

ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

FORMED MARCH 1879

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

MONTHLY CIRCULAR.

Vol. XXIX.

No. 311.

A Happy New Year to all.

FIXTURES FOR JANUARY, 1932.

Tea at 6-0 p.m.

		Light up at
Jan. 2	Hooton (Hooton Hotel)	4-34 p.m.
" 9	Halewood (Derby Arms), Annual General Meeting (Tea, 5-30 p.m.) ...	4-42 p.m.
" 11	Committee Meeting, 7-0 p.m. (Victoria Hotel, St. Johns Lane, L'pool.)	
" 16	Heswall (Heswall Hotel)	4-53 p.m.
" 23	Mold (Dolphin)	5-5 p.m.
" 30	Kelsall (Royal Oak)	5-18 p.m.
Feb. 6	Halewood (Derby Arms)	5-33 p.m.

ALTERNATIVE FIXTURES FOR MANCHESTER MEMBERS :

Tea at 5-30 p.m.

Jan. 2	Mottram St. Andrew (Bulls Head)	4-34 p.m.
" 16	Lymm (Spread Eagle)	4-53 p.m.
" 23	Goostrey (Red Lion)	5-5 p.m.
Feb. 6	Holmes Chapel (Swan)	5-33 p.m.

Full Moon ... 23rd inst.

The Hon. Treasurer's address is R. L. Knipe, 108 Moscow Drive, Stoneycroft, Liverpool, but Subscriptions (25/-; under 21 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. W. H. Lloyd, 28 Eccleston Avenue, Chester, has been elected to Full Membership.

The Resignation of Mr. W. Threlfall has been accepted with regret.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS.—Mr. R. Barton, 20 Brookfield Avenue, Crosby, Lancs.; Mr. H. Austin, 93 St. Michael's Lane, Headingley, Leeds; Mr. W. C. Humphreys, Clontarf, Methuen Avenue, Garstang Road, Broughton, Preston.

Tea at Halewood, on 9th January, will be at 5-30 p.m.

H. W. POWELL,

Hon. General Secretary.

ITEMS.

We are told that there is more joy in Yorkshire over the arrival therein of one more Anfielder than over the arrival of ninety and nine (*ad lib*) ordinary cyclists. In other words our ex-Secretary, Harry Austin, has left Dublin to live in Leeds near another ex-Secretary—Turvey. The sight of them falling into one another's arms and weeping for joy was indeed a melting one. After five years of solitary riding, Turvey will now have someone to ride with and to stand drinks with, whilst Austin will have to chuck Guinness and get back to ale.

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Newspaper heading :

THE SCIENCE OF FEEDING. A NEW JOURNAL ON NUTRITION.

We must tell Fr—nk Ch—ndl—r about this.

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From a correspondent : "Wotjer mean by saying that the new '24' course will 'cut out the worst of Shropshire'? There aint no worst in one of our most delightful counties."

(Our correspondent has evidently never tried an Anfield "12" or "24." When he has done so, on the old courses, we will be delighted to hear his views, and to publish them, properly censored, in the *Circular*.)

* * * * *

Robinson, the Discoverer of Scotland, writes : I imagine that the Editorial interpolation to Turvey's account of a jaunt to Loch Coruisk is a shade too optimistic. He may have later information than I with regard to the new road through Glencoe, which he "understands" is now completed. I traversed Glencoe on 1st July last and saw no signs whatever of the job being finished so soon. There was a tremendous amount of work still to be done, and I don't think that completion is likely for some months yet—unless, of course, the Scottish edition of the British workman has decided to take his coat off. As regards the Kingshouse Inn, I am not so sure that it *will* do you well for the night, as Turvey means it. The place has changed hands since 1927—and I don't think the change is for the better.

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Our new member, Arthur Birkby, came a nasty cropper, early in December, while going down the Nant-y-Garth, with Jonas and Scarff. The latter was on a bicycle and the other two were on tricycles, when Birkby went a little too fast round one of the bends (on two wheels, too) and shot across the road into the grass bank. Unfortunately, the bank at this point was about a foot high, so that when he hit it he was thrown on to the road, and broke his collar bone.

The party had just left Teddy Edwards at the Crown, Llandegla, so Scarff dashed back to get a lift for the injured one, but was too late. Teddy had gone, though the smell of the after-lunch cigar still lingered on the Llandeglian air. Meanwhile, a motor cyclist, who had seen the accident, took the Baron down the road to a cottage where they gave him a good drink of tea, and then took him into Ruthin, where the bone was set and his shoulder and arm bandaged up. Bill Scarff came down the Nant-y-Garth from Llandegla at nearly forties, and Jonas then sent him off to the Druid at Llanferris to try and catch Teddy Edwards there, but found that he did not call back on Sunday afternoon.

Scarff then got a car from Llanferris and came down to Ruthin in it and took Birkby to the Loggerheads, from which place he got safely home by bus, boat and tram.

The only damage to the tricycle was a completely battered front sprint, so the Lord High Blue Penciller strapped it to the saddle pillar of his three-wheeler and towed it home via Ruthin, Mold and Queensferry.

The sight of a "five-wheeled bicycle" "two three-wheel bicycles together, look you, yes, no, etc.," was too much for the natives en route, and the next week's papers reported a great advance in the Temperance movement and the offices crowded all day with the signers of the pledge.

Birkby should be quite fit again by the middle of January.

According to his account of it, Bill Scarff was doing thirties trying to find Teddy Edwards the day Birkby met with his accident; at all events he moved very well for a tourist and we really think he is wasting his time touring, and suggest that the Skipper sends him a few entry forms as a New Year gift.

Another stayer who is coming on very well and would probably appreciate Forms for the "12" and "24," is Glendinning (or Glendunning). He thinks nothing of Llangollen and back and Rhydytalog and back all in the SAME day. And he could not ride a bicycle four years ago!!

The ride home from the last Halewood run developed into a mud bathing competition, as there were three trikes and several bicycles without mudflaps in the party, and the pace was fast and furious. It is surprising how fast a little mud in your eye, or ear, makes you go. You dash ahead in front and with true Anfield generosity and "pass-it-on" spirit, you sprinkle your pals liberally with it, and then they in turn do it to you. Meanwhile, the pace is getting faster and tram-lines are simply not seen, comers come and go, and you hurtle down Leece Street, Bold Street and Church Street, as you would down Broxton in a "50." Shoppers scatter as sheep do in the lanes, and the pace slows a little up Lord Street, but the final dash to the Pierhead decides who is to be the winner. The sea breezes soon clear your head and a handkerchief makes you recognisable and another run is over.

Turvey writes as follows: "A few place name spelling corrections are required in my Scottish notes, printed in your December number—

Invergan	should be	Inveroran (Hotel).
Fordoun	" "	Tomdoun (Hotel).
Glen Chranie	" "	Glen Clunie.
Dornie	" "	Dornie.
Loch Cornisk	" "	Loch Cornisk.
Loch Slafin	" "	Loch Slapin.

If my handwriting was at fault, I ask the membership to accept my regrets."

Chandler has won the prize for finding the largest number of mistakes.

The Presider has received a most interesting letter from "Baron" Fulton, from which the following extracts of general interest are made:

"Another year has rolled by and I can hardly believe that next year will complete twenty-five years' membership in the old 'Anfield.' It seems an awful long time ago when I was absorbing 'acid' and they are mighty nice recollections to have. I have been following the *Circular* every month very carefully, and what has impressed me more than anything else is some of the remarkable times which have been done in the road races and records . . . some of the rides reported have certainly astonished me. I want you to pass on to all my old friends the best of wishes for Christmas and the New Year, and hope that it will not be long before I get a chance to run across and see you all again." These sentiments are very delightful and greatly appreciated. It would be just splendid to have the Baronial one amongst us again, and as he has recently been on one of the *Olympic* cruises "for the edification and glorification of the thirsty American public," and is contemplating another, early in the New Year, it is not outside the bounds of possibility that we may not have so long to wait for the consumation.

* * * * *

We encountered Tom Slawson in Llangollen recently, in a very red-hot sporting car. His brother was with him, and knowing the pugilistic prowess of the pair, we did not stop them to enquire as to the whereabouts of the bicycle.

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Jack Fowler again represented us at the Speedwell Dinner, and W. J. Neason did likewise at the Bath Road gathering, while Percy Beardwood held the colours aloft in the North Road Camp. The old gent himself is going down for the M.C. & A.C. Dinner in the New Year.

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Commenting in his usual breezy style on the Great Events of September 13th, "Elsie" Price in a letter to the Presider, writes: "Truly forsooth a wonderful day for the Club. From what I read, it appears to me that those lads in the '12' record must have pushed them down faster than they came up. . . . I suppose Salt puts a bit of himself on his tail. . . . Has any other Club ever landed three real records in one day? I suppose at last Chem and Arthur realise the futility of continuing with their intensive training."

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Arthur Simpson still messes about with the pork.

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We hear that Arthur Newsholme is back in Manchester for a few months, and hope to see him out at some runs before he returns to Toronto.

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We are very pleased to be able to announce that we have not had to finish with the Halewood runs, as "Sarah" has been appointed manageress and the house is to carry on in the same way.

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After many years our most eminent member, W. M. Robinson (Wayfarer, Swearfairer, Pairswearer, etc.) is severing his connection with *Cycling* on New Year's Day. By his weekly articles, and also

several lantern lectures, he has become famous throughout the British Isles, and must have converted many people into "real" cyclists and so swell the numbers of those who indulge in the finest game of all.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

N.S.H. (Shropshire).—It is strange that your new tricycle will only run on the right hand side of the road. There is no accounting for it, as all new machines we have heard of before insist on describing circles. We can only suggest that you persevere a little longer; if this is no use, try putting the saddle where the handle-bars should be and *vice versa*, and ride the machine backwards.

A.E.C.B. (Liverpool).—From your description of the front wheel of your tricycle, I do not think it would be worth repairing. Yes, the road through the Naut-y-garth is a little tricky, but the scenery is magnificent, isn't it.

1932.

The following New Year gifts have been despatched to the members named:—

- W. P. Cook.—A Derailleur gear—and a pair of "shorts."
 W. H. Kettle.—An overwhelming supply of helpers for all road events.
 J. C. Band.—A framed portrait of the Gloomy Dean.
 T. Royden.—A pair of seven-league boots (to assist in walking up hills).
 F. Chandler.—Another appetite.
 E. J. Cody.—A complete cycle-cleaning outfit, with full instructions for use.
 Mister Pritchard.—A short cut from Wolverhampton to Birmingham.
 J. S. Jonas.—After every run a separate report thereon written by each member present.
 W. M. Robinson.—A barrel of butter-milk.
 R. L. Knipe.—A run on the Bank.
 E. Montag.—A very large hammer and a lump of Snowdon.
 A. Simpson.—A short treatise on "Pork and the Carving thereof."
 F. H. Koenen.—A perambulator.

Bath Road Club Dinner.

Once again I was able to represent my good old Club at the Annual Bath Road Dinner, held at the "Monico Restaurant," London, on December 4th. The success of the function was assured inasmuch as J. Burden Barnes was in the chair. A large gathering of past and present record riders were assembled, and the A.B.C. colours were kept flying by my fellow associates, Pa White, P. C. Beardwood and Morton.

Dinner was duly announced and I found myself seated at S. M. Vanheem's table, which as usual turned out to be very lively. The repast was excellent and the service good, especially the "Welsh Rarebit," which was very tasty and came on after the ices—not a good thing to train on.

With due reverence we toasted the King and the Silent Ones; the toast of the Club was proposed by G. H. Stancer, and coupled with his ready wit proved most interesting. The responses and the other

toasts were appreciatively received and savoured with the usual amount of leg-pulling, which is so typical with these Bath Road boys, so much so that, when Vanheems was doing justice to the toast of the Visitors and Press, he was repeatedly pulled up and requested by the "now" lively ones to "Speak up!" I am sure his sonorous voice will penetrate almost anything.

There was an excellent musical programme, though the distribution of prizes was an important event, especially for "yours truly," and I was indeed gratified to be called upon to take the Special Team Medals awarded to the following Anfielders for their performance in the Bath Road "100," viz., G. B. Orrell, J. J. Salt, and J. Pitchford. This little job I can do well for you, as I am now unable to win medals myself, but I can and do feel able to help the Anfielders by receiving their awards, and in this manner, it gives me a thrill and supplies the missing link with my younger days. The medals were greatly admired and were instrumental in my being brought into contact with Morton, who I had not the pleasure of meeting before.

Perhaps I may be selfish, but I do look on this Dinner as the little I can do to keep the machinery of the A.B.C. running smoothly in the Southern Hemisphere, and as I remarked last year, another milestone has been left behind, but in representing you all the other evening I did this very consciously and kept the old Club uppermost in my mind.

North Road Cycling Club Dinner.

Dear Old Pa White broke all records, for at 10-30 p.m. our sleuth observed him rocking with laughter at a clever entertainer giving the adventures of one Brown who, after a night out, arrived home at 1 a.m., a friend meeting him enquired if he had lost his key; answering "No," he pointed upwards and said "Upstairs." Stealthily opening the front door, he took off his boots on the mat, crept upstairs, carefully opened the bedroom door, disrobed in the dark, put on his pyjamas and was getting into bed when he remembered his wife had gone away for a fortnight's holiday. We do not know if Pa got home that night or made a night of it in town, but if he got home it proves there must be a later train to St. Albans than 9-30.

The Holborn Restaurant put on a very fine dinner, the speeches set a new standard, that of Mr. E. B. Brown (Wessex Road Club), winner of the "24," in replying for the visitors, being something in the way of after dinner speeches rarely attained by a prize winner, who usually are brevity in *excelsis*.

Our old friend Bidy occupied the chair, in fact it would hardly be a North Road Dinner if he did not, he kept his team together well and everything went with a swing, the musical entertainment was exceptionally good, Mr. Will Gardner keeping the room convulsed with laughter.

Judging by the prize recipients, there are a likely lot of lads in the Club who may make history in the future. We also observed F. W. Southall, winner of the Memorial "50," Charlie Marshall, and many other present-day speedmen.

A pleasing and noticeable feature was the large number of old members supporting the Dinner, one noticed Jimmy James (also of "ours"), Joe Hooydonk, Charlie Hilhouse, Nutt (well-known to the

'100' course), Joe Harding, John Owen, "Milo," and crowds of others who have made the North Road famous amongst the world's great cycling clubs.

The evening passed all too quickly, Auld Lang Syne was sung in the time honoured manner and another Dinner passes into history, but not one of the worst, as every one seems to set a higher standard.

Speedwell B.C. Dinner.

(From Our Own Society Reporter.)

(Exclusive to the Circular.)

Three of "ours" graced the festive board on 5th December, on the occasion of the 56th Annual Dinner of the Speedwell Bicycle Club. At least, Jack Fowler and Albert Lusty graced the said board, and "Swearfaier" was also present. Robbie being merely ornamental—and not very!—and by far the worst rider of the three, sat at the top table among the Hupper Ten, whilst the two others took their places among the proletariat. Such is the manner in which Fate has her revenge!

The whole function went off with high efficiency. It was a model of what a cycling club dinner should be, and, if ever the Anfield indulges in an annual feed—either with ladies, or filleted—that is the way to do it. Will Robins, as Prize Steward, wore himself to a shadow with so much dashing about during the evening, whilst Jolly Old "Cap," and equally Jolly Young "Cap," not to mention Capturing Bernard Newton, were also in the running. The ultra-rapid service of the waiters led one to suppose that they had been specially trained on the Speedwell "100" course.

For an Anfielder, a thrilling moment came when the President—Arthur Cox, of that ilk—declared that he would take wine with present record-holders and those who had broken records. Four of the company rose to the occasion—Harold Townsend and Frank Allen of the Speedwell, and Jack Fowler and Albert Lusty, of "ours"—an interesting 50/50 result. (Robbie nearly stood up, too, but the only record he ever broke was a gramophone record. He has also broken a fan-light, a saddle spring, and a few hearts. He also once broke out into perspiration, but that's another story, as Charles Garvice would say).

It fell to our eminent lecturer-journalist-and-buttermilk-tipper to be one of the respondents to the toast of "Ladies and Visitors." (It might almost be said that he was a co-respondent—without any Divorce Court publicity). He prefaced a commendably short speech—he is reputed not to be used to speaking in public—by twitting his hosts for failing to discover, until the Club was 55 years' old, the existence of ladies, who in 1930, for the first time, were admitted to the Speedwell feed. In this connection it is only fair to remark that it has taken Robbie exactly twelve months to think out this quip! The remainder of his remarks were of a felicitous nature, expressive of his and his fellow-visitors' appreciation of the lavish hospitality of the Club.

An excellent dinner, a fine entertainment, good (and short) speeches, and good fellowship—such, in a few words, is a description of the Speedwell Dinner.

W.T.T. Annual Hot Pot, 23rd December, 1931.

Both the title of this Association and the function are mis-named, because neither Tea nor Hot Pot figured on the Menu, and the liquid refreshment tasted suspiciously like the amber fluid so copiously imbibed by the rival organisation C.B.B. at Saughall Massie. Still a rose by any other name would smell as sweet and there is no denying the huge success of this second annual celebration (why not say orgie and have done with it?—E.D.). This year a new departure was made by inviting Kettle and Cook of the C.B.B. to grace the festive board, and this they did to their great joy and satisfaction; although it was too bad of the latter to inflict "a few (*sic*) well-chosen words" of thanks which sadly interrupted the "musical" programme. But we are anticipating. It was a perfect night for cycling—wind, rain and moonlight—and Cook upset all the natives of the Wirral by "doing" his usual Wednesday night round in the *reverse* direction, which he declared was *all up hill*, and rumour has it that he had to stop several times to consult the map and ask his way. But the *real* cyclist was Tony Power, who had "smashed through" from Manchester and contributed a very fine and large wedding cake, which was the *pièce de résistance* of the Banquet. At 8-45 the troops were received in the ante-room by President Sir Charles Randall, and at 9-0 prompt Hon. Secretary Marriott announced "Dinner is served," and the *Salle à manger* was stormed and taken. And what followed beggars description! Apparently most of the members had been on hunger strike for weeks. The way the "Hot Pot," which was really "Kate and Sidney" Pie, disappeared, was a sight for sore eyes. Even Birkby, the one-armed man, shovelled it in with alacrity, while such stalwarts as Ryalls, Rigby Band, del Blotto and Jonas were not far behind in effectiveness. The only one who seemed quite off his feed and partook of practically nothing was Jack Salt, although of course as President, Sir Charles Randall had to hold himself back.

During the repast Glendinning favoured us with "music" on a banjolele, while Lloyd and Scarf were kept quite busy popping corks, and as caps from the bon bons were assumed, the atmosphere of unrestrained gaiety was complete. At long last "jam satis" was called and we all returned to the upper chamber, where a gramophone recital—stage-managed by Connor and Power—was enjoyed, in between some drawing-room stories and barrack room ballads, which everyone seemed to vie in rendering. And finally near the witching hour, Sir Charles managed to get us off the premises and Willaston fairly shook with our "good byes" and "merry Xmas." Had you been at the Wishing Gate in the early hours of Xmas Eve you would have seen "millions of cyclists" quite unashamedly *walking* up Evans' Hill and all loath to seek their virtuous and secluded couches. Selah! Wallah!

Touring Conditions in Southern Ireland.

There are many things to be said in favour of a tour—the beauty of the scenery, the almost total absence of traffic, the hospitality of the people, and the cheapness of hotel accommodation, must appeal to all those desiring to seek fresh ground and get away from those parts of the country so well known.

Commencing at Dublin, the best route is via Kildare, Maryborough (Aird's Hotel), Borris in Ossory (The Hotel), Roscrea, Nenagh (94 miles) where the night can be spent at O'Meara's hotel (D.B. and B. 9/6).

There is a tarred road all the way, although somewhat uneven in places. The scenery is quite interesting and improves. The route via Lough Derg and Killaloe (pronounced Killaloo) should be taken, and although the road is inferior the scenery is good. From Killaloe to Ardnamrusha the road is bad, with pot-holes, but the latter place ought to be visited in order to see the Power House erected by Siemens, for the Shannon Power Scheme. The dam and the inside of the power house are open to visitors. At Limerick the charge at the Royal for Sunday mid-day dinner was 3/6. From here on to Foynes, the road is being repaired and by next summer will probably be good all the way. At Foynes the hotel will be found comfortable and reasonable. From here to Tarbert, the road is bad, and on entering Kerry, worse, and remains so until some five miles from Ballybunion, where it has been re-made.

The views of the Shannon Estuary and the Clare Coast compensate somewhat for the state of the roads. At Ballybunion there are several hotels, and the Imperial (S., B. and B., 7/6) is passable, without being brilliant.

The Caves should be viewed. The route should then be via Rattoo Round Tower to Ballyheigue and Ardfert, which exhibits a 12th century Abbey. At Tralee, stay at Benner's hotel, which though looking dirty outside, is clean inside (D.B. and B., 10/6).

From Tralee to Castlegregory (O'Connor's hotel, clean and comfortable) the road is poor. If fine, the Owencashla Glen should be visited. On via Conner Hill to Dingle must be very fine if the weather is good, but is a terrible journey in a deluge. At Dingle, Benner's hotel charges 9/- for dinner, bed and breakfast. This can be used as a centre for a day or two, with visits to Brandon Creek, Brandon Mountain, Ballydauid Head, Gallerus Oratory and Sleu Head, and a return can be made along the north coast of Dingle Bay to Castlemaine, Milltown, and Killorglin. The ferry at Whitegate Crossroads is not to be recommended, as the ferryman is usually at the opposite side, and may be taking a holiday. At Inch the Strands hotel (B. and B., 5/6) will be found comfortable, and entertained "Kuklos" when on tour in Kerry, and a fine view of the Magillicuddy's Reeks can be obtained. Caragh Lake can be viewed, and the hotel at Glenbeigh (Fitzgerald's) charges 12/- for D.B. and B.

The roads from here on towards Cahirciveen, although poor are better than those in the Dingle Peninsular, and the coast scenery is very fine. A visit should be paid to Valentia Island, which shows very fine cliff scenery and a profusion of flowers. There is a boarding house (Shanahan's, S.B. and B., 7/6) half-a-mile on the road to the Fogher Cliffs, which can be recommended. At Waterville there is plenty of accommodation, but O'Leary's hotel at Caherdaniel should be avoided. There is a small hotel at West Cove, further on.

The roads all round here are on the soft side and rather broken up. At Sneem, the village touts will recommend their own particular houses, and the Sneem hotel looks the best of a bad lot. If the wayfarer requires lunch and is hungry, he cannot do better than go on for two miles to the Great Southern hotel at Parkuasilla, where he can get a good meal for 3/6, and visit the beautiful gardens with their Eucalyptus trees and luxuriant sub-tropical foliage. There is also an excellent view from the roof.

On to Kenmare the road is good and the Lansdowne Arms very clean and comfortable, where Mrs. O'Donnell will put you up (D.B. and B., 10/-). The Great Southern hotel charge for the same is 14/6. The best scenery is probably between here and Killarney, via Windy Gap, the road being rideable all the way and is tarred although uneven in places. The views of the Reeks and the Killarney Upper Lake are very fine. At Killarney, Muckross Abbey and Ross Castle should be seen, and the route to the latter through the Kenmare *demesne*. The Imperial hotel (the Misses Slattery) offers D.B. and B., for 9/-. The late Foxley-Norris often stayed here.

On to Kilgarvan the road is good as far as Garrie's Bridge, and then deteriorates. The Railway hotel offers a good 2/6 lunch. From here to Bantry is a finely graded road, with a tunnel, all rideable—evidently constructed by the Military—and a fine view of Bantry Bay can be had from the summit. At Snave Bridge the main Cork/Glengariff road is joined. At Glengariff, Harvey's Poulgorm hotel offers D.B. and B., 9/6. From here to Berehaven is a rough traverse through wild and mountainous country, the road a typical mountain affair, generally good. At the latter is a reasonable hotel. On to Kenmare via Derreen is very fine scenery, the dark red rocks of the mountains, blending most effectively with the green foliage and blue sea.

From Kenmare to Glengariff the road runs through four tunnels, the last being of considerable length. The scenery in wet weather is very pretty and must be still more so in dry. The road is tarred, and from Glengariff to Inchigeelagh the surface is excellent. A visit to view Gougana Barra (a very beautiful lake situated amongst mountain scenery) $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles off the road, should not be omitted.

At Inchigeelagh, the Lake hotel is probably the best of a poor lot. At Macroom the road is tarred and continues so all the way to Dublin. At Cork, a cheap and comfortable hotel will be found in Desmonds (opposite G.P.O.—D.B. and B., 10/-). The Imperial is more pretentious. At Fermoy the Grand hotel provides an excellent lunch, whilst at Cashel, Ryan's hotel charges 10/- for D.B. and B. This is one of the oldest places in Ireland, the famous Rock of Cashel accommodates a Round Tower, 12th century Chapel Ruins, a Cathedral, and a Castle. Holycross Abbey, the next show place, is of 12th and 13th century architecture. At Thurles, Hayes' hotel provides very satisfactorily for the inner man at a charge of 3/6, whilst Aird's hotel, at Maryborough, provides S.B. and B. for 8/6.

The total distance by the foregoing is 785 miles. The country throughout from Cork to Dublin, is well worth seeing.

Halewood, 5th December, 1931.

At last the old Derby Arms, owing to the death some little time ago of the proprietress, Miss Lamb (one of the kindest souls in the world) has passed into the rapacious maws of a large brewery concern, which, of course, will now with ruthless efficiency get in its deadly work, destroy its old-timed delightful atmosphere, demolish its traditions,

disembowel its inside, and in the fulness of time, convert it into the luxurious modern contraption we are beginning to know so well. A change for the better? Perhaps, but a change which will leave a feeling of poignant regret, more especially among the older members. Gone for ever, I am afraid, under the new regime, are those times when the tables used literally to groan under the weight of huge rounds of beef, succulent turkeys, toothsome pork, etc., to say nothing of vegetables fresh from the earth, and everything cooked the way mother used to do it—the only way. In their place I expect, electric ovens and other appliances, cunningly fashioned to extract most of the juices of the meats before they reach the palate, will be installed, and "portions" in the approved Woolworth manner (gawd! "portions" in the Derby Arms) will take the place of the prodigious helpings before which the gastronomical giants of old might well have quailed, but which our hard-riding gourmets tackled with light-hearted abandon—and then some. No more will the hardy wielders of the carving utensils, seated in state at both ends of the tables, ply their tools, eye even to the third and fourth helpings, only desisting from their labours when the apparently insatiable appetites of the round-the-earthers, to say nothing of the *dilattanti* who had rolled in on various types of conveyances, had been thoroughly satisfied. Instead, microscopical morsels of the meats will be grudgingly planted before each ravenous cyclist, and in place of the merry quip and crank bandied about with hilarious abandon, gloom will encircle the assembly like a whited sepulchre, and the wraiths of former evenings will appear before us in all their ghastly intensity. The one-time steaming fragrance of the ideal hot pot, the crispy crackling of the home-fed pig, the delightful intermingling odours of the kitchen which had been wont to caress our nostrils as we entered the portals, and convert themselves into an olfactory symphony will have disappeared, and will probably lead to an increase in the tank takings in compensation.

One by one the old landmarks change their spots through the years. Who among the elder brethren who used to worship (to a cyclist) the wondrous Venus who presided in all the effulgence of her sensuous charms at the Unicorn, Cronton, and was known for miles round as the Duchess, can forget those historic evenings at Xmas time with the air redolent of all good things, not forgetting the hot steaming punch—a concoction in those days *with* a punch? Who at that time among us, when the hot blood of youth (even on a frosty night) used to course madly through the veins, can forget the dazzling fragrance of that incomparable beauty which seemed to transform the simple village inn into an exotic bower of sweet-smelling roses? Who, even now, can recall that atmosphere without a plucking at the heart strings, and a feeling of mournfulness at the passing of the years? Certainly not the writer, who from time to time in those days—susceptible *comme toujours* to the delights of the fair sex, though the Duchess was dark as the raven—used to sneak *alone* on week nights to bask in the sunshine of her smiles, and attempt to dope her and her equally beautiful sister with tender lullabies on the dilapidated box of tricks which had once been a piano, only to find some wretched scurvy knave, unworthy of the name of an Anfielder, had had the same hunch, curse him. Those were the days when out of the fulsome gladness of a grateful tummy, mellowed by punch, impromptu snatches of joyous song and infectious laughter would make

the welkin ring, and at the close, singles and tandems would miraculously steer their owners (in a more or less contemplative maze) to their destinations.

Then we had good old Hunts Cross, in the time of the Hilditch family, where the old man's peerless daughters, with their own fair hands, used to prepare and serve to our ravening hordes, porter-house steaks of Brobdignagian proportions, boiled fowl of all descriptions (for which the hostelry was noted far and near), and other luscious viands which I can savour even to this day, anaemic as my appetite has become. Afterwards the musical evenings presided over by dear old Father White were a never-failing source of delight, buttressed as they were by poor old George Theakstone and the evergreen Chem. This could not go on for ever, and in due time alien usurpers, with minds unattuned to our gastronomical traditions took the place of our hosts and hostesses, and the Anfield mournfully rolled up their tents and sorrowfully departed to pastures new. Alas and alack.

Well, well, to our muttons, the run's the thing. In happy recollection of our previous experience, and with a view again to like, I arranged to meet the old warrior Chem and repeat the dose. At the appointed time, however, the heavens opened and our enthusiasm was turned into water, with the result that we eventually found ourselves with several other hard-riding Anfielders in a smoke-screened compartment of the 4-40 and arrived in plenty of time, to compensate in the tank for the wetness without, before dinner. After a short while the dripping die-hards trickled (*le mot juste*) in, and for the first time we were treated to the spectacle of the "shorts" brigade *au naturel*, i.e., showing the real colours of their understandings (or should we say misunderstandings, in some cases?) as they appear after having undergone nature's ablutions. These varied from the streaky yellow of a — (no name, no libel) to the fleecy, milky, whiteness of a Jonas, the whole forming a charming sight. The contours also differed remarkably. While Nature has fashioned, with unfaltering skill and unflinching beauty the nether portions of the Editor's anatomy, and in so doing has only done its duty in welding together the harmonious entity which is Jonas, the same could not, in fairness, be said of some of the other "shorters," who would appear to be lost to shame.

In due course we adjourned to the eats, and, for probably the last time, the seemingly insatiable capacity for alimentary nutrition (phew!) was at last assuaged. After a short time there emerged from the vicinity of the piano such heavenly paeons of sound, which, if ever they are reproduced in the better land (to which the choristers *en bloc* were relegated) will have the benign effect of reconciling to their lot the damned in the lower regions.

Shortly after, our old friend Frank Woods packed us in his bus, and we were whisked away into the darkness, the witching cadences of the chorus in grateful *diminuendo* following on. And so to bed.

Holmes Chapel, 5th December, 1931.

I would very much like to commence this account of the run by telling you something of the outward journey, and particularly how, fortified by the practice of the best pastime of all, I arrived at the rendezvous unconquerably cheerful, notwithstanding the filthy weather conditions. But alas! truth compels me to say that the train deposited

me almost at the door of the "Swan," and that, instead of stalking into the hostelry with the swagger becoming one indifferent to driving rain and wet feet, I crept therein, "feeling my position keenly," as they say of people, hitherto highly respectable, who find themselves in the dock at the Police Court. Anyhow, I entered the smoke-room to find a small company discussing various matters or more or less moment. Soon our numbers grew and we were delighted to have with us the Master, who brought Buckley, senior, with him—Bick's first appearance since his return from the South. The excellent feed disposed of, the party broke into two—drawing-room and tank; the former entered into an absorbing discussion of Roman roads, ancient encampments, etc., each member vying with the others in displaying his erudition. The tank party's conversation, whilst not so elevating, was decidedly more amusing. Out of the many chunks of wisdom which were vouchsafed to us, I think one should certainly be broadcast for the benefit of the Club in general. One member of the party propounded an infallible cure for influenza—proved by personal experience. When you feel the attack coming on you, have the bedroom fire lighted and get into bed, with a few extra blankets. Then you take a bottle of whiskey, remove the cork, and drink three-quarters of it neat *from the bottle* (some stress was laid on this last detail). You then drink a pint of hot milk. This puts you to sleep for 48 hours, at the expiration of which you awaken quite free from the disease. What troubled one listener was which world—this or the next—he would awaken into.

Altogether we had a very pleasant hour, which passed all too quickly, and we looked upon the necessity of starting for home as a disagreeable one. Fortunately the rain had ceased, so that those who were lucky enough to be self-propelled had a dry ride home.

Pulford, 12th December, 1931.

Starting from home somewhat later than usual I passed the Editor, bound for a Hot Pot, looking fit and well. I wonder how he felt the following morning? Willaston Corner was quite unrecognisable and for a moment I thought I must have run off the course; no Tea Tasters were scattered about and for a change it looked quite picturesque. Time did not permit of a roundabout route and Pulford was reached via Chester and the Wrexham Road.

The run itself was remarkable for the number of irregulars out, in the order in which I met them they were, Doleman, J. Seed, Jack Roberts and Norman Heath, while of the regulars Rigby Band with influenza, Arthur Birkby with a broken collar bone, and Fitzgordon Ghandi, about whom there was no report, were absent. The meal itself was good, a new innovation for the Grosvenor Arms being the sweet of trifle, and very good it was too. I think there was a bit of "it" in it.

A four-handed game of (I nearly put billiards) kept us amused until eight o'clock, when what remained of us decided it was time to move off. With Norman Heath (on a tricycle) in tow, inveigled by Jack Salt to a night's accommodation at Neston, we made rapid progress to Chester, and still more rapid progress to Willaston Corner, from there the pace was more to my liking. The Styth was walked and I arrived home feeling that yet another Club run had yielded its full quota of satisfaction.

Goostrey, 12th December, 1931.

A pleasant day, enjoyable company and a good feed were the ingredients of which this run was composed. The following members were present for tea: E. Buckley, J. D. Cranshaw, A. Davies, H. Green, E. Haynes, Jr., G. Lockett, L. Oppenheimer, W. Orrell, R. Poole and C. H. Turnor, whilst H. G. Buckley had attended at the "Red Lion" earlier in the day.

Perhaps the welcome appearance of Oppenheimer, who came in Green's car, helped to bring back an old world flavour to the after-tea gathering, which was reminiscent of pre-war runs. The conversation was mainly on theatrical and semi-theatrical matters with which subjects Oppenheimer is, of course, fully conversant. With Oppenheimer as an amateur actor and dramatist, Green as a patron of the stage, and Buckley as a humorous critic, the company was well supplied with material for an interesting evening.

The members were grieved to hear that Oppenheimer no longer possesses a bicycle, but that is a fault that can be remedied. There is no doubt that he is an asset to our gatherings, so it is to be hoped that he will soon come back to the fold.

Mouldsworth, 19th December, 1931.

The weather was fine but very cold when I started out from home and on the way I fell in behind Frank and Dick, and took pace as far as the "Yacht," where we had to take a little walk in order to get warm. At Chester we decided to partake of a little nourishment, and in the cafe we found the Skipper, Charles and Perkins.

The rest of the ride was uneventful and we arrived at the Station Hotel in good time. A game of bagatelle was in progress and among those present were Bren Orrell, Heath, Hubert Buckley, Walton, Rowatt, Ven, Wilfred and Godfrey, and Doleman.

The usual excellent meal was served up and, when halfway through, Pitchford and R. J. Pugh arrived and were given a cheer. After tea I went into the overflow room where everyone had started again on bread and cheese.

Racing was the subject of conversation and after a while the party broke up, Albert Davies and Heath going to Siddington and Cook to Wem (with the Pitchford-Pugh tandem, properly tamed).

The Tea Tasters walked the "Stytch," as usual, and just as we were getting on the machines at the top, Chandler and Tommy Royden swept over the crest. We caught them up, but down another incline Tommy dropped us again, and roared with delight in the dropping process.

Kelsall, 26th December, 1931.

Anyone calling at a certain residence in Prenton at almost any hour will find the Youngest Member of that household either cleaning his bicycle or playing at (or with.—Ed.) scullery maids and washing dishes.

He was thus playing when at 10-30 or thereabouts on Boxing Day I called for him. Hopes for a respectable ride were immediately squashed when I was informed that we would be able to proceed after

the said menial duties were completed, and a visit to the "local" bicycle shop (at least a mile away) was made. We eventually started about 11-30, the lateness of the hour necessitating a straight through-ride. A none-too-gentle North wester was in evidence and consequently we were wafted to Kelsall in glorious sunshine and fine style.

An excellent attendance was recorded, there being thirty-one members and two friends, the exiles present being Norman Turvey and Bert Morton; Harry Austin was partially expected but did not materialise (now, Harry, we know you were in Birkenhead, there's no excuse). When Hubert Buckley appeared on the scene he was noticed to be wearing a "Brownie" Jacket, thus again the Tea Tasters lose a little of their individuality in starting something new in "cycling sarroria" habit for the Club.

The afternoon had clouded when we at last ventured into the open, a thin mist was perceptible and at times it almost rained. After getting to Willaston more or less non-stop for our afternoon cup of tea, we were amazed to find in the Inner Sanctuary of the Tea Tasters, mere Antifielders such as Chandler, Dolman, Royden and Turvey, together with friend Ralston. Of course, they were told what we thought of it and they sidled out very inauspiciously. Tea Tasters! Such impudence must be checked.

A gentle ride in the dark, to tea at home, gave an excellent finish to a perfect day.

Bettws-y-Coed, 25th/27th December, 1931.

Arthur Simpson was the first man off the mark this year, as he went down by rattler on Thursday night, and the next was the Presider, who left home on Christmas morning and met Jack Salt at Willaston Stone, where Jimmy Williams saw them off. They lunched at Ruabon and tea'd at Cerrig-y-Druidion and had dozens of beautiful maidens waiting on them at each stopping place. Hubert Roskell motored over the same route and lunched at Corwen on bread, cheese and beer, but first took the precautionary measure of sampling the ale at all the pubs in the town so as to find which sold the best.

Teddy and Mrs. Edwards arrived by car and Dave Rowatt came up from Rhos, so with George Lake and Mr. Cannon there was a respectable party. Unfortunately, Arthur Simpson had to return home on Boxing Day; but there were three arrivals in the evening in the persons of George Newall and Arthur and Mrs. Newall.

Cook and Salt made a circular tour to Beddgelert via Llanberis and the lanes near the wireless station, and were joined at Plas Colwyn for lunch by the car party.

Hubert Roskell failed to turn up for lunch as he was in George Lake's car, and there were one or two calls to make. The cyclists had a hectic ride through the dense mist, which was moving quickly through the mountain passes, and had to cape up during the day. They arrived back at the Glan Aber to find Connor, del Banco, Jonas and Scarff having tea, these latter having just come through from home via St. Asaph, and making for the Yo-ho palace at Llyn Ogwen.

The ho-bo's left at eight and the real tourists got in some good work in the tank later on, the new assistant barman making himself generally useful and proving to be extremely capable. . . .

On Sunday, Hubert and the Newalls dashed off to Shrewsbury for lunch, while Cook and Salt were joined by the Bo-ho's and made tracks for Bont-uchel, via Cerrig. Ryalls and the Count turned up to swell the luncheon party at Bont and the Waine family extended an invitation to the young lads to stop to a dinner party and dance.

An invitation coming from such charming young ladies could not be refused, and Scarff, Salt and Jonas forthwith cast their machines into the wilderness and settled down to keep alive the dwindling Christmas Spirit (and then some). The remainder made a dash for Mold direct, leaving the Old Gent to do a proper ride via Denbigh, and the five had tea at the Dolphin and eventually reached home safely.

As to the dancing party, rumour hath it that three cyclists were seen raiding a chocolate slot machine at Two Mills at 3-45 a.m. on the morning of the 28th.

J. S. JONAS,
Editor.

ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

FORMED MARCH 1879

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

MONTHLY CIRCULAR.

Vol. XXIX.

No. 312.

FIXTURES FOR FEBRUARY, 1932

Tea at 6-0 p.m.

		Light up at
Feb. 6	Halewood (Derby Arms)	5-33 p.m.
.. 8	Committee Meeting, 7-0 p.m. (Victoria Hotel, St. John's Lane, L'pool)	
.. 13	Pulford (Grosvenor Arms)	5-47 p.m.
.. 20	Mouldsworth (Station Hotel)	6-0 p.m.
.. 27	Flint (Royal Oak)	6-14 p.m.
Mar. 5	Halewood (Grosvenor Arms)	6-25 p.m.

ALTERNATIVE FIXTURES FOR MANCHESTER MEMBERS :

Tea at 5-30 p.m.

Feb. 6	Holmes Chapel (Swan)	5-33 p.m.
.. 13	Areld (Rose and Crown)	5-47 p.m.
.. 27	Lymm (Spread Eagle)	6-14 p.m.
Mar. 5	Goostrey (Red Lion)	6-25 p.m.

Full Moon ... 22nd 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.

The resignation of Mr. Chester Jones has been accepted with regret.

Messrs. J. Egar and F. H. Koenen have been transferred to Honorary membership.

Messrs. A. E. Burge, I. Deacon, E. T. O'Leary, I. T. O'Leary, A. Richards and P. Morris have been struck off the list of membership for non-payment of subscriptions.

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

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

The following have been appointed a Handicapping Committee: Messrs. W. P. Cook, S. del Banco, E. Edwards, G. A. Glover, W. H. Kettle, and W. Orrell.

The following have been appointed a Course Committee: Messrs. S. del Banco, G. A. Glover, J. S. Jonas, W. Orrell and C. Randall.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS.—Mr. C. Moorby, 19 Leicester Road, Higher Broughton, Manchester; Mr. D. C. Kinghorn, The Quarry, Burrell Road, Prenton, Birkenhead; Mr. A. Newsholme is temporarily resident in England, his address is 1 Brooks Road, Old Trafford, Manchester.

H. W. POWELL,

Hon. General Secretary.

RACING NOTES.

The following dates have been proposed for the Club Races during the 1932 season:—

April 16	1st " 50."	July 15/16	Invitation " 24 " and Tricycle Trophy.
" 30	2nd " 50."	May 16	Invitation " 100."
May 16	Invitation " 100."	Aug. 20	" 12 Hours."
June 4	3rd " 50."	Sept. 10	4th " 50."

It must be noted that the above dates are subject to alteration if found to be not convenient.

S. DEL BANCO,

Hon. Racing Secretary.

TREASURY NOTES.

A striking example of the spirit which has animated, sustained and invigorated the Anfield B.C. during the past fifty years is shown in the record number of members who have already paid their 1932 Subscriptions. No sooner was it seen that there was a large deficit on last year's working, than four dozen stalwarts rushed forward to make good the loss by paying their Subscriptions at the earliest moment.

I hope this example will be emulated by another record rush for February. I have on previous occasions shown conclusively what advantages this month possesses for the payment of Subs. These advantages are enhanced this year. You have an extra day to pay in!

Owing to the Xmas pressure, the December list was omitted in the last *Circular*. I append both lists and wish to thank all for their Subscriptions and/or Donations.

1931. A. G. Banks.	J. A. Grimshaw.	F. E. Parton.
H. G. Buckley.	C. F. Hawkes.	E. Parry.
J. Cramshaw.	N. S. Heath.	*H. Poole.
T. H. Davies.	*J. Henderson.	H. Pritchard.
A. H. Doleman.	N. M. Higham.	E. J. Reade.
L. G. Fletcher.	P. Jones.	T. V. Schofield.
J. Fowler.	F. C. Lowcock.	C. Selkirk.
F. Gee.	T. E. Mandall.	T. A. Telford.
	A. Newsholme.	F. Wood.
1932. C. Aldridge.	H. L. Elston.	F. Marriott.
R. J. Austin.	R. A. Fulton.	A. E. Morton.
J. R. Band.	G. A. Glover.	W. R. Oppenheimer.
H. S. Barrett.	H. Green.	G. B. Orrell.
F. E. Bill.	E. D. Green.	W. Orrell.
R. H. Carlisle.	E. R. Green.	F. E. Parton.

F. J. Cheminaiis.	E. Haynes, Junr.	F. Perkins.
*E. J. Cody.	W. Henderson.	H. W. Powell.
*W. P. Cook.	J. S. Jonas.	D. L. Ryalls.
W. E. L. Cooper.	L. King.	J. C. Robinson.
W. G. Connor.	R. Leigh Knipe.	D. C. Rowatt.
C. J. Conway.	F. H. Koenen.	*J. J. Salt.
S. del Banco.	W. H. Lloyd.	W. H. Scarff.
A. H. Doleman.	F. Lowcock.	J. D. Siddeley.
C. C. Dews.	E. Montag.	U. Taylor.
*E. Edwards.	T. E. Mandall.	*W. T. Venables.

ITEMS.

The removal of the Haywards from Rhydyfen to Ffestiniog will change the whole course of Grandad's life, writes a Special Correspondent, and henceforth the "Pengwern Arms" will be his spirituous home. I met him the other day coming out of a music shop in Lord Street with a ukelele under one arm and a bundle of songs under the other arm. I glanced over the songs, only to find such anthems as "Drinking," "In Cellar Cool," and "Here's to the good old whiskey, drink it down." The Ffestiniog Ffuddlers are now being enrolled, the first members being Cook, John Band, Teddy Edwards, Dick Ryalls, and George Newall. Bob Knipe will join the Board after allotment. It is anticipated that the Ff. Ff. will speedily put the W.T.T. in the shade.

MARKET REPORTS.

Distilleries	Brisk.
Breweries	In great demand.
Buttermilks	Dull.
Ginger Ales	Flat.
Teas	Weaker.

It is understood that, as soon as he heard that Grandad was visiting Birmingham, Robinson, with his usual kindness (Advt.) and proverbial enterprise (Advt.), provided the Old Gentleman with a detailed route showing the best way from Sunnyside Hydro to the Big City.

The Annual Dinner of the Liverpool D.A., of the C.T.C., and the Mersey Roads Club will be held this year at the Mecca Cafe, India Building, on Thursday, 18th February, and is a function worthy of our support, in view of the connections we have with both organisations.

We understand that Petrolemma (or Petronella) is the guest of the evening. Tickets from the Presider at 3/6 a time.

Our High-Society Reporter writes: My blood ran hot and cold (but principally cold) the other day on looking over the obituary column of a daily newspaper called *The Times*, for there my eye fell on an announcement of the passing of a Mr. Mullins. The age given—68—was just about right, or possibly a bit understated. Enquiry in Cheadle Hulme, however, provided the comforting news that this was not our Mr. Mullins, who is very much alive and "getting 'em round" to some effect.

The Hoylake Bun Fight, 16th January, 1932.

This function went off very successfully and Kettle succeeded in entertaining the Tea Tasters and getting them well out of the village before there was any serious disturbance.

The invitation was given only on the strict understanding that the guests should arrive by the back door, and all had to be on their best behaviour, with clean collars (round the neck, not in the pocket), and covered from neck to foot. These conditions were almost adhered to, as only two T.T.'s had the temerity to lean their filthy machines against the marble portico and another two had the audacity to turn up in shorts.

Kettle had very thoughtfully provided a guard of honour of plain clothes detectives (to keep an eye on the family plate) and this rather damped the hilariousness of the occasion, but it did not seem to spoil anyone's appetite.

The tea and cakes went down very well indeed, and as it was understood that Kettle had purchased the grub on the "sale or return basis" from the local confectioner's, the Tea Tasters decided that it would be good for trade if they pocketed what they could not possibly eat.

At five o'clock a move was made for Heswall and with the entire police force of Hoylake guarding the route, Kettle led the troops, by many devious ways and back alleys, safely out of the village.

The Sych.

That delightful decline whereby the road sweeps down from the Storeton Quarries to the lower levels of Clatterbridge has a great number of names, a greater variety, perhaps, than that possessed by any other place in Wirral.

Possibly the most picturesque of all is Wishing Gate Hill, named from the old Wishing Gate, now railed in, from which a glorious view of south-western Wirral is obtained. The vista extends from the Willaston Mill southwards over Brimstage and Thornton Hough and round to Heswall in a westerly direction. Parts of the Clwydian Range can always be seen, except in very misty weather. The view is obscured in other directions by pinewoods. Other names of the hill are Storeton Hill, Higher Bebington Hill, Brackenwood Hill, Clatterbridge Hill, Evans' Hill and the Sych.

It is the endeavour of this little note to correct, if possible, an idea, current at the present time among the younger generation of cyclists that one of the names of this hill is the "Stitch," or "Stytch," as given in two places in the January *Circular*. Upon enquiry the explanation offered is that riding the hill gives one the "stitch." According to the dictionary, the word means, *inter alia*, a prick or sharp pain. The writer has ridden this hill on many occasions and it must be admitted that he has not had any personal acquaintance of the "stitch" as defined above, although at times it has certainly been with mixed feelings that the top has been reached.

The origin of the second spelling of the word cannot be traced. What is evident however is that whichever way the word is spelt it is a

corruption of the word "sych," which may be the oldest name attaching to the hill. "Sych" is an old Cheshire word meaning a water-course dry in summer and wet in winter. The cottages at the cross-roads at the bottom of the hill have the name "Sych" cottages. Floods still occur at the crossroads in time of very heavy rain, this despite modern drainage.

Ross and Cromarty and the Corrieyairack Pass (1930).

This year we motored to Kingussie, unhitched the cycles and continued along the fine new Grampian speedway to Inverness (45 m.) and on to the delightful Station Hotel at Muir of Ord (15 m.) just past Beauly. Continue past Dingwall (6), and Strathpeffer (4); visit the charming Falls of Rogie on the Garve road and at Garve (9) turn up Strath Garve and along to Alguish Inn (10) for a delightful lunch. Thence down the bonny Dirrie More (look out for deer) to Braemore Lodge (10) and the exceedingly dangerous and unfenced gorge of the Falls of Measach. Continue along the north side of Loch Broom to Ullapool (12) and visit Mrs. McKenzie at Craigmore for tea or bed; if you're wet she'll dry you out and probably offer a wee drappie whether or no its the "Sawbath nicht." If it is you will probably fail to get ferried over to Aultnaharrie—the Inn marked there is shut down.

The five miles over to Dundonnell Hotel (shut down in 1930) are sheer delight and surely nowhere can there be diviner coastal scenery than from here round via Aultbea (19) to Poolewe (6). Rough fodder can be got at Badcanl a few miles past Dundonnell at the sign of the C.T.C.—miles from anywhere! Tea at Poolewe Hotel and thence over to Gairloch (6) and via Kerrysdale and Falls to queenly Loch Maree (10) Kinlochewe Hotel (9) for the night. Sheer beauty all the way.

