

THE WHEELING WORLD

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THE WHEELING WORLD.

A Weekly Survey.

DICK TURPIN'S RANDOM RECORDS.

My Favourite Ride.

PURPLE heather, green bracken, a blazing sun, and a splendid view across a vast expanse of wooded hills and valleys stretching away into the distant haze. A stream of cyclists toiling up a three miles climb on the London-Portsmouth road, Excelsiorite Durant and I among the number. This was Hindhead as we saw it one day last week. It is my favourite ride.

We had started early and ridden through Horsham and Cranleigh to Godalming before the sun had put on the warmest of his smiles. So the three or four miles through pretty little Milford and over Witley Common still left us with sufficient energy to face the combined opposition of a head wind, a scorching sun, and the aforesaid climb; therefore we cycled up, though the majority of wheelmen were "padding the hoof."

I never saw the Hindhead country look so grand, and the views from the top—nearly nine hundred feet above sea level—were alone sufficient reward for our fifty miles ride to reach it.

Then came a steady four miles run down to Liphook, on through Rake and Petersfield, stopping for a light meal on the way. A windy journey over Butser Hill and through Horndean put us on the Worthing-Portsmouth road at Emsworth.

Thence we came through Chichester and

Arundel, reaching home with a total of just over a hundred miles—and a puncture thrown in!—voting it the best day's ride to be had from Worthing.

All the Talk!

The Annual Race Meeting of the Excelsior C.C., which takes place on Monday, is the topic of conversation far and near. A London speed tandem crew were talking with me about it between Redhill and Croydon at five o'clock the other morning. At Crawley, too, other speedmen from Town were on the subject of the Excelsior Club's Sports.

I understand the magnificent programme has attracted a good entry, and that spectators will be treated to some of the best sport. The Tandem Pursuit Race and the Five Miles Scratch event are particularly promising, whilst the Motor Bicycle Handicap will be a terrific struggle.

It is said that Baruch Blaker, in practising for the latter event, attained a speed which made the track so hot that the grass on it turned to hay! Next, please!

A toothsome morsel of confectionery comes to

hand with the announcement that G. A. Olley, the Vegetarian fier, has gone over to the Benedicts, and that Miss Queenie King—what a Royal name!—has become Mrs. Olley.

"George," as he is widely known in local cycling circles, is a good sort, and his numerous friends will all wish the happy pair the best of good fortune. Having recently commenced in business it is probable the record-holder, who owns allegiance to the Excelsior amongst other Clubs, will be content to retire on his numerous and hard-earned laurels.

He has beaten in one year records on Southern Roads at fifty and one hundred miles, in addition to twelve hours—a unique performance in itself. He still holds the fifty miles and twelve hours records, and has beaten the London to Edinburgh and the Land's End to John O'Groats' records; whilst he has met with fair success in good company when riding in

one and five miles scratch races. "George" has proved himself an all-round rider!

The Rule of the Road.

Motorists and cyclists do not yet understand each other on the road, and in consequence relations often get severely strained. The following letter from a local motor cyclist, who has cycled since the days of the old high bicycle, and can thus look at the situation both as a motorist and a cyclist, is, I think, fairly written. It may help to reassure the nervous, and in some degree soothe the wheelman who suffers from motorphobia, and would like all disciples of petrol locked up or hung.

DICK TURPIN.

To Mr. DICK TURPIN.

DEAR SIR—Would you kindly through the medium of your excellent column in the WORKING GAZETTE, put into cyclist's language what I will endeavour to convey to you. An appeal may justly be made to wheelmen to show a little more consideration for motorists. The direction I wish to convey, in which an improvement is necessary, is in obeying the rule of the road. A very large proportion of riders are constantly taking liberties with the rule, and as a natural consequence the motorist overtaking one or a party cannot tell what to do.

The most dangerous practice I have noticed is that of a party of cyclists dividing, some taking one side of the road and some the other. Many motorists—and cyclists as well—under these conditions refuse to pass until the cyclists are all on their proper side of the road; and they are wise, for in the event of an accident they would quite likely be held to have been guilty of negligence in attempting to pass the wheelman on the wrong side.

One cannot help thinking that many cyclists exhibit an entirely unreasonable fear of motors, and these riders are not ladies, but men who should not be supposed to be timorous.

On several occasions cyclists have been observed, on the approach of a motor, to dash wildly at the side of the road and fling themselves off, tumbling with their machines in each case. No doubt each man was firmly convinced that he had had a narrow escape, and yet in not one of these episodes was the motor travelling fast nor near to the rider, who, if he had remained on his machine, would not have been incommoded in any way.

Believe me,
Yours respectfully,
NOT A ROAD HOG.

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