

The first Richard Long "Dick Turpin" article of 1901.

Source: Worthing Gazette Archive at Worthing Local Studies Library
Turpin: 24.4.1901 P2C4.

CYCLING.

Dick Turpin's Weekly Gossip.

THE winter of our discontent having at length passed, I have prevailed upon the Editor to spare a little space for a weekly gossip once more.

The one-time custom of reviewing at this season the change in the construction of machines from year to year is one that is now needless. So far as ease of propulsion and comfort generally are concerned we seem to have reached finality, if not perfection; the changes of the past year or two in the way of free wheels and cross frames, being alterations rather than improvements.

However, if cycle engineers can improve no more, the rider has the consolation of knowing his machine of last season, tried and trusted as it is, has the merit of still being up-to-date.

The Worthing Excelsior C.C. have commenced the season with a splendid burst of speed. At the first Committee meeting of the year over a dozen new members were made, the large influx being mainly due to the energies of the new Captain, Mr. H. Shaw.

The Committee are doing all they can to bring the members of the old Club together, and this year it is hoped to arrange a few inter-Club fixtures of interest.

Last Thursday I attended the Centre Council meeting of the N.C.U. at Brighton. The first face I saw was that of Delegate Henson, who was representing the interests of the West Tarring C.C. Others present included R. L. Jefferson, the hero of some tremendous journeys on wheel to Constantinople, to Khiva, and places where never before, or since, has a cycle been seen; also Frowd, the one-time Champion of Sussex, who had cycled from Eastbourne with Niedermayer, and found the road already beginning to get loose.

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The Centre is also about to bring pressure upon the local authorities through whose districts the tramway on the Brighton road runs, with a view of getting the road repaired. It is now in a frightful state, being dangerous to all kinds of traffic. The journey home at midnight took five years off the life of "Turpin."

Another thing in which the Centre is making itself useful is the systematic cutting up of the county into divisions and sub-divisions, to provide expert cyclists who will serve as guides for the Army in the event of manoeuvres taking place in Sussex. As this is being done at the request of the War Office it goes to show the wheelman is looked upon to take his place in military operations of the future, and that his worth is recognised.

The other business transacted included the arrangements for erecting one or two caution boards on awkward hills, and a recommendation for the "white-washing" of a late "pro" rider, E. W. Heather, who wishes to return to the amateur fold.

The road through Crawley and Redhill to London is now in very decent order. W. R. Paine cycled to town and back, by way of a gentle potter, a few days ago, and found the going very nice.

Last Wednesday the Tarring C.C. commenced their runs for the season, about a score of the "Figleaves" turning out for the spin. Bramber was the destination, and, the weather being fine, a jolly evening was spent.

Next Wednesday they go to Ashington. The Excelsior C.C. have not yet fixed up their run-card.

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The Centre has arranged to have one mile and five miles County Championships this year, but has not yet granted them to any Club. The applicants so far are Worthing and the Eastbourne Rovers.

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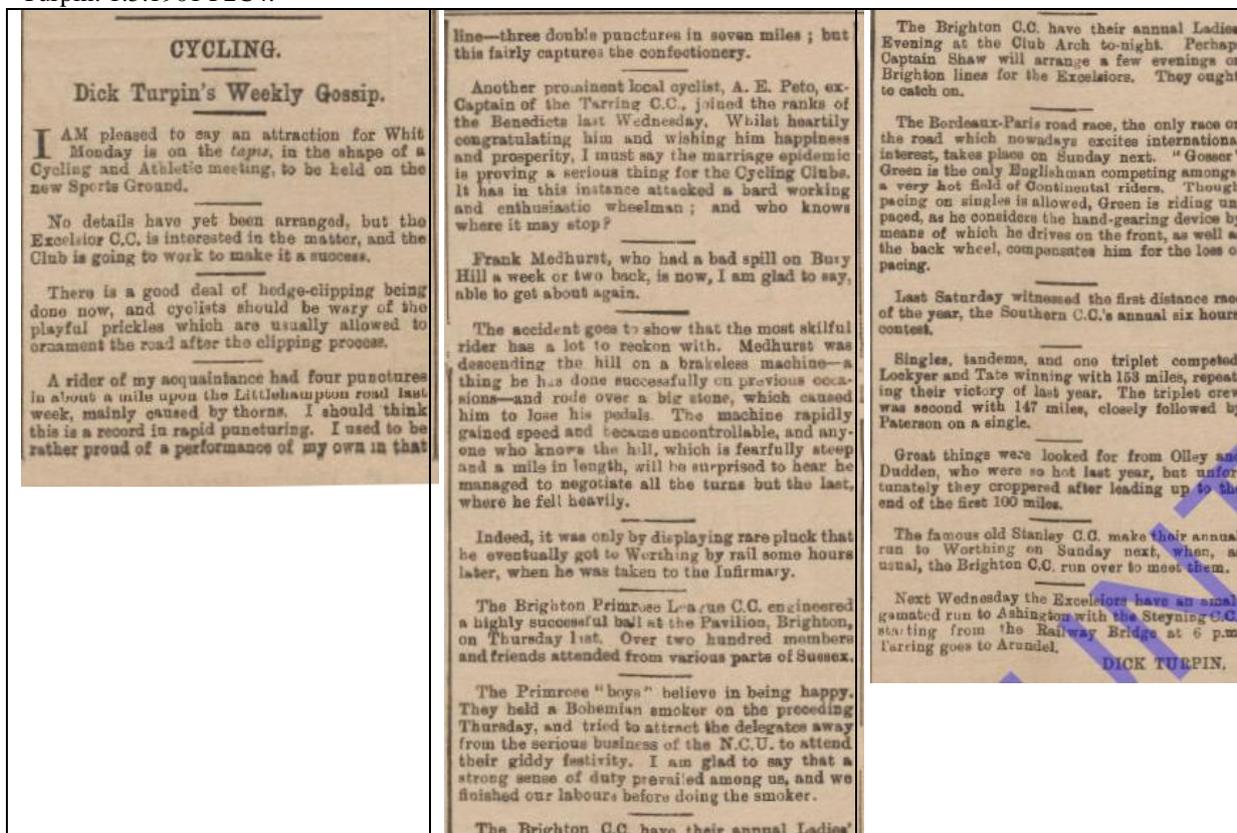
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Source: Worthing Gazette archive,
 Worthing Local Studies Library.
 Turpin: 1.5.1901 P2C4.



CYCLING

Dick Turpin's Weekly Gossip.

I AM pleased to say an attraction for Whit Monday is on the tapis, in the shape of a Cycling and Athletic meeting, to be held on the new Sports Ground.

No details have yet been arranged, but the Excelsior C.C. is interested in the matter, and the Club is going to work to make it a success.

There is a good deal of hedge-clipping being done now, and cyclists should be wary of the playful prickles which are usually allowed to ornament the road after the clipping process.

A rider of my acquaintance had four punctures in about a mile upon the Littlehampton road last week, mainly caused by thorns. I should think this is a record in rapid puncturing. I used to be rather proud of a performance of my own in that line—three double punctures in seven miles; but this fairly captures the confectionery.

Another prominent local cyclist, A.E. Peto, ex-Captain of the Tarring C.C., joined the ranks of the Benedicts last Wednesday. Whilst heartily congratulating him and wishing him happiness and prosperity, I must say the marriage epidemic is proving a serious thing for the Cycling Clubs. It has in this instance attacked a hard working and enthusiastic wheelman; and who knows where it may stop?

Frank Medhurst, who had a bad spill on Bury Hill a week or two back, is now, I am glad to say, able to get about again.

The accident goes to show that the most skilful rider has a lot to reckon with. Medhurst was descending the hill on a brakeless machine - a thing he has done successfully on previous occasions - and rode over a big stone, which caused him to lose his pedals. The machine rapidly gained speed and became uncontrollable, and anyone who knows the hill, which is fearfully steep and a mile in length, will be surprised to hear he managed to negotiate all the turnsⁱⁱ but the last, where he fell heavily.

Indeed, it was only by displaying rare pluck that he eventually got to Worthing by rail some hours later, when he was taken to the Infirmary.

The Brighton Primrose League C.C. engineered a highly successful ball at the Pavilion, Brighton, on Thursday last. Over two hundred members and friends attended from various parts of Sussex.

The Primrose "boys" believe in being happy. They held a Bohemian smoker on the preceding Thursday, and tried to attract the delegates away from the serious business of the N.C.U. to attend their giddy festivity. I am glad to say that a strong sense of duty prevailed among us, and we finished our labours before doing the smoker.

The Brighton C.C. have their annual Ladies' Evening at the Club Arch to-night. Perhaps Captain Shaw will arrange a few evenings on Brighton lines for the Excelsiors. They ought to catch on.

The Bordeaux-Paris road race, the only race on the road which nowadays excites international interest, takes place on Sunday next. "Gosser" Green is the only Englishman competing amongst a very hot field of Continental riders. Though pacing on singles is allowed, Green is riding un-paced, as he considers the hand-gearing device by means of which he drives on the front, as well as the back wheel, compensates him for the loss of pacing.

Last Saturday witnessed the first distance race of the year, the Southern C.C.'s annual six hours' contest.

Singles, tandems, and one triplet competed, Lockyer and Tate winning with 153 miles, repeating their victory of last year. The triplet crew was second with 147 miles, closely followed by Paterson on a single.

Great things were looked for from Olley and Dudden, who were so hot last year, but unfortunately they croppered after leading up to the end of the first 100 miles.

The famous old Stanley C.C. make their annual run to Worthing on Sunday next, when, as usual, the Brighton C.C. run over to meet them.

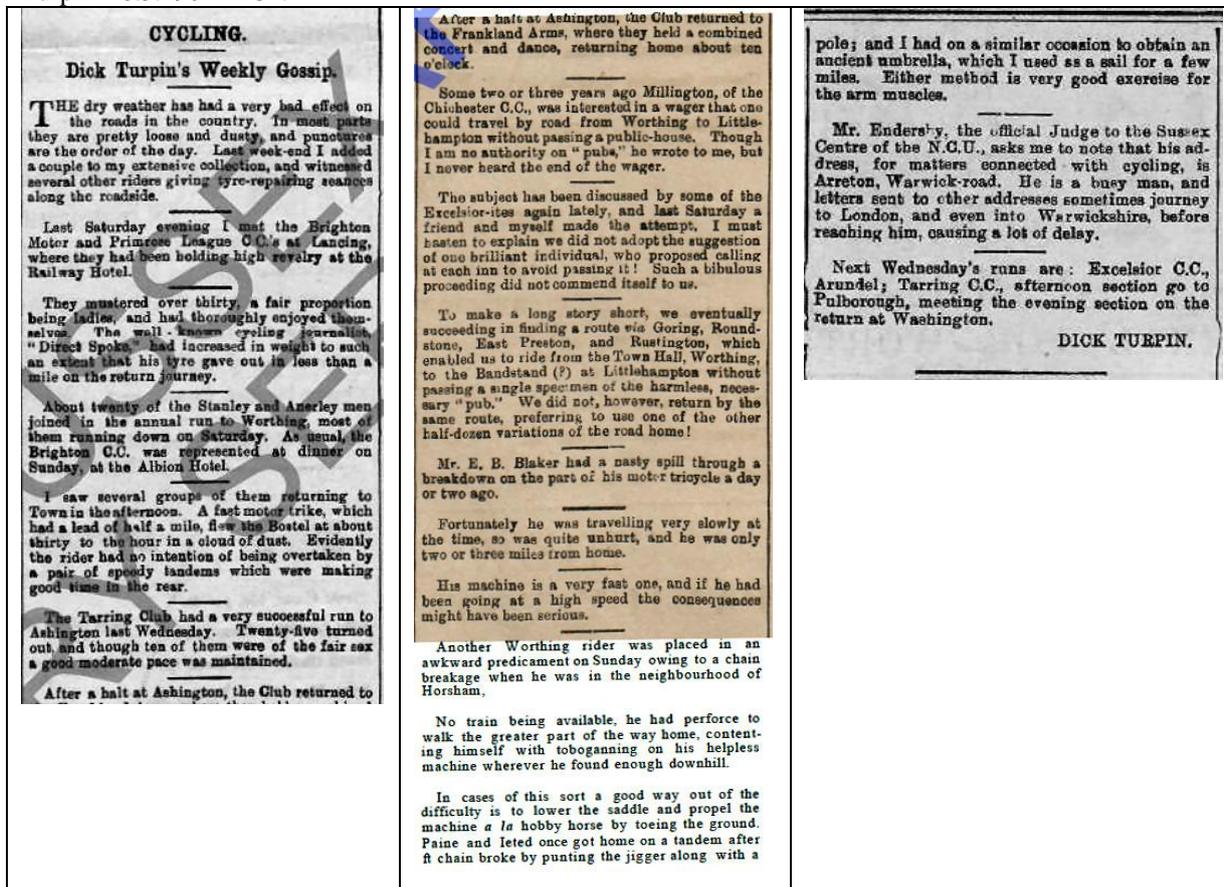
Next Wednesday the Excelsiors have an amalgamated run to Ashington with the Steyning C.C., starting from the Railway Bridge at 6 p.m. Tarring goes to Arundel.

DICK TURPIN

ⁱ i.e. "Takes the biscuit."

ⁱⁱ Bury Hill was straightened considerably in the 1950s, so Frank's "turns" are no longer there.

Dick Turpin's Weekly Gossip
 Source: Worthing Gazette archive,
 Worthing Local Studies Library.
 Turpin - 8.5.1901 P2C4.



CYCLING

Dick Turpin's Weekly Gossip.

THE dry weather has had a very bad effect on the roads in the country. In most parts they are pretty loose and dusty, and punctures are the order of the day. Last week-end I added a couple to my extensive collection, and witnessed several other riders giving tyre-repairing seances along the roadside.

 Last Saturday evening I met the Brighton Motor and Primrose League C.C.'s at Lancing, where they had been holding high revelry at the Railway Hotel.

 They mustered over thirty, a fair proportion being ladies, and had thoroughly enjoyed themselves. The well-known cycling journalist, "Direct Spoke," had increased in weight to such an extent that his tyre gave out in less than mile on the return journey.

After a halt at Ashington, the Club returned to the Frankland Arms, where they held a combined concert and dance, returning home about ten o'clock.

 Some two or three years ago Millington, of the Chichester C.C., was interested in a wager that one could travel by road from Worthing to Littlehampton without passing a public-house. Though I am no authority on "pubs," he wrote to me, but I never heard the end of the wager.

 The subject has been discussed by some of the Excelsior-ites again lately, and last Saturday a friend and myself made the attempt. I must hasten to explain we did not adopt the suggestion of one brilliant individual, who proposed calling at each inn to avoid passing it! Such a tibulous proceeding did not commend itself to us.

 To make a long story short, we eventually succeeding in finding a route *via* Goring, Roundstone, East Preston, and Rustington, which enabled us to ride from the Town Hall, Worthing, to the Bandstand (?) at Littlehampton without passing a single specimen of the harmless, necessary "pub." We did not, however, return by the same route, preferring to use one of the other half-dozen variations of the road home!

 Mr. E. B. Blaker had a nasty spill through a breakdown on the part of his motor tricycle a day or two ago.

 Fortunately he was travelling very slowly at the time, so was quite unhurt, and he was only two or three miles from home.

 His machine is a very fast one, and if he had been going at a high speed the consequences might have been serious.

 Another Worthing rider was placed in an awkward predicament on Sunday owing to a chain breakage when he was in the neighbourhood of Horsham.

 No train being available, he had perforce to walk the greater part of the way home, contenting himself with tobogganing on his helpless machine wherever he found enough downhill.

 In cases of this sort a good way out of the difficulty is to lower the saddle and propel the machine *a la* hobby horse by toeing the ground. Paine and I eted once got home on a tandem after ft chain broke by punting the jigger along with a

 pole; and I had on a similar occasion to obtain an ancient umbrella, which I used as a sail for a few miles. Either method is very good exercise for the arm muscles.

 Mr. Endersby, the official Judge to the Sussex Centre of the N.C.U., asks me to note that his address, for matters connected with cycling, is Arreton, Warwick-road. He is a busy man, and letters sent to other addresses sometimes journey to London, and even into Warwickshire, before reaching him, causing a lot of delay.

 Next Wednesday's runs are: Excelsior C.C., Arundel; Tarring C.C., afternoon section go to Pulborough, meeting the evening section on the return at Washington.

DICK TURPIN.

About twenty of the Stanley and Anerley men joined in the annual run to Worthing, most of them running down on Saturday. As usual, the Brighton C.C. was represented at dinner on Sunday, at the Albion Hotel.

I saw several groups of them returning to Town in the afternoon. A fast motor trike, which had a lead of half a mile, flew the Bostel at about thirty to the hour in a cloud of dust. Evidently the rider had no intention of being overtaken by a pair of speedy tandems which were making good time in the rear.

The Tarring Club had a very successful run to Ashington last Wednesday. Twenty-five turned out and though ten of them were of the fair sex a good moderate pace was maintained.

After a halt at Ashington, the Club returned to the Frankland Arms, where they held a combined concert and dance, returning home about ten o'clock.

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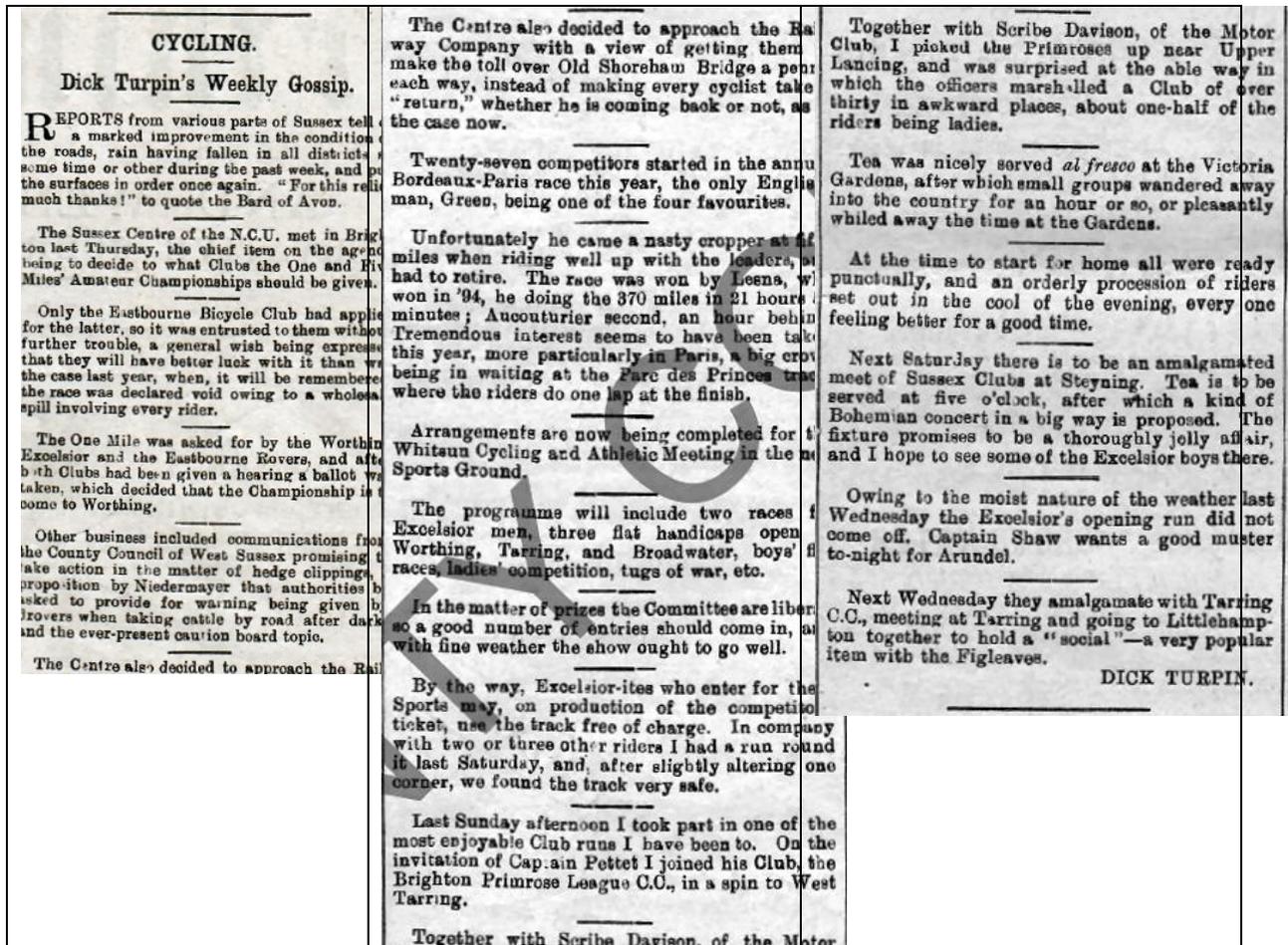
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 Turpin - 15.5.1901 P2C5.



CYCLING

Dick Turpin's Cycling Gossip.

REPORTS from various parts of Sussex tell of a marked improvement in the condition of the roads, rain having fallen in all districts at some time or other during the past week, and put the surfaces in order once again. "For this relief much thanks!" to quote the Bard of Avon,

The Sussex Centre of the N.C.U. met in Brighton last Thursday, the chief item on the agenda being to decide to what Clubs the One and Five Miles' Amateur Championships should be given.

Only the Eastbourne Bicycle Club had applied for the latter, so it was entrusted to them without further trouble, a general wish being expressed that they will have better luck with it than was

the case last year, when, it will be remembered, the race was declared void owing to a wholesale spill involving every rider.

