



THE WHEELING WORLD.  
 -----  
 A WEEKLY SURVEY.  
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 Dick Turpin's Cycling Gossip.

**At Chanctonbury.**

"And ever when the day was done,  
 And all the sky was still,  
 How I should miss the climbing moon,  
 O'er Chanctonbury Hill!"

SO wrote a lover of Sussex when declining an invitation to spend a summer out of England. It was not many evenings ago that nearly twenty Excelsiorites were thinking much the same thing. For an early tea at the Frankland Arms formed a fitting prelude to a walk across the fields and a climb up the beech-crowned monarch of the South Downs.

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 These Excelsiorites know the beauty spots of the

county! Over thirty of them regaled themselves with tea al fresco at Burpham a day or two back. Later, the large force was still further augmented, and an evening stroll on the banks of the Arun confirmed the comfortable impression made by the tea.

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A few days ago I was the proud - or otherwise!- possessor of three punctured tyres. Not bad work for a couple of bicycles! With the aid of solution, patch, and diligence I deprived myself of one puncture, and set forth on the machine thus made rideable.

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Not many yards had my companion and I ridden when we saw another victim to the puncture demon; two others saddened our gaze in less than a mile; and as we reached Washington Bostel, my friend's front tyre blew the whistle for half-time! 'Twas the Football Captain that I was with, and presumably the tyre thought to fill the part of Referee, or some such troublesome official!

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More solution, more patch, more diligence! Then we sailed gaily down the Bostel, past the Storrington turn, and took the bye-road to Thakeham.

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We soon turned off this on to the by-by-road - I cannot call it more - and made for Warminghurst, for the Football Captain wanted to find fresh ground. He found it! And enjoyed it! And is going there again!!!

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**My Apology.**

As we peeped in at the little Early English Church at Warminghurst I apologised for the absence of the house where once lived the Shelley family, and which was tenanted later by William Penn the Quaker. Not that its absence was any fault of mine. In later years the house was haunted by the ghost of a departed owner, and it was pulled down long ago.

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My friend solaced himself with the panorama seen by looking south from the high ground on which the Church stands - a panorama of green trees and fields, with Ashington in its midst, and the South Downs almost lost in a sunny haze.

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Northwards we continued, on foot. The grass-grown lane was too lumpy to ride; besides which, Dame Nature had decked it in gay colours. A profusion of cow-parsley, bachelors' buttons, wild hyacinth, and blue bells called us to linger. We lingered. 'Twas a pleasure in white and green, blue and pink, a mile long and worth lingering over.

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A refresher at a typical rural inn, and we resumed our pedals, exchanging bye-road for road as we reached Storrington and made homewards. Up the familiar Bostel the Football Captain sprinted away from me in the exuberance of his spirits.

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## Scorching the Basher.

What an enormous mileage some of the speedmen ride! "Billy" Pett, the one hundred kilometres Champion of the World, greeted me cheerily one recent morning on the road. He was looking warm, and had ridden nearly fifty miles that day - I had done six!

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Nearer Horsham I met Harry Hooker, another London rider well-known to the Excelsior boys; he had been in the saddle at four o'clock that morning.

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Cowan and Sawkins, with other Excelsior boys, are frequently on the road almost as early. One of them, armed with a frying-pan and some rashers, produced enough smoke to stifle any but a leather-lunged cyclist not many mornings ago.

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A roomful of smoke and the blackened and incinerated remains of some bacon testified to the failure of his culinary attempt. For failure it was! Even though a man be a scorcher, he can hardly make an adequate breakfast of a roomful of smoke.

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Scorching awheel is a different matter to scorching a rasher; and fast riding is more enjoyable than to ride fasting .

*Dick Turpin*