

ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

FORMED

MARCH, 1879.

MONTHLY CIRCULAR

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL

Vol. XXXI.

Edited by Ernest Snowden.

No. 347

A HAPPY NEW YEAR TO YOU ALL.

FIXTURES FOR JANUARY, 1935.

Tea at 6-0 p.m.

		Light up at
Jan. 5	Heswall (Heswall Hotel)	4-37 p.m.
" 12	Halewood (Derby Arms) — Annual General Meeting. Tea at 5-30 p.m.	4-46 p.m.
" 14	Committee Meeting, 7 p.m. (Victoria Hotel, St. John's Lane, Liverpool).	
" 19	Chester (Talbot)	4-58 p.m.
" 26	Daresbury (Ring o' Bells)	5-11 p.m.
Feb. 2	Halewood (Derby Arms)	5-25 p.m.

ALTERNATIVE FIXTURES :

Tea at 5-30 p.m.

Jan. 5	Goostrey (Red Lion)	4-37 p.m.
" 19	Northwich (Crown and Anchor)	4-58 p.m.
Feb. 2	Goostrey (Red Lion)	5-25 p.m.
	Full Moon	19th inst.

The Hon. Treasurer's address is R. L. Knipe, 108 Moscow Drive, Stoneycroft, Liverpool, 13, 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.

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ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

FORMED MARCH, 1879.

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PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL

COMMITTEE NOTES.

4 THE LAUND,

WALLASEY, CHESHIRE.

NEW MEMBER.—Mr. Donald Smith, Muxton Lodge, Wellington, Salop. has been elected to Full Membership.

APPLICATION FOR MEMBERSHIP.—Mr. A. E. Preston, "Lyttleton," Pensby Road, Heswall. Proposed by Mr. F. Marriot; Seconded by Mr. J. J. Salt.

RESIGNATION.—The resignation of Mr. L. King has been accepted with regret.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS.—Mr. Harold Moore, 127 The Avenue, Leigh, Lancs.

Tea at Halewood on 12th January will be at 5-30 p.m. The runs to Chester (Talbot) and Northwich (Crown and Anchor) on January 19th have been specially fixed, as so many will be away attending the B.A.R. Concert in London. Those going to these runs are expected to order their own meals.

H. W. POWELL,

Hon. General Secretary.

TREASURER'S NOTES.

WHILE wishing you all a very happy and prosperous New Year, I want to bring before you a proposition which will make this a certainty, and bring success both in business and on the road.

You suffer from an inferiority complex, a disturbance of the sub-conscious mind which manifests itself in lack of confidence and enterprise, a sense of worry, depression and futility, a weakness and indecision of will, a feeling of timidity which makes you (like Hubert) seek to hide behind a lamp-post when you see the Treasurer in the offing.

Now you can get rid of all that without taking a course of psycho-analysis in plain wrappers at three guineas for five lessons! You can eradicate from your subconscious mind the influences from which all these troubles spring, and build up in their places powerful positive impulses, which will enable you to realise your desires and ambitions, to achieve wonders on the road, and to win that thousand-a-year job for which your talents so well fit you.

The remedy is simple, you can do this by your own efforts and in the privacy of your own home, BY PAYING YOUR ANFIELD SUB. IN JANUARY! Just try it and you will be surprised at the spirit of quiet, calm confidence and sense of superiority which it engenders. Just look at * * * — well, "no names, no pack drill." So, go thou and do likewise.

My thanks are due to the sixteen members who have forwarded their subscriptions and/or donation (*) and I hope that those who still lag in arrears, will try and make it a double event.

D. J. Bell.	J. Egar, 1935.	W. M. Robinson.
J. A. Bennett.	J. A. Grimshaw	R. Rothwell.
*E. Bright.	J. Henderson, 1934	C. Selkirk.
H. G. Buckley.	J. Henderson, 1935.	T. W. Slawson.
*J. D. Cranshaw.	G. E. Pugh,	D. Smith, 1935
J. Egar, 1934.	E. J. Reade.	E. Webb.

EDITORIAL.

A HAPPY New Year to each good Anfielder and may 1935 bring to each blessings greater in abundance than ever before—not that we shall find, or expect to find prosperity falling into our laps merely at the wish. In these bustling times, we know that we must reach out to grasp the opportunities which come our way and, moreover, fight to maintain our hold on what we have gained, even as our forefathers have done from time immemorial, whether the issue concerned a matter of sport, or the rights and privileges of citizenship, or the even more pressing question of existence.

As cyclists, we ought to have as keen an appreciation of these conditions as any who use the King's highway, for it needs no "prophetic ear" to detect the knocking of the enemy at our gates, more insistently each year and never more loudly than during the past few months, clamouring that we should forfeit our freedom of the roads, that he may, without let or hindrance, hurl his death-dealing machines across this fair land of ours, utterly regardless of the lives and rights of the great non-motoring majority. Therefore, it is that the New Year opens on a serious note and, if we are to preserve our heritage we must mingle a little grimness with our pleasure.

That Unity is Strength is axiomatic and so perhaps is the dictum that Wealth is Power. At the present moment we as a disintegrated whole, possessing neither abundant strength, nor far-reaching power, yet by unity both may be attained. Already, the two great bodies which represent cycling interests are joining forces against the common menace, and it is the duty of every cyclist to be up and doing and to strengthen the hands of those who are fighting on their behalf by rallying to their support, without delay.

Those who are sitting comfortably on the fence, watching the battle from afar, may one day wake up to find themselves engulfed, nor will their mortification be the less, when they realise that their discomfiture might have been avoided but for their aloofness. Be assured, this is no idle call of "wolf"; the danger is very real; but victory can be ours by a long pull, a strong pull and a pull all together.



BOTTLED INTERVIEWS.

BY OUR SPECIAL COMMISSIONER.

No. 6. J. S. Jonas.

THE Editor's missive, enjoining me to lay bare for the edification of the readers of the *Circular*, the joys and sorrows, the hopes and fears of one to whom the devious paths of journalism are as clear as a half-inch Bartholomew's map, came as a shaft of sunlight in a November fog. In Mr. Jonas, I would find a soul attuned to the exalted mission with which I was entrusted and, as the sequel will show, I was not disappointed.

"By way of preface to the story you are about to throw upon the screen," I began, "I would remark upon the conquests you have made in the widely separated spheres of literature and athletics. Can you offer an explanation of this intriguing phenomenon?"

"My dear Sir, what is more natural than the affinity between the propulsion of the pen and that of the tricycle? The one is, to my mind, the complement of the other. For example, to attempt to create a rolling, flowing phrase seated in an armchair is quite impossible; but with the rhythmic turning of the pedals and the song of the tyres, ideas come tumbling over one another—sentences rounded and full, on the level; fierce and cutting up the hills; and mellow and gentle as a maiden's prayer on the downward glide or before a favouring gale!"

"I believe it was during the time of your editorship of the *Circular* that you once accomplished an epic tricycle ride?"

"Alas! Only too true! The dual spell was on me—I was helpless as a child. The result was I wrote up a run every ten miles—that is, I wrote up all the runs for the ensuing year. I began by riding myself in and finished by writing myself out."

"I see, Mr. Jonas, that genius has its penalties, as well as its rewards."

"You may well say so. And though I have now retired from the world of letters, for a space, upon the fortune amassed from four years' literary effort, I miss the clamour, at each Club run, of the eager throng, all with one accord anxious to write an account of the day's proceedings."

"How touching, Mr. Jonas! I perceive that you—like myself—have been brought up to speak the truth. How touching! . . . But as regards your tandem records, in particular that relating to the 12-hour tandem tricycle record, was the divine afflatus also responsible?"

"Not altogether. In this case, the afflatus was supplied by my crew. Mind, I give him full credit for the part he played, but he acted unconsciously—I mean, dear old del Banco sleeps so loudly and it was the effort to get away from him that piled up the miles."

"I have heard it said that you, at one time, had military ambitions—that you were attracted by the pomp of arms."

"In my case, it was the pomp of legs—I was in a kilted battalion."

"I believe I am right in assuming that your love of the tented field has remained—I mean a week-end under canvas is a favourite recreation of yours? Any hints you may care to give regarding this now popular form of martyrdom would be gratefully received by certain members, who at present—for lack of technical knowledge—are undermining their health by staying at hotels."

"So far as my past experience goes (Did you say "vast"?) the essentials are few and easily procurable—item, a tent: perhaps not really an essential, but -er- respectable; item, a cooking-range on which to boil an egg or a kettle; item, an egg—or a tin of bully-beef, in case the grocer should call in your absence; item, a knife, fork and spoon in one handle (This arrangement has obvious advantages, when your half-section has forgotten to bring his own feeding-tools), the usual nests of frying-pans, saucepans and entrée-dishes; a Worcester tea-set and dinner service and last of all, but most important, a reliable partner."

"By this, I take it you mean a sound fellow, who—"

"Certainly not! I mean a soundless partner."

"Exactly, Mr. Jonas. But I refer to his capabilities."

"Ah, yes—quite. A useful lad, who can carry a tent and the etceteras, light a fire, hang, draw and quarter a mushroom—in fact, someone who can be trusted to perform efficiently any duty required."

"But such perfection not always being at hand, what then?"

"Simple—very simple. You stay at a hotel!"



MISCELLANEA.

IT gives us much pleasure to announce that Mr. Emil Montag, one of our honorary members has recently been the recipient of the Liverpool Geological Society's Medal, as a mark of appreciation of 24 years' hard labour—in the Society's interests. We hasten to add that all Mr. Montag's work was entirely voluntary and that his stone-breaking activities were never heart-breaking, but were carried out in a purely amateur spirit, without Government assistance in the shape of free board and lodging or costume gay with sagittal decoration.



A mass meeting of cyclists is to be held in the Central Hall, Renshaw Street, on Thursday, January 10th, and you are asked to book the date. The C.T.C. and N.C.U. are co-operating to show a united front to the authorities on the question of White Patches, Cycle Paths and Safety on the Roads. A crowded house will carry a lot of weight and it is everyone's duty to attend. Those of us who drive cars can, if they will, take part in the discussion and they will give tremendously added value to the resolutions to be proposed. By our attendance we can show how much we appreciate the work our President is doing on the Advisory Council of the Ministry of Transport. He is sacrificing much time and money on our behalf and we are only asked to give up a few hours at no expense at all. The Lord helps those who help themselves. It is no use grouching that the cycling organisations should do this or that: ask yourself what *you* are doing! If you are driven off the roads on to cycle paths, you will only have yourself to blame and if you don't back up those who are working for you, you will have "for ever to hold your peace."

This notice does not apply to our Manchester district members, as a similar meeting will be held in Manchester, which they can more conveniently attend.



ANNUAL DINNER of the F.O.T.C.

December 5th, 1934.

THE twenty-fifth Old Timers' dinner was as enjoyable a function as ever. It is greatly to be regretted that illness prevented Oscar E. Taylor from being present to represent the Anfield, as he has done now for so many years, and we are sure everyone will wish him a speedy and complete recovery. Under the chairmanship of the new President, J. C. P. Tacagni ("Tac" for short), a very happy evening was spent with commendably short speeches, and the entertainment confined to an orchestra playing old-time songs at intervals, which allowed plenty of opportunity for social reminiscences. Our Presider, as an ex-President, was seated at the top table, while Beardwood was promoted to the head of one of the tables as a Vice-Chairman; and J. M. James was sitting with the N.R. "boys." The toast of the "Old Timers" was adequately proposed by G. Harry Gray, as a contemporary of the President, and in his reply, the Honorary Secretary, T. G. Scarfe, gave us the usual statistics from which we gathered that the Fellowship now possesses 826 members.

In the list of apologies for absence appeared the name of Sir J. D. Siddeley, who was "next door" at the dinner of the Motor and Cycle Benevolent Fund, which unfortunately clashed.

We were told that absent members had contributed £41 7s. 6d. to our Benevolent Fund, and a collection then taken brought it up to £74 3s. 6d. which, unfortunately, is well below the £100 raised last year.

The usual cross toasts in Pickwickian fashion were honoured and, finally F. E. S. Perry proposed the toast of the President and told us a lot about his past life and how he was one of the pacers of Cortis, when in July, 1882, he rode over 20 miles (20 miles 300 yards to be exact) in the hour, on the Crystal Palace track, which feat he repeated on August 2nd, at Surbiton, with 20 miles 325 yards in his famous duel with Keith-Falconer, when "Tac" was again one of the pacemakers.

In his reply, the President was duly modest and told us of some amusing incidents when he had been mistaken for an Italian because of his name and how he came to be called "Tac" because people found difficulty in pronouncing his name correctly.

Among those present who have written their names large in cycling history were H. Synyer, Sidney Lee, R. M. Wright, M. A. Holbein, A. F. Ilsley and E. P. Moorhouse; and everyone present was given a leaflet recording the history of the Fellowship, compiled by Godbold, who, like Sir John Siddeley, was unable to be present for the same reason. Our representation would have been larger if Venables had felt equal to facing the journey and filling the seat he had booked, but, though small in numbers, we were very select and thoroughly enjoyed a night "living in the past."



RUNS.

Halewood, 1st December, 1934.

Halewood again, offering the chance of a Club run to at least one individual who is otherwise generally denied one. Not only is the attraction of this *rendez-vous* of an epicurean nature—though that is great—but there is its nearness to the Mersey's ports, in which most of us live and toil—perhaps too long! Further, one is almost sure to meet a number of those stout fellows (not literally) who are not dressed as cyclists and have not pedalled a yard; so it seemed pardonable to hasten there in "city" togs, straight from an office, but on a bicycle.

The weather was decidedly moist, making our indoor meeting and repast the more enjoyable; and so, unlike the story of the last meet at this famous hostelry, it is not that of a lovely day spoilt. Rather, one highly appreciates the privilege of unfolding the pleasures enjoyed—the more because the honour is not merited by recent regular attendances—but the reverse.

For many this week-end must have been the awakening of the spirit of Christmas brought about by the kindly wish in the *Circular*, the festive food of turkey, goose, plum pudding and mince pies, and last—and certainly not least—the—well, Christmas card shall we say, sent to us all with the *Circular*!

The victuals were served in splendid fashion, with appropriate delays between the courses. "More and still more sausages" was the cry of those with turkey, whilst the goose-club folk had more and more apple sauce.

Twenty-six sat down to dine: A Manchester quartette composed of Green, Crewe, W. Orrell, and Lockett; Cook rolled in after a day's trundling, and then came Chandler, Venables, Cody, Lucas, Fell, Carpenter, Elston, Mercer, Kettle, Morris, J. Band, Birkby, Edwards, Royden, Stephenson, Knipe, Powell, H. Band, Salt, Marriott and friend Preston.

Pulford, 8th December, 1934.

When you are facing a stiff south-easter you begin to wonder whether hiking would not be a more pleasant past-time, until you turn round, and finding the wind at your tail, you think that, after all, a bicycle is the best means of progression.

Byron was looking a little piqued when I met him at Clatterbridge, and spoke rather plaintively about the weather, I thought. However, having come so far we decided to carry on. We took a breather at Two Mills, and having lit up, put our heads down and proceeded along the main road (please notice that!) to Pulford. And did the meal at the "Grosvenor Arms" compensate us for such a gruelling? It certainly did—what with the good food and good service, too. The party was a cheery one, including a *few* Tea-tasters, but excluding Sir Thomas Royden, the Editor and a *lot* of Tea-tasters. Having dined with great wisdom, the party broke up and went their several ways, the Presider to Corwen, and Salt, Lockett and Williams to Prees, and another good "doing over" (ask Lockett!). And I close with this parting shot—Byron and Williams rode all the way from Birkenhead to Pulford along the main road with only one stop at Two Mills!

Northwich, 8th December, 1934.

The rendez-vous fixed for this date was Arclid, but the servant problem having become acute there at the last moment, they had to deny themselves the honour of receiving us, and we had to find another meeting place. The "Crown and Anchor," Northwich, is always ready, so we went there—12 of us—more than usual.

The day was none too good—not much rain, but some dampness in the air, and quite a lot of wind, which seemed to be blowing in various directions, for only one of the party, which arrived from all quarters of the compass, would confess that he had had any help from it. The meal was an excellent one, nicely served. It does seem a pity that this house is not in a better setting, for we really would like to use it more.

A game of billiards, in which one of the contestants showed such a skill as could have been acquired only by the neglect of matters which should have held a more important place in his life, followed the meal, and the party then broke up, leaving a merry residuum to discuss many matters, and later to go their homeward way, pressed to an unaccustomed speed by a vigorous wind under their tails.

Chester, 15th December, 1934.

At two o'clock, old Jupiter Pluvius was definitely out to do a spot of work—in fact, a good many spots; but, whether it was that the spirit of Christmas was abroad, or whether the good Santa Claus reminded him that his ill-timed effort was interfering with his benevolent work, I don't know: something induced the mischievous old gentleman to roll down his sleeves and to roll back his clouds, while we carried on the good work by rolling up our capes.

I had a *rendez-vous* with our one and only Compleat Tourist, in Flint, and while standing at the window of the "Royal Oak," awaiting his advent, I heard a voice uplifted in song. Ha! ha! my fellow conspirator had arrived and in high fettle, at that! Alas, no! It was only an itinerant singer in the gutter outside. But at that very moment, I espied the familiar figure of none other than the Presider turn the corner and come slowly along the street. So, there would be three of us at tea. But to my dismay, he kept a straight course. I rapped sharply on the window: the vocalist looked up with an expectant smile, which rapidly gave place to a ferocious glare when I refused to distribute *largesse*—but, my quarry had fled.

Chandler having at length arrived and tea having been put into its proper place, we took the road again and a pleasant and speedy run soon brought us to Chester and to the "Bull and Stirrup." Nineteen jolly people sat down to dine and nineteen well-satisfied souls later agreed that they had not sat down in vain. The illustrious roll reads as follows: The President, Chandler, Rowatt (just visible between the former and Teddy Edwards), Harold Band and his brother John, Royden, Powell, Kettle, the Editor, Jonas, del Banco, Scarff, Connor, the Captain, George Mercer, Venables, Perkins and Leonard Lusty. Our member from the Midlands was on his way to Manchester, but like a good Anfielder, took the opportunity to break his journey at Chester and look up his

Northern friends. It is to be hoped that the visit gave him the same amount of pleasure as it gave to us and we are only sorry to hear the reason which kept *Lusty pere* at home—the result of an unexpected and unrehearsed meeting with a motor-car. May he soon be in the saddle again.

The dinner arrangements were excellent: the nourishment meted out was good and the service was characterised by a cheerful alacrity which gave no possible chance of adverse criticism.

The President left before seven o'clock for Wem, and the remainder floated off in various directions and at varying speeds, but it is safe to assume that speed, *qua* speed, was not the primary object of the departing guests!

Hooton, 22nd December, 1934.

A muster of 20 constituted this run, which was quite satisfactory being the Saturday before Christmas with an alternative and several members making for Bettws.

There is not much to record; several arrived just as the main body were finishing their meal (which was good in parts), Carpenter having ridden from Clifton-on-Teme, a matter of about 100 miles in $7\frac{1}{2}$ hours (pull up your socks, youngsters!), and was making for Freshfield. Rigby Band had been running about Wirral in his vest and pants, and brought us the glad news that he had won a tie-press for his efforts; perhaps he will benefit mankind by discovering some use for it.

The meal over, the exodus soon started, leaving the few youngsters attending still chatting round the fire.

Bettws-y-coed, 22nd-26th December, 1934.

For those who are not keen on what are euphemistically called "festivities," the Christmas holiday at the "Glan Aber" provides an excellent alternative, particularly if one's cycling days are not finished and the time can be spent on the open road, enjoying the finest of all pastimes amidst the most wonderful scenery, to whet the appetite for the excellent meals provided.

This year, those who were able to wangle the Monday off from commercial ties had five glorious days with excellent weather; and as all the rivers and mountain streams were in full spate, one could not have visited Snowdonia under better conditions. And there was one more name (19) to inscribe in the book than a year ago. The Presider had expected Salt's company for his usual ride down by Ruabon and

Cerrig-y-druidion, but being disappointed in this, the O.G. had to plough a lonely furrow. He arrived at Cerrig simultaneously with Mr. and Mrs. Edwards who had motored Ruthin way and had been passed *en route* by Hubert Roskell. On arrival at Bettws-y-coed, it was discovered that Snowden had also been indulging in a spot of "smashing through" by the Llandegla route, which necessitated a spot of something else to revive him; while Rowatt had arrived per "rattler" and of course George Lake and Mr. Cannon were already in residence. Jimmy Williams and our old friend Mr. Tom Smith called in to see us just before dinner, but unfortunately could not stop.

On Sunday, Festiniog was decided upon for lunch and Hubert played the unusual part of a passenger in Edwards' car, while Snowden and Cook rode via Penmachno and Eidda Wells. A splendid welcome by the Hayward family and a good luncheon put us all in fine fettle, and then Snowden departed for Barmouth, leaving Cook who had to return via Gardinnan Pass and Dolwyddelen by himself. On arrival back at the Glan Aber it was found that Salt had ridden down in record time by the "Sportsman" route.

On Monday, the party decided to go to Penmaenmawr for lunch and a very fine ride it was—particularly along the coast from Bangor corner to Conway. After lunch Rowatt was delivered at Rhos-on-Sea to spend his Christmas *en famille* and the two cyclists took the Talycafn route and had tea with Mr. and Mrs. Edwards at Llanrwst. When the "Glan Aber" was again reached we found our old friend Mr. Andrews had arrived and during the evening our numbers were swelled by the arrival of Mr. "Ponderous" Buckley and a new friend Mr. Ockleston (of "Albert and the Lion" fame); and finally George Newall's car arrived with brother Arthur and his wife and Miss Peers, so that we made quite a full house and Christmas Eve was certainly a lively affair, made all the more exciting in the early hours of Christmas Day by the abortive attempt of the Presider to set himself—if not the whole hotel—on fire! To do full justice to this would require a special edition of the *Circular*, but here let it suffice to say that he slept calmly on until "rescued" by the invasion of his room by the two Misses Evans and Annie!

On Christmas Day Beddgelert was our lunching place with eleven of us at Plas Colwyn and three at the "Saracen's Head." The cars went round by Bangor and Caernarvon,

while the cyclists went by Llanberis, Ceunant and Waen Fawr. Down the pass some very heavy rain was encountered, but as the wind was behind, it did not seriously matter and it was quite fine after Cwm-y-Glo. Riding the Gwynant was quite easy even for the decrepit O.G.—and after a spot of tea at Tyn-y-coed, the "Glan Aber" was again reached in good order and condition and the Presider looked quite smart in his borrowed underwear and his own toasted coat!

Chandler had already arrived via the "Sportsman" and was emulating Wayfarer (himself) by walking to the Swallow Falls (literally and not Cook's "swallow falls") and back "to get some exercise," when Lockett, Byron and Brewster rolled in from Chester, so that a very fine and large dinner-party ensued and during the evening "Albert and the Lion" was performed in both "Chapel" and "Tank" by kind permission of Sir Hubert.

Boxing Day came all too soon. Hubert and his partners in crime dashed off for Salop. Mr. Andrews and Mr. and Mrs. Edwards were staying another day and were rejoined by Rowatt, while the rest of us regretfully said "good-bye" to George Lake and the Misses Evans and made for Corwen for lunch to meet Snowden returning from Barmouth; Connor also joined us here and we made a party of twelve for our final Christmas dinner. Salt and Brewster having another day, went off to Clun—Snowden, Chandler and Cook had an easy wind-assisted ride by way of Llandegla, Queen's Ferry and Willaston, the Newalls' car went straight home and doubtless Connor and Byron put Lockett on his way to the city of Perpetual Sunshine. It was a great Christmas: balmy weather, plenty of sunshine and very little wind or rain.

NOTES.—Christmas greeting-cards were received from Tony Power, Powell, Horrocks, Elias, Miss Skinner, "Petro-nella," and a cable of Christmas greetings from Fulton.

The real joke about the fire in the Presider's bedroom was that the chamber-maid had been rather insistent that she should light a fire for the O.G. and had been indignantly repulsed. Evidently he considered himself quite capable of lighting fire and nearly set fire to himself as a demonstration of his ability! "He's not a bad sort" as Walter Simpson sings! George Newall found a pheasant in his car when he came to leave and has now added "The Poacher" to his repertoire.

Mouldsworth, 26th December, 1934.

Thirteen members attended this run, though no account of it has been received. Their names read: Stephenson, Threlfall, R. J. Band, H. Band, J. Band, R. L. Knipe, Elias, Royden, Howarth, Green, Seed, Lucas, and Carpenter.

Mold, 29th December, 1934.

It was a great day for riding and, whether it be imagination or fact, the wind seemed to be kind from all quarters. It was not too hot: it was not too cold and the roads had just the right amount of moisture to lubricate the tyres, without impeding them.

Seated round the liberal fire downstairs, I found on my arrival the President, Royden, Salt, Jonas, del Banco, Edwards, B. Band and J. Band. To them were added in quick succession Chandler, Powell, Roberts, Kettle and Elias, these being joined in the dining-room later by Connor, Williams, Rowatt and Byron. The usual good dinner followed, after which the Presider was the first to be away on his journey to Bont Uccle, and the remainder followed their several routes on their respective handicap times.

Chandler shot away from his mark like a tornado, nor paused he once until he dismounted at Willaston, so saving the precious life of the poor wretch who had rashly followed in his train. The devastating speed of our Compleat Tourist is further illustrated by an incident which occurred while on his way to Mold. It appears that a small boy equipped with neither a white patch nor red lamp was endangering his life by walking on the road after dusk. The inevitable happened. Just as Frank was making a superhuman effort to pass him, the silly boy wobbled. By skilful riding on Chandler's part, a tragedy was averted, the impact resulting in nothing more serious to the boy than a half-hour's homily on keeping to the straight and narrow path.

This, then, was the last run of the year, and if each run during the succeeding twelve months is as happy as was this, surely we are in for a good time.

December 15th, Holmes Chapel	}	No account of any of these runs has been received.
December 22nd, Goostrey.		
December 29th, Lymm.		

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„ 9	Tarporley (Swan)	5-38 p.m.
„ 11	Committee Meeting, 7 p.m.	(Victoria Hotel, St. John's Lane, Liverpool).	
„ 16	Mold (Dolphin)	5-52 p.m.
„ 23	Mouldsworth (Station Hotel)	6-6 p.m.
Mar. 2	Halewood (Derby Arms)	6-20 p.m.

ALTERNATIVE FIXTURES.

Tea at 5-30 p.m.

Feb. 2	Goostrey (Red Lion)	5-25 p.m.
„ 16	Lymm (Spread Eagle)	5-52 p.m.
Mar. 2	Holmes Chapel (Swan)	6-20 p.m.
	Full Moon	... 18th inst.	

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4 THE LAUND,

WALLASEY, CHESHIRE.

NEW MEMBERS.—Mr. A. E. Preston, "Lytleton," Pensby Road, Heswall, has been elected to Full Membership.

The Resignation of Mr. A. H. Doleman has been accepted with regret.

Mr. F. H. Koenen has been re-transferred to Full Membership.

Mr. A. E. Foy has been struck off the list of members for non-payment of Subscriptions.

Mr. Ernest Snowden has again been appointed Editor of the *Circular*.

The following Club Delegates have been appointed :—
R.R.C.—Mr. P. C. Beardwood ; R.R.A.—Mr. P. C. Beardwood and Mr. J. Beauchamp ; N.R.R.A.—Mr. G. Lockett, Mr. W. Orrell, and Mr. R. Poole.

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

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

CHANGES OF ADDRESS.—Mr. W. J. Finn, 12 Kincora Road, Clontarf, Dublin, Ireland. Mr. R. L. Knipe, 138 Moscow Drive, Stoneycroft, Liverpool, 13.

H. W. POWELL,

Hon. General Secretary.

RACING NOTES.

Suggested Dates for Club Races.

THE following dates have been provisionally fixed for 1935 Races :—

Invitation "100"	Whit Monday, June 10th.
Invitation 24-hours	...	July 12th/13th.
Invitation 12-hours, with which is incorporated the ride for the Tricycle Trophy	...	August 17th.

The following are the dates of four 50-mile handicaps, one of which may be scratched, if sufficient support is not forthcoming : May 11th ; June 1st ; July 27th ; September 7th.

* * * *

An Inter-Club Week-end with the North Road C.C. has been arranged for March 23rd, the venue being the "Swan," at Coleshill. Arrangements in greater detail will be published in next month's *Circular*.

F. E. MARRIOTT,

Captain and Hon. Racing Secretary.

EDITORIAL—Continued from Page 752.

several very good reasons. In the first place, Englishmen are notoriously shy of speaking of their own prowess, while the world rarely bothers itself with anything not labelled "Success," even though some of the greatest feats in history are those which have gained no laurel crown. Thus, you will see that these narrations have an appeal which is all their own and possess a peculiar significance due to the fact that they are literally the product of "internal" knowledge.

TREASURER'S NOTES.

I AM glad that so many members took the advice I offered last month and paid in January. They are now reaping their reward. It is not yet too late for others to obtain the same psychological benefit, but remember that delays are dangerous. Procrastination lessens the mental stimulus, weakens the will power and aggravates the inferiority complex. So do it now.

It is gratifying to learn how much immediate improvement—mental, physical and financial, has been achieved by those who paid early, and I quote from a few of the thousands of unsolicited testimonials I have not received:—

"I am feeling so fit since paying my sub. that I caught the 9-30 boat this morning. I'll give Salt something to think about in the first '50.'"—(F. Lier.)

"Acting on your advice, I suspended action on my Judgment Summons and paid my subscription instead. I'm sure it will return to me after many days."—(R. Dupp.)

"Your irresistible appeal has softened my adamant heart. I am paying with tears in my eyes."—(S. Kinflint.)

"Things are looking up already. The Guv'nor gave me three cigars this morning—part of his wife's Xmas box. I enclose one; but don't smoke it before the A.G.M. as I hope to see you there."—(O.L.)

"I am already a braver and a better man. I answered the wife back this morning—after I got outside the garden gate."—(N. Peck.)

My thanks are due to the 38 members named below, from whom I have received subscriptions and/or donations(*) during the past month:—

C. Aldridge.	R. A. Fulton.	A. E. Preston.
*S. J. Buck.	*H. Green.	H. W. Powell.
J. E. Carr.	E. R. Green.	F. Perkins.
F. Chandler.	E. D. Green.	J. C. Robinson.
*E. J. Cody.	E. Haynes.	W. H. Scarff.
C. J. Conway.	J. S. Jonas.	J. J. Salt.
*W. P. Cook.	R. L. Knipe.	J. G. Shaw.
K. B. Crewe.	F. H. Koenen.	E. Snowden.
*C. C. Dews.	G. H. Lake.	Sir J. D. Siddeley.
*E. Edwards.	F. Marriott.	*A. T. Simpson.
C. F. Elias.	G. Molyneux.	W. E. Taylor.
H. L. Elston.	E. Montag.	*W. T. Venables.
W. J. Finn.	L. Oppenheimer.	

R. LEIGH KNIPE, *Hon. Treasurer.*

EDITORIAL.

TWELVE months have elapsed since first we took over the guidance of the *Circular*—twelve happy months in which it has been our pleasure to make the "inside" acquaintance, as it were, of numbers of members and to discover facets of character which, otherwise, would have remained unknown to us.

At the risk of being accused of boring repetition, we would again emphasise the difference in contributors—the reliable correspondents who, by their ready help, are the back-bone of the *Circular*—and . . . the rest. In this connection, we are greatly tempted to mention the names of those willing horses who draw not only their own load, but also that of many others; yet, it would perhaps be invidious to make distinctions and, in any case, Conscience is as great an indicator of Right as of Wrong! This only we say. They have our grateful thanks and the assurance that all they have done is appreciated to the full. Would that more would follow their good example!

The writing-up of a run appears to be a stumbling-block to many. It should not be so, any more than the writing of a letter—a cheerful letter to a friend, giving an account of a day's outing—a straight-forward narrative with, perhaps, a leaven of healthy humour. Truth is the key-note, for be it remembered that runs (and races) are the reason for the existence of the Club; and therefore, accounts of these are the most important feature of the *Circular* and any wide deviation from the truth is most undesirable. Nor will any thinking person quarrel with such a view.

One last point. For the most elementary reasons, the name of the writer of any article whatever should be attached, though not, of course, for publication.

* * * *

With this issue of the *Circular*, there begins a series of articles under the designation of "My Best Ride." The title does not smack of extraordinary originality, but we feel confident that the accounts themselves will prove not uninteresting, if only for the fact that they express the riders' views of what *they* consider to be their best, irrespective of the judgment of others. The opinion of critics—even the verdict of history can only be an approximation of the actual, for

MISCELLANEA.

FROM the *Liverpool Post* of the 14th January we have culled the following thrilling story:—

Barrister Thanked

A Chester barrister, Mr. J. P. Eldsen, when thanked by the magistrates at Chester Children's Court yesterday for giving evidence against a boy who rode a bicycle after dark without a rear reflector, replied, "I didn't want to get the boy into trouble, but the police cannot have their eyes everywhere." The boy was ordered to pay 4s. costs.

Noble fellow! Of such stuff are Chester barristers made, though we would be surprised if any other member of the English bar could rise to such a deed of gallantry!

* * *

The Anfield B.C. is doing its share in combatting the erroneous opinions which are rife concerning cyclists. Chandler: in *The Times* on the question of the taxation of bicycles, and the President in the *Manchester Guardian* on the futility of cycle paths.

* * *

With reference to the slip inserted in the last *Circular*, we have pleasure in announcing that the meeting referred to has now been definitely arranged for Thursday, February 28th at 8-0 p.m., at the Picton Hall, and you are requested to book this date in your diary. The meeting is being held under the auspices of a new Cycle Protest committee representative of the C.T.C., N.C.U., and L.T.T.A. Percy Brazendale will be in the chair and the chief speaker will be "Kuklos." An overflow gathering is of supreme importance—so roll up *en masse* and bring your friends. It will cost you nothing but your time.

HECTIC HOURS—An Afternoon in London.

At a speed of something under seventies we rattled through Watford, that perfect example of industrial suburbia, under a grey sky from which every vestige of light was fast disappearing. We wondered whether it was for snow this day. The low, red electric trains that are only London's were idling along adjacent tracks as we raced forward. At 3-40 p.m. we stepped under the frowsy arch of Euston Station.

London! To the almost strange visitor—alluring, thrilling. Kingsway, where the trams disappear under ground at an alarming angle; the fine façade of Bush House; and from the end of Fleet Street, looking up Ludgate Hill, we saw the towering dome of St. Paul's.

Across the river, from the Victoria Embankment, lights twinkled, and a tiny tug-boat, with masts askew, chugged down the muddy Thames. Then Trafalgar Square—Leicester Square—Piccadilly Circus, the hub of London's life. And for twopence we "escalated" twice, "tubed" twice and then more escalators to Marble Arch, where Geoff Lockett awaited our coming outside the "Cumberland." Salt, Connor, Byron, Preston, del Banco, Marriott, Scarfe and Norton, a personal friend completed the contingent. We were sorry not to have Wilf Orrell with us, but he could not manage the morning off.

After tea, we strode manfully across the vastness of Hyde Park to where a multitude of cyclists foregathered at the Royal Albert Hall.

What a concert! It was great! Then came the presentation and Capell, of the Allondon, received a great ovation. J. J. Salt, our representative on the platform, was fifth, and he has received a certificate in the competition every year since its inauguration. No other rider can equal this record.

In the interval we renewed friendships with the North Roaders — President Moxham, Pitt, Spary, Loten and Frankum. Our attempt to visit our President was frustrated by an officious steward of the Hall who was there to see that people did not go through his door, and he certainly was above our cajoling.

All too soon came 10-30, and the great organ and the band of H.M. Coldstream Guards kept us to the tune of "Land of Hope and Glory" and the old, but ever new, "Auld Lang Syne." Once again the Spirit of Cycling had worked its spell and we tumbled into Kensington Road again.

11-30: From beneath Piccadilly's vast circus came the sound of a hundred raucous voices in "Hen Wlad fy Nhadau," sung lustily ere the departure of the red-hatted people for the West; and finally, a walk to Euston where a pleasant railway carriage gave a rest from hectic hours and a sleep before the dawn.

A.G.M. JOTTINGS.

Saturday, January 12th, may be noteworthy from the fact that the Annual General Meeting of the Club was held on that evening. But, in the somewhat long interval between the end of the conclave and the departure of the next train from Halewood to Liverpool, another and less formal meeting took place. Five or six merry old gentlemen cosily esconced round the fire formed a miniature F.O.T.C., and the stories of derring-do (and alas! of other things) poured forth for our benefit, would be a revelation to the younger members of the Club. Repeated in cold blood, they would doubtless lose something of their piquancy, but with the animated gestures of Sir Charles and the wicked twinkle in the eyes of Ven., to say nothing of the dark asides and interpolations of Teddy Edwards and Dave Rowatt, the recital was reminiscent of the tales of *Arabian Nights*!



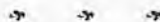
It looks as though Mr. Treasurer Knipe were in a fair way to becoming an inveterate cigar-smoker. He smokes one (Flor de Cabbagio) at *every* Annual General Meeting, now!



An item of the programme which brought forth much applause was the dare-devil, lightning display by those well-known comedians, Roy and Hump, in that soul-stirring episode, entitled "Scrutineering."



A grain of Salt was apparent in the suggestion that the scrutineers of the voting for the Committee should be chosen from among the candidates themselves.



Sir Thomas Royden's rendering of that touching old-time ballad, "For he's a jolly good fellow" brought a lump to many an ear. The interpretation was distinctly original and had all the pathos of "Beer, beer, glorious beer!"

CORRESPONDENCE.

MOUNTVILLA,

THE DELL,

ROCK FERRY, Jan. 8th, 1935.

SIR,

Referring to the article recording an interview with J. S. Jonas, in the last issue of the *Circular*, the statement to the effect that I slept soundly for the duration of the 12-hour Tandem Tricycle record is a lie—a fib—and altogether an unjust departure from the truth!

I wish to state emphatically that I slept only for the *last eleven-and-a-half hours*.

Yours faithfully,

S. DEL BANCO.

The Editor,

The Anfield Circular.

(Our withers were wrung by the agonising plaint of the tortured soul of our correspondent and we forthwith passed his letter to our Special Commissioner, whose comments we give below.)

SIR,

In compliance with your demand for an explanation of the discrepancy in the exact number of moments during which Mr. del Banco retained consciousness during the record ride in question, and in reply to your rather nasty insinuation that the combined attractions of Bacchus and Morpheus may have been responsible for the mis-statement, I here and now offer my sincere apologies to Mr. del Banco for my brutal behaviour: at the same time, I wish to state in no uncertain fashion that Mr. Jonas holds intoxicating liquors in the same abhorrence as do I myself.

Yours faithfully,

YOUR SPECIAL COMMISSIONER.

The Editor,

The Anfield Circular.

*IN MEMORIAM***G. H. WINSTANLEY.**

We regret to have to announce the sudden death of G. H. Winstanley, on December 29th last. The passing of "Winnie," as he was affectionately called by those privileged to know him, is a considerable loss to the Club. He joined us in 1918 and was the last survivor of the triumvirate of Tom Webster, Arthur Skinner and George Winstanley, who, strictly speaking, did not qualify under Rule 2 for membership, but were none the less great assets to the Club. Fortunately, we have always regarded our rules as elastic, and no one can deny that these men were cyclists at heart and, above all, most lovable men. To meet "Winnie" was a veritable tonic. He probably never rode a bicycle because of his physical handicap, but he was a real Anfielder for all that. At the Halewood "smokers" and at Bettws-y-Coed at Easter and Christmas there was never any mistaking the presence of "Winnie" with his boyish and boisterous laughter; and the remarkable thing was that he retained this *joie de vivre* right to the last, in face of appalling trials and tribulations that would have got many a man down to the depths of despair. Always troubled with bad eyesight, a few years ago it was realized that he was in great danger of losing it altogether, owing to cataracts and it was marvellous how he kept merry and bright during the long period when the essential operation kept being postponed. Last October this operation was most successively performed and "Winnie's" delight at being able to recognise people again knew no bounds. He was keenly looking forward to attending a Club function again when heart trouble intervened and our only comfort is that he passed peacefully away in his sleep. R.I.P.

ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

Halewood, January 12th, 1935.

A chronic victim of an anaemic appetite I had looked forward to the titillating edible temptations of this hostelry in the hope of coaxing at least a bit of chicken into the system. Alas! the hope was stillborn, as before a morsel had passed my lips, the lynx-eyed one had leapt at me in menacing attitude. I quailed under the glittering glare of his basilisk eye and was undone. Garbed in his usual fantastic cycling attire, I might have resisted, but resplendent and fresh from Burton's stand, what could one do?

* * * *

A faint aroma leading me unerringly to Chem's vicinity at the Landing Stage, I was not surprised to learn that a sudden strong upward movement in onions had *almost* taken his breath away. Arrived at Woolton, the two intrepid hikers bravely negotiated the snake-infested path, and presently the first hostelry hove in sight. Emerging therefrom like giants refreshed, we eventually reached the rendezvous to find our usual gastronomic retreat full to the brim, with the result we were compelled to join the exclusive set upstairs, and, knives and forks being *de rigueur*, were most uncomfortable. A move was afterwards made to the outside tent where the Presider was already straining at the leash.

Before embarking on the business of the evening, Cook had the sorrowful duty of referring to the passing of a very dear friend and member, George Winstanley ("Winnie"), which had taken place somewhat suddenly. After a very moving speech, in which he referred eloquently to the excellent qualities which had endeared Winnie to us all, we stood in silence for a moment or two as a mark of respect to his memory.

The meeting then began. The Presider having diligently combed Transport Bill (W.P.C.-H.B.) Section (a) sub. sec. (z), Par. (15) relating to, and in connection with honorary members, fixed one of these recalcitrants with a beady eye, and informed him, in no unmeasured terms, that in strict law he had no *locus standi*, or even *raison d'être*, but he was prepared to overlook the matter, always provided the said Hon. Member refrained from breathing, that he did not shuffle, cough, or give any sign that would lead anybody to believe that he had anything but a spectral existence—to say nothing about not

voting. A breach of the latter proviso would probably have led to the rack. The condemned man, hoary with age, and thus broken, so to speak, on the wheel, shivered slightly, but held firmly to his seat.

Having thus shown that he (Cook) was not a man to be trifled with, and having got his audience where he wanted them, *i.e.*, in a condition of petrified terror, the Minutes of last meeting were taken as read.

The Honorary Secretary (Powell) was then called upon to read his report, which revealed that at 180 there had been a decrease of 7 members during the year. He alluded in feeling terms to the death of W. S. Foster, who although he had been stationed in London for the past 23 years, had taken the keenest interest in the Club's doings, and remained a member to the end. He also referred to the pleasing fact that Dave Rowatt had completed his 1,000 runs during the year. He then read a list of the attendances, but as I have no desire to lacerate the feelings (if any) of those members—especially my own—who found themselves in the ghastly portion of the list (near and at the bottom), I will content myself by stating that, as usual, W. P. Cook stood high and dry in the rarefied atmosphere which prevails at the apex of the tree, being closely followed by Cody, Lockett, and other hard-boiled eggs. There had been 13 meetings of the Committee, and here again the Presider shone like a beacon (Bel . . . No, I won't!) light, with 13 attendances, presumably for the reason that he could not put in 14! At the same time, practically all the other members had attended valiantly, thus displaying their keen interest. The tours had been a great success, Bettws at Easter being attended by 45 members and 9 friends, the "100" by 68, the Autumnal Tints by 25 and a couple of friends, and Christmas at Bettws by 19 members and friends. He paid a well-deserved tribute to our indefatigable editor, thanked Lucas for deputising for him from time to time, Burgess for addressing the envelopes—a thankless task—and all those who had assisted him in various ways. The report, excellent in every respect—matter, form, and diction, was passed with acclamation and thanks.

Knife then proposed and C. Conway seconded, that Dave Rowatt be made a life member. He said that David had accomplished a remarkable feat, seeing that in later years most of his runs had been carried out on "home rails," and

other kinds of transport, occasionally necessitating returning to his country fastness in the early hours of the morning, thus showing an enthusiasm in an old member well worthy of emulation. The proposition was passed with acclamation and cheers. A demand for a speech disclosed the fact that that blushing patriarch was speechless, and it was surmised that, overcome with the greatness of his achievement, he had indulged in one or two over the eight—a sad lapse.

The Captain and Racing Secretary (Marriott) then read his report which stated that all the Club fixtures had been carried out successfully. I will not recapitulate the various excellent performances which were achieved—these having already appeared in the *Circular*; it is only necessary to say that they enhanced our racing reputation, and that Salt again figures brilliantly in the list, being followed closely by our other cracks—Carr, Pitchford, G. B. Orrell, etc. In the "invitation" events the Club had also done remarkably well, both in individual performances, and in team work, to such an extent, in fact, that we held the premier position in the country. One outstanding feature which must be mentioned is that Salt was fifth in *Cycling's* best all-rounder competition. It was a source of regret that there had been no records broken, but he hoped this would be remedied in the current year. He thanked Connor, the sub-captain, and all those who had assisted in making his work as light as possible.

The Presider warmly congratulated Marriott on his excellent report, and hoped that more enthusiasm would be shown by our racing men for the long-distance events, as the prestige of the Club had been built up on those lines. The adoption of the report was carried with acclamation and thanks.

Amid tense silence, the Chancellor of the Exchequer (Knipe) then rose to make our flesh creep (as we all expected) with prophecies of impending doom; but in place of lugubriousness a modified optimism reared its head: bankruptcy was still a considerable distance off, and on the whole he felt able to congratulate the Club on its sound financial position. He regretted the drop in membership, and appealed more especially to the younger members to remedy this by picturing to their friends the delights they themselves enjoyed, with a view to application forms being used more extensively. Having, by threading his way through the various intricate items of the

balance sheet, shown to his own satisfaction (at least), that he had not made too much out of the job, he made an impassioned appeal for early payment of subscriptions. This met with an immediate and clamorous response. A procession, eager to be first in the field, surged round the Treasurer's desk, and, amid cheers, Knipe shook the leader warmly by the hand. The balance sheet was passed with acclamation and thanks. I think it right to mention that although timekeepers' fees had been charged, these had, as usual, been returned and placed to the credit of the Prize Fund.

Knipe then proposed and Humphreys seconded, that the subscription be the same as last year and that the Prize Fund be continued. This was carried unanimously.

Royden and Humphreys were appointed scrutineers.

Cook then vacated the chair in favour of Vice-President Kettle, and on his return (having presumably had a quick one) found he had been again, on the proposition of Dave Fell, seconded by C. Conway, made President. He indignantly repudiated the suggestion made by an alleged wag, that he had wangled the job, and said that he was always willing to make way for another man whenever the members wished it. Among the positions and honours in the cycling world which had been showered on him in recent years, none was dearer to him than that of being the President of what he had no hesitation in saying was the finest cycling club in the kingdom.

Kettle and Green, Vice-Presidents, Marriott, Captain and Racing Secretary, Connor and Wilf Orrell, sub-captains, Knipe, Hon. Treasurer, Powell, Hon. Secretary, were all elected unanimously and thanked for their services.

The racing programme was arranged as follows: One open 100-mile race; one 12-hour and one 24-hour race (both open); and the usual Club 50-mile races.

