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Although "Artie," as his clubmates invariably call him, is bold, bad young man enough to be employed in and about a cycle depot—to wit, the Manchester house of the New Howe Company,—he is popular enough in the ranks of his own club, the Anfield, and even has at least a few friends who do not claim allegiance to the sacred



"ours." For you must know that the youth, or very young man at most, has kept a firm hold on his head in spite of his many successes on Cheshire and Salop highways and on the Great North Road itself. There is just as much "swagger" about "Artie" as there is with the average hermit. He never comes the lordly over even the youngest novice among the "men in black," although, truth to tell, did he do so there would be precious more excuse in his case than in that of many men who are clothed in a "guise conceit of themselves." For Bennett, you must know, has broken full many a record, has ridden more than one good race in "fifties" and "centuries," and even unto all day grinds. He can lay claim to quite a little crowd of Northern road records, as also to the fact that he has ridden the fastest hundred ever accomplished on an out-and-home course in this wide, wide world. He is happy enough, as has been said, to have youth on his side, and hence there are those among his many admirers who hold to the belief that some day he may get a really fair chance of training, and perhaps as a result lower further than he has already done the colours of even the most prominent among North Road clubmen. He is a youth of simple tastes, and withal liberal ones, the present deponent having hobnobbed with him across "a jug of beer," the young Anfielder the while sacking away at a clay pipe, just for all the world like the late Post Laureate.

The Anfield B.C. held their annual dinner and distribution of prizes last Thursday evening at the Alexandra Hotel, Dale-street. Fifty-two "men in black" faced the chairman (G.O.M. Dave Bell), and a right merry time was spent. Amongst the army of scorchers were noticed:—J. A. Bennett, W. Tomlin, and H. C. Siddeley, over from Manchester; Lawrence Fletcher, "Johnny" Beazley, Captain Toft, Charlie Stoker, "Doctor" Carlisle, etc., etc. The dinner, which was excellent, having been duly "disposed" of, the musical part of the programme—for which Messrs. Beazley and Toft were responsible—commenced. Twelve items figured on it. These included pianoforte solos, violin solos, songs, recitations, etc. Of the singers, Jack Thompson, Joe German, F. Walker, and H. P. Spence greatly distinguished themselves. Messrs. Thompson and Walker especially, encores being demanded each time these gentlemen sang. The prizes were distributed by the chairman, and the

A. N. Deakin started in the Anfield Road Race, but he could not go the pace for above 30 miles. Charlie Stoker, the once scratch man of Lancashire, did a little pace-making, but it was very little. Half a mile was always Charlie's best distance, and he just managed to squeeze in half a mile on Saturday.

"Bob" Lloyd was out on a "R. and P." ordinary, which he shifted to some tune. The "R. and P." geared ordinary bike first to rival the famous safety of that ilk. Lloyd's mount was one which compares favourably with anything of the same type which has yet been built. It is a beautifully-built machine, graceful in appearance, rigid, and one which any wheelman who aspires to the latest introduction in cycle construction cannot but be pleased.



LIVERPOOL: Anfield B.C. Association sec. Lawrence Fletcher, South Castle Sign, Liverpool; capt. Dave Bell, black jacket, knicker, and cricket cap, blue and black sports, 1892.

following men received commendations for sum-dry deeds of prowess.—Lawrence Fletcher, Toft, Bennett, Keeling, Carlisle, Hood, Beardwood, Stoker, Hellier, Pope, Conway, Siddeley, and Harry Saunders. The first attendance prize was won by Conway, with Hellier second. "Artie" Bennett chose for his prize a lady's watch and chain—(ahem!); Keeling, a revolver (we hope he does not intend to shoot any dogs); and Toft, a gentleman's watch. The others took medals. Lawrence Fletcher's medal for his Land's End to John o' Groats ride was a beauty. Loudcries for "speech" were made several times when the men went up for their prizes, Bennett especially being hard pressed to make one, but nary a word would he say. In fact, there was not a single speech made throughout the evening. The black Anfielders shine as riders, but when it comes to speechmaking they do not seem quite so brilliant. The menu card and programme was excellently got up, Mr. E. G. Worth, the club artist, having evidently devoted some time to it. Sketches of riders on all types of machines were dotted about it, and a faithful representation of every tobacco pipe used by the members figured upon it. The dinner was purely a club affair, and outsiders were not invited.

HONOUR TO WHOM HONOUR IS DUE. The Northern Road Records Association was not founded, as has several times been recently stated, by Jack Siddeley, as that our good friend will bear us out. The first public suggestion of such a body came from the present deponent, who was then contributing cycling notes to the columns of a once great Manchester daily. That, however, was in the full height of the riding season, and nothing came of it until—the stress of the season over—Mr. Arthur Gastall wrote to *British Sport*, with a result that A. A. Edge called a meeting, at which the N.R.R.A. came into being. Edge took the secretaryship to begin with, and later on he was assisted therein by Mr. J. D. Siddeley, who in the second year of the association's existence took unto himself the whole burden of office. The good work he did has over and over again been testified to in these columns, and we think that if our contemporaries would confine themselves to dwelling upon what rightly belongs to him, instead of saddling him with false glory, they would pay their and our friend a more appreciable compliment. Jack Siddeley has too much energy of his own ever to require a lift on other men's shoulders.

ABOUT THE ANFIELDERS. The A.G.M. of the Anfield B.C. was held at Laurence's Temperance Hotel, Liverpool, on Thursday last. The reports both of Secretary Toft and Treasurer White were highly satisfactory. The vitality of the club was shown by the fact that an average attendance of 25 members had patronised the 51 runs during the past year—a figure in excess of any previous record. The usual good reason had been mentioned but not fully, and though the achievements of the members among the sports and open races had not been quite so brilliant as during the season of 1892, yet Mills and Fletcher had fully maintained the reputation of the club by their splendid rides. Circumstances beyond their control had prevented several of the crack riders from taking their usual active part in road-racing events, but it was to be hoped that in the coming season the Anfield B.C. would have its full strength on the warpath. Some of the younger members had shown very promising form, notably Neason, Thomas, Owen, and Beardwood; while Hellier and White had come out as stayers of the first order. The treasurer's report was brief and satisfactory, showing as it did a balance of some £30 on the right side. Four motions were brought forward. The first was that the rule excluding members of any other club whose head-quarters were within 100 miles of Liverpool, should be removed. This proposal was, however, unanimously rejected. The remaining motions only affected matters of trifling detail, and were passed without discussion. Officers for the year were then elected as follows: D. J. Bell, president; D. R. Fell and E. Edward, vice-presidents; H. Hellier, secretary; A. G. White, treasurer; W. R. Toft, captain; W. Hood and W. Owen, sub-captains; Messrs. North, Keeling, Saunders, Spence, Deakin, and Bewick, committee. The usual club races and tours were then arranged, and the proceedings terminated by the treasurer passing round the hat, with very successful result, for contributions to the prize fund. *Propos* of donations, a letter was read from L. Fletcher, an exile in Newcastle, expressing his regret that he should be compelled to make the first break in a continuous series of attendances at the Anfield A.G.M.'s, and at the same time promising a donation of five guineas to the prize fund, and a gold medal to the first cyclist who should accomplish 300 miles in 24 hours on northern roads. Some half-hundred members attended the meeting, which was presided over in his usual able manner by Dave Bell.



The Black Anfielders still keep up the reputation for mud-plugging earned years ago in the mid eighties. Last Saturday, in spite of slush and slime and things, they had a good muster of 20 out to Hunt's Cross, the majority of them finishing up the evening at Knotty Ash. Beardwood had rather a miserable ride back, as his back tyre punctured. The breaking up of the frost had made the roads worse than ever. Alf Deakin going so far as to say that his machine, which he described as "one of those crawling reptiles," had actually ridden a lation in the winter, but something had gone wrong with it, and he was mounted on a safety,—had stuck fast in the mud ones, causing a hurried dismount. Some of the mudguards fitted to the machines could not be described as "things of beauty." The original metal guards, fitted by the makers, seem to be the most effective after all, and give far less trouble than most of the home-made ones do. But, then, one must be in the fashion, we suppose.

"THE MILLS" No. 78,852.—28th August, 1888.—Bicycles, *Mills & Co.* tricycles, and other velocipedes.—GEORGE WILKINGTON MILLS, and ALFRED WALCOT GAMBLE, trading as MILLS and GAMBLE, Hitchin Street, Biggleswade, Cycles Makers.

October 15, 1892. The First "Hot-pot" of the Season. Between forty and fifty Anfielders and friends assembled at the Knotty Ash Hotel last Wednesday evening for the purpose of partaking of the succulent dish called hot-pot, and afterwards indulging in harmony, and peradventure a bowl of punch or two. It seemed to the writer, when he glanced round the room as if every local rider of note were present. There was Dave Bell, the G.O.M. of cycling, as he is so often called, and the president of the Anfield, in his usual place as chairman; Doctor Carlisle, the lengthy and affable, seemingly as expert with the knife and fork as he is with the pedals; "Johnny" Beazley, the money-bag holder, was observed doing good "biz," as was also the record-breaking Harry Saunders. "Pa" Shore took the head of one of the tables, and very effectively manipulated a hot-pot. Hellier performed similarly at another table, being assisted by "the proprietor," F. Bath. Alf Deakin also helped and proved himself to be a champion carver. He turned up, his sleeves and worked hard. He had his reward afterwards. Amongst other well-known Anfielders were noticed Joe German, of Liverpool-by-Elmhurst, and "Iron-horse" fame, Keeling, Worth, Strother (Moscow), Elias (San Francisco), W. Deakin, Harry Robinson, Beardwood (the last "50" hero), J. Thompson, Lloyd, Crippen, of Hutton, and numbers of other "men in black," known to the writer by face, but whose names he forgets for the moment. The hot-pot being duly "disposed" of to everybody's satisfaction, punch bowls made their appearance, and the fray began. Jack Thompson, the Anfield favourite singer, opened the ball with a comic song, "Signor MacStinger," being followed in quick succession by Messrs. White, sentimental (at least he looked sentimental when singing); Walker (the lion of the evening), whose "Down by the Sea" up-to-date was excruciatingly funny (a gentleman who had got through more than seven plates of hot-pot felt decidedly uncomfortable while this gentleman was performing); Weston (off. Sin. in his shirt gave several very excellent recitations which brought down the house (no one was hurt); and the writer did his best to be funny, while the pianist murdered his accompaniment. The evening passed all too quickly, and numerous were the inquiries as to when the next supper would be held.

THE ANFIELD PRESIDENT. D. J. Bell, who years ago was dubbed the grand old man of Liverpool cycling, is about to go the way of every man who is worth his salt. He is going to get wed. Since upon a time, when many of the flyers of to-day were emerging from the swaddling clothes and feeding-bottle stage of life, Dave Bell was noted as a long-distance rider. He was one of that brilliant band which in the mid eighties made Anfield a name to conjure with. He has done over 250 miles in the 24 hours before the North Road Club was thought of, and was also known to fame as a champion of the Liverpool Centre. A few years ago he suffered severe illness, since which he has done little more than mere pottering. He was one of the founders of the Anfield B.C. was its captain for year after year, and during the last four or five has been its president. It is hardly likely that his new undertaking will altogether wean him from his old love for the wheel—such, at least, will be the hope of his many cycling friends.

The Anfield B.C. held a 50 miles road race for novices—i.e., members who had never ridden 50 miles in a road race under 3hr. 15min.—on Saturday, over their new course. Seventeen started, but only five finished, the very strong wind which prevailed probably accounting for so many "chucking it." Beardwood had to give up after going six miles, his G.O. going wrong at the neck. Most of the others gave up for various reasons—after doing about 28 miles. The following are the names of the five who finished:—

Start.	Net time.
hrs. mins. sec.	hrs. mins. sec.
1. W. R. Hood, 1 1/2	3 0 30
2. E. Edwards, 1 1/2	3 0 30
3. H. Hellier, 1 1/2	3 0 30
4. D. Dogan, 1 1/2	3 0 10
5. G. R. Stoker, 1 1/2	3 0 10

H. Hellier, used by Harry Saunders and J. Conway, did the fastest time on a "New Home." W. R. Hood, the winner, bestrode "R. and P." and was paced by Keeling and D. White. E. Edwards, second man, was stopped by a policeman, near Spital Smithy, but was eventually let off, after being delayed about two minutes. D. G. Rowatt, and H. H. Carlisle timed and started the men. There was no hitch anywhere, and the race was run through without any accident.

The Anfield men seem to be taking to the track again, and within nearly every week. W. W. Shaw took a first and second at the Deakin a first at the Liverpool Police sports. The latest "man in black" to go in for track riding is the captain, W. R. Toft, who is said to be training regularly, and ran a good third at Widnes on Friday night.



