

THE WHEELING WORLD

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<p>THE WORTHING GAZETTE.</p> <p>THE WHEELING WORLD.</p> <p>A Weekly Survey.</p> <p>DICK TURPIN'S RANDOM RECORDS.</p> <p>FOR a day's dawdling awheel I think a spin I took early this week would be hard to beat. Though barely a sixty miles run, it takes one through five small country towns and many villages, some of which are well worth seeing for the rustic simplicity and rural charm which characterise them. On the way the rider sees one Cathedral; three Castles, two of which are in ruins; three parks; country seats of the Earl Marshal of England, a Lord, and a Duke; numerous interesting churches, and much pretty scenery. If that is not enough for a day I don't know where to suggest in Sussex. But to describe the spin.</p> <p>It was a lovely day for lazy riding, the sun being pretty warm and the wind too strong for it to be worth while to make a big journey. So I was not surprised, after riding through Findon and on to Washington Bostal, to find a few Excelsiorites basking in the sun and looking lazy.</p> <p>Further on, a rider was working nobly against a head wind whilst his lady derived considerable assistance by holding on to a line attached to her gallant knight's machine. A new kind of St. George and the Drag-on, I thought.</p> <p>Near Storrington I saw one of the tents which cycling campers use so largely now. I admired the camper's site, for he had chosen a spot which, though high and dry, was nicely sheltered from east and north. I also admired his pluck when I pictured him with only a thin, flimsy sheet 'twixt himself and a wet night! I like the brick-and-mortar tents best myself.</p> <p>Through Pulborough and Fittleworth, both</p>	<p>Through Pulborough and Fittleworth, both looking very pretty with the trees in full foliage and the fields wonderfully fresh, I noticed quite a number of patient fishermen plying rod and line by the river-side.</p> <p>A mile or two farther and I temporarily forsook the high road to roam across a brook or two and through some fields and a copse.</p> <p>I found my way, though it was twenty years since I had been there, at which time I and a number of other young men of tender years used to be robber chieftains and infest the region when we were not at school. The region looked strangely peaceful and very pretty, to my surprise.</p> <p>Petworth came next, its tall stately spire being visible for miles. Petworth House strikes one as a severely plain building, though the gardens and park are fine enough to make up the deficiency in beauty on the part of the house.</p> <p>Tillington Church then peeped out from a cluster of trees, after which I rode through Cowdray Park, switchbacking up and down a road which was shaded by some grand old trees, past numbers of fawn who glanced sharply round as I went by, though they unconcernedly renewed their grazing at once. Evidently they were not afraid of cyclists.</p> <p>The ruins of Cowdray Castle followed next, and were well worth making the half mile detour which is necessary to get to them. I only spared the time to make a single photograph of the place, and a resolution to come again; after I proceeded into Midhurst, discovered the road to Chichester, and was soon engaged in an eleven miles plug against the wind, which brought me to the Cathedral City.</p> <p>From Chichester I wandered lazily homewards through Arundel, thinking how accurate was the prophecy an unknown rider had sung out to me near Pulborough in the morning—"It's a nice day!"</p> <p>The unknown one was riding a tandem</p>	<p>The unknown one was riding a tandem with a rationally dressed lady; evidently this costume is not dead yet, though one sees it so rarely.</p> <p>Sam Clark wishes to express his thanks to all those friends who have congratulated him on again winning the Sussex Veterans' Championship; particularly "W. W. H.," who sends anonymously some verses from Willesden alluding to Sam's "red-hot tyre," and concluding with a suggestion:</p> <p>For those who want a lively jaunt, Just let them have as pacer The Champion Veteran—sure a better 'un There is not on a racer.</p> <p>Fresh from his successful efforts in sprint racing at the Excelsior Club's Whit-Monday Sports, Howard recently made an attack on the Club's hundred miles' medal ride. Having already secured the gold medal for a century in six hours and a half, it was necessary for the speed merchant to cover the distance in six hours and a quarter to secure further honours.</p> <p>Despite a stiff breeze and some rain, he rode the thirty-three miles to Westhampnett and back in one hour, fifty minutes, and was going strong when he punctured near Horsham.</p> <p>Finding he had to pump the tyre at too frequent intervals for speed purposes, he changed on to Medhurst's machine, but could not get comfortable, though he reached Woodhatch in good time.</p> <p>On the return journey he had to stop and change a wheel, however, and the loss of time which this involved just spoilt his ride, as he finished at Broadwater two minutes outside the very "warm" time of six hours and a quarter. Considering the tyre troubles and the hindering wind it was a splendid ride, and doubtless Howard will soon do battle with Father Time once again upon the almost classic Excelsior hundred miles course.</p> <p>I am glad to notice the Excelsior Club's runs continue to gain popularity. Nearly a score of</p>
		<p>I am glad to notice the Excelsior Club's runs continue to gain popularity. Nearly a score of members frivelled an hour or two away very enjoyably at Washington last Wednesday, even serious-minded speed merchants joining the happy throng.</p> <p>Race Secretary Duffield's tandem and the veteran Sam Clark's speed iron were to be seen at Henfield last Sunday, the small detachment of Excelsiorites having joined a force of about thirty of the Brighton Primrose League C.C., who were having tea and ruralising there. Our trio was made very welcome by the Brightonians, who are a jolly crew.</p> <p>DICK TURPIN.</p>

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