

THE WHEELING WORLD

Source: Worthing Gazette Archive

at Worthing Local Studies Library

Turpin: 12.8.1908 P3C5 - 01

THE WHEELING WORLD.
A WEEKLY SURVEY.
Dick Turpin's Cycling Gossip.

"Mine be the breezy hill that skirts the down,
Where a green grassy turf is all I crave."
—James Beattie.

The Wheelman's Desire.

SUCH is the desire of many a wheeler in the hot days. Among others, Yours truly! And right easily may the desire be gratified, for lanes and footpaths without number beckon us away from the dusty roads. One recent afternoon I accepted such an invitation offered me by a path leading northwards from the Littlehampton road near Ferring.

A climb past fields gay with golden corn and waving poppies brought me on to Highdown Hill, near the spot where the eccentric miller, John Olliver, has lain in his last long sleep a century and more.

Heading westward, my friendly footpath took an easy course past fields where the swish of the reaper's sickle could be heard, and through meadows where horses grazed beneath shady trees. On the way I encountered a decapitated windmill.

Long ago I had wondered upon the ivy-clad building standing away on the high ground. Greedier than Don Quixote, I wanted more than a giant—say a Castle, or at the least a ruined Church!

Alas! 'Twas only a windmill! Built on the

Alas! 'Twas only a windmill! Built on the hill in order to catch more wind than its modest brother in Angmering, it overdid itself. King Boreas saw it, and sent a gale of wind which blew away the head and sweeps of the ambitious mill.

And the green ivy has taken pity on its dead body.

A Forgiven Trespass.

Further along I unconsciously trespassed to admire Ecclesden Manor House, a beautiful building erected about 1670. Anon cantered along the farmer who now lives in the house, which belonged to the Abbey of Fécamp before the suppression of the Monasteries. A busy man, the farmer, but he forgave me for trespassing, and smilingly offered me a two minutes' peep inside as he dismounted from his horse.

So I saw a hall, cool and spacious, and stepped into an apartment which took me back to the Three Musketeers period. Old oak wainscoting darkened the room, the tinctures and metals of heraldic devices standing out brightly and relieving many of the sombre panels.

A large window with heavy stone mullions

looked out across a stretch of greensward, whilst a spacious salience and a large fireplace caught my eye as I was shown into an adjoining room.

Here the paneled ceiling bore the initials of the Fremantle family, and records of their history adorned the walls. General Sir A. Lyon Fremantle, the present owner, had the property carefully restored some thirty or forty years ago.

But my two minutes had expired; my yeoman host had much to attend to. The cares of a farm leave less leisure than was enjoyed when rapiers and alken hose were the fashion.

So, bidding him adieu, and many thanks, I bestrode my prancing palfrey, and pedalled on to Angmering. Here I must leave myself to the reader, lest, good reader, I weary you over-much with my prating.

Sussex At Our Feet.

The Excelsiorites, too, love the breezy hill that skirts the down; and they appreciate the green, grassy turf. I met them at Washington the other day, just in time for tea. This was as well, seeing I had read a book on Obitings-on Common by way of dinner.

After tea we strolled through fields on to the open Downs; then up and up till we stood by Chantonbury's crown of beech trees. Nay, we sat there, for the climb was tough work.

Sat there on the close cropped, springy turf, with Sussex spread at our feet—a design worked in green meadows and yellow fields, relieved with clumps of trees; Cowfold Monastery and a Church here and there catching the eye.

Away north, Leth Hill hovered in a haze; north-west stood Bluecliffs; whilst the sun turned to red and sank in the gray sea of "atmosphere" out beyond Rignor and Dunton.

Then the hush of a summer evening fell over the rolling Downs. We descended, regained our machines, and ascertained homewards.

A Prevalent Malady.

There is an epidemic in the Excelsior Club! Kneesickness is its name. A nasty complaint for a wheelman to suffer from, too!

To keep poor Victor Gosman company, George Gale and Jack Sturding have both acquired the malady. The twins suffered spills which resulted in bad cuts and bruises on the knee, together with a stiffness which puts cycling out of the question.

I saw the sufferers recently; both were cheerful, and hope to be astride their steeds in two or three weeks. Victor, who was in charge of them, ruefully confessed to two hours and a half as his latest time to Littlehampton and back!

