

A Cycling Celebrity.

An Interesting Interview

Mr Lawrence Fletcher

Business called us on Friday last to that handsome edifice in Lichfield and Colombo Streets, Christchurch, the premises of the Austral Cycle Agency Limited, and whilst there Mr Lawrence Fletcher, accompanied by Mr E. H. C. Burley, local manager of the Dunlop Pneumatic Tyre Company Ltd, came upon the scene. The visit of Mr Fletcher, who is the greatest cycling celebrity that has yet visited this country, has been looked for for some time. It may here be remarked that Mr Fletcher holds the responsible position of managing director in England of the Austral Cycle Agency Limited; and is also managing director of that mammoth English concern, the Griffiths Cycle Corporation Limited. Mr J. O. Shorland, manager of the Christchurch depot, performed the ceremony of introducing us to Mr Fletcher. The meeting was all the more cordial, as the name of Mr Fletcher was familiar to us, as it will be to most of our readers, and THE NEW ZEALAND WHEELMAN was well-known to Mr Fletcher, as he read it regularly in England. After the conventional "How do you do's," "Pleased to meet you's," etc., we lost no time in requesting the great wheel luminary of England to grant us an interview. This, Mr Fletcher readily consented to do, and the time was arranged for noon the next day at the same place.

Twelve o'clock on Saturday found Mr Fletcher and Mr Shorland up to the eyes in business. They were right in the thick of trade records and the many documents which are a necessary accompaniment of a business of such magnitude. Although thus engaged our victim came to the attention; and handing us a monster advertisement—which had just been fixed up, and which will shortly astonish the natives, as it offers "something for nothing," as will be seen by referring to another page—our opinion was asked concerning it. Our "valuable opinion" having been expressed, Mr Fletcher remarked:—"You want to interview me, do you?" "Yes, that's it."

"Well, I suppose I must submit to the ordeal. What do you want to know?"

"All about yourself, and your business; how old you are; what your fighting weight is; what you are; what you have been; what your great achievements—and you have accomplished some great feats—on the wheel have been; your opinion of the cycle industry; what you think of trade prospects, slumps, cycle shows, amateurism, professionalism, racing men; your impressions of the countries you have visited."

"Well," broke in Mr Fletcher good naturedly, "let me tell you that I want to catch the express on Monday for Dunedin—I am 36 years of age. I am not here solely on business, though I shall not neglect it. I am travelling by doctors' orders, as I am run down through over work. Yes, my health has been greatly benefited by the trip. I like the New Zealand climate. Melbourne did not suit me at all."

"Being a married man you do. course are travelling with your family?"

"Mrs Fletcher, who I might say is an ardent cyclist, and our son Lawrence accompanied me as far as Sydney, where they await my return."

It may be assumed then that Master Fletcher is a coming wheelman who will play havoc with the records on his Dunlop cycle fitted with Dunlop tyres?"

"Well, at anyrate he is commencing early. He is only ten years of age and rides an Ariel juvenile bicycle 'fitted with Dunlop tyres,' and for his age has done some good work."

"Your health has not suffered from over-cycling, has it, Mr Fletcher?"

"Not at all; in fact I consider that the training I have had on the bicycle has enabled me to stand the strain of business much better than I otherwise would have done."

"You have done some good riding in your time, have you not?"

"Well, yes, I have done a little riding and have held some records, having been a wheelman since 1876, though I have only been in the cycle trade for five years. Previously I was in the rubber and gold-dust trade on the Gold Coast in Africa, and my knowledge about rubber then gained is very useful, as you may well understand."

"Oh, yes, I can give you some of my records. In 1885 I rode a tricycle from Land's End to John o' Groats in 8 days 23 hours 55 min. In 1892, on a safety bicycle, with Dunlop tyres, I got over the same ground under four days. This record was lowered in '94, first by B. H. Carlisle, to 3 days 14 hours 15 minutes; and then by the present holder, G. P. Mills, 3 days 5 hours 49 minutes. As far back as 1879 I lowered the world's road record on an ordinary for twenty-four hours, doing 227 miles; but in '93 on a Humber, with Dunlops of course (this with a smile), I did 329 miles in the same time. In 1893 I secured the world's record for 1000 miles in 4 days 2 1/2 hours, and this was not beaten till '96, when T. A. Edge did it in 12 hours less, but when I rode from Lands End to Inverness and back to Stirling, while Edge was on picked roads, I have won the three forty-four hour scratch races of the Anfield Club, and have ridden in I may say hundreds of twenty-four hour races. I rode on the average about 15,000 miles a year, about the distance I am now from Old England."

I can only give you my general impressions of the colonies, as I only arrived in Melbourne by the Orizaba early in August, and since have been to Adelaide and Sydney. I consider Melbourne the best cycling city I have seen anywhere, with its wood pavements and broad streets."

Our interviewer ventured to interject a remark, when Mr Fletcher, with a smile, retorted:—"Well, you know the saying, 'present company excepted,' but truly I only arrived yesterday, and although I have had a walk round the city I have, so to speak, not yet seen Christchurch; but I can fully believe that it is a grand cycling city."

"Do you see much of THE NEW ZEALAND WHEELMAN on your travels?"

"Yes, even when at home I always read it with the greatest interest. It is a grand paper, and it surprises me how such a limited population as there is in New Zealand can keep such a paper going. For the amount of news it contains and the way it is got up, one penny seems a ridiculously small charge. I like its outspoken articles, and I am assured on all hands that THE NEW ZEALAND WHEELMAN has done an immense amount of good in all branches of cycling during the five years—five years is it not, or six?—it has been in existence."

"Do you find as many cyclists in proportion to the population in the colonies as elsewhere?"

"More. I took upon Melbourne as my greatest cycling population of any-

"Have you travelled a great deal?" "Yes, all over Europe and in Africa. No, I have not been to America and have no ambition to go there. There seems to me a great scope for business in Australasia; more even than in England. Yes, I am very well satisfied with our business here. We intend sending out some novelties and new lines, such as the Dunlop bicycle. It was on this machine that J. W. Stocks did 82 miles 448 yards in the hour, and the Catford Gold Vase value £300, has been won every time since its inception, on the same machine. Twice Stocks won, and this year it was a question which should ride the machine. Somehow it was arranged that A. E. Walters should, and as you know, he won. Another novelty is the Dunlop puncture stop. It consists of a viscous fluid containing molecules held in suspension by a secret chemical process."

When a tyre receives a puncture the out-rush of air carries these molecules into the puncture and closes it up, and it stops even considerable cuts. It only adds two ounces to the weight of the tyre, and is an absolute preventative of porosity."

"What do you think of the fall in prices?"

"It will not affect the highest grade English machines. There can be no possibility of a corresponding reduction until reduction is made in the component parts and the price of labor. As for the latter coming down, the men at the Humber works are on strike for higher wages, but the Humber people will make a hard fight."

"What do you think of the New Zealand Metropolitan Cycle Show?"

"It must be a good thing and give an impetus to the trade, as it did in Melbourne. Shows have been overdone in England, but here it is a novelty that must do good. We shall have a large exhibit and we intend making it an interesting one. The idea of a relay ride is a very good one and I hope it will be successfully carried out, and I wish the show every success."

"You have not always devoted yourself solely to the cycling trade?"

"No, I have dabbled a bit in literature and have written three novels—one entitled 'Into the Unknown.'"

"Oh, theological?"

"No, nothing of the sort. The other two are 'Zero the Slaver' and 'The Shadow of Death.' I am pleased to say that all have received a considerable amount of popularity. I have another novel 'Legend of the Land's End' now running through the Bristol Times and the Irish Independent."

"Whom do you consider the best English rider?"

"Oh, J. W. Stocks is certainly the best all-round man in England at the present time."

"Will your stay here be long?"

"No; too short. I leave on Monday for Dunedin and return on Wednesday (to-day). I shall start for home about the end of the month, going by way of Queensland."

"Is there anything else you would like mentioned?"

"No, I think you have got enough."

"Thank you, Mr Fletcher, for the information you have given."

"Don't mention it. I feel it a pleasure to do anything for your paper, and hope to see you again and have a further chat on my return."

After using up our hour and a-half of his time we took our leave of Mr Fletcher, with the promise that he should visit THE WHEELMAN office in the evening, which he did, when a couple of hours were spent in talking and looking over the works, in which our visitor was greatly interested. We found our friend a genial, enthusiastic, unassuming gentleman, with all information as to cycling at his finger's ends and willing to answer any questions asked.

T. A. EDGE, Esq., on his "CRANAGE" Road Racer

Another attempt on record was thwarted by the elements last Thursday, when Captain Edge started from the G.P.O., Liverpool, with the intention of riding to London on his previous best time. Alf. Deakin took him out to Warrington in fine style, but after that the wind veered southward and blew right in the teeth of the unfortunate. Between Church Lawton and Stone the roads were very heavy. However, with the assistance of Saunders, Shaw, Tomlin and Carlisle, he struggled on as far as Rugby, where the rain came down in torrents, making the task an impossible one. He wisely decided to check it and so returned home a wiser if perhaps a sadder man.



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G. P. MILLS, ON THE HUMBER TRICYCLE

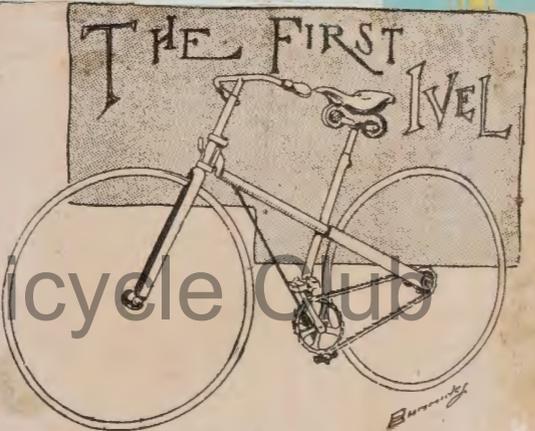
which he beat the Land's End to John o' Groats Record, riding the distance in 12 days 16 hrs 47 mins'. One of the most phenomenal long-distance riders extant

Mr. W. P. Cook, the Anfield hon. sec., is to be heartily congratulated on the success of the "21." He worked like a Trojan, and there was not a single hitch in the arrangements.

Dave Ball, Jack Robinson, R. H. Carlisle, Halpin (the new member) and F. Bath, were observed taking their ease at Knotty Ash on Saturday evening. The pleasures of the club run had evidently no attractions for them. "Doctor" Carlisle, by the way has not grown any taller since his splendid ride in the "British Sport" hundred. He is still the same quiet, unassuming rider, and wears the same sized cap. No case of swelled head there. As Artis Bennett used to say, "Good Old Doctor." [Not so old.—Ed. B. S.]

We trust that Lawrence Fletcher's migration to "Paddyland" will have no bad effect upon the club he has done so much for, but certainly since he left Liverpool the Anfield runs have not been so well attended. On Saturday week there was a very poor muster—for Anfielders—and last Saturday, the run to Holmes Chapel was not much better attended. Amongst those who participated were Sid Keeling, on a G.O. Keizer, Harry Saunders, who seemed to have quite got over his struggles in the N.C.U. fifty miles championship race, and Hellier. [The Anfielders muster better for club runs in the winter.—Ed. B. S.]

The Anfield Bicycle Club, whose headquarters are in Liverpool, but whose sphere of action extends to the southern portion of the North of England, has been there any 122 annual reports. From this it appears that there are 122 extremely active sportsmen, and 490 members. How extremely active sportsmen of the club are shown by the fact that out of a total of 83 runs and to two months the secretary attended no fewer than 52, while two members attended no fewer than 49. It is not surprising after this that the average amount at club runs exceeded 3000 miles. The season was the substantial summer of 1896 shows that the old lines of club runs and other and hard road riding are to be followed, as in former seasons.