In torrid heat we rode up Glen Torridon to Torridon (11) and thence had to take a 3 ft. rough pathway skirting private grounds to Shildaig (7) where we bought supplies and continued to Tornapress (9). We commenced the ascent of the famous Bealach-nam-do, 2,054 ft. (and you start from the sea and don't forget it!) at 2-15 p.m., intending to have tea in Applecross village (12) and return over the Pass again in the evening. Accordingly after seemingly hours of toiling, and when within a mile or so of the apparent summit we dumped our baggage under some rocks to be picked up on our return. Alas the top we saw was little more than half-way up, and the main climb—finishing with half-a-dozen terrifying hairpins—was ahead. At the top it was clearly physically impossible to descend to sea level at Applecross for tea and come back and do the whole job over again and we couldn't sleep in A., as our gear was under the rocks God knows how many feet down the road. So we contented ourselves with the wonderful views of Skye summits obtainable from the top and gingerly returned to Loch Carron for the night. Thus began the tragedy of Applecross; it ended when I discovered I'd been so whacked on the job that I'd got three exposures on one film!

I advise all to do the Bealach one way in the day, starting in the afternoon and sleeping at Applecross after making advance arrangements through the P.O. for beds. Alternatively a track round the coast from Shildaig can be taken; what it is like I don't know, but it can't be harder than the terrible Bealach the like of which in roads I have seen nothing fiercer.

Next day uneventfully down Glen Carron to Achnasheen (19) Achault Hotel shut down), Garve (17), up and down Strath Conan and to Muir of Ord for the night.

From here via Strath Glass we rode up and down the long and sylvan Glen Affric to G. A. Lodge (30) and back to G. A. Hotel (12), over and down Glen Urquhart to Drumnadrochit (12) and on to Fort Augustus (19) for a posh night at the Lovat and Station in preparation for a strenuous morrow.

Crossing the Corrieyairack Pass by Gen. Wade's road from Fort Augustus to Laggan Bridge. Leave Augustus by the main road south and take the first lane to the left after reaching Loch Uanagan (phone poles go up it). Pass the entrance to Cullachy House (note here that Bart's double dotted line is the drive up to the House! Your road is by Bart's single dotted line) and continue to a sandpit on your left and a branch road on the right; neglect both and keep straight on down to a stream; here reject the good and likely road going straight on through a gate and turn sharp left over a wooden sleeper bridge and zig-zag up over the hill and down into Glen Tarff. From here it's fairly easy to follow the track, Wade's old metal frequently showing through the overgrown grass. The first ford at 1,169 ft. is quite simple; a mile further neglect the downward path and bear right for the 2nd ford just past a ruined stone shelter; this would be tricky in flood, otherwise quite easy. Thereafter it is clear going (over the only bridge of Wade's still intact) to the 2,507 ft. summit—the gradient not too bad all the way. Down the eastern side 'ware the dozen or so hairpins and all the way keep your eyes skinned for deer; the place is lousy with them. Thence its straightforward down glorious Strath Spey to Laggan Bridge and Kingussie. Distance—Augustus to Rey Yarrick 14 miles; time—about 6 hours; take fodder with you. N. TURVEY.

C.T.C. Bolton D.A., and Lanes. R.C. Dinner, 23rd January, 1932.

At this joint function we were represented by Knipe, Chandler, Cook, Haslam and Brazendale. Knipe was staying with his (and our) old friend Lambourn, who joined us during the evening. Haslam, of course, is on the spot and was the founder of the Lancashire Road Club. Brazendale was trying to emulate Sir Boyle Roches famous bird, as he was also "booked" for the C.T.C. dinner in Manchester and did a disappearance trick after the dinner. Chandler and Cook made a ride of it via Northwich and Warburton Bridge, while on the Sunday they had a fine ride over Belmont Moors, lunched at Rufford and reached Halewood for tea, after getting "lost" in the neighbourhood of Whiston! We hear that their arrival in Bolton on tricycles created great hilarity among a juvenile population estimated at several millions! The dinner and entertainment were excellent and there was no doubt as to the warmth and sincerity of the welcome accorded to the Anfielders. The Mayor of Bolton had been announced to preside but unfortunately found he could only manage to drop in for an hour during the evening, so our Presider was installed as Deputy and appeared to give every satisfaction. But when the Mayor did arrive he made full amends by generously offering to replace the L.R.C. Championship Cup which has been won outright by P. Duce, whom we should greatly like to see riding in our "24."

**"Cycling's" All-Rounder Concert,
Royal Albert Hall, London, 30th January, 1932.**

Very few empty seats were observed in the Royal Albert Hall on Saturday evening last.

The talent provided for the Concert was varied and of the highest class. The famous Kneller Hall Band and Edward Holmes on the Grand Organ provided the music. Singers, an entertainer, equilibrists and a trick cyclist, all contributed their part to a delightful entertainment. Special mention must certainly be made of the Victoria Girls, a troupe of very clever dancers who were encored at least three times, and no wonder! The announcing was done in the most part by Stainless Stephen, the noted radio artist. He made his entry by riding down the steps at the back of the Hall and across the arena to the stage.

His patter kept the audience in roars of laughter, the celebrities present receiving their share of nonsense. According to Stainless, our Presider has the record of never missing an Anfield Club run and goes on a bicycle but has to come back on a tricycle, the audience were invited to draw their own conclusions! Some of the All-Rounders had "rhymes" to their honour. The one regarding Orrell was something like the following:—

"There was a young lad named Orrell,
Who always adds to his laurels,
That this strapping lad from Lancashire,
Should come and teach London its morals."

Pretty weak, admittedly, so blame Stephen and the writer of this report, but Orrell, laurels, Lancashire and morals are certainly right. Stainless dried up after that effort, and rightly so, and we are without a "rhyme" for Jack Salt.

Scenes of great enthusiasm were witnessed when the presentations were made, although certain sections of the audience were rather noisy with the aid of handbells and rattles.

A Home Trainer Contest in which eight riders were matched, was won by A. J. Murray, of the University, with B. Bevan, of the Highgate, as runner-up.

Of the guests, the Anfielders present were G. B. Orrell and J. J. Salt, who received Certificates, and W. P. Cook, who hobnobbed with the other celebrities. J. Pitchford, W. Orrell, G. Lockett, Bob Poole, D. J. Ryalls and F. Marriott were there, whilst Mrs. Orrell, together with the "better halves" (for want of more accurate names) of Bob Poole and Jack Pitchford, completed the Northern contingent.

Hooton, 2nd January, 1932.

After a very wet morning, the afternoon turned out beautifully soft and balmy; and feeling likewise—owing no doubt to a very pleasantly spent Christmas—I turned out rather later than usual to meet some of the Club's speed fiends. On the way I was somewhat amused to see our erstwhile skipper, really "down" to it and H.B. gambolling alongside, serenely enjoying life while lightly caressing the top of his bars. Meeting the aforesaid S.F.'s we turned to Chester, where I was persuaded to take tea, and after hearing all about the previous weekend's many pleasant surprises and how not to ride the New Year in,

we proceeded to the venue. Jack S. must have talked a lot on the way, as we found we had done the mere nine of 'em in half-an-hour. After a short sojourn in the lounge or whatever these rooms are called (I'm not used to pubs.) we were asked into the ballroom for tea. This I am sure we all agreed was one of the best "feeds" given for the price. In fact there was considerable doubt as the little fat fellow collected, as to whether he demanded enough. During tea I was surprised to find out that our used-to-be-little boy, Dickie, is getting quite "growed" up. Nearly all the "regulars" were out, and it's easier to recollect who were absent than who were there; Charlie Conway turned out and Stevie was on a walking tour. In all, there were twenty-six; which I consider very good after the recent festivities. The party gradually broke up, the Presider leaving for Overton, and no escort; Stevie collared hold of W.G.G. and they cleared off, leaving a very respectable party (they must have been, because W.H.K. was with them), around the fire. Included in the discussions that followed was the fact that the Club runs, for some reason or other, of the past two years, have all been very much enjoyed, there being a very lively spirit prevailing amongst all the attenders. All I have to say is that if every run goes down as nicely as this one, we are in for a very enjoyable year.

Mottram St. Andrews, 2nd January, 1932.

Fortunately the rain cleared off just in time, much to the satisfaction of two elderly members who, alas, have lost the true Anfield Spartan fortitude. So our capes remained rolled up in our saddle bags and, under the pleasant conditions, we decided to make a detour to the rendezvous. This extended our journey to at least 10 miles and we felt we were great riders.

As we walked up the final rise to the Bulls Head (just to warm our feet) we sensed some vehicle rapidly approaching from behind and sprang to the side of the road to escape being annihilated. In the next second the Mullah flew past, riding with all his old time dash. Another welcome proof that he is renewing the vigour of his youth.

Within there was quite a crowd waiting in an ante-room for the sound of the dinner gong, or, should I say, tea bell. Amongst them was Bert Morton looking rather sad at the thought of his return on the morrow to the land of his exile, after spending a few festive days amongst fellow Anfielders and other friends in the salubrious and often libelled climate of Manchester.

At the joyful signal we filed decorously into the dining room to find that Bren Orrell had already taken up a strategic position at the table. I understand that the duties of his new post will not seriously interfere with his racing and the journey by road to and from the scene of his labours will afford a regular training spin.

A most excellent repast, both plentiful and varied, seemed to create an appropriate spirit of New Year's cheerfulness and optimism, and in due course our party gradually broke up, the 14 members wending their various ways home.

Halewood, 9th January, 1932.

Starting out at 2-30 I found that I was unable to do my usual spectacular gallery sprint out of the town, owing to a 60 m.p.h. gale,

which was blowing from the south, and I was forced to get my hands on the hooks and stamp on the treadles, but with little effect.

Evans' Hill had to be pedalled down and before Willaston was reached I decided that discretion was the better part of fighting a howling gale on the top road, so I turned off to Hooton and through the lanes to Whitby. This was a very sound move, as shelter was obtained under the hedges and I felt a little happier. Before reaching Stoke, I crossed the line of the new Queensferry to Frodsham road and found that good progress is being made with it.

I came out on the Frodsham road, just short of the Shrewsbury Arms, and was immediately swept along by the gale, with such good effect that I was able to catch the 4-40 Transporter, and found Rigby Band on it. He had had tyre trouble in Chester and had to buy a new cover.

We arrived at the Derby Arms and found Chem and Arthur sitting in the gloaming and resting after a more or less strenuous journey. The next arrivals were Birkby and Scarff, and the brazen pair actually owned up to coming out by train, though Birkby at least, had an excuse, as this was his first appearance since he bent his collar bone.

The party soon swelled as Kettle, Hubert, Cook, Doleman, John Kinder and others arrived, and at the lawful hour we graciously allowed the old gent to stand us one (which he was very anxious to do in order that there should be no unforeseen happenings at the A.G.M.).

Tea was announced fairly promptly, and we made our way to the lower house to find a swarm of Mancunians around the fire, including George Brendon and Brother Wilfred, the fair Palfrey (sorry, I mean Godfrey), and Walton. Norman Turvey was there too, having played truant on the Friday and ridden over from Yorkshire.

There were only a few chickens, a bull, and a pig or two for tea, but we managed to make a meal of sorts with the aid of some vegetables and trimmings, and they even brought in Yorkshire Pudding in honour of Turvey's visit (so he said). Jack Salt dined on a brandy and port as his tummy was out of order somewhat, and this just goes to prove that the law of averages still functions!!

We had barely finished the snack when the Presider reminded us of the annual konklave, so we took up our chairs and proceeded to the council chamber.

Annual General Meeting, Halewood, 9th January, 1932.

Apologies for absence were received from Messrs. G. Newall, Humphreys, Dickman, and R. J. Austin, and there were 51 members present when the Chairman asked the meeting to take as read the minutes of the Special General Meeting last year, and this was carried with one dissentient; and he then called on the Hon. Secretary to read the minutes of the last A.G.M. and his report for 1931.

We learned that there are now 201 of us, that 9 new members were elected during the year, with 3 resignations and 4 names struck off.

He expressed the Club's regret at the deaths of J. V. Marchanton, a member since 1898, and W. A. Lowcock (1897).

There were 52 fixtures during the year and the attendance was an average improvement of 2 at 40.5, the highest being at the Invitation "100," when 85 turned out, and the lowest, at Cotebrook, on 31st January, when only 15 braved the hail, wind, and snow.

W. Orrell and Lockett again won the attendance prize, though of course Cook put in all the runs for about the 25th year in succession.

The Committee attendances had been good, and the tours were carried out successfully, Bettws at Easter attracting 42, with 10 on the alternative tour to the Warwickshire and Oxfordshire district.

Whit was spent in Shropshire for the "100," and the August Tour in the Malham district around Settle, while the Autumnal Tinted weekend at Llanarmon D.C., was as good as ever, and we succeeded in filling the West Arms, as well as one or two members.

Thirteen at Bettws for Christmas completed the touring programme, and the Hon. Secretary went on to thank Burgess for addressing the envelopes for the *Monthly Circular*. He concluded by saying it would be impossible for him to continue in office in 1932 and hoped that the support we had given him would be extended to his successor.

A resolution adopting the report and thanking Powell was carried and the Hon. Racing Secretary was called upon for his annual speech.

Kettle said that we had had a successful year and that all the races had been run as arranged, with G. B. Orrell, J. Pitchford, and J. J. Salt sharing the fastest awards in the "50's," and the other men showing improved times. In the Invitation "100," H. J. Townsend, of the Speedwell B.C., was fastest with a magnificent ride of 4.53.10, with Cave and Marshall 2nd and 3rd respectively. Unfortunately Orrell crashed about half-way round the course, and this put us out of the running for the team race, the Vegetarian C. & A.C. winning the first team medals and the M.C. & A.C. the second.

Only two of "ours" entered for the Invitation "24," in July, which was won by F. Hancock of the Manchester Grosvenor, with 389½ miles, who rode a great race and won in spite of running off the course. Gilbert, of the E.L.W., was second with 387 miles, and H. Rothwell, N.R.C., third with 379½ miles.

Ten riders ran out time and of "ours" Randall did 358½, while Jonas crashed early in the race and retired later in the day.

The "12" was run off in August and had only 11 entries, as the very fast men were saving themselves for an Open "12." Glover was fastest with 218¾ miles, with Connor, a novice, the handicap winner with 188 miles, R. J. Austin being second with 195½ and Jonas (tricycle) third with 197.

In the numerous Opens we had done very well and gained six fastest time prizes and thirteen 1st and 2nd team awards.

We appear to have broken records in the record line when on the 13th September, five of our men broke three records between them: Glover and Jonas, the Liverpool-London Tandem Bicycle, in 9 hrs. 48 mins., J. J. Salt, the Liverpool-London Single Bicycle, in 10 hrs. 25 mins., and G. B. Orrell and J. Pitchford, the N.R.R.A. Tandem Bicycle "12" with a magnificent performance of 256¾ miles.

In *Cycling's All-Rounder Competition*, G. B. Orrell was placed eighth in the list and J. J. Salt, 11th.

Kettle was given a hearty vote of thanks and his report was passed; and the Hon. Treasurer then read his report of the finances, from which it appeared that the Bank balance had been considerably reduced, but we were still well on the right side. One cause of the decline was the fact that there were a larger number than usual of outstanding subscriptions, and Knipe called upon members to pay up promptly. Another cause was the successful year on the road which our racing men had had, the Prize Fund having been raided to the extent of £137.

The Treasurer's report was passed together with a vote of thanks, when we passed to the next business "To consider Mr. R. L. Knipe's motion. In the opinion of this meeting (a) Winners of the Invitation 24 Hours' Road Ride and (b) Winners of the Fastest Time in the Invitation '100,' should be eligible to receive Gold Medals from the Club die." After some discussion in a very unparliamentary manner the motion was carried and it was understood that the medal would not be substituted for the usual prize but only to be given when the winners so desired.

Thereafter there were only the officers for 1932 to be elected and with Ven. in the chair Cook was re-elected President for 1932. Ven. was returned as Liverpool Vice-President and Albert Davies as Manchester Vice-President.

The Chairman then told us that we were to lose Kettle from the post of Racing Secretary, and went on to speak of the very efficient way in which he has done his job for the last 10 or 11 years, and how his successor would have an unenviable task in trying to emulate the high standard that had been set. Kettle then proposed and Glover seconded, *del Banco* for the position and he was unanimously elected.

Glover was returned to the Captain's job with acclamation, and Marriott took charge of the Housing Estate of the Sub-Captain, with Wilf Orrell as the Manchester collector of tea money. Knipe was given charge of the financial strings again, and Powell, the model secretary, was persuaded to keep his position, though he badly wanted to drop it on account of not being able to attend runs in the future with his usual regularity.

The Captain proposed a racing programme on the same lines as that of 1931, with a race for the Tricycle Trophy coupled with the "24," and this was carried.

Charlie Conway, for the 40th odd year proposed Bettws for the Easter Tour; and Chandler proposed the Mourne Mountains in County Down for the August Tour, and both were carried.

No alternative tour for Easter was proposed.

While we were waiting for the result of the ballot for the Committee, Cook informed us that Baron Fulton's offer of special prizes was still open.

The Committee elected were Chandler, E. Edwards, Jonas, Kettle, Lucas, Mercer, Ryalls, Salt and Scarff, and the meeting closed with a distressing scene when several members marched boldly up to the Treasurer and paid their subs. for 1932.

Heswall, 16th January, 1932.

The younger members thought that this was a new house of call for the Club, but we were only renewing our acquaintance as in the early part of the present century, the Club held a free-wheeling competition at Thurston, and afterwards proceeded to the Heswall Hotel, then known, I believe, as the Black Horse Hotel. I understand friend Chandler was responsible for our returning to this old house, and he is to be congratulated on his arrangements, as the fare provided, together with all etc's, even to the special Menu Cards headed Anfield B.C., were of high order. I did not leave home until the B.B.C. gentleman had half-finished his running commentary on the South Africans *v.* Scotland match, and when I took the road the weather was of the squally type. However, the venue was eventually reached after a detour of the Wirral Lanes. On arrival I found Teddy Edwards and Johnny Band just docking, and soon afterwards, the President, Hon. Sec. and Tommy Royden put in an appearance. Just before six o'clock about a dozen of the W.T.T.'s trooped into the tank and I gathered that they had been carrying out a gate crashing expedition at Hoylake, and were successful in getting a No. 1 tea at a house in Avondale Road, but they had to be content with using the back entrance.

About twenty-three sat down to the meal which, as far as I could gather, was thoroughly enjoyed by all present and it is hoped that Heswall will be the venue again on a not far distant date.

The week-enders were Cook and Doleman to Mouldsworth; Scarff to Chirk, and Jonas to Hinderton as the guest (*sic*) of John James.

Lymm, 16th January, 1932.

A wet, gusty wind was blowing as I wheeled out my bicycle for my first ride this year. After about 200 yards the rain and wind smote me unkindly, driving me back to throw the machine into the shed and drive out the car—stout fella!

At this stage pardon me mentioning that any run from my pen must be in the singular, as none but the brave ride over these blasted cobbles, during the winter, from the north, and now the Rawlinsons have faded out of the Club I tread the pedals of duty alone.

Walking around the village, Albert and I met Cody with his nice clean bicycle; I believe he comes on the rattler to these runs. Beneath the Eagle's wings we found the Doctor, Bob Poole, Haines, Jun., Wilf and Geoff., Hubert Buckley and Bert Green who was relating how he had arrived via Ship Canal.

After the usual well served tea we adjourned to the smoke-room and the conversation drifted to original C.T.C. runs, Bath Road and Anfield orgies, until about 8-0 when each took off his several way, resolved to meet some other day. This is a good place for a joint run, except for Kettle—who may find it too far.

Mold, 23rd January, 1932.

The Editor at *most* times is quite decent to me, but this Saturday he met me on the road, rode alongside (*not* behind) and held conversation, surely an honour, but there was a motive, men were deceivers

ever. When we parted at Hallow Road little did I know of his evil thoughts.

The Chester road looked clean and tidy, there were none of those cycles and things hanging about. Mr. Royden passed me here, but I was off my machine. In a few moments along came Glover, Connor and del Blotto in this order (Wallasey first again) so not being proud I rode with them as far as Queensferry, where Glover and I left the others and made our way towards a cup of tea. The ride after tea was simply glorious, the moon just rising above a slight mist, and bathing the countryside in soft light.

At dinner, Ryalls was "riled" because he was kept waiting two minutes. These youngsters! Still they *must* be humoured. Charlie mostly has "Salt" for dinner, and George had a "Scarff." The rest had the usual fine repast provided by the Dolphin. The "Three must-get-there's" left early to get to Llansannan. I presume that Jonas and Band had "Salt" on their "tails." Jack is very shy, he never likes pushing himself to the fore, except for the last mile. We set off for home at a sedate pace and under a wonderful sky, the young ones wanted to rush things, but with consistent riding the old (?) man of the party finished first to Evans' hill, which was walked in consideration of the boys.

Glendinning's lamp went out and the night was filled with whisperings. I think that I heard him say "lamps are a beastly nuisance," but I'm *not* too sure, when occasion arises I am rather hard of hearing. I hope he arrived home safely, we left him talking to his lamp and the whole wide world.

Goostrey, 23rd January, 1932.

Having, at long last, managed to tear myself away from my work at noon on Saturday, I dragged out the faithful steed from its winter lair, persuaded some good Cheshire air to enter (and remain in) the tyres, and sallied forth in, roughly, the direction of Goostrey. Rejoicing in the spring-like weather, I travelled by devious routes, diving into lanes of atrocious surface, cart tracks and field paths of ditto ditto, and finally emerged on the Knutsford/Holmes Chapel road, whence I made good progress to Allstock and Goostrey; arrived there with sore nether regions, but nevertheless quite happy. In spite of my roundabout route I found myself the first arrival, but had scarcely appropriated the best chair in the room, when the quiet country inn was invaded by hordes of hungry ruffians, all clamouring excitedly for food. This was soon forthcoming and sixteen sat down to a hearty meal.

We were glad to have Jack Pitchford with us, also Cody, both of whom had accomplished good rides to join us. The rest were those we are accustomed to have with us, and I could not help thinking what a distinguished company they were. We had with us no less than five Vice-Presidents (one acting and the others ex-), six frilled buttons, thirteen winners of prizes for Club races, seven Past or Present members of the N.R.R.A. Committee, in addition to numbers of assorted Sub-Captains and Committeemen.

Tea was of the usual Goostrey quality, and the conversation after the meal also reached a high standard, albeit nothing of a controversial nature was mentioned. The Mullah worked out the cost of his newspapers per week, finally deciding that the answer was a lemon, or maybe a lemon plus one penny for delivery, but the effort was too great and the party broke up and proceeded homewards. The homeward journey was accomplished with great ease under star-lit skies, and in spite of losing the Doctor in Alderley we reached home without mishap.

Kelsall, 30th January, 1932.

The weather on the last Saturday in January was quite in keeping with that of the rest of the month—the most wonderful January on record, for though the morning was gloomy with threatening rain, the afternoon cleared up splendidly, and there were bright patches of sunshine gleaming occasionally on distant hills.

Two dozen sat down to attack the steaming and appetising hot pot, and Lloyd, our newest and latest arrival, made us twenty-five. After the meal, Ven mooted the question of sending a telegram to the "All-Rounders" gathering in London, where Orrell and Salt were being honoured, and which the Presider and several others attended. Deep cogitation among several literary gents as to the wording of the wire produced many suggestions, varying from "Cheerio," to "Love and kisses," but at last Glover dashed out to send it.

It is rumoured that the Doctor and other Manchester men made a detour on their homeward way via the Fishpool Inn, as Lucas and Knipe had reported witnessing the slaughter of a sheep by a motor car. Probably there was feasting next day when they "returned with their muttons."

J. S. JONAS,
Editor.

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ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

FORMED MARCH 1879

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

MONTHLY CIRCULAR.

Vol. XXIX.

No. 313

FIXTURES FOR MARCH, 1932

Tea at 6-0 p.m.

			Light up at
Mar.	5	Halewood (Derby Arms)	6-25 p.m.
"	12	Farndon (Raven)	6-38 p.m.
"	14	Committee Meeting, 7 p.m. (Victoria Hotel, St. John's Lane, L'pool)	
"	19	Acton Bridge (Leigh Arms)	6-50 p.m.
"	25/28	EASTER TOUR—Bettws-y-Coed (Glan Aber)	7-6 p.m.
April	2	Chester (Bull and Stirrup)	7-17 p.m.
"	9	Tarporley (Swan)	7-31 p.m.

ALTERNATIVE FIXTURES FOR MANCHESTER MEMBERS:

Tea at 5-30 p.m.

Mar.	5	Goostrey (Red Lion)	6-25 p.m.
"	12	Holmes Chapel (Swan)	6-38 p.m.
April	2	Goostrey (Red Lion)	7-17 p.m.

Full Moon ... 22nd 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.

APPLICATION FOR MEMBERSHIP.—Mr. J. A. Smithies, 72 Turves Road, Cheadle Hulme, Stockport; proposed by Mr. R. J. Austin; seconded by Mr. R. H. Carlisle.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS.—W. H. Lloyd, 30 Catherine Street, Sealand Road, Chester.

EASTER TOUR.—Accommodation has again been reserved at the Glan Aber Hotel, Bettws-y-Coed. The charges are as usual, *viz.*, 12/- per day (dinner, single bed and breakfast), and 10/6 per day for those who "double up." Will members who intend to participate in the Tour kindly let me have their names at once, in any case not later than the 19th inst., at the same time giving me the day they intend to arrive at Bettws.

Daily runs have been arranged as follows:—Friday, Cerrig-y-Druidion (White Lion); Saturday, Beaunaris (Williams-Bulkeley Arms); Sunday, Festiniog (Pengwern Arms). Lunch, 1-30 p.m. each day.

H. W. POWELL,

Hon. General Secretary.

RACING NOTES.

The dates for the Club races, as announced in last month's *Circular*, have been adopted with one alteration, *viz.*, 4th Club "50" has been moved to September 17th.

Training.

The Skipper proposes to run two training "25's" over the usual course; the first on March 19th, and the second on April 2nd. Dressing accommodation and tea will be provided at Mrs. Bell's, Grange Villas, Rowton, near Chester. Those who are keen on getting their "bellows" in action again are requested to notify the Captain.

Open Events.

The dates of the Open Events in which our riders are likely to be interested are as follows: Easter Monday, March 28th—Potteries "50." April 10th—Stretford Wheelers' "25." April 24th—Dukinfield "50." May 8th—Cheshire Roads' "50." May 29th—Birchfield "50." "Andy Wilson" Memorial "50." June 12th—East Liverpool Wheelers' "50." June 18th—Manchester Wheelers' "50." June 26th—Manchester Grosvenor Wheelers' "100." July 3rd—Altrincham Ravens' Tandem "50." July 10th—North Rd. Memorial "50." Bank Holiday—August 1st—Bath Road "100." Speedwell "100." August 14th—Anerley "12." August 28th—Westerley Roads' "100." September 3rd—Poly. Gayler "12." September 4th—Palatine "50." September 10th—Manchester Wheelers' "12." September 16/17th—North Road "24." September 25th—Vegetarian C. & A.C. "50." October 2nd—North Road "100."

Potteries' C.C. "50," Easter Monday, March 28th.

We hope to be strongly represented in this event, which will be run off over a Shropshire course. Any members who are able to assist our men are requested to notify the Skipper.

Entries for the Stretford Wheelers' "25" close on the 2nd April.

S. DEL BANCO,

Hon. Racing Secretary.

TREASURY NOTES.

I find that our last month's wonderful record of paid Subscriptions was really 50 members, not 48, as the names of Messrs. Chandler and Dutton-Walker, who paid in January, were omitted owing to circumstances beyond my control.

This month I have pleasure in recording a steady influx, twenty members having forwarded their Subscriptions and/or Donations (*), for which I hereby thank them.

Thus more than one-third of our members have paid up in the first two months of the year. This is splendid, and if such a rate could be continued, the Treasurer's job would differ greatly from that of the Gilbertian policeman.

Will all those who have the means, try to make this desirable possibility into a realised actuality.

H. R. Band.	J. Long.	*A. T. Simpson.
W. D. Band.	A. Lucas.	W. E. Taylor.
A. Davies.	*A. Lusty.	E. A. Thompson.
E. Haynes.	F. D. McCann.	W. C. Tierney.
W. Crompton Hum- phreys.	C. Moorby.	N. Turvey.
W. H. Kettle.	L. Oppenheimer.	H. Wilson.
Geo. Lake.	J. S. Roberts.	

Fell in Manchester.

Dave Fell missed his Club run to Pulford on February 13th through having to attend the Bankers' Banquet in Manchester on that date, but he deserves to score an attendance with the alternative section for carrying out the ceremony of officially opening the new Mersey Bridge for use by Manchester Anfielders, and this he did with his usual aplomb.

In a few well chosen words he drew attention to the forceful manner in which Manchester—by this crossing of the mountain stream—had forestalled Liverpool's more laborious subterranean effort across the tideway.

The Manchester representative expressed the hope that Mr. Fell would soon accomplish the Liverpool sub-marine passage and that the troubles of ventilating the air would soon be brushed away by his breezy manner. Fell's air, like that of Skegness, has always been: "So Breezy."

Before turning his back on the waters, David ventured—for he is never afraid—to point to the audacity on the part of the Irwell Capital in planting her foot in Cheshire, and thrusting a bulge in what was once a rival kingdom. With a sardonic smile he scrutinised the imprint to see if it was made by a Cloven Hoof.

Extract from "Cycling." The Big Twelve and How They Winter.
G. B. Orrell, Anfield B.C.

During the off season the "Cock o' the North" acts as if he had never raced in his life

J. J. Salt, Anfield B.C.

Seeks to be fit all the while and rides regularly. Says it is much better to turn out and enjoy a day's run without making it hard by slacking (but sees that no one else enjoys the day's run.—ED. A.B.C.)

. . . . Finds low geared road work suits him perfectly. (It doesn't suit us.—ED.) Rarely drinks in season, but has an occasional glass during the winter (and that's one too many.—ED.) Goes in for plain diet all the year round. (Oh! you fibber. You little George Wash-

ington.—ED.) Takes as many week-ends and evening spins as possible and has a tour at Christmas. (Are you *sure* it's a tour.—ED.) But certainly does not by any means lead a hectic life during the non-racing season. (Well I'm blessed.—ED.)

IN MEMORIAM. W. J. NEASON.

It is with profound regret that we have to announce the sad death of W. J. NEASON, at the age of 62, which occurred with startling suddenness on February 18th. Neason had successfully passed through an operation at the Middlesex Hospital the week before and was making satisfactory progress towards complete recovery when a clot of blood jumped to the heart, and he was interred on February 22nd, at Christ Church Cemetery, Barnet, the very day he had been looking forward to representing us at the R.R.A. Meeting to which body he has been one of our delegates for several years. Neason joined the Club in 1892 and had therefore been a loyal member for 40 years. In 1893 he commenced to ride in our events and did fastest time (2.53.50) in one of the Fifties and 165 miles in the first half of the "24." In 1894 he secured a special prize as the Best Novice of the year, as a result of winning one of the "50's" with 2.45.0, and the "24" with the Northern record distance of 335 miles, in addition to which he broke the Northern 12 Hours' record with 183½ miles and (having lost the 24 record) the Northern "24" record with 358 miles. In 1895 he rode a "50" in 2.25.17 and won a Special prize for the most records by securing the Bath and back record with 12.31.4, and Edinburgh-London record with 27.38.0, as well as Northern "100" Tandem record (with the late H. B. Saunders) of 5.14.26. 1896 saw Neason riding in the Bordeaux-Paris race when he was 4th with 23.9.45, and in 1897 he *twice* broke the Brighton and back record with 5.19.39 and 5.6.42, which latter was the last attempt with pacing and was not beaten unpaced until 1927; while his racing career was appropriately concluded in 1898, when he secured the Liverpool-London record with 11.43.0. On his retirement from the game he loved so much, Neason never ceased his interest, either in it or the Club, and has rendered yeoman service to other speedmen.

A man of quiet, retiring demeanour, he was none the less most lovable and his loss to the Club is most severe. In the best sense of the word, Neason made History and his memory in all our hearts will ever remain green. At the funeral we were represented by the Presider, while F. T. Bidlake represented the North Road C.C. and S. M. Vanheems represented the R.R.A. Appropriately enough he now lies in a God's acre abutting on the Liverpool-London road at Barnet, and so near its junction with the Great North Road as to be within a stone's throw. May he rest in peace. To his widow and family our deepest sympathy is extended.

EDITORIAL.

We must thank all those members who *so kindly* asked us where the "Grosvenor Arms, Halewood" was and would like to point out that this is an error on our part, which we humbly regret. As we understand that this is the first time that an error has appeared in the *Monthly Circular* we crave our readers' indulgence and promise that it shall not occur again.

Forty Years Ago.

Extract from the "Liverpool Football Echo," Sat., March 5th, 1892.

It was high time the cyclists of Liverpool raised their voices in protest against the proposed annexation of this City by Cottonopolis. Manchester may absorb us as a port, if she can, but as a cycling centre we will, as Colonel Saunderson would say, die in the last ditch—we do not mean the Ship Canal—ere we submit to lose our identity and independence.

The ultimatum—we may call it such—of the Liverpool cyclists demands the formation here of a new centre of the National Union. At present our local wheelmen, members of the Union, are controlled from Manchester. The situation is intolerable. Manchester has annexed County Cricket and made it a mere branch department of its local club. But the Cyclists' Union is a national affair or it is nothing, and the demand of Liverpool, if firmly and unanimously supported, cannot reasonably be refused.

Echoes of the Day.

What is the cycle of next season to be like? That was the chief problem which the Society of Cyclists' at their recent meeting had to solve. Improvements in detail in bicycles and tricycles have been so numerous of late that the public are a little bewildered on the point, and timid purchasers hesitate to order a new machine. Mr. Hartung, who opened the debate, had no hesitation in saying that the coming bicycle is the bicycle with pneumatic tyres of improved construction and with an extended wheelbase.

Extract from the Cycling Notes ("Flier.")

Last Saturday was an excellent day for the wheelman, and it was evident from the number of machines to be seen on the most popular roads that he was making the most of it. The decided elongation of the day-time at present enables the ardent wheeler to put in an hour or so on week-day evenings, and the goodly number who do do this points out that the season is almost upon us.

I was surprised at the tameness of the speeches at the cyclist meeting on Wednesday last, but I suppose the speakers intended the applause to express their views, as Hughes, Currie and Lorrie Fletcher were frequently cheered on by their respective supporters . . . what a pity it is that the Anfielders have estranged themselves from their brother clubs . . . I must confess that Lorrie Fletcher's remarks influenced me greatly.

The Anfielders turned out thirty-five members last Saturday for a paperchase, which proved excellent sport. The hares were Alf. Deakin and C. G. Worth. A finish up was made at the Ship, Rainhill, and after a good tea, a capital social evening ensued.

How to Make a Pair of "Shorts."

(This stupendous article—obtained, in exchange for a palatial fee, from one of the World's Worst Writers—is chiefly for the benefit and instruction of obtuse fellows like Kook, Kettle, Kooper, and Kody, who insist on wearing their prehistoric plus-twos. The article will be completed, despite the enormous expense, in one issue of the "Circular"—if the Editor and printers survive.)

First take a pair of trousers, preferably when the owner is not looking—and certainly when he is not wearing them, for thus it is that our Divorce Courts are crowded to suffocation. Lay the trousers flat on the dining-room table, if any. (If no dining-room table, the top of the piano or the roof of the cycle-house will do.)

Ascertain by means of a tape-measure (elastic is not recommended for the purpose—though it is well-known that Grandad uses elastic in connection with his mileage chart) how many rods, poles, or perches separate the ankle from the knee of the individual for whom the "shorts" are intended. Then measure from the southern end of the permanent turn-up of the trousers a corresponding number of rods, poles, or perches, marking the spot thus arrived at, which will be in the baggy portion of the garments, where, in normal times, the knees dwell.

Take a pair of scissors, garden-shears, or a knife and fork (or possibly a pensioned-off safety razor blade), and cut away that portion of the trousers which in future is destined to be "surplus to establishment." (This portion can subsequently be used for soleing and heeling the "shorts" when and where constant friction with B 17's results in ventilation.) Turn up the ends of the "shorts" to the extent of an inch or a millimeter or a millipede or something and secure with Seccotine (Advt.), glide-on clips, or staples. Drawing pins are not recommended for this purpose. After the knees have been well scrubbed, the "shorts" will be ready for use.

If in the course of the conversion process you also carve a large hole in the table cloth, hurriedly bury the latter (complete with hole) in the back garden, and then cultivate an innocent expression of countenance in case the missis asks awkward questions.

N.B.—Cut this out: it may never appear again.

("May" never? It certainly won't.—Ed.)

The Coming of the Rear-Sprite.

Gazing backwards over these last twenty years, nothing stands out more clearly than the raging tumult over the rearlight question, scarcely interrupted by the war, when cyclists—alone of all people—had to exhibit extra illumination. Later a compromise was arrived at in the form of reflectors, a compromise not devoid of humour, when viewed from the correct angle. In that great controversy our Editors and Captains gave us members a constant lead, a very necessary one seeing that every lounge and smokeroom, every bar parlour or platform became a seething battlefield, where the subject was fought out. Every cycle owner was suspect in the eyes of the *nouveau-petroleur*. For fury of discourse, no other cause had roused such sentiment since the notorious Tichborne case fifty years ago, which to this day separates me from my best friend except on those occasions when he invites me to lunch.

Of all the Daily Press Editors, only one—he of the *Manchester Guardian*—who alone of all Editors chose to cycle to his desk (whatever the hour), while others chose to motor, remained neutral and by fitting three rearlights to his backstays prolonged his life by full twenty years. Not until yesterday, in this peaceful atmosphere of reflectors, did he depart this life.

How unequal seemed the struggle: The loud lamplighters far outcried the modest moonlighters—those cyclists who gallantly maintained the rights of the wheelriders. And what a triumph—for the latter remains to this day the sarcastic wink and blink of the pink reflector.

But what is it that has come to pass without a hint or whisper, without any demand from the road-hog, without a request from any speed-bug?

Just when the discomfitted road-fiend had come to despair of the futility of the reflector, that has defeated his outcry for red lamps, there has appeared a device from the active brain of some cyclist, a contrivance so ingenious, an appliance so dexterous, such as no muddled motor skull ever thought of.

It is so far-reaching that it outshines the most lurid red that motorists ever saw in all their fury. And yet it notifies the presence of the unseen cyclist by the sheer humour of its swerving streak of dazzling whiteness. Like a feather up the nose of the undertaker, it tickles the impatient motorist to distraction. By being the very opposite of what he so long clamoured for, it has silenced him into the stillness of stupor.

But what we members want is a lead from our leaders. What is its name? What do we ask for? What should be its measure and what is its price? How is it attached, and above all: Can it be made in Club Colours?

ITEMS.

It is understood that Grandad's offer to accept the post of barman at the "Penggern Arms," Ffestiniog, on terms to be arranged, has been firmly but gently refused. Mrs. Hayward explains that, after all, she is in the business to make a living.

Further particulars are now available regarding the Club's latest offspring, the Ffestiniog Ffuddlers, to which reference was made in our last issue. The Articles of Association have been lodged with the Board of Trade, or the Inspector of Nuisances, or somewhere, to await Third Reading. The Constitution possesses certain unusual features, in that autocratic powers are vested in the Founder and Chief Ffuddler. In pursuance of, to, or with these powers the Founder has the privilege of nominating the President. He has therefore nominated Grandad for that exalted post, at a salary running into thousands (of haricot beans). Upon the President rests sole responsibility for the appointment of officers, and the following positions have been filled by the respective individuals named:—

Captain	-	W. P. Cook.
Hon. Sec.	-	W. Pagan Cook.
Hon. Treas.	-	William P. Cook.
Hon. Bugler	-	William Pagan Cook.
Hon. Auditor	-	Wm. Pagan Cook.

Turvey asserts that up to the end of January, at any rate, he had enjoyed this summery winter much more than the wintery summer of 1931.

* * * * *

Dickman says that he wouldn't be seen dead wearing "shorts." We don't suppose he would. But he is quite wrong when he asserts that they get baggy at the knees.

* * * * *

Tommy Royden wants to know whether the town of Stafford boasts of a river. Well, Stafford possesses a river, but without boasting of it.

* * * * *

In the course of a treatise on cycle camping, the Editorial Person gives a very useful hint on the matter of cooking bacon. He says that the bacon is cooked when it has turned black and all the steamers in the vicinity (presuming one is camping near the coast) begin to blow their fog sirens.

* * * * *

Jack Salt has expressed the view that, given his time over again, he would like nothing better than to be a cyclist. Ambitious youth!

* * * * *

We understand that Chandler, disturbed by the procession of new lecturers and determined not to be left, has decided to take a hand at the game, and is just completing a lantern lecture under the title of "With knife and fork through Clackmannanshire, being the perambulations and peregrinations of a humble push-cyclist riding a low-down pedal-cycle." Robinson, who once traversed the district in the "Night Scot," is helping with the historical, geographical, ornithological, astronomical, gastronomical, glossological, zoological, entomological, psychological, and hysterical details, and is also (with his habitual generosity) lending Chandler a number of Cook's slides. We gather that the lecturer-in-embryo (if Prank will excuse the term) is willing to give the show on a purely honorary basis, in return for a substantial fee, to such organisations as the G.P.O., the R.S.P.C.A., the R.M.S., the L.M.S., the U.S.A., and the Tail Waggers Club.

* * * * *

We noticed in the Library the other day a book entitled "Simpson—An Autobiography." Now we can have the lurid past in all its detail!

* * * * *

Now that the Old Gent has missed four runs out of five through attending such functions as the Laues. R.C. Dinner, the All-Rounders' Concert, the M.C. & A.C. Dinner, etc., we find that we can get along quite well without him. This new scheme of getting a Club run in by attending a cycling club annual "bust up" is the chance of a life time and we can get rid of the Presider for the winter by making him our official representative at all the functions to which the Club is invited.

There is no doubt that he lowers the tone of the Anfield at our weekly gatherings. The arrival of a sweaty old cyclist, riding a rattling and decrepit tricycle, is enough to make any self respecting inn-keeper close the door on cyclists for ever, and the arrival of Teddy Edward's lordly chariot is not enough to dispel the bad impression. Even when we have the support of a Rawlinson, or our Mr. Morton, or even Lord

Horrocks himself, or the Tea Tasters disguised as hiking-golfers, the presence of the Pagan prevents us passing as perfectly perfect push-cyclists.

* * * * *

We are very pleased to hear that Charlie Conway is out of hospital and making a splendid recovery after his operation, and we hope he will soon be out with us again.

C.T.C. and Mersey Road Club Dinner, 1st February, 1932.

At this joint function we were represented by Brazendale (in the Chair), W. P. Cook, Chandler, Mark Haslam, Edwards, Venables, G. Newall, Fell, Doleman and Salt, while Mercer was only prevented from being present by a slight cold.

If you want to know what kind of a "do" it was, ask Jack Salt. He said it was great. To both the C.T.C. and M.R.C. we owe a great deal and our support might very well have been larger. The guest of the evening was "Petronella," who expressed her disappointment at the absence of Royden and Kettle. She not only distributed the C.T.C. awards but delivered an excellent speech in proposing the toast of the Sport and Pastime to which ex-President Elias responded in an equally brilliant effort. Mark Haslam excelled himself in proposing the toast of the C.T.C. and M.R.C. in most felicitous terms and Brazendale gave us both barrels in reply. It fell to the lot of our Presider to hand out the M.R.C. prizes and propose the toast of the Prize winners, which he did with commendable brevity and was replied to by J. C. Jones the M.R.C. champion.

Gilbert Sutcliffe proposed the toast of the Visitors (among whom we noticed Barlow of the Manchester Wheelers and MacQueen of the C.R.C.), which was responded to by Cox of the Liverpool Century, while George Newall took part in the musical programme and sang divinely as usual, and the evening closed with an excellent speech by Miss Teague in proposing the health of Brazendale, to which he suitably replied.

M.C. & A.C. Dinner, 6th February, 1932.

We have of course been represented for many years at this function by Charlie Boyes and Albert Lusty, who are loyal members of both clubs, but this year the Presider decided to yield to the pressure which has been exerted for a quarter of a century and represent us more specifically among the guests which included Bidlake, Stancer, Vanheems, England, Ashley Tayler and Goodwin, not to mention the Deputy Chief Constable of the Big City. It was a magnificent gathering and the welcome awarded our President was most enthusiastic—indeed, Lusty, who proposed the toast of the Guests, had so much to say about W. P. Cook in his brilliant speech that it was almost embarrassing.

Under the Presidency of W. Jackson the hospitality of the M.C. & A.C. knew no bounds, and we are not surprised to learn that the O.G. greatly enjoyed his week-end as he was able to *ride* both ways and had the felicity of chatting with such men as David Noon, W. E. Jones, W. Herman, Hackett, Frank Whitworth, Charlie Dawes, Capener, Frank Urry, the brothers Powell, Tom Peck and C. A. Hyde, as well as those mentioned above and many others. We don't think he will require much persuading to go again, if he did not blot his copybook, and receives an invitation.

R.R.A. Meeting, 22nd February, 1932.

As a delegate of the Individual Subscribers, Cook cycled down to London over the week-end, being met at Gailey by Lusty and his son on a tandem and piloted through Walsall to their domicile and excellently entertained on the Saturday night. On the Sunday the Lusty's again piloted the O.G. to Meriden (to visit the Cyclists' War Memorial in his capacity as Conservator) and Wellesbourne Hastings for lunch, after which he proceeded to Banbury and at Aignho met Beardwood, Hillhouse, Osborne, Rowlands and Mazzepa. Osborne and Rowlands had to get home that night, but Beardwood, Hillhouse and Mazzepa kept the Presider company at Ivinghoe and in due course next day the Metropolis was reached in excellent time for the meeting. At the meeting Hotine deputised for Neason and the proceedings were quite peaceful and mostly of a routine order, resulting in the re-election of exactly the same officers and Committee, with the exception of a new Hon. Auditor. There were, however, two resolutions which involved some considerable discussion. Whinnett again proposed the addition of "out and home" records for 50 and 100 miles, with the same speech with its false analogies as on a previous occasion, but it was hopelessly beaten with 29 for and 42 against. MacQueen of the C.R.C. was not present to move his proposition to weaken the Rule on the appointment of Timekeepers, but Doubleday deputised for him and Stock of the Poly. representing the Palatine, seconded with statements about difficulties in Yorkshire that were not entirely accurate. Only 16 voted in favour and there was no need to count the negative votes.

After the meeting "other business" was satisfactorily dealt with at the Strand Palace Hotel, and with Home Rails to Crewe the Presider got back safely next day.

Halewood, 6th February, 1932.

There were missing from the 25 members attending this run several of the old "regulars." To mention a few: we waited in vain for the Presider to take his usual place as the "carver-in-chief," until someone announced that he was representing the Club at the dinner of the M.C. & A.C. in what Wayfarer calls "The Big City"; Chandler was taking a different kind of exercise, walking over mountains and hills in Wales; Cody and several of the racing men had gone to the Manchester run; and nobody knows where Tommy Royden had gone.

The upstairs section having enjoyed a meal well up to Halewood standard, adjourned to the lower room and here a very pleasant hour was spent. Several of the elder brethren had struck a vein of reminiscences and talked most delightfully of achievements and doings of the past. The chief artist was Arthur Simpson who was in excellent form and he held our interest and attention as he told us, in his own inimitable way, how, while riding in a "50," he was once summoned and fined by the police for "furious riding"; that he still treasured the summons as documentary evidence of speed, the like of which not even Orrell or Salt could boast. Then he, and Knipe and Chem, contributed recollections of an old-time tandem possessing impish peculiarities of its own, and apparently notable in its day, which they referred to as the "Manx" tandem. Altogether a very pleasant interlude, giving us a glimpse of happy days in the past and serving to remind us what a wonderful institution the old Club is.

Holmes Chapel, 6th February, 1932.

A run to Holmes Chapel, in February, with the weather neither good nor bad, does not provide a great deal of material for the ever open maw of our friend the Editor and his battle-axe *Circular*.

The weather, as I have said was good, but not brilliant: the groaning board of mine host at the "Swan" was excellent. (But then we all know of this without my setting it down in print.) Stay! I have yet to write of the attendance. Many sleeps have I had since the happy day of which I write, but I believe we were, all told, 32 strong. New-comers and irregulars included J. E. Rawlinson and Urban Taylor, Hubert Buckley and father, and Bren, who had made a long and difficult sprint from his distant homestead "Wintergreen Villa." We were also favoured with the presence of a *gentleman*, because he was dressed in a blue suit and spoke with apparent authority on high finance and limited companies. His name I know not.

The highest honour of all was bestowed on the happy gathering when coffee was in the offing and matches flickering. It appeared at first as a cloud of steam from which issued sounds closely akin to a battle-charger with "the bonk." However it was only Dick Ryalls who spoke of a ravenous horde proceeding from the West. They duly arrived—del Blotto and George Connor on a "pig," and, yes! Charles Randall himself! After a short discussion with the landlord they were duly provided with food, after which they quickly regained their composure. Having fed and rested they were put back on to their machines to commence their return journey.

With the newly appointed snub-captain I was amongst the first to depart. It would appear that Wilf and Geoff have temporarily dissolved partnership and I heard someone say *cherchez la femme*, which must be something to do with the knock.

Thus ended another delightful but uneventful visit to the Swan. And so for the present I leave you.

Pulford, 13th February, 1932.

Having been invited by Jack Walton to accompany him to Pulford I hurried home from the office to get the tandem ready for the trip, and to have lunch before the time arranged for our departure. The appointed hour arrived, but not Jack Walton, for which of course I was quite prepared, having had similar appointments with him before. However, we managed to take to the road only half-an-hour late, which, with the following wind, gave us ample time.

The afternoon was fine—apart from a light shower about Altrincham—and we made good time through Northwich to Tarvin, where we turned off to meander pleasantly through the lanes to Egg Bridge and Eaton Park. A quiet stroll over the Iron Bridge and through the Park brought us to our destination soon after five o'clock, to find ourselves the first arrivals; however, we amused ourselves (and the spectators) at the billiard table until the Presider arrived, shortly followed by the usual hungry swarm clamouring for tea, which was soon ready. As we took our places at the tables, Charlie Randall appeared, looking very hot and bothered, having, so he said, just dropped Jack Salt.

Bren Orrell and the rest on the way down from Kelsall. These completed the party, to the number of about thirty, who did ample justice to the usual good fare provided.

