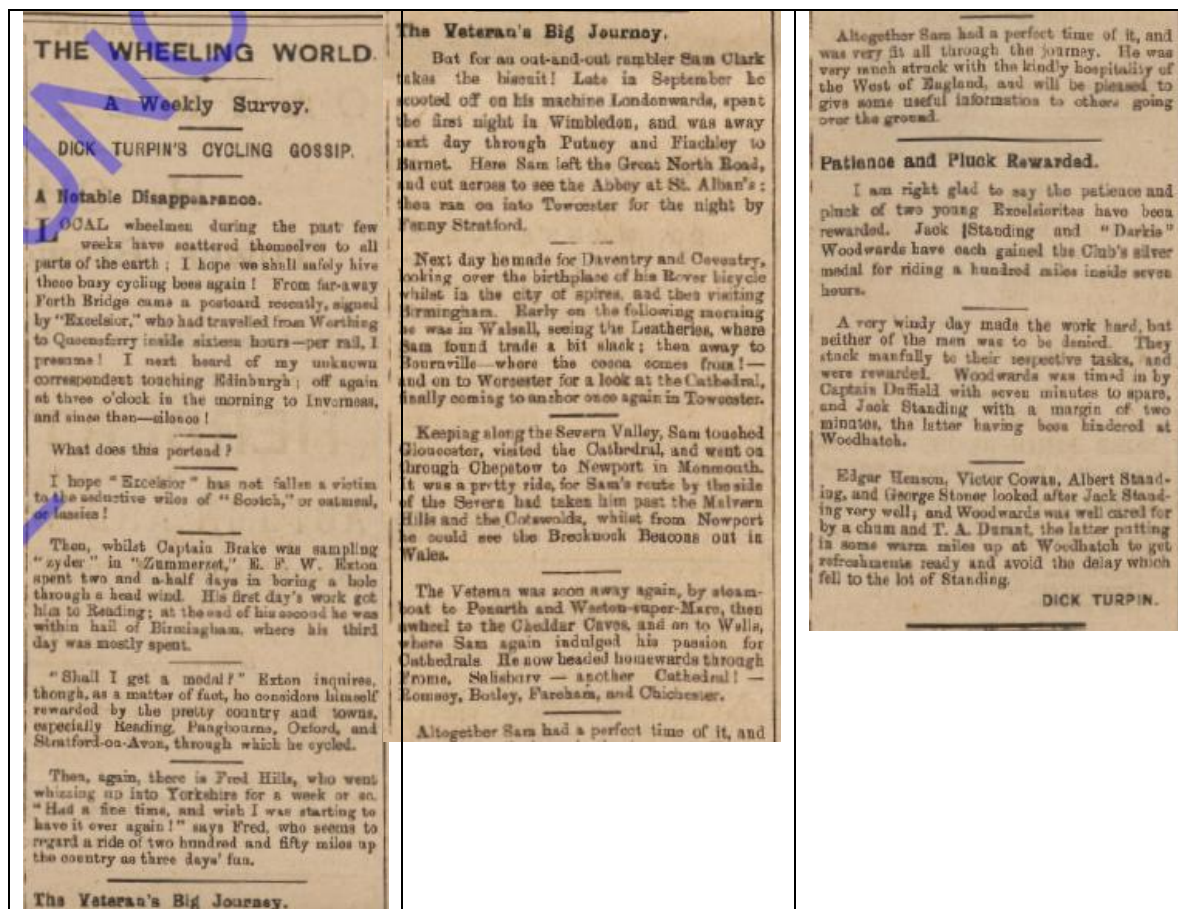


THE WHEELING WORLD

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THE WHEELING WORLD.

A Weekly Survey.

DICK TURPIN'S CYCLING GOSSIP.

A Notable Disappearance.

LOCAL wheelmen during the past few weeks have scattered themselves to all parts of the earth; I hope we shall safely have these busy cycling bees again! From far-away Forth Bridge came a postcard recently, signed by "Excelsior," who had travelled from Worthing to Queensferry inside sixteen hours - per rail, I presume! I next heard of my unknown correspondent touching Edinburgh; off again at three o'clock in the morning to Inverness, and since then - silence!

What does this portend?

I hope "Excelsior" has not fallen a victim to the seductive wiles of "Scotch," or oatmeal,

or lassies!

Then, whilst Captain Brake was sampling zyder in "Zummerzet," E.F.W. Exton spent two and a-half days in boring a hole through a head wind. His first day's work got him to Reading; at the end of his second he was within hail of Birmingham, where his third day was mostly spent.

Shall I get a medal?" Exton inquires, though, as a matter of fact, he considers himself rewarded by the pretty country and towns, especially Reading, Pangbourne, Oxford, and Stratford-on-Avon, through which he cycled.

Then, again, there is Fred Hills, who went whizzing up into Yorkshire for a week or so. "Had a fine time, and wish I was starting to have it over again!" says Fred, who seems to regard a ride of two hundred and fifty miles up the country as three days' fun.

The Veteran's Big Journey.

But for an out-and-out Rambler Sam Clark takes the biscuit! Late in September he scooted off on his machine Londonwards, spent the first night in Wimbledon, and was away next day through Putney and Finchley to Barnet. Here Sam left the Great North Road, and cut across to see the Abbey at St. Alban's; then ran on into Towcester for the night by Fenny Stratford.

Next day he made for Daventry and Coventry, looking over the birthplace of his Rover bicycle whilst in the city of spires, and then visiting Birmingham. Early on the following morning he was in Walsall, seeing the Leatheries, where Sam found trade a bit slack; then away to Bournville - where the cocoa comes from! - and on to Worcester for a look at the Cathedral, finally coming to anchor once again in Towcester.

Keeping along the Severn Valley, Sam touched Gloucester, visited the Cathedral, and went on through Chepstow to Newport in Monmouth. It was a pretty ride, for Sam's route by the side of the Severn had taken him past the Malvern Hills and the Cotswolds, whilst from Newport he could see the Brecknock Beacons out in Wales.

The Veteran was soon away again, by steam boat to Penarth and Weston-super-Mare, then awheel to the Cheddar Caves, and on to Wells, where Sam again indulged his passion for Cathedrals. He now headed homewards through Frome, Salisbury - another Cathedral! - Romsey, Botley, Fareham, and Chichester.

Altogether Sam had a perfect time of it, and was very fit all through the journey. He was very much struck with the kindly hospitality of the West of England, and will be pleased to give some useful information to others going over the ground.

Patience and Pluck Rewarded.

I am right glad to say the patience and pluck of two young Excelsiorites have been rewarded. Jack Standing and "Darkie" Woodwards have each gained the Club's silver medal for riding a hundred miles inside seven hours.

A very windy day made the work hard, but neither of the men was to be denied. They stuck manfully to their respective tasks, and were rewarded. Woodward was timed in by Captain Duffield with seven minutes to spare, and Jack Standing with a margin of the minutes, the latter having been hindered at Woodhatch.

Edgar Henson, Victor Cowan, Albert Standing, and George Stoner looked after Jack Standing very well; and Woodwards was well cared for by a chum and T.A. Durant, the latter putting in some warm miles up at Woodhatch to get refreshments ready and avoid the delay which fell to the lot of Standing.

DICK TURPIN.