

CYCLING

Opening of the Active Season.

Dick Turpin's Weekly Gossip

25th March 1903 - P2C4:

CYCLING.

Opening of the Active Season.

Dick Turpin's Weekly Gossip.

THE cycling season proper has dawned!

That is to say, all the world is wheeling; some are aboard trusty steeds that have already done good service for many a mile on the King's highway, the others are putting new jiggers through their first paces—breaking them in ready for the Club run, the tour, and the speed jaunt.

Already the tender butterfly rider has emerged from his chrysalis, and may be seen fitting about the countryside on sunny days, glad of fresh air after the winter round of indoor festivities.

Even the hardy all-the-year-round rider shows signs of the times. A local wheelman who rides in all weathers, and has covered well over three thousand miles since the wane of last season, was busy a week ago fitting a more speedy free-wheel to his machine. All because a brother free-wheelist had beaten him in a coast down Washington Bostel!

Yes, the season has dawned; and the Editor says I may Gossip again. May I have many a jolly run and many a pleasure trip by local wheelmen to recount!

Three intrepid Excelsior-ites — Messrs.

Three intrepid Excelsior-ites — Messrs. Durant, Medhurst, and Young—have already covered one fresh piece of road this season. But they had to go far afield for it!

Setting out in the early morning, they rode the first thirty-five miles of the Club's hundred mile course—through Horsham and Crawley to Woodhatch—in two hours and thirteen minutes. Good work for an early ride!

Through Reigate they went, and Medhurst, who was very fit after a lot of winter riding, rode the stiff climb up Reigate Hill. The other two rode two-thirds of the pull, and then were seized with a wise determination. They walked the rest.

Continuing northwards, they took their fresh bit of road and reached Banstead, after which they bore westwards to Epsom, where swarms of cyclists were seen, and then through Leatherhead and across to Guildford.

After leaving Banstead a heavy head wind had considerably added to the exercise afforded by the spin, and things were not much better as they plugged back to Horsham.

But our men were made of sterner stuff than the railway-train cyclist, and stuck to their guns—there were no trains handy!—despite the attentions of rude Boreas. So they kept

on slogging, and reached home fit and well after a ride of one hundred and five miles, over half of which had been against a good healthy wind, which contested every yard of the way.

In company with several Excelsior-ites I had a spin up the Horsham road last week. The road was in grand order, thanks to its good habit of rapidly drying, and we got along famously.

Various circumstances had prevented me from doing much wheeling during the winter, and I had not expected to find things come so easily, especially as I was on a low-g geared roadster borrowed from the Irrepressible.

I conclude the Excelsior Club dances must have kept me in condition, as I twirled the pedals to a rollicking polka time. But I was soon undeceived, for on turning back we found a good hearty wind had been helping us along.

On the return I sheltered from the blast behind "Captain" Paine's burly form, until two speed motor cyclists passed us—and took our Captain with them!—after which the rest of us came along at a more solemn pace.

Quite a lot of the "boys" were awheel, but the breeze had the effect of scattering them out somewhat. The largest group we mustered at any time was when half a dozen of us took cover behind Baruch Blaker's motor tricycle whilst he made pace between Washington and home.

Just before reaching Broadwater a speedy motor car ripped past us, but whether the driver read a warning in our faces, or whether one of our party accidentally mentioned "Police trap!" is more than I can say.

Anyway, the motor dropped speed in a remarkable way when it reached the measured quarter-mile. The touring gait lasted through Broadwater and past the man in blue, who returned the smile from the car with a good-tempered nod and a suspicious glance in our direction.

DICK TURPIN.

CYCLING

Opening of the Active Season.

Dick Turpin's Weekly Gossip

THE cycling season proper has dawned!
That is to say, all the world is wheeling; some are aboard trusty steeds that have already done good service for many a mile on the Kate King's Highway, the others are putting new jiggers through their first paces – breaking them in ready for the Club run, the tour, and the speed jaunt.

Already the tender butterfly rider has emerged from his chrysalis, and may be seen flitting about the countryside on sunny days, glad of fresh air after the winter round of indoor festivities.

Even the hardy all-the-year-round rider shows signs of the times. A local wheelman who rides in all weathers, and has covered well over three thousand miles since the wane of last season, was busy a week ago fitting a more speedy free-wheel to his machine. All because a brother free-wheelist had beaten him in a coast down Washington Bostel!

Yes, the season has dawned; and the Editor says I may Gossip again. May I have many a jolly run and many a pleasure trip by local wheel men to recount!

Three intrepid Excelsior-ites – Messrs. Durant, Medhurst, and Young - have already covered one fresh piece of road this season. But they had to go far afield for it!

Setting out in the early morning, they rode the first thirty-five miles of the Club's hundred mile course - through Horsham and Crawley to Woodhatch - in two hours and thirteen minutes. Good work for an early ride!

Through Reigate they went, and Medhurst, who was very fit after a lot of winter riding, road the stiff climb up Reigate Hill. The other two rode two-thirds of the pull, and then were seized with a wise determination. They walked the rest.

Continuing northwards, they took their fresh bit of road and reached Banstead, after which they bore westwards to Epsom, where swarms of cyclists were seen, and then through Leatherhead and across to Guildford.

After leaving Banstead a heavy headwind had considerably added to the exercise afforded by the spin, and things were not much better as they plugged back to Horsham.

But our men were made of sterner stuff than the railway-train cyclist, and stuck to their guns - there were no trains handy! - despite the attentions of rude Boreas. So they kept on slogging, and reached home fit and well after a ride of one hundred and five miles, over half of which had been against a good healthy wind, which contested every yard of the way.

Various circumstances had prevented me from doing much wheeling during the winter, and I had not expected to find things come so easily, especially as I was on a low-g geared roadster borrowed from the Irrepressible.

I conclude the Excelsior Club dances must have kept me in condition, as I twirled the pedals to a rollicking poker time. But I was soon undeceived, for on turning back we found a good hearty wind had been helping us along.

On the return I sheltered from the blast behind "Captain" Paine's burly form, until two speed motorcyclists passed us - and took our Captain with them! - after which the rest of us came along at a more solemn pace.

Quite a lot of the "boys" were awheel, but the breeze had the effect of scattering them out somewhat. The largest group we mustered at any time was when half a dozen of us took cover behind Baruch Blaker's motor tricycle whilst he made pace between Washington and home.

Just before reaching Broadwater a speedy motor car ripped past us, but whether the driver read a warning in our faces, or whether one of our party accidentally mentioned "Police trap!" Is more than I can say.

Anyway, the motor dropped speed in a remarkable way when it reached the measured quarter-mile. The touring gait lasted through Broadwater and past the man in blue, who returned the smile from the car with a good-tempered nod and a suspicious glance in our direction.

DICKTURPIN.

CYCLING

Dick Turpin's Weekly Gossip

Turpin. 1st April 1903 - P2C4:

CYCLING.

Dick Turpin's Weekly Gossip.

EXCELSIOR men are putting in some real work, some of them, doubtless, with an eye on Easter Race meetings. One morning last week W. R. Paine cycled to Portsmouth and back, dropping across Stephenson near Emsworth on the return. To finish the day, and make up a hundred miles, Bert took a ride round Bramber and Steyning in the afternoon.

A few days later, Stephenson, Medhurst, and Young went for a jaunt round Washington and Pulborough to Petworth. This is rather a rainy quarter, as the trio found when out beyond Petworth, on the road to Midhurst.

Things looked threatening, so they turned for home; but the clouds travelled faster than they, and before getting back as far as Pulborough they experienced a soaking.

However, they were not long in riding into dry weather again, and they reached home none the worse, finding no rain had fallen in Worthing all the day.

I hear Stephenson—aboard his new jigger—is very "hot stuff" again this year, and pushes his ninety-one inch gear up hills at a big pace.

By the way, there seems an unusual run on

new machines in the Club this season. W. R. Paine alone has supplied seven already, and the other local agents have not been idle.

And what a charm there is about the fresh steed, with its glossy enamel and glittering nickel-plate—while the gloss and glitter remain!

When I look at the new occupant of my own stable, resplendent beyond comparison with any of his five predecessors, I picture myself doing some really big speed work by his aid. But, worse luck! it is only the bicycle, and not the rider, that is young again!

I was somewhat amused the other day at an up-to-date illustration of dignity and impudence. A newly-fledged motor-tricyclist was vigorously and impatiently hooting away with his motor-horn for a ponderous steam lorry, laden with a few tons of beer, to clear out of his way.

The man with the beer ignored the instrumental solo, and the tricyclist had perforce to be satisfied with the side of the road.

The series of dances run by the Excelsior C. and A.C. through the winter months resulted in a profit of eight guineas, despite a loss of two pounds over the Club Ball.

This welcome addition to the Club's sinews of war comes at a most opportune time, for the balance brought forward to commence this, the Club's thirteenth year, was so small that some of the more superstitious of the Excelsiorites at any rate were disposed to attach a dark significance to the unlucky number.

Very great credit is due to Dance-Secretary

Very great credit is due to Dance-Secretary Duffield for his restless energy in working the new undertaking in so satisfactory a manner. He is no stranger to the duties, and his experience certainly stood the Club in good stead on this occasion.

The Tarring C.C. will hold their final social evening for the winter season on Easter Monday, at the Schools. The Primrose League Cycle Corps from Brighton have a run to Tarring on the same day, and it is hoped that the two Clubs will fraternise in the evening. They are good friends, and have amalgamated on previous occasions.

"Potterer," in a Brighton weekly contemporary, expresses his admiration of the hardy members of the Worthing Excelsior Club who are reeling off their rides of over a hundred miles a day at a time when the lazy men of his acquaintance have not yet thought of venturing more than ten miles from home. He opines that we have some quality in our ranks.

Certainly the Banstead and Guildford ride, which he specially mentions, was a stiff job, and unless "Potterer" belies his name, he would have found it considerably in excess of his usual rambles had he accompanied our trio.

DICK TURPIN.

CYCLING.

Dick Turpin's Weekly Gossip.

EXCELSIOR men are putting in some real work, some of them, doubtless, with an eye on Easter Race Meetings. One morning last week W.R. Paine cycled across to Portsmouth and back, dropping across Stevenson near Emsworth on the return. To finish the day, and make up hundred miles, Bert took a ride round Bramber and Steyning in the afternoon.

A few days later, Stephenson, Medhurst, and Young went for a jaunt round Washington and Pulborough to Petworth. This is rather a rainy quarter, as the trio found when out beyond Petworth on the road to Midhurst.

Things looked threatening, so they turned for home; but the clouds travelled faster than they, and before getting back as far as Pulborough they experienced a soaking.

However, they were not long in riding into dry weather again, and they reached home none the worse, finding no rain had fallen in Worthing all the day.

I hear Stephenson - aboard his new jigger - is very "hot stuff" again this year, and pushes his ninety-one inch gear up hills at a big pace.

By the way, there seems an unusual run on new machines in the Club this season. W.R. Paine alone has supplied seven already, and the other local agents have not been idle.

And what a charm there is about the fresh steed, with its glossy enamel and glittering nickel plate - while the gloss and glitter remain!

When I look at the new occupant of my own stable, resplendent beyond comparison with any of its five predecessors, I picture myself doing some really big speed work by its aid. But, worse luck! It is only the bicycle, and not the rider, that is young again.

I was somewhat amused the other day at an up-to-date illustration of dignity and impudence. A newly-fledged motor-tricyclist was vigorously and impatiently hooting away with his motor-horn for a ponderous steam lorry, laden with a few tons of beer to clear out of his way.

The man with the beer ignored the instrumental solo, and the cyclist had perforce to be satisfied with the side of the road.

A series of dances by the Excelsior C. and A.C. through the winter months resulted in a profit of eight guineas, despite a loss of two pounds over the Club Ball.

This welcome addition to the Club's sinews of war comes at a most opportune time, for the balance brought forward to commence this, the Club's thirteenth year¹, was so small that some of the more superstitious of the Excelsiorites at any rate were disposed to attach a dark significance to the unlucky number.

Very great credit is due to Dance Secretary Duffield for his restless energy in working the new undertaking in so satisfactory a manner. He is no stranger to the duties, and his experience certainly stood the Club in good stead on this occasion.

The Tarring C.C. will hold their final social evening for the winter season on Easter

Monday, at the schools. The Primrose League Cycle Corps from Brighton have a run to Tarring on the same day and it is hoped that the two Clubs will fraternise in the evening. They are good friends, and have amalgamated on previous occasions.

“Potterer”, in a Brighton weekly contemporary, expresses his admiration of the hardy members of the Worthing Excelsior Club who are reeling off their rides of over a hundred miles a day at a time when the lazy men of his acquaintance have not yet thought of venturing more than 10 miles from home. He opines that we may have some quality in our ranks.

Certainly the Banstead and Guildford ride, which he specially mentions, was a stiff job, and unless “Potterer” belies his name, he would have found it considerably in excess of his usual rambles had he accompanied our trio.

DICK TURPIN.

¹This implies 1890 as “Foundation Year” although I’d argue for 1889, the first reported (albeit informal) meeting at the Bostel. JDG.

CYCLING

Dick Turpin's Weekly Gossip

Turpin. 8th April 1903 - P2C5:

<p style="text-align: center;">CYCLING.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Dick Turpin's Weekly Gossip.</p> <p>THE country is now looking delightfully fresh and pretty. I cycled through Arundel and on to Ball's Hut a day or two back, and found Dame Nature's spring cleaning operations further advanced than I had expected. Primroses are now out in profusion; the other wild flowers are making a show; whilst the bright hue of the furze blossom here and there along the roadside supplies a finishing touch to a charming picture.</p> <p>I saw quite a number of cyclists engaged on primrose plucking expeditions. And a nice pastime too!</p> <p>Young and Stevenson were on the Horsham road early this week, the latter travelling so well that his lengthy companion threatened to forsake his company for the future, though he, too, has improved on last year's form.</p> <p>On the same day Durant went to Guildford, finding plenty of mud beyond Horsham, the road through Cranleigh being very bad for about fifteen miles owing to recent rain.</p> <p>Returning, he took the southern road from Guildford to Horsham; this is very well made and dries rapidly, so the Irrepressible made good time to Horsham, despite the surface being somewhat bumpy and uneven.</p> <p>Speaking generally, the roads are fairly good, though new patches have not been rolled to their usual smoothness; and with fine weather for Easter holidays wheelmen will be busy.</p> <p>Many of the Excelsior boys will doubtless visit Preston Park on Easter Monday to see the Brighton Cyclist Club's Race Meeting in the afternoon.</p> <p>A. E. Peto is competing, and I wish him luck. Bert Paine would have been riding also but forgot to apply for his licence from the N.C.U.</p> <p>I understand there is a fair entry for both</p>	<p>I understand there is a fair entry for both cycle and motor races, and that the running event has filled moderately well. The only star rider appears to be C. B. Kingsbury, of Portsmouth.</p> <p>Race meetings are all very well, but to my mind the charm of cycling is in the country ramble, and, weather permitting, the Irrepressible and myself hope to spend a day or two visiting Bournemouth, Salisbury, and Winchester.</p> <p>Local motorists had better beware lest the temptation afforded by the fine speed stretch of the London-Brighton road near Patcham beguile them into exceeding the legal limit. It certainly appeals to all speed men.</p> <p>Quite recently on this bit of road the disciples of peace set a trap for the worshippers of pace, with the satisfactory result—from their point of view—of clearing a total of £20 and costs out of a batch of eleven offenders.</p> <p>This will, I imagine, stimulate the men in blue to further efforts. Well, it should tend to reduce the rates after a while, but I hope our local motorists will not be amongst the unwilling contributors.</p> <p>The electrical timing apparatus used at this trap showed some big speeds. Two scorchers, who each had to shed a "fivever," were accused of doing thirty-seven and a half and thirty miles an hour respectively; whilst a twenty-six mile man got off for one pound.</p> <p>The Brighton Cyclist Club had a muster of fifteen for their run to Worthing last Sunday morning—a good number for a Club which excludes lady riders from its runs!</p> <p style="text-align: right;">DICK TURPIN.</p>	
---	--	--

CYCLING.

Dick Turpin's Weekly Gossip.

THE country is now looking delightfully fresh and pretty. I cycled through Arundel and on to Ball's Hut a day or two back, and found Dame Nature's spring cleaning operations further advanced than I had expected. Primroses are now out in profusion; the other wild flowers are making a show; whilst the bright hue of the furze blossom here and there along the roadside supplies a finishing touch to a charming picture.

I saw quite a number of cyclists engaged on

Primrose plucking expeditions. And a nice pastime too!

Young and Stevenson were on the Horsham road early this week, the latter travelling so well that his lengthy companion threatened to forsake his company for the future, though he too, has improved on last year's form.

On the same day Durant went to Guildford, finding plenty of mud beyond Horsham, the road through Cranley being very bad for about fifteen miles owing to recent rain.

Returning, he took the southern road from Guildford to Horsham; this is very well made and dries rapidly, so the Irrepressible made good time to Horsham, despite the surface being somewhat bumpy and uneven.

Speaking generally, the roads are fairly good, though new patches have not been rolled to their usual smoothness; and with fine weather for Easter holidays wheelmen will be busy.

Many of the Excelsior boys will doubtless visit Preston Park on Easter Monday to see the Brighton Cyclist Club's race meeting in the afternoon.

A. E. Peto is competing, and I wish him luck. Bert Paine would have been riding also but forgot to apply for his licence from the N.C.U.

I understand there is a fair entry for both cycle and motor races, and that the running event has filled moderately well. The only star rider appears to be C.B. Kingsbury, of Portsmouth.

Race meetings are all very well, but to my mind the charm of cycling is in the country ramble, and, weather permitting, the Irrepressible and myself hope to spend a day or two visiting Bournemouth, Salisbury, and Winchester.

Local motorists had better beware lest the temptation offered by the fine speed stretch of the London-Brighton Road near Patcham beguile them into exceeding the legal limit. It certainly appeals to all speed men.

Quite recently on this bit of road the disciples of peace set a trap for the worshippers of pace, with the satisfactory result-from their point of view-of clearing a total of £20 and costs out of a batch of eleven offenders.

This will, I imagine, stimulate the men in blue to further efforts. Well it should tend to reduce the rates after a while, but I hope our local motorists will not be amongst the unwilling contributors.

the electrical timing apparatus used at this trap showed some big speeds. Two scorchers, who each had to shed a "fiver" were accused of doing thirty-seven and a half and thirty miles an hour respectively; whilst a twenty-six mile man got off for one pound.

The Brighton Cyclist Club had a muster of fifteen for their run to Worthing last Sunday morning-a good number for a Club which excludes lady riders from its runs!

DICK TURPIN.

CYCLING

Dick Turpin's Weekly Gossip

Turpin. 15th April 1903 - P2C5:

<p style="text-align: center;">CYCLING.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Dick Turpin's Weekly Gossip.</p> <p>FINE weather for the Easter holidays afforded wheelmen a splendid opportunity of a preliminary tour or a few long jaunts, though I thought there seemed but few riders on the road, despite the tempting conditions. The "Irrepressible" and I had a glorious three-day trip, and as it may be of interest to other riders contemplating similar runs, I give a brief account of it. The trip would make a fine Whitsun tour.</p> <p>On Good Friday we took the road through Chichester and Havant to Southampton, the "Irrepressible" sustaining the only puncture of the trip a few miles beyond Chichester.</p> <p>Dinner at Southampton put us right for the road through the New Forest and a thirty miles grind against the breeze to Bournemouth. The road was new to both of us, and afforded some nice views, though the effect suffered somewhat from a lack of sunshine.</p> <p>Bournemouth provided enough of attraction for the evening, the style of the sea-front being a change, whilst the well-kept gardens looked nice, though artificial—particularly so when we noticed a man sweeping up the bed of the "river" next morning!</p> <p>Saturday found us running a little more to the west, getting a fine glimpse of Poole as it nestled under the hill we had to cross to get on the road for the quaint old Dorset town of Wimborne.</p> <p>Here we had a look at its Minster, where we saw a curious clock, consisting of models of the sun, moon, and earth, showing by their position the day of the month and the hour. The Minster is famous for its collection of ancient chained books, and for the fact that St. Ethelred, King of the West Saxons, lies buried here.</p> <p>We next made for Ringwood, Fordingbridge, and on to Salisbury, where dinner and the Cathedral received our attention in the order named.</p> <p>Then into Wiltshire for Amesbury, recognised by admirers of Dickens as the home of several of the characters in "Martin Chuzzlewit," notably the hypocrite Pecksniff and Tom Pinch, his simple, good-hearted servitor.</p> <p>Being within a few miles of Stonehenge,</p>	<p>Being within a few miles of Stonehenge, the ancient group of stones whose origin has been variously attributed to the Druids and the Devil, but by the newer scientists to the Bronze Age, of course we ran on there.</p> <p>We were not greatly impressed by Stonehenge; who ever is? So much has been written of it and expectations raised too high. I had expected a much more imposing affair, forgetting that the outer ring of stones—now gone—was only a hundred feet across.</p> <p>Still, we were glad to have seen it, and we stood there marvelling at the skill which had transported many of the huge monoliths from Cornwall or Wales and erected them on that open plain.</p> <p>However, we did not stop long. The "Irrepressible" found some free-wheeling, and he made streaks across Salisbury Plain at a rare bat, as though the ghosts of ages of Druids were at his back-wheel. Through Andover and Whitechurch to Basingstoke we went, and roosted for the night.</p> <p>A glorious sunny morning, and we ambled leisurely out of Basingstoke, south-east to Alton, where we took a cross-country road to the quaint old-fashioned village of Selborne, famous as the birth-place, in 1720, of Gilbert White, the naturalist, of whom it is said "he was more concerned with the course of events in a martin's nest than with the crash of empires."</p> <p>Certainly his seventy-three years—mostly spent at Selborne—sufficed for him to add to natural history enough knowledge to make his name renowned.</p> <p>A look through the Church, where the bell-</p>	<p>A look through the Church, where the bell-ringers were busy, and then we made sail through Petersfield to Havant, scaling Buteer Hill on the way, and enjoying a breezy run down the last few miles.</p> <p>Dinner at Havant, and then eastward, backed by a generous wind. The sun was beaming joyously as, with peace in my heart, contentment in my soul, and a pipe in my mouth, I made after the "Irrepressible," who—excepting the pipe—was similarly equipped.</p> <p>So we came home through Emsworth, Chichester, and Arundel, and thus we brought to a close one of the finest trips on wheel I ever enjoyed.</p> <p>It was a nice, comfortable jaunt of two hundred and thirty-seven miles. Little digressions from the route outlined put on two or three extra miles. The first day's portion was eighty-three; Saturday's, eighty-five; and Sunday's, an easy jog of sixty-nine. One hundred and thirty miles of road was new to both of us.</p> <p>Barnet Baker was in the motor-cycle race at Preston Park on Monday, finishing second to Glenn, of Portsmouth, who covered the three miles in four minutes fifty-six seconds.</p> <p>The scratch five miles went to Kingsbury, of Portsmouth; whilst Fowler, of Chichester, won both handicaps by his fine quarter-mile sprint.</p> <p style="text-align: right;">DICK TURPIN.</p>
--	---	---

CYCLING.

Dick Turpin's Weekly Gossip.

FINE weather for the Easter holidays afforded wheel men a splendid opportunity of a preliminary tour or a few long jaunts, though I thought there seemed but few riders on the road, despite the tempting conditions. The "Irrepressible" and I had a glorious three-day trip, and as it may be of interest to other riders contemplating similar runs, I give a brief account of it. The trip would

make a fine Whitsun tour.

On Good Friday we took the road through Chichester and Havant to Southampton, the "Irrepressible" sustaining the only puncture of the trip a few miles beyond Chichester.

Dinner at Southampton put us right for the road through the New Forest and a thirty miles grind against the breeze to Bournemouth. The road was new to both of us, and afforded some nice views, though the effect suffers somewhat from a lack of sunshine.

Bournemouth provided enough of attraction for the evening, the style of the sea-front being a change, whilst the well-kept gardens looked nice, though artificial - particularly so when we noticed a man sweeping up a bed of the "river" next morning!

Saturday found us running a little more to the West, getting a fine glimpse of Poole as it nestled under the hill we had to cross to get on the road for the quaint old Dorset town of Wimborne.

Here we had a good look at its Minster, where we saw a curious clock, consisting of models of the sun, moon, and earth, showing by their position the day of the month and the hour. The Minster is famous for its collection of ancient chained books, and for the fact that St. Ethelred, King of the West Saxons, lies buried here.

We next made for Ringwood, Fordingbridge, and on to Salisbury, where dinner and the Cathedral received our attention in the order named.

Then into Wiltshire for Amesbury, recognised by admirers of Dickens as the home of several of the characters in "Martin Chuzzlewit," notably the hypocrite Pecksniff and Tom Pinch, his simple, good-hearted servitor.

Being within a few miles of Stonehenge, the ancient group of stones whose origin has been variously attributed to the Druids and the Devil, but by the newer scientists to the Bronze Age, of course we ran on there.

We were not greatly impressed by Stonehenge; who ever is? So much has been written of it and expectations raised too high. I had expected a much more imposing affair, forgetting that the outer ring of stones - now gone - was only a hundred feet across.

Still, we were glad to have seen it, and we stood there marvelling at the skill which had transported many of the large monoliths from Cornwall or Wales, and erected them on that open plain.

However, we did not stop long. The “Irrepressible” found some free-wheeling, and he made streaks across Salisbury Plain at a rare bat, as though the ghosts of ages of Druids were at his back-wheel. Through Andover and Whitchurch to Basingstoke we went, and roosted for the night.

A glorious sunny morning, and we ambled leisurely out of Basingstoke, South-East to Alton, where we took a cross-country road to the quaint old-fashioned village of Selborne, famous as the birth-place, in 1720, of Gilbert White, the naturalist, of whom it is said “he was more concerned with the course of events in a martin’s nest than with the crash of empires.”

Certainly his seventy-three years – mostly spent at Selbourne - sufficed for him to add to natural history enough knowledge to make his name renowned.

A look through the Church, where the bell-ringers were busy, and then we made sail through Petersfield to Havant, scaling Butser Hill on the way, and enjoying a breezy run down the last few miles.

Dinner at Havant, and then eastward, backed by a generous wind. The sun was beaming joyously as, with peace in my heart, contentment in my soul, and a pipe in my mouth, I made after the “Irrepressible,” who - excepting the pipe - was similarly equipped.

So we came home through Emsworth, Chichester, and Arundel, and thus we brought to a close one of the finest trips awheel I ever enjoyed.

It was a nice, comfortable jaunt of two hundred and thirty-seven miles. Little digressions from the route outlined put on two or three extra miles. The first day’s portion was eighty-three; Saturday’s eighty-five; and Sunday’s, and easy jog of sixty-nine. One hundred and thirty miles of road was new to both of us.

Baruch Blaker was in the motor-cycle race at Preston Park on Monday, finishing second to Glenn of Portsmouth; who covered the three miles in four minutes fifty-six seconds.¹

The scratch five miles went to Kingsbury,
of Portsmouth; whilst Fowler, of Chichester,
won both handicaps by his fine quarter-mile
sprint.

DICK TURPIN.

ⁱ An average speed of 36.486 m.p.h.