E. Morris and C. F. Elias were re-elected Auditors.

C. Conway proposed for the umpteenth time that Bettws be the venue for Easter, and this was carried with acclamation, the other tours being left to the discretion of the Committee.

The scrutineers revealed that the voting for the Committee had resulted as follows: Snowden, Chandler, Edwards, Lucas, Salt, Stephenson, Venables, Jonas, R. J. Band, and Williams.

A vote of thanks to the President closed the proceedings, which had been characterised throughout by *bonhomie* not invariable at these meetings.

MY BEST RIDE.

No. 1. In which R. Leigh Knipe recounts how, in spite of severe handicaps, he accomplished his famous 24-hour ride in 1902.

I HAVE been told off by Him-who-must-be-obeyed to write an account of my best ride, and I am quite worried to know which of my best rides I ought to write about. "Don't dally," says he, "write about your last '24' and get on with it!" But I wonder. I myself have a sneaking regard for my first "50," when, in my first year in the Anfield, as a raw novice, I made fastest time. But deep down in my heart of hearts I cherish most dearly and remember most vividly my first real distance ride. It was truly Homeric.

It was forty-four years ago, but it seems like yesterday, that a fellow student at Durham and I managed to wangle a week-end leave and a tandem tricycle simultaneously, and at noon, one Friday, left our Alma Mater on the banks of the Wear to hurtle over the seventy miles of unknown road to our home town of Carlisle—a road, I may say, with a great deal of getting upstairs about it.

The tricycle (which by the way had four wheels—one in front to keep it from turning somersaults) weighed about a hundredweight and a half, was shod with solid tyres (what was left of them), and was innocent of lamp or bell. Did Ulysses ever undertake a more adventurous journey, or Sisyphus a heavier task?

During the early part of the ride we were a source of joy to the inhabitants of the towns and pit villages through which we dashed, and troops of little toddlers accompanied us for miles, making rude remarks about the little wheel in front that was "no' rinnin'."

It took us 16 hours to propel, push, drag and heave the ironmongery over the Pennines, through sleeping villages and ghostly towns, without a ray of light to guide, or a living soul to ask the way; but at 4 a.m., with the grey dawn breaking, we reached our destination, very worn, very hungry—but very happy.

In comparison with this joyous adventure, the 1902 "24" was a deadly grind, due partly to physical condition, but chiefly I think to using dear old Joe Butler's "bullet-

proof" tyres. The previous year I had lost a lot of time in the "24," through a plethora of punctures, and suffered much through riding strange machines with weird positions and gears varying from 66 to 91; and a month before the race the puncture fiend again pursued me. So when Joe invented a puncture-proof tyre and asked me to ride it in the "24," I didn't need much persuasion. But he was taking no risks. Instead of the single layer of $\frac{1}{8}$ -in. toughened leather superimposed on a Dunlop cover, he sewed *two* layers and over them solutioned the rubber tread. This "soled-and-heeled" tyre practically made a 27-in. wheel and my gear rose to about 84. Of course I didn't know this at the time, and needless to say I didn't puncture, though I heard that someone extracted a 2-inch nail from my back tyre, very blunted and bent.

But though I saved on the roundabouts, I lost more on the swings, for I had to work like a galley-slave to beat my own 12 hours' record, with the result that at Whitechurch I was completely "outed," and lay like a log for half-an-hour. Then someone brought some bay rum and sprayed my face to revive me. It did. The beastly stuff ran down into my eyes and gave me a jerk that would have made Lazarus sit up and take notice. So once more I had to "get on with it," the Master's stern injunction ringing in my ears, "Not more than 12 an hour for the next two hours!" And most excellent advice it proved, for by 4 p.m. I was riding faster than ever.

I remember the shock Teddy Worth got at Wem when I came along, and he not expecting me for another hour; likewise the thorns and nettles that caught me as I cut the corners on the Welshampton extension. I had passed Broxton before 9-30 p.m., but soon ran on to wet and muddy roads and got plastered. So I eased up and reached the Fountain at Whitechurch with some minutes to spare, and utterly refused to take the Farndon extension in the dark and wet. The route card had this distance as 410 miles, and I thought this was a nice round figure to stop at, but subsequent calculations reduced it to a mere $406\frac{3}{4}$ —a grievous disappointment.

I lost 10 lbs. in weight during the ride, but I got that back during the next week.

R. LEIGH KNIPE.

RUNS.

Heswall, 5th January, 1935.

*The Anfield met at Heswall ;
They came from near and far ;
Some came on Shanks's pony ;
One came by motor-car.*

Well, I think this will suffice for that class of poetry ! However, it serves to fill in the beginning of my labours—anyhow, I always think that other writers' accounts of runs are lacking in their method of opening.

I will refrain from spreading myself upon my enjoyment of the gloriously dry and invigorating afternoon and will make this an account of the meet, rather than an account of the run. Thus, I come to the point when some two dozen hardy members were reported present at the appointed hour. The addition of one friend to this number completed an attendance score of a quarter-century. Needless to say, the hardy members swapped some hardy lies as to the hardships and trials endured in their journeys and the best one of all was to the effect that Marriott had walked the distance owing to his having had an argument with a strange lady. Seemingly the lady had been a trifle unladylike in that she ended the argument by buckling Marriott's wheel.

The staunch support of this fixture given by the Teatasters (thousands of them) provided a problem for the caterers, but all was overcome and all the Bands, Kettles and Cooks were well and truly fed, as were all the Knipes, Roydens, Edwards and others. It was a goodly gathering and shades of the Past were present in the shapes of Fawcett and Dews—the latter much fattened since he lost his employment as hind pusher in Cook's Tandem Touring Company. Surely there are some other shades of the Past which need only a little extra urge in order to put them in possession of the pleasure of a meeting with old friends ! We would like to see them and have an opportunity of welcoming them.

Absentees there were of course, and various reasons for absence and messages of regret were received. All excuses were considered to be just and proper and pride of place for originality was awarded to Snowden for his message, explaining that he had found it necessary to journey to Bontuchel in order to verify his spelling of *Bontucle* !*

Of the journey home I will not write, beyond mentioning that all went well with my own party—of others I cannot speak ; but, I assume that all fared likewise. This in view of the fact that the local papers have no news of any harrowing tragedy having taken place on the date in question.

**O, ponder well, you reckless scribes,
When writing of Bontuchel ;
A careless slip may earn you gibes
Or land you in a puchel.*

*Yet, though your mind be dark with fears,
Take comfort from the news :
The blackest error disappears
When washed by heavenly Dews.*

(ED.)

Chester, January 19th, 1935.

When one considers the facts that a number of the younger members were taking part in the invasion of London and that there was also an alternative run to Northwich on the same afternoon, it will be admitted that a muster of thirteen at the "Talbot" was surprisingly good. True it is that the elders predominated, but let it be said that most of them came and went under their own power. The strong men were Seed, Kettle, Elias, Powell, Royden, J. Band, Jonas and the Editor. The trousered brigade was composed of Frank Chandler (under the escort of Mrs. Chandler), Teddy Edwards (accompanied by Mrs. Edwards), Rowatt, Venables, and—who's this? Harold Band? It is : himself and no other.

It was a pleasant gathering altogether and Tommy Royden's reminiscences of his purple past contributed in no small measure to the atmosphere of gaiety. And hearing his tremendous laugh, it is no difficult matter to picture the young Thomas of fifty years ago engaged in those pranks which he records with such relish. Great days they must have been, when a man made his own amusements and was not dependent upon machine-made humour bought with money.

The only cloud of melancholy apparent hung over Chandler. He had long promised himself that he would one day view the Roman bath and make notes of the tiling, plumbing, etc. Sad to relate the said bath was in use, so Frank in desperation dashed out and bought up all the black puddings in Chester, which partially assuaged his grief !

The exodus from the Cathedral city was carried out in stately fashion and the remark of a lady who watched the progress to the Cross, "Why! they are all old gentlemen!" detracted nothing from the dignified spectacle.

Only three preserved the time-honoured custom of taking a "night-cap" at Willaston, after which, the trio ambled to Clatterbridge, there to disperse with a cheery "good-night."

Daresbury, 26th January, 1935.

*The North wind doth blow
And we shall have snow:
And what will The Robin do then,
poor thing?*

Yes. And lots of humans were doing their best to emulate little Robin Redbreast—gentlemen swathed in heavy overcoats, which threatened to weigh them to the ground and effectually preventing any active movement: motorists braving the elements—within glass cages—muffled to the eyes and with feet encased in electric warmers. Twice during the day I was asked whether I did not feel cold, though I think the underlying question was *why* did I not feel cold. Those who were not riding to-day, missed a great deal, for, despite occasional burrowing into the gale, the exhilaration of movement through the clean air was something to be remembered.

The Warrington road can be, and often is, bleak and uninteresting, but there are compensations in the way of good surface and at least two items of interest for those who are at all interested in the arts—both ancient and modern. As regards the former, there is St. Plegmund's Well, a hundred yards or so distant from Plempstall church. With St. Werbergh, this old hermit, who was born in the 9th century, shares the honour of being one of Chester's two saints and from all accounts, if not quite so ornamental, was responsible for much practical good. The well has been restored and a new stone lip placed round its edge, having a Latin inscription to the effect that, now, even as in King Alfred's day, baptismal water flows from Plegmund's spring.

Plempstall church is in itself nothing remarkable, but the wood-carving within its walls is something to marvel at; for, besides several fine pieces of ancient work, the church is

enriched by a quantity of beautiful modern work, the product of the labours of the vicar; even the pews, replicas of the original seating, are by him.

Daresbury itself is, of course, redolent of the memory of Lewis Carroll, though only quite recently has a tribute to his memory been placed in the church.

Having then satisfied ourselves with spiritual food, we enter the "Ring o' Bells" for bodily refreshment and, in truth, we are not disappointed—far from it. Twenty-three hungry people were in agreement on this point and the verdict of such a jury as the following can hardly be questioned. The President and his guest, Mr. Littlemore, the zealous honorary secretary of the Northern Tricycle Association; Chandler (with knees discreetly sheltered against rude Boreas); Molyneux, with cheeks which sent a glow of warmth through one to behold their cheerful rosiness; the Editor, completely mesmerised by Knipe's tales of long ago, demonstrating that Truth is stranger than Fiction; Robert himself, who, as may be gathered, was in great form—except for a small failing of memory (though don't argue from this that any arrears of subscriptions will be overlooked!); Connor, Kettle, Cody, Powell, Williams, Preston, Byron, Bob Poole, Lockett, Haynes the younger, Dave Rowatt, who stated emphatically that he *would* be home before morning; Teddy Edwards, Salt (fresh from the limelight of London and now on his way to despoil Warrington of some of its wealth), Threlfall, Stephenson, Marriott and Perkins.

Cook (with Salt and Mr. Littlemore) left early to distribute prizes at the Warrington Road Club dinner, but on this occasion not (so he said) for the *sole* benefit of Salt! Kettle, Chandler and Snowden wandered back together to Hooton, but not without a thrill caused by the playful antics of a 'bus-driver near the by-pass. Then, Chandler having settled the details of his luncheon for the following day to his complete satisfaction, was planted on his wheel-barrow and coaxed to Clatterbridge, from which point Kettle was left to deal with him as best he could.

And that's the last run in January. So far, we have escaped fog and snow—will our luck hold through February?

We were all sorry to hear that Harold Band was "under the weather"; may he soon be fit again to enliven us with his geniality.

Goostrey, January 5th. } No account of either has been
Northwich, January 19th. } received.

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ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

FORMED

MARCH, 1879.

MONTHLY CIRCULAR

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL

Vol. XXXI.

Edited by Ernest Snowden.

No. 349

FIXTURES FOR MARCH, 1935.

Tea at 6-0 p.m.

			Light up at
March	2	Halewood (Derby Arms)	6-20 p.m.
"	9	Daresbury (Ring o' Bells)	6-32 p.m.
"	11	Committee Meeting, 7-0 p.m. (Victoria Hotel, St. John's Lane, Liverpool).	
"	16	Tattenhall (Bear and Ragged Staff)	6-45 p.m.
"	23	Pulford (Grosvenor Arms)	6-59 p.m.
		Alternative Week-end - Coleshill (Swan), Joint Run with the North Road C.C.	
"	30	Acton Bridge (Leigh Arms)	7-11 p.m.
April	6	Over (Wheat Sheaf)	7-24 p.m.

ALTERNATIVE FIXTURES.

Tea at 5-30 p.m.

March	2	Holmes Chapel (Swan)	6-20 p.m.
"	23	Goostrey (Red Lion)	6-59 p.m.

Full Moon ... 20th inst.

The Hon. Treasurer's address is R. L. Knipe, 138 Moscow Drive, Stoneycroft, Liverpool, 13, 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.

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COMMITTEE NOTES.

4 THE LAUND,
WALLASEY, CHESHIRE.

APPLICATION FOR MEMBERSHIP.—Mr. A. J. Carr, 33 Tarleton Road, Hanley, Staffs. Proposed by Mr. R. L. Knipe; seconded by Mr. A. Lucas.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS.—J. S. Jonas, 25B Grove Park, Sefton Park Road, Liverpool, S.

H. W. POWELL,
Hon. General Secretary.

* * * *

RACING NOTES.

Timekeepers: The following members have agreed to officiate as under—

Mr. W. P. Cook: Invitation "100"; Four 50-Mile Handicaps.

Mr. N. M. Higham: Invitation "24."

Mr. A. Lusty: Invitation "12."

* * * *

R.R.C. Dates Lists: A supply of these is available and may be obtained from the undersigned at 3d. post free.

* * * *

Club Races.—The dates provisionally fixed have been confirmed, with the exception of the first two Fifty-Mile Handicaps which have been arranged for April 27th and May 25th.

Inter-Club Week-end with North Road C.C.—The “Swan,”
Coleshill, March 23rd, 1935.—Will those intending to participate
 in this fixture please advise the undersigned as soon as possible,
 and in any case not later than March 16th. Accommodation
 is limited to about a dozen of each club, but endeavours will
 be made to increase this if necessary. The charge for bed
 and breakfast will be 5/-. Supper will be ordered for 9-30
 p.m.

* * * *

25-Mile Training Spins.—These will be held as usual on
 each Saturday in April prior to Easter.

F. E. MARRIOTT,

Captain and Hon. Racing Secretary.

* * *

TREASURY NOTES.

There are five Saturdays in March this year—an item of
 news which ought to be of especial interest to all who have
 not yet paid their subscriptions; five whole weeks in
 which subscriptions may be paid—and all in one brief month.
 Besides, think what a splendid birthday present for your
 Treasurer—to be snowed under by showers of Cheques and
 Postal Orders. For this is his natal month, and believe it
 or not, he is one of those who “come before the swallow dares
 and take the winds of March with beauty.”

My thanks are due to the fourteen members who have
 paid subscriptions and/or donations (*) during February:—

J. R. Band.	W. R. Oppenheimer.	W. C. Tierney.
F. A. Brewster.	W. Orrell.	N. Turvey.
H. M. Buck.	J. S. Roberts.	A. Williams.
W. G. Connor.	*D. C. Rowatt.	H. Wilson.
A. Lucas.	E. A. Thompson.	

R. LEIGH KNIPE,

Hon. Treasurer.

EDITORIAL.

WE have lately been a little puzzled—not to say annoyed—by the attitude of certain people in the inn-keeping business. Within the last month, we have been irritated by having the price of our very plain afternoon tea raised by 25 % and 50 % in two separate instances, the figure in each case, up to a short time ago, being one shilling. No explanation was offered and (as is our custom) none was asked; we simply marked each off our list of calling-places. The amount involved is not a great deal, but it is the principle which we dislike and which savours of the thumb-screw. No one likes the round-about ways of imposition—what we ask is a square deal for a square meal!



MISCELLANEA.

WE offer our very sincere congratulations to J. Sydney Jonas on the occasion of his marriage, which took place on February 16th and we trust that many years of happiness are in store, both for him and the lady he has taken to wife.



"Stand back, there! Make way! Make way for the super speedman! For Heaven's sake, Chandler, get out of the way! Hi! you on the scarlet machine—Rigby—get into the gutter! Please, please, Mr. Salt, put on a bit of speed, if you will try to ride abreast of him! Ah! that's better—let him pass. He's gone away! away—away! Only a cloud of dust to tell of his passing!"

That's Tommy—that was!



We are guilty of having omitted to make mention of perhaps the most notable member of the party which recently went to London for the B.A.R. Concert, last month—Dave Fell.

Good David, pray accept our plea:

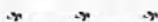
Thou know'st we love thee far too well

To sink thee in obscurity—

A happening so fell that we

Would all fall down if David Fell!

We are pleased to be able to announce that Harold Band is recovering nicely from his recent indisposition and we hope soon to have him out with us again.



The opening run of the Northern branch of the Tricycle Association takes place on Sunday, March 3rd, luncheon being taken at the "Leigh Arms," Acton Bridge, at 1 o'clock. There will be discussions as to race dates and so forth, and it is hoped that as many tricyclists as possible will send in their names to Mr. A. L. Littlemore, the Hon. Racing Secretary, before February 27th, for accommodation at the luncheon table. Friends, as well as members, will be welcome.



The regenerating "dews" of a recent contribution evidently had their effect on *some* dormant seeds of Anfield enthusiasm, for at the run to Tarporely, our eyes and ears were delighted by the presence of Horrocks (no less) and of Wilson, and we fancy they did not go away disgruntled—on the contrary. Room can still be found for plenty more—and a warm welcome, to boot.



MY BEST RIDE.

No. 2. In which J. S. Jonas gives a graphic account of his successful attack upon the Edinburgh to Liverpool Tricycle record in May, 1932.

I ALWAYS look on my attempt on the Edinburgh-Liverpool Tricycle Record as my best ride, from the point of view of fitness, the successful conclusion, the enjoyment I had from it, and also from the fun I think the crowd of helpers had out of the week-end.

My training immediately prior to the attempt consisted of riding to the "100," riding in the race, and home again, and on the Tuesday I took the train to Preston and rode, with a following breeze, to Kendal for the night.

On Wednesday, still with the wind, and perspiration oozing from every pore, I rode via Windermere, Grasmere and Thirlmere to Keswick and Carlisle and stayed the night at Lockerbie; and on Thursday I arrived in Edinburgh by way of Selkirk and Galashiels, as the last vestige of fat dripped on to my front wheel.

Friday and Saturday were spent in sight-seeing and when Jack Salt and the four car-loads of helpers arrived on Saturday night, I was as fit as could be.

On Sunday morning, the wind, which had been south all the week, changed round to the north by the time Salt started at 5-30 a.m. on his attempt on the bicycle record.

I went off at 6 a.m. and was soon endeavouring to catch Salt on the climb up to Penicuik and along the undulating road through Leadburn, Romanno Bridge and Broughton, and gradually climbing until at the Crook Inn I was high up among the hills. The morning was ideal and the sun seemed to be shining as it had never shone before, and to be high up among those hills before eight on such a morning was an experience I will never forget.

The tricycle seemed to be going by itself and I had the feeling that I was part of the machine and nothing seemed easier than "evens"; moreover, at that hour the road was deserted, apart from my own procession consisting of Rex Austin and George Newall and Cotter in two cars.

The last rise past the source of the Tweed was soon over and then commenced the steep drop to Moffat past the Devil's Beeftub. I have travelled the Edinburgh-Moffat road on two occasions—first behind Glover, when seeking the tandem record and again on this occasion on the trike, and however much I think, I cannot recollect what the last few miles into Moffat are like, except that I know it is downhill.

After a thrilling ride down, I found myself on comparatively flat roads to Lockerbie, Ecclefechan and Carlisle. At Lockerbie, I fed and Marriott and Connor, who had ridden up from Liverpool, tucked in behind the cars, and I felt like a little tin god in a little tin chariot!

The setts in Carlisle are laid very unevenly, but this was soon forgotten when I fed at Carlton, just south of the city. Kettle joined up here and I was expecting to "take a packet" from this point to the top of Shap, but I soon found that I could romp up the hills without any apparent effort—

so I did some more sightseeing. A drink from Randall and Ryalls put me right for the last stretch up Shap and then I had the most glorious "blind" I have ever had, with a final sweep down to Highborrow Bridge, with clouds of smoke streaming from the burning tyres!

The helpers in Kendal were not expecting me quite so early, but the food was ready and the last stage commenced with the wind not quite so favourable as in the morning. At Carnforth, Birkby should have given me a drink but told me I was much too early. I fed again at Brock (Jack Salt's well-known haunt), and from here to Liverpool food and drink were bestowed on me right and left, which tributes I graciously acknowledged, and continued my royal progress.

At Aintree, Elston was intent on preparing some potent poison when I slid by. The Liverpool setts and tram-lines soon slowed me down and the way I did *not* dash up the hill to Walton Church was rather disconcerting. My progress to Victoria Street was by the smoothest part of the road, sometimes to the left of the tram-lines and sometimes between, and I arrived at the Post Office 1 hr. 18 mins. inside record.

J. S. JONAS.



THE STILL SMALL VOICE.

It was upon a February night
 My soul, chafing at winter's inactivity,
 Pined for the open road,
 Once more within my breast the call awakes
 The slumbering spirit of the wanderer.
 The dark months drag, but yet have held
 Some happy hours of social intercourse ;
 But solitude my lot again will be,
 And solitary places my abode
 Wherein the introvert himself may find,
 And think and ponder on the world below,
 And so again, my friend, I must away ;
 The voice you cannot hear has called again ;
 The white road leads the way, so I must go
 To fields anew and lands yet unexplored,
 To satisfy the longing of my soul.

RUNS.

Goostrey, 2nd February, 1935.

In preference to going on the Halewood run, I decided to go over to East Cheshire to the alternative run there. Leaving Birkenhead after lunch, I was helped—or shall I say pushed—by a strong gale through the Warrington by-pass on to the Northwich road. At Delamere I whiled away ten minutes listening to the wind whistling through the pines and then hurrying out again over the Cheshire plain, rejoicing to be free. This solitary cyclist also rejoiced not only to be free, but to have the gale at his back, and knowing that he was not returning that night!

Holmes Chapel was quickly reached, and here I had to resort to my map, not having been to Goostrey before. However, I soon found it, and in five minutes I was safely ensconced in the best armchair in the front room of the "Red Lion."

The next half-hour saw most of the Manchester stalwarts there. Those present included W. Orrell, G. Lockett, E. Haynes-the-less, E. Cody, R. Poole, J. Carr, A. Williams, as well as a visitor in the person of Carr's brother. I think the Manchester boys have good reason for going to this place. They know that a cyclist's appetite is fifty per cent. greater than that of an ordinary common or garden individual and they cater accordingly.

Cody left early for his long ride to Liverpool. The others departed for their respective homes, and I was piloted through the many lanes by Lockett and Orrell to Swinton where I stayed the night after a successful ride with an object.

Halewood, 2nd February, 1935.

This day promised well for the short ride to Halewood, and after being helped across Wirral by the favouring breeze, the Tunnel was negotiated by me for the first time. A sense of being crowded out was experienced when overtaken and passed on the slow track by a motor vehicle, and one felt that a little more elbow room would have been welcome. On leaving the Tunnel, the breeze again proved helpful, soon bringing me to the outskirts of the city and to the Derby Arms, where J.

Band, Rowatt and Ven., closely followed by Hubert and his friend Mr. Buckley were leisurely entering the hostel, and Edwards was busy garaging his car in the yard.

Royden was found in possession of the easy chair in the upper chamber, and held forth to us at length on the beauties of Delamere Forest, the switchback road therein, his lunch at Mouldsworth, and his disappointment at having to take tea alone at Warrington. His usual "round the earth" rivals, Cook and Chandler, failed him at the tea kiosk, the first named, we understood to attend the Midland Club dinner, and the latter to week-end in Festiniog, amongst the everlasting hills.

Our muster of 21, including one friend, was disappointing; the catering as ever was first class, an even greater variety of good things than usual being provided. However, most of the regulars were out, Kettle, Powell, Lucas, Burgess, Morris, Conway, swelling the arrivals in the upper room, and Simpson, Salt, Stephenson, Byron, Marriott, Cheminais and Knipe in the lower chamber, where a discussion on the merits of tyres, ancient and modern, was the topic as I left for the road and home, after an enjoyable and satisfying afternoon's outing.

Tarporley, February 9th, 1935.

Tarporley is an interesting place and each successive fixture seems to draw a crowd of members to the "Swan."

The weather was dull, with rain in the offing, but as there was little wind the going was easy enough.

The ten miles of road from Chester are interesting in the main and give one many a pleasant picture of pasture and farm—half-timbered houses—the church at Tarvin and a Georgian house or two, the pond, and the good old brick wall as one climbs out towards Tarporley.

There seemed little sign of life in hedge or wood as we rode along in the grey afternoon, but there was just enough to see how

"Winter slumbering in the open air,

Wears on his smiling face a dream of spring."

Tarporley is a place of very considerable attraction. Its associations with the life of the county, hunting and farming—Cheshire traditions—are all in keeping with its old long street—the ancient church and Swan Inn and many of the buildings in the little town.

The fare was fair—and only fair in parts—but everyone was hungry and conversation was brisk and turned appropriately enough on horses and hunting and drifted on to cars and car-dopers.

Most of the faithful were there—Cook on his way to Shawbury, and Salt and Co., for Llangollen, while six of us rode back towards Chester, three turning for Pipers Ash and two at Willaston corner; against a rising breeze I rode in company to the Clegg Arms and there bade "good-night" to my remaining companion who turned to Barnston, while I faced the Heswall staircase for the North-west passage home.

Lymm, February 16th, 1935.

This fixture appeared likely to be a "wash-out," literally and figuratively, for the rain came down so persistently and with such fury and the wind blew so tempestuously, that progress to the *rendez-vous* for anyone from the neighbourhood of Manchester demanded vigour and a strong will to conquer. At 5-30 there were but two present, but a little later two more arrived, and the position then was that, at a Manchester alternative run, there were three Liverpool members and one Mancunian! Shortly afterwards, however, three other panting and exhausted Manchester men were blown in, and so saved the situation. All save one came by bicycle—the miserable exception, suffering from a very uncommonly wicked kind of the common cold, had feared to fight the elements, and had come by bus, thus getting infinitely colder feet than if he had come under his own power. It is pleasant to record that he felt his position keenly, and, it is hoped, will know better next time. The evil effects of the untoward climatic conditions were soon dissipated by the genial chat round the table and the six sensible ones regained sufficient energy to face the homeward journey, which, I regret to say, had to be accomplished in much the same wretched conditions as the outward one.

Mold, 16th February, 1935.

What a day! The Skipper, although at Willaston corner after the appointed time, was first, and it was perhaps five minutes afterwards when he and Preston struck southwards with the wind fairly helpful and the rain pelting down.

Byron, at Two Mills, made a trio and along the road to Slottwick Dale and Queensferry the rain stung one's face and the wind was almost head-on.

Coffee at the Corner Café made the afternoon pass pleasantly, and Williams came in with his feet almost swimming in a pair of new shoes. As if ours weren't! Long since we had intended to walk Fwloe Hill, but out of sheer contrariness we rode the lot. And at that last wide corner, where Boreas threatened to lift us—bicycles, capes and all—we passed Tommy Royden, cheery as ever.

Under the railway bridge Dick Ryalls, pushing Salt on the red tandem and Charles Randall overtook and passed us. And as the tyres rippled over the rough cobbles of the Dolphin's yard, we sighed thankfully.

And in the "tank"—what news! Smith, from Wellington, had the "knock." Chandler, we heard, had pushed his pedal off in Willaston, while Powell, who had stood by him in his hour of anguish, was delayed so much that he had to take the bus from Sealand to Mold—wise fellow.

Geoff Lockett arrived after having pushed the wind back from Manchester and he made our number up to seventeen: Cook, Rowatt, Edwards, Venables, Roberts and Snowden, in addition to those already mentioned.

It had been a wicked day, but what a night! The rain had ceased; the wind had veered northwards and strengthened. The bridge at Queensferry had to be walked by some, although we managed to ride with great effort and great tacking.

Randall, we heard later, established the Queensferry to Chester record; but we, hard pushed even unto silence, took things more gently.

Mouldsworth, 23rd February, 1935.

What a contrast to last Saturday—for which Heaven be thanked! Not a breath of wind save the steady rush of air past one's ears as on the rise into Tarporley or up the ascent to the Station Hotel! Such a day brings out a representative muster and this will be apparent from the list of those who made up the company. Powell, of course, was there—the first in the field—or perhaps I should say, smoke-room; Chandler and Royden arrived together from the direction of Kingsley, where they had been fraternising over the tea-cups; Salt, the Captain, Williams, Rigby Band, J. Band, Teddy

Edwards, Green, Rowatt, Venables, Stephenson, W. Orrell, Bob Poole, Lockett, Kettle, Cody, the Editor, the Treasurer (who incidentally seemed to be driving a thriving trade), Threlfall, Seed, Elias and Harold Moore, from Lancashire, intent on a week-end in Shropshire or one of the neighbouring counties. Salt was in great form. Someone had casually mentioned having fallen in with some returning members of the local hunt, gay in their pink coats, like so many John Peels. Solemnly John James rose to his feet and in burning language denounced fox-hunting and all blood sports. Even the gentle art of fly fishing came under the lash and Powell has been left with the alternatives of either forswearing trout-fishing altogether or killing them humanely with a pole-axe!

It was cold when the road was taken again, in spite of the nourishment stored aboard, but a quick run through the lanes soon had the blood in active circulation. Powell and some others had rashly allowed themselves to be paced by the rejuvenated Tommy and were discovered near Backford strewn by the wayside, recuperating from the effects of trying to keep his rear mud-guard in view.

The day was remarkable for the absence of petrol-driven machines: altogether, in spite of the somewhat dull and threatening afternoon, conditions were ideal for riding, enhanced as they were by all the outward and visible signs of approaching Spring—the very breath of optimism!

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Vol. XXXI.

Edited by Ernest Snowden.

No. 350

FIXTURES FOR APRIL, 1935.

Tea at 6-0 p.m.

Light up at

April 6	Mouldsworth (Station Hotel)	7-24 p.m.
„ 8	Committee Meeting, 7 p.m. (Victoria Hotel, St. John's Lane, Liverpool).			
„ 13	Farndon (Raven)	7-38 p.m.
„ 19/22	Easter Tour—Bettws-y-Coed (Glan Aber)	9-21 p.m.
„ 27	First 50 Miles Handicap	9-32 p.m.
May 4/6	Silver Jubilee Tour—Mid Wales.			
	4th—Llanidloes (Trewythen Arms)	9-45 p.m.
	5th—Knighton (Norton Arms)	9-47 p.m.

ALTERNATIVE FIXTURES.

Tea at 5-30 p.m.

May 4	Northwich (Crown and Anchor)	9-45 p.m.
	Full Moon	...	18th inst.	

Summer Time begins 14th inst.

The Hon. Treasurer's address is R. L. Knipe, 138 Moscow Drive, Stonecroft, Liverpool, 13, 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.

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BICYCLE CLUB**
FORMED MARCH, 1879.
MONTHLY CIRCULAR

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL

COMMITTEE NOTES.

4 THE LAUND,

WALLASEY, CHESHIRE.

NEW MEMBER.—Mr. A. J. Carr, 33 Tarleton Road, Hanley, Staffs., has been elected to Full Membership.

APPLICATION FOR MEMBERSHIP.—Mr. Harry Thomas, 6 Fairhaven Avenue, Chorlton-cum-Hardy, Manchester. Proposed by Mr. G. Lockett; seconded by Mr. J. Rigby Band.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS.—Mr. H. L. Elston, Deighton, 48 West Oakhill Park, Liverpool, 13; Mr. F. H. Wood, East Lodge, Garthlyngared, Dolgelly.

RESIGNATION.—The Resignation of Mr. E. Parry has been accepted with regret.

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 MUST MAKE THEIR OWN ARRANGEMENTS DIRECT regarding accommodation.

Daily runs have been arranged as follows:—Friday, Criecieth (White Lion). Saturday, Penmaenmawr (Grand Hotel). Sunday, Festiniog (Pengwern Arms). Lunch, 1-30 p.m. each day.

SILVER JUBILEE TOUR.—Accommodation has been reserved at Llanidloes (Trewythen Arms) for Saturday night, 4th May. Supper, bed and breakfast will be 8/6 per head, and at Knighton (Norton Arms), Sunday night, 5th May. Supper, bed and breakfast will be 8/- per head.

Members who intend to participate in the Tour are requested to let me have their names in good time, in any case **not later than 25th April**. Accommodation is limited and will be allotted in the order in which names are received.

Members attending Northwich on May 4th are requested to order their requirements on arrival.

H. W. POWELL,
Hon. General Secretary.

* * *

RACING NOTES.

Racing men are particularly requested to note the alterations incorporated in the "50" course for this year. A card giving details of the altered course is enclosed with this *Circular*.

Training Spins.—Training spins of 25 miles will be held on 6th and 13th April, on the Whitchurch Road, starting from the 2nd milestone about 5 p.m. Accommodation and cups of tea from Mrs. Bell's at Rowton. Please advise me beforehand if possible.

Real Racing.—The first "50" will be run off on April 27th. Forms, please, **not later than April 23rd**.

Principal Open Events.

Charlotteville "50."	...	Easter Monday.
Bath Road "50"	...	Jubilee Monday, May 6th.
Dukinfield "50"...	...	May 19th.

I have forms for the above, and, by the size of my letter bag, almost a hundred others. Please let me know your requirements early.

F. F. MARRIOTT,
Captain and Hon. Racing Secretary.

TREASURY NOTES.

MY thanks are due to the twelve members from whom I have received subscriptions and/or donations (*) during the past month:—

*H. S. Barratt.	*P. Brazendale.	*G. Newall.
P. C. Beardwood.	E. Byron.	E. Parry.
A. E. C. Birkby.	E. O. Morris.	*G. Stephenson.
R. Poole.	E. Nevitt.	J. H. Williams.

R. LEIGH KNIPE,

Hon. Treasurer.

EDITORIAL.

WE consider ourselves singularly fortunate in being able to publish this month, an article by that *doyen* of cyclists, Colonel G. P. Mills, and we value his contribution all the more, for the reason that he has never written for publication an account of any of his famous rides. We are sanguine enough to hope that, at some future time, we may prevail upon Colonel Mills to give us another glimpse of his racing career, and we feel sure, without detracting at all from the writings of others, that nothing could give greater pleasure to members of the Club—both ancient and modern.

MISCELLANEA.

ON Monday, the 11th March, R. Leigh Knipe had the misfortune to lose another old friend of many years' standing. Without a word of warning, this ewe lamb, this apple of our Treasurer's eye, was spirited away from the sacred precincts of Bootle Baths. The thief, with a discernment almost satanic in selecting his victim, passed over the many tawdry specimens which might have tempted one of us, and laid rude hands on the respectable, if rather aged and decrepit partner of Knipe's journeyings. When the news was brought to us we had decided to have this notice surrounded by a black border, but we changed our mind when we heard of the almost indecent haste with which Knipe had taken steps to fill the place of the dear departed with a flighty, up-to-date (and 'tis whispered fast) piece of goods!

It was a pleasure to meet, one Sunday morning this month, Lloyd and Brewster. Both are prevented by business responsibilities from attending runs, but we hope to see them, if possible, get up in a few Club races—and to do well in them. They have our best wishes.



We have to make the sad confession that we have succumbed to a black pudding. We had hoped to keep it dark—figuratively, of course—but that inexorable martinet—that undeniable authority on matters dietetic and sartorial, has, on threat of forcing us to swallow tripe (which Heaven forbid!) commanded us to make the deed public. And, moreover, we are to acknowledge that black puddings are not so black as they are painted. But, in future, they are deleted from our list of humorous subjects!



The meeting of the Northern branch of the Tricycle Association was held on Sunday, March 3rd, at the Leigh Arms, Acton Bridge, as advertised. A party of twenty-seven, including four Anfielders in the persons of the Presider, W. Orrell, Smith and Snowden sat down to lunch. Nipping in the bud any disposition to sleep off the effects of the carousal, Mr. Littlemore at once called the meeting, established Cook as Chairman, and almost before we realised it, we were deep in the discussion of the mysteries of tricycle-racing. The Chairman took the opportunity of doing a little propaganda work as affecting paths and patches, and the Editor of this illustrious journal was asked to say what fine fellows tricyclists were, which so affected him that he really began to believe his own words and ended by becoming a member of the Association; all of which so played upon the tender feelings of Wilfred, that, in a fit of emotion he did likewise. Smith, the remaining Anfielder, alone retained his balance and refused to be over-drawn!



THE PROTEST MEETING.

On February 28th the mass meeting of cyclists to protest publicly against the threat of cycle-paths and the waywardness of coroners and amateur magistrates was held, as arranged.

Broadly, one might say it was successful. Every seat in the Picton Hall had its occupant and the overflow meeting across the road was in pretty much the same state of congestion. The Presider was in his best form and no-one who heard him could fail to be convinced by his lucid arguments. "Kuklos" was also a success—but I doubt if his witticisms carried the same weight as the considered thrusts of W. P. Cook. In fact, to my mind—and to the minds of many others—no speaker of them all approached our President for sheer logic, combined with statements of fact which could not be gainsaid. And this opinion is reflected in the Press.

If I may make another criticism, it is that several speeches might have been dispersed with altogether, or at least, cut short by one-half—perhaps more. To labour an argument is to confuse the issue, and the increasing restlessness of the audience was evidence that it had heard enough.

The Anfield B.C. was well represented, though there were many members who had no excuse for cutting the meeting. As the oldest and the most famous of living cycling clubs it was expected of us to be in the forefront of the fight and the cycling community in Liverpool was not disappointed. Still, the muster might have been larger. Judging by the photograph of the meeting appearing in the Press, the platform did not supply the necessary standard of beauty, so recourse was had to the audience. And now, I suppose, Salt, Connor and Co., will be departing for Hollywood!

"LOCUTUS SUM."



Should any member wish to acquire a further copy of the half-tone reproduction of the Presider's photograph, the same may be had by making application (accompanied by 4½d. in stamps) to the Editor. The number available is of necessity limited and will not be repeated.

MY BEST RIDE.

- No. 3. Wherein Lt.-Col. G. P. Mills, D.S.O., gives a most interesting and graphic account of how he won the first International Race from Bordeaux to Paris, in May, 1891.

I HAVE been asked by the Editor to write a short account of what I consider my best ride. I find it somewhat difficult to decide what makes one ride better than another, but I think that a race takes pride of place over a record, and I have therefore chosen the International race from Bordeaux to Paris, which I was fortunate enough to win, after overcoming many difficulties. It is, however, run very close (for difficulties overcome) by the Land's End to John o' Groats record, made in October of the same year (1891); in which, after 72 hours' continuous rain, I was accidentally drugged at Helmsdale, but continued riding for some 55 miles, more or less insensible, showing that my sub-conscious mind meant getting through, no matter what happened.

The first Bordeaux-to-Paris race was started on the 23rd May, 1891, at 5 a.m. It had rained heavily during the night, and the roads were very wet. I had been able to raise only four pacemakers, so had to do without pace for the first hundred miles. All went well for thirty miles, when Holbein slowed suddenly in order to avoid a dog and the line over-ran each other. A Frenchman in front of me turned across my front wheel, and brought me down, with the result that my right arm was badly cut, and my machine damaged to the extent of a bent pedal. Thinking it had been done on purpose, as I had been warned that I should be fetched over, I kicked the pedal somewhat straight and set off to catch up again, with the fixed determination to knock the rider in question end-ways, when I caught him! Fortunately, before catching up, I realised that it would be very foolish to do this, and that the occurrence might have been accidental.

The first check was at Barbezieux. Edge, Bates and I sprinted for the control and got our route-cards signed before Holbein, so that we got away with a 200 yards lead, and, as Holbein's pacemaker had mistaken his instructions and had gone to Augoulême, Holbein was left by himself. I was leading and, after about two miles, suggested that one of the others should take a turn in front. Edge, however, refused point blank, and on Bates starting to pace, told him not to be a fool. I therefore sat up and allowed Holbein to overtake us. After a few miles, I again went in front to give Holbein a rest, and it was during this period, that we passed the 100 kilometres mark, for which there was a special prize. Edge, who had been riding last, sprinted up on hearing my number (7) called out by the timekeeper and asked me what it meant. I had much pleasure in informing him!

At 70 miles, the chain of my machine began to drive over the teeth when going up hill, as the mud had caked under the block chain (then in general use) causing excessive stretching. Finally it got so bad that I had to dismount and for the second time was left. Whilst wondering what to do, Bennett, of the Anfield, who having finished pacing Holbein, and was following on to pick up the train at Augoulême, rode up, and on learning my trouble, immediately offered me his machine, which I gladly accepted, and started in pursuit of the leaders. Unfortunately his reach was nearly three inches less than mine, and I had a punishing time catching up, but eventually succeeded.

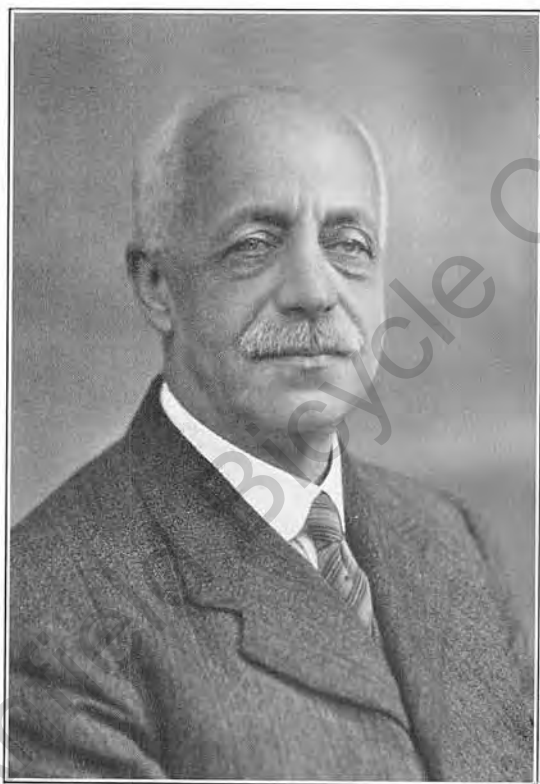
At Angoulême, I won the sprint for the control and told H. O. Duncan, who was looking after my feeding and pacing arrangements to let me have the spare machine, which he had with him. Unfortunately this was still in its crate. It was hurriedly unpacked and, hearing Holbein's pacers calling him to come on, I mounted and followed him, Duncan handing me a bottle of beef tea, as I went. I had just finished drinking this when Holbein eased up and dismounted, and I saw a table laden with refreshments, with several pacemakers grouped round it, at the side of the road. I learnt subsequently that the idea was to get me to follow Holbein, hurriedly, from the control, so missing my food, and it was thought, that being without food, or pacemakers, it would be easy for him, thoroughly refreshed and with fresh pacemakers to overhaul and leave me.

It was a most curious coincidence that I had fixed on the same stretch—Angoulême to Ruffec—to make a great effort to get away from the rest, as it was the most hilly portion of the route. I had arranged with Stroud—my fastest pacemaker—to wait just over the top of the second hill, meaning to come with a wet sail from behind, just as the leaders struck the gradient. This ruse I have never known to fail, and given a really fast pace-maker to take one away at the top, has always been the means of establishing a strong lead. As it was, I hurried up to Stroud, alone, and we started to go all out.

The pace, up to this point, had been rather leisurely, as owing to my want of pace-makers I had been unable to do more than follow the pace set. As soon as we really got going, it was discovered that the spare machine had not had its tyres properly blown up with the result that they dragged terribly. Stroud insisted on my changing machines and very sportingly rode mine. His machine was some two inches too short in the reach for me, but even with this handicap we gained 35 minutes on the others in the twenty-eight miles to Ruffec. Here my saddle was raised, and I thought my troubles over. P. C. Wilson, however, who took me on at this point, broke his seat-pillar, almost at once, and I had to ride the next thirty miles alone, against a strong head wind, until my third pace-maker Brundrett, of York, was picked up. I got on well from here, until a sabot-nail punctured a tyre of Stroud's machine just as I was getting thoroughly used to it, and I changed on to a roadster some 10 lbs. heavier, on which, eventually, I finished—1 hour 16 minutes ahead of the next man—Holbein—and 3 hours 26 minutes ahead of Edge and Bates. The last 100 miles were ridden in rain, making the roads very heavy and slippery, and my wounded arm began to hate the patches of "pavé," which we unexpectedly encountered during the night. The time—26 hours, 34 minutes for the 362 miles—was not so good as I had hoped to do, but the weather and various mishaps probably accounted for this.

G. Mills.

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OUR PRESIDENT

HONORIS CAUSA.

WE take the greatest pleasure in extending to our President sincere congratulations on having been the recipient of the Bird Memorial Prize for 1934.

As most, if not all of our members are aware, the prize consists of a silver plaque endowed by Sir Robert Bird, M.P., in memory of his father, the late Sir Alfred Bird, and is awarded annually to the member of the C.T.C. who is adjudged to have performed "the most signal service" to the cause of cycling during the year.

For our own part, it comes as no surprise to learn that W. P. Cook should have been selected to receive the award in this instance, when we recollect what he has done for cyclists. His work has always been unobtrusive, but just as what is good will come to the surface, so his deeds, performed as they have been without further thought than for the good of the cause, have inevitably come to light and have received that recognition which is only their just due.

We might easily devote a whole number of the *Circular* to Cook's sterling work, but as the Bird Memorial Prize has been awarded for services rendered during the past year, we will only make mention of two phases—his invaluable work on behalf of cyclists as a member of the Advisory Council to the Minister of Transport, and the bold and whole-hearted way in which he has fought for the rights of cyclists upon every occasion which has presented itself, sparing neither time nor cost in the work on which his heart is so strongly set. With such a record behind him, Cook might justifiably consider that he had done sufficient and that he might hand on the torch to others; but can you imagine such a thing? His activities, instead of lessening, grow in volume day by day, and his energy, instead of waning, seems to become even more pronounced. Long may he be spared to carry on the good work.

KENILWORTH.

The twilight fell upon the weeping day,
 The clouds of night rac'd through a storm-toss'd sky,
 As through the town I made my exodus
 Northwards, to meet the merry company
 Of fellow rovers. And the sun,
 Shedding its last weak rays of watery light,
 Lit up the noble pile of Kenilworth—
 The place where once were banqueting and feasts—
 Where kings and noblemen foregathered oft,
 Is now deserted; and its ruin'd towers
 Speak of the past with mute and silent tongues.
 'Twas here the Queen of England and her earls
 Made merry 'twixt the great affairs of State,
 Among the fair green hills of Warwickshire.
 And thus a name can conjure old romance;
 Kenilworth—the very name makes tell
 Of deeds which happen in some fairy-tale.

But night has fall'n and still I've far to go
 Before I reach my haven and journey's end;
 So northwards—not alone—but with the ghost
 Of some old English baron, who will lead
 The way 'long strange and unknown roads
 Till dawn—then vanish with the night!



EARLY DAYS.

A MEMBER who has made a study of cycling history has found, in a publication which in its day was held in high repute—*The Cyclist*—a list of rides of 200 miles or more done between 1876 and 1886. I have been privileged to see the list which is extraordinarily interesting—not less from the historical point of view than for a quaintness of description.