The Anfield B.C. had a big turnout on Saturday for the run to Warrington, all the club scorchers being in evidence. Just before leaving Knotty Ash Carlisle's tyre burst with a loud report. With the assistance of "Proprietor" Bath a repair was effected in next to no time, however, and the "Doctor" proceeded on his way rejoicing.

Great interest is centring in the Anfield 50 miles track race, which is to be held shortly on the Greenwich Park track, Aintree. This is a very wide track, and is two laps to the mile, so that the scoring will not be such a difficult matter as it would have been with a smaller path. A number of Anfielders have been putting in path practice lately—Deakin, Toft, Barlow, Gregory, and Hellier amongst others. We look to Harry Saunders to do quickest time in the coming event, with "Doctor" Carlisle a good second.

Anfield B.C. 50 miles handicap, Greenwich Park, Aintree, 28 July 1892. 1st (8 fastest time) J. A. Bennett. 2nd 44 W. 2nd P. C. Beardwood. 3rd Rob. Thomas. 4th H. H. Carlisle.

Liverpool: Anfield B.C. Association sec. Lawrence Fletcher, South Castle Sign, Liverpool; capt. Dave Bell, black jacket, knicker, and cricket cap, blue and black sports, 1892.

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"ours." For you must know this youth, or very young man at most, has a firm hold on his head in spite of his successes on Cheshire and Salop hills, and on the great North Road itself. It is just as much "swagger" about as there is with the average hermit never comes the lordly over every youngest novice among the "men in black," truth to tell, did he do so would be precious more excuse in him than in that of many men who are in a "guide conceit" of themselves. Bennett, you must know, has broken many a record, has ridden more than good race in "fifties" and "centuries" even unto all day grinds. He claims to quite a little crowd of North road records, as also to the fact that he ridden the fastest hundred ever published on an out-and-home course wide, wide world. He is happy enough he has been said, to have youth on his side hence there are those among his admirers who hold to the belief that day he may get a really fair chance of it, and perhaps as a result lower than he has already done the colours of the most prominent among North clubmen. He is a youth of simple tastes withal liberal ones, the present day having hobnobbed with him across a beer, the young Anfielder the while away at a clay pipe, just for all the like the late Poet Laureate.

The Anfield B.C. held their annual distribution of prizes last evening, at the Alexandra Hotel street. Fifty "men in black" chairman (G.O.M. Dave Bell), any merry time was spent. Amongst the scorers were noted—J. A. Dean Tomlin, and H. C. Siddeley, of Manchester; Lawrence Fletcher, of Beazley, Captain Toft, Charlie "Doctor" Carlisle, etc., etc. dinner, which was excellent, having duly "disposed" of, the musical programme—for which Messrs. Dean Toft were responsible—commenced. Items figured on it. These pianoforte solos, violin solos, recitations, etc. Of the singer Thompson, Joe German, F. Wall H. P. Spence greatly distinguished selves, Messrs. Thompson and especially, encore being demanded time these gentlemen sang. They were distributed by the chairman,

A. N. Deakin started in the Anfield Race, but he could not go the above 30 miles. Charlie Stoker once scratch man of Lancashire little pace-making, but it was very half-a-mile was always Charlie distance, and he just managed to get half-a-mile on Saturday.

"Bob" Lloyd was out on a "bit ordinary, which he shifted to some extent" R. and P. geared ordinary bids for the famous safety of that ilk. Amount was one which compares favourably with anything of the same type which yet been built. It is a beautiful machine, graceful in appearance, and one which any wheelman who to the latest introduction in cycling cannot but be pleased.

Much interest is centring on the 10-mile hilliard match between members of the Anfield and North Liverpool clubs, and quite a crowd of Anfielders turned up to see "Doctor" Carlisle play off his game with Ted Gillett. Amongst others were noticed Johnny Beazley, J. C. Robinson, E. F. Stoker, the two Deakins, Elias, Path, etc. A splendid game resulted in the North Liverpool man winning by 10 points. J. C. Robinson turned up to play with Reid, but the latter gentleman did not keep his appointment. The following is a list of the men who attended to represent their respective clubs.

- | | |
|----------------------|----------------|
| North Liverpool B.C. | W. R. Hood |
| 1. W. Pearson | G. Elias |
| 2. P. McKenzie | W. Deakin |
| 3. J. Cunningham | J. Thompson |
| 4. G. Campkin | J. C. Robinson |
| 5. Charles Hughes | H. Hellier |
| 6. J. Smith | D. Beardwood |
| 7. T. W. Reid | N. H. Carlisle |
| 8. H. Green | |
| 9. W. Hadley | |
| 10. T. Gillett | |

On Saturday Elias of the Anfield, beat Cunningham, of the North Liverpool, by 47 points.

The Anfielders are going it hot and strong in the festive line, and it seems as if they intend to try and make up for lost time. It is only quite recently that we chronicled their first attempt at a hot-pot supper, and now we hear a rumour take it calmly, good reader, it is only a rumour as yet—that the Black Anfielders are getting up a ball, to be held at Knotty Ash. The leading spirits are W. Toft (captain), Joe German, "Doctor" R. H. Carlisle, and Peterfamilias Harry Saunders. We have no doubt that these gentlemen will—if they get up the ball—make a great success of it. What with football matches, billiard handicaps, hot-pot suppers, and balls, the old A.B.C. is getting quite festive. Long may it continue so, say we.

LAWRENCE FLETCHER ON THE WAR PATH.

While the Anfielders were deciding their 24 hours ride last week-end, another member of the famous boys in black was adding fame to the club and to himself by a similar ride in "foreign parts." Lawrence Fletcher on Friday and Saturday was engaged in an attempt to beat the 24 hours Irish record, and succeeded in doing this handsomely by a distance of twenty miles. Fletcher's spin of Friday and Saturday was a sort of preliminary canter for his contemplated end-to-end jaunt, which is set down for the middle of next month, and when he finished his Irish 24 he declared it was the best training spin he could have had, for his whole course from Cork to Dublin was like the road from Bodmin to Launceston, over which aspirants to end-to-end honours usually allow themselves "six minutes a mile." Fletcher started at 8 a.m. on the morning of Friday from the G.P.O., Cork, and rode over the old coach route to Dublin, which is about sixteen miles, and then returned to ride out time in the direction of Cork. Before the expiration of the twenty-four hour he had piled on the respectable total—respectable at least through Irish glasses—of 264 miles. It compares favourably with the previous record of 244 miles, which was held by Arthur G. Joyce (a rider who has on more than one occasion figured in an Anfield handicap), and the comparison is the more favourable when it is remembered that Joyce rode over a selected course, while Fletcher's route was as cruel a test of long-distance riding as one could pick out in a country where it is not a difficult matter to do so. The day was, on the whole, favourable, albeit at times rainy and windy, particularly in the night and towards the closing hours. In the matter of pacemakers he was well served, both by day and night. J. W. Murphy, of the Irish Road Club, acted as timekeeper, besides assisting in the pace-making.

One day last week we called in at the depot of Harry Saunders in Liverpool, and found him very busy. He has several splendid agencies, including the New Howe, Hadley, Mohawk, Marriott, and Cooper, Conqueror, and Zenith. He told us that the season had commenced auspiciously, and that he was looking forward to a record trade. He already has a very large number of orders in his books, including many from well-known Anfield scorers. He showed us an Olympia tandem which had just arrived, built to the order of G. B. Mercer, a rider who will be remembered as one of George Mills' doubtless opponents in the days of the good old ordinary. MAY 23

The Anfield B.C. had a big turnout for their favourite run to Warrington on Saturday, quite a number of the old time being on evidence, Dave Bell and G. B. Mercer amongst others. The roads were very greasy and slippery in places, and great care was necessary to prevent side slipping. The main Warrington road was fairly dry, however, although not quite so smooth as usual.

Liverpool cyclists are asking what the Anfield intend doing in the matter of road racing. Also what their intentions are with regard to the local centre of the N.C.U. The Anfield will have to hurry up, unless they wish to be left.

THE ANFIELD DINNER.

It was heralded with no flourish of trumpets, indeed, so quietly was the affair arranged that it is doubtful whether a dozen men outside the charmed circle of the Anfield B.C. knew that the annual dinner of the club was arranged for last Wednesday evening. The writer was reminded of the fact by

A WINK FROM SHORLAND

that he received at about four o'clock, in which the suggestion was made that we should journey over in consort upon his arrival from Wolverhampton. And it was so. Arrived at the Alexandra Hotel, Dale Street, Liverpool, at 2 min 2 3-5 sec after seven, we learned that dinner was to be served in five minutes—precious time, which enabled us to wash off a little of Manchester's grime as we entered the hall of the feast, or safe a swagger, as the father of cycling journalism would probably dub the upper chamber. The room was not palatial, it was not gorgeous, it was not even the least little bit out of the common. Nor was the feast princely, nor yet particularly recherché after the kind of every hot-pot supper to which the elegant Swindley is bidden. In fact, there was nothing about either the meal or the room in which it was served to tempt one into

THE REALMS OF PORSY

in recording the function. It was an honest, well-cooked English dinner of seven courses, such as would be likely to appeal to the palates of a band of scorchers after a good day's ride as became the reputation of a decent hotel. At the head of the table sat Dave Bell, the G.O.M. of Liverpool cycling and the club's president; from the foot Captain W. R. Toft smiled upon the just and the unjust, who included such men of past and present renown as Hugh Evans, Artie Bennett, Norman Crooke, Tom Conway, ex-president, Harry Carlisle, Harry Saunders, R. C. Church (of Birmingham), the brothers Alf and Walter Deakin, Jack Robinson, the aforesaid Shorland, Treasurer White, Sub-captain Hood, Secretary Hellier, "Boote" Rowatt, "Our Special Artist" Worth; but no Carlisle, no Siddeley, no Mercer, no Alec Jack, no Bob Lloyd, and, worst of all,

NO LAWRENCE FLETCHER.

The coffee brought Dave Bell to his pins, that he might explain there would be no speechmaking, for the best of all reasons (as he vainly tried to have us believe) that he himself is incapable of going through any such performance. In its place, however, was a capital programme of songs and recitations, most of which were so distinctly capital that scarce a performer but came in for an encore. Not being musical or dramatic critics, we must content ourselves by saying that Messrs. J. Bain, W. Berry, Caldecott, D. Duggan, A. F. German, W. R. Hood, H. P. Spence, J. R. Thompson, W. R. Toft, F. Walker, and F. Watkins each did his best, and that the company of fifty was by no means inclined to deny the credit for good intentions on the part of all and sundry. Just before our train time, and in spite of the writer's protestations that the wretched thing would not wait for us, the G.O.M. gave himself away by making a speech in which he referred to Shorland in terms which that worthy afterwards confided to us, "fairly

"Doctor" Carlisle, of the Anfield B.C., has placed the Edinburgh to Liverpool record where it is likely to remain for some time to come. He left the G.P.O., Edinburgh, at 4-10 a.m. on Wednesday, on a Clincher-tyre Peregrine safety, and arrived at the G.P.O., Liverpool, at 8 p.m., taking 16 hours, 44 min. for the journey. This beats the time made by German, of the Anfield, on the 3rd inst., by over 4 hours. It will be remembered, however, that German received very little assistance from pacemakers, and that he had adverse winds and heavy rain to contend with; whereas Carlisle was well served with pacemakers—Messrs. J. A. Bennett, W. R. Toft, S. Keeling, J. F. German, and Bruce, amongst others assisting him,—and had a favourable wind. It is also considered an easy ride from Edinburgh to Liverpool, than vice versa. [Bosh!—Ed. B.S.] German intends having another shot at the record, and expects, with pacemakers and favourable weather, to do the journey in much quicker time than he took on the last occasion. We do not think, however, that he will be able to get anywhere near Carlisle's time. The latter's ride is truly a splendid performance, and is several hours quicker than Lawrence Fletcher's time for the journey.

Women Harry Saunders on Thursday evening and he informed us that he was off to Penzance the next day to get ready to pace his clubmate Lawrence Fletcher, on yet another attempt at the End-to-End record. Neeson, of the Anfield, was to accompany him with the same object in view.

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knocked" him, calling upon the hero of the Carfax Cup race to distribute a few of the £130 worth of prizes, which were put up for competition last year. Needless to remark Shorland acquitted himself as he becomes a stayer, although he had perforce to miss a lap or two in deference to time, which on this occasion point blank refused to be beaten.

