

## THE WHEELING WORLD

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## THE WHEELING WORLD.

### A Weekly Survey.

#### DICK TURPIN'S CYCLING GOSSIP.

##### The Art of Road-Mending.

THE cycling season has set in with a burst this year, and once again the Editor has consented to provide me with the necessary space to gossip about the doings of local wheelmen and matters of general cycling interest. Let me promptly make use of it to wish all my readers a happy new (cycling) year! And many of them!

The years will be far happier when the authorities entrusted with the care of the country roads in Sussex get a clearer grasp of the art of road-mending—if they ever do! Failing this happy condition of "intelligence, matters would be much improved if the authorities would leave the roads alone altogether.

Findon road is a beautiful illustration of the truth of these remarks. The road repairers—actuated, we will charitably assume, by good intentions—got to work. But good intentions will never pave the way to Findon, and colossal ignorance has proved no more successful.

Loads of flints, loads of dust, and loads of water were heaved more or less promiscuously about the highway. King Sol was shining down upon the scene; it was so funny to see men "repairing" a road in that way that he burst into warm laughter; this caused the water to evaporate, leaving the loads of flints and loads of dust to be churned about by a stream of cyclists, motorists, drivers, and pedestrians who were glad to find some patches still "unrepaired."

Farther up the road, beyond West Grinstead,

one day, a week or two ago—a mere matter of about one hundred and fifty miles! He exceeded this total by ten miles, a week or so later, by riding to Bournemouth and back, Bert Hall accompanying him half-way.

These two, with Durant and I, potted up Dorking a few days later, Medhurst proving to be in great form. A new rider made a promising start, too, by cycling to Brighton; thence to London, and back to Brighton, and so home. A hundred and twenty miles is a day's work for a good man, let alone a beginner!

The Captain of the Excelsior C.C. has arranged a series of "pleasant runs to pleasant places." The first is fixed for Wednesday when the venue is Washington. The 01 starts from the Railway Bridge at six o'clock in the evening.

DICK TURPIN.

#### REMARKABLE VALUE IN CYCLES.

NOWADAYS everyone quotes that old saw: "The proof of the pudding is in the eating." Nobody will dispute its equal efficacy when adapted to the riding of a cycle. Ride a machine for a few days running and you soon know its points good or bad. Obviously, a firm who asks you to that before your purchase becomes binding must build on the solid foundation of quality.

When, in addition, that firm offers cycles of grades at about one-third less than the prices of other makers, delivered free wherever you live, and accompanied by a warranty for from two to six years, you commence to wonder how and where such remarkable terms can be obtained.

Briefly these are some of the good points of a particularly good catalogue now being sent to you for the asking by the Mead Cycle Company, Liverpool. No doubt the firm and its cycles are already known to most of our readers. But, be that as it may, all interested in cycling should possess a copy of that catalogue. It teems with information apart from that which is useful to purchasers.

To hear of warranted cycles from £4 or £5 up to £8 14s. 6d. for the very best procurable suggests the golden millennium. Yet these are veritable

Farther up the road, beyond West Grinstead, the properly-made granite road was in very fair order, but it was in Surrey where one ignored the possibility of punctures.

Between Horsham and Worthing one rider of my acquaintance suffered no less than seven punctures one day last week. Another, on the same road, had such a fearful gash in his tyre that he and his friends failed to mend it.

They were about sixteen miles from Worthing; it was late at night and the last train had gone. So they walked home, arriving at three o'clock in the morning. They met some London wheelmen who also were padding the hoof with punctured tyres, and wishing they were not forty-odd miles from home.

### Hopeful for Tyre Manufacturers!

Baruch Blaker tells me he counted a dozen men whiling away their time in the pleasant (?) occupation of puncture mending during a motor drive to Horsham one day last week. Already this season parties of which I have been one have had to pull up half-a-dozen times for the same purpose. 'Twill be a good year for tyre manufacturers! Worse luck!

Local wheelmen are not deterred, however, by fear of puncture, and some long rides have been done. Medhurst rode to Windsor and back in

to near or warranted cycles from 24 or 25 up to £8 14s. 6d. for the very best procurable suggest? the golden millennium. Yet these are roughly the figures on which the Mead Company are doing business this season, and if the voices of the prophets are to be relied upon, it would be wise to invest in a few Mead machines before prices go again, as those prophets predict they will.—A.M.

## THE RIFLE CLUB

### Fixtures For May.

CISSBURY RANGE. 3.0.

Wed., 2nd.—Practice, 2 p.m.,	Mr. E. C. Towgo O1
Friday, 4th.	Mr. A. Boy8
Wed., 9th.	Mr. W. S. Andre*
Friday, 11th.	Mr. F. O. Goldhf
Tues., 15th.	Mr. A. PuttoCb
Friday, 18th.	Mr. J. N.
Wed., 23rd.	Mr. G. J. Hagge;
Friday, 25th.	Mr. C. E. Thoma-

Monday, 28th.—Sussex Twenty Club Shoot, at Mile Oak Range Mr. W. G. Fell?

A silver spoon will be presented by Mr. G Taylor to the member making the highest score during the month who has not previously won the Skilled Shot Certificate.

W. G. PELLE, Hon. Sec

An advertisement in the GAZETTE is well laid out.

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**DICK TURPIN.**

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The following advertisement was placed immediately below the above Dick Long article, perhaps to imply a connection - Naughty-naughty!

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