

On 21<sup>st</sup> May 1921 a memorial was unveiled at Meriden in memory of all the cyclists who died in World War 1

35 cyclists from the Anfield Bicycle club cycled down to Meriden to see the unveiling and leave their own tribute here is an excerpt from the Anfield Bicycle Club's monthly circular

In the golden splendour of the late afternoon of this perfect summer day—an unforgettable day—a day which will ever remain

unique in the annals of cycling, the last great scene of the war from the cyclist's point of view was enacted. All around us was the wonder of England, in graciousness and glory unequalled; the new green of Nature's spring garments; the grand old trees of this beautiful Warwickshire; the little gardens with their blaze of flowers; the magical hedgerows lighted with patches of wild colour; the straggling old-world village which we look upon as the centre of England.

From the base of the obelisk one saw an immense concourse of people—of cyclists who had come from near and far to pay their last respects to their dead comrades of the road—to acknowledge publicly their indebtedness to those brothers and sisters of the wheel who gave their lives that we might live. The obelisk, beautiful in its simplicity, solid, gigantic, is a reminder for all time of the sacrifice made by those cyclists who have passed hence. It is a token of our sense of that sacrifice, without which life to-day in England would not have been worth living.

Mr. Howard Gritten rose to the occasion in making his introductory remarks. He briefly sketched the history of the Cyclists' War Memorial, giving credit where credit was due, and the name of W. P. Cook, as one of the most indefatigable workers, was received with marked appreciation.

Lord Birkenhead's address was inspiring and impressive. He dwelt mainly on the work done by cyclists in the early years of the war, when the means of communication and transport were being developed, and reminded us that almost all that work, with its anxieties and dangers, was performed in solitude. Theirs was a lonely life; theirs very often was a lonely death.

As the Union Jack fell away from the obelisk, the buglers sounded "The Last Post"—that indescribably thrilling call, with its appealing "Come home! Come home!" Then the Rev. B. G. Bourchier dedicated the memorial, after which the Doxology was sung and the Benediction was given. The official proceedings ended here, and the lower portions of the obelisk were then very quickly covered with many beautiful wreaths. To our own contributions of laurel and carnations was attached a card bearing these words:—

In Memory of  
EDWARD BENTLEY.                      GEORGE POOLE.  
DAVID ROWATT.                      EDMUND ROWATT.  
and Our Fellow Cyclists who Died in the Great War.  
from the  
Anfield Bicycle Club.

Thus we leave our dead heroes, conscious of our debt to them, and hoping to be worthy of their sacrifice. "Their name liveth for evermore."

In memoriam of Edward Andrew Bentley

Far from the Cheshire roads he loved

Our fallen comrade lies;

The sun, the sky, the pleasant fields,

Shut from his darkened eyes.

No more we'll read his witty notes,

Laugh at his pleasant jests;

His voice is now forever stilled,

His pen forever rests.

No more he'll tread the spinning wheel,

Life in each humming spoke;

His frame, discarded, rusting lies,

The chain of life is broke.

But though he's lost the race with death,

(A race that none has won)  
Sure the Almighty Judge will find

His shortened course well run