

ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

FORMED MARCH, 1879.

MONTHLY CIRCULAR

Vol. XXXIV.

No. 383.

A Happy New Year to All.

FIXTURES FOR JANUARY, 1938.

Tea at 6-0 p.m.

Light up at

Jan.	1	Chester (Talbot)	4-33	p.m.
..	8	Halewood (Derby Arms). Annual General Meeting	4-41	..
		Tea, 5-30 p.m.					
..	10	Committee Meeting 7-30 p.m. (Victoria Hotel, St. John's Lane, Liverpool)		
..	15	Heswall (Black Horse)	4-51	..
..	22	Acton Bridge (Leigh Arms)	5-4	..
..	29	Chester (Talbot)	5-16	..
Feb.	5	Halewood (Derby Arms)	5-31	..

ALTERNATIVE FIXTURES

Tea at 5-30 p.m.

Jan.	1	Goostrey (Red Lion)	4-33	..
..	15	Lymm (Spread Eagle)	4-51	..
..	29	Northwich (Crown & Anchor)	5-16	..
Feb.	5	Goostrey (Red Lion)	5-31	..

Full Moon 16th 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.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS. Mr. W. T. Threlfall,
"Thorncroft," Thornton Common Road, Thornton Hough,
Wirral.

Members are reminded that Tea at Halewood on January 8th will be at 5-30 p.m.

Members attending the following Fixtures: Chester (Talbot), 1st and 29th January, and Northwich (Crown and Anchor), 29th January, are requested to order their requirements on arrival.

H. W. POWELL,
Hon. General Secretary.

TREASURY NOTES.

At the time of writing it is rather early to expect any response from the thirty procrastinators to whom I have written letters during the past week. These have turned deaf ears to my appeals in the *Circular* and have ignored the showers of red slips. I hope that my final yelps of anguish will not pass unheeded. Don't let the Club down. Pay up at once. All subscriptions received by January 9th will be included in this year's Balance Sheet.

Speaking recently at a dinner, Lord Kenilworth told how he had paid his Anfield subscription for 50 years. If one, who bears so many "blushing honours thick upon him" is proud to be an Anfielder, *what about you?* Show some of the true Anfield spirit of loyalty and co-operation and send along that overdue subscription.

Looking on the brighter side you will see that the habit of paying in advance is going very strong this month.

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

- | | |
|----------------------------|-------------------------------|
| *R. J. Austin. | A. Newsholme ('37, '38, '39). |
| F. Beckett. | F. E. Parton ('37, '38). |
| *P. Brazendale ('37, '38). | H. Poole ('37, '38). |
| G. B. Burgess. | *H. W. Powell. |
| W. G. Connor ('38). | A. N. Rawlinson. |
| A. Crowcroft. | *D. C. Rowatt. |
| E. M. Haslam. | C. Selkirk. |
| N. M. Higham. | T. V. Schofield ('37, '38). |
| T. R. Hinde ('37, '38). | *W. T. Venables ('38). |
| D. C. Kinghorn. | E. Webb. |
| *A. Lusty. | A. G. White. |

EDITORIAL.

We have now got to the end of another year, our third as Editor of this Rag and have to thank all contributors for the willingness with which they have executed our requests for copy. We believe that variety is the spice of life and that in such a job as collecting copy for compiling a journal this is a most important point. Not desiring the Journal to read in any way like a "Church Magazine" we have given every one a chance of contributing, and as already stated there has been an excellent response.

We are of the opinion that not only is it desirable to have variety of form and style appearing in these pages, but that it is infinitely preferable to have frequent changes in the Editorial sanctum in order that no chance of staleness can be allowed to creep in and that each publication should appear as fresh as possible. With these thoughts in view we trust that he who may follow in our footsteps will have as pleasant a time in the Editorial Chair as we have had and that any requests he may make for copy will not be made in vain.

CAPTAIN'S NOTES.

POWELL PRESENTATION.

Owing to the variances in the December posts, some of you may not have received a circular embodying a suggestion

put forward by one of our oldest members that the time is opportune for the Club to recognise the very excellent service Powell has rendered during his eleven years' secretaryship.

A subscription list has been opened and I am delighted to report that over 70 members have contributed. But the list cannot be closed yet, there is still a number of members who are shy, members from whom I expected to hear days ago. The list will be kept open until January 3rd. Please help to make this expression of gratitude really representative. The address is 45, Carlton Road, Birkenhead.

And I would also thank those old members and exiles whom we never see, for their prompt replies and their kind expressions of goodwill. To reply to each letter personally is impossible, but I thank them, one and all.

FRANK E. MARRIOTT,
Captain.

RACING NOTES.

Control.

The control of road sport is now an accomplished fact, and progress is well ahead in the formation of the various local councils. In the Liverpool and Manchester districts the club is well to the fore. R. J. Austin is handling the secretarial work in Cottonopolis, and Frank Marriott is dealing in a like capacity for the Liverpool District Council. The inaugural meetings of both councils are to be held on January 16th.

AT RANDOM.

The Treasurer has heard from A. G. White, "Pa" White, as he used to be affectionately called. In his letter he says that his sight has become affected since last January; but he expects this to be only temporary. He still enjoys good health in his 84th year and wishes to be remembered to all the Old Timers in the Club, and if any of them will look him up when in London he will be very pleased to see them. He is at 13, Russell Square, W.C.1, daily from 12 to 1 p.m. and 2 to 4 p.m. except Saturdays.

A Christmas Card addressed to The Anfield B.C., Glan Aber Hotel, Bettws, was received from Harry Buck, Vancouver, B.C., and was brought to Acton Bridge on Boxing Day by Hubert, who reported being very well treated at the Glan Aber.

CLUB DINNERS.

NORTH ROAD, BATH ROAD AND KENTISH WHEELERS DINNERS.

When the summer and autumn comes to an end another cycling season opens, the commencement of December is the golden opportunity for hordes of seasoned cyclists who have never been across a bicycle for decades to come into their own. These enthusiasts turn out in their thousands towards the end of November but their venue is not some cosy hostelry at Ripley or similar, but the swing door of some magnificent West End establishment that caters especially well for these aforesaid enthusiastic cyclists. By some methods known only to themselves they seem able to get to all the important Club Dinners, their principal grief being when two are held on the same night and they are unable to attend both. Being anxious to renew acquaintance with some of the "lost legion," whom I have not seen since the last dinner season, your correspondent visited the Kentish Wheelers on November 26th at the "Windsor Castle" Victoria. This old Kentish Club seems flourishing and judging by the trophies handed out by the President, "Sandy" Holdsworth, they have had a good season, amongst the many celebrities there we noticed "Sammy" Bartleet, E. J. Southcott and M. Draisey.

On December 3rd, the Bath Road. This was a brilliant affair, perhaps the best of a long series, and well described in *Cycling*, of 8th December. The guest of the evening was G. P. Mills, of "ours," who proposed the toast of "The Club," in a speech reminiscent of the past, as distant as the first Bordeaux-Paris race. G.P. looks wonderfully fit and quite able to ride a bicycle should the occasion call. The venue was the "Monica," well known to many Anfielders of the past.

The North Road Dinner was held on the 10th December, at the "Horse Shoe" Hotel, Tottenham Court Road, under the Presidency of S. H. Moxham, we noticed many old friends, "Jimmy" James, of "ours," Arthur Ilsley, Joe Harding, etc. Albert Lusty, another of "ours," proposed the toast of the Club in which he recalled some experiences he had with dear old "Biddy." The response was by the able Hon. Secretary, W. Frankum, the Club seem to have a very good lot of Officers and we shall see them in the front rank before many decades. We had the pleasure of sitting next to "Kuklos," who proposed the toast of the visitors, and as we had to have a reply from Brig. Gen. Sir Wyndham Deeds, C.M.G., D.S.O., Chairman of the London and Middlesex Area Committee of the National Fitness Council, "Kuklos" took the opportunity of dashing in to rub in the fact that cyclists already achieved "fitness" and that the bicycle was ignored by these Councils, whereas the solution of getting the young people into the country was at the hands of the Councils but they could not see the bicycle. In his reply the Brig-Gen. castigated "Kuklos," and it was eventually a "draw," but the gallant General was certainly stirred to deeds by the redoubtable "Kuklos," if only for this particular evening.

After the prize distribution our good friend, J. M. Loten, proposed the Chairman's health, which with his reply, brought to an end a pleasant evening quite up to North Road tradition. We must not omit to mention the famous "anthem," led by that evergreen Mentor Mott.

**FELLOWSHIP OF OLD TIME CYCLISTS.
ANNUAL DINNER, 1st DECEMBER, 1937.**

The only two Anfielders to support this were "Jimmy" James and Beardwood. The places allocated to Dave Rowatt and Ven were empty. There was a noticeable absence of the "men we knew," but as the total number was 130 it cannot be said there was any falling off in the average for the last few years. It is because the Fellowship is always enrolling new members who are gradually taking the place of those who have passed on, these new comers are old cyclists who possibly did not take such an active part in Club life and cycling history. Amongst the North Road we noticed A. F. Ilsley, E. P. Moorhouse and John Owen,

the Bath Road, J. Burden Barnes and W. G. James, who made the famous Mohawk cycles. Unfortunately, the Chairman, "Sammy" Bartleet, was unable to be present owing to illness and his place was ably filled by F. Percy Low. Amongst those better known to our members were E. H. Godbold, H. Synyer, Teddy Hale and A. E. Walters.

The writer was seated next to W. Timberlake, some will remember the famous "Timberlake" Ordinary bicycles. Mr. Timberlake opened Depots in several Northern towns, including Liverpool (Bold Street), there is still a shop in Wigan trading under the old name, but Mr. Timberlake himself is the last of the family and at the ripe old age of 77 has retired to Thorpe Bay. He is still well preserved and mentally alert and his fund of knowledge of the early trade was very interesting, also he knew most of the Liverpool personalities of the eighties and nineties.

We could not help but wonder how long the enthusiasm will carry on these functions when the "pillars" of the early history of the sport pass along.

SPEEDWELL DINNER.

Four of "ours" got up on their hind legs when Sid. Capener, presiding at the 62nd Annual Dinner of the Speedwell Bicycle Club, held in Birmingham, on 4th December last, announced that he would take wine with members of the A.B.C. These four worthies were (in alphabetical order—though they did not get up in that sequence!): F. Brewster, Albert Lusty, Len. Lusty and Robinson (himself). The large company gathered about the festive board (boards instead of tables always seem to be fashionable on these occasions!) successfully endured the strain of seeing this quartette of gangsters, and there were no casualties.

The true Speedwellian spirit prevailed throughout the evening and a very admirable dinner was provided. It was a mere slip of the knee-cap, rather than the potency of a local tippie known as M. and B. (familiar to all residents in the Big City except miserable T.T.'s like "Swearfairer"), that caused "Jolly Old Cap" to refer to the achievement of one of the Speedwell boys as "200 hours, 14 miles," or words to that effect—a bit of confused thinking which caused great merriment.

Early in the proceedings—and (no doubt by accident) immediately in advance of an item printed on the programme as “Vocal Absurdities”—Robbie was called upon to propose the toast of “The Club,” a task which was discharged with apparent satisfaction—and with a full measure of incursions into the realm of libel, criminal and otherwise. Albert Lusty did well as a co-respondent, sharing with another the pleasant job of replying to the toast of “Ladies and Visitors.” Thus (by a careful calculation) no less than 50 per cent. of our highly talented members (Advts.) present at the dinner did something besides eat, drink and be merry.

The present deponent, wending his way home afterwards in a full-blooded snow-storm, wondered (as he has wondered before) why the blazes his own Club does not indulge in the delight of an Annual Dinner.

TOURS AND TOURING.

NORWAY—AGAIN !

(continued).

In November we left you at the hotel at Vessenden, when we were wondering what would happen if the place did get on fire, for those notices of how to use the ropes—even if they were printed in three languages—were not too lucid, for us at any rate. A remarkable hotel, that, for the only paintwork was on the floor; and fisher folk had carved the size of their best catches on the door steps outside.

Ten-thirty, and we started late, for we had been talking over the breakfast table. The wind cast ripples on the lake, and the swelling water lapped at the stones at the roadside. Womenfolk were working on the farms, hanging the grass over wire frames to dry (they get better hay that way) and ponies, with their lovely cream coloured foals, trotted along the gravelly road. Norwegian cyclists and motorists of four nations, waved glad greeting as they passed—and we hailed in return. Past the lake end our way climbed with a valley, the mountains were high, and sheer, glaciers scintillated on their brink, and waterfalls leapt from the blue ice.

Our road was to descend into the fjord, but we turned by a new highway into the hills, a route that saved us many hours. The road twisted and writhed forever upwards, by sheltered farms and pine forests leaning on the steep hillsides. Miles of travel, and we could still see the valley far below. The trees were smaller, and thinner, and it was not long before there were no trees at all on that bleak mountain. We overtook a young cadet riding (or, more strictly, walking with) an old, a very old, Raleigh bicycle, equipped with a solitary calliper brake. And the way he charged down the other side At the 3,000 feet mark it was cold, and the descent was chilly, too. But mountains soon climbed again from the road, and the birches and then the pine trees grew and thrived once more. From the rim of the mountains we leant over and glimpsed Nordfjord, Norway's loveliest—a long sea of unebbing water, deep as the ocean, blue, and reflecting every pine tree of the hills. Miles later, for the way twisted—and dropped—we slid into the tiny village that we had seen from high above—Urviken, hiding at the water's edge. Our way then was along the fjord to its very end, the road rising slightly to edge round a clump of pine trees, and then it would dip to where those clearest waters washed the edge of the road. That narrow highway twisted with every bend of the fjord, and once it plunged through a dank tunnel that had been blasted from a rock. At the uttermost end of Nordfjord we came to Loen, to seek refuge at the Pensjonat—for the hotel was a huge affair, the most pretentious we had seen.

Friday morning, and we set out to see Loen Lake, most tragic of Norway's waters. A river leapt from the lake down a little valley to tumble into the fjord beneath a wooden bridge, and a road climbed slowly beside it. We pedalled along easily, and there were fishermen at the river, for this water is reputed to hold the finest salmon fishing in Europe. The lake, miles long and one mile wide, was creamy, partly from the glaciers and partly from the fact that the water had not yet settled since the landslide last autumn, when a slice of mountain fell into the lake and created a tidal wave that swept farms and animals and sixty people to their death. Lake passenger boats were swamped, and the authorities are building a road now, a high road, for at any time a new and greater landslide is expected. Farms have been re-erected higher on the hillsides, and warning posts

200 feet above sea level have been erected. The farmers own the fertile land in the valley, and they will not leave it.

The new road was unfinished when we were there, and George and I, after scrambling down the hillside to see what remains of the steamer that has lain there for over 30 years, left our bicycles and clambered by precarious cliffpaths 400 feet above the lake level. To the lake end it was just two miles, and it took one hour—the most hair-raising scramble we have ever attempted. One false step meant a very long drop and a wetting. Few people, excluding the workmen, attempted the passage, and we were told that we were in the first six since the tidal wave.

At the lake end we came upon jumbled wreckage of farms and a restaurant; whole sheds complete with contents washed with mud, were across the track and stream. A solitary pony wandered across the grasslands, forgotten probably, and alone, for the inhabitants of the village that was once there were swept away long ago, or have fled. It was three miles long, that way by the river, and we tramped and climbed very slowly. The mountains grew closer, waterfalls fell from their brink, and we could see the glaciers glittering in the sunshine, cold tributaries of Jostalsbreen, Europe's greatest icefield.

With milder winters, for then they do not receive their protection of snow, Norway's glaciers are slowly receding, and we had to stride across a stony morain to reach Kjendals glacier, remarkable, for it comes to with 300 feet above sea level. The vast ridges of glittering ice climbed upwards to the mountain ridge, and from out its depths a river flowed swiftly, through a blue-green cavern in the brittle ice.

(to be continued).

By-passing the main road—Liverpool to Carlisle.

The outstanding objection to touring anywhere north of Liverpool has always been the traffic to be encountered the whole way up to Kendal, particularly between Liverpool and Preston.

A very large portion can be avoided and although this route is not intended for record breakers it is preferable for tourists, the roads being free of traffic.

In the first place the whole of the Liverpool/Preston piece can be avoided without hardly adding on any distance and in the case of making for Clitheroe direction it is actually shorter than going through Preston. It should be borne in mind that the main road is by no means straight, especially at Tarleton, Longton and Hutton.

Follow the West Derby, Muirhead Avenue tramcar route from the Tunnel exit. At the end of Muirhead Avenue turn L and then in half-mile R coming out by the "Dog & Gun" at Stonebridge Lane. Turn L and cross East Lancashire Road and then R up Field Lane. You now come on to the Fazackerley Road. Turn R here and then L for Kirkby Station. $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles beyond, fork R at a signpost—"Skelmersdale," and continue for three miles to Stanley Gate and take the road signposted "Lathom." In $\frac{1}{2}$ -mile turn L at an unsignposted corner and follow the telegraph wires. This is the Rainford/Burscough road. Follow right through past Lathom Hall on R and when the Newburgh/Burscough road appears, turn L and then immediately R for Hoscarr Moss. A mile beyond Hoscarr Station you cross the Douglas and $\frac{3}{4}$ -mile beyond come to a signpost marked Bispham Green. Turn L then next R for the village. You can either take a back turn L here, then R for Mawdesley, where you have to ride over some smooth cobbles or better still cut through the narrow entrance to the road marked "Chorley." This will eventually bring you out at the "Robin Hood," where you take the second road on R marked "Leyland," and then in a mile L "Tinklers Lane" for Eccleston. Turn L here then R by the Church for the Croston/Chorley road, where R then L on to a road marked "Preston." From here the route is quite straightforward and you follow through to Farington and Lostock Hall to Penwortham Bridge.

If you wish to make for Clitheroe, at Lostock Hall turn R for Brownedge. In the village turn L and then R for School Lane. At Higher Walton further on turn L and then immediately R up a private road by the riverside. This is a cindery road as far as some works and then becomes a narrow metalled lane up to a monument, where you turn R and get to Salmesbury in under two miles. Here you are on the main Preston/Clitheroe road. We measured the distance to this point from the Pier Head as 33 miles. The main road through Preston is slightly more.

Continuing North, at Preston Station turn L following the signpost for Lancaster, but avoid the subsequent R turn signposted for traffic and carry dead straight up Brook Street. This street is nearly 2 miles long and at the end turn R and then L and come out at the "Black Bull" some $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles N. of Preston on the main road. At the X L hotel near Garstang follow the unsignposted road on L at back of the hotel. This is indicated by some huge telegraph posts which follow straight through Cockerham and Conder Green to Lancaster. The main road must then be taken to a mile or so beyond Carnforth, where take the R fork for Burton. This joins the Ingleton/Kendal road near Crooklands and you carry right through to Kendal via Oxenholme.

To avoid the hilly Penrith/Carlisle main road you have two alternatives, both turning off to L at sign marked "Wigton," a mile north of Penrith. The first turns R, "Plumpton," just before getting to the railway and then you turn L over the railway and immediately R for Calthwaite and Burnthwaite. This brings you out in Carlisle half-way up the Botchergate. The second turns L and crosses the railway and proceeds right on for Galleywreay and keeps half-mile east of Ivegill coming out at the same place as the first. Both roads are straight and that via Calthwaite devoid of hills and easy to find.

OVER THE BORDER BY "NOTE O'THE GATE."

The Homing-Anfielder from Aberdeen who described his return journey from Hawick by New Castleton struck little known—almost virgin—touring ground, of which the grave simplicity of the Grapes Hotel is ample proof. No other hotel is in sight.

On the three occasions that I knocked at its portals for a bottle of beer I approached it from three different directions, for at New Castleton meet and cross two ancient Highways as well as two new fangled railway systems.

And yet this small town lies in the midst of great natural beauty and deserves to be a noble headquarters for the tourist.

The roads have only been smoothed over in recent years and this may have contributed to its neglect. On each occasion I have wondered where stood the *old* castle or else the *new*. Perhaps Liddel Castle marked on the map was the new and the old lies almost certainly under foot among the underground paving of the old Roman highway.

The road north and south from Carlisle by Longtown overlaps the tracks of the Roman road to Bonchester with New Castleton midway. Here it crosses the road from Brampton by Bewcastle and New Castleton to Hawick. But where does the direct road lead to? What is Bonchester? It is really Hobkirk situated in the centre of the Border Country, the Border best known to tourists in its wildest grandeur when entering Scotland by Carter Bar.

But this Bar was too cold and shivery for the bare-legged Romans to lean up against and they soon side-tracked via Chester to Bonchester-cum-Hobkirk, where other Western cohorts coming up through lovely Liddisdale were already snugly ensconced.

The December article describing the northern portion of the other road from Brampton on the south-east to Hawick on the north-west mentions Stobs Castle and Hermitage-Castle but misses the Cairn of the Picts midway between castles. It crosses the road at Roberts Linn Bridge. I hope that this traveller will make himself acquainted with its eastern extension giving access to the Bewcastle Fells and Bewcastle itself: a fortress of all time but a township of none. It lies on a little eminence in the centre of an immense basin in the hills. Of its six important dwellings five lie within the Roman Walls, while the sixth, the Inn, stands by the Bridge. A famous Cross stands in front of the Abbey. The Norman Castle is a great landmark.

But it is the road to Hobkirk to which I wish to draw attention. It commences through lovely Liddisdale and ought to be one of the popular ways to Scotland. After parting from the Hawick Road it crosses the railway from Bellingham which joins up with the rails from Carlisle at Riccarton Junction, surely the most lonesome station of importance lying midway between Moffat in the west and Rothbury in the east. Can we imagine the usual refreshment saloon in this land short of inns with barmaids to boot?

(One Liverpool End to Ender is said to have visited this station but HE would not tell.)

Beyond here the mountain pass begins its rise. The scene is bare but grandiose. The road is narrow and unfenced and occupies a wide slope. It is the only road across the border still unmodernized.

The summit is reached at :

NOTE O'THE GATE.

What message did it bear, what warning was conveyed? Surely that from Bothwell beckoning Scots Mary to his Hermitage, for here she had to pass on her palfrey.

Let us remember that though then only her Paramour, he later on made her "an Honest Woman."

Yet with all these attractions few hostels are in sight. None in fact beyond the "Grapes," and those are sour.

What do we hope to find at Bonchester? What were the Romans after? Melrose they say or Tripontium. We care not, but to-day Hobkirk offers peace, perfect peace, and so does the whole road. By the waters of the Liddel by the meadows of the vale it is the camper's El Dorado. Bring out your ground sheets and your sleeping bags!

SCHLOSS.

(We suspected that mention of Hermitage Castle and its connection with Scottish history would rouse our distinguished contributor from his slumbers, and we can vouch for everything he says regarding the scenery around this part of the Border. As regards the road over "Note o'The Gate" this has now been modernised as far as surface is concerned and likewise that from Bellingham via Falstone and Deadwater which joins this road near Riccarton Junction, the only exception being a straight mile at Kielder, which belongs to the railway company. That few hostels are in sight is quite true as we had to ride the whole way from Falstone to Bonchester, some 30 miles, before we were able to obtain liquid refreshment. As this part of the country possesses such wealth in its castles and in its Roman history we trust our contributor will have more to say to us in a future issue.—ED.)

RECORDS.

Apologies are due to Jack Salt and his helpers for the non-report of his latest records in the *Circular*. This was due to the usual leaving it to someone else to write up. Salty, on 10th October, used a fast Yorkshire course selected by Rex Austin and had scheduled to beat the Northern "50" and "100." The "100" appeared easy for him, but we were not too sanguine about the "50," which stood at under two hours. He started at the Yorkshire—Westmoreland Boundary Stone and proceeded via Greta Bridge, Scotch Corner (21 miles), Catterick, Leeming Bar, to Boroughbridge, where he ran out the 50 miles in the splendid time of 1.58.24, over a minute better than record. He then carried on to Wetherby, from which point Hubert Roskell followed him to Tadcaster, Selby and the finish at Thorne, where he arrived in 4.22.22, no less than an 11 minute beating of previous best. His 50 mile record was held only for a few minutes, as later in the morning, a member of the Clifton C.C. succeeded in clipping another minute off Jack's time.

Our thanks are due to Hubert, and Rex Austin for their usual unselfish help, and also to members of the Clifton and other Yorkshire clubs for their assistance in marshalling.

E. BYRON

(Hon. Racing Secretary).

(There should be no doubt as to whose duty it is to see that all Records and Races are properly reported in the *Circular*.—Ed.)

J. J. Salt breaks N.R.R.A. '50' and '100' Records.

A REPORT ON A YORKSHIRE WEEK-END, OCTOBER 9TH AND 10TH.

Having been detailed by R. J. Austin to drive the spare car necessitated by his onerous duties on the morrow, and thus being in a position to give Jack Salt a lift, I met him in Lime Street, Liverpool, at noon on Saturday, 9th October. Ken Barton joined us for lunch and bade us "God speed" and other things.

We reached Kirkby Stephen at 5 p.m. where at the "King's Arms" Salt made a good start by breaking the local ham and egg record!

The wind had been easterly for days, so that we retired for the night somewhat pessimistic about conditions for next morning. However, the Sunday morning weather-cocks showed that the light early wind was westerly.

At 9-30 we joined a party of record breakers and helpers at the County border stone 6 miles east of Brough.

The Tandem pair—Blanchard and Lilley—C.R.C., were pushed off at 10 a.m. Jack Salt followed at 10-4 and T. Watson (Clifton) at 10-10.

The '50' course took them to Scotch Corner and down the Great North Road through Boroughbridge to finish on the Knaresborough Road at Minskip opposite a nice pub with an obliging landlord.

After the start my job was to follow R. J. Austin's car. The wind was favourable and I noted the wind indicator sausages at Catterick and Boroughbridge to be horizontal and parallel with the road.

The Tandem boys were a picture in action with a fine style and appeared to find 30's easy. Jack Salt plunged a bit, as ever, but he 'get's there.'

T. Watson sat still and pedalled with good effect.

R. J. Austin clocked the following record times at the 50 mile post :—

C. R. C. Tandem	1.47.48.
J. J. Salt	1.58.18.
T. Watson	1.57.1.

So much for the '50.' We pushed Jack off again, after a one-minute stop and well-earned drink—I toasting the C.R.C. boys at the pub, and left at 12-20 in my new role as follower from a respectful distance.

Catching the timekeeper's car and rider at Wetherby, I followed via Boston Spa and Tadcaster. A mile from the Monk Fryston check, I took the opportunity to cut off a corner and waited at a point 4 or 5 miles from Selby, and was able to give Jack the 'O.K.' sign. I timed the 70 miles to take just about 3 hours.

The '100' record was never in doubt. Salt's form up the rises was remarkably good.

So, on via Snaith, Jack finished the '100' at Thorne in 4.22.22, thus completing a magnificent N.R.R.A. record ride and recovering the much coveted honour for the A.B.C.

He was fed and checked by Y.R.C. and Clifton members to whom we offer our hearty thanks.

An awkward time is 2-30 on a Sunday but we found a cafe where Jack bathed and changed whilst I loaded up the gear.

We left Thorne at 3 o'clock and hastened via Doncaster, Barnsley, Woodhead and Warrington, arriving at Liverpool at 6-30 for a good feed.

A most satisfactory and enjoyable week-end.

We greatly missed the crowd of A.B.C. helpers who turned out for a similar event 12 months previously.

HUBERT ROSKELL.

RUNS.

Halewood, 4th December, 1937.

I was not quite ready when the curly-headed one called for me at the appointed time, but in a few minutes we made a start. A glance to the west revealed a sky which seemed to hold a promise of snow. We passed through Chester and received the help of a following wind to Frodsham, at which place we thought we might catch some of the tea tasters in the act, however, we were unlucky and as it was by now raining steadily, capes were necessary. Arriving at the Transporter we met Bill Scarff and the three of us completed a wet ride to the Derby Arms. The rest of the company were trying to improve their already healthy appetites with beer. Upstairs there was a touch of Christmas in the setting of the tables and everyone kept watchful eyes on the activities of the three carvers, Hubert, Arthur Simpson and Arthur Williams. Charles Randall made another appearance and he is to be considered a contender for the attendance prize if this keeps up. The following members joined in the task of putting turkey, sausage and pudding in a safe place, Arthur Simpson, Connor, Chandler, Marriott, Hughes, Rock, Carver, Williams, Reeves, Byron, Randall, Scarff, Birkby, Morris, Powell, Knipe, Royden, Cheminais, Roskell

and Stephenson. Hubert made a pretty little speech after the meal and wagged his tongue with as great skill as he did his knife earlier in the proceedings.

So ended the Halewood run for all except eight of us whom Mrs. Stephenson had invited to supper. Our hostess provided us with an excellent supper and our host risked the cloth of his billiard table in permitting four almost complete novices to play on his table (and very nice, too.—Ed.)

Acton Bridge, December 4th, 1937.

Lunch-time Saturday—in the train on the homeward journey—snow and sleet. “Going cycling to-day?” “Of course.” My friends exchanged meaning glances—too polite to tap their foreheads, they nevertheless showed quite clearly what they thought of my mental condition, and yet, believe me, I spent a most enjoyable afternoon and evening. From leaving home to returning I had but five minutes rain; the rest of the time there was some clear sky, and certainly nearly clear roads, and the riding conditions were capital, which just shows that it pays to take a chance. Unfortunately there were only two of us, the V.P. and the Snub, at the Leigh Arms. The sudden change of venue may have put some off and the weather in the morning was not encouraging, but surely we have in the Manchester section more than two enthusiasts. *Won't you shake yourselves up, boys, please?*

Farndon, 11th December, 1937.

For several days the weather had been very severe culminating on the previous day in a blizzard that made the roads ice-bound. The conditions were so bad on the morrow that the Secretary cancelled the hot meal ordered at the “Raven” for 6 p.m., as he did not think it would be possible for anyone to get there with the exception, of course, of those who rode “trikes.” This step was certainly warranted as on a previous occasion and with much less reason a very poor turn out made it necessary for the difference in costs to be made up out of Club funds and we didn't want a repetition of this. The Club tea proper being cancelled therefore, the Editor started in the morning (on “trike”) with the intention of calling at Farndon for lunch, and returning in the afternoon. The roads out of Birkenhead were all dangerous for bicycles and the piece before Clatterbridge

like a skating rink. It was bad all the way to Willaston, and after a quick one at the Nags Head, the Editor got through on the 'phone to Marriott and advised him as to the conditions in order that he might warn the others. The top road had been salted and Chester was clear. Through Eaton Park, however, it was very rutted and the front wheel kept slipping from one rut to another. Opposite Eaton Hall the "trike" skidded all over the place and it was necessary to take the drop to the ironbridge very carefully. Between Aldford and Churton the going was not so bad but beyond and on to Farndon it was decidedly dangerous. After a light lunch the Editor returned via Eaton Park and Eccleston and found the surface like glass all the way. Approaching Chester things improved and the top road was clear. Here Jack Salt and Peter Rock were encountered trying to keep themselves warm and were apprised of the conditions. Syd. Jonas was next seen on "trike." All the way from Hadlow Road to Clatterbridge was bad and beyond until the Borough boundary was reached extreme care had to be exercised. Later Randall and Rowatt got to Farndon by bus.

Lymm, December 11th, 1937.

I had the unusual experience of starting out for this fixture with my lamp lit, in pitch darkness, and expecting every moment to be ploughing my way through a deluge, but fortunately it held off and after a mile or two I was once more riding in bright daylight.

Continuing on my way as far as Agden Brow, where I dismounted for a walk to get my feet warm, I was joined by Bert Green, so I remounted my steed and we continued on our journey together.

On arrival at the Spread Eagle, we found Ned Haynes amusing himself with the dart board, so I joined in and we had two or three games before tea, with Bert Green as spectator.

There were only three sitting down to the usual good meal. Conversation after tea was about trikes, and how to ride them, but the topic did not last very long, because each of us had an appointment later in the evening, and so we were all on our way long before 7 o'clock. Ned Haynes being in a devil of a hurry, as is usual now, cleared off alone,

whilst Bert Green and I potted along sedately, and I finally left him at Sale, and arrived at my own destination at 8 o'clock, and so ended another enjoyable run. Roll Call—Bert Green, Ned Haynes, Bob Poole.

Hooton, 18th December, 1937.

After the treacherous condition of the roads during the last few days riding was again possible without the continual expectation of ploughing up the road with one's hip bone. In spite of the improved conditions Rock and del Banco deemed it wise to give the Tandem Barrow a little exercise, and after a Tour de Wirrall, picked up Snowden, on trike, struggling manfully up Backford Hill.

Continuing through Childer Thornton, Hooton was eventually reached on time to find the Parkgate Walking Club indulging in that fascinating exercise of elbow bending.

The gong having sounded the Charge, the dining room was carried and a frontal attack made on the fleshpots—the quality and quantity of which were excellent.

In addition to the three above-mentioned, those assisting in the demolition of the eats were Arthur Williams, Carver, Harold Band, whom we were very pleased to see out again, Elias, Seed, Johnny Band, Royden, Knipe, Rowatt, Hubert Roskell, Powell, Salt, Preston, Connor, Sammy Threlfall, Byron, Stevie, Randall, Chandler and Marriott.

Soon after the meal a general exodus homewards began leaving only the Tea Tasters to discuss matters of national importance and otherwise; the continual chatter causing many dry throats, which had to be relieved.

Eventually those on wheels decided it was time to go, and a gentle potter home via Hargrave ended another pleasant run.

Holmes Chapel, December 18th, 1937.

On receiving the *Circular* I noted Holmes Chapel as an alternative fixture. I promised myself to taste the fruits of a Manchester run.

Taking the Market Drayton road from Salop, I bounced and slid my way over patches of frozen snow from the Loggerheads to Newcastle.

Calling on Freddie Brown in Newcastle I found that I had cut things rather fine, so I had to put on all steam to

Twemlow, where I joined Bren and Wilf Orrell, and we duly proceeded to the Swan, where we found Green and Ned Haynes in office.

Just after the appointed time we repaired to the dining room, where we attacked the roast pork and plum pudding in great style.

Conversation ranged from the riding of trikes, in which our V.P. is progressing famously to the possible causes of the non-attendance of the Mancunians on these runs.

Leaving Green and the Orrells in charge of the fire, Ned Haynes and Thomas (I. A.) departed for their respective homes, which the writer reached after taking a packet but looking forward to the next trip to the "Swan."

Acton Bridge, December 27th, 1937.

As there was no Christmas Tour this year this Boxing Day run was the centre of club activity, and twenty-four members sat down to one of Barney's usual good feeds. The day itself was dank and foggy as we left Huyton *en route* for the Pier Head, where we were picking up Eric Reeves. This lad is a marvellous rider when he can stay on his machine, but unfortunately he shows a propensity for falling off, his latest episode being hitting a car, and he showed up complete with plastered head and rolled umbrella—very natty. By dint of various stops we delayed our arrival at Acton Bridge till 1-29 and found the tank full of uproarious Anfielders, all speaking together and all with curious black coloured beverage in front of them. We were particularly pleased to see Ven out again, hob-nobbing with Dave Rowatt, and Norman Turvey had motored down from Yorkshire. Through the haze were discerned Bert Green, Hubert, Stevie, Bob Knipe, Lucas, Chandler and cap, Poole, Wilf Orrell, Threlfall, Snowden, Royden, Salty, Rigby Band, Williams, Jones, Marriott, Connor, Carver, Rock and Byron.

On leaving, Marriott thought some one had pinched his bike, though who would be likely to want his old rip passes our comprehension, but all that had happened was his old bike, feeling the urge of the season, had floated up and nested on the rafters of the garage, from which vantage point it had to be coaxed with lubricating oil.

And so ends another year's Club runs.

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ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

FORMED

MARCH, 1879.

MONTHLY CIRCULAR

Vol. XXXIV.

No. 384.

FIXTURES FOR FEBRUARY, 1938.

Tea at 6-0 p.m.

			Light up at
Feb.	5	Halewood (Derby Arms)	5-31 p.m.
..	7	Committee Meeting 7-30 p.m. (Victoria Hotel, St. John's Lane, Liverpool)	
..	12	Hooton (Hooton Hotel)	5-45 ..
..	19	Acton Bridge (Leigh Arms)	5-58 ..
..	26	Farndon (Raven)	6-12 ..
March	5	Halewood (Derby Arms)	6-25 ..
..	7	Committee Meeting, 7-30 p.m. (Victoria Hotel, St. John's Lane, Liverpool)	

ALTERNATIVE FIXTURES

Tea at 5-30 p.m.

Feb.	5	Goostrey (Red Lion)	5-31 ..
..	12	Holmes Chapel (Swan)	5-45 ..
..	26	Lymm (Spread Eagle)	6-12 ..

Full Moon 14th inst.

NOTICE.

All communications should be addressed to the Editor, 45 Carlton 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, 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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COMMITTEE NOTES.

4 THE LAUND,

WALLASEY, CHESHIRE.

Application for Membership. Mr. Thomas Sherman, 29 Verona Street, Liverpool 5. Proposed by Mr. F. Marriott, seconded by Mr. H. W. Powell.

Resignations. The resignations of Messrs. H. Thomas, J. T. Preece and O. T. Williams have been accepted with regret.

Transfers. Messrs. H. G. Buckley and K. Barton have been transferred to Honorary Membership.

Change of Address. Mr. J. Fowler, 18 Farren Road, Longbridge, Birmingham 31.

Editor. Mr. F. Marriott has been appointed Editor of the *Monthly Circular* for 1938.

The following Club Delegates have been appointed :

R.R.A. Messrs. P. C. Beardwood and J. C. Beauchamp.

N.R.R.A. Messrs. W. G. Connor, E. Haynes, Junr. and W. Orrell.

R.T.T.C. Messrs. S. T. Carver and F. Marriott.

*The following have been appointed a Handicapping Committee :—*Messrs. E. Byron, W. G. Connor, E. Haynes, Junr., F. Marriott and J. J. Salt.

*The following have been appointed a Course Committee :—*Messrs. W. G. Connor, E. Byron, E. Haynes, Junr., F. Marriott, C. Randall and J. J. Salt.

H. W. POWELL,

Hon. General Secretary.

TREASURY NOTES.

We have started the year well. In addition to all the excellent fellows who paid in advance, there are twenty-eight who have gained 10 marks out of 10 for punctuality of payment, and go to the top of the class.

Thirteen others were too late for inclusion in last month's list.

My thanks are due to all those from whom I have received subscriptions and/or donations (*).