<p style="text-align: center;">CYCLING.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Dick Turpin's Weekly Gossip.</p> <p>THE Excelsior boys usually manage to account for a goodly number of miles each week. Within the last few days one member has been wheeling on the roads round Bramber, Henfield, Bolney, and Handcross; others to Horsham, Billingshurst, and Pulborough; whilst another party visited Littlehampton, Arundel, Barnham, and Chichester. The southern road from Arundel to Chichester is pretty loose, but on the whole surfaces are good, though a little rain would be welcome everywhere.</p> <p>The Tarring C.C. wound up their winter season with a social evening at Tarring last week. About sixty members and friends assembled, and a lengthened programme of dances, interspersed with musical contributions from the Brothers Lake, Messrs. A. Carter, R. Greenfield, and a nigger pair known as "Slasher" and "Dasher," provided heaps of enjoyment, and brought the "wee sma' hours" round all too quickly.</p> <p>No sooner was the winter season closed than the Figleaves started the summer pro-</p>	<p>gramme going, and on Wednesday last they mustered in force for their run to Littlehampton.</p> <p>An enjoyable ride through the keen evening air brought them to the Terminal Hotel. But the hostelry was inaptly named on this occasion, as the cyclists could not be accommodated there, and had to go further up the line, so to speak.</p> <p>Eventually they pulled up at the Lamb "Junction," Angmering, and the Tarring wheelmen and wheelwomen, who by this time numbered thirty, settled down to an hour or two of music before pottering gently home beneath the twinkling stars. Truly the Tarring C.C. manage to extract a large share of happiness from life!</p> <p>I really think the cycle trade must be going ahead once again. There seem to be more jiggers about than at any time since the boom of five or six years ago. But what an alteration in prices since those palmy days for Coventry and Birmingham!</p> <p>For instance, whilst noticing the alterations in Mr. E. Laker's well-known premises in Montague-street, which enable him to display such an array of machines, I reflected that the prices of to-day would have made us doubt our eyesight had we seen them in the early nineties.</p> <p>Yes; the wheelman gets value for money nowadays, beyond a doubt. The average bicycle contains about two thousand parts, most of which have to be made within at least the one-thousandth part of an-inch of the true size. Goodness knows what the number of parts in a fully-equipped motor cycle must be!</p> <p>Last week W. Stephenson, of the Excelsior Club, was the victim of a nasty accident near Horsham. He had overtaken a horse and trap, and when about to pass the vehicle it suddenly turned sharp to the right, thereby causing "Billy" to collide with a brick wall with considerable force.</p> <p>His head struck the wall, and he sustained</p>	<p>His head struck the wall, and he sustained a deep cut over his eye, whilst his machine was badly bent about. But Stephenson is a plucky customer, and with the help of the occupants of the trap he reached Horsham, where he had the cut sewn up and dressed, and then took his machine to the local repairer.</p> <p>A couple of the main tubes proved to be utterly spoilt, besides other damage; but the repairer set to work, and before the end of the day he had practically rebuilt the frame and put the entire machine right again, excepting, of course, a new coat of enamel.</p> <p>So Stephenson and his machine, both with some "peel" off but otherwise sound, came home from their eventful journey.</p> <p>Honorary Secretary Fibbens, of the Excelsior C.C., wishes members to know their cards are now ready, and he is anxious to exchange them for the current year's subscription—half-a-crown, to wit.</p> <p>Excelsiorites should secure their cards early in order to avail themselves of the full privileges of membership, including admission to the various Sports run by the Club.</p> <p>The first of these is to be held on Whit Monday, and the programme includes some very attractive items.</p> <p>A couple of open bicycle handicaps and a Club bicycle handicap for Captain Fraser's Cup constitute the cycling items proper; then there will be a two miles' walking race, a Club running handicap for Alderman Cooksey's Challenge Cup, and a varied assortment of sporting items, including boys' races, comic costume races, tilting the bucket, obstacle races, etc.</p> <p>It is hoped also to include a Relay Race between the boys of the Elementary Schools of the borough, as was done last year. This proved a very popular event, and I hope to see it repeated.</p> <p style="text-align: right;">DICK TURPIN.</p>
---	--	---

CYCLING.

Dick Turpin's Weekly Gossip.

THE Excelsior boys usually managed to account for a goodly number of miles each week. Within the last few days one member has been wheeling on the roads round Bramber, Henfield, Bolney, and Handcross; others to Horsham, Billingshurst, and Pulborough; whilst another party visited Littlehampton, Arundel, Barnham, and Chichester. The Southern road from Arundel to Chichester is pretty loose, but on the whole surfaces are good, though a little rain would be welcome elsewhere.

The Tarring C.C. wound up their winter

season with a social evening at Tarring last week. About sixty members and friends assembled, and a lengthened programme of dances, interspersed with musical contributions from the brothers Lake, Messrs. A. Carter, R. Greenfield, and a nigger pair known as "Slasher" and "Dasher," provided heaps of enjoyment, and brought the "wee sma' hours" round all too quickly. "

No sooner was the winter season closed than the Figleaves started the summer programme going, and on Wednesday last they mustard in force for their run to Little-Hampton.

An enjoyable ride through the keen evening air brought them to the Terminus Hotel. But the hostelry was ineptly named on this occasion, as the cyclists could not be accommodated there, and had to go further up the line so to speak.

Eventually they pulled up at the Lamb "Junction," Angmering, and the Tarring wheel men and wheel women, who by this time numbered thirty, settled down to an hour or two of music before pottering gently home beneath the twinkling stars. Truly the Tarring C.C. managed to extract a large share of happiness from life!

I really think the cycle trade must be going ahead once again. There seem to be more jiggers about than at any time since the boom of five or six years ago. But what an alteration in prices since those palmy days for Coventry and Birmingham!

For instance, whilst noticing the alterations in Mr. E Laker's well-known premises in Montague-street, which enable him to display such an array of machines, I reflected that the prices of to-day would have made us doubt our eyesight had we seen them in the early nineties.

Yes; the wheelman gets value for money nowadays, beyond a doubt. The average bicycle contains about two thousand parts, most of which have to be made within at least the one-thousandth part of an inch of the true size. Goodness knows what the number of parts in a fully-equipped motor cycle must be!

Last week W. Stephenson, of the Excelsior Club, was the victim of a nasty accident near Horsham. He had overtaken a horse and trap, and when about to pass the vehicle it

suddenly turned sharp to the right, thereby causing "Billy" to collide with a brick wall with considerable force.

His head struck the wall, and he sustained a deep cut over his eye, whilst his machine was badly bent about. But Stephenson is a plucky customer, and with the help of the occupants of the trap he reached Horsham, where he had the cut sewn up and dressed, and then took his machine to the local repairer.

A couple of the main tubes proved to be utterly spoilt, besides other damage; but the repairer set to work, and before the end of the day he had practically rebuilt the frame and put the entire machine right again, excepting, of course, a new coat of enamel.

So Stephenson and his machine, both with some "peel" off but otherwise sound, came home from their eventful journey.

Honorary Secretary Fibbens, of the Excelsior C.C., wishes members to know their cards are now ready, and he is anxious to exchange them for the current year's subscription – half-a-crown, to wit.

Excelsiorites should secure their cards early in order to avail themselves of the full privileges of membership, including admission to the various Sports run by the Club.

The first of these is to be held on Whit Monday, and the programme includes some very attractive items.

A couple of open bicycle handicaps and a Club bicycle handicap for Captain Fraser's Cup constitute the cycling items proper; then there will be a two miles' walking race, a Club running handicap for Alderman Cooksey's Challenge Cup, and a varied assortment of sporting items, including boys' races, comic costume races, tilting the bucket, obstacle races, etc.

It is hoped also to include a Relay Race between the boys of the Elementary Schools of the borough, as was done last year. This proved a very popular event, and I hope to see it repeated.

DICK TURPIN.

CYCLING

Dick Turpin's Weekly Gossip

Turpin. 29th April 1903 - P2C6:

<p style="text-align: center;">CYCLING.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Dick Turpin's Weekly Gossip.</p> <p>THE welcome rain has come at last, and once again the roads will soon be in good trim. They had got very loose by the end of last week, as the "Irrepressible" found when doing some speed work on the Portsmouth road. He was nearly choked by dust on the main road, so he turned on to one which led him up on the hills, where the Portsmouth Forts overlook the sea. This afforded good going, though it was very breezy.</p> <p>Last Wednesday evening I decided a little bit of gaiety in a mild way was what I wanted. I therefore wheeled up to Washington, where the Tarring C.C. had arranged their run.</p> <p>A chilly ride against a northerly breeze, a cautious descent of the Bostal in the darkness, and I soon heard the familiar strains of the Gordon Shottische.</p> <p>This guided me to the scene of operations, where I discovered about thirty of the Fig-leaves enjoying themselves, several of them footing it right merrily.</p> <p>A few songs, one or two dances, and a quiet ride home with the breeze behind us—it made me wonder whether the "mixed" Club run does not, after all, beat the old style of run, where half-a-dozen speed men of varying calibre used to indulge in a series of mad dusts-up.</p> <p>I fancy the "mixed" run scores; but mayhap the reason is found in the fact that each dust-up used to provide me with a lot of lost ground to make up.</p> <p>At this time of the year, at the threshold of a new season, it is not unusual for the energetic wheelman to resolve on compiling a total mileage before the coming of winter which shall exceed the efforts of all his fellow-Clubmen.</p> <p>'Twas ever thus! Fifteen years ago a couple of local wheelmen commenced their</p>	<p>'Twas ever thus! Fifteen years ago a couple of local wheelmen commenced their season, each declaring his stern determination to ride more miles than the other. The pair were not exactly scorchers, and of course their machines were the weighty, solid-tyred safeties which had not long superseded the ordinary.</p> <p>At it they went, in daylight and darkness, using all their leisure time—which was limited, for they were both in business.</p> <p>But by the end of the season one of them had the creditable score of three thousand six hundred and sixty-six miles, and the other was only fifty miles short of his rival.</p> <p>Since that time speed on the wheel has been about doubled, but I doubt whether we have a couple of wheelmen, with no more spare time than these two enthusiasts, who would show a comparatively increased mileage.</p> <p>Speaking of mileage it is astonishing to observe the distance covered by motor cyclists, when the vagaries of their steeds have been thoroughly mastered and the riders have lost the haunting dread of mysterious breakdowns.</p> <p>Only the latter half of last week one well-known local motor cyclist enjoyed a spin to Worcester and Stourbridge, going through Farnham, Reading, Oxford, etc. He covered between three hundred and four hundred miles in two days, and considers it a "nice little run."</p> <p>Then, again, Brown, of Findon, had business in Regent-street one day last week, and ten o'clock found him starting off per motor bike.</p> <p>Things went well, and in three hours our</p>	<p>Things went well, and in three hours our man, in his leathern motoring garments, was ruffling it 'midst the crowd of silk-hatted young bucks in Town.</p> <p>Half a day in London, and Brown turned for home. But darkness overtook him on the way, and he bought what he believed to be a lamp. His belief proved unfounded, and his purchase proved a delusion, for he had to interview it a number of times upon the subject of keeping alight.</p> <p>However, after a big demand on his time, temper, and tinderbox, he reached home, and even then found the return journey had only occupied three hours and a half. Yes; the motor simply annihilates distance!</p> <p>Next week the West Tarring C.C. run is to Ashington.</p> <p style="text-align: right;">DICK TURPIN.</p>
--	---	--

CYCLING.

Dick Turpin's Weekly Gossip.

THE welcome rain has come at last, and once again the roads will soon be in good trim. They had got very loose by the end of last week, as the "Irrepressible" found when doing some speed work on the Portsmouth Road. He was nearly choked by dust on the main road, so he turned on to one which led him up on the hills, where the Portsmouth Forts overlook the sea. This afforded good going, though it was very breezy.

Last Wednesday evening I decided a little bit of gaiety in a mild way was what I wanted. I therefore wheeled up to Washington, where the Tarring .C.C. had arranged their run.

A chilly ride against a northerly breeze, a cautious descent of the Bostel in the darkness, and I soon heard the familiar strains of the Gordon Schottische.

This guided me to the scene of operations, where I discovered about thirty of the Fig-leaves enjoying themselves, several of them footing it right merrily.

A few songs, one or two dances, and a quiet ride home with the breeze behind us - it made we wonder whether the "mixed" Club run, does not, after all, beat the old style of run, where half-a-dozen speed men of varying calibre used to indulge in a series of mad dusts-up.

At this time of the year, at the threshold of a new season, it is not unusual for the energetic wheelmen to resolve on compiling a total mileage before the coming of winter which shall exceed the efforts of all his fellow-Clubmen.

'Twas ever thus! Fifteen years ago a couple of local wheelmen commenced their season, each declaring his stern determination to ride more miles than the other. The pair were not exactly scorchers, and of course their machines were the weighty, solid-tyred safeties which had not long superseded the ordinary.

At it they went, in daylight and darkness, using all their leisure time - which was limited, for they were both in business.

But by the end of the season one of them had the creditable score of three thousand six hundred and sixty-six miles, and the other was only fifty miles short of his rival.

Since that time speed on the wheel has been about doubled, but I doubt whether we have a couple of wheel men, with no more time than these two enthusiasts, who would show a comparatively increased mileage.

Speaking of mileage it is astonishing to observe the distance covered by motor cyclists, when the vagaries of their steeds been thoroughly mastered and the riders have lost the haunting dread of mysterious breakdowns.

Only the latter half of last week one well-known local motorcyclist enjoyed a spin to Worcester and Stourbridge, going through Farnham, Reading, Oxford, etc. He covered between three hundred and four hundred miles in two days, and considers it a "nice little run."

Then, again, Brown, of Findon, had business in Regent-street one day last week, and ten o'clock found him starting off per motor bike.

Things went well, and in three hours our man, in his leathern motoring garments, was ruffling it 'midst the crowd of silk-hatted young bucks in Town.

Half a day in London, and Brown turned for home. But darkness overtook him on the way, and he bought what he believed to be a lamp. His belief proved unfounded, and his purchase proved a delusion, for he had to interview it a number of times upon the subject of keeping it alight.

However, after a big demand on his time, temper, and tinderbox, he reached home, and even then found the return journey had only occupied three hours and a half. Yes; the motor simply annihilates distance!

Next week the Tarring C.C. run is to Ashington.

DICK TURPIN.

<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>LAST Wednesday afternoon an accident of a very painful nature occurred on Washington Bostel. Two Worthing ladies, Miss Porteous and Miss Walkey, were descending the hill when the bicycle of the former got beyond control. Miss Porteous was unable to turn at the corner, and her machine struck the bank, throwing her with considerable force, whilst her friend was unable to avoid her, and fell also.</p> <p>R. C. Isted, of the Excelsior C.C., came along directly after, and with some difficulty obtained assistance and removed Miss Porteous to the Frankland Arms, where, with Miss Walkey, who, though badly shaken was not seriously injured, she remained in the care of Mrs. Charman.</p> <p>Medical assistance was summoned, and the injuries proved to be of a grave character.</p> <p>The sad news was brought to the friends by Mr. Isted, and later in the evening Mr. Charman obtained a conveyance, and, with great care, removed the unfortunate lady to her home in Worthing.</p> <p>I am deeply sorry to learn that, at present, her condition is causing very much anxiety.</p> <p>The entire energies of the Committee of the Excelsior Club are now being focussed upon the Whit-Monday Sports Meeting. I hope to see fine weather, as no effort is being spared by the Club Executive to make the fixture a success.</p> <p>Clubmen will be glad to know that, in addition to the two open cycle races, it has now been decided to hold a couple of Club handicaps, the distances being one and two miles.</p> <p>This step has been taken as there are several</p>	<p>This step has been taken as there are several promising young "fliers" in the Club, I am told, only waiting to be brought out. Bravo! New blood is wanted rather badly now.</p> <p>Amongst the varied items in the programme the Comic Costume Race seems likely to provide some fun. The competitors, I understand, are awakened from imaginary slumbers, and appear in their track-racing clothes.</p> <p>Their faces will then be liberally lathered; they will have to "shave" with a wooden razor, and go through a fairly comprehensive toilet, which, by degrees, takes them round the track.</p> <p>They then don a comic costume, and travel round once again to the finish.</p> <p>A Football-Kicking Competition also figures in the bill, and provides our local leather-hunters with an opportunity of showing their skill in the gentle art of kicking. Two good prizes are offered for the two furthest kicks.</p> <p>Last Saturday afternoon the Southern C.C. ran off their annual Six Hours' Race at Herne Hill, eight men starting. The race was of special interest, as it was the first time amateurs had ridden behind motor pacing for so long a stretch, and records were therefore expected to fall.</p> <p>In the very early stages of the race Leon Meredith, last year's fifty-miles' Champion of England, took the lead, and, going well, he kept at the head of affairs all through, finishing first with a total distance of 108½ miles. F. T. Burgess was second, twenty-seven miles in the rear; and C. W. R. Patterson in the third place, nearly another mile behind him.</p> <p>Meredith is comparatively a new man, and</p>	<p>Meredith is comparatively a new man, and shot into fame at one bound when he won the Fifty Miles' Championship last year.</p> <p>No "human" pacing was fast enough for him on that occasion, and big things were expected of him whenever he should have the use of motor pacemakers.</p> <p>On Saturday he fully justified those expectations. He beat the existing motor-paced amateur record for one hour by riding 32 miles 1,630 yards in the time. From this point onwards he set up new times for all distances, riding one hundred miles in 3 hours 16 mins., and, as I have said, covering 180 miles 1,220 yards in the six hours.</p> <p>The same afternoon Meredith's one-hour record was beaten by H. J. Harding, who rode 33 miles 38 yards in sixty minutes on the Palace track.</p> <p>I should fancy Meredith's distance for six hours will, however, remain unbeaten for some time. Thirty miles an hour for six solid hours, even under the artificial conditions of motor-paced track racing, is good work.</p> <p>Turning to the other extreme in speed cycling, the famous "Black Anfielders" ran off an unpaced fifty recently, and the best time was that of R. L. Knipe, the well-known Northerner, who did the distance in 2 hours 48 minutes—that is, eighteen miles an hour. It looks slow as compared with the performance of his track brethren, but 'tis not a bad ride.</p> <p style="text-align: right;">DIOK TURPIN.</p>
--	---	---

CYCLING.

Dick Turpin's Weekly Gossip.

LAST Wednesday afternoon an accident of a very painful nature occurred on Washington Bostel. Two Worthing ladies, Miss Porteous and Miss Walkey, were descending the hill when the bicycle of the former got beyond control. Miss Porteous was unable to turn at the corner, and her machine struck the bank, throwing her with considerable force, whilst her friend was unable to avoid her and fell also.

R.,C. Isted, of the Excelsior C.C., Came along directly after, and with some difficulty obtained assistance and removed Miss Porteous to the Frankland Arms, where, with Miss Walkey, who though badly shaken was not seriously injured, she remained in the

care of Mrs. Charman.

Medical assistance was summoned, and the injuries proved to be of a grave character.

The sad news was brought to the friends by Mr. Isted, and later in the evening Mr. Charman obtained a conveyance, and, with great care, removed the unfortunate lady to her home in Worthing.

I am deeply sorry to learn that, at present, her condition is causing much anxiety.

The entire energies of the Committee of the Excelsior Club are now being focussed upon the Whit-Monday Sports Meeting. I hope to see fine weather, has no effort is being spurred by the Club Executive to make the fixture a success.

Clubmen will be glad to know that, in addition to the two open cycle races, it has now been decided to hold a couple of Club handicaps, the distances being one and two miles.

This step has been taken as there are several promising young "fliers" in the club, I am told, only waiting to be brought out. Bravo! New blood is wanted rather badly now.

Amongst the varied items in the programme the Comic Costume Race seems likely to provide some fun. The competitors, I understand, are awakened from imaginary slumbers, and appear in their track racing clothes.

Their faces will then be liberally lathered; they will have to "shave" with a wooden razor, and go through a fairly comprehensive toilet, which, by degrees, takes them round the track.

They then don a comic costume, and travel round once again to the finish.

A Football-Kicking Competition also figures in the bill, and provides our local leather-hunters with an opportunity of showing their skill in the gentle art of kicking. Two good prizes are offered for the two furthest kicks.

Last Saturday afternoon the Southern C.C. ran off their annual Six Hours' Race at Herne Hill, eight men starting. The race was of special interest, as it was the first time amateurs had ridden behind motor pacing for so long a stretch, and records were therefore expected to fall.

In the very early stages of the race Leon Meredith, last year's fifty-miles Champion of England, took the lead, and, going well, he kept at the head of affairs all through, finishing first with a total distance of 108¾ miles. F.T. Burgess was second, twenty-seven miles in the rear; and C.W.R. Patterson in the third place, merely another mile behind him.

Meredith is comparatively a new man, and shot into fame at one bound when he won the Fifty Miles' Championship last year.

No "human" pacing was fast enough for him on that occasion, and big things were expected of him whenever he should have the use of motor pacemakers.

On Saturday he fully justified those expectations, he beat the existing motor-paced amateur record for one hour by riding 82 miles 1,630 yards in the time. From this point onwards he set up new times for all distances, riding one hundred miles in 3 hours 16 mins., and, as I have said, covering 180 Miles 1,220 yards in the six hours.

The same afternoon Meredith's one-hour record was beaten by H.J. Harding, who rode 33 miles 38 yards in sixty minutes on the Palace track.

I should fancy Meredith's distance for six hours will, however, remain unbeaten for some time. Thirty miles an hour for six solid hours, even under the artificial conditions of motor-paced track racing, is good work.

Turning to the other extreme in speed cycling, the famous "Black Anfielders" off an unpaced fifty recently, and the best Time was that of R.L. Knipe, the well-known northerner, who did the distance in 2 hours 48 minutes - that is, eighteen miles an hour. It looks slow as compared with the performance of his track brethren, but 'tis not a bad ride.

DICK TURPIN.

CYCLING

Dick Turpin's Weekly Gossip
Gazette 13.5.03 – P2C5

<p style="text-align: center;">CYCLING.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Dick Turpin's Weekly Gossip.</p> <p>WITH the weather in its present tearful condition, to cycle far afield is to indulge in a lottery in which the rider stakes his comfort and the unsoaked condition of his wearing apparel in order to win the exhilarating joy of a spin on the wheel. He frequently loses the stakes too!</p> <p>The sky looked very threatening last Wednesday at the time the Figleaves were due to set out for Ashington, and when the worthy Sub-Captain, Mulholland, paraded at headquarters, he failed to see even one other member of his flock.</p> <p>He resolved to set the Club a good example, so formed himself up in a procession of one, gave the signal to go, and started off in solitary grandeur.</p> <p>Down came the rain, but it did not damp his ardour in the least. In fact, it is said the brave official had been anxious to prove he was not made of salt, and I presume the mud-plugger welcomed the thorough test of his composition which Jupiter Pluvius applied as he patiently plugged to Ashington and back through rain and mud. Bravo, Willie!</p> <p>Durant, of the Excelsior C.C., was returning from a jaunt to Guildford on Saturday when he, too, was caught in a heavy storm. The Irrepressible sheltered for some time, and then ploughed home through the mud.</p> <p>This provided some hard work, especially after the slimy road material had clogged his brake and back wheel. Our man thought the going was outrageously bad, but did not discover the reason till next day, when he was examining the machine.</p> <p>Then again, early this week four Excelsiorites, in charge of W. R. Faine, journeyed through Horsham and Crawley to the Mecca of local speed-men, namely, Woodhatch.</p> <p>They made good travelling on the outward</p>	<p>They made good travelling on the outward journey, and kept up a nice swing on the return as far as Washington. Here the quartette got caught and soaked in a heavy downpour, and once again the mud flew merrily.</p> <p>My own tastes run in the direction of dry weather. A day or two back I was tempted out, but a glance northward when I arrived at Offington Corner revealed some heavy rain gradually working its way southwards.</p> <p>I decided to precede it, and thereupon put in some speed work in a homeward direction. Yes; discretion is the better part of valour, and cycling through mud and rain is not to be lightly engaged in.</p> <p>An interesting sporting event—cyclist against pedestrian—occurred last week, when E. O. Isted, of the Excelsior C.C., competed against D. F. Barr, also of Worthing, in a race to the Norfolk Bridge at Shoreham and back.</p> <p>Burr, who walked, received one and a half hours' start, and set off at a useful pace, turning at the Bridge and reaching Lancing on the homeward journey in one hour thirty-seven minutes.</p> <p>Here he met his cycling competitor, who was on his outward journey, paced by a fellow-Clubman, and was skipping along as he did in his racing days.</p> <p>Isted rode in fine style, and reached the Bridge in thirteen minutes. Turning at once, he kept up a good speed, and overhauled Burr several hundreds of yards before the finishing point, completing the distance in thirty-one minutes, and winning the race by five.</p> <p>On Saturday afternoon E. Baruch Blaker</p>	<p>On Saturday afternoon E. Baruch Blaker competed at the Aston Grounds, Birmingham, in the motor cycle handicap. Blaker was on a strange machine, but he could get pace out of it, as he proved by covering a mile, in practice, in one minute twenty-six seconds.</p> <p>Unfortunately during the actual competition some minor part of the engine gave trouble, and caused a loss of speed, which was the more annoying as the winner's time was exactly the same as Baruch had done in practice.</p> <p>On Saturday and Sunday last the annual road race from Bordeaux to Paris was run with the usual enthusiastic demonstrations by thousands of spectators.</p> <p>Splendid riding was shown by Auouturier, who finished first, and covered the three hundred and seventy miles in twenty hours. He had to contend with both rain and hail for a considerable portion of the way.</p> <p style="text-align: right;">DICK TURPIN.</p>
--	---	---

CYCLING.

Dick Turpin's Weekly Gossip.

WITH the weather in its present tearful condition, to cycle far afield is to indulge in a lottery in which the rider stakes his comfort and the unsoaked condition of his wearing apparel in order to win the exhilarating joy of a spin on the wheel. He frequently loses the stakes too!

The sky looked very threatening last Wednesday at the time the Figleaves were due to set out for Ashington, and when the worthy Sub-Captain, Mulholland, paraded at headquarters, he failed to see even one other member of his flock.

He resolved to set the Club a good example, so formed himself up in a procession of one, gave the signal to go, and started off in solitary grandeur.

Down came the rain, but it did not damp his ardour in is the least. In fact, it is said the brave official had been anxious to prove he was not made of salt, and I presume the mud-plugger welcomed the thorough test of his composition which Jupiter Pluvius applied as he patiently plugged to Ashington and back through rain and mud. Bravo Willie!

Durant, of the Excelsior C.C., was returning from a jaunt to Guildford on Saturday when he, too, was caught in a heavy storm. The Irrepressible sheltered for some time, and then ploughed home through the mud.

This provided some hard work, especially after the slimy road material had clogged his break and back wheel. Our man thought the going was outrageously bad, but did not discover the reason till next day, when he was examining the machine.

Then again, early this week four Excelsiorites, in charge of W. R. Paine, journeyed through Horsham and Crawley to the Mecca of local speed-men, namely, Woodhatch.

They made good travelling on the outward journey, and kept up a nice swing on the return as far as Washington. Here the quartette got caught and soaked in a heavy downpour, and once again the mud flew merrily.

My own tastes run in the direction of dry whether. A day or two back I was tempted out, but a glance northward when I arrived at Offington Corner revealed some heavy rain gradually working its way southwards.

I decided to precede it, and thereupon put in some speed work in a homeward direction. Yes; discretion is the better part of valour, and cycling through mud and rain is not likely to be engaged in.

An interesting sporting event - cyclist against pedestrian - occurred last week, when R. C. Isted, of the Excelsior C.C., competed against D.F. Burr, also of Worthing, in a race to the Norfolk Bridge at Shoreham and back.

Burr, who walked, received one and a half hours' start, and set off as a useful pace, turning at the Bridge and reaching Lancing on the

homeward journey in one hour thirty-seven minutes.

Here he met his cycling competitor, who was on his outward journey, paced by a fellow-Clubman, and was skipping along as he did in his racing days.

Isted rode in fine style, and reached the Bridge in thirteen minutes. Turning at once, he kept up a good speed, and overhauled Burr several hundreds of yards before the finishing point, completing the distance in thirty-one minutes, and winning the race by five.

On Saturday afternoon E. Baruch Blaker competed at the Aston Grounds, Birmingham, in the motor cycle handicap. Blaker was on a strange machine, but he could get pace out of it, as he proved by covering a mile, in practice, in one minute twenty-six seconds.

Unfortunately during the actual competition some minor parts of the engine gave trouble, and caused a loss of speed, which was the more annoying as the winner's time was exactly the same as Baruch had done in practice.

On Saturday and Sunday last the annual road race from Bordeaux to Paris was run with the usual enthusiastic demonstrations by thousands of spectators.

Splendid riding was shown by Aucouturier, who finished first, and covered the three hundred and seventy miles in twenty hours. He had to content with both rain and hail for a considerable part of the way.

DICK TURPIN.

