

ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

FORMED MARCH 1879

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

MONTHLY CIRCULAR.

Vol. XXX.

No. 323

A HAPPY NEW YEAR TO ALL.

FIXTURES FOR JANUARY, 1933.

Tea at 6-0 p.m.

			Light up at
Jan.	7	Halewood (Derby Arms), Annual General Meeting (Tea, 5-30 p.m.)...	4-40 p.m.
"	9	Committee Meeting, 7 p.m. (Victoria Hotel, St. John's Lane, L'pool)	
"	14	Heswall (Heswall Hotel)	4-50 p.m.
"	21	Chester (Bull and Stirrup)	5-2 p.m.
"	28	Tarporley (Swan)	5-14 p.m.
Feb.	4	Halewood (Derby Arms)	5-29 p.m.

ALTERNATIVE FIXTURES FOR MANCHESTER MEMBERS :

Tea at 5-30 p.m.

Jan.	14	Holmes Chapel (Swan)	4-50 p.m.
"	21	Goostrey (Red Lion)	5-2 p.m.
Feb.	4	Lower Withington (Red Lion)	5-29 p.m.

Full Moon ... 11th inst.

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

4 THE LAUND,
WALLASEY, CHESHIRE.

COMMITTEE NOTES.

APPLICATIONS FOR MEMBERSHIP.—Mr. F. A. Brewster, 23 Charles Street, Hoole, Chester; proposed by Mr. Charles Randall; seconded by Mr. S. del Banco.

Mr. Arthur Howarth, 1 Lowwood Road, Birkenhead; proposed by Mr. J. S. Jonas; seconded by Mr. W. H. Scarff.

NEW MEMBERS.—Mr. Brian H. Band, 64 Cavendish Drive, Rock Ferry, and Mr. E. Snowden, Bridge Cottage, Bebington, Wirral, have been elected to full membership.

RESIGNATION.—Mr. E. L. Thompson's resignation has been accepted.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS.—Mr. H. Austin, Castle Forbes Works Ltd., Upper Sheriff Street, Dublin, C.10, Ireland.

Mr. J. M. James, c/o. Douglas Motors, Kingswood, Bristol.

Mr. L. Fletcher, Elmo Garage, Barlow Place, Bruton Street, London, W.1.

Mr. E. Bolton, 23 Ockay Street, Kitchener, Ontario, Canada.

Tea at Halewood on 7th January will be at 5-30 p.m.

H. W. POWELL,

Hon. General Secretary.

TREASURY NOTES.

I am very glad to record a large number of Subscriptions during the month of December, and I am sure all those who have paid have the satisfaction of beginning the New Year well.

There are, unfortunately, a score who have not yet paid, and the vast majority of whom have not even taken the trouble to reply to the Treasurer's appeal. I hope when they read these lines they will give a thought to the extra work they are giving the Treasurer, the Auditors, and the Committee, and will either pay in to the Bank or write at once.

The Thoughts and After-thoughts in the following letter should appeal to all Anfielders:—

"MY DEAR MR. TREASURER,

Yours of the 19th inst to hand and I have pleasure in enclosing Sub. 25/-, and regret the delay and trouble you have been caused.

"I feel, however, that the subscription, as far as I am concerned, is too high to continue paying, as it is impossible for me to attend the Club runs; and much as I admire the Anfield Spirit and policy, it would be more satisfactory for me to resign.

"It is a source of considerable regret to me to contemplate resigning, in view of the endless kindness and comradeship I have received from people like yourself, W.P.C., Kettle and many others.

"No, damn it all, I can't resign, and what's more, I won't resign unless I'm kicked out.

"Here's to the A.B.C. in 1933.

Now, there's the real Anfield Spirit shown by an exile who, unfortunately, like many others, is experiencing hard times. I hope it will be an inspiration to many who are much better placed.

The following 27 members are hereby thanked for their Subscriptions, some (*) including next year's Subs. also!

H. Austin	J. Fowler.	J. F. Rawlinson.
S. H. Bailey.	C. F. Hawkes.	E. J. Reade.
B. H. Band.	N. S. Heath.	C. Selkirk.
D. J. Bell.	H. M. Horrocks.	J. G. Shaw.
*E. Bolton.	C. H. Hutton.	*E. Snowden.
H. G. Buckley.	*J. M. James.	T. A. Telford.
H. Dakin.	H. Ladds.	E. L. Thompson.
*J. Egar.	G. E. Pugh.	C. H. Turnor (Don.)
L. G. Fletcher.	A. N. Rawlinson.	E. Webb.

R. LEIGH KNIPE, *Hon. Treasurer.*

ITEMS.

Unless Rumour is a lying jade, Sir John D. Siddeley is to be the next President of the F.O.T.C. A better appointment could not be made, and we must make strenuous efforts to be well represented at his election.

* * * * *

The C.B.B.'s are very much perturbed. The mere threat of the incorporation of Moreton by Wallasey drove them to Saughall Massie and now the Wallasey Octopus is to gobble up Saughall Massie next April! We are afraid they are bunkered, as any further move of headquarters would put them into the jaws of Birkenhead or Hoylake, and both are unthinkable.

* * * * *

We understand Robbie is threatening to abandon the lecture platform. If the threat is carried out it might have one recompense in enabling him to have a week-end sometime with his fellow-club members.

* * * * *

At the Annual Meeting of the Liverpool D.A., on January 26th, a Presentation is to be made to Brazendale, to mark the appreciation felt for his many years service as Honorary Secretary. A large gathering is eminently to be desired and we hope all our C.T.C. members will book the date so that we shall be well represented.

* * * * *

There are also other cycling fixtures to put in our diaries. On February 9th (probably) there is the joint Dinner of the Mersey Roads Club and C.T.C.; while on February 17th, as already announced, there is the R.R.A. Triennial Dinner, at which Sir John Siddeley is to propose the toast of the Record Breakers, and on March 2nd, "Petronella" is to lecture at the Picton on "Two Vagabonds in Spain," for the C.T.C., which should attract a big gathering of Tea Tasters and "Poor old Chem!"

* * * * *

The Presider has been quite busy representing us at Dinners during December. On 10th he was at the Altrincham Ravens Dinner-Dance, ably presided over by Norman Higham, and had to reply to the Toast of the Visitors (which included F. T. Brown and his Potteries boys and the Brothers Livingstone) as well as present the Prizes. We understand he spoke so much that he became very thirsty and found one of the Cups most useful. On 17th he went to the Lancashire Road C.T.C. Dinner at Bolton, where we were also represented by Haslam, Brazendale and Knipe. Frank Urry was in the chair and made a brilliant speech in proposing the Toast of the Sport and Pastime, while "Petronella" and Brazendale suitably replied to the Toast of the Visitors, and the Presider duly presented the C.T.C. awards and Lancashire R.C. prizes, but did *not* participate in the dancing that followed.

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By the way, in 1933 you must purchase and give away as many Kensitas cigarettes as you can for the purpose of collecting coupons with which to obtain The Right Tyres (Advt.).

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Congratulations to Brazendale on his re-election to the Council of the C.T.C., although we share the regret generally felt that owing to some undesirable "political influences" (which incidentally lost our friend Crompton his seat—a matter which is to be deplored) he was

not at the top of the poll as he should have been. These same influences nearly caused "Petronella" to lose her seat, but we are glad they were not entirely successful in her case.

* * * * *

Those of us who were playing the racing game in previous days will not have forgotten Ernest Briggs of the late Cheadle Hulme Social and Cycling Club, who not only represented that Club in our "100" quite successfully, but also went over to Dublin with our racing boys for August Bank Holiday Irish Club races and made himself very popular with us as a clean rider and a true sportsman. We therefore learn with great regret that Briggs, who still remained an active cyclist, was the victim of a sad accident on December 13th, when he was knocked off his bicycle by a motor van at Hazel Grove and sustained such shocking injuries that he passed away within two hours. He was interred at New Mills, on 16th, and at the funeral, Ned Haynes attended, not only as an old friend but as a representative of the Club.

* * * * *

One of our bright and new young members met Wilf Taylor for the first time, the other Sunday morning, at Two Mills, and asked the Maggot was he in the Anfield. The latest bulletin says that de Wet is going on as well as can be expected.

* * * * *

Instead of calling at the White Lion for tea, at Cerrig, on the way to Bettws, the Old Gent and Teddie and Mrs. Edwards went next door to the newly opened Central Cafe, at the invitation of Tegid Owen. The cafe is being run by Tegid's son Ken and his wife, and the Presider says it is well worth a visit, he having had a quart of the best provided for him.

F.O.T.C. Dinner, 29th November, 1932.

Although the number of members supporting this fixture showed a decrease—181, as compared with 202 last year, the function was as enjoyable as ever, and remarkable in several respects. We were represented by Sir John D. Siddeley, C.B.E., Beardwood and the Presider, while again we had our old friend Storer close to us. Among those present at the Reception was our old ex-member "Captain Allen," who desired to be remembered to all who know him. He was really doing two dinners simultaneously, and wisely decided to *feed* at the guinea affair of the National Sporting League (for which he was in full regalia!).

The Toast of "The Old Timers" was adequately proposed by A. C. Crane, J.P., and responded to by Ben Tillet, who deputised for Percy Low, who was unfortunately unwell at home. Ben Tillet used the word *camaraderie* seven times, but saved us from "solidarity"! Of course the Toast of the evening was that of the President, which was in the capable hands of Sir John, who did it full justice in an excellent speech at the conclusion of which he made the presentation on our behalf of a Cabinet Radio Gramophone and an Antique Brass Clock (for Mrs. Godbold), subscribed for by 380 members of the Fellowship, as tokens of our appreciation of the magnificent work Godbold has done as Hon. Secretary for so many years. In responding, Godbold was almost overcome with emotion and then made his annual appeal for the Benevolent Fund. He told us that the absentees had broken the record with £54, so we had to rise to the occasion and by bringing the total to

£107 13s. 6d. were completely successful. Among those who had sent letters of apology and doubtless donations to the Fund, were Rowatt, Oscar E. Taylor, Venables and Turnor.

Bath Road Dinner, 2nd December, 1932.

Entering the Criterion Restaurant on the evening of Friday, 2nd December, I immediately discovered my mistake. I was under the impression that I had been invited to the Bath Club Dinner, but any illusion which I had had on this point was soon dispelled.

I, most unappropriately dressed for the Annual Dinner of the Bath Road Club, was greeted with ironic cheers, catcalls and "Wot-cher." However, after providing liquid refreshment for a considerable number of Bath Roaders who professed to know me, I was allowed to take my place in peace.

Of the actual dinner itself I remember little. Every few moments Van's loud and voluminous voice broke out "No. 1 table would like to take wine with —," and very soon he had taken wine with everybody present.

It is difficult to analyse the speeches. That they were above the average, everyone agreed. Yet from a maze of facts, literally hurled at me, first by one speaker and then by another, I learned that while apparently many Bath Roaders had won the "Anfield 100," Salt was the first Anfielder to win the "Bath Road 100."

L. Stroud, who replied for the Visitors, made a witty and interesting speech, taking us back to the days when cycling clubs were cycling clubs. Apparently, many years ago, even the Bath Road Club was a cycling club, and a very important and ferocious one, if what he told us is true.

J. Burden Barnes, O.B.F., presented the prizes, and tumultuous cheering broke out when J. J. Salt was carried shoulder high to receive the Bath Road Cup. The volume of cheering was even increased when Salt and Ryalls went up to receive the Team Shield on behalf of the A.B.C.

Standing on the top table, Salt assured us, in a short speech, that he had never received such a reception before, and that even if the Northern Clubs were better cyclists than the Southerners, as hosts, the Southerners left their northern friends at the starting post.

Although not on the toast list, P. C. Beardwood was called upon to give a speech entitled "The Proudest Moment of My Life," but was reminded before he began that he must observe the anti-advertising clause! However, he managed to justify the title of the speech, much to a certain person's chagrin, by reminding us that he was a first claim Anfielder, and had been a member for over forty years.

Amongst the large attendance of cycling celebrities present was Pa White, and the Anfield party was completed with Bert Morton.

North Road Dinner, 9th December, 1932.

There are Dinners and DINNERS, and the North Road is one of the latter type. Held at the Holborn Restaurant, the menu was a triumph of the gastronomic art and reflects credit upon the "kitchen" committee, one of whom I believe is our old friend Charlie Hillhouse, sometimes referred to by vulgar Barf Roaders as "The Hellhound."

Amongst the many well-known old cyclists present was our old member, Jimmy James, famous North Roaders such as John Owen, Joe Harding, Van Hooydonk, Arthur Hsley, Mentor Mott, "Anti,"

etc. Amongst the visitors, Vanheems, Lionel Martin, Boyle, etc., etc. The speed men were well in evidence, and in addition to a promising lot of North Road youngsters there were F. A. Lipscombe, winner of the "Memorial 50," S. H. Ferris, winner of the "24," etc.

For the very first time it was my good fortune to sit next to dear old Pa White, once President of our Club, Pa is really a wonderful man and few in the Club would guess his age, this he imparted in confidence—no! I am not going to tell you, but his youth and vitality are a wonderful testimonial for our pastime, not that he cycles now, but the seeds were well laid.

The great and only Bidlake was of course in the Chair, supported by Vice-chairmen in the shape of Moxham, Haylock, "Jimmy" Inwood, H. H. F. Yates and A. B. Smith.

J. E. Holdsworth proposed "The Club" in a masterly speech, which was replied to by D. H. Lodge, the Secretary, then Biddy presented the prizes. I have been to many prize presentations, but have never seen anyone to approach Biddy for the job, what the feelings of these youngsters must be when this white haired dignitary, a cross between a Bishop and a Judge, hands the prize, with a few well chosen remarks, I leave you who have experienced it to imagine, personally it would make me wonder whether I was at the Old Bailey, or St. Pauls.

Mr. H. A. Tripp (New Scotland Yard) replied to the Toast of "The Visitors"; the North Road always seem to get some "big bug" of this sort, whether in hopes of "favours to come" or not, one cannot tell. Mr. H. H. F. Yates proposed "The Chairman," in one of the best little speeches I have ever heard; whatever others may think of Biddy, he is held in the greatest affection and veneration by the North Road boys, and the references made to him in this speech were not only very touching, but happened to be true.

After the Chairman's reply, "Auld Lang Syne" followed. The musical programme happened to be particularly good, and I am indebted to my host "Jimmy" Inwood, the genial Captain, for a most enjoyable evening.

RUNS AND FIXTURES.

Halewood, 3rd December, 1932.

All the Tea Tasters, who were of any importance, arranged to meet at the new gathering point at Childer Thornton, 3-30 Pip Emma.

Len King and Blotto were duly there on time, and after a few minutes' wait Jonas and Connor came tearing along, but offered no apologies for their lateness.

These four Must-Get-Theres then ambled towards Chester at the Editor's usual ambling pace, *i.e.*, a shade under "evens," erstwhile bemoaning the absence of Charles who had not arrived at the appointed place.

Having fought their way to the top of Backford Hill, our heroes found the absent one waiting at the said top thereof (the top, mind you, not the bottom. Oh! the craftiness and the wiliness!!).

The augmented company thereupon proceeded to the Transporter, with a halt at Frodsham to cape up, a leak having appeared in the clouds, Charles and Blotto talking of things far beyond the ken of the rest of the party, with, perhaps, the exception of one. (In the Spring the young man's fancy lightly turns . . . —ED.)

The beauties of Runcorn and Widnes were absorbed from the vantage point of the 5 p.m. Transporter, and the sweet smells from the Scent Factories of the latter place were, of course, appreciated en route for Halewood.

After having one or two in the Tank, the bell went for the battle to commence, and just as the troops were filing into their respective positions, two apparitions appeared, staggering under an enormous load of furniture. The said apparitions turned out to be Salty and Dick, fresh (*sic*) from the Bath Road Dinner and the furniture was a Light Oak Cabinet with the huge Bath Road Cup inside, and the Team Shield won by our lads in the B.R. "100." These were deposited on the table of the lower house for all to gaze upon and wonder. The upper house did their gazing after tea.

In the lower house, Hubert dissected the goose at one end of the table, and Stevie wrestled with the turkey at the other. Knipe, Powell, Scarff, Birkby, John Kinder and friend, Mr. Gillespie, in addition to the above-mentioned members, helped to dispose of Hubert's and Stevie's efforts with good effect.

The assembly up-stairs was as usual, John Sunter and Elias also being present, and the war against the poultry was also waged successfully.

All hopes of getting away without paying were dashed as the Snub-Captain and his retainers, "Brighteyes" Band and Rigby Band, arrived about 6-30 p.m., having spent the day in the wilds of Lancashire. If people will try to find their way about by maps, they only have themselves to blame for being late for tea.

After the tables had been cleared out of the room and the majority had departed, the Tea Tasters entertained Stevie and Dave Fell with some of their Sentimental Ballads.

The ride to the Pier Head was conspicuous for the sedate pace in which it was conducted. All the Rules of the Road and Traffic Signals were most carefully observed and wings were observed to be sprouting from several pairs of shoulders when the Ferry was reached.

Then the fond farewells as the comrades departed for their various Private Yachts, and so endeth—

Lower Withington, 3rd December, 1932.

At Lower Withington on December 4th, ten members of the Club met for tea at the Red Lion, an entirely new venture which turned out to be an entire success.

Although the afternoon had been wet and stormy in parts, causing a few of us to don capes, Wilf Orrell and one or two more hardy annuals appeared in what one would consider summer togs.

The conversation, after a good tea, was very mixed; opinions on variable gears, dynamo lighting sets and spa waters were all considered according to their respective merits, in fact cussed and discussed with all due severity.

The start for home was made in a dismal downpour of rain, which however cleared shortly afterwards and probably by now one or two of the party who saw the sign of fire in the sky in the distance towards Nantwich, will have come to some definite conclusions as to its origin, however, the writer is still puzzled.

Pulford, 10th December, 1932.

The weather was inclined to be misty when I started out for this run and I was contemplating a foggy night, but it turned out otherwise. On my way out I was *overtaken* (please note) by one of the younger members who informed me that I was "hopping it." I am still wondering what he meant, as I have still yet to learn the Birkenhead slang. We rode along at quite a good pace (for me) to the Chester Road, where we met two W.T.T.'s, and a gentleman. After waiting a few minutes we went off, three of us, through Hawarden, and then to a cup of tea at Penyfford; the other two had branched off to Shotwick. After tea we went through the lanes to Pulford, where we were met by a number of the older members, who were all clustered around the fire. I did not see it, but I believe there was one, somebody mentioned fire. We had a jolly good meal, and then I managed to get by the fire to roast my feet. At this run there were only four W.T.T.'s and I will say that it was one of the quietest and most select Club runs that I have ever been to, in fact all the Club's gentlemen were present. W.P.C. was not there. Quite a number of notables were missing. Scarff, Birkby, Rigby Band, del Blotto, and someone had evidently put "Salt" on Randall's tail, which "Ryalls" him, as it also files Ryalls and Salt because they too were absent, although a motor car (very much like the Ryall's chariot) was seen in Chester, standing outside a pub—sorry, Hotel! at about 8 o'clock. The ride home was totally unexpected, the sky cleared wonderfully and the moon being almost full made the countryside look glorions. It was certainly good to be alive.

Chester, 17th December, 1932.

Twelve members and three ladies supported this run to the Talbot, and sat down to a meal which was chosen *à la carte* according to each individual taste. The ladies who graced the meeting were Mrs. Edwards, Mrs. Powell and Mrs. Chandler (Frank's mother)—Mrs. Harold Band unfortunately being prevented from turning out through sickness.

Apart from Elston and Selkirk (the latter's first run this year) I suppose one might call it a purely elderly crowd, ranging from Charlie Conway and George Mercer downwards, so naturally the atmosphere was more sedate than usual—the younger crowd having gone to the "Tea Tasters' Binge" at Willaston.

The wind was very strong and dead ahead, so the writer had a fairly tough ride out, but luckily the wind held in the same direction and the ride home again was very easy, although there was a good deal of thick drizzly rain which was very bad for the first half of the journey, and then slackened off. It took one back to pre-war days to meet at the Talbot again, although I don't think they could accommodate our usual crowd on an ordinary run. They would certainly have to get at least one more waitress. However, it was a very enjoyable run and the "old men" mustn't be too saucy!

Knutsford, 17th December, 1932.

Seven stalwarts met at the Lord Eldon in good time for a most enjoyable meal, the seven being Albert Davies, Wilf Orrell, Cody, R. Poole, Bert Green, Haynes, junr., and Nuttall—the latter pair being on their tandem.

Four of those present left early for home and the three remained for a quiet chat.

The Third Annual Dinner of the W.T.T., 17th December, 1932.

This function must be written down as the most successful one yet held, and was thoroughly enjoyed by everyone present.

A party met in the afternoon and rode to Chester, where the crowd imbibed tea and called at the Talbot. Here, Chandler made himself exceedingly popular (*hic*), and then word came that the so-called President of the T.T.'s was ill, so a deputation was sent to interview the great man and found him in bed. Ryalls was keeping him company (but not in bed), and though Charles looked fit he thought he dare not risk exposing his bad chest to the night air, so he was left to think about the huge sums of 'oof he had paid into the kitty in expectation of a 24 hour thirst. Haw! haw! Very funny indeed.

Arriving at the Banqueting Hall (a one time cycle shed) a strange stillness prevailed and on looking into the Nag's Head (*hic, hic*) one found everyone being socialable. Hubert Roskell, John Kinder, Stevie, were there as guests, and the T.T.'s were Salty, Ryalls, Birkby, Scarff, Jonas, Connor, Marriott, Howarth, Rigby and Brian Band and Perkins. At 7-30 they trooped across the road and got their feet well in the trough and were joined by Clover, King, Long, Blotto, Walton, Lockett, Brewster, Tomlinson of the Liverpool Century, Tony Power of the Cheshire Roads and Barker. The dinner was a great success and plum pudding and mince pies finished it off to perfection. Then the Bath Road Cup (*hic*) which had adorned the table, was taken across the road and filled, by Hubert, with a deadly poison (*hic*), mild, bitter, Bass, Guinness (Advt.), dead cats and "tater" peelings; it all went in the cup and was laded out by Tiny and the healths of Salt, Pitchford and Orrell were drunk with musical honours. John Kinder then filled it and then Stevie filled it, by which time everyone was ready for some favourite songs and stories and tales of long ago, with of course Worthington's Bottled tea in great demand (*hic*).

Hubert made a very pretty speech extolling our numerous virtues (*hic*) and patting us on the back generally, and said how the older generation appreciated our efforts to keep the Anfield in the front rank of clubs. He mentioned that the Presider of the Cheshire Beer Biters and the A.B.C., had been extremely sorry that a previous engagement had prevented his presence.

Hubert and John were given an Anfield cheer as they left on the bus, and proceedings terminated at 11-50 when Willaston was evacuated and taken over by the Salvage Corps and about a dozen fire brigades.

A series of fierce 100 yd. sprints marked the ride home, ten or so abreast, until the Sych brought everyone to their knees (*hic, sic*).

Hooton, 24th December, 1932.

Hooton is now the traditional fixture for the Saturday before Xmas, and twenty-five gathered to do justice to a most excellent meal.

Everyone was pleased to see two exiles home again for the holidays, these being Hotine from London and Norman Turvey from Yorkshire, while Arthur Simpson and Chem also graced the board, and a very pleasant evening was spent. The Tea Tasters were asking one another "Did you get home alright from Stevie's?" Stevie having had to put up with seven of them on the previous Thursday, when a select party visited Huyton and spent an exceedingly enjoyable time and arrived home at 3 ack emma.

Several left early for a party at Salty's mansion and the remainder chatted a while and then departed to fill up the stockings.

Lymm, December 24th, 1932.

This attractive run on the eve of Christmas was attended by ten members only, *viz.*, Cody, Buckley (senior and junior), the Sub-Captain, the Vice-President, the ex-Sub-captain, another ex-Vice-president, Bob Poole, Haynes, jun., and new member, Nuttall. Geoff Lockett was a conspicuous absentee, missing his first run since joining the Club. A most enjoyable run, marred only by the absence of several who had promised their attendance.

Mouldsworth, 27th December, 1932.

The streets of Southern Liverpool were brilliantly damp as I set out against a mild but persistent breeze through Hunts Cross—for Widnes and Runcorn. Waiting 20 minutes for the Transporter to change counties I fell in with Morris and with him climbed the slopes of Runcorn town to the Chester road through Frodsham. The map had shown Delamere Forest as one of the obvious attractions of the run, and we soon found our lanes giving us views of the forest country, with its hillsides clothed with copper bracken and topped with Black Green Pine trees, and here and there the seasonal colour of red berries in the hedge rows. Cycling was pleasant at an easy pace, but with the finish of the ride the rain began to fall cautiously as we came into view of the meeting place and found Knipe, Lucas and a few others putting their bicycles under cover.

Inside, the Vice-President, Meerer and Royden were soon joined by others round the ever widening circle round the fire. Cody, Band and son, Kettle and Turvey, home for Christmas from Yorkshire, the Manchester contingent were there with a red tricycle to add distinction to their cavalcade.

But the numbers were not as large as had been hoped for. About twenty-five members were present. However, if the numbers were not up to previous Boxing Day runs we were not as in one year—40 present and 20 ordered for. The dinner was excellent in cooking and in service. Tales of long ago floated round the room. "The glory that was Greece"; "Those were the days"; "Why we used to ride then"; "No we didn't finish dinner till four and then all rode off together."

I cannot vouch for the precision of these statements but so it seemed to come over to me.

Friendly and content, but not over hilarious was the condition of the membership when I left and set out for home in company of the rain, Knipe and Lucas, with the red tricycle departing down the other road.

The wind blew us easily to the river and so home; a short and easy day filled with pleasant memories.

Bettws-y-Coed, 24th-27th December, 1932.

Any doubts as to the popularity or value of this now almost time-honoured fixture may be dismissed. Seventeen members and six friends to be inscribed in the Visitors' Book at the Glan Aber speaks for itself. And we all had a very happy time with North Wales specially favoured in the way of weather. Never has Snowdonia been seen under more perfect conditions. The way Siabod, the Carnedds, the Glyders, Tryfan

and Snowdon itself stood out in crystal clearness, bathed in golden sunshine is quite indescribable. Seven of us got down on Xmas Eve—Hubert Roskell, Edwards, Chandler and Cook, together with Mrs. Edwards, Mrs. Chandler and Hubert's friend, Mr. Buckley, so that with George Lake and Mr. Cannon we sat down nine to dinner; and on Xmas Day we all went to Beddgelert for lunch, except Chandler who was making a walking holiday of it. Xmas night we were reinforced by the Brothers Newall and Mrs. Arthur Newall, while Birkby, who had been touring in Mid-Wales, came in to report himself, and at breakfast time on Boxing Day we found Rowatt had arrived, so we made up a party of ten for lunch at Penmaenmawr, and thoroughly approved of the Penmaenbach Tunnel. On the coast road, near Llanfairfechan we met Mr. and Mrs. H. R. Goodwin of Manchester, *cycling*, and a rare example for some folk; and when we got back to Bettws we found our numbers nearly doubled and 23 sat down to dinner. John Sunter and friend Mr. Edge had arrived and so also had a choice selection of Tea Tasters! Scarff and Jonas (on trike), fresh from great triumphs at the Bont Uchel Xmas party and disguised as Communists, Jack Salt, Connor, Marriott, Rigby Band and Brewster. Needless to say the evening was a merry and bright one, with the Tea Tasters finally left victors in full charge of the Tank! Tuesday morning brought the usual weeping of Bettws at our departure, but also as usual we ran into fine weather at Pentre Voelas. Scarff and Jonas were returning to Bont Uchel to see if the Waine family had recovered, but the rest of the cyclists took the Sportsman's route to Denbigh, and although Marriott and Band were "smashing through" to keep some most important social engagements, the Edwards-Newall cars joined them at the Bull and nine sat down to an excellent lunch, which was really the grand finale of an excellent holiday, although finally, Birkby (on trike), Connor and the Presider had tea together at Willaston, and the last named was seen safely home in good time. At the Glan Aber the following greetings were received:

"All good wishes for Christmas and the New Year" from Carpenter at Worthing.

"Best wishes to yourself and the 'Boys'" from John Kinder.

"Christmas Greetings" (by telegram) from Elias.

"Christmas Greetings" (by cable) from Fulton.

And it may be said quite unequivocally that these good wishes were amply fulfilled. We left George Lake highly delighted at having "put in" two consecutive Club runs and threatening to compete for the Attendance Prize next year.

Mold, 31st December, 1932.

The attendance at the Dolphin for the last run of 1932 was very poor, owing mainly to the attractions of *cherchez la femme* for a large number of the younger lads, and this put the long suffering secretary in an unpleasant position. Only seventeen turned out instead of about twenty-five, and the seventeen included two irregulars and a prospective member. These were George Newall and Eddie Morris (by car), and Mr. Howarth, of the W.T.T.'s. The younger brigade was made up of Perkins, Rigby, Band, Connor, Sub-Captain Sammy, Scarff and Jonas. The two latter were supposed to have walked out to Mold, but in the course of conversation it was found that Scarff had had a short lift in a bus from New Ferry and Jonas took two buses and a short walk to get to the Five Lane Ends, and started the tramping game in earnest

from there, but at Willaston Corner a motorist took pity on the weary hiker, staggering along in a state of utter exhaustion, and gave him a lift to Two Mills, where he had a well-earned cup of tea and joined up with his comrade on the Crosville.

Cook, Edwards, Rowatt, Royden, Knipe, Powell, Chandler and Kettle completed the party, which was served with the usual well-cooked and tasty meal we expect at the Dolphin. Chandler and Kettle had come over from Bontuchel, having gone out on the Friday evening in Kettle's car, and went back there after the run, taking Jonas and Scarff with them to add a little tone to the party. The Presider went off also to Bont, by bicycle, in great disgust, as he had expected two lusty youths to pace and light the road for him via Denbigh.

However, all got home safely, though the Bont party were rather scattered as some went off to a dance to prove once more that both Club runs and dances can be attended in the same evening, but this is getting on to another story, in fact, several stories.

(We regret that up to the time of going to press no accounts of the runs to Holmes Chapel and Goostrey have been received—ED.).

J. S. JONAS,
HON. EDITOR.

ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

FORMED MARCH 1879

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

MONTHLY CIRCULAR.

Vol. XXX.

No. 324

FIXTURES FOR FEBRUARY, 1933

Tea at 6-0 p.m.

							Light up at
Feb. 4	Halewood (Derby Arms)	5-29 p.m.
" 11	Mouldsworth (Station Hotel)	5-43 p.m.
" 13	Committee Meeting, 7 p.m. (Victoria Hotel, St. John's Lane, L'pool)	
" 18	Pullford (Grosvenor Arms)...	5-56 p.m.
" 25	Acton Bridge (Leigh Arms)	6-12 p.m.
Mar. 4	Halewood (Derby Arms)	6-24 p.m.

ALTERNATIVE FIXTURES FOR MANCHESTER MEMBERS :

Tea at 5-30 p.m.

Feb. 4	Lower Withington (Red Lion)	5-29 p.m.
" 18	Lymm (Spread Eagle)	5-56 p.m.
Mar. 4	Areld (Rose and Crown)	6-24 p.m.

Full Moon ... 10th Inst.

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

4 THE LAUND,
WALLASEY, CHESHIRE.

COMMITTEE NOTES.

NEW MEMBERS.—Mr. F. A. Brewster, 23 Charles Street, Hoole, Chester, and Mr. A. Howarth, 1 Lowwood Road, Birkenhead, have been elected to Full Membership.

The Resignations of the following have been accepted with regret : Messrs. A. G. Banks, T. A. Telford and C. Moorby.

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

The following Club Delegates have been appointed : R.R.C., Mr. P. C. Beardwood ; R.R.A., Mr. P. C. Beardwood and Mr. F. Hotine ; N.R.R.A., Mr. A. Davies and Mr. W. H. Kettle.

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

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

The following have been appointed an Economy Committee: Messrs. F. Chandler, S. del Banco and W. H. Kettle.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS.—Mr. C. Selkirk, 28 Kingswood Boulevard, Higher Bebington, Cheshire. Mr. A. E. C. Birkby, 30 Moorgate Avenue, Great Crosby, near Liverpool.

Mr. E. Bolton's address is 23 Dekay Street, Kitchener, Ontario, Canada, and not as stated in last month's *Circular*.

The Triennial Dinner of the Road Records Association is to be held at the Empire Rooms, Trocadero Restaurant, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C., on Friday, February 17th. Tickets, 10/- each. Members who propose to attend the Dinner and who have not already obtained their ticket should communicate at once with Mr. S. M. Vanheems, 47 Berners Street, London, W.1.

H. W. POWELL,

Hon. General Secretary,

TREASURY NOTES.

There has been another rush for the early door, and, although the numbers do not quite equal last year's record, yet it is very gratifying to find so many anxious to pay their Subs. at the first possible opportunity, especially in view of the serious drop in our bank balance.

May I remind members who have held back to avoid the crush, that there will be ample space at their disposal in the next *Circular*.

My thanks are due to the following 46 members who have paid their Subscriptions and/or Donations(*) during the past month:—

C. Aldridge.	C. C. Dews.	J. S. Jonas.	H. W. Powell.
A. G. Banks ('32)	*E. Edwards.	W. H. Kettle.	J. C. Robinson.
*R. Barton ('32)	D. R. Fell, Jun.	R. Leigh Knipe.	D. C. Rowatt.
*H. S. Barratt.	R. A. Fulton.	F. Marriott.	J. J. Salt.
A. E. C. Birkby.	G. A. Glover.	G. Molyneux.	T. V. Schofield
F. A. Brewster.	H. Green.	E. Montag.	('32)
F. Chandler.	E. D. Green.	A. E. Morton.	*G. E. Stephen-
*E. J. Cody.	E. R. Green.	C. Moorby ('32)	son.
C. J. Conway.	J. A. Grimshaw	L. Oppenheimer.	Sir John D.
W. G. Connor.	('32)	W. Orrell.	Siddeley.
*W. P. Cook.	E. Haynes.	E. Parry ('32)	W. E. Taylor.
S. del Banco.	E. Haynes, Jun.	F. Perkins.	F. Wood ('32)
	A. Howarth.		*W. T. Venables.

R. LEIGH KNIPE,

Hon. Treasurer.

ITEMS.

Brian Band is now on the high seas aboard the s.s. *Recorder* and bound for the West Indies. During the short time he has been attending Club fixtures he has made himself very popular and we hope at the end of the voyage to see him out again with us.

* * * * *

The attendance at the A.G.M. of the Liverpool D.A. of the C.T.C. was somewhat disappointing in view of the fact that the presentation was to be made to Percy Brazendale as a mark of appreciation of his 12 years' strenuous labours building up the D.A. in his capacity as

Hon. Secretary, and of his work for cycling in general. No doubt the contretemps over the circularisation of the members (about 200 did not get the circular till the morning of the day) explained a good deal, but this did *not* apply to Anfielders, as the last *Circular* specially called attention to January 26th and asked members to book the date so that we should be well represented, and yet there were only present: Edwards, Elston, Elias, Snowden, Cook and of course P.B. Sandwiched in between a musical programme came the A.G.M., followed by the presentation made by Elias in a brilliant and most appropriate speech, supported also by "a few words" from Cook, Sutcliffe and B. C. Young, Councillor for Lancashire. The Presentation took the form of a Silver Tea and Coffee Service, which will undoubtedly be handed down as an heirloom in the Brazendale family, and P.B. was undoubtedly labouring under considerable emotion, when he accepted the gift in the real spirit which inspired all those who subscribed to it. The Annual Dinner of the D.A. in conjunction with the Mersey Roads Club is on February 16th, at the Mecca Cafe, and the Presider will be delighted to sell you tickets at 3/6. Our dear friend and brilliant speaker, "KOKO," is the guest of the evening. Don't "leave it to Brodie"!

* * * * *

Jack Pitchford was married at Christmastime and we are sure everyone will join us in wishing the pair long life and every happiness.

**"Cycling's" All-Rounder Concert, Royal Albert Hall, London,
21st January, 1933.**

The "All-Rounder" run proved to be a pleasant contrast to the usual stereotyped blind out and home. ♦ Manners were faultless, handkerchiefs used and food taken while travelling at 50's, and such an agreeable air of well being pervaded the atmosphere that someone suggested making the run a permanent fixture.

However, this is not an account of a common bicycle ride, as would be realized, had one seen the beautiful sight of eight sturdy Anfielders (Salt, Wilf. Orrell, Scarff, Jonas, Birkby, Blotto, Ryalls and the Skipper) striding into an L.M.S. dining car at Lime Street Station, accompanied by Derrick's sister.

When we were comfortably seated and our various wants attended to, we told the driver he might "get on with it," and 'ere long we were flying through East Cheshire, with its memories of many a Sunday morning. Lunch being disposed of, a game or two of cards whiled away the time and a little cash, and in four hours we steamed into Euston.

Scarff and Jonas smiled and disappeared into the underworld; Salt and Ryalls also vanished; Geoff and "Mrs." Lockett turned up from somewhere, and, escorted by a friend of Marriott's, the party commenced a very interesting tour of the city, until frozen blue with the icy blast on the Embankment and tired with running up and down escalators, we eventually found our way to the Albert Hall.

The Concert was a huge success, and the audience of 7,000 odd kept fully amused and thrilled with the various acrobats, trick cyclists, dancers and other entertainers, with Stainless Stephen keeping the crowd happy between the acts, and the Band of the Welsh Guards playing selections.

There was also a thrilling home trainer contest, won by W. A. Bailey (Polytechnic), and after the interval the 1932 Trophy was presented to F. W. Southall (Norwood Paragon) for the third successive

year, while the Vegetarian C. & A.C. received the Team Shield, which was also for the third time. Each of "Best All-Rounders" received a terrific ovation and made a brief speech of thanks,—our two Jacks, Salty and Pitchy, included—the former's speech being a masterpiece of eloquence!

One pleasant feature of the evening was the invitation to F. T. Bidlake to sign the Golden Book of Cycling, which he did, and the "Father of Road Sport" was cheered to the echo.

The Presider was present as a guest of *Cycling*, and held court in the interval in his box, being visited by Sir John Siddeley and Percy Beardwood. The "Old Gent" had given instructions for the Anfield party to visit him also, but someone failed to pass on the invitation, so the younger crowd had to join the scramble in the bar.

A fine souvenir programme was given to everyone, and it gave all the chief events in the Cycling world in 1932.

A walk through Hyde Park and a hectic last minute rush in a taxi to Euston rounded off, very pleasantly, our short but very enjoyable visit.

All were safely in the train, with one minute to go, when up dashed the Sub-Captain with a young lady from Bont, then Bill Scarff and our noble Editor glided very mysteriously in from apparently nowhere and stayed at the carriage window until the train left, but everyone looked happy and contented and no impertinent questions were asked, and we glided out to the frozen north. The rest is a dream—the monotonous "rat-a-tat-tat" of the wheels, "cyclists" in various attitudes of ease, supper, Scarff wandering about the corridors like a lost soul and handing out dry cobs to the hungry, the biting cold air of the Liverpool Landing Stage at 5 a.m., and the final seven mile ride to Neston—and so to bed.