1938.

1937.

C. Aldridge.	H. M. Horrocks.	F. E. Bill.
D. J. Bell.	*R. L. Knipe.	F. Brewster.
*F. E. Bill.	G. H. Lake.	E. Bright.
E. Byron.	G. Molyneux.	H. M. Horrocks.
*S. T. Carver.	E. Montag.	A. Howarth.
F. Chandler.	L. Oppenheimer.	R. J. Pugh.
K. B. Crewe.	F. Perkins.	J. G. Shaw.
C. F. Elias.	H. W. Powell.	*T. W. Slawson.
H. L. Elston.	W. P. Rock.	J. E. Rawlinson.
E. D. Green.	F. Roskell.	J. R. Walton.
E. R. Green.	*H. Roskell.	J. E. Walker.
*H. Green.	*T. Royden.	F. H. Wood.
E. Haynes.	Ashley Taylor.	C. H. Woodroffe.
E. Haynes, Jr.	J. E. Walker.	

EDITORIAL.

It is a strange thing, but how often does it happen that while anticipation can be the most delightful of pleasures, when you come to the realisation a dark cloud of uncertainty looms ahead. From the Captain's rank, this Editorial chair seemed indeed a sunny spot, but now that I have crossed over and allowed my sub. to achieve the higher place, things do not seem so brilliant. Ideas that once teemed around have left me, stark and alone. Yet I must but try, and use some endeavour to maintain our beloved Mag. at its previous high level.

"Bright and Breezy" will continue to be the keynote, for while there's fun in Anfieldland all will be well. A writer in this issue comes forth with a perfectly scandalous effort on some bright raiment that I happen to possess—a good start, and I have altered not a word. Let us have more of these. In our writings all of us would do well to emulate our worthy Treasurer, for would we not miss those delightful notes of his that never fail to send the gentle breeze of humour fluttering through these pages? And Schloss, who writes so entertainingly of his strange adventures and the camps he knows so well, may he also not leave us. Well, here goes.

FRANK MARRIOTT.

AT RANDOM.

Pride in one's Club, and due regard for the importance of its affairs were never better exemplified than at the recent Annual General Meeting. Our younger set (*ne* Tea Tasters) arrived clad in the traditional "soup and fish."

Williams was a little upset by Dave Rowatt persisting in dubbing him waiter, an appellation he instinctively resented, and also by everyone else refusing to take things seriously. His subsequent "snubship," however, proved the correct "sop to Cerebus." Other than this minor interlude, there were no untoward remarks apart from the obvious sarcasm from Chandler, and Tommy Royden's scathing criticisms.

We suggest that Tummas was suffering from "sour grapes" at being thought too young for the party.

The real tit-bit occurred when a barmaid informed the manager that the band had arrived two hours early! The boys regretted that they would be unable to entertain the patrons, as their star trumpet player was unfortunately unable to be present.

Arising out of this entirely unprecedented occurrence we hear that Carver's carnation may have a lot to answer for when Knipe reveals his Budget—or in Hollowayan vein for those who prefer it—

“ Said Treasurer with eloquence
And assurance unabated
A “ Levy of Grandiloquence ”
Is surely indicated.”

We take great pleasure in denying the widespread rumour that bowler hats will be *de rigueur* with tights this season; and also in repudiating statements by the mystics who attribute the mid-January gales and floods to Olympic wrath at Frank Marriott's plus-fours stealing all the thunder.

.

POWELL'S PRESENTATION.

I wrote, last month, when distributing a few gentle reminders, of my delight at the support given to this expression of gratitude. The list closed with 95 names, and I apologise to those last few who did not receive acknowledgments—I'm sorry, but the receipt book couldn't take you all! The sum subscribed was sufficient to present our worthy Secretary with a fine gold wristlet watch, and there will be a small surplus for Anfield's funds.

Have you heard Leslie Elston's story of his altercation with the cats' meat man? Stop him and buy it—it's worth it.

.

Robbie, last August Sunday, was enduring a 1/- lunch not far from Bibury (so he says in *The Cyclist*). This year we'll publish our intentions, that he can have an Anfield lunch in Anfield company—if he won't say too much about the cars.

.

We have just read, and not without a thrill of pride, Frank Urry's writings of the Good Old Days in the *C.T.C. Gazette* for January. Of the Holyhead Road, when it was grassy; the adventure of the Welsh Passes; and the fearsome Sportsman, before the splendid present, “when to

cross the Sportsman's Pass was considered a trail fit only for a Black Anfielder." Makes you feel like getting the 'bus out and striding again across those rapturous slopes, doesn't it—or does it, you lazy blighter?

The Ramblers' Association Monthly Bulletin for January contains the following:—

"DANGER. Once again the pernicious old idea of making cyclists carry rear lights has been mooted, this time by the Government, who have asked the Traffic Advisory Council to report on the suggestion. If adopted, this rule would free motorists from any need for reasonable caution, and throw the onus of avoiding accidents on to the potential victim. No pedestrian or animal would be safe on a pathless road, and the only logical step is for them too, to carry rear lights!"

Instead of making these fantastic suggestions and restrictions, surely it is time the Minister of Transport turned his attention to the motoring community."

It will thus be seen that even our walking friends are able to realise the effect of compulsory rear-lights for cyclists. We wonder what they think of those cyclists who voluntarily carry rear-lights and who by their action are helping the movement to inflict compulsory rearlights on all cyclists. Their action is helping to turn to oblivion the efforts of those who for so many years have worked against the measure, those friends in the past who were sacrificed on the altar of rear-lights and had to surrender their jobs in consequence. The compulsory white patch was made a permanency by misguided individuals accepting the bait held out by suppliers and wearing them over their back wheels.

SOCIETY GOSSIP.

Never before in the history of the Club has there been such an upheaval of mode, tradition and convention. Not even when Robbie (himself) called for stout at Llanarmon, when in dire need, having ridden all the way from Gobowen (excepting, of course, Pandy Hill), has feeling run so high as at the present moment.

The reason? Well, who was at Chester, and who is there who has not heard of the scandalous incident which took place beneath the very portals of the ancient Talbot? All was proceeding in such manner as befits an Anfield gathering, elbows were being bent as frequently as is compatible with ease, grace and comfort, when the incident occurred which has since startled all clubdom.

Marriott had arrived in plus-fours. Gone were the garments that bore the shades of Swch-Cae-Rhiw by moonlight and Maen Gwynedd by daylight. Gone was that raiment that had clothed him in his loneliness; that had graced the grandeur of Norway's steely fjords; and covered his gaunt limbs beneath the tall conifers of Germany's Black Forest. In their stead, flapping gently to the rhythm of his mighty stride, were draperies of the brightest hue, the like of which have never been seen or even heard of, either before or since.

To say that they were a sartorial achievement would be but the mildest compliment which we could possibly pay, and would but do honour to the tailor and not the wearer. How then can we give our opinion or advice, on such a touchy matter? Let us be honest, kindly and forthright and with the interests of the Club and the general public at heart, ask him to dye the damn things or provide us all with smoked glasses.

(This, the first note I receive, has been left untouched. Our writer's note is bright (yet not so brilliant as the garb he damns) and breezy; but I will not dye them, no, not for anyone. Ed.)

There is just one note of regret this month. Sid Carver will be leaving Merseyside early in February to take up a new position, first in Birmingham and then near Hull. We take this opportunity of wishing him every success in his new sphere.

G.A. TANDEM, 22-in. Cyclo. Hub Brakes. First-class condition. Requires Enamelling—£5/5/0.

A. E. C. Birkby, 53 Warrenhouse Road, Waterloo.

TOURS AND TOURING.

NORWAY—AGAIN !

(continued).

Next day, the visit to yet another glacier was on our runs list, and we climbed again to Loen Lake, to see the river more beautiful than before, for the sun was shining, and the lake was lovelier than ever. In the shelter of a thick hedge the bicycles were stowed, and George and I set off afoot to explore Bodalsbre, a mighty river of ice 2,000 feet above sea level. The track turned upwards with the torrent, twisting and climbing and, at times, we would pass through a white cloud of spume, thrown up when the river did a more thunderous leap. For an hour we toiled, and then the track tilted over the brink of the ravine into a flat, high valley, where a tiny cluster of wooden farms huddled beneath the mighty peaks, and cattle grazed unconcernedly by the noisy river.

To the newest of the houses we took a message from Loen, and then asked that some lunch could be ready for our return from the glacier. It was a twisting path that we took through the woods, and then we had to clamber across an unlovely morain that seemed greater and more stony than the Kjendals Glacier, yet Bodalsbre was finer, the sun was brilliant, and the ice glistened in all those colours that only those who have seen a glacier at close quarters know ; and it was cleaner, too. Yet it did not possess that gloriously green river cavern and only a tiny stream trickled through.

Back at the summer farm, the lady of the new house was ready with a glorious meal, and as we ate she told us of her trouble. I related of the Loen landslide last month. This lady, with her husband and sons, had a farm by the lakeside then, and on that fatal Sabbath morning she went to her herd of cows that grazed peacefully on the hillside. It was while she attended them that it all happened, and she returned to see her home and all surging with the water. Yet her loss was not altogether complete, for her younger son had also gone out and together they surveyed the tragic scene.

In another hour we descended again, and later that day left Loen, to ride around the edge of the fjord, the road twisting with its every turn. There came a pleasant meal of tea and cakes in a white hotel, and then in the evening light we pedalled along a spacious valley towards the mountains.

Everything that evening was perfect, except perhaps the dust that an occasional passing car would cloud above the road. The river bubbling over itself, with the cradle bridges flung across to connect some farm with the highway, trees reflecting in some placid reach of that fair stream—all were bathed in the glory of the receding light. The lake came, and the road curved round it, and the sky, at the horizon of the mountains, mellowed into a purple mist. By the lake end, we slipped through a village to enter another valley for the last, long climb. The river at the roadside poured through a deep cleft in a rock that was cleaved, surely, by some gigantic hand. Farmfolk, still working, halted and watched two English strangers struggling up the hill side. The road crossed the river, and by those fascinating sinuous hairpin bends commenced its tortuous wind to the hotel—our hotel!—that we could see far away on the ridge. In the still evening air we were clammy, and we rode and walked alternately. We crossed the river again, this time by a high bridge, and we leant over and watched the water tumbling 300 feet below. More sinuous bends, and the hotel grew tantalisingly nearer, but it took a long time, and it was a tired pair of Anfielders who asked of the hotel proprietor just two beds and some supper. Yet it was midnight before we took to those beds, for the Videsaeter Hotel, at its height of 2,000 feet, stands on the brink of that valley with the river as a ribbon far down below, and there was something irresistible in watching those mountains, and behind them the last long folds of departing day.

(to be concluded).

RUNS.

Chester, 1st January, 1938.

Three-thirty p.m. saw me at Willaston corner with the hope of finding some company, but after waiting a few minutes nobody turned up, and being a rather bleak, coldish day for waiting around, I carried on.

Arriving at Chester with plenty of time to spare and not wishing to wander aimlessly round the countryside, a walk around Ye Ancient Citie was indicated. Having viewed certain buildings more closely than I have done hitherto, and bought, mentally, many quids worth of bicycle and accessories in a certain shop, I satisfied my ambitions with a roll of handlebar tape.

Making for the Talbot I encountered Snowden employing his time riding in and out of various garages on his tripod with a wild, frustrated glint in his eyes, searching diligently for a suitable berth for his mount. Each new arrival seemed to have difficulty in finding the correct garage, and by the time the complete muster of eighteen had arrived bicycles appeared to be housed in about half-a-dozen different garages.

Having had my tea before most of the others I strolled into the tank where some elbow bending was taking place, while teas of various kinds were being prepared (we ordered our own meal on this occasion) and before I could utter a word of greeting to anyone something hit me straight between the eyes. Blinded and almost unconscious I struggled to keep my head. Slowly the mists cleared and I saw things more clearly ; our worthy Skipper had invested in a new pair of plus fours, but what plus fours ! Words fail me. The blue of summer skies has nothing on them ! They are the absolute height of sartorial achievement. Harold Band's suit fades into insignificance. Stout (sic) fellow, Skip. May you be for ever raised upon ye pedestal !

Quickly downing some liquid refreshment to complete my recovery, I saw Chandler, Reeves, Carver, Stephenson, Powell, Knipe, Seed, Rowatt, Turvey, Harold Band, Johnny Band, Brian Band, Connor, Salt and Royden, drift in and out of the tank, or into the dining room. Then, catastrophe ! Sounds of rending woodwork ; Chandler's chair collapsed. Chandler's weight plus the one or two tit-bits he had consumed, and the sight of the Skipper's masterpieces had proved too much for wood and glue ; something had to go. However, many willing hands rushed to the rescue and the *debris* was sorted out.

An early start homewards was made by everybody, even the Tea Tasters. "First Mate" Connor evidently had a date because, accompanied by the invalid Reeves,

he led a small party homewards along the bottom Chester Road at a merry pace.

Port Sunlight saw Reeves turn off for home, at New Ferry, yours truly. No doubt the remainder reached home without incident. So endeth the narrative.

Goostrey, January 1st, 1938.

Having had a pre-view of Marriott's new "Plusses," I simply could not bring myself to face them again at Chester, so I set out for Goostrey.

To describe the aforementioned sartorial embellishment is not my present task; if it were so I am afraid that I should fail miserably. Walt Disney in his wildest moments of delight has never created anything so utterly ravishing as these blooming blue bags of the Skipper's.

The ride across to East Cheshire was accomplished with the ease that comes only from fitness or a following breeze. I found later to my great annoyance that it was due to the latter.

At Sproston Green I was in time to see the hounds homeward bound after the day's sport. The daylight was failing fast when I arrived at the Red Lion. Shortly after my arrival Bob Poole loomed up out of the dusk walking the last half-mile or so, to save any premature altercation with his gas-pot.

On entering the Red Lion we were warmly welcomed by Mr. and Mrs. Knowles, also by Buckley, who was cosily ensconced beside the fire. Shortly before five-thirty Ned Haynes, Jr., and Jim Cranshaw arrived. Before turning to, Wilf Orrell appeared, fresh from a full day's jaunt on the trike. The meal, which was of excellent quality, had barely started when Bert Green, shortly followed by Rex Austin, arrived to complete our numbers. When the meal was over we retired to the fireside once again to discuss the various topics which invariably crop up at Club runs, the main conversation centring on the much discussed subject of road sport and control.

It was with a great measure of reluctance that I left the company "sevenish" to plough a lonely but quite eventful furrow back to the Wirral.

Halewood, 8th January, 1938.

I was hardly through the portals of the new Derby Arms when the Editor bowled me over with the request to write up the run, and to report on the A.G.M. Quite enough to take away one's appetite for the sumptuous fare which is provided for us at this ancient hostelry (now modernised), where the Club has met for its A.G.M. for the last 10 years or so. Many old faces were present at this established annual gathering, and a jolly party were wishing one another all the best for the new year. About 40 sat down to tea of pork and fowl and the usual trimmings. Half-a-dozen of the members shattered the traditions of the Club by arriving in evening dress, intent on an early departure to attend a motor club dance in Wirral! True enough, they numbered some of the Club's fastest riders in the racing season, which quite shows the versatility of the A.B.C. Tables were soon cleared, and the members got down to the principal business of the evening.

In the absence of Kettle and Venables, V. P. Green took the Chair, and commenced by reading a letter from the President expressing his inability to be present owing to illness, which he has suffered for some months, and Green proposed that the condolence of the meeting be conveyed to him, and trusting that he would soon recover. The Secretary was also instructed to send the same kindly sentiments to two other members, Charlie Conway and Ven, who are under the weather, and who have not missed these annual meetings for many years.

The time-honoured custom of "taking the minutes as read" was recorded. Next, our Hon. General Secretary read his report, which once more shewed a very healthy state of the Club's touring activities, except that we regretted to learn of a further drop in the membership, only two, but still an adverse number and the total is now 176. There was one death to record—John Kinder—who joined in 1914, and many of the older members will recollect the splendid work he did for the Club. Carver and Tommy Royden take the 1st and 2nd attendance prizes, with 43 and 42 runs respectively, and the meeting heartily approved of the magnificent effort of one of our oldest members in compiling an attendance total worthy of the youngest. H. Green topped the list with 51, but being among the

list of officers is barred from the attendance prizes. Powell embodied brief accounts of the tours, and concluded with his thanks to those members who had assisted him during the year.

At this juncture the Chairman considered it an appropriate moment to present Powell with a wristlet watch, which had been subscribed for by many members in appreciation of the work he had put in for the Club during 11 years' Secretaryship. Powell was obviously deeply moved by the gift, but he responded with a speech of thanks, and of which the principal note emphasised that the work could not have been done without the co-operation of the members.

Byron was then called upon for his report of the Club's racing programme and this was also ably submitted and showed a prosperous state in the racing activities. Four "50's," a "100" and a "12" were held; and successful record attempts by J. Salt on the Northern "50" and "100," and unsuccessful by Salt and Rock on the Edinburgh to Liverpool tandem, owing to a high wind, were recollected.

Next came the business of electing the Officers for the current year. V. P. Green was elevated to the premier office of President, and two new Vice-Presidents, Stephenson and R. J. Austin were appointed.

Marriott expressed the view that the jobs should circulate, and Connor was made the new Captain.

The meeting overlooked Byron's appearance in evening dress and reappointed him to the Racing Secretaryship.

Arthur Williams and Ned Haynes were elected to collect the two-and-eights, and Knipe for the umpteenth time was put in charge of the money bags.

Once more Powell has the onerous duty of ordering the teas, with, of course, many other tasks which fall on the General Secretary.

The following were appointed a Committee :—Carver, Chandler, W. Jones, Lucas, Marriott, Reeves, Rock, Salt and Snowden.

Morris and Elias were again elected to check up on the financial wizardry of the Treasurer.

Knipe then went into the details of the Club's finances which disclosed the position that the funds were becoming depleted, and the discussion which followed considered many

and varied ways of raising the membership once more to the 200 mark. The subscription was approved to remain the same, and the Treasurer once more stressed the benefit to the Club by paying early.

The Racing programme for 1938 was passed at 3 or 4 "50's" according to support, one "100" and a "12," and the meeting showed its approval in hearing of the return to Whit Monday for the Invitation "100."

Bettws-y-Coed was once again proposed for the Easter Tour, this time by Hubert Roskell (in the absence of Charlie Conway) who reported favourably on a chat with the proprietor of the Glan Aber, when there at Christmas. The remaining tours were left to the Committee.

The President proposed a special vote of thanks to Chandler for editing the *Circular*, and the meeting closed with the usual omnibus expression of thanks.

Outside it rained hard, but as I wended my way to the Pier Head I looked forward to the next run—and at the same time made a mental vow to get this write up done early; but it was not to be before I had the Editor's reminder card!

Heswall, January 15th, 1938.

Only thirteen members and one friend found their way to Heswall. I don't know whether the weather was responsible for the absentees. However, those who did turn up did ample justice to the meal provided. Young Tommy Royden turned up per bicycle. Chandler had to anchor himself to the railings on Leasowe prom., or the gale would have swept his portly form into the briny.

Most of the party turned up per Crosville bus (you're wrong—fifty-fifty.—Ed.). Williams, who did not know the exact situation of the Black Horse, breezed along the winding road and found himself at the Glegg Arms, and had to run all of the way back. Reeves, Marriott and friend Sherman arrived complete with bikes, Sammy incomplete without the plus-fours. Dear reader, he now wears shorts in this bitterly cold weather. Special concessions are now in force at the Heswall Hotel, all bicycles being put under lock and key. This follows after an unfortunate experience that

befell Chandler, who had a solid brass watch pinched, nicked off his steed the last time we visited that hostelry.

A true Christmassy feed was disposed of in short time, and the party then gathered around the fire to listen to T. Royden's yarns of "when I was a lad." After all was finished and cleared up, along rolls the new Captain complete with gold braid and his decker cap. Throwing his orders around, and giving one look at the rank and file, he then flicks his finger at his sub. and the two beetle off to some night club on the Chester Road.

The night that greeted us was great. A big silver moon peeping in and out from the scurring clouds. Don't forget, Anfielders, support the next Heswall run, every advantage is given. Young chaps can get home in time to meet the lady, those who want a ride can have it, and the service is first rate. Those present included: Knipe, Chandler, Royden, Powell, Marriott, Rock, Carver, Salt, R. Band, Williams, Connor, Preston, Reeves, and one friend.

(Sounds a bit like the rot, doesn't it? But things are not so bad as they appear. Rock and Salt had ridden 60 miles before going home, changing and the bus out, and Heswall could be made convenient for quite a few who weren't there—some who promised too. There's always the 'bus for the nimble shilling, and then those who do turn up would not have to apologise for a short muster.—ED.).

Lymm, January 15th, 1938.

Ned Haynes and I sallied forth into the howling gale *en route* for our destination, and after a hectic struggle as far as Dunham Hill Ned decided that we should turn right and go through the lanes via Dunham Massey for a bit of shelter from the wind, if any. But alas, whichever way we turned it was still a continuous struggle.

On arrival at the "Spread Eagle" I suggested a game of darts until someone else turned up, but nobody else did, so the two of us sat down and had our tea. Afterwards we had another game of darts with mine host, who said that we deserved V.C.'s for turning out on a day like that.

Ned and I then decided to make tracks for home so we put up the sails and were practically blown along. I left him at the Wythenshawe roundabout, as he had a date in Droylesden and I had one at home. In spite of the wind and rain we enjoyed the run.

Owing to special business at home the President was for once an absentee, otherwise he would have been out, I know. Roll Call: Ned Haynes and Bob Poole.

Acton Bridge, 22nd January, 1938.

Three-forty-five p.m. found me waiting at the 5th milestone for the Skipper, sorry, I mean the new Editor. (After five years use of the abbreviation "Skip.", I find it difficult to drop and will probably slip up often). On his arrival we pattered on over Ledsham Station and so to the Helsby bye-pass, where a favourable wind added a few m.p.h. to our crawl. Just pass the telegraph works sports ground we kept straight on up the hill, not bearing left for Frodsham as is our usual wont. This road has always intrigued me and I looked forward to doing some new stuff, but my enjoyment was dulled somewhat by the "Hed's" remark about finding someone to write the run up. Nary a word sez I, but the old fox (You wait—Ed.) murmured "How about it?" and escape I could not. After a climb and some hesitation at various cross roads, we eventually reached Kingsley, via Rileybank, and then made fast time to the rendezvous. The usual pre-tea chat, the tea-time chaff, and the grand meal provided by Barney, left everyone replete with good food and good fellowship. Afterwards, the half-hour spent laughing at the cross talk of Chas. Randall, the new Snub., and the H.R.S. left us in happy mood for our return journey. At the bye-pass the cross talk broke out again, this time the "Hed" being involved, the while Chas. deciding which road he would take. He accompanied us to the B'head Road Island, and then a following wind blew us to New Ferry, where we bade our new prospective member, T. Sherman, adieu and so home after an enjoyable run. Those out were the Greens (Bert and Ernest), Haynes, Stevie, Threlfall, Perkins, Jones, Snowden, Powell, Knipe, and the aforementioned.

Chester, January 29th, 1938.

It was an accident of weather that caused us to visit Chester on this date. We had arranged to earn a Club Run this week-end in rather more pleasant surroundings, but the high wind had caused one of the party to cry off and we only wanted an excuse. We arrived at the Talbot about 6 o'clock (having had tea elsewhere) and found that three braves had cycled out, the invincible evergreen Tommy Royden, Johnny Band and Jack Seed, whilst Harold Powell, Dave Rowatt, Williams and Jones had contributed towards the upkeep of our marvellous railways. Whilst the feeders got their feet in the trough we indulged in a few milks and sodas in the bar, where we were joined by Randall, who had also come under his own steam, having walked all the way from his home. We then made our way to the station via one or two picture palaces and other houses of call, arriving home at rather a later hour than usual. There seems to be a fatal fascination about Chester. Oh yeah!

Northwich, January 29th, 1938.

Most of the young men being engaged in London, a small attendance was all that could be expected. And the gale, roaring over the fields, bending the trees, and generally making outdoor pursuits seem impossible, didn't make the prospects any brighter. However, three of us, Green, *père et fils*, and Bob Poole braved the elements, and found the going anything but bad. The wind was certainly playful and buffeted one considerably at times, but it didn't impede one's progress appreciably, and we had the roads to ourselves; it's astonishing how little is required to make people decide that the weather is too bad to allow of their going out. We had a cheerful meal and a game of billiards and then headed for home before the wind. A shower when nearing the journey's end was the only slight discomfort. A very pleasant afternoon and evening, all the more so because the conditions were apparently so uninviting.

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ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

FORMED MARCH, 1879.

MONTHLY CIRCULAR

Vol. XXXIV.

No. 385.

FIXTURES FOR MARCH, 1938.

Tea at 6-0 p.m.

Light up at

March 5	Halewood (Derby Arms)	6-25 p.m.
.. 7	Committee Meeting 7-30 p.m. (Victoria Hotel, St. John's Lane, Liverpool)			
.. 12	Acton Bridge (Leigh Arms).....	6-38 ..
.. 19	Highwayside (Travellers' Rest).....	6-50 ..
.. 26	Little Budworth (Red Lion).....	7-4 ..
April 2	Handley (Calveley Arms) Tea 5-30 p.m.	7-17 ..
.. 4	Committee Meeting, 7-30 p.m. (Victoria Hotel, St. John's Lane, Liverpool)			

Full Moon 16th inst.

NOTICE.

All communications should be addressed to the Editor, 45 Carlton 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, 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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COMMITTEE NOTES.

‡ THE LAUND,
WALLASEY, CHESHIRE.

NEW MEMBER. Mr. T. Sherman, 29, Verona Street, Liverpool 5, has been elected to Full Membership.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS. Mr. S. T. Carver, "Westcote," Brough, East Yorks.

EASTER TOUR. Accommodation has been reserved at the Glan Aber Hotel, Bettws-y-Coed. The charge will be 12/- per day (dinner, single bed and breakfast) and 10/6 per day for those who "double-up." Members who intend to join in the Tour are requested to make their own arrangements regarding accommodation direct. The Proprietor requests early application in order that the best rooms may be reserved. Day runs during the Tour will appear in the next *Circular*.

Tea at Handley on April 2nd will be at 5-30 p.m.

H. W. POWELL,
Hon. General Secretary.

TREASURY NOTES.

After the spate the drought, and "February Fillydyke" has belied its name; nor has it filled the Anfield coffers, for there has been only a slight shower of a baker's dozen remittances.

I hope that March will prove a better month financially, and that those who have not yet started the year well, will rush off as madly as the March hares and give me a bumper month.

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

*E. Bolton.	C. H. Hutton.	J. E. Reeves.
J. E. Carr.	A. Lucas.	T. Sherman.
F. J. Cheminai.	G. Newall.	E. Snowden.
C. J. Conway.	G. E. Pugh.	*G. Stephenson.
W. Henderson.		

RACING NOTES.

The following are the dates of the Club Races :—

“ 100 ” —June 6th.
 “ 12-hr.” —August 14th.
 “ 50's ” —May 7th, May 28th, July 23rd and a provisional one on August 27th.

Below are appended a list of Opens in which it is likely our riders will be interested. The dates are provisional until the printing of the R.T.T.C. Handbook.

April	24	Warwickshire R.C.	50
May	15	Dukinfield C.C.	50
“	22	Potteries C.C.	50
June	12	East Liverpool Wh.	50
“	18/19	Manchester Wh.	12-hr.
“	26	Manchester Grosvenor	100
July	16/17	Mersey Roads	24 hr.
Aug.	1	Bath Road	100
“	1	Speedwell B.C.	100
“	21	Warrington R.C.	100
Sept.	4	Palatine C.C.	50
“	11	Manchester Wh.	50

The first training “ 25 ” will be held on April 2nd. Messrs. R. J. Austin, N. M. Higham and A. Lusty have been appointed timekeepers.

In accordance with the regulations of the R.T.T.C., entries will only be accepted if submitted through your Hon. Racing Secretary.

Please let me know in good time of those events in which you wish to compete.

E. BYRON,
Hon. Racing Secretary.

AT RANDOM.

We understand that Robinson is retiring on pension at the end of March, having served a well-known Insurance Conspiracy for just over 45 years without being found out, too! Robbie will be a definite acquisition to the "retired gentlemen" already adorning our ranks. A little bird whispers that one of the presents he is to receive from his colleagues when they get rid of him will be a bicycle, and so we shall hope that our distinguished litterateur-lecturer will be able to do a spot of cycling in the early future. In no recent year has he managed to do more than 10,000. Now will be his opportunity to get busy.

(You can guess who writes this, can't you? It would almost seem that our d-l-l (I daren't let the printer in for that again) will be attending a few more Club runs in future.—ED.)

Captain Connor had a conversation with Jimmy Long (you do remember him, don't you?) the other Sunday morning. Going to play golf, he was, and cycling to the links in a pair of tweeds trousers. Must be a member of a club, for 'e keeps 'is implements handy for the grass. He cycles (when he's missed the bus) to the office, but a club run, or even Parkgate, is too far.

It was not the wish of the Editor that his now very celebrated blue pants be referred to in this issue at all, but last month's publicity has had dire effects. When the Bluepenciller returned home the other day he was told by his maternal parent, after the *Circular* had been duly digested, that the "things" had gone to the dyers. "I never could stand the sight of the things, anyway." These illustrious garments are now in process of being coloured a common or garden brown. Just when the scribe's courage was rising sufficiently to wear them again, too!

A thing wot always rankles
 Is the way that Williams ankles.
 He gets his heels up to his knees,
 "How do you do it, Arthur please?"

Old friends of Eric Bolton, a former Sub-Captain, will be glad to hear that his interest in the Anfield is still unabated after fourteen years residence in Canada.

Also he keeps up his cycling, for he rode 12 miles last year!

He will have the sympathy of Carpenter, who knows Canadian bicycles and Canadian roads.

BOTTLED INTERVIEWS.

CHARLES (24 HOURS) RANDALL.

As I left the Editor I was rather worried about the task he had set me, that of interviewing Randall. How to get that reticent one to talk of himself, to open out for the benefit of readers, that would indeed be a problem.

However, in due course I called in at the Chateau, and on knocking was bidden to enter with a "*Bon jour, monsoor,*" uttered in a perfect Parisian argot. Thinking to set him at ease, for he was noticeably nervous, I said: "I believe you have done some long distance riding in your time, Sir?" A gentle blush suffused his countenance: "Without undue boasting," said he, "I may say that I have ridden in some dozen or so 24's, with a modicum of success. Look at ce badge ci," he said, lapsing into French, "you will no doubt note the frilled edge as distinct from your so obviously plain one. That is for a little effort of mine in the in the N.R.R.A. "24." Seventy six drinks I had that day, and was I tight? Ask Rex Austin."

"Indeed," I gasped, "What a man! Might I be allowed to shake your hand?" Like a king performing the accolade he held out his hand, and allowed me—a mere novice—to grasp it.

"Getting away from cycling, Sir," I said, "I believe you are considered rather an authority on sun bathing?"

"With the possible exception of one man"—and here his voice trembled a little—"I undoubtedly am the brownest man in the Club."

"Have you any special preparations?" I queried.

"Indeed, I have, but the ingredients vary from year to year. One year it may be olive oil with a dash of picric acid; another, coconut oil blended with tar; and this year I am trying Kiwi Ox-blood Polish with a suspicion of Brylcreem, thus getting a rich tan with a pleasing scent, even if the sun"—here he genuflected—"does not show up."

"Have you any other interests?"

"Foreign languages," said he. "I am well versed in French, German, Spanish and Arabic, in all of which I can count up to ten and obtain the necessities of life."

"I can see by the *Circular* that you are on the Course Committee," I said.

"Naturally," he replied, "I heard a good one yesterday—you may have heard it, I think it's an old one . . ."

"Pardon me," I interrupted, "I said COURSE."

"Dear me, yes, I was forgetting. Yes, I know the countryside well, the Whitchurch road—anything but rough stuff." A smile passed over his battered countenance as he continued: "You know the only way to keep Salty quiet is to take him pedal revving over a new bit of course. That man's always talking—chaps like you and I don't. I wonder why it is?"

It was then that he gave me an awful shock. He dropped to the floor. I thought he was in a fit as he grovelled about in apparent paroxysm, snorting as if he was choking. It was all over in a minute or two, and he jumped up, dusted himself, and said, smilingly: "I was just doing a few stomach exercises, we old codgers have to think of our figures, haven't we?"

I gasped acquiescence, and dashed off with the cry: "See you on Christmas Eve," ringing in my ears.

TOURS AND TOURING.

NORWAY—AGAIN!

(concluded).

In these last lines of the story of our tour perhaps the first thing to write of is the wild road that carried us across a wilder land, a highway striding through a glacial valley

4,000 feet above sea level and far above the line of any trees. Our journey through was on a hot July day, and yet hard snow glittered uncomfortably on the mountains and at the roadside. We lingered at Videsaeter all of the morning, for the hotel seemed to be floating on a deep sea of mist, and we wished for pictures of the sinuous river below, the valley, and the mountains crowning all. It was almost noon when we left the hospitable hotel for the climb to the summit of the road. In that great heat—even at that height—it was curious to grasp real, cold snow, and it would not melt easily in the hands. The summit came—slowly—be it said—and then a gentle descent to Grotthi, where there were small trees again, and where an ancient hotel stood at the parting of two ancient ways.

After a four o'clock lunch we turned westwards, past cold lakes, and one, a sheet of water that seldom sees sunlight, was of ice, a forever frozen lake. An ancient looking Lapp, draughty tent, spouse, reindeer and all, wanted to pose for a picture at 3d. a time. Shunning commercialism, we passed him by, and ten minutes later we were sorry, the resultant picture would sell for 10/- a time anywhere! A real descent this time, and there were soon green fields again and trees, and as it was Sunday, traffic troubled us little. By those ever curving hairpin bends it was long and tiring coming down, and once we halted to let the brakes cool a bit. In sight of the fjord, yet nearly 1,000 feet above its level, we came to a delightful looking hotel, and we stopped. Nothing with a finer view existed anywhere.

Morning came with the valley filled with mist, and we lingered long on that hillside, watching the cloud lift slowly, and speaking with German people from a cruising liner. From our vantage point we watched the Cunarder *Lancastria* round the headland and we could hear the rattle of her anchor chain as she came to rest. It was good to see that graceful piece of Liverpool just 1,000 miles from home. Just after noon we slid down the winding road to the water, and spent some hours taking trips in the Cunarder's motor launch across the cool fjord.

Our ship—an inter-fjord affair—was late, but what matter? Time was delightfully our own. Afloat again, we passed beneath the spray of the lovely Seven Sisters waterfall, and as we passed out of Geirangerfjord we could

see those strange dwellings that are such a source of wonderment to the traveller. Aside of some fertile plot on the walls of the fjords (they are more like walls than anything else) you see cottages and people, and if you follow a twisting line which is the path, a coloured rowing boat can be seen at the water's edge. Life on these stark slopes is so insecure that the children are tethered as goats, in case they should miss their footing. These people are prosperous in their own way. They keep goats for their milk and cheese, which is sold. Their only link with the world is the tiny rowing boat—their only way of conveying the cow or anything else they may wish to bring home on their rare visits to the townlet round the corner.

It was seven o'clock before we set foot in Valldal, and then there was the job of getting hold of George's jacket, which he had left on the quayside at Geiranger. It was a long job, finding someone, and then the 'phoning, but it was done, and we awaited the coat next day.

We were getting nearer to the sea, and before the last cycling phase of our tour to the coast there was only one more pass to surmount. From Valldal we reached it by a valley that climbed so slowly that we wondered where the pass came in at all, but it grew suddenly cold, a mist swirled round, and then we discovered that we had climbed to 4,000 feet for the last time. A hotel was near, and we fortified ourselves with hot coffee, and then we stepped outside to find the mountain in the throes of a thunderstorm and the rain tipping down. Strangely enough, we did not go back. We saw little of the descent that comes down that mountain in great long angles. The storm and mist saw to that. In the valley the wind hurled us speedily, yet the rain did not stop until we had stopped outside of the little Pension at Aandalsnes. Those two hours were the worst of our holiday.

Time was ample, and we pedalled back into the valley next morning for a picture of Romsdal Horn, a famous mountain in the Romsdal valley. The sky clouded, we waited two hours, but the picture never came, and we drifted back to the Pension for lunch. In the afternoon we rode alongside a shallow fjord to a ferry, to sail for twenty miles across cold waters to an outpost of the mainland whereon stands the town of Molde.

Six-thirty next morning, our bill paid the night before, we boarded "Leda" at the pier, to cruise down the island studded coast two hundred miles to the southward. We were hours in Aalesund, and then we rounded the Stadt, that mighty headland that gave us a lively twenty minutes, even in summer. Night came slowly, and we were scarce in bed before the rattle of winches told us that Bergen was outside. Another day, and a great sail home . . . but the sooner that sad trek is dimmed in my memory at least, the better.

F.M.

**THE MONCKTON C.C. DINNER,
February 12th, 1938.**

Having accepted an invitation to go over to Yorkshire to the Monkton Dinner, Peter Rock, Sid Carver and Salty arranged to ride over, and so a rendezvous was arranged at Frodsham for a mid-morning cup of tea. With a more than favourable wind we paddled along through Lymm and Altrincham for Stockport.

Here Peter thought he saw Hubert Roskell, but we could not attract his attention.

Up till now the ride had been more or less pleasant, but once through Stockport we had the cobbly ascents from Hyde to Mottram to contend with. Midway we decided to call a halt for lunch at a convenient pub, Sid and Pete to partake of the ever succulent onion, ham and tongue, the writer, his meagre portion of sandwiches.

Lunch over, the ascent to Woodhead was done in glorious sunshine, but once at the summit it was noted the wind had veered N.E. and snow began to threaten. On through Barnsley and making our way through many mining villages we eventually reached Royston—the venue of the dinner. To our digs with Dickenson, the Racing Secretary of the Monkton, for a wash and change, and then to the local to prime ourselves for the evening's festivities. Little did we realise what a night we were in for. Oh, boy if you have never been in a Yorkshire mining village pub on a Saturday night you ain't seen nuthing.

Then the dinner, excellent fare; we received our team medals and Sid Carver his pint tankard for 2nd handicap, needless to say this did good service e'er the night was out.

