

THE WHEELING WORLD.

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<p>THE WHEELING WORLD.</p> <p>A Weekly Survey.</p> <p>DICK TURPIN'S CYCLING GOSSIP.</p> <p>Long Rides by Night.</p> <p>ALL-NIGHT riding seems during later years to have ceased to appeal to the wheelman as forcibly as in the days of the old high bicycle. The possibility—nay, probability—of punctures in the darkness probably goes far to explain the present lack of enthusiasm for this form of pastime.</p> <p>But night riding is not dead. Walter de Creux Hutchinson, of the Vegetarian C.C., is trying hard to keep it alive. Twice during the last fortnight the determined Vegetarian has set out a wheel at eight o'clock in the evening intent on riding three hundred and fifty miles or so during the night and the following day.</p> <p>And though he has not yet succeeded in this heavy but self imposed task, he has done a great deal to foster night riding. For during the night he has ridden from near Croydon southwards to Offington Corner, westwards nearly to Portsmouth, and then northwards up to Thames Ditton.</p> <p>Over this stretch of nearly a hundred and fifty miles Hutchinson has had the assistance of numerous cyclists, who followed or led him on his dark journey.</p> <p>And dark it was, as Edgar Henson, and Ernest Sawkins can affirm! They followed the would be record breaker from Hersham to Arundel, bidding him "Good morning" at half-an-hour after midnight as they left him at the latter town.</p> <p>After about fifteen hours of hard work</p>	<p>After about fifteen hours of hard work Hutchinson had to abandon the ride near Chichester on the return journey, a troublesome wind putting records out of the question.</p> <p>A Primrose Leaguer Awheel.</p> <p>A night ride of a much more peaceable and quiet character was recently undertaken by Captain Brake, of the Primrose League Cycling Corps. Midnight found him swinging steadily along towards Arundel, and during the small hours he cycled through Chichester, Emeworth, Havant, and Fareham; at daybreak he was crossing the Ferry into Southampton, feeling fresher than when he had left Worthing.</p> <p>Continuing his ride Captain Brake rode out of Hants into Dorset, stopping to breakfast en route. Then he made his way leisurely across the better county into the land of cyder. At least, cyder has hitherto always been regarded as Somerset's chief characteristic, but Captain Brake was more impressed with its hills.</p> <p>However, he pulled up that night at Crewkerne feeling none the worse for his night and day ride; although by missing his way he had encountered even more hills than otherwise would have been the case.</p> <p>The Primrose League Skipper then put in a few days' holiday in Somerset "on his own," though he happened across two old Worthing-</p>	<p>ites—Mr. Drake and Mr. Norton—during his roam around.</p> <p>In Search of Glory.</p> <p>Another youthful Excelesiorite, E. Maginn, has just carried out a ride which establishes his claim to be considered "class." On a very windy day he set out in search of glory and a medal for a hundred miles ride.</p> <p>The glory promised to be easily obtained, for after the thirty-three miles to Westhampton and back had been polished off Maginn had to force his way against a pretty stiff northerly wind. This wind was making eleven miles an hour pretty hard work for other Excelesiorites I could name.</p> <p>But the wiry Maginn struggled along bravely, and at last Woodhatch slowly gave in sight. A drink and a signature, then back to Broadwater with a fair wind, Maginn winning—and thoroughly earning—a gold centre medal in six hours and thirty-seven minutes.</p> <p>For a philosopher commend me to Harry Hooker, a speedy member of one of the London Clubs and a chum of several Excelesiorites. Harry, on a hundred miles ride, was going great guns; about seventy miles had been ridden, and he had twenty-and-odd minutes in hand, when his back tyre cut up altogether.</p> <p>When a gold medal thus vanishes as the rider is, so to speak, about to grasp it, most men would rail at their luck. But Hooker is seasoned; he came back to the Frankland Arms, discovered there was duck for dinner, and proved by his appetite how lightly he bore his misfortune on the road!</p> <p>DICK TURPIN.</p>
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