THE VERY FIRST IVEL.

We have been fortunate to obtain possession of a photo of the very first Ivel Safety turned out by Dan Albion, at Biggleswade, in 1886, and upon which G. P. Mills made his stirring rides in that year.

MORE "TIMEKEEPING" POLICEMEN.

A Stretch of Road Marked Out.

The Chester police have now adopted the idea of marking out a stretch of road, and in a crude way pretending to time a man travelling over it. This state of affairs was revealed at Chester Castle County Petty Sessions on Saturday, when several cases were heard in which cyclists were alleged to have been "scorching" on Blackford Hill, Liverpool Road, Chester. The first case was that of a party from Liverpool.—Police-constable Radcliffe deposed to being on duty at four o'clock on Saturday afternoon, the 14th inst., when defendant passed "scorching." He timed him as he passed by means of a stop watch, and from the signal of a constable at the end of a distance of about 110 yards he found defendant had travelled the distance in ten seconds, which was something over twenty-two miles an hour.—Police-constable Stubbs gave corroborative evidence, and explained the signalling.—Defendant was proceeding at an ordinary pace of about twelve miles an hour. He had full control of his machine.—Arthur Parr, a young man who was with the last defendant, said they were not travelling as quickly as the officers had stated.—The Magistrate said there had undoubtedly been "scorching" on the road. They did not think

100 Yards in Ten Seconds

was very fast for a cycle, seeing that a runner could do the distance in that time or under. They did not want to be severe, but the police had been stationed on the road for a special purpose, and had taken measurements and every precaution which they could adopt to ensure correctness, and they must, therefore, be believed. Defendant must pay a fine of 5s. including costs.—Arthur Parr, the witness, had also a similar penalty to pay.—Alexander White, of Chester, was charged with a similar offence. He was riding at the rate named in the previous case. Mr. Brassey, who appeared for the defence, ridiculed the idea that it was possible to time a batch together by the means adopted. If there had been a stop watch at both ends, and a comparison made of the times travelled, it would have been still imperfect, but to talk of a man timing a bunch of cyclists who were like horses in the Chester Cup—once after another—was utter nonsense.—A fine of 5s. was inflicted in this case, as also in the case of E. Worth, H. P. Booth, and three other cyclists.

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61 The man who protests against Mills' classification of the North Road Club in the list of road records is quite right, so far, at least, as far as mention of his bicycle and tricycle "end to end" records are concerned. George Mills, although he joined the North Road Club some years ago, has ever been regarded as an Anfielder before all else, and we imagine ever will be. It was the Anfield father, Lawrence Fletcher, who brought Mills out, and it was as a member of the great Liverpool club that he first achieved his fame. We have precious little sympathy with champion cadding, and were the Anfield guilty of any such demeanour we should have strictly avoided this whisper. Fortunately, however, the men in black have never yet been driven to that method of bolstering up their claim to fame.

The Anfielders had 22 men out for their football match at Aigburth on Saturday. Several of the men went out by train. They looked very fine in their new football dress. The writer is not a whale on football, not having played since his school days, so that perhaps be overlooked. He gathers from the report sent him that A. N. Deakin captained the white team, whilst Toft bossed the blacks. The blacks won the Association game by 18 goals to nil (this is right). The large order, but we hope it is right. The whites, however, turned the tables when it came to the Rugby game, and won by 3 tries to nil. Carlisle, Deakin, and Duggan played splendidly, as did also Templeton and W. Thompson. The tea at the Aigburth Hotel was much enjoyed, after which the evening was devoted to billiards and singing.

Congratulations.

That famous road rider, Mr. R. L. L. Knipe, of the Anfield B.C., and who, it will be remembered, recently beat the northern 12 hours and 24 hours road record, was married last week. Mr. and Mrs. Knipe are honeymooning in Lakeland.

CYCLE CLUBS AND THEIR STORY.

V.—THE ANFIELD B.C.

By W. H. STONIER.

TO give anything approaching a complete history of this old-established and flourishing northern organisation would more than fill a complete number of THE CYCLE MAGAZINE, and as a few pages only can be devoted to the subject, it follows that but a very brief resumé of the doings of the "premier road club" since its formation in Liverpool, a decade and a half ago, can be squeezed into that amount of space.

Although one of the largest and most energetic cycling clubs in existence, and containing in its ranks many of the most active and best known road-fliers living, the name of the Anfield Bicycle Club does not figure in the pages of the general cycling press to nearly the same extent as do those of many smaller and less influential organisations, the main reason for this being due to a general dislike on the part of the members to club-booming, or self-advertisement; and, however good the performances accomplished by Anfielders, it is very seldom that anything beyond the barest particulars are sent by them direct to the press. The majority of the members cycle simply for a love for the pastime and sport, and not merely for the sake of notoriety, or for what they can make out of the game—a state of affairs satisfactory in the extreme.

And now for a few statistics. The club was formed in March, 1879, by "eleven boys," and one of the eleven, Mr. D. J. Bell, now president, remains an active member to this day. This

gentleman occupied the post of sub-captain for the first two years, and that of captain for eight years. He was subsequently made president; the club very wisely deciding to have an active cyclist at their head, and a man chosen from their ranks, rather than follow the general custom of electing an outsider simply for the sake of his name or for what he might bequeath in the shape of prizes, etc. Mr. G. B. Mercer, who joined the club a few months after its formation, and was the first hon. treasurer, ranks as the next oldest member, and, along with Mr. Bell, shares the distinction of having retained an unbroken connection with the club since its commencement.

Shortly after the club came into existence a lock-up room in Oakfield Road was taken for the use of the members and their friends, and many were the high jinks there indulged in by the youthful Anfielders. The room was in close proximity to a Methodist Chapel-room, and it is with feelings of remorse that many of the old-time members recall their efforts—too often successful—to drown the sounds of prayer and singing which frequently issued from the chapel. A couple of years later found the club with a house to themselves in Lower Breck Road, which two years afterwards was abandoned in favour of a more pretentious and commodious building in Bedford Street North. This house, which was taken on a lease for three years, was furnished throughout in first-class style, and in addition to containing a room

fitted up as a gymnasium, there were reading, smoking, committee, and concert rooms. Here some of the very best cyclists' "smokers" ever held in Liverpool took place, and as refreshments and tobacco were provided free, and the concerts high-class ones—paid professionals from a distance frequently appearing—it is not surprising these affairs invariably went off well. A course of ambulance lectures given in the club-house, with the late Doctor Parsons as one of the lecturers, proved very successful, and a large number of members gained certificates. About the year 1888, a number of the older members leaving the neighbourhood, and the membership becoming more scattered, the club-house was abandoned, and the meetings and social fixtures—the last named few and far between—are now held at local hotels.

Almost from the first the club was recognised as a speed one, the members earning for themselves, by reason of their prowess a wheel, coupled with the sombre nature of their uniform, the soubriquets of the "Flying Crows" and "Black Anfielders," and, despite the fact that very few of the men now sport the braided black, they are still

frequently referred to as the "men in black." The first Anfield captain was one Michael J. Whitty, a youthful giant, who surveyed the surrounding country from the giddy heights of a 62-inch ordinary; whilst an energetic young man of the name of P. C. Redman held the important office of hon. sec. In 1882 a 24-hours' challenge medal was put up for competition, the first man to hold it being D. R. Fell, of Liverpool to London fame, this rider accomplishing 139 miles in the stipulated time, in April, 1882. Then followed J. C. Robinson, with 142 miles, in August of the same year; Lawrence Fletcher, 159½ miles, in August, 1883, and G. B. Mercer, 200 miles in September, 1883. The medal was then withdrawn from competition, and in 1884 gold stars for riding 200 miles in 24 hours were



A Group of Anfielders.
TAKEN AT BETTWS-Y-CORD, IN 1888

substituted, the first rider to win one of these being Lawrence Fletcher; the second star falling to G. B. Mercer. A silver challenge shield was purchased by the club in this year, and as the best performances of Anfielders during the following twelve years are recorded upon it, it follows that very little blank space remains. The shield, which is

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event, the remaining fixtures consisting of the annual 100-miles, invitation handicap, and the 24 and 12 hours' races.

In conclusion, it may be stated that the old club is as strong and healthy as ever it was. The number of actual riding members is eighty odd, whilst financially the club is in a thoroughly sound condition; and with such men

as G. P. Mills, J. A. Bennett, R. H. Carlisle, W. J. Neason, H. Hellier, W. R. Toft, H. B. Saunders, E. Buckley, A. N. Deakin, C. W. Schafer, F. Watkiss, W. M. Owen, J. R. Thompson, and many other good men in their ranks, the Anfield star bids fair to continue in the ascendant. The club's motto is "Hic et ubique," and a very appropriate one too.

Humbers Going Well. A Liverpool recently, told us that Humbers were going exceedingly well all over the large district which he works in, the interests of the famous Beeston firm. He had just returned from a very successful round of the Northern agents.

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The Anfielders had a great day for their football match at Algburth on Saturday. Several of the men went out by train. They looked very fine in their new football dress. The writer is not a whale on football, not having played since his school days, so that any little discrepancies in this account will perhaps be overlooked. He gathers from the report sent him that A. N. Deakin captained the team.

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A GROUP OF MEMBERS OF THE ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

heart-shaped, is surmounted by the figure of a man on an ordinary bicycle, who is depicted as working along the highway, with ducks and fowl flying to right and left of him. A jockey cap, with an enormous peak, adds to the comicality of the figure.

To the Anfielders belongs the credit of introducing annual all-day club "grinds." Their first "twenty-four" took place on September 6th, 1884, and it is a wonder the experiences of that awful ride did not decide them to never hold another. It rained cat and dogs the whole of the time, and what with the heavy solid tyred machines then in vogue, coupled with an entire absence of pacemakers, and all the other aids to speed and comfort now considered indispensable to the twenty-four hour man, it goes without saying that the men who took part in that never-to-be-forgotten jaunt had a decidedly rough time of it. Amongst the competitors were Lawrence Fletcher, G. B. Mercer, C. E. Stoker, D. J. Bell, J. C. Robinson, T. Smythe Hughes, W. H. Hillier, of the London Scottish B.C., and others, the course being from Liverpool to Coventry and back, but owing to the dreadful weather none of the men completed the full distance. Mercer Fletcher and Stoker were the only men to reach the turning point at Coventry and on the way back Fletcher was dropped somewhere about Rugely, Mercer and Stoker retiring at Stone at 5 p.m. Mercer, with 161 1/2 miles to his credit, was adjudged the winner, and he was the recipient of the first gold medal awarded for an Anfield twenty-four hours race. The best performance of the day, however, was that of J. C. Robinson, who, on a heavy three-wheeler, scored 171 miles. As he did not keep to the course, turning short at Tamworth, and finishing at Warrington, he was of course, ineligible for a

prize. Thus ended the first 24 hours, a fixture which the Anfielders have held annually since. In 1885 the first gold medal offered for riding 250 miles in 24 hours was won by Lawrence Fletcher, the second one being carried off by G. B. Mercer. The first 50 miles handicap was held on October 1st, 1887, and the first 100 miles race won by H. W. B. Russell, on Whit Monday in the same year. Then followed the popular 100 miles invitation handicaps, which have been held on Whit Mondays ever since. The first of these was run off in 1889, when a big entry was secured, amongst the competitors being quite a small army of members of the Catford Club. L. Fletcher was on scratch, but the Southerners proved too speedy for him, Holbein gaining considerably, until he was unfortunately thrown out of the race through colliding with a drunken man, after passing through Holmes Chapel. The winner turned up in P. C. Wilson (12 mins.), who covered the distance in 7 h. 11 min., breaking local record.



The machine on which Dave Ford finished the Liverpool to London record in 1884.

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THE CYCLE MAGAZINE.