Halewood, 7th January, 1933—Annual General Meeting.

Having told the Editorial One a considerable time ago that I emphatically refused ever again to write up this hardy annual, I was not surprised to receive a postcard couched in honeyed tones luring me on to the job. This young lad has tact; he knows summut and will go far (not only on his perambulator).

In the interests of economy, the crying need for which was stressed at the meeting, the account of this fixture ought really to be summed up in a couple of lines. At the risk, however, of shattering a life-long friendship with the Club's chancellor of the exchequer, and in the true Anfield spirit, fortified with the guilty collusion of the Editor, I will carry on regardless of expense, thus delivering another smashing blow to the Club's debilitated finances.

The event brought out 46 members, and after the usual gastronomical orgies, during which Salt played havoc with the pork, we all adjourned to the outhouse for the real business of the evening.

The Presider was in his happiest vein, and before the meeting began had the delightful duty of presenting to our tricycle Titan, Jonas, the beautiful Trophy Cup, to be held by him for 12 months. Cook gave the very interesting history attached to this Cup, which I should have liked to have perpetuated in these pages, but economy forbids. However, let it be mentioned that in the opinion of *Cycling*, which paper had made a special feature of the event, Jonas had achieved the finest performance on a tricycle ever done. The presentation was received with

tumultuous applause, and in response the blushing recipient launched out into a flood of burning oratory (or rather he would have done had he thought of it). As it was, he managed, in the shortest speech on record—"Thank you"—to *eloquently convey* (this will appeal to our linguistic purists) his heartfelt appreciation of the honour.

This pleasant ceremony over, the Presider proceeded to read letters from Doctor Carlisle, Johnny Band (who had everybody's sympathy in their illness) and the Mullah, regretting their inability to be present.

The Secretary then read his report, which showed that the activities of the Club remained undiminished, there only being a negligible net loss in the membership. The list of attendances elicited the fact that Cook had almost missed a run, but not quite, thus consolidating a record which I should imagine must be unique in the cycling world. Coupled with him at the top of the list was Wilf Orrell; next came Marriott (53) and J. R. Band (51), with several others running closely up. The attendance prizes were won by Cody and Rigby Band. All the tours had been carried out as per schedule, and had been enjoyable functions. Christmas at Bettws had proved more popular than ever, 17 members, and six friends, having participated. Sympathetic allusion was made to the loss the Club had sustained through the deaths of Neason and Edmunds during the year. Jonas was thanked for the good work he had put in on the *Circular*.

The report was carried unanimously, and a hearty vote of thanks accorded.

It was then the turn of del Banco to give an account of himself, which he did in a comprehensive report that embraced the whole of the racing men's doings. And what a record! As the valiant deeds came pouring out I am sure everybody present must have felt thrills of pride and pleasure to think that the old Club (old only in years, resistless in its perpetual youth!) had brought to a triumphant conclusion the finest racing and record season in its annals. This cursed economy! But for it I would have been impelled to set down these events in imperishable, aye, deathless poesy (well, as near thereunto as I could safely get). We cannot afford it, so I will spare you. In any case they will be shown in the Handbook for all to read. Not only in our own events had our stalwarts done well, but also in all the open races they had worthily upheld the prestige of the Club. Fourteen record attempts had been made, out of which six were successful, bad luck in some form or other having been the cause of the failures. We had had two men in *Cycling's* "Best 12" Salt being fifth and Pitchford eighth, which with G. B. Orrell, enabled us to claim the honour of having the third fastest team. One of the outstanding features of the season had been Salt's magnificent performance in the Bath Road "100," in winning the Cup, and the winning of the team race in the same event in record time. The report was passed with acclamation.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer (who had taken the precaution to place his printed budget into our hands only a few moments before, to ensure our usual state of utter bewilderment) proceeded to mystify his audience as of yore. He ranged between pessimism, cheerfulness, more pessimism, and a belated but welcome optimism. Owing in a large measure to the success which had attended our racing members and the consequent heavy increase in expenses, the Club had been left with very few "jimmy o'goblins" in the till. This was really a matter for congratulation, but, as the chancellor, he had to look at the sordid

side, and expressed a pious, if half-hearted, prophecy that the current year would not make the same inroads on his coffers. This brought the Presider to his feet with a bang. He hoped the present year would be even more prolific of such excellent results and damn the expense; surely in a good cause like this the prize fund would appeal more and more to the generosity of members who could afford a little extra. A keen discussion then followed, R. J. Austin making several suggestions regarding curtailing printing expenses, and economising in Standard Medals, etc. Bert Green supported, and thought in these times especially that the Club should be self-supporting, and should cut its coat according to its cloth, without recourse to a prize fund at all. Other suggestions were put forward, and in the end the whole matter was left in the hands of the Committee to explore all likely avenues.

The annual subscriptions were fixed, and they remain as before. The Presider was then re-elected with acclamation. It was with great regret we heard that Venables was unable to allow himself to be re-elected as Vice-President, a position he had filled for many years with distinction. Kettle was raised to this coveted post in his place, with acclamation, and there is no doubt but that he will worthily carry out its honoured traditions. The Manchester Vice—Albert Davies—was re-elected, and very nice too. Powell and del Banco were re-elected respectively, while Glover, owing to his inability to attend Committee meetings had to resign the Captaincy much to our sorrow, his place being taken by Marriott—a popular choice, with Ryalls and Wilf Orrell, Sub-Captains. Knipe was again entrusted with the funds (heaven knows why!) and let's hope he'll make a better job of it this time. One of the two watchdogs who have the thankless task of seeing that he does not get away with too much graft, was allowed to resign—this was Cotter, so Elias stepped into the breach and Eddie Morris re-elected, and the situation was saved.

The Committee was then elected, and now consists of Rigby Band, Chandler, E. Edwards, Jonas, Lucas, Salt, Scarff, Stevenson and Venables. In this connection the Presider expressed his regret that George Mercer had, for personal reasons, found himself unable to allow his name to go forward, and thanked him for his invaluable services in the past.

The Club's racing fixtures were arranged to be substantially the same as last year. We then had the striking novelty of Charlie Conway (Charlie, mind you, of all people) proposing that Bettws should be the venue for the Easter Tour. Stranger still, this proposition was carried, the Cotswolds being chosen for the August Bank Holiday week-end.

In conclusion, let me say that this was one of the happiest and most harmonious meetings we have had for a long time, and the Presider is to be cordially congratulated. A vote of thanks to him closed the proceedings.

Heswall, 14th January, 1933.

At Heswall, the other week, seventeen members and a friend turned out. Most of the blame for such small musters these days must be attached to that, for the most part, disappointing crowd, the Willaston Tea Tasters, in whom the "rot" has permeated to such an extent to surprise even its so-called "President" who started it. This self-elected and self-styled "Monarch" has been preaching a new doctrine

lately. This consists of going to the Club run when a more attractive fixture (to him and his special friends) cannot be found. If these "rebels" really wanted to attend the Club run, very little inconvenience would be incurred in leaving the venue early and afterwards attending the dance or whatever they do in passing their Saturday evenings. (What about Monday to Friday anyway?) The excuse of course is that these amateur gentlemen require such a great deal of dressing, scenting, etc., that it takes them all afternoon to do it. The Arch Tea-Taster has even been known to ask for the Club tea to be held half-an-hour earlier to enable him and his satellites to get their run in and in the end he finds it too much trouble and does not come at all.

Tea Tasters! Ichabod! Let that famous name pass and remain in the halo of its past, ere more inglorious shame be heaped upon it. Us loyal Tea Tasters will be glad and may Nemesis overtake those responsible for this terrible tragedy.

As has been said, eighteen sat down to a very delightful meal. Kettle was at the head of things, this after an argument with Sammy as to who should be at the top of the table. Sammy, however, won and Kettle, with due ceremony, took charge. Round the table then were Kettle, Charlie Conway, Ven., Johnny Band out again after almost a week in bed, Fawcett, of whom we have seen very little lately, Powell and friend, Teddy Edwards, and Salty, who lost half marks for diving in late and saying something about doing 40's. Then Brian Band, fresh from a visit to the Metropolis, del Blotto, Dave Rowatt, who also had been laid up since the A.G.M., Chandler, Harold Band, Stevie, Scarff, Marriott and Knipe.

Conspicuous by their absence to-day were the hikers, so very noticeable at the last Heswall run. Kettle, fearing frosty roads, was on tricycle, whilst his alpenstock was so lazy that it came out by bus. This latter, by the way, to the accompaniment of much scorn and many jeers of derision, but in any case that bus home was really cosy and much better than common or garden cycling on such a chilly afternoon.

Our other hiker, Chandler, was moaning to everyone about lumbago (we hope he is rid of it now) and asking who would like to cycle round Hoylake on the way home. What exactly the "game" was, no one could quite find out. Thus it was only Kettle who would indulge and the remainder went their respective ways.

Holmes Chapel, 14th January, 1933.

The ride out was certainly strenuous. The wind was neither noisy nor boisterous, but just a steady, persistent obstacle. So we decided to go slowly and steadily (incidentally one of us had the 'flu, and it was all he could do to keep going at all) and paused on the way to drink a cup of tea and take a breather. At the "Swan" we found a very small party, which however, included Ted Cody, and there were many speculations as to why So-and-So and What's-his-name were not out. We settled down to a good hot meal in the midst of which, the Presider, whose advent had been expected earlier, drifted in, explaining that he had been misled in his way by the undue brilliance of motor headlamps. So now we were eight, which, alas! we now consider fairly satisfactory. A fast run home before the wind completed a very enjoyable though uneventful outing.

Chester, 21st January, 1933.

Willaston Corner presented a sorry sight, as instead of the usual crowd of Anfielders that gather there on a Saturday afternoon there was only one. Being a little late, as usual, I found Brian "Bright Eyes" waiting. We made good progress to Two Mills, and as the afternoon was bitterly cold we decided a cup of tea would be a good scheme. We arrived in Chester early and were first at the "Bull and Stirrup," and consequently took charge of the fire. We were soon joined by Dave Rowatt, Johnny Band, and later by Tommy Royden, Powell, Teddy Edwards, Harold Band, Chandler, John Roberts, Kettle per car, Lucas and Knipe. The muster was very small owing to *Cycling's* Best All-Rounder Concert at the Albert Hall, London. Cook and most of the younger members had gone down to London to cheer our two racing men—Jack Salt and Jack Pitchford—who were placed 5th and 8th respectively in the Best All-Rounder Competition. The Anfield lucky number (thirteen) sat down to an excellent meal. Half-way through the meal we were joined by Fred Brewster, our new Chester member, who had managed to steal an hour off from work to join us.

Kettle went off to week-end at a new place he has found near Ruthin, and the rest of the party broke up about seven o'clock, all going their various ways. The ride home was uneventful; a following wind, and no scrapping; which made it all the more pleasant.

Goostrey, 21st January, 1933.

The B.A.R. Concert in the Metropolis accounted for one or two absentees at the Red Lion, and seven sat down to the usual excellent meal. These were Albert Davies, Cody, Hubert Buckley, Bert Green, Ned Haynes, Jun., Bob Poole and Nuttall.

Tarporley, 28th January, 1933.

Twenty-one stalwarts braved the biting east wind on this occasion, a poor muster for a joint run. The prevalent "flu" doubtless kept one or two away, including Stevie and Rigby Band. The Presider reported sighting Salt and Ryalls, on tandem, bound for the Clun neighbourhood, and Chandler was away week-ending on foot in the Bettws district.

We were very pleased to see Wemyss Smith out again after a long absence, looking very fit in spite of long hours spent swotting medicine. Bert Green had met him in the week and dragged him out. Bren Orrell also put in a welcome appearance and is looking forward to his thirteenth year of racing.

The others present included Dave Rowatt, Knipe, Cody, Powell, Kettle, Teddy Edwards, Wilf Orrell, Albert Davies, Perkins, Jonas, del Banco, Marriott, Birkby, Connor, Lockett, Walton and Tommy Royden.

Snowden was an absentee after having arranged to week-end with Cook, so Wilf Orrell and Birkby took his place, and the three, all on trikes went off to Weim.

The remainder chatted for a while and then dashed home to the fireside.

J. S. JONAS,

Hon. Editor.

ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

FORMED MARCH 1879

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

MONTHLY CIRCULAR.

Vol. XXX.

No. 325

FIXTURES FOR MARCH, 1933

Tea at 6-0 p.m.

		Light up at
Mar. 4	Halewood (Derby Arms)	6-24 p.m.
" 11	Farndon (Raven)	6-36 p.m.
" 13	Committee Meeting, 7 p.m. (Victoria Hotel, St. Johns Lane, L'pool.)	
" 18	Mouldsworth (Station Hotel)	6-48 p.m.
" 25	Mold (Dolphin)	7-2 p.m.
April 1	Over (Wheat Sheal)	7-15 p.m.

ALTERNATIVE FIXTURES FOR MANCHESTER MEMBERS :

Tea at 5-30 p.m.

Mar. 4	Arcleid (Rose and Crown)	6-24 p.m.
" 11	Goostrey (Red Lion)	6-36 p.m.
" 25	Lymm (Spread Eagle)	7-2 p.m.

Full Moon ... 12th 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, TueBrook Branch.

4 THE LAUND,
WALLASEY CHESHIRE.,

COMMITTEE NOTES.

A Resolution recording the deep regret of the Club and sympathy with the relations of the late Mr. Albert Davies was passed in silence.

The Resignation of Mr. E. W. Harley has been accepted with regret.

Messrs. M. Mycock and G. H. Welfare have been struck off the list of Membership for non-payment of subscriptions.

H. W. POWELL,

Hon. General Secretary.

RACING NOTES.

The following are the dates for the Club's Races for 1933:—

1st "50," April 29th; 2nd "50," May 20th. Invitation "100," June 5th. "3rd "50" June 17th. Invitation "24," July 14/15th. Club "12" August 19th. 4th "50," September 16th.

Please apply to the Skipper for Entry Forms for both Club events and Opens.

This year, Route Cards, etc., for the Club 50 Mile Handicaps will not be sent out to each member before each race, but a Card shewing details of Course, Rules and Prizes, to cover this series of races, will be sent to each member before the first "50." Will those members who wish to have the Order of Start and the Handicaps before each race kindly inform me?

Cards for the Invitation "100" and "24" and for the Club "12" will be sent out as usual.

Mr. N. M. Higham has been appointed Timekeeper for the "12" and "24," and Mr. W. P. Cook will time the four "50's" and the "100."

A 25 mile training spin will be held on Saturday, 1st April, and again on the 8th April. All interested should apply to the Captain.

S. DEL BANCO, *Hon. Racing Secretary.*

TREASURY NOTES.

After the first fine rush of the real enthusiasts to get in at the early door with their Subscriptions, it is usual to find some abatement in February, but I did not expect such a big drop this year. There are quite a large number of members whose names I confidently expected to appear in the current list, but they have procrastinated too long, and their names will not bloom forth "to take the winds of March with beauty." Let them see to it that they appear among the April flowers.

The following members are hereby thanked for their Subscriptions:—

H. R. Band.	A. Lucas.	E. A. Thompson.
J. R. Band.	F. D. McCann.	W. C. Tierney.
W. D. Band.	E. W. Nuttall.	N. Turvey.
W. Henderson.	J. R. Roberts.	F. B. Dutton-Walker.
G. Lake.	U. Taylor.	

R. LEIGH KNIFE,
Hon. Treasurer.

ITEMS.

In the account of the R.R.A. Dinner it will be noticed that the Anfield are mentioned as having broken five R.R.A. records since the last Dinner, three years ago. Actually, of course, we broke six, but lost one again.

* * * * *

At Willaston the other night, there was a heated discussion on the report of the Heswall run in January, two members taking exception to some low-down scurrilous writings made about dancing and missing Club runs, and it was agreed by these two, that the writer of this report and the Editor, were very naughty lads, and should not make such nasty remarks about their fellow Clubmen. It was also stated that some of the alleged jokes were getting well worn, so if every reader will take a dose of salt with all matter appearing after the Hon. Gen. Sec.'s name and send in a few new jokes, we will have a nice bright *Circular* and everyone happy. The Economy Sub-Committee have not proposed to save "oof" on the Mag., so the Editor will have no need to buy a blue pencil and he can publish all he receives, which isn't much these days!

* * * * *

"Petronella's" lecture: "Two Vagabonds in Spain," will be given on Thursday, March 9th, at the Picton Hall, Liverpool, and tickets can be obtained from the Presider at a "bob a nob."

We hear that Tommy Royden (in his seventieth year) has been endeavouring to become one of the select band of Beer Biters, but the C.B.B.'s are a little doubtful as to his desirability in such select company. There is, of course, even in the C.B.B.'s a certain tone to be kept up and even if the F.O.T.C. will have Tommy, that fact does not prove that he is qualified to join the Saughall Massie organisation. It is rumoured that the leading light of the C.B.B.'s has tried to push Sir Thomas on to the Willaston crowd, but they won't have him at any price, which is only to be expected.

Although it is rather belated, we take this opportunity of wishing Selkirk all the best on his marriage. Is it too much to ask him to turn up a little oftener at Club runs?

The Opening Run for Northern Members of the Tricycle Association will be at the Leigh Arms, Acton Bridge, on March 5th, when all tricyclists will be welcome, and lunch will be at 12-30. A tea place for the same day will probably be fixed, and all interested should communicate with A. I. LITTLEMORE, 53 Halton View Road, Widnes.

IN MEMORIAM. ALBERT DAVIES.

It is with very deep and sincere regret that we record the passing of ALBERT DAVIES, a Vice-President of the Club, which took place at the Manchester Royal Infirmary on Sunday, February 12th, as the result of an accident at his work the previous morning. His death was a great shock to us all, for he had been particularly fit of late, and was full of plans for the coming summer. He joined the Club in February, 1919, but had been known to many of us for some considerable period before this, through his association with the Cyclists' Touring Club, and the Cheshire Roads Club. He was a member of the Committee from 1926/1928, a Sub-Captain from 1929/30, and a Vice-President from 1931 until his death.

Although he never, to my knowledge, raced, he was always a keen follower of the sport, and was ready at any moment to go anywhere to check, marshal or feed. His devotion to the pastime of cycling was even more deep-seated, and in the course of his touring activities he must have visited most parts of the British Isles. He was a regular week-ender, and a wholehearted supporter of the Club runs. As an individual he was beloved by all, being one of those happy people who, whilst preserving their own independence of outlook, absolutely refuse to quarrel about anything. The Club *Circular* of March, 1919, says: "Our latest recruit, Davies, was out; a quiet sort of fellow, but evidently a good workman with a knife and fork," and the same held good to the last. His untimely death is felt as a personal loss by every member of the Club, whilst the Anfield Bicycle Club, and more especially the Manchester Section, has lost a fine and lovable character, whose place will be difficult, if not impossible, to fill.

The funeral took place at the Southern Cemetery, on February 15th, when the Club was represented by E. Haynes "père et fils," W. Orrell, E. Buckley and H. G. Buckley, whilst Miss Haynes and Mrs. R. J. Austin were also present.

M.C. and A.C. Dinner, 4th February, 1933.

This function, under the Presidency of W. Jackson, was as successful as ever, and we were represented by our own Presider, who made a "useful week-end" of it by *cycling* to the Big City. Unfortunately neither Lusty or Charlie Boyes were able to attend, but before the evening closed Wayfarer (himself) gate-crashed amid a blaze of glory.

The hospitality of the M.C. and A.C. is proverbial and knows no bounds. There was not a shadow of a doubt about the welcome and a special toast was accorded to W.P.C. Among those at the festive board were Frank Urry, David Noon, W. E. Jones, Billy Henman, the brothers Powell, Tom Peck and Frank Greenwood of the M.C. and A.C., and as guests such notabilities as Bidlake, Stancer, Vanheems, Crompton (Bolton), and England and Ashley Taylor of *Cycling*. The speech-making was of a high order and England made one exceedingly interesting and witty reply for the Guests, who had been toasted in no uncertain manner on the proposition of A. E. Machin, while Charlie Holland made a remarkably fine impromptu speech in reply to the toast of the Prizewinners, as deputy for Lusty. The entertainment with which the speech-making was interlarded was superb. The comedian was so good that Vanheems booked him on the spot for the R.R.A. Dinner, and a climax was reached when Frank Mullins of the B.N.O. arrived from a concert at Walsall and entranced us with his magnificent rendering of "Come into the garden, Mand," "Mary of Argyll," "The March of the Camerons," and other old time tenor songs redolent of the Sims Reeves period. No wonder the dinner closed amid an atmosphere of excitement, with the management somewhat perturbed at the difficulty of getting his premises closed according to law, notwithstanding the fact that one of the guests was the Deputy Chief Constable!

C.T.C. and Mersey Roads Club Dinner, 16th February, 1933.

The venue for this function seems at last to have ceased its peregrinations and found a real haven in the Mecca Cafe, India Buildings, Liverpool. This (to the writer's knowledge) is the first time the Dinner has been held at the same place for two years in succession since the old "Yamen" days. As the making or the marring of these gatherings lies in the feeding, let it be said now that it was a complete success, the food was hot, plentiful, and good.

A goodly sprinkling of Anfielders were present, Brazendale (Chairman again), Cook, Edwards, Elias, Elston, Marriott, George Newall, Salt and Snowden. Mrs. Edwards and Mrs. McCann completed the party. Chandler was to have been present, but the "Yeomen of the Guard" had marched him off to the Empire Theatre.

"Ko-Ko" (or Kuklos) was the chief guest, and to him therefore was given the honour of toasting the Liverpool District Association, which G. A. Sutcliffe suitably acknowledged. It was then Elston's turn to propose the toast of the Mersey Roads Club, and in a very fine maiden effort he eloquently eulogised the Club in such terms that he almost apologised for being an Anfielder—but not quite. Cook then proposed the toast of the prizewinners, and afterwards presented the awards to the recipients. The Championship Cup presented to the Mersey Roads Club by Mr. Wedlake was then handed to E. A. Bone by the donor. The runner-up for the Championship, J. Farrar, was only 32 seconds slower than the winner. The last speech was from C. F. Elias, who proposed the Guests in his own inimitable manner, to which the Secretary of the L.T.T.C.A. responded.

Unfortunately, what promised to be a very fine musical programme was curtailed owing to the four courses taking longer than anticipated. However, with "Auld Lang Syne" and the National Anthem a very enjoyable evening was concluded.

Roads Records Association Triennial Dinner, 17th February, 1933.

Held at the Trocadero Restaurant, Empire Suite, Picadilly Circus, London, on February 17th, this function eclipsed any of its forerunners. What a gathering, what an assembly of past, present and possibly future record breakers. The meetings in the brilliant crush room, with the latest thing in cock-tail bars, greetings exchanged with friends one seldom meets, but never forgets. One of the first was our old friend Mark Higham, then W. G. James, who, in the nineties, supplied many Anfielders with the famous Mohawk bicycles and tricycles, what memories it recalled of Toft, Hellier, Harry Saunders and many others.

It could hardly be expected the Club would have a large muster, the journey being an automatic limitation, but what we lacked in numbers we made up in strength, for was not the President at the top table with Sir John D. Siddeley and Lt.-Col. G. P. Mills. Scattered somewhere in the vast assemblage was Brazendale, Bright we noticed tucked away by himself at the far end of the room, Hotine, with his new love the North Road, Beardwood with his adopted ruffianly friends the Bath Road. Our gastronomic critic pronounced the banquet good, he only had one grumble, the portions were on the small side for a full sized man who still "pushes 'em down." Possibly the quality was so enticing they seemed a bit small, which may be taken as a compliment by the gourmets who choose the menu and the chef who prepared it.

The Toast list being lengthy, Bidly got on with it in true timekeeper manner, after the Loyal Toast he proposed the R.R.A., with special mention of the "old 'uns" and an episode that happened to our G. P. Mills on one of the End to End rides, when some zealous helper gave him enough dope to kill six ordinary men; Bidly glanced at Sir John when mentioning this, but later on, in his speech Sir John indignantly denied he was the culprit, and Bidly replied that he never said he was. About this time Bidly made nice mention of the retiring Secretary, Vanheems, and took the opportunity of presenting a Certificate, together with a handsome Rose Bowl as a memento of his ten years' work for the Association. Van, in his reply, was obviously touched, but had a grouse, inasmuch as he mentioned Lauterwasser had less than a couple of hours' work to do for his certificate, whereas he had ten years. He then gave a resumé of the Association's activities since the last dinner, when it came as a surprise to learn that the Anfield had broken no less than five records, which I think ties with the Vegetarians, for the highest number in the last three years. We felt a bit uneasy when our adopted Club was amongst the also runs, but got a little satisfaction seeing Hotine's was in a similar position.

"Beefy" Hogan gave "The Guests" in a powerful speech, coupling the names of Sir John (of "Ours") and Sir Henry Maybury. The latter responded and took upon himself the credit of ironing out the roads to their present state of perfection, enabling to-day's record breakers to have an easy time compared with those of the past.

Sir John in his incomparable style then gave the toast of the evening, "The Record Breakers," in a masterly speech he took us into the dim past and gave some facts, know to few, how he formed with the assistance of Tommy Edge and a few others, the Northern Roads Records

Association, and was its first Hon. Secretary. He deprecated "Beefy" Hogan's allusion as to his being a "guest," and had a sly dig at Biddy when he corrected the impression that he had been connected with a dope gang. He followed with a wonderful review of the classic records from the earliest to the present times, which, if nothing else could, effectively set aside any idea of his being merely a "guest."

E. B. Brown, of the Wessex, replied for the "Record Breakers." This young man told us how he was so anxious to make Vanheem's acquaintance he came all the way to London, only to be told that there were only two ways, either to become a clergyman or a record breaker, he went home to Wessex, and thought it out, and decided it would be quicker to become a record breaker, but from the excellence of his speech he might just as easily have become a parson.

Time was beginning to run out when our very own President got up to toast "The Chairman." This was undoubtedly one of the best speeches of the evening, commendable for its clarity and brevity. The Old Gent told us how he first made Biddy's acquaintance when he was spending a holiday on the Great North Road (now it is news to some that he ever has had a holiday) and a N.R. "fifty" being on the next day, he craved the Great One's permission to be allowed to wave a little red flag; not liking to discourage such youthful enthusiasm, the Great One condescended to grant the Old Gent's request, being very careful, however, to send him to some corner about three miles away from where the event was being held. Some hours after, the Old Gent fraternised with the great ones, mightily pleased with himself, and thus commenced a lifelong friendship, which grows more affectionate as the years roll by.

Biddy, in his reply, was obviously overcome by these touching reminiscences, more than likely he never remembered the episode, but with true Bidlakian dignity he acknowledged the toast. His speech had a touch of pathos when he recalled the fact he was no longer a record breaker, altho' the Old Gent reminded him that he still held at least one.

The musical programme, like the speeches, was of a high standard, and given by the following artistes: Mr. Hugh Macintosh, baritone; Miss Marion Brown, soprano; Mr. Finlay Dunn, humorous burlesque and Mr. Will Gardner, entertainer, who gave us some amusing accounts of his bibulous friend Brown. "Auld Lang Syne" and "God Save the King" followed and soon we were in the busy throng of Picadilly Circus, with its illuminations and traffic—a dive into the tube, then home, another Triennial Dinner only a memory.

Space will not permit mentioning all the notables present, suffice to say "all of 'em."

Halewood, 4th February, 1933.

A breezy, bracing day made cycling an unalloyed pleasure, and by 6 p.m. nearly thirty more-or-less-hardy Anfielders had gathered within the portals of the Derby Arms, now disguised with floodlighting outside, but within, still the same old comfortable hostelry as of yore.

The Presider, who is fast becoming "the Compleat Diner-out," was absent at the M.C. and A.C. guzzle, and there were one or two other vacant chairs among the elder brethren in the upper chamber. The lower house, however, was early crowded with a host of Tea Tasters,

who now always assemble here to gaze on Hubert's fairy form, and to hear the true and authentic history of the Anfield as related by Arthur in monthly instalments.

Everybody seemed to dash away very early, and about 8 p.m., Stevie was observed setting out for Huyton, Home and Beauty, closely followed by a large party of W.T.T.'s, all looking very doggy, and most distinctly "Tails up."

Silence, as deep as the grave, has enshrouded the doings at the Bacchanalian orgy which ensued near the Archway, but it is whispered that the W.T.T.'s were mulcted in double ferry fares, and did not reach home until "the wee sma' hours ayent the twal."

Lower Withington, 4th February, 1933.

Nine Manchester men braved the wind on this wild February day, to attend at the Red Lion and partook of the usual excellent meal. What has happened to the Manchester Anfielders lately that there are such small attendances? Where are all the Rawlinson's, Urban from Shaw, Mr. Bickley, Rex Austin, and numerous others? The nine who did turn up were Hubert Buckley, Jim Cranshaw, Albert Davies, Bert Green, Haynes Junior, Lockett, Nuttall, Wilf Orrell and Bob Poole.

Mouldsworth, 11th February, 1933.

I had heard the throstle and even the lark, during the past week, which stirred the stagnant blood in my veins, so, when Saturday came I ran out the four-wheeler to pick up my bicycle the other side of town where I had left it the previous week. It is well over a forty mile run for me so I use the car as far as Cuddington. Here I found Bert Green and Wilf Orrell interested in local football, so I left the four-wheeler and took the two for a nice easy run through the forest, wot time we talked of walks and walking and it was pleasant to be cycling in company, pushing round the pedals instead of the monotony of sitting at the wheel.

In due course we arrived at the Station Hotel, where, on entering the bar, I was unable to find a seat because of these blarsted tea-drinkers who were sprawling their nakedness all over the bar, giving no room for a man who bought himself a beer.

There was a muster of twenty-seven sat down to a meal of plenty, well served, punctuated throughout by a constant buzz of conversation. Cook and Snowden were week-ending, and along with the brothers Orrell, were soon away. Jack Walton found the pace too hot and we lost him. I left the party at Dunham and ran down to Cuddington to pick up the car and soon caught Bert Green up at the Woodman, where Jack Walton just arrived in time for the game of draughts.

So I renewed acquaintance with the Anfield—an amiable crowd—after a month's absence.

Pulford, 18th February, 1933.

This is a business; it's much easier handing up umpteen driks in a season. I wonder how many members notice how cold, or bitterly so and so winds blow when we have a run to the above spot. Apart from this, this run turned out one of the best the writer has been to. Along with the other A.P.L.G.s and Connor we had a hectic blind to Handley, where a stay for tea was obviously indicated.

After this little sojourn Charles conducted (like the famous Duke of Plaza Toro) the party across country (wondering all the time where we would land), eventually coming out at the White Horse, Churton, and then another nice run, all on Salty's wheel to the Iron Bridge. Along the Belgrave Drive and through the Park, Jack decided to hang back a little to wait for a couple of laggards. This is a likable part of the Neston Plyer, so long as the pace is between a miserable 18's to evens he will always wait. The meet at the Grosvenor Arms was about the same as usual, the company of twenty being very representative of the A.B.C. as it is. There naturally was a sad feeling reflected owing to the sudden loss of Albert Davies, which will be felt more when we are all together on our next joint run. In spite of this, there somehow was a good show of clubable spirit prevailing (maybe because WE were out, Sammy). After a miserable attempt to play billiards I left early, leaving worse players than myself to it. W.P.C. and Snowden were off week-ending to Knockin, in company with John R. as far as Wrexham, I expect. Having inspiration at the end of my ride we made light of the gentle zephyrs blowing and were soon home. The pictures were fine, Harold; but the company miles better.

The Editor asked me to make this highbrow, but why pick on me, I don't know?; besides who would understand. Erb said he was glad his duties for once had allowed him to once more sample ALL the joys and pains of being out; the tone of the gathering was considerably enhanced by the return *en bloc* of the terpsichorean wallahs; but I'm afraid their manners and refinements are put away with their glad rags. This is "sour grapes," because I only had one spot of trifle and others had two and I think Salty had four.

Lymm, 18th February, 1933.

The day being fine, with every indication of dry weather, and the run being one which I could comfortably accomplish without undue fatigue, I betook myself to where my bicycle languished, mounted it, and rode off to call for Bert Green.

After a short rest to recuperate from my ride down the road we set off Lymmwards in a blithe manner, but the wind soon brought me back to the realisation that Winter was still with us—it is to our credit that we did not go directly to Lymm, but struck off on a long detour (or so it seemed to me). At the Swan we were overtaken by two of our faster members who "tucked in" behind us instead of going ahead like gentlemen and sheltering us from the bitter blast.

Near High Legh we were joined by Ted Cody, but apparently he soon decided that the by-lanes were preferable to the main road along which we voyaged, for, on arriving at our haven of rest, we found the said gentleman missing from our company.

The hour being not yet ripe for feasting, we wandered into the village of Lymm to admire its picturesque charm and the scenic beauty of the Bridgewater Canal. Finally, having satisfied our appetite for such, we wandered back once more to satisfy a more material, but less uplifting, appetite—the craving of a hungry mortal for food.

At the top end of the table jokes appeared to be numerous, but they did not carry to our end where the chief topic of conversation was a new suit of Jack Walton's—bare knees must have fallen into ill-repute when such an ardent devotee forsakes them, or was the wind even too cold for Jack?

The meal over, the company retired to the Tank, but the party soon broke up, leaving Buckleys' and Rex Austin to uphold, in worthy fashion, Anfield traditions, while we trod, or rather pedalled, our homeward path to terminate an enjoyable ride—that is one remarkable thing about cycling, whatever the hardships suffered during a ride, the memory is always a pleasant one.

Acton Bridge, 25th February, 1933.

At long last the Acton Bridge agitators got what they have been wanting for a long time, but where were they? Only seventeen members turned up and one of these was friend Power, of the Cheshire Roads. The Manchester contingent consisted of Bert Green, Wilf Orrell and Haynes Junior, while the rest of the party were from the Liverpool area.

The main roads were clear of snow by the afternoon, though in many cases there was only room for one car, so that care was necessary, but this snow was thawing fast and this was no danger of skidding.

A stiff east wind made the ride out hard work, and stops for a spot of tea were necessary and welcome in several cases. Randall, the 24 hour crack, was out on an almost brand new machine, and terrorised all the young lads with the fearful and terrific pace he set up on it. The Presider was away on his journey to London for the R.R.A. meeting, Powell had not recovered from a dose of 'flu which was the reason for his non-appearance at Pulford the previous week, and Knipe was suffering from a bad leg, so three absentees were accounted for. Kettle was reported as week-ending in Wales and Connor was working, and those who did turn up included Salty, Blotto, Jonas, Scarff, Birkby, Rigby Band, Chandler, Ryalls and Marriott. Teddy Edwards was there per automobile and Dave Rowatt, we presume by train and foot.

The meal was excellent, served piping hot, and plenty of it, though the party was split up, twelve sitting downstairs and five upstairs. All departed early, the Wirral section having a wind assisted ride.

J. S. JONAS,

Hon. Editor.

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ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

FORMED MARCH 1879

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

MONTHLY CIRCULAR.

Vol. XXX.

No. 326

FIXTURES FOR APRIL, 1933

Tea at 6-0 p.m.

								Light up at
April	1	Over (Wheatsheaf)	7-15 p.m.
"	8	Tarporley (Swan)	7-27 p.m.
"	10	Committee Meeting, 7 p.m. (Victoria Hotel, St. John's Lane, L'pool).						
"	14/17	EASTER TOUR.—Bettws-y-Coed (Glan Aber)	9-11 p.m.
"	22	Mouldsworth (Station Hotel)	9-24 p.m.
"	29	First 50 Miles Handicap	9-35 p.m.
May	6	Highwayside (Travellers Rest)	9-49 p.m.

Full Moon ... 10th inst. Summer Time begins 9th inst.

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

4 THE LAUND,

WALLASEY, CHESHIRE.

COMMITTEE NOTES.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS.—Mr. J. Pitchford, Salford, Sandon Road, Shrewsbury.

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

Day runs have been arranged as follows: Friday, Llanfairtalhaiarn (Black Lion). Saturday, Harlech (Castle Hotel). Sunday, Caernarvon (Prince of Wales). Lunch—1-30 p.m. each day.

Mr. W. H. Kettle has been appointed Judge and Referee for the Invitation "100."

H. W. POWELL,

Hon. General Secretary.

RACING NOTES.

The Club "12" on August 19th has been converted to an Invitation Scratch Race and will be eligible for the "B. A-R" Competition. Please make a special note of the date and roll up in your thousands to help make the event a success.

1st "50" April 29th. Entries close to me on Friday, April 21st. The Captain has a sheaf of Entry Forms simply bursting to see the light of day.

Open Events : Leigh "25," April 2nd. Stretford Wheelers' "25," April 9th. Charlotte ville and Potteries "50's," Easter Monday.

We will have riders in the above events and help will be welcomed. Warwickshire Roads "50," April 30th.

Dukinfield "50," May 14th.

S. DEL BANCO,

Hon. Racing Secretary.

TREASURY NOTES.

It gives me great pleasure to chronicle this month a handsome donation, to the Prize Fund from Miss Worth, sister of our old time member, the famous, genial, jovial "Teddy."

To the elder brethren his is a name to conjure with, bringing back to our minds as it does thoughts and deeds of bygone years, and lighting up our eyes with happy smiles of remembrance at his many quips and humorous sallies. His knowledge of roads and places was encyclopedic, a real cycling gazeteer, and he was ever ready to place this knowledge at our service.

His sister's generous gift helps to keep his memory green.

My thanks are due to the eleven members who have kindly sent me their subscriptions and/or donations (*) during the past month :—

R. H. Carlisle.	H. Pritchard.	*C. H. Turnor.
H. L. Elston.	W. H. Scarff.	D. Turnor.
W. J. Finn.	*T. W. Slawson.	H. Wilson.
*G. Newall.	A. T. Simpson.	

ITEMS.

Members who have met the Bath Roaders of late years at Ivinghoe, Colnbrook, and other centres, will hear with deep regret of the death of Henry Webster (brother of Bolin), who passed away on the 17th March, after an illness lasting five weeks. His cheery presence will be missed by us all.

* * * * *

Only Cook was sufficiently full of a sense of duty to attend the Northern Tricycle Association meet at Acton Bridge on March 5th. There was an attendance of eighteen from all parts of the North, and it is understood this run will be the forerunner of many more, as there was no doubt as to the success of the venture.

* * * * *

Jack Walton rode over to a recent Wednesday night meeting of the Tea Tasters and on behalf of the Manchester members presented the President, Charles Randall, with a bouquet of daffodils in token of his service in raising the moral and physical standard of the youth of Wirral. Mr. Randall replied with a few appropriate but unprintable words.

* * * * *

Jack Salt had no sooner won the Bath Road Cup, when a blasted Bath Roader, on tour in Wales, invaded the Anfield headquarters in Bettws and made himself exceedingly free with certain amenities of the Glan Aber. The extent of his misdeeds will be properly understood if we repeat the miscreant's own words. "At the 'Glan Aber,' however, I find room and dinner and drink with one Lake, a man of Anfield—and a pert wench of the establishment I am very merry in a little back room until a late hour !!"