Dinner over, we return to the Ship Inn while the room was prepared for the dance and we prepared ourselves for the dance also. We ask for pints, the barman says : " The sitting room, if you please." What a room, jammed full, a drunk on the platform and more on the floor. The latter standing, of course. The alleged turn later found himself outside holding an animated conversation with myself on tricycles, of all things. I barely understood him, we required our pet linguist to translate. What a night you missed, Charles.

Then the dance, shaking a leg with the Misses Ball and Nichols, of racing fame, and of course, the local beauties. Towards the end of the evening I seemed to drift away from my confreres and before I knew where I was I found myself in an all-night party. Never a thought for Sid and Pete till about 3-30 a.m., then bed began to call and so back to disturb the slumbers of Pete and Sid. Three of us in a none too large double bed. I think I slept on the rail alongside the bed, Sid seemed to be sleeping peacefully but he is an old campaigner.

Morning and parting, Sid for Hull and his new job, and we two for Sheffield and Derbyshire. Of course it would have to snow and so our farewells were hurried. To Sheffield we had an uninteresting ride but once through that city we were soon up on the Derbyshire moors above Baslow. Lunch time we found ourselves in Ashford. Ham and eggs put away, we were ready to tackle Taddington, which with a struggle we managed to ride. By now the wind was most unfavourable and we did not look forward to the climb over the Cat and Fiddle, but fortune favoured us and we had a sleigh ride. It was a little tricky in places, as hard packed snow was lying at most corners. After Macclesfield and once more on better known roads our thoughts were of tea and how far we could get before halting. We managed to reach the Fishpool and then after an excellent tea and listening to a couple of females arguing the good points of both Rugby League and Soccer we made for home, gently nursing our weary limbs. Peter feeling a fitter man for his week-end, I am afraid that the writer was a little the worse for wear, dissipation and training go not well together.

(Salty writes this from Devon's Downs. He does get about, that lad, and what a lovely place to linger in these Springtime days.—ED.)

RUNS.

Halewood, 5th February, 1938.

Being a Halewood run I took the opportunity of using the daylight to clean the bicycle, a process which was long overdue, and consequently I went to Halewood the nearest way.

Arriving at the Derby Arms I found a crowd already round the bar, Hubert having pushed the boat out and Peter, the curly-headed one, was actually seen to be drinking a shandy.

Six o'clock saw us marching up stairs to do justice to the usual excellent fare, twenty-two members sitting down to a meal that would have been enough for nearly twice the number. I was rather disappointed at the turnout, as I consider twenty-two rather a poor muster, especially in view of the fact that trains and buses run almost to the doors. Anyway, let's hope that there will be a better turnout at the March Halewood run. Those present were :— Reeves, Byron, Randall, Salt, Threlfall, Burgess, Powell, Rowatt, Scarff, Sherman, Rock, Preston, Williams, Simpson, Cheminai, Chandler, Stevie, Roskell, Knipe, Royden, Connor and Carver, who was putting in his farewell run before taking up his new duties in Hull.

The good things were put away to a safe place and after a short chat in the tank, tracks were made for the Pier Head in a leisurely manner.

Goostrey. Red Lion. 5th February, 1938.

Whether it is coincidence or habit, I nearly always find it possible when the Club venue is Goostrey to get my ever-ready bicycle out of the shed and enjoy the short run, good food and pleasant company associated with so doing.

We have been having a lot of windy weather lately, and this particular Saturday proved no exception, but for all that it was a very pleasant afternoon and there was very little traffic on the bye roads.

I was actually the first to arrive on a bicycle, although Buckley had arrived earlier by rail, preferring, he said, to get his riding done before noon, as he did not like night riding.

The entire company present consisted of the President. Wilf Orrell, Bob Poole, Jim Cranshaw, Buckley and young Haynes, Sub-Captain.

The discussion over tea and afterwards, in front of a good fire, was mostly about the various organisations already in being and the formation of a still larger body with a view to the control of time trials on the road; again it appears to have been left to the North to make the initial step, to be followed and superceded by our stronger friends of the South.

The party broke up in good spirits rather earlier than usual, at any rate so I believe, and the ride home was easy and the conditions good.

Hooton, 12th February, 1938.

Arriving late in a "semi-knocky" condition, the Editor took advantage of my lowered vitality by demanding a write-up of the run. Disposing of the excellent fare I recovered sufficiently to note the company: the V.P., "Stephy," at the head of the table surrounded by such stars as Eddie Morris, Dave Rowatt, Johnny Band, Tommy Royden, etc., while the lowly seats were occupied by a select band of Tea Tasters, led by the Captain and Sub-Captain.

Husbands and lovers being excused, the bachelor section settled down for a pleasant evening's yarnning round the fire.—Sorry, this is 1938 and not 1931, when such things were the rule of the day. Past Anfielders will turn in their graves when I report that at 7-30 the company had departed. To what purpose have the Committee fought for shorter Club-runs? What has become of those happy carousals of six or seven years ago which made an Anfield winter Club-run the event of the week? What say you, un-sociables? Ichabod!

(Our contributor, an occasional—very occasional—attender of our winter runs, should have been at Hooton just before Christmas. Ah! Great Days.—ED.)

Holmes Chapel, February 12th, 1938.

My young hopeful, having expressed a desire to attend a club-run, in a rash moment I promised to take him out by tandem to Holmes Chapel. The day was cold and wintry, a fairly strong north-easter making conditions cold and unpleasant, but the enthusiasm of youth was not to be denied, and we duly set forth. The wind was abaft on the outward journey, and the hospitable doors of the "Swan" were entered about 5-15, and in due course tea was served. The meal was entirely in keeping with the high reputation of the house; the chief regret was caused by the smallness of the attendance. Our Shropshire member, I. Thomas, had faced the gale on the outward struggle, and was anticipating a sleigh ride on the homeward journey. The remainder of the party had enjoyed the ride out, but were looking forward with some trepidation to pushing the wind out of the way later. The only member totally unconcerned about the weather was Buckley, who had come out by train, and felt that it would need a tidy sort of wind to cause much trouble to the local flyer.

Conversation at tea was mainly concerned with the recent meeting of the R.T.T.C., and it was felt that the new rules which had been adopted would, in the main, tend to a much needed improvement in the general conduct of the game. The new amateur rule came in for some criticism from one of the old timers, and some interesting disclosures were made of the sham amateurism of the late nineteenth century. If one half of those stories were true, it is certain that our modern semi-professional amateurs have a good deal to learn before they can ascend (or descend, according to the point of view) to the standards of those early days.

A general move for home was soon made, and the main body of the party returned by the Knutsford road. With my passenger, I took the road through Chelford and Alderley, and reached home in good time, extremely cold, but otherwise completely satisfied with the day's outing. Those present were the President, E. Haynes, R. Poole, W. Orrell, I. Thomas, E. Buckley and R. J. Austin and his son.

Acton Bridge, February 19th, 1938.

Too long have I been banished from the road ;
 Too long since I my unicorn bestrode.
 Imagine then, what joy was mine, what pleasure,
 When setting out to visit Eastern Cheshire !
 What if the keen wind made my features rosy !
 What if it painted blue my nosy-posey !
 The sun was shining and the roads were dry—
 (I ought to mention here that so was I !)
 At length the spell of Little Budworth's charms
 Moved me t'investigate the village " Arms,"
 And there regaled with tea and buttered toast,
 Was made right welcome by my genial host,
 An Ancient Mariner for forty years,
 The foaming seas now left for foaming beers.
 At six o'clock I topped the Weaverham ridge
 And hurtled down the hill to Acton Bridge.

What means this champing noise, this clang and
 clatter ?

These awesome sounds, this clash of steel on platter ?
 Abate your fears, dear friends—it *is* misleading—
 It merely indicates Anfielders feeding !
 And here they sit, the very pith and core
 Of Anfieldom—the Blushing Editor,
 The President, the Treasurer and Powell,
 Whose virtues every one of us knows so well.
 Green (fledgling from the Presidential nest)
 Austin, Bob Poole ; one Williamson, a guest ;
 Connor and Byron—Captain and Racing Sec ;
 Haynes (*without* goggles hanging round his neck !)
 The Heavenly Twins—Williams and Brother Jones—
 Famed for their tandem duet, " Moans and Groans."
 Others there were ; I trust they won't be hard on
 The poor scribe who doth ask their kindly pardon.

At length, the company with food replete
 Regretfully itself heaves to its feet ;
 And suffering still from that Gargantuan guzzle
 They're faced with something like a Chinese puzzle ;

For sorting out machines in Stygian murk
After such feasting is most tedious work.
And now they're all agog to be away,
Swarming like bees upon a day in May :
The Secretary Bird his wings has spread
And like good children all ride home to bed.

Farndon, February 26th, 1938.

This the tale of a wind and some rain and—The Man Who Turned Back. It was hard going out, and although I made an early start, the clock showed 3-33 at Willaston Corner. I waited until 3-45, alone. Strange! For Byron that morning had told me that he was a "cert" for Farndon. At least he should have been there. Where then could our Racing Secretary be? Then Powell rolled slowly along: "Byron's by the hospital, looking glum," he said. "I'll bet he turns back." And turn back he did. Our fine, big strong Racing Secretary could not take it. He could not turn his wheels into that wettish wester, even when contemplating the glories of the great run home. In a previous contribution this month a writer exclaims: "Ichabod!" I say "Ichabod!" too. The glory has departed from the younger generation at any rate.

Powell and I crawled slowly southwards, and Sherman joined us, to pair up in the front with me, leaving a bit of lovely shelter for the Secretary. Across the windy heath it seemed slower still, and we nearly came to a stop on the hill that climbs from Abbots Clough up to the Ancient City. There did we stop for tea and cake. With the shelter of the Park the way was easier, and it was at 5-55 precisely that we pushed the bicycles into the Raven's shed. Rigby Band arrived at 5-56.

And who was there, who had braved the rigours of the day? Dave Rowatt came by bus; and there was Tummas, hungry after a Wrexham ride; Snowden had been out all day, and so had Salty and Rocky. Nine, and a dozen ordered. And then, slowly into the room, came Johnny Band and Jack Seed, flattened after the sticky ride—they did not turn back, even if they were twice as old as the Racing Secretary. We were saved again.

But this is no excuse for the youngsters who promised, but failed. The Skipper was working, so we cannot blame him ; but there are others whose absence these not so good days does not show them up at all well. What about it? Are you windy—or what?

Lymm, February 26th, 1938.

Having lunched together, the President and I set off for Lymm at about 2-45. The afternoon was sultry, somewhat relieved by a blustering wind, but holding out a threat of rain for later on. We were soon among the Cheshire lanes, beautiful even at this time of the year. The President, however, was little concerned with the view. The amazing number of cambers per square yard and the iniquities of those who make roads preoccupied him to the exclusion of all else. On certain uneven stretches he did look rather like a westernised ballet dancer from behind, but continued undaunted, blaspheming gently the while. We stopped for an enjoyable cup of tea at Arley Pool. Thence to Lymm was a sleigh ride with the wind right behind us. The President was getting them round very fast and talked about shedding his rear mudguards at an early date.

Bob Poole and Ned Haynes were at the " Spread Eagle " before us and we were soon joined by the Treasurer, Stevie and Rex Austin. The conversation ran on pedalling and how far on or off the pedal to place the foot. The general opinion was that the further off the foot the faster the resultant pedalling. I have since given this matter much thought and even conducted one or two experiments. In the light of my experiences I can say that it is not advisable to have the foot *too* far off. This leads to a noticeable loss of power transmitted to the rear wheel, a couple of barked shins and, if on a down grade, a head-first dive into a thorn hedge.

This little controversy duly ended, a certain Hungry One suggested that we should Troop In. We sat down to a very good meal. Mine Hostess, whilst serving ' Firsts ' of chops, suggested that ' Seconds ' of the same would not be out of place. Assent in the name of the assembled company

was given by the Hungry One, who also helped out those who on second thoughts decided that 'Firsts' were adequate. There was also a large piece of tart left over from Course Two, but the Hungry One again obliged. No sooner was the meal over than this same Hungry One leapt on to his bicycle, lighting his acetylene lamp while still in mid-air and set off for home. We can only presume that this precipitate departure was prompted by a desire of consuming anything lying about in the larder, just to while away the time until the musical boom of the supper gong should send thrills of delicious anticipation through his entrails.

The rest of us, not so hungry, sat round the fire or played darts until it was time for off. Incidentally, the general excellence of the dart players spoke of frequent and prolonged sojourns on licensed premises. The party broke up at 7-30, the Manchester members, capes ballooning to push home against the wind and rain, the Treasurer and Stevie to a well-earned 'sail-away.'

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ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

FORMED MARCH, 1879.

MONTHLY CIRCULAR

Vol. XXXIV.

No. 386.

FIXTURES FOR APRIL, 1938.

Tea at 6-0 p.m.

		Tea 5-30 p.m.	Light up at
April	2	Handley (Calveley Arms)	7-17 p.m.
..	4	Committee Meeting 7-30 p.m. (Victoria Hotel, St. John's Lane, Liverpool)	
..	9	Farndon (Raven)	7-29 ..
..	15/18	Easter Tour, Bettws-y-Coed (Glan Aber)	9-13 ..
..	23	Highwayside (Travellers' Rest)	9-26 ..
..	30	Rossett (Golden Lion)	9-37 ..
May	2	Committee Meeting, 7-30 p.m. (Victoria Hotel, St. John's Lane, Liverpool)	
..	7	First "50" Miles Handicap	9-50 ..

ALTERNATIVE FIXTURES

April	2	Goostrey (Red Lion)	7-17 p.m.
..	16	Northwich (Crown & Anchor)	9-13 ..
		Full Moon	14th inst. Summer time begins 10th inst.

NOTICE.

All communications should be addressed to the Editor, 45 Carlton 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.

Mr. Leonard King, 19 Fernbank Avenue, Huyton, has rejoined the Club.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS. Mr. H. M. Horrocks, Fleece Hotel, Thirsk, Yorkshire.

Mr. J. R. Band has been appointed to the vacancy on the Committee.

Members attending Northwich on 16th April are requested to order their requirements on arrival.

Day Runs for Easter have been arranged as follows :—
Friday, Denbigh (Bull) : Members to order their requirements at the Bull. Saturday, Bangor (British Hotel). Sunday, Festiniog (Pengwern Arms). Lunch, 1-30 p.m. each day.

H. W. POWELL,
Hon. General Secretary.

TREASURY NOTES.

The divine afflatus has touched our Spring Poet, and he has sprung not only what he owed but this ode as well.

“ THE SOUL'S AWAKENING.”

With the Springtime of the year,
Our subscription time draws near,
“ Hark ! (old Knipe cries out), “ Disaster,
No remittance from the Master,
Can it be as bad as that ?
Is he down and on the mat ? ”
Here my conscience loud and true
Mutters “ Three months overdue ! ”
Anfield Sub's a debt of honour
Due betimes, NOT “ *a la bonn' 'eure.*”

I hope this touching ditty will touch the pockets of many of the great unpaid.

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

R. J. Austin.	F. Marriott	J. J. Salt.
J. R. Band.	E. O. Morris.	*A. T. Simpson.
*E. J. Cody.	W. Orrell.	I. A. Thomas.
F. H. Koenan.	C. Randall.	N. Turvey.
J. Long.		

RACING NOTES.

Training "25's" will be held on April 2nd, 9th and 23rd. Dressing accommodation will, as usual, be at Mrs. Bell's, Rowton. Please let me have entries for the 1st "50" by April 30th.

The new "100" course is taking shape. Thanks to Hubert Roskell, Marriott and I were able to do some extensive survey work last month.

I advise members to polish up their Welsh pronunciation as the new course sounds like a case of chronic catarrh.

E. BYRON

Hon. Racing Secretary

AT RANDOM.

Don Smith, some years ago, was a particularly active Anfielder. Even in winter's worse days he would ride up from Wellington to the Club run, to week-end afterwards with the Old Man. He used to week-end with the younger fellows too, at times. Don was transferred to Northampton, and since then we have seen nothing of him. He lives, we read in the handbook, in a house called the "Wrekin." The coincidence of staying as a guest in a house of such name in a place like Northampton is too great for our mind. Can we infer that our bachelor friend has "gone and done it," and if so will he accept our best wishes, even if they are somewhat belated?

Talking of marriage, we have something further to say, and yet the words somehow will not form the ink will not flow the typewriter is well-nigh jamming Charles, our one and only Randall, is to be married to Bert Lloyd's sister on Easter Saturday. The venue is Chester, the time, we believe, 8-0 a.m. More the wily fellow will not say. May we extend our good wishes in their direction also.

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Charlie Conway, we hear with great pleasure, attained his eightieth birthday last Thursday, March 24th. All Anfield will join with us in wishing him very many more.

.

Dick Ryalls has had a bit of an accident. It seems that some fellow landed the car in which they were travelling into a very convenient tree, and now Dick has to lie in hospital for a bit with a dislocated bone in his neck. He will welcome letters; the address is D. L. Ryalls, Ward 11, Princess Mary's Hospital (R.A.F.), Aylesbury, Bucks.

TRAINING TRIP

It was with some trepidation that I decided to have a "go" at Home and back in a week-end, but with the feeling that about 300 miles in the old limbs would certainly take some rough off, I took a chance with Rude Boreas—and you who were out at Highwayside will remember what a lovely wester there was. I must have unwittingly soaked those "Embekay" number nines in much metaphorical farmyard fertiliser, for I enjoyed a pretty uneventful journey across to meet the boys at the Club run. Incidentally, my route after Mottram, via Stockport, Wilmslow, Holmes Chapel, Middlewich, led me past Bren Orrell's home, and who should be in the front garden but the family complete, so I halted at the battlements for a mental stirrup cup.

Home was home, of course, with all the happy greetings and sad farewells that go with it, but "dooty is dooty," and once more on Sunday morning did the wheels whirr. Complaining muscles eventually moved into their proper grooves, and I journeyed over to East Cheshire with Connor, Reeves and Band. Rock left us near Mouldsworth to return home. At Holmes Chapel, the Swan did us well, and it being a N.R.R.A. occasion, many leading lights were shining, Frank Slemen only fitfully until the inner man was satisfied.

Rigby elected to accompany me part of the way, and we took our leave of the select attendance of Anfielders and others. We two eventually parted company near Bramhall after needlessly climbing over the shoulder of Alderley Edge. (My faulty map reading, this).

As Norman Turvey prophesied, the wind was in the right direction and I went over the Pennines at 15 an hour. Darkness found me getting damned tired and b—— hungry about half-way between Barnsley and Doncaster. The previous day's efforts now asserted their pull, and "Donny" threw out its Neon welcome to a very weary man. The Sun Inn provided cheese, bread, onions and beer, and some damned fool who would sing. I left the latter. For a few miles the beer in an empty stomach gave me a slightly exhilarated condition, but the reaction was worse than B.A. I stopped again in Thorne, every mile having taken over the prescribed four minutes, and consumed a triple sherry with one egg (good, this).

From Boothferry Bridge, the now local roads to my present outpost gave new strength to flagging energy, and the last 18 miles were pushed inside 60 minutes. Never was I so glad to be so far from Home, and want to stay there. Ten-thirty—lights out—thanks lads—be seein' you.

(Sid Carver writes this after a two-day trip from Hull to Merseyside and back—with a detour to the Club run as make-weight. What a ride! and what enthusiasm! Sid invites anyone passing that way to drop him a card ("Westcote," Brough, East Yorks.) and bed and beer will be their's. The Editor might have a try after Easter).

**WEEK-ENDS IN EAST CHESHIRE NOW OVERDUE.
AROUND THE ROOS DYCHE, THE PEVERIL AND THE
PIKE.**

To reach these tempting bits we must aim for Dormitories at The Rams Head at Disley or the Joddrell Arms at Whaley Bridge. Tourist Byng recommended the former 150 years ago and the House has had further improvements since.

The Peveril at Castleton.

This Castle has been recently excavated and partly restored, so that greedy eyes are feasting on what has been laid bare. This site had lain in ruins from times ere eye witnesses knew how to write their impressions so that doubts had grown up among the weeds whether buildings had ever stood on the steeply slanting rock. The digging has laid these doubts to rest and proved that narrow buildings stood on ledges and terraces.

TIMBS, the great historian, has told us that Pain (Pa) Peveril held Tournays here for the hand and heart of the martial Mellet Peveril with Withington Castle as Dowry and that she was won by a Knight of Lorraine, defeating a Knight of Burgundy, thus quite an international event. He further hints at a Saxon Origin of this Fortress, but does not disclose the character of Saxon Drains, and it is Drains that we are now faced with. The Anfield standing in judgment over them will find these displaying Roman simplicity and directness of purpose. The comforts are slapbang over the drains and cheek by jowl with the Banqueting Hall.

Thus Roman principles go hand in hand with Norman luxuries.

It is for the Anfield to write history, as our loudspeaker keeps telling us.

But what the place lacks are real Dungeons, so there was little fun for Norman Barons apart from courting Mellet. Even wine cellars have left no trace,

Slosh at the Peveril Postern.

Two important features that have intrigued us simple fellows for so long are now cleared up, namely, The Proper Way-In and The Improper Way-Out. The outer walls are high up on the rock and the curious minded have wondered how the Barons GOT-IN or OUT.

No Peveril could with dignity scramble up to hold broken winded Parley at the Walls and Gates. But our investigations will meet with a zig-zag trail laboriously paved on which sure-footed Palfreys found a foothold. So much for the Way In.

As for the reverse scene we need a postern gate or backdoor to make good an untimely escape. Yonder at the back of the Old Keep there yawns a chasm where unauthorised departures must meet with broken necks because Castle Rock stands well away from the surrounding hillside. Yet we are reassured by a chart that means to prove the once-upon-a-time existence of a small gateway leading to a long lost Bridge that leapt across space by Supports " that baffle the imagination."

After taking this in, Timbs' further tale of how between the Great Cavern on the one side and the so-called CAVE on the other there ran The Town Ditch in which space the Knights broke their Lances on each other's armour, can only serve as an Anti-Climax.

But enough has been said to arouse The Anfield from its winter slumbers.

The Retreat over the Pike and the Dyke.

Resembling Thurstaston but at much greater height Eccles Pike, noble viewpoint of East Cheshire crowns Eccles Mountain, which barren to the bone, clogs the whole valley as far as Chapel-en-le-Frith.

No road ventures to cross it but two packhorse roads run along its flanks. From oldest times wild men sheltered here in Pitt Dwellings protected by a deep ditch. Here the Romans stood on the Lookout and found their Funk Hole on the lowest portion in the Roos Dyche.

Tacitus stood here scribbling notes about Castle Naze, just across.

The Romans had to decide after taking the invigorating waters of Buxton whether to climb the Hills of Lyme for Stockport or turn east for Sheffield and Chesterfield. They settled in their Funk Hole, our objective. But Horwich House, having seized the packhorse road and made a private garden of it has blocked our eastern entrance. This means a considerable detour. That Funk Hole is the Roos Dyche.

The Tragedy of the Roos Dyche, Rooms' Dyke or Romans Dyke.

Nobly conceived and rising like the Upper Circle of a Playhouse above the Pit, hundreds of feet above the town of Whaley, it is now unconscious, denied even by its oldest inhabitant, it snores the sleep of despair, ignored, dishonoured and unsung.

Once a Glade, a Dell and a Dingle, it was here that Shakespeare laid the scene of his *Midsummer's Nightmare*. The Sprite and the Ass have both departed leaving no trace. Every main entrance obscured, inaccessible for perambulators, untried as Tea Gardens, unlicensed for ice cream barrows, slighted by Tramps whose discarded boots and pants we seek in vain, the gloom unrelieved by broken ribbed humiliated parasols reminding us of bygone romances, the explorer of to-day sneers at its hapless fortifications and laughs till he cry.

No Litter Lout hovers near, no Gamekeeper intrudes with his "Keep off the Grass," no Constable advises us "Not to do that there 'ere."

But let no sceptical Simpson flout us, for we stumble on the Wheelmarks of the Chariots, if not on the Hoofprints of the Stallions. Saddest feature of all, that ramshackle shelter reminds us that there was once tethered a deeply disgusted, bored and disgruntled Bull, at a time when the Whaley Mob tried to revive the Sights of a so-called Roman Holiday.

It was then that the Roman Camp became The Bull Ring, as the professors tell us in their "Transactions."

"Hallucinations," says Old Crow, but it was a dear Old Lady that led me to it, explaining that this Upper Circle had been either a Circus or else a Landslide, and that in days when she was younger still "she brought her knitting here." No wonder I was impressed.

The Roman Roadster of today arriving at the Old Cross Roads outside the town by the short and steep five roman miles from Buxton, finds his way to the Roos Dyche impeded by ugly gardens and private fields. "Contrary to roman practice" he is shepherded away from his Camp along the Sheffield Road.

Harry Buck for one would be annoyed and grow testy, if not inclined to trespass. Nothing short of Musso Lini's Roman Parade Step can succeed. Thus have usurpers triumphed and has Right of Way lapsed.

RUNS.

Halewood, March 5th, 1938.

It was with a feeling of joyful anticipation that I set out, for the weather was glorious, with a decided touch of Spring in the air.

At Marsden's Corner was Eric Reeves, so, deciding against waiting for further company, we made our way very gently and pleasantly to Frodsham, there to halt for the inevitable pot of tea. Elias then rolled up on a new machine, the bottom gear of which is so low we confidently anticipate the news that Everest has at last been conquered.

Charles was the next thirsty arrival, followed by five more, and a jolly half-hour ensued, pleasantly interrupted by the surprise appearance of Syd Carver, on his way home from Hull in a car which cost £5 and will do 50 m.p.h. (or was it £50 and 5 m.p.h.?)

Thence to the Transporter, finding Rocksavage a little less sanguinary than usual, though Charles, in front, seemed a trifle peeved when offered a spell by Eric Reeves two yards from the top. The sight of Rigby's trike brightened the lives of the denizens of those two charming towns Runcorn and Widnes, one small boy loudly voicing the opinion that he was in his "second childhood." Rather a lusty infant I thought, as he set the pace to the Derby Arms. On entering, some of us broke tradition by having a wash. Something told me no good would come of it, and sure

enough, 'twas there that Nemesis caught me, in the shape of mine Editor. Having successfully evaded the clutches of our previous Editor for the greater part of his term of office, my conscience smote me hard when the present holder of that exalted post made his dulcet-toned request. Well, anyway, when he said " Oos gawna write the runup ? " I gave myself up with barely a struggle, though not without a qualm, my recent efforts with the pen having been confined to writing the mystic symbols 1, 2 and x in various combinations, a task similarly lacking in remuneration.

The plea of a writer in last month's *Circular* for a larger attendance at this run had apparently borne fruit (apart from the usual raspberries), and there was a muster of twenty-nine, amongst whom we were glad to see Len King after a long absence.

Ted Byron had made sure of arriving this time, having come by train, Peter Rock being his companion in shame and flannel bags. In each case we diagnose an *affaire de coeur* (vide *French With Tears*, by C. Randall).

Some fears were expressed that there might be a shortage of food, but they were soon dispelled, for was this not Halewood? Each one of the twenty-nine ate enough pork and/or chicken for two normal mortals, with the possible exception of Arthur Simpson, who was too busy on his hind legs telling the story of his life to Bert Green, and Sammy, who ate enough for six.

Acton Bridge, March 12th, 1938.

All day have I been riding on the road ;
Some months since I my Grubb-iron bestrode.
Imagine then, what sorrow, what displeasure
Experienced on this ride to Eastern Cheshire !
What if the warm wind made me hot and tired !
What if my hair was damp, my clothing mired !
There was some sun, the roads were dry—
(I mention here that neither was I !)
At length I trundled through the hamlet Lymm,
And some miles out I found a likely inn,
Then ate some food, and asked for more

Unwelcome to mine host, not genial—sore !
Most sorrowful this innkeeper near Lymm ;
Being married, I could sympathise with him.
At five-fifteen I topped some unknown ridge
And down the hill I limped to Acton Bridge.

What means this lack of noise, no clang, no clatter ?
No awesome sounds, no clash of steel on platter ?
Be not deceived, dear girls, we are not cheating—
The cream of Anfieldom is quietly eating !
And here they sprawl, these gentlemen so clean,
And first, of course, we note the President, Green,
The Treasurer and Sec., and Sam Threlfall,
Bob Poole, old Uncle Tom Royden and all ;
Then Chandler made himself felt at this do
Consuming food enough at least, for two !
Wilf Orrell paid a welcome visit here,
Ned Haynes arrived to help us drink the beer ;
The Heavenly Twins, now riven, Brother Jones
Came there without his tandem, partner " Moans."
No more there were, it falls to me to state
The younger lads had got another date.

At length, with fearful groans and sighs
The company from empty tables rise ;
And suffering still from Lilliputian gluttoning
Their coats etcetera, comfortably buttoning,
This motley crowd sort out their steeds with ease
By groping carefully on hands and knees.
Contention then amongst us rears its head ;
No one will lead us—we would all be led.
But Tommy has a gas-lamp—that's the stuff !
(Thanks Mr. Editor, it is enough).

(With apologies).

Highwayside, 19th March, 1938.

As I was ploughing through a particularly sticky westerly gale, the thought passed through my mind as to the remarkable weather forecasting qualities of Connor. Time and time again, when the elements are misbehaving themselves, we find to our chagrin that George has again clicked, and is working late at the office. Marriott also, had used his head and spent the afternoon pottering round the Wirral

on R.T.T.C. business, sez 'e. But back to the run ; having left Powell to carry on at the "eighth," I waited there and was surprised to see Bill Jones flashing up on his single. On being asked where was the tandem, I was told that Williams was also using his head. He too, was working late. Salty was over in Derbyshire for a "25," but what about Rock and Reeves, were they also working? What a lot of money these lads must be making. Arrived at Highwayside we found Dave Rowatt about to leave, as he had a bus to catch. Ensneced in familiar surroundings we found Hubert, Tommy Royden, Powell, Sherman and Ira Thomas. The Tea Tasters included Bill Jones, Rigby Band, Randall, Hughes, Perkins and Byron. President Bert Green arrived just on six looking a trifle windswept, having had a rough passage over from Manchester on his trike, and he was shortly followed by Bob Knipe. We had barely got our feet in the trough when a gaunt wraith, clad in green plus fours, crept into the room. It was Sid Carver, who had bashed over from Brough in that gale for a training week-end.

The ride home was idyllic, tail wind warmth, and after a scoop or two at the Nag's Head, I literally hiccupped my way home.

P.S.—Whisper it not in Gath, but others there were who started, but turned back—Ichabod (is that the word Sammy?) Ichabod! (Who?—Ed.)

Little Budworth, March 26th, 1938.

Making a fairly good passage with the wind behind, I thought I would try some new ground from Christleton and forget main roads existed. The result was as expected, I lost my bearings, but having a fairly keen sense of smell eventually found the way to Duddon and Utkinton. The pool after Cotebrook found me sitting on a log (I was not whacked!) but two boards said—"Private. No fishing allowed"—so I had a smoke. Arriving at the Red Lion I found a small but select party and later Bert Green and Jack Salt came in. We were rather late with our meal, most of the hens had refused the first fence, but we managed

to get a second round after a bit of delay. The conversation mostly, I think, was about fresh catering places—which some of us would welcome—and going for records, Knipe giving his ideas of the best way to go for the Liverpool—Edinboro'.

After being persuaded to write the run I made a note of those present—in addition to those already mentioned—Stevie, Royden, Jim Carr, Poole, Haynes, Seed and Reeves. Leaving about 7-30 with Knipe and Royden, we rode into one of the wettest nights we have had for a long time. I should like to know what became of Tommy after the turn near Pipers Ash, because although I waited quite a long time at Upton he did not appear. I was disappointed and wet.

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ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

FORMED MARCH, 1879.

MONTHLY CIRCULAR

Vol. XXXIV.

No. 387.

FIXTURES FOR MAY, 1938.

Tea at 6-0 p.m.

Light up at

May	2	Committee Meeting 7-30 p.m. (Victoria Hotel, St. John's Lane, Liverpool)	
..	7	First 50 Miles Handicap	9-50 p.m.
..	14	Acton Bridge (Leigh Arms)	10-2 ..
..	21	Highwayside (Travellers' Rest)	10-15 ..
..	28	Second Fifty Miles Handicap	10-24 ..
..	30	Committee Meeting, 7-30 p.m. (Victoria Hotel, St. John's Lane, Liverpool)	
June	4	Northwich (Crown & Anchor) —	10-32 ..
..	4/6	Whitsuntide Invitation 100	10-33 ..

Headquarters, Shrewsbury (George)

Full Moon 14th inst.

NOTICE.

All communications should be addressed to the Editor, 45 Carlton 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.

COMMITTEE MEETING. A Resolution recording the deep regret of the Club and their deep sympathy with the sisters of the late Mr. E. A. Thompson was passed in silence.

INVITATION "100." Mr. H. Green has been appointed Judge and Referee. The George Hotel, Shrewsbury, will again be the Headquarters of the Club. Members are requested to book their own accommodation direct, **AT ONCE.**

CHANGE OF ADDRESS. Mr. J. R. Walton, 75, Ack Lane, Cheadle Hulme, Stockport.

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

H. W. POWELL,
Hon. General Secretary.

TREASURY NOTES.

Only four! Words fail me, but my thanks are due to:—
H. Austin, L. King, J. S. Roberts and D. Turnor.

RACING NOTES.

Below are the results of the three training "25's," held during the month.

April 2nd.		April 9th.	
1. J. J. Salt	1.8.35	1. E. Haynes	1.12.14
2. W. P. Rock	1.12.23	2. I. A. Thomas	1.13.50
3. S. T. Carver	1.13.13	3. E. Byron	1.14.10
4. T. Sherman	1.17.32	4. T. Sherman	1.14.12
		5. J. E. Reeves	1.14.57

April 23rd.

	Turn.	25 miles.
1. W. P. Rock	36.30	1.6.55
2. J. E. Reeves	37.0	1.7.17
3. S. T. Carver	38.0	1.9.13
4. E. Haynes	38.30	1.10.20
5. E. Byron	39.20	1.12.12
6. T. Sherman	39.0	1.12.25
7. A. F. Hughes	40.0	1.14.0
8. J. R. Band	41.30	1.17.21
9. K. Barker	42.2	1.19.32

J. J. Salt rode a private 50 mile trial and timed in at 2.16.9.

IN MEMORIAM.

EDWIN ARTHUR THOMPSON.

The Club is poorer by the recent death of one of its oldest members, Mr. Edwin Arthur Thompson. He was elected a member in January, 1885, at the age of 16, and at once showed his keenness by attempting to attain the ambition of every Anfielder of that period—to ride 200 miles in 24 hours. It was not until 1887 that he achieved this feat, covering 215 miles, a Club record for the course of Lichfield and back. A week later he gained 1st prize and 2nd fastest in a Club "50," when he was the only competitor riding an "Ordinary." He stuck to the "Ordinary" for some years with quite a measure of success, and was known as the "Anfield Ordinary Champion."

He was elected to the Committee in 1888, and in 1889 became Hon. Secretary. He dropped out of the Club in 1895, but rejoined in 1929 after the death of his brother, W. R. Thompson.

He took a keen interest in all matters pertaining to cycling, had "the pen of a ready writer," and was a frequent contributor to the *C.T.C. Gazette*.

R.L.K.

AT RANDOM.

It is highly probable that a certain ex-Editor will refer to moans and groans for some time to come.

.

If all we hear is correct, we are to have a feast of variety at Llanarmon this year. Our Nordic friend (the golden-haired one) is studying voice production with a view to improving his already considerable vocal agility, whilst the Caliph of Baghdad continues to practice stunts on bars (and in them).

.

Talking of Llanarmon, a report in a recent issue of *Sport and Play* gave it that the "West Arms" had been sold by friend Howard. We have an idea that the report emanated from Robbie. Has he any more information? Which also reminds us that Swearfairer (himself) has not shown himself at a Club Run since his retirement last March. Well, we're still hoping. The Editor wishes him to write up a Club run.

.

There was a Club run at Chester recently, the shameful details of which do not appear to have been made public, this to the heartfelt relief of two gentlemen's sons of Birkenhead. But we know.

.

There is no truth in the rumour, we can emphatically state, that Chandler and his Spanish onions have been signed on by the A.R.P. authorities. Further, we are able to report exclusively that owing to the consequent shortage of his favourite fruit, our ex-Editor has arranged with a prominent Anfielder to deliver 100 cases of onions from another country some time this week. These should keep him going for a month or so.

.

F.H. writes to say that it was his lumbago that kept him (and consequently Chem. and Arthur Simpson) away from Bettws at Easter. We hope that the Master will be soon free of his trouble and on the road again.

We are glad to hear from Turvey that his doctors have now encouraged him to re-commence riding. He tells us that he has just taken delivery of an Evans with Simplex gear, and that he is being done over on short rides twice a week by his son, Brian, aged fifteen, who rides his father's old Grubb, of vintage 1926. On every ride he is encouraged by coming across a slowly increasing number of cyclists who can ride slower than he can. But Easter knees of two years' standing take a bit of shifting, and Norman has not been so saddle sore since the "24" of '25! He wants to know what the hangment Brooks mean by making matters worse through having withdrawn the trusty B.10. Blarst 'em! (If anyone has a B.10 they would loan to Norman, methinks he would jump at the idea.—Ed.)

THE NEW "100" COURSE.

Those who read the premature notice (it was not definite at that time) in one section of the cycling press regarding a new course for our Invitation "100," will be interested in the following details. With the consequent crowding on the old course, it was felt that if a good course could be evolved west of Shrewsbury, using "A" roads as little as possible, only good could result from the change. Well, we have the course. It is not perfect. (Are any?) But we have high hopes for the future. The start is on the Welshpool road $2\frac{3}{4}$ miles from Shrewsbury; turn right at Crossgates, beyond Ford; at Llandrinio right to Four Crosses, Llanymynech, and Llynclys; turn left, and at Llanyblodwell left again. In Llansantffraid, keep left down the Vyrnwy valley until a turn two miles beyond Meifod; return to Llanyblodwell and turn left towards Llanrhaiadr-yn-Mochnant.

This is half-way, and there is a very convenient sliplane. Return to Llynclys, right to Fourcrosses, Llandrinio and Ford. Short of the start turn right across to the Chirbury road (75 miles). Turn near the 17th M.S. from Shrewsbury, and the finish is about five miles from Salop on Ford Heath. This year our beloved "100" will be on roads that (we believe) have never been raced on before, and more checkers

and marshals will be necessary. Will you please write to George Connor (27, Parkside, Wallasey) as soon as you can, telling what you would like to do? There is every chance here for a Welsh week-end as well as serving the Club. The agile ones will be rounded up for the feeding stations.

