

THE WHEELING WORLD

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<p>THE WHEELING WORLD.</p> <p>A Weekly Survey.</p> <p>DICK TURPIN'S RANDOM RECORDS.</p> <p>GRINDING motors and scorching sun combined to make the roads terribly loose and dusty, but the highways and bye-ways were, on Monday, thronged with wheelmen intent upon a spin, even if occasional wayside halts were necessary to repair punctures.</p> <p>And punctures were in profusion, thanks to the razor-edged pieces of flint with which the roads were plentifully sprinkled.</p> <p>I picked up a piece of wood, from which two vicious wire nails projected point upwards, in readiness for the tyres of the unwary, on the Findon road.</p> <p>It bore evidence of having been specially prepared for the occasion, and if the wicked little boy whose handiwork it is will call at the office the instrument will be returned. He had better bid his mother farewell first!</p> <p>Hot weather and bad roads keep the Excelsior boys from indulging in long runs just at present, but they still take exercise.</p> <p>Medhurst, Stevenson, and Howard had a ride to Horsham and Crawley the other day at a fair speed. On the spin home they discovered Fred Young near Ashington conducting an orchard-stripping run. The fliers joined him, and appreciated the fruit which had been collected.</p> <p>Ben Rogers had a little adventure when on a jaunt to Chichester this week. He was entering the Cathedral city when a dog was interrupted in the enjoyment of a meal in the middle of the road off some cooked food presumably dropped by a belated reveller the previous evening.</p>	<p>dropped by a belated reveller the previous evening.</p> <p>The canine darted away from his interrupter, and, in his haste, interrupted Ben by getting mixed up with the front wheel. The Tarring man came down, but was not hurt bodily; his feelings were hurt at the dog's hasty departure. But the dog was wise!</p> <p>I sauntered up to Horsham on Monday to see the Sports there and to cheer Stanley Hales, who was competing.</p> <p>Stanley had no luck, though he gave a good display in the heat of the One Mile Scratch Race. It was clear the circular track bothered him, the absence of straight sides making it difficult to pass other men.</p> <p>This famous Polytechnic man, R. Janson, was riding, and won the scratch race in easy fashion, Hamlin, of Putney, being the only man to make a fight for it.</p> <p>In the running events Horsham had also secured one or two star men, Shrubbs, the one to ten miles Champion of England, being top-sawyer, of course. Godfrey Shaw, the Champion hurdle jumper of ten years ago, gave a good display, too, in the hurdle race, but failed to get among the prizes.</p> <p>On the run home I dropped across another</p>	<p>On the run home I dropped across another Worthing man, A. J. Hilliard, returning from a run to Guildford and across to Dorking.</p> <p>He had found plenty of bad road, but only sustained one puncture, and felt very well satisfied when we landed home without further troubles.</p> <p>Mr. Hilliard is one of the old brigade; he rode the bone-shaker for a while, and did his first tour on the high ordinary, so it was not surprising that the conversation ran on old times.</p> <p>For I always like to hear of the days when Clubmen started together, kept together, and returned together, without finding the pace too fast or too slow.</p> <p>Of course conditions are altered, and there is more difference between the speed of one rider and another nowadays, which, I suppose, accounts for something. But fancy a Club run to the Sir Roger Tichborne at Alfold now for dinner! The boys would arrive singly or in pairs.</p> <p>Next week's runs are: Worthing Excelsior C.C., Pulborough; West Tarring C.C., Ashington.</p> <p>DICK TURPIN.</p>
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It bore evidence of having been specially prepared for the occasion, and if the wicked little boy whose handiwork it is will call at the office the instrument will be returned. He had better bid his mother farewell first!

Hot weather and bad roads keep the Excelsior boys from indulging in long runs just at present, but they still take exercise.

Medhurst, Stevenson, and Howard had a ride to Horsham and Crawley the other day at a fair speed. On the spin home they discovered Fred Young near Ashington conducting an orchard-stripping run. The fliers joined him, and appreciated the fruit which had been collected.

Ben Rogers had a little adventure when on a jaunt to Chichester this week. He was entering the Cathedral city when a dog was interrupted in the enjoyment of a meal in the middle of the road off some cooked food presumably dropped by a belated reveller the previous evening.

The canine darted away from his interrupter, and, in his haste, interrupted Ben by getting mixed up with the front wheel. The Tarring man came down, but was not hurt bodily; his feelings were hurt at the dog's hasty departure. But the dog was wise !

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ⁱ Another reference to pit-sawing. The top-sawyer (or "top-dog") stood atop the log, while the "under-dog" stood in the pit, cheered only by the fact that his pull the saw was aided by gravity.