

THE WHEELING WORLD

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THE WHEELING WORLD.

A Weekly Survey.

DICK TURPIN'S RANDOM RECORDS.

Roads generally are in so loose a condition that cycling seems just at present only to be carried on in the most modest fashion. Cyclists still go out, but do not go far. A day or two ago I went for a spin which occupied three hours, but only took me to Angmering and back! I was reluctantly compelled to hold two tyre-repairing demonstrations in the first four miles, and this accounts both for the length of the time and the brevity of the ride.

Another annoyance I suffered at the tongue of a brother wheelman from Hertfordshire: he would persist in contrasting the Sussex flint tracks with the beautifully kept highways in his part of the country.

I didn't like it, for the reflection that other people know how to make real roads does not comfort the rider who has to endure the puncturesque roads of Sussex.

Edgar Henson had a busy holiday, so to speak, last week.

He was at Milton, near Christchurch, in Hants, where he had the entire charge of the Ambulance Department of a Camp composed of Chichester, Canterbury, and Winchester Regiments of the Church Lads' Brigade.

What with cases of sunstroke and cycling accidents, the Tarring man was thoroughly engaged, the "patients" admitted during one day alone numbering thirty-two. On Friday Sam Clark turned up per bicycle, and lent a hand with the first-aid work, at which both are experts.

The pair managed, however, to eke out a little

time in which to explore the New Forest, Sam sustaining the only puncture of the trip at the historic spot where Rufus Stone marks the place at which the Royal, but unpopular, Norman also sustained a puncture of a more serious nature, it being caused by the misdirected arrow of a fellow huntsman and resulting fatally.

At Christchurch Sam indulged in his hobby of inspecting old Churches, and the wheelmen were much interested in a list of charitable bequests which was painted up in the tower of one of the ecclesiastical edifices.

Ten shillings a year went to remunerate a "suitable, God-fearing man" who annually preached a sermon on the miseries of man! Bicycles were not invented in those days, so presumably mankind allowed its miseries greater sway. Nowadays we go for a spin and forget

Three shillings and fourpence was the annual

income from a legacy to the poor, who, I take it, were not so important an item as the miseries.

At Milton the cyclists visited a "folly," in the shape of a tower two hundred and thirty-six feet in height, built of concrete blocks and iron girders. Not even its builder has the faintest idea of its purpose, and it simply serves to exercise the minds and muscles of the numerous visitors who toil up its three hundred and eighty-six steps.

After seeing Henson and the three Regiments of juvenile soldiers embark at Bournemouth Sam weighed anchor and pedalled his speedy craft back through the New Forest—now looking A.L.—to Southampton, and thence horn?, covering over ninety miles on the last day of his interesting ride.

It is "all hands to the pump" now with the Excelsior Club, in order to make a big success of the annual Race Meeting on Wednesday next.

Honorary Race Secretary Duffield informs me that entries are coming in splendidly from runners and walkers, cyclists and motorists; and he is expecting a really fine show.

A fine trophy has been provided by the members of the Corporation to be run for; whilst a local gentleman, prominent in the motoring world, has put up another magnificent trophy for competition between the motor cyclists. Everything looks very promising.

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At Christchurch Sam indulged his hobby of inspecting old churches, and the wheelmen were more interested in a list of charitable bequests which was painted up in the tower of one of the ecclesiastical edifices.

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ⁱ A “more durable memorial” was erected in 1841, possibly
the iron one which still stands there. When we (Daphne
and I) visited in 1957, we were told that it encloses the
original stone. JDG.