

## CYCLING.

### Dick Turpin's Weekly Gossip

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### Dick Turpin's Weekly Gossip.

**EXCELSIORITES** believe in getting far afield when on the wheel. Last week T. A. Durant returned from a tour in Wales, which had commenced with a day's ride of one hundred and thirty miles to Stratford-on-Avon, after which he visited Rhayader, Llandrinford, and Builth, and also explored the beautiful Wye Valley.

He then cycled on to Hereford, Monmouth, and Tintern; went through the Severn Tunnel, and gradually worked homewards by Gloucester, Wantage, Reading, and Guildford.

The Irrepressible was fortunate in the matter of weather, and reached home fit as a fiddle after his ride of six hundred and fifteen miles.

At the same time Fred Young was away scouring the country 'twixt Worthing and Coventry, and having a good time generally.

The long wanderer went to Salisbury, Marlborough, Warwick, and other towns of interest in his ride of four hundred and fifteen miles, but seems to have been mostly impressed by half a day spent at the birthplace of his trusty Rover, whilst he was at Coventry.

E. Barnuch Blaker has also been piling up the distance, having travelled nearly four hundred miles upon his motor-bicycle in three days last week.

Barnuch was acting as an official in connection with the motor car trials, and was flitting about Sussex and Surrey in fine style, making himself very useful to his fellow motorists aboard the bigger vehicles.

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Some day Barnuch may perhaps evolve a companion work to General Baden-Powell's book on scouting. He is an adept, I understand, at discovering ambushes.

H. W. Hales, another motor-cycling member of the Excelsior Club, has also put in a very good ride.

With his better half in a trailer, he motored over the hilly road to Tunbridge Wells one afternoon; next day he continued as far as Maidstone, and on the following day he journeyed home again, making a total of one hundred and twenty miles.

Good work with a trailer!

The other day T. A. Durant, on medal ride intent, found the official starter had not risen from his slumbers.

He promptly used the bell, and rang out the yawning one.

Alas! ere many hours he, too, wanted to be wrung out, for a drenching rain had happened along and soaked him through.

He was moving well, and covered fifty miles inside three hours, despite having to ride more than half the distance in the rain, and a delay of nine minutes to shelter from the very worst of it.

But the weather put medals out of the question.

At the same time C. Willmer, also out for

the hundred, was more or less snugly esconced beneath a waggon in an open field, from which point of vantage he surveyed the sloppy scene, and reflected upon the benefits of rain from an agricultural point of view.

DICK TURPIN.

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<sup>1</sup> Durant also figures in the chess club results in this issue!