

Dick Turpin's Weekly Gossip.
 Source: Worthing Gazette archive
 at Worthing Local Studies Library.
 Turpin - 16.5.1900 P2C4

<p style="text-align: center;">CYCLING.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">DICK TURPIN'S WEEKLY GOSSIP.</p> <p>A FEW days ago, in the company of three other local cyclists, I had a trip to Dorking - my first visit to the town itself, though I have cycled within a few miles of it in every direction.</p> <p>We reached Dorking at 11.30 a.m., after a lovely spin over good roads, which take the rider through some pretty country—more especially the Surrey part of the ride—which just now is looking its best.</p> <p>Before dinner we strolled into the outskirts of the town, and the unanimous opinion was that, for a neighbourhood abounding in the picturesque, Dorking wants a lot of beating. All around lie the Surrey Downs; a pretty little river ripples along the roadside; and to complete everything we came across an old water-mill, where with one accord we sat on the sluice, and with our tobacco alight drank in the beauty on all sides.—[Really, Mr. Turpin! That drink again!—<i>Editor.</i>]</p> <p>After dinner we ambled along in a leisurely way, till we espied an inviting meadow, where we basked in the sun and realised the force of Jerome's remark, "There is something about an English Sunday afternoon"—for I must tell you the spin in question was a Sunday ride. Jerome's artist pictures the man in a huge armchair, but I think he would have been equally correct in sketching a lazy cyclist placidly digesting his dinner.</p> <p>All too soon, however, "Father O'Flynn" gave the order to start for home; and here, perhaps, I might narrate a little of my experience, which may save some other rider one of the worst accidents cycling brings about, and also considerable inconvenience.</p> <p>Ere I had ridden many miles I heard a peculiar</p>	<p>screeching or grating noise—one of those slight noises so difficult to locate, quite different from that which is occasioned by gritty bearings or chain. An examination of the bike revealed nothing, so I rode on till the noise became more persistent, when I recognised it as coming from the front forks, and, scratching away some of the enamel, discovered a complete fracture of one of the blades.</p> <p>Thanking my lucky stars I had discovered the damage in time to avert what always proves a dangerous accident. I repaired to the roadside, and, finding a suitable piece of wood, with the assistance of a chum, shaped it up and fitted it into the two broken ends of the blade, eventually making all secure with a splint tightly bound on outside, the patch-up lasting me the thirty miles home, and thus avoiding the necessity of a walk of several miles and a four-hour wait for the next train.</p> <p>It is well to profit by each other's experience, and as most of us at some time or other find ourselves in this sort of predicament. I thought this incident might prove of use. It certainly goes to show the need of being on the alert for peculiar sounds and other little eccentricities on the part of our jiggers.</p> <p>Last Wednesday the Tarring C.C.—who, by-the-by, always turn out in strong force for Club runs—journeyed to Washington, where they met a small contingent of Excelsior boys, and together passed a jolly hour or two with football, song, and dance. What a pity so few of the Excelsiors attend these little outings; a stranger would hardly credit the fact that the membership roll amounts to a hundred and twenty.</p> <p>Teddy Hale was in Worthing again on Saturday, leaving here about six o'clock with sixteen</p>	<p>more miles to do in order to complete his hundred miles for the day. He has now ridden a distance equal to the circumference of the earth in forty-one weeks.</p> <p>The old-established Spring Race Meeting of the Surrey B.C. came off last Saturday at the Crystal Palace, about 3,000 spectators being present. Some superb riding was witnessed, notably in the half-mile race for the Sydney trophy, won by H. S. Chambers, and in the ten-mile race for the Surrey Cup, which went to H. W. Payne.</p> <p>The latter race was somewhat marred by three of the fastest men croppering; H. S. Chambers and F. W. Burnard, of London, and Holloway, the flier from the Midlands, being the unfortunate ones.</p> <p>I am sorry to say there is to be no race meeting at Preston Park on Whit Monday.</p> <p>The 1,000 miles trip of the Automobile Club came to a successful close on Saturday last, the majority of the cars finishing up at London that night, after a long and difficult journey from Nottingham, a distance of 123 miles.</p> <p>Taken on the whole, the horseless carriages seem to have behaved very well throughout the tour, the number of breakdowns being small for such an undertaking.</p> <p>Public interest seems to have been greatly stimulated, and it may be hoped the Automobile Club have made a great step towards implanting a new industry in the country.</p> <p>The Excelsior and West Tarring boys are warned to be ready to turn out in great force for the Masfeking celebration.</p> <p>Next Wednesday the Excelsior C.C. will run to Arundel, and the Tarring C.C. will visit Storrington.</p> <p style="text-align: right;">DICK TURPIN.</p>
---	--	--

CYCLING

DICK TURPIN'S WEEKLY GOSSIP.