The One Mile was asked for by the Worthing Excelsior and the Eastbourne Rovers, and after both Clubs had been given a hearing a ballot was taken, which decided that the Championship is to come to Worthing.

Other business included communications from the County Council of West Sussex promising to take action in the matter of hedge clippings, a proposition by Niedermayer that authorities be asked to provide for warning being given by drovers when taking cattle by road after dark, and the ever-present caution board topic.

The Centre also decided to approach the Railway Company with a view of getting them to make the toll over Old Shoreham Bridge a penny each way, instead of making every cyclist take a return, whether he is coming back or not, as is the case now.

Twenty-seven competitors started in the annual Bordeaux-Paris race this year, the only Englishman, Green, being one of the four favourites.

Unfortunately he came a nasty cropper at fifty miles when riding well up with the leaders, and had to retire. The race was won by Lesna, who won in '94, he doing the 370 miles in 21 hours 54 minutes; Aucouttirier second, an hour behind. Tremendous interest seems to have been taken this year, more particularly in Paris, a big crowd being in waiting at the Parc des Princes track, where the riders do one lap at the finish.

Arrangements are now being completed for the Whitsun Cycling and Athletic Meeting in the new Sports Ground.

The programme will include two races for Excelsior men, three flat handicaps open to Worthing, Tarring, and Broadwater, boys' flat races, ladies competition, tugs of war, etc.

In the matter of prizes the Committee are liberal, so a good number of entries should come in, and with fine weather the show ought to go well.

By the way, Excelsiorites who enter for these Sports may, on production of the competitor's ticket, use the track free of charge. In company with two or three other riders I had a run round it last Saturday, and, after slightly altering one corner, we found the track very safe.

Last Sunday afternoon I took part in one of the

most enjoyable Club runs I have been to. On the invitation of Captain Pettet I joined his Club, the Brighton Primrose League C.C., in a spin to West Tarring.

Together with Scribe Davison, of the Motor Club, I picked the Primroses up near Upper Lancing, and was surprised at the able way in which the officers marshalled a Club of over thirty in awkward places, about one-half of the riders being ladies.

Tea was nicely served *al fresco* at the Victoria Gardens, after which small groups wandered away into the country for an hour or so, or pleasantly whiled away the time at the Gardens.

At the time to start for home all were ready punctually, and an orderly procession of riders set out in the cool of the evening, every one feeling better for a good time.

Next Saturday there is to be an amalgamated meet of Sussex Clubs at Steyning. Tea is to be served at five o'clock, after which a kind of Bohemian concert in a big way is proposed. The fixture promises to be a thoroughly jolly affair, and I hope to see some of the Excelsior boys there.

Owing to the moist nature of the weather last Wednesday the Excelsior's opening run did not come off. Captain Shaw wants a good muster to-night for Arundel.

Next Wednesday they amalgamate with Tarring C.C., meeting at Tarring and going to Littlehampton together to hold a "social" - a very popular item with the Figleaves.

DICK TURPIN.

Dick Turpin's Weekly Gossip.
 Source: Worthing Gazette copies at
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 Turpin - 22.5.1901 P2C4.

<p style="text-align: center;">CYCLING.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Dick Turpin's Weekly Gossip.</p> <p>TRAINING operations are commencing on the new Sports Ground in view of the Whit Monday meeting, several of the Excelsiors putting in time on the track in the early morning, or after business hours.</p> <p>A few days ago I potted up to the Ground and found, amongst others, a youthful aspirant to speed honours, who was moving well on a machine with nine-inch cranks and a 120 gear - quite another J. W. Mills, in fact.</p> <p>He gave me a very hot time of it at hanging on, whilst he looked to me most annoyingly comfortable. I must be getting old!</p> <p>The Excelsior C.C. brought off their opening run last Wednesday, eight of them turning out, Captain Shaw in command. One rider sustained a puncture on the outward journey to Arundel, where the party took some boats, and spent a jolly time on the river.</p> <p>The main feature of the homeward run was the trouble occasioned by various lamps continually going out. Why will Clubmen bring troublesome lamps, which delay the whole Club?</p> <p>The cycling section of the local Volunteer Company promises to develop into a smart and serviceable body of men.</p> <p>A dozen of them, under Captain Woodbridge, turned out last Thursday evening for cycling drill. They rode <i>via</i> Crocodile Hill on to the Downs, where they went through some interesting work, with a view to fitting them for scouting and skirmishing, for which branch of warfare the cycle seems to be eminently adapted.</p> <p>The other day I went, in company with a few other Excelsiors, about fifteen miles down the Chichester road, and we found it already getting loose for want of rain.</p> <p>We were piloted by "Alf." Chilton, one of the most popular men in the Club, and among cyclists generally. He was coaching the more industrious of us in the art of fast work up-hill. "Alf." is an old 'un at the game, and things were very warm for the rest of us.</p> <p>The amalgamated meet of Sussex Clubs at</p>	<p>Steyning on Saturday last was a complete success. Favoured by glorious weather, a large crowd of wheelmen and wheelwomen gathered themselves together at the ancient town.</p> <p>The muster at the tea table exceeded a hundred and forty, whilst later in the evening a couple of hundred were there. The concert and dance went so well that things were kept up till eleven o'clock without any slackness whatever, and few were ready to leave the gay festivities even then.</p> <p>There seems every indication that success would follow a series of these amalgamated meets, instead of the Clubs being satisfied with only one in the season.</p> <p>A bicycle figured prominently in a peculiar case related at the Southwark Police Court last Saturday.</p> <p>Its owner, a Mr. Bannister, of Wadhurst, in Sussex, left home in the usual way with his machine about a fortnight ago, and has not since been heard of. It is feared his mental powers are weakened through influenza, and his relatives find it practically impossible to trace him. Probably no other means of travelling baffles the detective to the extent that a bicycle does.</p> <p>Mr. Bannister rode a Raleigh, and is described as a military-looking man, fair hair and moustache, light grey eyes, middle age, wearing a brown riding suit and gaiters.</p> <p>Being a Sussex man, perhaps a local wheelman might "spot" him during his travels.</p> <p>In these degenerate days, when the term</p>	<p>In these degenerate days, when the term "Club run" means a dawdle with the ladies to the nearest Tea Gardens, and when the hardy road-rider as a class has well-nigh died out, it is quite refreshing to read of a road race on the old lines.</p> <p>The famous Northern Club, the Black Anfielders, ran one such last week. It was their unpaced fifty mile handicap, which went to E. L. Knipe in 2hr. 36min. - the fastest time in the race; eleven others, out of a field of sixteen, getting home in less than three hours. A heavy wind was in evidence, which makes the performance very creditable for unpaced work.</p> <p>The North Road C.C. brought off a similar race last week. The fifteen who finished in this event were inside three hours, the fastest time being Cobby's, who was second in 2hrs. 27min.; L. E. Jones winning with 7min. start in 2hr. 32min.</p> <p>There is no doubt the decay of the harmless but illegal sport of road racing has done much to wreck a very large number of Clubs. The Excelsior C.C. possessed ten times the vitality it now has in the days of the President's Cup races and other road events.</p> <p>Next week's fixtures are: Excelsior C.C., Steyning, going <i>via</i> Shoreham; West Tarring C.C., Brighton.</p> <p style="text-align: right;">DICK TURPIN.</p>
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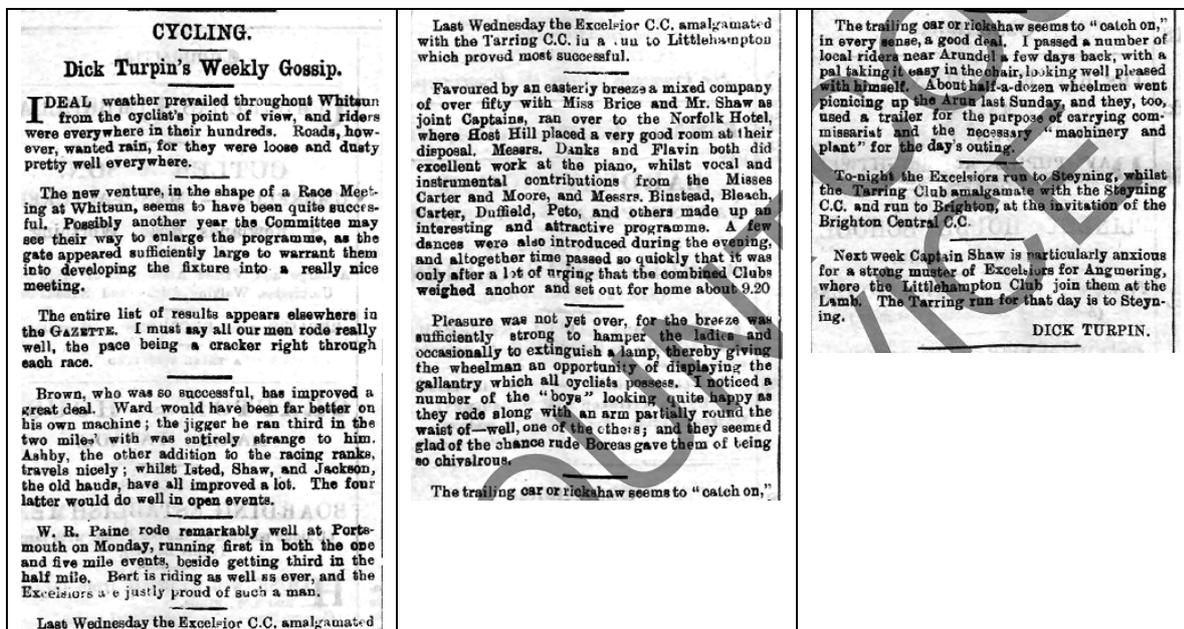
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 Turpin - 29.5.1901 P2C4.



CYCLING

Dick Turpin's Weekly Gossip.

IDEAL weather prevailed throughout Whitsun from the cyclist's point of view, and riders were everywhere in their hundreds. Roads, however, wanted rain, for they were loose and dusty pretty well everywhere.

The new venture, in the shape of a Race Meeting at Whitsun, seems to have been quite successful. Possibly another year the Committee may see their way to enlarge the programme, as the gate appeared sufficiently large to warrant them into developing the fixture into a really nice meeting.

The entire list of results appears elsewhere in the GAZETTE. I must say all our men rode really well, the pace being a cracker right through each race.

Brown, who was so successful, has improved a great deal. Ward would have been far better on his own machine; the jigger he ran third in the two miles' with was entirely strange to him. Ashby, the other addition to the racing ranks, travels nicely; whilst Isted, Shaw, and Jackson, the old hands, have all improved a lot. The four latter would do well in open events.

Last Wednesday the Excelsior C.C. amalgamated with the Tarring C.C. in a union to Littlehampton which proved most successful.

Favoured by an easterly breeze a mixed company of over fifty with Miss Brice and Mr. Shaw as joint Captains, ran over to the Norfolk Hotel, where Host Hill placed a very good room at their disposal. Messrs. Danks and Flavin both did excellent work at the piano, whilst vocal and instrumental contributions from the Misses Carter and Moore, and Messrs. Binstead, Bleach, Carter, Dafield, Peto, and others made up an interesting and attractive programme. A few dances were also introduced during the evening, and altogether time passed so quickly that it was only after a lot of urging that the combined Clubs weighed anchor and set out for home about 9.20.

Pleasure was not yet over, for the breeze was sufficiently strong to hamper the ladies and occasionally to extinguish a lamp, thereby giving the wheelman an opportunity of displaying the gallantry which all cyclists possess. I noticed a number of the "boys" looking quite happy as they rode along with an arm partially round the waist of—well, one of the others; and they seemed glad of the chance rude Boreas gave them of being so chivalrous.

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The trailing car or rickshaw seems to "catch on," in every sense, a good deal. I passed a number of local riders near Arundel a few days back, with a pal taking it easy in the chair, looking well pleased with himself. About half-a-dozen wheelmen went picnicing up the Arun last Sunday, and they, too, used a trailer for the purpose of carrying commissariat and the necessary "machinery and plant" for the day's outing.

To-night the Excelsiors run to Steyning, whilst the Tarring Club amalgamate with the Steyning C.C. and run to Brighton, at the invitation of the Brighton Central C.C.

Next week Captain Shaw is particularly anxious for a strong muster of Excelsiors for Angering, where the Littlehampton Club join them at the Lamb. The Tarring run for that day is to Steyning.

DICK TURPIN.

W.R. Paine rode remarkably well at Portsmouth on Monday, running first in both the one and five mile events, beside getting third in the half mile. Bert is riding as well as ever, and the Excelsiors are justly proud of such a man.

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Favoured by an easterly breeze a mixed company of over fifty with Miss Brice and Mr. Shaw as joint Captains, ran over to the Norfolk Hotel, where Host Hill placed a very good room at their disposal. Messrs. Banks and Flavin both did excellent work at the piano, whilst vocal and instrumental contributions from the Misses Carter and Moore, and Messrs. Binstead, Bleach, Carter, Duffield, Peto, and others made up an interesting and attractive programme. A few dances were also introduced during the evening, and altogether time passed so quickly that it was only after a lot of urging that the combined Clubs weighed anchor and set out for home about 9.20.

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DICK TURPIN

Dick Turpin's Weekly Gossip.
 Source: Worthing Gazette archive
 at Worthing Local Studies Library.
 Turpin - 5.6.1901 P2C4.

<p>Dick Turpin's Weekly Gossip.</p> <p>THE small quantity of rain with which we were favoured last week certainly improved the roads to some extent, but they are still far from being perfect.</p> <p>A few days back I took an eighty-mile spin, with Rue Isted, of the Excelsior C.C., to Fareham and back, and the roads were still pretty loose in places. We suffered three punctures, all of which came as welcome rests to me, as Rue is pretty thick on a long slog.</p> <p>Riders who have sampled the Horsham and Brighton roads tell me both of them want rain too.</p> <p>Last Wednesday the Excelsior C.C., ran to Bramber, putting up at the Castle Hotel, where they were well treated, as Host Pearce is a member of their Club.</p> <p>About ten of them put in an appearance during the evening, whiling away the time with parlour quoits and other harmless pastimes. On the homeward journey order and comfort were to some extent sacrificed to the Moloch of Speed, as sprinting, chiefly up the hills, was indulged in continually, the veteran Sam Clark being one of the chief idolators.</p> <p>On the same day the West Tarring C.C. ran, together with the Steyning Club, to Brighton, where they were right royally entertained by the Brighton Central C.C.</p> <p>The Firleaves as usual turned out very strongly,</p>	<p>The Firleaves as usual turned out very strongly, mustering nearly thirty, and making about fifty when joined by the Steyning C.C. I hear they greatly enjoyed themselves, a really good concert being given, and one or two graceful speeches of welcome and good feeling being made.</p> <p>These amalgamated runs go far towards creating a feeling of brotherhood (and sisterhood too, for that matter!) between cyclists in general.</p> <p>The Excelsior C.C. have already commenced the arrangements for their big annual Race Meeting, which is to take place on the Tuesday after August Bank Holiday.</p> <p>Determined at all costs to have some superb sport, they have fixed up a larger programme than ever this year. The main features will be the One Mile Championship of Sussex, a five miles' scratch race, tandem pursuit race, and a couple of open handicaps. For the running men there will also be three open handicaps.</p> <p>The Committee have always recognised the necessity of being liberal in the way of prizes, with the result that the riding at their Sports has been the best in the South, but this year they have increased the value of the prizes to about £70, and intend to secure a finer lot of competitors than has yet been seen at any meeting in this part of the country.</p> <p>The new Honorary Race Secretaries, Messrs.</p>	<p>The new Honorary Race Secretaries, Messrs. W. R. Paine and Harry Shaw, are vigorously booming the meeting at this early date, and seeing that it follows several August Bank Holiday meetings down South, there is no doubt large numbers of men will make two days of it, and ride at Worthing on the Tuesday.</p> <p>There cannot be the slightest doubt that a day such as the Excelsior C.C. intend to promote is a very great attraction to the town. Many of us who personally know various racing men are well aware their friends seize the opportunity of a few days by the seaside on these occasions, and numbers make a point of spending their holiday time here as a result of these flying visits.</p> <p>Seeing this to be the case it is greatly to be hoped that local tradesmen and others interested in the prosperity of the town will assist the Club financially in what is really a big advertisement for Worthing amongst a very desirable section of the public.</p> <p>Training tickets, entitling the holder to the use of the track, dressing rooms, shower bath, etc., at the Sports Ground, at certain hours in the morning and evening, may now be had of the Secretary, Mr. H. N. Collet, at the moderate figure of half-a-crown.</p> <p>This should be a boon to those of our men who contemplate a proper course of training, with a view of competing in open races this year. The accommodation is really excellent.</p> <p>To-night Cap'n Shaw wants every Excelsior-ite at the Lamb, Angmering, where the Littlehampton C.C. meet them. Next Wednesday it is Washington. The West Tarring Club go to Shoreham next week.</p> <p style="text-align: right;">DICK TURPIN.</p>
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DICK TURPIN

Dick Turpin's Weekly Gossip.
 Source: Worthing Gazette archive
 at Worthing Local Studies Library.
 Turpin - 12.6.1901 P2C4.

<p style="text-align: center;">CYCLING.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Dick Turpin's Weekly Gossip.</p> <p>WITH the weather now being supplied us it becomes a really important question where the roads are best.</p> <p>Last week-end I was out with some pals and we found good going on the Washington-Steuyning road, and fairly good through Shoreham home. The road from Old Shoreham to Brighton was remarkably good, whilst the bit from Broadwater to Old Shoreham, and that from Bramber to Poynings, were both too foul for words. The Littlehampton road was moderately good.</p> <p>The Excelsiors' Annual Evening Meeting is arranged for Wednesday, July 3rd, at the Sports Ground. The programme is a very full one, including the one-mile President's Cup race, two-miles Club handicap, a team race with the Littlehampton Club, a bicycle race for boys under sixteen, two running races for boys under twelve and fourteen respectively, a couple of men's running races of one mile and 440 yards, and a one-mile walking race.</p> <p>In addition to these races there is to be a novelty in the shape of a hare and tortoise chase. In this a lady and gentleman start together, the partner scurries right round the track and overtakes her. The lady who rides the least distance before being overtaken is declared the winner. It should catch on, as results depend both upon the lady's skill and her horse-hair's speed.</p> <p>The programme is an exceedingly attractive one, and I hope to see the meeting as big a success as the Whit Monday event, which cleared £11. So far as the show itself goes, the July fixture is far the superior affair.</p> <p>Last Wednesday the Excelsior C.C. betook</p>	<p>Last Wednesday the Excelsior C.C. betook themselves to Angmering, where they fraternised with the Littlehampton C.C. The total muster was about thirty; both Clubs, under their Captains, Messrs. Shaw and Jones, being well represented.</p> <p>Reaching Angmering at 7.15, the earlier portion of the evening was passed with cricket and baseball. After this the party adjourned to the concert room at the Lamb, where they held one of those favourite impromptu entertainments, dear to the heart of the Clubman, which are concert, dance, and general social evening combined.</p> <p>With Miss Wilkinson most kindly presiding at the piano, some excellent songs, both sentimental and comic, were rendered by Messrs. Abbot, Clark, Duffield, Swain, Tree, Warner, and others. These, together with a few rollicking dances, brought the evening all too quickly to a close, and the two Clubs set out on their homeward journeys soon after ten o'clock, parting with a feeling that the evening had considerably enhanced the friendly interest each Club takes in the doings of the other.</p> <p>The journey home was somewhat marred for the Excelsiors, as one unfortunate member burst his tyre two or three times in rapid succession, and shortly afterwards one of the ladies came to grief, happily not injuring herself, though the machine was temporarily disabled.</p> <p>However, a mere man had turned out on a lady's machine, which he kindly placed at her disposal, and after a re-arrangement the Club set off with Sub-Captain Richardson carrying the damaged machine shoulder-high, and light-weight Jackson occupying a precarious perch on the step of another man's machine.</p> <p>Everyone took the delay light-heartedly, and</p>	<p>Everyone took the delay light-heartedly, and the whole of the distance home songs were kept going, the average being three distinct melodies (?) at once.</p> <p>The Tarring C.C. once again had a jolly run on Wednesday, when they went to Steuyning. The venue for to-night has been changed from Shoreham to Arundel. Shoreham somehow fails to attract now the Swiss Gardens are not provided with music and are closed at sunset.</p> <p>It has been arranged to hold the annual Strawberry Feed at the Lamb, Angmering, this year, and it is hoped the fixture will be made a success by amalgamating the Worthing, Tarring, and Littlehampton Clubs together for the event. Poor strawberries!</p> <p>A few members of the Excelsior Club ran down to Southampton to see the local Volunteers immediately on their debarkation last Sunday.</p> <p>Sub-Captain Richardson, with two others, left Worthing at midnight on Saturday, arriving there at daybreak, whilst "Sam" Clark rode down on the Saturday afternoon. They all tell me that the road beyond Fareham is in a very rough state now; but "Sam" reports the strawberry crop is abundant, which is something to counterbalance even bad roads in a cyclist's estimation.</p> <p>They were lucky enough to have a brief conversation with our plucky fellows, who all looked fit; and they were able to be of a little service to them by sending wires to their waiting relatives.</p> <p>Next Saturday another meet of Sussex Clubs takes place, Burgess Hill being the scene of action on this occasion.</p> <p>Next Wednesday's runs are: Worthing E.C.C., Littlehampton; West Tarring C.C., Chichester, return via Lyminster.</p> <p style="text-align: right;">DICK TURPIN.</p>
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In addition to these races there is to be a

novelty in the shape of a hare and tortoise chase. In this a lady and gentleman start together, the former riding as slowly as possible, what time her partner scorches right round the track and overtakes her. The lady who rides the least distance before being overtaken is declared the winner. It should catch on, as results depend both upon the lady's skill and her worse-half's speed.

