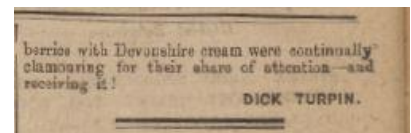
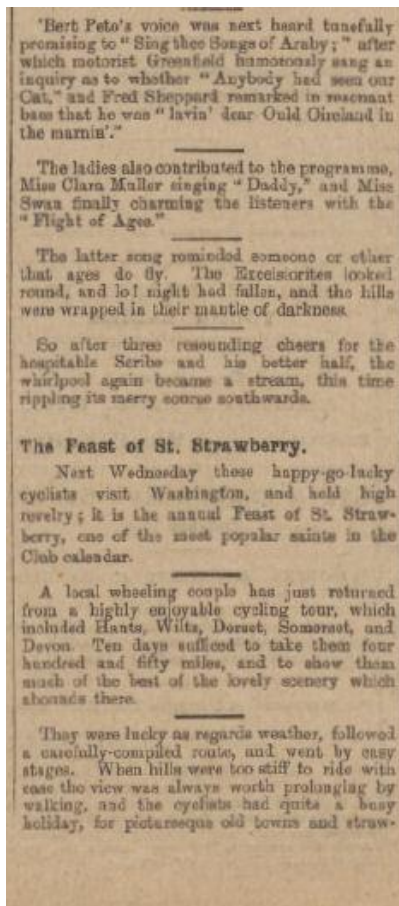
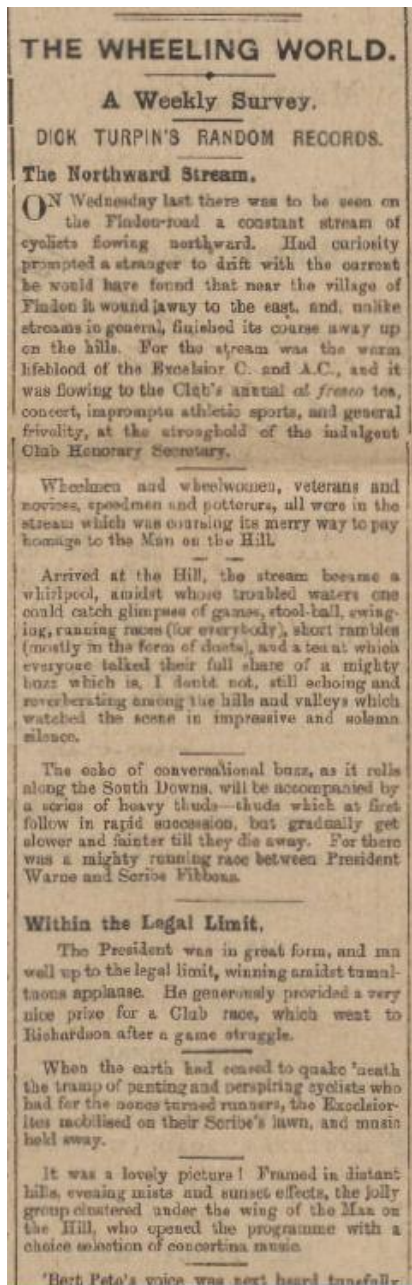


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 THE WHEELING WORLD -
 A Weekly Survey
 DICK TURPIN'S RANDOM RECORDS.
 Source cuttings followed by transcription.



THE WHEELING WORLD
A Weekly Survey
DICK TURPIN'S RANDOM RECORDS

The Northward Stream.
 On Wednesday last day' seen on the Findon Road a constant stream of cyclists flowing

northward. Had curiosity prompted a stranger to drift with the current he would have found that near the village of Findon it wound way to the east, and, and unlike streams in general, finished its course away up on the hills. For the stream was the warm lifeblood of the Excelsior C. and A.C., and it was flowing to the club's annual *al fresco* tea, concert, impromptu athletic sports, and general frivolity, at the stronghold of the indulgent Club Honorary Secretary.

Wheelmen and wheelwomen, veterans and novices, speedmen and potterers, all were in the stream which was coursing its merry way to pay homage to the Man on the Hill.

Arrived at the Hill, the stream became a whirlpool, amidst whose troubled waters one could catch glimpses of games, stool-ball, swinging, running races (for everybody). Short rambles (mostly in the form of duets), and a tea at which everyone talked their fair share of a might buzz which is, I doubt not, still echoing and reverberating among the hills and valleys which watched the scene in impressive and solemn silence.

The echo of conversational buzz, as it rolls along the South Downs, will be accompanied by a series of heavy thuds - thuds which at first followed in rapid succession, but gradually get slower and fainter until they die away. For these there was a mighty running race between President Warne and Scribe Fibbens.

Within the Legal Limit.

The president was in great form, and ran well up to the legal limit, winning tumultuous applause. He generously provided a very nice prize for a club race, which went to Richardson after a game struggle.

When the earth has ceased to quake 'neath the tramp of panting and perspiring cyclists who had for the nonce turned runners, the Excelsiorites mobilised on their Scribe's lawn and music held sway.

It was a lovely picture! Framed in distant hills, evening mists and sunset effects, the jolly group clustered under the wing of the Man on the Hill, who opened the programme with a choice selection of concertina music.

Bert Peto's voice was heard tunefully promising to "Sing thee songs of Araby;" after which motorist Greenfield harmoniously sang an enquiry as to whether "Anybody had seen our cat," and Fred Sheppard remarked in

resonant bass that he was "lavin' dear Ouid
Oireland in the Marnin."

The ladies is also contributed to the
programme, Miss Clara Muller singing
"Daddy", and Miss Swann finally charming the
visitors with the "Flight of Ages".

The latter song reminded someone or other that
ages do fly. The Excelsiorites looked round,
and lo! night had fallen, and the hills were
wrapped in their mantle of darkness.

So after three resounding cheers for the
hospitable Scribe and his better half, the
whirlpool again became a stream, this time
rippling its merry course southwards.

The Feast of St. Strawberry.

Next Wednesday these happy-go-lucky cyclists
visit Washington, and hold high revelry; it is
the annual feast of St. Strawberry, one of the
most popular saints in the club calendar

A local Wheeling couple has just returned from
a highly enjoyable cycling tour, which
included Hants, Wilts, Dorset, Somerset, and
Devon. Ten days sufficed to take them four
hundred and fifty miles and to show them
much of the best of the lovely scenery which
abounds there.

They were lucky as regards weather, followed
a carefully-compiled route, and went by easy
stages. When hills were too stiff to ride with
ease the view was always worth prolonging by
walking, and the cyclists had quite a busy
holiday for picturesque old towns and
strawberries with Devonshire cream were
continually clamouring for their share of
attention - and receiving it!

DICK TURPIN