

APPENDIX A: ARTICLES WRITTEN BY FRANK SHUBERT
AND ILLUSTRATED BY BILL GAINS

Cycling unattached —

A SERIES OF ARTICLES EXTRACTED FROM THE HEREFORD JOURNAL
1927



Cycling Notes

A SHROPSHIRE RECOLLECTION

By "Wyesider."

While it may be said in reference to some of the cyclist's ordinary day rides, that most of the incidents and events are very often quickly forgotten, it is nevertheless a fact there are certain other rides that live forever in the memory and whose pleasant features will always be recalled. Though I am not at all sure about the actual date, it was a very long time ago when friend "Cicerone" and myself set out early one fine morning on a day's run which has since proved to be as memorable as it then was enjoyable. We started off by that hilly, yet none-the-less delightful road to Bromyard, climbed up the wide breezy Downs to come in sight of handsome and imposing Saltmarsh Castle, and then passed along a fine elevation that afforded us splendid prospects of both hill and vale that stretched away on either side.

The Missing Gate

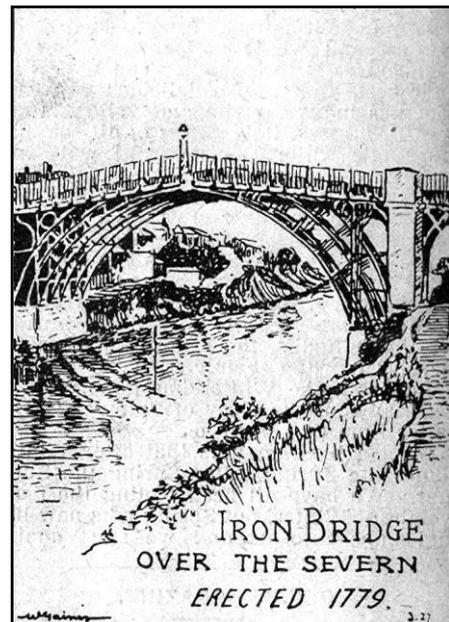
We were rather interested in the "Gate hangs Well" Inn in the little village of Sigh Lane. Although there is a gate to be seen depicted on the sign-board, the original one does not now exist.

We learned, however, that the old gate was taken down some years ago when it was found that it did not really hang at all well. After a thrilling run down to Stanford Bridge and the hard pull for Great Witley we continued on towards Areley Kings and so beside the Severn through Ribbes ford to peaceful Bewdley. We crossed the river by the fine old bridge and from Wribbenhall took a short cut to Franche, to join the excellent Kidderminster-Bridgnorth main road. There is some good scenery nearly all the way, while the

cliffs of red sandstone form one of the roads chief characteristics.

Lunch at Quatford.

We were both decidedly hungry by the time we reached Quatford, so we stopped at a friendly little cottage for a satisfying lunch. The river Severn at Bridgnorth divides the town in separate parts. Three ways—two roads and a lift-lead from the Lower to the more interesting Upper Town. We chose to push up the narrow winding cartway to the right and passed by a quaint old building dated 1580 with its huge iron studded doors. A notice board stated that Bishop Percy (whoever he may be), was born here in 1728 After visiting Bridgnorth's principal landmark, the leaning wall of the castle: and a look at the Town Hall, as well as many other picturesque half-timbered houses, we left by the old gateway for Broseley.



The Original Iron Bridge,

As we came down towards Jackfield Broseley Woods, and the many red-brick houses of Ironbridge standing upon the steep slopes of a hill; presented to its a scene both charming and delightful, in spite of the dilapidated dwellings and the disused brick and tile works that were clotted about. Ironbridge is so called because it was here that the first iron bridge ever constructed in this country, was placed across the river Severn in order to link Madeley with Broseley. We continued on in company with the river, first passing Buildwas and the Abbey remains, and then Leighton.

The Roman Uriconium.

On approaching some cross-roads about two miles from Atcham, "Cicerone" directed my attention to a finger post that indicated the way to Wroxeter, the old Roman Uriconium. Naturally we were both very interested in this ancient city, as a branch of the Watling Street once connected it with the Hereford station at Kenchester. We had a good look at the ruined walls and the splendidly modelled pillars and also examined among other curious relics, the baths, the pavements, pottery and ornaments that were exhibited. Of course we should have paid a shilling each for this tour of inspection, but it happened that we saw it all free of charge as no one was there at the time to collect. The money was put to a useful purpose a little later on however, when we did full justice to a good tea at the C.T.C. headquarters in pretty little Atcham.



Wrekin's Lonely Height.

As we turned to the left at Cross Houses and traversed an excellent road, the well known peak of the Wrekin formed a conspicuous feature in the landscape. I remember some fellow cyclists telling us of a peculiar old tree called the Lady Oak, to be seen in a field just before Cressage. This ancient hollow tree of considerable girth has a younger oak growing in the interior of its trunk. We reached the top of Harley Hill at last, and were soon racing down to Much Wenlock. The Guildhall here – but one of the numerous black and white houses we noticed in the town – is supported on pillars, two of which once formed the ancient whipping posts; and even now the clasps for the hands can still be seen.

Wenlock Abbey.

Then after a brief survey of other points of interest and the "Road to Ruins" had brought us to the old Abbey, we left the place to climb up Wenlock Edge for a magnificent view of Corvedale below, with the

impressive outlines of the Cleve and Stretton hills nearby. We then made down the ever pleasant valley and so to Ludlow and Leominster for Hereford and home. Now, I come to think about the apples, it must have been in the Autumn of a year when the ride took place, but as "Cicerone" rightly remarked, it would not be correct to mention anything about the orchard as the farmer might object.

CYCLING NOTES.

A DAY AMONG THE MOUNTAINS.

By "Wyesider"

The great charm of cycling as a pastime lies in exploring, so that one can experience the delight of continually coming upon the unfamiliar and the unexpected. A certain charm, however, is often provided by the ever changing seasons; for the places visited during the summer time generally appear unrecognisable and strange when seen again in the winter. I have formed this opinion as a result of a day's ride early in February.

I proceeded along the Hay road as far as Eardisley, then climbed the hills and reached Kington. As the weather was very cold, a fall of snow was not surprising, and it was under such conditions that I made for New Radnor. Here the weather cleared up sufficiently to enable me to enjoy a remarkable view of the surrounding snow-tipped mountains. With many varied and delightful scenes I continued on my way, passing Llanfiangel-nant-Melon, Llandegley and Penybont.

