

**THE WHEELING WORLD**

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# THE WHEELING WORLD.

A Weekly Survey.

## DICK TURPIN'S RANDOM RECORDS.

**R**OADS are now in perfect trim; and local wheelmen are busily engaged in taking full advantage of this satisfactory condition of things. F. W. Young put in a long day's spin early this week by riding to Windsor and back. He started off at eight o'clock in the morning, and rode by way of Ashington and Loxwood to Guildford, and on to Windsor—a distance of sixty miles, which he covered in about four hours.

A similar time was spent in refreshing the inner man and looking round Windsor; after this he resumed his pedals, and made the return journey without a stop, reaching home at eight in the evening.

The ride is the longest that has yet been done in a day by an Excelsiorite during the present season.

'Tis half-a-dozen years since my cycling took me to Windsor, and I doubt whether I should be satisfied with a flying visit of this nature.

Especially as my riding speed would not give me anything like a four hours' stay in the interesting town!

The Old Stagers' Section of the Excelsior Club had a day in the country recently. They jogged gently through Washington, Billingshurst, and Adversane to Pulborough, and had a good time. This section never cover extravagant mileages, but I have noticed they always know the likely places for a plentiful supply of good fruit in season.

Then the younger bloods are glad of the Stagers as pilots!

A day or two back I was returning from a spin to Horsham with a fellow-Excelsiorite, when we sighted a couple of wheelmen in the offing, and gave chase.

An interval of a quarter of a mile separated us, but even old 'uns like a dust-up at times, and we accordingly put forth some special efforts.

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A mile was reeled off smartly, but we had only reduced the interval by half, and a second mile still left a good bit 'twixt us and the unsuspecting fliers.

We began to lose interest—and breath!—but renewed our efforts, and, after the warmest work I have done this year, we came panting alongside.

The fliers proved to be Stevenson, of the Excelsior, in company with a hot novice.

We promptly dropped off, remarking, as they flew on, that, had we known whom we were chasing, we should have saved ourselves three miles of real hard work.

The programme of the Excelsior Club's Whit Monday Race Meeting is an attractively varied one, and should insure an interesting meeting.

Three open bicycle races are included—two handicaps and a five miles' scratch race; Club cycling, running, and walking handicaps are provided; two running races for boys, beside the relay race between the Elementary Schools, are being arranged; a high jump and an obstacle race also figure in the bill.

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The Club make a strong point of avoiding monotony in the programme, and I hope the venture will once again meet with appreciation.

F. M. di Villa, well-known locally, and an ex-Champion of Sussex, followed the example of the speedy C. B. Kingsbury last week, and became a Benedict.

He is now honeymooning at Brussels and Paris.

Cecil Edge, a relative of the famous S. F. Edge, and himself a well-known motorist, started a big job on Saturday last at midnight.

Driving a light fifteen horse-power car, he left London for Land's End, this being the first stage of a run of two thousand miles, which he is attempting to do practically without a stop.

His course next takes him the entire length of England and Scotland to John o'Groats; thence back to London and down to Brighton and Worthing, returning to London for the finish.

Five hundred and fifty-four miles were covered in the first day, and Monday night found him at Perth, with nine hundred and twelve miles to his credit.

Should he stick to his schedule, he is due here in the wee sma' hours of to-morrow morning—1.30, in fact—and doubtless local motorists will be on hand to welcome the plucky chauffeur.

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<sup>i</sup> Gosh! another rare Gazette typo!