A. N. Deakin (Anfield), was second, and J. F. McNab (Sefton and Dingle), third.

As is well known to cyclists the world over, the Anfielders have ever proved themselves veritable demons on the road, and to attempt to enumerate even a tithe of the meritorious performances and records accomplished by them over the Land's End - John o' Groat's, Liverpool-London, Edinburgh - London, Brighton, Bordeaux - Paris, and other classic routes, in open competition, and in club events, in the space at our disposal, is simply out of the question; and interesting as this subject of long distance riding, record-making and record-breaking undoubtedly is, it must now perforce be left.

A few lines about that marvellous rider G. P. Mills must be squeezed in however, although to refer to one man in particular, when many others deserving of special mention are passed over, seems somewhat invidious. Mills from the first, and when quite a youth, was what is known as a "dare-devil rider." He would scorch down unknown hills, in pitch darkness, with the utmost nonchalance and, as most of his early cycling was done in the hilly district of North Wales, and on a brakeless, straight-forked ordinary bicycle, it is really marvellous that no serious accident befel him. To Lawrence Fletcher belongs the credit of bringing Mills out, and as far back as June, 1884, we find this

pair carrying out a jaunt of 160 miles, over Welsh roads, in 24 hours. Even at the commencement of his racing career, Mills invariably rode with his head, one of his earliest ruses being to cover the back and side lights of his hub lamp, when taking part in club road events at night-time, so as to keep his whereabouts as secret as possible. He adopted this dodge when competing in his first 24-hours' race in 1885, which event he won, by-the-by; doing 259 miles, and beating record.



A speedy Anfield tricyclist—H. Hellier

Although at the present time the membeys do not shine to any great extent as short distance path men, such was not always the case, the Anfield colours being frequently carried to victory at Northern race meetings, and on the old Liverpool Hall Lane Track, a decade ago. C. W. Hayes, D. J. Bell, C. E. Stoker, G. B. Mercer, Alf. Fletcher, and J. K. Conway, were amongst the club's path giants in those days, and as, in addition to outside meetings, the club frequently held sports of their own, these men had plenty of opportunities for distinguishing themselves. The first club sports took the form of an evening race-meeting in 1880, to be followed by afternoon meetings in 1881, which were held periodically until 1886, when, for the last time the Anfield flag—a red dragon, on a white ground—was seen flying at a race meeting. The tit-bit at Anfield race meetings was a two miles handicap, for which the first prize was

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The great distance rider—G. F. Mills.

invariably a bicycle.

This was won in turn by Sanders Sellers (a dark horse, and on a long mark then) A. Mc-Millan, and one of the Pickerings. A track performance of which the Anfielders are justifiably somewhat proud was their win in the inter-club race promoted by the West Lancashire Bicycle Club, in 1884, and open to Lancashire, Cheshire, and Yorkshire clubs. This race, a one mile scratch, took place on the College Grounds grass track, and resulted in the Anfield team, consisting of D. J. Bell, C. E. Stoker, G. B. Mercer, and J. C. Robinson, winning the challenge shield, and gold medals, despite the fact that at the start of the race, Robinson, in his anxiety to get well away, pushed off a crank. The runners up were the West Lancashire Bicycle Club team, consisting of Luther Watts, Charles Lucas, R. Williams, and G. A. Pennington, who gained the silver medals. At the time of the local trouble with the A. A. A., the Anfield

Bicycle Club came to the rescue of local racing men with several meetings confined to cycling events—a riskier proceeding in those days by far than now—and by making up programmes containing such novel features as "pro." races, tricycle, and tandem-tricycle races, the plucky "men in black" contrived to run the meetings at a slight profit, despite opposition from the A. A. A.

Mention of this organisation naturally brings to mind the governing body of cyclists, the National Cyclists' Union, an institution which has not now the support of the premier Northern road club. Such was not always the case, however, the Anfielders at one time being enthusiastic National Cyclists' Unionites, and at the time when Lawrence Fletcher was hon. sec. of the Liverpool branch, the Centre was one of the most flourishing and go-ahead. The dis-



One of the Anfield Captains—Norman Crooks.

bandment of the first Liverpool Centre



An old Anfield man—G. B. Mercer.

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CYCLE CLUBS AND THEIR STORY.

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event, the remaining fixtures consisting of the annual 100-miles, invitation handicap, and the 24 and 12 hours' races.

In conclusion, it may be stated that the old club is as strong and healthy as ever it was. The number of actual riding members is eighty odd, whilst financially the club is in a thoroughly sound condition; and with such men

as G. P. Mills, J. A. Bennett, R. H. Carlisle, W. J. Neason, H. Hellier, W. R. Toft, H. B. Saunders, E. Buckley, A. N. Deakin, C. W. Schafer, F. Watkiss, W. M. Owen, J. R. Thompson, and many other good men in their ranks, the Anfield star bids fair to continue in the ascendant. The club's motto is "Hic et ubique," and a very appropriate one too.

Humbers Going Well.

Mr. Harry B. Saunders, whom we met in Liverpool recently, told us that Humbers were going exceedingly well all over the large districts which he works in the interests of the famous Beeston firm. He had just returned from a very successful round of the Northern agents.

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being alone for close upon 100 miles I twice lost my way, and what is yet more important, missed the feeding place. Nevertheless, I put in 152 miles in the 18 hours, lifting Lawrence Fletcher's record 13 miles. In the next two fifties I picked up an extended knowledge of the beauties of the pneumatic tyre, as I punctured on each occasion; but in the last fifty of the season I had better luck, since, although unplaced, I was only beaten by a few yards by Saunders and Bennett, the former of whom beat the record. On the White Monday I had got up on our invitation "hundred," and starting with Bennett kept up with him for 70 miles, when he went away and left me. A little later, after Bennett had gone on his way, my saddle broke, but for which I might perhaps have done better than 6 hrs. 57 min. Oh, yes, I'm coming to that," said the narrator, when prompted as to North Road and Midland doings. "I went South for a week or two, and at the end of August had a go in the Bath Road Club's 'hundred.' After about ten miles had been done,

EDGE WENT ONE OF HIS AWFUL BURSTERS, and I tried to hang on. It was during that cheerful process that my saddle slipped, and I came a 'howler,' cutting my leg 'horrid,' as S. F. Edge would say. However, I fixed my saddle up again, and rode through. After the race I had my wounded leg stitched, and for a fortnight hobbled around Buckden as well as I could. The following week the North Road 'twenty-four' came off, and I arranged to see just a bit of the fun, as you will remember, if you will but carry yourself back to a certain

MEMORABLE NIGHT AT HUNTINGDON, I was anything but happy. Nevertheless managed to make myself a trifle useful by riding (save the mark!) over to Somersham in the early morning to look after George Mills's grit. Then came that awful fiasco, the North Road Club's 'century.' It was a boiling hot day, and Edge, 'Bath Road' Smith, H. H. Spencer, and Iley all checked it on account of the heat. At 60 miles, S. F. Edge and myself were all that were left of the safetyists. Almost needless to remark that such pace as there was was chiefly made by myself until getting off to dip my head in the water; Edge, more lucky, had friends ready to hand with a sponge, and so got away. For fifteen miles I had to ride alone until reaching Buckden. George Mills gave me a turn and pulled me out, so that we caught Edge ten miles from home, to which we paddled at a ten-mile pace. It was

MORE LIKE TOURING THAN RACING, for neither of us would make the pace. Of course Edge spurred me in, but by our dallying Walsh, on an ordinary, beat us both by 3 min."

Here Carlisle showed an inclination to freeze, but mention of Mills's "End-to-End" grudge set him going again.

The man who does his duty in pacing from Land's End to John o' Groat's gets a treat. He then learns what pacing really is. I equipped in with Mills at Launceston at 5 a.m. on the Monday, and it was not until Thursday evening, at Kingussie, that I got to bed. The time was occupied in riding

and railway travelling chiefly. Yes, I went on right to the finish, and, make no mistake, Mills's ride was

A SPLENDID MONTAGE TO HIS ORIT and dogged determination. We had a lively time over Shap, and I, personally, did not appreciate that which followed directly after that painful bit of the journey. I was taking my turn at pacing between Penrith and Carlisle, when one of my pedals slipped off, and being unable to find the nut, I had to proceed on one leg to Carlisle. No; I did not visit Ecclefechan; indeed, no matter how great my admiration for the seer of that place, and whatever my opinion of the charming social qualities of my great namesake, I doubt whether any amount of hero-worship would have led me to grope around the early home of Thomas Carlyle, philosopher, historian, and curmudgeon. You don't have much time to think of such things on long-distance rides. When Mills landed at Kingussie he was in an awful state; his feet were swollen to a painful degree, and he was drenched to the skin. All the way to Inverness he kept going to sleep, and we had to shout and shout again to keep him up. I was not with him when he eventually refused to go on, having proceeded ahead to make preparation for his reception at Groat's. When the host of the celebrated house heard of the disaster that had befallen our hero he drove over, although it was quite early morning, to do what he could for our clubmate. Of course it was no go, but

IT SERVED TO SHOW HOW POPULAR MILLS IS

at John o' Groat's. "And now what about training?" chipped in the writer. "Having gone through a course of medicine, you ought to be able to give a few tips, and doubtless you have some notion as to the after effects of training?"

"Well, you see, it's this way. It is hard to form any exact opinions on such a subject. The 'faculty' understand next to nothing about it, for the very simple reason that cycling is so young a sport that historical data are hard, if not indeed impossible, to collect. For my part I believe in plenty of exercise, and an equal share of good, sound food. Then, again, when the time comes to throw up the sponge of competitive athletics, care should be taken to break away gradually, thus to avoid any sudden reaction. By that means the too sudden acquisition of flesh is avoided, and with it perhaps a few of the ills of life."

Thirty Anfielders ran to Chester on Saturday. The Whitechurch-road was literally alive with scorching Anfielders on both two and three wheels, amongst them being good old superior Norman Crooks, knocking off the miles between Chester and Newport (Salop) quite in his old sweet way. Chester to Whitechurch is good after the first few miles.

The Manchester Roads Club have thought over the matter of their invitation "fifty," and have wisely decided to abandon it. All the same, such an event in their hands, and with invitations limited, would not be so baneful as one of those matches of ten men aside over a "fifty" course which are now becoming so common.

"WHEELING'S" MANAGER.

This is the contented presentation of Mr. Percy Low, a name that is familiar as household words among wheelmen of the good old days. Even to-day Percy Low is not an unknown quantity, though as manager of our popular contemporary, *Wheeling*, he does not loom quite so prominently on the cycling horizon as he did a few years back



MR. PERCY LOW

when sharing the editorial duties of that paper along with poor old McCandlish. As a cycling journalist, Percy Low was conspicuous chiefly in the old *Wheel Life* days, when under his *nom-de-plume* of "The Octopus," he used to delight us with many original efforts. At that time he also contributed to the same smart paper some sketches under the sobriquet of "Kosmos, Junior," which, for hard hitting and brilliant satire, have never been approached since. Those who know Low in Fleet-street—got up in the garb of respectability, silk hat, blue overcoat, and the inevitable bunch of sweet violets—would hardly recognise our hero were it not that the portrait is a good one. Popular in one sense of the word—in the way that members of Parliament are popular—Low probably is not. He is too cynical, and too full of satire for that. But once you get beneath his thin—it is thin—vein of cynicism, you find him not only a delightful companion, but a right good fellow to boot. The writer is not given over to gush, nor is he ready in his friendships, yet he would be sorry to miss the goodwill of "The Octopus" for the very simple reason that he is head and shoulders above even the many good fellows it is one's happy lot to know in connection with the wheel. At one time it looked as though we should miss for ever the for-some-time vanished hand of our old friend. Fortunately, however, the disaster that led to the regretted demise of dear McCandlish has served at least one turn, as, understudying his friend, Percy Low once again began to wield the pen which caused us such delight in the days of long ago, and will continue so to do under "Here and There" in *Wheeling*.

