



THE WHEELING WORLD.

A WEEKLY SURVEY.

 Dick Turpin's Cycling Gossip.

My Lady Correspondents.

THIS week I am favoured with a letter from two ladies, who inform me that for several years they have read my Gossip, and have undertaken and enjoyed many of my rambles. Ladies, I doff my cap, and I bow my acknowledgments! And it is with real pleasure I have read your "gossip" and resolved to undertake your ramble! I will quote it fully, as the ramble will certainly appeal to wheelers with a taste for change of scene.

 "The mere mileage is not great, but if one wants to know the meaning in the twentieth century of the 'depths of the country,' to see glorious views

near and far, hedges beautifully green, even after this long drought, wild flowers like a garden, and - greatest wonder of all - people who are quite civil and actually respectful - well, it's worth a long summer day's hunt to find!

"We took the 7.34 a.m. to Chichester (excursion day ticket, 1s.10d; bike, 6d), cycled back to Westhampnett, and up the Halnaker-road.

"Gradually it rose, affording lovely views. No motors were there, or, indeed, anything else! On by a splendid road to Upper Waltham - there's a horrid hill just before you get there; it ought to be marked 'caution' on the maps.

With Agitated Hearts.

"We went down, hearts in mouths, wondering what was at the bottom, and when it would come. Of course it ended in a nasty flinty mess; but we were thankful for anything level.

"We spent some time in finding a path to the Church; it is only a fragment, but it possesses an apse.

"Then along a road (?) with rows of rats' tails growing in the middle and on the sides. It improved as it went on, and we arrived at East Dean, perched on the top of the Downs. The Church is restored.

"Through Charlton to Singleton, seeing the beautiful old Church with the original rood staircase - the rood itself is, of course, new.

"Then on to West Dean. House - Church - Village - all sacred to Mr. Willie James.

A Remarkable Tomb.

"We kept down through the village, with its pretty little river, and joined the main road further along. Then through Binderton To Mid-Lavant where we turned westward to West Stoke.

"Here we saw its pretty old Church with oak beams, rough-hewn altar rails of beautiful black oak, and an old sixteenth century tomb.

"The latter is remarkable. The family are depicted upon it, boys and girls - only sixteen of them! - being separated; the girls, poor dears, are holding the skulls of those of the number who died in infancy, instead of saying their prayers!

"A hint to Worthing couples - the Rector charges no fees for marriages, etc!"

Peace and Beauty.

"Then we continued to Funtington's beautiful, peaceful country; but the Church, though finely proportioned, is restored.

On to West Ashling, with a stream by the road
all the way, and a series of pictures of ponds,
and creeks, rivers, and mills. Oh! We used up all our
adjectives!

“And found ourselves out on the dirty, dusty
high road at Bosham! Back to Chichester, where
the Cathedral, denuded of its chairs, and with the
sun streaming in, looked as it was intended to look,
“Spring cleaning” was on”.

My correspondents, who came home from Chi-
chester by rail, describer their ramble as “glorious,”
I fully believe it, and shall go over the route on the
first opportunity.

----- **At It Again!**

Tarring is at it again! Sam Clark got up a
hill-climb last Wednesday at Durrington, and a
dozen good men and true turned out from Tarring,
Durrington, and Salvington.

The course, like that of true love, did not run
smooth! Far from it! But I mustn't take the com-
parison any further, for the men traversed this
course in four or five minutes only.

Harry Greenfield won; Edgar Henson was
second; and A.A. Chipper third. A.E. Peto, A.A.
Pierre, A. Hunt, and J. Funnell also won medals.
Sam Clark acted as Judge, whilst Jack Miles and
Fred Flint were Time-keepers.

The contest over, Sam next led his force in an
attack upon a well-supplied tea table, which had
taken up a strong position on Salvington Hill.

Fearful was the carnage! Full many a time
and oft was the teapot recharged, whilst battalions
of cake came up at the double to reinforce the
defenders, who were being cut to pieces.

But the laurels of victory ultimately went to
Sam and his sharpshooters, and they remained to
make merry on the field of battle.

----- **Majesty of the Law.**

The strong arm of the Law took the names
and addressees of two youthful Excelsiorites the
other day. I don't think the wheelers were break-
ing the law; indeed, I have a shrewd suspicion that
they were seeking to avoid a breach of the said
law by others.

However, the owner of the arm which took the
names gave a kind-hearted smile as the wheelers
made off down the road, and I fancy the Excelsiorites
will be permitted their liberty.

'Twere a pity to deprive them of it with the
Club's grand Annual Race Meeting coming off next

Saturday. And such a promising programme of running, cycling, and motor racing, with the world-renowned C.B. Kingsbury amongst the competitors!

And amongst the spectators

Dick Turpin