From several years' perusal of the "Bath Road News," we have been able to form an opinion of the B.R., but this action of one of their members is the limit and most reprehensible and uncalled for, and even if we did win their blinkin' cup there is no necessity for retaliation of this description.

* * * * *

It is confidently predicted that a large number of tandem records will soon fall to the Anfield as two well-known figures in the Beer Biting world have paired up and went for a trial spin the other Wednesday evening. They are Frank Chandler, the well-known stylist, whose nimble pedalling, once seen, is never forgotten, and one of the younger crowd in the person of Tommy Royden.

Our Special Correspondent was nearly run down in Birkenhead as this fast pair tore along one of the main highways, and by dint of a terrific sprint he managed to tuck in behind and had a most breathless ride, via Willaston to Heswall.

The tandem careered gaily into the strong south-east wind and dashed up to Higher Belbington at a great pace, the riders doing a sort of lateral movement alternately and this is evidently an improvement on the old method of both pushing on the right pedals together and then on the left. However, the machine stuck it well and did not break in two and when our scribe was thoroughly whacked at Heswall and dropped off, the pair had wound the pace up at to least 14 an hour with the wind astern. We expect great things in the record line this year, though as Frank had to keep telling young Tommy on the back, the latter will have to learn to sit still on the machine and ankle, and not heave so much on the pedals.

* * * * *

Now that the "12" is an Open Event we will require more help than ever to run it and all members should reserve August 19th and offer their services to the Racing Secretary, not forgetting that help will be required for the "24," July 14/15th.

* * * * *

We deeply regret to have to announce the death of Lawrence Fletcher. News has just been received by the President and an "In Memoriam" will be published in the next *Circular*.

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Our Yorkshire exile, Norman Turvey, has joined the Sharrow C.C., as a second claim member.

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Len King, who has not been out this year, has temporarily had to cease cycling because of his health, but hopes to be with us again soon.

Peironella's Lecture, "Two Vagabonds in Spain."

The Old Gent, with the sole agency for the Anfield in his possession, managed to sell about thirty tickets for this lecture and a representative crowd of "ours" and friends were gathered in the Picton Hall, as well, of course, as a large crowd of C.T.C.'ites.

The Club's authority on Spanish Onions, in the person of Poor Old Chem, was early at the door, so much so, that he found he was about three weeks too soon. We advise the addition of a little water

in future. Then there was Snowden, who almost failed to recognise the younger crowd, disguised as young men about town. Powell, George Newall, Tommy Royden, Mr. and Mrs. Edwards, and Mr. and Mrs. Blotto (very nice, too), were there, and Bill Scarff and Arthur Birkby.

Salty had the temerity to turn up on a bicycle and had a violent attack of the "bonk" during the evening, so waded into a few pounds of apples. Jonas, Mr. and Mrs. Cotter, Dave Rowatt (all the way from Rhos-on-Sea), Elston, the Skipper (without Mrs. Sammy) and McCann, Mrs. McCann and a few samples of little McCanns, completed the Anfield crowd. Mac almost put in his first Club run for eight years by turning up.

Then on the platform there were Percy Brazenface, William Pagan Cook and Elias, so you can see that there would have been no lecture, but for the Anfield.

The entry of Petrolemma and entourage was greeted with loud applause, and the platform wallahs immediately began scurrilous, mud slinging speeches about each other. Percy told us that Petronella had christened him Priceless Percy, the Peripatetic President and Percy went on to say that he did not propose to speak for more than a minute or so (loud and prolonged "hear, hears"), and as he went on, like the immoral, or rather immortal brook, Elston "hear, hear'ed" again and at last we had peace.

During this unseemly brawl, Cook was seen to blush, but his daughter informed us that this was impossible, so we put down the sudden school-boy complexion to the fact that a bone out of a piece of Bass, he had had for tea, had got stuck in his throat.

The lecture itself was very good, and very well delivered, and the slides were clear and gave us a fine impression of the town and country aspects of Spain. The chief difficulty Mrs. Parkes and her friend seemed to have was keeping amorous bull fighters at bay. Altogether it must have been a very fine tour, what with unlimited bathing, grapes and many other kinds of fruit to be had for the picking along the road side, and glorious weather.

W. T. Palmer, the well-known writer on Wales, and the Lakes, proposed the thanks of the audience to Petronella, and the Presider seconded the motion and then we were allowed to escape before Priceless Percy got wound up again.

Halewood, 4th March, 1933.

A very unpleasant ride "round the earth" came to an end at last when I rode up to the Derby Arms. The ride to Chester was not too bad, but from there to Runcorn I was subjected to a most humiliating experience, which fortunately, has rarely been my lot. I was dropped with the greatest of ease by a mere "super-tourist" and one of the young lads, Connor. They waited for me time and time again only to set up a modest fifteen an hour when I caught them, thus leaving me churning away at the pedals with as much effort as I was capable of, and then getting badly dropped.

It was with a great sigh of relief, therefore, that I sank into the "Oak Room" and Hubert very kindly bought me one, and thereafter things assumed their normal proportion again.

A substantial, solid-looking crowd consisting of Hubert, Poor Old Chem, Mr. Buckley and Stevie filled the cocktail bar and with other lesser Anfielders filling in the odd corners, we listened to the epic tale of how the Pagan One smashed through snow and ice and reached

London in three days. At many places he was told it was impossible to get along the road, but like a silly ass he took no notice and started off and got through, which is just what an Anfielder would do.

Twenty-seven sat down to a most excellent repast. Sixteen were upstairs and eleven down, and when Salty had finally disposed of the turkey's carcase, a peaceful atmosphere of good will prevailed and the two houses joined forces. Some went off straight away, Kettle, Johnny Band and Burgess among them, and the others settled down so as to aid digestion.

The Old Gent swung the hammer so we sang "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow," and then followed reminiscences of Liverpool forty years ago, when the Star, Adelphi, Parthenon and Grand Theatres and Music Halls were going strong and how respectable and reverend *seigneurs* of the Anfield were to be seen dodging furtively in the shadows near the door, and, choosing a moment when they thought no acquaintances were about, they would slip inside and were safe.

Anyone met inside was, of course as low and devoid of morals as yourself, so the great danger was to be seen going in. The younger lads were shocked at this picture of the Naughty Nineties, but came to the conclusion that they were born much too late. Then Tommy got going, between stentorian roars of laughter at his own wicked and highly coloured youth, and told us how he saved his young gov'nor from an angry mob of Liverpool toughs, diverting the dagger in the nick of time, and fighting his way through gangs of Chinese, Niggers, Lascars, and hordes of other species of dockside dagoes.

However, in an endeavour to produce a high moral standard in the *Circular* we must draw a veil over the rest of the evening, suffice to say that the Presider went off to Acton Bridge, and Birkby, at great risk, stopped with the Editor, while Teddy Edwards's car refused to leave the Derby Arms and his party proceeded home by foot and tramcar.

Arelid, 4th March, 1933.

This is the sad tale of one, who, after braving the introspective horrors of sneaking out from the office before time, endeavouring to sprint blindly in order not to miss a boat, guzzling an indigestible lunch, changing hurriedly to "glad rags," and riding all of forty-four miles to Arelid, was requested by sub-captain-cum-everthing-else Orrell to write the run up. "A usual procedure with guests," he said. "Guests"? A mere anomaly and just cheap flattery that, for he was not slow in asking for the 2/8.

Spring was in the air (etc., etc., as the poet said) when in the early afternoon four energetic ones were waiting at Willaston Corner for the fifth who was a couple of minutes late. The five consisted of Charles Randall, Blotto and Baul, Salty and Sammy. Nearer Chester Snowden was seen making for Knockin for the night and after letting the party pass did some very nimble pedalling on his swanky new Evans, to be with us again some miles later and thereafter continued so until Tarvin where he turned southwards. Salty, especially to annoy Charles (and nothing else annoys Charles more than this, sheer jealousy it is supposed), talked the whole way up Kelsall Hill and then went off to get on with it to Halewood. At Over, Randall introduced John Walker and to hear their reminiscences of past "24's" over tea and cakes made one feel quite envious. Lingering there rather longer than anticipated made 15's imperative if Arelid was to be reached in

time. Actually, it was just after 5-30 when the four of the Liverpool section found ensconced in the tank R. J. Austin, Alan Smithies, Bob Poole, Ned Haynes, Jr., and Wilfred Orrell. Bert Green arrived later. The "guests" made the party up to ten.

It is certainly not the intention of "this 'ere feller" to criticise the meagre attendance at this run, as since a run in Wirral was reported in the *Circular* this scribe and the Editor have had their heads jawed off by those who did not like it. That write-up did have a good effect and a new contributor has been found for the *Circular*, a real *rara avis*, for a writer who can make use of the word "terpsichorean" in the *Anfield Circular* is indeed a find.

The enthusiasm of the younger men for the racing game is very encouraging. That ever fresh and trying youngster, Bob Poole, was the first to put his name down for the "25's" and after him came two others, thus making a total of three. This, a month before the first event, is something of a record. It also signifies that "summer is a-cumin in" with a vengeance and soon Saturday afternoons will see riders in black tights "batting it" or "tearing it up" along the Whitchurch Road in fine style or otherwise.

Almost the first to leave were those for the Wirral Peninsula and with the magnificent pacemakers Randall and Blotto in front a steady 15's were indulged in and Chester was reached non-stop. A touch of the "bonk" on the Gibbet Heath and rain for the last half-hour were the final incidents of a glorious afternoon.

Farndon, 11th March, 1933.

All day the spell of Spring had been upon me; Nature had awakened from her winter snooze; and what with the genial warmth of the sun and the limpid coolness of the ale, small wonder is it that my latent poetic afflatus came frothing to the surface!

I had arrived within striking distance of the rendezvous rather earlier than I had anticipated; so, considering there was ample time at my disposal before the Tank Corps fell in, I halted by a friendly gate to light my pipe—and

I heard the linnet's lilting lay,
The blackbird's brazen, burbling bawl,
The thrush's throaty threnody,
The carrion crow's connubial call.

Aun, the pippet piped his paeon,
Or round there reared the raucous rook—
But, whence proceed these sounds Orphean?
That clarion carol comes from COOK.

Yes, gentle reader, and sure enough within the next half-hour the Merry Old Martinet himself hove in sight, having in tow John Roberts, whom he had caught red-handed, entangled in the bowels of a motor-car. I took my place in the cavalcade which proceeded at a dignified pace to Farndon. On the ancient bridge, arrayed in their Tyrolean costumes, gracefully lounged a bevy of blushing Tea-tasters, who melodiously yodelled the safe arrival of Chandler. Among the glittering throng gathered in the courtyard of the "Raven" was Jack Pitchford, complete with the primness of primrose bicycles daintily etched with blue; and with him were Reg. and George Pugh, on tandem. Harry Wilson had rolled over from Manchester by motor-car, and it is hoped that the rest and refreshment enabled him to accomplish the return journey without mishap.

A company of nearly thirty precious souls settled down comfortably in the dining-room, and everything was going "merry as a marriage bell," when suddenly the door was flung open and into our midst, like a Bird of Paradise, floated Harold Band, with Kettle at his tail. Order had scarcely been restored when "out of the night and into the glare" stalked Harold Moore, news apparently having reached Huddersfield that the snow had in some measure disappeared from Cheshire, and that the roads were again open for travel. Under the mellowing influence of good food and ale, conversation flowed easily; repartee was crisp and sometimes even polite!

But all good things must end, and by two's and three's we slid out into the night, dispersing to follow our several ways as whim or duty dictated. The President was, as usual, off to seek an alien shelter, and in his train travelled Harold Moore and Snowden to climb the steepes to Llanarmon; and so ended (at least as far as I am concerned) a wonderful day.

On reading over these notes, it occurs to me that little has been written of the actual run. It really isn't altogether my fault: it was the insidious prompting of Spring which led me astray. The worst of it is I am not in the least ashamed of my backsliding—in fact, I'd be ready to do the same thing again!

Goostrey, 11th March, 1933.

This run, held on a beautiful summer day in March, was attended by Urban Taylor, Ann Rawlinson and about ten others. Ted Cody arrived late suffering from a severe attack of the "bonk," which caused great distress to Bert Green, who appeared to expect the end of the world on finding Cody without appetite for food. The meal over, the party broke up with mutual expressions of esteem and regard, and a hearty vote of thanks to Urban and Ann for gladdening the gathering with their illustrious presence.

Mouldsworth, 18th March, 1933.

For this trip the B.B.C. decreed that the weather would be showery with bright periods. But despite the B.B.C. the A.B.C. turned out to the tune of 31 members. Elston was greeted most cordially by Powell, the former not having been out for some three months, and quite proud of the fact, too. Elston and Smithies commenced a discussion upon how to play bagatelle, only to be shown how to by Bob Poole who set up an apparently unbeatable record of 22, which remained the highest score until it was bumped off by Ed. Haynes, Jr., who made the great score of 33 in the last round.

Then followed food, but due to the noise made by a few of those Terrible Tea Tasters on an adjacent table, one could not hear oneself talk. Conversation was mainly centred round Frank Marriott's piece of journalism, printed in the current issue of *Cycling*. According to the author it would have been worth the five bob payable to him if they had printed all of his article, instead of censoring 50% of it. The other half, it was hinted, contained some veiled remarks about some other obelisk in the vicinity, but it was impossible to bring out the true story concerning it.

Some of the Manchester members left at about 7-20 p.m., only to be caught by Jack Walton at Sandiway, who then became leader of a trio as far as Northwich, where these three mysteriously dived into some cafe or other. Here they dined luxuriously, at least they told us that they had had a cup of coffee.

However, a great calamity befell them, for the lower end of Jack's jacket—a zipper—became unzipped. There then followed several words in the true Anfield vernacular, followed by Jack trying to zip down the zipper which would not zip. Brute force prevailed and after much tugging by all three the bottom of the nearside zipper reached half-way up the offside zip. This had taken some five minutes, but the following 25 were, we believe, utterly and absolutely riotous, B.S.A. spanners, tyre levers and penknives were wielded with alarming alacrity.

By the 29th minute Jack had resigned himself to retiring with the jacket on, but a brain wave on the part of one suggested that the bottom of the nearside zipper be cut free, the ruse worked, but the zip was ruined; yet before the 30th minute was up, Jack was in ecstasy zipping the zipper up and down.

Here, then we will leave this trio, for no one knows what happened after that, but we hope that they arrived home as safely as the two who passed them in Northwich.

Mold, 25th March, 1933.

The Captain and Editor set off with the best intentions in the world on a bright, but very cold, morning, at 8-30, and were forced to seek sustenance after ten miles and wait until the roads were well aired. They then started off for Bettws, but the heat and sunshine called stronger and near Henllan they settled down for a bask for an hour, rode a couple of miles or so and picniced and basked again.

Bettws and the Conway Ridge Road were of course out of the question so the pair went by way of Nantglyn and Cyfylliog to Bont where shandies were necessary. The Bwlch was ridden and Elias caught up at the Loggerheads and Mold reached in good time. Birkby was there, having been out all day in the Farndon district, Ryalls had been non-stop via Denbigh and Ruthin, and Randall via Llandegla.

Jack Pitchford and Reg. Pugh also rolled up from Shropshire, and Smithies from Cheadle, but Salty failed to show up. Blotto had bust the head clip on his machine and was unable to get out, so altogether nineteen seat down to an excellent meal.

Powell, Roberts, Ven, Teddy Edwards, Perkins, Kettle, Rigby and Johnny Band were there, but where was the fast tandem pair? Chandler was reported to be mountaineering, but of Tommy we heard nothing, and the worst is feared.

The President departed for Llanfair T.H., and the others for home and the journey for the fast pack was enlivened by the trick riding of one, Derrick.

We regret no account has been received of the run to Lymin.

J. S. JONAS,
Hon. Editor.

ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

FORMED MARCH 1879

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

MONTHLY CIRCULAR.

Vol. XXX.

No. 327

FIXTURES FOR MAY, 1933

		Tea at 6-0 p.m.	Light up at
May 6	Highwayside (Travellers Rest)	9-49 p.m.
" 8	Committee Meeting, 7 p.m. (Victoria Hotel, St. John's Lane, L'pool).
" 13	Over (Wheat Sheaf)	10-1 p.m.
" 20	Second 50 Miles Handicap...	10-12 p.m.
" 27	Farndon (Raven)	10-23 p.m.
June 3/5	Whitsuntide.—Invitation "100"	10-32 p.m.
Headquarters—Shrewsbury (George).			
		Full Moon	9th 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, Tuebrook Branch.

4 THE LAUND,
WALLASEY, CHESHIRE.

COMMITTEE NOTES.

A Resolution recording the deep regret of the Committee and their sympathy with the widow and relations of the late Mr. Laurence Fletcher was passed in silence.

WHITSUNTIDE.—Members going down into Shropshire on Saturday, 3rd 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.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS.—Mr. L. C. Price, Ramsbury, Marlborough, Wilts. Mr. F. J. Cheminais, "Malgre Tout," Manor Drive, Upton, Birkenhead.

H. W. POWELL,
Hon. General Secretary.

RACING NOTES.**Second 50 Miles Handicap, 20th May, 1933.**

Entries for this event must reach me by Friday, May 12th.

Invitation "100," Whit-monday, 5th June, 1933.

There will be room for ten of our men in this event and those who wish to enter must let me have their names by May 13th at the latest.

I am now booking names for Checking, Marshalling, Feeding, etc. It will greatly simplify the organisation of this event if members will come forward with offers of help, without waiting to be asked.

OPEN EVENTS.

May 14th—Dunkifield "50"; May 28th—Cheshire Roads Scratch "50"; May 21st—North Road "100."

S. DEL BANCO,

Hon. Racing Secretary.

TREASURY NOTES.

One of the finest traditions of the Anfield is the fine way its members do all in their power to help the racing men, and old-timers will recall the work done in helping and organising by "Jack" Siddeley.

Now at a time when our coffers are depleted by the extraordinary run of successes of the past two years, Sir John has again come forward and joined that small but gallant band who so regularly and generously contribute to the Prize Fund. We thank him for his handsome donation.

Will those who have not yet sent along their subs. please note that although the calendar says this is the month of May, the Treasurer would like them to make it the month of MUST.

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

*P. C. Beardwood.	W. Crompton	J. A. Smithies.
A. Dickman	Humphreys.	O. E. Taylor.
C. F. Elias.	F. Jones.	J. E. Walker.
E. M. Haslam.	J. Seed.	J. H. Williams.
	*Sir John D. Siddeley.	

R. LEIGH KNIPE,

Hon. Treas.

ITEMS.

Elias's great feat in riding Llanberis and the Sportsman, and Randall's conquering of the Crimea from the Pestiniog side, pale into utter insignificance when compared with Chandler's production of a FIVE POUND NOTE, in the Tank, early on the Monday morning at Bettws, and AFTER having paid his bill!!!

Those present wilted visibly at the sight of so much money in one piece, and when the awestricken party had recovered its composure, it proceeded to celebrate the breakdown of the financial crisis, as all the makings of a pleasant evening were available.

Another startler, was the sight of Frank, hitherto regarded as the embodiment of "The Compleat Tourist," running off the course at Maentwrog, and the Old Gent., regardless of expense and a crowd of "locals," bellowing to the whipper in to "Bring him back, bring him back!!"

* * * * *

Tradition, as old as the Club itself, was broken at the Glan Aber on the Sunday evening, when the Presider addressed the company at dinner, and later, in the chapel, as "Ladies and Gentlemen"; and it is rumoured that a well-known member has been commissioned to write a book entitled "The Decline and Fall of the Anfield."

* * * * *

Mister Charles Randall wishes it to be known that he rode up the Crimea, on Easter Sunday, on a Safety Bicycle, geared to 70 inches. To the best of our knowledge this has only been ridden once previously, by an Anfielder, one Tierney, some years ago, and both these performances have been properly checked.

* * * * *

Kettle has now been appointed a Vice-President of the N.R.R.A., and Teddie Edwards has relinquished his Vice-Presidency in the Association.

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In the Potteries C.C. "50," on Easter Monday, E. Haynes, Junior, retired after puncturing twice, and R. Poole finished in 2.45.35 after being delayed some minutes.

* * * * *

We must ask the Editor of the *Bath Road News* and Mr. R. Sterry Maden, to accept our most humble and abject apologies for our unprincipled and unauthorised publishing of a mutilated extract from the pages of the *News*.

* * * * *

In spite of the habit of certain of our racing men in spending the week-ends lounging about Welsh pubs and not "getting much riding in," the first "50" was run off successfully and times would have been very fast if the downpour of icy rain had only held off for a couple more hours.

There is no truth in the report that the Skipper is to have everyone on parade early every Sunday morning for a massed "blind"-cum-training spin. Leadership is undoubtedly what is wanted to stop the rot and keep the noses of backsliding racing men glued to their respective front wheels, but they refuse to be led, and strange to relate, they all seem to be keener than ever on racing this year.

* * * * *

Any member of the Club, who is not in the Liverpool D.A., of the C.T.C., and would like a copy of the interesting yearly Handbook, just out, should apply to the Presider who has a few to dispose of, gratis.

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We were pleased to see Zambuck, Glover, Long and Molyneux out again, at the "50."

IN MEMORIAM—LAURENCE FLETCHER.

As briefly mentioned in the last *Circular* the Club has suffered a tremendous loss in the tragically sudden death of LAURENCE FLETCHER in his 72nd year, on March 28th.

What Laurence Fletcher meant to the Anfield cannot be expressed in words. It is not putting it too highly to say that but for him the Club would have ceased to exist in the late eighties and he it was who laid so well and truly our foundations as a purely Road Club specialising in long distance road work. Commencing his cycling career as a member of the Liverpool Amateur Bicycle Club in 1879 and winning their Road Championship in an inter-club race of 32 miles (Arrowe Park Gates to Chester and back) with the Birkenhead B.C., which we believe he also joined, he speedily developed a penchant for 24 Hour rides, which resulted in his accomplishing the then record distance of 227 miles. Both these Clubs ceased to exist in 1885 and 1886 respectively, but Laurence Fletcher had left them and joined the Anfield in 1882. Naturally with his outstanding ability and enthusiasm, he played the biggest part in founding our reputation for long distance riding on the road and such men as G. P. Mills and R. H. Carlisle were greatly indebted to him for starting them on their wonderful careers. Twice he won our "24" on a bicycle, and once he was third on a tricycle, while his End to End records of 8 days 5 hours and 20 mins. in 1885, and 3 days 23 hours 55 mins. in 1892, are inscribed in history. In addition to this, during a period of residence in Ireland, he put up an Irish "24" record (timed by The O'Mater) and an Irish End to End.

But undoubtedly Laurence Fletcher's great work for the Club was in leading us away from Track racing to confine our activities purely to the Road, with an entirely independent policy of our own, with the result that when the N.C.U. issued its historic ban on Road Racing, the Anfield totally ignored it and became the only Club that was not driven off the road. And this spirit of independence, with "what is best for the Sport" as its guiding principle, has been the tradition our Club has built up on and made us famous, virile and so much to be envied. This briefly is what we owe to Laurence Fletcher, and although his last appearance among us was about 35 years ago, he was always with us in spirit and an inspiration to all those who have carried on the good work he so nobly started. It should be recorded that he was the only member ever made a Life Member for "eminent services," all the other Life Members having been so elected under the second half of Rule 21 for "having completed 1,000 run attendances." That in itself shows what we thought of Laurence Fletcher and demonstrates the measure of our loss at the passing of the greatest personality the Club has ever known or is likely to know. At the cremation, at Golders Green, on March 31st, we were represented by Beardwood and J. K. Conway, while the Cycling world was represented by F. T. Bidlake and S. F. Edge.

To the widow and son (our member I. G. Fletcher) our deepest sympathy in this sad hour of their bereavement is extended. Our loss is great but theirs is greater. But he has left a most fragrant memory in the hearts of all. R.I.P.

1st Training "25," 1st April, 1933.

J. J. Salt	1. 3.48	C. Randall	1.14. 3
D. L. Ryalls	1. 9.29	W. H. Scarff	1.14.21
F. E. Marriott	1. 9.48	S. del Banco	1.14.25
W. G. Connor	1.10.11	W. H. Lloyd	1.17.20
A. E. C. Birkby	1.11.27	R. Poole	1.17.47
E. Haynes, Junr.	1.12.26	K. Barker (Steels)	1.20.32
J. R. Band	1.12.39	R. J. Austin	1.23.15
J. S. Jonas (Steels)	1.12.57		

2nd Training "25," 8th April, 1933.

F. E. Marriott	1. 7.46	W. H. Scarff	1.11.35
W. G. Connor	1. 8.56	A. E. C. Birkby	1.11.47
J. S. Jonas (Steels)	1. 9.27	S. del Banco	1.12.16
D. L. Ryalls	1. 9.36	C. Randall	1.13.43
J. R. Band	1.10.10	W. H. Lloyd	1.14.10
E. Haynes, Junr.	1.10.35	R. Poole	1.15.48
Timekeeper : W. H. Kettle.		Checker : E. Edwards.	

Stretford Wheelers "25," 9th April, 1933.

N. Greenwood (Nelson Wheelers), Fastest (1.2.49).
Of "Ours," Salt did 1.5.30; Pitchford 1.6.4, and Orrell 1.7.10.

Charlotteville C.C. "50," 17th April, 1933.

F. W. Southall	Norwood Paragon C.C.	Fastest	2.11.55
I. J. Ross	East L'pool Wheelers	2nd Pastest	2.12.55
F. A. Lipscombe	Ingleside	3rd	2.13.44
J. J. Salt	Anfield	6th	2.15.26
J. Pitchford	"	"	2.19.17
G. B. Orrell	"	"	2.19.22

Team Race : E.L.W., 1st, 6.47.37; Catford, 2nd, 6.48.34; Norwood Paragon, 3rd, 6.49.42; Anfield B.C., 4th, 6.54.5.

Lymm, 25th March, 1933.

The day which Dame Fortune handed to the mixture of Manchester and Liverpool Anfielders for their visit to Lymm was one of delightful Spring sunshine. My mind was playfully telling me that an average riding speed of 5 m.p.h. would see me at the Spread Eagle by 5-30, when one Robert Poole dashed by, filled with the joy of Spring, and enthusiasm for that glorious toil which we know as racing. Methinks that Bob's athletic career has received a new impetus, but really I know not what it is. So to Lymm, in company with that worthy, and there to find Ted Cody and Elston gazing at the historic cross for which our rendezvous is so famous. We then took a short walk about the town's beauty spots, and so to the Spread Eagle, where under the presidency of Wilf Orrell, we partook of the viands provided.

In spite of the counter-attraction of the Manchester Wheelers' Jubilee celebrations, we were 15 strong—including Hubert Buckley and Jim Cramshaw, of whom we see so little of late. On leaving, it was our

good fortune to run into Geoff Lockett, who, but one hour late seems to find someone to propel his tandem at will. The new victim was a friend. And so home, with one's mind refreshed by the cheerful Anfield company and with one's body refreshed by the pleasant—Who threw that ! ?

Over, 1st April, 1933.

With the sun shining in all its glory what more could a fellow wish than to be astride his trusty steed, ambling along the beautiful Cheshire countryside. So thought I as I cleaned some of the winter's grime off my bicycle and set forth on the run.

I passed one of the speedmen outside Raby on his way to the training "25." Near Two Mills I caught Chandler, and so together we sped on through Chester and Kelsall.

Arriving at the Fishpool, we were surprised to find the President, complete with trike, trying to break down the door in an attempt to obtain some liquid refreshment (not in glasses). With our united efforts we managed to gain admittance and partake of the much-needed beverage.

At the Wheatsheaf we were welcomed with open arms by Landlord Walker, one of our old racing men. A goodly number sat down to a glorious repast, the conversation being mostly of racing men and what we expect from ours this season.

Altogether we had a most enjoyable time, which passed all too quickly. Gradually the party dispersed in two's and three's to their various destinations, I myself arriving home tired but happy, to know that it was one of the most enjoyable days I have had for some time.

Tarporley, 8th April, 1933.

It was a wonderful day—warm, sunny, wind behind—and everything in all the gardens that I saw was lovely. A brief halt at the Fishpool for a cup of tea and then on again. The first member I saw was Urban Taylor and he was sitting on a kerbstone on the rise up from Cotebrook. On being roused from his siesta he consented to walk with me and whiled away the time by explaining how by wearing his front light backwards it could be made to act as near side light on the car. Most ingenious.

We arrived at the Swan and of course had one and then adjourned for tea, to which really excellent meal only ten sat down, *viz.* : the Presider, Cody, Knipe, Lucas, Bert Green, Walker, Taylor, Snowden, Stephenson and Perkins. Of course the training "25" accounted for the absentees.

During the meal an amusing discussion on second-hand cars and their value arose. We heard of one beautiful model being sold for twelve bob, I think it was, but it seemed to have been sold without the owner's consent.

The party broke up early, Cody starting off for the Transporter, shortly followed by Knipe and Lucas. Stevie scorned their offers of pace and was heard to mutter something about "catching you up."

Cook and Snowden were week-ending at Shawbury and I hear that the latter almost broke into poetry at the sight of the ruins at Moreton Corbett in the moonlight. Enough to make him too. It was a perfect night and a very good run—though small in attendance.

Easter Tour.—Bettws-y-Coed, 14th/17th April, 1933.

A glorious Thursday saw 15 arrivals at Bettws, including six friends. George Lake and Mr. Cannon had of course been there all the time, Johnny Band had dashed down by rattler to Ruabon and then cycled, Mr. and Mrs. Edwards came by car, bringing Venables and Conway. Hubert Roskell had brought his ward, Miss Skinner, whilst Sunter and Mr. Edge with Mr. Workman completed the car party for that night, and it is only necessary to add Rowatt and Mr. Andrews, together with the Chairman, to make up the first night's complement.

For the Friday run, Llanfairtalhairn had been chosen, the idea being that those who have to return home for work on Saturday can complete their fixture. As Brewster was the only one present who did this, and he came round by Bettws, it would appear that on this occasion at least, the practice of riding down to Bettws on Thursday and returning towards home again the next day is unwarranted and might be dispensed with for a few years. Those present at the festive board in addition to the last-mentioned, were Edwards, Mrs. E., Hubert, Miss Skinner, Venables, Rowatt, Conway, and Cook, the latter coming on to Pont-y-gwyddel to meet Snowden and Chandler, who had stayed overnight at Mold and ridden on via Trefnant, Henllan, and Llanefydd. In addition to the foregoing, Marriott, Connor, Scarff and Ryalls partook of the meal. Of course two highly susceptible lads like the last-named couldn't be expected to keep very far away from Bont for any length of time, and tracks were speedily made, in that direction.

Outside the inn at Llanfair T.H., C. F. G. Boyes was discovered, and Joe Andrews was observed very busy with his paints. The usual photographic display at the bridge being brought to a close, and Venables and Snowden having inspected the local pewter, which the Antiquarian pronounced of goodly quality, a start was made by the cyclists for a point 4 miles towards Llangerniew marked Pentre, where a fork was taken for the ridge road running south from Gofer with a very pretty tarn on the way up. Here Kettle, who had lunched at St. Asaph and thence via Dawn, was discovered trying to find his way. The party collected the Vice and proceeded to the top of the hill out of Llanwrst, descending to the Eagle for tea. Here the Antiquarian held forth on the various pieces of pottery, oak staircases, grandfather clocks, stuffed birds, pictures, etc., to an enthralled audience, who had scarcely any eye at all for such things, their concern being purely the nourishment of the inner man and the art of Gastronomies generally.

On arrival at Bettws it was found that Beardwood and Guiseppa, *alias* Mazeppa, had been taxied by the Lake car from Llandudno Junction, the Arch Owl having taken no small pains to arrange this by the aid of His Majesty's Postal and Telegraphic Services. Green and U. Taylor had also arrived, on bicycles.

On Saturday, the fixture was Harlech, and Kettle, Cook, Band, Green, Taylor, Snowden, and Chandler rode via the Gwynant. The Roskell car carried Guiseppa and Conway. The Edwards' cur, Mrs. E.,

Miss Skinner, Rowatt and Ven., and the Kinder car, which had just arrived, Beardwood and Andrews, whilst the Sunter car brought Messrs. Edge and Workman. As Sunter and Mr. Edge forewent lunch at the Castle, the Wilson car with Mrs. W. made up for them and 21 sat down to what was on the whole a satisfactory meal, but somewhat tardy service. The return for the cyclists was via the Gardinnan Pass, and Jonas was found on guard at Maentwrog, to see we followed the right road. Nobody rode the Bwlch, the road surface, suitable enough for cars, being too rough for cycles. The descent to Roman Bridge was in smoother condition, though too uneven for trikes. Tea was taken at Dolwyddelan, and the day's outing brought to a close.

Additional arrivals were found in Mercer, Owen, and Elias, while Harold Moore and Mrs. M. called during the evening, and Dutton-Walker, Austin, R. J., Smithies, Scarff and Ryalls blew into the tank.

Sunday's run was to Caernarvon, and the party at the Prince of Wales consisted of Cook, Kettle, Elias, Taylor, Snowden and Chandler, the last three turning off at Bethesda via Pentir, and getting fine views of Holyhead mountain, the Rivals and Snowdonia generally. The Roskell car contained Guiseppe, the Kinder car Andrews and Beardwood, the Edwards' car, Mrs. E., Rowatt and Ven, and the Owen car, Conway and Mercer, in addition were Moore and Mrs. M. on tandem, Ryalls, Scarff, Jonas, Smithies and lastly Cody from Penmaenmawr, which made 25 against a maximum of 18 ordered for, an increase of 40%. The food was satisfactory in quality, but one waitress was left to do the work of six, and there must have been close on a dozen outsiders to cater for in addition. Still it was the arrangements behind the scenes that were really lacking, as more food had to be cooked to accommodate the large party, our own lack of system in not saying definitely whether we were going to be there or not being a contributory factor, whilst hard working motorists like Ven, Rowatt, and Conway displayed the most voracious appetite and ate twice as much as was expected of them, and we understand that so great was their hunger that day, that another call was made at Plas Colwyn, where they got outside another lunch. Cook and Kettle returned via Rhyd-ddn to avoid the wind, which they of course ran into, whilst Snowden, Taylor and Chandler took Llanberis. As it was expected that the first-named would attempt to ride the Pass on his high-flier bicycle, the other two felt it their business to act as competent observers, they however were saved a Turkish bath as Snowden fell off mid-way between Pont-y-Cromlech and the summit, and all three rested at this point and observed the scenery instead. Some ten minutes afterwards however, they were surprised to notice an elderly gentleman riding up, who was recognised as Elias on a 40 gear. In order to avoid encouraging him to dismount they moved on and followed him up on foot, thus being able to testify that he had ridden the Pass, without any doubt of any kind whatever. At Penygwryd, Hubert, bless him! had opened a pub and the cyclists felt very appreciative of his thoughtfulness in having bottled Bass ready for them. Poor Elias being a T.T. could not partake. The cars afterwards stopped at Tyn-y-Coed and the four cyclists at Swallow Falls for tea and view.

On arrival at Bettws it was found that Cheminais, Koenen and Arthur Simpson had had to go on to Llanwrst's Victoria, as they had never applied beforehand, and the Evans's were full up. They had, however, made sure of recognition by entering their names in the Visitors'

Book, During the evening, Wayfarer (himself), Birkby, Brewster (again), Lloyd, and Randall turned up for the concert, whilst Wilson and Mrs. W. also looked in for a few moments.

When starting home on Monday morning, Williams was observed outside the Glan Aber. Cook and Kettle went to Bont and had lunch with Moore and Mrs. M., Birkby Scarff, Ryalls, Lloyd, Jonas and Randall. The first four proceeded via Rhydlog and Willaston for tea, after which Moore and Mrs. M. repaired with Cook to Sunnyside Hydro for the night. Elias, Taylor, Snowden and Chandler went to Denbigh (Crown), the last three calling at the Sportsman, where beer was found of much better quality than that at the Glan Aber. Taylor then left the party at Mold to pick up his car at Pulford, whilst Elias and Snowden pushed right through home, and Chandler had tea at Willaston. The two last-named found a very dinky little tea-house between New Brighton and Ewloe for afternoon tea.

The Services in the Chapel were not as uniformly successful as usual, and for the first time for many years none was held on the Saturday; the Chairman's reason being that there would have been too much bass and too little tenor. The balance, however, was to a great measure restored at the Sunday concert by the addition of a mezzo-soprano in Mrs. Moore, who was good enough to come to the rescue and whose full and resonant voice was heard to good effect in some well chosen songs, the audience being highly appreciative. In addition that old stager, Chem assisted by Arthur, put in a welcome reappearance, the former being heard with considerable effect in "My Old Dutch," sang in the form of a monologue, which had lost none of its old-time pathos. Robinson recited, and those old and esteemed friends—Mr. Andrews and Mr. Workman—who have so successfully and consistently figured at these concerts, again gave of their quota with no small appreciation from the vast audience.

There was an overflow service in the Tank, which lasted till 2 a.m. on Monday, and which kept Johnny Band awake. At this the well-known glee for full chorus, entitled "For He's a—" was very effectively rendered on divers occasions, whilst excerpts from a well-known opera "I Stole the Prince" and "There Lived a King," were rendered by Mr. Andrews and prompted by Chandler to the accompaniment of unstinted applause and a call for more—beer. This was following the exit of the Tea Tasters, who found no one to buy them any beer, as Hubert had retired early, and the five bob dedicated by "Priceless Percy" had been wholly absorbed. Those in the Tank were the usual habituantes with the Arch Owl and Mazeppa at all times prominent. The latter, we believe, enjoyed himself to the full on all occasions, and we guess it won't be long before he repeats his visit.

A card was received from Freddie del Strother, which read:—
DEAR A.B.C.—I hope, am in fact sure, that you are having the usual good time at Bettws, no matter what the weather. How I wish I could be with you again as in the good old days. With kindest regards to all the boys—old and young.

Yours sincerely,

F. DEL STROTHER.

A wire from the Mullah :—
Greetings. Glorious weather.—TURNOR.

A wire from Brazendale :—
Warmest greetings. Subscribe five bob.—PRICELESS PERCY.

The total number attending the fixture was 48 (including nine friends).

Cook and Kettle were the only old gentlemen on tricycles.

Mouldsworth, 22nd April, 1933.

The day was fine, dry, and cold enough to make one try to get on with it.

After the Zoo at Upton had been safely left in the distance, Johnny Band was found watching a cricket match. Being greeted as an old friend, and in his very own happy way, I helped him form a select part of the spectators for a few minutes, the while the local Larwood did his stuff. Lesson time soon came along owing to the performance of the said local, so we set off and reached the Station Hotel well inside our time sheet.

Mercer, Rowatt, Venables, Cody and others were ahead of us, but about 30, as near as I could judge, sat down to a good and promptly served meal. Ven got off his mark very well as he was due to catch the 6-26 rattler. During feeding time and for a short space afterwards I caught scraps of conversation, such as "Sorry I was motoring"; "What's up with the tandem?"; "Bert Green and Johnny"; "Ladies in Chapel"; but not having attended at Bettws could only imagine things.