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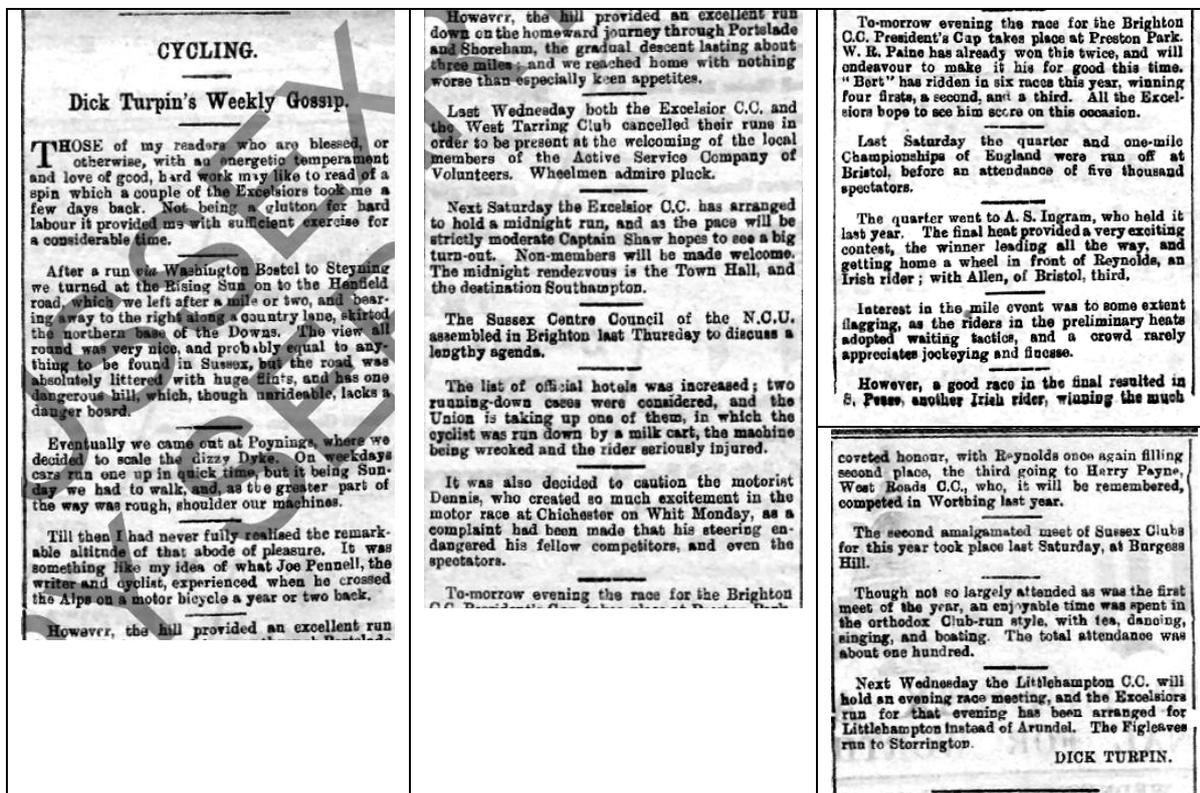
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DICK TURPIN

ⁱ The landlord's daughter, pitching in as usual.

ⁱⁱ "Telegrams", still extant in the 1950s – the writer wrote his message on a Post Office form: the message was telegraphed to the post office nearest the recipient's address, typed out by teleprinter and hand-delivered. "Telegram boys" of the 1950s wore a smart blue Post Office uniform with red piping, and a pill-box hat.

Dick Turpin's Weekly Gossip.
 Source: Worthing Gazette archive
 at Worthing Local Studies Library.
 Turpin - 19.6.1901 P2C3.



CYCLING

Dick Turpin's Weekly Gossip.

THOSE of my readers who are blessed, or otherwise, with an energetic temperament and love of good, hard work may like to read of a spin which a couple of the Excelsiors took me a few days back. Not being a glutton for hard labour it provided me with sufficient exercise for a considerable time.

After a run via Washington Bostel to Steyning we turned at the Rising Sun on to the Henfield road, which we left after a mile or two and bearing away to the right along a country lane, skirted the northern base of the Downs. The view all round was very nice, and probably equal to anything to be found in Sussex, but the road was absolutely littered with huge flints, and has one dangerous hill, which though unrideable, lacks a danger board.

Eventually we came out at Poynings, where we decided to scale the dizzy Dyke. On weekdays cars run one up in quick time, but it being Sunday

However, the hill provided an excellent run down on the homeward journey through Portslade and Shoreham, the gradual descent lasting about three miles, and we reached home with nothing worse than especially keen appetites.

Last Wednesday both the Excelsior C.C. and the West Tarring Club cancelled their runs in order to be present at the welcoming of the local members of the Active Service Company of Volunteers. Wheelmen admire pluck.

Next Saturday the Excelsior C.C. has arranged to hold a midnight run, and as the pace will be strictly moderate Captain Shaw hopes to see a big turn-out. Non-members will be made welcome. The midnight rendezvous is the Town Hall, and the destination Southampton.

The Sussex Centre Council of the N.C.U. assembled in Brighton last Thursday to discuss a lengthy agenda.

The list of official hotels was increased; two running-down cases were considered, and the Union is taking up one of them, in which the cyclist was run down by a milk cart, the machine being wrecked and the rider seriously injured.

It was also decided to caution the motorist Dennis, who created so much excitement in the motor race at Chichester on Whit Monday, as a complaint had been made that his steering endangered his fellow competitors, and even the spectators.

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Last Saturday the quarter and one-mile Championships of England were run off at Bristol, before an attendance of five thousand spectators.

The quarter went to A. S. Ingram, who held it last year. The final heat provided a very exciting contest, the winner leading all the way, and getting home a wheel in front of Reynolds, an Irish rider; with Allen, of Bristol, third.

Interest in the mile event was to some extent flagging, as the riders in the preliminary heats adopted waiting tactics, and a crowd rarely appreciates jockeying and flousoe.

However, a good race in the final resulted in S. Pease, another Irish rider, winning the much

coveted honour, with Reynolds once again filling second place, the third going to Harry Payne, West Roads C.C., who, it will be remembered, competed in Worthing last year.

The second amalgamated meet of Sussex Clubs for this year took place last Saturday, at Burgess Hill.

Though not so largely attended as was the first meet of the year, an enjoyable time was spent in the orthodox Club-run style, with tea, dancing, singing, and boating. The total attendance was about one hundred.

Next Wednesday the Littlehampton C.C. will hold an evening race meeting, and the Excelsiors run for that evening has been arranged for Littlehampton instead of Arundel. The Figleaves run to Storrington.

DICK TURPIN.

we had to walk, and, and as the greater part of the way was rough, shoulder our machines.

Till then I had never fully realised the remarkable altitude of that abode of pleasure. It was something like my idea of what Joe Pennell, the writer and cyclist, experienced when he crossed the Alps on a motor bicycle a year or two back.

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DICK TURPIN.

Dick Turpin's Weekly Gossip.
Source: Worthing Gazette archive
at Worthing Local Studies Library.
Turpin - 26.6.1901 P2C4.

<p style="text-align: center;">CYCLING.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Dick Turpin's Weekly Gossip.</p> <p>THE chief cycling event of the past week in local circles was the Excelsior Club's mid-night run to Winchester, the destination having been altered from Southampton.</p> <p>At a few minutes past twelve o'clock last Saturday a dozen set out on the sixty miles spin, a few Clubmates accompanying them a bit of the way. The night was dark and rain threatened, a stiff breeze also was in evidence; but the boys were not going to be frightened out of their ride.</p> <p>Bert Paine and Captain Shaw made the running on a tandem, the pace being about fourteen miles an hour; but two delays from punctures and an interview with a Police Constable on the lighting-up question, to say nothing of other hindrances, prevented the Club from reaching Winchester till nearly six a.m.</p> <p>Arrived at the historical old town the first thing was a cold bath, and the next, breakfast. Owing to the forethought of Captain Shaw these were both arranged for beforehand, and there was no unnecessary waiting about. At the breakfast table the scene was, to say the least, animated. A large quantity of ham and eggs vanished in quick time, as the long ride through keen air had developed proper cyclists' appetites all round.</p> <p>This over, the Excelsiors were trotted round Winchester by A. E. Peto, one of their members, who knows the town perfectly.</p> <p>To intelligently see everything of interest would take a long while, but no time was wasted, and a number of things inspected, including, amongst others, the ancient City Cross—a magnificent work—the old Bar, with its gateway and portcullis; the hill which overlooks the city and affords a remarkably fine view of it; the ruined Abbey; and above all, the splendid Cathedral.</p> <p>Considerable time was deservedly spent at the</p>	<p>Considerable time was deservedly spent at the latter, the Club attending the soldiers' service at 9.30, and afterwards inspecting the monuments, tablets, regimental colours, etc., and exploring the beltly regions and other parts.</p> <p>With one thing and another, time passed all too quickly, and after a dinner which was very nicely put on the Club set out on their homeward run soon after 1.30.</p> <p>In accordance with arrangements made for mutual convenience the party divided for the run home, and different routes were taken; besides which, punctures further split the party up, so it is impossible to follow the fortunes of all on the return journey.</p> <p>The half-dozen of which I was one took the route via Petersfield, Midhurst, Petworth, and Washington, and found the road surfaces in remarkably good condition. The road is very hilly, but takes one through some pretty views.</p> <p>At Midhurst we devoted an hour to tea, during which drowsiness overtook a pal and myself, and we took our ease on a garden seat; but our rest and the said seat were simultaneously upset by the tandem steersman, and we suddenly awoke, to find ourselves on the ground, with the garden seat upside down on the top of us! And we were so sleepy!</p> <p>Most of the others had tea at Chichester, and the whole Club reached home in good fettle on Sunday evening, after a very jolly day's outing. And the boys enjoyed it so much that it is hoped to arrange other similar excursions during the season.</p> <p>Last Thursday evening the Brighton C.C. brought off their one-mile race for the President's Challenge Cup.</p> <p>W. R. Paine, as usual, occupied the post of honour at scratch, and had to give some long starts away. The race was run in hot time, and resulted in a win for Iugenheimer (60 yards); Charman (60 yards) second, a length behind; and Bert Paine third, half a length after Charman.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">The Lewes Victoria C.C. held an Evening Race</p>	<p>The Lewes Victoria C.C. held an Evening Race Meeting in the Dripping Pan last Wednesday, all the races being confined to Lewes men.</p> <p>The chief items were the championships of the Lewes Victoria Club and the Lewes Cyclists' Club, the distance in each case being two miles.</p> <p>J. Harper won the former in 5 min. 49 4-5th secs. from a field of seven, the latter being carried off by S. J. Stevenson, who has now won it three years in succession. His time was 6 min. 5 secs.</p> <p>There was also a two miles handicap, which went to A. Care (40 yards); Harper (20 yards), second; and F. Miller (35 yards), third, in 5 min. 58secs.</p> <p>The Annual Evening Meeting of the Excelsior C.C. is to be held next Wednesday in the Sports Ground.</p> <p>The programme, as I have previously said, is a most attractive one, comprising a couple of Club handicaps, a team race with the Littlehampton Club, running and walking handicaps for men, and running handicaps for boys, beside a novelty race for ladies and gentlemen.</p> <p>The Club have also been fortunate in finding a generous donor in the person of Mr. C. H. R. Hallett, who has offered a silver cup for competition between the members.</p> <p>The distance will probably be five miles, and it is suggested that the cup should be won twice in succession or three times in all.</p> <p>Entries are coming in well, and all that is necessary to insure a success is fine weather and a good crowd. 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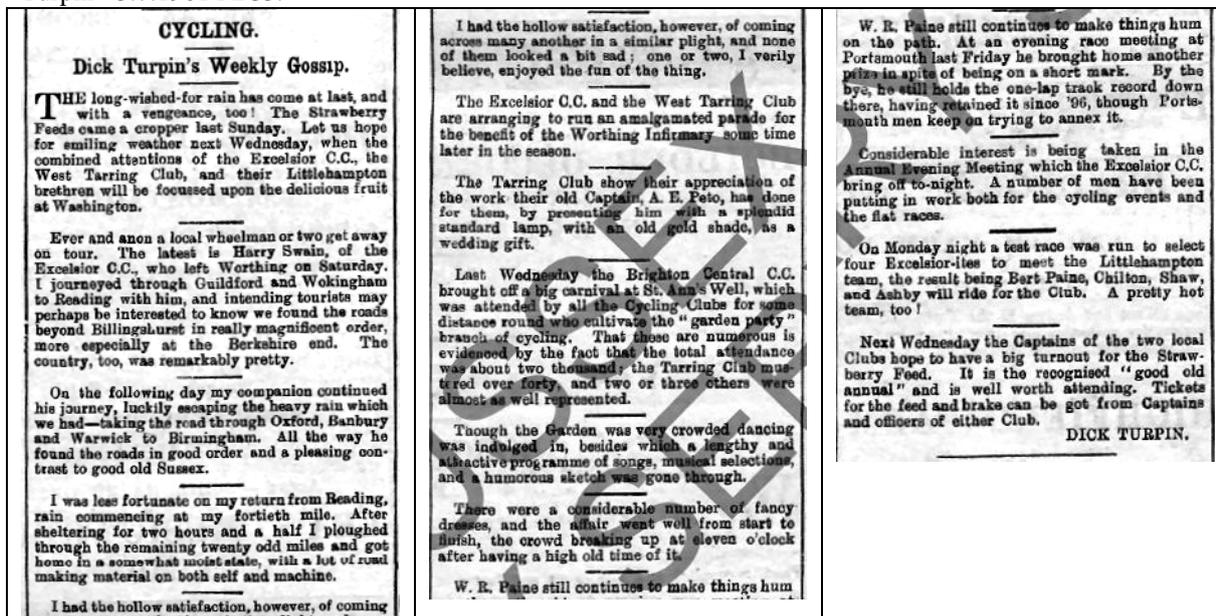
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Dick Turpin's Weekly Gossip.
 Source: Worthing Gazette archive
 at Worthing Local Studies Library.

Turpin - 3.7.1901 P2C3.



CYCLING

Dick Turpin's Weekly Gossip.

THE long-wished-for rain has come at last, and with a vengeance, too! The Strawberry Feeds came a cropper last Sunday. Let us hope for smiling weather next Wednesday, when the combined attentions of the Excelsior C.C., the West Tarring Club, and their Littlehampton brethren will be focussed upon the delicious fruit at Washington.

Ever and anon a local wheelman or two get away on tour. The latest is Harry Swain, of the Excelsior C.C., who left Worthing on Saturday. I journeyed through Guildford and Wokingham to Reading with him, and intending tourists may perhaps be interested to know we found the roads beyond Billingshurst in really magnificent order, more especially at the Berkshire end. The country, too, was remarkably pretty.

On the following day my companion continued his journey, luckily escaping the heavy rain which we had - taking the road through Oxford, Banbury and Warwick to Birmingham. All the way he found the roads in good order and a pleasing contrast to good old Sussex.

I was less fortunate on my return from Reading, rain commencing at my fortieth mile. After sheltering for two hours and a half I ploughed through the remaining twenty odd miles and got

I had the hollow satisfaction, however, of coming across many another in a similar plight, and none of them looked a bit sad; one or two, I verily believe, enjoyed the fun of the thing.

The Excelsior C.C. and the West Tarring Club are arranging to run an amalgamated parade for the benefit of the Worthing Infirmary some time later in the season.

The Tarring Club show their appreciation of the work their old Captain, A. E. Peto, has done for them, by presenting him with a splendid standard lamp, with an old gold shade, as a wedding gift.

Last Wednesday the Brighton Central C.C. brought off a big carnival at St. Ann's Well, which was attended by all the Cycling Clubs for some distance round who cultivate the "garden party" branch of cycling. That there are numerous is evidenced by the fact that the total attendance was about two thousand, the Tarring Club mustered over forty, and two or three others were almost as well represented.

Though the Garden was very crowded dancing was indulged in, besides which a lengthy and attractive programme of songs, musical selections, and a humorous sketch was gone through.

There were a considerable number of fancy dresses, and the affair went well from start to finish, the crowd breaking up at eleven o'clock after having a high old time of it.

W. R. Paine still continues to make things hum

on the path. At an evening race meeting at Portsmouth last Friday he brought home another prize in spite of being on a short mark. By the bye, he still holds the one-lap track record down there, having retained it since '96, though Portsmouth men keep on trying to annex it.

Considerable interest is being taken in the Annual Evening Meeting which the Excelsior C.C. bring off to-night. A number of men have been putting in work both for the cycling events and the flat races.

On Monday night a test race was run to select four Excelsior-ites to meet the Littlehampton team, the result being Bert Paine, Chilton, Shaw, and Ashby will ride for the Club. A pretty hot team, too!

Next Wednesday the Captains of the two local Clubs hope to have a big turnout for the Strawberry Feed. It is the recognised "good old annual" and is well worth attending. Tickets for the feed and brake can be got from Captains and officers of either Club.

DICK TURPIN.

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Turpin - 10.7.1901 P2C2.

<p style="text-align: center;">CYCLING.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Dick Turpin's Weekly Gossip.</p> <p>SATURDAY'S heavy rain freshened things up nicely, and I noticed quite a lot of local wheelmen out on—well, early this week.</p> <p>Hedgerows and fields were beautifully green; the air was fresh and the roads splendid, except in places where rain had washed the flints loose.</p> <p>The veterans' section of the Excelsior C.C. were going great guns—on strawberries and cream! At Bramber I found an endless number of riders who had, like myself, run over for a strawberry tea. Cyclists must be degenerating! Where are the fierce, hardy road-men of years ago?</p> <p>From a sporting point of view the Excelsior's Evening Meeting last Wednesday was a distinct success. The racing section of the Club is improving, both in quality and quantity. Bert Paine is, of course, quite a different class man to the rest, and the crowd were mightily pleased to see him cover the long gap separating him from the other riders in the five miles' Hallett Cup race, which he won in so fine a style.</p> <p>Jackson, too, proved a surprise. His efforts in the mile walk—where he was second—did not prevent him from finishing close to Paine in the five miles' event. Harry Shaw did not do himself justice, except in the Team race, where both he and Chilton did grandly; Harry getting home second to Paine after a fine struggle with the "old boss," Chilton, who was third. Lelliott, who won the Boys' Race from scratch, is a very promising young rider. He was giving some long starts to the others.</p> <p>The clever riding of the Misses Pacy in the</p>	<p>The clever riding of the Misses Pacy in the Novelty Race also calls for praise. The able way they managed their machines, together with the speed powers of their partners, Paine and Shaw, pleased the gate all round, and they well deserved their successes. There'll be a scramble for those young ladies at the next Hare and Tortoise Race!</p> <p>I learn the financial result of the Meeting was unsatisfactory, a deficit of between five and ten pounds having to be faced.</p> <p>However, the Club may not be a balance on the big "Annual" on August 6th. Arrangements for this are already well in hand. The programme is far ahead of anything yet seen in Worthing in the way of race meetings, and nothing has been run down in the South to approach it this year.</p> <p>A speedy tricyclist has been hovering round the neighbourhood for some days. He attracts considerable notice, as he has the new handgear fitted to his trike, and adopts a very steeping attitude.</p> <p>I noticed him making good time behind a pacing motor the other day. The gear firm intend "potting" some of the three-wheeler road records later.</p> <p>Both motor and trike ran over a dog, and it was very funny to see the canine pluckily chase them after the interview.</p> <p>Yet another local Cycling Club has blossomed forth. The gentle choristers of St. Paul's held their initial run last Saturday, when half-a-dozen rode to Littlehampton—rickshaw and all.</p> <p>The cycle offers splendid opportunities, I believe, of keeping the vocal organs fit; and why should not the new Club indulge in harmony amidst choice rural scenery and surplus and organ? Good luck to them, and may their voices never grow less!</p> <p>The "Magpie" in last week's <i>Cycling</i>, dilates</p>	<p>The "Magpie," in last week's <i>Cycling</i>, dilates upon the annoyance so many riders cause by unnecessary and injudicious bell-ringing. With good reason he condemns the "bounder" who bells everything and everybody, thereby creating bad feeling between pedestrian and cyclist.</p> <p>He holds, too, that a cyclist should always slow up if necessary, and get out of a foot passenger's way, and undoubtedly he is right.</p> <p>Loud ringing may be necessary to attract the attention of children at play; but in a general way I have found a gentle tinkle and a ready "Thank you!" answer the purpose with decent people on the road.</p> <p>By-the-bye, it is astonishing how quickly people respond to the motor horn. I know a rider—let him be nameless—whose biggest joke is to quietly ride up to pedestrians and let off a full-sized "Pip-pip!"</p> <p>He has not been killed yet, for somehow one cannot get mad with the wretch, and I have seen dozens enter into the joke quite heartily after they have got over the startle. But his time will come!</p> <p>A London Club, the Northampton Institute C.C., had a midnight run to Worthing last Sunday. The unlucky thirteen started, but two had to drop out through tyre troubles, the remaining eleven breakfasting at Washington at six a.m., and spending a good day down at the seaside.</p> <p>Next Wednesday the Excelsiors meet the Littlehampton Club at Angmering and go together to Arundel, whilst the Tarring C.C. run to Ford <i>via</i> Arundel.</p> <p style="text-align: right;">DICK TURPIN.</p>
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Turpin - 17.7.1901 P2C5.