R.R.A. JUBILEE DINNER

April 11th, 1938.

The numbers present must almost be a record for any Cycling function. The large room at the Great Eastern Hotel seemed very full. As it is a long distance to attend a Dinner it is not surprising that the Club attendance was confined to members residing in or near the Metropolis, and these consisted of G. P. Mills, J. M. James, A. Lusty and Beardwood. The dinner itself was very good, above the average for these affairs, the writer enjoyed and pronounced it excellent.

After the Loyal Toast by the Chairman, the Rt. Hon. Leslie Burgin, Minister of Transport, proposed the toast of the Association in a clever speech, from which one gathered he was quite alive as to cyclists' activities on the road and sympathised with them. Our friend G. Herbert Stancer replied. Arthur F. Hsley brought back memories in proposing "Our Founder," and A. J. Wilson replied in a speech wonderful for a man of eighty. This short account does not pretend to give the details of the speeches, these have been fully reported in the Cycling Press and those interested can refer to same. Amongst the many present and known to the Club were R. C. Nesbitt, S. H. Moxham, F. J. Urry, Harry Green, H. W. (Sammy) Bartlett, J. C. Paget, M. Draisey and many others.

Albert Lusty the writer had not the opportunity of meeting, but in the crowded room and unless one happened to be seated close, it was easy to miss one another.

The entertainment was first rate, but in view of the eminent speakers at this unique gathering, this did not receive the appreciation it deserved.

WINNATS MOTOR ROAD.

All those in favour of the preservation of the countryside and protection against the depredations of those who would spoil its beauties, should read the following and *act on it at once.*

"THE WINNATS PASS. The cry seems to be ever for more and more roads, and the latest proposal is to convert the bridle road through the Winnats Pass into a 60-ft. highway, making it a substitute for the present road round Mam Tor. The gradient of the bridle road for 1,400 ft. is 1 in 4, and the foundations are of solid rock, so that considerable blasting will be necessary before cars can skim through at 40 miles per hour. The creation of a new highway would necessitate a considerable change in the configuration of the landscape, and a notable earthwork would disappear. The proposal has aroused considerable opposition from the preservation bodies, but all interested in saving this bit of the countryside, which should have long ago been scheduled as a place of historic beauty and interest for preservation in its present character, should add their protest to the Minister of Health, Metropole Buildings, Northumberland Avenue, W.C.2. Send a P.C. to-day!"

RUNS.

Inter-club Week-end with Speedwell B.C. at Kerry, March 26th/27th, 1938.

Saturday dawned brightly and with the sun ahead and the keen spring wind behind we set forth in high spirits from Wirral. Through crowded Chester we wormed our way on to the Wrexham road to our first rendezvous at Llynclys. Ira Thomas was there having battled against the keen 'wester' from Salop. Our business, at least for the time being, was a little further exploration of the proposed "roo" course.

From Llynclys we headed towards Lake Vyrnwy along the pleasantly graded highway, forking left when Llanyblodwell was reached. The scenery was extremely pleasant

from a prospective checker's viewpoint, while the road undulated slightly in a manner very pleasing to the fit athlete. The route took on an alpine aspect as we neared Llansantffraid, not by virtue of gradient, oh dear no, but by reason of the towering conifers which fringed the roadside banks, where primroses blushed in profusion.

From Llansantffraid to Meifod we carefully checked each mile far more conscientiously than ever the county surveyor had done. On through sleepy Meifod we rode, silent save for the whir of sturdy tyres on the hard road and the ceaseless tick of 'rev' counters.

The turn resolved itself at a "T" junction on the little frequented Dolgelly—Llanfair road, an excellent spot for speedy reversals.

Our official exploration now being accomplished, we decided to launch out on our own accord. Retracing to Meifod we turned right and headed for the hills. Never before had we three traversed this hill road, which reared and plunged like an unbroken filly, before gliding pleasantly into sombre Welshpool. At 'Pool our ways parted; Thomas was for Salop, while we, with the timely aid of a bar of chocolate, packed at hazard, gained Chirbury in the failing light. When tea was over we set forth to cover the four remaining miles which separated us from our destination.

The weather had now broken, the wind blew with steadily increasing force but now against us, while the rain assailed in fitful attack. Quaint Montgomery frankly puzzled in the inky blackness of the stormy night, but on enquiry we headed in the right direction. Up Clun's narrow vale we battled, wind and rain proving sturdy aggressors; never had Kerry's dim lights been so welcome.

To our surprise we found that we were first arrivals, the severity of the weather having made greater impression on those of ours who had travelled by more direct route. The Speedwell boys had received more than their fair share of wind and rain and were ready for the merry meal which followed their belated arrival.

When all had eaten to repletion experiences were recounted, tales told, holidays discussed and all topics freely aired, until one of ours, feeling the need for rest, if not for sleep, broke the party up in the earliest of the early hours.

At nine o'clock on the Sunday morning, fourteen of us sat down to breakfast, feeling mainly better for having slept a little. The Speedwell once again beat us for weight of numbers, nine being present against our five. Those present were—Macdonald, Jack Smith, Speedwell Captain; Johnny Mew, L. Hughes, J. Adams, A. Coleman and others of the Speedwell whose names I forget, and A. Hughes, A. Williams, Rigby Band, George Connor and P. Rock, of ours.

The storm had long passed over before we said farewell to Kerry and the sun was shining, imparting a welcome freshness to the countryside as we headed for Shrewsbury. Once in Salop we wended our way through its twisting streets to the ancient hostelry named "The Old Gullet." What a name! yet what a pub., for here they provide a meal to satisfy even Salty at his worst (or best?) Here the gourmet himself met us, together with Reeves, Marriott, Byron and Preston, all of whom had ridden down to renew acquaintances with the Speedwell boys. Shortly before lunch had finished two wraiths waited in on the midland breeze. After some liquid refreshment had been forced down their willing gullets (horrible word) the wraiths immediately took tangible form and gave tongue (and what tongue), proving themselves to be Brewster and Frank Corp. The parting was long delayed and Salty was very fit and some thought that they were too. If their minds seem a trifle blank I will tell you again of how we came home through—BATTLEFIELD.

Calveley Arms, Handley, 2nd April, 1938.

That menace, the Editor, has been at me again, so here goes.

After a steady plug out I was overtaken near Chester by those camping stalwarts, Syd Jonas and wife. Our ways diverged in the City and I continued to Rowton, to commiserate with the 25 milers on the wet, windy day that promised a "packet" to anyone unfit. The riders ambled off to the start and with the tandemons, the "Snub" and Bill Jones, I rode along to the Calveley Arms. Here we found Ven and Dave Rowatt and were able to enjoy more of their company than is usual, due to a combination of early tea and a reasonable return 'bus time.

Johnny Band, Jack Seed, Tommy Royden and a late arrival in Bob Knipe completed the company and a great success was the egg tea, which promises well for our future visits, if we are catered for as well as on this occasion.

The rain had ceased when starting our return trip, but came on again just as we arrived at Mrs. Bell's, to find the "ricers" none the worse and all quite merry. A chat, then out into the wind and rain again and so home, the last half-hour under a starry sky on drying roads.

"Red Lion," Goostrey, April 2nd, 1938.

I started out for this fixture in fine weather, but on reaching Handforth en route, found it better to don cape and sou' wester, as the rain commenced with a vengeance, and with a howling wind progress was not very easy.

I eventually reached Alderley and then turned head-on into the wind and rain, and struggled vainly on to arrive at the Red Lion about 5-15 p.m.

Here I found Mr. Buckley already in possession; next to arrive was Bert Green *perc-et-fils*, who had had some trouble on the way in the form of a puncture. We had just sat down to tea when in rolled Wilf. Orrell, and then shortly after came Rex Austin, so making six, and for once in a way there were two more than ordered for. Nevertheless, everyone enjoyed the meal which mine host provided.

After tea we moved into the sitting room where conversation drifted on to various subjects, until about 7-45, when Mr. Buckley had to leave to catch the rattler to Cheadle Hulme. It was 8 o'clock before the rest of us made a move, W. Orrell for Twemlow, and the remainder for home.

The rain continued to fall, and to make matters worse the wind was still a hindrance to the three of us going in the Altrincham direction. The rain had eased off a little by the time we reached Newbridge Hollow, where Ernest Green left us for Hale. I left the Presider at Sale and carried on home. In spite of the weather I think all enjoyed the run, although it was more in keeping with water polo than cycling, especially for the training "25," which Ned Haynes had gone to support.

Those present were Bert Green, E. Green, E. Buckley, Rex Austin, Wilf. Orrell and Bob Poole.

Farndon, 9th April, 1938.

In spite of the counter-attraction (*sic*) of a training "25," there was a good muster of fifteen. Also, the change-over to plain teas was vindicated in that Powell had only ordered for eight and all were fed to repletion without undue inconvenience to mine host.

The President gamely rode over from Manchester, and was the sole representative of that city; Jack Roberts made one of his rare but welcome appearances. Ven and Dave Rowatt had come by rail and 'bus and Chandler, bronzed by ten days' wind and mist in Lakeland, was heard bellowing for *three* eggs.

The talk eventually turned to the topic of air-raids; Snowden gave us some tips from practical experience, and Tommy Royden said that he would be on his bike and lost in the wilds of Llandegla before any aeroplane caught him. Johnny Band also gave us some illuminating statistics about sand-bags.

Soon after 7 o'clock the trek home started, the Sub-Captain and Jones on tandem and Rigby Band on trike bringing up in the rear with Elias's gas lamp, which he had left in the hearth. And so into the dusk to pick up the racing men at Mrs. Bell's.

Easter Tour, April 15/18, 1938.

Rowatt and Ven. were the first arrivals to greet George Lake at the Glan Aber on Thursday, just in time for afternoon tea. Afterwards, we enjoyed a pleasant walk for a couple of hours in the direction of Dolwyddelan, tramping along the banks of the Lledr to cross the river by the Beaver Pool bridge, and returning along the other side. The walk was delightful, being all in glorious sunshine and beautiful scenery. In the meantime, Sunter and Jimmy Williams had arrived in good time for dinner. Hubert Roskell joined us when we were well on with our meal, making our number to six on the first day of our Easter tour.

Good Friday again opened fine and sunny, and the walking couple crossed the Llugwy to walk on the right bank of the river, returning via Miners' Bridge. Hubert had gone off to Conway, saying that he had to see someone

there. Sunter and Williams we left adorning the steps of the Glan Aber, but they must have moved away later, as we heard that they had enjoyed a full day. After a light lunch the erstwhile strollers by the river's brim resolved to encourage digestion by taking the 'bus to Llanrwst, and there found a football match in full swing. Venturing on the field our two were promptly charged sixpence each, by a man who apparently sprang from nowhere, but carried a book of tickets. However, the two veterans enjoyed watching the rough and tumble game without sharing the knocks, freely given and returned. Afternoon tea was found in a pleasant café preparatory to seeking the 5-30 'bus back to Bettws. Earlier, the conductor had assured us that it was running. To our disgust we found that the next 'bus was 7-15, and we were faced with the $4\frac{1}{2}$ mile walk. Having been on our feet all day, the tramp did not appeal to us.

However, it had to be done, or no dinner (strange what the prospect of missing a meal will lead you to do, isn't it? —Ed.), and we eventually pulled in at the Glan Aber at 7-0 p.m. We found that the President and Manchester V.P. had arrived from Denbigh, and we were glad to have these important members of the Executive to care for us. Still, there was only a muster of eight for dinner on Good Friday.

The two cyclists told us of a glorious ride in bright sunshine and lunch with a party of eleven at Denbigh, a number of whom turned up at Bettws on Sunday evening. However, Arthur Williams, Scarff, Rock and Preston were unable to come further. The run over the Sportsman had been very good value, and on the way Harry Austin and his wife were picked up. Saturday dawned bright and cold and parties made their way by various routes to Bangor—two over the Sychnant, four by the Nant Ffrancon—meeting at the British Hotel for an excellent lunch, at which they were joined by Billy Owen. A very good house, the British. In the afternoon the four cyclists made their way through Llanberis to Pen-y-Pass, the wind helping. On turning the corner for Capel Curig they were met by the full force of a strong wind and had to do quite a lot of pedalling before reaching Bettws. At dinner they were joined by Snowden, Elias and his son, Knipe, Eddy Morris, Geo. Newall and Harry Poole, all of whom were very welcome, the latter es-

pecially so, as it is so long since he graced one of our functions. On Sunday we were off in good time to go to Festiniog by the Nant Gwynant and Maentwrog, and riding conditions were so excellent that none of us found it necessary to make any dismount up to Penygwryd. The usual call was made at Plas Colwyn and we were sorry to hear of the illness of the younger Miss Williams. A warm welcome was found at the Pengwern Arms and after the usual ample lunch and a short walk to admire the view, we went on through Blaenau to the Lledr valley, the strong wind serving as an excellent brake down the long and steep descent. Tea at Dolwyddelan broke the journey and we arrived at the Glan Aber in very good time for dinner, to find a number of new arrivals—Sid Carver and lady, Jack Salt, Frank Marriott, Ted Byron, George Connor, Rigby Band and Don Birchall. Later in the evening Ira Thomas and his better half came in to see us. Marriott, Byron and Band had been putting in a very strenuous time checking the new "100" course. Clifford Dews had left a note for us in passing and Harry Wilson had also called during the day. The evening was a very pleasant one and we all retired early like good boys; indeed, each evening we did the same. Had the shades of some of the departed Old Guard wandered in they certainly wouldn't have believed that they were in the Glan Aber at Easter. The present writer strolled into the bar at 11-0 p.m. on Saturday night and found it deserted and the landlord putting out the lights!!! Think of it!!! However, we must be better for it. On Monday, the party commenced to break up early and all I know thereafter is that my party had a good ride home. For weather it was one of the best Easters we have ever had. Bright sunshine, deep blue skies, no rain, made conditions almost ideal, the only fly in the ointment, if there was one, being the strong cold wind. The total number sighted during the week-end was 30; not as many as one would wish, but not too bad.

THREE DAYS.

This is the story of the holiday that was—and wasn't. True, we were away from the daily round, the common task, but can you call it a holiday when you're never out of Byron's sight for the length of it? The disgust was mutual, of course, but even so, is it a holiday when you are never free

from the relentless tick-tick of the wretched rev. counters, rounding up endless figures which would need more than a day's work at journey's end? Still, we were three—Rigby Band, the aforesaid Byron, and the Editor—never were we in better company, and we enjoyed ourselves thoroughly.

Friday saw us trundling slowly towards Salop—very slowly, because we were engaged in checking distances, factors and the like. We found Pitchy digging at his back garden, and honest sweat was glistening on his brow, but not for long, for we gave our stalwart a beautiful excuse and within an hour he was with us—all washed and clean—beneath the roof of the Old Gullet Inn. What lovelier name could be found for an inn, anywhere? Hubert introduced us and now we're great friends, but the staircases would be a bit tricky after a good night. In a lofty room we feasted royally (I suppose Byron will aver that I guzzled) on a delightful meal of poached eggs and sweetbreads on toast. I don't think the sweetbreads were poached, they seemed to have been acquired in a legitimate manner. Rigby and I both hoped that Ted would instantly dislike these tasty morsels that we could share the greater portion, but no such luck, and we could scarce suppress his clamourings for the lot. Pitchy showed us the way to the course, and then we hied back, to spend the evening sitting round the fire.

Morning came, we were late, and then Rigby's tyre was flat, which made us later still and it was after 10-0 when we sallied forth from the 3rd Milestone on the Welshpool road on our long journey. On the lovely road that dips from Alberbury's wooded hilltop down to the flat lands of the Severn there were three aspirants who wished for a "do" at this year's "100." I soon put such silly ideas away, but Rigby, thinking that the wind was head-on (whereas it was well astern) realised then how fit he was, and how easy hundreds in that condition could be! It took a long time for the elder brethren to push some sense in that young fellow's head.

There were other stretches of those roads that were fast, and we made good use of the easy conditions. They were so easy that even Byron attempted to drop the party, and his rev. counter seized up in the process. He was quite tame after that. Returning from Meifod it was hard, and

we were hungry, but we found a lovely little inn down on Tanatside in Llanyblodwell. Back on the valley road again we were not long in reaching the fork near the old town, and then we slipped it back to Llyncllys. In Llanymynech things were not so well, and then beyond Four Crosses on the road back to Salop there was silence Such tense quietness can only mean one thing—knock, sag, slows, packets,—call it what you will, but it was there. It was not even if the spirit was willing, both were down and out in all three of us. We found strength in the inn at Cross-gates, but in our weakened state the polished floor nearly sent us headlong.

Six p.m., and the last lap. Out of Ford we climbed for the long drop to the Chirbury road, and then the halt for some slight calculations in Nox. "I only make it another ten miles to do," said Intelligentsia, blandly. "Twenty-two, more likely," said Rigby and the Editor together. And then we had to show the H.R.S. how to subtract correctly. Thus from a mere lad and a scribe came sense.

With an easy wind the gentle undulations of the Chirbury road were great and we pedalled in fine style, yet there was one at least who wondered how we would fare coming back. Near the 17th M.S. from Salop we fixed the turn—and then—into the wind for the last lap of a tiring day. I stayed in the front, why, I don't know, and we struggled eastwards. A signpost at the roadside pointed: "WALLOP." Oh, Heck! As if I wanted telling! And then we made our last halt at Nox before the last mile. In the hundred miles there was little to spare between our three measurements, and we slid slowly back to Salop for a meal and a bed.

In the upper room of the Gullet that night there was laid a great spread, but it was not spread there for long, for we were ravenous. Rigby was so hungry that he kept his mouth full continuously, and when he endeavoured to utter anything there was just a great splash of chewed food. Ted and I showed great alacrity in keeping our own food covered from the showers. Of course, our manners were much better. And so, flat out, to bed.

Of the third day there is little to be said. Eight-thirty found me wandering along the river bank amid the morning sunshine; ten-thirty found the trio awheel and away. The Holyhead Road was not pleasant. The wind was cold,

and not favourable, and we pedalled slowly and almost continuously to Whittington for the first halt. Morning tea at Gobowen was an idea, but that was all ; and then the crowd awaiting opening time at the Bridge Inn at Chirk made us pass that by too, and so without refreshment to Llangollen to meet Captain Connor and Birchall for lunch. Afternoon saw us on the old road to Carrog, and then we were led along an older road that rears a rough way across the hills to Bettws G.G. Here there was a parting of the ways. Birchall and Rigby Band continued on the mountain road to Llanfihangel and Cerrig ; the other three essayed along the valley for the mighty fling to A.5 at Maerdy. The last we saw of the sun that day was from the cromlech at Capel Garmon, that ancient spot that gives such a great view of the mountains westward. When we had slid down the steep and roughish road into the Conway Valley the sun had gone, and all was in shadow.

Highwayside, 23rd April, 1938.

A very small party of eight composed mostly of old men in the sere and yellow stage were the only ones present at the Travellers' Rest. They were composed of Rowatt, who had made the usual early start with tea, Green and Poole from Manchester, Johnny Band, Seed, Knipe, Snowden and Chandler from Merseyside. Green gave us a vivid account of his experiences at Easter ; Johnny Band eulogised the advantages of Rhyl air ; whilst Snowden stressed the benefits of not staying too long in one place, and suggested that a little of Barmouth mixed with the air at Bettws was of greater benefit. Chandler had been round South Derbyshire over the week-end, while Knipe, who had been giving Snowden a lesson on the bowling green, had a lot to say about weather reports and such like. Snowden (on trike) and Chandler then made a fast run through to Hooton and home, the others following in their wake.

Rossett, April 30th.

This is the season for road repairs, road widening and so forth, and in almost whatever direction one travels, there is the same scene of chaos and disruption : as soon as summer begins, we shall have tar-spraying, coupled with

the laying of gas and water mains, until winter comes as a relief from road improvements (?). But apart from such little discomforts as these, the going was very good and the wonderful thing is the almost entire absence of dust.

Quite a representative gathering sat down to a very expensive meal at the Golden Lion, and if the landlord should light upon many such gullible parties as the Anfield B.C. it should indeed prove a golden affair for him! An ordinary afternoon tea, with the addition of two eggs at one penny each, 1/11 : for another ninepence we might have had a respectable meal. Let us scrap this false economy and get back to the old time regime, where we do get something for our money.

The first on the scene was Haynes ; followed by Koenen (rare bird) ; Venables ; Rowatt ; Snowden ; Byron ; Williams ; del Banco ; Reeves and Rock on tandem ; Perkins ; Knipe ; Elias ; the President and his son ; Johnny Band and Seed. The tandem was first away after tea. Williams was heard to decline an invitation of another member to accompany him home, saying that he wished to arrive the same night. Of course, it *was* cheek to ask for the company of such a flier as Williams : look at his racing career !

(The Captain and Editor—movers in this Rossett proposal—and whose absence from the run is accounted for by the fact that they were at Shrewsbury on "100" activities, are particularly sorry that the run should have been a "flop," as several teas at this house led us to expect great things.—ED.).

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ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

FORMED MARCH, 1879.

MONTHLY CIRCULAR

Vol. XXXIV.

No. 388.

FIXTURES FOR JUNE, 1938.

Tea at 6-0 p.m.

			Light up at
June	4	Northwich (Crown & Anchor)	10-32 p.m.
..	4/6	Whitsuntide, Invitation "100" Headquarters, Shrewsbury (George)	10-33 ..
..	11	Tattenhall (Bear & Ragged Staff)	10-40 ..
..	18	Acton Bridge (Leigh Arms)	10-44 ..
..	25	Thornton-le-Moors (Letters Inn)	10-46 ..
July	2	Farndon (Raven)	10-44 ..
..	3	Alternative Week-end, F.O.T.C.	10-43 ..
..	4	Committee Meeting, 7-30 p.m. (Victoria Hotel, St. John's Lane, Liverpool)	

Full Moon 13th inst.

NOTICE.

All communications should be addressed to the Editor, 45 Carlton 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.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS. Mr. C. H. Turnor, Endcliffe,
10 Park Avenue, Ashton-on-Mersey.

Members attending Northwich on June 4th, are again
reminded to order their requirements on arrival.

H. W. POWELL,
Hon. General Secretary.

TREASURY NOTES.

Such a rush to pay in May! Such wild enthusiasm!
An increase of 50 *per cent.* on the previous month. What a
lot of go-getters we are! Yes, six. S-1-X; and my thanks
are due to:—

J. O. Cooper.	W. J. R. Jones.	A. Williams.
J. H. Fawcett.	E. Webb.	J. H. Williams.

RACING NOTES.

The first of the outside races held this month was the
Dukinfield "50," in which we had four riders: Salt, Carr,
Rock and Haynes. Firth, of the Yorkshire Bronte, was
first with 2.12.45, and that remarkable Salopian, Charlie
Johnson, of the Mid-Shropshire, was second with 2.13.9.
Of ours, Carr was fastest with 2.19, and Peter Rock next
with 2.21.40, after having a pulled over wheel at the start.
Salty had a great deal of trouble with wheels, and he finished
with 2.21.49. Eddie Haynes completed the course with
2.23. (We are sorry to miss the seconds in two instances,
but these are not available at the time of writing).

On the same morning was the semi-open event of the
new West Cheshire Time Trials Association, to which we
affiliated at its last meeting. Unfortunately, one of the

Association's rules hits rather harshly on a few (but not the majority) of our men. Naturally, in these days of as-many-races-as-possible spirit, some geographical restriction must be placed on clubs, as the new body would find itself in competition with the Liverpool T.T.C.A. Thus membership of the West Cheshire body is confined to clubs having their headquarters in West Cheshire or North Wales; or, any other club, but with the limitation that only members permanently residing in the above named areas are eligible to compete. To our minds, a perfectly fair restriction, although with a Liverpool name and most of its racing men living in Wirral, it hits hard on two or three of ours. The proposers of the affiliation, Byron, Marriott and Salt, thought that it would be good for our men to have an occasional race in the Wirral. The first clashed with the Dukinfield, but we are pleased to report that Carver, after a blind from bed to the start with no breakfast, clocked 1.25.49 for thirty miles.

A week later, again there was clashing, and we had a team in two events. Bert Green, on May 22nd, took a party over to York for the Andy Wilson Memorial "50," and met Sid Carver in that ancient city. Byron rode over, he is training for some event or other. Firth was again the winner, with 2.8.46; and of ours there was Salty, 2.15.49; Carr, 2.18.6; Rock, 2.21.2; Carver, 2.23.35. At the Potteries "50" the same morning, Haynes clocked 2.19.27; Rigby Band, 2.22.52 and Ira Thomas, 2.27.52.

INVITATION "100"

Well, the stage is set—marshals and checkers are in order, and all we hope for now is a good morning. There has been a great deal of graft—sorry, hard work—put into this new course by Hubert Roskell, as well as by the course Committee. It has its snags, troubles that have been too obvious all the time, but in the minds where the new course matured perhaps these troubles have been magnified. Others belittle them, and we hope that they are right. We hasten to add that these snags are not dangerous, they make the thing just a little harder for the racing man; but after the thought of many weeks they can be obviated, and although it is too late now next year will show some improvements.

AT RANDOM.

Can it be taken as true that the West Arms at Llanarmon D.C. has at long last fallen into Anfield hands?

.

Chandler has not taken advantage of the very generous onion offer that was detailed in our last issue. He is, we learn, very careful these days to buy British. When his supplies run out he makes a journey to some garlic ridden woods in the neighbourhood, and there he can soak in all the oniony atmosphere he needs without even the labour of chewing.

.

We hear that Tommy Royden has not been too well, but that he is improving.

.

Anfielders will be pleased to hear that Sid Jonas still cycles, even though he is never to be seen at a Club Run. These functions frighten him somehow. He goes camping mostly, but the other inclement Saturday he turned back. When the Editor was ploughing into a wet gale along the high road that day he saw the Jonas's (Mr. and Mrs.) returning home.

.

Deepest sympathy to Arthur Williams, whose mother passed away last month after a short illness.

THE BACK DOOR AGAIN?

Succour in North Wales to the Starved, the Weary, and Athirst. After 16 years of Closure and Neglect, the once famous Cross Foxes Inn between Dolgelley and Dinas Mawddwy, or Towyn, or Corris, is once again an Active Fully Licensed Hotel, fully provided with Beds, Fare, and Proviand.

Two A.A. Guides guide travellers to the doorpost and wink the other Eye. Gratefully I clasped their hands. It is one of the nearest houses to climb Cader Idris.

Greatly enlightened Beings must have taken the mountain to their hearts, and I was informed that the other house whence to climb Cader but on the far west, and the actual approach to the Foxes Path, has also been re-licensed after so long an interval that few remember its former hey days. This is the house on the Roman Sarn Helen, starting from the centre of Dolgelley and climbing the shoulder of the mountain above Fairbourne, towards Towyn. When younger still the writer, seated on a 46 Gear, mounted this well-known mountain track. What says Chandler?

(F.H. writes this after a short tour of the "100" region. But readers must not gain the impression that the path on Cader Idris is part of the new course. No! Things are not that bad.)

A FRAGMENT OF ANFIELD HISTORY.

J. A. BENNETT 1888 to 1938.

(with apologies for any inaccuracies).

"Artie Bennett," thus known to his fellow Anfielders in the Eighties and Nineties, became known to a wider circle of Cyclists as "Anfield Bennett." It is now fifty years since he joined the Club, so that a reference to his career in this year of his "Jubilee" will not be misplaced.

In the first year of his membership he and others represented the Anfield in the famous Sefton and Dingle Invitation "Fifty," but he alone emerged with honours, winning the second prize in 4 hrs. 11 mins.

Dr. Carlisle and W. P. Cook were among the Also-Starters but Non-Finishers. The course was from Knotty Ash to Knutsford and back, and was held on a wet October evening. The conditions were atrocious. The winner was a brother of the late J. C. Robinson, a non-member, who rode a One-Legger Safety.

Bennett was one of the few who rode an Ordinary in this event and survived. In fact he is likely to be the last survivor of any competitor thus mounted. But among the pacemakers there was at least one similarly mounted who also survives—F. H. Koenen, whose recollection of plunging all out down Prescott Hill in the dark, left him little hope of arriving at the bottom still seated. Grateful for his escape, he week-ended at Knotty Ash Hotel.

Thus Bennett shed his novitiate and joined the ranks of the Scratchmen.

In 1889 he rode in all three fifties, the first two on his Ordinary and the last on his first dwarf safety. Times, 4.10 ; 3.43 and 3.39. Those early safeties were not much faster than a good Ordinary and Bennett's was a Rational Ordinary. His photo on this machine is familiar.

In 1890 he commenced competing in long distance events, and his distances against time were all of the first rank, namely :—

In May, on solid tyres, 218 miles in 24 hours.

In August, on pneumatics, 264 miles in 24 hours,
and 139 miles in 12 hours.

Over 50 miles his best ride was in the Catford Invitation Race, making a south of England Record of 2 hours 59 minutes 45 seconds.

Fifties in 3 hours were then only known on the North Road. At this period the Liverpool—London Record, originated once upon a time by our D. R. Fell, was held by a Sefton and Dingle man named J. J. Currie, but was eclipsed by J.A.B., who clipped 3½ hours off it.

Of course these two riders were not in the same class. During 1891 Bennett was generally regarded as the road champion of Northern England. He opened the books of the N.R.R.A. for 100 miles with 6 hours, 25 minutes. Both the Fifty and Hundred times he improved thrice that year.

At this time there was keen rivalry in Liverpool and in Lancashire generally between the Anfield and the Sefton and Dingle Club, whose best riders were the Brothers Wright. Another page of Anfield history describes in detail certain matches between these two clubs as well as with

other Lancashire Clubs. To stimulate this rivalry and in the hope that the Ace of Speed lay within their own ranks the S. and D. offered a Gold Medal to the member of any Lancashire Club who would hold the Fifty Record (N.R.R.A.) at the end of the 1891 season. As Anfield history knows, the medal went to Anfield Bennett.

This review is in no sense an attempt at giving a complete list of Bennett's successes, for your correspondent has only groped among them, and that was ten years ago.

A Cycling Journal of the period—*British Sport*—owned and edited by T. A. Edge, once wrote that barring G. P. Mills, the finest rider that the Anfield had ever produced was J. A. Bennett. We must consider that he rode successfully from scratch for so many years on end, and this would seem to place him in a class apart. In any comparison with Mills we must mention that Mills had left Liverpool before Bennett started.

In 1892 Bennett improved the N.R.R.A. 100 Miles to 5 hours, 46.50. He competed in the Bath Road Hundred when Bath Road Smith (C.A.) beat him by one-fifth second, with Bob Ilsley third.

In the North Road Twenty-four (on the road) Bennett ran second to Frank Shorland with 35 $\frac{1}{2}$ miles. This is surely the event that made Frank Shorland famous by riding a geared Facile with Boothroyd Tyres. Shorland was expected to win whatever he rode, but Bennett as runner up came as a surprise.

The race was tremendously popular and a great many Anfielders came down to witness it. The writer—not then a member—went unattached, but attached himself by pacing to another likely looking lad, one Jim-Jams, an attachment prevailing to this day, for J.J. (short for J.M.J.) having risen to fame, reached the Potteries, joined the Anfield, and is known as No. 151, second Claimster.

The year 1893 could not rival 1892 for cycling road sport and Bennett led a tranquil life, but he reappeared in 1894 on the N.R.R.A. books with 5 hours, 30 minutes, 5 seconds for 100 miles. I imagine that this took place in the Whit Monday Hundred, finishing at the Black Dog.

1895—Bennett's final year of glory—found him still on scratch, ready to welcome and hold his own with new classes of speedmen, among whom we remember W. J. Neason and our familiar E. Buckley. Bennett's winning time in this company was 2 hours, 25 minutes, 15 seconds for the Fifty on our local roads. The only one among his rivals who could occasionally pip him on the post was Alf. Deakin, the man who reappeared this year after forty years in the wilderness. But the partnership between Bennett and Deakin is a separate piece of Anfield history.

In the Cuca Cup race of 1895 on the path Bennett was second with 447 miles to George Hunt's 458 miles.

Among the Road Records in this final year, 1895 must be mentioned Bennett's partnership with Monty Holbein, in the 24 hours' Tandem Record of 397 miles, beating that of 377 miles of G. P. Mills and T. A. Edge. The latter had performed on a Raleigh and the new Record was made on a Swift, a forerunner of certain Swift Tandems still fresh in the memory of the Anfield, even if spoken of flippantly.

The humour of this event lay in the placing of the riders, the slight Bennett steering the bulky Holbein twice round the clock. The explanation was that Bennett had to replace a much heftier man, namely, J. W. Stocks, who had steered Holbein to victory both over 100 Miles and Twelve Hours, but stood down for the longer distance.

Bennett was ready to fill any place and I well remember the photographs of the pair on which Holbein is seen sitting up to semi-upturned handlebars. Holbein's style differed from our own conceptions and his mode of procedure we regarded as "waffling along."

Bars were high and gears were low in those dear old days.

To quote the best and final proof of Bennett's quality as an all-round performer, the following curious competition took place in *Bicycling News* of 1891 and 1892. Their readers were invited to vote for the

"TWELVE BEST ROAD RIDERS IN EACH OF THOSE TWO YEARS,"

giving each year the result in a full page illustrated article.

The selections were as follows :—

1891 : Mills, Holbein, Shorland, Walsh, C. A. Smith, S. F. Edge, Ede, T. A. Edge, Bennett, Bidlake, Bates and John Melville James.

1892 : Shorland, Holbein, Bennett, T. A. Edge, Fletcher, C. A. Smith, S. F. Edge, Bidlake, R. H. Carlisle, J. M. James, Walsh, Bates.

To be voted third in such company was a national honour.

N.B.—If "Fletcher" referred to Lawrence Fletcher it was because in that year L.F. had made his greatest End-to-End ride of his career, the details of which are now in the hands of R. L. Knipe.

(It is a great pleasure for us to read this, this recounting—that Anfield should not forget—of the doings of one who made our name ring across the face of England; one who to most of us is but a name. Yet he does not forget, and I recall with pleasure that the first response for the recent testimonial to Powell came from J. A. Bennett. Could not he, and all those other Anfielders of the "dear old days," come together at Whit, that we may have a real—an Anfield—Whitsuntide?—Ed.)

BOTTLED INTERVIEWS.

FRANK (HOME NOTES) MARRIOTT.

I got a 'phone message from the Editor telling me to come up and interview him sometime. Good Lord, thought I, what a big subject, the pillar of the Anfield! Always being an obedient sort of cuss I tottered up Carlton Road, and thought that I had strayed into Chicago by mistake—I could hear the unmistakable rattle of a sub-machine gun. Hastily running for cover, I rang the bell of No. 45, and immediately the clatter stopped and the Editor beckoned me in. "I've just been doing a little tripe, I mean type-writing, old man, one must keep the wolf from the door, come on in." On entering, I could see his sister in attendance with a fire bucket, the contents of which it was her duty to sprinkle over the red hot machine.

"And what do you want?" This from Frank. "My paper, the *Anfield Circular*, with which no doubt a journalist—like you—is acquainted, would like to know all about you."

"Dear me, that's rather a tall order, isn't it?" "Not 'arf, but here goes. I believe you are one of the few people who boast about their capabilities of doing three instead of two circuits of our old "100" course?"

"Ay, them was the days. Did you see me foter in the paper"—this in the flowery English at which he is such an adept—"that was before cocoa got an insidious hold on me. Now I can't ride for toffee." "Talking about riding, what was the true story about the reindeer which you are alleged to have ridden in Norway?" "That's a foul lie that fellow Byron spread around. I could never get near enough to one," he said, with a sad expression in his eyes. "I've been noticing, when you're typing, that when the bell rings at the end of a line, you give a start—is there any reason for it?" Tears coursed down his cheeks as he answered brokenly: "It's a legacy of my forgotten youth, when I did a spot of courting in a sweet shop, the blinking door bell used to be going every five minutes. Ever since then I can't stand bells."

Seeing how affected he was I changed the subject. "I believe you have done quite a lot of cycle touring on the Continent." "Well, I've been to the Continent several times. That hard, dark covering over the enamel of my bike contains the mud and dust of Norway, Germany and Holland. I collect mud like some people collect cigarette cards."

"So that's why you never clean your machine, is it?" I murmured. "By the way, where do you keep your car?" "Which car do you mean?" "You know, the car you are always driving when you write for the motoring papers."

"Oh, that," he laughed, "That's what we journalists call 'journalistic licence.'" "Indeed, does it cost 7/6 like a dog licence?" "No, of course not, it just means that you can write as much tripe as you like until you're found out. For instance, you can describe a tour of a district without ever having been there—it's easy with the aid of a Barts map and guide."

"I'm sorry you had your plus-fours dyed. I was going to get a crack at you at being colour blind." Frank laughed and twisted his legs round like a couple of corkscrews and said: "As a matter of fact I've got rid of them to a young married couple I know who are going camping to use them as a double sleeping bag."

An insistent thrill from the telephone made him leap up like a startled chamois. He returned with a gratified smile on his face, saying: "That was Rothermere wanting some of my stuff, so you'd better buzz off, I can't keep him waiting."

Reluctantly, I turned away, for there was such a lot I wanted to ask him, about Clara, as to whether he eats more than Salty, his port drinking proclivities, and umpteen other things, but it was not to be. Perhaps some day he himself will lift the veil—I hope I'm there when he does.

(This, this outrageous effort is the result of an honest promise to our scribe that I would not tinker with his contributions at all. He has excelled himself. From the veriest modicum of truth amplified by a very fanciful imagination—two imaginations!—this brilliant effort has resulted. But what a writer, for the last two hours I have struggled with his penwork, and even then the aforewritten tripe is the only result. Ah well!—Ed.).

RUNS.

First Fifty Miles Handicap, May 7th.

The first "50" was run off in fair conditions, the usual for our first of the season. Ten riders were to face Timekeeper Rex Austin, but only eight came up to scratch to be pushed off by the Presider. Ted Cody was at the start. A fast run out to Hinton Bank and from then on conditions made hard by the cold snap in the air, and a very bad stretch of road near Ridley Green shook the riders up considerably.

We usually expect a surprise packet from Rigby Band in our first "50," but Tom Sherman, our new member, took first handicap with 2.29.48 less 18 minutes. A very good ride and one which he will improve in the future. Second handicap went to Ira Thomas in 2.29.32 less 13 minutes.