The farm at Cranage was not quite crowded out on Sunday—but it was near it. The way in which men go out there Sunday after Sunday is a speaking testimony to Mrs. Rosset's catering.

The fillibustering, but at the same time deeply intellectual, Emperor of Germany has forbidden certain English papers to his family. Though *Punch* is excluded, we understand that *British Sport* will still be laid on the table in the Imperial reading-room of the Kaiser Wilhelm. Good!

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CYCLING.

Except it might be in the matter of race reports, cycling was until quite recently blandly ignored by the outside press.

Even sporting editors—have been long time in realising the importance of cycling, and even to-day we doubt whether they are prepared to go to those lengths in recognition which it undoubtedly craves.

All the same, the attitude of the press towards cycling has undergone a less of development, which is none the less appreciable because it has been very rapid. It comes somewhat late in the day—but proof were required in support of our dry, it would only be necessary to point a few recent instances. For a year or past the London dailies have evinced an interest in wheeling, while a few the evening papers have even gone the length of devoting a portion of their valuable space to "cycling notes." A state of things has gradually been followed by the press of almost the whole country. Needless to remark, on all conducted journals these "notes" are attributed by cyclists themselves—specialists who, having the love of their subject at heart, have done much to create a

favourable impression in the direction of their own particular pastime. To-day, however, we find that our favourite recreation is receiving even better attentions than these, since in full many cases we find the subject treated editorially, and hence receiving an enhanced value. During the past week or two, in particular, has this recognition of the value of cycling been most marked. "The *Times*," "The *Standard*," "The *Manchester Guardian*," the sensational heading given to certain correspondence in no less a mighty organ than the *Times* itself, is mainly responsible for this happy state of things. Begun as an attack on cycling by a perfervid pedestrian, what was obviously intended to do harm and produce repressive measures has not only signally failed in its intentions, but has even travelled wide in an opposite direction, since it has brought forth more defenders of cycling than ever cyclists credited themselves with. Only recently our own *Manchester Guardian* has contained a couple of leaders in every sense favourable to the pastime, while the *Evening News*, too— that friend of all manly sports—has several times taken up the cudgels in defence of cycling. These are pleasant signs of the times, and with such defenders of the rights of wheeling there is much room, for congratulation on the change from that old order of things when cyclists had to literally fight for each inch of the road they used, which some at least of us can well remember. Even the *Fied*, a journal whose interests are almost exclusively those of the horse owner, admitted in a leader last week that cyclists are not all the "cads on castors" some of the *Times* correspondents vainly imagine them to be.

Chat with Lawrence Fletcher.

(Owing to the non-arrival of the portraits of Mr. Lawrence Fletcher from the engraver, we are unable to publish it this week. It will appear in our next issue.)

This old friend of many a long-distance ride requires but little notice at our hands. His many sterling performances are too well known for that, since there is certainly no man in the North of England who is better known at his own particular game than Lawrence Fletcher. But to strength of wind and limb Mr. Fletcher adds weight of intellect, hence we venture to think that his opinions of men and things are worthy of the very highest consideration.

Born in Liverpool in June, 1861, he first scored in the scratch race for the Road Championship of the Liverpool Amateur B.C.C., May, 1879, from Arrows to Chester

and back, 33 miles, in 2h. 13min., on an ordinary, and in the same year, riding as a member of the Birkenhead B.C., he did 173 miles in 18½ hours, and first knocked the 24 hours' bicycle record with 227 miles in North Wales, beating W. S. Britton's record. In 1884 he rode from London to York on an ordinary (made 24 hours for the Anfield long-distance medal), and took up cycling the following year, beating Mills's northern trike record of 201, doing 211 miles, while also

BEATING THE RECORD FROM LAND'S END TO JOHN O'GROAT'S

by 2½ hours through beastly weather. He started again from Land's End at the fall of the year, but the weather proved hopeless, and after doing 500 miles in four days on a 65lb. trike, through three days of rain, he had to chuck it, being then 7 hours behind record. He has done about 30 rides of 200 miles and upwards, none worthy of special remark. In 1888 he won the Anfield open 24 hours' ride with 236 on a safety, having in 1887 done 254 on a safety; 1891 was, of course, his best year, including the N.R.R.A. records for tricycle at 100 miles, 12 and 24 hours, and the safety records at 12 and 24 hours. By the way, we forgot to mention that in 1890 Mr. Fletcher beat the Liverpool to Edinburgh record (made per road and rail—see section of N.C.U. 3), doing the 290 miles in 20 hours without a single pacemaker. As he started at the Liverpool Exchange and finished at the Bank of Scotland he may fairly claim to have ridden from one city to the other, but the R.R.A. would not give him a record, as he had not started and finished at the G.P.O.'s. They gave him, nevertheless, a certificate of the correctness of the checks and times. In 1891 he started from Land's End on a pneumatic safety, but experienced his usual luck, the weather breaking after 17 hours. When he had ridden 26 hours, the last 9 through a downpour, he chucked it, being then 7 hours in front of the previous best.

Asked as to his future, he said: "I mean to have a good try this year (D.V.), and hope to get through in 3 days 10 hours, which is quite possible if the weather is fine. I think it is

THE MOST ENJOYABLE RECORD RIDE

one can have. Of course 24 hour rides are child's play to this, and none but a genuine long-distance man will ever score at the game, the country being so very varied, and the hills for 100 miles round the start, middle, and finish being simply appalling. The best roads on the route are in Somerset, and from the Border all the way to

ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB

cycle Club is a club of a lengthy one; we follows that but events in the Club's depot here, and briefest names of the Club's one of its founders now President—member to this day, as occupied the President for eight years, and saying that he is with the members, and sub-captain. In the foremost vision, and many he carried the story on northern Club believe in honour is due, O.H. Man"—for

P. Mills, R. H. Saunders, and



possible, in an attempt. The accomplished by office it to say, the Club at the the Land's Edinburgh safety Road Club's



ANFIELDERS AT BETTWS-Y-COED Photo by C. J. Conway

last year's Coca Cup Race; and E. Buckley scored second place in the Northumberland County Cycling Club's 12 hours' path race, his distance being 210 miles. A. J. Jack holds all the northern ordinary records; H. B. Saunders, the 12 hours' safety (201 miles); W. J. Neeson, the 24 hours' safety (338 miles); W. R. Toft, the 50 miles' tricycle (2 hrs. 31 mins. 38 secs.), and the 100 miles' tricycle (5 hrs. 34 mins. 48 secs.); H. Heller, the 12 hours' tricycle (189 miles), and the 24 hours' tricycle (328½ miles). H. B. Saunders and W. J. Neeson, A. J. Jack and W. Adams, and H. Heller and H. P. Spence also hold northern tandem records.

From its inception the Anfield Bicycle Club has been steadily a road-riding organisation, and it has invariably been the custom of Anfield to hold club runs the year through, and, strange though it may seem, the winter fixtures are frequently better attended than are the summer runs. They started the famous "Kangaroo Hunts"—pacer-chases on wheels—which at one time were so popular with northern clubs. In the summer time, in addition to their road-racing fixtures, and ordinary Saturday club runs, the Club frequently

free from the effects of road runs, negro up to 1222, minus where as many as 1000. Some look part in the 53 club runs and (ours held last year, the average attendance at which was 20.45), hon. sec. Worth attending all his own. At usual, the club will make Betsworth-Chead the headquarters at Easter.



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THE ANFIELD BICYCLE CLUB.

We have published articles on the London, the Surrey, and the Holborn Bicycle Clubs, which we are glad to say have received approving comment from the Associations; and now we approach one of the leading clubs outside London. The Londoner does not make any difference between the Midlands or the North Country; he simply deals with the general matter of clubs outside his own particular sphere,

club suggests that recent honorary secretaries have only a hazy idea where Anfield really is. Very early in the club's existence they were strengthened by the joining of several members of the Liverpool Amateur Bicycle Club and their first club house was at 8, Lower Breck Road, Anfield. In 1883, Mr. G. B. Mercer, a well-known man in connection with wheeling in Liverpool became secretary, and Mr. D. J. Bell, now the president, succeeded Mr. Whitty as captain; an office which he (Mr. Bell) retained for six years.



Photo by C. J. Conway A.B.C. EASTER, 1896. THE ANFIELDERS ON THE BANKS OF THE LAKE ELSI OVER BETTWS-Y-COED.

and he is rather apt to consider that there can be no powerful Association outside that charmed circle. This, however, is of course, erroneous, and this week we deal with the Anfield B.C., of Liverpool. As the writer was resident in Liverpool in the sixties, and actively engaged there in connection with the building of blockade runners, the American war being then in full tide; the Early Closing Act being unknown, and the Lime Street Cafes in full swing all night, we may claim to know something more

Whitty, a name well-known in connection with one of the Liverpool daily papers. He rode a sixty inch machine and retained office till 1883. The first secretary was Mr. S. Green. The reason that the Anfield was called by its name, instead by that of Liverpool, which would now more properly represent its importance, was because all the early members were resident in Anfield, which is a suburb of Liverpool. Now, the only member resident there is the President, Mr. D. J. Bell; in fact a humorist of the

There is not a person in the whole of the cycling community who has taken the slightest interest in its prominent men, who do not know Lawrence Fletcher, at any rate by name. We first met him in his youth at the only Harrogate camp we ever attended; but, since then, he has written novels, managed businesses, and done all sorts of things, besides carrying out splendid rides on the wheel. We remember many years ago receiving a letter from him, when people were talking about what a wonderful thing it

The Anfielders on Boxing Day.

As is well known, the members of the famous Anfield B.C. always turn out well in the winter months, and lately the musters have been particularly good. On Boxing Day no fewer than 29 members ran through the rain and mud to Chester, among the party being such well-known riders as A. G. White, W. R. Toft, E. G. Worth, Tom Conway, H. Haller, E. Duckley, J. Conway, P. C. Beardwood, &c. With the roads in such bad condition, it is not surprising to learn that side-slips and punctures were pretty numerous among the unfortunates being the brothers Boskell, C. Keizer, and the veteran, Tom Conway. However, a spill or two are not of much account when Anfielders are concerned, and it was a right merry, though somewhat muddy, party that "surrounded" the good things provided for them at the Bull and Stirrup. On Thursday next the club holds its annual general meeting.

Close upon forty members of the Anfield B.C. were in evidence at the Glyn Aber, Bettws-y-Coed, at Easter, and what with Theodorson's funny stories and Professor Harry Cottle's midnight lectures on natural and moral philosophy, the men contrived to spend a very enjoyable time, despite the uncomfortableness of the weather. Seven members made the journey on Thursday night, and Good Friday witnessed the arrival of the main body. Invalid Captain Toft turned up by train on Saturday afternoon, and, needless to remark, he received a big ovation, it being the first club fixture he had been able to attend for over four months. Amongst the "boys of the old brigade" present were: A. G. White (president), D. R. Fell and E. Edwards (vice-presidents), E. G. Worth (hon. sec.), Hugh Fraser (from London Town), the three Conways and the three Cottles, Butterwith (from Kendal), Rowatt, Watkins, Owen, &c., &c. But for the bad weather, the muster would have been the largest on record.

In reply, very many letters of interest were received from which we make a selection as under.

The secretary of one of our most famous road-riding clubs—the Anfield (Liverpool)—writes as follows:—"Referring to the query contained in your issue of yesterday's date, I think I ought first to mention that the Anfield Bicycle Club has not been affiliated to the National Cyclists' Union for upwards of ten years. Any expression of this club's opinion will doubtless trouble the N.C.U., as little as the Unionists' action will affect the Anfield Club. This club, its officials, and committee believe that road-riding is the best and truest form of the sport. Whether it be wise to hold events on the road depends entirely on the nature of these events, on the way in which they are conducted, and on the attitude of the general public of the district. Yours obediently, E. G. Worth, Hon. Sec."