The first entry on the list records what appears to have been a company ride by two members of the Lynn B.C., each mounted on a "Lynn Express" bicycle. Riding on September 2nd, 1876, from Lynn to Wisbeach and back eight times,

they covered 204 miles in precisely 22 hours. The time given is described as "full time," and no other is stated. In other entries "full time" and "riding time" are given. The name of the machine ridden is mentioned always—no anti-advertising clause in those days!

The route, the state of the roads and the weather, are given in practically all cases. "About 90 miles of wet and bad roads, where good road usually prevails," one entry reads. "Obliged to walk several miles" says another. "Troubled with bad knee last 100 miles," reads yet another. "Lost lot of time posting cards," complains a C.T.C. man in 1884. "Cambridge roads four inches sand; remainder good. Traversed several fresh roads. Fuel expenditure—Food, 5d., drinks 2/-." "A training spin" is the description of a ride of 206 miles in 21 hours nett time on May 6th, 1884.

Of particular interest to us are the performances of Anfielders. Of the 125 rides listed, no fewer than 43 were by members of the Club—twelve by G. P. Mills, six by George Mercer, four by Norman Crooke, three by J. K. Conway, and the rest in one's and two's by various riders, among whom are Dave Fell, D. J. Bell, T. B. Conway and Lawrence Fletcher. That the name of our Club should appear so frequently is surely a matter of legitimate pride to us and an inspiration to those to whom the torch has been handed on.

Space will not permit of my giving full particulars of all these rides, but a few notes may be permitted. The first item is a ride of 227 miles in 24 hours by Lawrence Fletcher on November 5th, 1879, the route being Liverpool, via Newtown to Aberystwyth and back by way of Dolgelly and Bala. Record is claimed.*

Then comes George Mercer's ride of 200 miles (Liverpool to Burton-on-Trent and back) on September 15th, 1883, in 21 hours, riding time, when, we are told, the weather was fair. On April 3rd, 1885, he was not so fortunate, for the roads were frozen hard, but he did 208 miles in 20 hours 20 minutes. His best performance recorded was 258 miles in 21 hours riding time, on September 7th, 1886, on an Eastern counties route. Dave Fell's ride of 205 miles (London to Liverpool) in 24 hours, on May 25th, 1885, was accomplished in heavy rain.

But the great G. P. Mills overshadows them all. All types of machine—ordinary, safety, tricycle and tandem tricycle—were alike to him, and he did outstanding rides on each. His name first appears on July 13th, 1885, when he covered $232\frac{1}{2}$ miles in 20 hours riding time, on a 53 in. R. & P. with "roads loose, head wind; broken pedal most of the way." His speed increases and with a change to an "Ivel safety" he accomplishes 295 miles in 22 hours riding time, on October 5th, 1886. His best distance recorded on a tricycle is 203 miles in 20 hours on a "Beeston Humber Crippler," on August 16th, 1886, the first day of an "End to End" trip, when the roads were very heavy.

The stimulus for the many 24-hour rides during the years 1885 and 1886 was supplied by a Club competition in which points were scored according to the distance covered, and the winner was rewarded with a really good prize. In 1885, G. P. Mills won a tricycle and in 1886 a gold chronograph watch in this competition, George Mercer and Lawrence Fletcher being close up in each case. The scoring was:—

1	point	for	100	miles.
2	"	"	150	"
3	"	"	175	"
4	"	"	200	"
5	"	"	250	"

When one considers these rides and compares the state of affairs existing in the past with present day luxurious conditions, one cannot but confess to a feeling of intense admiration for the indomitable courage and unquenchable spirit which were essential to the accomplishment of such Herculean tasks.

* No account of this ride appeared in the current cycling press, which has been searched by Bartlett. Its apparent acceptance as authentic eight years later provides no proof and the Badminton book on Cycling ignores it and gives Sutton's 222 miles on July 9th, 1882, as "needless to say the best on record."

RUNS.

Halewood, 2nd March, 1935.

As circumstances prevented me from making my usual trip "round the world," I was obliged to go direct to Halewood and consequently there is very little to say about the ride out.

I arrived at the Derby Arms at the appointed hour and joined the then small party in the lower room which included the Secretary, Snowden, Bob Knipe, Birkby, Marriott and Byron.

As Hubert Roskell and Arthur Simpson were late, the Editor and Knipe had the pleasure of carving for the hungry cyclists. Hubert and Stephenson were the next arrivals and the late train brought in a few more stalwarts. The meal was of the usual excellent Halewood quality and when we had practically finished, Arthur Simpson and Cheminais rolled up.

Our muster was twenty-seven and among those not already mentioned were the President, Kettle, J. Band, Mercer, Elston, Morris and Smith, our new Wellington member.

After tea, various subjects were discussed in the lower room and gradually the party dispersed for home, the President and Smith making for Acton Bridge for the night.

It is to be regretted, that probably before the next time the Club visits this old hostelry, it will be in the hands of the builders, as plans have already been passed for extensive alterations and conversion into a modern hotel.

Holmes Chapel, 2nd March, 1935.

Once again, after some two years, I cross the Cheshire Plain to attend an alternative run. One party was seated round the fire, very select and almost sedate (the party, I mean), while a few more were in the adjoining room washing. Thus do Mancunians claim preferment over Liverpool! So, being figuratively in Rome, I did as Rome—and washed.

And so to tea which was second only to Halewood in quality. Pieces of news drifted down the table—Ned Haynes was unfortunately on the sick list; the Daresbury run had

been changed to Acton Bridge ; Green and Crewe were discussing the relative merits of light opera and musical comedy. The Y.H.A. section, consisting of Arthur Williams, Lockett, Rigby Band and prospective members in Thomas and Gordon, were given sound advice on how to get to Hartington in Dove-dale and duly warned of the dangers of starvation and exposure *en route*.

Fortified and armed with this counsel, the courageous band set forth and in due course arrived at their destination—I was going to say "tight"—but certainly trim, with no untoward adventures by the way.

Acton Bridge, 9th March, 1935.

A cool day, my masters ; next day, Sabbath papers blossomed forth with news of weather records broken ; yet, 'midst Delamere's glades and woodlands, Chandler's brow was cherry red and beads of perspiration glistened. Hardly did icicles hang from the branches of the oak and the elm, but it *was* draughty.

The chill wind suffered no hindrance on the new by-pass ; but we did. Yet Backford's gradient made the blood tingle and ere Manley our feet were cold—so we walked past the quarry. We descended by the steep and narrow lane to the old pond, and we saw Chandler, walking *downhill*. By way of Norley and Crowton we reached the Leigh Arms.

Sub-captain Connor tells me twenty-eight were aboard at Acton Bridge. I remember seeing the Presider, Green, Cody, Stephenson, W. Orrell, Poole, Haynes the younger, Harry Thomas (a prospective member), Lockett, Edwards, Powell, Connor, Preston, Byron, Williams, Rigby and Brian Band, Harold Moore, J. E. Carr, Threlfall, Knipe, Lucas, Kettle, Salt, Tommy Royden, and Chandler. I count twenty-seven, including myself ; this leaves one name missing, and as I write I cannot remember.

Salt was a bit late, his hands dirty and oily ; he murmured of Chester, of bottom brackets, of squeaks and red-headed devils.

He still had the squeak going home, too. Everytime he pushed, melodious yells came forth.

"It's in the drive" he panted.

Quite so—until someone pointed out that when he was out of the saddle—as per "Oppy"—no sound was heard. Thus from a penpusher, or a wood butcher, came forth intelligence.

The Northwich road was swept by the wind, and we sped too, until in hardly any time Kelsall's hill was miles behind.

Near the trees of the Sitch, sadly thinned for someone's golf course, we waited for the laggards, but they came not. And as I remember the gentle walk I recollect the name omitted from the list—our one and only Perkins.

Tattenhall, 16th March, 1935.

Those careful people who keep an eye on the barometer and note changes of wind and temperature were not unprepared for moisture at some period of their travels and—they were not disappointed. Conditions were as unlike those of the previous week-end as it is possible to imagine: in place of the biting east wind blowing with gale force, we had a calm day, a thick and muggy atmosphere which tendered to make breathing difficult and—in the evening—a thick drizzle—all of which combined to extract a certain amount of steam from those who had stoked up well at the "Bull and Ragged Staff"!

Twenty-two sat down to dine and several others "tea'd off" in another part of the premises. What with the dual preparation of food and the happy-go-lucky service, it was well after six o'clock before mastication was in progress.

No less than three tricycles put in an appearance—those of the Presider, Wilfred Orrell and Jonas to wit. These engines of war, together with the remainder of the bicycles, were stuffed into a small loose-box and the task of disentangling pedals, spokes, mudguards, and what-not would have given joy to the heart of a Chinese puzzle-maker. But all were safely sorted out at last, with the maximum of patience and the minimum of naughty words; but we do appreciate adequate space for parking our property and are even grateful when the luxury of a light is available.

As indicated above, the muster was a good one and included, in addition to those already mentioned, the two Vice-Presidents, the indefatigable Secretary, the Treasurer, Threlfall, Elias, Chandler, the Editor, J. Band, Seed, Royden, Rowatt, Edwards, Smith, Rigby Band, the Admiral of the Fleet, Haynes and Lockett.

Chandler, Elias and one or two friends making for Chester, had got well under weigh, when a tornado swept by with a splash and a roar, and taking up a position in the van, led the party at a reckless speed for nearly fifty yards: 'Twas Tummas! He had basely deserted his usual sprinting partners—worn them to a frazzle and then—left them leaderless—and all for the lust of speed! Of the rest, Green was gamely making a lonely trek homewards; others were week-ending in divers directions—Cook, Smith and Orrell at Afonwen.

In spite of the wet evening, it was altogether a joyous run, marred only by the sad news of the recent loss sustained by Knipe. But that is another story; for by this time we are all wet enough without adding to the downpour our own tears. Suffice it to say that a sense of cheerfulness pervaded the departing throng.

Goostrey, 23rd March, 1935.

A disappointing day—some gleams of sunshine early, giving hope of a spring day, then heavy continuous rain and a strong boisterous wind. It was a case of "head down and stand on the pedals" at the more exposed points.

Five only attended—the smallest number ever at a fixture at the Red Lion—due to the long-distance counter-attraction. We were favoured by the presence of Threlfall, who had had such an easy ride that he had found it necessary to put in a little extra distance to fill up time. Buckley *père et fils* were there, both looking very well nourished. In the case of the former, however, appearances were deceptive, for we were sorry to find that, through a slight indisposition, he was compelled to allow the dilution of his favourite beverage by the addition of ginger-beer, and the resultant anaemic liquid didn't look right. The ride home was very easy for me, but I shall be interested to hear from Threlfall when next I see him.

Pulford, 23rd March, 1935.

There was a very small attendance of eight all told, those present being Kettle, Powell, Royden, Edwards, Rowatt, Elias, Snowden and Chandler. The climatic conditions were no doubt partly responsible, although why the attendance was so extraordinarily poor was not apparent; as fifteen had been ordered for, there was a deficiency which had to be made up. Edwards and Kettle were in cars. Royden had been round by Wrexham and Farndon, meeting Chandler at the latter place. Elias and Powell had come straight out, while Snowden had been getting into training round Bangor-on-Dee. The meal was excellent and must have satisfied the most fastidious. Snowden then departed for Wem; Powell, Elias, Royden and Chandler for home—the two latter putting in at Willaston.

Acton Bridge, 30th March, 1935.

Altogether twenty-eight members foregathered at the "Leigh Arms" for this, the last run of the month, and of these there were several who have put in but infrequent appearances lately, for one reason and another—some on account of distance; others were just awakening from their winter's sleep and spreading their wings to the March breezes.

Of the number present, ten decided to eschew the flesh-pots of Egypt, and with Spartan self-denial sustained their bodies on a light repast; the remaining eighteen—gross feeders—sat themselves down in an upper room and in workmanlike fashion made havoc with the steaming dishes. Prominent among these who had come from afar were Harold Moore from Leigh, in Lancashire, and Smith, from Wellington, and neither found the journey to Acton Bridge too great to prevent him adding another thirty-odd miles after seven o'clock. Certainly, the conditions prevailing after dark were more conducive to easy travel than those of the afternoon, and to the accompaniment of a starry sky, the night wind sang a cheery song—none of your raucous fortissimo, which, by its very forcefulness, seeks to inspire you with agitated wonder, but a nicely modulated note—a friendly melody with no trace of bitterness about it and withal a temperate tune, which gently brushed the brow with a cooling touch!

The first arrivals had entrenched themselves in a very small room containing a very large fire, and having besides enveloped themselves in a dense smoke-screen, took a fiendish delight in witnessing the choking gasps of unwary newcomers into the noisome den! Dimly through the haze one noted the President, the Treasurer, the Captain, the Secretary, Jonas, Urban Taylor with the Rawlinson twins, Cody, Green, Lockett, Haynes the Less (accompanied by a prospective member), Stephenson, Salt, Rigby Band, Royden, the Editor, Smith, W. Orrell, Harold Moore, Byron, Threlfall, Lucas, Edwards, and a few more shadowy forms hardly to be recognised. Chandler was an absentee, and many a one softly crooned, "O, where is my wandering boy to-night?" And where was he? Dear friends, he had gone with axe and alpenstock to defy Nature in the raw by making assault on the precipitous heights which lie adjacent to Ullswater, prepared to crush every obstacle in his path beneath those mighty boots of his!

It was still light when departure was made from the hospitable "Leigh Arms." Most were for home. Cook and Smith, however, preferred to spend the night at Arclid; others, including Harold Moore, made a bee-line for Shropshire, in order to explore its by-ways and to compare its beauties with those of Cheshire and Lancashire!



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ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

FORMED MARCH, 1879.

MONTHLY CIRCULAR

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL

Vol XXXI.

Edited by Ernest Snowden.

No. 351.

FIXTURES FOR MAY, 1935.

		Tea at 6-0 p.m.	Light up at
May	4 6	Silver Jubilee Tour.—Mid Wales	
"	4	Llanidloes (Trewythen Arms)	9-45 p.m.
"	5	Knighton (Norton Arms)	9-47 p.m.
"	11	Highwayside (Travellers Rest)	9-58 p.m.
"	13	Committee Meeting, 7 p.m. (Victoria Hotel, St. John's Lane, Liverpool).	
"	18	Aldford (Grosvenor Arms)	10-9 p.m.
"	25	Second 50 Miles Handicap	10-20 p.m.
June	1	Tattershall (Bear and Ragged Staff)	10-29 p.m.
"	3	Committee Meeting, 7 p.m. (Victoria Hotel, St. John's Lane, Liverpool).	
"	8/10	Whitsuntide.—Invitation "100"	10-37 p.m.
		Headquarters: Shrewsbury (George).	

ALTERNATIVE FIXTURE.

		Tea at 5-30 p.m.	
May	4	Northwich (Crown and Anchor)	9-45 p.m.
		Full Moon	18th inst.

The Hon. Treasurer's address is R. L. Knipe, 138 Moscow Drive, Stoneycroft, Liverpool, 13, 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.

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**ANFIELD
BICYCLE CLUB**
FORMED MARCH, 1879.
MONTHLY CIRCULAR

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL

COMMITTEE NOTES.

4 THE LAUND,
WALLASEY, CHESHIRE.

NEW MEMBER.—Mr. Harry Thomas, 6 Fairhaven Avenue, Chorlton-cum-Hardy, Manchester, has been elected to Full Membership.

WHITSUNTIDE.—Members going down into Shropshire on Saturday, 8th June, are likely to find company if they call at "The Raven," Prees Heath, for a meal. Members desiring to stay at the Headquarters, "George" Hotel, Shrewsbury, are requested to book their own accommodation direct.

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

CHANGE OF ADDRESS.—Mr. Ashley F. Taylor, Cranford, Knutsford Road, Wilmslow, Cheshire.

Heartiest congratulations were extended to the President on having been the recipient of the Bird Memorial Prize for 1934.

H. W. POWELL,
Hon. General Secretary.

RACING NOTES.

The results of the Training Spins were as follows :—

April 6th.		12 $\frac{3}{4}$	25		
1. J. J. Salt	...	34		1.	5.15
2. G. B. Orrell	...	35		1.	7. 0
3. { J. E. Carr	...	36		1.	8. 0
\ W. G. Connor	...	35 $\frac{1}{2}$		1.	8. 0
5. E. Byron	...	35 $\frac{1}{4}$		1.	8.20
6. J. S. Jonas	...	36 $\frac{1}{2}$		1.10.	40
7. J. R. Band	...	39 $\frac{1}{2}$		1.13.	40
8. E. Haynes, Jr.	...	41		1.15.	50
Haynes punctured.					

April 13th

1. E. Byron	1.12.	18
2. W. G. Connor	1.12.	40
3. H. Thomas	1.13.	6
4. E. Haynes, Jr.	1.14.	43
5. F. E. Marriott	1.16.	11
6. A. Preston	1.17.	8
7. J. R. Band	1.17.	10

Invitation "100."

Whitsuntide is rolling round again, and those who wish to have a try at the Shropshire triangle are asked to let me have their names by 10th May. Even if you are not sure, please let me know; a definite selection will be made about May 31st.

Second "50," 25th May, 1935.

Forms, please, by May 20th at the latest.

Open Events.

Dukinfield C.C. "50," May 19th.

E.L.W. "50," June 2nd.

Manchester Wheelers' "50," June 16th.

F. E. MARRIOTT,

Capt. and Hon. Racing Secretary.

TREASURY NOTES.

MY thanks are due to the ten Members from whom I have received subscriptions and/or donations (*) during the past month.

A. J. Carr.

J. H. Fawcett.

G. A. Glover.

W. Henderson.

*W. Crompton

Humphreys.

J. Long.

O. E. Taylor.

H. Thomas.

J. R. Walton (1934)

F. H. Wood (1934)

R. LEIGH KNIPE,

Hon. Treasurer.

✻ ✻ ✻

EDITORIAL.

SOON after the issue of this number we shall be leaving this pleasant land to cross the Atlantic, and to penetrate the fastnesses of the Canadian Rockies. It will, therefore, be impossible for us to conduct the *Circular* in such circumstances, but we are fortunate—extremely fortunate—in finding so able a substitute as J. S. Jonas, our predecessor, to carry on the work in our absence. He has kindly offered to be responsible for the next issue and will be glad to receive any contributions to the *Circular* at his address—25b Grove Park, Sefton Park Road, Liverpool, 8.

✻ ✻ ✻

MISCELLANEA.

OWING to a misunderstanding, the account of the run to Coleshill to meet the North Road C.C. did not appear in our last issue, but we trust that it will be none the less welcome this month, though late it be.

✻ ✻ ✻

Our Compleat Tourist appears to have had a pleasant pilgrimage, during the Easter holidays, to Braich-y-Pwll,

punctuated by visits to "The Rivals" and "The Whispering Sands." The spice of adventure lay in the uncertainty of a night's lodging, which, however, we understand, he was able to obtain at one or other of the small inns dotted about the Lleyn Peninsular, but to his oft-repeated enquiry as to the availability of a bath, sad to relate, the answer was invariably in the negative.

✧ ✧ ✧

We were much intrigued on Good Friday morning by the expert demonstration of window-cleaning which we were privileged to witness by a lady accompanying our party, no less than by the valiant attempt to clean windows which were not there!

✧ ✧ ✧

The voice of Brazendale has been heard in the land with great effect during the past weeks, and the number of those who have listened to his stirring call to be up and doing in defence of their rights on the road must be legion. East and West and South and North he has carried his fiery cross, and all cyclists owe him thanks for the work he has done on their behalf.

✧ ✧ ✧

If you want a trustworthy report on the happenings on our main roads, obtain the confidence of a patrol of one of the motor organisations and hear his private and unbiased opinion of what takes place!

✧ ✧ ✧

There was a noticeable improvement in the standard of motor driving this Easter, compared with that of previous years. Of course, there will always be a proportion of black sheep among motorists, as among other bodies, but they reared their horrid heads only occasionally and we trust they profited by the words of advice gratuitously bestowed upon them.

IN MEMORIAM. C. F. G. BOYES.

We regret to have to announce the death of "Charlie" Boyes, at the ripe age of 75, who passed away at a nursing home in Colwyn Bay after a brief illness. Boyes was an outstanding example of how a man can be a member of two clubs, with perfect loyalty to both. In his early days, he was known as "Alphabet" Boyes for an obvious reason, and first gained fame in the 80's by being the first cyclist to ride Hermitage Hill, just outside Bridgnorth, on the Wolverhampton road. And when one realizes that the surface of this quite steep hill was very loose in those days and that the feat was accomplished on that dreadful implement of torture—a solid tyred Coventry Rotary tricycle—one can only marvel at his prowess. Boyes lived in Wolverhampton until about 30 years ago, when he moved to Prees Heath and lived at Higher Heath Post Office. When circumstances drove us down into Shropshire for our races, we naturally became intimate with Boyes as a fine specimen of the M.C. & A.C. and in 1908 he joined us as a second claim member; and, although verging on his Jubilee, was a good enough sportsman to get up in one of the 50's, and was always most helpful to our racing men in many ways—indeed, Higher Heath Post Office became a week-end training stable for such men as R. A. Fulton and the late A. P. James, who found Boyes an able mentor. In recent years, Boyes has lived in well-earned retirement at Colwyn Bay, but he never relaxed his interest either in cycling or the Club and only as recently as last Easter he came and joined us on Good Friday at Llanfair, T.H. His passing is a great loss to the Club of a most lovable and generous man whom it was a joy and privilege to know. R.I.P.

MY BEST RIDE.

No. 4. In which J. J. Salt describes his trials during his successful attempt on the Liverpool to London record in 10 hrs. 23 mins., September 13th, 1931.

I AM afraid I cannot offer so romantic an epistle as that of a veteran of long ago—no strange pieces of ironmongery to fling about and nothing so long-drawn out as a "24"; but still one with its trials and tribulations. I plump for my first National record, attempted and broken in my first year as an Anfielder. Having been fairly successful during the 1931 season, I thought I would resume the Anfield record-breaking tradition over National routes, and I chose the Liverpool-London stretch over which Dave Fell once did a historic ride.

Captain Kettle had done all the spade work and so, one Saturday I hied me to Wallasey to spend the night with George Glover, who was going over the same route on a tandem. Conditions did not appear favourable that evening and we fervently hoped for a change before Sunday morning and, sure enough, our hearts were lightened by a nor'-wester and beautifully warm at that. The tandem, of course, departed first; I left half-an-hour later, being despatched by Knipe at 6 a.m. The climb out of Liverpool was negotiated in peace and so to Warrington. Alas! here a heavy mist had settled and it was bitterly cold; then on to Knutsford with the wind rising from the south-east and so making for hard conditions. The drinks handed up along this part of the route were not at all enjoyed, for the cold had almost turned the egg and milk into ice-cream! The climb up Talke o' th' Hill put a little warmth into my blood, and once on the ridge I found that the high wind had veered to the north-west and I sped fast along to Newcastle, where Dutton Walker waited with food and drink. Short of Stone, Tony Power and Jack Walton were ready with hot food and here I made my first stop. Mounted once more and feeling refreshed, I ate up the miles London-wards, passing through Rugeley and then taking the by-way to Lichfield—country which roused memories of my early cycling days.

On leaving Lichfield, the hills began to appear to go straight up; I was beginning to feel decidedly "whacked" and on reaching Coleshill, I eagerly looked for helpers. Alas! none were in sight and I was just becoming reconciled to missing the feed at Frank Greenwood's, when someone called and my life was saved! From Coleshill commenced the hard part of the ride—country unknown to me and every bit up and down, with no nice easy stretches. In Coventry I almost put an end to the trip, for even with the help of the entire Middleton family, I went wrong and ended up in the railway station yard. However, I was soon put right and my head pointed towards London once more.

Daventry and Towcester were put behind and in good time Stony Stratford was reached. Here Percy Beardwood had everything ready for me and I tucked into the food with a will before resuming my task. Hereabouts I began to feel the effect of the traffic—cars bow to stern, all travelling North, made the going most uncomfortable right through to the outskirts of London. To make matters worse the road had been recently tarred and chipped and I was never on the saddle for more than one revolution of the pedals at a time. In St. Albans the main thoroughfare was blocked and I had to make my way through side streets. North-roaders now began to put in an appearance and their various attentions were much appreciated, in particular the marshalling of every possible crossing through High Barnet and Finchley.

The record seemed to be "in my pocket" and I was travelling along to some tune when I made what was almost a fatal mistake. I misunderstood a checker at the "Angel" and in no time I was well off my course. I reached Euston before realising my error and tried to retrace my steps. I questioned policeman after policeman, but they seemed to know of half-a-dozen G.P.O.'s—and the precious minutes were flying. I cannot express my feelings as I dashed from one corner to another, but at last I found the super policeman! He quickly put me right and thankfully I subsided on the kerbstone at the London General Post Office at 4-23 p.m., having accomplished the ride in 10 hours 23 minutes.

J. J. SALT.

EASTER TOUR.

Bettws-y-Coed, April 18th-22nd, 1935.

THE first arrival at the Glan Aber was that of Johnnie Band on Wednesday, followed on Thursday afternoon by Dave Rowatt. During the course of the evening, more put in an appearance, and besides the two already mentioned, there sat down to dinner, the Presider, George Lake, Sunter, Edwards (accompanied by Mrs. Edwards), Snowden, Hubert Roskell, Venables, and Messrs. J. Andrews, Workman and Cannon.

FRIDAY MORNING broke dull and cloudy. A start was made from the Glan Aber Hotel by the cyclists at ten o'clock. These consisted of the Presider, Snowden and J. Band. The last-named, however, was travelling only as far as Beddgelert and was occupying himself with photography. Smith, who had stayed overnight at Corwen, arrived at Bettws a little after the rest had started, but caught up the party round about Capel Curig. Up the long pull from here to Pen-y-Gwryd the wind was definitely in our faces: squalls of rain next intervened, finally settling down to a good steady downpour which lasted until the summit was reached. In spite of the dullness of the weather the country was looking very beautiful and clean washed, and the run down the Gwynant Pass was full of picturesque thrills.

A halt was made at Beddgelert, and here we were joined by Hubert Roskell and Mr. Andrews, who had arrived by car. After a short sojourn, the road was again taken through Aber Glaslyn and along the river bank, and Criccieth soon hove in sight, heralded by the magnificent view in which the Castle was the dominant feature. In due course the "White Lion" (although the adjective has been erased from the hotel sign) was reached, and in the lounge whom should we discover, his face wreathed in its usually abundant smiles, but Norman Heath! He had come from Bridgnorth by way of Bala, where he had stayed the night. The luncheon was good and the ten who sat down, *viz.*, the Presider, Snowden, Smith, Heath, Mr. Andrews, Venables, Hubert Roskell, Rowatt, Teddy Edwards and Mrs. Edwards, did full justice to the meal.

After luncheon, Smith, Snowden, and Heath decided to explore the coast-line in the direction of Pwllheli and spent an hour or two basking in the sunshine which was almost at

summer heat, nor did they depart until long after the rest of the party had left. A halt was made by the majority at Beddgelert for tea and the remainder of the run back to Bettws was completed in weather which was becoming gradually more dull and more dull, ending up with rain as we arrived at the hotel to greet many new arrivals, including Beardwood.

On SATURDAY morning the weather prospects were not too brilliant, but the wind was favourable for the ride up the long drag to Llyn Ogwen and thence we had a glorious run down through Bethesda to the coast road and on to Penmaenmawr to consume an excellent lunch at the Grand Hotel. Here Cody met us, this time on foot, for his temporary residence was but a stone's throw from the *rendez-vous*; and also John Kinder, accompanied by his private secretary—Master Gordon. After lunch we duly admired the recently acquired cars of Teddy Edwards and John Sunter, greatly wondering at the ingenious aids to comfort and convenience incorporated in the very modern equipment, and then set off along the coast road towards Conway. The main party of cyclists went through the new tunnel in order to get to know all about it and then returned for a short distance, turning off the road to make for the Sychnant pass by a steep but interesting by-road. A walk over the steeper part of the pass followed and then came the descent into Conway and the turn for Trefriw. Unfortunately, before we had gone far, the heavens opened and we had to don capes. However, we were soon able to discard them and reached the Glan Aber in dry condition. Here we were met by more new arrivals, including dear old "Chem," the redoubtable Arthur Simpson, F. H. Koenen, Billy Owen and Tommy Royden.

At the time of starting on SUNDAY morning the weather was fair as we breasted the hill towards Pentre Voelas, turning off for Penmachno and Eidda Wells. But alas! just as the gradient became too steep to ride, the rain came down, though not heavily enough to be really inconvenient. Then it cleared away, just as we were able to resume the saddle. Here we met Oakley, a C.T.C. councillor and, as we struck the Bala-Festiniog road, Littlemore, of the Tricycle Association, joined us. A halt by the wayside to admire the magnificent waterfall—Rhaiadr Cwm—and then we continued, with a hefty following wind. The views were magnificent. The scenery in

this district is always grand, but on a day of broken weather, such as this, it is, I think, at its best. Under the heavy clouds the slopes of the mountains appear one dark wall—then the rays of the sun strike them and they show a grand range of colours, changing from moment to moment as the clouds pass before the sun, semi-transparent or almost opaque.

Johnny Band tried hard to get the photograph he wanted, but had at length, under pressure, to abandon the attempt, since rain was again approaching. At the Pengwern Arms we found Pitchford, straight from Shropshire, and later we were joined by Harold Moore and his good lady, making up a party of 27. The lunch dispatched, we set off in heavy rain through Blaenau Festiniog for the Lledr Valley. The first part, through the town and up the steep hill, never an exhilarating experience, was distinctly unpleasant in the pouring rain, and we were glad to reach the valley and to run into brilliant sunshine at Roman Bridge. Tea at Elen's Castle was a cheerful affair and a smart run down into Bettws (where Chandler was found safe and sound after his duel with the Rivals) warmed and dried us nicely.

During the evening, the Skipper and a number of others who had been on various tours of their own, turned in and the total number of the party reached 54 members and friends. We were pleased to see Jonas and his wife, Scarff and his lady friend and Harry Austin and his wife, all there by cycle. After dinner we had a concert quite in the old traditional style, with Mr. Workman, always willing and always brilliant, at the piano; Joe Andrews and George Newall to sing to us new numbers and old favourites, Chem to recite, and last, but decidedly not least, the charming Thisledown (Mrs. Harold Moore) to thrill us with her beautiful voice. All too soon "Auld Lang Syne" was sung and with it, for all practical purposes, the party broke up; for breakfast on Monday morning was a scratch sort of affair, members coming in, in two's and three's and starting for home as their fancy or their necessity called. To sum up the tour, the weather might have been better, but not our spirits, and another successful Easter week-end has been added to the already long series.

At the Glan Aber greetings and best wishes were received from Brazendale, "Wayfarer" and del Strother.

APRIL SHOWERS.

The sky had changed from blue to silver grey
And rain-drops pattered on the dusty road.
'Twas April, so we knew 'twould not rain long ;
For shelter made a cave our rough abode.

The rain cloud swept the hill and drenched the trees
Which wept their sorrow from a thousand boughs,
And made the path a slippery, muddy track,
Where many a trickling stream a new course ploughs.

The raining ceased and left but dripping leaves
On newly-moistened earth which yielded up
That most ethereal scent of opulence,
Like mystic nectar which the god-born sup.

And climbing upwards to the top-most rock,
We watched the shower its north'ly path progress,
Its blotting out the plain and distant hills
With hovering cloud and gloomy murkiness.

Then follows sunshine and a sky of blue,
Which tint the hedge-rows in their new-grown green,
And make the myriad rain-drops scintillate
Like sparkling diamonds in some fairy sheen.

And so the April days go smiling on
With promise of a summer yet to come ;
But not forgetting winter's boisterous moods
To which the Autumn will too soon succumb.

RUNS.

Mouldsworth, 6th April, 1935.

A surprisingly small number assembled at the inn on the hill—small even when taking into account the 25-mile time trial which was being held on the Whitchurch road; but the thirteen members who occupied so small a part of the dining-room made up in cheerfulness what was lacking in numerical strength.

I had met our Compleat Tourist at Frodsham where we took tea, before proceeding through Delamere Forest by way of Hatchmere, which, by the way, was beginning to preen itself in readiness for Easter and indeed the country on all sides was looking its best and presented many a picture ready made for the artist's hand.

As we swept up the hill, we espied the statuesque form of Dave Rowatt, apparently meditating upon the classic architecture of the railway station; next, Cody hove in sight and once inside the stable-yard we had evidence, in the shape of a saucy tricycle, of the Presider's arrival, and sure enough, there he was seated comfortably by the fire, in sole possession of the *sanctum sanctorum* of Bacchus. In due course—not to say, of course—Stephenson blew in and just as dinner was announced Smith, with brow bedewed with honest sweat, arrived post haste from Wellington. Already seated in anticipation of the feast were Green, Seed, Threlfall, W. Orrell, Lockett and J. Band. Rowatt elected to sit at a large table in solitary state, but the Presider would not allow this and demanded a share of the honour.

At length, when appetites had been ministered to, the company, in one's and two's drifted out to wend their way "over the same hill-tops, wild-rose or grey" which marked the road home. Cook and Smith, however, had other ideas and set their faces towards Wem. It was an ideal evening for a ride and the lane route which Chandler and I travelled to "the hearth that called us back" lost nothing by the almost entire absence, not only of motor-cars, but even of human beings.

Farndon, 13th April, 1935.

Had April 13th fallen on a Friday, one of the "fortunate" Anfielders would have had the pleasure of writing the account

of this run. I am not so fortunate as it happens, for, immediately I arrived, I was ordered by the Anfield "Boss" to write—and who dare refuse such a command? There were fourteen present, *viz.*, W. P. Cook, Smith, A. Williams, Cody, W. Orrell, T. Royden, Venables, Edwards, Threlfall, G. Mercer, H. Green, J. Band, D. Rowatt and John Roberts.

The conversation at the tables related largely to the late starts in the 25-mile training spin, besides several other matters which it would not be wise to mention. General satisfaction was the verdict on the catering. At the conclusion of the orgie, I saw the Presider and Smith off to one of their Welsh fastnesses and they seemed to be looking forward to a good time.

Coleshill, 23rd March, 1935.

Our first inter-club week-end (at least for many years) with the North Road C.C. was marred by an unfortunate mistake on the part of Mine Host of the "Swan," at Coleshill. By an inexcusable error, he let our rooms to a party of motor-cyclists and although we were eventually accommodated, a great number had to be "farmed out" in the village.

Cook met Smith at Rugeley and continued to Lichfield for tea where Leonard Lusty, Byron and Marriott, who had had lunch with Pitchford at Salop, swelled the party. These five, piloted by Lusty reached Coleshill by way of Bassets Pole. Norman Turvey followed us into the inn-yard saying nasty things about Burton-on-Trent, rain and wind, the while.

Enscenced in the lounge were, among others, Moxham, Cecil Paget, Cole of the North Road, Jimmy James of "Ours" and "Theirs," and Crewe of "Ours." Salt *en tandem* with George Connor arrived later, as did Lockett, Haynes and Harry Thomas, Albert Lusty had supper with us. The majority of the North Roaders were late arrivals owing to the fierceness of the wind and the incessant rolling of the Watling Street.

We could not foregather afterwards as we would have wished, as it was past eleven o'clock when supper was over and those who slept out had to claim their beds. This was the most unfortunate part of the whole week-end.

Breakfast came and with it Mr. Pritchard. In two's and three's, progress was made to Ivetsey Bank for lunch where

Brewster, Lloyd and friend Birchall awaited. Norman Turvey pedalled a lone way homewards.

The road through Newport and Whitchurch led to Handley for tea and a gentle ride home with rain again.



RACES.

First "50," 27th April, 1935.

The first 50-mile Club handicap of the season attracted an entry of fifteen of whom three were non-starters. The altered course seems to have already proved a success, for some splendid times were returned; of the 12 starters and finishers, ten were inside evens.

The check at the second mile-stone from Whitchurch—17½ miles—showed J. E. Carr in the lead, with 43½mins., Salt and Orrell level in 44mins., A. J. Carr next with 44½mins., followed by Thomas and Connor 46mins., Marriott 47mins., Haynes and Band 47½mins., Lusty 49mins., Jonas (Tricycle) 50mins., and Byron 52mins.

At Bulkeley J. E. Carr was still leading Salt by ½min. in 1hr. 6mins. 30secs., A. J. Carr was now third with 1hr. 7mins. 55secs., Orrell 1hr. 9mins. 0secs., Thomas 1hr. 10mins. 15secs., Connor 1hr. 11mins. 0secs., Band 1hr. 12mins. 35secs., Marriott and Haynes 1hr. 12mins. 50secs., Byron 1hr. 15mins. 25secs., Jonas 1hr. 16mins. 30secs., Lusty 1hr. 19mins. 35secs.

At Post Office Lane corner J. E. Carr still maintained the half-minute lead over Salt with 1hr. 34mins. 0secs., A. J. Carr 1hr. 36mins. 30secs., Orrell, fourth, 1hr. 37mins. 30secs., Thomas 1hr. 39mins., Marriott, Band and Connor level in 1hr. 40mins. 30secs., Haynes 1hr. 43 mins., Byron 1 hr. 44mins., Jonas and Lusty 1hr. 49mins.

Over the last portion of the race Salt put in some good pedalling to overtake J. E. Carr and finish in the fastest time with 2hrs. 15mins. 11secs.; J. E. Carr, 2hrs. 15mins. 50secs.; Orrell, 2hrs. 17mins. 39secs.

1st handicap award was gained by J. R. Band with the greatly improved ride of 2hrs. 22mins. 40secs. Our new member, Thomas, was second with a splendid ride of 2hrs. 24mins. 27secs., Haynes was third in 2hrs. 26mins. 20secs.

Lusty was delayed by a puncture and likewise was Byron, riding his first "fifty," but who nevertheless returned the good time of 2hrs. 24mins. 57secs.

	Bulkeley. 25 $\frac{3}{4}$ mls.	50 mls. Actual Time.	H'cap	Handi- cap
	H. M. S.	H. M. S.		H. M. S.
J. R. Band	1.12.35	2.22.40	15	1st 2. 7.40
H. Thomas	1.10.15	2.24.27	14	2nd 2.10.27
E. Haynes, Jr.	1.12.50	2.26.20	15	3rd 2.11.20
J. E. Carr	1. 6.30	2.15.50	4	2.11.50
G. B. Orrell	1. 9. 0	2.17.39	4	2.13.39
W. G. Connor	1.11. 0	2.22.55	9	2.13.55
E. Byron	1.15.25	2.25.57	12	2.13.57
F. Marriofft	1.12.50	2.24.50	10	2.14.50
A. J. Carr	1. 7.55	2.21.40	6	2.15.10
J. J. Salt	1. 7. 0	2.15.11	Scr.	1st. 2.15.11
J. S. Jonas (Tri.)	1.16.30	2.38.37	20	2.18.37
L. Lusty	1.19.35	2.42.35	14	2.28.35

Charlotteville "50," Easter Monday.

In this classic event we had one rider—Jack Salt—who was 23rd with 2.16.45.

Our friends, the East Liverpool Wheelers, won the fastest time and the Team race, L. J. Ross winning with 2.11.39. The race was also the stage for the "coming back" of W. B. Temme of the Glendene. Ten years ago, Temme was second to Southall with a 2.14 ride; this year, after uneventful seasons, he was second with 2.12.10.

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FORMED

MARCH, 1879.

MONTHLY CIRCULAR

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL

Vol XXXI.

Edited by J. S. Jonas.

No. 352.

FIXTURES FOR JUNE, 1935.

Tea at 6-0 p.m.

Light up at

June 1	Tattenhall (Bear and Ragged Staff)	10-29 p.m.
" 3	Committee Meeting, 7-0 p.m. (Victoria Hotel, St. John's Lane, Liverpool).			
" 8 10	Whitsuntide. Invitation "100" Headquarters—George Hotel, Shrewsbury.	10-37 p.m.
" 15	Mouldsworth (Station Hotel). Photo Run	10-42 p.m.
" 22	Malpas (Red Lion)	10-46 p.m.
" 29	Farndon (Raven)	10-46 p.m.
" 30	Alternative Week-end—F.O.T.C. Rally	10-46 p.m.
July 6	Highwayside (Travellers Rest)	10-42 p.m.

Full Moon ... 16th inst.

The Hon. Treasurer's address is R. L. Knipe, 138 Moscow Drive, Stoneycroft, Liverpool, 13, 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.

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COMMITTEE NOTES.

4 THE LAUND,

WALLASEY CHESHIRE.

A Resolution according the deep regret of the Club and sympathy on the death of Mr. C. F. G. Boyes was passed in silence.

Mr. C. J. Conway has again kindly arranged to take the Club Photograph. Mouldsworth, 15th June, is the date. It is hoped that all Members will make a special effort to attend and show their appreciation of Mr. C. J. Conway's kind offer.

APPLICATION FOR MEMBERSHIP.—Mr. A. F. Hughes, 22 Crosfield Road, Wallasey. Proposed by Mr. W. G. Connor; seconded by Mr. F. Marriott.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS.—Mr. L. Price, Clapton Farm House, Kintbury, Berks. Mr. R. Poole, 23 Pickering Street, Moss Side, Manchester, 14.

AUGUST TOUR.—The Committee have provisionally decided to hold a tour in the Cavan Monaghan and Armagh Highlands. Leaving by the Dublin boat from Liverpool on Friday, 2nd August, at 10 p.m., and returning from Belfast, on Monday, 5th August, at 8-30 p.m. The crossing costs 13/6 return Steerage and the ticket is available for about 17 days. Bicycles 4/- each way. Those who wish to travel more sumptuously can do so for 30/- return, available for about 17 days plus cost of berth if desired.

Members are strongly advised to take advantage of the opportunity afforded of touring in new country, and those who prefer not to confine the tour to three days can cross a week earlier and join up at Dublin.

Will those desiring reservations inform F. Chandler.

A hearty vote of thanks was passed to Mr. J. S. Jonas for agreeing so willingly to carry on and conduct the Editorship of the *Circular* during Mr. E. Snowden's absence from England.

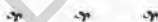
H. W. POWELL,

Hon. General Secretary.

RACING NOTES.

INVITATION "24," 12th-13th July, 1935.

Names of those who intend to participate in this event should reach me before July 3rd. And I require some helpers too, those who can render assistance at Chester overnight or in Shropshire on the Saturday morning will be welcomed with open arms. I would like those members who are possessed of cars to come to Allostock Cross Roads on Saturday, July 13th, and use their vehicles for following purposes.



OPEN EVENTS.

The Manchester Wheelers are running their team event on June 16th. Names, please, by **Saturday next, June 1st.** Names received later will be too late.

June 23rd.	North Staffordshire "25."
June 30th.	Manchester Grosvenor "100."
July 7th.	Warrington Roads "100."

F. E. MARRIOTT,

Captain and Hon. Racing Sec.



TREASURY NOTES.

THE merry month of May, with its blizzards, is past and ended, Summer is yecumen in, gaily sing cuckoo, the time of the singing birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in the land.

Also the plaintive note of the Treasurer, once again beseeching you to send along your subscriptions. Once more there are five Saturdays in the month, and five Saturdays mean five pay-days (or possibly "dole" days), and five pay-days mean five golden opportunities of paying your sub. Don't miss this wonderful opportunity and please accept this, the only, intimation.

Besides, July is the month when your Treasurer seeks surcease from his labours to wander on sea-kissed shores, to wanton with the billows, to seek the solitude of mountain tops and wheel through valleys bright with many a stream. So those who have a heart capable of being touched with pity for the aged and infirm, will naturally rush forward with their contributions to make sure that his holiday is untroubled with financial considerations.

My thanks are due to the eleven members who have forwarded their subscriptions and/or donations(*) during May.

R. J. Austin.	E. Haynes, Jr.	*G. B. Mercer,
B. H. Band.	C. H. Hutton.	R. J. Pugh.
H. R. Band.	W. H. Kettle.	*J. Seed.
W. D. Band.	*A. Lusty.	

R. LEIGH KNIPE,

Hon. Treasurer.

* * *

EDITORIAL.

TO our great amazement and surprise, we are again occupying the Editorial chair, but only for a couple of months. Readers will have seen Snowden's Editorial last month in which he says he has had to go abroad, but the real reason, of course, is that the editing of this journal has caused him such agony of mind and sleepless nights that he has had to journey to the wide open spaces of the Far West of Canada to recuperate among the Peaks of the Rockies.

A conspiracy with an alleged noble lord was hatched and a cable sent to our Ernest, calling him abroad, so he 'phoned the Presider the sad news.

The President was ready, as always, for any emergency and settling down on his office chair he brought his mighty brain to bear on the problem of finding a temporary editor

and in two two's he had a brainwave, and forthwith clamped his 1913 model bowler firmly on to his head, and came round to see our miserable self.

With tears in his eyes and a hic in his throat he begged us to step into the breach and save the Club. What could we do but accept? And there gentle reader you have the whole of this sordid story.

* * *

MISCELLANEA.

WE desire to express our deepest sympathy with the North Road Club on the severe loss they have sustained by the sudden death of Dr. Wesley after an illness of only ten days. Dr. Wesley was a long distance rider par excellence and used to ride tremendously long distances in training. For years he always rode from Nottingham to the finish of our "100" and then back again. He first became known to us in 1904 when Cook followed him from Whitchurch to Preston on his End to End record ride, and in 1906 when he got the Edinburgh-Liverpool trike record he was followed from Garstang by the late H. W. Keizer and Cook, while in 1907 on his Liverpool-London trike record he was followed in from Knutsford by the late W. R. Toft and the Presider. He was always very appreciative of the help he got from us and was a most charming personality. His passing at the early age of 65 is a great loss to the Cycling World as well as to the N.R., even though he was never able to resume his cycling activities after the war.

* * *

The presentation of the Bird Medallion to our Presider, by the Vice-Chairman of the Council of the Cyclists' Touring Club, Mr. A. W. Trevarthen, will take place in the George Hotel, Shrewsbury, on Whit Sunday, June 9th, 1935, at 9 p.m. The meeting will be open to all cyclists, and members of the Anfield B.C. are cordially urged to be present. Percy Brazendale will be in the chair.

* * *

Brazendale has a grievance! He is strongly of the opinion that we have not given sufficient credit for the prominent part the Club played in the wonderful success of the Protest meetings. This is doubtless true, for was not the platform graced by the presence of Knipe, Fell, Powell, Chandler and

Snowden (himself), not to mention Elias and Cook who were among the speakers, and Percy, who filled the chair as far as his lack of bulk would permit. And in the audience, Anfielders were to be seen everywhere, although there were some surprising and notable absentees! Of course the explanation is that we are modest and not fond of throwing bouquets at ourselves. And is there not an old adage which says "self praise is no recommendation"? We prefer to let others do the praising, and, as long as Percy in his capacity as President of the Liverpool D.A. and prominent member of the Council and watch committee of the C.T.C. is so satisfied, proud and eulogistic, we are perfectly content.

* * *

We are pleased to see that Pritchard, our Wolverhampton member, has been presented with a gold medal by the members of the Warwickshire Road Club, as a mark of the appreciation of the members for many years' service in timing the W.R.C. races.

* * *

We have very great pleasure in wishing Arthur Birkby and his wife long life and happiness. They were married on 25th April, 1935.

* * *

F. W. Southall, the professional rider, made an attempt on Salt's Edinburgh-Liverpool Bicycle Record, on May 15th, but gave up near Moffat owing to an adverse wind.