Half-an-hour's chat after tea, and the party began to disperse, leaving the billiard experts to their usual match. We rode to Chester with the crowd and then turned off in company with Orrell, and Pitchford who was week-ending at Siddington, as far as the Winsford fork, where we said good-night and continued alone for Northwich and home.

Mouldsworth, 20th February, 1932.

Thirty members turned up for tea, including eight from Manchester. The day was fine, the fog fortunately holding off for one afternoon. As we arrived, Bren Orrell passed on the front of a bicycle made for two, in a cloud of dust, doing a few extra miles to keep himself warm while waiting for tea. Wilf Orrell manfully stood outside the Station Hotel in an open-necked shirt and shorts, trying not to shiver, while he assured all the real motorists in overcoats, sheepskin gloves and mufflers that he was really far warmer than they were. Appearances were agin' him, but as Shakespeare says, all the world loves a liar. Various suggestions that he should swap breeches with the young lady in a riding habit across the way were rejected with shivers of contempt.

Clouds of steam and a loud whistling heralded the approach of Dave Rowatt, stepping delicately like Agag down the station approach, whilst Johnny Band dashed in wearing a semi-Fascist Black Shirt. His brother Harold, however, still wears a collar and tie like a relic of the days when cyclists were gentlemen, and gentlemen were cyclists.

The quality drove up in their carriages, the Liverpool branch having sixteen horses to the Manchester's fourteen, the City of Perpetual Sunshine thus being two down at the start.

Representative samples of the better elements of Liverpool arrived in two's and three's, amongst them a strong contingent of youths garbed as golfing gentlemen above the waist and hikers below it, only their shoes betraying the cloven pedal. The crowning glory was provided by the strong arm of the law from Chester, who came dressed as a golfing gentleman from the waist up, with Oxford bags below, excusing his lateness with the story that he had to carry his boat overland from the Dee.

Tea was partaken of in a room the walls of which were lined with cartoons of celebrities of the Turf. Chandler ate lustily and shamelessly under the portrait of a 6 stone 10 lbs. jockey, while Teddy Edwards brought out a special cigar and gave a good character sketch of Lord Lonsdale at Epsom. Tommy Royden sat under the portrait of a gentleman in a top hat and trimmings, a picture which recalled, so powerfully, memories of his better days that he only laughed once, and left early after dropping his acetylene lamp in his agitation.

Teddy Edwards took Venables and Dave Rowatt home in his car, after retailing stories smacking somewhat of the stable-yard, anent an old gent and a certain lady and gay nights in Nantwich.

Johnny Band told a select circle of listeners how Sir Josiah Stamp ("Jos" to Johnny) dropped the L.M.S. Ordinary dividend to $\frac{1}{4}$ % to do him out of his Easter at Bettws. (Our Financial Correspondent

learns on good authority that Sir Josiah strongly denies this.) It appears that in comparison with the money Johnny has lost in the last six months the Wall Street crash was a picnic.

A lively discussion took place as to crediting runs for attendance at various functions, interested everyone except the Secretary, who puts himself down whether he is there or not. Incidentally, he secured a seat in front of the fire by the simple expedient of refusing to write down the name of anyone who sat nearer the fire than he did. A strong body of opinion supported the proposal that a run should be credited to everyone who bought a platform ticket at Lime Street. Manchester members concurred on the understanding that the same privilege was extended to London Road Station.

Soon after tea—an excellent meal spoil for me personally only by an introduction to the toll-gatherer—the party broke up and went its several ways, under a wintry moon.

Flint, 27th February, 1932.

Twenty odd members turned up at the Royal Oak for one of the worst feeds we have had for many years, and this on a day when a violent East wind was blowing and it was essential to get outside some good food.

The service was also rotten and to add insult to injury the management sent up a "local," with no collar or tie and in his shirt sleeves, to play the piano, so that everyone left early. Johnny Band wanted to know who had found the beastly place and when Chandler's name was given, a murderous look came into Johnny's eye, which boded ill for poor old Frank.

Cook departed early for the (Northern) Tricycle Association week-end at Nantwich and must have had an unpleasant ride into the wind.

A party of Youth Hostellers departed for the palace at Llansannan and had a most enjoyable week-end, which included a trip from Trefriw to Llyn Crafnant, and then over the top to Capel Curig, complete with tandems. The party of six called in at the Glanaber for a cup of tea and found George Lake looking very well, likewise our old friend, Mr. Cannon.

But the tit-bit of the week-end was when John James S. was utterly "bonked" and muttering piteously "Don't go any faster."

Lymm, 27th February, 1932.

It was fine to be out on this bright, spring day, with blue sky and white scudding clouds. True, the wind had some velocity and pushing against it wasn't too easy, but then you got it behind you sometimes and then it was real good value.

Lymm is a quaint little place and I suppose if it were 200 miles from home, instead of on the doorstep, we should enthuse about it, instead of using it simply as a place at which to get a meal. Its narrow twisty streets, its abrupt changes of elevation, and its steep bridges, make pictures everywhere one turns, and a pleasant hour or two could be spent in wandering round it.

Fourteen of us sat down to feed at the Spread Eagle, an inn that has been refurnished intelligently, and if only the heating arrangements were satisfactory, it would be quite the old fashioned "Mine Inn," I'll not say anything about the meal, except that I've had better, there and elsewhere. Before the meal we had some wireless entertainment, provided by a portable set. The programme not being to the taste of some of the experts, they endeavoured to change it, with disastrous results—it conked out altogether. Later, when it was again required, it had vanished; perhaps it had gone to be repaired.

As I had to clear out early, I cannot tell what befell when the incidents usually begin to arrive, but I hope everybody got home as expeditiously as I did.

We regret, that up to the time of going to press, no account of the run to Arclid has come to hand.—EDITOR.

J. S. JONAS,
Editor.

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ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

FORMED MARCH 1879

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

MONTHLY CIRCULAR.

Vol. XXIX.

No. 314

FIXTURES FOR APRIL, 1932.

Tea at 6-0 p.m.

			Light up at
April	2	Chester (Bull and Stirrup)	7-17 p.m.
"	9	Tarporley (Swan)	7-39 p.m.
"	11	Committee Meeting, 7-0 p.m. (Victoria Hotel, St. John's Lane, L'pool)	
"	16	First "50" Miles' Handicap	7-43 p.m.
"	23	Mouldsworth (Station Hotel)	9-26 p.m.
"	30	Second "50" Miles' Handicap	9-57 p.m.
May	7	Highwayside (Travellers Rest)	9-50 p.m.

ALTERNATIVE FIXTURE FOR MANCHESTER MEMBERS:

Tea at 5-30 p.m.

April	2	Goostrey (Red Lion)	7-17 p.m.
		Full Moon, 20th inst. Summer Time begins 17th 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.

A resolution recording the deep regret of the Club and sympathy with the relatives of the late Mr. W. J. Neason and Mr. R. Edmonds was passed in silence.

NEW MEMBER.—Mr. J. A. Smithies has been elected to Full Membership.

Mr. E. Parry has been transferred to Honorary Membership.

Mr. H. Poole has been appointed Timekeeper for the Club Twelve and Invitation Twenty-four.

Mr. W. P. Cook has been appointed Timekeeper for the Invitation "100" and the four 50 miles' handicap.

H. W. POWELL,
Hon. General Secretary.

TREASURY NOTES.

My appeal has fallen on deaf ears. The slump in the pound is a mere nothing compared with the slump in Subscriptions during the past month, for only five stalwarts have answered to the rallying call. Well, "the fewer men, the greater share of honour," and they are hereby thanked for their subscriptions and/or donations (*).

*S. J. Buck.

E. O. Morris.

J. H. Williams.

F. L. Edwards.

H. Roskell.

R. LEIGH KNIPE,

*Hon. Treasurer.***IN MEMORIAM. R. EDMUNDS.**

It is again our painful duty to announce the passing of an old member in the person of REUBEN EDMUNDS, on March 12th, at the age of 64. In this case, however, death must have come as a happy release, for Edmunds had a stroke about three years ago, from which he never recovered, although he suffered his prolonged illness with characteristic cheerfulness and fortitude. Although Edmunds only joined the Club in 1918 and from the nature of his business was never able to be a Club runner, he had been fraternally associated with us for over 30 years. It was his loyalty to the Birkenhead C.C. that prevented him seeking membership with us until the War had forced that organisation to cease to function, but once having joined us there was never any question of his resigning when the Birkenhead C.C. was re-born and elected him to the Presidency, and his interest in the Anfield was always of the keenest. Quite frequently he joined us at the Glan Aber at Easter, was always out at Prees Heath for the "100," and a regular supporter of the F.O.T.C. meets at Hatfield and Ripley, so that he was quite well known to the Elder Brethren, and his passing is another inevitable milestone in the Club's progress. To his family we extend our deepest sympathy in this sad hour of their bereavement.

RACING NOTES.

First "50," 16th April, 1932.

Second "50," 30th April, 1932.

These events will be run over the usual course. Entries must reach me not later than Friday, April 8th, 1932, in the case of the first "50," and Friday, April 22nd, 1932, in the case of the second "50." Entry Forms must be used, which can be obtained from the Captain.

Dukinfield C.C. "50," April 24th, 1932.

We will have several men riding in this event and any assistance will be appreciated.

Invitation "100," 16th May, 1932.

Those who wish to compete in this event must let me have their names not later than April 23rd, for the consideration of the Selection Committee. Selection will be based on merit.

A large number of helpers will be required for this event for checking, marshalling and feeding. I am now taking the names of those able to assist. Please do not wait to be asked.

The members' attention is drawn to the altered Standards, as shown in the Handbook.

S. DEL BANCO,
Hon. Racing Secretary.

ITEMS.

Members are again reminded that their help is required on July 15th/16th for the Invitation "24" and Tricycle Trophy.

Every member living within a hundred miles or so of the course is expected to turn up and help, as there will be several total strangers riding this year, and *more* marshalls than ever will be required. All holidays, births, marriages and deaths should be arranged that you can come out and help. The Abyssinian will be let loose on all backsliders. (This is a threat, not a promise.—Ed.)

* * * * *

The response to the Skipper's appeal for a presentation to Kettle, on his relinquishing the post of Hon. Racing Secretary after ten years' work, has been exceedingly good, and a large number of members have shown their appreciation in a tangible form, and it must be very gratifying to Kettle to know that his work for the Club has been so highly thought of.

Kettle has chosen a Rolex Oyster Wristlet Watch, and the names of the subscribers are in a handsome leather-bound illuminated book which is the work of our versatile member, Elston, who must have spent many painstaking hours in its production. The presentation will take place at the Swan, Tarporley, on April 9th, 1932.

* * * * *

Just published: *The Complete Peerage*. The price is £3 13s. 6d. net. We anxiously await the companion volume: *The Complete Peerage*, which Teddy Edwards has in hand. At 9d. net this book will be nearer our mark.

Another new book: *No Decency Left*. Evidently Tommy Royden's long-looked-for autobiography.

* * * * *

Robinson is disgusted with the fuss which has been made about patriotic people who have been wintering in England. Here, he says, he has been wintering in England—in Birkenhead, and Birmingham, and places like that—for over 50 years, and nobody has lauded his patriotism. Life can be very difficult.

* * * * *

The charge against a cyclist, who ran down a Tax Collector, was dismissed on payment of costs. Even magistrates can be human, you see.

Minorities are sometimes right. For instance, the bloke who claims to have heard the cuckoo may have done so, despite the fact that the other 46,999,999 of us have not been so fortunate.

* * * * *

The new *R.R.A. Handbook* ought to meet with a large demand among our members, as we hear it is to contain a fine photograph of Jack Salt. *Verb sap.*

* * * * *

Yet another new lecture! Kettle has just completed one entitled "Some Gas-works I have passed." The first and last slides are two of Robbie's very own (probably paid for by Brazendale) representing, respectively, " 'Swearfainer' going for a ride " and " Robinson (himself) returning from a ride." The first showing of this lecture will take place very shortly in the Grande Salon of the Hotel Pathetic, Moreton, under the auspices of the W.T.T.

* * * * *

We now have two Anfielders occupying the position of President on D.A.'s of the C.T.C. Brazendale is now President of the Liverpool D.A. and Wayfarer (himself) has just been elected President of the Birmingham D.A.

The above par reminds us that Wayfarer is now contributing a weekly article to *Sport and Play*, which is so brilliantly edited by Frank Urry who writes so interestingly and informatively under the *nom de plume* of "Itinerant."

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of the *Circular*.

SIR,—May I protest at the continuance of the heavy type note which appears on the first page of every issue of the *Circular*—a note relative to the fact, or, rather, opinion, that subscriptions can be "most conveniently" paid in a certain way. In my humble judgment any association of "convenience" with "subscriptions" or "payments" is a figment of the imagination, a distortion of the truth, an insult to the intelligence of the average Anfielder, and a lot of other things, in various languages. Moreover, sir, I protest against this monthly advertisement of the concern known as "Martin's Bank." You do not allow Cook, or Chandler, or Band to advertise themselves in the *Circular*: why permit a Bank to do so? The reason is, I suppose, that Bob Knipe gets a rake-off from Mr. Martin for all this publicity. If the finances of the Club were placed on a proper footing the Hon. Treasurer would not be allowed to keep his private account at the same Bank as that which looks after the Club account. I think that Knipe ought to be compelled to remove his overdraft to the Pluckington Bank.

Yours emphatically,

INDIGNANT (VERY).

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

BANK MANAGER (Llanfair Caereinion).—Your application has been noted, but it is not proposed to elect any Vice-Presidents to the

Pfestiniog Ffuddlers. It is considered that there is sufficient Vice in that organisation already. See list of officers in our last issue.

MISTER PRITCHARD (Wolverhampton).—You have lost both your bets.

(1) Mr. Harold Moore is not the publisher of *Old Moore's Almanack*.
 (2) Buchan's cold spells are not arranged by Colonel John Buchan, M.P.

P.C.B. (East Sheen).—So far as we are aware, there are no automatic traffic signals on Lundy Island.

MR. MULLINS (Cheadle Hulme).—No : Cook has not yet taken to wearing "shorts."

W.H.K. (Hoylake).—Yes : at the request of the Club the hotel in question has been re-named "Derby Arms."

N.R.R.A. A.G.M., 9th March, 1932.

The business this year was, in the main, of a formal and routine nature. The Club was represented by Austin, Carlisle, Davies and Wilf Orrell, whilst Buckley was present in his capacity as Secretary to the Association. It is to be regretted that no other Anfielder was present. Buckley's report showed that the Association was in a prosperous state, although only three record claims were received during the year, all of which were passed. His financial statement showed a small loss, but the Association still possesses a considerable credit balance.

A proposal to reduce Timekeepers' fees was defeated, but a proposal to publish certain information as to measured roads which could be used as subsidiary standards for the purposes of course measuring, was adopted. The Association, of course, takes no responsibility for any alterations which may render these measurements inaccurate.

Phillips, of the Wheelers, was re-elected President, as was Buckley, as Secretary. The Vice-Presidents are as before, these including : Teddy Edwards, the Master, and L. Oppenheimer. The committee was re-elected with one change—Doctor Carlisle retiring in favour of Cox, of the Liverpool Century. Cook, Higham and Thompson were re-appointed as Timekeepers, and Lusty was added to the list.

At a meeting of the Committee, held later, the following Anfielders were appointed official observers, *viz.*, R. J. Austin, H. Green, W. H. Kettle, and Harry Wilson, so there is no reason why any future record attempts by Anfielders should not be properly observed from start to finish.

The First Training "25," 19th March, 1932.

Of the fourteen who entered for this preliminary canter down the "home straight" and back, four failed to start, these men being Glover, with a bad knee, caused by a careless cat careering across the crowded causeway in Moreton, a suburb of Wallasey. The Skipper was training and undoubtedly received his just reward for furious riding. Birkby and Lloyd were working ; the latter was on duty by the Bull and Stirrup and signalled on his fellow tea-tastians with their well-known and unmistakeable sign, *i.e.*, two fingers rampant on a field azure.

Powell, who was riding through Chester with Salty, was much mystified by these signs and passes by the Cestrian "Peeler" and thought our Mr. Lloyd was a *very forward* young policeman.

Jack Pitchford was the other absentee and evidently decided that the trip from Shropshire was not worth the trouble, especially as he can make two or three circuits of the "100" course any time he pleases.

Kettle was the timekeeper and thoroughly enjoyed his strenuous afternoon. Powell was his clerk and Teddy Edwards and Ven turned the riders at No Man's Heath. Wilf Orrell and the Skipper formed the gallery at the finish, and also acted as pushers off, and Ted Nevitt made one of his rare appearances and jeered at the sweating riders at the Handley bends. We do not know if Nevitt is going to race again this year, but he has regained possession of his tights, which he obtained in the first place from a Mersey Roder. When Nevitt had finished with them he gave them to Charlie Randall, who found them a little tight under the armpits, so passed them on to the Skipper, who had many years' wear out of them. When the present Editor was made to realise the A.B.C. was a racing Club he was formally presented with the now valuable garment and wore them until the patches upon patches (with thousands of stitches) made his posterior so sore that he *had* to invest in a new pair, and the old ones lay in a drawer for many moons. Nevitt has recently made enquiries as to their whereabouts and succeeded in getting possession.

As to the training spin, Orrell made a good fastest by a minute, from Salt, and Marriott, Ryalls, Connor, Lockett and Band improved tremendously. The Racing Secretary just missed "evens," and found that even new bicycles require pushing, while Jonas and Randall got rid of some superfluous tissue.

G. B. Orrell	1. 7.21
J. J. Salt	1. 8.31
D. I. Ryalls	1.10.13
F. Marriott	1.10.45
W. G. Connor	1.12.18
G. Lockett	1.12.20
J. R. Band (Steels)	1.15. 4
S. del Banco	1.15.43
J. S. Jonas (Tricycle. Steels)	1.18.10
C. Randall	1.18.21

Potteries C.C. Open "50," 28th March, 1932.

An excellent start in the Opens was made on Easter Monday when we carried off 1st and 3rd Fastest, the 1st Team Prize and the 3rd Handicap in a field of 66 riders.

The conditions were not good for speed work on account of a strong west wind and rain squalls and "Salty" is to be congratulated on his winning this event for the second year in succession.

FINISHING TIMES :

J. J. Salt ...	Fastest	2.19.18
S. Livingstone	2nd ..	(Dukinfield C.C.)		2.20.46
J. Pitchford ...	3rd	2.21.50
G. B. Orrell ...	4th	2.22. 2
D. L. Ryalls ...	3rd Handicap	2.29.54
S. del Banco	2.39.15
F. Marriott	2.39.34

Marriott punctured and was troubled with a tyre rolling off the rim. The riders and their helpers (Randall, Glendinning, Glover, Rigby Band and brother) spent the week-end at the Shropshire Headquarters of the W.T.T., and had a most enjoyable time.

W. Orrell, Lockett, Walton, Poole and G. E. Pugh were also helping.

Halewood, 5th March, 1932.

It was quite a pleasant day when I set off for my arduous ride to the Derby Arms. At least, as far as I remember, it was. I did not meet a soul on the way, which is not surprising as my route lies apart from the common herd.

I duly docked safely in the tank and having wiped away the steam from my glasses and the sweat from my head, I dimly heard a voice saying "What'll?" The voice proved to belong to Hubert Roskell and I answered accordingly. The tank was comfortably full when tea was announced, and a move made to Upstairs and Downstairs. I was downstairs, and noticed among others, Bob Knipe manfully "carving" the pork, much to Arthur Simpson's disgust. Arthur muttered all through the meal something about "mucking about" the pork and showed his disgust by having three helpings of boiled fowl from the other end, where Hubert was operating with his usual dexterity. Dave Fell came late, as usual, but was not sent empty away, and the lower board was further graced by the Editor, Searff, the man with no collar bone, and Powell. We were also pleased to have with us Hubert's friend, Mr. J. T. Smith.

Everybody having had too much to eat, the tables were cleared, the gentry from upstairs joined us for a few minutes, but everybody seemed in a hurry to get home.

I believe there were about 28 out, including Burgess, and most of the regulars were there, except Cody, who had gone to the Manchester run, and Randall and Salt, who had gone down somewhere in the Midlands for a training spin. The Presider went as usual to Acton Bridge, I believe.

Goostrey, 5th March, 1932.

This was an ordinary alternative run, with no untoward or outstanding event and the attendance included the Doctor, the Manchester Vice-President, the Alternative Sub-Captain, a couple of Buckleys, Bert Green, Brendon Orrell, Lockett, Bob Poole, Haynes Junior, Rex Austin, Ted Cody and the new member Smithies.

The tea was served late, but was worth waiting for, as is usual at this house, and everyone seemed to pass a pleasant evening. Need we say that Cody was the first away?

Farndon, 12th March, 1932.

With his usual expression of disarming innocence the Editor smilingly approached me shortly after my arrival at Farndon with a friendly "Would you mind writing the run up, old man?"

The expression "old man" has a particularly soothing effect on the average person and in spite of my reluctance to write up a run on which nothing worthy of special note appears to have happened, I consented quite cheerfully.

Owing to a late start, necessitated by the pressure of work (no remarks, please, Mr. Editor!) I decided to go to Chester by the bottom road, and it was very comforting to think that I would not meet anyone, and would thus be able to ride more or less in comfort. At Chester I looked at my watch and as there remained only about 25 minutes in which to reach the "Raven" by the appointed hour I thought it about time to get a move on. The "barrow" rocked somewhat alarmingly as I tore along the Drive, and as the time was slipping quickly by I decided to defy all traditions and the local law by actually riding the Iron Bridge—unseen, but nevertheless with a very guilty conscience.

The clock struck 6 p.m. as I shot down the hill into Farndon at 25's. (We understand that 25's means 25 furlongs per hour.—ED.) and into the yard, where a goodly number of machines were parked, amongst which glittered a brand new Evans, the property of Frank Marriott, and also del Blotto's new thoroughbred, out for the first time.

If my figures are correct, 24 sat down to a well-served and excellent meal, after which I quietly departed to enjoy a week-end in Shropshire, passing over the picturesque bridge and leaving behind me a beautiful reflection of the deep red sunset in the placid waters of the Dee flowing gently beneath.

Holmes Chapel, 12th March, 1932.

Owing to advancing years, and the evil effects of my mis-spent youth, I am rapidly reaching the sere and yellow stage, and in consequence found it necessary to hire my youngest brother, at great expense, to occupy the rear seat of the tandem, and to supply the motive power, what time I sat in state and supplied the brains and steered the brute. In addition, I was successful in obtaining the services of a very new member, by name Alan Smithies, to ride in front and remove the wind; so taking everything into consideration I felt myself to be completely equipped at all points.

Proceeding through Poynton we reached Macclesfield in great style, but here a calamity befell me, and at one time it appeared almost any odds against my appearance at Holmes Chapel. My motive power discovered that in Macclesfield, on Saturday, THEY ARE OPEN ALL DAY. He promptly refused to proceed without liquid refreshment, so we trooped into the Queen's Hotel. Later, MUCH later, we crawled out

again, resumed the pigskin, and proceeded to Bosley, where a right turn took us to Congleton. Taking the Sandbach road as far as Brick-houses we again turned right, and reaching the Swan, found ourselves the first arrivals.

We parked the steeds, and proceeding to wash—yes, actually washed on a Saturday—and then awaited the arrival of the others. First came Ted Cody, for the third week in succession seeking good food and cheerful company with the Manchester section. Then came two Buckleys, the Doctor, the Vice-President, Jack Walton, Geoff Lockett, and the Sub-captain, all looking fit and well. We gathered in an animated group on the railway bridge, when a vision appeared, puffing like a grampus, and vigorously laying claim to any medals which might be available as reward for his heroic ride from Shaw. Need I tell you that the vision proved to be our very own Urban? Harry Wilson was the next arrival, closely followed by Ned Haynes and Bob Poole. Jim Cranshaw had also found time to join us again.

But now, gentlemen, I reach the grand finale, the *piece de resistance*, the magnificent *denouement* to this catalogue of arrivals, a matter of tremendous import to every true Anfielder—Bert Green arrived, last as of old, and mounted on a BICYCLE. Leaving home with the utmost secrecy at dead of night, he had secured his machine, already planted at Jacksons, and had ridden out to Holmes Chapel. This was, of course, his first ride since his serious accident last August. We all hastened to congratulate him. Overjoyed with his exploit, and with tears in his eyes, he bought "one each apiece all round" to celebrate the great occasion.

Tea was an enjoyable meal, much enlivened by discussions on the peculiar ways of electrical firms with their apprentices, of the proper conduct of public meetings, of wooden frame-work for bicycle saddles, of amendments to amended amendments, and all the usual small change of conversation which makes a Club tea so enjoyable. Tea over, several of us found it necessary to make an early departure for home, and as the present deponent was one of the first away, any account of the subsequent proceedings must be supplied by others. Suffice it to say that the homeward journey was enjoyable as always, and the motive power functioning admirably, we reached home at an unusually early hour, thoroughly satisfied with the day's outing.

Acton Bridge, 19th March, 1932.

Presumably, one is peculiarly eligible for the duty of recording this event, if neither too old nor too young, for he who fills the editorial office said "Those youthful members who write up runs so well and often (!) are training hard, rushing up and down the renowned Whit-church Road, so who is left for the Club run to Acton but the old gentlemen who (quite rightly) have little liking for writing and sometimes do it so indifferently?" (!) So there you have it, and one must be willing to turn up just to write for the *Circular*. Anyway, these notes may or may not atone in part for the perpetration of the unforgiveable sin of missing many runs in sequence, now so pleasantly broken, when the

earth is awakening in response to the warming rays of the sun in Spring, which were not too much in evidence on this occasion.

But let us now to more material fact. The ride for the author and another out of *the* Big city was along the brand new and as yet unconnected road from Liverpool's Queen's Drive near Wavertree (spot level 175), going eastward to cross Score Lane to the northward of Childwall under the double-lined Cheshire Lines Railway, thence bending sou-sou-east to join the Huyton-Gateacre road near Lee Hall and pubs (unsampled). As a little exercise in mapping, you may now—in the rough—add that—in large red—to Bartholomew's Merseyside Sheet (No. 8) and be up-to-date. The road, except for an unconnected bit, extends for three miles across unbroken country, and it is judged that the further intention is to chew up, widen, straighten and altogether improve the delectable and only really decent road from Liverpool to Widnes through Tarbock Green and Hough Green. Later we found the Halton Hill road gradually being distended, and arrived at our destination, joined parties inspecting and approving of the bridges to carry a road over the Grand Trunk Canal and River Weaver.

Inside our snug haven, six o'clock struck, and Chandler quietly left his seat in the diminutive parlour which comfortably housed our party of thirteen—the unlucky number being arrived at by Elston bringing his friend Taylor, whom we have seen before, and who makes a very favourable impression on us, which is very surprising in view of the fact that he is brought by the member in question. The honourable one first mentioned as being on his feet so quickly at the scent of cooked dishes was soon at the chop-sticks, which job was interspersed with remarks about a prospective tour to Co. Clare, just before the Club's August Irish trip and another holiday of a climbing nature around Glencoe, getting there by an all-night car ride with arrangements already made for feeding stations. Some demurred rather weakly at the serving of the very excellent food, being hopeful of further arrivals, but there was only Glendinning to come. He reported falling down three times owing to slippery soles, but that explanation was accepted with reserve, and you are left to guess the rest.

A very notable presence was that of Green, complete with bike, shepherded by Davies, as the former was in the saddle for the second time since his fall last Fall. He is very well, thank you. The Manchester team, also gained weight from the happy addition of R. J. Austin, who, we understand on good authority, is not slimming.

Urb. Taylor was thoroughly tickled when J. E. Rawlinson was asked the date of the first "50"; and Poole was on tandem with Haynes as motive power.

Conversation flowed on long after other things were finished. It seemed a very happy run with a beautiful balance of Manchester gentlemen, and Liverpool men—seven of each. Is it possible that there were more watchful helpers on the training ground than men training?

As is not unusual, Cody was one of the first off the mark, and President Cook found company we think, on his ride to week-end at Alderley, while Lucas afforded pleasant company for a small team by the nearest

cut to Liverpool via Transporter. The westerly breeze of the afternoon had dropped somewhat and the evening ride was like that of the afternoon—very good.

Easter Tour—Bettws-y-coed, 24th/28th March, 1932.

What does Easter at the Glan Aber mean? It is just as difficult to describe in words as is the fascination of tricycle riding. There is a *Je un sais quoi* about it that grasps the very vitals of those who have ever whole-heartedly sampled it and if you ever hear anyone cynical about it you may be sure they have not been with the Club so very often at Bettws and perhaps *never at all!* Bert Green is generally considered a very good judge, and this year, although not yet fit enough to cycle so far, and forced to employ the spirit you get in cans and from pumps, said with the deepest feeling "I have never missed an Easter at Bettws for 20 years and found I could not keep away." And it is no use sneering at the paucity of *cyclists* unless you are prepared to castigate yourself. There were in fact 20 cyclists participating altogether, and it is well understood nowadays that Easter road racing keeps away from the Tour a good many of the racing men. At the Glan Aber there were the names of 28 members and four friends to inscribe in the book, and counting those who joined us at the various lunch places, the total muster was 37 members and six friends, which does not look as though this fixture was anything like dead yet! For, notwithstanding the regrettable absence of Sunter through an attack of 'flu, and the total desertion of the Editor and Comior (reported training on a tandem for the End to End record!) these figures are slightly better than last year's. The advance guard on the Thursday night was rather smaller than usual. The Presider, on trike, took it easy by St. Asaph and Llanfair-talhaarn, followed some hours later by Chandler "smashing through" on the same route. Mr. and Mrs. Edwards, with Ven as ballast, came down by Ruthin-Cerrig, Rowatt and Mr. Workman by train and of course with George Lake and Mr. Cannon in residence we were nine for dinner.

GOOD FRIDAY—With Chandler going off climbing in boots that have made his bag weigh a ton and caused rumours to be circulated that the porters had refused to handle it, Cook paddled off towards Bala to meet Kettle (also on trike) who had reached Bont Uchel the night before. The day was gloriously fine, but so strong was the S.E. wind that we heard the O.G. confess that the 12 miles to Cerrig took him 1½ hours! Still he got to Frongoch before meeting Kettle and turning back. And with the arrival of Roskell, Pell, the brothers Newall, Charlie Conway and Mr. Andrews bound for Bettws, Salt and Ryalls bound for Capel Curig, and Birkby, Lloyd, Marriott, Glendinning, Rigby Band and brother Brian out for the day only, we sat down 19 for an excellent lunch at the White Lion, during which an S.O.S. telephone message from Ruthin informed us that the Edwards' car (with Ven and Rowatt also in it) was stranded with "broken pistons" or something! So Hubert transferred his freight to Lake's car and went off to Ruthin to rescue the perishing, which he did nobly and, until Sunday night Teddy Edwards seemed to be spending a lot of time and money on the telephone! After

lunch Kettle and Cook took the Ridge road through Nebo and dropped down to Llanwrst, after the Presider had snapped his brake wire and jury-rigged with string. However, brake parts were obtainable at Llanwrst, and Bettws reached quite safely to find that Bert Green had arrived and as Beardwood (transported as far as Whitchurch by Bert Morton) blew in later, we were 18 that night and had the first of our sing-songs.

SATURDAY.—The run to Beaumaris was most enjoyable, although some misty rain was encountered in the Nant Francon. Roskell's car party, sighing for the bread, cheese and onions of Cemmaes Bay gave Beaumaris a miss, but as George Mercer had arrived for breakfast, and we had encountered F. H. Swift's son touring the Yo-Ho's and taken him along, while Cody turned up from Penmaenmawr, we sat down 17 for lunch. Percy Charles had been rather chesty about "riding Llanberis on my 24 low gear," but crawled out of it when his bluff was called by Kettle! And it was decided to see that Cody really did go back to Penmenmawr. After which Bob Thomas' house at Conway was inspected, tea partaken of at Trefriew, and the Glan Aber reached in nice time for dinner. Here we found W. Orrell, Lockett, Royden, Eddie Morris, Davies, and Morton's car party consisting of A. N. Rawlinson (very smartly attired! Where does he get his sartorial triumphs from?), J. E. and Urban Taylor, so 28 sat down for dinner and the party was at its zenith (not to be confused with the Presider's telegraphic address).

SUNDAY.—W. Orrell and Lockett departed for Shropshire and the Potteries "50"—but all the rest made for Festiniog. How the B.B.'s do love the Presider in N. Wales on a Sunday! The cyclists went direct through Penmachno and it was rather wet as far as Eidda Wells, so the proposed detour to Wales' latest lake was abandoned and the Pengwern Arms reached in good time to dry out before lunch. Just as we were sitting down, Wayfarer (himself) made a dramatic arrival (from Corwen) and was immediately confronted with a large jug of buttermilk! But Beardwood fell sadly from grace and imbibed the pig beverage with well simulated gusto. With Harry Wilson coming over from Penygroes to see us, we mustered 27 at Festiniog; and then the cyclists returned via Penrhyndendraeth and Beddgelert (where Robbie was left for a while at Plas Colwyn). The Gwynant was ridden with ease, but at Capel Curig the Presider's axle jibbed—one spur wheel of the differential sheering its pins. However, after walking a mile he found both Green's and Morton's cars at Tyn-y-coed and in two ticks Urban Taylor devised a way to sling the wreck on the grid of Morton's car and, nursing the loose wheel in Green's car, Bettws was reached in great style and the repair job (splendidly supervised by Kettle) placed in the hands of our old friend Knowles so promptly, that the wreck came out of dry dock all Sir Garnett before we had finished dinner! The Salvage Brigade are advised to submit their claims through any authorised average adjuster. Teddy Edwards had also recovered the Wreck of the Hesperus from Ruthin, so all *contre temps* ended happily. Billy Owens had arrived during our absence, so we

still counted 28, and the final Sing-Song went with great zest, as we were favoured with a visit from four Mersey Road's men, including Gilbert Sutcliffe, so well-known to many of us.

MONDAY brought rain as usual—but cyclists, like sailors, don't care. Hubert embarked P.C.B. and after lunch at Shrewsbury put him on the road at Gailey—a useful lift of 85 miles that would enable him to reach Aynho that night. Royden and Morris took the Llanfairtalhaiarn-St. Asaph route home, but Chandler, Kettle, Cook, Davies, Green, Ven, and Morton's smart set, made for Bont Uchel for lunch; Kettle and Cook going via Corwen corner to avoid any *walking* on such a wet morning and, overtaking Robbie just before the Devil's Punch Bowl. However, the day cleared up beautifully fine and quite in keeping with the joyous mood engendered by the wonderfully happy time we had all experienced. The Green-Morton cars made for Manchester (dumping Ven at Chester), while the Presider picked up his two grandsons at Llanferres and shepherded them to Willaston for tea, when Chandler and Kettle were left to wind up the Easter Tour as they thought fit. And so another Easter at Bettws-y-coed is inscribed on the Long Roll and as George Newall said "Never a happier or more enjoyable one."

To Mr. Workman and Mr. Andrews we were greatly indebted for some brilliant music each evening, and of course George Newall sang as sweetly and divinely as ever, while Chandler gave us some rousing chorus songs and Orrell did his bit on Saturday night, and Robbie recited on Sunday night. The sessions in the Tank were marked with unclouded joviality and harmony in more senses than one. We fancy Bert Morton will say "I like your Bettws and will come again," for he certainly entered into it with the right spirit and doubtless knows how warmly welcome he was. We had the felicity of calls from J. D. Siddeley and H. S. Barratt, while Turnor telegraphed "Greetings and glorious weather."

Del Strother wrote: "Dear A.B.C.—Hope you are having the usual glorious time at Bettws and that the weather is not playing any dirty pranks. How I wish I could be with you, but it's a bit too far for me who am totally out of form as I do very little riding. It is a bit hilly here and that means hard work wherever you go."

Tom Conway wrote: "I am very disappointed I shall not be able to get to the Glan Aber for Easter. I was looking forward to seeing so many of my Anfield friends, also to make the acquaintance of members I have heard of but not met. . . . I find I have been visiting the Glan Aber, first as a member of the Liverpool Old Boys and then an Anfielder with very few omissions at Eastertime for about 50 years, and as you may imagine, regret I cannot be there this year. I trust the weather will keep fine and all have the usual good time. Kindly remember me to all old friends."

Percy Brazendale wrote: "To all my fellow members of the Anfield foregathered this Easter at Bettws, I present my hearty greetings and best wishes. I hope the weather will be such that the beauties and delights of Snowdonia may be exhibited at their finest point of excellence; and that comradeship and good fellowship will warm the

hearts and inspire every action of the company, in accord with the traditions of the Club. To your meat and drink, my good fellows all; whilst the 'toastmaster' mumbles his call and nibbles his crust as a disconsolate 'stay-at-home.'

These letters provide much food for thought. There must be something everlasting in Easter at the "Glan Aber." Great Stuff This Bettws!

BETTWS NOTES.—"So these are the 'Pengwern Arms,' is it," said the World's Worst Writer, arriving in Ffestiniog at 1-30 p.m. precisely on Easter Day. And echo answered: "They is."

"I knew that the Club had arrived," said Robbie, in his most scathing manner, speaking of Ffestiniog. "The assemblage of motor cars outside the hotel told me that."

There is plenty of room at the top, we are constantly told. At Ffestiniog I found bags of room at the top of the table where Grandad sat in more or less solitary state. I conquered my rooted objection to sitting next to him, and, really, he does not splash his soup as much as you'd think. One side of my coat was quite dry.

J. S. JONAS.

Editor.

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ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

FORMED MARCH 1879

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

MONTHLY CIRCULAR.

Vol. XXIX.

No. 315

FIXTURES FOR MAY, 1932

Tea at 6-0 p.m.

		Light up at
May 7	Highwayside (Travellers Rest)	9-50 p.m.
.. 9	Committee Meeting, 7 p.m. (Victoria Hotel, St. John's Lane, L'pool).	
.. 14/16	Whitsuntide. Invitation "100"	10-4 p.m.
	Headquarters—Shrewsbury (George).	
.. 21	Daresbury (Ring o' Bells)	10-15 p.m.
.. 28	Farndon (Raven)	10-24 p.m.
June 4	Third 50 Miles Handicap	10-32 p.m.

ALTERNATIVE FIXTURE FOR MANCHESTER MEMBERS.

Tea at 5-30 p.m.

May 28	Goostrey (Red Lion)	10-24 p.m.
	Full Moon	20th inst.

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

4 THE LAUND,
WALLASEY, CHESHIRE.

COMMITTEE NOTES.

APPLICATION FOR MEMBERSHIP.—Mr. Harold Moore, 36 Colwyn Street, March, Huddersfield; proposed by Mr. W. M. Robinson; seconded by Mr. W. P. Cook.

INVITATION "100."—Mr. W. H. Kettle has been appointed Judge and Referee. Members going down into Shropshire on Saturday, 14th June, are likely to find company if they call at the Raven, Prees Heath, for a meal. Members desiring to stay at the Headquarters, George Hotel, Shrewsbury, are requested to book their own accommodation direct.

Mr. F. Hotine has accepted the position of Delegate to the Road Records Association.

H. W. POWELL,
Hon. General Secretary.

RACING NOTES.**Third "50," 4th June, 1932.**

This will be held on the usual course, and entries must reach me by Friday, 27th May, 1932.

I would remind entrants that entry forms, when completed, are meant to give the Handicapping Committee some information to work upon!

OPEN EVENTS.

Cheshire Roads Invitation "50," 8th May, 1932.

Sheffield Central "50," 22nd May, 1932.

Birchfield "50," 29th May, 1932.

We hope to have men riding in these events, and anyone who is able to go over and give some assistance, should let me know.

Forthcoming Events.

East Liverpool Wheelers "50," 12th June, 1932.

Manchester Wheelers Invitation "50," 18th June, 1932.

Those who desire to ride in the latter event must let me have their names as early as possible, to enable me to submit them to the Manchester Wheelers before 23rd May.

There are still plenty of marshalling, feeding, etc., jobs to be filled for the "100," so now is the time to speak up.

Record Attempts.—22nd May, 1932.

Jonas and Salt will be going for the Edinburgh/Liverpool tricycle and bicycle records respectively.

Anyone who is able to help should notify me immediately.

S. DEL BANCO,

Hon. Racing Secretary.

TREASURY NOTES.

"Prythee, Honoured Treasurer, why so sad?" is the query of a worthy member, anent my last month's lament on the fewness of the few. But the heart knoweth its own bitterness, and how can the Treasurer treasure where no treasure is? "No bird can pipe to skies so dull and grey," and only with the steady inflow of cheques, notes, P.O.'s and such like, can the Treasurer pipe a cheerful note. So those among you, who have not yet responded, hurry up, for spring is here, and the voice of the cuckoo is heard in the land.

I am pleased to record that twelve members have sent their subscriptions and/or Donations (*) during the past month and they are hereby cordially thanked.

*H. S. Barratt.

E. Buckley.

T. B. Conway.

*J. H. Fawcett.

D. R. Fell, Jr.

J. Pitchford.

J. G. Shaw.

D. Smith.

F. A. Smith.

J. A. Smithies.

O. E. Taylor.

C. H. Woodroffe.

R. L. KNIPE,

Hon. Treasurer.

The Shrewsbury By-Pass.

As "Hosts at the Hundred," members will have to acquaint themselves with the Ins and Outs of the new circular road, now nearing completion, to conduct visitors safely around the town.

"The Course" will not be affected because the only roads unaffected by it are just those that emerge from the town by the bottle-neck to the north.

The By-Pass purposes to cut off the Holyhead road from all contact with Shrewsbury from Foregate to Frankwell. Traffic now passing from English Bridge to Welsh Bridge will henceforth have no need to approach within a mile of the city. The Burgh of Scrob will relapse into a quiet market town of Squires, Farmers and Otterhunters.

From the old Toll Bar on the London Road, two miles out of town, the By-Pass takes a turn to the left to Weeping Cross along an old lane now greatly widened. Here on its way to Brace Meole it cuts through the Cound and Berrington roads till it reaches the Stretton road, where, to cross the Rea Brook, the bridge has been doubled in width and the jolly old inn demolished. This damage has been made good by turning a large house behind the inn into a hotel with car park on the river bank.

Here *tempus volens* we Buy Bass on the By Pass.

The latter swarms up the steep bank by the Almshouses to reach Longden Heath where the road makers have made a noble gesture. At this point there happens to be an old lane named Roman Road, called after those same Romans they talk of hereabouts, and with due regard for them the new road swallows up the Roman track in its downwards rush to cross a brook from Onslow Tarn. The construction of a bridge here, with noble piers and steep hill sides, is the biggest part of the scheme.

The rest is simple: after crossing the Hanwood road, then the Westbury road (just beyond the Barracks) and by a new road across the fields to that blasted phantom, the Shelton Oak at the fork of the Welshpool and Oswestry roads, nine roads are linked up. Thus the Holyhead road as heir to the Watling Street has followed the Roman example of avoiding Pengwern.

For ages the old place (as Belloc wrote: "As old as Rome itself") has been over-run by invading hordes until the motor bounders became two too many. The worm has turned and turned them out of bounds.

Seated on the Quarry Banks we wonder what the place looked like then, without its bridges, walls, churches, hospitals or bowling greens? Not a pub in sight . . . a wooded clump of alder-berries, a brigands' lair, a robbers' den, just like Old Sarum before the professors came and spoiled it.

Let Scrobsbury now rest in peace and grow grass.

ITEMS.

In view of the approach of the "100," we think the following extract from Wanderer's notes in *Sport and Play and Wheel Life* will prove of interest.

SOME ANFIELD HISTORY.

I have been asked to give the date of the commencement of the present series of unpaced Anfield "100.'s" and the winners before the war. Well, I believe, the present series of unpaced rides started in 1900. It is a remarkable fact that in the fifteen races before the war, only four clubs and nine individuals were concerned. No doubt the details are interesting, so I give them in full:—

1900	...	W. H. Nutt	...	North Road	5.38.47
1901	...	R. S. Cobley	...	" "	5.25. 0
1902	...	W. H. Nutt	...	" "	5.36. 3
1903	...	E. J. A. Moore	...	Bath Road	5.33.26
1904	...	F. H. Wingrave	...	North Road	5.23. 2
1905	...	F. H. Wingrave	...	" "	5.18.15
1906	...	W. M. Bailey	...	Polytechnic	5.19.20
1907	...	F. H. Wingrave	...	North Road	5.17.44
1908	...	E. A. Merlin	...	Polytechnic	5.19.30
1909	...	R. Etherington	...	Bath Road	5.13. 5
1910	...	C. Moss	...	Midland C. & A.C.	5.17.56
1911	...	C. Moss	...	" "	5.11.52
1912	...	C. Moss	...	" "	5.11.12
1913	...	H. H. Gaylor	...	Polytechnic	5. 5.51
1914	...	H. H. Gaylor	...	" "	4.59. 8

* * * * *

Members will be sorry to hear of the death of Mrs. Foulkes, of The Cottage, Hodnet, after an association with the Anfield extending for 42 years, during which time many racing men have partaken of a hurried "feed" in her garden.

* * * * *

Dr. Carlisle—born a Sixty-Sixer—has now lived to be a Sixty-Sixer and he is geared even in excess of his Age. Had he so desired he might have reached in his early cycling days the Front-wheel of a Sixty-Sixer. That altitude we regret to say he missed. He will shortly join that select band that is on the third and last lap of its century. Not many of those continue to treadle their own wheels.

Few men resemble him.

* * * * *

The Postmaster-General announces that 24 mail-bags were lost in 1931 as against 47 in 1930. Tommy Royden says that he was particularly busy last year, but hopes to have more time on his hands during 1932.

* * * * *

Newspaper headline: "Wolverhampton over-run with beggars." Our Mister Pritchard has evidently been spotted.

New Books: "The Secret of Looking Young." Grandad simply must read this—and act on the advice it contains.

"Twelve More Ladies." We must tell Tommy Royden about this.

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of the *Circular*.

Citing extracts from your "FORTY YEARS AGO," page 301: "What a pity it is that the Anfielders have estranged themselves from their Brother Clubs" (words by one "Flier"—a writer) we are intrigued by these Estranged (or strange) Anfielders.

If it were so, then—as Plowden said—The Case Is Altered. Perhaps the flesh has mellowed. Think of that fruity trio—Hubert, Chem and Arthur, sadly estranged from their fellow-men, Mr. Bikley at the Bar of the House (any House within the meaning) curtly refusing brimming tumblers from his hosts of admirers; President Cook icily declining daily invitations to take dinner with the Cycling Legions up and down the land. C.T.C.'s cold shouldered, Records Associations flouted, in a word: The Anfield adrift in a desert of solitude.

Who was this "Flier," anyhow? Do we know him? Any flies on him? Methinks: No wonder the Flier flew.

We next come to the "Society of Cyclists" with their pertinent query: "What is the Cycle of next season to be like?" Answered by "Hartung" thusly: "The Bicycle with pneumatic tyres and extended wheelbase." Time proved Hartung right for full forty years, but who was this Hartung and who were the Society?

In the present century there have been no new models to speak of, but in the 19th, as soon as the trees started budding we were kept on tenterhooks by the thought: The New Models are out—Shall we see them at Bettws?

On this April 1st, 1932, a few of us in the know are saying again: The New Models are out, even if they did not come to Bettws. And it may surprise Hartung to hear that the wheelbase has been shortened this time.

I will not mystify you, but of late I have caught sight of a model that is a throwback to the far-away 80's—possibly ante-Hartung—and as owned by me 44 years ago. The chief difference between then and now is that—as Hartung prophesied—the new one has got inflated tyres. In this machine is re-born the famous Humber safety of 1887 with 18 ins. front wheel and automatic steering. On this type Fletcher of Ilkeston won the very first Mile Safety Championship. Though not yet an Anfield member I ventured to bring my machine to Bettws in 1889 as a visitor of modest mien.

To-day's new models are disguised, as if the inventor is keeping it dark, now that he finds that his patent has been anticipated. The small front wheels are hidden from sight by enormous baskets, for the trials are being conducted by carrier bicycles. A curious feature is that the baskets are slung on long curved stays suggesting to the uninitiated a spring frame cycle, but this cushioning is reserved for the delicacies in the basket and not intended for the rider.

For those members who, like myself, are returning to their old love during their Indian summer, I can strongly recommend this mount.

F.H.

To the Editor of the *Circular*.

SIR,—I observe that the attendance record embodied in the Club's annual report for 1931 credits me with only two-thirds of the attendances I actually put in. This is perfectly disgusting and leads me to the view that all the figures are wrong, and that the prize has been wrongly awarded. I have now completely lost what little faith I had in the Officers and Committee. If the books of the Club are kept in this sloppy manner, it is only reasonable to suppose that the accounts are all cock-eyed, the balance in hand (or the deficit, or whatever it is), being mis-stated perhaps, by, as much as 33 or even 50 per cent. This is a very serious matter, but the financial aspect is not nearly so galling as the other aspect, which robs me of my prestige, reducing by 33.333 per cent. (recurring) my support of the Club fixtures. I do not think it possible for anything to be done about it now. The Club's annual meeting, presided over by that tyrant Cook, and afraid, in the presence of such a Mussolini, to speak its own mind, has passed the figures, and I appear to have no remedy. Thus it must go down to Posterity (or thereabouts) that I attended only 2 runs in 1931, whereas the actual fact is that I attended 3.

Casting aside the veil of anonymity, I sign myself,

Yours indignantly,

DISGUSTED.

The 2nd Training "25," 2nd April, 1932.

Despite the fact that a strong north wind was blowing, Jack Salt covered the 25 miles in 1 hr. 3 mins., and was easily the Fastest.

Other trainees returned the following times:—

G. B. Orrell	1. 5.22
F. Marriott	1. 7.36
G. Lockett	1. 9. 7
D. L. Ryalls	1. 9.46
W. G. Connor	1.10.30
G. A. Glover	1.11.30
W. H. Lloyd	1.13. 3
J. R. Band	1.15.26
C. Randall	1.16.20
J. S. Jonas (Tricycle)	1.16.57

There is no doubt that there is still a little life left in the "Old Gent," as on a recent week-end he slipped it across a couple of Wallasey school boys on the Saturday and on Sunday rode from Hodnet to a Shropshire Tandem Rally near Bridgnorth and then started off for home, after lunch, into a north-easter, and made the Raven at Prees Heath for tea. We found him steaming (literally) into Willaston at 9-15 p.m., with a real thirst, and the trike heaving and tossing over ruts and craters.

Stretford Wheelers' Open "25," 10th April, 1932.