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was for a cyclist to ride 100 miles in the day, in which letter he made use of the expression which has never faded from our memory. "Why any one of our Black Anfielders thinks no more of doing this than of eating his breakfast." The designation "Black" referred to the uniform, which then, as it may be now, was a characteristic of the A. B. C. Other prominent workers were A. H. and T. P. Fletcher, J. B. Beazly, a rider with whom we have had considerable correspondence and whose favourite trip was from Lon-

don to Liverpool and back; D. R. Fell, Hugh Fraser, who was prominent in the Harrogate camp, when the danger safety of that camp was making its way in the world, and last, but not least, Mr. Sidney Chalk, whose pleasant and rubicun features we occasionally see to this day in London. In 1883 the Anfield Bicycle Club made a speciality of long distance rides, and in 1884 Mr. J. C. Robinson won the 24 hours tricyclole ride, riding from Liverpool to Tamworth and back to Warrington, on September 6th. Lawrence Fletcher rode

from London to York in 24 hours on the 3rd of August, and an Anfield team of four consisting of Mercer, Stoker, Fell, and Robinson beat the West Lancashire B.C. men in a mile race and won the Challenge Shield given by the latter club, which was then the most prominent in local Liverpoolian circles. In 1885 the famous George Pilkington Mills, a member of the Anfield, came to the front and won the 24 hours record on the 22nd August covering 259 miles. Lawrence Fletcher in the latter part of May and the beginning of June in the

on the extreme left all along represent C. G. Curphuy. Then above him sitting pensively with a glass on his knee is E. G. Worth, the present worthy honorary secretary. Then next to him sits G. B. Mercer an "old time" Anfielder, who was one of the very best long distance men in the country in the early 80's. Then comes J. Lyle and then H. Poole, one of the "coming men." W. H. Cottle is next, and G. A. Towdley 3rd. This brings us down to the glass so suspiciously near the Captain's nose. The gentleman with the dor-

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ANFIELD COUNTY QUARTERS AT BETTWS-Y-COED.

© Anfield Bicycle Club

same year beat the tricyclole record from Leeds and to John O. Gratts in a journey of 8 hours 45 minutes and 20 minutes. Ever since we have known the Anfield, they have made an Easter pilgrimage a wheel to Bettws-y-coed and they still keep this up. Our picture represents a group picnicing at Easter, 1896.

Let us describe the group if we can. The central figure with the bottle is W. R. Toft, now, and 50 years past captain, and one of the best the club ever had. He is a first class tricyclole man. The figure

sal development is J. W. Fisher; whilst the two chamberlains are H. W. Smith and A. H. Cottle. Now we revert again to the Captain, the central figure, and find that the white waist coated one on his left is C. Keizer. The "nobleman" pouring out stout is A. N. Deakin, for many years one of the scratch division. He was second in the 24 hours ride in 1896—362 miles. The man in profile, so like Teddy Hale, holding the glass for the stout, is J. Butterworth, of Kendal, who has shown nearly all the end-to-end record breakers over Shap Fells. The

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W. J. Neeson corrects the report that was published in the "Bicycling News" that he was seriously injured when assisting at Goodwin's attempt at the 24 hours record. He is now all right. He's a lucky fellow to but a horse on the nose and damage it to such an extent that the poor beast has to be killed, and get out of the world. But perhaps the horse incident is a lie, too.

From the "Bicycling News" it would seem that Neeson was not going for the 24 hours record on his own when he met with such a dreadful smash up. He was playing the part of reserve man to Goodwin, whose motor either cracked up or went wrong, so that all he could cover was 23 hours and twelve hours, and he then turned the job up. There appears to have been a regular chapter of accidents. I don't say those who were on the job on that bitter cold Friday night. It was not their fault in the day time. I am pleased to hear that Neeson's injuries were not so bad as was first reported.

AUGUST 17TH, 1896.

Neeson's "Little Accident."

[1787]—I notice there seems to have been a great deal of misconception in regard to my recent little accident on the North Road.

As there have been a great many misstatements in regard to this matter, I think it only right to let you know how it really happened.

Taurus—a Bull.

A fight between a bull and a dragonfly took place at Birkenhead the other day, which "beef" won, head down, to the no small consternation of Allan Tooth, the well-known Anfielder, who owned the "fly." Everyone knows that cattle have a great aversion to dragonflies, and if men will ride "Dragonfly" machines, then, of course, they must take the consequences. At the conclusion of the performance, which we may say proved very interesting to the onlookers, Tooth approached the owner of the animal, with a view to obtaining compensation for his damaged machine. He was told he "could take the bull!" The machine, which had been tossed in the air, dragged about, and trampled upon by the infuriated animal, was bent into every conceivable shape, but not so much as a spoke was broken—a valuable testimony to the excellence of the material used by the makers, Messrs. Jos. Evans & Sons, Ltd., the well-known Sheffield firm. Will Berry has a very fine photo of the damaged "insect."

Harry Russell, a member of the Huyton B.C., and at one time a member of the Anfield B.C., one of the best road riders in the North, sailed for South Africa last week on a six months' business trip.

The writer has come across only one member of the hard riding Anfield club with whom he can ride with any degree of comfort. That man is Mr. J. Beesley, the Anfield money bag holder, commonly called "Johnny." He is a "Johnny" by any means, however. This is the way: Mr. Beesley rides a solid-tired machine, and is not averse to carrying on a conversation whilst riding. In fact, strange as it may be thought in an Anfielder, he seems rather to like it. He is also not above noticing, and remarking, on any little tit bits—he calls them his own "Tit Bits"—of scenery that may be met with. Mr. Beesley is one of a class of riders seldom met with now. The sole pleasure (!) of the present day cyclist appears to be in "searching," not in admiring the scenery.

There is no truth in the rumour that the Anfield B.C. intend making Dinham Villa, Rainhill, their country quarters. Several "men in black" were certainly seen inspecting the house last Saturday week, but they were there only as ordinary sightseers. "Simply that, and nothing more."

LIVERPOOL'S G.O.M.

Cycling Reminiscences, by Dave Bell, of the Anfield, would prove highly interesting reading if he could be persuaded to put some on paper. The writer spent a pleasant hour in his and Jack Robinson's company on Saturday evening, and listened with interest to their racing experiences of years ago. He had not much difficulty in going back with them 13 years, but when it came to 20! Well, he was in the same position as the man who fell out of the balloon—he wasn't in it. Bell, by the way, is the oldest member in the Anfield club, being one of the "ve" who formed the club in 1879, and the only one of the five still in it. That he still has pace left in him was proved on Saturday by the way he suited a lady's R. and F. safety, which he was trying. Why he was trying a lady's safety, your dependent knoweth not.

Many people wonder how it happens the Anfielders are so fortunate with their road racing fixtures, which, year after year, they continue to carry out, without experiencing any trouble with the authorities or the public. The club is "lucky," say some; but the following "cautions," called from the route card for last Saturday's fifty miles handicap, will show that to good management, and not to "luck," must be attributed much of their immunity from accidents and other troubles:—To be accompanied, or to have pacemakers, is entirely prohibited; to follow competitors is forbidden, and incurs disqualification; riding on the foot-path, or with arms or legs bare, is forbidden; competitors to avoid all appearance of racing when passing through villages, and to carry bells on their machines. Competitors are started singly, at intervals at the discretion of the judge, and a quiet route is selected. We may say the Anfielders are a loyal lot, and the racing rules are seldom, if ever, broken.

Sports April 1898



H. and F. Roskell, of the Anfield B.C., on a tandem, have ridden 50 miles on northern roads, unpaced, in 2 1/2 hr. min.

THE "BLACK ANFIELDERS" DINE.

The twentieth annual dinner of the club, held at the Exchange Station Hotel, on Thursday evening last, was a good dinner—in fact, the very best I have ever had. The pleasure of attending in my capacity as local representative of this great and good journal, H. Haines, the patronification of good taste, was responsible for the drawing up of the menu, whilst that of humorists and thoroughly good fellow, G. J. Theakston, sided and abetted by the hard-riding Poole, looked after the musical and vocal part of the programme. Upwards of seventy were present, and president A. G. White must have felt proud of the honour of presiding over such a large assembly of famous riders, past and present, amongst the company being many men known to fame the world over. "Grand Old Man" Dave Bell and Hugh Fraser (down from London) figured on his right, with "Heavenly Chinese" Hellier and photographer C. J. Conway, as his supporters on the left, whilst dotted about the high room I noticed Allen Tooth, the old Finchley Harrier; J. H. Koenen, and W. A. Lowcock, the speedy Manumanians; "Joe" German, the hero of innumerable twenty-fours; Dave Fell, of Liverpool-to-London fame; A. R. Macbeth, the erstwhile London racing crack; T. B. Conway, who recently beat the Edinburgh "go" Liverpool record, and many others famous in the world of wheels. Poor Toft, the popular captain, who is down with typhoid fever, was greatly missed, and the omission of holding no toasts was for once broken through to wish him a speedy recovery. As usual, Mr. E. G. Worth, the club artist, had embellished the menu and programme with appropriate sketches; and that gentleman, as hon. sec. is to be congratulated. Floreat Anfield!

PACE ON THE ROAD.

ANFIELDERS ESTABLISH NEW RECORDS.

This year, for the first time, 50 miles un-paced single and tandem bicycle records are acknowledged by the Northern Roads Records Association, and, with the object of establishing such records, the Anfield B.C. recently held a series of time trials on northern roads, in which eight riders took part—four on singles and the others on tandems. The wind, which is no great factor in un-paced riding, was blowing from the most unfavourable quarter for the course; but this, notwithstanding, some excellent times were put up, the riding of the Brothers Roskell and J. E. Green stamping them as speed men of no mean order.

Tandems were started ten minutes apart and singles eight minutes apart, and the results of the trials, which were timed by Mr. W. F. Collier, N.R.R.A., were as follow:—

H. M. S.		
H. Roskell & F. Roskell	tand.	2 17 0
J. V. Marchant & F. H. Koenen	"	2 21 37
J. E. Green	single	2 32 30
R. L. L. Knipe	"	2 35 34
W. B. Kendrick	"	2 38 26
M. Montgomery	"	2 40 35

MAY, 1899

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The "Black Anfielders."

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R. H. CARLISLE SECURES THE EDINBURGH RECORD.

Scarcely had our last issue, containing the announcement that Joe German had secured the Edinburgh record, appeared when R. H. Carlisle was found to be on the war-path. The "Doctor," who was up in Edinburgh after pacing Edge in his big ride, waited a favourable opportunity, and, with several good pacemakers, he started from the Scottish capital on Wednesday morning last, and succeeded in covering the distance between there and Liverpool in the grand time of 16h. 54m. thus beating German's record by 4h. 38m.

Carlisle left Edinburgh, timed off by Mr. Cormack, the hon. sec. of the Waverley Roads Club, at 4.10 a.m., and was paced by M. Bruce for the first twenty miles. The first hundred miles were covered in 6h. 25m., and the G. P. O., Liverpool, was reached at four minutes past eight o'clock on Wednesday evening.

The ride, which, by the way, was accomplished on a Peregrine safety, is a splendid one, as those who know the trying course over which it was performed will admit. It is some four hours faster than Lawrence Fletcher's ride, and whilst it proves Carlisle to be a good man, it also demonstrates to the public the hollowness of road records. They are like the proverbial pie crust—made to be broken. In justice to German we must say that he had very little, if indeed any, assistance from his fellow-clubmen, so far as pacemaking is concerned, and, furthermore, he did his ride from Liverpool to Edinburgh, a more difficult journey than coming to other way.

