very unpleasant hours on the Monday morning, had a very nice time, and it might have been even nicer if the chauffeur had obeyed orders and stopped whenever ordered, as the road seemed to be positively strewn with "sweet young things," and there was plenty of room in the car!!

John Kinder also put in an appearance, while Connor went off on Saturday and camped near Leominster, and then came over to Tewkesbury to help with the drinks, while Ryalls smashed through from Birkenhead in the one day. Both arrived back at Battlefield for tea on the Monday, after battling with the gale, in a state of collapse, and it is rumoured that they were seen in Shrewsbury Station.

None of our men succeeded in covering themselves with glory, but all finished. Out of the 100 entries only 51 finished.

J. Knifton	(Leamington C.C.)	...	Fastest	4.56.40
C. S. Middleton	(M.C. & A.C.)	...	2nd	4.58.37
W. A. Field	(Wyndham C.C.)	...	3rd	4.59.35
J. S. Jonas	(Anfield B.C.)	5.18.52
S. del Banco	{ " " }	5.33.49
F. Marriott	{ " " }	5.34.51

Altrincham Ravens C.C. Open Tandem "50," 8th August, 1931.

Our two crews succeeded in lifting the Team Prize for this event as well as the Fastest award, and considering that this was the first time the men have raced in a tandem event together, did remarkably well. There was an entry of 44 tandems and there were 36 finishers.

G. B. Orrell and J. Pitchford	(A.B.C.)	...	Fastest	...	1.58.45
J. R. Sutton & J. Webster	(Warrington R.C.)	...	2nd	..	1.59.43
J. Berry and H. Crye	(Manchester W.)	...	3rd	..	1.59.44
A. and S. Livingston	(Dukinfield C.C.)	...	4th	..	2. 0.24
W. Jackson and N. Greenwood	(Nelson W.)	...	5th	..	2. 1.23
F. Hart and J. Lee	(Horwich R.C.)	...	6th	..	2. 1.47
J. J. Salt and G. A. Glover	(A.B.C.)	...	7th	..	2. 3. 5

The Tricycle Association (Northern) "50," 23rd August, 1931.

There were nine entries for this event, held on the Cheshire Roads Scratch "50" course, and the race was timed by W. P. Cook, who also did the handicapping.

Eight men started and seven finished, the times being as follows:

F. Allen	(Speedwell B.C.)	...	2.37.13	Fastest and 2nd H'cap.
S. Parker	(Cheshire R.C.)	...	2.38.24	
J. S. Jonas	(Anfield B.C.)	...	2.38.31	
V. Heeley, Jun.	(Manchester Wed.)	...	2.39. 9	1st Handicap.
F. Hancock	(Manchester Grosvenor)	...	2.39.15	
A. Littlemore	(Mersey R.C.)	...	2.42.12	
E. S. Birbeck	(Speedwell B.C.)	...	2.45.45	

Manchester Wheelers' Scratch "12," 29th August, 1931.

There was a rather poor entry for this event owing to it clashing with the Clifton "12," and the 44 entries were 11 less than last year.

Conditions were not good for very great distances, as a strong east wind blew with that persistency and stonewall effect, peculiar to east winds, so that on some of the stretches, 12 miles an hour was good going. The new course was in good condition, but we do not see the reason for riders having to climb the rise at Grindly Brook to the 19th milestone and then turning round.

Our men did very well and finished 1st, 2nd, 3rd, and 5th fastest, while the team race was won easily, with the Potteries second.

Orrell, Salt and Jonas were at the top of their form, but Pitchford had a fall, hurting his shoulder and bending a pedal and must be congratulated on "sticking it" and gaining third place. Glover had had a bout of "tummy" trouble the previous Sunday and looked groggy on the Friday night, but he pluckily struggled through to the bitter end. Ryalls also did a magnificent ride and proved himself a stayer, while Rex Austin had knee trouble and gave up at about 142 miles.

Randall was in charge of our feeding and in all there were 33 Anfielders out.

G. B. Orrell	... (A.B.C.)	... Fastest	226 $\frac{1}{2}$
J. J. Salt	... (")	... 2nd Fastest	224 $\frac{1}{2}$
J. Pitchford	... (")	... 3rd	218 $\frac{3}{4}$
E. Gilbert	... (East 1/2 pool W.)	... 4th	217 $\frac{1}{4}$
J. S. Jonas	... (A.B.C.)	... 5th	215 $\frac{3}{4}$
O. Coupe	... (Potteries C.C.)	... 6th	211 $\frac{3}{4}$
G. A. Glover	... (A.B.C.)	206 $\frac{1}{2}$
D. L. Ryalls	... (")	198

August Tour, 1/3 August, 1931.

This year's August trip to Settle and the Craven district was set rolling by Cook and Royden starting from Liverpool on the Saturday morning, being convoyed as far as Preston by Cody. Albert Davies joined the pair further north, whilst Chandler followed on with the help of an 18-an-hour petrol waggon in the afternoon. Turvey trundled over from Ackworth, Dave Rowatt came by train, whilst F.H. had brought Chem. per side-car; the party at the Golden Lion was completed by the arrival of Rothwell: he and Turvey at once got "reminiscing" about short shirts and sitting down to it at Catterick four years ago. F.H. did not long remain "morose and silent," but soon burst into the glories of a recent bicycle ride of his to celebrate some kind of a jubilee I think—anyway he rode for 1 hour and 20 minutes all told and covered six miles. Great stuff this cycling! After dinner we strolled out to bonny, little stone-built Giggleswick, nestling at the foot of Giggleswick Scar; the more mundane members however were far more interested in the Naked Man—a house, once an inn, but now a mere unlicensed cafe.

Sunday morning was warm and sunny, and we left Settle at about 10-15 for Langcliffe, where we turned right on the Malham road up a roughish steep ascent; our first objective was Victoria Cave and at the top of the steep climb we bore off to the left along a track: after passing through a gate you keep the stone wall on your right, pass a stone barn, and then pass through (or climb over, as we did, as it was

locked) a second gate at a sheep fold. Here turn sharp right through a wicket gate and work up the face of the hill for three or four hundred yards to the mouth of the Cavern. Without lamps it was not possible to do much exploring. Davies and Turvey got as far as anyone, but found an oil lamp useless for illumination and only succeeded in getting well mucked up with clammy clay. The sight of W.P.C. descending the steep path on his "backside" was one for sore eyes. We continued on our way mostly uphill and reached Malham Tarn in due course; this we skirted and passed on for Arucliffe in Littondale. We found this exceedingly difficult country, and this, combined with Rothwell's slowness uphill (despite a delirious gear of 40), and Cook's slowness downhill (he had to walk most hills as his brake left a lot to be desired), made us only just able to reach Kettlewell, 17 miles on schedule, at 1-30 p.m. After a long wait, greatly enlivened by W.P.'s impatience, our beer at last arrived and later our lunch.

The afternoon's ride was down the left bank of the Wharfe to Coniston, over to Kilusey and then decidedly up once more over Mastiles Lane for Malham; a mile past the top take care to turn sharp left through a gate at a sign-post and a mile past that look to your brakes as you tumble down to Airedale. A mile from Malham, at the first farm, we visited Gordale Scar, a fine, rocky gorge, well worth seeing. The Old Gent, on the return, had a certain difficulty with stepping stones so was seen disconsolately retracing his steps to cross the stream at a spot more suitable for a man of his discretion! Beck Hall Hostel gave us tea and afterwards we walked up the road for a view of Malham Cove, a sheer lime stone cliff from under the foot of which the infant River Aire flows. At Kirby Malham we turned off direct for Settle, over a perfectly delightful little moorland road, past bonny Scaleber Force and then precipitously down into Settle, after a strenuous day's riding of 34 miles.

Monday saw us off at 9-30 a.m. with a N.E. behind us; we passed Wigglesworth, were photographed at Tosside Chapel and pulled up at Newton-in-Bowland for a drink, preparatory to tackling the stiff climb up to the Moorcock Inn for a splendid lunch at a corresponding price. Albert Davies left us here and Cook, Chandler, Royden and Turvey carried on steadily past High Hodder Bridge, Longridge, Grimsargh and Preston. A cup of tea and one or two other things at the Black Horse at Much Hoole were disposed of and then Rufford was reached at which the three old 'uns stopped for tea, whilst "that young lad you've got with you" (as the chambermaid at Settle called Turvey) carried on to Liverpool and Hoylelake. A very fine tour through fine, clean country.

Pulford, 8th August, 1931.

The heavy rain of the morning ceased just before I left home, though the sky still looked black and threatening.

I waited at the rendezvous for ten minutes, but saw no signs of company, so went on and fell in with Connor at Willaston Corner. We had arranged to camp in his tent for the week-end, somewhere in Wales, but, thank heaven, he had left his tent at home, so I began to feel quite happy.

Elston and a friend on a very ancient and decrepid tandem passed us here, while we waited for some troops to arrive, but we waited in vain, so set off after Chandler, who had just gone through. We caught

Frank easily, and, splashing him well with all three wheels of the "barrow," left him lying in the ditch by the Wheatsheaf.

We sighted the tandem crew again in Chester, so hurried on to Christleton, where we staked a claim for a camp site for the "twelve," and then toddled along via Saughton to the Iron Bridge.

The ride down the Pulford Drive was marred by the sight of Elston's tandem again, and interrupted by a terrific hailstorm, which forced us to seek shelter for a few minutes.

A fair crowd gathered for an excellent meal, and the Presidential One took Tommy Royden's place and roared away to his heart's content.

Kettle was collecting five bobs and entries for the "twelve," otherwise everything was very quiet and peaceful, except of course, Eddie Morris's new plus four suiting.

Holmes Chapel, 8th August, 1931.

The occasions upon which the Manchester section of the Club hold alternative runs during the summer months are "few and far between." The fact that an alternative run to Pulford is necessary appears to be a sign that the Club is showing signs of degeneracy. There may be some excuse for those who are reaching the "sere and yellow" period, but one would think that "the smart young fellows" would be much annoyed at being deprived of a run to Pulford.

The above remarks are intended to be provocative, because the writer is much grieved that our younger men appear to take so little interest in the Club "24." One of the reasons why Manchester members in the past have been able to put up such creditable rides in the "24," has been because a great many of the Club runs were a good distance away and a lot of riding was needed to put in an attendance. This was all training for the "24."

There was a happy little party of about eleven at the "Swan," the later proceedings being enlivened by the arrival of one of our motoring members who gave a vivid impression of a narrow escape he recently had.

12 Hours' Handicap, 15th August, 1931.

The weather conditions were quite good when at 6-30 a.m. Norman Higham gave the word "go," and Molyneux pushed off the first man, and the weather remained good all day with the exception of a heavy shower at noon.

The only snag was the half mile stretch of flooded road, ten to twelve inches deep, a mile down the Parkgate Road out of Chester. This, of course, had to be negotiated twice and it very effectually washed every drop of oil off the riders' chains and out of most of the bearings, so that the machines protested strongly all day.

There were no non-starters, but Ryalls had only just got through the flood first time (a mile from the start) when he broke his left pedal off and had to go back to Chester, where he fortunately was able to buy one at that early hour and started off again, but missing the Gayton stretch out.

The remainder proceeded to the Clegg Arms, where Scarff turned them and then they pushed into the wind for 49 miles to Battlefield, feeding en route at the Raven. Glover had by this time gone clean

through the field and was riding very well, while Austin was second on the road and also riding strongly.

Approximate half-time distances were as follows: Jonas (tricycle) 101; Connor 93; Lockett 99; Austin 100; Marriott 100; del Banco (tricycle) 87; Pugh 96; Ryalls 77; Randall 99; Walton 96; Glover 112.

del Banco had been off the course near High Ercall and had also had two punctures, so he missed the triangle out the second time, while Ryalls had lost $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours with his pedal trouble.

Lockett had a nasty spill on the way back to the Raven from Battlefield, when he skidded on the bend at Weston and was knocked out for a while. Ryalls was in front and heard the crash and turned back to help and they eventually got a lift back to the Raven in a lorry, where they rested awhile and then made their way back to Chester.

