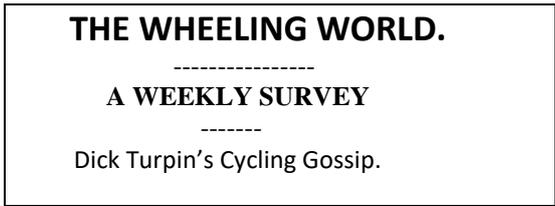
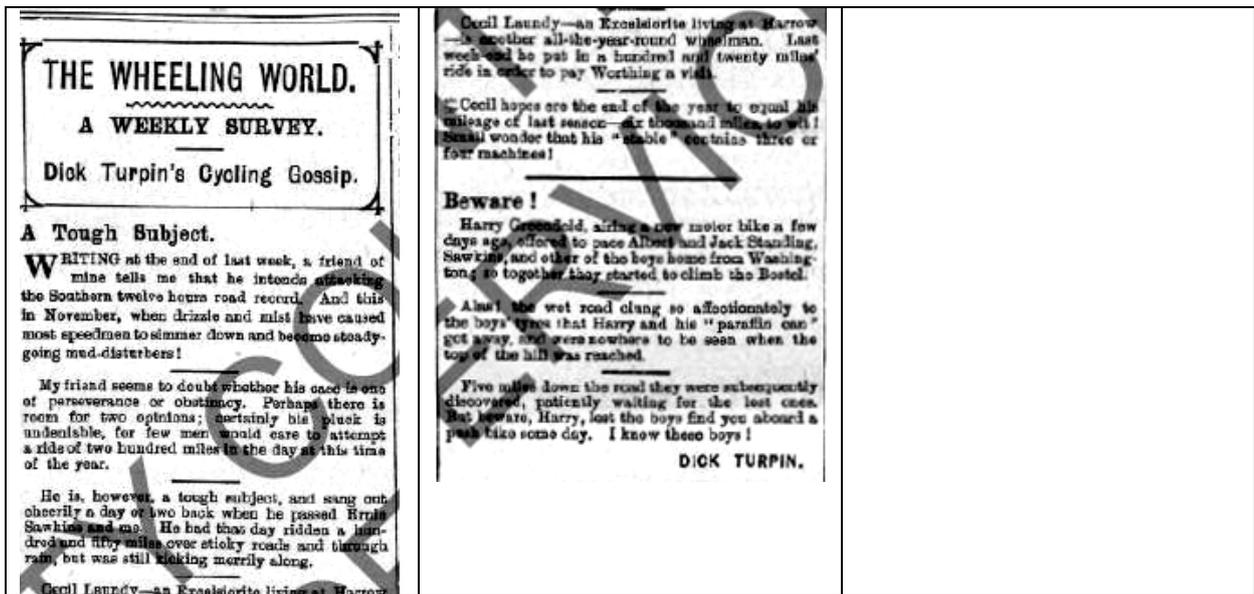


**THE WHEELING WORLD**

Source: Worthing Gazette Archive  
at Worthing Local Studies Library  
Turpin: 6.11.1907 P2C5



**A Tough Subject.**

WRITING at the end of last week, a friend of mine tells me that he intends attacking the Southern twelve hours road record. And this in November, when drizzle and mist have caused most speedmen to simmer down and become steady-going mud-disturbers!

My friend seems to doubt whether his case is one of perseverance or obstinacy. Perhaps there is room for two opinions; certainly his pluck is undeniable, for few men would care to attempt a ride of two hundred miles in the day at this time of the year.

He is, however, a tough subject, and sang out cheerily a day or two back when he passed Ernie Sawkins and me. He had that day ridden a hundred and fifty miles over sticky roads and through rain, but was still kicking merrily along.

Cecil Laundry - an Excelsiorite living at Harrow - is another all-the-year-round wheelman. Last week-end he put in a hundred and twenty miles' ride in order to pay Worthing a visit.

Cecil hopes ere the end of the year to equal his mileage of last season - six thousand miles, to wit! Small wonder that his “stable” contains three or

four machines!

-----  
**Beware!**

Harry Greenfield, airing a new motor bike a few days ago, offered to pace Albert and Jack Standing, Sawkins, and other of the boys home from Washington; so together they started to climb the Bostel.

-----  
Alas! I the wet road clung so affectionately to the boys' tyres that Harry and his "paraffin can" got away, and were nowhere to be seen when the top of the hill was reached.

-----  
Five miles down the road they were subsequently discovered, patiently waiting for the lost ones. But beware, Harry, lest the boys find you aboard a push bike some day. I know these boys!

**DICK TURPIN.**