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Good form for Ira early in the season. Ned Haynes, 3rd handicap, with 2.23.23 less 3 minutes, obviously not up to his best form yet, his usual fast finish did not materialise. The unfortunate one, Jim Carr, must hate our road course. Another puncture and just out of the handicap, his 2.23.47 therefore shews he is fit and well up to form.

Eric Reeves has not shewn his form yet this season, but the first glimpse of a return appeared. Up to 30 miles he was moving in more or less his old style, just a couple of minutes or so down on the leader, but faded out rather over the last 12 miles. Rigby Band was not up to his usual but comfortably inside evens. The Racing Secretary whispered to me that he couldn't go fast; shades of the Byron/Lockett duels of two or three seasons ago. Still, he is training hard and we hope to hear something of Ted ere the season closes. Pete's cheery grin was missed, it adds m.p.h. to your speed when you see his smiling clock approaching—makes one think speed riding is easy. The writer felt very fit and was more than pleased with his 2.15.34, all this hard training is having its effect.

The usual cheery onlookers were seen round the course, the boys at Handley were young. Selkirk and Snowden on Broxton, Jonas and Del Banco at No Man's Heath, Bren Orrell at Bickley, Stevie at Hinton Bank, what a ride George, and what a puncture, you did enjoy yourself. Bert Green and Rex at Ridley, accompanied by the ladies. A large gallery at Bickerton, George Molyneux missing for once, reported in hospital for observation. Lucas and Knipe and Co. at Spurstow and finally the energetic Dave Rowatt, tramping back from Handley to the finish. I'll bet he didn't find Golborne Bridge as hard as some of the riders.

Name.	Actual.	H'c'p.	H'c'p. Time	Ridley Green.	
T. Sherman	2.29.48	18 mins.	2.11.48	1.19.0	1st H'c'p'.
J. J. Salt	2.15.34	Scr.	2.15.34	1.30.0	Fast'st Time
I. Thomas	2.29.22	13 mins.	2.16.22	1.20.30	2nd H'c'p.
E. Haynes, Jr.	2.23.23	3 mins.	2.20.23	1.17.0	3rd H'c'p.
J. E. Carr	2.23.47	3 mins.	2.20.47	1.18.0	
J. R. Band	2.27.49	7 mins.	2.20.49	1.18.15	
J. E. Reeves	2.25.4	3 mins.	2.22.4	1.15.45	
E. Byron	2.33.0	6 mins.	2.27.0	1.21.0	

Non-Starters—A. F. Hughes and W. P. Rock.

Hughes *said* that he had a cold, and Peter didn't even make that excuse!

Acton Bridge, May 14th, 1938.

Last Saturday was a wangle from the start. On my way out along Storeton Road, Birkenhead, into the stickiest south wind that has been my doubtful pleasure to meet for some time, I became conscious of a grey clad figure in front. The Skipper, thought I, but it wasn't, and in a mile or so I rode alongside Perkins. Two seconds I had been there, and then the Captain slides in behind. If he had overtaken me any earlier, it would have been his privilege to go in front, but he's wise, that lad . . . The other wangle came in when Byron, Jones and Williams were to come to the Club Run via Elyria (the Lloyd/Randall Residence in Chester). They ordered the tea early in the week, and then didn't turn up.

When we three turned from the high road into the lanes through Stoak and Stanney, the wind was not so bad, and it was easier still through the Forest and the declining lanes to Acton Bridge. Thirteen were seated at the tea tables. Green and Green, Wilf. Orrell, Poole, Knipe, Stevie, Snowden, Sherman, Threlfall (what, again!), Powell, Perkins, Connor and Marriott.

With the evening, things were easy. The wind had dropped, and although some flies were in evidence, things were pleasant. To the forest again by a different route, we pedalled through Ashton to dodge the dip by Manley Quarry, and then from Stanney we continued through Whitby and Overpool to Eastham. The Spital Dam Road gave us more quiet ways, and then we halted in the faltering light to look at the strange rubbing stone for asses in the old village. There were no people there then, even on Saturday.

Highwayside, 21st May, 1938.

Leaving Shrewsbury rather late I wheeled my way along the Whitchurch Road under a blazing sun on a day that was I hope a forerunner of many similar ones to come this summer. Tackling the long drag up Acton Renald steadily, I swooped down through the two villages of Brockhurst and on Prees Heath a right turn brought the hill leading into

Ash. This mastered, a left turn brought the Nantwich Road, along which I proceeded. Shortly after Aston, Rowatt passed me in an automobile. Just after Acton I espied a figure in front trundling a trike; this turned out to be Snowden, who had come out via Hampton Heath and Bickley.

On arriving at the Travellers' Rest we were confronted with the sight of numerous cars and motor coaches. Had our fellow-members turned up for a run *en bloc*? Alas, no, the occupants being on the neighbouring bowling green.

As usual, the catering at this establishment was excellent and one saw, on looking round, the following disposing salad, sponge cake and cherry cake—Knipe, Powell, Snowden, Poole, Stevie, Threlfall, Reeves, Connor, J. C. Band, Lucas, Rigby Band, Rowatt, Seed, E. R. Green, and Thomas. But where, oh where had the representatives of the beer-thirsty, sorry, tea-thirsty lads of Willaston got to?

Tea over and the majority having departed, Rigby and I had a very pleasant and quiet ride to Twemlow, where we were participating in the Potteries "50" on the morrow.

Second Fifty Miles Handicap, May 28th, 1938.

Although there was a fair wind out, which made the finish on the hard side, and it was a trifle chilly—to those who watched and waited anyway—it was a good day for our second event this year. Sherman finished inside evens again, and with his reduced allowance of 14 minutes, he is still in the prizes with an actual time of 2.29.19. Byron, who, as stated elsewhere in this issue, is training for something or other, realised this year's ambition by beating evens, and we are delighted to note that he clocked 2.27.45. Ira Thomas comes next with 2.26.30, and with his 13 minutes he merits first handicap. You're going to get docked next time, my lad! Sid. Carver scrapped to the finish in great style, and then said he wasn't fit, but he did 2.24.26, which is good, seeing that he hurried from Hull after lunch—not on a bicycle, of course.

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Another tryer, who held grim face all the way round, was Rigby Band, another who achieved his fastest—2.21.55. But he was disappointed, he wanted to beat '20. Third handicap, anyway. Rigby was just beaten by Haynes on actual time, another real tryer, who will show us something very good one day. Also in the 21's was Rocky—the man with the smiling clock, so Salty says, but like Haynes, with his short mark he was not in the award. This only leaves Jim Carr and Salty. Carr, was as usual, unlucky, and we heard that he punctured on the course. Salty went and ruined everything, and was fastest with a 5½ minute margin.

No.	Name.	Ridley.	Actual.	H'cap.	H'cap. Time.
1.	I. Thomas 1.19	2.26.30	13	2.13.30
2.	T. Sherman 1.18	2.29.19	14	2.15.19
3.	J. R. Band 1.16½	2.21.55	6	2.15.55
4.	J. E. Carr 1.15½	2.20.49	3	2.17.49
5.	W. P. Rock 1.14½	2.21.11	3	2.18.11
6.	E. Haynes 1.15¾	2.21.49	3	2.18.49
7.	S. T. Carver 1.18	2.24.26	5	2.19.26
8.	E. Byron 1.18	2.27.45	6	2.21.45
	J. J. Salt 1.12	2.14.25	Scr.	2.14.25

Eric Reeves started, but desisted at 30 miles. He had not been well during the previous week.

R. J. Austin timed the event.

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ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

FORMED MARCH, 1879.

MONTHLY CIRCULAR

Vol. XXXIV.

No. 389.

FIXTURES FOR JULY, 1938.

Tea at 6-0 p.m.

				Light up at
July	2	Farndon (Raven)	10-44 p.m.
..	2/3	Alternative Week-end, F.O.T.C. Rally	10-43 ..
..	4	Committee Meeting, 7-30 p.m. (Victoria Hotel, St. John's Lane, Liverpool)		
..	9	Acton Bridge (Leigh Arms)	10-40 ..
..	16	Little Budworth (Red Lion)	10-34 ..
..	23	Third Fifty Miles Handicap	10-25 ..
..	30	August Tour	10-13 ..
Aug.	1	Bath Road "100," Speedwell "100," and Tricycle "50,"		
July	30	Chester (Talbot) or Northwich (Crown & Anchor).....		10-15 ..
Aug.	6	Tattenhall (Bear & Ragged Staff)	10-2 ..
..	8	Committee Meeting 7-30 p.m. (Victoria Hotel, St. John's Lane, Liverpool)		

Full Moon 12th inst.

NOTICE.

All communications should be addressed to the Editor, 45 Carlton 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, 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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COMMITTEE NOTES.

4 THE LAUND,

WALLASEY, CHESHIRE.

APPLICATIONS FOR MEMBERSHIP. Mr. R. R. Austin, 88, Waterloo Road, Bramhall, Cheshire. Proposed by Mr. R. J. Austin, seconded by Mr. H. Green; Mr. W. H. Elias, Greenfield, West Kirby, Cheshire. Proposed by Mr. H. Green, seconded by Mr. R. L. Knipe; Mr. George Farr, 305, Princess Road, Fallowfield, Manchester 14. Proposed by Mr. E. Haynes, Junr., seconded by Mr. A. Williams.

Mr. Ernest R. Green has been transferred to Full Membership.

Members attending Chester or Northwich on the 30th July are requested to order their requirements on arrival.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS. Mr. W. J. Finn, 16 Old Finglas Road, Glasnevin, Dublin.

H. W. POWELL,

Hon. General Secretary.

TREASURY NOTES.

When playing cricket or dice sixes are very welcome, but a six for two months in succession is not good enough for Anfield subs. At this rate it will take a couple of years to gather them all in. So buck up, you laggards, and get a move on!

My thanks are due for subscriptions and/or donations (*) to :—

*S. J. Buck.	E. R. Green.	*F. D. McCann.
W. E. COTTER.	J. Hodges.	D. L. Ryalls.

RACING NOTES.

East Liverpool Wheelers "50." June 12th, 1938.

1. B. W. Bentley	Walton	2.10.11
2. C. H. Johnson	Mid-Shropshire	2.11.23
3. C. Gwilliam	Walton	2.11.59
J. J. Salt	Ours	2.15.15
W. P. Rock	Ours	2.17.19
J. E. Carr	Ours	2.18.27
J. R. Band	Ours	2.25.41

Carver started, but as he was not riding too well, he desisted.

Manchester Wheelers "12," June 17th/18th, 1938.

Our old friends the Wheelers tried a great experiment this month of running their "12" overnight, the first man starting at 9-30 p.m. While we, personally, are definitely not fond of such "nocturnes," the event was a great success. Firth, the winner of our "100," won with 237, and Salty, after puncturing twice, was fourth with 228 $\frac{3}{4}$. Byron rode a good race to finish with 212 $\frac{1}{2}$, and Band finished with 196. Carr felt too sleepy (human fellow!) and packed in. (These distances are not of necessity accurate, as these notes are written before the result is confirmed).

West Cheshire T.T. "50."

Something is going to happen. After the subtle persuasions of years Preston has yielded to riding in a "50." It is not the first, for back in the distant ages Preston raced. Hughes loaned him some sprints and tyres and Marriott gave him some tights. I believe he found the 2/- entry fee himself. Anyway, he finished. That's more than Reeves and Rock did. On the triangle these two rivals found themselves together scrapping hard—and they were never seen again. Salty won the event with 2.15.35, Byron improved (for this year) greatly to 2.23.35; and Rigby Band enjoyed himself with 2.23.55. The aforesaid Preston finished with 2.37.0. Carver was out, assisting the time-keeper, and Birchall and Connor were giving drinks.

The next Club "50" is on July 23rd. Entries by the 16th, please.

Open events taking place this month are as follows :—

July 3 Liverpool T.T. "12."

„ 10 Sharrow and Apollo "50's."

„ 16/17 Mersey Roads "24."

(all the help we can give in this event would be appreciated).

Aug. 1 Bath Road and Speedwell "100's."

E. BYRON,
Hon. Racing Secretary.

HERE AND THERE AROUND THE "100" COURSE.

There were all sorts of flights of imagination around the new route on Whit Monday morning. Competitors dreamed that they were in heaven or hell (it just depended on whether they were going up hill or down) and one fanciful laddie even asked us if he was riding in "the bl *Tour de France!*"

A resident of Meifod, startled by the queer early morning scene in that sleepy village, and recounting same later "Dressed funny, he was, but going like sanguinary Hades" (or words to that effect).

Many of our older Anfielders were particularly disappointed on seeing the scanty report of the "100" in *Cycling*. After something over a page and several photographs for past years, they found it hard to believe that this oldest of cycling papers had not sent a reporter, and relied on merely a telephoned result.

An excellent illustration of the fine finish the new course provides was published in *The Bicycle* on June 8th. This, the newest cycling journal, was the only one which sent a photographer. Their's was the best report, too.

Frank Urry has given his kind permission for us to reprint the following delightful little article from "SPORT AND PLAY."

The Anfield Course.

I have been to more than thirty Anfields, and without going carefully through the years since I first wandered over the Shropshire course do not know the exact count. I would not miss the event for anything, though I am bound to confess this year I felt a little disappointed when I learned that neither Alfred Holland or Len Harris were starters in the event. I was disappointed mainly on account of the Midland skipper, Harold Holland, who the week previously had spent many hours of wandering over the new Anfield course in company with the Club's competitors to spy out the land and discover how the new route was likely to affect the riders. The result of that visit brought me to the opinion that a time in the region of 4 hrs. 45 min. would win the event. Well, Reuben Firth, of the Bronte Wheelers, completely disproved that contention by returning a time of 4 hrs. 33 min. 56 secs. on a morning that was full of wind, and funnelled down some of those Welsh valleys at high velocity. Even if the course had been as flat as a pancake that breeze would have been a trying handicap. Whatever may have been said of the new Anfield course before the race was ridden, the facts prove that it cannot be a slow selection of roads, and one feels they must congratulate the course finders of the old Liverpool club for getting away from convention and finding a sporting route which possesses in its make-up many miles that try, not only speed, but the experience of good riding.

Over the Course.

On the Sunday before the event I went over most of the course in a car, because it was too far for me to plug a bicycle over those windy roads and enjoy the journey. I have known those roads for very many years, but to be quite candid had never looked at them from the point of view of speed riding. The conclusion we arrived at—and there were four of us in that car with some experience of road riding—was that our young friends who had travelled the route a week before were about right in their contention that a 4.45 ride would be a winner. All of which only goes

to show how easy it is to form a wrong impression when one has no experience with which to back it, either personal or by way of proxy. The Anfield course was a success as far as I was concerned because it took me into beautiful country and gave me the opportunity of seeing places which had been among my favourite visits on week-end journeys. It will make me keener than ever to be a follower of the Anfield "100" fortunes in the years to come, for I cannot contemplate the good old club ever changing the route selected.



THE FINISH OF THE "100."

By Courtesy of "The Bicycle."

A little pleasurable duty.

Many people, particularly the helpers, had grouched at the 4-30 a.m. start, but personally I liked it. I liked it because it gave one three-quarters of a day after the excitement was over to have a comfortably easy time amid delightful country with no need to rush back, as was so often the case when the event started at Battlefield Corner at 8 o'clock in the morning. It is true there are one or two stretches on this course which stand out as exemplifying

the thought that the course would be slow, the rough patch of road along the Vyrnwy Valley is a case in point that is in the process of repair, and another year will see that lonely road in excellent condition. There are hills on it that look formidable, but apparently there are compensations which make up for the lost seconds in climbing, otherwise we should not find more than twenty riders finishing inside evens on a boisterously windy day when the breeze came sailing down those valleys and sometimes hit you like a board. And finally, one must congratulate Firth, and the Bronte Wheelers, on placing the first and second fastest times; and to win the team race with a third representative who was riding his first "100" is a great performance and one which will stand for many a day. In looking after our own lads we also had the pleasure of handing sustenance to W. J. Austin, of the Golden Arrow, and C. H. Johnson, of the Mid-Shropshire, who finished in sixth and seventh fastest time respectively, and we hope our little attention to their wants did them good service.

REFECTORY NOTES.

THE RETURN OF JACK FOWLER, ONCE OF MACCLESFIELD.

The repeated return visit to our chief annual reunion in honour of the classic Hundred on the part of this important member revived once again the hearty friendship with some of our oldest members.

Fowler's great activities in the mid-nineties enabled him to crowd into those few years various periods of close familiarity with club—and other national—record events and even one international race in France. He bestrode Bicycle, Tricycle and Tandems of both sorts. Before that he even rode the Ordinary.

Since then and until his return we knew little of his life and whereabouts, but from his interesting talks it appears that he has been in closest touch with motor car and aeroplane engineering labours during the whole period.

He has known many of the Motor Merchant Princes in their steady upward flight through different grades and stages of the Baronetage and Peerage.

As a Works Manager in divers concerns over all these long years he has stored vast knowledge and recollections in that bulging brain. Some of it has now passed into Arthur Simpson's keeping, where it lies fomenting.

We are looking forward to our next meeting.

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of THE CIRCULAR.

DEAR SIR,

I feel I must make some complaint about the attitude of some of the checkers in the Club "50's." It's pretty bad when, in the first "50," one is asked if there is a race on, but I think it is just a bit too thick to be told "Come on, you doddering old buzzard," by another checker in the second event.

I suppose the fact of the matter is that these checkers, delighted to be off the domestic leash for an hour or so are unable to resist the opportunity of wise-cracking without the danger of retribution in the shape of a rolling-pin or other similar blunt instrument.

I am, Yours faithfully,

EX NOVICE.

AT RANDOM.

One of our members, who is beginning to take an interest in gardening (a bad sign this!) wants to know what is the difference between a centipede and a millipede. We have referred this matter to Knipe, who replies (rather curtly, we thought): "900."

We hear that Robinson, who recently retired from business, is so very busy—mainly with one thing and another—that he may not be able to have any holidays this year. The plight of some of these retired gentlemen is indeed sad!

We learn that Royden is going to spend his holidays hunting—house-hunting.

.

A member, who prefers to remain anonymous, states that his wife complains bitterly about the number of pockets a man has in a suit of clothes. It takes her so long to go through them after hubby has gone to bed!

.

Jonas has obtained a spare-time job after his own heart, especially as it keeps him out in the open. Where road "improvements" are taking place, he has the responsibility of holding the red and green flags and waving on—or not, as the case may be—the traffic. How we envy him in securing exalted employment of this sort, for which we have been looking for years and years and years.

.

Newspaper headline: "A rare swallow." Not to be seen in the "Glauber" tank at Easter!

Chester News.

Bert Lloyd, "our" policeman from Chester, who we so rarely see these days, has been promoted to the rank of sergeant at the early age of 30. We do not like the concluding sentence of the report in the Chester paper: "Up to two years ago he was a keen cyclist, and took part in many road races in various parts of the country," but unfortunately it is only too true. Randall is still the most active of our members from Chester, for Lockett, who was very keen when in Manchester, has dropped out completely now, and we rarely see him. We would like to see him more frequently, and so, we believe, would Bob Knipe!

Non-starters in the "100."

We are particularly concerned with the number of non-starters in the "100." Ten per cent. (or thereabouts) is too great and although the Club goes to such great expense to make the event one of the very few *real* invitation time trials in the country, only one competitor (Hunter, of the Mersey Roads) took the trouble of writing to tell us of his

inability to ride. The Midland C. & A.C., who this year had two non-starters are also upset, and while they as a club have written to apologise, they think that their riders should do so too. We agree.

TOURING NOTES.

HOSTELS.

In support of the Bar.

Admirers of A. T. Simpson will be gratified—if amazed—to learn that after his verbal triumphs at Salop, where he outstayed all competition, he journeyed south in charge of his driver and was observed in sundry unwonted acts.

Led, or can it be MIS-led by his guide, he found himself on a grassy mound to make the terrifying discovery of having mounted—if not stormed—one of the outer Bailies of the Castle of Builth, at the identical spot where in a past decade Prince Llewellyn fell in battle, never to rise again, when brought to bay on the Wye.

Arthur, on the other hand, a lover of peace, not only kept—but also stood—his footing and came away unscathed.

In commemoration Arthur had a couple more and by way of antidote went and took the Waters of Builth springing from a riverside wooded well at an ever open Bar.

"Arcadia," cried he, but finding that this Bar kept no Brew he retired into the Woods muttering: "LETE."

It was then that I knew him as ORPHEUS ("*aux Enfers.*")

OFFENBACH.

RUNS.

Shrewsbury, June 4th/6th, 1938.

The "100" at Whitsun again, thank goodness! The week-end last year was but a pale shadow of its predecessors. The boys who have taken so much trouble to find a traffic-free course, so that we have been able to revert to the traditional date deserve the hearty thanks of everyone concerned and especially of the old stagers who felt lost last year.

The strong wind made the journey down anything but a sleigh-ride, but the rain held off and a good number assembled at the George on Saturday evening, which was, as usual, comparatively quiet. The old Gullet is once more providing accommodation and a number of our boys were fixed up there. A run round the familiar spots passed the evening pleasantly.

Sunday morning dawned clear and bright and the party broke up into a number of groups, some to go motoring and others cycling. Stevey and his better half, with some others went to Tenbury to lunch, others to Bishop's Castle, and one small party went over part of the course and then to Chirbury for lunch, recuperating all the afternoon after pushing against the wind in the morning by basking in brilliant warm sunshine and watching more energetic people play tennis. The journey back to Shrewsbury was very easy and just made us ready for dinner. By this time there were many new arrivals—Cecil Paget, of the North Road, Munro, of the M.C. & A.C., Westerway, of the Bath Road, Draisey, several Speedwellians, and many others. Coles Webb was in the house, but unfortunately not too well. Jack Fowler, of ours, was there, looking very fit, and we were very pleased to have with us once more Mac., this time with Mrs. Mac., whose interest in the event and the Club is hereditary.

As the start necessitated very early rising on the morrow, the wise ones forsook the jovial company early, though others argued that, since they weren't going to be in bed long in any case, it didn't seem worth while going there at all. However, all were up bright and early on Monday morning in time to reach their respective posts, and Norman Higham duly dispatched the 90 starters. Then back to Shrewsbury and breakfast, and away to the finish. Hubert Roskell had made the arrangements here with his usual efficiency and we were pleased to find what an excellent spot had been selected. Soon the crowd began to gather but it was amenable to reason and caused no trouble; in fact it was the most orderly crowd I remember at the finish. The police took a great interest in the affair and provided men at all necessary points, including the finish, where the officer gave very valuable and tactful assistance. The Deputy Chief Constable of Shropshire (Supt. C. H. Roberts) himself

drove round the points in his territory and came to the finish to express his appreciation of the way in which the ride had been conducted, so we can count on his benevolence for future years.

Someone else will tell you all about the race itself, but I must say how vastly pleased we were when Firth rolled in in 4.33.56. The new course had had its test—if such a time could be done, on such a day, with half-a-gale blowing, then, despite its ups-and-downs, it could not be slow.

There was plenty of help at the finish, the arrangements for giving the times worked perfectly and we were a very contented party as we packed up and cleared away—some home, ready for business on the following day, others, more fortunate, to continue the holiday.

INVITATION "100."

Whit Monday, June 6th, 1938.

Four hours, thirty-three minutes, fifty-six seconds! Such is the first fastest time to be achieved on our new "100" course. Reuben Firth, the Yorkshireman from the Bronte Wheelers, riding at an even speed of just under 22 m.p.h. throughout the whole distance, set up this amazing time on a morning that was disappointingly hard. Firth's team mate, Norman Hey, equally consistent, yet a little slower, gained second place with 4.40.33; and that lovely pedaller, Miller, of the Selby, rode into third position with 4.45.12. Thus are recorded the three fastest times of a course that has been to the racing world the mystery of the year. What would it produce? Outside comment was not encouraging, slower than the old, some said. Yet the opinion of the Course Committee was such that given a morning with a rising north-wester the course would be faster than the old. We were not concerned with fast courses particularly, but if one could be evolved, traffic free and provided with a decent finish, well, why not? But our hopes were not encouraged when we saw the wind of Whit Monday—they were, in fact, downed. It blew from the south during the whole of the event, and in Wales it rained, and we were really pleased when Firth flashed across the tape with his 4.33.56.

ANFIELD MONTHLY CIRCULAR

With that finest "100" of '38, Firth also gained first handicap from scratch and first team medal. Tiffany, of the Pudsey, was second handicap, and Rangeley, of the Nunbrook—Yorkshire again!—gained third prize. Yorkshire had a field day, and the only awards that did not go to the Shire of Broad Acres were the second team medals, and we are pleased that these are to go to our old friends of the Bath Road.

Our own Anfielders did not shine this day, and for the first time in years we were well out of the running for the team medals. High though our hopes were for Salty, he finished 13th with 4.52.8; Carr 5.2.23 and a puncture; Rock 5.7.50; and Eric Reeves dropped from the top of the list (last year) to the very bottom of this year's sheet. Eric's other activities seem to clash a bit with his racing. Below is appended a short table of intermediate times, and a complete finishing list is included elsewhere in this issue.

NAME	16 $\frac{1}{4}$	29 $\frac{3}{4}$	50	74 $\frac{1}{2}$	87 $\frac{3}{4}$	100
Firth	43	1.21	2.16.45	3.25 $\frac{3}{4}$	4.2	4.33.56
Hey	43 $\frac{1}{2}$	1.22 $\frac{1}{2}$	2.19.25	3.29 $\frac{1}{2}$	4.9	4.40.33
Miller	43	1.21 $\frac{1}{2}$	2.18.3	3.29	4.10	4.45.12
Smith	44 $\frac{1}{2}$	1.24	2.21.37	3.33 $\frac{3}{4}$	4.14	4.48.7
A. Mountain	42 $\frac{1}{2}$	1.20	2.17.35	3.33	4.15	4.48.13
Johnson	44	1.23 $\frac{1}{2}$	2.20.23	3.33 $\frac{1}{4}$	4.16	4.49.31
Salt	44	1.21	2.18.20	3.32	4.14	4.52.8
Carr	44	1.25	2.24.9	3.43	4.27	5.2.23
Rock	45	1.25	2.24.14	3.47	4.33	5.7.50
Reeves	46	1.27 $\frac{1}{2}$	2.33.35	3.59 $\frac{1}{2}$	4.50	5.27.53

And so for another year our famous road event has passed into the realm of achievement. To us it was the successful outcome of a great adventure: we had ventured on to roads that had never before seen a time trial: could the unlooked-for happen? Something had to change. Last year it was our Whitsun tradition and not the course. But the tradition is older than the course, so Whitsun came into its own again in the Anfield calendar, and the course was changed. With bold face we took our "100" into the heart of Wales, with Shrewsbury (another tradition) as ever the beginning and the end. And we have succeeded in avoiding the crowded roads so detrimental to our event in previous years.

Competitors were unanimous in their praises of this traffic-free aspect. There were several rough patches, and we were sorry for this, although the subject is beyond our control, but where the roads were not being repaired they were good.

In working out the arrangements, nothing was left to chance. *Seven* times was the course measured, and on each succeeding occasion little doubt remained that we had achieved one hundred miles as near to accuracy as human ingenuity and revolution counters can make it. It is not perfect, we are well aware of that; but it is difficult to achieve anything near to perfection when you are modelling from something entirely new. The secretarial arrangements were in the hands of Byron, and the marshalling and checking in the hands of Captain Connor. An admirable innovation was a "pilot" car touring the course just ahead of the first man. McCann was responsible for this, and Hubert in charge of the starting and finishing arrangements. A week before the event Hubert and the Editor laid all details before the Shropshire police at Pontesbury, and on Whit Monday morning every Shropshire check had a policeman in attendance, and the Superintendent came to see us at the finish. Timing was by Norman Higham, assisted by Rex Austin at the finish, and Pritchard at the half-way check.

Lastly, but by no means least, we express our grateful thanks to those enthusiastic members of outside clubs who contributed so materially to the success of the venture: to the Mersey Roads Club, who gave their help at several checks and at the feeding station at Llanyblodwell, and the Mid-Shropshire Wheelers, we hold out our appreciation.

Tattenhall, June 11th, 1938.

Whilst skippering the "moans and groans" tandem on one of my few Club runs, the Sub. who was my crew, informed me that the Ed. had requested that I write the run up, and as I do not profess to be a journalist like some of our members, I trust you will forbear with me in this doubtful pleasure.

Our route to the rendezvous was by way of the New Chester Road and the Upton by-pass, joining the Whitchurch Road near "Elyria," where we called on Charles and his wife for a refresher, and thence direct to Tattenhall.

Our entry to the Bear and Ragged Staff was the signal for all others to follow ; from the village green, the highways and buses, they came to seat themselves around the far too small table, so small in fact that we crowded Hubert and his friend out.

Ven. and Dave Rowatt were the first to tackle the enemy and Elias was heard querying how much longer were we to have these vegetarian teas. Snowden (to whom I think we should transfer title of moans) complained harshly of the inadequacy of the food prepared and the poor service. The President then stepped in and whole-heartedly supported the present vogue in reasonable teas. Chandler and Birchall sitting together were both Bespectacled, Bronzed and Bald,—(The Satanic Twins). Rigby Band was acclaimed the day's hero, being the only one of those racing on the morrow present.

Amongst others calling loudly for more food were K. Barker, A. Williams (lost in high finance), F. Perkins, Stevie and Cranshaw, who, I believe, is also a stranger to us these days.

Tea over, Arthur and I departed in a hurry, for we had a camping appointment to keep at Birch Hill for the weekend.

Acton Bridge, 18th June, 1938.

Having been "dared" to attend a run for a change, I duly presented myself at the "8th" at the recognised hour, where I found the Editor and "Skipper" supported by Peter Rock.

Making our way down the new Helsby Road I was secretly congratulating myself on not being asked to write up the run, which, I find, is the usual fate of one who attends

a run once every "Preston Guild." However, I was counting my chickens, etc., etc., because at the first halt the editorial voice thundered forth its usual demand. On resuming the journey the owner of the said voice answered my protests by riding through some bye-product of cow and plastered my spotless person with large and small portions of the said bye-product. Horrible fellow. Ugh!

Continuing on our way through fresh and smiling countryside, over the "switchback" through Delamere Forest, we eventually came to a halt at the "Leigh Arms," with the writer in the first stages of the "knock."

The small muster of twelve members and one friend was probably accounted for by the Manchester Wheelers "12" starting on the same evening. Stevie, Chandler and Snowden on "barrows," the Presider, Green, "The Master," Threlfall, Haynes, Jnr., with friend, and del Banco helping the three aforementioned to make a mess of Barney's catering.

Conversation mainly centred on the pros and cons of running the Wheelers "12" during the night; still, it was an experiment which had to be tried before judgment could be pronounced.

The meet soon disbanded after tea, and the writer having nothing better to do, and being at a loose end for once, wended his way to the start of the "12," and after assisting (or hindering) our lads at one or two points, finally crawled home the next morning in time to take in the milk.

Thornton-le-Moors, June 26th, 1938.

You should have seen Bob Knipe drip into the Letters Inn on Saturday just about twenty minutes late. He was florid, and wet (though never a drop of rain fell that afternoon), and his hands were filthy. Gears—new fangled notions far too complicated for a veteran such as he—were the cause of it all. The free wheel "went" up on the hills somewhere, and when our worthy reached the Frodsham cycle shop they just fitted a fixed sprocket and the chain came flying off the next minute Bob eased his pedalling. He had walked from Frodsham in his thick plus four suiting, and then he tells us that the hefty waistcoat is just to carry the watch. I'd pawn the watch, or something.

When we reached Thornton, Jack Seed, Johnny Band, and Bert Green were in solemn conclave under the hedge in a spot of sunshine, and we hesitated to disturb the trio thus holding forth. Elsewhere were Powell, Williams, Haynes and friend, Snowden, Chandler, Sherman, Stevie, Byron, Preston (yes!), Marriott, and two friends introduced to us by John Leece : Killip and Samuel.

Chandler, bronzed and barbarous, and sniffing of onions, told us that Miss Williams, of Plas Colwyn, was returning soon, and he also related of a new valley he had discovered from the Severn Valley to Stay-a-little. It may be new to him, but Jonas and Marriott essayed its slopes years ago.

Strange, but while there were lanes in plenty, we used the new road to reach Wirral and Home, and I think most others went that way too.

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Vol. XXXIV.

No. 390.

FIXTURES FOR AUGUST, 1938.

Tea at 6-0 p.m.

Light up at

10-13 p.m.

Aug.	1	August Tour	10-13 p.m.
		Bath Road "100," Speedwell "100," and Tricycle "50."	
..	6	Tattenhall (Bear & Ragged Staff)	10-2 ..
..	8	Committee Meeting 7-30 p.m. (Victoria Hotel, St. John's Lane, Liverpool)	
..	13	Thornton-le-Moors (Letters Inn)	9-47 ..
..	14	Invitation "12"	9-45 ..
..	20	Barton (Cock-O'Barton)	9-33 ..
..	27	Fourth 50 Miles Handicap	9-20 ..
Sept.	3	Highwayside (Travellers' Rest)	9-0 ..
..	5	Committee Meeting, 7-30 p.m. (Victoria Hotel, St. John's Lane, Liverpool)	

Full Moon 11th inst.

NOTICE.

All communications should be addressed to the Editor, 45 Carlton 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. The following have been elected to Full Membership :—

Mr. R. Robert Austin, 88 Waterloo Road, Bramhall, Cheshire.

Mr. W. H. Elias, Greenfield, West Kirby, Cheshire.

Mr. George Farr, 305 Princess Road, Fallowfield, Manchester 14.

Changes of Address. Mr. A. E. Preston, "Cardross," Seaview Avenue, Irby, Heswall, Wirral; Mr. C. Randall, "Elyria," Whitchurch Road, Chester; Mr. A. Williams, 8 Christchurch Road, Birkenhead.

H. W. POWELL,
Hon. General Secretary.

TREASURY NOTES.

After the double sixes comes the Anfield lucky number, thirteen.

I am very pleased with this fine increase and I hope those who haven't yet responded, will try to make it a double thirteen in August.

I won't object if it is more than that. My thanks are due to those from whom I have received subscriptions during the past month.

R. R. Austin.	A. Crowcroft.	G. Lockett.
K. W. Barker.	W. H. Elias.	R. Poole.
P. C. Beardwood.	G. Farr.	W. H. Scarff.
F. Beckett.	W. H. Lloyd.	J. Seed.
A. E. Birkby.		

TOURING NOTES.

Anfielders (writes F.C.), should visit the Tarannon Valley. This commences at Trefeglwys, a few miles to the west of Caersws. Beyond Lawryglyn the valley becomes very shut in and the whole place is famous geologically for the Tarannon shale. The road ascends steeply and comes out near the Stay-a-little, which way now appears to be much better surfaced than it was during a recent Anfield tour in that neighbourhood. Further on the road forks right and a glorious descent amid steep escarpments follows through Llanbrynmair to the main Newtown/Machynlleth road. Beyond Aberdovey and on the way up the coast there are three old churches that should be seen first, that at Towyn with its rude Norman pillars, arches, and clerestory, the latter very rare; second, Llanegryn with its Rood screen and loft, probably the best example in Britain; and third, the beautiful pure early English church at Llanaber, north of Barmouth.

(We often wonder why most tourists, as Chandler did, continue to Llanbrynmair from Stay-a-little instead of keeping to the old road that climbs past the derelict village of Dylife before surmounting the last ridge and descending the steep drop to Machynlleth. It's wilder and more rough, we know, but to our minds there's nothing lovelier in Wales than the view from the brink of those hills looking across the valley towards Cader Idris.—Ed.)

The Oldest Timers of Note.

More than a month since there died in Devon as a noted Doctor, H. P. Furnivall, the Ordinary Mile Champion of 1886. A year ago we lost his 1887 successor, W. A. Illston, who remained unbeaten in that year, at any distance. The Champion of 1888, Herbert Synyer, remains hale and hearty and is in no sense an old man.

There also is still with us the Champion at all distances of 1881, G. L. Hillier, who made his annual speech to the lesser Old Timers on the first Sunday in July. Thus two

left out of eleven. The other seven that are gone were :—

C. E. Lises	1880.
.....		
F. Moore	1882.
H. W. Gaskell	—	1883 (a Liverpool man).
H. Speechley	—	1884.
Sanders Sellars	—	1885.
.....		
.....		
August Lehr	1889.
J. H. Adams	—	1890.

RACING NOTES.

The 4th Club "50" will be held on Saturday, August 27th. Entries to me by the previous Saturday please.

OPENS FOR AUGUST.

Aug.	7	Veg. C. & A.C. "50."
"	14	Our "12-hour."
"	21	Westerley "100."
Sept.	4	Palatine "50."

May I close with a note of thanks to the splendid help given me in the Mersey Roads "24." Believe me it was appreciated.

E. BYRON,
Hon. Racing Secretary.

Mersey Roads "24," July 16/17th, 1938.

Although we had hoped to have a team riding in this race only Ted Byron decided to enter. He finished with an Anfield record ride of 393 $\frac{1}{4}$ miles, beating Randall's N.R.R.A. record by three miles.

At the time of the start a strong west wind was blowing thus helping the riders into East Cheshire. Then the wind died down and made the going fast during the night.

Alec Smith of the Colne Valley led from the start and gradually gained on the field. At 94 miles Byron was lying third to Musgrave of the Cheshire Roads and Gerrard

of the Liverpool Century fourth. At 180 miles Byrnes of the Mersey Roads had come up to third place with Byron fourth. The Shawbirch check (292 miles) saw Smith with an hour's lead on the field and positions the same as 180 miles.

From there to the finish Byrnes came up into second place while Gerrard displaced Byron from fourth, the latter, nevertheless, finishing very strongly. The following were leading distances.

1.	A. Smith	Colne Valley	438
2.	A. E. Byrnes	Mersey	411 $\frac{3}{4}$
3.	O. Musgrave	Cheshire	406
4.	J. A. Gerrard	Liverpool Century	395 $\frac{1}{2}$
5.	E. Byron	" Ours "	393 $\frac{1}{4}$
6.	B. Knight	Solihull	390 $\frac{3}{8}$

Several of our members were out throughout the night; finishing, and Stephenson conveyed Byron home.

AT RANDOM.

From our Dictionary.

DELIRIOUS. adj. In a state of delirium; with a mind disordered by illness, strong excitement, &c.; wild, incoherent, from illness, &c.

