

THE WHEELING WORLD

Source: Worthing Gazette Archive
at Worthing Local Studies Library
Turpin: 29.5.1907 P2C7

<p>THE WHEELING WORLD. A WEEKLY SURVEY. Dick Turpin's Cycling Gossip.</p> <p>"Stranger, from harm protect this seat, Where young and old may rest and meet; All should unite to guard what all may share— A general good should be a general care."</p> <p>My Gratuitous Suggestion. THUS reads a notice which overlooks a roadside seat on the way from Bolney to Cowfold. Judging from the well-preserved appearance of the seat a few days back, the bit of philosophy at the end of the verse is proving effective.</p> <p>It caused me to contrast the condition of the seat with the state of the average hired bicycle. Poor tired-out hired bicycle! You are badly treated, and though "all may share," there appears to be very little evidence of "general care" for your well-being.</p> <p>So here and now I make a suggestion gratuitously to the cycle trade: Paint lines three and four of the above verse in some prominent place on each of the ill-used machines. They are faithfully helping to soop in a shilling an hour in the lowly and humble sphere of life to which changing fashions in bikes have driven them.</p> <p>Surely the lines apply to the case; if they are effective in securing "general care" of the hired bike in its old age, the cycle trade will doubtless erect a statue to my memory.</p> <p>I should like a large one in bronze, please!</p> <p>Meantime the hired bike will, I suppose, go on in patience, enduring the scorn of the new and up-to-date private bike and the disrespect even of its hirer. We treat the poor stood shamefully!</p> <p>What Should He Say?</p>	<p>What Should He Say? Cycling near Chichester last week with some friends, a clumsy youth collided with one of our party. We first lectured the youth, then temporarily repaired the machine belonging to our party, and lastly looked at the offender's bike.</p> <p>It was one of the hired persuasion!</p> <p>The front wheel was a series of fine curves—beautiful but quite useless as a wheel. Five minutes j-u-jitsu, and some of us were out of breath, but the wheel was rideable.</p> <p>Said the youth, looking at the rough and ready repair: "What shall I say to the man at the shop?" I replied: "Put the machine in a dark corner, and say 'Good-night' to him!"</p> <p>For 'twas only a hired bike!</p> <p>Those Unreliable Proverbs! Some Excelsior boys, rising early a day or two back, missed becoming "healthy, wealthy, and wise," as the proverb promises. All that happened, as they pedalled through the rain to Horsham, Crawley, and Redhill, was that they were smothered in mud.</p> <p>Later the weather cleared, and sluggards cycled in comfort. Oh, those proverbs, how they mislead us!</p> <p>The proverb, I ween, has quite gone out of date which warns us against sitting up half the night. I say "Early to bed and then early to rise makes the wheelman get smothered in slimy mud pies!"</p> <p>I hope the concealed rhyme in that bit misses</p>	<p>I hope the concealed rhyme in that bit misses the vigilant Editor; 'twere a pity that a revised proverb should be dardied to an expectant world just when it is most needed. I must have sat too long upon that roadside seat!</p> <p>However, to return to our Excelsior boys! They safely reached Redhill, about half a dozen strong, and despite their—well, travel-stained appearance, to put it mildly—were soon busy. For they had undertaken the journey to help some London fellow-sportsmen who were running off a fifty miles' road race.</p> <p>Now, I do call that sportsmanlike conduct, beyond a doubt! We can do with a lot of men like Edgar Heason, Sawkins, Cowan, Hooker, Chureber, Thompson, Standing, and Co.</p> <p>Which Reminds Me. And we have some others coming along, by all accounts. I wot of several youthful wheelmen whose limited stature at present keeps them mostly on juvenile machines. But they are keen as mustard! I should think Dudley Walker, Leonard Duffield, and W. Blythe have twenty "training spins" per week!</p> <p>Anyway, two of them ran away from the Excelsior Captain's tandem a few days back, and only waited for him at West Grinstead to be sure of their road.</p> <p>The Captain, by the way, was <i>en route</i> to Henfield, to fix up for President Warne's run on the sixteenth of June.</p> <p>Which reminds me that all Excelsiorites who propose joining in this run to Henfield are asked to send their names to Captain Duffield by Saturday of this week. A very large number is expected at this, the great run of the season, and it is necessary to make complete arrangements beforehand.</p> <p><i>Dick Turpin</i></p>
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A WEEKLY SURVEY

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