

THE WHEELING WORLD

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A WEEKLY SURVEY.

Dick Turpin's Cycling Gossip.

At the Three Crowns.

FIFTEEN jolly faces were ranged round a festive board within an old country hostelry a day or two back. Eight of the said faces were those of Excelsiorites; half-a-dozen anglers were there, and the jolliest countenance of all was that of him who presided over the feast.

He was Mice Host of the Three Crowns at Wyseberg, or Wisborough Green, as the present century hath it. There is an open hearth with fire-dogs and big chimney corners at the Three Crowns. There is also a fruit garden, and good cheer. To say nothing of a warm welcome.

We came away very satisfied with Wisborough Green, and portered leisurely along to Adversane, down the old Roman Stane Street, through Pultorough to Bury, and up the Hill.

Bert Hales rode Bury, but the rest of us had to be content to admire his prowess—we were on a holiday, and walked the hill.

A bye-path in Arundel Park bounced us in a lively manner to Offham, where we crossed the Arun. Then the Captain piloted us over the low-lying meadows and brooklands to Burpham.

Ferrying across the river, we were soon teazing at the familiar cottage; then a walk round, and the order to "light up."

For the day had flown, and we pedalled home with the full moon shining his best, to give a good finish to a most enjoyable Club run.

Cyclists and Motorists.

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Certain motorists are agitating with the object of compelling the cyclist to display a coloured light at the back of his machine when riding at night.

One motorist, who collided with a cyclist, complains that it cost him five pounds to compensate the victim for the loss of his machine. "Besides," he continues, "I had a nervous collapse for two days."

Poor man! The cyclist's nerves do not count; for the wheelman loves nothing better than to be wiped out of the landscape by the kind and gentle motor.

What becomes of the pedestrian? He carries no light, walks in the middle of the road when it is dark, and is less able to execute a rapid dive into the wayside ditch when King Motor comes.

I suppose that at sunset all pedestrians must climb trees and await the dawn. Otherwise the motorist who runs over them may get a "nervous collapse," and the road be littered with dead pedestrians!

The only alternative is a brutal one: The motorist might drive steadily.

A Real Sussex Hundred.

The speed men of the Excelsior Club are loth to put away the sword and swear a truce with Father Time. Indeed, Edgar Henson has attacked the scythe-bearer in a fresh place! He has annexed the unpaced record from Worthing to Hastings and back, a thoroughbred Sussex hundred miles ride.

Leaving the Town Hall at six o'clock he rode against a cold easterly wind through Shoreham and Brighton at a fine pace, which landed him beyond Lewes in sixty-six minutes.

Away on through Bignor, past Hellingly, and on into the far corner of East Sussex at a rattling speed rode Edgar, reaching Hastings three hours and one minute after the start. O. T. March, an East Sussex rider of the old brigade, was waiting at the Monument. He duly checked him and administered refreshments.

Wasting no time, Edgar was soon in the saddle again. Westward ho! it was now, and mile after mile was ticked off at about twenty to the hour. At Lewes, Edgar had gained fifteen minutes on his schedule; an hour later he was pulling up at the Town Hall, where it was found he had done the double journey in five hours and fifty-nine minutes.

Cowan, Sawkins, Fred Flint, Baker of the Brighton Stanley, and others followed over various parts of the ride. Flint sustained an awkward accident, and damaged his machine through dodging a flock of sheep, but was able to get home after some delay.

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Plucky Riding.

Cecil Laundry, too, has been at it again. Despite a heavy wind and delay through a bearing getting loose, Cecil won a gold medal by riding a hundred and seventy-one miles in twelve hours.

The performance was a striking example of plucky riding, and when Laundry rattled off the last few miles at three minutes each, finishing up with two minutes to spare, he had surprised his Excelsiorite Club mates more than a trifle.

Albert Standing, too, put up a fine performance on the same day. He rode a hundred and fifty-six miles, and won the gold centre medal with twenty-two minutes to spare. Truly, the Excelsior boys are, as many a London man has remarked to me, "hot on the road!"

Some Fragments.

That mysterious Will o' the wisp, "Excelsiorite," writes from Liverpool this week. He read last week's GAZETTE near Douglas. The anonymous one is having a fine time, he informs me.

I commend SPES BONA's remarks of last week to the Committee of the local Cycling Clubs. He says definitely that the Miniature Rifle Club will accept the Cycling Clubs bodily at a fixed sum.

What a fine chance to keep the men together in the winter months! A Club competition or two and an inter-Club contest at the Miniature Range ought to catch on. Now, Excelsior and Invicta!

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