

# THE WHEELING WORLD

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<p><b>THE WHEELING WORLD.</b> A WEEKLY SURVEY. Dick Turpin's Cycling Gossip.</p> <p>"'Tis sometimes said the Club run's dead Now, when 'tis wanted most; Well, if 'tis so I'd have you know It's left a solid ghost!" —Turpentine trillings.</p> <p><b>A Ghost of Substance.</b> YEA, forsooth, a very solid ghost! Judging by the attendance of Excelsiorites at President Warne's run. Two or three of us—a wind against us and a Gale with us, by-the-bye—saw one group mending a puncture, whilst Edgar Henson and several others flitted past. And on the road I detected a recently shed hairpin, from which I deduced—yes, deduced is the word!—that the ladies had preceded us. All going to Henfield!</p> <p>With the roads washed clean, the hedgerows and the fields refreshed, and the air sweetened by the previous day's rain, it looked as though Dame Nature had made a special house cleaning in view of the Excelsior President's run!</p> <p>"Turn off to the right," said our Gale just after we passed through Ashington, and a mile or two of pretty lane brought us out on the Steyning-Partridge Green-road; thence through Partridge Green—the cleanest village in Sussex, said one of our party—and on to Henfield. Our route was certainly as pretty as any of the half-dozen variations on the way to a pretty place.</p> <p>Knots of wheelmen were strolling about Henfield as we rode in. Laundry had ridden down from Harrow, Worley from Portsmouth, Mungam from Chichester, the Flint Brothers from Shoreham, whilst another man mentioned Midhurst.</p> <p>Ere greetings were over, "Toot!" and up dashed the President, with Chairman Young and a big party in his Datumler.</p> <p><b>We Dine.</b></p>	<p><b>We Dine.</b> Dinner had been arranged by the President at the White Hart Hotel, and with a mighty buzz, three-score wheelers swarmed into the big room, where a beautifully put-on meal received ample justice. It was a busy time for the waiters whilst those sixty appetites were being satisfied!</p> <p>Then with half a hundred cigars aglow, we one and all joined with Chairman Young in expressing our thanks to the President.</p> <p>In reply came a few ringing words in favour of athletics—not only in sport but in pastime. Athletics will keep the nation's vitality up, said the President, who hoped to see an even larger party of wheelers next year; for cycling was a happy form of athletics, both in pastime and in sport.</p> <p>Captain Deffield reminded his merry Excelsiorites that the President's invitation included not only Henfield but Bramber, and that tea was fixed for the latter place at five o'clock. So shortly we took our departure from Henfield, filled, so to speak, with pleasant recollections of the little town.</p> <p>Southwards we went, across a bit of open common, where small ponds and long grass provide a paradise for geese and cows. Further on the gaily rising road took us over the Downs, and we glided down into Beeding and Bramber.</p> <p>The car party were treated to a motor trip to Chancetonbury by way of a novelty.</p> <p><b>We Also Tea.</b></p>	<p><b>We Also Tea.</b> We, stabling our machines, climbed to the old Castle and had a look round. The spirits of departed De Braose Barons—if they can haunt a spot were ginger beer and swings attract the living!—might have picked up some useful cricket wrinkles from the little match we played.</p> <p>Much of the cricket was of a class which a respectable spectator does not often get a chance of seeing. Neither does anyone else.</p> <p>'Tis just as well!</p> <p>Some of the play was good, however, and the summons to tea concluded an interesting game in a pleasing manner. For tea <i>al fresco</i> is a great institution at Bramber. Bramber stands or falls by its teas on the lawn, teas in the garden, and teas by the river. Long may it continue to do so!</p> <p>The meal comfortably disposed of, followed by contemplative cigars, and the Excelsiorites departed themselves with a couple of huge balls brought by the President. Larger and much heavier than toothballs, they were hurled from one to another by a ring of the boys, the "butter-fingered" ones being declared out.</p> <p>Cowan and Sawkins came victorious through the fun-provoking contest.</p> <p>As a further aid to digestion, several of the boys displayed their trick cycling powers. A</p>	<p>couple of pairs of nimble Excelsiorites demonstrated the art of using one machine for two riders, the second was standing on the shoulders of the first. Other pairs tried.</p> <p>Fortunately the lawn was soft to fall upon.</p> <p><b>And Then We Return.</b> But the evening was wearing on, and soon we had to bid adieu to the President and the car party as they set out on the return. Then a stroll through the riverside meadows, a final look round Bramber, and the stream of cyclists wandered through Shoreham and home once again.</p> <p>Not a rider there but meant all the thanks he had accorded President Warne earlier in the day. And not one that ever enjoyed a Club run more!</p> <p><b>Hilly Olley Ho!</b> 'Twixt the writing and printing of this week's Gossip, G. A. Olley, Vegetarian and Worthing Excelsiorite, hopes to ride the most part of a four figure mileage. He is attacking the longest road record in Great Britain, the thousand miles.</p> <p>Starting late on Monday from Hitchin, he goes over roads innumerable in Herts, Cambridge, Bedford, and so on; gradually working away into Yorkshire. His first sleep is not until twenty-nine hours of riding have been accomplished.</p> <p>Edgar Henson is taking a big share in looking after Olley; Percy Henson and Jack Standing have also gone to help the famous speedman. Success to him!</p> <p><i>Dick Turpin</i></p>
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