The rest were still going well with the exception of Walton who was not too fit and was well behind the field on the Nantwich extension, where Fawcett had made one of his all too rare appearances.

Marriott was the next sufferer, when his tyre burst on the Whitchurch road and he got mixed up with Shrieder and French valves and connections, and was stuck until Bren Orrell and Pitchford came up and put him right. But for this delay he would have done 200 miles. Glover also lost time when Rigby Band accidentally let his tyres down at Stamford Bridge, instead of pumping them up harder, but even so, Glover ran out time with an excellent total of $218\frac{3}{4}$ miles.

The final totals were:—

	Actual.	Handicap.			
W. G. Connor	188	... 40	... 228	1st, and Standard	" B."
R. J. Austin	$195\frac{1}{2}$... 32	... 227 $\frac{1}{2}$	2nd, and	" C."
J. S. Jonas	197	... 25	... 222	3rd, and	" F."
(Tricycle)					
R. J. Pugh	$191\frac{1}{2}$... 30	... 221 $\frac{1}{2}$		" B."
G. A. Glover	$218\frac{3}{4}$... scr.	... 218 $\frac{3}{4}$	Greatest Dist.	" E."
F. Marriott	$194\frac{1}{2}$... 22	... 216 $\frac{1}{2}$	"	" B."
C. Randall	$196\frac{1}{2}$... 20	... 216 $\frac{1}{2}$	"	" B."
S. del Banco	$172\frac{1}{2}$... 40	... 212 $\frac{1}{2}$	"	" B."
(Tricycle)					
J. R. Walton	178	... 30	... 208		

The novices, Connor, Marriott and Pugh are to be congratulated on their splendid rides, while Austin fully deserved the second handicap after being so long out of the racing game and it is to be hoped he continues with the good work, thus setting an example to many others, who could do good rides in these Club races if they would only take the plunge.

Glover is still improving and would have easily topped the 220 mark but for the delay with his tyres and the flood, the latter trouble affecting everyone and making a difference of one to two miles. Jonas did well on his first tricycle "12," while Randall did what he usually does—just miss the 200. del Banco, of course, lost time, but even so we think he can do better than $172\frac{1}{2}$ on a "barrow," and Walton was obviously not at his best.

Mouldsworth, August 22nd, 1931.

After a strenuous week at work, I have almost decided to give the Club run a miss, for I fear, the umpteenth time this year, when a polite postcard arrives from the Editor thing, first post on Saturday morning, asking me to write a report of the run. Note well the crafty nature of the beast; having carefully concealed his telephone number, he writes so late in the week that I cannot refuse. Reluctantly I decide to attend; but an unexpected bout of work during the morning causes a reversal of feeling, and I decide to damn the Editor thing instead. However just as I get my feet on the mantel-shelf a young member of the Club, fired by his magnificent performance of the previous Saturday, calls for me, and like a lamb to the slaughter, I depart.

In answer to my anxious inquiries he informs me that the run at Mouldsworth is 34 miles away, and that we have 2½ hours in which to arrive; should we be late the blank queries from Liverpool, Wallasey and/or Chester will have scoffed all the grub. This appears sound common sense, so I get down to it and bat along as hard as possible. At Toft I am tired, at Davenham I am whacked, but my tormentor urges me on and ever onwards. Then in front looms the father and mother of hills, and I prepare to dismount and walk, but am told that at all costs this must be ridden to the accompaniment of jeers from the *hoi polloi* assembled at the summit. On my hands and knees I climb it, falling senseless at the top. On recovering, I observe that the crowd cannot watch me ride hills and feed at the same time, so I craftily enter the dining room and obtain a favourable position. Here I try vainly, to beat the aforementioned L., W. and C. gang at their own game, but am defeated by several plates of apple tart.

Tea over I join politely for a time in the light and airy badinage usually associated with Club runs. The "12" is discussed and analysed; our chances in the forthcoming Wheelers' "12," are also discussed and our best wishes go with the riders. In twos and threes we depart and first the brakeless and wholly impossible tandem ridden by Poole and Haynes punctures; later Albert Davies punctures, and later still Geoff. Lockett also punctures. These annoying delays could all be avoided by a little attention to tyres in mid-week, and men have only themselves to blame for the inconvenience caused to themselves and their clubmates.

At Holmes Chapel the party breaks up and I am left to plough my lonely furrow through the fast gathering gloom. My lamp is not on its best behaviour, and I also have the misfortune to puncture; obviously an Act of God, and one of those mishaps against which it is impossible to guard. Under the circumstances I decided on a call at the Queens at Alderley, and find myself in time for the free allowances of chips at 9 p.m., which customers of this house have enjoyed for many years on Saturdays at that hour. Originally discovered by the elder Bickley, I can confidently recommend this unparalleled generosity to the L., W. and C. gang unless, indeed, their tea tasting tendencies forbid.

Home late, but very happy.

Farndon, 29th August, 1931.

On arriving at Farndon I joined a group in front of the "Raven" who were discussing the latest news from the Manchester Wheelers' "12."

At 135 miles, G. B. Orrell was in the lead six minutes inside evens, and Salt second two minutes outside. In the "Raven" were Kettle and Chandler, both looking very fit after motoring out. It seems they were going to risk their necks climbing Cader Idris. Eddie Morris arrived to complete the party of nineteen who sat down to a good and ample tea.

Soon the party broke up for different destinations at different speeds, the W.T.T.'s adhering to a Wednesday night custom by partaking of the national drink at Two Mills.

J. S. JONAS,

Editor.

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ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

FORMED MARCH 1879

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

MONTHLY CIRCULAR.

Vol. XXVIII.

No. 308.

FIXTURES FOR OCTOBER, 1931

Tea at 6-0 p.m.

		Light up at
Oct. 3	Halewood (Derby Arms)	7-41 p.m.
" 10	Kelsall (Royal Oak)	5-56 p.m.
" 12	Committee Meeting, 7 p.m. (Victoria Hotel, St. John's Lane, L'pool).	
" 17	Pulford (Grosvenor Arms)	5-40 p.m.
" 24/25	Autumnal Tints Tour. Llanarmon D.C. (West Arms)	5-24 p.m.
" 31	Mold (Dolphin)	5-10 p.m.
Nov. 7	Halewood (Derby Arms)	4-57 p.m.

ALTERNATIVE FIXTURES FOR MANCHESTER MEMBERS.

Tea at 5-30 p.m.

Oct. 3	Goostrey (Red Lion)	7-41 p.m.
" 17	Holmes Chapel (Swan)	5-40 p.m.
" 31	Lymm (Spread Eagle)	5-10 p.m.
Nov. 7	Goostrey (Red Lion)	4-57 p.m.

Full Moon ... 26th inst.

Summer Time Ends ... 4th 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. J. V. Marchanton was passed.

APPLICATIONS FOR MEMBERSHIP.—Mr. W. G. Glendinning, 2 Circular Road, Birkenhead. Proposed by Mr. C. Randall, seconded by Mr. J. S. Jonas. Mr. A. E. C. Birkby, 63 Barndale Road, Mossley Hill, Liverpool. Proposed by Mr. J. S. Jonas, seconded by Mr. S. del Banco.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS.—Mr. A. Newall, 29 Willow Bank Road, Devonshire Park, Birkenhead.

H. W. POWELL,

Hon. General Secretary.

TREASURY NOTES.

I am very glad to record the receipt of seventeen remittances during the past month. Perhaps it may have been fear of Mr. Snowden, and a desire to pay while payment is still possible. Possibly it may have been sympathy with your Hon. Treasurer, and a wish to lighten the work which is entailed by every issue of Red Slips.

We will be charitable and ascribe it to the latter motive. To those who have not yet paid—Go ye and do likewise.

The following seventeen members are hereby thanked for their Subscriptions and/or Donations(*) :—

H. Austin.	D. M. Kaye.	R. Rothwell.
F. Beckett.	J. Leece.	T. Royden.
*E. Bolton.	*G. B. Mercer.	G. Stephenson.
W. E. Cotter.	G. E. Pugh.	H. Warwick-Jones.
A. Crowcroft.	J. T. Preece.	O. T. Williams.
R. Edmunds.	W. M. Robinson.	

ITEMS.

Messrs. Glover, Jonas, Orrell, Pitchford and Salt desire to thank all the members of the Club who turned out, or otherwise helped in their recent successful record attempts.

Kettle was, of course, appointed Managing Director of Anfield Records (1931) Unlimited, and with his organisation we managed to bring all three attempts to a successful conclusion.

Randall was in charge of the "catering" for the "12" Tandemons. Knipe and Lucas started off the London riders with the help of Guy Pullan of the Mersey R.C., Elston and friend were near Sankey; Tommy Barlow (Manchester Wheelers) at Latchford; Molyneux at Mere Corner; Carlisle at Knutsford; W. Orrell, Lockett and Connor, with drinks, at Holmes Chapel.

Hubert Buckley checked at Church Lawton, and the Potteries C.C. handed up a drink at Talke, as did Dutton-Walker at Newcastle. Walton and Tony Power (Cheshire R.C.) endured a night's camping near Stone in order to give the first feed, while Rex Austin picked up the tandem here and followed it to Stony Stratford.

Pritchard was at Lichfield, while Frank Greenwood (M.C. & A.C.) fed at his place in Coleshill. The way through Coventry was made easy by the Middleton family (M.C. & A.C.) turning out in force and at Daventry, Lusty handed up a drink, likewise Capenor near Coleshill.

Percy Beardwood provided the last feed at Stony Stratford, a Luton Wheeler checked at Dunstable, and Hotine and the Century at St. Albans.

From Barnet to the G.P.O. there were checkers at every important crossing and road fork, among them being John Beardwood (Calleva R.C.), some friends of Beardwood's and a host of Century men. Draisey was at the G.P.O. with a Bath Roader, a North Roader, B. W. Best and Bridges of the Highgate C.C., the latter there to see his tandem record broken.

Harry Austin, touring in Donegal, writes extolling the magnificence of the cliff scenery. Those devotees of the Cornish cliffs might very well take a trip here and see Slieve League which rises out of the sea to an altitude of nearly 2,000 feet; Glen Head, Horn Head, etc. The extra money paid in boat fares could be made up in reduced cost of accommodation in Ireland.

* * * * *

Tom Hinde, the President of the R.T.C.C., has now been bitten by tricycle and has acquired a "barrer" of his own.

In his first attempt to master the brute in February, the tricycle won easily, but this month saw it's downfall. Thomas spent an afternoon practising near Rhydtalog, and in the end was victorious. The mountains echoed with laughter as the R.T.C.C. watched the performance, the Editorial one having a sickly looking grin on his face as his machine was being tamed, but the great joke was the sight of "T.H." relearning to ride his bicycle in order to get home.

* * * * *

By breaking the Liverpool-London single bicycle record, Salt now holds the Shield (presented to the R.R.A. by the Presider in 1925) previously held by J. K. Middleton.

* * * * *

The following has been received by Kettle from Mr. E. G. Pullan, the Secretary of the Mersey Roads Club:—

DEAR MR. KETTLE,—Our members, H. D. Pearson and J. R. Fer, have asked me to convey to you their thanks for the feeding assistance received in the Speedwell "100." If we can reciprocate at any time we shall be very happy to do so.

With kind regards,
Yours sincerely,

E. G. PULLAN.

* * * * *

After Beardwood had fed the record riders at Stony Stratford, he continued on North and put in a Club run by turning up at the last "50" and then had a short tour in the Dukeries with the Doctor.

AGONY COLUMN.

The President (?) of the W.T.T.'s very carelessly knocked over a pedestrian when returning to Chester from Willaston one Sunday night recently, and had to stay at home for a week. He was cut about the face but is now quite fit.

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of the *Circular*.

