

## THE WHEELING WORLD

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<p>Wednesday, May 18th, 1904.</p> <hr/> <h3>THE WHEELING WORLD.</h3> <hr/> <p>A Weekly Survey.</p> <hr/> <h4>DICK TURPIN'S RANDOM RECORDS.</h4> <hr/> <p><b>C</b>YCLING was never more enjoyable than during the last few days, when King Sol beamed down in genial warmth on a country thickly sprinkled with wheelers. Bicycles were in profusion everywhere, and Excelsiorites met Excelsiorites on every hand. Stevenson was at Crawley in search of a supplementary breakfast; he was also in search of his fellow Excelsiorite, Fred Young, who had set out on a private speed trial.</p> <p>He found both at once, for the long wanderer had ridden seventy-odd miles, and acquired an appetite which Stevenson fanned him busily ministering to.</p> <p>At Horsham they met another of the "boys," out for what was almost his first spin of the season. They came along together, till a speedy motor car tempted Young. He cannot resist temptation in the form of pancing!</p> <p>I came across Henson in the crossing, and we met Race Secretary Duffield: soon after this, Barneb Blaker and Haver came puffing up the Bostel on motor bikes, and, whilst gossiping, other Clubmen rolled up.</p> <p>Barneb had been away into Hertfordshire on a hill-climbing competition, but had not waited to ascertain what honours he had won.</p> <p>The same day a recent recruit to the wheeling ranks won a friendly wager by proving he could ride a hundred miles in twelve hours.</p> <p>Beyond two or three modest spins and a season's football in the Ramblers' Club, the rider had done no training; added to this he did not know his way, as his route took him well into Hampshire.</p> <p>However, he started early, and rode wisely at a moderate speed—about twelve miles an hour—through Arundel, Chichester, and Havant, to Cosham. Here he took a wrong turn, but, after a mile or two, got right again, and made the return journey.</p> <p>A stiff wind gave him plenty of work to do, but the embryo speed merchant stuck manfully to his job, and at half-time had completed over seventy miles.</p> <p>After a light meal he continued the ride,</p>	<p>After a light meal he continued the ride, taking the Horsham road, and winning his wager with about two hours to spare. The incident goes to show the value of steady pace, as only this enabled the rider, quite new to the pastime, to carry out the journey on so windy a day.</p> <p>The same day another Excelsior man (Durant) and I went round my pet hundred miles ride.</p> <p>We, too, started early, and swelled the number of the "children of the mist"—for there was quite a fog in places during the early morning. In fact, we looked hardly respectable as we rode into stushins at Horsham, with layers of dust and damp artistically spread on riders and machines.</p> <p>But we rode on over Rowhook Hill and through Cranleigh, soon looking cleaner as the dust shook off; and not long after we caught sight of an old Church standing away on the hills to our right—near Marrow Down, in fact.</p> <p>The Irrepressible reminded me it was St. Martha's, an old Chapel to which a hostel was once attached for the accommodation of the pilgrims to Canterbury. Chilworth, at the foot of the hill, is mostly Powder Mills.</p> <p>Guildford came next, where we passed St. Catherine's, now a ruin, but once a Chapel and hostel serving the same purpose as St. Martha's. Pilgrims in the time of Henry the Third seem to have been well looked after! Nowadays they would join the Cyclists' Touring Club.</p> <p>Through Godalming; then we commenced the Hind Head climb. The up-gradient stretches altogether make about two and a half miles; but the magnificent views are worth far more trouble.</p> <p>The bright-hued gorse made a fine colour contrast with the old and shabby heather—the heather will score when autumn comes, though!—and the colouring of the trees was magnificent.</p> <p>With my pipe aglow I dreamed and gazed over miles and miles of country, admired the</p>	<p>With my pipe aglow I dreamed and gazed over miles and miles of country, admired the Devil's Punch Bowl—a valley which would hold a sea of punch—and paused to look at the stone in memory of the seaman murdered by three ruffians, who were hung in chains on the top of the hill.</p> <p>Then we pushed away against the wind through Petersfield, over Butser Hill, and on to Emsworth; whence homewards, <i>via</i> Chichester and Arundel. It is a grand ride for change of country, and is not too long for a comfortable day: the distance is a hundred and six miles.</p> <p>Race Secretary Duffield informs me that entries for the Club's Whit Monday Sports are coming in very well, and there will be nearly double the number of riders in the open events as compared with last Whit Monday.</p> <p>It promises to be a good "show."</p> <p>Captain Peto wishes the Excelsior members to know that Wednesday runs start at 6.30 p.m. from the Railway Bridge. He is arranging some most attractive special runs, too, for other days in the week.</p> <p>On June 19th the Club have a run to Portsmouth, starting at four in the morning; breakfast at Portsmouth; a day in the Isle of Wight; and an evening sunter home. A week later he has fixed up an inter-Club run and tea with the Brighton Primrose League C.C., who always bring a strong muster of jolly cyclists.</p> <p>Next Wednesday's run is to Ashington.</p> <p>DICK TURPIN.</p>
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A Weekly Survey.

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