Amongst those who rendered valuable assistance on the ride was M. Bruce, whose tyre burst after the first twenty miles. Several local riders paced him from Penrith to Carlisle. Butterwith, of Kendal, brought him to Lancaster, and Artie Bennett accompanied him to Preston, where Toft, the Anfield Captain, chipped in and accompanied him to the finish. Joe German also assisted a bit from Ormskirk. In addition to the pacemakers, Carlisle procured 15 checks to prove the ride. Carlisle appears to be in good form just at present, and we shall not be surprised to find him getting amongst some of the other road records before the season is far advanced.

Raging winds and frequent heavy downpours took the heart out of all but the very keepest cyclists on Saturday. The few who did brave the hard plugging of the day, improving afternoon, were rewarded, however, by early fine lights on the burgeoning woods and a truly magnificent sunset. After nightfall I came across a faded astride a motor-tricycle. Provided with ample beam-lights, the flying man had no terror for him, nor yet the heaviness of the going, nor the wind. As he laughingly said, "These things, and hills too, count for little when the motor, not oneself, does the work." His friend had been to High Leigh to join his club, the husband riding Anfield, which, though a Liverpool organisation, has a number of Manchester members. When I met him, at Wilsow, he was on his way

INTERVIEW WITH J. A. BENNETT.

THE OLD ANFIELD CRACK STARTS ON HIS OWN.

Hearing that "Artie" Bennett had commenced in business for himself at No. 8, Exchange Arcade, St. Mary's Gate, I called upon him recently, and found him busy getting things into line.

"You are making a bicycle of your own design?" "Yes, the Royal Exchange," and he continued: "You see, I have done so much road racing and riding that I have gained considerable experience in the manner in which a cycle should be built."

"You are still a member of the Anfield B.C.?" "Yes, my connection with the leading road club in the North is of too pleasant a recollection for me to think of leaving. Most of my victories were in Anfield road races."

"Did you ride in any other club races?" "Yes, in the open races of the Catford C.C., North Road C.C., Bath Road C.C., Waverley Roads Club, and the Manchester Athletic Club."

"What have you raced against?" "Well, that is a big question; but I will give you a few: Lawrence Fletcher, Doctor Carlisle, Alf. Deakin, Neason, Holbein, Shorland, Bidlake, Mills, Bath Road Smith, Dangerous, P. C. Wilson, C. A. Hyatt (Birmingham), George Hunt (in the Great Cup 24 hours Race of 1893), Reilly of Manchester (in two Anfield hundreds), Jimmy James, R. J. Halsey, J. C. Wright (Liverpool), &c., &c."

"What is the best of good men. You should understand the requirements of speed cyclists as well as ordinary riders?" "Yes, I have a fair knowledge of what the majority of cyclists require, and mean to cater thoroughly for all classes."

"I see you are going to sell motors. Do you understand them?" "Certainly; I have studied them very carefully, and, thanks to the kindness of Mr. C. G. Wridgway, the well-known amateur motorist, I have gained valuable practical experience."

"Can you ride one?" "Yes. I have managed a motor-tricycle very successfully, and done some long journeys on same."

"Well, how is it a good number of motor-riders get stranded on the road with their motors, and cannot find out the cause of stoppage?" "It is because they start riding before they know how to manipulate the levers, or have studied how they are built, and until this is done it is best not to meddle with them."

"You contend, then, that they can be perfectly managed if anyone takes the trouble to study them?" "That is so."

"What make of motor are you going to sell?" "The Phobus, and De Dion motor."

"What kind of ignition?" "Electric, as it is much safer and cleaner."

"Are you selling any other make of cycle besides your own?" "Yes; R. & P. Valkyries, and Astrals."

"Shall you confine yourself to any special make of tyre?" "No, I shall supply any kind that consumers find suitable to their requirements."

"Will you let tyres out on hire?" "Yes; but only reliable machines, as nothing spoils the reputation of good authority in the road-racing, and the crown of the Anfield C.C. on the same, the Anfield B.C. appear to struggle to find any one who is able to supply them with such a large and varied assortment of cycles."

"Is there was such a year's interest as the 'first fifty' of the year?" "It was shown by the presence of these riders who have to speak, with a hundred scraps and pieces, such as Mr. White, Dave Fell, Harry Saunders, W. R. Toft, E. G. Worth, Bennett, Allan Toth, F. H. Koenen, and H. Hellier."

"As to the race itself, its result put another feather in the cap of the Anfield. Nineteen of our competitors finished, and each one was dispatched on his journey separately. On the scratch line were placed F. H. Koenen and H. Hellier, while T. W. Atkinson was shown the Penitence of his kind way."

"The race, strictly prohibited. It was not a little remarkable that the nineteen Anfielders got through without a scratch or a sign of any kind, by the way, and the usual happens when the field is on the warpath."

"First honours fell to J. V. Marchant, who secured a fine time of 2h. 43m. in a race pack of 21 men, and was followed by R. L. L. Knipe, who did his best time in 2h. 41m. in 22nd. actual time. Knipe must be looked upon as a cycling novice, in that he had never ridden a bicycle before."

"The captain of the Victoria Racing Club, who was present, and was seen to be a capital cyclist. The honours fell to J. V. Marchant, who secured a fine time of 2h. 43m. in a race pack of 21 men, and was followed by R. L. L. Knipe, who did his best time in 2h. 41m. in 22nd. actual time. Knipe must be looked upon as a cycling novice, in that he had never ridden a bicycle before."

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is more apt than a rider than to be let down on the road."

After inspecting some of the machines I left, feeling well assured that everyone placing orders with the well-known Anfielder would receive full value for money and every satisfaction.

ANFIELDERS ON THE WARPATH.

THE FIRST "FIFTY" OF THE YEAR.

One road club after another has dropped out, but the grand old Anfield B.C. continues to flourish like the proverbial green bay tree, and anyone who witnessed the big gathering of members at the Patten Arms, Warrington, on Saturday evening, after the holding of their first road event of the season, could not fail to have been impressed by the way the men stick together, for, amongst other old stagers present, and brimming over with enthusiasm, I noticed such veteran riders as A. G. White, Dave Fell, Tom Conway, Harry Saunders, W. R. Toft, E. G. Worth, Artie Bennett, Allan Toth, F. H. Koenen, H. Hellier, &c., &c.

The race, a 50 miles' unpaced handicap, held over the usual course, proved one of the most successful ever held by the club, no fewer than 19 going through out of a field of 21, the non-finishers being two new men who had lost their way. F. H. Koenen and H. Roskell were on scratch, with T. W. Atkinson (25m.) limit. Result:—

Table with columns: Start, Actual Time, H. M. S. 1. J. V. Marchant, 14, 2, 43 00. 2. R. L. L. Knipe, 10, 2, 41 12. 3. J. E. Green, 12, 2, 43 55. 4. Koenen finished fourth in 2h. 43m. 38 sec. and good performances were also accomplished by the following: M. Montgomery, 2h. 46m. 24 sec.; F. Roskell, 2h. 47m. 40 sec.; H. Roskell, 2h. 47m. 45 sec.; B. H. Glover, 2h. 48m. 30 sec.; W. B. Kendrick, 2h. 50m. 39 sec.; H. Poole, 2h. 51m. 48 sec.; W. M. Owen, 2h. 55m. 17 sec.; W. Grundy, 2h. 59m. 20 sec.; H. Hellier (tricycle), 2h. 58m. 35 sec.; T. B. Handley, 2h. 59m. 40 sec.

Knipe, who did fastest time, is quite a novice, and his performance in doing over 50 minutes better than ever before accomplished under similar conditions, is therefore the more wonderful. Hellier, the only tricycleist competing, and to him belongs the honour of being the first Anfielder to go through an unpaced 50 on the broad-gauge.

No punctures or accidents of any kind occurred to mar the event, which, as usual, was carried out in a faultless style; the competitors being dispatched singly and at long intervals, and pacing of any kind being strictly prohibited.

The roads were in capital condition, but a strong side wind—described by Tom Conway as a "nagging wind"—considerably hampered the men, and the times accomplished are therefore all the more meritorious. Without the wind, many of the men would have done six minutes better, said Authority Koenen.

W. H. S. Social fixtures do not find much favour with the members of the Anfield B.C., and once a year only does the hon. sec. bid them meet together for the purpose of taking part in a festivity, and then on the occasion of the time-honoured annual dinner.

By restricting themselves to one fixture of this kind the members do not become satiated, and, as a consequence, the Anfield dinner invariably well attended. Formality is relegated to a back seat—specifying is an unknown quantity, and the proceedings throughout are of a most enjoyable nature.

On Wednesday last I had the pleasure of assisting at the consumption of the excellent viands provided on the occasion of the twentieth annual dinner of the club, which, as last year, was held at the spacious banqueting hall at the Exchange Station Hotel, Liverpool.

While presided, and dotted about the big room I noticed many famous riders, and old-timers galore—men who, in the early eighties, were going through the "twenty-fours," and who then turn out at club runs every Saturday year through. There were Ex-president Dave Bell, Tom Conway, D. J. Fell, of Liverpool to London fame; H. Hellier, E. G. Worth, W. R. Toft (captain), H. Poole, the new hon. sec.; C. J. Conway, E. Edwards, G. B. Marcor, Allan Toth, Dave Rowatt, J. F. German, J. H. Cook, Koenen, Owen, Watkins, Bather, Roskell, Theakstone (champion), W. Atkinson, Collier, N.R.R.A.; W. J. Blade, M. Muller, a well-known Austrian path man; and many more celebrities, too numerous to mention.

As I said before, the hours were available for music and song. An excellent programme, compiled by Geo. J. Theakstone, was run through, the contributions of the following gentlemen, among

There are now 150 members of the Anfield B.C. Ninety of this number, about 80 out of great, had road clubs.

A TIME-HONOURED TOUR.

Twenty Easterers got the Anfield B.C. toured to Bettwy-Coed, making the Glen Aber Hotel their headquarters, and every Easter since then has found the members of this hard-riding club spending the first holiday of the year at the same beautiful spot, and sheltered at night by the same roof.

This year's members were in evidence at Bettwy-Coed, being D. B. Fell, one of the oldest members, and the first man to ride from Liverpool to London in "twice round the clock." H. Hellier, the speedy tricycleist, and who was loud in the praise of his latest purchase, a handsome little "Moghawk"; T. B. Conway, another old-stager and regard holder; E. Allan Toth, of Finchley Harriers fame; A. G. White, president; W. R. Toft, captain; H. Poole, hon. sec.; C. J. Conway, hon. treasurer; E. G. Worth, late hon. sec.; C. J. Keizer, from "Brum"; W. M. Owen; D. H. Simpson, riding a motor tricycle; F. H. Koenen, "The Flying Dutchman"; E. Buckley; J. H. Cook, P. C. Beadwood, and many others whose names are almost household words in road racing circles.

Hellier was the first rider to arrive at the Glen Aber, he having left Liverpool on Thursday afternoon at three o'clock. Poole and Worth, who left an hour later, were the next arrivals, and fortunate indeed were these "early birds," they being favoured with good weather and dry roads for the greater part of the journey, in direct contrast to the Good Friday contingent, who were met with head winds and heavy roads throughout the whole of the ride.

On Saturday a party of fourteen carried out a very enjoyable programme, which included visits to Capel Curig, Pen-y-Gwryd, Beddgelert (where justice was done to a cold lunch), and the Pass of Aberglaslyn—the last named, in the opinion of the writer, being the most beautiful pass in North Wales. Going out the wind was blowing "great guns," necessitating very hard plugging on the up-grade, and, by its force, putting a stopper to down-hill rushes. But what a difference on the return journey. Then the wind flew along, the pace possible in some parts being positively dangerous, as was instanced on the switch-back stretch between Pen-y-Gwryd and Capel Curig, when T. B. Conway's chain mounting the coils—fortunately it fell clear of the machine—that rider sailed along, with the wind only as a propeller, at a material rate of twenty miles to the hour.