DEAR SIR,—The recent attacks on the Liverpool to London records, whilst succeeding in their object, cannot but give our members furiously to think. The organisation of the rides was, up to a point, perfect. But the organisation, was of a nature suitable in the past, but entirely failing to take advantage of the revision of rules which permits a car, carrying an approved observer, to follow throughout. In consequence, two punctures cost the tandem pair about 20-22 minutes, whereas with spare wheels in a following car quite 15 minutes of this loss would have been saved. In addition, Salt rode throughout without a follower, and in spite of the time which he had in hand, would have lost the record had he punctured twice in quick succession, since he had no further spares.

I am led to the unfortunate but irresistible conclusion that our motoring members with a few notable exceptions, do not realise their responsibility to their fellow members. Naturally enough, the racing men do not feel inclined to go round begging for assistance, but in this case a note was inserted in the *Circular* asking for help, which met with very little response. This should not happen. The Anfield Bicycle Club has a reputation to maintain, and the organisation of these two records did nothing to enhance that reputation. The amazement of the Speedwell and M.C. and A.C. boys at the absence of a proper food and spares organisation by following cars, would have been funny had the matter not been so serious.

I hope that before next year our motoring members will resolve to help with the work, as a very necessary preliminary to sharing in the honour and glory which the racing men bring to the Club.

In addition to record attempts, I feel that before next year we should try to organise a system by which our racing men can be helped with transport to distant Open events. We must have many members who will be glad to give up one or two week-ends during the summer to help the racing men in this manner. At a later date I shall return to this subject, but for the present I welcome any constructive proposals as to ways and means.

Sincerely yours,

R. J. AUSTIN.

**Liverpool-London R.R.A. Single and Tandem Bicycle Record Attempts,
13th September, 1931.**

Extract from Cycling, 18/9/31.

LIVERPOOL TO LONDON.

ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB'S BIG DAY ON THE RECORD COURSE.

Favoured by a fine, sunny day and a light wind with a northerly leaning, the Anfield Bicycle Club brought off a great scoop last Sunday on the R.R.A. record line that connects their city of Liverpool with the capital.

The raid commenced when G. A. Glover and J. S. Jonas pushed off on a tandem from the Liverpool Post Office at 5.45 a.m. The Anfield pair had scheduled to cover the 202½ miles in 9¾ hours., but they made such good time through Warrington, Knutsford and Holmes Chapel that at Church Lawton they were 12 mins. inside their time-table, the elapsed time being 2 hrs. 1 min. for the 47½ miles.

Soon after this, however, there was a stoppage through the back tyre blowing off. One of the spare inner tubes carried had to be fitted, and this consumed about 8 mins. Lichfield (85 miles) was passed in 3 hrs. 56 mins., but at Coleshill, with exactly 100 miles reeled off, there was a second stoppage. Possibly the rear tyre was not perfectly in place, but at any rate the new tube gave way.

The riders took advantage of the opportunity to reverse the wheel, bringing a gear of 84½ into play, instead of the 90 previously in use. The time was now approximately equal to schedule, and this rate was maintained with a slight loss over the hilly section of the main road from Dunchurch to Dunstable, and at the latter place (170) the time was 8¼ hrs.

Ultimately the tandem brought up at the G.P.O. three minutes late, thus registering a new record of 9 hrs. 48 mins., or a nine minute beating.

Half-an-hour after the tandem left Liverpool, a single bicycle, manned by J. J. Salt, also started out.

Salt started very fast and made such good use of his fixed gear of 82 that he was soon well inside "evens." At Knutsford (30 miles) his time was 1 hr. 20 mins., and at Stone (63 miles) he was still showing less than 3 hrs.

At Stony Stratford (151 miles) he was timed in 7 hrs. 35 mins.—over 15 mins. better than schedule. With 11 miles to go he passed through Barnet in 9 hrs. 41 mins. When almost at the goal, however, there was an unfortunate contretemps.

Through some misunderstanding, a policeman directed him wrongly at the Angel. The result was that he made a tour of the King's Cross district before returning to the city by way of Gray's Inn Road. The helper (R. Clements, Vice-President of the Century) who had checked him before the Angel, arrived at the G.P.O. first and was astonished to find that Salt had not been seen. Salt came up in 10 hrs. 23 mins., quite 10 mins. the loser, but 20 mins. inside record.

12 Hours N.R.R.A. Tandem Bicycle Record Attempt. 13th September, 1931.

Thirteen always has been our lucky number, and the thirteenth of September will undoubtedly go down the ages in letters of gold. Three real records simultaneously by five good men and true is certainly epoch making. Has any other club ever accomplished it? No wonder we are all rather excited about it.

While Glover and Jonas (tandem) and Salt (single) were on their way from the Liverpool H.P.O., hurrying towards London G.P.O., Mr. Presider stood freezing to death at Toft Corner to despatch Orrell and Pitchford for their attack on the N.R.R.A. 12 hours tandem record, at 6-30 a.m., with a schedule of 248½ miles, as compared with the Brook-Cooper record of 244½ miles. But the tandemons having had a spot of tyre trouble did not appear till 6-38 and were sent off at 6-40 with Harry Wilson as approved observer following in a car with spares.

The weather was perfect, although terribly cold the first two hours, and right from the start they gained on schedule until they not only had their 10 mins. late start in hand but 10 to 12 minutes as well! They never had even a semblance of a bad time and rode throughout faultlessly, like clockwork. The only time ever lost was with stops to change wheels through punctures, and although our old friend, Jimmy Taylor, took up the following at about 40 miles, we understand that Harry Wilson got so interested in the job that he followed them all the way except for 14 miles.

That briefly sums up the magnificent ride that went through without a hitch—all checkers and marshalls and feeders "doing their bit" perfectly.

The first 100 was reeled off in 4 hrs. 19 mins., including a puncture, so they were 10 minutes ahead of schedule, and in the first six hours they had accomplished 134½ miles, and going great guns. The Presider, in Kettle's car, intended to pick them up at Ollerton P.O. (210 miles), where they were due at 4-37, but they had passed through at 4-20 and had to be headed off at Astle Park Corner (222½ miles), where they turned in the road 20½ minutes ahead of their timesheet. Unfortunately,

about five minutes were lost over two stops with tyre trouble on each side of Monks Heath, and the back wheel they had to finish on was "wangle" to the point of almost collapse, and it was a good job the roads were dry; while in addition, the gear of 84 was too low for them. However they passed the old record with about 35 minutes to go, and then the question arose as to where the timekeeper was to send them to, as it was obvious that the course scheduled would be exhausted at Knutsford and so many roads were barred to them through having already been covered twice. Cook had already had a consultation with Carlisle and Kettle, but so much depended on how much distance would be required, and it made things very exciting. Knutsford was reached with exactly 18 minutes still to go, and it became obvious that Mere Corner and back would not suffice, and that the best thing to do was to send them along the Altrincham Road and then towards Lymm. Instructions were therefore given accordingly, and all Orrell had to say was "I hope it does not mean finishing on Ogden Brow." Mere Corner was passed with 10 mins. 45 secs. still remaining and riding like men possessed and followed by a string of cars and cyclists they ran out time on the Lymm Road, with a distance estimated at 257 miles.

A truly superb and wonderful performance, which makes us more than ever regret that they could not be persuaded to give notice to the R.R.A., as it tops Marshall and Cave's record by 4 miles! One could well exhaust one's store of adjectives, but really the figures speak for themselves. Both Orrell and Pitchford finished as strong as lions, enjoyed their cigarettes and received the tons of congratulations with their characteristic modesty. Indeed it was this modesty trait in their characters that made them refuse to give R.R.A. notice, but while we regret it exceedingly, it is undoubtedly better endured than overweening confidence and swell-headedness. Our message to Orrell and Pitchford is "We are proud of you."

Palatine C.C. "50," 6th September, 1931.

Of our eight entries, only six started; R. J. Pugh apparently disliking the weather conditions, while del Banco had sickness at home.

The morning was extremely cold, though dry, and the late starters had a distinct advantage. Eighty-six were started by the Presider and the field was decidedly hot.

Orrell was on the top of his form after the Wheelers' "12," a week previous, and managed to beat his rivals, Salt and Pitchford, and finished fourth fastest. Salt was close up also with sixth fastest. Pitchford had a bad cold and was twelfth.

Glover was an early starter and managed 2.20, while Rex Austin started all with 2.30.28. Walton was forced to retire owing to his pedal coming off.

The East Liverpool Wheelers' won the team race with 6.42.10; Anfield second with 6.47.35.

E. Gilbert	... (East L'pool W.)	... 1st	2.12.56
J. N. Bainbridge	... (Do.)	... 2nd	2.13.15
H. Green	... (Stretford W.)	... 3rd	2.14.42
G. B. Orrell	... (A.B.C.)	... 4th	2.14.45
S. Parker	... (Cheshire R.C.)	... 5th	2.15.23
J. J. Salt	... (A.B.C.)	... 6th	2.15.35
J. Pitchford	... (Do.)	... 12th	2.17.15
G. A. Glover	... (Do.)	2.20.32
R. J. Austin	... (Do.)	2.30.28

Century R.C. Scratch Tricycle "12" (For the Tricycle Trophy).
20th September, 1931.

This event, held on a North Road course, attracted an entry of 29, of whom 28 started and 21 finished; seven riders beating 200 miles.

B. W. Best started off the men on a fine dry morning, into a northerly breeze, and these conditions prevailed all day.

R. L. Arnold of the Uxbridge C. & A.C., took the lead from the start and finished up with 212 miles, thus beating Bowman's competition record of four years ago, and also topping Draisey's R.R.A. record of 210½ miles.

Jonas, the only Anfielder riding, improved his mileage by over five miles and finished 7th fastest.

Leading mileages:—

R. L. Arnold	...	(Uxbridge C. & A.C.)	212½
W. A. Perkins	...	(Oxford City)	208½
W. O. Jackson	...	(Nelson Wheelers')	205½
G. W. George	...	(Polytechnic)	203½
F. Hancock	...	(Manchester Grosvenor)	203½
H. A. Payne	...	(Westerley R.C.)	202½
J. S. Jonas	...	(Anfield B.C.)	202½

After the race, a select party gathered "next door" for a short session. These included Draisey, Humphreys, Gannaway and Honeybourne (Century R.C.), Kirby and Watts (Anerley B.C.), and Jonas (Anfield B.C.).

It was to be noted (with regret) that none of the southerners had a real man's drink, but indulged themselves in the usual variety of fancy concoctions.

However, it brought a perfect ending to a good day, after a very well run race, the feeding and marshalling being faultless. Great credit is due to the Century, more so as it is over ten years since they ran an Open.

Freddy Hancock and the Editor toured back to Bletchley (for the Rattler), next day, calling at the King's Head, Ivinghoe, for lunch.

North Road C.C. Scratch "100," 27th September, 1931.

As well as having three riders in this race, we had the honour of providing the Timekeeper in the person of the Presider, who set off on the Friday morning and arrived home on Monday evening, thus making a pleasant little tour.

None of our men improved their times, so we finally said good-bye to the Best All-Rounder's Team Shield.

Pitchford was the fastest of ours with 4.52.39 (sixth fastest), and he thought he was off the course as he passed a man who then disappeared after a fork and he *turned back*, but fortunately the Old Gent was *motoring* to the 50 mile point and turned him back again!

The fastest at 50 miles were: Marsh 2.17.30; Salt 2.17.55; Townsend 2.18.10; Turner 2.18.30; Cave 2.20.10; Holland 2.20.30; Pitchford 2.21.50; Orrell 2.23.28 with a puncture.

Salt slowed very considerably in the second half and finished in 4.56.58. The Vegetarian C. & A.C. won the team race with 14.37.10. Anfield B.C. 14.43.29.

C. Holland	... (M.C. & A.C.)	... Fastest	4.43.15
W. E. Marsh	... (University)	... 2nd Fastest	4.44.55
I. Cave	... (Vegetarian)	... 3rd	4.46.46
J. Pitchford	... (Anfield B.C.)	... 6th	4.52.39
G. B. Orrell	... Do.	... 9th	4.53.52
J. J. Salt	... Do.	... 16th	4.56.58

Chester, 5th September, 1931.

A glorious afternoon overcame the fact that Chester was the venue, and I was tempted to put in a Club run, a very unusual happening.

