

## THE WHEELING WORLD.

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## THE WHEELING WORLD.

A WEEKLY SURVEY.

Dick Turpin's Cycling Gossip.

### A Difficult Problem Solved.

At least one Excelsiorite has solved the problem of how to cycle on the wettest of days, and yet keep comfortably dry. The ingenious one is Jack Standing, who has fitted up a home trainer indoors. I saw him the other day reel off a quick mile or so without leaving the hearth rug! Photographs of his cycling chums were placed about the room, and Jack could easily fancy himself out for a spin with the boys as he busily plied his pedals, gazing the while on the pictures of his pals.

But the Excelsiorite prefers the open road when circumstances permit. I met him with Edgar Henson a day or so back on the Horsham road, awaiting their Clubmate, Ernest Sawkins.

Ernest was occupying himself with a hundred-mile spin, and had been timed off at six o'clock by Victor Cowan.

Twenty-five minutes sufficed for him to rush along to Wick; a similar space of time saw him back again; then he sped away through Horsham, Crawley, and Redhill, on to Purley.

So far Ernest had traversed about sixty miles in a total time of three hours and twelve minutes, despite a hampering cross-wind.

### A Giant's Task.

But he still kept going strongly as he turned southward and retraced his wheelmarks. Indeed, when Ernest came dashing along past our little waiting group, and we hastily mounted to follow him, I speedily discovered that the hundred-mile man of to-day performs a giant's task!

Twenty miles an hour is my special maximum

speed, and for a few miles I laboured along at this bat in the wake of the flying wheelmen.

Labouring, panted, and reflected that the cycling journalist of to-day needs a stout heart and light heels! Why, a War Correspondent enjoys a lazy, plodding time of it compared to the arduous duties of a wheeling scribe!

For Ernest was sniffing the finish, and he warmed up accordingly. I was left behind, still grunting along at twenty to the hour. And when I reached the haven there was Ernest calm and smiling; he had ridden his hundred miles in five hours and forty-seven and a half minutes.

I gasped out my congratulations—he deserved them—and sat down to meditate.

Mayhap I shall take up gardening.

### On Wheel and Afoot.

Still, a good deal of quiet enjoyment may be extracted from a loiter a'wheel. I recently wandered—partly per bike, but on foot across country for much of the way—to Angmering, and thoroughly liked it. A bike is a handy means of reaching pleasant footpaths; and it is no great encumbrance when rearing the fields.

Arrived at Angmering, I first explored and found the remains of East Angmering Church—I believe it fell into decay about three centuries ago.

All that now remains of St. Peter's is a couple of masses of rough masonry, lying in a garden behind the village School. The garden is still known as the "Lychning," or burial-ground, I am told.

Not many yards away, St. Margaret's, West

Angmering, with its chequered flint and stone tower, next invited my attention. It has been better looked after, and of course does duty for the united parish of Angmering.

Much of it is quite new, Squire Gratwicke having devoted his winnings on the Turf to a general restoration, which was completed in 1853.

But the tower and some parts of the original Church still stand, bearing the date 1507. Over the door I noticed, cut in stone, a shield charged with a cross, a reminder that the edifice once belonged to the Nunnery of Sion, by which body it was probably built.

### "Seldome Sene."

Inside the Church I saw a small brass, upon which Mistress Eden Baker, of Ecclesden Manor is depicted, dressed in the quaint mode of the sixteenth century.

Also it is thereon recorded of the lady, who died in 1598, that "for her wisdom, vertue, and modesty the like hath seldome bene sene."

The Church has some good stained windows, too, but what pleased me most was a sundial in the Churchyard—a modest little instrument of brass, set upon a worn and weather-beaten post, that was all!

But it has marked the hour, year in and year

out, for generations of Angmering men and women who now sleep beneath the turf around their faithful servant. And the little sundial goes humbly watching on.

"Half-past four" it quietly told me, and with a last look round I passed out from the hallowed ground and loitered through Rustington homewards.

Loitering agrees with

*Dick Turpin*

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