

## THE WHEELING WORLD

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<p><b>THE WHEELING WORLD.</b> A Weekly Survey. DICK TURPIN'S RANDOM RECORDS.</p> <p><b>N</b>OT often at this late season does the wheelman enjoy so many opportunities of riding as in this present year of grace. If it were not for the rapidly thinning trees and the early hour at which sunset effects are in evidence we should begin to doubt the almanac.</p> <p>As it is, we keep pedalling away, and some Excelsior cyclometers show very good figures. T. A. Durant, for instance, has ridden three thousand eight hundred miles this year, and Sam Clark has covered well over three thousand.</p> <p>The other day, in the course of a spin to Pict's Hill at Horsham, in company with the former, I was a little surprised to find the roads in so good a condition as they were.</p> <p>Recent rain had drained off nicely owing to the well-preserved surface, and, had we been younger and more rash, we should have been tempted into scorching.</p> <p>Indeed, the Irrepressible was the cause of one outburst of a few miles, when we hung on to a motor doing a modest seventeen to the hour.</p> <p>But coming events—in the shape of road, mending material, at present standing in heaps by the wayside—already cast ominous shadows upon the hopes of the hardy mud-plugger who believes in riding through the winter.</p> <p>At Washington, on the way back, we encountered quite a strong contingent of Excelsiorites, and things wore quite a summer aspect.</p> <p>Baruch Blaker and Greenfield represented the</p>	<p>motor section, whilst Willmer, Ben Rogers, and various other pedal pushers made up a big muster. Chairman Young, heading Thakehamwards, was cutting along in the style that we all expect from the tough "old boys" who once wore Hussar-braided uniforms and bestrode the high bicycle.</p> <p>Though the Excelsior Chairman is so active, the Secretary, I am sorry to say, is not in the same happy condition.</p> <p>Cycling to Findon on Saturday, Scribe Fibbens had the misfortune to side-slip, and sustained a badly-bruised arm and dislocated shoulder.</p> <p>The wielder of the Club quill is by no means a scorcher, but side-slips come, alas! to all. My own experience leads me to believe the more careful riders suffer most—possibly owing to nervousness which dictates the extra care.</p> <p>Pedestrians—and we are all pedestrians to some extent—will be interested to know that the course over which the Boxing Day Walk—known to fame as Jack Miles' Annual—is to be altered this year.</p> <p>The new route will be from West-street, by Marine Parade and South-street, through Worthing, and straight away over the Bostel to Washington and back.</p> <p>Some few weeks back I occupied the greater part of a day in sauntering afoot over the same route; and I suppose Jack and his "lads" will do the double journey in something under three hours!</p> <p>Still, there is a considerable difference between the age of Jack Miles and that of</p> <p>DICK TURPIN.</p>
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