Not long ago an hour would have been ample for him. But he's looking forward to next year.

Dick Turpin

THE WHEELING WORLD.
A WEEKLY SURVEY.
Dick Turpin's Cycling Gossip.

"Mine be the breezy hill that skirts the down,
Where a green grassy turf is all I crave."
—James Beattie.

The Wheelman's Desire.

SUCH is the desire of many a wheeler in the hot days. Among others, Yours truly! And right easily may the desire be gratified, for lanes

and footpaths without number beckon us away from the dusty roads. One recent afternoon I accepted such an invitation offered me by a path leading northwards from the Littlehampton road near Ferring.

A climb past fields gay with golden corn and waving poppies brought me on to Highdown Hill, near the spot where the eccentric miller, John Olliver, has lain in his last long sleep a century and more.

Headlong westward, my friendly footpath took an easy course past fields where the swish of the reaper's sickle could be heard, and through meadows where horses grazed beneath shady trees. On the way I encountered a decapitated windmill.

Long ago I had wondered upon the ivy-clad building standing away on the high ground. Greedier than Don Quixote, I wanted more than a giant - say a Castle, or at the least a ruined Church!

Alas! 'Twas only a windmill! Built on the hill in order to catch more wind than its modest brother in Angmering, it overdid itself. King Boreas saw it, and sent a gale of wind which blew away the head and sweeps of the ambitious mill.

And the green ivy has taken pity on its dead body.

A Forgiven Trespass.

Further along I unconsciously trespassed to admire Ecclesden Manor House, a beautiful building erected about 1670. Anon cantered along the farmer who now lives in the house, which belonged to the Abbey of Fécamp before the suppression of the Monasteries. A busy man, the farmer, but he forgave me for trespassing, and smilingly offered me a two minutes' peep inside as he dismounted from his horse.

So I saw a hall, cool and spacious, and stepped into an apartment which took me back to the Three Musketeers period. Old oak wainscoting darkened the room, the tinctures and metals of heraldic devices standing out brightly and relieving many of the sombre panels.

A large window with heavy stone mullions looked out across a stretch of greensward, whilst a spacious staircase and a large fireplace caught my eye as I was shown into an adjoining room.

Here the pannelled¹ ceiling bore the initial of the Fremantle family, and records of their history adorned the walls. General Sir A. Lyon Fremantle, the present owner, had the property carefully restored some thirty or forty years ago.

But my two minutes had expired; my yeoman

host had much to attend to. The cares of a farm leave less leisure than was enjoyed when rapiers and silken hose were the fashion.

So, bidding him adieu, and many thanks, I bestrode my prancing palfrey, and pedalled on to Angmering. Here I must leave myself for the nonce, lest, good reader, I weary you over-much with my prosing.

Sussex At Our Feet.

The Excelsiorites, too, love the breezy hill that skirts the down; and they appreciate the green, grassy turf. I met them at Washington the other day, just in time for tea. This was as well, seeing I had read a book on Chiltington Common by way of dinner.

After tea we strolled through fields on to the open Downs; then up and up till we stood by Chanctonbury's crown of beech trees. Nay, we sat there, for the climb was tough work.

Sat there on the close cropped, springy turf, with Sussex spread at our feet - a design worked in green meadows and yellow fields, relieved with clumps of trees; Cowfold Monastery and a Church here and there catching the eye.

Away north, Leith Hill hovered in a haze; north-west stood Blackdown; whilst the sun turned to red and sank in the grey sea of "atmosphere" out beyond Bignor and Duncton. Then the hush of a summer evening fell over the rolling Downs. We descended, regained our machines, and sauntered homewards.

A Prevalent Malady.

There is an epidemic in the Excelsior Club! Kneestiffitis is its name. A nasty complaint for a wheelman to suffer from, too!

To keep poor Victor Cowan company, George Gale and Jack Standing have both acquired the malady. The twain suffered spills which resulted in bad cuts and bruises on the knee, together with a stiffness which puts cycling out of the question

I saw the sufferers recently; both were cheerful, and hope to be astride their steeds in two or three weeks. Victor, who was in charge of them, ruefully confessed to two hours and a half as his latest time to Littlehampton and back!

Not long ago an hour would have been ample for him. But he is looking forward to next year.

Dick Turpin

¹ "Pannelled" – correct spelling in Richard Long's day.