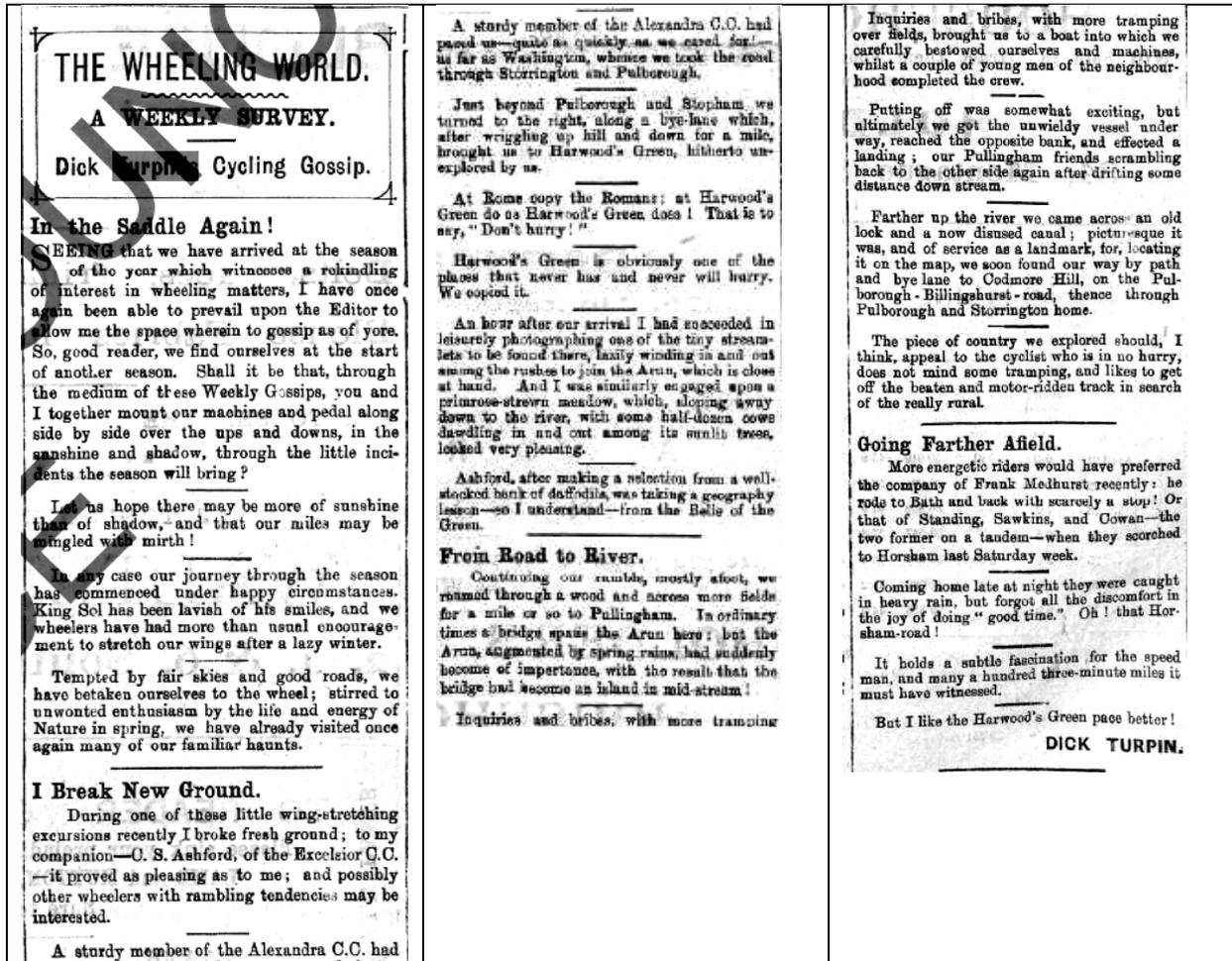


Researcher's note: with this first issue of 1907, i.e. that of 1st May 1907, the Gazette type-setters have radically changed the heading of Richard Long's articles. I lack the skill to replicate that, but here's my best effort.