January 1894

As usual with the Black Anfielders, a big muster turned out for the all-day ride on Boxing Day. The start should have been made from Broad Green Abbey at 9-30 a.m., but the majority of the men seemed to prefer starting from Knotty Ash. Worth was the first to arrive, and shortly after Artie Bennett turned up, with his ears frozen. Then Charlie Stoker on his mighty ordinary, Johnny Beazley in his Arctic cap Strother, the Kosian, Bith, the two Thompasons, Elias, Walter, and Alf. Deakin, and several others. The venue was Knutsford, and, of course, on the way there, a stop must be made at Cronton, where the season's greetings were exchanged with Mrs. Houghton and her fair daughters (they are all dark, but that's a detail). Arrived at the little Cheshire village, the score and a half of Anfielders proceeded without much ado to dine. A few of the younger ones seemed to think that they did not get quite full value for their money at the Angel; but then it must be taken into consideration that the day was Bank Holiday—usually a bad feeding day. The "proprietor" scored with the bitter, though. On the way home a halt was made at Joe Swift's Ship for tea, and a splendid ride home in bright moonlight and over dry roads completed one of the finest and most enjoyable Boxing Days ever held by the club.

Boxing Day 1892

So Norman Crooke, an erstwhile captain of the Anfield B.C., is departed from among us, it may be for many months. Well, our old friend has not lately cut so prominent a figure in Anfield affairs as was his wont, yet there can be no doubt that many a man will share with us the hope that Norman may have a right good time on his travels. There was a day when "handsome" Norman Crooke was looked upon as one of the most promising riders in all Liverpool, and when it is said that Mills was in the full height of his fame at that time, it will easily be understood that there was grit in our friend. He several times proved himself to be a capital stayer; but what most astonished men in those days was his almost wonderful speed on the road. He had a beautiful action, and one thing with another it is to be regretted that parental dictators were all against development. Lately he has been chiefly identified with the military cycling movement and cyclo-photography. The writer possesses more than one example of his proficiency in the black art—pictures that carry one back to days of auld lang syne.

ANFIELDERS, LOOK TO YOUR LABELS,

is the suggestion of "Roadster," who contributes a cycling column to a Liverpool contemporary. Master "Roadster" has been discussing Schaefer's last performance, and he appears to think that the men in black will have to beware. Last week we were warned to look to the Anfielders as the "handsome" ones, and the term was applied in a humorous sense. The humorous may have appeared agonizing to the Anfielders themselves, but let that pass. It is our opinion that in due season we shall hear of more than one deed of worth accomplished by Anfielders. The captain himself may make someone sit up before the season is spent, and we fancy that Hellier, too, means business. We know that Carlisle does, and equally certain are we as to the intentions of J. A. Bennett. It would be interesting to know, too, what contemptions Norman Crooke, whom we were wont to dub "handsome" in the old days, at club runs. H. B. Saunders, and Neeson, too, may have something standing to their joint credit before many days are past, so that, taking one consideration with another, it looks as if Anfield would go on foresting during 1894.



© Anfield Bicycle Club

HUNTS CROSS HOTEL SEPT. 1892

LIVERPOOL.—ANFIELD B.C.—Hon. sec., A. N. Deakin, 167, Grove Street, Liverpool; capt., Norman Crooke; uniform, black; first minutes, March, 1879.

ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB. FORMED—MARCH 1879.

Bicycling News.

No. 18.—VOL. V.]

FRIDAY, APRIL 30, 1880.

[TWO PENCE.]

Anfield (Liverpool).—At a meeting of bicyclists held at 15, Newbie Terrace, Belmont-road, April 3rd, it was decided to form a new club under this name. The usual preliminary steps were taken and the following officers elected: Ed. Whitley, Esq., M.P., president; Mr. S. A. Chalk, vice-president; Mr. M. G. Whitty, captain; Messrs. P. R. Redman, and D. Bell, sub-captains; Mr. S. Green, hon. sec. and treasurer; Committee, Messrs. J. Shier, A. Boole, and W. Hampson. Head-quarters, Sandon Hotel, Oakfield-road. Seventeen members were enrolled.—S. GREEN, hon. sec.

ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB. FORMED 1879. President, J. H. Cook. Vice-Presidents, G. B. Mercer, and J. P. Fletcher. Captain, David J. Bell. Sub-captains, N. Crooke and E. A. Thompson. Treasurer, D. R. Fell. Secretary, L. Fletcher.

Subscription, 21s. Entrance Fee, 5s. Uniform. Black cloth coat, cricket cap and breeches, and black hose. Club runs, Saturday afternoons. Head-quarters, 36, Bedford-street North.

Bicycling Times.

APRIL 29, 1880.

ANFIELD.—At a meeting of bicyclists held at 15, Newbie-terrace, Belmont-road, Liverpool, April 3rd, it was decided to form a new club, to be called the Anfield Bicycle Club. The usual preliminary steps were taken, and the following officers elected.—Ed. Whitley, Esq., M.P., president; Mr. S. A. Chalk, vice-president; Mr. M. J. Whitty, captain; Messrs. D. Bell and P. C. Redman, sub-captains; Mr. S. Green, hon. sec. and treasurer; Committee: Messrs. J. Shier, A. Boole, and William Hampson, jun. Seventeen members were enrolled. Head-quarters: Sandon Hotel, Oakfield-road.—S. GREEN, Hon. Sec.

A new club called the Anfield has just been formed in Liverpool. Mr. S. Green is the hon. sec.

The Anfield Bicycle Club still holds the position of premier club of the district, and among the members thereof are some of the best road riders of the day, most of the existing road records having been made by several of its members. Whilst with racing members the club holds the one and five mile local bicycle championship. The club is managed by a committee of enthusiastic riders, and with Mr. Lawrence Fletcher as secretary, is not likely to recede from its present position.

LIVERPOOL CYCLISTS' YEAR BOOK. 1888



No. 63,500.—25th March, 1887.—Cycles of all kinds.—GEORGE BARNER MERCER, trading as ROBINSON AND PRICE, 8, White-rock Street, Liverpool, and Pembroke Place, Liverpool, Civil Engineer.

The youth in question is Mr. Buckley, of the Cheshire, a great sportsman, and one who, by his confessions, reminded me rather of the old school. He had been out all afternoon, and had travelled even unto Monks Heath, where he had tea'd in solitary splendour. But, as I said, this gentle youth reminded me of old times and old days when he told us that he had been out on 200 days this year, and had ridden a total of 7000 miles—a fairly respectable distance that carries one back to the times when Horatio Goodwin, of the North Manchester, was in the heyday of his riding power.

The Anfield B.C. once more hold the End-to-End record. The members look upon it as their by right, since, except for a few brief weeks, they have had a proprietary right in it ever since 1886. D. C. Rowatt is the latest Anfielder to develop "scorching" propensities. He rode from Waterloo to Knutsford last Saturday night in time that we positively dare not put on paper.

more Anfielder, A. E. Barlow, and our list is finished. This rider came out like a meteor at the beginning of the present year, winning prizes right and left. He is a youth that will have to be reckoned with next season. At present he is rather light and delicate looking. He belongs to a thoroughly sport-loving family residing at Farnworth, and receives every encouragement from them in his efforts to become a first-class racing man.

APRIL 20, 1892.

NORTHERN WHEELER.

Clubdom. THE ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB.

FORMED in March, 1879, the crack Northern Road Club has just celebrated its thirteenth birthday with the customary honours at Bettws-y-coed during Easter week. From its very inception, the club has featured well-arranged long distance goals for riding, being the first cycling organisation to offer standard medals for 24 hours' rides, and holding its first 24 hours' read event in 1884. Previous to this, however, a number of long-distance rides by individual members had brought the club into prominent notice, the chief performance being that of Lawrence Fletcher, who, on the 2nd August, 1884, rode an ordinary bicycle from

London to York inside 24 hours. Much of the success of the club was due, without doubt, to the possession of a first-rate secretary in the person of Mr. J. B. Beasley, who at the present time, a decade later, acts as hon. treasurer. The club has for a very long time adopted the plan of electing one of its own active members to the post of president, and for quite a number of years that post has been held by Mr. David S. Bell, commonly known as the

"Grand Old Man of the Anfield," whilst the following have either acted as officers or committeemen, their names being household words in the North: David R. Fell, first holder of the Liverpool to London record; G. B. Mercer, J. K. Conway, T. B. Conway, Norman Crooke, the handsome; Alf. Fletcher, the first man to cover 250 miles in 24 hours on a tricycle; Hugh Fraser, of "Kangaroo" fame; Lawrence Fletcher, and last of the old brigade but head and shoulders above them all, George Pilkington Mills, holder of the Land's End to John o' Groats record on every of a machine, and absolutely the

Finest Long Distance Rider the world has yet produced. The present-day members fully keep up the splendid reputation of their club, and with such men as those undoubted Anfield grands in an unique position in road racing circles, and may fairly claim pride of place over all other cycling organisations, as its members belong to itself and not to half a dozen other clubs. J. A. Bennett, holder of the Liverpool to London record and many Northern records; Alex. J. Jack, holder of all the Northern ordinary bicycle records including 286 1/2 miles in 24 hours; R. H. Carlisle, the "Doctor"; W. W. Shaw, W. R. Toft, holder of the Northern 100 miles and 12 hours' tricycle records; A. N. Deakin, "W. Lloyd," Esq., of London and elsewhere; H. B. Saunders, holder of the Northern 50 miles tricycle record; W. Corrie, Ernest Crippner, S. H. Keeling, and E. G. Worth, ubiquitous; and W. Tohlin. The membership is about 125, the subscriptions a guinea; the club colours, as everybody knows, are blue and black, and the present hon. sec. is Mr. Lawrence Fletcher, 17, South Castle-street, Liverpool. The club holds the following records which speak for themselves:

CHESHIRE riders attention! Lawrence Fletcher has removed to the Cheshire side of the Mersey, and is now actively organising a western division of the Anfield B.C. The A.B.C. is the oldest of the genuine road clubs, and it is a club to belong to which is a passport in cycling circles all the world over. Would-be record-breakers cannot do better than join, as excellent prizes and right good company are at the service of the members. Address: Lawrence Fletcher, Cart-ton, Woodchurch-road, Orton, Cheshire.

The Anfield Wheelers is the name of another new club—a title by no means distinctive, as the members of the old-established Anfield B.C. would doublet agree.

Table with 3 columns: Route, Distance, Time. Includes entries for Lands End to Paris, Bordeaux to Liverpool, and Liverpool to Edinburgh.

Table with 3 columns: Details, Ordinary Bicycle, Safety Bicycle, Tricycle. Includes entries for Fifty Miles, Twelve Hours, and Twenty-four hours.

About £500 has been given away for road riding long-distance prizes during the last eight years.

FOR NEXT WEEK: "THE POLYTECHNIC C.C."

WHAT IT IS TO RIDE 24 HOURS ON A CYCLE.

THE NECESSARY PREPARATION. ORIDE for 24 consecutive hours on a cycle, more training is required than most men ever dream of. Indeed, some start off for a long ride like this without having had any of the long distance practice that is required, and when they get thoroughly "nipped" or run out, they wonder what the reason is, and have perforce to stop through sheer inability to proceed. Even men who have trained for a 24 hours' ride have their "bad times," but they "come to" again, after about half-an-hour or an hour, sometimes longer periods, and during this time they generally ride (if they are wise) at a steady pace, until they again ride into their former rate of speed, feeling as fresh as when they started, in fact they seem to

ride better than ever, and this is due to their having trained properly for the ordeal. As for myself, I have had a fair experience of long distance journeys, and I find that after riding about 100 miles I have had a "bad time," but I keep on riding, and it passes away very shortly. From the start till this time I eat as much solid food (very solid chicken, etc.) as I can comfortably digest, and for the remainder of the ride I take stewed fruits and rice pudding, avoiding any solid food. To quench my thirst I take many grapes, etc., as I can conveniently carry on the handlebar of my machine, but I always avoid drinking anything except Holbein's preparation (which I believe is a very strengthening article) and hot or cold tea. Cold tea is a most refreshing drink, and it tends to satisfy the intense thirst which most riders experience when undertaking such a long ride; the less, however, one drinks the better, as he will find out for himself. At about 12 hours I get another "bad time," but after an hour's steady riding I "come round" again and generally

ride the remainder of the 24 hours without the least inconvenience, finishing as a rule, at full speed. My advice to long distance riders is—to go at as even a pace as you fancy you can

stand for the full 24 hours," bearing in mind that you will have a few "bad times," at different stages of the journey. Some riders do very good performances by going very fast and then slowing alternately throughout the ride, but I disagree with this mode, and am sure that they would cover much more ground if they went at a steady pace all the way.

TRAINING. To train for a 24 hours' ride, a great deal of long distance practice is necessary to enable the rider to do full justice to himself; in fact it is better not to go at all, if you are not fully trained, as a man only half trained will do himself a lot of injury if he attempts a ride in such condition. Not only have the muscles to be thoroughly trained, but also the heart and lungs, and unless these are in proper order for the task, a great amount of injury will be done. Distances of 70 to 100 miles more should be ridden for at least a month before the ride, and the rider should train to drink as little as possible during these rides, eating as much as he can comfortably digest of good strengthening food. He should train as gradually as possible, as he will not then strain himself in getting fit for the journey.