* * *

We hear from A. N. Rawlinson that his brother, J.E., has been moved to London by his firm, and is now busy making the Big Five in the banking world into the Big Six.

J.E. received very little notice about his exile and had a nasty shock when he found that Sister Ann had sent off his bicycle after him.

* * *

We hear that both Cook and Chandler have new tri-cycles on the stocks, and we are looking forward eagerly to seeing these machines.

According to our mythical contemporary "Modern Tricycle Transport," there was very keen competition among the builders to secure these contracts. Messrs. Lorman, Dong & Co. Ltd., the famous cast-iron firm are building Mr.

Cook's machine (which is to be named "Flossie,") and Messrs. Lammell, Caird & Co. Ltd., the big Merseyside firm, are building for Mr. Chandler.

These two tricycles will embody all the latest and best improvements, with specially strengthened cranks and handlebars, double reduction geared axle with all the teeth completely sheared away. With solid steel rims and No. 4 double butted spokes, it is confidently expected that these "trikes" will make short work of the wall at the bottom of Thurstaston Hill. An innovation is a neat little case, fitted to the axle casing, containing three spare pairs of cranks and handlebars, and fitted with $1\frac{1}{2}$ in. Tandem Tyres we see no reason why the fortunate owners should not go for, say, a fortnight's tour and not have the slightest sign of a breakdown or puncture.

The whole of the triangular space between the seat stays and the axle will be completely filled in with a sheet of iron painted white, like the rest of the machines and with the regulation twelve red lights astern, our friends (*sic*) should be as safe as houses.

Delivery is expected before Whit, when the first instalment, 2/6, is due, the balance of eleven payments being made monthly.

Two of our well-known tricycle tamers, Elston and Birkby, will represent the owners at the trials and will undertake a short tour in North Wales for the speed and cornering tests.

Chandler's tricycle—a 'phone message informs us officially—will be christened "Fairy."

* * *

MY BEST RIDE.

No. 5. Describing David Fell's ride from Liverpool to London—the first successful attempt—in 1885, and the return ride—London to Liverpool—in the same year.

Liverpool to London.

EARLY in 1877 I invested in a bicycle—a 52-inch Coventry Machinists' Gentlemen's machine, which I bought from Lloyd's of Bold Street, Liverpool, who, prior to its delivery, lent me an iron-tyred "bone-shaker" on which to practise. I had great fun with this machine and most of my

young friends learnt to ride on it. About the year 1878, I joined the Liverpool Amateur Bicycle Club, along with my dear old friend, the late Lawrence Fletcher. I found, however, that the L.A.B.C. was hardly energetic enough for me, so in 1881 I joined the Anfield Bicycle Club, at that time captained by Michael J. Whitty, a fine young fellow 6 ft. 2 ins. in height, who rode a 62-inch bicycle—10 inches higher than mine.

It was the ambition in those days to wear a silver star on the arm of one's black patrol jacket, and to gain this a hundred miles had to be ridden in the day; later on, a gold star was introduced for riding two hundred miles in twenty-four hours. With this incentive, on Good Friday, 1885, a number of Anfielders started to ride to Holyhead and back to Bettws-y-Coed, going by way of Warrington, Mere Corner, Northwich and Chester. When, however, we were near Mere Corner, my old friend, G. B. Mercer, mentioned that he was going to try to ride to London in twenty-four hours. I said I would like to accompany him on the understanding that he should not wait for me if I could not keep pace with him or cracked up. We rode along until we reached a place near Stone at about 4 a.m. the following morning, when we saw a man milking. We dismounted and enjoyed a refreshing drink of new milk. Soon after this a nasty south-east wind sprang up, but we pushed on through Lichfield to Coventry, where we had intended to feed, but I was so done up that I could eat nothing solid, though I managed to swallow a plate of soup. As we had arranged at the beginning, Mercer went on without me, but after half-an-hour's rest I thought I would have another shot and started off alone. Near Weedon I met Mercer returning: the wind was still very strong and he had decided to proceed to Birmingham and put in his two hundred miles in that way. A little later, however, the wind dropped considerably and I decided to go on, passing on my way through Stony Stratford, Dunstable and St. Albans, reaching Highgate Archway a little before midnight. From there I proceeded to Anderton's Hotel, Fleet Street, where I stayed until the next morning, when I took train to Bettws-y-Coed to rejoin the other members of the Club.

* * * * *

London to Liverpool.

On the 25th May—Whit Monday—of the same year (1885) I started from the Marble Arch with Alfred Fletcher, but lost

him near St. Albans. Rain started before I reached Coventry and continued until I had left Lichfield behind, though north of this the roads were dry. On reaching Tamworth, I met the late W. D. Mills with his son, G. P. Mills, who was also on a long-distance ride. On my arrival here, I found I was completely exhausted and had to lie on my back on the floor for some time. However, I recovered a little later and started off again through Lichfield, Stone, Newcastle, and Knutsford, until I reached Warrington, where I partook of some refreshment. Here a man asked me where I had come from, and on my telling him that I had left London at midnight he said I was a — liar, and walked away!

I arrived home at exactly twelve o'clock, feeling pretty well, considering that I had not had any sleep since the previous Saturday night—in fact I am convinced I fell asleep while riding between Warrington and Prescot. I might mention that I had to go to business as usual the next morning.

DAVID R. FELL.

* * *

AD VALLUM ROMANUM.

We stood where Roman soldiers stood,
On a high north country fell,
On a Roman camp, on the Roman Wall,
So historians make tell.

The mist blew up across the fells,
And distant thunder roared;
The sky grew black and lightning flashed
Like a Roman soldier's sword.

The rain descended on the hills
Where the Roman soldiers fought,
And lashed the camp and battlements,
Must the goats have their retort?

The soldiers call on Jupiter,
On Vulcan and on Mars,
To have their lot relieved; but
Their fate is in the stars.

HISTORICAL DAY IN ANFIELD ANNALS.

MAY 6th, 1899.

IF there is one member who revels in the doughty doings of the past (and for that matter, the present) it is Jimmy Williams. Hence it caused me little surprise when he disclosed the nefarious object he had (in collusion with our Editor *pro tem*) in view in inviting me to accompany him in his luxurious limousine on Saturday, May 25th. He had conceived a morbid anxiety to patrol the route taken 36 years ago by eight potential record breakers on the same afternoon—"and would I please say a word or two about it in the *Circular*?"

I was delighted to find on my arrival at the trysting place that my dear old friends Oliver Cooper (just returned from the Far East) and Jimmy Green, were to be of the party, the latter, especially, being intensely interested in anticipating viewing the scene of his former triumph so many years ago.

Hitherto the record for this 50 miles Shropshire course had been the paced one set up by Buckley in 1896 of 2.14.46, and this day had been set apart to create standard unpaced records based on this time, and also based on the tandem bicycle paced record held by Messrs. Holland (Manchester B.C.) and Gurley (Manchester Wheelers) of 2.10.59.

Lots were drawn for the starts, and Koenen and Marchanton were sent off first. They succeeded in creating the first standard unpaced record for tandems for this course (N.R.R.A.) by doing 2.21.27. They were followed after an interval by the Roskell tandem—Hubert and Frank—which took 4 mins. 27 secs. off this time, at 2.17.0. The next to start was M. Montgomery who clocked 2.40.35 (record), followed by W. B. Kendrick with 2.38.26. It can be quite realised that by this time the excitement at the finish was seething. It was further inflamed when R. L. L. Knipe burst in, having done 2.35.34!

Five records one after the other! For a few moments feverish excitement held sway. Would Jimmy bring this glorious afternoon to a fitting and brilliant conclusion? There was not long to wait for an answer, for very shortly after, Green was seen tearing along to the finish, and clocking 2.32.30!

Thus ended an epoch-making day in the annals of the A.B.C., and one which will go down to posterity as creating in itself a record unsurpassed, not only in our own Club but I should imagine, in any club in the country.

RACES.

Bath Road Jubilee Scratch "50," May 6th, 1935.

This event, confined to riders having beaten 2.15.0 for a "50," received an entry of forty-two riders.

Jack Salt and Jim Carr were the only two of "ours" riding, Salt finishing sixth with 2.13.9, his fastest fifty on Southern Roads, and Carr 22nd with 2.18.4.

The event was won by E. V. Mills, of the Addiscombe, with a time of 2.10.54. S. Livingston, Dukinfield, was 2nd, 2.11.59. M. Clark, Barnsley, 3rd, 2.12.16. Forty-one started, forty finished.

Dukinfield "50," 19th May, 1935.

This event was run off in pouring rain and it was bitterly cold also, in fact it seemed more like the middle of winter instead of a late May morning.

Twelve of "ours" started, ten finished; Marriott and A. J. Carr desisted owing to the cold.

Byron (a promising young Anfielder, *vide Cycling*) and Geoff Lockett, are to be congratulated on their splendid rides, Byron winning the third handicap award, only a matter of 19 seconds separating 1st and 3rd. Ross, East Liverpool Wheelers, won the event for the third time in succession, with a time of 2.11.56, a splendid ride for the morning. E. Gilbert, also East Liverpool, was second with 2.15.2, and Bentley, Walton, third, 2.15.17.

The leading times were as follows:—

1.	L. J. Ross, E.L.W.	2.11.56
2.	E. Gilbert,	"	...	2.15.2
3.	B. W. Bentley, Walton	2.15.7
4.	S. Livingston, Dukinfield	2.15.50
	J. J. Salt, Anfield B.C.	2.17.39
	J. E. Carr,	"	...	2.18.47
	J. Pitchford,	"	...	2.20.42
	G. B. Orrell,	"	...	2.22.14
	E. Byron,	"	...	2.22.19

G. Lockett, Anfield B.C.	...	2.23.8
W. G. Connor	"	2.29.13
H. Thomas,	"	2.29.26
F. A. Brewster,	"	2.30.17
J. R. Band,	"	2.33.7

The team race was won by the East Liverpool Wheelers, 6.49.26; Walton C. & A.C. 2nd, 6.52.9; Anfield 3rd, 6.57.8.

RUNS.

Northwich, 4th May, 1935.

A glorious afternoon, and we unfortunate ones who had been unable to go on the tour were becomingly sorry for ourselves. But the sunshine made it impossible to let self-pity get hold of one and after all there are few, if any, counties in England surpassing Cheshire in spring beauty. So we made the best of it and revelled in the splendid day, the fresh green of the fields and the trees and that feeling of elation and awakening of energy which comes to all healthy people at this time of the year.

There were eight of us at the Crown and Anchor—Cody, Green, Haynes, Knipe, Lockett, Lucas, Poole and Thomas. We were glad to see Knipe out again after his bout of neuritis. After a pleasant meal, Lockett, Haynes and Thomas made an early start for Llangollen, en route for Knighton. The rest, except two, also went early, the two remaining to play a comic game of billiards—no evidence of a misspent youth there. A delightful ride home in the cool of the evening completed a most pleasurable outing.

Jubilee Tour in Radnorshire, 4th/5th/6th May, 1935.

This event, specially fixed in commemoration of the 25th anniversary of the Accession of Their Majesties King George V and Queen Mary, proved one of the most successful and enjoyable tours of recent years.

Llanidloes being the destination on the Saturday, the touring wheels were first set rolling by Turvey, who had smashed his way across the Pennines two days previously, and had met Cook at the Wirral Stone for a dignified journey in the morning via Chirk for lunch and Newtown for tea. Other arrivals were Edwards (with Mrs.), who had brought Venables in a new car, Rigby Band, Williams, Byron and

Preston, who were camping out and who had started at 1 p.m., Snowden and Chandler, who had started at 2 p.m., getting tea at Welshpool, Threlfall and Marriott, the latter joining the campers, who had started after 2-30 and had taken train from Chester to Gobowen, Koenen and Cheminais per car, Smith, who had taken train to Welshpool in order to allow time to do the crossing from Berriew via New Mills and over the Cribin to Carno. With the addition of Heath, the party numbered 12 at the Trewythen Arms, 17 all told, including campers.

On the morrow the route taken was via Llangurig and Rhayader, with stops to admire the scenery, photography, and tobacco at the meeting of the waters under Moel Fryn and Ithon Bridge. The whole of the Upper Wye of course is delectable and in the opinion of many the best part of the whole course of the river. After lunch at the Lion at Builth, the party present, led by F.H., walked through the town to explore the site of the ancient castle. A move was then made via Llanfihangel to New Radnor, the hills being taken in the jolly old Anfield style, and ridden. At the latter F.H. again came into prominence and conducted a few over the ancient castle site, the remainder having no stomach for archaeology remained behind. At Old Radnor a deviation was made to view the ancient church font, but the fact that everybody would not be holiday-making was overlooked temporarily, the church being occupied for divine service. Accordingly tracks were made for Knighton via Beggars Bush, the younger generation riding the easy side without much difficulty, the Norton Arms being reached in good time. Later Smith, who seems at present to be specialising on "off the beaten track" routes, came in and reported that he had had a good day with Heath, having taken the Llanidloes, Tylwch, Pantydwr, Abbey Cwmhir, Llanbister crossings. Additional arrivals were Scarff, Randall, Brewster, Lockett, Haynes, Thomas, Jonas and wife, Connor, and a friend, the last four joining the campers. The total number on tour was 26, including two friends.

On the morrow Turvey started first, Cook, Snowden, and Threlfall returned via Craven Arms and Shrewsbury for lunch, with tea at Tushingam and Chester. The Edwards' car went to Cann Office, Scarff went south to Devon, Smith and Chandler went via Bleddfa and Penybont, the former

returning home and the latter en route for St. Davids, whilst the others took the Newtown road over Kerry Hill to Kerry, for lunch and Farndon for tea.

Highwayside, 11th May, 1935.

It was real Jubilee weather, when five of us, Preston, Rigby Band, Connor and friend, and myself, left Willaston Corner. Instead of indulging in the pernicious habit of a cup of tea en route, we decided to make a ride of it. Rigby had looked at his Bart's. and reeled off a string of names, and thus blinded with science we let him lead the way. No rural lanes for us, we turned along the by-pass and followed its beautiful stretch of picturesque cement to the bottom road and so along the Warrington by-pass to the Frodsham Road. Having by this time had our fill of Autostrada, we turned off into the lanes, short of Dunham, skirting Mouldsworth and were soon on that lovely switch-back stretch of road through Delamere as far as Hatchmere. We charged straight over the cross-roads, when we were pulled up by a plaintive query from Connor, "Shouldn't we have turned there?" Rigby confirmed his position on the map, and I, who had been day dreaming at the back, thought "Good heavens, is Salty with us." However it was only Rigby emulating his map reading achievements. Resuming our ride we dropped down past the Fishpool Inn and skirting Tarporley, were soon passing the new traffic lights at Beeston cross-roads and so to Highwayside.

We adjourned to the seats round the Bowling Green and were enjoying the actinic rays of the sun to the full, when my peace of mind was rudely shattered, the temporary editor, with a false smile, no, not beard, on his face, trapped me in a corner and asked me to write up the run—his first week on the job and he fixed on me.

A party of twenty-five sat down to tea, which was of the usual Highwayside standard.

Amongst the absentees were Chandler, who, I believe was compleatly touring the Lake District, Snowden, twiddling 'em round on a home-trainer in the foc-sle of an Atlantic steamer, preparatory to his storming the Rockies, and several of our Manchester friends, who were racing in the Stretford "25."

And so to our various destinations, the Presider, with

Smith and Norman Heath, for the Tricycle "25," Williams and Preston to camp up the Ceiriog Valley, and the remainder home.

Aldford, 18th May, 1935.

We were glad to find that late sunshine, rain in the night, and sunny conditions to-day, had cleared the heavy fall of snow which surprised us on Friday.

The roads were clean, the fields and trees appeared to have taken on a brighter tint, but the flowers had suffered from the snow bath of yesterday, and were slow to recover. However the sun shone for us all the way to the Iron Bridge, where we found Elias and J. Band, later to be joined by Seed, Venables, and Knipe, before carrying on to the Grosvenor Arms, our destination.

Here we found Edwards and Roskell, the latter having brought out R. J. Ilesley—an old North Road friend, affectionately remembered and now warmly greeted by our older members, who were soon recalling "Good old days," former rides in company, and ancient "100's." The President and Royden rode up via the Park, but without crossing the Iron Bridge—presumably coming from the Whitchurch road.

Already gathered at the tea-table were Green, Haynes, Cody, Mercer, Kettle, H. Band, Perkins, Rowatt, Powell, Roberts, and Chandler, a muster of 21, including our welcome visitor. We were also greeted by Montag, whose party of four were evidently teeing at Aldford.

Conversation during our satisfactory meal was mostly concerned with the coming "50's" and "100" arrangements in Salop. Leaving early, the writer arrived at home in time to dodge the rain, which I understand fell on those who linger and call by the way, but I have no doubt that all found home or comfortable quarters in good time after our most enjoyable Club meet.



Second "50," 25th May, 1935.

Fifteen entered for the second 50 mile handicap, as in the first "50," and of these fourteen started and finished.

At Bickerton, just over half way, Salt, as usual, was leading with 1.9.45, with J. E. Carr, 2 minutes' slower and Lockett and Byron with 1.12.15 each. Orrell was next with 1.13. and A. J. Carr took 1.14.

Pitchford and Connor were level at 1.14.30, though the former had punctured. Thomas had taken 1.15.0, Haynes 1.15.45, Lloyd 1.18.0, Marriott 1.19.0, Lusty 1.19.15 and Rigby Band, slowest, 1.21.45.

Salt punctured in the later part of the race, and finished fastest with 1.17.23, J. E. Carr being second, 2.19.26, and Byron third fastest, 2.19.32.

Lockett took first handicap prize with 2.20.28 and Byron was only four seconds behind for second place, with Connor third, 2.22.40.

There was a very strong N.E. wind blowing across the course and the times were very good for the day, Byron's 2.19.32 being the third successive improvement in the three "50's" he has ridden.

Among the crowd at the finish we were particularly pleased to see Oliver Cooper, after a lapse of many years, and also our ex-member, Jimmy Green, both of these being brought out by Jimmy Williams, with Arthur Simpson to add a little dignity and complete the car party.

	Bickerton 25 $\frac{3}{4}$ miles	50 miles Actual Time	H'cap	Handi- cap Posit'n	Prizes and Standards.
G. Lockett ...	1.12.15	2.20.28	8	2.12.28	1st.
E. Byron ...	1.12.15	2.19.32	7	2.12.32	2nd and Std. "D"
W. G. Connor ...	1.14.30	2.22.40	9	2.13.40	3rd
E. Haynes, Jun.	1.15.45	2.26.27	12	2.14.27	
H. Thomas ...	1.15. 0	2.25.54	10	2.15.54	
J. J. Salt ...	1. 9.45	2.17.23	Scr.	2.17.23	Fastest.
J. E. Carr ...	1.11.45	2.17.26	2	2.17.26	
G. B. Orrell ...	1.13. 0	2.21.35	4	2.17.35	
W. H. Lloyd ...	1.18. 0	2.35.17	17	2.18.17	
J. Pitchford ...	1.14.30	2.23.43	2	2.21.43	
F. E. Marriott ...	1.19. 0	2.32.15	10	2.22.15	
L. Lusty ...	1.19.15	2.36.17	14	2.22.17	
A. J. Carr ...	1.14. 0	2.28.19	6	2.22.19	
J. R. Band ...	1.21.45	2.44.19	8	2.36.19	

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ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

FORMED

MARCH, 1879.

MONTHLY CIRCULAR

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL

Vol. XXXI.

Edited by J. S. Jonas.

No. 353.

FIXTURES FOR JULY, 1935.

Tea at 6-0 p.m.

				Light up at
July	6	Highwayside (Travellers Rest)		10-42 p.m.
"	8	Committee Meeting, 7-9 p.m. (Victoria Hotel, St. John's Lane, Liverpool).		
"	12/13	Invitation "24"		10-36 p.m.
"	20	Acton Bridge (Leigh Arms)		10-30 p.m.
"	27	Third 50 Mile Handicap		10-19 p.m.
Aug.	2/5	August Tour.—Cavan Monaghan and Armagh Highlands		10-20 p.m.

See Committee Notes.

ALTERNATIVE FIXTURES.

Aug.	3	Northwich (Crown and Anchor)		10-7 p.m.
"	5	Bath Road "100"; Speedwell "100"		10-4 p.m.
		Full Moon		16th inst.

The Hon. Treasurer's address is R. L. Knipe, 138 Moscow Drive, Stoneycroft, Liverpool, 13, 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.

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ANFIELD
BICYCLE CLUB
FORMED MARCH, 1879.
MONTHLY CIRCULAR

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL

COMMITTEE NOTES.

4 THE LAUND,
WALLASEY, CHESHIRE.

NEW MEMBER.—Mr. A. F. Hughes, 22 Crosfield Road, Wallasey, has been elected to Full Membership.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS.—Mr. R. J. Austin, 88 Waterloo Road, Bramhall, Cheshire. Mr. E. Nevitt, Rycroft, Hooton Road, Willaston, Wirral.

There will be no fixed time for Tea at Northwich on August 3rd. Members will order what they require on arrival.

AUGUST TOUR.—The tour to the Cavan Monaghan and Armagh Highlands, provisionally fixed at the previous meeting, has been confirmed, and the route in Ireland is as follows :—

Dublin via Trim, Athboy, Oldcastle to Cavan (74) (Saturday night, Farnham Hotel), thence via Stradone, Shercock, Cootehill, Rockcorry, Ballybay, Shantonagh to Castleblayney (57) (Sunday night, Hope Arms), thence via Keady, Armagh, Markethill, Tanderagee, Banbridge to Belfast (61). Details regarding the passage across will be found in the June *Circular*. Those desiring reservations must inform F. Chandler before July 22nd.

H. W. POWELL,
Hon. General Secretary.

RACING NOTES.

THE date of the third "50" has been fixed for July 27th, but the question has arisen whether or not July 20th would be more suitable. Will all racing men please send me a card **immediately**, stating which date they prefer, and I will endeavour, in the event of a majority for the 20th, to have it altered.

INVITATION "24."

Last year a great number of members with cars answered my appeal for following out. Could I, without further request, rely on the same help in the "24" this year? Please be at Allostock Cross Roads at 6 p.m., 13th July, 1935. A car for every finisher is a wonderful ideal. I will leave the rest to you.

OPEN EVENTS.

Warrington "100"...	...	July 7th.
Apollo "50"	" 14th.
Bath Road and Speedwell "100"	...	August 5th.

F. E. MARRIOTT,

Captain and Hon. Racing Secretary.

TREASURY NOTES.

I would like to reassure "Anxious Enquirer." Although it is true that the Treasurer has purchased a new and expensive bicycle, the funds of the Club are not very seriously embarrassed thereby.

The response to my S.O.S. last month has been extremely gratifying, and the June List of subscribers is the best for at least half-a-dozen years. This proves that no matter what may be the personal mishaps to your Treasurer, there is no *falling off* among the general body of members.

My thanks are due to the ten who have forwarded their Subscriptions and/or Donations (*) during the past month.

R. Barton.	J. Hodges.	F. Roskell.
D. J. Bell.	*H. W. Powell.	J. H. Sunter.
J. O. Cooper.	*H. Roskell.	E. Webb.
A. Dickman.		

MISCELLANEA.

WE came upon Chandler, on the road to Mouldsworth for the Photo run, mending a puncture in a new inner tube. We gave some slight assistance in replacing the cover and agreed with everything he said regarding cycle repairers and punctured tubes, and he repaid us by nearly ramming us amidships and then leading us along the wrong road within half-a-mile of the Station Hotel.

Our Compleat Tourist was starting a week's tour of the industrial north and, to get the right atmosphere from the beginning, before plunging into Durham and Glasgow, he was staying the night at Wigan!!

* * *

A camping friend, at the Anfield camp at Whit, to Mr. J. J. Salt: "Are you riding in this 100 mile race to-morrow?"

* * *

The report that Cook has bought up the *Liverpool Daily Post* and *Echo* and installed Percy Brazendale as Editor, is totally untrue.

* * *

We had two End-to-End record breakers present at Shrewsbury for the "100," viz., Tom Hughes and Hubert Opperman. We shook hands with the former and actually touched the sleeve of the latter's jacket.

We were also pleased to see Mr. Bickley with us again, also Grimmy, Beardwood, Carpenter, Parton, Pritchard, Wemyss Smith, Wayfarer (himself), the two Lusty's and very many others, who are not seen on Club occasions very often.

* * *

Dave Bell, who is 75 years of age, and a founder member, is, we are pleased to announce, very much better after a long illness.

* * *

We think the following cutting from the *Liverpool Daily Post* of June 29th, speaks for itself:—

CHESTER BOY DROWNED.

CONSTABLE'S GALLANT RESCUE EFFORT.

Despite a gallant rescue attempt by a Chester policeman, Samuel Donald Pierce, aged seven, of Cecil Place, Lorne Street, Chester, lost his life as a result of falling into the canal, near the Saughall road bridge, Chester, last night.

At the time the boy fell into the water Constable W. H. Lloyd was passing on the way from duty to his home. Lloyd dived several times into the water before recovering the boy.

Artificial respiration was tried for half an hour on the canal bank by the officer and several other policemen who arrived on the scene, and by ambulance men, but without avail.

It is believed that Pierce was kneeling on the side of the canal, trying to reach a rag floating on the water, when he overbalanced. Other children called attention to his plight.

The Chester City Coroner will hold an inquest this morning.

* * *

Will readers kindly refer to the poem in the June *Circular* and read "gods" instead of "goats"?

Our lady secretary omitted to correct this printer's error and we offer the poet our humble apologies.

* * *

The Treasurer, not content with having had two bicycles stolen recently, has twice tried to wreck the new "Gregory."

Pacing behind Sammy Threlfall, on the way to Malpas, he touched Threlfall's back wheel and came down heavily, cutting his ankle and bruising his chest.

Sammy rendered first aid and after tea at Handley they rode home, Bob spurning the suggestion of a ride on the "rattler."

* * *

TRADE NOTES

Among the stacks of bicycles gathered together at the George Hotel, Shrewsbury, on the occasion of the presentation of the Bird Memorial to Mr. W. P. Cook, two machines received almost universal attention: Mr. Beardwood's "Tabucchi" and Mr. Knipe's "Gregory."

The "Tabucchi" is of outstanding design and remarkably light weight, scaling well under 20 lbs. The front forks, chain stays and back stays are of girder pattern duralumin, and have the appearance of half tubes. Indeed the question was asked as to whether the price was much reduced by the use of only

half the material. The contrary however, as in the case of ladies' bathing costumes, appears to be true.

The "Gregory," on the other hand, is just a plain bicycle, built of high manganese, chrome molybdenum, aluminium, duralumin and plain steel.

According to Mr. Tuplin, who rode behind it from Shrewsbury, it moves as quickly and easily as the powder whose name it bears.



SNOWDEN IN CANADA.

In old Quebec,
 Around his neck
 He flauntingly displays a
 Blue black cravat—
 He scorns a hat—
 And dons his college blazer.

Grey flannel bags
 And three white stags
 Proclaim his *Alma Mater* ;
 His pristine youth
 Denies the truth
 That he's past Life's equator !

He journeys far
 By C.P.R.,
 Says tactfully, " I like it."
 And yet we know
 He finds it slow ;
 He'd really rather bike it !

At six, each morn,
 At crack of dawn,
 While most of us are sleeping,
 You'll notice him
 Inside the gymn.,
 In perfect fitness keeping.

Not his the lips
 (As oft in ships)
 With tittle-tattle meddling ;
 On fixed machine
 He's to be seen
 All through the long day peddling.
 So ends my task.
 And now you ask
 The purpose of this ditty ?
 Only that he
 May later be
 Believed by the Committee !

* * *

FOUR ON A TOUR.

OUR tourlet had a very auspicious opening, for we had barely reached the bottom of the Sych when we were treated to a realistic imitation of a tropical cloudburst. Alternatively sheltering and riding, we arrived in Chester 45 minutes' late to find Brewster wondering what had happened to us—he had had no rain.

We renewed acquaintance with part of the " 100 " course, lunched outside Wellington, thence by way of Bridgnorth reached Kidderminster. Leaving the carpet city, Rigby said he knew of a goodish tea-place in Ombersley, so we decided to push on there for tea. About five miles off the four of us had all got portions of the " knock " in assorted sizes and we plodded on without a word. At last Ombersley hove in sight — " We turn off to the right," said Rigby, " it's just round the corner." With a dull glaze over our eyes we swung round the corner and all we could see was one large empty house. The things we said to Rigby ! However, there were plenty of other places in the village.

The evening ride was fairly easy—if one excepts Fish Hill outside Broadway, two of us rode this, but modesty precludes me giving the names, and so to the New Inn at Bourton. The next day we spent pottering around the Cotswolds, reaching out as far as Burford for a super lunch at the Swan. We returned by way of the lanes from Winchcombe back to the New Inn, where we had an enjoyable chat in cycling matters with Arthur Morris.

On the Tuesday we had a very fast ride with a snorting west wind at our backs into Oxford. It was here that we struck our only rotten feed. The pub. looked all right from the outside, but inside—however, for further information ask Lockett. We stopped a couple of miles farther on to buy chocolate to put us on until tea. This we had in Henley. Geoff said he knew of a goodish place there so in he went and ordered four ham and eggs to be ready for five o'clock. After a stroll along the river we adjourned for tea and picture our surprise when we saw a table laid with four plates of cold boiled ham. There was some slight muttering about someone not giving the right order, but this was immediately silenced when in came the waitress carrying a tray on which reposed four boiled eggs! How we kept our faces straight I don't know. Anyone mentioning ham and eggs to Geoff Lockett is likely to suffer some damage.

We carried on past Sandhurst to Farnborough, where, after riding through the town and almost into Aldershot, we eventually found the Ship Inn way back at the beginning of the town. We had another light meal there and then made our way to the Rushmoor Arena, where we saw the Tattoo—a very impressive spectacle—marred only by the three mile trek back to Farnborough—but still, the pubs. were open till 2 a.m.

On Wednesday we went by way of Farnham and Petersfield to Portsmouth, where we were greeted by a thick Channel mist sweeping over the front. After tea we crossed over the Solent, passing the "Ile de France," and landed at Ryde. It was our intention to ride part way round the Island before putting up, but once we were in the hills everything was blotted out by the thick white mist so we dropped back into Ryde for the night.

Thursday morning was no better and we rode round via Shanklin and Ventnor to Yarmouth in thick mist and rain. Anyone who wants information as to the scenic beauties of the Isle of Wight need not apply to us—we saw nothing. We crossed over to Lymington, and saw "Britannia," and several other large racing yachts at anchor. Our route was then through the New Forest to Salisbury, past Stonehenge to Amesbury for the night.

On the Friday we struck off west across the Plain and were very interested in a covey, or whatever you call them, of small whippet tanks. These were rattling along the main road, doing about 40's and, I'm afraid, a great deal of damage to the road surfaces. And so through Frome and Wells to Cheddar. We had a shilling's worth of Cox's Cave and were conducted round by a guide whose nose rivalled some of the stalactites for beauty of colouring and enduring shape. He said his piece in a dull monotone, flavouring the caves with an essence of stale ale. The gorge did not present so much difficulty as we had imagined, and we were soon at the top, dropping down with a wonderful view of the Severn Valley before us and finally docking at Chew Magna, some five miles short of Bristol.

The heat wave struck us on the Saturday and we spent a pleasant half hour in a little open air bath set 'mid ideal surroundings in one of Bristol's parks. With jackets off we passed through Gloucester to Newent, where we had tea. Afterwards, we decided to do a bit of riding, for conditions were cooler, and between Leominster and Ludlow, Rigby and Brewster took the bit between their teeth and we did the 11 miles in two minutes outside of "evens." We stayed in Ludlow the night. I have only one objection to Ludlow and that is the number and variety of bells which seem to be clanging at the quarters, all day and night. And of course there is the famous clock, which plays about eight verses of "Onward, Christian Soldiers"—all very well for campanologists—but for tourists

We set off on our last day under tropical conditions, following the main road as far as Craven Arms, where we turned down the Bishops Castle road—a route that is very pretty and very little used. We lunched at the White Horse, Castle Pulverbatch. And so through Wem and Whitchurch to the Fishpool Inn, Delamere, where we had our last meal of the tour and finally bade goodbye to Lockett.

I cannot close without saying what an inestimable help Brewster was. As soon as we stopped for a meal he was off his bike like a shot and was inside ordering food. It was the same when we were putting up for the night, Fred was to the van; truly a man to take with you to smooth over any difficulties to be encountered whilst touring.

RACES.

East Liverpool Wheelers' "50," 2nd June, 1935.

This event was run off over the old course and our best thanks are due to Bert Lloyd for the way in which he was able to "wangle" the lights at the Two Mills.

Nine of ours were on the card, which was limited to riders having beaten 2.22.30, eight started and finished, A. J. Carr being the absentee.

The event was won by B. W. Bentley, of the Walton, with 2.8.58, a splendid ride for the morning, A. Warburton, 2nd, 2.10.39, and Jack Salt, "ours," 3rd, 2.11.17.

The team race was won by the Walton C. & A.C., 6.35.50; our team being second, 6.38.18 (Salt, Pitchford and J. E. Carr).

Geoff Lockett and E. Byron excelled themselves again, each improving about three minutes on their previous best.

Our thanks are again due to the helpers who turned out to give our men welcome drinks, also it is most gratifying to see such a large number of Anfielders round the course when one is riding. The helpers included Charles Randall, A. Williams, Haynes, Jun., Jonas, Thomas, Hughes, Brewster, and friend Don Birchall.

The leading times were as follows:—

1.	B. W. Bentley	...	Walton	2. 8.58
2.	A. Warburton	...	Lancashire R.C.	2.10.39
3.	J. J. Salt	...	Anfield B.C.	2.11.17
4.	F. T. Brown	...	Potteries	2.11.29
5.	S. Livingston	...	Dukinfield	2.11.55
	J. Pitchford	...	Anfield B.C.	2.13.11
	J. E. Carr	...	"	2.13.50
	E. Byron	...	"	2.16. 2
	G. Lockett	...	"	2.17. 4
	W. G. Connor	...	"	2.20.12
	F. E. Marriott	...	"	2.22.14
	W. H. Lloyd	...	"	2.26.57

Manchester Wheelers' Scratch Team Race, 16th June, 1935.

There was a limit of four riders only from each club, ours being Salt, Pitchford, Orrell and J. E. Carr.

The fastest time of the morning was done by S. Livingston (Dukinfield C.C.) with 2.11.54.

The East Liverpool Wheelers won the team race, 6.45.34; our team was 2nd (Salt, Pitchford and J. E. Carr), 6.46.18, and the Dukinfield C.C., third, 6.47.12.

Individual times were as follows:—

1.	S. Livingston	...	Dukinfield	2.11.54
2.	E. J. Cappell	...	Allcndon	2.13.13
3.	E. Gilbert	...	East L'pool Wheelers	2.13.24
	J. J. Salt	...	Anfield B.C.	2.14.40
	J. Pitchford	...	"	2.15.32
	J. E. Carr	...	"	2.16. 6
	G. B. Orrell	...	"	2.18.11

Grosvenor "100," 30th June, 1935.

1.	I. J. Ross	...	East Liverpool	4.39.53
2.	J. E. Carr	...	Anfield B.C.	4.46.55
3.	J. Pitchford	...	"	4.47.46
4.	J. J. Salt	...	"	4.48.53
5.	S. Livingston	...	Dukinfield	4.48. ?
6.	G. B. Orrell	...	Anfield B.C.	4.49.27
	G. Lockett	...	"	5. 4.57
	E. Haynes, Jun.	...	"	5. 4.59
	E. Byron	...	"	5. 5. 8
	W. G. Connor	...	"	5. 7.14
	F. A. Brewster	...	"	5.14.27
	J. R. Band	...	"	5.22. 7

The first team medals are, of course, ours.

Carr punctured; Orrell punctured; Lockett punctured. But for these the above table would have been still better. Haynes delighted us, but he's ruined his handicap. Byron, with an improved ride, still misses his gold centre standard, as does Connor with his improved 5.7.14. Brewster rode to form, whilst Rigby Band knocked another pile off his "100" figures.

Altogether, another great day.

Randall, Lloyd, Glendinning, Williams, Preston, Hughes, Marriott and friend Birchall rode all night to help.

The event was timed by R. J. Austin, also of "ours."

RUNS.

Tattenhall, 1st June, 1935.

Having promised to write an account of this run about a fortnight before the actual date, I conveniently forgot until reminded by that decrepit specimen of manhood, to wit, Jonas. Should I get about three or four runs mixed up, the foregoing is my only excuse.

One thing which stands out very clearly is, that the wind was against on the way out (but then it always is), and consequently the sight of Knipe and Lucas walking Backford was just the excuse I desired. From Backford to Tattenhall the conversation was mainly about a mythical cricket match which the "heavenly twins" were very desirous of seeing, and an equally mysterious new bicycle of Knipe's which had been on order for months—and—months. As the cricket match didn't materialise I think it must have been "way up tae mang the long heather and the pate moss," together with the bike.

I've no doubt the conversation during tea was of the usual bright "Stock Exchange" type, but owing to my innate modesty I was unable to appreciate many of the finer points. The tea itself was quite good and due to the fact that it was of the cold variety was served with much more celerity than is usual at this rendezvous.

Cody, complete with "plumbago" was first away, followed by the others in two's and three's. I was one of a select party which, piloted by Bert Green, went through the lanes to Delamere, primarily to view some strange things called Rodos (genius Robot—out of Belisha). After climbing many precipitous mountains and braving the terrors of tropical swamps and Cheshire farmyards, they turned out to be nothing more nor less than rhododendrons. Still, he made amends by providing liquid refreshment at the "Abbey Arms," where he succeeded in selling me a car which he later refused to let me have.

Bidding our Manchester friends an affectionate good-bye Stevie and I ambled along with a tail wind all the way home.

Whitsuntide, 8th-10th June, 1935.

Our dear old friend The O'Tatur was the first to start for Shrewsbury to join in the gathering for our classic "100," after an absence of 21 years, as he crossed on the Friday night from Dublin and after breakfast at Sunnyside Hydro was picked up by Teddie Edwards, Mrs. Edwards and Venables in a car and transported to the "George" via Ruthin.

Meanwhile the Presider on his posh new — (no advts. allowed.—ED.)—bowled along for all he was worth (about fourpence) to the Raven for lunch, where just as he was blowing the froth off, an emaciated gentleman came in and asked whether anyone had seen "a cyclist with his hair parted in the middle," and lo and behold it was Hubert Roskell alone in all his glory.

After toying with a spot of lunch the O.G. trundled off to circumnavigate the Wrekin while Hubert went off to survey the "100" course and see that all his clever arrangements at Shawbury were in order. And by dinner time at the George there were eleven to sit down, because Rowatt the first arrival had been followed by John Kinder (with Mr. Andrews and a lot of mallets and things to keep the back axle down), "dear old Chem," both the Simpsons, Koenen and finally Chandler. During the evening Elias, Green and Powell rolled up and we were visited by Parton (who looks the picture of health) and Harold and Mrs. Band who were staying at Grinshill, and Stevie and Mrs. Stevie, who were staying at Nesscliffe. Altogether it was a very jolly evening that ensued as can well be imagined.

On Sunday, the five cyclists, Chandler, Cook, Elias, Green and Powell set off for Montgomery (to visit the Robber's Grave) and Chirbury for lunch. En route they met Wayfarer (himself) and the betting was that he had stayed overnight at Chirbury and was bound for the lavender scented sheets of Felton Butler! At Chirbury the Edwards' car had arrived first and ordered lunch for nine, which was thoroughly enjoyed in the new dining room recently added to the amenities of the Herbert Arms and needless to say the welcome of "Sir" Charles and "Lady" White was not lacking in heartiness. After lunch the cyclists led by Chandler went exploring by a very hilly route through Priestweston to Hyssington, near which Chandler decided to climb to the

Druid Circle which Cook and Koenen visited years ago—but the others were not energetic or curious enough and proceeded to Minsterley where a call at the Hall disclosed the happy fact that Barrett had just got back from Borth and was prepared to hand over the place to them! And what an afternoon tea they did have, and how Elias did appreciate the opportunity of exploring this delightful old home! The hospitality of Mrs. Barrett knows no bounds and she was ably assisted by Master John, to whom we had to be very civil when we saw a cup he had won for boxing! Meanwhile Chandler had called at the Bath Arms and at Hanwood we knew he was in front, as a small boy called out "That's the second one"! And in due course the party arrived safely at the George, which was crowded with cyclists.

Presentation of Bird Memorial Trophy to W. P. COOK.

IF proof were needed of the esteem in which the President is held by the cycling world at large, it was forthcoming in no uncertain manner at this function, for a more enthusiastic gathering I have never witnessed. The banqueting hall of the "George" was packed and included many of the leading lights among cyclists. All sorts of sizes and shapes, of all ages, and sartorial equipments, crowded the room, and it was in an atmosphere of eager excitement that the Chairman (Percy Brazendale of ours) rose to introduce Mr. Trevarthen, to whom had been entrusted the delightful task of presenting the Sir Alfred Bird Medalion.

As was only to be expected, Percy filled the bill admirably, and was, as every good chairman ought to be, succinct, and to the point, the latter being that Billy was an arch-tyrant, but by acquiescing in all he might say, and then doing all that he (Percy) thought best, he had been complimented by Cook on how well *his* ideas and plans had been carried out. A shrewd thrust but genial withal!

Mr. Trevarthen, Vice-chairman of the C.T.C., then rose, and in an able speech recapitulated the deeds of dering-do of which the President had been guilty for countless years. There could be no hesitation in saying that he was in the true sense of the word the greatest cyclist the world has ever

known. Imagination boggled at his feat of having ridden over half-a-million miles, not in spasmodic jerks, but with a continuous consistency, unprecedented in the annals of cycling. But that was not all. It was not merely as a reeler off of miles that the Committee had decided to honour him. It was because he had also been a giant in the cause of the dear old sport and pastime. Not only with the Anfield Bicycle Club but with the greater National Organisation we find him always prominent; and that he is respected is overwhelmingly proved by the fact that among other bodies he has been elected on many occasions a V.P. of the C.T.C., and was President for three years of the Liverpool D.A. He is President of the Roads Records Association, and Past President of the Fellowship of Old Time Cyclists, besides being a Conservator of the Cyclists War Memorial at Meriden, and a member of the Committee formed to inaugurate the F. T. Bidlake Memorial.

All this work and experience culminated in his being chosen as the cyclists' representative on the advisory council of the Ministry of Transport, and to him we owe the fact that the recently issued Highway Code is so acceptable to us all. Such a man at such a crisis in the history of our pastime has been of the utmost benefit. As a former recipient, himself, of the Award, he was proud to welcome Cook into their ranks, and was sure no worthier choice could have been made for what is a real honour. Mr. Trevarthen then said that it gave him the greatest pleasure to have been selected to make the presentation and mentioned that the Chairman of the C.T.C. would have liked to have been present, but he lived in Edinburgh and his engagements prevented him from coming. In handing over the beautiful plaque he wished Cook continued good health, strength, and energy to carry on the good work for many years to come. A notable speech carrying with it absolute sincerity.

(As a matter of fact as the recital of all these ceaseless activities came pouring out I began to think that Mr. Trevarthen would probably hand over *two* medalions.)

The blushing bri—sorry—recipient, received the trophy amid tumultuous cheering, with almost maidenly modesty.

The O'Tator—who had travelled all the way from the Emerald Isle specially to attend, then followed, in his best vein, and also said a lot of nice things about our Presider,

who by this time I should imagine had no idea as to whether he was on his head or his heels (as a matter of fact, being seated, he was on neither), his benign countenance wreathed in smiles testifying to his enjoyment. Murphy wound up by saying "Cook amply fulfilled the definition of a friend: You liked him despite the more you knew of him." (Loud laughter in which the Presider joined.)

Mr. Urry and Mr. Stancer followed in turn and much as I should like to recount the *bon mots* and gentle badinage with which their witty orations were studded, I feel I am already exceeding my space, and can see in my mind's eye the blue pencil of the ruthless one in the offing. Suffice it to say that both these true representatives of cycling left no doubt as to the warm and affectionate feeling for Billy residing in their manly bosoms.

The rising of the Presider to respond, was the signal for another outburst of frenzied enthusiasm. He thanked Mr. Trevarthen, Sir Robert Bird, the Committee of the C.T.C., and all present from the depths of his heart, and said that while he had health and strength to carry on in the interests of this great Sport and Pastime he would do so with the greatest delight and satisfaction. I waited with a certain amount of trepidation to hear whether he would again remind us that his bark was worse than his bite, but as far as my recollection serves, he mercifully and manfully refrained.

On resuming his seat he was given three rousing cheers (and they *were* rousers) followed by a rendition of "He's a jolly good fellow," which threatened to bring the roof crashing about our ears.

A vote of thanks to the Chairman closed a memorable and historic occasion—one which will be indelibly imprinted on the memory of all present.

[NOTE: It will be observed in the foregoing that although (as can be well imagined) I have been implored by several of our brightest wits to make the subtle suggestion that Cook "got the bird" I have by almost superhuman will-power resisted this nearly irresistible temptation. I think I deserve a medalion too!]

100 Miles Invitation Time Trial, 10th June, 1935.

Competitors had to face the wettest start since the event has been run unpaced, rain commenced to fall as No. 1 was

dispatched by Timekeeper W. P. Cook and only ceased shortly after the departure of No. 100. On the whole the weather conditions may be considered favourable to fast times, although there was a stiffish south-east breeze.

Of the 100 riders who accepted the invitation to compete, 91 started and 77 finished. Among the non-starters were L. J. Ross, E.L.W., who shared the scratch mark with J. J. Salt (Ours) and S. Livingston (8 min.) Dukinfield C.C., both of whom were obliged to stand down owing to chills. The Irish Road Club representatives were reported to be competing in another event the day before. If this should be the case, it appears to be a matter which calls for investigation by the Road Racing Council. It is obvious they could not compete in both events.

At the Chetwynd check, 28½ miles, W. Ward (15 mins.), Stretford Wheelers, was leading with 1h. 20½m., J. J. Salt (scr.), "Ours" was second with 1h. 22½m., closely followed by G. B. Orrell (6 mins.), "Ours" in 1h. 22¾m., while J. E. Carr (8 mins.) was only a few seconds slower. Others close in attendance were L. V. Russell (18 mins.), E.L.W., and H. L. Caris (4 mins.), Barras R.C., with 1h. 23½m., and W. Binner (17 mins.), Bramley W., 1h. 25m.

At the 50 miles point, times were taken by Mr. N. M. Higham, W. Ward still maintained the lead with the excellent time of 2h. 17m. 55secs., G. B. Orrell was second with 2h. 19m. 35secs., and W. P. Coombes (6 mins.), Bristol S. tied with J. E. Carr for third place in 2h. 21m. 12 secs. J. J. Salt had punctured and did 2h. 24m. 27secs. at this point.

At the Chetwynd check the second time, 81¾ miles, W. Ward was still leading with 3h. 57m., but H. L. Caris had now worked his way up and was lying second with 3h. 57½m. at this point, while C. Heppleston (14 mins.), Y.R.C., who all the time was well among the leaders, having done 2h. 22m. 15secs. at the half-way point, was now lying third with 3h. 58m., with J. E. Carr 4th in 3h. 58½m., while G. B. Orrell and J. Pitchford were each 4h. 0m. From this point to the finish a lot of shuffling now took place. W. Ward who had ridden so strongly throughout, fell away and finished fourth in order of Fastest. H. L. Caris still maintained his position and finished second. The ultimate winner was J. E. Carr who finished very fast and returned the excellent time of 4h. 48m. 19secs. J. Pitchford proved also to be a fast finisher and secured the Third Fastest.