Turvey, with his son, arrived by car, and were off for a week in the Lakes, and George Mercer brought out his cousin, and we were all pleased to see Glendinning out again.

del Banco got going for helpers in the first "50" and Invitation "100," and appeared to be quietened by his canvass. Harold Band was off promptly owing to Mrs. B's indisposition, and there were only some of the speedy lads, Stevie, and Tommy R., in the room when we left. Our President, with young McCann, Snowden, Green, Kettle, and Powell, all seemed to fade away early, and, as we sighted no members on our way home, must hope they had a good week-end somewhere.

First "50," 29th April, 1933.

An entry of 16 for the first event of our Racing Programme for 1933 was a welcomed improvement upon the usual 11 or 12 we have been accustomed to expect lately. Duties prevented Lloyd and Scarff from competing, and it is not possible to account for the absence of the rest of the racing members, but there is no reason why we should not have a field of at least 20 for these events.

Of the 16 names appearing on the Start Sheet, there were two non-starters, R. J. Pugh and D. L. Ryalls. Pugh was suffering from a boil, and Ryalls had been on the sick list and it was known early in the week he was a doubtful starter. The remaining 14 were dispatched by Timekeeper Cook, of whom 12 finished, the non-finishers being Poole, who found the day not to his liking, and Randall who sportingly gave a wheel to Brewster when he crashed.

After a spell of such fine weather, the day was distinctly disappointing. It commenced to rain soon after the start and continued almost to the finish, this, combined with the chilling wind, ruled fast times out of the question, and it was just the day to find out the weak spots of those partially fit. Salt, right from the start, assumed the lead; at Nomans Heath he was one minute up on Orrell and Jonas, and one-and-a-half minutes on Pitchford. At the half-way point the times were taken by F. Chandler (to the nearest quarter-minute), the positions were the same, but Salt had increased his lead on Orrell by two minutes, on Jonas, two-and-a-half minutes, and on Pitchford by four minutes. At Nomans Heath, Pitchford, who had been comparatively slow up to the turn, displaced Jonas and narrowed the gap between himself and the leaders, he finished strongly, but was unable to displace Orrell from second fastest, while Salt further increased his lead and finished in the excellent time of 2hrs. 15mins. 59secs., which secured him Fastest Time and Second Handicap. Jonas, although he was well up with the leaders, fell away a little towards the finish, nevertheless his ride of 2hrs. 24mins. 29secs. was quite good, which shows one can look with confidence to an improvement in future events.

The outstanding feature of the day was the fine novice performance of Brewster, Charles's protege; his performance of 2hrs. 29mins. 59secs., including a crash at Spurstow and changing a wheel, was excellent on a day when everyone else were minutes slower, and is a pleasing indication of what may be expected of him in the future.

Of the remainder, the results, generally speaking, were not up to the expectations for the Handicapping Committee, it may have been the day and perhaps a lack of fitness in some cases to account for this.

The intermediate times and final placings are as follows:—

	No- man's Heath	25 Miles	No- man's Heath	Actual Time	H'cap	H'cap Time.	Plac'gs.
				H. M. S.	MINS.	H. M. S.	
1 F. Brewster ...	36.0	1.13.45	1.53.0	2.29.59	20	2. 9.59	1st and Std. B.
2 J. J. Salt ...	33.0	1. 7.30	1.41.30	2.15.59	Scr.	2.15.59	2nd and Fast't
3 G. B. Orrell ...	34.0	1. 9.30	1.44.30	2.20.17	4	2.16.17	Third
4 J. S. Jonas ...	34.0	1.10.30	1.47.30	2.24.29	7	2.17.29	
5 J. Pitchford ...	35.30	1.11.30	1.45.25	2.20.50	2	2.18.50	
6 F. E. Marriott ...	37.0	1.14. 0	1.50. 0	2.26.28	6	2.20.28	
7 W. G. Connor ...	37.0	1.14.30	1.52.30	2.31.53	10	2.21.53	
8 S. del Banco ...	38.0	1.17.30	1.57. 0	2.35.19	13	2.22.19	
9 J. R. Band ...	37.0	1.15. 0	1.55. 0	2.36.37	14	2.22.37	
10 G. Lockett ...	38.0	1.17.30	1.56. 0	2.34.36	10	2.24.36	
11 E. Haynes, Jr.	38.0	1.16.30	1.56. 0	2.39.54	15	2.24.54	
12 A. E. C. Birkby	37.0	1.16.45	1.59. 0	2.42.29	15	2.27.29	

J. S. JONAS,

Hon. Editor.

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ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

FORMED MARCH 1879

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

MONTHLY CIRCULAR.

Vol. XXX.

No. 328

FIXTURES FOR JUNE, 1933.

		Tea at 6-0 p.m.	Light up at
June 3/5	Whitsuntide.—Invitation "100"	10-32 p.m.
	Headquarters.—George Hotel, Shrewsbury.		
" 10	Acton Bridge (Lefgh Arms)	10-38 p.m.
" 12	Committee Meeting, 7 p.m. (Victoria Hotel, St. John's Lane, L'pool)		
" 17	Third 50 Miles Handicap	10-43 p.m.
" 24	Mouldsworth (Station Hotel). Photo Run	10-46 p.m.
July 1	Highwayside (Travellers Rest)	10-44 p.m.
" 2	Alternative Week-end.—F.O.T.C. Rally, Thames Hotel, Hampton Court	10-44 p.m.
	Full Moon	8th Inst.	

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

4 THE LAUND,

WALLASEY, CHESHIRE.

COMMITTEE NOTES.

Mr. C. J. Conway has again arranged to take the Club Photograph. Mouldsworth, 24th June, is the date fixed. It is hoped that all members who can possibly do so will attend on that day, thereby showing their appreciation of Mr. C. J. Conway's kind offer.

A Motion was passed conveying heartiest congratulations to Mr. W. P. Cook on his nomination to be the President of the Fellowship of Old Time Cyclists.

H. W. POWELL,
Hon. General Secretary.

RACING NOTES.**3rd Club "50," 17th June, 1933.**

As I may not be at the run to Acton Bridge on June 10th, entries must reach me by Friday, June 9th.

Invitation "24," 14th/15th July, 1933.

This event is open to single machines, bicycles and tricycles. Entries close to me on Thursday, July 8th, accompanied by 10/- towards the cost of feeding.

Turnstiles are being erected to cope with the rush of helpers for checking, feeding, etc., so be there early. A large number of cars will be required to follow out the finishers.

Invitation "100."

There are still several positions vacant for good marshalls, checker's assistants, etc. Don't all speak at once.

Open Events.

- June 11 East Liverpool "50."
 " 25 Manchester Grosvenor "100."
 July 2 Gomersal O.R.C. "100."

Manchester Wheelers' 50 Miles Scratch Team Race, July 2nd.

Those desirous of riding in this event must let me have their names by Thursday, June 22nd, to enable me to submit same to Manchester Wheelers' Club before the closing date June 24th.

S. DEL BANCO,

Hon. Racing Secretary.

TREASURY NOTES.

By some unfortunate mischance, either my carelessness or the Printer's error, the honourable asterisk was omitted from the name of Mr. W. Crompton Humphreys last month. My apologies to him in either case. Donations at this juncture are much too needful and welcome not to be suitably acknowledged.

Though Subscriptions are dwindling somewhat each month, I am very pleased to record that ten members have sent along their Subs. and/or Donations(*), and my thanks are due to those whose names are appended.

*S. J. Buck.

J. Long.

D. L. Ryalls.

C. F. G. Boyes.

G. Lockett.

E. Nevitt.

*J. H. Fawcett.

*A. Lusty.

C. H. Woodroffe.

F. H. Koenen.

R. LEIGH KNIPE,

Hon. Treasurer.

ITEMS.

The Manchester Wheelers have decided to run their Open 50 miles race this year as a team race and there will be prizes for the three fastest teams and a prize for the fastest individual rider. The event will be run off on Sunday, July 2nd.

G. B. Orrell rode in the Yorkshire R.C. "25" and did 1.6.47;
A. Livingston of the Dukinfield C.C. winning with 1.4.10.

* * * * *

Any doubt we had about the decline of the Club was finally dispelled when we heard that the Pagan One had been patronising village "pop" shops in order to get something with which to quench his thirst!!

Fortunately for our Presider, the shop had sold out, so he retired to a quiet spot and removed the stains of travel from his immaculate flannel suiting, and, looking almost like a gentleman he approached the back door of the local hostelry as it was after three pip emma.

Of course, we all know that sweet-benevolent-old-gentleman look that Grandpa can conjure up at such moments, though how on earth he controls his facial muscles for long enough is beyond us, and in two two's he was 'aving one, and left the good lady of the house thinking what a dear old soul he was.

* * * * *

The graceful lines of the imposing wall and gate-post fronting Sunnyside Hydro have apparently received the attentions of a gate crashing tank recently, if reports which reach us are correct.

Exact details of the intrusion are lacking at the moment, and we cannot say for sure whether it was three or four Birkenhead Corporation Motor Buses which attempted to use the lawn of the Hydro as a parking ground.

Dukinfield C.C. Open "50," 14th May, 1933.

The ten Anfielders on the card were all duly started and all finished the course, J. J. Salt being fourth fastest with his best "50" this year, while F. A. Brewster, riding in his second race, improved over four minutes on his first "50," and did 2.25.42.

None of our other men improved on their previous bests, though some fine rides were done, and Orrell and Pitchford helped Salt to win the second team medals for us.

Ross, of the East Liverpool Wheelers, put up a magnificent ride of 2.9.29 for fastest time, and his club won the team race from us by 1 min. 40 secs.

Timekeeper, W. P. Cook.				
L. J. Ross ...	East L'pool Wheelers ...	Fastest ...		2. 9.29
T. E. Godwin ...	Potteries C.C. ...	2nd Fastest		2.10.12
A. Livingston ...	Dukinfield C.C. ...	3rd		2.12.41
J. J. Salt ...	Anfield B.C. ...	4th		2.13. 4
G. B. Orrell ...	"			2.16.34
J. Pitchford ...	"			2.16.52
W. G. Connor ...	"			2.24.25
F. E. Marriott ...	"			2.25. 5
F. A. Brewster ...	"			2.25.42
J. S. Jonas ...	"			2.27.40
D. L. Ryalls ...	"			2.28. 2
G. Lockett ...	"			2.30.51
S. del Banco ...	"			2.31.32

Cheshire Roads Scratch "50," 28th May, 1933.

This race was confined to sixty riders, all of whom had beaten 2-20 and we had four men riding. J. J. Salt did a fine ride of 2.14.55 for fifth fastest, while Orrell and Pitchford were very consistent and not far behind him.

"Sammy the Packer" almost eclipsed his own record, but completed the course in 2.27.40, the second from *slowest*.

Timekeeper, N. M. Higham.

L. J. Ross	East L'pool Wheelers	Fastest ...	2. 9.41
T. E. Godwin	Potteries C.C.	2nd Fastest	2.10.44
B. W. Bentley	Walton C. & A.C.	3rd "	2.12.29
F. T. Brown	Potteries C.C.	4th "	2.12.55
J. J. Salt	Anfield B.C.	5th "	2.14.55
G. B. Orrell	"	" ...	2.15.46
J. Pitchford	"	" ...	2.16.51
F. E. Marriott	"	" ...	2.27.40

Team Race :—

Potteries C.C. ...	1st	27 Points.
E.L.W. ...	2nd	30 "
A.B.C. ...	3rd	32 "

Highwayside, 6th May, 1933.

A dull, wet afternoon was the lot decreed by Fate to greet me as I wheeled out my machine and prepared to journey to Highwayside.

Pushing along towards Warrington, the sky clouded over very dark and on entering the township I was greeted by a sharp shower. A slight break ensued, but just outside Chester I sampled the delights of riding in the rain once more. At least, one writer did say enjoyment could be found in riding through the rain. I cannot agree with him. Making my way through the city, I headed for Tattenhall, and so on through the lanes to the Travellers Rest. The company assembled, were fairly strong in numbers considering the weather, but how many were there the Lord knows (and possibly Powell).

After wading through various meats, jellies, etc., the next half-hour passed very quickly in chatting with fellow members, and soon again I was turning 'em round in the direction of home, thus bringing to a close an enjoyable, if wet, Club run.

Over, 13th May, 1933.

A fine sunny morning in the middle of May justified anticipations of a really enjoyable ride, but still one remembered that the two preceding Saturdays had also promised well but had failed signally to live up to their promise. A start for Over was made, however, in pleasant bright weather, there being a nip in the wind which made riding very pleasant. The country, decked in all the glory of spring, presented, as we rode along over the wooded and undulating plain of Cheshire, a series of pictures on which one's eyes were never tired of resting. Mine host Walker's hostelry was duly reached, and even as we were congregating about his very attractive bowling green, drizzle began to fall. Disregarding this for the time being we sat down to a

very satisfactory meal and did full justice to it, chatting the while on the usual variety of topics. The room assigned to our use was full to capacity, about 22 members sitting down, and two, Hubert and Stevie, being obliged to wait—not impatiently—in the tank till space was available for them.

On taking to the road again for our widely scattered destinations we were disappointed to find that the drizzle had developed into steady rain, which necessitated the donning of capes and the settling down to a wet and rather dismal ride home by the quickest way.

Second "50," 20th May, 1933.

The day was anything but an ideal one for the job—there was a nasty wind which didn't give any particular help anywhere and was exceedingly awkward when the riders went really into it. This was very disappointing, for in view of the excellent performances our men have been putting up in Opens, we were naturally anxious to see the times on our own course improved.

The entry of 17 was encouraging and all but one were pushed off according to the card. They had to face right into the wind to Noman's Heath and they all felt it, for the times to this point show a lamentable falling-off compared to those registered in the previous "50." However, all but one stuck it to the end and the times, in the circumstances, cannot be considered unsatisfactory. One pleasing feature about it was that, whilst the leaders took a very appreciably longer time to get home, Connor, Marriott, Birkby, del Banco, Band, Haynes and Lockett, all improved more or less on their last figures. Their times were, however, not what we expect from them and there is no doubt that, later in the season, the general average will be much better.

The following table shows some of the intermediate times and the final placings:—

	No- man's Heath.	Bick- erton.	No- man's Heath.	Act- ual Time.	Hand- icap.	Hand- icap Time.	Plac- ings.
				H.M.S.	MINS.	H.M.S.	
1 G. B. Orrell ...	38. 0	1.17.15	1.48. 0	2.22. 5	4	2.18. 5	1st
2 W. G. Connor ...	41. 0	1.23. 0	1.56. 0	2.29.29	11	2.18.29	2nd
3 F. E. Marriott ...	41. 0	1.21. 0	1.53. 0	2.25.57	7	2.18.57	3rd
4 A. E. C. Birkby ...	43. 0	1.25.30	2. 0. 0	2.39.47	20	2.19.47	
5 J. Pitchford ...	39.30	1.18. 0	1.49.30	2.23.37	3	2.20.37	
6 R. J. Pugh ...	44. 0	1.27. 0	2. 2. 0	2.38.40	18	2.20.40	
7 S. del Banco ...	44. 0	1.26.15	1.59. 0	2.34.40	14	2.20.40	
8 D. L. Ryalls ...	41. 0	1.23. 0	1.55. 0	2.29.54	9	2.20.54	
9 J. J. Salt ...	38. 0	1.16.30	1.47. 0	2.21.26	Scr.	2.21.26	Fast'st
10 J. R. Band ...	44.30	1.26. 0	2. 0. 0	2.35.31	14	2.21.31	
11 J. S. Jonas ...	41.30	1.22.30	1.55. 0	2.29.14	7	2.22.14	
12 E. Haynes, Jr. ...	43.30	1.26.30	2. 1. 0	2.37.24	15	2.22.24	
13 C. Randall ...	45. 0	1.29. 0	2. 3. 0	2.39.55	17	2.22.55	
14 G. Lockett ...	42.30	1.25. 0	1.57. 0	2.33.34	10	2.23.34	
15 R. Poole ...	45.30	1.31. 0	2.10. 0	2.51.37	25	2.26.37	

The Presider held the watch and there was the usual gathering of the old stalwarts to assist in checking, etc. The spectators at the finish seem to increase in number, but there is a gratifying disposition to obey instructions and to refrain from incommoding either the officials or passers-by.

C. C. Dews came out to the start after an absence of several years from Club fixtures.

Farndon, 27th May, 1933.

A very unpromising start soon turned into a nice afternoon with a helping breeze.

Having arranged to dodge all the various speed-merchants I got caught by Powell and Kettle, but, putting the latter in front we let him wear himself out while we benefitted by his efforts. Coming into Chester we were overtaken by Blotto and then by Johnny Band, and later on while resting on the Iron Bridge, Birkby arrived to complete the party for Farndon.

There were only 18 members out and one friend with Rigby Band. This was a boy named Arkle, whose uncle used to be a very prominent member of the C.T.C. del Banco, Birkby, Scarff, Haynes, Rigby Band and Arkle were the only younger members out, the balance being composed of the "old gang." All the other racing men, etc., had gone elsewhere in preparation for the Cheshire Roads Scratch "50" the following morning.

We had our usual excellent cold meal which everybody seemed to enjoy and as the writer and one or two others made an early start the chronicle must end here, except to add that the ride home was most enjoyable and completed without any incidents worth recording.

J. S. JONAS,

Hon. Editor.

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ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

FORMED MARCH 1879

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

MONTHLY CIRCULAR.

Vol. XXX.

No. 329

FIXTURES FOR JULY, 1933

Tea at 6-0 p.m.

		Light up at
July 1	Highwayside (Travellers Rest)	10-44 p.m.
.. 2	Alternative Week-end.—F.O.T.C., Thames Hotel, Hampton Court...	10-43 p.m.
.. 8	Farndon (Raven)	10-41 p.m.
.. 10	Committee Meeting, 7 p.m., (Victoria Hotel, St. John's Lane, L'pool)	
.. 14/15	Invitation "24"	10-35 p.m.
.. 22	Over (Wheat Sheaf)	10-26 p.m.
.. 29	Mouldsworth (Station Hotel)	10-16 p.m.
Aug. 5/7	August Tour.—Cotswolds	10-2 p.m.
.. 12	Chester (Bull and Stirrup)	9-51 p.m.

ALTERNATIVE FIXTURES FOR MANCHESTER MEMBERS:

Tea at 5-30 p.m.

Aug. 5	Acton Bridge (Leigh Arms)	10-4 p.m.
.. 7	Bath Road "100"; Speedwell "100"	10-0 p.m.

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

4 THE LAUND,

WALLASEY, CHESHIRE.

COMMITTEE NOTES.

A Resolution recording the deep regret of the Committee and their sympathy with the widow and family of the late Mr. R. H. Carlisle was passed in silence.

There will be no fixed time for Tea at Acton Bridge on August 5th, but Members attending on that date will be credited with a run, it is intended only for those who cannot participate in the Tour or the alternative fixtures on August 7th. Members will order what they require for Tea on arrival at Acton Bridge.

H. W. POWELL,

Hon. General Secretary.

RACING NOTES.

Invitation "24."

More help is required for this event, and all those who are able to turn out and who have not already been booked for jobs please communicate with me. Entries to be in by Thursday, 6th July.

Invitation "12," 19th August.

A Club Handicap will be incorporated in this event. Entries must reach me on Entry Forms, accompanied by a feeding fee of 5/- by Wednesday, August 9th.

Manchester Wheelers' 50 Miles Scratch Team Race, July 2nd.

We will have men riding in this event and help will be appreciated.

Open Events.

July 9th, Apollo Wheelers "50"; July 16th, Warrington R.C. "100"; July 30th, Lancashire R.C. "12."

S. DEL BANCO,

Hon. Racing Secretary.

TREASURY NOTES.

In spite of my adjuration to regard the name of last month in a compulsory manner, the result has been financially disappointing.

Nevertheless a large and respectable body of members has come forward with their Subscriptions and a Donation (*) to prevent a perfect blank.

Certainly there are only three of them, but no one can deny that Buckley and Roskell are large, and Snowden at least is respectable! So there you are, and I tender them my gratitude.

E. Buckley.

H. Roskell.

*E. Snowden.

R. LEIGH KNIPE,

Hon. Treasurer.

ITEMS.

The Men's Dress Reform League have now a supporter in the ranks of the C.B.B.'s, one Chandler, whose dimpled knees are now exposed to the gaze of all and sundry every Wednesday evening and Saturday afternoon. It is proposed to start a subscription list to buy Frank a pair of braces or a belt, as our Special Correspondent was considerably embarrassed one evening, recently, when Chandler got out of his pram to talk to him.

Snowden is also converted into a "shortist," and when Tiny joins up, all sections of the Club will be represented in the ranks.

Every member of the Club will join with us in wishing Len King every happiness on the occasion of his marriage on Whit Tuesday.

It is with considerable envy that we have to announce the retirement of del Blotto from the ranks of "us athletes." The Racing Sec. was on the card for the "100," but on the Tuesday before was definitely told to give up racing, by his doctor, to Blotto's great regret. Syd was a real tryer in all his races, and was looking forward to another ride in the "24."

Helpers should not be surprised if George Connor collapses at their feet one of these days, as he is told he has a weak heart.

We hear that Scarff and Birkby spell Acton Bridge as P-U-I-F-O-R-D.

The rumour that several buses invaded the garden at Sunnyside is not correct. We have now heard the correct tale of how the wall got so badly bent. It appears that the Old Gent and Chandler were

scrapping home one evening (we are unable to find out where they had been), and the Presider, on the bassinette, just failed to negotiate the bend and pushed his barrow on the lawn instead of in the stable.

* * * * *

We do not think that Anfielders realise what Don Juan's we have among our members, often where least expected. The latest gallant we have found is Wayfarer (himself), who in a recent *Sport and Play* says: "On that day I seemed to be irresistible." Oh, the niceth man.

Members will also be pleased to hear that Robbie has not yet given up cycling, and he is still capable of riding up Marford Hill and Chirk Bank. Tommy Royden says he has been cycling for a great many years, but does not know the hills mentioned. He always thinks of the Chester-Oswestry road as being more or less flat.

* * * * *

Frail Hubert's negotiations with the Liverpool City Police for a post as Crowd Controller, have fallen through. The Mounted Police will therefore not be disbanded.

* * * * *

Scene: Ye Olde Raven Hostelry, Prees Heath, Salop.

Time: 5-15 p.m. of the sun and 6-15 of the timepieces on a certain Saturday, June, 1933.

Three members of the Anfield Bicycle Club had just consumed a most succulent tea—fresh salad—bread and butter—jam—wonderful fruit cake—fancy cakes in great variety—pots and pots of tea (of course) and were feeling well pleased and satisfied with themselves—as they should—on the eve of such a delightful holiday, for it was Whitsun, the festival of Anfield. Two other Anfielders were there too, decked in gaudy check suits with ties and pullovers to match. The five were talking.

In the midst of a gentle discussion of racing in general and 100's in particular, the door was flung open and in stalked still another Anfielder, with beads of sweat upon his brow and a scowl upon his visage. Muttering something (in effect) of sanguinary Hades and licensing hours he strode across the hall and banged through a couple of doors, still murmuring, and, possibly, still cursing. In a couple of seconds he had returned and coming to our table enquired as to what was in a jug there, not noticing the water, clear, cool, and delightful, scintillating therein. "Water, Ugh!" and he pushed his way outside again.

His efforts to find the proprietor, admittedly very persistent, were much more obviously unsuccessful for in about three minutes he was with us again possibly more enraged than before. He heralded his approach to the Staff by banging a huge spoon very loudly on the table.

"Have you any cold beef?"

"Yes, sir, we have some cold beef."

"I'll have some cold beef. Have you any chutney?"

"Yes, we have some chutney."

"I'll have some chutney, cold beef and bread and butter." Then, in a fierce voice, "I don't know what I can have to drink. Can I have a glass of beer?"

"We don't open until seven, sir."

"But my name's _____ of the Anfield."

"After seven o'clock, sir."

At this, the lady retires to the kitchen and our Anfielder is left wandering up and down, moaning the while. Just then a male member of the Staff enters, and with a light of hope in his eye, the miserable one gently asks again. "After seven" is the agonising response. More vociferously—"Where is Mr. Hall, I want Mr. Hall," and leaves our presence once more. This is the last we saw of him, for our remarks regarding a certain "Ancient Briton" were not taken too kindly and so we left him, dry as a fish out of water in that inhospitable tavern. Liquor, liquor "everywhere, nor any drop to drink."

(We make no apologies for extracting the following from Messrs. J. Lyons & Co. Ltd. "Lyon's Sports Sheet" for the week-ending June 4th, 1933, Vol. 9, No. 430. In fact, we intend to negotiate with Messrs. Lyons to see if we can't come to some financial arrangement.) (The italics are ours.—ED.)

THE TRIUMPH OF TRICYCLING.

Away he goes, swift as the wind, slicing off corners, ridiculing the hillside, leaving the galloping minutes in the lurch. . . . Away, and away—but what is he riding, this nameless Titan of Velocity, about whom we wax poetic?

A tricycle.

Aye, you may laugh, you to whom the word conjures a picture of testudinal progress along green lanes, of fork-beards floating in the breeze about heavy-jowled chops of Olympian gravity.

The fact is that King Tricycle is now coming into his own. Every year he extends his sway on track and trail; every year his devotees grow in number.

The modern racing tricycle is more expensive than his two-wheeled brother, but in appearance he is little dissimilar. *The wheel base is but 28 inches, and the low-slung handlebars of grim determination are the same.* Experts calculate that the top speed is not more than ten per cent. below that of the bicycle. In last year's Twenty-Four Hour Race the winning tricycle accomplished 370 miles, against 394 by the foremost bicycle, so that the margin of capacity is little different.

Grand (Sez you—ED.) and gruelling is the race for the Tricycle Trophy, which takes place once a year. *The Trophy is a post-war innovation, and is awarded for a quadrennial compass of 50 mile, 100 mile, twelve and twenty-four hour races.*

This year is the turn of the 50 Mile Race, and tricyclists will strive to the extreme of their capacity to snatch the honour at present held by Mr. J. P. Jonas, of Anfield, Liverpool.

Recently there was established a Tricycle Association, designed expressly to tend the interests of tricyclists at large. Year by year its duties will grow more, for tricycling is spreading fast and wide. J.M.

The August Bank Holiday Tour in the Cotswolds will have its Headquarters at the George Hotel, Shipston-on-Stour, where the party will meet on the Saturday night (August 5th), and on the Sunday those proceeding to either the Speedwell "100," or Bath Road "100," will make their own arrangements. For those preferring to tour the Cotswolds it is proposed to make a circular ride via Ilmington (the most picturesque village in the Cotswolds), Boniton on the Hill, Moreton in the Marsh, Stow on the Wold, and Northleach (lunch Wheat Sheaf Hotel), Bibury, Burford (tea at Cotswold Gateway Hotel), Chipping Norton,

Rollright Stones, Long Compton, back to Shipston-on-Stour for the night. Members requiring accommodation for either or both nights at the George Hotel must make their own arrangements.

In the Stretford Wheelers 2nd Class "25," E. Haynes, Jun., won the first handicap with a ride of 1.12.5, and R. Poole did 1.13.46. The fastest time in the event was 1.10.35.

The Triumph of Mind Over Matter.

Birkby, to the helpers at the top of Bickerton Hill, in the last "50" (after he had just dashed up against a 50 mile an hour gale); "What a lovely smell of hay there is everywhere."

IN MEMORIAM—R. H. CARLISLE.

It is with great regret that we have to record the passing away of "Doc" Carlisle; he was 67 years of age and had been suffering for many months from a malady from which there was, from the first, little hope of permanent recovery.

In his youth he studied for the medical profession, but the lure of wheels was irresistible and he was connected during the whole of his adult life with bicycles and cars. He joined the Club in 1887 and was prominent in all its activities for a number of years. In 1892 he broke both the London-Edinburgh and the Liverpool-Edinburgh records, and in 1894 was successful in wresting from Lawrence Fletcher the End-to-End. His activities on the road were not confined to this country; he raced on the Continent also. His participation in the Paris-Bordeaux race lost him his amateur status in this country—a result he by no means foresaw.

For a period the Club saw little of him, but during the War he took to the bicycle again with enthusiasm and his speed and stamina were well ahead of Club standard for men of his age. His interest in road sport persisted to the end, and even during the last days of his life he was keen to know the results of road events all over the country and discussed the performance of the various speedmen with animation. Until his malady confined him to the house, he was regularly out in the very early hours of the Sunday morning when important races or record attempts were taking place.

His was a charming personality and his friendship something to be treasured by those fortunate enough to possess it. A true sportsman, he was generous in his praise of those who succeeded and full of kindly sympathy and sound advice, born of his own experience, for those less fortunate. The Manchester contingent particularly will miss his genial presence.

The funeral took place in Cheadle Cemetery and those present included J. A. Bennett, A. Crowcroft, E. Buckley, A. E. Morton and R. J. Austin.

East Liverpool Wheelers' "50," 11th June, 1933.

The riders had to have beaten 2.23 to get in this race, and we had six on the card, Jack Salt being our fastest man and fifth fastest in the event, and repeated his 2.12 performance. Jack Pitchford tied for ninth place with a good ride, and Orrell completed the team, which gained second place.

The Captain showed a welcome return to form and is looking for more races to ride in, a very different tune to the previous week. Derrick also did very well, against the far from gentle north wind, and Walton was the only blot on an otherwise pleasant morning, *as he packed up with only three miles to go.* He was doing a 2.30 ride when the smell of a frying rasher caused his thoughts to wander from the work in hand, so Jacky the Jibber, jibbed, and left a blot on our name.

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

L. J. Ross	...	East L'pool Wheelers	...	Fastest	...	2. 8.22
B. W. Bentley	...	Walton C. & A.C.	...	2nd Fastest	...	2.10.13
G. H. Dawson	...	Victoria C.C.	...	3rd	...	2.10.22
E. Gilbert	...	East L'pool Wheelers	...	4th	...	2.11. 5
J. J. Salt	...	Anfield B.C.	...	5th	...	2.12.20
J. Pitchford	...	"	...	9th	...	2.13.37
G. B. Orrell	...	"	...	"	...	2.15. 5
F. N. Marriott	...	"	...	"	...	2.21. 6
D. L. Ryalls	...	"	...	"	...	2.23.47

Team Race: 1st, E.L.W. 6.35.15; 2nd, A.B.C. 6.41.2.

The Brooklands Race, 17th June, 1933.

The Charlotteville C.C. having decided to stage a race on Continental lines, on Brooklands Motor Racing Track, so that English riders could get some experience, Jack Salt decided to ride and with Ross, Gilbert and Bainbridge of the East Liverpool Wheelers, made up a team from the Liverpool District.

It was hoped to get 180 riders, starting *en masse*, and the distance was 100 kilometres (62½ miles). Actually 102 men entered, 91 started and 14 finished. There were 17 laps and the 1-in-4 Test Hill had to be climbed five times, and W. P. Burl (Marlboro) who came in second, was the only man to ride the hill each time. Salty won the race with a fine performance of 2.55.53½, and won *Cycling's* 20 Guinea Trophy, which Miss Enid Stamp Taylor (the film star) presented to him at the finish.

Ross finished eighth and with Salt, won Dunlop's 10 Guinea Trophy for the Liverpool District.

There were 54 prizes for winners at various stages and Jack got six of these; so what with a dinner and champagne in the trophy to finish up with, he had a most enjoyable and profitable week-end. His photograph appeared in *Cycling*, showing him clutching a bicycle and the trophy, with a laurel wreath (or halo) round him.

The very bad weather conditions caused many men to skid and punctures were very numerous.

The Manchester Grosvenor Wheelers' "100," 25th June, 1933.

Bren Orrell's hopes of winning the Grosvenor "100" for the 7th year in succession were dashed early in this race when, after puncturing and changing, the tyre rolled off the rim and he crashed hurting his back. This was enough to prevent him going on and our chance of winning then rested on Jack Salt, as Pitchford was not riding. Salt was leading at 50 miles by about one minute,

and he kept this lead on Ross (E.L.W.), Brown (Potteries) and B. W. Bentley (Walton C. & A.C.) for most of the second half, but the latter finished very strongly (on a borrowed machine, as he punctured at 85 miles) and beat Salt by only 14 seconds.

Of our other men, Brewster again did remarkably well and deserves everyone's congratulations, as the day was far from easy with a heavy south-east wind blowing. The Captain toured the course again but seemed somewhat slower than last year, and now objects to unknown cyclists telling one another that "There's Sammy Marriott of the Anfield."

Dick Ryalls made a gallant effort but says he was "corpsed" for the last sixty miles, and Connor also did not do too well.

Lockett was definitely off form and wisely packed up. W. P. Cook was timekeeper and returned the following times:—

B. W. Bentley ...	Walton C. & A.C. ...	Fastest ...	4.46.35
J. J. Salt ...	Anfield B.C. ...	2nd Fastest	4.46.49
A. Cox ...	Brightside C.C. ...	3rd ..	4.49.35
F. A. Brewster ...	Anfield B.C.	5.15.28
F. E. Marriott ...	"	5.22.49
W. G. Connor ...	"	5.28.52
D. L. Ryalls ...	"	5.35.32

Team Race: 1st E.L.W. 14.47.42; 2nd, Brightside C.C. 14.57.42.

Whitsuntide—Shrewsbury and the "100" 3rd-5th June, 1933.

Favoured by weather of the most glorious kind—even if somewhat on the hot side—it was surprising that we had rather fewer members "out" this year and del Banco only completed his list of helpers at a late hour. Some of the absentees were remarkable enough to be noticed—but they missed a veritable "Anfield in Excelsis" and will perhaps be sorry in years to come to have to say "oh I was not there that year." Apparently the total muster was about 75, with 17 again staying at Headquarters, the racing men and Tea Tasters at Battlefield, a goodly contingent at the Raven, Urban Taylor and his satellites at Wein and or two tame journalists at Loppington—not to mention those who rode down in the early hours to do their jobs so splendidly. The advance guard consisted of Powell, Snowden and the Presider who met at the Raven for lunch and were there joined by the Banana Express driven by Hubert Roskell with Mr. Buckley as super-cargo. In the afternoon the three cyclists rode to Shawbirch and then through lanes to Leighton Manor to pay a visit to our old friend E. Tegid Owen who was most profuse in his welcome and hospitality; and then after looking at Uriconium duly docked at the George in nice time for dinner to find Harold Band, Stevie, Rowatt, John Kinder and Mr. Andrews already there and to be joined a little later by Chandler, Bert Green and the Master who was staying in the neighbourhood. On Sunday the Roskell, Kinder and Koenen cars spent the day down Leominster way and took Rowatt, Stevie and Green as ballast while Band had a rendezvous with Kettle at Welshpool and the other four cyclists had a delightful day riding to Clun, via Pulverbatch and Bishops Castle, for lunch and returning via Chirbury for afternoon tea—a ride that was only slightly marred by some spots of boiling tar! Sunday night saw the usual indescribable gathering in the lounge. Elias, Kettle and Royden joined the party while Beardwood had arrived with the Bath roaders and Hotine with the North roaders. And then we were also favoured by having the

cream of the Tea Tasters to dine with us under the Presidency of Sir Charles Randall, and to have visits from Norman Higham, Bert Morton and the Heavenly Twins. No doubt some names are missed out, but this is to the best of our memory. We think we saw "Petroleum" and Mrs. du Heaume surrounded by our smart young fellows with Chandler on guard and we certainly *heard* Coles-Webb and a lot of other youngsters; but personally we dug ourselves in with Albert Lusty, Billy Jackson and Billy Jones of the M.C. & A.C., to see if we could ascertain their "Paddock final" selection! And when Mrs. Stancer had, as usual, graciously drawn the sweep which is such a source of income for John Kinder, we did our getaway for a few hours' sleep before the

Invitation "100," 5th June, 1933.

The "100" of 1933 will be remembered by Anfielders as a day to be proud of, as our racing men proved themselves worthy upholders of the A.B.C.'s name as a Club in the front rank, in spite of fifty-four years' existence.

There was a splendid entry and it was possible to name a dozen or so men who would be likely winners, and even after the half way times were known, the Anfield, Potteries and Vegetarians were all in the running for fastest time and the team race.

According to all accounts, this Whitsun was the hottest for nearly forty years and with a steady wind with a touch of east in it, made it a day for the strong and fit, which seemed to be Bren Orrell's condition as he completed the course in the record time of 4.45.37, and led, with Salt's 4.50.16 and Pitchford's 4.56.17, the Anfield team to victory.

Orrell led at 50 miles with 2.17.26, and C. Marshall (V.C. & A.C.) who has been placed so many times in our "100," was close up with 2.19.37. Jack Salt was doing 2.18.44, J. E. Carr 2.18.37, and F. T. Brown 2.19.20. C. Holland, last year's winner, who with Salt, Marshall and Ross (East Liverpool Wheelers) was on scratch, punctured early and retired after fifty miles. Ross punctured twice and lost time by returning for a tyre which he dropped, but pluckily kept on even though he was doing a very poor ride, finishing in 5.29.51.

In the second half Marshall was slightly faster than Orrell, but could not make up enough time to win. Orrell won by nearly two minutes from the Veg. man and Jack Salt was a good third, having ridden very steadily and used a three speed gear. We understand the latter will be given to the first caller at the Hall. Jack Pitchford was not quite at his best, though he finished 8th fastest, and we beat the Potteries C.C. for the team race, by nearly 12 minutes. F. T. Brown, of the latter club, losing time with a puncture.

To complete the day out, George Connor (ours), riding his first "100," did 5.12.54 and won third handicap, an exceedingly fine piece of work for a man with a WEAK heart, and to complete the picture the nine Anfield starters all finished the course, which in itself is an achievement on such a day, when 22 of the 92 starters "packed."

Of our other men, Ryalls did 5.14.41 and Jonas 5.14.20, and both should do better later on. Marriott, who went round whistling last year in 5.4, did 5.19.30 this, which won't do, and handcuffs are indicated. Brewster did an exceedingly fine ride for a man riding in his first "100," and fourth race, and will be a useful man for the future.

Lockett had the misfortune to crash at Ternhill, the first time round and in spite of a badly bruised shoulder and hip and some cuts he would not "pack" and finished with 5.33.14.

Apart from the quarter-mile of road across Prees Heath, where a lot of men punctured on the newly laid chippings, the course was in good condition. This is Orrell's thirteenth year of racing and his second win in the event and though in the middle thirties is as fit as ever and a match for anyone on a hard day and a hard course.

The Racing Secretary was down to ride, but on doctor's orders had to stand down and was able to watch the race carried out without a hitch, which speaks volumes for the hours of labour put in weeks before.

The President held the watch and the Vice-President was judge and referee, while Norman Higham took the half-way times.

