

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

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>
--	---	--

CYCLING.

Dick Turpin's Weekly Gossip.

THE hard-working Excelsior boys are still busy on the road. This week W.R Paine added another performance to his long list of good rides.

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

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.

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.

Offen and Shaw set a hot pace to Salvington, "Bert" stopping at Washington Bostel to replace an old air tube in his tyre with a new one, as he had punctured it in several places.

Despite the number of hindrances, Bert covered the sixty-seven miles to Woodhatch and back to Salvington in three hours 55 min.

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.

Repairing Clayton's tyre, as his own was in a bad way, he continued on the borrowed machine, reaching Chichester in fifty-five minutes

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.

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.

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

This brought the time to 4.15, and it was then quite clear that Bert had the ride well in hand, having over two hours to get back to Broadwater.

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.

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.

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

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.

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.

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.

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

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 *cum grano salis*.

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

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;

'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've only just got here,
Riding a hundred gear,
As tired as dogs, George Charman and Dick Long.

Our clubman, Bertie Paine,
Is on the job again;
And though of slogging we're not disdainful,
Our ride was so alarmin',
No-one could call it *Charman*,
It certainly was mighty *Long and Paine-ful*."

I hear they are being watched in case of further poetic (?) outbreaks."

DICK TURPIN.