MACHINE TYRES, ETC. The most suitable kind of machine to use for a 24 hours' ride is one with the extended wheel base, and with the peak of the saddle about six inches behind the crank bracket, the best and most resilient kind of tyre being the Dunlop pneumatic. The Boothroyd pneumatics are, I believe, very good tyres, but I have never yet used them in a 24 hours' ride so cannot give an opinion of them. Tyres should always be well inflated before the start, and an air-pump carried in the tool-bag in case it is wanted. If you can get any of your friends to accompany you at different stages of the journey you can change on to one of their machines if anything goes wrong with your tyre or machine, and thus save a deal of valuable time, and later on he can again join you, and maybe let you have your own machine repaired in the meantime. You should see to your machine being well

Overhauled and Oiled before you start, and thus save any loss of time occasioned by nuts coming loose, or bearings squeaking, etc. See that your handlebar is not too low, as you will find that at times it will be a great relief and change to sit bolt upright, in going down hills especially. Keep your body as straight as possible, no matter at what angle you ride, as your lungs will then have full play and you will not feel cramped; also sit as quietly as possible in the saddle, as any movement above the hips is a loss of power, and you want to save all the energy you can to pull you through.

GEARING. With regard to the gearing of the machine, this depends entirely on the road and the course to be ridden, but for all-round work 60 inches is the best gearing. For roads like the Great North Road, where the ground is very flat and smooth, 63 inches is the gear generally used, but this is a matter that the rider will himself have to find out, as some men find lower gears of more advantage than the higher gears of 50 in. and 63 in. I have known even a 68 in. gear to have been used by a prominent rider on the Great North Road, but he "cracked up" at 12 hours, so it was evidently too much for him. Although I have ridden a 63 in. gear with satisfactory results, for the North of England roads I should say 50 in. is the best gear, as the ground is very hilly and rough.

J. A. BENNETT. A. Thompson has resigned the office of secretary to the Anfield B.C., and Alf. Deacon has taken up the duties of hon. sec. pro tem., and there is every probability of the club coming out strongly next season. On Saturday the Western Division visited Parkgate and the Local Division were perambulating in the neighbourhood of Cronton, finishing up at Prescott, when they held an impromptu social after-tee at the King's Arms.

H. Hettler, the veteran Anfield tricyclist, is apparently not yet done with, as unspaced and hampered by a strong wind he, on Saturday, covered fifty miles on northern roads in 2h. 58m. 85s. in his club's handicap road ride. F. H. Kosman, known in northern racing circles as "The Flying Dutchman," is another veteran Anfielder whom time treats lightly. Starting from scratch in his club's unspaced "city" road ride on Saturday, he accomplished the distance in an excellent time of 2h. 44m. 28s. and finished as fresh as paint.

Fifty miles on northern roads in 3 hr 32 min unspaced, is a little thick. F. S. Green, of the Anfield B.C., recently accomplished this performance.

The Anfield B.C. once more hold the End-to-End record. The members look upon it as their by right, since, except for a few brief weeks, they have had a proprietary right in it ever since 1886.

Worth of Anfield, had seven punctures before he got to Knutsford, and Kestley did one day last week. It took him 4h 15 min to do the trip every time.

CYCLING

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

No. 80. Vol. IV.

JULY 30, 1892.

ONE PENNY

"Artie" Bennett was out with the Anfielders on Saturday. Is he on the war-path again?

Mr. Alf. Deakin, well known a few years ago as one of the crack riders of the Anfield B.C., is now manager of the Coventry depot for the John G. ... Corporation. We saw him last week ... riding an Ariel motor tricycle. He wished to be remembered to his numerous friends in the North.

H. Podtz has been appointed hon. sec. of the Anfield Club, in place of E. S. Wasth, resigned. Poole is a popular member, and should make a good secretary.

The Anfielders have a hard fight on Saturday last ... a road race on Saturday last over a course of 100 miles ...

MARRIAGE OF ALF. DEAKIN. Mr. Deakin ... married ...

Mr. Deakin is back again in Liverpool. He is now manager of the Cycle and Motor Company's depot in Bold Street.



J. A. BENNETT, (ANFIELD B.C.) ON HIS "NEW HOWE."

J. A. Bennett, the famous Anfielder, like many another good rider and true, is a member of the cycle trade. Bennett, "Artie," his clubmates and friends call him—is the quietest and most unostentatious of speedmen. One might talk cycling with him for hours, and the fact that he was one of England's best long-distance road-riders, or that he had beaten Northern, Southern, and world records, would never so much as hint at by him. Yet he is no doubtless one of the finest long-distance riders living, and has many a time and oft, laid low Northern records, and if he can spare a little time for training this year, will most probably win many fresh laurels. A very neat and pretty rider is Bennett, with a perfect action; in fact, so easily does he sit his machine, and ride, that often when travelling at a good 20 miles an hour he does not appear to be exceeding a 14 or 15 miles an hour gait. He rides the lightest machines, fitted with racing tyres, on the road, and very seldom meets with a breakdown or puncture. This is chiefly attributable to his good riding, as Lancashire roads, over which he does most of his riding, are proverbially rough on machines.

A. N. Deakin, the Anfielder, is quite at home on road or path, and when he cares to train is one of the best men in Liverpool. He loves enjoyment, however, and training is somewhat of a trouble to him. A few years ago he won a large number of prizes on the path in addition to shining in road events. This year he has shown speed in both fifty and hundred miles races. He has also made a successful attempt at record from Liverpool to Edinburgh on the safety, which honour has not yet been wrested from him. Deakin is an amusing companion, and, as he has a fine pacemaker. He was one of Carlisle's pacers on the latter's Land's End to John O' Groat's record-breaking trip.

A. N. Deakin, the old Anfield crack, now located at Coventry, is spending his holidays in revisiting the haunts of his youth. He and his wife are touring on the North Wales, Deakin has arrived at the ...

A new company called Bennett & Carlisle, Ltd. has been formed to take over the business of motor and cycle ...

beat every day among clubs who ... home-bred talent for their fair fame.

MAR. 5TH, 1892. BICYCLING NEWS.

QUAINT ACQUAINTANCES.

J. A. BENNETT.
The quaintness suggests itself more readily to a man of many sympathies to whom Artie's rapt devotion to the shrine of cycling—only that and nothing more—is a trifle difficult to understand. There are men who, being thoroughly enthusiastic cyclists, do yet love to listen to the while Sarasatè pours out melody, or Hallé's excellent band combines to make a "concert of sweet sounds." I have even met wheelmen—through pacers' eyes—who have read their Ruskin, and (it does not necessarily follow) profited thereby; while yet a few are to be found of a sufficiently artistic bent of mind to "take" passing fair photographs. But of such is not the kingdom of road racers, at least, if we are to take the young Anfielder as a fair instance of his class. It must not be supposed that Bennett is never off his machine; as a matter of fact he does, perhaps, as little actual riding in training as any long-distance performer I know. On the other hand, he is seldom out of the society of his fellow cyclists, unless it is because they fail to see the Joe Millerism of spending seven nights a week at the Knotty Ash Hotel, on the Warrington Road, where I am credibly informed he is a great favourite with the fair demoiselles of the house. This favouritism of their confuses me, I confess, for although Artie is a well-built young fellow, possessing a healthy countenance, surmounted by some really beautiful dark curls, he is singularly lacking in "side," a quality which I, in my unphilosophical fashion, have always regarded as sharing with buggy top coats, shiny hats and boots, and "apart" the doubtful honour of being the "open sesame" to woman's heart. Of course, he is only a youngster yet—about one-and-twenty is as near to exactness as I can get—and knowing how quick the daughters of Eve are to discover latent talent, it may be that they have discerned the germs of favours (if such they can be called) to come in the directions aforementioned. Why he does not even avail himself of the long-distance man's chief prerogative, never having yet been heard to swear at his pacemakers or beswear them with Spencerian pitch after his having failed to put up record. But then our hero seldom does fail. Right along from early in 1880, when he first began to loom prominently on the Anfield horizon, he has improved each past season, and so he has worth on his side, and has thus improved his constitution, he may hope to still further improve. These are the many who still for the famous Liverpool club who were with a "displeasure tell you?" when Bennett's form is under discussion; for he is essentially one of the new school. He began on a long mark in the club "fifties," but he soon proved as hot as mustard, so that he was not long in getting down to scratch, the end of the season seeing him in the proud possession of their Anfield record, his 8h. 30m. completely doing for that old stage, George B. Mercer, who may aptly be termed Bennett's mentor. In the first "fifty" in 1890, he was beaten by Alf. Deakin of a mark, and again in the memorable match against the Setton and Dingle he had to allow both Deakin and J. O. Wright to be better men. In the

July "fifty," however, he bore up quite bravely, doing the then unprecedented time of 2hrs. 57min. 40sec., and leaving his old opponent. It was in that year, too, that he gave a fair taste of his staying power, as starting alone with Lawrence Fletcher on a 24 hour ride, he stuck to the old war-horse through day and night, finishing up with him at 286½ miles, and the joint holder of yet another Northern record. Furthermore, he went for the Liverpool to London record, accomplishing the 202 miles in 16hrs. 54min. How much he lowered the old record by is not worth the telling. His last year's performances are surely fresh in men's minds, though it is doubtful whether any man can tell offhand how many times he beat the Northern "fifty" time. "The fifty" record was beaten again on Saturday was a tale that is doubtless well known to all ears, and consequently the congratulations that followed on his lowering that great record to 2h. 57m. 40s. were thoroughly earnest (which is more than can be said for some congratulations), the fact of its being a world's record over an out-and-home course leading critics of form on the road to infer that it might stand, if not for ever and a day, at least for a longer period than any of its predecessors. In longer distances he was scarcely less successful in "the year that's awast" as instance the facts that in the Anfield invitation "hundred" he lowered his own Northern record to 6h. 25m., while, on a day in July, he did 167½ miles in 12 hours, both of which stand on the N.E.B.A.'s books to this day. He did not, to be sure, shine in the North Road Club "twenty-four," as although he was up with Mills, Shorland, and Dates at 100 miles, he fell away for lack of attention, and taking the first advice that offered at Peterborough he chucked it, along with J. M. Jones, after doing 253 miles in about 17h. Nor did he quite outshine all rivals in the Anfield twenty-four, since therein he only rode second to Lawrence Fletcher. His performance of 310 miles, however, is one which any man may feel proud of having done over such a course. As I have said, Bennett does not ride his long distances on vilifying his pacemakers any more than he does on fillet steaks and trugs of lager. He is, nevertheless, a vigorous eater, and in further support of his deserving the title "quaint," it may be mentioned that he is hardened in the vice—it is a small vice, I hope—of smoking, chiefly through a briar. I could even swear to his having used a "cle" that night we travelled from Bedford on our return home after the "twenty-four." C. S. B.



J. A. BENNETT.

Road Records.

THE shields which have been devised and awarded by the R.R.A. will in future be transferred to records which are important. The one exception, however, is the London to Liverpool record, which is still held by the late Mr. J. O. Wright. The R.R.A. will not be so easily offered to give a shield when an unbroken record is a completed and passed to the present holder, mainly for the record itself. The R.R.A. will not be so easily offered to give a shield when an unbroken record is a completed and passed to the present holder, mainly for the record itself. The R.R.A. will not be so easily offered to give a shield when an unbroken record is a completed and passed to the present holder, mainly for the record itself.

SHU ENTUSIASTIC.
THERE are few better known or more popular men in the ranks of the Anfield B.C. than D. R. Fell, whose once great aim of years ago was to cycle from Liverpool to London in 24 hours. He did it, and more than once. He has always taken a keen interest in pushing his club to the front, and he is as enthusiastic today as he was nearly a dozen years ago. He is to be met with on the road frequently, and most of the Anfield week-end runs find him among the starters, no matter how desperate the weather.

R. H. Carlisle, the long-distance rider, stands 6ft high, and is very good-tempered, but exceedingly quiet—not to say taciturn. He has been known to pace a man for 40 or 50 miles, and merely make one remark, a monosyllabic "Yes." He never wastes energy in talking or writing.
E. Buckley, of Manchester, who won the twelve-hours at Leeds with a total of 231 miles, and did a fine ride in the Herne Hill 24, is a strong rider, who cannot go the topmost speed, but keeps a high rate going with apparent indifference as to whether the wind is behind or ahead, or whether he is going up the back corner or down the straight.

The glorious reputation achieved by the hardy Anfielders, that they are superior to the caprice of the climate of the weather, was well shown at the Boxing Day, when twenty-five of the men in black indulged in a run to Chester. Mud, rain, and a bad road were the chief mischiefs of the journey, and matters were eased from moment to moment by side-slips and punctures. At the Bull and Steep there were of another colour, and the great road was soon found to mirth all things of earth in the Anfielder's eye.

