

## THE WHEELING WORLD

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Turpin: 21.9.1904, P2C5

<p><b>THE WHEELING WORLD.</b> A Weekly Survey. <b>DICK TURPIN'S RANDOM RECORDS.</b></p> <p><b>T</b>HE autumn of the astronomer commences this week; but the autumn of the cyclist—whose seasons are not fixed by solstice and equinox—is already well under way. The cyclist judges by the “nippy” morning air, the leaves which have commenced to fall, the ripened fruit, and the early hour in the evening at which he has to light his lamp.</p> <p>But what a lovely autumn! Cyclists are out in shoals; and all the world and his wife seem to be blackberrying.</p> <p>Nevertheless, one or two wheelmen get out upon long journeys. Sam Clark and a friend set out the other day for Mayfield, but missed the little East Sussex town somehow, and pulled up within a few miles of Tunbridge Wells.</p> <p>So the pair changed their destination to Hastings, which they reached without further adventure.</p> <p>On the return they were joined at Lewes by Edgar Henson and a friend; Bert Paine's father swelled the throng soon after; whilst yet another wheeling acquaintance accompanied them for a part of the journey.</p> <p>One morning this week some local cyclists who are also choristers had been out early—for singing lessons from the lark, or to tune their vocal organs with the fresh country air; I cannot say which.</p> <p>After a walk up the Bostel one of the party had stopped to light his pipe, when a violent blow at the back sent him flying! When he recovered breath he discovered a strange cyclist sprawling on the ground, after having ridden up the hill with his head down, and charged into the chorister without seeing him!</p> <p>The conversation which ensued is, fortunately,</p>	<p>The conversation which ensued is, fortunately, lost to history; but the incident is a warning against allowing one's mind to be totally absorbed in the labour of pedalling when climbing hills, or in the pleasant occupation of lighting a pipe when the hill is surmounted.</p> <p>Another minor mishap to a Worthing cyclist serves as a warning against a common but risky practice with many wheelmen. The rider was hurrying along with a bag in his hand; his knee struck the bag, which then knocked the handlebar round sharply, and a nasty fall followed, resulting in damage to person and clothing.</p> <p>Several instances of spills caused in this way have come under my notice; and I still recall some weird gyrations of my own, made in similar circumstances over a dozen years ago, when I carried a bag in that way. Since which I have carried no other!</p> <p>Out beyond Poynings the other day the Irrepressible and I witnessed a spill which forethought would have prevented. A Sussex chess-player living in Brighton was speeding gaily along with a fair wind and—incidentally—a loose chain.</p> <p>The chain came off suddenly; the rider did ditto more suddenly, but was unhurt, except for a shaking and a plentiful supply of scratches. But he availed himself of our services in tightening his chain before remounting.</p> <p>I had a little kodak in my pocket, and would dearly have liked to snap the chessman in the act of falling—as a warning to others with loose chains, of course.</p> <p>But we had just “taken” the little Church</p>	<p>But we had just “taken” the little Church at Coombe, so the mixture of subjects might have been too great a strain. Situated on the slope of a fairly steep hill, the diminutive edifice offers some difficulties to the beginner in the black art.</p> <p>Standing far enough from the Church, we were too far down the hill for a camera held level to take a picture of more than its base.</p> <p>So one of us acted as tripod by holding the camera on his head; the other climbed a friendly rail, held on to the “tripod,” took aim, and just managed to click the shutter before the camera over-balanced and things collapsed generally!</p> <p>I was surprised to learn recently, from a lady member of a London Cycling Club, that medals are offered for rides upon the road by the fair ones who belong to the Club, as well as to the mere men.</p> <p>In fact, my informant—at one time a member of the Tarring C.C., and still a keen devotee of the wheel—had recently won a specimen of the Club jewellery by riding twenty-five miles in one hour forty minutes and nineteen seconds. Good work for a lady handicapped with a skirt, and riding an ordinary ladies' roadster bicycle!</p> <p>The amalgamated forces of the Tarring and Excelsior Clubs only brought out a muster of eight last Wednesday for the run to Washington.</p> <p>But the eight enjoyed themselves. They found a Fife and Drum Band and also a pianist when they reached their objective, and frivelled away an hour or two in song and dance before making the return journey.</p> <p>DICK TURPIN.</p>
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