<p style="text-align: center;">CYCLING.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Dick Turpin's Weekly Gossip.</p> <p>SOME of the Excelsior men contrive to put in a fair amount of cycling, despite the showery time we are having. Last Thursday W. R. Paine and Bert Hales cycled up to London and back—and spent a fair portion of the day in Town too! In a busy street Paine had an awkward side-slip—what a bugbear is this side-slip demon in traffic!—and bent one of the cranks of his machine.</p> <p>The damage was soon put right, but on the homeward journey Hales had a fall. Fortunately both rider and machine escaped without injury.</p> <p>On Saturday T. A. Durant put in a ride to Fareham against the stiffish breeze which was performing at the time. The Irrepressible had ridden thirteen hundred miles this year, and was pretty fit.</p> <p>He covered the first sixty-three miles on Saturday without refreshment, which is a long spell. If in his company I imagine I should have welcomed a puncture in order to break the spell of so long a grind without a liquid reviver! Great Sahara! The thought parches me!</p> <p>At Preston Park last Thursday, Haynes, of the Excelsior Club, secured third prize in a one-mile running handicap, which was won in very good time—4mins. 39secs. Our man received seventy yards start.</p> <p>Jay, another Excelsiorite, won his heat in the one hundred yards handicap from the eight yards mark, but just missed third place in the final.</p> <p>Ever and anon some amateur statistician displays a praiseworthy anxiety to tell the cyclist how he may ascertain at what speed he is riding at any particular moment.</p> <p>Unfortunately the poor cyclist is left to</p>	<p>Unfortunately the poor cyclist is left to make a lot of calculations to meet his special case, or else is provided with a large sheet of printed figures looking for all the world like some intricate mathematical puzzle.</p> <p>These he is supposed to memorise, or to find a place for on his handlebar, alongside his watch. Then, with one eye peering ahead, and the other reading time and figures, he is expected to juggle with vulgar fractions as he endeavours to put in his last ounce of pedal work.</p> <p>So during the recent rainy weather I got into an arithmetical humour. I have been scorching on various imaginary gears, at different rates of speed, through wild and ever-changing landscapes of figures.</p> <p>All this in order that my readers may easily and simply calculate the pace at which they are cycling.</p> <p>For instance, if the rider of a fifty-six inch gear will count the number of revolutions made by his feet in ten seconds, the number is also the number of miles per hour at which he is travelling.</p> <p>Riders of other gears must naturally count such revolutions for correspondingly different periods. I give a list of these which should enable one to ascertain the number of seconds which corresponds to any particular gear: Fifty-six gear, 10secs.; sixty-one and a-half gear, 11secs.; sixty-seven gear, 12secs.; seventy-three gear, 13secs.; seventy-eight and a-half gear, 14secs.; eighty-four gear, 15secs.; eighty-nine and a-half gear, 16secs.; ninety-five gear, 17secs.; a hundred and one gear, 18secs.</p> <p>A new and welcome feature of the Sussex Centre of the National Cyclists' Union is a recently issued handbook which deals in a</p>	<p>most thorough fashion with the history and work of the Centre.</p> <p>In a very concise form it gives particulars of the various Clubs in the county which are affiliated to the Union, the officials of the Centre, and a list of the hotels under arrangement to cater for members of affiliated Clubs, the special tariffs being set out at length.</p> <p>A host of miscellaneous information of interest to cyclists generally is included, and altogether the publication does credit both to the Committee responsible for its production and to Editor Tappin, of Lewes.</p> <p>Owing to some oversight, the list of official hotels still offers the tired and hungry wheelman a dinner and bed at the ruined Royal Hotel for the sums of 5s. and 4s. 6d. respectively. I imagine, however, he would fight shy of the present open-air system in vogue!</p> <p style="text-align: right;">DICK TURPIN.</p>
---	--	---

CYCLING.

Dick Turpin's Weekly Gossip.

SOME of the Excelsior men contrive to put in a fair amount of cycling, despite the showery time we are having. Last Thursday W.R. Paine and Bert Hales cycled up to London and back - and spent a fair portion of the day in Town too! In a busy street Paine had an awkward side-slip - what a bugbear is this side-slip demon in traffic! - and bent one of the cranks of his machine.

The damage was soon put right, but on the homeward journey Hales had a fall. Fortunately both rider and machine escaped

without injury.

On Saturday T.A. Durant put in a ride to Fareham against the stiffest breeze which was performing at the time. The Irrepressible had ridden thirteen hundred miles this year, and was pretty fit.

He covered the first sixty-three miles on Saturday without refreshment, which is a long spell. If in his company I imagine I should have welcomed a puncture in order to break the spell of so long a grind without a liquid reviver! Great Sahara! The thought parches me!

At Preston Park last Thursday, Haynes, of the Excelsior club, secured third prize in a one-mile running handicap, which was won in a very good time – 4 mins 39 secs. Our man received seventy yards start.

Jay, another Excelsiorite, won his heat in the one hundred yards handicap from the eight yards mark, but just missed third place in the final.

Ever and anon some amateur statistician displays a praiseworthy anxiety to tell the cyclist how he may ascertain at what speed he is riding at any particular moment.

Unfortunately the poor cyclist is left to make a lot of calculations to meet his special Case, or else is provided with a large sheet of printed figures looking for all the world like some intricate mathematical puzzle.

These he is supposed to memorise, or to find a place for on his handlebar, alongside his watch. Then, with one eye peering ahead, and the other reading time and figures, he is expected to juggle with vulgar fractions as he endeavours to put in his last ounce of pedal work.

So during the recent rainy weather I got into an arithmetical humour. I have been scorching on various imaginary gears, at different rates of speed, through wild and ever-changing landscapes of figures.

All this in order that my readers may easily and simply calculate the pace at which they are cycling.

For instance, if the rider of a fifty-six inch gear will count the number of revolutions made by his feet in ten seconds, the number is also the number of miles per hour at which

he is travelling.

Riders of other gears must naturally count such revolutions for correspondingly different periods. I give a list of those which should enable one to ascertain the number of seconds which corresponds to any particular gear; Fifty-six gear, 10 secs.; sixty-one and a-half gear, 11 secs.; sixty-seven gear, 12 secs.; seventy-three gear 13 secs; seventy-eight and a-half gear, 14 secs.; eighty-four gear, 15 secs.; eighty-nine and a-half gear, 16 secs.; ninety-five gear, 17 secs.; a hundred and one Gear, 18 secs.¹

A new and welcome feature of the Sussex Centre of the national Cyclists' Union is a recently issued Handbook which deals in a most thorough fashion with the history and work of the centre.

In a very concise form it gives particulars of the various Clubs in the county which are affiliated to the Union, the officials of the Centre, and a list of the hotels under arrangement to cater for members of affiliated Clubs, the special tariffs being sent out at length.

A host of miscellaneous information of interests to cyclist generally is included, and altogether the publication does credit both to the Committee responsible for its production, and to Editor Tappin, of Lewes.

Owing to some oversight, the list of official hotels still offers the tired and hungry wheelman a dinner and bed at the ruined Royal Hotel for the sums of 5s and 4s 6d. respectively. I imagine, however, he would fight shy of the present open-air system in vogue!

DICK TURPIN.

¹ For the benefit of younger members, here Dick Long refers to a gear-measurement system which had its roots in the days of the "good old Ordinary", and was made redundant by metrication. The high bicycle was defined by its wheel diameter, rather than by its circumference, as witness the "To Birmingham and back on a bicycle" Gazette articles whose author uses his machine, a 52" Timberlake, as his pen name. Safety-bicycle gear ratios followed a similar convention, for example a 48t chainwheel x 16t sprocket with a 27" dia wheel, gave a gear of $(48/16 \times 27") = 81"$. It sounds complicated, but it worked.

<p style="text-align: center;">CYCLING.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Dick Turpin's Weekly Gossip.</p> <p>THE warm weather has rapidly effected a transformation scene on the highways and byways. Almost deserted in the recent wet weather, they are now thronged with cyclists. I saw quite a number ride into Worthing last week-end, among others C. A. Riminton—until recently Secretary of the famous Anerley B.C., and once a well-known speed-man.</p> <p>Another prominent figure in the wheel world was Gemm, the motor cyclist. As he sped into the town he arranged for a series of loud but harmless explosions in the exhaust box of his motor.</p> <p>It worked like magic on the crowded thoroughfare, and everybody made way for the flying chauffeur, who kept banging along—in a double sense—leaving a lady cyclist anxiously inspecting her tyres to see which had burst!</p> <p>Speaking of motor-bikes, Barnuch Blaker piloted his new "petrol-puffer" home from London last Friday. It is a speedy-looking turn-out, with a two-and-three-quarter horsepower De Dion engine, which was specially selected by our man before it was built into the machine.</p> <p>Already he can extract a terrific speed from it, and I understand he rode down from London on it in about—well, perhaps I had better not say until the motor laws are amended.</p> <p>I attended an unofficial run of the Excelsior Club a day or two back, in order to see how the boys are moving.</p> <p>It was a lovely morning as we steered out under the command of "Captain" Paine, and made westward through Arundel and Chichester.</p> <p>A lively breeze helped us to maintain what I thought was a very respectable pace, though the others seemed to regard it as quite ordinary.</p> <p>We were out early, and did not see many</p>	<p>We were out early, and did not see many wheelmen until we had reached Havant, and after a halt, commenced to retrace our steps—or rather wheelmarks.</p> <p>Then, as we were pushing along homewards, under a scorching sun and against a wicked wind, we met numbers of riders, all speeding along with fair wind and flowing sail.</p> <p>How I envied them as I peeped out from behind my speedy companions!</p> <p>A Littlehampton group were out, Clayton buzzing along on a motor-bicycle, whilst his Club-mates—Sid Jones and two others—were taking exercise on pushing-machines.</p> <p>We saw quite a number of trailers on the road. A motor cycle was harnessed to one of them, and was howling along at about treble the speed limit—six miles an hour—which a ridiculous law imposes on these vehicles when combined.</p> <p>At Arundel we dropped across some more Excelsior-ites, and the unofficial run was concluded in two parties. I made one in the second, and more modest, party.</p> <p>The windy journey of sixty miles on a hot morning had made me very modest on the quest on of pace.</p> <p>An ugly accident occurred at the Bristol Post Office Sports on Saturday, in the final heat of the motor cycle race. Barnes, the London rider, and Bailey, of Bristol, collided when travelling at nearly forty miles an hour.</p> <p>The result was appalling. Men and machines went over the banking and crashed into the spectators, injuring ten people, two of whom</p>	<p>died on Sunday whilst the recovery of another is doubtful.</p> <p>Tessier was leading, but discontinued the race at once, and the remainder of the programme was withdrawn.</p> <p>The Paris-Madrid motor race also proved productive of terrible disaster. A hundred and ninety-seven vehicles started, but on the first stage—Paris to Bordeaux—the smashes were numerous, less than seventy cars finishing at Bordeaux.</p> <p>At least six people lost their lives, and others were more or less seriously injured. Further racing was thereupon prohibited by both French and Spanish authorities.</p> <p>It is difficult to see what useful purpose is served by holding a race of this sort, in which nearly two hundred vehicles are being driven along the main roads at speeds varying up to nearly ninety miles an hour.</p> <p>So far from popularising the sport (!) it seems to be running a serious risk of panic legislation which will still further curtail the privileges of the large body of motorists, many of whom regard the racing vehicle as a mechanical freak.</p> <p style="text-align: right;">DICK TURPIN.</p>
--	--	---

CYCLING.

 Dick Turpin's Weekly Gossip.

THE warm weather has rapidly affected a transformation seen on the highways and byways. Almost deserted in the recent wet weather, they are now thronged with cyclists. I saw quite a number ride into Worthing last week-end, among others C.A. Rimington - until recently Secretary of the famous Anerly B.C. , and once a well-known speed-man.

Another prominent figure in the wheel world was Gemm, the motor cyclist. As he sped into the town he arranged for a series of loud but harmless explosions in the exhaust box of his motor.

It worked like magic on the crowded thoroughfare, and everybody made way for the flying chauffeur, who kept banging along - in a double sense - leaving a lady cyclist anxiously inspecting her tyres to see which had burst!

Speaking of motor-bikes, Baruch Blaker Piloted his new "petrol-puffer" home from London last Friday. It is a speedy-looking turn-out, with a two-and-three-quarter horse-power De Dion engine, which was specially selected by our man before it was built into the machine.

Already he can extract a terrific speed from it, and I understand he rode down from London on it in about - well, perhaps I had better not say until the motor laws are amended.

I attended an unofficial run of the Excelsior Club a day or two back, in order to see how the boys are moving.

It was a lovely morning as we steered out under the command of "Captain" Paine, and made westward through Arundel and Chichester.

A lively breeze helped us to maintain what I thought was a very respectable pace, though the others seem to regard it as quite ordinary.

We were out early, and did not see many wheelmen until we had reached Havant, and after a halt, commenced to retrace our steps - or rather wheelmarks.

Then, as we were pushing along homewards, under a scorching sun and against a wicked wind, we met numbers of riders, all speeding along with fair wind and flowing sail.

How I envied them as I peeped out from behind my speedy companions!

A Littlehampton group were out, Clayton buzzing along on a motor-bicycle, whilst his Club-mates - Sid Jones and two others - were taking exercise on pushing-machines.

We saw quite a number of trailers on the road. A motorcycle was harnessed to one of them, and was bowling along at about treble the speed limit – six miles an hour - which a ridiculous law imposes on these vehicles when combined.

At Arundel we dropped across some more Excelsior-ites, and the unofficial run was concluded in two parties. I made one in the second, and more modest, party.

The windy journey of sixty miles on a hot morning had made me very modest on the question of pace.

An ugly accident occurred at the Bristol Post Office Sports on Saturday, in the final heat of the motor cycle race. Barnes, the London rider, and Bailey, of Bristol, collided when travelling at nearly 40 miles an hour.

The result was appalling. Men and machines went over the banking and crashed into the spectators, injuring ten people, two of whom died on Sunday whilst the recovery of another is doubtful.

Tessier was leading, but discontinued the race at once, and the remainder of the programme was withdrawn.

The Paris-Madrid motor race also proved productive of terrible disaster. A hundred and ninety-seven vehicles started, but on the first stage - Paris to Bordeaux - the smashes were numerous, less than seventy cars finishing at Bordeaux.

At least six people lost their lives, and Others were more or less seriously injured. Further racing was thereupon prohibited by both French and Spanish authorities.

It is difficult to see what useful purpose is served by holding a race of this sort, in which nearly two hundred vehicles are being driven along the main roads at speeds varying up to nearly ninety miles an hour.

So far from popularising the sport (?) It seems to be running a serious risk of panic legislation which will still further curtail the privileges of the large body of motorists, many of whom regard the racing vehicle as a mechanical freak.

DICK TURPIN.

<p style="text-align: center;">CYCLING.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Dick Turpin's Weekly Gossip.</p> <p>WHITSUNTIDE has come and gone, and a glorious holiday it has been. Certainly the weather was conducive to cycling of the lazy order, though two of the Excelsiorites put in lengthy spins, taking them well into Surrey, last Saturday. Durant went to Dorking and across to Guildford, under a scorching sun; whilst Stephenson sweltered to Redhill.</p> <p>The Excelsior Club is to be congratulated on the success of the Whit Monday Sports Meeting, which is fully reported in another column.</p> <p>The Club's usually lucky weather prevailed, and enabled a big "gate" to witness a very fair all-round programme.</p> <p>Some of the finishes were really very fine, indeed, notably the two miles' Club race, in which W. Brown and Stanley Hales crossed the line side by side, and locked together, the former winning by inches.</p> <p>Hales had previously won the Club one mile from Brown, so they shared the honours.</p> <p>But indeed all the Club men performed well in cycling, running, and walking; and we certainly have got a warm lot now.</p> <p>In the Club cycling races some of the men were over-weighted in the handicap, whilst in the open cycling events the allotment of starts was absolutely farcical.</p> <p>Still, it must be borne in mind the official</p>	<p>Still, it must be borne in mind the official responsible for the latter, a stranger to the Club, had no data to go upon in the cases of two men, and not much to give him any idea of the powers of some of the others.</p> <p>Taking the meeting as a whole, it was a real success, and I hope the Club has netted a fair profit.</p> <p>Excelsiorites and cyclists generally will be sorry to hear that Lester Young, last year's holder of Captain Fraser's Cup, met with a very severe accident whilst on horseback last week.</p> <p>He had a very nasty fall, damaging his knee and his arm—the latter having to be sewn up. It was more plucky than wise of poor Lester to ride in defence of his title in the President's Cup race on Monday—and he rode well!</p> <p>At frequent intervals a desire for easy—or should I say speedy?—travelling causes an accession to the ranks of local motor cyclists.</p> <p>The latest deserter from the army of common or pedalling cyclists is Mr. H. W. Hales, who has just become the proud possessor of a two and three-quarter horse-power motor bike.</p> <p>It looks a businesslike machine, I must say, and it ought to please the new chauffeur, for he has always had a taste for speed, and was for many years a well-known figure on the Sussex cycling tracks.</p> <p>Mr. Hales raced in the days of the "good old ordinary," and had a long run. Indeed, it was only a few years ago he was making the youngsters take a back seat.</p> <p>His two sons will keep the name up in the world of speed-men, however.</p> <p style="text-align: right;">DICK TURPIN.</p>
---	---

CYCLING.

Dick Turpin's Weekly Gossip.

WHITSUNTIDE has come and gone, and a glorious holiday it has been. Certainly the weather was conducive to cycling of the lazy order, though two of the Excelsiorites put in lengthy spins, taking them well into Surrey, last Saturday. Durant went to Dorking and across to Guildford, under a scorching sun; whilst Stephenson

sweltered to Redhill.

The Excelsior Club is to be congratulated on the success of the Whit Monday Sports Meeting, which is fully reported in another column.

The Club's usually lucky weather prevailed, and enabled a big "gate" to witness a very fair all-round programme.

Some of the finishes were really very fine, indeed, notably, the 2 miles' Club race, in which W. Brown and Stanley Hales crossed the line side-by-side, and locked together, the former winning by inches.

Hales had previously won the Club one mile from W. Brown, so they shared the honours

But indeed all the Club men performed well in cycling, running, and walking; and we certainly have got a warm lot now.

In the Club cycling races some of the men were over-weighted in the handicap, whilst in the open cycling events the allotment of starts was absolutely farcical.

Still, it must be borne in mind the official responsible for the latter, a stranger to the Club, had no data to go upon in the cases of two men, and not much to give him any idea of the powers of some of the others.

Taking the meeting as a whole, it was a real success, and I hope the club has netted a fair profit.

Excelsiorites and cyclists generally will be sorry to hear that Lester Young, last year's hold of Captain Fraser's Cup, met with a very severe accident whilst on horseback last week.

He had a very nasty fall, damaging his knee and his arm - the latter having to be sewn up. It was more plucky than wise of for Leicester to ride in defence of his title the President's Cup race on Monday -and he rode well!

At frequent intervals a desire for easy - or should I say speedy? - Travelling causes an accession to the ranks of local motorcyclists.

The latest deserter from the army of common or pedalling cyclists is Mr H. W. Hales, who has just become the proud possessor of a two and three-quarter horse-power

motor bike

It looks a businesslike machine, I must say, and it ought to please the new chauffeur, for he has always had a taste for speed, and was for many years a well-known figure on the Sussex cycling tracks.

Mr. Hales raced in the days of the "good old ordinary," and had a long run. Indeed, it was only a few years ago he was making the youngsters take a back seat

His two sons will keep his name up in the world of speed-men, however.

DICK TURPIN

<p style="text-align: center;">CYCLING.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Dick Turpin's Weekly Gossip.</p> <p>A FEW days back I was one of a little party of Excelsiorites who had a trip to the extreme east of Sussex. We were pleasantly surprised to find the roads in the district in very fine trim, and a decided improvement on the highways nearer home.</p> <p>We started fairly early and took things easily, there being a playful wind in our faces. Through Brighton we went, and on to Lewes, which, from a casual inspection, struck us as still keeping up its reputation as a "town of clean windows and pretty faces."</p> <p>By eleven o'clock we had covered the road which skirts the northern base of the Downs; we had seen the odd-looking "Wilmington Giant" outlined in chalk on the hillside; and were gently drifting through fashionable Eastbourne.</p> <p>After this we made for Pevensey, noticing the string of quaint Martello Towers dotted along the coast. At Pevensey Castle we pulled up and enjoyed a pipe of tobacco in the company of imaginary legions of the Romans who built their stronghold, Anderida, here—a stronghold which was still seeing war a thousand years after the Romans had quitted.</p> <p>After Pevensey, Hurstmonceux Castle—a few miles further on—looked to us quite modern. Anyhow, we did not stay long, the only thing of interest being the fact that it is built of red bricks.</p> <p>Perhaps Sir Roger de Fynes, who erected</p>	<p>it four and a half centuries back, held shares in a brickyard!</p> <p>We next made for Windmill Hill, a sleepy little village, which afforded us a light and welcome midday repast.</p> <p>Then, with fair wind, we pedalled back to Lewes along a well-made road through Laughton and Ringmer, passing a disabled motor car on the way. In dodging a herd of cows on an awkward hill the driver had omitted to also dodge the ditch.</p> <p>He had apparently got enough trouble to last him a week!</p> <p>From Lewes the run was continued home without incident, except that a stranger "took us on." The Irrepressible made the pace for our party, and at Falmer Hill we dropped the unknown.</p> <p>Our modest ride of between eighty and ninety miles was nothing in comparison with that of Frank Medhurst, who takes his cycling in big doses.</p> <p>Alone he rode to Chichester and Southampton, on through the New Forest to Ringwood—seventy-odd miles without a halt; time, five hours and forty minutes.</p> <p>A refresher at Ringwood, and he hastened home in time to put in a spin to Brighton and back, thereby making his total for the day something over a hundred and seventy miles.</p> <p>Going to the extreme, a party of eight Excelsiorites and friends on the same day ambled gently to Washington for tea. I hear they had a very nice time.</p> <p>In the recent manoeuvres at Arundel a body</p>	<p>of about two dozen cycling warriors succeeded in capturing a party of Yeomen who were superior in numbers, if not in tactics, to the "alim" wheelmen.</p> <p>The hundred-mile race for the Carwardine Cup at the Crystal Palace on Saturday was somewhat marred through the holder, G. A. Olley, and Leon Meredith becoming involved in a spill, which caused the retirement of the former.</p> <p>Meredith escaped injury, and showed some fine riding. He won by over twenty miles, making a new record for the distance of two hours fifty-eight minutes twelve seconds.</p> <p style="text-align: right;">DICK TURPIN.</p>
--	---	---

CYCLING.

Dick Turpin's Weekly Gossip.

A FEW days back I was one of a little party of Excelsiorites who had a trip to the extreme east of Sussex. We were pleasantly surprised to find the roads in the district in very fine trim, and a decided improvement on the highways nearer home.

We started fairly early and took things easily, there being a playful wind in our faces. Through Brighton we went, and on to Lewes, which, from a casual inspection, struck us as still keeping up its reputation as a "town of clean windows and pretty faces."

By eleven o'clock we had covered the road which skirts the northern base of the Downs; we had seen the odd-looking "Wilmington Giant" outlined in chalk on the hillside; and were gently drifting through fashionable Eastbourne.

After this we made for Pevensey, noticing the string of quaint Martello Towers dotted

along the coast. At Pevensey Castle we pulled up and enjoyed a pipe of tobacco in the company of imaginary legions of the Romans who built this stronghold, Anderida, here - a stronghold which was still seeing war A thousand years after the Romans had quitted.

After Pevensey, Hurstmonceaux Castle – a few miles further on - looked to us quite modern. Anyhow, we did not stay long, the only thing of interest being the fact that it was built of red bricks.

Perhaps Sir Roger de Fynes, who erected it four and a half centuries back, held shares in a brickyard!

The next made for Windmill Hill, a sleepy little village, which afforded us a light and welcome midday repast.

Then, with a fair wind, we pedalled back to Lewes along a well-laid road through Laughton and Ringmer, passing a disabled motor car on the way. In dodging a herd of cows on an awkward hill the driver had omitted to also dodge the ditch.

He had apparently got enough trouble to last him a week!

From Lewes the run was continued home without incident, except that a stranger “took us on.” The Irrepressible made the pace for our party, and at Falmer Hill we dropped the unknown.

Our modest ride of between eighty and ninety miles was nothing in comparison with that of Frank Medhurst, who takes his cycling in big doses.

Alone he rode to Chichester and Southampton, on through the New Forest to Ringwood – seventy-odd miles without a halt; time, five hours and forty minutes.

A refresher at Ringwood, and he hastened home in time to put in a spin to Brighton and back, thereby making his total for the day something over a hundred and seventy miles.

Going to the extreme, a party of eight Excelsiorites and friends on the same day ambled gently to Washington for tea. I hear they had a very nice time.

In the recent manoeuvres at Arundel a body of about two dozen cycling warriors succeeded in capturing a party of Yeomen who were

superior in numbers, if not in tactics, to the "slim" wheelmen.

The hundred-mile race for the Carwardine Cup at the Crystal Palace on Saturday was somewhat marred through the holder, G.A. Olley, and Leon Meredith becoming involved in a spill, which caused the retirement of the former.

Meredith escaped injury, and showed some fine riding. He won by over twenty miles, making a new record for the distance of two hours fifty-eight minutes twelve seconds.

DICK TURPIN.

<p style="text-align: center;">CYCLING.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Dick Turpin's Weekly Gossip.</p> <p>I AM beginning to realise that I have been deceived—absolutely taken in and done for by the Clerk of the Weather! After the wet summer of last year I confidently relied upon the law of averages working a complete change, and felt certain of a long, dry, and almost cloudless summer this year. So I invested in a light and dainty bicycle, lavishly plated and enamelled, but thoroughly sound in wind and limb, so to speak—just the bike for long rambles from sunrise to sunset.</p> <p>But the plans of men and bikes "gang aft agley," and, mainly through the erratic and generally tearful weather we have had, I have not yet managed a thousand miles for the season!</p> <p>Not many of us have, I fear. One Excelsior man, who arranges his leisure to fit the meteorological conditions—lucky man!—has nearly covered two thousand.</p> <p>Last Thursday the Sussex Centre Council of the N.C.U. met at Brighton, but there was no business of importance to transact—except to discuss the weather!</p> <p>W. R. Paine brought a motor bicycle down by road from London the same day. Bert had a very moist ride, and had to speculate in a mackintosh cape and a pair of leggings on the journey. He looked quite picturesque as, late in the evening, he steered the new motor home through the mud.</p> <p>On Saturday practically all Club runs were abandoned, as was a projected time trial by a young Excelsiorite. The roads are, however, in fine order now, and we must hope soon to be out on the wheel.</p> <p>The motor is having a really bad time. The luckless chauffeur has all along been the pet aversion of numbers of rural J.P.'s, and has been heavily fined on the evidence of inept timers armed with doubtful watches.</p> <p>A more drastic remedy was suggested by a</p>	<p>A more drastic remedy was suggested by a knightly correspondent to a morning paper. He advocated the legalised use of shot-guns upon any motorist who might be deemed an offender against the laws of the land!</p> <p>He has not yet replied to a gentleman who followed his fiery letter with an inquiry as to the simplest means of stopping a car travelling at a forty-mile bat, after one has slain or disabled the driver.</p> <p>The latest blow to the motor is that the National Cyclists' Union has withdrawn the permits issued for motor pacing in open bicycle races. This came about through the Anerley "hundred," which was reduced almost to a farce as a result of motor pacing, only one man, Meredith, finishing the distance.</p> <p>Then the fatalities at Bristol resulted in a number of Sport promoters deciding to drop motor cycle races out of their programmes, a step which the Excelsior Club has taken as regards the Annual Race Meeting on the 19th of August.</p> <p>After all, motor cycles are now far from being a novelty, and it is rare that a race between them results in a tight finish, as the final sprint home, wherein lies the excitement in human racing, is entirely absent. Speed, pure and simple, is of little value as an attraction to the crowd.</p> <p>In Paris on Sunday four of our best London amateurs — Ingram, Janson, Payne, and Bailey—competed against a picked French quartette in a series of races which were so arranged that each Englishman met in turn each member of the opposing team.</p> <p>The result was some really splendid racing and a victory for the Englishmen, who had fifteen points against them, as compared with the Frenchmen's twenty-five.</p> <p>The Excelsior Club have arranged a run for Wednesday next which promises to be a specially enjoyable one. It is one of the Angmering runs with a musical evening introduced, and a nice muster and good time may be looked for at the Lamb.</p> <p style="text-align: right;">DICK TURPIN.</p>
--	---

CYCLING.

Dick Turpin's Weekly Gossip.

I am beginning to realise that I have been deceived - absolutely taken in and done for by the Clerk of the Weather! After the wet summer of last year I confidently relied upon the law of averages working a complete change, and felt certain of a long, dry, and almost cloudless summer this year. So I

invested in a light and dainty bicycle, lavishly plated and enamelled, but thoroughly sound in wind and limb, so to speak-just the bike for long rambles from sunrise to sunset.