The list of finishers is as follows:—

Name.	Club.	Actual Time, 50 mls.	Actual Time, 100 mls.	H'cap	Handicap Time.
1 S. St. John	Dukinfield C.C.	2 24 37.6	0 4	21	4 39 4
2 G. H. Dawson	Victoria C.C.	2 20 59.1	58 36	18	4 40 36
3 W. G. Connor	Anfield B.C.	2 29 17.6	12 54	30	4 42 54
4 G. B. Orrell	Anfield B.C.	2 17 26.1	15 37	2	4 43 37
5 *G. Benson	L'pool Century R.C.	2 27 27.4	58 39	15	4 43 39
6 *T. E. Godwin	Potteries C.C.	2 20 57.4	50 40	4	4 46 40
7 *A. Cox	Brightside C.C.	2 18 47.1	53 42	7	4 46 42
8 A. J. Power	Cheshire Roads C.	2 29 18.5	7 0	20	4 47 0
9 C. Marshall	Vegetarian C. & A.C.	2 19 37.1	47 22	Scr.	4 47 22
10 *G. H. Roberts	Yorkshire R.C.	2 28 30.5	0 31	13	4 47 31
11 *J. E. Carr	Potteries C.C.	2 18 37.1	59 47	12	4 47 47
12 A. B. Smith	North Road C.C.	2 24 47.5	8 55	20	4 48 55
13 D. L. Ryalls	Anfield B.C.	2 33 35.5	14 41	25	4 49 41
14 J. J. Salt	Anfield B.C.	2 18 44.1	50 36	Scr.	4 50 16
15 H. D. Pearson	Mersey Roads C.	2 25 49.5	6 29	16	4 50 29
16 C. Parker	Yorkshire Roads C.	2 24 24.5	0 50	10	4 50 50
17 F. Hancock	Manchester Grosvenor W.	2 26 35.5	14 4	23	4 51 4
18 *F. T. Brown	Potteries C.C.	2 19 20.4	53 9	2	4 51 9
19 F. A. Brewster	Anfield B.C.	2 29 24.5	21 9	30	4 51 9
20 *W. A. Harrison	North Road C.C.	2 23 30.4	51 59	3	4 51 59
21 A. Lawrence	Sheffield Central C.C.	2 33 29.5	18 59	27	4 51 59
22 *W. Ball	Rotherham Wheelers	2 24 35.4	59 6	7	4 52 6
23 H. Green	Stratford Wheelers	2 29 15.5	16 11	24	4 52 11
24 B. N. Smith	Hull Thursday R.C.	2 27 46.5	19 22	27	4 52 22
25 H. Crye	Manchester Wheelers	2 29 14.5	12 28	20	4 52 28
26 *J. Pitchford	Anfield B.C.	2 22 57.1	56 17	3	4 53 17
27 W. E. Jones	Midland C. & A.C.	2 29 53.5	11 23	18	4 53 23
28 T. R. Penk	Cheshire Roads C.	2 21 43.5	3 49	10	4 53 49
29 S. Ledger	Brightside C.C.	2 25 9.5	7 56	14	4 53 56
30 J. S. Jones	Anfield B.C.	2 32 39.5	14 20	20	4 54 20
31 E. Atherton	Yorkshire Roads C.	2 28 59.5	10 1	15	4 55 1
32 H. Jackson	Wolverhampton W.	2 30 23.5	11 37	16	4 55 37
33 F. S. Booth	Manchester Wheelers	2 34 49.5	20 47	25	4 56 47
34 F. Phillips	Birkenhead C.C.	2 27 23.5	16 2	20	4 56 2
35 *A. W. Brumell	Vegetarian C. & A.C.	2 26 5.4	57 1	1	4 56 4
36 T. R. Edmondson	Broad Oak C.C.	2 28 10.5	5 25	9	4 56 25
37 R. F. Da Costa	Mersey Roads C.	2 32 51.5	17 12	26	4 57 12
38 E. A. Bene	Mersey Roads C.	2 26 5.5	9 51	12	4 57 51
39 T. Soens	Liverpool C.C.	2 29 55.5	13 55	16	4 57 55
40 W. O. Jackson	Nelson Wheelers	2 32 21.5	13 0	15	4 58 0
41 W. E. York	Broad Oak C.C.	2 34 13.5	19 21	21	4 58 21
42 P. Duce	Lancashire R.C.	2 28 35.5	14 31	16	4 58 31
43 A. E. Elsgood	Clifton C.C.	2 27 45.5	15 38	17	4 58 38
44 S. Phillips	Vegetarian C. & A.C.	2 21 56.5	9 9	10	4 59 9
45 T. H. Henderson	Rotherham Wheelers	2 27 50.5	11 33	12	4 59 33
46 S. T. Parker	Midland C. & A.C.	2 30 18.5	11 48	12	4 59 48

Name.	Club.	Actual Time, 50 mls.	Actual Time, 100 mls.	H'cap	Handicap Time.
47 S. Parker ...	Cheshire Roads C. ...	H. M. S. 2 27 30	H. M. S. 5 14 39	MINS. 14	H. M. S. 5 0 39
48 S. Jones ...	L'pool Century R.C. ...	2 31 34	5 13 57	13	5 0 57
49 H. A. Brodrick ...	Oldham Century R.C. ...	2 33 31	5 29 10	28	5 1 10
50 C. C. Lamb ...	Manchester Wheelers ...	2 29 34	5 13 12	12	5 1 12
51 L. Cave ...	Vegetarian C. & A.C. ...	2 27 40	5 4 22	3	5 1 22
52 F. E. Marriott ...	Anfield B.C. ...	2 27 19	5 19 30	16	5 3 30
53 G. H. M. Pitt ...	North Road C.C. ...	2 33 48	5 22 9	18	5 4 9
54 J. J. Masterson ...	Irish Road C. ...	2 29 41	5 19 34	15	5 4 34
55 J. L. Tormace ...	Walton C. & A.C. ...	2 31 38	5 21 32	17	5 4 52
56 W. Culligan ...	Walton C. & A.C. ...	2 30 45	5 26 6	20	5 6 6
57 J. Stillman ...	Cheshire Roads C. ...	2 31 21	5 27 2	20	5 7 2
58 V. Veevers ...	Lancashire R.C. ...	2 28 55	5 26 46	18	5 8 46
59 G. Lockett ...	Anfield B.C. ...	2 42 6	5 33 14	24	5 9 14
60 W. J. Finn ...	Irish Road C. ...	2 34 30	5 34 36	25	5 9 36
61 W. T. Melia ...	Mersey Roads C. ...	2 32 15	5 25 48	16	5 9 48
62 L. Geeson ...	Sheffield Central C.C. ...	2 28 5	5 38 5	20	5 10 5
63 T. G. Allamby ...	North Road C.C. ...	2 35 40	5 33 24	22	5 11 24
64 A. J. Carr ...	Altrincham Ravens C.C. ...	2 35 5	5 21 45	9	5 12 45
65 R. Hepworth ...	Huddersfield R.C. ...	2 31 25	5 38 26	24	5 14 26
66 W. F. Coombes ...	Bristol South C.C. ...	2 38 8	5 34 33	18	5 16 33
67 G. Ridyard ...	Manchester Grosvenors W. ...	2 37 18	5 42 23	25	5 17 23
68 H. Sykes ...	Holme Valley Wheelers ...	2 30 23	5 31 55	14	5 17 55
69 R. Turner ...	Midland C. & A.C. ...	2 33 10	5 25 14	5	5 20 14
70 L. J. Ross ...	East L'pool Wheelers ...	2 27 35	5 29 31	Scr.	5 29 31

* Certificates.

Fastest Time ...	G. B. ORRELL	Anfield B.C. ...	4h. 45m. 37s.
Second Fastest Time ...	C. MARSHALL	Vegetarian C. & A.C.	4h. 47m. 22s.
Third Fastest Time ...	J. J. SALT	Anfield B.C. ...	4h. 50m. 16s.

TEAM RACE.

First—Anfield B.C.

Second—Potteries C.C.

	H. M. S.		H. M. S.
G. B. ORRELL ...	4 45 37	T. E. GODWIN ...	4 50 40
J. J. SALT ...	4 50 16	F. T. BROWN ...	4 53 9
J. PITCHFORD ...	4 50 17	J. E. CARR ...	4 50 47
	<u>14 32 10</u>		<u>14 43 30</u>

The Sweep.

Mrs. Stancer and Powell determined the destination of 165 Bobs collected, as follows:—

Rigby Band ...	£3 10 0
Mr. Bach, M.C. & A.C. ...	2 0 0
Mr. Bonehill, M.C. & A.C. ...	1 0 0
Mr. Hannaford, Manchester	1 0 0
Dick Ryalls ...	0 15 0

£8 5 0

Our best thanks are once more due to Mrs. Stancer.

Acton Bridge, 10th June, 1933.

A comparatively small number turned up on this run, partly owing to the East Liverpool Wheelers' "50" on the following morning, and perhaps partly to the weather which was rather doubtful looking.

However the weather did not prevent Ann Rawlinson from braving the elements and putting in his Club run, though how he managed to get so far from home, we cannot tell.

The Sec. was an absentee on holiday, and the others present were Snowden, Chandler, Bert Green, Cody, Kettle, Lucas, Stevie, Blotto, Hubert and friend, Smithies, Walton, The President, Bob Knipe, Rowatt, Teddie Edwards and Ven.

Frank Wood put in one of his very rare appearances but suddenly vanished during the meal and left half a glass of ale on the table, and he has not been seen since.

The ride home for the Wirral contingent was a hard one, as a strong nor-wester was blowing and even Chandler was brought to earth on the Sych.

Third "50," 17th June, 1933.

The fourteen names on the card showed a drop in the number of entries, the most notable absentee being J. J. Salt, who was riding at Brooklands. Of the fourteen who entered, two did not start: Pitchford did not ride owing to a bereavement and Ryalls was suffering with a sprained ankle.

The twelve who started all finished and, considering the day—which was cool with a blustery wind and a heavy shower of rain and hail towards the finish—the riders performances were good.

With Salt and Pitchford missing, Orrell of course carried off fastest time honours with a good ride of 2.18.13. In the handicap, Poole annexed first prize with a ride of 2.41.23 with a deduction of 28 minutes; Pugh was second with 2.34.35 less 18, while third place was divided between Birkby (2.36.50 less 20) and Jonas (2.23.50 less 7). I expect both Birkby and Jonas know some little corner of the course where they could have gained an extra second. This is Birkby's first handicap success.

The following table gives details of the rides:—

	No- man's Heath.	Bick- erton.	No- man's H'th.	Finish.	H'cap	Net Time.	
	Mins.						
R. Poole ...	38	1 23	1 58	2.41.23	28	2.13.23	1st
R. J. Pugh ...	36½	1 20	1 53	2.34.35	15	2.16.35	2nd
A. E. C. Birkby	35	1 17	1 52	2.36.50	20	2.16.50	} 3rd
J. S. Jonas ...	33½	1 15	1 46	2.23.50	7	2.16.50	
G. B. Orrell ...	32½	1 11	1 41½	2.18.13	Scr.	2.18.13	} Fastest
G. Lockett ...	35½	1 16½	1 48½	2.28.23	10	2.18.23	
E. Haynes, Jun.	35½	1 18	1 15	2.34. 5	15	2.19. 5	
F. A. Brewster	34½	1 16	1 49½	2.29.41	10	2.19.41	
J. R. Walton ...	34½	1 16½	1 49	2.27.56	8	2.19.56	
J. R. Band ...	36	1 19	1 53½	2.36.30	15	2.21.30	
F. E. Marriott ...	34½	1 16	1 49½	2.27. 0	5	2.22. 0	
W. G. Connor ...	34½	1 18	1 52	2.33.10	9	2.24.10	

Mouldsworth, 24th June, 1933.

The attendance at this fixture—32 members and three friends—was perhaps not so good because of the Grosvenor Wheelers' "100" the following morning, although the President, Rigby Band, Marriott, Ryalls, Connor, Jonas, del Banco and Snowden, who were riding and/or helping, were among those present. As usual we saw a few members who only put in an appearance on special occasions—perhaps they think a Club Photo would not be representative without them, but this year in any case it will be ill-balanced as there was only one Manchester member out—Bert Green—incomplete in shorts and in consequence feeling so chilly, on *Midsummer Day*, that he had to ride up the hill to the Station Hotel to get warm.

After the usual tea we repaired to the Bowling Green which we found in possession of a large party of bowlers; however they cheerfully allowed us to crowd into a small corner and though Charlie appeared to be a bit handicapped, he did not complain and managed to expose the usual four plates. No doubt the result will be up to his own excellent standard and will be seen in next month's *Circular*.

J- S. JONAS,

Hon. Editor.

ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

FORMED MARCH 1879

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

MONTHLY CIRCULAR.

Vol. XXX.

No. 330

FIXTURES FOR AUGUST, 1933

Tea at 6-0 p.m.

					Light up at
Aug. 5/7	August Tour.—Cotswolds	10-2 p.m.
" 12	Chester (Bull and Stirrup)	9-49 p.m.
" 14	Committee Meeting, 7 p.m. (Victoria Hotel, St. John's Lane, L'pool)	
" 19	Invitation 12 Hours	9-35 p.m.
" 26	Highwayside (Travellers Rest)	9-19 p.m.
Sept. 2	Pulford (Grosvenor Arms)	9-2 p.m.

ALTERNATIVE FIXTURES FOR MANCHESTER MEMBERS:

Tea at 5-30 p.m.

Aug. 5	Acton Bridge (Leigh Arms)	10-2 p.m.
" 7	Bath Road "100"; Speedwell "100"	10-0 p.m.
	Full Moon	...	5th Inst.	...	

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

4 THE LAUND,

WALLASEY, CHESHIRE.

COMMITTEE NOTES.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS.—Mr. E. Mark Haslam, Spring Bank, Edgworth, near Bolton. Mr. J. M. James, Kenilworth, 14 Mostyn Avenue, Wembley Hill, Middlesex. Mr. F. Wemyss Smith, The Anchorage, Frieston Road, Timperley, Cheshire.

H. W. POWELL,

Hon. General Secretary.

RACING NOTES.

Invitation "12," 19th August, 1933.

Still more help is wanted. Members who are able to assist in any way, please communicate with me.

Those who intend to ride are reminded that entries must reach me by 9th August accompanied by a feeding fee of 5/-.

OPEN EVENTS.

Bath Road "100"; Speedwell "100"—Monday, August 7th. We will have men riding in the first named event. Members who are going down to assist are asked to communicate with the Captain to enable him to arrange help at the most suitable points.

August 27th.—Westerley " 100 " ; Nelson Wheelers " 50 " ; Clifton " 12."

September 1st/2nd.—North Road " 24."

September 3rd.—Palatine " 50."

S. DEL BANCO,

Hon. Racing Secretary.

TREASURY NOTES.

My thanks are due to the four who remembered to forward their Subscription and/or Donation (*) early in July, thus enabling your Hon. Treasurer to go on his holiday with a quiet mind: H. M. Buck, J. Cranshaw, H. Moore, * W. M. Owen.

R. LEIGH KNIPE,

Hon. Treasurer.

ITEMS.

In a letter to Bob Knipe, Harry Buck says: "Congrats. to the Old Gent on his nomination as President of the Old Timers. He must be getting quite well known in the cycling world. Social circles in Vancouver have taken up cycling this season. It is chic to motor to Stanley Park, then to hire a bicycle for a morning round. Green shorts and red jackets are favoured by the girls, who sing snatches of popular songs as they ride along. I'll join a party one of these fine mornings for I can't sing either."

He also sends his best wishes to us all.

* * * * *

Our Mr. Pritchard, who has timed the Warwickshire R.C. races for several years, has now been appointed an Official Timekeeper to the Midland R.R.A.

* * * * *

Our very heartiest congratulations are extended to Jack Salt, who has been chosen for the English team for the World's Championship, which will be held in Paris, on the Montlhery Motor Racing Track, on Monday, 14th August.

The other members of the team are F. W. Southall (Norwood Paragon C.C.) and P. Stallard (Wolverhampton Wheelers), with A. R. M. Harbour (Bath Road Club) as reserve.

The race will be of 78 or so miles and includes a hill of 1 in 12 which has to be ridden ten times.

* * * * *

Tony Power, of the Cheshire Roads and the Tea Tasters, wishes to thank all those who turned out to help him on his recent unsuccessful 24 hour Record Attempts.

* * * * *

In the Rover R.C.C. Open " 50 " Jack Pitchford (who won the event last year) was second fastest with a ride of 2.14.35, on a fairly hard day. R. Dougherty, the fast Rugby man, won with 2.10.52.

* * * * *

Bren Orrell finished fourth fastest in the Stretford Wheelers " 50 " with 2.16.5. J. Kershaw, Oldham Century, was fastest with 2.13.44. Fred Brewster also rode and did 2.28.0. Lockett did 2.29.0 and Walton started late and did 2.29.0 also.

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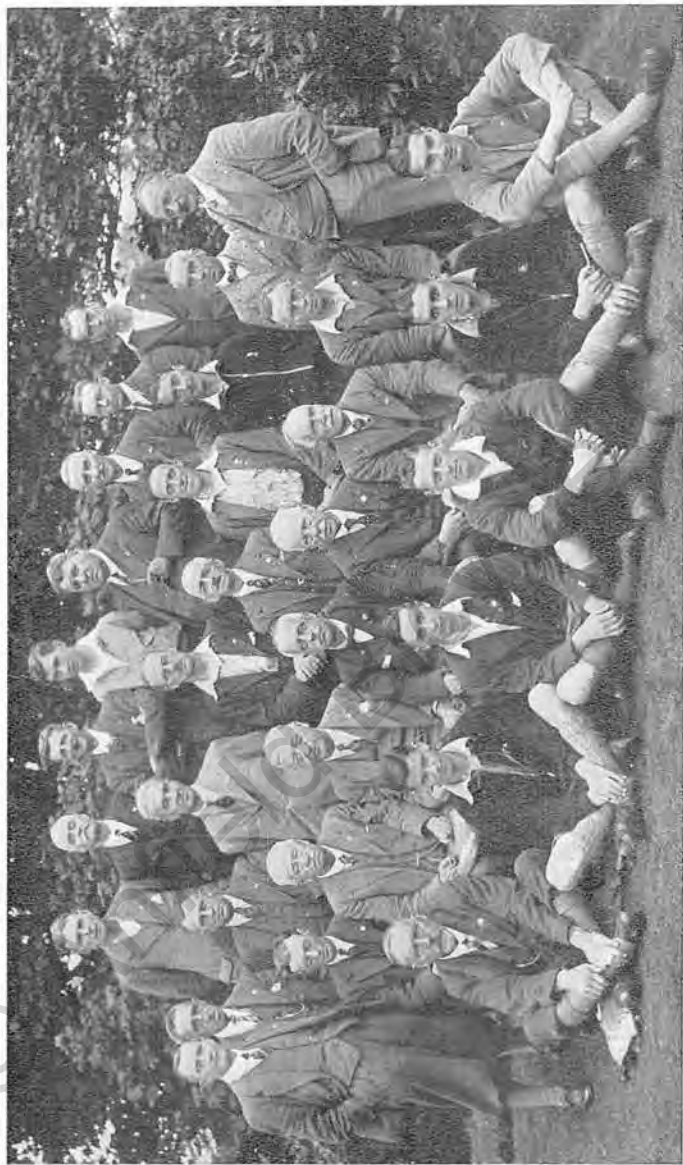


PHOTO RUN - MOULDSWORTH, 24th JUNE, 1933.

Back Row—E. SNOWDEN, A. LUCAS, J. KINDER, F. E. MARRIOTT, H. ROSKELL, E. J. CODY, H. I. EDSTON, H. LADDS, W. H. SCARFF, H. R. BAND, J. H. SUSTER.
Second Row—H. W. POWELL, T. KOYDES, G. STEPHENSON, J. C. BAND, H. GREEN, J. S. ROBERTS, A. E. C. BIRKBY, W. H. THIRD ROW—S. J. BUCK, W. T. VENABLES, E. EDWARDS, W. P. COOK, G. B. MERCER, G. B. BURGESS, W. H. KETTLE
Front Row—R. L. KNIFE, W. G. CONNOR, J. R. BAND, S. DEL BANCO, J. S. JONAS, D. L. RYALLS.

Whilst on tour in Ireland, Chandler had the pleasure of "chin-wags" with Murphy himself and Harry Austin. The latter wished to be remembered to all kind enquirers, whilst the O'Tatur sent his love to the Presider and asked after the Club generally. At Easky, in Co. Sligo, the tourist inadvertently trod on the footprints of Wayfarer and Harold Moore, whose names were discovered in the visitors' book at Devany's Hotel. Once again we emphasise the advantages of touring in the Emerald Isle, over other parts of the British Isles. There is little traffic, the scenery is quite unspoilt, and there has been no de-forestation. On the other hand the roads are being gradually repaired westwards and are completed to within 25 miles of the west coast. The inns have improved and there are no stupid licensing restrictions.

* * * * *

After many years we have again a tandem tricycle in the Club, the same machine which was seen at a few runs last year. Blotto is the proud possessor of this perambulating mouse trap which has now been tarred to a sober black hue.

* * * * *

A demonstration in the art of diplomacy was given by Diplomatic Derrick, to six fellow Tea Tasters on the occasion of the Over run.

The day was hot and the thirst great on the heights of Manley and Mouldsworth, when up the hill, where lay the youth and beauty of the Anfield; there came a couple of yokels who had been imbibing many brews, and one of whom wanted to bet his pal that he could ride the Editorial chariot up the hill, but as neither the pal or the Editor were having any, he told us where we could get one, as it required an hour or so until 5-30.

So the cavalcade plunged into the depths of the Forest, up Sandy Lane, along the Switchback Road and eventually found the inn.

The door was locked, and a querulous feminine voice from above bade us go round the back, where Derrick said Mr. So-and-So had sent him, etc., etc., and could we have one. No, we could not, as Mr. What's-his-name was out and she did not think it was very wise to serve us. By this time the mob was looking grim and stood round like a crowd of Chicago gangsters who meant business. Hands were feeling for six shooters and automatics, and the attitude was that we don't like shooting women, but we want a drink. However it was decided we could not, and a suggestion to have lemonade was greeted with scorn, and it looked as if Derrick's sweet boyish smile and smooth tongue had been wasted when he suggested that we could all stand just inside the door, and the innocent engaging way in which Derrick beamed and ogled the female, won us the day and smiles broke out on everyone's countenance. Hic!

* * * * *

We wish to thank, on behalf of the Club, the anonymous donor of the large quantity of oranges and bananas which were left at the Raven Hotel, Prees' Heath, in the "24."

* * * * *

The Club photograph, which appears this month, is one of the best that Charlie Conway has ever done and shows that he has not lost his skill, though we expect that after practising for over forty years on us, that he should know how to do it.

CORRESPONDENCE.

22nd July, 1933.

DEAR EDITOR,

CHEQUERED WAYS.

A striking photograph in the *Manchester Guardian* of July 21st, taken at the Salford Four-Ways and showing the take-off of the New Road—already described as new in your columns some 18 months ago, at a time when Manchester was yet unaware of this Fairway—suggests that Salford (always Manchester's fore-runner) is taking this outlet seriously at last, just as your correspondent foretold when he confounded us with his Virgin highways and Maiden low roads.

So dense has pedestrianism grown at this junction that apart from two cold harbours for Tram-takers a chequered pathway has just been invented and laid—the first in England—for the exclusive use of ordinary crossing strollers. It is the work of Godfrey the Chief Constable.

The paving represents a Chess Board of Black and o White Granite Blocks or squares and each Chess board has 70 squares, 14 x 5 instead of 8 x 8, as in other games.

But a closer study reveals even more: The house at the back is an Inn—The Packhorse Inn of which you may have heard. But beyond this, four square in its own detachment, there is arising in scaffolding an immense edifice. Can this be the Easterner's reply to the gesture of Bents' lure in Western luxury? If so, then it grows high time that alternate Anfield Club runs were planned to make use of these Rest-houses.

ANONYMOUS

(One who writes to the Press.)

ACKWORTH,

20th July, 1933.

DEAR JONAS,

Would you mind putting in the *Circular* a small paragraph to the effect that I would be grateful if racing men intending to ride in events in Yorkshire would let me know, so that I can have the pleasure of giving any help that may be desired, and of being out on the course. Tha' knows ah've bin ower 'ere nigh on 7 year but ah'm still as keen as owt on me Anfield parentage and membership.

Why the 'ell didn't yer win the 24?

Yours aye,

NORMAN TURVEY.

Dress Reform Notes by "Nancy."

Harold Band is the latest recruit to the ranks of those who favour shorts for cycling.

We hear that during the next heat wave, ankle socks will be the vogue, worn with one of the new coloured shirts, and the shorts secured with a belt, this enabling the jacket to be dispensed with. We have seen some very tasteful ensembles lately, and noticed Mr. Jack Salt at the meet at Mouldsworth last week, in an outfit, the predominating colour of which was originally white, though gawd knows what it was then.

A colourful touch is added to this chic outfit by using an old Borstal tie instead of a belt. This gives a pleasing air to the wearer and is worn a great deal by Mr. Derrick Ryalls, the well-known holder of the Prenton-Bont and back records, who hit the pavement at Queens Ferry corner recently and ripped up a couple of feet of concrete.

Mr. Powell came to the Farndon run in shorts and came in looking quite coy, and no one can deny that the new abbreviated trousers have set Mr. Frank Chandler's figure off to perfection.

The Fellowship of Old Time Cyclists, Hampton Court, 2nd July, 1933.

The Eighteenth Summer Meet of the above Fellowship was held at the Thames Hotel, Hampton Court, on Sunday, July 2nd—the scene of the earliest known Meet of cyclists—in glorious weather, when a record attendance of members was secured and this no doubt being due to the fact that the rendezvous had this year been changed from Ripley, on the Portsmouth road, to Hampton Court, which place was much more easily got at by the majority of those members residing in the London area and perhaps also for some of those from the Midlands.

It is, however, a question if we from the North should not have a little more consideration shown to us in the location of the venue of the Summer Meet and a place selected well to the north of London would, no doubt, be a great inducement for many members to attend.

As in previous years the earliest arrivals were on the scene well before noon, and the precincts of the Thames Hotel was rather uncomfortably crowded well before the lunch hour (1-15 p.m.), so much so, that one had some difficulty in finding the many friends whom one had come so far to see at this annual gathering—and with whom we have so much in common. The attendance of our own members was hardly so good as at Hatfield, last year, but what was lacking in numbers was, perhaps made up for in a very representative gathering of those qualified to attend. Of those present we are pleased to record W. P. Cook, our own President, P. C. Beardwood, Edwin Buckley, E. Edwards, D. R. Fell, G. B. Mercer, D. C. Rowatt, Oscar E. Taylor, and W. T. Venables, while John Sunter, who made the journey from London to Hampton Court by river, arrived late, when most had departed.

Of the Lunch itself nothing much need be said—there was more than enough to eat and to spare, and perhaps, a little more room in which to eat it, if one only had the time, but the proceedings of the Meeting seemed to commence all too soon and Speeches and Healths followed in rapid succession, until the calling of the roll by our old friend G. H. Green, after which our own President was duly proposed and seconded as the President of the Fellowship for the year 1933-34. This nomination was received by those present with great acclamation and enthusiasm and was undoubtedly a very popular selection for a great honour, which can fall only to a very few, and we ordinary members of the A.B.C. can congratulate ourselves that one of "Ours" has had this greatness thrust upon him and that we shall share the reflected glory.

We have always known, ourselves, his worth and what he has done not only for the Club, but for the good of the Sport and Pastime, and it is nice to think that such qualifications should be recognised by a body of old cyclists—who perhaps, better than anyone else, know and appreciate genuine and sterling worth in a cyclist.

The new President, after election, made a very suitable acknowledgment of the honour done him, and, in addition to making himself heard to the entire assembly, gave curt and sound advice to all on the subject of cycling and particularly to motorists—may some of the latter take it to heart.

The other business of the meeting which included the election of the Committee and the re-election of our old and valued friend, G. H. Godbold, concluded with the usual humorous speech from our only F. Percy Low, who proposed once more that the consideration of the Constitution of the Fellowship should be deferred again for the present.

The meeting over, one and all adjourned outside, and in due course separated—some going one way—some another. We understand our President was intent on reaching Oxford that night, and that on a tricycle. Where the Edwards' car was bound for we do not remember, but our old friend Fell, intent on paying his respects to the widow of the late lamented Lawrence Fletcher, piloted the car in which he made the journey south from Hampton Court in the south-west of London to Crouch End in the north-east, thereby making a tour of the most interesting suburbs of London, including Richmond, Kew, Shepherds Bush, Highgate and Finchley—eventually that night arriving at Buckingham, and so home in due course to Warrington, where we saw him safe and sound into the Liverpool train.

RUNS AND FIXTURES.

Manchester Wheelers' 50 Miles Scratch Team Race, 2nd July, 1933.

The Wheelers ran their Invitation "50" off on a new Cheshire course this year, and there were prizes for the three fastest teams and one prize for fastest individual time.

Jack Salt resumed his winning ways and was first home in 2.12.56, with H. Crye, of the Wheelers, second in 2.13.37. With Orrell and Pitchford we had the second fastest team. Norman Higham timed.

J. J. Salt	...	Anfield B.C.	...	Fastest	...	2.12.56
H. Crye	...	Manchester Wheelers	2nd	Fastest	...	2.13.37
S. Parker	...	Cheshire Roads	...	3rd	..	2.13.44
G. B. Orrell	...	Anfield B.C.	...	6th	..	2.16.16
J. Pitchford	...	"	"	"	...	2.17.27
Team Race :	1st	Manchester Wheelers	6.44.11
	2nd	Anfield B.C.	6.46.39
	3rd	Cheshire R.C.	6.52.29

Apollo Wheelers C.C. Open "50," 9th July, 1933.

This race was run off on a windy morning and times were not quite as fast as usual on this course. Bren Orrell was fastest of our men, and Jack Pitchford seven seconds slower, and only S. Parker of the Cheshire Roads was faster than them. Salty was not at his best with 2.18.48, though we had the fastest team.

S. Parker	...	Cheshire Roads	...	Fastest	...	2.14.32
G. B. Orrell	...	Anfield B.C.	...	2nd	..	2.17. 7
J. Pitchford	...	"	...	3rd	..	2.17.14
J. J. Salt	...	"	2.18.48
G. Lockett	...	"	2.29.35
E. Haynes, Jun.	...	"	2.31.13
R. J. Pugh	...	"	2.34. 0
Team Race :	1st,	Anfield B.C.,	6.53.9 ;	2nd,	Cheshire R.C.,	7.3.31.

Warrington Road Club "100," 16th July, 1933.

We had a "day out" at the Warrington Road Club's new "100" recently. Pitchford was fastest with a very fine ride of 4.40.25, Salt a good second in 4.42.16 and Orrell 4.47.11. The team race was ours with a margin of 23½ minutes over the East Liverpool Wheelers. Connor, the fourth string to our fiddle, improved over three minutes on his previous best and clocked 5.9.8. W. P. Cook was the Time-keeper.

This is a new event and warranted more support than actually received, for there were only 50 entries on the card. The clashing with our "24" was in some measure the reason, and it is hoped that this will be avoided next year.

1.	J. Pitchford	...	Anfield B.C.	4.40.25
2.	J. J. Salt	...	"	4.42.16
3.	J. R. Sutton	...	Warrington R.C.	4.44.43
	G. B. Orrell	...	Anfield B.C.	4.47.11
	W. G. Connor	...	"	5. 9. 8

Thanks must be accorded to Mr. and Mrs. Stevie for their help in providing transport, week-ending and feeding facilities for Randall and Lloyd. These two, after doing their turn in the "24," were picked up in Chester by Stevie, who had been checking at the Raven. Then followed the trip to Huyton via Toft Corner. And the sight of two scruffy cyclists superficially arrayed in posh lounge suits was too much even for Friend Tuplin, who fell on Randall's shoulders and wept. However, the helping, despite the sartorial splendour, was successful, and that is all that need be said.

Highwayside, 1st July, 1933.

I think it is much better when boned, collared or even coerced into writing up a run, to do it instanter, than to wait hoping it will be forgotten and done by the Ed. himself. There is really not much to say about it unless one puts a lot of "I" stuff in; and being naturally modest the writer could not possibly make up a heap on this score. I recollect it was a lovely afternoon and my intention was to do a jaunt around Battlefield and Hodnet and on to the venue; but luckily I met all the "Pitchys" (or is it Pitchies) near Prees, and the speedier of the two kept me so long talking I had to cut out a lump of my itinerary and go across country to Nantwich. Blow me if outside a cafe in Nantwich I spotted the "Yellow Peril" and the White Streak (4.40 Jack), so pushed myself in for a buckshee cup of tea and then on. Our Manchester friends were prominent by their absence, excepting Ewbank. I was rather surprised Bert Green was not there; and I, for one, would like to condole with him on the reason for his unusual absence. The talk at my part of the table consisted mostly about "Food," with a big "F." I think Jack S. and Snowden did most of it, while I could not get a word in, this making me so wild I ate all the salad Bob Knipe did not want. There was some talk about racing on the morrow and also about the "24." *En passant* (I've been trying to wangle this in, Sammy) I have distinct recollections of a certain few of our youngsters, last year, being so full of 24's that they were determined to ride in this one; but up to now there is not much keenness. I'm sorry for Blotto, as I know he was dead keen. As some of us are going to Pensarn to-

morrow I'd better dry up: we cannot expect the "handsome men are slightly sunburnt" look to go with late-night enervation, and please pick on someone else next time.

Farndon, 8th July, 1933.

Having anticipated a lonely ride out, owing to the lateness of the hour, I was agreeably surprised by a familiar tintinnabulation, which, a glance from the window confirmed, heralded the arrival of Arthur Birkby, and not, as the uninitiated might suppose, a prowling ice-cream vendor.

As is usual in this country, the glorious weather experienced during the week had deteriorated for the week-end, and it was under threatening skies that we started off into a stiffish breeze. Nevertheless, the ride to Chester was thoroughly enjoyed by one of us, largely owing to the fact that the other was a corpse. We cyclists are men of simple pleasures.

The rain descended in Eaton Park, and for the remainder of the ride capes were worn.

At Aldford we encountered Kettle, and, a little way ahead the Presider, Jonas, Blotto and Connor travelled along in a shower of spray from the side wheels of the Presider's trike.

The Editor approached me in the yard of the Raven with his usual polite request, but I was ready for him and countered with one equally polite, so we adjourned to the bar, where he paid up like a man.

About twenty sat down to a good feed. The Apollo "50" accounted for a few absentees, but surely there are many members who could have attended the run and didn't. Harold Band was questioned as to the whereabouts of Rigby, but denied knowledge. Cook, with a chortle, said he could tell us something, but didn't. Still, we have our suspicions, and if there's any more of this sort of thing, the Tea Tasters will have to be disbanded (sorry).

Among those present, so far as my memory serves, were Cody, Bert Green, Tommy Royden, Elias with a friend, Jack Seed, Ven, Teddy Edwards, Dave Rowatt, Roberts and Chandler. The last-named informed us, much to our relief, that it was impossible for his shorts to come down, though without visible means of support. Which brings us to what was, undoubtedly, the most noteworthy incident of the run. The Hon. Secretary *clad in shorts*, and sporting an open-necked shirt, crept shyly into the room, trying to sit down quickly, but he was spotted and greeted with loud applause and many ribald remarks.

There were heavy showers of rain while we were feeding, but, we five younger members left the Raven with capes stowed away, and though the roads were very wet, resulting in many promised gifts of mid-flaps, we had a fine run home.

Invitation "24," 14th/15th July, 1933.

p.m. SCENE—

9-1 **2nd Milestone:** Norman Higham busy sending off first of 17 riders. Dark, ominous clouds overhead foretell wet and cold night conditions.

10-45 **Acton Village** in darkness and the riders passing through, riding strong.

Cheesbrough crashed early on but continued until after midnight before retiring.

- a.m.
 5-0 **Raven** : All asleep.
 5-30 **Whitchurch** : Randall appears en route for his feeding station. Complains of head winds.
 6-0 **Whitchurch** : Kettle, Knipe and other helpers appear shortly before the leading men.
 6-15 **Raven** : Dave Rowatt and George Mercer doing a promenade outside the hotel—Staff awakened—Cook bestirred herself.
 7-20 **Raven**—176 miles—Gilbert appeared and then Charlie Randall had his hands full for an hour. The five leading men were Gilbert, Hancock, Heginbotham, Melia and Pitt.
 8-15 **Raven**—190 miles—Gilbert again arrived and departed. Jonas the lone Anfielder, was plugging away but was finding the going bad.
 10-30 **Hodnet Corner** : The checker here was seen pedalling furiously, towards the " Bear." It was reported a large order was successfully obtained by the management.
 10-53 **Fox and Hounds**—232 miles—Hancock had taken the lead, followed by Melia. Gilbert had 3rd place. Pitt was having knee trouble and lay fourth. Power arrived and gladly retired, sampling ham and eggs with gusto.
 1-22 **Raven**—274 miles—Melia leads and feeds—is away—spends five minutes in Whitchurch watching his nose bleed. Gilbert had retired. Hancock and Pitt scrapping—both trying to keep up to Melia.
 4-25 **Byley**—321 miles—Melia still holds the lead, but seems to be weakening, so did Leach, who here refused a second helping ! Hancock and Jonas did not reach this spot, having retired.
 6-4 **Byley**—348 miles—Melia's lead being reduced, Pitt making a fine attempt to catch him.
 8-23 **Toft Corner**—388 miles—Melia managed to find an extra burst of speed round the Cheshire Lanes and left Pitt who was some eight minutes behind.
 9-11 Melia finishing off a wonderful ride of 401 miles, beating his North Road opponent by 3 miles.
 10-15 **Knutsford** : Fish and chips in the attic. A very distinguished gathering of helpers. Talent at the piano.

FINISHERS.

Name and Club.	Approx. Dist'nce at 12 Hrs. miles	Dist'nce at 24 Hrs. miles	Prizes and Medals.
1. W. T. Melia, Mersey Roads ...	201	401	First
2. G. H. M. Pitt, North Rd. C.C. ...	201	398	Second
3. R. Hepworth, Huddersfield R.C.	199½	389¾	Third
4. T. W. Heginbotham, M/c. Weds. C.C.	199	385	Silver Medal
5. H. Gawthrop, Mersey Roads ...	191½	367	Silver Medal
6. F. E. Fischer, Altrincham Ravens	190	363½	Silver Medal
7. F. Ashton, Huddersfield R.C. ...	191½	357½	Silver Medal
8. S. Leach, Lancashire R.C.	184¾	352½	Silver Medal
9. W. Hudson, West Pennine R.C.	191½	350¾	Silver Medal
10. A. C. Pluck, Warrington R.C. ...	183½	332¾	Bronze Med.
11. H. A. Saunders, Walsall C. & R.C.	174	331½	Bronze Med.

17 entered and started. 11 finished.

Over, 22nd July, 1933.

Taking the morning off, I climbed over the Pennines and endured a thousand shuddering shocks in the vicinity of Oldham and Ashton-under-Lyne before reaching Cheshire's smooth and easy roads. After a meal near Wilmslow I potted along through several Peovers to Vale Royal, Whitegate and Over, being the first member to arrive at the 'Sheaf. A chat with Host Walker whiled away the time until others entered, including the President and the Sec., but not the official with the Grasping Hands. One distinguished-looking gent. was observed to approach in a 'bus, Teddie and Mrs. Edwards and the Edward cigar presumably used the car, but the rest of the 21 present used bicycle or trike. Tommy Royden was a notable absentee, but it is understood that he is in strict training and intends to act as pace-maker back to the Wirral on the next occasion.

