

THE WHEELING WORLD

Source: Worthing Gazette Archive
at Worthing Local Studies Library
Turpin: 28.8.1907 P2C7

<p style="text-align: center;">THE WHEELING WORLD. A WEEKLY SURVEY. Dick Turpin's Cycling Gossip.</p> <p>Through the Pine Woods. "GOING to be a regular summer day!" was the prediction which awoke me one recent morning. A peep through the window supported the prophecy; there was promise of blazing sunshine, and I planned accordingly for a gentle dawdle.</p> <p>The forecast proved correct. It was real summer as I pedalled over the Bostel to Washington, past harvested fields, baking in the sun, and over roads which would perhaps be better for a shower.</p> <p>Beyond the turning-point for Storrington I went, leaving the Horsham road for the lane through the shady pine woods. Then to the right, past Chilmington Common—gay with heather just now—and on to Pulborough.</p> <p>'Tis a pretty way, which makes a pleasant change from the road through Storrington and Wiggonholt. A brooklet bearing the proud title "the River Ohlt" meanders along not far away; the reeds and river grasses growing by its banks, together with some cattle grazing close at hand, tempted me to while half an hour away with the camera. Alas! the cattle were restless.</p> <p>At Pulborough I crossed the bridge over the Arun, and rode southward, staying to look in at the little Church of St. Botolph's at Hardham, or, as the Domesday Book had it, Heriedeham.</p> <p>The little old Church boasts what is thought by some to be the earliest set of mural paintings in England, dating back to about the twelfth century.</p> <p>A Hopeless Modern Mixture.</p>	<p>A Hopeless Modern Mixture. Farther on I espied the remains of Hardham Priory of Black Canons, an institution which flourished in the reign of Henry the Second. Now the remains are hopelessly mixed with a modern dwelling, and lose all character.</p> <p>Coldwaltham came next, then sleepy Watersfield—a hamlet which once aspired to a Market and a Fair. The Charter for these was granted six hundred years ago, since which time things appear to have quieted down along this road—which, by the way, is practically a bit of the old Roman Stone Street.</p> <p>Then on through Bury, Houghton, and Amberley, with its Ossie basking in the sun, away to my left, as I trudged up the long hill which brought me to Arundel Park. A ramble round passed half-an-hour away before continuing to Arundel, whence I turned off for Burpham.</p> <p>For the Excelsior Club—badly bitten by beautiful Burpham—was taking tea there yet once again!</p> <p>In the evening we went across the ferry, and over the meadows to Otham and back, ere we reluctantly left Burpham. And as we dawdled homewards in the light of a full moon methought 'twas a fitting wind-up to a regular summer day.</p> <p>Laundy's Latest Success. Cecil Laundy—a Worthing Excelsiorite, living at Harrow—has many friends locally. One and all they will join with me in heartily congratulating him, for he has just achieved his ambition by winning a gold medal for riding a hundred and seventy-three miles odd in twelve hours.</p> <p>The medal is one offered by the Southern C.C., the only other Club to which Laundy owes allegiance; and it completes a set—silver, gold centre, and gold—won by Cecil from the Southern C.C., to which I hope he will add a similar set from the Excelsior Club.</p> <p>Laundy takes me to task for writing of his "wholesale" medal rides: he insists that he has only made a total of eight actual medal rides in two years, outside of training spins, private trials, and jaunts to help his Club-mates.</p> <p>I am sorry, Cecil! but I had seen you so frequently that I jumped at my conclusion, I fear.</p> <p>Concerning Some Others.</p>	<p>Concerning Some Others. Excelsiorite Durant is away touring the Wye Valley, seeing Tintern Abbey, roaming about Monmouth, putting up at picturesque timbered farmhouses, and so on. "We have not got so far by fifty miles as we intended," runs a written confession. Which looks like an enjoyable tour!</p> <p>The veteran Sam Clark is at his old game again! I thought he had at last dropped racing, not having been on the track for months. But no! Last Thursday he broke out at Emsworth, and won second prize in a Veterans' open mile handicap, only missing first prize by a length. When is Sam really going to steady down, I wonder?</p> <p style="text-align: right;"><i>Dick Turpin</i></p>
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'Tis a pretty way, which makes a pleasant change from the road through Storrington and Wiggonholt. A brooklet bearing the proud title "the River Chilt" meanders along not far away; the reeds and river grasses growing by its banks, together with some cattle grazing close at hand, tempted me to while half an hour away with the camera. Alas! the cattle were restless.

At Pulborough I crossed the bridge over the Arun, and rode southward, staying to look in at the little Church of St. Botolph's at Hardham or, as the Domesday Book had it, Heriedeham. The little old Church boasts what is thought by some to be the earliest set of mural paintingsⁱ in England, dating back to about the twelfth century.

A Hopeless Modern Mixture.

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Then on through Bury, Houghtonⁱⁱ, and Amberley, with its Castle basking in the sun, away to my left, as I trudged up the long hill which brought me to Arundel Park. A ramble round passed half-an-hour away before continuing to Arundel, whence I turned off for Burpham.

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Dick Turpin

ⁱ Probably whitewashed over during Henry VIII's Reformation: In 2002, when we (my wife, daughter and I) re-visited Eyam, the Derbyshire plague village, church renovations had just uncovered similar murals, probably slightly later than those at Hardham. I thought it would've been improper to photograph them, so didn't ask.

ⁱⁱ I was puzzled by this route - but then Dick perhaps knew a little-used path, or went across country - again!