

<p style="text-align: center;">CYCLING.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Dick Turpin's Weekly Gossip.</p> <p>FINE weather for the Easter holidays afforded wheelmen a splendid opportunity of a preliminary tour or a few long jaunts, though I thought there seemed but few riders on the road, despite the tempting conditions. The "Irrepressible" and I had a glorious three-day trip, and as it may be of interest to other riders contemplating similar runs, I give a brief account of it. The trip would make a fine Whitsun tour.</p> <p>On Good Friday we took the road through Chichester and Havant to Southampton, the "Irrepressible" sustaining the only puncture of the trip a few miles beyond Chichester.</p> <p>Dinner at Southampton put us right for the road through the New Forest and a thirty miles grind against the breeze to Bournemouth. The road was new to both of us, and afforded some nice views, though the effect suffered somewhat from a lack of sunshine.</p> <p>Bournemouth provided enough of attraction for the evening, the style of the sea-front being a change, whilst the well-kept gardens looked nice, though artificial—particularly so when we noticed a man sweeping up the bed of the "river" next morning!</p> <p>Saturday found us running a little more to the west, getting a fine glimpse of Poole as it nestled under the hill we had to cross to get on the road for the quaint old Dorset town of Wimborne.</p> <p>Here we had a look at its Minster, where we saw a curious clock, consisting of models of the sun, moon, and earth, showing by their position the day of the month and the hour. The Minster is famous for its collection of ancient chained books, and for the fact that St. Ethelred, King of the West Saxons, lies buried here.</p> <p>We next made for Ringwood, Fordingbridge, and on to Salisbury, where dinner and the Cathedral received our attention in the order named.</p> <p>Then into Wiltshire for Amesbury, recognised by admirers of Dickens as the home of several of the characters in "Martin Chuzzlewit," notably the hypocrite Pecksniff and Tom Pinch, his simple, good-hearted servitor.</p> <p>Being within a few miles of Stonehenge,</p>	<p>Being within a few miles of Stonehenge, the ancient group of stones whose origin has been variously attributed to the Druids and the Devil, but by the newer scientists to the Bronze Age, of course we ran on there.</p> <p>We were not greatly impressed by Stonehenge; who ever is? So much has been written of it and expectations raised too high. I had expected a much more imposing affair, forgetting that the outer ring of stones—now gone—was only a hundred feet across.</p> <p>Still, we were glad to have seen it, and we stood there marvelling at the skill which had transported many of the huge monoliths from Cornwall or Wales and erected them on that open plain.</p> <p>However, we did not stop long. The "Irrepressible" found some free-wheeling, and he made streaks across Salisbury Plain at a rare bat, as though the ghosts of ages of Druids were at his back-wheel. Through Andover and Whitechurch to Basingstoke we went, and roosted for the night.</p> <p>A glorious sunny morning, and we ambled leisurely out of Basingstoke, south-east to Alton, where we took a cross-country road to the quaint old-fashioned village of Selborne, famous as the birth-place, in 1720, of Gilbert White, the naturalist, of whom it is said "he was more concerned with the course of events in a martin's nest than with the crash of empires."</p> <p>Certainly his seventy-three years—mostly spent at Selborne—sufficed for him to add to natural history enough knowledge to make his name renowned.</p> <p>A look through the Church, where the bell-</p>	<p>A look through the Church, where the bell-ringers were busy, and then we made sail through Petersfield to Havant, scaling Buteer Hill on the way, and enjoying a breezy run down the last few miles.</p> <p>Dinner at Havant, and then eastward, backed by a generous wind. The sun was beaming joyously as, with peace in my heart, contentment in my soul, and a pipe in my mouth, I made after the "Irrepressible," who—excepting the pipe—was similarly equipped.</p> <p>So we came home through Emsworth, Chichester, and Arundel, and thus we brought to a close one of the finest trips a wheel I ever enjoyed.</p> <p>It was a nice, comfortable jaunt of two hundred and thirty-seven miles. Little digressions from the route outlined put on two or three extra miles. The first day's portion was eighty-three; Saturday's, eighty-five; and Sunday's, an easy jog of sixty-nine. One hundred and thirty miles of road was new to both of us.</p> <p>Burch Baker was in the motor-cycle race at Preston Park on Monday, finishing second to Glenn, of Portsmouth, who covered the three miles in four minutes fifty-six seconds.</p> <p>The scratch five miles went to Kingsbury, of Portsmouth; whilst Fowler, of Chichester, won both handicaps by his fine quarter-mile sprint.</p> <p style="text-align: right;">DICK TURPIN.</p>
--	---	---

CYCLING.

