

THE WHEELING WORLD

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THE WHEELING WORLD.
A Weekly Survey.
DICK TURPIN'S RANDOM RECORDS.

On the Road.
CYCLISTS swarmed last week-end; indeed, I have rarely seen such numbers on the road. As I pedalled leisurely through Broadwater one Excelsiorite—C. Willmer—joined me; at Findon I felt a sinking sensation in the region of my back tyre, the cause being a pointed remark on the part of a sharp flint. 'Twas so near home that I broke my rule to return at the first puncture, and, whilst repairing, along came Baruch Blaker, then Sam Clark and three or four others, and finally the Stephenson-Standing tandem.

The push-bike portion of the gathering journeyed in company as far as Washington Bostel, meeting numbers of wheelmen and wheelwomen coming south.

Sam Clark then headed for Chanctonbury, where he purposed passing a lazy day in the digestion of an interesting book, to be followed by the digestion of an interesting tea at Bramber.

The tandem made streaks in the direction of Horsham, and my other companions joined some fellow-Excelsiorites who were indulging in a roadside siesta. I paddled lazily on, still meeting cyclists who perspired freely, and motorists who tore along as though afraid of seeing the cool-looking meadows where sleepy cows grazed peacefully under shady trees, and where nobody hurried for their lives.

At Horsham I decided to go on to Dorking, for the road, though hilly, is very pretty; and I pedalled through Kingsfold, Capel, and Holmwood into the old coaching town, feeling very well pleased with the switchback ride which had taken me through such interesting country.

Milk puddings and fruit occupied my attention

Milk puddings and fruit occupied my attention next, after which I retraced my wheelmarks for a mile or two, and was crossing Holmwood Common when a signpost invited me to turn eastward and go to Leigh. I accepted the invitation.

Something Worth Seeing.
I was glad I did so, for I saw more of Holmwood Common; and it is worth seeing. Lanes and footpaths wind in and out, and give the rider many pretty glimpses of ponds and trees, little hills and dales, furze and bracken. I could have spent the day there!

However, I went on to Leigh, which apparently consists of a Church, a pretty old house, a quaint pump and drinking fountain, and a typical wayside hostelry. That was all I noticed in the way of buildings.

But when I tried to photograph the fountain I suddenly discovered there was a large juvenile population at Leigh; and unfortunately a considerable part of it grouped before my camera!

To avoid drowning the fountain in a sea of youthful faces, I had to let one of the young men operate, whilst his large circle of friends stood round and watched him squeeze the ball and I sat for the picture. Perhaps the hint may be of use to other camera cyclists desirous of avoiding too many figures in their views.

From Leigh I rode on to Horley and Crawley, where an endless stream of tandems, singles, and motors were streaming back to London. At Crawley, by way of a change, I continued a mile or two down the Brighton road to Pease Pottage, and there turned along the lane through St. Leonard's Forest to Horsham. It was cool and shady and a pleasant change from the regular road, though its surface would not appeal to speedmen.

Eight riders from a North London Club were

Eight riders from a North London Club were skirmishing to find tea in Horsham, and speedily fastened on to me when I offered to act as guide. So we had our meal together. They had been on their annual two-days' run to Brighton, and were returning to Highgate that night after a jolly time.

At Ashington I joined a little homeward-bound knot of Excelsiorites who had ridden out to tea in the country, some at Washington, others farther on. Rural tea parties are getting quite a recognised thing with many Excelsiorites I find, and as we rode home I was fain to admit that such functions are indeed pleasurable little outings.

A Hardy Annual.
There was a tea party on a big scale at Washington last Wednesday, when seventy-six Excelsiorites and friends journeyed to the Frankland Arms to take part in that hardy annual, the Strawberry Feast.

It was a busy time for Host Charman, who had a marquee on the grass for the accommodation of the wheelers.

Following the tea and strawberries came sports of various kinds, and a wide variety of pastimes ranging from a protracted "snowball" fight with hay, to songs and dancing. Fun was fast and furious, and everyone made merry to the top of their bent.

At Parkstone, in Dorsetshire, E. Baruch Blaker was successful in upholding the honour of the Excelsior Club last Wednesday. Baruch secured a gold medal for an exhibition motor ride, in addition to being one of the prize winners in the motor handicap.

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