The times of the leading ten in the scratch race are as follows :—

	Name and Club.	H'cap mins.	h. m. s.
1.	J. E. Carr ... Anfield B.C.	8	4.48.19
2.	H. L. Caris ... Barras ...	4	4.49.19
3.	J. Pitchford ... Anfield B.C.	4	4.49.41
4.	W. Ward ... Stretford ...	15	4.50.43
5.	G. B. Orrell ... Anfield B.C.	6	4.51.45
6.	J. Webster ... Warrington ...	12	4.52.34
7.	C. C. Lamb ... Manchester W.	8	4.52.59
8.	C. Heppleston ... Y.R.C. ...	14	4.53.35
9.	L. V. Russell ... East L'pool W.	18	4.56.15
—	J. J. Salt ... Anfield B.C.	scr.	4.56.15

The following is the list of finishers in order of Handicap :—

Name.	Club.	Actual Time 50 Miles.			Actual Time 100 Miles.			H'cap	Handicap Time.			
		H.	M.	S.	H.	M.	S.		MINS.	H.	M.	S.
1	W. WARD ...	Stretford Wheelers	2	17	55	4	50	43	15	4	35	43
2	L. V. RUSSELL ...	East L'pool W.	2	22	10	4	56	15	18	4	38	15
3	W. BENNER ...	Bramley Wheelers	2	25	29	4	56	24	17	4	39	24
4	C. HEPPLESTON ...	Yorkshire R.C.	2	22	15	4	53	35	14	4	39	35
5	G. LOCKETT ...	Anfield B.C.	2	32	32	5	4	6	24	4	40	6
6	J. E. CARR ...	Anfield B.C.	2	21	12	4	48	19	8	4	40	19
7	*J. WEBSTER ...	Warrington R.C.	2	22	12	4	52	34	12	4	40	34
8	*D. F. GRIFFITHS ...	Broad Oak R.C.	2	25	42	5	2	7	21	4	41	7
9	R. H. KAY ...	Mersey Roads C.	2	28	6	5	4	6	22	4	42	6
10	H. THOMAS ...	Anfield B.C.	2	29	43	5	12	7	30	4	42	7
11	*S. F. HALL ...	Broad Oak R.C.	2	23	43	5	0	25	16	4	44	25
12	*C. C. LAMB ...	Manchester Wheelers	2	25	10	4	52	59	8	4	44	59
13	W. G. CONNOR ...	Anfield B.C.	2	30	44	5	12	1	27	4	45	1
14	*S. BAYLEY ...	Dukinfield C.C.	2	28	46	5	1	12	16	4	45	12
15	H. L. CARIS ...	Barras Road C.	2	23	56	4	49	19	4	4	45	19
16	F. HECINBOTHAM ...	Man. Wednesday	2	25	45	5	5	27	20	4	45	27
17	W. P. ROCK ...	B'head Victoria	2	26	3	5	10	40	25	4	45	40
18	J. PITCHFORD ...	Anfield B.C.	2	22	58	4	49	41	4	4	45	41
19	G. B. ORRELL ...	Anfield B.C.	2	19	35	4	51	45	6	4	45	45
20	A. E. PARKINSON ...	Tees-side R.C.	2	25	59	5	4	23	18	4	46	23
21	*A. RODGERS ...	Tees-side R.C.	2	28	48	5	2	19	15	4	47	19
22	*A. J. CARR ...	Anfield B.C.	2	30	48	5	2	31	15	4	47	31
23	*G. B. SPARY ...	North Road C.C.	2	26	39	5	2	51	15	4	47	51
24	W. A. LEE ...	Contryriders	2	25	54	5	9	30	21	4	48	30
25	*C. S. MIDDLETON ...	Midland C. & A.C.	2	26	8	4	56	39	8	4	48	39
26	E. HAYNES, JR. ...	Anfield B.C.	2	35	12	5	18	41	30	4	48	41
27	*H. JACKSON ...	Wolverhampton W.	2	25	26	5	1	54	13	4	48	54
28	*S. EASTWOOD ...	Veg. C. & A.C.	2	21	59	4	59	59	10	4	49	59
29	B. N. SMITH ...	Yorkshire R.C.	2	24	52	5	4	15	14	4	50	15
30	J. M. LOTEY ...	North Road C.C.	2	34	32	5	12	49	22	4	50	49
31	L. E. VAIDY ...	Calvea R.C.	2	32	3	5	5	58	15	4	50	58
32	P. R. WILLIAMS ...	East Liverpool W.	2	27	53	5	6	3	15	4	51	3
33	G. E. JONES ...	Birkenhead N.E.	2	25	10	5	3	26	12	4	51	26
34	E. BYRON ...	Anfield B.C.	2	26	36	5	11	58	20	4	51	58
35	H. GAWTHROP ...	Mersey Roads C.	2	31	39	5	16	19	24	4	52	19
36	*S. ST. JOHN ...	Dukinfield C.C.	2	26	24	5	2	35	10	4	52	35
37	S. SIMPSON ...	Walsall Roads C.	2	32	5	5	15	45	23	4	52	45

ANFIELD MONTHLY CIRCULAR

No.	Name.	Club.	Actual Time 50 Miles.			Actual Time 100 Miles.			H'cap	Handicap Time.		
			H.	M.	S.	H.	M.	S.		H.	M.	S.
38	G. H. ROBERTS	Yorkshire Roads	2	26	13	5	1	47	9	4	52	47
39	A. C. COULTER	Speedwell B.C.	2	31	47	5	12	54	20	4	52	54
40	E. GRADEN	East Liverpool W.	2	28	36	5	12	2	19	4	53	2
41	A. B. MARSH	Leicestershire	2	26	43	5	8	43	14	4	54	43
42	*F. T. BROWN	Potteries C.C.	2	21	16	4	56	49	2	4	54	49
43	*S. NASH	Cheltenham & C.	2	22	14	4	58	50	4	4	54	50
44	C. BROADBENT	Ashton Roads	2	31	12	5	14	43	19	4	55	43
45	G. A. DAWSON	Holme Valley	2	30	25	5	10	45	15	4	55	45
	J. R. SUTTON	Warrington R.C.	2	30	12	5	10	45	15	4	55	45
47	F. E. MARRIOTT	Anfield B.C.	2	32	12	5	14	56	19	4	55	56
48	L. HARRIS	Midland C. & A.C.	2	24	40	5	1	11	5	4	56	11
49	W. CROWTHER	Lancaster C.C.	2	35	28	5	13	13	17	4	56	13
50	*J. J. SALT	Anfield B.C.	2	24	27	4	56	15	Ser.	4	56	15
51	A. ROGERSON	Spen Valley W.	2	31	28	5	11	38	15	4	56	38
52	S. JONES	L'pool Century R.C.	2	33	8	5	11	44	15	4	56	44
53	G. A. HALLIFAX	Wolverhampton W.	2	27	40	5	13	6	16	4	57	6
54	C. E. TATE	Yorkshire Roads	2	33	15	5	15	11	18	4	57	11
55	A. E. FORD	Countryriders	2	29	37	5	23	47	25	4	58	47
56	R. F. DA COSTA	Mersey Roads C.	2	26	14	5	9	7	10	4	59	7
57	W. E. JONES	Midland C. & A.C.	2	31	52	5	16	21	17	4	59	21
58	G. SPEECHLEY	Clifton C.C.	2	25	22	5	14	58	15	4	59	58
59	G. H. JOHNSON	Walton C. & A.C.	2	32	37	5	16	0	16	5	0	0
60	E. J. AHERTON	Yorkshire Roads	2	27	54	5	11	52	11	5	0	52
61	W. O. JACKSON (Tri.)	Lancs. Roads	2	38	43	5	36	4	35	5	1	4
62	C. B. LONG	Midland C. & A.C.	2	32	45	5	16	6	15	5	1	6
63	T. H. HENDERSON	Veg. C. & A.C.	2	23	38	5	6	17	5	5	1	17
64	W. H. JONES	Birkenhead C.C.	2	38	55	5	31	34	30	5	1	34
65	W. F. COOMBS	Bristol South	2	21	12	5	8	31	6	5	2	31
66	L. G. PEARCE	Wolverhampton W.	2	31	27	5	20	35	18	5	2	35
67	W. A. DAVIES	Mersey Roads	2	34	14	5	24	53	22	5	2	53
68	J. R. BAND	Anfield B.C.	2	42	18	5	33	36	30	5	3	36
69	R. HEPWORTH	Huddersfield Roads	2	31	47	5	27	12	22	5	5	12
70	G. E. SAUNDERS	Walsall C. & R.C.	2	32	39	5	23	14	17	5	6	14
71	A. SMITH	Veg. C. & A.C.	2	27	30	5	14	31	8	5	6	31
72	W. H. LLOYD	Anfield B.C.	2	43	16	5	36	32	30	5	6	32
73	R. G. BENNION	East Liverpool W.	2	28	0	5	15	35	9	5	6	35
74	H. L. MORLEY	Rutland C.C.	2	31	40	5	29	40	22	5	7	40
75	A. E. HICKS	Midland C. & A.C.	2	26	58	5	19	54	10	5	9	54
76	H. C. NOON	Walsall C. & R.C.	2	39	45	5	30	46	18	5	12	46
77	F. K. McDUGALL	Walton C. & A.C.	2	32	20	5	38	39	18	5	20	39

* Certificates

Fastest Time	J. E. CARR	Anfield B.C.	4hrs. 4mins. 19secs.
Second Fastest Time	H. L. CARIS	Barras R.C.	4hrs. 49mins. 19secs.
Third Fastest Time	J. PITCHFORD	Anfield B.C.	4hrs. 49mins. 41secs.

TEAM RACE.

First—Anfield B.C.

Second—Yorkshire Road Club.

First—Anfield B.C.			Second—Yorkshire Road Club.				
	H.	M.	S.		H.	M.	S.
J. E. CARR	4	48	19	C. HEPPELSTON	4	53	35
J. PITCHFORD	4	49	41	G. H. ROBERTS	5	1	47
G. B. ORRELL	4	51	45	B. N. SMITH	5	4	15
14 29 45			14 59 37				

We have every reason to feel gratified with the excellent performances put up by "Ours," with so many finishing space does not permit of more than a few brief comments. In J. E. Carr we have another rider able to hold his own with the best and to him tender our congratulations on his success. J. Pitchford, with his third fastest time has again kept the Club well to the front in an "open." G. Lockett, with an

improvement of over 15 minutes, only missed third place in the handicap by 11 seconds. Haynes, who did 5.33.1 in a novice ride last year was greatly improved. H. Thomas, making his first attempt at a "100," put up a good ride and with more experience should improve still further. Bren Orrell is again 5th fastest with an improvement of 1 second!! E. Byron, also making his initial effort at the distance, notwithstanding an attack of the slows for a short time, put up an excellent ride. To Skipper Frank fell the task of organisation, which the cycling Press refer to as being as near perfect as possible. In conclusion we wish to tender our best thanks to the Mersey Roads Club for their assistance in supervising and providing helpers for the feeding at Chetwynd.

"100" Sweep.

John Kinder organised the usual swindle, and Mrs. Stancer, assisted by Powell, again kindly determined the destination of the 162 "Bobs" collected.

J. Gordon took 1st Handicap	...	60/-
A. Tipping ,, 2nd	..	40/-
H. W. Powell ,, 3rd	..	20/-
— Cook ,, Fastest	...	20/-
S. Keen ,, 2nd	..	15/-
A. Tipping ,, 3rd	..	7/-

Mouldsworth, 15th June, 1935.

Another fine day for Charles, so with a clean shirt and my face washed, I wheeled out the choice of Beardwood's stable and away we glided down the lane. In the twinkle of an eye it seemed I was alone and the forest of Delamere encircled me. Since the time was yet early, I sat me down

"Without fat ale beneath a shady bough,

With a pipe which made a 'gugly' row."

The Raven-Headed-One had taken the morning off so that he could abide betimes where the brew was luscious and, when in due course I climbed the hill, sure enough, there in the bar he sat, but I was just in time and feared not, for the Great One Billy was just paying.

There was a wonderful gathering sat down to the feast, many whose names I know not. Well, we were all well fed, which gives one the satisfied expression, so Charles marshalled them to the garden in layers and placed the One on the right and the Other on the left, and We adorned the picture like the two grand pillars; the One on the right depicting gilded youth, the Other on the left matured age in all its beauty, and, so certain was Charles that never again would he

have this picture before him, so one after the other, in different stops, light, shade and angle did he paint us, and here was a great shout, but there is nothing more to be said until this picture appears.

(The photograph, which is the 41st that Charlie Conway has taken, will appear in the August *Circular*.—E.D.)

Malpas, 22nd June, 1935.

At the appointed hour, I waited alone by the 8th milestone for the Skipper and his assistant, who arrived about twenty minutes' late full, of apologies. We set out for Chester, ambling into a southerly breeze, no fast riding, as the thermometer was about 80° Fah. In due course we reached the ancient city, where a visit was paid to a famous 5 and 10 cent store, and a well-known cycle shop. The road over Grosvenor Bridge was taken, into Eaton Park, away from the hubbub of motor traffic. Slowly we reached the Hall, and while a photograph was taken, we enjoyed another welcome respite from the tropical sun. The Ironbridge was walked over as per notice boards, and soon we were on the way to Aldford. Through the last-named place and bearing right across the Broxton-Farndon Road, then along to Kingslee, past numerous farmsteads to Stretton, and Tilston. Here a pair of stocks were noticed, age unknown, and on to Malpas via Kidnall. We arrived at the Golden Lion at 6.30 and found a fair muster having tea there. After the meal everybody seemed anxious to be off to their respective *rendez-vous*, and the fair village of Malpas settled down to peace until the Anfield should go that way again.

Farndon, 29th June, 1935.

In spite of perfect weather conditions, only thirteen were present at the Raven, owing to the Grosvenor "100" on the morrow, and Old Timers' fixture.

Early arrivals strolled down to the bridge and watched the bathers who were taking advantage of the heat wave, and at six o'clock prompt, all sat down to an excellent meal.

Those present were Kettle, Green, Mercer, Stevie, Johnny Band, Harold Band, Eddie Morris, Roberts, Powell, Burgess, Jonas, Threlfall and Chandler.

It must be reported that Johnny Band was looking very cool in his new grey flannel shorts, and that Chandler was the only week-ender.

The others dispersed early, and the writer, at least, had a pleasant journey.

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ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

FORMED MARCH, 1879.

MONTHLY CIRCULAR

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL

All communications to 22 Hollybank Road, Birkenhead.

Vol. XXXI.

No. 354.

FIXTURES FOR AUGUST, 1935.

Tea at 6-0 p.m.

		Light up at
Aug. 2/5	August Tour.—Cavan, Monaghan and Armagh Highlands	10-20 p.m.
„ 10	Farndon (Raven)	9-54 p.m.
„ 12	Committee Meeting, 7-0 p.m. (Victoria Hotel, St. John's Lane, Liverpool).	
„ 17	Invitation 12 Hours	9-39 p.m.
„ 24	Little Budworth (Red Lion)	9-24 p.m.
„ 31	Highwayside (Travellers Rest)	9-9 p.m.
Sept. 7	Fourth "50" Miles Handicap	8-51 p.m.

ALTERNATIVE FIXTURES.

Aug. 3	Northwich (Crown and Anchor)	10-7 p.m.
„ 5	Bath Road "100"; Speedwell "100"	10-4 p.m.

Full Moon ... 14 th nst.

The Hon. Treasurer's address is R. L. Knipe, 138 Moscow Drive, Stoneycroft, Liverpool, 13, 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.

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Back Row : J. Kinder, G. Stephenson, A. Lucas, S. T. Threlfall, F. Chandler, E. J. Cody, H. R. Band, H. Roskell, H. L. Elston.

Third Row : F. Marriott, U. Taylor, D. C. Rowatt, G. Lockett, E. Byron, A. E. Preston, J. S. Roberts, F. Perkins, J. C. Band, H. Green.

Second Row : R. Poole, N. Heath, A. N. Rawlins.

First Row : G. B. Burgess, W. T. Venables, G. B. Mercer, W. P. Cook, E. Edwards, T. Roydon, R. L. Knipe, C. F. Hawkes.

First Row : W. G. Connor, J. S. Jonas, A. F. Hughes, J. R. Band, S. del Banco, H. Thomas, E. Raynes, Junr.

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COMMITTEE NOTES.

4 THE LAUND,
WALLASEY, CHESHIRE.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS.—Mr. A. E. C. Birkby, 53 Warrenhouse Road, Waterloo, Liverpool, 22; Mr. F. A. Brewster, 46 Cheveral Avenue, Radford, Coventry; Mr. Norman M. Higham, The Homestead, Riddings Road, Hale, Altrincham; Mr. A. Newsholme, South Bank, Grove Lane, Hale, Altrincham; Mr. J. E. Rawlinson, 8 Randolph Road, Maida Vale, London, W.9; Mr. D. L. Ryalls, 517928 A.C.I., S.H.Q., R.A.F., Hornchurch, Essex.

H. W. POWELL,
Hon. General Secretary.

RACING NOTES.

Invitation Scratch 12 Hours and Tricycle Trophy, Aug. 17th.

There will be a Club Handicap in connection with the above. Forms, please, and feeding fee of 5/-, before Wednesday, August 7th. I also want helpers for the above. Please write and let me know what you will do.

Motor Cars.—As a speed of "evens" for the last hour is usual with 12 Hour events these days, will those who possess a car please come and use their vehicle for following out purposes. I would like to see twenty (20) cars parked round the island (roundabout) on the lower Birkenhead to Chester road at 4 p.m. on the Saturday afternoon. I am well aware that most of our motorists would rather cycle than use their cars, but please, this time, *hurl your preferences to the four winds and bring the car out.*

The last of our events will be a "50"—run off on September 7th. Those who wish to try for tandem standards (or handi-cap) are eligible to bring their two seaters out on this occasion.

* * * *

OPEN EVENTS. Palatine "50," Sept. 1st ; Wheelers' "12," Sept. 15th, 1935.

Yet another of our racing men has left our area to seek success in more southerly climes. I refer to Fred Brewster, our one and only "Mac," who has left Chester for Coventry. As yet he does not like the look of cyclists in that district, so for the time being he will be a lone rider until the Tea Tasters find a lunch-place to visit monthly (or more often) somewhere near Newport. Does anyone know of a nice cheap lunch place in that district. All communications will be gratefully received by

F. E. MARRIOTT,

Captain and Hon. Racing Sec.

TREASURY NOTES.

MY thanks are due to the following six members who have forwarded their Subscriptions and/or Donations(*) during the past month.

D. R. Fell, Junr.	*L. Lusty.	*L. C. Price.
A. F. Hughes.	W. M. Owen.	D. Turnor.

R. L. KNIPE,

Hon. Treasurer.

MISCELLANEA.

The following letter has been received from W. Coupe, of the Potteries C.C., who gained second distance in the "24."

Bolton Gate,

Weston Coyney,

Stoke-on-Trent, *July 26th.*

DEAR MR. MARRIOTT,

In the course of your Club's recent "24" my lamp was removed from my machine at a morning feed. Upon enquir-

ing "the morning after the night before" I found that my somewhat dilapidated Miller had been "swopped" by some kindly Aladdin for a better specimen. Should this benefactor now be regretting his munificence and be enquiring for his lamp I should be pleased to arrange for the exchange.

I cannot close without expressing my thanks for the excellent arrangements made to speed the competitors—especial mention for the enthusiast who drowned me with a pail of water—and apologies to the lady I "up-set" at Cranage feed. To my mind it was the Anfield spirit which gave me the most enjoyable "race" (?) (shades of Seeley) of my chequered career. You see I was only considered a "25" miler in the Potteries and I only rode in the "24" for sheer perversity—which explains why I had to use lots of perseverance (?) in the late afternoon.

Again my thanks for a very pleasing experience, which I have strong reasons to believe will induce at least three of the Potteries to a whole day's jaunt sometime next July.

I remain,

Yours fraternally,

WM. COUPE.

P.S.—Could you send me a route card as I lost my original early, in Chester.



BY THE WAYSIDE.

THE O'Tatur in a letter to the Editor in answer to the latter's suggestion that he should take part in two full week end Tours in the Emerald Isle, writes:—

"Although I cannot promise to spend the week-end of your arrival, with you, I might be able to run down to Trim on August 3rd—if Cook would consent to allow me to strap his bicycle to the running board of the Morris, or, alternatively, put his new tricycle in the dickey box at the back. I have no objection to his riding it from the North Wall to Brighton

Square, particularly as there will be three passengers in the Morris; but he might be induced to sit in a motor car to Trim. It would be a terrible thing if any of his friends in Dublin saw him in a motor-car—the horrible thought occurs to me that the news might reach Liverpool—but if we started from Brighton Square I could circumnavigate the city, and when we get on the Navan road I will promise to go so fast that even an Anfielder travelling in the opposite direction would not recognise him. Further, it is still open to him to disguise himself; a false beard, for example, would make him look like a real grandfather.”

We sincerely trust that our old friend will not only come to Trim, but will stay both nights with us at Cavan and Castleblayney respectively. We shall enjoy his company, as we always do, and the time will pass all the more pleasantly.



Fellowship of Old Time Cyclists.

SUMMER MEET.

SATURDAY, 29th June, was a wonderful day. The cyclists had arranged to meet at “The Bell,” Aston Clinton, where W. P. Cook and Tommy Royden arrived in good time, the adverse S.E. wind not having affected their schedule. Beardwood and one or two Bath Roaders arrived about 7-30 and by some mysterious means there was a tankard awaiting them, this seems some secret of the Presiders’. However, it was a real tankard day. After being refreshed the little party, consisting of those already named and Coles Webb, “Boffin” and “Bill” Adams (of Strother tour fame), made a start for Ivinghoe, some genius arranging a stop at the “Bargee” to inspect the shipping (the worst of these Liverpool lads, they cannot leave business alone) on the Grand Junction canal.

At the King’s Head, Ivinghoe, we were greeted by Teddy Edwards, Dave Rowatt and Venables, whom we were delighted to see, Dave and Ven travelled by luxury train to London, and disdaining any train that would have dropped them at Cheddington, came back by coach and had time to visit Whipsnade.

We were now seven Old Timers and six Lesser mortals, consisting of Mazeppa, “Boffin,” Adams, Boyle, Harvey, and Mrs. Edwards. Owing to the poor support by the Man-

chester Old Timers, it was necessary to invite a few "Lesser Mortals" in fairness to the hostess (Mrs. Seabrook), who had provided some wonderful Aylesbury ducklings and garden peas, not the usual "tasters," but real old-fashioned helpings, so much so that no one took advantage of the compliment passed to have a second. The epicurean Archowl passed the viands as good. A very pleasant evening was passed in the tank, Cook giving some gleanings of Dave Fell's early record, and Tommy divulging new secrets of what seemed a somewhat murky past, we had no idea this venerable looking old gent. had been the associate of shady peds. and running men.

Everyone seemed early astir and made a quick start. What a morning, with clear atmosphere, fields of red poppies, and the Chiltern Hills as a background, all spoilt by Tommy Royden puncturing, not an ordinary puncture but one of those you cannot find, a Court of Enquiry was held with the Archowl as President, when the blame was duly put upon Snowden for a previous puncture mended with a lot of thick solution which melted with the excessive heat.

Arriving at Hatfield, we were in time to meet the wonderful gathering of men who have made cycling history; it was an especial pleasure to see Bob Ilsley looking as fit as ever. After lunch the roll was called, amongst the 120 odd who responded, one noticed, amongst many known to Anfielders, "Trossy" James, John Owen, Joe Harding, R. M. Wright, "Jenny" Walters, "Sammy" Bartleet, Teddy Hale, Lewis Stroud (who had ridden there on a tricycle and went one better than our Presider by wearing the popular "shorts"), Lacy Hillier, E. H. Godbold, etc., etc. By some extraordinary coincidence, the name of Teddy Edwards was omitted for the second time.

The new President, Herbert Synyer, was installed with due ceremony. The Archowl created some little amusement by proposing that the Committee be re-elected *en bloc*, but not having any idea who the stout fellows where, someone with a thirst for information asked the question. This completely floored the proposer and some little consternation was caused when no one else seemed to know, the "flop" was ultimately got over by Harold Johnson producing a list. Cook, anxious no doubt that another unwanted honour might come his way, very quickly jumped to his feet and proposed the very able Secretary should be re-elected, and T. G. Scarfe was not given the faintest chance of passing on the job to any other aspirant, needless to say there was no such person.

The famous "Constitution" was reverently interred and we will not have this humorous interlude in future, as the annual proposer, F. Percy Low, is getting unequal to the task.

Out into the glorious sunshine to say farewell to many we only see once a year at these gatherings. Cook was quickly off his mark for a long trek with a glorious wind abaft his natty looking trike. Tommy Royden came with the Bath Road men to St. Albans, where the customary cup of tea was taken, together with farewell, Tommy sprinted off with a fine sailing breeze behind and we opined he would catch up Cook, at least we buoyed him up with this hope, still Tommy's ride was perhaps the most meritorious of anyone attending the gathering, Birkenhead to Ivinghoe in less than two days for a man of his age, puts many much younger men in the shade. Owd Tom Hughes, from Wigan, was even surprised, especially when he heard Tommy can give him a few years, and that Birkenhead is just as far from Hatfield as Wigan is. Teddy and Mrs. Edwards intended getting back in their car as far as Prees Heath, but we had an inkling that Ven and David were going on the razzle in London for a day or two, we don't blame them as they could not see the place under better conditions, and they both looked fit enough for a day or two of "life" in the West End, in fact we do not know why David does not bring his bicycle part way, he could certainly ride it better than Coles-Webb, who had a perceptible "wobble" on most of the time, so the wise birds gave him plenty of sea-board.

But for Dick Ryalls being under orders to move from Halton Camp to Hornchurch, Essex, he would have joined the party on Saturday evening, instead of which he had to content himself with sending a letter to Cook expressing his regrets and concluding with "I hope you will have a very pleasant week-end and would like you to remember me to all Anfielders present." Needless to say, we were all sorry, but quite understood that "orders is orders."

* * *

RACES.

Warrington "100," 7th July, 1935.

We had a good day in this event, taking 2nd and 3rd fastest prizes together with the team race. Five of "Ours" started and all finished inside "evens."

The event was won by B. W. Bentley, of the Walton C. & A.C., with a record time for the course of 4.38.37. Jack Pitchford was second, 4.41.6, and our "amazing veteran," Bren Orrell, third, 4.41.34.

As mentioned before, we won the team race with 14.7.15, the Walton C. & A.C. being second, 14.11.3, and the East Liverpool Wheelers, third, with 14.14.34.

The leading times were as follows:—

1.	B. W. Bentley	...	Walton	4.38.37
2.	J. Pitchford	...	Anfield B.C.	4.41. 6
3.	G. B. Orrell	...	Do. do.	4.41.34
4.	L. J. Ross	...	East L'pool Wheelers	4.41.34
7.	J. E. Carr	...	Anfield B.C.	4.44.35
15.	J. J. Salt	Do. do.	4.49.45
16.	A. J. Carr	...	Do. do.	4.52. 0

The helpers included Lockett, Haynes, Junr., Byron, Preston, Hubert Roskell, R. J. Austin, Marriott, Hughes and Connor.

RUNS.

Highwayside, 6th July, 1935.

A fine day with a following wind saw 22 for tea at the Travellers Rest, including Cook, Edwards, Cody, Mercer, Johnny Band, Green, A. Williams, J. R. Band, Stephenson, Seed, Heath, Smith, Snowden, Powell, Perkins, Lockett, Haynes, Preston, Royden, Venables, Rowatt, and Chandler; in addition, R. Poole arrived after tea, and J. H. Williams *taxied* Venables and Rowatt from Chester but did not stay for tea. The Presider had been his customary round by Broxton, Chandler and Perkins via the "Fishpool," and Snowden was signalling his return from Canada. After the meal Cook departed for Fearnhead, Heath and Smith for Macclesfield, Chandler for Eccleshall, while the others as far as is known, went home, Powell and Snowden via Hooton.

Invitation "24," 12th/13th July, 1935.

The usual dozen entries were received for our long distance event this year, and with this paucity of riders it is definitely not worth running. Next year an alternative date will have to be considered or the possibility of suspending the event altogether.

The progress of the riders is given as per Mark Haslam's method, this way being much easier for reading—and writing.
 105 miles—Hepworth 5.46; Jackson 5.58; Fischer 5.47; Band 6.14; Heath 6.16; Coupe 6.23; Whitbread 6.27; Powell 6.28; Parkes (tricycle) 7.0. Heginbotham had already desisted.

168 miles—Hepworth 9.22; Jackson 9.40; Fischer 9.40; Powell 10.18; Coupe 10.19; Band 10.20; Whitbread 10.22; Onslow 7.29. Haselock and Heath were further desisters.

12 hours (*approx.*)—Hepworth 214; Jackson 207; Fischer 204; Band 190; Powell 195; Whitbread and Coupe 194; Onslow 191½; Parkes 176.

296 miles—Hepworth 17.12; Jackson 17.33; Powell 18.34; Coupe 18.41; Whitbread 19.1; Onslow 19.13; Fischer (who had had an hour's sleep in the hedge) 19.37.

At 300 miles (Bradfield Green) Hepworth, who was suffering from both sun and stomach, had to pack in. For this we were very sorry, for he was doing a "super" ride.

350 miles—Jackson 21.10; Coupe 22.18; Powell 22.23; Whitbread 22.36; Fischer 23.18.

This order was maintained to the finish, except that Whitbread came to third place and deposed Powell, who seemed able to go off the course at almost every turn. Later, he wrote and told us where he had been and as he was finished by a Dukinfield member, we have allowed him 370 miles. To Jackson, who was making his "premiere" at a "24," and all the other riders, we extend sincerest congratulations.

FINISH.

1.	H. Jackson	Wolverhampton Wlrs. ...	398
2.	W. Coupe	Potteries C.C.	377¾
3.	H. E. Whitbread ...	Withington Wlts. ...	373
4.	A. G. Powell	Wolverhampton Wlrs. ...	370
5.	F. E. Fischer	Altrincham Ravens ...	361½
6.	W. A. G. Onslow ...	Wolverhampton Wlrs. ...	357¾
7.	H. Parkes (tricycle)	Mersey Roads	333

Acton Bridge, 20th July, 1935.

Bright and breezy conditions favoured us to-day for our run to the banks of the Weaver. The country looked at its best, full leafiness, and with many hay crops still to be carried.

We ran past Chester, via Mollington, Upton and Christleton, to enjoy the nice afternoon tea served at Aldford, and were pleased to find that the charge is now a "bob," instead of half as much again.

Proceeding leisurely through Tarvin and Kelsall we arrived in good time at the "Leigh Arms," and found Haynes, Lockett, and Thomas with Teddy Edwards, who had brought Venables out to enjoy the fixture. Next came Royden and Kettle, quickly followed by Stephenson, Threlfall, Cook, Chandler, Moore, Rigby Band and Byron. Poole rolled up, after the meal was over, to make our muster fifteen, without adding Mrs. Edwards and Mrs. Moore. We were sorry that Harry and Mrs. Austin failed to arrive, we had heard that they were on the way and intended to join us. (They lost themselves.—ED.).

We understand that the Presider and Chandler intended week-ending at Stone. (This they did and found the Unicorn a very comfortable house—S, R and B., early tea and bath, (the Presider didn't have one), 8/3—the two eccentric old gentlemen, both on trikes, caused a tremendous furore in Hanford, the place being *en fete* and all the children waving flags and shrieking with merriment at the spectacle.—ED.).

Mr. and Mrs. Moore made for Nantwich, and Rigby Band and Byron for Arclid to camp. My return journey was uneventful and home was reached in comfort after another enjoyable outing in rural Cheshire.

Third 50 Mile Handicap, 27th July, 1935.

The rather small entry for this event was accounted for by Pitchford having excused himself for the Rover "50" (in this event he hopes to speed his "50" time a little or a lot—we wish him well); Thomas has water on his knee and Marriott, well, is just lazy.

The times to No Man's Heath into a stiff wind (strange how these winds rise when we have a "50"!) were as follows, and they are in order of start, not of speed.

Jonas (tricycle) 42½; Lloyd 39½; Haynes 39½; Byron 37½; Band 43½; A. J. Carr 38; Orrell 37½; Lockett 38; Salt 36; Connor 38½; J. E. Carr 36½; Pugh 40.

At the Turn (25¼) the order was as follows:—
Salt 1.10.15; Byron 1.12.30; Orrell 1.12.45; Carr 1.13.0; A. J. Carr 1.13.15; Lockett 1.13.20; Connor 1.15; Haynes 1.15.15; Lloyd 1.17; Pugh 1.18.45; Band 1.21; Jonas 1.21.15.

The final check was taken at No Man's Heath again, and the following figures were the result.

Salt 1.47; Byron 1.49; Lockett 1.50; Orrell 1.52; J. E. Carr 1.55; A. J. Carr 1.51; Connor 1.53; Haynes 1.54; Lloyd 1.57; Pugh 1.59; Band 2.2, and Jonas 2.6.

The Handicap was as follows :—

		Actual.	H'cap. Mins.	Nett.
1.	E. Haynes, Junr. ...	2.25.17	12	2.13.17
2.	W. H. Lloyd ...	2.31.33	16	2.15.33
3.	E. Byron ...	2.20.57	5	2.15.57
4.	G. Lockett ...	2.22.17	6	2.16.17
5.	J. S. Jonas ...	2.19.45	23	2.16.45
6.	W. G. Connor ...	2.25.20	8	2.17.20
7.	A. J. Carr ...	2.24.48	7	2.17.48
8.	R. J. Pugh ...	2.32.15	14	2.18.15
9.	G. B. Orrell ...	2.24.19	5	2.19.19
10.	J. J. Salt ...	2.20.12	Scr.	2.20.12
11.	J. E. Carr ...	2.28.31	3	2.25.31
12.	J. R. Band ...	2.38.18	10	2.28.18

We have been expecting a better "50" from Haynes since he did a great ride of 5.4 in the Grosvenor, and this 2.25 on such a day did show what we may expect when conditions are good. Lloyd rode consistently and although not his best the ride was good for 2nd handicap. Seconds are the bane of Byron's life. Our "promising novice" has been put off much good hunting by these wretched little pieces of time; this time seconds have separated him from fastest prize.

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ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

FORMED

MARCH, 1879.

MONTHLY CIRCULAR

Vol XXXI.

No. 355.

FIXTURES FOR SEPTEMBER, 1935.

Tea at 6-0 p.m.

Light up at

Sept. 7	Fourth 50 Miles Handicap	8-51 p.m.
„ 9	Committee Meeting, 7-0 p.m. (Victoria Hotel, St. John's Lane, Liverpool).	
„ 14	Acton Bridge (Leigh Arms)	8-33 p.m.
„ 21	Mouldsworth (Station Hotel)	8-16 p.m.
„ 28	Highwayside (Travellers Rest)	7-59 p.m.
Oct. 5	Halewood (Derby Arms)	7-42 p.m.

Full Moon ... 12th inst.

NOTICE.

All communications should be addressed to The Editor, 22 Holly Bank Road, Birkenhead. They should be written legibly, on one side of the paper only, and should bear the name of the sender.

The Hon. Treasurer's address is R. L. Knipe, 138 Moscow Drive, Stoneycroft, Liverpool, 13, 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.

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COMMITTEE NOTES.

4 THE LAUND,

WALLASEY, CHESHIRE.

AUTUMNAL TINTS TOUR.—Llanarmon D.C. has again be chosen for the Tour, October 12/13th 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. A. N. Rawlinson, 16 Buckland Road, Lullington Road, Pendleton, Manchester; Mr. R. Barton, Barngates Inn, Ambleside.

EDITOR.—Owing to business ties Mr. E. Snowden will not be able to resume the Editorship of the *Circular* for some time; Mr. Frank Chandler has therefore very kindly arranged to be responsible for the Editorship until the end of the present year.

H. W. POWELL,

Hon. General Secretary.

TREASURY NOTES.

THE annual inquest will soon be held on those members who have failed to furnish any signs of existence to the Hon. Treasurer this year, and the Committee will sit on them very severely. I hope this little reminder will prove a real corpse-reviver, and that I shall be snowed under with abundant proofs before the next meeting.

My thanks are due to the four members from whom I have received subscriptions and/or donations (*) during the past month.

W. E. Cotter; *J. H. Kinder; G. Lockett; T. Royden.

R. LEIGH KNIPE,

Hon. Treasurer.

RACING NOTES.

IN this, my "Swan Song," I have little to say. We are likely to have at least six riders in the Manchester Wheelers' Twelve on the 14th inst., and organised help is essential if our men are to do their best rides. I shall be on holiday then, so if you intend to be out will you please communicate with Charles Randall, 38 Gladstone Road, Chester. This will assist him to spread the help as evenly as possible. This is addressed particularly to our Manchester stalwarts, who have not the sacred confines of a 'Tea Tasters' Tea Room in which

to discuss their plans. Charles, although many of you have not seen him lately, is still more or less reliable and quite capable of organising the help in this last race.

F. E. MARRIOTT.

Captain and Hon. Racing Secretary.

EDITORIAL.

MEMBERS will observe from the Committee Notes that, owing to various circumstances, we have been called upon to edit this *Circular*, Journal, or Rag, for a space of time until our Editor proper is able to resume taking up the pen, and carrying on with the work so distinguishly accomplished since the beginning of last year. We feel quite incapable of serving up any dish that would compare to the literary effect of his work, neither can we afford to sacrifice the time to which he gave it. We are at many drawbacks; our auditory machine gives poor reception—we have to rely on others for information—we are without humour—we are dry and matter-of-fact. So we therefore claim the patience and forbearance of all members with the request that they will help us in every way they can, by reporting to us current news, by writing up a run when requested, or by sending us narratives of tours or tourlets. Constructive criticism we welcome, but Destructive Criticism is no use to anybody. Let those, therefore, who complain be ready with a remedy and let them not be backward in letting us know what that remedy is. Of course we may have to use our terrible blue-pencil at times, but this need not frighten or deter any likely subscriber. Like Tonio of old therefore we apologise for the Show, and specially engage Tommy Royden to shout, or Joe Andrews to sing—Ring up the Curtain!

It has come to our knowledge that some of our members are not in the ranks of the Cyclists' Touring Club. We are appalled at this, and can only imagine it to be due to forgetfulness at the critical time or a failure to realise the enormous importance it is for all cyclists these days to be banded together under one organisation. The very inroads on the cyclists' liberty that motoring interests, backed up in some respects by public ignorance and apathy, are trying to make, and the very efficient manner in which Headquarters are combating the menace by anticipation or otherwise, ought to stimulate the determination of everyone to join the C.T.C.

Other advantages there are, such as insurance against third party risks, but none so important as the first. We trust, therefore, that every member at present outside the C.T.C. will join forthwith, for his own and the general good.

* * *

We do not wish to commence our literary career by grouching, but we would like to draw member's attention to the confusion arising in the Secretarial and Catering Departments by the unexpected presence of members who have been irregular, or the unexpected absence of members who have been regular, at the runs, over a period. At Farndon for instance 15 were ordered for, whilst 30 turned up. At Pulford, under similar conditions, 15 were ordered for, whilst only eight turned up, the Club having to stump up for a proportion of the difference. All this could be remedied if we only stopped to think. It would be quite a simple matter for anyone who had been irregular and contemplated attending the following run to drop the Secretary a post card or *vice-versa* any regular member who did not intend to be present. We suggest that the whole cost could be kept down to a half-penny and that an irregular intending to be present could write say, Farndon—Yes—Brown, or *vice-versa* Pulford—No—Black. Try it and see! Worth it!

AT RANDOM.

CONGRATULATIONS to our Skipper for winning *Cycling's* guinea prize for the best narrative of a tourlet in Denbighshire. We look to him now for contributions to the Rag, which we feel sure will make very interesting reading.

* * *

We are sorry to hear of Billy Owen's illness, but are glad that he is making a speedy recovery.

* * *

When at Glendalough we turned up the Visitors' Book and found the following entry:—

"Anfield Bicycle Club on tour, August 2/4, 1924. Cook, McCann, Knipe, Horrocks, A. T. Simpson, Koenen, Bright, H. Roskell, Fell, J. O. Cooper, A. Davies, D. Smith, Fawcett, Royden, Greenwood, J. E. Walker, Lucas, Finn, Chandler, friends (I.R.C.) T. W. Murphy, Doyle, Nolan."

Out of the 15 still available, only two have been on the last two Irish Tours, and although one or two have been helping our boys in the races, room could at least have been found for the cyclists of the remainder on the last Irish Trip.

Bob Ilsley, very well known to our older members, and who favoured us by coming with Hubert to Aldford a short time ago, in his narration of the Old 'Timers' Meet at Hatfield, in the *North Road Gazette* writes:—

"Of course the essence of this Meet is the reunion of old friends, and I doubt if any other sport can show the same percentage of solid lasting friendships as exists among the Old Timers, and especially the road-men. We rode hard, raced hard, in hard conditions, and in that process through the years, got right down to the basic value of a man. May I add, I don't doubt the later years will in their due time produce the same happy results, for happy they are, and very greatly to be valued."—A very fine panegyric.

* * *

Harold Moore is on tour in the South of Ireland.

* * *

We learn that Wayfarer (himself) has been on tour in Connemara and Donegal.

* * *

The road in Ireland mentioned by K.M.D. in a recent publication of *Cycling* is of course the military road from Kilgarvan to Bantry or Glengariff, mentioned in these columns in January, 1932. The drawing is somewhat misleading, as the road is not so much of a mountain path as it has been made to represent, but is a road of ordinary width, winding itself round the hill sides, and is most wonderfully graded for the 34 miles to Bantry. All hills are rideable. The highest point is 1,169 ft. (the height of Llanberis). There is one tunnel. This road is usually overlooked by tourists owing to the proximity of the Kenmare/Glengariff stretch.

* * *

A sight to gladden even a Racing Secretary's heart was to be found at the island on the bottom road in the "12." One Barton, son of Sammy of that ilk, took the trouble to motor from Ambleside to do his share of finishing in the "12." Even an attempt by someone to push his eye out with a golf club did not deter such enthusiasm and he was at the island soon after 3 p.m. And it must have been 7 p.m. before he left Chester for home. There could not be too much of such helpful spirit about.

* * *

If you want to get the Presider **really** angry—blame him for everything that appears in the *Circular*. Tommy Royden will give you any further information.

The New Inn at Bourton-on-the-Water was recently greatly honoured by sheltering beneath its portals no less than three Anfield stalwarts—Messrs. Higham, Kettle and Snowden. Although the gathering was purely informal, we understand that a very pleasant time was spent admiring the beauties of the Cotswold country.

The Lusty's, *pere et fils*, were sighted by Knipe, on their way home from Anglesey to Birmingham. They were mounted on a very speedy tandem, shod with "rags and timber," and were alleged by a motorist to have done 40's coming down from Ogwen. Unfortunately time did not permit them to call at Farndon for the Club tea, but they sent greetings to all.

Answers to Correspondence.

This is unavoidably left over until next month owing to shortage of space.

A.B.C. WIRELESS BROADCAST.

We are asked to broadcast the following:—

Will C. H. TURNOR, otherwise known as "The Mullah," known in Ireland as "Mr. Mullins," one-time holder of 24-hour records on all types of machines, tandem tricycle exponent with Arthur Newsholme; sometime "engineer" on tandem with Pagan-Cook, and still joint-holder of the Cheltenham/Manchester tandem-trike record, now married, attend an Anfield run at once, as most of the members have almost given up hope of ever seeing him again, and have forgotten what he looks like.

Will ARTHUR NEWSHOLME, late of Toronto, now believed resident in Manchester, last seen at Nantwich some three or four years ago, one time owner of a tandem tricycle, at least the back part of it, attend an Anfield run at once, as the members have in this instance also, almost given up hope of seeing him again and have forgotten what he looks like.

Will S. H. BAILEY, late of Liverpool, now believed living in Wallasey, aged about—well, young enough to ride with some of the older lads anyhow—last seen at a run several years ago, one-time owner of a tricycle, now sold, having embraced matrimony, feared suffering from extreme

modesty, attend an Anfield run at once for similar reasons to those stated in the foregoing.

We are requested to announce that Anfield runs are held on Saturdays at 6 p.m. prompt.

OBITUARY.

ON the last Wednesday of August, 1935, at 10 p.m. precisely, the Willaston Tea Tasters passed from being. (This sounds *too* tragic; What about "shuffled off this mortal coil" or "went West." Did not the concern go into Voluntary Liquidation? In which case, the surpluses collected by the various Sub-captains since the inception would be available for distribution amongst the piratical crew!!—ED.)

During the passing of years, Mrs. Holmes finds a rest evening is essential and Wednesday is her only evening . . .

It is not known to the present writer when this august body was actually founded—de Wet may tell us this—but for about seven years the Tea Tasters have held weekly conclave within the sacred confines of Holmes' Cafe. (De Wet is hazy on the point! The W.T.T. was set up as a "rival organisation" to the C.B.B. in the Autumn of 1929. The first mention being in the *Circular* of December of that year. Long, Hinde, Jonas, and Randall appear to have been the originators, which had the advantage of the Presider's blessing as an extra push off. For some years previously, a few of the young bloods used to meet at various cafes, but Willaston was apparently not settled on till the date aforesaid. This information has taken some hours of elucidation and we are indebted to our correspondent in consequence.—ED.)

But this is not the time for sadness; on the contrary the first Wednesday in September will see—we hope—the inauguration of the Parkgate Pedallers. (Far too commonplace a designation for such an important gathering. What's the matter with "Parkgate Paralyzed Pantomimics" or, if you want something really spectacular "Parkgate Pantophagistic Pachyderms."—ED.)

Long may they reign! (Amen.—ED.)

✻ ✻ ✻

BOOKS.

"When is a Welshman not a Welshman," by J. S. Roberts.

We are quite incapable of following the line of argument pursued by the Author, and must leave judgment entirely to readers.

An extra-ordinary general meeting of the Rough and Ready C.C. was held at Saughall Massie, after which Tommy gave us a special interview on his return from judging the Beauty Contests amongst the Bathing Belles at Ilfracombe. That Tommy was the sole judge we would not suggest for a moment, but at any rate he was the only one that mattered—to the Bathing Belles. We understand that Tommy had a very pleasant time and was able to glean much information and collect much data in assisting him in the publication of his reminiscences, proofs of which are now in our hands in *ROUGH AND READY* form. The book will be entitled "Adam's Fifth Rib," which seems appropriate. We had hoped to have quoted extracts therefrom this month, but found it rather undesirable to put into print some of the discourse, which is of course mostly in dialogue. We hope, however, to have excerpts fit for quotation in the next *Circular*.

Those who take the trouble to buy the book will be interested in Tommy's adventure with the bulls at Church Stretton. It appears that during one of his all night bicycle rides—why he took to such a cumbersome and slow means of transport as a bicycle is not clear in his book, the imprint of Tommy's feet, amongst the illustrations, suggest at once that walking should have been his mode of progression—drowsiness overcame Tommy and he inadvertently ran off the road and landed in a field, being at once surrounded by a number of bulls which appeared somewhat menacing. Terrified lesser mortals would have made for the nearest tree. Not so our hero, however, who being used to a farm, was ready for the emergency, for as we have read on several occasions in connection with African lions, one roar from Tommy stampeded the whole lot as if they'd been deer, and he was thus able to pick up his bicycle and resume his ride.

