

# THE WHEELING WORLD.

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## THE WHEELING WORLD.

A WEEKLY SURVEY.

Dick Turpin's Cycling Gossip.

### Olley's Latest Achievement.

ONE thousand miles in four days, nine hours, and three minutes! Such is the latest performance of George A. Olley, long distance speedman, Vegetarian, and Excelsiorite.

At four p.m. on Monday last week, Olley left Hitchin. Day and night he pedalled, only twice enjoying for an hour or two at most the luxury of bed; buffeted about by a gale of wind, which at times made six miles an hour a real labour; here and there a snatch of fruit, custard, tea, or egg and milk; a five minutes' sleep now and again at the roadside.

For they who would break records on the road must have muscles of steel, constitutions of iron, and withal the knowledge how best to use their powers.

Edgar Henson was one of Olley's special stewards; Percy Henson and Albert Standing were among the followers riding spare machines.

And they worked! Since they left Worthing their mileages have ascended seven or eight hundred miles. Percy's wanderings took him to Bedfordshire on the one hand, and to breezy Skegness, on the Lincolnshire coast, on the other.

Including a night in the hedge, he had thirty-six hours' sleep—on the irregular instalment system!

### The Ubiquitous Edgar.

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Edgar had to be all over the place. To Cambridge and Huntingdon he went; on to Stamford, King's Lynn, Wisbech, and away to Grantham; back again and into Bedford.

Carrying spare tyres, two changes of clothes, and odd sundries; preparing food, arranging checkers, and joining in the everlasting chase after Olley with a spare machine, Edgar Henson had no light task.

Albert Standing was mainly with Edgar, with another spare machine and plenty of riding on hand. A bed at Grantham, a window ledge at Sleaford—'twas all the same to the hardy road riders, who can sleep anywhere.

Each of our boys sustained a minor accident, Percy Henson having a side-slip in Peterborough, whilst Edgar Henson and Standing did the same thing somewhere in Lincolnshire. No harm was done.

One of our trio nearly fell into the hands of the Law. On the last night of the ride Olley was heading back to Hitchin at a big speed, when our culprit's light failed. And from two strangers a wheel came a loud voiced question as to the whereabouts of the light that was not.

### The Chase.

The wicked one, some distance behind his fellow scorchers at the time, answered in unflattering terms. Then perceived he that his questioners were cycling police! He went.

They followed. Eight miles the chase lasted before What's-his-name—I masn't give him

away!—gained enough ground to dodge down a side road and get his lamp right.

Nonchalantly he returned, looking innocent. "Seen a man without a light?" queried one of the constables, as he came up.

"He's just gone that way; nearly knocked me off," said the innocent Excelsiorite, who had the joy of seeing the police continue the chase, whilst he, the wanted one, made after Olley.

And with Olley into Hitchin, the last five miles being ridden in eighteen minutes. And then sleep. Not five minutes rolled up in a coat by the roadside with Henson, watch in hand, measuring the time as a doctor would medicine. But the sleep that befits a man who has been banged about through days and nights by a gale of wind.

Record breaker and followers slept like tops for six hours, and woke looking none the worse for their big ride.

### Up The Hill!

A couple of Excelsiorites figured in a hill climb at Shoreham last week. J. Standing won the heat in which he rode, but discovered that full success could only be obtained by two more journeys up the hill—that is to say, a semi final and a final. He resigned.

Fred Jay, however, was not deterred by this. He persevered through the series, and was successful in winning the fourth prize from a fairly numerous crowd of competitors.

But to make the climb three times! The Shoreham men intend that prize winners shall thoroughly earn their awards.

Missummer day has come and gone in a howl of wind and a downpour of rain. Yet the wheeler is an optimist in weather matters.

The Invicta Club go forth in quest of the strawberry this week; next week the Y.M.C.A. Cycling Club follow suit; and on the same occasion the Excelsior Club will devote their energies to completing the work of devastation. Washington and Brantner are the chosen venues.

*Dick Turpin*

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