Sunday was given over to the annual picnic to Lake Eisa, a beautiful sheet of water situated at the top of the adjacent hills. The weather was found rather cold at this altitude, however, and the men were by no means sorry to get back to the comfort and warmth of the Glen Aber. Monday morning opened out wet, but fine weather and dry roads were encountered before eight miles of the homeward journey had been traversed, and with the wind blowing from the right quarter, a pleasant run home brought to a close another of the many enjoyable Easter tours carried out by the Anfield B.C.

One of the most successful races ever held by the old-established Anfield Bicycle Club was the fifty miles unpaced day last, held over Lancashire and Cheshire roads, on Saturday, out of an entry of twenty-four starters, and of the twenty-one starters, and, with the exception of Barton and Ontram, who both failed, all went through. The roads were in capital condition, but a strong north wind considerably hampered the men. Results:—1. J. V. Marchant (42m. start), 2h. 43m. 38s.; 2. R. L. L. Knipe (40m.), 2h. 41m. 12s.; 3. J. E. Green (42m.), 2h. 43m. 55s.; 4. M. Montgomery (40m.), 2h. 46m. 24s.; 5. Knipe's time in over two minutes better than has ever before been accomplished in a similar race, and, considering the strong wind which was blowing, his performance is remarkable. He quite outstripped every other rider, and he is the first Anfielder to go through an unpaced fifty on a three-wheeler. F. H. Koenen (40m.) did 2h. 44m. 38s.; F. Roskell 2h. 47m. 40s.; H. Roskell 2h. 47m. 45s.; B. H. Glover 2h. 48m. 30s.; W. B. Kendrick 2h. 50m. 39s.; H. Poole 2h. 51m. 48s.; W. M. Owen 2h. 55m. 17s.; W. Grundy 2h. 59m. 20s.; H. Hellier (tricycle) 2h. 58m. 35s.; T. B. Handley 2h. 59m. 40s.

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A report of the Anfielders' doings in 1894 has been sent me by Mr. H. Poole, and it forms very interesting reading. During the year 55 road fixtures were carried out, and 85 members put in an appearance at one or more of these, the six highest attendances being:—Poole, 57; E. G. Worth, 44; E. Edwards, 44; T. B. Conway, 41; and J. L. Hewitt 38. Road records were beaten by Mr. H. B. Saunders, who covered 205 miles in 12 hours, in the club's annual 24 hours race, and by Mr. W. J. Neason, who made the journey from London to Liverpool in 11 hr. 45 min. The annual roll was increased by 20, and everything points to the continued prosperity of the club.

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Hellier, Worth, Poole, and Allen Toth arrived on the Friday night, and among other well-known riders to take part in this year's tour—the "twice round the clock"—were Dave Fell, the "brothers Conway, A. G. White, Theakstone, Toft, Buckley, Koenen, Bather, Simpson, &c., &c. Saturday the men exploring such beautiful spots as Beddgelert and Pass of Aberglaslyn, and on Sunday the annual picnic to Lake Eisa on the top of the mountains was held, and it proved the usual success.

A grand run home on the Bank Holiday, over dry roads and with the wind behind, completed the Anfielders' tour, which, as usual, found the majority of the participants in good form, thanks to their Saturday all-the-year-round sports. To tackle the run to Bettwy—not far short of 80 miles—at Easter-tide, one-day last Good Friday, would seem a big undertaking to most, but to an Anfielder in form it is a mere nothing.

LAWRENCE FLETCHER. seems likely to awaken an interest in road record-keeping among the Tyneiders. Fletcher's enthusiasm for this particular branch of the sport is "catching," although, strange to relate, he himself is a very self-contained man. By the way, it is interesting to note that he was the only member of the N.C.U. of the Northumberland County C. and A. C. having recently elected him one of their delegates to the local Centre. It is a long time since Fletcher took any part in Union work. In the brave days of old, he once made a rattling speech at a Council meeting, haranguing the Londoners on the iniquity of suspending men on mere suspicion. Shortly after the delivery of that speech, which was estimated at the time as one of the most telling of the most, the councillors of the Union had ever listened, Fletcher withdrew from the Union, and was followed by the Liverpool Centre—then one of the strongest in the country—in bloc.

A report of the Anfielders' doings in 1894 has been sent me by Mr. H. Poole, and it forms very interesting reading. During the year 55 road fixtures were carried out, and 85 members put in an appearance at one or more of these, the six highest attendances being:—Poole, 57; E. G. Worth, 44; E. Edwards, 44; T. B. Conway, 41; and J. L. Hewitt 38. Road records were beaten by Mr. H. B. Saunders, who covered 205 miles in 12 hours, in the club's annual 24 hours race, and by Mr. W. J. Neason, who made the journey from London to Liverpool in 11 hr. 45 min. The annual roll was increased by 20, and everything points to the continued prosperity of the club.

I should think that the Anfielders think they have a claim of vested interest in Bettwy-Coed. The men in black played their twentieth Easter there, and the first time beating the North of England record. On August 29th, with L. Fletcher, he rode 264 miles in 24 hours, and did his fastest time in the Catford open 50 miles, and finished third, and afterwards rode the Liverpool to London record to 16h. 54m. In October, he finished the season by making another North of England record by riding 200 miles in 6h. 40m. He is the sub-captain of the famous Anfield B.C., and his address is 244, Upper Parliament Street, Liverpool. Year Book.

BENNETT, JAMES ARTHUR. 1890. Born at Liverpool, June 29th, 1869, and is a clerical bicycle rider. He was born in April, 1866, at the Rectory, Sefton and Dingle B.C. open 50 miles on October 24th, 1888, in which, with 20m. start, he won second prize. In May, 1889, he finished second in an Anfield 50 miles, and in the following August he took third place in a similar event. In the next race in October, he changed on to a safety, and not only finished third, but did his best time. In 1890, he did his best time in an Anfield 50 miles, and at the same time beating the North of England record. On August 29th, with L. Fletcher, he rode 264 miles in 24 hours, and did his fastest time in the Catford open 50 miles, and finished third, and afterwards rode the Liverpool to London record to 16h. 54m. In October, he finished the season by making another North of England record by riding 200 miles in 6h. 40m. He is the sub-captain of the famous Anfield B.C., and his address is 244, Upper Parliament Street, Liverpool. Year Book.

There are now 150 members of the Anfield B.C. Ninety of this number, about 80 out of great, had road clubs.

M. P. Adam Toth, the old Finchley Harrier, mentioned on Saturday, explained the Liverpool rescue from Wallasey Pool.

Last evening, as one of the four of the Liverpool Victoria Rowing Club were out on their rowing-stroke after a row down the Great Mersey, it was noticed that a boy, Harold James, aged about seven, had fallen into the Wallasey Pool whilst playing on the bank, and was apparently drowning. Immediately the captain of the club, Mr. R. L. Knipe, who was acting as coxswain, plunged into the pool, followed by Mr. H. B. Wilson, who was suffering from a stroke, and between them managed to rescue the boy, who was in a semi-conscious condition. Respiration having been induced by artificial means, the boy was carried to a house near the Halfpenny Bridge, and was there attended to by his father, Mr. William James. Mr. Knipe was also accompanied with a charge of clothing, and a row was made to the Victoria Rowing Club, where he was little the worse for his plucky rescue, and doctor having been called in, he pronounced the boy to be out of danger. Parents in Pool-land should be warned against allowing their children to play about the Wall

The Anfield Hundred.

HARD LUCK FOR REILLY.—GRAND PERFORMANCE BY CARLISLE.—TOM CONWAY A VICTOR.

No more interesting event to road-riders in the North of England takes place yearly than the 100 Miles Open Handicap of the Anfield Bicycle Club. Since the inauguration of the race the pick of the roadmen in the country have generally come to the starting-post. The Southerners, as a rule, send a contingent, and it will perhaps be within the memory of those who follow road-racing that Holbein, and also his great rival Shorland, have been competitors in these races in years past. There were a large number of entries in Monday's competition, and no fewer than twenty-four men faced the starter and timekeeper, Mr. J. A. Berry, of the Northern Road Records Association. The scratch division was a splendid collection of, perhaps,

THE BEST ROAD-RIDERS

in the country, consisting as it did of R. J. Ilsley, North Road C.C.; J. Reilly, Manchester Wheelers; R. H. Carlisle, of the home club and *British Sport*—also. Also that hitherto mysterious individual, Charley Lucas, of the North Liverpool Gymnasium C.C., whose riding was looked forward to with interest from the fact that it was his first appearance in public competition. The Wheelers were confident that Reilly would secure the gold medal offered for fastest time; the Anfielders pinned their faith in Carlisle; whilst Jack Robinson and a few of his friends were confident that Lucas would not only prove the best of the scratch men, but that he would

BEAT THE OUT-AND-HOME

hundred miles record, which it will be remembered was accomplished in this race last year by J. A. Bennett (5hrs. 46mins.). A magnificent batch of men figured on the 100m. mark—viz., A. N. Deakin, C. A. Fletcher, H. Forth and others. The three named started, but had very bad luck; both Deakin and Forth's machines went wrong in the first few miles, and the same catastrophe occurred to Fletcher's mount, though not until he had covered a good distance. But more anon. F. T. Bidlake,

THE FAMOUS TRICYCLIST

turned out, as also did Hellier, of the Anfield B.C., the tricyclist who did such a grand performance in the last Anfield fifty miles handicap. These men both started from the same mark, 25mins. For the information of those whom it may concern we may say that the route was as follows:—Starting point near Whitechurch on Newport-road to Tern Hill, 8 1/2 miles; Hodnet, 1 1/2; Shawbury, 1 1/2; Eytton Corner, 2 1/2; Watling-street (Cock Inn), 2 1/2; turning point, 3 1/2; Watling-street (Cock Inn), 4 1/2; Eytton Corner, 4 1/2; Shawbury, 5 1/2; Wem, 6 1/2; checker's post, outside Whitechurch, 7 1/2; Tern Hill, 7 1/2; Hodnet, 7 1/2; Shawbury, 8 1/2; Wem, 9 1/2; timekeeper, near Whitechurch, 100. Last year the course, by through Whitechurch, but some trouble was caused by rising through the town, and the club very wisely chose a new course, which, by the way, we hardly think so fast as the old one, as, in addition to several very

ROUGH STRETCHES OF ROAD,

there are some hills which take it out

MEN I HAVE MET.