Dr. James Richard, of the Westminster Cycle Works, London, has named his new pattern safety the Anfield. If the machine is made of as good stuff as the "Black Anfielders" are, it will indeed be a good one.
The old Anfield captain, Mr. J. O. Wright, has been elected to the office of president of the R.R.A. for the year 1892-3. Last week he will have a very busy time, as he will be called upon to attend to the many matters connected with the R.R.A. and the Anfielders.

DR. FELL

My records from Land's End to John o' Groat's, and 1,000 miles without inflation, were made on Dunlop Tyres.

The Anfield R.C. officers for 1894, are: captain, W. R. Toft; sub-captain, W. R. Hood; W. R. Owen; hon. treasurer, A. G. White; hon. secretary, H. Hellier.

Harry Saunders the Liverpool agent, reports business good. Quite a large number of Anfielders have placed their orders with him for New Hoses.

Whitworths are going well in Liverpool, and it is a sign of the times when we hear of the hard-riding Anfielders selecting this machine for their exploits. Captain W. R. Toft, C. E. Spoker, and "Bob" Thomas are amongst the "men in black" who will in future be seen astride Whitworths.

© Anfield Athletic Journal

September 6, 1887.]

LAWRENCE FLETCHER, ANFIELD B.C.

To chat with such a man as he whose name heads this column is as beneficial as listening to the good sermon. The text might well be—Whether thou do, do heartily. A good sportsman, and imbued with a strong love for cycling, a visit to the well-appointed offices of Fletcher and Fraser, in Central Chambers, South Castle-street, Liverpool, at once convinces a man that the head of the firm carries the same thoroughness into the business of life that he displays in pursuit of his favourite pastime. It was in a quiet café off Lord-street that we tortured our victim into the following confession—

Yes! I have been a rider for a long time now. It was in 1872, on a boneshaver of my brother's, that I went through the initiatory stages. I was then to school near Jack Keen's place, and when the "old boss" brought out his "Eclipse" my brother had one built, and I, of course, made use of it during his holidays.

In 1876 I began to ride regularly, and in 1879, at Carlisle, made

MY FIRST ESSAY ON THE PATH, running second, from scratch, to Bob Bryson, who figured on the 2500s, mark. In May of the same year I rode 320 miles, on the road, in 2hrs. 11min., so winning the Championship of the Liverpool Amateur B.C. During this and the following year—1880—I rode in several handicaps without success, and with but one exception from the same mark (180yds. in 2 miles). The exception was Southport, where, in October of '79, I ran a second.

But you had already asserted your claims as a road racer.

True! In October '79 I put in 173 miles in 18½ hours, over Welsh roads, and again in the following month

BROKE THE 24-HOURS' RECORDED with 227 miles. True, I never claimed record but as that held by Brittain was lowered by some 15 miles, it is worth mentioning.

Here we stily suggested that a little social had been done over the "End to End" course, and as another cigarette was lighted, a ghastly smile o'erspread the face of him who spoke—

In May, 1885, I did grind a Humber tricycle from Land's End to John o' Groat's House in 8 days 5 hours and 20min. so beating the record by 52 hours. It was in this trip that

GEORGE MILLS FIRST DISPLAYED HIS POWERS as a road searcher. He accompanied me from Gloucester to the end of the journey, and his pacemaking gave me a foretaste of his phenomenal powers.

Again in October of the same year I made an unsuccessful attempt to beat the new record established by Tom Marriott. After riding 500 miles through drenching rain I gave up at Edinburgh, to fall a thinking what a

WONDER IT WAS I WAS ALIVE. In July of this year I had a little 24 hours' sojourn about North Wales, Salop and Cheshire, putting 21½ miles to my credit.

And you once emulated Dick Turpin, I think? Ah, yes! That was in '84, when I covered 211 miles, between London and York, on a bicycle, in 24 hours.

Again at Easter of this year? To be sure! I managed 254 miles in North Wales on an "R. and P. Safety." Harry Russell of "Ones" accompanied me for some 150 miles.

THE N.C.U. AND MAKERS' AMATEURISM. Here we suggested that the politics of the sport had been studied, and frankly asked the interviewed his opinion on that august body the N.C.U. Do you still hold the same opinions on the makers' amateur questions that you set forth at the annual meeting in February? About

Lawrence Fletcher broke the Irish 24-hours record on a Raleigh.

Lawrence Fletcher in Africa.

Advices per mail steamer Angola state that at the last meeting of the Gold Coast Chamber of Commerce Mr. Lawrence Fletcher was unanimously selected to fill the post of hon. secretary to the chamber. The office requires discretion and wide experience in African matters, and Mr. Fletcher has shown with his pen that he is as familiar with the romantic side of African subjects as he is astute in commercial undertakings. It may be mentioned that the new African novel upon which this great Anfield cyclist is at present engaged is a waisted with considerable interest by residents of African Station.—Liverpool Echo.

F. C. Lowcock, the Anfielder, was married last Wednesday, at the Cheshire Parish Church, to Miss Edith Bolshaw, of Cheshire Heath. Fred has many admirers, who join with us in wishing him and his wife health and prosperity.

certainly! and the events of the last few months have proved to all clear-headed people that I was right. The system of suspension on suspicion adopted by the Union is most contemptible and altogether unworthy of Englishmen. To suspend men on reliable data is quite right and proper, but I am of opinion that makers' amateurism is grown to such a length that it is impossible to eradicate it. Nevertheless, as an amateur, I should have hailed the attempt to suppress it, had it been carried out in a just and honest fashion.

What think you of the future of the Union? Candidly, unless things are very materially altered, the Union has no future to speak of. Unless the racing policy (?) is altered, the suspended men re-instated and an apology made to the provinces, and the old subscription returned to, the

UNION MUST GO TO THE WALL.

Mr. Todd has, I consider, taken a most ill-advised time to retire; it savours of a captain leaving a sinking ship; and to whom? Either Mr. Shipton or the A.A.A. I should hesitate

LAWRENCE FLETCHER REPLIES TO THE "EXILE."

Sir,—Your Irish correspondent has been taking liberties which I cannot permit with my name. I have been racing and record-breaking on the road since 1873, and have never before been mentioned to be considered sportsmanlike, and I therefore beg permission to trespass upon your space sufficiently to correct the misstatements which your correspondent, unintentionally no doubt, has made concerning me. He writes as follows:—

"Here are the facts—let them speak for themselves: L. Fletcher enters for a 24-hours' race to be practically run off on a Saturday. He then writes on Fri. say that he cannot get his machine to start, and he returns to Cork on a Tuesday, stiff and slow with my long ride and its attendant three days rain, and the next day discovered from the "Irish Cyclist" that my fellow members of the I.R.C. were starting to try and capture my 24 hours' record the following Friday night, though no one had had the courtesy to inform the holder of the record regarding this proposed ride. I at once wired asking for a route card and sent another message to the Raleigh Co. asking for my machine, which they had begged me to leave in England for exhibition purposes, and received a reply asking me to ride a machine I had at Cork, and which was geared too low for level roads, and clinched their request with a courteous appeal to me to leave them my record machine for show purposes. Next day I received route card from the I.R.C., and seeing at a glance the intricate nature of the route, which ran in and out of Enfield at least five times, that a stranger like myself would certainly get hopelessly lost (as I did), and as Mr. Dunham did in the Irish 100, I resolved to stay at home and to go for record with pacemakers who knew the route. I did not ask, nor did I desire, a single member of the I.R.C. to pace me except Mr. Mccreey and Mr. Murphy, and these wired their assistance at once. Of course if your correspondent is the mouthpiece of the I.R.C. I can take only one course with regard to that club, as I am not accustomed to, nor will I permit people to express disbelief in any statement I make. As to my "frisking" Messrs. Martin and Joyce, I cannot congratulate your correspondent on his choice of expressions, and when either of these gentlemen has beaten a recognised long distance national record I think it might be time enough for him to employ the term he now uses.—Apologising for trespassing on your space,

LAWRENCE FLETCHER, Newcastle-on-Tyne, Oct. 27, 1883.



to say which would be the less desirable. The mention of the C.T.C. autocast suggested Mr. Fletcher's connection with that great (nationally) institution. You hint a chief complaint for a few years in the co-operative do—C.T.C.?

Yes! I managed North Wales for some time, and might perhaps have been doing so now, but I ran amuck the Road Book Committee. To give information to my fellow wheelmen was all very well, but to stake my reputation for road-lore on the publication of a book, which, however useful it might be to a trading secretary, could not but be a disgrace to the club, was scarcely good enough. Example, the book has been in preparation now for three years and is not yet published.

Can it be of much practical service after even this delay, to say nothing of such as is to come? Since my giving up the chief-consulting, the division has been split up into divisions; this, from the information-seeking tourist's point of view, is most undesirable, and, on common sense lines is to be deplored. The more divisions, the greater

the difficulty in obtaining route information while, again, the risks of enlisting into the chief-consultar ranks men who are likely to prove inefficient, are heightened.

Of course I am not a member now! I have ridden some 20,000 miles since leaving the club, and have never felt the necessity for it.

Your connection with Anfield has been a long one? No; it was only in 1881 I joined the club. In fact one might say in that year the club was re-formed. I have attended to the secretarial duties off and on for sometime now, and I am proud of my connection with the premier road riding club of the land. We have over 200 members, honorary and active, hold some dozen records, a club house, and a clean balance sheet.

At this point we turned to the coffee only to find it cold, and re-lighting our cigarette we prepared to bid adieu to one whose interest in cycling is second to none. It is that best of all interests—a practical one. Floreat Anfieldensis

The Anfielders can take it easily, but although some may hardly believe it, last week, for instance, thirteen members, including myself, but it did not prove so, enjoyed a saunter through North and Mid Wales, when such pleasant and interesting places as Oswestry, Newtown, Aberystwith, Dolgelly, Towyn, Corwen, and Llangollen, not to name more, were visited. The tour proved a big success; the roads being found good throughout, whilst the scenery was magnificent.

Thirteen members of the Anfield B.C. participated in the August tour, and, favoured by good weather and excellent roads, a most enjoyable time was spent by the "men in black." Mid Wales was the scene of their operations, Oswestry being made the starting point of the ride. The first night was spent at Llanidloes, and on the morning following tracks were made for the Devil's Bridge at Aberystwith. Amongst other places visited were Dolgelly, Aberdovey, Bala, and Corwen.

Twenty-six Anfielders put up at the Bull's Head, Bala, a new destination for us, situated on the Middlewich road, and about two miles from Northwich. "Artie" Bennett, Toft, Worth, Smith, Peole, and Simpson were among the crowd, and "Bob" Thomas, who has not been seen on the road lately, turned up unexpectedly, having ridden over from Conway. The regular Robert received a hearty welcome, of course.

The Anfielders look almost like men in their spats. But not quite—some are in their boots.

Walter Deakin, of the Anfield, has struck some cycling life into the North Road on Saturday night along with a big crowd.

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A. E. Barlow, of the Anfield B.C., still continues to score. At the Oxford C.C. sports, held yesterday week, he won the half-mile handicap from the 45yds. mark somewhat easily. This makes his fifth first prize won during the last few weeks.

Mile Scratch (Local Centre Championship)—A. Maderson, South Liverpool C.C. 1; W. A. Hind, Southport C.C. 2; A. N. Deakin, Anfield B.C. 3. Four lengths; two laps. Time, 2min 32.1/2 sec.

Alfred Jack and W. Adams, of the Anfield B.C., on a Humber tandem, started to pace Helliier on a twelve hours ride last week, but he gave up when he got to Holmes Chapel. The tandems went on alone, and rode 191 1/2 miles in the time.

THE HADLEY CYCLES

Open the Road Racing Season.

The Anfield C.C. 50 Mile Road Race (May 6th), 1893

H. HELLIER, 1st on a HADLEY TRICYCLE	2 hrs. 56 min. 19 sec.
W. OWEN, 2nd on a HADLEY F. D.	2 hrs. 56 min. 19 sec.



SEMI-RACER. WEIGHT 32 lbs.

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Anfield Bicycle Club

There must be very few interesting points within a forty miles radius of Liverpool which have not at some time or other been visited by the enthusiastic Anfielders; but Secretary Worth is doing his best to find out those few, and he was successful recently in unearthing a spot new to many of the members in Davenham. Now that the evenings are lengthening the "men in black" are venturing further afield, a recent week-end jaunt consisting of a spin through Ormskirk to Preston. After tea in "Proud Preston" the "brave ones"—Toft, T. H. Conway, Peole, Hewison, E. Allen Toth, and E. G. Worth—felt so lively that they must needs continue the ride to Lancaster, where they put up for the night. The roads on the outward journey were something shocking, but the return ride was made under more favourable conditions, thanks to rds Boreas getting his head down.

