

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;"><b>CYCLING.</b></p> <p style="text-align: center;"><b>Dick Turpin's Weekly Gossip.</b></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>
---	--	--

**CYCLING**

**Dick Turpin's Weekly Gossip.**

THE big event of the last 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.

Mr. E. B. Blaker, one of the leading motor men in Worthing, attended the run, going up to town on Friday last.

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.

-----

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.

-----

Out of London through Putney, Richmond Park, and Twickenham, the fog still hung heavy, and our speedy tricyclist had to "gang warily."

-----

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.

-----

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!

-----

So intent was he on getting on that he 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 .

-----

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.

-----

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.

-----

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.

-----

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 .

-----

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.

-----

Last Saturday Sam Clark and Scribe  
Carter cycled to Bognor to see the football  
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.

-----

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.

-----

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.

DICK TURPIN