TOURING NOTES.

IRELAND.

IT being strongly recommended by the Committee that the week previous to the August Tour might be used for the purposes of an extended tour in Ireland, we availed ourselves of this excellent idea and crossed over to Dublin on Friday, 26th July. After having breakfast on board at the kind invitation of the O'Tatur and seeing the latter off at the Station, journalistically bent, at which function we were victimised in true Irish fashion by having our photograph

taken in very compromising circumstances, we sallied forth against a head wind at 9 a.m. with 54 miles to knock off before luncheon at Carlow. The route taken was via Blessington and Baltinglass and a very pretty journey it proved, most of the distance being within clear sight of the Wicklow mountains, with their southern extension Mount Leinster and the Blackstairs.

The ride was by no means an easy one, being hilly at first and the S.W. wind perpetually troublesome, exhaustion seized us to such an extent that on reaching the venue about 2 o'clock we were quite oblivious as to our immediate surroundings and walked into the wrong hotel, *viz.*, Tynan's instead of the Royal, the general outside appearance being somewhat similar. The mistake was discovered too late to be rectified, but a very excellent meal was provided, which was all that mattered. The road on via Leighlinbridge, as last year, was frightfully bumpy, with some relief beyond Whitehall, where the junction for Gowran was followed. Here tea was taken amidst the fine old College Ruins. Afterwards, the remaining 31 miles over a cross-country route and bad roads, mostly against the strong head wind via Stoneyford and Kells, brought us, at 9 p.m., into Carrick-on-Suir, our destination for the night, the day's mileage working out at 99. The best of a rather indifferent set of hotels—Bessborough Arms—was selected and found satisfactory (S., R. and B., 7/6).

On the morrow we crossed the bridge into Co. Waterford and took the prettier road to Clonmel and thence to Clogheen for a make-shift lunch at a cafe, the whole route being extremely beautiful. We then took the road over the Knockmealdown mountains to Cappoquin, the height of the Pass being 1,114 ft., and the road being beautifully graded and all rideable. The surface on the Tipperary side is tarred, but that on the southern side in Co. Waterford is execrable. A deviation was made to Mount Melleray Monastery, where tea, supplied by the monks, can be had free of charge. We did not avail ourselves of this opportunity however, as it being the Sabbath the whole of the fraternity from miles around appeared to have come in bus loads for this purpose. We accordingly proceeded to Cappoquin and ordered tea at Walsh's, which we found disreputable and dirty.

The ride up the Blackwater is pleasant enough, although the views of the river are limited. At Lismore, the castle, the seat of the Duke of Devonshire and once belonging to Sir Walter Raleigh, very imposingly dominating the riverside, is one of the finest views of its kind in Ireland and should not be missed by any one within striking distance. At Fermoy,

the Grand Hotel, prettily situated on the Blackwater, is a very comfortable place with excellent food and salmon *ad lib.*

Next morning, the direct road to Youghall was taken, the surface being in wretched condition—30 miles of it, although the gradients are not particularly steep. At Youghall there were several hotels for lunch, we patronising the Adelphi. The road round the coast, where specimens of the curlew-sandpiper were seen, is in good condition to Ardmore, which displays a Round Tower, an ancient cathedral ruin (11th century), and a fine sweeping bay and strand. On to Dungarvan is good, with a magnificent view of the bay and the Monavullagh mountains at the top of the hill before taking the corkscrew drop into the town. Here the Devonshire Arms was found in every way comfortable (D., R. and B., 9/6).

The road to Tramore has good tarred surface and ultimately follows the rocky coast line. You can get an excellent lunch at the Grand for about 3/-, the rest can be described as a dilapidated watering place with roundabouts, swings and side-shows doing a roaring trade. The way then led on to Waterford and across the Suir to New Ross, prettily situated on the Barrow. Here the Globe Hotel was found comfortable enough at the rate of 8/- S., R. and B.

Entering Wexford we rode for miles over concrete roads which are a feature of this county, the surface being preferable to sticky tar. Rosslare is another sample of an Irish ramshackle watering place, with a front of several miles and only one road down to it, the land on the cliffs all being occupied by dwellings. We stayed the night at the Talbot at Wexford, which we found gave the best value of any hotel visited, either before or after, D., R. and B., 9/-.

The road on to Enniscorthy is practically all concrete and very fast. Just before getting to Gorey we unfortunately broke the right-hand crank (Chater), but got a makeshift Raleigh, plus chain wheel (at Cooke's). This delayed the start after lunch until 3-45, but Woodenbridge was made for tea and the pretty ride up the Vale of Avoca to Rathdrum was much enjoyed over a good tarmac road. Then the surface became poor to Glendalough, where we put up for the night. Royal hotel's charges are now S., R. and B., 11/-. The ride to the head of the Upper Lake and the surrounding views are very fine, and the archaeological exhibits of course highly interesting. The road on to Enniskerry is indifferent and a disgrace for a county so near the metropolis. After lunch we rode on to Dublin, having accepted the hospitality of the O'Tatur, which he so kindly put at our disposal, here joining the Club touring party which arrived next morning.

RACES.

Vegetarian "50" Results.

1.	H. L. Caris	2. 8.42
2.	C. Holland	2. 9. 0
3.	F. W. Hill	2. 9. 5
4.	E. V. Mills	2. 9.24
	J. J. Salt	2.14.14
	J. E. Carr	2.14.59
	A. J. Carr	2.15.17
	G. B. Orrell	2.16.20

The Vegetarians won the team race with 6.37.37.

Norwood Paragon 6.38.49 ; Addiscombe 6.42.27.

Bath Road "100," 3rd/5th August, 1935.

A pleasant smell, that delightful odour of an English—a Cotswold—countryside after rain, pervaded Chipping Norton as I pedalled through (or struggled up) and on to the high fork road where A44 bounds westward. The wind was astern, it was evening and I rode furiously (for me) because Theale was over 40 miles away. In the Graceful City I went wrong and it was not until I came to the bridge on the Abingdon road that I decided to retrace my steps. In Dorchester I stopped for a pint of shandy and a meat sandwich, for the "knock" was beginning to assail; whilst 16's were all right on the level or downhill, on the many banks that infest that road I came to a dead stop.

Later, when I was reclining pleasantly within the parlour of the "Bull," at Theale, and recounting the adventures of my ride from Shrewsbury, Hubert asked at what time did I reach the Stratford road near Chipping Norton. Ten minutes later than he! But if I had tied my Evans to his car and sped in lordly state I would have missed many things. Passing gradually from the Cotswolds was great, but the joy of the Thames Valley in the black velvet of that August night was greater . . . I would not have missed that for all the car rides in the world.

Yet I accepted Hubert's invitation to motor with him and on the morrow, whilst we sped along A4, he told me of how he had picked up George Connor near the Tunnel, lunched and met Jack Pitchford at Shrewsbury, and of how, near Shipston-on-Stour, George Connor left them and proceeded to Tewkesbury. From Speen we were on the wooded ways of the Ermine Street and from Lambourn we crossed the Icknield Way to search for the Blowing Stone near Uffington.

I searched well for I did want to see how much Hubert could blow! But all we could see was a tea-garden, overgrown. (I heard later that Arthur Simpson and F.H. had a blow on the stone two days afterwards, but F.H., of course, would know where to find this antiquity). And by way of Faringdon and Fairford we came to Bibury.

Thirteen, Anfield's luckiest number, sat unto a pleasant lunch at the Swan. Teddy and Mrs. Edwards, Dave Rowatt, Bert Green and his two daughters, Mr. and Mrs. Stephenson, Geoff Lockett, Eddie Haynes, George Connor, Hubert Roskell and Frank Marriott. Thus were the Speedwell and Bath Road parties united.

Hubert and I, with the Stephensons following, returned to Lechlade (where they are levelling those three humped bridges) and by way of the Ermine Street again and, having to turn back in Kintbury village, reached Clapton Farm House to which Li. Price and his lady have removed since our last visit. They showed us round their spacious poultry farm and entertained us right royally. It was 9 p.m. when we reached Theale.

Arthur Williams, when Randall was out of earshot, told a woeful tale of how they had reached Oxford from Birmingham by way of Stratford and Warwick, *in that order!* I heard Randall's explanation later, but truth to tell, I could not understand. And as Charles had an appointment in Pangbourne, there was some scorching across the "fair face of England" that Saturday morning. Bert Lloyd also lost himself in Coventry and instead of meeting Fred Brewster they came their separate ways.

And now for the race itself. It was a wonderful morning and it was freely speculated that 4.30 would be beaten. We had five riders: Pitchford, J. E. Carr, Orrell, Salt, and A. J. Carr. With the aid of the following table, you will be able to follow the progress of this great event.

Pos'n.	Name.	Club.	22m.	7f.	50m.	72m.	7f.	Finish.
1.	K. H. Mosedale	Calleva ...	1.	0. 0	2.	9.23	3.11.30	4.27.23
2.	E. J. Capell	Allondon	1.	0.30	2.	11.21	3.13.25	4.30. 0
3.	F. A. Lipscombe	Century...	1.	0.30	2.	11. 7	3.15.10	4.32. 7
9.	J. Pitchford	Anfield ...	1.	4.15	2.	16.54	3.20.30	4.37.36
20.	J. E. Carr...	Anfield ...	1.	4. 0	2.	17.39	3.23. 0	4.42. 9
33.	J. J. Salt ...	Anfield ...	1.	2.45	2.	16.31	3.23. 0	4.46.24
34.	G. B. Orrell	Anfield ...	1.	4.30	2.	17.43	3.24. 0	4.46.26
46.	A. J. Carr...	Anfield ...	1.	5.45	2.	20.10	3.28.15	4.49.35

Forty-six riders inside 4.50 ! 73 inside five hours ! What is this racing coming to ? Pitchford and A. J. Carr recorded their fastest "100's," and we are really pleased with them. J. E. Carr and Orrell were very little slower than their best. J. J. Salt, who has not found anything like his form this year was only two seconds faster than Orrell.

The team race is based upon the point system. Allondon, with 16, were first ; Century, with 59½, were second ; and ourselves third with 62.

I heard that Charlie Windsor, who now lives in High Wycombe, but for years was in charge of The Dickin Arms at Loppington, was on the course.

For the last act of this great week-end we parted our many ways. Salty, Lloyd, Brewster, Jimmy Long, Glendinning—whose long, lean figure was portrayed so lifelike in *Cycling's* next issue—and the Carrs went touring. R. J. Austin, who had been on holiday, went home, and Bren Orrell stayed in Pangbourne for the week. Randall and Williams watched Hubert and Frank tying their bicycles (at the expense of the cleanliness of Sammy's jacket) to Stevie's car. Hubert transported Pitchford and the Skipper to Shrewsbury, with ham and eggs at Ivetsy Bank. 9 p.m., and a cup of strong tea at "Salford," Salop. 10 p.m., comfortably seated in the rattler I was joyously regaled with tales of handicaps in Speedwell's, and the woeful story of Connor's broken forks.

Speedwell "100," 5th August, 1935.

Saturday evening found nine of us, members and friends, at Tewkesbury, having made our way there by devious routes, under the pleasantest conditions. It is rather a surprise that more members do not patronize this fixture ; true, to the cyclist it is rather a long run for the Saturday afternoon, but it can be done easily with a little help from the railway, or by leaving a short portion for the Sunday morning. The country on the way and surrounding the town is delightful and accommodation excellent. It is to be hoped that more will be there next year ; with four men riding, starting wide apart, to look after, more help would be a great convenience.

Sunday was spent in wandering round the country, with lunch at beautiful Bibury where we were met by a contingent of our members who were to help the riders in the Bath Road "100," and we sat down 13 to table—quite a club run. On returning to Tewkesbury we were met by another three members and friends, and after discussing plans for the morrow

we all retired early. On Monday before 6 a.m. a thick mist covered the meadows, giving promise of great heat, which promise was fully implemented, and I think it is fair to say that early starters had the advantage, for the sun was exceedingly strong as the morning wore on. Three of our men were lucky enough to be dispatched early, but Byron had a long time to wait. The helpers got busy early, giving drinks on the Gloucester stretch out and home, and then raced to the other end of the course to give more nourishment. Then back to Tewkesbury to welcome the riders. When the final results were out we had every reason to be pleased, for not only had our men done well, but Lockett and Connor, with 22 and 27 minutes start, had captured the 2nd and 3rd handicap prizes respectively.

The actual times of the riders were : Lockett 4.48.51 ; Connor 4.54.57 ; Haynes 5.3.5 and Byron 5.14.36. Lockett and Connor deserve very hearty congratulations. Haynes was unlucky not to get inside 5 hours, but he was not too comfortable ; he had to use a strange handlebar. Byron had one disadvantage in starting late and another in having cycled down. Doubtless he rode down slowly, but it's a fairly long trek to do in the day and a half before a " 100," and just takes the edge off the vigour necessary to do a first class performance. He will do a lot better.

Fastest time was done by S. Nash, Cheltenham, 4.40.25. While the Nuneaton B.C. won the team race. Thanks are due to Don Birchall for his assistance in feeding.

After lunch we prepared for the homeward journey and then Connor discovered that he had had a very lucky escape. Whilst taking his front wheel out one of the forks came with it ; it was fractured just below the crown and had been held in place by the brake. He had felt that the wheel was somewhat loose, and had dismounted at about 70 miles to try to tighten it, so that for at least 30 miles, in the latter part of the ride, when he was putting in all he knew, he had but one fork to rely on. He was fixed up with a bicycle by one of the others and we all got home safely after a most enjoyable week-end in glorious sunshine.

RUNS.

Cavan, Monaghan and Armagh Highlands Tour, August 2nd-5th, 1935.

This successful tour was similar in many respects to that of August, 1932, in the Mourne mountains, Co. Down, As

was the case then, Chief Chandler was already on the job—riding a bicycle—for about a week in the “Emerald Isle” preceding the Club’s week-end. President Cook crossed in state, as usual, but this time not unaccompanied, for as fellow travellers to Dublin there was Murphy and some others of his family circle. Finally, unknown to all, renegade Elston was on the same boat—the *Lady Leinster*—quartered around the engines with far too many other “Pilgrims to Mecca.” The warmth of the meeting when disembarking can best be imagined, no time being lost in gathering at Murphy’s breakfast table, for which appointment, presumably, Chandler had been waiting on the spot all night.

After rolling out on the lawn for a “family” photograph, a latish start was compensated by the fine nature of the Navan road from which a deviation was made for Trim and lunch at the Central Hotel.

Draught Porter, Ireland’s famous brew, first gave relief at Cross Keys. Old ruins, mostly of monasteries, near to Trim, claimed attention but little time was lost and cameras were first employed on the evening beauties of Lough Ramore, in the vicinity of Virginia, where the “brew that cheers but not too much” was taken. Later, the ill-equipped Elston (but wait until later) felt the pinch of the elderly gents’ pace when he had to “bat” along on a pedal and a half. However, Cavan for the night—about 80 miles—saw our travellers in good time, the respectable folk going to the Farnham Hotel and the other one to the Bridge to halve expenses. A kindly garage hand made the pedal job O.K. by substituting a rubber one for a rat-trap, refusing payment for such small service, and then insisting on returning half of the shilling pressed on him!

A hopeful start was made on Sunday morning for the expected—and realized—best bits of the jaunt; well graded roads amongst the “high” lands, mostly of good surface, following a diverting route and bordering many of Monaghan’s lovely Loughs.

Hereabouts, W.P.’s back wheel indulged itself in a form of paroxysm culminating in three separate and distinct bursts with the tyre leaving the rim to disclose exposed wiring. Don’t dare to enquire of him if foreign rims take kindly to British tyres—or *vice versa*. Soon, mercifully, we arrived at Cootehill’s fine house—the “White Horse”—yet, we hope, to be a C.T.C. appointment, and besides a very fine lunch a new tyre put all square—or round—as the case may be. Sher-

cock was detoured as the clock was winning. Cootehill to Rock Corry was a particularly fine stretch and thence to Ballybay where tea was obtained. Shantonagh was just missed by an accident for which none was held responsible. Just before arrival at Castleblaney for the night—the Hope Arms—about 55 miles = totalling 135—our much-trying Presider was again in trouble. The back hub gradually tightened with at least one broken ball and though arrangements for repairs were put in the wrong hands immediately, it was until the next morn was well advanced that an Irishman who knew his job was found by the host of the truant Elston, who had stayed at The Central to secure more advantageous terms.

Perhaps the day—apart from sheer scenic beauty and healthy exercise—can best be described in the words of the principal actor who even went to the length of dreaming about wonky machines—“It’s terrible to think that every minute will be the next when your mouth is like a lime-kiln.” Of course, it was difficult to reach refreshment when bunkered in lonely spots. The day’s anti-climax was a very peaceful evening walk taken around the Lough Muckno demesne bordering the Lough, which is the largest in the County—600 acres.

Next day, the last and third in Ireland, provided a fitting climax, the border being quietly negotiated near Keady and thence Armagh, which provided bands and martial movements, not to mention the wine of the country. A suggestion of “collar-work” was still necessary in the hills to Hamiltons Bawn and Tanderagee, which failed to live up to anticipations of lunch there, so Chan worked it on the police telephone to the Imperial at Banbridge, where, as may be well understood, they made ample preparations.

Goodly company at table advised a detour from the main Belfast road at Lisburn, which was made after tea, taking that along the valley of the River Lagan over Shaws Bridge, where the last of photography was indulged amidst beautiful scenery and in sight of the house of one Barnett, not unknown in business by two-thirds of the caravan.

The last of trouble was a pretty little bunch of three punctures presented all at once to Elston, at the lunch stop, who was assisted in his labours by the kindly advice and attentions of both his elders. And so to dinner on the Belfast boat *Ulster Queen*, after refreshers in the smoke room, in all of which ceremonies the party was united, and before going to the place to which he rightly belonged, the lad was allowed to see the sumptuous quarters reserved for the “joint-leaders”

of the tour. The day yielded about 60 miles, totalling about 195 in all.

'Twas a very good show all round. Traffic almost *non est* in comparison with England. Judicious use of white lines is practised, as there are hardly any—particularly in the Free State. A thing to be watched is the recurrence of goats in all sorts of odd corners along the roads.

Fine weather graced all Chandler's arrangements for which he is due a debt of gratitude from the Club generally, though it didn't take much advantage of them.

Guinness's shares were very firm and advancing following the tour, but it is not certain that they will continue so.

Farndon, 10th August, 1935.

The burning question of the day was, could I reach Willaston corner by 3-30, having made a valiant start from Birkenhead at 2-30. I doubted it very much, especially when the local milkman dashed past on his heavily laden bicycle, but regained hope of a spot of pace when the Chandler bird winged its graceful way past, apparently quite oblivious of the presence of a fellow-member.

With a yell and much creaking of worn out machinery I drew alongside the treadler and made myself known, whereupon Chandler upset all his gargling plant and other delicate organs in asking me "What the lovely weather did I think I was riding?"

To say the least of it, I was sliced to the marrow, and would like to make it clear that a relative bought the machine built in '09 for ten bob, and I was having the ten bob's worth of agony which the relative had been done out of. The saddle is spacious, but reminds me of that popular refrain: "Sitting on a barbed wire gate."

However, let us try to recollect the run, painful as it may have been, Chandler dropped me in Willaston, where I luckily had a brain wave about a shortage of tobacco. Later I was dragged from a comfortable position in the ditch by the Skipper, also Perkins, Byron, Preston and Thomas, and bowled along gently into Chester. I noticed these racing men having a regular dog-fight to tuck in behind me, they knew a good man when they saw one.

Jonas joined us in Eaton Park and I still cannot detect any signs of the domestic rolling pin on that noble brow, so I suppose married life cannot be all that bad. (Far too complicated a business for you!!—ED.) Cups of tea gurgled

down our throats at the Iron Bridge, accompanied by racing talk, which caused a heavy deflation in my chest. However, by dint of a flying start at the other end of the bridge, the Harold Band tandem, Powell, and Threlfall were all dropped at speed, and I thankfully applied the brake (a mere matter of form, the result being noisy but negligible) and clattered into the yard of the "Raven."

A goodly company was assembled, the Presider back from the birth-place of Guinness, Jack Seed, Hubert the Genial with "small pal" Buckley, Lockett fresh from his splendid ride in the Speedwell "100," receiving well-earned congratulations, and many more whom I should like to mention individually. (J. C. Band, Elias, Knipe, Mercer, Edwards, Cody, Kettle, Green, Roberts, Ryalls, Venables, Rowatt, Haynes, George Newall and two friends.—ED.)

The trip home was more to my liking, as the married ones and the "tea-totalers" dashed ahead to feed the canary and left a select few to quench their thirst in the proper manner, instead of worrying about an imaginary poker waiting for them at the end of the journey.

Home was reached well after lighting-up time, without lamps, but why worry? The roads were pleasant, the company excellent, the beer unsurpassable—what more could a relic of the past desire? A spell between the old sheets! Thanks! (And Thanks! but please do not write on both sides of the paper next time!—ED.)

Invitation "12" and Ride for Tricycle Trophy, 17th August, 1935.

Perhaps the greatest surprise was the ride of our "promising novice"; although Byron excels at "50's," his "death" in "100's" is so graceful that we wondered what he would do in a "12." His ride of 220 $\frac{1}{4}$ makes the handicap certain for him, and we are delighted. Pugh, with his greatly improved ride, merits second handicap and with this encouragement we do hope he will attend more Club Runs. We would like to see him on other occasions than races. And lastly, but most certainly not least, Jack Pitchford wins third handicap in addition to furthest distance award with a great ride of 232 miles, his personal best and course record.

We had only one tricycle entrant; Syd Jones propelled his "Barrer" round to the tune of 198 $\frac{1}{4}$ miles and fourth in the list. If he had been fit—we know he was not—the distance of well over 200 miles would have been his.

INTERMEDIATE TIMES:—

Bicycles (103 miles).—Pitchford 5.19; Brown 5.21; Halifax 5.23; J. E. Carr 5.23; Shubert 5.26; Byron 5.30.

Tricycles (100½ miles).—Parker 5.43; A. L. Abram 5.43; Jackson 6.0; Jonas 5.51½.

Orrell and Salt retired owing to wheel trouble; Haynes had a long attack of the "slows"; Lloyd was troubled with his back and wisely gave in at Handley.

COMPLETE FINISHING LIST:

BICYCLES.	CLUB.	DISTANCE		PRIZE VALUE.	
		m.	f.	£	s. d.
1. J. Pitchford Anfield B.C.	232	0	3	3 0
2. F. T. Brown Potteries C.C.	229	4	2	2 0
3. F. Shubert Chelt'ham and City.	227	1	1	1 0
4. G. A. Halifax Calvea Rd. Club ...	225	2	Silver Medal	
5. A. E. Byrnes Mersey Rds. Club ...	223	2	"	
6. J. E. Carr Anfield B.C.	223	1	"	
7. E. Byron Anfield B.C.	220	2		
8. A. J. Carr Anfield B.C.	219	6		
9. F. Heginbotham Manchester Wed.	218	6		
10. W. T. Cobb Mid. Shrop. Whlrs.	218	0		
11. S. T. Carver B'head Victoria ...	215	2		
12. T. W. Heginbotham Manchester Wed.	214	0		
13. H. E. Whitbread Withington Whlrs.	212	4		
14. L. Kershaw Leeds Westfield ...	208	2		
15. C. Quinn Warrington Rds.	207	6		
16. S. W. Harper Walsall Rds.	204	3		
17. { R. J. Pugh Anfield B.C.	198	4		
{ H. Thomas Anfield B.C.	198	4		
TRICYCLES.					
1. Smith Parker Cheshire Rds.	209	6	3	3 0
2. A. L. Abram Westerley Rds.	207	5	2	2 0
3. W. O. Jackson Lancashire Rds.	204	1	1	1 0
4. J. S. Jonas Anfield B.C.	198	2	Silver Medal	
5. K. Yardley Mersey Rds. Club ...	190	2	"	
6. H. Parkes Mersey Rds. Club ...	188	6		
7. H. R. Warburton Cheshire Rds. Club	187	6		
8. A. L. Littlemore Veg. C. & A.C.	173	0		

A. LUSTY, R.R.A. Timekeeper.

F. E. MARRIOTT, Hon. Racing Secretary.

Little Budworth, 24th August, 1935.

Doubtless many members, like the writer, set out for Little Budworth having in mind pleasant memories of runs in the past to this attractive little Cheshire village, for, up to five or six years ago, it appeared regularly in our list of fixtures. The day was bright and sunny, with a breeze that was not troublesome, and a temperature that was not too high. It was, in short, a fine August day on which it was a sheer delight to ride a bicycle and enjoy the freedom of movement along leafy lanes, through cool woods, and by happy harvest fields.

The "Red Lion" had been warned to expect about fifteen members, but actually twenty arrived, including, in addition to the regular band of the faithful, who can be relied upon for every run, a few who can only come occasionally. Among these may be mentioned Elias and Brian Band, the latter straight from the sea. The former was overheard to tell Chandler that he was about to spend a holiday at Clynog, whereupon Chandler, out of the capacious store of his accurate topographical knowledge, furnished him at once with a brief description of the Rivals, the exact height of each peak, the best routes up, and the best points from which to take photographs!

The larger attendance threw some strain on the seating accommodation and the food supply, a few of the slower eaters suffering in the matter of the "sweets," but on the whole the house may be said to have acquitted itself to our satisfaction.

After the usual interval devoted to tobacco and gossip the party separated for their various destinations—the President for duty very early next morning as Timekeeper for the Tricycle Association "50," Chandler for Stone, and the rest for home.

(Others present were: Lucas, Knipe, Rowatt, Lockett, Hughes, Haynes, Rigby Band, Green, Marriott, Cody, Mercer, Burgess, Royden, Byron, Thomas, and Perkins. Edwards and Ven, in car, had a breakdown near Arrowse Park and put back to Wallasey with a cracked cylinder head. We understand that Teddy attempted to assuage his grief in missing the run by purchasing motor-transport to Bettws!—E.D.)

Highwayside, 31st August, 1935.

I started from Birkenhead about 2-15 and between Clatterbridge and Willaston was overtaken by McCann and

J. H. Williams, both in cars (neither of whom came to the run). Onward to Chester and the 9th milestone on the Whitchurch road, where I turned up the Barnhill, the surface having been improved. I then rode on to Peckforton and got a cup of tea at the Beeston fork. Thence via Bunbury to the venue. On arrival, shortly after 5-30, I found Rowatt and Ven with their feet already in the trough, the reason being that Rowatt had to get a bus back shortly after 6, to catch his connection at Chester. We were told that a venerable old gentleman, smoking a cigar had already had tea and had departed for Matlock—Edward Edwards, Esq. Threlfall had escaped from Hell's Mouth at an early hour and had smashed through via Ffestiniog, Bala and Llangollen; the day's excitement already having yielded three figures. H. R. Band and the Missus were on the tandem and the party was made up by Cody, Chandler, Royden, Powell, Haynes, Thomas, Mercer, Green, Lucas, Kettle, Knipe and Poole (R.).

The Presider was timing the Palatine "50" on the morrow and had made for Garstang via Warrington in the morning, whilst some of the younger lads had apparently steered in the same direction. ♦ Afterwards most of the party made for home, whilst Chandler week-ended at Eccleshall, discovering on the morrow that the by-roads through Bishops Offley and Cheswardine are in excellent condition, but that the roads through Shavington Park are terrible.

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ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

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MONTHLY CIRCULAR

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No. 356.

FIXTURES FOR OCTOBER, 1935.

Tea at 6-0 p.m.

Light up at

Oct. 5	Halewood (Derby Arms)	7-42 p.m.
„ 12/13	Autumnal Tints Tour	5-54 p.m.
	Llanarmon D.C. (West Arms)		
„ 14	Committee Meeting, 7-0 p.m.	(Victoria Hotel, St. John's Lane, Liverpool).	
„ 19	Little Budworth (Red Lion)	5-39 p.m.
„ 26	Mold (Dolphin)	5-24 p.m.
Nov. 2	Halewood (Derby Arms)	5-9 p.m.

ALTERNATIVE FIXTURES.

Tea at 5-30 p.m.

Oct. 12	Northwich (Crown and Anchor)	5-54 p.m.
„ 26	Lymm (Spread Eagle)	5-24 p.m.
Nov. 2	Goostrey (Red Lion)	5-9 p.m.

Full Moon ... 12th inst.

Summer Time Ends, 6th inst.

NOTICE.

All communications should be addressed to The Editor, 22 Holly Bank Road, Birkenhead. They should be written legibly, on one side of the paper only, and should bear the name of the sender.

The Hon. Treasurer's address is R. L. Knipe, 138 Moscow Drive, Stoneycroft, Liverpool, 13, 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.

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COMMITTEE NOTES.

4 THE LAUND,
WALLASEY, CHESHIRE.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS.—Mr. N. S. Heath, 120 New Road, Rubery, Rednal, Birmingham. Mr. H. M. Horrocks, Ministry of Transport, Northernhey Gate, Queen Street, Exeter.

Members attending Northwich on October 12th are requested to order what they require for Tea on arrival.

H. W. POWELL,
Hon. General Secretary.

TREASURY NOTES.

THE Autumn tints make an early appearance with this issue, in the form of the Red Slips which some of you will receive.

I hope this reminder will stimulate the recipients into prompt action. I am especially anxious that you should let me have your overdue subscriptions by the 10th October at the latest, as I shall be away from home and unable to deal with Club matters for a few weeks. Please make a special effort to help me.

My thanks are due to the undernoted members from whom I have received subscriptions and/or donations(*) during the past month.

G. B. Burgess.	H. M. Horrocks.	T. E. Mandall.
G. E. Carpenter.	D. M. Kaye.	A. Newall.
*W. P. Cook.	D. C. Kinghorn.	J. T. Preece.
C. F. Hawkes.	J. Leece.	S. T. Threlfall.
N. S. Heath.	G. P. Mills.	O. T. Williams.

R. LEIGH KNIPE,
Hon. Treasurer.

EDITORIAL.

OUR thanks are due and are hereby conveyed to all those members who have said such nice things and offered us their congratulations on the publication of our initial literary efforts as embodied in the *Circular* for September. We may say here that their appreciation far surpasses our most sanguine expectations. Of course we had a fairly easy thing on,

as, in addition to there being five week-ends in the month, there were three Club tours to report, in addition to the races. However, the main object is to keep up a high standard of interest as far as we can, but this will be quite impossible without the help of others, and we again appeal to everyone to let us have as much copy as possible. We thank all those who helped us to contribute to the compilation of the September number, and we also thank those who have assisted us with the current publication, and without in any sense belittling the efforts of our other contributors, we would like to draw touring members' attention to the excellent informative record of a tour in Argyle which Norman Turvey has sent us for publication this month. It is in every way of extreme practical use and can be traced out in detail on the map and used as a complete guide by anyone wishing to spend a few days holiday in this part of Scotland.

Before concluding, we should like to appeal for humorous contributions as those in past years have been such a source of attraction to the membership generally, and have been so largely instrumental in retaining the interest of absentees in the old Club's doings.

Those members who have not paid their subscription for the current year will now be in receipt of a red slip of warning. At the last Committee Meeting the Treasurer read out no less than 66 names of those who remained indebted to the Club, out of a total membership of about 180. This represents 37 per cent. Truly a formidable proportion. Of these, three owe for two years. Most of the names read out are the same names that have been read out at this time of the year for several years, and these delinquents continually give the Treasurer and Committee the same amount of work and anxiety in getting their subscriptions collected in time to obtain a comprehensive view of the financial position of the Club, which is submitted to the Committee at the December meeting and for preparation of correct accounts for the A.G.M. We rather fancy that the omission is caused more by forgetfulness at the crucial moment, than through wilful lack of interest, and we would therefore exhort all those members in question to go without delay to one of the Branches of Martins Bank and pay in a cheque or cash to the credit of the Club at Tue Brook Branch. This is much better than bringing the money out to a Club run and has the advantage of getting rid of the thing at once.

AT RANDOM.

THE Owls' Michaelmas Goose Feast takes place at Ivinghoe on the 12th inst. Anyone interested and who is not going on the Autumnal Tints Tour should get in touch with the Scribe-Owl—R. Sterry Maden, Ostrich Inn, Colnbrook, Bucks.

* * *

Week-ending and Manchester members will be interested to hear that the Lamb, at Nantwich has had yet another, change of Manageress and that the new appointee is Miss Kelt who has been second in command for so many years.

* * *

Lord Horrocks is taking up new duties under a Ministry of Transport appointment at Exeter. We wish him every success in his enterprise and trust that when he returns to this part of the world on holiday, his attendances at Club runs will be a little more frequent than hitherto.

* * *

We congratulate Albert Lusty on his magnificent ride in the Midland "12" during which he covered 192½ miles, a remarkable feat for a man of his age.

* * *

We are delighted to find that our new Wireless Broadcasting Service is being a success and that the sound waves have penetrated into the deep recesses of Cheadle Hulme, with the following result:—

"Dear Mr. Editor,—As a reader of every word of every issue from the first number of the *Anfield Circular* up to date, I wish to inform you that my interest in the good old Club has in no way abated. My medical adviser advocates total abstinence from cycling and alcohol, and though I obey with regret, I have to admit that his treatment is meeting with success.

"For some time I have been promising myself a visit to a Club run, though this will, of course, involve an investment in Home Rails.

"Please don't be very surprised if on some Saturday the prodigal returns. It will not be necessary to kill the fatted calf—besides veal is very indigestible, isn't it?"

Yours sincerely,

C. H. TURNOR."

(We have replied to this courtesy and have suggested that the promised visit may take place on as early a date as possible.—ED.)

We understand that Mr. S. H. Bailey was seen by the Presider the other Saturday, but that in this case the sound waves had apparently failed to connect with Mr. Bailey's optical ear-drums, for in answer to the Presider's sudden greeting of "So this is the result of the Broadcast, is it?" the former expressed ignorance of the wireless message, but hastened to explain that he had just returned from holiday. Motto—Always read your *Circular* without delay, as you never know what message it may contain needing prompt action.



On the 11th ult. the Parkgate Prattlers received a nasty shock. On assembling at the usual time at the rendezvous they were dismayed to see their café (Prosser's) occupied. We think the Parkgate Mothers were throwing a Shrimp Tea—at any rate the place was crammed full of chattering women. We disconsolately adjourned to the walls and were wondering how long the orgy would last, when one of the damsels from the café tripped across and invited us into an upper room. Greatly relieved we all trooped upstairs to a very comfortable dug-out which also had the advantage of being private so that no one else could be disturbed by our talk about the finer points of cycles—their construction and propulsion.

Another item of interest happened that night—the tide was up! With the aid of a lighted match we could distinctly see the water lapping against the river wall.



Scene.—Wild Wales the other Sunday morning.

Dramatis personae.—Two eccentric-looking old gentlemen riding tricycles on their way from A. to R. One cross-eyed inn-keeper. One local habitué.

Second Old Gentleman to First Old Gentleman at the top of the N-Y-G Pass: "Do you think there will be any chance of liquid refreshment before getting to R?"

First Old Gentleman: "No, I hardly think so, unless we can wangle one at L."

(Arrival outside the hostelry at L.)

First Old Gentleman: "We might be able to get a grape-fruit, dry-ginger, or milk and barley-water!"

(Second old gentleman nearly collapses.)

They both enter the inn.

First Old Gentleman perceives the cross-eyed landlord, sidles up to him and whispers something mysterious, on hearing which the cross-eyed landlord looks him over to make sure he is not the local police-inspector disguised in knickerbockers and cashmere stockings.

(Suddenly a voice from the rear)

The Habitué : " Good morning, Mr. C——, I've seen yer often in these parts."

Complete transformation on the part of the cross-eyed landlord, who fills two glasses of a brown coloured liquid with expedition, which the thirsty Old Gentlemen pour down their gullets without stopping to take breath.

Curtain, and Exit the two Old Gentlemen, feeling very pleased with the amenities of wild Wales.

Answers to Correspondence.

J.H.F., Ingestre.—We would suggest that the best time to invite your friends to a potato-pie supper would be during the winter months, this being the period these functions are usually held.

VEN., Wallasey.—We think you are mistaken, we have a recollection of having seen Hubert walking into a bar, but have certainly never seen him walking out of one.

G.H.L., Bettws.—We are glad to hear that you are deeply considering the accuracy of your statement that the present roads are " far better for cyclists than they used to be." We suggest you should ride your own bicycle up to the Swallow Falls on a hot afternoon when the tar is sticky and return full tilt down the hill and see how you like the rough surface.

" BRIGHT HOME," Rock Ferry.—We do not as a rule answer questions " view matrimony," excepting under very extenuating circumstances. As your case may possibly come under this category we imagine we could find you a suitable blonde with a dowry, who might be prevailed upon to keep you for the rest of your life, without it being necessary for you to do any more work.

G.S., Prescott.—You would probably find Suffolk a bit hilly as a touring county. We would suggest you left your bicycle at home and tried a walking tour.

H.G., Ashton.—See reply to G.S., Prescott.

W.P.C., Brunswick.—If, as you say, you felt a certain amount of disinclination to walk across Carrick-a-Rede swing-bridge, we certainly would not advise you to try going across upside down, on hands only.

H.L.E., Corn Market.—The tyre should certainly be removed at the valve first; you were lucky you did not irreparably damage the wires. Your elders were quite right in admonishing you.

E.S., Bebington.—If your own plumber is unable to fit the taps on your outfit permanently, we would advise you to try another plumber.

BOOKS.

“*Adam's Fifth Rib*,” by THOMAS ROYDEN.

OWING to the length of Mr. Royden's memoirs we have had to refrain from a considered criticism of the book as a whole, but as considerable interest has been aroused in the publication we now append the chapter heads which we think will give readers the necessary information.

Chapter I.

I am born in a cave.—Early years with Methuselah.—Cheops and I build the Pyramids.—I give the glad eye to Pharaoh's daughter.—Pharaoh's anger.—Escape into the bull-rushes.

Chapter II.

The Trojan War.—Helen of Troy.—The Judgment of Thomas.—Our private life.—Flight to the Queen of Sheba.—Sanctuary.—The Dark Ages.

Chapter III.

The Middle Ages.—The Lady of the Camelias and I ride a tandem.—Escape the guillotine and join the Anfield Bicycle Club.

Chapter IV.

Days on a farm at Tranmere.—Horse sense and horse-flesh.—I become the oldest inhabitant.—Cuff old Parr for giving impudence.—Sell Johnny Band a pre-war bottle of whisky.

Chapter V.

Tour with Zammy to Swindon.—We ride over everything and see nothing.—My adventures with Lady Ursula.—How I humbled the House of Grosvenor.—Join the Archaeological Society and fall asleep in Cartmell Priory.

Chapter VI.

Tour to Gloucester.—The New Inn.—The Monks' Retreat.—The Cobwebs.—The Girls.—I have the Time of my Life.—Save the life of a man on a horse.—Nearly get lost near Albrighton.—The Deluge.

Chapter VII.

Government Appointment (in preference to thousands of others) as Minister of Youth and Beauty.—Exciting days (and nights) judging Beauty Contests.—Ride 100 miles in a day.—Still going strong.

Which pretty well goes to show that the Author must have been "one of the Bhoys."—(SUB-EDITOR).

*TOURING NOTES.**ARGYLESHIRE (by Norman Turvey.)*

WE took a night train from Leeds, which landed us at Kilmarnock at about 7 a.m. Our jumping off place was Gourock, and detraining at Kilmarnock instead of at Glasgow, saved time and money and gave a pleasanter ride via the coast of 40 miles, with splendid views of the peaks of Arran. At Gourock we ferried over to Dunoon (2/- return with cycles—these Clyde steamers must be gold mines). We found Dunoon only little better than other Scottish seaside resorts. We obtained an excellent lunch at Cot House Inn (45 miles), at the head of the Holy Loch—so excellent that an early digestive siesta was demanded. The road along Loch Eck is pleasant enough, though I was expecting wilder scenery. We dropped rapidly down to Loch Fyne at Strachur (59 miles) and northward along the shore past St. Catharines (64) with fine views of Inverary on the west side of the loch. We put up for the night comfortably at Cairndow Inn (71), at the western foot of the "Rest and Be Thankful." (S.R. and B. 9/-).

Next morning we rounded the head of Loch Fyne on the main Glasgow-Campbelltown highway, reconstructed most of the way, and so came to Inverary (10) with its castle—the seat of the Duke of Argyll. Loch Fyne is about 40 miles long, and comparatively dull I think in scenery, except north of Inverary, where it becomes very lovely. The road to Cladich (20) on Loch Awe rises steadily at first through forests of enormous pines in Glen Aray. We rode south along Loch Awe "sandwich and beering" at Port Sonachan Hotel (24).

The gem of this stretch is the ruined Innis Chonell castle on its islet. At Ford Hotel (41) we ran into heavy rain which drenched us all the way round by Kilmelfort (58). (Melfort Pass ridden heroically in capes), and Kilninver to Oban (74), where two drowned Sassenachs were hospitably treated at the simple Woodside Hotel (R. and B., 6/6). Some whisky was indicated as insurance (shall we say), and *after* the whisky we had a hot bath and it is worth recording that I discovered my companion scrubbing his back with the closet brush.

Oban we thought a trifle better as a seaside resort, especially at Ganavan Bay a mile to the north. Thence we rode to Connel (7) and finished a mighty morning's effort of 14 miles with sandwiches and ale at Taynuilt, preparatory to hailing the boatman and crossing Loch Etive at Bonawe Ferry. The crossing gives excellent views up the wild but roadless Glen Etive and also of stately Ben Cruachan (3,689 ft.) In hot sun we laboured through little Glen Salach over to Loch Creran and round it to Portnacroish (34) for tea at a cottage. The evening's run to Ballachulish (49) was a complete glory—the peaks of Morven silhouetted by the westerling sun, the shimmering gold of Loch Linnhe and the Paps of Glencoe rose-tinted at their summits. We rode via the rough old road to Clachaig Inn (53), in Glencoe, on the site of the massacre—a simple inn which produced a magnificent D.R. and B. for 7/6.

Having seen Glencoe with its old road and now with the new, I am of opinion that we have simply swapped the romance of the old journey for the comfort of the new. No more acidulated struggles up steep pitches! I don't consider such a puny thing as a road *can* spoil such immense scenery. One congratulates the engineers on their carefully replaced grass verges rather than the concrete which they might have put down. The concrete bridge arches and occasional stretches of concrete posts rather hit one with their ugly newness and incongruity. Instead of the old agonizing bumping and slithering down to Bridge of Orchy (21), we "freed" deliriously at 30's! But the course of the new road denies the traveller the glimpse of the wild and rocky combe at Ba Bridge, and it also cuts out Inveroran Hotel, with Loch Tulla.

There being no pub at Bridge of Orchy we had to endure a horrid café and passed on into Glen Orchy, an ordinary glen made wild by its wickedly black and gurgling River Orchy. By now it was raining heavily so we were glad of tea and a dry out at a house in Dalmally (34). We returned to Oban (60) for a second night, via Loch Awe and the Pass of Brander.

Next day in steady, fine rain we rode south to Kilmelfort (16), where we "sandwiched and beered" before commencing the steep ascent and fine lonely road from there to Loch Avich (24), and on to Kilchrenan and Taychreggan Hotel on Loch Awe for tea (34). Roads in Scotland are being so much improved that this little old rough mountain lane was a real joy. After tea we whistled like Hades for the boatman on the other side of the Loch and were ultimately put across. From just south of Cladich the head of Loch Awe reminds one very much of Loch Maree. Ruined Kilchurn Castle on the road to Dalmally (45) is a real memorial to the romance of Scottish clan history—a particularly finely situated ruin. A new surface made the climb up Glen Lochy to Tyndrum (56) a mere doddle, and, approaching Crianlarich, heavy thunder rain tempted us to doss for shelter in a house just short of the village—the foulest hole of a "temperance hotel" I've ever been in. We were robbed of 8/- for S.R. and B. It wasn't worth eight pence. (The Post Office would have been found O.K. !—ED.)

Our last day took us down lovely Glen Falloch (see the Falls of Falloch) to Loch Lomond side at Ardlui (9), Tarbet (18), and over to Arrochar (20) on Loch Long, where we "sandwiched and beered" and listened to the barnmaid's funny stories. "Rest and Be Thankful" was next tackled—no longer a lonely, fearsome, stony track, but a wide, smooth trunk road (Glasgow/Campbelltown), and lousy with cars. At the top we got rid of the noise and stench and found Highland solitude again via Glen Goil and Hell's Glen, to the attractive hotel at St. Catherine's (39) for tea. We retraced our steps to Loch Eck and at Whistlefield Inn turned up and over and down bonny Glen Finart to Loch Long and so via Ardentinny and Strone to Kilmun. Here we rang up the Cot House Inn, one mile ahead, to ask for rooms and dinner. Inside half an hour we had bathed and were getting outside of soup, Loch Eck salmon (two whacks for me), roast lamb and three vegetables, custard and apple pie, beer, tea, cakes and the Lord knows what (D.R. and B., 10/6). A fine finish up to a fine trip (got the name down Frank!) (Already done so !—ED.).

Next morning we watched them netting salmon in the river and then returned to Dunoon, ferried to Wemyss Bay, rode back to Kilmarnock for a good supper at the Station Hotel and "night-trained" back to Leeds. Total mileage 419. Cost (food and beds only), 11/- a day.

THE ISLE OF WIGHT (by J. R. Band).

In spite of the month being June a cold mist was blowing up Spithead as we embarked at Southsea for the Garden of England. Landing at Ryde we climbed the hill behind the town, but turned back owing to poor visibility, the evening was spent seeing the sights (*sic*) of Ryde.

Next morning, clad in capes, we commenced to tour the Island. At Shanklin we saw the sea for a moment and continued over the hill to Ventnor, a pretty watering place almost deserted on account of the weather. From here a well-wooded shelf-road follows the coast some 200 feet above the sea, but the rain blotted out what might have been a beautiful view.

Turning inland from Chale the country becomes more open. Rolling fields take the place of wooded hills.

Disappointedly we took ship from Yarmouth to Lymington, watching the Island fade out as it had appeared through the mist.

(What might have been a pleasant tourlet, spoilt by bad weather.—ED.)



NORFOLK and SUFFOLK (by C. F. Elias).

The railway took me to King's Lynn by breakfast and luncheon cars by 3 o'clock on the last Thursday in June, and, after a "wheel stroll" round the town to see the old water-side buildings and the ancient houses, I was gently helped along by a useful breeze to Castle Rising and through the lanes to the gates of Sandringham and a view of the famous mansion.

With intermittent and distant views of the sea I came to Hunstanton—a pleasant seaside townlet with many remaining signs of its Civic Jubilee loyalty.

The north coast road turns east here—slightly undulating, it travels through Brancaster with fine views over the bay and touches such delightful places as Burnham and Overy Staithe, before running along the well-wooded country by Holkham Park to Wells-near-the-Sea. (You can ride *through* Holkham Park.—ED.)

Here is a place that, with its strange old harbour-buildings and its puzzling byeway of streets, presents a picture of quiet and forgotten times.

