

THE WHEELING WORLD
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<p style="text-align: center;">THE WHEELING WORLD. ----- A WEEKLY SURVEY. ----- Dick Turpin's Cycling Gossip.</p> <p>A Real Cure. ARE you ever pessimistic, good reader, and do you sometimes fancy life is all work and worry—with intervals for mulligrubs! I make no confessions, remember, but I can tell you of a cure for this. 'Tis not patented and sold by all chemists in bottles bearing "our special wrapper." ----- In fact, it is a real cure. ----- Its name is Hindhead—open, breezy Hindhead! The Irrespressible and I, after tandeming through Horsham, walking over Kowhook, and admiring the grandly picturesque house in Bynard's Park, envied Cranleigh its village green, and then dodged from Wonersh across to Godalming to take the cure one day last week. ----- At Godalming we joined the London-Portsmouth road, and made our way, aided by a nor'easterly breeze, through Milford. Crossing Witley Common, a lark, high overhead, sang us a welcome to the Hindhead country, the threshold of which we now were crossing. ----- As We Got Higher. A mile farther on the three-miles climb commenced, and we pushed happily along, with acres upon acres of furze and bracken on either side of us. As we got higher the view opened out. Away on our left was a foreground of wooded hills belonging to Surrey, with a background consisting of half West Sussex. ----- Some of the South Downs—Duncton, Bignor, Rackham, and Chauctonbury—gave a friendly nod across the intervening miles when I scaled the footpath to the top of Gibbet Hill for the view. Nine hundred feet up, one gets a good outlook! ----- Then we free-wheeled down to the world in general and Liphook in particular, and soon were putting a finishing touch to a light meal of eggs and tea, with the aid of a dish of raspberries, in Bake. ----- Still on the London-Portsmouth route, we rode</p>	<p>Still on the London-Portsmouth route, we rode through Petersfield, scaled Butser Hill, and made over the Downs to Horndean. Here we left the classic highway to continue its south-westerly journey on a few more miles; we came south to Emsworth, whence the road through Chichester and Arundel brought us home, with a total of a hundred and one miles and a feeling of deep satisfaction apiece. ----- And renewed faith in Essence of Hindhead as a medicine! ----- The Merry Road Racer. Whatever the weather, the merry road racer goes merrily on his way. Dust in his coat or mud on his back, either serves only to add an interest to the game of grinding out miles at three minutes a time! ----- A few mornings back, after groping around to stifle the rages of my peremptory alarm clock, I floated mostly away to Arundel in a sea of rain and mud. A hundred miles road race was happening, and I had to visit Marshals along twenty miles of the course. ----- Exchanging mutual sympathies with those at Quingley, declining Sam Cheek's kind offer of liquid refreshment two miles farther on, and getting moisture enough for ten as I splashed along past patiently waiting officials, I reached Arundel. Here a former Mayor of that ancient and respectable borough had been awaiting the riders since half-past five! ----- Soon they came along, one by one, happy though smothered in mud. As I continued my round I passed here and there a man in distress with his tyres, but nary a one was cross. They have stout hearts, these road racers! ----- At Poulter's Corner, where Hanson and Cowan were busy, one man laughingly explained he had punctured both tyres and two spare ones to boot! So he was walking home! ----- Survival of the Fittest.</p>	<p>Survival of the Fittest. When the procession of mud statues finished their hundred miles it was found that out of thirty-three starters only eleven had survived the struggle. One of these completed the journey in six hours and a minute, whilst four others occupied less than another quarter of an hour. ----- A few days later three of the Excelsior speedmen measured their strength in a similar race. Weather was somewhat more kind, but as the trio sped over the muddy roads they each acquired a small landed estate—on their backs! ----- There was a deal of wind about, too; but our men are tough, and came through in fine style. Ernest Sawkins escaped tyre troubles, and covered the hundred miles in the fine time of five hours and fifty minutes; Fred Flint was hindered by having a tyre blow off, but was only four minutes longer. ----- Victor Cowan's luck was right out! Three times did his tyre burst and cost precious time in repairs; finally, after other troubles, he changed machines and continued the race on a hopelessly unsuitable mount; even then he finished in six hours and eleven minutes. ----- The Excelsiorites may well be proud of their speed man! ----- Thanks and Congratulations. When not racing, they are usually getting famous in other ways. Henschel and Nutt, the well-known London tandem crew, broke twelve hours' record for the South last week by riding two hundred and seventeen miles in the time. They now write me, desiring, through this column, to thank the Excelsior men who helped in the successful ride. ----- Therefore, Excelsiorites, consider yourselves thanked by Henschel and Nutt for your assistance! ----- And, Henschel and Nutt, consider yourselves congratulated by the Excelsiorites upon your record ride. It will take some boating! ----- <i>Dick Turpin</i></p>
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A WEEKLY SURVEY.

 Dick Turpin's Cycling Gossip.

A Real Cure.
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Some of the South Downs - Duncton, Bignor, Rackham, and Chanctonbury - gave a friendly nod across the intervening miles when I scaled the footpath to the top of Gibbet Hill for the view. Nine hundred feet up, one gets a good outlook!

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Still on the London-Portsmouth route, we rode through Petersfield, scaled Butser Hill, and made over the Downs to Horndean. Here we left the classic highway to continue its south-westerly journey on a few more miles; we came south to Emsworth, whence the road through Chichester and Arundel brought us home, with a total of a hundred and one miles and a feeling of deep satisfaction apiece.

And renewed faith in Essence of Hindhead as a medicine!

The Merry Road Racer.

Whatever the weather, the merry road racer goes merrily on his way. Dust in his throat or mud on his back, either serves only to add an interest to the game of grinding out miles at three minutes a time!

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Exchanging mutual sympathies with those at Offington, declining Sam Clark's kind offer of liquid refreshment two miles farther on, and getting moisture enough for ten as I splashed along past patiently waiting officials, I reached Arundel. Here a former Mayor of that ancient and respectable borough had been awaiting the riders since half-past five!

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