My participation in the run came to a sudden and saddening close. The Editor wanted a report, the Sec. took charge of my subscription (hope he got home safely) and then the O.G. dragged me off to Eccleshall for the night, Snowden supporting. There was scarcely time to digest an excellent cold meat tea, let alone revel in Navy Cut. After a comfortable night at the Royal Oak, I parted from Anfield company and plodded homeward via Woore, Sandbach, Alderley Edge, Marple and Holme Moss, easily fulfilling a promise to be back before midnight. But the roads of Cheshire were watered with my perspiration. Altogether, a splendid week-end, and my wife says I can go again if I will be a good boy.

Mouldsworth, 29th July, 1933.

Twenty-four and one friend, a prospective, sat down to the usual good meal which the Station Hotel provides: Hubert Roskell was with us again and Jack Salt threw convention to the winds (hear, hear) by appearing in Continental garb. Also Harold B. and Harold P. again appeared half-clad, despite the drop in temperature. Above the buzz of conversation, one could hear the polite but commanding voice of the Racing Sec. summoning the helpers for the forthcoming Invitation "12," and I believe there are still more than a few jobs vacant.

After tea, in front of the hotel we completed our transport arrangements for the B.R. "100." Lastly, but don't tell anybody, I think there was a bicycle tied to Hubert's car when he left.

STOP PRESS.

STAGGERING NEWS (contradicted later).

CAN COOK COPE WITH THREATENED BLOW.

Tunnel Barred to real riders. Pedestrians, horses and cyclists excluded from the duplex gangway. Gone are our hopes of Anfield processions. What an insult. Slow traffic line 6 to 12 m.p.h., but Cook is refused admission.

Motor Cyclists welcomed!!! Disgraceful distinction.

Will Petronella and sub-mer passage never meet ???

Has Liverpool lost all sense and Birkenhead bust its brains?

I ask you, but who answers?

VOX ANFIELDI.

J. S. JONAS,

Hon. Editor.

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ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

FORMED MARCH 1879

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

MONTHLY CIRCULAR.

Vol. XXX.

No. 331

FIXTURES FOR SEPTEMBER, 1933

Tea at 6-0 p.m.

						Light up at
Sept.	2	Pulford (Grosvenor Arms)	9-2 p.m.
"	9	Mold (Dolphin)	8-46 p.m.
"	11	Committee Meeting, 7 p.m.	Victoria Hotel, St. John's Lane, L'pool.	
"	16	Fourth 50 Miles Handicap	8-28 p.m.
"	23	Mouldsworth (Station Hotel)	8-11 p.m.
"	30	Farndon (Raven)	7-55 p.m.
Oct.	7	Halewood (Derby Arms)	7-37 p.m.

ALTERNATIVE FIXTURES FOR MANCHESTER MEMBERS:

Tea at 5-30 p.m.

Sept.	9	Lynn (Spread Eagle)	8-46 p.m.
Oct.	7	Arcild (Rose and Crown)	7-37 p.m.
		Full Moon	...	4th inst.		

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

4 THE LAUND,
WALLASEY, CHESHIRE.

COMMITTEE NOTES.

AUTUMNAL TINTS TOUR.—Llanarmon D.C. has again been chosen for the Tour, October 21st/22nd is the date. Members who intend to participate in the Tour should let me have their names as soon as possible. There are 28 beds and accommodation will be allotted in the order in which names are received. The charge for Dinner, Bed and Breakfast will be 8/-.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS.—Mr. W. H. Kettle, P.O. Box 24, 99a Lord Street, Liverpool. Mr. L. C. Price, Chilton Foliat, Hungerford, Herts. Mr. F. Marriott, 45 Carlton Road, Birkenhead. Mr. T. R. Hinde, 62 Gorsefield Road, Prenton, Birkenhead.

APPLICATION FOR MEMBERSHIP.—Mr. Arthur Williams, 128 Pater-son Street, Birkenhead. Proposed by Mr. F. Marriott; seconded by Mr. W. G. Connor.

H. W. POWELL,

Hon. General Secretary.

RACING NOTES.**Fourth 50 Miles Handicap, 16th September, 1933.**

Entries must reach me by Saturday, 9th September.

Open Events.

3rd September—Palatine C.C. "50,"

24th September—Manchester Wheelers' Scratch "12."

S. DEL BANCO,
Hon. Racing Secretary.

TREASURY NOTES.

Last year I had to lament a steadily decreasing number of August payments, but I am glad to say this year we have more than doubled our subscribers, and I beg to thank them for their subscriptions and/or (*) donations.

I would point out once more to the great unpaid that at the next Committee meeting the President will hold an inquest into their delinquences. So get busy and send it along now.

R. J. Austin.	P. Brazendale.	R. Poole.
G. E. Carpenter.	J. Hodges.	*L. C. Price.
*F. J. Cheminai.	J. H. Kinder.	J. H. Sunter.
	G. B. Orrell.	

R. L. KNIFE, *Hon. Treasurer.*

ITEMS.

"Ichabod! The glory has departed from Israel." That is how the Treasurer felt after his matutinal swim, when he discovered that his bicycle had been stolen.

THE bicycle! Built in 1901 by Routledge, that master craftsman, it scaled only 19½ lbs. with sprints, for he had spent an infinity of time and patience in the scientific reduction of weight with additional strength.

It has carried the Treasurer well over 100,000 hard-riden miles, including his record "24," in 1902, when Butler's "bullet-proof" tyres were used, and it almost knew its own way over Shap and round the Lakes. The "Old Shako" of tuneful memory was nothing to that bicycle in treasured memories.

And now, probably, it has gone to some knacker's yard, where its aristocratic frame will be united with the low-grade entrails of some disreputable "untouchable."

* * * * *

In the Amateur World's Championship Road Race, on Montlhéry Motor Track, in Paris, on August 14th, Jack Salt came in 21st and P. T. Stallard of the Wolverhampton Wheelers was 12th.

Southall punctured and retired, and it seems to be the general opinion that the English men did well, in view of the strange conditions.

Salty had trouble with his speed gear, the low gear being too low for the hills and on one hill his muscles bound up and he lost about six minutes. He was, according to one account, exceptionally fast on the level and finished 6½ minutes behind the winner, Paul Egli, a Swiss, who covered the 78 miles in 3.21.48.

* * * * *

The recent world-wide outbreak of coloured shirts extends even to the Anfield, and the political sympathies of many members can easily be noted from a glance round the tea table during this wonderful summer.

Tommy Royden, of course, one can see is one of O'Duffy's right-hand men, likewise Scarff and Lloyd, and Stevie and Harold Band, though of the same colour, are not quite so enthusiastic.

Then there are the ordinary, common or garden variety, of whites and khakis, and several doubtful ones of greyish hue, which reveal streaks and odd patches of white here and there, while Chandler, the great authority on men's wear, who sometimes writes the leading article in our well-known weekly contemporary *Clothes for Glarence*, sticks to his faithful khaki jacket and shorts, which he wore in Singapore or Shanghai in '88, the year that the late Rt. Hon. W. E. Gladstone spoke. Frank also spoke during that year and is still speaking and seems, like Tennyson's brook to go on for ever, though where Tennyson is we cannot say, as our copies of Bart's or the Ordnance Survey fail to reveal it.

* * * * *

Frank Chandler, who is regarded by some as the Club's Compleat Tourist, spent the August Bank Holiday week-end at the Liver Inn, Rhydtalog, where he was found on the Saturday, by Jonas, lounging outside, and presumably he spent the whole week-end in this fashion. We have always suspected these week-ends supposed to have been spent climbing and walking, and now we know what he does. Frank was therefore a little disconcerted at the sight of the perspiring Editor, and the latter, who proposed the tour to the Cotswolds, was wishing he had gone on to the Crown, but, greetings were exchanged and the two tolerated each other sufficiently to go inside and have a couple.

Cody was seen blinding Liverpool-wards on the Saturday, and Tom Hinde chose this day on which to take unto himself a wife, and we are sure everyone will wish them long life and happiness. We understand that Tom did not go to the Farm for tea on the Sunday.

Scarff week-ended at Bettws and wrecked the bedroom during his ablutions in the morning, and we hear that Birkby was interested in the mixed tandem market.

* * * * *

Yes, it is quite true that a Higher Bebington section of the Club has been formed and will shortly welcome some newcomers to its exclusive ranks.

* * * * *

Glendinning has been having a spot of bother recently, what with having his off-side pedal torn off by a passing motor-cycle and sidecar, while he was walking up the Sych, and also the following Sunday when we hear he had a nasty crash, though how, when, where or what he hit, we cannot yet say.

* * * * *

We regret to have to report the tragic death of Mr. A. W. Phillips, the President of the Manchester Wheelers, and President of the N.R.R.A.

Travellers' Tales From Wye, in Wales.

The Anfield sprang from Legend;
Its Potentate or Priest
Came from the Land of Samarkand
Upon three wheels at least.

There was a Woman in the Case
 ('Twas Beauty and the Beast);
 The Anfield found its Origin
 In the immemorial EAST.
 (Thus from the past—daylight at last.)

IN MEMORIAM.

It is with deep regret that we announce the death of ERNEST GREEN, the elder brother of Bert Green. Ernest Green joined the Club at the same time as his brother, in 1912, but owing to ill-health he resigned in 1930. His attendance was fairly regular until 1916 when his activities on behalf of wounded soldiers occupied so much of his time that he was unable to attend many Club runs. Since the war ill-health prevented his attendance. Ernest was always a great favourite with all members, both old and young, and all who have been in his genial presence will agree that the Club is the poorer by his loss. He passed away on July 31st. The funeral ceremony took place at the Manchester Crematorium on August 2nd, the following Club members being present: H. Green, F. H. Koenen, A. Crowcroft.

Our sympathy is extended to Bert Green and to Ernest's widow and daughter.

A Bedtime Story.

Once there was a lit-tle boy nam-ed Fran-kie who used to ride a tri-cy-cle pain-ted a be-oo-ti-ful green. From this you see he was an aes-the-tic lit-tle boy and lov-ed pret-ty things. His sar-tor-i-al E-quip-ment was ex-qui-site and his net-her limbs were a joy to e-ver-y flap-per on the prom-en-ade at Hoy-lake.

Now, one day, Fran-kie said to him-self "I will a-dorn my-self e-ven more e-leg-ant-ly than here-to-fore; so he went to Li-ver-pool and he vis-i-ted fif-teen shops, till he found what he wan-ted and went home and ar-ray-ed his fair form in the lo-vel-y new gar-ments he had bought and stood be-fore his mo-ther—(I mean ma-ter)—and he was a coun-e-ly sight, for he was clo-thed from neck to k-nee in the pal-est of prim-rose lin-en. But Fran-kie was not al-to-ge-ther pleas-ed, for he had no stock-ings such as would be fit-ting to wear with such hand-some at-tire; so he said to his mo-ther (I mean ma-ter), "Will you give me some choice stock-ings to co-ver my legs?" And she gave to him a dain-ty pair of dove-grey stock-ings and he was in ecs-tas-ies of joy and when he went to the run to Ches-ter on the fol-low-ing Sat-ur-day, he was such a proud lit-tle boy that some said the stock-ings had gone to his head.

Af-ter tea when his lit-tle friends were get-ting rea-dy to go home, Fran-kie ask-ed each one, "Will you come to Hoy-lake and strut on the Prom-en-ade?" But they re-plied, "We can-not, since we have none of us such fine stock-ings as yours or such a be-oo-ti-ful sea-side rig-out," so when he found no-one to go with him, he said, "I will go with you to Will-as-ton and ride home with you." And his lit-tle

friends jum-ped for joy when they heard him say this. But just be-fore they set out for home, Fran-kie was mis-sing and his lit-tle friends were sad be-cause he had de-sert-ed them (I don't think !)

So let this be a war-ning to you ne-ver to wear 'La-dies' stock-ings or you may one day run a-way and for-sake your friends, which is ne-ver done in the An-field Bi-cy-cle Club.

Some Impressions of the Bank Holiday Week-end to Shipston on the Stour.

It is curious how tours add to the burthens of the Executive, quite apart from fixing up with the hotels, because of those members who rush into ink through sheer excitement :—

Letters to the President : " George at Ship—3 Stars—Prodigious—Tell us more—What has hap'd."

Letter Cards to the Secretary : " What size or shape of bed do you advise ? How many beds to choose from ? "

To the Captain : " What are the L.H. in the villages and towns en route ? If Market Days are P.H. open all day ? "

To the Treas. : " Can I go the Run before paying my Sub. ? "

So these hard-worked officials stand in dread of the postman before oiling up. The Answers to all these questions is (see *Circular*) : Ship-on-Stour a repeat run on improved though more costly terms. We fared well last time but this time we had H. & C. in all rooms ; Bare Arms instead of George's aprons in Lounge and D.R. and That's what's meant by 3 Stars—one of whom was the Proprietress, another the Bar Lady and last, not least, the Cook of ample proportions.

The sad news awaited us that Aunt Phoebe, of Long Compton, the Queen of the Roll Right Stones, had died a Rich and Virtuous Lady after getting the better of Hubert at Auction Bridge and was now reunited with Pres. Wilson. Consequently, all went sedately until the town was awakened at 2 a.m. by a crash which was nothing more sinister than that one of our heavy petrol roadsters had broken bridle in the silence of the night and was trying to push down a wall. This enabled the Garage Owner to prove himself an able and very reasonable repairer. Edwards had previously put him to the test in like manner.

The unique feature of Shipston—apart from the other delights—is that the Market Square in which the Hotel is situate, never suffers disturbance by either Market, Omnibus, Char-a-bances or revelry. The Hounds alone pay it occasional visits to be photographed along with the management of the hotel and the Hunts Masters and Men. A Pamphlet that has appeared in all the illustrated papers, and in which George the Boots claims to be the original George who called all these hotels after himself—tells us that the Stables extant to this day harboured once 60 Horses. To-day one single motor car is not even safe for one night. (S.T.G.M.)

We need not mention that Cook, the Edwardians and Rowatt carried all the Club tours but failed to stop at the Noel Arms, Chipping Campden, which now beats the Lygon Arms, Broadway, by a couple of laps. The Simpsons, Chem and their Driver went to Compton Wyniats or Winyats which remains as remote as ever, Elston alone explored the White Bear Hotel, of hoary anciennity and Hubert Roskell and his speed men, Percy Beardwood and Bathroaders, not to mention the best of the bunch, set off to reach the Bath Road Course in time to witness that great event.

Those that went home on the Monday missed exploring hundreds of the lovely townships in which those parts abound. Especially the road from Shipston to Stratford was in full bloom and plunging pools are springing up all around. The New L.M.S. Hotel at Stratford—Welcome Villa—looks like a magnificent Mausoleum, but served a double purpose for us explorers.

On our homeward way there was a note of sadness in our song.

August Tour—Cotswolds, 5th—7th August, 1933.

On Saturday, the 5th August, the party at the George was made up of Arthur and Walter Simpson, F. H. Koenen and F. J. Cheminains who were unloaded from one car, Mr. and Mrs. Teddy Edwards and Dave Rowatt from another, Percy Beardwood and other cycling Bath Roaders in Calloway, Kemble and Webster. W. P. Cook arrived at quite a proper hour having cycled all the way down alone, via Shrewsbury, together with H. L. Elston who had trained to Birmingham, starting late. They met just south of Stratford-on-Avon where both had taken tea at about the same time in different tea-shops! Hubert Roskell and Jack Pitchford were also in evidence about the house, and late arrivals were J. E. Rawlinson and Wilf Orrell who had found each other en route.

Urban Taylor camped *en famille*, whilst Frank Marriott and W. G. Connor were also camping not many miles from those in the hotels of Shipston-on-Stour. Elston extended the Club's patronage to the White Bear and found it good.

The evening passed off quite pleasantly even as such evenings do.

Sunday morn saw a general exodus for the Bath Road race, but the tour of seventy odd hilly Cotswold miles was carried through by a representative body of cyclists in Cook and Elston—and very nearly so by the Edwards' car party.

The night had been very warm and the day was similar in that respect. As if to acquire early the climbing habit a route through Ilmington was followed to Chipping Campden—a noted gem of Cotswold towns—where perfect serenity was hallowed by dulcet tones from the beautifully towered church, calling to those who would worship within. The countryside, bathed in glorious sunshine, afforded our travellers welcome shade. Grain ripening in the fields appeared to be in first-rate condition, but few sheep were to be seen. Traffic was almost *non est*.

The typical walling of the Cotswolds brought to mind the disclosed foundations of Roman roads, and everywhere it seemed that architectural features harmonised with the landscape.

Touring conditions were well-nigh perfect. First blood was drawn in Chipping Campden in the form of natural lemonade, and photographs were taken with the Market Square as background.

The road junction of Warwickshire and Gloucestershire reflected creditably on the former! Bourton-on-the-Hill was reached through Broad Campden and Blockley and thence to Moreton-in-the-Marsh. Stow-on-the-Wold led to Bourton-on-the-Water and Arthur Morris's New Inn for lunch instead of Northleach. The Edwards' car arrived and so five partook of an excellent lunch, Teddy doing all over with coffee—and to the more favoured—cigars. W.P. was extra specially fêted by mine host and his wife. About Northleach (reported to be very sweet) the car load got slightly off the itinerary in making directly for

Burford, whilst the bike squad made Bibury first. Dave Rowatt took charge of tea at the Cutlers' Cotswold Gateway hotel, belatedly celebrating a recent birthday. The other car, which was presumably on the road somewhere, was never heard of hereabouts.

Shipton-under-Wychwood led to Clipping Norton, where Hubert's Crown and Cushion was sampled by the cyclists, and after a visit to the Rollright stones by both parties, and a call by the two riders at Long Compton, an easy run was made to H.Q. by eight or so p.m. The tour was a complete success. During Sunday evening a happy family party was seated on chairs by the George's front doorstep in Continental fashion, and then repaired to enjoy the company of Host Head at the White Bear.

Monday morn found Cook and Elston in the saddle for the north at 9 a.m. with a certain amount of cool mist about—but not for long. It was soon as hot as ever. After coffee at Stratford, the President turned west for Alcester and Elston to his train in Birmingham. But where, oh where, were Swearfarer, the Guide to the Cotswolds? (looking for Boniton-on-the-Hill.—ED.) and Syd Jonas? Still, with twenty-one at Shipston on Saturday night and nine on Sunday night, it was impossible not to have a good time.

Bath Road "100," 7th August, 1933.

Salt, Pitchford, Orrell and Marriott were our riders in this event; the five hour limit imposed by the Bath Road Club precluded our other super-enthusiasts from competing.

More records were broken, both Southall and Salt beating the existing competition records, whilst it is reasonable to assume that Ross would have done so had it not been for a puncture. Our team record was smashed too, the Norwood Paragon winning the team race with 13.44.33, as against our existing record of 14.0.30.

It was a wonderful morning, the first thirty or so riders starting in the brightening light of a pearly dawn and the mist that hung in patches around the Thames Valley was beautiful. It was fast as well, the winning time being 30 minutes inside "evens."

The story of the race is evident from the following list of intermediate distances and times:—

Pos- ition.	Name.	Club.	22m 7f	50 mls.	72m 7f	100 mls
1	Southall	Norwood Paragon	1.0.45	2.12. 3	3.18. 5	4.30.10
2	Salt	Anfield	1.1.15	2.13.27	3.17.30	4.32. 9
3	Ross	East Liverpool	1.0.15	2.10. 4	3.15.15	4.33.50
4	Butler	Norwood Paragon	1.3.30	2.17.23	3.22.15	4.33.53
5	Lipscombe	Ingleside	1.2.0	2.14.37	3.22.15	4.33.59
6	Bentley	Walton	1.1.1	2.11. 2	3.19. 0	4.34.44
18	Pitchford	Anfield	1.3.15	2.16.44	3.25.20	4.43.56
48	Marriott	..	1.8.0	2.24.14	3.34.20	4.55.39

Jack Pitchford, who did 4.39 with a puncture last year, was decidedly not on form for the race. Orrell did not finish, a puncture prior to starting and a further deflation necessitated his retirement. Sammy, the celebrated packer, did manage to complete the course again, a minute slower than his best.

The very best thanks must again be accorded to Hubert Roskell and Mr. and Mrs. Stevie for the manner in which they facilitated the helping arrangements. Between them they conveyed Pitchford, Connor and Marriott to Theale with an intermediate night in the Cotswolds.

Randall and Ryalls again made an all-night run down to Theale, whilst Brewster, from Chester, with an early start on the Sunday, arrived at the venue at tea time the same evening.

But the crowning achievement of the whole trip was the return journey. Our bicycles, an extra pair of sprints and sundry bags were stowed—somehow—in or on Hubert's car and then he had room for two passengers! The other two cyclists were parked in with Stevie and not to forget of course his better half. This accounted for Randall, Ryalls, Pitchford and Brewster. Orrell has his own "puff and dart," and Salt stayed in Theale preparatory to the trip to Paris the next day. Connor and Marriott went on tour.

Anfielders noticed on the course were: Salt, Pitchford, Orrell, Marriott, H. Roskell, Stephenson, Randall, Ryalls, Connor, Brewster, W. Orrell, R. J. Austin, U. Taylor, Beardwood and Molyneux. Anyone not mentioned in the above list and who attended this fixture must claim their run from Powell in the usual manner.

Acton Bridge, 5th August, 1933.

The Acton Bridge run was a most exclusive affair, only the elite of the Club attending.

Lloyd and Glendinning met at Two Mills and after the former had really been convinced that he was proceeding in the wrong direction, they rode amicably side by side at least as far as Chester. On the Manchester road, just beyond Stamford Bridge, they observed a dirty cyclist stuck in a ditch. Whilst Lloyd lingered to help, the other, shot up Sandy Lane—or is it "Way"—anyhow the going was good, though the surface was a trifle gritty. After waiting three-quarters of an hour for Lloyd to do likewise, a steady six per hour was maintained to Acton Bridge. There, Poole was just leaving, having dined early. Mr. Poole reported having battled with some wind or other. The next gentleman—no editorial comments, please—to arrive was Mr. R. Band, who also had suffered with wind. Finally, Mr. Green entered and immediately offered to treat us; which offer was, of course, indignantly declined. Discussions during tea varied from comments on the beastly manners—or lack thereof—of policemen, to house breaking. Expert advice was tendered to Green (who wanted to know) by Lloyd, on behalf of the protectors of public safety, and by Glendinning with regard to successful attacks upon burglar-proof fittings. We understand that Green *did* enter an unoccupied house in Southport (by way of practice, we suppose), after finding the key already in the front door lock. After tea, Band, Glendinning and Lloyd did a blind through DeJameré, only to lose time later waiting while the Super. dashed back to the scene of the crime to recover two cigarettes and an alleged automatic lighter which he had left behind.

Altogether a very enjoyable run.

Chester, 12th August, 1933.

"What do they know of England
Who only England know?"

What, I ask, do they know of the fascinations of bathing pools where restrictions as to sex and costume are unknown, who are acquainted

only with seaside resorts and Corporation swimming baths? The particular "Lido" to which I refer lies not far outside Chester, in the midst of delectable scenery, where no charge for admission is made, and where neither Mr. Bumble nor Mrs. Grundy rear their hideous heads! What an El Dorado for those of our members who are ever on the look-out for something snappy to snap! How such picture-taking would develop the dark art of developing one's own plates and films, though I fear that in some instances it might be a case of "Hold my camera"!

Wandering about the Cheshire lanes in the sunshine I had succeeded in amassing a very creditable thirst and the "Bull and Stirrup" was a more welcome sight than ever. Sitting in solemn conclave in the smoke-room we discovered, among many other notable personages, Carpenter who had blown in from Southampton or Southport—I rather think it was Southport on this occasion; Bert Green, Bob Poole and Haynes, Junior, were there as the representatives of the Manchester section, and, of course, the President beamed benignantly over the whole assemblage.

Such a day one would think would have brought out members in their hundreds—what with the glorious afternoon, perfect riding conditions and the topographical position of the *rendevous*, enabling, as it did, the least active of members to arrive home without undue fatigue; instead the muster is recordable in units—25 of them.

Certainly most of the blue blood of the Club was present, including—besides those already mentioned—Frank Chandler, in one of his most tantalizing moods; "Stevie," who was out to explore the beauties of Wirral; Cody and Harold Band, a strong flavouring of Tea-tasters with a preference for beer, besides numbers who arrived by motor-car. Tea being over, the company, as usual, dispersed in divers directions. The President boarded his paddle-boat for Holmes Chapel in order to time a tricycle race the following morning; Lloyd, Glendinning and prospective member Williams, departed for Battlefield en route for Aberystwyth, while a bunch of reckless speed-men, composed of Chandler, Stevie, Powell, etc., made for Willaston, overtaking every perambulator on the road! At the "Nag's Head," Jonas and del Banco, mounted "à vache," and Arthur Birkby, joined this select party, whence the whole cavalcade—except Chandler who slipped surreptitiously away with the intention, it is understood, of exhibiting his manly form on Hoylake promenade—wended its way in the direction of Birkenhead.

Invitation 12 Hours, 19th August, 1933.

This event, run as an "Open" for the first time, attracted an entry of 24, 14 of "Ours" and 10 outsiders, of whom 22 started and 20 finished.

At the 56 miles point, T. E. Godwin, Potteries C.C. was leading with 2.42, and his club-mate, J. F. Carr, second with 2.46, closely followed by Salt and Orrell with 2.46½ and 2.47 respectively.

The check at 89½ miles showed that Salt had made up part of his deficiency, with 4.32, and only half-minute behind Godwin, Carr having dropped away slightly and was level with Orrell with 4.36. Pitchford, who was feeling the after-effects of a fall he suffered in a race the previous week, retired at this point. Close up with the leaders was Brewster, who, riding his first "12," was timed in 4.39, while Connor did 4.46.

Godwin was forced to retire with a broken bottom tube, while Carr crashed in Whitchurch while taking a drink, and finished the ride on a borrowed machine with a very low gear.

At 179 miles, Salt was leading with 9.40, having drawn away from Carr, who did 9.47 and, Orrell was third with 9.53. The check at 213½ miles showed no change in the position of the leaders, and only differences in seconds as compared with the times taken at the 179 mile point. The position of the leaders was unchanged at the call of time.

Special mention must be made of G. E. Carpenter, who celebrated his jubilee of cycling by riding in the event and covered 153¾ miles. Of course, Carpenter is better known to the old members as a regular performer in the Club's 12 and 24 hour races.

The mileage of the finishers is as follows:—

Name.	Club.	Miles.	
1. J. J. Salt ...	Anfield B.C. ...	223	First. Second Third Silver Medal
2. J. E. Carr ...	Potteries C.C. ...	220½	
3. G. B. Orrell ...	Anfield B.C. ...	218½	
4. G. H. Dawson ...	Victoria C.C. ...	217½	
5. W. G. Connor ...	Anfield B.C. ...	216	
6. F. A. Brewster ...	Do. ...	215¾	
7. G. E. Jones ...	Victoria C.C. ...	207¾	
8. T. W. Higginbotham ...	M/c. Wed. C.C. ...	206½	
9. F. E. Marriott ...	Anfield B.C. ...	204	
10. J. E. Mossey ...	M/c. Wed. C.C. ...	202½	
11. W. H. Lloyd ...	Anfield B.C. ...	200¾	
12. D. L. Ryalls ...	Do. ...	198½	
13. E. Haynes, Junr. ...	Do. ...	195	
14. R. Poole ...	Do. ...	192¾	
15. C. S. Went ...	Stafford Rds. C.C. ...	190½	
J. S. Jonas*	Anfield B.C. ...	190½	
17. J. R. Band ...	Do. ...	186½	
18. K. Yardley*..	Mersey Roads ...	182½	
19. S. Pilkington ...	Stafford Rds. C.C. ...	165½	
20. G. E. Carpenter ...	Anfield B.C. ...	152¾	

* Tricycle.

The Club Handicap awards are as follows:—

Name.	Actual Mileage.	H'cap Miles.	H'cap Mileage.	Prizes and Standards.
1. F. A. Brewster ...	215¾	25	240¾	1st and Std. D. 2nd and Std. D.
2. W. G. Connor ...	216	20	236	
3. W. H. Lloyd ...	200¾	35	235¾	
4. R. Poole ...	192¾	35	227¾	3rd Standard B.
5. E. Haynes Jr. ...	195	30	225	Standard A.
6. J. J. Salt ...	223	Scr.	223	
7. J. S. Jonas* ...	190½	30	220½	
8. J. R. Band... ..	186½	32	218½	
G. B. Orrell ...	218	Scr.	218½	
10. F. E. Marriott ...	204	12	216	
11. D. L. Ryalls ...	198½	17	215½	
12. G. E. Carpenter ...	152¾	50	202¾	

* Tricycle.

Highwayside, 26th August, 1933.

Under the capable leadership of General Sir Tommie Royden O'Duffy, the Blue Shirts were able to assemble without let or hindrance at the Travellers Rest. But I see by this morning's papers that "5,000 Blue Shirts Assemble in Secret"; I didn't think there were so many present and, anyhow, who is the traitor? Who is this sneaking, crawling spy who passed on this information to De Cook Valera? I noticed one doubtful looking person in a non-issue shirt. I took particular notice of this shirt when he hoisted up its lower part to demonstrate, or prove by sweat, to Herr Hitler Snowden that he had really ridden to the venue. Enquiries proved this swanker of sweat to be one known by the name of Stevie. This name is not at all blue-shirtish and although I heard him say "Whirra" once and "Begorra!" twice, I do not think we can accept this as sufficient proof of his fidelity to the Cause.

A salute of twenty-one guns marked the entrance, in regal setting, of our leader (Royden O'Duffy). He was of smiling countenance, as he glanced down the columns of his admiring followers. At his signal (a guffaw in Erse) we (or they) filed into the Drill Hall and commenced to wipe out in true style (copied from Anfielders) the edibles provided by our able host.

There were several untoward happenings on this beautiful summer afternoon. For instance the Presider called "Enough!" after the fourth glass and the dubious one, Stevie, after the third. Mr. Glendinning didn't curse me and Mr. Kettle said "How do you do" so politely. Gordon hadn't got MacGlusky to back him up so without the backing of his brother-in-blame-shifting the incentive and moral support were lacking. Derrick of the Bont-Birkenhead Record fame came and went so stealthily that no one saw him come or go.

It was also proved that Snowden's painting is a mere subterfuge. Ask him about the Roman Bridges scene which is entitled "Lady in Bathing Costume." (I believe it was a sketch.) He is about to depart to the Cotswolds in search of more subjects to transfer to his canvas.

To write about the run, which was excellently attended, was my intention, but I seem to have strayed from the point. To get back to the theme I think the "12" took pride of place in the discussions, which are a feature of a Club run, and everyone is looking forward to next year's event.

Bert Green came by car and brought both his sons, Edwin and Ernest Green, this being the latter's first Club run for many a long day.

The General then took his leave amid scenes of wild enthusiasm (journalese) and proceeded to H.Q. to check up details of the campaign, and after remodelling his machine, Snowden disappeared towards Tarvin in a cloud of smoke.

In conclusion I must mention that a contingent headed by Charles of H. V. Morton complex went home via the Roman Bridges, in search of — Well, well—ask Snowden.

J. S. JONAS,
Hon. Editor.

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ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

FORMED MARCH 1879

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

MONTHLY CIRCULAR.

Vol. XXX.

No. 332

FIXTURES FOR OCTOBER, 1933

Tea at 6-0 p.m.

		Light up at
Oct. 7	Halewood (Derby Arms)	7-37 p.m.
" 9	Committee Meeting, 7 p.m. (Victoria Hotel, St. John's Lane, L'pool).	5-50 p.m.
" 14	Tarporley (Swan)	5-34 p.m.
" 21/22	Autumnal Tints Tour	5-20 p.m.
" 28	Llanarmon D.C. (West Arms)	5-5 p.m.
" 28	Mouldsworth (Station Hotel)	
Nov. 4	Halewood (Derby Arms)	

ALTERNATIVE FIXTURES FOR MANCHESTER MEMBERS:

Tea at 5-30 p.m.

Oct. 7	Arcid (Rose and Crown)	7-37 p.m.
" 21	Acton Bridge (Leigh Arms)	5-34 p.m.
Nov. 4	Holmes Chapel (Swan)	5-5 p.m.

Full Moon ... 3rd inst.
Summer Time ends 8th 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. Arthur Williams, 128 Paterson Street, Birkhead, has been elected to Full Membership.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS.—Mr. A. Newsholme, 5 Stamford Street, Old Trafford, Manchester, 16. Mr. W. H. Lloyd, 29 Gladstone Road, Chester. Mr. G. A. Glover, Wentnor, 49 Heyville Road, Higher Bebington, Cheshire. Mr. J. R. Walton, 2 Chatsworth Road, Chorlton-cum-Hardy, Manchester.

H. W. POWELL,

Hon. General Secretary.

TREASURY NOTES.

I am pleased to record a splendid response this month, no less than twenty members having forwarded their welcome contributions. I hope this is merely the prelude to a regular deluge of subscriptions during October, which will greatly lighten the work of your Treasurer and Auditors.

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

*W. P. Cook.	J. Leece.	C. Randall.
J. O. Cooper.	W. H. Lloyd.	W. M. Robinson.
W. E. L. Cooper.	A. Newall.	T. Royden.
F. L. Edwards.	W. R. Oppenheimer.	S. T. Threlfall.
C. F. Hawkes.	*J. Park.	G. H. Winstanley.
J. Henderson.	J. T. Preece.	O. T. Williams.
D. M. Kaye.	R. J. Pugh.	

R. LEIGH KNIPE,

Hon. Treasurer.

The Latest Outrage on Knipe.

I confess to a feeling of shame on hearing that we allowed our famous member to be robbed of his life-long servant-wheel on which he made our history. While he guards our treasure we fail to guard his mount. We are all guilty. Worse luck, it cannot be redressed, and Routledge's work of art cannot be replaced. Its duplicates have been mislaid, Chem's renowned specimen was abandoned years ago, in some Anfield garden, serving as clothes line. On those two machines the Craftsman had exerted all his skill. In vain Museums have asked for copies.

This tragedy fits ill on top of another recent outrage on our Treasurer that took place in the presence of many members. In the August *Circular* we find on scrutinizing the Annual Photo that Knipe had on that occasion lost his Seat, time-honoured on the Bench of Elders and Aldermen. The Bench looks out of gear without him. Reserved for President, Vice, ex-Vices, for Fells and Vens, Mercers and Edwardians, it looks lost without our Treasurer as a picture resembling a row of Great Danes. Is it grim humour to find the Mastiff on the ground and a Terrier in his place? Was it a case of a motorist cutting in after an overdose of a certain otherwise harmless Ointment?

LATEST TOURING NEWS.

National.—The Nantwich By-Pass.

After twenty years' use as a slum passage, the by-pass between Church Mansion and the Railway Station has emerged as Nantwich's best Boulevard. This cuts out the policeman at the Lamb Corner. All are invited.

International.—More Tunnels.

The Antwerp Tunnel under the Scheldt has been thrown open to all comers. The Liverpool Tunnel under the Mersey remains in the hands of the decorators. Needless to add that "We are not gratified."

World Wide.—A Brand New Machine, 50 Years of Age.

We read in the daily Press that an unused Ordinary has been sold for £80 at auction, dating to 1880 or thereabouts.

Thus far the most perfect Roadster Ordinary of that year known to the public, has been the Light Roadster in the Museum at Barnard Castle. Where will the latest be on view? Who was its maker? That at Barnard Castle is believed to have been a Coventry Machinist's.

ITEMS.

More wedding bells. Ex-Captain George Glover is the latest Anfielder to wed, and we wish Mr. and Mrs. Glover all the best.
* * * * *

Johnny Band met F. C. Lowcock in the Isle of Man recently, and the latter wished to be remembered to all his old friends in the Club.
* * * * *

J. E. Rawlinson has joined the growing number of Anfield-Bath Roaders (or Bath Road-Anfielders if you prefer it).
* * * * *

As reported briefly in our last issue, Mr. Glenn Dunning, of Circular Road, Birkenhead, was badly bruised and cut when he skidded on some loose stones, on Hawarden Hill—by the school—when avoiding a motor-cycle and sidecar which was passing a motor car.

He was bandaged by another motor cyclist and called at Birkenhead Fire Station where they dressed his injuries and sent him to the General Hospital. He was not detained, but had to go twice a day for further dressings.

Gordon has been seen out cycling since, so we presume he is now quite better. He was christened Glenn Dunning by the *Birkenhead Advertiser*, and we hear that he likes the "posh" sound of this so much that he is adopting it by Deed Poll.
* * * * *

Kettle was absent from the Farndon run through being laid up in bed with a bout of influenza.
* * * * *

One of two small boys, as Frank Chandler rolled his tricycle past the "Plaza," Birkenhead, the other Wednesday evening:—

"'E can go faster on that thing than anybody on a bike."

Evidently the fame of our Chief Consul for Cheshire, whose prowess at scrapping with such stalwarts as Randall and Brewster on Wednesday evenings has been heard the length and breadth of the Club, is spreading.
* * * * *

It is reported that Frank Chandler, accountant, of Birkenhead, is now languishing in one of H.M. Prisons as the result, it is alleged, of obtaining a packet of ten "Gold Flake" cigarettes by fraud. He will be brought before the Nantwich magistrates on Monday.

The prisoner, we understand, had spent the Friday night (Sept. 22nd) at the Lamb Hotel, Nantwich, and in the morning had a dispute with the manager with regard to a charge of sixpence (6d.) for the storing of defendant's bicycle. The manager insisted on the payment of this money, whereupon Chandler became very abusive and proceeded to throw the furniture about. However, the bill was paid and the man eventually ejected with the aid of eight or nine guests and the Boots.

The defendant then sneaked back and asked the barmaid for a packet of cigarettes and told her (when he had pocketed the gaspers) that he had paid the manager for them!!

The most amazing part of this story is that the man had the effrontery to go back there the following week-end to meet two friends for lunch. The amazement of these gentlemen, Messrs. Cook and Snowden, two cyclists from Birkenhead, can be imagined, when they saw the entire Cheshire County Constabulary invade the dining room of the Lamb Hotel and arrest their apparently innocent and respectable friend.

When arrested he was found in possession of copious notes about churches in the eastern counties and it is thought that, with an accomplice, one Percy Beardwood, a scrap rubber and old iron merchant, of an address in London, he was planning a series of robberies.

Outside the little inn at Llyncllys, the other Sunday, seven Anfielders foregathered by previous arrangement. It was just noon and four, who had been week-ending at Battlefield, had spent the last half-hour in playing darts or something, whilst awaiting the arrival of Connor, Marriott and Salt, who had ridden from their respective homes. The four week-enders were Brewster, Rigby Band, Randall and Williams.

