

THE WHEELING WORLD

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<p>THE WHEELING WORLD. A WEEKLY SURVEY. Dick Turpin's Cycling Gossip.</p> <p>Our Meteorological Assortment. THE mixed weather this summer is proving somewhat trying, even to the most philosophic of wheelmen. The man who, day after day, can cycle out into the country and smilingly don and doff a mackintosh cape at the whim of the weather is not yet born. At infrequent intervals such showery days have a charm of their own. We hide in the hedge and are quite ready to cheerfully agree with the passing farm hand that "the rain will do the crops a power of good."</p> <p>Our solicitude for the crops, however, wears somewhat thin when we find ourselves halfway through August, looking back over months of wet or uncertain weather, and forward to —.</p> <p>Well, what one looks forward to depends much on the present state of the individual's liver at the time of looking.</p> <p>The dyspeptic is usually a pessimist; he, I ween, anticipates and dreads a rainy autumn. The clear-eyed, healthy-complexioned man, on the other hand, counts with equal confidence on a long, delightful autumn, with vistas of ripe fruit and warm sunshine to colour many an evening spin when the leaves are falling.</p> <p>The moral is obvious: Be an optimist.</p> <p>Whatever the effort, it is worth it; and whilst awaiting sweet September, make the most of boisterous August!</p> <p>In the Draught.</p>	<p>In the Draught. Boisterous it certainly was one day last week when Durant the Irrepressible and a brother wheelman set out on a tandem for a long jaunt.</p> <p>A heavy cross wind did not prevent their riding through Horsham to Godalming without a dismount. Thence by Milford they had to put in much hard work against what was now a strong head wind which caused them to walk much of the climb over Hindhead.</p> <p>Padding the hoof served very well; 'twere a pity to hurry over the vast open common clad in surze, bracken, and heather, and the mighty Devil's Punch Bowl deserves more than the passing attention it is like to receive from the wheelman who stoops to pedal the whole of the three miles of tedious ascent.</p> <p>With the wind howling defiance our tandems made their way to Rease, where a down-pour of rain drove them to dine. Resuming, they pushed on through Petersfield and over Baser Hill, another dose of rain besprinkling them whilst the wind on the high, open road buffeted them, and was nigh causing an involuntary dismount more than once.</p> <p>Boreas as an Ally. Reaching Emsworth they turned and promptly switched in the high gear—low and medium had hitherto been most in evidence. But the wind was now their friend and the tandems pranced along gaily with a ninety-six gear and a couple of big smiles! Bude Boreas helped with a will, and they came home through Chichester and Arundel in style.</p> <p>The ride—just over a hundred miles—occupied less than nine hours, which meant that under the circumstances—wind, hills, and a novice at tandeming on the back—a fair amount of honest hard pedalling had been expended!</p> <p>More than a fair amount of the same commodity was recently put forth by Bert Churcher, of the Excelsior Club. Bert and bicycle had been holidaying in the West of England, and had spent an enjoyably lazy time.</p> <p>As a grand finale the Excelsiorite rode from Gloucester to Worthing—about a hundred and sixty mile—in one long solid slice of fifteen hours' cycling. Such a procedure in my case would have to be followed promptly by another lazy holiday.</p> <p>A Misadventure. I number many wheelmen among my acquaintances, wheelmen of varying shades of respectability, riders of highly respectable roadsters, with mudguards and brakes, down to wicked young men with rakish, fast road racers.</p> <p>It was with real pain the other morning I discovered one of my wheeling friends of the highest respectability—two brakes and complete mudguards!—had somehow darkened that portion of his epidermis which surrounded his left visual organ.</p> <p>Putting it bluntly, he had got a black eye!</p> <p>But he explained matters, and I immediately acquitted him of the charge of pugilistic arguments with timekeeping police officers.</p> <p>Riding through Shoreham a clumsy telegraph boy—cycling at full speed on his wrong side—had collided with him, with the sad result already mentioned, to say nothing of completely wrecking his machine.</p> <p>I hope my friend will make someone pay the piper; a lesson to the Shoreham telegraph boy seems to be badly needed.</p> <p><i>Dick Turpin</i></p>
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A WEEKLY SURVEY

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