Mr. W. A. Lowcock, of Manchester, was mounted on that sterling safety the James when he won the Anfield 24 hours road race. This test proves how well built and reliable are the machines made by the James Cycle Company, Ltd., of Birmingham.

IMPERIAL ROVER CYCLES.

AUT OPTIMUM AUT NIHI.
© Anfield Bicycle Club
Road Riding is the Best Test for a Bicycle!

The first Important Road Event of the year, viz, the Anfield B.C. 50 Miles Handicap, was won on Saturday last on an IMPERIAL ROVER Road Racer, weight 24½ lbs.

CYCLERS NEWS MAY 1893

The Anfielders had a run to their favourite hostelry, the Ship, at Rainhill, on Saturday. The club run should have been to the Patten Arms, Warrington, but owing to the prevalence of smallpox in that town it was thought advisable to change it. Considering the truly awful state of the weather, a fair number, to the tune of 17—amongst whom were Carlisle, Hellier, Bath, Beardwood, and Worth—sat down to tea at the Ship. F. Bath and several others went round by Crompton. The roads in that direction were found to be very bad.

Percy Beardwood, of the Anfield B.C., is very pleased with the little Crypto F.D. on which he finished first and last, and did quickest time, in the last Anfield 50. He only purchased it a few days before the race. He says the 36in. wheel is a great deal faster than those over 32in. Several Liverpool men have lately been seen on the small front drivers, J. C. Robinson and "Doctor" Carlisle amongst others. It seems likely to become a popular winter mount in the district.

A. N. Deakin fit again.
A. N. Deakin has got over his recent bad accident in a marvellous fashion, and although at one time it was feared he would lose his eyesight and be disabled for life, he is apparently now as well as ever, and shows little signs of the spill. He intends starting in the Liverpool Centre fifty on Saturday, so that much cannot all him.

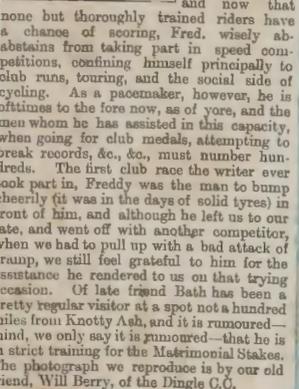
T. B. Conway, who on Saturday lit the Northern 24-hour Safety Record to 59½ miles, is one of the best riders in the Anfield B.C.

© Anfield Bicycle Club

The latest Fred Bath was taken for Zimmerman one day last week by a prominent Liverpool cyclist. There certainly is a slight resemblance at times between the "black Anfielder" and Jimmy. The "proprietor" can ride, too, when he likes.

FRED BATH.

Of all the "Black Anfielders," the most popular in local cycling circles is Freddy Bath; a generous nature, coupled with a complete absence of "side," rendering him approachable by all. Time was when our subject was regarded as a coming speed-man. He more than once distinguished himself in Anfield sprints, but strict training, with the self-denial it entails, is not altogether in his line, and now that none but thoroughly trained riders have a chance of scoring, Fred wisely abstains from taking part in speed competitions, confining himself principally to club runs, touring, and the social side of cycling. As a pacemaker, however, he is oftentimes to the fore now, as of yore, and the men whom he has assisted in this capacity, when going for club medals, attempting to break records, &c., &c., must number hundreds. The first club race the writer ever took part in, Freddy was the man to bump cheerily (it was in the days of solid tyres) in front of him, and although he left us to our fate, and went off with another competitor, when we had to pull up with a bad attack of cramp, we still feel grateful to us on that trying occasion. Of late friend Bath has been a pretty regular visitor at a spot not a hundred miles from Knotty Ash, and it is rumoured—mind, we only say it is rumoured—that he is in strict training for the Metropolitan Stakes. The photograph we reproduce is by our old friend, Will Berry, of the Dingle C.C.



FRED BATH, ANFIELD B.C.

Fred Bath is one of the best known Anfielders in the Liverpool district, and has been a member of the famous road-racing organization for many years. It is an exaggeration to say that Bath is amongst the most popular of the Anfielders, and specially with the wheelers of other local clubs. The reason of his popularity is not far to seek, and lies mainly in the fact that he has a total absence of that very out of place "side" which distinguishes many of his club-mates. We see Bath as we like him best, a good rider, a fine sportsman, and a social fellow, qualities which gain him more respect and esteem than all the sirs in Christendom would. Bath is a well-known figure on Lancashire and Cheshire roads, and is particularly at home at the Knotty Ash Hotel, where his efforts in the social line always meet with the recognition they deserve. It was owing to his efforts that the hilliard match between the Anfield and North Liverpool clubs turned out such a success and was productive of so much good feeling between the teams representing the clubs mentioned. He is a great favourite in his own club also, and is one of the "old school" of riders who helped to make the Anfield famous. Our portrait which appears on the leader page is taken from a photograph by Vandyke, of Liverpool.

PATHFINDER.

NOTED ANFIELDER.

There is no more popular member of the Anfield club than the possessor of the well-known features depicted here, and no cyclist who is better known on weathered roads than Harry Saunders that saw the light in Cambridge, about a quarter of a century ago, and early on manifested a keen attachment to wheeling, his first long-distance performances with the hoop rousing the demon of envy in the breasts of his schoolfellows. As he grew in years he turned to cycling, and did some good performances in the South, but it is by his rides since going North that he is chiefly known to Lancashire riders. He is undoubtedly best at fifty miles, and at this distance has always been particularly hot in the Anfield events. Perhaps his most notable ride in a fifty handicap was some couple of years back, when being in receipt of two or three minutes' start from Artie Bennett. Harry refused to take any concession, and insisted on starting off the scratch mark also. The result was that he stuck with Bennett right through, and sprinting the latter at the finish beat his renowned opponent by a couple of feet, and scored his first Northern record. Another very good ride he did was in a club fifty, held in May last year, when, starting from scratch, he finished fourth, doing fastest time, and



Wheeler
The Anfield B.C. are planning a day in the Park for the 19th of May. H. B. Saunders will manage it.



F. Watkins, Anfield B.C. (Liverpool, Oct.)

gaining over a quarter of an hour on Teller (tricycle), to whom he was conceding 20m. start. He was, on this occasion, only 1m. 19s. behind Bennett's record done against the watch. He stated in the Anfield 24 hours' race last year, and though this was his first all-day race, he managed to pile up the biggest total of any of the safetyists. Harry does a tremendous amount of picing, and always accompanies Fletcher on his Land's End to John-o'-Great's ride, and when waiting for the old Anfield secretary at Lanesmeaton last year, he rode up a hill near that town which no cyclist had previously managed to climb. He has also assisted W. R. Toft, C. W. Schafer, and other Anfield speed merchants in their attacks upon records, and when H. Hellier recently established the new Northern figures for the triocycle 24 hours, Saunders paced him for over 150 miles of the journey. His good offices in the racing direction are much valued by his club-mates, as he is willing to turn out at all times and in all weathers, provided there is a chance of fresh laurels being gained for the Anfield. It takes him some time to get into his best form, as he is apt to run to flesh in the winter, and he requires two or three months to cure the malady known as "acute acvirdipnois."

One of the most popular men in the Anfield B.C. is Fred Watkins, whose counter-feit presentation adorns this column. Although a cyclist of many years' standing, it was not until 1894, a year after joining the Anfield B.C., that our hero came out as a speedman; but once started, he went ahead in fine style. His first year's successes comprised a second in the novice 50 miles handicap, and 12 and 24 hours standard medals in the annual 24. In July, 1896, Watkins fairly staggered his club-mates and greatly surprised himself by winning the club 24 hours race with a total of 3434 miles to his credit, which is the greatest distance ever accomplished in competition on Northern roads. He covered the last 40 miles in two hours. His last effort took place in September, when he finished third in the 12 hours race. An entertaining soul is Watkins, and when he lets himself loose at social functions he is invariably accorded a hearty reception. The portrait we reproduce is by Mat Wells, of the Orford C.C. and it is an excellent likeness of the genial Fred.

H. Percy Spence, Hon. Sec. Anfield B.C.

short time afterwards assisted Hellier to ride 50 miles on a tandem trike in 2 hr 47 m 21 sec, breaking Northern record. Spence's great forte is touring, of which he is passionately fond. He is also very keen on all-night rides, and is never happier than when careering gaily along between sunset and dawn. Although very youthful-looking, our hero owns up to 27. As hon. sec. of the Anfield B.C., he is undoubtedly the "right man in the right place."

Strother, of the Anfield, returns to Moscow on the 6th inst. He has made quite a host of friends since he came over to Liverpool last year, and will be much missed. As compensation for the loss of himself, he is sending over his young brother in August next. He is a good rider, like Harry, and will most probably join the Anfield B.C.

MAY, 1893.

Mr. Deble was an interested spectator of the Anfield B.C.'s fifty, and must have been highly gratified at the success of the Hadley wheels, Hellier being mounted on a Hadley trike and Owen on an F.I. of the same excellent brand.

"Distinguished invalid" H. Hellier, of the Anfield, has been laid up with influenza, whilst Artie Bennett's "little lad" comprised a bad cold and an ulcerated throat. Although still far from well on Saturday, these rash youths faced the wintry blast, and attended the club run.

Hellier, of the Anfield, is an energetic man, and no mistake. After winning the club's record 50 miles handicap, he went straight to the hotel, changed his clothes, and rushed off to Paris, whither he was bound on business.

THE WHEELER.

In spite of the cares of authorship, Lawrance Fletcher is in no way to credit popular without keeping in mind that he may be said to have written the "Anfield B.C." more freely than any other part of the "Anfield B.C." than the "Anfield B.C." author's first book, "Into the Unknown."

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NOVEMBER 15, 1893.

Franklin of the Anfield B.C. has been coming out as a burglar-catcher. He has recently, with the aid of a policeman, captured two of these gentry, who were breaking into his shop in Manchester.



MR. LAWRENCE FLETCHER, ANFIELD B.C.

We had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Fletcher in Lime Street Station on his way home to Cork after his recent 1000 miles record, and we were exceedingly pleased to see him looking so fit and well, in fact the very picture of health and strength. His condition, although within less than twenty-four hours after the finish of his ride, gave the lie direct to those journalists and maniacs who have lately been vapouring in the "heel press" concerning the physical and mental state of a man while going for long distance records. It requires a little more than "will power" to climb the many little gradients of an about-face of a journey of 1,000 miles. After contending with Mr. Fletcher on the exceedingly bad weather he had encountered, we began fishing for a little information on his trip. Asked what he considered the time end to end journey could be accomplished in, Mr. Fletcher replied, "About 5 days 6 hours." "Did you do any special training for the ride?" "No; I had very little riding beyond the Irish 24 hours' ride. You see, I have not long been back from Africa." "Did you trip to the Coast do you any harm?" "I do not think so; at least, judging from my present form and health."

"What gear do you use?" "Sixty gears. I have tried higher, but consider that for all-round work 60 is the best." "And your food and drink on these rides?" "Principally bread and milk, an occasional plate of porridge, tea and bread and butter, with plenty of ripe fruit. During the heat of the day I find soda water and peppermint to be an excellent refreshment." Mr. Fletcher has been through quite fifty twenty-four hour rides, and it is he who can safely take the credit of bringing G. P. Mills out as a rider. In fact many members of the Anfield B.C. picture the "Anfield B.C." as the "Anfield B.C." for bringing them into the mysterious long distance cycling. Mr. Fletcher has only recently taken up his residence in Ireland, and he holds a responsible position with the "Anfield B.C." as the "Anfield B.C." He thinks the Irish are a very warm-hearted and enthusiastic race of people, and when he broke the Irish 24 hours record a few weeks back the streets of the various villages and towns en route were simply crowded with a wildly cheering mob. Mr. Fletcher is a journalist of no mean order, his two books "Into the Unknown," and "Zero, the Slaver," having commanded a very large sale. He is very much missed by his fellow members of the Anfield B.C., amongst whom he numbers many friends; friends who know and appreciate his great good nature, and who one and all vote "Laurie" a right down jolly good fellow, one of the genuine sort.

H. HELLIER, ANFIELD B.C., ON HIS HUMBER TRICYCLE.

The subject of our sketch is a warrior of great renown in the Northern speed world. He commenced cycling as far back as 1885, and he from that year to 1893, did a lot of touring on a tricycle over the southern portion of that lovely country. In 1890 he came to Liverpool and invested in a safety, and used to haunt Cranage and Knutsford at the week-ends, in company with one P. C. Beardwood. The speed-lover with one P. C. Beardwood, in the autumn of 1891, when he started in the "Athletic and Dramatic News" 50 miles road race, and got home third in the 25m. February, 1892, saw him a member of the famous Anfield Club, and in May of the same year he did fastest time in the 50 miles handicap, 3hr. 10m., on a machine manufactured by the Anfield Committee, and in July decided to return to his old love, the three wheeler. This season he has shown marvellously improved form, and commenced well by winning the first 50 held in June, doing 2hr. 06m. and a record over the southern portion of that lovely country. In June he was elected a member of the Anfield Committee, and in July decided to return to his old love, the three wheeler. This season he has shown marvellously improved form, and commenced well by winning the first 50 held in June, doing 2hr. 06m. and a record over the southern portion of that lovely country. In June he was elected a member of the Anfield Committee, and in July decided to return to his old love, the three wheeler. This season he has shown marvellously improved form, and commenced well by winning the first 50 held in June, doing 2hr. 06m. and a record over the southern portion of that lovely country.