Falling in with two friends I visited the Chester Zoo at Upton en route, and after a trip through the lanes arrived at the Bull and Stirrup to find some 22 members with their feet in the trough. Great-grandfather Royden arrived later, after a world tour and joining the two Harolds, Teddy Edwards and myself at an overflow table, the success of the meal was assured. Politeness was the keynote of the moment and everybody looked after someone else in the true Anfield spirit.

Kettle and Harold Band had been exploring and asked each and all if he knew the whereabouts of Clemstall Church. Luckily I passed the exam., Teddy, Tommy and Bob Knipe failed.

During tea I attracted the notice of the Editor chap—so blame him for this.

I hoped for the pleasure of accompanying the Presider some little distance after tea, but discovered that he was taking advantage of some race to shirk the run. Shame!

Ven, however, looked admirable in the seat of honour.

There seemed to be some conspiracy abroad, as both Hawkes and Leece were out on the same day. Old age in both cases, evidently, to pick a short run like Chester.

I was much struck with the variety of costume assumed by members now-a-days. Coloured blazers, neat pullovers (probably knitted by fair admirers), shorts in all varieties of cloth and colour. Some men respectably dressed, such as Ven, Geo. Mercer and David Rowatt; others (nameless as far as this record is concerned) not so respectably dressed; others merely covered (in parts).

The journey home was a tragedy. We set off mostly bald headed old gentlemen, two on prambulators and hardly had we won a mile into a strong head wind, than two fair maidens put it right through us. We managed to pass them up the Canal Hill only to be dropped again almost immediately. Ichabod! The glory of the Anfield is departed. Shades of George Lichtenberg preserve us.

Leaving the crowd at the Glegg Arms I determined to have a real ride through West Kirby and Hoylake, but a mile after leaving the crowd, my saddle peak broke and I was glad to crawl home direct on a saddle tied up with string.

It is very pleasant to see so many of the elder brethren taking an interest in the runs. If Mac with his passion for figures were still Secretary, I would get him to work out the average age of those present at this run. I should hazard a guess of 50 years.

Cotebrook, 12th September, 1931.

Saturday arrived with its customary downpour, but by the time I was destined to don my "abbreviated nether garments," the rain had ceased and on arrival at the Capital the weather was more or less presentable. Kettle and Powell toured leisurely past as I awaited the

arrival of some kindred spirits who shortly loomed up in the persons of W.H.S., Connor, Blotto and Sir Fitz. The destination of the two latter who were week-ending, was veiled in secrecy and various malicious rumours were circulated as to their intended movements and non-attendance at the run. In the centre of the City they were accidentally separated and it was suggested that Sir Fitz should seek his equerry in the "Duke's," in which direction he was heading. It was afterwards discovered that, unfortunately, they were reunited "around the corner," but we were amused during the remainder of the week-end by the thought that Sir Fitz might still be tearing around the Park in his vain quest.

The noteworthy feature of the run was the sensational arrival of Hubert and Frank Roskell, who were evidently attracted by the promise of a real hot dinner.

We were also honoured by the presence of Dutton-Walker, who was on his way down to the Potteries, in order to check the record breakers, at Newcastle, on the morrow.

A pleasant run, composed almost entirely of laues, brought us back to the Chester-Birkenhead road and so ended the Cotebrook run.

Fourth 50 Miles Unpaced Handicap, 19th September, 1931.

The fourth "50" saw the conclusion of a very successful Racing Programme. There were 13 entries, all of whom started and finished, the only notable absentee being Jonas, who was riding in the Tricycle 12 Hours.

Times generally ruled slower than in the previous "50," no doubt due to the stiffish breeze the riders had to face from Nomans Heath on the return to the finish. We witnessed another very close race for Fastest, at Nomans Heath (12½ miles) Orrell, Pitchford and Salt were all doing 32 minutes; at the Bickerton Turn (26¾ miles) the first two were still level with 1hr. 10mins., while Salt was 30 seconds slower. At Nomans Heath (37¾ miles) Salt drew level with Pitchford with 1hr. 40mins. and Orrell was one minute slower. From this point to the finish, Orrell was the fastest, but his effort was not quite good enough to displace Salt, who put up Fastest Time with the fine ride, for the day, of 2hrs. 15mins. 11secs.

The First Handicap went to W. G. Connor with the improved ride of 2hrs. 35mins. 6secs., while G. B. Orrell was Second and the Third Handicap went to F. Marriott who did 2hrs. 27mins. 43secs.

The intermediate times and final placings are as follows:—

	Nomans Heath.	Turn Bickerton.	Nomans Heath.	Finish Actual Time.	H'cap.	H'cap Times.	Prizes and Standards.
1. W. G. Connor	35 0	1.18.30	1.53. 0	2.35. 9	23 mins.	2.12. 9	First.
2. G. B. Orrell ...	32 0	1.10. 0	1.41. 0	2.15.21	2 "	2.13.21	Second.
3. F. Marriott ...	34 0	1.16. 0	1.52. 0	2.27.43	14 "	2.13.43	Third.
4. G. Lockett ...	35 0	1.18. 0	1.52. 0	2.31.58	18 "	2.13.58	
5. J. Pitchford ...	32 0	1.10. 0	1.40. 0	2.16.53	2 "	2.14.53	
6. J. J. Salt	32 0	1.10.30	1.40. 0	2.15.11	Scratch	2.15.11	Fastest.
7. G. A. Glover ...	32 0	1.13. 0	1.43. 0	2.20.21	5 mins.	2.15.21	
8. E. Haynes ...	36 0	1.23.30	1.59. 0	2.43.53	27 "	2.16.53	Std. A.
9. J. R. Walton	34 0	1.17. 0	1.51. 0	2.32.58	16 "	2.16.58	
10. R. J. Pugh ...	34 0	1.16.30	1.53. 0	2.36.22	19 "	2.17.22	
11. R. J. Austin	34 0	1.17.30	1.52. 0	2.34.25	15 "	2.19.25	
12. D. L. Ryalls	34 0	1.17. 0	1.51. 0	2.32. 6	12 "	2.20. 6	
13. S. del Banco ...	35 0	1.19.30	1.54. 0	2.35.31	15 "	2.20.31	

Acton Bridge, 26th September, 1931.

'Twas easy to see that the winter season had started, by the crowd that collected at Willaston Corner. Fortunately for everyone's resolutions not to go fast now that the racing is over, Jack Salt was absent, so a sedate pace was made by Sir Fitz and the Glover-Jonas tandem. Ryalls, Marriotti, del Blotto, Perkins and Rigby Band were well tucked in, while the leader of the gang was met near Two Mills with jeers, jibes and raspberries.

A call for tea was made at Stamford Bridge, where Kettle was found, but the latter soon sheared off.

Twenty-eight sat down to a good meal at the Leigh Arms, including Carlisle, Buckley, R. J. Austin, A. Davies, Wilf Orrell and the fair Godfrey, Chandler and friend, Cody, Knipe and Lucas. We were pleased to see Bert Green out again, but he is not yet fit enough to cycle or manage the car.

Rigby Band then set off for a week's tour of North Wales, prospective member Birkby accompanying him as far as Ellesmere, the former staying at Chirk the night and the latter at Oswestry.

The Wirral members went back at a very easy pace, stopping en route to admire the illuminated tower of Chester Cathedral, and arriving home with a very bad attack of the knock.

J. S. JONAS,

Editor.

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ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

FORMED MARCH 1879

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

MONTHLY CIRCULAR.

Vol. XXVIII.

No. 309.

FIXTURES FOR NOVEMBER, 1931.

Tea at 6-0 p.m.

			Light up at
Nov.	7	Halewood (Derby Arms)	5-0 p.m.
"	9	Committee Meeting, 7 p.m. (Victoria Hotel, St. John's Lane, L'pool).	
"	14	Cotebrook (Alvanley Arms)	4-48 p.m.
"	21	Flint (Royal Oak)	4-38 p.m.
"	28	Kelsall (Royal Oak)	4-31 p.m.
Dec.	5	Halewood (Derby Arms)	4-26 p.m.

ALTERNATIVE FIXTURES FOR MANCHESTER MEMBERS:

Tea at 5-30 p.m.

Nov.	7	Goostrey (Red Lion)	5-0 p.m.
"	21	Arcldid (Rose and Crown)	4-38 p.m.
Dec.	5	Holmes Chapel (Swan)	4-26 p.m.

Full Moon ... 25th inst.

The Hon. Treasurer's address is R. L. Knipe, 108 Moseow 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 MEMBERS.—Mr. A. E. C. Birkby, 63 Barndale Road, Mossley Hill, Liverpool, and Mr. W. G. Glendinning, 2 Circular Road, Birkenhead, have been elected to Full Membership.

RESIGNATIONS.—The resignations of Messrs. C. E. Dean and H. Warwick Jones have been accepted with regret.

Mr. S. T. Threlfall has been transferred to the Honorary List.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS.—Mr. F. H. Swift, 29 Willoughby Road, Waterloo, Liverpool; Mr. C. J. Conway, Immensee, Upland Road, Upton, Wirral.

H. W. POWELL,
Hon. General Secretary.

TREASURY NOTES.

I am pleased to record the steady flow of Subscriptions, which if somewhat belated, are none the less welcome.

I hope that all those who have not yet forwarded their Subs. will attend to the matter at once and so save me and the auditors a great deal of extra trouble. The auditors are always anxious to commence their work as early as possible in December, but with so many subscriptions outstanding, they find their labour doubled.

The following 22 members are hereby thanked for their Subscriptions and/or Donations(*) :—

H. Austin.	W. J. Fim.	C. Randall.
*J. C. Band.	W. G. Glendinning.	J. H. Swift.
*R. Barton.	*C. H. Hutton.	J. H. Sunter.
S. H. Bailey.	Chester Jones.	S. T. Threlfall.
P. C. Beardwood.	D. C. Kinghorn.	E. Webb.
G. B. Burgess.	W. A. Lowcock.	A. G. White.
W. E. L. Cooper.	G. E. Pugh.	G. H. Winstanley.
H. Dakin.		

We regret to record the death of Sam Wood of Siddington Bank Farm, which took place, after a short illness, on October 17th. His keen interest in racing and racing men was well known to us all, and there were few races or record attempts in Cheshire in which he did not assist. Anfielders especially knew him well, since the Siddington Wheelers for years had their week-end headquarters at his farm, whilst of late years the Camping Section have often stayed at Siddington. He was also well known to us as the father-in-law of our own Bren Orrell, and he took a paternal interest in all G.B.'s successes.

Doctor Carlisle, Rex Austin, Wilf and Bren Orrell, Geoff. Lockett, and E. Haynes, Junr., were present at the funeral on the 20th, and saw him laid to rest in the peaceful churchyard, within sight of Siddington Cross Roads. Cyclists throughout the country are the poorer by his passing.

ITEMS.

The Owls held the usual Michaelmas Goose feed at Ivinghoe on the 10th October. The Bath Road, North Road, Century and Anfield Clubs being represented. Buckley, Senr., Morton and the Archowl represented "our" Club, Charlie Hilhouse the North Road, M. Draisey the Century, whilst the Bath Road were well represented.

A pleasing feature was that there were only two "lesser mortals" present, all the remainder of the company being either Owls or Associate Owls. Mrs. Pickering served the goslings to perfection and everyone was so replete that the "economy" beer produced no effect. After the banquet, J. W. Westaway was elected an Associate and the evening was pleasantly spent in quip, song and jest.

A few faces like Hubert Roskell's were missed, but the evening was a great success and will go down in the annals as a famous vintage. Next day most of the party attended the Bath Road Club run at the Bell, Aston Clinton. Young Alfie West, who had evidently observed Morton's lordly chariot parked outside the front door with a resplendent Sunbeam bicycle attached to the running board, was audacious enough to try a bit of leg pulling on old Bick, who has very strong views as to the proper method of sitting on a saddle so as to avoid chafing the seats of Harris tweed knickers, and was laying his ideas forcibly upon

the assembled company, when the irrepressible Westie suggested a better method was the seat of a motor car with the bicycle strapped on the foot board, and that it was no wonder the "Barf" Road was on the decline when that method of cycling was introduced; somebody managed to kick Alfie under the table before old Bick arose in his wrath and slew him.

