

THE WHEELING WORLD.

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Worthing Local Studies Library

<p style="text-align: center;">THE WHEELING WORLD. A WEEKLY SURVEY. Dick Turpin's Cycling Gossip.</p> <p>On the Wane. TRULY the season is on the wane! It behoves us to put in those rides which somehow get postponed, or the winter will be here, making long spins somewhat of an undertaking. Things looked very dull a day or two back as I pushed through the mud to Findon and Washington. The roadside was strewn with dead leaves; the horse chestnuts were falling; puddles were plentiful, and heavy mists hid Chanctonbury's crown of beech trees.</p> <p>Beyond the Bostel 'twas better. The granite road to Horsham had drained and provided very fair going. By the way, why do we think of nothing but the speed qualities of the Horsham road? We find different interests in other roads, but here 'tis always speed.</p> <p>I think it likely that good Queen Bess saw more of Ashington on her visit in 1591 than all our flitting through has shown us. Then the ruin of Knepp Castle, where the de Braose Barons held sway and King John was entertained.</p> <p>On another road we should almost hear the tramp of steel-clad knights, with their esquires and retainers; we don't on the Horsham road. We merely calculate how long the thirteen miles from Worthing have taken us to ride.</p> <p>And the chances are that we fail even to see the shingled spire of West Grinstead Church, not far away, nestling in the trees on our right as we scurry down the hill which takes us past the Castle.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">-----</p> <p>Intended Reformation.</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">Intended Reformation.</p> <p>So on this occasion, when I arrived at Horsham in a somewhat warm condition, with a general idea that the country looked fresh and sweet after the rain, whilst the roads were almost fit for speed, I determined to reform!</p> <p>A look round at Horsham's oft-pictured Causeway, where short-cropped limes and chestnuts line the edge of the pavement and face a row of irregular, picturesque gabled houses, the Church closing the end of the way and putting a finishing touch to the best "bit" in Horsham.</p> <p>Then I made my exit from the town at its eastern end, crossing over our little friend the Arun—here in its infancy—on my way to Cowfold.</p> <p>Five o'clock tolled out from St. Hugh's Monastery as I passed, and I wondered if the Carthusian brothers were just sitting down to tea in the warm. Clouds were looking ominous, and I postponed my own meal in order to make the best of the road; it was tarred for the greater part of the way from Horsham to Henfield.</p> <p>Then through Beeding to Shoreham, a flounder along the lumpy lower road in the rain, and I was home. The route is a pleasant alternative to the cut-and-dried Horsham road, and very pretty in many places. Easier coming from Horsham than going to it, for the climb from Cowfold would be tedious.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">-----</p> <p>A Wayside Scene.</p> <p>Cross-roads; a cyclist waiting beneath the signpost and gazing earnestly away into the distance. Every minute a glance first at his watch and then at a group of bottles and fruit which lay at his feet. Then he resumes his look-out for the coming speedman.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">-----</p> <p style="text-align: center;">'Tis a familiar scene.</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">'Tis a familiar scene.</p> <p>Captain Duffield, of the Ereclairs, is the watchman on this occasion; F. Bowie, of the Unity Club, is the speedman. Bowie is attempting twelve hours record; since morning he has come from near Croydon, southwards across Surrey and Sussex to Worthing; then westwards well into Hants, being now on his return.</p> <p>Presently a bustle. Captain Duffield has sighted Bowie. Hastily arranging bottles of speed drink, he mounts. Bowie comes along, slows down from eighteen miles an hour to eight, and takes first a drink and then a bite, looking pretty comfortable for all his hundred and twenty miles.</p> <p>The men riding behind on spare machines receive similar attention, then with a parting "Good luck to you, Bowie!" the Unity man bends again to his task, his followers quicken up, and the riders are soon out of sight.</p> <p>More cross roads, more waiting and watching cyclists, and more speed foods. Incidentally a lot more of bending to the task as well!</p> <p style="text-align: center;">-----</p> <p>A Noteworthy Performance.</p> <p>Then the twelfth hour ticked itself out, and Bowie had broken record, riding the splendid total of two hundred and seven miles. The ride is noteworthy as being the first on Southern Roads to beat a British record, in this instance a World's record also.</p> <p>A number of road riding men from London, Croydon, Horsham, and Worthing are arranging a meet at Crawley on Saturday now that they have ceased speed operations for a while. I understand a good muster of Worthing men are riding up in order to fraternise with their brother "speedworms" in a more leisurely manner than the sign post and cross roads interview permits of.</p> <p style="text-align: right;">DICK TURPIN.</p>
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And the chances are that we fail even to see the shingled spire of West Grinstead Church, not far away, nestling in the trees on our right as we scurry down the hill which takes us past the Castle.

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which lay at his feet. Then he resumes his look-out for the coming speedman.

'Tis a familiar scene.

Captain Duffield, of the Excelsiors, is the watchman on this occasion; F. Bowie, of the Unity Club, is the speedman. Bowie is attempting twelve hours record; since morning he has come from near Croydon, southwards across Surrey and Sussex to Worthing; then westwards well into Hants, being now on his return.

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