

**THE WHEELING WORLD**

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**THE WHEELING WORLD.**

**A Weekly Survey.**

**DICK TURPIN'S RANDOM RECORDS.**

**An Excelsiorite at Southport.**

LOCAL wheelmen will be interested to know that Fred. W. Young, of the Excelsior Club, though far away at Southport, still devotes himself most assiduously to the pleasant labour of compiling big mileages. A fortnight ago he rode one hundred and thirty miles in one day, first visiting some salt works at Winsford, in Cheshire; then Beeston Castle and Peckforton Castle, and on to the Duke of Westminster's seat at Eaton Hall, and through Eaton Park.

The lengthy Excelsiorite then made his way home through Birkenhead and Liverpool.

Blackpool sometimes attracts him, and, the double journey being only what Fred calls "a nice eighty miles ride," he is able to spend a little time amidst its enchantments.

Living within fourteen miles of the scene of the railway smash of last week, the Excelsiorite cycled over to the spot, and was much impressed by the terrible sights he saw and the extensive damage which had been done.

This week Young intends cycling from Southport to Worthing, cutting the long journey up into four rides, his intermediate stopping places being Derby, Leamington, and Reading. Should the present hot weather last, it will be a dish of grilled Excelsiorite to which we shall be treated on Saturday, when he is timed to arrive.

Fred's experience will enable him to appreciate

G. A. Olley's recent ride from Land's End to John O'Groats in three days, twenty hours, and fifteen minutes, which beat previous record by about eleven hours.

**Sunday Records Ignored.**

By the way, the reason Olley had to relinquish his attempt to establish a record for one thousand miles is an unusual one. He had drawn up a schedule to complete the distance on the Saturday, but much foul weather so delayed him that his ride would have extended into Sunday, though the standard time would have been beaten easily.

But the Roads Records Association of course ignores rides done on Sundays, and the plucky Vegetarian—who is also an Excelsiorite—thus had to throw up the ride after nine hundred miles had been covered.

Some Excelsior boys had a rude shock early this week. They had cajoled Harry Greenfield, who regularly rides a motor-bike, into accompanying them on a common or pedal-propelled machine. They were going to revenge themselves; for the speedy motor cyclists—Harry in particular—had often given them a warm time on the road.

So they started worrying him on Washington Bostel. But lo! he tickled something on his handlebar, and sped up the hill well in front of the avengers. He was aboard one of Olley's two-speed geared road racers! Collapse of avengers!

It is a sign of the times when speedmen go to Woodhatch. It generally means the "times" are going to be attacked. The Stephenson-Standing tandem went to Woodhatch and round the "Morley triangle," so beloved of record-breakers, a day or two back. Seventy-eight miles before dinner!

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**Where Were the Members?**

There was a sad spectacle last Wednesday evening. Not far away there is a newly-formed Primrose League Cycling Corps; it was to run to Littlehampton that evening.

The Captain arrived and looked round for the members, who were not to be seen. A painful pause ensued; the pause lengthened into a long and weary wait. Still not a single member in sight as far as the proud chieftain's eye could reach.

So, in sad but dignified solitude, the newly-fledged Captain formed himself into as imposing a procession as the circumstances permitted, and went alone and unattended to Littlehampton.

Evidently a three-line whip is wanted!

On the same evening the Excelsior Club cycled to Beeding, sixteen strong, and fraternised with the Brighton Primrose League C.C., having a very jolly time. Curiously, the Excelsior Captain was an absentee himself, and so on one hand there was a Captain minus his Club, and on the other a Club without its Captain.

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