In some curiously found corner of the upper town I found a pleasant green with an excellent inn for tea. Had I known in time I might have called upon a once famous cyclist who

lives here and talked of many things—as it was I enjoyed the solitude and made my way by the true coast road (which left turning may easily be missed) along the edge of the salt marshes.

A lonely road I found it as far as inhabitants went, but it was a refreshingly new experience to travel with such a wide expanse of salt marsh stretching away to the North Sea and keeping pace with me as I rode eastwards.

The home of unnumbered sea-birds and wild-fowl—friend Chandler would enjoy a quiet week along this coast and find scores of things to interest him. (Yes, I'm certain he would.—ED.)

In so far as one has ever visualised the characteristics and individuality of a county, this stretch of coastline is definitely and thoroughly Norfolk.

Before reaching the truly Norfolk resorts of Sheringham and Cromer there were many wayside churches and villages quaintly named, with perfect settings, along the roadway. (Mostly Perp. style with high towers.—ED.) Blakeney, with its windmill, Cley-next-the-Sea and Weybourne.

Sheringham and Cromer were both well worth seeing—there was plenty of sea—sea right up to the doorsteps of the spacious and comfortable-looking hotels—and views illimitable across the water in the soft evening light.

But I rejected the charms of Cromer and turned southward, making for North Walsham (a place of unknown hospitality and interest), chiefly because it would shorten my journey to Southwold on the following day.

The King's Arms sheltered me for the night in reasonable comfort and at moderate cost, and I set off about nine on the following morning, after looking at the Market Square as the chief attraction.

The sun was soon warm and the lanes changing direction but always leading south-eastwards showed some good river scenes by the little river Ant, with Dilham Hall in the distance. Then I saw one of the lesser known broads between Rollesby and Ormesby, and came to the great and ancient town of Yarmouth, with two miles of sea front, of which nearly half is given up to pleasure gardens, piers, hotels, shops and boarding houses and, finding myself at the end of all these things, I took refuge in a ferry boat across the harbour water and by Oulton Broad to Southwold. The latter offers many and varied attractions in the old-world churches nearby and the school festivities which had taken me to the county were equally varied.

At four o'clock on Monday I resumed the tour and rode by Saxmundham to Wickham Market where I had tea in a small inn (a home of the Ancient Order of Buffaloes).

At Woodbridge I turned across the Common and came to Bawdsey Ferry, still open to cyclists, but to motorists a closed book, to finish at Felixstowe for the night and train home next day.

A short and somewhat broken tour, but an example of picking up the unconsidered trifles of life to some advantage.



OFF THE BEATEN TRACK IN CENTRAL WALES

(by D. Smith).

THE following account of a week-end spent in Central Wales by two members and a friend may prove of interest. Before describing the route a few words of warning are necessary. Firstly, it should only be attempted in fine weather. To set out in bad weather, or after a rainy spell would be foolish owing to the very boggy nature of the mountain tracks. Secondly, anyone who follows our route must be prepared to walk almost as much as he will ride. Lastly, ample iron rations should be carried. This is definitely not a region in which to get hunger knock.

Our journey commences at Llangurig. After following the main Aberystwyth road for a mile towards the latter town, a lane branching off to the left is followed, crossing the Wye by a bridge and shortly afterwards fording a tributary stream near a farmhouse. Here the first long walk begins. The track works round the shoulder of Mynydd-y-Defaid, reaching a height of 1,746 feet before descending steeply to a wide stream which we were able to ford. After rain it would be necessary to use a footbridge which may be found a little lower down-stream. Another steep, but shorter, climb follows before descending to the old Aberystwyth coach road in the Ystwyth Valley.

It was almost dark when we arrived on the valley road, and we had a somewhat hectic ride down through Cwm Ystwyth and Pont-rhyd-y-groes to Ysptyty Ystwyth. On this section the road surface is poor and there are a series of nasty little hills. We could not muster a decent light between the three of us. In addition, our friend the Bishop had the bonk, which, however, did not prevent him from using very unepiscopal language as he bounced from one pot-hole to

another. We found quite good accommodation at the Star Inn, Ysppyty Ystwyth.

We left here at 10 a.m. on a hot Sunday morning. Three miles down the Tregaron road, at Ffair Rhos, we were already thirsty. After a little persuasion the good-looking member of the expedition was induced to visit the local innkeeper—just to see how the land lay. Result, three pints of bitter—and a bottle for each saddle bag. Good work, Norman. (But keep this to yourselves.—ED.)

From Ffair-Rhos, thus fortified, we began the climb across the hills to the Elan Valley. For two or three miles the road is good, but beyond, the surface gets rough and the hills steep. However, there are rideable bits, but in any case it is no hardship to walk hereabouts, for the views are superb and cannot be fully enjoyed from the saddle.

Shortly after passing the last of the Teifi Lakes there is a steep descent to a stream. Somewhere shortly beyond here a track should be looked out for, branching off to the left. We missed it through following the well-defined track leading to Claerwen Farm. This mistake caused us to have a very hard struggle across the open hillside above Claerwen before we regained the correct route. It would be advisable for anyone who did find himself at Claerwen to make enquiries there as to the best way of regaining the route, which crosses the River Claerwen about half a mile above the farm.

Regaining the track we shortly afterwards reached the highest point—1,752 feet. From here onwards the track is fairly well defined, though there are boggy patches which would present a knotty problem in wet or misty weather.

Perhaps the finest view of all is to be obtained as the first of the Elan Lakes and Craig Goch come into view. It made a magnificent picture. The lake far below, coloured deep purple, and making a fine splash of colour amidst the varying greens of the hills.

A rapid descent down the bumpy, but rideable, track brought us to the dust and petrol fumes of the lakeside road. It has taken us $7\frac{1}{2}$ hours to cover 14 miles from Ysppyty Ystwyth, but our travelling had been of a very leisurely order and the time could be much improved upon if necessary. But it would be a mistake to hurry through such scenery.

(A very fine crossing, but obviously one that should only be attempted under fairly dry conditions, and where it is imperative to make an early start or to have plenty of daylight to spare.—ED.)

RACES.

Palatine C.C. "50," 1st September, 1935.

We had six riders in this race, all of whom started and finished. J. J. Salt was fastest of "Ours" with a welcome return to his 2.13 form. The morning, though fine, was not considered to be fast by the riders, so that Warburton's 2.9 was a sterling performance. The Walton C. & A.C. and Lancashire R.C. were 1st and 2nd respectively in the team race.

The following were the leading times:—

1st	A. Warburton ...	Lancs. R.C. ...	2. 9.38
2nd	L. J. Ross ...	East L'pool W. ...	2.12. 8
3rd	B. W. Bentley	Walton C. & A.C. ...	2.12. 7
7th	J. J. Salt ...	"Ours" ...	2.13.58
	J. Pitchford ...	" ...	2.18.17
	J. E. Carr ...	" ...	2.18.42
	E. Byron ...	" ...	2.20.40
	G. Lockett ...	" ...	2.23.38
	W. G. Connor	" ...	2.24. 8

~ ~ ~

Manchester Wheelers' "12," 15th September, 1935.

We had only two riders in the above event, Salt and Lockett, and unfortunately neither of them finished. The weather conditions were atrocious, a wind of gale force, heavy rain, and extreme cold early on. Lockett desisted at 65 miles owing to cold, and at 144 miles Salty came into Highwayside with his back wheel badly buckled. We endeavoured to take the kink out of it, but it took so long that Jack decided to retire. C. Holland, M.C. & A.C., was the winner with a mileage of 236½. Perhaps the biggest surprise was the placing of W. Ward, the handicap winner of our "100"—he finished 2nd with 234 miles. As usual there was a splendid muster of members out along the course, giving a helping hand.

RUNS.

Fourth 50 Miles Handicap, 7th September, 1935.

The last Club race of the year was run off under ideal conditions. There was an entry of twelve, with ten starters and nine finishers.

Salt was fastest at No Man's Heath with 34F mins., followed closely by J. E. Carr, 35 mins., Lockett 35½ mins., and Byron and Connor 36 mins., Pugh 37½ mins., Haynes and Hughes 38 mins., the latter riding his first race, Thomas 39 mins., and Jonas 40½ mins. on a tricycle. The "trike" retired shortly afterwards.

At Bickerton, Salt was still leading and the "field" in practically the same order, but at No Man's Heath on the way home, 38 miles, Lockett was second with 1.44 to Salt's 1.41½, and Byron was level with Carr at 1.45½, Connor 1.46¾, Haynes 1.49, Pugh 1.49¼, Hughes 1.51, and Thomas 1.51½.

Thomas had two punctures, but managed to finish inside "evens," and Arthur Hughes put up a very fine first performance without being in the least distressed, and won the first handicap.

Lockett won second handicap with a very good ride and Haynes put up his best "50" yet and was third. Salt was fastest with a return to the times we expect from him.

The finishers' times are as follows:—

	Actual.	H'cap.	Nett.	Prize.
		Mins.		
1. A. Hughes ...	2.29.50	20	2. 9.50	£2 2 0 Std. " B "
2. G. Lockett ...	2.18.22	7	2.11.22	£1 11 6
3. E. Haynes, Jr. ...	2.23.14	10	2.13.14	£1 1 0 Std. " C "
4. J. J. Salt ...	2.13.37	Scr.	2.13.37	£2 2 0 Fastest.
5. E. Byron ...	2.19.29	5	2.14.29	
6. R. J. Pugh ...	2.29.50	15	2.14.50	
7. W. G. Connor ...	2.24.15	9	2.15.15	
8. J. E. Carr ...	2.21.18	3	2.18.18	
9. H. Thomas ...	2.29.52	11	2.18.52	
				£6 16 6

Timekeeper.—W. P. Cook.

Acton Bridge, 14th September, 1935.

A typical September day, with the wind blowing at gale force. A good muster of 20 sat down to an excellent tea and, thanks to the absence of the Neston gourmand, everyone had

plenty to eat. The conversation was of the usual high, intellectual standard, including how best to dodge the wind on the return journey (someone suggested staying at Acton Bridge for a few days).

Those present included the President and Chandler (on trikes), Green, Lucas, Cody, Knipe, Kettle, Tommy Royden, Hubert Roskell and friend Smith, Haynes, Junr., Thomas, Harold Rigby and Brian Band, Bob Poole, Wellington Smith and the Carr Bros.

After tea we scattered in the usual Anfield manner. Cook, Chandler and Smith for Macclesfield, Haynes and Thomas for Manchester, Harold Band for Knutsford, leaving the majority to plod fiercely (or feebly) back into the wind. Green and Stevie were starting a week's tour of the Cotswolds, with the Carr Bros. to keep them company as far as Hanford.

They set off amidst rousing cheers and Stevie soon set up a terrific pace. I think the Manchester lads and H. Band were glad to leave us at Davenham. As the full moon rose, the wind abated, leaving a beautiful night for riding. Stevie continued to force the pace, and we reached Newcastle at 9-0 p.m., in nice time to see the illuminations. Fortifying ourselves at the "Castle," we set off again and two miles further on the Carr Bros. turned for home, leaving the tourists to make for Stone. We shall probably hear more of them later.

Mouldsworth, 21st September, 1935.

Being still a commercial wanderer, without fixed abode, I have few opportunities of attending our runs, but when the privilege comes along and the trysting place is in the delectable forest of Delamere, with refreshing company to meet—the journey in any weather is worth the effort. That I made from Freshfield, via Rock Ferry, and found on arrival at Mouldsworth a goodly gathering—eventually totalling twenty-five.

There was, as usual, the nucleus of "die-hards" headed by the President (who was week-ending in North Wales, of which he must have uncanny knowledge) expressing a little doubt as to the comfort of three wheels under the moist condition (I have "had some" myself at times!), Johnny Band handsome in shorts (I begin to feel old-fashioned in knickers—not "plus fours"—which take a lot of beating for all-round suitability) showing some of his latest artistic photographs; Lucas, deputising for the holiday-making Hon. Sec.; Bert Green, Cody, Chandler, looking sun-tanned and robust and

who, as our latest Editor, commandeered my unpracticed hand as scribe; D. Smith, Carpenter, Kettle, Stephenson, Seed, Perkins, Threlfall, Rawlinson, and U. Taylor.

I was interested to meet Snowden again and to exchange experiences of our respective holidays in the Canadian Rockies. We agreed in the attraction of the majestic scenery, the interest of coming practically face to face with wild life in the shape of moose, bear, bison, and wolf, to mention only a few, and the thrills of motoring round hair-pin bends of precipitous slope and dubious surface of gravel.

Of those whom I expected to see, but were missing for various reasons, were Teddy Edwards and Knipe on holiday, and Tommy Royden.

The younger generation was well represented by a batch of our racing members—Jack Salt, J. E. Carr, Rigby Band, Haynes, Lockett, Byron, Preston, and others of dynamic activity—now relaxing somewhat—but with apparently good appetite for food and work.

A few were making for Llangollen, for the week-end. A little unwisely I lingered until their departure for Chester. I had the benefit of shelter until about Vicars Cross when someone in front appeared to develop a "heat wave" and I found that my somewhat ancient grid with 64 gear—propelled by still more ancient motive power—did not quite respond to the occasion! I toured on to Rock Ferry and Freshfield at a more befitting speed, ruminating on the pleasant experience of another attendance.

Highwayside, 28th September, 1935.

This, the last run of the summer months to the "Travelers Rest," brought out 25 members made up of Marriott, Williams, Powell, Kettle, Stephenson, Byron, Lockett, Hughes, Connor, del Banco, Lucas, Knipe, J. and H. Band, Green, Thomas, Elias, Wellington Smith, Royden, Seed, Threlfall, Cody, Haynes, Cook and Chandler (the last three on trikes).

The ride outwards had been made under cloudy and threatening skies but the rain kept off until just before the resumption, it then becoming necessary to don capes. The meal at two bob a head was well up to the high standard associated with this hostelry and there was good food and plenty of it.

Harold Band and his engineer-in-chief presented a fine sight in long waterproofs and sou-westers, both being almost unrecognisable in this disguise.

Most of the cavalcade appeared to be returning northwards, but Smith, Cook, and Chandler made for Stone and

got the full benefit of the deluge just after Nantwich where the pagan one ripped out the seat of his pants in dismounting from his machine to change a tyre.

On the morrow the two old gentlemen proceeded to Bletchley to marshall the Lusty tandem who were making an attempt on the Llandudno/Birmingham record in which they scheduled themselves to do $5\frac{1}{2}$ hrs. against 5.38.47 held by Holland and Allen since 1933. The Lusty's, however, found themselves ten minutes outside their schedule at Witchurch and packed up at the "Raven." There wasn't much wind, although what little there was blew from the westward somewhat erratically.

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ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

FORMED MARCH, 1879.

MONTHLY CIRCULAR

Vol XXXI.

No. 357.

FIXTURES FOR NOVEMBER, 1935.

Tea at 6-0 p.m.

			Light up at
Nov.	2	Halewood (Derby Arms)	5-9 p.m.
"	9	Marford (Trevor Arms)	4-57 p.m.
"	11	Committee Meeting, 7-0 p.m. (Victoria Hotel, St. John's Lane, Liverpool).	
"	16	Tarporley (Swan)	4-46 p.m.
"	23	Farndon (Raven)	4-36 p.m.
"	30	Mouldsworth (Station Hotel)	4-30 p.m.
Dec.	7	Halewood (Derby Arms)	4-25 p.m.

ALTERNATIVE FIXTURES.

Tea at 5-30 p.m.

Nov.	2	Goostrey (Red Lion)	5-9 p.m.
"	9	Holmes Chapel (Swan)	4-57 p.m.
"	23	Lymm (Spread Eagle)	4-36 p.m.
Dec.	7	Goostrey (Red Lion)	4-25 p.m.
		Full Moon	10th inst.

NOTICE.

All communications should be addressed to The Editor, 22 Holly Bank Road, Birkenhead. They should be written legibly, on one side of the paper only, and should bear the name of the sender.

The Hon. Treasurer's address is R. L. Knipe, 138 Moscow Drive, Stoneycroft, Liverpool, 13, 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.

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COMMITTEE NOTES.

4 THE LAUND,

WALLASEY, CHESHIRE.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS.—Messrs. H. S. Barratt, Minsterley Hall, Minsterley, Shropshire.; F. del Strother, Chez. Madame Camion, Casa Bruno, Avenue de Sospie, Mentone (AM.) France; K. B. Crewe, 34 Highcrest Avenue, Gatley, Cheadle, Cheshire; A. E. Preston, 33 Ravenswood Avenue, Heswall, Wirral; F. A. Brewster, 184 Wainbody Avenue, Green Lane, Coventry.

APPLICATION FOR MEMBERSHIP.—Mr. Kenneth Barton, Barn gates Inn, Ambleside. Proposed by Mr. Frank Chandler, seconded by Mr. W. P. Cook. Mr. W. J. R. Jones, 42 Euston Grove, Birkenhead. Proposed by Mr. W. G. Connor, seconded by Mr. A. Williams.

H. W. POWELL,

Hon. General Secretary.

TREASURY NOTES.

THE Treasurer acknowledges receipt of Subscriptions and/or Donations (*) during the month, from the following:—

S. H. Bailey.	W. G. Glendinning.	W. H. Lloyd.
E. Buckley.	M. Haslam.	H. Moore.
*F. J. Cheminai.	A. Howarth.	H. Poole (1935).
W. J. Finn.		H. Poole (1936).

Hon. Treasurer.

NORTH ROAD CYCLING CLUB "JUBILEE" DINNER,
23rd October, 1935.

THOSE in a position to attend this function were indeed lucky. Held at the Cannon Street Hotel, it ranks as one of the most brilliant gatherings ever held in the long history of Cycling.

Everybody seemed to be there and, in the space the Editor can allot, it is quite impossible to mention the 220 or so, as all have at some time or other been conspicuous in the sport and pastime. The ancients were blended with the moderns. Founder members A. J. Wilson (Faed), E. P. Moorhouse, Godfrey White and G. P. Mills contrasting with the modern speedman such as Edgar Seeley, E. J. Capell and F. A. Lipscombe.

The Dinner was in keeping with the occasion, the speeches set a high standard—rather too long, some speakers thinking the important occasion called for quantity in preference to quality. The acoustics of the hall were, to say the least, poor, and the microphone installed helped little, some speaking at it, others past it and some alternating between the two. After the Loyal Toast, our Presider W. P. Cook proposed the 'Toast of "The Club"' in one of the best speeches of the evening. He referred to the great friendship that has always existed between the Anfield and North Road Clubs, how they have always had the same ideals and how they have striven for same, he mentioned many personal friendships and the dual memberships that have always existed. This 'Toast' was responded to by Mr. W. Frankum, the Hon. Sec., in an able manner.

The next Toast, "The Founder," proposed by Mr. E. P. Moorhouse, gave particulars of the formation of the Club and was responded to by "Faed" Wilson. Our good friend, Arthur Ilsley, proposed "The Visitors," and as there must have been well over a hundred, the job was lengthy, the Response by Mr. Roland Dangerfield gave some idea as to what might be expected before the next "Jubilee" in the way of "speed" on the roads, unfortunately in a mechanical sense. Our dear old friend the "O'Tatur" brought "A little bit of Dublin" in a breezy speech about the early association of the Club and its members, several of whom have resided in "the Emerald Isle."

Lt.-Col. G. P. Mills, looking wonderfully fit and youthful gave a snappy speech which threw some new and interesting facts upon his records and early associations with the N.R. Club, it was difficult to believe this slim, healthy-looking man could be a Founder Member of the Club now celebrating its "Jubilee," his clear voice suited the "mike" better than some of the younger speakers and one could catch every word.

The 'Toast of "The Chairman"' was given by Mr. H. H. England in a touching speech which evidently moved "Moxie," as it was difficult to catch the whole of his reply.

As it is impossible to mention all the visitors, and as difficult to spot them amongst so large a gathering, we must be content with mentioning ours, and a few best known to us. Jimmy James, "G.P.," P.C.B., and W.P.C. We could not spot "Pa" White and are afraid he could not get there. We were pleased to see S. D. Begbie, W. H. Nutt, J. Cecil Paget, Chas. Hillhouse, Joe Hooydonk, John Owen, Joe Hard-

ing and a host of others. The writer is indebted to F. H. Inwood for the invitation to a never to be forgotten event.

The souvenir menu with its photographic reproductions of past and present Presidents, etc., is a work of art and no doubt many members who attend the runs will have an opportunity of seeing our Presider's.

AT RANDOM.

SALT — PEERS — October 3rd, at Heswall Parish Church, JOHN JAMES SALT, of Neston, to ELSIE PEERS, of Heswall.

Congratulations, and best wishes for happiness and prosperity!

* * *

The Presider has received a letter from Freddie del Strother in which he sends his "kindest regards and best wishes to all."

* * *

In the Bath Road final race of the season (a "25") quite a lot of veterans were "kidded" into riding as a novelty, and appropriately enough Lewis Stroud on a trike, with 23 mins. start, secured 3rd handicap. But the gentleman who really desecrated the proceedings was the one and only P.C.B. who dashed off from the start at a furious pace and, after having covered about 5 miles disappeared into licensed premises.

* * *

"Wayfarer" (himself)—complete with ice-cream jacket, despite the inclemency of the weather—and Harold Moore were recently observed to be week-ending in "Anfieldland," their headquarters for the night being at Tiverton, with lunch on the Sunday at Nantwich. All of what the Presider said on hearing this news is not to be recorded here. He frothed at the mouth and expressed the view that "these fellows" ought to have put in an appearance at the Club run. He added that it would have been quite easy for Robinson, starting a couple of days earlier, to reach Halewood in time for tea on the Saturday.

* * *

SCENE.—*Policeman at Chester Cross the other Sunday—Two old gentlemen on tricycles approaching, wishing to turn right, momentarily hidden behind a car—Several other cars*

approaching the Cross from the opposite direction.—Policeman waves on the cars going in the opposite direction, and then signals on the car preceding the tricycles. Policeman discovers the old gentlemen and in an aside, with a grin, says to them as they pass : " If I'd seen it was you I'd 'ave 'eld 'em up ! "

It was recently recorded in the *Roll Call*, the monthly " rag " of our friends the M.C. and A.C., that jolly old Cap. of the Speedwell, has the name of his Club prominently placed on the front of his house, and it was suggested that Billy Jones, the Hon. Sec. of the M.C. and A.C., should follow suit by having the word " Midland "—or, preferably (because of the extra expense), " Midland Cycling and Athletic"—painted on his house. The suggestion seems to have fallen on singularly deaf ears, but it is one which likes us well, and we understand that steps will be taken at the next A.G.M. to compel Powell to adopt the name " Anfield " for his house, in place of the present ridiculous number 4.

Dave Fell has been thoughtful enough to hand over to us a parcel of early *Circulars*, Reports, and Race Cards, which we have accepted with thanks and have dedicated for the use of the Editorial Chair. Although not a sequence there is much valuable information from the first publication of the *Circular* in March 1906, to about 1910. In addition to several Reports there is one for 1885, whilst the Race Cards cover a fair amount of ground. We hope in due course to quote from this stock of information anything that may be deemed to be interesting to the present generation.

The Presider showed how cool and calculating he could be when he received from Elias two tickets for " Hodites' " lecture at West Kirby, one for himself and the other for the Editor. As he was to accompany Elias on the outward journey by train, his difficulty was going to be how to get back without buying a return ticket and he decided that to pass the ticket on to the person it was intended for was not going to be of any use to him. So he accordingly decided that this particular evening must be the Editor's chess night, and accordingly without any further delay invited George Newall to use the ticket on special terms, namely that George should drive out in his car and take him (the Presider) back home. This was made to work out quite satisfactorily for the old gentleman.

but on arrival outside Sunnyside Hydro he had another brain wave and refused to get out of the car but insisted on being taken down to Woodside in order to pick up his bicycle to ride back home, the idea being that none of his pals in Brunswick Street would be able to see him walking down or travelling per bus the following morning.

FOR SALE.—One ice-cream jacket, as new; never been washed. Suitable for slightly-built cyclists such as Hubert or Elias or even Chandler. No reasonable offer refused. Applications, accompanied by copies of two recent testimonials and a post-dated Treasury note, to W. Emmar, Birmingham.

According to Tommy Royden, the Club's greatest walker, it is just as painful to be killed on a pedestrian crossing as on any other portion of the public highway. We are prepared to accept Tommy's word for this, feeling that he ought to know.

Norman Turvey has lost that spare-time job he recently obtained. It was a nice open-air job in connection with road repairs, and Norman had to control the "Stop" and "Go" notices. Unfortunately he got mucked up with his spelling and let both lines of traffic proceed simultaneously. What the foreman said may not be evidence, but it was pretty potent, and several trees—in addition to Norman—were blasted.

Easter will be upon us in a little over five months, and already we are glad to learn that preparations are going ahead to make the Club's umpteenth visit to Bettws-y-coed a greater success than ever. We understand that one of our members, who desires to remain anonymous, is memorising a brand-new song on the subject of flying razors (how very air-minded we are becoming, to be sure!), while poor old Chem. is learning a humorous recitation concerning a dawg's 'ome. With Frank Chandler and George Newall having their voices rebused, we ought to be able to put up a good show at the "Glauber."

We are authorised to announce that there is no truth in the rumour that W. P. Cook will apply for transfer to Honorary Membership at the end of this year, or that Tommy Royden is going for the end-to-end record in the early part of December.

We understand that Robinson contemplates disposing of "his" large stock of lantern slides, including those borrowed from Cook and Brazendale, at an early date. On hearing this news, the Presider dashed out to his solicitors, Messrs. Doolittle, Doolittle, Doolittle, and Doolittle (Inc.), and instructed them to issue a mandamus, or a laudamus, or a benedictine, or something.



Competitors' at Cheadle Hulme.

No. 179 on the Anfield List is at the moment resident in Cheadle Hulme at the Grand Babylon Hotel, whence he conducts an exhibition of Freaks of the Animal and Vegetable Kingdoms pruned by his own Knife and Skill, and displayed at a local Chapel of Ease.

Nothing is for sale but all is for the bewilderment of the Onlookers. The wonders on show have mostly come from the woods of Merioneth around Dolgelley.

Both Hotel and Chapel are free from license, in juxtaposition to the older Babylon which was said to be licentious.

This collection puts in the shade the already existing curious curio at the Church Hostel near by, namely a Dead Fish in a Glass Box claimed to be the spoil of three Rods, one of which was guided by the unerring hand of Mr. Bikley of the A.B.C., the No. 22 on our list. Most regrettably the latter is away on one of his Rest Cures.

Once more East and West will not meet.



We have it on excellent authority that one of our Continental tourists had the experience, whilst in Norway, of riding a reindeer. He tells us that he was able to get quite a comfortable position on it. The antlers, he said, were rather like a wide up-turned Shirley bar, and gave a variety of positions. So delighted was he, that it was only after a great deal of persuasion by his two companions, that he was prevailed upon to finish the tour on his Sunbeam.



We are glad, or should it be sorry, to say that the Neston Epicure has a serious rival. The new star in the Gastronomic Constellation might well be dubbed the Swinton Sword Swallower. We were sitting close to him at the last Halewood run, and his trencher work was a positive delight to watch. With an easy nonchalance and a certain air of grace, he surrounded his eight or nine slices of roast pork with lashings of

potatoes, carrots and cabbage, and surmounted the lot with a garnishing of apple sauce. We suppose this latter was to aid the digestion. And then the battle commenced. So fascinated were we with his perfect technique and easy style, that we nearly missed our second helping of chicken. He continued in his unruffled way through chicken, two or three helpings of sweet and finished with a cup of tea, looking quite fresh and undistressed. We are not altogether sure, but we think we heard him murmuring something about getting a bar of chocolate, in case he got the knock on the way home.



On the third Saturday in the month, after battling with the storm and searching for Torso No. 2 round the Hawkshead, Windermere, Langdale, Grasmere direction, which included an ascent of the Pike o' Blisco, we landed for the night at "Sammy" Barton's, Barnegates Inn, locally known as "The Drunken Duck," and spent a most pleasant evening there sampling the lovely roast beef at dinner and enjoying "Sammy's" hospitality, capably supported by his full entourage. "Sammy" has a nice comfortable inn with eight bedrooms and has a warm welcome ready for all Anfielders and their friends. The premises are situated just beyond the fork on the Ambleside/Coniston road, where the latter diverges from the Hawkshead way, right on a hill top. The views looking north over Elterwater and of Dunmail Raise with Helvelyn in the distance, are superb, and a visit there is highly recommended. "Sammy" wished to be remembered to all the boys.



We are glad to report that Bob Knipe is progressing very favourably and at the time of going to Press is sitting up and is very bright and chatty, besides looking fresh and rested. He is getting plenty of good solid food and enjoying it but is not yet allowed out of bed. He has been visited by one or two members, which he has much appreciated. We trust that before long he will be back to his old form and that his troubles will be a thing of the past.



"YE OWLS."

This was a great success, 15 full "Owls" and Associates being present, it was unique as being the first "Goose Feast" where there were no "Lesser Mortals." The leading Road Clubs of the world were represented, ours being "Old Man

Buckley," Urban Taylor, Fratelli Rawlinson and of course the "Arch." The weather could not have been better, a wonderful full moon favouring those who rode there and showing up the Chilterns in all their beauty. The famous hostelry excelled itself, the goslings simply melted in the mouth in anticipation to the request "won't you have a little more?"; one seemed to be living in the old days of Hunts Cross when Hilditch put up those gargantuan feasts of boiled turkeys, ox tongues, porterhouse steaks and chickens, the only difference being in the strength of the beer. During the evening the "Scribe Owl" Maden got on his feet and in a few gracious words presented the "Archowl" with a suitable emblem of his office in the shape of a solid gold badge, the only one in existence, more prized than the Crested Eagle and scarcer than the Golden Fleece.

The Arch was palpably overcome by this noble gesture and in a few words thanked the brethren for their generous gift.

Those present included Mazeppa, Spango, Draisey, Dougall, Kemball, Alfie West, R. W. West, Frost and Tiny Osborne.

TOURS AND TOURING

THE BLAST STANE.

THE misadventure of one of our Bath Road parties in not locating the BLOWING STONE must be put down to not approaching the Holy Relic in the appropriate manner through not understanding its aim and purpose.

The Blowing of the Stone or Blasting of the Stane, as King Alfred had it, is not an end *in* itself, nor is the Great Stone a solitary object of adoration *by* itself, but it is part of a group in an environment of which the Blasing or Blasting forms part of a vast ritual.

The other band of Anfielders guided by Arthur the Simpson and driven by the Old Campstormer was more successful. Their approach was correct in ceremonial and they were fully alive to the import of the objects confronting them. These Anfielders did not attempt to Blow the Stane themselves. No more did King Alfred. He, like the seasoned Anfielders, brought his own Trumpeter, who alone of all his followers could extract the right note. The Arthurians in their turn brought one Walter (Mr. Walter), no mean trumpeter, and one whose career has been one series of successful blasts, on both sides of the Mersey.

The Old Stane is and was a Heaven sent projectile or meteor badly scared and scared in its rapid descent and blighted with Holes in hundreds, of which one alone produces the Great Bellow, which sounding in that solemn hour of need in the White Horse Vale—the true military centre of England—roused the nation's man power to fury and hurled the then nation's enemy—the deadly Dane—from off the great Ridge Way, to expire torn and twisted in the vast Cromlech, now the legendary grave of Wayland the Smith, a truly Ghostly Person.

One approaches these objects of sacred mystery from the Ancient Township of Uffington (south of Faringdon). Two ways are open to you, one to Kingston Lisle at the foot of the Downs, a charmed cluster of houses with a good inn, and just south of it our road making for the Lambourn Downs, crosses the Ickleton Roman road (so called) that runs from Wantage to Bishopstone along the lower edge of the hills. Some fifty yards beyond the cross roads on the left in a cottage garden there lies the Great Brown Stone, carefully padlocked with its voice under lock and key, in the charge of a winning young woman who only speaks in whispers. Who would not blow for such as she?

But it was not so in Alfred's day when only by a Sign from the Great Chieftain, yonder astride the noblest MOTE HILL in the land, there was unchained the National Blast.

"Gang tot that Blas Stane an Blas thine lungen out"
(or words to that effect)

At that sound tens of thousands sprang as it were from nowhere and leapt up the hillside crowned by an earthwork that now looks like a Roman Camp. They call it Uffington Castle. Even the writer does not know what Alfred called it. But ever since that great victory the hillside between the Castle and the Mote Hill has been illuminated by the image of the original White Horse clawing its hoofs in trying to ascend the precipitous White Horse Hill.

Let us urge all true Anfielders to set out from Uffington by the direct road marked White Horse Hill whereby one never takes one's eye off the Horse until like the late Billy Lowcock you take your seat proud but breathless on the Horse's Eye Ball.

This road grows very steep after crossing the Ickleton Way until it reaches the Great Mote Hill. It is the only possible way to reach this commanding point of vantage.

Here the King and his entire staff took counsel on its wide flat top. Facing them at close quarters is the Earthwork Castle, but between these two lie a great mass of hollows where an army could lie hidden out of sight awaiting the Blast. These were prepared for Alfred in advance during the ice age. Thus all became plain sailing for the Great Cake Burner who was cute enough not to burn his boats. Here he laid his lair for the destruction of the Damned Dane.

The road continues past the Mote Hill (marked Camp on the map) and along the face of the hill, just missing the Horse's hoofs, to the Ridge Way, where it meets the great entrance to the castle.

To-day this is a parking and luncheon place for cyclists and motor parties.

The Ridge Way is part of the Icknield Way, unmetalled. Within a mile is the Wayland Smith Cromlech.

There are other White Horses whose neighbours claim to inhabit Alfred's Sacred Soil. But those all lack a Blowing Stone (the secret of success).

N.B.—The position of Uffington Castle is incorrectly shown on the map as lying south of the Ridge Way. It lies immediately north of it.

THREE ANFIELDERS IN NORWAY.

You who were in England on that third Sunday of September, gentle reader, may have thought that we were being tossed in great discomfort on the North Sea in that same storm that swept England. But if you did, you were wrong. The day with us was sunny, a gentle S.W. breeze came from the starboard quarter and we sat on deck reading in the warm sunshine. With the darkness came the lights of Norway and they twinkled on the port bow far into the night. Monday, and we were on deck and at breakfast early while the *Blenheim* steamed at half speed between the rocky, wooded islets that are the glories of Oslofjord. The morning was not good; rain was imminent and whilst the pleasant Customs official wished us a very happy holiday (the only "formality"!), real wet stair rods bounced from the road outside.

Imagine Liverpool—or any other large city—at 8 a.m. on a wet Monday morning. That was how we found Norway's capital. It rained the morning through and we whiled the time in the Folk Museum and in the Hall of the Viking Ships. The tramlines, setts—far worse than any English variety it has been our sorrow to encounter—and keeping to the right

were early troubles. In the afternoon we took the electric train high into the pine-clad hills above Holmenkollen to glimpse a bird's-eye view of the city and inspect the famous ski jump. It was sunny then. Our hotel was Radhus Hotel. Bed and light breakfast, 5/9.

By Drammensveien we left Oslo and at Sandviken turned northwards on to real Norwegian roads to be soaked by real Norwegian rain. We climbed for miles on a soft, gritty surface through vast woods of conifers. At the summit they were repairing the surface with a mixture of grit and soil. Spectacular was the descent to Tyrifjord—a great lake whipped to fury by the gale and the driving rain. Our lunch in a roadside cafe was of coffee and Norwegian sandwiches. You don't ask for that, of course. George Connor knows, he is our linguist.

We entered Honefoss easily but left it only after great difficulty in finding the road we wanted. When you have a map which is not particular which side of a road it marks the railway you can appreciate our difficulty. By more climbing, through more rain amid a district of colourful Norwegian houses we came to Jevnaker by Randsfjord.

They were rather long, we thought, in preparing our meal but as the only word that we could understand in the lady's reply was "Middag," we did not know how long we were to wait. But if any meal was worth waiting for, that was. Boiled fish and potatoes—in themselves a meal—were beneath a pouring of melted butter. Then followed roast chicken and *five* vegetables, with chocolate blancmange as a sweet. Pedalling the bicycles was out of the question after that pleasant effort so we stayed the night to while away the evening by reading and listening to the radio in a lounge softly lit by five shaded lights.

You must pardon me mentioning meals again, but the breakfast was the crowning glory of our stay in the hotel. On the table there were cold pork, raw bacon (they eat raw bacon in Norway as we relish cold meat, it is quite palatable, and not in the least stringy), sausage meat savourics, minced beef rissoles, fried cods' roe, cold chicken and the inevitable tinned anchovies and sardines. When we had made quite an impression on the foregoing we were treated to a large pork chop and bacon and egg! We could have had cheese and marmalade to finish off with. All this was washed down by milk (*ad lib*) and coffee. You will not wonder why we were loth to leave Jevnaker Hotel; our bill came to 9/2 each, including tax and service.

Our road for Wednesday ran the length of Randsfjord and we were by the lakeside for almost its whole length. It rained early but soon after noon cleared and—with the wind still behind—it was quite warm. Lunch was same again and at 6-30 we docked at Dokka Hotel to learn that supper (or *aftens*) was at 8 p.m. Supper, bed and breakfast cost us 6/8 each. British hotel keepers could learn a great deal from Norwegians. And in Norway all beds are singles—truly an Anfield paradise!

Thursday was a real autumn morning, for a cool September mist made us dig the gloves out in less than half a mile and it was after 10 a.m. then. The road—still flat—was through woods for miles; an open field was almost unusual and when the way crossed a river making for the larger stream there was miniature Aberglaslyn, but no litter. We passed a “scraper,” an appliance, either horse or motor-drawn, for levelling the gritty soil surface of the road. We crossed a bridge and then the road climbed. For miles—how many I cannot remember, besides being incapable of rendering kilos in miles—the road wound up that hillside. Yet it was quite rideable without undue effort on our gears, which are round about the fifties. At an hotel we stopped for refreshment and two miles farther—still uphill—I remembered that the map was on the table of the hotel. Arthur and George did not say a word! In twenty minutes I was back again and we were soon at the summit of the road. It is over 2,000 feet, we learned later.

During the descent it rained, rain which at that height was far too cold to be pleasant. So we repaired to a hotel for another light lunch. At Fagernes, eight miles farther and at the rail end, we entered a wilder Norway. By lonely lakes—which looked wilder still in the rain—we passed to Hurum where a vast waterfall is used by some timber works. The light was ebbing and ahead we could see the snow-capped mountains which we knew were not very far from the Jotenheim. It was dark when we knocked at the Oylo Hotel at Vang. Three single beds in a simply furnished room, a great stove which was soon drying our clothes, a pleasant supper started with lovely trout and we were in bed at 9 p.m. (Supper, bed and breakfast, 6/8).

We were on the road before 8-30 for we had decided that if Norway has no daylight saving scheme we would have our own. It was raining again, but we were getting quite used to that. By the lonely twelve-miles long Vangmjosen we pedalled

the road that skirts its shores on a way that has to be protected by wooden shelters against avalanches. From the lake end the sun shone and we started to climb. Seven miles that climb lasted ere we reached the road that leads to Tyjn, a high lake overlooking the Jøtenheim—Norway's famous mountains.

We had an early lunch in the hotel by the lakeside and, after dealing with a little correspondence, set off to catch a glimpse of the Aardal road which descends by narrow hair-pin bends from 4,000 feet to sea level. Several Norwegians had recommended us to go to the first bend at least. I went farther than George and Arthur, but could not catch a glimpse of the descent. All I saw was a cloud rushing through that high valley and stair rods of rain pattering on the road. So I returned to Tyjn to find George and Arthur taking more tea.

At 3-30 we had over forty miles from a height just under 4,000 feet to sea level. Pleasurable anticipation! For a time the road was almost flat in passing through a dismal valley. When the road really did descend—and then it was not fierce, for Norwegian roads are magnificently graded—it was mile after mile of narrow valley with scarcely room for road and river, with an occasional field and quaint farmhouses. We noticed too, that some sheds are of galvanised iron ugly things that we did not see in Eastern Norway. At one part of the valley, more than half-way down, the road has been hacked out of solid rock with three miles of waterfalls in the rocky gorge below. So narrow is the road here that one way traffic is necessary, up traffic in the first half of an hour, down traffic in the second half.

Darkness fell when we were still some kilos from Laerdal-soeren, our destination on the Sognefjord, a village between high mountains, where only last year a bear which had been ravaging in the hills was shot. Half way through Norway!

(To be continued.)

RUNS.

Halewood, 5th October, 1935.

Owing to structural alterations to the Hotel there was no catering accommodation under its hospitable roof, what space remains is utilised for the sale of liquid fuel only. The new section will have to carry on, under the same handicap until the building is completed, when a modern, spacious dining room will be available. Consequently, tea was served

in the small pavilion, and was up to the usual excellent standard, to which the 27 present did justice. Of those who had ridden out we noticed Green, Cody, Stevie, Byron, Thomas, Hughes, H. Band, Kettle, Lucas, Carpenter, Lockett, Powell, Cook (who was staying at the "House of Barney" overnight), Tommy Royden (who is about to inflict another publication upon us entitled "A Close Shave"), Knipe (who was not well, and we trust will have recovered ere this appears), and the fellow that "kidded" me to write this. Hubert and friend Smith came by car, likewise Fell. The "Rattler" party consisted of J. Band, Conway, Mercer, Burgess, Rowatt and your humble. Teddy Edwards (who had been on holiday in Scotland) had called earlier, had a "quick one," left his kind regards, and a few cigar stumps, and "beat it." So here endeth the lesson.

Good Ale! Good Food! Good Company!
What more does one want?

Autumnal Tints Tour—Llanarmon D.C. 12th-13th October, 1935.

My Lord Charles Hawkes and H. L. Elston were detained in the leading City of the North (Liverpool) treading the mill of Commerce and could start only in mid-afternoon from different points of the Wirral Peninsula. And being of the same sensible frame of mind—determined not to unnecessarily hurry (ugh!)—arrived at their trysting place in the ancient Cestrian City by 5 p.m. prompt.

After a period of weather that might be called by many names, they—and you too if you were wise and lucky enough to be able to go—were granted very favourable climatic conditions. Shall we call the breeze zephyr-like? Certainly the temperature was extra mild and queerly became more so as the evening advanced. There were clouds—plenty—though the moon did nearly get on top and anyway gave a lot of light. But stop, this is too sudden. Wrexham was reached well up to schedule (!) at 7 p.m. after an exceedingly cool salutation exchanged with Bert Green near Pulford. He seemed to think, mistakenly of course, that there was need to hurry, unmindful of The Two who were picking up themselves and the bits and sorting things out after a collision caused by one actually going slower than the other!

A nice cheap tea in a Wrexham low-down with a big fire did a lot of good and the tear-away was undertaken at 7-30 p.m., getting Old Chirk in sight at something to nine which was later than the time for attendance at the well-spread tables of the West Arms, Llanarmon, still upmteen hard miles off. Bad lads, but willing. On they struggled, totally indifferent to all else but the consummation of their epic ride. Five miles further on (an hour later) an excellent brew, straight from the timber at the hostelry known as the Star Inn at Dol-y-wern, brought about further delay, as Mr. and Mrs. Cobb are old friends at whose expense they quaffed after first being treated as ordinary customers.

How the river, accompanying the road from Chirk to Llanarmon, gurgled, rushed and cascaded on its winding course, near to the road, then a field's distance and underneath bridges until at last one wondered which side it was. There is something peculiarly Anfield about this annual pilgrimage; and every good reason why it should be soberly unhurried.

At last, 10-55 p.m. (five minutes ahead of schedule) the spacious entrance hall of our queer ill-assorted old pub was entered where the main party—the ever-growing younger A.B.C. school—was in control. The under ninety class were, of course, in the tank. But first, how well Florence under Miss Nancy's orders, victualled the late and hungry but happy arrivals, the repast being preceded by a very delicate, light, dry, sherry ordered by M'lud for himself and his vassal.

Worthwhile, what! And then to hearken to Arthur Simpson and try piecing together his unsteady flow of story. What was that about Sacks and Johnny and Halewood and why was it so wonderful? But you should know that A.S. was once an Editor. Why are the things done and finished with so hallowed in the memory? Had we ever a better Editor than now? (Sez you—E.D.)

Cheery Humphreys came to the rescue with a good, long and not unbroken recitation—a very fine effort after Big Cheese Cook putting him through his paces on t'road. Tommy Royden was there cheek-by-jowl with his merciless task-master Chandler. Friend Oakley and Smith were interested listeners, and also Powell when not elsewhere, displaying his selection of very assorted beds or in the bowels of the earth unkegging an unsatisfactory mild brew called beer. Really, the Anfield's Honorary and Honourable Secretary must not be made a barman.

Most of the music came from the young crowd in the body of the house to which place they had carted the upright grand. Jack Salt was somewhat surprisingly very much in evidence but a week after his marriage and chivvied Captain Marriott a lot when teeth were mentioned once or twice.

Motorists were at a very big discount, but two useful pedallers had chugged their way to Llangollen and then walked over—Walton and Crewe.

Song and story and other things went on till about 2 a.m. (unscheduled) departures for sleep beginning about mid-night. Koenen didn't quite last through and Cheminais soon followed. For a lullaby there was the brook (or is it river?), and for the wakeful the company afforded by the hooting of owls.

The morn broke fresh and clear, the breakfast call being answered with promptitude by most at 9 a.m., and at 10 the trek away began. The President led Chandler and Humphries via Nant-rhyd-wilym for lunch at Corwen. Koenen and Chem went "padding" it somewhere. The biscuit belongs to Councillor Oakley and Smith for tackling, or setting out to, the arduous Maen Gwynedd way. The campers Byron, Preston, Hughes, Marriott and Salt went Plas Nantyr—ridge road—Llangollen. Crewe and Walton hiked their return journey. With the Campers went sundry tea-tasters and "Manchesters" in Rigby Band, Lockett, Connor, Williams, Haynes, Thomas and friend Jones. Green dashed off for Cheshire and Old Charles and Elston went for the Dee valley and at Farndon met Mr. and Mrs. Harold Band lunching at the Raven. They had been in the Ceiriog Valley overnight doing things decently at the Queen's Hotel, Dol-y-wern, at no more expense than the Llanarmon mob.

In all there mustered thirty-one—four Saturday callers in Edwards, Rowatt, Venables and H. Band, twenty-two overnigheters and five spartan campers.

Everybody seemed to have a very good time. Certainly the West Arms table maintained a high standard.

THE CEIRIOG SURVEYED.

Of recent years the Tints Tours have been carried out with few exceptions by Real Riders only, whereas the first visits to the Ceiriog seemed to be in reach of Engine Members, in goodly numbers. There is little doubt that these cannot face the hardships of this twelfth century inn. What is horsepower without anti-macassars? How can the driver of a thousand candle power face the rough and tumble oil-lit stairway? Dark are the alcoves, secret the chambers, yet restful the sleep behind the sliding panels.

Even the amenities introduced during more modern ages look "skew-whiff" among the remnants of the darker periods. We would look more in keeping by letting our beards grow on that one Sunday morning in the season. There is still the river for washing and the hilltop for privacy.

That most conscientious piece of furniture—the double decker sociable confessional, an heirloom of the West family, reminds us that the true believer has always something to confess, and when we wish to approach the President with something on our mind this seems a dignified means. Then when at the hour of departure the Tour Treasurer takes the central seat, none dare abscond.

