

THE WHEELING WORLD

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<p style="text-align: center;">THE WHEELING WORLD. A WEEKLY SURVEY. Dick Turpin's Cycling Gossip.</p> <p>The Bye-Lane Month. SEPTEMBER! The month of all the year in which Dame Nature effects the greatest changes in her ever-varying garb. A bye lane month indeed is September. For 'tis not on the main road that we can note the coming and going of the many wayside wild flowers, the bracken changing from green to brown, the thinning of the trees, the ripening of black-berries and nuts.</p> <p>No; for the bye lane takes a jealous care of its secrets, and the main road knows them not.</p> <p>On the main road Ashford (of the Excelsior Club) and I met Bert Pope the other day. Bert had a motor bike out for an airing, and the main road does very well for that sort of thing.</p> <p>"Yes, it certainly is a bit floury!" he admitted, in reply to a remark of mine about the flying dust clouds. Floury was a mild term for it! Our after car went past, and the air was full of "flour."</p> <p>Beyond Washington we left both motorist and main road, turning off for Warminghurst, the Thakeham pine woods lying to our left. 'Twas a small, unambitious track, rough and grass-grown in many places. But we were in no hurry: hurry is for the main road.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Where Penn Once Lived.</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">Where Penn Once Lived.</p> <p>Warminghurst, a drowsy little Church and two or three houses, was once of more importance than 'tis to day. Less it could never have been! The Shelleys lived here, and later William Penn the Quaker.</p> <p>The large house wherein lived the founder of Pennsylvania was long ago destroyed—a pity, for it bore the reputation of being haunted. The Quaker Meeting House at Cootham, built with timber from one of Penn's ships, still stands.</p> <p>Beyond Warminghurst our lane became more interesting and less rideable. Not floury, as was the main road, but flowery. As we marked the pleasing colours which broke up the banks, we envied the artist's power.</p> <p>I paid such homage with the camera as was possible, whilst Ashford roamed the fields and gathered nuts.</p> <p>And so on, through Coolham, Barns Green, and Itchingfield to Broadbridge Heath, where we found the Arun. Here it is a mere infant in the way of rivers; it has seen no more of the world than its baby wriggings from St. Leonard's Forest, a few miles away, has shown it.</p> <p>We photographed the innocent little thing, and turned back to a lane over Coneshurst Common, and through Chilmington. An hour was laced away amidst the heather and bracken before we went on through the pine woods, and reluctantly emerged once again on the Horsham-Worthing road.</p> <p>And through the "flour" homewards, with pleasant recollections of the thirty miles of bye-lanes wherein the most part of a day had quickly sped.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Some Excelsior Doings.</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">Some Excelsior Doings.</p> <p>Jack Standing, of the Excelsior Club, recently made an attempt on the Shoreham Club's standard twenty miles. Our man beat the time—sixty-eight minutes—handsomely, and yet was not pleased with himself: he wished to pack the twenty miles up neatly in a one-hour parcel—but was three seconds over time!</p> <p>"Started 4.30 a.m., arrived at London at 7.50 a.m.; making a day run of it."</p> <p>Nay, good reader, not my own words! To start at such an hour would be almost an impossibility to me; and to ride to London in so brief a time is beyond my wildest nightmare! The laconic description is by Ernest Sawkins, Excelsiorite, who was an early bird the other morning, and had flown to London ere some people were well awake.</p> <p>Other early birds were on the wing at the same time, but their search for that proverbial biggest worm took them in a different direction.</p> <p>These were Edgar Henson, Victor Cowan, and J. Mungeam, who sped away at half past five a.m., and found themselves at Hastings in time for breakfast. Yes, and back at Worthing by midday! A hundred miles!</p> <p>I had been invited to join the run, but scented a rodent when Cowan mentioned that there exists a certain record for the double journey between Hastings and Worthing. It now transpires that Edgar intends having a cut at that record, and the "run" to which I was invited was a training speed ride. A lucky escape for me!</p> <p style="text-align: right;"><i>Dick Turpin</i></p>
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ⁱ The Blue Idol meeting house is still in use in 2018, see Internet: <http://www.blueidol.org/>