THE WHEELING WORLD

Source: Worthing Gazette Archive
at Worthing Local Studies Library
Turpin: 1.5.1907 P3C6



In the Saddle Again!
SEEING that we have arrived at the season of the year which witnesses a rekindling of interest in wheeling matters, I have once again been able to prevail upon the Editor to allow me the space wherein to gossip as of yore. So, good reader, we find ourselves at the start of another season. Shall it be that, through

the medium of these Weekly Gossips, you and I together mount our machines and pedal along side by side over the ups and downs, in the sunshine and shadow, through the little incidents the season will bring?

Let us hope there may be more of sunshine than of shadow, and that our miles may be mingled with mirth!

In any case our journey through the season has commenced under happy circumstances. King Sol has been lavish of his smiles, and we wheelers have had more than usual encouragement to stretch our wings after a lazy winter.

Tempted by fair skies and good roads, we have betaken ourselves to the wheel; stirred to unwonted enthusiasm by the life and energy of Nature in spring, we have already visited once again many of our familiar haunts.

I break New Ground

During one of these little wing-stretching excursions recently I broke fresh ground; to my companion - C.S. Ashford, of the Excelsior C.C. - it proved as pleasing as to me; and possibly other wheelers with rambling tendencies may be interested.

A sturdy member of the Alexandra C.C. had paced us—quite as quickly as we cared for - as far as Washington, whence we took the road through Storrington and Pulborough.

Just beyond Pulborough and Stopham we turned to the right, along a bye-lane which, after wriggling up hill and down for a mile, brought us to Harwood's Green, hitherto unexplored by us.

At Rome copy the Romans; at Harwood's Green do as Harwood's Green does! That is to say, "Don't hurry!"

Harwood's Green is obviously one of the places that will never hurry. We copied it.

An hour after our arrival I had succeeded in leisurely photographing one of the tiny streamlets to be found there, lazily winding in and out among the rushes to join the Arun, which is close at hand. And I was similarly engaged upon a primrose-strewn meadow, which, sloping away

down to the river, with some half-dozen cows dawdling in and out among its sunlit trees, looked very pleasing.

Ashford, after making a selection from a well-stocked bank of daffodils, was taking a geography lesson - so I understand - from the Belle of the Green.

From Road to River.

Continuing our ramble, mostly afoot, we roamed through a wood and across more fields for a mile or so to Pullinghamⁱ. In ordinary times a bridge spans the Arun here; but the Arun, augmented by spring rains, had suddenly become of importance, with the result that the bridge had become an island in mid-stream!

Inquiries and bribes, with more tramping over fields, brought us to a boat into which we carefully bestowed ourselves and machines, whilst a couple of young men of the neighbourhood completed the crew.

Putting off was somewhat exciting, but ultimately we got the unwieldy vessel under way, reached the opposite bank, and effected a landing; our Pullingham friends scrambling back to the other side again after drifting some distance down stream .

Farther up the river we came across an old lock and a now disused canal; picturesque it was, and of service as a landmark, for, locating it on the map, we soon found our way by path and bye lane to Codmore Hill, on the Pulborough-Billingshurst - road, thence through Pulborough and Storrington home.

The piece of country we explored should, I think, appeal to the cyclist who is in no hurry, does not mind some tramping, and likes to get off the beaten and motor-ridden track in search of the really rural.

Going Farther Afield.

More energetic riders would have preferred the company of Frank Medhurst recently: he rode to Bath and back with scarcely a stop! Or that of Standing, Sawkins, and Cowan - the two former on a tandem - when they scorched to Horsham, last Saturday week.

Coming home late at night they were caught in heavy rain, but forgot all the discomfort in

the joy of doing "good time." Oh that Horsham road!

It holds a subtle fascination for the speed man, and many a hundred three-minute miles it must have witnessed.

But I like the Harwood's Green pace better!

DICK TURPIN.

ⁱ This may be modern Pallingham (I remember a Wey and Arun canal lock there), but "Pullingham" was certainly Dick Long's spelling here.