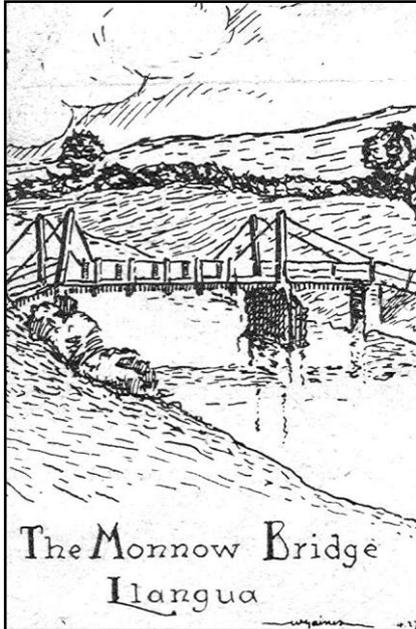
In the Ithon Valley.

Taking a turn to the right at Cross Gates I soon came to Llanddewi (meaning the Church of St. David). The road to Newtown winds right up the quiet mountain valley of the Ithon and keeps the lively little river company for over twelve miles. With the exception of a solitary farmer's cart and a few stray sheep, I had things all to myself. The road was in good condition and as places of shelter were numerous I did not mind the few occasional showers. The fine bracing air had soon made me feel hungry so I stopped by the roadside for a little refreshment. I had been his way before, but on the present occasion I found the Ithon with more than its normal water supply. The mountains too appeared different and far more impressive with their covering of snow. While above Llanbadarn-fynydd I discovered several waterfalls, that I had failed to notice previously. Arriving at Newtown I proceeded alongside the Severn to Abermule and eventually came to the town of Montgomery which stands high upon a steep hill. The county, capital is full of interest and the castle well worth seeing, so here I stopped for a time to inspect one of many such ruins of Wales. Then on to Bampton Cross and Church Stoke. This small village amongst the hills presents a very pretty picture with its many black and white houses. Going on through Lydham I next came to Craven Arms. Here I joined the main Shrewsbury to Hereford road and so returned home through Ludlow and Leominster, to terminate a very interesting day's ride.

THE ABERGAVENNY ROAD

TO THE GATEWAY OF WALES.

On account of the very fascinating scenery it goes through, the far-reaching views it bestows and the many points of interest that it possesses, the road to Abergavenny easily ranks as one of the best in the district



Though, it must be admitted, the surface of the Hereford to Pontrilas portion is hardly, at the present time, up to main road standard, there are signs that an improvement in this direction will be shortly forthcoming.

We cross over the River Wye to Black Marston and after passing under the rail way bridge soon come to the shady wood that lie within the confines of the Roman Catholic Cathedral at Belmont. We leave the Madley road to the right and continue up the hill to Webtree to arrive at the appropriately named Goose Pool, as maybe seen from the ducks and geese that frequently sport upon the water.

The Village Blacksmith.

Close by here stands the forge of the village blacksmith and although without the chestnut tree, there are oftimes the old proverbial "sparks that fly".

As we approach the park grounds of Allensmore through the gloom of a group of stately trees, we notice the little Post Office that was the scene of last year's sensational mail-bag robbery.

Just after and beyond the cross-roads near the Three Horse Shoes Inn, fine distant views open out of many well-known heights. Towards the left lie the hills of Aconbury, Orcop and Garway; straight head and easily visible are the Graig Serrerithin, Campston Hill, the Skirrid Fawr, and the Sugar Loaf; while to the right the extensive and ever prominent elevation of the Black Mountain forms a good background.

After Didley and its little Primitive Methodist Chapel, we next reach St. Devereux. From here a turning to the left leads to Kilpeck village; to the Church with its notable Norman carvings and fine

south doorway; and to the scanty remains of its ancient Welsh border castle. To ride between the splendid avenue of beech trees by the lodge gate, and to explore the lanes around Whitfield is another pleasant little diversion from St. Devereux.

We go on through Wormbridge, and at the bottom of the hill pass by its old church that stands half hidden from view by a magnificent grove of Scotch firs.

On the right-hand side of the road from Wormbridge to Kenderchurch an earth work will be noticed, either as a cutting of an embankment and which is now for the most part filled with water or grown over with weeds. It is the track of the old tramway that led from South Wales to go through Abergavenny, Pontrilas, Tram Inn and Hunderton to Hereford. Before the introduction of the railways it was used for the transport of coal, the trucks then being drawn along the rails by horses.

A Plentiful Supply of Signposts.

There is a plentiful supply of signposts and milestones scattered about Pontrilas and though some are not exact recorders they are by no means so far out as the petrol spirit advertisement, posted on the railway bridge that gives Cardiff as 31 miles away.

We next cross over the River Monnow to enter Monmouthshire. At the junction of a fork road, just over the border line is a hamlet that takes its name from the old Monmouth Cap Inn of days gone by, The "inn" is now the residence of Doctor Humphreys, who still preserves the curious old sign-board, which shows a peculiar head-gear bedecked with a leek. Underneath it is an inscription taken from Shakespeare's "King Herry the Fifth"; "Wearing leeks in their Monmouth caps"

These caps that were very fashionable in the seventeenth century were made in Monmouth and it



used to be worn by both men and women. From the number of long clay pipes that Dr. Humphreys has unearthed, it is fairly evident that the old Welsh people used to enjoy sitting on the lawn to smoke their tobacco and drink their ale.

The Quaint Chain Bridge.

The diminutive church of Llangua, together with the quaint little chain bridge over the Monnow a little lower down, combine to make a very pretty picture. From here to Pandy, beautiful hills rise each side the valley, while the ever winding road goes in and out with the little murmuring river to pass through some very charming woodland scenes. As we get near Pandy the scenery gets more impressive, especially so, when we come alongside the mighty range of the Hatterals. Meanwhile it has been easy to trace the old tramway (on the left now) that still continues to follow the road. Beyond Pandy we soon sight the interesting Skirrid or Holy Mountain. The remarkable contour that it presents from this point is the result of a landslide that occurred many years ago. As we go on through Llanvihangel Crucorney there is a splendid "close-up" of the Holy Mountain and we pass with regret the road that goes from here to the picturesque old ruins of Llanthony. After a fine down hill run with some good views of the mountains that tower above Abergavenny we soon come to our journey's end.

A RIDE TO AN OLD-WORLD TOWN.

With the arrival of Spring the first season of the year, together with the continually lengthening days a better opportunity is now afforded the cyclist to enjoy a few hours awheel after the day's work is done.

To the seeker after real pleasure in travel, to the lover of nature, to one who can bring to mind the visions and memories of the past or who is possessed of the spirit of adventure the roads and lanes of old Herefordshire provide a splendid hunting ground.