But the plans of men and bikes “gang aft agley,” and mainly through the erratic and generally tearful whether we have had, I have not yet managed thousand miles for the season!

Not many of us have, I fear. One Excelsior man, who arranges his leisure to fit the meteorological conditions - lucky man! - has nearly covered two thousand.

Last Thursday the Sussex Centre Council of the NCU met at Brighton, but there was no business of importance to transact - except to discuss the weather!

W.R. Paine brought a motor bicycle down by road from London the same day. Bert had a very moist ride, and had to speculate in a McIntosh cape and a pair of leggings on the journey. He looked quite picturesque as, late in the evening, he steered the new motor home through the mud.

On Saturday practically all Club runs were abandoned as was a projected time trial by a young Excelsiorite. The roads are, however, in fine order now, and we must hope soon to be out on the wheel.

The motor is having a really bad time. The luckless chauffeur has all along been the pet a version of numbers of rural J.P.'s and has been heavily fined on the evidence of in expert time is armed with doubtful watches.

A more drastic remedy was suggested by a knightly correspondent to a morning paper. He advocated the legalised use of shot-guns upon any motorist who might be deemed an offender against the laws of the land!

He has not yet replied to a gentleman who followed his fiery letter with an inquiry as to the simplest means of stopping a car travelling at a forty-mile bat, after one has slain or disabled the driver.

The latest blow to the motor is that the National Cyclists' Union has withdrawn the permits issued for motor pacing in open bicycle races. This came about through the Anerly “hundred”, which was reduced almost to a farce as a result of motor pacing, only one man, Meredith, finishing the dis-

tance.

Then the fatalities at Bristol resulted in a number of Sport promoters deciding to drop motor cycle races out of their programmes, a step which the Excelsior Club has taken as regards the Annual Race Meeting on the 19th of August.

After all, motorcycles are now far from being a novelty, and it is rare that a race between them results in a tight finish, as the final sprint home, wherein lies the excitement in human racing, is entirely absent. Speed, pure and simple, is of little value as an attraction to the crowd.

In Paris on Sunday for of our best London Amateurs – Ingram, Janson, Payne, and Bailey - competed against a picked French quartette in a series of races which were so arranged that each Englishman met in turn each member of the opposing team.

The result was some really splendid racing and a victory for the Englishmen, who had 15 points against them, as compared with the Frenchmen's twenty-five.

The Excelsior Club have arranged a run for Wednesday next which promises to be a especially enjoyable one. It is one of the Angmering runs with a musical evening introduced, and a nice muster and good time may be looked for at the Lamb.

DICK TURPIN.

CYCLING.

Dick Turpin's Weekly Gossip.

AT last the Clerk of the Weather has "let up" for a time at any rate, and the wheelman is happy and busy—for the same period. Roads are perfect now, and there is a delightful freshness about the country which suggests the rain has done more good than harm in Sussex.

Three Excelsiorites, Messrs. Medhurst, Willmer, and F. Young, had a pleasant trip into the far east of Sussex early this week.

They are no sluggards, and the sun had not been up long before he saw the three travellers spinning along through Brighton and Lewes at a very fair pace.

Taking the road through Ringmer, they continued eastward, catching a glimpse of the new East Sussex Asylum—a collection of fine redbrick buildings, occupying a tremendous site—as they passed Hellingly.

Still east as far as Ninfield, south to Bexhill, and on to St. Leonards, then Hastings, the end of the outward journey.

No time had been spent on the road for refreshments, but Willmer's tyre had burst twice. Nevertheless, the journey—fifty miles of very undulating road—had been done in three and three-quarter hours.

The fresh morning air had produced three keen appetites, and it was not long before the Excelsior boys were engaged in the pleasant occupation of eating because they were really hungry—a pleasure some of us only know when cycling.

Hastings was soon inspected, and the trio

E. Baruch Blaker has just got his new motor-bike to hand—a regular milestone-eater it looks too! He is racing in the Channel Islands on it this week, and should do well if he gets familiar with the details in the short time at his disposal.

Baruch soon knows a machine. He was competing in a couple of motor cycle races at Littlehampton last Wednesday, and was aboard a machine built in Worthing, his own not being ready.

But our chauffeur got his strange steed along in fine style, landing the second prize in both races.

The Excelsior Club keep the Feast of the Strawberry at Washington on Wednesday next. The event has always been one of the Club's finest outings, and it is intended to beat previous records if possible.

Tickets should be purchased by Monday next to enable the Committee to make arrangements for an adequate supply of the luscious, necessary strawberry.

DICK TURPIN.

Hastings was soon inspected, and the trio commenced the return ride, choosing the same road again.

Dinner had pleased them so much that when they reached Lewes they tried the effect of tea.

That, too, was a success, and put them right for a nice spin over the last few miles in the evening, feeling very well satisfied with their jaunt of exactly a hundred miles.

Another Excelsior road rider, T. A. Durant, is away on a cycling tour. He has had a very exciting time so far.

Before reaching Horsham on the first day he charged into a swarm of bees on the road. He hurried, and lost no time in flicking away a dozen or so which settled on him, and looked like a fighting rearguard.

The rain delayed him at Guildford a couple of days, and when he set off again he had a busy time of it dodging floods.

At Chertsey he was told the direct road to Windsor was under water—in some places to the extent of three feet. He turned back.

Soon he encountered more floods, but the fates, in the shape of the Chertsey Council, were kind. The Irrepressible was able to avail himself of a "ferry" service organised by the Council, and sailed the Chertsey main (two feet in depth) aboard a one horse-power van.

Before he reached Staines the road disap-

peared altogether, and boats were in regular use. Durant then decided to make for London, but presently found a native cyclist who acted as guide through some intricate bye-lanes which were rideable, and brought him to St. Albans.

Then via Harpenden and Luton to Bedford—eighty-two miles against a stiff breeze—finished up a day's touring, which certainly was not uneventful.

His next day's programme was a fairly lengthened ride for touring, the distance being ninety miles.

Leaving Bedford pretty early, he went across country to St. Neots, and on to Cambridge and Ely, stopping awhile to have a good look at the Varsity town and a brief inspection of Ely Cathedral.

Then northward to Huntingdon, where he took the Great North Road and sampled its speedy surface as far as the Norman Cross, turning there for Peterborough.

I understand he now has his eye on the Norfolk coast. Lucky man!

E. Baruch Blaker has just got his new

CYCLING.

Dick Turpin's Weekly Gossip.

AT last the Clerk of the Weather has "let up" for a time as any rate, and the wheelman is happy and busy - for the same period. Roads are perfect now, and there is a delightful freshness about the country which suggests the rain has done more good than harm in Sussex.

Three Excelsiorites, Messrs Medhurst, Willmer, and F. Young, had a pleasant trip into the far east of Sussex early this week.

They are no sluggards, and the sun had not been up before long we saw the three travellers spinning along through Brighton and Lewis at a very fair place.

Taking the road through Ringmer, they continued eastward, catching a glimpse of the new East Sussex Asylum - a collection of fine redbrick buildings, occupying a tremendous site - as they passed Hellingly.

Still east as far as Ninfield, south to Bexhill, and on to St Leonards, then Hastings, the end of the outward journey.

No time had been spent on the road for refreshments, but Willmer's tyre had burst twice. Nevertheless, the journey - fifty miles of very undulating road - had been done in three and three-quarter hours.

The fresh morning air had produced three keen appetites, and it was not long before the Excelsior boys were engaged in the pleasant occupation of eating because they were really hungry - a pleasure some of us only know when cycling.

Hastings was soon inspected, and the trio commenced the return ride, choosing the same road again.

Dinner had pleased them so much that when they reached Lewes they tried the effect of tea.

That, too, was a success, and put them into a nice spin over the last few miles in the evening, feeling very well satisfied with their jaunt of exactly a hundred miles.

Another Excelsior road rider, T.A. Durant, is away on a cycling tour. He has had a very exciting time so far.

Before reaching Horsham on the first day he charged into a swarm of bees on the road. He hurried, and lost no time in flicking away a dozen or so which settled on him, and looked like a fighting rearguard.

The rain delayed him at Guildford a couple of days, and when he set off again he had a busy time of it dodging floods.

At Chertsey he was told the direct road to Windsor was under water - in some places to the extent of three feet. He turned back.

Soon he encountered more floods, but the fates, in the shape of the Chertsey Council, were kind. The irrepressible was able to avail himself of a "ferry" service organised by the council, and sailed the Chertsey main (two feet in depth) aboard a one horse-power van.

Before he reached Staines the road disappeared altogether, and boats were in regular use. Durant then decided to make for London, but presently found a native cyclist who acted as guide through some intricate bye-lanes which were rideable, and brought him to St. Albans.

Then via Harpenden and Luton to Bedford - eighty-two miles against a stiff breeze - finished up a day's touring, which certainly was not uneventful.

His next day's programme was a fairly lengthened ride for touring, the distance being ninety miles.

Leaving Bedford pretty early, he went across country to St Neot's, and on to Cambridge and Ely, stopping a while to have a good look at the 'Varsity town and a brief inspection of Ely Cathedral.

Then northward to Huntingdon, where he took the Great North Road and sampled its speedy surface as far as the Norman Cross, turning therefore Peterborough.

I understand he now has his eye on the Norfolk coast. Lucky man!

E. Baruch Blaker has just got his new motor-bike to hand - a regular milestone-eater it looks too! He is racing in the Channel Islands on it this week, and should do well if he gets familiar with the details in the short time at his disposal.

Baruch soon knows a machine. He was competing in a couple of motorcycle races at Littlehampton last Wednesday, and was aboard a machine built in Worthing, his own not being ready.

But our chauffeur got his strange steed along in fine style, landing the second prize in both races.

The Excelsior Club keep the Feast of the Strawberry at Washington on Wednesday next. The event has always been one of the Club's finest outings, and it is intended to beat previous records if possible.

Tickets should be purchased by Monday next to enable the Committee to make arrangements for an adequate supply of the luscious, necessary strawberry.

DICK TURPIN.

CYCLING

Dick Turpin's Weekly Gossip
Source - Worthing Gazette *.pdf files
at Worthing Local Studies Library.
Turpin 1st July 1903 P2C4:

CYCLING.

Dick Turpin's Weekly Gossip.

LAST Wednesday the Excelsior Club had a run to Angmering, where they indulged in one of the always welcome musical evenings. Nearly thirty members and friends assembled at the Lamb, and a good programme of songs, interspersed with a few dances, made everyone happy—so happy that Captain Paine had difficulty in getting his Club away from the hospitable Lamb!

Quite a number of ladies joined in the run, and this fact, I imagine, accounted for the successful evening. The duties at the piano devolved upon two of them—Miss Osborne and Miss Wilkinson—and were discharged admirably.

The one mile Championship of Sussex was run at Horsham last Thursday, and proved somewhat of a farce. The competitors numbered thirteen, and presumably included the pick of the county, but both heats exceeded the time limit of 2 min. 40 sec. The race was therefore declared "off."

It looks as if Bert Paine's presence would have done good. He has more than once taken the lion's share of the work of pacing, and then beaten the field at the finish.

In my Gossip last week I detailed some of

In my Gossip last week I detailed some of the doings of Durant, the Excelsiorite, who was scouring the country per bicycle.

He reached Dersingham, on the Norfolk coast, after a ride from Bedford of one hundred and thirteen miles, and the next day rode through Hunstanton and Wells to Cromer—reezy Cromer—where he put in about half a day.

Then he trained to Norwich and took steamboat down the Yare to Yarmouth, a bitterly old day somewhat marring the effect of the scenery of the Broads.

Yarmouth boasts the largest Parish Church in England, its Vicar being the Earl of Chichester. The Excelsior man spent but little time there, however, and was soon cycling on to Lowestoft for the night.

He rose early next day, and, after watching the steam trawlers landing some big catches, rode through Saxmundham to Ipswich over a mile road. Then on to Colchester, Dunmow—

of fitch fame—and finishing up at Bishop's Stortford a ninety-eight miles' ride.

The next stage was a run Londonwards through Epping Forest, training into Town from Walthamstow, and re-embarking out for Kingston-on-Thames, where he resumed his pedalling and roosted at Guildford.

His ride from there homewards was somewhat marred through a spill caused by an awkward rider on the wrong side of the road near Findon.

Happily our man escaped with some bad bruises and scrapings, whilst the awkward one's machine was disabled, though the rider was unhurt.

Durant's total mileage runs out at five hundred and three miles—a good touring distance—and, singularly enough, the wind hindered him more or less nearly the whole time, as it gradually changed as his course altered.

He only came across one cycling tourist all the way; he was a rider who had served as a cycling scout in South Africa.

E. Baruch Blaker competed at the Guernsey Midsummer Race Meeting last week upon his new motor bicycle.

After a preliminary trial he went for, and broke, the mile motor cycle record for the track, riding the distance in 2 min. 8 secs.

A five miles' race followed, but Blaker's

A five miles' race followed, but Blaker's presence frightened the other competitors, who were upon slower machines, and only one of them rode against him.

As luck would have it, our man's tyre deflated when the race was at his mercy, and the other motorist gathered in the first prize.

Baruch's disappointment gave way to amusement when he saw the cowardly ones kicking themselves for having stood down on his account.

Eighteen members of the Northampton Institute C.C. engaged in a midnight run last Saturday from London to the Frankland Arms at Washington.

They reached Host Charman's at six o'clock in the morning, a lady member being the first to arrive; and soon all were busily breaking the fast they had been keeping during their night journey of nearly fifty miles.

A general lounge about and an easy ride home made a nice day for the London Club.

Next week's runs are: Worthing Excelsior C.C., Littlehampton; West Tarring C.C., Strawberry Feast at Washington.

DICK TURPIN.

CYCLING.

Dick Turpin's Weekly Gossip.

LAST Wednesday the Excelsior Club had a run to Angmering, where they indulged in one of the always welcome musical evenings. Nearly thirty members and friends assembled at the Lamb, and a good programme of songs, interspersed with a few dances, made everyone happy - so happy that Captain Paine had difficulty in getting his Club away from the hospitable Lamb!

Quite a number of ladies joined in the run, and this fact, I imagine, accounted for the successful evening. The duties at the piano devolved upon two of them - Miss Osborne and Miss Wilkinson¹ - and were discharged admirably.

The one mile Championship of Sussex was run at Horsham last Thursday, and proved somewhat of a farce. The competitors numbered thirteen, and presumably included the pick of the county, but both heats exceeded the time limit of 2 min. 40 sec. The race was therefore declared "off".

It looks as if Bert Paine's presence would have done good. He has more than once taken the lion's share of the work of pacing, and then beaten the field at the finish.

In my Gossip last week I detailed some of the doings of Durant, the Excelsiorite, who was scouring the country per bicycle.

He reached Dersingham, on the Norfolk coast, after a ride from Bedford of one hundred and thirteen miles, and the next day rode through Hunstanton and Wells to Cromer - breezy Cromer - where he put in about half a day.

Then he trained to Norwich and took steam-boat down the Yare to Yarmouth, a bitterly cold day somewhat marring the effect of the scenery of the Broads.

Yarmouth boasts the largest Parish Church in England, its vicar being the Earl of Chichester. The Excelsior man spent but little time there however, and was soon cycling on to Lowestoft for the night.

He rose early next day, after watching the steam trawlers landing some big catches, made through Saxmundham to Ipswich over a vile road. Then on to Colchester, Dunmow - of flitch fame - and finishing up at Bishop's Stortford a ninety eight miles' ride.

The next stage was a run Londonwards through Epping Forest, training into Town from Walthamstow, and re-embarking out for Kingston-on-Thames, where he resumed his pedalling and roosted at Guildford.

His ride from there homewards was somewhat marred through a spill caused by an awkward rider on the wrong side of the road near Findon.

Happily our man escaped with some bad bruises and scrapings, whilst the awkward one's machine was disabled, though the rider was unhurt.

Durant's total mileage runs out at five hundred and three miles - a good touring distance - and, singularly enough, the wind hindered him more on this nearly the whole time, as it gradually changed as his course altered.

He only came across one cycling tourist all the way; he was a rider who had served as a cycling scout in South Africa.

E. Baruch Blaker competed at the Guern-

sey Midsummer Race Meeting last week upon his new motor bicycle.

After a preliminary trial he went for, and broke, the mile motor cycle record for the track, riding the distance in 2 min. 8 secs.

A five miles' race followed, but Blaker's presence frightened the other competitors, who were upon slower machines, and only one of them rode against him.

As luck would have it, our man's tyre deflated when the race was at his mercy, and the other motorist gathered in the first prize.

Baruch's disappointment gave way to amusement when he saw the cowardly ones kicking themselves for having stood down on his account.

Eighteen members of the Northampton Institute C.C. engaged in a midnight run last Saturday from London to the Frankland Arms at Washington.

They reached Host Charman's at six o'clock in the morning, a lady member being the first to arrive; and soon all were busily breaking the fast they had been keeping during their night journey of nearly fifty miles.

A general lounge about and an easy ride home made a nice day for the London Club.

Next week's runs are: Worthing Excelsior C.C., Littlehampton; West Tarring. C.C., Strawberry Feast at Washington.

DICK TURPIN.

¹ In case previous references have been missed, Miss Wilkinson was the daughter, of "Wilky", the popular host of the Lamb Inn. There is a word-profile of him elsewhere in these papers.

CYCLING

Dick Turpin's Weekly Gossip.

Source – Worthing Gazette *.pdf files
at Worthing Local Studies Library.

Turpin 8th July 1903. P2C6:

<p style="text-align: center;">CYCLING.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Dick Turpin's Weekly Gossip.</p> <p>THE Excelsior Club's hardy annual—the Strawberry Feast—was held at the Frankland Arms, Washington, last Wednesday, and was a distinct success. Strawberries particularly appeal to all wheelmen; nearly eighty riders answered the appeal on this occasion. Shortly after seven o'clock tea was attacked and defeated; then the big strawberry battle ensued, with fearful carnage—all on the side of the strawberries, whose casualties numbered many thousands.</p> <p>The victors whiled away the remaining hour of daylight with rounders and other outdoor games, adjourning afterwards to the big room of the hostelry.</p> <p>Here C. Stickland gave a number of selections upon his gramophone, and F. Blann pleased the company with a song; in addition to which a goodly selection of dances gave a finishing touch to a most enjoyable evening, and brought round, all too quickly, the time to light lamps and start for home.</p> <p>Then the twinkling stars overhead watched a new comet, with a long tail, steadily traveling towards the sea. It was a procession of merry-hearted keepers of the Feast of Saint Strawberry.</p> <p>Speedmen are early out on the road this season, and one or two assaults upon the Excelsior Club's standard road rides are promised before many weeks.</p> <p>I understand a young Excelsiorite, in a</p>	<p>I understand a young Excelsiorite, in a practice spin, rode unspaced through Horsham and Crawley to Woodhatch and back to Offington the other day a few minutes inside four hours.</p> <p>The distance is practically sixty-eight miles, so he was moving.</p> <p>The same day G. A. Olley, of the Vegetarian C.C., attempted to beat his own record of a hundred and ninety-three miles in twelve hours on southern roads, and several members of the Excelsior Club were assisting in feeding and following him over our bit of the road.</p> <p>Like so many roadmen, he used tyres far too thin, with the result that punctures had driven him on to three strange machines by about half-time. In fact, he did not know where his own bicycle was for hours.</p> <p>Also he did not strike our "boys" as being up to his usual form; and, seeing that when they finally sent him off from Offington Corner he was about half an hour behind time, they were not surprised to hear he was unsuccessful.</p> <p>The return match between France and England was run off at the Crystal Palace on Saturday. As happened in Paris the other week, England's supremacy in amateur cycling was upheld, the four Englishmen—Ingram, Janson, Payne, and Reed, all of the Polytechnic C.C.—winning handsomely by fourteen points, as against the visitors' twenty-six.</p> <p>E. Baruch Blaker competed in the motor-</p>	<p>E. Baruch Blaker competed in the motorcycle section of the Catford Club's hill-climb at Westerham on Saturday, and was successful in beating the standard time, and thereby securing a certificate for the climb.</p> <p>At the "witching hour" next Saturday the Excelsior Club's annual midnight prowls is to start. Chertsey is to be honoured with a visit this time; it is an easy ride of not much over fifty miles, and Captain Paine hopes to see a big muster of the "boys."</p> <p>The pace is to be modest, and the attractions of Chertsey are many, so the run should be as enjoyable as the last two proved to be—and they pleased everybody!</p> <p>The Brighton C.C. also have their midnight run on Saturday. They are easily satisfied in the matter of mileage, and simply ride from Brighton to the Frankland Arms, Washington, where they put up for the rest of the night.</p> <p>Next Wednesday's runs are: Worthing Excelsior C.C., West Chiltington; West Tarring C.C., Angmering.</p> <p style="text-align: right;">DICK TURPIN.</p>
---	--	---

CYCLING.

Dick Turpin's Weekly Gossip.

THE Excelsior Club's hardy annual – the Strawberry Feast - was held at the Frankland Arms, Washington, last Wednesday, and was a distinct success. Strawberries particularly appeal to all wheelmen; nearly eighty riders answered the appeal on this occasion. Shortly after seven o'clock tea was attacked and defeated; then the big strawberry battle ensued, with fearful carnage - all on the side of the strawberries, whose casualties numbered many thousands.

The victors whiled away the remaining hour of daylight with rounders and other outdoor games, adjourning afterwards to the big room of the hostelry.

Here C. Stickland gave a number of selections upon his gramophone, and F. Blann pleased the company with a song; in addition to which a goodly selection of dances gave a finishing touch to a most enjoyable evening, and brought round, all too quickly, the time to

light lamps and start for home.

Then the twinkling stars overhead watched a new comet, with a long tail, steadily travelling towards the sea. It was a procession of merry-hearted keepers of the Feast of Saint Strawberry.

Speedmen are early out on the road this season, and one or two assaults upon the Excelsior Club's standard road rides are promised before many weeks.

I understand a young Excelsiorite, in a practice spin, rode unpaced through Horsham and Crawley to Woodhatch and back to Offington the other day a few minutes inside four hours.

The distance is practically sixty-eight miles, so he was moving.

The same day G.A. Olley, of the Vegetarian C.C., attempted to beat his own record of a hundred and ninety-three miles in twelve hours on southern roads, and several members of the Excelsior Club were assisting in feeding and following him over our bit of the road.

Like so many road men, he used tyres far too thin, with the result that punctures had driven him onto three strange machines by about half time. In fact, he did not know where his own bicycle was for hours.

Also he did not strike our "boys" as being up to his usual form; and, seeing that when they finally sent him off from Offington Corner he was about half an hour behind, they were not surprised to hear he was unsuccessful.

The return match between France and England was run off at the Crystal Palace on Saturday. As happened in Paris the other week, England's supremacy in amateur cycling was upheld, the four Englishmen - Ingram, Janson, Payne, and Reed, all of the Poly-Technic C.C. - winning handsomely by fourteen points, as against the visitors' twenty-six.

E. Baruch Blaker competed in the motorcycle section of the Catford Club's hill-climb at Westerham on Saturday, and was successful in beating the standard time, and thereby securing a certificate for the climb.

At the "witching hour" next Saturday the Excelsior Club's annual midnight prowling is to start. Chertsey is to be honoured with a visit this time; it is an easy ride of not much over fifty miles, and Captain Paine

hopes to see a big master of the "boys".

The pace is to be modest, and the attractions of Chertsey are many, so the run should be as enjoyable as the last two proved to be - and they pleased everybody!

The Brighton C.C. also have their midnight run on Saturday. They are easily satisfied in the matter of mileage, and simply ride from Brighton to the Frankland Arms, Washington, where they put up for the rest of the night.

Next Wednesday's runs are: Worthing Excelsior C.C., West Chilmington ; West Tarring C.C., Angmering.

DICK TURPIN.

CYCLING.

Dick Turpin's Weekly Gossip.

Source - Worthing Gazette *.pdf files
at Worthing Local Studies Library.

Worthing Gazette, 15th July 1903

P2C7:

CYCLING.

Dick Turpin's Weekly Gossip.

ON Saturday last the Excelsior Club held their annual midnight run, eleven members setting out for Chertsey shortly after twelve o'clock, under command of Captain Paine. The moon was at the full, the sky was clear, and it was a perfect night for cycling. We rode along at a comfortable pace, and passed through silent Horsham at two o'clock.

Between Horsham and Guildford we made a detour which took us among the hills and caused some walking, but we were well repaid in the scenery, some of the tree-clad slopes being strikingly pretty in the early daylight.

Guildford, which was reached about four o'clock, showed but little signs of life, only an early milkman, a policeman, and a wayfarer being abroad at that hour.

The road through Woking to Chertsey was very bad in places, and gave us a couple of punctures; but we reached our destination at six o'clock, the appointed hour.

A few minutes later the eleven Clubmen were busily engaged in a wash and brush up, which was much needed.

Then came a delightful breakfast, liberally set forth, which was needed even more. I doubt whether fish or ham and eggs ever tasted better or did more good.

What with the night ride across two counties, and then a tremendous breakfast, we were disinclined for violent exercise. In fact, with the aid of a tempting garden chair, one member acted the role of Sleeping Beauty to the life.

The rest of us lazily roamed from Surrey into Middlesex—which simply meant crossing the Thames—and wandered along the banks of the river, which at this part is by no means pretty, as it simply runs through flat meadow land.

Not being able to admire the scenery we

Not being able to admire the scenery we conceived admiration for the patience displayed by the fishermen who were flogging away with rod and line for hours without a catch.

Some of the "boys" also assisted the lock-keeper in letting the steamboats through, and in time would have become quite proficient in working sluices and gates.

At mid-day the midnighters had dinner, and then started for home, coming through Guildford and on to Alford Crossways, where they turned south for Pulborough.

Here another force of Excelsiorites effected a junction with them, and all joined in at tea, which was followed by boating on the river.

Then came a quiet ride home in the cool of the evening, more than one feeling very sleepy, but all very happy and pleased with the Club Annual Midnight Prowl.

The Figleaves' Strawberry Feast at Washington last Wednesday proved a most enjoyable outing, seventy mustering for the fray.

Fruit was plentiful and excellent in quality, and it put them in form for a little series of competitions.

The first of these was a free-wheeling contest for ladies, Miss K. Marshall and Miss King being successful in this. The ladies' slow race was won by Mrs. Wilmer, Mrs. Rockall being second.

Ben Rogers and Greenfield free-wheeled

Ben Rogers and Greenfield free-wheeled into first and second places for the men's competition; and the slow race went to F. Hills, all his fellow competitors falling off, much to everyone's amusement.

A "wheelbarrow" race evoked much laughter, most of the men competing in it, and many of them getting mixed up. The Kneller-Greenfield combination won, with Lewis and Child second. Whilst the competitions were in progress an amusing incident occurred. A. Carter signalled the start of some competitors by raising his arm, and a passing motor car party immediately slackened speed and toured gently along, thinking the official was part of a police trap!

A turn in the road brought the Club in view, and, after thinking something bad, he put his top gear in again.

The Club enjoyed the little joke, and then adjourned to the Frankland Arms, where a few songs and dances whiled away the time until ten o'clock, at which hour they set off homewards, after one of the jolliest outings they have had.

Next week the Tarring Club run is to Bramber; the Excelsior C.O. have a very special outing to Flndon, the occasion being a visit in state to the Honorary Secretary, and members are asked not to forget their music.

DICK TURPIN.

CYCLING.

Dick Turpin's Weekly Gossip.

ON Saturday last the Excelsior Club held their annual midnight run, eleven members setting out for Chertsey shortly after twelve o'clock, under command of Captain Paine. The moon was at the full, the sky was clear, and it was a perfect night for cycling. We rode along at a comfortable pace, and passed through silent Horsham at two o'clock.

Between Horsham and Guildford we made a detour which took us among the hills and caused some walking, but we were well repaid

in the scenery, some of the tree-clad slopes being strikingly pretty in the early daylight.

Guildford, which was reached about four o'clock, showed but little signs of life, only an early milkman, a policeman, and a wayfarer being abroad at that hour.

The road through Woking to Chertsey was very bad in places, and gave us a couple of punctures; but we reached our destination at six o'clock, the appointed hour.

A few minutes later the eleven Clubmen were busily engaged in a wash and brush up, which was much needed.

Then came a delightful breakfast, liberally set forth, which was needed even more. I doubt whether fish or ham and eggs ever tasted better or did more good.

