

THE WHEELING WORLD

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Dick introduces the "Man on the Hill."

<p>A Weekly Survey.</p> <p>DICK TURPIN'S RANDOM RECORDS.</p> <p>THE fortunes of the Worthing Excelsior Cycling and Athletic Club have been read! Yes, gentle reader, I have had its horoscope cast for your especial benefit by the Man on the Hill. For who could better wrest the mysteries of the future—so far as they relate to the destinies of the Cycling Club—from the Signs of the Zodiac than the Man on the Hill?</p> <p>For the Man on the Hill is the Secretary of the Cycling Club.</p> <p>Therefore on a recent occasion did I venture into his mystic cave, where I found him intently watching a wooden bowl—briar, I believe—which contained some smouldering, sweet-smelling incense, purchased from a neighbouring tobacconist.</p> <p>Bowing low before him I said in trembling tones: "Oh! Man on the Hill, tell me, will the Excelsior C.C. prosper in the season that has dawned?"</p> <p>Removing the bowl of incense, which he had held in his teeth by a kind of stem, the learned reader of the heavens emitted a cloud of smoke, and, after a fruitless search for his crystal ball, gazed profoundly into the depths of a glass inkpot which happened to be handy.</p> <p>Gradually a strange light illuminated his features as the spell began its work, and presently the Man on the Hill broke the strained silence.</p> <p>"The Star of the Cycling Club," said he in</p>	<p>"The Star of the Cycling Club," said he in impressive accents, "is in the ascendant, and is subject to powerful favouring influences from the star Presidents Warne, with which it has lately come in conjunction. This influence is working in the direction of future prosperity for the group of stars to which it belongs, and which represent the town of Worthing."</p> <p>For a moment the Man on the Hill drew inspiration—and smoke—from his fiery wooden bowl; then he again gazed into the glass inkpot.</p> <p>"In the near future," he continued, "on Whit Monday, in fact, I see a Sports Meeting being conducted by the Club. There seems to be a military display, and cheering crowds are watching the first-class sport for which the Club is justly famed.</p> <p>"Nine days farther into the future I see a hundred happy faces at the Club's annual Garden Party at Findon; games, tea, music, and dancing are all in full swing.</p> <p>"Again I see the Club revelling; it is the annual Strawberry Feed on July 5th, and there is tumult of mirth.</p> <p>"Peering deeper into the unveiled future, I perceive a vast concourse of cheering and excited spectators, who are thrilled by magnificent sport at the Club's Annual Race Meeting on August 23rd. It is a great day.</p> <p>"Every fortnight I can trace a band of Excelsiorites, headed by Captain Tree, cycling together to spend a jolly evening amidst rural surroundings.</p> <p>"Yes," concluded the learned seer as he pushed the glass inkpot from him, "the Excelsior Club will be a busy and successful Club in 1905!"</p> <p>So I crossed the great man's palm with silver a half-crown, which made me an Excelsiorite for another year—and inquired "Tell me, oh! Man on the Hill, will the Club hold any wicked road races?"</p>	<p>But he shirked the question. "My horologium tells me the day is far spent, and ere nightfall it is meet that I should sit on the hill, alone under the stars." And he hurried to catch the Findon bus.</p> <p>But, gentle reader, I think there is much truth in the predictions of the Man on the Hill. The Club is showing new signs of life on every hand; new members are wanted, and will, I hope, be forthcoming; the Club-run question is being seriously tackled; the President is all enthusiasm, and every one means to help things along.</p> <p>Scribe Fibbens says the necessary one shilling entrance fee and half-crown subscription will prove a sound investment; and I think that is right, good reader. Try it!</p> <p>When Edgar Henson won a gold medal last year for his twelve hours' ride, Read and Mungeam, of the Excelsior Club, were among those who followed him, Mungeam covering a very large proportion of the distance.</p> <p>Both were new to speed work then, and, finding they were interested, Edgar has kept an eye on them since. A week or two ago he started to take them to Crawley but he informs me they took him to Crawley instead!</p> <p>The new recruits kept grinding out miles at an alarming rate, and Edgar discovered that he had a big task on hand. Eighty-five minutes took them into Crawley, where coffee was gladly partaken of by the veteran.</p> <p>I understand that he touched no eatables, as the twenty-seven miles scorch with a pair of unsuspected fliers had furnished him with sufficient food for reflection. But Edgar is a tough subject, and since then has survived other rides in the company of the young bloods.</p> <p>Next week there is no Excelsior Club run; the Tarring C.C. visit Arundel.</p> <p style="text-align: right;">DICK TURPIN.</p>
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