Charming Scenes.

A ride of approximately thirty miles, and one that always gives me complete satisfaction, commences with the climb over Aylestone Hill and the speedy run down to that fine level stretch of Roman road to the Lugg Mills.

As we continue on towards Newtown many delightful bits of scenery attract our attention: the pleasant green fields, great tracts of ploughed land, the little roadside cottages, and the bold, clear outline of the distant hills, all are agreeable features on which the eye may linger. We cannot fail to notice and admire in the meadow to the left just before West Lydiatt the railway carriage now minus the wheels, which has been so artistically converted into a homely dwelling

The Stones of Whitestone.

A little further on is Whitestone, so named after a stone which is still to be seen in the sward by the cross-roads. It is quite probable it had once served as a mark stone for some purpose or other. No less interesting is the old mile-stone beside it. Though the lettering is not very distinct one can still discern, "This is

the road to Worcester" on the one side, and on the other "This is the road to Hereford – TD – 1700."

From the summit of the thickly wooded Shucknall Hill, some very fine views of the surrounding country can be obtained. Even allowing that the road through Egleton to the "Five Bridges Inn" (puzzle find the bridges) may be "noted for grit"; it is none the less



pleasant with the many orchards and hop-yards that line the way

A Steep Hill.

Fromes' Hill is one of the steepest in the county, for in places the gradient of the road occasionally reaches one in eight. It is well worth while, however, to walk up its precipitous side, as a really wonderful panorama of the country for many miles around is gradually revealed on the way to the top. In the village, a road to the right near the "Wheatsheaf Inn" leads down to the Gospel Cottage, the Leadon Brook and Bosbury. This picturesque village with its long solitary street, was once a place of considerable importance. In Saxon times its name was Bosamberig or Bosa's town. Old Court, now a farm, was formerly a palace of the Bishop of Hereford and the old doorway to be seen from the road, is still perfect. The ancient Holy Trinity Church which was erected in the twelfth century has a detached tower some considerable distance away from the main building. (There are seven instances of detached church towers in Herefordshire, the other six being at Ledbury Pembridge, Holmer, Richard's Castle, Yarpole and Garway.

The Cabled Houses.

Among the quaint gabled and half-timbered houses in the village is "Ye Olde Crown Inn" once the mansion of the Harfield family. Inside the building is an oak panelled room dated 1571 that contains the arms of the Harfields and their relations. The proprietor would be pleased to supply a goodly spread if you happened to be there about tea-time and would also be only too glad to show you round the old room.

The Old Canal.

The fine level road which runs past Upleadon Court to Ashperton, lies in close proximity to the old disused Hereford-Gloucester canal. At Wharf House near the lodge entrance to Canon-Ffrome Court, it is possible to see the remains of two grain wharves and also part of the old crane that was once used to load and unload the barges. On taking the first turn to the left

after crossing the River Frome, the straggling village of Yarkhill is soon reached. The most interesting part of the church is the fine castellated tower. In the church-yard adjoining, is a remarkable yew tree eighteen feet in circumference at five feet from the ground and increasing in girth up to ten feet where it branches out. The return to Hereford can then be taken by revisiting Shucknall or by turning to the left for Stoke Edith and Lugwardine.

"FEATURES OF THE FOREST OF DEAN"

What a busy scene the main thoroughfares of Hereford present on a Wednesday morning! A continual stream of motor cars, buses, traps, and other vehicles can be seen coming in from every direction conveying the farmers and country folk to the market.



Crowds of people besiege the shops and throng the pavements, while in this or that street, occasional droves of cattle, sheep and pigs all tend to add to the prevailing disorder.

When I cycled through the High Town on a recent Wednesday morning there seemed to be so much more of the general confusion; that what with dodging the traffic, the people, and the livestock, I was heartily glad to reach the country and so enjoy the freedom of the open road.

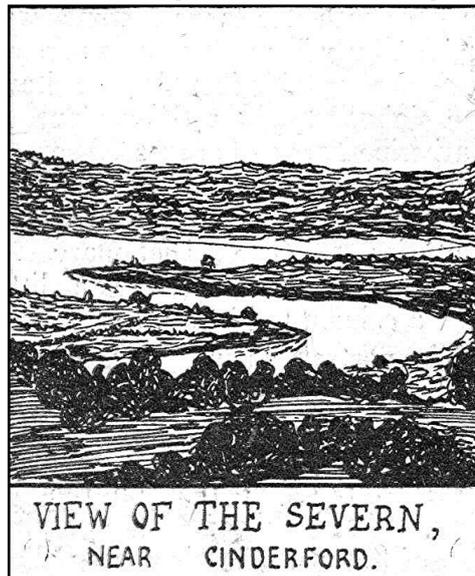
The Ark of Noah.

In brilliant sunshine with a freshening breeze – truly ideal weather – I soon reached Ross. I took a turn to the right here, by the old Market House, climbed a hill and then passing by "Noah's Ark" proceeded along a bumpy road to Walford. Just before Kerne Bridge, on a steep hill to the right is a splendid picture of the fine old ruins of Goodrich Castle. After viewing Ruardean village from off the road which runs beside the river Wye I cycled on to Lydbrook with its massive iron railway bridge. In rather poverty-stricken Upper Lydbrook, the local baker was delivering bread. In order to carry the loaves around to his customers, he

had employed the ingenious idea of strapping on to a donkey two large boxes, one each side of the animal. I became deeply interested in the pit-head workings of a coal mine nearby. It was as engrossing to watch the great wheel that kept bringing up to the surface, truck load after truck load full of coal, and as readily take down the empty ones as it was to see the method there of despatching and returning the trucks by the light railroad. In conversation with one of the inhabitants. I learned that the Forest miners are one of, the very few able to work underground with a naked light.

The Speech House.

After passing down a very charming glade by the Cannop Brook I took a turn to the left, ascended a steep hill and arrived at "Ye Speech House" the main centre for exploring the Forest of Dean. This handsome building which is now used as an hotel, was at one time the regular meeting place of the Forest miners, although, even now, meetings are still



held there on special occasions. Though the area of the Forest of Dean is not large, it has indeed very few equals for its rarity of scenery. the beauty of its woodlands and the exquisite views from its many heights. It was once well stocked with deer and wild boars, and was for many years famous as a royal hunting ground.

A Fine View.

Cinderford, the chief town of the district looks far better from it distance than it does at close quarters.