What with the night ride across two counties, and then a tremendous breakfast, we were disinclined to violent exercise. In fact, with the aid of a tempting garden chair, one member acted the role of Sleeping Beauty to the life

The rest of us lazily roamed from Surrey into Middlesex - which simply meant crossing the Thames - and wondered along the banks of the river, which at this part is by no means pretty, as it simply runs through flat meadow land.

Not being able to admire the scenery we conceived admiration for the patience displayed by the fishermen who were flogging away with rod and line for hours without a catch.

Some of the "boys" also assisted the lock-keeper in letting the steamboats through, and in time would have become quite proficient in working sluices and gates.

At mid-day the midnighters had dinner, and then started for home, coming through Guildford and on to Afold Crossways, where they turned south for Pulborough.

Here another force of Excelsiorites effected a junction with them, and all joined in at tea, which was followed by boating on the river.

Then came a quiet ride home in the cool of the evening, more than one feeling very sleepy, but all very happy and pleased with the Club Annual Midnight Prowl.

The Figleaves' Strawberry Feast at Washington last Wednesday proved a most enjoyable outing, seventy mustering for the fray.

Fruit was plentiful and excellent in quality, and it put them in form for a little series of competitions.

The first of these was a free-wheeling contest for ladies. Miss K. Marshall and Miss King being successful in this. The ladies' slow race was won by Mrs. Willmer, Mrs. Rockall being second.

Ben Rogers and Greenfield free-wheeled into first and second places for the men's competition; and the slow race went to F. Hills, all his fellow competitors falling off, much to everyone's amusement.

A "wheelbarrow" race evoked much laughter, most of the men competing in it, and many of them getting mixed up. The Kneller-Greenfield combination won, with Lewis and Child second. Whilst the competitions were in progress an amusing incident occurred. A. Carter signalled the start of some competitors by raising his arm, and a passing motor party immediately slackened speed and toured gently along, thinking the official was part of a police trap!

A turn in the road brought the Club in view, and after thinking something bad, he put his top gear again.

The Club enjoyed the little joke, and then

adjourned to the Frankland Arms, where a few songs and dances whiled away the time until ten o'clock, at which hour they set off homewards, after one of the jolliest outings they have had.

Next week the Tarring Club run is to Bramber; the Excelsior C.C. have a very special outing to Findon, the occasion being a visit in-state to the Honorary Secretary, and members are asked not to forget their music.

DICK TURPIN.

CYCLING

Dick Turpin's Weekly Gossip

Source – Worthing Gazette *.pdf files

Local Studies Library.

Worthing Gazette, 22nd July 1903 P2C6:

CYCLING.

Dick Turpin's Weekly Gossip.

SPEED riding on the road is attracting a good deal of attention just now. Early this week T. A. Durant, of the Excelsior Club, caused me to tear myself from the arms of Morpheus in the very early hours of the morning, in order to check him on the start for a twelve hours' ride.

With a yawn I set the watches and signed his sheet; then away he went, with F. Young acting as shadower.

Over the switchback road to Arundel the first two or three miles were very loose indeed, but matters improved later, and a good bat was maintained through Chichester, Havant, and Cosham to Fareham—the western end of the journey—which was reached two hours and fifteen minutes from the start.

Without loss of time Durant commenced the journey back, riding the eighteen miles to Chichester in sixty-three minutes; and, still going well, was back to Offington Corner four hours and thirty-six minutes after his start.

But the weather had assumed a very threatening aspect, and the irrepressible had not proceeded many yards upon the second portion of his journey before he was warned by several ominous peals of thunder and a sprinkling of rain that the elements emphatically vetoed his once round-the-clock jaunt. So, like a wise man, he came back.

It is interesting to note that the seventy-four miles to Fareham and back were ridden at a speed which, had it been maintained over the "century" course, would have resulted in the hundred miles being covered inside six hours and a quarter.

Which certainly suggests that Durant and

Young—who followed throughout, and has vastly improved this year—should be able to secure the coveted special and ordinary gold medals respectively for that distance.

Anyway, they will both try.

The Excelsior Club altered their run last Wednesday from Chilmington, and toured over to the Littlehampton Cycling Club's Evening Race Meeting instead, thereby seeing some good sport.

A. Hales, of Littlehampton, who received forty-five seconds in the Three Miles' event and seventy-five seconds in the Five Miles, was successful in winning both motor-cycle handicaps; whilst Adkins, of Arundel, who figured on scratch, ran second in both.

E. Baruch Blaker had to owe the scratch man a minute, and was handicapped by not being able to let his engine go all out on a track of that sort; but he managed to finish third in the five miles.

A team race between the Littlehampton and Chichester Clubs resulted in a win for Littlehampton by two points, whilst Walls

(five hundred yards) won the Three miles' race for the President's Cup.

Millington, who came into prominence last in the Littlehampton speed division last year, won the quarter-mile from Sid Jones and Warner; and the mile went to B. Elliott, who received the liberal start of two hundred and fifty yards, Warner getting second of the two yards mark, and Millington (scratch) finishing third.

What astonishing distances a motor cyclist will travel 'twixt sunrise and sunset!

One day last week H. W. Hales went to Canterbury and back on his petrol-propelled steed.

He can hardly be out of his novice's as a motorist, having had the machine but a few weeks; but the nonchalant air with which he told the Excelsior Captain of his ride of about one hundred and eighty miles induced that worthy to suggest Hales might with advantage make a full day and run over to China!

E. B. Blaker has a day ride to Bath and back—about two hundred and forty miles—in his programme for the near future.

Good rides were done early this week by Hagen and Targett, of the Havelock C.C., a tandem crew, who set up a new Southern record for the hundred miles by riding the distance in five hours two minutes and forty-two seconds; and also by Leon Meredith, of the Paddington Club, who reeled off the fifty miles in the new time of two hours twenty-one minutes forty-three seconds.

Next Wednesday the Excelsior C.C. have arranged a musical evening at Basington.

DICK TURPIN.

CYCLING.

Dick Turpin's Weekly Gossip.

SPEED riding on the road is attracting a good deal of attention just now. Early this week T. A. Durant, of the Excelsior Club, caused me to tear myself from the arms of Morpheus in the very early hours of the morning, in order to check him on the start for a twelve hours' ride.

With a yawn I set the watches and signed his sheet; then away he went, with F. Young acting as shadower.

Over the switchback road to Arundel the first two or three miles were very loose indeed, but matters improved later, and a good bat was

maintained through Chichester, Havant, and Cosham to Fareham – the western end of the journey - which was reached two hours and fifteen minutes from the start.

Without loss of time Durant commenced the journey back, riding the eighteen miles to Chichester to in sixty three minutes; and, still going well, was back to Offington Corner four hours and thirty-six minutes after his start.

But the weather had assumed a very threatening aspect, and the Irrepressible had not proceeded many yards upon the second portion of his journey before he was warned by several ominous peals of thunder and a sprinkling of rain that the elements emphatically vetoed his once round-the-clock jaunt. So, like a wise man, he came back.

It is interesting to note that the seventy-four miles to Fareham and back were ridden at a speed which, had it been maintained over the “century” course, would have resulted in the hundred miles being covered inside six hours and a quarter.

Which certainly suggests that Durant and Young - who followed throughout, and has vastly improved this year - should be able to secure the coveted special and ordinary gold medals respectively for that distance.

Anyway, they will both try.

The Excelsior Club altered their run last Wednesday from Chiltington, and toured over to the Littlehampton Cycling Club’s Evening Race Meeting instead, thereby seeing some good sport.

A. Hales, of Littlehampton, who received forty-five seconds in the Three Miles’ event and seventy-five seconds in the Five Miles, was successful in winning both motor-cycle handicaps; whilst Adkins, of Arundel, who figured on scratch, ran second in both.

E. Baruch Blaker had to owe the scratch man a minute, and was handicapped by not being able to let his engine go all out on a track of that sort; but he managed to finish third in the five miles.

A team race between the Littlehampton and Chichester Clubs resulted in a win for Littlehampton by two points, whilst Wallis (five hundred yards) won the Three miles’ Race for the President’s Cup.

Millington, who came into prominence last in the Littlehampton speed division last year, won the quarter mile from Sid Jones and

Warner; and the mile went to B. Elliott, who received the liberal start of two hundred and fifty yards, Warner getting second off the two yards mark, and Millington (scratch) finishing third.

What astonishing distances a motor cyclist will travel 'twixt sunrise and sunset!

One day last week H.W. Hales went to Canterbury and back on his petrol-propelled steed.

He can hardly be out of his novitiate as a motorist, having had the machine but a few weeks; but the nonchalant air with which he told the Excelsior Captain of his ride of about one hundred and eighty miles induced that worthy to suggest Hales might with advantage make a full day and run over to China!

E.B. Blaker has a day rides to to Bath and Back- about two hundred and forty miles - in his programme for the near future.

Good rides were done early this week by Hagen and Targett, of the Havelock C.C., a tandem crew, who set up a new Southern record for the hundred miles by riding the distance in five hours two minutes and forty-two seconds; and also Leon Meredith, of the Paddington Club, who reeled off the fifty miles in the new time of two hours, twenty-one minutes forty-three seconds.

Next Wednesday the Excelsior C.C. have arranged a musical evening at Rustington.

DICK TURPIN.

CYCLING

Dick Turpin's Weekly Gossip

Source - Worthing Gazette *.pdf files
at Worthing Local Studies Library.

Worthing Gazette, 29th July 1903 P2C6:

CYCLING.

Dick Turpin's Weekly Gossip.

ROADS are considerably improved by the recent rains, and the lot of the wheelman will be a happy one if we get some reasonable weather, which will enable us to travel a little farther afield than has been the case up till now. For myself I positively blush to make the admission that I have only ridden twelve hundred miles this season! The spirit was willing, but wheeling opportunities have been few.

Last week a happy band of fifty pilgrims—Excelsiorites and friends—wended their way to Thistledown, at Findon, where Honorary Secretary Fibbens had arranged an *al fresco* tea, to be followed by music, dancing, and other etceteras of an enjoyable character.

Last week a happy band of fifty pilgrims—Excelsiorites and friends—wended their way to Thistledown, at Findon, where Honorary Secretary Fibbens had arranged an *al fresco* tea, to be followed by music, dancing, and other etceteras of an enjoyable character.

The weather was not at all promising, but the threatened rain kept up whilst a tempting tea went down before the onslaught of half-a-hundred wheelers.

A cricket match, Ladies versus the Rest of Mankind, was then commenced, but the ultimate issue of the encounter is veiled in that delightful uncertainty which not infrequently obtains in sporting events in which ladies engage.

I understood some quite original styles were introduced by the graceful disciples of Grace, and the novel "cuts" and "drives" which the fair ones executed would have made the great "W.G." open his eyes in amusement—no, amazement, I should say.

The match over, a musical programme was commenced, and songs and dances sent the time merrily along until the shades of night had fallen fast, when down the Findon road there passed, with gleaming lamp and tinkling bell, a Club who gave one single yell—"Excelsior!"

1.

2.

bell, a Club who gave one single yell—"Excelsior!"

The Tarring Club visited Bramber last week, and on their arrival heard of a Fair in the vicinity. "None but the brave deserve the fair," says the old saw, and as the courage of the Figleaves is undoubted, I presume they considered their right to the festival as duly and legally established.

At any rate, they graced the proceedings with their presence, and had a good time. I have no authentic record of the number of bottles killed by "Ben" at the shooting saloon, or how many laps on the roundabout were accomplished by his bosom friend, so will not commit myself beyond saying that all enjoyed themselves to the top of their bent.

At Wakefield on Saturday A. S. Ingram won the Quarter-mile Amateur Championship of England, beating two sterling provincial riders in Benyon and Longstaff.

Curiously it was only last week a cycling journalist was expressing his fear that Ingram

Curiously it was only last week a cycling journalist was expressing his fear that Ingram had seen his best days, but the famous Poly. boy—who has now held the title four times in succession—won by a clear length from his doughty opponents.

Leon Meredith, another London rider, won the Twenty-five Miles Amateur Championship in sixty-five minutes, whilst Sid Jenkins won the Quarter, One, and Five Mile Professional Championships.

At Ilford Sports on Saturday W. Solomon, an Essex rider, had a real day out. He scored first in both handicaps, and romped home with the Five Miles Local Championship, and won the Obstacle Race.

In addition to this collection he and H. W. Smith won the Two Miles Tandem Race Handicap; the latter also did well by gathering in a second and a third in the handicaps.

The lucky pair must have required a carrier, I imagine—eight prizes, two single bicycles, a tandem, and usual path-racing impedimenta would exasperate the best cabby that ever was tipped.

Not long ago Chauffeur Rice encountered a

3.

4.

Not long ago Chauffeur Rice encountered a stranger near Castle Goring, who inquired for a turn in the road whereby he could reach Bognor in seven miles! He further staggered Rice by informing him he had passed Littlehampton two miles back.

When our man had recovered his breath he, with considerable difficulty, convinced the wanderer that his geography was at fault, and that he had not yet reached Littlehampton, whilst Bognor was a good fifteen miles ahead.

Many years ago I recollect sallying forth on my solid-tyred thunderbolt of those days, and after much labour I was expecting Arundel to burst on my delighted gaze, when a bend in the road showed me the Coach and Horses, not half-way there.

I came back!

Next week's runs are: Excelsior C.C., Arundel; West Tarring, Shoreham.

DICK TURPIN.

5.

CYCLING.

Dick Turpin's Weekly Gossip.

ROADS are considerably improved by the recent rains, and the lot of the wheelman will be a happy one if we get some reasonable weather, which will enable us to travel a little further afield than has been the case up till now. For myself I positively blush to make the admission that I have only ridden twelve hundred miles this season! The spirit was willing, but wheeling opportunities have been few.

Last week a happy band of fifty pilgrims - Excelsiorites and friends - wended their way to Thistledown, at Findon, where Honorary Secretary Fibbens had arranged an *al fresco* tea, to be followed by music, dancing, and other etceteras of an enjoyable character.

The weather was not at all promising, but the threatened rain kept up whilst a tempting tea went down before the onslaught of half-a-hundred wheelers.

A cricket match, Ladies versus the Rest of Mankind, was then commenced, but the ultimate issue of the encounter is veiled in that delightful uncertainty which not infrequently obtains in sporting events in which ladies engage.

I understand some quite original styles were introduced by the graceful disciples of Grace, and the novel "cuts" and "drives" which the fair ones executed would have made the great "W.G." open his eyes in amusement - no, amazement I should say.

The match over, a musical programme was commenced, and songs and dances sent the time merrily along until the shades of night had fallen fast, when down the Findon road there passed, with gleaming lamp and tinkling bell, a Club who gave one single yell - "Excelsior!"

The Tarring Club visited Bramber last week and on their arrival heard of a Fair in the vicinity. "None but the brave deserve the fair," says the old saw, and as the courage of the Figleaves is undoubted, I presume they considered their right to the festival as duly and legally established.

At any rate, they graced the proceedings with their presence, and had a good time. I have no authentic record of the number of bottles killed by "Ben" at the shooting saloon, or how many laps on the roundabout were accomplished by his bosom friend, so will not commit myself beyond saying that all enjoyed

themselves to the top of their bent.

At Wakefield on Saturday A.S. Ingram won the Quarter-mile Amateur Championship of England, beating two sterling provincial riders in Benyon and Longstaff.

Curiously it was only last week a cycling journalist was expressing his fear that Ingram had seen his best days, but the famous Poly. boy - who has now held the title four times in succession - won by a clear length from his doughty opponents.

At Guildford Sports on Saturday W. Solomon, an Essex rider, had a real day out. He scored first in both handicaps, and romped home with the Five Miles Local Championship, and won the Obstacle Race.

In addition to this collection he and H.W. Smith won the Two Miles Tandem Race Handicap; the latter also did well by gathering in a second and a third in the handicaps.

The lucky pair must have required a carrier, I imagine - eight prizes, two single bicycles, a tandem, and usual path-racing impedimenta would exasperate the best cabbie that ever was tipped

Not long ago Chauffeur Rice encountered a stranger near Castle Goring, who enquired for a turn in the road whereby he could reach Bognor in seven miles! He further staggered Rice by informing him he had passed Little-Hampton two miles back.

When our man had recovered his breath he, with considerable difficulty, convinced the wonder that his geography was at fault, and that he had not yet reached Littlehampton, whilst Bognor was a good fifteen miles ahead.

Many years ago I recollect sallying forth on my solid-tyred thunderbolt of those days, and after much labour I was expecting Arundel to burst on my delighted gaze, when a bend in the road showed me the Coach and Horses, not half-way there

I came back!

Next week's runs are: Excelsior C.C., Arundel; West Tarring, Shoreham.

DICK TURPIN.

CYCLING

Source – Worthing Gazette *.pdf files
at Worthing Local Studies Library.
Turpin - 5th August 1903 P2C4

<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>AUGUST Bank Holiday fetched the wheelmen—aye! and the wheelwomen—out in force. The main roads were more crowded than I have seen them at any other time this year. And the rain had produced fine surfaces, so that the puncture demon was very little in evidence.</p> <p>On Monday a little crowd of Excelsior "boys" ran over to the Littlehampton Sports, where Bert Paine and Chipper were riding, the former coming out of his shell, I suppose, owing to the lack of enthusiasm amongst the Club's new blood.</p> <p>Bert was somewhat stiff from recently having followed medal riders over a hundred miles, and had not trained either; so when he scored third to Burbridge, of Portsmouth, and Buck, of the Anerley, in the five hundred yards' scratch race, there were cheers from the Excelsiorites.</p> <p>Bert was given some pretty fair starts in the handicaps, and they proved fruitless to him, but not so the three miles' scratch race.</p> <p>He used fine judgment in this race, and easily kept a position where the flurry of the lap prize sprints did not bother him. Towards the finish Buck made a big effort, so did Paine, and they left the others in the rear whilst they made a grand fight to the tape, our man winning by about half a wheel.</p> <p>More and louder cheers from the Excelsiorites at the success of their Captain, who had surprised even himself.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">-----</p> <p>The one mile Championship of Sussex will</p>	<p>The one mile Championship of Sussex will have to be written down a farce for this season, I imagine. After being declared void through the time limit being overrun a few weeks ago, the Horsham Club made a second attempt to bring it off on Saturday.</p> <p>But in spite of the warning afforded by the previous occasion, the riders did not keep up the requisite pace, and both of the preliminary heats exceeded the allotted two minutes fifty seconds, so were declared void.</p> <p>I cannot think there is the necessity on a grass track for such scientific jockeying as to take so long a time. Anyhow, Bert Paine managed to make most of the pace, and then win in less, during the last two or three years.</p> <p>Those medals still tempt the long-distance Excelsiorites to betake themselves to the road and store up large quantities of that "tired feeling" whilst in search of glory.</p> <p>Durant and Young have both been at it lately, the former after twelve-hour honours and the latter out for the "century" ride.</p> <p>Durant got very near success, doing the long western journey to Fareham and back in four hours and thirty-two minutes; and then the grind to Woodhatch and back in a little over five hours, despite a bothersome wind, which hindered in every direction.</p> <p>This performance, though very good indeed for unpaced work, left him with bare time to ride the finishing stage to Southwater and back, though, had it not been for the breeze, he would have gone. As it was, he very wisely decided to choose another day.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">-----</p> <p>That he rode well is evidenced by the fact</p>	<p>That he rode well is evidenced by the fact that he covered the first hundred miles of his ride in six hours and twenty-five minutes.</p> <p>Young's ride was also a good one, though unsuccessful. He reached Woodhatch in two hours, and was back at Horsham—half distance—in three.</p> <p>Here his feeding arrangements went wrong, owing to some misunderstanding, and he began to lose time. But he pegged away, and was checked at Offington four hours and seventeen minutes from the start.</p> <p>As with Durant, this left him scarcely enough time for the tail end of his journey, and after a short taste of hilly road to Arundel and Westhamnett he too resolved upon postponement.</p> <p>There can be no doubt the present-day unpaced road ride is a most severe test of a man's riding powers; the milestones seem very far apart, and the hills frightfully stiff, after a hundred miles or so of hard grinding. Success, as a rule, is only won after several attempts.</p> <p>Needless to say, runs were "off" last Wednesday, though four intrepid Figleaves braved the fury of the elements and went to Washington; whilst the Sub-Captain, who is apt to be rash when the mud is plentiful, went to Ashington. He was rewarded with a little neuralgia and a lot of mud.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">-----</p> <p>Next week's runs are: Worthing Excelsior C.C., Bramber; Tarring C.C., Arundel.</p> <p style="text-align: right;">DICK TURPIN,</p>
--	--	---

CYCLING.

Dick Turpin's Weekly Gossip.

AUGUST Bank Holiday fetched the wheelmen - aye! and the wheelwomen - out in force. The main roads were more crowded than I have seen them at any other time this year. And the rain had produced fine surfaces, so that the puncture demon was very little in evidence.

On Monday a little crowd of Excelsior "boys" ran over to the Littlehampton Sports, where Bert Paine and Chipper were riding, the former coming out of his shell, I suppose, owing to the lack of enthusiasm amongst the Club's new blood.

Bert was somewhat stiff from recently having followed medal riders over a hundred miles, and had not trained either; so when he scored third to Burbridge, of Portsmouth, and Buck, of the Anerley, in the five hundred yards' scratch race, there were cheers from the Excelsiorites.

Bert was given some pretty fair starts in the handicaps, and they proved fruitless to him, but not so the three miles' scratch race.

He used fine judgment in this race, and easily kept a position where the flurry of the lap prize sprints did not bother him. Towards the finish Buck made a big effort, so did Paine, and they left the others in the rear whilst they made a grand fight to the tape, our man winning by about half a wheel.

More and louder cheers from the Excelsiorites at the success of their Captain, who had surprised even himself.

The one mile Championship of Sussex will have to be written down as a farce for this season, I imagine. After being declared void through The time limit being overrun a few weeks ago, the Horsham Club made a second attempt to bring it off on Saturday.

But in spite of the warning afforded by the previous occasion, the riders did not keep up the requisite pace, and both of the preliminary heats exceeded the allotted two minutes fifty seconds, so were declared void.

I cannot think there is the necessity on a grass track for such scientific jockeying as to take so long a time. Anyhow, Bert Paine managed to make most of the pace, and then win in less, during the last two or three years.

Those medals still tempt the long-distance Excelsiorites to betake themselves to the road and store up large quantities of that "tired feeling" whilst in search of glory.

Durant and Young have both been at it lately, the former after twelve-hour honours and the latter out for the "century" ride.

Durant got very near success, doing the long western journey to Fareham and back in four hours and thirty-two minutes; and then the grind to Woodhatch and back in a little over five hours, despite a bothersome wind, which hindered in every direction.

This performance, though very good indeed for unpaced work, left him with bare time to ride the finishing stage to Southwater and back, though, had it not been for the breeze, he would have gone. As it was, very wisely decided to choose another day.

That he rode well is evidenced by the fact that he covered the first hundred miles of his ride in six hours and twenty-five minutes.

Young's ride was also a good one, though unsuccessful. He reached Woodhatch in two hours, and was back at Horsham - half distance - in three.

Here his feeding arrangements went wrong, owing to some misunderstanding, and he began to lose time. But he pegged away, and was checked at Offington four hours and seventeen minutes from the start.

As with Durant, this left him scarcely enough time for the tail end of his journey, and after a short taste of hilly road to Arundel and Westhampnett he too resolved upon postponement.

There can be no doubt the present-day unpaced road ride is a most severe test of a man's riding powers; the milestones seem very far apart, and the hills frightfully stiff, after a hundred miles or so of hard grinding. Success, as a rule, is only won after several attempts.

Needless to say, runs were "off" last Wednesday, though four intrepid Figleaves braved the fury of the elements and went to Washington; whilst the Sub-Captain, who is apt to be rash when the mud is plentiful, went to Ashington. He was rewarded with a little neuralgia and a lot of mud.

Next week's runs are: Worthing Excelsior C.C., Bramber, Tarring C.C., Arundel.

DICK TURPIN.

CYCLING

Source – Worthing Gazette *.pdf files
at Worthing Local Studies Library.
Turpin - 12th August 1903 P2C3

<p style="text-align: center;">CYCLING.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Dick Turpin's Weekly Gossip.</p> <p>ONCE or twice a year I like to take an all-night ride of moderate length. It is a splendid antidote to the round of work and worry which we call Life, and as a nerve-soothing agent is hard to beat.</p> <p>Some few days ago a fellow Excelsiorite and I took a dose of this tonic by gently tooling up to Town in the darkness.</p> <p>'Twas dark too, there being no moon, so we had to "gang warily" to dodge belated foot-passengers; but the roads were good and the air was nice and fresh as we pedalled to Horsham in an hour and a half.</p> <p>We saw quite a number of glow-worms in places, and very pretty were the effects of the little clusters of phosphorescent lights by the roadside.</p> <p>At Crawley a triplet crew was awaiting friends on the road; a little further on we overtook the mail coach from Brighton, making good pace behind four fine horses.</p> <p>Through Redhill and on to Croydon we went, now meeting a continuous stream of lamps—a stream which had its source in London, and was trickling through Surrey and Sussex to the silver sea.</p> <p>As it flowed past us we could dimly discern</p>	<p>the forms of cyclists; we exchanged "Good-night's" and satisfactorily answered sundry anxious inquiries as to the condition of "the road further down."</p> <p>From Croydon to Norbury we had easy riding over new wood paving; then a tour over various surfaces through Suburbia; and soon we were bumping over the cobbles and on to London Bridge, which was quite deserted, and hardly seemed to be London Bridge.</p> <p>It was half-past three in the early Sunday morning, and the Bridge was resting a few hours before beginning a new week's work.</p> <p>By appointment we met a brother of the wheel, and set off to retrace our steps without delay, for there was a drizzling rain in the City.</p> <p>This developed into a heavy downpour ere we reached open country, so we had to shelter and endeavour to admire either a very sickly looking dawn or the shadowy outline of the Crystal Palace as seen by sleepy-eyed cyclists through a vista of rain.</p> <p>Neither fascinated us!</p> <p>Things were better when a night policeman happened along and regaled us with some beautiful efforts of his imagination. These mainly ran on his doings as a speed cyclist,</p>	<p>upon a machine weighing seventeen pounds, with which he used to finish second to "Broad, the one to ten miles Champion of England."</p> <p>He was not on his oath, and we did not cross-examine him, but all the same we wondered when his friend Broad won those Championships.</p> <p>The weather cleared up, we cleared off, and breakfasted near Croydon; after which we joined the stream which was still pouring South, leaving it again at Crawley to take the road through Horsham homewards, and finishing up our jaunt with two or three hours of morning in hand.</p> <p>Some fine sport should be witnessed on Wednesday next at the Excelsior Club's Annual Race Meeting. The programme is a really good one, comprising two open handicaps and a five miles' scratch race for cyclists; three running races open to outside athletes, and a selection of walking, running, and cycling events for Club men.</p> <p>Several cracks will compete; among others, C. B. Kingsbury, of Portsmouth, having entered already.</p> <p>About thirty members of the Tarring Club joined in the run on Wednesday last to Shoreham, where they were the guests of Mr. H. Head, who kindly placed his grounds at their disposal, and made the Figleaves welcome.</p> <p>During this week and next the thousand miles reliability trials for motor cycles will be in full swing, the motorists putting in a long ride almost daily. To-morrow and on Friday of next week they visit Worthing.</p> <p>Our man, E. Baruch Blaker, has entered, upon his spring-framed Bat, and enjoys the distinction of driving one of the three highest-priced bicycles in the trials. I hope to see him successful in the long and severe test.</p> <p style="text-align: right;">DICK TURPIN.</p>
---	---	---

CYCLING.

Dick Turpin's Weekly Gossip.

ONCE or twice a year I like to take an all-night ride of moderate length. It is a splendid antidote to the round of work and worry which we call Life, and as a nerve-soothing agent is hard to beat.

Some few days ago a fellow Excelsiorite and I took a dose of this tonic by gently tooling up to Town in the darkness.

'Twas dark too, there being no moon, so we had to "gang warily" to dodge belated foot-passengers; but the roads were good and the air was nice and fresh as we pedalled to Horsham in an hour and a half.

We saw quite a number of glow-worms in places, and very pretty were the effects of the little clusters of phosphorescent lights by the roadside.

At Crawley a triplet crew was awaiting
friends in the road; a little further on we
overtook the mail coach from Brighton,
making good pace behind four fine horses.

Through Redhill and on to Croydon we went,
now meeting a continuous stream of lamps – a
stream which had its source in London, and
was trickling through Surrey and Sussex to the
silver sea.