DELIRIUM. n. Powerful disturbance of the mind, temporary madness, or mental disorder, produced by illness, or nervous shock characterised by incoherent speech and illusions of the senses.

Remarkable, isn't it, what queer states of mind Robinson gets into sometimes!

We hate to say it, but Chandler came to the Committee meeting the other day with plus fours and an umbrella! It wasn't a mistake, either, for only yesterday we saw him in a spasm of sunshine in the same garb, but the umbrella was neatly rolled. Where's the bowler, Frank?

Hic et Ubique.

Towards the end of July, as the Editor was hurriedly (so much as he could on a 63 gear) trying to make Grenoble

before lighting up time, a white haired tourist came into sight, travelling the other way. Recognition was not helped by the dark sun-glasses the Editor was wearing, but surely there is only one figure in this wide world with that peculiar crouch and snowy white hair. It must be—it is!—Carpenter. Marriott turned back and the two spent much time in exchanging greeting. Carpenter, touring the French Alps with a Worthing friend, was making for Nice, and he sends his kind wishes to all.

Salty has taken his departure down South for a period. We understand that his absence is in connection with his vocation, and that he is somewhere on the outskirts of London. Probably he'll be writing soon and then we can let you know more about it. His racing activities are undiminished, and we see from the Press that in the Ealing "50" he finished with a very creditable 2.12, and in the Belle Vue he clocked 2.13.41.

After Byron's sterling ride in the Mersey Roads "24," we did hope to include in this issue an interview with our noted Racing Secretary. We have, however, been unable to rake up sufficient scandal in the time available, and until this can be done our very enlightening article will remain left over.

Of an American Judge who recently died, our daily newspaper wrote as follows:—"He lived for his work, and was an efficient, sympathetic and broad-minded judge. *He was unmarried.*" Chandler possesses all those qualities—and lots more, and now we know why!

Newspaper headline:—"Killed while talking." This ought to be a lesson to Robinson.

We understand that the elusive Don Smith was recently sighted in Shropshire, where, in company with his superior 50 per cent., he was "combing out" the county in search of "home-cured," which he subsequently ran to earth at one of his old haunts—Rose Cottage, Felton Butler, beloved of "Wayfarer" (himself).

There's too much "Wayfarer" about this Circular already, but one really priceless bit of news has just come to hand rather belatedly. Our one and only was actually one of the judges in the Isle of Man Massed Start Race. How he wangled it, we would like to know; but beat it if you can!

.

We saw Hubert Buckley (what a stranger!) on the Liverpool Landing Stage the other lunch-time, but we were unable to get to him on account of the crowd.

.

This month sees the "12." This year we have fixed it for a Sunday. Not that we like it on a Sunday: we don't, but it has been increasingly difficult in late years to obtain sufficient help for successful Saturday running. This applies particularly in the morning. While we will be able to enlist considerable outside help, please do not forget that it is an Anfield event, and that we would like to see as many Anfielders out as possible. And please don't wait to be asked, there won't be time by the day you get this. A very quiet finishing triangle has been utilised for finishing just to the south of Chester, between the Whitchurch and the Tarpoley roads.

.

We were delighted to see Harold Kettle out again at the "50." We all hope that he has left his troubles far behind.

.

Ted Cody seems to have forgotten us since his retirement.

As this issue closes for press, news comes of the passing of Thomas (Tommy) Royden on July 31st. To think that never again will we see that merry countenance, or hear his fine laugh as he recounts strange tales of the good old days is something more than we can realise now. A fuller appreciation will appear next month.

RUNS.

Farndon, 2nd July, 1938.

We left home, with, we regret to say, no intention of attending the Club run, but as we kept meeting Anfielders on the road and our way was through Farndon we joined the happy band at the Raven for tea.

While waiting for Blotto and Mrs. Blotto, our field mates, Ted Byron, Rigby Band and Ken Barker came along and eventually we all got moving towards Willaston.

Harold Kettle was the next one we met and he caught us up while on his first ride round Wirral since his illness, so he is now busy training and getting fit. He left us at Willaston corner and the three B's, aforementioned, exhausted by the terrific pace at which we had come along, collapsed on to the gate by the eighth milestone.

The heat of the afternoon disappeared by the time we entered Eaton Park and a couple of inches of rain fell while we sheltered under a tree. Our keen and efficient Secretary, Powell, was the next member we saw and he sheltered with us and mentioned something about a Club run and surrounded us all the way to the Raven and there we were.

Ira Thomas was already in the yard, Bert Green and son, Ernest, came in looking a little damp, Snowden came looking a little more damp, or damper, as you please, he being on a trike and having left his cape where he had had his afternoon cup of tea.

The Master, smiling and neat, arrived by car not so neat, in fact the car was rather bespattered and we judged that F.H. had been driving along thinking about his younger days, pacing behind a tandem, while actually he had been tucked in (exceedingly well mucked in) behind a couple of cows (and such cows).

Hubert was in the tank with George Newall, dispensing hospitality until tea time. The rest of those present were as far as I can remember—Knipe, Johnny Band, Jack Seed, Reeves, Sherman, Marriott, Jonas and a prospective member.

The tea, boiled egg variety, was quite satisfying, and the crowd broke up at about seven, Hubert making his way Salopwards and Rigby Band to a camp site at Harthill,

while Blotto and Jonas, with a wife each, crossed the river to Holt, Bangor, Overton, and pitched their tents in the front garden of a large farm, not an ideal site, but quite good.

We see that the compleat tourist, Chandler, has been finding "new" routes over Stay-a-little, but has he or any other Anfielder travelled the Ancient Road marked on the Aberystwyth and on the Carmarthen sheets of Barts, which runs from Fair-Rhos, a mile north of Pontrhydfendigain (Tregaron-Devil's Bridge road) to the top end of the top lake in the Elan Valley. We can vouch for this being the real stuff.

Acton Bridge, 9th July, 1938.

There was a round dozen in attendance at the Leigh Arms, the day being very boisterous and wet, the wind nor-westerly. Of these half were from Manchester, in President Green, accompanied by Ernest of that ilk, with very striking nether-garments, Bob Poole, Haynes, Sherman and Farr. Liverpool had two representatives in Stephenson, as plump as ever, and Knipe, enjoying a respite from "*The Labours of Hercules*," whilst Wirral sent four representatives in Chandler, reeking of onions, Snowden, clad in those leonine habiliments we know so well, our genial—and general, Secretary—Mr. Po-ell, and last but certainly not least—Jack Salt—the eater of mileage of the race of Gargantua, who in order to avoid the head wind had been round by Rhyl for lunch, thence Ruthin up the Nantygarth, Wrexham and Farndon, etc. But where, oh where were the rest of the Wirral Tea Tasters? We know some of them were on holiday but the only one riding on the morrow was present at the run, viz., Haynes. Had all these excellent gentlemen gone to the Test match? No! for it was raining. Courting?—one hopes not, at such an unsophisticated age. Then why *were* they not there? The question remains unanswered. *Revenons à nos moutons.*

(In his anxiety to write the run up (for we had already commissioned someone else), our contributor has gone all wrong. Sherman, we would inform him, lives in Liverpool.

Further, quite a number of the Wirral folk were measuring the new finish for the "12." And will he please write English. He completes his note in the language of France, which the Editor (at least) does not understand, even after a 12 day sojourn in that delightful country.

—ED.).

Little Budworth, 17th July, 1938.

Picking up the Presider at Sale, we set off towards Middlewich at about half-past three. We were right into the wind and the going seemed pretty hard. After Altrincham and towards Dunham Hill a puny looking gentleman on a Sit up and Beg, complete with Chain Case cum Oil Bath passed us twiddling his fifty-three gear with the utmost unconcern. I remarked to the Presider that this would not do at all, so we accelerated and, though we sez it as shouldn't, left him standing. Or so we thought. Up Bucklow Hill he passed us again, still unconcernedly and exasperatingly twiddling his ridiculously low gear, apparently not noticing the adverse direction of the breeze at all. I remarked again to the Presider that this would not do, so we set off after him again. At least, the Presider did, he caught and passed him. I was left a quarter of a mile behind, quite determined not to ride in the next fifty after all. I was in the running again at the Swan. The lights had fortunately held up the other two. The Presider then asked me whether I'd been messing about with my machine. "Only to put a Cyclometer on the front wheel," says I. "Let's have a look," says he, and sure enough I'd put the wheel back the wrong way round. It had tightened up so that I could hardly pull it round.

This slight mechanical difficulty overcome, we proceeded to the Red Lion, arriving just as Ned Haynes, Snowden, Bob Knipe, Stevie and George Farr were sitting down to tea. This seemed a very poor turn-out, especially as we knew that various of 'Ours' had been at the start of the Mersey Roads "24" close by. Soon however, Elias beamed in, followed by Eric Reeves and Bill Scarff, the latter looking very fit after a tandem holiday down South. Jack Seed arrived late enough to ask for fresh tea, having got himself mixed up with an obscure and misdirected lane.

Snowden told us all about his new bicycle, Bob gave us a few reminiscences of Lancashire League Cricket, Stevie wondered whether the seat of his pants would last him as far as Huyton, Elias remarked on the inadequacy of the lamps being used in the "24," and the Vice-Captain asked me to write up the run.

And so home with the wind behind us crowing delightfully over the Liverpudlians, who were pushing hard into it. Ten happy men out of eleven, the eleventh man's outlook clouded only at the thought of a much curtailed Sunday afternoon doze and a race with the post.

Third "50." July 23rd, 1938.

There seems to be quite a good deal to say about this event. It is a pity that we only reached the usual dozen, even when several strange (for race sheets) names were entered. Several, including Peter Rock, were on holiday. Jack Salt was a non-starter, very unusual for him, but you'll find the reason elsewhere in this issue. Sorry, Ted, but the most amusing thing for me as a mere onlooker was your smiling face as you finished first after a really great "bat" along the high road.

"Passed them in strings," he grinned, as he strode past the finish. And we wondered why. But our All-night Racing Secretary felt fit during the last twelve miles at least, and he finished with 2.23.41, which merits him third handicap. Very good after a 393 "24," and we are really pleased. Fastest was Jim Carr, and he came in seeing "Balloons, all colours!" (Must have been a rare packet, that). His time was 2.20.8. New member G. Farr gained first handicap with 2.29.12 (13) and Sherman was again in the prizes with 2.29.45 (13).

No.	Name	No Mns. Hth.	25 $\frac{3}{4}$	N.M.H.	Actual Finish	Hcp.
1.	G. Farr	33	1.11 $\frac{3}{4}$	1.46 $\frac{1}{2}$	2.29.12	13
2.	T. Sherman	33	1.13 $\frac{1}{4}$	1.49	2.29.45	13
3.	E. Byron	33 $\frac{1}{2}$	1.12	1.46	2.23.41	0
4.	E. R. Green	34 $\frac{1}{2}$	1.16 $\frac{1}{4}$	1.55	2.37.48	20
5.	A. Williams	32 $\frac{1}{2}$	1.12 $\frac{1}{2}$	1.51	2.38.29	20
6.	J. R. Band	33	1.11 $\frac{1}{2}$	1.45	2.25.21	6
7.	E. Haynes	31	1.9 $\frac{1}{4}$	1.44 $\frac{1}{2}$	2.22.23	3
8.	I. A. Thomas	35	1.14 $\frac{1}{2}$	1.52 $\frac{1}{2}$	2.31.3	11
9.	J. E. Reeves	33 $\frac{1}{2}$	1.12	1.48 $\frac{1}{2}$	2.29.3	3
Fst.	J. E. Carr	31	1.7 $\frac{1}{4}$	1.40 $\frac{1}{2}$	2.20.8	3

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ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

FORMED MARCH, 1879.

MONTHLY CIRCULAR

Vol. XXXIV.

No. 391.

FIXTURES FOR SEPTEMBER, 1938.

Tea at 6-0 p.m.

		Light up at
Sept. 3	Highwayside (Travellers' Rest)	9-5 p.m.
.. 5	Committee Meeting, 7-30 p.m. (Victoria Hotel, St. John's Lane, Liverpool)	
.. 10	Little Budworth (Red Lion)	8-48 ..
.. 17	Farndon (Raven)	8-31 ..
.. 24	Acton Bridge (Leigh Arms)	8-14 ..
Oct. 1	Halewood (Derby Arms)	7-56 ..
.. 3	Committee Meeting 7-30 p.m. (Victoria Hotel, St. John's Lane, Liverpool)	

Alternative Fixtures.

.. 1	Goostrey (Red Lion)	7-56 ..
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Full Moon 9th inst.

Summer Time Ends 2nd October.

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COMMITTEE NOTES.

4 THE LAUND,
WALLASEY, CHESHIRE.

A Resolution recording the deep regret of the Club and their sympathy with the family of the late Mr. T. Royden was passed in silence.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS. Mr. F. L. Edwards, 248 King's Road, Chorlton-cum-Hardy; Mr. W. J. Jones, 49 St. Georges Avenue, Birkenhead; Mr. J. J. Salt, 290 Western Avenue, Acton, London; Mr. J. H. Williams, 17 Carlow Road, Prenton, Birkenhead; Mr. E. R. Green, Fern Lea, Green Lane, Timperley, Cheshire.

AUTUMNAL TINTS TOUR. Llanarmon, D.C., has again been chosen for the Tour. 29th/30th Oct. is the date. The charge for Dinner, Bed and Breakfast will be 10/-. As the West Arms is now under new management it will be necessary to know a fortnight before the date how many members intend to participate in the Tour, so please let me have the names as soon as possible.

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

TREASURY NOTES.

You have been warned. There is still time.

On Monday, September 5th, your Treasurer will be called on to give an interim account of his stewardship, and read out a list of the members whose subscription is unpaid by that date. Are you one of them? If so, get busy at once and let me have your cash, cheque or banker's advice note. I.O.U.'s, notes of hand, coupons and pawn-tickets not accepted. Surely you will not exist in the ignomy of being known as "the man who hasn't paid his sub." nor bear the obloquy which is the lot of all defaulters! So, get busy, and try to live up to our grand old English motto—"BE JUST (in time) AND FEAR NOT."

My thanks are due to the six (only six) members from whom I have received subs. during the past month.

F. L. Edwards.

W. R. Oppenheimer.

Lt.-Col. G. P. Mills.

S. T. Threlfall.

T. E. Mandall.

H. Wilson.

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of the ANFIELD CIRCULAR.

SIR,

THE UBIQUITOUS UMBRELLA OR GAMP.

Your illuminating remarks re the writer being seen wearing one of these highly desirable articles bring to mind the views laid down by the great George Borrow, for did not **HE** walk through "Wild Wales" wearing an umbrella and a satchell? Let us refresh our memories from his pages:

"Rain came on so I expanded my umbrella, flung it over my shoulder and laughed. O, how a man laughs when he has a good umbrella O, what a good friend to a man is an umbrella in rain time and likewise at other times. What need he fear if a wild bull or ferocious dog attacks him? He unfurls his umbrella and the brute turns quite scared and runs away, or if a footpad asks him for his money what need he care providing he has an umbrella? He threatens to dodge the ferrule into the ruffian's eyes Moreover who doubts you are a respectable character provided you have an umbrella? You go into a public house and call for a pot of beer and the publican puts it down before you with one hand without holding out the other for the money, for he sees you have an umbrella and consequently property. And what respectable man will refuse to hold conversation with you provided you have an umbrella? No one. The respectable man sees you have an umbrella and concludes you do not intend to rob him for robbers never carry umbrellas A voucher for character is an umbrella. Amongst the best friends of man must be reckoned an umbrella."

It should therefore be apparent to you, Sir, that if a man walk through the streets in beach pyjamas or even a bathing suit providing he be wearing an umbrella he is quite within his reasonable rights. Much more so if clad in plus-fours and is hatless notwithstanding.

I am,

Yours, etc.,

F. CHANDLER.

To the Editor of the ANFIELD CIRCULAR.

SIR,

In your efforts to score by Editorial comment off my lines re the descent from Stay-a-little to Llanbrynmair, you appear to have entirely missed the point. Anfielders are urged to go this way not because I am unaware of any

other route but owing to the fact that this road is little known to them, whilst with the old road to Machynlleth with its steep drop and wonderful views they are already acquainted. Did they not blaze the trail through the full 20 miles from Llanidloes over what were then rank bad roads as far back as August, 1929, before Your Sublimity saw the light of the Anfield? If Sir, you had already traversed the piece of road via Llanbrynmair, what a delight it would have been to have read a description of it from your own pen! May I be allowed to take up further space in your widely read journal by informing you *sine despicentia* that the ecclesiology of the 13th cent. is usually referred to as *Early English*!

I am,

Yours, etc.,

F. CHANDLER.

(After that—I'm flattened!!—ED.)

AT RANDOM.

W.M.R. writes: "May I add my word to the tributes which I am sure will be paid to the memory of the late Tommy Royden. Many of us older hands will view his passing with unfeigned regret. We have lost a pal. Tommy was a great Anfielder, intensely loyal to the Club, and a keen supporter of its fixtures. He was geniality itself, and was always serenely his unaffected self. The butt of our harmless shafts of wit, he acted as target with the best will in the world, knowing full well that our leg-pullings were but evidence of his popularity and of our deep regard for him. I am sure that an Anfield run will not be quite the same thing without Tommy's smile I recall how some years ago he was very anxious that I should know that, while for a time he had fallen from grace and become a motor cyclist, he was back again in the ranks of cyclists, his enthusiasm for the greatest of games enhanced and consolidated by his brief motor-cycling experience May he find rest and refreshment in the Great Beyond."

"Wayfarer" (himself) writes: "You aint 'alf kicked a brick in suggesting that I was one of the judges in the I.O.M."

Massed Start Bicycle Race. Nothing of the sort, and you may search me. My name is certainly not to be found amongst the list of judges, and your suggestion therefore implies that I am a gate-crasher, like my friend Percy Brazendale. Fact of the matter is that I stuck close to the Chief Judge (McCormack) because he smokes a very nice brand of penny cigars, and I was busy gathering up the butt-ends, which were afterwards sent back to the manufacturers to be re-bushed. This is a very remunerative hobby in which I indulge now that I am a Retired Gentleman, and have plenty of time on my hands."

WEDDING BELLS.

On July 30th, Sid. Carver and Miss Marjorie Myers were married. We take this belated opportunity of wishing them every happiness. Their new address is 16, Cherry Garth, Swanland Road, Hessle, near Hull. Their honeymoon had a cycling flavour, even if the tandem was in its rightful place—the shed—for our pair saw the finish of the *Tour de France* in Paris, and then later on, in Switzerland, they saw Brewster on the top of the Grimsel Pass.

And Brewster, in a card to the Editor, tells of a meeting with Carpenter at Brig the first week in August. Truly have Anfielders been wandering this summer. Brewster was fortunate in being able to visit Switzerland in the week at his disposal. Carpenter writes to say that he was on foreign roads for 37 days. What a lovely life! He says that he rode 4,855 miles across France and the Alps to Nice, then along the coast to Genoa. Back into the mountains via Milan and Como, and over the Simplon to Brig, whence there was an easy stretch down the Rhone valley to the Lake of Geneva. The final stretch was across France to Dieppe again.

Writing of the Continent, it is our great pleasure to announce exclusively that England will have riders in the *Tour de France* next year. The Brown Men of the district, Randall and Birchall (I think Birchall should come first), were not a little surprised when they saw pictures of the winners of the *Tour de France*. They really did not think that such a fine layer of tan could be acquired by the simple

expediency of riding a bicycle round France for one month. Entry forms will be available soon, and the Staff will be there, handing up drinks.

.

Salty, who has been doing some fine rides in the South these past few weeks, writes from 290, Western Avenue, Acton, London. We've often wondered how our stalwart would fare when he got into "digs" with his appetite. Yes, at his first apartments he had to write home "to prevent his bones from collapsing." But at the above address he says he is fine—but we would like to know what his landlady thinks of his capacity.

His new job, a course in instrument making, is leaving some time for training and scrapping with the Southerners, and his change of habits has resulted in an improvement in his riding. A race every week-end has been the programme: Bath Road "100"; Vegetarian "50"; Anerley "12," and the Westerley "100." Details of the times are given elsewhere in this issue.

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Hubert Roskell passes on a cutting from the *Liverpool Evening Express* for comment. It concerns a Mr. R. F. Hesketh, now living in Sefton Park, Liverpool, who was a noted cyclist in the early days. Our particular interest lies in the news that he and our own Teddy Worth, in 1890, rode 2,000 miles in 9 months. The cutting says that "every week-end, he on his bicycle, and Teddy on his tricycle, set off in hail, rain, snow or sleet. Pneumatic tyres had not then been invented, but they covered the ground on solids." Was Mr. Hesketh ever a member of the Anfield? It seems very probable that he was, but as the Editor was not a member in those early days (!) he just does not remember. Perhaps someone has some interesting reminiscences about that particular friendship.

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Bert Green passes on a cutting from the *Manchester Guardian* on August 27th to the effect that Frank Wemyss Smith was married with Miss Ethel Trueman, of Leek, on August 25th. We wish them every happiness, and express the hope that we may see Frank sometimes. He hasn't been too regular these last years.

IN MEMORIAM

THOMAS ROYDEN.

As we briefly reported last month, "Tommy" passed away on 31st July, at the age of 74 years. He had been poorly since Easter, at that time contracting a bad dose of influenza which had sapped a lot of his strength, although it seemed that he was picking up later and might be able to get to the runs, even by motor. But this was not to be and during the last two weeks he completely collapsed. In the course of his last days his thoughts were of the happy times he had had with the Anfield.—"Them were the days!"—and he had one of the Club Photographs by his side to the end. He fought hard to live, he wanted to attend more of those runs he had enjoyed so, provoking the merry laugh. When he had ridden some sixty or seventy miles and when nearing home he often expressed pride and satisfaction in his ability to ride such a distance. On his 70th birthday, one windy October day in 1933, he had ridden 102 miles. He was a real man, large-hearted, cheerful, and beloved by all. He had a wonderful knowledge of Wirral and had a stock of reminiscences ready for every occasion. The respect and veneration in which he was held was demonstrated by the number of Anfielders present at the graveside, which would have been still larger but for reasons of business.

Thomas Royden joined the Club in 1910, being then about 47 years of age and well past the racing age. He was, however, always ready to help and became a regular attender, his largest in any one year being 53 and his lowest 23 (a time when he was laid up). On no fewer than 5 occasions did he attend over 50 runs in any one year, whilst on 11 occasions he attended over 40 runs in any one year. He won an attendance prize on no less than 10 occasions (1911, 1916, 1917, 1919, 1926, 1927, 1928, 1929, 1936 and 1937) and in 1930 was awarded a gold medal as a memento of his having won the first attendance prize three years in succession. He completed his 1000 runs in 1935 and was elected a life member at the subsequent A.G.M. He was a Committee member in 1912, 1913 and 1915.

Those present at the last ride included Band (J. C.), Buck (S. J.), Burgess, Chandler, Connor, Cotter, Kettle, Koenen, McCann, Molyneux, Newall (A.), Powell, Rowatt, Simpson (A. T.) Simpson (W.), Venables and Williams (J. H.). F.C.

WHERE WILL IT END ?

Those who make a study of racing results in the cycling press will have wondered, this month, when finality in racing times will be reached. While the "25" on the road inside the hour is still a rare phenomenon, the average speed for the supers in a "50" is very little slower, and 2.5 is beaten almost as frequently as 1.3. But the other Sunday, very evidently a remarkably good day, saw a "100" being won in 4.20.48! That was in the Westerley, an event run on the Bath Road course, and there were five inside 4.30. Time was when 4.30 was a rare, rare ride. It was Earnshaw, of the Yorkshire Monckton, who performed this rare feat, and it is interesting to note that he made the first 23 miles in 58.40; 50 miles in 2.8.17; and 73 in 3.11.40. In Lancashire, in the Warrington "100," our own R. J. Austin timed Palmer, of the Rossendale, in with 4.23.48, but he was the only rider inside 4.30. When are we to expect 4.15, and then 4.10, and then will it be slow in touching the 4 hours, just as we are still waiting for the hour to be beaten for a "25"?

In the Westerley "100," mentioned on account of the rare times performed, our Salty was well down the list with 4.40.58. He was far faster in the Bath Road "100," when he finished (after a packet!) with 4.35.46; and Jim Carr that day rolled in with 4.47.23. In the Anerley "12" Jack finished with 229 miles. This event, now mostly ridden on secondary roads to avoid the traffic, is slower than formerly.

RUNS.

Bath Road "100," August 1st, 1938.

When Hubert asked me to write you something about my August bank-holiday experiences I did a quiet swear, as I can think of little to interest you young people. But this morning I received a polite card from Marriott, so I *must* comply.

I went up by train to Salop on the Friday to meet Hubert and spent a nice evening at the George, though I sadly missed Miss Pugh—an old friend of about 40 years' standing. In spite of my slight headache caused by copious whiskeys overnight with Hubert's Salop pals we made a

fairly early start next morning and meandered through delightful by-roads to Ledbury for an excellent lunch at the Feathers. Then, by very easy stages, through Cirencester and Faringdon to Wantage where we had another very good meal at the Bear—a very comfortable house which, incidentally was sanctified by the presence of F.H. and Chem last year. Arriving at Theale we soon ran into Percy Charles and the verbose Coles-Webb, but I left them to their libations and retired to bed at 10-30. *Quantum mutatus ab illo!*

Sunday morning found us with Percy in the dickey *en route* for Bibury. At Fairford we sighted the spritely figure of the Master waiting for us and, arriving under his guidance at the hotel, I at once espied the corpulent Chem asleep on a bench in the sun and surrounded by only one Simpson. Then some pleasant reminiscences over a few half-pints. Interesting for instance to learn that I, at 60, was considerably the junior of the five. But they're all young, bless them! Also that we could only think of six existing members who joined the Club before Hubert and me.

Arriving at Bibury for the annual *recherche* lunch (that right, Chem?) I was gratified to meet dear old friends in Green, Rowatt and Stevie and renew pleasant acquaintance with Peter Rock, Haynes and others. After lunch, through Cirencester to Hilmarton to look up the Ansell and so back to Theale. Before retiring at my now usual hour of 10-30 I was very pleased to be able to wish good luck to Salty and Carr.

Hubert, the indefatigable, was at the start next morning and called back at the Bull for me about 6-30, when we proceeded to Midgham. I have very pleasant memories of the little inn there, though we missed Sammy and Bren Orrell and others who we met here last year. But the local lads are good sports and know much more about the competitors than I do. Incidentally one of them helped us out of a spot of bother. On the Sunday night both Salt and Carr had expressed a desire for a small Guinness to finish on, but the trouble was—who was to deliver the goods? Hubert flatly declined to run like a deer at about 25 M.P.H., and so did I! but I managed to depute one of the locals to do the job for us. Though his first experience he managed very nicely, but a little bit slow with Salty and I had to rebuke him. Result, when Carr was signalled he not only nearly

outpaced him but ran back furiously for about 100 yards with the broken bottle!

No doubt one of your salaried reporters will be sending you a description of the race itself, as I can only speak as an interested, but I fear rather out-of-date onlooker.

On arriving at the finish we were disappointed to find that Salt's very creditable ride did not bring him higher up the list, but we met Bob Knipe and a number of Bath Road and other friends and wound up at the Bull with drinks and a yarn about old times with Mazeppa and "Mary" Trevor, both of whom I remember very well from the early "nineties." We got away from Theale about noon and, as Hubert was spending a few days with me in Dorset, proceeded to Bridport via Salisbury Plain and Dorchester.

A very pleasant week-end. Good luck to you all!

FRANK ROSKELL.

Speedwell "100," August 1st, 1938.

Quite a party of riders and helpers found their way to Evesham for this fixture. One small contingent left Manchester on Saturday, and after a pleasant though rather warm drive arrived in the early evening at the Crown to find Stephenson and his better half, Rowatt and Rock already installed. On the way they had passed Ira Thomas with his lady friend pushing against an adverse wind and hoping that it would drop before Monday.

On Sunday morning a party of five, four ancients and Peter Rock, made the usual tour of the Cotswolds, their charm undimmed by frequent visits, and had lunch at Bibury, where they met six of the Bath Road party—Hubert and Frank Roskell, Percy Beardwood, "F.H.," Chem and Arthur Simpson. We were very pleased indeed to see the exiles and to hear of the adventures of the "F.H." party. On returning, by pleasant lanes mainly, to Evesham in the evening we found more arrivals and eventually, with the three riders and friends there were no less than 18 of us altogether—H. Green, D. C. Rowatt, J. R. Band, D. C. Birchall, E. Byron, W. G. Connor, G. Farr, E. Haynes, Jr., J. S. Jonas, F. Marriott, A. E. Preston, W. P. Rock, G. Stephenson and five friends.

On the Monday morning we were up betimes and on the course. It appears to be somewhat faster than the

old one, and the checking and marshalling arrangements were excellent; there were, however, criticisms of the feeding. The weather conditions were not bad, though the trek back from Gloucester seemed rather hard, and it certainly was hot. The fastest time was returned by a 13 minutes man, A. C. Hodges, of the Veg.—4.42.48—followed by the scratchman, S. G. Nash, of the Cheltenham and County, with 4.43.30, and P. T. Nash, of the same club, with 4.49.9. The first handicap was taken by L. T. Cox, of the Leicester Forest, with 4.56.39, which with an allowance of 39 minutes, gave a nett time of 4.17.39. Our men didn't seem quite up to it on this day, Haynes returning 5.2.18, Rock 5.18.58 and Ira Thomas 5.23.48.

We were early on the way home, which so far as the Manchester party was concerned, was reached without incident; it is hoped that the boys who went home under their own power didn't find the heat and wind too much for them.

Altogether a very pleasant week-end; Evesham and the Crown thereof are worth another visit.

Tattenhall, 6th August, 1938.

A few weeks ago I was commissioned to write up the Club run, but our ex-editor was so anxious to have a slash at somebody—mainly the Wirral tea-tasters—he unknowingly relieved me of this onerous duty.

Now this must have riled our present "paragraph slasher," for he entered "The Bear and Ragged Staff" with an evil glint in his eye, and making straight for me, he commanded in a voice which echoed across the bar: "You write up the Club run." I, taken aback, looked round, but alas, this time there wasn't any good Samaritan (or bad) to take the burden from my shoulders.

A pleasant change was the number present—twenty-two—which exceeded even the wildest expectations of Powell, and another noticeable feature was the number of types of conveyances necessary to bring the Anfield together; from Hubert's two-seater to Ned Haynes' type of two-seater with lady friend to provide motive power.

Ankle socks were the vogue, and if one hears correctly we may see Chandler in them soon, but he will have to use

some of his suntan lotion if his mighty(?) calves are to match his bronzed pate.

Whether Williams had any inducement to get home early, or whether he acquired some speed in the last "50" cannot be said, but the way he half-wheeled me from Chester to The Sych might suggest that he will be a contender for the handicap in the next "50."

There you are, Sammy, that is my effort, and I hope you think so little of it as not to ask me again.

(No such luck, and you're on the list now. But why didn't you tell of Byron oversleeping his afternoon nap, and meeting us at Rowton, on the way home; and Hubert's posh shoes, which he spoiled by telling us the price? You don't do the job half well enough!—ED.)

Thornton-le-Moors, 13th August, 1938.

The attendance at Thornton-le-Moors was rather poor, only ten members being present on quite a pleasant afternoon. The poor attendance was, no doubt, due to holidays and the fact that the "12" was being run the next day, although seven of those present were out the following day either riding or helping in various ways.

On arriving at the Letters Inn as the church clock chimed the hour, I found that only six had turned up and that twelve to fourteen had been ordered for. Fortunately the situation was saved, as the President, son Ernest and Ned Haynes arrived shortly after six o'clock, by car, the two racing men having deposited their bicycles in Chester, thus completing a small but select party.

Those present were:—Bob Poole, Knipe, Rowatt, Hubert Roskell, Bert Green, E. Haynes, Ernest Green, Powell, the Master, who was making one of his welcome appearances, and Connor.

After tea, the party left early, Hubert, after doing his best to induce F.H. to accompany him to Salop for the night, departed alone in that direction; the President, the racing men and Connor making for Chester, and the others to their respective homes.

Invitation 12 Hours, 14th August, 1938.

The "12" this year was held on a Sunday for the first time and a full entry was received, the field being limited

to fifty riders. Out of the fifty on the card only six were "ours." Ernest Green, riding in the club handicap only, made a seventh, a very poor entry from our own men, but living in the proverbial glass house, perhaps I am not in a position to throw stones.

Forty-eight faced timekeeper Albert Lusty on a fine morning, Rigby Band being a non-starter, having a bad cold. At 58 miles, Turner (Cheshire Roads), Webster (Warrington) and Gwilliam (Walton) were in the lead with 2 hrs. 41 mins., followed by Booth (Golden Arrow). The leaders at 103 miles were Gwilliam in 4 hrs. 57 mins., Turner, 4 hrs. 58 mins., Booth, Smith (South Lancs.) and Kay (Chester Roads).

By this time the day had become very hot, and the heat and twice round the Shropshire triangle had taken its toll on the riders for only thirty two checked in at Battlefield Corner, 180 miles. Here, the leading positions had altered considerably, Booth leading with 9 hrs. 1 min., Turner 9 hrs. 2 mins., Smith 9 hrs. 5 mins., and Gwilliam 9 hrs. 10 mins. For the next 32 miles the riders had to face a strong northerly wind, and it was over this stretch that the race was won and lost. At 218 miles Turner and Smith were level with 11 hrs. 18 mins., and Booth had dropped back to 11 hrs. 22 mins., his early morning efforts apparently having told on him. Turner eventually ran out time, the winner by a mere 50 yards with a distance of 231 miles, 3 furlongs, Smith second, is credited with the same distance, Booth third, 229½ miles.

The team race was won by the Walton C. & A.C.—649¾ miles, the Chester Road Club being second—637¾ miles.

The Club handicap was won by Ira Thomas, 207½ miles, plus 18 miles allowance; K. W. Barker (30) second; Haynes third from scratch; Ernest Green riding his first "12," and being practically a newcomer to serious cycling, ran out time with 188 miles, a very creditable performance in the circumstances.

The experiment of running the "12" on Sunday was, I think, fully justified and I should like to thank those members of outside clubs who so kindly took on checking, marshalling and feeding jobs, mentioning at the same time, our friends Johnnie Williams and his Mersey Roaders who turn out year after year at the Raven; Walter Kay and the

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Chester Road Club for marshalling and checking near Chester and the Huxley-Waverton triangle ; Jimmy Taylor, of the Manchester Wheelers for his usual drinks round the course ; the Mid-Shropshire Wheelers for their assistance at the feeds in Shropshire, and the others who placed their cars at our disposal for following out purposes. We thank them all, for we fully realise that it is quite impossible to run an event of this nature without their assistance.

RESULT OF CLUB HANDICAP.

	Actual.	Handicap.	Total.
1. I. A. Thomas	207 $\frac{5}{8}$ miles	18 miles	225 $\frac{5}{8}$
2. K. W. Barker	183 miles	30 miles	213
3. E. Haynes, Jr.	210 $\frac{3}{8}$ miles	Scratch	210 $\frac{3}{8}$
4. E. R. Green	188 miles	20 miles	208

RESULT OF 12 HOURS SCRATCH ROAD RIDE.

NAME.	CLUB.	DISTANCE.
		Miles
1. F. Turner	Cheshire Roads	231 $\frac{3}{8}$
2. H. W. Smith	South Lancs. Roads	231 $\frac{3}{8}$
3. C. N. Booth	Golden Arrow	229 $\frac{1}{2}$
4. C. Gwilliam	Walton C. & A.C.	226 $\frac{3}{8}$ *
5. J. Webster	Warrington R.C.	224*
6. L. V. Russell	East Liverpool	222 $\frac{1}{2}$ *
7. C. C. Rowe	Walsall Roads	220 $\frac{3}{8}$ *
8. W. Kay	Chester Roads	219 $\frac{3}{8}$
9. R. Barker	Altrincham Ravens	217 $\frac{1}{4}$
10. A. E. Byrnes	Mersey Roads	217
11. W. M. Perritt	Walsall Roads	216 $\frac{5}{8}$
12. H. Vernon	Chester Roads	215
13. J. R. Jones	Wingates C.C.	213 $\frac{1}{8}$
— H. R. Twiss	Manchester Wheelers	213 $\frac{1}{8}$
15. J. Shields	Walton C. & A.C.	212 $\frac{7}{8}$
16. J. E. Flynn	East Liverpool Wheelers	212 $\frac{3}{8}$
17. A. Crye	Manchester Wheelers	211 $\frac{3}{8}$
18. E. Haynes	Anfield B.C.	210 $\frac{3}{8}$
— W. J. Smith	Walton C. & A.C.	210 $\frac{3}{8}$
20. J. A. Gerrard	Liverpool Century	208 $\frac{1}{2}$
21. I. A. Thomas	Anfield B.C.	207 $\frac{3}{8}$
22. D. Stapleton	Mersey Roads	207 $\frac{1}{2}$
— J. C. Cresswell	Ellesmere Port	207 $\frac{1}{2}$
24. E. Molyneux	Chester Roads	203 $\frac{1}{4}$
25. H. Hancock	Liverpool Century	202 $\frac{1}{2}$
26. G. Ridyard	Manchester Gros.	201 $\frac{1}{2}$
27. T. W. Heginbotham	Mersey Roads	200 $\frac{1}{2}$ †*
28. H. Parkes	Mersey Roads	191 $\frac{1}{2}$ †*
29. F. Young	Liverpool Century	187 $\frac{3}{8}$ †
30. K. W. Barker	Anfield B.C.	183

* Silver Medal.

† Tricycle.

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TEAM PRIZES.

1. Walton C. & A.C.	M.	2. Chester Roads.	M.
C. Gwilliam	226 $\frac{1}{2}$	W. Kay	219 $\frac{3}{8}$
J. Shields	212 $\frac{7}{8}$	H. Vernon	215
W. J. Smith	210 $\frac{3}{8}$	E. Molyneux	203 $\frac{1}{8}$
	649 $\frac{3}{8}$		637 $\frac{7}{8}$

Timekeeper :—A. LUSTY, Esq., R.R.A.

E. BYRON,
Hon. Racing Secretary.

Cock-O'Barton, August 20th, 1938.

Arriving at the "8th," in company with our Hon. Race Secretary, the writer found Perkins and Rigby Band already parked on the gate.

