

THE WHEELING WORLD

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Turpin: 18.9.1907 P3C3

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A WEEKLY SURVEY.

Dick Turpin's Cycling Gossip.

The Wanderers.

THE wandering season is now in full swing, and local wheelmen are being heard of in all sorts of places. My unknown correspondent, "Excelsiorite," who wrote from the land of parritch and Scotch lassies at the end of last season, has got back to England. Only just within its borders, though!

The mysterious one sent me a postcard from Carlisle a week ago. In the Lake District he has found some big climbs—"Bury Hill is not in it!" saith he.

Another Excelsiorite, A. H. Brake, has been down "Zammerzet" way with his son. Round Crewkerne they too found plenty of stiff hills, and were glad of the other brakes on some of the tricky descents.

Alfred is one of the old brigade, and did some big rides on the high bicycle; but I was surprised when he rode home, a hundred and thirty miles, in one day. Did he train for the ride on the cyder of the county, I wonder?

The Irrepressible Durant, too, has been away tandeming to Wales and back. In a fortnight the tandem seems to have been everywhere.

Encountering An Army.

Between Abingdon and Oxford an Army was on the march, in connection with the Wiltshire Manœuvres. The wheelers had to sprint ahead or wait an hour to allow a long procession of guns, men, and horses to cross a narrow bridge first.

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The tandem won by a short head. It was much better than puncturing in the wake of artillery, which choke the road and ruin its surface.

Gloucester was next, then a choppy time forrying over the Severn; Tintern Abbey receiving attention in due course. Then the Brecon Beacons and the Black Mountains, towering high up into threatening clouds, frowned a doubtful welcome to Wales.

But the frown became a sunny smile as the tandem swung on to Aberswyth, continued by stages to lofty Cader Idris, and dawdled to Dolgelly.

Snowdon was explored on two or three days, on foot and by rail; whilst Capal Curig tampered them to delay their journey to Bettws-y-Coed and Llandudno.

Loth to Leave.

Went with mountaineering—sometimes on the higher peaks they looked down on a sea of clouds—what with loitering in the valleys, steady climbs awhael, and the luxury of free-wheeling as much as nine miles at a stretch, the cyclists were loth to leave the Principality.

Even "Machynlleth" on a finger post did not worry them. The front rider read the first half, the back one did the rest; the pronunciation is described as resembling a sneeze turned back upon itself!

A visit to Shrewsbury and another to Stratford-on-Avon, and by the time the wheelers were home again seventeen counties had been touched, and seven hundred and eighty miles ridden.

Beaten By Boreas.

There was a mighty breeze fighting four Excelsior boys the other day. The boys were after medals, and the fight was strong. On the whole I think Boreas won the day. Certainly "Bertie" Hales, riding very gamely, got a silver medal, with nine minutes to spare, on the hundred miles course; Fred Flint, too, got one by riding a hundred and forty miles inside ten hours.

But Laundry turned the game up after three

But Laundry turned the game up after three punctures in eighty miles, and Jack Standing followed suit after a few hours' dual with the gale.

So I consider Boreas scored a point, for all four men are capable of winning honours on a less windy day.

Last week I commented upon the busy character of Offington Corner, a test count having shown that a hundred and twenty-five cyclists passed the spot during a comparatively quiet hour.

Last Saturday a serious accident occurred there which illustrates the necessity of considerable care in negotiating the corner.

To Avert the Danger.

A local motor car was coming Findon-road, and through to West Tarring, when a tandem rapidly descended "Crocodile" Hill—Crockhurst Dell Hill, to be accurate—and crashed into the rear of the motor.

The riders, a lady and gentleman, were flung violently one to either side of the road, and had to be removed to the Worthing Hospital, where it was found that concussion of the brain had been sustained by both. Fortunately they are now recovering.

Some months ago the hedges at the Corner were lowered. A great saving of danger resulted, as traffic was visible from one road to the other. In view of the awkwardness of Offington Corner, the hedges, which have grown again, should, I think, be cut down to a height of three or four feet.

It Looks Promising!

Captain Duffield informs me he is arranging a quiet dawdle through bye-lanes for the 22nd, starting about ten o'clock in the morning. Dinaer will be fixed for Wisborough Green; the party then propose to imitate the Arun, and meander leisurely down through Palborough and Amberley to Barham. Looks promising!

The Captain offers a welcome to any cyclists who care to join in; but he wishes them to notify him by Thursday, so that he may complete arrangements.

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