Yet, notwithstanding all this, a strange altercation took place before daybreak between two Elders of two Kirks that seemed hardly in keeping with the Twelfth Century, when brave men mostly slept on straw, and on the floor. Far from straw, every visitor was laden with blankets, sheets and pillows. But in one room, there had been provided, for some particular occasion for some peculiar wedding ceremony, a gilded four-poster with vibrating mattresses. Behold it was the old story of Hippomenes and his Golden Apple, and of the Judgment of Paris.

Instead of the three occupants sharing this bountiful bed, two other convenient couches awaited the party, but without gilded temptations. They were plain and wholesome. Imagine then the last retiree, far from displaying his retiring ways, finding the kingly couch completely filled by a large specimen of manhood.

"Whom have we here?" said he, "No vacant space, no morsel, no handmaiden even to wait on me? Forsooth all you leave me for my weary bones is a mere shack, a shack I say."

Procul! Procul! this does seem rather dull!

There are old members that regret the absence of features of competition such as we enjoyed pre-war in the Dee Valley in riding the Horse Shoe or other steep slopes. Such are to be had in the Ceiriog but they are not popular and we are not amused. What is the use of Humphreys "telling" the padded hoof unsung towards Cynwyd in the wake of Cook. Our speedmen on their beasts but rarely take the direct road to Oswestry where await the nearest open Sunday refreshments. How the racecourse hill would open their pores and gullets. Who are they that ride up or even walk from Glyn to helter skelter into Llangollen? Two of these descents are rideable.

Thank goodness we saw two Anfield Walking Captains climb the mountain behind the church without a falter. Needless to say that Chem was among them.

And then the cycles. Yes, we admired the whitened rears like whited sepulchres luring us on. But alas all built for speed. Even Royden is in the running. I recall a very different type of roadster that used to be seen in the stable at the Royal, Llangollen, bedecked and bedight with every suitable appendage. Once it was actually endowed with a certain safety device placed handy under the saddle. Ah, yah! them were the days!

Little Budworth, 19th October, 1935.

Let us do honour—by naming them first—to those who braved the wild elements this October Saturday: Royden, Kettle, Cook, Smith, Threlfall, Lockett, Haynes, Thomas, Preston and Marriott.

Windswept? Believe me, it was. A real westerly gale swept this England; bits of wood were scattered on the roads and in the lanes, golden and withered leaves were lifted by tiny whirlwinds. For the first time in months I was at Willaston by 3-30 exactly; Preston was first and together we waited until 3-45 for those who said they would be there—and I could name quite a number. Albert—awkward like—broke a couple of spokes before we had got going long and by the time we had reached Two Mills he had punctured. Tea and Chorley cake—welcome respite! In Chester we made two calls to cancel arrangements made for a record attempt.

Darkness fell as a rain squall soaked us from astern in the blackness of Delamere, but we fled easily before it, without caping up, to the Red Lion at Little Budworth. The elder brethren, including Sammy Threlfall, were in the tank and we followed the Manchester element to the seats by the fireside. Smith arrived just on six, after a lengthy ride from Wellington. He and the Presider had chosen the wrong venue for the day or the wrong day for the venue—it's all the same—for their customary week-end. Little Budworth to Llanarmon-yn-Yale in a gale like that! We would have liked to have paced them to Chester but they departed at seven, whereas we wished our meal to descend still lower ere we ventured homewards. Thus it was after 7-30 when we left the fireside and too near 8 o'clock before we left Little Budworth, for Albert's lamp wanted a lot of coaxing.

In the woods the wind was not too bad, but we nearly stopped on Kelsall Hill, and when we did arrive at Chester our average speed was only 8's. Near to the Wheatsheaf we caped up and alternatively stung by the blinding rain and nearly lifted from the Gibbet Heath by the furious squalls, we sought the occasional shelter of the woods farther along the road. I left Albert to pursue his lone way through Barnston and home. And as I rode the Sitch another rain squall enveloped me. Midnight, and I crawled to bed.

Mold, 26th October, 1935.

In order to see what I could of the changes of colour I rode on to Chester and then took the lane to Balderton, thence taking the track through the Eaton Park Estate leading to Broughton. There I followed the Mold way but kept on at the fork by the Buckley road. At the "Hawarden Castle," half way up, I had afternoon tea and then continued to the top, where the tints were very beautiful. I then slogged on through Buckley to Mold and on arriving at the hostelry found all seated in the bar, although no one appeared to be patronising the house. I, however, made amends, and shortly afterwards the whole party filed into the dining room and sat down to the usual excellent meal provided by Mr. Armstrong.

Those present were Cook, Rowatt, Edwards, Royden, Kettle, Threlfall, Byron, Williams, friend Jones, Connor, Preston, Hughes, Marriott, del Banco, Snowden, H. Band, J. Band, Seed, Powell, Smith, Chandler, Elias and Venables.

After tea Cook and Smith went to Llanfairtalhairn, whilst the rest went home (as far as is known), Royden, Kettle, and Chandler stopping en route at Barnston.

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ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

FORMED MARCH, 1879.

MONTHLY CIRCULAR

Vol XXXI.

No. 358.

FIXTURES FOR DECEMBER, 1935.

Tea at 6-0 p.m.

Dec. 7	Halewood (Derby Arms)	Light up at
" 9	Committee Meeting, 7-0 p.m. (Victoria Hotel, St. John's Lane, Liverpool.)	4-25 p.m.
" 14	Chester (Bull and Stirrup)	4-22 p.m.
" 21	Hooton (Hooton Hotel). Tea at 5-30 p.m.	4-24 p.m.
" 26	Acton Bridge (Leigh Arms). Lunch 1-30 p.m.	4-27 p.m.
" 24/26	Alternative Tour—Bettws-y-Coed (Glan Aber)	4-28 p.m.
" 28	Mold (Dolphin)	4-29 p.m.

1936.

Jan. 4	Tarporley (Swan)	4-36 p.m.
" 11	Halewood (Derby Arms). Annual General Meet- ing. Tea at 5-30 p.m.	4-45 p.m.

ALTERNATIVE FIXTURES.

Tea at 5-30 p.m.

Dec. 7	Goostrey (Red Lion)	4-25 p.m.
" 14	Little Budworth (Red Lion)	4-22 p.m.
" 21	Holmes Chapel (Swan)	4-24 p.m.
" 28	Goostrey (Red Lion)	4-29 p.m.
	Full Moon	10th instant.

NOTICE.

All communications should be addressed to The Editor, 22 Holly Bank Road, Birkenhead. They should be written legibly, on one side of the paper only, and should bear the name of the sender.

The Hon. Treasurer's address is R. L. Knipe, 138 Moscow Drive, Stoneycroft, Liverpool, 13, 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.

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COMMITTEE NOTES.

4 THE LAUND,

WALLASEY, CHESHIRE.

NEW MEMBERS.—Mr. H. Barton, Barnegates Inn, Amble-side, and Mr. W. J. R. Jones, 42 Euston Grove, Birkenhead, have been elected to Full Membership.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS.—Mr. W. H. Lloyd, "Elyria," Whitchurch Road, Chester.

The Annual General Meeting will be held after tea at Halewood, on 11th 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 28th 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 who intend to participate in the Tour are requested to make their own arrangements regarding accommodation direct.

Tea at Hooton, on 21st December, will be at 5-30 p.m.

H. W. POWELL,

Hon. General Secretary.

TREASURY NOTES.

HERE we are again! Once more sitting at the receipt of custom and strong enough to lift all the spondulicks which are still outstanding. So will all those who have not yet paid their subscriptions make a special effort to pay in during the first week in December.

The Auditors are very busy about Xmas time, and so have to make a preliminary survey of the accounts early in December. You will greatly relieve their work and mine also, if you see that your Sub. is paid AT ONCE.

My thanks are due to the twenty members from whom I have received subscriptions and/or donations (*) during the past month.

H. Austin.	S. del Banco.	H. Pritchard.
F. Beckett.	F. L. Edwards.	G. E. Pugh.
J. A. Bennett.	W. J. R. Jones.	W. M. Robinson.
*E. Bright.	*W. H. Kettle.	R. Rothwell.
*E. J. Cody.	F. D. McCann.	U. Taylor.
A. Crowcroft.	G. B. Orrell.	F. Dutton-Walker.
	J. Pitchford.	A. G. White.

AT RANDOM.

WE regret to find that Lusty's *pere et fils* were more seriously hurt in their abortive attempt in M.R.R.A. Llandudno-Birmingham tandem record than was at first thought. With the laudable ambition of making history by a record accomplished by a father and son, they have made several plucky attempts under conditions that were so adverse as to force an abandonment. On October 27th they got ideal conditions for the job, with a howling N.W. gale and would undoubtedly have knocked lumps off the record. Unfortunately it was a case of having too much of a good thing, as a few miles from the start a hurricane blast, cannoning off the Little Orme, blew them across the road at terrific speed and wrecked them against the curb. As steersman, Len suffered the worst injuries and has been confined to bed for several weeks, while Albert made light of his injuries and returned to business; but in both cases signs of tetanus were indicated, and as a precaution anti-toxin injections were resorted to. We are glad to learn that both are making satisfactory progress to complete recovery and we are sure they have the deepest sympathy of all of us.

* * *

Verb sap. If Chandler ever suggests "tossing for it," don't allow *him* to do the coin spinning. We have every reason to believe that Master Frank has a lucky penny with a Head on both sides! His method is invariably to say "I'll toss and if it comes down Heads we will do so and so," and of course it is always Heads! If you must put your fortune to the touch we advise you to do the tossing yourself and, if possible, provide yourself with a "lucky" coin.

* * *

Tommy Royden was frightfully bucked the other day on receiving an invitation from Lady Honeywood to spend Christmas and New Year with her in London. He was on the point of accepting when a discerning friend pointed out that the invitation was merely a circular (sent broadcast) in connection with the Honeywood Hotels. Tommy is now getting over his vexation, and no further bulletins will be issued. It is believed that he will revert to his original plan of spending Boxing Day on Hilbre Island with the romantic Lady Ursula and New Year's Day at Perch Rock Battery with the divine Lady Wozyer.

* * *

We understand that "Wayfarer" (himself), complete with ice-cream jacket, shorts, and two knobby knees, narrowly escaped being burned as a guy on 5th November last.

We hear that Ven. bought a thermometer early last month. At the end of a fortnight he took it back to the shop and said that the blamed things was no good as it was never the same two days running.

It is understood that, after long and very intricate negotiations, which were on the verge of breakdown on more than one occasion, Kettle has disposed of his spare pair of "shorts" to Hubert, who has now been convinced that such garments are "the only wear." The price involved has not been revealed, but we gather, from the special sources of information which are open to us, that it was in excess of eighteen-pence. The success of this deal reflects the very greatest credit on Cook's solicitors, Messrs. Doolittle, Doolittle, Doolittle, and Doolittle (Inc.), whose services were generously lent (by Cook) to Kettle. Just as we go to Press we hear that, after the necessary extensions and alterations have been made to the "shorts," the Frail One will wear them for his Christmas trip to Bettws-y-coed, whither he proposes to go on Grandad's tricycle.

The Paganone. A Momentous Announcement.

(Exclusive to "The Circular.")

We hear in strict confidence and on the very best authority that the Presider is exploring various methods of maintaining, if not increasing, his cycling mileage, and we understand that he has now arrived at the momentous and world-shaking decision to give up his stall and locker at Woodside Ferry, surrender his contract, and cycle the whole way, daily, between the sumptuous and ever-popular Sunnyside Hydro and his palatial suite of offices in Brunswick Street, Liverpool.

Careful tests have been made of the gradients in the new Mersey Tunnel, and it is conjectured that they will not present any difficulty to a cyclist of Cook's calibre, though, for the first few weeks, in all probability (subject to the concurrence of Moss's Empires, Ltd.), Tommy Royden will be engaged—at enormous expense—to pace our intrepid President up the hill on either side of the river.

All the foregoing is conditional on two things: (1) The disposal of Cook's rights to a seat near the engine-room entrance on the ferry-boats, where the delicious smell of warm oil is rampant, and (2) the discovery and engagement of an individual who can adequately fill Cook's long-established role and who can be relied upon to catch the same boat in the morning and the same boat in the evening, day after day and year after year, thus enabling the ferry service to be efficiently maintained. Enquiries and negotiations are now proceeding, and, although there are many insuperable difficulties to be over-

come, we hope to be able to make a definite and exclusive announcement in our next issue.

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We are asked to refute strongly the rumour, so rife at the last Halewood Run, that the "Promising Novice" has at last yielded to the eloquent persuasions of his erstwhile Chester confederate and missed the Club Run in order to save money or paint the pigeon pen, etc., etc., etc.

The reason for our promising speedman's absence was apparently entirely different. He spent the whole of the afternoon in anguish, for his storage contract had expired and he was torn between the common way of travelling from Higher Bebington to Woodside by bus or pedalling his way as a respectable Anfielder should. We are pleased to state that wise counsel prevailed; he still cycles.

Definitions—and Things,

By W. P. COOK and others (especially others).

Lantern-slide.—Something which belongs to somebody else—though you wouldn't think so.

These Fellows.—Members of the Club who don't attend the runs as often as they might.

Subscription.—A sum of money which certain members keep on using as long as they dare, to the great annoyance of Bob Knipe.

Red Slip.—A printed piece of paper which a certain official of the Club sends to some of the members, in his more offensive moods.

Appetite.—Chandler has one of these.

North Wales.—A mountainous district on the left-hand side of the River Dee, reputed to have been discovered by "Way-farer" (himself).

Beer.—An indispensable lubricant.

Cigar.—What Teddy Edwards hides himself behind after tea.

Pedestrianism.—An exercise which can be faster even than cycling.

Lady Wozyer.—Cook's only lady-friend amongst the Upper Ten.

Implement.—This word will be found engraved on Percy Brazendale's heart (if any).

Breakfast.—Kettle's favourite meal—in conjunction with lunch, tea, and dinner.

The re-surfaced public highway over the Honister is now complete, except for the first 50 yards above Seatoller. No part of the road is new, the route simply following the old

track, which latterly had been nothing better than a river bed. Consequently the hills are as steep as ever, and the gradients still remain 1 in 6 and are only suitable for high-powered cars. The surface on the Seatoller side is of hard tarred clinker, effectively steam-rolled, while on the Buttermere side it has a top dressing of flint over the tarred clinker which in due course will be "swished" to the side of the road and become dangerous to any cyclists attempting to ride down. The toll road from Seatoller to the Slate Quarries, owned by the Quarry Coy. is of course much better graded, but we understand that the County Council could not come to terms as the price asked was too high. Nevertheless expenditure on the old highway seems to have been a sheer waste of money.

We are asked to most emphatically contradict the rumour that a full page autographed photo of Johnny Band bedecked in shorts, and taken by himself, while on a recent holiday, will appear as a frontispiece in the New Year publication of this Journal.

TOURS AND TOURING

THREE ANFIELDERS IN NORWAY (*concluded*).

YOU will recollect, gentle reader, that we left you on a Friday night when we were on the loose road in the dark and narrow valley where the river, sometimes roaring and at others strangely placid, flowed heedlessly towards its end. The valley was black, for it is nearly all mountain; a narrow ribbon of sky was above our head and our only light was from an occasional farm and the yellow glimmer from our lamps. It was raining, a rain that had hardly ceased since the mountain crossing, hours ago and miles behind.

It was still raining when we came to Laerdal, a townlet of low, wooden houses set on the flat land between the sheer mountains at the fjord's end. There was a layer of slimy mud in the solitary street; strange, this, for most village streets in Norway are tarred. The first person George asked led us to the bakery of Jens Eri, whose wife could speak English. George's Norwegian did not extend to asking about fjord steamers. In Norwegian, the asking was easy, it was the answers that stumped us. The price of anything had to be written down. With everything else it was listening for a "Ya" in a long sentence or a friendly nod of the head. Through Jens and his wife we chartered a motor launch, for the steamer did not call until Sunday; 35/- it was going to cost, but it was better than waiting a day.

Then our interpreter offered us beds and for supper there

was a long dish of the usual one-sided sandwiches—dark brown goats' cheese on some and raw bacon on the others. Arthur liked neither, so it was just bread and butter and strong coffee for him. And George and I were not doubly fortunate—one slice of raw bacon to each piece of bread is ample! And so to bed, for we were tired. Our day—80 miles—was by far our longest. We had bacon and egg and sardines and anchovies—salty things!—and tea to drink at breakfast next morning. For supper, bed and breakfast we were charged 3/6 each.

Later, on the wooden jetty, another person wanted to use the launch to get home in a hurry—and he wanted to know if we minded going via Leikanger to Gudvangen, which was our destination. This added two hours to our four hours' trip and would knock 5/- off the cost. We assented for we would see more of the fjord and we could get food at Leikanger. Perhaps! Our fellow passenger, who was the road surveyor for the district, was really interesting. As we passed over the fjord he pointed out where 400 Viking ships were sunk, lost in a combat between rival brothers; he showed us a group of houses at the end of a creek. In the Viking days a town flourished there. After a pleasant two hours we bade good-bye to our friend at Leikanger, and two minutes later we were in a squall on the fjord. The captain and his crew ate their sandwich lunch, we merely watched with mixed feelings.

I will not write much of the next four hours on that boat with its ceaseless throbbing. For the first half hour it was in the squall and it did everything but capsize. We were hungry. Slowly, we came into the narrower gulf of Naerofjord, where waterfalls fell over the mountain more than a 1,000 feet above to end in spray. On the dark, deep waters, a shoal of porpoise passed us by. We stepped ashore at Gudvangen at 4-30, after $6\frac{1}{2}$ hours of that wretched motor launch which we grew to hate, and $7\frac{1}{2}$ hours after breakfast. Never more thankful were we to tread on land. And the Gudvangen Hotel could only offer the same old coffee and sandwiches with a service intolerably slow and the price not a bit right. So, hungrily we passed on our way.

Eight miles farther, by a lovely undulating road, we came to Stalheim and we walked the hill that climbs by fourteen bends to the Stalheim Klev—we had to! It was the steepest bit of road we had come upon for a long time. At the hotel we were received well and it was a real change to speak English to anyone and be understood. Single beds each and h. and c. in each room. Supper was at eight and we were ready. A hot course came first and for the remainder

of the meal we helped ourselves from a large table laden with a wonderful variety of glorious food. It took a great effort to leave when we had had enough. In Norway you eat until you have had sufficient; in Britain, if you are still not satisfied after the run through the scanty menu, well, you are unlucky. Norwegians run their hotels as *hotels* and make a good job of it, too; British, in some cases run their hotels to sell ale. Therein lies the difference, and it is considerable. Not much beer is consumed in Norway. It is as our surveyor friend said to us: "I don't like beer." And we wondered what manner of man was this, but he continued: "Scotch is mine and Black and White for choice!" A writer in the *C.T.C. Gazette* for November did not like Stalheim for the type of guest it attracted. If we had visited Stalheim in season maybe we would have agreed, but in our between times visit we enjoyed ourselves in Norway's most famous hotel, S.R. & B. was 9/9 and well worth while, and easily comparable with any British hotel of the same type.

Sunday's programme only embraced 22 miles, so we lingered around Stalheim until well-nigh lunch time, photographing the road, the wonderful gorge and the high waterfalls that thunder in from two corners. The country through which we passed was different; strange woods and gates across the roads; old log cabins were in tiny clearings and by the water-side of a mountain lake was a white-walled, red-roofed Norwegian church. Thenceforth we descended with a river which raged as a torrent for miles on end to plunge down a waterfall to quieter reaches. And so we came to Voss where we had a mighty lunch at 4-30 (enough for six) at the Vossvangen Hotel. Lunch, light supper, R. & B., 7/6.

Next morning I repaired the only puncture of the tour and we took the train to Haugarstol, 60 miles to the eastwards at a cost of 8/2, including bicycles. There was great advantage in this trip, for we climbed from about 162 feet to over 3,200, and we travelled by one of the most wonderful railways in Europe. The line climbs to over 4,000 feet and for sixty miles is above the line of pines and for thirty of them above the line of any trees. At Myrdal, which is at the end of the longest tunnel on the line, we looked down on to a lake thousands of feet below. Then the train, 'mid snowsheds and through the wildest and bleakest country we have ever seen, writhed around cold lakes and fields of perpetual snow. Yet occasionally—very occasionally—there were farms and houses. At Finse, the highest station of the line, we were out of the train, but not for long, it was about four degrees above freezing point.

At Haugarstol, where it was still chilly, we left the train

and saw the steely-blue of a lake mingle with lovely autumn colourings and a sprinkling of snow. On a high snow screen were stretched large skins, they may have been goat, or (to be romantic, but less likely) wolf or reindeer. Then a young woman with a guttural voice came to us and said that we could not go to Hardanger to-day, the road was blocked with snow and was impassable for bicycles. We followed her into the hotel, for it was warmer there. We had lunch of bread and marmalade, cake and tea; it was either that or the eternal coffee and sandwiches. Then we studied the problem of what to do, for we were in a pickle. From Haugarstol there is just one way, which was the road we wanted, and this route was impassable. Thus cycling from Haugarstol was impossible. Further, there is not a direct road to Bergen from any station on the line. A train to Bergen was our only alternative (and was not liked, for this would cost 17/6 and we only had two days in Norway left). Then we heard of a lorry-cum-bus which was leaving for Eidfjord—our original destination—in an hour. The driver would take us all the way for 8/- each, a distance of about 40 miles. Eventually we made a compromise of "past the snowline for 4 Kr. (4/-) each." This would be at least a help of 25 miles.

At 4 p.m. we started, the chains on the back wheels of the bus making an awful row. The road climbed and it crossed a treeless region mantled in new snow. Drifts, many feet deep were flung across the road, and we were glad to be in the relative warmth and comfort of the lorry. In the sunshine we saw that mighty river of ice, the great Hardanger Glacier, glittering blue and miles away. The bus, even in that wild expanse, got full, and just past the summit (4,000 feet) we were asked to get out and cycle. There was still snow, but after a mile or so we cleared it all and we settled down to the long descent. It was not fierce, just pleasant free-wheeling for mile after mile. We heard the thundering of the mighty Voringfoss waterfall, which has a drop of 470 feet, long before we came to where it leaps into the dark Mabodal gorge. The road drops into the gorge by hairpins and tunnels literally beneath itself in its efforts to reach the river again. Although we did not try, we estimated that the road would be fairly rideable, even in the ascent. Darkness gathered as we descended the valley and when we came to Vik-i-Eidfjord at Hardanger's end the black mass of mountain could hardly be distinguished from the dark blue of the night sky. We were fortunate in our Hotel Voringfoss, where the supper was a masterpiece and the bill reasonable, 7/-. Never obtain sandwiches from an hotel in Norway; next day we ordered an ordinary quantity of

sandwiches from the hotel and they cost us 5/-, which was more than the supper of the night before ! Before our remonstrance he wanted 6 Kr. (6/-).

We lingered at Eidfjord all morning, for our steamer did not sail until after noon for the ten hour trip (second class 3/3—"we won't bother charging for the bicycles") to Norheimsund. It is not a long trip ordinarily—four hours—but on this occasion we were to call at almost every little place on the fjord to discharge provisions and load fruit, for which the Hardanger District of Norway is famous. With the darkness came rain, but we didn't mind, the saloon was quite warm, and we had delicious fried fish with potatoes and melted butter for supper. As the night wore on the steamer was three hours late on schedule and we estimated to reach Norheimsund at 1 a.m. So at Oystese, an hour earlier, I dashed round the village in the rain at midnight seeking an open hotel. And when I was at the village end the ship's bell rang. What a breathless sprint ! And I thought I had squared the second officer, but "seconds" are not captains. At Norheimsund we found Sandsen's Hotel open (R. & B., 6/-).

For our last 60 miles in Norway we travelled to Bergen by a road that has been likened to the Axenstrasse with its tunnels and galleries in the cliff face. It climbed, in this manner, from a valley of luscious fruit trees to a beautiful mountain land ; it descended past a waterfall and through a lovely valley to reach Samnanger Fjord. It climbed again, to descend to Sorfjord and we crossed to the peninsula upon which the ancient town of Bergen stands. Through Arnes we reached this lovely old town from the north, to revile its setts but admire its ancient atmosphere. We found our hotel (Bondeheimen, King Oscar's gate 22, R. & B., 3/9 !—and good) and climbed by the Funicular Railway (what a nightmare !) to the summit of one of the seven hills. From its heights we saw the sun fade into the western sea, we watched the city darken and then become ablaze with light. "Venus" crept slowly into her harbour and we watched her berth. Later, we wandered from the quaintness of the old Hansa Town to the modern squares and streets.

Perhaps on this last night, we may discuss the cost of this Norway tour. £16 10s. 0d. each, Liverpool to Liverpool. Of this, actual travelling expenses cost us £10 10s. 0d. at least. We booked third class right through but transferred to first (excepting berths) on the boat, this cost 12/- each extra. Second class from Bergen to Oslo is good.

And so we said farewell (or should it be *au revoir* ?) to Norway, Nature's Wonderland. 'Neath an azure sky, flecked

with great white clouds, we passed from Bergen, the wonder city within the seven hills; from the most enjoyable land we have ever toured; from a delightful people whose hospitality knew no bounds. An hour later, and the last mountains of Norway passed beyond our sight; it was then that we murmured our only wish—a fervent hope to go again.

(The three tourists were F. Marriott, who writes the article, W. G. Connor, and A. Williams, who can furnish any further information.—ED.)

THE HOLIDAY CONFESSIONS OF A MANCHESTER MAN AND A LIVERPOOL GENTLEMAN.

THIS is the tale, not of a tour, but of lazy wanderings by two idle fellows—without real plan or settled ideas of route or mileage—just that we would spend some time in the Cotswolds. So *pukka* tourists—those who pore over maps for weeks beforehand, know where they'll lay their busy heads each night, where each meal will be eaten and at precisely what hour they will pass a certain point—had better cut the rest of this effusion; it will only irritate them. My own opinion is that the tale is not worth telling anyhow, but the Editor wants it.

The holiday proper commenced from Acton Bridge after the Run meal, when the Cherub and I, preceded and sheltered from the strong wind by our two Staffordshire members, set forth amid the plaudits of the crowd. The route lay through Davenham and Middlewich to Newcastle, where we paused to admire the decorations with which the ancient town was adorned in honour of I don't know how many hundreds of years of existence. As it was now somewhat late it was thought desirable to telephone from here to Stone to make sure of our beds for the night and diligent search for a telephone led us to one situated conveniently in a place of public entertainment where the nobility and gentry of the neighbourhood were gathered, presumably to celebrate the umpteenth centenary of the town. Our workmanlike costume struck a somewhat bizarre note among the impeccably dressed crowd in the lounge, so, the matter of the beds having been satisfactorily arranged we stayed a bit to lend a little colour to the scene. Then once more into the saddle to ride gently under the moon into Stone, where friend Adams of the Unicorn welcomed us. Here we were visited by the ladies from across the way and after some cheerful chat we retired in good order. Sunday morning opened badly—heavy rain which continued incessantly until 11 o'clock. In a lull we

started, but before very long the earnest downpour recommenced and we were very damp outwardly when we reached Rugeley and took refuge for a time. Then the rain cleared off, and we reached Lichfield comfortably for lunch. After we had fed, there was bright sunshine, tempting me to lead the Cherub round the Cathedral and other places of interest. But alas, before we had time to return to the inn the heavens again opened and we must perforce take shelter and wait. In the fulness of time we were on the road again, without capes but before long something really serious must have happened to the waterworks—for the rain came down with such force that, before we were off the machines we were soaked through. But that was really the end of our wettings, for afterwards we had no more to speak of that day, as we made our way by Coleshill, Stonebridge, Kenilworth and Warwick, with a pause to admire once more the view at Guy's Cliff, to Wellesbourne where we were expected and regaled with a sumptuous repast. An exploration of the village in the dark, followed by contact with the local worthies at their ease closed the day.

On Monday morning, not too early, we set out for somewhere or other, I've forgotten where, but we soon got to Kineton, where I espied a sign-post to Compton Winyates. Now I've wanted to go to Compton Winyates for years and never had the chance, so I insisted on any plan the Cherub may have cherished being abandoned and the pleasant, winding road through Oxhill to Tysoe taken. I've always understood that Compton Winyates was difficult to find, but now the way is signposted at every point. Rather too much so, perhaps, for in Tysoe we followed the motor road up a frightful hill, whereas we might have gone on an easy road through a few gates. However, it was worth while for we approached the mansion by the road at the top of the hill, and our first view was infinitely better than from any other angle. The house was certainly a delight to the eye as it lay below us in the valley, with its carefully kept gardens and clipped box hedges. Unfortunately the interior could not be inspected that day; we decided on a return visit on the Wednesday and proceeded via Winderton to Brailes, where the George Hotel provided us with an excellent lunch for hungry men (B.B.B.C. & V. 2/8½; it is unnecessary to explain the symbols—if we say that B indicates Beer, Bread, Butter or Billiards in accordance with the context, the intelligent reader will have no difficulty in working out the rest). After watching the buxom landlady feed the chickens and finding that she wasn't a widow after all, we went up the hill a piece and

then turned off to the right up a road that didn't look promising to the ordinary eye, but to that of the Cherub, who likes weird roads, it seemed quite all right. It wound very considerably, taking a water-splash in its stride so to speak, and by dint of considerable pedestrianism up grass grown roads we reached Gottenham and then the Rollrich stones. These we inspected, over the railings, and were duly impressed. Then to Long Compton for tea and through Shipston-on-Stour to Wellesbourne, through very heavy rain. An evening spent in cheerful converse with the locals rounded things off nicely.

Now I rather think we'd intended to move somewhere else after two nights at Wellesbourne, but after breakfast on the Tuesday morning the Cherub swore that it would be flying in the face of Providence to move from the King's Head until we had to, in view of the very exceptional talents of the landlady in the cooking line. Carried unanimously! So we left our packs and made for Halford, negotiating a fallen tree on the way, along the fosse-way to Moreton-in-the-Marsh and Stow-on-the-Wold and reached Bourton-on-the-Water, after sheltering from a real soaking downpour. We found Morris as cheerful as ever, with the New Inn full up and flowing over, and after lunch made our way to picturesque Lower Slaughter where we did the proper thing by way of sending picture post-cards to all our friends and relations, meanwhile cheering up the village post-mistress (*she* wasn't a widow either). From there we found some roads which were really quite impossible—grass growing, deep ruts, gates and mud—but I'm bound to say most interesting, and quite free from motor traffic. One of these roads was Buckle Street or Ickneild Street, an old Roman road, which in parts gave one the impression that it hadn't had attention since the time of their occupation of Britain. At one point we found a remarkable signpost; it had four arms, all pointing the same way. Investigation revealed that the arms were on collars, which had become loose and the half-gale which had been blowing all day had done the rest. A long drop into Chipping Campden, a very cursory inspection of its charms, for it was now getting late, and then a glorious scamper to our quarters through Stratford before the hefty wind.

Wednesday was set aside for Compton Winyates and, as we had plenty of time in the morning, we took the opportunity of inspecting the Memorial Theatre at Stratford. There was some idea of attending the performance in the evening, but as the only two available seats were about as far apart as Shawburch and Queensferry Corner it had to be abandoned.

Through Ettington we went to Fullready and Whatcote ; this road was a real tit-bit—ruts, gates, mud, and in parts no road at all but merely a view over a field from one gate to another. Compton Winyates was reached and we inspected the interior in the company of a family of lunatics. Grandpa was so deaf that he required to be addressed through a microphone ; he assured the guide that he couldn't hear a word he said, but it didn't matter, for he knew it all. Father checked the guide's statements on measurements with a spring-tape, mother gambolled like an over-grown kitten, grandma suffered and the kids behaved in accordance with the laws of heredity. Grandpa and father conversed amiably with the voice-volume of a regimental Sergeant-major on parade, and the guide continually lost his place, with disastrous results to the coherence of his narrative. You know what these guides are—they've said it all so often that it has no meaning for them and when they are put off they can't find the thread again. However, with all the drawbacks, the visit was interesting—sometime perhaps, I'll have the chance to examine the place properly. From the mansion there is a private road forbidden to wheeled traffic ; this we took and found it good, arriving at Tysoe at the spot where we had, on the Monday, turned for the motor road. Hence we went through Shenington to Edge Hill, where we admired the view from the top of the Tower. Then through Kineton to Wellesbourne in a sharp shower.

Thursday was our last day for the Cotswolds. Through Halford we went to Ilmington, a pretty village, now, according to the landlady of the local pub, put definitely on the map by the Shepherd's broadcast last Christmas, and thence to Chipping Campden, which we now inspected at our leisure, including in our survey the interior of the Lygon Arms and the Noel Arms, with interesting old oak wainscoting and furniture, not forgetting to taste the famous home-brew at the latter. Then up the hill and down the other side to Weston Subedge, pausing at the top to enjoy the magnificent wide view (you must go through a gate on the right, into a field, to see it best), thence by another section, quite decent this time, of our friend Buckle Street to Bidford and Wixford, where we lost Buckle Street, but found something much worse. Through Temple Grafton we got on the main road from Alcester to Stratford, and, with a detour through Shotton, reached Wellesbourne quite dry—not a shower this day.

On Friday morning we left the King's Head with great regret on our homeward way through Stratford, Alcester, Droitwich, Kidderminster, to Bridgnorth, whence over Much Wenlock to Shrewsbury, where, after stabling at the George,

we visited old haunts and renewed old acquaintance.

Saturday, as the journey to meet the Club at Mouldsworth was a short one by the high road, was to be one of dodging along the lanes, but the weather was so unfavourable that, apart from a short detour through Grinshill and Clive, a very charming route, we kept to the main roads, greeting our club-mates in good time. And so finished a very jolly holiday. As to mileage and informative details of the kind which ought to be given for the guidance of those who care to follow, I can tell you nothing, but we did have a good time, didn't we, Cherub?

THE GOYT VALLEY.

An opportunity came our way the other Sunday, of visiting a well-known beauty spot which will shortly be un-accessible owing to engineering operations now in progress. I refer to the Goyt Valley known to many of us.

Upon entering from the Whaley Bridge end we were almost immediately confronted with the work in progress. Some little way down the hill the road ceases to be, and it was necessary to lift our machines over the small gauge railway and other constructional necessities, until we came on to the top of the dam.

Looking along the reservoir we had a very fine view of the site of Stockport's future water supply, and to our right and below, the sluice and outlet. Passing the partially finished control tower we turned to the left and commenced to climb up the hill, following a narrow footpath. We eventually came to a dead end and saw below us the old road, which can only be used from that point.

From where we stood we had an unobstructed view of the reservoir, across, and from end to end. In all this upheaval of natural scenery at one end and practically untouched at the other, one can appreciate the work in this engineering task and necessity. The ruggedness of it all appealed to me, as we took a final look before descending to the road below. The surface on this road was anything but good as we rode along towards Goyt Bridge. Here a light suspension bridge has been slung for the use of pedestrians, leading across to a road on the other bank.

Our progress no longer obstructed, we rode along (and walked) towards the "Cat and Fiddle" highway. The activity of the builders was observed in the old stone cottages that used to be, now lying in a neatly piled heap where they once stood. Finally emerging on to the Buxton-Macclesfield road, it was agreed that our little diversion had been good value.

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of *The Circular*.

DEAR SIR,—Objecting as I do to every form of publicity, I dislike intensely the Anfield system of printing in the *Circular* each month the names of those who have paid their subs. If there must be publicity for the members, how much better it would be to give the names of those whose subs. are unpaid. It would expose dilatory people and act as an encouragement to them to pay up. Perhaps you will kindly pass on this suggestion to the right quarter so that it can be implemented without delay.

Yours truly,

W. M. ROBINSON.

P.S.—I have to-day sent my 1935 sub. to Bob Knipe.—W.M.R.

W.G.C. (Wallasey)—We suggest that when in the "Dolphin," you should just act as if you were at home.

F.M. (of *Cycling*)—Why not try *Home Notes*. We believe they pay quite well for articles written in the present historic.

C.R. (Chester)—Sorry, but we have not heard of any buckshee Simplex gears.

W.H.L. (Chester)—We have heard of the Odol Smile, but will give you further details when we next see you.

A.W. (Birkenhead)—Tough Segs, as you so quaintly call them, can easily be distinguished by their flaxen hair and Nordic cast of countenance.

RUNS.

Lymm, 27th October, 1935.

The first of the alternative runs was held in damp but not dismal conditions, the gathering small but sociable. Rex Austin and Wilf Orrell made a welcome reappearance after long absence. Others present were Moore, Lockett, Thomas, Poole (R.), Cody and Haynes, Stevie turned up half way through the meal to make the total 9. We hope that alternative runs will be better supported than this, and that our Manchester stalwarts will be seen more frequently and thus help to make the runs a success.

Halewood, 2nd November, 1935.

Saturday found me with a full programme—a desire to visit the new "Palatial Pub," and also to put in a few miles over Wirral hedges and mud in order to do justice at the end of the trip. This of a necessity meant me taking the trip

through the towns, so after my spot of mud-larking I made for the Ferry, where I found Albert patiently waiting for the Skipper, we waited no longer and took the first boat over. A leisurely amble through the city and soon we were in the tank and partaking of liberal refreshment. All the old hands were, as usual, present, excepting one Arthur Simpson and didn't the Porker cry out for its mate!!

Then to the tables; it was something fresh to have all in one room and in my estimation a welcome change. The youngsters were under the capable care of the "Old Gent" and Frank Chandler, who apparently were too liberal with the fare. For once both Sammy and Salty cried enough at the first call. No doubt saving themselves for next month's effort.

Well, the hours go all too quickly, and these married men have to be off home to their hearth and homes, and so in the company of Golden Locks, Albert and Bill Jones, we early bid all adieu hoping they all enjoyed the trip home as Albert and Co. did, notwithstanding the battle with the buses.

Those present at the festive board were Cook, Preston, Williams, Hughes, Burgess, Chandler, Marriott, Salt, Connor, Jones, Kettle, Venables, Cody, Lucas, Edwards, Rowatt, Powell, Royden, H. Band, Elston, Hawkes, Morris, Conway, G. Newall, Roskell, Kinder, Stephenson, Fell, Scarff and Perkins—30 in all.

Goostrey, 2nd November, 1935.

The weather was mixed—local showers, some slight and some not so slight. The first to arrive at the Red Lion was H. Green, followed by G. Lockett, E. Haynes, Junr. on a tricycle, H. Thomas, R. Poole, W. Orrell and G. B. Orrell, the latter making a very much overdue appearance.

Everyone did full justice to the excellent meal which Mrs. Knowles had provided. The Swinton-Sword-Swallower was on the top of his form, but was somewhat over-shadowed by the efforts of the Twemlow Food Depository.

R. Poole was the first to depart for home, the Orrell Brothers next, just in front of the rest of the party, who had to manufacture, out of property belonging to the Red Lion, a white patch for the "Barrow." Thus another perfect run, marred only by lack of attendance, came to an end.

Marford, 9th November, 1935.

The Saturday morning was rather inclement and I said some nasty things about the weather in general as I made my way to the office. However, about lunch time it cleared up and a weak November sun made its appearance.

Waiting at the corner were Byron and del Banco, the

latter making one of his all too rare appearances at a Club run. Arthur Williams and friend Bill Jones caught us up at The Yacht, I having developed one of Bert Lloyd's complaints, that of losing a chain wheel pin, and Arthur came to the rescue with a spare.

Of course when we arrived in Chester someone suggested a cup of tea and the idea met with unanimous approval. Here we found Powell and Harold Band also indulging in that pernicious habit.

The Trevor Arms was made in good time and those present were Cook, Chandler, Ven, Smith, Johnny Band, Jack Seed, Kettle, Tommy Royden, Teddy Edwards, Rowatt, Threlfall, Roberts, Connor and Marriott. Reg. Pugh also made one of his exceptionally rare appearances and it is hoped that it will not be long before he pays us another visit at a Club run.

We half expected a visit from a noted Chester member but it was reported that he was busy painting a pigeon pen and found it impossible to get out in time.

Altogether 20 members and a friend sat down to a good meal in a dining room that rather resembled a crypt, wherein a few minutes after they had started to smoke it was quite impossible to see those at the other end of the table.

When one tries a new place in the winter time it is not without certain misgivings, but the general opinion was that it was worth another visit, especially Frank Chandler, who was able to get two helpings of everything. What is more, they were pleased to have us, and not like some caterers these days who think they are doing you a favour.

Byron and Williams went to the Youth Hostel at Cynwyd for the week-end while Cook, Chandler and Smith went to the West Arms Llanarmon for an unofficial Autumnal Tints Tour.
Holmes Chapel, 9th November, 1935.

A convenient railway station makes quite a good parking space for cars, and heaps of room for bicycles. These are not the only things in favour of a run to the Swan, yet we can only get a turn-out of half a dozen. I'm afraid there is a little back-sliding somewhere. Anyway, the six who sat down to the usual super-meal were: Cody, Green, Lockett, Haynes, Junr., Thomas and Poole. Tea was soon over and we wended our way home. A lovely moonlight ride spoiled only by the writer having to relight his lamp some eight times or more.
Tarporley, 16th November, 1935.

Wondering whether my sparring partner would ring up delayed the start and made a little detour, which had suggested itself, have to be put aside for another day.

Quite a bit of rain was met between Eastham and Chester, and although it cleared, the roads through Tarvin were very wet. When Tarporley was reached, no sign of moisture (except bodily) was evident.

I seemed to be the earliest cyclist, when Rowatt discovered me and learned that Edwards, by car, was already doing the sights.

Stevie was wafted in and when challenged he said he would, so we did. What's he slimming for anyway? The President and Snowden (who appears to have no work to do on Saturdays) had both put in some good exercise and reported rain only in the Chester district. Seventeen members—Royden, Seed, Cody, Green, H. Band, Snowden, Stephenson, Venables, Rowatt, W. Orrell, Lockett, Cook, Smith, Kettle, S. Threlfall, Powell, Edwards and Royden's son-in-law—sat down to the usual good and well-served meal provided at the Swan.

Marriott, whom I had not seen, gave me a shock when he came round for the cost of the revel and reported J. E. Carr, Williams, Hughes, del Banco, Byron, Jones, Haynes, Thomas in the adjoining room. Fancy nearly missing the most of the cream!

I think Cody and Threlfall were first off, followed by Cook and Smith en route for Eccleshall. Am afraid the return journey would not be much of a joy ride. Piloted by Snowden, Band and Powell I staggered into dock about 9 p.m.

Farndon, 23rd November, 1935.

For a change, we had a fine day, and the younger members seven strong set out from Willaston with the prospect of an easy and comfortable ride ahead of us. We were eventually joined by Chandler and Harold Band, or shall we say we overtook them. (As for ourselves we overtook the Tea-Tasters!—Ed.) and the Editor improved the shining hour in indulging in his passion for victims by picking one of the cavalcade to write up a run in December.

A stop was made at Chester, for tea, but Chandler was more than fed up with the hot pace, and so we mourned his loss. (Hot enough for him to continue to Tattenhall whilst the rest of the party had to stop for a rest!—Ed.). The party then for some strange reason was broken up and the members made their different routes to Farndon.

It was interesting to see Pitchford, and positively wonderful to see Randall. The vociferous applause having died down, however, twenty-seven hungry men sat down to an excellent meal, and a good time was had by all. (Despite the fact that

only 20 were ordered for, those who turned up unexpectedly, failing to advise the Secretary of their intentions, *vide* September *Circular*.—ED.)

The following are the names of those present: Cook, Chandler, Carpenter, Powell, E. Edwards, Rowatt, Roberts, T. Royden and friend Godfrey, Kettle, Marriott, Pitchford, Connor, Randall, W. Jones, Snowden, J. Band, H. Band, Smith, Seed, Venables, Elias, Williams, Pugh, Hughes, R. Band and Byron.

At the break up Cook and Smith proceeded to Knockin; Rigby Band and Williams to Bala (and they arrived there), and the remainder to their respective homes, five of the seven original members pursuing a swift, if somewhat erratic course, through Eaton Park.

Lymm, 23rd November, 1935.

The "Spread Eagle" is always a popular alternative fixture, and a dozen or more members had arrived by official opening time, though we noticed that about five of them had travelled by car. As the day was fine and dry we can think of no adequate explanation for this mode of travel, and their plea that they had temporarily mislaid their machines merely merits contempt. But whatever the method of arriving at the Inn we were very glad to see Buckley again, who has returned fresh from one of his ale sampling sojourns in Essex, and also Urban Taylor and A. N. Rawlinson, whom we meet far too seldom nowadays. These latter two were "the glass of fashion" in their city suitings, but Buckley unkindly thought they looked like a couple of funeral mutes, whatever those may be.

Ted Cody, Stevie, and Threlfall had joined us from the Liverpool direction, and we caught a glimpse of Bert Green's knees prominently revealed in a corner. We sympathised with Rex Austin, who was suffering from one of his periodical attacks of alcoholic abstinence, but who made light of his distress and courageously drank "soft" drinks until closing time, when we were gently but firmly shown the door by a reluctant landlady. It is perhaps as well to record that we also consumed the usual excellent meal supplied by this establishment.

Mouldsworth, 30th November, 1935.

Twenty-seven noble fellows splashed through the storm to keep tryst at the Station Hotel and to support the President in his open-air campaign. One pessimist called to mind that it had been said that "there were fools, superlative fools and—

Anfielders," but the author of such a remark surely must have been a motorist of the deepest dye and altogether ignorant of the delights of rain-sodden roads, pelting showers of ice and water and the thrill of a cold stream trickling down one's back! In the present instance, a gale of some intensity added to the joy of the run—when one's direction coincided with that of the wind: otherwise, it was, to say the least, trying at times.

Nevertheless, it was a gay party which sat down to the somewhat indifferent meal (the deadliness of which was only revealed fully when an effort had to be made against the gale!) Composed, as it was, of all that was best in the Club, the assemblage displayed that air of elegance so typical of the Anfield Bicycle Club, as may be gathered from the subjoined list of the company. Supporting the President at the centre table were the Editor (damp, but debonair), Venables, Snowden, Kettle (so spruce that anyone could see he had, for the time being, eschewed the delights of auto-propulsion), Molyneux (all too rare a visitor), Thomas Royden and Mr. Williams, a guest, known far and wide for his ever-ready help to riders in competition and record, to say nothing of his being the aider and abettor of any mischief in which George might be interested and—the natural enemy of anything in blue. Scattered about the room at various other tables, were Green, Johnny Band, Cody, Smith (blown up from Wellington), Powell (using *frightful* language about the weather), Marriott, Williams of "Ours" (also a little peeved, it would seem, for he made really nasty remarks in the presence of the Editor concerning black puddings), Haynes, Lockett, and other good fellows, to say nothing of Pitchford, Pugh *major* and del Banco a few friends in an adjoining room.

When the time of departure arrived, the deluge had ceased and "the stars came out and they danced about," their displays only being occasionally interrupted by sharp hail-storms. The wind, however, had thought to veer towards the north, which entailed a little more energy than had been anticipated by those returning to the north-west. However, it was all very jolly and by taking advantage of sheltered lanes, the going was not unduly hard.

Cook and Smith were for Afonwen with the prospect of a stiff ride; the Editor was for Chester *en route* for home, with the prospect of an orgy of sooty spheroids. Altogether, a by no means unpleasant run, despite the seemingly adverse conditions and when twenty-seven people, by their actions, think alike, there must be some truth in the assertion.

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