Good progress was made to Lake Vyrnwy, where, after the delay of one puncture, we arrived for a late lunch. We fed splendidly, and then recrossed the dam and took the road along the north-east side of the lake. We viewed, in due course, what ruins remain of old Llan-wddyn and Eunan, usually covered by the waters of the reservoir, but are now visible owing to the depleted state of the lake.

On the Bala side of the Hirnant Pass, Salty was, as usual, first, and knowing his temperament, we did not persuade him to wait. Charles, however, in an effort to tame him down, accompanied him. The other five continued by the back lane to the Bryntirion Inn and thence by the Llandrillo road to Corwen and eventually Llandegla, where they had tea at the Crown. They had been there perhaps half-an-hour when the door opened and in staggered Charles, crying "Where's Salty?" He was nursing his arm and shoulder which evidently pained him considerably.

It appears that Salty, the fountain of knowledge of Welsh roads, insisted on turning left at the Bryntirion Inn and then right, along the "middle" road to Cynwyd. Somewhere along that lane, Salty, with his spasmodic bursts of speed, had dropped Charles by 20 or 30 yards. It was on one of these lapses that Charles, in endeavouring to ride a water course, was thrown heavily on to his left shoulder and had to lie there twenty minutes or so before he could get up and then he found his mudguard, saddle and bars twisted. He walked part of the way to Cynwyd, where he regained the main road some minutes after the later party had passed. And in that state, with a painful arm and shoulder, he struggled along the Bryneglwys road to the Crown.

But what of Salty? All the shouts in the world did not reach the ears of the "ever onward." He did not even hear the crash. So at Cynwyd he waited and when Charles did not appear after a time our speedman did not go back but "tore it up" to a lonely tea at Mold.

It is only to be expected that during the wonderful summer we have enjoyed this year, that Charlie Conway would be disporting himself in one of the Wirral Bathing Pools, and we hear that the moment Charlie leaves the water he is besieged by a bevy of beautiful bathing belles. Of course, boys will be boys, and our photographer realises that one can only be young once, and he will no doubt settle down one of these days.

An Unofficial Week-end.

Leaning against a kerbstone outside a general shop in Chirk, the other Saturday evening, were a number of bicycles. Clustered around stood their owners, who were having a general discussion upon what were the edibles necessary for a week-end's camping. In time the

clamour ceased and some trooped up the steep steps into the tiny store, the others, for there was not room for all in that Emporium for Everything, remained outside. This was the occasion upon which some of the Tea Tasters gave the Club Run a miss in order to indulge in a spot of camping at Llanarmon D.C. Quite probably some other scribe has ventured to write something about the absence of the greater part of the younger element at Pulford, but as this is only anticipatory, an answer here to such writings would be rather premature and at that we will let the matter rest.

At Willaston, sitting on the milestone, Norman Turvey saw us. This was awkward; we, who desired to dodge all other Anfielders, had struck snag number one very early. He was with us until Chester and then we contrived to dodge him. And then, in sauntering past Eaton Park, the second snag hove in sight—Cody. So we accelerated, said good afternoon ever so politely and passed onward. Silently and surreptitiously we slid past the Grosvenor Arms; we were not hailed, so all was well and we crossed into the Principality.

The ever delightful Ceiriog Valley was a picture in the gathering dusk of a September evening, night just falling as we camped in the meadow behind friend Howard's ancient hostelry. Glyn, we had reached in record time, and then followed Pandy, and Charles avers that never was that hill so easy; of course, camping kit steadies the bicycle wonderfully. But for all that illuminating revelation, three of us very conventionally walked the activity and thereby avoided the terrific scrap which started at the top. Moans from that scrap were heard all night. There were just nine of us—Rigby Band, Connor, del Blotto, Lloyd, Marriott, Randall, Ryalls, Salt and Williams. MacGlusky Brewster followed later.

Camping! Where else can one imbibe freshly made tea at midnight, sitting and sipping outside someone's tent door gazing at the full moon rolling along those adjacent hilltops? Salty was already abed, unsociable blighter, his tent door laced, too, but then perhaps he suspected something. MacGlusky, who had just arrived after a non-stop run from Chester, was scoffing his second supper of pork pie, tomatoes and tea. What a life!

The pleasant roar of a nearby *Prunus* put an end to my slumbers somewhere around 7 a.m., and the roar of acclamation which followed Williams' "Who's for a cup of tea?" really finished it. Breakfast over, the "love lorn loons" Ryalls and Lloyd, struck their camp and made a beeline for their respective bowers. For our morning, Charles suggested a real good walk, actually, this amounted to strolling along the river side looking for a suitable bathing pool. We found one, eventually, and then spent the best part of the morning in damming the river to raise the level of the water. This with the permission of the local farmer. Heaving boulders and sods has a tendency to increase one's appetite, and so it was with heavy hearts and very empty tummies that we left our handiwork to the merciless onslaught of the winter rains, and retired for the luncheon interval.

It was three-thirty when we had finally packed up, paid our money to Arty of the West Arms and turned our backs on the West. And then we saw another bathing pool, with a five foot dive, too, so in went the swimmers again; Mac and myself, being modest, were the only non-starters. We reached Chirk a little before five-thirty, where a phone call assured us of a ready tea at Farndon, and at the hotel Scarff joined us.

IN MEMORIAM.—F. T. BIDLAKE.

The passing of our old friend, F. T. BIDLAKE, has shocked the whole of the cycling world, and all who knew him feel that an irreplaceable personality has been lost to cyclists in general, and our friends of the North Road in particular.

The delightful article in *Cycling* every week was one of the best features in the paper, and his work for cycling ranged from Departmental Committee work, timekeeping, R.R.A. Committee work, measuring courses, and indeed, every form of service.

He was the President of the North Road Club, and the R.R.A., a Vice-President of the C.T.C., and member of the R.R.C., and F.O.T.C.

"Biddy" was, this year, celebrating his jubilee as a cyclist, and only five days before his death a Bidlake Jubilee Testimonial Fund had been started, to which all cyclists were to be invited to contribute. He was about to retire to a house known as "Great Bidlake," near Bridestowe, Devon, where his ancestors had lived since the seventeenth century.

On the road and track he was a racing man to be respected, and once held the 50 miles, 100 miles, 12 hour and 24 hour records on the track, and later, the same records on the road. His 24 hour ride in 1893, of 410 miles 110 yds. on a tricycle, when he was second to Shorland on a bicycle, is still unbeaten. In all he held over 100 records.

This "Grand Old Man" invariably commanded the respect and affection of all, and his friends have paid him some fine tributes.

The Funeral, 21st Sept., 1933.

On a perfect late summer's morning, gilded by the sunshine Biddy knew and loved so well, about 200 of his cycling friends and admirers gathered at Golders Green Crematorium to pay their last respects to the Grand Old Man of the sport and pastime. As the remains slowly disappeared at the touch of an electric button, one could not help wondering if it was real—had the great Timekeeper really timed his last event on life's highway.

A little over a week ago a few of us met to discuss, and decided upon, a National Testimonial, now—"The best laid schemes o' mice an' men gang aft a-gley."

Amongst the large company one noticed "Pa" White, Jimmy James and Percy Brazendale of ours, Frank Urry, Monty Holbein, S. F. Edge, G. H. Stancer, H. H. England of *Cycling*, J. Burden Barnes, J. Dudley Daymond, E. J. Steel, Ted Boyle, Mazeppa, "Beefy" Hogan, Shillito, Ditchman and of course most of the North Road Club that could manage to get there; a full report of the mourners present will no doubt appear in *Cycling* before this brief report gets into print.

As better pens than mine will record Biddy's greatness, we will conclude by saying it was a privilege to be able to represent the Club on such a sad occasion.

P.C.B.

Manchester Wheelers' "12," September 24th, 1933.

"Come on, Frank, time to get up."

Harken to Orrell the Elder the other Sunday morning.

"What's the time?"

"Half-past four."

At this, I pushed George Connor over to the other side of his tent and told him to get up. After a moan he did, and then I followed likewise.

This, as far as we were concerned, was the start of the Wheelers' "12." The morning had a tendency to be raw, with a touch of east in the wind. It was fast, at least Salty said so, but this opinion was not shared by others. In addition to Salt, Lockett and Lloyd entered and started. The paucity of Anfield entries was due to the event being held on a Sunday; transport facilities from Knutsford after seven in the evening, being non-existent.

In the race itself, Salt took the lead from the start; at 52 miles his time (2.25) was 3 minutes better than Southall. At 110 miles, which is where a 12 hour event begins to interest, Holland (Midland) was the fastest with 5.21½, and Southall and Bentley (Walton) within the quarter-minute. Salt was 4th in 5.27. Soon after this, Southall packed but otherwise the order remained the same. At 145 miles, Holland still led with 7.13, Bentley 7.17, Salt 7.21 and Godwin (Potteries) 7.30. The 182 miles check shewed some interesting changes, Holland still retained the lead in 9.6 (exactly "evens"), Bentley had retired, Godwin had pushed up to second with 9.29 and Salt had slowed to 9.31.

This order was retained until the finish. Holland kept to his "evens" to the end, but at Twenlow Pump (about 200 miles) he punctured and thereby lost 5 minutes. His final total was 238½ miles, competition record, but real hard luck. Godwin finished with 232, whilst Salt, who had lost time in going off the course, missed the 230 miles by 1 furlong. Lockett rode very steadily throughout to finish at 205 miles. Lloyd, owing to saddle trouble and the fact that the officials at a feeding station had no food left, was obliged to retire about 140 miles. In addition to this, Bert found that there was no checker to turn him near Noman's Heath and by the time he had got round to Burford again, there was again no checker and it is no wonder that Lloyd packed up and he is very critical of the way the Wheelers ran the event.

Ross, of the East Liverpool, created a great amount of interest, for if he had beaten 232 miles the *Cycling All-Rounder Trophy* would have been his, but he was disappointing and finished less than his previous best with 219½.

Sunday racing considerably facilitates helping arrangements and we were able to give drinks at many points. Anfielders noticed on the course were: W. Orrell, G. B. Orrell, Haynes, Senior and Junior, Molyneaux, R. J. Austin, Connor, Brewster, Randall, Marriott, Cook, Snowden, Roskell, Stephenson, H. Green, E. Buckley, Kinder, Jonas, Pitchford and Wilson.

Hubert Roskell very kindly transported Salt and bicycle to Liverpool Landing Stage after the event, which consideration was much appreciated. Thanks must be also extended to Bert Green for taking Lockett home from Twenlow.

"Cycling's" Best All-Rounder Competition.

F. W. Southall (Norwood Paragon) has won again for the fourth year in succession and in spite of many years racing he is still supreme. The second man is S. M. Butler, also of the Norwood Paragon, and C. Holland (M.C. & A.C.) who beat the 12 Hour Competition Record in the Manchester Wheelers' "12," is third.

Jack Salt, whom we congratulate on his very fine performances, is the only Anfielder in the best twelve men and he is sixth this year, as against fifth place last, when Pitchford was also a "best all-rounder."

The best twelve, with their average speeds for the "50," "100," and "12" are as follows:—

			Avg. speed.
1.	F. W. Southall ... Norwood Paragon ...		21.731
	Awards: "Best All-rounder" Trophy, Gold Medallion, First Certificate of Merit, and Bronze Team Medallion.		
2.	S. M. Butler ... Norwood Paragon ...		21.443
	Awards: Silver Medallion with Gold Centre Second Certificate of Merit and Bronze Team Medallion.		
3.	C. Holland ... M.C. and A.C. ...		21.439
	Awards: Silver Medallion and Third Certificate of Merit.		
4.	L. J. Ross ... East L'pool Wheelers ...		21.435
	Awards: Bronze Medallion and Fourth Certificate of Merit.		
5.	B. W. Bentley ... Walton ...		21.362
	Certificate of Merit.		
6.	J. J. Salt ... Anfield ...		21.291
	Certificate of Merit.		
7.	T. E. Godwin ... Potteries ...		21.265
	Certificate of Merit.		
8.	A. Cox ... Brightside ...		21.250
	Certificate of Merit.		
9.	A. W. Brumell ... Vegetarian ...		21.206
	Certificate of Merit.		
10.	H. L. Caris ... Barras ...		21.152
	Certificate of Merit.		
11.	S. H. Ferris ... Vegetarian ...		21.148
	Certificate of Merit.		
12.	C. Marshall ... Vegetarian ...		21.130
	Certificate of Merit.		
	F. L. Cleeve ... Norwood Paragon ...		20.821
	Award: Bronze Team Medallion.		
	Team Shield.		
	Norwood Paragon C.C. (Southall, Butler and Cleeve)		21.332
	Award: "Best All-rounder" Team Shield to be held for one year.		

Pulford, 2nd September, 1933.

The knowledge that the Grosvenor Arms was now tenanted by new people provided a new interest for an old run. A comfortable north-west breeze made the run out easy and uneventful, causing some of us to think we were fitter than ever, and ought really to be riding in races again. After busy Chester, the seclusion and beauty of Eaton

Park amply compensated for its rough roads. On arrival at the Golden Gates to the Hall we ruthlessly startled Tommy Royden out of a love-sick reverie by riding suddenly off the tar-mac on to the noisy shingle by the gates. He was definitely staring devotedly, but hopelessly, at the first floor front bedroom window. On the bridge we came across Knipe, Lucas and Bert Green, and from there proceeded to Pulford, down the Rocky Road through the Park.

There was a muster of 19 or 20, including Turvey from Yorkshire, and W. Orrell, as well as Green from Manchester. Cook was away on his lonesome, as he was due to time the Palatine "50" next morning, so ex-Kapting Kettle was boss. Chandler and Harold Band strengthened the position of the shortists by sporting the new and sensible garments, whilst Tommy Royden upheld the old with his plus fours made of horse blanketting; he said they were cool enough but we know what a liar he is—especially when followed by a disarming roar of laughter.

The meal was a cold one and was generally considered to be far below the old Pulford standard, though the price remained the same. Very expensive for what was provided, I thought.

The gathering, unfortunately, consisted almost entirely of the older men, as with one or two exceptions the Tea Tasters, *en masse* (including the Captain of the Club and two or three of the Executive) had deserted the Club run (although they had passed through Pulford between 4-30 and 5 p.m.); their plan being to camp at Llanarmon D.C. One missed their company and this account of the Pulford run would not be complete were it not recorded that their absence was commented on in language temperate but severe, by most of those present. And as the commentators were mostly those with long and honourable records of Anfield membership and of consistent help with cars and checking services to our racing men, one feels their views merit careful consideration, even on a basis of mere reciprocity. We certainly hope the completeness of our social runs will not be threatened with such wholesale desertion, as in the summer they are sufficiently interfered with as it is with the large programme of our own and of "Open" races.

The run home was uneventful; Jonas pushed off first on his barrow, and then Knipe and Lucas. The Wirral section proceeded sedately enough, except when Turvey tried to show Kettle how a close ratio helped in hill climbing and Kettle tried to show it didn't. We stopped at Barnston, but it wasn't very successful, as an animated argument between Chandler and Royden as to why beer went stale, seemed to communicate itself to the glasses in front of us as our beer was decidedly under the weather.

Haynes, junior, arrived at Pulford, with a friend per tandem, shortly after seven, and was duly checked by members returning home.

Mold, 9th September, 1933.

How many errand boys on bicycles I overhauled on my way to Willaston Corner, as I crashed through after our varicose Editor, I am ashamed to recall, however, when I eventually sighted his manly, though over-exposed figure, he was busy restoring his torn tissues and looking annoyingly cool. Proudly and with a heaving bosom I told him what a wonderful sensation it was to be on sprints, pushing 81 and feeling the good old road rushing beneath one's powerful thrusts. To my mind it showed rather a mean spirit when he told me I had taken about one minute out of him and his beastly "barrow" from Birkenhead.

A slight operation had put the proverbial "tin lid" on the Editor's activities for the time being and I had quite a comfortable ride to Queensferry and walk to Ewloe.

On arrival at the "Dolphin" we discovered that it was barely 5 p.m., although Teddy Edwards' car was already parked in the yard. He subsequently partook of an early tea in order to rejoin his family at Bettws for an apparently indefinite period (lucky man!)

The No. 1 camping section composed of Randall and Blotto also moved off early for Pensarn, where a number of Tea Tasters were to meet on the morrow and disport their figures upon the sands.

The No. 2 camping section (Connor, Rigby Band, Williams, Brewster and a friend) went off to a spot near Corwen.

The goodly company still remaining conversed around the remains of the usual excellent tea and Tommy Royden's melodious voice blended harmoniously with Chandler's falsetto whisper, as they chatted more or less amicably about old times. In my immediate vicinity cross-talk was rife and Ven was endeavouring to sell a pocketful of return halves of bus tickets at reduced figures. Frank Perkins, the Railway King, was very indignant when Ven suggested that he was entitled to a rebate on an unused local railway ticket (also a return half!)

My alluring smile at Jack, who was seated with some real cyclists, must have worked wonders, as I was asked to spend the night at "Staplands Villa"!

My recollections of the ride home are somewhat blurred, but I can remember seeing Willaston Corner through bloodshot eyes, and being conscious that the common herd were far behind—neither was Jack with me—he was far ahead!

Lymm, 9th September, 1933.

Three weeks have elapsed since I attended this run, but in default, I suppose, of anyone else, I have been asked by the Editor if I will send him a few lines for the *Circular*.

I have a pleasant recollection of a fine, sunny autumn afternoon's ride out through the lanes, against a noticeably adverse wind; and I remember that there were eight or nine present, including Green, and Cody, Stevie, and Lucas from Liverpool, Urban Taylor, the two brothers Rawlinson, Crunshaw, Jun., and Haynes, Jun., and that we all sat at one table with the pleasing consequence that the conversation was general instead of sectional. I also recollect that when I left Bert Green was expounding, with lucidity and emphasis, the duties and responsibilities incumbent upon those who undertake, or have assigned to them, the work of a checker.

Finally, there recurs to memory the recollection of an enjoyable solo ride home in the dusk, with the wind assisting now, and arriving with the feeling that it had been another good run.

Fourth 50 Miles Handicap, 16th September, 1933.

The last Club race of the season attracted an entry of fourteen, three of whom did not start namely, R. Poole, Brewster and Birkby. The two former men had let business interfere with racing, and we don't know the reason for the latter's absence.

G. B. Orrell and Jack Pitchford were two most notable absentees from the list, and their absence made the race for the fastest prize a walk-over for Jack Salt, who was over ten minutes faster than Connor, the second fastest. The two men did very good rides considering the day, which was marred from a speed point of view by a very strong south wind.

Haynes, junior, won the first handicap prize with a very fine performance, with Reg Pugh second and Bert Lloyd a good third, beating Connor by 21 seconds.

Our new man, Arthur Williams, in his first race at any distance, did remarkably well, in spite of the heavy going, and we hope he will take to racing in earnest next year.

The remainder of the riders were disappointing and were not up to form and from the list below it will be seen that one man (very *sic*) riding a tricycle took nearly three hours to dash round the course, though it should be mentioned in his favour that he apologised to the checkers for keeping them waiting, and had the grace to hide his face and did not call his number out, when he slunk past the Timekeeper. However, we will mention no names and finish with a fervent hope that next year these slackers will mend their ways.

Riders.	No-man's H'th 12½ mls.	Bick- erton 26½ mls	No- man's Heath 37½ mls	Actual Times	H'cp	Handi- cap Times	Prizes and Stand'ds
	Mins.					Mins.	
E. Haynes, Jun.	41½	1.24.20	1.58. 0	2.32.19	17	2.15.19	1st
R. J. Pugh ...	41½	1.24.50	1.58. 0	2.36.10	18	2.18.10	2nd
W. H. Lloyd ...	42½	1.27.50	2. 2.30	2.40.36	21	2.19.36	3rd
W. G. Connor	40	1.20.40	1.54.30	2.30.57	11	2.19.57	
J. J. Salt ...	37	1.17. 5	1.47. 0	2.20.25	Scr.	2.20.25	Fastest
A. Williams ...	41	1.26.20	2. 1.30	2.40.39	20	2.20.39	
D. L. Ryalls ...	40	1.21.50	1.56.30	2.34.26	10	2.24.26	
J. R. Band ...	44½	1.28.45	2. 6. 0	2.45. 9	18	2.27. 9	
G. Lockett ...	41½	1.26. 5	2. 0.30	2.38.57	11	2.27.57	
F. E. Marriott	42½	1.24.40	1.58.45	2.35.59	7	2.28.59	
J. S. Jonas ... (Tricycle)	44	1.30.45	2.12.30	2.56.10	18	2.38.10	

Mouldsworth, 23rd September, 1933.

Who started this idea of writing up runs? I'm no scribe, why pick on me? What's the Editor for, anyway? Oh! blow! Met at Willaston as usual, winter bikes much in evidence. Sammy Marriott rolled up looking most untidy. Pannier flap flapping in the breeze and ragged bits of newspaper positively oozing out in all directions. As nice tidy boys we naturally expressed our horror at such a spectacle, and at our earnest request he attempted to "tidy up." He has his ideas about "tidying up." He pulled his bits of newspaper out, decanting his fish and chips or whatever it was into his pannier bags amongst the grease, oil, bacon and sugar, etc., and nonchalantly chucked the paper in a field. I give you my word, gentle "earers," he chucked the paper in a field. The litter hog!!! We gently suggested as we ambled towards Chester that there were good books written in regard to the packing of camping kit and keeping the countryside fit for heroes to cycle in, but in the midst of this interesting lecture we came upon C. Randall watching some fifth rate football match. He was all "hit up" about it, and we had to positively drag him away. Next stop Stamford Bridge. Tea, cakes and chin wag, our views about the Wheelers' 12 hours, main topic. Off again. Shortly after leaving

Tarvin, George Connor left us for his he-man camp in East Cheshire. We waved to him from the corner, bravely hiding our tears as we laughingly bade him farewell! We then ran into weather with a capital W., and the tears welled into our eyes again as we thought of Connor "batting into it." Eventually we arrived at Mouldsworth, and we didn't walk up the hill to the Station Hotel, either (Tough boys).

Need I mention that we made a bee line for the bar? Sparing a few odd glances (all five senses being otherwise fully employed in the intricate business of imbibing) the writer observed many gaps in the ranks. Messrs. Chandler, Powell and Ryalls on holiday, Messrs. Salt, Lloyd and Lockett competing in the Wheelers' 12 hours. But the man most conspicuous by his absence was Syd Blotto. Discreet enquiries elicited the information that somebody or other had come home. The name of the somebody wasn't quite clear, but I understand the Editor is prepared to advise all interested (stamped addressed envelope with all enquiries please). We then had a feed in the Pavilion. The elite had a table to themselves where they proceeded to swap yarns accompanied by hoarse chucklings and girlish gigglings. A few of the yarns trickled over to the other table, where sat the ordinary rank and file, but we'd heard them all before. What's C. Randall for? Well that's about all, except that Sammy, sorry to bring him in it again, and Rigby Band suffered the indignity of having their bikes "Broken" and strapped to Hubert Roskell's car. Party then broke up in confusion, and I now take the towel from round my brow. Good night Editor.

Farndon, 30th September, 1933.

Before I add the account of this run to the long Anfield History, let me say that this is the tale of a truant, who, throughout this long and glorious summer, has failed to attend more than one other Club run.

With many doubts lurking in his mind, therefore, he commences the journey to Farndon. He is not very fit, and therefore his progress is slow, until he finds that a warm breeze from the East makes riding fast and light. His enthusiasm is roused, and bending to the job in hand, he finds that he can still do "fifteens" as of yore. This unexpected assistance causes him to be the first arrival at Farndon, and so, well pleased with himself, he takes to his feet to explore the village. On returning to the Raven, he finds that other riders—as distinct from pedallers—have arrived, and they invite him to join them in a glass of beer.

Thus fortified, the company sallies forth into the village, there to meet many others, in various types of garb—but what of that—are they not Anfielders?

The company having by this time swollen to twenty-five or so, they enter the ding hall, and for half-an-hour silence reigns, while the Anfield trenchermen "do their stuff." Pipes are then lighted, and the truant holds forth on the quality of the Manchester section's champion house of call, with the Liverpool men uttering their words of praise for their own favourite rendezvous.

The party now breaks formation, and the truant begs an introduction to the new member, which favour is granted. The truant notices that the new member has the bearing of one who will make a true Anfielder and tea-taster to boot.

The truant then gathers his Mancunian brothers and sets forth, riding, under the bright moonlit sky, through Tarvin and Northwich, reaching home with a firmly implanted resolve to support those cheery, winter gatherings which are called winter Club runs.

Once again, the Anfield has worked its spell.

J. S. JONAS,

Hon. Editor.

ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

FORMED MARCH 1879

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

MONTHLY CIRCULAR.

Vol. XXX.

No. 333

FIXTURES FOR NOVEMBER, 1933

Tea at 6-0 p.m.

					Light up at
Nov.	4	Halewood (Derby Arms)	5-5 p.m.
"	11	Mold (Dolphin)	4-53 p.m.
"	13	Committee Meeting, 7 p.m. (Victoria Hotel, St. Johns Lane, L'pool)	
"	18	Farndon (Raven)	4-43 p.m.
"	25	Mouldsworth (Station Hotel)	4-34 p.m.
Dec.	2	Halewood (Derby Arms)	4-27 p.m.

ALTERNATIVE FIXTURES :

Tea at 5-30 p.m.

Nov.	4	Holmes Chapel (Swan)	5-5 p.m.
"	11	Lymm (Spread Eagle)	4-53 p.m.
"	18	Goostrey (Red Lion)	4-43 p.m.
Dec.	2	Lower Withington (Red Lion)	4-27 p.m.

Full Moon ... 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.

A resolution according the deep regret of the Club and sympathy with the members of the North Road Cycling Club on the passing of their President, Mr. F. T. Bidlake, was passed in silence.

Heartiest congratulations were tendered to Mr. W. P. Cook on his appointment as President of the Road Records Association.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS.—Mr. W. M. Owen, Bryn Teg, Menai Bridge, Anglesey.

W. H. POWELL,

Hon. General Secretary.

TREASURY NOTES.

Having had the pleasure of recording a score of remittances last month, it is a sad set-back to have only nine members paying in October.

If this meant that nearly everyone had paid up, and there were very few Subs. to come in, one could view it with equanimity, but as there are more than one quarter of the members in arrears, it becomes a serious matter.

The Auditors are anxious to begin their work early in December, but it is a waste of their time and trouble if a great part of their work has to be done over again.

Will all those who have not yet done so let me have their subscriptions as early as possible in November.

The following nine members are hereby thanked for their subscriptions:—

J. Beckett.	W. E. Cotter.	D. C. Kinghorn.
E. Bright.	A. Crowcroft.	J. Pitchford.
G. B. Burgess.	W. G. Glendinning.	A. Williams.

R. L. KNIPE,

Hon. Treasurer.

BIDLAKE MEMORIAL FUND.

The attention of all members is called to the Bidlake Memorial Fund. The Presider is on the Committee, and Powell has a Collecting Sheet. It is immaterial whether you give your donation to the Presider or Powell or send it direct to S. M. Vanheims, 47 Berners Street, London, W.1. The objective is to raise £1,000 and that takes a lot of doing. If you require any guide as to the appropriate amount the first list of subscribers appearing in *Cycling*, November 3rd, should be helpful. The sport and pastime are deeply indebted to the late F. T. Bidlake, and his memory must be perpetuated in no uncertain manner. Let us show our gratitude as generously as possible.

IN MEMORIAM—FRED GEE.

It is with great regret that we have to announce the death of an old and valued member, FRED GEE, who passed away on the 24th October, at his home in Wallasey.

Fred Gee joined the Club in 1900, and was for many years a keen cyclist, attending runs and week-ending when business permitted. Those who knew Fred will remember him as a kindly and happy man with a very generous disposition. About 1910 he took to motoring and continued to run a car for many years. He was a very loyal member of the Club and recently when asked the question—"Are you still a member of the Anfield B.C.?" he replied "Once an Anfielder, always an Anfielder." He took great pride in the successes of the racing members of the Club, and always had the welfare of the Club at heart.

About four years ago he was taken ill and although recovering somewhat, he never regained his usual health. During this past summer he underwent an operation which weakened him considerably.

The funeral ceremony took place at the Anfield Crematorium on the 27th October. The A.B.C. was represented by Messrs. Cook, Edwards, Fell, Mercer, Venables and Williams.

To his widow we extend our deepest sympathy.

ITEMS.

Urban, of Shaw, has now joined all the Rawlinsons, Buckleys, Mortons and Beardwoods in the Bath Road Club.

* * * * *

As both the Racing Secretary and Editor have informed the Committee that they will not be able to carry on in their respective offices next year, there is a chance for two smart young fellows (bachelors preferred).

'Phone, wire or write to the present holder of the job you require and the remunerative position is yours.

* * * * *

The shocking affair at Nantwich last month (reported in our last issue.—ED.) had a sequel on the following Monday morning, when Frank Chandler, on promising to refund the sixpence, was discharged with a caution. This enabled Frank to turn up at the Halewood run. Of course he was looking very pale and emaciated after his horrible experience of "living" for several days on dry bread and water while incarcerated in Nantwich Prison.

In connection with this case it will be remembered that a Mr. Snowden, and a Mr. Cook were lunching with the man Chandler when the latter was arrested, and it now appears that the police have succeeded in breaking up this gang of crooks which has been operating most successfully, preying chiefly on hotels and shops in various parts of Cheshire and North Wales.

The C.I.D. have been watching them for some time, but so carefully and successfully have the gang been in covering up their tracks that the police authorities have been unable to lay their hands on these scoundrels.

However, Snowden was caught red-handed when he obtained some tobacco from a shop in Willaston, and cleared off quickly without paying for it. It appears that he had gained the confidence of the young lady in the shop by purchasing a supply there regularly every week and was thus able to get out of the shop before any mention was made of money.

The miscreant was traced through having been seen cycling with William Cook, corn merchant, of Brunswick Street, Liverpool, who rides a tricycle, and is well known to the police, so the detectives pounced on Cook and demanded to know the whereabouts of his accomplice, Snowden. Cook was loyal to his underling and on condition nothing more was said by the police, he (Cook) promised to go out to Willaston and pay for the tobacco. This, Cook did, and the case against Snowden was withdrawn.

We heard privately, after the scandal had died down, that one of the officers who interviewed Cook, wished to arrest him on the spot, as no trace of any dealings in corn could be found in the office, which was thoroughly searched.

Cook himself was found reclining in an armchair reading a rather doubtful-looking novel, while the chief clerk was cleaning a pedal bicycle. This latter person was a most aggressive-looking individual.

The contents of the safe included a silver shield, which, on examination proved to be a good piece of electro-plate. Altogether it was found that the "Corn Merchanting" was a blind and the office was nothing less than the headquarters of these unscrupulous crooks.

* * * * *

We have very great pleasure in reporting Tommy Royden's arrival at the age of three score and ten, and still exceedingly hale and hearty, and we wish Master Thomas "very many of 'em," though the reason we mention this, is because of the great ride Tommy did on his 70th birthday (11th September, 1933).

He rode from Birkenhead to Chester, Nantwich, Whitchurch, Wrexham, Chester, and picked up Beer Biters Cook and Chandler in Heswall, and continued with them to their haunt in Saughall Massie, and then home to Birkenhead. It is estimated that he did at least 102 miles, and on a showery and very blustery day too, so that we can see he did not have a sleigh ride with the westerly wind that was blowing.

Well done, Tommy, and if we are as fit at 70, we'll do.

The *Liverpool Echo*, of October 20th, contained the following paragraph, complete with photograph of our 'andsome 'ero:—

"Here is a stout old fellow-my-lad—Thomas Royden, of Devonshire Park, Birkenhead, rode on 'his beloved' pedal bicycle 102 miles on his seventieth birthday in 12 hours. He managed his feat on 'good English beer, bread and cheese.' The day was wet and stormy. Mr. Royden rode 62 in. gear and fixed wheel."

The unanimous election of our Presider to what is one of the most important and honoured posts in the cycling world, *i.e.*, the Presidency of the R.R.A., has given great satisfaction to all our members, and congratulations have been received by "The Old Gent" from many well-known figures in cycling, apart from members of the Club.

Cook has been a regular attender at R.R.A. meetings for very many years, as well as an official timekeeper, and his appointment to the office, left vacant by the death of F. T. Bidlake, is in itself a great tribute to him, but to be at the same time the President of three such bodies as the Anfield, F.O.T.C., and the R.R.A. is unique, and we are proud to think that the Pagan One is an Anfielder.

Charles, as a result of his fall near Corwen, strained his shoulder and was off work for three weeks and also had to miss the Tints Tour.

Beardwood and Chandler, when on tour in Norfolk, report the excellence of Inn accommodation in the Eastern counties, a substantial evening meal called supper, plus bed, and breakfast, ranging round six to eight bob, whilst a ration of onions and cheese (5d.) plus a pint of the best, kept expenses so low that Chandler found he had enough cash left over to indulge in several visits to the Opera, one of them being on a Wednesday evening, much to the disappointment of the Barn Owls at Saughall Massie. We understand from Beardwood, whose motto is "More better, more cheap," that there is quite an interesting variety of bird-life in East Anglia, and that the architecture is chiefly perpendicular—which would interest Tommy. During the tour a fond communication was addressed to Freddie del Strother in remembrance of many enjoyable holidays, to which Monsieur replied bewailing the state of things, but otherwise reporting good health and sending kindest regards to the boys.

Chandler warned the Committee that they were fixing the Tints Tour too early this year, and proved to be right. He is off to Borrowdale in November to see tints as they should be.

Our Treasurer had another bicycle stolen recently, in Shiel Park, but got it back in the evening, as the father of the culprit took the machine to the police station.

* * * * *

Jimmy Long has been out to the Tea Tasters' meetings recently, as he has been off work for a couple of months, owing to a troublesome appendix. He is to have an operation for removal of this apparently unnecessary organ, shortly.

Query.

If both wheels of a tandem bicycle ran over a cat, when the machine with full load aboard, is drifting at 25's down the Horseshoe Pass, does the aforementioned cat lose one or two lives? Or does it lose the whole nine lives at once?

CORRESPONDENCE.

The Editor, *Monthly Circular*.

DEAR SIR,—May not some of the younger members indulge in one week-end of real freedom, away from the restrictions and limitations which the racing game imposes, and miss just one Club Run without being subjected to such deprecating remarks as appeared in the *Circular* for October?

I refer to the report of the Pulford run which has been the cause of adverse comment. Especial exception has been taken to the use of that undesirable word "reciprocity."

Your contributor mentions the fact that we passed through Pulford between 4-30 and 5 p.m. Had the Club run been fixed for 5 p.m., undoubtedly we should have gone, but it would have been futile to waste an hour of precious daylight (we were camping, bear in mind) in order to wait for the 6 p.m. tea. Surely no Anfielder will begrudge us spending the most glorious week-end of the year in such true open-air fashion.

Much more could be written in defence of our action but I will conclude in apologising to Turvey for our absence on one of the rare occasions upon which he is able to attend a Club run.

Yours sincerely,

F. E. MARRIOTT.

EDITORIAL.

We have received a letter of protest from the Manchester Wheelers' Racing Secretary, Mr. T. M. Barlow, with regard to the remarks in our last issue about the feeding and checking in their recent Open "12."

We have been in communication with Lloyd and he says at about 30 miles, the marshal was packing his bag and preparing to go and was away from the corner. At Sandbach he had to enquire the way of a "local," and at Holmes Chapel only our own members knew that Lloyd had still to come.

At the 17th milestone on the Whitechurch road, we said there was no checker there, which was wrong, as Mr. Barlow was there himself, and we apologise for this statement. Lloyd however had gone well past before he was turned. At Filkins Lane there was no one on the corner and all the checkers and marshalls were in the lane and had apparently finished their respective jobs.

At the feeding station at Stamford Bridge, all the food available was six pieces of bread and butter and some marmalade. It was suggested that more bread and butter could be obtained, but no one seemed to be keen on getting it. An elderly gentleman found him one cup of tea when his friends were quite sure there was none left.

Lloyd still maintains that his criticisms were justifiable, and is of the opinion, that being a long marker, he was considered of no consequence by some of the officials.

Halewood, 7th October, 1933.

Leaving home at about 2.30, with the tandem, I proceeded to Prenton to pick up the perishing passenger, one Ryalls, who had told me on the boat in the morning, that, owing to sundry ills of the flesh, he was unable to propel himself round the earth to the Derby Arms.

What he wanted, of course, was some mug to cart him round and I was the mug, though fortunately the drought decided to break this afternoon and, the tandem being a very mud-slinging machine, it is doubtful whether Derrick relished the streams of water which trickled on to him from all points of the compass.

On arrival at the well-known villa, Dick informed me that he had only been home twenty minutes, but as he was smoking a pipe and showed me into the lounge where soothing music emanated from a radio set, I guessed that he had been having an after lunch siesta.

We eventually got started and made our way through a sticky south wind to Childer Thornton corner, where Perkins was waiting. Rigby, Marriott and Arthur Williams soon arrived, and Connor very much later. George, it seems, was very much distressed, as he had found that his speed bicycle had a very bad buckle in the back wheel, being at least 1-16th of an inch out.

Capes were donned, and at Frodsham four stopped at the cafe for tea and cakes, while the others smashed through. The former party met a violent rainstorm near Runcorn and arrived at Halewood just after six. I entered the tank and the one and only Hubert greeted me with that fine old English phrase which begins with "What'll" so I replied "A Bitter," whereupon he fell on his knees and in a most touching manner implored me to have a "Mild" instead, as the bitter was not fit for great and famous athletes, like myself, to drink. So, not wishing to lose that dash for which I am famous in the Club "50's," I had a "Mild" and then we all made our way to the tables.

The Skipper, it is sad to relate, had arrived upstairs too late to carve the pork. An unfortunate accident marred the evening for the Treasurer, as his chair slipped in some way and Bob fell back and gave his head a tremendous knock, which laid him out for the time being. He was able to ride home afterwards, but was not at the Committee meeting on the following Monday.

In the nether regions Hubert presided and John Kinder was just about to attack the joint when in walked Arthur Simpson, so our hopes of getting a decent meal were dashed and we had to sit and watch his futile efforts at carving for hungry cyclists.

Jack Salt is estimated to have downed his first helping in one minute forty-nine seconds, a considerable improvement on his previous best, and at the next Halewood run, I understand, he is out to beat 1.30,

The majority downstairs had barely started their meal when Burgess looked in to bid us good-night. They evidently waste no time upstairs.

There was a total attendance of 28, including Chem. (poor old), Dave Fell, Johnny Band, Stevie, Zambuck, Lucas, Cody, Cook, Chandler, Powell and other regulars, and also a friend of Kinder's.

The usual gathering downstairs concluded the evening when the choir, led by Tommy and Frank, sang "For he's a jolly good fellow"—meaning the Presider, who had bribed the company with ale.

A wet ride to the Pier Head and another run was over.

Arclid, 7th October, 1933.

It is a dripping Anfield man ;
His speed is slowing down ;
By yon wet yard and creaking sign
He knows the " Rose and Crown."