<p style="text-align: center;">CYCLING.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Dick Turpin's Weekly Gossip.</p> <p>THE annual Strawberry Feast last Wednesday, at Washington, was a magnificent success. Favoured by weather which made work a nuisance and holidays a necessity, it could not be wondered at.</p> <p>Altogether the party numbered a hundred and thirty, the Excelsior members predominating. Tarring was well represented, and a dozen showed up from Littlehampton, besides a number of unattached friends.</p> <p>Tea was tastefully laid in a large marquee in a field at the back of Host Charman's hostelry—the Frankland Arms—and the company commenced operations about seven o'clock. There was an abundance of fruit, and it was in fine condition. The country air had sharpened appetites which naturally had a weakness for strawberries, so perhaps it would be an indiscretion on my part to say the precise time when the "Cease fire!" sounded and the remaining strawberries were given another chance.</p> <p>All had, however, partaken of as many as they cared for; the leisurely way in which they joined in the rounders and dancing upon the greensward which followed testified to that.</p> <p>When daylight waned the party adjourned—piano and all—into the large room which Host Charman had prepared, and things were soon moving briskly enough to liven up the most <i>blase</i> gaiety-seeker breathing.</p> <p>Whirling waltz succeeded maze square dance, and the strains of "Girly-girly" or "Bonnie Loch Lomond" would now and again afford a much-needed interval in which the nimble-footed ones might get somewhat cooler. What if the component parts of one set of dancers strayed into the neighbouring square, or a waltzing couple "cannoned" more than the usual number of other couples? Was it not the grand amalgamated "beano," where nobody was anything but happy?</p> <p>Then came ten o'clock, and the ride home through</p>	<p>the shadows. Brakes, traps, tandems, singles, and half-a-dozen rickshaws formed a long and merry procession. Here and there a lamp would go out, but no one was left in solitude—especially if 'twas a lady in distress! Fortunately no serious troubles came, and all got home safely.</p> <p>By-the-by, one lady had her lamp borrowed (?) by an unknown friend, and will be pleased to make no charge for the oil if he will hand the lamp to any Club official.</p> <p>The ordinary monthly meeting of the National Cyclists' Union was held at Brighton last Thursday evening.</p> <p>Nothing of local interest transpired, the business mainly consisting of questions arising in connection with administering the Union's racing laws, danger-board matters, etc.</p> <p>The one-time champion, H. H. Frowd, objected to his Club making a time limit in a Challenge Cup race which he won, but was disqualified in, for exceeding the time allotted. Being purely a Club race the Centre could not interfere.</p> <p>It was decided to re-gild any of the first medals given in County Championships prior to 1900, as the gold then was only nine-carat. How generous!</p> <p>A danger-board is to be placed upon Edburton Hill, which I remarked upon a few weeks back. It is high time a warning was placed on this spot.</p> <p>The Tarring C.C. have very properly placed their delegate, Mr. E. Henson, on their Managing Committee, in order that he may keep well in touch with his Club and properly represent them on the Centre.</p> <p>Roads are getting pretty loose again now. One</p>	<p>Excelsior man went to Southampton a day or two back, and found them somewhat rough as far as Fareham; another punctured three times between Bramber and Washington; whilst a third had to put in some collar-work to get home, as his tyre burst rather too badly for roadside repair, and he finished on the rim.</p> <p>I met the Brighton Motor and Cycling Club at Henfield the other day. They had turned out about forty strong, and had a very enjoyable time. They are pleasant company, and tea with them at the White Hart was very nice. Henfield is a very pretty part, and it is small wonder so many cyclists go there.</p> <p>The motor scribe, Davison, is resigning his office. The duties absorb too much time, as he lives in Worthing, and most of his flock are ten miles off.</p> <p>Next Wednesday's runs are: Excelsior C.C., Ashington; Tarring C.C., Henfield.</p> <p style="text-align: right;">DICK TURPIN.</p>
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When daylight waned the party adjourned - piano and all - into the large room which Host Charman had prepared, and things were soon moving briskly enough to liven up the most *blasé* gaiety-seeker breathing.

Whirling waltz succeeded mazy square dance, and the strains of "Girly-girly" or "Bonnie Loch Lomond" would now and again afford a much-needed interval in which the nimble-footed ones might get somewhat cooler. What if the component parts of one set of dancers strayed into the neighbouring square, or a waltzing couple "canonned" more than the usual number of other couples? Was it not the grand amalgamated "beano," where nobody was anything but happy?

Then came ten o'clock, and the ride home through the shadows. Brakes, traps, tandems, singles, and half-a-dozen rickshaws formed a long and merry procession. Here and there a lamp would go out, but no one was left in solitude - especially if 'twas a lady in distress! Fortunately no serious troubles came, and all got home safely.

By-the-bye, one lady had her lamp borrowed(?) by an unknown friend, and will be pleased to make no charge for the oil if he will hand the lamp to any Club official.

The ordinary monthly meeting of the National Cyclists' Union was held at Brighton last Thursday evening.

Nothing of local interest transpired, the business mainly consisting of questions arising in connection with administering the Union's racing laws, danger-board matters, etc.

The one-time champion, H.H. Frowd, objected to his Club making a time limit in a Challenge Cup race which he won, but was disqualified in, for exceeding the time allotted. Being purely a Club race the Centre could not interfere.

It was decided to re-gild any of the first medals given in County Championships prior to 1900, as the gold then was only nine-carat. How generous!

A danger-board is to be placed upon Edburton Hill, which I remarked upon a few weeks back. It is high time a warning was placed on this spot.

The Tarring C.C. have very properly placed

their delegate, Mr. E. Henson, on their Managing Committee, in order that he may keep well in touch with his Club and properly represent them on the Centre.

Roads are getting pretty loose again now. One Excelsior man went to Southampton a day or two back, and found them somewhat rough as far as Fareham; another punctured three times between Bramber and Washington; whilst a third had to put in some collar-work to get home, as his tyre burst rather too badly for roadside repair, and he finished on the rim.

I met the Brighton Motor and Cycling Club at Henfield the other day. They had turned out about forty strong, and had a very enjoyable time. They are pleasant company, and tea with them at the White Hart was very nice. Henfield is a very pretty part, and it is small wonder so many cyclists go there.

The motor scribe, Davison, is resigning his office. The duties absorb too much time, as he lives in Worthing, and most of his flock are ten miles off.

Next Wednesday's runs are: Excelsior C.C., Ashington; Tarring C.C., Henfield.

DICK TURPIN.

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

Turpin - 24.7.1901 P2C5.

<p style="text-align: center;">CYCLING.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">-----</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Dick Turpin's Weekly Gossip.</p> <p>-----</p> <p>THE heat wave seems to be the leading topic, both in and out of cycling circles, and it certainly is a scorcher! I cycled to Kingston-on-Thames and back with F. G. Bleach, of the Excelsior Club, the other day, and we simply sweltered when the sun got up. Fortunately we had started before six o'clock, and rode the first fifty miles in beautifully cool morning air.</p> <p>At Kingston I saw a party of half-a-dozen French cyclists, one a rationally-dressed lady. The leading man quite took my eye. Attired in a sun-hat and with his coat off, displaying a remarkably low-necked shirt, he pedalled along, busily plying a large fan all the while. It looked delightfully cool and comfortable.</p> <p>Despite the sultry nature of the weather and the looseness of the roads we saw a couple of members of the Vegetarian C.C. 'twixt Horsham and Worthing, out for their hundred-miles medal. One was G. A. Olley, who won the Carwardine Cup at the Crystal Palace a fortnight back. They were both keeping their pacemakers busy, and a perspiring tandem crew at Horsham bore witness to the pace the speedy Vegetarians had been setting.</p> <p>Last Wednesday the Excelsior Club had arranged to meet the Littlehampton Club and run to Arundel. The Littlehampton men were unable to turn out, as so many of them were busy training for their Evening Meeting to-night, and the ten Excelsiors who had shown up got somewhat scattered.</p> <p>Most of them went to the Black Rabbit, and a</p>	<p>Youser, who is said to equal the once world famed Osmond in sprinting, was disqualified for cutting in, so Reynolds was given second place, this making the third time he has been runner-up in an English Championship this year.</p> <p>The twenty-five miles race was uninteresting owing to the waiting tactics adopted. A well-contested "last lap" ended in favour of Reynolds, with H. W. Payne once again following him home; Davies, of Manchester, being third. Time, 70min. 56sec.</p> <p>Three English Championships have therefore gone to Irishmen this year, Pease having won the mile a few weeks back, at the same time that H. W. Payne won the quarter. The latter will be remembered as the rider who rode in such fine style at our Meetings here last year. In all probability he will again compete here on August 6-h, and many will be pleased to see him again after his brilliant riding in the championship, he having been the first Englishman home in each one.</p> <p>Next Wednesday both the Excelsior C.C. and the Tarring Club run to Littlehampton.</p> <p style="text-align: right;">DICK TURPIN.</p>	<p>Most of them went to the Black Rabbit, and number of the Tarring C.C., who had gone Ford, ran up and joined them, spending a pleasant evening together. Some of them were quite frivolous round the see-saws. The air at the Black Rabbit certainly seems conducive to frivolity!</p> <p>The Brighton Motor and Cycle Club held a midnight run last Saturday. Their ideas of such fixtures do not coincide with those held by the Excelsior boys and fully-blown road riders in general.</p> <p>A dozen of them turned out and gently amble through Shoreham and Bramber to Washington which they reached at 1.30 a.m. Here they put up at the Frankland Arms, having an excellent supper and a few hours' rest, after which they enjoyed an early morning ramble, followed by breakfast and a run home.</p> <p>Doubtless this sort of thing is very nice, but wheelmen in general like to get considerably farther afield if they are on a "midnighter". Personally I have been out five or six times always breakfasting from fifty to eighty miles from home, and the fellows have found it better fun altogether.</p> <p>Last Saturday the five and twenty-five mile Amateur Championships of England were run off at Birmingham, and resulted in two more triumphs for Irish riders.</p> <p>The final heat of the five miles was a good race. Entering the home straight Youster, a dark horse from Birmingham, took the lead, but Pease, of Dublin, after a terrific struggle, beat him by four feet; Reynolds, of Dublin also, finishing third and H. W. Payne, West Roads C.C., fourth. Time, 14min. 9sec.</p> <p>Youser, who is said to equal the once world</p>
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Next Wednesday both the Excelsior C.C. and the Tarring Club run to Littlehampton.

DICK TURPIN

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

Turpin - 31.7.1901 P2C5.

<p style="text-align: center;">CYCLING.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">-----</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Dick Turpin's Weekly Gossip.</p> <p>ROADS were more settled than the weather last week-end, and many a wheelman hesitated to venture a long ride, through fear of the attentions of Jupiter Pluvius.</p> <p>Together with an Excelsior man—new to the Club, but claiming an acquaintance with the wheel which dates back to the early "ordinaries"—I went a ride over some ground fresh to me, and I believe to many local men, so perhaps an account of it may be of interest.</p> <p>Setting out before ten o'clock we passed Ashington in time to catch the tail end of a heavy cloud, which gave us a soaking in spite of a sheltering tree, after which we resumed our journey, leaving the Horsham road at West Grinstead, and running on to Billingshurst over an undulating road through pretty country.</p> <p>From Billingshurst we went north to Bucks Green, where we joined the Horsham-Guildford road, leaving it, after five or six miles, to take some of the charming Surrey lanes, eventually landing us in the quaint old town of Godalming, where a halt was called for dinner.</p> <p>Just out of Godalming, on the Portsmouth road, we enjoy (?) a climb which involves three miles of collar-work, and puts us on the summit of the Hind Head, which is worth special mention.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">-----</p> <p>We are about nine hundred feet above sea</p>	<p>We are about nine hundred feet above sea level, the air is fresh and bracing, and the scenery grand. Away to the left stretches a charming panorama of woodlands and hills, colour being lent to the scene by the heather, now in full bloom. On our right yawns the Devil's Punch Bowl; our road has taken us round a portion of the brim of His Satanic Majesty's "boozie" receptacle, which could certainly contain all the punch ever brewed.</p> <p>Near the top of the hill a stone marks the spot where an unknown sailor was murdered in 1786, the representatives of law and order returning the compliment by hanging his three murderers in chains on the top of the Head.</p> <p>Leaving Hind Head we had a long run on the down grade, followed by an easy ride through Petersfield to Midhurst, where tea claimed our attention. Thence through Cowdray Park to F. Worth, Fitleworth, and Washington, and so home in the cool of the evening, which was very nice riding. The roads were for the most part in good order, and the recent showers had cooled the air and freshened the country.</p> <p>The ride was one of the best I have undertaken—this season, at any rate. The route takes one into both Surrey and Hampshire, although the full distance is but a shade over a hundred miles.</p> <p>Last Wednesday the Littlehampton C.C. ran off their second Evening Race Meeting for this year. The feature of the evening was the two-miles' Team Race against the Excelsior Club.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">-----</p> <p>Worthing was represented by W. R. Paine, H. Shaw, G. Jackson, and A. Ashby; the Littlehampton</p>	<p>men were P. Clayton, S. A. Jones, W. Millington, and L. Bates. The speed was at no time particularly high, and Paine got home first without apparently exciting himself in the least. Clayton and Jones followed, with Shaw close on them; Millington, Jackson, Bates, and Ashby finishing in the order named. Littlehampton therefore won by seventeen points to nineteen.</p> <p>A half-mile Veteran's Race not having drawn any entries, Coakledge, of Littlehampton, rode a match against "Sam" Clark, of the Excelsior C.C. Our man won easily, in spite of being at a disadvantage in age, thereby doing his bit towards retrieving the fallen fortunes of the Excelsiorites.</p> <p>Later in the evening Captain Jones very hospitably entertained the Excelsior team. So well did he treat them that it was very late when they reached home.</p> <p>The annual Championships of the Southern Counties Cyclists' Union were run off last Saturday at Herve Hill. As is generally known, this body is an amalgamation of leading Southern racing Clubs, each of which sends a representative to compete for the series of three Championships at one, five, and fifty miles respectively, the meeting being fixed for the last Saturday in July of each year.</p> <p>The races were most keenly contested. The one and five miles events were both placed to the credit of the Portsmouth M.C.C. by E. B. Kingbury, but the longer event was won by R. Smith on behalf of the Oval C.C.</p> <p>The latter Club also won the Roberts Shield, which goes to the Club scoring the best points in the three races. Their men got home fifth in the mile and sixth in the five, being winning the fifty.</p> <p>Mr. E. B. Kingbury, who has done a lot of motor-ing, has gone in for a new tricycle. It is a splendid machine, and is fitted with a two and three cylinder De Dion engine of the latest type, the cylinder of which has a water-cooled head. The latter term seems to imply a luxury which many of us would appreciate when the "hot waves" are busy.</p> <p>A little misunderstanding between him and his carburettor has prevented him from putting his motor properly to work as yet, but he is confident of getting even more pace out of this machine than the other "tribe" when the mechanism gets into proper order.</p> <p>Entries for the grand Annual Race Meeting on Tuesday next are coming in very well, so we may look for some superb sport on that day. With fine weather the event should be a huge success.</p> <p style="text-align: right;">DICK TURPIN.</p>
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which gave us a soaking in spite of a sheltering tree, after which we resumed our journey, leaving the Horsham road at West Grinstead, and running on to Billingshurst over an undulating road through pretty country.

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Later in the evening Captain Jones very hospitably entertained the Excelsior team. So well did he treat them that it was very late when they reached home.

The annual Championships of the Southern Counties Cyclists' Union were run off last Saturday at Herne Hill. As is generally known, this body is an amalgamation of leading Southern racing Clubs, each of which sends a representative to compete for the series of three Championships at one, five, and fifty miles respectively, the meeting being fixed for the last Saturday in July of each year.

The races were most keenly contested. The one and five miles events were both placed to the credit of the Portsmouth M.B.C. by C.B. Kingsbury, but the longer event was won by F. Smith on behalf of the Oval C.C.

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A little misunderstanding between him and his carburatorⁱⁱⁱⁱ has prevented him from putting his motor properly to work as yet, but he is confident of getting even more pace out of this machine than the other "trike" when the mechanism gets into proper order.

Entries for the grand Annual Rice Meeting on Tuesday next are coming in very well, so we may look for some superb sport on that day. With

fine weather the event should be a huge success,
DICK TURPIN

ⁱ Part of Stane Street – as straight then as it is now.

ⁱⁱ A Roland “Roly” Millington was a member of the short-lived Littlehampton and District C.& A.C. formed in 1947. I wonder whether he was any relation.

ⁱⁱⁱ The accepted spelling of the day.

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

Turpin - 7.8.1901 P2C4.

<p style="text-align: center;">CYCLING.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Dick Turpin's Weekly Gossip.</p> <p>THE last Bank Holiday of the season is now "gathered home," but not before many a thousand cyclists have made good use of it. Thanks to the fine weather with which we were favoured!</p> <p>Cycling up to London on Saturday night I seemed to strike a continuous procession of wheelmen as soon as I passed slumbering Horley, where the Royal Mail coaches were changing at the Chequers.</p> <p>As I rode through Redhill and Croydon on to Norbury and London Bridge I met them in twos and threes, and now and then a dozen together, all bound for the South. 'Twas hard work to keep answering the cheery "Good-night!" of the endless stream of cyclists who were taking advantage of a perfect moonlight night to get on the first long spin of their August holiday run.</p> <p>Returning from the bumpy hard-paved Metropolis on Sunday morning I found the procession "still running" — like <i>Charley's Aunt</i>. Sometimes an enthusiastic young brother drove me to "hang on" to a passing bunch of riders; at times they "dropped" us; at others we passed them; but there was always the long procession wending to the South, Brighton or Worthing being the usual objective.</p> <p>I think I never saw the roads so crowded with wheelmen before. Probably the good condition of most of the highways accounted for the heavy turn out.</p> <p>At the Eastbourne Bicycle Club's Race Meeting on Monday W. K. Paine scored a most remarkable series of wins, bringing home all four first prizes, as well as the lap prize given in the Championship.</p> <p>The half mile he won off the 25 yards mark in 1min. 9 3/5sec., Hobcroft and Offen filling second and third places; in the mile he was given 150 yards for this success, but got home in 2min. 25 2/5sec., the same two men being second and third. The two miles' race found his start reduced from 100 yards to 70 in consideration of these wins, but even then he won the race, Ingenheimer second, and Hobcroft third, in 5min. 5 1/5sec.</p> <p>The Five Miles Championship of Sussex provided</p>	<p>The Five Miles Championship of Sussex provided him with another opportunity of showing his back wheel, and he did it all through the race, winning the lap prize and sprinting clean away at the finish; Ingenheimer and Offen being second and third. Time, 14min. 16 4/5sec.</p> <p>"Bert" is undoubtedly going better than ever. It is a very rare event for one man to "clean the board" at a meeting of this sort, especially for one who is giving considerable starts to every other competitor. The prizes consist of a silver tray, silver and glass salad bowl, silver candlesticks, a splendid case of silver salts, and the gold Championship medal, and they are all of remarkably good value.</p> <p>Wheelmen get extremely inconsiderate for the feelings of the agent and repairer just before holiday times, but a case I heard last week takes a lot of beating. A gentlemanly-looking rider, on being informed by the agent that his machine would be attended to in its turn—'twas the nineteenth job that had come in during the week—at once commanded that it should have priority over the others, on the plea that riders of his class were depended on to afford cycle repairers their means of subsistence, and he could see none of the other steeds could claim the honour of belonging to such a scion of the aristocracy!</p> <p>He had to wait his turn nevertheless: the cycle is a very democratic institution.</p> <p>Poase and Reynolds, the two brilliant Irish riders who took three out of the four English Championships, will be forming the subject of an investigation by the International Cyclists' Board shortly. It is alleged that their trainer wired to South Wales entering them for a meeting there, afterwards wiring to the promoters of the meeting for £10 to cover his expenses, which was refused.</p> <p>The riders repudiate all knowledge of the transactions, and the Irish Cyclists' Association was quite satisfied; but the English legislating body declined to allow the affair to rest without a full inquiry. It is to be hoped the men will clear themselves; the sport cannot afford to lose such good riders.</p> <p>Next Wednesday the Excelsior C.C. meet the Steyning Club at Findon and run with them to Patching Pond; the Figleaves ride to Ashington, where they meet the long distance section of their Club on their return from Horsham.</p> <p style="text-align: right;">DICK TURPIN.</p>	
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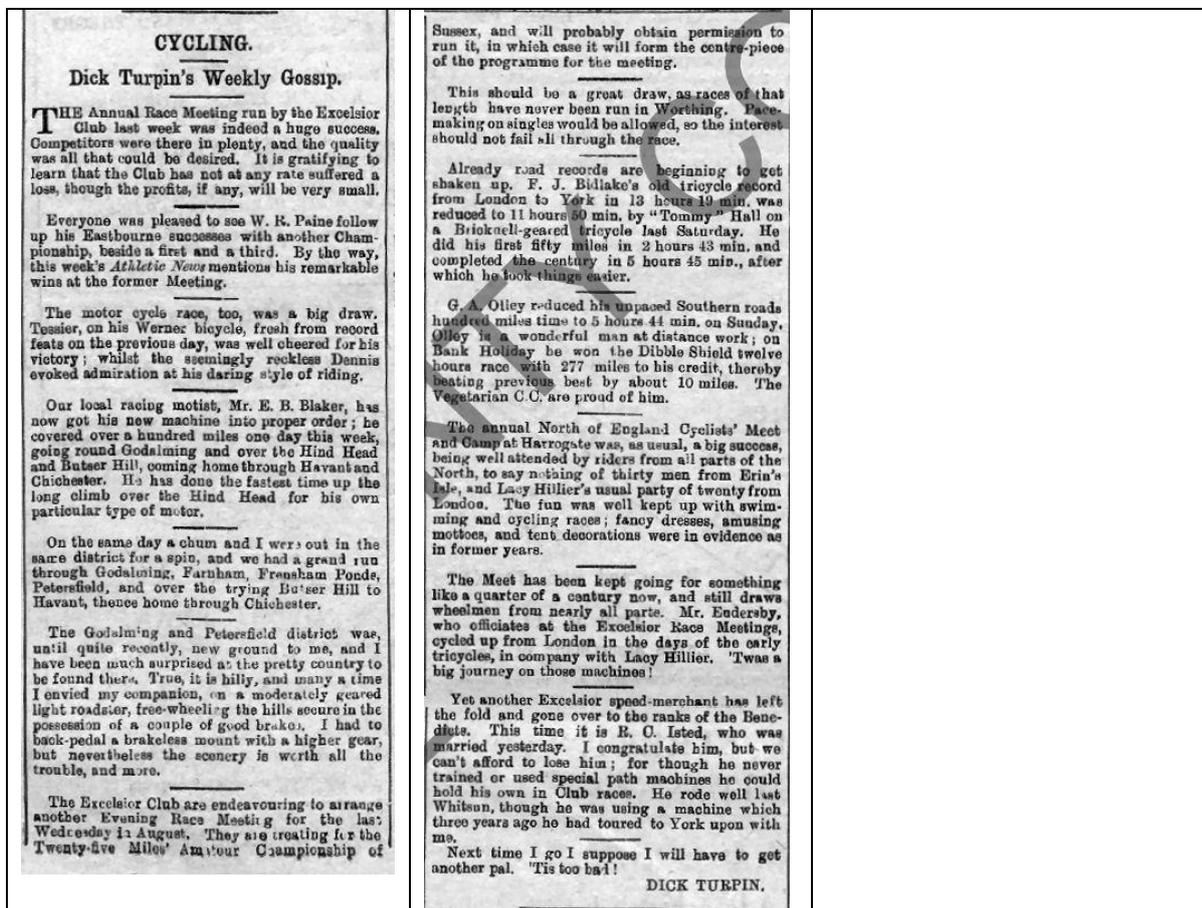
DICK TURPIN

ⁱ Vague memory advises that about this time the Post Office had [reverted recently](#) ~~returned~~ to the road because ~~a a result~~ of increased railway charges. I shall try to give this comment more substance – in time

ⁱⁱ A popular play of the day, which had record runs wherever it was performed. The original London run reached 1,466 performances - see https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Charley%27s_Aun

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

Turpin - 14.8.1901 P2C4.



