

THE WHEELING WORLD

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A Weekly Survey.

DICK TURPIN'S RANDOM RECORDS.

A LOCAL motorist, who shall be nameless, has recently had grave reason to doubt the superiority of the motor-bike over its humble brother, the common or push-bicycle, as a means of locomotion.

He rode from Worthing to London to pay an afternoon call on friends, and reached his destination with no unusual incident—for a motorist, that is. True, he stopped half-a-dozen times through a troublesome trembler or a cantankerous contact-breaker, or some such ordinary hitch-up; but nothing special occurred.

But anon came the journey home.

Hours had flown, and when the motorist commenced the return run King Sol seemed to shake his head in pity and sorrow as he sank to sleep in the west. Then Dame Nature in silent sadness drew the enshrouding veil of evening o'er the scene of suffering that was to ensue. And the motorist lit his acetylene lamp.

At Croydon it was necessary to obtain a fresh supply of petrol. With misplaced generosity the petrol merchant included some dirt in the purchase. Naturally the tiny pipe which conveys the petrol from the tank very soon clogged.

So every few miles the motorist fervently breathed a benediction on the petrol-and-dirt purveyor, and dismantled to clear the pipe with a piece of wire.

Eventually he got to Crawley—half-way home—where he saw other motorists in trouble. It was a tri-car with an asthmatic air tube, and our man undertook the arduous role of the Good Samaritan.

A puncture was patched; the tube was un-

joined and joined afresh; the wheel was, by dint of much exertion, removed, and a spare tube put into the tyre. All this had occupied just about two hours, including various intervals when the three heated and dishevelled travellers had temporarily ceased their struggles in order to join hands round the obstinate machine, and utter weird incantations which specially apply to leaky tyres.

Home on the Instalment Principle.

After all, the new tube was but little better, and our friend left the other pilgrims of the night gallantly scorching home on the instalment system—two miles at a time, blowing up the tyre at the commencement of each instalment.

For quite a mile no fresh trouble delayed the Worthing motorist.

Then he happened across some cyclists, one of whom led a riderless bicycle, whilst another had charge of its owner, who was suffering from a bad accident which had occurred farther along the road. Finding he could not assist here, our motorist continued until he discovered another tri-car in trouble. Which soon happened!

Wearily he turned his lamp upon the awful apparition; wearily he asked if they wanted help; wearily they accepted his assistance, and wearily the machine was got to work after some time.

When the struggle was over the Worthing man discovered he had been three hours in travelling three miles! Which is well below the speed limit!

Things went monotonously well for some miles, but at Findon the belt remembered it was time something else happened. So the belt promptly broke.

The motorist transformed himself into a pedaller, and was soon propelling the machine by his own unaided exertions with fair prospect of arriving home before the morning milk—when the lamp gave out.

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Replenishing it with some water from the pond at Findon, he slogged away in grim silence, and ultimately arrived at Worthing before the ingenious motor could think of anything else to go wrong.

I think there is considerable danger that the rider, who was only converted to motoring last season, will soon backslide into the ranks of the pedal pushers once again.

Good Resolutions.

The Excelsior C. and A.C. had quite a promising muster for the opening run last Wednesday. In various groups there were upwards of a dozen members enjoying an evening spin to Augmering, where the company passed a pleasant time—a time which caused quite a number of good resolutions (to regularly attend the runs) to be made during a charming moonlight ride home.

Last Thursday the Chichester C.C. held a hill-climb. The hill was not a desperate one, it being the ascent known as Fair Mile Bottom, near Slindon. Edgar Henson, of the Excelsior C.C., is a member of the Chichester Club, and entered the competition. Edgar would doubtless have preferred a stiffer hill—something which required climbing—but as it was he had no difficulty in making the fastest time and winning first prize, the placed men being: Henson, 6min. 7secs.; Tate, 6min. 18secs.; Grainger, 6min. 43secs.

The Magistrates at Andover, during two recent sittings, mulcted motorists in upwards of two hundred and forty pounds by way of fines and costs. The motorists will, I suspect, spell the name of the town "Hand over!"

Excelsiorites will be proud to know that their fellow member, G. A. Olley, holder of London-

Edinburgh and other records, is proposing to attempt something even bigger in July next. The speedy Vegetarian is arranging an attack on the Land's End to John O'Groats record, and contemplates prolonging his ride so as to create an unpaced bicycle record for a thousand miles! He is desirous of completing the latter distance in four days and a half, though should he occupy another day he will yet set up a record.

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