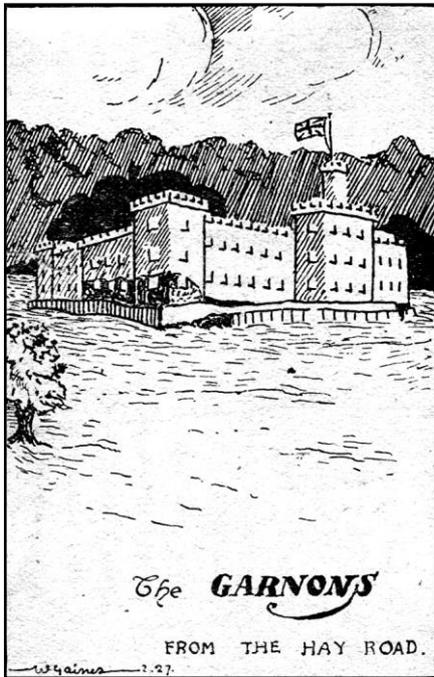
There is, however, from its high position a magnificent view of the winding river Severn, the Cotswolds, May Hill and the Malverns. After a fierce drop down to little Dean, a Roman road (one of the many of the district) led on past Welshbury Camp and on up a steep hill to Abinghall. Another sharp drop brought Mitcheldean with the narrow winding streets and its interesting church. A glance at my map showed a road leading direct to Hereford which I followed, but from Lea to Fownhope it is a succession of undulating hills and a road hardly to be recommended to the racing cyclist.

A CAREFREE AND REWARDING RIDE

Touching Three Counties

CYCLING OVER THE BORDER.

It often happens that a ride which has received little or no previous consideration or thought proves to be one of the most enjoyable. I always find more pleasure when free from any set plan, and to be able to follow any road or path which takes my fancy. At the commencement of a recent day's ride, I had no idea



of the route I would take. I first made for Abergavenny by the very pleasant main road. Having read the signposts there, I then decided upon Brecon. Proceeding along a fine wide road in the valley of the Usk, I found it to be part of the great highway that leads from London to Milford Haven. Near the entrance to the quiet old-fashioned Crickhowell are the scanty remains of its castle. A lengthy bridge which has twelve arches, crosses the river here. At the other end of the town is a notice board that takes us back to the days of the turnpike: "Tolls due to his Grace the Duke of Beaufort at Crickhowell" one reads. "For every score of cattle 10d. for every score of pigs or sheep 5d. and for every horse laden with grain ½d."

Of cycle or motor traffic there is no mention. From here onwards the road runs through splendid scenery. At Bwlch, a small village at the top of a pass, I obtained some excellent views of neighbouring mountains, hills and valleys. Standing on the banks of the river Usk eight miles further on is the old town of Brecon. Except for its church, the spacious barracks, and the monument of the Duke of Wellington, there is very little else of note. Here I had an appetising lunch. On reaching the top of a steep hill that lies on the way to Llandefaelog Fach, I turned round and enjoyed a leisurely view of that vast range upland which extends from Camarthen Van to the Brecnock Beacons. For boldness of outline and their distinctive appearance, the Beacons can closely rival many of the finest North Wales mountains. Traversing a fairly good road in the

Honddu valley, I passed through some wild mountain country, a region of bog and moorland waste. A track to the left beyond Upper Chapel I went over the Mynydd Epynt to the Drover's Arms Inn, but I only arrived there after much hard work. In another two miles I had gained the summit. Here at the height of nearly 1,500 feet, could be seen all the splendour of the wide open country the steel blue mountains and sweeping lowlands of Cardigan and Radnor. It was a view that was truly magnificent. Nor shall I readily forget that glorious run down to Garth,

At Builth I had tea, after which I followed that fine stretch of road running beside the Wye to Llysven. A notice board displaying humour is a rare thing to see. It was in one of the woods near, the river that I saw the following appeal:

"Hail strangers! who, when passing by,
Halt in the precincts of Glanwye.
Know all, you've but a right of way,
None to despoil, or soil or stray
And halting here, you owe duty,
Not to defile my fishing beauty,
With orange peel and paper bags,
Remnants of food, and filthy rags.
Or what is worse, by smashing bottles.
That have appeased your thirsting throttles.
Think of the cruel trap thus laid,
For the tender flesh of some courting maid.
Burn what will, what will not keep,
And dump on some distant rubbish heap:
Thus would I gladly make you free,
Of what by right belongs to me;
While for you all who do your duty,
Nature will smile with added beauty.' – H.T.

Then with the approach of nightfall, I lit my lamp and cycled homewards via Three Cocks Inn Whitney, and, the Hay road

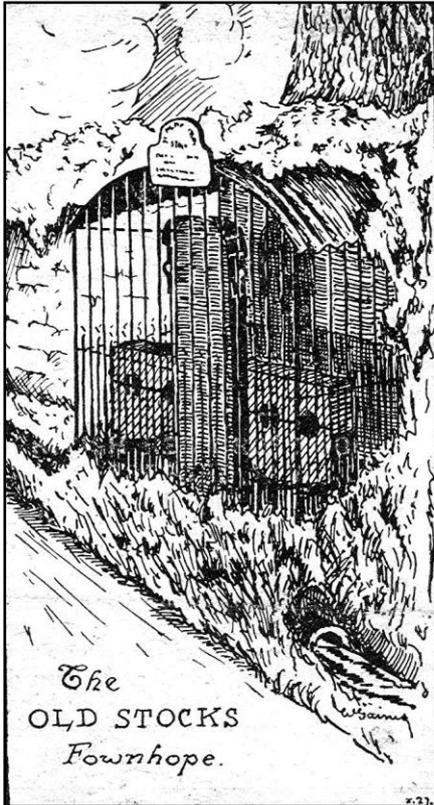
THE ROAD TO ROSS AND AN ALTERNATIVE

The finest road from Hereford to Ross is undoubtedly the main one that trails over the Callow to pass by Harewood End and Peterstow. It provides the best possible route so far as ease of travel is concerned. It has an excellent surface, and no other district road gives so grand a view of the distant Welsh mountains. Of the several other ways however, that lead to Ross, there is one that supplies more interest and presents scenery equally as charming. We leave Hereford by Eign Road and go on over Eign Hill. At the top, to the right, one sees the extensive area occupied by the munitions' factory of Rotherwas, with familiar Dinedor Hill forming a background. To the left we observe St. Ethelbert's Camp on Backbury Hill, while straight ahead of us rise the heights of Haugh Wood. We notice the curiously named "Bunch of Carrots Inn" near Hampton Bishop, as we pass through splendid open country on our way to Mordiford. The cyclist enters this little village after crossing the River Lugg by an old stone bridge. A rather curious legend is connected with the district. It relates that a large and fierce dragon once lived in Haugh Wood, and used to devour the Mordiford inhabitants and their flocks. A very poor road that leads up to the Wood is still known as Serpents Lane, and serves to keep in

remembrance the old legend A fine toll bridge spans the Wye at Even Pits. Seven miles from Hereford we arrive at pleasantly situated Fownhope. Here the sign of the "Green Man Inn" imparts to froth-blowers some useful information. It reads:

"You travel far, you travel near,
It's here you find the best of beer,
You pass the East, you pass: the West,
If you pass this, you pass the best."

