

## THE WHEELING WORLD

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# THE WHEELING WORLD.

## A Weekly Survey.

### DICK TURPIN'S RANDOM RECORDS.

"And in the wood, where often you and I  
Upon faint primrose beds were wont to lie."

—*Midsummer Night's Dream.*

THE cyclist is, at the present time, patronising the primrose beds in a wholesale manner, though I do not wish it to be inferred from the quotation that he is wont to depart from the truth; neither does he spend his time in idle repose. He usually returns laden with spoils which serve as pleasing reminders of his spin.

The country is certainly very tempting now to the lover of wild flowers, and many a sinful scorcher has loitered away a few enjoyable minutes in compiling a nosegay.

Washington Bostel seems to be the favourite hunting-ground for those in quest of primroses and violets, though a number of riders leave the beaten tracks in pursuit of daffodils, which are not quite so readily found.

The stiff breezes we have experienced lately make long rides rather toilsome, and supplement the attraction of wild flowers in tempting us to dawdle.

At least two Excelsiorites prefer taking their cycling in large doses, despite these temptations.

F. Medhurst and F. Young started off at eight a.m. a day or two back, and rode through Horsham, Crawley, and Redhill to London, where they sat down to a well-earned dinner with appetites whetted by the extra work caused by a troublesome wind on the journey up.

They spent some little time about Town, visiting St. Paul's Cathedral and having a general look round; after which they weighed anchor and retraced their wheelmarks across Surrey and Sussex—a good day's work!

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Crowds of cyclists were out on the Surrey portion of the road, and the surface was in splendid trim. Another Worthing man, Frank Hedger, sampled the other London route—through Horsham, Dorking, and Leatherhead—and found it in equally good order.

The end of last week saw Durant, of the Excelsior Club, and myself plugging against a direct head wind to Portsmouth. It was heavy work, but we did not attempt any hurrying, and so managed to extract plenty of enjoyment from it.

We found the roads good for the most part, though the route is much used by motor cars, and, in places, their tyres had left a nasty mixture of coarse grit, which threatened the lighter tyres of the cyclist with trouble.

Portsmouth is not a town in which to cycle, and our main interest there was centred in dinner.

Having satisfactorily disposed of this, we were about to make for our bicycles again when a curious spectacle met my eyes.

I directed my companion's gaze to a table at which a police officer was partaking of liquid refreshment.

"Nothing wonderful about that," said Durant. "Look! it's milk!" I replied.

Then we bathed each other's temples with cold water.

We afterwards satisfied ourselves that both policeman and milk were real.

The Primrose League Cycling Corps—one of

The Primrose League Cycling Corps—one of the strongest social Cycling Clubs in Brighton—visited West Tarring in strong force on Sunday afternoon, and enjoyed the usual tea and stroll round.

Followers of Cycling and Athletic Sports will regret to hear that the Worthing Excelsior Club has been obliged to withdraw the proposed Whit Monday Sports this year.

Under the most favourable circumstances the meeting is financially a speculative undertaking, as the Club is in competition with neighbouring meetings on the same day. This year the expense attending it would have been greater, and it was felt that a loss would have to be faced if the meeting was held.

Since Boxing Day the Excelsior pedestrians have simmered down, but it is possible they will soon be up and at it once again.

One man, W. Constable, has notified his intention to attempt the Club standard medal walk of seven miles in the hour, in three or four weeks' time. If this move operates as it does in the Cycling Section, there will soon be more of the heel-and-toe artistes at work. I hope to see some interest displayed in these competitions.

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