

THE WHEELING WORLD.

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<p>THE WHEELING WORLD. A WEEKLY SURVEY. Dick Turpin's Cycling Gossip.</p> <p>Whitsuntide Activity. THE glorious Whitsuntide weather fetched wheelers out in shoals, and small wonder it was, I am sure, that the main roads were crowded. At Handcross, on the London-Brighton road, I saw what looked an unending procession of cyclists steering southwards.</p> <p>The Catford C.C. and the Camberwell Wheelers carried out Whitsun runs to Worthing; Littlehampton attracted the Surrey Wheelers and the New Cavendish C.C., the latter going to Bognor also; at Fittleworth the well-known Brixton Ramblers were enjoying themselves, whilst the equally famous Anerley "boys" saw Petworth, Arundel, Chichester, and Selsey.</p> <p>West Sussex usually receives a liberal share of patronage at the hands of London wheelmen.</p> <p>An Old Wheelman. One of Worthing's oldest cyclists, "Ted" Blaker to wit, was telling me of an enjoyable day's jaunt he recently carried out. An early start, and he was through Brighton and Lewes before the day was warm. Tickfield came next, and soon the sturdy wheeler was pushing up Ovingdean's long climb, to be astonished at the big town which is rapidly growing, some hundred feet above sea level.</p> <p>A long run down, then some serious climbing at</p>	<p>Bridge, and "Ted" shortly brought up at Tunbridge Wells. So far, so good!</p> <p>Hard riding it was, but--on the authority of Escalatorite Ashford, who has made experiments--the quickest way to the town which Charles the Second made so popular as a resort of fashion.</p> <p>But friend Blaker knows and likes his Sussex too well to return by the same road! An undulating side past bog gardens looking well and open country looking better, than East Grinstead's pinnaled Church tower came into sight.</p> <p>Some pretty roads brought him through Turner's Hill and Mandeville to Lower Beeding, large masses of truly magnificent rounded domes being passed on the way.</p> <p>A glorious bit of free-wheeling, and the home of the Carthusian Monks at Uxfold loomed up as he turned across to West Grinstead, whence fourteen miles of the familiar Horsham-Worthing road afforded the closing scenes in an interesting day's ride of nearly a hundred miles.</p> <p>Luck! A Worthing man had some luck the other day. 'Twas a Sunday, and he was cycling on a main road; yet for thirty miles he did not hear, see, smell, nor raise one single noisy, peaking motor, with its odour of burnt oil and its solid cloud of dust!</p> <p>This truly blissful experience occurred on the main road to Burtborne. The lucky one started early enough to miss the motor traffic at Brighton, and got as far as Chajvington, out by Eastbourne, in a quiet, peaceful way, as in the pre-motoric days. He was lucky!</p> <p><i>Dick Turpin</i></p>	
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Dick Turpin's Cycling Gossip.

Whitsuntide Activity.

THE glorious Whitsuntide weather fetched wheelers out in shoals, and small wonder it was, I am sure, that the main roads were crowded. At Handcross, on the London-Brighton road, I saw what looked an unending procession of cyclists steering southwards.

The Catford C.C.¹ and the Camberwell Wheelers carried out Whitsun runs to Worthing; Littlehampton attracted the Surrey Wheelers and the New Cavendish C.C., the latter going to Bognor also; at Fittleworth the well-known Brixton Ramblers were enjoying themselves, whilst the equally famous Anerley "boys" saw Petworth, Arundel, Chichester, and Selsey.

West Sussex usually receives a liberal share patronage at the hands of London wheelmen.

An Old Wheelman.

One of Worthing's oldest cyclists, "Ted" Blaker to wit, was telling me of an enjoyable day's jaunt he recently carried out. An early start, and he was through Brighton and Lewes before the day was warm. Uckfield came next, and soon the sturdy wheeler was pushing up Crowborough's long climb, to be astonished at the big town which is rapidly growing, seven hundred feet above sea level.

A long run down, then some serious climbing at Bridge, and "Ted" shortly brought up at Tunbridge Wells. So far, so good!

Hard riding it was, but - on the authority of Excelsiorite Ashford, who has made experiments - the quickest way to the town which Charles the Second made so popular as a resort of fashion.

But friend Blaker knows and likes his Sussex too well to return by the same road! An undulating ride past hop gardens looking well and open country looking better, then East Grinstead's pinnacled Church tower came into sight.

Some pretty road brought him through Turner's Hill and Handcross to Lower Beeding, large masses of truly magnificent rhododendrons being passed on the way.

A glorious bit of free-wheeling, and the home of the Carthusian Monks at Cowfold loomed up as he turned across to West Grinstead, whence fourteen miles of the familiar Horsham-Worthing road afforded the closing scenes in an interesting day's ride of nearly a hundred miles.

Luck!

A Worthing man had some luck the other day. 'Twas a Sunday, and he was cycling on a main road; yet for thirty miles he did not hear, see, smell, nor taste one single noisy, pestiferous motor, with its odour of burnt oil and its solid cloud of dust!

This truly blissful experience occurred on the main road to Eastbourne. The lucky one started early enough to miss the motor traffic at Brighton, and got as far as Chalvington, out by Eastbourne, in a quiet, peaceful way, as in the pre-motoric days. He was lucky!

Dick Turpin

ⁱ The Worthing Gazette original is indistinct here: it could read Cruxford, Crawford or Catford. I've plumped for "Catford"

C.C." as it's the only club I'm confident existed back then.
I will certainly clarify if I live long enough. JDG.