As it flowed past we could dimly discern
the forms of cyclists; we exchanged “Good-
night’s” and satisfactorily answered sundry
anxious inquiries as to the condition of “the
road further down.”

From Croydon to Norbury we had easy
riding over new wood paving; then a tour over
various surfaces through Suburbia; and soon
we were bumping over the cobbles and on to
London Bridge, which was quite deserted, and
hardly seemed to be London Bridge.

It was half-past three in the early Sunday
morning, and the Bridge was resting a few
hours before beginning a new week’s work.

By appointment we met a brother of the
wheel, and set off to retrace our steps without
today, for there was a drizzling rain in the City.

This developed into a heavy downpour ere
we reached open country, so we had to shelter
and endeavour to admire either a very sickly
looking dawn or the shadowy outline of the
Crystal Palace as seen by sleepy-eyed cyclists
through a vista of rain.

Neither fascinated us!

Things were better when a night policeman
happened along and regaled us with some
beautiful efforts of his imagination. These
mainly ran on his doings as a speed cyclist
upon a machine weighing seventeen pounds,
with which he used to finish second to “Broad,
the one to ten miles Champion of England.”

He was not on his oath, and we did not
cross-examine him, but all the same we won-
dered whether his friend Broad won those Cham-
pionships.

The weather cleared up, we cleared off, and
breakfasted near Croydon; after which we
joined the stream which was still pouring South,
leaving it again at Crawley to take the road
through Horsham homewards, and finishing up
our jaunt with two or three hours of morning
in hand.

Some fine sport should be witnessed on Wednesday next at the Excelsior Club's Annual Race Meeting. The programme is a really good one, comprising two open handicaps and a five miles' scratch race for cyclists; three running races open to outside athletes, and a selection of walking, running, and cycling events for Club men.

Several cranks will compete; among others, C. B. Kingsbury, of Portsmouth, having entered already.

About 30 members of the Tarring Club joined in the run on Wednesday last two Shoreham, where they were the guests of Mr. H. Head, who kindly placed his grounds at their disposal, and made the Figleaves welcome.

During this week and next the thousand miles reliability trials for motorcycles will be in full swing, the motorists putting in a long ride almost daily. To-morrow and on Friday of next week they visit Worthing.

Our man, E. Baruch Blaker, has entered, upon his spring-framed Bat, and enjoys the distinction of driving one of the three highest-priced bicycles in the trials. I hope to see him successful in the long and severe test.

DICK TURPIN.

CYCLING

Dick Turpin's Weekly Gossip

Source – Worthing Gazette *.pdf files

at Worthing Local Studies Library.

Turpin 19th August 1903 P2C4

<p style="text-align: center;">CYCLING.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Dick Turpin's Weekly Gossip.</p> <p>LAST week's portion of the motor cycle reliability runs proved real tests of both men and machines, owing to the heavy rains; but very few riders have dropped out so far. At Horsham on Thursday some of the rash ones were stopped by the Police, who had a special timing apparatus at work.</p> <p>Our local motorist, E. Baruch Blaker, had to introduce himself to the representatives of law, order, and legal limits.</p> <p>It is whispered that plans were also laid much nearer Worthing with the intention of making it a "fine" day for the scorching chauffeurs; but certain wicked wheelmen blew the plot.</p> <p>The motor cyclists addressed some remarks of a character more personal than flattering to the ambushed Police; forgetting, I suppose, that they could not choose their duties.</p> <p>After all, very few are stopped for less than twenty miles an hour, which ought to be sufficiently fast a pace for comfort and enjoyment!</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Last week W. G. Tree, of the Excelsior C.C.,</p>	<p>Last week W. G. Tree, of the Excelsior C.C., betook himself to the wheel, and combined a holiday with a geography lesson, dealing more particularly with the counties of Surrey, Oxford, and Berks.</p> <p>His first day landed him at Kingston-on-Thames, after which he visited Henley and Reading, putting in some considerable time at boating on the Thames.</p> <p>He next went to Oxford, and from the 'Varsity town made excursions about the surrounding country, finally winding up with a ride home of one hundred and two miles in the day.</p> <p>Roads were good, and the scenery up in that part is, of course, admirably picturesque, so the Excelsior Committee-man had a nice time.</p> <p>But he chose to come home through Hants, and the miniature mountains which adorn the route provided more solid, healthy exercise than was really desired at the end of a tour.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">"It's an ill wind that blows nobody good,"</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">"It's an ill wind that blows nobody good," says the proverb—which dates back before the era of road records. The advent of these only made the proverb more true.</p> <p>On Friday and Saturday J. E. Naylor, of the Bath Road Club, was extracting good from the sou'-wester then performing. He attacked the Land's End to London ride, and succeeded in covering the trying course in twenty-two hours seven minutes eight seconds, thus beating the record made last year by L. W. Martin, by the narrow margin of less than nine minutes.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Next Wednesday's runs are: Excelsior C.C., Fittleworth; West Tarring C.C., Bramber.</p> <p style="text-align: right;">DICK TURPIN.</p>
--	--	--

CYCLING.

Dick Turpin's Weekly Gossip.

LAST week's portion of the motor cycle reliability runs proved real test of both men and machines, owing to the heavy rains; but very few riders have dropped out so far. At Horsham on Thursday some of the rash ones were stopped by the Police, who had a special timing apparatus at work.

Our local motorist, E. Baruch Blaker, had to introduce himself to the representatives of the law, order, and legal limits.

It is whispered that plans were also laid much nearer Worthing with the intention of making it a quote fine "fine" day for the scorching chauffeurs; but certain wicked wheel men blew the plot.

The motor-cyclists addressed some remarks of a character more personal than flattering to the ambushed Police; forgetting, I suppose, that they could not choose their duties.

After all, very few are stopped for less than twenty miles an hour, which ought to be sufficiently fast a pace for comfort and enjoyment!

Last week W.G. Tree, of the Excelsior C.C., betook himself to the wheel, and combined a holiday with a geography lesson, dealing more particularly with the counties of Surrey, Oxford, and Berks.

His first day landed him Kingston-on-Thames, after which he visited Henley and Reading, putting in some considerable time at boating on the Thames.

He next went to Oxford, and from the 'Varsity town made excursions about the surrounding country, finally winding up with a ride home of one hundred and two miles in the day.

Roads were good, and the scenery up in that part is, of course, admirably picturesque, so the Excelsior Committee-man had a nice time.

But he chose to come home through Hants, and the miniature mountains which adorn the route provided more solid, healthy exercise than was really desired at the end of a tour.

"It's an ill wind that blows nobody good," says the proverb - which dates back before the era of road records. The advent of these only made the proverb more true.

On Friday and Saturday J. E. Naylor, of the Bath Road Club, was extracting good from the sou'wester then performing. He attacked the Land's End to London ride, and succeeded in covering the trying course in twenty-two hours seven minutes and eight seconds, thus beating the record made last year by L.W. Martin, by the narrow margin of less than nine minutes.

Next Wednesday's runs are: Excelsior C.C., Fittleworth; West Tarring C.C., Bramber.

DICK TURPIN.

CYCLING

Dick Turpin's Weekly Gossip

Source – Worthing Gazette *.pdf files
at Worthing Local Studies Library.
Turpin. 26th August 1903 P2C2-3

<p style="text-align: center;">CYCLING.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Dick Turpin's Weekly Gossip.</p> <p>WITH the Excelsior Club's proverbial good luck as regards weather, the sun shone upon their annual Race Meeting on Wednesday, and helped to tempt the public in paying numbers to a fixture which proved both a sporting and a financial success.</p> <p>Shrabb was, of course, the star of the day, and his brilliant running in the mile handicap was a treat to see.</p> <p>In the cycling events Kingsbury naturally stood out from the rest, but it must be remembered that few riders in England can equal him on a grass track.</p> <p>Considering his totally untrained condition, W. R. Paine rode very well and easily beat all but Kingsbury. Halse, too, showed good form, and would, I believe, have scored a first in the open mile but for his unfortunate spill.</p> <p>The Captain of the Excelsior Club cannot quite relinquish the race-path, and although he has allowed the County Championship to go, he has proved his ability to beat the new holders of the titles.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">On Thursday, at Preston Park, he got up</p>	<p>in the Brighton Club's annual five miles' scratch race for the Feldwicks Bowl, which he won last year.</p> <p>Five men started, Jack Phillips doing most of the pacing at a good speed, the others in close attendance.</p> <p>Towards the finish W. R. Paine made a dash and romped home an easy winner from G. N. Charman in 13min. 33secs. Ingenheimer, who is the five miles County Champion this year, could get no nearer than third!</p> <p>I should not be surprised to see Bert ride at Brighton to-morrow in the Varley thirty miles' race, though I expect he would be handicapped with the usual severity which may be noticed in Brighton Club events.</p> <p>Local road men still continue plugging away at the unpaced hundred-mile and twelve-hour rides.</p> <p>By way of ascertaining their form, T. A. Durant and W. Stephenson have recently been on the course. After fifty miles the former decided he was not going well enough, although he had only taken three hours and ten minutes for the distance; and he therefore toured along homewards.</p> <p>Stephenson reached Woodhatch five minutes under two hours, but punctured whilst there.</p>	<p>Stephenson reached Woodhatch five minutes under two hours, but punctured whilst there.</p> <p>In the process of repair the valve parts became lost, and after about fifteen minutes delay he borrowed the necessary fittings from his follower, F. Young, and got going again.</p> <p>Young, by-the-by, patiently effected a most ingenious substitute for the parts taken from his own valve by means of some string, and later on discovered he was carrying the missing valve parts about in his pocket! Whereat the "boys" laughed.</p> <p>Stephenson, owing to the delay, did not reach Offington Corner until four hours and ten minutes from the start, and therefore had only two hours and five minutes left for the westward journey.</p> <p>But he kept on, and reached Westhampnett in sixty-five minutes. Here Stephenson decided his luck was out, so he, too, had some food, and came home to wait for better fortune.</p>
<p>But he kept on, and reached Westhampnett in sixty-five minutes. Here Stephenson decided his luck was out, so he, too, had some food, and came home to wait for better fortune.</p> <p>A London man out on the same day punctured at Offington when over half-way through his "hundred," and had to "pitch it," as he had no suitable spare machine available.</p> <p>Writing of bad luck reminds me that an Excelsior quartette had quite a series of minor troubles last week.</p> <p>Tires were more bothersome than usual to begin with; one of the party ran over a dog; another got "lost" in sundry sprints; a brake-wire snapped at a critical moment; and finally they all got drenched through heavy rain.</p> <p>They had a nice time!</p> <p>The motor cycle reliability runs concluded on Saturday with a five miles' speed test on the Crystal Palace track, E. Baruch Blaker scoring third place amongst the twenty and odd riders.</p> <p>Throughout the fortnight Baruch's steed behaved splendidly and gave no trouble; even his tyres only suffered one puncture. He qualified for the first-class certificate, and came through the ordeal of a journey of one thousand and forty miles, under various trying conditions, with flying colours.</p>	<p>came through the ordeal of a journey of one thousand and forty miles, under various trying conditions, with flying colours.</p> <p>On two occasions he was stopped by the Police, though not travelling faster than sixteen miles an hour, and I understand Baruch has received from County J.P.'s a couple of invitations of a pressing nature to their official "At Homes."</p> <p>But still the motorist's path to glory is beset with legal thorns, and Blaker doesn't mind as long as he secured the much-coveted first-class certificate.</p> <p>Next week's runs are: Excelsior, Shoreham and Washington; Tarring O.C., Lyminster.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">DICK TURPIN.</p>	

CYCLING.

Dick Turpin's Weekly Gossip.

WITH the Excelsior Club's proverbial good luck as regards weather, the sun shone upon their annual Race Meeting on Wednesday, and helped to tempt the public in paying numbers to a fixture which proved both a sporting and a financial success.

Shrubb was, of course, the star of the day, and his brilliant running in the mile handicap was a treat to see.

In the cycling events Kingsbury naturally stood out from the rest, but it must be remembered that few riders in England can equal him on a grass track.

Considering his totally untrained condition, W. R. Paine rode very well and easily beat all but Kingsbury. Hales, too, showed good form, and would, I believe, have scored a first in the open mile but for his unfortunate spill.

The Captain of the Excelsior Club cannot quite relinquish the race-path, and although he has allowed the County Championship to go, he has proved his ability to beat the new holders of the titles.

On Thursday, at Preston Park, he got up in the Brighton Club's annual five miles' scratch race for the Feldwicke Bowl, which he won last year.

Five men started, Jack Phillips doing most of the pacing at a good speed, the others in close attendance.

Towards the finish W. R. Paine made a dash and romped home an easy winner from G. N. Charman in 13min. 33secs. Ingenheimer, who is the five miles County Champion this year, could get no nearer than third!

I should not be surprised to see Bert ride at Brighton tomorrow in the Varley thirty miles' race, though I expect he would be handicapped with the usual severity which may be noticed in Brighton Club events.

Local road men still continue plugging away at the unpaced hundred-mile and twelve-hour rides.

By way of ascertaining their form, T. A. Durant and W. Stephenson have recently been on the course. After fifty miles the former decided he was not going well enough, although he had only taken three hours and ten minutes for the distance; and he therefore toured along homewards.

Stephenson reached Woodhatch five minutes under two hours, but punctured whilst there.

In the process of repair the valve parts became lost, and after about fifteen minutes delay he borrowed the necessary fitments from his follower, F. Young, and got going again.

Young, by-the-bye, patiently effected a most

ingenious substitute for the parts taken from his own valve by means of some string, and later on discovered he was carrying the missing valve parts about in his pocket! Whereat the “boys” laughed.

Stephenson, owing to the delay, did not reach Offington Corner until four hours and ten minutes from the start, and therefore had only two hours and five minutes left for the westward journey.

But he kept on, and reached Westhampnett in sixty-five minutes. Here Stephenson decided his luck was out, so he, too, had some food, and came home to wait for better fortune.

A London man out on the same day punctured at Offington when over half-way through his “hundred” and had to “pitch it” as he had no suitable spare machine available.

Writing of bad luck reminds me that an Excelsior quartetteⁱ had quite a series of minor troubles last week.

Tiresⁱⁱ were more bothersome than usual to begin with; one of the party ran over a dog; another got “lost” in sundry sprints; a brake-wire snapped at a critical moment; and finally they all got drenched through heavy rain.

They had a nice time!

The motor cycle reliability runs concluded on Saturday with a five miles’ speed test on the Crystal Palace track, E. Baruch Blaker scoring third place amongst the twenty and odd riders.

Throughout the fortnight Baruch’s steed behaved splendidly and gave no trouble; even his tyres only suffered one puncture. He qualified for the first-class certificate, and came through the ordeal of a journey of one thousand and forty miles, under various trying conditions, with flying colours.

On two occasions he was stopped by the Police, though not travelling faster than sixteen miles an hour, and I understand Baruch has received from the County J.P.’s a couple of invitations of a pressing nature to their official “At Homes.”

But still the motorist’s path to glory is bestrewn with legal thorns, and Blaker doesn’t mind as long as he secured the much-coveted first-class certificate.

Next week’s runs are: Excelsior, Shoreham and Washington; Tarring C.C., Lyminster.

DICK TURPIN.

ⁱ Richard routinely uses the feminine spelling.

ⁱⁱ Yes - as written!

CYCLING.

Dick Turpin's Weekly Gossip

Source – Worthing Gazette *.pdf files

at Worthing Local Studies Library.

Turpin. 2nd September, 1903 P2C6

CYCLING.

Dick Turpin's Weekly Gossip.

A SEVERE attack of road-medal mania is still raging in the ranks of the Excelsior Club, F. Young and C. Willmer being the most recent victims. Both set off just after six o'clock the other morning, Young going to Westhampnett first, whilst Willmer started on the Northern journey.

Young travelled well, and reeled off the troublesome thirty-four miles inside two hours. He then set off to Woodhatch, where he checked in another two hours.

He still maintained a good speed on the homeward run as far as Horsham, but a troublesome wind had got up, and made it precious hard work.

However, he plugged away manfully, and was timed in at Broadwater six hours and forty-two minutes from the start, having qualified for a hard-won gold-centre medal under conditions which make his ride one to be proud of.

Meantime Willmer, who is new to the speed ranks, and intended his attempt as a trial trip, had been riding strongly. He covered the sixty-seven miles to Woodhatch and back in four hours and a half.

But, like Young, he found the wind a very great hindrance, and he lost time on the exposed road through Arundel to Westhampnett. Besides, the fact that he was not trained told on him; and he eventually decided upon postponement.

Half-a-dozen members of the Excelsior Club

Half-a-dozen members of the Excelsior Club joined in the afternoon run to Fittleworth last Wednesday, and had a jolly time of it in the charming village.

True, the weather might have been more genial for August, but the cyclists nevertheless spent some time in boating on the river; they also caused the disappearance of a substantial tea, and enjoyed themselves generally.

E. Baruch Blaker visited Horsham last week to square accounts with the representatives of law and order for having over-run the legal limit on his motor-bike.

Baruch informed the Court he was one of the oldest motor-cyclists in the South, and that he had never been "hailed up" before. This he attributed to his moderate speed.

I daresay the Court attributed it to his luck!

Presumably he convinced the Magistrates he was not very wicked, as they fixed his ransom at thirty-two shillings—which is low, as motor fines run.

Stephenson, of the Excelsior Club, had an exciting time last week, near Aldershot and Frimley.

A full-blown field day was in progress, and the Excelsiorite could hear, in the distance, a

whole orchestra of artillery, ranging from a giant long Tom to the fussy, rattling Maxim.

A flying squadron of cavalry tore past, and nearly brushed him into a stream which ran alongside the road. Soon after, he saw a body of mounted infantry coming the same way. He promptly decamped!

Later on he had resumed his ride, when a terrific fusillade of rifle fire blazed out unexpectedly all up and down the road, and nearly startled him off his machine.

A strong force of the blank-cartridge belligerents was lying in ambush in the ditch; in fact, they were everywhere, and Billy was quite glad to get back into peaceful country again.

The "battle-field" was as noisy as a boiler factory!

Not content with offering medals to members who cycle one hundred miles in six hours and a-half, and to members who run ten miles in an hour, the Excelsior Club are now putting up gold-centre medals for pedestrian members who walk seven miles in an hour, and plain silver medals for those who can complete the same distance in sixty-two minutes.

The heel-and-toe men are good sports, and the competitions should be very interesting. But the standards set up are somewhat severe.

Next week's runs are: Worthing Excelsior, Washington; West Tarring C.C., Bramber.

DICK TURPIN.

CYCLING.

Dick Turpin's Weekly Gossip.

A SEVERE attack of road-medal mania is still raging in the ranks of the Excelsior Club, F. Young and C. Willmer being the most recent victims. Both set off just after six o'clock the other morning, Young going to Westhampnett first, whilst Willmer started on the Northern journey.

Young travelled well, and reeled off the troublesome thirty-four miles inside two hours. He then set off to Woodhatch, where he checked in another two hours.

He still maintained a good speed on the homeward run as far as Horsham, but a troublesome wind had got up, and made it precious hard work.

However, he plugged away mentally, and was timed in at Broadwater six hours and forty-two minutes from the start, having qualified for a hard-won gold-centre medal under conditions which make his ride one to be proud of.

Meantime Willmer, who is new to the speed ranks, and intended his attempt as a trial trip, had been riding strongly. He covered the sixty-seven miles to Woodhatch and back in four hours and a half.

But, like Young, he found the wind a very great hindrance, and he lost time on the exposed road through Arundel to Westhampnett. Besides, the fact that he was not trained told on him; and he eventually decided upon postponement.

Half-a-dozen members of the Excelsior Club joined in the afternoon run to Fittleworth last Wednesday, and had a jolly time of it in the charming village.

True, the weather might have been more genial for August, but the cyclists nevertheless spend some time boating on the river; they also caused the disappearance of a substantial tea, and enjoyed themselves generally.

E. Baruch Blaker visited Horsham last week to square accounts with the representatives of Law and Order for having over-run the legal limit on his motor-bike.

Baruch informed the Court he was one of the oldest motor-cyclists in the South, and that he had never been "hailed up" before. This he attributed to his moderate speed.

I daresay the Court attributed it to his luck!

Presumably he convinced the Magistrates he was not very wicked, as they fixed his ransom at thirty-two shillings - which is low, as motor fines run.

Stephenson, of the Excelsior Club, had an exciting time last week, near Aldershot and Frimley.

A full-blown field day was in progress, and the Excelsiorite could hear, in the distance, a whole orchestra of artillery, ranging from a giant long Tom to the fussy, rattling Maxim.

A flying squadron of cavalry tore past, and nearly brushed him into a stream which ran alongside the road. Soon after, he saw a body of mounted infantry coming the same way. He promptly decamped!

Later on he had resumed his ride, when a terrific fusillade of rifle fire blazed out unexpectedly all up and down the road, and nearly startled him off his machine.

A strong force of the blank-cartridge belligerents was lying in ambush in the ditch; in fact, they were everywhere, and Billy was quite glad to get back into peaceful country again.

The "battle-field" was as noisy as a boiler factory!

Not content with offering medals to members who cycle one hundred miles in six hours and a-half, and to members who run ten miles in an hour, the Excelsior Club are now putting up gold-centre medals for pedestrian members who walk seven miles in an hour, and plain silver medals for those who can complete the same distance in sixty-two minutes.

The heel-and-toe men are good sports, and the competitions should be very interesting. But the standards set up are somewhat severe.

Next week's runs are: Worthing Excelsior, Washington; West Tarring C.C., Bramber.

DICK TURPIN.

CYCLING

Dick Turpin's Weekly Gossip

Source - Worthing Gazette *.pdf files
at Worthing Local Studies Library.
Turpin. 9th September, 1903 P2C4

CYCLING.

Dick Turpin's Weekly Gossip.

THREE attempts have been made this week upon the Excelsior Club's road-medal rides, only one of which, however, proved successful. This was by F. Medhurst, who has always been recognised as a hard-riding cyclist, but was scarcely expected to win a gold medal in his first bout with Father Time.

He covered the first thirty-three miles—to Westhampnett and back—in two hours and a minute, and was at Woodhatch, sixty-seven miles, in four hours and ten minutes.

On the ride back from Woodhatch he lost time through a puncture near Horsham, and was also hindered, considerably by rain and wet roads.

But he slogged away desperately, and checked in at Broadwater just in time to beat the six hours and a half by a few seconds, thus securing the first of the Club's gold medals to be won this season.

The other attempts were made by S. Hales and T. A. Durant on the hundred miles, and twelve hours' rides respectively.

Hales covered the first thirty-three miles in two hours exactly, but threw up the job just before half-distance, owing to the rain, which made the day a bad one for speed rides.

Durant, out for twelve hours, was even more handicapped by the unwished-for rain.

He rode to Fareham and back in a style which his follower, Bert Paine, considered the best he had ever shown, but had to abandon the ride at Washington, as the rain and mud made the attempt appear hopeless.

So wet were three Clubmates who were

following him that they were obliged to raid Host Charman's stable, whence they re-appeared each with his knickers finely upholstered with a stuffing of straw.

It certainly kept wet clothes away, but the scrubby straw was strongly suggestive of a vigorous trainer's flesh brush! Or a swarm of mosquitoes!

E. Baruch Blaker crossed to Guernsey last week to compete in the motor cycle race at the Guernsey Club's Sports. But the rain had worked havoc with the track, which was in a bad way.

At the turns a quantity of mud had accumulated at the bottom of the banking, and men were scraping it away wholesale!

Baruch rode in his heat and won it, but would not again tempt Fate, so let the final go by default.

In the cycling events C. B. Kingsbury, who rode with such dash at the Worthing Meeting, won the Guernsey Cup—a magnificent silver prize valued at £50—for the third successive time, thereby making it his own.

W. R. Paine competed at Preston Park last Thursday in the Brighton Cyclists' Club's annual thirty-mile handicap for the Varley Challenge Trophy.

E. Brown provided Bert with motor pacing, but could not get his machine into a docile frame of mind in the earlier stages of the race.

This reduced Bert's chance of overtaking

the three other competitors, who all received starts from him.

After a bit Brown's steed went ahead all right, and Bert had the satisfaction of riding the thirty miles in the fastest time, although he only finished third.

The race went to J. Phillips, who had a start of 5min. 20sec.; G. N. Charman being second, with 2min. 40sec.

Paine's time for the thirty miles comes out at one hour and seven minutes, which certainly shows Bert is not dead yet.

The Automobile Club have presented E. B. Blaker with a speed indicator. I presume it is for his use when in the Horsham Police Division!

The final instalment of Championships for the year were run off at the Crystal Palace on Saturday, and provided some fine racing.

A. L. Reed, the lengthy Londoner, has failed to justify the hopeful forecasts made by the prophets at the beginning of the season, and A. S. Ingram regained the One Mile London Championship, which Reed won from him in '98 and retained for three years.

Ingram and Janson also got back the Two Miles Tandem Championship from Reed and Buck.

In the Fifty Miles Championship of England W. J. Pett, of the Southern C.C., administered an unexpected defeat to A. E. Wills, F. Burgess, Olley, and Meredith, the latter retiring through machine troubles. Time, 1 hour 47 min. 23 sec.

Next week's runs are: Worthing Excelsior, Steyning; West Tarring C.C., Littlehampton.

DICK TURPIN.

CYCLING.

Dick Turpin's Weekly Gossip.

THREE attempts have been made this week upon the Excelsior Club's road-medal rides, only one of which, however, proved successful. This was by F. Medhurst, who has always been recognised as a hard-riding cyclist, but was scarcely expected to win a gold medal in his first bout with Father Time.

He covered the first thirty-three miles - to Westhampnett and back - in two hours and a minute, and was at Woodhatch, sixty-seven miles, in four hours and ten minutes.

On the ride back from Woodhatch he lost time through a puncture near Horsham, and was also hindered considerably by rain and wet roads.

But he slogged away desperately, and checked in at Broadwater just in time to beat the six

hours and a half by a few seconds, thus securing the first of the Club's gold medals to be won this season.

The other attempts were made by S. Hales and T. A. Durant on the hundred miles, and twelve hours' rides respectively.

Hales covered the first thirty-three miles in two hours exactly, but threw up the job just before half-distance, owing to the rain, which made the day a bad one for speed rides.

Durant, out for twelve hours, was even more handicapped by the unwished-for rain.

He rode to Fareham and back in a style which his follower, Bert Paine, considered the best he had ever shown, but had to abandon the ride at Washington, as the rain and mud made the attempt appear hopeless.

So wet were three Clubmates who were following him that they were obliged to raid Host Charman's¹ stable, whence they re-appeared each with his knickers finely upholstered with a stuffing of straw.

It certainly kept wet clothes away, but the scrubby straw was strongly suggestive of a vigorous trainer's flesh brush! Or a swarm of mosquitoes!

E. Baruch Blaker crossed to Guernsey last week to compete in the motorcycle race at the Guernsey Club's Sports. But the rain had worked havoc with the track, which was in a bad way.

At the turns a quantity of mud had accumulated at the bottom of the banking, and men were scraping it away wholesale!

Baruch rode in his heat and won it, but would not again attempt Fate, so let the final go by default.

In the cycling events C. B. Kingsbury, who rode with such dash at the Worthing Meeting, won the Guernsey Cup - a magnificent silver prize valued at £50 - for the third successive time, thereby making it his own

W. R. Paine competed at Preston Park last Thursday in the Brighton Cyclists' Club's Annual thirty-mile handicap for the Varley Challenge Trophy.

E. Brown provided Bert with motor pacing, but could not get his machine into a docile frame of mind in the earlier stages of the race.

This reduced Bert's chance of overtaking

the three other competitors, who all received starts from him.

After a bit Brown's steed went ahead all right, and Bert had the satisfaction of riding the thirty miles in the fastest time, although he only finished third.

Paine's time for the thirty miles comes out at one hour and seven minutes, which certainly shows Bert is not dead yet.

The Automobile Club have presented E. B. Blaker with a speed indicator. I presume it is for his use when in the Horsham Police Division!

The final instalment of Championships for the year were run off at the Crystal Palace on Saturday, and provided some fine racing.

A. L. Reed, the lengthy Londoner, has failed to justify the hopeful forecasts made by the prophets at the beginning of the season, and A. S. Ingram regained the One Mile London Championship, which Reed won from him in '98 and retained for three years.

Ingram and Janson also got back the Two Miles Tandem Championship from Reid and Buck.