CYCLING

Dick Turpin's Weekly Gossip.

THE Annual Race Meeting run by the Excelsior Club last week was indeed a huge success. Competitors were there in plenty, and the quality was all that could be desired. It is gratifying to learn that the Club has not at any rate suffered a loss, though the profits, if any, will be very small.

Everyone was pleased to see W.R. Paine follow up his Eastbourne successes with another Championship, beside a first and a third. By the way, this week's *Athletic News* mentions his remarkable wins at the former Meeting,

The motor cycle race, too, was a big draw. Tessier, on his Werner bicycle, fresh from record feats on the previous day, was well cheered for his victory; whilst the seemingly reckless Dennis evoked admiration at his daring style of riding.

Our local racing motist, Mr. E.B. Blaker, has now got his new machine into proper order; he covered over a hundred miles one day this week going round Godalming and over the Hind Head and Butser Hill, coming home through Havant and Chichester. He has done the fastest time up the long climb over the Hind Head for his own particular type of motor.

On the same day a chum and I went out in the same district for a spin, and we had a grand run through Godalming, Farnham, Frensham Ponds, Petersfield, and over the trying Butser Hill to Havant, thence home through Chichester.

The Godalming and Petersfield district was, until quite recently, new ground to me, and I have been much surprised at the pretty country to be found there. True, it is hilly, and many a time I envied my companion, on a moderately geared light roadster, free-wheeling the hills secure in the possession of a couple of good brakes. I had to back-pedal a brakeless mount with a higher gear, but nevertheless the scenery is worth all the trouble, and more.

The Excelsior club are endeavouring to arrange another Evening Race Meeting for the last Wednesday in August. They are treating for the Twenty-five Miles' Amateur Championship of Sussex, and will probably obtain permission to run it, in which case it will form the centre-piece of the programme for the meeting.

This should be a great draw, as races of that length have never been run in Worthing. Pace-making on singles would be allowed, so the interest should not fail all through the race.

Already road records are beginning to get shaken up. F.T. Bidlake's old tricycle record from London to York in 13 hours 19 min, was reduced to 11 hours 50 min. by "Tommy" Hall on a Bricknell-gearred tricycle last Saturday. He did his first fifty miles in 2 hours 43 min. and completed the century in 5 hours 45 min., after which he took things easier.

G.A. Olley reduced his unpaced Southern roads hundred miles time to 5 hours 44 min. on Sunday. Olley is a wonderful man at distance work; on Bank Holiday he won the Dibble Shield twelve hours race with 277 miles to his credit, thereby beating previous best by about 10 miles. The Vegetarian C.C. are proud of him.

The annual North of England Cyclists' Meet and Camp at Harrogate was, as usual, a big success, being well attended by riders from all parts of the

North, to say nothing of thirty men from Erin's Isle, and Lacy Hillier's usual party of twenty from London. The fun was well kept up with swimming and cycling races; fancy dresses, amusing mottoes, and tent decorations were in evidence as in former years.

The Meet has been kept going for something like a quarter of a century now, and still draws wheelmen from nearly all parts. Mr. Endersby, who officiates at the Excelsior Race Meetings, cycled up from London in the days of the early tricycles, in company with Lacy Hillier. 'Twas a big journey on those machines!

Yet another Excelsior speed-merchant has left the fold and gone over to the ranks of the Benedicts. This time it is R.C. Isted, who was married yesterday. I congratulate him, but we can't afford to lose him; for though he never trained or used special path machines he could hold his own in Club races. He rode well last Whitsun, though he was using a machine which three years ago he had toured to York upon with me.

Next time I go I suppose I will have to get another pal. 'Tis too bad !

DICK TURPIN

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

Turpin - 21.8.1901 P2C4.

<p style="text-align: center;">CYCLING.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Dick Turpin's Weekly Gossip.</p> <p>DESPITE the hot weather in the early part of this week there was a large number of cyclists on the roads. Whilst riding to Horsham I passed about a score—many of them ladies, too! evidently quite fearless of the fickle fiend.</p> <p>One or two speedy groups of tandems and singles showed that the speed men are beginning to renew their twelve-hour rides for Standard Road Medals, but I heard one or two had to give up owing to the trying heat.</p> <p>E. B. Blaker was out with his motor trike, together with W. R. Paine on a bicycle; they took a spin round Guildford and Petersfield to Havant, coming home through Chichester and Arundel, making just over a hundred miles.</p> <p>They found the roads for the most part in good order, but "Bert" punctured four times. A little rain would be welcome now for the sake of the bye-roads.</p> <p>A friendly scorch up the long and tedious Hind Head resulted in a win for "Bert" on his safety, although the motorist is well known as a fierer up this particular hill.</p> <p>The road just this side of Brighton is now eminently adapted to cure sufferers from liver complaints. Cycling over to the N.C.U. meeting last Thursday I jolted my lamp out four times in a mile, as heavy rains have washed numerous small channels in the road. It requires a stout heart and a comfortable, well-sprung saddle to tackle that road just along now.</p> <p>The long-distance road race from Paris to Brest</p>	<p>The long-distance road race from Paris to Brest and back, which finished on Sunday, was pluckily won by the Frenchman, Garin, who covered the 745 miles in 55 hours; Bivierre being second, in 58 hours; whilst Frederic and Accouturier were practically a dead heat for third honours.</p> <p>The favourite, Lesna, made the very common mistake of starting too fast; on the return journey he suffered with swollen knees, and was caught by Garin and passed after a twelve miles' neck-and-neck tussle.</p> <p>Paris seems to have got even more excited than usual about this race. Over 10,000 people are reported to have witnessed the finish at the Parc des Princes track, whilst it appears to have been beyond the power of over 2,000 gendarmes to keep order along the last few miles of the course.</p> <p>The Irish Cyclists' Association have quarrelled with the English and Scotch Unions, owing to the latter insisting upon the suspension of Pease and Reynolds from riding as amateurs. This is a pity, as it prevented riders from the "distressful country" from competing for the British Championships, etc., last Saturday at Glasgow, and robbed these events of a lot of interest.</p> <p>The whole of the races went to Englishmen, Ingram winning the quarter; Allen, of Bristol, the mile; and Reed, the five miles' event.</p> <p>The programme of the forthcoming Excelsior Club's Sports is a most attractive one, and it should not fail to draw a large gate on the 4th of September, the date fixed for the meeting.</p> <p>The main item is of course the twenty-five miles Amateur Championship of Sussex. The other events are a mile open cycle handicap, a mile open walking handicap, a mile local flat handicap, a flat race for boys under sixteen, and a Club cycle race.</p> <p>There will also be an interesting novelty in the</p>	<p>There will also be an interesting novelty in the shape of an "Australian Pursuit Race." In these events the riders are placed at regular intervals round the track and started together. So soon as one man overhauls another and draws level with him the overtaken one has to leave the track, and this is continued till there is only the winner left.</p> <p>A programme of this sort should provide enough of sport for everyone, but in addition to it "Sam" Clark writes me that he will be pleased to meet any veteran in Sussex above the age of forty-five years at either cycling or running. I am not sufficiently far advanced in years myself to accept, but if he will let me have someone else — W. R. Paine, for instance—on a tandem with me to make up the number of years I will try my luck!</p> <p>The racing members of the Excelsior C.C. have arranged a few cycle races on the Sports Ground to-morrow evening at six o'clock with a view of assisting the Groundman's benefit, which is held that day. They are running a five miles' handicap and a team race between Married and Single, both of which should be worth seeing, as the wily married men stipulate W. R. Paine shall not ride in the Singles' team.</p> <p>The Tarring Club, too, are holding a two miles' handicap at the same time, besides which local walking and running races are to be held, Mr. Miles, the veteran walking man, having got them up.</p> <p style="text-align: right;">DICK TURPIN.</p>
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DICK TURPIN.

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Dick Turpin's Weekly Gossip.
 Source: Worthing Gazette archive
 at Worthing Local Studies Library.
 Turpin - 28.8.1901 P2C5.

<p style="text-align: center;">CYCLING.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Dick Turpin's Weekly Gossip.</p> <p>LAST week-end was somewhat too warm for serious cycling, though an Excelsior-ite had intended going for the Club hundred-mile ride.</p> <p>Together with three of his pacers I turned out in the early morn, but the century had to be postponed through lack of pacing.</p> <p>We thereupon decided to run over to Fittleworth, and scooted merrily past Findon, over Washington Bostel, and through Pulborough. So far the only casualty was one puncture to the credit of W. R. Paine; but at Stopham Bridge—what an appropriate name!—another of the party came to an abrupt halt through colliding with the parapet of the bridge.</p> <p>Fortunately he averted a nasty accident to himself, and after taxing all our strength and ingenuity we got the machine into something like rideable condition, and went on to Fittleworth to breakfast.</p> <p>After this we took passage on the river. Shaw and Paine were tempted by the hot sun to take a swim from the boat, but would persist in holding to the stern, whilst "Yours truly" put in a lot of donkey work at the oars.</p> <p>The river was, however, very pretty. The banks in places looked quite charming, and even a galley slave would have enjoyed the trip.</p> <p>On Thursday last quite a little Sports Meeting was held on the Sports Ground, as the result of efforts made by the local racing men, both cycling and flat. But though sport was good the attendance was very poor.</p> <p>The events are fully reported elsewhere in the</p>	<p>The events are fully reported elsewhere in the GAZETTE, but a brief allusion may perhaps be made to the cycling races. The two miles' handicap for Tarring men produced a good race, and it was a surprise to me to see a purely social Club turn out such men. As will be seen, Chipper won from Jarvis and Peto.</p> <p>The Excelsiors' Five miles was most interesting from start to finish. Soon after the start most of the riders closed up, but Sam Clark held a lead of 80 yards and made a game struggle ere he was overhauled by the string, who had the advantage of taking turns in pacing.</p> <p>Even then he chipped in with the rest, and made things lively with a sprint or two. In the last lap, however, Harry Shaw came clean away and won a fine race; Jackson, Brown, Ashby, and Clark following in the order named, and each securing a prize, for donors had been very liberal on this occasion.</p> <p>The two miles Team Race was productive of some desperate finishes at the end of each lap, Jackson and Shaw sharing the honours for lap prizes. The finish resolved itself into a victory by one point for the Batchelors, Brown crossing the line just ahead of Jackson; and Richardson, Smith, Shaw, and Clark all being fairly well up.</p> <p>After seeing these two races I am eagerly looking forward to the Australian Pursuit Race between the Excelsior "boys" next Wednesday. In a hard slogging contest there is so little difference between them that the struggle to overtake the man in front—and thereby cause his retirement from the track—should be well worth seeing. It is a departure from the ordinary run of cycling contests, and will give "stayers" like Brown and</p>	<p>Smith a chance to outlive the sprint brigade, provided they do not get "bumped" in the early stages.</p> <p>Last Thursday was also a busy day for W. R. Paine, who was called upon to defend his title to the Five Miles Championship of the Brighton Cyclists' Club and the Fildewicks Challenge Bowl, put up in the same race.</p> <p>Beside "our man," Charman, Di Villa, Ingenheimer, Phillips, and Kinghorn were competing. Racing was not serious until the last lap, when Di Villa made a tremendous effort to pass Paine, who, however, found him plenty of occupation. At the last corner Charman rushed up on the inside, but Paine was not to be denied, and a splendid finish resulted in a win for Bert, with Charman close up and Di Villa on his heels. Time, 14 min. 24.8 secs. The Fildewicks Challenge Bowl is now the absolute property of W. R. Paine.</p> <p>After this our motor racing man, E. B. Blaker, did five miles on his new tricycle, establishing a track record of 10 min. 44.2 secs. for the distance. Seeing that Jarrott's time for the same distance on the Palace Track is 10 min. 10 secs. it is highly probable that Blaker will hold the Preston track record for some time. So far as the engines are concerned Blaker's is an even later arrival from the De Dion Company than Jarrott's.</p> <p>On Sunday next the combined forces of the Tarring C.C. and the Excelsior C.C. hold a Church Parade for the benefit of the Infirmary, an institution which has rendered valuable aid to many cyclists who have been injured awheel.</p> <p>Invitations have been issued very widely, and a good number is expected to join in the procession, which leaves the Pier at 3 p.m., going eastwards along the Marine Parade, afterwards through the town and on to Tarring, where a short service will be held. It is to be hoped all wheelmen will come forward to support the two Clubs in the matter.</p> <p>Interest in the Excelsior Club's weekly run on Wednesday evenings seems to be on the wane, but the "Fighaves" are, I believe, going as strongly as ever. Next Wednesday they attend an <i>ad hoc</i> concert, at St. Ann's Well, Hove, run by the Brighton Central C.C., and will be pleased for any of the Excelsior to join them. Hon. Sec. Carter has tickets for the Concert, which starts at 7 p.m.</p> <p style="text-align: right;">DICK TURPIN.</p>
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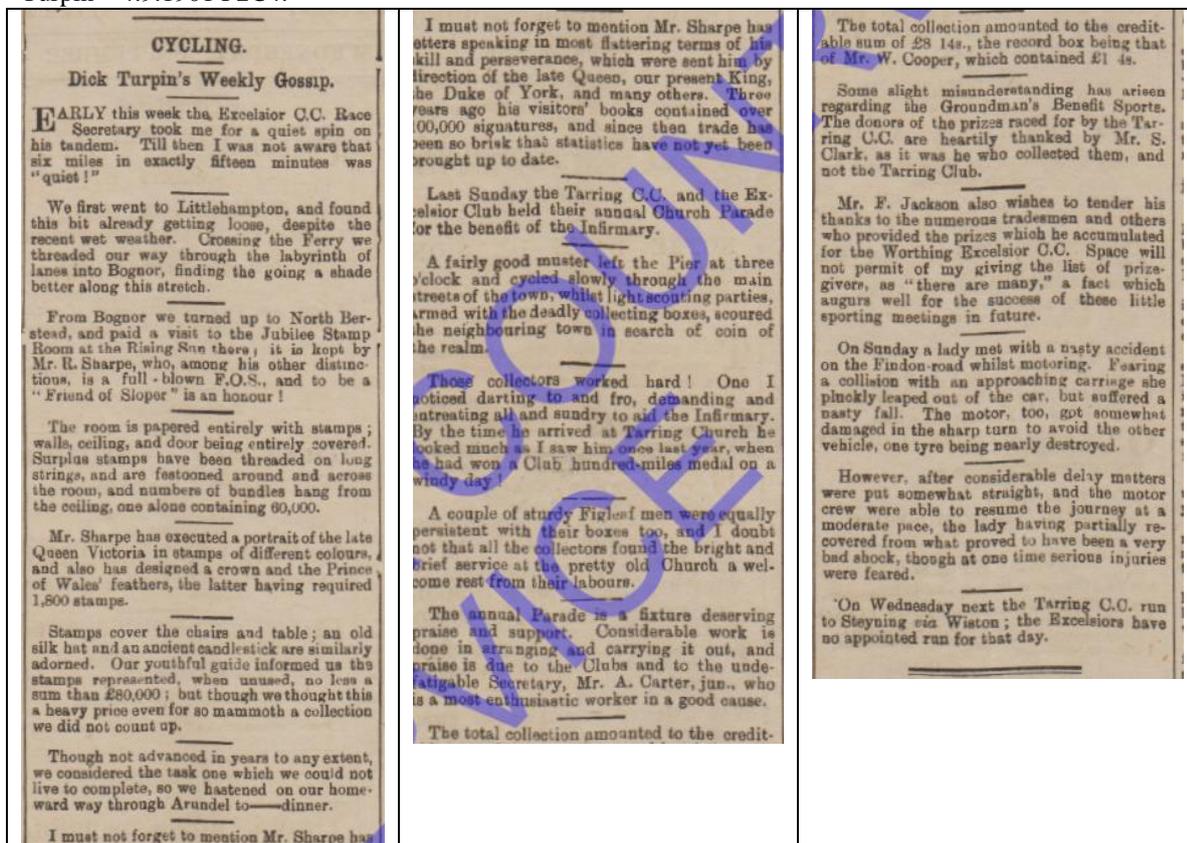
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DICK TURPIN

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

Turpin - 4.9.1901 P2C4.



CYCLING

Dick Turpin's Weekly Gossip.

EARLY this week the Excelsior C.C. Race Secretary took me for a quiet spin on his tandem. Till then I was not aware that six miles in exactly fifteen minutes was "quiet!"

We first went to Littlehampton, and found this bit already getting loose, despite the recent wet weather. Crossing the Ferry we threaded our way through the labyrinth of lanes in to Bognor, finding the going a shade better along this stretch.

From Bognor we turned up to North Berstead,¹ and paid a visit to the Jubilee Stamp Room at the Rising Sun there; it is kept by Mr. R. Sharpe, who, among his other distinctions, is a full-blown F.O.S., and to be a "Friend of Sloper" is an honour!

The room is papered entirely with stamps; walls, ceiling, and door being entirely covered. Surplus stamps have been threaded on long strings, and are festooned around and across the room, and numbers of bundles hang from the ceiling, one alone containing 60,000.

Mr. Sharpe has executed a portrait of the late Queen Victoria in stamps of different colours, and also has designed a crown and the Prince of Wales' feathers, the latter having required 1,800 stamps.

Stamps cover the chairs and table; an old silk hat and an ancient candlestick are similarly adorned. Our youthful guide informed us the stamps represented, when unused, no less a sum than £80,000; but though we thought this a heavy price even for so mammoth a collection we did not count up.

Though not advanced in years to any extent, we considered the task one which we could not live to complete, so we hastened on our homeward way through Arundel to --- dinner.

I must not forget to mention Mr. Sharpe has letters speaking in most flattering terms of his skill and perseverance, which were sent him by direction of the late Queen, our present King, the Duke of York, and many others. Three years ago his visitors' books contained over 100,000 signatures, and since then trade has been so brisk that statistics have not yet been brought up to date.

Last Sunday the Tarring C.C. and the Excelsior Club held their annual Church Parade for the benefit of the Infirmary.

A fairly good muster left the Pier at three o'clock and cycled slowly through the main streets of the town, whilst light scouting parties, armed with the deadly collecting boxes, scoured the neighbouring town in search of coin of the realm.

Those collectors worked hard! One I noticed darting to and fro, demanding and entreating all and sundry to aid the Infirmary. By the time he arrived at Tarring Church he looked much as I saw him once last year, when he had won a Club hundred-miles medal on a windy day!

A couple of sturdy Figleaf men were equally persistent with their boxes too, and I doubt not that all the collectors found the bright and brief service at the pretty old Church a wel-

come rest from their labours.

