

# THE WHEELING WORLD.

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<p><b>THE WHEELING WORLD.</b> A WEEKLY SURVEY. Dick Turpin's Cycling Gossip.</p> <p><b>What Happened at Crawley.</b> TWO hundred and more speedmen, sound in wind and limb, were making the rafters ring at the George Assembly Rooms, Crawley, last Saturday evening. 'Twas the annual reunion of the road-racer, and London lungs were pitted against Worthing lungs, Horsham throats vied with Croydon throats, as chorus after chorus went rolling out into the night.</p> <p>In the afternoon the scorchers had engaged the Crawley Football Club in friendly encounter between the goals. But despite so famous a Captain as the record-breaking Harry Green, the wheelmen lost, getting one goal to Crawley's three.</p> <p>Our men were not assisting in the football match, I must hasten to add. From which I wish it inferred that the result would have been very different had they been playing.</p> <p>We will assume so!</p> <p>As it was, Edgar Henson had started early, gone on to Norwood, scaled a long, stiff hill by the Palace grounds, and was hanging on to a speedy motor cycle on his way down to Crawley whilst the match was happening.</p> <p>And the other boys, in the absence of their shepherd, had a misadventure which delayed them on the way. Bert Hals and Victor Cowan played "kiss-cannons," costing Victor a couple of spokes and a slightly bent crank.</p> <p>However, Worthing was fully represented by tea-time, and also at the reveries which followed, and which continued to follow until midnight!</p> <p>Then, with farewells until next Easter or so,</p>	<p>Then, with farewells until next Easter or so, the Excelsiors mounted and rode into the night. Between Crawley and Horsham numbers of rabbits on the road were startled by the gleam of bicycle lamps; nearer home a night policeman wondered what was afoot—or a wheel; and after a fortunately eventless ride the Excelsiors came trickling through darkness into Worthing at half-past two in the morning.</p> <p><b>Ringin' Down The Curtain.</b> And thus was the curtain rung down on the past season's road racing, with its many stirring scenes, its victories and defeats, its pains and pleasures.</p> <p>Well, 'tis high time to garb both man and machine in a different fashion to that adopted by the speed man. For the wheelman must go mud-plugging if he ride much at this time of the year. Mudguards and macintoshes are the order now.</p> <p>So I discovered at Bignor last Thursday, when walking up the steep, unmade—and unmade!—road which climbs the hill from West Barten. I slipped and slid through a sticky mixture of chalk and earth nicely wetted according to taste; presently I noticed my front wheel was not revolving, but sliding over the sticky mixture.</p> <p>The wheel had accumulated a plentiful sample of the said mixture between the tyre and the mudguard, and jammed! I heaved a sigh out of whoever we stook our sights, and a few pounds of mud out of the guard. And went on, having to repeat both forms of heaving once or twice ere I reached the top!</p> <p>That wild, desolate bit of road takes my eye.</p>	<p>That wild, desolate bit of road takes my eye. Steep, ragged, scored with deep ruts wherein ages of rains have rushed down to make the sticky mixture, it waited only the flying storm clouds of last Thursday to complete the scene. I wished I could paint!</p> <p><b>'Twas Worth It!</b> Yes, the climb was hard, but 'twas worth the labour. Steep indeed it is; so Belinus the Roman road-maker found it. For the great predecessor of Telford and Macadem had to depart from his regular practice of keeping straight ahead. A curve in the road bore witness to the victory of Bignor over the Roman in this particular.</p> <p>Coming back to modern roads again, I saw the fiftieth milestone on the Worthing-London road for the first time a few days back. Nearly at the top of the Bostel on the east side of the road is the "stone," which, like many of its brothers, is of iron. Simply the figures "50," nothing further does this laconic mark tell us. I think I know eight milestones now 'twixt Horsham and Worthing.</p> <p>DICK TURPIN.</p>
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## What Happened at Crawley

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