This event was run off in a howling westerly gale and was won by N. Greenwood, of the Nelson Wheelers, with a fine ride of 1.4.25. The Potteries C.C. won the team race with an aggregate time of 3.22.16.

The leading times were :—

N. Greenwood ...	Nelson W. (Fastest) ...	1.4.25
T. Godwin ...	Potteries C.C. (2nd Fastest)	1.5.59
F. T. Brown ...	" " (3rd ")	1.7. 0
G. B. Orrell ...	A.B.C. ... (4th ")	1.7. 2
J. Pitchford ...	" " " " " " " "	1.8.?
J. J. Salt ...	" " " " " " " "	1.9. 0

The Dukinfield C.C. Open "50," 24th April, 1932.

We were unfortunate in this race in losing the team race by 14mins., through Jack Salt puncturing, but we managed to win the second fastest prize with Orrell's fine ride of 2.14.37, and the latter proved to our satisfaction that he has not lost any of his speed, in spite of ten years' racing.

Salt was doing a very good ride when he punctured, and Pitchford also was close up to the winners with a good 2.16.29, while Marriott again improved by a big margin by clocking 2.22.22. Ryalls also punctured when riding well, and the Racing Secretary failed to beat his previous best and will have to do some more riding to do so. R. Poole was evidently not too fit.

E. Gilbert ...	East L'pool W. ...	Fastest	2.13.25
G. B. Orrell ...	A.B.C. ...	2nd Fastest	2.14.39
S. Livingston ...	Dukinfield C.C. ...	3rd	2.15. 6
J. W. Brooke ...	Gomersal C.C. ...	4th	2.15.19
A. Livingstone ...	Dukinfield C.C. ...	5th	2.16.19
J. Pitchford ...	A.B.C. ...	6th	2.16.29
J. J. Salt ...	" " " " " " " "	(punctured)	2.20.?
F. Marriott ...	" " " " " " " "	" " " " " " " "	2.22.22
S. del Banco ...	" " " " " " " "	" " " " " " " "	2.32.48
D. L. Ryalls ...	" " " " " " " "	(punctured)	2.35.?
R. Poole ...	" " " " " " " "	" " " " " " " "	2.42.52

Team Race—E.L.W., 6.50.42. A.B.C., 6.51.56.

Chester, 2nd April, 1932.

Only 16 turned up at this fixture, a distinct disappointment after the huge crowd that graced the festive board on the previous occasion, even despite the fact that as many more were holding a practice on the Whitchurch road in view of the next "50." A glorious afternoon with a northerly breeze saw us on the road early, and at the 8th milestone Ryalls, Salt and Marriott were encountered ambling along to Waverton at sufficiently slow a pace to enable us to get our three wheels behind theirs, at the cost of some juice however, and we were not sorry to turn off for Queen's Ferry at a more natural m.p.h. On via Shotton brought us to Northop and we had a pot of tea at the "Boot," where a billiard match was in progress. We then sampled the new race track which by-passes Northop and at Dublin came across Elston and friend going in the wrong direction. Our suggestion that they should turn, fell on deaf ears and we understand Brunswick Street on Monday morning presented an animated scene when our Master Scoutmaster made a full confession of his guilt in failing to attend the run, to the O.G.—the latter gentleman

being nonplussed at first as to the origin of such spontaneity, as his scouts had not previously informed him as to the boy being spotted. At Chester were found the two senior Bands, Knipe, Lucas, Glendinning, Burgess, King, Birkby, Cody (via Warrington, returning via Runcorn), Chandler, Roberts, Cook and Rowatt, while Ven, Mercer and Edwards came in late and reported that Salt had ridden 25 miles in 63 minutes. Harold Band, Powell, Kettle and Chandler left for Willaston corner where the two former turned off and the latter made a non-stop to Greasby where the tanks were filled and Harold's new, posh Granby examined and commented upon favourably. Cook and Roberts left for the South, the latter being shed at Wrexham, whilst Cook proceeded to Llanarmon D.C., where we understand he had all the beer to himself and all the beds to himself. The climatic conditions on the morrow were sufficient to put the O.G. off any of the crossings and what would have been a most exciting morning on the Nant Rhyd Wilym was postponed for finer weather. There can be no doubt therefore that however fine it might have been elsewhere it was distinctly wet in the Ceiriog Valley and the Crown's loss was the White Horses's gain.

Goostrey, 2nd April, 1932.

Receiving no response from the Pendleton crew, I moved off about 2-30 for the Cheshire lanes. The first furlong is easy going, then, with Chou Chow "I cobble and cobble" as I wend my way and for fourteen miles I can sing the same lay.

Clear of the city I pass the Old Cock of Stretford because it is closed. I remember the days when from this point we were four: Bert, Ann, Gee and self; them were the days, they was! Alas! they are gone. I hurry along through Sale, Altrincham, round by the Swan at Bucklow, and taking the back lane I am soon ambling through Knutsford and round by the Whipping Stocks until by the turn at Over Peover my old friend Farmer Wild hailed me. Under his roof we—but, that is another story.

Along deserted lanes, round by spinney and coppice; long level fields stretch far, and—

"The whip cracks on the plough-teams' flank,
And smoothly cleaves the soughing plow."

It was along these same lanes that, in the Autumn, milady, sonny and I gathered blackberries. Now the trees are stark and leafless, with little sign of spring. In due course I am round by the old church and dock in the yard of the Red Lion. Within I found the worthy Vice, the Sub., Buckley Senior, Poole, Haynes, Bert Green, the Mullah, and the Doc., seeing me standing with my tongue dry misses me out of his call. Soon the half-cooked cow is on the table and like wolves they begin to tear this flesh to pieces. The conversation dwells on the theoretical method of winning races by cutting corners or the shortest course from point to point, which proves these so-called fast times and long distance rides a fake and no better than my own of a few years ago. Rex Austin timed to arrive at 7-30 blew in at 8-15—certain medals still hanging on his chest causing the delayed ride from Chester races.

About 8-30 all cleared and my run finished about 11 p.m. thoroughly enjoyed,

Tarporley, 9th April, 1932.

About the first real spring day of 1932, with a delightfully mild and invigorating atmosphere, though it was moving somewhat too rapidly from the direction of Tarporley. But having overcome my senile vanity so far as to have a three-speed gear fitted, the arduousness of the plug against the breeze was somewhat mitigated. Walking up the hill out of Whitegate, and having time to spare, I was tempted to call in at the Farm Cafe for a refresher. Making for the wooden shed, dignified by the title of Cafe, from whence came a sound of revelry, I was greeted by a cheerful and buxom dame who asked me if I was a Camper! I gave her an indignant look and replied, "No, Madam, I am not." To give her credit, she immediately recognised her mistake and saw that I was quite a normal human being, explaining that there had been a jumble sale for the local tennis club and she had got a bit jumbled up herself, at the same time ushering me into the best parlour of the farm house, where I regaled myself with an enormous pot of tea and a quart jug of milk.

There was quite a big muster at The Swan in honour of the important occasion, *i.e.*, the presentation of a testimonial to W. H. Kettle on his retirement from the office of Hon. Racing Secretary, which he has held for 10 years. After a most excellent repast, well served, in pleasant surroundings, the President in a few well-chosen words, made the presentation which took the form of an "Autograph" Album, containing the names of the subscribers, and a magnificent Rolex gold wrist watch, with the recipient's monogram engraved on the back. He pointed out how gratifying it was that simply as a result of sending out a letter announcing the proposed testimonial and without any canvassing, over 100 half-crowns had spontaneously rolled in, a fact which is in itself a striking tribute to the appreciation by the Club of W.H.K.'s services to it. I think everyone realises how his quiet but persistent enthusiasm has had a great deal to do with the splendid revival, worthy of the Club's palmiest days, of its pre-eminence in open races and record breaking, after passing through a somewhat lean period in this respect.

The President also alluded to the outstanding genius of H. L. Elston, shown in the inscription of the dedication, and in the forging of over a 100 of the members' signatures in the Autograph book. It was certainly a work of art and when I saw my signature, I was surprised at the excellence of my calligraphy, which I hope the Editor duly appreciates.

Harold Kettle, being a man of deeds rather than words, replied briefly but was evidently deeply touched and gratified by the expression of esteem from his fellow members, and then we all sang "For he's a jolly good fellow," in the heartiest possible manner.

There was a cryptic allusion to perambulators in the President's speech. Does this mean that the ex-Hon. Racing Sec., having discarded one set of responsibilities, is going to take on others even more serious?

A pleasant and easy run home with the wind ended one of the most enjoyable Saturday Club runs, typical of the happy manner in which the Anfield B.C. blend the social and racing sides of cycling.

1st 50 Mile Handicap, 16th April, 1932.

It is to be regretted that the number of entries showed no improvement on last year, although we could easily muster twenty and give the checkers something to do.

Thirteen entered for the race, while Haynes, Junior, and R. Poole rode a tandem for standards only. Glover and Randail, however, did not start as the former was working late and the latter—well, is Charles Randall, and a law unto himself.

A steady north-easterly wind with occasional showers made things rather uncomfortable and most of the riders suffered from cold feet all through the race.

Out to Nomans Heath, Orrell and Salt were level and Pitchford and Marriott close behind, and this position was maintained to Bickerton and back to Nomans Heath, from where there was a twelve and a half miles ride into the wind.

Orrell and Pitchford fell away from this point to the finish, as they were decidedly off their usual form and Salt finished Fastest by over $4\frac{1}{2}$ minutes, with 2.19.47, a very good ride for the day. Orrell was second fastest with 2.24.24, and Marriott, in getting within six minutes of Salt, did a splendid ride and is good for a ride inside 2.20 when the conditions are right. Lockett with 2.29.14 was also greatly improved and fully deserved the first handicap.

Connor and Jonas more or less held their own, while Ryalls, Pitchford, del Banco and Pugh fell away from their previous best performances. Lloyd was unfortunate in having his first race on such a bleak day and is to be congratulated on his excellent ride. The tandem was troubled by a softening tyre which had to be pumped up at Bickerton and Broxton and they finished on the rim, so that their time does not reflect their true capabilities.

	No- mans Heath 12 $\frac{1}{2}$ miles	Turn Bick- erton 26 $\frac{1}{2}$ miles	No- mans Heath 37 $\frac{1}{2}$ miles	Finish Actual Time 50 miles	H'cap.	H'cap Times	Prizes and Stand'ds
1. G. Lockett	36.30	1.19.50	1.52. 0	2.29.14	17 mins	2.12.14	First & Std. ' B'
2. F. Marriott	34.30	1.17. 0	1.48. 0	2.25.38	12 "	2.13.38	Second
3. *J. S. Jonas	37.30	1.24.10	1.58. 0	2.59.44	24 "	2.15.44	Third
4. W. G. Connor	36.30	1.20.35	1.54. 0	2.35.32	18 "	2.17.32	
5. J. J. Salt	33.30	1.14. 3	1.44.15	2.19.47	Scratch	2.19.47	Fastest
6. D. L. Ryalls	35.0	1.18.30	1.51.30	2.33.17	12 mins	2.21.17	
7. R. J. Pugh	38.0	1.24.10	1.59.15	2.41.20	20 "	2.21.20	
8. S. del Banco	37.0	1.23.50	1.58. 0	2.38.41	17 "	2.21.41	
9. G. B. Orrell	33.30	1.14.15	1.44.30	2.24.24	2 "	2.22.24	
10. W. H. Lloyd	37.0	1.23.20	1.58.0	2.42.29	16 "	2.26.29	
11. J. Pitchford	34.0	1.14.30	1.48.0	2.28.35	2 "	2.26.35	

* Trike.

E. Haynes, Jnr. &

R. Poole (Tandem)

Standards only ... 34.30 1.18.45 1.53.15 2.35. 1 — —

Mouldsworth, 23rd April, 1932.

The sun was shining when I left home, and with the aid of a young gale (don't forget the "e" Mr. Printer) I made good time to Willaston Corner, where I realised, while waiting for the mob, that the wind was bitterly cold.

In ones and twos the lads made their gallery sprints round the corner until there were nine of us. Jack Salt, Blotto, Frank Marriott and Dick Ryalls were bound for Siddington, the Dukinfield "50" being on the morrow. George Connor, their camp-follower, had so loaded his machine with camping gear that I immediately lost any desire I may have had to become a cyclo-camper. Rigby Band was also pretty well loaded, being en route for Devon, lucky lad. Some people are perpetually going a-holidaying. (The writer of this 'ere run included.—Ed.)

Followed an easy ride through Chester and Tarvin, and at the turn for Mouldsworth the racing contingent left us, excepting Blotto, who had fell work to do in connection with entry forms. Arriving early at the Station Hotel, we made an attempt to sun-bathe on the bowling green, then set off for a walk to restore the circulation, but got no further than the road, where our appearance shamed the Editorial One into climbing on to his bird-cage and finishing the ascent of the hill, in the saddle, like a man.

Arthur Birkby then arrived, babbling about glorious views, followed by Powell, who was greeted with an admiring chorus on account of his brand-new luxury mount. An inspection of course followed, and then there was a general movement indoors where the writer, Len King and the Abyssinian demonstrated to a select few how *not* to play bagatelle.

Thirty sat down to an excellent meal, Bert Lloyd joining us for a cup of tea only, having come straight from his breakfast. Turvey was the he-man of the occasion, having ridden about 75 miles into the wind from Yorkshire.

We were glad to see Slawson make one of his rare appearances, as he had managed to get away from his business, which takes him to some horrible places, such as Devonshire, Bournemouth and the like.

The Elston C.C. was there in full strength, and Slawson joined them in conjuring tricks with matches, unwisely using his own.

Notable absentees were Kettle and Chandler, who were week-ending in the Lakes, and the Skipper and Charles Randall, who—well, were not!! A heavy shower during tea was followed by a beautiful rainbow (we had to open the window to see it owing to the fog inside) and the party dispersed. The Presider, I believe, was joined by Arthur Birkby and left for Holmes Chapel.

I witnessed a touching scene in the stable—Elston pumping Powell's tyre (he *must* have been cold) and Powell carefully dusting his saddle with a clean handkerchief.

The ride to Chester (where yet another policeman was presented to the W.T.T.'s) was enlivened by a scrap deemed necessary to subdue our own private "bobby." Then into the wind for home, passing Turvey and his friend at the "Yacht," and duly observing the time-honoured custom of "Walking the Sych."

2nd 50 Miles Club Handicap, 30th April, 1932.

For our second "50," the conditions were much more favourable than for the previous event. The day was warm, with a few showers, but there was a stiffish breeze from the South which must have hampered the riders a lot up to the Hinton turn, and as the wind died down towards the conclusion of the race, a fast finish was out of the question and the times generally were slower all round.

There were 12 starters, of whom 11 finished, notable absentees being Connor and Jonas, who so far forget themselves as to allow a social engagement to interfere with their racing!

The race for "fastest" between Salt (scratch), Orrell (1min.) and Pitchford (2mins.), was devoid of its usual interest, Orrell and Salt both punctured, the former lost so much time in searching for a wing nut, which got lost in the grass, that he was forced to retire, while the latter changed the tyre and finished in 2hrs. 22mins. 57secs., only missing Fastest by 1min. 13secs.

E. Haynes, Junr., with the improved ride of 2hrs. 39mins. 42secs., won the First Handicap and was the only rider to show any marked improvement upon his previous best, and to do a performance up to the expectations of the Handicapping Committee. Naturally, his father was very pleased with him winning and he should improve with further experience at the game. G. Lockett returned about the same time as in the previous "50," and was placed second in handicap, while J. R. Walton was slightly slower than his previous best, but managed to secure the Third Handicap.

The intermediate times and final placings are as follows:—

	No- mans Heath	Turn Bick- erton.	No- mans Heath.	Actual Time.	H'cap.	H'cap Time.	Prizes and St'd'ds.
1. E. Haynes, Jr.	45.30	1.29.50	2. 5. 0	2.39.42	25 mins	2.14.42	First & Std. 'B'
2. G. Lockett ...	40.30	1.23.40	1.56. 0	2.29.51	12 ..	2.17.51	Second
3. J. R. Walton ...	43.0	1.25.30	2. 2.30	2.33.55	16 ..	2.17.55	Third
4. D. L. Ryalls ...	42.30	1.23.40	1.56.30	2.31.11	13 ..	2.18.11	
5. S. del Banco ...	45. 0	1.28.20	2. 2.30	2.36.27	18 ..	2.18.27	
6. J. Pitchford...	40. 0	1.19.20	1.50.15	2.21.44	2 ..	2.19.44	Fastest
7. F. Marriott ...	42.30	1.24. 0	1.56.30	2.28.15	7 ..	2.21.15	
8. R. Poole ...	46. 0	1.30.55	2. 6.30	2.43.31	22 ..	2.21.31	
9. J. J. Salt ...	43.30	1.22. 5	1.53.15	2.22.57	Scratch	2.22.57	
10. W. H. Lloyd ...	44.30	1.28. 5	2. 4.30	2.43.54	20 ..	2.23.54	
11. R. J. Pugh ...	50. 0	1.35. 5	2.10.30	2.48.59	21 ..	2.27.59	

J. S. JONAS,
Editor.

ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

FORMED MARCH 1879

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

MONTHLY CIRCULAR.

Vol. XXIX.

No. 316

FIXTURES FOR JUNE, 1932

Tea at 6-0 p.m.

June	4	Third 50 Miles Handicap	Light up at
"	11	Pullford (Grosvenor Arms)	10.32 p.m.
"	13	Committee Meeting, 7 p.m. (Victoria Hotel, St. John's Lane, L'pool.)	10-40 p.m.
"	18	Tarporley (Swan)	10-44 p.m.
"	25	Mouldsworth (Station Hotel). Photo Run	10-46 p.m.
July	2	Acton Bridge (Leigh Arms)	10-44 p.m.
"	2/3	Alternative Week-end, F.O.T.C., Hatfield	10-43 p.m.

ALTERNATIVE FIXTURE FOR MANCHESTER MEMBERS:

Tea at 5-30 p.m.

June	11	Holmes Chapel (Swan)	10-40 p.m.
		Full Moon	...	18th inst.			

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

4 THE LAUND,

WALLASEY, CHESHIRE.

COMMITTEE NOTES.

NEW MEMBER.—Mr. Harold Moore has been elected to Full Membership.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS.—Mr. J. M. James, Fern Cottage, Pakefield, Lowestoft.

Mr. C. J. Conway has again kindly arranged to take the Club Photograph. It is hoped that as many Members as possible will attend at Mouldsworth on the 25th June, and show Mr. C. J. Conway how we appreciate his kind offer.

H. W. POWELL,

Hon. General Secretary.

RACING NOTES.

Invitation "24" and Tricycle Trophy, July 15/16th, 1932.

This event is open to single machines, bicycles and tricycles. Entries must reach me not later than Wednesday, July 6th, together with 10/- towards the cost of feeding.

All those who are not riding are requested to come forward with offers of help in the checking, feeding, etc.

Open Events.—

East Liverpool Wheelers "50," June 12th, 1932.

Manchester Wheelers Invitation "50," June 18th, 1932.

Manchester Grosvenor Wheelers "100," June 26th, 1932.

Altrincham Ravens Tandem "50," July 3rd, 1932.

Any assistance for our men riding in these events will be welcome.

S. DEL BANCO.

Hon. Racing Secretary

TREASURY NOTES.

And very few of them this month! Five may be alright for "Nap" but it's a very poor hand for your Treasurer. Physical disability unfortunately prevented me from lifting all those subs. which so many members are always anxious to pay at Whitsuntide (Down, Robbie); but by referring to the front page of the "Circular," they will learn what to do about it.

The month of May is past. Let June be the month of "must."

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

E. Bright.

H. Moore.

J. Seed.

H. Chadwick.

*G. Newall.

R. L. KNIFE,

Hon. Treasurer.

This Month's Fairy Story.

Once upon a time there were two Magicians, one was called Pepper and the other Jonah. Now Pepper had a carriage of steel with two wheels, one placed behind the other and such was his magic that it neither fell to one side or the other. Jonah also had a carriage of steel, but strange withall, for it had three wheels, two set side by side and one in front to guide it by. When Jonah was asked "Whyso three wheels?" his magic failed him for he could give no reason.

Now many months had passed since the Magicians had given proof of their magic, so they met in conclave and it came to pass that Jonah transported himself by devious ways unto the fair city of Edin in the Northlands.

Four sunsets later Pepper also transported himself unto the city of Edin, using a monster that belched forth smoke and flame, and a creature which stank abominably, but of the doings of their night's stay together in Edin they would give no account.

Early the next morning Pepper awoke, set himself upon his two wheels and lo!! in a time that passeth all understanding he appeared in the city of Lerpoole many leagues to the South. Then Jonah set himself upon his three wheels to journey unto the same city of Lerpoole, but Jonah had many enemies for he had the power to turn people into scribes against their will and these people mixed evil portions to give to Jonah on his journey and so cause his death. Jonah, by his magic, knew of their base designs and appeared at places when these people least expected him, so they were confounded and Jonah appeared in the city of Lerpoole even within the hour of Pepper's arrival.

That, children, is the story of how Pepper and Jonah proved their magic powers and they were acclaimed from one end of the land to the other and they lived happily ever after.

ITEMS.

We were all delighted to see Carpenter at the "50" on April 30th. Although staying at Freshfield he not only came out to the race

but most willingly accompanied Boy-scout Turvey to do a spot of work at Spurstow (and incidentally to warn Master Turvey up a bit, we understand!) What a pity Carpenter's business takes him from Lands End to John O'Groats and prevents him being amongst us often; but he sets a fine example of Club enthusiasm and loyalty by turning up whenever it is physically possible, to our great joy.

* * * * *

The F.O.T.C. meet this year is fixed for July 3rd, and there is a dual reason why it should be supported by a large and representative gathering of Anfielders. In the first place the venue is Hatfield, which so conveniently lends itself to a week-end at Ivinghoe, and in the second place our good old friend Godbold is to be elected the new President.

Verb sap.

* * * * *

"At the A.G.M. of the Midland R.R.A. a ruling was asked for regarding course measuring and it was unanimously agreed that courses should be measured from the left hand side of the road as a law abiding cyclist would ride."

"It may be of interest to state that at a recent meeting of a leading Road Club a definite ruling was asked for on this question—the ruling was that all courses should be measured on the left hand side of the road."

"I am prepared to consider requests from Clubs who desire their courses measured, provided they agree with my practice of taking the left hand side of the road; but in no circumstances would I undertake to measure a course by the nearest possible route, which would necessitate taking right-hand bends in a manner dangerous to myself and discourteous to other road users."—Albert Lusty.

The above three paragraphs should be compared with the following:—"When measuring roads for Club purposes the course measurer shall, *so far as practicable*, take the shortest possible distance along any road he may be measuring, by 'cutting' corners, by following the inner edge of the road on all bends, and by following the common tangent to the inner edges on reverse curves, the object being to make it as nearly certain as possible that no rider who follows the course can cover less than the measured distance."

The italics are ours. You pays your money and takes your choice!

* * * * *

Our older members who have delightful memories of Mr. and Mrs. Cutler who presided over the Lion Hotel, Shrewsbury, and later the Hawkstone Park Hotel, will be glad to know that Hubert Roskell quite recently and accidentally discovered them in charge of the Cotswold Gateway Hotel, Burford-on-the-Windrush. The Cotswold Gateway Hotel has arisen Phoenix-like from the ashes of the old "Bird in Hand," which ceased to function as an hotel in 1863, and is a splendid hotel with all modern conveniences and amenities, although its antique origin has been well preserved. The hospitality of the Cutlers is proverbial and needs no recommendation; and Burford provides an excellent centre for an exploration of the Cotswolds. The Cutlers have been there three years and we cannot understand how F.H. and Wayfarer (himself) have missed finding them.

The Anfield must have an exceptional proportion of elderly members who still cycle to Club runs and certainly one out-standing veteran in the President, whose remarkable rides are chronicled in the *Circular* from time to time. Affectionately known as "Grandad" or the "Old Gent" his actual age seems to be somewhat "wropt in mystery," but the following facts will throw a light on the subject. A motoring member, some two or three years ago, happened to call at the Grosvenor

Arms, Pulford, and casually asked the young lady who was dispensing the ginger ale if she knew the Anfield B.C. "Why yes," she replied enthusiastically, "there's Mr. Cook, he's simply wonderful. Seventy years old and when the Club have their 24 hours ride, he has to wait for the younger members and throw buckets of water over them, to keep them awake."

So that the President must be in his seventy-third year at least. And still going strong!

* * * * *

It is proposed to follow out the leaders in the "24" by car, as well as cycle, and all those who can help in this direction should let del Banco know **at once**, and those who have not got cars should ask for a job now. 100 PER CENT. ATTENDANCE IS REQUIRED ON JULY 15th/16th.

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of the *Circular*.

I hope I am not expecting too much when I suggest that those who report the performances of our men in Opens should take the trouble to obtain the exact times. To report Pitchford as doing "1.8?" in the Stretford Wheelers' "25," on April 10th, seems rather slipshod. Surely there was time to ascertain the exact figures in the three weeks that elapsed between the performance and the publication of the *Circular*. But a worse example is that of the report of the Dukinfield "50," April 24th, when Salt is reported as doing "2.20?" and Ryalls as doing "2.35?" I understand that it is an open secret that the President timed this event—at least the old gentleman seen sitting in a car at the finish, with an Ingersoll watch in his hand, appeared suspiciously like W. P. Cook—and it certainly ought not to have presented any insuperable difficulty for your reporter to have found out the exact figures.

Yours sincerely,

"A STICKLER FOR ACCURACY."

Chester Roman Amphitheatre Fund.

In an acknowledgment of the sum of £8 7s. 0d. made up of shillings collected by Chandler towards the preservation of the site, the treasurer of the Chester Archaeological Society writes as follows: "On behalf of this Society, I should like to express our great appreciation for the splendid effort you have made to help the Fund. It is most encouraging to receive this support and I should be glad if you could inform the donors of our appreciation. I enclose an official receipt and if the names of the donors are published, I will certainly let you have a copy."

We would like to add that the Fund will not be closed for some weeks yet, and that Donations from anyone, who has not yet been approached, will be gratefully accepted.

The Cheshire R.C. Scratch "50," 8th May, 1932.

Our hopes of winning the team race were dashed early in the race when Orrell smashed a wheel at Grappenhall, and was forced to retire. Pitchford was also throwing his weight about and pulled a handlebar off.

Orrell, meanwhile had been given a lift in Jimmy Taylor's car and was near the Mainwaring Arms when Pitchford found himself in trouble, so the latter, seeing a bicycle in the back of the car, took possession of it, but of course was unable to ride it, so the wheels were changed and Pitchy went on his way and did a remarkable ride when one considers the delays he had.

Jack Salt had a trouble free run, and finished third fastest with 2.14.35 and only nine seconds behind the famous Freddie Frost, who was second fastest, while Ross won with 2.13.33. Our fourth man, Marriott, also did a good ride but was slower than his previous best.

The team race was decided on the "point" system and the E.L.W. won with 21, the Allondon R.C. being second with 35.

L. J. Ross ...	East L'pool W. ...	Fastest	2.13.33
F. G. Frost ...	Allondon R.C. ...	2nd "	2.14.26
J. J. Salt ...	A.B.C. ...	3rd "	2.14.35
J. Pitchford	" ...	17th "	2.19.22
F. Marriott ...	" ...	43rd "	2.25.28
	* * * * *		

It is an education to hear our "hot dogs" giving an account of a race, complete with a running summary on all who rode in it, and we mentally resolve to give up racing against such men as these. For instance, Salty does a 2.14. ride and casually mentions that he could not get going for the first forty miles, and says that so and so, who won with 2.12 or thereabouts, "died" before the finish. Oh! what a happy death to die. Then we hear of our Shropshire Stalwart, Pitchy, who misses his feed of brass filings and chews a handlebar off, AND THEN DOES 2.19. ! ! ! !

Edinburgh-Liverpool R.R.A. Bicycle Record Attempt, May 22nd, 1932.

Four of us had a jolly run up to Edinburgh on the Saturday preceding the fateful day, incidentally making a tour of most of the Lowlands before arriving there. The morning was very wet, but the afternoon and evening, though dull, gave promise of a fine day for the ride. A goodly party were gathered to help—George Newall, with the Mayor of Pulford, Rex Austin, complete with family, Mark Haslam and party, Wilf Orrell and Bert and Edwin Green, and, of course, Jack Salt and Syd Jonas, making 13 all told—the Club's lucky number. After a stroll round the town we were all early to bed. The landlord had made elaborate arrangements to call us at different times to avoid congestion at strategic points, but all in vain. He awakened the first party at 4 a.m., but the rest must have been light sleepers, for very quickly the house was all alive, and the whole crowd was on deck. However, breakfast was served with admirable dispatch, and the first party, the Salt party, were at the Edinburgh H.P.O. well before 5.30 a.m., on a fine still morning. (By-the-way, I suppose they are all wrong, but the City Authorities refer to the G.P.O., not the H.P.O., and seem proud of it, for they put it on the signposts for miles outside).

At the starting-point were several of the Edinburgh cyclists keeping the starters company, and when the hour approached and Salt threw his leg over the saddle, cameras sprang up all over the place. He was pushed off on the stroke of 5.30 and set off at a rattling pace over the setts of Auld-Reekie. To our great satisfaction the traffic lights were dimmed and so he had no delays of that sort to put up with. This was fortunate, for when going in on the Saturday night we had no less than six sets to pass, and each one against us. He was very soon clear of the town, and went along through Penicuik, Romanno Bridge and Broughton at 22 to 23 m.p.h. Then he began to climb, but his pace did not slacken to any great extent and was seldom below evens. Up and up he went, with perfect mechanical action and no indication of strain, even up the steeper bits. Round the bends by the Beef Tub he dashed at a speed which the cars dared not attempt, and then down at a breathless speed, leaving his followers hopelessly behind.

At the bottom of a dip he punctured, just on the 50 mile mark. The cars caught him before he had got his wheel out, the spare was slipped in, in a second, and away he went again on the remaining two miles of down hill to Moffat. He was quickly out of sight and it was some little way out of Moffat before the cars caught him again. Here there were some patches of new grit, but Jack had provided for that and removed any that adhered to his tyres immediately. Then into Lockerbie where mine host of the Crown and his good lady, together with Marriott and Connor, were ready for him with ample food, though he was 20 mins. before his scheduled time; he had done the 68 miles in 3 hours 8 minutes, 5½ minutes sufficed to stoke up and then we were away again. From here on there were cyclists here and there to cheer him on and offer drinks and assistance generally, though fortunately there was no need of the latter. The wind had got up a little and was favourable. Before we reached Carlisle, Jack had two followers who pulled their souls out to hold him, but did not succeed for long. Then through Carlisle to Penrith stopping to let Kettle feed him about 3 miles south of the first-named place, and on to the climb for Shap Village and Summit. Somewhere about here Charley Randall and Dick Ryalls gave a drink and from that point on, the road was strewn with Anfielders and other friends.

Up the steep slopes went Jack, not doing evens now, but apparently not distressed, and then came the Summit and a large party of the Lancashire Road Club. The climb up had quite evidently not stiffened Jack's muscles for immediately the road favoured him, he was away like lightning, again leaving his followers, who caught him again only on the lower slopes. A few miles before Kendal we passed Hubert Roskell and John Kinder, who followed us down to the town, where Salt docked at 12.20½. He stopped there 8½ minutes and left, followed now by three cars. The wind had changed from north-east to north-west and then west and was troublesome all the way to Liverpool. By Lancaster Jack was still 12 minutes inside schedule and he stopped at Brock for 5 minutes for the last feed and passed through Preston dead on time. The last stretch of 31 miles were probably the hardest of the whole trip, and the wind, and setts of Liverpool combined to slow Salt a little but he finished well at 4-34 with the record well broken by 25 minutes, and thus gained his second R.R.A. record.

Gilbert Sutcliffe of the Mersey R.C., Lucas, Cotter, the Newall's and a fair sized crowd welcomed him in, as well as Mark Haslam, who got so interested that he came right through to Liverpool.

Edinburgh-Liverpool R.R.A. Tricycle Record Attempt, 22nd May, 1932.

I arrive in Edinburgh in heavy rain on Friday night, and find the victim already in residence, he having ridden quietly up from Liverpool on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday. Saturday is spent in sightseeing and then early to bed ready for next morning. Weather conditions are better, and what wind there is, has a northerly tendency. Up at 4 a.m. Sunday, and after breakfast to the H.P.O. to see Salt depart at 5-30, wind practically nil. At 6 a.m. distinct signs of northerly breeze, smoke is blowing at right angles across Princes Street, and all are in excellent spirits at the prospects ahead. Large numbers of Edinburgh cyclists at the P.O., much clicking of cameras, handshakes and murmurs of "Good luck," and at the appointed moment the three wheels spring into action and the game's afoot.

Followed by Newall and Cotter in a car, and R.J., wife and family in a Jowett, the Editor makes good progress to Penicuik (10 miles,

31 mins.) On we go through Leadburn to Romano Bridge (19½ miles, 1hr. 1min.), and over a gibe and take road to Broughton and Crook Inn (35½ miles, 1hr. 47mins.) Here follows the climb to the Devil's Beef tub, and the wind freshening a little gives some assistance on the way. The subsequent drop to Moffat is negotiated in an awe inspiring manner, and the occupants of the following cars fully expected to find the corpse of the tricycling Editor around every bend. The 6 miles from the summit take just 14 mins., and at least one mile is covered inside 2 mins. The 50 miles point is reached just before Moffat in 2hrs. 31mins. and 60 miles are covered in 3 hours.

At Lockerbie (68 miles) five minutes are spent in feeding and the literary tricyclist leaves in 3hrs. 27½mins. Marriott and Connor who had spent the night there, follow the cars to Carlisle. Even riding is maintained through Ecclefechan and Gretna Green, and Carlisle Castle (92½ miles) is reached in 4hrs. 47mins. Just past Carlisle a further 4mins. is spent in feeding, and here Kettle is in charge, and later joins the procession. The undulations to Penrith (110½ miles, 5 hrs. 48mins.) where Venables and Morris give us a cheer, cause no change in the apparently effortless progress of the three wheeling blue penciller, and the Shap climb is faced with confidence. Assisted by a breeze, the climb is accomplished in faultless style, the speed seldom falling below 15 miles per hour. On the way, Randall and Ryalls give a drink, and the drop into Kendal (136½ miles, 7hrs. 19mins.) is taken at breakneck speed. Here food is taken in 4 mins. at Braithwaite's, and Mandall's car and Dutton-Walker's trike take up the following, R. J. and Newall dropping out for a well earned meal.

The wind has become more westerly, and is a definite hindrance to the rider, but despite this, good progress is made to Carnforth (where Birkby on trike joins in) and Lancaster, and the last feed is taken at Brock (172½ miles, 9hrs. 37mins.) After a four minutes' halt the record breaking seeker of copy proceeds on his way. The back streets of Preston are adequately marshalled, and just across Penwortham Bridge, Cook and Humphries provide a drink, whilst Racing Secretary del Banco, on tricycle, joins the cavalcade. Progress is now somewhat impeded by westerly winds, but a sixteen mile an hour average is comfortably maintained. Burscough (15 miles to go) is reached in 10hrs. 59mins., and after a glorious blind through the tramlined streets of Liverpool, energetically waved along by almost every member of the Liverpool City Police, Syd Jonas earns his first solo record by reaching the Head Post Office in 11hrs. 56mins., being 1hr. 18mins. inside record. All hail our new triple record holder.

A fair crowd awaits the finish, including Salt, fresh from his own record breaking ride, and much good film is expended in securing photographs of the pair. Jonas completed the distance in an exceeding fit state, and came through without the slightest trace of a bad time, and our hopes must be very high of a win in the Tricycle Trophy in July. The arrangements made by our Racing Secretary were in every respect faultless, and the members rallied round in true Anfield fashion.

We must remind Arthur Birkby that record breakers are *never* "Much" too soon.

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Messrs. Salt and Jonas wish to express their sincere thanks to all those members who helped them on their record attempts. It is extremely encouraging to know that one has spares in a following car and the sight of an Anfielder every few miles helps to keep the "knock" at a safe distance.

How the March of Progress goes on and is Unstayable!

For some recent years past we have heard of Campers Who Have invaded Anfield Ranks And Camped. We of Olden Times have heeded them not. But What is lately happened? One of these Elect, Elected Honourable Honorary Racing Secretary, forthwith perforce laboured With All His Might that the Anfield 100 should be. On the Eve of The Event he did hie unto the selected locality of Chaweburgh—even as it had been beforesetimes—and with Divers Others did lay himself down to rest in a Primrosed Dell with but a Pocket Handkerchief for cover erected on two Peasticks, Even by One of gallant mien who was to enter the Fray and Do Battle. Through the night there raged a storm, but those Chosen Ones slept the sleep of the just, and to Give the Lie to Those Who Preside in High Places who do declare that the sleep of Campers knoweth not profundity, only just struggled to Wakefulness in time to see the First Man Off. When again shall we see the Keeper of Racing Secrets usher forth like a Belted Earl in Goodly Company in good time from a Battlemented Castelled Full-Blown Hotel de Luxe like unto Ye Anciente George de Shroseybury? When?

(When Messrs. Charles del Banco & Son (Advt.) corner the peanut market.—Ed.)

RECORDS ITEMS.

Those out helping included the Haynes family, Ven and Eddie Morris at Penrith, Rigby Band and Birkby at Carnforth, Cody and Stevie at Ormskirk, Elston at Aintree (we understood he was conducting a highly dangerous experiment with certain liquids in connexion with the banishment of the "bonk" and was intending to try it out on the Editor, but Jonas put his head down and managed to get past safely.)

George Molyneux was in charge at Brock, and with him was our old friend Tom Hughes who kept Jonas well supplied with drinks, and Littlemore and other Mersey Roaders were at Aughton with tea.

The Birchfield C.C. Open "50," 29th May, 1932.

Our representatives were Bren Orrell, Pitchford and Lockett and the two latter distinguished themselves nobly, Pitchford being fifth fastest and Lockett knocking many minutes off his previous best. Salty was "resting," taking Ryalls to Castle Bromwich on his tandem, with Randall tucked in behind at odd intervals, to help, and Pritchard was also out. The M.C. & A.C., won the team race with the Wyndham second.

B. Bevan	... (Highgate)	... Fastest	... 2.11.13
C. Holland	... (M.C. & A.C.)	... 2nd Fastest	... 2.12.30
L. Harris	... (Wyndham)	... 3rd	... 2.13.40
R. T. Hammond	(Reading)	... 4th	... 2.14.30
J. Pitchford	... (A.B.C.)	... 5th	... 2.14.43
G. B. Orrell	... (A.B.C.) 2.17.58
G. Lockett	... (A.B.C.) 2.23.46

Highwayside, 7th May, 1932.

Finding none of the usual Cheadle Hulme selection forthcoming, Rex Austin having gone to Hadnall plus tent and tandem, I set off on my own through Alderley, Toft and Middlewich. Imagining myself late at this town I warmed myself up for the next few miles. Upon my arrival at Highwayside, however, I discovered that I was not only the first there, but that I had at least half an hour to wait before anyone else put in an appearance. D. L. Ryalls turned up with Charlie Randall, choosing not to stay but intending to push on to Twemlow or somewhere in that region for the Cheshire Roads "50" on the morrow.

When we were all devouring "rabbit meat" etc., who should arrive and disturb the peace but Jack Walton who immediately commenced to lecture on how he got his feet muddy or "The folly of following footpaths by Bart's maps." It boiled down to this—the poor lad had taken a short cut which was not there!

About seven o'clock our contingent left, consisting of Ed. Haynes and Bob Poole aboard the pig, Jack Walton and myself. There followed an enjoyable run as far as Middlewich, where Walton insisted on manning the pig, and Ed. reluctantly allowed him to. This mad gentleman then led the field for some two and a half miles, but before reaching Holmes Chapel he was persuaded to ride his own bicycle again and leave the tandem to less dangerous hands. After this we enjoyed a quiet run home, nothing unusual happening, arriving home about 9-20 p.m.

Whitsuntide—Shrewsbury and the "100," 14th-16th May, 1932.

With the passing of time the tendency to leave the Headquarters at Shrewsbury to the grave and revered siegneurs seems to be growing and although it is difficult to obtain accurate figures just yet, it appears from rough calculations that 81 members attended this double-barrelled fixture while only 17 stayed at the George, and of these only 9 stayed both nights, although 13 staying elsewhere paid Headquarters a visit on one or both evenings and thereby participated in some of the social side. The truth is we were scattered all round the triangular course and quite a number were seeking sanctuary under pocket-handkerchiefs and pea sticks in the Battlefield-Hadnall zone! The two Harolds (Band and Kettle) were the first starters on the Friday evening for a tour to Rhayader and back to Shrewsbury Sunday night, followed closely by Chandler for Nantwich and an exploration of Grosall Church and Uriconium. The Presider started Saturday morning and at the Raven, Prees Heath lunched with Hubert Roskell and our friend Mr. Buckley, who were in charge of the distribution of bananas and oranges round the course. Cook joined Chandler on the Watling Street, and after a thorough inspection of Uriconium and Wroxeter Church, arrived in Shrewsbury in good time for dinner to find Rowatt, John Kinder, Roskell and Messrs. Buckley and Andrews already there, while during the evening Powell arrived from Llanarmon D.C., and Bert Green brought Johnny Band and Venables in his car, and as Barratt and Mr. Latter and Norman Higham paid us a visit a very jolly evening was spent. Sunday was a dull and threatening day but it was rather curious that the motorists seemed most concerned. As Barratt had extended a warm welcome to all for afternoon tea at Minsterley Hall, the cyclists (Powell, Chandler and Cook) decided on Chirbury for lunch and were joined by Harry Parkes and Petronella (on a trike), who were staying in Shrewsbury—the three trikes providing much amusement to other road users. At Chirbury we found Mr. and Mrs. Edwards, Norman Higham, and two ladies, and Draisey (also on trike), so we sat down 11 to an excellent lunch provided without any notice by Sir Charles White. After lunch, Birkby and Scarf arrived on a tandem, so that when the party of 13 set off for Minsterley Hall it consisted of 4 trikes, a tandem, 2 singles and 2 cars! Unfortunately, Draisey had to make straight back for Shrewsbury and left us at Brockton, but all except Mr. and Mrs. Edwards arrived in good order and condition at Minsterley Hall to find Green, Band and Ven already there, after a morning spent Ludlow way. Where was Teddy? Tell it not in Gath, publish it not in Ascalon! *He had lost his way* getting out of Bishops Castle and did not discover his mistake until he struck the water-splash at Pulverbatch!

Of course it goes without saying that the hospitality of the Barratts and Latters knew no bounds and the large party had a magnificent time. Some were lured on to golf, others to billiards and others to trying to ride Barratt's trike which formerly belonged to "Mr. Mullins," while Petronella was very busy with her camera and the whole house with its magnificent old oak was thoroughly explored—and it was with full hearts (and Little Marys) that we regretfully tore ourselves away and rattled quietly back to Salop. Sunday night saw the arrival of Zambuck, Davies, Harold Band, Kettle, Royden, Simpson (and brother Walter), and Dutton-Walker with our friend General Worthington on a tandem from Llanarmon, and last but not least Arch-Owl Beardwood with a choice selection of Junior Owls, and a special Owls' table was set for the fraternity with its emblem as centrepiece. The evening that followed beggars description. The lounge was full of celebrities from all the important Clubs paying their devoirs to the Anfield, not to mention Dr. Carlisle, Bert Morton, R. J. Austin, del Banco, Jonas and other of our "outlanders." We particularly noticed Mr. and Mrs. Stancer, J. Burden-Barnes, Mr. and Mrs. Coleswebb, Mr. and Mrs. Petronella, Mr. and Mrs. Selbach and Mr. and Mrs. Jackson. Mrs. Stancer as usual gracefully drew the Sweep and it was quite appropriate and profitable that Mr. Jackson, President of the M.C. and A.C., should draw C. Holland.

During the evening an informal meeting of the Tricycle Association was held in the annex, with Cook in the chair, and we rather gathered that unusual interest is being taken in the Tricycle Trophy race in conjunction with our "24" this year. And finally quietness reigned as we sought a few hours' sleep with some forebodings as to the weather for the "100" (rain was simply tumbling down as we retired to our virtuous and secluded couches) which fortunately proved needless. A great deal more could be recorded if space permitted, but if you were there you know all about it, and if you were *not* there, you had better resolve to come to the George *next* year, and learn all about it.

Invitation "100," 16th May, 1932.

The entry for our "100" represented, as usual, the best in the cycling world, support being received from all corners of the country. On a morning ideal for speed, wet roads, keeping them hard and the faintest of breezes blowing from the N.N.W., 92 of the entrants were started by Timekeeper W. P. Cook. Amongst the non-starters were A. R. M. Harbour and A. West (Bath Road), L. Cave and A. W. Brummell (Vegetarian), and R. Middleton (M.C. & A.C.). In view of the fine rides put up by Holland and C. S. Middleton (M.C. & A.C.) and Marshall and Wixey (Vegetarian) it is to be regretted that the absence of a third fast man lost them an excellent chance of the team medals.

Now for the race itself, at 50 miles G. B. Orrell (Ours) was leading in 2.20.39, followed by J. Graham (Lancs. Rds.) 2.21.1 and H. J. Townsend (Speedwell) 2.23.58. At the Raven second time, 66 miles, Orrell taking 3.7.30 had lost first place to C. Holland (M.C. & A.C.) 3.4.0, with C. S. Middleton third with 3.8.0. At Chetwynd, Holland had increased his lead, the 82 miles to this point taking him 3.56.0. Orrell and C. S. Middleton were then level with 3.58.30, while Wixey (Vegetarian), Salt (Ours), Gilbert (E. L'pool), and H. L. Caris (Barras) had all taken 4.2.0. C. Holland completed the course with a fine ride in 4hrs. 48mins., and but for a fall at Battlefield Corner might have beaten Southall's record for the course of 4.47.21. Orrell managed to secure second place from C. S. Middleton by 24 seconds, their respective times being 4.55.31 and 4.55.55.

The handicap was easily won by F. Marriott (Ours) who with an excellent ride of 5.4.33 and the limit allowance of 28 minutes brought his nett time to 4.36.33 H. Millington (Warrington R.C.) with a ride of 5.7.59 and an allowance of 24 minutes, nett time 4.43.59, was second and C. S. Middleton, with handicap of 10 minutes worthily secured third handicap prize with third fastest time of 4.55.55 Nett time 4.45.55.

First team medals were annexed by Orrell, Pitchford and Salt (Ours) with an aggregate of 14.59.12. Gilbert, Ross and Bainbridge (East Liverpool) secured second team medals with an aggregate of 15.15.40 from the Speedwell, who clocked 15.17.56.

Of "Ours" who rode, Orrell secured second fastest prize, Pitchford improved his time and missed evens by 12 seconds. Salt did not quite touch his best and timed 5.3.29. These three, as already stated, secured the first team medals. Marriott, as mentioned above, secured the first handicap prize with his ride of 5.4.33, while Jonas seemed to miss that extra wheel he is now accustomed to trundle along, his time of 5.12.6 however is an improvement on last year and altogether the Club had a good day.