The Black Anfielders were out in great force on Saturday for the run to the Ship at Rainhill. Lawrence Fletcher turned out on his triocycle, presumably to see if his club really did ride in a crowd. (It was fine on Saturday.) A great agreement was noticeable in the matter of the "Anfield B.C." as the "Anfield B.C." of Harry Robinson's little 30m. straight-lack front-drivers, Harry Saunders and Hadley Dunlop, Charlie Stokes and Artie Bennett (who had ridden over from Manchester), Bealey, Carlisle, Saunders, Bath, Jack Robinson, Dave Fell (with his dawg), Beardwood, etc., etc. After tea at Prescott, a return was made to Knotty Ash, the crowd being now augmented by the two Deakins, Rowe, Jack Thompson, and Harry Robinson, these gentlemen not having got quite so far out as Prescott. Billiards were again indulged in, and Percy Beardwood (Anfield) played off his game with Tom Andley (North Liverpool), the result being another win for the "men in black," Beardwood finishing with 18 points to the good. The Anfielders now led by 55 points. By the way, we forgot to mention in our previous par on the match that the game is 150 up.

"The Anfielders were also out in great force, and after witnessing the game of billiards between Cunningham and Busk at Knotty Ash, ran on to Prescott. By the way, talking of the game reminds us that "Doctor" Carlisle makes an excellent marker. It wasn't fair, though, to chaff him, Johnny B. The following well-known scorers were amongst the number who partook of sustenance at Mrs. Lloyd's famous hostelry—Toft (skipper), P. del Strother (Rossian), Elias (Canadian), "Artie" Bennett (who had ridden over from Manchester), Bealey, Carlisle, Saunders, Bath, Jack Robinson, Dave Fell (with his dawg), Beardwood, etc., etc. After tea at Prescott, a return was made to Knotty Ash, the crowd being now augmented by the two Deakins, Rowe, Jack Thompson, and Harry Robinson, these gentlemen not having got quite so far out as Prescott. Billiards were again indulged in, and Percy Beardwood (Anfield) played off his game with Tom Andley (North Liverpool), the result being another win for the "men in black," Beardwood finishing with 18 points to the good. The Anfielders now led by 55 points. By the way, we forgot to mention in our previous par on the match that the game is 150 up.

WHEELER

Approx a little accident in the recent Anfield "century" — There was a young cyclist "clept" "Gerty" who recently got very shirty, As when out for a ride his little trike was full of holes, and the duck-pod proved both deep and dirty. As a mud-plugger, the tandem trike wants some beating, was the opinion of the fourteen Anfielders, who followed Hellier and Toft into Chester last week. The way the jigger went through the mud was an eye-opener; but then Hellier and Toft are born tricyclists.

Vertical text on the left margin containing various notes and advertisements, including "The Anfield B.C. are planning a day in the Park for the 19th of May." and "W. R. Toft, of the Anfield B.C., is a very good rider, like Harry, and will most probably join the Anfield B.C."

Vertical text on the right margin containing various notes and advertisements, including "Robinson and Trice have built a beautiful tandem safety for Harry Saunders and Newton of the Anfield B.C." and "W. R. Toft, of the Anfield B.C., is a very good rider, like Harry, and will most probably join the Anfield B.C."

ANOTHER NORTHERN RECORD BROKEN.

We are glad to see that W. R. Toft, of the Anfield B.C., has once more recovered his spirits; in fact, on Friday last they were simply bubbling over. So he took it into his head to attempt to shift the figures fixed by his fellow-clubman, H. Hellier, for the northern tricycle fifty miles record. This he successfully accomplished, bringing down Hellier's time of 2 hrs 51 min 33 sec to 2 hrs 44 min 58 sec. He was paced by the following tandem pairs: O. Lucas and H. Saunders, J. H. Banks and J. Chapman, and others. Near the Dog and Dart both Toft and his pacemakers had to dismount and walk a length of 150 yards, which was covered with newly-laid metal. Mr. J. E. Berry, of the N.R.R.A., took the time.



JULY 92

One of the funniest incidents in the Anfield Hundred occurred to Keeling, the tricyclist. Rounding a sharp corner he ran into a pit containing some water which had been there about 20 years. Keeling was on his back in a moment squirting the dirty water out of his mouth. The tricycle was lost to view, and both man and machine were enveloped in thick slimy mud when they were pulled out.

At midnight, on Friday, 30 Anfielders left the C.F.C. Liverpool for their headquarters, where they were to meet the North Road, Speedwell, and Waverley clubs. They arrived at Lawrence's Hotel before starting. A line from the captain, Toft, revealed the fact that they had arrived safely at Skipton on Saturday morning. A strong head wind was troubling them, however.

R. del Strother, the popular little brother who left Liverpool for Moscow last Friday. He will stay in Liverpool about the end of the present month, and then return to Chicago with his family.

R. W. Lloyd, who only left Liverpool for Moscow last Friday. He will stay in Liverpool about the end of the present month, and then return to Chicago with his family.

Mr. J. B. Beasley writes that at the Anfield meeting last Monday (the 14th), of several riders, of whom Mr. W. R. Toft (captain), of the North Road, was one, pointed out to him that Mr. A. O. Saunders, Harry, Strother, and Co., this being the 4th We were evidently in error last week in being of course a mere trifling. Being the 4th We were evidently in error last week in being of course a mere trifling. Being the 4th We were evidently in error last week in being of course a mere trifling. Being the 4th We were evidently in error last week in being of course a mere trifling.



A GROUP OF ANFIELDERS.
Photographed during the Easter Tour.

"Artie" Bennett has a young brother who bids fair to become a good rider. One day last week this youthful member of the Bennett family back from his trip to Moscow (Bob Lloyd's old man in excellent condition, and without turning a hair. "Artie" was so pleased with this that he presented the youngster with a volume of Ruskin to read away. He will introduce him to us later on.

R. W. Lloyd left Liverpool last Wednesday afternoon, in the "Germanic," bound for New York. A big crowd of Anfielders, numbering nearly two dozen, assembled on the landing stage to see him off. Amongst others were noticed Norman Crook, Toft, Deakin, Chippen, Strother, Beasley, Fell, etc., etc. "Bob" was rather cut up at having to leave all his old friends, but hopes to run over for a few weeks next summer.

Twenty-five black Anfielders plucked to King's Cross. The man in blue was Mr. W. R. Toft (captain), of the North Road, who was accompanied by Mr. A. O. Saunders, Harry, Strother, and Co., this being the 4th We were evidently in error last week in being of course a mere trifling. Being the 4th We were evidently in error last week in being of course a mere trifling.



H. Prosser.



F. C. DEL STROTHER, Anfield B.C.

Henri del Strother left Liverpool for Moscow last Wednesday. This makes the third prominent Anfielder to leave Liverpool within the last few weeks. The little batch of Anfielders known as the "Knotty Ash Brigade"—from their regular attendance there at week ends—is being fast broken up, and with "Bob" Lloyd in America, "Artie" Bennett in Manchester, and Strother on his way to Russia the tea on Sundays will be a much tamer affair than it used to be. By the way, talking of "Bob" Lloyd, we have a splendid photograph of him last week, which he has had taken in Chicago. It does not seem to have altered much. The only thing striking in the photo, was the abnormal length of the necktie he was wearing. But then "Bob" was always a bit of a "dude" when not in cycling costume.



A GROUP OF ANFIELDERS AT BETTWS-Y-COED AT EASTER-TIDE.



J. A. BENNETT,
Who did fastest time in the Anfield on Saturday.



The Anfield had things out at the North Road 24 hours. Carlisle paced by two tandems. The Anfield had things out at the North Road 24 hours. Carlisle paced by two tandems. The Anfield had things out at the North Road 24 hours. Carlisle paced by two tandems.

NORTH ROAD 24 HOURS.—CARLISLE PACED BY TWO TANDEMS.



G. P. MILLS.



J. A. BENNETT AND M. A. HOLBEIN,

WHO, LAST WEEK, BEAT THE TANDEM 24 HOURS' RECORD ON THE ROAD, RIDING 397 1/2 MILES.



G. McNish,

The well-known Nottingham Rider

That fine road rider, R. L. Knipe, won the Anfield B.C.'s annual twenty-four hours race, his distance in twice round the clock being 353 miles. Several heavy showers fell during the night, rendering the going heavy, and a nasty wind interfered with speed. W. R. Oppenheimer finished second, considerable distance behind Knipe, and E. Barton was third.

A Grand Rider.
J. F. Green, of the Anfield Bicycle Club, must be one of the best riders in England. On Saturday, at the Birmingham charity meeting, in the half-mile scratch race, he beat Sid Holloway, of the Midland A.C. This is undoubtedly Green's best performance, and he is deserving of great credit for so meritorious a victory.

Mr. R. L. Knipe, the Anfield scratch man, who was so unfortunate as to sustain a puncture in the ninety-sixth mile of the Anfield hundred, and which occasioned him a new time for the Northern Roads one hundred miles un-paced record (standard time allowed 5h. 45m.), and he succeeded in doing the distance in 5h. 31m. 52s. Knipe was fully checked, and he was followed throughout by Mr. H. Poole on his motor tricycle. Mr. W. F. Collier, of the Northern Roads Records Association, took the time. In the Anfield hundred, Knipe's time was 5h. 42m. 45s. In last four miles of that race he covered as follows: 100 yds, one on the rim, and two on an ancient jigger borrowed from a by-gone.

© Anfield Bicycle Club

Long Distance Riding.

HAVE been asked to contribute a special article on this thread-bare subject, and feel that I have little, if anything, to say which is not already well known. So I will premise by remarking that long distances, like anything else, are relative, and that the long distance riding of which I write is road riding, pure and simple, and that I take little or no interest in any performance under 24 hours, as I become more and more convinced, yearly, that races at 100 miles are purely gifts for path racing men who choose to train for the road, in that with, I think, the solitary exception of my own club (the Anfield) all the events promoted at this distance are scratch races, and the result, bar accidents, is a foregone conclusion.

TRAINING.

I hold strong opinions on this head. I never train and never have trained. I simply get what practice I can, preferably on a low-geared tricycle, and race on a safety when the time comes.

FEEDING.

I regard this as the most important point of the whole game. Porridge, rice pudding and bread and milk, are easy things to put down in a hurry and to digest at leisure, and I have latterly come to the conclusion that if you must drink at all, soda water and peppermint is a good and harmless "speed drink," my own experience being that but little drink is required when the before-mentioned liquid food is taken. Strong peppermints are a capital thing to carry and to eat, but I strongly deprecate the unlimited use of bananas, a custom which has obtained in recent years. At night they do no harm from my point of view, but during the day they are cold, insipid things to take, and I can only say that if you commenced to eat bananas under a tropical sun, the natives would go out and

dig your grave one time, and prepare an old gun case to bury you in next morning at sunrise. Ripe fruit is all right taken in moderation, but alcoholic stimulants, in any shape or form, are not permissible. I see that the question of sugar being good food for providing staying power has cropped up this year, and I can vouch for it that I never feel any ill effects from taking my usual ten tea-spoonfuls in a bowl of bread and

with it, though Northumberland is a very hilly county. If you are to get speed and comfort without you must have a good tread. I find that a perfection, but this, of course, has the same of a road. I always use a comfortable spring saddle, and although it puts 11b. on to the weight of my mount, I know that it minimises vibration, completely does away with saddle-sores, and saves both the tyre and the machine. In Wales, at Easter, I was particularly struck by the capital invention of Neason, of the Anfield, namely, a small lens and shutter in the back of the lamp, which permitted one to see the time by one's watch at any hour of the night. This should prove a great boon to men riding against time.

POSITION.

The general tendency is still for a backward position, and I am of opinion that reform is much required in this essential particular, and that the majority of men would find themselves better suited by a relatively forward position, and a higher handle bar, not a level bar, for level bar breaks the back and makes the shoulder ache but a bar well lifted, and with a medium drop on it, and not more than 24 inches in length over all.

PAUSE.

I believe in going while I can. I am never troubled with bad times, but at some period of the day I am always attacked by a fit of the shivers, and have to go steady for an hour or so.

SUCCESS.

will only be assured by cultivating before all things a most abominable habit of determination, and if any man is convinced that he does not possess this characteristic in very large measure, the sooner he gives up all hope of being a long distance rider the better for him.