Shortly after 3-30 p.m. we four made a move towards Chester in search of tea, which we ran to earth at Dunning's, Eric Reeves and Peter coming in at the kill.

Leaving Chester needed careful navigation, but Perkins proved himself a first-class motor-pace follower (provided the right incentive is on the pillion!)

Eaton Park and the lanes from Aldford to Barton made a pleasant route for a quiet run to our destination, where we found Powell, Kettle, Knipe and Hubert in possession, others trickled in from all angles—Turvey who had smashed over from temporary lodgings in Birkenhead since mid-morning (he admitted to at least two sleeps on the way), Chandler from a Derbyshire tourlet, Snowden, Manchester, being represented by Haynes, Farr and Greens *pere et fils* (French approx.).

On tea being announced, 17 determined members stormed the dining room and with customary Anfield tidiness carefully put everything in reach safely away, then after a brief armistice to give the digestive juices time to perform, the party broke up, scattering in all directions.

The T. Tasters—in merry mood—took to the lanes, and the writer, from the comparative safety of the rear of the party, witnessed a demonstration of all the tricks of the

track game (and many others), bumping, boring, sprinting and jamming, but strange to say all six survived and eventually came to rest as usual at the bottom of the Sych.

Another enjoyable run nearly over.

Fourth Fifty Miles Handicap, August 27th, 1938.

These last events do not seem to get their 100% enthusiasm these days, for on Saturday, out of only 11 on the sheet, there were two non-starters. One did not turn up, and the other came to watch the start, equipped with camping kit all ready for a lazy week-end. And lazy was the first intention, too, for Bickerton was seemedly too far to give the lads a hand with the much needed drink. So much for that.

With Salty still in the south, we never know what to expect these days. Haynes rolled in fastest with 2.18.8, a really good ride; Tommy Sherman, after a tour, finished with the wonderful ride of 2.23.3, an improvement of over 6 minutes. The handicapping committee thought that he had been put away from handicaps this year, but he gained first—and well he merited it! Second prize went to George Farr, who improved to 2.24.6; and Ernest Green, with a ride of 2.38.10, won third prize. Our Captain, George Connor, in tight's for the first time this season, came in with 2.29.4, and that was all he hoped to do—beat evens.

Harold Kettle timed, and it is pleasing to see his regular visits to club life again. Ted Cody was at the start, and he toured the course with Bert Green. (The writer made an unfortunate mistake last month, Ted has been to every race this year).

	Hcp.	No Man's	25 $\frac{3}{4}$	N.M.H.	Actual
		Heath			
1. T. Sherman	7	40 mins.	1.14 $\frac{1}{4}$	1.53	2.23.3
2. G. Farr	7	41 "	1.13	1.53	2.24.6
3. E. R. Green	17	41 $\frac{1}{2}$ "	1.18 $\frac{1}{2}$	2.2	2.38.10
4. W. G. Connor	5	41 $\frac{1}{2}$ "	1.15 $\frac{1}{2}$	1.57	2.29.4
Fastest—E. Haynes	1	39 $\frac{3}{4}$ "	1.11	1.50	2.18.8

Spoke trouble, punctures, etc., caused the retirement of Reeves, Rock, Thomas and Carr.

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ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

FORMED MARCH, 1879.

MONTHLY CIRCULAR

Vol. XXXIV.

No. 392.

FIXTURES FOR OCTOBER, 1938.

Tea at 6-0 p.m.

Oct.	1	Halewood (Derby Arms)	Light up at 7-51 p.m.
"	5	Committee Meeting 7-30 p.m. (Victoria Hotel, St. John's Lane, Liverpool)	
"	8	Thornton-le-Moors (Letters Inn)	6-5 "
"	15	Highwayside (Travellers' Rest)	5-48 "
"	22	Acton Bridge (Leigh Arms)	5-32 "
"	29/30	Autumnal Tints Tour, Llanarmon D.C. (West Arms)	5-18 "
Nov.	5	Halewood (Derby Arms)	5-4 "

Alternative Fixtures.

Oct.	1	Goostrey (Red Lion)	7-51 "
"	29	Northwich (Crown & Anchor)	5-18 "
Nov.	5	Goostrey (Red Lion)	5-4 "

Full Moon 17th inst.

Summer Time Ends 2nd October.

Members attending Northwich on 29th October are requested to order their requirements on arrival.

NOTICE.

All communications should be addressed to the Editor, 45 Carlton Road, Birkenhead. They should be written legibly, on one side of the paper only, and should bear the name of the sender.

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.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS. Mr. J. J. Salt, 54 Church Avenue,
Rayners Lane, Pinner, Middlesex.

Members attending Northwich on 29th October are
requested to order their requirements on arrival.

H. W. POWELL,
Hon. General Secretary.

EDITORIAL.

For the second month in succession these pages of our *Circular* are saddened by the passing of a loved one—our revered Bob Knipe has been suddenly called along the Unknown Way.

To us of the younger fraternity, Bob was just a fine old man. In his racing days we never knew him, yet his enthusiasm for the speed game—even forty years after—was so lasting, so intense, as to leave ours far behind. May we remember him as the last Old Stager who cycled? We knew Bob better as a Treasurer, and surely no club had a better custodian of the money bags, nor a finer collector of those dilatory subscriptions that almost refuse to come rolling in. How many have consistently delayed paying their subscriptions, that they may receive on Christmas Eve the annual masterpiece from Bob?

All that now has gone, and Anfield must be thankful for the help from him in the forty years that have passed. The sporting world mourns the passing of a fine Anfielder, and every Anfielder has lost a noble friend.

IN MEMORIAM.

ROBERT LASCELLES LEIGH KNIPE.

It is with intense sorrow that we announce the sudden passing of our Treasurer and one of the finest Anfielders of all time, Robert Lascelles Leigh Knipe. "Bob" was cycling along the East Lancashire Road on the afternoon of Wednesday, September 8th. Of that much we are sure, the remainder is merely surmision. It was raining, and in the blustering wind Knipe was having trouble with his cape. What happened afterwards we do not know, but a motorist who was following, and a lorry driver travelling in the other direction both affirm that Bob fell from his machine, presumably with the cape around his head or neck. It is reasonably certain that the bicycle was not touched until Bob had fallen, when it was flung beneath the wheels of the following car. Our Treasurer was so injured that he passed away less than a day later in Whiston Infirmary.

R. L. L. Knipe joined the Club in 1898, and after making a success of the boxing and swimming sports he intended to make a success of cycling. He did, and his performances in the late years of last century and the early years of this were outstanding. On the books of the R.R.A., Knipe's name stands in the records of the Liverpool—Edinburgh bicycle and tandem bicycle records; London to Liverpool tandem bicycle; and the London to York tandem bicycle.

In northern spheres Bob was the first to set up a northern unpaced "100," which he covered in 5.31.52 in 1900. Yet Bob's finest performance was the "24" of 1902, when he ran out time with 406½ miles. Although ranking as a paced performance, the ride was mostly without assistance, and it was not for over 30 years later that the 400 was beaten on northern roads.

Bob Knipe was elected a Life Member of the Club at the A.G.M. of January, 1936, and the end of this year would have seen his Silver Jubilee as Treasurer, an occasion that we had long in contemplation for a presentation and some ceremonial. Yet it was not to be.

Among Anfield representatives at the funeral were D. J. Bell, E. J. Cody, S. J. Buck, G. B. Burgess, E. Byron, F. Chandler, F. J. Cheminais, W. G. Connor, C. E. Elias, J. H. Fawcett, J. S. Jonas, W. H. Kettle, F. H. Koenen, F. Marriott, G. Molyneux, D. C. Rowatt, A. E. Preston, J. Seed, G. Stephenson, W. T. Venables, P. Brazendale. Mr. F. Slemen, of the East Liverpool Wheelers was also present.

R. LEIGH KNIPE.

By FRANK ROSKELL.

My friendship with Bob Knipe dated back to the late nineties when he first joined the Club and, although we have rarely met during the last twenty-five years, his sad death came as a great shock to me. I saw him as recently as last month at the B.R. "100" but only had time for a few words and to sympathise with him on the loss of another old stager—his Routledge bicycle.

Bob was a sportsman in the best sense of the word and I think in his prime he was the strongest rider we have ever had. This due to his indomitable pluck, for he was anything but a "stylist," flogging his machine and taking such a lot out of himself. He told me once that he often finished a race, head down and his eyes on the grass by the roadside and utterly at the mercy of any obstruction he might have met.

Strangely enough, although a very clean-living and athletic man, he was generally a bit late in getting fit and this is my excuse for saying that in the early "fifties" of those years, he and I were keen rivals, finishing in about 2.40 to 2.45, but I think he always beat me. Grand scraps they were and of course later in season I couldn't hold a candle to him.

Talking of his pluck, and I am sure he would not mind a slightly humorous note, I remember he had been not too well before one of his 24's, but insisted on starting. He suffered agonies for the first few hours but improved with his mileage and did a wonderful ride for those days. For years after he used to joke that a "24" was the finest cure for that complaint!!

I remember also his titanic struggle with his great rival W. R. Oppenheimer, a quondam tandem partner of the Master, in the "24" of circa 1902. (Of course in the more exciting days when competitors all started together, tandem-paced). I was waiting for him at the Raven with a spare machine and a rice-pudding on the handlebars, as I knew they might arrive together and could not afford to dismount. As a matter of fact he had finally got away from Oppenheimer at Nantwich and ran out his twelve near Tern

Hill. I can see him now, apparently whacked to the world, lying on the grass by the roadside in his black and blue tights and eating the pudding while I massaged his legs. But he did a wonderful second twelve and, if I remember rightly, topped the four hundred that day for the first time.

Yes, Bob was a great cyclist and of course this is by no means intended as a relation of his many successes. But I think that, in addition to his shortcomings in style, he further handicapped himself by experiments in his cycling, though his machines were always admirably turned out by his great friend the late H. P. Routledge. For instance, he raced several seasons on what we called "soled-and-heeled" puncture-proof tyres, made by our late member, Joe Butler, of Altrincham. These had strips of toughened leather inside the treads and must have had an enormous "slowing" effect. He actually used these in the "24" I have just referred to. And then there was the Bricknell Hand Gear on which he raced under the aegis of Goss Green and Tommy Hall, a device which was to have revolutionised cycling but—well, didn't.

When Bob joined the Anfield, after excelling at boxing and swimming and other sports, I remember his telling me that he was taking up cycling as a fresh line—"new fields to conquer," so to speak: but I think our pastime won his great heart. He certainly "conquered" all right and, apart from his interest in swimming, he remained faithful to the wheel all these years. And now we have to face the tragic thought that he even died on his bicycle!

And so passes a great Anfielder.

Byron has received this note from the North Roder,
J. CECIL PAGET.

EATON SOCON,
ST. NEOTS,
HUNTS.

September 13th, 1938.

DEAR BYRON,

It was with great grief I heard of the tragic death of dear old Bob Knipe.

I renewed ancient memories with him and Roskell at your "100" last Whitsun and had a letter from him subsequently.

I would wish to be associated with all his cycling friends in tending my deep sorrow to you Anfielders and to those members of his family with whom you are in touch.

Please convey my sympathy to your Club members and believe me to remain,

Yours sincerely,

J. CECIL PAGET.

"BOB."

The Grim Reaper has been taking heavy toll of our Elder Brethren, and Bob Knipe is now counted with those who have passed out of sight round the inevitable bend in the road. He was a great Anfielder, and his work for the Club must act as a call to each one of us to render some service to the Anfield. We cannot all do the special job which fell to his lot, and which he did so well over a long term of years, but, in one way or another, every member can achieve something—small, and perhaps insignificant, but still *something*—for our grand old Club. To me, that is the lesson of Bob Knipe's life as a cyclist and as an Anfielder.

W.M.R.

BOB KNIPE'S SAD END.

How Bob Knipe met his end on that early September week-day afternoon we shall never know. Few of us even know on what road it took place or how many witnesses saw the tragedy happen. What part did the wind and the cape play in this scene and in how far was the lorry concerned. What mutilation was inflicted on our friend and by what agency?

This is a series of questions all of which might well have been asked and answered in the Press. All that most of us were allowed to know was gleaned from an unsympathetic, unfeeling and even disrespectful narrative in the evening papers, that "the man was wobbling when struggling with his cape."

Thus succumbed after forty years of active membership one of the greatest long distance riders the club has known. His career as a member was a record in itself. He died in harness.

F.H.

The following letter has been received from Mrs. Knipe.

138 MOSCOW DRIVE,
STONEYCROFT,
LIVERPOOL 13,
22nd September, 1938.

THE PRESIDENT AND MEMBERS OF THE ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB.

My son joins with me in thanking the Members for their sympathy shown to us in our very tragic bereavement, and for the very beautiful floral tribute sent us.

Please convey to them our deep gratitude for their kind thought.

Yours very sincerely,

BEATRICE KNIFE.

AT RANDOM.

Bachelors have not had their own way in these pages of late, and now Peter Rock, who is (we sincerely hope) now well on the way to becoming a Benedict, must have been doing a bit of reading:—

Is it true that in our worthy Editor we have the perfect personification of Goldsmith's "Old Batchelor?" Let me explain. During the journey towards "Gay Paree," Marriott was conversing with a Frenchman, on youth, immortality and all that, when our friend the Gaul delivered his judgment; as devoid from tact as any Anfield Editorial. "But you!" he addressed our scribe, "you are not young. You are an old bachelor!"

Goldsmith says : " I behold an old bachelor in the most contemptible light, as an animal that lives upon the common stock, without contributing his share : he is a beast of prey, and the laws should make use of as many stratagems, and as much force to drive the reluctant savage into the toils, as the Indians when they hunt the Rhinoceros. The mob should be permitted to halloo after him, boys might play tricks on him with impunity, every well-bred company should laugh at him, and if, when turned of sixty, he offered to make love, his mistress might spit in his face, or, what would perhaps be a greater punishment, should fairly grant the favour."

Is it true that one of our members, who (we may say) is a Retired Gentleman, and has something of a reputation as a writer and lecturer, and also (we believe) as an occasional visitor to Wales, was recently seen touring through Lancashire, mapless ? Rumour states that he was so much at sea as to the route he should follow on his way from Yorkshire to his home in B-r-m-n-g-h-m that he had to dismount at frequent intervals in order to consult the advertising maps belonging to a well-known cider manufacturing firm, posted on hoardings in various places. We understand that one of these maps was fixed in such a high position that it could not be properly studied, and Ro—sorry ! we mean the member concerned—has written an angry letter relative thereto to the newspapers. All this information comes to us under strictly private and confidential conditions, and we must not, by word or deed, reveal the identity of the individual involved in what we can only describe as a disgraceful state of affairs.

When we saw in *The Times* recently a headline : " Lecturer sent for trial," and noted that a Birmingham man was concerned, we were filled with the most fearful apprehension. We read on, however, and found that the name quoted was not that which we confidently expected to see. (Horrid thought : it might be an alias, or whatever you call it). On mentioning the matter to Chandler, he snorted : " Robinson isn't a lecturer "

A recent *Daily Mirror* poster was simply and solely addressed thus: "To those with a conscience." We happened to be strolling with Kettle at the time, and, when he saw the poster, he grabbed our arm and hurried us across the road, at the same time assuring us that he had the greatest contempt for the newspaper mentioned.

.

Once again the mystic word "Ichabod" springs to our lips. One Saturday during the last month, two distinguished members of our Club, to wit, the Captain and the Editor, arranged to go out the following day with two lesser lights. Did they turn out? Not bloomin' likely!—it was raining. Thus do two intrepid Continental tourists fall from the lofty pedestal upon which their glib fabrications had set them. (Oh!)

.

We should like to know what attraction there is about barmaids that irresistibly draws our young members, and makes them spend so much of their spare time leaning on bars. Or is it that these same members, with low animal cunning dazzle these girls with their well-known charms and thereby get free beer.

.

The manner in which Anfielders rise to exalted positions is really remarkable. While Chandler continues to function admirably, at a princely remuneration, as C.T.C., Chief Consul for Cheshire, it is worthy of note that two other members have been elected to the Joint Selection Committee in connection with the National Organizer for Cycling, namely, Brazendale and Robinson, the latter being Hon. Secretary thereof. Brazendale, of course, is Vice-Chairman of the C.T.C. Council, and, with Robbie, a member of the Finance Committee. How they manage to click for these responsible jobs (which are doubtless well paid) we cannot imagine. The thought of Robinson as a financial expert fairly shakes the world, especially as, on his own admission, he doesn't know the difference (if any) between a Stock and a Share. While, as for Brazendale, he still believes that the words "Not Negotiable," printed on all well-regulated postal orders, mean "Not Negotiable!"

Salty, writing from London, appreciates very much the help extended to him by the Bath Roaders. We appreciate this friendliness to our exile, too.

.

Sid. Carver has gone and done something which we have expected from other newlyweds before now. He has called his house ANFIELD, and he has carved the name himself from a chunk (I nearly said "cob") of oak. Next year we shall see "Anfield," Cherry Garth, Swanland Road, Hessle, near Hull, in the handbook. What about others?

.

Zam Buck tells us that he has not lost interest (it never occurred to us that he had) and we are pleased to know that he keeps fairly well, even though not cycling.

.

F.H., the other day, showed us a letter from Harry Buck to show that he is not dead. This we are pleased to know, and we would love to print the pretty tale with which he concluded his letter—but not this issue, nor next.

.

Harry Austin has joined, we hear, the ranks of the Manchester Anfielders. We hope that his new appointment will be both pleasant and profitable.

.

Our recent note about two members who our late Treasurer wished to see had dire—yet very desirable—effects. It was only by recent chance that we heard of this delightful increase to the Club's coffers. Would anyone else like their name in the papers?

.

When the late Bob Knipe read out the list of the Great Unpaid the other week there was at least one of the following (and many more): journalist; bricklayer; seed seller; wood butcher; clothes dealer (new, we hope). The rest of the vocations we do not know, but seriously, you fellows, what about it?

No longer will mistakes as to correct wear be made by our old friend and member, Frank Chandler. We hear that very recently he took the opportunity of attending a large and fashionable mannequin parade at a local establishment, where, to judge by his happy expression on leaving, he found much to admire and enjoy! (Our correspondent has not told us whether Frank was garbed in his usual town shorts and voracious skull cap or not. Perhaps *he* was in the mannequin parade.—Ed.)

TECHNICAL TOPICS AND TESTS.

THE BUTLIN "BRANCARD" CYCLES.

This invention takes us back to the remarkable Stretcher or Prostrate Bicycles of a few years ago, that caused a furore owing to their speed, but of which little is now seen or heard. We remember that the operator, lying almost full length, adopted a rowing attitude propelling a high geared cycle at great speed while steering by the skies necessitating intimate knowledge of the heavenly bodies. In Holland they were recently re-invented in connection with hand-gearred additional power.

Ignoring the Dutch variation Butlin has added his own variation to the many attractions of Butlin's Camp at Skegness, where hundreds of Sociables with side-by-side seats, crowd the narrow roads north of the town. As in the original the Riders (lollers to be exact) lie prostrate, but now cheek by jowl, male by female. Yet as they cannot be expected to scan the skies, but rather each others eyes, he has provided four wheels to each machine to keep them from pitfalls. At the same time the attitude associated with infirmaries and nursing homes is preserved whereby the couches shield the riders from fatigue and as the machines are geared only in their 'teens, they crawl along allowing conversation of the most intimate nature. The pedals are but little below the pillows and are rotated by the toes of both patients.

On the narrow Roman Banks hundreds of these Invalide Conveyances pack the roads but enjoy immunity from all danger granted by other road users on observing their

seemingly helpless condition. The Lady's Bar is a dummy whereby her hands are raised in an attitude of supplication pitiful to behold and impossible to ignore. Only mixed couples are encouraged by Butlin, who has an eye to future campers. The Chariots are directed towards the only attractions in the villages, namely, the dilapidated but once magnificent churches where these couples go and willy nilly vow their troth. Thus a devout atmosphere is spreading to Butlin, who may at any time be raised to the rank of a secular Bishop. Whenever a cluster of Sociables meet, the Ladies raise their hands from the dummy bars, wave them in the Nazi fashion and yell out : " BLESS BUTLIN."

Anfielders are seldom Pioneers of Revolutionary Cycles. Wallasey Beach would afford excellent display ground, with the Tower-Track to fall back on. The once famous Simpson Tandem Team might well shine in Sociable form but their Wardrobe has become unsuitable. Butlin's Cycling Costume is strictly " negligé " with bare legs, thus against Anfield etiquette.

KNIFE AT WEM IN HIS " 24."
(Bright and Breezy Recollections).

Enthusiasts like Chem and Arthur are never tired of reciting details of this " 24," in which they shone as a pacing tandem Twain.

A few years ago Knife recounted this race as " His Best Ride," and recalled Teddy Worth's amazement at his arrival an hour before expectation.

After seeing him take acid in the early afternoon he certainly had gone through an amazing revival. Teddy, the man in authority, commandeered the Dreadnought as the freshest team for the Welsh Hampton excursion with Staveacre as Mascot nosing over the front bars.

While Knife was washing and feeding at the White Horse I noticed a sturdy and virile but not too juvenile amazon prancing the Corridors in impatient strides loudly muttering : " Wonderful Man that, Wonderful Man."

Cycling Amazons were rare then, and I realized that she would make a ready pedal spinster.

On our return from Welsh Hampton Knipe fell to the tender mercies of Chem and Arthur and the Amazon was still taking stock. I was on the point of offering her the Mascot seat but thought worse of it, showing lack of enterprise after the Welsh journey. Perhaps also the Dreadnought reach was too long.

F.H.K.

ANFIELDERS OVER AGE.

This controversy should be cleared up.

According to our Editor, Charlie Conway celebrated his 80th birthday on March 24th, 1938. We were ill prepared for this for according to the Journalistic Records of 1936, Dave Fell at 77, was our oldest member on June 24th, 1936, when we lost him. Thus he would have been only 79 on Charlie's 80th birthday.

Though it must be admitted to be "a very near thing" either way, Charlie Conway wins at both ends.

F.H.K.

RUNS.

Highwayside, September 3rd, 1938.

"Who the hell is the Editor of the *Circular*, anyway?" These words shot across the smoky atmosphere of the tank just as the lanky form of the scribe himself became entangled in the doorway. An unexpected silence, and then friend Ocky, whom Ken Barton had brought out, with Hubert, stood us drinks all round and all was merry again. Ken Barton told the Editor something about being all over the road, and then Sammy retorted that he owed his subscription, so that he couldn't say much.

The tea was good, although we thought that Eddie Haynes, who had gone off early, had consumed most of it. But he hadn't, and we sat in pleasant contemplation of that full feeling for at least half-an-hour before the said feeling descended slowly. And then we watched Ken and Ocky play with some lovely looking ham and eggs. Between the bites the Editor swanked about evens on the bottom road,

and Vicars Cross being reached about 50 minutes from his home. But he got fed up of the traffic after that, and he meandered through the lanes to Duddon.

Those present were: Rowatt, Haynes, Stephenson, Snowden, Kettle, Elias, Scarff, Roskell, Marriott, Poole, W. Orrell, H. Green, Byron and the aforesaid Barton.

I don't know who was off first, but Ken brought his party out in a nippy looking Lancia, but it was funny to see it list when Hubert spread himself down one side of the car. The tyre almost flattened—but then it would be a queer tyre that stayed put when Hubert was anywhere around, wouldn't it?

Little Budworth, September 10th, 1938.

The fact that Saturday afternoon was warm and sunny made me think that George Connor could not be working late, and as sure as I'm writing this 'ere, it was so. Marriott, Sherman, Williams and I, left our trysting spot and crashed through Chester, actually getting as far as Stamford Bridge before stopping for a cup of tea.

We were just sipping our second cup when Connor arrived. We courteously invited him to partake of our pot when he thereupon asked for a cup and saucer. Here a slight contretemps, or what have you, occurred. The serving wench left the cup by the service door and then vanished. Now this door must have been quite six feet away from our table, but George, brows beetling and chin outthrust *a la Musso*, stood or rather sat his ground, mouthing the most remarkable profanities under his breath—and he's such a nice boy to look at. There was a definite *impasse*. George continued to give a passable impersonation of the Rock of Gibraltar, preferring to die of thirst rather than show any sign of weakness, and but for Frank uncoiling himself and reaching for the cup, he would probably still be there.

We then had a very pleasant ride through Willington to Little Budworth.

Tea was served in bits and pieces, and was rather an expensive meal for what was served, and I personally will think twice before going there again.

Conversation over tea was rather overshadowed by the sad news of dear old Bob Knipe's untimely death, and the realisation of how difficult it will be to fill his place.

Those present at the run were H. Green, Rowatt, Ven., Kettle, Stephenson, Lucas, F. H., W. Orrell, Seed, Poole, Haynes, Farr, Marriott, Connor, Williams, Sherman and Byron.

Farndon, September 17th, 1938.

A long wait at Willaston Corner watching the world of wheels go by and my income slowly dissolve into tobacco smoke, was in vain, and 4-0 p.m. saw me condemned to a lonesome ride. Not feeling in the mood for any detours I wended my way Farndonwards by way of the Park with several stops to on and off cape owing to the vagaries of the climate.

Gliding into the Raven on the flood tide, I joined the President, who was on his way home after a tour in Wales, Hubert Roskell with Brother Frank—adding tone to the occasion with one of his unavoidably infrequent but very welcome appearances—Rowatt and Venables already on the spot. Johnny Band, Seed, Kettle, Scarff and del Banco brought the muster up to ten at zero hour.

During tea Sherman arrived and then the Editor, mumbling oaths about the weather, punctures and speed gear cables.

No sub-captains being present, I very kindly volunteered to collect the dues but, do you know, that horrible man, no names, no pack drill, piled on the agony by ordering me to write up the run as well! Truly my unlucky day.

Conversation naturally turned upon the tragic death of our well-beloved Treasurer, and the conversation was in a subdued vein, the usual light-hearted banter was missing. Johnny Band entertained us with details of his holiday on the East Coast, the food at his "digs." appeared to be Utopian; no doubt our champion gourmets will be tearing up the road in that direction next year.

The Editor has scrounged a week-end at Colwyn Bay and was vainly poring over the map to find a shorter way

than the absolute shortest. Really I can't imagine anyone week-ending at Colwyn Bay without some pressing reason ; she must be a nice girl to attract our Sammy.

Tea over, the Tea Tasters waited for the rain to cease before departing. Sammy for his very doubtful week-end, Sherman, Scarff and del Banco for home. Sherman detached himself at Chester to follow the main Birkenhead Road for the Ferry. Scarff and del Banco continued along the Top Road with a stop to cape up and almost immediately another stop to take them off again, reaching home without further incident.

The small attendance of twelve is no doubt partly accounted for by several members being on holiday but where were the other regulars, surely not the weather ?

Acton Bridge, September 24th, 1938.

I started out for this run rather late and travelled direct. The day was very sticky and so was I by the time I arrived to find the President just putting his tricycle into the garage with Barney's assistance. Ted Byron and Bob Poole arriving, we went inside to have one and were soon joined by Powell, Kettle, Rock, Connor, I. Thomas, Lucas, R. Band and Eric Reeves. Barney gave us the usual good feed and we went downstairs to listen to José, of *Cycling*, on the wireless. Tiring of this we went outside to find it beginning to rain ; Powell and Kettle were first away and I shortly followed on my own, having a very sticky ride home in a cape.

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ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

FORMED MARCH, 1879.

MONTHLY CIRCULAR

Vol. XXXIV.

No. 393.

FIXTURES FOR NOVEMBER, 1938.

Tea at 6-0 p.m.

Nov.	5	Halewood (Derby Arms)	Light up at 5-4 p.m.
..	7	Committee Meeting 7-30 p.m. (Victoria Hotel, St. John's Lane, Liverpool)		
..	12	Farndon (Raven)	4-51 ..
..	19	Acton Bridge (Leigh Arms)	4-42 ..
..	26	Hooton (Hooton Hotel)	4-33 ..
Dec.	3	Halewood (Derby Arms)	4-27 ..
..	5	Committee Meeting 7-30 p.m. (Victoria Hotel, St. John's Lane, Liverpool)		

Alternative Fixtures.

Nov.	5	Goostrey (Red Lion)	5-4 ..
..	12	Holmes Chapel (Swan)	4-51 ..
..	26	Knolls Green (Bird-in-Hand)	4-33 ..

Full Moon 7th inst.

NOTICE.

All communications should be addressed to the Editor, 45 Carlton Road, Birkenhead. They should be written legibly, on one side of the paper only, and should bear the name of the sender.

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 recording the deep regret of the Club, their grateful appreciation of long and valued service and sympathy with the family of the late Mr. R. Leigh Knipe was passed in silence.

Mr. A. Lucas has been appointed Hon. Treasurer.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS. Mr. H. Austin, 123 Walton Road, Sale, Cheshire ; Mr. S. del Banco, 52 Brinstage Road, Bebington ; Mr. H. M. Horrocks, County Surveyor's Office, St. Mary's Gate, Derby ; The Right Hon. Lord Kenilworth, 27 Cumberland Terrace, Regents Park, London, N.W.1.

H. W. POWELL,
Hon. General Secretary.

TREASURY NOTES.

Since the issue of the list published in the *Circular* for September subscriptions and/or donations have been received from the following members, viz :—

H. R. Band.	J. Leece.
E. Bright.	G. B. Orrell.
H. M. Buck.	W. M. Owen.
G. E. Carpenter.	A. G. Preston.
Clifford Dews *	D. Smith.
J. S. Jonas.	J. H. Sunter.
W. C. Tierney.	

* Including Donation.

We extend our sincerest sympathy to Syd. del Banco, whose father passed away recently.

BOB KNIPE—MORE REMINISCENCES.

W. R. Oppenheimer writes from Sussex :

"It was with great sorrow I read in the *Circular* of the passing of Knipe, and I deeply deplore his tragic end.

"I enclose a letter I had from him a few weeks ago—parts of which would no doubt make interesting reading.

"He and I rode in all the Club events of 1900/1901, and only once did I succeed in beating him—in a fifty, when he handicapped himself by using a Bricknell handlebar gear.

"I always considered his 406½ miles for the "24" the finest ride ever done by an Anfielder.

"Altogether a rider to be proud of, and whose memory should live as long as the Club remains.

I am, Yours sincerely,

W. R. OPPENHEIMER."

Bob's letter is worthy of reprinting in full, and we append it below. For enthusiasm and Club loyalty it can hardly be surpassed.

16/8/38.

"DEAR W.R.

Very many thanks for your letter and sub., for which I enclose receipt.

Evidently your mind, like mine, often goes back to the good old days when we scrapped along the Cheshire and Shropshire roads.

They were good days, and we not only raced but took part in all the Club activities and supported the Club Runs loyally.

Unfortunately nowadays a racing man is a racing man first and all the time, and Club fixtures are a matter of secondary importance to many of them. I may be a pessimist in this matter, but I feel that when racing ends for many of them, Club membership will also lapse. Very different from our old motto "Once an Anfielder always an Anfielder," so well borne out by the names in our Year Book,

I hope you are keeping very fit and well, and that life is dealing kindly with you.

I'm thankful to say, that thanks to so many years of practice, I find I can still ride a bit. I toured down to the Bath Road "100," spending a day *en route* visiting the delightful Cotswold villages. After the race I rode on to Frome, and did some village hunting there. Then Wells, etc., and back home through Cheddar, Bristol, Gloucester, etc. On the 7th day I topped the 100 as I wanted to be home early on the eighth, so got to Shrewsbury from 16 miles north of Bristol. I thoroughly enjoyed the tour—the longest I have taken for years, but I could have done with a companion.

I was out checking in the "12" on Sunday, but none of our men distinguished themselves—at any rate none reached me at 218. Jack Salt has moved to London and J. E. Carr wasn't riding, so our two likeliest were absent.

I was sorry to hear on my return of the death of Tommy Royden—you wouldn't know him I think, but he was a real good sort and a great favourite. However, Dave Rowatt and "J.H." are still going strong and we see Venables occasionally, while Pa White, Dave Bell and G. P. Mills are among the everlastings.

With all good wishes,

Yours sincerely,

R. LEIGH KNIPE.

P.S.—I saw Frank Roskell at the B.R. "100" looking well
(Excuse hurried scrawl).

"YE OWLS."

This ancient order held the Michaelmas Goose Feed at "Ye King's Head Hotel," Ivinghoe, on the 15th October.

Sixteen sat down to a delicious Banquet of "Goslings," which were of the usual high quality associated with Ivinghoe; after everyone had a sufficiency the business of the evening began.

The "Archowl" hinted that the time had arrived when he was looking around for a likely successor, but was again elected to this high office, R. S. Maden again elected Scribeowl, and Tiny Osborne the Junior Owl. The most important business was the initiation of two new "Associates." Having been vouched for as "stout fellows," E. B. Marsh, of the North Road C.C. and Walker, of the Century, were duly initiated.

Considering the recent conditions the attendance was well up to average, Hubert Roskell and Urban Taylor were the only Owls from the North, and the gathering appreciated their coming so far to meet their Southern Brethren; J. G. Macdonald, of the Speedwell, represented Birmingham. Others present were Draisey, Dougall, Spango, Mazeppa, Harvey, Boffin, Beauchamp and Frost.

Hubert Roskell hinted that it was desirable a meeting be held in the North, this was discussed, and eventually it was decided the matter be left in the capable hands of Bro. Hubert with a view to arranging something, possibly at Easter.

SEPTEMBER, 1938.

A nation's greed, engendered by a pride in progress,
By step-sires lust for power,
May whip the very flames from hell to earth, and then
transgress,
The day, just for the hour.

The red mist comes again, and once again cool madness
Sits in mighty majesty.
Once again the drum's reverberation leads to sadness
And horror's hollow travesty.
Power from its pinnacle smiles down on desolation
When heaped upon another,
And every mother's son has just this consolation—
The slain was someone's brother.
And now what's gained if after years of bloody violence,
The lessons taught are lost:
The conflagration's trail of terror, death and pestilence
Was just two tin swords crossed,

Come, snatch the faggot from the burning pile—
Make a torch worth while
A flame enduring—no termination to the lease
The Sacred Flame of Peace!

S.T.C.

(Editor's Note.—This *Circular* is not so much a record of cycling activities, as activities of a cycling club's members, no matter in what direction they lie; and we are pleased to print the above from Sid Carver's pen. Below will be found another effort in a lighter vein.)

THE OYSTER.

O! Thou thing of succulent delight,
Thy flavoured nectar from King Neptune's Court,
Is essence of a piscatorial night.
Thee, and thy four brothers have I bought,
And so, wooed to thy last long rest
By champagne's effervescent song,
Know this gourmet has taken of the best,
With ne'er a sweeter bivalve o'er his tongue.

S.T.C.

AT RANDOM.

Newspaper headline:—"Charge of murdering a journalist." Percy Brazendale, who is friendly with Robinson and Harold Moore, sees no reason whatever why certain journalists he could name should not be murdered. He asserts that "he's all for it"—and the sooner the better.

Advertisement:—"Eat more tripe." One of "ours," who insists on contributing to this "rag," paraphrases this by saying: "Read more tripe," and he adds that, if "you fellows" (as the late W. P. Cook liked to call his colleagues) will only read it, he'll undertake to write it.

We gather that "Swearfainer" (himself) is so busy nowadays that he has had to invest in an additional typewriter. He is using one machine for his private letters and the other for his literary (?) work, and he is such an expert (Advt.) that he is able to operate both type writers simultaneously.

KNOWLEDGE TESTS.

(With acknowledgments to the newspaper which invented this particular form of nuisance).

How much do you know? *Do you know anything at all?* If so, have a stab at the following knowledge tests, crossing out the words which you think, in your wisdom, are not applicable. Big money prizes are offered for the best answers, but it is not proposed to award them, having regard to the urgent personal needs of the Editor.

George Newall buys his clothes from :—Ray & Miles—Marks & Spencer—Laurel and Hardy—Lamport & Holt—Hubbard and Martin—Thompson & Capper—Stead, Taylor & Stead—C. & A. Modes.

Hubert Roskell is a :—Millionaire—Lion-tamer—Shorthand typist—Ferry-boat captain—Inspector of drains—Night-watchman—Milliner—Purser of R.M.S. "Pathetic."

Frank Marriott writes for :—*The Times*—*The Boole Gleaner*—*Peg's Paper*—*The Bicycle*—*The New York Herald* (Paris Edition)—*The Farmer and Stock Breeder*—*The Flaybrick Hill Recorder*.

"Wayfarer" is the pen-name of :—The Archbishop of Canterbury—The Great Dane—Neville Chamberlain—J. B. Priestley—The Chief Rabbi—Winston Churchill—Lord Nuffield—J. L. Garvin—Adolph Hitler—Jack the Ripper—General Nuisance—Major Road-Ahead.

The end-to-end record is held by :—Frank Roskell—Frank Southall—Frank Chandler—Frank Slemen—The Aga Khan—Sid Jonas—Sid Capener—Sid Vanheems—Dick Ryalls—Percy Brazendale—Percy Beardwood—Bill Sikes—Bill Posters.

F. J. Cheminais is a native of :—Mesopotamia—Magnesia—Neurasthenia—Polynesia—Hydrophobia—Sanatogen—Paregoric—Cascara Sagrada.

The longest river in the United Kingdom is the :—Fender—Ceiriog—Thame—Ribble—Alt—Blackwater—Dart—Itchen.

Lake Bala is in :—Wales — Italy — West Kirby — Wensleydale — Mull — Finland — Stow-on-the-Wold.

"The Pilgrims Progress" was written by:—Mrs. Malaprop—Marie Corelli—John Bunyan—John Sunter—S. J. Buck—Harold Kettle—Harold Moore—J. J. Salt—Tom Hughes (of Wigan),—H. W. Powell.

The first Anfielder to discover the Berwyn Mountains was :—Ernest Snowden—J. H. Fawcett—Lord Nelson—Dave Rowatt—Harry Clasper—General Debility.

Arthur Simpson owns :—R.M.S. "Queen Mary"—S.S. "Royal Iris"—New Brighton Light-house—No. 3 Bridge, Liverpool Landing-stage—The Royal Liver Building—A couple of tug-boats.

(More of these next month.)

(But not, we hope, in the *Circular*.—Ed.)

RUNS.

Halewood, October 1st, 1938.

Once again the clouds of circumstance have given way to rays of wondrous hope, and what wish better than to see again the "Derby Arms"—to laugh and drink, and perchance eat?

