

THE WHEELING WORLD.

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THE WHEELING WORLD.

A Weekly Survey.

DICK TURPIN'S RANDOM RECORDS.

WITH the rapidly shortening days the wheelman is usually content with a correspondingly abbreviated spin. But there is ample enjoyment to be obtained by the cyclist who is satisfied with thirty or forty-mile rambles, or even less, as a fellow-Excelsiorite and I experienced the other day, when upon a camera run to Pulborough and up the river.

We started soon after sunrise, to allow time for leisurely explorations which cycle-photography demands, and only the early-rising milkman and a marrow-freezing nor'-easter were in evidence as we rode out of Worthing.

Over Washington Bostel—where the road shows signs of looseness which bodes ill for winter riding—and through Storrington we went, making our first stop at Wigginholt Common, where the silver birch and rusty brown bracken provided us with a promising picture.

Then on to Pulborough, where we chartered a boat—at least, an alleged boat!

We took turn and turn at the violent efforts required to row the unwieldy vessel up the river, and my arms still ache as I recall my share in the exertions, whilst my companion softly hummed snatches of song—"On, on, my barque," and requested it to "Speed thro' the foam."

But the barque—which was most aptly named *The Snail*!—declined to speed through anything.

Nevertheless we reached Stopham Bridge in course of time, having landed at various points on the way to select subjects for the camera. There was no lack of material, for the river is always pretty; but I think it never shows to the same advantage as when the trees which line the banks and overhang the water are clad in their autumn foliage.

Business over, the *Snail* crawled gently back with us to Pulborough. We got aboard our

Business over, the *Snail* crawled gently back with us to Pulborough. We got aboard our more speedy craft, and were not long in reeling off our return journey, for there was enough nip in the October air to remind early rising wheelmen of dinner.

The close time for Excelsior medals was drawing near, and Frank Medhurst wanted a specimen of the Club jewellery.

So last Thursday, though still carrying a scar obtained at Crawley, he attacked the twelve hours' ride.

From the Railway Bridge to Woodhatch he found a lot of heavy mist, and he checked at the northern end of the course two hours and five minutes after the start, in a saturated condition.

Bert Paine had arranged to follow him, but owing to the atmospheric condition he lost him, and had to give it up at Horsham—missed, owing to the mist, as it were.

So Bert and Sam Clark checked the rider when he returned to Offington Corner, four hours and twenty-five minutes after the start, and then followed him up to Southwater and back.

Medhurst again reached Offington in less than another two hours, and as he had now ridden nearly one hundred miles in six hours and twenty three minutes he was left with ample time to ride the remaining seventy-odd miles to Fareham and back.

After a hasty meal he set off, now followed by Edgar Henson, and in two and a half hours was getting his card signed at Fareham.

He now took things easily on the run home, and devoted some time at Chichester to a meal arranged for by Henson during the outward ride, finally being timed in at Broadwater by W. Duffield four minutes inside the twelve hours.

Medhurst thus acquires one of the hard-won gold medals for riding one hundred and seventy-one miles in "once round the clock."

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