Unfortunately, I am unable to verify this statement as I do not drink anything stronger than cider. To the end of the village stands the church, a very ancient edifice, partly Norman, but chiefly of the early



English style of architecture. The best way to Ross now lies through Gurney's Oak and Old Gore, but a turning to the right, before "Ye Old Stocks" gives us a more interesting alternative. Following a rough lane we soon come to Capler Wood, an ideal spot for a picnic party. Capler Camp on the summit of the hill is noted both as a prehistoric fortress and for the magnificent view of the Wye Valley below. On past Ladybridge, through Totnor, and we come to How Caple Church, the Wye once again, and an improved road! We cycle on beside the river for nearly two miles, among some beautiful woodland scenery. The present Court Farm at Hole-in-the-Wall is built on the remains of an old castle. From a hole in one of its walls (now filled up) some steps went down to an underground passage beneath the river which led on to Ingestone, then known as Inkston. If you have plenty of spare time seek out one of the oldest inhabitants and hear for yourself all about this interesting subject. A number of short, though; steep hills, have then to be negotiated before one runs downhill to arrive in the quaint old town of Ross.

A GUIDE FOR THE INTENDING CYCLIST CHOOSING A NEW MOUNT.

By "Cicerone."

The prospective buyer of a new bicycle is somewhat bewildered by the many types and makes of machines available and is therefore rather undecided as what to purchase. Besides the well-known and widely advertised mass-produced machine, there is the "made-to-measure" mount, offered by the smaller, but none the less, reliable firm. The cyclist who invests in the latter may have to expend an extra couple of pounds, but he is able to get just the right kind of handlebars, saddle, gear and other things suited to his individual needs. A standard machine may contain one. or perhaps two of the features he wants, but it is very rare that he can have them all

About the Gear.

Many present-day machines are geared too high, the average being something like 75ins., whereas 65ins. would be much more suitable. By the way, it may be of interest to readers if I explain what the gear is. In the days of the old high bicycle, the wheel only revolved once to every turn of the pedals, so if the wheel had a diameter of 54ins., that was called the gear. When, however, safeties were introduced, gearing or multiplying wheels had to be fitted in order to make the wheels revolve at a greater speed than that at which the pedals were been turned if our present-day wheels of 26 and 28ins. only went round once to a single turn of the pedals, it would be impossible to attain even such a low speed as 8 miles an hour. Thus, if the gear of a modern bicycle is 70ins. it would be equivalent to a tall machine with a wheel of 70ins. diameter (if that were procurable). To find the gear of a bicycle multiply the diameter (in inches) of the rear wheel by the number of teeth on the chain wheel and divide the result by the quantity of teeth on the rear sprocket. Thus a machine with a 26 in wheel; 52 teeth chain wheel, and 20 teeth rear sprocket, would give a gear of 67.6ins. As time goes on the old heavy roadster is gradually being superseded by the more modern lightweight. This, however, is all to the good, for the light machine has undoubtedly made cycling easier and is deservedly popular.

The Right Kind of lightweight.

But a word of warning. There are lightweights and lightweights. The real. lightweight is not only light, but it is so designed and scientifically constructed as to give that liveliness and responsiveness, which is its chief charm; it responds to every ounce put on the pedals to such art extent that the rider feels he is astride a living thing. The other kind of lightweight is much cheaper in price and although the frame may be inclined to "whip" and the machine generally lifeless, it is better for touring than the heavy roadster. A roadster may weigh anything up to 40lbs. while its lighter brother hardly turns the scale at 28lbs. As regards type, a racing cycle with dropped handlebars and fixed-wheel would obviously be out of place for business and riding in traffic, not to mention the extra care necessary with narrow rims when negotiating tramlines. A good all round machine which will cover

many purposes can be found in one fitted with semi-dropped bars, 26 x 13/8in. rims and free-wheel.

Concerning the frame I notice that several manufacturers are replacing the cranked seat-stays and chain-stays with straight tubes, claiming greater strength. Personally, I prefer this type. It is of the highest importance not to have the frame too large, one of 22in. (measurement is taken from the top of the seat lug to the centre of the bottom bracket), will suit the average rider. A good way to get the size of frame is to deduct 10ins, or so from the inside leg measurement. A smaller frame is not only lighter but considerably stronger, while the handlebars and saddle-pin can easily be drawn out to suit the owner's requirements. Crank length is generally one tenth of the gear, thus a 65in. gear needs a 61½in. crank. Regarding tyres, those of the roadster pattern wear well and are good value, but they have not the liveliness which is a feature of those at a higher price.

It is difficult to advise upon the choice of saddle, as the majority of riders require widely different types; personal experience alone can decide. Gear cases have their advantages and disadvantages. While they mean a little more weight and are sometimes in the way, the chain and driving mechanism is kept free from grit (lubricated as well, in the case of the oil bath gear case) and consequently runs much easier. My advice to the prospective buyer, whether he invests in a standard machine or the "made-to-measure" mount, is to deal only with firms of good repute, who always guarantee cycles for at least ten years.

THE CARE AND UPKEEP OF THE BICYCLE.

By "Cicerone."

Although it is a well-known fact that the bicycle will stand an extraordinary amount of ill-usage and still remain serviceable, the owner who expends a little care and trouble on his mount will be amply repaid, not only in its better appearance, but also in its running qualities and longer life. The chief thing apart from keeping the machine clean, is to have the bearings properly adjusted and well lubricated. The wise cyclist when he gets a new mount will Vaseline all the plated parts before any rust has chance to appear and although this may catch the dust the owner knows he has only to wipe it off at any time to reveal the plating in its original brilliance. Many people hesitate to clean their machines because it is rather an awkward job to begin. I have found the following procedure the best.

A Good Method of Cleaning.

