

# THE WHEELING WORLD

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<p><b>THE WHEELING WORLD.</b> A WEEKLY SURVEY. Dick Turpin's Cycling Gossip.</p> <p><b>A Recent Photographic Experience.</b> MOST cyclo-photographers of my acquaintance regard the summer months as offering but few opportunities of pictorial landscape work. A blazing sun and heavy-foliaged trees make pictures difficult to obtain. But I thought I had "struck ile" last week.</p> <p>From some high-lying open ground off the Washington-Steyning road I looked across the tree-dotted country at the foot of Chanctonbury. A chain of Downs stretched away in the distance to Rackham Hill by Amberley, and overhead struggled a procession of clouds, wild and rugged, hurried on by a lively sou'-easter.</p> <p>I rigged up the camera, chose some furze-bush foreground, and thought to secure a picture from some part of the grand panorama. It was some time since I chanced across anything more impressive.</p> <p>Then it rained—rained in real earnest, too!</p> <p>Ashford, of the Excelsior, was with me, and we spent the next half-hour under an attenuated furze-bush—more for its company than for the feeble shelter it afforded.</p> <p>Occasionally we wrung out the saturated focussing cloth which was protecting the camera, and waited on, hoping to entitle our picture "After the Storm." Alas! there was no "after." The sky went dark grey, and the rain kept remorselessly on.</p> <p>We rode home drenched, without using a plate. Yet we could both laugh when Ashford—wet through—remembered too late he had his waterproof cape with him!</p> <p><b>Whealers and The Wet.</b></p>	<p><b>Whealers and The Wet.</b> A couple of Worthing men riding down from Town a week ago found even more rain. They sheltered at Leatherhead when things got very bad; but things continued very bad. Which is to say, the rain abated not.</p> <p>Two hours of patient waiting, and they were cheered by a slight improvement which tempted them to continue their ride.</p> <p>When they arrived at Worthing A was in a soaked condition; B was equally as drowned, and also smothered in mud.</p> <p>For B had left his mud guards at home in order that he might the owner give A a "dusting-up." A's dusting-up did not happen; B had a mudding-up in place thereof!</p> <p><b>The Excelsior's Good Fortune.</b> The Excelsior C.C. is always fortunate in matters meteorological. It is an article of Captain Duffield's faith that rain cannot fall on Excelsior people at a Club function. But rain came perilously near the strawberry-feasting Excelsiorites at Washington last Wednesday.</p> <p>However, the scene of operations was transferred from Host Oharman's lawn to the large Club room, where nearly forty jolly revellers regaled themselves with tea and strawberries. A programme of songs and dances followed, and the weather cleared sufficiently to make the evening spin home an enjoyable one.</p> <p>And the Captain still holds to his faith.</p>	<p>And the Captain still holds to his faith.</p> <p>Certainly the Excelsior run last week-end to Wisborough Green furnishes further evidence in support of such faith. I started late and had to ride through rain for two or three miles. But when I met the Club they were revelling in sunshine along the road near Billingshurst. As usual, those lucky folk had seen no rain, and hoped the setting I had received would teach me to be practical for the future. I think it will.</p> <p>From Wisborough Green we returned to tea at Washington and an evening spin through Steyning, Bramber, and Shoreham. During the day all these places had rain, but not whilst the Excelsior Club was about. Not likely!</p> <p>It certainly looks as if Captain Duffield is right! He and his merry mob might enrich themselves by making hay this summer on the Club race. Judging by the fields I have seen, very few people are succeeding as well as they might.</p> <p><b>The Voice of the Alarm.</b> "Whirr-r-r!" and in a trice I had travelled back from Broadland at the back of a more tin-throated alarm clock. Yagudly I wondered at the instrument's brazen impudence in summoning me prematurely from the garden of sleep back to—what?</p> <p>Oh! yes, of course! 'Tis a quarter past four in the morning. A London Club is running a hundred miles' race, and I must await them at Arundel in an hour's time. Hasty preparations ensue; then into the saddle and away.</p> <p>A London man met me at Arundel; he had travelled all night to take up his post. First by motor taxi, which passed at Crawley, and then shed a crank at Horsham, whence, alternately walking and riding a borrowed machine, he covered the last thirty miles, and reached his allotted position with an hour to spare. He was a sportsman!</p> <p>Soon the competitors came spaddling along one by one, were duly checked, and started back with half their task carried through.</p> <p>Anxious to let my fellow-Excelsiorites see I could emulate the bird, I hastened along the route of the race as soon as my duties were over. Ashford was at Hammerpot Hill to keep the course clear; Captain Duffield was helping</p>	<p>to feed the men at O'lington; Harry Greenfield, T. A. Dumas, V. Cowan, Sam Clark, with a sprinkling of London men, were all wide awake, and helping at tricky corners or where a flying wheelman, strange to the road, might come to grief.</p> <p>It set me wondering how many alarm clocks are required to run a road race!</p> <p><i>Dick Turpin</i></p>
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A WEEKLY SURVEY  
Dick Turpin's Cycling Gossip.

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### **The Voice of the Alarum.**

"Whirr-r-r-r!" and in a trice I had travelled back from dream land at the beck of a mere tin-throated alarum clock. Vaguely I wondered at the instrument's brazen impudence in summoning me peremptorily from the garden of sleep back to - what?

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*Dick Turpin*