

THE WHEELING WORLD

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<p>THE WHEELING WORLD. A Weekly Survey. DICK TURPIN'S RANDOM RECORDS.</p> <p>EXCELSIORITES and the many friends of Fred Young will be pleased to hear he is very well satisfied with things at Southport, where the exigencies of business have recently taken him. He has joined the Southport C.C., which boasts a membership of two hundred. The Club eschews scorching, and the members are given to extracting their entertainment from the Club rooms, where billiard tables, a piano, and other indulgences appeal to their luxury-loving dispositions.</p> <p>There are no road races or Club runs; the roads, too, are not of the class we enjoy down South.</p> <p>Fred, however, has had some very fair rides, visiting Blackpool, Lancaster, Preston, and Morecambe during one ride; and Manchester, Birkenhead, and Liverpool on another.</p> <p>Such a catalogue of big centres of population certainly does not suggest an ideal touring ground for the wheelman.</p> <p>On one occasion he came across some members of his new Club, and as he passed them they hung on. The late Excelsiorite scented some sport, but a few vigorous strokes of the pedals were sufficient for the men behind, and they gave up the struggle.</p> <p>Sam Clark, after following Henson up through Horsham and Crawley on his recent ride, struck off from Reigate for an interesting Surrey ramble.</p> <p>His route lay over Banstead Downs, through</p>	<p>At the latter town Sam inspected the Church, and was greatly interested in a tablet bearing an inscription whereby interest upon four hundred pounds is to be divided among certain poor so long as the inscription shall remain legible.</p> <p>For the sake of the poor I hope the stonemason responsible for the tablet put in some really lasting work!</p> <p>Resuming his journey Sam rode through Mickleham—which boasts some fine carving—on through Dorking and Horsham, and so home. Roads were good all the way; plenty of interest is to be extracted from the country; and, altogether, the ride is one of the best whole-day rambles in the neighbourhood.</p> <p>All-night riding is essentially a summer recreation in the minds of most wheelmen who indulge at all in this form of cycling. At this time of the year there is no scorching heat-wave to dodge, and we do not enthuse over the romantic delights of gliding along the country roads with the soft breath of evening fanning our fevered cheeks—and so forth!</p> <p>Nevertheless, one Worthing man—Frank Hedger—was to be found riding to London by night last week.</p> <p>At Findon he met a couple of cyclists, one of whom had broken his chain. Frank endeavoured, unsuccessfully, to act the Good Samaritan, and after half an hour's fruitless effort discovered that it was commencing to rain.</p> <p>This was not cheering to a man with fifty miles to ride, but he set about it, leaving the chainless one to walk the few remaining miles of his journey.</p> <p>At Ashington a motor cyclist was hung up with some minor trouble, but promised to over-</p>	<p>take Frank ere long—a promise which, by the bye, he failed to keep.</p> <p>At Horsham things were muddy; at Dorking they were more so; and the still-descending rain made them worse than ever as London was approached.</p> <p>So the Worthing man was not sorry to avail himself of such refreshment as could be obtained at a night coffee stall, where a couple of policemen and a belated wayfarer were also regaling themselves.</p> <p>At night I have found policeman to be gifted with splendid powers of imagination. This also was Hedger's experience on this occasion.</p> <p>Snake yarns and deeds of heroism gave way to fishing yarns. This was serious, and Frank left for home whilst one of the party was telling of a fish which weighed seven tons! "It was a rhinoceros!" he said.</p> <p>G. A. Olley is, it will be remembered, a member of the Worthing Excelsior Club; the members, therefore, will be the more pleased at his having beaten the record of E. H. Grimsdell, of the North Road Club, from London to Edinburgh.</p> <p>Olley covered the distance—three hundred and eighty-two miles—in twenty-seven hours and eleven minutes, beating the previous record by fifty-two minutes.</p> <p>During this year Olley has beaten the five miles grass track record, doing this upon our own track in August; and has lowered the Southern Road Record at fifty and one hundred miles, and also for twelve hours. This, in addition to his latest achievement, is a splendid season's work.</p> <p>DICK TURPIN.</p>
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Fred, however, has had some very fair rides, visiting Blackpool, Lancaster, Preston, and Morecambe during one ride; and Manchester,

Birkenhead, and Liverpool on another.

Such a catalogue of big centres of population certainly does not suggest an ideal touring ground for the wheelman.

On one occasion he came across some members of his new Club, and as he passed them they hung on. The late Excelsiorite scented some sport, but a few vigorous strokes of the pedals were sufficient for the men behind, and they gave up the struggle.

Sam Clark, after following Henson up through Horsham and Crawley on his recent ride, struck off from Reigate for an interesting Surrey ramble.

His route lay over Banstead Downs, through Sutton and on to Wimbledon, returning by way of Ewell, Ashstead, and Leatherhead.

At the latter town Sam inspected the Church, and was greatly interested in a tablet bearing an inscription whereby interest upon four hundred pounds is to be divided among certain poor so long as the inscription shall remain legible.

For the sake of the poor I hope the stonemason responsible for the tablet put in some really lasting work!

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