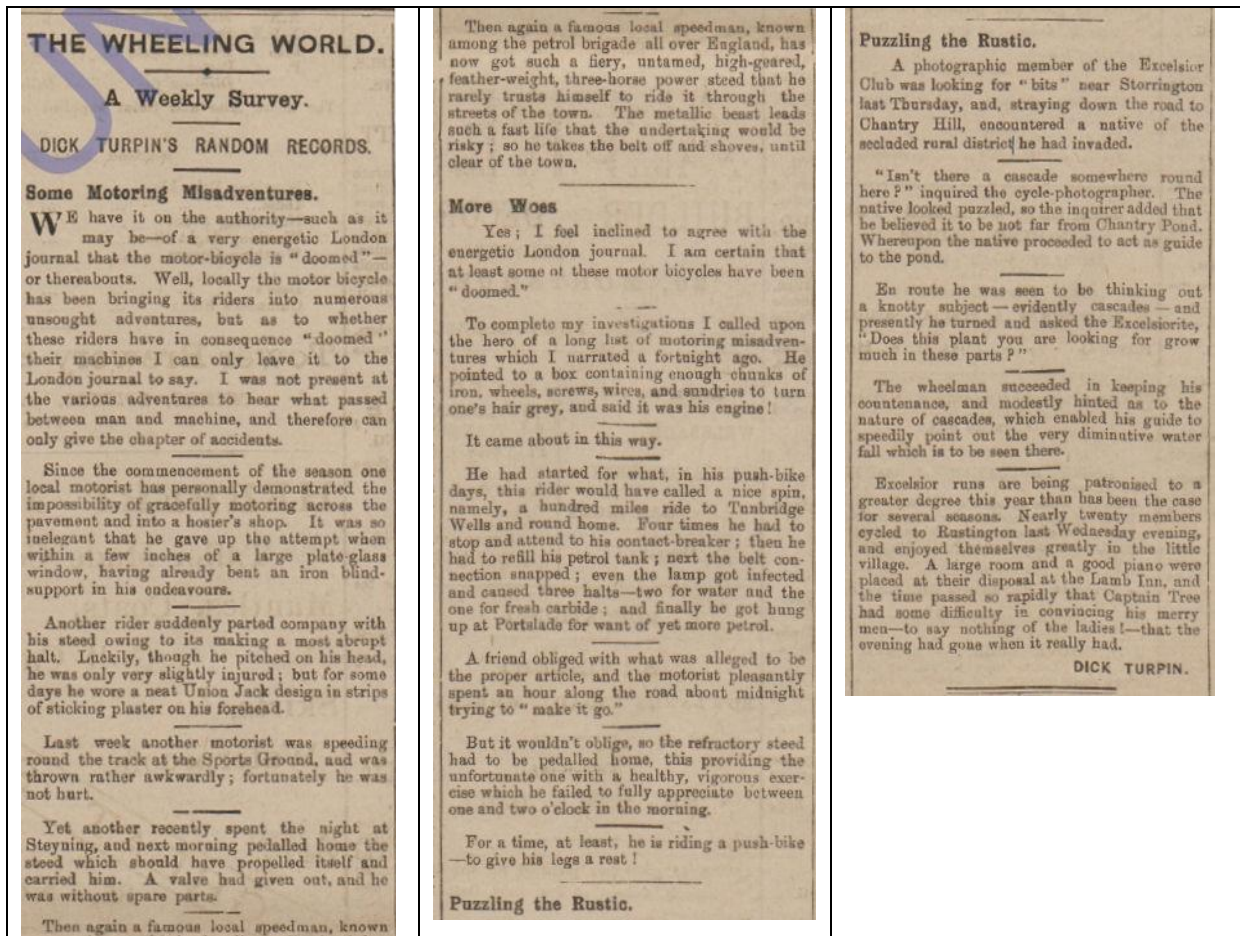


THE WHEELING WORLD

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THE WHEELING WORLD

A Weekly Survey.