* * * * *

Too late for inclusion in last month's *Circular*, we heard from Finn, on tour in the North of Scotland, who, from what he says, appears to be following the route to Cape Wrath traversed by Chandler and appearing in the *C.T.C. Gazette* some years ago. The route has already been used by several other members. We would encourage "ours" on tour to send us their impressions for inclusion in this "rag"; any information useful to others will be much appreciated. Now that the racing season is concluded, and the Club Tours are over, there will be plenty of space for the inclusion of such literature. Knowing that Turvey, Finn, and Austin have each toured Ross-shire, Sutherland and Donegal, we invite them to send us information useful to those who might be likely to follow in their footsteps.

* * * * *

From the Wayside Pulpit :

SAFETY FIRST ! ALCOHOL HAS BROKEN
STRONGER MEN THAN YOU.

This must be directed at Teddy Edwards.

* * * * *

We omitted Stevie's name from the list of those who turned out to help the record breakers last month. He lives only 400 yards away from Huyton Corner, and in the dim and misty hours before the dawn, rose from his bed and sallied forth with his trousers on over his pyjamas. It was still dark when the tandem came through and the riders could dimly make out a figure at the cross-roads. The figure spoke, "Cheerio, boys, good luck!" and the riders replied "Thank you. Good morning." The next thing Stevie heard was the crew asking the skipper in a stage whisper, "Who the hell was that?" Later on, along Watling Street, we understand that several remarks were passed about the Romans.

* * * * *

Bob Knipe has now qualified for membership of the W.T.T.'s and has been unanimously elected an honorary member.

* * * * *

While outward bound early one Sunday morning recently, we fell in with Bailey, out for a morning breather, and learned that he is now married. We take this opportunity of wishing him every happiness and hope to see him again attending runs with his old regularity. We shall soon have to start a ladies' section, as both Nevitt and Perkins have acquired tandems so that their better halves may enjoy the pleasures of cycling.

* * * * *

We hope no one has taken to heart the advice given in last month's *Circular* about touring in Ireland, as a P.C. is to hand from the Way-farian one, which says "I trust that none of my fellow-Anfielders will be taken in by your statement that the extra money paid for boat fares could be made up in reduced cost of accommodation in Ireland. Don't yer believe it! In my experience, touring costs about 25 per cent. more than in England and Wales. Pre-war prices, generally, were higher than ours. Post-war prices are higher still."

If anyone disagrees with this statement, please write direct to the author of it and arrange a duel privately, as the amount of criticism falling on the Editorial head after each acrimonious (good word, that; one of Chandler's) and controversial letter appears in the *Circular* is immense, and is wearing the Editorial frame to a shadow and making his life a burden.

If you have a grouse, go to the Committee or the A.G.M., and leave the poor apology for an editor time to mend his tubulars.

We are sure the whole Club will join with us in congratulating our two members who have won their way into the best twelve in *Cycling's* Best All-Rounder Competition.

G. B. Orrell is eighth in the list with an average speed of 20.819 miles per hour for the 50 miles, 100 miles and 12 hour races, and J. J. Salt is eleventh with 20.709 m.p.h.

The one and only F. W. Southall of the Norwood Paragon is again fastest with an average of 21.852, while the Vegetarian C. & A.C. take the Team Shield with an average of 20.872, the Norwood Paragon being second with 20.858 and the Anfield third with 20.693. Our third man being J. Pitchford, who only just missed being placed in the best twelve.

The mistake our men made this year, of course, was only riding in one "12," as on the day of this race conditions were by no means ideal for great distances. Still, this is all in the game and we hope to see the Team Shield won for us next year by our three top-notchers, as we believe they are quite capable of it.

The Trophy, Team Shield, medals and certificates will be presented at a Concert organised by *Cycling*, to be held in the Royal Albert Hall, on 30th January, 1932, when we hope to have a party of Anfielders present to cheer our men.

The N.R.R.A. have passed Orrell and Pitchford's Twelve Hour Tandem Bicycle Record at 256½ miles. The R.R.A. Liverpool to London Tandem Bicycle Record of Glover and Jonas stands at 9 hrs. 48 mins., with Salt's Single Bicycle Record at 10 hrs. 23 mins.

Molyneux's Tricycle Record over the Edinburgh-Liverpool course has been lowered by E. Tweddell (of the Northern Unity C.C.) after standing for four years at 13 hrs. 39 mins. The new figures show a 24 min. beating at 13 hrs. 15 mins.

A pioneer party of Youth Hostellers (del Banco, Jonas and Salt) sampled the Hostel at Llansannan after the Mold run and found it very good. This hostel is a converted farm-house (Plas-yn-Cornel) and its amenities include hot and cold running water and a bath, all for a shilling a night, with breakfasts at 8d. a time.

One can now week-end luxuriously at next to nothing, and the Editor is prepared to receive offers for his tent and camping equipment.

IN MEMORIAM : WILLIAM ALFRED LOWCOCK.

To some of us it must seem incredible that Billy Lowcock will no more enliven us by his good cheer on all those special occasions when the Club would have been able to rely on W.A.L. taking his accustomed part in events like the Hundred, the

Easter Tour and the Autumn Tints. So sudden was his illness and so devastating its effects that on this last occasion of the Llanarmon week-end he had tried to book a bed and failing that he was discussing with the writer on the preceding Friday whether to come on chance or not. And so averse was he from admitting sickness that he pretended having another engagement for that Saturday when actually he had promised to go to his Doctor, who found his temperature to be 103. With the utmost difficulty was he persuaded to take to his bed and restrained to stay there.

A dread disease in its most virulent form, of which hardly a trace showed itself on the Friday, over ran his powerful system in three days, after which it brought on septic pneumonia. On Tuesday, he could hardly breathe and he succumbed on Wednesday afternoon.

During those few days his sufferings were great although he would hardly admit at first that he was a sick man.

Endowed with wonderful health, strength and vitality, Lowcock never spared himself, and, being a true stayer, he practised flogging himself, both at work and at play. Early and late in his garden, spade work was a joy to him. On his cycle, whether trained or unfit, he loved riding hard—never funkling hills. All day at work or on his travels one never met him during business hours without his samples. By nature and by calling he answered all the requirements of the successful commercial traveller. With the improvement in trade these last few months he launched himself to the utmost.

When rest came at the day's end he would occupy his leisure hours with keeping minute records of all his interests, their costs and their return.

Assistance he would scorn and, most of all, paid help on his travels. Now that we learn that in his delirium he complained unto himself that his sample case was beginning to overburthen his strength, its pathetic side brings a lump into our throats.

William Lowcock joined the Anfield in 1897, some time after his younger brother, F. C. Lowcock, but while the latter was a racing man first and last, the elder brother was and always remained a tourist with a dash of speed thrown in.

He won the Anfield "24" in 1897 with 330 miles, in happy-go-lucky fashion, without any show of violent racing tactics. No cries for Tandems to go Faster.

Before joining the Anfield he was well known as a competitor in the club races of the Cheadle Cycling Club, but when that body began to feel the strain of middle age, Billy Lowcock and "F.H." inaugurated a series of speed events for the entertainment of their fellow members, in which they themselves were the chief actors. Racing *pour rire* was their aim and motto.

Apart from Brother Fred, his oldest Club mate is, of course, Edwin Buckley, who rode a tandem with him as far back as 1894.

Locally (in Cheadle) "Mr. Lowcock" will be longest remembered as a zealot worker in the aid of Social and political interests, by striving after amusement for the many and the success of his party. As Chairman of the Cheadle Conservative Association,

President of its club; as a leading Official of its Flower Shows, and for some years a Local Councillor, his ready wit and fluent speech made him indispensable.

During the war he joined the local body of Volunteers and became its Big-Gun, whatever his title may have been in the ranks. Until now, at the Annual Dinners of these Brothers-in-Arms you found him in the chair enjoying another helping.

On the morning after his death his children, with loving care, set out to select for him a quiet corner in the Garden of Rest, close to his own parents and facing the village.

With the greatest fortitude his dear wife and large family acquiesce in their great trial, and we extend to them our heartfelt sympathy.

A very great number of his friends rallied around for the final leave taking, and the traffic in Cheadle High Street was held up for a quarter of an hour in passing from the Church to the Cemetery.

The Anfield was represented by eight members. "Dr." Carlisle and R. J. Austin had provided a wreath in the name of the Club. Other members present were E. L. Thompson, Frank Beckett, C. H. Turnor, Hubert Buckley, F. C. Lowcock and F. H. Koenen.

Through absence from home, two of his oldest friends, E. Buckley and A. Crowcroft, could not attend.

Distinguished people, as well as humble friends, showed their affection. The Lowcock family and their relatives formed a large group. Of recent years, William had made great friends at the Congregational Church, two ministers of which conducted the Service. The M.P. for the Constituency came to pay his last thanks to his prominent helper, and Sir Robert Bird had driven over from Birmingham to see the departure of this companion of his young days.

Halewood, 3rd October, 1931.

The last day of summer time was bright and warm, very different conditions to what we are accustomed to on a run to Halewood. The thought of the Derby Arms conjures up visions of cold bleak winter days with strong easterly winds, and a ride "round the world" that has hardly an easy mile in it; then the warm, cosy inn, the crowd in the tank, and well-loaded tables.

The warm day made a stop at Bibby's imperative, and on the Transporter we found Stevie and let him ride with us the rest of the way. We found a select party in the tank, including Hubert, Arthur Simpson, John Kinder, Grandpa, Tommy Royden, Powell, etc.

It was 6-30 before everyone was served with food, and about this time Dave Fell made a welcome appearance and helped to fill the Lower House. As usual, it was practically impossible to make much impression on the stacks of food provided, even though everyone had two dinners, some three, and ONE PERSON, six, and then he took a couple of chickens on to the mat. Where else in this fair isle can one get six or more dinners for half-a-crown?

Afterwards a crowd collected in the Lower House and had the pleasure of drinking Dave Fell's health on the occasion of his jubilee

as an Anfield! A resolution to the Hon. Sec. to notify us when other members' jubilees occurred was carried unanimously. It was then found that the "Old Gent" had six years to go, but a hint to let us have one on account was ignored. (M.O.B.—ED.).

A hectic ride through Liverpool followed, and effectually restored some badly stretched tummies to their original contours.

Goostrey, 3rd October, 1931.

Milady asked me to go out and look for a good place to pick blackberries, so down the lane, away rode I, with a beam in my eye, bumping over the cobbles, through the city and along the Stretford road, being hustled and jostled fore and aft by the countless buses, wagons, saloons, and policemen until I turned along the Astley byway and out beyond Knutsford where, on the bend of the road, I hove to by the Believe me, ye tea tasters, there is nothing like one, only another one, (and don't the Tea Tasters know it.—ED.), after a fair ride, says I, wiping my lips with the back of my hand.

Now, by pleasant ways and woodland groves until I ditched my bike in the hedge and climbing through, I sat down and smoked the pipe of contentment. From this point it was a short run to Goostrey, where I arrived just in time to have one on the Doctor's round.

Many days have passed since this run and I forget the names of all present of the thirteen who sat down to the usual excellent tea. Jaek Hodges (indeed a *rara avis*) and Ted Cody were there and I sat next to the Doc, who I declare smacks his lips and makes a curious clicking noise as he thrusts the flesh into his mouth by the pound. On my left sat Tom Hughes, whom I don't recall meeting previously, and my *vis-a-vis* was Mr. Buckley who, as he grows older, becomes much quieter. Halfway through the fare, cheruby Austin blew in, showing his handsome teeth, now well bedded.

It was after tea, as we sat around the fire, that Mr. Bomford related the adventures of a previous Saturday, but had to leave early—I hope the event proved a success.

