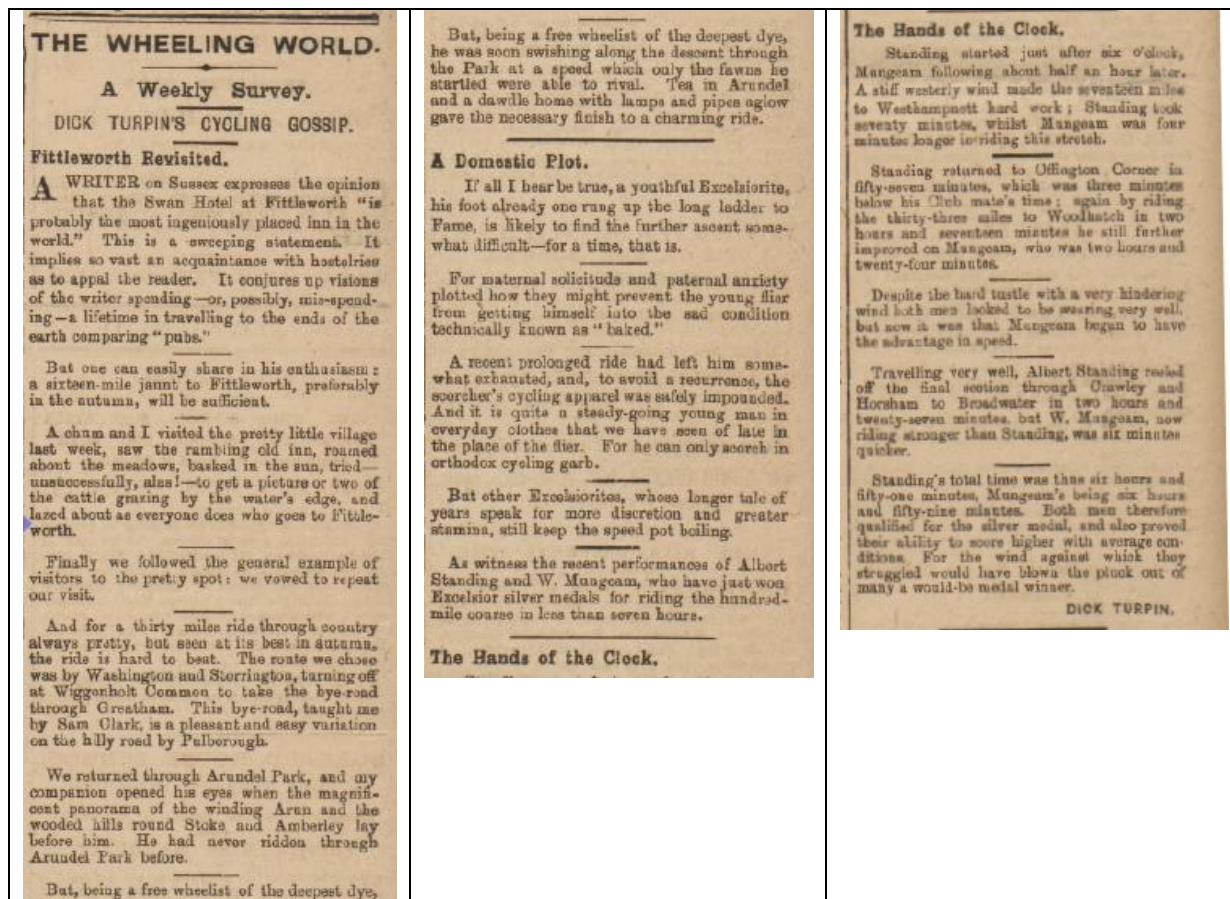


## THE WHEELING WORLD

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## THE WHEELING WORLD.

A Weekly Survey.

DICK TURPIN'S CYCLING GOSSIP.

### Fittleworth Revisited.

A WRITER on Sussex expresses the opinion that the Swan Hotel at Fittleworth "is probably the most ingeniously placed inn in the world." This is a sweeping statement. It implies so vast an acquaintance with hostleries as to appal the reader. It conjures up visions of the writer spending - or, possibly mis-spending - a lifetime in travelling to the ends of the earth comparing "pubs".

But one can easily share in his enthusiasm: a sixteen-mile jaunt to Fittleworth, preferably in the autumn, will be sufficient.

A chum and I visited the pretty little village

last week, saw the rambling old inn, roamed about the meadows, basked in the sun, tried - unsuccessfully, alas! - to get a picture or two of the cattle grazing by the water's edge, and lazed about as everyone does who goes to Fittleworth.

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Finally we followed the general example of visitors to the pretty spot: we vowed to repeat our visit.

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And for a thirty miles ride through country always pretty, but seen at its best in autumn, the ride is hard to beat. The route we chose was by Washington and Storrington, turning off at Wiggonholt Common to take the bye-road through Greatham. This bye-road, taught me by Sam Clark, is a pleasant and easy variation on the hilly road by Pulborough.

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We returned through Arundel Park, and my companion opened his eyes when the magnificent panorama of the winding Arun and the wooded hills round Stoke and Amberley lay before him. He had never ridden through Arundel Park before.

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But, being a free wheelist of the deepest dye, he was soon swishing along the descent through the Park at a speed which only the fawns he startled were able to rival. Tea in Arundel and a dawdle home with lamps and pipes aglow gave the necessary finish to a charming ride.

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### **A Domestic Plot.**

If all I hear be true, a youthful Excelsiorite, his foot already one rung up the long ladder to Fame, is likely to find the further ascent somewhat difficult—for a time, that is.

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For maternal solicitude and paternal anxiety plotted how they might prevent the young flier from getting himself into the sad condition technically known as "baked."

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A recent prolonged ride had left him somewhat exhausted, and, to avoid a recurrence, the scorcher's cycling apparel was safely impounded. And it is quite a steady-going young man in everyday clothes that we have seen of late in the place of the flier. For he can only scorch in orthodox cycling garb.

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But other Excelsiorites, whose longer tale of years speak for more discretion and greater stamina, still keep the speed pot boiling.

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As witness the recent performances of Albert Standing and W. Mungeam, who have just won Excelsior silver medals for riding the hundred-

mile course in less than seven hours.

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**The Hands of the Clock.**

Standing started just after six o'clock, Mungeam following about half an hour later. A stiff westerly wind made the seventeen miles to Westhampnett hard work; Standing took seventy minutes, whilst Mungeam was four minutes longer in riding this stretch.

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Standing returned to Offington Corner in fifty-seven minutes, which was three minutes below his Clubmate's time; again by riding the thirty-three miles to Woodhatch in two hours and seventeen minutes he still further improved on Mungeam, who was two hours and twenty-four minutes.

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Despite the hard tustle<sup>i</sup> with a very hindering wind both men looked to be wearing very well, but now it was that Mungeam began to have the advantage in speed.

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Travelling very well, Albert Standing reeled off the final section through Crawley and Horsham to Broadwater in two hours and twenty-seven minutes, but W. Mungeam, now riding stronger than Standing, was six minutes quicker.

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Standing's total time was thus six hours and fifty-one minutes, Mungeam's being six hours and fifty-nine minutes. Both men therefore qualified for the silver medal, and also proved their ability to score higher with average conditions. For the wind against which they struggled would have blown the pluck out of many a would-be medal winner.

**DICK TURPIN.**

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<sup>i</sup> "Tustle" – as Dick Long spelled it.