Eighty of the ninety-two starters completed the course. The arrangements of the race were excellent and del Banco is to be congratulated thereon. The following is the analysis of the rides of the fastest men while following that is the result in full—

	50 Miles.	66 miles	82 miles	Finish.
1. C. Holland (M.C. & A.C.) ...	2.24.57	3. 4. 0	3.56. 0	4.48. 0
2. G. B. Orrell (Anfield) ...	2.20.39	3. 7. 0	3.58.30	4.55.31
3. C. S. Middleton (M.C. & A.C.) ...	2.29.58	3. 8. 0	3.58.30	4.55.55
4. F. Turner (Cheshire Rds.) ...	2.25.27	3.11.30	4. 2.30	4.58.17
5. C. Marshall (Vegetarian) ...	2.29.12	3.15.30	4. 5.30	4.59.18
6. P. T. Stallard (Warwick) ...	2.29.25	3.15. 0	4. 3. 0	4.59.30
7. W. M. Wixey (Vegetarian) ...	2.25.11	3.11.30	4. 2. 0	4.59.43
8. J. Pitchford (Anfield) ...	2.28.37	3.13.30	4. 3.30	5. 0.12
9. H. J. Townsend (Speedwell) ...	2.23.58	3.10.30	4. 4. 0	5. 0.22
10. H. L. Caris (Barras) ...	2.28.10	3.13.30	4. 2. 0	5. 0.45
11. E. J. Warn (Plymouth) ...	2.28.41	—	4. 6.30	5. 1. 5
12. E. Gilbert (E. L'pool) ...	2.24.50	3.11. 0	4. 2. 0	5. 2.27

Name.	Club.	Actual Time 50 Miles.	Actual Time 100 Miles.	H'cap.	Handicap Time.
		h.m.s.	h.m.s.	mins.	h.m.s.
1. F. Marriott ...	Anfield B.C. ...	2.30. 4	5. 4.33	28	4.36.33
2. H. Millington ...	Warrington R.C. ...	2.29.25	5. 7.59	24	4.43.59
3. C. S. Middleton ...	Midland C. & A.C. ...	2.21.58	4.55.55	19	4.45.55
4. F. Johnson ...	Broad Oak R.C. ...	2.29.14	5. 8.12	22	4.46.12
5. C. Holland ...	Midland C. & A.C. ...	2.24.27	4.48. 0	Scr.	4.48. 0
6. J. J. Smith ...	Speedwell B.C. ...	2.26.57	5. 8.57	20	4.48.57
7. J. Graham ...	Lancashire R.C. ...	2.21. 1	5. 9.19	20	4.49.19
8. P. T. Stallard ...	Warwickshire R.C. ...	2.29.25	4.59.30	10	4.49.30
9. W. M. Wixey ...	Vegetarian C. & A.C. ...	2.25.11	4.59.43	19	4.49.43
10. J. E. Carr ...	Potteries C.C. ...	2.27.21	5. 4.59	15	4.49.59
11. C. C. Lamb ...	Apollo Wheelers ...	2.32.22	5.12.40	22	4.50.40
12. *H. L. Caris ...	Barras C.C. ...	2.28.10	5. 0.45	10	4.50.45
*W. Tilling ...	Chert. & County C.C. ...	2.25. 6	5. 2.45	12	4.50.45
14. *C. Parker ...	Yorkshire Road Club ...	2.26.16	5. 2.37	11	4.51.37
15. S. Livingston ...	Dukinfield C.C. ...	2.30.59	5. 8. 1	16	4.52. 1
16. J. S. Jonas ...	Anfield B.C. ...	2.32. 9	5.12. 6	20	4.52. 6
17. G. H. Roberts ...	Yorkshire Road Club ...	2.27. 0	5. 6.14	14	4.52.14
18. F. Turner ...	Cheshire Roads ...	2.25.37	4.58.17	6	4.52.17
19. *E. J. Warn ...	Plymouth C.C. ...	2.28.41	5. 1. 5	8	4.53. 5
20. *J. Pitchford ...	Anfield B.C. ...	2.28.57	5. 0.12	7	4.53.12
21. J. A. Tattersall ...	Clarnon C.C. ...	2.26.54	5. 8.20	15	4.53.20
22. W. Muirhead ...	Walton C. & A.C. ...	2.29.50	5.15.32	22	4.53.32
23. J. N. Bainbridge ...	East L'pool Wheelers ...	2.27.15	5. 7.38	14	4.53.38
24. F. L. Nunn ...	Sharrow C.C. ...	2.33.29	5.17. 4	23	4.54. 4

Name.	Club.	Actual Time 50 Miles.	Actual Time 100 Miles.	H'cap.	Handicap Time.
25. L. Hall ...	Century Road Club ...	h.m.s. 2,34.27	h.m.s. 5,15.29	mins. 21	h.m.s. 4,54.29
26. *C. Marshall ...	Vegetarian C. & A.C. ...	2,29.12	4,59.18	4	4,55.18
27. G. Benson ...	L. pool Century R.C. ...	2,32.53	5,18.21	23	4,55.21
28. W. Littlewood ...	Rutland C.C. ...	2,35.47	5,15.22	20	4,55.22
29. G. B. Orrell ...	Anfield B.C. ...	2,20.39	4,55.31	Scr.	4,55.31
30. F. Phillips ...	Birkenhead C.C. ...	2,32.14	5,13. 3	17	4,56. 3
31. W. Wood ...	Phoenix C.C. ...	2,32.58	5,18.23	22	4,56.23
32. W. G. Smith ...	Speedwell B.C. ...	2,31.58	5. 8.37	12	4,56.37
33. H. Bland ...	Gomersal O.R.C. ...	2,34. 0	5,18.49	22	4,56.49
34. J. E. Farrar ...	Mersey Roads ...	2,30.11	5,12. 0	15	4,57. 0
35. J. Berry ...	Manchester Wheelers ...	2,31.12	5,15. 9	18	4,57. 9
36. J. L. Torrance ...	Walton C. & A.C. ...	2,34.50	5,17.17	20	4,57.17
W. T. Melia ...	Mersey Roads ...	2,31. 0	5,19.17	22	4,57.17
38. *E. Gilbert ...	East L'pool Wheelers ...	2,24.50	5. 2.27	5	4,57.27
39. J. J. Salt ...	Anfield B.C. ...	2,24.48	5. 3.29	6	4,57.29
40. R. F. Da Costa ...	Mersey Roads ...	2,35.15	5,18.40	20	4,58.40
41. A. Rogerson ...	Spn Valley Wheelers ...	2,29.32	5,15.13	16	4,59.13
42. E. Carr ...	Sbarrow C.C. ...	2,34.57	5,24.19	25	4,59.19
43. E. Bloodworth ...	Broad Oak R.C. ...	2,27.18	5. 4.25	5	4,59.25
44. A. E. Humber ...	Century Road Club ...	2,22.51	5,14.25	15	4,59.25
45. A. Beckinsale ...	Gomersal O.R.C. ...	2,36.17	5,16.41	17	4,59.41
46. F. Hart ...	Horwich R.C. ...	2,32.18	5,21.42	22	4,59.42
47. A. Livingston ...	Dukinfield C.C. ...	2,26.41	5,14. 1	14	5. 0. 1
48. A. J. Gee ...	Wyndham R.C.C. ...	2,37.51	5,14.13	14	5. 0.13
49. *H. J. Townsend ...	Speedwell B.C. ...	2,23.58	5. 0.22	Scr.	5. 0.22
50. L. J. Ross ...	East L'pool Wheelers ...	2,25.57	5. 5.35	5	5. 0.35
51. W. E. York ...	Broad Oak R.C. ...	2,34.45	5,17.41	17	5. 0.41
52. R. H. Spavin ...	Clifton C.C. ...	2,28.40	5,17.58	17	5. 0.58
53. R. S. Harris ...	Dukinfield C.C. ...	2,31.20	5,16. 3	15	5. 1. 3
54. W. Ball ...	Rotherham Wheelers ...	2,30.40	5. 5.52	4	5. 1.52
55. W. A. Perkins ...	Vegetarian C. & A.C. ...	2,32. 5	5,16.58	15	5. 1.58
56. H. Crye ...	Manchester Wheelers ...	2,35.37	5,20.18	18	5. 2.18
57. E. Atherton ...	Yorkshire Road Club ...	2,33.12	5,14.26	12	5. 2.26
58. F. S. Booth ...	Manchester Wheelers ...	2,34.50	5,27.27	25	5. 2.27
59. A. Hooper ...	Warwickshire R.C. ...	2,28.40	5,14.31	12	5. 2.31
60. J. Webster ...	Warrington R.C. ...	2,31.13	5,13.44	11	5. 2.44
61. J. R. Sutton ...	Warrington R.C. ...	2,33.25	5,13.25	10	5. 3.25
62. A. Holden ...	Apollo Wheelers ...	2,27.30	5,17.45	14	5. 3.45
63. A. Newland ...	Bath Road ...	2,32.56	5,10.56	7	5. 3.56
64. E. R. Wilkinson ...	West Lincoln C.C. ...	2,34.53	5,18.32	14	5. 4.32
65. J. W. Dougal ...	Century Road Club ...	2,35.29	5,12.44	7	5. 4.44
66. F. Hancock ...	Man. Grosvenor ...	2,36. 8	5,28.59	23	5. 5.59
67. F. Allen ...	Speedwell B.C. ...	2,26.31	5,20.49	14	5. 6.49
68. E. B. Dilworth ...	E. L'pool W. ...	2,35. 5	5,25. 1	18	5. 7. 1
69. S. Ellison ...	Mersey Roads ...	2,32. 1	5,20.56	13	5. 7.56
70. H. Beresford ...	E. L'pool W. ...	2,38.55	5,31. 2	23	5. 8. 2
71. T. R. Penk ...	Speedwell B.C. ...	2,36.15	5,25.40	14	5,11.40
72. W. Cooper ...	Gomersal O.R.C. ...	2,37.47	5,26.41	15	5,11.41
73. P. Duce ...	Lancashire R.C. ...	2,37.31	5,27.40	15	5,12.40
74. D. Devine ...	Phoenix C.C. ...	2,32.31	5,23.25	10	5,13.25
75. T. H. Money ...	West Lincoln C.C. ...	2,32.31	5,26.50	12	5,14.50
76. C. N. W. Underhill ...	Warwickshire R.C. ...	2,33. 8	5,35.16	20	5,15.16
77. E. Lythgoe ...	Apollo Wheelers ...	2,42.15	5,43.58	25	5,18.58
78. C. B. Long ...	M.C. & A.C. ...	2,34.50	5,36.40	16	5,20.40
79. E. Kevitt ...	Oldham Century R.C. ...	2,49.40	6. 2.52	28	5,24.52
80. A. W. George ...	Walton C. & A.C. ...	2,38.22	5,55. 3	20	5,25. 3

* Certificates.

FASTEST TIME ...	C. Holland	Midland C. & A.C. ...	4h 48m 0s
SECOND FASTEST TIME ...	G. B. Orrell	Anfield B.C. ...	4h 55m 31s
THIRD FASTEST TIME ...	C. S. Middleton	Midland C. & A.C.	4h 55m 45s

TEAM RACE.

First—Anfield B.C.

Second—East Liverpool Wheelers.

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
G. B. Orrell ...	4	55	31	E. Gilbert ...	5	2	27
J. Pitchford ...	5	0	12	L. J. Ross ...	5	5	35
J. J. Salt ...	5	3	29	J. N. Bainbridge ...	5	7	38

14 59 12

15 15 40

" 100 " Sweep.

The Sweep was a greater success than ever, 170 taking part therein. 1st Handicap Prize, £3, was taken by C. Long, per F. Greenwood. 2nd Handicap, £2, M. Gordon, per J. Kinder. 3rd Handicap, £1, E. D. Robinson, Blackpool. Fastest, 30/-, Mrs. Jackson, per F. Greenwood. 2nd Fastest, £1, N. G. Bennion, East Liverpool Wheelers. Total, £8/10/-.

Our best thanks to Mrs. Stancer for again " drawing the Sweep," assisted by Powell.

" 100 " ITEMS.

Jimmy Long, who we see so little of nowadays, made a gallant attempt to be present at the " 100 " and succeeded in arriving at Battlefield at 3-30 a.m. on Sunday morning. He started off from Birkenhead on a new motor bicycle, which gave up the ghost near Prees Village, so Jimmy, in his best 24 hour manner (and complete motor-cycling garb) started to push the machine to Battlefield. Now it was Jimmy's turn to give up the ghost and with what energy he had left he dropped the cursed contraption into a deep ditch and walked the eight or nine miles from Weston to Battlefield and woke up the household and the tired " athletes."

Harold Moore made his first appearance as an Anfielder at the " 100," and we hope he will not bring an appetite like our other Yorkshire resident, Turvey, to Club runs. We thought one eminent journalistic-lecturer-buttermilk fiend was enough for the Club, but two is the absolute limit.

Heath, Bailey and Pritchard also put in an appearance, while Mercer and Burgess made an early morning trip to be present.

* * * * *

We do not doubt that, if a prize had been given for the best checkers or marshalls in the " 100," the Simpson Brothers and Zambuck would have taken it.

For instance, a stranger riding in the " 100," upon coming to the corner at the " Lamb," Edmond, and seeing the above three cyclists, would have said to himself, " Three Anfielders, evidently. I'll bet they are out every week-end," and the attire of these three denoted the keen clubmen. There was no mistaking Arthur for the landlord of the " Lamb," or brother Walter for the village lay preacher, or Zambuck for the village schoolmaster. No. They looked what they were, cyclists, and nobly stood outside the pub. for hours on end, and " waved on " the thousands of competitors on tandems.

Daresbury, 21st May, 1932.

After the strenuous week-end over the " 100," and having seen friend James well on his bicycle tour to the Yorkshire Dales I am just finding myself as we leave the green hillside where I live and slip over the city, turning into the winding Cheshire lanes by Tabley Grange to Pickmere. Running into sleepy Budworth about 4-30 we take tea at the George and Dragon, where a moral tagged on the sign reads:—

" So mayest thou with might no less

Slay the dragon, drunkenness."

As we slip down the hill on the bend another message warns us:—

" Take thy calling thankfully,

Love thy neighbour neighbourly

Shun the path to beggary."

In grave silence we turn on the main Northwich road, turning right by Marston and along by Witton flashes we enter a pretty lane which runs us by beautiful Marbury Hall lying in lovely parkland setting. The lane emerges at the Cock, when left we run across to Higher Whitley and soon turn into the yard of the Ring o' Bells to find the old man's trike cheek by jowl with the pig-sty, with some half dozen bicycles in the shed.

We look in at the bar and turning we find familiar faces.

We find a corner in a chilling atmosphere. Our past life has evidently gone before us, so we seek solace in the cup that cheers and drink to the success of the Edinboro-Liverpool Record boys.

The count, including the friends, was approximately fifteen. This reminds me of the O'Rawlinson who has asked in and out of season for a run to Daresbury and even bribed the Presider. Where are these weak-kneed blighters who can neither ride nor drink.

The regulars were scattered on the road between Edinburgh and Liverpool, which accounts for a poor attendance.

Farnon, 28th May, 1932.

We left home at 2-45 and expected to run into a storm at any moment, as the sky was dark and threatening, and the green of the fields and hedge rows showed up vividly. We missed the rain and nearing Chester caught up a very fast Post Office tandem with Messenger Boys Salt and Ryalls aboard and Randall panting along in the rear.

As they were bound for Castle Bromwich we left them in Chester and made our way through Eaton Park and had a pot of tea at the Iron Bridge. We were soon joined by Connor and Rigby Band, and later, Kettle who came up with Powell and Royden.

Kettle joined the fast section and we learned that he had had to abandon his Scottish Mountaineering Expedition with Chandler, owing to the latter hurting his back. They should have started on the Friday night but Frank had been put to bed. We left as Johnny Band and the Skipper came along and by the time we stood in the yard of the Raven Kettle's face was rather bespattered.

Cook soon rolled in from Wrexham on his own, having been unable to fetch Roberts and we were very pleased to see Norman Heath turn out, by tricycle, with the news that he was riding in the "50" and the "24."

Teddy Edwards, Ven, Jonas, Harold Band, Birkby, "Dracula," Rowatt and George Mercer completed the party that sat down to a very excellent meal. Cook, Birkby and Heath weekend and our party left at 7-15 for home, meeting del Blotto on the way. While walking up the Sych we learned to our great regret that Glover has now decided to give up racing on account of tummy trouble. A specialist has forbidden speed work and we hope the Skipper will now make a complete recovery. During his club life he has raced under great difficulties and it is remarkable that he did so well.

Goostrey, 28th May, 1932.

A small gathering of only eight members gathered at the Red Lion on this gloomy last Saturday in May, and we suppose the weather was responsible for some absentees.

The Orrells', Lockett and Rex Austin were away at the Birchfield and those present were the Manchester Vice-President, the Doc., the Mullah, Bert Green, Hubert Buckley, Jim Cranshaw, Ted Cody and Haynes, Junr.

J. S. JONAS, *Editor.*

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ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

FORMED MARCH 1879

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

MONTHLY CIRCULAR.

Vol. XXIX.

No. 317

FIXTURES FOR JULY, 1932.

Tea at 6-0 p.m.

July 2	Acton Bridge (Leigh Arms)	Light up at 10-44 p.m.
	Alternative Week-end—F.O.T.C. Rally, Hatfield.	
" 9	Highwayside (Travellers Rest)	10-40 p.m.
" 11	Committee Meeting, 7 p.m. (Victoria Hotel, St. John's Lane, L'pool).	
" 15/16	Invitation "24"	10-35 p.m.
" 23	Overton (White Horse)	10-25 p.m.
" 29th Aug.	2nd August Tour—County Down	
Aug. 6	Mold (Dolphin)	10-2 p.m.

ALTERNATIVE FIXTURES FOR MANCHESTER MEMBERS :

Tea at 5-30 p.m.

July 23	Areld (Rose and Crown)	10-25 p.m.
" 30	Northwich (Crown and Anchor)	10-15 p.m.
Aug. 1	Bath Road "100"; Speedwell "100"	10-10 p.m.
" 6	Goostrey (Red Lion)	10-2 p.m.
	Full Moon	18th 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 July 30th, but Members attending on that date will be credited with a run.

The Honour of Knighthood conferred upon J. D. Siddeley was mentioned to the Committee and the President reported having written Sir John D. Siddeley congratulating him on behalf of the Club, and read the reply he had received thanking the members most heartily. This has been recorded on the Minutes.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS.—Mr. James Long, 3 Gresford Avenue, Prenton, Birkenhead.

AUGUST TOUR.—Particulars appear elsewhere in the *Circular*.

H. W. POWELL,

Hon. General Secretary.

RACING NOTES.

Invitation "24" and Tricycle Trophy, 15th/16th July, 1932.

A great deal more assistance is required for this event. Those who have not already been given jobs and are able to turn out, please notify me. I would remind those intending to ride that entries close on Wednesday, July 6th.

Open Events—

July 3rd—Altrincham Ravens' Tandem "50."

July 10th—Apollo Wheelers' "50."

August 1st—Bath Road "100."

We will have men riding in the above events and assistance will be welcomed.

August 1st—Speedwell "100." Forms for this event are now available. Entries close July 18th.

August 14th—Anerley Scratch "12 Hour." Entries close July 27th, and forms for this event are also available.

RECORDS.

July 3rd—Jonas is attacking the R.R.A. and N.R.R.A. 12 Hour Tricycle records.

July 24th—Sait, on a single, and Orrell and Pitchford on a tandem, propose attacking the respective Edinburgh/York records. Will those members who are able to go over and assist the riders kindly notify me?

S. DEL BANCO,

Hon. Racing Secretary.

TREASURY NOTES.

As your Hon. Treasurer will be going away on holiday on July 15th, he will be very glad if all those in arrears will pay their Subscriptions before that date. The reason will no doubt be obvious to the thinking mind!

I am glad to report an improvement in our financial position. No less than eight members have heard the clarion call of duty, and are hereby thanked for their Subscriptions and/or Donations (*).

H. M. Buck.

R. Rothwell.

D. Turnor.

W. E. Cotter.

T. W. Slawson.

G. H. Winstanley.

*J. Kinder.

J. H. Sunter.

R. L. KNIPE, *Hon. Treasurer.*

August Tour. Itinerary is as follows:—

Friday, 29th July.—Belfast boat from Liverpool, sailing from Princes Landing Stage, 10 p.m. Return fare, 30/-.

Saturday, 30th July.—Breakfast aboard, leaving afterwards for Bangor, Donaghadee, Ballyhalbert, Portaferry, crossing the entrance of Strangford Lough and on to Downpatrick (48 miles), lunch at Kelly's Railway Hotel. Alternatives via Newtownards (35 miles) or direct by Saintfield (22 miles), but the coast route is more interesting. Thence in the afternoon via Clough, Dundrum, Newcastle and Kilkeel (Kilmoree Arms) for dinner and the night (75 miles).

Sunday, 31st July.—Via Rostrevor and Warrenpoint over the Mourne Mountains to Hilltown (21 miles) for lunch at Downshire Arms, afterwards re-crossing the Mourne Mountains for Kilkeel direct (35 miles).

Monday, 1st August.—Over the Mourne Mountains to Castlewellan, lunch at Commercial Hotel, thence Ballynahinch and on to Belfast (46 miles), boat for Liverpool leaving 9-30 p.m.

All those intending joining the tour and requiring reservations must let Chandler know not later than July 17th.

From Walton-on-the-Hill to Irlams-on-the-Height
or

(The Great Virgin Highway on the Eve of Completion.)

Between these lofty landmarks stretches the new Lancashire Blue Riband to form a short cut or straightforward approach between the rival Cities.

Witnessed from the Liverpool end it is clearly a sign of good will or as our President may say: a fine gesture—of dignity and noble mien. The whole north-east face of Liverpool—now calling itself: the Gateway of the West—concentrates on the Road by radiating Drives of radiant aspect.

Its local name conveys its local aim: The East Lancashire Road.

A mile on its way from Walton a Pavilion of Arrival and Departure has been erected. Its name is

The Crown Hotel.

In large golden letters the proprietors divulge their good intent by the words: BENTS' ALES.

This hostel is of ample proportions and offers unstinted repose. It has been remarked that some of its attractions may appear a little bizarre to eyes of gloom, combining Eastern splendour with Western luxury, as if to suggest that East Lancashire is the home of Eastern Potentates. This view is belied at the eastern end. The "Liverpool Gentleman," on alighting at Irlams o' th' Height and looking for his "Manchester Man," can at best hope for a seat in the taproom of the Packhorse Tavern, licensing hours permitting.

The Municipality of Manchester has provided no Park Drives to face the Great Roadway. Until quite recently only an explorer of Roman remains could discern in the disturbed earthwoods of Swinton Park that something momentous was afoot. By the side of the Swinton Road, where this takes the left fork from the Bolton Road, a mere By-Pass seems to be under construction in a westerly direction.

To the Manchester traveller, a name for this outlet is missing. To him it is no eastern road, it's eastern aims leave him cold. On learning that this is the beginning of a 28 miles long Boulevard to the brighter West, he cries out: "Westward Whoa!" he queries: "Westward Whither?" and hearing of its destination, he names it the Westward-Walton-Way.

The Manchester Anfielder has heard of this Walton. He has been told that to us Anfielders the offtake from Walton Hill is happily chosen. Walton is Liverpool's Northern Gateway. There the town begins or ends. Walton has meant so much to the early Anfielders, many of whom were there rocked in cradle. We might have been the Walton Wheelers. Was it in Walton Breck that the first Anfielders mounted their Ordinaries by the back step at the Bugle call? To that bugle, many flocked. The musical Simpsons lived under its spell from early youth. Can we reconstruct the scene, fit for the Pallet of an Andrews? Bell and Fell midway between step and saddle, the Simpsons at marbles

round the Alley-Ways of the "old village" (with their "Alleytors") acquiring that mastery that still pertains in thier skill on the Wallasey Billiards tables, while leaving behind in Anfield their Elder John—the Soothsayer, as hostage. Was not Chem attracted by that Walton Bugle to come and wed a Walton lady and to retain his foothold in Anfield for three generations, now to lead us to the New Roadway and to explain the lie of the land? Scrutinise your map and find that the Cartographer Bartho-lo-Mew has engraved the name: "Anfield" across Chem's very threshold.

For Walton rests on Anfield and the first lap is by Anfield Cemetery (Liverpool's Champs Elysees) along Walton Hall Avenue to the aforesaid Hotel. Thence the Highway steers a passage between those other Fields of Tranquility and Rest, the cemeteries of Everton and Strawberry Hall. Yon farther beacons are: left the Church Tower of Kirkby and right that of Knowsley.

Where the map mentions Moss Side, along the northern boundary of the Knowsley quadrangle, the Lord of Derby has traded his Old Acres to the New Men of Liverpool. The once remote Northern Gates lie along the new road.

Clear of Knowsley the Road reaches the Five Lane Ends north of St. Helens and is faced by Moss Bank. Here progress is delayed—rumour is rife and fear is afoot. We are told of Quicksands and Quagmires, in short of lack of solid soil. Remember we are here in the land of Beecham, the wonder worker and inventor of motion. Can he have practised his black magic on the solid earth and set the soil on the run? Still the good work must go straight forward as there is no option. To the south stands the great town, and to the north lies the watery dam that divides Moss Bank from the high ridge of Billinge, stretching from Brownlow to Bryn.

We go to explore this Billinge and hear of something to our advantage. It is a barren hilltop village of great antiquity, yet a spot that might have escaped discovery were it not that years ago the Brothers Roskell came here to pile up that store of wisdom and knowledge that has characterised them in after life. Temples of learning still bearing the imprint of their weighty visit are found in the keep of Holy Men.

Returning to the Great Road beyond reach of the quicksands we meet it close to Haydock Race Course in the land of Makerfield halfway between Newton and Ashton. This is the Half Distance between the Cities and it is to be hoped that a fitting Half Way Resthouse be erected, where The Twain (East and West) shall meet at last.

The next road crossing is that with the Newton Leigh-road at Lane-Head, Lowton, and a few miles farther along its course just north of Glazebury station it crosses the roads from Warrington and Glazebury to Leigh.

At this point Chat Moss must be faced or circumvented. The latter plan is chosen and for the first time the course is set north-east, keeping just south of Astley. It then passes midway between Boothstown and Ellenbrook townships but a stone's throw apart but bent on different ways. These names suggest a tragic tale: The Town was stern, the Brook was fleeting, and Ellen fled from Booth. Our sympathies lie with Ellen and so does the Only-Way which seems to make straight for Walkden.

We are reminded of the Way's early avowed intent to steer clear of the pitfalls of Manchester and approach the Northern Towns direct. Therefore we gaze at Walkden and beyond in the line of vision towards

Besses o' th' Barn with its Band. These prove but idle thoughts, and our Only Way turns wayward. Perhaps the roadmakers were in two minds, minds deeper to fathom than the Moss itself.

At the crossing with the Worsley—Walkden road another change takes place and the north-eastern travellers are left to find their own salvation. Yet they are not entirely left unprovided for: the once humble Cock Inn, within sight of the High Way, has been transformed into a brand new

— Cock Hotel —

to provide the Good Companions.

It is a palpable though timid challenge to the Crown Hotel, near Liverpool, except that the pink-frocked, dainty damsels from the Walton Elyseum are replaced by white-coated Bar-Tenders from Cow-Bent.

“AUTRES CHAMPS — AUTRES MOEURS.”

But for this concession the lures of Salford and Manchester prevail.

To get back towards the twin towns, grotesque swerves have to be made. Skirting pretty Roe Green on the north and Moorside on the South, the Main-Way meets the Worsley-Manchester road broadside on and passes through it. Seemingly intoxicated, it lurches by long sweeps towards Swinton Woods, those that have lain unsullied for centuries.

This then is farthest East. The end is nigh. Like a horse scenting the stable, The Way—the Wayward Way plunges through the Wooded Glades—once the Plaisance of Norman Nobles—and runs to earth in a little open space at High Irlams.

The Maiden Way all but undone,

Yet breathless all—to roost has come.

After the fast and furious final, it seems a sad and sudden end, recalling the last jerks of the Figure Eight Railway, when the disillusioned revellers find themselves unceremoniously expelled.

All other ceremony is lacking. No Parking Places for Cars. No Tearooms for the Ladies. No Home Comforts for the Men. And as to the Packhorse Inn, its doors are likely to be found shut if the Manchester Magistrates have heard of your coming.

ITEMS.

Hubert avers that never again will he visit Leominster. It appears that, in company with John Sunter, on the famous Black and White tandem tricycle on which this speedy pair put up the since inviolate Hoylake-West Kirby record, the Frail One approached the centre of the town named, with the intention of turning to the right. A policeman signalled him on, and, in turning, the outfit passed to the right of the representative of the law, instead of going round him. The policeman's indignation at this disgusting breach of the law knew no bounds, and he was not propitiated by Hubert's action in offering him tuppence with which to buy a pint. (Curious that Tiny does not know that the price of beer went up in 1914, or thereabouts!). Trouble might have ensued had not Hubert, with great presence of mind, slipped in the high gear (this floating chain business can be very useful), rung the bell, and blazed over the Downs to Bromyard.

* * * * *

Amongst the gardens to be thrown open to the public next week is Bob Knipe's. The price of admission will be 1/- (to view the house as well an extra 1d. will be charged), and for this it is proposed to show

both the window-boxes and the tub plantation. A remarkable feature of the latter is the display of flowering hydrophobia-ammoniated-stalactite shrubs (semolina brand), which are said to be the only specimens in England. They grow to perfection in the neighbourhood of the Equator in New South Wales, from whence Bob obtained a tiny cutting in the course of his world-exploration in s.s. "Harry Clasper." The proud owner of this lovely garden regrets that his asparagus will not be on view, the season being short and early. Fortunately, however, the tin has been retrieved by the Salvage Department, and may be inspected without extra charge. The proceeds of Knipe's generous action in admitting the public to see his window-boxes (two) and his tub plantation will be divided between the Society for the Correction of Excessive Blood Pressure in Retired Taxi-cab Drivers and the Association for the Encouragement of Rock Climbing in the Fens, after a suitable deduction has been made to cover expenses.

* * * * *

It now transpires that the real reason why Robinson (Himself) did not make his usual appearance on the "100" course on Whit Monday, was that he was riding a very clean bicycle. He feared that, in consequence, he would not be recognised, and would thus be denied the privilege of "taking the salute" during his Royal (or Liverpool and London and Globe) progress round the course.

* * * * *

Rumour states that the Mullah was caught napping the other day during a tour through the Midlands. He stopped for a spot of something in a tumbler at the Navigation Inn, outside Wootton Waven, just close to where a bridge crosses the road. After the third one (or it may have been the fourth) he got talking to the oldest inhabitant who was lingering hopefully in the bar. Then up spoke the oldest inhabitant: "See yon bridge, mister? Well, man and boy I've lived here for 82 year, and I've never seen a train go over yon bridge!" The Mullah's astonishment knew no bounds. Marvellous! Extraordinary! Unique! How was this accounted for? Was it a single-line railway, or what? The oldest inhabitant chuckled and replied: "Well, ye see, mister, it ain't a railway bridge at all; it's a canal bridge." And the Mullah then decided (in his own words) to "resume the pigskin."

* * * * *

While on a week's tour Chandler had the pleasure of spending the week-end with Norman Turvey, who had dashed up from Aekworth, fresh from the excitement of a cricket match. The night was spent at the Windmill Hotel, York. This house offers bed and breakfast for 7/6; has hot and cold water in the bedrooms, and ample garage accommodation. It is situated south of the Micklegate and very handy for those coming from Wetherby or Tadcaster direction. Norman sent his most profound obeisances to M. le President, and wished to be remembered to all kind enquirers. The tourist then proceeded via North-allerton, Reeth, Tanhill, Appleby, Kirkstone to Coniston, where Kettle joined him with the car. The mountaineers then had two days afoot. The Old Man and Wetherlam and Pavey Ark occupying their time. Kettle then went home and Chandler carried on via Furness Abbey and Kirkby Lonsdale to Clapham to see Ingleborough Cave. The mountain road from Bentham down the Hodder Valley to Slaidburn was taken but the surface is broken up by motor trials. At the Black Bull, Broughton, Humphreys was met who also wished to be remembered to all the boys.

After the Grosvenor "100" Russ Rothwell and the Presider proceeded to Acton Bridge for lunch and got the surprise of their young lives! It was known that the Leigh Arms had changed hands and that the new licensee was named Barnard, but who on earth dreamed that it was C. R. Barnard, who was a very active member for the four years 1920-1923, riding well in all the races and frequently week-ending with the Kinders, Kettle and Cook? You can imagine the joy at the discovery of "Barney"! The Leigh Arms should now return to favour and be particularly an Anfield house. It is to be hoped that some of those who "object to Acton Bridge" and intended "putting in their run" helping Jonas, will also go to the Leigh Arms on Saturday, July 2nd, if only to see "Barney" again or to make his charming acquaintance.

We hear that one of the features of the next Liverpool Autumn Exhibition will be a water-colour by Mr. Joe Andrews entitled: "The Enthusiastic Hiker en route." The painting depicts a Crosville bus crowded with hikers, and among the figures to be recognised are those of Winstanley and Chem (both wearing "shorts" and open-necked shirts—what an example for Cook!), Percy Brazendale, with his usual outsize in caps, permitting only his feet to be seen, Tommy Royden, whose exploit in making fastest time in the Argyle Street South special walkers' climb (2 days, 3 seconds)—he was the sole competitor—will be fresh in the memory of our readers, and John Band. A small platform trails behind the bus and bears a pair of hefty walking boots marked "F.C."

Bob Knipe has received a letter from Harry Buck recently, and we are pleased to hear that Lizzie is very well and still keenly interested in the Club, being particularly gratified at last year's results.

By breaking the Edinburgh-Liverpool Bicycle Record, Jack Salt now acquires a second Shield with which to adorn his bedroom, and Jonas takes possession of the one for the Tricycle.

It is particularly gratifying to have these Shields held by Anfielders, as the bicycle one was presented by the Club to the R.R.A. in 1894, and the tricycle Shield was presented by the Club in 1927.

Yet another Band is taking to the family pastime. This is Brian, son of Harold, and he needs a good second-hand machine, about 20 ins. or 21 ins. frame. If anyone has a machine to offer will they please let Harold R. know.

The following extract from a letter we have received, was addressed as follows: "Mr. J. S. Jonas, c/o. Anfield Bicycle Club Headquarters, Liverpool," and was safely delivered via No. 15 Brunswick Street.

The letter reads: "Dear Sir,—I notice you have just broke a tricycle record. I have a gadget in my possession known as the Bricknell Hand Gear. With this gear fixed on your tricycle you could knock another two hours off. Mr. Knipe, of your Club, can tell you the advantages of this gear. He has broke records with one. . . . The one I have, I bought to try and fix on a cycle to cross the Mersey, but it fell through. It has been lying up ever since. . . ."

Two of our super-tourists (Bren Orrell and Pitchford) week-ended at Llanrhaiadr Y.M. after the Wheelers' "50," and set off next day to Llanfyllin with two maps. They were soon hopelessly lost and after

many hours wandering in the wilderness had to regale themselves with ice-cream and "pop." We found them struggling along the St. Martins-Ellesmere Road and just met them in time as each was doing his best to "corpe" the other. We have arranged to have the course adequately marshalled next time they go for a tour.

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The Club photograph will appear in the August *Circular*.

* * * * *

The East Liverpool Wheelers' Open "50," 12th June, 1932.

We obtained the Second Team Prize in this race, held over a fast Wirral course, and all our men, with the exception of Bren Orrell, did their fastest "50."

L. J. Ross, of the E.L.W., won with a wonderful ride of 2.9.44, and E. Gilbert, of the same club, was second with 2.10.17, and F. T. Brown was third.

Times of the Fastest and our men are below:—

L. J. Ross	...	(E.L.W.)	...	Fastest	...	2. 9.44
E. Gilbert	...	"	...	2nd Fastest	...	2.10.17
F. T. Brown	...	(Potteries C.C.)	...	3rd	"	2.10.55
J. J. Salt	...	(A.B.C.)	...	6th	"	2.12.27
J. Pitchford	...	"	...	"	"	2.13.33
G. B. Orrell	...	"	...	"	"	2.16.22
F. Marriott	...	"	...	"	"	2.18.28
G. Lockett	...	"	...	"	"	2.22.34
J. S. Jonas	...	(Tricycle)	...	"	"	2.30.40
Fastest Team: E.L.W.,						6.33.23; 2nd Fastest, A.B.C.,
Timekeeper: N. M. Higham.						6.42.22

The Manchester Wheelers' Invitation "50," 18th June, 1932.

As is usual in this event we did nothing and won "nowr," only Pitchford and Marriott doing a ride anything like their proper form.

The winner of our "100" (Charlie Holland of the M.C. & A.C.) won with 2.12.31, and his club also carried off the Fastest Team prizes, the East Liverpool Wheelers being second.

C. Holland	...	(M.C. & A.C.)	...	Fastest	...	2.12.31
J. W. Brooke	...	(Gomersal O.R.C.)	...	2nd Fastest	...	2.13.45
E. Gilbert	...	(E.L.W.)	...	3rd	"	2.14.11
J. Pitchford	...	(A.B.C.)	...	5th	"	2.15.53
F. Marriott	...	"	...	"	"	2.20.52
J. J. Salt	...	"	...	"	"	2.22.13
G. B. Orrell	...	"	...	"	"	2.25.22
D. L. Ryalls	...	"	...	"	"	2.29. 2
J. R. Walton	...	"	...	"	"	2.30.17
R. J. Austin	...	"	...	"	"	2.34.34
J. S. Jonas	...	(Tricycle)	...	"	"	2.37. 5

Fastest Team: M.C. & A.C., 6.47.28; 2nd Fastest Team: E.L.W., 6.52.49.

Timekeeper: N. M. Higham.

The Manchester Grosvenor Wheelers' Open "100," 26th June, 1932.

Fifteen of our men entered for this race, though only nine were accepted, and of these, two (Pitchford and Heath) were non-starters,

Pitchford having to work, while Heath broke a side wheel on his trike and had no time to replace it.

Our seven starters all finished, as is usual in the Anfield, and we were again successful in providing the 1st and 3rd Fastest men and carrying off the First Team prizes.

Bren Orrell has now won this race every year of the six it has been run, and we take this opportunity of congratulating him most heartily. It will be seen that he had no easy task when we mention that there were 16 riders beating five hours.

Jack Salt was Third Fastest and rode the fastest "100" of his career, while Marriott knocked three minutes off his previous best and made the team prize secure.

Lockett, Ryalls and Walton were riding their first "100" and did exceedingly well and will be very useful men in the future, though Walton would have done better if he had taken the first 50 miles a little slower, and not gone scrapping with scratch men. Jonas, on his tri-cycle, made a very slow start but picked up later on and managed to beat Freddie Hancock by a couple of minutes.

Times of the fastest and our men are:—

G. B. Orrell	(A.B.C.)	Fastest ...	4.44. 2
J. N. Bainbridge	(E.L.W.)	2nd Fastest ...	4.46.25
J. J. Salt	(A.B.C.)	3rd ..	4.47.48
F. Marriott	"	" ...	5. 1.27
G. Lockett	"	" ...	5.11.48
D. L. Ryalls	"	" ...	5.12.39
J. R. Walton	"	" ...	5.20. 2
J. S. Jonas	" (Tricycle)	" ...	5.28. 2
Teams : 1st, Anfield B.C. (Orrell, Salt and Marriott)			14.33.17
2nd, East Liverpool Wheelers (Bainbridge, Gilbert and Ross),			14.41.43
Timekeeper : W. P. Cook.			

Third 50 Miles Handicap, 4th June, 1932.

A splendid entry of 17 was received and all started and finished, though two riders punctured (Salt and Lloyd).

All were started promptly by the Presider, and at Nomans Heath Pitchford was fastest with 33 minutes, Salt second in 34 minutes, and Orrell and Marriott level in 35 mins. and Lockett another 1½ mins. behind.

At the turn at Bickerton, Pitchford was still leading, taking 1.12½ for the 26½ miles, and Salt, in spite of a puncture, was second with 1.15½. Marriott came next with 1.16½, and Orrell's 1.17½ showed the effect of riding in plus-fours, and with mud-guards on the machine. He had forgotten to bring his tights, and we think he was thinking more about keeping egg and milk off his suit than racing!

At Nomans Heath the last time (37½ miles), Pitchford was still leading by half-a-minute from Salt, with Marriott another 1½ mins. behind, and Salt, riding strongly, finished in 2.19.35; Pitchford being second fastest in 2.20.15, with Marriott very close up in 2.20.47—his best performance so far.

Walton won the handicap easily by making an improvement of over six minutes, and was a popular winner. Ryalls won the 2nd Handicap by also improving his time, two minutes in his case, while Jonas, on a tricycle, knocked four minutes off his previous best and was third.

Connor rode well and improved three minutes, likewise Haynes, Junior, and Norman Heath, in his initial attempt at racing on a tricycle, did quite well, in spite of nearly two years' absence from speed work. Lloyd punctured and, but for this, would have improved by quite a margin. del Banco, Randall, Lockett, Pugh, Poole and Austin were all a shade slower than their best times.

There was an easterly breeze blowing during the race, and this made the finish fast. A large number of helpers turned out and they are hereby thanked for their services.

	No- mans H'th 12½ mls.	Turn Bick- erton. 26½ mls.	No- mans H'ath 37½ mls.	Finish. Actual Times. 50 mls.	H'cap H'cap	H'cap Times.	Prizes and Stand'ds.
1. J. R. Walton ...	mins 35½	1.17½	1.50	2.24.39	15	2. 9.39	1st and Std. 'C.'
2. D. L. Ryalls ...	36½	1.18¾	1.51	2.25.41	13	2.12.41	2nd
3. *J. S. Jonas ...	37½	1.22	1.56½	2.33. 3	20	2.13. 3	3rd and Std. 'D.'
4. F. Marriott ...	35	1.16½	1.47½	2.20.47	7	2.13.47	
5. W. G. Connor ...	38	1.22	1.57	2.32.14	18	2.14.14	
6. S. del Banco ...	38	1.21½	1.56	2.32.54	18	2.14.54	
7. C. Randall ...	39½	1.26	2. 1	2.37.55	22	2.15.55	
8. G. Lockett ...	36½	1.18½	1.50½	2.24. 4	8	2.16. 4	
9. R. J. Pugh ...	37½	1.21½	1.58½	2.38.17	22	2.16.17	
10. R. Poole ...	39	1.25	2. 1	2.39.34	23	2.16.34	
11. W. H. Lloyd ...	37	1.21	1.57	2.42.47	25	2.17.47	
12. R. J. Austin ...	38½	1.23¾	1.59	2.36. 0	18	2.18. 0	
13. J. Pitchford ...	33	1.12¾	1.45½	2.20.15	2	2.18.15	
14. E. Haynes, Jr. ...	39	1.24	2. 0½	2.38.23	20	2.18.23	
15. *N. S. Heath ...	41½	1.28¾	2. 7	2.46.49	28	2.18.49	
16. J. J. Salt ...	34	1.15¾	1.46	2.19.35	Scr.	2.19.35	
17. G. B. Orrell ...	35½	1.20¾	1.51	2.27.58	2 m.	2.25.58	

* Tricycle.

Lloyd and Salt punctured.

Pulford, 11th June, 1932.

After a heavy shower about 2-30 p.m. I was very glad to see signs of the weather clearing up, so we started off, and with the exception of a small shower at Willaston, the day kept getting better and better, until it blossomed out into a really perfect day.

We quietly wended our way over Queen's Ferry to Hawarden, where we were revived by a nice cup of tea after toiling up the hill.

Then on through the Hawarden woods which were as lovely as usual, and turning left at Pen-y-mynydd Church we had an easy free-wheel down the hill on the way to Broughton.

Turning right at the church we slowly ambled through that little-known part of Eaton Park before coming to the main Chester-Wrexham

road and half way through it we turned into the lanes through Dodleston, where we inspected the church, having plenty of time before reaching Pulford.

We found the usual crowd, mostly of the elder Brethren, as the racing men were conserving their energies for the East Liverpool Wheelers' "50" next morning.

We sat down 21 members and two friends—our old friend Elias of the C.T.C. and a grandson of Cook's, one of McCann's sons, who was week-ending with grandpa.

Our two lady friends, Mrs. Edwards and Mrs. Harold Band, also were there, but of course dined in "purdah."

After the usual good feed and attempts to satisfy Kettle, who was looking for helpers for Jonas's 12 Hour Tricycle Record attempt, and del Blotto, who was doing ditto for the "24," we set off through the other part of Eaton Park, and so home after a most enjoyable day amongst lovely surroundings.

Holmes Chapel, 11th June, 1932.

A heavy shower just as I was ready to get into the saddle caused me to defer my departure. Whilst I was waiting for the rain to cease there arrived a member in a car, with bicycle attached, attended by two resplendent outriders on bicycles. How shall frail pen describe that wondrous sight? Certainly mine shall not attempt it. Slowly recovering, an idea struck me. Most of my friends are, like myself, somewhat mouldy and unimpressive, and evoke no particular enthusiasm when introduced into the bosom of my family. Well, thinks I, now I'll show 'em that I have some really smart pals. After gathering together such of my household as were available, I carefully shepherded the triumvirate in so that, so to speak, they burst into sight simultaneously. The effect was most impressive and I'm pleased to say that my stock has gone up several points. When we thought of time we found it was 5 o'clock—much too late to think of cycling to the rendezvous. The old bus was dug out and we slithered along to the Swan, to be greeted on arrival with tolerant smiles by the assembled hard-riders. I really forget how many of us there were to tea; perhaps it was 11 or perhaps 13—I seem to have an idea that it was a cricket or football team number. There were several notable absentees, away on racing business. After tea we chatted a bit and then drifted outside, to find Harry Wilson, who had had tea in a separate room, *en famille*, complete with dog. He likewise had with him his best-Sunday-go-to-meeting car with metal parts "so wondrous bright as quite bereaved the rash beholder's sight." But don't imagine that Harry is responsible for that perfection of cleanliness. Oh! dear no! Sharshaylapham! (That's Chinese for "Have a bit on the missus.")

Furtively getting our ancient conveyance out on to the road, we placed it in such a position that as few as possible of its honourable scars were visible, and proceeded to collect the party as quickly as possible. Some of them were very elusive and in this connection I may say that it should be a rule of the Club that members stick to one bar. However, we got 'em all at last and started for home on a perfect summer evening. I couldn't quite understand why she went so slowly or why the steering seemed to pull to the right until I discovered that one of the resplendent ones had his feet sticking out over the side of the car. Well, I ask you, could you expect her to make good time with so much

extra windage? When the obstructions were removed, things went better and we arrived at my domicile complete in number, in good condition, and on something like schedule.

Tarporley, 18th June, 1932.

Those unfortunate members who live on the Lancashire side of Manchester have been criticised for their desultory attendance at runs and their mode of travel thereto. But a champion for their cause has arisen in the Presider himself, who after a recent visit to the purlieus of Oldham, declared that the atrocious roads and the wild, uncouth inhabitants of those parts made cycling positively unsafe, and train, tram, bus or car could pardonably be used to attend a fixture. "I would board one myself," he declared emphatically.

No apology need therefore be made for a true chronicle of how three of these unfortunates attended the Tarporley run.

Tying his bicycle frame securely to the Flying Fiat, and throwing her into gear, (a hazardous undertaking) Urban Taylor shot like a rocket for the Cheshire Plains. A halt, a return for his bicycle wheels which he had momentarily forgotten, a restart, an effortless journey, and Urban arrived outside the prison walls of Knutsford only twenty minutes late for his appointment, and without a suspicion of fatigue.

Meanwhile, the Rawlinsons had boarded the Trans-Cheshire Rapide from Manchester and arrived at Knutsford—complete with suits and bicycles—fresh as a bridegroom. In the hands of such experts the re-assembling of Urban's machine was the work of a moment, and, before the full gaze of an astounded public, these intrepid cyclists mounted, and gathering speed, vanished Peover-wards in a cloud of dust.

Being accustomed to long hours in the saddle (an unusual name for an inn! Ed.) our friends arrived at the Swan quite fresh, though a trifle thirsty. "The 'orses 'oofs kicked up *such* a cloud of dust" said Urban in explanation.

Good food, and fellowship, old faces, familiar voices, bad beer—a kaleidoscopic impression remained of the all too short time in the company of fellow members ere mounting the bicycles for the return journey via Vale Royal to Knutsford.

The company of Cook—Knutsford bound also—was an unexpected pleasure, for a time. All pleasures pall. This one palled at Davenham, where, at the "Bull" it was decided "voluptuously to surfeit out of action." In the cool inner chamber, refreshed by a pint it was declared of Cook that like Jehu, "he rides furiously."

After an abortive attempt to overtake the Presider, these stalwarts arrived in Knutsford. A systematic search of all the inns failed to disclose his whereabouts, and, thwarted of their promised pint, train and car were again boarded for the return to the City of Dreadful Night.

Mouldsworth, 25th June, 1932.

A rather cloudy day, warm and interspersed with almost delightful showers was the last Saturday in June, the occasion of the Annual Photo Run.

Norman Turvey was encountered on the Chester Road near the Wirral Stone. He was bound for Meols where his wife has been ill for a considerable period. To him we extend our sympathies and express the hope that all will soon be well. Dick and Sammy soon afterwards over-

took Blotto and Jack Salt (unfortunately a printable nickname has yet to be conjured for him). This quartet eventually passed Eddie Morris who was trundling solo towards Chester. At Chester Jack bought Home Rails for Knutsford, en route for Twemlow, del Banco went for a detour, whilst the Prenton Wheelers, having just a spot of racing on the morrow (or in the middle of the night whichever end of the card Fate or the Grosvenor Wheelers place you), proceeded in a lesurely fashion the nearest way to Mouldsworth.

We arrived in time to miss one of the aforesaid showers by trooping inside for a game of bagatelle. Leslie Elston was with us until he spotted Bob Knipe, when he immediately dashed out (through the door, but that way only because the window was not quite big enough) to wangle Bob into a game of bowls with the usual stakes. Bob, however, once bitten—twice shy, was not having any and so Leslie, defeated in his object, wandered round disconsolately until tea put him into a better mood.

Forty-one members and a friend sat down to tea. Table talk was centred on the Grosvenor "100," and it was wondered, and of course hoped, that Orrell would repeat his previous successes and so win the event for the sixth time in succession against such formidable opposition. Great was the disappointment when it was learned that Jack Pitchford, owing to business making a prior claim, could not ride.

At the call of the camera and Charlie Conway we all made our way to the green for the great event. Grouping and focussing took the usual time and Hubert Roskell created a sensation by standing on one end of a form that took at least six to weigh down the other end in order to keep it at a reasonable level. No casualties were reported, but for Hubert Roskell to stand on a wooden contraption or the like is distinctly dangerous, earthquakes are not unknown, even in England.

Rigby Band narrowly escaped disaster owing to standing within six feet laterally of the rear wheels of Wilf Orrell's mechanical bassinette. When Wilf reversed into the road at about 40's he just missed Rigby and his bicycle by two inches with a deft turn of the wheel.

About a dozen, including three tricycles, grouped for the run eastwards. The Presider had spent a little time looking for Bert Green, from whom he evidently intended taking a little pace, Bert had however apparantly vanished into thin air and so Cook joined the main party. Not content with being provided with ample shelter, he started setting the pace from the rear. His was the third tricycle and when the pace dropped below 15's his front wheel would hit Birkby's rear axle with a resounding bump and consequently every time this happened Birkby's front wheel would wear just a little more paint off Jonas's back axle. These jerks evidently not to their liking, the 15's continued even unto the uttermost summit of Kelsall Hill, but soon afterwards the Presider spotted Albert Davies and left us to have a set to with him. We, eternally and internally thankful, settled to a more sedate pace, and so to Twemlow and eventually rest.

STOP PRESS.

Many more helpers are wanted for the "24." Those who have not yet been given a checking, marshalling or feeding job should ask del Banco for one at once.

J. S. JONAS, *Editor.*

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ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

FOUNDED MARCH 1878

REVISED AND CONFIDENTIAL

MONTHLY CIRCULAR

NO. 10

MARCH 1888

STANLEY W. JONES

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MONTHLY CIRCULAR.

Vol. XXIX.

No. 318

FIXTURES FOR AUGUST, 1932

Tea at 6-0 p.m.

Light up at

Aug. 1/2	August Tour.—County Down.	
" 6	Mold (Dolphin)	10- 2 p.m.
" 8	Committee Meeting, 7 p.m. (Victoria Hotel, St. John's Lane, L'pool).	
" 13	Farndon (Raven)	9-37 p.m.
" 20	Twelve Hours' Handicap	9-53 p.m.
" 27	Highwayside (Travellers Rest)	9-17 p.m.
Sept. 3	Pullford (Grosvenor Arms)	9- 0 p.m.

ALTERNATIVE FIXTURES :

Aug. 1	Bath Road "100"; Speedwell "100."	
	Tea at 5-30 p.m.	
" 6	Goostrey (Red Lion)	10-2 p.m.
" 13	Holmes Chapel (Swan)	9-47 p.m.
	Full Moon	16th inst.

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

4 THE LAUND,
WALLASEY, CHESHIRE.

COMMITTEE NOTES.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS.—Mr. T. A. Telford, 19 Carlow Road, Prenton, Birkenhead.

H. W. POWELL,
Hon. General Secretary.

RACING NOTES.

The Club "12 Hour" will be held on August 20th over the same Cheshire and Shropshire course as used last year. Entries must reach me by Saturday, August 13th accompanied by a feeding fee of 5/-.

I am now booking names for Checking, Feeding, etc., so don't be "backward in coming forward."

Open Events.

Anerley Scratch "12 Hour"	... August 14th.
Westerley Roads "100"	... " 28th.
Polytechnic Gayler "12 Hour"	... Sept. 3rd.
Palatine "50"	... " 4th.
Manchester Wheelers "12 Hour"	... " 10th.

