

## THE WHEELING WORLD

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<p style="text-align: center;"><b>THE WHEELING WORLD.</b> A WEEKLY SURVEY. Dick Turpin's Cycling Gossip.</p> <p><b>Something about Stocks.</b></p> <p>“NO, they wouldn't be much good for now-a-days!” admitted a police constable to Medhurst, Ashford, and myself at Shalford the other day. The subject of the admission was a set of weather-beaten stocks just outside the Parish Church. The policeman opined that so populous an outskirts of Guildford would require accommodation for more than two prisoners in this twentieth century.</p> <p>Are we so much worse than our forefathers, or does the law now proscribe as crimes what once were merely follies?</p> <p>Leaving the question to the policeman and the stocks, we pedalled through Guildford and down the London-Portsmouth road.</p> <p>But not for long! Ere we cleared Guildford, Medhurst's front tyre expired with a sigh—its second offence that morning, by-the-by. We did not mind, as the delay occurred at the foot of the mound whereon stands the ruined St. Catherine's Chapel.</p> <p>And we climbed up to enjoy a close inspection of the old hostel, which, centuries ago, served to shelter the pilgrims on their way from Winchester to Canterbury.</p> <p>At our feet a stream of nowadays pilgrims, doing their penance in speedy motor cars, from London to Portsmouth and back. They formed an animated spectacle, which clashed strangely with our imaginary picture of sackcloth-clad pedestrians who pulled up footsore and weary to stay a night at St. Catherine's.</p> <p><b>The Return From Cloudland.</b></p> <p>Medhurst brought us abruptly back to earth by completing his repair. At Godalming my tyre punctured, and gave us a breather before tackling the three miles climb up Hind Head against a lively sou'-wester.</p> <p>For space give me Hind Head! 'Tis said the grand panorama of far-stretching country runs into thirteen counties. Anyway, the eye wanders on all sides over miles of farze-dlad common and away into a distance, which is only ended by hills lost in blue haze.</p> <p>And as for the Devil's Punch Bowl—an ocean of punch wouldn't fill the vast sweeping valley! We wondered whence His Satanic Majesty got his thirst. Probably climbing Hind Head against sou'-westers!</p> <p>Soon we were at Liphook, doing full justice to dinner—but no punch! Thence on through Petersfield, over breezy Butser Hill, and down to Emsworth. A dawdle home through Chichester and Arundel in the cool of the evening made a pleasant conclusion to our hundred mile ride—my first this year.</p> <p><b>Beating Father Time.</b></p> <p>Take Time by the forelock is the advice of the sage. Methinks the road-racing cyclist is laying the counsel to heart this year. For four of our “speed worms”—A. Standing, J. Standing, Cowan, and Sawkins—have already been helping some of their London comrades in their bouts with Father Time.</p> <p>Speed-work in May seems unreasonably early; I suppose the good condition of the roads must account for the speed men having been bustling about between Crawley and Brighton a day or two back. Well, one can't have too much of a good, healthy sport!</p> <p>I recently saw Lanny—a familiar figure on account of his wholesale medal rides—busily airing a new machine, and looking very fit already. We are getting on!</p> <p><b>At the Altar.</b></p>	<p><b>At the Altar.</b></p> <p>“With Mr. and Mrs. J. Dudley Daymond's Compliments,” says the latest of a long procession of silver-printed cards. So another eagle is caged. As Honorary Secretary of the Southern Roads Records Association, and holder, at different times, of the one hundred miles amateur track record, London, Brighton tricycle record, and various Southern Road records, Daymond ranks as a front-rank man.</p> <p>Yet his many friends in Worthing will bear witness to his modesty, which, coupled with a sportsman's good heart, went far to explain why “the boys” would always turn out in crowds for Dudley. May fortune smile upon him and his new partner!</p> <p>Writing of Daymond recalls his compeer on road and path, G. A. Olley. The unquenchable thirst for speed cycling which the popular Vegetarian always possessed has again manifested itself. From Land's End to John of Groat's—his most recent record—is not far enough! He is now arranging an attempt on the thousand miles' record, to come off shortly.</p> <p>Probably there is no one else in Great Britain so qualified as Olley for the task; he has speed, stamina, and the knowledge of how to feed and sleep on big rides. Should George have the luck he deserves, I anticipate a fine performance from him.</p> <p><b>Might Have Been Worse!</b></p> <p>A Worthing cyclist, E. S. Jordan, had the unfortunate experience of being run down by a motor car on the Shoreham road on Sunday. The machine was wrecked, and the rider received several nasty cuts and bruises besides being badly knocked about.</p> <p>The motorists conveyed the damaged wheelman to the Hospital, where he was bandaged up. I understand Mr. Jordan was endeavouring to cross the road, and that he misjudged the speed of the oncoming car. A week will elapse before he is able to get about again.</p> <p>But how very much worse things might have been!</p> <p style="text-align: right;"><i>Dick Turpin</i></p>
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A WEEKLY SURVEY

Dick Turpin's Cycling Gossip.

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*Dick Turpin*

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## A CYCLING EXPERIENCE.

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### Was a Practical Joker at Work on the Front?

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*To the Editor of the GAZETTE.*

SIR,—Are the authorities at Worthing playing an elaborate practical joke on the cyclists who visit your charming town from the east? Late on Saturday evening, some time after dark, I was cycling along the eastern portion of the Front, when I was conscious of meeting some extraordinary resistance, and before I had quite realised what was happening, my machine had come to a dead stop, as if I had run into a somewhat elastic wall, and I was thrown clean off.

As I was picking up my machine, my lamp, and my scattered senses, I heard a shrill feminine scream, saw a lady leaving her cycle in a manner more expeditious than elegant, and heard a deep masculine ejaculation: "What in the name—!" etc.

It was therefore no freak of my own or of my machine that brought me to the ground. I then saw that the ground was covered for about a hundred yards, and to the depth of two or three inches, with sand.

In places there were deep ruts; in other

places there were corresponding elevations. My bicycle had found itself unable to plough its way through one of these drifts. In the dark the state of the ground was not discernable from the saddle. There was no light set up, or any indication of unusual conditions.

I found no sign of any convulsion of Nature that thus had converted what I generally know as an excellent surface into a miniature Sabara. I could only attribute the presence of the sand to human agency.

Of course a practical joker must have derived immense satisfaction from the expressions of the faces of cyclists as they came into contact with these heaps, and proved that a cycle is not adapted to ploughing operations: people whose sense of humour runs that way must have found the neighbourhood rich in comedy!

But as I nursed my strained wrist I must confess that the humorous aspect of the situation did not exactly obtrude itself upon me. Supposing there had been a motor-car behind me at the moment I was thrown! And surely a sand storm in the desert would have been child's play compared to the effects that two or three powerful cars would work up as they ploughed their way through!

Yours indignantly,

A BRIGHTON CYCLIST.

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