First remove the lamp and any other loose accessories and turn the machine upside down, but see that it stands firm (it may need packing of some kind under the handlebars.) Then go to the back of the machine with a piece of cotton rag in one hand and grip the wheel with the other. Now rub hard round one side of the rim a few inches at a time, turning the wheel with the other hand. Change the rag into the other hand and clean the opposite side. Now with the rag on two fingers do the rim, between the spokes and afterwards the spokes themselves. Then wipe round

the hub flange at one side and then the other, completing the back wheel by threading the rag round the hub itself and pulling each end alternately. It is advisable not to clean the spindle ends where they come out of the bearings as dirt and grit may get in during the process. Continue by doing the chain-stays and seat stays and if the brakes are of the roller-lever type, the part beneath the bottom bracket. Then clean round the bracket and inside and outside of the chain-wheel and each crank and pedal. Now do inside the back mudguard; the underside of the bottom tube; and go round to the front of the machine. Treat the front wheel the same as the back, then each fork and inside the mud-guard. Now turn the machine back on to its wheels and lean it up firmly. Start again at the back; do the outside of the back mudguard and seat pillar, then the seat tube and bottom tube. Next comes the head, fork crown, front brake and outside the front mudguard. Complete the job where most people begin, the top tube and handle-bars. It is as well to rub up the plated parts with a clean oily rag or smear with Vaseline.

I have cleaned a bicycle (unless it was specially dirty) on these lines in less than 20 minutes.

Concerning the Upkeep.

A word or two about adjustment. All bearings should be kept so that the wheels, cranks, pedals, and handlebars work freely, but without any side shake, unless they are worn, when it is better to have a little side play than have the machine run stiffly. Keep the brake blocks close to the rims as they wear (the blocks) and see that the saddle top is not allowed to sag, there is a tension bolt underneath to keep it tight. The chain is properly adjusted when you can catch hold of it midway between the chain-wheel and sprocket and move it up or down about an inch. When lubricating the machine the only way to ensure the oil reaching the bearing is to hold the bicycle sideways until the oil appears at the end of the spindle and then lean it in the opposite way for the other side. It is better not to oil the chain on the machine at all but to carry out the following every three months or so. Take it off and brush the mud away and then put it to soak in a bowl of paraffin overnight. In the morning it will be found bright and clean. Now lubricate with some thin oil and then cover with thick motor oil or tallow. This covering of grease will keep grit out of the bearings of the chain. The tyres should be periodically examined to see if any thorns or flints are embedded in the cover and valve rubber renewed about every three months as it is apt to perish. It may be mentioned that oil is injurious to tyres, so is sunlight, but water is good although it may rot the fabric.

OVER THE IRISH SEA

"IN CAMBRIA AND THE EMERALD ISLE."

So varied the interest and so many were -the beautiful scenes that my cycling holiday this Easter will always remain as a, memorable experience. It was so much to me that I am prompted now to attempt a description of the good time I had when riding in Cambria and in the Emerald Isle. It was my good fortune on this occasion to secure a five days leave of, absence thus

being provided with the opportunity for a more extended tour and incidentally the chance to roam further afield. The first thing then was to determine upon the destination but this proved to be something of a puzzle, for there was such a great variety of delectable districts possible, and all well worthy of a visit. Eventually I considered the claims of Ireland and decided to spend a few days there.

Making Preparations.

Accordingly I hunted up some old maps to glean a little information there from, made a few inquiries regarding steamboat sailings and then packed away a few necessities in the haversack. There was a fairly strong north-west wind blowing, while the weather did not appear at all promising when I set out on the Hay road that Good Friday morning.

Bridge Sollers and Letton were soon passed and on arriving at pretty little Whitney, I paid a penny to the dame of the toll bridge, then crossed over the River Wye to make for the old border town of Hay. I found quite a crowd of visitors in the pleasant village of Bronllys, though with the exception of the troop of Boy Scouts, they all appeared to be Welsh miners. I enjoyed some fine views from the road as I went on, of great shapely mountains, the most conspicuous among them being the magnificent peaks of the Beacons. At Brecon. the town of many rivers, the disciples of Isaac Walton, in their huge waders, were making the best of rather shallow water by fishing in mid stream.

It is difficult to imagine a more delightful road than the stretch of A40 from Brecon to Carmarthen. There are grand and picturesque mountains, that succeed one another on each side of the road, and with abundant woodlands, fine rich meadows and rushing streams, they all combine to make the scenes a harmonious blending of wildness with soft beauty. It was as in such charming surrounding then that I continued on my way, first passing Sennybridge and then Trecastle. Apart from a few showers of little consequence the weather had by now improved considerably.

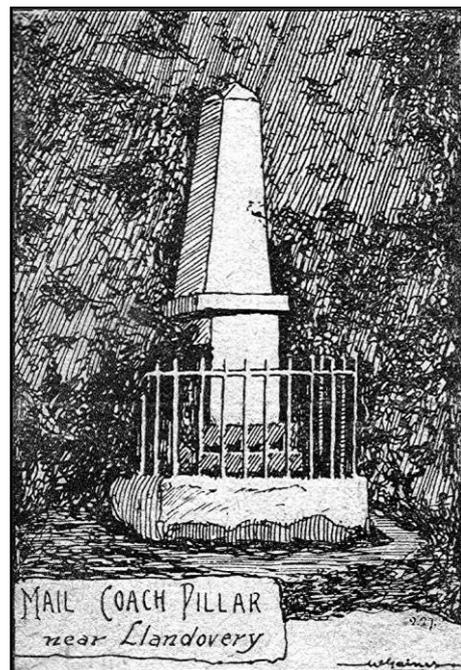
Interesting Monument.

Some three miles before Llandovery, I noticed an interesting stone monument by the roadside. On it was an inscription rather lacking in punctuation, that read as follows:- "This pillar is called Mail Coach Pillar and erected as a caution to Mail Coach drivers to keep from intoxication and in memory of the Gloucester and Carmarthen Mail Coach which was driven by Edward Jenkins on the 19 day of December in the year 1835, who was intoxicated at the time and drove the mail on the wrong side of tire road and going at a full speed or gallop met a cart and permitted the leader to turn short round to the right land and went over the precipice 121 feet where at the bottom near the river came against an ash tree when the coach was dashed into several pieces. Colonel Gwym of Glan Brian Park, Daniel Jones, Esq., of Penybont and a person of the name of Edwards were outside and David Lloyd Harris Esq. of Llandovery, solicitor an a lad of the name of Kernwick were inside passengers by the mail at the time and John Compton Guard." I have heard say, where there is a will there is a way. One person cannot assist many, but many can

assist a few as this pillar will shew which was suggested designed and erected by J. Bull, inspector of Mail. Coaches, with the aid of thirteen pounds sixteen shillings and sixpence received by him from forty-one subscribers in the year 1841. The work of this pillar was executed by John Jones, marble and stone mason Llanddarog near Carmarthen

Pickled Onions.

