

THE WHEELING WORLD

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<p style="text-align: center;">A Weekly Survey.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">DICK TURPIN'S RANDOM RECORDS.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">The Swan of Avon—matchless Bard!— Is famed o'er all the earth; But to forget were quite as hard The Swan of Fittleworth.</p> <p>THESSE sentiments are mine; the words were inscribed in the visitors' album by some former guest at the pretty hostelry mentioned in the last line. The Irrepressible and I thought them none too extravagant as we ministered to appetites which had assumed enormous proportions consequent upon a ride through Billingshurst and Loxwood to pretty little Hascombe, just out of Godalming.</p> <p>At Hascombe we explored a bye road leading through a pine forest, and landing us at Milford.</p> <p>Its surface was good, and, though hilly, it is a useful short cut for riders going to Farnham, Reading, and Oxford. It avoids Guildford and the tedious climb over the Hog's Back, taking the rider into Farnham by a route that is shorter, easier, and prettier.</p> <p>From Milford we came southwards through Haslemere, with the Hind Head away to our right, and then tackled the mountainous road to Midhurst.</p> <p>Oh, the Hills! At Hatchfarm we were about seven hundred feet above sea level, with Blackdown Hill—once a home of Lord Tennyson—rearing its crest nine hundred feet just to our left.</p> <p>The next minute our free-wheels swished, our brakes steadied the machines, and we had dropped between four and five hundred feet, and were pedalling on to the next hill, which was even more formidable. Midhurst was welcomed when it came in sight.</p> <p>Then the cool, tree-shaded greensward of Cowdray Park refreshed us, and we were soon through Petworth and on to Fittleworth with the above-mentioned appetites.</p> <p>Before leaving the Swan we had a look at the panels in the Coffee Room; they have been painted by some of the many artists who stay at the picturesque inn.</p> <p>Several were really good pictures, bearing the</p>	<p>Several were really good pictures, bearing the artists' signatures. There is a signboard, too, by the famous war artist, E. Caton Woodville. But what amused us was a sketch by the same great man showing himself "working out his keep" at the Swan!</p> <p>From Fittleworth we sauntered leisurely home through Pulborough and Washington. Our cyclometers remarked that we had covered eighty miles; our muscles made it double the distance.</p> <p>But cyclometers do not record extra mileage when hills are ridden; muscles do.</p> <p>Some Worthing riders were curious as to the use of the light rods recently placed at intervals on the Horsham-Worthing road, and which now carry a wire.</p> <p>It is, of course, a military telegraph line—a familiar object with most wheelmen. Quite a number of miles of this temporary line have been put up round the neighbourhood lately. I noticed a small bell-tent which served as camp and telegraph station, between Horsham and Guildford. Tommy Atkins looked well pleased with himself, too, and picked upon a lovely spot.</p> <p>The sight of his little tent in the sun, and the evidences of the soldier's free and easy life, made me almost a believer in conscription.</p> <p>There will soon be some warm novices out!</p>	<p>Several were really good pictures, bearing the artists' signatures. There is a signboard, too, by the famous war artist, E. Caton Woodville. But what amused us was a sketch by the same great man showing himself "working out his keep" at the Swan!</p> <p>From Fittleworth we sauntered leisurely home through Pulborough and Washington. Our cyclometers remarked that we had covered eighty miles; our muscles made it double the distance.</p> <p>But cyclometers do not record extra mileage when hills are ridden; muscles do.</p> <p>Some Worthing riders were curious as to the use of the light rods recently placed at intervals on the Horsham-Worthing road, and which now carry a wire.</p> <p>It is, of course, a military telegraph line—a familiar object with most wheelmen. Quite a number of miles of this temporary line have been put up round the neighbourhood lately. I noticed a small bell-tent which served as camp and telegraph station, between Horsham and Guildford. Tommy Atkins looked well pleased with himself, too, and picked upon a lovely spot.</p> <p>The sight of his little tent in the sun, and the evidences of the soldier's free and easy life, made me almost a believer in conscription.</p> <p>There will soon be some warm novices out!</p>
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There will soon be some warm novices out! Stevenson, of the Excelsior Club, is training F.B. Sheppard, of football fame; he took him to Guildford and back last Saturday afternoon - and evening.

One of the Club officials was piloting a sixty-year- old veteran on his first ride to Chichester, too. Though well on the heavy side he rode every hill on the way.

Stevenson was on the Horsham road early this week, when a little crowd of London men came along.

He dropped in behind, and the strangers accepted the challenge which this implied. They quickened up and tried hard to run away from the Excelsiorite, but after a mile or so he was still enjoying the pace, and some of their own men had been left well in the rear.

The London men looked very wrathful, which made Stevenson laugh.

Later on he dropped across J. F. Bliss, of the Dover Road C.C., training for an attack on the twenty-four hours' ride on Southern Roads. The ex-holder of the Dover-London record—he is forty years old, by-the-bye— would like the help of some Worthing men as followers, etc., when he tackles this big ride.

Next week the Excelsior Club meet the Littlehampton C.C. for an inter-Club run.

DICK TURPIN.