It was bordering on 8 o'clock when Mr. Buckley and I wheeled out of the yard, and, about a furlong down the road he took the right road and I the wrong. Out of the dark lanes I emerged into the warm glow shining from the front door of the Mainwaring, where I met generous company. The subsequent details would prove too wordy, but the clock was clanging the midnight hour as I ended my solo run out and home to the Red Lion at Goostrey.

I forgot all about those berries.

Kelsall, 10th October, 1931.

A fine, calm afternoon gave promise of a picture or two, so leaving the busy highway, we took off into the quiet lanes around Rostherne and got busy with cameras. Having spent quite a considerable time looking around, the intended route had to be curtailed so the Toft, Hartford road was chosen. Joining the main Chester road again, we soon reached our venue, the "Royal Oak," in good time for tea. Entering the dining room we found "all hands on deck," and unfortunately, chose to dine with the "horrible" Editor and the "Birkenhead Brownies." No sooner had the writer seated himself than the Editor informed him that he would be allowed to write up the run (a rare privilege, indeed).

On the appearance of food I was almost deafened by the shouts all around me and rather badly knocked about by flying arms and plates. Gad, what gluttons!

The meal was quite good, the place having much improved since last visited by the Club.

Going into the yard to prepare for the homeward journey, I noticed a strange tandem on which I understand young Pugh had "pushed" Jack Pitchford all the weary way from Salop. Zambuck was in our midst once more, having been absent for several weeks, and also Mr. Nevitt. We were entertained on our homeward journey by the Presider, who related his North Road week-end in full detail, and told us of a new tea-shop in Nantwich, where there is a beautiful lady in a wonderful dress, showing off her remarkable figure. He has threatened to visit her again, and is advising all other cyclists to "stay away from her door," as it is purely a motorist house.

Thirty-seven members turned out.

Pulford, 17th October, 1931.

Pulford ranks high in Anfield affection and quite a fair crowd of us found our way there on the seventeenth. A low temperature, a rather thick south-easternish wind, and casual mist banks provided a variation from previously prevailing weather conditions. Pulford offers a spicy variety of approaches and wise ones wander away from hackneyed highways. Eaton Park was an enchanted land where mysterious bronze trees stood sentinel among magic mists and at any time you might estimate the still grey silence by the rustle and patter of falling leaves. And these leaves were of many glorious colours, that it is not possible to tell, for they were all those colours which cannot be found in either paint boxes or dictionaries.

Round the tea-table, Willaston Tea Tasters discussed an incomprehensible expedition up a big hill a long way from home, in order to look at, or do something to, a monument on the top. Across the table a Benedict imparted the information that the deluded half of a lady-back tandem crew must occasionally be sent out solo, to acquire the necessary fitness to do his share (100%) of the tandem work. Two chews to the right it was possible to learn that somebody had found his sixty-inch bottom of considerable assistance up-hill. Someone expressed the view that anyone would naturally expect such hefty launches to be very useful anywhere, but I gathered that there was some slight misunderstanding somewhere. At pay-time a dispute arose with a sporting speedman who offered to fork out at the rate of shillings for minutes' handicap in a Club "50". This seemed very generous to me until I ascertained that he was a scratch man.

And so home: with mist-muddled motorcars curvetting with careless gaiety through the fog (and occasionally other) banks.

Holmes Chapel, 17th October, 1931.

Only nine members braved the south-easter for a run to the "Swan," at Holmes Chapel, and the list of these Manchester "men" shows only the old (and young) regulars. They were the Doctor, Rex Austin, Wilf. Orrell (and his handmaiden, the fair Godfrey), Albert Davies, Walton, E. L. Thompson, Bob Poole and Haynes, Junior.

The Autumnal Tints Tour, Llanarmon D.C., 24th-25th October, 1931.

The Club officials, when arranging our runs, are not in a position to forecast the course of nature, so that we must not blame them because the woods of the Ceiriog Valley had not quite reached the full beauty of autumn colouring, for the sake of which we make this annual pilgrimage. The valley is beautiful enough, in such brilliant weather, without the glowing tints which we had expected.

Our car party of four, sighted the tricycles of Wilf. Orrell and Lockett in Brooklands, and we came upon no other Anfielders until we overtook Rowatt, on foot, a mile from the West Arms. By six o'clock, eight or nine of us had driven out the cold with hot tea; later arrivals trickled in by two's and three's, and the later they were, the more impatient for supper they seemed to be. By nine the supper came, and a very good supper it was.

Teddy Edwards had been there for tea and then gone home, taking with him Ven, who had intended to week-end, but decided not to stop on account of a bad knee caused by slipping down the stairs the previous day.

The room was full—31, I believe—and when we had all lost our appetites the President knocked for silence, and rose solemnly. Such unusual ceremony was occasioned by the events of the glorious 13th of September, when five of our members were concerned in the breaking of three important records; and two of the men were for the first time qualified to wear that frilled button whose significance, in real Anfield fashion, is so carefully left obscure to the benighted vulgar.

The two new record holders, Pitchford and Salt, were to be publicly invested by the President; Pitchford, unfortunately, could not be present, but Salt was called up, and amid loud cheering, Cook removed the old button and put the new badge of honour in its place. (No, sir, the President did *not* kiss the neophyte on both cheeks.) And we cheered again, and we sang "He's a jolly good fellow," and we cheered Salt when he replied; and, being English, we felt a bit self-conscious, yet very glad that Cook had done it, for we really do feel proud of our young men, who have to keep up the Club's old name.

Then followed a jolly evening, with singing in the dining room and in the tank. I gathered that the younger men sang till they were dry enough to drink, but we old fossils needed no such paltry excuses; we just drank, and let Albert the barman sing. I have it on good authority that some went to bed earlier than others; others, on the contrary, went very much later.

The drinking of the King's ale was carried out with due reverence and solemn ceremony by the "stayers," after which the young lads played "putting the baby to bed," and succeeded after thirty or more attempts.

Frost in the night; a bright sun; a good breakfast (when Powell received the good wishes of those present as this was his birthday). Then a tricycle circus in front of the house, and men laying plans for not going straight home; so we left them, after as glorious an Anfield week-end as could be wished.

Dave Rowatt departed early on foot up the Oswestry road, friend Power left us to join his clubmates later in the day, while the *only* car-party, consisting of Bert Green, Edwin Green, L. Oppenheimer, and *Albert Davids*, made, we understand, straight for home.

The Presider led Tommy Royden, Powell and Humphries over a moorland route towards Oswestry and then via Selattyn and Chirk to the Wynnstay at Ruabon for lunch.

Kettle went off solo, and we believe Wilf. Orrell and Lockett left with Walton and friend for a more or less straight run to Cottonopolis. Ladds turned up for breakfast after riding half through the night.

The Doctor was left in charge of Rex Austin, who, it seemed, was fasting; both were on bicycles and it is assumed that they arrived home safely.

The Tea Tasters were late getting off the mark as their President's head was twice its normal size and he arrived late for breakfast. However, by 10-30 the thirteen T.T.'s were on the move south by way of Llanrhaiadr Y.M., and before six miles had been accomplished the shingle and boulder strewn track had caused two punctures, broken straps, broken lamps and a skid into the bank.

Jack Salt led a fast pack (Ryalls, Marriott, Connor and Rigby Band) around via Hirnant and Vrynwy to Cann Office for lunch, while the rest (Glover, del Banco, Scarff, Birkby, Randall, Glendinning, Jonas and friend Lloyd, went to Cann Office via Llanfyllin and had a glorious run over the hills.

The party then rode via Meifod, Oswestry, St. Martins, and Bangor to Farndon (Greyhound) for tea, where the landlord did them proud and the ride home, under a full moon, put the finishing touch to a perfect week-end.

Northwich, 24th October, 1931.

The alternative run to the "Crown & Anchor" was only for those unable to attend the premier function at Llanarmon, so that only four put in an appearance and claimed a run, these being Cody, Lucas, Haynes, Junr., and R. Poole.

Mold, 31st October, 1931.

Thanks to a fairly late start, I was able to make my way to the Dolphin in solitary state, and to commune with nature, undisturbed by any of the unruly mob which usually lies in ambush at Willaston Corner. Consequently, I was able to observe that, in contrast to last week-end, the countryside seemed to have assumed quite a wintry appearance, some of the trees being so bare as to be positively indecent.

The wind was rather troublesome, but, having reversed my wheel at Clatterbridge, in order to give my larger cog a chance to earn its keep, I accomplished the ride out in comparative comfort.

Quite a goodly company were assembled at the Dolphin, prepared to do justice to what proved to be an excellent meal. In proof of the excellence of its catering I may add that the Dolphin is becoming a popular rendezvous of the Younger Set on their Sunday runs.

A noteworthy feature of recent club runs is the number of recruits to the "Brownies"—or wearers of snedette golf jerkins. The present run was no exception, our esteemed (?) Editor, and "Dracula" thus entering the ranks. The Presider, I understand, is only deterred from adopting this attire by the fear of being considered "fast."

This day was a momentous one for the Youth Hostels Movement, as the newly formed Yo-Ho Section of the Tea Tasters, headed by Syd Jonas, departed from Mold for their invasion of the Hostel at Llansauan, Jack S—, "The Whispering Baritone," being in high glee at the prospect of two or three breakfasts at 8d. apiece.

After their departure, accompanied by the Presider, Birkby and friend Lloyd, who intended week-ending in a more conventional fashion, the company gradually dispersed, leaving a select few to gather around the fire and be entertained with a discourse by one of our great men, entitled "How I Began."

At 8 p.m. we started home, and the wind-assisted ride was a fitting finish to a most enjoyable run, only marred, for me, by the "orders" of the annoying person whose name appears on the last page.

Lynn, 31st October, 1931.

The death of our much loved friend and fellow Anfielder, "Bill" Lowcock, cast a cloud over this run. Carlisle, Koenan, R. J. Austin, Hubert Buckley and Thompson had been to the funeral and came on to the run by car.

We welcomed Stevie and friend, also Ted Cody from Liverpool, whilst most of the regulars helped to make our muster 17. Under the circumstances the proceedings were subdued, and few felt inclined for the usual cheerful chatter. We all knew that we had lost a real friend, sportsman and good comrade, and the realisation overshadowed everything. The loss is grievous and quite ir retrievable. We shall not see his like again.

J. S. JONAS,
Editor.

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ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

FORMED MARCH 1879

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

MONTHLY CIRCULAR.

Vol. XXVIII.

No. 310.

FIXTURES FOR DECEMBER, 1931

Tea at 6-0 p.m.

		Light up at
Dec. 5	Halewood (Derby Arms)	4-26 p.m.
" 12	Pulford (Grosvenor Arms).....	4-22 p.m.
" 14	Committee Meeting, 7-0 p.m. (Victoria Hotel, St. John's Lane, L'pool.)	
" 19	Mouldsworth (Station Hotel)	4-23 p.m.
" 26	Kelsall (Royal Oak)	4-27 p.m.
" 25/28	Alternative Tour—Betws-y-Coed (Glan Aber)	4-28 p.m.
1932.		
Jan. 2	Hooton (Hooton Hotel)	4-34 p.m.
" 9	Annual General Meeting (See Circulars)	4-42 p.m.

ALTERNATIVE FIXTURES FOR MANCHESTER MEMBERS.

Tea at 5-30 p.m.

Dec. 5	Holmes Chapel (Swan)	4-26 p.m.
" 12	Goostrey (Red Lion)	4-22 p.m.
1932.		
Jan. 2	Mottram St. Andrew's (Bulls Head)	4-34 p.m.
	Full Moon	24th 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. W. A. Lowcock was passed.

APPLICATION FOR MEMBERSHIP.—Mr. W. H. Lloyd, 28 Eccleston Avenue, Chester. Proposed by Mr. C. Randall; seconded by Mr. G. A. Glover.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS.—Mr. R. Barton, 20 Brookfield Avenue, Crosby, Lancs.

The Annual General Meeting will be held on Saturday, 10th January. It is not possible at present to say where the Meeting will be held; due notice will be given later. Any Member having any matter which he wishes to be included in the Agenda, should let me have particulars not later than 20th December.