A FEW days ago, in the company of three other local cyclists, I had a trip to Dorking - my first visit to the town itself, though I have cycled within a few miles of it in every direction.

We reached Dorking at 11.30 a.m., after a lovely spin over good roads, which take the rider through some pretty country - more especially the Surrey part of the ride—which just now is looking its best.

Before dinner we strolled into the outskirts of the town, and the unanimous opinion was that, for a neighbourhood abounding in the picturesque, Dorking wants a lot of beating. All around lie the Surrey Downs; a pretty little river ripples along the roadside; and to complete everything we came across an old water-mill, where with one accord we sat on the sluice, and with our tobacco alight drank in the beauty on all sides.—[Really, Mr. Turpin! That drink again! --*Editor.*]

After dinner we ambled along in a leisurely way, till we espied an inviting meadow, where we basked in the sun and realised the force of Jerome's remark, "There is something about an English Sunday afternoon"—for I must tell you the spin in question was a Sunday ride. Jerome's artist pictures the man in a huge armchair, but I think he would have been equally correct in sketching a lazy cyclist placidly digesting his dinner.

All too soon, however, "Father O'Flynn" gave the order to start for home; and here, perhaps, I might narrate a little of my experience, which may save some other rider one of the worst accidents cycling brings about, and also considerable inconvenience.

Ere I had ridden many miles I heard a peculiar I
Ere I had ridden many miles I heard a peculiar scratching or grating noise - one of those slight noises so difficult to locate, quite different from that which is occasioned by gritty bearings or chain. An examination of the bike revealed nothing, so I rode on till the noise became more persistent, when I recognised it as coming from the front forks, and, scratching away some of the enamel, discovered a complete fracture of one of the blades.

Thanking my lucky stars I had discovered the damage in time to avert what always prove a dangerous accident, I repaired to the roadside, and, finding a suitable piece of wood, with the assistance of a chum. shaped it up and fitted it into the two broken ends of the blade, eventually making all secure with a splint, tightly bound on outside, tho path-up lasting me the thirty miles home, and thus avoiding the necessity of a walk of several miles and a four-hour wait for the next train.

It is well to profit by each other's experience, and as most of us at some time or other find ourselves in this sort of predicament. I thought this incident might prove of use. It certainly goes to show the need of being on the alert for peculiar sounds and other little eccentricities on the part of our jiggers,

Last Wednesday the Tarring C.C. who, by-the-by, always turn edit in strong force for Club runs—journeyed to Washington, where they met a small contingent of Excelsior boys, and together passed a jolly hour or two with football, song, and dance. What a pity so few of the Excelsiors attend these little outings; a stranger would hardly credit the fact that the membership roll amounts to a hundred and twenty.

Teddy Hale was in Worthing again on Saturday, leaving here about six o'clock with sixteen more miles to do in order to complete his hundred miles for the day. He has now ridden a distance equal to the circumference of the earth in forty-one weeks.

The old-established Spring Race Meeting of the Surrey B.C. came off last Saturday at the Crystal Palace, about 3,000 spectators being present. Some superb riding was witnessed, notably in the half-mile race for the Sydney trophy, won by H. S. Chambers, and in the ten mile race for the Surrey Cup, which went to H.W. Payne.

The latter race was somewhat marred by three of the fastest men croppering; H. S. Chambers and F.W. Burnand, of London, and Holloway, the flier from the Midlands, being the unfortunates.

I am sorry to say there is to be no race meeting at Preston Park on Whit Monday.

The 1,000 miles trip of the Automobile Club came to a successful, close on Saturday last, the majority of the cars finishing up at London that night, after a long and difficult journey from Nottingham, a distance of 123 miles.

Taken on the whole, the horseless carriages seem to have behaved very well throughout the tour, the number of breakdowns being small for such an undertaking.

Public interest seems to have been greatly stimulated, and it may be hoped the Automobile Club have made a great step towards implanting a new industry in the country.

The Excelsior and West Tarring boys are warned to be ready to turn out in great force for the Mafeking celebration.

Next Wednesday the Excelsior C.C. will run to Arundel, and the Tarring C.C. will visit Storrington.

DICK TURPIN.