The annual Parade is a fixture deserving praise and support. Considerable work is done in arranging and carrying it out, and praise is due to the Clubs and to the undefatigableⁱⁱ Secretary, Mr. A. Carter, jun., who is a most enthusiastic worker in a good cause.

The total collection amounted to the creditable sum of £ 8.14s., the record box being that of Mr. W. Cooper, which contained £ 1 4s,

Some slight misunderstanding has arisen regarding the Groundman'sⁱⁱⁱ Benefit Sports. The donors of the prizes raced for by the Tarring C.C. are heartily thanked by Mr. S. Clark, as it was he who collected them, and not the Tarring Club.

Mr. F. Jackson also wishes to tender his thanks to the numerous tradesmen and others who provided the prizes which he accumulated for the Worthing Excelsior C.C. Space will not permit of my giving the list of prize-givers, as "there are many," a fact which augurs well for the success of these little sporting meetings in future.

On Sunday a lady met with a nasty accident on the Findon-road whilst motoring. Fearing a collision with an approaching carriage she pluckily leaped out of the car, but suffered a nasty fall. The motor, too, got somewhat damaged in the sharp turn to avoid the other vehicle, one tyre being nearly destroyed.

However, after considerable delay matters were put somewhat straight, and the motor crew were able to resume the journey at a moderate pace, the lady having partially recovered from what proved to have been a very bad shock, though at one time serious injuries were feared.

On Wednesday next the Tarring C.C. run to Steyning via Wiston; the Excelsiors have no appointed run for that day

(No Dick Turpin by-line)

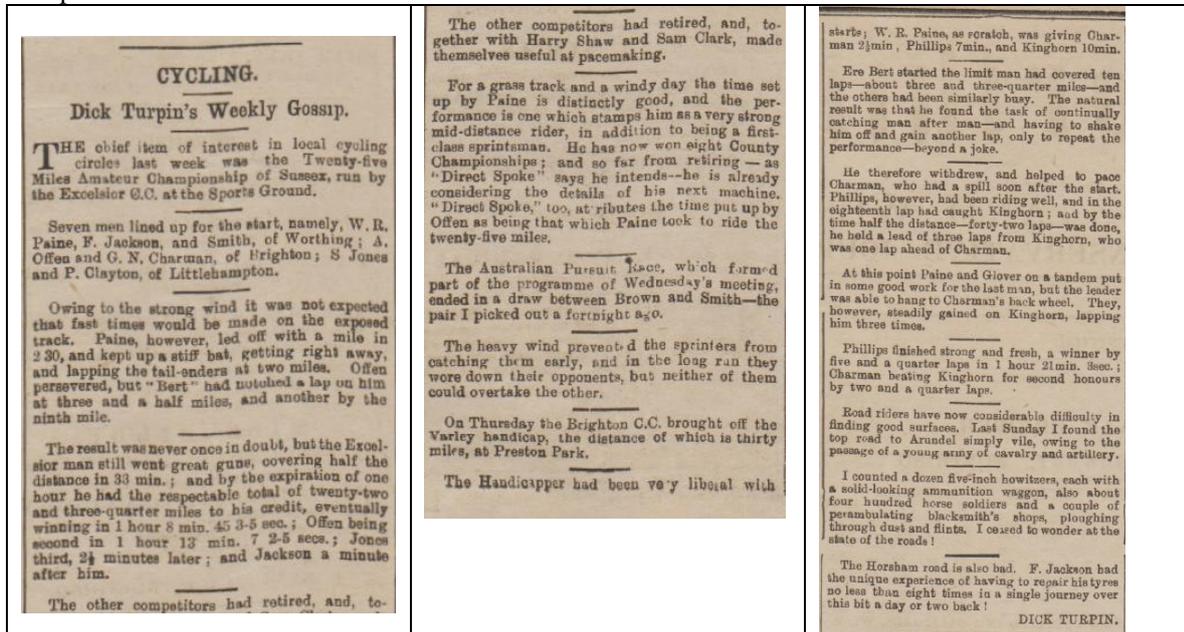
i "North Berstead" is verbatim.

ii "undefatigable" is verbatim.

iii "Groundman" is verbatim.

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

Turpin – 11.9.1901 P2C4.



CYCLING

Dick Turpin's Weekly Gossip.

THE chief item of interest in local cycling circles last week was the Twenty-five Miles Amateur Championship of Sussex, run by the Excelsior C.C. at the Sports Ground.

Seven men lined up for the start, namely, W.R. Paine, F. Jackson, and Smith, of Worthing; A. Offen and G.N. Charman, of Brighton; S. Jones and P. Clayton, of Littlehampton.

Owing to the strong wind it was not expected that fast times would be made on the exposed track. Paine, however, led off with a mile in 2.30, and kept up a stiff bat, getting right away, and lapping the tail-enders at two miles. Offen persevered, but "Bert" had notched a lap on him at three and a half miles, and another by the ninth mile.

The result was never once in doubt, but the Excelsior man still went great guns, covering half the distance in 33 min.; and by the expiration of one hour he had the respectable total of twenty-two and three-quarter miles to his credit, eventually winning in 1 hour 8 min. 45 3-5 sec.; Offen being second in 1 hour 13 min. 7 2-5 secs.; Jones third, 2½ minutes later; and Jackson a minute after him.

The other competitors had retired, and, together with Harry Shaw and Sam Clark, made themselves useful at pacemaking.

For a grass track and a windy day the time set up by Paine is distinctly good, and the performance is one which stamps him as a very strong mid-distance rider, in addition to being a first-class sprinter. He has now won eight County Championships; and so far from retiring - as "Direct Spoke" says he intends--he is already considering the details of his next machine. "Direct Spoke," too, attributes the time put up by Offen as being that which Paine took to ride the twenty-five miles.

The Australian Pursuit Race, which formed part of the programme of Wednesday's meeting, ended in a draw between Brown and Smith - the pair I picked out a fortnight ago.

The heavy wind prevented the sprinters from catching them early, and in the long run they wore down their opponents, but neither of them could overtake the other.

On Thursday the Brighton C.C. brought off the Varley handicap, the distance of which is thirty miles, at Preston Park.

The Handicapper had been very liberal with starts; W.R. Paine, as scratch, was giving Charman 2½ min, Phillips 7min., and Kinghorn 10min.

Ere Bert started the limit man had covered ten Laps - about three and three-quarter miles - and the others had been similarly busy. The natural result was that he found the task of continually catching man after man - and having to shake him off and gain another lap, only to repeat the performance - beyond a joke.

He therefore withdrew, and helped to paceⁱ Charman, who had a spill soon after the start. Phillips, however, had been riding well, and in the eighteenth lap had caught Kinghorn; and by the time half the distance - forty-two laps - was done he held a lead of three laps from Kinghorn, who was one lap ahead of Charman.

At this point Paine and Glover on a tandem put in some good work for the last man, but the leader was able to hang to Charman's back wheel. They, however, steadily gained on Kinghorn, lapping him three times.

Phillips finished strong and fresh, a winner by five and a quarter laps in 1 hour 21min. 3sec.; Charman beating Kinghorn for second honours by two and a quarter laps.

Road riders have now considerable difficulty in finding good surfaces. Last Sunday I found the top road to Arundel simply vile, owing to the passage of a young army of cavalry and artillery.

I counted a dozen five-inch howitzers, each with a solid-looking ammunition waggon, also about four hundred horse soldiers and a couple of perambulating blacksmith's shops, ploughing through dust and flints. I ceased to wonder at the state of the roads!

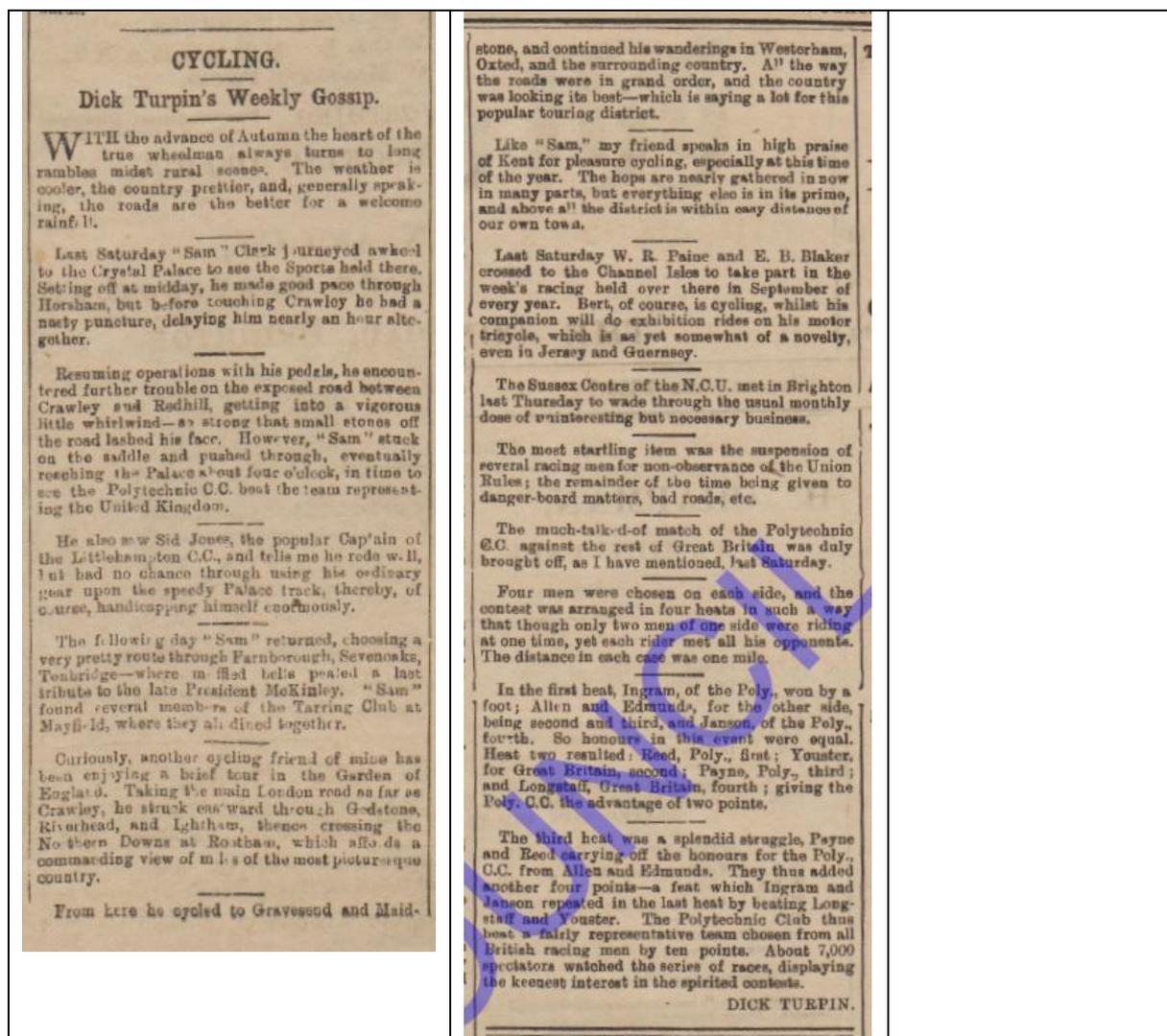
The Horsham road is also bad, F. Jackson had the unique experience of having to repair his tyres no less than eight times in a single journey over this bit a day or two back!

DICK TURPIN

ⁱ These references seem strange to modern cyclists. Men who had retired from the race then rejoined it as pacemakers, thus affecting the result of an event from which they had withdrawn.

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

Turpin - 18.9.1901 P2C5.



CYCLING.

Dick Turpin's Weekly Gossip.

WITH the advance of Autumn the heart of the true wheelman always turns to long rambles midst rural scenes. The weather is cooler, the country prettier, and, generally speaking, the roads are the better for a welcome rainfall.

Last Saturday "Sam" Clerk journeyed a wheel to the Crystal Palace to see the Sports held there. Setting off at midday, he made good pace through Horsham, but before touching Crawley he had a nasty puncture, delaying him nearly an hour alto-

gether.

Resuming operations with his pedals, he encountered further trouble on the exposed road between Crawley and Redhill, getting into a vigorous little whirlwind – so strong that small stones off the road lashed his face. However, “Sam” stuck on the saddle and pushed through, eventually reaching the Palace about four o’clock, in time to see the Polytechnic C.C. best the team representing the United Kingdom.

He also saw Sid Jones, the popular Captain of the Littlehampton C.C., and tells me he rode well, but had no chance through using his ordinary gear upon the speedy Palace track, thereby, of course, handicapping himself enormously.

The following day “Sam” returned, choosing a very pretty route through Farnborough, Sevenoaks, Tonbridge—where muffled bells pealed a last tribute to the late President McKinley. “Sam” found several members of the Tarring Club at Mayfield, where they all dined together.

Curiously, another cycling friend of mine has been enjoying a brief tour in the Garden of England. Taking the main London road as far as Crawley, he struck eastward through Godstone, Riverhead, and Ightam, thence crossing the Northern Downs at Roothamⁱ, which commands a view of the ,miles of the most picturesque country.

From here he cycled to Gravesend and Maidstone, and continued his wanderings in Westerham, Oxted, and the surrounding country. All the way the roads were in grand order, and the country was looking its best—which is saying a lot for this popular touring district.

Like “Sam”, my friend speaks in high praise of Kent for pleasure cycling, especially at this time of the year. The hops are nearly gathered in now in many parts, but everything else is in its prime, and above all the district is within easy distance of our own town.

Last Saturday W.R Paine and E.B. Blaker crossed to the Channel Isles to take part in the week’s racing held over there in September of every year. Bert, of course, is cycling, whilst his friend will do exhibition rides on his motor tricycle, which is as yet something of a novelty, even in Jersey and Guernsey.

The Sussex Centre of the N.C.U. met in Brighton last Thursday to wade through the usual monthly dose of uninteresting but necessary business.

The most startling item was the suspension of several racing men for non-observance of the Union Rules; the remainder of the time being given to danger-board matters, bad roads, etc.

The much-talked-of match of the Polytechnic C.C. against the rest of Great Britain was duly brought off, as I have mentioned, last Saturday.

Four men were chosen on each side, and the contest was arranged in four heats in such a way that though only two men of one side were riding at one time, yet each rider met all his opponents, The distance in each case was one mile.

In the first heat, Ingram, of the Poly., won by a foot; Allen and Edmunds, for the other side being second and third, and Janson, of the Poly., fourth. So honours in this event were equal Heat two resulted: Reed, Poly., first; Youster, for Great Britain, second; Payne, Poly., third; and Longstaff, Great Britain, fourth; giving the Poly. C.C. the advantage of two points.

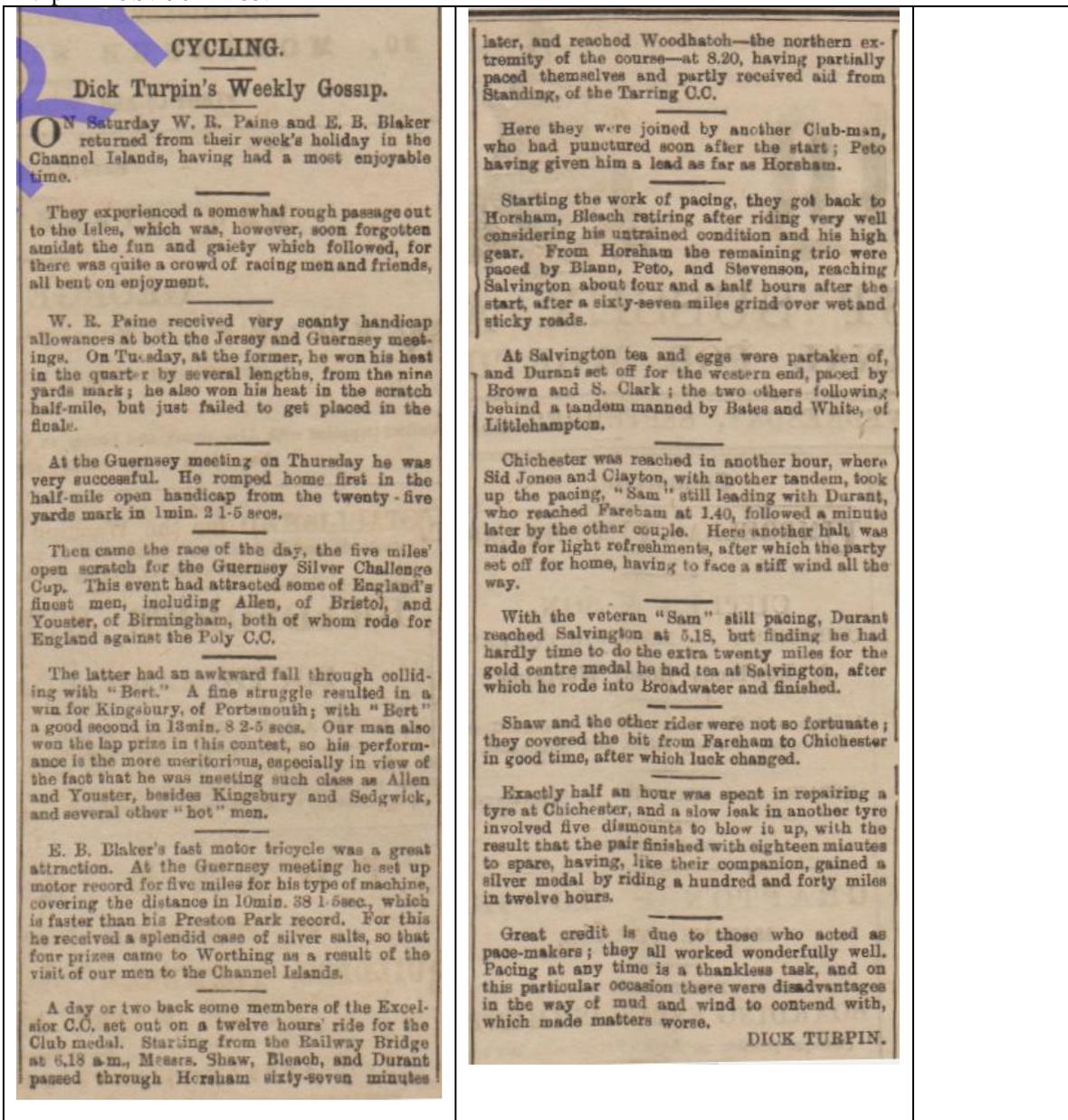
The third heat was a splendid struggle, Payne and Reed carrying off the honours for the Poly., C.C. from Allen and Edmunds. They thus added another four points - a feat which Ingram and Janson repeated in the last heat by beating Longstaff and Youster. The Polytechnic Club thus beat a fairly representative team chosen from all British racing men by ten points. About 7,000 spectators watched the series of races, displaying the keenest interest in the spirited contests.

DICK TURPIN.

ⁱ Wrotham. Dick had spelt it "Rootham" as pronounced. He corrects this in his *Cycling Gossip* of 2nd October, 1901.

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

Turpin - 25.9.1901 P2C3.



CYCLING

Dick Turpin's Weekly Gossip.

ON Saturday, W.R. Paine and E.B. Blaker returned from their holiday in the Channel Islands, having had a most enjoyable time.

They experienced a somewhat rough passage out to the Isles, which was, however, soon forgotten amidst the fun and gaiety which followed, for there was quite a crowd of racing men and friends,

all bent on enjoyment.

W.R. Paine received very scanty handicap allowances at both the Jersey and Guernsey meetings. On Tuesday, at the former, he won his heat in the quarter by several lengths, from the nine yards mark; he also won his heat in the scratch half-mile, but just failed to get placed in the final.

At the Guernsey meeting on Thursday he was very successful. He romped home first in the half-mile open handicap from the twenty-five yards mark in 1min. 2 1-5 secs.

Then came the race of the day, the five miles' open scratch for the Guernsey Silver Challenge Cup. This event had attracted some of England's finest men, including Allen, of Bristol, and Youster, of Birmingham, both of whom rode for England against the Poly C.C.

The latter had an awkward fall through colliding with "Bert." A fine struggle resulted in a win for Kingsbury, of Portsmouth; with " Bert a good second in 13min. 8 2-5 secs. Our man also won the lap prize in this contest, so his performance is the more meritorious, especially in view of the fact that he was meeting such class as Allen and Youster, besides Kingsbury and Sedgewick, and several other "hot" men.

E.B. Blaker's fast motor tricycle was a great attraction. At the Guernsey meeting he set up motor record for five miles for his type of machine, covering the distance in 10min. 38 1-5sec., which is faster than his Preston Park record. For this he received a splendid case of silver salts, so that four prizes came to Worthing as a result of the visit of our men to the Channel Islands.

A day or two back some members of the Excelsior C.C. set out on a twelve hours' ride for the Club medal. Starting from the Railway Bridge at 6.18 a-m., Messrs. Shaw, Bleach, and Durant passed through Horsham sixty-seven minutes later, and reached Woodhatch—the northern extremity of the course - at 8.20, having partially paced themselves and partly received aid from Standing, of the Tarring C.C.

Here they were joined by another Club-man who had punctured soon after the start; Peto having given him a lead as far as Horsham.

Starting the work of pacing, they got back to Horsham, Bleach retiring after riding very well considering his untrained condition and his high gear. From Horsham the remaining trio were paced by Blann, Peto, and Stevenson, reaching

Salvington about four and a half hours after the start, after a sixty-seven miles grind over wet and sticky roads.