G. P. MILLS.

It was some way back in the mid-eighties that I first set eyes on George Pilkington Mills, and on that occasion I did not see very much of him. He was riding a very light ordinary. I was mounted on one that would have made an excellent garden roller. He was out on a "twenty-four"; I was "doddering" about to enjoy as much of the fun as I could get for my money—which was strictly limited, as it always was, still is, and I hope to the gods, ever will be. Moreover, the night was a somewhat dark one. Nights were wont to be black even in the far-off days of "croppers", hub lamps, and saddle blisters. "My boy George," as his pater, himself an enthusiastic wheelman, was wont to affectionately dub him, was little better than a boy in those days, and his fame had scarce spread beyond the ranks of the Anfield B.C. To achieve fame among the Anfielders was something to be going on with, however, for at that time the Anfielders were engaged in setting the fashion to the world of wheels in the matter of long-distance road

"scorchers." There was also a nasty wind which faced the men on the outward journey, and veered round on the return. The following are the names of the men who started:—R. H. Carlisle, Anfield B.C., scratch; R. J. Ilsley, North Road C.C., scratch; C. Lucas, North Liverpool Gymnasium C.C., scratch; J. Reilly, Manchester Wheelers, scratch; A. N. Deakin, Anfield B.C., 15mins start; C. A. Fletcher, Manchester Wheelers, 15; H. Forth, Manchester B.C., 15; W. R. Hood, Anfield B.C., 20; W. J. Neason, Anfield B.C., 30; W. Booth, Cheetham B.C., 30; W. Turner, Cheetham B.C., 30; E. Gard, North Liverpool B.C., 30; W. C. Johnson, Liverpool B.C., 30; H. Hellier, Anfield B.C., tricycle, 35; F. T. Bidlake, North Road C.C., tricycle, 35; R. Toomas, Anfield B.C., 35; P. C. Beardwood, Anfield B.C., 35; E. Edwards, Anfield B.C., 35; H. K. Morley, Stockport B.C., 35; T. B. Conway, Anfield B.C., 40; T. D. Reid, Bolton B.C., 40; C. Davies, Oxton B.C., 40; J. Fowler, Macclesfield B.C., 40; J. Waddington, Warrington B.C., 40; S. H. Keeling, Anfield B.C., tricycle, 40. At the turning point the long start division were seen to be travelling well, with Turner of the Cheetham gaining ground fast, and riding well within himself. Hellier had left Bidlake, who soon afterwards gave up; and in justice to Bidlake it must be said that he is by no means in form yet. Fletcher, who had lost both his companions after the first few miles, through

ACCIDENTS TO THEIR CYCLES, made the whole of the pace to the turning point. He was riding splendidly, and in the first 35 miles, despite the advantage of pacemakers, the scratch division had only gained five minutes on him. For the first 17 miles Schafer took the pacemakers, then T. A. Edge busted them along, but his saddle coming to pieces the pacing was shared alternately. Lucas was the first to show signs of the fast going.

HE WAS NOT once, but pluckily caught his man. Ilsley gave up, Lucas's tyre punctured, and Carlisle was attacked with a severe dose of cramp, Reilly thus gaining a clear lead, which, with pacemakers, he increased, until Edge picked up Carlisle 40 miles from the start, took him in hand, and succeeded in pulling the Doctor round. For the next thirty miles, to Whitechurch, Carlisle lost on Reilly, but he (Carlisle) came round completely, and, riding in magnificent style, he picked up ground on the Wheeler to Hodnet. At Shawbury nothing could be heard of Reilly, and eventually it was found that he had taken a wrong turn and gone to Wellington. The long-start men were ahead considerably at Shawbury. Hood, of the Anfield, who

HAD BEEN SPLENDIDLY PACED by Bennett and Saunders, was 13mins. in front, with Tom Conway (Anfield) and Waddington (Macclesfield) still further ahead, and apparently certain winners, which proved to be the case, Conway winning easily at the finish. Spreeckley took Carlisle in hand about twelve miles from the winning post. The Doctor, going very fast the last few miles, secured

THE FASTEST TIME—5hrs. 58mins. 16secs., a remarkably good

riding. Those were the pre-North Road Club days, when the fact of a fellow having ridden 200 miles in twenty-four hours was thought good enough for a special prize in such cycling journals as then held the field. Young Mills rode 267 miles (or was it 274?) on Lancashire, Cheshire, and Salopian roads, and in so doing broke the world's road record of those times, as to how he rode from Land's End to John o' Groats on a 64in. lumber, and six hours sleeping in five days 1 hr 45 min, in 1880, is not written even in the first edition of the "Badminton Book of Cycling." That was in July of the year, and it proved to be something more than a mere dream. In fact, I remember to wonder to this day, and will ever be regarded as one of the most notorious feats of wheels ever accomplished. The fact that in the following month of August in the same year, young Mills pedalled a tricycle over the same course in 5 days 10 hours, does not detract from the merit of the previous performance. There are those who argue that it only serves to enhance the fact that Mills is a "holy terror." Long screeds were written against the folly of these rides, and eminent grandmotherly savants argued that our hero would die in a month or less.

performance. Reilly most unfortunately took a wrong turn, and spoiled his chances for fastest time, and Turner by a similar mishap threw away his chance for the handicap.

RESULTS.

Rank	Name	Club	Time
1	T. B. Conway	Anfield B.C.	5 hrs. 58 mins. 16 secs.
2	J. Waddington	Warrington B.C.	5 59 28
3	W. R. Hood	Anfield B.C.	5 59 50
4	R. Toomas	Anfield B.C.	6 00 12
5	R. H. Carlisle	Anfield B.C.	6 00 34

Conway, the winner, rode a beautiful little New Rapid road racer; Carlisle a Peregrine semi-roadster, fitted with Macintosh tyres; and Reilly a New Howe path racer, 21lb. weight.

Remarks on the Race.

The race was a decided success, perhaps only marred by the misfortune of Reilly, who many think might have broken the record. The course was one but little known to the men who took part in the race, but the Anfielders were wise in their selection of a quiet route. Tom Conway's win was a very popular one, he being one of the oldest active members in the club. Carlisle's ride was a very plucky one. His attack of cramp was a severe one. Many a rider would have given up, but he pluckily stuck at it. His machine was a Peregrine road racer, rather heavy, fitted with Macintosh tyres—a strange mount—as his own machine went wrong when riding on Saturday. Turner was unlucky—he might have won had he not taken a wrong turn; whilst Fletcher showed good form. Hellier, the tricyclist, gave up at 70 miles; why, we cannot understand. Bidlake was out more for a training spin than anything else. Ilsley's saddle went wrong, but neither he nor Lucas rode anything like so well as their fellow-marksmen. The arrangements were exceedingly good, thanks to Secretary Toft, and though there was a scare that the police were sent out from Whitechurch to stop the race, the rumour proved to be false.

Needless to remark, he is still a fairly healthy corpse—in fact, a peculiarly full-blooded one. I should say there is none healthier except it be Frank Shorland or "Johnny" Adams, or Lawrence Fletcher, or — But why add to a list of cycling corpses that, *pace* Sir Benjamin Ward Richardson, is as long as one's arm? For a year or two Mills was lost to long-distance riding, but, like a runner with his second breath, he came again, whopped Holbein in the first Bordeaux-to-Paris race, and was beaten in turn by Shorland in the North Road twenty-four of 1891. I met my man again in that race, of which I was an interested spectator, as I was of the Anfield twenty-four. Surely it was 1885, and I made up my mind that the next time Mills got up he would give something or somebody the proverbial "socks." He gave them "Father Time" by setting up a safety record between End-and-Lind, which, though it has been beaten four times since, was not a bad performance for a corpse. Between whiles he had engaged in cycle manufacturing on his own account, and revolver and rook rifle practice upon sundry dogs in the neighbourhood of Biggleswade. His Colt is dead at three paces, and his rifle is not to be deemed within a 600 yards range. It is meet that one who holds Her Majesty's commission in the Volunteer forces should be able to shoot a bit, no matter in what light the dogs may regard his accomplishments with the revolver. It is only fair to such dogs as remain alive between Land's End and John o' Groats to give public notice that even as a youth Mills's hum was considered somewhat sardonic, and that it remains so, though in a less marked degree, to this day. A man of few words for the world, he had never achieved the popularity of Shorland or Holbein. Nevertheless, he is not nearly so friendless as he is lacking in toadies. Mills, surrounded by a crowd of young cubs and old prepared to worship him after the fashion of their kind, would be a sight for the gods. They—the gods, not the sycophantic crowd—would, ten to one, fall a-wagging how long the meeting would last, and with side bets as to the exact number of hard words he would use in breaking it up. The words would probably be none the less forcible because their number would be limited. This is a truism that none will appreciate better than those who have paced him on his various long rides. In brief, under stress of mental or physical excitement his language is apt to resemble that of the late Mr. O'Connell, who on his own confession was rough spoken. Therein it is not unlike his style of locomotion. One critic has said that he rides in spite of his style,

our great report, highest forest, but the Anfield, of the Liverpool to Edinburgh record, on a British-made mount.

W. E. Duckley, the old Northern Road Club champion is training again, his object being to regain the 24 hours Northern Road record. If he can set fit again, Knips, of the Anfield, will set for the Liverpool to Edinburgh record, on a British-made mount.

The Anfielders afford a fine example to clubs throughout the country, as they continue to weather the storm of winter without any break in their training. They have been unable to hold a meeting since the winter, and many a fine bit of work has been done in the mud, rain, and snow. On Boxing Day they had a good turn out to Chester, which, so much of the order known as "dogging" as to have earned for him the sobriquet "Drayhorse" Mills. He has a nice touch in drawing them in either riding or conversation, and that particularly when he is engaged in making drawings for a cycle, of the proper construction of which he knows better than have even these men.

J. E. Green, Anfield B.C., is the Liverpool Centre mile champion. The championship was decided at Wigan this year. 1901



An old and popular Anfielder, in the person of Mr. C. J. Conway, was married on Tuesday last.

Mr. J. E. Green, of the Anfield B.C., has been once a prominent member of the new definite Bicycle B.C., started early on Friday morning, the "sped" line, to establish a record between Liverpool and Edinburgh. He has almost the whole distance without any assistance from pacemakers, and covered the distance in an open time of 20hrs. 27mins. Mr. Green is a slight man, and weighs only 7 1/2 st. small, flat, and aged to 66. With the assistance of pacemakers Mr. Green would undoubtedly have done a much finer performance, as he lost a great deal of time obtaining checks, 34 of which he has to prove the boxes /des of his ride.

"Glover" Bettws. Easter 1896.



Boxing-Day opened out fine in Liverpool, and, with the exception of a very slight shower or two, the weather remained good all day. But the roads, oh! the roads, they were awful! In the immediate vicinity of the city they were inches deep with mud, and in some places under water, whilst in the country they were holding and heavy. Bad roads or good, wet or shine, the Anfield all-day run to Knutsford on Boxing-Day is always well attended, however, and last Tuesday, despite the drawbacks named, nearly thirty—twenty-seven, to be exact—"brave hearts" accomplished the thirty miles plough from Liverpool to their beloved "Angel" at Knutsford. Knotty Ash was the meeting place, the time for leaving being fixed at 9-30. It was nearer 10-30, however, before a start could be made, first one man wanting a bit of string for his

Officers & Committee, A.B.C. 1896. Bettws-y-Coed. Easter 1896.



A MAD, WILD RUN resulted in the good little "n" pipping the good "m"; and another scorch between Warrington and Knutsford resulted in the "Dexter" again being left. Hugh Fraser, who formed one of the main body, was observed to be walking most of the hills on the way. He explained that it was so long since he had ridden on the "dear old road" that he wanted to have a good look round. (Nobody believed him, however.) Worth had a lot of trouble with his back tyre, which would keep going down. With this exception very little trouble was experienced, either with machines or tyres going wrong. Siddely and Adams were found at the Angel, where an excellent dinner was "disposed" of. Just as it was over, who should turn up but Hellier, whom everyone thought was in London. He had made a special journey

Watesloo Bridge. Bettws. Easter 1894.

FROM LONDON TO LIVERPOOL, to take part in the run, and was unfortunately enough to miss the men at the start. An early start was made back, tea being ordered at Cronton for six o'clock. Tea over, a sing-song was got up, at which Frank Warrington, of course, greatly distinguished himself. Miss Houghton very kindly played the accompaniments, and a merry time was spent. Several of the number afterwards adjourned to Knotty Ash, finishing up the evening there. One or two very

AMUSING INCIDENTS occurred during the day's ride, one especially so—from End Bath's point of view. A man was riding on the footpath near Cronton at night, and, upon turning a corner, ran full tilt into a man, whom he sent flying into a ditch. Upon the man crawling out, and showing himself, he proved to be an old friend of Bath's, who had evidently been dining, not wisely, but too well. He apologised to Bath for running into him, and expressed great sorrow at not being able to have a drink with him there. He insisted on Bath stopping and having a smoke with him, however.