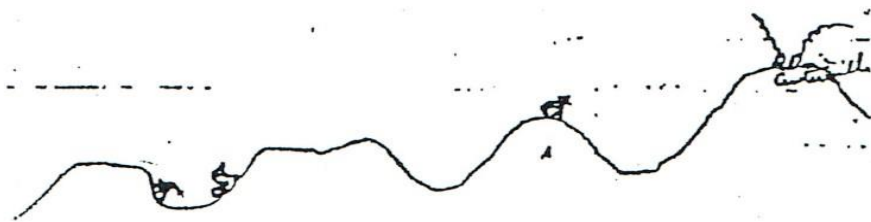
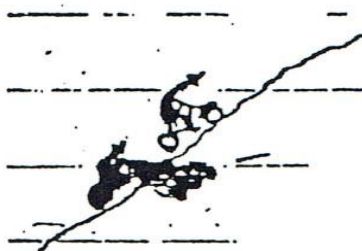


An Evening Tour to Miamisburg.

by Wilbur Wright.

WE HAD A GOOD RAIN Tuesday and the roads have been good for bicycling since. Thursday afternoon we put on our suits (we are rigged up since you left) and left home at 4:15 o'clock for a run to Miamisburg. We decided to go down via the Cincinnati pike. We stopped at the Fairgrounds and ran around the track a couple times, then started South and began to climb the "classic heights of Runnymede." In the language of the lamented A. Ward "They are a success." We climbed and then we "climb" and then climbed again. To rest ourselves we called it one name awhile and then the other. The process was exactly alike in both cases and looked a good deal like this, only I had to foreshorten the top of the hill when I came to the writing instead of continuing it up about four feet past the northeast corner of the paper. Finally we got to the top and thought that our troubles were over but they were only begun for after riding about half a mile the road began to "wobble" up and down something after the following fashion.



As Royle Roache would have said "Just when we had climbed to the highest of all possible hills we immediately found that it was succeeded by a much greater." At last we got to the top of the hill marked "A" and met a man mowing hay by the road side. I said "We must be getting nearly to the top of the world, aren't we?" He pointed to a mountain about three burths of a mile away and said "Centerville is the highest point

in the County." Oh, Yes, we were going to *Miamisburg* in great shape! I had for some time had a curiosity to see the place where grandfather Wright first settled when he came West but I had not expected to come upon it so unceremoniously. I must say that his aspirations were high. From Centerville to Miamisburg, seven miles away, there is a good road and down hill nearly all the time. Just as we came into Miamisburg we coasted a hill fully a half mile long and steep—whew. We came down a flying. We then turned South and ran down to the big Indian Mound which is just south of Miamisburg and then "homeward" we our cycles turned from wandering in an unknown land."

It was just twenty three minutes till seven as we pulled out of the "Burg" and so dark that we could hardly see the road. By the time we reached Carrollton and Alexandersville all we could see was two light streaks where the wheels of wagons had rolled the ground smooth and dry. When we saw a dark place we dodged it for a mud puddle. Near Snyder's Mill the road had been gravelled and we could only ride at all in the wheel tracks which were cut deeply in, and were only about six inches wide. We kept in the track more by feeling than seeing. In one place we came near running over a wagon loaded with empty boxes. The boxes were piled up eight or ten feet but we did not see them till we were almost upon them. If we had run over them it would have been a feat of hill climbing sure enough. This experience set Orville's imagination (always active you know) to work and pretty soon he clapped on brakes and nearly threw himself from his "bike" to keep himself from running down a hill into a wagon just crossing a little bridge. When he came to the place he found no hill, no bridge and no wagon, only a little damp place in the road which showed up black in the night. We reached home at 7:35, three hours and twenty minutes from the time we started, and fifty eight minutes from Miamisburg. The total distance we made was between thirty and thirty one miles. The roads were in fine shape, hard and smooth and the air was just cool enough to be nice. We felt fresher and less tired when we got home than we did after climbing the "classic heights &c &c".

Taken from a letter to his sister of September 18, 1892. The sketches are from the original in the Library of Congress, Manuscript Division.