

<p>THE WHEELING WORLD. A WEEKLY SURVEY. Dick Turpin's Cycling Gossip.</p> <p>"When the summer fields are mown, When the buds are fledged and flown, And the dry leaves strew the path; With the falling of the snow, With the cawing of the crow, Once again the fields we mow And gather in the aftermath." —<i>Langfellow.</i></p> <p>End of the Season. WELL, good reader, I think we have arrived at the aftermath-gathering stages as regards cycling. Our excursions during the next few months are likely to be less frequent and shorter than the jaunts of the past season; and the Editor is hovering over me with an extinguisher which has already been applied to the cricketer and the summer sportsman generally.</p> <p>But ere we say our partings, let us turn and look back over the way we have just ridden.</p> <p>The weather, on the whole, has been very un-nerved during 1907, but perhaps this has made wheeling none the less enjoyable. I, for one, do not enjoy hard pedalling under a blinding sun, and the shorter rambles of the past season, untroubled by showers, have taken me into a verdant fresh and charming bye-way. Many a wheelman of my acquaintance has this year "potted" more than usual. And enjoyed cycling more than usual in consequence.</p> <p>Some Special Spins. But Edgar Henson and the Excelsior boys have not been lay. One of their special spins was through Falborough and Midhurst away into Hampshire, touching Cheriton and Tisbury, coming home by the Havant and Chichester road—something over a hundred miles altogether.</p> <p>Another day they were at Badhill whilst yet the morning was young. Edgar and Percy Henson, with Albert Standing, rode up and down the country after G. A. Olley, when he covered one thousand miles in four days and nine hours and three minutes.</p> <p>Did not one of the Worthing trio, when chased in the dark by two cycling police, elude his pursuers, light his offending lamp, and then send the constables on a wild goose chase down a side road after nobody? I wonder if Edgar was the guilty man!</p> <p>Another example of industrious pedalling is</p>	<p>Another example of industrious pedalling is Henson's record ride from Worthing to Hastings and back in five hours and fifty-nine minutes. Frank Medhurst, too, has not been idle. Always fit, he rode to Bath and back with scarcely a stop one day quite early in the year, long before some of us had got into riding trim.</p> <p>Almost my longest ride this year—a hundred mile spin over Hindhead, through Farnfield and Emsworth—was in company with Medhurst and Ashford. 'Twas an effort for me, but a mere dawdle to the hard-riding Medhurst!</p> <p>The Great Feature. But the feature of the year has been the harvest of medals which the speed section of the Excelsior Club has gathered on the road. Never before have so many victories been won by the Club boys; never has so much sporting enthusiasm existed. The following is a list of the men to be "hull nacked": One hundred miles, A. H. Kay, 4hrs. 42mins.; E. Henson, 4hrs. 5mins.; H. Wortley, 4hrs. 3mins.; G. Brown, 4hrs. 11mins.; E. Sawkins, 4hrs. 16mins.; V. Cowan, 4hrs. 21mins.; A. Standing, 4hrs. 22mins.; F. Flint, 4hrs. 27mins.; J. Flint, 4hrs. 33mins.; C. Laundry, 4hrs. 36mins. Twelve hour rides: D. Laundry, 171 miles; A. Standing, 156 miles; V. Cowan, 156 miles; E. Sawkins, 158 miles; F. Flint, 140 miles.</p> <p>In the twelve hours rides it should be remembered that Flint had a couple of hours to spare, Sawkins and Cowan an hour and half, and Standing twenty-two minutes, after riding the distances with which they are credited.</p> <p>Turning now to the Club run side of cycling, we lose than sixty Excelsiorites assembled to dine at Hoobold on President Warne's run; and to amble back to Bramber for tea, brick-cycling, and lots of innocent fun provided by the genial head of the Club.</p> <p>Despite a wet evening, forty numbers were in evidence—very much so!—at the Honorary Secretary's run to Findon, and a similar muster greeted the Annual Strawberry Feast at Washington.</p> <p>Happy Little Outings.</p>	<p>Happy Little Outings. Yes, Captain Duffield has had some big musters under his charge this year! Many of the smaller runs to Burpham, Bramber, Wisborough Green, etc., have been wonderfully happy little outings too!</p> <p>The Invicta Club, which specialises in Club runs and taboos the wicked speed man, has gone very strongly this year. Generally a dozen or more strong, the Invictas have cycled forth week by week, and passed many a jolly evening.</p> <p>And though machines are not so much in use now the dark days have come, the Club is quite alive; for a regular series of Social Evenings will carry the Invicta people through the winter, and keep them together.</p> <p>The Alexandra Club, too, is very game; indeed, I have seen the Alex. men scurrying along with their President half a mile in the rear! But I believe that he is very patient with his impetuous charges.</p> <p>Angels on Wheels. Again, there is the recently-formed Angels C.C., already over fifty strong. They encourage speed; ever and anon they run a handicap off to Horsham and back. On a poor day I have known half-a-dozen of the Angels to beat two hours and twenty minutes on this course.</p> <p>Scribe Parker tells me the Angels have an unknown patroness who, under the pen-name of "Lady Dare," has given the Club a subscription, promised to continue it, and offered a donation to the prize fund. I congratulate the Club on the possession of an interesting little mystery; for no one knows the identity of the anonymous fair one.</p> <p>Lastly, I am pleased to notice, too, that the veteran Sam Clark came out once this year. He was a one mile Veterans' Handicap at Emsworth which tempted Sam to again don his racing colours. As of old, he got among the prizes, bringing off a second.</p> <p>And, now, speedmen and potters, adieu! us hope to make up a party again next season and week by week to come and gossip together in this column about the doings of the Wheeling World. Meantime, however, do not give up the wheel. Let not King Winter make you and your trusty steed prisoners!</p> <p>DICK TURPIN.</p>
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