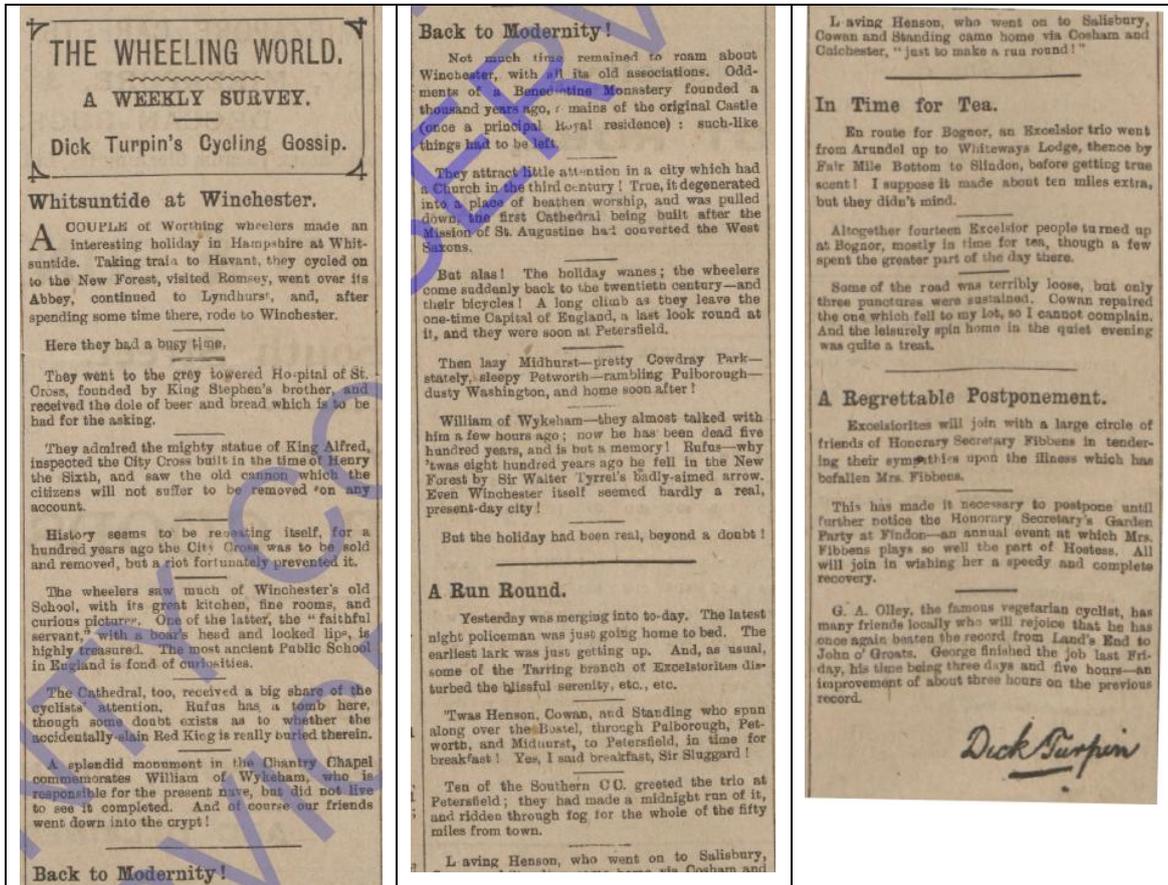


THE WHEELING WORLD.

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Turpin: 24.6.1908 P3C5- 01



THE WHEELING WORLD.

A WEEKLY SURVEY.

Dick Turpin's Cycling Gossip.

A COUPLE of Worthing wheelers made an interesting holiday in Hampshire at Whitsuntide. Taking train to Havant, they cycled on to the New Forest, visited Romsey, went over its Abbey, continued on to Lyndhurst, and after spending some time there, rode to Winchester.

Here they had a busy time.

They went on to the grey towered hospital of St. Cross, founded by King Stephen's brother, and received the dole of beer and bread which is to be had for the asking.

They admired the mighty statue of King Alfred, inspected the City Cross built in the time of Henry the Sixth, and saw the old cannon which the Citizens will not suffer to be removed on any account.

History seems to be repeating itself, for a hundred years ago the City Cross was to be sold and removed, but a riot fortunately prevented it.

The wheelers saw much of Winchester's old School, with its great kitchen, fine rooms, and curious pictures. One of the latter, the "faithful servant," with a boar's head and locked lips, is highly treasured. The most ancient Public School in England is fond of curiosities.

The Cathedral too, received a big share of the cyclists' attention. Rufus has a tomb here, though some doubt exists as to whether the accidentally-slain Red King is really buried therein.

A splendid monument in the Chantry Chapel commemorates William of Wykeham, who is responsible for the present nave, but did not live to see it completed. And of course our friends went down into the crypt!

Back to Modernity!

Not much time remained to roam about Winchester, with its old associations. Oddments of a Benedictine Monastery founded a thousand years ago, remains of the original Castle (once a principal Royal residence): such-like things had to be left.

They attract little attention in a city which had a church in the third century! True, it degenerated into a place of heathen worship, and was pulled down, the first Cathedral being built after the Mission of St. Augustine had converted the West Saxons.

But alas! The holiday wanes; the wheelers come suddenly back to the twentieth century – and their bicycles! A long climb as they leave the one-time Capital of England, a last look round it at, and they were soon at Petersfield

Then lazy Midhurst – pretty Cowdray Park – stately sleepy Petworth – rambling Pulborough – dusty Washington, and home soon after!

William of Wykeham – they almost talked with him a few hours ago; now he has been dead five hundred years, and is but a memory! Rufus – why 'twas eight hundred years ago he fell in the New Forest by Sir Walter Tyrrel's badly-aimed arrow. Even Winchester itself seemed hardly a real, present-day city!

But the holiday had been real, beyond a doubt!

A Run Around.

Yesterday was merging into to-day. The latest night policeman was just going home to bed. The earliest lark was just getting up. And, as usual, some of the Tarring branch of Excelsiorites disturbed the blissful serenity, etc., etc.

'Twas Henson, Cowan, and Standing who spun along over the Bostel, through Pulborough, Petworth, and Midhurst, to Petersfield, in time for breakfast! Yes, I said breakfast, Sir Sluggard!

Leaving Henson, who went on to Salisbury, Cowan and Standing came home via Cosham and Chichester, "just to make a run round!"

In Time for Tea.

En route for Bognor, an Excelsior trio went from Arundel up to Whiteways Lodge, thence by Fair Mile Bottom to Slindon, before getting true scent! I suppose it made about ten miles extra, but they didn't mind.

Altogether fourteen Excelsior people turned up at Bognor, mostly in time for tea, though a few spent the greater part of the day there.

Some of the road was terribly loose, but only three punctures were sustained. Cowan repaired the one which fell to my lot, so I cannot complain. And the leisure spin home in the quiet evening was quite a treat.

A Regrettable Postponement.

Excelsiorites will join with a large circle of friends of Honorary Secretary Fibbens in tendering their sympathies upon the illness which has befallen Mrs. Fibbens.

This has made it necessary to postpone until further notice the Honorary Secretary's Garden Party at Findon – an annual event at which Mrs. Fibbens plays so well the part of Hostess. All will join in wishing her a speedy and complete recovery.

G.A. Olley, the famous vegetarian cyclist, has many friends locally who will rejoice that he has once again beaten the record from Land's End to John o'Groats. George finished the job last Friday, his time being three days and five hours – an improvement of about three hours on the previous record.

Dick Turpin