S. DEL BANCO,
Hon. Racing Secretary.

TREASURY NOTES.

July is usually a slack month for subscriptions, but this year the response has been very good. "We are seven" (Wordsworth), and the following members are hereby thanked for their Subscriptions and/or Donations (*):—

W. E. L. Cooper.	G. P. Mills.	H. Poole.
A. Dickman.	A. Newall.	*L. C. Price
J. Hodges.		

R. L. KNIPE,
Hon. Treasurer.

ITEMS.

Letters to hand from L. C. Price advise that he is making a brief trip home and expects to be in London during the months of September and October when he hopes to "escape" North and attend a Club fixture, although he definitely states that he will *not* ride in any races! The presence of L.C.P. at a run would indeed be delightful, not only for his old friends but for all those who have joined in recent years and are keen to meet him in the flesh.

* * * * *

There is no end to the versatility of Carpenter. A P.P.C. just to hand from Banff, Alberta, informs us that he has "just completed a motor and camping tour of 1,618 miles—prairie and mountains—Saskatoon into British Columbia through some wonderful scenery in splendid weather." Carpenter without a bicycle seems hard to visualise, but of course we have it on the best possible authority that variety is the spice of life, and doubtless Carpenter will have lots to tell us when next we see him.

* * * * *

Returning from the O.T. Rally at Hatfield, the Presider was dropping down hill into Hemel Hempstead when some vigorous horn tooting from a car that refused to pass made him sit up and when the car drew alongside it proved to be none other than "Pa" White, looking as fit and young as ever. The meeting of the two O.G.'s can be better imagined than described, but A.G.W. sent his love to all of us.

* * * * *

What a tough nut Charlie Conway must be. Only a few months ago he underwent a very severe operation with flying colours and now one of our scouts, visiting the Derby Swimming Pool, at Wallasey, in search of "copy," was amazed to find Charlie diving and swimming like a fish! And rumour has it that his bicycle is being dug out again! That's the stuff to ensure perpetual youth.

* * * * *

Another of our members who is holidaying abroad this year is Mark Haslam, who is in the Savoy District of the French Alps, with "Hodites" of the C.T.C. *Gazette*, while Lucas is reported to have been in Pembrokeshire, and "Frail" Hubert is rumoured to be inspecting the Cotswolds and the road to Land's End. It is not known yet whether he is going for the London or John O'Groats' record from this point.

The motto of the Club *Hic et Ubique* (Here and Everywhere) is being well lived up to this year.

* * * * *

In addition to the usual collection of fierce birds of the air, beasts of the field and pink elephants tripping along the telegraph wires, etc., etc., the Editor saw hundreds of red zeppelins on his recent record

attempt. They were flying alongside the Whitchurch road and were looping the loop and doing all the usual Air Pageant stunts. No more sausages for breakfast before races.

* * * * *

For many years the Anfield has been without a Tandem Tricycle, although Single Tricycles have always been to the fore on Club runs, and we can muster nearly as many of these latter machines as we can motor cars, which is saying a great deal.

However, the Editor and Hon. Racing Secretary were promised the loan of one by Mr. S. Malins, a member of the Walton C. & A.C., who has been a keen tricyclist since pre-war days.

The Tandem Tricycle was finished just before the "24," and the Captain and crew went out to Bootle to inspect it and found it exceedingly good, the machine being perfectly rigid and the steering all that could be desired, and on the way to the Pier Head on the maiden trip the machine broke all records, and caused the usual remarks, cat-calls and jeers to be made by the small boys en route. Some people were obviously dumbfounded, while others clung helplessly to lamp-posts and tramway standards as the machine hurtled over the setts, and one small boy in Bootle took the biscuit for the most appropriate remark when he called out "What else did yer get in yer stockin'!"

* * * * *

Three of our younger members recently spent a pleasant Sunday at a favourite port of call, in the Principality of Wales, where, if one is really thirsty and possessed of the pass word, one can obtain certain brownish liquids which shall be nameless.

One of these three Black Anfielders journeyed thither by bicycle, while the other two sallied forth with a carriage of fourteen horse-power, and they all foregathered at the Pub at the appointed hour and learned of the Tale of Sammy the Packer. The time passed quickly, with much music (canned), feasting and dancing, and at a late hour the party prepared for the journey home. The bicycle was dismantled, wrapped in newspaper, and packed inside the car, with the cyclist squashed into a corner, suffering much discomfort.

Then began as black a deed in the History of the Club as has ever been known, when the two motorists did their best to still the breath of the cyclist by hurtling down mountain sides at incredible speeds, cornering at 60 on the wrong side of the camber, crashing over hump-backed bridges and generally making the journey a torture. Threats, pleadings and curses were of no avail, and arriving at the City of One Eye, the luckless one was pitched out without ceremony and surrounded by bits of bicycle and acres of oily newspaper, and left stranded across the tram-lines at 12-20 a.m. on a Monday morning. The heartless motorists howled with delight as they drove off, while the cyclist gathered up the bits of bicycle and scuttled away, leaving the approaching P.C. to cope with the morning papers.

* * * * *

The July issue of the C.T.C. *Gazette* contained an appreciative article on the virtues of the Presider, but Anfielders of course, read it with more than a pinch of salt. The Old Gent is described as "Britain's Greatest Cyclist," and altogether the "write-up" must have cost Grandad a small fortune.

This issue also contains an interesting article from the pen of E. A. Thompson, and we also learn that an anonymous member of the A.B.C.

is paying the annual subscription for some member of the C.T.C. who is unable to afford it.

Members will regret to learn that the Dyke family will be leaving the Grosvenor Arms at Pulford at the end of the year, when the house will be put up for auction.

We hear that Telford has now taken unto himself a wife. We extend our best wishes to the pair and hope that Telford will choose Saturday afternoon as his day off and put in a few Club runs.

The Editor wishes to thank, very sincerely, all those who turned out and helped him on the "12" record attempt.

WINNER OF ANFIELD "100" DIES A HORRIBLE DEATH IN APOLLO "50."

TERRIBLE TALE OF TALL CYCLIST.

We regret to report the sudden and tragic death of the "5.4" man, whose real name was Frank Marriott, and who became famous throughout country as the winner of the Anfield 400 yds. race, which is held annually in Shropshire.

Marriott also did "5.1" in the Grosvenor "100," and was confidently regarded as the coming stayer. After the recent debacle, however, it seems that he has already come and stopped.

It appears that he had only about four miles to go in the Apollo "50" when he was overtaken by a depression from Iceland, which gave him cold feet, so he turned up the road to his "digs" at Wintergreen Villa, and so become the first Anfielder to "pack" for many moons.

It has been debated as to whether he should be requested to resign from the Anfield or the W.T.T.'s, and it is thought that his presence in the latter body will not be tolerated one moment, so his resignation has been asked for at once. Sammy will probably be able to get into the Cheshire Beer Barrels at Saughall Massie as this latter body is not so particular as the Tea Tasters.

And so this is the end of the man who sat up and whistled going round the second time in the "100." Selah.

Fellowship of Old Time Cyclists, Hatfield, 3rd July, 1932.

Another footprint in the sands of time has been made and, while these Rallies have their solemn side in bringing to mind those stalwarts like the late Dr. Turner and Major Liles (and in our own particular case Reuben Edmunds) who have passed over to that bourne from which no traveller returns, they also provide great joy in the reunion with those giants like S. P. Edge, H. R. Reynolds, W. F. Ball, Godfrey White, E. P. Moorhouse, C. P. Sisley, "Jimmy" Walters, Van Hooydank, Arthur Tesley, Bidlake and others too numerous to mention, who are happily still with us hale and hearty. And from the Club's point of view it was a most successful function. It is true the Presider was the only one to cycle (on his trike) both ways from the North, but Beardwood and Buckley (on his way home from one of his semi-annual pilgrimages to Essex and riding in excellent form, which he ascribed to his adoption of a three-speeder!) were also active cyclists and there were thus three of us to roll up at Hatfield after a "pleasant evening" with ducks and things at Ivinghoe, while this triumvirate were supported by Sunter,

Rowatt, Ven, Oscar Taylor and Fell in cars. And in addition we had Bert Morton worshipping at the shrine of the Old Boys, but of course not admitted to the sanctum sanctorum! At "our" table we had Coles-Webb, Capener and Batty (Speedwell), and Tom Hughes, and after lunch the "annual meeting" was held, resulting in the re-election of all the Committee "en bloc," a further postponement of consideration of the "Constitution" proposed in an exceedingly witty speech by F. Percy Low and finally the election of Godbold as the new President with tremendous acclamation. After the gathering Dave Fell went on to pay his annual visit to Lawrence Fletcher, and no doubt the Sunter-Taylor cars got back safely to Liverpool and Manchester respectively, while Buckley continued his tour homewards by an easterly route, as the wind was westerly (there's a napper for you!), and the O.G. in his bassinette, scorning the breeze and refusing to go to Thame with Ball and Capener—declaring it was not far enough—reached Burford that night to get ahead of Hubert Roskell who was scheduled to visit the Cutlers at the Cotswold Gateway Hotel the following week-end, when he would find that his claim had been jumped! And in making a two days' tourlet of the ride home from Burford the O.G. quite accidentally came across Ball and Capener having tea at Henley-in-Arden and foregathered with them once again, and a call on Frank Urry gave him the glad news of the Editor's wonderful 12 Hours' Northern Tricycle record, while on his last lap, through Clatterbridge, he encountered the Editor himself and was able to call out "congratulations" which made a fitting and happy ending to a useful week-end of 445 miles.

Altrincham Ravens Tandem "50," 3rd July, 1932.

Our three pairs in this event gave a good account of themselves and succeeded in winning the second handicap with a scratch crew (Salt and Ryalls), while we were second in the team race by a narrow margin.

Norman Higham timed the race, which was run off in rain, and with a strong southerly wind.

A. and S. Livingston	...	(Dukinfield C.C.)	Fastest	...	1.59.29
J. E. and E. J. Carr	...	(Potteries C.C.)	2nd Fast't		2. 0.14
G. B. Orrell and J. Pitchford		(Anfield B.C.)	3rd	..	2. 1.33
F. J. Haworth and F. Turner	...	(Cheshire R.C.)	4th	..	2. 2.12
F. T. Brown and T. E. Godwin		(Potteries C.C.)	5th	..	2. 2.22
J. J. Salt and D. I. Ryalls	...	(Anfield B.C.)	6th	..	2. 2.25
G. Lockett and J. R. Walton		(Anfield B.C.)	10th	..	2. 8.53
Team race	1st, Potteries C.C., 4.2.34; 2nd, Anfield B.C., 4.3.58.				

Apollo Wheelers' C.C. Open "50," 10th July, 1932.

We carried off the fastest and the first team awards in this event, in which we had ten riders and eight finishers.

Jack Pitchford was fastest by over half a minute, with a splendid ride of 2.16.2, and the other members of the team were Salt and Walton. Orrell punctured and could not get his spares to remain hard, so retired, while Marriott might have clocked 2.45 if he had carried on, but he packed at 46 miles, as he was decidedly off form. Connor cut out a

piece of the course, but such was the checking that he was duly listed as though he had ridden the whole distance.

J. Pitchford	... (Anfield B.C.)	... Fastest	2.16. 2
F. Turner	... (Cheshire R.C.)	... 2nd Fastest	2.16. 38
J. E. Carr	... (Potteries C.C.)	... 3rd	2.17. 30
J. J. Salt	... (Anfield B.C.)	... 7th	2.19. 0
J. R. Walton	... (")	2.26. 44
G. Lockett	... (")	2.26. 57
D. L. Ryalls	... (")	2.27. 16
R. J. Austin	... (")	2.33. 10
S. del Banco	... (")	2.37. 14
<hr/>				
W. G. Connor	... (Anfield B.C.)	... Run off Course	2.29. 45

Oak Tandem "100," 17th July, 1932.

Orrell and Pitchford rode in this race and put up a very fine show, on a strange course, against the Vegetarian C. & A.C. cracks, Marshall and Cave. The "24" and the situation of the "100" course prevented any of our helpers getting down to help them with drinks, and in the circumstances, our men did very well. At 24 miles they were leading; at 38½ miles they led by 2½ mins; at 50 miles by 2 mins., but in the final fast run home, before an exceptionally strong wind, Marshall and Cave took the lead and won by 2 mins. 4 secs.

C. Marshall and L. Cave	... (Veg. C. & A.C.)	... Fastest	4. 4.56
G. B. Orrell and J. Pitchford	... (Anfield B.C.)	... 2nd Fast't	4. 7. 0
F. A. and T. A. Lipscombe	... (Ingleside)	... 3rd	4.11.33

We understand that Orrell and Pitchford had trouble with their machine, but up to the time of going to Press have heard no details.

Attempt on R.R.A. and N.R.R.A. 12 Hours' Tricycle Records, 3rd July, 1932.

Appetite comes with eating, and as Syd Jonas had already annexed one record, the Edinburgh-Liverpool Tricycle, this year, he thought he'd better tackle another while the going was good. So at 4 a.m. on Sunday, July 3rd, our good friend Albert Lusty sent him away from the first mile post on the Chester-Wrexham road, towards Marford, on a twelve hours' trek on his faithful three-wheeler. At Marford he turned and went through Chester on to the Wirral for some 80 miles, finding wet roads there. The wind was strong and troublesome on some stretches, but as none were long, he was able to recover lost time and arrived at Chester for his Middlewich stretch only five minutes behind a fairly hot schedule. Then he had to face the wind in earnest, with the result that he was no less than 14 minutes out at Clive Green (108½ miles). However, he took full advantage of the help of the breeze on the return journey, so that he was half-a-minute in at Filkin's Lane Corner. But the real trial was to come; right down to Battlefield Corner, a distance of 35 miles, he had to face the wind and to add to his discomfort there were heavy showers of rain. The wind was so strong at times that he fairly leaned against it on the rises near Broxton, but with all the disadvantages he was only 7 minutes out at Whitchurch Fountain. The stretch from Prees to Battlefield Corner is not at the best of times a sleigh ride, and with the wind as it was it was real hard labour. But with characteristic cheerful pluck, Syd pushed on, slowing down to 10 m.p.h. up some of the rises. At Battlefield Corner (171 miles) he was 17 minutes out and

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Top Row.—H. ROSKELL, T. ROYDEN, J. KINDER, W. G. GLENDINNING, R. POOLE.
2nd Row.—G. A. GLOVER, J. A. SMITHES, J. S. JONAS, R. J. AUSTIN, W. ORRELL, D. C. ROWATT, R. ROTHWELL, J. H. SUNTER, E. J. CODY,
 W. H. KETTLE, H. GREEN, J. C. BAND, H. L. ELSTON, F. MARRIOTT, H. LADDS, H. R. BAND, J. S. ROBERTS, A. LUCAS, S. J. BUCK.
3rd Row.—J. SHED, R. I. KNIDE, D. R. FELL, W. T. VENABLES, W. P. COOK, E. EDWARDS, G. B. BURGESS, E. O. MORRIS, A. DAVIES,
 H. W. POWELL.
4th Row.—G. B. MERCER, A. E. C. BIRKBY, W. G. CONNOR, J. R. BAND, G. LOCKETT, D. L. RYALLS, S. DEL BANCO, W. H. LLOYD.

the journey to Shawburch through Shawbury was none too easy. However, the run up to Hodnet Corner (193½ miles) was easier, and he had there picked up 5 minutes. Into the wind again he used all his strength and when Shawbury was reached, with the certainty of beating N.R.R.A. record, he called on the last ounce and finished magnificently about 3 miles from the Raven, having done some 208 miles in the 12 hours, thus beating the N.R.R.A. record by about 8¼ miles, on a day when one could have excused him packing at any time. The hearty congratulations of the A.B.C. are due to him for his gallant ride, and there is no doubt whatever that, had he had anything like a decent day, he would have beaten the R.R.A. record by a good margin. However, the weather is part of the luck of the game and Syd is philosopher enough to take his natural disappointment calmly.

He had plenty of help, and all arrangements worked smoothly. Kettle followed him for the first 79¾ miles, Green and Mandall from there to Battlefield Corner, and then Kettle took up the tale again until the timekeeper, driven by George Newall, assumed the first following position. There were large parties of members at Clive Green, Chester, Whitchurch and Shawbury, and from Hodnet Corner the rider was followed by a long string of cars and cyclists—the latter mounted singly or in couples, on bicycles and tricycles, and many perspiring profusely, for during the last ten minutes the pace was well over evens. Among the tandemists were Jack Salt and Dick Ryalls, whose early morning "50" had apparently but loosened their muscles for the ride down to Shropshire.

The finish was nearly spoiled by a herd of cows, but Syd got through them all right, and so did his followers, except the last two cars, which decided to get together and the subsequent proceedings interested them no more. After the finish, Kettle who is a real organiser and thinks of everything well beforehand, opened a private bar, complete in every respect, including expert pouring. His luggage carrier was lowered and a wonderful erection superimposed to carry Syd's tricycle, which was lashed thereon with innumerable ropes tied by so many willing hands that the only way to get it free again must certainly have been the knife.

The feeding was in the capable hands of Randall, Marriott, John Kinder and Hubert Roskell, Hubert providing the transport for the party. Jonas fed in the saddle, and was off the machine only twice in the 12 hours. Our good old friend, Jimmy Taylor, of the Manchester Wheelers, always ready to help a sportsman, was out and about all day, dashing from point to point to give food and drink wherever it was needed, and the thanks of the Club are due to him once again for his kindness. Albert Lusty was officiating for the first time as an R.R.A. and N.R.R.A. timekeeper and those who know him need not be told that he did his job pleasantly and efficiently. It must have been a very great pleasure to him, on this, his debut, to be able to report a brilliant success for one of the rising generation of his Club. Altogether we had a very pleasant day.

Attempt on R.R.A. Edinburgh-York Single Bicycle Record, 24th July, 1932.

Jack Salt set off at 4-31 a.m. on the 24th July from Edinburgh on his attempt to break this very hot record set up by E. B. Brown, of the Wessex R.C. last year, but the conditions were against him and he decided to give up at about 70 miles.

A steady south-west wind sprang up by starting time and made the climbs out of Edinburgh extremely difficult and when it veered to

the south, it was impossible for anyone to keep up an average of "evens," and to get this record one has to average over "evens." Jack was riding very strongly and putting all he knew into it, but at about 70 miles, between Wooler and Morpeth, he was twenty minutes outside schedule, so he did the only thing possible.

The road is very hilly for 120 miles of the 190 between Edinburgh and York, and one must have the wind behind for this record.

Kettle was in charge of the attempt and provided transport for Salt to Edinburgh on the Saturday, followed him in the car with spare wheels, tyres and all the food and drink, and then brought him home, a nice little week-end of 530 miles of driving. The two "stayers," Randall and Jonas, very kindly consented to accompany the expedition, but of course, took as little notice of the other two as possible, and found it necessary to admonish the chauffeur on several occasions. Randall had charge of the feeding arrangements, while Jonas was O.C. route, and kept telling the chauffeur to go right when he meant left, and *vice versa*. Kettle's arrangements were perfect and there were checkers every few miles and when the ride was abandoned, the party went on to York to learn the route for the future.

Hubert Roskell had provided valuable information as to the various roads and even got addresses of checkers and marshals in the Darlington district and all these helpers were out.

Acton Bridge, 2nd July, 1932.

After a dull, unpromising morning, the afternoon turned out to be brilliantly fine and sunny, and this probably was the reason for the number attending at Acton Bridge (16) being more than was expected. For there were several events competing with this run, and only a small attendance had been anticipated, the Secretary ordering for ten. The attempt of Jonas on the following day on the Tricycle Twelve Hours' record, the F.O.T.C. Rally, and a race for tandems promoted by the Altrincham Ravens C.C., all claimed their quota of the absentees. The Leigh Arms bears notices posted about it that it is now under new management, but it was a very pleasant surprise to find in the new host a former member of the Club, who about ten years ago was a regular attender at the runs, even if he did not ride in one or two fifties. His name is really Barnard, but we always spoke of him as "Barney." He was well remembered by most of those present and we were glad to meet him again. He did us very well and gave us a very satisfactory meal in a pleasant upstairs room, where we were sociable and comfortable. The company being small and conveniently seated, the talk was general, bright and witty; Hubert, John Kinder and Green entertaining us with incidents arising from the handling of cars in difficult and trying conditions. A very pleasant ride home on a perfect evening provided a fitting conclusion to an enjoyable run.

Highwayside, 9th July, 1932.

This was a day of heat and thirst and the roads carried their full volume; but it is easy to escape, knowing the motoring mind, and to pass pleasantly by lane routes to one's destination.

We had been forestalled at the Highwayside, and others sat in Anfield seats. The green was black with men speaking the bowling jargon, and some polished woods whilst others performed under the critical eye of the Anfield back bench. Indoors the Presider was to be

seen " 'avin' one " in a cool corner with Stevie, and Chandler passed from group to group whipping up enthusiasm for the Irish week-end.

Our record men were plotting to do the " best ever " between Edinburgh and York, and all available were being pressed into service. The Anfield star is again in the ascendant and on all roads Anfield men are eyed with awe.

Bert Green arrived late, steaming from a hurried passage and departed as swiftly. Other men were there not less worthy of mention but the picture fades and I cannot recall much beyond an erratic journey home which had better be left unchronicled in so circumspect a journal as the Anfield *Circular*.

Invitation " 24 " and Tricycle Trophy " 24 ", 15/16 July, 1932.

I think everyone will agree that we can look back to the 1932 " 24 " with much gratification. The weather was as nearly ideal as it is possible to have it—still and warm in the night, and during the day a very moderate breeze with the heat of the sun tempered by light cloud. All the arrangements worked out satisfactorily and the bulk of the riders took full advantage of the favourable conditions in accomplishing some very fine performances and achieving more than they hoped for or was expected of them.

Out of a field of 21 starters there were 14 finishers, including all our five riders, each one of whom excelled himself. We took 3rd, 4th, 5th, 6th and 9th places in general classification, and 1st and 2nd in the Tricycle Trophy Competition.

Among the entrants, the most formidable was G. H. M. Pitt, the North Road C.C. long distance crack and winner of their 300 miles Doncaster race this year; G. Gilbert of the East Liverpool Wheelers who rode second last year, was his most dangerous opponent. In the Tricycle Trophy Competition the field was very small and was depleted at the last moment by an unfortunate accident to W. Cooper, the crack Yorkshire tricyclist, while del Banco broke his tricycle at the last minute and had to ride a bicycle. So there were only five starters, but some men with good performances to their credit, *i.e.*, F. Hancock, holder of the 24 Hours R.R.A. and N.R.R.A. tricycle records; J. S. Jonas, who has recently beaten the N.R.R.A. 12 Hours tricycle record; W. O. Jackson, who was second in the 12 Hours Tricycle Trophy race last year, and N. S. Heath, who was only half-a-mile behind the winner of our " 24," three years ago, on a bicycle.

During the night, Pitt gradually forged ahead, closely followed by Randall and Gilbert. Of the tricyclists, W. O. Jackson took the lead with Hancock and Jonas not far behind. At the Raven (176 miles) Pitt was leading with Randall and Gilbert in close pursuit, whilst Jackson had dropped behind Hancock and Jonas. Pitt reached Shawbury (200 miles) a minute under 12 hours, whilst Randall, Gilbert and Power were 16, 18 and 20 minutes behind him in actual time taken for the distance. Hancock had 6½ minutes lead of Jonas, but the latter refuelled without stopping, whilst Hancock went in for a feed. Jackson was now a long way behind and did not come round a second time. Gawthrop, Garner and del Banco were next in round.

The second time at Shawbury, Pitt had gained another two minutes on Randall and 1½ minutes on Gilbert, whilst Jonas was now only 1½ minutes slower than Hancock and again cut out the stop.

The last time at Shawbury Corner, Pitt was leading Gilbert by 18 minutes, with Randall 22½ minutes slower, whilst Jonas and Hancock

were now together giving the former an advantage of 5 minutes. Here Gilbert, refusing a drink at the corner, made a dash to the Fox and Hounds, losing about a quarter of a mile and the time spent in feeding.

From now onwards Pitt progressed with cool determination and eventually ran out the winner. Gilbert showed dogged perseverance, gaining slightly in the latter stages, finishing only three miles behind. Charlie Randall, riding the race of his life, stuck it manfully and took 3rd, $10\frac{1}{2}$ miles behind the winner. del Banco and R. J. Austin surprised themselves and their friends by covering the fine distances of $372\frac{1}{2}$ and $367\frac{1}{2}$ miles respectively, being 4th and 5th amongst the bicycles.

Reverting to the tricyclists, Jonas and Hancock were still together at the Raven (274 miles), but whereas Hancock stopped for a feed and decided he had had enough, Jonas rode on triumphantly and finished with the magnificent total of $374\frac{1}{2}$, which must be recorded as the finest performance of the day. Jonas, who had never ridden through a 24 hour race before, showed remarkable judgment and could give points to many a veteran in economising feeding stops. Norman Heath rode with great steadiness, finishing second in the Tricycle Trophy race with the very respectable total of $351\frac{1}{2}$ miles.

A very remarkable performance was put up by our old friend, the popular Yorkshire veteran and sportsman, Frank Tuplin (aged 60), with $320\frac{1}{2}$ miles. This beats the distance of 288 miles accomplished by the late Foxley-Norris, in a North Road 24, at the same age, and I don't think there are many sexagenarians likely to challenge it.

Gawthrop retired at Congleton ($303\frac{1}{2}$ miles) with knee trouble and qualified for a Certificate, and might possibly have done another seven miles on the course and be eligible for a higher award.

In conclusion, a special word of congratulation to the Racing Secretary who scored a double event—the successful organisation of the race, and, in spite of the attendant work and worry, a splendid performance in the race itself.

INVITATION "24."				12 hrs.	24 hrs.
				(approx.)	
G. H. M. Pitt	...	(North Road C.C.)	...	209	$394\frac{1}{2}$
G. Gilbert	...	(East L'pool W.)	...	$204\frac{1}{2}$	392
C. Randall	...	(Anfield B.C.)	...	205	$384\frac{1}{2}$
S. del Banco	...	(" ")	... Silver Medal	$195\frac{1}{2}$	$372\frac{1}{2}$
R. J. Austin	...	(" ")	... Silver Medal	192	$367\frac{1}{2}$
C. Garner	...	(Huddersfield R.C.)	... Silver Medal	$196\frac{1}{2}$	$365\frac{1}{2}$
F. Ashton	...	(" ")	... Silver Medal	192	$358\frac{1}{2}$
V. J. Heeley	...	(Manchester W.)	... Silver Medal	186	350
A. C. Pluck	...	(Warrington R.C.)	... Bronze Medal	184	$334\frac{1}{2}$
A. Hignett	...	(L'pool Cent. R.C.)	... Bronze Medal	180	$328\frac{1}{2}$
F. A. Tuplin	...	(Gomersal O.R.C.)	... Bronze Medal	$173\frac{1}{2}$	320
H. Gawthrop	...	(Mersey R.C.)	... Certificate	—	$303\frac{1}{2}$

TRICYCLE TROPHY.

J. S. Jonas	...	(Anfield B.C.)	...	$196\frac{1}{2}$...	$374\frac{1}{2}$
N. S. Heath	...	(" ")	...	185	...	$351\frac{1}{2}$
A. L. Littlemore	...	(Mersey R.C.)	...	$183(2)$...	$323\frac{1}{2}$

Overt-on-Dee, 23rd July, 1932.

Only a small gathering was present at the White Horse, as a record attempt and the holidays kept some of the regular attenders away, but

those who were there enjoyed the run in a district we seldom visit as a Club.

The fourteen present were Cook, Tommy Royden, Teddie Edwards, Dave Rowatt, Ryalls, Marriott, Connor, Rigby Band, Birkby, Bren Orrell, Norman Heath, del Banco, Lloyd and Roberts.

An excellent meal was served and enjoyed, and the Presider left to week-end at Knockin, a new rendezvous for him. Birkby and Ryalls went off to Llanarmon D.C., to stop at the West Arms, while Rigby Band accompanied them and camped in the vicinity.

Bren Orrell, of course, was heartily congratulated on the tandem ride of the previous week-end, and we learnt that they had had trouble with the toe-clips in the race, and also, had used heavy tyres as the light ones—on order—had not arrived. Two of our "stayers," del Banco and Heath, also received many congratulations on their splendid rides in the "24."

J. S. JONAS, *Editor.*

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ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

FORMED MARCH 1879

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

MONTHLY CIRCULAR.

Vol. XXIX.

No. 319

FIXTURES FOR SEPTEMBER, 1932

Tea at 6-0 p.m.

					Light up at
Sept.	3	Pulford (Grosvenor Arms)	9-0 p.m.
"	10	Tarporley (Swan)	8-43 p.m.
"	12	Committee Meeting, 7 p.m. (Victoria Hotel, St. John's Lane, L'pool)	
"	17	Fourth "50 Miles" Handicap	8-26 p.m.
"	24	Acton Bridge (Leigh Arms)	8-9 p.m.
Oct.	1	Halewood (Derby Arms)	7-51 p.m.

ALTERNATIVE FIXTURES FOR MANCHESTER MEMBERS:

Tea at 5-30 p.m.

Oct.	1	Arclid (Rose and Crown)	7-51 p.m.
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Full Moon ... 14th inst.

Summer Time Ends ... 2nd October.

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

4 THE LAUND,

WALLASEY, CHESHIRE.

COMMITTEE NOTES.

APPLICATION FOR MEMBERSHIP.—Mr. Charles Frederick Elias, Holt House, Grassendale Park, Liverpool; proposed by Mr. W. P. Cook; seconded by myself.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS.—Mr. H. Ladds, 76 High Street, Wem, Salop; Mr. G. H. Bailey, 13 Haydock Road, Wallasey.

AUTUMNAL TINTS TOUR.—Llanarmon D.C. has again been chosen for the Tour. October 29th/30th is the date. The charge for Dinner, Bed and Breakfast will be 8/6. There are 28 beds available and they will be allotted in the order in which names are received.

H. W. POWELL,

Hon. General Secretary.

RACING NOTES.

Entries for the fourth Club "50," on September 17th must reach me not later than September 10th.

Open Events.

September 4th. Palatine "50."

„ 10th. Manchester Wheelers' "12 Hours."

We will have men riding in the above events and assistance for them will be welcomed.

Record Attempts.

September 25th, Orrell and Pitchford are going for the R.R.A. and N.R.R.A. 12 Hour Tandem Bicycle Records; and Jonas and the undersigned will be attempting the R.R.A. and N.R.R.A. 12 Hour Tandem Tricycle Records. Assistance in the above attempts will be greatly appreciated.

A Cheshire course will be used.

S. DEL BANCO,

Hon. Racing Secretary.

TREASURY NOTES.

The record of August "Koffers-up" of Subs. reminds one of the tragic story of the "Ten Little Nigger Boys" who so sadly diminished in numbers in regular arithmetical regression. Three years ago, there were six, last year five, and now there are only four.

September, however, usually breathes a brighter hope, and there is yet time to cash in with your Subs. before next Committee Meeting when the Presider will call for the list of all those who have not yet met their financial obligations.

Therefore, be wise in time. Do it NOW!

The following four members are hereby thanked for their Subscriptions:—

J. D. Cramshaw.

R. Poole.

E. M. Haslam.

T. Royden.

R. L. KNIFE,

Hon. Treasurer.

ITEMS.

We knew R. A. Fulton would be delighted at Jonas securing the Tricycle Trophy with his magnificent record ride of 374½ miles in the "24," and thereby winning his special Prize value Three Guineas—but let the Baronial One speak for himself! He writes: "It has given me the greatest pleasure to learn that Jonas has won the Tricycle Trophy with the tremendous mileage of 374½. This is a most remarkable performance and it does my heart good to know that the dear old Anfield has the Tricycle Trophy now in its possession. I want you to extend to Jonas my heartiest congratulations on his remarkable ride—more power to him. I am so glad that my special prize has at last been won. I have been wondering if I was ever going to be called upon to pay the money and now that the Tricycle Trophy has been won, I cannot tell you how pleased I am."

The Baron also writes : " Please remember me very kindly to all my old friends in the Anfield and assure them that I have not forgotten the good old days and the great enjoyment which their association afforded me."

* * * * *

Albert Lusty has been again distinguishing himself with some remarkably fine Veteran performances. For a man rapidly approaching eligibility to enter for the Grandfather Stakes to ride a " 100 " in 5.30.22 (incidentally winning second Handicap Prize in the Speedwell " 100 ") and 180 miles in the M.C. & A.C. 12 Hours, speaks for itself. *Sport and Play* comments " He of all men is entitled to the heartiest congratulations," and we agree entirely.

* * * * *

Our latest successes on the road have brought us showers of compliments, and include a letter from J. Burden Barnes, the Bath Road President, complimenting the Club on our sensational success in their " 100," while F. T. Bidlake, President of the North Road C.C. and the Secretary of the Trustees of the Tricycle Trophy, thanks us for our generous treatment, in the way of prizes, of competitors for the Trophy, with a special word for Jonas. The latter's mileage of 374½ established a new competition record, the old figures being 365½ (set up by F. R. Fisher in 1928), while the R.R.A. and N.R.R.A. figures of 366 miles are also well beaten.

* * * * *

F. A. Tuplin, the 60 years' old veteran and President of the Gomersal O.R.C., who did such a wonderful ride in the " 24," did not qualify for a silver medal as he was nearly 10 miles short of the 330 specified. He has, however, set his heart on an Anfield silver medal and in a highly flattering letter to Cook he begs that our Committee allow him to have one, and they have done so. Tuplin says he can easily get the Gold Medals of the Gomersal O.R.C. and the Huddersfield R.C., but the height of his ambition is an Anfield silver one.

* * * * *

A state of revelry and high jinks pervaded the meeting of the Kafé Konclave on the Tuesday after the B.R. " 100," when the elders of the Club gathered together for the morning konfab. Salt, Pitchford and Orrell's names were on everyone's lips and pandemonium reigned when Hubert Roskell and John Kinder careered down the steps, arm in arm, flourishing copies of the *Liverpool Express* (special Anfield edition) and danced a very pretty step up to the Konclave Korner. They were fresh from the fighting field and displayed a certain boisterousness which ill became their years, not to mention the time and place.

* * * * *

The Camping Section carried out a very successful and enjoyable Tour over the Bank Holiday week-end, in spite of head winds every-day, and plenty of rain.

The success of the first day was assured when the troop pitched their camp near some home brewed of pre-war strength and potency, and care was cast aside when the farmer gave them a free hand with a sixty gallon barrel of cider. The pledge was signed at 3-39 a.m. on the Sunday morning.

The tour proper started when they left Newtown for Dolfor, over the Kerry Hills, and turned off the Llandrindod Road just after the drop had started on the borders of Montgomery and Radnor. Then via David's Well, Bailey Hill, Bwlch-y-Sarnau to Abbey Cwmhir and Rhayader. This route traverses some magnificent country, over fairly good roads and the campers finished off the day by riding up past the Elan Valley Reservoirs to the Devil's Bridge—Rhayader Road, with its fords and foot bridges, stopping the night near the former place and making a dash home, by main road, on the Bank Holiday.

* * * * *

The latest danger of the road—we refer to the possibility of night attack by armed bandits—is altering the whole course of Cook's life. He has sold his lamp and in future will get home from Club runs before dark. With regard to his Wednesday evening circuit of the Wirral Peninsula, this will of course come to an abrupt end when we mess about with the clocks at the beginning of October. Meanwhile, Grandad's policy is to cycle as far as he can before lighting-up time and then to complete his journey by train. His absence from certain villages at certain times has been noted with consternation.

* * * * *

From our Lobby Correspondent: "Yes: the Anfield motto, referred to in last month's issue, is a good one. The bhoys are here, there, and everywhere. Robbie, cycling home from a week-end in Yorkshire spent with Harold Moore, meets the Frail Hubert near Clay Cross in Derbyshire. Tiny stops his car, regardless of expense, and conversation ensues. The Frail One is fresh from a tour through the Wotcold Hill, and he is in such magnificent condition that he didn't have to walk up a single one of them.

* * * * *

Is there anyone to beat the Editor as the champion camp site finder? We do not think so, after some recent week-ends under canvas. Why go to expensive hotels when the farmer invites one in to supper, or brings the milk and eggs to the tent in the morning, or offers to lend one his trousers to go into the town, as he does not think that "shorts" are quite "the thing," or refuses payment for supplies, or provides straw *ad lib* to make a comfortable bed, or shows one where he keeps the cider barrel and the key, or provides hot baths after a "12," and then says: "Wot abaut a bottle of beer?" We arsk you, why?

* * * * *

In the Speedwell "100" we had two men entered, Lockett and Walton, though only the former rode. Lockett improved on his previous best and did the 100 miles in 5.9.53—an excellent performance.

R. J. Austin rode in the Gomersal "100," and did his fastest "100," with a fine time of 5.25.7 and losing 5 mins. with a puncture.

* * * * *

Jack Salt rode in the Auerley "12" on the 14th August, but retired at 193 miles after a puncture. He was well to the front up to this point and at 177 miles was but three minutes behind W. E. Marsh of the University, who won the event with a ride of 235½ miles.

The wind was troublesome and amongst the "cracks" who "cracked" were Ferris (Vegetarian), Frost (Allondon), Turner (Cheshire Roads) and Harrison (North Road).

E. Haynes, junior, and R. Poole rode a tandem bicycle in a Dukinfield C.C. "50," and qualified for a Standard "A" Medal by clocking 2.19.14.

* * * * *

Does the Course Committee realise the terrible temptations which bestrew the path of riders in the Club "12"? If not, it is time they did so, as in the event this year we discovered that there are no less than *eight* pubs in less than *thirteen* miles, to be passed *twice*, all of which are open during the time the competitors should be passing them, and it speaks well for our racing men when we say that all *were* passed.

We should also like to bring to the notice of the Committee, the conduct of one of the most prominent (physically) men in the Club who was checking at Shawbirch. After the last rider had gone through, this checker tore past in his car to the Swan at Waters Upton, and when the thirst-maddened and weary one came along, held up a Pint Pot of ale and shouted out, "Jolly good ale, this, Syd." We might add that murder has been committed under less provocation than this, and only a strong iron will and a stern sense of duty prevented a tragedy on this occasion.

* * * * *

Orrell and Pitchford rode in the Westerley R.C. "100," on August 28th. Pitchford toured round the course in 4.58, while Orrell together with Messrs. Southall, Frost, Marshall and others "packed."

In view of the popularity of "packing" amongst our leading riders, *viz.*, Messrs. G. B. Orrell, Salt, Randall, Austin, Jonas, etc., Sammy Marriott has been readmitted to the ranks of the Willaston Tea Tasters.

* * * * *

Hubert Roskell, his application to the R.R.A. to be appointed an official observer having been ignored, has decided to start a Records Association of his own, and we understand from a bar parlour friend of Hubert's that some of the Place to Place Records will be Hoyleake to Bontuchel, Shaw to Knutsford Gaol, Hinderton to Bromley (Kent), Preston to Portmadoc, Wallasey to New Quay.

* * * * *

Carton and Senior (Highgate C.C.), failed in their attempt on the Liverpool-London Tandem Bicycle Record, held by Glover and Jonas, they abandoned the ride at Barnet.

Extract from "The North Road Gazette" of August.

"Pitt is delighted at the reception he had at the Anfield "24," and particularly at the way the Anfielders went out of their way to make him feel comfortable. . . ." And in an account of the race Pitt says: "The feeding was truly excellent, plenty of it. . . . A tribute must be paid to the sporting Northerners, who made one feel quite at home, wherever one went about the course there was that friendly, old time, genial atmosphere. Ask Frank Marston and young Cecil Paget! No need to worry about getting digs afterwards, we were all fixed up in a jiffy."

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of the *Circular*.

DEAR SIR (or MADAM),

It will not have escaped your attention (if it *has*, you are unfitted to occupy your present exalted post) that the Duke of York recently

made his appearance at a Boys' Camp clad in open-neck tennis shirt and "shorts." Such a boost as this has given tremendous satisfaction to the little group of "shortists" within the Anfield ranks, and it is understood that the following members sent a congratulatory telegram to His Royal Highness: Dave Rowatt, George Mercer, Dave Fell, Bob Kripe, Hubert Roskell, Arthur Simpson, Billy Owen, and Charlie Conway. These members are definitely forming themselves into a "shorts" section of the A.B.C., and, as no further subscription is involved, it is difficult to see how Cook and Royden can refuse to join as active exponents of civilised attire.

Yours, etc.,

"GARGOYLE."

Bath Road "100," 1st August, 1932.

Monday, August 1st, 1932, will rank as a very great day in the history of the Club. The 1932 Bath Road "100" was won by J. J. Salt who, by reducing his previous "100" by 12 minutes, rode the fastest century of the year in 4.35.53, defeating F. G. Frost, who has held the Cup for the two previous years, by 19 seconds. Salt's ride was the third fastest winning time ever recorded in a Bath Road "100."

Thus for the first time the Bath Road "100" has been won by a Northerner and the fact that the winner is an Anfielder is something of which we are all exceptionally proud. The Trophy has been in the hands of the M.C. & A.C. on six occasions the most recent being in 1924. In every other year since the inauguration of the event in 1890 the Cup has been retained in the London Area.

Another record was made by the Club in winning the team race, the times of Salt, Pitchford and Orrell totalling 14 hours and 30 seconds, constituting the fastest 100 mile team race ever ridden and beating the Vegetarian record by six minutes. The race for the team medals was actually decided on points: Salt, 1st; Pitchford, who punctured, 5th with 4.39.8; Orrell, 12th with 4.45.29, made a total of 18 points. The Vegetarians' team was second with 34 points.

Pitchford at 50 miles was running second with 2.17.18 to Frost's 2.15.58 and Salt's 2.17.47. It was on Speen Hill (about 58 miles) that his rear tyre deflated and together with trouble caused by a ravelled chain his lost time has been assessed by an independent witness as over three minutes. Deducting three minutes from his time would have given him second place, but in calculating the actual loss a great deal more than this has to be considered. Surmises, however, are only useful in helping us to think what might have been and in the circumstances all that can be done is to commiserate with Pitchford, who, never singularly fortunate, has been dealt the greatest misfortune of his racing career.

For the race, the morning was a good one with a light, variable, westerly breeze, but very cold showers were experienced which were uncomfortable while they lasted.

Six riders completed the course inside 4.40.0: J. J. Salt (Anfield), F. G. Frost (Allondon), C. Marshall (Vegetarian), F. T. Brown (Potteries), J. Pitchford (Anfield), and F. A. Lipscombe (Ingleside). To these six, together with Orrell, our third man, the following analysis is limited.

The run up to Oxford was quite fast and at that turn (22 $\frac{3}{4}$ miles) Frost was leading in 59 $\frac{1}{2}$ minutes. Marshall and Brown taking 1 hour exactly, Orrell 1.0.15, Pitchford 1.0.30, Salt 1.1.0, and Lipscombe 1.1.15.

The stretch to the 50 mile mark was more or less into the wind, and at the halfway distance Frost still led with 2.15.58, Pitchford had pushed up to second place with 2.17.18, Salt third with 2.17.47, Brown 2.18.30, Marshall 2.18.34, Lipscombe 2.20.20 and Orrell 2.20.55.

It was on the long run to Savernake (72 $\frac{3}{4}$ miles) that Salt reduced Frost's lead to a minute. Frost's time at this point was 3.21.30, Salt second with 3.22.30, Brown third with 3.24.15, Marshall 3.24.30, Pitchford, who by this time had punctured, had slipped to fifth place with 3.25.20, Lipscombe 3.27.20 and Orrell 3.29.45.

On the fast finishing stretch for which the Bath Road course is noted, Marshall made very able use of his 89 gear, his time for the 27 $\frac{3}{4}$ miles being 1.11.55, Lipscombe was next with 1.12.27, Salt 1.13.23, Brown 1.13.31, Pitchford 1.13.48, Frost 1.14.42 and Orrell 1.15.44.

According to the card, Salt was two minutes after Marshall, and it was expected that should Salt be able to catch his old rival the resultant "scrap" would be interesting. It was. Salt caught Marshall at Hungerford (about 65 miles) and at the Savernake turn he was some seconds in front of him on the road. Marshall, with a gear some eight inches higher than Salt, naturally had the advantage, but on Speen Hill (about 87 miles) he was only a few yards in front. The last 13 miles were faster, and Marshall gained more and finished 1 min. 28 secs. ahead of the winner.

The following gives in tabular form the finishing and intermediate times of the above-named riders and Marriott, our fourth man.

Position.	Name.	Club.	22 $\frac{3}{4}$ m.	50 m.	72 $\frac{3}{4}$ m.	Finish.
1.	J. J. Salt	... Anfield	1. 1. 0	2.17.47	3.22.30	4.35.53
2.	F. G. Frost	... Allendon	59.30	2.15.58	3.21.30	4.36.12
3.	C. Marshall	... Vegetarian	1. 0. 0	2.18.34	3.24.30	4.36.25
4.	F. T. Brown	... Potteries	1. 0. 0	2.18.30	3.24.15	4.37.46
5.	J. Pitchford	... Anfield	1. 0.30	2.17.18	3.25.20	4.39. 8
6.	F. A. Lipscombe	... Ingleside	1. 1.15	2.20.20	3.27.20	4.39.47
12.	G. B. Orrell	... Anfield	1. 0.15	2.20.55	3.29.45	4.45.29
39.	F. Marriott	... Anfield	1. 4.30	2.27.16	3.37.35	4.54.21

Marriott did a very fine ride and improved seven minutes on his previous best.

The presence of a large number of Anfielders on the course gave a touch of familiarity in a strange land and the help given was a necessary factor to the great success achieved. To be there in time Randall and Ryalls made an all-night journey and arrived at Theale on Saturday afternoon. The Rawlinsons were observed in a very dilapidated Morris Cowley which was just efficient enough to get them down there before the rear axle collapsed. Hubert Roskell and John Kinder arrived on Sunday night, after a two-day journey. Others who helped were Rex Austin, P. C. Beardwood, Doc. Carlisle, Albert Davies, Bert Morton, Urban Taylor and Shaw.

This write-up would not be complete without an acknowledgment to Hubert, who, when Randall and Ryalls were wondering how they were to return northwards, came forward and offered to transport them and their bicycles to Shrewsbury. This gracious gesture was accepted with appreciation.

RUNS AND FIXTURES.

Northwich, 30th July, 1932.

A pleasant, easy ride, round and round about through the lanes, to avoid the holiday traffic on the main roads, brought me to the Crown and Anchor just on time, to find Haynes, Rowatt and Poole observing the passing crowd in the doorway, and Stevie and friend studying other aspects of life on the enclosed premises. Then George Mercer turned up and as we were then seven and there seemed little hope of more arriving we ordered our meal and in the fullness of time dispatched it. Our thoughts and conversation were all of those away on touring and racing business, and after a short time spent looking over the river and thinking what beauty there had been in the neighbourhood before it was industrialised, we made our several ways homeward in the drizzle. There must have been quite a lot of members not away on holiday, and it seems a pity that they did not come along to swell our numbers.

August Tour. County Down, 28th July to 2nd August, 1932.

Chandler was already over there drinking deep of the Emerald Isle's glories, and so it was that Cook embarked on the *Ulster Queen* seemingly alone, certainly unsung, though not completely abject. So early as at the start the rigidity of an Anfield schedule was upset by the steamer's casting off but sixty-five minutes' late—11.5 p.m.—and soon thereafter he who matters—at the moment—was bunked.

Mooring at Donegal Quay saw our very own treasured W.P. standing by the aft-hatch waiting for a glimpse of his bike and ruminating on the wonder of it all. Here was something in the nature of a liner undoubtedly loaded to the scuppers with Liverpool folk, yet not a single soul that knew him! All of a sudden, as such things will happen, there was Elston, fresh from the bilges, stokehold and/or cattle compartments. Imagine the scene if you can, but you can't, and words fail. The stowaway had decided but a few hours before the "off" to see the job through and hearken to the widespread invitation, but on strictly economical principles, which commenced in the less salubrious quarters of the boat's "innards." His fellow passengers yielded half-a-dozen friends, and it is feared that though he travelled *incog* and without a button, it is proved that certain Anfielders find more friends in some quarters than others.

The O.G. had breakfasted aboard in state and hoped to get off the mark quickly, as arrival had been delayed about two hours by fog and possibly other things, but Elston reckoned on breakfast at a C.T.C. house, which was not where it should have been. Wrongly directed elsewhere for the Crown Hotel, the senior party peremptorily chose a place and during breakfast it rained beautifully. It was in vain that Grandpa was urged to push on, though what looked like being a ten

something a.m. start with about fifty miles to do around the northern and eastern shores of the Ards Peninsula, with minor hills and one ferry, mostly against a stiff breeze, in order to make lunch at Downpatrick, was no joke. What sticklers some are! The itinerary provided alternative routes, possibly less interesting, but shorter, whilst this coast road actually directed north for some miles and lunch was almost due south.

Holywood, Bangor and Donaghadee, and other villages just as trim, quickly got behind our riders, but Ballywalter had them out of the saddle for a quite innocuous sample of beer, which was given the help of the stout bottle by Cook. All along the coast, bathers of the sun and sea varieties were hard at it. Ballyhalbert came next, and then the trek across the peninsula to Portaferry for the ferry across the entrance of Strangford Lough. Here was a glorious scene, though seldom was the sea out of sight. The ferry boats were there, but neglected, and whilst a local was despatched to summon the worthy boatman, the redoubtable two entered a nearby hostelry. The younger was very unlucky and still wrestled with a mountain of froth when the elder went to act as stevedore, but he found the loading of the bikes completed. Strangford, the landing place, was particularly picturesque.

At last, Downpatrick and Guide Chandler's greetings after those of his search party of policemen. Of course, Chandler hailed Elston with great gusto—by one of his grunts! Maghee's Downhunt Arms gave forth a very good meal, of which F.C. had already partaken, after waiting about two hours, but Irish tours surely, begorra, were never meant to be too strictly scheduled—it was now around three p.m. Just as the last morsel descended into the lad's gullet, the order boomed forth to ride on, but there was nothing doing. No ordinary tour this, but one of three men, each with ideas of his own, right or wrong, so twenty-five minutes was claimed for rest and digestion—and granted.