In the Fifty Miles Championship of England W. J. Pett, of the Southern C.C., administered an unexpected defeat to A. E. Wills, F. Burgess, Olley, and Meredith, the latter retiring through machine troubles. Time, 1 hour 47 min 23 sec.

Next week's runs are: Worthing Excelsior, Steyning; West Tarring C.C., Littlehampton.

DICK TURPIN.

ⁱ Host of the Franklands Arms, of course!

CYCLING

Dick Turpin's Weekly Gossip

Source – Worthing Gazette *.pdf files
at Worthing Local Studies Library.
16th September, 1903 P2C6

CYCLING.

Dick Turpin's Weekly Gossip.

SANDWICHED between furious gales and heavy rains we get an occasional fine day, and it is then a real treat to get out into the country, which is delightfully clean and sweet; so is the air, whilst the roads are not bad.

The medal-hunters are still taking their prowls about the country in search of honour and the much-coveted Club jewellery.

F. F. Medhurst, who won a gold medal on the century course last week, did a good ride in twelve hours the other day.

Leaving the Railway Bridge at 6.21 a.m., he first rode through Chichester to Fareham and back, taking nearly five hours on this journey—a long time, which was partially due to a puncture and wet roads.

A brief halt at Offington Corner, and he plugged away against a breeze up through Horsham and Crawley to Woodhatch.

Up to this point Medhurst had not been able to get much pace up, and the first one hundred miles had taken him well over seven hours—and hard work it was, too!

But he put on speed after this, and returned from Woodhatch to Offington Corner in two and a quarter hours, and then set out on the third section of the journey—to Ashington and back—which occupied him seventy-two minutes.

All of the latter portion of the ride Medhurst travelled in good style, and he finished up quite strongly at Broadwater, having won a gold-centre medal for his ride of one hundred and fifty-five miles in the twelve hours.

In fact, he had forty-four minutes to spare,

Cycling in the dark is fraught with something of risk, as I have proved, in practice, to my own satisfaction more than once. I "cannoned" a man and a high bank, both in a twenty-mile ride one pitch dark night when my lamp failed to penetrate the gloom.

I remember, too, that the gloom thickened when the prostrate pedestrian recovered his powers of speech.

E. Medlock, of the Excelsior C.C., had quite an adventure near Kingston-on-Thames a week or so back, when motor-cycling in the darkness, he being on a journey from Worthing to Harrow.

Mistaking the directions given him by a policeman, he took a turning which rapidly brought him into a green lane.

Before he noticed where he was, he felt his machine plunge into something soft, and rapidly sink till the wheels were almost submerged.

He scrambled about, and found himself and his motor-bike stuck fast in an expanse of mud, which he afterwards found formed part of the bank of the Thames!

A couple of passers-by and the policeman were attracted to the spot, and after no small difficulty Medlock and the motor were extricated from the mud, and soon after resumed their journey to Harrow.

He did not clean the mud off the motor that night!

A couple of Worthing wheelmen, F. G. Bleach and F. Farley, spent a few interesting days in a brief tour last week, visiting Southampton, Bournemouth, Winchester, Southsea, etc., and having a nice time generally.

At the present time T. A. Durant and F. Young are both away holidaying per cycle. I hope fine weather will be the portion of both; the enjoyment of a cycling tour is in proportion to the sunshine beamed down upon it.

Next week's runs are: Worthing Excelsior, Littlehampton; West Tarring O.C., Shoreham.

DICK TURPIN.

In fact, he had forty-four minutes to spare, which strongly suggests that Medhurst could qualify for a gold medal by riding the necessary one hundred and seventy-one miles in once round the clock, especially as on this occasion he was but poorly looked after, only being followed for about fifty miles.

W. Finch was also medal-hunting on the same day, the hundred miles ride being his choice.

It was his first attempt, and, like Medhurst, he was handicapped in not having any followers for most of the way. But he slogged away cheerfully, and did the thirty-three miles on the Chichester-road in a few minutes over two hours.

The next bit, to Woodhatch, went pretty well, though the wind was a great hindrance, and caused him to lose so much time that he resolved to abandon the ride.

But ten minutes later he decided to resume, and soon he was bowling along through Crawley and Horsham, meeting some fellow "Excelsiors" at Dial Post.

He was now travelling well, and making up for the time lost earlier in the ride; but he missed his time for the gold-centre medal by the narrow margin of three minutes, his time for the hundred miles being six hours forty-eight minutes, which antitheses him to a well-earned silver medal.

Now that a man has to do a really good ride in order to win even a silver medal, it is interesting to note that the inferior medals are more highly prized and more striven after than was the case three or four years ago, when they were offered for very ordinary rides, and no one troubled to qualify for them.

Cycling in the dark is fraught with some-

CYCLING.

Dick Turpin's Weekly Gossip.

SANDWICHED between furious gales and heavy rains we get an occasional fine day, and it is then a real treat to get out into the country, which is delightfully clean and sweet; so is the air, whilst the roads are not bad.

The medal-hunters are still taking their browse about the country in search of honour and the much-coveted Club jewellery.

F. F. Medhurst, who won a gold medal on the century course last week, did a good ride in twelve hours the other day

Leaving the Railway Bridge 6.21 a.m., he

first road through Chichester to Fareham and back, taking nearly five hours on this journey - a long time, which was partially due to a puncture and wet roads.

A brief halt at Offington Corner, and he plugged away against a breeze up through Horsham and Crawley to Woodhatch.

Up to this point Medhurst had not been able to get much pace up, and the first one hundred miles had taken him well over seven hours - and hard work it was, too!

But he put on speed after this, and returned from Woodhatch to Offington Corner in two and a quarter hours, and then set out on the third section of the journey - to Ashington and back - which occupied him seventy-two minutes.

All of the latter portion of the ride Medhurst travelled in good style, and he finished up quite strongly at Broadwater, having won a gold-centre medal for his ride of one hundred and fifty-one miles in the twelve hours.

In fact, he had forty-four minutes to spare, which strongly suggests that Medhurst could qualify for a gold medal by riding the necessary one hundred and seventy-one miles in once round the clock, especially as on this occasion he was but poorly looked after, only being followed for about fifty miles.

W. Finch was also medal-hunting on the same day, the hundred miles ride being his choice.

It was his first attempt, and, like Medhurst, he was handicapped in not having any followers for most of the way. But he slogged away cheerfully, and did the thirty-three miles on the Chichester-road in a few minutes over two hours.

The next bit, to Woodhatch, went pretty well, though the wind was a great hindrance, and caused him to lose so much time that he resolved to abandon the ride.

But ten minutes later he decided to resume, and soon he was bowling along through Crawley and Horsham, meeting some fellow "Excelsiors" at Dial Post.

He was now travelling well, and making up for the time lost earlier in the ride; but he missed his time for the gold-centre medal by the narrow margin of three minutes, his time for the hundred miles being six hours forty-eight minutes, which entitles him to a well-earned silver medal.

Now that a man has to do a really good ride in order to win even a silver medal, it is interesting to note that the inferior medals are more highly prized and more striven after than was the case in three or four years ago, when they were offered for very ordinary rides, and no one troubled to qualify for them.

Cycling in the dark is fraught with some-think of a risk, as I have proved, in practice, to my own satisfaction more than once. I "cannoned" a man and a high bank, both in a twenty mile ride one pitch dark night when my lamp failed to penetrate the gloom.

I remember, too, that the gloom thickened when the prostrate pedestrian recovered his powers of speech.

E. Medlock, of the Excelsior C.C., had quite an adventure near Kingston-on-Thames a week or so back, when motor-cycling in the darkness, he being on a journey from Worthing to Harrow.

Mistaking the directions given him by a policeman, he took a turning which rapidly brought him into a green lane.

Before he noticed where he was, he felt his machine plunge into something soft, and rapidly sink till the wheels were almost submerged.

He scrambled about, and found himself and his motor-bike stuck fast in an expanse of mud, which he afterwards found formed part of the bank of the Thames!

A couple of passers-by and the policeman were attracted to the spot, and after no small difficulty Medlock and the motor were extricated from the mud, and soon after resumed their journey to Harrow.

He did not clean the mud off the motor that night!

A couple of Worthing wheelmen, F.G. Bleach and F. Farley, spent a few interesting days in a brief tour last week, visiting Southampton, Bournemouth, Winchester, Southsea, etc., and having a nice time generally.

At the present time T.A. Durant and F. Young are both away holidaying per cycle. I hope fine weather will be the portion of both; the enjoyment of a cycling tour is in proportion to the sunshine beamed down upon it.

Next week's runs are: Worthing Excelsior,

Littlehampton; West Tarring C.C., Shoreham.

DICK TURPIN.

Source – Worthing Gazette *.pdf files
Local Studies Library.
CYCLING
Dick Turpin's Weekly Gossip
Worthing Gazette, 23rd September, 1903

No Turpin Weekly Gossip found for this date – “Wheeling World” by “A Wheelman” appears in its stead.

The Wheelman written style is similar to that of Richard Long, as for example the reference to Boreas.

THE CYCLING WORLD

Local Notes and Comments.

[By "A Wheelman".]

Source - Worthing Gazette *.pdf files

at Worthing Local Studies Library.

23rd September, 1903 P2C6

Researcher's Note: this piece lacks Richard Long's "Dick Turpin" by-line, but the style suggests that he is the author. JDG.

THE CYCLING WORLD.

Local Notes and Comments.

[BY A WHEELMAN.]

AN unfortunate mishap occurred to H. R. Hales, of the Excelsior C.C., last week, whilst cycling back from Henley, where he had been spending a few days in holiday.

He was nearly at the end of a nice spin home, when, on turning Poultry Corner, he collided with a motor car travelling to Worthing by the Littlehampton road.

Hales struck the side of the car with considerable force, but fortunately fell clear of the vehicle and escaped personal injuries. His machine, however, was literally wrecked, as the car passed over it and ruined the front wheel and forks, beside considerably damaging the frame.

The occupants of the car pulled up and took the wheelman and his damaged machine on board, and conveyed both into Worthing.

The plans of the long-distance road-riders have of late been somewhat upset by the troublesome winds which have been experienced, and which tend to considerably reduce the chances of success of the would-be medallist or record holder.

W. Finch set out recently to attempt the twelve hours' ride of the Excelsior Club, and succeeded in riding to Woodhatch and back, sixty-seven miles, inside four and a quarter hours.

But he found Boreas in too vigorous a

humour, and wisely decided against continuing his ride with a breeze which promised to make his task impossible.

G. A. Olley, the famous member of the Vegetarian C.C., was out for the twelve hours' record on the same day, Henson and Peto, of Tarring, rendering him valuable assistance; but he, too, had to forego the attempt, after three punctures and much buffeting by the far from gentle breezes.

On the other hand J. Dudley Daymond, of the Raleigh C.C., who was attempting on the same day as Olley to beat the same record, was successful in riding one hundred and ninety-eight miles in the twelve hours thereby adding five miles to the previous best.

The rider was considerably hindered by the wind—a fact which makes the performance even more meritorious. It is interesting to note that he rode the first ninety-two and a half miles, from Merstham through Crawley, Horsham, and Offington, to Fareham, at a speed of over nineteen miles an hour. The final seven miles, at the end of the day, were reeled off in twenty-one minutes.

THE CYCLING WORLD.

Local Notes and Comments.

[By A Wheelman.]

AN unfortunate mishap occurred to H.R. Hales of the Excelsior C.C., last week, whilst cycling back from Henley, where he

had been spending a few days on holiday.

He was nearly at the end of a nice spin home, when, on turning Poultry Corner, he collided with a motorcar travelling to Worthing by the Littlehampton road.

Hales struck the side of the car, with considerable force, but fortunately fell clear of the vehicle and escaped personal injuries. His machine, however, was literally wrecked, as the car passed over it and ruined the front wheel and forks, beside considerably damaging the frame.

The occupants of the car pulled up and took the wheelman and his damaged machine on board, and conveyed both into Worthing.

The plans of the long-distance road-riders have of late been somewhat upset by the troublesome winds which have been experienced, and which tend to considerably reduce the chances of success of the would-be medallist or record holder.

W. Finch set out recently to attempt the twelve hours' ride of the Excelsior Club, and succeeded in riding to Woodhatch and back, sixty-seven miles, inside four and a quarter hours.

But he found Boreas into vigorous a humour, and wisely decided against continuing his ride with a breeze which promised to make his task impossible.

G. A. Olley, the famous member of the Vegetarian C.C., was out for the twelve hours' record on the same day, Henson and Peto, of Tarring, rendering him valuable assistance, but he, too, had to forego the attempt, after three punctures and much buffeting by the far from gentle breezes.

On the other hand J. Dudley Daymond, of the Raleigh C.C., who was attempting on the same day as Olley to beat the same record, was successful in riding one hundred and ninety-eight miles in the twelve hours thereby adding five miles to the previous best.

The rider was considerably hindered by the wind - a fact which makes the performance even more meritorious. It is interesting to note that he rode the first ninety-two and a half miles, from Merstham through Crawley, Horsham, and Offington, to Fareham at a speed of over nineteen miles an hour. The final seven miles, at the end of the day, were reeled off in twenty-one minutes.

=====

CYCLING.

Dick Turpin's Weekly Gossip

Source – Worthing Gazette *.pdf files

at Local Studies Library.

30th September, 1903 P2C5

CYCLING.

Dick Turpin's Weekly Gossip.

EXCELSIORITES believe in getting far afield when on the wheel. Last week T. A. Durant returned from a tour in Wales, which had commenced with a day's ride of one hundred and thirty miles to Stratford-on-Avon, after which he visited Rhayader, Llandrinford, and Builth, and also explored the beautiful Wye Valley.

He then cycled on to Hereford, Monmouth, and Tintern; went through the Severn Tunnel, and gradually worked homewards by Gloucester, Wantage, Reading, and Guildford.

The Irrepressible was fortunate in the matter of weather, and reached home fit as a fiddle after his ride of six hundred and fifteen miles.

At the same time Fred Young was away scouring the country 'twixt Worthing and Coventry, and having a good time generally.

The long wanderer went to Salisbury, Marlborough, Warwick, and other towns of interest in his ride of four hundred and fifteen miles, but seems to have been mostly impressed by half a day spent at the birthplace of his trusty Rover, whilst he was at Coventry.

E. Barnuch Blaker has also been piling up the distance, having travelled nearly four hundred miles upon his motor-bicycle in three days last week.

Barnuch was acting as an official in connection with the motor car trials, and was flitting about Sussex and Surrey in fine style, making himself very useful to his fellow motorists aboard the bigger vehicles.

Some day Barnuch may perhaps evolve a

companion work to General Baden-Powell's book on scouting. He is an adept, I understand, at discovering ambushes.

H. W. Hales, another motor-cycling member of the Excelsior Club, has also put in a very good ride.

With his better half in a trailer, he motored over the hilly road to Tunbridge Wells one afternoon; next day he continued as far as Maidstone, and on the following day he journeyed home again, making a total of one hundred and twenty miles.

Good work with a trailer!

The other day T. A. Durant, on medal ride intent, found the official starter had not risen from his slumbers.

He promptly used the bell, and rang out the yawning one.

Alas! ere many hours he, too, wanted to be wrung out, for a drenching rain had happened along and soaked him through.

He was moving well, and covered fifty miles inside three hours, despite having to ride more than half the distance in the rain, and a delay of nine minutes to shelter from the very worst of it.

But the weather put medals out of the question.

At the same time C. Willmer, also out for

the hundred, was more or less snugly esconced beneath a waggon in an open field, from which point of vantage he surveyed the sloppy scene, and reflected upon the benefits of rain from an agricultural point of view.

DICK TURPIN.

CYCLING.

Dick Turpin's Weekly Gossip.

EXCELSIORITES believe in getting far afield when on the wheel. Last week T. A. Durant returned from a tour in Wales, which had commenced with the day's ride of one hundred and thirty miles to Stratford-on-Avon, which after he visited Rhayader, Llandrinford and Builth, and also explored the beautiful Wye valley.

He then cycled on to Hereford, Monmouth, and Tintern; went through the Severn Tunnel, and gradually worked homewards by Gloucester, Wantage, Reading, and Guildford.

The Irrepressible was fortunate in the matter of weather, and reached home fit as a fiddle after his ride of six hundred and fifteen miles.

At the same time Fred Young was away scouring the country 'twixt Worthing and Coventry, and having a good time generally.

The long wanderer went to Salisbury, Marlborough, Warwick, and other towns of interest in his ride of four hundred and fifteen miles, but seems to have been mostly impressed by half a day spent at the birthplace of his trusty Rover, whilst he was at Coventry.

E. Baruch Blaker has also been piling up the distance, having travelled nearly four hundred miles upon his motor-bicycle in three days last week.

Baruch was acting as an official in connection with the motor car trials, and was flitting about Sussex and Surrey in fine style, making himself very useful to his fellow motorists aboard the bigger vehicles.

Some day Baruch may perhaps evolve a companion work to General Baden-Powell's book on scouting. He is an adept, I understand, at discovering ambuscades.

H. W. Hales, another motor-cycling member of the Excelsior Club, has also put in a very good ride.

With his better half in a trailer, he motored over the hilly road to Tunbridge Wells one afternoon; next day he continued as far as Maidstone, and on the following day he journeyed home again, making a total of one hundred and twenty miles.

Good work with a trailer!

The other day T. A. Durantⁱ, on medal ride intent, found the official starter had not risen from his slumbers.

He promptly used the bell, and rang out the yawning one.

Alas! ere many hours he, too, wanted to be wrung out, for a drenching rain had happened along and soaked him through.

He was moving well, and covered fifty miles inside three hours, despite having to ride more than half the distance in the rain, and a delay of nine minutes to shelter from the very worst of it.

But the weather put medals out of the question.

At the same time C. Willmer, also out for the hundred, was more or less snugly ensconced beneath a waggon in an open field, from which point advantage he surveyed the sloppy scene, and reflected upon the benefits of rain from an agricultural point of view.

DICK TURPIN.

¹ Durant also figures in the chess club results in this issue!

CYCLING

Dick Turpin's Weekly Gossip

Source – Worthing Gazette *.pdf files

at Worthing Local Studies Library.

7th October, 1903 P2C4

<p style="text-align: center;">CYCLING.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Dick Turpin's Weekly Gossip.</p> <p>WASHED by the rain and bleached by the wind, the roads afford excellent going when the weather permits of a spin. Like angels' visits, these occasions are few and far between, as something seems to have put the weather all out of gear.</p> <p>I recollect G. A. Olley, of the Vegetarian C.C., had wet weather on no less than four occasions last year when he was to have attempted a road record; T. A. Durant has had the same sloppy experience this year on four Club medal rides.</p> <p>During the last few weeks the former has had designs on another road record, whilst the latter has—figuratively speaking, of course—had his eye on another Club medal.</p> <p>And herein lies the cause of the bad weather we are suffering from!</p> <p>No sooner does the glass shift away from the region of "More wet" than a time schedule from Olley, or a notice from Durant of another medal ride, comes along, and once again our visions of late autumn spins are shattered, and we are plunged into gloom and—mud.</p> <p>When the Irrepressible and the Vegetarian have quite finished, we may possibly resume our much interrupted cycling season. In the meantime there is the danger that despairing wheelmen may misinterpret the barometer's everlasting "More wet" as an invitation to "Have another!"</p> <p style="text-align: right;">Thank you, mine's sunshine!</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">"Have another!"</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Thank you, mine's sunshine!</p> <p>One good job has been polished off, however—the One Mile Championship of Sussex, which has been twice declared "off" owing to the time limit having been exceeded.</p> <p>No limit was fixed this time. The race was held on Wednesday at Preston Park, only Charman and Vallen, of Brighton, and Thompsett, of Horsham, facing the Starter. A good race resulted in an unexpected victory for the Horsham novice, who won by about a length from Charman in two minutes thirty-five seconds.</p> <p>The veteran, Sam Clark, then "went for" "Daddy" Beck's one mile veterans' record, which stood at three minutes and two-fifths of a second, and was fifty yards short of the full mile.</p> <p>Carrying his burden of forty-eight years as lightly as a youth, Sam sped along in great style, and rode the full distance in the splendid time of two minutes and forty seconds. Bravo, Sam!</p> <p>On Saturday E. Baruch Blaker was at Southport, taking part in the motor cycle speed trials.</p> <p>In a test over one kilometre Blaker attained a speed of over fifty-two miles an hour—which is tall.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">On a similar machine, but fitted with a more</p>	<p>powerful motor, his friend Tessier achieved the success of the trial. His velocity was nearly sixty-three miles an hour!</p> <p style="text-align: center;">It must feel like being fired out of a gun!</p> <p>F. W. Shorland—perhaps, in his days, as famous a cyclist as has ever been—was driving a motor car in the recent trials, and was held up at Horsham by the Police.</p> <p>So the hero of a long tale of twelve and twenty-four hours races had perforce to open a little account at the Horsham Police Court, depositing ten shillings as a commencement.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Shorland must not grumble!</p> <p>About ten years ago, on the occasion of a North Road twenty-four hours road race, the Huntingdon Police laid a trap for him and his fellow scorchers, and sat by the roadside all night for the wicked road racers who came not. A cycling Police sergeant had blown the Constabulary plot, and the route was changed!</p> <p style="text-align: right;">DICK TURPIN.</p>
---	--	---

CYCLING.

Dick Turpin's Weekly Gossip.

WASHED by the rain and bleached by the wind, the roads afford excellent going when the weather permits of a spin. Like angels' visits, these occasions are few and far between, as something seems to have put the weather all out of gear.

I recollect G. A. Olley, of the Vegetarian C.C., had wet weather on no less than four occasions last year when he was to have attempted a road record; T.A. Durant has had the same sloppy experience this year on for Club medal rides.

During the last few weeks the former has had designs on another road record, whilst the latter has - figuratively speaking, of course - has had his eye on another Club medal

And herein lies the cause of the bad weather we are suffering from!

No sooner does the glass shift away from the region of "More wet" than a time schedule from Olley, or a notice from Durant of another medal ride, comes along, and once again our visions of late autumn spins are shattered, and we are plunged into gloom and - mud.

When the Irrepressible and the Vegetarian have quite finished, we may possibly resume our much interrupted cycling season. In the meantime there is the danger that despairing wheel men may misinterpret the barometer's everlasting "More wet" as an invitation to "Have another!"

Thank you, mine's sunshine!

One good job has been polished off, however – the One Mile Championship of Sussex, which has been twice declared "off" owing to the time limit having been exceeded.

No limit was fixed this time. The race was held on Wednesday at Preston Park, only Charman and Vallen, of Brighton, and Thompsett, of Horsham facing the Starter. A good race resulted in an unexpected victory for the Horsham novice, who won by about length from Charman in two minutes thirty-five seconds.

The veteran, Sam Clark, then "went for" "Daddy" Beck's one mile veterans' record, which stood at three minutes and two-fifths of a second, and was fifty yards short of the full mile.

Carrying his burden of forty-eight years as lightly as a youth, Sam sped along in great style, and rode the full distance in the splendid time of two minutes and forty seconds. Bravo, Sam!

On Saturday E. Baruch Blaker was at Southport, taking part in the motorcycle speed trials.

In a test over one kilometre Blaker attained a speed of over fifty-two miles an hour - which is tall.

On an older machine, but fitted with a more powerful motor, his friend Tessier achieved the success of the trial. His velocity was nearly sixty-three miles an hour!

It must feel like being fired out of a gun!

F. W. Shorland - perhaps, in his days, as famous a cyclist as has ever been - was driving a motorcar in the recent trials, and was held up at Horsham by the police.

So the hero of the long tale of twelve and twenty-four hours races had perforce to open a little account at the Horsham Police Court, depositing ten shillings as a commencement.

Shorland must not grumble!

About ten years ago, on the occasion of a North Road twenty-four hours road race, the Huntingdon Police laid a trap for him and his fellow scorchers, and sat by the roadside all night for the wicked road racers came not.

A cycling Police sergeant had blown the Constabulary plot, and the route was changed!

DICK TURPIN.

CYCLING

Dick Turpin's Weekly Gossip

Source – Worthing Gazette *.pdf files

At Worthing Local Studies Library.

Turpin. 14th October, 1903. P2C5

CYCLING.

Dick Turpin's Weekly Gossip.

A CYCLING paper informed us last week that autumn has now commenced, and thereupon proceeded to make a feeble attempt to work up a flicker of enthusiasm on the subject of short spins, leafy lanes, and the usual etceteras of autumn riding.

Certainly the astronomical autumn starts work towards the end of September, and runs along—in beautiful indifference to the far from autumnal weather we are usually getting—right away to within a few days of Christmas.

But I must confess to not feeling very hopeful about those leafy lanes, unless the weather soon assumes an aspect more in keeping with our ideas of autumn.

Still, when the rain temporarily ceases operations cycling is extremely pleasant; the countryside looks its best, and the roads—vastly improved in construction of late—dry up with praiseworthy promptitude, even after heavy storms.

On Wednesday I found the road to Reigate none the worse for the heavy rains of the previous days; but on Thursday the Irrepressible rain-producing Durant sallied forth upon that precious twelve hours' ride of his—of course it rained as usual after twenty miles, but this time he came back ahead of the storm.

He says he has given up medal rides!

Next day we both went for a run out, and

Next day we both went for a run out, and the roads were in splendid trim once again.

We took the Horsham road as far as the turn for West Grinstead, where we struck eastward along the beautifully flat and trim road through Cowfold and Bolney.

Here we crossed the main London-Brighton road, and kept on our easterly course, which, not quite so flat, was able to boast of some prettily wooded country.

Along this road the Irrepressible pointed out Cuckfield Place, an Elizabethan mansion of fine proportions, which was the Bookwood Hall of Harrison's Ainsworth's stirring tale of that name; then we steered through Cuckfield, and on to Haywards Heath in time for dinner.

Thence southward to Ditchling, passing Jacob's Post, which stands near the entrance to the common, surmounted by a rusty and doleful looking rooster in iron. It marks the spot on which a Jewish pedlar was hung in chains nearly two hundred years ago.

I like to sit around and meditate when I see these things, but the Irrepressible was adamant, and dragged me through Ditchling and over Clayton Hill, where we managed to score over a motor cyclist who found the climb too much for him.

We then headed through Henfield and Steyning, and reached home just as our cyclometers had registered sixty miles, both of us anxious for another autumn spin in Sussex, when the Clerk of the Weather sees fit.

The Excelsior Club have already had under

consideration the question of winter amusements, but no programme has yet been arranged.

The Sussex Centre Council of the N.C.U. will meet in Worthing next month, and the Excelsior Club hope to entertain them at a light spread, to be followed by a smoking concert.

Later on there will be the annual Dinner, and it is possible that a dance may be held also, though the Club would not undertake a weekly gathering of terpsichoreans, as was done last year.

The Boxing Day Walk is again being arranged for, I am pleased to say. It is an event which promises to have a long life, and should go down to posterity as "Miles's Annual."

DICK TURPIN.

CYCLING.

Dick Turpin's Weekly Gossip.

A CYCLING paper informed us last week that autumn has now commenced, and thereupon proceeded to make a feeble attempt to work up a flicker of enthusiasm on the subject of short spins, leafy lanes, and the usual etceteras of water riding.

Certainly the astronomical autumn starts work towards the end of September, and runs the long - in beautiful indifference to the far from autumnal weather we are usually getting - right away to within a few days of Christmas.

But I must confess to not feeling very hopeful about those leafy lanes, unless the weather soon assumes an aspect more in keeping with our ideas of autumn.

Still, when the rain temporarily ceases operations cycling is extremely pleasant; the countryside looks its best, and the roads - vastly improved in construction of late - dry

up with praiseworthy promptitude, even after heavy storms.

On Wednesday I found the road to Reigate none the worse for the heavy rains of the previous days; but on Thursday the Irrepressible and rain-producing Durant sallied forth upon that precious twelve hours' ride of his - of course it rained as usual after twenty miles, but this time he came back ahead of the storm.

He says he has given up medal rides!

Next day we both went for a run out, and the roads were in splendid trim once again.

We took the Horsham road as far as the turn for West Grinstead, where we struck eastward along the beautifully flat and trim road through Cowfold and Bolney.¹

Here we crossed the main London-Brighton road, and kept on our easterly course, which, not quite so flat, was able to boast of some prettily wooded country.

Along this road the Irrepressible pointed out Cuckfield Place, an Elizabethan mansion of fine proportions, which was the Rookwood Hall of Harrison's Ainsworth's stirring tale of that name; then we steered through Cuckfield, and on to Haywards Heath in time for dinner.

