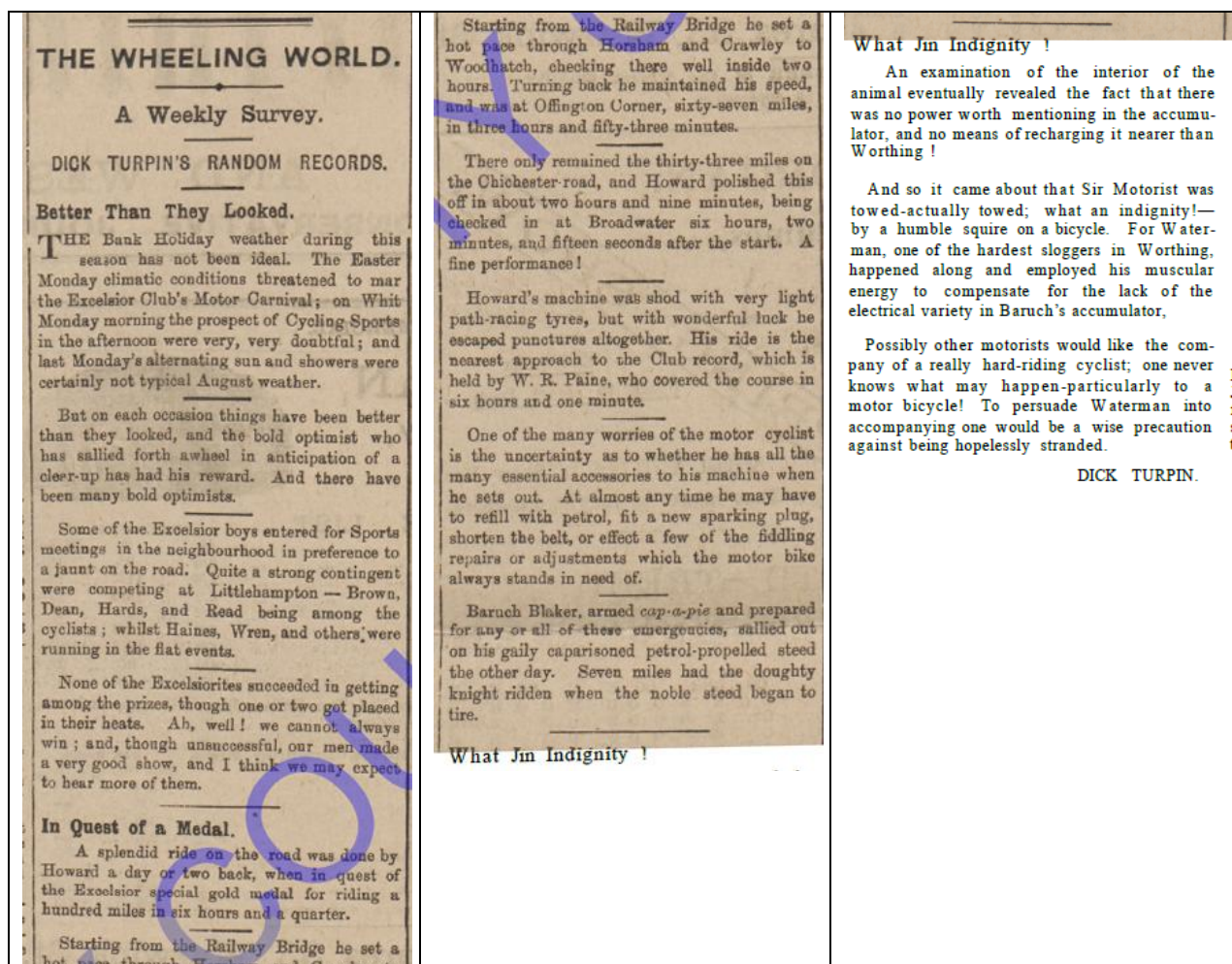


# THE WHEELING WORLD

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## THE WHEELING WORLD

A Weekly Survey.

DICK TURPIN'S RANDOM RECORDS.

### Better Than They Looked.

THE Bank Holiday weather during this season has not been ideal. The Easter Monday climatic conditions threatened to mar the Excelsior Club's Motor Carnival; on Whit Monday morning the prospect of Cycling Sports in the afternoon were very, very doubtful; and last Monday's alternating sun and showers were certainly not typical August weather.

But on each occasion things have been better than they looked, and the bold optimist who has sallied forth a wheel in anticipation of a clear-up has had his reward. And there have been many bold optimists.

Some of the Excelsior boys entered for Sports meetings in the neighbourhood in preference to

Starting from the Railway Bridge he set a hot pace through Horsham and Crawley to Woodhatch, checking there well inside two hours. Turning back he maintained his speed, and was at Offington Corner, sixty-seven miles, in three hours and fifty-three minutes.

There only remained the thirty-three miles on the Chichester road, and Howard polished this off in about two hours and nine minutes, being checked in at Broadwater six hours, two minutes, and fifteen seconds after the start. A fine performance!

Howard's machine was shod with very light path-racing tyres, but with wonderful luck he escaped punctures altogether. His ride is the nearest approach to the Club record, which is held by W. R. Paine, who covered the course in six hours and one minute.

One of the many worries of the motor cyclist is the uncertainty as to whether he has all the many essential accessories to his machine when he sets out. At almost any time he may have to refill with petrol, fit a new sparking plug, shorten the belt, or effect a few of the fiddling repairs or adjustments which the motor bike always stands in need of.

Baruch Bleker, armed *cap-a-pie* and prepared for any or all of these emergencies, sallied out on his gaily caparisoned petrol-propelled steed the other day. Seven miles had the doughty knight ridden when the noble steed began to tire.

What Jim Indignity!

### What Jim Indignity!

An examination of the interior of the animal eventually revealed the fact that there was no power worth mentioning in the accumulator, and no means of recharging it nearer than Worthing!

And so it came about that Sir Motorist was towed-actually towed; what an indignity!—by a humble squire on a bicycle. For Waterman, one of the hardest sloggers in Worthing, happened along and employed his muscular energy to compensate for the lack of the electrical variety in Baruch's accumulator.

Possibly other motorists would like the company of a really hard-riding cyclist; one never knows what may happen—particularly to a motor bicycle! To persuade Waterman into accompanying one would be a wise precaution against being hopelessly stranded.

DICK TURPIN.

a jaunt on the road. Quite a strong contingent were competing at Littlehampton - Brown, Dean, Hards, and Read being among the cyclists; whilst Haines, Wren, and others were running in the flat events.

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None of the Excelsiorites succeeded in getting among the prizes, though one or two got placed in their heats. Ah, well! we cannot always win; and, though unsuccessful, our men made a very good show, and I think we may expect to hear more of them.

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### **In Quest of a Medal.**

A splendid ride on the road was done by Howard a day or two back, when in quest of the Excelsior special gold medal for riding a hundred miles in six hours and a quarter.

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