At Llandovery – the church upon the waters – I had a very wholesome meal and should you happen to care for real good cider together with bread cheese and pickled onions, I am in a position to direct and recommend. Refreshed and re-invigorated I cycled on through Llandilo for Carmarthen. On the way down I met Mr., Thomas the C.T.C. Chief Consul for the counties of Brecknock, Radnor, Carmarthen, and Pembroke. He happened to be one of the few cyclists I had seen that day so I was pleased to avail myself of the opportunity for an interesting chat. To me the chief feature of Carmarthen was the large number of memorials about the various streets. There is one dedicated to the Welsh Fusiliers of the Russian War, and among others there is one to a Mr. Nott, one to Richard Steele, while on leaving the town, a limestone obelisk rising to a considerable height is to be seen, that was erected in memory of Sir Thomas Picton. With the approach for Narberth by St. Clears the

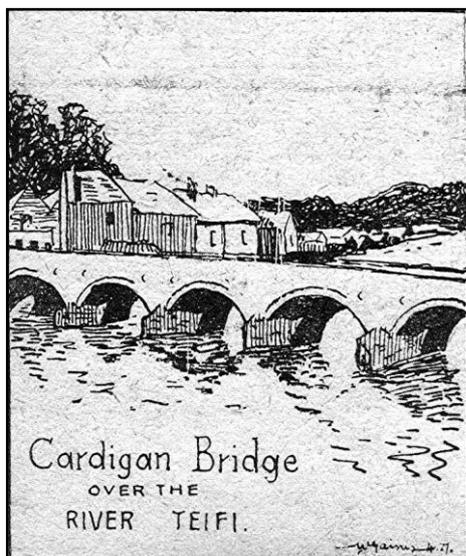


scenery becomes less wild and rugged, yet the countryside is not without its charm, with blooming gorse bushes, shepherd's purse flowers and primroses lining the hedgerows, while every village seemed to make a pretty picture. After tea at Narberth, I made for Haverfordwest, then turned to the right and followed the splendid A40 on through the giant crags and rocks of Wolf's Castle to Fishguard. At the Harbour I received a bit of a shock to learn the usual mail-boat service was suspended that night owing to the holidays, but I soon consoled myself that t could spend another day in Wales.

A Glimpse of the Sea.

What a splendid day it proved to be too. An early start on over the fine rolling hills to Cardigan brought

glorious views and occasional glimpses of the sea. The old five arched stone bridge at Cardigan which spans the River Teifi, connects the counties of Pembroke and Cardigan. There is much to admire on the way to neat little New Quay, but some very poor road tends rather to detract from the pleasures of cycling.



Part II.

I spent a very pleasant hour indeed at New Quay. In addition to the splendid harbour and its wide bays, there are caves and cliffs on its picturesque coast that are well worth visiting. I was beginning to feel hungry by this time – and who would not be, after cycling some forty miles in the bracing air – so at a peaceful little spot above Llanina just right beside a bright looking stream, I soon made light of the sandwiches that were packed up for me in the morning. Back again to the Synod Inn cross-roads and I was next traversing the good surfaced, moorland road to Llandyssil. What far-reaching views its many high points gave, with the Mynydd Prescelly most prominent, and how the wide open spaces, the steep gradients, the stately clumps of trees; and the great expanse of heather and gorse, how it all reminded me of glorious old Radnor!

One does not have to cycle far along the excellent road beside the Teifi to discover the enchanting scenery of this noble river, or to realise the charm of its valley and the splendour of the gently sloping hills. So on along, through Newcastle Emlyn with its castle remains, to Cenarth for tea.

Perpetual Spring.

This attractive little village where the inhabitants obtain their water supply from a perpetual spring, has been made famous by the lovely Cenarth Falls on the Teifi here. I noted with pleasure, the happy dancing flies, as in the cool of that Saturday evening I followed the ever winding river to the sea, for are not these blithe little insects the forerunners of fine weather on a coming day?

On over Cardigan bridge and then once more along the hilly road, but as I had lingered on the way, I found it necessary to light my lamp long before the return to Fishguard. Late that night I went aboard the steamer St. Patrick, lying in Goodwick Harbour, and after seeing my bicycle safely stowed in the hold,

watched with interest the men at their various duties until the arrival of the mail-boat train from London. One of the G.W.R porters told me in a short conversation that though he had lived practically all his life in Fishguard he had never taken the opportunity to visit Ireland. "It's wonderful," he said. "how people do get about these days. There's my Johnny, hardly ten year old," he added, "been all over the place, he has – and do you know that last year when he was in the scouts, he went all the way to Llandrindod, he did."

At last the train came and it was not long before we were on the move, bound for what was to me an unknown country. I did not get much sleep during the crossing to Rosslare, for I spent a good deal of the time about the different sections of the steamer.

The Ship's Cyclometer.

Besides the first-class departments there were the cabins with their curious bunks to examine (none empty: by the way), as well as the powerful turbines in the engine room. Again it was interesting to study the log – which might be described as the ship's cyclometer – and to learn something from the helmsman about lighthouses and the roads of the sea. Among my fellow passengers was an elderly Irish gentleman whom I found very good company and in his way, rather amusing. "So you're agoing to old Ireland for a couple of days are you?" he exclaimed, "well let's hope it won't be for the last time for there's sure something to see in the old country. Come next time for no less than a week, for there's Killarney to look at and there's Queenstown and Cork – fine, yes, fine city, Cork – and there's the Knockmealdown and the Galtee Mountains right near Tipperary where I come from. You sure know the old song about Tipperary -- that's the place I mean," he said, "and when you get to Rosslare, you'll not. find it a long way to go."

Ireland in Sight.

In due course came the arrival at Rosslare Harbour at about five in the morning following a calm passage, and then. the next procedure after having rescued the cycle, was to pass the customs officials. This proved to be quite a simple affair however, for beyond a prod at the haversack and a slight murmuring about candles, soap and tobacco, I was allowed through, free to wander wherever I liked. Wander about I did too! It did not take long to discover the uselessness of my ten mile to an inch Irish road map. With no one astir to guide or direct me, a total absence of sign-posts, and the difficulty of distinguishing a main road from any other, it was no small wonder that I did a lot of aimless riding and that as a result, the journey to Wexford took me over two hours to accomplish. I reached the little county town in time for breakfast and during its preparation took a short stroll around its many narrow winding streets

There had been little to impress in the first twelve miles in Ireland for the country about was flat and uninteresting. The roads too, though perhaps hardly "the abode of the pot-hole fiend" they were nevertheless in a very poor state of repair.