DICK TURPIN'S RANDOM RECORDS.

Some Motoring Misadventures.

WE have it on the authority - such as it may be - of a very energetic London journal that the motor-bicycle is “doomed” — or thereabouts. Well, locally the motor bicycle has been bringing its riders into numerous unsought adventures, but as to whether these riders have in consequence “doomed” their machines I can only leave it to the London journal to say. I was not present at the various adventures to hear what passed between man and machine, and therefore can only give the chapter of accidents.

Since the commencement of the season one local motorist has personally demonstrated the impossibility of gracefully motoring across the

pavement and into a hosier's shop. It was so inelegant that he gave up the attempt when within a few inches of a large plate-glass window, having already bent an iron blind-support in his endeavours.

Another rider suddenly parted company with his steed owing to its making a most abrupt halt. Luckily, though he pitched on his head, he was only very slightly injured; but for some days he wore a neat Union Jack design in strips of sticking plaster on his forehead.

Last week another motorist was speeding round the track at the Sports Ground, and was thrown rather awkwardly; fortunately he was not hurt.

Yet another recently spent the night at Steyning, and next morning pedalled home the steed which should have propelled itself and carried him. A valve had given out, and he was without spare parts.

Then again a famous local speedman, known among the petrol brigade all over England, has now got such a fiery, untamed, high-g geared, feather-weight, three-horse power steed that he rarely trusts himself to ride it through the streets of the town. The metallic beast leads such a fast life that the undertaking would be risky; so he takes the belt off and shoves, until clear of the town.

More woes

Yes; I feel inclined to agree with the energetic London journal. I am certain that at least some of these motor bicycles have been "doomed."

To complete my investigations I called upon the hero of a long list of motoring misadventures which I narrated a fortnight ago. He pointed to a box containing enough chunks of iron, wheels, screws, wires, and sundries to turn one's hair grey, and said it was his engine!

It came about in this way.

He had started for what, in his push-bike days, this rider would have called a nice spin, namely, a hundred miles ride to Tunbridge Wells and round home. Four times he had to stop and attend to his contact-breaker; then he had to refill his petrol tank; next the belt connection snapped; even the lamp got infected and caused three halts - two for water and the one for fresh carbide; and finally he got hung up at Portslade for want of yet more petrol.

A friend obliged with what was alleged to be the proper article, and the motorist pleasantly spent an hour along the road about midnight trying to "make it go."

But it wouldn't oblige, so the refractory steed had to be pedalled home, this providing the unfortunate one with a healthy, vigorous exercise which he failed to fully appreciate between one and two o'clock in the morning.

For a time, at least, he is riding a push-bike - to give his legs a rest!

Puzzling the Rustic.

A photographic member of the Excelsior Club was looking for "bits" near Storrington last Thursday, and, straying down the road to Chantry Hill, encountered a native of the secluded rural district he had invaded.

"Isn't there a cascade somewhere round here?" inquired the cycle-photographer. The native looked puzzled, so the inquirer added that he believed it to be not far from Chantry Pond. Whereupon the native proceeded to act as guide to the pond.

En route he was seen to be thinking out a knotty subject - evidently cascades - and presently he turned and asked the Excelsiorite, "Does this plant you are looking for grow much in these parts?"

The wheelman succeeded in keeping his countenance, and modestly hinted as to the nature of cascades, which enabled his guide to speedily point out the very diminutive water fall which is to be seen there.

Excelsior runs are being patronised to a greater degree this year than has been the case for several seasons. Nearly twenty members cycled to Rustington last Wednesday evening, and enjoyed themselves greatly in the little village. A large room and a good piano were placed at their disposal at the Lamb Inn, and the time passed so rapidly that Captain Tree had some difficulty in convincing his merry men - to say nothing of the ladies! - that the evening had gone when it really had.

DICK TURPIN.