More cross-country travelling took our enlarged party through Clough to Dundrum and Newcastle in Dundrum Bay, where the coast road was resumed. Newcastle gave tea, Elston insisting on consulting the C.T.C. Handbook, in spite of the experience of the morning, and finally the landing was made in a temperance hotel, as if it need be such at that time o' day. Further along the road, the Mourne Mountains were in splendid view with Slieve Donard of 2,796 feet, especially prominent, the ever changing cloud effects being very fine. At about Annalong it again rained beautifully, just as an arboreal shelter was handy, but the rain stopped and very soon Kilkeel, the tour centre and H.Q. was reached. Despite the soundly logical reasonings of Messrs. Chandler, Cook and Co., Elston insisted on turning his back on the Kilmorey Arms to seek other accommodation for reasons which are left to the reader's judgment—if any. Later, the homeless one was ensconced in the Mourne Restaurant of Mrs. G. McCulla, whose name is spelt differently both on the C.T.C. Certificate and in the handbook, and neither are right! It is whispered that Cook retired first at the Kilmorey Arms and somewhat earlier than usual, but for excellent reasons which are all that is necessary, and possibly the Chandler-Circular phrase "Over the Mourne Mountains" which was to become an actuality on the morrow. 75 miles was the day's dose.

Sunday morn was glorious. The western road from Kilkeel courses beautiful country, being of good surface and of the intriguingly winding variety, bordered by fine trees, and being thus shaded, reminiscent as Chandler said, of those across Central Ireland, which are reported to be so uninteresting. Approaching Rostrevor one of the frequent halts was made, the better to appreciate the beauty of the country in such perfect weather conditions and also for secondary considerations of photographs, rest, smokes and other things. The Irish Free State—County Louth—was now in sight across Carlingford Lough, and it is understood that on such Sunday mornings all sorts of craft are requisitioned by those who wish to leave this part of Ulster for the beverage obtainable across the water.

A front seat was commandeered on the front at Warrenpoint, and then tracks were retraced to Rostrevor, where the sea front was left and the mounting of the inclined plane of the earth's surface was commenced—nearly. But it was rideable, and seldom were Elston's appeals listened to, though he was not actuated by motives of self-interest but thinking, as he so often does, of the good of his fellows. Alongside the edge of the road were rather pitiable attempts of arable farming, and here and there were seed testing efforts of an agricultural body of County Down. From the top a fast run down to Hilltown took the voyagers to the second perfectly arranged lunch of F.C., who was greeted by the house as an old friend. Hilltown is typical of many Irish towns and villages, in being planned with very wide central spaces. At this Port of Call the practise of sampling the wine of the country—stout—was consolidated, and very good it is—or was. Resuming the saddle, the road now lay east, bending to the south, and following upstream the River Bann with which river the Club made acquaintance on the last Antrim tour. It rises but five or six miles from the coast in these parts, yet travels about one hundred miles northward through Loughs Neagh and Beg to Coleraine. It was found that this side of the mountains brought our riders to their feet more quickly and this road mounted higher—about 2,000 feet—than that of the morning. On the top was located the junction with the Castlewellaun road of the following morning from which place the descent to Kilkeel was started. This was broken for a detour along a roughish road to Colligan Bridge, and nearby the machines were deposited to enable a trek to be made over the hillside to view the Silent Valley. As Frank's map was dated 1880 or something, it had not prepared our prospectors for the nearly finished lawns surrounding somewhat palatial buildings which were part and parcel of the Belfast Waterworks Dam. No longer is the Silent Valley so silent.

In the evening, after dinner, the curiosity of the two gentlemen could no longer be curbed, so a visit of inspection to the Mourne Restaurant was made, ostensibly to see the place, but really to obtain a glimpse of one Doreen, of whom Elston had told such wonderful tales. But where was she? They said they liked the place and Mrs. McCulla and went away sad at heart. In contrast to this display of hospitality, it ought to be said that the young rebel was definitely warned off the Kilmorey Arms at the outset and only saw the outside. Such is our Anfield Brotherhood! The day yielded 36 miles,

The third morning—Monday—was another glorious one, but before leaving they got a rare shock, for after Elston's purchase of a large box of chocs., the elusive Doreen, in a gauzy pink frock and stockingless, skipped like a fairy across the road for her gallant hero's change, who had such a job to get away. What a sad parting! So it was that one negotiated the hilly road alone but for shepherds, sheep and other almost inanimate forms of life. Anyway, he wasn't lost and made Castlewellan for lunch, after passing through the really beautiful village of Bryansford, where, strange to say, both parties searched hard for a tavern. In respect to these desirable landmarks, it would appear that County Down, and possibly Ulster as a whole, is unlike Southern Ireland. Another of Chan's famous luncheons was thoroughly enjoyed, and then off into the blue again. This time, the nipper, not being used to a man's pipe, had put it down, forgotten it and left it behind, and he went back and the two brigands pushed on again. The day was far too good for a pursuit match to last long in such country, so they all met again for tea at Ballynahinch. After that, youth was at the helm and our gallant trio made a spirited entry into Belfast and via the H.P.O. to the boat. This last day's mileage was 46, totalling 157 for the tour. For a short time, all were on a common footing, and after a few Worthington's in the Tudor smokeroom of the *Ulster Prince*, with dinner following, the stowaway had a job in getting back to his rightful quarters.

The weather was mainly very good, the sun beaming on our tourists for the greater part of each day. When travelling south on Saturday the breeze blew from that quarter, and when going north on Monday it had gone round to temper the heat again. Kind, wasn't it?

The three could only have enjoyed themselves more if others had partaken of the feast of good things. One of the party did not spend more than the wages of sixty hours' labour at one shilling per hour, and insists emphatically that he never missed his round. It is but due to Kilkeel's famous house, the Kilmorey Arms, to say that finer service or accommodation could not be expected at such low rates—D., B. and B., two nights, H. and C. wtr. bdrms., bths., *ad. lib. inc.*, 18/-.

Three cheers for Chandler, two for Cook, and a small one for Elston. (What for?—EDITOR.)

Mold, 6th August, 1932.

This run was distinguished by a couple of features. In the first place we had with us, through the invitation of Hubert Roskell (accompanied by his friend Mr. E. Buckley), our old friend "Elsie" Price lately returned from the wilds of Nyasaland after four years absence, during which he has been busily occupied in producing the aromatic leaf (journalistic touch) and, incidentally, converting himself from a hard-boiled bachelor into a benedict. Li looked remarkably fit, and has acquired that thoroughly tanned complexion which can only be gained through a prolonged sojourn in the tropical climates, and to attain which our bright young things resort to all kinds of subterfuges. It was easy to see his delight in renewing old friendships, and being introduced to other members whom he had never seen in the flesh but whose names and doings were an open book to him through the medium of the *Circular*, which I understand he reads with avidity.

The other feature was the absence of Jonas. There were rumours that he was darkly contemplating further scurrilous attacks on various decent old records which had never done him any harm, and was so busily engaged in perfecting his nefarious plans that he had no time at the moment for Club runs. There were other mutterings, through clenched teeth, resembling *Cherchez la femme* from one or two of the more erudite members, but these were treated with disdain. It would be idle to deny that much as I would have been delighted to see Sydney in his record-breaking capacity, his presence in editorial guise gives me the jumps, as I know what to expect. It was thus that I experienced a certain relief at his non-appearance. I ought to have known better, seeing that he will pursue his victims mercilessly through the media of the post, telephone, telegraph, aye and even the wireless if he could to obtain his ends . . . hence these few lines.

The day was a glorious one and as we prattled along through the ambient air, over well-ironed roads with Old Sol doing his job thoroughly, and the country a blooming riot of beauty, one felt it was good to be alive. We arrived in plenty of time, but a tactful (albeit necessarily somewhat obscure) hint to the proprietor of the hostelry met with a singular lack of understanding until 5-30 p.m., when light dawned on him, and a slowly languishing thirst which had threatened to fade away unhonoured and unwept, sprang once more into vitality. A casual wander afterwards through the town, disclosed the presence of a number of beauteous maidens disporting themselves with modern abandon (and not too much of anything else), but it was noticed that our friend Li regarded them with a wane eye, as was befitting to a comparatively newly married man.

Returning to the "Dolphin" we found a goodly number already seated at the board and quite a nice cold tea was served up. The principal topic of conversation was the extraordinary happenings of the previous Monday, when the Anfield, represented by Salt, Pitchford, G. B. Orrell, and Marriott, made the big scoop at the Bath Road Club's "100," Salt doing fastest time, 4.35.53. Pitchford (who had the misfortune to puncture) being only $\frac{3}{4}$ minutes slower, Orrell, who did 4.45.29 and Marriott, 4.54.21. Not only did the A.B.C. collect the fastest time in this classic event, but they also got away, in a highly representative field, with the first team prize in record time. These doings deserve to be written in epic form, and it is a pity we have not got a tame poet on the premises to do them justice. There is no doubt that in the quartet mentioned—to say nothing of the other strings to our bow—we have one of the finest, if not *the* finest, team the Anfield have ever had, and one of the best in the kingdom. Long may they reign.

Shortly after tea the crowd broke up, and dispersed in their several directions; the Presider being understood to have a job of work in timing a tricycle event the following morning, and a nice run home closed the proceedings as far as I was concerned.

Goostrey, 6th August, 1932.

This run to the old fashioned Red Lion inn was attended by ten stalwarts only. They were the Vice-President, the Sub-captain, the Mullah, R.J., Bickley, sen., Bert Green, Geoff. Lockett, Bob Poole, E. Haynes, jun., and Jack Walton. The ride out was hard, owing to a

stiff sou'-wester; tea was good, the company excellent, and the homeward journey a sleigh ride, with the wind abaft.

And why the devil some people take a page and a half at about 7/3 per page to say exactly the same thing is a bigger mystery than any Edgar Wallace wrote.

Farndon, 13th August, 1932.

Upon entering the yard we were greeted by Powell, Jonas and del Banco—the latter was carefully dusting the latest instrument of torture (a tandem tricycle) introduced into the Club by Malins and which I believe they are going to push around Shropshire for hours and hours ("Strewth")—give me the Tread Mill. The next to arrive were Roberts, Edwards, Rowatt, Perkins, Chandler and Birkby, followed by Cook, who informed us "they were Open," and with a little strategy we managed to push Chandler in first, who put his hand down—much to our relief.

The conversation was mainly about cycling critics in general, where they come from, and where they ought to go to. The party being unanimous on the latter point.

We were very pleased to see Frail Hubert and John Kinder and friend out again, though we understand that they have no designs on the attendance prize. The "Old Gent" week-ended at Knockin, and Birkby and Perkins went over to Llangollen. We were honoured by the presence of Wilf Orrell, Geoff Lockett and Haynes, Junior, who were, no doubt, training for the "12."

Twenty-nine, including two friends, sat down to an excellent tea to which everyone did justice. Marriott announced, with tears in his eyes, that he had failed to balance his Budget, and tactfully inquired if anyone had paid Twice? There was no response to this pathetic appeal, so he consequently can't go to the pictures next week. Who wants to be a Sub-Captain?

12 Hours Handicap, 20th August, 1932.

Only eleven men displayed sufficient interest to enter for the "12" this year, though of course G. B. Orrell, Pitchford and Salt were saving themselves for the Wheelers' "12," in the hope of lifting *Cycling's* Best All-Rounder Team Trophy and figuring individually in the Best All-Rounder Competition.

W. Orrell had entered but withdrew at the last moment.

Marriott was on scratch and was practically certain for greatest distance. Norman Higham timed the event and the first man went off on a sultry morning with a very thick mist for the first forty miles. By Shawburch, the first time, Marriott (No. 11) had gone through the field and then led for the remainder of the race, with Ryalls close behind and Lockett, Randall and Connor also close up. Haynes and Lloyd (novices at the distance) were also riding well, and the field kept fairly compact, only Jonas lagging behind and keeping checkers waiting.

del Banco, on a borrowed tricycle, was having a spot of trouble with his stomach, but kept on in his best "24" manner and refused to be beaten. Austin was not quite at his best and Walton was determined to do or die.

Randall was riding very well, but at the Raven the last time was advised to pack in, on account of the "24" record attempt the following

week-end, and it was here that Jonas gave it up. The latter was unable to get going and was probably suffering from the heat wave.

Austin went as far as the "Ancient Briton," where he tried to get a drink "on tick," but they rightly refused to recognise him in his racing attire, so he toured to Grindley Brook feeding station and packed up.

This "packing" of the "24" men was really a very gracious and magnanimous act on their part to leave this "sprinters' race" to the lads and del Banco was the only blackleg who refused to toe the line. He was going through the mill and did not have any solid food during the race and said some really nasty things about a nice, inoffensive banana, at the Raven. He went on and finished with the very good total of 186 miles. Lockett had had trouble with his front sprint and at Grindley Brook, borrowed Austin's and went on to do 210 $\frac{3}{4}$ miles. Ryalls, Connor and Lloyd had a puncture apiece and finished strongly, the first-named being only 3 miles behind Marriott, with a very fine ride. Connor improved by over 20 miles and seemed to get along without any apparent effort. Lloyd and Haynes did splendid rides for novices, while Walton had to give up at 188 miles. We think Marriott can do better than 218 $\frac{1}{2}$ miles, though this is a great improvement on his previous best. The handicap prizes went to Connor, Ryalls and Haynes, and altogether it was a very good race. The conditions were very good and the only difficult stretch was from Chester to Nantwich. The Racing Secretary is again to be congratulated on the excellent arrangements, which were faultless and of course the helpers deserve thanks.

Name.	Battlefield. 61 $\frac{1}{2}$ mls.	Nantwich. 143 $\frac{1}{2}$ m	Actual Distance.	H'cap Allowance.	H'cap Total.	Awards.
W. G. Connor ...	3.22 $\frac{1}{2}$	8.8	209	17 mls.	226	1st H'cap and Std.
D. L. Ryalls ...	3.17	8.3	215 $\frac{3}{4}$	10 "	225 $\frac{3}{4}$	2nd H'cap and Std.
E. Haynes, Junr.	3.30	8.47	195	30 "	225	3rd H'cap and Std.
G. Lockett ...	3.20	8.3	210 $\frac{3}{4}$	12 "	222 $\frac{3}{4}$	Std.
W. H. Lloyd ...	3.33	8.57	191 $\frac{1}{2}$	30 "	221 $\frac{1}{2}$	Std.
F. Marriott ...	3.13	7.51	218 $\frac{1}{2}$	Scratch	218 $\frac{1}{2}$	Greatest Distance and Std.
S. del Banco(Tri.)	3.35	9.8	186	30 mls.	216	Std.
J. R. Walton ...	3.29	8.23	188	17 "	205	Std.

Austin, Jonas and Randall did not finish.

Highwayside, 27th August, 1932.

I have just returned from a most delightful afternoon's ride in glorious sunshine. A dull and threatening morning gave little promise of what was in store, but at Frodsham, much befogged for the Carnival, the sun shone bravely on streamers and banners.

From the hills above, the Weaver valley stretched wide, tapestried in quaint shapes and varied hues, from the brilliant green of the pastures to the golden brown of the cornfields, with stooks standing in solemn rows.

Delamere gave welcome shade, and the sunlight, filtering through heavy foliage, dappled the greensward beneath, while in the open dells masses of flowers bloomed like a crimson mist.

The Fishponds glittered with laughing ripples as we passed, and then the cottage gardens of Eaton blazed with a profusion of lovely flowers.

The green at the Travellers Rest was alive with a horde of bowlers from "Owdham," whose noisy excitement and weird antics proved very entertaining to our early arrivals.

Although most of our speed merchants were absent on other business, the arrival of Arthur and George Newall, Heath and Urban Taylor helped to fill the gap, and about two dozen sat down to tea.

The chief topic was the chances of Jonas and Randall in their attack on the "24" records, and it was confidently expected that a successful issue would ensue from their strenuous efforts.

After tea the Presider pushed off for Chester to be in time for his timekeeping, while others dashed off to their various checking posts.

The wind had now died down, and a glorious evening gave every promise for a favourable night ride.

STOP PRESS.

Randall's Record Ride.

The N.R.R.A. 24 Hour Single Bicycle Record was broken on the 27th/28th August by Charlie Randall, when he did the ride of his life and finished with the magnificent total of about 388 miles, beating the old figures by 14 miles. This was his 13th "24" ride and beat his previous best done in the Invitation Race this year.

Jonas attempted the R.R.A. and N.R.R.A. "24's," but had to pack at 12 hours, suffering from the effects of a bitterly cold night. His legs and thighs were numb and massage had no effect.

A full report of Randall's epic ride will appear next month.

J. S. JONAS, *Editor*

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ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

FORMED MARCH 1879

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

MONTHLY CIRCULAR.

Vol. XXIX.

No. 320

FIXTURES FOR OCTOBER, 1932

Tea at 6-0 p.m.

		Light up at
Oct. 1	Halewood (Derby Arms)	7-51 p.m.
" 8	Mouldsworth (Station Hotel)	6- 5 p.m.
" 10	Committee Meeting, 7-0 p.m. (Victoria Hotel, St. Johns Lane, L'pool).	
" 15	Mold (Dolphin)	5-48 p.m.
" 22	Pulford (Grosvenor Arms)	5.32 p.m.
" 29/30	Autumn Tints Tour.—Llanarmon D.C. (West Arms)	5-16 p.m.
Nov. 5	Halewood (Derby Arms)	5- 4 p.m.

ALTERNATIVE FIXTURES FOR MANCHESTER MEMBERS:

Tea at 5-30 p.m.

Oct. 1	Arcld (Rose and Crown)	7-51 p.m.
" 15	Lymm (Spread Eagle)	5-48 p.m.
" 22	Holmes Chapel (Swan)	5.32 p.m.
" 29	Acton Bridge (Leigh Arms)	5-16 p.m.
Nov. 5	Goostrey (Red Lion)	5- 4 p.m.

Full Moon ... 14th inst.
Summer Time ends 2nd inst.

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

4 THE LAUND,
WALLASEY, CHESHIRE.

COMMITTEE NOTES.

NEW MEMBER.—Mr. C. F. Elias, Holt House, Grassendale Park, Liverpool, has been elected to Full Membership.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS.—Mr. J. E. Walker, Wheatsheaf Hotel, Over, Cheshire.

The Triennial Dinner of the Road Records Association will be held on the 17th February next. Members interested are requested to make a note of the date.

H. W. POWELL,
Hon. General Secretary.

TREASURY NOTES.

I am glad to be able to record a very substantial increase in the number of those who have forwarded Subscriptions and/or Donations (*) during the past month. Quadrupled! The Arithmetical Regression has suddenly been turned into Geometrical Progression. I am afraid

we cannot continue this particular form of progression, but I shall be satisfied if the rate is Harmonical during the ensuing month.

The following sixteen members are hereby thanked for their remittances :—

F. Beckett.	C. F. Elias.	A. Newsholme.	W. M. Robinson.
G. E. Carpenter.	W. E. S. Foster.	W. M. Owen.	G. Stephenson.
*W. P. Cook.	T. R. Hinde.	J. T. Preece.	J. E. Walker.
A. Crowcroft.	G. Lockett.	C. Randall.	O. T. Williams.
		R. L. KNIFE,	<i>Hon. Treasurer.</i>

CORRESPONDENCE.

29 Holland Street,
Fairfield, Liverpool.
22nd September, 1932.

To the Hon. Editor, *Anfield Bicycle Club Circular.*

HONOURED SIR,

As the racing season of 1932 has drawn to its close, may I make the fact generally known, through the medium of your most excellent *Circular*, that I am presenting to the Club in the same munificent manner as I did sponges some years ago, a complete battery of six vacuum flasks. Cold tea need no longer be handed to riders at the Cross Cutting. And at any other time, when a warm beverage is to be held in readiness for some time, they can be used. At the same time, it should be said that their return to their custodian—myself—will be expected, but I suppose, as in the case of sponges, not always obtained.

I am, Sir,

Ever your most humble, obedient and devoted servant,

H. L. ELSTON.

ITEMS.

The Baronial One has again burst forth in eloquence. This time it is Salt's magnificent ride in the B.R. "100," that inspires his pen, or rather typewriter! and his song is as follows: "I cannot refrain from expressing my delight at reading of the remarkable ride which Salt put up in the Bath Road '100.' This is splendid and warms the cockles of an old member of the Anfield. The Club is certainly doing a wonderful job this year and for the life of me I cannot understand how such remarkable times can be done. I am ever mindful of the 'acid' we used to take in years gone by, and the astounding times put up to-day seem almost incredible. All I can say is that if the speed merchants to-day suffer in proportion to their reduction in times as we used to do, then they must be having a h—l of a time."

* * * * *

Recommendation No. 7 of the R.R.C. is as follows: "A competitor may not accept more than one invitation for simultaneous competitions." A rider who was already entered for the Forest "50," sent a very much belated entry for the Manchester Wheelers' "12," which was accepted. It is true these two events were not identically simultaneous, but they followed each other within a few hours—so closely that to all intents and purposes they were simultaneous, as it would have been physically impossible for anyone to ride in both. And both events were supposed to "be carried out in accordance with the recommendations of the Road Racing Council." Comment is needless.

The Triennial Dinner of the R.R.A. has been fixed for February 17th next, and as we will figure prominently with our record breakers, you are asked to book the date in case you can possibly manage to attend.

* * * * *

September 14th was a red-letter day in the annals of the Cheshire B.B. On the arrival of the advance guard, consisting of the self-elected President, Chandler and Mr. Snowden, the portals of the Saughall Massie Hotel were found guarded by the Mayor of Upton, Sir Charles J. Conway. Unfortunately, Powell was away on holiday and Fawcett a missing scholar, but Ven, Kettle and Morris turned up and Sir Charles not only appeared to enjoy himself but swung the hammer in fine style. Although Sir Charles was rather quick off the mark and beat the pistol (Time, gentlemen, please), thereby getting back to Upton without being overtaken by the two old gentlemen on trikes, we understand his application for membership in this ancient organisation is being most favourably considered.

* * * * *

It was jolly good to see Harry Austin out at the last "50." Now he is living in Leeds we hope he will take a leaf out of Turvey's book and learn how to get amongst us oftener (which reminds us that "Wide Legs" seems to have disappeared from the cycling firmament!). Austin told us in strict confidence that he was glad his racing days were over as the new generation are riding too disgracefully fast.

* * * * *

Our racing season has ended in a blaze of glory, as adequately described in the account of our last "50," and we are in hopes that two real records will put the pinnacle on the edifice so excellently erected by the racing boys. And it is not so many years ago that some swollen headed individuals who aspired to prominence in the Cycling World, but have since entirely disappeared, declared openly that the Anfield was a back number, rapidly dying with senile decay. It is to laugh!

* * * * *

Randall's Record Ride Round the Roads of Charming Cheshire and Smiling Shropshire has been fully reported in the Chester Press, complete with photograph of the Man Who Rode All Through The Night (in the dark, by himself) in an imposing "Alone I Did It" attitude.

We understand that the Freedom of the City of Chester will be presented to the Boss Ganger of the Tea Tasters at a ceremony in the "Bull and Stirrup," and the Mayor, Aldermen, and Burgesses, together with the Lord High Sheriff and many lesser functionaries, will be present, as well as a large contingent of Anfielders.

Charles will afterwards give an address on "How I Broke the 24 Hour Record," and then a procession will perambulate the City, make a few calls, and have one or two and finish up at the Grosvenor Hotel or the Town Hall, for a fish and chip supper (green peas optional).

* * * * *

Arthur Birkby, who was checking at Nantwich for the Tandems, was taken ill with influenza and had to go home by train.

* * * * *

del Banco and Jonas wish to thank everyone for the help that was given them on September 25th. The turnout of Anfielders and friends was remarkable and very encouraging.

Randall and Jonas wish to offer their sincere thanks to all who helped on the "24" record attempts. The helpers included Jim Tomlinson of the Liverpool Century, who, very ably, fed the riders, S. Keen of the Chester C.C., Jimmy Taylor of the Wheelers, with his wonderful peppermint revivers, Tommy Barlow, Tony Power, of the Cheshire Roads, Freddie Hancock and many other friends of the Anfield. The Presider did the timing, Rex Austin followed, and George Newall took Randall's body home, and the latter's Aunt thought that Charles had "snuffed it" when she heard Newall say to Cook outside Charlie's house, "Get his feet out first." Hubert Roskell and John Kinder picked up Jonas when he "packed" and later, took him home.

There was also a full muster of Tea Tasters and the Manchester men looked after the East Cheshire part of the course. George Glover, who had charge of the checks, deserves a special mention, as Buckley congratulated him on the splendid way the ride had been organized, the whole thing going off without a hitch.

* * * * *

Carton and Senior of the Highgate C.C., who, a month ago, attempted to regain the Liverpool-London Tandem Bicycle record for their Club, made a further attempt on the 25th September, but failed as the wind was not favourable.

* * * * *

T. G. Allamby of the University C.C., broke Dutton-Walker's Liverpool-London Tricycle Record of 12.40, on the 11th September, when he completed the journey in 11hrs. 51mins. He started at 4 a.m. against the wind and rain; had two punctures and ran off the course, and then finished up with a gale behind him, completing the last 100 miles in 5.31.0.

* * * * *

Orrell and Pitchford are making a further attempt on the two 12 Hour Tandem Bicycle Records, on October 2nd, on the same course and starting at the same time as on the previous occasion.

* * * * *

Freddie Hancock of the Manchester Grosvenor, is attempting to break the N.R.R.A. 24 Hour Record, just broken by Randall, on October 1st and 2nd, with W.P. holding the watch.

* * * * *

Another of our old racing men has lately adopted the role of Boniface, and we wish him every success in his new sphere. J. E. Walker, a real enthusiast, but who has found very heavy going during the last few years, has taken over the "Wheatsheaf," at Over. Any members cycling in the district should give him a look up, and are assured of a right good welcome.

* * * * *

According to a well-known writer on cycling topics and racing, tandem tricycles are freak machines; and the same scribe also says that if a certain 100 mile race had been 100 and something miles, someone else would have won it, so we now know exactly what to think of this critic and his opinions.

* * * * *

A much more thrilling account of "A Bicycle Ride Across Canada" than that recently appearing in *Cycling*, could be written of a similar journey made by our ever-youthful Carpenter on a hired "bicycle." It would need A.T.S. in his best moments to do justice to it.

Our exiled W. E. S. Foster, buried somewhere in the wilds of Lincolnshire, a racing man in his day (and a very good day too), writes : " Although I am not known in the flesh to the new speedy speed men, I follow their exploits in the *Circular* and gloat over their successes." That's the real Anfield spirit !

* * * * *

Among the large number of helpers out at the Wheelers' " 12," and the Tandem Record Attempts, was Turvey, who had come over from Yorkshire. We hear that Norman will also be at the Autumnal Tinted Tour at the end of the month, at which function our successes, this year, will be strenuously celebrated and no effort spared to make the welkin ring.

Those who had a fat head on the Sunday morning, after last year's celebration at Llanarmon, and blamed it on a poor dead rabbit, will be pleased to hear that " vermin " will not be the only dish provided this year.

* * * * *

(We take the liberty of printing the following extract from the " Bath Road News," of Sept., 1932.—ED.)

A Family Affair.

On more than one occasion the Anfield Bicycle Club and the Bath Road Club have been referred to in the public Press as " sister " clubs. Whether that description is the most happy or the most suitable one that could have been chosen is open to some doubt, but certain it is that there exists a brotherhood between the two clubs that is in accord with the finest traditions of our sport; that there exists a bond of sympathy between the members of the two clubs, a mutual regard, a respect and an affection that is absolutely unique in the world of wheels.

Why it should be so is not at first obvious, for meeting as we do on an average of only twice a year and then only for very brief periods, the wonder is that we should get to know one another at all. Yet the members travel the length of the land to Shrewsbury and to Theale to meet and forgather with perfect understanding and the complete satisfaction of wishing for nothing better than the pleasure of one another's company.

And what a wringing of hands and clapping of backs there was at Theale on the eve of the " 100." It must have been a record number of Anfielders that did us the honour of coming south for our event : Rex Austin, Doc Carlisle, A. Davies, John Kinder, Marriott, Bert Morton, Bren Orrell, Pitchford, Randall, Hubert Roskell, Ryalls, the Bros. Rawlinson and Salt.

What a renewing of old acquaintances, and making of new ones. What an exchange of reminiscences (and pouring of libations to their memory) ; what pledges for the days to come. How everyone beamed upon everyone else—just like one big, happy family.

And then Salt won the " 100," and the Anfielders' cup of happiness was absolutely full. Almost as if the gods could not heap honours upon them enough, they must then take the team prizes too—their " cup runneth over."

How proud the Anfielders were of their men ! How proud we were to reckon them among our friends. Yes, and content, too, for with our heartiest congratulations we give the sincere assurance that there is no one apart from one of our own boys, that we would rather see win the " 100 " than an Anfielder.

All along the road that day, wherever wheelmen gathered, the question was asked, "Who won the '100'?" "Salt of the Anfield," they replied. Salt of the Anfield! The man who can win the "100" in 4.35 is the salt of the earth.

24 Hour Record Attempts, 27/28th August, 1932.

Encouraged by their successful performances in the Club "24," in July, Randall and Jonas decided to attack "24" records on the above date; the former giving notice for N.R.R.A. Bicycle record, the latter for R.R.A. and N.R.R.A. Tricycle records. After a week of unsettled weather, the evening of the appointed day was fine, with little wind, but showed every prospect of developing into a bitterly cold night. A fair crowd assembled for the start, including Fred Hancock, holder of both tricycle records, and brother of the late Arthur Hancock, who held the bicycle record.

Started by Cook at 8-30 and 9-0 respectively, both made good progress at the start, but mishaps were not long in coming. At Acton, near Nantwich, Randall was well inside schedule, and owing to an excusable misunderstanding, no checker was there, so he rode as far as the Aqueduct, where two locals gave him a check. Returning to Chester, he rode very well to schedule during the night hours, and leaving for Shropshire (130½ miles) he was three minutes inside his schedule. From here to Wem the rider experienced his only bad time, the speed falling well below 15 m.p.h., with the result that at Battlefield corner (204½ miles) he was 14 mins. outside schedule, and had covered approximately 197½ miles in the first twelve hours.

Meanwhile Syd Jonas was undergoing a much less pleasant experience. Affected by the bitter cold of the early morning to a much greater extent than Randall, he fell steadily further and further behind his schedule, and when he reached Tern Hill (182½ miles) he had taken almost twelve hours, and was faced with the almost impossible task of riding more in the second "12" than in the first. He accepted the inevitable and retired. He was picked up by Hubert Roskell, and after jazzing round Shropshire in search of his clothes (which were also jazzing round Shropshire in search of Jonas) he was taken to Shrewsbury, bathed, fed and clothed, and reached Cheshire in time to see the later phases of Randall's ride, and to be following at the finish.

In spite of the growing heat of the day, Randall now began to gain his lost time, his schedule now calling for 15 miles per hour. From being 15 minutes behind at Shawbury (1st time) he was just on schedule after two circuits of the triangle. Continuing to make steady progress he was almost 20 mins. inside at Arclid (300 miles). Here he spent almost 15 minutes in feeding and massage, when like a giant refreshed he really trod on them, being 23 mins. inside at Middlewich Corner (346 miles.) From Arclid to the finish the roads seemed literally lined with clubmen, and drinks were plentiful. Apart from a narrow escape from disaster through an idiot in a motor car, all proceeded satisfactorily and record point was passed with 59 minutes to go. From here he slowed a little, but ran out time near Knutsford with a distance of 388½ miles (or, if the extra bit at Nantwich is allowed by the N.R.R.A., 390 miles). He was at once placed in Newall's car and taken home, where the whispered "Feet out first" caused consternation to his relations.

Randall's success is popular with everyone. His long support of 24 hour racing (this was his 13th "24") and whole-hearted service to our racing men, have earned him our good wishes, and his record is a

fitting climax to his association with the Club. There was a magnificent turnout of members, and whilst it is perhaps invidious to pick any for special mention, Jack Salt and Dick Ryalls must have put in an enormous mileage of service. Apart from "Ours," Jimmy Taylor of the Wheelers was ubiquitous as ever, helping with the following, and supplying numerous drinks. Another interested spectator was Murphy, of the *Irish Cyclist*, who had returned specially from Ireland to see the fun, and was a conspicuous figure on the course.

To sum up, our heartiest congratulations go to Charles; to Syd we say, "Better luck next time."

Palatine C.C. Open "50," 4th Sept., 1932.

We succeeded in carrying off the 2nd and 3rd Fastest Prizes and also the 1st Team Prizes in this event, run off on a very windy morning.

W. P. Cook timed the race, in which we had seven riders, and all but Lockett finished.

The team race was won by the narrow margin of seven seconds, and our men did very well, considering the wind that was blowing over this exposed course.

E. Gilbert ...	(East L'pool Wheelers)	Fastest ...	2.13. 2
J. J. Salt ...	(A.B.C.) ...	2nd Fastest ...	2.15.26
J. Pitchford ...	{ " } ...	3rd " ...	2.16. 4
G. B. Orrell ...	{ " }	2.22.25
J. R. Walton ...	{ " }	2.32.40
W. G. Connor ...	{ " }	2.34. 8
S. del Banco ...	{ " }	2.34.26

Team Race.—A.B.C., 6.53.55; East L'pool Wheelers, 6.54.2.

Manchester Wheelers' Scratch 12 Hour, 10th September, 1932.

Our men put up some very fine rides, and managed to fill the 3rd, 4th and 5th Fastest positions on a very windy day, with heavy rain falling in the first five or six hours.

Bren Orrell, the winner for the last two years, was not on form, and was suffering from an influenza cold, but for the sake of the team he started and finished the time, and took some terrible "bendings." He was getting "packets" very early in the race, but refused to give up and finished with the very fine total of 223½ miles, 5th Fastest.

Salt was not too happy for the first few hours, but came round later, and actually caught up Southall and F. T. Brown, after being well dropped. These three were together for the rest of the race, scrapping as hard as they could go and Southall eventually won, after a six minute delay with a puncture, and totalled 233½ miles. F. T. Brown was second with 232½ miles, and Jack Pitchford was a good third with 231½ miles. Salt punctured at 210 miles, losing three minutes and finished fourth 229 miles. Pitchford did a magnificent ride all on his own, with no one to scrap with, as he started No. 5 and was leading the field after 50 miles.

Dick Ryalls did very well, though suffering from the cold in the early part of the race, and his 209 miles (14th fastest) is a great deal better than it appears at first sight. Marriott was suffering from the "knock" early on and was never doing very well, so packed up at 180 miles.

Norman Higham was timekeeper.

We won the team race easily with 684 miles.

F. W. Southall	(Norwood Paragon	1st	233 $\frac{5}{8}$
F. T. Brown	(Potteries C.C.)	2nd	232 $\frac{1}{2}$
J. Pitchford	(A.B.C.)	3rd	231 $\frac{1}{2}$
J. J. Salt	"	4th	229 $\frac{1}{2}$
G. B. Orrell	"	5th	223 $\frac{7}{8}$
D. L. Ryalls	"	14th	208 $\frac{7}{8}$

1st Team—Anfield B.C., 684 $\frac{1}{2}$ miles; 2nd—Potteries C.C., 671 $\frac{1}{2}$ miles.

R.R.A. and N.R.R.A. Tandem Record Attempts (Bicycle and Tricycle), 25th September, 1932.

An historical survey of The Anfield Autumn Joint Account Double—Win Only—which partly came undone. Abridged Version.

Abridged for the reason that the collation of facts is not completed, but you may be treated to them in full at a later date.

The morn was clear, Sunday, 25th September, 1932; the golden sunrise coming between the start of the rational tandem—G. B. Orrell and J. Pitchford—at 6.5 a.m. and the tandem oddity—J. S. Jonas and S. del Banco—at 7.5 a.m. Both crews five minutes late starting. Roads were very wet after rain during the night; just cool; and southerly breeze with some west. Disaster ensued early, for the gallant crew on two wheels were too strong for one of the chains, which gave up the ghost and did a lot of other damage at about fifty miles—about 9 a.m.—between Arelid and Sandbach. They were 22 mins. inside "evens," eight minutes ahead of a hard schedule, and responsible authorities say likely to do a two sixty ride—irresponsible ones three hundred. They died a glorious death and vowed early vengeance.

But to the other curiosity. At Clive Green—72 miles—3 mins. before schedule. Near Chester—118 and bit miles—about five mins. in. Holmes Chapel—170—nine in. Twemlow—201 $\frac{1}{2}$ —17 in., and so on to the triumphant conclusion near the last-named place of 229 $\frac{3}{4}$ miles, nearly five over schedule, and a beating of the R.R.A. and N.R.R.A. records to the tune of about nine and fifteen miles respectively. There was a truly magnificent cortege from Astle Park Corner, speaking volumes for the great popularity of our Honorary Editor Sydney Jonas—Captain of the tank—and our Honourable Racing Secretary, Sydney del Banco, who was in the foc'sle.

If one was allowed to dilate on the community of car-owners—drivers in attendance it would not be pleasing—to them.

Alas and alack, these frilled buttons come too quickly, and soon the ordinary common or garden sort, proudly worn by some of us, will be at a handsome premium. Everybody who is anybody was everywhere, so what's the good of trying to record it all?

We understand that there was a timekeeper—The Old Gentleman Himself—but in the Baby Austin of another he was completely obscured—as it should be—in the welter of expensive and high powered cars.

The riders were kept packed tight with food and drink and the following cars of Urban Taylor, Kettle and Hubert Roskell, had spare wheels which were fortunately not required. It is understood that the borrowed Tandem Tricycle was abandoned near Twemlow, and is still there waiting for someone to adopt it. The record breakers were bathed, anointed and fed, and delivered at the Pier Head by Hubert Roskell and John Kinder.

Pulford, 3rd September, 1932.

It would be as well for the Editor when asking anyone to write up the run to do so at least on arrival instead of just before leaving as in this case, in order that proper information be collected regarding the various routes followed by those present. (As the first dozen or so members asked to write up the run, usually refuse to do so, it is often nearly seven o'clock before a victim can be found. In any case, writers are requested to get on with the job and not criticize the Editor.—Ed.).

There were 21 at the meet, which did not include the Presider who was timing the Palatine "50" on the morrow and who had rooms booked for him at Tarleton. Cody and Stephenson had ridden via Warrington and complained of strong head winds. Both were very thirsty and we had the unusual sight of Cody absorbing moisture of an alcoholic order before the meal began. Then we welcomed Charles Randall after his magnificent record breaking ride. Then followed a very touching reunion of the Rough and Ready C.C. who had gathered in force to welcome their President fresh from the land of Devonshire Cream and Cider.

The lurid reports of what Tommy saw at Ilfracombe and none the less of what was seen of Tommy will be the subject of a special publication of a booklet entitled THE NAKED TRUTH, which will be smuggled over from Paris to escape censorship.

Kettle had also returned from Devon, but whatever he had seen he kept to himself and appeared to be on the whole rather subdued. He, no doubt, will undertake to write an introduction to Tommy's experiences.

There was no sign of the imperturbable Johnny, who we understand was sunbathing at Rhyl.

The ride home was taken at a sedate pace as far as Chester, until Cody came along and paced Knipe and Chandler (on trike) at a good "17" to Willaston. He rode very steadily and was quite a treat to ride behind.

Tarporley, 10th September, 1932.

The Swan at Tarporley appeared to be approximately the same distance whichever way I went, so I decided if possible to see the tail-end of the Wheelers' "12" on the way.

Between Runcorn and Northwich I discovered some very pleasant country and much to my surprise a real ruined Castle at Halton.

As I arrived at Broken Cross, Pitchford, Brown, Southall and Salt passed, all within a few minutes of each other and looking a little the worse for wear.

The afternoon turned out bright and fresh and as I "one-twoed" it down the road I revelled in the feeling that here one was far from all the usual motley crowd, especially the Editor, when suddenly two horrible forms leaped out at me from the hedge—Jonas and Randall—before I could flee, the fell words were uttered in a peremptory voice; "Ah-ha—I want you to write the run up." What could I do in the wilds of East Cheshire at the mercy of two such desperate characters—I promised to hurry to the run and do the "write up."

It was quite a pleasant trip to Tarporley via Davenham, Crabtree Green, and Cotebrook, where I arrived in a more or less normal state and promptly invaded the sanctum in search of liquid nourishment.

The main topic of conversation was, of course, the "12," and some of the "old uns" wagged their heads sagely and opined that so and so would do it provided they rode fast enough, etc. Then Bert Green strode in with some first hand information which set everyone speculating afresh, and so the time went on until tea was announced, to which twenty-two very select members did ample justice. A short chat to allow the digestive organs time to work and then off into the wilds of Shropshire with the week-end in glorious anticipation.

Fourth 50 Miles Handicap, 17th September, 1932.

There was a splendid entry for the last Club race of the year, of eighteen machines, including a tandem, and it is a long time since we have had such a large entry.

Jack Salt was on scratch with Jack Pitchford on one minute, and the struggle for the fastest prize, between the two, was very keen, Salt eventually winning by 37 seconds.

Connor, on 18 minutes, won the 1st Handicap Prize by improving over six minutes, and got well inside "evens" for the first time with his ride of 2.24.33. Haynes, Junior, also made a big improvement and won the 2nd Handicap with 2.20.17, off 21 minutes, thus beating Randall by only two seconds; the latter taking the 3rd Prize and getting inside "evens" for the first time in his career, in spite of having finished in two "24's" this year, the last one only three weeks previously.

The Racing Secretary covered himself with glory and also beat "evens" for the first time, after many determined attempts, and can now talk with authority on "us athletes." R. J. Pugh, Ryalls and Lloyd were next in order of handicap and all improved several minutes, though the latter did not seem to be enjoying himself.

Rigby Band was riding his first "50," and rode very well, but unfortunately, punctured and this placed him 34 seconds outside evens. But for the delay he would almost certainly have been in the prizes. Jonas, on his tricycle, improved a couple of minutes and was also "inside," and Walton got a little nearer the 2.20 mark. Bren Orrell was back on form again and fully recovered from his cold of the previous week-end, and R. Poole, Marriott and Lockett completed the list of finishers, though all were slower than their previous best rides.

Scarff and Birkby started off on a tandem for their first experience of speed work, but were compelled to pack up after four punctures and a delay through running off the course.

They punctured first when only three miles from the start and mended it with the help of a couple of cyclists who were near, and lost about seven or eight minutes. They then passed the eight or nine men who had got ahead of them, but lost further time through turning left at Cholmondeley Schools on the way to Bickerton, and punctured again near Bickley on the way back. When last seen, Birkby was comfortably seated on a grassy bank, waiting for Scarff to produce a repair outfit out of the air. They were very unfortunate, as they were riding well and should have been near the prizes and in any case would have won a standard medal.

Rex Austin was the only non-starter. Cook timed the event as usual, and a large crowd of helpers turned out for one of the best races we have had for many years.

Finishers.	Nomans Heath. 12½ mls.	Bick- erton 26½ mls.	No- mans Heath 37½ mls.	Actual Times.	Handi- cap.	H'cap Times.	Prizes and St'drds.
W. G. Connor ...	36 mins.	1.17	1.51	2.24.33	18 mins.	2. 6.33	1st H'cp. Std. C.
E. Haynes, Jr.	36 "	1.18½	1.53	2.29.17	21 "	2. 8.17	2nd H'cp Std. B.
C. Randall ...	37½ "	1.20	1.55	2.29.19	21 "	2. 8.19	3rd H'cp Std. B.
S. del Banco ...	35 "	1.18	1.57	2.26.27	18 "	2. 8.27	Std. B.
R. J. Pugh ...	36 "	1.18	1.54	2.31.49	22 "	2. 9.49	Std. A.
D. L. Ryalls ...	36 "	1.17	1.49	2.21.13	11 "	2.10.13	Std. C.
W. H. Lloyd ...	37 "	1.20	1.56	2.35.31	25 "	2.10.31	Std. A.
J. R. Band ...	36 "	1.20½	1.55	2.30.34	20 "	2.10.34	Std. A.
*J. S. Jonas ...	37 "	1.20	1.55	2.28.50	18 "	2.10.50	Std. E.
J. R. Walton ...	34 "	1.15	1.48	2.21.45	10 "	2.11.45	Std. C.
G. B. Orrell ...	34 "	1.13	1.45	2.15.57	4 "	2.11.57	
J. Pitchford ...	32 "	1.12	1.42	2.13.38	1 "	2.12.38	
J. J. Salt ...	33 "	1.10	1.41	2.13. 1	Scratch	2.13. 1	Fastest
R. Poole ...	37 "	1.22	1.59	2.38.30	25 mins.	2.13.30	
F. Marriott ...	35 "	1.15½	1.50	2.23.20	6 "	2.17.20	
G. Lockett ...	36 "	1.17	1.51	2.27.13	9 "	2.18.13	

* Tricycle.

Acton Bridge, 24th September, 1932.

The dear Editor has, as usual, demanded a last minute account of the foray at Acton Bridge. (You were told you had to write it up on the Friday before.—Ed.) So work has to go by the board and Monday finds me on the job.

A goodly muster of fellow Anfielders rolled up. The fast pack from the West, led by the renowned Charles, took the high road and after a few blinks with the P.C. and Dicky they were soon in fine form for trencherwork. Others came by car, but we had naught to do with 'em, so put them below the Salt (no pun) at a trough of their own.

After a respectable sort of feed, helped down with trifle and warbling from the Chester Crack, we decided to wend our way home through Delamere. Dick in the van as usual, a regular nuisance, and then we proceeded to lose our selves. Bert, who found out he would have to hurry to be on time for duty, decided to warm up the pace. So in great style we tore into Chester, leaving many dead bodies by the way-side.

Later to bed, weary and trusting to the alarm to awaken us for the two Syds on the morrow.

J. S. JONAS,

Editor.

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ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

FORMED MARCH 1879

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

MONTHLY CIRCULAR.

Vol. XXIX.

No. 321

FIXTURES FOR NOVEMBER, 1932

Tea at 6-0 p.m.

		Light up at
Nov. 5	Halewood (Derby Arms)	5-4 p.m.
„ 12	Tarporley (Swan)	4-51 p.m.
„ 14	Committee Meeting, 7 p.m. (Victoria Hotel, St. John's Lane, L'pool)	
„ 19	Farndon (Raven)	4-42 p.m.
„ 26	Heswall (Heswall Hotel)	4-33 p.m.
Dec. 3	Halewood (Derby Arms)	4-27 p.m.

ALTERNATIVE FIXTURES FOR MANCHESTER MEMBERS :

Tea at 5-30 p.m.

Nov. 5	Goostrey (Red Lion)	5-4 p.m.
„ 19	Holmes Chapel (Swan)	4-42 p.m.
„ 26	Over (Wheatsheaf)	4-33 p.m.
Dec. 3	Lower Withington (Red Lion)	4-27 p.m.

Full Moon ... 13th inst.

The Hon. Treasurer's address is R. L. Knipe, 108 Moscoo 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. K. W. Barker, "Sherwood," Higher Bebington Road, Lower Bebington, Cheshire; proposed by Mr. J. Rigby Band and seconded by Mr. S. del Banco. Mr. E. W. Nuttall, 170 Maine Road, Moss Side, Manchester; proposed by Mr. R. Poole; seconded by Mr. E. Haynes.

H. W. POWELL,
Hon. General Secretary.

TREASURY NOTES.

The improvement still continues. Nineteen members have forwarded their Subscriptions and/or Donations (*) during the past month, and your Treasurer is grateful, for this means a considerable saving in

the amount of time and labour to be expended in getting in outstanding subscriptions.

I hope those who have not already responded will take the hint and get busy.

By sending in subscriptions now, the books can be got ready for the Auditors, who are always extra busy in December, and have little time to spare to go through the A.B.C. Accounts.

*J. C. Band.	W. J. Finn.	G. Molyneux.
P. C. Beardwood.	A. E. Foy.	R. J. Pugh.
J. A. Bennett.	M. Greenwood.	J. J. Salt.
P. Brazendale.	D. M. Kaye.	S. Threlfall.
G. B. Burgess.	D. C. Kinghorn.	J. R. Walton.
J. O. Cooper.	J. Leece.	A. G. White.
*G. B. Mercer.		

R. LEIGH KNIFE,

Hon. Treasurer.

ITEMS.

Cycling's Best All-Rounder Competition is now over and has been won for the third year in succession by F. W. Southall (Norwood Paragon C.C.); the Vegetarian C. & A.C. team (Marshall, Brummell and Ferris) has won the Team Shield, also for the third successive year.

Jack Salt is fifth in the list and has jumped up from eleventh place in each of the last two years, and must be heartily congratulated on being placed so high amongst the best twelve cyclists in the country.

Jack Pitchford has been placed in the best twelve for the first time and has the eighth highest average in the races at 50 miles, 100 miles and 12 hours.

Bren Orrell, who has been dubbed the "amazing veteran," has been pushed out of the best twelve by younger men, but has helped to make the Anfield team the third fastest, and very close to the winning Vegetarians. Orrell is 23rd in the list with an average of 20.688.

The average speeds of the best All-rounders are as follows:—

F. W. Southall	... (Norwood Paragon C.C.)	21.597	M.P.H.
F. T. Brown	... (Potteries C.C.)	21.300	"
C. Marshall	... (Vegetarian C. & A.C.)	21.238	"
F. A. Lipscombe	... (Ingleside)	21.184	"
J. J. Salt	... (Anfield B.C.)	21.181	"
W. E. Marsh	... (University C.C.)	21.155	"
A. W. Brummell	... (Vegetarian C. & A.C.)	21.141	"
J. Pitchford	... (Anfield B.C.)	21.094	"
F. Turner	... (Cheshire R.C.)	21.080	"
F. G. Frost	... (Allondon R.C.)	21.053	"
L. Wells	... (Catford C.C.)	21.018	"
E. King	... (Rotherham Wheelers)	20.974	"

TEAMS: V.C. & A.C.—1st, 21.077; Norwood Paragon C.C.—2nd, 21.012; Anfield B.C.—3rd, 20.988.

* * * * *

Rex Austin was in charge of the arrangements for Orrell and Pitchford's record attempts, and the job was done with that thoroughness which is usual in the Anfield on these occasions—while del Banco, who has put in very many hours of labour for the racing men this year, as well as racing himself, has received a post-card from the Secretary of the R.R.A., which says "Many thanks for helpers' reports to hand. I congratulate you on an extraordinarily well checked ride."

Pitchford was transported home to Shropshire, after the record attempt, in Rex Austin's car, and while the helpers at Hampton Heath were commiserating with the luckless rider, two cyclists came along and stopped. One of them proved to be no other than Finn, whom we have not seen for several years. He had come over from Dublin for a tour in England and looked very fit.