At Salvington tea and eggs were partaken of, and Durant set off for the western end, paced by Brown and S. Clark; the two others following behind a tandem manned by Bates and White, of Littlehampton.

Chichester was reached in another hour, where Sid Jones and Clayton, with another tandem, took up the pacing, "Sam" still leading with Durant, who reached Fareham at 1.40, followed a minute later by the other couple. Here another halt was made for refreshments, after which the party set off for home, having to face a stiff wind all the way.

With the veteran "Sam" still pacing, Durant reached Salvington at 5.18, but finding he had hardly time to do the extra twenty miles for the gold centre medal he had tea at Salvington, after which he rode into Broadwater and finished.

Shaw and the other rider were not so fortunate; they covered the bit from Fareham to Chichester in good time, after which luck changed.

Exactly half an hour was spent in repairing a tyre at Chichester, and a slow leak in another tyre involved five dismounts to blow it up, with the result that the pair finished with eighteen minutes to spare, having, like their companion, gained a silver medal by riding a hundred and forty miles in twelve hours.

Great credit is due to those who acted as pace-makers; they all worked wonderfully well. Pacing at any time is a thankless task, and on this particular occasion there were disadvantages in the way of mud and wind to contend with, which made matters worse.

DICK TURPIN.

Turpin - 2.10.1901- P2C3 - 01

<p style="text-align: center;">CYCLING.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Dick Turpin's Weekly Gossip.</p> <p>WE rightly speak of the "ubiquitous bike!" Everyone cycles, from the King downwards, and the cycle seems to be used as an aid to the following of many occupations.</p> <p>Only this week I saw an energetic little chap towing a tremendous builder's handcart behind his bike. I noticed a street-lamp extinguisher, too, who was silently cycling round in the small hours, leaving a train of darkness behind him. His cycle not only saved his own time, but the Company's gas.</p> <p>Local speed men have been busy on the road this last week, three more medals having been won.</p> <p>On Thursday morning, at 6.32, "Sam" Clark and T. Durant left the usual starting point, and, paced by Pejo—Durant chipping in occasionally to keep up speed—reached Horsham at 8.5, having been delayed twenty-two minutes through a puncture in an awkward tyre.</p> <p>From Horsham Durant paced "Sam," and they reached Woodhatch in fifty minutes; stopped ten minutes for some tea, and set off for home.</p> <p>With Durant still pacing they again touched Horsham just before ten o'clock, and Salvington was reached about eleven; the sixty-seven miles having occupied four and a half hours, which is very good considering the time wasted through the puncture, and also that most of the pacing was done by Durant.</p> <p>At 11.10 they set off again. Sam—paced by W. R. Paine, who had met him on the Findon road—reached the Chichester end of the hundred-miles' course in a little over the hour, and then made for Broadwater, finishing the "hundred" in six hours and fifty-one minutes, and thereby winning a gold-centre medal.</p> <p>In the meantime Durant—who had decided ere</p>	<p>In the meantime Durant—who had decided ere reaching Woodhatch to go on for the twelve hours—had continued westward, and was travelling very well, although he was unpaced.</p> <p>He touched Chichester at 12.25, spent twenty-five minutes on a modest meal, and went on to Fareham, where he checked, and, after another short stop, made for Bams.</p> <p>Slipping away quite alone, he passed through Chichester at 3.20, and got to Salvington at 4.10.</p> <p>Here W. R. Paine was waiting for him, and, punctured at the critical time. This lengthened the wait at Salvington to twenty minutes, after which they set off up to Ashington and back to Broadwater, where he was timed in at six o'clock.</p> <p>He therefore won a gold-centre medal, covering a hundred and sixty miles with over half an hour to spare, despite the delay caused by Sam's puncture in the morning, and the very important fact that he was "on his own" for almost the entire distance.</p> <p>Both Sam's ride and Durant's are distinctly good performances. Sam was heavily handicapped through having to ride a strange machine for half the "hundred" as his tyre went wrong a second time.</p> <p>Following these performances, a day or two later W. R. Paine went for his hundred miles' ride.</p> <p>Starting from the Railway Bridge at 6.30, he took the Chichester bit first, and made wonderfully good time. Although unpaced a lot of the way he covered the hilly stretch at a twenty-mile pace, and turned for Salvington at 7.25. Often had come out to pace him over this road, but a couple of punctures put him out of action.</p> <p>Jackson and Shaw led him a part of the way back, but a puncture lost him ten minutes; so that, with the delay consequent upon being nearly unpaced, he reached Salvington at 8.34, being nineteen minutes outside his schedule.</p> <p>Here Blaker took up the pace-making, and tremendous speed was made. Travelling at over twenty miles an hour, he regained five minutes of his lost time on the Horsham road, and another five on the journey through Osney to Woodhatch, covering this thirty-three miles in 1 hour 36 min.</p> <p>After checking, he set off for the return journey, Blaker pacing at a rare bat.</p> <p>All went well through Crawley and Horsham.</p>	<p>All went well through Crawley and Horsham, but Blaker dropped out at Knepp Castle, and here Bert was met by Durant and Clark, who paced him by turns as far as the Bostel.</p> <p>Meantime Bert had punctured again, and had dismantled three or four times to inflate the punctured tyre.</p> <p>Changing on to Sam's machine at the Bostel he was paced by Jackson to Broadwater, where he arrived at 12.12, looking none the worse for his ride.</p> <p>His time for the full distance is 5 hours 42 minutes, which is wonderful riding for so trying a course, apart from the fact that he had so many hindrances. Needless to say, his time is far ahead of anything done by his Club-mates over the course, being no less than twenty-one minutes quicker than the previous best.</p> <p>Last Wednesday a dozen of the "Figleaves" attended their closing Club run for the season.</p> <p>Washington was the venue. Here refreshments, etc., occupied a little time, after which a moonlight stroll to Chanctonbury Ring was greatly enjoyed by all.</p> <p>At 9.30 they set off for home, their able and</p>	<p>popular Captain—Miss Brice—being in command.</p> <p>Miss Brice deserves most hearty congratulations upon the excellent way she has discharged the duties of Commanding Officer this year. A word of praise is also due to Scribe Carter, who wields the Club pen. His duties are far from being light.</p> <p>In speaking of an excursion into Kent a fortnight ago I misspelt the name "Wrotham," inadvertently putting it "Rootham," as pronounced. A Kentish man pulls me up, and I hasten to correct the error. At the same time, it is gratifying to find my weekly gossip read by those outside the active local cycling circle.</p> <p>A few days back, whilst accompanying a London rider, who was on a twelve hours' ride, he considerably surprised me by addressing me as</p> <p style="text-align: right;">DICK TURPIN!</p> <p>[Such is cycling fame, Mr. Turpin! — Editor, GAZETTE.]</p>
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 Source: Worthing Gazette archive
 at Worthing Local Studies Library.

Turpin - 9.10.1901 P2C3

<p style="text-align: center;">CYCLING.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Dick Turpin's Weekly Gossip.</p> <p>AT this time of the year the prudent cyclist gives the plated parts of his machine a coating of vaseline. It is a splendid protection from the rain and general dampness which prevail through the winter months.</p> <p>For the last three or four years I have, like many others, used vaseline as a substitute for oil in the bearings, and have found it a great convenience, as those vital portions of the cycle only require attention once in two or three thousand miles riding if lubricated with vaseline.</p> <p>Last Thursday T. Durant, the irrepressible road-scorching Excelsior-ite, did another good ride—for the Club hundred-miles medal on this occasion.</p> <p>Starting at 7.14, he immediately dropped into a speed of nineteen miles an hour, which he kept up over the hilly road to the Chichester end; Sam Clark having paced him from Arundel.</p> <p>After checking, Sam gave him a lead back as far as Offington Corner, which he reached at 9.16.</p> <p>Here W. R. Paine took up the work of pacing, and kept things moving in a lively way. Horeham was reached in about an hour, and Woodhatch, the northern end of the course, at 11.21.</p> <p>The first sixty-seven miles thus occupied four</p>	<p>The first sixty-seven miles thus occupied four hours and seven minutes, which shows a stiff pace was maintained on the country roads, as Durant is no lover of racing along on the portions of the road which lie in towns and villages.</p> <p>At Woodhatch Paine punctured, but repaired his tyre, and continued pacing Durant on his southward journey through Crawley and Horsham down to Broadwater, where he finished at 1.46, his total time being six hours thirty-two minutes. He therefore won the gold-centre medal with twenty-eight minutes to spare.</p> <p>Several minor hindrances were experienced during the ride. On the first portion the roads were wet and heavy from recent rain, whilst later on a runaway horse and also a flock of sheep figured in the bill.</p> <p>Though a new hand to actual speed cycling, Durant has an acquaintance with the pastime which extends back to the days of the "good old ordinary" and the Crippler tricycles. In his athletic days he was, however, a running man, several "pots" bearing witness to his prowess in that sport.</p> <p>Following close upon the twenty-four hours record made by Olley upon Southern roads—when he covered 331½ miles—comes a similar performance upon Northern roads by H. Green.</p> <p>Choosing roads mainly running through the</p>	<p>Choosing roads mainly running through the Cambridge and Lincolnshire Fens, Green did a most creditable ride, covering a total distance of nearly four hundred miles.</p> <p>The exact distance has not yet been ascertained, owing to the very intricate route which was chosen with a view of getting good roads. At any rate, T. G. King's record for "twice round the clock" has been handsomely beaten, as this stood at 356½ miles.</p> <p>Green, who used the new auxiliary handgear, lost considerable time through heavy fogs. He is confident of beating unaided the paced record which Goodwin, assisted by motors, put at just over 400 miles.</p> <p>W. R. Paine will shortly be taking another trip to the Channel Islands. Owing to unfair decisions on the part of one of the officials an appeal was made to the National Cyclists' Union, and the Union has ordered the Cup race—which was the disputed event—to be run again.</p> <p>"Bert" is rather pleased; he is not at all averse to a trip over there at any time. Every member of the large party who went over on the last occasion thoroughly enjoyed himself, from what I hear of the tour.</p> <p style="text-align: right;">DICK TURPIN.</p>
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Turpin - 16.10.01 - P2C3.

<p style="text-align: center;">CYCLING.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Dick Turpin's Weekly Gossip.</p> <p>THE hardworking Excelsior "boys" are still busy on the road. This week W. R. Paine added another performance to his long list of good rides.</p> <p>Starting from Worthing at 6.20 a.m. for a twelve hours' ride, Offen and Shaw paced him at a good speed through the heavy fog to Horsham.</p> <p>A puncture had cost him several minutes, but he did the twenty miles in sixty-five minutes. Charman and Long picked him up, and—after he had again seen to his tyre—continued the journey through Crawley, but had to leave him before he reached Woodhatch at 8.14.</p> <p>Turning south again, he picked them up and hung on to Crawley, where they had to cry enough, leaving him to go on alone to Horsham.</p> <p>Offen and Shaw set a hot pace to Salvington, "Bert" stopping at Washington Hostel to replace an old air tube in his tyre with a new one, as he had punctured it in several places.</p> <p>Despite the number of hindrances, Bert covered the sixty-seven miles to Woodhatch and back to Salvington in 3 hours 55 min.</p> <p>Here Jones and Brooker led him to Arundel; Clayton and Sam Clark taking him from there to Chichester. On this piece he sustained another puncture, as did Clayton.</p> <p>Repairing Clayton's tyre, as his own was in a bad way, he continued on the borrowed machine, reaching Chichester in fifty-five minutes.</p> <p>At this point Farr, Whittington, Parr, and others</p>	<p>At this point Farr, Whittington, Parr, and others from Chichester took him to Fareham, where he arrived at 12.15, and spent half-an-hour on a well-earned meal.</p> <p>Leaving at 12.45, he reached Chichester in an hour, and punctured yet again—this time so badly that it was 2.10 before he could resume operations.</p> <p>Despite a couple more stops, 65 min. sufficed for the eighteen miles to Salvington, where Offen and Shaw paced him to Horsham in another hour.</p> <p>This brought the time to 4.15, and it was then quite clear Bert had the ride well in hand, having over two hours to get back to Broadwater.</p> <p>However, he kept busy, only stopping fifteen minutes at Horsham, and then setting off behind Charman and Long, who paced him five or six miles, when Blaker picked him up and rattled along famously, the tandem crew following, some distance behind, to Ashington.</p> <p>This portion of the ride was the fastest of the whole day, the run from Horsham to the finish at Broadwater being done in fifty-five minutes. Bert thus finished the hundred and eighty miles in eleven hours and five minutes, winning the Club gold medal for his really magnificent ride.</p> <p>It is interesting to note that, after deducting time spent in feeding, checking, and tyre repairing, Bert's actual riding time for the hundred and eighty miles is very little, if any, over nine hours.</p> <p>On the same day F. Jackson made an attempt on the hundred miles' ride. Starting with W. R. Paine, he hung on until Bert punctured, when Marriott, of Worthing, paced him to Horsham.</p> <p>Continuing alone, he was overtaken by Paine just beyond Crawley, and touched Woodhatch just after him. Still alone, he rode back, having a refresher at Crawley on his way to Horsham.</p> <p>Marriott was waiting here to give him a lead down to Salvington, where he arrived at 10.35, and set out for the Chichester end of the course.</p> <p>A puncture caused some delay on this stage,</p>	<p>A puncture caused some delay on this stage, but he turned at 11.42, and made good pace behind Swain, who brought him along smartly to Broadwater, where he finished at 1 p.m., winning the gold-centre medal, but failing, unfortunately, to qualify for the gold medal by the very narrow margin of six minutes.</p> <p>Motor bicycles are not the simple, docile steeds that the makers would have us believe. Capable as they are in expert hands, the statement that a cyclist can learn to control one as he rides it must be taken <i>cum grano salis</i>.</p> <p>Mr. E. B. Blaker was referee a little while back in a case where a cyclist lost a wager of £2 10s. through failing in the attempt to ride the length of Ann-street, after the motorist had given the embryo chauffeur a start off upon a Werner motor bicycle. Half-way along the street he shut off his engine, came to a standstill, and failed to re-start.</p> <p>I noticed the following effusion in a visitors' book at Crawley after some of Paine's pacers had passed through. Doubtless the men were "cleaned out," but that fact hardly excuses them for writing such stuff:</p> <p>'Tis a fact we're cleaned right out, Of that there is no doubt; To save our lives we couldn't sing a song. We're only just got here, Riding a hundred gear, As tired as dogs, George Charman and Dick Long.</p> <p>Our Clubman, Bertie Paine, Is on the job again; And though of slogging we are not disdainful, Our ride was so alarmin', No one could call it Charman, It certainly was mighty Long and Paine-ful.</p> <p>I hear they are being watched in case of further poetic (?) outbreaks.</p> <p style="text-align: right;">DICK TURPIN.</p>
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DICK TURPIN.

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

Turpin - 23.10.01 - P2C6

<p style="text-align: center;">CYCLING.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Dick Turpin's Weekly Gossip.</p> <p>MY readers will, I trust, pardon any ignorance I may display as to happenings in the local cycling world during the past two or three days.</p> <p>The fact is, I am writing my "Gossip," for the most part, a hundred miles away, and as I am touring on the "bike," a brief account may perhaps be of interest to other wheelmen.</p> <p>Together with "My friend Smith," of the Excelsior, I set out on Sunday for Oxford. The recent rain had dried up, leaving the roads in thoroughly fine trim.</p> <p>Running through Horsham, we took the road <i>via</i> Cranleigh to Guildford, it being more favourable than the twin road a little to the south. The Cranleigh road has the down gradients served out in long easy runs on the journey to Guildford, whilst the same applies to the alternative route when returning from Guildford.</p> <p>A refresher at Guildford and a walk over the footbridge crossing the Wey—the main bridge not having been rebuilt after its destruction by storm—and we scaled the Hog's Back and made through Farnham, where we dined; on to Odiham and Reading, stopping at the biscuit town for tea.</p> <p>A most enjoyable run by moonlight through</p>	<p>A most enjoyable run by moonlight through Pangbourne and Wallingford brought us into Oxford, where we finished up about nine o'clock, after one of the most enjoyable hundred-mile jaunts I have ever had.</p> <p>Oxford is a town of many attractions, pleasantly situated and full of architectural beauty; it is worth seeing. We were not the first Excelsior "boys" to visit it; at least two others have preceded us, and we availed ourselves of a good tip from "the Irrepressible," and put up at The Cape, a commercial temperance place well suited to cyclists.</p> <p>In the morning, after a stroll round the town of Oxford, we separated, "Smithie" continuing nearly north up to Birmingham—a sixty-miles ride—whilst I turned eastwards, through Thame and Aylesbury, the land of ducks.</p> <p>At the time of posting my "Gossip" I have progressed as far as Berkhamstead, finding the roads in fine condition and the country looking quite charming.</p> <p>Oxford, Bucks, and Herts are agricultural counties, but nevertheless they are very pretty, the scenery being considerably enhanced by the good roads, all of which are fairly level.</p> <p>One of the four perambulating Council meetings of the N.C.U. took place last Wednesday, Eastbourne being the venue on this occasion.</p> <p>Nothing of importance took place, the chief items being, as usual, questions as to administering the Union rules, and the inevitable danger-board topic.</p> <p>The refusal of railway officials at a crossing</p>	<p>The refusal of railway officials at a crossing near Battle to open the ordinary carriage gates for cyclists occupied the Council's attention for some time; but, though the Railway Company's right to compel cyclists to use the foot passengers' gate was denied, no steps are to be taken in the matter at present.</p> <p>The Brighton Company are to be approached with a view to remedying the condition of one of their level crossings. My own experience is that almost every crossing is in a very loose state. The one on the Brighton road at Crawley is the only respectable one I have seen for some considerable time.</p> <p style="text-align: right;">DICK TURPIN.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Paper Chase.</p> <p>Messrs. Gravatt and Haynes have made arrangements, weather permitting, for a paper chase next Saturday afternoon, at three o'clock sharp, from the Cricketers' Inn, Broadwater.</p> <p>All running men are heartily welcome.</p>
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having been rebuilt after its destruction by storm - and we scaled the Hog's Back and made through Farnham, where we dined; on to Odiham and Reading, stopping at the biscuit town for tea.

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DICK TURPIN

ⁱ Interesting, as the bicycle was defined as a “carriage within the law” as far back as 1882, and cyclists should have been compelled to use the “ordinary carriage” route.

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

Turpin - 30.10.01 - P2C3.

