

## THE WHEELING WORLD

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<p><b>THE WHEELING WORLD.</b></p> <p><b>A Weekly Survey.</b></p> <p><b>DICK TURPIN'S RANDOM RECORDS.</b></p> <p><b>T</b>HERE has been a good deal of water about during the Whitsuntide Holidays, and this has naturally directed the wheelman's thoughts into naval channels. Like greater sailors the cyclist has recognised the necessity of "keeping near the base of operations" and, incidentally, having a spare rig of dry clothes handy. During a "cruise" from Crawley to Worthing last Saturday afternoon, Howard of the Excelsior C.C. encountered a ten-horsepower thunder storm. He harboured under trees, but the water came through, so he stood out to sea again, and was soon making fair way, with his lee scoppers awash and the vessel's nose sending the foam—or, rather, mud—right down her decks.</p> <p>After a battle with the elements, which lasted two hours and a half, Howard came to anchor safely at Worthing, none the worse for his voyage. As a matter of fact he was better off! He had become a landed proprietor—having something less than a hundredweight upon himself and machine.</p> <p>I understand some ornamental water was included in his estate, there being a lake in each of Howard's boots, whilst a pretty, bubbling brooklet coursed its merry way from the saturated Excelsiorite's head to his heels.</p> <p>Ah! well. The wheelman who has not had his baptism of mud has not plumbed the full depths of the joys of cycling. The tub, rub down, and change of attire which should speedily follow such experiences is one of the biggest treats there is to life.</p> <p>I have tried it.</p>	<p>I have tried it.</p> <p>For all that I "kept near my base" during Whitsun, and though I cruised North, East, and West, I was never more than ten miles from home. Many Excelsiorites seemed to be taking their exercise on similar lines.</p> <p>On Whit-Monday I was naturally one of the thousands of spectators at the Excelsior Race Meeting, and, like most, enjoyed the sport. The Club recruits show up well in the one mile bicycle race, the way in which Read, Dean, and Woodward secured the prizes in that event being an eye-opener to some of the old 'uns.</p> <p>Howard, too, was a credit to his Club. In both the open half-mile and the open mile he rode with rare pluck, and not only finished second in both preliminary heats, but won second prize in both finals after some hard fighting.</p> <p>Sam Clark, the veteran of whom all the Excelsior boys are proud, had to be at Chichester to defend his title as the Veteran Champion of Sussex.</p> <p>Sam had long been looking forward to the struggle, and, like a good sportsman, had put in some hard and systematic work in preparation. For to win on this occasion meant that Sam would become the absolute owner of the cup which he was the means of obtaining for the veterans to race for.</p> <p>Needless, therefore, to say, that when President Warne announced, at the conclusion of the Excelsior Sports, that Sam had been victorious at Chichester the veteran's Clubmates raised a hearty cheer.</p> <p>Yes, they are proud of the "Old Friend" Sam, beyond a doubt!</p> <p>Another Excelsiorite, E. Baruch Blaker, was competing in the motor cycle races at Tunbridge Wells. Unfortunately there was a lot of water on the track, and Baruch had the bad luck to slip and fall just as his prospects of securing honours began to look promising.</p> <p>DICK TURPIN.</p>
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### A Weekly Survey.

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