Thatched Cottages,

There was very little that was artistic about the dwellings of the country people, for beyond one or two well built houses, the rest were primitive-looking cottages with grey-plastered walls, tiny little doors and windows and the ordinary thatched roof. From Wexford, I passed on to Ferry Carrig where an old wooden bridge spans the River Slaney. On the one side of the river is the remains of Ferry Carrig castle, said to be the first fortress built by the English in Ireland.

Some fine views of the Slaney could be seen from off the road, between the pleasant green hills and meadows that lined part of the way to Enniscorthy. By this time the roads had improved considerably and I was not sorry to find them so either. After Enniscorthy with its magnificent Roman Catholic church and the fine Castle, came the little town of Ferris where there are some picturesque ruins of an old abbey. Camolin, Clogh, Gorey and Inch, all had their attractions, but the best sight of all, was the view of the little fishing town of Arklow from a distance standing amidst the grand tall spire of its church. One of most famous beauty spots in Ireland is the glorious Vale of Avoca. Beautiful scenes of woodlands lie beneath great towering hills and here it is that the Avoca River flows. Above Woodenbridge (the original old structure does not now exist) is the celebrated Meeting of the Waters in a truly charming region. It owes something of its great popularity to Moore's verses of the well-known song

"There is not in this wide world a valley so sweet,
As the vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet;
Oh! the last rays of feeling and life must depart
Ere the bloom of that valley shall fade from my heart.
Sweet Vale of Avoca! how calm could I rest,
In the bosom of shade with the friends I love best;
Where the storms that we feel in this cold world shall cease,
And out hearts, like thy waters, be mingled in peace."

Conclusion.

From this exceedingly beautiful spot, where the waters of the Avonbeg and the Avonmore mingle with each other to form the Avoca River, I commenced an easy climb of some three miles over wide pleasing moorlands to Rathdrum.

It is hardly necessary to say that I was enjoying my ride immensely, but in this respect I was not entirely alone, for in the continued fine weather there were others who were intent on enjoyment too. All kinds of vehicles were seemingly commandeered to transport seekers after pleasure along the open road, and of these vehicles, the most curious – though apparently one of the most characteristic features of Irish travel – was the jaunting car.

Jaunting Cars.

It is quite a pleasant sight to see this flat-topped, two-wheeled, horse drawn contrivance coming along, for it is so constructed that the passengers (usually from four to six in number) have to ride with their legs hanging over the sides.

Of the many extensive views to be had from highly situated Rathdrum, there is none to compare with that of the Lugnaquilla and other fine Wicklow mountains; so especially grand is the prospect. Here

in this district as in the south, I experienced much the same difficulty in finding the correct way. Milestones and sign-posts are few and far between: and when at intervals these do occur, they invariably direct in Irish: while very often the only indication that one has of following a main road is when the telegraph poles can be observed by the wayside. Still I found the rural folk most generous with instructions, usually very interesting, and always far more informative than any sign post could ever be. One old gentleman in particular, told me all about the recent troubles in Ireland, and all the main details of his past life as well as putting me on the right track for Laragh!

Hereford for Bovril.

He seemed to take a keen interest in my welfare, and on hearing that I came from Hereford, appeared to look wise when he remarked that he knew "the place all right an' it's where they makes the Bovril."

The whole drive from Rathdrum to Laragh is a succession of beautiful views, the road following the vale of Clara, the Avonmore river being always in sight usually at a great distance below the road, while the slopes of the hills are richly wooded.

By acting on the advice of a friend, I turned to the left for a short detour to eventually reach the Vale of Glendalough. Shut in as it is on every side except the East, by grand picturesque mountains and surrounded by scenes of great natural beauty in the glorious fir and larch woods: the Vale of Glendalough with its fine lakes, river and group of ancient buildings known as the Seven Churches, will always remain in the memory as one of the most wonderful pictures it has ever been my fortune to see. With more delightful scenes to Annamoe and Roundwood where the great reservoir of the Vartry lies, that supplies Dublin with its water. Then came some fine views of the Donce, Kippure, and the Great and Little Sugar Loaf Mountains, as I proceeded along the rocky road to Dublin.

Irish Generosity.

I had a late tea in a typical Irish cottage and such was the kindness of the woman's nature, that I could hardly make her accept payment in return. The roads around this part, of the country were of a peculiar red colour. I do not think this has been caused by any bloodshed, but merely the result of a combination of red sandstone gravel with the ordinary road surface. A fierce descent from the fringe of the Sugar Loaf county Wicklow brought the pleasant Enniskerry, while during another drop down I had passed through a wild ravine called the Scalp where great masses of granite in great confusion were heaped up on either side. From here to Dublin there is a great improvement in road surface, but with it there is also a proportion increase in traffic. I experienced some difficulty in securing accommodation for the night but eventually found sanctuary in the Globe Hotel, off Nelson's Pillar.

Sightseeing.

I devoted a good deal of the following morning in visiting a few of the capital's most prominent features. Besides the Liffey, the quays and the docks, I came across handsome buildings in wide streets, and also evidences of both prosperity and poverty. I spent the greater part of that Blank Holiday in rather leisurely

fashion, delighting in the fine coasts and pleasant resorts between Black Rock and Bray Head. I found Kingstown a very fashionable suburb of the great city, where well-try-do people and rich merchants find retirement among peaceful surroundings. It was as delightful to watch the various boats and steamers that passed by, as it was to listen to the entertaining music of the contingent of Burnley Salvation Army bandsmen who were over at Kingstown for the holiday

Although I was only two days in Ireland I could not fail to be impressed by the warm-hearted hospitality and courtesy of the many interesting people I met during my ride through the counties of Wexford, Wicklow, and Dublin.

Pleasant Memories.

A good deal might be said about the crossing from Kingstown to Holyhead, and of the next day's ride through Anglesey, and of Bangor, Bettws-y-coed and the lovely vale of Llangollen; but sufficient has already been written to give an account of my Easter holiday experiences in Cambria and the Emerald Isle. No one can spend a holiday awheel in visiting the many scenes in Wales, and in visiting the Sugar Loaf Mountains, Glendalough and the vale of Avoca in Ireland, as well as various other beautiful districts without being, the better both mentally and physically, or without increasing their love of natural beauty