<p style="text-align: center;">CYCLING.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Dick Turpin's Weekly Gossip.</p> <p>DESPITE the uncertainty of the weather, cycling still continues to find many followers even so late in the season.</p> <p>The roads seem to keep in fairly good order, not only in this part of the country but everywhere. Smith, whom I left last week in Oxford, tells me he found them very good on his run through Banbury and Warwick to Birmingham, and that he had a most enjoyable spin.</p> <p>Across Bucks and Herts I had nothing to complain of, except a patch of mud here and there. My journey home was rendered somewhat eventful through a spill in London caused by tramlines, and a thorough soaking on the Horsham-Worthing road. These, however, are details.</p> <p>Last Wednesday the ever-youthful Sam Clark once again essayed the task of riding the hundred-miles course in six hours and a half.</p> <p>Starting at eleven o'clock, he was paced by Stevenson, who, however, had to retire after two or three miles, through being out of his usually reliable form. Sam therefore went on alone, checking at the Chichester end at 12.10.</p> <p>The extra time occupied on the stretch was due</p>	<p>to the fact that the old veteran had to force his way unpaced against a stiff wind, over roads which were in a very muddy state.</p> <p>Sam, however, got some of his time back on the return journey, which he did in 56 minutes; Stevenson and Marriott pacing him from Arundel to Offington Corner. Here W. R. Paine and H. Shaw were waiting with a tandem, and, after about five minutes' breathing time, Sam set off for the northern end at a warm pace.</p> <p>Horsham was reached in an hour. Two or three minutes' rest, and the journey to Woodhatch was resumed, only to be broken at Crawley by a level-crossing wait, and a delay further on through road-mending operations. This brought the time to four hours and twenty minutes for the 66 miles which had been covered when Sam turned at Woodhatch.</p> <p>Nothing daunted by his run of hard luck, Sam's untiring energy and buoyant spirits were strongly in evidence. Dashing off ahead of his pacers he gaily tackled the road-menders' work, riding over roads in all stages of manufacture, from loose one and a half-inch road-fints newly shot down, to the slimy mess left as the final result of the steam roller's operations.</p> <p>However, the heavier going pacing machine came up after a bit, and brought him along at a good bat, passing through Horsham at 4.30, and finishing at Broadwater at 5.42, making the total time six hours and forty-two minutes.</p> <p>Beside having heavy roads the traffic in Horsham delayed matters somewhat, and Sam's performance proves him to be capable of doing a gold-medal ride with fairly good luck.</p> <p>A lot of trouble could be saved by taking the road lying north of West-street, Horsham; it runs parallel, and is devoid of traffic.</p> <p>A day or two after Sam's creditable ride Offen and Shaw attempted the hundred.</p> <p>Shaw, having already won a gold medal for</p>	<p>riding the distance in six hours fourteen minutes, had to complete the course in six hours to qualify for a second medal—a by no means easy task.</p> <p>Starting together at 7.30, they were paced by W. E. Paine's tandem, and made good travelling, despite a heavy, cold fog, which added considerably to Bert's responsible post of steersman, beside making everything uncomfortably cold and wet for all except "Yours truly," who was snugly ensconced on the back tandem seat.</p> <p>A mile or two beyond Horsham Shaw punctured, and Offen went on alone to Woodhatch, where the others joined him at 9.30. Tea-and-egg all round helped to thaw the frozen riders, and the journey back was commenced; but Shaw punctured again, leaving Offen to go on alone.</p> <p>South of Horsham a third puncture caused Harry Shaw to abandon his ride, and the tandem thereupon chased after Offen, who was on ahead.</p> <p>Picking him up, they paced him to Salvington, but an acute attack of cramp had played havoc with him, and though he continued the journey on to the Chichester end he found the cramp as bad as ever, and was compelled to throw up the attempt and await a more favourable day.</p> <p style="text-align: right;">DICK TURPIN.</p>
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DICK TURPIN

Dick Turpin's Weekly Gossip.
 Source: Worthing Gazette archive
 at Worthing Local Studies Library.
 Turpin - 6.11.1901 - P2C4 - 01

<p style="text-align: center;">CYCLING.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Dick Turpin's Weekly Gossip.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">W. R. Paine's Splendid Season.</p> <p>LAST Wednesday the five miles' race for the Jersey Cup was run over again, as the result of protests lodged on the last occasion.</p> <p>W. R. Paine, together with Moore and Kingsbury, of Portsmouth, had crossed over on the Monday, and, from what I gather, had a nice week of it on the little Island.</p> <p>However, to the race! The six starters were Sedgwick, Le Seur, Routier, and the three I have named. Racing commenced three laps from home, when Routier took the lead, Paine and Kingsbury immediately challenging.</p> <p>In the last lap Moore forged ahead, and eventually won from Bert Paine by half a wheel, with Kingsbury third; time, 14min. 10sec. Moore thus makes the sixty-guinea Jersey Cup his own property.</p> <p>The <i>Cyclist</i> of last week gave a brief summary of W. R. Paine's wins during the past season, setting an example which has been followed in other quarters. Seeing Bert's list of performances only closed last Wednesday the figures given are incomplete. I therefore looked Bert up on his return from Jersey, and worried the following particulars out of him relative to his season's work.</p> <p>At Preston Park on Easter Monday he rode in three races, winning the silver salver and a pair of candelabra, a silver-plated soup tureen, and a kettle and stand.</p> <p>At Portsmouth on Whit Monday the three</p>	<p>At Portsmouth on Whit Monday the three races provided him with a gold watch, a silver cup, and a case of dessert knives and forks.</p> <p>His memorable day at Eastbourne on August Bank Holiday resulted in the addition to his collection of a gold medal for the Five Miles Championship, together with the lap prize—a silver tray, silver cruet set, and another pair of silver candelabra.</p> <p>The following day at Worthing he gathered in the gold medal for the One Mile Championship, a case of cutlery, and an oak salad bowl and servers.</p> <p>The only remaining big meeting was that at Guernsey, where Bert won three prizes, which he amalgamated and took in the form of a magnificent gold albert chain.</p> <p>The total number of races at these meetings was seventeen; Bert won seventeen prizes—twelve being firsts—in addition to the share in the silver salver.</p> <p>Beyond this he won a marble clock at Portsmouth; combination biscuit cheese and butter stand at Jersey; the Twenty-five Miles Championship, a spirit tantalus, and another clock at other meetings in Worthing, besides a share in the Hallatt Cup. He also won the Fieldwicke Challenge Bowl again at Brighton, making it his absolute property.</p> <p>When the track season was over Bert "took to the road" (in a cycling sense, I should add),</p>	<p>and finished up this his most brilliant year by two extremely meritorious rides, winning a gold medal for riding a hundred miles in 5 hours 42min., and another for covering a hundred and eighty miles in 11 hours 5min. These two rides are both Club records, and are likely to remain till Bert himself attacks them.</p> <p>Needless to say, he has an enormous collection of prizes, most of which he has won during the last five years; but Bert is so modest it is difficult to "draw" him. No one would suppose from his unconcerned manner when looking round his houseful of "pots" that he has won no less than eight County Championships.</p> <p>The Excelsior "boys" cannot settle down yet! Early this week Offen once again tackled the hundred-miles' ride, this time with success.</p> <p>Starting at 7.16 he travelled well behind Paine and Shaw on a tandem, a cold wet mist making things the reverse of comfortable. Nevertheless Woodhatch was reached at 9.8, and, after checking, the tandem paced him back to Offington Corner, where he touched at 11.5.</p> <p>Here a punctured tyre caused a lot of delay, after which Sam Clark chipped in and coached Offen along at a nice pace, reaching the Chichester end at 12.20, and bringing him back to the finish at Broadwater at 1.36, thus making his total time six hours and twenty minutes, which must be considered a very good ride, bearing in mind the bad state of the roads for fast work along now.</p> <p>The Tarring Club people are contemplating a winter programme of social evenings. I hope they will carry out something of the sort; they know just what is wanted, and supply it. I have enjoyed their hospitality on several occasions.</p> <p style="text-align: right;">DICK TURPIN.</p>
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At Preston Park on Easter Monday he rode in three races, winning the silver salver and a pair of candelabra, a silver-plated soup tureen, and a kettle and stand.

At Portsmouth on Whit Monday the three races provided him with a gold watch, a silver cup, and a case of dessert knives and forks.

His memorable day at Eastbourne on August Bank Holiday resulted in the addition to his collection of a gold medal for the Five Miles Championship, together with the lap prize - a silver tray, silver cruet set, and another pair of silver candelabra.

The following day at Worthing he gathered in the gold medal for the One Mile Championship, a case of cutlery, and an oak salad bowl and servers.

The only remaining big meeting was that at Guernsey, where Bert won three prizes, which he amalgamated and took in the form of a magnificent gold albert chain.

The total number of races at these meetings was seventeen; Bert won seventeen prizes - twelve being firsts - in addition to the share in the silver salver.

Beyond this he won a marble clock at Portsmouth; combination biscuit cheese and butter stand at Jersey; the Twenty-five Miles' Championship, a spirit tantalus, and another clock at other meetings in Worthing, besides a share in the Hallett Cup. He also won the Fieldwickeⁱ Challenge Bowl again at Brighton, making it his absolute property.

When the track season was over Bert "took to the road" (in a cycling sense, I should add), and finished up this his most brilliant year by two extremely meritorious rides, winning a gold medal for riding a hundred miles in 5 hours 42min., and another for covering a hundred and eighty miles in 11 hours 5min.

These two rides are both Club records, and are likely to remain till Bert himself attacks them.

Needless to say, he has an enormous collection of prizes, most of which he has won during the last five years; but Bert is so modest it is difficult to "draw" him. No one would suppose from his unconcerned manner when looking round his houseful of "pots" that he has won no less than eight County Championships.

The Excelsior "boys" cannot settle down yet! Early this week Offen once again tackled the hundred-miles' ride, this time with success.

Starting at 7.16 he travelled well behind Paine and Shaw on a tandem, a cold wet mist making things the reverse of comfortable. Nevertheless Woodhatch was reached at 9.8, and, after checking, the tandem paced him back to Offington Corner, where he touched at 11.5.

Here a punctured tyre caused a lot of delay, after which Sam Clark chipped in and coached Offen along at a nice pace, reaching the Chichester end at 12.20, and bringing him back to the finish at Broadwater at 1.36, thus making his total time six hours and twenty minutes, which must be considered a very good ride, bearing in mind the bad state of the roads for fast work along now.

The Tarring Club people are contemplating a winter programme of social evenings. I hope they will carry out something of the sort; they know just what is wanted, and supply it. I have enjoyed their hospitality on several occasions.

DICK TURPIN

JG: a schedule of Bert's winnings from Dick's narrative description.

BERT PAINE'S WINNINGS FOR THE YEAR:

Preston Park Easter Monday: 3 races, silver tray, pair candelabra, silver-plated soup tureen, kettle and stand.

Portsmouth Whit Monday: gold watch, silver cup, case of dessert knives and forks,

Eastbourne, August Bank holiday: Gold medal (lap prize), silver tray, silver cruet, pair silver candelabra.

Worthing next day: gold medal in 1 mile, case of cutlery, oak salad bowl and servers,

Guernsey: Three prizes which he amalgamated and took in the form of a magnificent gold Albert chain.

Number of races at those meetings: 17 (placed in all of them), prizes 17 (12 1sts)

Portsmouth: marble clock,

Jersey: biscuit cheese and butter stand.

Worthing: 25-mile champ, spirit tantalus, clock.

Brighton: a share in the Hallett cup, and the Fieldwicke Challenge Bowl,

Road: gold medals for 100 miles in 5.42 and 180 miles inside 12 hours, both club records.
By the end of 1901 he had already won eight county championships.

ⁱ In later features Dick Long refers to this as the “Feldwicke” trophy.

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

Turpin - 13.11.1901- P2C4 - 01

<p style="text-align: center;">CYCLING.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Dick Turpin's Weekly Gossip.</p> <p>FOR the time of the year cycling conditions are remarkably good. Roads continue to preserve fairly nice surfaces, and the cold, dry weather we have lately been enjoying makes cycling a real pleasure. With a friend I rode over to Arundel last Sunday morning, and we both remarked upon the scarcity of actual cyclists on the road. Neither of us is particularly keen on the artistic, but cycling gives everyone a certain amount of discrimination in matters picturesque, and we could not help but notice how much the hand of Autumn had beautified the country-side.</p> <p>Wheelmen who have put their trusty steeds away for the winter are missing splendid opportunities of enjoying some of the best experiences of the pastime.</p> <p>Still, approaching winter makes it necessary that the Clubs should see to it that their members are properly cared for through the "off" season.</p> <p>The Excelsior C.C. has fixed the date for its Annual Dinner, which is to take place on December 11th. A big muster is expected, and a pleasing feature of the evening is to be the presentation of those hard-earned medals for the hundred miles' and twelve hours' rides.</p> <p>The same Club is endeavouring to arrange a "go-as-you-please" race, to take place on the Sports Ground on the morning of Boxing Day. The distance suggested is fifteen miles, which, coming on the day following Christmas festivities, ought to satisfy the most voracious glutton for work in the shape of running and walking.</p> <p>For next year a development is upon the</p>	<p>For next year a development is upon the tapis. The Committee are considering the advisability of embracing other forms of athletics, and will shortly be calling a general meeting of the members, with a view of altering the constitution of the Club.</p> <p>The idea is to enlist running men under the Excelsior banner, and to cater for their interests as well as those of cyclists.</p> <p>Seeing the two sports have so much in common the step should be one in the right direction. Running men would then be represented in the management of the Club, and their experience and assistance should be of considerable value in carrying out the Club race meetings.</p> <p>Greater inducement could then be given to running men to train regularly, as there would probably be a series of Club handicaps run during the season.</p> <p>Members of West Tarring C.C. have no intention of lying dormant through the winter months. They have decided upon running a series of social evenings in the School Rooms at Tarring, and the first is to take place, in all probability, on the 11th of December.</p> <p>These pleasant little festivities are always very popular. Though held in the one-time Palace of an Archbishop, the price of the ticket is far from being abnormal. Commoners—yes, even cycling commoners!—can join in the revelries at the historic edifice for the modest fee of two shillings. To further descend to prosaic detail, let me add refreshments—good refreshments—are included.</p> <p>Cyclists who intend visiting the Stanley</p>	<p>Cyclists who intend visiting the Stanley Show at the Agricultural Hall this year will be interested to know that a half-day trip is to be run on the 27th of November for the usual half-crown.</p> <p>Several local men are going up, but no striking improvements in cycle construction are expected. The "good old annual" has lost much interest in the last few years, as we seem to have almost reached finality in bike-building.</p> <p>What few alterations are now made are not held back for the Show, and thus the old fixture has few real novelties to introduce.</p> <p>An interesting letter comes to hand from "Teddy" Ashby, who is now in London, but is well known to many of us.</p> <p>"Teddy" is eager to go for the Excelsior hundred, and does the Cambridge-and-back run at times—which, by-the-by, is a course used by North London men for their rides.</p> <p>He relates some exciting incidents he experienced in the fog last week. From Dorking to Leatherhead he lost his way three times, in addition to encountering the ditch pretty frequently, the four miles occupying an hour.</p> <p>A mile or two further on he lost his brother, eventually finding him in a stream! Later he discovered a Good Samaritan, who knew the road so well that he acted as pilot, and lost himself and his charges in the bargain!</p> <p>"Teddy" is an Excelsiorite, and sends his congratulations to his fellow Clubman, W. R. Paine, upon his season's success.</p> <p style="text-align: right;">DICK TURPIN.</p>
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DICK TURPIN.

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

Turpin - 20.11.1901- P2C3 - 01

<p style="text-align: center;">CYCLING.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Dick Turpin's Weekly Gossip.</p> <p>THE big event of the past week has been the annual pilgrimage inaugurated in 1896 by the Automobile Club of Great Britain and Ireland, to celebrate "Emancipation Day," which, being interpreted, means the day on which the Light Locomotives Act came into force, and abolished for motors the red-flag business.</p> <p>Mr. E. B. Blaker, one of the leading motor men in Worthing, attended the run, going up to town on Friday last.</p> <p>The machine he used was his two and-three-quarter h.p. tricycle. He did the fifty miles to Kingston with but one stop of a minute's duration at Horsham. At Kingston he met his friend and rival speed-merchant, Raymond Dennis, who was also out for the big run.</p> <p>Starting from the Horse Guards Parade on Saturday at ten o'clock, things were decidedly uncomfortable, owing to a heavy fog, which prevented the chauffeurs from seeing anything but the gleaming acetylene lamps on the other cars.</p> <p>Out of London through Putney, Richmond Park, and Twickenham, the fog still hung heavy, and our speedy tricyclist had to "gang warily."</p> <p>After fourteen miles, however, it cleared, and the big procession, somewhat scattered, wound its way through Staines, Bagshot, and Basingstoke to Winchester, the leading cars, two of which were driven by ladies, running in between two and three o'clock.</p> <p>Here luncheon was to have been partaken of, but the motors were late, and the majority contented themselves with what food they carried, which in Mr. Blaker's case was nothing!</p> <p>So intent was he on getting on that he</p>	<p>bestowed no more than a passing glance of admiration at the new statue of King Alfred the Great, which now helps to adorn the grand old city.</p> <p>On through Bishop's Waltham, Wickham, and Fareham, the road in some places was pretty rough, as many Hampshire highways are still being repaired by very primitive methods.</p> <p>Thence through Porchester and Cosham, where the procession re-formed and ran into Southsea, where, after stabling the hundred or more cars in the Drill Hall, the motorists made considerable inroads upon various commissariat departments, their appetites being sharpened by a run of ninety-five miles through the keen November air.</p> <p>On the following day Mr. Blaker joined a number of cars which were coming on to Worthing, and was met at Arundel by a big muster of local cyclists, who had considerable difficulty in identifying "Baruch" as he came whizzing up the Causeway-hill.</p> <p>He was carefully done up in a neat-looking black leather motoring suit, with the conventional peaked cap—a form of clothing which he tells me is indispensable when rushing through the keen air, as one does on a motor, without exertion.</p> <p>Mr. Blaker's tricycle did the run to London, down to Southsea, and then home, altogether two hundred and five miles, without giving the slightest trouble, and he was able to pass practically any of the big cars up the hills. Most of us can testify to the fact that he is a "terror" at climbing.</p> <p>Last Saturday Sam Clark and Scribe Carter cycled to Bognor to see the football</p>	<p>match, and report fairly good roads all the way. I contented myself with a run to Findon, thence by Long Furlong to Patching Pond, and home through Angmering.</p> <p>On the run from Findon it occurred to me that probably many devotees of the free-wheel are unaware they can run without pedals for over a mile and a half on this road, which is reached by turning westwards at The Gun, Findon. A free-wheeling contest ought to catch on if held there next year.</p> <p>The first Tarring "Social" is to come off earlier than was anticipated. The date is now definitely fixed for Wednesday next, and a good company is hoped for, as on the success of the first fixture depends the whole series. Tickets, two shillings.</p> <p style="text-align: right;">DICK TURPIN.</p>
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DICK TURPIN

Dick Turpin's Weekly Gossip.
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 Turpin - 27.11.1901- P2C4 - 01

<p style="text-align: center;">CYCLING.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">-----</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Dick Turpin's Weekly Gossip.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">-----</p> <p>DESPITE the time of the year there are many enthusiastic wheelmen who are still busy piling up miles. A few days back I went out with Sam Clark's "Light Horse," who were on a circular run of something over forty miles.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">-----</p> <p>Business would not permit me to go the whole journey, but in the twenty miles I went we saw a large number of riders, both ladies and gentlemen.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">-----</p> <p>Sam and his party found the road in a bad way up through Findon to the Bostel. The road-mender has neglected his usual courtesy of leaving a narrow strip of clear road on either side of the many patches of new metal which now adorn (?) the road.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">-----</p> <p>However, the going was grand when Washington was passed, and the party sailed along through Ashington and West Grinstead in splendid style.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">-----</p> <p>At Hurst tea was partaken of, after which four of the riders engaged in a billiard match, Swain and Standing carrying off the honours.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">-----</p> <p>Leaving Hurst, the wheelmen got on to the main London-Brighton road, and pedalled through Albourne and Patcham into London-on-Sea. The ride home was most enjoyable, the evening being clear and moonlit, beside which Peto saw the troop, and gave them a regular cyclists' welcome at Shoreham.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">-----</p> <p>I understand Sam's "Light Horse" intend taking a spin each Saturday afternoon through the winter, weather permitting.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">-----</p> <p>I must extend my congratulations to Bert Paine upon his going into partnership. Bert has always been a sportsman of the first water,</p>	<p>and his fellow-Clubmen in Worthing and Brighton, to say nothing of his many friends in the outside cycling world, will wish him all happiness and prosperity now he is "running tandem."</p> <p style="text-align: center;">-----</p> <p>'Tis wonderful the fascination motor-cycling seems to possess for the ex-racing man. Dick Palmer, who two or three years back was Professional Champion of the World, was at Broadwater last week, having run down from Balham on a smart little motor trike.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">-----</p> <p>Palmer is in the cycle trade, and gets little time for training now, so therefore finds his petrol-propelled steed very handy when paying calls fifty miles from home.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">-----</p> <p>Captain Shaw asks me to state that he still has some letters for the Infirmary, the result of the Tarring and Worthing Church Parade, and will be happy to supply them to anyone wishing to avail themselves of the valuable Institution.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">-----</p> <p>The time has now arrived when I bow myself out; the Editorial extinguisher has been put over me for a season (the football and hockey season, I suppose). Not that we put our jiggers away for the winter, good reader, for the genuine cyclist enjoys many a spin over the frost-bound roads and through the snow, the keen wind making the warm blood tingle in his veins.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">-----</p> <p>My cyclometer remarks that I have yet four hundred miles to run ere I complete my three thousand for the year. Sam Clark tells me his mileage is about the same. Bert Paine, Durant, and Swain have each traversed a somewhat similar distance, which is about as much as ordinary wheelmen who have not much leisure time can expect to cover.</p> <p style="text-align: right;">DICK TURPIN.</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">End of Season Editorial</p> <p style="text-align: center;">-----</p> <p>* Our regret at the necessary suspension of "Dick Turpin's" contributions will assuredly be shared by all who have enjoyed his genial "Weekly Gossip" since it was resumed on the 21st of April. Mr. "Turpin" is nothing if not up-to-date, and the mere selection of his signature is a proof of his modernity.</p> <p>With vivid recollections of Black Bass, the hypocritical might be disposed to question the appropriateness of such a choice; but when the ubiquitous bicycle has invaded every realm, and even that most conservative of sports, hunting, is pursued on wheels—shade of the old country gentleman, what will happen next?—who shall say that "Dick Turpin" as a contributor to a Cycling Column in a weekly newspaper is an anachronism?</p> <p>No; Turpin on wheels is in complete accordance with the spirit of the age; and if a present-day Harrison Ainsworth were required to present us with an amended narrative of the famous ride to York, he would assuredly place his dashing highwayman on the speediest roadster procurable at Coventry!—<i>Editor GAZETTE.</i></p>
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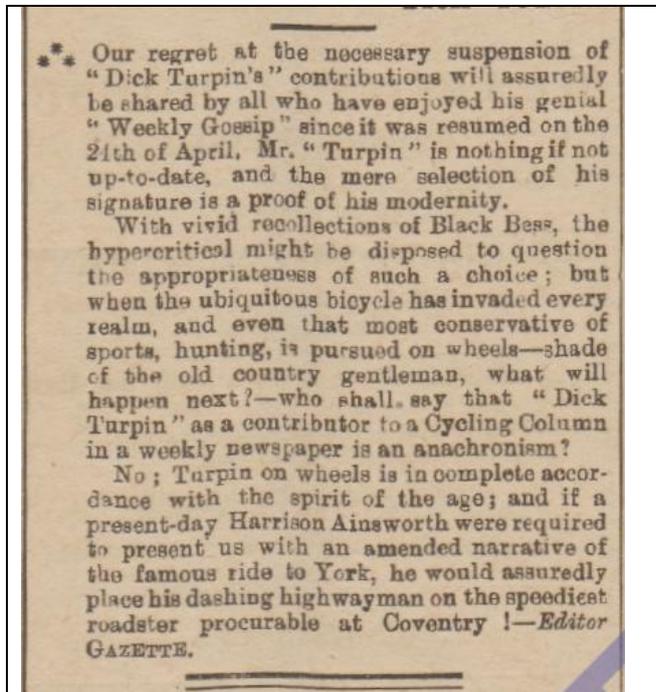
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Editorial 27.11.1901 P2C3



End of season editorial – appended to Turpin's Weekly Gossip of 27.11.1901

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