LAWRENCE FLETCHER means to have another shot at the End-to-End Record as soon as Mills has finished. He considers 8 days 8 hours about the correct figure, given fine weather.



LAWRENCE FLETCHER.

Photo by Messrs. G. & L. Limited, Coventry.

milk, and I know also that G. P. Mills is equally fond of sweet foods and drinks.

GEARS.

I have all my life believed in a 60 gear and a 6 1/2 inch crank, and have found these figures hitherto suitable for every purpose; but I am this year experimenting with a higher gear on a light Beeston Hamber and have so far had no fault to



THE CUCA CUP RACE—J. A. BENNETT PACED BY A TRIPLET.



J. A. Bennett.

MR. J. A. BENNETT. ANFIELD B.C.

THE plucky Anfielder whom we give mounted as he was a few years back on his good old ordinary, is, without doubt, the most popular of northern cyclists. This is all in a great measure due to his very unassuming manners; in fact he has, in this respect, a reputation amongst roadmen similar to that enjoyed by Zimmerman on the path. Artie Bennett, as is pretty well known, is the holder of the 24 hours' safety road record, having accomplished this by finishing second to Shortland in the North Road 24 hours race. Bennett also holds the record for 50 miles, out and home, and his time in last year's Great Eastern Trial of the Anfield, 53.45 min., is a wonderful feat of pace and endurance. What he will do this year remains to be seen, and depends largely upon the opportunities which are afforded him for training. It is improbable that he will turn out in the 24 hours' Coca Cup competition, as track work soon falls upon him, and he would be hardly likely to do himself justice. At road work he is a perfect demon, and as big performance stand at present, ranks an easy second to Shortland.

On Saturday last 18 Anfielders ploughed Islewood. Amongst the number were Helliier, on his tricycle; Stoker, on ordinary (sensible man); Fell, on his dog-mean with his dog, and on his safety; zley, Carlisle, Thompson, etc., etc. zatt displayed great wisdom and went by train. The occasion being the 5th of ember, a display of fireworks was indulged in by the frivolous division. After fray, "Doctor" Carlisle and Worth went o High Legh. Whether they managed to struggle through the mud and arrive in safety or not, we have not yet seen.

NOV. 1892



J. FOWLER, Macclesfield (Cheshire Champion).

The ran to the Ship at Farnhill has been a favourite one with the Anfielders, and on Saturday last, a party of these hardy riders, despite the blizzard, met together under the hospitable roof of the Anfield. Amongst the number were "Doctor" Carlisle, J. A. Bennett, G. Worth, G. C. Beardwood, Alf. and Walter Denkin, G. B. Mercer, Spence, Watkiss, Keizer, Frazer, Duggan, Bath, etc., etc.



J. ROBINSON.



Mr. W. J. Stone.



F. H. KOESEN.

August 1, 1893.



G. B. MERCER.

F. H. Koesen's 25 miles in 56 min 29 1-5 sec is a splendid performance for a dirt track.

The Anfield B.C.'s first road event came off under conditions very different to the last one of 1892. The weather was favourable to a degree to fast times, the day being warm but cloudy, so that the sun was not too oppressive; the wind, too, was favourable for the first part of the race, and dropped slightly towards evening. As a consequence the times were fast, six men finishing under three hours, and this, too, so early in the season, before the men have had a chance of getting their proper form. Moreover, several of the crack riders were non-starters, Bennett, Carter, Alec Jack, and Toff failing to come up to the scratch. So with such an auspicious commencement there is every prospect of the old club maintaining its pre-eminence on the road. Fifteen men faced the starter, J. E. Berry, Keizer, and Spence being the first to go off from the 25min. mark, the scratch men, H. B. Saunders and R. H. Carlisle, starting at 4.30 p.m. The latter were admirably paced by J. Reilly, T. A. Eige, Schafer, and Watson, of the Liverpool Wheelers, and went off at a great rate, doing the 15 miles in 54 mins. At about 20 miles Carlisle ran into his pacemaker's back-wheel, and came a severe cropper, damaging himself and machine so that he was unable to proceed, and Saunders after waiting a moment in portmanlike fashion to see if his comrade was able to remount, continued in fine style. He was unable, however, to quite get through his field, and was just beaten on the post for third place by A. N. Deakin, who rode a R. and P. The handicap was won by H. Helliier on a tricycle, who started from the 20mins. mark, and, riding with great judgment, won by a few yards from Owen, who was mounted on a 36in. F.D. The following is a list of the men who finished and their times:—

	Start	Half	Time	Net Time
	min.	h. m. s.	h. m. s.	h. m. s.
1. H. Helliier	20	2 26 15	2 58 15	2 58 15
2. W. Owen	20	2 30 30	2 58 30	2 58 30
3. A. N. Deakin	20	2 40 15	2 58 15	2 58 15
4. H. B. Saunders	scratch	2 40 15	2 40 15	2 40 15
5. A. S. Newson	20	2 41 31	2 58 31	2 58 31
6. W. H. Hood	20	2 43 32	2 58 32	2 58 32
7. A. H. Cottis	20	2 56 8	3 4 8	3 4 8
8. W. Duggan	20	3 3 2	3 19 2	3 19 2

It will be seen that Saunders made the fastest time, and was only 1 min. 10secs. outside the Northern record. He was mounted on a beautiful little Elswick racer, the identical one which carried Green, of Newcastle, to victory so often last season. Owen showed very good form on the F.D. This being his first race, he should turn out a good man. Helliier's victory was exceedingly popular and thoroughly deserved, as his time was less than 3mins. outside Northern tricycle record. Alf Deakin showed a glimpse of his old form by doing 2hrs. 48mins. 16secs., and we hope to see him on the scratch mark before the end of the season.

THE LIVERPOOL CENTRE N.C.V. ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB
50 MILES CHAMPIONSHIP.



C. C. WHEELER DEL STROBEL



J.A. BENNETT

J. A. Bennett, who was only 7 1/2 miles outside the North Road "Twenty Four", was up on a New Howe.



R. H. CARLISLE.
R. H. Carlisle in the Club R.



J. A. BENNETT, paced by tandem at Horns Hill.

Mr. Harry Saunders, of the Anfield B.C., has our congratulations on a pleasing event which took place last week. Both are doing well.



That popular representative, Mr. Harry Saunders, of the Coventry Components Company, was delighted with the business he had secured for his firm.

HARRY SAUNDERS, ON HIS "NEW HOWE."

H. B. Saunders, of the Anfield B.C., has been very busy lately in looking out machines for the customers who were the main feature of the week at the Anfield B.C.



C. P. Mills has discarded his cutchies, and by this time will probably have thrown away his stick. He rides backwards and forwards to the works every day, and in a letter to Lawrence Fletcher last week he said that it was his intention to go for the Land's End to John o' Groat's record during the coming season. What pluck!



M. A. C. H. E. R. S. (written vertically)

W. J. NEASON,



OF THE ANFIELD B.C., WHO, ON AN IMPERIAL ROVER, BEAT THE LONDON AND BACK RECORD BY 2 1/2 MINS.

H. C. Siddeley, of the Anfield B.C., has just shipped the "New Howe" to the States. He does not ship the "New Howe" to the States.



H. C. SIDDELEY, ANFIELD B.C.



THE LATEST FRENCH PORTRAIT OF G. P. MILLS.

Nov 92
G. P. Mills is now an Assoc. M.I.C.E.



L. WHEELER, (Anfield B.C.)



WHEELER
March 1896



H. B. Saunders.

Mr. H. B. Saunders, the well-known North of England, Scotch, and Irish traveller for the Palmer Tyre, Ltd. Mr. Saunders is a pushing and energetic man and he should do well in his new role. He was he pushed "Rovers" in the North last year proved his influence and capacity, and he means going one better this year.

Jan'y 1896



E. Beckley, the winner.



W. W. Owen, winner of the Anfield 50 M.

August 1894

May 1895

LIVERPUDLIA.



W. R. Toft, the Liverpool Anfield Captain, and H. Poole, the new Liverpool Speedman.



SEP 1896



H. H. Carlisle

Eastern 1896

© Anfield Bicycle Club

The Anfielders' fifty miles handicap, which should have been held on Saturday, was postponed, owing to so many of the members being scattered over the country pacing Fletcher. A run to Winwick was therefore held instead, in which fourteen members took part. Keeling and Tolt made the pace pretty thick on the outward journey on a tandem safety, Alf. Deakin being the only man able to keep anywhere near them. After tea, Heller, Boardman, Deakin, Keeling, Tolt, Thomas, and Worth went on to Knutsford, where they spent the week-end. White was out on a new Hadley P.D., which looked a very speedy little bus.

J. H. Santar, H. W. Smith, W. J. Neason and R. E. Prichard rode motor bikes on the Anfield tour. G. B. Mercer drove the motor. APRIL 1902

A SPEEDY TRICYCLIST.



H. Heller, of the Anfield B.C. (Liverpool).



R. H. Carlisle, on his Royal Anfield, with Dunlop Tyres.

Photo by W. E. Parry
Rathfriland, Easter 1895

AN EASTER REMINISCENCE.



A Group of Anfielders Picnicking at Lake Elsie, Bettws-y-Coed.



J. D. Siddley.



CYCLERS NEWS FEB 1897

When riding gaily along the Prescot road before a North-west gale one day last week, I should I suppose be coming from an opposite direction and blowing through the wind with apparently the greatest ease, but our only "Billy" Neason. Of course, I interviewed him, and found that he is not at all satisfied with the time he did on his recent record-breaking jaunt. His time table was made out for 5 hours 5 min., and but for the puncture which necessitated seven miles' riding on the rim, followed by five miles on a tandem geared to a hundred and something, and a couple of other changes, he is confident, judging by the easy way he was travelling, that he would have done the distance in the time arranged. He starts for the twenty-four hours' road record in a few weeks' time, and with everything favourable he anticipates covering 100 miles in the time.

A series of misfortune, compelled Mr. R. E. Prichard of the Anfield B.C. to abandon his attack on the Edinburgh-Liverpool paced record, after getting as far as Carnforth.

R. L. L. Rhippe had his usual bad luck in the Anfield B.C.'s Invitation Hundred. Through punctures he had to change machines no fewer than seven times. 1902



J. Fowler, of Macclesfield.



W. J. NEASON.

This popular member of the Liverpool Anfield B.C. and holder of the London to Bath road record will compete in the Bordeaux to Paris race on May 23rd and 24th.



Group of well-known Anfielders, taken at Bwlford by C. Y. Conway, of the Anfield B.C., during the Club's recent Easter Tour in North Wales. Amongst the number are W. R. Tolt, T. B. Conway, J. B. Thompson, G. A. Townley, F. Watkins, Cottle, Rowatt, &c.

The Anfielders seem to be falling off in their club run attendances. True it is that lately the weather has been abominable, but time was when the "men in black" turned out better when the roads and weather were bad. Saturday week only two—Fred Bath and Percy Beardwood—carried out the run to Beeston Castle. Shade of "Bob" Lloyd, what a falling off! When he reads this in Chicago (he has B. S. sent to him every week, does "Bob") we should not be surprised if he burst his new shooting costume with indignation. — [We believe A. B. C. runs have ever been best attended in winter.—Ed. B. S.]



at old veteran, Hugh Fraser, fresh Canada, turned out for the Anfield Coaster on Saturday, which was led by 25 members. Several prominent members have been indulging in lately, but the remaining unimpaired men are still hard at it training. 1897

Mr. Harvey Glover, of St. Helens, last week rode 107 miles in 11 hours 35 minutes, and has gained the gold medal offered by his club for completing the distance named under 12 hours.

.. BUILT FOR SPEED ..

Mr. H. W. SMITH and his MOHAWK Road Racing Bicycle, secured the 1st Prize and made the Fastest Time in

Anfield B.C.'s 50 MILES RACE.

© Anfield Bicycle Club

NORTHERN ROAD RECORDS

At a meeting of the Northern Road Records Association, held on Friday last, the following claims to records were passed: Single bicycle, 100 miles in 4 hr 55 min 28 sec, by C. W. Schafer, Manchester Wheelers. Tandem bicycle, 50 miles in 2 hr 10 min 50 sec, by H. Holland, Manchester B.C., and G. Gurley, Manchester Wheelers. Twelve hours by W. E. Gee and M. Wilde, Manchester Wednesday U.C., distance 207 1/2 miles.

An old Anfielder. We met F. J. del Strother, the popularly known racing man, at the National Show, looking remarkably well. Del, as he is familiarly called, has returned to his native land, and is now settled in his numerous friends in Manchester and Liverpool through the columns.

Without waiting, "Del" Strother, the popularly known racing man, at the National Show, looking remarkably well. Del, as he is familiarly called, has returned to his native land, and is now settled in his numerous friends in Manchester and Liverpool through the columns.