'Tis done—and Peter failing, held in thrall by some captivating wench, I was saved from lonely journey by one George, a bloke of goodly parts and pleasant countenance who regaled me (and I him) with tales of travel and adventure in far lands, until at last the Mersey ford was reached.

There we did fall in with three of our own cloth, and thus did come to Halewood, where joyous greetings and good ale warmed this ancient heart of mine. I held converse with one Williams, Arthur of that ilk, once a truly surly rogue but now, by some strange advent, a merry wit.

And so to the table, a goodly company, small 'tis true, but like diamonds are to coal: Roskell, Stevie, Morris, Chandler, Scarff, Birkby, Carver, Connor, Marriott, Byron, Williams, Powell, Elias, Kettle, and others.

Here may I chronicle for our absent trencherman's special note—his voracious appetite has not been missed. The scribe himself did well, but the Pharisee—even the "High" Lama himself, consumed before these unastonished optics—pork (a lot), sausages (a few), jugged hare (some), various vegetables, a few morsels of chicken (notably about four legs and seven wings)—and ended this snack with lashings of pie and trifle. (Isn't someone doing a bit of lying?—Ed.)

Sherman, perhaps only as yet an acolyte, did sufficiently well to merit considerable attention, and his evil chuckles punctuated the ensuing conversations. Byron's heart was saddened by the defeat of Red by Blue—and so to the road again.

The city lights—and now to end our journey waterborne. Another day, another time—who knows?

Goostrey, October 1st, 1938.

THE GOOSTREY DINNER.
OPENING OF THE WINTER SEASON.
(VISIONS).

While I, an avowed Spartan, contented myself with a couple of Eggs, the groaning table was spread with Flesh Meats and Sweet Meats of such variety and plenitude that the small attendance of Members could not possibly compensate the hostess for her labours. Even so I do not know the names of all those present, but it was Haynes that took the money and Green that took the Chair.

After dinner and cigars the latter took me into the Stables and Coach House to introduce me to his new Tricycle, upholstered in the Verdant Family Colours to distinguish it from the Red Trappings of that of the House of Orrell. Green's machine is best described as of Spread Eagle Design.

The rear lamps, always a feature in Anfield Politics, are now worked by Rim Friction proving once again that the Anfield moves with the times as well as with the seasons.

I could not help comparing these rank and prime three wheelers with the one I rode in 1887, a Premier Cripper

converted from a Tandem by shedding the Rear Seat, Pedals and Chain. On this Flier I recall sprinting one Saturday afternoon the whole length of Market Street from Lewis's to St. Ann's Square with the acquiescence of the Police. The World was gently dozing then.

Harmless as the feat sounds, it is barely worth quoting alongside the hair raising fables that Hellier used to recount during later periods for the benefit of his non-cycling hearers on his weekend runs or for his business acquaintances in the smoking lounge at lunch time. Pretending casually to relate recent events to his fellow members he left his mark on his hearers by dwelling on the curious fact that he had never learnt to ride a bicycle. Herein lay his secret : that Free from any Cross Current of Bicycle Balance, he the only Virgin Tricyclist of note, possessed the heaven bestowed gift of complete three-wheel-control in the Kingdom of Tricycles.

His pals always stood by him to a man, listening in rapt attention to Hellier's perfect command of the peculiar stutter that lent extra character to his startling details.

The Uninitiated listeners sat spellbound while the Mossos converted them into the faith that here was sate the tongue tied missionary put on earth to display the Miracle of balancing on three wheels. When finally he confided to them that when tried too far, one of these wheels might rise up into the air in vain protest, his description of the way he forced that wheel back to earth sent the audience home utterly bewildered.

Thornton-le-Moors, October 8th, 1938.

" Bleak October brings the blast,
" Hark ! the leaves are whirling fast."

If this couplet is representative of October, then Saturday's weather was certainly true to type. The wind was high and the sun gleamed fitfully from behind the lowering clouds as I sped through the Wirral towards East Cheshire. I had barely passed through Chester when the rain started to add to the discomfort of that bleak Autumn afternoon. Soon I was passing through the storm-ravaged glades of Delamere, on my way to Acton Bridge. Here I

had hoped to meet Green and Stevie for a welcome break, but this was not to be, for the Leigh Arms looked forlorn and almost forbidding through the shroud of heavily falling rain.

Thinking that Green had been delayed by the wind, I hastened on towards Stretton. Here I again drew a blank and as time was now encroaching on my wanderings I turned left into the lanes, reaching the Chester road at Preston-on-the-Hill. The wind had now backed somewhat to the South-East, making the ride through Frodsham and Helsby much easier than I had anticipated.

On reaching the arterial road I met Kettle leisurely rolling along on threewheeler. When our destination was reached we found Chandler guarding the fire from any unwarranted intrusion, yet eagerly awaiting the chime which would declare the hatches off.

It was the small select company of ten which sat down to enjoy a pleasant and well-served meal ere turning forth once more to do battle with the elements. Those present were our Presider, Bert Green; Stevie, Kettle, Powell, Chandler, Ned Haynes and Ernest Green, while the much-vaunted Tea-Tasters could only show "Twinkle Fingers," our tame Editor, Ken Barker, fresh from a Highland tour, and Peter Rock, making one of his all too infrequent appearances.

Highwayside, October 15th, 1938.

"Ichabod." This is indeed a story of departed glory. The worthy Editor phoned me on Saturday morning, and after talking for nearly ten minutes about everything in general and nothing particular, was about to ring off when the real reason for phoning me suddenly occurred to him. "Will you write the run for me this afternoon or get someone else to do it, as I shall not be out myself, I am going to learn to drive the 'outfit.'"

Being an obliging sort of chap, I said I would.

Now the "outfit" referred to is not, as one may imagine, a covered wagon or anything like that, but a car

which he has recently acquired. Now when one such as he, an intrepid continental traveller, ex-racing man and cycling journalist takes to petrol, others cannot be blamed for forming their own opinions. But I understand the reasons for getting a car are purely unselfish and not, as has been suggested in some quarters, that he can now write for the motoring papers with a clear conscience.

But I am straying away from the subject, it was the run I was asked to write. Saturday saw me ploughing a lonely furrow again to the corner, as I cannot say what has happened to friend Arthur Hughes, who used to be such a regular attender at Club runs. He seems to have deserted us altogether lately. What "abart" it, Yosser? As it is my prerogative, I arrived at the corner ten minutes late and found Byron and Williams waiting there. We happened to mention about the new car owner in the course of conversation when who should roll up but Sammy himself, complete with chauffeur and "larnar" plates. There were loud guffaws from those present and all wanting to know "what the 'ell." He declined to discuss matters with us common cyclists and drove off making a rude gesture as he went.

Peter Rock caught us up at the Two Mills and at Chester it was decided that a cup of something or other would be welcome, and so we stopped at Dunning's. The nearest way to Highwayside was taken and we arrived there just before lighting up, having passed Jack Seed in Tarpорley.

Twelve had been ordered for and fourteen turned up. Those present were H. Green, Stephenson, Rowatt, Venables E. Green, Snowden, W. Orrell, Williams, Byron, Rock, I. Thomas, Seed, Connor and Kettle.

As the winter seems to be approaching a hot meal was provided and an excellent meal it was too. Twelve dishes of vegetables were counted on the table which between fourteen was not too bad. A dish of "roasters" was actually left and we had thought of taking some home to Sammy, but as there was no newspaper available to wrap them up in, we regretfully abandoned the idea.

The party dispersed shortly after seven and a pleasant ride home followed, although I distinctly remember one member of the party remarking that he was not feeling very fit.

It is so—er—breathtaking to receive TWO reports of one run that we cannot but publish both. The reason for this amazing rush into print will be noticed.—Ed.

Highwayside, October 15th, 1938.

My faith in human nature, rudely battered by European affairs in recent weeks, received its final, irrevocable knock-out blow this afternoon. We were waiting at Willaston when the calm of the pleasant countryside was shattered by an unearthly, soul-shattering din—a foul smelling Juggernaut, blazoned with "L's" crashed past us, and pulled up with an eldrich (do you mean eldritch?—Ed.) shriek. And who do you think climbed down out of this contraption? None other than Marriott, the cycling journalist par excellence, he with a penchant for loneliness and rough stuff! Surely not, thought I, but my worst fears were realized. Showing no embarrassment, but a chic open neck shirt, he glibly asked us "What do you think of the outfit?" but I was too full for words—the iron had entered my soul.

But this is an account of the Club run. Giving Frank a good start, for we were desirous of reaching Highwayside, we had a pleasant ride under a mellow October sun, and reached the Traveller's Rest about 5-45. The President made a popular move towards the bar, and his "What's yours?" was generally accepted. The whistle having went, we trooped into the Assembly Rooms, and did our poor best to cope with the mammoth masses of food put before us. I noticed, with an admiring eye, the effort Stevie made to nullify the absence of Frank Marriott and Salty, his trencher work was a masterpiece, quiet but effective.

The roll call consisted of the President, Dave Rowatt, Ven, Kettle, Stevie, Seed, Wilf Orrell, Snowden, E. R. Green, Thomas, Williams, Rock, Byron and Connor:

The meal over, the company dispersed one by one, the four Tea Tasters leaving last. The only thing of note on the return journey was that Williams was compelled to stay in front so that he wouldn't be dropped; he's not as fit as he used to be—I wonder why?

Acton Bridge, 22nd October, 1938.

Ideal cycling conditions are a rarity in this climate of ours: that they should coincide with a Saturday afternoon is quasi-miraculous. It was therefore with great *joie de vivre* (joy of living) that I swung into the saddle and made for that delightful labyrinth, the Cheshire Lanes. With cunning foresight I had arranged to meet the Presider. He always knows the way and is never late for tea, whereas you could start me in the direction of Acton Bridge at any given spot on any Cheshire lane and I would guarantee to be back at that spot an hour or so later, having pedalled round in circles, figures of eight and all sorts, forever sure that the next few hundred yards or so would see me dropping down the hill with the Bridge in sight. This kind of thing is apt to cause considerable delay, so the Presider's extensive topographical knowledge comes in very useful.

On our arrival at the 'Hôtel' (Hotel) we found Will, Orrell and George Farr already in possession of the bar parlour. Soon we were joined by Captain Kettle, Bob Poole and Eric Reeves. Eric, despairing of ever doing a 4.20 'Cent' (Hundred) on his ordinary bicycle, has bought a motor ditto and has assured himself of plenty of practice thereon before next season by choosing for the object of his affections a lady who lives at Crewe. Peter Rock had bad news (for us) from Jack Salt, who hopes to find a job down South and make his home there. Perhaps we shall still see him riding in the 'Hundred.'

As we trooped in to tea through the Bar the Editor caught my eye and I was immediately condemned to write up the run. It's a pity he's so tall; you can't get out of his sight. The idea of disguising oneself as a different guest each Saturday presents itself, but seems rather impracticable. Appearing with the right hand tightly swathed in bulky bandages is another. A nonchalant "lost four fingers at the mill this week" would soon stop him at his little game. It would also dispense with the use of the right hand glove in cold weather, but as the left is lost as often as the right this would appear to be only a limited advantage. Surrounding our common enemy, like waves lapping round a lighthouse, and lapping in more senses than one, were George

Connor, Perkins, Byron, Ken Barker, Snowden and Charlie Randall, our erstwhile record breaker, looking very *frais e rose* (fresh and rosy) after his sharp walk from Chester.

Barney put on one of his best meals. Just as I was about to be served a flushed and panting Stevie arrived, sat down beside me and was given the plate of eats which would have been mine had he not arrived just then and sat down beside me, on the wrong side of me from my point of view. He had been held up for three-quarters of an hour in Warrington, first by the football crowd and then by the bridge, and didn't get through until twenty-five to six. Well, they don't open until half-past five, so we may believe him and sympathise with him. The conversation ran from the forthcoming Tricycle Association Lunch to Petronella, to girl cyclists in general and therefrom to the *rencontres sentimentales routieres* (sentimental roadside encounters) of the Presider and Mr. Snowden. After detailed accounts of the why, when and wherefore of these *affaires de coeur* (affairs of the heart) we learned that both our stalwart *exponents de tricyclette* (tricycle exponents) had managed to extricate themselves before total embroilment. *Pourquoi?* (why). What an anti-climax!

Before setting off for a very enjoyable ride home Stevie and the Presider spent quite a long time persuading each other to let work go hang for a few days in order to lengthen their Autumnal Tints Tour. It's a pity that we can't all do that kind of thing. These fellows on three wheels seem to have all the luck!

And so home, after spending an afternoon awheel such as fills us full of pity for those who indulge in other forms of week-end recreation. After all, look what they're missing.

Llanarmon, West Arms, October 29/30, 1938.

This tour, as far as the writer is concerned, may be said to have started on the Friday evening, when the Master arrived at Wallasey, and stayed the night. The following day, having picked up Chem at Park Station, we duly arrived at Chester in time for a snack lunch, and the usual

financial syndicate was re-floated. For some time now Chem has arrogated to himself the position of Hon. Treasurer. Now, although not even the vaguest hint has passed our lips (being two perfect little gentlemen) it has not escaped our notice that a certain, though indefinable, aura of opulence appears to envelop Chem like a mantle. Mind you, I would not for the world cast the slightest aspersion—it may be pure imagination—but I feel the matter all the more keenly in that this lucrative position, with the perks attaching thereto, was ruthlessly snatched out of my own hands at the beginning of the season, and, try as I would, I have been utterly routed in my attempts to recapture it.

We eventually arrived at the venue, and in due course found ourselves in the tap room surrounded by the village locals, but, alas, no sign of the erstwhile doyen of the *estaminet*, Mr. Howard, he having disposed of his interest, and retired to his native town. We greatly missed the old landmark, and his vocal efforts, but, due to the mellowing influence of the bar, managed to bear up. It was during this process that a Russian Noble (or so it seemed) burst in upon us. Encased in priceless ermine and sables from head to foot, he was a formidable spectacle and struck us with terror, more especially as it was seen that his person was festooned with countless wildfowl which he had just slaughtered at a number of his shoots. Careless hints were thrown out suggesting how this game should be disposed of, but they met with a cool, not to say, frigid reception. Having disembarassed him of the weighty paraphernalia the man himself emerged—Clifford Dews. His first action was a worthy one, and one which met with universal acclaim—he stood a round, after which we adjourned for supper, about 17 strong (or weak). The President read out a couple of messages he had received from dear old Crow and Bill Jones, wishing to be remembered to all.

A sojourn to the lounge disclosed the fact that the piano had evidently been discreetly removed, so that the soul-stirring and uplifting anthems which used to be featured by our young bloods with such devastating abandon were unfortunately conspicuous by their absence. Chem and F.H. however, stepped nobly into the breach, the former regaling us with such old favourites as "Onions" (made somewhat pathetic by the prolonged famine in the Spanish

type of that succulent fruit), "Evings' dorg 'orspital" and "Coming Home." Age does not wither, etc. F.H. favoured us with what was to me a new recitation in the style which he has made peculiarly his own, with great acceptance.

An adjournment to the bar proved that the new Manager Mr. Doyle (who, together with his charming wife, did everything for our comfort) was quite alive to the importance of drinkable liquids—a great improvement on the slops of yesteryear. And so to bed after a jolly evening wherein Cliff (I understand part proprietor) among others, had proved himself a born raconteur of those spicy, snappy, but of course, entirely innocuous narratives which owe their accouchement to the Cotton Market, and the S.E.

The Sunday morning turned out to be a perfectly charming one, a condition which prevailed all day enabling everybody to put a most enjoyable culmination to the week-end.

It only remains for me to say that the new management has, in the short time at its disposal, made some striking improvements, while still retaining the salient features of an old-time inn, and to extend to all concerned, on behalf of the Club, our sincere good wishes for future success.

Present :—The Presider, Stevie, F.H., Chem, Chandler, Powell, R.J. Austin, Connor, Marriott, Byron, R. Band, Haynes, Farr, Thomas, Randall, C. Dews and A. T. Simpson,

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ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

FORMED MARCH, 1879.

MONTHLY CIRCULAR

Vol. XXXIV.

No. 394.

FIXTURES FOR DECEMBER, 1938.

Tea at 6-0 p.m.

Dec.	3	Halewood (Derby Arms)	Light up at 4-27 p.m.
..	5	Committee Meeting 7-30 p.m. (Victoria Hotel, St. John's Lane, Liverpool)				
..	10	Farndon (Raven)	4-24 ..
..	17	Hooton (Hooton Hotel)	4-23 ..
..	24	Chester (Talbot)	4-26 ..
..	26	Highwayside (Travellers Rest) Lunch 1-30 p.m.	4-27 ..
..	31	Acton Bridge (Leigh Arms)	4-31 ..
1939						
Jan.	7	Halewood (Derby Arms) Annual General Meeting Tea 5-30 p.m.	4-40 ..

Alternative Fixtures.

Dec.	10	Goostrey (Red Lion)	4-24 ..
..	17	Knolls Green (Bird-in-Hand)	4-23 ..
..	24	Lymm (Spread Eagle)	4-26 ..
		Full Moon	7th inst.

NOTICE.

All communications should be addressed to the Editor, 45 Carlton 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 Alfred Lucas, 85 Langdale Rd., Liverpool, 15, 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.

THE ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING will be held after Tea at Halewood on 7th January. Any Member having any matter which he wishes to be included on the Agenda should let me have particulars not later than 21st December.

MEMBERS attending Chester on December 24th are requested to order their requirements on arrival.

TEA AT HALEWOOD on Saturday, 7th January, will be at 5-30 p.m.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS. Mr. Hubert Buckley, 253 Parll Lane, Macclesfield; Mr. J. S. Jonas, 6 Beechway, Lower Bebington; Mr. F. H. Wood, Arosfa, Dolgellay.

H. W. POWELL,

Hon. General Secretary.

TREASURY NOTES.

We have pleasure in reporting the receipt of quite a large number of subscriptions and some donations during the month. The list of those still outstanding however, is much too long. May we ask that members who have not yet paid will send their subscriptions along at any rate before Christmas, so that when the books are closed on the 31st December there is not one subscription outstanding?

S. H. Bailey.	A. Hughes
Brian Band (1938-39)	W. C. Humphreys.
E. Buckley.*	D. M. Kaye.
E. Byron.*	D. C. Kinghorn.
G. B. Burgess.	Harold Moore.
J. Fowler.	W. M. Robinson.
W. G. Glendinning	D. C. Rowatt.*
E. M. Haslam.	W. Threlfall.

* Indicates Donations.

ABOUT SUBSCRIPTIONS.

With this issue of the *Circular* some of our readers will get red slips. Owing to the demise of Bob Knipe, they would have had them last month, but with the change-over a month went by, and the hope was expressed that maybe some of the malingerers would appreciate what a Treasurer's job at the end of the season represents, and send their subs. without delay. Strangely enough, they didn't.

At last Committee Meeting Lucas read out a list of members (unfortunately there are sufficient to make a list), and unless something shows very soon, there'll be a lot of letters to write. These members don't forget about the Anfield, for the Editorial Department hears from some of them a good deal. Don't they realise that if everyone played the same game there would soon be no *Anfield Circular*, and soon after that no Anfield at all? And for the benefit of those who don't see us much, we would say that some of our exiles are the best and quickest payers. Some there are, unfortunately, who are not endowed with this world's goods to any extent, but they do not comprise, by any means, more than a slight fraction of the list. If you cannot pay just now, will you please write and say so. If you can, will you please do so now? Your action will save a letter in any event. A contemporary publishes a list of those who haven't paid, but we won't do it, as it doesn't seem to have the slightest effect.

ANFIELD SICK LIST.

Harry Buck, our Vancouver representative, has been stricken down on a bed of ailment by command of his doctor, who has forbidden him all violent pursuits like bathing with blondes, to give his heart complete rest. He can no longer keep up with Arthur Simpson, whose long avowed and well conceived sentiment "*Entre ces deux mon coeur balance*" has enabled him to escape all matrimonial bonds or Heart Aches.

Harry Buck, far from being heartless, has suffered from a Flaw in that organ ever since 1901, when it gave way at Doctor's Gate on the Snake Pass on an inter-Club week-end with the Cheadle.

The Sunday Morning Romp lay over the Glossop Moors to the Snake Inn, but both Harry and Jim Craig came to grief round the deadly bend named after the Medical fraternity so often called in to revive the victims. Both riders blamed their brakes and as both cycles emerged weak-kneed from the fray, Harry and Jim took to footwork ever since, the former becoming a household figure among the Snowdon Range.

A. J. JACK.

Dave Rowatt sends a note of the passing of A. J. Jack towards the end of October. Jack will only be remembered by the Elder Brethren, for he passed from the Club towards the end of last century. He was one of the founders of the Bootle Bicycle Club, and joined the Anfield when the members of the former club came over en masse. As an Anfielder Alec Jack will be remembered as the founder of the famous Staffordshire section, which did such great work in records and the like.

Becoming an intimate friend of Billy Toft, Jack was persuaded to throw himself body and soul into speedwork at all distances from 50 miles to 300 miles. Believing himself favoured by the delightful bracing atmosphere of the Cheshire—Staffordshire border, Jack attacked N.R.R.A. records, and he annexed the complete series. It is interesting to list them :

May 18th, 1890—" 100 "—6.58.25.

June 13th, 1890—" 50 "—3.12.43.

September 19th, 1891—" 12 "—156 miles.

September 19th, 1891—" 24 "—286 miles.

Also 12 hours' tandem bicycle—189 $\frac{1}{4}$ miles—on July 7th, 1894, with W. A. Adams (another Anfielder) as partner.

JUBILEE.

This is only to be a short note, for there is little to be said at the moment, but next March sees the sixtieth anniversary of the formation of the Anfield B.C. Plans at the moment are for a dinner to be held somewhere in Liverpool next March (probably at the Stork Hotel) for past and

present Anfielders only. This will be the select "do," and we hope that those who know some of the regiment of past members of our Club will tell them of this—which promises to be a most delightful function. At Whit we shall probably hold what could be called the more public aspect of our celebrations, and the dinner then should be at least as good as the famous event which gave much colour to Whitsuntide, 1929, at Shrewsbury.

Some other Functions.

Writing of our forthcoming Jubilee, prompts some remarks about other pleasant functions that we of the Editorial Department have been attending lately. On a Wednesday in November Slemen (East Liverpool) and Marriott took train to Manchester to meet the Manchester Time Trials Association at their Hot Pot. Bickley was in the chair, and both R. J. Austin and Presider Green said something, so that there was quite an Anfield aspect about the affair.

On another Wednesday a merry party of Anfielders were present at the dinner of the Mersey Roads Club. Snowden was the guest of the evening, and Elias was also responsible for one toast—The Chairman. We, too, were profoundly thankful that Percy Brazendale gave his address in sections, although we were (in quite a small way) disappointed, for on every occasion he rose to speak out came our watches, and he was inside the three minutes every time! The small doses idea is definitely commendable. The lesser lights who were there were Byron, Connor, Preston, Sherman, Marriott, Molyneux.

THREAT TO ANFIELD TOURING GROUND.

The latest stunt in connection with National Defence is the Contemplated Erection of a two-million barracks at Shrivenham with an annexe in Beckett Hall for the Officers' Mess.

"But where on earth lies Shrivenham?" says you.
"Ask the Anfield," says I, "or better still, ask Chem."

For many years the Anfield Editor has published descriptions of the August Bank Holiday wanderings of the Chem Exploration Syndicate around the White Horse, the Uffington Roman Castle, the Ridge Way, the Blowing Stone, the Grave of Boegseeg, the Cave of Wayland, the Dragon's Lair, the Horses Manger, the National Mote Hill, all dragged into the Light of Day, while the Syndicalists barely snatched a wink of sleep or a crust of bread at either Wantage or Fairford or other Refuge Shelter. Who, living in the Vale of the White Horse, does not recall a certain Green Family Coach in Ghostly Form dragging itself along the Unpaved Ridge at stroke of midnight?

Harry Buck reading this will cry out: "Horrible Hardships." But, speaking in all seriousness, it seems very appropriate that this most ancient gathering place of early British Fighting Forces, that could lie hidden unobserved within the overhanging hillside-hollows, should now be called into use to collect a much needed army to defend not only our shores but our vales and downs and ancient highways.

It proves as clear as daylight that when the Anfield Journal speaks even Hore Belisha pricks up his ears and takes notice. As like as not he will pretend to have discovered the place for himself. But what will become of Chem and Arthur? Will they share the fate of Wayland?

THE CEIRIOG A-RUMBLING.

The Anfield have left a deposit at Llanarmon. The "late" Landlord now struts about more flamboyant than ever with the Label: "DOYEN" tied to his tail and his photographs have gone up in price and demand.

On the other hand the Management of the West Arms Hotel are in consultation, the Proprietor having summoned the Board to decide on the best means to counteract the Cognomen "Estaminet" from lowering its status. The Chairman, a much travelled man, apart from being a deadly shot, does not consider this name *le mot juste*.

He recalls having confided to us his matured plan to replace the Glass Corridor by a Sun Lounge and Cocktail

Bar in the style of Gleneagles and looks on Estaminet as a decided Set Back for the winter season.

THIS BLOT WILL TAKE SOME MOPPING UP.

Yet that is not all : We refer to the unhappy description of the proprietor's name as

DOYLE.

The name over the door is that of Harold Doel, pronounced

DO WELL.

It is evident that the Anfield Reporter failed to stand on end and take notice. A poor return for having had allotted to himself, single handed, the erstwhile Triple Guests Chamber.

Who then was Doyle? Reverting to a certain Irish Tour, a dozen years since, we remember a Taxi containing Murphy, F.H. and Arthur, taking part with tyres so slack that it resembled a Surf Boat. On the top of some Irish Pass a halt was called and a group of ladies beamed on us. "These are Doyle," cried Murphy, but for once Arthur failed to be his gallant self. Soon after that the Free State cut the painter and broke adrift.

ALL TOO OFTEN.

And then she smiled—it seemed an age
Before I saw those lovely teeth.
I somehow felt I'd torn a page
From some old tome, and found beneath
An invitation to Romance—
A shy inviting maiden's glance.
But when she spoke—no silver tones,
Nor wisdom's pearls for me to hear,
But with the first of giggling groans
The smile became a horrid leer,
The voice I thought would charm me more
Was like a cinder 'neath the door!

S.T.C.

QUERY.

Some folks there are, who think the works of
Stratford's famous poet
Were scribbled under nom de plume, so London
wouldn't know it,
Was a blasé old first nighter, a shy of limelight,
timid blighter,
Yet were this so, there is a point we think that has
been missed :
Who was it in the cottage by Miss Hathaway
was kissed ?
Was it Bill—or Frank, the writer—who was bitten
—who the biter ?

S.T.C.

AT RANDOM.

It has just come to the notice of one of our members that the surname of Mr. Geoffrey Dawson, Editor of *The Times*, used to be "Robinson," and the said member (whom we steadfastly refuse to name) is bucked no end. That is all very well, but can Robinson—sorry! we didn't mean to give the name of our member—can the member to whom we have made reference tell us why Mr. Dawson swopped over? We have a pretty shrewd idea!

A Liverpool correspondent of *The Cyclist*—one of Brazendale's "lambs," we suspect—asserts that Robert Stephenson's tubular bridges at Conway "were the first of their kind in England." This is another injustice to Wales, but it is not to be compared with the gross injustice committed by one of our members who, in preparing a lantern lecture entitled "The English Wonderland," included in it vast chunks of Wales, Scotland, and even Ireland. We think it a profound shame and disgrace that geography is no longer taught in our schools.

Fashion note for men. (Copyright).

Jackets will be worn longer this winter. So will trousers. So will hair.

We understand that one of our regular contributors is gravely offended because the author's initials were appended to certain items which appeared in last month's issue of the *Circular*, while his own lucubrations were printed, as usual, anonymously. The complainant, who admits that he is subject to severe attacks of jealousy—and who adds that he would not debase his pen (or his typewriter) by composing poetry—is to be appeased only by our agreeing to add his initials, which he states are "A.B.F.," at the end of all his future contributions. We shall certainly have to see what can be done about this—when contributions from other sources begin to fail us!

On his way home from the Armistice Celebrations on Great Gable, an annual ceremony attended by Chandler each year, our late Editor called on Crompton Humphreys and his charming wife at Preston. C.-H., who desires to be remembered to all the boys, looked remarkably well preserved. He has recently put all records in the shade by cycling in one day from Fairbourne, near Barmouth, to his home north of Preston, some 120 odd miles. This is something to be proud of, let alone one who is not so young as he used to be. All hail, C.-H., and may you have many more years of cycling!

F.H., on his return from the Tints with the other "syndicalists," did not fare too well in the Tanat valley. The Wynnstay at Llanrhaiadr was a closed door, and the Green Inn nearer England also did not like the look of Arthur Simpson, with that awful hat of his. They should have tried the lovely Horseshoe Inn at Llanyblodwell. It is a half-mile from the main road, on the river's bank; it is old, the rooms are small, and there is some lovely old brasswork on the beams. But the food is great, but what is greater is that that inn is in England! Did F.H. not realise that delightful fact, or did he go there after all?

TRICYCLE ASSOCIATION CLOSING RUN.

Holmes Chapel, 6th November, 1938.

A record number of 57 members and friends met at the Swan Hotel for the annual prize-giving. After the usual excellent lunch the business part of the meeting commenced. Snowden of "Ours" was in the chair, and after outlining the season's activities, called on Secretary Littlemore to present the full report. Mrs. Bracewell then presented the prizes.

Other Anfielders present were H. Green and Rigby Band. Also present were Tuplin, of the Gomersal, Shaw and another from the Palatine on tandem-tricycle, J. R. Williams of the Mersey R. C. and a good crowd of Liverpool Century and Cheshire Roads boys.

RUNS.

Halewood, November 5th, 1938.

The Anfielders forgather—the traveller comes to the inn—one Chandler and his strange clothing—
The Anfielders depart.

1. AND there were in that country men who bestrode strange engines, and they were known as Anfielders.

2. These men did forgather at divers inns¹ to eat and drink, and make merry with their friends.

3. And on the sixth day of the first week in the eleventh month did they meet at an inn named Derby Arms in the village of Halewood.

4. Upon this day there came to this inn one journeying from a far country, and lo, the sun shone² so that he waxed thirsty :

5. And behold, the traveller fell into temptation in that inn and drank of the wine, so that he was drunk.

6. And it came to pass that, at the eighteenth hour, the company did rise and eat, and their bellies were filled.

7. But the traveller being drunk, did promise to record the doings of this meeting. This is his record, and lo, his record is true.

8. There were present, gathered together in one place, Rowatt, and Stephenson, the son of Stephen : Powell, and Lucas, the son of Light : Roskell and Cheminai : Chandler, the son of Paraffin, and Kettle, the son of Pot : Connor, and Scarff, the son of Silk : Randall, and Rock, the son of Stoney : Byron, and Williams, the son of William : Marriott, and Jones, the son of John : Perkins, the son of Perkin and Morris, the son of Minor : Burgess and divers others.

9. And he that bore the name of Chandler, the son of Paraffin, was clothed in apparel strange to that country, so that all men laughed him to scorn, saying : " Where is thy horse ? "

10. But he, with a loud oath, did say unto them : " Upon a certain day I fell on evil times and my clothing was torn with much travel, so that I was naked and ashamed. And coming upon a fair city named Carlisle did happen upon a merchant of that city, who sold unto me these breeches³ for much fine silver, and having clothed myself therein was able to appear unashamed before the face of mine enemies.

11. And these breeches were tight upon him so that the shape of his legs⁴ were discerned from every side

12. And the men still scoffed at him, so that he waxed exceeding wroth, and fell to cursing them, saying :

13. " O ye fools and unbelievers, know ye that these breeches have served me faithfully for two-and-twenty years since when I have eaten much and grown fat."

14. And he departed in anger, leaving behind him an odour of onions, a fruit much loved by the men of his race.⁵

15. And some of the Anfielders sat awhile and fell to saying one to the other : " What manner of man is this, whilst others shook their heads, saying : " This Chandler hath a devil."

16. And about the twentieth hour the men arose from their seats and going without the inn did bestride their strange engines, and departed for their own country.

17. And there was peace.

18. But the traveller departed by another road and after much weary journeying, came to his haven of rest.

1. Also pubs., joints or speak-easies.
2. Strange phenomenon met with in Africa.
3. Also called pants, bags and knickers.
4. See also profile.
5. See also black-puddings.

Goostrey, November 5th, 1938.

What a treat to have such a Saturday afternoon in November! Blue sky and a warm sun and just the least little bite in the wind to remind one that it's really autumn. And then the absence of traffic—the motorists seem to have put their cars into cotton wool for the winter and even the cyclists don't show themselves much on the roads on Saturdays in what I suppose they consider the off-season. That must be because so many of them confine their interest to racing, more's the pity. Anyhow, those of us who do go out have a pleasanter time and I enjoyed my run out fully. Seven of us—Buckley, Senr., Green, *pere et fils*, Haynes, Bren and Wilf. Orrell and Poole—dispatched the usual excellent meal and we settled down for an hour's chat. We were all very pleased to see Bick and Bren again after so long an interval, looking so fit. Then the run home, under a brilliant moon, passing the numerous bonfires around which youth was celebrating—altogether this run was real good value.

Farndon, November 12th, 1938.

S-I-X. As sure as the Skipper says that it is his turn for working on a certain Saturday afternoon, you can bet your last sixpence that the day will be a rotten one. There's only one consolation, he's working fewer Saturdays now, so we may hope for some better weather. At Farndon we had an attendance of six, a half-dozen real stalwarts who braved the weather of a wet and windy Saturday. Dave Rowatt came by train and bus as usual; Jack Seed dodged Chester and came via Rowton and Saughton, Kettle and Powell spent an hour or so in Chester sipping tea; Ira Thomas, helped with a lovely wind, watched the salmon leaping by the cut waters of Bangor Bridge; and Marriott rode straight out, almost non-stop.

As owing to football matches, etc., six was the number ordered, and we left on good terms with the lady of the house. The roads, well, were about awash, and the rain was tipping down. The wind, if anything, was stronger. For the four who lived in Wirral, the ride looked easy, as indeed it turned out to be, and I think some speed records were made. But we were almost sympathetic for Ira Thomas, who left us at 7-30 to plug into that heavy gale of rain and wind for the 32 miles to Salop. What time did you reach home, Ira?

Holmes Chapel, November 12th, 1938.

Rudely awakened from my afternoon siesta by a loud knock which sounded to me like a volcanic eruption, I opened up the shutters to behold Ned, all ready for a fight with a tornado. We made our way through the dire district of Hale, to ride into a *little* cloud-burst. Riding weakly, we arrived, and not too soon, at the "Swan," to find E. Buckley scraping the remainder of his tobacco dust off the table, into his pouch. Later came Wilf. Orrell, who had gone round Inverness or somewhere, to make up time. Then came Bob Poole and the Greens, and so to dinner.

With one man changing his meat for another's carrots, talks of 'when I beat four Anfielders in a 12,' we enjoyed and appreciated the President's talk on the T.A. dinner, last week.

The unkindest cut of all came when a voice at my elbow said "You write up the run." What a *pal!*

Those present : E. Buckley, The President, E. Green, G. Farr, Haynes, Poole, W. Orrell.

Acton Bridge, 19th November, 1938.

After about six weeks' sojourn from cycling I started for Acton Bridge rather earlier than usual, not being certain how my pedalling capabilities had been affected.

The afternoon was favourable and I arrived at 5-15 to find F.H. taking the air, and Haynes and Farr lazily warming themselves at a cheery fire.

The ensuing 45 minutes saw the Manchester section and the Wirral vie for the greatest number present, the odds being about even at six o'clock.

Our friend the enemy arrived soon after and immediately made his presence felt, roast potatoes and sprouts mysteriously finding their way to his plate.

Amongst those present were "President" Green, who shuns publicity; Editor Marriott, who revels in it; Snowden with a tale of a taxi-driver; Stephie, looking more rotund than ever; Rock, who's already started training; Rigby Band, complete with cherry pipe; Farr, discussing the merits of various brands of tooth-paste, and Haynes, forever watchful of the hour.

Returning to Sammy's publicity efforts, I expect any day to see the headline: "An Editor changes gear silently" with the sub-heading "Makes a Song about it," blazoned across the national dailies.

After an excellent meal and an outspoken discussion on politics, we were reluctant to face the cold evening, but plucking up courage en masse, we were soon making our way homewards with Byron, despite G. H. Stancer & Co., sporting a rear light.

Except for Sammy (could it be anyone else) having a little argument about road rights with some gentlemen of Kingsley, and various remarks regarding the choice of roadhouse names, the ride home was devoid of incident.

Hooton, November 26th, 1938.

There's one thing about these short runs: they do make for happier gatherings; and although possibly not more than the round half-dozen were on bicycles last Saturday, there were 22 present. Manchester has found that short runs cater for more members than those which involve a longer ride, and now Liverpool has discovered it, too.

Chandler came in, his shining pate all nobbled after the hailstones, and asked of Hubert a Four XXX or something like that. It came along, a pony in a glass. "I want a tankard, miss," said the fussy one, and then: "and when I say a small beer, I mean a half-pint." Why on earth didn't he say so at first? It was not strange that no one bought him another beer after that.

Another spectre was Arthur Hughes, politely termed "Yosser," who was out the first time since April! It

seems that he has been saving for a new suit ; he brought it out, resplendent in blue and stripes. Brian Band was another stranger, but seeing that he's mostly sailing the Atlantic we'll excuse him. His uncle Johnny was out, too. Johnny hurt his leg some time ago, and as he can't cycle yet, he rolled out by train. Others who came by train were : Eddie Morris ; Stephenson ; Williams, the Sub. ; Rowatt.

Byron gained the laurels for cycling farthest, for he had detoured via Chester. (What on earth for?). Powell and his son-in-law ; friend Rich, a nephew of Tom Hinde's ; Sherman (still gurgling) ; Seed, Rigby Band, Elias, Kettle, Connor (another new suit), Marriott, del Banco (per " barrer.")

Strangely enough there were only two per petrol. Hubert brought Dobbin along, and we were sorry to hear that he is to put his old steed to stud next year. A newer addict to petrol (excepting Marriott, who still cycles to Club runs) is Reeves. He rolled along (at least five miles) on his spluttering tank waggon, a two-wheeled affair on which he is to try to beat 4.30. I wish that I could find another word for Ichabod, which has been a bit overdone lately, but a fellow who could beat 4.40 less than 18 months ago, and now has to resort to a motor cycle surely deserves the word.

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