

THE WHEELING WORLD

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THE WHEELING WORLD.
A WEEKLY SURVEY.
Dick Turpin's Cycling Gossip.

A New Excelsior Record.
THE Excelsior Club is rapidly becoming "National—not Local," as the Catford C.C. styled itself in bygone days. Portsmouth, Harrow, Horsham, and Shoreham contribute members—aye, and keen members!—to the Excelsior C.C. One of these, Arthur H. Kay, of Horsham, recently rode for the Club hundred miles medal, doing a splendid performance, and setting up a new Club record of five hours and forty-two minutes for the distance.

This is fourteen minutes under the previous best, which was put up by Edgar Henson in 1905.

Kay set off at a very warm pace right from the first, punctured, and changed to Cowan's machine, which he had later to exchange for Henson's mount, getting back to his own about twenty five miles after the start.

Using a gear of no less than one hundred and fifteen when conditions were favourable, and only dipping to ninety-one for hills, Kay made it hot for his followers. Ernest Hawkins has vivid recollections of the head-on rush down Piers Hill into Horsham, after keeping up over twenty miles to the hear from Ollington, and forming a fowl on the way!

Ernest stayed to breakfast in Horsham.

leaving Kay to continue with the almost world-renowned Harry Goss—a champion of Kay's—following on a spare machine. Harry Hooker was waiting at Woodhaven to sign the checking card and wish Kay "Good luck!" as he rapidly retraced his tracks.

And, riding strongly right to the end, Kay landed home at Broadwater, at once a medal winner and the holder of a Club record. His first hundred miles' ride too!

The Puncture Trouble.
J. Flint of Shoreham, has also succeeded in winning the Excelsior "century ride" medal. Flint rode pretty consistently from start to finish, and completed the course in six hours and twenty three minutes, without locking any the worse.

In fact, he was riding faster during the last two hours than at any other period, covering over thirty-four miles in the time.

Two other Excelsiorites set out in search of the coveted decoration, but their plans went awry. Luckin's machine mangled one of its pedals, and "Eddie" decided both would have to be on duty when a medal is the objective of a ride. So he came back.

Brown, the other unfortunate, sustained four wounds in his tyre. And followed Luckin's example.

Talking of punctures, Cowan repaired thirteen in half a day recently. Only one belonged to Victor, most of the others being in the tyres of audacious speed men, among them an individual who had punctured his tyre in nine places!

He had got into a very worried state, and ridden on a flat tyre for a dozen miles. He worried, indeed, that he neglected to express his thanks to Cowan for the timely aid!

'Tis not the pneumatic tyre only which troubles the wheelman, though Time has, with most of us, softened the feelings with which we regarded the solid tyre of other days. But only with most of us—there are exceptions.

One of the exceptions is a local man whose riding is sometimes in a motor and at others on a solid-tired bicycle. Descending the B-always Bridge recently, he felt some hearty whacks upon his back!

Suspecting the whacks to be merely a violent form of greating on the part of a friend, he inquired angrily: "What the four-cylinder engine are you playing at?"

No reply! Merely a continued whacking!

He dismounted, found no use, and finally discovered his solid tyre had got out through allowing a yard of solid rubber to wash round promiscuously and deal a blow at every revolution of the wheel. With all our troubles our tyres draw the line at belabouring us.

Edgar and the J.P.
At five-thirty in the morning, a day of two back, Edgar Henson found himself swiped out beyond Arundel. I need hardly explain one of Edgar's pals was doing a speed ride.

An affable gentleman on horseback chanced along and got into conversation with the waiting wheelman. First they discussed road surfaces, then cycling, then road racing. Mr. Affable Gentleman was more than interested. He was quite curious!

But Edgar knew him for a Magistrate, and

assumed a saintly innocence when the representative of the law asked if any racing was on. And if so, at what time! These speed men are wily dogs, good readers, and like not official assistance in their wicked doings.

Mud And Its Uses.
Last week I bewailed an unruly tyre of mine, which collapsed repeatedly as soon as I gave my machine that rare treat—a cleaning. I have remedied the matter now.

A dozen Twickenham Wheelers had ridden to Worthing during the night on Saturday. Next day I accompanied them as far as Ashington, and despite our modest pace we raised a nice cloud of dust. I got my share!

Leaving the Twickenham men, I sauntered round some of the bye-lanes toward Ashington and Partridge Green; then around to West Grinstead, where the Excelsior Club were mastering to tea.

This was followed by a ramble through fields during which threatening rain clouds gave Captain Daifield the straight tip to collect his wheelers and start for home.

We didn't get much rain, but fortunately I had just enough to turn into mud the dust I had previously been enveloped with by the Twickenham Wheelers. My tyre is as good as gold once again! And I shall treat the precious mud with all due respect.

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