

THE WHEELING WORLD

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<p>THE WHEELING WORLD.</p> <p>A Weekly Survey.</p> <p>DICK TURPIN'S RANDOM RECORDS.</p> <p>CYCLING was not very attractive during the past week-end; it was a case of mud-guards and mackintoshes. But October does not usually treat us this way, and we must hope for better things before long. There is one thing to be said: the roads soon dry after rain, even at this time of the year.</p> <p>I sauntered up the Horsham road the other day, finding a trio of Excelsior speed men at Washington. They came along at quite a modest pace—out of respect for my years, I suppose!</p> <p>One solitary flier was out—an Emsworth man, worrying along on a hundred miles ride—and a few steady-going riders.</p> <p>I had a camera out. I have recently practised this as an excuse for dawdling, so we “took” the recently burnt Knepp Castle, though the light was bad.</p> <p>I also tried my novice hand upon my Club-mates. This was rash!</p> <p>I made a rule not to take subjects who are capable of hitting the operator when he produces the result of his labours. Subjects will not make allowance—enough allowance, at any rate—for my liking.</p> <p>I am sorry to have to chronicle another cycling accident. What a number we have experienced this year!</p> <p>The victim on this occasion is Ben Rogers, the popular member of both the Tarring and Excelsior Clubs, who, not many months ago, broke his collar-bone.</p> <p>Ben was cycling in Worthing one day last</p>	<p>Ben was cycling in Worthing one day last week, and two youngsters, who had been larking on the pavement, suddenly transferred their scene of operations to the roadway without a moment's warning.</p> <p>The wheelman, who was riding very steadily, was brought down with an awkward fall, and had the misfortune to break the same collar-bone over again. A stranger picked him up and saw to his receiving medical attention, and poor Ben is now in dock once more for a few weeks, but is making satisfactory progress.</p> <p>Youngsters playing in the street are a menace to the most careful wheelman. All their forms of recreation seem to demand that they should dart about the road in a most erratic way, with an utter disregard to vehicle or pedestrian.</p> <p>Another local cyclist had a similar experience to Rogers last week, but fortunately no damage was done. Not even when the sweet youth grumbled at the wheelman he had brought down!</p> <p>The rider restrained his feelings, and, with the aid of two passing pedestrians, tried in a kind way to convince the boy that he should not rush blindly into the middle of the road.</p> <p>Excelsiorites are congratulating their Club-mate, Fred Blann, upon his new dignity of father. Fred is one of the pioneers of the Excelsior Club, and needless to say, Mr. Blann, junior, is destined to become a wheelman. A flier, too, I understand; for already he is on speed food of much the same nature as the road racing man uses, and, moreover, is doing well.</p> <p>Riding up Bury Hill last week an Excelsior man was putting in so much work that he pulled the handlebar completely out of his machine, the bolt having worked loose.</p> <p>He was not to be “done,” so replaced the bar, remounted, and climbed the remainder of the hill.</p> <p>DICK TURPIN.</p>
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