* * * * *

Charlie Randall has not been able to hold his N.R.R.A. 24 Hour Bicycle Record for long, as our old friend Freddie Hancock (who already holds the R.R.A. and N.R.R.A. "24" Tricycle Records) put up the magnificent total of 398½ miles, five weeks after Randall's ride.

Timed by the Presider, Hancock rode strongly and was never very far behind his rather stiff schedule, but must have had some very bad times, as he "packed up" twice and was then persuaded to go on.

A crowd of Anfielders were out for the attempt and did the Wirral checks, while Harry Wilson and Tommy Barlow of the Wheelers followed by car.

* * * * *

We were delighted to see Carpenter out at the Halewood run, looking as fit as ever, after his trip across Canada. We hear that he has just been making the acquaintance of a newly arrived grandson at Freshfield, the latest arrival making a total of eight (assorted) in different parts of the Empire.

* * * * *

J. K. Middleton, of the M.C. & A.C., has regained his Liverpool-London Single Bicycle Record from Jack Salt, by covering the distance in 9 hours 30 minutes, thus knocking 53 minutes off Salt's time of 10.23.

Middleton started at 6 a.m. on the 15th October, with a very strong N.W. wind behind him, and used a three-speed gear. He covered the first 50 miles in 2.13, and took 4.35 for the first 100 miles.

* * * * *

We hope to have a large party at the "All-Rounder" Concert organised by *Cycling*, at the Albert Hall, London, on January 21st, so as to give Jack Salt and Jack Pitchford a real Anfield cheer when they receive their awards for being fifth and eighth fastest respectively in the competition.

* * * * *

The Half-yearly A.G.M. of the C.T.C. was held in the Town Hall, Chester, on the 22nd October, and we had present the Presider, Brazen-dale, Elston, Elias, del Banco, Jonas and Scarff.

Cook stopped the night at the Talbot with most of the other leading lights, including Stancer, Frank Urry, Oakley, "Hodites," and "Petroleum," and while the elders sat in the "tank," the others went to a low down dance hall in the vicinity and danced the light fantastic. The Anfielders present were in "shorts," and can recommend this costume as being perfectly suitable for a dance hall.

* * * * *

The following is the typical Kukotic reply received by Chandler from Fitzwater-Wray when returning negatives advertised for by the latter for slides for his lecture.

"Most excellent of Candle-makers, may no shadows surround you; may you never grow waxy; may you ever be wick and well! I have a fine slide from one of your Goredale negs. Snowdon turned up from

other sources in form more nearly suited to the geological point to be illustrated.

Au revoir, Sir Chandler, and great thanks."

* * * * *

The N.R.R.A. have now passed Randall's 24 Hour Bicycle Record at 388½ miles. This total does not include the extra piece of road (which Randall had to cover in order to obtain a proper check) from the 19th milestone at Acton to the Aqueduct and back again.

The Tandem Tricycle "12" has been passed at 229½ miles, and the R.R.A. have decided to accept the N.R.R.A. figures; the Mullah being present at the latter's meeting on behalf of the "national" association.

The N.R.R.A. have also passed the Single Tricycle "12," at 207½ miles.

Pincyn Llys.

Is there, in all North Wales, a place of interest to which our President, the doyen of Welsh tourists and almost a George Borrow on wheels, has not paid a visit?

Answer a thousand voices—"NO!"

But just one moment, please.

Not a hundred miles from Ruthin (about six as a matter of fact) there is, perched on a hill at about 1,350 feet, a stone obelisk which the Old Gent. tearfully admits he has not inspected.

How downcast we are, we who thought and revered the fact that every monument, road and track in the northern area of the Principality was his—an Anfielder's.

As a last sorrowful gesture to him we will not indicate the whereabouts of his downfall this month, but will give one last chance for this terrible state of affairs to be remedied.

Still, there is no excuse for this very grave omission. The Monument has been up there for over one hundred years, and was erected by Lord Bagot to commemorate the planting of large woods at the base of the hill, so W.P. has had plenty of time and an abundance of opportunities. He cannot complain that he has not seen it either, for it is a landmark of the Vale of Clwyd second only to the Tower on Moel Famau, and when by any chance one is trying to "slam it" into something of a westerly gale on the Ruthin-Cerrig road, it seems hours before the wretched thing is really passed and left on the starboard quarter. The word "wretched," by the way, is merely a figure of speech, suitable words for the purpose cannot be mentioned here.

Marriott and Connor were around there the other day and although the latter was making his initial visit they were not the pioneers. A strong party of Tea Tasters blazed the trail last October and left their lasting traces (no, nothing so common as carving initials on any piece of stone that may be handy). And when, afterwards it was learnt that they were the first Anfielders to be there for at least many, many moons, joy was in their hearts and they were happy. (It is not known, definitely, to the Tea Tasters, whether they were the first Anfielders to be there or not, but surely *some* Anfielder "discovered" it before they did.) Then the Tasters of Tea of Willaston, Wirral, were "one-up" on the Beer-Biters. Copious draughts of T E A were quaffed in Willaston that night.

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Honorary Editor of the *Circular*,

I have just been reading the very interesting and entertaining account of the Tandem Tricycle Record and I don't think I am betraying a confidence when I mention the fact that it was written by an esteemed member who lives and has his being within hail of the Liverpool Pier Head, with its salt sea breezes and wide prospect of crowded shipping. I myself live not far from the banks of the Mersey, but much nearer its source and get quite a different effluvium from its waters. Hence I am not steeped in nautical traditions and had to refer to the Dictionary (Cassell's New English, the crossword enthusiast's bible) for the meaning of the term "fo'c'sle." The definition is, according to the above authority, "a forward space . . . where the crew live." Pursuing the metaphor further, I looked up the definition of "quarter deck," and found it described as "the upper deck extending from the stern to the mainmast, usually assigned for the use of officers and cabin passengers."

Now from personal observation, there is no doubt that you yourself occupied the forepart of the crawling contraption upon which the record was made, thus forming the crew, which is supposed to do all the work, whilst the Honorary Racing Secretary was really on the quarter deck; whether as officer or passenger is best known to yourself.

"MANCUNIAN."

(Mancunian must allow our reporter a little poetic licence, just as our readers must, when they read the paragraph in Mancunian's letter, which says: "The Liverpool Pier Head with its salt sea breezes and wide prospect of crowded shipping." Mancunian must have first been gazing at much amber coloured liquid before he gazed at the "crowded shipping."—ED.)

(A contributor to the September "Circular" bemoaned the fact that the Club had not a tame poet on the premises, so that a stirring poem could be composed in praise of our racing men's mighty deeds this year. Well, we have found the poet and here is his lay, the recital of which brought the house down at Llanarmon
—ED.)

As the leaves of our Autumn so sadly descend,
I am minded of deeds that are speedy and plucky,
Wrought in the realm of the oak and the elm,
To the tune of the birds and the flying Tabuccci.

What a summer of sport! What a season of speed!
To uphold the Club's fame and our ancient tradition;
What wonderful times—they deserve better rhymes
To record our exploits in the fierce competition.

Our own "hundred" at Whitsun, so famous of old,
Saw the team medals fall to the Club's gallant muster,
Torn from the rest of the North Country's best,
And a fairish contingent of London's great cluster.

And we won the Bath Road—the most famous of races—
At a speed to compare with the flight of the Schneider ;
Think of this thing—of a record to bring
A " Salt " tear to the eye of our famous presider.

We have long distance experts and trikers to boot,
For the Trophy's the symbol—to Jonas accorded :
Mile after mile, with his pepsodent smile,
To amass a fine total—the greatest recorded.

And the same mighty Syd, with a pal of like ilk,
Took the tandem trike " twelve " with a ride that was nifty ;
Charles, who's the nob of the tea-tasting mob
Broke the twenty-four hours, and I've heard that he's fifty.

I could chant to this strain till the facts were exhausted ;
Of the highway that yielded to Bren's might thrusting ;
This will I say, that I've shown by my lay,
Though the Anfield be old, it's most surely not rusting.

RUNS AND FIXTURES.

R.R.A. and N.R.R.A. Tandem Bicycle Record Attempt, 2nd Oct., 1932.

When Orrell and Pitchford put up their magnificent record of 256½ miles on September 13th last year, despite a fair amount of tyre trouble and finishing with a back wheel that threatened to collapse any moment, general regret was expressed that an inferiority complex had prevented them giving notice to the R.R.A. so that their ride could have supplanted the record of Marshall and Cave (253 miles), and it was determined that 1932 should see this mistake rectified. But man proposes and God disposes. The fates have unfortunately been against them. On September 25th, when riding strongly eight minutes ahead of schedule on a good day (as Jonas and del Banco on the T.T. evidenced) Nemesis overtook them in the form of a broken chain, bottom bracket adrift and broken back wheel spindle, when it was all Lombard Street to a China orange they would have put up an extraordinary record as suggested in the last *Circular*. The vengeance then vowed was entered upon on October 2nd, and the start made at 6.0 a.m., when conditions were fairly favourable and the only real fly in the ointment was the fact that Pitchford undoubtedly was developing a cold, which necessitated his riding in a beret and would require a real good day to combat successfully. Notwithstanding this handicap and a gradual increase in the velocity of the wind they steadily gained on schedule until at Nantwich (80½ miles) they were four minutes ahead. Then, unfortunately, came the beginning of the end, because the wind steadily increased to gale force and had to be fought all the way to the Whalebone (108 miles). The only surprising thing was that at Vicars Cross (98½ miles) they were only four minutes outside schedule ; but the battle was entirely unequal, and in Pitchford's condition, had rapidly become impossible, so they wisely gave it best with 112 miles, ridden in five hours, and live to fight another day. If ever discretion was the better part of valour it was so on this occasion, because the Bidston Observatory report reads " the wind increased steadily in strength, boisterous conditions culminating in a sharp live squall associated with

lashing showers of rain shortly before noon. Winds have been strong westerly to gale force, with maximum gusts of 57 miles an hour." The ride may be written down as one of the Club's most brilliant failures and quite confirms our opinion that Orrell and Pitchford can top 260 miles under anything like normal conditions. More power to them. They should not be discouraged by the fact that the Fates did not allow them to conclude a brilliant season in a Blaze of Glory.

Halewood, 1st October, 1932.

There are usually compensations for the minor tribulations of cycling life and the fact of my having so few opportunities of attending a Club run brings added pleasure when it actually materialises. Therefore, I started out from Southport (a temporary abode) to Halewood with the intention of enjoyment, and I was not disappointed. Taking the road through Freshfield (for a brief call to collect a Bartholmew pocket atlas from my son), I made my way to Aintree and then turned through unexpectedly pleasant by-roads and leafy lanes (making occasional inquiry from apparently intelligent people, who had not the remotest idea of Halewood's location) to reach the Derby Arms, 20 minutes beyond schedule time to find "the house" sitting. I must say that, without any apology for my late arrival, I felt flattered by the cordial reception, and although the total attendance was 31 and had to be accommodated in two rooms, I was promptly squeezed into the jovial company of the lower chamber. In the absence of W.P., who was away on a timekeeping expedition (though rumour reported his having been sighted that afternoon with a distinguished lady journalist!) I was not quite sure which was the presidential end of the table, as I was as much impressed by the weighty dignity of Hubert on my left dissecting a delicate and most delectable fowl, as by the urbanity of Arthur Simpson on my right, attending to the many calls for "home-fed pork." The fare was excellent and I now know why Halewood is a popular run.

It is impossible to mention all who were present, but in my vicinity were Knipe, Robinson, Cheminai, Jack Salt and Jonas, both the latter looking in "record" fitness.

Somebody flattered me by asking whether I was riding as well as ever (whoever he was!). I replied that it depended upon the "bite"! It might be a sad disillusion. Incidentally I was able to show them, amongst a few recent photos of the Rockies, what some Canadian bicycles, as seen and ridden, are really like, complete with girder forks, imitation petrol tanks and gears under 70!

The meal concluded in the lower chamber, I found myself mingling with more old friends from above, including Johnny Band, Chandler, Cody, Kettle, Lucas, Mercer, Royden and Venables—all looking, happily, little different from when we last met.

My return journey, piloted by Lucas and Knipe (the latter still on his historic record machine) to the outskirts of Liverpool, was afterwards enlivened by a "scrap" all along the new road with an overtaken "bite." We finished "all square" on reaching the tram lines, and the parting of the ways, and I had an "easy" for the rest of the journey to Lancashire's seaside city of flowers.

Areid, 1st October, 1932.

Already there are signs of Autumn out-doors. A pleasant and invigorating nip in the air; the deepening tints of trees and hedgerows; the light mists which rise at sunset; these tell the end of summer. But there are compensations in clearer roads—for highway is preferable to byway at this season—when to dawdle is not to delight. The lanes are summer's sanctuary; now one makes haste on harder roads.

Record breaking and making reduces numbers at the tea-table; the Rose and Crown was but poorly patronised. For this is the season of strenuous cycling.

"Now all the youth of England is on fire,
And silken dalliance in the wardrobe lies."

The energetic crowd more miles into day or half-day's compass, and all aspire to write their names on record books. Even myself—though I am soon left more faint than pursuing.

F. Hancock was reported dispatched by the Presider, seeking whole-day honours, and Sunday morning was to see Orrell and Pitchford renew their attack on the half-day tandem figures. And here was I unable to ride a paltry twenty miles home without "avin'" one at every house on the route. Out on me for a lazy good-for-nothing idler. All this dilly-dallying is so much tomfoolery! The blush of shame . . . but then the rain came down, and seeking shelter again, I wondered. The blazon and the badge, or beer and bed—which? I am very weak.

Mouldsworth, 8th October, 1932.

The forenoon of the day scheduled for a visit to Mouldsworth was wet—most decidedly so. Lunch time, with Jupiter still blowing his liberal blessing, saw me slyly emerging from the local cycle shop, the possessor of one brand new sou-wester. Continuing my journey by the main Manchester-Chester road, my eyes sought out a pair of familiar-looking legs driving a bicycle in my direction. A reckless 10 m.p.h. sprint brought me to the side of Wilf Orrell. After exchanging promises to ride with due dignity where the route was flat, and to walk when it was not, we rode together. The recently acquired sou-wester earned many rude remarks from my companion, whose equally unbecoming cap was the subject of my own ardent criticism. Having left Altrincham behind, the ride was continued, in the patchy sunlight, to the foot of the famous hill at Mouldsworth, having picked up the Manchester Vice-President en route. The Triumphant Tandem Tricycle Trundlers Trundled The Triangular Treadmill Through The Throng of Things which, according to Ancient Custom, stand to applaud their fellows' struggles on that precipitous slope which precedes the invariable good cheer provided by Mine Host at Mouldsworth.

Mold, 15th October, 1932.

The chief feature of this run was the large number of week-enders, there being no less than three parties going off into various parts of North Wales.

A small gathering of the fast set made their way, in the afternoon, to Penyffordd, to imbibe tea and consume biscuits, and the talk was not, it is sad to relate, of racing and cycling, as would befit a gathering of "racers," but of dances and where a suitable one could be found the following week. Somehow, the thought of Anfielders who dance does not seem right, and this tendency of some of the fast lads is greatly to

be deplored. Even Blotto, who is not very particular, draws the line at lounge lizards.

One may well ask what is to become of the reputation of the "Anfield Tank," so carefully built up by Hubert and his satellites, if this dancing craze spreads.

However, twenty-five members and friends sat down to a perfectly cooked and well-served meal, which is what we expect at the "Dolphin."

The friends were Mr. Snowden of the C.B.B.'s and young Bryan Band, son of Harold, whose suit is undoubtedly the brightest thing in suitings we have seen outside a racecourse. It even out-Rawlinsons the Rawlinsons!

Tommy Royden, of course, was out, and is reported to be very fit and on his winter gear is careering up hills like a two-year-old.

The week-end parties made an early start, Cook leading Elias and Mr. Snowden along to Llanfair T.H., and they were escorted by a party Yo-Yo's (del Blotto, Rigby Band, Jonas and Elston) as far as Trefnant. Elston was off for a week's "holiday," and in spite of having been a cyclist for several years and a scout for a very long time, he came out dressed as a hobo-cycling-climbing-rambler and looked the part of a "greenhorn" to a T. This imposing cavalcade "tore" along the Denbigh Road at a steady "fives" and the two parties arrived at their respective destinations at about 9-45.

The other crowd consisted of Salt, Scarff and Ryalls, with hangers-on Randall and King accompanying them, and these five went to the dancing academy at Bontuchel and made whoopee until the early hours.

The others, we presume, went home and thus another most enjoyable fixture was over.

Lynn, 15th October, 1932.

A total of sixteen cheery cyclists, and one miserable motorist, attended the run to this popular meeting place. The said miserable motorist made a feeble attempt to disguise himself as a cheery cyclist before entering the bar, but he was at once detected, and forced to purchase drinks for the company. The Buckleys, *père et fils*, were out; also Lucas, Knipe, Cody and Stevie, disguised as temporary Mancunians. The meal was of excellent quality, and for a change, a reasonable number adjourned to the bar for conversation and intoxication. High lights were the temporary healing of the old standing feud between the man from Shay and the miserable motorist; a stirring address from A.N. in which he advocated the adoption of the Continental Sunday, with the pubs open all day and drastic reductions in the price of alcoholic refreshment; and finally an eloquent denunciation of A.N. and all his works by Bert Green. Ultimately the party was broken up by the miserable motorist, who left to meet a lady (we hope his wife, but we fear our hopes are unfounded). All departed into the night, and Lynn was once more a deserted village.

Pulford, 22nd October, 1932.

The life of a Tea Taster is a very full one, and subsequent events have done their worst to erase from my mind the details of this run to the Grosvenor Arms, but those who are so foolish as to take a seat at table next to the Editor must take the consequences and worry the jolly old grey matter in an endeavour to obey orders. This fixture has always been a favourite one of mine and the present run was well up to

the usual standard. The afternoon turned out fine, making a real joy of my solitary ride out. At Chester, I took the Whitchurch road, but only to the Black Dog, whence I meandered through Saughton into the Park.

The trees were a glorious sight in their autumn colourings, though the heavy rain of the previous nights had done considerable damage. The Dee was very swollen too, and land adjacent to the Aldford road flooded. I traversed for the first time the straight, mile-long drive from Eaton Hall, encountered Cody on the main road, and so to Pulford, entering the yard just behind Powell and the Band tandem—and, of course, the Band suit.

The Presider then arrived, bringing with him Messrs. Urry, Oakley and Crompton, who were bound for the C.T.C. meeting in the Town Hall, Chester. To enable those who so desired to be present at this meeting, the meal was ready at 5-30.

Syds Jonas and del Banco reported the severe bending of the two-seater anachronism as the result of ramming a Bishop's car in Chester. I don't really think it was a Bishop, nor do I believe their assertion that a masculine shout caused them to turn their heads. Still, I suppose nobody less than a Bishop is worthy of a collision with the record-breaking tandem-trike; but we all know of attractions in Chester liable to turn the heads of susceptible cyclists.

Young Brian Band was present, recounting how a family heirloom was falling to pieces. Haynes and a tandem partner arrived; a pair of boots and Elston returned from a week in North Wales, and Arthur Birkby was looking for a companion with whom to week-end.

Altogether, about twenty members sat down to an excellent feed, and Marriott, Rigby Band and friend arrived later, having been lost on Hope Mountain. Four absentees, it was whispered, were attending a dance, unaware, apparently, that it is possible to attend a Club run and a dance on the same day.

The Presider and his guests departed early for Chester, the tandem thing and the writer following at a respectful distance (and a frightful pace). After the meeting—but that, my dears, is another story.

Holmes Chapel, 22nd October, 1932.

The task of making a record of the run to Holmes Chapel is most decidedly not difficult. The afternoon was showery, and the company though small, was cheerful and jovial. The quality of the food and drink set before us was unimpeachable—in fact every factor to make a successful club run was present, except one—which will be very evident from the list of regular attenders present: Albert Davies, Bert Green, Wiff Orrell, Bob Poole, Rex Austin, Geoff Lockett and Jack Walton. Can it be that the rest of the Manchester members were afraid of rain?

Autumnal Tints Tour—Llanarmon, D.C.—29th-30th October, 1932.

Not being quite fit, I made the journey by car. Motoring, under the safe and skilful pilotage of Bert Green is at its best but seeing the country from behind a wind screen is not as exhilarating as cycling and I envied those pedallers whose enjoyment was stimulated by the gentle zephyrs that breathed, and the refreshing showers that fell occasionally. As we joined the Holyhead road past St. Martin's and turned right for Chirk, we caught a glimpse of Rex Austin diving down the by-pass through Lodge and later overtook the Editor on Pandy

Hill with Frank Marriott and Scarff, toiling after him. Amongst others that greeted us on arrival was Austin Crowcroft, a rare but welcome attendant on our fixtures and erstwhile leader of the famous "Smart Set." His finer feelings must have been harrowed by the sartorial degradation of many of our younger members, though his enjoyment at being amongst us again did not seem to be affected thereby. Another rare visitor was Crompton Humphries, while the poor old secretary was busy allotting beds.

After making short work of the really top hole dinner provided by Mr. Howard and his charming daughters, and the handing over by the President of their well-earned frilled badges to our latest record holders, Charlie Randall and the Racing Secretary, we settled down in real earnest to a Social evening. The Willaston Tea Tasters, being apprehensive, owing to the prolonged drought, of a shortage of water wherewith to concoct their customary brew, decided to economise on the essential fluid and drink beer instead. The Editor took charge of the "kitty," showing an unsuspected genius for finance by keeping up an apparently inexhaustible flow of this substitute for their usual beverage. Presently the two stalwarts, Bren Orrell and Jack Pitchford, carried the piano from the end of the passage into the lounge as if it had been a light-weight bicycle and we commenced a rollicking concert of Community singing, interspersed by some choice individual turns.

In response to loud calls, George Newall rose to sing that old favourite, "Vauxhall Way," but unfortunately the piano refused all the persuasions of Norman Heath to reach a high enough note to suit George's voice. So Wilfred Orrell stepped into the breach and gave us, in a robust baritone, "Come where my love lies dreaming," or something like that, and was greeted by loud applause. Then George Newall, in a delightful recitative and unaccompanied, gave an old Harrogate Camp Chanty, which brought pleasant memories to the Old Timers present and proved to the younger generation that in the youthful days of the now grave and reverend seigneurs, boys would be boys in the days of their youth, much the same as they are in the present times.

After a further spell of mass vocalisation, interspersed by a wonderful exhibition of oriental serpentine dancing by Bert Lloyd, and Miss Sydney del Banco, Jack Walton sprung a surprise on us, by rising on his hind legs and reciting a poem (entirely his own composition) on the stirring deeds of the Anfield in 1932. This was greeted with such vociferous applause that he had to do it all over again, and his ingenious effort in rhyming "Presider" with "Schneider" brought forth a special clap from that Eminent Personage himself. Well all good things come to an end and we eventually retired to bed.

Next morning, after being fortified by an excellent breakfast, we wended our various ways, the W.T.T.'s sending a special deputation, headed by Frank Marriott to see if there was enough water left in Lake Vyrnwy reservoir to make the tea for their usual weekly meeting. I must mention that Norman Turvey rode over the Pennines from Pontefract, 120 miles, and thought it well worth while, the Master graced the company with his presence, and that there were 36 members and friends present including Tony Powers and Jack Walton's friend to whom we owe a debt of gratitude for pushing him all the way from Manchester on a tandem. What about the Autumnal Tints, did you say? Well, they unanimously voted the best ever.

J. S. JONAS,
Editor.

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ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

FORMED MARCH 1879

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

MONTHLY CIRCULAR.

Vol. XXIX.

No. 322

FIXTURES FOR DECEMBER, 1932

Tea at 6-0 p.m.

		Light up at
Dec. 3	Halewood (Derby Arms)	4-27 p.m.
" 10	Pulford (Grosvenor Arms)	4-24 p.m.
" 12	Committee Meeting, 7 p.m. (Victoria Hotel, St. John's Lane, L'pool)	
" 17	Chester (Talbot)... ..	4-23 p.m.
" 24	Hooton (Hooton Hotel). Tea 5-30 p.m.	4-26 p.m.
" 27	Mouldsworth (Station Hotel). Lunch 1-30 p.m.	4-28 p.m.
" 24/27	Alternative Tour—Bettws-y-Coed (Glan Aber)	
" 31	Mold (Dolphin)	4-31 p.m.
1933.		
Jan. 7	Halewood (Derby Arms)—Annual General Meeting. Tea 5-30 p.m....	4-40 p.m.

ALTERNATIVE FIXTURES FOR MANCHESTER MEMBERS.

Tea at 5-30 p.m.

Dec. 3	Lower Withington (Red Lion)	4-27 p.m.
" 10	Holmes Chapel (Swan)	4-24 p.m.
" 17	Knutsford (Lord Eldon) and Willaston	4-23 p.m.
" 24	Lymm (Spread Eagle)	4-26 p.m.
" 31	Goostrey (Red Lion)	4-31 p.m.

Full Moon ... 13th inst.

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

4 THE LAUND,

WALLASEY, CHESHIRE.

COMMITTEE NOTES.

NEW MEMBER.—Mr. E. W. Nuttall, 170 Maine Road, Moss Side, Manchester, has been elected to Full Membership.

APPLICATIONS FOR MEMBERSHIP.—Mr. Brian H. Band, 64 Cavendish Drive, Rock Ferry, proposed by Mr. W. H. Kettle; seconded by Mr. F. Marriott. Mr. Ernest Snowden, Bridge Cottage, Bebington, proposed by Mr. W. P. Cook; seconded by Mr. H. W. Powell.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS.—Captain J. Park, R.D., R.N.R., Marine Superintendent's Office, Cunard Building, Liverpool. Mr. A. News-holme, 19 Reynolds Road, Old Trafford, Manchester. Mr. W. H. Scarff, 40 Conville Boulevard, Higher Bebington, Birkenhead.

The Committee considered Mr. C. Randall's 24 Hours' ride of the 27th/28th August last and unanimously agreed that the distance he rode beyond the 19th Milestone at Acton to the Aqueduct and back again should be allowed and therefore passed his ride at 390 miles.

Mr. D. L. Ryalls has been appointed to represent the Club at the Bath Road Dinner.

The Annual General Meeting will be held after Tea at Halewood, on 7th January (Tea on that day will be at 5-30 p.m.). Any member having any matter which he wishes to be included on the Agenda, should let me have particulars not later than 20th December.

Special Terms have been arranged at the Glan Aber, Bettws-y-Coed, for the Christmas Tour. The charge will be 12/- per day (Dinner, Single Bed and Breakfast), and 10/- per day for those who "double-up." Members at Bettws-y-Coed on December 24th and/or December 27th will count one or two runs respectively and are asked to make their own arrangements regarding accommodation direct. Tea at Hooton on 24th December will be at 5-30 p.m.

H. W. POWELL,

Hon. General Secretary.

TREASURY NOTES.

I am sorry that my plea for early payment of overdue subscriptions has fallen upon so many deaf ears, for there has been only a meagre response this month. The prize list has been so phenomenally heavy this year that our Bank balance will be practically wiped out, and there is an urgent need for all subscriptions to be paid forthwith. Early payment in December will enable the Auditors to get through much of their work before the rush season, if only those who have it in their power will "show willing."

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

*E. J. Cody.	J. Park.	A. E. Walters.
E. W. Harley.	F. W. Smith.	
F. Hotine.	F. Roskell.	

R. LEIGH KNIPE,

Hon. Treasurer.

ITEMS.

Although Sid Keeling ceased to be a member in 1903 his name has never been forgotten among us, for not only did he hold the London to Liverpool Tricycle record (14 hours 57 mins.) from 1894 to 1907, but every new member being piloted by a veteran from Whitchurch to Newport inevitably had pointed out to him the site of "Keeling's Pond," by the Old Castle Inn, Bletchley. And it is good to know that Keeling has not forgotten the old Club even yet. This last summer, Jimmy Williams came across him on holiday at Pentre Voelas, and of course the A.B.C. cropped up in conversation, with the result that Jimmy sent Keeling a copy of the *Circular* containing the account of the Jubilee Dinner. In acknowledging this, Keeling wrote: "I enjoyed reading it very much indeed. Besides being full of interest it brought

back the old days to me very vividly—days which I shall always look back upon as some of the happiest of my life. I was specially glad to see mention of some of the names of members who were active in the fullest sense then and to whom I was a very much junior subaltern. Alas, many have fallen out, but this is inevitable in course of time. I was more than pleased to notice the keenness shown—always to me one of the finest things in life—and especially gratifying to those who direct matters and hold the reins in these days of sleeping slackness shown on all sides. Not forgetting the younger generation by any means—a splendid lot of good fellows." Keeling now lives, appropriately enough, at Conway Cottage, Brockenhurst, Hampshire, and we are sure the Club button, particularly if of the frilled variety, would be ample introduction for anyone wandering that way.

H. Pritchard has been sighing to have "a sock at 'The Loiterer,'" but while we agree with his views on Tandem Tricycles we profoundly disagree with his advocacy of Records for Triplets, and above all "a completely new book for Girls' records," and feel sure he must have been merely poking fun.

Following in the footsteps of the Anfield, M.C. & A.C. and Midland R.R.A., the Road Racing Council has now made the recommendation that in measuring distances "the course should be measured in accordance with the rules of the road," which is surely common-sense. As most, if not all the Clubs affiliated to the N.R.R.A. are also affiliated to the R.R.C., it will be interesting to see whether they fall into line or persist in ignoring this recommendation. We hope it is not going to be a case of "everyone is out of step but our Jim."

Wayfarer (himself) has recently "discovered" what an excellent house the Crown Hotel, Stone, is, and now understands why some of us are such regular visitors. Robbie also week-ended at Acton Bridge and expressed surprise when the landlord of the Leigh Arms promptly recognised him. We fear Robbie does not read his *Circular* properly or he would have known that "Barney" is an old ex-member of the Club. In this connection the local milkman is circulating a very funny story about a cyclist answering Robbie's description who stopped him on the Sunday morning, purchased a *quart* of milk, and amazingly gulped it all down in one go!

We hear that Tommy Royden recently spent a day at West Kirby, looking, in vain, for his *grandfather's* grave. Our archaeological correspondent informs us that it is almost impossible to find any traces in Wirral, of pre-Roman settlement, and we pass this information on to Tommy for what it is worth.

A correspondent wishes to know if Harold Band's suit is louder than Foden's Band.

Salty, who once expressed the view, that, given his time over again, he would like to be a cyclist, has, we understand, given up all hope of achieving this laudable ambition, and has taken up hiking.

Harry Austin has soon tired of Leeds and has returned to his former city of exile, Dublin.

The Third Annual Dinner of the Willaston Tea Tasters is to be held on Saturday, 17th December, in the Banqueting Hall at the T.T. Headquarters, and attendance at the function will count as a Club run in the A.B.C. The dinner will be held on a Saturday so that several honorary members of the Willaston organisation, who reside in the Manchester district, may be able to attend, and also in order that the extremely successful year on the road may be duly celebrated by a full muster. In view of these circumstances the A.B.C. Committee have graciously allowed attendance at the Dinner to count as a Club run. Gate-crashers will receive an exceedingly warm welcome.

On the last Halewood run, the tandem tricycle turned a corner in Runcorn, en route for the Transporter. The ever-present small boy gave it one glance and told the crew to "Get off an' milk it."

A Day Out With the W.T.T.

The other Sunday morning the Willaston end of the Racing Section met with the intention of paying a visit to Battlefield, the Shropshire H.Q. of the Tea Tasters.

It is so refreshing to be at Mrs. Meredith's without having to mess about with sprints and tubulars and bicycles generally, and to miss the all-pervading odour of wintergreen, that the Tea Tasters—occasionally—reject all thoughts of lying in and do anything from fifty to sixty miles before lunch in order to acquire the right atmosphere and have a delightful recline in a comfortable armchair (if you're lucky).

Connor was at the venue first (strange!), Marriott was a close second, and then that usually much cursed "cow" (Widnes for tandem tricycle), steered by the Editor and pushed by Blotto, arrived. This was grand, a fine day, a real snorter of a south-easter, forty-five miles to push into it, and one of the best pacing machines. With a yell of delight, Connor tucked in and "Sammy" had to take the rear.

Thus a very select party started from Willaston Corner that Sunday morning. Good progress was made to Two Mills when a figure in a brown suit was observed to be hurtling towards us (doing 90 to the minute, 'twas heard later). It proved to be Charles who, with a "Where's the rest?" continued with his 90's in the direction of Willaston. We four, mightily pleased at the prospect of a rest so soon, sallied into a nearby tea-room to imbibe the cup that cheers. We had not long been seated when Dick dragged the protesting "24" man in who was muttering something about not wanting to stop (fibber!). The party was completed by Bill Scarff appearing on the threshold after a solo blind from Wallasey. (More 90's, but of course no swank.) Friend Brewster from Chester met us near the Gibbet making our number up to eight.

The run down to Battlefield was uneventful except for a bit of a skirmish as to who should take the immediate shelter of the tandem barrow, needless to say it was Dick who won as he pushed others out much more successfully than they could eject him.

Arthur Birkby was at Battlefield, having week-ended with the Presider at Shawbury and spent the whole of the morning in riding about five miles. Something was mentioned about Ironbridge, but you can believe him or believe him not when you know that the greeting of the Tea Tasters is "Wher've you been, you liar?" or words to that effect.

After lunch Steerer Sydney wanted to get moving, but we were all very comfortable, and would not budge, so he confined his attentions to his crew and after about ten minutes of cajoling he succeeded and the unsuspecting Blotto went for a "doing-over." We of the bicycles left an hour later and had to light up at the Raven.

Between Malpas and Tilstock, the road, after bearing right to circumvent a ravine, turns left leaving a muddy lane to continue straight on. Charles, who was busy muttering (yes, again) about something or other, failed to see the turn and went plunging over a grassy bank in to the muddy lane, Scarff, who was also in the front, went over the top with him.

Then those who had brought up the rear took the lead, whilst Charles and Bill were left to extricate themselves as well as possible. The main party (including Bill, who by this time had overtaken us) arrived at the Greyhound at Farndon at six o'clock, joining the two Syds and Brian Band, who had ridden out in the afternoon. Charles, however, had failed to materialise. It certainly was his day, for some minutes later he arrived, looking very pathetic, dishevelled and covered with a mixture of mud and farmyard excretion, into which a beautiful skid had landed him.

And yet the joke was his. He did his stuff with only friend Brewster to help and console him. We were not there to laugh—Shame!

A wonderful tea and a fast run home concluded a glorious outing.

A Sure and Certain Remedy by which the Back Men on Tandems can be Made to Work Like Galley Slaves, all Day, Without Grousing.

Take one of those spineless wretches who are usually to be seen on the back of tandems, and let him fall violently in love. Then suggest a quiet week-end on the "twicer" to a suitable spot about, say, eighty to a hundred miles away, pointing out carefully, that, owing to a peculiar and most curious set of meteorological conditions, the wind will be behind for the whole of the week-end jaunt.

Then, of course, explain that there would still be plenty of time for the lovesick one to see the fair (or dark) maid on the Sunday evening, so Romeo makes an appointment for 7-30 or thereabouts.

The ride starts, and the back man, being full of beautiful, pure thoughts, pushes like 'ell and the miles roll by. The old tandem hurtles along as the front man is for once, supported in his efforts by the crew, so both enjoy the run. Then have an enjoyable evening, but don't be in too big a hurry to start home on Sunday. The faithful lover will be thinking of the welcome awaiting him and by starting late he will push like the dickens and if the wind is astern, all records will be broken, and everyone happy. If there is a gale ahead, with seventy mile an hour gusts, then the swain fears that he will be late and pushes harder, and the later he is, the harder he will push, and so it will go on, until the air is thick with strange oaths about the wind, and the hills, and all the while he's pushing; simple, isn't it?

If the crew "gets a packet," it is advisable to stop for grub at the next cafe so that he can restore the tissues, and when a mile or so from the lady's bower he will most probably "die" with the excitement and worry, through being an hour or so late, so take him carefully to the sweet one's abode, carry the "corpse" to the doorstep, ring the bell and beat it, pronto.

Then Juliet sees the state her Romeo has got himself into to try and keep the "date," so he gets plenty of sympathy the front man has had a most enjoyable week-end on the tandem, and the back man wakes up on Monday morning thinking tenderly of his beloved and incidently has got in some valuable training which, otherwise, he would not have got.

(We understand that this method has been tried out with complete success.—E.D.)

RUNS AND FIXTURES.

Halewood, 5th November, 1932.

The Tea Tasters, on this occasion, met at Childer Thornton corner instead of at the usual meeting place at Willaston corner, and by 3-40 were moving along in a close column, towards Chester.

There were present, Randall and Ryalls, Connor and his pace-maker the Sub-Captain, Frank Perkins and Len King, the Hon. Racing Sec. and the Hon. Editor (on the Bishop Bashing Barrow), and a couple of Bands.

The new by-pass on to the Warrington Road, via Upton, was taken and from there to the Transporter the party was rather scattered, as Marriott was fit, and the crew of the T.T., rather skittish *down* the hills, but very sedate up.

Birkby, on his tricycle, was met near Frodsham, and joined the crowd, which crossed the Ship Canal and the Mersey by the five o'clock Transporter, and arrived at the Derby Arms in good time, to find Burgess had already settled by the fire, and Teddy Edwards apparently there for the day.

Soon all the regular attenders of Halewood runs were present, having used various means of travel to get there, ranging from walking, busing, motoring, training and boating, to cycling.

The two houses were comfortably filled, and upstairs Cook and Dave Fell carved for the hungry horde, which included Charlie Conway and friend, Ven, Tommy, George Mercer, Dave Rowatt, Johnny Band, Cody, Lucas, Kettle and Chandler, though the latter was decidedly off form.

Hubert and Arthur wielded the carving knives in the lower house and when their labours were over, the company had seen quite enough chicken and pork for a long, long time.

The company here included Powell, Zambuck, John Kinder, Stevie, Bob Knipe and Scarff, and the meal over, the tables were cleared and tongues wagged.

Then when the old men had departed, the Tea Tasters Choir, including Stevie and Dave Fell, gave a few selections from their most varied and extensive repertoire.

The first portion of the journey home brought forth many complaints as to the "slowing" qualities of pork, but soon, the cold air and the exercise, eased the situation and the speed increased.

Blotto, who had been convinced that tandem tricycles should be ridden slowly through the city, was bitten by the speed bug, or perhaps was tired of life, but at all events he soon changed his convictions, and aided his steersman in an effort to drop Ryalls and Scarff.

The ride finished at the Pier Head after a hectic rush down Bold Street and Church Street, and the breezes on the river soon cooled all the heated brows.

Goostrey, 5th November, 1932.

What's come over the Manchester men recently? Attendances have been none too good lately and this one was especially low, for there were only eight of us out. It was the more surprising as certain members who appear to make a point of supporting this fixture, were absent. Had they been fathers of families, the duty of letting off fireworks for the kiddies (and incidentally robbing the said kiddies of the pleasure of doing it themselves) might have explained their failure to favour us with their company. But they aren't, so we must just guess at their reasons, and hope that lack of enthusiasm for the open road is not one of them. A fine autumn afternoon such as this should not have been missed; we shan't get so many fine Saturdays for the next few months that we can afford to waste one. Truth compels me to state that I went the shortest way myself, through lack of time to do more, but when that way is so charming the hardship is not great. After Altrincham, the road is so pleasant, especially now that the motor traffic is lessened, that even the innumerable times one has traversed it cannot make it stale. And when one turns left at the Whipping Stocks and later reaches the stretch in which is Dibble Bridge, the feeling of being very far indeed from the madding crowd is complete. By-the-way, the surface of the approaches to Dibble Bridge since time immemorial of the most distressing description for the rider of a lightweight, has now been improved, so that it is possible to ride down and up without discomfort. Arrived at the Inn just as darkness was falling, and found several, including old and young Bick, and the Vice-President, already cosily ensconced, and soon we were seven. The usual excellent feed was dealt with faithfully to the accompaniment of the usual discursive talk of all sorts of things. In the middle of it, our eighth member drifted in. After tea and a short sitting elsewhere, the party broke up. My section found a little fog in the hollows; I hope the others had no worse luck.

Tarporley, 12th November, 1932.

Having the Saturday morning off, I arranged an all-day ride with Arthur Birkby, who did not turn up owing to a spot of business turning up at the wrong end of the week. So I stayed in, as the weather was of the cold and damp variety and the thought of filling in time in Cheshire on such a day was not pleasant.

I started off after lunch and met the two Bands, Marriott, Connor, and friend Barker, and we left Willaston Corner with the intention of going over to the bottom road, and via Manley, Mouldsworth and Kelsall to Tarporley. A drizzle of rain made us change our plans and we went straight through Upton to Vicars Cross, picking up Johnny Band on the way, and then direct to Tarporley.

George Mercer, Teddy Edwards and Ven had just arrived before us, in spite of it being only five o'clock and we sat in the very small smoke room until tea time with the company of Geoff Lockett, Wilf Orrell, Walton, Albert Davies, Cody, young Haynes, Nuttall, while Tommy Royden provided the comic relief.

About thirty sat down to a fine tea, including Kettle, Powell, Cook, Chandler, Dave Rowatt and Bert Green, and most of the Tea Tasters were present. The Racing Secretary was rumoured as being present at a dance, having been vamped by a dark damsel, so anyone who wants Blotto's job should get busy, as there is bound to be a fearful rush

for this lucrative post, it being rumoured that the salary is to be doubled next year.

Just before tea, J. E. Walker rang up the Presider, from Oyer, and had a short conversation, while George Glover made one of his all too rare appearances, and actually chose to go home with the "slow pack." Anno Domini.

There was a distinct dearth of Manchester Anfielders at the run, apart from the half-dozen regulars.

Cook went off to Shawbury and Birkby accompanied him, while I suppose there were one or two at Siddington, or is it now Twemlow?

All were away by 7-30 and the Tea Tasters had a quiet ride to Chester, a "blind" from there to Willaston Corner, and then a doddle home with a walk up the Sych.

Farndon, 19th November, 1932.

A muggy day with slight fog and a promise of more later on, if a wind did not spring up in the meantime. All over alike might describe the atmospheric conditions prevailing, as we journeyed via Two Mills and Llandegla to Wrexham, where we found visibility poor as we proceeded towards Holt, and were satisfied with a walking pace to Farndon Bridge for the last mile or so.

In the "Raven" Yard, Harold Band was telling of having lost Kettle, who just then rolled up, cool, if damp, exclaiming: "Not at all lost—lamp trouble—my fog extinguisher caught fire, so I got off." Honours being judged even by Edwards and Ven, a move was made to the dining room, already occupied by Jonas, Perkins, Royden, Marriot, Scarff, del Banco, Connor and Brian Band, in possession of No. 1 fire, and at the secondary hearth, not quite so bright, Roberts and friend Snowden were explaining to Johnnie Band that they had lost the President in Colby Wood, or some such detour out of Wrexham, and were wondering what had become of him, when he arrived, and got in quick with "Where did you fellows get to? Why didn't you come the proper way?" Roberts replied with some Welsh place names, and we were all satisfied, but none the wiser, as we became more interested in the smiling maids who appeared at the right moment with a very satisfactory meal, which quietened the heroes who had been telling of their adventures coming out, some found fog, others patches of mist, and one exclaimed: "What? fog? where was it?" Rowatt arrived in time for the second helping, and reported slow progress from Chester, and fog in plenty, where earlier it was not noticed.

However, all found poor visibility on departure from Farndon, but not enough to seriously inconvenience the riders, who ran into better conditions before Birkenhead and Wallasey, where the moon was well up in a clear sky, so we will hope that all "docked" safely, as did Cook and Snowden, week-ending at Llanarmon, finding little difficulty after Wrexham and making good time to the West Arms.

Holmes Chapel, 19th November, 1932.

The day the Anfield Fathers had set apart for the purpose of our visit to the "Swan," proved to be suitable for that purpose. It was a typical mid-November day—damp and dull, but with no rain, and a slight suggestion of mist.

Travelling on the trailing end of Geoff. Lockett's tandem, the journey was completed without any incident of sufficient importance to justify its inclusion in this report. In addition to the customary dozen or so regulars, we were privileged to dine with our host of the following week. Since his presence at Club runs has not been noticed of late, the company shared my view that his attendance was due to a desire to set a standard of excellence by which to prepare his own banquet for the following week. Needless to say, the ruse worked very well, and the following week, we were treated to a feast, under an Anfielder's roof, which compares well with any other which I have known. But that is another fellow's tale.

My memories of the homeward journey comprise of a hazy recollection of groping through the fog, and of Bob Poole's undignified and involuntary descent from his machine, due, no doubt, to the combined effects of the Beer and Bird upon which he had so recently regaled himself. My gratitude is due to my skipper, since he did not allow himself to fall into a similar disgraceful state.

Heswall, 26th November, 1932.

This morning my mail consisted of a solitary post-card from our dear Editor and, as the postscript was so unusually polite, I knew there was a catch in it. However, I "fell for it" and started for Heswall with a load on my mind and a pencil in my pocket.

I had covered only a few yards of my journey when I was joined by Rigby and Brian "Brighteyes" Band and friend. The hospitality of Rigby's mud-flap was very welcome, owing to the antics of Boreas. However, at the "Yacht" I bade the trio good-bye, for here, they stopped. No, my dear readers, the reason for the stoppage was not the various beverages obtainable at the Inn, but to transact important legal business.

At the "Glegg," I was indeed fortunate. Another mud-flap! And so I arrived at Heswall with three lovelorn maidens, Jack, Charles and Dick.

In the smoke-room we were greeted by the advance guard of the Hiking and Rambling Section—Kettle, complete with a pair of boots which, by the look of them, would turn the Matterhorn into a mere hillock. Whilst browsing over the usual jar of ale, I saw, leaning against the door of the smoke-room, an object which I at first thought was Kettle's alpenstock. On closer inspection it (the object) proved to be no other than the worthy Hon. Treas. of the W.T.T.—Sammy, who was also Hiking (sorry) Rambling, Secretary Powell was searching for candidates for the Bettwys Blow-out, when we were informed that our presence was required in the Dining-room.

A fairly good muster, including friend Barker and Lord Hawkes, sat down to a well served meal, which might have been improved had the coffee been served in quart jugs. This would have saved Jack from placing a repeat order so frequently.

After the repast, the gathering melted quietly away, with the exception of the T.T. Presider and a handful of the lesser lights of that famous Society. Our host provided much music, which at the request of the majority of stayers, was of the "soulful waltz" type.

It was very moving indeed to see the rapturous ecstasy of the Lovelorns as the soul-stirring melody "Weiner Blut" filled the air. Our Skipper, who is now looking much fitter, was also evidently over-

come by this, because, after bidding us a gentle good-bye, he tripped merrily from the room like one enchanted.

The serenity of the evening was broken by a rough voice, which cut into the proceedings like a thunderbolt on a calm, spring day, "When's this blasted Tea Taster's Hot Pot?" demanded Master Band. "Annual Dinner," corrected a still small voice. "All right, Annual Dinner, if you like," persisted Band, the iconoclast, "but when is it? At home there are two banjoleles, a mouth-organ and concertina, and they are training on them ready for it. I can't stand it any longer, I can't, I can't, I can't." Here his voice trailed away into a mere whisper and poor Johnny (?) sank into a troubled sleep, thoroughly worn out. Our sympathies are with him, but great men have died for lesser causes than the W.T.T. Annual Dinner.

Here I come to the end of the epistle. The four Moonstrucks wended their way home, and bade each other affectionate "Au revoirs" at the various parting of ways.

Over, 26th November, 1932.

It is umpteen years since the Club had a run to Over, and it was then to an Hotel discovered for us by the late much lamented "Boss" Higham, and the chief feature was a Bowling Green plentifully marked with signs requesting "No swearing," which were totally ignored—one "gentleman" cursing solidly without ever repeating himself! Then the Hotel changed hands and Over knew us no more. Recently, as recorded in the *Circular*, the Wheatsheaf had been taken over by our J. E. Walker, and it was decided to sample its amenities first with an "alternative"; and I also decided to go and see for myself whether these all too frequent "alternatives" were still justifying themselves by catering for members who cannot be expected to attend some of the joint runs. I was led to do this by reading between the lines of the account of the Holmes Chapel run, October 22nd, in the last *Circular*. There can be no doubt that Over provides a fine run from any point of the compass and the amenities of the Wheatsheaf are excellent, so that it will make an excellent joint run when the longer days come round. Indeed the only fault to be found with Walker's catering was that it was too generous and the good things too heavily piled up on the plates—which is rather disconcerting and discouraging to the Elder Brethren like Cody! But alas and alack I am more convinced than ever that the number of "alternatives" should be cut down, as there was no one there who would have jibbed at a joint run even as far from the Manchester area as, say, Chester!

Anyway you can judge for yourself when you come to read the names of those eleven "stalwarts" who put in an appearance despite the added attraction of sampling a new rendezvous. And it was a glorious day withal. Meeting Snowden at Hadlow Road I had a fine ride through Chester and Kelsall, meeting on the top road Sir Charles Randall, early-bound for Heswall instead of Ludlow, as rumoured, for a T.T. week-end at a Yo-Ho! and at Tarvin Elias was met and so puzzled at our direction that he stopped and turned back to enquire whither we were going.

Arriving at Over early we discovered Cody prowling about to explore the city and at the Wheatsheaf we found that Walker was not back from a football match—but we made ourselves quite comfortable and were shortly joined by Albert Davies, Wilf Orrell, Bert Green, young Haynes

and Nuttall. The meal was served with commendable promptitude, and just as we were getting off our marks, Walton and Lockett came in looking somewhat dishevelled as a result of a scrapping ride on a tandem with a punctured tyre, and as Walker sat down with us, changing his status from that of Boniface to that of Anfielder, you will be able to calculate that we mustered eleven and you can figure out the absentees for yourself. After a very enjoyable time round the festive board, that was still groaning with food when we retired full to completion, the troops began to disband. Walton and Lockett proceeded to search for the number on their inner tube, "helped" by the rest of the gang, while Snowden and myself started off under a brilliantly star-lit sky to week-end at Stone and see whether Robbie and Chandler had left anything for us at the Crown!

The return to England next day, with a gale to push against, is quite another story, and nothing to do with the Club—young lads like Snowden and the writer are never dismayed and find plenty of encouragement in thinking of the feeble ones—but the run to Over must be written down as a successful and jolly gathering, but for the conspicuous feature indicated above.

J. S. JONAS,

Hon. Editor.

ANTIFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

1911

MONTHLY CIRCULAR

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AND IT IS NOW ON HAND
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AND IS AVAILABLE FOR
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MEMBERS OF THE CLUB
AT A VERY LOW RATE
AND IT IS HOPED THAT
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