



THE WHEELING WORLD.

A WEEKLY SURVEY.

 Dick Turpin's Cycling Gossip.

Battles of the Year.

LAST week witnessed the closing run of the Excelsior Club for the season. This week had seen the concluding attempt to win one of the Club Road medals. And on Saturday it has been arranged to hold the customary meet of speedmen at Crawley, where South London and Croydon will vie with Worthing and Horsham in the rendering of merry choruses as the battles of the year are fought again – not on the road, but around the

A Bit of Arithmetic.

Ernest Sawkins, too, has been enjoying himself in his own particular manner. A London tandem crew, seeking two hundred and twenty miles in twelve hours, enlisted Ernest and Kay, of Horsham, as followers on a spare tandem.

Seven o'clock in the morning saw the record breakers and their followers flitting from Horsham to Offington in fifty minutes! This sort of thing was kept up, more or less, to Fareham and back; a bit of arithmetic on Ernest's part at the end of the day telling him he had totalled one hundred and twenty-seven miles of tandem riding and forty on his single.

And Ernest went happily to sleep.

A Plucky Performance.

The last Excelsior medal ride of the season has taken place. W. Stephenson, intent on adding another medal to his collection, indulged in an attempt to ride a hundred and eighty-five miles in "once round the clock."

A hot pace was set at the start. Wick went reached in nineteen minutes, and Stephenson sped through Arundel, Chichester, Havant, and Cosham to Fareham in time to get a drink from the early morning milkman, who had not finished his rounds.

On the way back the Excelsiorite had a bad time; but he worried through it, and reached Offington about five hours after the start.

A pasture awaited him at Hickstead; he changed on to a spare machine, which, however, did not suit him. This he rode through Horsham, Crawley, and Redhill, to Farley, where he arrived smothered in mud and literally drenched.

Regaining his own mount soon after, Stephenson manfully ploughed his way southward, with mud flying in all directions. It was an impossible day for speed, but he meant to see the ride through.

And pedalling doggedly on, the Excelsiorite

finished his twelve hours on Knepp Hill, having ridden a distance of between a hundred and seventy and a hundred and eighty miles on a day when most men would have surrendered at half the distance.

Jack Standing, Medhurst, and Fred and Jack Flint worked hard as followers, doing all they could to help their plucky Club-mate. But miles of muddy roads and hours of rain had to be reckoned with, and I doubt not Stephenson will treasure highly the gold-centre medal which will award his determination.

On a good day he would ride two hundred miles with less trouble, I am certain.

A Wheelman's Appreciation.

"I should like to thank the 'sport' who followed me and got me a drink and some rice at West Grinstead; he was a brick, and no mistake!"

Thus writes "Billy" Pett, ex-Champion of the World, breaker of records, and winner of Championships. The "sport" who earned his thanks was Frank Medhurst, who looked after "Billy" in the absence of his pal Edgar Henson, who had punctured earlier in the game.

Pett was riding a hundred miles, and qualified for a gold medal, his time for the distance being five hours and thirty-eight minutes. Pett is a good sort, and very popular with the Excelsiorites. He concluded his letter by expressing the wish that Worthing was a little nearer, so that he might see the boys more often.

Dick Turpin

Festive board!

This sort of thing suggests a general putting up of the shutters for the winter! But I hope there yet remain a few weeks of autumn riding.

A friend and I have concocted a little plan to wander awheel to Devonshire shortly, and the execution of this little plan depends largely upon our having a week or two of autumn conditions.

For only the real philosopher can truly enjoy a wet cycling tour! And though I keep hoping, as the time draws nearer, Devonshire seems farther and farther away, somehow!

North Wales Still Undiscovered!

'Twas but two of three weeks ago that the Irrepressible set out awheel in search of North Wales. Came the rain, and after sojourning at Midhurst the wheelman abandoned his tour. A fortnight in Warwickshire and round about went far towards solacing him, however, whilst he still has North Wales to look forward to.

And the latter is a great consideration, for the Irrepressible has been over a good deal of country, and must be at a loss for new ground, I imagine.

The veteran Sam, too, thinks nothing of cycling across a couple of counties ere midday. Last Saturday morning he frisked away up to Town per bike, in order to hear the Band Contests at the Crystal Palace.

Sam found the roads wet, but otherwise in good order, and quite enjoyed his outing. The Veteran is fond of music, and the programme at the Palace, sandwiched between a couple of fifty-mile jaunts, was just to his taste.

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