

THE WHEELING WORLD

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THE WHEELING WORLD

A Weekly Survey.

DICK TURPIN'S RANDOM RECORDS,

Larks—and Larks.

TTNLESS the wheelman be fortunate enough either to enjoy the salamander's fabled power of resisting intense heat or the lark's useful habit of early rising, he is not likely to compile large mileages under the present weather conditions. I am a poor naturalist, and my knowledge of larks is limited to certain mischievous undertakings at Club runs or in frivolous moments of my younger days; so I am not prepared to name the hour at which a well-conducted, respectable lark would rise at this time of the year.

But F. G. Bleach, of the Excelsior Club, and a friend of his could not have been much later than the lark a morning or two ago: they were bowling merrily northwards at half-past five, enjoying the pure morning air.

The two wheelmen must, I think, also have a little of the salamander in their constitutions; for they were not deterred by a sun which, after peeping modestly at them as they rode through Horsham and over the hilly stretch into Dorking, roasted them to a turn as they frizzled their way through Leatherhead and Kingston into London.

A general tour round brought them to London

A general tour round brought them to London Bridge, where they took the Croydon and Reigate road and pursued their homeward journey, which, though warm, was still enjoyable, and ultimately landed home with a ride of one hundred and twenty miles behind them.

Less larkish than this pair, the Irrepressible and I started a couple of hours later than they, and took much the same road. At Ashington we passed yet another Worthing pair, contentedly dawdling northwards, obviously enjoying the change from South-street and business to country roads and fresh air.

At Horsham we turned Crawley-wards, where London cyclists were much in evidence. Half-a-dozen miles beyond Crawley, on the road to Leigh, I punctured. Following a recognised understanding between myself and my machine we turned to retrace our steps after having effected the needful repair, despite not having reached the place for which we had originally set out.

Horsham Means Business,

'Twixt Crawley and Horsham we saw a speedy looking tandem standing out against the sky as it surmounted a distant rise in the road. When the fliers drew near we recognised F. A. Tomsett and A. H. Kay, of Horsham. Remark-ing that the plump F. A. T. was working off his f-a-t, we continued our way and soon met another Horsham man, Ryecroft, in the stern of a motor bike which was setting a pace of well

over twenty miles an hour. Horsham evidently means real business!

Such examples had not the least effect upon us, however, and we crawled home quite unblushingly at about ten miles an hour, very well pleased with our sixty-and-odd miles spin.

Excelsiorite Duffield's tandem and my trusty steed had just been stabled at Fittleworth the other afternoon when, to our surprise, a spick-and-span Rover cantered up to us, and a spick-and-span rider waved a white gloved hand in cheery salutation. It was Sam Clark, who had ridden through Arundel and Bignor, whilst we had chosen the Washington and Pulborough route, to arrive almost simultaneously at the pretty village.

So the four of us strolled up the banks of the river, and presently espied a couple of boatloads of Brighton Cyclist Club men, "Daddy" Beck, Veteran French, Charlie Dumbrell, and J. Phillips among them.

Twenty-five Brightonians had dined at the Swan Inn, and a fair number sat down to tea. We just finished our own meal in time to hear how they had enjoyed themselves, and for "Daddy" Beck to tell us of a projected amalgamation of Sussex cyclists to parade to Church at Hove in aid of a Hospital later on, and a general gossip before they set off for Brighton.

A Living Map.

A Living Map.

Then Sam piloted us on a new road. We went a short distance on the way to Bury, where we turned to the left through Greatham. It was quite a country lane—in two places gates had to be opened—and it was a very pleasant little panorama of hayfields and quaint cottages, birch trees and bracken, honeysuckle and wild flowers generally.

We collected an assortment of the latter, and accorded Sam a vote of thanks when we emerged on to the ordinary road at Wiggonholt Common, near Storrington. The veteran is a living map of country lanes which are unknown lands to the majority of wheelmen!

Edgar Henson joined our company as we were sauntering leisurely home in the evening shadows; he had been for an after-tea training spin to Dial Post, but contented himself with a touring gait for once in a way, and came home with us.

Last Wednesday the Excelsior Club mastered over a score for the run to Rustington, where, with an "orchestra" consisting of C. Willmer and a piano, a couple of hours of musical evening was indulged in. It is years since the Club's runs received such consistent support as is now the case.

By the way, the Club has been obliged to alter the date of the Grand Annual race Meeting in order to avoid clashing with other similar fixtures. It is now arranged for August 21st. The programme has been drawn up, and is one of the best and most lavish that the Club has prepared.

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