Thence southward to Ditchling, passing Jacob's Post which stands near the entrance to the common, surmounted by a rusty and doleful looking rooster in iron. It marks the spot on which a Jewish pedlar was hung in chains nearly two hundred years ago.

I like to sit around and meditate when I see these things, but the Irrepressible was adamant, and dragged me through Ditchling and over Clayton Hill, where we managed to score over a motorcyclist who found the climb too much for him.

We then headed through Henfield and Steyning, and reached home just as our cycles had registered sixty miles, both of us anxious for another autumn spin in Sussex, when the Clerk of the Weather sees fit.

The Excelsior Club have already had under consideration the question of winter amusements, but no programme has yet been arranged.

The Sussex Centre Council of the N.C.U. will meet in Worthing next month, and the Excelsior Club hope to entertain them at a light spread, to be followed by a smoking concert.

Later on there will be the annual Dinner, and it is possible that a dance may be held also, though the Club would not undertake a weekly gathering of terpsichoreans, as was done last year.

The Boxing Day Walk is again being arranged for, I am pleased to say. It is an event which promises to have a long life and should go down to posterity as "Mile's Annual."

DICK TURPIN.

i I wonder whether Dick is right here. The road eastward through West Grinstead leads first to Partridge Green, on to Ashurst and then into Steyning. To ride directly to Cowfold I think he and Ted Durant must have ridden further north and turned eastwards at (then) Buck's Barn cross-roads. That road is not flat – no big hills, but undulating, with a fair portion of dead ground.

CYCLING

Dick Turpin's Weekly Gossip.

Source – Worthing Gazette *.pdf files
at Worthing Local Studies Library.
21st October, 1903 P2C7

Monday, October 21st, 1903.

CYCLING.

Dick Turpin's Weekly Gossip.

EXCELSIORITES have not yet put their bicycles away for the winter; indeed, many of them are still enjoying lengthened spins, amongst others being W. Finch, who made an attempt on the twelve hours medal ride this week, starting off in the cold grey dawn on a solitary ride to Fareham and back to begin with.

This piece—seventy-six miles—was completed inside five hours; then commenced a hard grind through Horsham to Woodhatch.

'Twas against the wind, but Finch stuck at it, and finished his first hundred miles in about seven hours, checking at Woodhatch seven hours and forty-nine minutes from the start.

Things were easier coming back, and he reached Broadwater, with a total of one hundred and forty miles, in ten hours and thirteen minutes, thus qualifying for a silver medal, with ample time to spare.

On the same day G. A. Olley, of the Vegetarian C.C., attempted to beat the Southern twelve hours record.

Several Excelsiorites were out in the "nippy" early morn, waiting for the speed man, who came along a little inside time, looking none the worse for a cold ride of fifty miles.

One of his followers was Alfred Shrubbs, the famous runner—he was not on foot on this occasion, by-the-by.

Edgar Henson "administered" some sponge cakes and a warm drink, and Olley was off again in a twinkling, with three Excelsior "boys" following.

Over the flat lower roads to Chichester and

on to Fareham, where he was checked by Durant, he lost half an hour through the hindering wind.

At Chichester, on the way back, a tyre went, but Peto was at hand with a spare machine, and no time was lost.

Sticking to his task, the plucky Vegetarian kept hammering on, now and then taking light food as he rode.

At Arundel Sam Clark was waiting with a selection of good things to sustain the rider; at Offington Edgar Henson had a variety ranging up to sponge cakes steeped in port wine!

But, though the wind was of a low velocity, it was of sufficient volume to make its presence felt strongly to the cyclist who rode through it at speed.

So G. A. Olley, when he reached Offington, felt very tempted to abandon his much postponed "twelve;" and, though he continued for a while, he threw up the ride at the Burrell Arms.

One morning recently Peto and I were four miles beyond Chichester, when we sighted an extensive chicken farm and a snug-looking cyclists' stopping place.

With one accord we pulled up and proceeded to satisfy certain inner cravings for ham and eggs, after which we had a chat with the proprietor, a Mr. Thackthwaite.

Much to our surprise he claimed an acquaint-

Much to our surprise he claimed an acquaintance with Worthing, which dated back to the birth of Heene, at which time he conducted a Military School in Heene-road.

Mr. Thackthwaite left Worthing many years ago, and since then has spent some years in North America. He still has one or two ugly scars and two or three fine skins, which he collected whilst shooting bears in the Rocky Mountains.

A motorist tried to be witheringly sarcastic, but, instead thereof, made himself an object of mirth, when traversing the measured quarter-mile at Broadwater last week-end.

Espying the familiar Constabulary uniform, he switched in his low-speed gear and crawled along at seven miles an hour, beaming on the policeman whilst his fellow-passenger—a lady—amused the passers-by by holding up a doll dressed as a constable.

The real live man in blue—who was the innocent cause of so much wasted time and trouble—was not using his fatal stop-watch at all: he just looked on with a pitying and forgiving smile.

DICK TURPIN.

CYCLING.

Dick Turpin's Weekly Gossip.

EXCELSIORITES have not yet put their bicycles away for the winter; indeed, many of them are still enjoying lengthened spins, amongst others being W. Finch, who made an attempt on the twelve hours medal ride this week, starting off in the cold grey dawn on a solitary ride to Fareham and back to begin with.

This piece – seventy-six miles - was completed inside five hours; then commenced a hard grind through Horsham to Woodhatch.

'Twas against the wind, but Finch stuck at it, and finished his first hundred miles in about seven hours, checking at Woodhatch seven hours and forty-nine minutes from the start.

Things were easier coming back, and he reached Broadwater, with a total of one hun-

dred and forty miles, in ten hours and thirteen minutes, thus qualifying for a silver medal, with ample time to spare.

On the same day G. A. Olley, of the Vegetarian C.C., attempted to beat the Southern twelve hours record.

Several Excelsiorites were out in the “nippy” early morning, waiting for the speed man, who came along a little inside time, looking none the worse for a cold ride of fifty miles.

One of his followers was Alfred Shrubbs, the famous runner - he was not on foot on this occasion, by-the-bye.

Edgar Henson “administered” some sponge cakes and a warm drink, and Olley was off again in a twinkling, with three Excelsior “boys” following.

Over the flat lower roads to Chichester and on to Fareham, where he was checked by Durant, he lost half an hour through the hindering wind.

At Chichester, on the way back, a tyre went, but Peto was at hand with a spare machine, and no time was lost.

Sticking to his task, the plucky Vegetarian kept hammering on, now and then taking light food as he rode.

At Arundel Sam Clark was waiting with a selection of good things to sustain the rider; at Offington Edgar Henson had a variety ranging up to sponge cakes steeped in port wine!

But, though the wind was of a low velocity, it was of sufficient volume to make its presence felt strongly to the cyclist who rode through it at speed.

So G. A. Olley, when he reached Offington, felt very tempted to abandon his much postponed “twelve” and, though he continued for a while, he threw up the ride at the Burrell Arms.ⁱ

One morning recently Peto and I were four miles beyond Chichester, when we sighted an extensive chicken farm and a snug-looking cyclists’ stopping place.

With one accord we pulled up and proceeded to satisfy certain inner cravings for ham and eggs, after which we had a chat with the proprietor, a Mr. Thackthwaite.

Much to our surprise he claimed an acquaintance with Worthing, which dated back to the

birth of Heene, at which time he conducted a Military School in Heene-road.

Mr. Thackthwaite left Worthing many years ago, and since then has spent some years in North America. He still has one or two ugly scars and two or three fine skins, which he collected whilst shooting bears in the Rocky Mountains.

A motorist tried to be witheringly sarcastic, but, instead thereof, made himself an object of mirth, when traversing the measured quarter-mile at Broadwater last week-end.

Espying the familiar Constabulary uniform, he switched in his low-speed gear and crawled along at seven miles an hour, beaming on the policeman whilst his fellow-passenger - a lady - amused the passers-by by holding up a doll dressed as a constable.

The real live man in blue - who was the innocent cause of so much wasted time and trouble - was not using his fatal stop-watch at all; he just looked on with a pitying and forgiving smile.

DICK TURPIN.

ⁱ Stood at or near the junction of the Horsham road with that to Partridge Green.

CYCLING

Dick Turpin's Weekly Gossip

Source – Worthing Gazette *.pdf files

at Worthing Local Studies Library.

28th October, 1903. P2C5

CYCLING.

Dick Turpin's Weekly Gossip.

REMINISCENCES of joys that are past have to be the portion of the cyclist when he is weather-bound!—and, as far as lengthened spins are concerned, the wheelman is weather-bound just at present. So, whilst waiting till the clouds roll by, I will tell of a spin which Durant, of the Excelsior C.C., and I enjoyed one recent Saturday. It is a ride of moderate length—seventy miles—and it fills the bill for an autumn day very nicely.

We pedalled gently up the road through Horsham, and, keeping our faces northward, tackled the switchback road through Capel to Dorking.

The thirty-odd miles through October air had endowed me with a strong desire to see the interior of one of the many hostelrys the pretty old coaching town boasts of.

“I know a bank where the wild thyme grows,” quoth the Irrepressible one, and, ere I could explain that I was not a vegetarian, he led the way to some special haunt of his. It proved to be a comfortable temperance hotel, and wild thyme was not on the menu—but roast beef was!

Later on, filled with pleasant recollections of Dorking, we leisurely made our way through Goldharbour and on to Leith Hill.

It was a charming ride! In places the trees,

beautiful with autumn foliage, completely overhung our road; in others we were treated to some really splendid views of far-stretching woodlands, as we made our way along a gradually ascending road towards Leith Hill.

Presently the summit stood before us—nine hundred and sixty feet above sea level—surmounted by the Tower; and soon we had negotiated the winding stone stairs, and were looking across miles and miles of country on either side, from the topmost battlement.

On a clear day it is said one can see as far as Dunstable in Bedfordshire on the north, and well into Kent on the east.

Although the air was not clear on this occasion, had we been monarchs of all we surveyed our kingdom would have been no small one; most of Surrey, and large slices of Sussex and Hants, would have been ours.

But we soon abdicated our imaginary thrones on Leith Hill Tower, and, resuming our bicycle saddles, made our way across country to Ockley; thence by Warnham and Horsham homewards once again.

A Worthing rider became the owner of some land near Portslade last week; he, however, felt quite the reverse of elated upon his very sudden accession to real property.

He side-slipped upon that beastly, ill-conditioned, tram-ridden road that is the scene of so many accidents during the year, and thereby got considerably bedaubed with mud.

The National Cyclists' Union has raised

various storms in various tea cups over that road, but it is of little avail. It is the worst piece of main road in Ssssex, and is an object lesson in the folly and confusion which results when the absolute and entire control of the road is not in the hands of the road authorities.

The Excelsior Club entertains the Sussex Centre of the N.C.O. to high tea at the Club's headquarters on Wednesday, November 11th.

Captain Paine and Mr. Tree have the matter in hand; they hope to get a big gathering of the Excelsior men to meet the members of the Council.

It should be an enjoyable evening, as the tea will be followed by a convivial gathering which will afford the Excelsior men an opportunity of fraternising with other Sussex wheelmen.

One week after the tea the annual dinner will be held—a long interval between meals! But more on the dinner question later.

DICK TURPIN.

CYCLING.

Dick Turpin's Weekly Gossip.

REMINISCENCES of joys that are past have to be the portion of the cyclist when he is weather-bound!—and as far as lengthened spins are concerned, the wheelman is weather-bound just at present. So, whilst waiting till the clouds roll by, I will tell of a spin which Durant of the Excelsior C.C., and I enjoyed one recent Saturday. It is a ride of moderate length—seventy miles—and it fills the bill for an autumn day very nicely.

We pedalled gently up the road through Horsham, and keeping our faces northward, tackled the switchback road through Capel to Dorking.

The thirty-odd miles through October air had endowed me with a strong desire to see the interior of one of the many hostelrys the pretty old coaching town boasts of.

“I know a bank where the wild thyme Grows,” quoth the Irrepressible one, and, ere I could explain that I was not a vegetarian, he led the way to some special haunt of his. It proved to be a comfortable temperance hotel,

and while thyme was not on the menu – but
roast beef was!

Later on, filled with pleasant recollections
of Dorking, we leisurely made our way through
Coldharbour and on to Leith Hill.

It was a charming ride! In places the trees,
beautiful with autumn foliage, completely
overhung our road; in others we were treated
to some really splendid views of far-stretching
Woodlands, as we made our way along a gradu-
ally ascending road towards Leith Hill.

Presently the summit stood before us – nine
hundred and sixty feet above sea level – sur-
mounted by the Tower; and soon we had
negotiated the winding stone stairs, and were
looking across miles and miles of country on
either side, from the topmost battlement.

On a clear day it is said one can see as far as
Dunstable in Bedfordshire on the North
and well into Kent on the east.

Although the air was not clear on this
occasion, had we been monarchs of all we
surveyed our kingdom would have been no
small one; most of Surrey, and large slices of
Sussex and Hants, would have been ours.

But we soon abdicated our imaginary thrones
on Leith Hill Tower, and resuming our bicycle
saddles, made our way across country to
Ockley; thence by Warnham and Horsham
homewards once again.

A Worthing rider became the owner of some
land near Portslade last week; he, however,
felt quite the reverse of elated upon his very
sudden accession to real property.

He side-slipped upon beastly, ill-con-
ditioned, tram-ridden road that is the scene
of so many accidents during the year, and there-
by he got considerably bedaubed with mud.

The National Cyclists' Union has raised
various storms in various tea cups over that
road, but it is of little avail. It is the worst
piece of main road in Sussex, and is an object
lesson in the folly and confusion which results
when the absolute and entire control of the
road is not in the hands of the road authorities.

The Excelsior Club entertains the Sussex
Centre of the N.C.C.¹ to high tea at the Club's
headquarters on Wednesday, November 11th.

Captain Paine and Mr. Tree have the matter
in hand; they hope to get a big gathering of
the Excelsior men to meet the members of the
Council.

It should be an enjoyable evening, as the tea will be followed by a convivial gathering which will afford the Excelsior men an opportunity of fraternising with other Sussex wheelman.

One week after the tea the annual dinner will be held - a long interval between meals! But more on the dinner question later.

DICK TURPIN.

ⁱ Almost certainly the N.C.U. – a rare Worthing Gazette typographical error.

CYCLING.

Dick Turpin's Weekly Gossip.

ABBREVIATED rides are the order of the day, and they will, I imagine, remain so for many days. But "half a loaf is better than no bread," and when we cannot get the whole loaf we must be satisfied with something less. But no more about loaves, or I shall read like a Tariff Reform argument.

Some of the Excelsior men are still showing activity; W. Stephenson, who is located at Aldershot, being one of the brave-hearts.

He cycled up through Bagshot, Virginia Water, Egham, and Staines, on into London, a few days back.

"Billy" says this picturesque country is in one of its best moods now, and looks more charming than usual. After the recent weather there was, needless to say, an abundance of water effect in most of the views—especially in some parts, where fishermen are plying rod and line as they punt over the flooded meadows!

T. A. Durant, too, is still at it; one hundred and sixty-four miles was his total last week.

In a spin to Guildford and back he found the gentle flint-scatterer had been road-repairing between Cranleigh and Guildford.

He avoided that road on his return, and

selected the Loxwood route. It was infinitely worse, and the Excelsiorite had to plug along through several long patches of the tyre-destroying mixture.

But he did not puncture. He had enough trouble, as there was a head wind all the way, whilst the last seven miles were ridden through the rain. However, he got home in two hours and twenty minutes, which is good touring.

I toddled over to Arundel the other day, and never remember having seen the town or the Park look prettier.

The first glimpse, as I steadied my machine down Crossbush Hill, was a surprise to me. There happened—actually!—to be some sunshine, and it lit up the Castle and the Cathedral in striking fashion, making them stand out boldly from the background of trees and the little town which nestled below.

The Park was also very tempting; the trees

there bore every conceivable tint. Swanbourne Lake was never prettier; and altogether I felt somewhat envious of the red deer who were quietly grazing as I mounted my bike and made for home.

Yes, autumnal Arundel is admirable!

The Excelsior Club's tea and general "flare up" next Wednesday, at headquarters, promises to be a jolly and enjoyable fixture. Tickets are eighteen-pence, and, from what I can learn, the affair should be an out-and-out success.

It has been found necessary to postpone the Club's annual dinner, and the new date is not yet definitely fixed.

Congratulations to F. G. Blann, the latest addition to the Benedict class!

The landlord of the Excelsior headquarters is one of the oldest members of the Club; in fact, he joined at its commencement, and the "boys" will all wish him happiness and prosperity.

Local motor cyclists are evidently not "butter-

fly" riders; most of them are still on patrol—no! petrol, I should say.

Medlock and a friend rode down from Harrow by night not long ago; they had somewhat of an adventurous time of it too, as they made several fruitless endeavours to thread their way through Dorking in the dark, ere succeeding.

They managed it at last, and all went well till they reached Findon, when Medlock ran out of petrol. Someone got roused in the night, and he continued with a replenished tank, but had to tow his friend the last mile or two, as his petrol-tank got low spirited too.

E. B. Blaker motored down from London last Thursday, and found the roads in fair order; Rice and Hewer have also been keeping their steeds in trim, and report decent going as far as Chichester.

The world's record for one hour is still receiving attention at the hands of the motor-paced professional cyclist. Tommy Hall crowded fifty-four miles and five hundred and forty-five yards into the sixty minutes last Thursday on a Paris track.

Which is good going for a bicycle.

DICK TURPIN.

CYCLING.

Dick Turpin's Weekly Gossip.

ABBREVIATED rides are the order of the day, and they will, I imagine, remain so for many days. But "half a loaf is better than no bread," and when we cannot get the whole loaf we must be satisfied with something less. But no more about loaves, or I shall read like a Tariff Reform argument.

Some of the Excelsior men are still showing activity; W. Stephenson, who is located at Aldershot, being one of the brave-hearts.

He cycled up through Bagshot, Virginia Water, Egham, and Staines, on into London, a few days back.

"Billy" says this picturesque country is in one of its best moods now, and looks more charming than usual. After the recent weather there was, needless to say, an abundance of water effect in most of the views - especially in

some parts, where fishermen are plying rod and line as they punt over the flooded meadows!

T. A. Durant, too is still at it; one hundred and sixty-four miles was his total last week.

In a spin to Guildford and back he found the gentle flint-scatterer had been road-repairing between Cranleigh and Guildford.

He avoided that road on his return, and selected the Loxwood route. It was infinitely worse, and the Excelsiorite had to plug along through several long patches of the tyre-destroying mixture.

But he did not puncture. He had enough trouble, as there was a head wind all the way, whilst the last seven miles were ridden through the rain. However, he got home in two hours and twenty minutes, which is good touring.

I toddled over to Arundel the other day, and never remember having seen the town or the Park look prettier.

The first glimpse, as I steadied my machine down Crossbush Hill, was a surprise to me. There happened - actually! - to be some sunshine, and it lit up the Castle and the Cathedral in striking fashion, making them stand out boldly from the background of trees and the little town which nestled below.

The Park was also very tempting; the trees there bore every conceivable tint. Swanbourne Lake was never prettier; and altogether I felt somewhat envious of the red deer who were quietly grazing as I mounted my bike and made for home.

Yes, autumnal Arundel is admirable!

The Excelsior Club's tea and general "flare up" next Wednesday, at headquarters, promises to be a jolly and enjoyable fixture. Tickets are eighteen-pence, and from what I can learn, the affair should be an out-and-out success.

It has been found necessary to postpone the Club's annual dinner, and the new date is not yet definitely fixed.

Congratulations to F. G. Blann, the latest addition to the Benedict class!

The landlord of the Excelsior headquarters is one of the oldest members of the Club; in fact he joined at its commencement, and the "boys" will all wish him happiness and prosperity.

Local motor cyclists are evidently not "butter-

fly riders; most of them are still on patrol –
no! petrol, I should say.

Medlock and a friend rode down from Harrow
by night not long ago; they had somewhat of
an adventurous time of it to, as they made
several fruitless endeavours to thread their way
through Dorking in the dark ere succeeding.

They managed it at last, and all went well
till they reached Findon, when Medlock ran out
of petrol. Someone got roused in the night,
and he continued with a replenished tank, but
had to tow his friend the last mile or two, as
his petrol-tank got low spirited too.

E.B. Blaker motored down from London last
Thursday, and found the roads in fair order;
Rice and Hewer have also been keeping their
steeds in trim, and report decent going as far
as Chichester.

The world's record for one hour is still re-
ceiving attention at the hands of the motor-
paced professional cyclist. Tommy Hall crowded
fifty-four miles and five hundred and forty-five
yards into the sixty minutes last Thursday on
a Paris track.

Which is good going for a bicycle.

DICK TURPIN.

<p style="text-align: center;">CYCLING.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Dick Turpin's Weekly Gossip.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">A Survey of the Season.</p> <p>THE season of active riding has now passed, and again I am called upon to make my exit in order to provide more space for those who chronicle the joys of Football, Hockey, and other winter sports. But I have the Editorial permission to linger a moment and cast a retrospective glance at the season that has gone, whilst I review the happenings of the local wheel world during that period.</p> <p>The unstinted attentions of Jupiter Pluvius have certainly reduced the distances ridden by wheelmen generally, for most of us dislike riding in the rain.</p> <p>But, nevertheless, one or two local riders have compiled good cyclometer records this year.</p> <p>T. A. Durant has registered a total of over five thousand two hundred miles during the season; whilst F. Young can show a mileage of four thousand.</p> <p>Aboard his motor bicycle—a better steed than its pedal-propelled brother at overtaking milestones—E. Baruch Blaker has ridden just upon ten thousand miles.</p> <p>All these figures are obtained from cyclometers. Other men, who "estimate" their distances, claim to have beaten four thousand, but—well, one Worthing man "estimated" the distance to Horsham at twenty-five miles!</p> <p>During 1903 Durant has covered well over nine hundred miles on roads which were fresh to him—and the Irrepressible has to go far afield to find pastures new.</p> <p>By the way, his average distance for every ride he has taken this season exceeds fifty miles.</p> <p>Excelsiorites have this year borne "the banner with the strange device" to some fairly distant points.</p> <p>H. W. Hales, on his motor bicycle, made an</p>	<p>H. W. Hales, on his motor bicycle, made an up-to-date pilgrimage to Canterbury, eighty miles away; and Fred Young visited Coventry, a hundred and forty miles distant, in the course of a tour.</p> <p>Westwards, F. Medhurst has penetrated to Cardiff, which is a ride of one hundred and sixty miles; and Durant, who went to the land of Taffy, was two hundred miles away when he was admiring the Elan Valley, the site of Birmingham's new Waterworks.</p> <p>To the South there is but little scope for the wheelman, but Farnden cycled in the Channel Islands; he also rode to Weymouth, a ride of about a hundred and thirty miles.</p> <p>As a Club the Excelsior Cycling and Athletic Club has done much to justify its existence during this its thirteenth year. Financially over thirty pounds better off than was the case at the beginning of the year, it has a hundred members, most of whom take an active interest in cycling as a sport or pastime.</p> <p>Club runs generally have been a dead letter, though a dozen of the "boys" attended the midnight prowls to Chertsey, and enjoyed it immensely.</p> <p>The Club's ventures in the way of race meetings were both successful and, like the dances, resulted in substantial profit.</p> <p>About twenty attempts were made to win the Club's road medals, and over sixteen hundred miles were ridden during the year upon the historic roads to Reigate and Fareham.</p> <p>Bad weather saved the Club exchequer the</p>	<p>Bad weather saved the Club exchequer the cost of several of the much-coveted medals, only five being won altogether. Two of these were for twelve hour rides, namely, F. Medhurst, gold-centre, and W. Finch, silver.</p> <p>The others, for one hundred miles, went to F. Medhurst, gold; F. Young, gold-centre; and W. Finch, silver.</p> <p>The Club is badly off for path-racing men at the present time, and if W. R. Paine had not turned out once or twice I don't know where we should have been.</p> <p>He has ridden at Littlehampton and Brighton, in addition to our own Sports, and has usually managed to show a glimpse of his old form and secure a prize or two.</p> <p>Though he has let the County Championships go to other men, it is of interest to note that these men receive starts from him—and they want 'em!</p> <p>We still have a Champion in the person of Sam Clark, who is top-sawyer among the Sussex veterans, and seems in as good form as ever he was. His mile in 2min. 40secs. will not be beaten by any other old 'un in a hurry, I imagine!</p> <p>Now, with an exhortation to all my readers to follow the example of the Excelsior Club's Honorary Secretary, who cycles daily throughout the year, I doff my broad-brimmed hat, give rein to Bonny Black Bear, and vanish into the wintry darkness. DICK TURPIN.</p>
--	---	--

CYCLING.

Dick Turpin's Weekly Gossip.

THE season of active riding has now passed, and again I am called upon to make my exit in order to provide more space for those who chronicle the joys of Football, Hockey, and other winter sports. But I have the Editorial permission to linger a moment and cast a retrospective glance at the season that has gone, whilst I review the happenings of the local wheel world during that period.

The unstinted attentions of Jupiter Pluvius have certainly reduced the distances ridden by wheelmen generally, for most of us dislike riding in the rain.

But, nevertheless, one or two local riders

have compiled good cyclometer records this year.

T. A. Durant has registered a total of over five thousand two hundred miles during the season; whilst F. Young can show a mileage of four thousand.

Aboard his motor bicycle - a better steed than its pedal-propelled brother at overtaking milestones - E. Baruch Blaker has ridden just upon ten thousand miles.

All these figures are obtained from cyclometers. Other men, who "estimate" their distances, claim to have beaten four thousand, but - well, one Worthing man "estimated" the distance to Horsham at twenty-five miles.

During 1903 Durant has covered well over nine hundred miles on roads which were fresh to him - and the Irrepressible has to go far afield to find pastures new.

By the way, his average distance for every ride he has taken this season exceeds fifty miles.

Excelsiorites have this year borne "the banner with the strange device" to some fairly distant points.

H. W. Hales, on his motor bicycle, made an up-to-date pilgrimage to Canterbury, eighty miles away; and Fred Young visited Coventry, a hundred and forty miles distant, in the course of a tour.

Westwards, F. Medhurst has penetrated to Cardiff, which is a ride of one hundred and sixty miles; and Durant, who went to the land of Taffy, was two hundred miles away when he was admiring the Elan Valley, the site of Birmingham's new Waterworks.

To the South there is but little scope for the wheelman, but Farnden cycled in the Channel Islands; he also rode to Weymouth, a ride of about a hundred and thirty miles.

As a Club the Excelsior Cycling and Athletic Club has done much to justify its existence during this its thirteenth¹ year. Financially over thirty pounds better off than was the case the beginning of the year, it has a hundred members, most of whom take an active interest in cycling as a sport or pastime.

Club runs generally have been a dead letter, though a dozen of the "boys" attended the midnight prowls to Chertsey, and enjoyed it immensely.

The Club's ventures in the way of race meetings were both successful and, like the dances, resulted in substantial profit.

About twenty attempts were made to win the Club's road medals, and over sixteen hundred miles were ridden during the year upon the historic roads to Reigate and Fareham.

Bad weather saved the club Exchequer the cost of several of the much-coveted medals, only five being one altogether. Two of these were for twelve hour rides, namely, F. Medhurst, gold-centre, and W. Finch, silver.

The Club is badly off for path-racing men at the present time, and if W. R. Paine had not turned out once or twice I don't know where we should have been.

He has ridden at Littlehampton and Brighton, in addition to our own Sports, and has usually managed to show a glimpse of his old form and secure a prize or two.

We still have a Champion in the person of Sam Clark, who is a top-sawyerⁱⁱ among the Sussex veterans, and seems in as good form as he ever was. His mile in 2min 40secs. will not be beaten by any other old 'un in a hurry, I imagine!

Now with an exhortation to all my readers to follow the example of the Excelsior Club's Honorary Secretary, who cycles daily throughout the year, I doff my broad brimmed hat, give rein to Bonnie Black Bess, and vanish into the wintry darkness. **DICK TURPIN.**

=====

i Not quite right – unless Dick is counting from the first formal meeting in March 1890. The informal meeting of September 1889 predates this, and there may still be two years of unrecorded prehistory.

ii This refers to the traditional pit-saw method of "deeping" logs into planks. The upper sawyer was "top-dog" and the man in the pit, covered with sawdust and detritus, was the "under-dog".