CHRISTMAS TOUR.—Members taking part in the Christmas Tour are requested to make their own arrangements regarding accommodation.

H. W. POWELL,
Hon. General Secretary.

TREASURY NOTES.

The steady flow of subscriptions has been somewhat dammed (two m's Mr. Printer) during the past month for we have not been able to achieve October's 22.

However, perhaps the Third Application of the little hot Red Slip may help to cure the procrastination of some of our laggards. An opportunity for the relief of this evil will be given by the Treasurer, at the Halewood run, but a visit to Martins Bank or a letter to the Treasurer will prove equally effective. If your own banker proves obdurate, threaten to remove your overdraft to the opposition concern, but whatever means you employ, do it quickly.

The following fifteen members are thanked for their Subscriptions and/or Donations (*).

*E. J. Cody.	W. E. S. Foster.	J. E. Rawlinson.
*W. P. Cook.	E. W. Harley.	F. Roskell.
J. A. Bennett.	H. M. Horrocks.	F. W. Smith.
A. E. C. Birkby.	W. R. Oppenheimer.	J. E. Walker.
P. Brazendale.	U. Taylor.	J. R. Walton.

ITEMS.

Our Mister Pritchard appears to be a regular "habitué" (French for "wearer-out") of the new—or fairly new—Birmingham/Wolverhampton Road. Go along there late on a Sunday evening, writes Our Very Special Correspondent on the Spot, and it's £100 to a tin of sardines that you'll see Bert speeding homewards to Wolverhampton. This weekly invasion of what somebody has called the "Big City"—this persistent "grooving" of a perfectly good road—has a reason, of course. *Cherchez la femme!*

We also believe this is the reason why the "Maggot's" presence has not been inflicted on us very much during the last few months. We understand he is interested in a lady back tandem, and we implore would-be sellers of these machines not to let de Wet get hold of one. de Wet on a single bicycle is a man to be feared, and we shudder to think of the consequences of letting him loose with a tandem.

* * * * *

We understand that Bob Knipe is formulating his fiscal plans for next year in the expectation and hope that a majority of his fellow-members will be able to beat up sufficient confidence in him to secure his re-election as Honorary Treasurer. (It is only right at this juncture to say that other members, who also desire to become landed proprietors, are casting envious eyes on the rich emoluments attaching to the office.)

Old Paper-Leggings is anxious that every true Anfielder will make it a point of honour to discharge his monetary obligations alphabetically. Philip Snowden's successor (we forget his precise name and are not prepared to give publicity to any of the other names he has been called) is expecting large benefactions in January, when Club subscriptions are likewise due. Bob feels that the following is the correct order of procedure and is of the opinion that, if members will act accordingly, he will have nothing to complain of:—

ANFIELD B.C.

CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER.

* * * * *

A Correspondent writes:—

The author of the report concerning the Owls' Michaelmas Goose Feed (in the November *Circular*) asserts that "a few faces like Hubert Roskell's were missed." Now, what exactly does this mean? Is the Frail One's face a bit of repetition work—a mass production dial which is multiplied several times over amongst the Owls? I trust not. I have always thought—and hoped—that Hubert's physiognomy was exclusive to Hubert, with serial and cinema rights strictly reserved.

* * * * *

Our own "Swearfaier" is to respond to the toast of "The Ladies' and Visitors" at the Speedwell Dinner on December 5th. Tommy Royden wants to know what the Helvellyn Robbie knows about the so-called Fair Seckz, and Grandad replies, sententiously, and with a solemn wink, "Ah!"

* * * * *

Next year's "24" promises more interest than of late, as we shall be running a race for the Tricycle Trophy in connection with the usual Invitation race.

The Skipper conceived the idea of inviting the Trustees of the Trophy to let us run the race in connection with our "24," and they unanimously decided to let us have it.

A new and faster course will be used, which will cut out the worst of Shropshire, and we believe 400 miles could be topped by a good man.

Up to Whitechurch (150 miles) the only proposed alteration is an extension to New Ferry from Childer Thornton. From Whitechurch the riders will go into Wem, back to Tilstock and right, up the lane to the Raven. Then to Ternhill and back, and then to Battlefield and round the Shawbury triangle as in the Club "12" this year.

The necessary extra distance still needed can be made up in East Cheshire by using King Street and the Broken Cross-Allostock Road, so that we shall have a much faster course than hitherto.

The dates fixed will probably be July 15th/16th, and with this early notice members will be able to arrange their holidays, etc., so as to be free for this week-end, as more helpers, marshals, and finishers than ever will be required.

* * * * *

Our chest measurement has increased six inches since reading the following in the North Road *Gazette* for November. "In one of his

typically chatty letters, received by the Editor, Henry Norman says: "Thanks for Magazines. I like reading them, the Anfield especially,

* * * * *

Members will learn, with deep regret, of the death, at the age of 93, of Mrs. Roskell, the mother of our two old members—Hubert and Frank. C. H. Woodroffe represented the President and the Club at the funeral at Stafford.

* * * * *

After many, many years the A.B.C. will probably have to sever its connection with the Derby Arms at Halewood, and the run to this house on the 5th December will almost certainly be the last one of its kind with the "atmosphere" we know so well. A noted brewery has bought the house and land, and we understand the furniture will be up for sale shortly.

* * * * *

In an account of a Club run this month, reference is made to the activities of a certain Baron. Old members, however, must not jump to the conclusion that the original Baron Fulton has returned from out of the wilds of New York City. No such luck. Merely an up-start *nouveau riche* of another aristocracy altogether. The Count and Sir Fitz., belong to this latter House of Lords, and we are given to understand that James Long, Esquire, gentleman, occupies a lucrative position in intimate Court circles. When the original Baron returns, we will not leave members in doubt as to which noble lord we mean.

* * * * *

Preparations are now well ahead for the Second Annual Dinner of Willaston Tea Tasters, at their headquarters in Willaston, and the discussion of late has been about how the tea is to be supplied. One section favoured having the tea in barrels, and the other, in bottles, and the bottles have at last won the day.

* * * * *

It is very pleasant to see the Anfield Section of the Bath Road growing into quite a large body, but would it not be rather an awkward point, if the B.R. chose, say, Hubert Buckley, Morton and Ann Rawlinson (the latest member of "ours" to sign the pledge) to represent them in Anfield "100," and they won the team race.

* * * * *

LOST AND FOUND, etc.

LOST on the 4th October last, on the Bwlch Pen Barras, an important part of a valuable Oil Lamp. Reward. D. L. RYALLS, Prenton Wheelers.

LOST on the 31st October last, near the 8th Milestone on the Top Chester Road, a valuable Acetylene Gas Lamp. The loser left it by a telegraph pole while he went for a ride to Queensferry and back. The person who picked it up will probably not realise that it is a lamp and works; so all dustbins should be carefully looked over. Reward. D. L. RYALLS, Prenton Wheelers.

LOST on the 1st November a Cycling Cape (brand new five years ago), on the Denbigh-Mold road. Reward. D. L. RYALLS, Prenton Wheelers.

LOST on the 22nd November, on the Queensferry-Two Mills road, a Borstal School Tie, one White (nigger brown shade) Collar and two Studs. D. L. RYALLS, Prenton Wheelers.

FOUND by some cyclists in a cafe in Ruthin, on the 22nd November, One Cyclist, answers to names of William Gordon Glendinning (or Glendenning), alias Dracula, alias Gandhi. Was found eating his way through his seventh tea and mumbling something in Czecho-Slovakian. What he said was not quite clear, but the words: "the wide open spaces," "the wind upon the heath," "Pont Ar Afon Gam," "Rhydyfen," "the Arenigs," and "Eidda Wells," etc., were distinctly heard. It is thought possible that "Eidda Wells" is a friend of his and anyone knowing the lady should communicate with this office at once.

FOUND, near Maes-y-hafn, recently, One Cycling Shoe, slightly singed, the lace and tongue still usable, name not decipherable but letters "DE —LOTTO" can be seen.

A Trip to Loch Coruisk in Skye. (1927).

We trained to Glasgow and left again next morning by train to Dumbarton to avoid riding through industrial Clydeside. The road along Loch Lomond is very lovely at first and later on the views become a lot wilder. As you ascend Glen Falloch at the head of the Loch don't miss seeing the Falls of Falloch sparkling down their rocky gorge.

The mighty masses around Crianlarich are most impressive but it is on turning off at Tyndrum for Bridge of Orchy that one seems to enter the wilds. Invergan Hotel will give you the usual 1/6 Scottish tea. From here right across Rannoch Moor and on to the foot of Glencoe, nearing Ballachulish (about 16 miles) the road was—in 1927—like an abandoned quarry: loose boulders and stones competing with virgin rock jutting out of the surface. Allow plenty of time for this stretch. Kingshouse Inn, at the head of Glencoe, will do you well for the night or, if you have yet time, we fared well and reasonably at the Clachaig Inn at the foot of the Pass, next to the actual site of the historic massacre of the Glen o' Weeping. Since 1927 this road is being reconstructed and how far they've got I don't know. (We understand that this road is now completed.—ED.)

Uninspiring Ballachulish shouldn't keep you long and there is not usually any delay at the Ferry over Loch Leven to North Ballachulish. If you prefer road to Ferry go round the Loch—the road has been recently re-made. Past Fort William we took the little road on the west side of the Lochy in order to get better views of the Ben Nevis group. Bartholomew shows the Gairloch Inn at the southern end of Loch Lochy, but don't believe it—it was shut down years ago. We

lunched at Spean Bridge and thence via Loch Garry to Fordoun Hotel for tea and on over to Glen Chranie and down Glen Shiel to Shiel Bridge—wonderful, all of it.

From here, the finest route to Skye, without a doubt, is over the wonderful little Mam Rattachan road to Glenelg from Loch Duich: it's a sheer delight, but despise not the short mileage to Glenelg; it's devilish steep. Glenelg Hotel will house you most cheaply and comfortably. The Inn shown on Bart., two miles west of Glenelg on the mainland, and the one at Kylerhea on Skye are both shut down.

Next morning after some delay we were put across to Kylerhea by a small motor boat. If after the Mam Rattachan any doubts remain as to the best scenic entrance to Skye, the climb up the green little road from Kylerhea to the 911 ft. summit at the head of Glen Arroch will sweep them away. From here a glorious panorama of coastal, sea, loch and mountain scenery stretches eastwards, whilst to the west lie before you all the wonderful hills of Skye. If you go to Skye don't hesitate—go by this route.

We lay at Broadford Hotel and next day did the now surely famous trip to unique Loch Cornisk, described some years ago by Chandler, and recently attempted by Robbie. Leave your machines at Strathaird House at the crest of the hill just before Kilmorie, on the western shores of Loch Slafin. Then walk through Kilmorie, and half way up the hill past the village, the path on the right for Camasunary on Loch Seavaig is plainly seen all the way; after this it is marked on Bart. by a dotted line round the sea shoulder of Trodhu and is very rough and indistinct, but you can't go wrong. Don't ever think of being deterred by the Bad Step: with care going out, it's quite easy; take it slowly, and on the return after wonderful rock-girt Cornisk, and after having had experience of the step, you'll treat it with contempt! Rough times and distances (single journey) taken by us were Broadford to Strathaird, 11 miles, 1½ hours (wait till you see the road!); Strathaird to Cornisk, 5 miles, 3 hours; we left Broadford about 9 a.m. and got back about 7 p.m. A man's trip but well worth it. Take food with you or risk the pangs of hunger.

Our return to Glasgow was uneventful, via Kyle of Lochalsh (Lochalsh Hotel is good), Dornie, Shiel Bridge, Glens Chranie and Moriston to Port Augustus and Fort William and thence with variations by our outward route.

Space permits here of at best an outline. I shall be very glad to give any further information I can to anyone interested.

N. TURVEY.

F.O.T.C. Dinner, 30th November, 1931.