Dick Turpin's Weekly Gossip.

FINE weather for the Easter holidays afforded wheel men a splendid opportunity of a preliminary tour or a few long jaunts, though I thought there seemed but few riders on the road, despite the tempting conditions. The "Irrepressible" and I had a glorious three-day trip, and as it may be of interest to other riders contemplating similar runs, I give a brief account of it. The trip would

make a fine Whitsun tour.

On Good Friday we took the road through Chichester and Havant to Southampton, the "Irrepressible" sustaining the only puncture of the trip a few miles beyond Chichester.

Dinner at Southampton put us right for the road through the New Forest and a thirty miles grind against the breeze to Bournemouth. The road was new to both of us, and afforded some nice views, though the effect suffers somewhat from a lack of sunshine.

Bournemouth provided enough of attraction for the evening, the style of the sea-front being a change, whilst the well-kept gardens looked nice, though artificial - particularly so when we noticed a man sweeping up a bed of the "river" next morning!

Saturday found us running a little more to the West, getting a fine glimpse of Poole as it nestled under the hill we had to cross to get on the road for the quaint old Dorset town of Wimborne.

Here we had a good look at its Minster, where we saw a curious clock, consisting of models of the sun, moon, and earth, showing by their position the day of the month and the hour. The Minster is famous for its collection of ancient chained books, and for the fact that St. Ethelred, King of the West Saxons, lies buried here.

We next made for Ringwood, Fordingbridge, and on to Salisbury, where dinner and the Cathedral received our attention in the order named.

Then into Wiltshire for Amesbury, recognised by admirers of Dickens as the home of several of the characters in "Martin Chuzzlewit," notably the hypocrite Pecksniff and Tom Pinch, his simple, good-hearted servitor.

Being within a few miles of Stonehenge, the ancient group of stones whose origin has been variously attributed to the Druids and the Devil, but by the newer scientists to the Bronze Age, of course we ran on there.

We were not greatly impressed by Stonehenge; who ever is? So much has been written of it and expectations raised too high. I had expected a much more imposing affair, forgetting that the outer ring of stones - now gone - was only a hundred feet across.

Still, we were glad to have seen it, and we stood there marvelling at the skill which had transported many of the large monoliths from Cornwall or Wales, and erected them on that open plain.

However, we did not stop long. The “Irrepressible” found some free-wheeling, and he made streaks across Salisbury Plain at a rare bat, as though the ghosts of ages of Druids were at his back-wheel. Through Andover and Whitchurch to Basingstoke we went, and roosted for the night.

A glorious sunny morning, and we ambled leisurely out of Basingstoke, South-East to Alton, where we took a cross-country road to the quaint old-fashioned village of Selborne, famous as the birth-place, in 1720, of Gilbert White, the naturalist, of whom it is said “he was more concerned with the course of events in a martin’s nest than with the crash of empires.”

Certainly his seventy-three years – mostly spent at Selbourne - sufficed for him to add to natural history enough knowledge to make his name renowned.

A look through the Church, where the bell-ringers were busy, and then we made sail through Petersfield to Havant, scaling Butser Hill on the way, and enjoying a breezy run down the last few miles.

Dinner at Havant, and then eastward, backed by a generous wind. The sun was beaming joyously as, with peace in my heart, contentment in my soul, and a pipe in my mouth, I made after the “Irrepressible,” who - excepting the pipe - was similarly equipped.

So we came home through Emsworth, Chichester, and Arundel, and thus we brought to a close one of the finest trips awheel I ever enjoyed.

It was a nice, comfortable jaunt of two hundred and thirty-seven miles. Little digressions from the route outlined put on two or three extra miles. The first day’s portion was eighty-three; Saturday’s eighty-five; and Sunday’s, and easy jog of sixty-nine. One hundred and thirty miles of road was new to both of us.

Baruch Blaker was in the motor-cycle race at Preston Park on Monday, finishing second to Glenn of Portsmouth; who covered the three miles in four minutes fifty-six seconds.¹

The scratch five miles went to Kingsbury,
of Portsmouth; whilst Fowler, of Chichester,
won both handicaps by his fine quarter-mile
sprint.

DICK TURPIN.

ⁱ An average speed of 36.486 m.p.h.