The pub-house doors are opened wide,
The Club-men piling in ;
The lads are met, the feast is set ;
May'st hear the merry din,

The Anfield men sit round a board,
Each plies his knife and fork,
Till naught remains, and as it rains
They settle down to talk.

Each man holds forth and holds each eye,
With tales of wit and glee ;
Each story stops, the penny drops,
And laughter follows free.

In rain and dark, the pub-yard park,
The Club-man's trusty steed.
" We rode like hell, the rain drops fell,
And homeward aye did speed.

" And through the rain the sodden train
Did send a muddy spray,
And cars dashed by, and splashed us high,
And blazed their watery way."

Oh ! dream of joy ! is this, by gad !
My homestead warm and dry ?
Is this my bath ? Is this my bed ?
It is ! I'm in ! Bye-bye !

Tarporley, 14th October, 1933.

Having received a spot of most disastrous news on this certain Saturday morning, I set out on Maggie, my faithful steed, full of determination to do or die, and so it came to pass that by dint of mighty thrusting on the treadles I passed that lousy contraption the tandem barrow, with the unhonourable Editor and very unhonourable Blotto fastened in between its creaking wheels, but already I was in a dire state and we negotiated Willaston Corner together, and came across our villainous Captain, coy Sammy to boot, whose winsome smile and coy kiss curls were swaying in the breeze between the hedge tops and the telegraph wires. Here also were Rigby and brother Brian, fresh from the wilds of Mexico, with a guitar-like twinkle in his eyes, which made us think that there must be something in these tales of Mexican moons. There seemed to be considerable and uncalled for amusement caused by my presence, and there was high glee in their voices as they informed me that I must have been jilted to turn up to a Club run, but I let the ignorant youths have their say and eventually the almost select party moved off with Sammy and Worzel giving much needed pace to the anaemic tandemists.

After a great struggle to keep Worzel's wheels from turning towards Wales at Two Mills, we settled down to a steady pace, and by great efforts and much wile, we passed Powell on College Hill, then after a hectic few minutes in the traffic of Chester we found the crafty Secretary had done the dirty on us and had made an errand lad's dive through the back cracks to beat us by a short head into Eastgate.

This time, however, Captain and Sub. did the job properly and sprinted past him with noses aloof and with what breath was left dived down a dirty lane which they thought led to Guilden Sutton, with the cavalcade clattering after them. Having discovered their mistake, by dint of graceful manoeuvring they shot back on to the right road, leaving the tandemists struggling to get into reverse gear. This brought forth much barbaric language from the crews, which hardly blended with the delightful suburban scenery, through which we were passing; the main objects of interest being the Monarch Laundry and the Bank Clerks' tenements, complete with clerks on view busy clipping at their spacious lawns. Next, the leaders introduced us to beautiful Guilden Sutton, where the thing with three wheels became firmly embedded in a sea of mud, and while Captain and Sub, nervously consulted the map with ugly glints in the eyes of their followers, a car flashed past and left a certain young midgy a muddy mess.

When the car and occupants had been told precisely what they and their ancestors were and why, it was decided to make for dry land, and with much muttering and strange chanting the main road was safely reached near Stamford Bridge, where loud wails for tea were heartlessly unheard by the leaders, although Worzel was seen to have a pleading look as he loyally plodded after Sammy, who didn't seem to have any intention of packing this day. Of course the inevitable happened, scurvy broke out amongst the crews undergoing such a strain, and there was a meeting at Tarvin, where Sammy informed us that as his lunch was still within his memory, he would carry out the proposed ride or die nobly at the wheel, or rather the bar. Naturally, it takes far longer for Sammy's lunch to drop than any normal person, so we gave him a fond farewell and were soon comfortably seated before a cup of tea. Blotto became very generous and gave me a fill of bacey out of his multi-purpose pouch.

Eventually we arrived safely at Tarporley and found the Presider, Chandler and Snowden in possession of the barmaid's office, so we tried the smoke-room, and through the atmosphere of a hundred mixtures of foul tobacco sighted a very pleasing gathering of glasses of ale and Anfielders. It was great to see some Manchester chaps out, these being Bert Green, Wilf Orrell, Jack Walton and Geoffrey à la pig, and who should blow in later but Rex Austin and Ann Rawlinson, evidently their train must have been behind time. Salty had brought out a friend on the tandem, who seemed much touched at the table manners and general politeness of the gathering of the élite at his table. Anyhow, he beat me, he had two helpings of dinner and three of sweets, I suspect he plays rugger, and is used to scrum work. It takes a man to have a good tea with Salty sitting next to him.

At last the hungry mob was satisfied and paid up with the usual grouses, the down-trodden Sub-Captain finishing with a heavy deficit as usual. Having missed a few Club runs lately, somehow or other this healthy crowd of twenty-four seemed to me to be a very representative gathering. Stevie was out slimming and threatening all the spud wallahs that he was going to ride a bicycle to Llanarmon for the Tints and was open for scraps up Pandy, with a pint a time as training fee. Everyone was congratulating Tommy Royden on living to the ripe old age of 170 or something, and listening to his story of riding a bicycle all through the day and night on the occasion of his birthday, and it is believed that Renter have obtained sole rights for printing this feat, so we must all get the next number of "Peg's Own."

The Presider made an early move, closely followed by the majority, leaving a few Tea Tasters to discuss high technique with the élite from Manchester. My memory of the ride home is blurred by the sight of twinkling ankles and scintillating bodies as viewed from the cosy annexe behind the axle of the tandem trike, broken for a breathing spell in Chester to survey the wreck of Charles, ex-record breaker, who was still *hors de combat* from his recent encounter with the dust of Wales.

I was escorted home early by Sammy and George Connor, as I had to be up early the following morning to reach a certain place called, yes, Sammy, you're right, Bontuchel. And so ended a very successful Club run, as full of the old Anfield spirit as ever.

Autumnal Tints Tour, 21st/22nd October, 1933.

The week-end tour started for me when I left home at 8-40 on the Saturday morning and rode to the Crown at Llandegla for a pot of tea and a slice or two of cake. Incidentally I may say that the Crown is now quite a good house of call once more, though I would hesitate to recommend it to such renowned travellers as Hubert or the Master, but it is quite good enough for the ordinary push-cyclist.

An easterly breeze blew me to the Holyhead road and on to Bala, and between Druid and Bethel I found that the County Council were straightening out the several sharp bends and doing their best to make this road like the other ugly modern highways we have.

Bala Lake was looking as pretty as ever, as the sun came out when I passed, and at the bottom of the Bwlch-y-Groes I lunched. An easy climb, with plenty of walking and I was looking down the valley to Dinas Mawddwy, and the view was as awe-inspiring as ever. I turned along the rough road towards Lake Vrynwy and was soon rattling down Cwm Eunnant and running alongside the lake, which was still very low.

Tea at "Bryn Vyrnwy" kept the "bonk" at a safe distance and soon I was on the road to Penybont, where I lit the lamp and went over to Llanrhaiadr and had a couple at the Wynnstai. I came out of the pub and found the bicycle had strayed. Panic seized me and I dashed all round the large yard and muttered prayers and eventually found the machine hidden behind a car. Someone's idea of a joke. Very funny. Haw! Haw! Haw!

Arriving at the West Arms at 7-30 I pitched the tent and joined the crowd which filled the tank and lounge.

Powell was allotting the beds, Elston was writing everyone's name in the visitors' book, and most of the rest were drinking and shouting. The Presider and the Vice-President were there, Captain, Sub-Captain, Racing Sec., Editor, F.H. and Simpson by car, Snowden, Tommy Royden, Scarff, Salty, Connor, Arthur Williams, Stevie per bicycle (well done, George), George Newall and Eddie Morris by car, Rex Austin, Jack Walton and friend Crewe per tandem, Rigby and Brian Band, Bert Green and Lloyd. Two who we had not seen for some time were Crompton Humphries and Norman Heath; and two of Elston's brothers made the party up to thirty.

An excellent meal was soon disposed of and everyone settled down to a most enjoyable evening with the Presidents of the A.B.C., F.O.T.C., R.R.A., and C.B.B.'s holding court in the tank; others warbling in the lounge. The piano was man-handled up to a suitable spot and Norman Heath accompanied the choir, while Derrick dashed round with jugs of Autumnal Tinted Water, which was sold to him as beer. The decline of the British Empire coincides with the decline in the quality of the present day ale.

Crompton Humphries was fetched out to give a fine rendering of Gunga Din, and George Newall sang several songs, while Walton, sitting in the ingle-nook, recited some very Byronic poems.

By special request we got P. C. Lloyd and Miss Sydney dead Blotto to give us their famous Apache dance, with Arthur Simpson accompanying on the piano, and so well was it done that in the end we thought it was *Miss Lloyd and Mr. Sydney d. B.!!!*

The entertainment went on in various ways until 2-55 a.m., when only a handful of stalwarts were left sitting. Blotto and Jonas were thrown out to their tent and peace reigned for a few all too brief hours.

Rising at 8-30 with a head that was bloody, but unbowed, I was away by 10-30, when nearly all had gone. Cook, Snowden, Kettle, Royden and Humphries had set off for Corwen for lunch, Lloyd had gone straight back to Chester to be on duty at 1-30 p.m. Connor, A. Williams, and Rigby Band had gone to Llanrhaiadr with Brewster, who had arrived at 9-30 from Chester. Scarff, Salt, Ryalls, Blotto, Marriott and Brian had gone over the Cynwyd crossing to Bont for lunch, while the Manchester men made direct tracks for home.

I went over to Llanrhaiadr and up to the waterfall, Pistyll Rhaiadr, then to Penybont and Llangyrog for the Milltir-Cerig crossing. At the bottom of the Pass I stopped to light a pipe and debate with myself my chances of getting over the Milltir-Cerig crossing without collecting a large parcel.

My joy can be imagined when I heard a car approaching and found it to be the chariot of the Master, with Arthur Simpson on board as well. I asked permission to hang on to the top and this was graciously

granted, but as they started off uphill at about 30's, I did not have much of a chance on a heavy Sunbeam, carrying a complete portable house and furniture.

But my luck was in, as George Newall and Morris then dashed up in the former's Austin, with seven horses' power, and they also stopped. This time I took no chances and was soon freewheeling up the Pass at a steady 15's. I'm afraid I pulled the car out of shape somewhat with hanging on to the door, but as my arm was still stiff two days afterwards, I think we came out fairly evenly.

At the top, F.H. offered profuse apologies and all proceeded down and lunched at the Bryntirion Inn, Llandderfel, and were badly stung. Arthur had a chat with the landlord "as man to man" and we drank "grape fruit crush"!!! He seems to be as handy at this game as at carving pork.

Newall and Morris went home via Corwen and Llangollen, and F.H. and Arthur went on to Bettws for the night, while I went by an all lane route to Bethel, Maerdy, Gwerfil-Goch, Clawdd-Newydd to Bont for tea, to find Ryalls and Scarff nearly asleep by the fire. An easy ride home, with a stop for cakes at Willaston, on account of the "bonk," put an end to a very fine week-end.

As regards the Tints, I must say that we were about a fortnight too soon, as the general mass of colour in the woods was still green, in spite of a very dry summer.

Mouldsworth, 28th October, 1933.

A rather dull morning hardly gave promise of the beautiful afternoon to follow, and the twenty-one who met at the Station Hotel had no cause to regret having gambled on the barometer. Dusk had fallen by the time the majority had arrived, and as they passed by ones and twos into the hotel, it was evident that several were not unknown to the villagers who were grouped near the door.

"I reckon I knows 'e wot come on the trike, Jarge: I've seed 'im ridin' round 'ere for purty nigh fifty year, that I 'ave."

"O, aye, 'e's the President o' the Club, 'e is: likes 'is glass, 'e do and rides like 'ell all day long, 'ail, blow, rain, snow, an' 'e don't let 'em know, don't 'e, 'e's Boss—not 'arf!"

"Oo's the tall, thin bloke, Jarge, with horburn 'air an' 'ousemaid's voice?"

"Sh! careful now, William, an' for 'eaven's sake don't say nothin' about pheasants and rabbits and sich-like, or 'e'll 'av yer in Chester clink in a pig's whisper."

"Well, I'm damned, an' 'e looks as innercent as a noo-born babe! But I say, Jarge, look at the big feller, 'im with the brass moneygram on 'is chest. Ain't 'e a beauty! Looks a captin' every inch of 'im! An' 'e shows up fine beside the little bloke in the corduroys."

"So 'e do; but mind ye, Jarge, the little 'un is a 'ell of a power, 'E's the sekittery, an' keeps stock of all as don't go out reg'larly and gives 'em fits at the year's end when 'e adds up the miles they ain't done. Gets 'is 'ooks into 'em somethin' crewell!"

"Ullo, there they goes in to feed. That little round feller sittin' by the sekittery, 'e's a corf-drop I tell yer: 'e smiles and smiles angel-like an' nuthin' never worries 'im: 'minds me of one of them Budders we seed in India durin' the war. 'E's like 'is blinkin' pocket-knife—a reg'lar henigma!"

"Oo's the bloke settin' opposite the President—'im wot looks like a poet?"

"'E's a furriner—comes from 'Uddersfield. They do say 'e writes a lot about bicyclin' an' gets all mixed up with moors and thistle-down. T'other bloke by 'un' 'as been a bit of a stranger lately. 'Is name's Walker—rode from Over—sounds more like a walk-over!"

"Do any of these blokes go in fer racin', Jarge?"

"Not 'arf, they don't. See 'im with the nobbly legs an' no stock-in's? Well, 'e raced against all the best racers in England this year and beat 'em all at Brooklands: yea' 'e did! 'E was the only one as didn't fall off!"

"There ain't so many trikes out to-day as I 'ave seed, Jarge—wonder were they be?"

"Fact is one of 'em's there be'ind 'im wot's getting steam up now: rides a trike so's 'e can be writin' as 'e goes along all the fairy-tales 'e 'ears an' then prints 'em, so's everybody can see as 'ow everybody else sees 'im."

"Seems to me there's a few missin' wot didn't used to stay away. Now 'im with the green trike. 'E was on the dot when the grub came in, 'e was an' no error. Looks as if he ain't a starter to-day."

"Too true; 'e ain't. I saw 'im in Chester about three hour ago an' 'e's got 'em bad!"

"Got wot, Jarge?"

"Blackpuddins—stickin' out all over 'im: got 'em worse than drink! But 'oo's the bloke wot looks like a paintin' of King Charles I?"

"Oh, 'im! Yes, 'e looks after the money. Pore feller! 'E's sufferin' the greatest sorrow of 'is life. Somebody pinched it—is 'ole bike, I mean. 'E can't get over it—wot I mean to say is 'e can't forget it. I do 'ear 'e mourns its loss like the Arab wot sold his faithful nag for a mess o' pottage—

My beautiful, my beautiful, so slim and slick and sly,

'Oo owns thee now, 'oo stables thee in some far filthy sty?

Thy glossy frame which I 'ave groomed since thou wuz just a foal,

Will rust upon some refuse-'eap—THOU 'RT STOLE, my steed, THOU 'RT STOLE!

This last explosion finished me and I stayed to listen to no more. Where was I? Oh, yes. I am supposed to be writing about the run. Besides those so graphically described above, a strong muster of Manchester members, including Urban Taylor, Rex Austin, Jack Walton and of course Bert Green—the Evergreen—was in evidence. After tea Colonel Cody was heard vainly calling upon the Huyton contingent to fall in—but Stevie wasn't having any! One missed the genial smile of Dick, who was ploughing a lonely furrow—which by this time must be a deep one—to Bont.

The meeting broke up soon after seven o'clock, two members—Cook and Snowden—making for Macclesfield, having heard that, owing to the water shortage, the beer there was being diluted less than usual!

J. S. JONAS,
Hon. Editor.

ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

FORMED MARCH 1879

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

MONTHLY CIRCULAR.

Vol. XXX.

No. 334

FIXTURES FOR DECEMBER, 1933

Tea at 6-0 p.m.

		Light up at
Dec. 2	Halewood (Derby Arms)	4-27 p.m.
" 9	Pulford (Grosvenor Arms)... ..	4-24 p.m.
" 11	Committee Meeting, 7 p.m. (Victoria Hotel, St. John's Lane, L'pool).	
" 16	Tarporley (Swan)	4-22 p.m.
" 23	Hooton (Hooton Hotel), Tea 5-30 p.m.	4-25 p.m.
" 26	Mouldsworth (Station Hotel), Lunch 1-30 p.m.	4-27 p.m.
" 23/26	Alternative Tour, Bettws-y-Coed (Glan Aber)	4-26 p.m.
" 30	Mold (Dolphin)	4-30 p.m.
1934.		
Jan. 6	Halewood (Derby Arms), Annual General Meeting, Tea 5-30 p.m. ...	4-39 p.m.

ALTERNATIVE FIXTURES:

Tea at 5-30 p.m.

Dec. 2	Lower Withington (Red Lion)	4-27 p.m.
" 9	Holmes Chapel (Swan)	4-24 p.m.
" 23	Lymm (Spread Eagle)	4-25 p.m.
" 30	Goostrey (Red Lion)	4-30 p.m.
	Full Moon	2nd and 31st Inst.

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

4 THE LAUND,

WALLASEY, CHESHIRE.

COMMITTEE NOTES.

A resolution recording the deep regret of the Club, and sympathy with the relatives of the late Mr. F. Gee was passed in silence.

Mr. F. Chandler has been appointed to represent the Club at the Bath Road Dinner.

The Annual General Meeting will be held after Tea at Halewood, on 6th 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 23rd, and/or December 26th, will count one or two runs respectively, and are asked to make their own arrangements regarding accommodation direct.

Tea at Hooton on 23rd December will be at 5-30 p.m.

H. W. POWELL,

Hon. General Secretary.

TREASURY NOTES.

There has been a slight improvement in the financial position this past month, as I have received fourteen Subscriptions and four Donations, but this leaves nearly a fifth of the members who have not yet responded.

There remains one more chance before the Auditors commence their work, and I would urge all those who have not yet paid to forward their remittances at once.

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

H. Austin.	W. E. S. Foster.	H. Pritchard.
*R. Barton.	N. S. Heath.	A. N. Rawlinson.
D. J. Bell.	T. R. Hinde.	F. H. Roskell.
J. A. Bennett.	*G. B. Mercer.	R. Rothwell.
*P. Brazendale.	E. Parry.	A. G. White.
*E. J. Cody.	H. Poole.	

R. LEIGH KNIPE, *Hon. Treas.*

Bidlake Memorial Fund.

We are pleased to announce that subscriptions to the Fund to perpetuate the memory of the late F. T. Bidlake have been made by the following thirty-one members: E. J. Cody, W. P. Cook, E. Edwards, D. R. Fell, G. B. Mercer, P. C. Beardwood, S. J. Buck, F. Buckley, G. E. Carpenter, F. Chandler, C. J. Conway, C. F. Elias, H. L. Elston, J. H. Fawcett, R. L. Knipe, G. H. Lake, A. Lucas, G. Newall, J. Park, H. W. Powell, J. S. Roberts, T. Royden, J. Seed, O. E. Taylor, W. E. Taylor, W. T. Venables, A. G. White, P. Brazendale, F. Bright, W. M. Owen, Sir John D. Siddeley, C.B.E.

In addition we understand the W.T.T. are making a collection of their own and there are doubtless some others in transit. There are still, however, quite a number who might reasonably be expected to show their appreciation of "Biddy's" great work for Cycling and Cyclists, and we hope they will give the matter their prompt and generous attention. As the subscriptions mentioned above range from half-a-crown to twenty guineas there is plenty of scope for consideration. If your name does not figure in the above list please see that it appears in next month's list.

Great Anfielders Forgotten. Darkest Eighties Brought to Light.

Who were the battling Anfielders of more than 50 years ago?

Harking back to the first three years of the Club's existence: 1880-81-82, we know little more than that D. J. Bell won the first road Fifty, carrying with it the Club's Championship and Captaincy. His features still bear the furrows of that contest. Since then the names of the riders prominent in the early nineties have so blotted out the recollection of what went before, that I, for one, have imagined that

the first half dozen years mostly consisted of long drawn out rides by Fletcher and Mills, Mercer and Bell, with an occasional Fell and Thompson thrown in.

It came therefore as a pleasant surprise to me on scanning through some dozens of Sports Programmes of the years afore mentioned, that many other names competing in track events were labelled Anfield B.C.

Road racing was then in its infancy, and club and inter-club events few and far between. On the other hand every cricket club held its annual Open Sports around its cricket pitch, apart from Athletic Clubs' Sports Meetings. The tracks, both cinders and grass, were likewise of a sporting nature, and it was a hard school to learn racing thereon with ordinaries.

At that time the Anfield were, as yet, strong supporters of the N.C.U., and it would be a mistake to imagine that the Club held aloof from the path. Anfielders ran the gauntlet with the best of them. Who then were these riders, and where did they perform?

Kensington Fields—Hall Lane; Nursery Hey—Walton; Stanley Park and Derby Park, as well as Lathom Park, Ormskirk were chosen grounds, and the Liverpool Athletic Club was an active body.

To get a sense of proportion I noted that a certain H. W. Gaskell was a local backmarker in 1880, who, at the then popular handicap distance of 2 miles gave long starts away in events confined to local riders. In that year he rode as W.L.B.C. (clearly West Liverpool), but at the end of 1881 he seems to have joined the Anfield. By that time the Anfield had trained up a member who could hold his own with Gaskell, but of him more anon. In 1880 Gaskell's mark in an Open Mile, with the Champion, H. L. Cortiss, on scratch, was 70 yds. At that meeting the Midlander, C. A. Palmer, rode from 40 yards. In this event the once well-known Anfielder, Johnny Beazley, rode from the limit of 200 yds., and the still well-known Dave Bell was on 165 yds.

Palmer was a regular visitor to Liverpool, and in 1881 won the 2 Miles Championship Challenge Cup of Liverpool. This is the same Charlie Palmer who, as manager of the New Rapid Cycle Co., invented the true tangent wheel which enabled him later to live retired at Brampton Bryan Castle, near Leintwardine, Wigmore, where we often passed his door, but mistrusting his butler we never rang the bell.

At the 1881 Sports of the Liverpool Athletic Club, at Hall Lane, several Anfielders were in the saddle in the 2 Miles Handicap, namely: M. J. Whitty, R. W. Drake, and Dave Bell, all rode from 150 yds., together with that famous Manchester pothunter, T. A. Edge. This was long before that worthy exchanged short triumphs for "prolonged agony," of which he became the chief exponent. (Acid tasting was a later sensation.) The virtual scratchmen were H. B. Johnson of Liverpool, W. H. Smith of Prescot, and S. A. Sayce of Rock Ferry. (These were not Anfielders but had other virtues.)

In 1881 at Lathom Park we find the name of an Anfielder famous in many ways. J. H. Cook entered for the 2 Miles Handicap—none other than dear old Harry Cook, the man who is said to have occupied every Club office except the Presidency, which he left alone to be filled later by his young relative—who is gradually getting used to it.

An Anfielder who meanwhile became outstanding on the path was C. W. Bayes, who was conceding Dave Bell 140 yds. in 2 miles at Derby House Park. Bayes kept on improving until at the Crosby Sports he rode from virtual scratch in the 2 and 3 miles handicaps, conceding no less than 270 yds. in the former and 365 yds. in the latter.

At Kensington Fields, in that year, he was the pick of six Anfielders waiting for the crack of the pistol. The others were the brothers H. and J. C. Robinson, J. G. Wood, D. J. Bell and M. J. Whitty.

Again at Stanley Park, Bayes was on the post of honour.

Another Anfielder seen on the track at Knowsley Grounds was C. A. Pearson receiving 180 yds. from a local notch, Pickering, of Huyton.

The last event in 1882 worth recording here, took place at Nursery Hey, Walton. This Nursery Hey was the nursery where the Simpsons swelled in numbers and we may be sure that all the Simpsons were in close attendance as enterprising aspirants (perhaps in control of the outer fence) on learning that C. W. Bayes, of the Anfield, was on the mark with only 65 yds. in 2 miles from C. A. Palmer.

I am ashamed to confess that during my long membership I have been told very little about C. W. Bayes. He must have been easily the fastest Anfielder of those dark and distant eighties.

Another noteworthy feature at that meeting was that our member R. W. Drake on that occasion joined the Swift-Footers in the half-mile flat, receiving a modest 45 yds. from a famous local scratchman who excelled at $\frac{1}{4}$ -mile and $\frac{1}{2}$ -mile flat races. This refers to the New Brighton Scot: Donald McDonald—hear that Simpson—who to this day, after 51 years, meets all comers any time of asking at the Warren, Wallasey, at bowls—his chief opponent being A. T. Simpson. He was once considered next best to W. E. George, and to-day ranks next to A.T.S.

Some adverts. on the programmes are touching in the light of later days: "WANTED—a few more members to COMPLETE the Liverpool Rovers' Tricycling Club," wails the secretary; and above, to tempt cyclists, appears a woodcut of the "Cheylesmore"—sofa seated—single driving—rack and pinion controlled rear steerer—three wheeler, locally introduced by R. & P. Are there any Rovers left? Well may our eyes pipe.

This R. & P. firm also widely advertised the famous Andrews-Sanspareil-Ordinary "Off" such machine the writer once performed a miracle: He came a cropper, bumped his head, saw stars, while the Sanspareil after turning a complete somersault, ran on RIDERLESS.

Fortunately, witnesses were present to vouch for the truth, or otherwise.

Disturbance of Harry Buck's Native Soil.

This soil used to repose in Irthingborough, North Hants., but the latest news from that Boro' leaves its exact whereabouts in doubt. H. M. Buck, now of van Couver, late of Albion Street, New Brighton, was at one time an inquisitive infant in the stronghold of the Lings and followers of the dreaded Irth the Invader, but Buck goes back beyond Irth for the name Bwch connects him with the Celtic Bwchs yn Uchaf.

Be that as it may, it caused Harry to dig deep into the neolithic and (on the strength of his features) even the paleolithic past, and while thus engaged he lit on a local Tunnulus or Tump, the contents of which he kept a secret, deciding to let sleeping dogs lie and when called away to the Mersey Bank, left the treasure in the keep of a Sand and Gravel Company.

But now no sooner is his back turned on his Native Land, the Irthing-Bo-ovians have uprooted the Tump and extracted the "Skeleton

of a Tusked Mammoth, in the midst of other neolithic remains."

This then was Harry's favourite Mammoth, the playmate of his tender years. Will he return post haste and claim his Mammo? Wait and See!

ITEMS.

Dick Ryalls is expecting to be exiled in London in the New Year, on business. We asked Derrick if he was taking his bicycle with him and thinking of joining the North Road or the Bath Road, but he immediately foamed at the mouth and became incoherent, and we rather gathered that the bicycle would not be taken. He is moaning about the distance between London and North Wales and talks glibly of a Puss Moth or a contract on the L.M. & S.R.

* * * * *

Still more wedding bells !! and this time at Llanfwrog Church, outside Ruthin, where Vice-President Kettle was married to Miss Margery Waine, on 4th November. We all know Harold Kettle, and those who know Bont know his charming wife, and we wish them every happiness. Harold Band was the best man, though we hear he was rather backward.

* * * * *

Kettle's new residence is in Bebington, where the Urban District Council is becoming seriously perturbed at the lowered tone of the district, owing to an unprecedented invasion of hordes of push bicycling toughs, who have chosen to live in this once select and highly desirable quarter.

Most of these ruffians seem to belong to one club, and they tear about the neighbourhood on their bicycles and tricycles (yes! one of them actually rides a tricycle) to the danger of everyone, and motorists have even had to slow down to avoid an accident.

We found the above in the current number of the "Bebington Blabber," and the article goes on to say that no more cyclists will be allowed to live in the Council's area.

Of course, Kettle (who is known at home as Bill, and not 'Arold, as in Anfield circles) cleverly outwitted the Urban Council's sleuths by only appearing in his car until he was finally settled.

* * * * *

The November issue of the *C.T.C. Gazette* states that Mr. Bernard Wood, THE WELL-KNOWN ANFIELDER, has just been married. Is it possible that this gentleman's name has been omitted from the list of members in the Handbook?

* * * * *

There has been an excellent and pleasing response to the advertisement which appeared in the November *Circular* for a Racing Secretary and an Editor. From the dozens of applicants for these coveted posts we have selected Messrs. Marriott and Snowden, and if these two members can get enough votes at the A.G.M. they will be made for life (ask Blotto if you don't believe us).

To those (there were too many for us to reply to each individual) who applied unsuccessfully, we offer our most sincere condolences, and if they will only keep on trying, their turn will come some day.

* * * * *

Jack Salt attended the Annual Dinner of the Charlotteville C.C., at Guildford, on the 18th November, and received the prizes for his noble effort at Brooklands, earlier in the year.

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Jimmy Long, whose appendix is not all it should be, has now acquired Tom Hinde's tricycle and can be seen most Wednesday nights tearing out to Willaston at a most reckless pace. When we tell you that James took one hour to get from Prenton to Willaston you can see that it must have been a wonderful sight to see him career down the Sych. Tommy Hinde was married recently and other keen cyclists should take warning.

* * * * *

Cook's Touring Party from the Mouldsworth run had a spot of trouble over the week-end, when Snowden broke a wire of his saddle and the Old Gent pushed a crank off his tricycle. One would think that the Presider would know how to ankle after having ridden thousands of miles behind Chandler, or is it that the cranks are not as good as they should be?

* * * * *

The President was the only Anfielder to attend the lunch of the Northern Section of the Tricycle Association, at Acton Bridge, on November 12th.

Halewood, 4th November, 1933.

Arriving at Thornton Hough on time for a change, I was surprised to see Arthur Howarth there, he not having been out for considerable time. Blotto was also waiting and in a few minutes the Skipper, Arthur Williams, and Rigby rolled up.

Of course there was the usual dash for the front and, after fighting it out, we set off towards Chester at a steady pace, nobody feeling in the mood for a scrap. Rigby, having to attend a social function in the evening, slid off down a back lane.

We smashed through instead of stopping for a cup of tea. Snowden was found at the Transporter, and had not the faintest idea where to go apart from crossing the River, so it was rather fortunate that we met him. Salty was waiting for us on the other side, and after lighting up we started off again. The rest of the run was without incident, and shortly, seven hungry cyclists arrived at the Derby Arms.

We joined the crowd in the tank, which included Hubert, Stevie, Fowell, Cook and Chandler, and upon someone's invitation I had one. Everyone, particularly the older members, were pleased to see Sammy Barton out again, after a long absence.

The usual excellent meal was soon disposed of by the ravenous crowd in the lower room. One missed Arthur Simpson, in-so-far as we had a decent meal without the usual messing with the pork. Stevie was the first to depart, having some fatherly duties to perform at home in connection with bonfire night.

Hubert "swung the hammer," and that famous song—"For he's a jolly good fellow"—soon brought some more down from the upper house. After renewing acquaintances the party broke up, Salty and Blotto and Howarth being in a hurry to go. As it was Harold Kettle's

wedding day several of the familiar faces were missing. Altogether twenty-seven members were present.

The pleasant afternoon was finished by a quiet run down to the Pier Head where I met Powell and accompanied him to Wallasey.

Holmes Chapel, 4th November, 1933.

It is the prerogative of the elderly to deplore the present and praise the past, and with a reminiscent "I recall the days" recount incredible tales of their youth, ending with the inevitable "things are not what they used to be." We all know that they never were. But for a moment I arrogate the prescriptive right of the elderly to contrast the earlier days of my membership with the present. Then was the enthusiasm which could draw thirty or more to an alternative Manchester fixture; now apathy accounts for no more than can be counted on the fingers of one hand attending. Why is there this indifference? Formerly the company reluctantly broke up about eight or nine o'clock; now, if one arrives a half-hour or more late it is to find the tea-table being cleared and members departing. I offer no explanation and can only comment that something's rotten in the State of Denmark!

At the "Swan" a mere half-dozen attended. The meal was eaten in an atmosphere of almost Trappist taciturnity, and we lingered afterwards just long enough to dispel the impression that our company was mutually uncongenial. Mr. Green escaped with the plea of a pyrotechnic display and fire at which he was to act as incendiary or feed as fuel—we were not informed; it was a burning question anyway. We others pursued our several ways homewards, the writer to linger at a country inn occupied by gross men subtle only with the darts.

Mold, 11th November, 1933.

This fine day found me full of good intent, I was bound for the hills to get away from the usual tea and cakes by the wayside, and a final blind for tea proper. Alas, as usual, many pieces of bicycle lay scattered here and there, and so to work, and sad to relate mid-afternoon found me waiting for Sam and his crew. We mustered a merry, gossiping seven, and Master Jimmie decided the Ferry was enough for the day, so there we hied ourselves to partake of tea and biscuits. So you see how all my good intentions were cast to the winds.

An hour to go, we decided it was time to depart, we were to walk up Ewloe, but alas in the argument the said hill slipped by, much to the delight of Sneezer, who hates walking anyway.

We arrived in Mold with time to spare, and so, for a space, lent our ears to music and our lips to ale of much potency. Then to the board and, after the usual tip-top Mold fare and service, we took to the fireside again; after a pleasant chat for nearly an hour we decided we must move and so at a sure and steady tens we made for home, where we hoped for large and roasting fires, for the night was decidedly nippy.

Lymm, 11th November, 1933.

A hint of fog was in the air as I headed my decrepit bicycle for the pleasant hamlet of Lymm. The air was cold and the prospect of the Club run savoured distinctly of King Winter.

Arriving at the Spread Eagle before time, I was able to observe and admire the stream of prominent Anfielders that invaded the ante-room. The usual Mancunian stalwarts were there, supported by Stevie and Ted Cody from the neighbouring metropolis.

We were a dozen or so strong when we moved into the banqueting hall and partook of a meal of excellent quality—sufficiently excellent to please the most exacting epicure. These foods for mastication were supported by ale whose quality I must judge, not by my own palate, but by the silence of satisfaction which it evoked.

The meal, duly removed from the board, the company drifted back to the ante-room, there to revel in the art of Bacchus, and to discuss the affairs of the day, and gradually to disperse, burrowing into the darkness with a firm resolve to repeat the performance next Saturday.

Farndon, 18th November, 1933.

It was rather a bleak day with an occasional slight drizzle, and, being by my lonesome, I negotiated the Birkenhead traffic and made for the top road on the off chance of finding company. Sure enough, George Connor came along and we made our way out through Eccleston and the Park, arriving in good time at the Raven. There we joined the circle round the fire which was soon augmented by Frank and Tommy who had tea'd at Pulford, and the latter was full of enthusiasm for the wonderful improvements there, finishing up with the naive eulogy, "and they've got a lovely W.C."! Presently the talk drifted round to Tommy's eligibility for the old age pension, and we were assured by Roberts of Wrexham that there could be no doubt about it, as he knew of people with hundreds per annum who drew it. Of course, as compared with Tommy's (alleged) thousands p.a., this was not quite conclusive, but if he gets it, he is determined to return it to the Government every Saturday night in the form of Beer Tax.

Powell had ordered for 16 and was only just correct, until Lloyd turned up late as the "makeweight." The 2/- tea was excellent and well up to the usual half-crown standard elsewhere, and this was proved by the fact that Frank asked for and ate his usual extra allowance.

At seven o'clock there were no signs of anyone making a move, they all seemed to have bedded down for the night, so I left them to it and hied forth into a pitch black night, and found the going good all the way to the 9 p.m. Rock Ferry boat.

Goostrey, 18th November, 1933.

I deplore the custom that seems to have grown up in the Club of always asking those who only occasionally attend, to write the run up—I have written up every run I have been to for the last two years. At the end of an excellent meal it comes as rather a shock to find that you are being held responsible for a readable report of the afternoon's happenings—a task which worries me for weeks—and the manner in which this responsibility is put on to your shoulders reminds me of Caesar's remarks about Cassius, though Rex Austin can hardly be called "one of those lean and hungry men." But enough of such.

Glancing at the *Circular*, after lunch, I noted that the run was not so far as to make my reaching it in an afternoon a physical impossibility, so I promised my younger brother sixpence if he could make my cycle rideable, which, after the fashion of younger brothers, he did. After a few minor adjustments I was able to start and I enjoyed a pleasant ride to the Red Lion, uneventful, save for several complaining squeaks, and my fruitless efforts to eradicate them. I arrived there more or less simultaneously with Bob Poole, Bert Green, and Rex Austin, and entering the tank we found Ted Cody, Wilf Orrell, Geoff

Lockett and a friend of Jack Walton's already present, Jack arriving shortly afterwards.

We then moved to the dining room, none too soon—Wilf wondered why we had not gone before—and we were no sooner seated than Stevie arrived. From here on I really lost most of my interest in conversation until I heard Rex Austin and Wilf Orrell hatching some foul plot, the result of which, dear reader, you are now enjoying (or not, as the case may be). At this point the arrival of Hubert Buckley, declaring that he had had nothing since breakfast, caused rather a stir, but he had no cause to grumble for long, because he acquitted himself right nobly.

In due course we retired to the Tank while Ted Cody left for home and Bob Poole soon followed. Conversation turned to criticism of the beer under consumption, Stevie being very wavering in his views, while a cat nearly removed Jack's store of beer from under the settee before he had time to express his.

Eventually the party broke up, leaving however, Rex, Hubert and Jack. The ride home was done in noble style, Bert Green setting a pace which we found difficult to maintain—at least I thought it was "we" from the way Wilf spoke, but, in the light of later events during the ride I do not think I can rely too much on his earlier statements.

Suffice it to say that I did finally arrive home, very late, but still riding.

Mouldsworth, 25th November, 1933.

When I started out shortly after lunch I found the atmosphere decidedly chilly, but as my route was in a northerly direction, and the wind was a north-easter I had not covered many miles before I found even my gloves rather unnecessary. The roads were practically deserted, but strange to relate I did not feel in the slightest degree lonely, for I was already anticipating the jovial company some miles ahead.

Good progress was made to Whitchurch, but continuing onwards I gradually noticed that the milestones were getting further and further apart. I finally dispelled this impression by calling for a pot of tea at Bickley Moss, which process only delayed me a few minutes, as I knew I had still a considerable distance to cover.

At Tarporley I left the main road and took to the lanes, and was thankful to reach the Station Hotel a few minutes before 6 p.m., and just ahead of Rigby Band and Dick Ryalls.

The twenty-one members out included practically all the regulars, but during the course of a truly excellent meal I heard terrible rumours concerning some half-dozen or more of the truants, who apparently had felt a very strong call from the South; suffice it to say that, after making detailed inquiries from various members, I decided forthwith to cancel my next summer's tour in the Clun district, and I would further warn unwitting Anfielders against unduly exhibiting their badges in this area in the near future.

Tea over, it was not long before the majority of the gathering were making preparations for either the return journey or continuing further afield. Cook and Snowden, bound for Macclesfield, left with Green, and I was delighted to have company on my homeward route for a change, as Wilf Orrell and Lockett were week-ending at Loppington. The homeward miles passed all too quickly ere we parted just beyond Whitchurch, and some two hours later I was able to tumble into my bed somewhat weary of limb, but extremely contented in mind.

J. S. JONAS,

Hon. Editor.

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