This function was again remarkably successful. 202 Old Timers sat down to dine, wine and fraternise at the Holborn Restaurant, under the Presidency of T. H. Woolen, who was not shy in telling us how he came "fra Sheffield." Beardwood, Oscar Taylor and the President, who represented us were honoured with seats at the top table quite close to the President, and just on the other side was our old friend W. H. Stonier (now of Coventry) who used to be the Liverpool correspondent of the old *Cyclist* in the palmy days and always a good friend and admirer of the Anfield. Among the letters of apology

mentioned were those of Billy Owen, Ven, Siddeley, and Koenen.

The speeches were uniformly good and interesting—that of A. R. Atkey, in proposing The President, reaching a high level of oratory, while a surprise item in the musical programme was provided by the unexpected arrival of Hayden Coffin who gave us "Jack's the Boy" and "Tommy Atkins," which revived both pleasant and sad memories of the good old days. A new feature was also the free raffle of the medals won by the late C. E. Liles and Oscar Taylor was fortunate enough to win one of them. The collection for the Benevolent Fund was surprising. The absentees had sent in £30 4s. 0d., while £65 4s. 6d. was collected at the tables, making £95 8s. 6d., which was later made up to the record figure of £100 10s. 0d.

Halewood, 7th November, 1931.

On arriving I found Cook, Hubert, Powell, Johnny Band and Royden, in the Tap Room, and willingly assisted in emptying the jug.

Promptly at six o'clock we trooped into the lower room, and just managed to squeeze in, the "Brownie's" being in force. Needless to say the meal was of the usual Halewood standard and left nothing to be desired, except an extra "Stamick." Hubert distributed the chicken whilst Arthur Simpson messed about with the Pork, the writer having half-a-side of beef which no one seemed to want.

The table being cleared, the Old Brigade came in from upstairs. We were pleased to see Knipe himself again after being "not so well."

By command, the "Longfellow" brought in the liquid refreshment, and incidentally, very nearly became a "Jolly Good Fellow" for nowt, but the move was frustrated in time, so Cook got the glory and paid for it. Then Marriott and his troupe of "Barrow-Tones" got to work, but I think Chandler, who clapped like 'ell with a couple of trays, was winning, until his teeth started moulting, one by one, when he decided that discretion was the better part of valour. A jolly fine evening.

In conclusion, I regret to state that when this appears in the *Circular*, this fine old house will probably have changed hands and it is to be hoped, will remain in private ownership.

Goostrey, 7th November, 1931.

On reaching the busy highway my first idea of making the ride a mileage affair was superseded by a more lazy notion, so I turned my wheels off the high road along the lane which runs alongside a certain inn, by name "The Mainwaring Arms." The quietness of these enchanting lanes, far from the madding crowd, caused one to linger and drink in the beauty of Autumn's ravages.

Arriving at the "Red Lion," I took my seat at the groaning board, and gazed around at the company there assembled. Seated at the end I saw Hayes, Junr., accompanied by Wilfred Orrell and, of course, round the corner the latter's fair friend (Godfrey, I believe is his name), who seemed to keep Bert Green constantly on the move passing food along. Next I observed friend Cody, sitting alongside Albert Davies, who was impatiently waiting to pounce upon us for his weekly collection.

The other end was occupied by the Doctor and The Mullah, who we were pleased to see again after a short absence. Then I came upon a vacant chair, but no it could not be, for in rolled R. J. Austin, fresh and fit from the seat of his auto. Young Buckley, seated a little farther

along, was just about to say something pleasant about Rex, but Urban having seen the late arrival, managed to kick Hubert in the shins and so check this derogatory greeting. Our Mr. Thompson filled the last seat, and along with the elder brethren related various experiences with the then fashionable tyres.

Later on, a fierce argument arose and I gathered that it had something to do with one Charles, and I fancy it must have been in the Stone Age. Roy Bamford dropped in and gave the information that the event had proved a success and that the little devil's health must be drunk. Let's hope that the future holds many more of these happenings.

Cotebrook, 14th November, 1931.

Just the right sort of weather was doled out to us for the run to the Alvanley Arms, a strong south-east wind and a cold, driving rain. What more could Anfielders wish for?

As usual Split Lip and myself started out together complete with cosy, flapping capes and sniffy noses. Long before we reached Willaston, sundry Tea Tasters had found the going hard and tucked in behind us, and so I found myself in my usual position, the front. However, we reached Willaston Corner safely, where the Count and his soul boy stopped to await the coming of the Baron, leaving Rigby Band, "Sammy" Marriott and myself to struggle on to Chester.

Never of a pushing nature, I politely withdrew from the front rank and sampled Sammy's mudflap. En route we passed Chandler, with shortened top-sail and straining reefs, pitching badly, as he battled with the sou'easter and refused a tow. Across the Gibbet Heath we met officer Lloyd, and together we reached Madame Eddy's "Café pour Corps," where we were joined later by Charles, Jack Salt and the Baron's party.

As, apparently there were no suitable buses to Tarporley, we lit up and ploughed through to Cotebrook in fine style. Rigby Band had preferred Stamford Bridge for his tea, then had trouble with his lamp (why don't these fellows carry respectable lamps like myself, I wonder?) so only came in at the tail end of the meal.

As soon as I entered the dining room, I was nearly floored by the heat from the fire, and many others were fanning themselves. To explain to those who were not present, the people at the "Alvanley Arms" had provided no fire, and only forms to sit on. Do they think the Anfield is a tribe of Eskimos or the like? The meal served up was very much below standard, being lukewarm, and not first class quality, and I hope that the Club will now stick to places where we always get a decent meal and fire, whenever we go. This isn't just a wail from the mouth of a moaner, as I think that the majority present were all of the same opinion.

However, this sort of thing never downed Anfielders, so with a cup of tea and a few free cigarettes, we were as happy as ever. Even "Sammy" was observed to be biting at a cigarette with his spare fang, and thoroughly enjoying it. (Is this a gag to get a couple of extra minutes in the next "50" for slackness in training?) Carpenter managed to attend a run, having come over from Freshfield, and looked as fit and keen as ever.

Tommy Royden must have pinched a map from some bookstall, as he was trying to explain to Kettle why the best way home was via Kelsall. Be careful Tommy, a little knowledge is dangerous, and we don't want to lose you.

Syd Jonas and del Blotto were on tandem and left in company with the Count for the "Yo-ho's" palace at Maeshlafu, picking up Connor in Chester. Other wiser ones refused to accompany them. The Baron borrowed the Count's soul boy for the week-end and set off for Chirk, Cook departed for Eccleshall, and various other parties left early to warm their feet.!

There were only a few select members from Manchester (I say select, in spite of remarks re Birkenhead Brownies).

The ride home through Chester was pie, in spite of continuous rain and here Charles slipped home for his toothbrush and continued with Jack Salt to the notorious Hall for the night. For the rest of us the ride was uneventful, except for clicking bearings and clacking bottom brackets, which made the ascent of "The Styth" a harmonious ending to the day.

Flint, 21st November, 1931.

Saturday saw me packing my pots and pans once more. Finally, everything stowed away, I managed to lift the open road. Sallying forth from that lordly domain, S— Hall, I sauntered down the road to Willaston Stone in the fashion of the Ryalls. Here I came across some so-called cyclists dazzled by the movement of the Baron's feet on his 50 bottom gear. Picking out the best of the bunch we took the lead and in due course dropped the gang. We surmounted Ewloe at our ease, and at the summit I rested awhile to watch the antics of the so-called stylists "Sammy," Dicky & Co., This upset me, so, as I was under the impression they were cyclists, I left them to their tea and betook myself off for a tourlet of Northop and district.

On reaching this village, I discovered to my horror that I was far away from food, at least three miles, and the way unknown. Fortunately, along fore my mentor of the "arms outward bend stance," and the situation was saved.

Finally, after divers adventures amongst savage natives who use their bicycles as *chevaux-de-frise* (pronounce the *x* here as in *faux-pas*, this according to Dicky, who has taken a course in French under that noted linguist of Chester), we reached that Hostelry of Royalty and were received by our noble Presider, Sec. and Racing Sec., who endeavoured to put us under the table, but I refused, being a W.T.T. After a few moments peace, the wild animals arrived, bring along the Captain who had returned to the fold after at least a fortnight, dodging the weather.

Then, dinner called. Dicky sat with the elders, for he is 19 now, Frank Chandler took Gording, the Constable, Connor, and "Sammy" under his wing, so peace reigned.

After voting Flint very good, we settled down to our after dinner circle, but alas! The Boss Yo-Ho is merciless. There goes the clarion call of the "Yo-Ho's" and we must away.

Five people seek the solitude of the Plas-yu-Cornel, far from the madding crowd. So. Farewell!!! If we are not heard of again, apply Caerwys Grove—he is to blame.

Cook went off along the coast road to week-end at the Hesketh Arms, in Abergele, and the remainder returned home.

Arelid, 21st November, 1931.

A slow and pleasant ride, on a very bright afternoon, brought me at eventide to the appointed rendezvous. I was escorted to a shed by three Club stalwarts who had caught me up a few yards from the pub; this shed was, I noticed, indicated for A.B.C. bicycles and, although mine was not of that make, I shoved it in and said nothing.

We entered the house to find half a dozen more Clubmen enjoying a gill of ale and, being invited to join in the round, gladly accepted, for had I not earned it and it would have been churlish, think you, to have refused. I found a place among the rest and listening interestedly to the conversation—for I must admit to being a little out-of-date with Club chatter—but it does sound like music and brings back pleasant memories. Yes, it is worth it—just to return again and to sit and listen.

I wonder what it was that pleased my good friends, Green and Carlisle, in the copy of *The Humourist* which the ever verdant one had brought along with him, presumably to read during the train journey which he had been forced to make in order to attend the Club run, and, mind you, a good five miles walk on top of that, but a stouter hearted Anfielder never lived, and all I can say is "Good luck, Bert, and long may you live."

I was musing to myself when suddenly a sort of drift set in towards the door; old instincts kept me abreast of the drift and presently I found myself, as I knew I should, seated at a table plentifully covered with good food. Being once roused to my old self I did not require being asked to "dip in," but made a bold bid for the potato tureen and did exceedingly well for myself. The conversation, when once our appetites had been appeased, became lively, and I heard of dinners, smoking concerts and dances, which our roadmen were expected to attend during the winter to reap due reward for their prowess in the game of games. Long may it flourish.

The painting on the wall called for comment, and no doubt the explanation that it must have been as the artist saw it, but one did not feel over anxious to meet the artist or to congratulate him on his work, but wondered vaguely whether the designer of such an atrocity had ever looked upon his work with a sober eye.

Towards seven o'clock Green was seen to be making for the high road, a signal at least to one or two more that we also had homes to go to, so turning out into the yard, and choosing the best bicycle from among the lot in the shed, I pushed off in company of good old Ned Hayne's son, whom I would like to know better, and Poole, and was loathed to have them leave me a few miles down the road, and so I return alone, very slowly but immensely pleased with myself and the world.

When I was asked to write up the run I did not intend to inflict this upon you. I suppose it reads like the "Return of the Ancient Mariner," or "The Resurrection of Boaz," so I will just add that fifteen members were present, that there were two or three notable absentees, that the tea was good and for all I know everyone present returned home sometime.

Kelsall, 28th November, 1931.

I'll sing a lay of Kelsall's Inn,
The journey there, the toiling back ;
Jokes told with all the Anfield knack,
I've introduced, now I'll begin.

With latish start and leaden limbs,
I hit the trail from Stockport town ;
Through Cheadle Green, of wheel renown,
And Northwich where the Weaver brims.

A thrilling dash down Kelsall Rise,
A welcome light, the Royal Oak ;
The pleasant smell of food and smoke,
A goodly feast before my eyes.

With pipes alight and grub all eaten,
Grandpa from his seat arose ;
And told us all in forceful prose,
The latest record "Pitchy'd" beaten.

The beaded badge upon his chest,
He made his speech. O Pitchy dear,
Thy wheels had swallow's wings this year,
"Youm" striven hard, and come off best.

A full round moon a background made,
For ghostly trees against her beams ;
Homeward we rode ; here's one who deems
The day well spent ; Anfield, well played.

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